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When I was exiled in 1959, my wife asked me to write the story of my life. Again some boys at King's College, Budo, through my son Peter, asked me to write my life story while in exile. There were other people, too, who asked me to do the same.

I answered my wife, "you know that story better than anybody else. If you think it is worth recording in an autobiography I am willing to satisfy your request. As a result I wrote a rough draft of it from the beginning up to 1953, and stopped there.

Sometime in 1968, Professor Anthorny Low and Professor David Apter were visiting Uganda. They came to see me one evening. Our conversation turned on my papers, and when Low heard that I had recorded something of my life, he became very interested. But it was still in my handwriting. He was anxious that it be typed, and he promised to ask Professor Webster of the Department of History, Makerere University, to have it typed for me, and after my reading of the proofs to have it kept in the Makerere University Library. The MS was typed. When I read the proofs, I found that the rough nature of the notes was not good enough to keep the MS in the University Library, and by then Professor Webster had left Makerere.

My friend Professor Apollo Nsibambi of the Department of Political Science, Makerere University, has several times urged me to write my Memoirs because time was running out.

More recently, in 1981, another friend, the Rev. T.T.T. Nabeta, Senior Lecturer in Religious Studies then, Makerere University and later Assistant Bishop of Busoga Diocese, hinted at the suggestion of my writing my Autobiography. Soon after other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kodwo Ankrah, forcefully advised me to write the story of my life before it was too late. They went as far as saying that I
should stop any other work and write that book first. Mr. Ankrah is a Ghanaian and previously he was Africa Secretary for Refugees and Eastern Africa, World Council of Churches, in Geneva. On retirement from that job he chose to come to Uganda as Planning and Development Adviser to the Church of Uganda. He is also the Co-ordinator of Relief and Rehabilitation Committee, Church of Uganda. More recently Miss has suggested that I write my memoirs know before it is too late.

With such a list of well-wishers, I have now decided to write the full story for what it is worth.

To write an Autobiography is, I suppose, like writing a book of travel. A traveller records what he sees, what he hears, and his impressions; he describes some of the people he meets and the places he visits; sometimes he notes his moods and the moods of the people he rubs shoulders with; he may even tell what the people thought of him and what he thought of them and so on and so forth, because that is what makes life, and to write about oneself is to write about life in general at its best and at its worst.

The trouble with such writing is that the writer is the central figure himself - it would be easier if someone else wrote about a would-be traveller than for him to write about his travels. If he is not careful he will be mistaken by his readers of vanity as he tells his intimate story. On the other hand, if he is too modest, the story will lack that personal touch and appear to be like dry bones without the most interesting or the most telling parts of the journey.

In this story of mine, I have another difficulty. I do not think the story of my life in itself is worthy of being told in print, as a matter of fact, I would not have agreed with my friends and my wife to write it, had it not been for one reason and that is to show modern man that if one puts one's trust in Jesus Christ, one will find him as true to-day as he has always been in history. I have
experimented, so to speak, with Christ, and I have found him so. It was because of that, that I agreed to write the story. But in order to bring that out, the story must be an intimate story, otherwise that central part, which is essentially not me, will be lost in vague generalities. To think that I am boasting is to miss the mark, because I personally have nothing to boast of; whatever, I have been in my adult life is the result of dependance upon Christ through the power of abiding in him and prayer and faith. If the reader finds anything helpful in this story, he or she will know that the strength is not mine, it is the Lord's working through this weak instrument of mine. Let everyone be assured, therefore, that by going to the same source one will derive more or less similar promise and fulfilment, as the case may be. But the initial decision must first be made.

The story is divided into six parts. The parts are essentially conditioned upon a vision which I had in a dream on the morning of Trinity Sunday, June 16, 1930, when I was at Makerere College. The dream was in four stages and the story from that moment follows those four stages Part II-V Part Six is something of an addendum.

I have called the story "Africa at the Cross-roads", to epitomize the powers that have been at work to influence the heart and the mind of the emergent African, during my life time and which are still at work. These have been and still are Heathensim, Islam, Christianity, Normalism, Westernization and Communism - I was going to add Materialism but on reflexion I saw that Materialism is a symptom of Westernization and Communism; it is not basic. But I have included Normalism in the list to identify Islam and Christianity from Norminal Islam and Norminal Christianity respectively.

There are so many norminal Muslims and norminal Christians that it is unfair to judge those two religions by them - a spade is a spade and not everything that is made from the same substance as itself is called by that name. A Muslim or a Christian must imbibe the kernal
of those religions in his or her life and not simply be known by a mere name, or by the exteriors, although it is no other people's business to judge.

The question, therefore, is "Will Africa advance by the present happy-go-lucky attitude, without individuals making definite choices, or there must be a time of decision-making in everyone's life in face of the welter of these influences?"

A life of indcision is a life on a hazardous journey like a ship at sea without an anchor, or a car without breaks and oil. Emergent Africa is at the Cross-roads. We must each and individually decide which of the roads to take. The following pages are the story of one African who made the decision, while a Youth, once for all, for the Way of Jesus Christ.
INTRODUCTION

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

My father was Nasanaeri Ndawula Kikonyogo Mulira and my mother Esiteri Nambirya Mulira.

On my father’s side we are descended from the Royal Family of Koki a district on the west side of Buganda. Thus I am Omubito i.e. a prince.

Originally Koki was part of Kiziba, but it was conquered by the King of Bunyoro, King Ruhaga I, about A.D. 1750 - 1775. Ruhaga had two brothers: Sansa II and Bwowe. When he conquered Koki his brother Bwowe requested him to let him stay in this region and establish himself as his vassal subject and Ruhaga agreed. Bwowe had four sons: Kiteyimbwa, Mujwiga, Mugenyi and Ndawula. On his death, Kiteyimbwa succeeded him.

Kiteyimbwa was a man of valour in battle and he fought against the Baganda and beat them and took a lot of booty in spears and other things from them. As a faithful vassal, he took some of the booty to his uncle and overlord Ruhaga I, King of Bunyoro.

But this roused envy among King Ruhaga’s subjects, who said to him that his nephew was becoming too powerful seeing that he could beat the Baganda. He must put him to death lest he rose against him and conquered him and ruled the Kingdom from him instead of him. So King Ruhaga ordered that he be put to death. When Kiteyimbwa was going to his execution he willed that none of his successors should ever go to Bunyoro, but they should always associate themselves with the Kings of Buganda. (1)

Mujwiga succeeded Kiteyimbwa his brother when Junju was on the throne of Buganda and he offered his allegiance to the King of Buganda. He even requested Junju to send him men to wage war against the King of Bunyoro and drive him from Buddu so that Koki could link naturally with Buganda. Junju did so and he sent Luzige of the Sheep Clan with men as Mujwiga.
They fought the Banyoro in Buddu and drove them out of the province of Buddu and Buddu was annexed to Buganda. Luzige became the first Ppokino, county chief of Buddu, and made his headquarters at Masaka. He became the go-between Buganda and Kooki.

On Mujwiga's death his brother Mugenyi succeeded to the throne of Kooki, and in turn when Mugenyi died their youngest brother Ndaula I took over and became the fifth ruler of Kooki.

The present ruling house of Kooki is thus descended from Ndaula I and my great grandfather Busoita was the first son of Ndaula, but Kiteyimbwa II killed his elder brother Busoita and succeeded to the throne.

Busoita was a very prominent prince in Kooki and there was a saying, wherever a person wanted to defend his action in doing a thing, that ran like this "Wasanga ni ntuga Busoita"? Meaning "Why do you criticise my action, am I guilty of being traitor to Busoita"?

There is a legend that the present rulers of Bunyoro came from the region of Ethiopia in Galaländ. Rukidi Ishengoma Lwanyatoro was the prince who came with his brother Kato Kintu and conquered Bunyoro and drove away the then rulers the Abacwezi about 700 years ago. Kintu conquered Buganda via Bugisu and Busoga. Legend has it that Rukidi and his brother Kato Kintu were illegitimately born of an Ethiopian Prince, who had come hunting in the regions of Bukedi i.e. what is probably the northern province of Uganda to-day. Thus I can legendedly trace my ancestry and claim kinship with the Lion of Judah.

We are nomadic people and from time immemorial we have lived with cattle in kraals. My grandfather and all my uncles and great uncles and aunts and great aunts etc.. lived and died in cattle kraals. I saw them; I lived with them there and we buried them there as all their ancestors had been buried. My father was the first to live a settled life and that happened by accident.

(1) See Bassekabaka b' e Buganda by Sir Apollo Kagwe page ...
(1) **MY FATHER: NASANAERI NDAULA MULIRA**

Nasanaeri Ndaula Mulira was born about 1870, at Nnakabazi, in Kooki... His father was Kyatunyudo, the son of Busoita, and Busoita was the son of King Ndaula I of Kooki. His mother was called Mukaabakooki, and his childhood name was Rwamabwana. Rubambula, Omukama of Kooki, about 1874 – 1884, persecuted all his brothers and cousins and killed many. In his book Bassekabaka b’Buganda, Sir Apollo Kaggwa writes that in the year that the explorer H.M. Stanley came to Buganda, i.e. 1875, Mutesa I of Buganda sent an expedition under Terekoza Kyambalango, to Kooki. The Kabakas of Buganda in all their adventures of conquest of their neighbouring rulers’ territories had never before invaded Kooki; why this time we are not told and not even Sir Apollo has left us any wiser. However, it is thought that Mutesa sent the expedition in order to restrain Rubambula from his brutality.

Terekoza Kyambalango kidnapped several young prices and princesses including Nami (1), Birikujja, Materu, Mulira (my father) Nakaima, (my aunt), Nangala (aunt) Mother of Charles Stokes, and perhaps some others who were never found out again. Mutesa gave all of them to his Chiefs to bring them up, except Nangala, whom he kept in his enclosure for future wife. My father was about five years old then.

Rwamabwana, was therefore, brought up as a young slave by a Muganda chief called Kisawuzi. His new master gave him two names, Katezi and Kiwomamagaya (the taste of the pudding is in the eating) and they lived at Nansana, near KAMPALA.

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(1) They were known by these names in later life.
Kisawuzi had acted as a guarantor to a friend in a money loan. His friend failed to pay back the money. Kisawuzi was away in the country. The money lender, demanding his "pound of flesh", took Kisawuzi's wife and Kiwomamagaaya as hostages whereupon, to make sure that they did not escape, he put them in wooden stocks. It was at this time that the Mohammedan coup d'etat took place in Buganda, in 1888, when they chased out the Christians to Ankole. One day the Mohammedans in their campaign to wipe out the Christians, surrounded Nansana, Kiwomamagaaya and his master's wife, who were in stocks were hid in the forest, but they were discovered and taken captive after the wooden stocks had already cut Kiwomamagaaya's leg. The leg went bad but the Mohammedans took him carrying the stocks as they chased out the Christians, and when they reached Mbane near Mpigi in Mawokota, he could not go any farther because of his bad leg, so he was left there in the keeping of a certain woman. As luck would have it, this woman happened to be the niece of Kisawuzi's. Eventually he found his way back to his master and he became a Mohammedan.

When the Christians made a come back two years later and conquered the Mohammedans, his master fled to Kyaggwe leaving Kiwomamagaaya in hiding at a place called Kiryagonja, near Kampala. When he could hide no longer for lack of food and water he gave himself up to the Christians. The leader, Danieri Mulyagonja, was glad to make Kiwomamagaaya his page.

Mulyagonja loved Kiwomamagaaya so much that he gave him the name of Mulira (Mulira-mu-ngalo), meaning a person who is such a favourite that he eats from his master's hands.

His new master was then promoted and he became the Ssekiwala, the chief of Mityana, in Ssingo county. In the Protestant versus the Roman Catholic war in 1892, Ssekiwala fought on the side of the Protestants and he was the chief representative of the Mukwenda, the Ssaza Chief of Ssingo. Mulira accompanied his master in this war. After the Protestants had beaten the Roman Catholics, Ssekiwala was one day visiting the Missionary, George Baskerville, when Baskerville saw Mulira and liked him. He requesting him to give him the boy. But Ssekiwala would not part with Mulira. So he gave him another
boy instead, but this boy had one of his ears cut off. In Buganda dishonest people were punished by mutilating parts of their bodies. Baskerville was not willing to have such a boy and he insisted of having the boy he had seen with Ssekiwala. In the end Ssekiwala reluctantly sent him Mulira. That was December, 1892, and Baskerville was staying with George Pilkington in the house where the latter was translating the Bible, at Kakeeka, near Namirembe. Thus Mulira had at last jumped into freedom!

In January, 1893, Baskerville went to Katenda's place at Zziba in Kyaggwe to found, at Kikusa, the first outer Mission Station after the one at Mengo (Namirembe). Mulira together with several other boys went with him. These formed the Baskerville household, and it was like a Boarding School, where he gave them special instruction. Mulira was baptised on January 21st, 1893, at Kikusa and became Nasanaeri Mulira. He was soon afterwards confirmed in the Church.

In 1894, he became a teacher and an evangelist and started a church at Gulama near Ngogwe and taught there. After spending one year at Gulama he was transferred to Ssi in Bukunja, and then to Kkojja. While at Kkojja he married Esiteri Nnambirya, on 8th May, 1896. He was then transferred to Ngogwe. Baskerville had made Ngogwe his headquarters by this time and it was also the headquarters of the Ssekiboobo, Ssaza Chief of Kyaggwe.

In 1897, the Nubian Mutiny broke out, and Mulira fought at Bukaleeba in Busoga along side the Missionaries, who had been mobilized to assist in the war. When George Pilkington was shot dead, Mulira was one of the men who helped to remove his body. After the death of Pilkington, Baskerville went to the front and left the charge of the Mission station at Ngogwe in the hands of Nasanaeri Mulira.
At the time Kakungulu, Napoleon-like, was conquering territorial empire, at the same time spreading light as he went along for the future of Uganda; and while Kamuswaga, statesmanlike, was allowing in the wind of change to blow off the centuries-old cobwebs of stagnation from Kooki and settling for a surer basis for the future and Mulira was trying to expand the borders of the Spiritual Kingdom of Christ in remoter areas of Buganda. Beyond the horizon of their childhood dreams, the three cousins were being used to lay the true foundations for nation-building. Can it be due to mere coincidence or chance? But Mulira's wider contribution was yet to be made.

In 1898, Mulira was identified by the Kamuswaga Ndawula II as Rwamahwa, one of the Princes of Koki who had been kidnapped by the Baganda in the war of Kyambalango, many years back. He visited Koki for the first time only to find that his father and his mother had died many years previously. He was happy, however, to see his nurse, Aniyamuzaala, who had nursed him as a child and from whose hands he had been kidnapped. Her testimony was conclusive in the story of his identification. In Koki he was received with great honour by everyone there. He had achieved more than his contemporaries in Koki had any hope of achieving. He was also told that his true name was Ndawula, and he gave himself another name of Kikonyogo, from the proverb "kikonyogo baakikasuka kulaalira, kyadda na Kirimba". (Someone threw away a cluba into a fruit-bearing tree in order to get rid of it there, but it fell back on the ground bringing back with it a batch of fruits). He built a church at Kikebezi, near Lwamaggwa.

In 1900, constitutional distribution of land Nasanaeri Ndawula Mulira got three square miles, one in Kyaggwe and two in Koki.

In 1903 and 1904 he studied for the Third Letter of the Church at Namirembe, and in 1906, he went back to Koki to teach his own people. Because of poor eye-sight, he was compelled to retire from teaching, in 1909. He went and settled on his land at Kamese in Koki.
As a Landlord, he had to go and serve in the Great Lukiko in 1910 for three months. Whilst he was there he was appointed supervisor of land distribution in the Masaka District from 1911 to 1915. In 1916, he became of Gombolola Chief, Ssabagabo of Koki, but chieftainship was never his line and he did not like it and he resigned in March, 1918. He left Koki for good and came and settled at Masaka in Buddu. He was about 46 when he retired from Public Service and lived in retirement ever afterwards and had the leisure to bring up his family.

Mulira was not a saint, but he loved his Lord with all his life, with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind. His patriarch-like figure in all my childhood likened him for me to me to King David and perhaps with David he could fittingly sing,

"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputes no uninquity, and in whose spirit there is no deceit."

He read his Bible daily; he had family prayers, morning and evening, and his devotional prayers both before going to bed in the evening and soon after rising up in the morning. He prayed for his children every day mentioning each one by name to God.

(2) MY MOTHER: ESTERI NAMBIYRA MULIRA

My mother was born about 1877 during the year the first Christian Missionaries arrived in Uganda, during Mutesa I's reign. She was born at a place called Masambira in the Busujju county. Her maiden name was Nnambirya. She was a Muganda and she belonged to the Kkobe Clan, and her father was Kinobi Nnyanzi and her mother Tebetonderwa, the daughter of Walusimbi, who was the Kabaka's representative in Miyinziro in what is Tanzania today. Kinobi Nnyanzi became a Mohammedan and got the name of Sowedi.

Sowedi Nnyanzi was killed at Nnakijju in the religious war between the Christians and the Moslems. After the Moslems were defeated many of them fled to Bunyoro. Sowedi Nnyanzi took with him his wife Tebetonderwa and his eldest
daughter, Nnambirya. As they were fleeing they came to a place called Nnakijju, in Butambala, and someone there noticed Sowedi Nnyanzi and pointed him out to the Christians that he was a Moslem. They shot him there and then. They then took his wife and his daughter Nnambirya captive.

But previously Sowedi Nnyanzi had told Nnambirya that in the event of his death she should go to his friend, Mutundankwakwa, who would restore her to her relatives.

Nnambirya saw her father die and the people who had killed him then turned to her and said to her that if she did not behave she, too, would be shot. When she heard this she began to plot to run away. At night she stole herself away and ran to Mutundankwakwa and when she got there she told him how her father had been killed by the Christians.

When Mutundankwakwa heard this he went to Kayabwe in Mawokota to Sowedi Nnyanzi's brother called Bbanja, who was also looking after Sowedi Nnyanzi's other five children. He told Bbanja of his brother's death and how Nnambirya had taken refuge with him. He wanted someone to go with him to fetch her because he dare not bring her himself lest he was identified by the Christians and killed. There was a bloodbrother called Muwanga Ziwebe. He volunteered to go and fetch her.

From Mutundankwakwa's place Ziwebe and Nnambirya travelled by night for fear of being found out and arrested, and they slept by day in hiding. It took them two nights and three days.

After looking after Sowedi Nnyanzi's children for some months, Bbanja became apprehensive lest the children led him into trouble. He therefore, took four of them with their mothers to their grandfather Walusimbi in Miyinziro and hid them there, but Nnambirya and her younger brother Yawe, who later became Yosia Befiirawala, he kept at Kayabwe. Nnambirya and Yawe then took to the Roman Catholic religion.
During the religious war between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, Bbanja fled with Kabaka Mwanga to Buddu and took the two children with him. They lived at a place called Kasaka by the Lake Victoria. After things had settled down they came back to Kayabwe.

It was at this time when Nnambirya miraculously escaped death. Her grandmother, Waveekiraalo had a slave woman. One day the slave woman eloped with her fellow slave servant called Ssebutinde and the old woman was left alone in the house. Nnambirya went to look after her.

One afternoon Waveekiraalo sent Nnambirya to Nkozi, a distance of about two miles. It was getting late in the evening and she told her to stay there for the night, and she did. But before she left she went and told her brother Yawe that grandmother had no water, he should go and get her water. Yawe went to the well and got water but by the time he came back it was dark and he decided to take the water to grandma in the morning.

In the morning when Yawe brought water he found grandma had been killed by a leopard, which drugged her body from the house and ate it by a nearby bush.

At this time their cousin Gidioni Ntanda, the father of Musa Parma, was now the head of the Branch of the Kkobe Clan at Wassozi near Kayabwe. He was a Protestant. Because of him the two children changed their religion from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. But during the re-organisation that followed the war between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in 1892, Mawokota county fell in the Roman Catholic sphere of influence. Gidioni Ntanda had, therefore, to leave. He got another appointment and became the Assistant Treasurer of the Kabaka’s. Nnambirya found an excuse to leave Kayabwe and go to see her cousin Gidioni Ntanda in the town of Mmengo. She never came back to Kayabwe.

When she got to Mmengo, she began to study for baptism and she was baptised Esiteri Nnambirya in the Cathedral Church of Nnamirembe, in 1893.
Then she had the greatest coincidence of her life in 1985. Mrs. Malyamu Muyira, the wife of the Rev. Yokana Muyira, told her that she wanted her to marry a certain young man, whom she had never seen. She wanted to see him first. At the same time Mrs. Esiteri Bukuyinga said to her, "I have a young man I would like you to get married to". She wanted to see him, too. It so happened that the young man the two ladies had in mind was one and the same person, Nasanaeri Mulira. After such a coincidence she could not say "No" to such a man.

Their first meeting was at the Rev. Yokana Muyira's place at Kakeeka, where three years previously Mulira had joined the Rev. G. Baskerville. They got married in 1985.

After Nasanaeri and Esiteri had got married they lived at Ngogwe at the Mission Station which the Rev. G. Baskerville had founded there. Here they had their first born, Ssanyu Mukisa in 1897.

Both Nasanaeri and Esiteri led very busy lives at Ngogwe. She prepared the young and old for Baptism and she accompanied the Lady Missionaries on many tours of the churches. She worked hard at home she used to wake up very early in the morning, at about 5.00 a.m. go out and dug before going to her classes at 8.00 a.m. In this way she managed to make a very thriving banana garden which was the wonder for all at Ngogwe.

Esiteri studied to become a teacher and got her First "Letter" (Certificate) at Ngogwe. Then they left Ngogwe for Kampala in order for Nasanaeri Mulira to do his Third "Letter" and for Esiteri to do her Second "Letter"; Nasanaeri at the Normal School, and Esiteri under Lady Missionaries, at Namirembe. She, too, ultimately got her Third "Letter". Her classmate included such ladies as Mrs. Ketula Kaizi, Mrs. Esiteri Lugumba; Mrs. Esiteri Alinyikira; Mrs. Labeka Nkweeb; Mrs. Esiteri Alimanya; Lebeka Ndibuwaankeni and others.
CHAPTER I

MY CHILDHOOD

I was born on 28th February, 1909, at Kamese in Koki. It was a Sunday, I am told. It was a dry season and dry seasons at Kamese meant people going without water because there were no natural springs for many miles around and they depended on rain water most of the time. I am told that my birth was memorable in the neighbourhood as it brought water with it. It rained that morning soon after I was born.

Kamese is an out of the way place and for the last fifty years no human soul has lived there. It is a good pasture land where my ancestors roamed with their herds from time immemorial. In 1900, during the Buganda land distribution, my father got two square miles in Koki. Because he did not know the county as he was kidnapped when he was a baby and as he had never gone back afterwards, and because the distribution of land took place when he was still away, those who selected the land for him were guided solely by the fact that this was the area where his forebears used to roam with their herds.

It is surrounded by two might hills: Kikasuka in the East in, Buddu, and Kkanswa, in the west, in Koki, which made the approach to it difficult. In the south it boarded over a wild place called Dyango. There were no roads and the nearest road to it was ten miles away. Mbarara Road is about fifteen miles to the north at Kyazanga. I remember once in 1931, I was going to Mbarara with a party of friends and when we got near Kyazanga, I showed them a range of hills and then told them that I was born beyond those hills, and one of them remarked, "what business, on earth, had your parents to do in such a wilderness?" "The business of bringing me into the world, I suppose!" I answered.
Kamese was as primitive as it was wild; there were four wells but they had no spring; they contained only rain water; there were no schools, no church (the nearest so-called church was five miles away), nor anything of what one would call signs of civilisation; barkcloth was the daily wear of the people and at night it was barkcloth which they used as beddings (as mattress, sheets and blankets), the daily activity of the people was hunting and barkcloth-making and looking after cattle for men, and digging for women. The houses were the usual Kiganda grass houses which the explorers dramatized in their books: round and thatched from top to bottom.

After my father had been forced to leave the work of the church through ill-health he came and settled here at Kamese. He brought the first gleams of civilisation to it and to other places miles around: he built the first grass bungalow; he introduced many household utensils such as the hurrican lamp, cups and saucers, knives and folks, cooking cans, books, mattresses, sheets and blankets, the kettle, tea, sugar, European dress, a bicycle and Sunday services. To the young people of to-day, perhaps these things sound as a matter of course and as funny to be mentioned here, but eighty years ago they were much of a novelty, and among the people who regarded these as wonderful things I was born.

Through my father's influence many people came and settled at Kamese after he had taken his residence there.

Our homestead was a respectable one, much in line with the enclosures of the respectable chiefs everywhere. There was a long fence round the homestead and inside this enclosure there were other fences which divided one area from another. I remember in one area there was the kitchen; in another a fruit orchard, in a third a coffee plantation (we grew and ground our coffee) and in yet another the reception hall called Ekigango, where my father received people in a formal way. This hall was immediately on the right-hand side of the main house. On Sundays this hall was used as a church and my father conducted the services.
We had a very large banana garden grown by my mother and her maid-servants. It was beautifully kept, and to supplement the food supply they grew many other things: cereals, fruit, sugar canes, yams, maize, millet, sim-sim and greens of different kinds. Father had several hundreds of heads of cattle and milk was plentiful. He had a run of goats and fowls. It was the custom for huntsmen to pay tribute to their landlord of a part of their kill. My father had another piece of land at Lake Kachera and fishermen used to bring loads of smoked fish at frequent intervals.

As far back as I can remember there was one person everybody held with great honour, whose authority was absolute, and who to me was the centre of everything. If I cried he gave the last word and I became quiet; if I hurt myself to him I ran; if my brother annoyed me I went to this person; if I refused to take milk Aniyamuzala reported me to him.

He was in every way different from the rest: his room was the best in the house; he sat on a chair when all the other people except a few visitors, sat on the floor on mats; his food was served at a table and on plates, when the rest had theirs on the floor and from a well-laid banana leave which had been used in cooking the food; where all the rest used fingers to eat their food with, he used a knife and a fork and a spoon; he used a glass for drinking Omubisi (banana juice) where others used gourds; someone always stood by the side of his table and served food for him and dished it for him, when he finished eating the same person removed the plates and all the remains of the food. During the day he had his food alone in the Sitting Room and the rest of us in another room adjacent to the Sitting Room, but at the back of the house which was known as Eddiiro (the eating place); at night all of us had our meals together in the Sitting Room and I sat under the table.

All the people who came to our place regarded this person with awe and most of them would kneel down when greeting him. To me he was an object of great admiration and secret affection. As I grew up I learnt that he was my father.
But there was another person, too, of great presence but in every way different from my father: her colour was darker; her dress different; her routine was different, after prayers in the morning she would disappear with the "girls" for hours on ends only to appear again in the kitchen cooking food for lunch; everything to do with food, except milk, was in her power; at meals she saw to it that everyone had food; after lunch she was making with the "girls" either mats or baskets or trimming barkclothes; almost all the maids wore barkclothes but she wore clothes; she seemed to be quick in her movements compared with those of father's; all people seemed to love her and many women came to see her after lunch and they would talk and talk while they plattered mats and so on. I learnt later that she was my mother. But in childhood I saw very little of my mother.

We had everything in plenty in our home. Milk was so plentiful that we made butter (Omuzigo) from it; we were forced to take milk with a stick. There was a maid called Aniyamuzaala, whose chief duty it was to look after milk and to make butter.

This Aniyamuzaala needs more than a passing word, for all of us in our family loved her as much as we loved our own parents, in fact, we confided in her more than we confided in them. We called her Mukaka, and Mukaka in Lunyoro (and Lukoki is a form of Lunyoro) means 'Grandma'. She was as good as 'Grandma'. She was Omwenge (from Mwenge in Toro). She was kidnapped while still a young girl. She nursed my father as a baby and when he was kidnapped she was actually at the spot. On his restoration, because she was still in the family, she came and joined him as a maid. She was by now passed middle age - perhaps in the region of 55. She never married.

When she joined the family, she became a great asset. She looked after all the children; she shared room with us children; she fed us and it was she who used to beat us for refusing to take milk. She never learnt Luganda; she spoke to us in Lunyoro and we spoke to her in Luganda. She died in 1928 aged about 80.
Few people I have missed more in my life and this is true of all my brothers and sisters.

Koki was very much like Ankole in those days: there were two classes of people and two types of culture; there was the ruling class, the Hima, who refused to inter-marry with the other folk, the Bakoki. The Hima lived with their cattle in Kraals, and the Bakoki on land. The Hima spoke Luhima or Lulalo, a language similar to that spoken by the Bahima of Ankole and they had identical culture with the Bahima of Ankole. The Bakoki spoke a language very much like Luyoro. Unfortunately, the two languages are fast disappearing now.

Most of our relatives: uncles, aunts, grand uncles and grand aunts etc. lived in Kraal with their cattle. We paid many happy visits to them and stayed with them. Thus we learnt to look after cattle and to milk the cows. I loved these visits very much; I loved the smell of burnt cow dung, which kept the fire going all the time; I loved the fresh milk drunk immediately after milking - it was hot - I loved the roasted meat eaten at Olusaka (Olusaka simply meant a bush). It was the custom to kill a cow or a bull and roast it whole at a certain bush and eat it there. A lot of beer would be served to the grown-ups. In the Kraal we slept together on one large bed called Ekitabu. I loved the stories told at night.

Our relatives were always a source of great embarrassment to my father and mother; they lived in a different world from theirs and their sense of values was as far removed from one another as Mars is from the Moon. They worshipped spirits and phenomena of nature; they had never heard of the true God and His son Jesus Christ; they were drunkards etc. They wanted to impose their way of life upon us and my parents, who were Christians, would not agree and the trouble started. They accused them of being Anglised and they were not content to remind them how that would not do; people had their way of life from time immemorial which they could not discard so easily.
All the people around us were heathens. Our parents did all they could to convert them to Christianity but without much success. When they went ill, or when they wanted to achieve something or when the rains failed they practised magic to convert the forces of nature. I remember one season when the rains failed and crops died, there was great anxiety in the minds of people. People talked of using their magic to avert the misfortune. Mother remonstrated and told them to trust in God. They would not listen. They practised their magic and when they failed, she told them she would pray to God to give them rain. They agreed. At the end of the given period, magic had not produced any rain. Mother prayed and the rain came. Such things caused a sense of wonder but not conversion to Christianity.

The economic activity of the village was not different from that of any other village in those days in Uganda. The women practised agriculture and were responsible for all the things needed to maintain the family with food such as to fetch water, to collect firewood from the forest, to collect mushrooms and during the season, white ants and grasshoppers etc. They were the cooks, too. The men did hunting to get meat and they made barkcloth. Building a house or brewing beer etc. was a combined operation: while the men did the more difficult parts, such as cutting poles and making the framework of the house, cutting bananas in preparation for brewing, the women and children did the less heavy work such as cutting grass for thatch, or fetching water for brewing.

Social activity was very limited. There was of course the usual attendance of all the men of the village at the chief's enclosure. This was the way they got information, very much as people nowadays collect at a place where there is a Radio - the chief was regarded as the source of all enlightenment and, therefore, to attend his audience as often as possible was a means of getting some education. Many people from many miles around used to come to my father in this way.
On such social happenings as weddings, there was dancing. At other times a dance would be arranged, say at the chief’s enclosure. In Koki dancing was very much like some of the West African dances. The men would jump into the air and do some clever somersault in the air, while the women danced underneath in a row clapping their hands at the rhythm of the drums and musical instruments; all would be singing. The children would be dancing, too, aside of the grown-ups. The dancing as a rule was at night; at any rate I do not remember ever seeking it done during the day time.

The children had some specific jobs to do both in the home and in the village. My brothers and I and our sisters took a full part in all this. In the next chapter on "My Home Education", I will discuss the kind of training that then was to prepare the young for the future.

When I was five, in 1914, I made my first journey from home. My father, together with two other chiefs one a Roman Catholic and the other a Mohamedan, had been appointed by the Kabaka to supervise the land division in South-eastern Buddu. This was the first and general survey of all land in Buganda. Their headquarters were at a place called Kabira in the Gombolola of Namwenda. There were two European Surveyors at this place - they were the first Europeans I saw.

My elder brother Asanasio, who was about 7 then, was staying with my father in the camp. My mother and two sisters Sanyu and Debola and I went to visit them. We had some carriers in the party. From Kamese to this place Kabira is a distance, I think, of about thirty five to forty miles. Because I could not walk all the way one man carried me on his shoulders most of the time.

This man had a flute, which he played along the journey. He played a tune which has throughout the years lingered in my ears.
On the way to Kabira we came to a stream full of water, and had no bridge, a heap of papyrus was put in the stream for people to walk over. As you trod on to the papyrus they went down. I was frightened out of my life to walk on them and all in the party unkindly forced me to do so. This experience left me with a dread of water. For many years I feared the sea; I could not trust myself in water.

I cannot remember how long we stayed at Kabira, but I definitely do remember the experience I had there. This visit opened for me a new horizon. For one thing I saw Europeans for the first time. Their camp fascinated me: the tents, the order of the camp, the instruments they used and the whole atmosphere of a well-kept place. Their camp was on top of a small hill. Below it there was a straight road on the sides of which were my father's house and the houses of the other gentlemen. The porters' camp was still further away. The work of my father and his friends was to settle disputes of the landlords and those of the porters, and they were pretty well-occupied almost every day. This was a new world for me and I did not want to leave and go back to Kamese. We left because work here was done and they were going to a new headquarters in another locality and father did not want to take us to a new place before it was developed and so we went back to Kamese.

By 1915 my father's term of office as supervisor of land-division had expired. He came back home. He bought a bicycle for the first time and brought it to Kamese. It was the first bicycle in the neighbourhood and many people travelled many miles to come and see this marvel of the Europeans. It was such a treasured thing that a strong pole about five feet high had to be selected in mother's sitting room to hang it on. As there were no roads I cannot remember seeing it ridden, in fact, father never learnt to ride it.

I was very fortunate in the way of moving about and seeing the world, for that year 1915, father took me with him on a visit to Rakai, the Ssaza headquarters of Koki, where Kamuswaga lived. In those days Kamuswaga was called
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Omukama (King) very much as Omukama of Bunyoro is. He had a place, too, called Ekikaali (The Palace).

This visit to Rakai was my first real eye-opener. At the palace I saw splendour that I had not imagined. Kamuswaga was in those days a real ruler, very wealthy and powerful. There was court everyday and I loved to go and listen to the courtiers wrangle public affairs. After the court all the people were served to a big meal.

The important people were served on tables, others on the floor in African fashion. My father sat at Kamuswaga's table and myself with two other boys one of whom was Kamuswaga's son sat under Kamuswaga's table. There were every kind of delicacies. Rice which was a new diet in the country was the most popular with us boys. Everyday there was plenty of meat. The ceiling of the eating hall was of white linen with red bands across, and the poles were similarly wrapped round with white linen.

Kamuswaga had two kinds of musicians. There were the trumpeters who played "Amakondere" (native trumpets and it was said that his, were the best in the country. There were other musicians who played the harp, the lyre, the flute etc. He had some traditional royal drums called Mayange. To hear all this played for me it was to enter a new world altogether, a world of splendour and glory.

Outside the enclosure there were the enclosure of the Queen Mother, not very far from the palace and the enclosure of the Mayange. About a quarter of a mile down there was the parish church and not far from the church there were some Indian dukas (shops). There was a hill on the left hand side of the palace where there was the Mission headquarters.

There were some Baganda at the court who had been appointed to train the young Kamuswaga in administration. I remember Sendikwanawa who later became the Mukwenda of Buganda; Bazirondere, who was an old Budonian, and became an important chief in Buganda but died immaturely; Aberi Mayanja Wakigiri also an old Budonian who was the Private Secretary to Kamuswaga.
These men were constantly with my father and they fascinated me as very wonderful people. They talked about many famous men in Buganda such as Sir Apollo Kagwa, the Katikiro; Stansilas Muywanya the Omulamuizi (Chief Justice); Zakaliya Kisingiri the Omuwanika (Finance Minister); Ham Mukasa, the Ssekibobo, who later became my father-in-law (I could not have imagined then that this would happen); Paulo Bakunga the Mukwenda, the Rev. Henry Duta Kitakule and many others. To hear of such wonderful people filled my young mind with a desire to see them. I thought they were living in another world.

From Rakai we went to Masaka. I had never seen a roadway so stretching as the one from Rakai to Masaka. My wonder was unbounded. I asked how a road like that was made and I was told that it was made by the hand of man digging it up. I could not believe it; I could not imagine that this could be possible. As a result I have taken keen interest in road-making ever since.

Masaka in those days I think had the Boma, about three European houses; the post office and about a dozen dukas. There was the police line, too. I had never seen anything like it. The Boma with the trench around it; the constables on duty, the Union Jack flying and the European officers impressed me immensely. I was proud to see that my father knew everybody there.

When we went back to Kamese I had seen something of the world. In 1916 my father was made a Gombolola Chief of Buyamba about eight miles from Rakai. The whole family moved from Kamese to Buyamba. Here I nearly lost my life. The Gombolola Headquarters were new and in a lonely deserted place. They had temporarily made a grass hut (the Kiganda fashion of house) for the new chief. Because the place was not safe the whole house was surrounded with dry twigs of a strong kind to keep away wild animals.
One night two lions invaded our homestead. They circled the house until they found the weakest spot in the defence and decided to jump onto the house from there and tour open into the house. There was a small mound, too, which would facilitate their somersault. That happened to be the part of the house where I was sleeping. Father heard their snorting in time before they did their mischief and he beat an alarm tune on the drum; all the household woke up and collected in one place. People came to our rescue and the man eaters strolled away. Later the following day they killed one of them. The life of a chief did not interest my father very much. After two years he resigned. Instead of going back to Kamese he decided to come to live near Masaka, where he had land only two (2) miles from the Township. Kamese with its difficulty of water and remoteness from the rest of the world was no longer a fit place to live in as old age approached. That is why my parents decided to desert it. Here at Masaka water was plentiful and the place was on the Masaka-Bukoba main road. Therefore, from 1918 we lived with my parents at this place until I was about thirteen when I went to school.

In 1920, my father paid a visit to Kampala. I accompanied him. We went to Mukono, too, where my eldest sister had married to Y.P. Mukasa, a teacher at Bishop Tucker College.

This journey was the fulfilment of my ambitions of that time. Whilst in Kampala father went to see such people as Sir Apollo Kaggwa; Stanislas Mugwanya, Yakobo Musajjalumbwa; the Kibale; the Bishop of Uganda the Rev. Baskerville, the Arch-deacon and several important personalities of whom I had heard for a long time.

Wherever he went he took me with him and everywhere these important people commented how I resembled my father, and that gave me secret pleasure. I saw the Lubiri (palace) and the Kabaka; I saw Namirembe Cathedral and Rubaga Cathedral both newly consecrated. I saw Kampala, which was in those days a small place, but above all I saw King's School Budo, which fired my imagination. At Mukono I saw Ham Mukasa the Sekibobo, perhaps at that time at the peak of his glory; I saw Bishop Tucker College and Bishop's School, Mukono. I went back very proud: I had seen everything worth seeing.
CHAPTER 2
HOME EDUCATION

The three greatest earthly influences of my life are: my home; my friendship with the Rev. H.M. Grace and the life of Dr. J.E. Kwegyir Aggrey.

I was very fortunate to be born in a home that had been integrated by the Spirit of Christ. I am writing about the home of my childhood.

My parents were living at Ngogwe with the Rev. George Baskerville, the friend of Pilkington, when the latter caught the Holy Spirit on Kome Island, which through him spread throughout the church of Uganda like wild fire. Both my parents caught it. Apparently, my father was very near to Pilkington, for when Pilkington was shot at Bukaleba by the Nubians, my father was in the same expedition as him, and he was among the young men who removed him to the camp.

Our home was an epitome of peace. Father and mother were so united that we children imbibed the spirit and grew under it like a tender creeper that grows at the banks of a running stream of goodwill in a land of heathenism, the parents being the channel through which the love of God flowed.

As children we could not tell that this was due to the grace of God; we could only feel the kind of atmosphere that was ours in the home and the way our parents dealt with everyone that came in the home and how they were regarded by everybody either at home or abroad. But as we grew up and learnt something of God, and looking back to those happy days we begin to infer that the basis of all this was the Holy Spirit that possessed the lives of our parents.

All my childhood I cannot remember once hearing father and mother quarrel or say a nasty word to one another or to a stranger. Everything was strictly cordial. Some parents show more love to one child than to another and everyone knows about it. In our family we never knew who our parents loved
more than the others. We felt such a strong sense of security in them both that we could not ever suspect it at all. We trusted them equally.

The place became a source of enlightenment. Many people sent their sons and daughters to live with us and learn from our parents. Our relatives, all Hima aristocrats of the staunchest kind, used to come quite often to take counsel from father—we could see that they lived in a different world from that of father's, but they admired him so much that, although they could not understand his staying power, they trusted everything he told them.

My mother who was a Muganda would in the natural course of thing be a thing of contempt for no Muhima, let alone Ombiito (Prince) ever thought of marrying Omwiru (slave). No matter whether the Muhima had a Muganda master still he could never marry the daughter of his master, although his own daughter would freely marry a Muganda. Therefore, my father's marriage would not find approval according to custom; whether at one time they did disapprove, I do not know. What I know is that my mother was an object of admiration by all our relatives; uncles and aunts, etc., all alike. It was the charm of her spirit that caught them and it was irresistible.

There was formal teaching of Christianity and every Sunday father conducted a service in the reception hall to which many of the villagers came. We had both morning and evening family prayers everyday and father read his Bible daily—I cannot remember a single day when he did not read his Bible. We sang hymns everyday at prayers. All this left a wonderful influence on the whole family, and many people were fond of coming to stay with us.

The life of the family was based on hard work. Mother was responsible for all food in the home. Very early every morning after morning prayers, with her womenfolk, including our sisters, she would go out to dig and not retire till about 10.00 a.m. Then they would prepare food and the youngsters go to the well to get water. She had many maids, who were not paid but they were offered her to train them. Thus with so many hands we had more than enough food in the home at all times.
Father worked differently and I think this was due to ill-health that he experienced near the prime of his life. He had many men servants here again not paid servants but it was the custom to give your best boy to your master and in this way he had several. He organised them by giving them proper designation. The head boy was Saabakaaki, the others were Omusumaami (one who stands at the table) who looked after the plates; Omufumbiro or Kavutu (the cook); Omusenero (one who looked after drinks such as Omubisi in this case he was responsible for tea and the tea utensiles); Omukaanya (whose work was to make bed and to look after the bedroom); the Omuwanika (who was the treasurer); and the Ddobi (whose work was to wash clothes). Father would see that each one did his own work properly. But what is of more importance as far as we children were concerned was that as we grow up he attached us to these different Officials of the family. My first assignment was with Omusenero, and my elder brother with Omusumami. They would teach us to take responsibility in these things: to boil water for tea and wash the cups; to wait at the table and to wash the plates. We went to the well to fetch water with them. We learnt these responsibilities very early, perhaps when we were about four or five.

Another thing of great importance we learnt to do things very early, e.g. how to make butter (omuzigo). We learnt this from Aniyamuzala. It was a daily routine, every morning. We had plenty of milk and it became the daily business of the family. Father extracted butter in the European fashion, but this we did not learn and it had almost no demand perhaps that is why he did not think it of sufficient importance for us to learn.

We learnt to sweep the house and the compound and to brush shoes when we were still small.

In a large family as ours was the older children looked after the younger ones. I looked after several of my brothers and sisters, especially in the morning when mother was out digging and preparing food.
In Africa one of the worries of the farmer are birds. They ruin corn and other serials by flocking the farms and eating the product before it was ready for harvest. It is, therefore, one of the duties of children, (or it was, nowadays children go to school) to look after the fields and constantly frighten away the birds. We did this, and it can be an enjoyable occupation if the farms are in one place as many farms at Kamose happened to be because many children meet and what was a duty turned out a game. I enjoyed this occupation very much.

Another occupation that I enjoyed so much was to graze goats and cattle. Sometimes girls would take this occupation, too. We grazed cattle whenever we went to stay with our relatives in the Kraal, and we would milk them, too. To milk a cow is not an easy matter; it needs skill to entice her.

Our father wanted us to be proficient in a verything as a preparation for the life we would lead when we grew up. He was not preparing us for an academic future, but for the practical day-to-day life that everybody in our locality was leading. Although two of my elder sisters had been at Gayaza High School (a Boarding School) yet for us boys the prospect of going to school in those days must have been very remote. He, therefore, arranged for us to get the best out of the kind of life in the midst of which we were.

Hunting (not with guns but with nets and spears etc.) played a very important part in Kamose - that was the way common people could get meat. He arranged with the best hunters in the village to usher us in with hunting at a very early stage. I think I was six when I first went to the jungle to hunt. It was a very unfortunate initiation. There was a man called Mbuzi who was known throughout the neighbourhood as a witch (Omulogo), and I used to hear the grown-ups discuss this man, was a witch of the nature that gave actual poison to people. At the Ekizilgo, I was stationed next to this man. And I began to yell and brawl: "Bandiranyizza Mbuzi Omulogo! Bandiranyizza Mbuzi Omulogo!!" (They have put me next to Mbuzi the witch). And he poorman, in order to allay my fears moved towards me saying in broken Luganda and in a soft voice,
"Tindya baana! Tindya baana". (do not eat children). But this simply increased my fears until someone else came to my rescue.

But hunting as a whole was an interesting occupation. I enjoyed mostly the tracking of animals. We would start at about 9:00 a.m. and go to the known haunts of animals. They would be grazing at about 9:30 to 10:00 a.m. and we would be in hiding and watching them. After their graze they would go back to their hiding ground. We would trace their footprints to see exactly where they hide. After being satisfied that they did not go beyond that particular area, we would go back to the village. At about 2:00 p.m. the head of the party would blow the horn to sound the whole locality of the coming game, and they would begin to collect with their nets, spears, axes, knives and sticks and dogs and at about 3:00 p.m. we would begin. If we were lucky we might kill three bush bucks or antelopes or even a bigger game.

At other times we would simply attack a certain bush and erect the nets in one direction and start beating the bush from the other direction - anything might come out, a lion or buffalo etc. But this more dangerous side of the game was mostly for the grown-ups and I actually went only once. My elder brother was very good at these feats and all his life he has been a hunter with a gun.

Trapping binds: geanfows, wildfows, doves etc., was another great fun we enjoyed. He trapped them with strings; sometimes with a ground bow and at other times by laying strings in their paths. I was particularly good at this, or lucky, because a good deal of it is due to luck. Doves suffered most at my enigma.

There was game of a different sort, that of grasshopper collecting and of enticing white ants. They both formed very favourite dishes. The grasshoppers came twice a year and would fall on hill-tops. They would be identified by their chirping and people would relay messages to inform others of the boom; and we would go to the hill and collect as much as one could. They formed some of the most cherished delicacies of African cooking.
The white ants came seasonally twice a year from the ground, from anti hills. They were of several kinds; there were those which came in the evening between 5 and 7. Others came in the early hours of the morning say at 3 or 4 A.M. I took part only in the former. This was almost an art. There was definite ownership in this. This ant-hill belonged to so and so and that to another person and so on and everybody in the locality knew what belonged to whom. When the season came the owners built some roof frame work round the ant-hill. If it rained in the morning or about noon, in the afternoon the ants would close the small openings leading into the ant-hill with some soft moisture. These closed holes in the ant-hills were known as the "eyes". Then in the afternoon everyone would make the rounds of his or her ant hills to see whether they had "eyes". If they had then at about 5.00 P.M. literally the whole village would be busy at the game. The expression used was "Okubika enswa" (to cover the white ants). And it was indeed covering, for everyone brought blankets, barkclothes, mats, banana leaves and anything one could think of and covered one's ant hill which had eyes, leaving only a small outlet. In the outlet there was a handicap of elected banana leaf. Under the banana leaf on the inside there was a pit inlaid with softened banana leaves.

When the hour came for white ants to come out of the ground, they found there was only one way of escaping and that by the open outlet, and they would all head for that spot only to bang against the handicap in the way and fall back flat on their back in the pit. They would never rise from there. In this way people managed to get bags and bags of white ants, which they would process and preserve for some future use. I had become an expert at all this; but my elder brother as usual in anything to do with the open air activity was a greater expert.

By living this life of the open air, we learnt everything about nature; we knew the names of every tree shrub, and herb, in our language, the name of every flower, the names of all mushrooms edible and poisonous ones; we knew the animals; we knew all the snakes and insects; we knew all the birds; we knew the clouds, when it would rain and when they would be merely passing over us; we knew how to make medicine from herbs; we knew everything in our society.
We were taught to care for the young, for the birds and cattle. As we were a large family the older children took the care of the younger ones, especially in the morning hours when mummy was busy cultivating. We did it in turns. I did not like it as it restricted my freedom too much; I could not go where or do what I liked while I was looking for the baby.

We had what would be regarded as technical education. Father was very particular about this. Whilst still very young he taught us some simple tailoring; how to make a Kanzu (the robe) and Seruwale (Knickers) which was fastened with a loop, how to mend clothes and how to stick buttons on them etc. My elder brother could make a Kanzu when he was only eight.

When I was eight I was sent to a blacksmith to learn to forge iron. This interested me somehow, but I was too much afraid of the iron when it got whitehot and the small bits that flew off it all over the place as the iron was beaten hard at the forge. At first my work was to work the belows. Later I was allowed to strike the iron for small things like making the sewing needle for backcloth. By the time I left I could make an ordinary Kiganda knife, crude though it was. I terminated my apprenticeship in this line because at the end of that year we left that place for Masaka.

When I was ten I learnt barkcloth-making; this interested me very much especially as it gave me wonderful appetite, and while at it they brought lunch to us there at the workshop. How I enjoyed those meals! I could make a proper barkcloth from end to finish by myself by the time I left. The trouble with me I never stayed in one place for long. At another time I learnt some pottery, and this served me well when, many years later as a teacher at King's College Budo, I was given to take a class in clay modelling.

Brewery is a thing we learnt with great advantage, and both my brothers and I used to get our pocket money, when we were at school even as late as when we were at Budo and Makerere College, from this industry. When we came home father gave us bananas and left it to us to make use of them.
by way of making and selling beer. But we were teetotallers in spite of all our mastery of the technique of squeezing the juice from bananas for the purpose of making this much loved alcoholic beverage.

In agriculture, we learnt all that there was to be learnt in that kind of society as we lived in. We mastered the times of planting, too, and we took part in all harvesting. We learnt the art of farming from mother who was an expert farmer and all who knew her acknowledged this tribute. But from father we learnt something, too. As early as 1907 he planted an orchard farm at Kamase. He grew oranges, lemons, pineapples and passion fruits. He planted Arabic coffee, too, for home use. At Gayaza near Masaka he grew Arabic Coffee and Cotton and we worked in the field with him and we learnt how to grow these commodities. When I was eleven I sold my first lot of self-grown cotton. I think I got about Shs. 3/= from it. But I was prouder of those three shillings than of any three shillings I have got since. I thought I would be a farmer if I was not drawn to do other things in life. I have great love for growing crops. They really touch my heart. I can still remember the thrill I had watching all the stages of the cotton in my first plot. And in later life, when I was teaching at Mukono I made a coffee shamba and a large banana plantation mainly working with porters. But the joy it gave me, and I was proud to tell people when they asked me what my occupation was that I was a teacher and a farmer.

My learning had no end. I learnt building in mud and wattle, and when I left Makerere I made a two-roomed mud and wattle house mostly with my own hands at my father’s place. We did some roadmaking too. In those days many roads were made and maintained by forced labour on landlords. Each landlord would have a portion according to the population he had. He might have several portions on differing roads. Thus although my father did not have more than two tenants, he had two portions, one very close to our place another one along Mbarara Road in the plain next to the Roman Catholic Mission of Kyamaganda, about 15 miles from our place.
We would wake up early at about 3:00 a.m. and walk towards this place and at about 8 we would be there and start digging and retire at about 12 or 1:00 and then walk back home. We would get there at about 7:00 p.m. very exhausted both by the journey and by the work on the road. In those days women, too, took part in road making and I think it was along the Mbarara Road that Lady Coryndon the wife of the then Governor, after the first World War, saw women making road and she was disgusted and appealed to Government to stop it. With the change, Mbarara Road became a Main Road, and that relieved us of this most unwelcome exercise of our muscles.

We learnt all kinds of games such as Embirigo (running stick), Zziga (running wheel); okubonga (spin tops); gogolo (a kind of tobogan but riding on pieces of banana tree); okwesa (a kind of chess) the cleverest game of all; football, and many others.

We were drilled to prepare ourselves not only for the more practical side of life but also in other things of a finer kind. We were lucky in that our father retired early from active service and he could devote most of his time on training us in the things he knew. He taught us Reading, Writing and Arithmetic in the first two rules: Addition and Subtraction. As usual my elder brother learnt these things much fast than myself. I found reading very troublesome indeed and up to this day I am a very bad reader. Writing and the sums came much easier. Very early in life I saw the value of Arithmetic and this helped me to take a keen interest in this subject.

One day five of us youngsters went out to catch grasshoppers. Two were school boys from Kako Central School and Mengo Central School. As a rule after the catch you take off the wings and the legs and leave only the body and the head. Then you count how many each one has caught. The our learned friends from Kako and Mengo made a list of our names in the dust and wrote the amount of grasshoppers each one had caught against ones name and then took the total figure. Actually the total figure was in three places only; but this was great magic to me. I thought it was the cleverest thing I had seen. After that I gave myself lists of varying lengths and added them up
for several days in order to satisfy my curiosity. The interest in Arithmetic as a whole grew from this simple beginning.

In 1921, I visited Kasaka Central School in Gomba, and the then Head Prefect John Kabalu befriended me. From that friendship he taught me the Multiplication Table. Later my elder brother Asanasio who had gone to school by now taught me Division. I had mastered the four Rules now. From such interest Mathematics became my strongest subject and my "Open Sesame" to higher learning as I will relate later.

I have often mentioned my elder brother in these pages. I think I better say something more about him here. We grew up together, while our three elder sisters were at Gayaza Boarding School, and my younger brother Enoka had left home when he was five to go and live with our eldest sister Sanyu who had just got married to Y.P. Mukasa of Bishop Tucker Theological College, Mukono; the other brothers were too young for us to be in our company. I am told that at birth and during the first two or three years I was stronger than my elder brother, but then when I was two I contracted a cough, perhaps it was hooping cough, which remained with me for two years and is sapped all my strength and vitality. From that time I could never beat my elder brother in anything. He seemed to be gifted in everything. He made more friends and he was fitted for the life of the fields, strong and hard-skinned. I was, on the other hand, slow and shy and thin-skinned and happiest when playing by myself. We were almost like Esaw and Jacob of old. I remember a remark which father used to pass about me, "Oli Mulenga"—a good for-nothing fellow. (Mulenga is a Hima word which means one who is not quick at learning to do things, a clumsy person). And I was Mulenga! I was a clumsy fellow.

The only time when I shinned was at night with Aniyamuzala telling stories. They interested me very much, and when I come to think about it now I see the reason why they interested me. It is because they took me into another world, a world that I could picture and see with my mind, because I think in pictures. I could go long distance with Wakaalma the Hare without losing a trace of him; I could see him vividly cutting Wanjovu's buttocks, the
Elephants, buttocks; I could see him jumping into the water to escape arrest by his pursuing leopard, and then coming out of the water as the Wakaima Omubisi (the wet Wakaima) to be interrogated by him whether he has seen Wakaima Omukalu (the dry Wakaima, which he was chasing), and he answering "No I have not seen the dry Wakaima", adding "We have been hunting leopards for the King from dawn up to now; we have so far killed nine, perhaps you will be the tenth." These and other stories brightened me and I had no rival in telling them.

I have no special gifts at all. I not only cannot sing but I have no ear for musical sounds; I cannot tell when I sound is out of tune, and when I am singing and make a mistake I cannot differentiate between the right and the wrong note. When I was ten I bought (a one string instrument) Endingidi and tried to learn to play it; I destroyed it after about two months in disgust because I could not play any tune on it. Later when I was twelve I made another attempt. This time I made the instrument myself but I discarded it in the same way as the first one because I could not learn to play a tune on it.

I find languages very difficult to learn and perhaps I have no memory for sounds and language depends on this. My brothers and sisters are richly endowed in this. They pick up languages quite easily. They picked up the Luhima language from Aniyamuzala, but, although I can understand everything when spoken from my experience with her, I cannot speak it. In a later chapter, I will relate my struggle in learning English and Latin.

Thus my interest in what one would call cultural education in the home remained folklore.

But there was another interest which by a little stretching might be called cultural, but bordering to politics as well. After moving to Gayaza near Masaaka father used to get many visitors and callers of all sorts, missionaries, the clergy, chiefs, educated young men and the like, and all discussed with him the topics of the day. The topics might be whether there should be a cross in Namirembe Cathedral, or not; which was a better
Cathedral, Namirembe or Rubaga; should Europeans be allowed to lease land or not; the Malakit Sect; Sir Apollo Kagwa and the Abataka; the resignation of Stanisllas Mugwanyi; the Luganda Orthography; the East African Closer Union; Makerere College, whether students should go from Budo to Makerere or not; the question of Akasanvu (forced labour). Sometimes they would be discussing personalities such as Sir Apollo Kagwa; Stanisllas Mugwanyi; Ham Mukasa, the Sekibobo (whom they regarded as the cleverest of the lot) Joshua Kate, the Mugema; Nasenairi Mayanja, the Mukwenda; Samei B. Lwakirensi Kakungulu; Kulubya and others.

These topics interested me immensely. I would sit there listening to them and wondering how they knew all these things, without realizing that in this way I was being initiated into politics. There was one Yowana Gomotoka Kikulwe, the Sabalangira (Head of princes in Buganda) who was particularly interesting. I thought he had the knowledge of all things, and his manner was so reassuring that I could see my father, too, enjoyed his company in a special way. He wrote a grammar of the Luganda language and another book on natural science called (Magezi-Ntakke).

In social activity, life was limited. There were weddings of course but missionaries had prohibited African music because profane, and dancing as unchristian. It was not regarded proper to interest ourselves in such pursuits.

We had, of course, night games such as Ssemufu (a dead person taking part around the living) and Akitawuliro (tongues of fire) which amused us very much. Apart from those there was nothing very much in the way of social entertainment in our society.

I must not close this chapter without mentioning the mental enlightenment I received from my sister Miriamu. Miriamu had studied at Gayaza High School from 1912-1918; in 1919, after completing her course at Gayaza, she volunteered to go and teach at Mityana for one year. In 1920 she came back home to prepare for marriage. My elder brother had just gone to school. And so Miriamu and myself became very good companions, although I was only 11 and she was 20.
Among her contemporaries at Gayaza were daughters of the big chiefs and many of them were her friends. Through them she knew a lot of what was going on in the Kibuga (Capital) Mengo. She knew the notable young men of the day who were either the brothers of her friends or their sisters. From her I learnt a lot about the young educated generation. I knew so much about those young people without having met them, that I surprise many of them who have become my friends, when I tell them things they would not expect me to know about. My companionship with my sister thus broadened my horizon to higher things.

Thus by the time I was 12, I had learnt something and had received an education that would fit me in society anywhere in Buganda as it was then, and a good education at that, I would be at home in my own element and perhaps I would have arisen to a position of great prominence in my society with such a background as I had received. I would be that had it not been for the accident of schooling that interfered with it.
My Schooling was an accident. The wealth of our family had consisted in livestock. Father had several hundreds of heads of cattle. Whenever, he wanted some cash he sold so many of them.

He had a happy custom. When a child and a cow were born in juxtaposition of each other he gave the calf to the child in question. In my case, a cow was born three days after my birth and it was given the name of Kyozi.

From 1918 - 1920 there was an epidemic that spread all over Buganda and Ankole and it killed more than 75% of the cattle population in the country. Many people lost almost all the cattle they had. Of the hundreds we had between us in the family only 20 escaped death. My Kyozi was one of those 20. In fact its lineage is the only one that has persisted and the only one left in the family (1). We shall hear more about this cow Kyozi later.

My father was planning to send me to Mongo High School in 1920, when this calamity happened. Mongo High School was a Boarding School built at Namirembe Hill near St. Paul's Cathedral, for the children of the Chiefs. Mr. Winston Churchill opened its main building in 1908. It was a kind of elementary school. Later it was amalgamated with Kings' School, Budo in 1927 to form the present King's College Budo. Its premises are the present Mongo Primary School.

Because of this calamity the plans were changed. My elder brother was sent to Kako Central School, near Masaka. Father thought of sending me to his old master and friend then the Archdeacon of Uganda, the Rev. George Baskerville so as to get training similar to what he had had as a young man, and at the same time attend Mongo Central School. When he discussed it with the Rev. Baskerville in 1920, the latter told him that he was retiring early in 1921, and, therefore, it would be of no use.

(1) I wrote this in 1959. Since then we have lost even this.
All the avenues of my schooling having been blocked, father thought of the old custom of Okusiiga to the Kabaka. Okusiiga was the custom whereby chiefs or anyone else presented their sons to the Kabaka or to a more superior chief than oneself for training for future responsibilities as councillor, chief or generals. Father thought of presenting me to the palace of King Daudi Chwa. But then the custom was changing. The training was no longer as thorough as it used to be in the olden days.

Therefore, father decided that I should stay at home and get training from him to look after our property for he was getting on in years and he would need someone to look after and develop our property when he was no longer able to do so. He decided to give schooling to only my elder brother and perhaps later my younger brothers. This was rather hard on me, because all my sisters had been to school, at Gayaza High School, and my elder brother was at school, and probably my younger brothers would go. But Lo! Not so!

A certain Roman Catholic chief called Yowana Mutattira was a friend of my father's and a regular caller on him to talk about the current topics.

As usual I used to join them by sitting there, and listening. He noticed that I had some ability to learn. One day he asked my father why he did not send me to school. He gave him his reasons. But Mutattira did not agree with him. He, therefore, offered to send me himself and pay for my schooling at Nsambya School, a Roman Catholic School. Father refused, mainly I think for two reasons: One through sheer pride; and the other as a staunch Protestant, he feared if I went to a Roman Catholic school they might influence my religion. This was in 1921. I was very disappointed.

In August of that year mother decided to go and visit her brother, who was at the time a chief in Busoga - Baganda chiefs in those days were everywhere in the Protectorate training the other tribes in Administration, and my uncle happened to be one of such Baganda chiefs in Busoga. He was in Bugabula county, West Busoga. I accompanied her on the journey walking on foot.
We stopped at Mukono on the way and spent a month with my oldest sister, Sanyu and her husband Y.P. Mukasa. While still at Mukono reports came that there had been an outbreak of plague in Busoga especially in the Bugabula county. Mother decided to leave me at Mukono and go alone. This was the accident that led to my schooling. She spent two and a half months there.

My time at Mukono was usefully occupied. At Mr. Y.P. Mukasa’s place there were five boys attending Bishop’s School, Mukono. Two of them were jovial fellows and sportsmen. Whenever, they came back from school they practiced what they had learnt at school in the evenings: English, singing, history and so on. I enjoyed these evenings with them. It was not long before I picked up a smattering of everything from them. I learnt some English words; I learnt hymns and songs; I learnt some names in history etc. It was as if I was at school, too, and when they discovered that I admired what they taught me they were willing to teach me more.

Mr. Y.P. Mukasa being a teacher discovered how desirous of learning I was and that I could learn if given the opportunity. He knew all the reason for my not going to school only too well. He decided to send me to school himself. He had a good influence over my father.

When we were going back home in November, Mr. Mukasa wrote to father and told him how it would be a great pity if I was not allowed to go to school, because he had noticed that I could learn well, and that he was offering himself to pay for my schooling. He suggested that I should go to Gomba Central School, Kasaka where S.W. Kironde, another brother in-law of mine, was headmaster.

But Mr. Mukasa was very clever. He knew that after I had attended school for one year and proved myself as an able pupil, father would find it difficult to order me to leave. For the same reason he chose a school that was far away from home, where father would not have an easy access to do his will. His plan was after one-year to say to him that he should now carry on with my schooling.
Mr. Kironde was informed. School was to start on 5th January, 1922. The day before my departure, a happy incident happened at home that had great influence on my schooling. The Rev. Yonasani Kaizi came to see my father. Rev. Kaizi was the father of the Nabagereka (Queen) of Chwa, the Kabaka of Buganda and one of the first six clergyman in East Africa. He came to tell my father the great news of his son Sepiria Lwebuga Kaizi, who had won a scholarship to King's School, Budo (now King's College, Budo). He was very excited over the success. King's school, Budo was in those days the highest seat of learning in Uganda, in fact in the whole of East Africa. There were seven open scholarship for the whole of Uganda, and for anyone to win one of them was a feat of the greatest importance.

Sepiria Lwebuga Kaizi was accompanying his father. I can well remember him as he sat there with self-satisfied shyness. He was wearing a white Kanusu (long robe) rather oversize for him with the bottom definitely turned brownish with dust. How I admired him! And how envied the pride his father had in him! I was inspired. I said to myself at that moment, "when I go to school, I will work hard and win a scholarship to King's School, Budo."

Sepiria Lwebuga Kaizi's bicycle had had a puncture, and I was told to get him water in a basin to help mend the tube. No service had ever been more agreeable to me! I watched him mend the tube and I did not want him to finish. Naturally he was the hero of my life!

The following day, Israel, another brother of mine, a porter who carried our luggage and I left for Kasaka in Gomba. It was a three days' journey walking on foot.

We arrived on 5th January, 1922. I was, therefore, a day late. On the 6th I was admitted in class 4. I was approximately thirteen years old then.

The class system in those days was a bit confusing. Gomba Central school, Kasaka was a four class school. The 4th was the lowest; the 3rd second lowest and so on, with the 1st as the top form.
I started in the 4th. We had a very keen and devoted teacher, but as I look back on those days, I can see he was a very limited teacher. Teachers were not trained then. They just happened to have completed say Form I or Form II, and were appointed to teach. Daudi Kintone, that was his name. I think he had done Form II. Although he was so limited academically, perhaps I can say that I never met a teacher who taught with more fire and lovingness. Naturally he set us on fire.

I remember particularly his English Grammar lessons. He taught Grammar as though he had studied it on a higher level. Listen to him teach about the Noun and the Verb, for instance:

**NOUN**:  
- Maeni (man) = Omuntu, noun  
- Womani (woman) = Omukazi, noun  
- Ddooga (dog) = Embwa, noun  
- Kati (cat) = Kkapa, noun

**VERB**:  
- Buli kigambo ekisookako ku ye verb (Every word that starts with ku is a verb) e.g.:  
  - Kugenda = to go, verb  
  - Kulaba = to see, verb  
  - Kulya = to eat, verb  
  - Kufumba = to cook, verb

Later I discovered that what he ought to have told us was that each verb starts with Ku, and not that every word that starts with Ku is a verb. But we enjoyed those lessons very much, all the same.

For a curious reason that I did not know, my friends seemed to think that I knew more than they did. Certainly Mr. Kintone relied on me in the class very much and he had special liking for me.

I had never sang the Tonic selfa before, but on my first day I was put in the choir to sing contralto. Two weeks afterwards, the Head monitor to the school made me his Assistant. This meant that I did not have to do dirty work such as sweeping classrooms and the compound, or smearing the rooms with cow dung.
My work was to help him to take the Roll-call of the whole school. There were about 120 pupils. I soon learnt the whole list by heart, and I would just recite names.

The school building was one large hall, but it was no longer sufficient. The Headmaster who believed in self-help as the best help made the school build a new school building with our own hands. By the time I came, it was well under way. When it was finished it pleased so much the Bishop of Uganda, Bishop J.J. Willis, that he gave the school a bull. I remember the feast we had of it.

I stayed with my brother-in-law. He had in his household eleven boys attending school, and two girls. In order to feed such a company, he had to make us work hard. He divided our responsibilities, and each one of us had some particular job to do in the home. But early every morning all of us, except one who remained to prepare breakfast (which we did in turns), went to the field to dig. We would start at 5.45 with family prayers and by 6 we would be in the fields. Kironde himself joined us in digging every morning.

At 7.15 a.m. we would come back to wash up our feet and prepare to go to school before 8.00 a.m. We grew most of the food for our requirements and some cotton. Thus my sister was very much relieved of the work. She had also a woman cook to help her with the cooking.

Mr. Kironde was a very enterprising man, with any amount of foresight and the ability to organise. His father as a young man was one of the Rev. Ernest Millar's boys; he looked after his cattle. Mr. Kironde, too, as a boy stayed with this great missionary, who was known throughout the country as "Mukwano gwa Baganda", the friend of Baganda.

Kironde had been educated at Menge High School and at King's School, Budo. He became Headmaster of Gomba Central School, Kasaka, in 1920, after leaving Budo. In those days few school masters ever prepared their lessons. But Kironde never taught a lesson which he had not prepared the previous evening. He soon made Kasaka one of the most progressive
Central Schools in the whole of Uganda, and many important people began to send their children and relatives to Gomba Central School. Sir, Apollo Kagwe, the then Katikkiro (Prime Minister) of Buganda, had about 10 grand children and relatives sent there. Kironde arose to the position of Inspector of schools in 1929, after gaining a First Class Diploma, at Makerere College.

I took my studies seriously right from the start. I would get up at night and sit up in bed and light my self-made lamp, made out of a small vaseline-bottle and read. This "vaseline-bottle" lamp, was a lamp I made by making a hole in the cover of the vaseline bottles my sister had used and put a piece of cloth through the hole to act as a wick. The Rev. Yoeri Wamala sold Kerosene oil, and I used to go and buy from him. One day he asked me why I bought this oil, and I told him my purpose. He said to me that during the examination time he would give it to me free of charge, because, he was impressed to see a young boy who took his studies so seriously.

At the end of the first term in 1922, I found myself easily at the top of my class. I was at once promoted to Form III.

The second term in the Form III was not such an easy one. My English was particularly poor. We had a reader there, the Indian Reader, I think. I could not do it. At the end of the term I found myself at the bottom in the English paper. I remember I shed some tears, and determined not to repeat the same experience. At the end of the third term I was top of class III and was promoted to Class II the following year.

I spent the year 1923 in Form II. At the end of it I was promoted to Form I. Therefore, I spent 1924 in the top class. I could have tried King's School, Budo, entrance examination, but I was too young for it.

From Kironde I learnt many useful lessons. He used to teach what he called General Knowledge, but which really was character building. He taught the whole school together.
He would say, "Character building is like making a rope. You start with a small string. Several strings make a small rope; these small ropes when fastened together make a rope. Many ropes make a master rope, which is very difficult to break." In the same way, he would go on to draw the moral, "we start with conduct. A repeated conduct becomes a habit. Habits add up to one's character, which cannot be broken."

In another lesson he would teach about Cleanliness, how it is next to Godliness. Then he would tell us to have "a place for everything and everything in its place".

When he taught about Time he would emphasise punctuality by saying "unpunctuality is theft of time". Again he would tell us "to have a time for everything and everything in its time".

His General Knowledge lessons had great influence over the whole school.

In 1925, Kironde was given a new job at Namirembe Headquarter and he had to leave Gomba. I left Gomba also at the same time.

I was admitted to the top Form in Kako Central School in May, 1925. The previous month the Headmaster, the late S.T. Kiwanuka, had married my sister Debola.

At Kako I stayed with the Rev. Nasanaeri Zako, where my elder brother had stayed, too, while at the school.

At the beginning of the second term, the Headmaster lost his father and he went to the funeral. As it happened the property caused so much dispute in their family that he was away for the rest of the term. The Headmaster was the classmaster of the top form.

In the top form there was one called Mwesusara Kayongo, who was repeating in that form that year. When we found that we had no teacher Kayongo and I began to teach the others.

The third term started well because the Headmaster had come back. But two days after the opening, the Bishop of Uganda visited the school. He told the Headmaster that in Kampala many of his contemporaries were sitting for an entrance examination into Makerere College, to go and train for a Teachers' Diploma.
He advised him very strongly to go and sit for the examination and he gave him some recommendation. He went and he never came back. This was the first batch of teachers to be trained at Makerere College.

Kayongo and I filled in the gap as teachers once again. It was a bit unlucky on me for that year I wanted to have a shot at King's School, Budo, scholarship, but now I had spent the whole year in academic wilderness. But try I must.

In November of that year we sat for the examination. Kayongo and I sat for the examination. Both of us did not get the scholarship but we passed for the Entrance, that is that we were entitled to admission provided we could pay full fees. That in itself was an achievement which meant that we came under the first thirty candidates from the whole of Uganda. Neither Kayongo nor I had the money. Kayongo who had taken Makerere Entrance Examination as well and had passed went to Makerere College to take a carpentry course.

For my part I had to go back to Kako, only to experience other setbacks. We had a new Headmaster. He was of a talkative and argumentative kind. He taught us very little. But three things came to our rescue.

First, the Rev. J.S. Herbert, who later became the Archdeacon of Uganda during the war years, came back from leave in England. He started taking us in English, and he was a forceful teacher. I owe so much to him. We nicknamed him "Akale akeru" (the white cloud) because he wore a white helmet. From his house to the school there was a thicket. Every time we first saw his helmet round this thicket and anyone who first saw it would warn all the others of the "white cloud". Then we would put ourselves in order and put on a decent behaviour, because if he came and found us in an unorderly fashion there would be trouble. He was a strict disciplinarian. But for all that we benefitted from his teaching.
Secondly, S.T. Kiwanuka left in the school Arithmetic Text Books, books "Efficiency Arithmetic", from Book I to VI. The books had the answers at the back. When we found ourselves with plenty of time and no one to teach us, five of us formed ourselves into an Arithmetic Group, and we would set ourselves either do them at school or take them home. When we next assembled we would look up the answers and if we got them right we set ourselves new sums. If all of us had failed to get a sum or sums right we would do all we could until we got the right answer or answers. Or, if all the others got certain sums wrong and one got them right, we would ask him to show the rest how he did it.

In this way we taught ourselves Arithmetic to a very high degree, because we even did sums in Book VI, which, to our surprise, we found later was the text Book at Budo and Makerere. The group consisted of Yusufu Yawe, who later become Headmaster of the School; Robert Muwanga, who later became the Financial Secretary to the Kabaka's Government; Joskwa Nsubuga, who became an Agricultural Assistant in the Central Government; E. Kyomya who was for many years supervisor in the Native Anglican Church (the Church of Uganda) and myself.

Thirdly, we had a large political map of the world in the school and our group determined to learn the places on this map. We would sit in front of the map and appoint one to be the question master. He would then set the rest questions about places of most obscure kind. We gave ourselves marks to see who got the most answers right. In this way I learnt the names of all the countries; the names of towns, Islands, bays, capes, rivers, and so on.

We draw maps of certain countries such as Africa, England, Australia, Madagascar and others; we would show on these maps the principal towns, the most important rivers, mountains and the like.

At the end of the year I had another shot at the King's School, Budo scholarship. That year instead of the seven scholarships to be competed for by the whole of Uganda, there were three scholarships only.
I easily got full marks in Arithmetic and top marks in Geography (the two subjects we taught ourselves) and English Grammar. I did not do so well in the other subjects. Thus I had won the second scholarship and fulfilled my ambition.

But my difficulties were not over. The scholarship was for Shs. 300/= a year. But the fees of King's School were being raised the following year to Shs. 498/=. The extra Shs. 198/= was going to be a financial problem with the reduced circumstances of my family and we were several children. When the good news of having won the scholarship came I went immediately to inform my father and mother. On the way as I went, I worried about the Shs. 198/=. But as I was worrying a voice spoke to me clearly and unmistakably in Luganda, "Kitawo ye mugagga asinga abagagga bona" (literally, 'your father is the rich one who surpasses all the other rich people' i.e., 'your father is the richest person'). At once I had peace of mind, for I recognized that voice to be the voice of God. I never worried again as to how I should get the fees.
CHAPTER 4

MY SCHOOLING (CONT'D)

KING'S COLLEGE, BUDO

The new term started on 14th January, 1927. Before I left home father had said to me, "I hear you can now stay at Budo for one year and go to Makerere. When you get there bear this in mind and work hard and get into Makerere College by the end of the year". I promised I would do as he told me.

What he had heard was the new re-organisation at Budo. Formerly, it was the highest seat of learning in Uganda; boys came from all over the central and High Schools in Uganda to finish off their schooling at King's School, Budo. It was a three years' course, grouped according to the years: first year; second year and third year. Each year had about 35 students. At the end of their third year they graduated with either a First, a Second or a Third Class.

In 1927, Mengo High School, a Primary and Junior Secondary School, was amalgamated with Budo, and the classes were re-arranged. There was now to be a Junior School (the first four years); a Middle school (the second four years) and a Senior School the last two years. Thus Middle School and Senior School - six years: from Form I to VI. Entry was at two levels: Form I, and Form V. Boys from the Central Schools taking Senior Entrance Examination would start at Form V. From Form VI, they would go either to Makerere College or to work. Therefore, strictly speaking what my father had heard was not correct. People had to spend at this entry two years now instead of three.

To get the extra Shs. 198/= fees, my father had to sell my cow, Kyozzi. Because of old age, she was now nearly 18, she did not bring much and father had to get money by other means. But I was glad to feel that this cow almost a twin sister with me had been so useful in my hour of need. What was more, she left some offspring who still kept the lineage in the family.
The 14th of January, 1927, came bright and clear, the greatest day of my life. At about 2.30 p.m., I left Kampala and walked the ten miles journey with my luggage at my back in a Makinoda. (1) I arrived just a few minutes before 6, when everybody else was arriving. In those days there were very few cars. Most people had either walked or cycled; only the sons of the great chiefs could afford to have come by car.

All the newcomers were lined up in the Canada Quadrangle, near the clock tower of the Big School. Housemasters counted the number they wanted from either end of the line. The houses were: England, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Mutesa I, and Mutesa II, the last two were new dormitories to be used for the first time. After each house master had had his fill, two of us were left in the middle and I began to worry; I thought there would be no room for me in the school. What was worse all the masters had taken the boys of their choice to show them the rooms; the last one had said referring to two of us in the middle, "You, I sleep there". So we were left there unwanted, unattended to. I thought. Later on Mr. J. Barlwo and Y.W. Sewagaba came back. When they knew of our plight, Sewagaba, who knew me well, offered to take me to his house, South Africa. Barlow took the other friend to Mutesa I.

I was given a cubical. Hardly three minutes had passed after getting to my new home, before men in the Second Year came hunting the Mpyoko. Mpyoko (singular and plural) meant the "stupid newcomers". One, Y. Kifuko, who had a large turban round his head and a cane in his hand, saw me and said in Luganda "Omusajja ngoberera" (Man follow me!). I followed him without knowing what was in store for me. He led me into the "Ekitoke ky'e South Africa" (the banana Tree of South Africa), and there was the most notorious place of all in the whole school for flogging newcomers in. Before I knew where I was, Kifuko had started beating me with his cane everywhere: on the head, in the sides, on the arms and so on. I put my hand before my face, and as I was doing so he beat it and one finger burst into blood and it came out gashing hard. He began to be frightened. He asked me "Omusajja, Omanyi? (Man, do you know me?). I said "I used to see you at Mongo High School." When he heard this he ran away.

(1) Makinoda was the schoolboys luggage in those days wrapped in a sheet and tied round the shoulder and carried at the back.
News spread quickly throughout the school that I had been beaten very badly and it came to Mr. Barlow. He at once started a counter-hunting for the Second year people to discover who had done it. They told him it was Simwogerere. He got hold of Simwogerere and summoned the whole school, and before the whole school he gave Simwogerere ten strokes at the back hard and furious. Simwogerere dared not defend himself and say it was not he, who had committed the offence, for that would cowardly, and "Uw'amaanyi" (the strong-hearted) as the Second year people called themselves, would never stoop so low. Nor could I reveal the man who beat me, that was regarded cowardly, too, only done by a man without a back-bone. I had been warned before hand by my brother-in-laws and other old Budonians, that it was not done at Budo to reveal a Second Year man who had done anything against you. If you did your state for the rest of the year was made worse for you. So I kept quiet, and Simwogerere underwent the punishment. That gave me a status in the whole school at once.

The classes were re-arranged as follows: the more academically competent from the original Second and Third Year boys were put in Form VI, and the less competent from those two years in Form V. The best five from the First Year were admitted in Form V. That included me. There was another class called Shell which later was called Form V(b), where the least academic boys from the two original years and some new-comers were grouped together to do a more practical course.

I took my studies very seriously remembering what my father had told me. Sometimes, I would lower the blankets, in my cubical, to touch the ground and I would go under the bed with my tiny lamp and books and read there.

At the end of the first term three of us newcomers: myself, S. Ndugwa (later Dr. Ndugwa) and Lugayizi, were promoted to the Sixth Form as we had won those three places in Form V. This made it difficult for the Second year boys to bully us anymore.

At the end of the year we took the Makerere Entrance and I passed, winning a Scholarship. Thus I made good the word I had given to my father that I would work hard and get into Makerere College within one year. My two friends passed, too.
"Man proposes; God disposes." I did not go to Makerere College the following year, after all. Nor did I go the year after. I had to stay at Budo for another two years.

The Speech Day and the Old Boys' Supper and General Meeting were in those days on the last week-end of the Third Term. Many Old Boys turned up for these three occasions. The Speech Day was on Saturday afternoon; the Supper in the evening and the General Meeting on Sunday after the Service. The "Goers", as those leaving school were called, took part in the Supper and the Meeting. It was a proud occasion for them. For me and my two friends, when we took part in these two functions, it was perhaps a source of greater pride than for most, because everyone was admiring us for our unprecedented achievement - to have qualified with a First Class within one year.

On Sunday afternoon, after the General Meeting, my brother-in-law, Mr. Y.P. Mukasa and Mr. Erika Sabiti (a friend of his and of the family, who later became the first African Archbishop of Uganda, who were then at Makerere College doing a Mature Students' Diploma Course, approached me and told me that it was unwise for me to go to Makerere so young. Only men went to Makerere - I was still in my teens. To my young mind it was against my honour to change now after I had participated in the Old Boys' Supper and in their General Meeting. I had also got my Certificate. There was the promise I had made to my father. All these weighed on my mind. Mr. Y.P. Mukasa said that he would explain it to my father and he would understand. There was lastly the question of the Headmaster. How was I going to face him and say that I wanted to stay on again. They volunteered to see him for me. I was overcome; I had to give in.

Later in the evening Mr. Mukasa, Mr. Sabiti and I went to see the Headmaster, the Rev. H.M. Grace, in his study. They explained the difficulty on his part to re-admit me; he seemed rather glad that I should stay on another year. He said he would write to the Principal of Makerere College to strike my name off the list and to cancel my scholarship. After that my state of mind was one of great relief. I started to anticipate my second year at Budo.
When I got home and reported to my father how I had won a scholarship to Makerere College, his joy knew no bounds. But it was a short-lived joy. When I told him of Mr. Mukasa's decision, he was angry, bitterly angry, not with me but with Mr. Mukasa. He saw no business whatsoever Mr. Mukasa had with it. However, he did not object to my returning to Budo, then. I spent my holiday happily with them and I returned to Budo without a murmur.

Back to my class, with new mates life was exciting. There was the great status of being a "Second Year" student with all its glamour of superiority over the "First year", the Emyoko. In my case, there was the added boost of being one of the senior boys in the class.

But two weeks after term had started, one sunny afternoon, the Headmaster said to me at the beginning of an English lesson, "stay behind after the lesson, I want to speak to you". My heart beat. I was worried. What was it he was going to say to me?

After the lesson, I went up to the platform, where he was, and he broke it to me that he had received a letter from the Principal of Makerere College to say that my father wanted me to go to Makerere. That was the greatest shock of my life. Mr. Grace, being a shrewd reader of boys noticed at once that the news did not please me. He asked whether I did not like to go. I said, "No, I don't". He wanted to know why my father pressed me to go. I said, "probably, it is due to the fees. He has several children and he had told me before hand to stay one year here. Now it makes it difficult for him to find fees for me and for my brothers and sisters". He told me to go and see him in his study the following morning, at 11.00 a.m.

When I went to the Headmaster's study, Mr. Grace told me that I need not worry any longer about fees, he would pay for me for my schooling. He was writing to my father to tell him this. What a relief I felt! This started a life-long friendship with the Rev. Grace.
At the end of 1928, I sat for the Makerere Entrance Examination again and passed with flying colours winning another scholarship. But I had to stay a third year, at Budo, I was still young and it was thought it would do me good to be made a Prefect before going on to College. So I spent the year 1929, there. I was made the Prefect for "South Africa" House, as the House System was then.

1929, became the most eventful year of my life. It was a year of a gigantic decision. I made the personal decision to follow Christ as my Lord and Saviour. It came as a miracle. I had got permission to spend the week-end of 12th - 15th February with my parents in Masaka, but on Thursday evening preceding the week-end, I changed my mind and I would not go.

On Sunday in the School Chapel who would be the preacher but the famous Bishop Taylor Smith, who was at the time Champlain to H.M. Navy. As far as the school was concerned he came unheralded. He just appeared from the blue. He was accompanied by Archdeacon Baloklude of the CMS.

Bishop Taylor Smith had visited our school two years previously and had preached in the Chapel a most memorable sermon. In that sermon he implored us to turn our backs against sin, and he actually turned his back in the pulpit. We could not forget that.

But this time he came with a special message as he explained towards the end of his sermon. He told us that ever since he visited King's College, Budo, God was urging him to come back and preach to us boys and tell us of our special calling. He obeyed and came all that way to preach that sermon. Perhaps that was why he came so unobtrusively. The following was the sermon. (to be quoted from "Ebifa mu Uganda" of March, 1929).
I made my decision there and then. There was no going back. I was committed. Life was not to be the same as before after that.

After Chapel I locked myself in my House-masters' room and wrote down in Luganda almost word for word of the sermon and sent it the following morning to the EBIFA MU UGANDA, the then Church of Uganda Monthly paper. The article appeared in the March number of the paper to my great satisfaction.

I said life would not be the same as before. I turned "Right-about-turn" - Not that I was openly a bad boy; I had never tested many of the sins of the world, and in school my friends thought I was a pious boy who would later take to Holy orders; there was even a general belief that my father was a priest judging by my general behaviour and that of my young brother, Enoka, who had joined me at Budo that year; I said my prayers at night, and practised a general outward piety. The trouble was that I was as it were, still looking at my own "shadows". I had not yet realised that life consisted in looking face to face at the sun that shone so brightly behind me. That the shadows that we saw were the work of the devil. So I made my decision "To Right-about-Turn once and for all. Although after this decision I still failed in many things yet I knew where my gaze should be - if I took the wrong step it was in the march of the Army of the Master and not a movement in the ranks of the Enemy. That was the Chief difference.

But such a decision must be costly. My first cost was the loss of friends. They could not understand what had become of me. I became unpopular with them. Then such a big change, which is spiritual and mental, has its attendant Psychological and nervous ills, especially as I was reticent about it. I never discussed my deepest feelings with my friends with the result that I had nervous strain which although I managed to throw off in the end through prayer and faith, tormented me for a same time. For most people when they have this spiritual change, they achieve quickly their equilibrium through fellowship and sharing with others, very often in groups. But I never felt called that way. Mine was to be "the seed that grows in secret".
However, I found solace in the friendship I had with the Rev. H.M. Grace and Mrs. Grace. I used to go to his office and we would pray together and he would teach me a lot about Jesus as my Saviour.

I found life as a prefect difficult. I expected all the other boys to take life in as serious a way as I did. But I later discovered that I was mistaken; they perhaps thought that as far as they were concerned, they were perfectly normal, and I in their sight abnormal. Hence the misunderstandings. But I managed to make three friendships at this time which have lasted throughout the years.

Having gone twice over the sixth form syllabus, I found academic work less exacting than before. So I could spend time reading widely and as a Prefect I was responsible for the school library, which gave me access to books. The Rev. Grace had the previous year given me permission to borrow any book from his study. Thus I developed the habit of reading and a love of books generally. This was one of the greatest gifts Budo gave me and for it I am very grateful.

As a Prefect, too, I was responsible for the Hobby which, I remember vaguely, we called "The Beautifier". This was a hobby which beautified the school. Our work was to plant flowers; to add coats of paint to furniture and doors and windows and such like. From this hobby I developed a love of gardening in particular and neat appearance generally.

Because I could drop in at the Grace's house any time especially at the week-ends, I managed to meet important people who visited the school either at 10.00 o'clock tea or at afternoon tea.

It was at this time Prince Edward Mutesa Kiwewa, later to become the Kabaka of Buganda, Mutesa II, first came to live with the Rev. and Mrs. Grace, when he was only five years old. The Rev. Grace advised Kabaka Chwa II, to send the crown price to him so that he might bring him up in a Christian way, and he agreed; that is why the young prince came to Budo so young, actually lived in Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's house but spent the days with the Graces.
There was one practice at Makerere College which I hated very much before I went there. In those days the Makerere football ground was at Wandegoya, where the Police Station now is. Every time there was a match, it was the duty of the first year students to carry the goal nets, the forms for the V.I.P.'s to sit on; the balls and the flags from the College down to the football ground. All students hated it but they could do nothing to alter it.

During the second term holidays in 1928 at Budo, as some of us remained at Budo for part of our holidays to prepare for our Makerere entrance examination, I contrived an idea, to write a letter to the press condemning this habit of making the students to carry the nets for what was more than a mile long along one of Kampala's busy streets. I asked my friend Eri Mukasa (later Dr. E.M.K. Muwazi) to join me in this exercise. We wrote a letter and signed it with two pseudonyms. We sent it to two English newspapers. "The Uganda News", and "The Uganda Voice". Both papers published it.

That letter did the trick. No sooner had it appeared in the press than the authorities at Makerere removed this habit of freshmen carrying nets to Wandegoya.

Nobody knew who achieved this, but we felt great justifiable pride of victory.

I went to Makerere College at last in January, 1930. In those days Makerere was a vocational school, where students went to specialise in one of the following courses: Medicine, Education; Agriculture; Veterinary Science; Engineering; Surveying and Clerical Work.
But because the general standard of education was still so low in the country the first year was spent in what was known as the Vocational course, which was a course in general education. We had a very strong first year, and for the first time in the history of the college, we had two students from Zanzibar, Said Manfuth and Said Aboud, and a student from Tanganyika, Mr. Kayamba, the son of the then celebrated Chief Kayamba. Kenya had already sent their first student the previous year, Mr. Karanja, but in 1930, we received also Mr. Parmenas, who stayed with us in the College, but took his classes in what was known as Nyanjeradde. He was a senior man, who had already taught for sometime. He was with us for only less than a full term, when he was selected together with Mr. Jomo Kenyatta and Chief Koinange to represent Kenya in London, at the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament which was sent up to examine the possibility of the Federation of East Africa. He never came back to us. He stayed on in London and later wrote a book under a different name called "An African Speaks for his People" which caused such a stir in those days.

I became very friendly with the Zanzibar students and Kayamba, and for the short time he was with us Mr. Parmenas had became my friend, too.

In those days Makerere College comprised of what latter came to be known as the Michele Hall i.e. the old Big school, the six dormitories: Sejongo’s, Nsubuga’s, Bamugye’s, Magezi’s and Sebowa’s, the office and laboratory.

We had eight regular teachers Mr. D.G. Tomblings, the Principal; Mr. J. Sykes, (Education); Mr. Neville Lee, (History); Mr. R. Potts, (English); Mr. Gee (Science); Wood (Engineering); Mr. Soundy, (Science) and Mr. H. Marriot, (Mathematics). We had part-time teachers from Mulago Hospital, from the Agricultural Department and from the Church. The Rev. Nasanaeri Zake was the Chaplain. They were all devoted people who taught what they knew with gusto and great deligence. We respected them all.
The Principal was a character. He had been an Aide Camp to the Governor of Uganda and a District Commissioner before and had seen active service in the 1914-18 war, in East Africa. He loved games as no man I had seen before. He played only football as a goal-keeper and some tennis, but his love for all sport was so much that he made the whole college game conscious — during our day it was compulsory for all students to do sports in one way or another. To the Principal for anyone to be truly a man, he must be a sportsman. It was for this reason that the first 21 in cross-country running were known as the BASAJJA (The Mefs), and it was the highest ambition of everyone to come under THE BASAJJA, and those who regularly achieved this feat were among the most favourites of the Principal.

We played such other games as football, cricket, tennis, athletics and swimming. The day started with a form of military drill every morning, which the Principal himself supervised although Mr. Peter Muddu, whom we nicknamed "Mugeremumpi", - Short step, because every time we were marching he insisted on short steps by repeating in Swahili "Mugeremumpi, Mugeremumpi" - He was the Drill Master.

I had my suspicions that the Principal did not respect me very much at first because presumably I was of a poor physique and because during my First and Second year I never shone very much in sport. My elder brother, Asanasi, on the other hand, who had been before me at Makerere, was a great favourite of the Principal because he had a manly physique, which meant he was "A MAN".

In childhood I had developed a narrow chest and unexceptionally heavy legs. At Budo, Grace feared this might cause me chest trouble. He therefore, asked Miss Evas, our Physical trainer to teach me special exercises to improve my chest, and she did. I did these exercises for a number of years until the imbalance was corrected.

In this kind of existence I did not fit very well and I found myself very critical of what was going on in the College. I felt so much attention was paid on the external attainments of man and not so much on the inner refinement, whereas my
whole life was undergoing a very profound spiritual change. The Principal quickly noticed that I was a square peg in a round hole at Makerere and came to the conclusion that the reason why I disapproved much of what was going on was because I was comparing Makerere with Budo all the time. He used to teach us English on two afternoons a week, from 2.00 to 3.00 p.m. One afternoon, when he came to our class he wondered why we were very sleepy that afternoon. I replied almost without thinking that it was because of the poor food we were having; the rotten beans and the maize meal which was full of dudus (Maggots).

He said, "Nonsense" and rebuked me very sharply, adding, "the trouble with you is that you think that Budo is the only place and that we cannot do anything good here." Then proceeded with the lesson.

Directly after the lesson at 3.00 p.m., he went and rang up the College doctor, Dr. Forbes Brown, to come and inspect the food that was in the store, and within a few minutes we saw the principal and Doctor Brown at the kitchen inspecting bags and bags of beans and maize flour. The next thing we saw was the school lorry, laden with these bags, carrying them away; we did not know where — they had been condemned by the doctor. We knew afterwards that the doctor had found so much vermines in them. A new supply of beans and maize flour was ordered.

This incident impressed me so much and taught me a lesson. It was a sign of great responsibility on the part of the Principal and from that day my respect for him increased tremendously, and I began to regard him as a just man. I have dwelt on this incident at some length because it was one of the things that impressed my youthful mind — the sense of responsibility.

I found this vocational year very interesting indeed. I enjoyed my studies very much and there was such competition! Every term we did not know who would come top because there were about seven of us as possibles. I had to work very hard to maintain my position. Sometimes I used to wake up at night at about 3.00 a.m. and go into one of the classrooms with a small round lamp and read there for about an hour. It was a great risk because if found out it would be serious offence for contravening the lights-out rule. But it paid me good dividends.
because every term I managed to take the top place.

We had very interesting teachers. Only to mention two: Mr. Neville Lee and Mr. Potts.

Mr. Potts was the games master and he taught English especially composition. He was a jovial person who made his lessons lively and liked because of his humour. If anyone was unable to understand what he taught, or made a remark that was unacceptable to him, or came below expectation, he would say to such a one "Go to Hoima", in a peculiar humorous way - and in Hoima was in those days the home of the mentally diseased.

He taught us how to write and to write fluently. For the Essay, and every week we had to write an Essay for him, he would encourage us to write in 45 minutes and as many pages as possible and in this way we were helped to think quickly in a foreign language. He took great pains to criticise our Essays. At the end of each Essay he would put an Alpha in the Greek abbreviated form; Beta, Gamma and the rest and to get an Alpha was the ambition of many but the achievement of a few, and whenever one got it, it was a great day for such a one. I became interested in this exercise more and more than in any other subject. In later life I have been very grateful to Mr. Potts for having taught me to write fluently.

Mr. Neville Lee was the favourite of many especially because his lessons were mostly in the afternoon. He taught history and English. During his period, we would be entertained to the full; it would be difficult to feel dull in his lesson. He would divert his formal teaching to such informal discussion of English manners, of personalities, especially the students themselves, caricature and even when one discovered oneself as the subject of such a caricature none felt offended very much; and if he discovered that a person was getting offended, he would do such tricks as would put him in good humour again. He had so many stories about people and things that we wondered whether he did not simply invent them all. He helped us to get to know a lot of the inside of the English society.
Before I left Budo I had developed a habit of stealing myself away in the evening and going into the Chapel to pray and to meditate on God. Here at Makerere, because we had no chapel, I chose a certain tree where every Wednesday evening I went soon after role call at 7 p.m. and meditated in the open air and prayed up to 7.30, when the bell for mass went. I found this exercise of immense spiritual value.

I also induced three of my friends Danieri Sekinemye, Bezaleri Kawumi and Ibraham Nkata to form a Prayer Group. We were later joined by Samson Kayanja. We used to meet every Sunday evening after dinner upstairs on the verandah of the Principal's office. We would first discuss a topic and then kneel down and pray. We decided to attend the services at St. Paul's Cathedral, Namirembe, every Sunday morning and afternoon. This prayer exercise enriched our friendship and helped to exert some influence in the College - later in our third year all of us became Prefects.

One Trinity Sunday Morning June, 1930, at exactly 5 a.m., I had a vision in a dream which has meant so much in my life. During that time when one is half awake and half asleep I clearly saw the following vision.

"THE VISION"

Our Housemaster, Mr. Marriott used to meet his house every fortnight at night and played music records on the gramophone for us, such as the Negro Spirituals, gave us tea and he would talk to us. I remember in one of his talks, when we were going down, he warned us of the pleasures of the holidays and said, "One night's pleasure may be your misery forever."

When the Second Year came we divided into our professional courses. I took Education. Here we came under the influence of Mr. J. Sykes, the Method Master. He was a serious-minded teacher and he worked very hard indeed. I liked and respected him very much but I did not like his subject - Method was such a dry subject which did not interest me at all. Here we learnt how to teach and the Psychology of teaching.
Each term we went out for a month, in the morning hours to the surrounding schools for teaching practice. In the afternoons we assembled again in our class-room and prepared our lessons for the following day, and Mr. Sykes criticised them for us.

I found teaching very frightening at first because I was so shy and timid; I was shy to stand up and face the class, let alone my lecturers who sat at the back of the class watching me teach. I found all this very irksome.

In 1931, the International Institute of African Language and Cultures advertised a Writing competition all over Africa South of the Sahara. A person could produce an original piece of writing: a novel, a history, or a biography; or he could translate from either English or French into an African language. I entered this competition, by translating Kipling's Jungle Book, the story of Mowgli. The results came back at the end of 1932, and I had won a Compensation prize of Shs. 60/= (In those days this was something). It came at the time when I was leaving Makerere. The Principal arranged with the Burser to take me to the Barclays Bank and open a Bank Account.

I was very happy indeed when on the Speech Day the Principal mentioned in his speech this prize as one of the achievements of the year of the College.

In 1930, Mr. K. Bisase Kisosonkole and Mr. Ignatius K. Musazi started a Young People's Organisation. They invited me to be one of the founder members. We had our first meeting in S.E. Kulubya's official residence at Mengo, when Kulubya was then the Omwanika (Finance Minister) in the Kabaka's Government. It was a mixed meeting although there were more young men than women. Kulubya, Bisase Kisosonkole and Musazi spoke and we had some discussion afterwards. This must have been the first organised meeting in Uganda of young men and young ladies together convened for the particular purpose of getting to know each other. Previously they could only meet at Church, at wedding celebrations, at singing parties. This was the first to meet and discuss problems of common interest.
In May, 1931 we had our first Young People's Conference. It was held at King's College Budo. It was a three day Conference starting on Friday evening and terminating the following Monday. It was attended by men and women. We had speakers from leaders of the Church, Government officials and teachers. We discussed many different topics of the day. My work in the conference was to be the scribe, who recorded what happened and later reported it to the press.

We had a debate on "Co-education". I cannot remember which side won, whether the side which was for co-education or otherwise, but whatever, the outcome, when I reported this debate in the _Ebifa au Uganda_ many people complained to me afterwards that I was trying to upset society by suggesting that boys and girls should go to school together - it was never heard of, if it was started it would be the ruin of the young. Strangely enough two years afterwards co-education was introduced at King's College, Budo, and I was one of the first teachers to teach mixed classes.

The conference went off very well and was an eye opener because here were young men and young ladies coping together, for the first time in our history, with the problems of our national development. Best of all we had social contacts which were both interesting and inspiring. We made such interesting friends at this conference, and at subsequent conferences, for we had several such conferences afterwards for the next fifteen years but to those of us who took part in most of them nothing was more memorable than this first one.

In April or May, 1931, the Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Stuart came to Uganda from the Prince of Wales College, Achimota, the Gold Coast now Ghana, West Africa, where the Rev. Stuart had been the Chaplain. He came to Uganda to take ordination classes at Bishop Tucker Theological College, Mukono. Although at the same time he was being groomed to succeed Bishop J.J. Willis, the
then Bishop of Uganda, who was about to retire. He and Mrs. Stuart had travelled on the same board the ship as the Rev. and Mrs. H.M. Grace, when coming back from Furlough in England. Soon after their arrival I was staying with the Graces during my holidays in May, 1931, and they visited Budo. I was introduced to them and we became friends from that moment. He was going to teach us the scriptures at Makerere and Grace said to me how lucky we were because he was such a saintly person. He taught us for two years and we found such inspiration in his teaching, more especially since he had known Dr. Aggrey so intimately, when both had been on the Achimota staff from the start.

Otherwise my second year at Makerere was such an uneventful one. I lost my beloved sister Miriam Kironde, in February, 1931, and that was a big blow because she had been so near to me. We used to discuss so many things together and her advice was always sound and useful to me. She and her husband had meant so much in my life.

In 1932, my third year at Makerere, was more eventful and more exciting for me than 1931. For one thing I was a Prefect for Naubuga's (our dormitory).

In January, 1932 I went with my class-mates to Bukalasa Experimental Farm Institute to take a two-month course in Agriculture. In those days the teachers-in-training at Makerere were required to include some Agricultural training in the third year of their course. That is why we had to go to Bukalasa. Ours was the second batch of students to go to Bukalasa.

Our time at Bukalasa was of great fun. The officer in charge of the station was Mr. Nye, afterwards Sir Nye. Nye enjoyed life in his own way, with a very high opinion of himself, and his wife was one of the most beautiful English women – everyone at Bukalasa felt them as very important people were never tired of telling us how Nye despised Africans and would not have anything to do with them. In fact, our predecessors in 1931 had found him so and they, too, had warned us of his behaviour towards Africans.
But we, too, were youngsters with very well set views of our own on life; we were not going to be upset by hearsay stories about anyone not even the mighty Nye of Bukalasa; we would test him ourselves by every means in our power and see whether he could not at least change his attitude towards us.

There was no water at the place; people got it from a well about ½ of a mile. The food was of the poorest kind mostly posho i.e. maize flour and beans. The rule was for the students to fetch their own water from the well, and our predecessors had done it. But this we would not do and the food we would not tolerate. So we sent a delegation to the authority and I led that delegation. We put our case well and reasonably and they found it difficult to resist. Porters were provided to fetch water for us and the food was improved tremendously and a few other improvements in the whole running of the place were effected.

On the more positive side we wanted to bring life in an otherwise very dull place. We started concerts and invited the staff, including Mr. and Mrs. Nye, to attend these concerts, which became more and more exciting and popular.

There were tennis courts but only the staff could play tennis there. We applied to be allowed to play, too, and our application was granted. Two of our group Ibrahim Mataka and Molodokai Kaizi were first class tennis players and a few others were passably good. It was not long before everybody recognised us and Mr. Nye asked he and his wife to join us; later other members of the staff joined us as well. It became great fun and everyone began to look to the next game with great expectation. We became friends and we did not find any trace of despise of any kind of the Africans in Mr. Nye. We heard afterwards unofficially that we had the best reports possible when the time came for us to go back to the College.

Term started at the College when we were still at Bukalasa and we missed a month and a half. During that time something happened which was not of great significance but which again increased my respect for the Principal, Mr. Tomblings. When the Prefects met for the first time, they distributed duties among themselves. There was one duty which everyone feared to take...
and that was the locking up every evening and unlocking every morning of the bicycle shade. This was the shade where all the bicycles of the students were kept. It was near the Big Gate to the College, and some distance from the dormitories, which meant a good deal of walking every evening after roll call at 7.00 p.m., and early every morning after reveille and before the time for Drill at 7.00 a.m. Because I was away and because everyone believed that if I took it their bicycles would be properly looked after, they decided to give this duty to me. When I heard of it at Bukalasa I made up my mind to refuse to do it out-right.

In the first Prefect's meeting I attended, the Head Prefect, Mr. E. Kizito, broke the news to me that I was assigned the job of looking after the bicycle shade. I explained how I could not accept that responsibility for one thing because I had no bicycle myself. All the Prefects yelled at me and said that duty was duty, I had to do it. I told them I would not. They were not prepared to see my reason and the Head Prefect handed over the keys to me. When they could not see reason I took the keys and gave them back to the Head Prefect and refused to have anything to do with them, and walked out of the meeting.

They took a very serious view of my action and the following day the Head Prefect reported the matter to the Principal. The Principal called me to his office. The moment I entered the office he said to me in an authoritative tone, "why did you show insubordination to the Head Prefect?"

I said, "I never showed any insubordination to the Head Prefect."

"Didn't you refuse to look after the bicycle shade?" He asked rather furiously.

I said, "I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

He said, "the Head Prefect has reported you to me."

"I told the Prefects' meeting that someone with some interest in the bicycle shade should look after it, but since I have no bicycle myself I do not see why I should do that job."

(End of ch. 5)
"Of course not; you are right", he agreed with me, "why doesn't the Head Prefect do that?" - The Head Prefect had a bicycle.

I said I did not know and he told me I could go then.
I was very impressed by the Principal's impartial judgment.

In June, 1932, I had a vision which changed my life for weal and woe forever afterwards. It came at my time of prayer on the Wednesday evening. As I was walking meditating in the College grounds where now stands the Education Institute, I saw in a flash of a moment a bright light in a circular from above me and a clear voice said to me from that light, in Luganda, "Mubeere mu nze" (Abide in me), and I knew I had seen Jesus in His glory and had heard His voice. That has been the greatest experience of my life.

I literally became a new man and it was new life for me forever afterwards. My friends noticed the change at once. I felt the thrill of being at the centre of life; I at once set about yielding myself to this new power in me. I saw it as power against sin that if I abode in Christ nothing could assail me and, therefore, my life, too, would become the abode of Christ on earth. I saw it, too, as power to overcome my weakness in study, in game, in habits and in personal relationships. In everything I now tried to practise the "power of abiding in Christ".

It soon both paid me rich dividends and caused me to carry the burden of the Cross. The test of the cross came very early indeed, in about less than a month. One of my best friends in the College, whose name I will not mention although dead now, had his bed opposite mine across the passage of the dormitory. He happened to default in the dormitory and I gave him the punishment I would give to any defaulter, of sweeping the house. He did not like this; he resented it so much that for a week he could not speak to me. That week-end I was going to Budo to meet the Rev. A.G. Fraser, then the Principal of the Prince of Wales College, Achimota, in the Gold Coast, who was visiting Budo at that time and the Rev. Grace had asked me to go and spend the week-end with them in order to meet this famous educationist and missionary. I very anxiously looked forward to this visit because of what
I had read about Fraser in connection with the late Dr. Aggrey and how they had together founded Achimota College in the Gold Coast. Fraser was regarded as the greatest educationist in Africa at that time. So I was proud that I should meet this great man. I was leaving on Friday evening for Budo.

When the time came, I looked for my best pair of shoes and I could not find it. My friends and I searched everywhere in the house but in vain. It had been a brand new pair of shoes of highest quality, which a friend had bought for me that term. When we had given up hope one friend thought that someone might have played some mischief and thrown the shoes into the latrine - we had a system of sewage of moveable buckets, which every morning were emptied and the sewage carried off by men onto a lorry which carried it to its deposit. He advised me to employ the services of one of these men who cleaned the buckets to look for the shoes there. I did so and then left for Budo for the weekend.

On Monday morning, the man brought the shoes to my window and reported that he had found them in one of the buckets, and now he had washed them the best he could. Everyone in the house was disgusted and there was only one possibility to it - my friend must have done it; that was the general consensus of opinion, and it soon spread throughout the college, and he became the most miserable man. In the house they tormented him; they would not speak to him and they segregated against him in every way possible, and was treated as an outcast in the College. The thing became intolerable and people began to be worried he might do anything on his life. When it came to this point our Head Prefect decided to go to Budo and inform Mr. Grace of this unhappy situation so that he might intervene and help. He did.

Grace called the three of us: the Head Prefect, my friend and myself and talked to us in his study in his fatherly manner. My friend owned up that he had done this ugly thing, and I forgave him everything and we prayed together and came back to Makerere as friends.
He was so touched - he had never thought this could be possible - that one evening he asked me to go out with him in the College grounds for a stroll, and we went. He told me that he had been planning to kill me if I had mentioned this unhappy event to Grace, but as it happened it had not been I, but the Head Prefect! "I was really amazed by your Christianity", and he added "that is why I am confessing to you now because even when the house persecuted me, it was you alone in the whole house who remained good to me. Please forgive me". I forgave him again even for his plan of wishing to kill me.

We became very good friends again and people could not understand this. That was in the month of July, 1932. I was going to spend the August holidays very near the neighbourhood of his home and he asked me to go and stay with them and see his mother (his father had died a long time ago). I agreed and I went and stayed with them two or three days and they killed a sheep for me and we were very happy together, and up to the time of his death in 1964, we were still good friends and his mother always treated me as her own son.

The new life in me served me very well in every field. First of all in my personal behaviour. I had been very nervous and shy almost to the point of retiring from public notice. I could not stand and speak in public; I had lost the power to sing through over sensitiveness, I was finding it difficult to talk to people especially senior people and I had had no strength in me even to try to overcome these things. Now, although, I did not overcome these impediments at once, and maybe I have never overcome them completely, but I had the power not to fear to try and I tried sometimes under very embarrassing situations, but try I did.

What follows here is not a story of perfection but a story of salvation in progress, a study in Christian synthesis - growing from the weak to the strong, and reaching out all the time for the stronger in the light of that which is the strongest. "We see in a glass darkly ........."

In games, I even gained a more marked progress. I had played football for the College in the Third and sometimes in the Second Eleven. Now I became a Centre-Half star in the Second Eleven
and the College captain recommended me for the First Eleven, but
the Principal who never had a very high opinion of my physical
ability became "a doubling Thomas"; he wanted to see for him-
self. The immediate match was to be played by the Third Eleven
and I was selected to play in that team so that the Principal
might have a chance to see me play. Unfortunately, the Principal
was held up by other business and did not watch the match. That
was a Wednesday.

Second Eleven matches were on Thursdays and the Principal
would see me in a Second Eleven match. The College happened to
be playing against the Uganda Police and I played Centre-Half,
and I played brilliantly as I had never played before and it
became apparent that there was no one else in the college to
beat me for the place.

Saturday, and the First Eleven was playing against Budo
and I represented my college for the first time and I literally
became a star - I kept the place until I left college.

I was soon selected among the 22 possibles from the whole
of Uganda from whom the Uganda team of that year would be chosen,
and we were going to practise intensively at Nakivubo. It was
thought improper that the college should be represented in the
Uganda team by one who had not yet got his colours, and so I was
awarded the First Eleven colours in Football on the same day as
I got colours for Athletics, because I had begun to distinguish
myself also as a short distance runner. I represented the college
in the Uganda Athletics Open Championship 220 yards,
and in the 220 yards Relay Race. Unfortunately, in one of the
practices in the Uganda Team I injured my foot and I could not
do any more of the practices, and thus I missed what would have
been my golden opportunity.

In former years, I used to pity myself running long
distances such as Cross Country, which we had once every week
in the Third Term. This time I managed to come up so much that
once I beat the mark of "The Basajja" (the "Men") i.e. I managed
to come within the first twenty one runners, - those who came
among the first twenty one runners were known as "The Basajja",
a term which was used to sparr the students to distinguish them-
selves in this most difficult sport. "The Basajja" were looked upon by the Principal and the staff with great honour.

Cricket was a game I detested before; this time I decided to make it up and at once managed to play in the First Eleven at least once when we played against Budo at Budo. We were beaten and that was my first and my last match because when I was fielding I heard one boy at Budo say "It is Mulira who is the cause of your defeat", and we were beaten thoroughly well. I knew I was not good enough and I gave it up. But I improved my tennis.

We used to have the House Sports on the Speech Day, which was the last day of the year. I represented my House in long jump, in 100 yards; 220 yards; 220 yards Relay Race, and High jump. I got second places in all the first three events thus getting six points which placed me among the best performers of the year.

Academically, I did no less than in games. I won the Form Prize and the Uganda Bookshop Essay Prize, which was competed for by the whole College. There was earlier in the year an Art Competition Prize given by the "Ebifa mu Buganda" - that year they were changing the name of the paper to "Ebifa mu Uganda" and they started a competition in order to get new ideas as to the format the paper should take. I entered that competition, which was for whole of Uganda and I won it. Also the results of the Institute of African Languages and Cultures came out at that time towards the end of 1932, and as already stated I had won a competition prize. I also won a First Class Diploma in Education. That was my last year at Makerere.

I got a teaching job at King's College, Budo. I spent the December holidays before going to Budo with my brother-in-law and my sister, Mr. and Mrs. Y.P. Mukasa, at Mukono. While there, the Gayaza Girls' High School had their Speech Day and I was invited. I went with two friends to that Speech Day; we push-biked. On the way Henry Kanyike, one of the friends, started telling us how Ham Mukasa, the famous retired chief, the ex-Ssekibobo, had such beautiful daughters at Gayaza, "the nicest things you can think of: tall and slender with the most beautiful big eyes; you will
I listened with nonchalant interest - I had seen them several times before as small girls when they came with their parents to church but I had not seen them again for about two or three years.

We arrived at Gayaza rather late after the programmes had started and we got in through the back entrance and sat at the end of the rows of desks. The desks were arranged in such a way that they left three passages: one on either side of the room and the third in the middle. We sat on the left hand side of the room. I sat directly in front of Kanyike. No sooner had we sat down than the announcer called the next item on the programme, and it was a song to be sung by the choir. The girls who were sitting at the back of the room started walking up to the platform in front of the room passing through the passages. As luck would have it Hamu Mukasa's eldest daughter in his second marriage, Rebecca, passed along the passage that was nearest to us. When she passed by, Kanyike patted me on the back and whispered, "there goes one of them!"

I looked up and saw such a unified, tall and slender figure of a girl, whose face I had not yet seen, but whose charm had already caught my imagination, and had so pleased my mind that even something in me had already said, "That is the girl for me". I had made up my mind - they sang their song but I do not know whether I heard what it was all about. Fancy had carried me into a new world!

I went back to Mukono very much elated and enchanted, and as soon as I got home I told my sister, Sanyu, that I had found my future bride. She asked me who she was, and I told her Rebecca Mukasa, the daughter of Mr. Ham Mukasa. She approved at once and added, "Of course her mother is a great friend of mine." She was twelve and half, and tall!

But she was still too young; I had to wait another seven years before I could marry her. In 1934, she and her sister Edith and other relatives spent their holidays at Mr. and Mrs. Kawalya's home at Kako, in Buddu, Masaka. (Mrs. Catherine Kawalya is an elder sister of theirs). I went and stayed there, too, for two days and we met for the first time. That confirmed my conviction.
I knew, even before I went to Makerere that I would come back to Budo to teach because the Headmaster had offered me a place there. I started teaching there in 1933.

1933 was a year of great changes at Budo. Grace was re-organising the whole educational system in order to prepare the school to take the Cambridge School Certificate for the first time by 1939. This meant changing the Junior school from being a four year course to six years, and thus make the whole school curriculum a twelve years course. Before that, it had been a ten years course: four years in the Primary or Junior school; four years in the middle school, and two years in the senior school. Grace was re-organising it to be six years in the primary and six years in the secondary school - it was this system which was later followed throughout East Africa.

Again he wanted to get proper grounding of the children as early as possible and put some of his best teachers in the Junior School although he did not get a grant for it from the government because he had rebelled against the Government regulations to teach English only from Primary IV, and he taught it from Primary I. He put such teachers as K. Bisase Kisosonkole; Sepiria Lwebuga Kaizi; Ignatius Musazi; Lameka Muyinda Kiwanuka; W.W. Magambo in the Junior School - the first three had just returned from further studies in England, the last two had had First Class Makerere College Diplomas in Education. In addition there were two English lady teachers with very high qualifications one in Geography and the other in History together with men of great experience such as Samwiri Nkata and Enoka Bamutyakoki (an ex-missionary to the Sudan). I was also appointed to the Junior School staff.

In 1933, Budo started co-education. We started with eleven girls under very great criticism from the general public, but the fathers of those girls were real pioneers. To look after the girls women of high calibre were recruited.
I was Form Master of Primary V, but I taught some subjects to all class except Class I and II. I taught all the subjects except singing; I even taught such things as clay-modelling, Agriculture and drawing in addition to the more usual academic subjects. I was also Chaplain to the Junior School Chapel. All of us found life full in the true sense of the word. We woke up early at about 5.00 a.m. and went to bed late at about 12.00 midnight. In between we would be working almost all the time at our class work; at special duties of which each had more than one; of private study almost all of us had private correspondence courses either for the Cambridge School Certificate or for special courses of proficiency in certain subjects; there were games and communal work and so forth.

But we enjoyed it all and perhaps I can speak for all that those were the happiest of our days. Grace had the gift of making people try to do the best in everything they did not through fear of him but through loving devotion. All of us loved and respected him and we would do anything to support his cause, and it was a very noble cause he had at Budo. His chief aim was to give to the African the best in the Western culture at the same time helping him to develop the best in his own culture. This was the conscious and visible effort at Budo. Grace never believed in educating for the sake of getting the highest marks; he taught in order to impart life and this in every-way possible on the playing field; in the classroom; in the dormitory; in the chapel and everywhere on the school compound, and this life was life after the pattern of Jesus.

It was the law of love, and really we found love everywhere at Budo in those days; we taught and worked so hard because we were loved and we loved; we loved our children, we loved each other like brothers and sisters on the staff. We were inspired for higher things, and Grace was the central figure in all this. His example of unselfish living, of hard work, of love of God and his fellowmen was the source of that inspiration.

Prayer played a very big part in the life of the school, and the school chapel was central both in the physical sense and in the spiritual: in the physical, because it was situated in the centre of the school between the two quadrangles; and in the spiritual because it was there where we went to recoup ourselves spiritually - it was the power house.
There were two chapels as a matter of fact: the Senior School Chapel and the Junior School Chapel. The later was for the Juniors alone, and was taken by the Junior school staff alone.

There were three kinds of services in the senior school chapel every week: the daily service at 8.00 a.m. on weekdays except Saturdays; the Sunday service, and the Quiet Time for the staff. All these services were taken at their best. Each teacher had a turn at each and all took their turns very seriously indeed; they took the trouble to prepare well both the collects for the day and their talks and sermons. Each morning the Master in turn would give a short talk lasting from five to ten minutes. These talks reverberated the life of the school because each speaker tried to touch in a practical way one aspect of school life or of life in general as pupils would find it in later life, and they were very helpful. On Sundays the teachers preached sermons in turns and we had guest preachers as well.

The Quiet Time was for the teachers alone; it was once every week on Friday evenings. We took it in turns, too. These talks were eye-openers; they were like windows furnishing fresh air after the exertion of the week and to come here in the quiet of the evening in the chapel and listen together to the quiet voice of our Maker and universal Friend and then hear a well prepared talk from one of you was like refuelling spiritually after we had over-spent the power the previous week. We all enjoyed them very much and looked forward to them.

These years at Budo were great formative years in my life. In my last year at Makerere, Jesus had revealed Himself to me as the light of the world, the true Vine and I as a branch. I was called to abide in Him. "Abide in me....", the voice said and I saw very clearly the relationship: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me... I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing"(1).

I took Him literally by His word and tried to abide in Him in whatever I did believing that He, too, was abiding in me. I did not feel I was called to preach the word, but to live it, and it has been my secret pleasure all my life since then to live.

(1) John 15
this life of abiding in Christ - not that I can claim perfection in it; I am very conscious of my very many shortcomings, but the more I have obeyed the call and yielded to Him the better and more meaningful life has been: there has been quiet and strength and peace of mind.

These were years of searching deep into my faith. I read the Bible, especially the Four Gospels thoroughly and St. John's Gospel specially, and it became my greatest favourite in all my literature and devotional reading. I studied other devotional books such as Brother Lawrence's "Life of Holiness"; "Letters to his friends" by Forbes Robinson; "Aggrey of Africa"; and anything to do with the life of Jesus such as "Jesus of History" by Glover; the "Ethical Teaching of Jesus" by Professor Scott and several lives of men and women of God.

"The Devotional Diary" by H. Oldham became my daily guide. Meditation became a very useful spiritual exercise and a vehicle into the world of the spirit. My imagination, in particular, out-paced my other faculties and some times caused me what I call a spiritual indigestion because I was trying to fly before I could walk. But all in all those were years when I consciously first put my faith to test. It reaped reach dividends although, humanly speaking, it had its debit side, too; it made personal and social adjustment rather difficult for me. Then 'the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth', you cannot help being incisively critical. So it is when a person begins to behave in a way that others cannot legitimize in the normal run of things; they tend to pass judglement on him. My friends began to call me all sorts of names behind my back; they were sure I was mad and they said so. Some who knew me at this time went as far as warning my bride-to-be after she had accepted me that she was marrying a mad man, and she would live to regret it and actually advised her to drop me. Such judgment of me simply amuse me, because I was not the first to be judged thus!

I threw myself wholeheartedly in the life of the school and it offered wonderful opportunity for me to practise what was going on in my mind, a spiritual revolution of devotion, service and surrender to the Will of God. Here was a life that called for the best in one's
being and it suited my taste very well and I learnt many useful lessons. For instance once I was working with the boys and girls to clean the compound and with the aid of a string we trimmed up the edge of the grass so straight and it brought home to me the meaning of truth in a very practical way, that truth was like this straight line, it was the shortest argument of anything, that if you work for Truth you need not bother to say too many words to defend your case, whereas falsehood must be clothes in many words in order to hide it from detection.

I also saw rather vividly what it means to find life by losing it. All of us on the staff were losing our lives in a literal sense in the life of the school, and we had the satisfaction of finding it in the kind of happiness that was only possible at Budo. This happiness was visible to anyone who visited the place.

I enjoyed my teaching very much and I had always a very happy class; the boys and girls responded very well to the intense activity with which I pushed them in whatever they had to do with me, whether it was drill, clay-modelling, a Scripture lesson or a lesson in Mathematics. I threw myself into it with zest and I demanded their very best. There was one lesson which I introduced, which was not part of the curriculum, but which interested me very much, and that was General Knowledge, and in this lesson I would teach mostly about famous men and women, especially famous sons and daughters of Africa, and the boys and girls liked this subject very much. The first African I taught them about was Bishop Samuel Ajai Crowther of Sierra Leone, who was the first African Bishop, who had lived over a hundred years previously. After that Lesson they nicknamed me Ajai and I was known throughout the school circles as Ajai.

Primary 6 of 1922 was very carefully chosen; it comprised of the best boys from Middle school I at Budo, who instead of being promoted to Middle School II, were sent back to Junior School for their sixth year of schooling and a few others who came from other schools but had good academic standing. There were sixteen of them in all and they were all put in one house, Junior Canada, and I was made their Housemaster and I enjoyed being House master to these boys. They were a definite influence throughout the school and they managed to maintain this influence all the years they were at school. Many of them have done well wherever they went.
We were grooming these boys of Junior School Class 6 to be the first ever-to-do school Certificate Examination in East Africa.

Because the Headmaster wanted the standard of English to be very high indeed, he started English Phonetics classes for us all African staff and Mrs. Grace conducted these lessons. English sounds sounded like magic to me; they were intelligible to almost all my friends except me! I could not distinguish one sound from another: the open a from the closed a; or the long o from the short i; the open e from the closed o; and so on. I really looked a fool in these classes. The first few lessons really worried me. I soon discovered that I had no ear for sounds but I had eyes to see real objects. In other words I did not learn by hearing but by seeing. I was not to be beaten. So I took the book/studied it and the diagram. I took a mirror and tried to put my tongue and lips and teeth in positions as they were depicted in the diagrams in the book and practised the sounds like that. After some perseverance I became better and better until I surprised everybody and so I could teach the sounds to my classes, although I personally never felt good enough and went on practising for I don’t know how long. I think this experience served me very well because many years afterwards, sixteen or seventeen years afterwards, when I was in England, I went to Dr. H. John Ramsay, the great Cambridge Speech Therapist and Lecturer in Speech Therapy who at Guy’s Hospital then conducted course in public speaking, to train in public speaking.

He based his method on the English vowels because he believed that clearness of speech in English was in the vowels and, therefore, he started his students on the English sounds. When he examined my speech he approved my sounds as correct.

Boys and girls at a school like Budo, it was felt, would sooner or later lose the sense of proportion and begin to feel as if they belonged to another class of being, a privileged class; they needed to be brought back to earth and reminded that although fortunate to be at such a place yet fundamentally they were not different from the other people who were less fortunate than themselves. Grace conceived of two plans of doing this: Communal work and community work. He, therefore, started these two schemes at the school.
When the Rev. A.C.G. Fraser visited Budo in 1922, he came to ask the Rev. H.M. Grace to go and succeed him as Principal of the Prince of Wales College, Achimota, Gold Coast. He had read what Professor Julian Huxley had written in his book "Africa View" about King’s College, Budo and its Headmaster, (1) and he had been surprised to find such similarities between Budo and Achimota, two schools on the opposite sides of Africa. He thought Grace was the right person to succeed him when he retired in two years time. So he flew to Uganda to ask him to go to Achimota.

Grace found it very difficult to accept this offer for several reasons. He was very happy at Budo and did not want to change, after all Budo was his baby, he did not see why he should throw away his baby and go to nurse someone’s baby. Again, the West Coast was not a particularly good place from the healthy point of view for him as he had been in poor health since 1924; he had been suffering from a chest disease.

There was the question of his successor, too. Who would replace him at Budo? But because he was to receive a considerably higher salary at Achimota than at Budo, he told Fraser that if he accepted it would be only on one condition that he would use the additional salary to bring at least six members of Budo staff across to Achimota during the time he spent there for further training and experience who would come back and strengthen Budo.

As time went on, and the more he thought about it the more he saw that it was not the right thing for him to leave Budo.

But then all of a sudden he decided to accept the Principalship of Achimota. What influenced him to take such a decision we did not know.

There remained the search for his successor at Budo. Fraser had a hand in this; he recommended the Rev. L.J. Gaster of Trinity College, Kandy in Ceylon, who had worked under him when he was Principal of that college, before he left to become the first Principal of Achimota. Gaster agreed to come and was accepted and the Budo Board of Governors approved his appointment.

(1) See Appendix i.
Grace left Budo in April 1934, after the arrival of Gaster. Before he left he made a firm offer to me and to Mr. Amos K. Sempa to go to Achimota for further education on his own expenses.

Gaster took over under very difficult circumstances for no Headmaster was ever so adored both by his staff and school as Grace was and it was not easy for him as a man who played a role albeit, of a light weight nature.

My activities were not confined to my school work alone; I had some outside interests, too. I played football in the Old Budonian team, which in those days was a first class team. I started writing, too, and wrote a novel in Luganda which has never been published, called "Nyondo Omukyufu" (Nyondo the converted); I wrote articles in the "Bilita en Uganda" and articles in the "Uganda Herald". I worked so hard that it began to tell on my health. I suffered from sleeplessness and a troubled eye sight. I privately consulted Dr. Albert Cook (later Dr. Sir Albert Cook) and he discovered I had developed high blood pressure and prescribed a mixture for me. It was many years afterwards when I got over it.
When it was known that Sompa and I were going to Achimota, the then Katikkiro (Prime Minister) of Buganda Martin Luther Nsibirwa and the Omwanika (Treasurer), S.W. Kulubya decided to send their sons, too, to Achimota, Kulubya to send two; Y. Bokadde Kulubya and F. Nalima Kulubya; and Nsibirwa to send Paul Munyagwa Nsibirwa - the three were boys at Budo at that time.

The preparation for the journey took a long time; at first we planned to buy a motor truck and fit it like a bus and drive through the Congo to Nigeria, where we would sell the bus and embark on board a ship to Accra. Mr. and Mrs. S.R.B. Wright who were going to England on furlough would join us in this venture and they would do the driving. Later that plan was dropped. It was, therefore, decided in the end that we went by the sea. But in those days the Italo-Abysinian War was on and it was not thought safe to go via the North; on the other hand the only ships that went round the South and would touch at Accra were German ships, and in those days of the Nazi race doctrine advocated by Hitler it was not thought advisable for Africans to travel on such ships. We were left to travel on French ships which went via the Red Sea to Marseille where we would change to another ship west-bound to Accra. In the end we adopted this last plan.

I had a problem and this was the problem of my bride-to-be, Rebecca Mukasa. It is true we had known each other by now and it is true she knew I loved her, but she was too young and at school for me to propose her.

Because of this, I contrived of a new idea: I would write a letter to Rebecca's parents and tell them how it was my intention to marry their daughter but since I was going away I feared I might find other young men preferred; because she was young and I could not propose her. I discussed this idea with my sister, Sanyu Mukasa, and she approved of it and we drafted the letter together, and the letter went.

The reader is to be reminded that this is a story of what happened 55 years ago.
Mr. & Mrs. Ham Mukasa replied by saying that their daughter was still too young; they would not want her to begin thinking about such matters but they would commit it to God, if it was His will well and good. I knew it was His Will!

Two days after delivering the letter to Rebecca's parents we left Uganda on our long and round journey.

We left Kampala on 20th January by train for the Coast. Our party included Mr. & Mrs. S.H. Wright; Amos K. Sempe; Paul Munyagwa Nsibirwa; Y. Bakande Kulubya; Nakima Kulubya and myself.

In those days colour bar in Kenya was as bad as it is in South Africa. We needed a white man in our party to guide us through the nasty situations. At first they would not agree to serve us meals in the dining car with the white passengers and Wright intervened on our behalf, and they agreed in the end.

We arrived in Mombasa on 22nd January, 1936, and were met by one Kakoba and a group of other Baganda who had heard of our coming. We were scheduled to stay in Mombasa for two days at Kabaka's house, before we could embark on board a French ship. To our dismay we learnt that the ship had broken down at Madagascar and we were to travel on another ship S.S. Porthos, which would not be due in Mombasa for another two weeks. We were now faced with a problem; we could not stay at Mr. Kabaka's house for two weeks for one thing, the sanitation was not up to the mark; and for another, there was not enough room; it was all right for a day or two but not beyond that. On the other hand we could not stay at a hotel because hotels did not take Africans. We searched all the town and everywhere we had been turned down. We were planning to go back to Uganda and wait there when some kind person saw a small hotel owner allowed us to stay at his hotel and we were both relieved and very grateful.

So we stayed at this Persee hotel almost doing nothing. But we managed to make friends with some residents of Mombasa.

Whilst waiting in Mombasa two sad bits of news came through from Uganda, the first was the sudden death of the Rev. Blasio Kigosi in Mengo Hospital; and Kigosi was a rising star in the Church of Uganda. The second that Mr. S.W. Kulubya, the father of
our two friends was very seriously ill and that the boys should return to Kampala. So Wright started making arrangements for their departure. But before they left another telegram came to say that he was responding to treatment, there was no need for them to break their journey. We were greatly relieved and after that the rest of our stay was happy.

We sailed from Mombasa in S.S. Porthos as third class passengers. In the same class we travelled with the heir of the late Sir Apollo Kaggwa. We were surprised when we first saw him in this class of passengers because he was one of the people with the biggest property in the whole country, but such were his changed circumstances that in spite of the huge property he could not afford a better class. At first he would not mix or speak to us and we decided to ignore him. He kept company with Indians and Arabs for a day or two and he found it intolerable and then came to us.

It was the first time for all of us to sail and we found the experience most exciting. S.S. Porthos was a nice boat and there were many French passengers. There was no colour-bar at all; we moved with these French people freely. It was the language bar which was our obstacle, but Scopa had secured Hugo’s French course and he had picked up a few phrases which proved very helpful to us.

Our first port of call was Port Jibouti in the then French Somaliland. We went ashore and three things struck us: the number of police, the amount of flies, and the numerous beggars. The beggars pestled you like the flies; the police would come to your rescue by chasing them away from you, only to turn a corner and the same beggar assuming a different posture. The town was very dirty and smelly, hence the swarm of flies.

Here we met many Abysinians, who had perhaps run away because of the Italian invasion of their country. Many of them, when they saw me, started to speak to me in the Abysinian language; they thought I was an Abysinian who had been abroad and was returning home and were very glad to see me. But when they discovered that I could not understand what they were talking about they became very disappointed.
The Red Sea interested us very much first of all when we saw the Lion of Guardafui. Then when we were told the probable place where the children of Israel crossed the sea "as on dry land"; and when we saw Mt. Sinai and Mt. Kolab in a distance! All these rang very intimate Biblical memories. The Suez Canal, too, were found interesting, but a bit disappointing to our imaginations because we had imagined that it was made through rocks, therefore, with deep banks, but when we found it was cut in flat country and with hardly any banks we were puzzled.

Port Said was the first big town we had seen and it looked very imposing. We saw the eleven acrobats, for instance, a boy who twisted round in the air and then came down to the ground without missing his point. We saw beggars who cleaned your shoes as you walked so that you might give them something. When you turned a corner you found exactly the same person slightly disguised and polishing your shoes again.

Life on board the ship was very enjoyable. We discussed so many things together. Sepiria Kaddumukasa was always first to rise at about 7.00 every morning and he went up to the deck and read his Bible for about an hour before he came down for breakfast and he called this "Okwenyweza" (to equip one self): "Bwoteenyweza", he would say, "olwa kubulwa maka" ("One must equip oneself, lest one finds oneself without a home" - meaning after death). We found him most interesting. He was going to England, and he used to say to us "If you came to England, you would never find me; I cannot see people there". When we asked him for his address in case we happened to go to England so that we might look him up, he refused to give to us his true address except the address of his Bankers.

In the Mediterranean Sea we saw Crete, and South Italy, thestraights of Nocina and Sardinia. We arrived at Marseilles in February and experienced for the first time the European Winter. We found a British Embassy representative in Marseilles Harbour waiting for us. We stayed at Hotel St. Peters.

We had one interesting experience here. We had never travelled in the lift before and here for the first time we did so, but almost every time we were with the Wrights or one of the hotel stewards to do the pressing of the button for us. But Nalima-Kulubya
wanted to try it by himself; we did not know where he was going. He pressed the button; the lift came and he jumped into it and closed the door and he pressed another button and off the lift went to the top of the building and got stuck there. People down below kept on pressing for the lift and the lift could not come until afterwards a steward went up the steps and there he found Nalima in the lift not knowing what to do. In the end they rescued him and the lift began to operate again. But it was a terrible moment for him. The story found its way in the press "An African boy who got stuck in a lift on top of a tall building", and the rest of it.

Here we parted company with the Writ's after they had seen us off on S.S. Twareg; they were to go to England and we to West Africa.

S.S. Twareg was not a good ship; it was smaller than S.S. Porthos and very smelly and the type of company we had was different. We called at Algiers. There we found a British Missionary waiting for us. He had hired a taxi for us to take us round the town giving the driver very strict instructions that he should not take us to the dirty part of the town, dirty in the sense of moral dirtiness. So we went round the town, but before we knew we were in the dirty place already; as we were walking on the pavement a woman who was standing in the door way caught me by the left hand and tried to pull me into the house. I had a cane and I raised it to beat her and then she released my hand and left me. After this experience we told the driver to take us back to the ship at once.

When we came back to the harbour we could not tell our ship from the numerous ships that were there; we had not yet learnt that when you are travelling by ship it is very important to note the colour of the chimney of your ship. The missionary friend of ours was looking for us everywhere worried lost we missed our boat; and we were looking for the boat worried we might be stranded; and suddenly he saw us and hurried us to the boat just before it sailed away.

The next six days the sea was very rough and we found ourselves sea sick and could not eat anything. The next port of call was Casablanca. Here again we were met by another missionary who
took us to his house and gave us tea with very nice cakes. Since we had not eaten anything for six days this tea was the most life-giving meal I have ever taken in my life. Oh, how we enjoyed it!

We next stopped at Conakry in New Guinea. It was a Sunday and we went to a nearby church, where there was an American Negro pastor, who was very glad to see us and we had pictures taken with him outside the church.

At last we came to Accra Harbour, after spending 56 days on the way. Here at Accra the ships did not berth in; they stopped about two miles away from land because of shallow water. We were disembarked from the ship in mummy chairs into small canoes. And again because of the shallowness of the water the canoes could not land ashore but hefty fellows carried us on their backs from the canoes ashore.

We found the Rev. H.M. Grace waiting for us. He was so glad to see us and we were so delighted to re-unite with him. We went through the customs and he put us into his car and drove us to Achimota. Mrs. Grace was away in England. It was lunch time when we arrived.

After lunch we went through the school formalities; we met the Assistant Vice-Principal, the Rev. Charles-Kingsley Williams, who told us what to do and where to go. First of all we had to see the doctor, Dr. Todd in the school hospital. He asked us a few questions and gave us forms to fill in. Then we were sent to our respective houses. Sompa and myself were sent to House IV.

House IV was the house of senior students. Achimota College in those days was everything in one: there were Kindergarten; Lower Primary; Upper Primary; Senior Secondary; Teacher Training; Commercial Classes; Art school and University classes in Engineering, Science and Art. The University students lived in House XV.

My first impression of Achimota are summed up in two articles I wrote and I think I cannot do better but reproduce one of those articles.

The first one I was asked to write a month after our arrival for the school magazine called *Kuzunina*. Here it is as it was published then The Mino From Afar:

*(See Appendix --*)
In the House, my room was next to that of Fred Kofi Busia (who became President of Ghana after Nkrumah) and opposite that of Mr. Botsio (who later became Minister in the Nkrumah Government). Other students included Mr. Amiedai Adu (who once was Head of the Civil Service in Ghana and who became the first African Secretary General of the East African Common Services Organisation) Mr. Aron Ofori Ata (who became Minister of Local Administration in Nkrumah’s Government); Mr. Seth Antony (who became a Major in the British Army in World War II) and several other people who have since then distinguished themselves in one way or another.

We had some Nigerians, too, in the House: such as Okrudood, who became the first Nigerian High Commissioner in London; Akiura; Onsoma; Okecha; Onene; Nnyangya and Inyomaleke who became Dr. Inyomaleke, men who have distinguished themselves so high in their countries since then.

Our House-Master was a Congolese, Joseph who had an English wife; the Assistant Housemaster was English, Mr. Brown and later on when Mr. Dona came back from Oxford he became the Assistant Housemaster.

We had other students from other places such as from Liberia and Sierra Leone. When we arrived a young boy from Nyasaland had just made history. He had walked all the way from Nyasaland to Achimota to secure an admission in the school. When he arrived he had nothing at all, no money, no clothes; The school authorities decided to help him and offered him a scholarship.

Achimota was a very happy school; few staffs were ever as dedicated as the staff we had at Achimota. Mr. Fraser the first Principal had built a unique institution, on the best conception of Christian tradition; it was built on love and co-operation as the school colours showed: the black and white keys of the piano; the co-education was running as smoothly as in the best knit home; there was such atmosphere as to win the most diehard infidel who came to the place.

The boys and girls received us very warmly indeed. They made friends with us quickly and easily. If I single out three or four it is not because we did not appreciate the kindness of our other friends but because there was occasion to know them better.
Mr. Amisda Adu distinguished himself very early as a very warm friend indeed. He helped us more than anybody else to get aclimatised as quickly as possible. He told us many stories both of Achimota and of the Gold Coast in general. He was one of the first boys who started in the lower classes at Achimota and went to the top. He had distinguished himself so highly that in staff circles he was looked upon as a model student. He had just finished his intermediate B.A. and at that time he was preparing to go to Cambridge. He was with us only for six months and left for Cambridge.

Newlove Mamatah was a youngboy in Teacher Training who befriended us right from the start. It was he who introduced us to the different tribal dances that went on I think once a month in the school. He, too, helped us to know more of Achimota and the whole country. He was such a charming boy and he had at Achimota two charming brothers Macgregor and Charles and a very charming sister Dosina. In the December holidays of 1936, he took us to his home for a holiday in Keta, on the East Coast of the Gold Coast almost at the border with Togo, in what was called Eweland. He was an Ewe himself. He enjoyed our holiday there very much; we used to swim in the Ocean almost everyday. But the Ocean at Keta was a furious ocean, because it was eating the town away all the time and had eaten about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a mile of the town from the sea inland. So where we stayed the house was only about 50 yards from the water, and we learnt with great dismay afterwards that the sea washed away even that house, a two-story building, where we had stayed.

Fred Kofi Busia was a scholar even in those days. He was so clever in English, Latin and History that even as a student he would be asked to take classes in those subjects and he was a very effective teacher. He was brought up by a missionary and he learnt English as his own language; he was more conversant in English than in his mother tongue, Twi. He became a very great friend of ours and he helped us very much with his scholarship and good humour in discussion of things, especially when he would resort to literary conversation when he would display such learning. No wonder that he did so well at Oxford.
I had one girl-friend a classmate, Jane E没啥 Quashi, the sister of Adu. We became friends at first sight and we remained good friends. I would help her with her English and she darned my stockings for me. She was a gifted girl in almost everything: beautiful (very much resembling my Rebecca and I made them pen friends and they exchanged photographs); strong with any amount of character; good at her studies and good at games. She was a great tennis player and we used to play tennis together with some of her friends such as Elizabeth Cheng, who later married her brother, Adu. She later, after she had left school, married our Geography master, Mr. Daniel Chapman.

I went to Achimota for two and a half years to cover a school Certificate and an Intermediate Certificate which by the Uganda Standards we had not done in Uganda in those days. It was felt school Certificate would not take more than one year and an Intermediate B.A. was a one and a half years course. But Latin or Greek was a compulsory subject in a B.A. degree in those days. So I had to take Latin, but it was difficult to fit me in the arrangement of things, one student who did not know anything of the subject, and it was not fair to get me a teacher to myself. It became a problem. The Principal asked Rabeiro, who later became Ghanaian Ambassador to U.N., to help me in his free period and he started me off, but within three weeks he was off to England for further studies himself. So I was left without a teacher. I struggled on by myself. By the end of 1936, I almost knew nothing about Latin, and I began to hate it. It was then arranged that H.C. Neill, the Senior Latin Master and elder brother of the celebrated Bishop Stephen Naill should give me coaching in the subject. So at the beginning of the first term of 1937 I went to him for my first lesson. He gave me Vergil to read and translate. I did not know a single word, for the Latin inflexions and syntax is such that a word changes all its form, when it is in a different inflexion and tense. Therefore, I could not even recognize some of the words I knew in their simple form.

When Mr. Neill discovered that I knew nothing of the passage he told me that I could go away. And that was the end of my Latin lessons with Neill. He went and reported me to the Principal as the most stupid pupil he ever had.
I knew I could get through Mathematics all right even if I did not work hard at it; I would also get through Geography fairly easily and Luganda without working at it at all. I, therefore, devoted five hours everyday out of six or seven free hours I had on Latin and two hours on the rest of the other subjects. I also reduced my subjects to a bare minimum of five: English, Latin, Mathematics, Geography and Luganda. I gave up History and the Scriptures. I received help here and there as I went along without a regular teacher.

I passed my Latin with a credit. But the results came after I had come back to Uganda. I do not know how Neill received that news. My performance, however, was so creditable that I had an exemption from the London Matriculation - the London Matriculation then was the entry point to the University course in Britain.

After the results I received many letters from my friends at Achimota and from members of the staff stating that what I did inspired many other students very much.

Sempa and I threw ourselves fully in the life of the college. We played games. Sempa was a first-class tennis player and members of the staff used to invite us to play with them such as A.M.R. Joseph who himself was an expert of many games; he had captained a Ceylonese Tennis Team during his day; he was very good at Cricket and Hockey. There was also Jaipal Singh, an Oxford Blue in Hockey, but who played many other games almost equally well. He too took a liking to us and he would play with us Tennis. He also trained a Hockey Team which was joined. But football was my speciality and I won First Eleven colours in my first year. Swimming was the other game I liked very much. I was not very much of a swimmer but I got famous as a diver. Sir Arnold Hodson, was Governor of the Gold Coast during our time and who was a great swimmer himself and used to come to swim in the College Swimming Pool. One day he was visiting Uganda in 1942, and I was introduced to him by Dennis Herbert, (Lord Hemingford) then Headmaster of King's College, Budo, when he added that I had been at Achimota before. Sir Arnold commented, "Oh, the great swimmer!"
We did not see much of the rest of the Gold Coast except that I managed to go to Takoradi and Sekondi and, on the way I saw Cape Coast, and Anomabu the place of Dr. Aggrey's birth. At that time the house where Aggrey was born was half in ruin. I saw one distant cousin of Dr. Aggrey there. I also spent four days in Akropong with a friend. During our last vacation Mr. Joseph, our Housemaster arranged for us to go and stay at a school in the fishing town of Winniba on the West Coast — he took the five of us. Kofi Busia came and joined us there and we had wonderful time. I visited several other places through playing matches in the football eleven.

In 1937, I met Dr. Namdi Azikiwe, then at the top of his power and popularity in Accra when he edited the Accra Morning Post. I first heard him speak at a debate in one of the Accra clubs and I had never heard such a powerful speaker. Then we met on another occasion. He arranged for me to go to his college in America, the Lincoln College. He managed to get me a scholarship there if I could find passage money. I could not get the money in the Gold Coast; I thought when I came back to Uganda I might be able to raise it, but when I came back it was new circumstances, other aims! Meanwhile Azikiwe had left Accra and he had started his "West African Pilot" in Lagos.

One week-end Dr. Donquah, at that time one of the most respected lawyers in the Gold Coast, highly qualified (he had graduated in Oxford), a brother of Sir Ofori Ata, the Chief of Kibi in Fantiland and the most celebrated chief in the Gold Coast, was invited by Principal Grace to come and stay with them at Achimota. On the Sunday Grace had a preaching assignment in Accra town. He asked Manyagwa Msibirwa and myself to go and give his guest company when they were away.

We found Donquah a very interesting person. He asked us many questions about Uganda and Buganda. When we told him the system of Government which Buganda had then; with the Kabaka at the top and the three ministers, directly under him and the great Lukiko and the hierarchy of Ssaza Chiefs and subordinate chiefs, he was fascinated. After he had ascertained this from Grace, he said that that was exactly what they needed in the Gold Coast. He was quoted by Grace to us afterwards as saying that he and lawyer
Konsah and Asafu Aje, another distinguished lawyer might fly to Uganda in the future and study the system. But the war came and we never heard about the venture afterwards.

Sempa and I left Achimota in February, 1938, to come back to Uganda. We sailed in another French ship, via the north again. We stopped in Marseilles for a week waiting for connexion of our boats. The journey back was not as eventful as the journey before, but we enjoyed it all the same. We stayed three days in Marseilles and changed boats there.

Another interesting incident happened when we were crossing the Equator going to Mombasa. The Captain of our ship according to seamen's custom gave a grand party and dinner to us all the passengers, after which there was a grand ball. We had several French servicemen and their wives and children on board the ship one of their routine movements from one part of the Empire to another - actually they were going to Madagascar. Before the whole show ticket had been sold for a fuddle in order to get some money to give gifts to the seamen. I bought two tickets. After the dance just before midnight, the ruffle was taken and I won a beautiful jam bowl with a cover. One of the wives of the French servicemen was taken by this bowl and she begged me to give it to her.

We landed in Mombasa in March 1938, we thought it had become a small place, and two days we were back in Uganda. I stopped at Mukono station where I found my people waiting for me. There was jubilation and singing of hymns. Later we had a service of thanksgiving in the home of my brother-in-law at Bajjo, and everybody was happy to see us back. There was so much to speak about.
CHAPTER 8

THE HEADMASTERSHIP THAT NEVER CAME

AND

THE LOVE THAT KILLED SCHOLARSHIP

(1938 - 1942)

Our going to Achimota was of great benefit to the whole of East Africa. A member of Parliament in England who read about it in the press asked a question in Parliament why students went from East Africa to West Africa in search of education after they had finished their courses at Makerere. This question led to a Commission of Inquiry into the future of Higher Education in East Africa especially in Uganda. The De la Marx Commission was appointed towards the end of 1936 and it visited East Africa early 1937, and it recommended among other things, the re-organisation of schools throughout the country as Primary (the first six years); junior secondary (the interim three years) and Senior Secondary (the last three years). There was going to be twenty seven junior secondary schools throughout Uganda. Bishop's school, Mukono and Mengo Central School in Kampala were among these twenty seven Junior Secondary Schools, starting in 1938.

Towards the end of my stay at Achimota, Grace had negotiated with one Theological College in England to get me a scholarship and study for ordination which I had all along wanted to do. A scholarship was secured and Grace wrote to the Bishop of Uganda, who replied that according to the rules of the Church of Uganda I had to be apprenticed in a parish for two years before I could be selected for ordination. Meanwhile the Bishop wrote to say that they wanted me to go and become headmaster of Bishop's school, Mukono, which had been selected as a Junior secondary school.

My ambition in life had been to become a headmaster of a school, even when ordained, if the authorities would permit me. I had so many ideas in my head of how to run a school. Even when leaving Makerere, I had the temptation of asking to be appointed headmaster of any school however small it might be; I knew
I would develop it according to my ideas, but because the attraction of Budo in those days was such, and because I had promised Grace right from the beginning that I would go back to Budo, I put aside the idea.

I therefore, seized the Bishop's offer as a God-send, and after discussing it with Grace, who agreed, I accepted it.

I found a letter from Bishop Stuart, the Bishop of Uganda then, waiting for me at Mombasa asking me to go and see him as soon as I arrived and suggesting that I should have lunch with him on Thursday. I also found at Mombasa a telegram from Dr. Ernest B. Kalibbala offering me a job at the Aggrey Memorial School as Assistant Headmaster.

After my arrival I went and saw the Bishop on Thursday and I had lunch with him and Mrs. Stuart in the Bishop's house at Namirembe, in Kampala. Bishop Stuart then told me that Canon A.M. William, who was then General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society as well as Education Secretary General of the Church of Uganda, had discussed my future with him and they were both agreed that I should go to Mengo Junior Secondary School and wait there for one year before I could take over from Y.B. Sempa, who was going to study for ordination the following year. I told him that as far as I was concerned I preferred to go to Mukono and be headmaster at once; I did not want to wait. He advised me to see Canon Williams. I went straight away to his office that afternoon. He said the same thing to me, and I replied in the same way. Then he appealed to me by saying that if I meant to serve my country, Mengo needed me more, and that they had considered this point very carefully. Then he revealed to me that they had already offered the other headmastership to Mr. Ibrahim Nkata who had been Acting headmaster, for sometime. There was nothing left for me but to accept the arrangement.

I raised the question of housing. I had no house in the Kibuga (town), would they provide a house for me. He said that all teachers had to provide houses for themselves it was not his business to provide houses. He suggested I should stay with my brother-in-law, who was Chaplain at Makerere College at the time.
That I could not do. We had several meetings about this question of the house. In the end I told him I would not teach either at Mengo or in any of the Church schools if they did not provide a house for me. In the end he agreed to give me a house allowance of Shs. 30/= a month.

Then I started looking for a house and it was a problem in those days to get a house to lease in Kampala let alone for Shs. 30/= a month. Finally I found one between Namirembe and Makerere, for Shs. 30/= a month. I went and told Canon William of this house. He said the locality was poor, I could not live in such a locality. It was at this juncture that he produced from under his sleeves a plan of a simple house which himself had roughly designed and showed it to me, and said he was going to build me a house according to that plan, in the school grounds. I was relieved and very thankful to him. It would take three to four months to build.

I had to look for where to live for the next three to four months, when luckily I was talking to Mr. S.W. Kulubya and told him of my difficulties, he offered me two rooms in his new, personal house, which he had not yet even used himself. I did not know what to say to him; it was beyond words. Mr. Kulubya was Minister of Finance in the Kabaka's Government then, and an influential man in the country, and I was a junior, how he could let me use his house—I nearly refused to take it as it would appear to the rest of the world as if I had asked for it and that would be immodesty in me. But my sister Debola and a friend Erasito Bakaluba, a senior man, advised me not to turn down such an offer; if he gave it he meant it and with a good heart; it would offend him if I refused it. So I took it and wrote to him a very nice letter thanking him with a full heart—that is the house to which he retired and where he lived all his life after retirement.

It will be remembered that before I went to Achimota I wrote to Rebecca's parents expressing my desire to marry their daughter when I came back from West Africa. When I came back she was then old enough to engage in the business of love. But I found that several other young men were interested in her also. I made up my mind to fight them all tooth and nail. My chief weapon was prayer, and I prayed very hard to win her. One day as I was
praying I saw a white sign in my heart and heard a voice saying, "YES", to my prayer. From that day I was more than convinced that I was going to win. And my chief allies were Rebecca's parents who rejected all the other suitors.

During the second term of 1938, my friend Edward Lewis, who was Assistant Education Secretary General of the Church of Uganda, wanted to go to Gayaza High School and see a friend, one evening, and he asked me whether I would like to go and see Rebecca. I said "Yes". And so we went. Miss Bolton, the then Headmistress, called her in her sitting room and we talked by ourselves, and from that evening I knew she was mine.

In the August holidays she accepted me. We decided with her parents that she should not go back to school, for she had already finished the proper school curriculum, and she was now doing a special piano and typing course there. So she did not go back to school for the third term of 1938.

Soon after my coming back from Achimota Dr. Ralph Bunche when still Professor at Howard University, visited Uganda and was staying with the Kulubya's. I met him. He wanted young men with some qualifications to take to America. He gave me tentative offer. He left his address with me so that I might write to him about September, when he would be back in Howard University after his travels.

When September came, I had a divided mind either to pursue my studies or to go on with marriage. After the romantic battle I had won, it became difficult for me to leave my bride a second time unattended to. It was a very difficult choice, but in the end I gave up both Dr. Azikiwe's offer and that of Dr. Bunche in order to marry Rebecca. So I gave up scholarship for love. I suppose I am not alone in this blindness!

Meanwhile my house at Mongo School had been ready exactly after four months and I got into it in August or September.

Her parents and I decided our wedding to be on 7th January 1939. It was the big wedding of the year. Archdeacon Bowers married us and the reception was in the Bishop's Garden, at Namirembe. We went to Nyonga, to my late brother-in-law, S.W. Kironde's place for our honeymoon. Kironde managed to
got us a vacant house nearby from our Aslan friend, and there we spent nearly two weeks.

From the honey moon we came by bus, and everybody thought I was mad because it was unimaginable that the daughter of Ham Multasa should travel by bus. But I wanted to begin our life together as I meant to continue to live it - I knew I could not afford to provide her a car and there was no sense in pretending to be what I was not. She did not mind it at all, in fact, she enjoyed travelling in a bus for the first time in her life. But other people tried to find fault with me.

Marriage is the greatest experiment in living; it is the greatest risk: "For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother, and be made one with his wife; and the two shall become one flesh. They are no longer two but one flesh. What God has joined together let no man put asunder".

If anybody thinks that such an undertaking can be easy, I can say he has neither experienced it nor known what we are talking about. We are talking about Christian marriage, the kind of marriage that is enterest into by both parties and continues to function for the rest of their lives, being based on the understanding that the aim of husband and wife is to create a new synthesis or union and become one body instead of two. We do not choose fathers and mothers; it is a matter beyond our control, and we have no contract with them either - that is why we can leave them. But we choose our brides, and after we have chosen them we make a contract with them, a contract which in effect implies that we shall give up ourselves in order to achieve a oneness - a oneness of spirit.

It is that oneness of spirit, which once entered into is inseparable. The thing is beyond human terms. Here are two persons born and bred differently, each with a different background; different outlook, different loves, fears and hopes and different sexes, and they are told to give up all those things which they have held dear and embark on a journey of unknown destination in living; to adopt new loves, new hopes, a new outlook altogether. It is not an easy journey.
Here we were, embarked on this adventure, on this experiment in living. We did not find it easy at first.

Our ages and temperaments were quite different: Rebecca being more open and full of zest, I having a retiring temperament.

Rebecca being free and more at home in the company of others; I very shy;
Rebecca being very musical, I deaf of all musical notions;
Our upbringing being different, Rebecca having been brought up in all luxury but not spoiled; I having come up the hard way;

Our education and experience quite different, hers only home and school education, mine the same as hers plus college and teaching and travel;

Spiritually, she still natural, while I undergoing a deep spiritual change.

So in every way it meant, humanly speaking an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable.

But what is not possible with men is possible with God. My trust in God was unshaken. I believed all along that what we were going through were the natural pangs of love; the tests to prove what metal one was made of. Both of us knew prayer and we prayed hard. The moment, when our marriage seemed to be tearing up was the turning point. Exactly about two years after we were married God showed me that I was praying for Rebecca to love me, and he asked me "Why not pray for you to love Rebecca?" I saw at once all the difference. I began to pray to God to teach me how to love Rebecca, and this made all the difference. We began to appreciate each other; to understand our duties to one another, and to trust one another. We learnt, too, the secret of not harbouring secret thoughts against each other - it is better to bring them out in an open and frank way and thrash them out once for all.

Another useful lesson we learnt was to try to keep your quarrels to yourselves and not share them with your neighbours or relatives. "It is impossible for the not to come", as Jesus teaches, but when they come in marriage, the remedy is not
in broadcasting them to the neighbours, not even to the so-called marriage counsellors - such palliatives simply weaken the couple’s confidence. The only true remedy is to pray to the Lord for guidance. There are the other usual pillars, which all marriage counsellors give, upon which marriage is built e.g. love and forgiveness. These are very important. But both are the results of the cause of which is more fundamental: only those who have experienced love and forgiveness can love and forgive truly.

1939 started with rumours of war in Europe, that Hitler was about to start World War II. By June it had become more than a rumour, there was every sign that war was coming. The Government of Uganda decided to start a Territorial Army. But the Baganda were not willing to join because there was a widespread feeling that in 1933, the British Government had mistreated the Kabaka. Some of us saw that an internal squabble should not stand in the way of wider issues. If war came and the British went to war against Germany and the Baganda Boycotted it, Buganda would be the loser in the end. I, therefore, wrote the following letter in the Uganda Herald:

(The letter) (See Appendix)

To give practical effect to my convictions, I too, joined the 7th KAR Territorial Army. But when the war was declared in Europe and the 7th KAR Territorial Army was given notice to leave for Bombo my employers, the Church of Uganda objected to my going. The Rev. Archdeacon Williams went and had discussion with Government and reminded them how it had been agreed that in the event of war the teachers would be the last to go. I had already written to my father-in-law and asked him to look after my wife for me and he had written back agreeing to look after her.

When Archdeacon Williams came back he told me to unpack and resume my teaching. So my friends went without me.

Right from the start Mr. Ham Mukasa my father-in-law was very much interested in the war. In those days radios were not as numerous as they are to-day and he wanted to get the news of the war daily. He asked me to go to Archdeacon Herbert’s place every evening and get him the news and send it to him every morning. I did this for him every evening.
When France fell, when I was going back home from Archdeacon Herbert's place, I became very depressed by that terrible news and offered a prayer for old England, and a voice clearly said to me, "A country that produced Shakespeare cannot go down so easily". That voice gave me assurance to believe that England never be defeated even when things looked so black. Whenever, people lost heart in England's ability to see the war through I would always tell them that she would never be conquered and they thought I was simply keeping sides.

On October 8th we had our first-born, a boy, and we named him Andrew John Ham Ndagula Mulira. During this time I started thinking of writing rather seriously. I tried my hand at poetry and published some of my poems in Luganda in the Ebifa mu Uganda and in the Matalisi.

A pupil of mine, Y.B. Lubambula saw me writing poetry and he was inspired and started writing poems of great distinction. He even managed later to publish a book of Luganda poems.

Lubambula became a teacher and taught at Mityana Junior Secondary School. He taught there one called Kawere how to write poetry, and Kawere became a poet of great distinction. May be he has published more poems than any other person I know.

I wrote several articles in prose, too, in the Ebifa mu Uganda and in the Matalisi. I soon found that if I was to write in Luganda, I must first do something about the language itself. Luganda was written, at that time, in four different methods and it was difficult to know which method to follow.

For instance, when the missionaries first reduced the language to writing they wrote it in two different ways: The Church Missionary Society wrote it one way and the Roman Catholic Missionaries wrote it another way. Luganda has short and long vowel and consonant sounds.

For long consonants the Church Missionary Society used diacritics, e.g. Ku't to kill of. Kuta to let go Ku'ba to steal of. Kuba to be
The Roman Catholics used double consonants, e.g., Kutta to kill c.f. Kuta to let go Kubba to steal c.f. Kuba to be

For long vowels the Church Missionary Society used a bar on top of the letter e.g., Bana Children c.f. Bana four tala lump c.f. tala wage war

The Roman Catholics used a circumflex on top of the letter e.g., bana children c.f. bana four tala lamp c.f. tala wage war

These two different kinds of writing the language caused such a controversy in the country, the adherent of one mission asserting that their method was the right one, and those of the other upholding their own. It was as if salvation depended on how people wrote Luganda, those who used one method being barred from entering heaven because they used the wrong orthography!

When Government wanted to settle the question of Luganda Orthography they started a third method by way of a compromise. They started the hideous inverted full-stop", e.g., K'ta to kill c.f. kuta to let go k'ba to steal c.f. kuba to be

They do not seem to have cared very much about the long vowels. In any case no one took the Government method very seriously, although all Government publications were written in that method.

To make matters worse, people, especially the adherents of the Church Missionary Society, did not take care to learn the methods advocated by their church and they wrote anyhow, without any indication of length of sounds. They would, for instance, write the above words as follows:

kuta to kill c.f. kuta to let go kuba to steal c.f. kuba to be bana children c.f. bana four tala lampa c.f. tala wage war

When it came to word division there was even more confusion. No one cared how to show division of words, for instance, a phrase
such as "Ku lw'omulimu gwa Sabasaja" might be written variously as follows:

"Kulwo mulimu gwa Sabasaja
Kulwo mulimu gwa Sabasaja
Kulwomulimu gwa Sabasaja
Ku lw'omulimu gwa Sabasaja".

Therefore, for a would-be writer the problem was not a small one. As far as I was concerned I took a daring step. I sided with the Roman Catholics as far as the long consonants were concerned, because I thought they were right for the very reason that a diacritic, as used by the Church Missionary Society, was a sign to show that there was a missing letter — if that letter was missing the Roman Catholics knew that it was and they used it. Why quarrel over it? I asked myself. So I adopted their system.

As far as the vowels were concerned it followed that if we had double consonants we must also have double vowels. So I used double vowels.

As to the word division I followed the system that was followed in the Bible, although my knowledge of the language then was such that I could not do it accurately.

So I sent about to put my translation of the "Jungle Book - the Story of Mowgli" into this form of Orthography.

At that time the best typist in Kampala was Mr. Lawi Tebajjanga of the Labour Department. I asked him to type my MS for me during his spare time and he agreed. When he typed the MS he was so glad to find that I took such trouble to systemise my writing. When we met again he told me how much he was interested in my MS for that reason. He told me that for the previous fifteen years he had been fighting a lonely battle to interest people in the proper writing of their language, but no one listened to him, but he was very gratified to find another person in me of like mind and himself.
When he finished typing the MS. he came to me with a suggestion that we started a *Luganda* society to study this question of our language. I agreed and we decided on the names of people we should invite to join us. We invited Father Lebbon Mukaasa Spartas Ssebbanja; Joseph Kasirye; (a former Editor of *Musaale w'Aabakatoliiki*); Tota Wemeraiza (a businessman); Y. Kintu (a teacher); S. Sebana; (a teacher) Y.B. Sempa (then Headmaster of Mengo School); and others whom I cannot remember now. We called the first meeting and we explained our purpose to them. They all agreed to form this *Luganda* Society and they made me their Chairman, and Mr. Tebajjanga the Secretary. We used to meet once a month.

Whenever, we met we discussed the different aspects of *Luganda* Orthography. Sometimes we invited speakers to give us guidance, men like R.A. Snoxall, of the Education Department, and others. We met for four years, from 1940 - 44 at the end we produced a Memorandum encomarating our recommendations. We submitted this Memorandum to the Government through the Education Department.

I had plenty of time at the school as my work involved only teaching a class, and no outside activities as such. This afforded me an opportunity to read as widely as I could.

My class was Junior Secondary III. It was always a poor class because the best boys were weared off in Junior Secondary II by either going to Senior Secondary Boarding Schools or to employments as they hitherto had done when class II was the top form, and only those who had not much scope academically remained and joined Junior Secondary School III. In my first year, 1938, there were only two boys who were up to the standard and they managed to go on further beyond Junior Secondary III. The following year, 1939, was a whole set of dada, and after one term all of us realised that a teacher was being wasted on people who would not make the grade and so we decided to send them away after the first term, and I was given Junior Secondary I (a) to teach, a class that was composed of bright young boys, which made teaching very interesting. It was onof the most lively classes I ever had in all my teaching career very much like my sixth form at Budo before, and many of those boys have done very well in later life. That was 1939.
At the end of that year Senior boys in Junior Secondary II
became worried about the school's failure to get a proper Junior
III. They, therefore, asked to meet five of us senior teachers
and assure us that they were determined to remain at the school
and form J.S. III, if we would back them up. We agreed and
back them up to stay on and form J.S. III; and so they stayed,
eleven of them.

Only one of the eleven was really up to the standard but
they were all very keen pupils. I took them on and because they
were not so able invented a method of giving them so much work
to do by themselves rather than teach them, and in this way they
got more interest in their studies and they did well. In the
Junior Secondary Leaving Examination they achieved 100% success.

IN "THE WHITE HOUSE"

I did not feel fully used at Mongo. I had joined the staff
in good faith under the sole promise by the church leaders that
the then Headmaster was quitting to go and study for ordination
in one year's time, and I would takeover the headmastership, but
here I was in my third year at Mongo and there was no sign of the
Headmaster moving. If I was to be just an assistant master, who
taught just a class, I might just as well be that in another
school but not Mongo. And since I had been intended for Budo, I
did not see why I did not go back to Budo. So I applied to be
removed back to Budo. The Headmaster of Budo then was Sir Dennis
R. Herbert, (later Lord Hammington) whom I had known very well
at Achimota, whence he had come. He was only too glad to have
me on his staff. So I went back to Budo in 1941, as class teacher
of secondary IV, teaching principally English, Geography, Mathe-
ematics and History. I was also responsible for the Community work
of the school, which I liked very much, because it gave me some
responsibility, which I lacked at Mongo.

They had no house for me at Budo, but a friend E.K. Bakaluba
at Sumba, lent me his house about a mile and a half away from the
school. I bought a second hand motor bicycle for this, which did
not work for a single day. I used to push-bike half of the way
and walk the other half because it was not climbing the Budo hill.
Whilst at Sumba, Peter Medadi, our second born, came.
Although my salary was very small, only £8 a month, yet I decided to get a plot of land on top of Budo hill and build a house of my own. The land belonged to the Kabaka, so I arranged with his officers and they gave me a piece of land to build on my house next to the Kabaka's house at Budo, where Prince Edward Mutesa II and his tutor stayed. So I started building a house. My intention at first was to have a thatched roof, but as the building progressed, I gave up the idea after much prayer and thought, and decided to have a tiled roof. But this was madness because I did not have the money for such a venture.

So I decided to go to the White Fathers Tile Factory at Kisubi to see whether they could let me buy some tiles. When I was setting out I met my friend Sampa and he advised me to give up this idea of tiles as it would simply cause me trouble, because he knew my financial position. I told him simply that I had crossed the Rubicorm. So I went to Kisubi. I talked to the Father in charge; he estimated the number of tiles I would require for a house of the description I had given him. Then he told me the price for that amount and I was staggered. He asked why I was startled. I told him that because I did not have that money.

Then the father said to me, "If you haven't got that money, then buy our second grade tiles".

I asked, "Have you got second grade tiles?"
He answered, "Yes".

On answering, "Yes", he told me that these were tiles in every way first class, but because they could not get the usual oil because of the war, they had experimented with paraffin and because of this the tiles turned out bent in one way or another; some concave shaped and others convex-wise. Then he showed me the tiles and how best they could be put together. When he told me the price for those, I could not believe my ears; it sounded like a miracle. I made my order and he arranged to deliver them when required.

So I built a house with a white tiled roof, the first of its kid at Budo, and it was a charming little house and I called it the "White House" (see Thoughts of A Young African"p.)
Daudi Chwa the Kabaka of Buganda died in November, 1939, and Prince Edward Mutesa II succeeded him to the throne, as the 37 Kabaka of Buganda. He was still a minor. He continued with his education at Budo.

He was to be crowned when he became of age, at 18, on 19th November, 1942, and then leave Budo. The future of his education was discussed very much in all circles and there was a very widespread impression, in high places, that since the Kabaka needed no qualification for a job why waste his time with higher studies; why not let him quit studies altogether, once crowned, and go and do his work of ruling his people. It was almost being decided that way.

I was very cross with this kind of attitude of our leaders. After tossing the idea in my mind I decided to write a letter to the Ministers and give them a piece of my mind. So I wrote to them arguing that the Kabaka needed to continue his education as much as anybody else, as education was a form of development and not simply a preparation for one's future work.

I gave copies of this letter to the press. When the Katikiro (Prime Minister), then Samwiri Wamala, saw the copy of the letter I had written to them in the press he took great exception to it. He sent the Secretary to the Lukiko, Mr. C.M.S. Kisonkole, to the Headmaster to demand an explanation. Apparently the Katikiro was exceeding his powers, but the Headmaster dare not come head on collision with the powers-that-be. He called me to his office and asked me why I had done this. I explained, and he agreed with me there was not anything offensive in that but to keep peace with the Kabaka's Government, he advised me to send in an apology to the Katikiro. I decided to go and apologise in person. When I saw him and apologised he gave the impression that as far as he was concerned he did not very much mind but it was his fellow ministers, who did not take my action kindly but he would speak to them that I had seen him. That settled the quarrel.

Later, I was glad to learn that the future plans of the Kabaka's education included going to Makerere and Cambridge.
We lived only eight months in the "White House". There came a crisis at Budo. The Kabaka’s coronation had just taken place and by tradition it must take place at Budo; the service takes place in the Budo Chapel and he is crowned outside the chapel to relate the new with the old customs, for customarily it was on Budo hill that the Kabaka first wore his crown. The preparation of these ceremonies upset the school tremendously, a lot of building of pavillons, and traditional houses went on both in the school and on the hill, and this went on while the Kabaka was still at the school. Under such circumstances discipline becomes difficult. From a simple incident insubordination resulted. The headmaster failed to put it down and without discussing anything with his staff he resorted to the aid of the police. The police was brought in to guard the school. Eventually the Government closed the school. The staff was angry and the African staff met to decide on the action to take. Three of us were appointed to draft a letter to the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the school. I was one of the three.

We wrote a lengthy letter. My advice was that we should resign, that if we resigned, the Board would find it difficult to accept our resignation but that would force them to take the matter seriously. We ended our letter by saying that we were resigning. But when we read the letter to the rest of the staff A.K. Sampa said that the letter was not strong enough, we should end the letter by saying, "we resign unless the Headmaster resigns". We debated this at length, in the end he won and most teachers sided with him and those words "unless the Headmaster resigns" were added in ink in Sampa’s handwriting and it went to its destination. The letter was signed by eighteen members of the staff.

When the Board met to discuss that letter they found this addition to the letter unacceptable and they took great exception to it. They said we had no right to talk to them like that, and as a matter of principle, they objected because this would create a precedent, and it would be difficult to maintain discipline in the teaching profession. They, therefore, accepted our resignation and we left Budo.
The majority of us planned to start a private school in Kampala or go and reinforce one other private school. In the end it was decided to join the staff of Aggrey Memorial School, in Kampala.

I felt some difficulty about all this. After having given the advice that was not followed, I did not feel bound to go with the rest. Because of that and other considerations I declined to go with the others and decided to find work in other established church schools. So I went and joined the staff of Bishop's School, Mukono. Some people gave this a twisted twing, but I had a clear conscience about it; we had resigned from Budo because of our disagreement with one Headmaster; we had had no disagreement with other headmasters to resign from all church schools.
I joined the staff of Bishop's School, Mukono in January 1943. The school had no house for me, but the Headmaster promised to build a temporary house. Meanwhile, I had to get some shelter over my head and over the heads of my family. There were two empty mission houses on the station: a one-roomed house and another of more than four rooms. The four-roomed house was regarded as a European house i.e., a house to be used only by Europeans. So I was allowed to go into the one-roomed house 12' x 4'.

We had two children then and a small sister. We were packed in that small house like sardines and it seemed to hurt no one of the officials of the place. We lived in that house for a whole year while our house was being built. We got into the new school house in 1944.

I taught Junior Secondary III and I was responsible for the Chapel. I built with the boys and girls an open-air chapel made of a green hedge which, nearly forty years afterwards, was still standing. We had 3 young men at Mukono who taught then at Bishop Tucker College, Mukono and who later distinguished himself in Adult Education work and wrote books on the subject and became an UNESCO official and a warden at Makerere University, K.K. Kibuk, also of Bishop Tucker College, who later became Establishment Officer in the Kabaka's Government and T.A.K. Mwirakub, who taught at Mukono and married my sister and later went to Cambridge and after becoming headmaster of Bishop school who became a high government official in the Government of Uganda and UN in New York.

We had a bright new idea; we started a discussion group for the four of us. We used to meet once every month, on the first Wednesday of the month. Every time we had a different speaker from among group. A subject would be chosen for him in the previous meeting and he had to do some research and try to prepare a nice speech. It would read it to the rest and then a discussion would ensue. I remember the subject of my speech once was "Laughter". I had to prepare a real speech on such a subject.
This discussion group proved to be one of the most beneficial things I have had in life; it trained us in speech making and in self-expression. It gave us greater independence and confidence. We learned so many new things through this exercise that when I went to England, in 1947, and I was asked to give speeches about many things, I found myself in an advantageous position because of the experience I had gained here.

The fact that I used a one-roomed house on a Mission Station, where there was a larger vacant house which I would not live in and my family, left me determined to do all I could to find ways and means to build myself a house which would be the envy of everybody.

I decided to become a farmer as well as a teacher. My father-in-law gave me a piece of land; it was forest land and I could develop any amount I wanted. I got two porters and embarked on clearing the forest — I would work with my porters on Saturdays and during the holidays, and almost every evening I went to see what the porters had done during the day. The place was a little more than a mile away.

Before long we had cleared about six acres. It was hard work but I liked doing it and it gave me such satisfaction. We planted half of the patch with plantains and the rest with coffee. That was 1943.

In one and a half years' time the plantains were yielding and I was selling a few in the locality and using the rest for our needs in the family. Coffee takes longer to grow but it was doing very well and I had the best coffee in the whole neighbourhood.

The time I spent at Mukono was one of my busiest times, and was a very good preparation for me for still busier times to come: I had to teach a class; I had to develop a farm; I wrote a lot; I wrote and produced plays; I played a leading role in the newly founded Teachers Association and in the Uganda African Cultural Society, which we had also newly started in Kampala.

The African Cultural Society was a society founded by young educated Africans to help develop culture. Our aim was to take all culture by the horn and in the end try to produce a synthesis of culture which would be our own. We staged musical concerts in Kampala, Entebbe, Jinja and other places; produced plays and did some play-reading; we organised debates and sports such as tennis tournaments. The society was founded and had its headquarters in Kampala and from the start I was its Vice-president and I had to do a lot with drama and debates. Therefore, I was on the move all the time to and from Kampala and in those days, the only means of transportation which were very few in between, was the slow buses and an occasional lift from a friend.
The buses were generally very full and one had to wait for a long time along the road before one had a chance to get a seat on the buses which were far in between, and sometimes after having waited for hours one might cancel the journey altogether simply because there was no room on the buses, or the buses had broken down on the way. Despite all these difficulties I tried very hard to fulfil all my obligations both at Mukono and in Kampala.

The African Cultural Society was a very good training ground. It brought the then educated people together for a common purpose; it afforded us a stage to display our talents; it helped us to know each other well; it helped us to give back to society what we had got from it, and it definitely left each one of us more cultured than one would otherwise have been.

At this time I started play-writing and my first play was the life and work of the great early Missionary Alexander Mackay. I produced this play for the Speech Day with the cast of boys and girls of Bishop’s School, Mukono. It was so successful that some of the members of the African Cultural Society, who saw it insisted that it should be produced before a larger and more discriminating audience. It was, therefore, decided to have it produced in the Palace grounds, at Mengo by the African Cultural Society. I produced it there. But two weeks before its production Mr. T.A.K. Makumbi, who had played had suddenly to leave for England, and I had to stand in as Alexander Mackay. The Kabaka saw it and so did many prominent people both African and Europeans. It was afterwards reviewed in the Uganda Herald by Mrs. Ilynn Williams, who herself had at the time produced several plays in Kampala. To show how successful the play was I am reproducing Mrs. William’s review here:
I wrote other plays, one of which "Abebiyo Ababiri" was produced on a Speech Day at Bishop's School, Mukono. Then Mrs Mary Stuart, the wife of the then Bishop of Uganda, asked me to write a play on marriage for the Mothers' Union, for the Virgin Mary Day, 25th March, 1945. I wrote a one-Act play which I called "Obufumbe-Nakwele" ("Marriage is due to friendship"). This was produced in the Bishop's Grounds at Namirembe, on 25th March, 1945, and it was such a great success. The whole play was later published in the "Ebis na Uganda".

I then wrote a play for the farmers which I thought was my best play but unluckily it was stolen together with my brief case and I never had the inspiration to write it again.

I did a lot of other forms of writing at this time. I wrote poetry in Uganda; I wrote Essays: I wrote letters and articles to the press; in English I wrote speeches and so on. Some of the Essays and Articles I wrote at this time are contained in my book "Thoughts of A Young African", my first book to be published in English, in 1947. It was published in the series.

One short letter, which I wrote to the Uganda Herald, I would like to mention here for the effect it had on public affairs.

When land was distributed in Buganda, in 1900, between the British Crown and the Baganda, there was a surplus of about 300 square miles, which was not catered for. Later it was decided by the then Protectorate Government to divide it into two so that the Crown would take a half and the other half should go to the Kabaka's Government to be distributed to notables. In 1943, the Lukiko made proposals of distributing this surplus land amounting to 154 square miles in private ownership, to the chiefs varying in size according to the status of chiefs, the ministers getting about 2 square miles each and the least chief on the list getting about 45 acres.

I saw this in the press and it touched my conscience and when I woke up at night at about 3:00 a.m., a flash of thought passed through my mind that I should write a letter to the Uganda Herald and object to this distribution of public land to a few individuals. I got up and wrote a letter and sent it the following morning to the Editor. It was a very short letter, two or three paragraphs. I proposed in it that land should not be given to these few, but that it should be kept as public land, the proceeds from which should be used for social services for all.

The letter had the desired effect. Mr. S.W. Mulubya, the then Finance Minister, in the Kabaka's Government told me afterwards that my letter to the "Uganda Herald" had robbed them of the land they had gained under that
Lukiko Resolution, that when the British Resident, Buganda, saw this letter of mine in the press he called the Kabaka's ministers to his office "and showed it to us" and said "How then can you think that you can acquire this land for yourselves when the public has ideas like these?"

The Governor on the Resident's advice refused to approve of that resolution. My letter had won the day.

I will have to speak a lot more about these 154 square miles. One week-end in September 1944, I.K. Musazi came to stay for the week-end with the Ssekiboobo, county chief of Kyaggwe, the late Susani Mauda. At that time there had been intense political activity in Buganda and people were demanding representation in their government. Groups of people were working hard to influence the British Government to affect changes in Buganda as the old order was no longer adequate for the post-war Buganda. I.K. Musazi was as usual the spearhead of political action. He wrote a Memorandum to send to the Kabaka and the British Government but before he sent it he wanted to discuss it with me. Hence his visit to the Ssekiboobo.

In the evening of Saturday, Musazi brought the Memorandum and left it with me to read and we would discuss it the following morning, Sunday. I read the Memorandum before going to bed with keen interest, but, unfortunately, I was not satisfied, in fact to be truthful I was very disappointed. I did not feel the Memorandum had tackled the problem at issue; in the main it was very vague. I wondered very much whether, if that was the best that could be expected, we would give the new leadership we were clamouring after. I went to bed very disturbed.

At 3.00 a.m. I woke up and in my mind clear as crystals came ideas of reform of the Government of Buganda; they came as if someone was dictating them from an unseen source. I had solved the problem in my mind.

After church the following morning Musazi came and we did not discuss his Memorandum but my ideas. He was so impressed by them that he said to me, "Please, write these ideas down as soon as possible, because many such ideas if not written down perish, and I do not want these ideas of yours to be lost in that way."

I abode by his advice and started writing my ideas both in English and in Luganda. I then sent and discussed them with Festo Kibuka-Musote, who was one of the leading agitators, who thought they were what Buganda wanted and encouraged me to go ahead with them.

In December 1944, I sent a copy of my ideas of Reform in Buganda to His Excellency the Governor; another copy to His Highness the Kabaka, and a third to S.W. Kulubya, the then Minister of Finance in the Kabaka's Court.
At the same time I sent it to the Uganda Bookshop Press to be published in a book form. The book came out in Luganda under the title "Gavumenti By'Abantu" (Abantu gye boddakanyiza) (The Government of the People). It came out in March 1945, after the February Riots known as the Ko3. It was regarded as Revolutionary and in some quarters it was thought that I would be arrested for it as having added cinders to an already burning fuel - but nothing of the sort happened to me. On the contrary, the booklet was simply welcomed in high places, for when the Government was drafting the first Electoral law of 1945, which gave the Baganda elected representatives in their councils for the first time a good deal of my proposals were adopted in that exercise. Some of them, for instance six Ministers and the President of the Council (i.e. Speaker) did not come into effect until after ten years, in 1955. Thus I had been initiated to political activity.

But I was then a back-room boy who supplied ideas; I had not yet come all out as a political practitioner. That had to come later.

These years I spent at Nakomo brought me nearer to my father-in-law, the late Kam Huluna, Ex-Sealiboo. He lived at Kasubi one and a half miles away from where I lived. I saw him quite often and we had very long talks about the past, the present and the future. I learnt so much Baganda history from him through these conversations. He had such a vast knowledge of Uganda and Uganda and for that matter the whole of East Africa.

Above all I had the privilege to penetrate his imponderable personality. He had such a strong character. If a character of man can be likened to a rock, his was like a rock: massive, strong and impenetrable. He had great dignity. He spoke quietly and gently weighing every word he spoke; nothing would excite him from his deliberate manner, not sorrow nor joy; he was always the same well-composed mass of personality. When he laughed he laughed from the heart and not just with his lips. He hated cant and was always open with everybody whatever his position. I remember once I had some misunderstandings with the late Dr. Hunter, who was the proprietor of the Uganda Herald. He had written a controversial article in the Uganda Herald criticising Sir Philip Mitchell, then Governor of Kenya, who had earlier written an article advocating liberal measures towards the Africans. Dr. Hunter disagreed with Sir Philip. Hence his article. I disagreed with his article and wrote a reply. Mr. Amos K. Sempe, who disagreed with Dr. Hunter also wrote a reply. Dr. Hunter had confused Mr. Sempe's reply with mine and when we met he started talking to me in a rude way for an alleged remark in the so-called article of mine. I told him I had never said that. He swore that I had done. My article was produced and there wasn't much remark; it was in Mr. Sempe's article. Dr. Hunter apologised to me and invited me to tea any time I was free at his residence at Malindiye, and the matter was closed. He was quite an old man then, over 80 years.
One morning when I was talking to my father-in-law I related to him this incident adding that Dr. Hunter was getting so old that he was lacking in understanding. ("Yali takyatageera bulungi").

He asked me, "Did you go to tea as Dr. Hunter asked you?"

I said, "No I did not".

He replied, "Kwe kugamba ggwe totegeera" (Then it is you who is lacking in understanding). I did not like the retort, but I admired him for his courage. I realised, too, that in passing judgement on Dr. Hunter because of his age my father-in-law had felt that if such judgment was left unchallenged it would include him also who was at that time about 75 years old. In defending Dr. Hunter he was defending his position.

I heard him on many occasions making similar remarks. He would not stand any nonsense. Even when he heard that the Kabaka had done something unbecoming of him he would write to him at once to draw his attention to what the right decorum was. To me he was the Dr. Johnson of Boswell.

It could be said that he loved God with all his heart, with all his soul and with all his strength, and he even trusted him more. This was the secret of all his character. When talking to him he gave you the impression that he was continually at prayer.

He was one of the few people who were deeply read that I have ever come across in Uganda. He read his Bible deeply; he also read the "Imitation of Christ" twice a day, in the morning and before going to bed. He read it in translation in Luganda. He had a beautiful library and had read those books with great care. You find marginal notes everywhere which shows that he read them and thought much of what he read. At this time of his age, he read mostly on the verandah of his house. He went to bed late and woke up late. After taking his birth at about ten he would have his breakfast at about 10.30 a.m. and then at 11.00 a.m. go to the verandah to read.

But of course he was interrupted all the time by the people who came to see him. As he read he fed birds, on rice; then the birds would come and climb him and rest on his shoulders or on his knees as he continued to read.

He was one of the most kindhearted people I have come across in life. His kindness was not only in the form of helping the needy, but in the fact that his heart went out to meet humanity. Every person in his presence, might be envious of him or jealous of him, but no one would feel to love him—many of his contemporaries did not like him but I am sure all loved him and admired him. They did not like him because he was far above them almost in everything. They could not help loving him because they knew that on his part he grudged no one of anything and met them always as the same old Ham Mukasa and they knew at heart he loved them. They all trusted his word although not all would agree to act according to his word because it would
drastically changing their ways.

He had charm that is very rare to find anywhere. He was perhaps more charming in his dealings with his wife, Sarah, than at any other time. He spoke to her in the most endearing manner and she responded wonderfully to that winsome love. Perhaps few women have adored their husbands as Sarah adored Ham Mukasa. They were so different in age; Ham was about 40 or 50 when he married Sarah who was only 19. But few marriages have matched so much.

He loved me as much as I adored him. He confided in me to the extent where I felt unworthy of such trust by such a great man when I was so junior to him. During his last days he had lost most of his contemporaries and he treated me as if I was his equal.

In my life I have travelled extensively in many lands and have met so many people, and have been privileged to meet many important people and have read about so many also, but I am sure I have not met a single person of Ham Mukasa's stature. Once the late B. Malvanti invited him to tea to meet Lord Rowland who was the Chief Scout then. He asked me to accompany him. The Chief Scout was so impressed that he wrote about him after their meeting.

On another occasion, I took Professor Sir Keith Hancock to see him and they talked for more than two hours (and that after he had been paralysed in the left arm) and Sir Keith was so impressed by him that his comment was, "I am very glad, I know now the two great men of Africa: Ham Mukasa and General Smuts" — whose he was the official biographer.

On another occasion I accompanied Mr. Anthony Low (now Professor Low) and Mr. Pratt (now Professor Pratt) to go and see him on an historical inquiry. After talking to him for about two hours we left. Their comment was "It is like living history."

I was the Chaplain at Bishop's School, Mukono, as well as a class teacher and we had some real success. We had very good academic passes. The Governor once visited our school. Many of our boys and girls of that time are prominent men and women as teachers, doctors, lawyers, even one of them became a Cabinet Minister, and so on. Also Makerere College used to send some of their teachers-in-training to our school for their teaching practice. One of such teachers was Mr. Ronald Ngara of Kenya, who in later life became the first President of KANU, and the first leader of Opposition in the Parliament of Kenya. He did his final test in teaching in my class.
In April, 1948, the Uganda Government agreed to pay for me £100 in order to enable me to see the Cultural side of Britain the sponsorship of the British Council.

The British Council accordingly arranged for me a tour that took me to Oxford, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Derham, Edinbugh, Glasgow, Keswick, Liverpool, Llanelly, St. David Bristol, Bradford-on-Avon, and Bath. I started my journey on 6th July, 1948, and started with Oxford, and would have ended it on 14th August, but whilst at Bradford-on-Avon, we visited Weston-Super-Mare, and we went swimming and water went into my ears and did not come out which made me temporarily deaf. I then had a stiff neck. Since I was soon to leave for Amsterdam to attend the First World Council of Churches, I thought it necessary to cut my journey short and go back to London and see the doctor. So I went back to London on 7th August, without having completed my programme.

At Bradford-on-Avon I joined a Youth Conference organised by the British and Foreign Bible Society to which I was invited by the Authorities of the Society. We stayed at Kingwell Court School. From there we visited many places such as Lord Lansdown's Bowood House, the Salisbury Cathedral, the Stonehenge, the Cheddar Gorge and the Caves, Weston-Super-Mare and Torbridge and Bath.

In this tour I saw many interesting things: I saw the Colleges of Oxford; I saw modern factories and enjoyed especially to see the Birmingham Small Arms Factory; in the B.S.A. bicycles are made. I saw Cathedrals of all description and periods, from one of the oldest of Durham to the then Newest of Liverpool; I saw Castles; I saw old Places and palaces in ruin; I saw National Libraries and National Galleries; I saw beautiful Streets such as High Street in Oxford and Princes Street in Edinburgh; I saw Universities; I saw the Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre; I attended a Christian convention at Keswick; I saw St. Mary's Redcliff Church in Bristol which I thought to be the most beautiful church I had ever seen; I saw the Salisbury Cathedral with all its splendour; I saw the Royal Crescent and the Hot Springs and the Bath Abbey in Bath; I saw people; I saw the country-side;
I saw towns; I saw buildings of all sorts and so on and so forth, and I was very much impressed.

When I came back to London, I wrote a report for the British Council. In this report I gave from main impressions I formed of Britain in this journey.

In the first place I was impressed by the old buildings. For them I saw solidarity and permanence. Here was the foundation of progress of the nation. I wanted to know what the modern generation would leave for further pasterity and one lady told me rather scornfully, "The prefabricated houses".

In the second place I was impressed by the fields. I was clear to me that real England was not in the towns. If a foreigner stays in the big towns and goes back to his country, he has not seen England, I thought. As I passed through the open field I said to myself over and over again, "Yes, this is true England".

In the third place, I was impressed by the fact that the history of the country was intimately rooted in religion. This is revealed by the Cathedrals and the Churches, and at Keswick I was made aware that there were still men and women of God in England.

And lastly, the people. The people were very good to me everywhere I went. Thus I concluded my journey after having been favourably impressed by the country and its people.

When I came back to London from my tour of England I found some correspondence and literature concerning the forthcoming Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam.

The Assembly was going to be the culmination of patient work of nearly forty years of the Ecumenical Movement. It had its background in the Edinburgh Conference of 1910. At this Conference Christian leaders were concerned with the problem of missionary expansion of the Church. They were worried by the divisions in the Body of Christ, and here at Edinburgh Churches in a new way tried to be aware of one another and began to prepare the way for their closer union.
During the succeeding 40 years after Edinburgh other movements appeared in the Churches towards the overcoming of differences between Christians and towards recovery of the lost unity of the Body of Christ. There was for instance the emergence of Faith and Order Movement, which was started "to fight against the uncharitableness among Christians in their attitude towards Christians of other denominations, and to promote Christian Unity".

There was the "Life and Work Movement", which started in Stockholm in 1925, which aimed at reforming the social order because the duty of Christians was to witness to a single Community of the redeemed, and which saw "the world's greatest need to be the Christian Way of Life not merely in personal and social behaviour but in public opinion and its outcome in public action."

There was the creative work of the International Missionary Council, and the World Alliance. All these, and the emergence of independent younger Churches, led the way to closer association of the Churches. Work went on towards this end for nearly 40 years and at Amsterdam we were going to give a final expression to this long-felt need.

The theme, therefore, of this First Assembly of the World Council of Churches was "Man's Disorder and God's Design". This theme was subdivided into four sectional themes, each of which was to form a subject of discussion for one section of the Assembly, as follows:

1. The Universal Church in God's Design;
2. The Church's witness to God's Design;
3. The Church and the Disorder of Society; and
4. The Church and International Disorder.

On each theme there was prepared on international symposium each in three languages, and these were sent to the delegates before the Assembly.
The task of the new Council was therefore, to aspire after an expression of unity in which "Christians and Christian Churches, joyously aware of their awareness in Jesus Christ, their Lord, and pursuing an ever fuller realisation of Union, shall in time of need give help and comfort to one another, and at all times inspire and exhort one another to live worthily of their common membership in the Body of Christ."

This aim was clearly put in the call which the provisional Committee issued to the Churches a year before the Assembly, which reminded the churches that, "through the trials and persecutions of these last years, a new consciousness of fellowship has been awakened," and that, therefore, "out first and deepest need is not new organisation, but the new renewal, or rather the rebirth of the actual churches."

I left London for Amsterdam on Saturday 21st August, 1948, and travelled First Class with the Bishop of Central Tanganyika, the late Bishop Wyun-Jones, one Bishop from the West Indies, one Bishop from Canada, two Bishops from Australia and several other people going to attend the Assembly. We arrived in the Hook of Holland at about 6.30 p.m. We found our guides waiting for us at the port and they took us to our respective destination. Most of us stayed with Dutch Christians. I for one stayed with Mr. and Mrs. a very nice couple.

The opening service of the Assembly took place in the Nieuwe Kerk (the New Church), at Amsterdam, on Sunday 22nd August, 1948. It was full of pageantary as all of us assembled in our national costumes and carrying banners in different colours. It was a time of history-making. 147 churches in forty four countries were represented by 351 official delegates. With these were hundreds of alternates, consultants, accredited visitors, Youth/delegates, and representatives of the press. Asia and Africa were also represented. Eastern Churches and the Protestant Churches of Eastern Europe were represented. But the Orthodox Churches of Russia did not send delegates. No Roman Catholics were present; The Church of Rome sent observers. Queen Juliana
of the Netherlands attended the Service. The total members of attendance was about 15000 people.

On the morning of Monday, 23rd August, 1948, the World Council of churches came into being. This was formally promulgated in a resolution which was presented by Dr. Marc Boegner of France, one of the Presidents of the Provisional Committee and Chairman of the Administrative Committee, and which the Chairman of the Session, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Fisher) announced that it had been adopted \textit{nom. com.} (no one opposing).

The resolution was "that the formation of the World Council of Churches be declared to be and is hereby completed."

After the passing of that resolution there followed a moment of silent prayer, after which the Archbishop led in spoken prayer.

A constitution was adopted.

The delegates were divided into four committees to study each of the four sectional themes. I was appointed on the Second Committee which studied "The Church's Witness to God's Design," which embraced the Missionary and evangelistic task of the Churches.

Professor Dr. John R. Mott, M.A., LL.D., D.D., of Princeton University, in America, was our Chairman, and Bishop Stephen Neil our Secretary.

At the outset of the Committee meeting the Chairman announced that we were free at that first meeting to ask any question, or to raise any matter connected with the theme of the Committee for amplification, or to discuss any point that was not clear in one's mind. Moments passed without anybody showing up, and I found myself on my feet, and I caught the Chairman's eye.

I asked the members to open the Symposium book at page and I read the following passage.

Then I explained that, that passage was very unlucky. We were assembled not to try to save Western Civilization but to find the purpose of God for the world. I continued that the
Gospel of Jesus could not be used by man as a means to his end and soon.

When I sat down, a member from South India stood up in support of my contention. He was followed by Pastor Martin Niemoeller of Germany. Niemoeller said, "The delegate from East Africa has helped us very much. He is saying to us that we are putting the cart before the horse...... our business is not to save Western Civilization. Let Western Civilization perish, we shall build another Civilization. What we need is to discover God's will for his people......"

After Niemoeller, Speaker after Speaker tried to develop the same theme except Bishop Neil who argued the opposite view. Bishop Neil's contention was that because I was only a student that is why I couldn't realise the importance of Western Civilization, but other people know how it is some thing which must be defended etc..... The debate occupied the rest of the morning.

After the session, as we were going out through the main door way I found a gentleman waiting for me, who introduced himself to me as Dr. V. L. Linde, of the Church of Holland, and he asked me to go and speak on the evening of 9th September, 1948, with Pastor Martin Niemoeller of Germany, in the Dom Church, in Utrecht, i.e. the Utrecht Cathedral. This was a great surprise to me. First of all, the honour of speaking in such a famous and historical Cathedral; and secondly the equally great honour of sharing a pulpit with this famous German religious fighter - Pastor Dr. Niemoeller was the foremost Christian in fighting Hitler in Germany.

Hitler had put him into the infamous Belson Concentra-
tion Camp for eight years, and tortured and starved him almost to a point of death. This made Pastor Niemoeller World-famous. He was the person I was going to share with a platform. We were asked to speak for 15 minutes each about the message of the Gospel in the concrete situation of our people - he about the message to the German People, and I about the message to the people of Uganda.
Later, Dr. A. Drunker, Director-Voor-zitter, wrote to me and said how thankful they were for agreeing to go to Utrecht and speak to them. He added that "many people, who don't go to Church, will just go this evening."

On the evening of 9th September, a car was sent for both Dr. Niemoeller and myself and we went to Utrecht, a distance of about 20 miles from Leiden. We found the Cathedral packed to full capacity even on the floor, without any room left. The remainder of the Congregation was sent into a nearby church which, too, was packed full.

Dr. Niemoeller spoke in the Cathedral first, while I spoke to the church. Afterwards I went and spoke in the Cathedral and Dr. Niemoeller went and spoke in the Church. It was a wonderful experience of my life.

From Amsterdam we went to Oegstgeest near Leiden, for the meeting of the Committee of the International Missionary Council. We discussed a number of important questions bearing on the fulfilment of the Church's world mission and we took into account the implications of the World Council of Churches' Assembly for the future Programme of the International Missionary Council. This was a small Committee of about 120 people.

Here at Oegstgeest I should room with

I left Holland on Saturday 11th September, by train for Paris through Belgium. I saw Antwerp and Brussels on the way. I arrived in Paris at about 6.30, and stayed at Hotel Terminus, St. Lazare, which was booked for me by Messrs Thomas Cook, which I found to be a bit too expensive.

Because of the high cost at the Hotel Terminus, I began to look for a more moderate place with moderate expenses. I was advised to try the Y.M.C.A. I then began to look for the Y.M.C.A. but since I did not know any French I found it difficult to make myself intelligible even to the Police, who did not know English. But as I was struggling with signs to passabys,
another Frenchman, who later told me his name was M.R. Boulassier, saw me and he knew I was in need. He stopped and asked me in English what I wanted. I told him that I was looking for the Y.M.C.A. He did not know where the Y.M.C.A. was but suggested that we went to the nearest telephone booth and look it up in the Directory. We did so and he looked it up, but for one reason or another I did not know, the Y.M.C.A. was not to be found in the Directory. He, therefore, suggested making inquiries from other sources. He tried so many places until I had no more coins left in my pocket and then he started using his own money. I told him we should give it up, but he refused and said that he never did things by half. After he had tried about seven or eight places he then remembered the Foreign Office, and he tried it, without success either. At last he tried the British Embassy and they knew of a Y.M.C.A. somewhere in Paris, and they gave him directions, which he wrote down in detail for me on a piece of paper and then he saw me safely onto the underground train. I was so very grateful to him. But before we departed company he asked me to write to him when I got back to London and tell him that I arrived back safely. He gave me his address in Paris and I gave him mine in London.

I managed to get to the place in one of the queerest quarters of Paris. I was not happy with the area. This was an out of the way place. When I rang the bell at the door, there came a strange-looking individual to answer my call. I was frightened by his sight and made up my mind at once to give up the whole venture. He spoke to me asked me what I wanted. I told him I had made a mistake that was not the house I wanted and I left at once. I went back to the Hotel Terminus and made no other attempt at finding a cheaper place.

When I went back to London I did not write at once to my honourable friend who had been so kind to me. But he kept his word. After about a month I received a postcard from him and the opening sentence read, "I felt as if I had met a prince of the Arabian Knights. But should a prince not keep his word!" I felt ashamed of myself and wrote to him at once by the next mail with many apologies, sight-seeing of Paris, by myself and without any knowledge of the language, it was not very much fun.
But I managed to go to Versailles in a group of American tourists, whose company I enjoyed very much. I was particularly impressed by the Palace of Versailles, its Splendour and ingenuity. To me who has so much interest in buildings of this kind, this was the whole mark of architectural splendour.

From Paris I went, on Wednesday 15th September to Le Havre with the intention to go to Cherbourg to see the place where the Allies landing took place on the D-Day.

At Le Havre I had an unpleasant experience. I thought Messrs Thomas Cook had booked for me at a certain hotel on that day, but, unfortunately, it was for the following day. Therefore, when I got there, they were not expecting me, and the hotel was full. About two-thirds of Le Havre were demolished by bombing during World War II. It was not easy to find a place where to stay. So I was in a fix. But fortunately someone knew of a small place which was being run by a man and his wife as a private hotel, in the harbour of Le Havre, and she rang them for me to find out whether they would accommodate me. They answered "yes" and I was relieved.

I went to this place. It was a lonely place in an area where once there were houses but then an expense of ruin. The so-called hotel was only a remaining portion of what once was a big building but because of the bombs the best part of it had gone.

The husband and his wife could not speak English, but they had a woman assistant, who spoke a little English. The two ladies liked me so much that they gave me a free meal; however, much I protested because they regarded me as a guest rather than as a resident.

It was not possible to go to Cherbourg because the transport from there in those days was by bus only and there was only one bus service a week, and one had to come back to Le Havre to take a boat to England, which called only once a week, on Wednesday night and left again on Thursday morning. Since that was a Wednesday it meant that if I went to Cherbourg I would have to
linger for about a week in this part of France, which was a bleak idea. So I decided to leave the following morning rather than stay for a week. I arrived back in London on Thursday, 16th September, 1948.

When I came back to London I found a heavy programme of engagements: speaking engagements; meetings; socials; parties, and I had to take part in a British and Foreign Bible Society Pageant called the "Ladder", in fact I had to organise a whole scene of it which dealt with Bishop Tucker. The Pageant was staged at the Kingsway Central Hall, Holborn, on the evening of Saturday 27th November, 1948.

Towards the end of 1948, Mr. Peter Koinange went back to Kenya and I was elected President of SECASU. Although we did not have many activities, yet SECASU was quite influential. We wrote memoranda after memoranda to Governments. We met important people. We wrote to the press. When Mr. Seretse Khama was deposed for marrying an English girl, we joined forces with other student organisations to protest against Government action.

On 2nd December, Dr. Max Warren, the then General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society wrote and asked me to address the General Committee of the C.M.S. on 21st December. I agreed I spoke on the work of the Church and the problems which face the Church in Uganda from the point of view of an African.

I spent Christmas of 1948 with the Schofields at their home, Inglewood, Melksham in Wiltshire. We had plenty of fun there and a lot to talk about.

The year 1948 ended as it had begun, very busy, very fruitful and having widened my horizon so much. It will remain a memorable year in my life for a long time to come.
The year 1949 started as 1948 had ended, very busy, very fruitful in service. I was pre-occupied throughout the year with much public speaking, writing, lecturing, parties, conferences, committee work, answering so many queries and travelling.

At the school of Oriental and African Studies our work on the Luganda Grammar and on a Luganda - English, English-Luganda Dictionary was beginning to take shape. E.G.M. Ndawula and I under the auspices of Dr. A.N. Tucker had met Dr. Michael West, the great English expert, and we had received much useful hints as regards our work. Mrs. E.O. Ashton our tutor and co-author of the Grammar was beginning to appreciate the intricacies of the Luganda language by comparing it with Swahili, which she was a great expert. She marvelled at the power of expression and subtleness of the Luganda language.

On 23rd February the Secretary of the School of Oriental and African Studies wrote offering me an assistant lectureship in Luganda for one year, from October, 1949, adding, "I believe that it may be necessary for you to make certain enquiries before agreeing to a prolongation of your stay in this country, but I should be glad to receive your acceptance of the post as soon as you are in a position to reach a decision on the matter."

After making the necessary enquiries to a prolongation of my stay in England, I wrote to him and accepted the offer on 15th March, 1949.

This offer was a god-sent. Even since I went to England I wanted my wife to join me, first because I was missing her so much, and secondly because I wanted her to have the same kind of experience as I was having. I had tried to interest the Government in the matter. The Colonial Students' Adviser, Keith, was very sympathetic, and he wrote to the Uganda Government on my behalf. The Uganda Government in turn first
seemed sympathetic and they heightened my expectation by their seeming good disposition towards the idea. But, for reasons which were not convincing, they changed their mind after they had whetted to such an extent my wife's desire to come and join me. It was so disappointing that I made up my mind to live like a hermit and save every penny until I would be able to bring her over by myself. So I began to save. The long conferences I attended, such as the one in Amsterdam, and the travel scholarship helped very much because then I was not spending my allowance.

Now with this appointment I would draw a salary which would be bigger than the students' allowance. So my determination was becoming a reality, and I planned for her to join me in October, 1949. When Dr. Tucker saw my determination he was impressed and he offered of his own free will to lend me Shs. 1,000/= for the purpose to be paid back any time when it would be convenient to me. This was a great help which I very much appreciated.

The British and Foreign Bible Society every April have a Birth Day Party for the children at the Guild Hall, London, to which they invite a thousand children ranging from the ages of eight to fourteen. The Lord Mayor of London presides over that meeting and there is an enormous birthday cake, which is cut and distributed among the thousand children.

In December, 1948, the British and Foreign Bible Society wrote and requested me to be the Guest Speaker to this Birth Day Party for the children on 2nd April, 1949. They asked me to tell the story of the Bible in Africa; why it is loved by the people there. I accepted this invitation.

April 2nd 1949 was a gay day both for the children and for some of us. A thousand children assembled in that famous old mansion.

At 3.00 p.m. the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress supported by Alderman and Sheriff Sir Noel Bowater, Bt., M.C., and Lady Bowater; Major and Sheriff Guy F. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, arrived.
The audience sang the National Anthem. Then there was a recitation by the crew of a ship of the Good News Transport Fleet (the children's Branch of the Bible Society), which was followed by prayer. The Right Hon. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Anylwen, Kt., then spoke a few words to the boys and girls.

Then Miss Henderson, who accompanied the Birthday Cake all the way from Australia, presented the Cake by saying, "The 2401bs. Birthday Cake is the gift of the Youth Auxiliary, Victoria, Australia." Then Miss Howard from Geelong presented the jollies by saying, the 1300 packets of Jellies are sent by the Bible Society friends in Geelong, Australia."

Miss Susan Carol Shaw, Grand-child of the Lord Mayor, cut the Cake.

After a hymn, I gave my talk on the Bible in Uganda. I told them how we have Kings and how one of those Kings Mutesa I called Missionaries to bring the word of God into his country and how the Missionaries brought it; I told them how this King changed his ways through reading of the word; I told them how many of my people read the Bible in their tongues; I told them how I too loved the Bible because it was the word of the Bible which had changed my life and how it was due to that, that I could stand there and speak to them, because God Speaks to us through the Bible, that we are all brothers in spite of the different skins we may have.

After my talk Mr. Edric Connor, the Great West Indian Soloist Singer, sang three Negro Spirituals:
(a) "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child;"
(b) "I know the Lord," and
(c) "Old man river".

There was presentation of pennants to the crews of the Good News Transport Fleet. (Each year the best crew in an annual contest is awarded a trophy).

After the vote of thanks was given and a hymn song we closed with a Benediction.

Later I received a letter from Mr. A.H. Wilkinson, General Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to thank me for my help, adding, "What you had to say obviously impressed
the thousand children who listened to you, as well as many grown-ups".

He sent me a pocket Bible in a leather binding, signed by himself as General Secretary," which when you read I hope will always bring back happy memories of our meeting".

On Empire Day, 1949, the Empire Society invited some people from the British Common Wealth resident in Britain, to meet Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, at a place in Westminster. I was one of the people invited. At the end of the occasion we were presented to their Majesties and shook hands with them.

On June, 23rd I spoke to a Missionary Festival of the Clergy of the See of Bangor, in North Wales, at the invitation of the Bishop of Bangor, the late Bishop John C. Jones. The Bishop wanted me to give the picture of what the church was doing in Uganda at that time. Bishop Jones himself had been a Missionary in Uganda before as the Warden of Bishop Tucker College, Mukono a Theological College, and at one time he had been my neighbour in Uganda. I stayed with Bishop and Mrs. Jones at the Bishop’s Court in Bangor and both he and Mrs. Jones were very glad to see me and we renewed our old friendship in Uganda. I noticed that the Bishop had grown wonderfully in stature and he was a real pillar of strength of faith in the Church of God on earth. Every one was talking about him as the future Archbishop of Wales. I was only too sorry to hear of his untimely death at the early age of 52 on 14th October, 1956.

The Student Christian Movement of Great Britain and Ireland organised or used to organise in those days, what they called a British Africa Conference. This Conference mostly for both African and British Students, but at the same time taking other people as well, was a form for a frank exchange of views between people who have a major concern for Africa and also an opportunity for awakening a sense of responsibility amongst those, who should be concerned from both a British and a Christian point of view.

In 1949, they held their Third Conference in the Crewe Hall, Sheffield, from 28th March to 1st April. I was invited to take part in it, and altogether over ninety people registered for it.
Unfortunately, a lot of my literature of this conference is missing. But I remember clearly that among its organisers were men like the Rev. Stopfor, who formerly was the Principal of Achimota College, succeeding Canon H.M. Grace, in the then Gold Coast and who later became the Bishop of London; Mr. Philip Potter of the staff of the student Christian Movement; Mr. W.E. Ward of the Colonial office, and others.

There was provided three periods of Group Discussion. The whole conference was divided into eight groups. I was a Group Leader of one of these groups. I also served on the Steering Committee. At the last plenary session, reports of the Groups embodying concrete opinions and proposals were presented to the whole Conference.

Later Mr. Philip Potter wrote and said that the success of the conference had lain largely in the group discussions "and you were in no little way responsible for this, not least by the very adequate reports you made." The Overseas Committee of the Movement after the Conference met in London and I was invited to it to discuss how best to follow-up that "very important venture". One of the things the Committee considered was "ways of continuing the kind of thinking which was evident at Crewe Hall in the various University groups through S.C.M and the challenge to British students to consider their responsibility in this matter."

Then the Rev. H.M. Grace of Edinburgh House, and General Secretary of the United Council for Missionary Education, wrote and asked me to speak at their Conference of the United Council for Missionary Education, which met at High Leigh, from June 17th - 20th. This Council is a body composed of the larger Missionary Societies and exists to publish graded books for the education of the home constituency, on the work of the Church Overseas. Once a year all their members meet for a Conference, where they discuss their common problems. I was asked to speak them on the kind of books that would be welcome and suitable for marketing overseas. I spoke for 30 minutes and then they asked questions and there was a general discussion.
I cannot mention all the occasions to which I was asked to speak or to take part in one way or another, but they were so many and of varied kind. The above is enough sample to show what kind of life I was leading at this time in London. But there is one occasion which I cannot but mention because it was one of those that interested me most and because it was the most challenging. This was an invitation by the Rev. John Stott of All Souls (all souls, Langham place Congregation), to speak to what he called "My Rough Boys"! These were boys of ages varying from 14 to about 17, of the roughest kind, whom the Rev. Stott collected from the roughest places in London and tried to help in a Christian way. He told me in his letter that only two of those boys as far as he knew were Christians, the rest were just rough.

I was asked to tell them of my own experience and anything else I felt God would have me say. The meeting was in their Wednesday Club, on July 4th 1949.

They were pretty tough boys! I first met them at their social gathering and nothing could be more wild. I had never seen anything like it - young things behaving in that way! Then there was an Epilogue by the Rev. Stott, and then came my talk. I was surprised, when I started talking they all became quiet, and listened to me very attentively up to the end. When I finished many of them came thanked me for my talk.

I was gratified when I received the following letter afterwards from the Rev. Stott:

"My dear Eddy,

Just a line to thank you ever so much for your kindness in coming to speak to the boys on Monday night. They are a pretty rough lot, as you could see, but God is undoubtedly working among them, and we are expecting greater things yet. I am sure He gave you His own Word, and the boys appreciated it very much. May He richly bless you in your work and service.

I hope to see to see you again soon."
With warm Christian greetings.

As ever,

JOHN STOTT

That was encouraging because it was true. God had blessed both the boys and me that evening.

Through my contact with the Fabians, I took the opportunity to discuss the situation in Uganda with the Secretary of the Fabian Colonial Bureau, Dr. Rita Hinde. Ever since the riots of 1945, the political situation was such that there were many misunderstandings between the Government and the Governed. Since there were no political parties in the country then, it was the Bataka (Elders) Group which became the Spokesmen of the people. But the Bataka, although genuinely attached to the cause of the African, were not able to analyse the situation in a form that could be understood by the British administrators, and the British Administrators, soon after the war, were in the Spirit of impatience to do things almost amounting to bulldozing everything with little regard of the African opinion. The Bataka had sent "Ombaka" (a delegate) to London in Semakula Mulumba, to speak on their behalf. Semakula was very forceful, intelligent and with some good connections with political thought as it was revolving then both in the Metropolitan country and abroad in the colonies, also in the Eastern Countries. His only drawback was that he had very little factual information of the cause for which he was the advocate. He had been in the Holy Orders as a Brother of the Roman Catholic Church for many years, where he did not come face to face with the realities of the Political situation in Uganda. Then he spent a number of years in Britain. When he came back to Uganda, he resigned from the work of the Church after only a few months, and then he did not stay long enough in the country to study the situation before he went back to England on the Bataka delegation. Therefore, a lot of his criticism of the British rule in Uganda, although well-intentioned, gave a lot of loopholes for the British Administrators to destroy his arguments on the factual grounds.
It was because of this gap in the political representation of the Uganda African that I took up the matter with the Fabians, although I, too, was conscious of my shortcomings.

Dr. Rita Hinden was impressed by what I told her and she asked me to and write to her in a form of a letter so that she might have a chance of discussing it with her Committee. Unfortunately since I wrote it in my handwriting I have not got a copy of it in my file, but I can reconstruct it from the reply the Colonial office gave to the matters. I raised among other things the following:

The Buganda Lukiko and Chiefs:

I complained that the Lukiko which had a majority of chiefs was not reflecting the opinion of the people because the chiefs were being easily influenced by the European Administrators. They, therefore, were being used as a mouth piece for the European wishes. The position of the Chiefs was uncertain: their double nature as officials and feudal overlords.

The Legislative Council:

I drew the fact that the so-called African representative on the Legislative Councils were all stooges of the British since they were handpicked by the Governor, who also had picked chiefs: the Katikiro of Buganda; The Katikiro of Bunyoro, and a Ssaza Chief from Busoga. How could such people speak their minds?

Civil Service:

I challenged the refusal by the Government to promote Africans on the grounds that they were lacking experience, and when they had the experience we were then told that they had no training. When we demanded to have them sent on scholarships abroad to acquire the training we were then told that they had no qualifications. I also raised the question of distinction between Africans and Asians, now better jobs were given to Asians, and how the African was put in the third place as regards salary. The European coming first, then Asians and Africans last.
Teachers:
I raised the question of the poor pay the teachers were receiving, which was for below that of the civil servants. Also the Teachers were being debarred from standing for the elections to the different councils and to the Lukiiko.

African Debarred from New Schemes of Development:
Also Africans were not being allowed to be associated with the new schemes of development, which showed that the new schemes were not for their good but for their exploitation.

Economic Development and Commerce:
The African was not being given the opportunity to take part in the commerce of his country. Everything was going to the Asian and although the African was the grower of the main crops yet he was not getting the benefits derived from them; they went to the Asian, especially in the processing industry in which he, the African, was not as yet allowed to take part.

Language:
There was the question of Language. Although the people of Uganda had rejected Swahili as their linguafranca in the twenties, yet the officials who at that time went out to Uganda learnt Swahili as the first and compulsory African language, the learning of Luganda and other languages of the Protectorate being left to their own descretion.

Those were some of the things I raised in that letter as reconstructed. When Dr. Rita Hinden got this letter, she wrote a lengthy memorandum on Uganda for her Committee for discussion.
My letter to the Fabians was written in March 1949. They wrote to the Secretary of State for the Colonies... and the official reply came in April, 1949. In May, 1949 there was a major riot in Uganda led by the Abataka (the Clans Elders) - The Bataka had called a general strike accompanied by a petition to the Kabaka of Buganda for electoral reforms and economic concessions followed by arson and fighting. The riots lasted ten days and were silenced only after troops were brought in from Kenya, and the Bataka proscribed, its heads arrested and a Commission of Enquiry appointed to investigate the whole affair.

After these riots, Dr. Rita Hinden wrote to me and expressed sadness at the whole affair. "It is rather said," she wrote, "to think how, with your aid, we drew the attention of the Colonial office to the situation in Uganda so long ago, yet the Governor rejected our criticisms and the troubles occurred."

The Fabians were, however, determined to keep the question of Uganda alive their paper "Venture" which had taken the place of the old "Empire." They planned to publish two articles on the past and present of Uganda. They therefore, asked, V. Elliot then (formerly of Makerere College) then Reader in Education in London University to write an article for their August number, entitled "Happy" Uganda, and I another article under the heading of "Troubled Uganda" for the September number (it actually approved in October). I wrote the following article:

"Mr. Valentine Elliot's article in the August issue of Venture Sketched the history of the once 'happy Uganda' to a Uganda of Strikes and riotings. The causes of this change are many and complicated, but there are some incidents which we might regard as the immediate sparks.

I then wrote in four days a lengthy Memorandum and sent it to the Commissioner of Inquiry trying to give the back ground to these troubles. I tried to be as objective as possible, because I thought the whole roof of the matter was that the truth was not was not known to the outside world."
I gave a copy to my old friend, and headmaster at King's College Budo, who was also very much concerned about the situation in Uganda, the Rev. H.M. Grace of Edinburgh House. When the Rev. Grace read this piece of evidence he thought it was so good that more influential people in Britain ought to see it. He, therefore, asked me to give him permission to have more copies made of it, at his own expense, and sent to some members of both Houses of Parliament, leaders of the Church, leaders of Trade Unions, Organisations and the like. I gave him the permission to do so. Some of the people to whom he sent a copy of this were the Fabian Colonial Bureau.

One afternoon in February, 1949, when I came to lectures in Dr. A.N. Tucker's room at 3.00 p.m. I found Professor Ida Ward, the Director of our Department, talking to Dr. Tucker, both standing. I took my seat next to my friend E.G.H. Ndagula. Ndagula told me in a whisper that he had dreamed the previous night that I was going in Summer where the "Olunsogizimu" (the Hill of the Church) meaning Mr. Winston Churchill, had gone. Mr. Churchill had left London for America that day. He said this in this sound-about way because he did not want Professor Ida Ward and Dr. A.N. Tucker to hear him mention the word "America". But I took him literally that it was a real dream comes true I will buy you a "Yankee Tie".

When Professor Ida Ward left the room, Dr. Tucker told me that he wanted to speak to me after the lecture and that I should remain behind.

After the lecture I remained behind and Dr. Tucker told me that Professor Ida Ward had informed him that a representative of the Colonial office had contacted her that afternoon and told her that there was going to be a very important conference in New York, on Education, and the Colonial Office was suggesting my name to be one of three people to represent Great Britain at that Conference - the other two being Professor Margaret Read, Head of the Colonial Department, Institute of Education and Professor Education University of London, and Miss Freda H. Gwilliam, Assistant Adviser on Education, Colonial Office. The Colonial office wanted to know whether I could allow my name to be suggested.
I was astounded; I could not believe my ears. I cannot remember what I answered Dr. Tucker, but I think he advised me not to answer until a day or two.

Of course I could not turn down such an offer. But was I up to it? I thought to myself. I was filled with more trepidation than joy. If I accepted the offer what was I going to say in such a conference? If I went as a representative of Great Britain and did not make any contribution what great shame I would have put on the trust they put in me; if I turned down the offer because of fear, what shame I would have to accept the offer and trust God, who had chosen me in spite of my inadequacy. So I gave the hint that my name be suggested.

On February 18th, I received a letter from Professor G. B. Jeffrey, Director of the Institute of Education, London University, enclosing particulars of the conference. It was to be held from 18th August to 7th September, 1939 at Teachers College, Columbia University, on the subject of "The Education of Problems of Special Cultural Groups". It had been promoted at the instance of the Carnegie Corporation and the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. He said in that letter that it was expected it would be attended by persons of experience in education in the Southern States of America, the West Indies and the tropical regions of Africa, and it was hoped that important results would be obtained by the pooling of experience that was thereby made possible.

The arrangements for the conference were being made by committees in Teachers College, Columbia University, and the Institute of Education, London.

"I am desired by the Committee", he wrote, "to say that they would be very grateful if you would allow your name to be suggested". He continued, "If, as I hope, you agree, we will send you shortly further particulars and consult your wishes as to the nature and time of the Study tour".

I replied the same day and agreed to allow my name to be suggested.
There followed the usual technical correspondence. The Conference would focus on the educational problems of special cultural groups, more especially on Negro education (especially in rural situations) in the United States, Africa and the West Indies. It would bring together leading educators, particularly concerned with these problems, from the Southern States, from Great Britain and its appropriate Colonies, High Commission Territories, and the like, and from the Union of South Africa.

The Conference had four purposes:

1. To deepen the understanding by participants of the basic biological, Psychological, and Social facts and forces relating to special cultural groups and their educational needs.

2. To extend the acquaintance of participants with current major developments in or of significance for the education of special cultural groups.

3. To offer participants, and enable them to exchange, data and findings calculated to be of assistance to them in dealing with specific problems.

4. To help participants to see their own individual and national problems in a world setting and to appraise their own insights, efforts, and accomplishments in terms of this setting.

The conference was to open on Thursday, August 18th, 1949, and continue through Wednesday, September 7th, and meetings would be held at Teachers College and participants were to be housed in Teachers College and Columbia University dormitories.

Chief responsibility for working out detailed plans for the Conference was taken by an ad hoc committee established at Teachers' College, being aided by two other ad hoc committees, one in London by the Institute of Education, and the other by the Conference of State Directors of Negro Education in America.

The Carnegie Corporation, the General Education Board, and Teachers' College were to bear all the expenses to make the Conference possible without expense to invited participants.
The Colonial Office handled our transportation arrangements and the respective governments and Crown Agents those of others from the Colonies.

I left London on August 9th, 1949, by sea and travelled as a First Class passenger on S.S. Mauretania a Cunard Co. line which I embarked at Southampton. On the same board the ship were Mr. L.B. Greaves, General Manager, Methodist Mission, Accra, one of the Gold Coast delegates to the Conference, and Mr. J. Mohapeloa, Senior Member of Faculty, Basutoland High School, Maseru, representing Basutoland. This was very good company indeed and we enjoyed our sea journey very much indeed. Greave I had met with Gold Coast before and in Uganda when he briefly served in East Africa. The food was excellent.

S.S. Mauretania is one of the big sea-going ships and of modern type.

On board the ship there were many Americans going back to America from their travels abroad. We did not speak to each other with then very much. But as we were approaching New York and the sky scrapers were beginning to be visible as a thick cloud in the distance, when everyone was excited and viewing the city with binoculars from the deck, one elderly gentleman in about his sixties chose to speak to me then. He started in the usual way by commenting on the sight of New York and what I thought of it all. Then he asked me where I came from. I told him that I came from Uganda. This rang bells in his mind and he became excited as if he was going to give an important piece of information, and said "Oh, Uganda, I know where lions come from!" I said, "Here is one!" He did not comment. Then he started telling me how he had read as a young man the interesting journals of the late President Theodore Roosevelt of his travels in Uganda.

By now we were nearing the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York. New York R.M. the entrance looked like a thick forest of houses. We landed at about 5.30 on the evening of Tuesday, 16th August. But by the time we went through the Customs and all that it was getting dark.

At Columbia University we were housed in Hartley Hall, Teachers College, Amsterdam Avenue. Meals were served in the dining-hall which was reserved for us.
We went back to Jackson the same day.

From Mississippi we went to Nashville, Tennessee, and we were impressed by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). From there we went to Knoxville, Kentucky. I was very glad here because, Mr. Mohapeloa and I stayed with a Negro family, which we had not experienced before in all our travels and we were more in the Company of Negroes than anywhere else we had been except at Tuskegee. From Knoxville we went into the Kentucky Mountains. Here we saw two contrasting schools, both were white schools for that matter; and both were one teacher schools. One was the worst school I had ever seen in my life; the other was one of the most efficient I had seen. The bad school had a white man as its headmaster, a man of about sixty. When children were dirty some without shoes they looked as dull as could be. He to do sums on the Blackboard with the class and asked them "2 and 4 not eight", pointing to a child, and the child

Most of the children were sitting on the floor, and they were barefooted.

From there we went to the other one-teacher school, this time under a woman teacher. It had six classes and the head-mistress showed us the exercise books of the fifth and sixth forms. They were so neat and well-marked. The classrooms were neat and tidy; the children looked bright and the whole thing so different from the school we had seen earlier.

From Kentucky we went to Ohio. I parted company with my friends at Cincinnati; they to go to New York and I to Oberin College. I was invited by the President Dr. Stephen of Oberin College to spend the day on the Campus. I spent one of the busiest days of my life there. The Principal sent two people to meet me in Cleveland and drove me to Oberin. We had a very early breakfast together in a Cleveland Restaurant and arrived at Oberin at about 8:30 to find that they had prepared for me eleven different engagements in one day; to meet so and so and discuss a particular topic; to speak to the students; to
speak to some organisations and so on and so forth. But I enjoyed Oberin very much and I nearly decided to go there and study – a scholarship had been assured me. But then I had to think of my family in Africa, who were getting to the stage to start their own education; I thought their own education was more important than mine at that stage.

From Oberin I went back to Cleveland by car and took a train to New York. I travelled all night in an express train. I joined my group there. We had one more official function to do in New York, to attend a lunchon which was prepared for all the delegates of the conference by Dr. Emeroy Ross of the International Missionary Council of North America. I was asked to speak at this lunchon. During the remainder of my time I went and saw Dr. Forsyth of the Y.W.C.A. at 600 Lexington Avenue, and Dr. Emeroy Ross at 156 Fifth Avenue.

We returned to London by air. We first touched on the ground at Prestwick in Scotland and then on to the London Airport.
When I came back to London from America, I found several letters waiting for me, among which two need mention here: One was from Dr. Rita Hunden, the Secretary of the Colonial Fabian Bureau, and the other from the Rev. A.G. Fraser, former principal of the Prince of Wales College, and then Chaplain of the College where was Achimota, in West Africa; both referring to my Memorandum on the background to the troubles in Uganda, copies of which were sent to them by the Rev. H.M. Grace, successor of A.G. Fraser as principal at Achimota.

A.G. Fraser wrote:

"My dear Mulira,

Grace sent me your excellent paper. It is a privilege to have it. May I heartily congratulate you on it. It made clear to me not only much that lay behind the troubles in Uganda, but more of the character and personality of him who wrote the paper. If the former was disturbing and distressing, the latter was heartening and full of hope for the future. May you bless and be blessed!

Again, many thanks and congratulations on a very fine piece of work.

Yours ever,

A.G. Fraser"

The Fabians liked the paper so much that Dr. Rita Hinden really wrote to ask me to permit them to publish it in a pamphlet form. If I agreed should I recast it for the purpose? Although this meant a lot of work as I will
show later, yet I agreed to both requests, and I immediately began to re-write it for publication. It took me two weeks to re-write it.

It was published in January 1950, under the same title as my article in "Venture", - "Troubled Uganda". It had a quick favourable reaction in many quarters and the papers commented very favourably on it.

I haven't got cuttings with me to show how it was received by the public. I will quote from two three letters, one from America, one from Britain, and the third from Uganda.

The American friend was Miss Marie Berger, of the Department of State, Washington U.S.A. She wrote among other things:

"I have just received from the Fabian Colonial Burian a copy of "Troubled Uganda", which is not only extremely interesting and informative but skilfully and beautifully written. You have a real gift in expressing yourself in English ..................

"I have circulated this pamphlet to people here in the Department of State, where it has been very well received. If you do any more writing of this sort, the people who are interested in Uganda would appreciate an opportunity to read a copy".

And Miss Ruth L. Douglass of the Church Missionary Society in London, wrote as follows:

"Dear Mr. Mulira,

I have just read with great interest your little book "Troubled Uganda". I must say it helped me tremendously to understand what lies behind so many of the manifestations of unrest, and I am very grateful for so clear an explanation.

I have already recommended to several other people including students in training who hope one day to go to Uganda. It is so much relief to read a non-
bitter statement of fact, ending with hope for the future — a very sure basis of Co-operation .... I want to get four copies of your book to lend to people".

The third letter came from Mr. Charles Gayer, who was then Director of Community Development in Uganda. Gayer had offered me a job to be the liaison officer between the Central Government and the Kabaka's Government to be taken up at the end of 1950 when I came back to Uganda.

I thought hard about this offer and could not answer it one way or the other because of the pamphlet which was in the press and since I was free in my criticism of everything and everybody, I did not know how the Uganda Government would take it. To be fair to him I wrote and told him that he should first see that pamphlet before we could go further with the offer. If the effect of the pamphlet was such as to reverse his offer, I would understand, for I was prepared for any consequences.

I arranged with the Fabian Colonial Bureau to send Mr. Gayer a copy of the pamphlet as soon as it was out before he left England on 12th January, 1950, which they did and he got 2 copies just in time, before his departure. He wrote to me as follows:

"Before leaving tomorrow morning for Uganda I must write you a line to say good-bye and to thank you for having arranged for a copy of "Troubled Uganda" to be sent to me. It arrived yesterday and I have read it with the greatest interest though I have not yet had time for detailed study and reflection. I do congratulate you on a sound, well balanced and reasoned article written in excellent English. I personally am the more anxious that you should join my staff. I will write to you after I have sounded Entebbe reaction".
My wife, who was to join me soon after my arrival in London from America, did not arrive at the scheduled time. The plane was a Dutch plane which was going to Amsterdam. When she came to the airport at Entebbe, she was told that she had no visa for Holland and she had to wait until she had got one. This meant a two weeks delay in her schedule because in those days aircraft were few and far between from Entebbe to England.

She arrived at night and this was her first travel. I did not get the precise information as to her flight number and the probable time of her arrival, and she forgot to note down my new address in London. Therefore, when she arrived she did not know where to go. Luckily she had with her on the same plane a Roman Catholic Father, who took the trouble to see that she got to her destination all right. He got her into a taxi and they drove round and round London, without any clear destination. After having gone in this way for sometime, the taxi driver thought of trying the Student Christian Movement Hostel in Gower Street. They did that and luckily the person they contacted. There was the Warden, Mr. Graham Hyslop, a friend of mine, who knew where my new address was at 31 Gower Street, almost next-door to the hostel, which is 35 Gower Street. In a few minutes we were re-united and we were very glad to be together again.

We lived together at 31 Gower Street for five months, after which she went and lived with friends, The Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Turvey, of Christ Church, North Finchley. This gave her an insight into an English Christian home. She became such a friend to Mary (Mrs Turvey) that they were like sisters. Mary introduced her to a wider circle of friends and she began to take part in Women's activities. She was soon asked to go and address meetings.
It was at this time that I decided to join politics actively.

Three things influenced my mind to come to this decision:

First, the Report of the Commissioner of Inquiry into the disturbances that took place in Uganda. This report came out at the same time as my book "Troubled Uganda" was published. It disappointed me very much. I had done my best in both the Memorandum and in the book to present a true picture of the situation without bias to one side or another, because I believed it was very important to reveal the truth of the situation before measures for remedy could be applied. I had trusted that the commissioner of Inquiry would appreciate this and do the same. But to my dismay he was biased and one-sided. He tried to uphold the side of Government and dismissed as un substantial the alleged grievances of the people except one that a large sum of money derived from the sale of produce was retained by Government.

He did very little either to clarify the issues which caused unrest in Uganda, nor to relate the causes of the unrests. He only fostered the idea that the people were fighting their Kabaka without giving the causes for it.

I felt he did not help the situation at all; in fact his report had failed completely to eradicate the root-cause.

I was not alone in this disappointment. The Economist, too, expressed a disappointment in its issue of 18th February 1950. It commented editorially on the report, "...............the result is that one is left with an uneasy feeling that an opportunity has been missed of examining British policy in a wider setting and that consequently the disturbances may be repeated".

Secondly, the Governor of Uganda's arbitrary action over the staff of Makerere College. When the disturbances took place in Uganda, John Sibly, who was a member of the staff
of Makerere College, wrote a very informative and helpful article in the New Statesman and Natron giving the background to the causes of unrest. It was a good, and convincing article. When this article got into the hands of the Governor of Uganda, I was told on good grounds, it infuriated him and he summoned the Principal of Makerere College, and gave him instructions the staff never to meddle in such matters any more. Soon after that Sibly left Makerere College - I did not know whether voluntarily or under pressure. Still the harm had been done. If University Dons were barred from telling the world the truth of any situation, I reasoned with myself, who on earth would? This action of the Governor disappointed me very much.

Thirdly, at this time there was great activity in the press on the part of white settlers to strengthen their position in Kenya. They were making very many far-reaching plans. Everything they wrote glorified their cause and mission, and presented the African as stupid and ungrateful to what was being done for him. But what was being done for him in Kenya at that time except to exploit him and to block almost all his chances to progress? I felt great wroth at such writings.

These three incidents made it perfectly clear to me that the cause of the African would never be known to the outside world unless some of us participated actively in politics and tried to give the true picture. I decided to involve myself in this case, although it took me a couple of years or so before I actually took the plunge, as I will show later.

The rest of my time in London was pre-occupied as usual with my work at the School, with speaking programmes, with writing, with answering many inquiries and so on. Talking about inquiries, once I spoke to the Leicester Y.M.C.A. and mentioned in my speech how in Uganda we built mostly mud houses and my speech was reported in the Leicester Mercury. The next thing I knew was a letter from a building Engineer, Y.W. Johnson telling me how he had read my speech in the paper, and how he had been asked to repair an old mud wall at the local church and he feared he did not know the first thing about that work,
could I give him full details of the procedure, and mixture and names of all the materials needed. Fortunately, building in mud was one of the things I had done in my childhood before I went to school and at school; I knew everything about it. But my problem was how to transmit all this in writing; what to say about mixture and materials needed because materials in Uganda were different from the materials in England, and whether they would be available there after all. I tried to meet my inquirer's request as best I could and sent him a long dispatch on the subject.

A lady who had seen my photograph in the Magazine "Color", Mrs Vivian T. Johnson, of Los Angeles, California, wrote and explained how she was writing a novel (date 1834-1860) and using a citizen of my country as a hero. She had found material on customs, industries, religious beliefs, climate, language and the like of the Baganda of that day very scarce. She was attempting to do a factual and realistic piece of writing, could I and would I direct her to sources that would give her some help, or did I know any fellow countryman from whom she could obtain such information.

T. McD. Nabote, of Bensonvale, Cape Province, South Africa, who had read my Pamphlet "Troubled Uganda" and was reading for 2 B.A. Honours, and who had as his topic "Native Administration in Uganda", sought recommendation from a friend as to what publications on Native Administration in Uganda he would have. The friend wrote and asked whether I could give him some advice.

This kind of demand on my times and energy was made several times from all sorts of quarters.
In addition to these undertakings I was at this time called to serve on many committees. I was for instance appointed a Councilor of the Royal African Society on 30th March 1950. The other councilors were Major General Sir Hubert Huddleston, G.C.M.G., G.BE, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.; F.S. Joelson Editor East Africa and Rhodesia; J.S.O. Ogunnake; J.R.P. Postlethwaite, C.B.E; Charles Villiers, M.C. Andrew Cohen, (later Sir Andrews Cohen), C.M.G.; O.B.E; and R.D. Dale, were the Vice Presidents, while Lord Hailey, P.C., G.C.S.J., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E, was the Vice-chairman of council, and Major Gen. the Earl of Athrone, K.G., the President. His Majesty the King was, of course, the Patron. I felt honoured to be asked to serve under this noble company.

Soon after our appointment, the council agreed to form a Working Party with the idea of resuscitating the activities of the Royal African Society. I was invited to serve on this committee together with E.F.G. Haig (Chairman); Maj-Gen. Sir Hubert Huddleston, G.C.M.G. etc; the Rev. Canon Bewes; Peter Canham; (later Sir) Andrew B. Cohen; Governor of Uganda R.E. Norton C.M.G., C.B.E; Oxbury; H.V.L. Swangy, and R.E. Wraith O.B.E. Miss H. Heather was our Secretary.

Our terms of reference in this committee were to examine the whole field of African interests in Britain with a view to determining whether every function was being satisfactorily filled at that time, and if not whether a society like the Royal African Society might be able to undertake some or any of them.

Although I was on the committee for a short period before I came back to Africa, yet I felt that the committee was doing such useful work especially for Africans in Britain. We discussed such things as cultural and academic needs of the Africans; the Social Welfare of the African in Britain; places for him where to meet; social and discussion and clubs. The East Africa Club; we considered funds needed for the purpose, which were going to be very considerable,
which might be obtained partly from the public in Britain and partly from Africa, and partly from official sources in Britain and Africa - the whole aim being to help Africans in Britain and to improve relations between the two races in Britain and Africa.

On 30th November 1949 I was appointed on to the Margaret Wrong Memorial Fund Administrative Committee. This was the fund that was started by the Friends of the late Margaret Wrong in Britain to perpetuate her memory by encouraging literary productions from Africans, by the institution of a Margaret Wrong Prize. Miss Wrong had spent her whole life in the Christian service of Youth, but she had devoted her last 20 years to the cultural and spiritual development of tropical Africa. Her wise counsel was equally valued as of great service by the Churches and Colonial Governments and educational authorities. She had been the Secretary of the International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa. Her death, while visiting Uganda at Gulu in 1948, at a comparatively early age, robbed Africans, and African students in particular, of a great friend.

The Administrative committee organised competitions among Africans for memorial prizes and considered expenditure from the capital of the Fund for assisting the publication of literary work produced by Africans and any other purpose which was conducive to the execution of the purpose of the Fund. The African continent was divided into four areas: East, West, South and Central, for the purpose of holding the annual competition therein.
At the beginning of 1950, the Fabians arranged a small group of people to discuss certain basic problems in colonial policy, and they called it "An Approach to Colonial Policy". They included me in this group. We discussed general problems first, such as: "Britain has declared that the aim of her colonial policy is to prepare the colonies for self-government: (1) what will the colonies gain or lose on the achievement of self-government? (2) Is it Britain's policy to create new nations based on Western values and her own way of life? or on colonial traditions and customs? or should colonial peoples be free to adopt other philosophies, such as communism? (3) what are the implications of colonial independence for Britain? (4) Having defined her aim what can Britain contribute? (5) what specific contribution has a Labour Britain to make? "Can Britain survive strategically and economically without close connection with colonial areas? (7) Can Britain ignore the world demographic situation where the last large areas of food production lie in the tropics and the world population will be 3000 M. by the end of the century? (8) Can Britain maintain the old antarctic relationship now that she is enfeebled by two wars? (9) How much weight must she give to effective colonial pressure? (10) What is Britain's main aim in colonial policy, national survival or colonial emergence or human survival? Is there a higher view than immediate self-interest etc". We discussed such things and later a paper was produced.
At the beginning of 1950, the British council took over from Liaison officers of the colonial office the responsibilities for colonial students, such responsibilities as arrivals, Accommodation and Health. For this reason the British Council set up a consultative committee of colonial students' Unions (London), to act as a channel from the colonial students' community to the council and from the council to the colonial students' community.

The following students' Unions were invited to join the consultative committee: East African Student Union; Malay Society of Great Britain; Malayan Society; Nigerian Students' Union; Sierra Leone study group; South, East and Central African Students' Union; West African Students' Union, West Indian Students' Union; the Gold Coast Students' Union and the Hong Kong Students' Union.

I represented the South East and Central African Students' Union of which I was its president.

We discussed students' welfare generally; their accommodation; their cultural activities; sport facilities; their arrivals, such information as they must have and schemes of vacation work. We considered schemes of buying hostels for the students. In this connection the Hans Crescent House was planned as an inter-racial hostel.
The International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa started a new religious and Theological Quarterly Magazine in 1949, called "Daystar" in English. This Magazine was intended for overseas readers especially in Africa. The aim was not to have only one single theological point of view expressed; the magazine was interdenominational and not undenominational. The Rev. C. Kingsley Williams, M.A. was made its Editor. I was appointed on the Editorial Board, with Rev. Canon Hellier, U.M.C.A. and Bible Society; Mr. J.E. Padfield, S.P.C.K.; Miss M.M. Senior, U.S.C.L.; Mrs. Snow, Edinburgh House; Rev. R.R. Young, C.M.S.

When the meal time came we found that we Africans and the Indians were segregated upon. All passengers were told to queue for meal places, but when we saw (the Africans) first we noticed that, alone among the passengers, our names had been already set down at a separate table, although Miss Lloyd and Doolmore had told the Head Waiter that they would like to sit with me and Mrs. Harley.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Robinson and Doolmore later asked the Head Waiter whether that was the policy of the company. He said that he had never received direct instructions on the matter, but had been "given to understand" that such procedure would be most satisfactory, especially in view of the numbers of South African passengers. They were not satisfied, and we learnt later that they took up the matter with the General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in London, whom they asked to intervene and write to the shipping company asking them to instruct their Head Waiters that this should not happen again. Months afterwards we heard from reliable sources that the C.M.S. General Secretary, Dr. Max Warren, had taken up the matter with the highest authorities of the company.
CHAPTER 15

I LAUNCH OUT INTO THE WORLD

As it was indicated at the end of the last chapter we travelled on a Union-Castle Line, a South African Company. We left the London Port at about 4 p.m. Before long we were queueing for our first meal, which, I think, was tea.

There were seven Africans of us on board the ship and one Indian, who was going to Kampala. There were some Missionaries and Government officials going to Uganda including Jan Robinson, who later became the Headmaster of King's College Budo, and Mrs Robinson; F.W. Dollimore, who later became a high official of the Uganda Marketing Boards; Miss Daphne Lewis, and Miss E. Lloyd of Mombasa.

When the meal time came we found that we Africans and the Indian were segregated upon. All passengers were told to queue for meal places, but when our turn (the Africans) came we noticed that, alone among the passengers, our names had been already set down at a separate table, although Miss Lloyd and Dollimore had told the Head Waiter that they would like to sit with me and Mrs Mulira.

Mr. and Mrs I. Robinson and Dollimore later asked the Head Waiter whether that was the policy of the company. He said that he had never received direct instructions on the matter, but had been "given to understand" that such procedure would be most satisfactory, especially in view of the number of South African passengers. They were not satisfied, and we learnt later that they took up the matter with the General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in London, whom they asked to intervene and write to the shipping company asking them to instruct their Head Waiters that this should not happen again. Months afterwards we heard from reliable sources that the C.M.S. General Secretary, Dr. Max Warren, had taken up the matter with the highest authorities of the shipping company.
There was one or two other minor incidents of indignities on board the ship, which we passed over with some restraint. Otherwise we had a very enjoyable voyage although the Red Sea was unbearably hot.

My wife and I stopped for a night in Mombasa and stayed with Miss E. Lloyd. From Mombasa by train we arrived in Kampala on 13th September 1950. We went straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, where a service of Thanksgiving was prepared for us; a lot of our family and friends were present. After the service we went to my father-in-law's town residence, where we were welcomed back home at a tremendous tea. There were speeches of congratulations and thanks for our safe arrival after such a long time away from home.

We were pleased to be re-united with our family. Our children had grown tremendously and many things had changed.

Before leaving London I had been offered and had accepted a job as a Linguistic Research worker with the newly founded East African Institute of Social Research at Makerere College, under Dr. Andrey Richards, as its Director. My work was to do research in Luganda and the kindred languages for comparative study purposes. I had also to teach Europeans Luganda at Makerere College.

I soon started my new work. First of all I had to devise a scheme of teaching Luganda which would be at the same time elementary and comprehensive enough to be worthwhile for beginners. Our Luganda Grammar, I did not think, was suitable for this purpose; it was too detailed and too advanced; it would be useful for scholars who had taken their first examination in Luganda, and for students at the University level who wanted to go deeper into the structure of the language. The beginners wanted something different at what they needed was something by way of an introduction to the Luganda language. So I invented a course of Luganda for beginners, in which I constantly kept in mind the special difficulties which face the learner whose mother tongue is English.
I tried the system on my students using them as guinea pigs to test its worth. I had two classes, one at Makerere College, which was purely for European and American Scholars, and another under the auspices of the Uganda council of Women, in their rooms in Kampala. This was a class for women only, of all races.

I think the course, which was started as an experiment, was successful. Dr. Andrey Richards, our Director, sent it to R.A. Snoxall then of the Education Department, a great expert on many African languages of the Bantu Group, to criticize it for the Institute. Although Snoxall advised many minor improvements in the set-up of the book, yet he had this to say also about it in his considered criticism, which he dispatched in a letter to Dr. Richards:

"I like the arrangement of Mr. Mulira's book because I think that the pupils are learning straight away to speak the language and to say sensible things in it. An instance of the reverse is provided by a certain Swahili/book which causes its pupils to perpetuate such nonsensical exercises as to translate into Swahili:

"The large snake is wearing four red hats". Mr. Mulira's book is able to avoid this by getting straight on to commands which are the simplest form of the verb of course.

"I agree that the conversational practice is invaluable and the great merit of the book is, as you say, that it is so practical and that people using it can at once start to talk Luganda. I like the way in which proverbs are gradually introduced,..."

Another useful comment came from the Rev. J.R.B. McDonald, then of Buwalasi College, Mbale.

The Rev. McDonald wrote as follows:

"I learnt Luganda myself through a variety of helps. In the end what really made me learn the language was having to teach theological students most of whom at that time knew no English at all. Since then I have on several
occasions been responsible for teaching other Europeans Luganda ......

"My wife went to a Luganda course run by Mr. E. M. K. Mulira for the Uganda Council of Women and carefully kept the lessons he prepared for them. When I was asked to become an instructor in Luganda I used the different books on Luganda as they came out and found help for my teaching in them all. Of course the standard grammar of which Mr. Mulira is a co-author is an essential tool - but only for advanced students. It is indeed not so much a grammar as a "Compendium" of the Luganda language and can cause mental indigestion to beginners who come to it without skilled help and advice.

"In the end I came back to Mr. Mulira's course and found there a clear and logical approach to the learning of Luganda which at once appealed to those who had at school learnt other languages and which yet had them speaking simple and correct Luganda almost from the beginning of their learning. I have had to have many copies made of these lessons and am convinced that if they were published there would be a steady demand for them.

"Indeed I am sure that they could easily be made into an admirable basis for helping teachers to teach the structure of their own language to primary school children. Certainly with these lesson notes it is easy for a foreigner to make the fullest use of Luganda speakers unskilled in grammatical structure for learning the language".

Unfortunately, the book has never been published up to the time of writing this.

I did another research in the Luganda language. This time it was a Tonal Classification of Luganda Verbs and Nouns. This was a more difficult piece of work. Unfortunately, it, too, has never been published. The certified copy is with Dr. A. N. Tucker of the school of oriental and African Studies,
who was asked to criticise it for the Institute. These two 
works took me two years to do.

But all the time I was in this research work, at 
Makerere College, I was a square peg in a round hole. 
First of all research never appealed to me - my interest was in 
thinking in component ideas of change of reform, of self-
government, and of development generally; the analysis of 
things bored me. Furthermore, even since I made up my mind 
to enter politics in a big and practical way, scholarship was 
no longer the thing that enthralled my mind. I wanted to 
launch out into the world.

These were many other things that made my life uneasy 
in this work.

This was the time when the British Government was trying 
to foster the policy of Partnership between the races in East 
and Central Africa. This was the policy advocated on human-
itarian reason by the white to bring harmonious development in areas where there were multi-racial communities. 
In practice the policy of partnership aimed at giving 
expression to balanced representation of the different races 
in the different registrative councils.

We, Africans resented this policy mainly for two 
reasons. First, it was evolved and put into practice without 
even those in power seeking our opinion over the matter. 
Secondly, this so-called proportional representation bore no 
relationship to the numerical strength of the different races. 
Moreover at this time, Government was taking keen measures for 
economic development and they were enabling a lot of capital 
without our say in the country. In Uganda this meant increasing 
white population at a phenomenal scale - after the war the white population had more than doubled by 1950 in Uganda.

H.E. The Governor of Uganda Sir John Hall gave an 
important Presidential address in the Legislative council on 
6th December, 1950, in which he outlined Government policy on 
industrialisation of Uganda. In this speech His Excellency 
deplored the misunderstanding which, founded on ignorance
and no doubt fostered by ill-wishers, had lived groundless fears and created distrust of Government motives in their policy for stimulating industrial development of Uganda.

This was the old story of those days of the colonisers and imperialists failing to know the point of view of the African and regarding as stupid any reaction that the plans they were making either for him or for themselves evoked in him. I personally was tired of this and I would not let this chance go unchallenged. I, therefore, took the unprecedented step to criticize the Governor publically and unmercifully. I wrote the following letter to the Uganda Herald:

That letter had a quick reaction. The Editor of the Uganda Herald wrote a lengthy leader about it in the same issue of the paper in which he remarked, "The writer at the risk of being branded an ill-wisher" expresses the suspicion that my be expected from some of the ignorant (peasants) Bakopi, but can a man of his education and experience be so ignorant that he really believes what he writes?" He went on to comment on many other things which gave me a chance to answer him in another letter. He made his comments again and I wrote a third letter, on which he commented, too.

These letters and the Editor's comments evoked great interest in the public either for or against. Several Africans wrote letters to the Editor in my support which he did not publish except one, written by Dr. Paul Kiggundu. Many of them sent copies of their letters to me. An old English lady-missionary, Mabel Ensor, wrote a letter to the Editor, which he published, and said that she was ashamed of me, and she reminded me that I and my family owed everything to England, and England had said plainly that she worked to bring self-government. "Is England Hither?" she asked. She ended her letter by exhorting me, Honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God and honour the King" - but I failed to see where my letter had shown disrespect to the King, nor
where it had been rude to God and uncharitable to the brotherhood!

There was also an official reply to my correspondences. T. Parry, Public Relations Officer, Department of Public Relation and Social Welfare, wrote a two and a half columns letter to the Editor in which he tried to say they were doing. Not only that but they should take us into their confidence and plan with us and not by themselves alone, because in the last analysis it was we who would suffer or gain.

These letters of mine to have come from one on the staff of Makerere College must have embarrassed and upset my employers not a little. They did not say anything about them but I knew that they were troubled.

Secondly, soon after my arrival from England there was an election to the Lukiga in November 1950. Formerly the Lukiga was composed of Ssaza Chiefs, Ggombolola Chiefs and Miruka Chiefs. From 1945 there was introduced an element of elected members, thirty one of them. One of the demands the public made during the 1949 Riots was to have sixty members out of a house of eighty nine elected. The Commission of Inquiry that was appointed to investigate the causes of the riot and to recommend remedies, had recommended that there should be twenty members indirectly elected by the people and twenty others elected by the Ssaza Councils acting as electoral colleges, thus increasing the elected element to forty members in the Lukiga.

In the election of November 1950, the Kyaddondo Ssaza Council elected me to represent the Kyaddondo County in the Lukiga, although I had not stood for the election. Before this election I had been approached by H.E. Dale who was the Deputy Mayor of Kampala who informed me that H.E the Governor wanted to appoint me on to the Kampala Municipal Council, would I agree. I had expressed assent. That was sometime in October or early November 1950, and since that request was made I did not hear anything further about my nomination to the council until after Christmas of that year.
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There was also an official reply to my correspondence. T. Parry, Public Relations Officer, Department of Public Relation and Social Welfare, wrote a two and a half columns letter to the Editor in which he tried to point by paint what I had said. His Excellency the Governor, too, called me to his office for an interview. I went and met him; he was with Charles Gayer, the Director of Public Relations and Social Welfare. The Governor tried to explain the Government point of view to me and how there was not anything sinister behind all these Government development programmes and he at his age, approaching retirement, could not have planned anything wicked for our country.

I was very impressed by his sincerity but I told him I was not against him as a man as such; my purpose was to give the point of view of the African, the emotions these plans evoke in him. If Government was going to plan for our future they should know how we felt about what they were doing. Not only that but they should take us into their confidence and plan with us and not by themselves alone, because in the last analysis it was we who would suffer or gain.

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When I was elected to the Lukiiko in November, therefore, I reported to my Director, Dr. Andrey Richards, I who had no difficulty in allowing me to accept the seat in the Lukiiko.

Two months later the Governors letter came appointing me to the Municipal Council. I was perplexed - I did not know what to do then. I could not see how my employers would allow me to sit in the two councils. I went and showed Dr. Richards the letter all the same. She wondered whether it would not take too much of my time, but did not wish to stand in my way. She, therefore, advised me to go and see the British Resident in Buganda and find out how much of my time would be required of me to attend to the business of the council - if I found that there were numerous such committees then I should definitely decline the offer, but if no sub-committees were involved then I should accept it.

When I was the Resident, Buganda, he told me that they had decided to drop all the sub-committees that year; there would be only four main committees each of which met only once a week and then the Council meeting once a month. The Resident advised me very strongly not to turn down this offer as it would be useful some of us Members of the Lukiiko to be members of the Municipal Council and learn the system of Local Government because Kampala Municipal Council was based on the Local Government system in England. I went back and reported to Dr. Richards how there were going to be no sub-committees, and how the Resident had advised me very strongly to accept the nomination. She had no objection and I accepted the nomination.

The trouble arose when I started to be absent from duty attending the weekly committee meetings of the Municipality as well as the monthly council meetings. Dr. Richards objected saying that she permitted me to attend only council meetings and not "sub-committees". I replied that I was attending sub-committees because those were abolished, but I was attending "Committees". This impasse was never dissolved in
her mind and it became an irritating factor in our relationship.

In the third place, in August 1951, while in their annual Teachers Conference which was held at King's College, Budo, three teachers: Mbabi Katana; Ibrahim Nkata Mukasa and Kafero Mbazira digressed into discussing the Unity of Uganda and how to achieve it. They arrived at interesting ideas and they were encouraged to go on with their search for unity. They decided to form themselves into a permanent group to study the subject to its realisation. They decided, too, to invite me to join them.

After the conference the three come to my house in Kampala and sounded me on their plan and how they wanted me to join them. It was a very interesting plan which appealed to my heart and I agreed to be one of them. They made me their Chairman and we started a series of meetings in my house. We made three definite decisions:

1. That we should start writing articles to the press advocating unity for Uganda from many different angles, and that we should ask people from other tribes to contribute to this series of articles. We chose the "Matalisi" newspaper to be our organ of expression.

2. That Mr. Mbabi Katana should go round Uganda during the December holidays sounding people of this idea, and report back to us.

3. That in the April 1952, holidays we should hold a big national meeting to which all the tribes of Uganda would be represented.

We started working towards the implementation of these decisions. Katana wrote the first article in the Matalisi. When I wrote mine, it caused a stir especially in Kenya. It was translated into English and published in one paper in Kenya. I had described in one paragraph, what citizenship
would be when independence came that Europeans and Asians would have it on our terms, fulfilling necessary obligations. This the European settlers in Kenya resented and started a bitter attack on me in the press. It was their fellow compatriots who silenced them. The Weekly called "Comment", which was published in Nairobi, wrote editorially and chastened them. The Editorial reminded them that they were panicking for nothing because I had expressed my own personal opinion and that was not the accepted opinion of every African. After that there was no more attack.

In the December holidays Katana went round Uganda selling our idea of unity of Uganda whenever he went. Everywhere there was favourable response. He wrote a report which he presented to our group to that effect and we were encouraged. We then started to plan for the April 1952 meeting.

At this time J.K. Musozi came back from England where he had been since 1949, when he went on a delegation of one to put the case of the Bataka to the British public. He came with a young socialist called John Stonehouse, (later John Stonehouse and his wife Barbara. They were soon followed by 2 young American economist, George Shepherd and his wife. Stonehouse was a politician and he had once stood for a seat in Parliament and had just narrowly lost. The five people were a tremendous force: they had money; they had knowledge; they were devoted to their cause and all very Charming people.

In February, 1952, Musozi issued circulars inviting many prominent people from all over Uganda to a meeting at the Kabaka's Lake on 2nd March 1952. I, too, was invited - He was going to start a new party.

March 2nd 1952 came and I went to the meeting. It was a flop. There were seven people plus two detectives. I think one person had come from Teso, another from Busoga or Bugisu, and one T. Bazarrabusa, who became the first Uganda's High Commissioner in Britain, from Toro, and the rest were from Buganda. In this meeting Musozi announced the formation of the Uganda African National Congress. One of its aims was to unite Uganda;
another was to be inter-racial; a third was to "achieve Independence now". There were other aims which I cannot remember now. While I agreed with the first of these aims, the other two simply put me off. I did not quite see how an inter-racial party could fight for our independence and achieve it "now".

I went and reported to my group. Since we had something in common in Musazi's first aim we decided not to oppose him in his new venture; and, because of the other aims, not to join him but to wait and see how his new organisation fared. Because of these considerations we decided to postpone indefinitely the meeting we had planned for April.

The second meeting Musazi called was in the Old Budonian Club. It was attended by more Europeans and Asians than Africans; I did not attend this meeting. It was at this meeting, I think, that it was decided to drop the word "African" from the name of the Party, and it remained simply "Uganda National Congress" (UNC). Soon after this Musazi launched another Movement, this time a Movement to boost the economic development of the country. He started the Farmers Federation of Partnership with Stonehouse and Mr. Shepherd as the organisers of the Movement. This caught the farmers' imagination quicker than the UNC caught that of the public, but the one was the forerunner of the other.

Meanwhile our group disintegrated as Katana got a scholarship to go and Study Music in Britain; Nkata became Headmaster of a Junior Secondary School, and Kafero-Mbazira was transferred from the College where he had been teaching to a poor school where he had to devote much more time and attention than before.

As a member of the Lukiiko I was
In 1952, the National Y.W.C.A. provided funds to start a Y.W.C.A. in Uganda. This was in direct response to the appeal I had made to them through Margaret Forsyth, and Mrs Calkins and Dr. Marie Berger. They also offered two scholarships for women from Uganda to go and study the Y.W.C.A. at work for ten months in America. Rebecca my wife and Mrs Katie Kibuka, a niece of mine, were selected for the purpose (It was share coincidence that these two were chosen, and they were selected in their own rights, by the Uganda Council of women. They left for the States in August 1952. My wife had a baby of mine months, Aggrey. This I had to look after with my sister Lydia.

The question of my times in relation to outside activities of my work kept on coming up over and over again. My Director was never happy with the time I spent on Municipal work, although she assured me she did not mind the time I spent on Lukiiko matters. A time came when she demanded that I should choose to drop one or the other. I decided to drop the Municipal Council.

After making this choice I though things would be smoother, but they never were; she found cause to complain about this or that, and I did not blame her because I realised that involved as I was becoming in political questions, I was really an embarrassment to her. I weighed this carefully and came to the conclusion that it was not her fault; she was merely doing her duty as do she must. She complained again; and she complained again a second time and I said to myself; "If she complains a third time in this way, I must tell her there and then, that I am resigning from this job", in order to save the situation, because I had made up my mind that I could not disentangle myself from politics altogether. In fact, I was more interested in thinking out "big" ideas and propounding them to the general public either in the press and in writing generally or on platform than in investigating minute articles for purposes of research. All my ambition and self-training had been to that end. Hadn't I reached Linguistics via the highway of writing?
One day as we were going up the steps to her flat, Dr. Richards complained about my times, and I told her there and then that I was resigning from the employment of the institute, and I would be sending in my resignation in a day or two. She was taken aback! She could not take it seriously. But I meant it. In two days time I had tendered my resignation in writing.

To anyone who knew my position well, this was sheer madness; My wife was away; I had no other job to fall on to; I had no income from any other source not even any saving at the Bank, and I had children at school. I was giving up one of the best paid jobs in the country. In all the civil service and Makerere included, I think I was one of the first five best paid Africans. But once I made up my mind nothing could change it. I had once for all taken the plunge; I was prepared for the consequences. I had at long last launched out into the world, and I was thrilled by the freedom of it, a freedom for which I would give everything I had not to lose it again. It was a choice between scholarship and politics, and politics had won, with all its hazards. I actually left the Institute at the end of September, 1952.

I had now to think hard what to do next. I would not be employed again for anything. I had to be self-employed, and to set up in business. But what business? It had to be journalism. I knew it required a lot of capital and I had none of it, but I was determined.

After going through the pros and cons of a newspaper, I approached certain firms to print it for me, but all the printing presses in those days were so ill-equipped that none of them was able to undertake an extra job of that kind. There was also the fear of the law of libel which was merciless, and the European and Asian firms could not trust an African nationalist editing a paper without running faul with Government. It was a wild-goose chase! At last I came across almost by accident a small
African press in Katwe, the African quarter of Kampala, called "The Sapoba Bookshop Press". They had just started and I had never heard of it before. They were looking for jobs and they would be most willing to print my paper for me. It was such a poor press that they had only one small flatbed press, able to do only 22 1/2" x 41 1/2" paper, which means that in order to print an eight page paper it was necessary to print four forms, which took a flightfully long time. But it was better than nothing. To make matters worse, they were not yet ready for quite a long time because some spare parts could not be found.

While still in this suspense, before starting the paper, I.K. Musazi and I received a telegram from the Organising Committee of the First All Asian Socialist Conference inviting us that attend that conference, to take place in Rangoon, Burma, at the beginning of January, 1953. I did not know how I would leave my home with my wife being away in America. When I discussed it with my little sister Lydia, she said that she would look after the children and the house all right during my absence I need not worry about that, but I must not miss such an opportunity. This relieved my mind.

There were only four days left before our departure if we were to get there in time. The trouble was about finance. The trouble was about finance. The telegram simply mentioned that all expenses were guaranteed and they would refund any money spent. But we were penniless, and what we required was the passage money, about £500 for both of us, which was a lot of money in those days. We went to our Asian friends and asked them to loan us this money which would surely be refunded, but friend after friend said that he could not help us. In the end one of them told us sincerely that no one would give us such help in Kampala. They were all afraid of Government. He though Asians in Nairobi were freer to do such a thing and he advised us to go to Nairobi.

Then there was the question of vaccination against Small Pox and Yellow fever and Blackwater fever(?). My Vaccination Certificate had expired and both of us did not have the Blackwater fever Certificate. So we had to undergo these in the
space of time left, which was not much. But we managed somehow or other.

In order to go to Nairobi we had to charter a plane from Entebbe. So on Saturday, 3rd January 1953, we started negotiation to borrow £50 for chartering the plane, which were concluded about 12.00 noon and we had to the Manager of the Bank had to give us special permission to draw cash.

We left Entebbe at 1.00 p.m. on Saturday, January 3rd, 1953, by a two-seater plane; and we had started on our long hazardous journey, without money; without necessary valid documents; without Visa to a place like Egypt, where we had to change planes. The charter plane was the most hazardous thing of all. Being a small plane we flew very low and we saw everything below us.

We arrived at the Amberkas Airport at 5.00 a.m., and we were relieved.

We went and stayed with Mr. and Mrs Desai. At the Desai's we met Dingle Foot M.P. an eminent British lawyer. These were the times of the Emergency of MauMau and Mr. Dingle Foot had come to defend some of the Mau Mau detainees. The atmosphere was very tense in Nairobi, and of the top African Politicians of those days, I think Murumbi was the only one either out of prison or in the country; most of them were detained and others had fled the country. We met Murumbi and a younger son of Chief Koinange, otherwise we met only Asian politicians and lawyers.

We explained our trouble to Desai, and in his usual good-natured manner he said "Oh don't worry, we shall look to that", as if £500 was not a big request. The following day, Sunday, 4th January 1953, Desai and ourselves went to see Apa Panta, the their Indian High Commission in East Africa, whom we knew in Kampala. We discussed the whole Journey with him and he was of immense help and the question of money was settled, Desai was going to get us the money. He ordered our bookings with a French Air Liner, which was leaving Nairobi that afternoon. So everything was O.K. now. Because Kenya could
not send a delegate at that time it was decided that
M. Musazi should go as the representative from Kenya and
I from Uganda. I was very highly impressed by Apa Panta.

The aircraft was leaving at 4.10 pm. and we arrived at the
Eastleigh Airport in good time and Desai and Murumbi were with
us. Then our trouble began again. The Captain would not take
us because we had no visa to Egypt and they had had very strict
instructions from Headquarters never to take anyone without the
Visa, because it had caused so much trouble in the past.
Both Desai and Murumbi entreated him but without avail. They
explained the importance of the conference we were going to
attend and how we had received our invitation late, and he was
not a bit moved. But they were determined, they would not give
him peace. At last at about 4.00 p.m. they won and the Captain
agreed to take us at our own risk. We accepted the risk all
right and got on the plane at the last moment. We were very
thankful to our . Friends whom we left behind in Nairobi.

We had a smooth flight to Cairo where we arrived
in the middle of the night. When we got to the Customs
House we were surprised to find that we of all the people
were the only ones who were not subjected to the rigours of
inspection; our passports were simply stamped without asking
questions, and we got through the Customs as quickly as
possible - One official remarked as he passed over, "This is our
country, we must enjoy on its benefits", - but he was very strict
with the other passengers who were non-Africans.

In Cairo we stayed at the Heliopolis Palace Hotel, a very
expensive hotel and we almost expended the only spare money
we had there. We managed to see the Pyramids, the Synfix, the Royal
Palace and the Houses of Parliament on 5th January.

Here again we had some difficulty in our fixtures. We
could not get a through plane from Cairo to Rangoon, and
when later there was one, it could only take one of us and not
both of us. Musazi decided that I should go and he would come
two days later.
I left Cairo Airport at 12.30 noon on 6th January in a commercial aircraft. We flew over the Sinai Desert and came to the part where Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia meet; and went over Sonde Arabia, a grim country, I though, rock, and sand in between rocks!

This was my first time to travel in a commercial plane, and I found it very comfortable and steady without any bumps. Our average speed was 525 MPH, and enjoyed it. We saw the Persian Gulf and stopped at Bahrain Island in the Persian Gulf, a forlorn and uninviting place, which had once been an R.A.F. base during the war.

We arrived at the Rangoon Airport at 7.00 a.m. on 7th January, and we went through more customs formalities than I had experienced anywhere in the world before: the doctor; the police; the Immigration and the Customs officials and so on; and at last the long waiting before we could be allowed to proceed.

I arrived at the Conference Centre on 7th January a day late after the Conference had started on the morning of 6th January. Everybody was very glad to see me and they received me very warmly indeed. It was a very high-powered Conference because delegates came from all over Asia, Great Britain, Yugoslavia, Israel, Egypt, North Africa, East Africa, Lebanon, Sweden included, such outstanding people as Clement R Atlee of the socialist International and former Prime Minister of Great Britain; Ales Babler of Yugoslavia; Juyaprakash Narayan of India; Ashoka Lebta also of India; Moshe Sharett of Israel; Miss Pope of Congress of Peoples against Imperialism; Ahmad Hussein of Egypt; Soetan Sjarhir of Indonesia; Matsumoto of Japan; Matsnokaalso of Japan; Mohammed Spiee of Malaya; Yusuf Kban of Pakistan; Said Farhi of Algeria; B.P. Koirala of Nepal; Taisb Slim of Tunisia; Kemal Djumblatt of Lebanon; Kaj Bjork of Sweden; U Ba Swe of Burma; U Kyan Nyein of Burma also; Mr. Gokhale of India; Katsumada of Japan, and several others from all of Asia and many other parts of the world.
The Conference was divided into three committees.
A. Asia and World peace; B. Economic Development of Asia;
and C. Colonial problems. Both Musazi and I served on
Committee C. There were Plenary sessions and Seminars,
when the whole conference would meet to hear reports or to
hear speakers on different topics.

Musazi was scheduled to be one of the three principal
Speakers to Plenary Session in the seminar on Colonial
problems on 8th January, at 8.30 p.m. When I arrived and
he was not with me I was told that I should substitute for
him. I agreed. So I prepared a short, snappy speech lasting
about fifteen minutes on Kenya and Uganda. But before the
meeting Musazi arrived in the afternoon of 8th January. The
organisers decided then that we should both speak.
Mr. Taieb Slim was another speaker and there was a fourth
speaker.

I spoke second in the place of
on the programme. My speech was so successful that when
I sat down people moved from their seats to come and
congratulate me, and it hit the headlines the following
morning. The "Rangoon Times", the paper with the largest
circulation in Burma reported it almost in full. But, unfor­
tunately, their reporter going by the printed programme
reported my speech under the name of Musazi. This annoyed me
very much because people who read the paper thought it was
Musazi's speech. I was even more agrieved when people started
commenting on that speech and said that it was only comparable
with the speeches of Gandhi.

Clement R. Atlee, who was absent from the Plenary section,
was told of my speech by his Secretary Rose, who told me later
that Mr. Atlee desired to meet me.

Rose arranged for me to meet him on board the ship on the
Riverine Trip which the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, gave to
the Dalegations on the 13th January on the River. We had a
meeting of about twenty minutes with him. I was with my friend Mr. Musazi.

On 11th there was a big mass Rally of 100,000 people in the Stadium. Eighteen people spoke on this Rally and I was one of the eighteen.

In the final Seminar Clement R. Atlee was the Principal speaker. He wound up the Conference in a major final speech, based mainly on the help.

The more developed countries were to give to the less developed.

There was discussion on his speech and delegates, especially those from India, tried to tear his speech to pieces. They criticised it from left to right and there was a gloomy atmosphere. I too got up and wanted to know the British socialists attitude towards the proposed central African Federation. How were they going to reconcile the facts that the white settlers there were capitalists of the worst kind and exploiters and the Africans the underdogs and the exploited.

When Mr. Atlee stood up to reply to the criticism and quotations, he thrashed his critics from top to bottom. He told them plainly that he was not impressed by them; that they behaved like people still suffering under colonialism and not like people from independent sovereign states — all that kind of talk; I cannot remember the exact words. He told them, "I have only been impressed by my comrade from Uganda!"

When Mr. Atlee went back to England he wrote an article for the Daily Herald, which was published on 23rd January and he referred, in that article, three times to the Uganda delegates; "The representatives from Uganda", he wrote, "made an impression by their good sense." "sound common sense speeches from the Uganda and Malayan delegates" and "I endeavoured to get the delegates to consider, as practical problem, how the help to the less developed areas was to be provided without infringing the self determination of the less
advanced peoples, but failed to evoke any constructive views except from the Uganda delegates".

After the Conference we went to India for three days as guests of the Government. We stopped in Calcutta for a night. Here we met that able and scholarly man, Dr. Lohia. From Calcutta we went to New Delhi for two days. We met some members in Government, but Mr. Nehru was away. We saw some of the Indian Monuments near and around New Delhi, we saw the residence of the old Viceroy of India, itself a modern monument; we saw the new economic and scientific projects; we visited the University and so on. From there we went to Bombay for eight hours. I was charmed by Bombay; the Bay; the Hanging gardens; the University buildings and many other things in such a short time. We visited the Wilson College. We left at about 10.00 pm and embarked on an Air India line for Nairobi. We stopped at Aden for a few minutes and then left and flew over Ethiopia to Nairobi. We stayed a night there and the following day flew back to Uganda. We arrived back home exactly three weeks since we had left.

This Burma trip was a great experience for me. I met people whom otherwise I would not have met; it was a think to visit India and South East Asia although for such a short time; it was my first time to visit an independent ex-colonial country such as India and Burma.

I spent February, 1953, in preparation of launching my paper. I called it Uganda Empty (the New Uganda). I had arranged with the Uganda Credit and Savings Bank to loan me shs.10,000/- Now I got the cheque. Out of this money I bought a second-hand 8-horse power Ford car for shs.5,600/- and I was left with shs.4,400/- to start the paper with.

Before actually starting I did not realise that there were so many technical complications, for instance the management of the work; the Accounting; circulation and distribution of the paper; collection of cash from Agents and so many other practical details. I decided to come out with the first issue on Thursday, March 9th, 1953. I prepared material for the first issue and handed it to Messrs Sapoba Bookshop Press to set
for me as had been agreed, and went off on 8th to hunt for
would be Agents in one part of the country. I returned at
about 8 in the evening only to find that everything had gone
wrong - Messrs Sapoba Bookshop Press had no experience of news­
paper business, and their compositors were very slow and of the
archaic kind. I had determined to use the new standard Orthography
of Luganda, but none of the type-setter had any idea and had set
everything the wrong way. I came back that evening anxious to
find the paper set, only to find everything gone wrong. That
was my first big shock.

I determined to do everything I could to correct everything
that had gone wrong but without success. We worked all m night
and we could only produce four pages of the eight pages paper
I intended to produce. So we produced a four pages paper on
the first day. Then came the problem of distributing it I had
to take the parcels myself to the different buses and it was
a problem to hunt them all over the town. When I had the
last parcel on to the bus I felt relieved. We went on like
that week after week for the first month. At the end of the
month I expected anxiously for the Agents either to send in or
to bring themselves the money. But what happened? At the
end of the month we had more than 40\% returns, and in some
case whole parcels were returned because they arrived three
or four days late at their destination or they never got
them at all. This was my shock No.2, because I had relied
on the sales of the paper and had bought everything on
credit. This question of distribution although improved
materially as we went along yet it was never properly
controlled - it was our biggest headache all the time.

I continued to work as Editor, Manager, Circulation
Manager and parcels boy, reporter, sub-editor, proof reader
and cash collector. It was a terrific job. I worked almost
twenty hours a day. Some times when fast asleep I would be
awoke from my sleep and told to go to the press because something
had gone wrong or the compositors had run short of ink or
anything of that kind, and I would jump out of bed dress up
and drive to Katwe a distance of nearly three miles and then
start to go hunting for the spare parts required or for an extra print of ink and wake up people at that hour of night to oblige me, and people did oblige me every time whether Europeans or Asians.

The Sapoba Bookshop Press did the paper for me for three months and every week. They steadily went into deeper and deeper loss. On the afternoon of Thursday, June 11th after the paper had gone through the press, exactly three months since, it started, the Managing Director of Sapoba Bookshop Press, Sam Kasule and the Manager, Peter Mpagi, came to my office and told me that they could not go on any more with doing the paper for me because they were losing so considerably. They came to give me their last word. That meant ruin to me. But was I going to give in? No.

I made up my mind there and then that come what may, the paper was going to run. I said to the gentlemen, "Thank you and Goodbye", greatest trial of my life. In order to produce the issue of the paper of that following week, I had to go to the rescue of seven different presses in Kampala and out of Kampala. The Uganda Bookshop Press, the D.L. Patel Press Ltd., the Reliance Press Ltd, and the Kampala Printing Press Ltd., each set up for me two pages of the paper - none of them had a big enough printing press to print the paper for me. So I went to the "Uganda Post" Press and they agreed to print two pages for me in over time; and to the "Ddobozi" Press, who also agreed to print two pages for me in overtime. For the rest, that is four pages, I had to go to the white Fathers Press which published the "Munno" paper at Kisubi along Entebbe Road, 18 miles away from Kampala. They agreed to do it for me, but again in overtime.

There remained the task of collecting forms from one printing press to another for printing, and again of collecting the pages after they had been printed and damping them in one place for collecting the paper. That was a terrific week for me, but the paper came out on time and I was satisfied.
At the same time as I was hunting for printing presses to print for me, I was trying to start a nucleus of a press of my own. By the end of that week I had managed to buy second-hand types from the Uganda Bookshop Press and same from the White Fathers Press, at Kisubi, types of two different faces but this did not matter to me so long as I managed to produce the paper. When all told I could only manage four pages in my new press. The other four pages W. Worboys of the Uganda Bookshop Press agreed to set up for me. Here I must stop and pay tribute to Worboys for their immense help he gave to me at this my worst hour. Without him I would most certainly have failed in my endeavour. He set these four pages for me. Then I had to take the forms to Kisubi for printing. From 11.00 a.m. every Wednesday morning to 11.00 a.m. Thursday I used to drive to and from Kisubi five times, and two of them during the night. At about 2.00 a.m. every Thursday morning I would go to Kisubi with my nephew Jack Kironde and some of my boys and we would collate the paper there, and come back to the Katwe office just before 6.00 a.m. in time for the distribution to the news vendors. I did this for 5½ months. There was not a single issue that arrived late on the Kampala Streets.

On the financial side, I was steadily going into debt; I could not by any means make the two ends meet. But I am very grateful to many people especially non-Africans, who came to my rescue. Worboys I have mentioned; I should also mention Brother Alphonthius a Canadian, of the White Fathers Press, who also willingly helped me very much. There were then the Asians printers in Kampala, such as Messrs Kampala Printing Press Ltd; Nakasero Press Ltd. the Friends Press Ltd. and others, who did work for and supplied materials to me on Credit and did not harrow me in any way when I could not pay – they went on helping me. They kept on telling me, "We know you are an honest man, and you are doing this for the good of the country, so don't you worry" – I wished I could get a fraction of that encouragement from my own people. From my own people I can pay tribute only to my nephew Jack Kironde, who was at that time an employee of the Uganda Bookshop, but who volunteered to come and work with me in his sparetimes. Sometimes I took him with me to Kisubi at night as already indicated, to collate the papers.
As luck would have it, when I started my paper my wife was away in America, otherwise I cannot see how I could have managed if she had been at home, for one thing she would not have allowed me to work so hard and to lose sleep every night for six months; again I would have found it leathemose to put her to so much sacrifice and to ask her to endure so many hardships. Luckily she was out of the way in America.

Sir Andrew Cohen became Governor of Uganda in 1952. I was a member of the Uganda Lukiko then. Sir Andrew came with good intentions and with far-reaching plans. All-together he had started well. That upset his plans was an after dinner speech by Lyttleton as British Secretary of State for the Colonies which he gave to the East Africa Dinner Club in London on June 30th 1953, when he said, "Nor should we exclude from our minds the possibility of a wider federation of the East African territories". This was soon after he had imposed federation the new defunct Central African in the teeth of opposition by Africans.

This speech had immediate and widespread repercussions in East Africa, especially in Uganda. On 2nd July the sub-committee of the Elected Members of the Lukiko, of which I was Secretary, met and wrote to the Secretary of State, M.I.C., the Kabaka who was at that time in London for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, expressing the great anxiety these words had caused in the minds of the Ugandans. On 6th July, the Kabaka's Council of Ministers wrote to H.M. the Governor protesting against the speech of the Secretary of State and requesting him to forward their protest to Her Majesty's Government. On 17th July, the Elected Members wrote to the Council of Ministers of the Kabaka's Government demanding that the Lukiko be called immediately to debate the Secretary of State's Speech.

His Highness the Kabaka came back from London on 10th July and on 6th August he wrote to the Governor a long Memorandum in which he denounced the_atrariof Uganda's affairs from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office and a time limit for Uganda's independence. The Kabaka's argument was that when
CHAPTER 15

EXILE AND RETURN OF THE KABAKA

The purpose of this and the following chapter is not so much to relate the history of the Deposition and Deportation of the Kabaka - that will be written no doubt in time, but to show the little part I played in that drama, both before and after he had been deported.

Sir Andrew Cohen became Governor of Uganda in 1952. I was a member of the Buganda Lukiko then. Sir Andrew came with good intentions and with far-reaching plans. All-together he had started well. What upseted his plans was an after dinner speech by Lyttleton as British Secretary of State for the Colonies which he gave to the East Africa Dinner Club, in London, on June 30th 1953, when he said, "Nor should we exclude from our minds the possibility in time of a wider federation of the East African territories". This was soon after he had imposed federation the now defunct Central African, in the teeth of apposition by Africans.

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His Highness the Kabaka came back from London on 10th July and on 6th August he wrote to the Governor a long Memorandum in which he demanded the withdraw of Buganda's affairs from the Colonial Office to the Foreign Office and a time limit for Buganda's independence. The Kabaka's argument was that when
Buganda first became a British Protectorate her affairs were handled by the Foreign office.

The Lukiko was summoned on 21st September and it appointed a seven-man committee to draft a Memorandum giving a considered opinion of the Lukiko on the question of Federation. I was on this committee. We produced a comprehensive memorandum at the end of which we re-iterated the two demands contained in the Kabaka's letter to the Governor. It was passed by the Lukiko. (The Governor was so anxious to get this memorandum that he requested to have a copy even before it was signed by the Kabaka, who was away in Zanzibar on the guest of the Sultan of Zanzibar).

The hereditary rulers, too, including the Kabaka met in Hoima and wrote to the Governor requesting him to extend their fears of Federation to the Secretary of State for the Colonies adding that the kind of relationship they had then with Her Majesty's Government needed revision. Before all this several meetings were being held by the Uganda National Congress and by the people generally protesting against federation.

The upshot of all this was that H.B. The Governor was called to go to London for consultations with the Secretary of State. When he came back from London, he brought with him a reply from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Kabaka's Memorandum of 6th August. In this reply the Secretary of State gave assurances that unless there was change in the thinking of the majority of the people of Uganda, including Buganda, the idea of including Uganda in the federation of East Africa was not practical politics either than or in time to come. The request of transferring Uganda's affairs to the Foreign office was turned down completely as it would be detrimental to Uganda's economic development - Uganda was to be developed as a unitary state. The request of time limit was not referred to in the reply.

The Kabaka did not accept this reply and the result was protracted negotiations between him and the Governor of Uganda at Entebbe. In all they had six meetings. When agreement was
not reached, the Kabaka was ordered to sign an undertaking, which was tantamount to abdicating his position as far as his people were concerned. He refused to do this: **THE KABAKA IS DEPOSED AND DEPORTED**

On the afternoon of 30th November, 1953, I went to Kampala at 2.15 to finalise with the lawyers business transactions. This took meeting about 1.30 hours, without realising what had happened. When I came out of the lawyer's office, I stopped at one shop and the owner of the shop, an Asian, asked me what was happening because everywhere in the town mounted police were patrolling the streets, and lorries full of soldiers had been moving about, was there a crisis in the country? I said "No", as far as I know everything was normal. I left and went straight back to my office in Katwe, about a mile away from Kampala proper. It was about 4.30 p.m.

When I got to the office Mr. Jack Kironde, my assistants told me that the Kabaka had been arrested and deposed and deported. I could not believe it. Then they told me that the Katikkiro (Prime Minister) had sent word that he wanted me very urgently at the Bulange Buganda Parliament (it was the Old Bulange then). So I drove to the Bulange.

As I came out of my car at the Bulange, I saw Mr. Mulumba a Saza Chief of Ankole, himself almost in tears. He told me that Princess Zalwango, the Kabaka's eldest sister, had died of shock. All this was unbelievable. I said, "Where is the Kabaka Katikkiro?" He told me he was in the old Twekobe (Palace). I went straight to the old Twekobe and I found P.N. Kavuma, the Katikkiro; Matayo Mugwanya, the Omulamuzi; Mr. Latima Mpagi, the Omwanaika, just leaving the Twekobe, and in tears. They told me the whole story. (It was then close on 5.00 p.m. The Kabaka had been flown away at about 1.30 p.m.). They told me also that I.K. Musazi had left for Britain to lay our case before the British public. I asked how he went and L. Mpagi told me, "By ear!".
Apparently, he had driven in secret via Jinja and Mbale and Gulu with the aim of crossing the border into the Sudan at night. He managed to get as far as Juba, but that is a long story - it took him nearly four months to get to London.

His Highness the Kabaka, who was wearing a summer suit was flown to the English winter without warm clothing, without pyjamas and without even a tooth brush. He was told to take one person and he chose his Sabakaki "the chief controller of his stewards in the palanee" Robert Henry Ntambi Mukasa.

The Katikkiro told me that he had already given instructions to summon the Lukiiko for 2nd December, 1953.

After that I went straight home to tell my wife Rebecca what had happened, only to find that she had known about it before me.

I had to decide quickly what to do, what line of action to take. I saw clearly that this had nothing to do with Mutesa II as a man; what he did he did as the Kabaka, and as such he was only expressing the wishes of his people; he was acting in his capacity as the sole representative of his Kingdom. Therefore, to desert him in such an hour was to betray the cause of our country.

Secondly, I saw that it was not the position of the person who sat at the throne that was at stake, but the whole institution of Kingship. If we allowed foreigners to depose and make Kings for us then that institution would come to mean nothing to us, and if our forebears had not allowed that institution to be humiliated by any foreigner, how could we live to be proud of our manhood, if during our time we let foreigners to tamper with that institution.

Thirdly, there was the more personal question concerning ourselves as political people. If we allowed the Governor to humiliate. The Kabaka in such a way how could we stand up to him and make demands - would he respect any of us any more?
Because of these considerations I had to take my stand with the Kabaka — I completely separated in my mind the person of Mutesa II, from the Kabaka of Buganda. It was the Kabaka who had fallen a victim of the British might and I would not desert him; I would do everything in my power to see that justice was done. This was not an easy decision because Sir Andrew and Lady Cohen had been great friends of Rebecca and I, and I had been in general agreement with the new policies Sir Andrew had introduced.

The two days, 30th November to 2nd December, were the darkest days Buganda had known in this century. We were like a ship at sea without a compass; nobody knew what should be done or what was going to happen.

MUTESA THE KABAKA UNTIL HE DIED

The Kabaka arrived in London in the morning of 1st December, 1953, and was booked in the Savoy Hotel. That afternoon, Lyttelton, The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the man who had caused all this upheaval, made a statement in The House of Commons. He told the House that His Majesty's Government had withdrawn recognition from the Kabaka of Buganda Edward Mutesa II, as the native ruler of Buganda and he was deported to Britain and that he had already arrived in London. "The Government", he said, "took action because the Kabaka had repudiated obligations under the Agreement of 1930, which required his loyal co-operation with the Protectorate Government...." His statement was greeted by shouts of "shame!... Lyttelton must resign...." and there were indignant protests from the Opposition Labour Party.

December 2nd came, and literally the whole of Buganda came to Mengo! People, young and old men and women, from near and far came, and there were masses and masses of people on Mengo hill. The Lukiko Hall was packed to full capacity, most people sitting on the floor and leaving no space for anyone to be able to pass. The windows were full of people and inside the chamber there was near suffocation. The whole hill was simply full of people.
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When the *Lukiko* had sat the *Katikkiro*, Paul N. Kavuma, read a lengthy document which had been handed to him by the British Resident, Buganda, on behalf of the Governor. The document had no address, no signature, nothing.

Then Lyttelton went on to give a lengthy background leading to this hastiest and most provocative act.

James Griffith (Llanelly, Lab.) Leader of the opposition said he had been shocked and dismayed at the Secretary of State's decision, and the country was deeply disturbed about events in Africa. "The Government should say" he continued, "The final word had not yet been said".

Lyttelton then gave an emphatic statement that His Majesty's Government decision was final.

1. Not to claim his Kingship again.
2. Not to touch the soil of Africa
3. To sign the acceptance of an annual stipend of £8,000 per annum.

In this document the Governor was explaining the reasons why recognition had been withdrawn from the Kabaka and why he had been deposed and deported and the Governor was also advising the people not to question the decision of the British Government, and was appealing to the *Lukiko* to accept the Ministers as Regents so that they confirmed the election of members of the *Lukiko* because the *Lukiko* had just been newly elected.

The *Katikkiro* who was the Chairman of the *Lukiko* read it to the people. As soon as he finished the document reading it, I stood up and caught his eye first. I told the people not to pay any attention to that document.
Amid great applause, I said in (Luganda), "This nation of the Baganda is a great nation; our fathers and forefathers built it and handed it down to us. This is the thirty-seventh King on our throne".

"And always the Baganda have chosen their own Kings", "I continued" and have deposed them themselves. Foreigners have never put a King on the throne of Buganda. Is it right that during our time we allow a foreigner to put a King on the throne of Buganda?"

Here voices came from all quarters saying "Never"; that can never happen"; "Speak, Mulira, Speak!"

I continued, "Are we prepared to accept the fact that a foreigner can depose and appoint our Kabaka?"

Voices, "No, never, and we shall never accept such a thing". Resuming my speech I said, "Now then, if Buganda has rejected a foreigner to depose our Kabaka, I wish to propose that before we do anything else, we pass a resolution here that Mutesa II is and will be our Kabaka until he dies". The applause was deafening; all the people assembled concurred. This proposal had unanimous support and was passed amid that great applause.

I told them to reject this idea of accepting Ministers as Regents; I said that that was the prerogative of Kabaka himself to appoint Regents.

Before I sat down I brought two other proposals. One, that the Lukiko send a delegation to London to tell the Secretary of State of our decision and how the Kabaka never did anything by himself, but what he did was the wishes of the people. Second, that we send a telegram to the Secretary of State to tell him of our intention to send a delegation of the Lukiko to him. These proposals were also passed unanimously.

These proposals of mine came as bright rays of light in a darkened land or as rays of hope in the valley of despair! They gave new life, new hope to the whole nation; they gave the people a purpose in a time of despair; and they united the whole country in one purpose. After that everybody went back home full
of hope and then was no despair again.

THE DELEGATION TO LONDON

A delegation of four was chosen and I was one of the four. The others were: Matayo Mugwanya, then Minister of Justice in the Kabaka’s Government, leader of the delegation; Apollo K. Kironde, a lawyer and T.A.K. Makumbi, then Headmaster of Bishop’s School Mukono. Later A.K. Sempa was added to it by the Ministers to act as our Secretary.

When Asian friends of mine knew that I was one of the members of the delegation appointed to go to London to fight for the Kabaka’s return they said to me that it was good to fight for my Kabaka but I was wasting my time because during the long British rule in India many of their prices were deposed and deported, but none of them ever came back. Also my British friends said “Mulira do you think that the British Government after it has announced that their decision is final, can go back on their word again?” I simply answered, “Well there is no harm in trying”. But deep down in me I had conviction that what other people cannot do I can do because I do not rely on my strength for what I do.

Her Highness the Nabagereka (the Queen) Damali felt that the Kabaka must be very lonely in London and she urged that I leave at once and go and join him. Therefore I had to leave before the rest of the delegation, on 7th December and before financial arrangements had been finalised. I left with inadequate funds and what I used was out of my own pocket because I could not get the official money as the vote had to go through the usual channels and that took some time.

I arrived at the Savoy Hotel, where the Kabaka was staying, in London at 9:00 a.m. G.M.T. on 8th December and I found the Kabaka at breakfast in his room and joined him at breakfast. He was like a school-boy who had seen one from home! He asked very many questions of what actually had happened after his departure. I told him everything.
I was struck by one thing he did not show any bitterness towards anybody. Then nor during all the time he was in exile. He took it as matter of course, and this helped our cause very much.

The other delegates began to arrive one by one and by the 11th December we had all assembled in London.

There were many bodies interested in our cause. But I had been in London during the Seretse Khama's affair and I had seen how many bodies had been interested in his cause, very often not to help Khama or his wife, but for their own advantage; I had seen how different people had exploited it for their advancement in politics, how the different political parties had approached it depending on whether they were in Government or on the opposition side and how their policies towards Khama changed as they changed positions politically from opposition to Government and Vice versa, but how all the time it was Khama and his wife who suffered. So after that experience we were very careful how we planned our strategy.

In the first place we refused to work through any political party. At that time the Labour Party was in the opposition and with my intimate experience with the Fabians, it appeared the logical thing to do was to ally ourselves with Labourites. But we resisted the temptation very well.

In the second place, we refused to go to platform, as this, too, would expose our cause to many other hazards, which had nothing to do with it.

Thirdly, we decided not to denounce the British people or the British Government as wicked for having deposed and exiled our Kabaka Positively, we decided to work through one body which was non-political, non-governmental and had the interest of Africa at heart and the respect of the British publica at large. We decided on the Africa Bureau, led by the Rev. Michael Scott.
Secondly, we decided to tell only the truth of the matter as best as we knew it and not exaggerate for the sake of winning cheap scores. This decision put us in very good stead, for as the dispute went on, many responsible people either on their own accord or sent by their different organisations or by the Government, went out to Uganda to investigate the truth on the spot, and came back with evidence that collaborated our representations in all the essentials.

Thirdly, we would approach all the people of influence in Government; in the political parties, in the Church; in the Press; in the Trade Unions; in Societies; in City Councils; in the Universities and everywhere and try to prove to them the genuineness of our cause. In this connection we would enlist the services of all the friends of Uganda of whom we had so many in Britain. I had personal friends almost in all walks of life in Britain and all these were anxious to help. People like the Archbishop of Canterbury, H.M. Grace former Headmaster of Kings College, Budo, H.Oldham Bishop C.E. Stuart and many others.

The offices of the Africa Bureau became our base, and the officials of the Bureau our chief advisers, more especially. The Rev. Michael Scott; Colin Legum of the Observer; Miss Mary Benson, the Secretary of the Bureau, and Miss Jane Symonds, the Assistant Secretary. They made all our plans to meet people and the press and where to go. Our indebtedness to these people of the Africa Bureau knows no bounds; they showed wonderful selflessness to us and to our cause. Without them it would have been a different story altogether.

We were very grateful to Martin Pledgo the Kabaka's legal adviser, who became almost one of us in our effort.

At first all of us stayed at the Strand Palace Hotel, where the Colonial office had booked us because it was so near to the Saroy Hotel, where the Kabaka stayed, just across the Strand, but when the Kabaka moved from there.
Our first appointment was with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, because our first contact with the British people was with the Church. We asked the Rt. Rev. Bishop C.E. Stuart to accompany us when we went to see the Archbishop the first time. Bishop Stuart had been Bishop of Uganda for twenty years and had just retired in 1952. When we were waiting in the ante-chamber, Bishop Stuart suggested that I should speak first. Therefore, when we met the Archbishop I spoke first. The Archbishop was understanding but at the beginning all the people had only heard the Government side, and all the papers were giving the official story and it was difficult to convince them of our side of the story, much less as it conflicted very sharply with the official one. Most of them believed the Government side was the right one and we were either inventing stories or being naïve. Then there was the personal character of the Kabaka of which most people had heard which had left so much to be desired, and this became a very great handicap in our efforts to change the British public to our side. For instance the Archbishop put a straight question to me, "Isn't it your brother's wife that the Kabaka seduced?" implying that if it was so why should I be fighting for such a person?

I answered him that it was, my brother's wife who was involved in that scindle, but that I was not fighting for Mutesa II but for the Kabaka of Buganda and the Kingship of Buganda. Besides, I was a Christian and as a Christian I must forgive.

This question kept on cropping in but in the end we managed to show that the two things were different, Mutesa as a person, and Mutesa as the Kabaka of Buganda, and that it was as the Kabaka that he had been judged and punished.

The Archbishop in that first meeting promised to study the subject first and to have an opportunity to meet the Secretary of State for the Colonies by way of ascertaining more light on the subject.
We sought an appointment with Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and he gave us the evening of 14th December, 1953, at 7.00 p.m.

Then we had a session with the Kabaka and his legal adviser, Martin Flegg, to plan our approach to the Secretary of State for the Colonies when we met him. At the end of the meeting both the Kabaka and his legal adviser suggested that I should be the spokesman at the meeting with the Secretary of State.

Our approach was to be conciliatory and factual; we should try to avoid anything that was not based on facts. Our meeting with the Secretary of State on 14th December lasted for about forty minutes, at the end of which he promised to see us again after a week, on 22nd December, 1953. I am sorry I cannot refer to the notes I sued because I lost them when my files were stolen. But on the whole my speech did not differ very materially from the Statement we subsequently made to the press in reply to the Government White Paper on 21st December, 1953 (see...)

THE WHITE PAPER

H.M. Government then issued a White Paper, which after giving the history of the Protectorate of Uganda, described "The repeated but futile attempts of the Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, to persuade the Kabaka to reconsider his refusal to co-operate with the British Government". It described also how the Governor had consulted the Secretary of State on these issues.

On 21st December, 1953, we gave a lengthy reply to the White Paper of which the following is the gist:

We started our statement by referring to the issue of East African Federation with its cumulative effect of non-
African immigration and the immigrants’ economic domination and political power. And then we went on to say that it was on such a background that Lyttelton’s speech to the East African Dinner Club, in London, was received in Uganda, namely the words, “Nor should we exclude from our minds the evaluation as time goes on of still larger measures of unification and possibly still a larger measure of federation of the whole of the East African territory”. This speech aroused the greatest suspicions of the Ugandan people every thing that transpired subsequently developed as a direct consequence of this speech.

Then we went on to argue that Africans were not opposed to economic, industrial, commercial and political development. On the contrary, that was welcomed. But they would rather forego, we added, all the benefits of all these developments if they brought in their wake political and economic domination by outsiders. Therefore, while welcoming economic expansion in Uganda, Africans were anxious to ensure that forces of expansion did not overwhelm them.

We conceded, however, that although African participation was encouraged yet it was important to understand the anxiety of the Africans over the scope of economic expansion.

We argued, too, that the request of Buganda for self-government was erroneously construed by His Majesty’s Government as a demand for an independent Buganda from the rest of Uganda. That dismembership of Uganda was never the intention of the Kabaka, his ministers nor the Lukiko was clearly proved by what transpired at a conference of the four rulers of the treaty States (Bunyoro, Buganda, Toro and Ankole) at Hoima, on October 10th, to which there was no reference in the White Paper. The four rulers sent a letter to the Governor emphasizing their grave concern at the statement on federation, and asking for the effective revision of the relationship between His Majesty’s Government and their states.
We put it to the Governor that the crux of the dispute was his insistence that the Kabaka, in transmitting to the Lukiko the Governor's reply rejecting the request for self-government and transfer to Foreign office should do so without indicating his own feelings in the matter. The Governor, in fact, had gone further. He had insisted that the Kabaka should contrary to his own conscience, commended the Government policy to the Lukiko. It was the Kabaka's refusal to act against his conscience that resulted in the decision to depose and banish him.

We referred also to the painful facts relating to the humiliating experience when the Kabaka was arrested in Government House, bundled into a waiting aircraft, and flown out of his country into the mid-winter of a foreign country wearing a summer suit, and how at the last interview on November 30th in the presence of his Ministers, the Governor handed the Kabaka a letter withdrawing his position as ruler and the Commissioner of Police arriving with warrant for arrest. And how on asking whether he was "a prison he was told "Yes".

Government House was surrounded by armed Police. Then without being granted the opportunity to say farewell to his family, he was summarily conducted to the aircraft was in readiness even hours before the final conference had concluded.

The first the people knew of the Kabaka's plight was when his deposition and banishment were publically announced. All the negotiations were conducted in complete secrecy. There was no incling of what was happening, and the course of events took the people completely by surprise.

The statement concluded, "It is our sincere desire that our beloved Kabaka shall be restored to his people and that the present negotiations between the Colonial Secretary and ourselves will lead to acceptance of this most ardent wish to the Kabaka's subjects. Finally, we are prepared to continue with the friendly relationship and co-operation with His Majesty's Government that existed before the crisis."
In another document we spoke of the Kabaka's dilemma.
"The Kabaka", we argued, "was faced with a crude dilemma; his conscience and his people on one side, the Governor on the other. If he had chosen to do the Governor's bidding we, the Lukiko, would have expelled him, and if he had not, the Governor would have expelled him. Therefore, he chose to follow his conscience and the wishes of his people."

Meanwhile, the opposition Labour Party had tabled a Motion of Censure of the Government. The Liberal Party, in complete agreement, was going to vote with the Labour Party. There remained now our briefing of them. We saw James Griffith M.P., Labour Leader of the opposition, Eiven Bevan M.P. (Lab), and Stanley M.P., Leader of the Liberal Party and some other M.P.'s agreed to support our cause.

Stanley's support was very important because he was a man of great principles and integrity and was highly respected by many people in the country, even those who did not share his political affiliations, and since he belonged to a minor party, he was least misunderstood as one who merely fought for position. But to our great dismay, on the day before the debate or the morning of the day when the debate was to take place, he called us to his office. When we got there, he began to address us. "Gentlemen, since I saw you last, I have been approached by Government. I notice you are earnest young men, who are devoted to your cause, but if you knew what I know now, I would advise you to pack your suit cases and go back home". Then he told us three stumbling blocks in Mutesa II's character, and we were staggered. Because of that new situation he was sorry he would not speak in the debate. We could not comment, and gracefully we parted company with Mr. Stanley. This meant that the whole of the Liberal Party could not support the Kabaka's side in the debate, and they did not. The opposition lost the Motion. However they had highlighted our cause to the British public by their gallant exposure of some of the issues that had been difficult to understand by the man in the street. We were grateful to them.
The 22nd December, 1953, came and we went to see the Secretary of State in his office again in the evening to hear his final verdict. He told us bluntly that the Kabaka was not to be sent back to Uganda; His Majesty's decision was final.

The decision of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Kabaka and his legal adviser, M'Makumbi and I refused to shake hands with him as we left his office. While driving back in a taxi to the Kabaka's hotel, a stroke of bright idea passed through my brain. That it was the constitution that was rusty; and that whoever would have served under that constitution, in November 1953, would have suffered the same fate as Mutesa. I told my friends of this bright idea and all of them concurred and we discussed it fervently. It was intriguing. By the time we reached the hotel all of us were equally interested in the idea. 

The delegation will remain in London for the moment.

The same night we made some tentative plans aimed at reversing the Secretary of State's decision. The plans included:

First, to write the report of our mission hitherto.

Secondly, to mount a campaign of trying to dissuade the British public from regarding the Secretary of State's accusation that the Kabaka had repudiated the 1900 Agreement as valid, and to persuade them to accept the argument that the Kabaka was the victim of circumstances because he was acting under an abscondent constitution.

Thirdly, to examine the need to get the Lukiko's fresh mandate before embarking on No. 2 above.

Fourthly, the further need to send two members to Uganda to present the report of our mission to the Lukiko, and to request it for a new mandate.

Subsequent to this, we learnt in the next few days from our lawyers Messrs Diplock and Dingle Foot Q.C., that the Government's action could be contested in court. These two leading English counsellor had advised us that the most suitable way in which to obtain speedy decision as to the legality of the
CHAPTER 16

DETERMINATION TO REVERSE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT DECISION

After reporting the decision of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Kabaka and his legal adviser, Martin Flegg, that it was final, on the night of 22nd December, we raised the new idea of the rusty Constitution as our best strategy to adopt them. Both the Kabaka and Flegg welcomed the idea.

That night we issued the following statement, "The delegation and the people of Buganda still regard Mutesa II as their King. He was crowned in accordance with Native Custom and in accordance with the Rites of the Protestant Church. The delegation will remain in London for the moment".

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recent action of the British Government in connection with
the withdraw of the recognition from the Kabaka was to take
new members of the Lukiko who had taken their seats in the
Lukiko with just the approval of the Kabaka. We needed the
Lukiko's mandate, too, to engage the lawyers to handle the case.

Then we confirmed the plans and Mr. Mugwanya (our leader)
and I were selected to come back to Uganda to brief the Lukiko
on these matters. We were scheduled to leave London on 30th
December, 1953. In the meantime, the question of the visit of
the Queen in April, 1954, when Her Majesty's Government was
holding their Kabaka prisoner? We did not think it proper and
we, therefore, decided to advise the Baganda to boycott the
visit, not as an act of spite to the Queen, but as a correct
policy. We drafted letter to the Lukiko to that effect. I
had to carry that letter under my heel, between the sock and
the foot. We also decided to advise the Lukiko to hold
two days of prayer and lamentation and mourning.

Before leaving for Uganda, we issued the following
statement, on 30th December, 1953. "We do not regard the
Colonial Secretary's decision that the Kabaka cannot return to
Buganda as final".

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delagation, with the help of the African Bureau, made an
elaborate plan, to contact leaders of opinion in British
politicians; leaders of the Church; leaders of important
organisations; and of the trade unions; of the press and the
columnists; of universities and so on. Many of these we saw
in London, but in addition we divided ourselves into two groups.
THE LUKIKO MEETING, 4.1.54

The Lukiko was convened on 4th January, 1954, to hear our report and to transact other business connected with our short visit. Mugwanya gave a short introductory talk, and I read the report, which was adopted and discussed.

The Lukiko passed a resolution that Mugwanya and I should return to London and rejoin the other delegates and try once again to secure the return of the Kabaka.

After the open Lukiko, we held another meeting in camera. It was in this session that we revealed the letter advising the boycott of the Queen's visit and the two days of prayer and mourning. The two proposals were adopted as well.

The Lukiko decided to send a humble request to the Governor, Sir Adnrew Cohen, pointing out that it would be difficult for the Baganda to welcome the Queen, in April, in a suitable manner so long as the Kabaka was absent from his throne.

It was also agreed that the two days of prayer and mourning throughout Buganda be February 8th and 9th, during which time the shops and offices should be closed, and that the Baganda should be asked not to frequent places of entertainment until the Kabaka returned.

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one group toured the North of England and the Middle lands, and the other the West, addressing meetings and meeting important people. Makumbi and I went to Edinbury; St. Andrews; Glasgow, heeds and Manchester. Kironde and Sempa went to the West. We addressed Municipal and Church audiences; University students and leaders of Trade Unions as well as meeting individuals. Whenever we went we were very well received and people gave us ready ears, although in one or two places supporters of the Government tried to give us trouble in arguments, but on the whole it was difficult for them to defend the indefendible or to destroy our arguments against a rusty constitution.

THE KABAKA’S ALLOWANCE

When the Kabaka was deposed and deported, he was given three undertakings:

First, never to make any claim for his Kingship again;

Secondary, never to touch the soil of Africa without Her Majesty’s Governments permission;

And thirdly, to accept a grant of £8,000, per annum, as his emolument in exile.

For the first few weeks, at any rate when the Secretary of State for the Colonies was still considering our submission, the question of his signing those undertakings was not pressed, and the Kabaka was regarded as the guest of H.M.’s Government and the Government paid for his expenses. But after the Secretary of State for the Colonies had categorically made it clear to the delegation that Her Majesty’s Government decision was final and that the Kabaka would never return to Uganda, it became necessary to bring to an end this provision and let
him live on his allowance. They moved him from the Savoy Hotel where he had hitherto stayed, and put him in a small flat in Mayfair, and after a few weeks he settled in 21 Eaton Place, shone Square. This necessitated his signing of the undertakings in order to get the allowance for his maintenance. The Uganda Government, therefore, sent the Attorney General to London to make the Kabaka sign the undertakings. He held two or three conferences with the Kabaka and his legal adviser, Martin Flegg, whereby the Kabaka's signing of the undertakings was the main issue. The Kabaka and his legal adviser evaded signing such a document without consulting us first. Therefore, one afternoon after they had met the Attorney General, they called us to a meeting, and Flegg broke the news to us. We discussed the issue at great length and we were getting nowhere, because on the one hand we were not prepared to accept such or stranglement of our Kabaka, and on the other we were faced with the reality of his subsistence in exile. At the time we had no immediate alternative to put before Flegg. We were in a very crude dilemma. But we were not going to give in. Then the Kabaka burst into tears, and said, "I have absolutely no income to live on". It was a very touching moment. Tom Makumbi, quick-witted he is, saw at once that sentiment, and not stamina for our cause, was winning the day, and he got up and spoke brusquely and firmly, and almost with authority, addressing Flegg, and said at the end, "Go and tell the Attorney General that we will not let the Kabaka sign that document". That ended the session, although we had not helped to settle anything, nor helped the Kabaka out of his dilemma.

The following afternoon Flegg saw the Attorney General again and pleaded for more time. That was Thursday, and the Attorney General was flying back to Uganda on Saturday. He told Flegg that he wanted the answer without fail the following morning, Friday.

When Flegg came and told the Kabaka the result of his meeting with the Attorney General, they both wanted desperately to see us. They rang our hotels without getting anyone of us.
But at about 6:00 p.m. Makumbi and I came to 21 Eaton Place, St. James's Square. The Kabaka had some important visitors including Colonel Grimshaw. Both the Kabaka and Flegg were relieved to see us. They begged pardon of the visitors and four of us went down into the basement. Flegg told us the Attorney General's ultimatum.

Several ideas came into my head at once as if I had prepared them beforehand:

First, I said to him that he should tell the Attorney General that he had handed over the matter to the delegation of the Lukiko.

Secondly, I assured him that we would ask the Baganda to found a fund for the maintenance of the Kabaka in exile.

Thirdly, I advised that the Kabaka should not sign the document.

Fourthly, I advised also that since Apolo Kironde was leaving for Uganda in two days' time to lodge the case against the Uganda Government, he, Flegg, should watch the publication of the report of the lodging of the case with High Court in the London Times. Once the case was lodged in court he should write to Government and say that it would be sub-judice to make demand on the Kabaka to sign the document.

Flegg brightened up and literally looked like a man from a nightmare—his joy knew no bounds! He said "That's it, indeed!"

When Flegg told the Attorney General the following morning, Friday, that he was no more responsible for the handling of the question of the Kabaka's allowance because he had handed it over to the Lukiko delegation, the Attorney General fumed and said, "What has the Lukiko delegation to do with it?"

Flegg replied, "Everything, because they are here to represent the Lukiko". The Attorney General left for Uganda the following day Saturday, his mission having been frustrated and had failed totally. On the same plane as the Attorney General, as they flew to Entebbe was Apollo Kironde with the briefs in the case.
to Entebbe was Apollo Kironde with the briefs of the case against the Government in his bag! In less than a week we were reading in the London Times on January - explain how the case was lodged and refer to the small note about the case against the Government. Flegg, according to plan, was exhorting the British Government to refrain themselves from pressing the Kabaka to sign the undertakings, as it was sub-judice then. Therefore, the Kabaka received the Grant without any strings attached to it, for the two years he was in exile. Such was the successful outcome of the Conference held in the basement of 21 Eaton Place, Sloane Square!

Here I may be allowed to relate the following episode although a bit out of the way.

The evening of that same Friday as we held the conference in the basement room, we had the shock of our life. Our leader, Matayo Mugwanya, told us that he was leaving for Uganda the following day, Saturday. We thought he was joking, but no! He was really leaving us and had already packed his bags. We did not know what to say to him. He went and said "Good-bye" to the Kabaka.

This incident caused us untold embarrassment, first, it was as such as saying, "Hands up, the battle's lost"; or as by Ntambi, it would certainly devise our front back home, as Mugwanya was arrived with an arrand from the Kabaka. He knelt beside Mugwanya's bed where he was lying - in the Kiganja custom any messenger from the Kabaka delivers his message kneeling down.
Ntambi said to him in Luganda, "Antumye okukulaba. Akugambye nti Togenda" (He sends you greetings. He says don't go).

This message came in the form of command in order to give it a greater force. According to the usual custom no one can refuse to obey the Kabaka's command.

Mugwanya laughed hiratiously and said in Luganda, "Genda omugambe nti Nze ngenda. Bwaddanga alekangayo okumpa obwambs obwami bwe (literally, "Go and tell him that I'm going. If he comes back he may not make me one of his chiefs").

Makumbi and I said to him, "You can't say that. Please withdraw it".

He said, "I can't withdraw it. Go and tell him. It was getting well into past midnight. Ntambi left and we too bade him farewell. The following day he left for Uganda in the same plane as the Attorney General and Kironde.

This incident caused us untold embarrassment. First, it was as much as saying, "Hands up, the battle's lost", or as the captain deserting his company. Secondly, it gave the impression that our delegation was split. Thirdly, we were left without a leader. Fourthly, how were we going to explain it at home? If we told the true story that our leader deserted us without explanation and without taking us into his confidence, and worst of all if we revealed the short message he sent back to the Kabaka by Ntambi, it would most certainly divide our front back home; as Mugwanya was the lay leader of the whole Roman Catholic Church, in Uganda.

So we decided to keep the whole thing in complete silence. This is the first time to make it public. I chose to do so because many people have been asking why Mugwanya deserted us and came back alone. It is in the public interest and for an accurate historical perspective that I reveal the story of this incident here.
That Saturday when both Mugwanya and Kironde left for Uganda, we had a very important week-end meeting having been organised for us by that great and sagacious Churchman, the late Dr. Oldham, formerly Secretary General of the International Missionary Council, and then head of the Dunford Institute.

In his early days Dr. Oldham had visited Uganda as one of the members of a delegation that was sent out by the British Government, in the late twenties, to study the question of East African Federation and advise the Government. He was instrumental, too, in putting Dr. J.E.K. Aggrey on that important Phelps Stokes Education Commission, which visited Africa in 1920 and in 1924. Dr. Aldham was also one of the main founders of the World Council of Churches.

He invited us to meet some influential people for the week-end at the Dunford Institute. Makumbi, Sempa and myself went and spent a most memorable week-end there. Altogether we met about seven people of different outlooks. They listened to our story very carefully and asked many questions. I am sure that they must have done something for our cause behind scenes.

TWO LETTERS OF GREAT CONSEQUENCES

On our speaking tour, I found two letters waiting for me, which proved to be of great consequences in our struggle to reverse the British Government's action. The one was from Dr. Margery Perham, then Professor of International Affairs at Nuffield College, Oxford University, and doyen of African Affairs in Britain. Dr. Perham was inviting me to address a distinguished group of people from the City of Oxford, in the afternoon of ........... and in the evening to speak to the Oxford University Students Union.

The other letter was from the British Press Association inviting me to a lunch — on to be given in my honour, as their fellow-journalist, on ............. I wrote and accepted the
two invitations at once.

Dr. Perham gave me a time table of the best trains to take and requested me, if possible, to take the earlier one, which arrived at 2.30 p.m. and have some ample time to talk before the others came, at 4.00 p.m. I complied and got there at the right time.

I had known Dr. Magery Perham for quite sometime before, first through her reputation, and then through correspondence, when I sent her a MS of my Essays and asked her to find me a publisher. She managed to find me one, who published my first book in English, entitled *Thoughts of a Young African* in 1945. Then we met in the Royal African Society, when both of us councillors of the same body, in 1950.

When we met we had a lot to talk about no less about the Kabaka's case. At the outset of our conversation, she set me a straight question. "Now tell me Mr. Mulira", she said, "Do you think that the British Government can reverse its decision which it has declared to be final".

I replied, "I'm a Christian, and as such I pray, and when I pray I believe that God hears my prayers and that he grants what I'm praying for".

She was silent for a moment, and then said, "That's great! Please, say it, too, to these people when they come".

I said I would where it would be necessary but not otherwise.

Then we continued with our conversation. (I am writing from memory after over twenty seven years) Briefly I started with the constitution. I told her how it was the constitution of Uganda which had become a stumbling block. It was out-dated and rusty. Anyone who worked under that constitution would suffer the same fate as the Kabaka at that material time, when he was arrested. On the one hand the 1900 Agreement between the British and the Kabaka and his chiefs and people,
which was the Constitution in question, empowered the Kabaka to exercise direct rule over his people, and by the same Agreement all the members of the Lukiko (Parliament) were his nominees, and on the other hand the new reforms of March, 1953, had introduced an element of elections by the people of 60 persons out of a Lukiko of 89 members. The Kabaka, therefore, had by those reforms lost control of the Lukiko. For the Governor to order him to go to the Lukiko and pass measures which he knew were being resented and opposed by all his people, was tantamount to ordering him to go and commit political suicide, which no man in his senses could do.

The we discussed the question of the Legislative Council in relationship with the Lukiko, and the Economic development issue, which meant an influx of more and more colonists in the country, a country which was being developed as an African State. There was the fear too of the East African Federation which had been such a bogey for a long time, but which since Mr. Lyttleton’s speech had assumed new and worse proportions. We touched many issues but briefly the above were the most important I suggested to her that the situation called for a Royal Commission to go out to Uganda and examine the problems on the spot bearing the above issues in mind.

For the first time Dr. Margery Perham saw the dilemma, which the Kabaka was in. She said she had not so far written anything about the Uganda Crisis, but now she had something to write about.

At 4.00 p.m. the invited guests arrived, who included several Dons from the University and the Bishop of Oxford, plus other distinguished people from the City. I spoke for about thirty minutes and they asked many questions afterwards.

In the evening I spoke to the Oxford University Students Union, who asked many questions after my speech.

I went back to London in time for the lunch-on by the British Press Association. The lunch was attended by as many as thirty people representing most of the National News papers and
others, plus the B.B.C. After the lunch I gave a short speech lasting about fifteen to twenty minutes. After giving a brief historical background as to how Buganda came into relationship with the British as an autonomous Kingdom within the Uganda Protectorate, I went straight to what had then become our central issue in the Uganda crisis and the deposition of the Kabaka, namely the obsolete constitution. I argued that it was the Constitution which had gone rusty, and that it was no longer applicable to the modern developments. I brought examples such as the 1953 reforms, whereby Uganda was to be a Unitary State, including Buganda, which had been all along an autonomous state by the 1900 Agreement, which was also still in existence, and by the clauses of which the Kabaka was being punished, because by that the Agreement the Kabaka ruled his people directly through a Lukiko of his own nominees. In the 1953 Reforms the Lukiko had 60 elected persons by the people out of a membership of 89. Therefore, the Governor was wrong on November 30th 1953, to try to push the Kabaka with all the might of the Empire he represented that he went to the Lukiko and ordered it to pass measures which he, the Governor, knew were resented and opposed by all the Baganda. I explained the issues in question: the election by the Lukiko of members of Legislative Council, a Council which was not part of the 1900 Agreement and which was dominated by non-Africans; the plans of immense economic development which meant a rapid exeleration of white immigration in Uganda, in the wake of a threatening Federation of East Africa; Mr. Lyttelton's speech to the East African Dinner Club, in London, which awakened the fears of an imposed federation, as they had done in Central Africa, against the wishes of the Africans. It was these developments which had greatly upset African feelings. The Governor's acting as if he did not know about his recent reforms of March, 1953 therefore unworthy in the extreme.

I ended my speech by suggesting that what would help to restore peace and confidence in Uganda was for H.M. Government to appoint a Royal Commission to go to Uganda and
advise on the Constitution of Uganda, because the present one could not serve the country aright.

With such arguments I managed to convince the members of the press that whoever served under such an Agreement would have fallen the same victim as the Kabaka.

After the meeting as we were going away from the lunch, my friend, David Astor of the Observer, said to me, "You've given them something to think about".

The following week revealed a sudden and surprising change of opinion in the British public. Several newspapers came out with comments in support of our case.

Internal factors

1. The need to face the long evaded question of the Constitution of Buganda. Buganda was the heart of the Protectorate, which could never, without fatal results, be torn from the larger body politic and economic.

   Buganda was a proud and ancient Kingdom. Clearly, an acceptable constitutional compromise between the opposing ideas had still to be worked out within the four walls of the original Agreement, in such a way that it could be fully accepted and understood by the Baganda.

2. The second internal problem centred upon the powers of the Kabaka as the essential mediator between the Governor and the people, but at the time suspended bewil. between the old obsolution and the new status of constitutional ruler with a rapidly awaking representative assembly.

External factors

1. The long standing fear about federation, which had been increased, apart from Lyttelton's speech, by the British enforcement of federation upon central Africa against African wishes,
On February 12th, the London Times published a length letter by Dr. Margery Perham. Some excerpts from it are hereunder:

Perham started by stating how British Opinion was distressed that a constitutional crisis should have developed in Buganda, a country where Britain had a long accumulated balance of trust and affection, and where there was a Governor whose great gifts were wholly devoted to African advancement. She attributed the recent events to political dynamites which were laid long before the Governor and the contemporary Baganda leaders came upon the scene.

She saw four main difficulties two internal to Buganda and two of wider import.

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**External factors**

1. The long standing fear about federation, which had been increased, apart from Lyttelton's speech, by the British enforcement of federation upon central Africa against African wishes,
and dominated by Colonists. Could not the same happen to East Africa. It was this fear, she affirmed, which explained the refusal to elect members to the new Legislative Council lest, against its African minority, it should vote Uganda into a federation.

2. She saw the people's second external fear was that a new economic empire, complete with copper mines, and manned by increasing numbers of immigrants, was being constructed above their reach and outside their understanding. There was need to bring the people into the developing industry and commerce at gradually rising levels of understanding and cooperation.

Then Margery Perham went on to suggest that a small and expert constitutional commission should be sent out to Buganda to discuss fully and informally with the Governor and the Lukiko what measures are needed to amend the internal defects of the constitution and define the meaning of an "African State". This step, she asserted, "would relax tension and allow for calm and rational consideration of very complex problems. It would be a visible sign of the deep interest and sympathy felt in this country towards Buganda, and a response to a delegation which, even if all their demands and statements cannot obtain acceptance, have made a very good impression here, as have their leaders in Buganda, by their restraint and dignity. Such discussions could, as Mr. Lyttleton's recent happy experience at more formal conferences will have proved to him, hasten the political education of an already advanced African people eager for more political opportunity".

She ended her letter by commenting that the relations of Buganda with Britain had been almost uniformly happy, deepened as they had been the bond of Christianity which was much older than the political tie. Under Sir Andrew Cohen's liberal inspiration the present difficulties could be turned into a new constitutional start for Buganda with happy results for the Protectorate and indeed for East Africa.
The effects of the new change in public opinion were immediate. The Governor of Uganda was in London by the 14th of February, 1954, although this might have been more of a coincidence than of a result of the new change, as it was reported in some quarters that he had been recalled to discuss the Queen's visit to Uganda, but a very welcome coincidence all thesame, as far as we were concerned, because he was on the spot to note from first impressions of the new mood of the British public. During the next nine or ten days, he consulted with the Secretary of State and had the chance to respond to the new situation. Thus the Secretary of State for the colonies was able to make the following statement in the House, on 22nd February, 1954, on the future of Uganda:

The long term aim of H.M. Government is to build the Uganda Protectorate into a self-governing state. In working towards this we shall ensure that Africans play a constantly increasing part in the political institutions of the economic development, when self-government is achieved the government of the country will be mainly in the hands of the Africans.

The advancement of Africans and the economic development on which that development depends cannot take place without the help of the other races. When the time for self-government eventually comes Her Majesty's Government will wish to be satisfied that the rights of the Minority Communities residents in Uganda are properly safeguarded in the constitution, but this will not detract from the Primarily African character of the country.

Some fears have been expressed that the development of Uganda's economic resources will bring in large numbers of permanent immigrants. These fears are groundless. We must expand mining and secondary industries to diversify the Economy and to pay for the expansion of social and other services. For this outside capital and technical skill are needed and must have their proper reward. But there will be safeguards to ensure that the future interests of the Africans are not prejudiced. There will be strict control of immigration.
and alienation of land, and the Uganda Government and industry itself will train Africans for higher positions and ensure proper conditions of labour. No industrial Colour Bar will be tolerated in Uganda. The Governor is ready to discuss with African representatives any suggestions they may make to help allay any fears, if such remain.

**INDEPENDENT EXPERT**

It is too early to forecast the form of Constitution of Uganda when self-government is eventually achieved, though it is clear that only as a united country will Uganda be strong enough and prosperous to meet the growing needs of the people. There are, however, constitutional problems relating to Buganda - in particular, the future relation between the Kabaka, the Ministers, and the Great Lukiko, and the legislative council, which must be looked at now so that we can decide on what lines it is best for these relationships to develop. The Baganda themselves should clearly take a leading part in working out these problems. To help in this, the Governor and I have agreed that an Independent expert (1) should be invited to go out to Uganda. He will consult with the representatives of the Baganda and the Protectorate Government to help reach agreed recommendations for H.M. Government to consider. In the meantime I have agreed that the Buganda reforms announced in March, 1953, need not be held up.

In Bunyoro, Toro and Ankole, the Councils are becoming more representative. I do not think there will be any difficulties, but the Governor will arrange for the expert to talk over with the rulers of these districts their relationships with the Councils if they do wish.

The Independent expert, we were told, was preferred to a Royal Commission because he would act as Chairman of a Conference made up by members of both the Government and the Lukiko acting on independent views of his own.
The Governor will pursue these matters on his return to Uganda, and so far as Buganda is concerned will discuss them with the Regents and will make an early Statement to the great Lukiko.

This statement by the Secretary of State for the Colonies was warmly welcomed by the Opposition Labour Party, said Mr. James Griffiths (Llanlly, Lab. and leader of the opposition), "The opposition wishes to consider the statement in detail, but we welcome the reaffirmation of the long-term policy". On a demand to know the name of the expert, the Secretary of State replied that he could not yet give the name of the expert.

One morning I had a telephone call from Dr. Roland Oliver, later Professor Roland Oliver, of the School of Oriental and African Studies. He wanted urgently to come and see me. I had known Roland Oliver when he first came from Cambridge University to work at the S.O.A.S., when I was there, in 1948, before he came out to Uganda to do research for his Thesis the Missionary Factor for a Ph.D.

We arranged the time of meeting. I was he who first told us that H.M. Government had asked Professor Sir Keith Hancock to be the Independent Expert, the Secretary of State had mentioned in his statement in the House. He told us that Sir Keith was very anxious to meet the Uganda delegation before he made up his mind to accept the invitation or not.

He told us what a nice man Sir Keith was and what a blessing he it would be for Uganda.

We agreed to meet him. We met him in his Commonwealth Office, 27 Russell Square. We had a very interesting meeting and we all liked him very much. I dare say he had the same regard for us. The following day the Secretary of state announced his name as the Independent Expert appointed by H.M. Government to go and advise on the Constitution of Uganda. His terms of reference were: