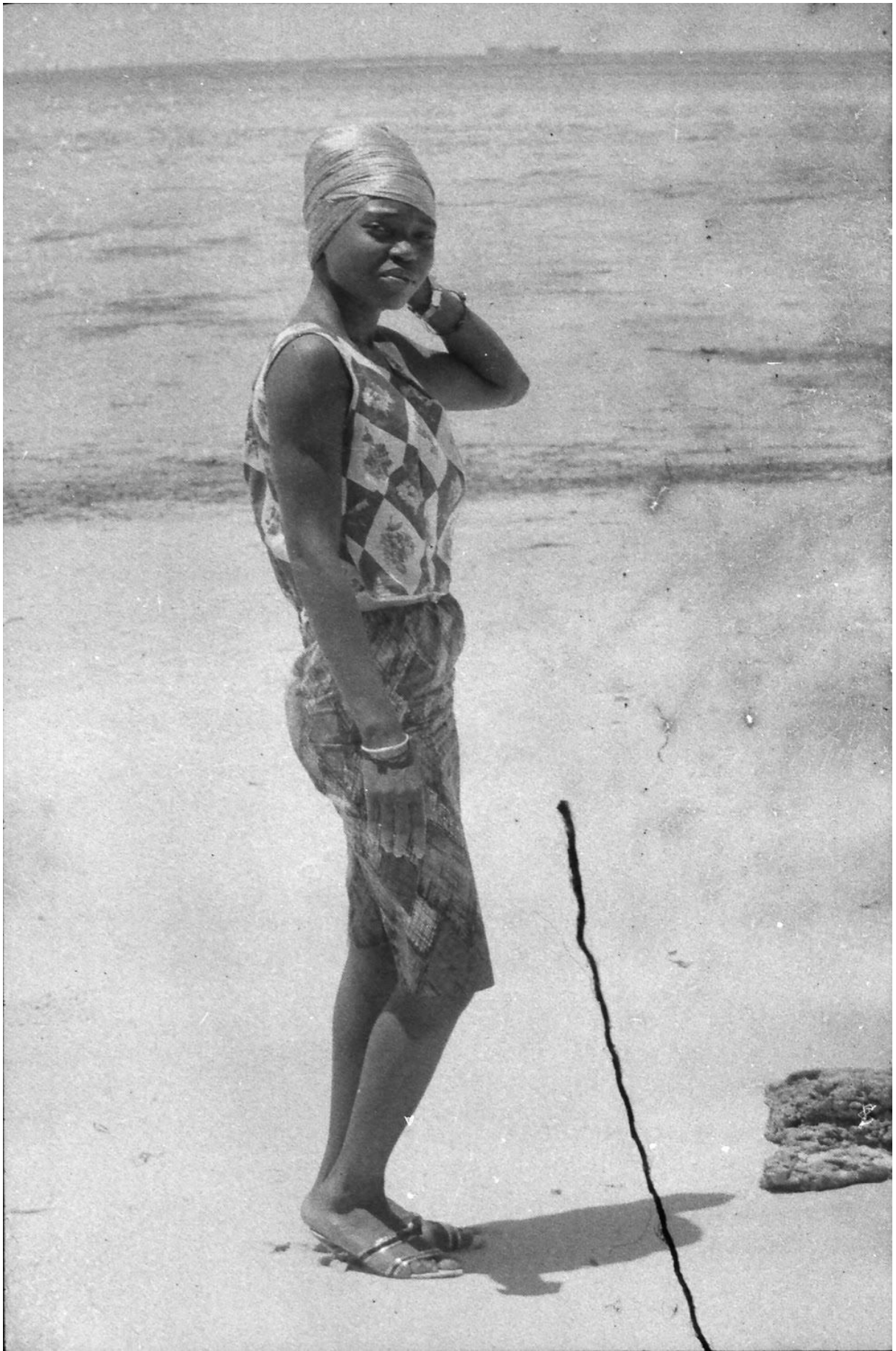


My Angel

After I had been in Dar es Salaam for a few weeks I met a girl who became my girlfriend. Her name was Mariam but I called her angel from the song [Malaika](#). She had been married to an Englishman, she told me, and he had taken her to England. Subsequently, they had broken up and she was left in Africa. She was desperate to get back to a European lifestyle.









I met her at the Twiga Garden Bar but we frequented the New Metropolitan Hotel rooftop bar. This was like something out of Hemingway; it was a seedy place frequented by Africans together with some Europeans and Asians. It had a beautiful view of the city.

One night I was there with my girlfriend. I was fairly naive in those days so I ordered my drinks using my wallet and put it away into the back pocket of my shorts.

I soon realised that it had gone so I thought I should call the police. Mariam said she thought she knew who had stolen it and said it was not a good idea to call the police.

However, as a superior white man, I insisted that the bar should report the theft to the authorities. She was right of course.

Half an hour later the police arrived coming up in the lift and proceeded to round up everybody in the bar. We were all taken to the ground floor and loaded into several taxis that we're waiting for us.

So we arrived at the police station at about 11 p.m.. it was total chaos with people talking everywhere and no sign of order at all. Nobody seemed to be interested in taking a statement from me or even finding out what happened. I tried to talk to the police but they ignored me. By about 1:30 a.m. we decided to leave without any success whatsoever.

Miriam introduced me to Ganja (marijuana) and we used to empty out filter tip cigarettes and replace the contents with the substance she supplied. It was very good and to this day the best I've ever tried.

My mother decided to buy a car which I could use and initially we tried out a new Renault Rojo. The salesman encouraged me to test drive and I took it along some fairly rough tracks. Unfortunately, a stick got stuck in the wheel arch and ripped through the thin metal surrounding. This did not impress me nor did it make the salesman very happy.

I ended up buying a Mini Moke which must have been one of the very first in East Africa. Everywhere I went and it Africans would crowd around looking at it, asking how much it cost. Of course, it was way beyond their means but Julius Nyerere I had promised them all bikes and cars after independence so they had high expectations.

The main problem with a Mini Moke in East Africa was the sides being made of canvas so there was no security in a country where car break-ins were common. So I had a very large still box installed in the back with a padlock so it was impossible to gain access. Of course, the roads were also very poor so I had a quarter-inch steel plate weld it under the car to protect it. Being very light I would just drive it hard and it will bounce off the rocks.



I remember driving it from Dodoma down to Dar es Salaam during the wet season at the same time the east African Safari rally was taking place. The roads were terrible consisting of deep ruts and a high mound between them made by the big Bedford and Mercedes trucks and buses. The moke was so low that it got stuck on the mounds in the middle so I developed a driving technique with one set of wheels on the mound and the other in a rut.



Once the ruts were filled with water you had no idea how deep they were so I just drove as fast as I could, bouncing off any high points with the steel plate under the engine. This worked quite well, but being a front-wheel-drive the front wheels kept spinning and throwing out heaps of mud onto my windscreen which the wipers could not keep up with. So I drove the whole way with my head stuck out of the side the car blinking away the mud that plastered my face.

The great thing in Africa was that if the car ever got stuck, in no time, some locals would appear and the moke was so light I could get them to lift it out of trouble.

One of my main concerns was elephants as it was not uncommon for them to be loitering around the roads and I was not sure that I would see them in time.

The Moke was great for driving around Dar es Salaam. I used to go from one bar to another with the top down and half a dozen lovely black ladies sitting on the sides of the car.

It was a wild time and I remember one party when a white guy with a black girl had sex naked on the floor in front of everybody.

One weekend my parents went away so Miriam moved into my room. Isa our head servant disapproved greatly of this, but Miriam and I smoked a lot of ganja and had great sex.

My brother Andrew flew out from the UK to join the family. One evening I took him with me when I went to visit Miriam in her one-room shack. While we went inside to do what one does Andrew sat on the doorstep outside where's one of Miriam's girlfriends. We gave him cigarettes to smoke which of course were mainly marijuana. I still feel guilty about introducing him to that drug which he enjoyed for the rest of his life.

Before Andrew arrived I went on [Safari](#).