Recollections of Tanzania

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We lost everything in one swoop, becoming penniless overnight when our coffee estate was nationalised in 1973. The shock brought on cancer and diabetes in my father so it was decided he should leave the depressing environment for an operation. Friends rallied round lending us money. One very touching contribution was from the workers on our farm, a collection of 600 shillings (£30 at that time) and a letter wishing him well.

While he was in hospital in the UK, I wrote of our plight to President Nyerere and requested that we be allowed to keep the house and garden. This compassionate President issued a Presidential Directive that we pay a token fee of 20/- per year for rent of the house and 5 acres. This enabled me to start up a flourishing chicken breeding farm and a few years later he gave me the honour of visiting us. I remember while showing him around I was fumbling for the English word ‘bully’, to describe the young females at feeding time. I finally broke into Kiswahili – Wanaonewa – he looked at me, eyes twinkling, “I do speak Kiswahili you know”. I immediately relaxed. Understanding the risk of disease with visitors entering poultry farms he left his entourage at the gate, but a few minutes later sent for his Minister of Livestock, to show him what could be done. This was very encouraging to me.

Later I had to take the Ministry of Livestock to Court for unfair treatment. The President was concerned when he heard this and told the Regional Commissioner not to let the case go to Court. However, the ministry did not change their attitude and the case went ahead. We won with costs. Subsequently at a seminar the President officially cited me as an example to livestock farmers. I was sitting in the aisle and as he passed by he stopped and asked “How is your case?”. I told him, “It is finished”. “What was the result?”, he asked. I was very nervous “I will send you a copy of the judgment”, I replied. “No just tell me”, he said. “I won” I told him. “Congratulations, I knew you would” he said and passed on.

I remember once being with Derick, my late husband, who was holding the camera. “Quick”, I said, “he is smiling”. President Nyerere heard me, “Don’t I always smile”, he said with that great sense of humour. The world knew him as an extremely intelligent man and a great leader but I will always remember him for his compassion, concern, fairness and yes, even humility coupled with a wonderful sense of humour.

I arrived in Dar es Salaam in May 1970 as general manager of an investment finance organisation then known as TDFL (Tanzanika Development Finance Ltd), which was jointly-owned by the Tanzanian Government and three European development finance companies. It promoted and financed business in the immediate aftermath of the Arusha Declaration that encompassed Nyerere’s vision of a planned, self-reliant economy. Was this mission impossible? By the time I took over TDFL the government had already carried out its promise to nationalise major enterprises, which had been dominated by expatriate-owned organisations or those of Tanzanian Asian and Middle-Eastern origin.

The outcome was a mushrooming of the para-statal sector. They were staffed with well-educated but totally inexperienced Tanzanian managers, whose vocabulary did not include competition or cost effectiveness.

Confused messages emanated from State House. The working environment was not conducive to new investment propositions. A decree suggesting that workers must own the factories and hotels they worked in led to chaos in Pugu Road Industrial area where workers locked a TDFL factory manager inside his office but forgot that he still had the cheque book to pay their salaries. And, to the astonishment of guests, the kitchen staff at Bahari Beach interpreted the decree as their opportunity to march through the hotel, waiving their knives and declaring that they now owned the place. That did little to encourage tourism, an industry already struggling to survive a much-trumpeted State House query as to whether it was compatible with self-reliance. Despite the economic headaches TDFL survived and managed to create new enterprises.

Those of us who have lived in Tanzania might agree that in introducing the Arusha Declaration Julius Nyerere made too great a demand on human nature. Perhaps that same demand also finds an echo today in the struggle we are facing to balance greed with equality. He tried to balance that equation 50 years ago. He didn’t always succeed but he gave Tanzanians something to counter the ‘Man eat man’ society that seemed to prevail elsewhere in the continent.

Most of those who had the great fortune to come into contact with Mwalimu will remember him as a Christian humanist, who brought humility into politics and who consistently strove to make not just Tanzania, but many emerging nations, more humane societies.