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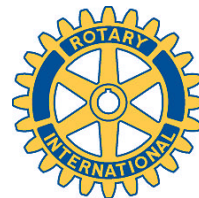
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ROTARY CLUB OF NDOLA

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District 9210

NEWS BULLETIN FEBRUARY 2003 Year of the 50th Anniversary



The Rotary International Africa Presidential Conference was held in Nairobi from 21 to 23 February 2003. Above President Francis is met by the RI President Bhichai Rattakul ; looking on are District 9200 PDG Yusuf Kodwawwala (left) the convener of the conference and far right is Rtn. Joseph Olanya of The Rotary Club of Entebbe, Uganda..

President: Francis Ambrose
Secretary: Moses Mwila
Bulletin Officer: Benjamin Mwanza





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HOME PAGE

February
Membership 30
Attendance 80%

Did you know that we are 2nd best in attendance in the District?

Dates! Dates! Dates!

Birthdays

- 8th February RTN. Dr. John Bahana
- 10th February PP Raman Patel
- 10 February Andy Emmanuel Siame
- 15th February Rtn R L Patel
- 22nd February Ann Christine Mwila
- 23rd February Ann Hemlata Desai

Wedding Anniversaries

- 2nd February Rtn E. Chenga and Ann Gladys
- 13th February PP N G Patel and Ann Bhanumati
- 17th February Rtn R Chandran and Ann Devi

We wish you many more returns!

Calendar for March

- 19th March Committee meetings
- 22nd March Cultural Night
- 26th March Board meeting
- 28th March Business meeting

AIRPORT TALES

By Rtn J Bahana

Sitting, recently, at Johannesburg International Airport with the prospect of connecting to my next flight after 9 hours my mind drifted to those bad old days. The time was 1982. I had been travelling to Maseru, Lesotho. The apartheid regime had posted hundreds of young machine gun totting young white soldiers at every corner of the airport building. It did not matter that, coming from Uganda, I had seen AK 47s many times in public with Amin's goons. But even then I felt thoroughly intimidated. The atmosphere was indeed menacing. I did not have a visa and had to be put up in the airport hotel on 2nd floor of the airport building. The hotel was a proper barricade with frosted glass offering no opportunity to gaze outside. At the reception, I had met a Malawi fellow traveller who accompanied me to my room for a chat. No sooner had we sat than an intercom came on live and announced that we were not allowed to be in any one room in company. That's when I noticed an intruding camera in the roof. Security at Jo'burg, then called Jan Smuts international was pretty tight and targeted at black people be they South Africans or not.

And so it was that in whiling away my time, memories of those horrible years flooded me. Then a gentleman on the next table brought me back to the present. He was dressed rather smartly: a chequered jacket, black trouser with matching shoes. For 30 minutes plus, he kept opening and closing his legs, in rhythm. I swore to myself I would not get any nearer. I wasn't ready to imagine what the purpose of the exercise was.

On another table a man gazed dreamily into the sky. Was he contemplating the departing or landing aircraft? Was it "Kulala.com"? This was an aircraft painted in some of the most ugly colour combinations you could have ever wanted to see, a weird pattern of green/blue/white and black.

I was left wondering as to what goes on in the minds of travellers at airports. When you add all this boredom to the cramped sitting posture that you are subjected to for hours on board an aircraft, it provides a recipe for mischief of your body's physiological systems.

Waiters, oh waiters. I have been waiting for my change on a food order for more than an hour and the waiter has deliberately dodged my table. The behaviour of these people when it comes to returning change is universal. Never mind that they are in Ndola or Johannesburg. You see, it's all over Africa. Come to think about it, I have yet to experience the problem outside our wretched continent. I guess when they look at your attire and know it as a fact that you are travelling by air, they conclude you must have enough cash to spare. If you were to add this small change over so many years,-there goes my plans to become a millionaire.

Heathrow, here I come. Krrrrrrr, krrrrru..... Then the announcement: "The fire alarm has gone off in another area, please remain where you are until further information. The announcement is repeated every 30 seconds. I am wondering if I am indeed in English country or whether I am the only traveller who understands the language. What else could it be when everyone ignores the announcement and continues moving. May be they have gone deaf from the pervasive aircraft engine noise. The human traffic just continues like ants on a trail. To add to my confusion, an Asian woman in airport uniform is explaining: "Vat people do, you hawe to do. Please mowe this vay"

contined on page 9

Finally, after ten minutes the guttural voice on a fire alarm going off some area is cut in the middle as if the announcer has been throttled. No further news of the fire.

Rome: Alitalia flight AZ 203 to Fiumicino airport.

Outside the customs checkpoint there was a sea of black faces packed man to man. Like Gikomba market in Nairobi. As I approached, I recognized the language. It was Kenyan Swahili. At once I decided I needed to avoid this crowd even if it meant waiting for another hour to let the mass disappear. I can tell that these are pilgrims of some kind. I am asking myself the question: "Why does the African get easily deceived? He has travelled all the way from Africa to check out with the Pope on his prospects of going to the white man's heaven.

I can not help remember an episode in this ancient of cities.

For those who have been to Rome, this is no extraordinary tale. And for those yet to travel there, you will probably have been warned. Let this be a reminder. The gypsies. Yes, the gypsies. You must have heard of them. I was walking leisurely up the Via Gioberti, past one of the numerous chapels in this part of the city near the central rail station or Metro. Walking besides me and talking incorrigible things to me was a woman who could not pass unnoticed. She is scrawny, sleazy and is carrying the shape of a bloated b; small torso and a bulging abdomen-apparently pregnant. She extends her hand while sending off rapid fire Italian, begging with persistence. That of course I ignore and continue with my walk unperturbed. Then my thoughts wonder whether she imagines I could be the one who may have contributed to the "secondary thickening" that she is now carrying. Suddenly my defense mechanism went into over drive as I feel a crawling sensation on the upper part up my thigh. I also feel a rush of adrenaline as I realize it is my pocket being invaded. My hand lashes out with speed that even surprised me. I firmly grip the invader and to my horror come out with a small hand. As I look to confirm what is going on, I am shocked to see that it belongs to a girl no more than 5 years of age. She is scrawny; just like the older woman with the outstretched begging hand before me. Before I could check myself, I was yelling profanities. "I am going to kill you. Never pickpocket me ever again".

I doubt that she understood what I was saying but the anger on my face must have told her: "Another minute here and I am dead". Like one staring at the gnarling teeth of a dog, she cringed from me and managed to yank free her arm from my strangling grip. The next move was so quick and before I knew it she had disappeared and so was the pregnant woman. That is when it dawned on me that the two were a team. My alertness had thwarted a very clever scheme. I had this mixed feeling; a bit sad and a bit triumphant. Not wishing to create a scene, but thoroughly shaken, I walked on straight back to my hotel.

It took a while for my adrenaline levels to normalize. Not even the smooth Italian lager could quickly calm my flayed nerves. The contemplation of what could have been had the street urchins succeeded in their design was rather sobering. I had not yet had any shopping and the "bank" was in my pocket.

All the same home is best. I am glad I am back.

MY CLUB

By PE Dr. Avits Nsongo

I carry the wheel under my armpit and all ask me,

Is it a giant blue chip?

- Eternally blue and gold, I tell them with a smile.
- It spins across continents and oceans uniting people and in her the horizon meets its extension.
- In her the vibrant tambourines and the crepitating cords give a happy awakening to the guitars and no bird sleeps, yes, no bird loses its flight.
- All her music is blue and gold.

At the District feasts all want to know about my club.

What scent hath your club? They ask.

- Smells like mango. I respond.
- You know a mango is a fruit softer than a pear and sweeter than dates.

Is your club beautiful? They still ask.

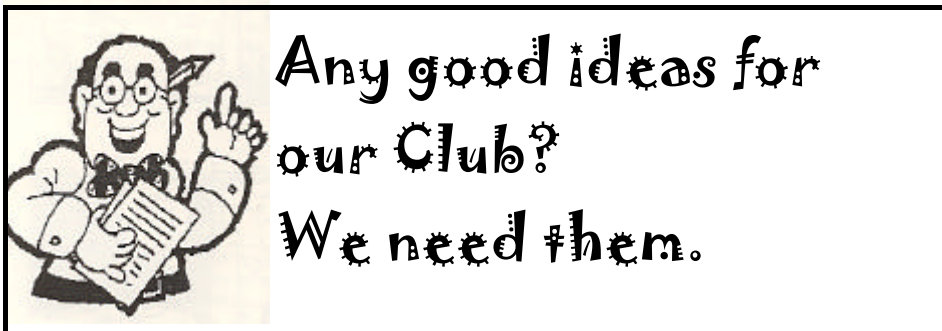
- More beautiful than Mexico. Mexico has a tumult of colours and none likes coming back from there; but my club has a clean aqua marine in which the moon descends to wash its face and to perfume its hair.

Do you have lady Rotarians in your club? They insistently ask.

- Of course! I retort. The soft voice of the five ladies in our club yells like the loudest voice of the universe.
- The ointment of their deeds enliven our bounties to full capacity, and service is the product.

And how old is your club?

- Fifty. I proudly tell them.
- At fifty, he has fathered one, is pregnant with another and is grabbing the seeds and sowing them massively.
- I carry my club on my shoulder and I don't surrender it to anyone. Who has ever seen a proud Rotarian sell his club, let alone a blue and gold wheel ?



PRESIDENTIAL CONFERENCE FOR PEACE AND DEVELOPMENT NAIROBI 21 - 23 FEBRUARY 2003

By President Francis Ambrose PHF



This was a historical conference in many ways. It was the first of its kind in that it was held in the African continent for the first time in the history of Rotary, a deserved opportunity for the "Continent of the future". Historical it was in that it comes just before the inauguration of the very first African RI President, President Elect Jonathan Majiyagbe who was not only in attendance but presided over several sessions. Historical it was in that it was very well organized. The 780 delegates who attended the conference from 39 different countries were far beyond PDG Yusuf Kondwawala's (the Conference Chairman) expectations but nothing fell short of the delight of the delegates, to the extent that the mesmerized RI President Bhichai Rattakul borrowed the Swahili expression of *Hakuna Matata* (no problem) and promised to incorporate it in the Rotary slogans.

The Rotary club of Ndola was represented by me and PE Avits, his Ann Rehema and the two children Lositiwe and Clotilda, and we happened to be the only ones from the Copperbelt to join the 8 Rotarians from Lusaka.

Grateful to Kenya Airways the official sponsor of the Conference, the air tickets were rebated and at Jomo Kenyatta International Airport a Rotary badge was an express passage through immigration and customs desks!

Amongst the successes of the Conference, are the strides taken so far towards the eradication of polio by the year 2005. Of the pledged US\$ 80 million, it was noted that more than US\$ 11 000 were contributed by Zambian Rotary Clubs of which US\$ 7 000 are from the Copperbelt Rotary clubs.

HIV/AIDS was extensively discussed. This session presided over by Rotarian Marion Bunch the World Community Service Advisor on AIDS from the Rotary Club of Dunwoody, Georgia, USA tackled issues of awareness, stigma, Voluntary Counseling and Testing (VCT), orphans and street kids, the plight of widows and widowers, education on HIV/AIDS to both primary and secondary school institutions, and herself having lost one son to AIDS, appealed to RI to play a major role towards HIV/AIDS awareness to the community.

RI President Bhichai encouraged the increase of Rotary membership throughout the world in line with this year's theme of "Sow the seeds of Love". The three days of the conference, fellowship was the order of the day.



I and PE Avits had a rare opportunity to meet both the RI President Bhichai Rattakul and the RI President-elect Jonathan Majiyagbe. (See photos on front page and this page).

Left to right: PE Avits, RI President Jonathan Majiyagbe, P Francis and PDG Eric Marques at the The Kenyatta International Conference Centre, Nairobi, Kenya.

Pope Gelasius declared February 14 St. Valentine's Day around 498 A.D. The Roman 'lottery' system for romantic pairing was deemed un-Christian and outlawed. Later, during the Middle Ages, it was commonly believed in France and England that February 14 was the beginning of birds' mating season, which added to the idea that the middle of February -- Valentine's Day -- should be a day for romance.

The oldest known valentine still in existence today was a poem written by Charles, Duke of Orleans to his wife while he was imprisoned in the Tower of London following his capture at the Battle of Agincourt. The greeting, which was written in 1415, is part of the manuscript collection of the British Library in London, England. Several years later, it is believed that King Henry V hired a writer named John Lydgate to compose a valentine note to Catherine of Valois.

In Great Britain, Valentine's Day began to be popularly celebrated around the seventeenth century. By the middle of the eighteenth century, it was common for friends and lovers in all social classes to exchange small tokens of affection or handwritten notes. By the end of the century, printed cards began to replace written letters due to improvements in printing technology. Ready-made cards were an easy way for people to express their emotions in a time when direct expression of one's feelings was discouraged. Cheaper postage rates also contributed to an increase in the popularity of sending Valentine's Day greetings. Americans probably began exchanging hand-made valentines in the early 1700s. In the 1840s, Esther A. Howland began to sell the first mass-produced valentines in America.

According to the Greeting Card Association, an estimated one billion valentine cards are sent each year, making Valentine's Day the second largest card-sending holiday of the year. (An estimated 2.6 billion cards are sent for Christmas.) Approximately 85 percent of all valentines are purchased by women. In addition to the United States, Valentine's Day is celebrated in Canada, Mexico, the United Kingdom, France, and Australia.

THE ROTARY CLUB OF NDOLA OBSERVES RI FAMILY WEEK

According to the RI calendar, the second week of February is a Family Week. This year, it is not a coincidence that February the 14th St. Valentine's Day or the Day of The Cupid fell in that week.

Our Club that day had a fellowship evening which was well attended and we had a lot of guests with their families and together with our Anns we had a lot of fun. The master of Ceremony, Rtn. Bernard Kang'ombe kept the audience in fiesta all the evening.

The above talk on The Cupid was delivered by PE Avits and was very enlightening. The greasy snacks from Pio Pio Fast Foods were just too filling and the night went on and on. Apart from being a family evening, it turned out to be a Rotary awareness evening as two prospective Rotarians emerged.

There were many raffle prizes which were won all donated by our Club members and cooperating business houses. We thank you most heartedly. Our Sergeant-at-Arms PP Evaristo Kangwa unleashed friendly fines and all in all wound up the evening with K 937,000 in the kitty. We thank our DJ Rtn. Emmanuel Chenga for those Valentine tunes.

THE DAY OF THE CUPID

The history of Valentine's Day -- and its patron saint -- is shrouded in mystery. But we do know that February has long been a month of romance. St. Valentine's Day, as we know it today, contains vestiges of both Christian and ancient Roman tradition.

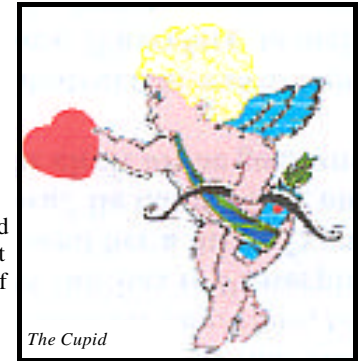
So, who was Saint Valentine and how did he become associated with this ancient rite? Today, the Catholic Church recognizes at least three different saints named Valentine or Valentinus, all of whom were martyred. One legend contends that Valentine was a priest who served during the third century in Rome. When Emperor Claudius II decided that single men made better soldiers than those with wives and families, he outlawed marriage for young men -- his crop of potential soldiers. Valentine, realizing the injustice of the decree, defied Claudius and continued to perform marriages for young lovers in secret. When Valentine's actions were discovered, Claudius ordered that he be put to death. Other stories suggest that Valentine may have been killed for attempting to help Christians escape harsh Roman prisons where they were often beaten and tortured.

According to one legend, Valentine actually sent the first 'valentine' greeting himself. While in prison, it is believed that Valentine fell in love with a young girl -- who may have been his jailor's daughter -- who visited him during his confinement. Before his death, it is alleged that he wrote her a letter, which he signed 'From your Valentine,' an expression that is still in use today. Although the truth behind the Valentine legends is murky, the stories certainly emphasize his appeal as a sympathetic, heroic, and, most importantly, romantic figure. It's no surprise that by the Middle Ages, Valentine was one of the most popular saints in England and France.

While some believe that Valentine's Day is celebrated in the middle of February to commemorate the anniversary of Valentine's death or burial -- which probably occurred around 270 A.D -- others claim that the Christian church may have decided to celebrate Valentine's feast day in the middle of February in an effort to 'christianize' celebrations of the pagan Lupercalia festival. In ancient Rome, February was the official beginning of spring and was considered a time for purification.

Houses were ritually cleansed by sweeping them out and then sprinkling salt and a type of wheat called spelt throughout their interiors. Lupercalia, which began at the ides of February, February 15, was a fertility festival dedicated to Faunus, the Roman god of agriculture, as well as to the Roman founders Romulus and Remus. To begin the festival, members of the Luperci, an order of Roman priests, would gather at the sacred cave where the infants Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were believed to have been cared for by a she-wolf or lupa. The priests would then sacrifice a goat, for fertility, and a dog, for purification. The boys then sliced the goat's hide into strips, dipped them in the sacrificial blood and took to the streets, gently slapping both women and fields of crops with the goat hide strips. Far from being fearful, Roman women welcomed being touched with the hides because it was believed the strips would make them more fertile in the coming year. Later in the day, according to legend, all the young women in the city would place their names in a big urn. The city's bachelors would then each choose a name out of the urn and become paired for the year with his chosen woman. These matches often ended in marriage.

Continued on page 8



The Cupid

THE JAIPUR LIMB PROJECT

THE ROTARY CLUB OF NAIROBI SOUTH EXPERIENCE



If one wants to witness a man-made miracle, where an amputee hobbles into a rough looking metal-cum-timber workshop on crutches in the morning and walks out smiling on two legs in the afternoon, then one needs to visit The Jaipur Limb Workshop, set up by the Rotary Club of Nairobi South, opposite the ABC Centre on Waiyaki Way, Nairobi, which is managed on a permanent basis by an administrator, senior technologist, technician and support staff.

The Rotary Club of Nairobi South brought the Jaipur Limb into Kenya in the year 1990 in conjunction with the Rotary Club of Bombay, Bombay Soin. His Excellency the President of Kenya who was by the the Minister of Health, officially inaugurated the camp. The service is provided completely free to an amputee of any sexcolour or religious faith. The foot can be fitted to a child as soon as it can walk, also to a person over eighty years of age. As a child grows, a new limb can be fitted to fit its new size. It costs the club US\$ 125 to provide one Jaipur Limb. This cost is inclusive of all transport, boarding and lodging necessary for the people coming out of Nairobi.

Dr Pramod Karan Sethi, an eminent orthopaedic surgeon, on the basis of an idea of a senior technologist, Mr. Sharma, together with his team developed the Jaipur foot in the early 1970s in the city of Jaipur, India. He designed a prosthetic, made of micro cellular rubber that proved very suitable for the variety of lifestyles and it came to be known as the Jaipur Foot. Its is light, flexible and durable; an be worn barefoot or with shoe; looks natural and lifelike; can be fitted on one or both legs, above or below the knee; can be fitted rapidly and is inexpensive to make. This artificial limb has transformed the lives of millions of landmine amputees and polio victims in India and other developing countries.

The Jaipur Limb enables the amputee to walk again without crutches through rubble and stones, through forest, sand bush water or mud. After fitting, the person can even climb hills, run, ride a bicycle and dance. The foot is robust and needs neither service nor repair.

In May 2002, Peter Mucina, a computer operator at the Nairobi workshop and beneficiary of the foot, attended the Rotary International Presidential Conference in Barcelona, Spain. Peter gave a talk on The Jaipur Foot Project in Nairobi. He danced and ran on the rostrum and then took off his foot and the leg. This thrilled thousands of delegates, many with tears in their eyes. President Richard King gave Peter the Rotary President's Award.

The foot is made in Jaipur, India, while the rest of the leg is made in Nairobi using high density polyethylene pipes, normally used for waste-water. Other materials are leather straps and some fittings, all available locally. Western prostheses have proved to be of limited use here and this technology is now also adopted in the western world.

The Rotary International rules do not allow a Rotary club to remain involved in a project more than three years. The rules require that a separate permanent organization be set up to manage and run a project that is likely to last a generation.

Thus, the Rotary Club of Nairobi South set up a permanent legal body "The Jaipur Foot Trust" that now runs and manages this project on behalf of the club. The trustees may be appointed from the club or outside, who are willing to contribute time towards this worthy cause.

The Trust has established a KShs 30 million (US\$395 000) Trust Fund to make the Project self sustaining. So far, nearly half of this sum has been raised. The money is invested in high yield investments; the income from which is used to provide part of the service. Many other benefactors also contribute to the project on regular basis. The Rotary Foundation has provided Matching Grants to benefit amputees from specific areas of Kenya.

The project has benefited over 10,000 disabled persons in Kenya so far. The demand for this humanitarian service has increased in the whole of East African region due to accidents, snake bites, civil strife and ravages of war and land mines.



The Rotary Club of Ndola is undertaking a similar project, right now at its advanced stage of preparation. Above inside the Kenyatta International Conference Centre in Nairobi, PE Dr. Avits Nsongo poses for a photo with PDG Don Short the Chairman of The Rotary Jaipur Limb Trust based in London. At this conference, PDG Don Short presented Jaipur limbs to 100 amputees amongst them double amputee children who having had the limbs fitted could play soccer the same day!

