Tshaka's death has been a most terrible blow. I am sure a very great loss to you and to your hopes, so many ideas and plans for the future were bound up with him. It is hard to see what can come now, though in a few years his son - specially Bethley - may begin to follow in his footsteps. It was a wonderful privilege to be with him every day in those last few weeks, throughout his last days.

It was such a suitable last day for him. He was suddenly stronger and was talking quite a bit. He was desperately keen to stand up 3 times, persuaded Ella to nurse him to help him so. The last time he said: "I have won a victory" and added: "Oh, there is the victory. The victory of death, where is thy sting?" He was very brave and accepted the knowledge that death was inevitable. He often sang a favourite hymn: "My way is white as snow." In his conscious moments, was often lively and good-humoured. Ella was wonderful. Their love, faith and extraordinary sacrifice were paid to him in The Times, the Manchester Guardian, the Daily Telegraph, André Clarke in the Observer, and Hare, Grant, Shell and many others wrote from letters.

I had been working on a book about Tshaka (based on something Douglas Bondhuan had done) for some time. Fabers are going to publish it. I wondered whether you could possibly find time to write something about your friendship with him, that I could quote. I thought partly of memories of him as partly an assessment of his role in Southern Africa.

I should be so grateful if you could do this as I want to keep the book to keep alive his work and influence and to correct some of the impressions that sensational newspaper
AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.