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Dearest Friends, the Leary Family,

It is good to be alive and enjoy the many blessings of god. We have so much to be thankful to Him about especially when we count how much more we have than those that have not. The dearest price man can pay. The most sacred blessing of all is life itself and unlike many of our friends we shall never see again, we, James & family, Connie, the children and I are lucky to be alive. There are some people back there who chose or succumbed to the pressures of those in power to pay in order to stay alive. Without some help from within or through bribery. The only way to survive in Uganda is hide oneself in the village and hope few people knew you enough to look for you any way. Hence the fate of my brothers, sisters, parents is to go to the land and I hope they will leave them alone. At 80 my father can't do much harm to Amin. My mother is a very weak 70 having had a lot of major illnesses and operations over the last 15 years. My untimely departure sent her to hospital for 5 weeks, her heart is weakening fast and both of them had hoped for so much for the rest through me and now I am no longer around, it must be so hard to accept, so hard to bear.

In retrospect, however, we had done something with our opportunities. I left, or rather James and I left 500 acres already useful producing enough to keep the scheme going. There was another 500 acres fenced but not cleared of bush. This can at least save some of Daddy's land, he valued it so much but recently another decree was signed nationalising all unused land. In effect they took away land they wanted immediately – used or unused and distributed it among themselves. So now, as was with the houses we owned, the care and the businesses all these things were purported to be nationalised in public interest but in fact no sooner had we lost them than the army officers entered and took absolute possession of them, including, may I add, actually fighting amongst themselves over the very properties, a few of them have died over the issue—ironical don't you think?! Anyway let historians take note of a chapter in the process of Desecration of a Kingdom. Buganda lost their King 'Freddie' in 1966 at Obote's hands---Amin himself having led the final assault on the Palace. Then he died in exile and the spirit went with him. Then we lost the best politicians through calculated murder by Amin's hired mercenaries from Sudan- including the very people- the most revered and noted ex desires such as the Chief Justice of Uganda, Benedictor Kiwanuka- the Premier of the 1st Independent Uganda and leader of the Democratic Party. He was released from a cell in which Obote had cruelly planted him to rot—no trial, no hearing... his only crime had been Leader of an opposition, champion of civilised rule and Democracy. Amin released him along with 22 other Prominent politicians (later another estimated 1500-2000 were also released). But of the 22 only about 3, yes three, remain in the country. All the others are dead with possible 2-5 living in exile to be free or alive. Since this purge the cells of Amin's Prisons have averaged 1000-3000, i.e. 1500 people but the horror of it all was the mortality rate of the Prisoners. This number remained reasonably constant by virtue of an influx of some 200-300 prisoners every 1-2 weeks replacing a similar number who had been executed in the same time. Were this a country with a Pope, OAU would never have sat in Conference in Uganda this year, nor Amin become the Chairman. For every delegate that took his place in Uganda's show of might, power, majesty and savage culture there were 80-100 innocent Ugandans whose fate was never contemplated, discussed or considered. Some 200 Egyptians accompanied Sadat, 150 Libyans came with Gaddafi, 75 Nigerians and nearly 400 Zairians. – the dancers alone were 200 from Zaire. Yet in all this Pomp and apparent splendour, no delegate, no news reporter cared to sift the dust and discover the gloom, the horror, the terror

and the inhumanity that grips every good homes law abiding Ugandan who cared to probe the Buganda Genocide, the Christians massacred by Amin's Moslem mercenaries. The humble people disposed, hounded, terrorised and wickedly broken. They came, they saw and trod the grounds that have become the regular mass graves of unlimited loss of life—Unnamed, unmarked graves of fellow human beings. The River Nile has never known more blood or human carcasses as at Amin's day. The Lake Victoria has earned her self the unenviable reputation of "the Quiet Waters of the Dead". Will they go home and recount the opportunities of coming face to face with the human tragedy that is Uganda today. Of course not!; "A Well Organised conference" " Very Impressive gymnastics display" "Quite an army for a developing nation" "who said Uganda was on the knees?" "What a kick in the mouth for the enemies of Africa!" "this will silence the prophets of doom" and so they ramble on sipping Vodka in the heart of the Jungle of Sin; unconcerned that each was supporting the last man who lost Africa the Pride of Justice and the Honour of Service, the grace of Freedom ad the Sanctity of Human Rights- what a parade, I feel sorry for our children who are too young to know what Uganda is losing and will never understand the tragedy of life in Uganda when an entire Heritage has been shattered by an alien of sacrilegious Pretence- He kills with one hand and praises with the other.

I have not yet lost track of the sequence of sad events. With the crushing of the Political activity in the country the people lost a sense of Direction and the only organ of expression of their beliefs. The advent of the Idolation of things Material had arrived. The one word that can come near telling the cult of men we were or are obliged to serve are "heathen marauders". They come down from the north and Plunder the hand- an entire generation has been washed away, a generation of Brilliant Ugandans lost. They took businesses, 1st Israelis, then Arabs, then British and finally Ugandans. They have taken our homes not just our houses but homes and rendered us a displaced people. They have taken our women including the forced abduction of school girls from playing fields to Barracks- We have unwanted brats born every day in every clinic of every region- the nameless, cultureless, homeless breed. They have taken out land, our cars, our money and in certain cases our lives. The survivors are out and the INVASION OF THE HEATHEN NUBIANS IS COMPLETE. Twenty years from now people will never know that a tribe called Bagunda ever held the entire life of Uganda in its palm and felt the urge to dominate it but with the advent of western civilisation, Religion and Affluence this tribe chose to be gracious and share her knowledge, her civilisation, her wealth and her heritage with other around called Ugandans only to wake up one day and find they as a tribe were no more, as a force spent, as a people scattered and lost as a nation empty. This is the story of my escape from Uganda, I can hopefully say I am strong enough in my path to stop, look back and recall the way it all happened.

For some 3 months I had sensed something like an eye watching me from a distance- time and again a call or a letter came. "You are a very stubborn man..... we got rid of the best what makes you think you can survive us" " One of these days we'll come in person, we'll come for your life" "We know where you are, where you work, where you stay, your businesses, your bank A/Cs in Uganda and outside Uganda, your friends your properties, your cars—and we are going to take them all---- you will be a nuisance to keep so we'll probably feed you to the crocodiles". "You are flirting with Army Officers girlfriends, you are in trouble man, you will disappear". " We know you have taken your Citroen car to Kenya but we want it back- unless you bring it back we'll take your family instead and you know what we'll do to them all" "Be warned your final days are very near", " we saw you driving to Entebbe last night and should have finished you there and then may be 10,000/ will do for now- we are coming for it". "I can protect you from harm. My price is 20,000/ a month- thereafter you won't be troubled by anyone- if you refuse it is your life you are gambling away". these my dear Kevin were my daily nightmares. Fortunately, Connie was spared. She did not even know from me

about all these calls and letters. One or two maybe for every 10 I received. My work exposed me to such hazards and in the last 3 years of my stay I have been called names such as 'white man's stooge' 'the singing dentist' 'the young millionaire' 'the gentleman' 'the thieving and overcharging pompous crook', 'the model professional', 'the imperialist lover' 'the money lover', 'the conceited Ugandan', 'the loyal citizen', etc,etc. So I could see it was a matter of time but the end would be the same. I wanted to be much more drastic but James and my assistant Dr Tham, thought it would alarm everybody- good or bad. As it turned out my friends are glad to know that I am out and the alarm so feared and predicted was provoked by my delay rather than my departure. So we planned and gracefully phased out of operations. I was to move out in June 75 by which time I will have sold my 3 cars and transferred one more to my father. I was to have sent off my equipment to Kenya and sold my houses and transferred some to my staff and some to my family. James was to arrange to sell the Printing Press, our Share in the Universal Pharmacy, transfer our Motor Spares Business to a Petrol Station which my brother would run with a Servicing Section and absorb one or two more relatives from either side. As it happened I was in Mombasa on call to operate on a very badly injured woman from Tanga in Tanzania when 'they' must have seen my name amongst the passengers who had gone but- so 'they' moved in-ransacked and closed my surgery, took all of 5 days packing and stealing away my equipment. Some of the chairs are at Mulejo Hospital but many things were deliberately scattered in the northern region of Uganda. Apparently to destroy all traces of identity.

They then hounded my staff because they wanted my money. "where is the money?" "We know he has 5 A/Cs in 3 Banks." "We know he has 5 companies he is running "Where is the money?" No money found so next question "Where are his cars? We want the green Citroën" "Where does he live?". When they failed to get answers that satisfied them they went to my younger brother and took him for interrogation. Every day they took him and his answer each time; "I don't know!". So they ransacked his house and took everything in it. Next they took the Motor Spares Shop and gave it to an Asian who is a crook and fanatic Moslem supporter of Amin. He used to sell the Citroën cars to Amin and to us all of course and later as I got to know he wanted the same car as well and was most annoyed to find that others had it before he could lay claim to it. He pretended to be a Rotarian- and his name is 'Raza Zagani'. He was none of those black sheep that came into the Rotary club not for the good they can do in the world but for what they can get. He spied for Amin and helped himself to nearly everything that was going-'they' went to my old house I had just sold and looked for me and the car. Meanwhile Constance and the children were in the house of the Minister of Labor. Even he did not know I had moved into one of his houses. I rented it through an agency and even then it was for on o the directors. The race was on to get Constance and the children out before 'they' found them. So I had to rely on every good friend I had left in the country to secure tickets for them and then to smuggle them out of Uganda. We had to leave or furniture and every other thing behind because we could not risk attracting any attention not even from the staff at home who could inform people that Mrs. Bisase was running away too. I spent a bad week in Mombasa but confident that all would be well provided. James was still in Kampala to caretake for my interests including putting up Constance and the family. But as time seemed to be running out I moved to Nairobi 'nearer' as I were to the root of the matter, the heart of the fire that was about to explode. I was eagerly awaiting Connie and each day we would phone in codes to each other and through friends and relatives when SUDDENLY one Saturday morning James, not Connie, arrived! I could see from his face that he had no slept at all. He looked very tired- a man so far from reality and yet so close to me. In one deadly moment I feared the worst for both our families- then he spoke; "Arnold I have never seen such a beautiful morning in all my life". He had just escaped in 'the nick of time'. A friend we had in the know of what could be a boot was investigating from the men of the President's research Unit whether I had any reason to worry: "Yes that doctor is a very difficult man

to get. He keeps chiding us. First, we wanted his car and got there too late; then we went to get his property at Makindya and found he had sold it; then we went for him at the surgery and he had already flown out to Kenya. But we won't let him get any more money; we shall take his businesses away and freeze all his A/Cs. He has a friend of his still here. That one who married a European girl—he'll give us all the information and the businesses and the money—they share everything so it won't be difficult to get what we want then after that we'll kill him and drop him in the lake (Victoria). Our friend just ran as soon as he could and got James before leaving his office "James you have a ticket to fly out tonight (that was Friday). James heard enough to know that the battle was lost—we had to move to fight again. So he confirmed the ticket he had just bought that very afternoon purely on intuition- instinct. However he had the courage to go to my home and told Constance that the day was now. Then he went home and spent the whole night packing a few things and making plans for the house furniture and all the very many things that needed his word and decision. No sleep, no food, just action- To drive to Entebbe was a nightmare- 20 miles seemed like a hundred- what a day!! James was leaving both our families behind in order to survive from a vantage point to direct the next operation—the evacuation of our families. Pamela was wonderful- she packed everything by Tuesday, handed the house to the Nigerian High Commission, having successfully agreed with them to leave the property. Meantime Constance was completing our distribution of a few prized possessions around our friends. On Friday she and the kids with a relative left for their last Entebbe- Nairobi journey. It was a long one and they did not know just how or if they would get through all the check points -on route if any- at the airport Definitely. Somehow Pam had to follow soon or else news would leak that our families were going out. Fortunately Constance and the kids + our relative who actually saw them right here at the doorstep, then 2 days later Pamela left with the kids. 2 days after that (i.e. 4 days from her departure) they found the house with most of the furniture and one car and took them. Then they found James but were frustrated by the lease. Still they promised the Nigerian High Commission that after 2 years they would be back and both the house and furniture better be there. Amin's reign of terror and capacity to steal and defraud is limitless and total

19/08/75

Thank you very much you wonderful people. Thank you for your telephone and concern. Now even you must admit it was only right and fitting to name our son after you Kevin. Our feelings for you right now are of utter admiration, absolute gratitude and respect, pure joy and love for you our true friends in Exile. Somehow it seems quite meaningless to digress and give you more news of our plight. Let me concentrate on the relevant section only.

It was not so bad for me as a Professional as well as one who had already purchased this surgery; so as soon as my family was here we tried to adapt as quickly as humanly possible. We found Arnold to be a good school although the 1000 p a term seemed like a mountain to pay fees. He starts Primary One next year. Brian is due to join him in Kindergarten this September 8th although there is a small possibility that with a little bit of luck we may change Arnold to the best school – the Loretto convent. I had to be very patient with patients who in this country are still affected by colour prejudices. Asians prefer to go to Asians or European. European goes to European and only in the last resort African or Asian both being equally bad. African still prefer free treatment if he is not well off, or European if he is. So these 5 months have not been exactly the most palatable. But my patience seems to be getting rewarded and I can say that I am getting quite busy now. The next hurdle is equipment and staff. Actually it may now sound quite ironical but it is a fact that my

immediate need is for a 2nd Assistant who will replace the one about to leave me. If anything, you may well try to sound our young bachelors keen to get their teeth into something exciting.

My views are that this is only stop 1 for me and the family. Kenya may look well on me today but several things remind me daily that I am just another alien- not a refugee in need of sanctuary. The Symptoms of a country about to brace itself against a dramatic change are pointing high on a move sooner or later. The signs are on the wall. We are not really wanted here although within reason we are winning friends sooner than it seemed at first. But there is more to it than that. Africa is a state of flux and any flammable object can set any part of it ablaze. Somehow we can, all sensible people can, see it but we can't stop it. There are too many people anxious to get everything there is to get. They can't even see the molten lava that can reach them before they are safely clear. So the big powers stay up there hovering above the seething masses of human conflicts. They are the hawks every so often providing a little more fuel to the fire that simmers. When all is done and we are spent they will descend upon Africa for the grab. Africans have to wake up to these realities and before it is too late. When those in power in various regions are planning how to consolidate themselves, be it in cash, be it in power, they always have enough aides from the big Powers to guide them nearer the edge of the crater. But still white people are saying to us how quickly you can get rich – all you've got to do is just sign here and I'll do the rest. We are doomed. No Kevin, I reckon that in 2-5 years at the outside I must be somewhere far away from this turmoil – before the apportionment of Africa begins. This leads me onto the prospects as I have been examining them. I should look for an English speaking country but alas not England. I have just returned from there and I have a great feeling that they are a country where so much is run by the unions. I must avoid the rush to the Goldfields of Canada or the U.S.A. . In Canada 20 years from now the white will be fighting the immigrants for their land and between now and then the immigrant issue will plague succeeding governments to the detriment of the future of the Aliens. U.S.A. is saturated by emotions, professionals, money mania and colour prejudice.

Australia has several question marks I can only find answers to if only I was able to come down in person to assess, to discuss and barter. Your immigration policies look tight although a person who might penetrate them is probably on a fairly safe wicket to bat. But if your Government can be sticky about letting me in then what of the ordinary man on the street- is he happy to see me integrate in his/her search? If the ordinary man is happy then what of my fellow Professionals; how will they view my presence there? I am a capitalist and an individualist so much so that I am a difficult one to employ. No that is not true. I do not wish to be employed again if I can help it. Moreover my conscience rebels against unnatural boundaries and fences and it would be unwise to declare myself into discounting the relevance of these factors. The West Indies are also on the inspection card and I think a multi-racial society already exists there without the evidence of mounting tension. Where to start assessing in all of those islands is the problem. I hope to visit them before I bring my family to Australia. I am examining these questions with your knowledge because as friends I confide in you and I hope you are not badly offended considering that you have already taken so much trouble to get me the necessary information. Up to this date I regret to say I have not received your letter and the books you mentioned. I shall keep hoping that they are not lost. Constance wrote to thank you for your presents you sent the first time in Kenya- they were absolutely superb and Kevin could not have had a better start. You really know our taste and I admire your sense of proportion; i.e. what is suitable AND fits!

Now your Annette has sent such beautiful things to the children-she is obviously taking after you both- meticulous! Mail is getting wayward these days and seem to believe it is our end doing it so I

am going to send you this letter in 2 or 3 parts. Tell me if you miss anything (any part) out. Not that I will remember what was in that part exactly!

When the Serabilyas arrived they spent 2 months without even a glimmer of hope for a job. Not because James had not tried but because the opportunities are for citizens and to start anything you own would require too much capital; we do not have that. All our 'friends' seem to have got lost and helpless as soon as they became refugees. We counted on a few of them at least finding us some premises for a small shop. Only now in the last 2 weeks have we found something ourselves. We are negotiating to occupy an empty building by paying 70,000/ for "goodwill" in the place. What this means we still don't know either. Anyway if we do get in we are funnily enough hoping to take up hardwares as a trading line. You of all the friends we have could do a great deal to encourage us or dissuade us before we take the plunge and if your answer is Yes then we need suppliers and here too we could look your way for names and possible agencies. So much can change so quickly in this part of the world that James can't rely on his experience, courage and determination with our limited financial resources for survival. We could wake up one day and find that we do not have a business, a trade, or even a company to run. So it was wise 2 and a half months ago for Pam to get a job as Secretary where her starting salary was quite encouraging and had been able to ease the pressure on the Surgery to allow for expansion but every time James considers the next bill of fees for the children he shudders and so do I.

I am not sure what effort this letter will have on you our friends and I hesitated to suggest that those papers with James Curriculum Vitae are relevant. But we are prepared for every eventuality and if we are sure that business will not succeed here at least your prior investigations with a view to an opportunity for James would not be that much of a wasted step taken. So I am sending them over to you but as you said no promises are sought- we are only just grateful for anything you can do and have already done.

All the children send their love and sincere thanks. - I really have to stop now as it is getting to long a letter to stop. I heard from Bill Walker and he seemed optimistic about Margaret- tell her how much I still care but how much I am involved with to spare sufficient time to write to her. Also if you see Bill please thank him on our behalf – all of us Rotarians from Kampala and especially Phan Ntnede and me.

God Bless you all- Bye from us all here.

The Bisases James papers sent separate cover.