

Telegraph Christmas Charity Appeal 2010

Once again, it's a time for giving



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 2010

White pensioners and poor black families alike are the victims of Zimbabwe's economic catastrophe

This is a collection of articles published in The Daily Telegraph from November 2010 to January 2011 to highlight the work of ZANE.

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Comment

Our generous readers

That Cavalier poet of gathering rosebuds, Robert Herrick, was no fool. He once turned his artifice to the problem of giving alms when you don't know what you have to spare. "Little or much, / My alms is such; / But if my deal / Of oil and meal / Shall fuller grow, / More I'll bestow," he wrote in disarming simplicity. He knew quite well, though, that it was the poor widow that gave to Elijah the last of her food who found her "oil and meal" endlessly replenished.

In these uncertain times, *Telegraph* readers seem to share Herrick's optimism that charitable donations are the last things that need to be cut. Last year, you gave £1.2 million to this newspaper's Christmas charity appeal. This year's appeal is for ZANE (Zimbabwe A National Emergency), Cancer Research UK and Dogs for the Disabled. Little or much, we're sure the generosity will be there this year, too.

ZANE is a charity with a clear purpose. "We aim to give hope where there is no hope," says former MP Tom Benyon, who in 2002 set up Zimbabwe A National Emergency in response to what he hoped would be a short-lived crisis.

He was moved to help by meeting Cathy Olds, a Zimbabwean who fled to Britain with her children after her husband, a farmer, was murdered. On visiting Zimbabwe, he saw the effects of rampant inflation, which wiped out assets and savings and left large parts of the population destitute.

Eight years on, more people than ever in Zimbabwe are trapped in what appears to be a hopeless situation. The decision last year to adopt the US dollar as the currency has helped to stabilise the country, but it has created still more abject poverty. Savings became worthless overnight. Since then, prices have escalated five-fold.

Pensioners have been particularly badly affected; among them, British former civil servants and soldiers who chose to settle in the country. The pensions they believed would keep them in old age can no longer support them. Many have had their homes and farms taken from them. With great dignity but little to eat, they are barely surviving.

Thousands of people are in a similar position to Sylvia, who went to live in Zimbabwe 10 years ago in order to look after her aged mother, taking her life savings with her. After her mother died in 2002, she stayed on and, diagnosed with a debilitating spinal condition, moved to a nursing



ANNE DE HAAS

Pensioners whose savings were wiped out are living in poverty

home, financed by the sale of her mother's home.

"She was tearful and her hands shook as she showed me her savings book," Benyon says. "Hundreds of thousands of Zimbabwe dollars she once had were now enough to buy a small packet of bacon. Without ZANE, she would be dead."

Whites in Zimbabwe are not the only ones to be suffering in a country where unemployment has reached 90 per cent. Medical care is free to children under five, but there are few doctors and clinics, and often no education is available. ZANE has extended its assistance to those who live in the country's slums, where one in three people under 40 suffers from Aids, and many children's lives are ruined by club foot – a problem that can be sorted

out simply and cheaply if treated early.

Operating in Zimbabwe is difficult and dangerous. Money could easily go astray, but not a single penny raised by ZANE since 2002 has been lost to corruption. Its brave workers operate "under the radar", as Benyon puts it, dispensing money directly to those who need it most. Where family members can be found to provide assistance, ZANE will track them down; the charity only gives to those in most desperate need. Even so, waiting lists for help are long, and growing longer every day.





We must not forget Zimbabwe

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2010

ZANE is a charity dedicated to alleviating suffering. Graham Boynton explains why the country he loves needs its help so badly

I recently dug out from my attic a photograph taken in Rhodesia at the end of the 1960s. It was primarily a snap of my teenage self with a girlfriend at the Hillside dams, a popular picnic spot in the second city of Bulawayo. What was interesting about the photograph was not the grinning teenage couple but that fact that at this particular spot were families and groups of all races – white, African and Indian – enjoying a Sunday in the sunshine. There is a carefree multi-racialism about the scene.

Pre-Mugabe Rhodesia has mostly been portrayed as a period of evil, race-driven colonialism where the white minority firmly planted their boots on the throats of the black majority, oppressing and exploiting them until they were driven into a guerrilla war that was to rage for more than a decade. The photograph suggests that the truth about Rhodesia was a great deal more complicated, and race relations and the progress towards enfranchisement were far more nuanced, than the traditional viewpoint from this side of the fence.

While we Rhodesian whites certainly enjoyed a happy-go-lucky, privileged youth we were also aware that the future had to be shared with the black majority. We were proudly unlike South Africa where racial separation was written into the constitution and through the 1950s and 1960s was seeping into its population's bloodstream. We were largely from British stock and, having hacked and hewn an impressively efficient and successful modern society out of raw bushveld in less

than a century, Rhodesians were setting about modifying the social and political landscape to accommodate the indigenous people properly.

The moderates on both sides were not quick enough. Unfortunately, the decision-making processes ended up in the hands of whites like Ian Smith, an arch-conservative with limited political skills, and blacks like Robert Mugabe, a ruthless enforcer even from his early days. (The idea that Mugabe “turned bad” at some stage during his despotic reign is unsupported by fact – he was always prepared to employ a scorched earth policy on his political enemies).

Both men were creatures of their time. Smith was elected in 1963 only three years after white Belgian refugees had fled into Rhodesia from anarchy and bloodshed in the decolonised Congo. They had arrived with tales of whites being murdered in the streets and that sent reverberations through Rhodesia's white minority at just the time that the West was demanding immediate handover of political power. Mugabe, meanwhile, was transforming himself from a clever Christian schoolboy to an uncompromising Marxist-Leninist, a perfect anti-Western front line activist for the Cold War ideologues in Moscow and Peking.

We – the grinning white teenagers in that fading photograph and the black families sitting around enjoying picnics on the same immaculately-tended lawns – were innocently enjoying the last days of relative peace. For soon, Rhodesia would be engulfed in an unwinnable

civil war after which power would be transferred to the man whose name would become synonymous with despotic African rule. Despite Mugabe's promises to Ian Smith at the time he took power that he would look after the country he had inherited from the conscientious and innovative colonials, in fact he has dismantled and destroyed the infrastructure with a cavalier disregard for his own people's welfare.



This beautiful country's lurching journey to dictatorship has been a calamity



As Mugabe and his cronies have gone about looting the country, they have also allowed to fall into disrepair, either wilfully or through blissful ignorance, the mechanisms that supported colonial Rhodesia's phenomenal growth. Most notable of these mechanisms was an unideological civil service, which provided the glue that held the various functioning institutions together.

Whatever the private political views of these largely white civil servants – and many of them went home at night and supported Ian Smith – their sense of public

duty, combined with their resourcefulness and diligence, were major contributors to the success of the colony and therefore the well-being of both its white and black citizens. The shabbiness and disorder today in the principal cities and the virtual absence of a properly functioning civil service are significant pointers to the shambles that is Mugabe's Zimbabwe.

Now, as Zimbabwe enters its second decade as a socially and economically failed state, the price is being paid by the ordinary people. Mugabe's elite have barely noticed the calamitous decline, although they have been somewhat inconvenienced by the fact that their shopping trips to Bond Street and rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore have been disrupted by sanctions imposed on them by the EU.

However, that inner circle of politicians, cronies and relatives continue to live the high life while the majority of Zimbabweans struggle to feed themselves. Only last week, the wife of one of Mugabe's ministers was overheard telling a companion that so much money was pouring into her family's bank account “that we have to buy a new property every year”.

The plain facts of Zimbabwe's fall tell the story. In 2000 that total output of the country's agricultural industry was 4.3 million tonnes of products worth, at today's prices, US\$ 4.3 billion. By last year this had declined to 1.3 billion tonnes worth \$1 billion, a fall of 70 per cent. More than half of the 4,000 white-owned farms taken by the Mugabe regime are now derelict. This forced displacement has resulted in loss of employment for at



DESMOND KWANDE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Children in Harare shanty town: once the breadbasket of central Africa, Zimbabwe now depend on food aid to feed its population

least 250,000 people and poverty for their 1.3 million dependants on commercial farms. From being a prosperous, self-sufficient country that was the breadbasket of Central Africa and a net exporter of agricultural product, Zimbabwe now depends on food aid to feed its population.

This has all been conducted in a cloud of anti-colonial rhetoric from Mugabe and his corrupt cronies who claim that their actions are readjusting the wrongs of the past. As the plain facts reveal, nothing could be further from the truth. The victims are the black majority and the remnants of the white pensioners who have seen their savings destroyed by hyper-inflation. Famine Early Warning Systems Network, a food security monitoring group, has said in some years almost 6 million Zimbabweans would need

food aid to avoid starvation.

It was the assault on the white farms that indirectly led to the formation of the charity ZANE (Zimbabwe A National Emergency). In 2002 ZANE's founder, Tom Benyon, met Cathy Olds, a third generation Zimbabwean who had fled, destitute, to the UK with her two children after the murder of her husband Martin on their Matabeleland farm. "I raised money for Cathy and in the following year I visited Zimbabwe myself to confirm that the overall situation was utterly desperate."

Since then ZANE has raised some £8 million for its beneficiaries who range from white pensioners barely able to afford a daily meal through to black Zimbabweans in the high density suburbs who require medical care in a country now ravaged by HIV Aids and with an all but dysfunctional medical system. "The economic decline has been total ... it will take many

years to rebuild the country into even a shadow of its former self," says Benyon. "And the political rapprochement that has been much trumpeted over the last two years has made no difference to the man in the street. Mugabe and his cronies will not give up power. Tsvangirai and his colleagues are brave men but they've been forced to get into bed with the mafia. So nothing has changed for ordinary, struggling people."

This beautiful country's lurching journey from prosperous colony to multi-racial democracy to damaged African dictatorship has been a calamity for most of its citizens. At least three million Zimbabweans have fled to neighbouring South Africa and tens of thousands live in Britain. The white community that at its peak numbered almost 300,000 people is now estimated at fewer than 20,000, many of these elderly people who cannot afford to

leave a country most were born in.

And while its political leaders strut about in Savile Row suits sipping malt whisky and negotiating their next property deals, charities such as ZANE are left caring for their most vulnerable citizens. It is the story of post-colonial Africa.

HOW TO DONATE

There are three ways to donate:

- 1 Visit www.zane.uk.com
- 2 By post, see donation form on page 12
- 3 Call our credit card hotline 020 7788 7803

Peta Thornycroft reports from Harare on the courageous efforts of ZANE, a charity working to get Zimbabwe's poorest back on their feet

Tanaka, whose name means "it is nice" in Zimbabwe's Shona language, was born in Harare on August 13. She and her twin brother, Tawanda, seemed well when they left the state maternity hospital, and the family celebrated their birth.

Early one morning, three weeks later, however, the babies' father, Farai, 38, went to their bed: only one of the newborns was crying for food. Tawanda was dead.

When a community health worker visited the grieving couple, it became apparent that the baby had starved to death. The babies' mother, Patience, had insufficient milk for one baby, let alone two.

"We realised that the surviving child needed supplementary feeding," says the health worker, whose modest salary is paid by ZANE, one of this year's Telegraph Christmas charities.

The charity was set up by the former MP Tom Benyon in 2002, after he met Cathy Olds, a Zimbabwean who fled to Britain with her children when her husband, a farmer, was murdered. On visiting Zimbabwe, Mr Benyon saw for himself the dramatic effects of the country's hyperinflation, which wiped out assets and savings and left large parts of the population destitute.

The charity now has 32 employees as well as scores of volunteers, helping a wide range of Zimbabweans, from pensioners – many of them former British civil servants and soldiers who lost their property and savings and are barely surviving – to the poor and needy in the slums, where one in three people under 40 suffers from Aids.

Last year, it channelled £1.3 million from overseas to fund its work and to give small cash grants to some of the neediest. Conditions in the country, where the average life expectancy is just 46, can be appalling, and the continuing shortage of food in a nation



Restored to health: Patience and Tanaka in their cardboard house in Harare

'We can help this family pull through'

that once exported surplus farm produce to the rest of Africa means that millions of Zimbabweans have an inadequate diet.

"We brought in food to feed Patience up and improve the quantity of her breast milk," said the community worker, who – like all ZANE's local employees – cannot be named for safety reasons.

Tanaka is now a healthy 3.5kg, slightly below the normal weight for a baby of her age, "but she is catching up fast".

In normal terms, it didn't take much to ensure the health of Tanaka – some beans, cooking oil, peanut butter and dried fish and, according to the health worker, "within days, Patience's milk supply improved" – but in Zimbabwe and, in particular, in the troubled suburbs of Harare, it takes a wide network of community workers, operating carefully and diplomatically, to help those most in need.

Often it is dangerous work. This sort of high-density suburb was targeted for clearance by Robert Mugabe's Zanu-PF government five years ago, three years before it struck a "power-sharing" agreement with the opposition MDC.

The UN estimates that more than two million people lost homes and small businesses

during the clearances. The UN provided temporary plastic shelters, but there weren't enough to go around, and people such as Farai and Patience were left to live in houses constructed from cardboard, with only a plastic roof against the elements.

"We are dreading the rains," says Farai. "We want rain so we can grow vegetables, but we know we will be wet all through summer."

The community worker is positive, however. "We think this family can pull through with support. "Our main work is not to provide food, but to help people survive by making them self-sufficient, so we encourage them to grow vegetables, or help them set up small shops, or transfer skills so they can provide for their families."

Farai had been a policeman for 10 years before he was forced to leave the force in 2008. "I don't know why I was sacked, I never talked politics at work," he says. Now, he has no job. He also has HIV-Aids, and his dry, red lips are telltale signs that the antiretroviral drugs he is receiving, thanks to western aid, have yet to stall the progress of the disease.

Patience is free of the virus, although both her parents died from it a few years ago.

Most people in urban areas now openly talk about their

HIV-Aids infection and, through the dedicated counselling of the health workers, Aids is now seen as a disease and not a disgrace.

Robert has Aids – and for someone who has recently lost the use of his legs, the 48-year old has a sharp sense of humour. Sitting on the only "chair" (it is an old tractor tyre) in his shelter, he roars with laughter when asked if his wider family can help support him and his immediate family.

"Do you know of anyone here who has a job? I don't know a single person who has a job. I used to have a job as a farm worker, but the white man I was working for was kicked off his land."

So Robert now lives in a Harare ghetto, in a plastic and cardboard shelter held together with tape, where there is no electricity and no sewage system. The family survives because his wife walks about 20 miles every day to collect wood to sell.

Robert receives free anti-retroviral drugs, but his wife, Lilian, 35, though also HIV-positive is not considered ill enough to qualify for the drugs.

She looks fit and is receiving decent nutrition thanks to the ZANE-supported health workers. Robert is taken in the volunteers' truck to have his blood checked every month, and weekly he sees a physiotherapist. Slowly, he is regaining some use of his legs.

His three children, aged between six and 13, aren't being educated as there is no money for even the modest fees asked by the local school.

Anthony, 13, has to spend much of his time heaving his father's heavy frame around. The young boy has had three years of schooling in the past, and would love to finish his education. "I can still remember how to read and write a bit," he says.

"We try to get involved in the most extreme cases," says the health worker. Unfortunately, the network of volunteers doesn't have the resources yet to help everyone in the ghetto. "This family are dependent on the mother selling firewood, but we can help in other ways."

Like Farai and Patience, Robert and Lilian live from day to day. Their one hope is that the government will continue to leave their meagre homes standing, and then, with ZANE's help, they will be able to carry on trying to rebuild their lives.

Names have been changed.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 2010

Hundreds of pensioners have escaped Zimbabwe thanks to the British Government. Many who remain there depend on ZANE for survival, says Elizabeth Grice

They came quietly in groups of eight or 10, proud but desperate British men and women who had been made destitute by the Mugabe regime. As little as possible was said about their escape from Zimbabwe to avoid jeopardising their rescue. Though they mingled with ordinary passengers in the chaos at Harare airport, there was an unusual tension in the air as they waited for flights. Some were numb with shock, unable to believe that salvation was at hand. Others wept openly to be leaving a country they loved. From February 2009 until October this year, this covert operation – organised by the Government and British charities – was repeated again and again until the last one of 346 British citizens eligible to be repatriated was safe.

“The anxiety, right to the last minute, was intense,” says Dawn Twiss, 71, who was one of the first to arrive. “For British pensioners like me, this was the answer to every prayer they had been saying for so long; a way out of misery and despair. Though it was a big step into the unknown, and I knew there would be no way back, I saw this as the chance of a lifetime. Down to the final drive to the airport – when we were caught in a police speed trap – I was fearful that something would go wrong.”

Teachers, soldiers and former civil servants are among those who have been resettled with clandestine efficiency across Britain during a remarkable 18 months of humanitarian effort. They were a particularly vulnerable group and their situation was worsening by the day. All their

Spirited away — but what about those left behind?



'Fear was everywhere': like thousands of other pensioners in Zimbabwe, Dawn Twiss lost all her savings and saw medical services collapse

savings had been swept away in Zimbabwe's economic collapse. Some were sick. Most had become dependent on hand-outs.

The former IT head of a big sugar company, Mrs Twiss, whose parents were British, found herself almost destitute after 40 happy years in Zimbabwe. “I had worked and saved because I knew, as a widow, I must be independent,” she says. “I had my own house in the rural area of Chiredzi. Everything was secure and beautiful. It was the story of so many people who had worked hard and thought they were all right. Then it all fell apart. And there was nothing we could have done to avert disaster.”

Rampant inflation wiped out assets and savings. Mrs Twiss sold her house and moved into sheltered accommodation, but eventually could not afford the rent. “They took 10 noughts off the currency. Boom. Just like that. It was the end of everybody's savings. It cost a million dollars for a loaf of bread; two million for a cabbage. Fear was the worst thing.

“The elderly were utterly baffled to be told their money had gone. The figures meant

nothing. People queued for three or four days to take money out of the bank. I saw a man in a supermarket one day with a tin of dog food and a packet of sausages in his basket. The cashier told him he didn't have enough money for both. He took the dog food. It was so sad. People who had nothing were selling their pets, their only companions.

“Medical services were another horror. Dispensaries closed because they could not afford the drugs. Doctors left the country. Fear was everywhere. Mothers who were lucky enough to have their babies in hospitals or clinics would abandon them because they were HIV positive and there was no money for food, no home, nothing. We pensioners knitted for the ‘Aids babies’ – little tops we called Mother Teresa vests – because it was all we could do. We used to say that things couldn't get any worse, but they always did.

“If you needed drugs, you were in a desperate situation. I stopped taking medication for a thyroid complaint. I knew I wouldn't die. But if you were diabetic, where did you get the insulin? If you had

a heart condition, where did you get drugs? People just faded away and died. Partly, they lost heart. When the Government's repatriation scheme was introduced, it was such a fantastic thing. It was an offer of salvation.”

Before her situation deteriorated, Mrs Twiss was doing voluntary work for ZANE – Zimbabwe A National Emergency – a charity set up eight years ago by the former MP Tom Benyon to alleviate the effects of hyperinflation on desperate Zimbabweans, both white and black. Using a different name to protect its work, it operates “under the radar” in Zimbabwe, helping farmers whose lands have been seized, dispensing money to the new poor for rent, food and medicine. It is proud that not a single penny

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So much tragedy, so much sadness. When will it all end?”

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it has raised since 2002 has been lost to corruption.

“The cushion they were providing was immense,” Mrs Twiss says. “Many of those they were supporting were old, lonely or abandoned. Their children had left Zimbabwe and they were too proud to ask for help. They did not want to be a drag on their children or admit they were in trouble. ZANE just grew and grew.” →



Continued from page 5

Eventually, Mrs Twiss needed ZANE's help herself. She was living mostly on cabbage and carrots and could no longer afford the rent for her sheltered flat. "A wartime spirit existed such as Britain experienced and the community helped each other out. Some of the churches brought food trucks from South Africa. My elder sister, who lives there, would send me tuna and powdered milk. There were – and are – people so much worse off. But I do not know what we pensioners would have done without ZANE. I cannot explain what it meant to us. We had become scavengers. They gave us back our dignity."

ZANE played a significant role in the cross-government repatriation scheme and continues to support desperate people who did not either choose or qualify to come to Britain.

Dawn Twiss now lives in a local authority studio flat in Wickford, Essex, where she will be supported for the rest of her life. She is unusual in allowing herself to be identified. Most of the pensioners who have been resettled in Britain are happy to share their experiences but not their names because they fear reprisals from the Mugabe regime on friends or family still in Zimbabwe.

"It has made me very grateful for what I have," she says. "I am met with stares of disbelief when I try to explain the situation in Zimbabwe to people here. I think constantly of the desperate plight of all the vulnerable pensioners left in Zim – the non-Brits, those whose health is failing and for whom medical care is unaffordable."

"Their future seems very uncertain. Quite apart from rising costs, shortages and failing public utilities, there is an election coming up and who knows what that will bring? Nothing good, I fear. There is still a great need for the assistance ZANE is giving. So much tragedy, so much sadness. When will it all end?"

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 2010

Former MP Tom Benyon set up ZANE (Zimbabwe A National Emergency) in 2002 in response to what he hoped might be a short-lived crisis. He was moved to help by meeting Cathy Olds, a Zimbabwean who fled to Britain with her children after her husband, a farmer, was murdered. On visiting Zimbabwe, he saw the effects of rampant inflation, which wiped out assets and savings and left large parts of the population destitute.

ZANE's brave workers operate "under the radar", as Benyon puts it, dispensing money directly to those who need it most. The decision last year to adopt the US dollar as the currency has helped stabilise Zimbabwe, but it has created still more abject poverty. Savings became worthless overnight. Since then, prices have escalated five-fold, leaving yet more in dire need.

Pensioners have been particularly badly affected; among them, British former civil servants and soldiers who chose to settle in the country. With great dignity but little to eat,

many are barely surviving. But everyone – young and old, black and white – suffers in a country where unemployment has reached 90 per cent. Medical care is free to children under five, but there are few doctors and clinics, so ZANE has extended its assistance to those who live in the country's slums, where one in three people under 40 suffers from Aids.



HOW TO DONATE

There are three ways to donate:

- 1 Visit www.zane.uk.com
- 2 By post, see donation form on page 12
- 3 Call our credit card hotline 020 7788 7803

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 2010

From D-day hero to victim of Mugabe

"Thanks are due to the veterans for the sacrifices they made." These are the unequivocal words of Colonel Paul Davis, the deputy grand president of the Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League (RCEL). He was expressing his thanks at an RCEL council meeting in response to a letter of thanks from Bert, a Second World War soldier, struggling to support himself and his wife, Susan, in Zimbabwe.

Bert is a D-Day veteran. Militants took over his farm in 2002, and he and Susan abandoned their small – and productive – sugar estate in south-eastern Zimbabwe in haste. "We were too old to try to fight this invasion," he says. "And it costs too much to go to court, so we packed up frantically and moved out."

Among the treasured possessions saved from the farm are drawings, cartoons, medals, maps and memorabilia – and a small

Ex-Servicemen are among those living a hand-to-mouth existence in Zimbabwe, dependent on the work of ZANE for survival.

Peta Thornycroft reports

prayer book from a Thanksgiving Service in Germany on May 5, 1945.

Bert, now 86, and Susan survive in a flat in Harare. But "survive" is the key word. They manage only because of financial assistance from the RCEL, which boosts his UK old age pension, and an annual grant from ZANE (Zimbabwe A National Emergency).

Susan had a stroke last year and, while she has recovered, both she and Bert fear sudden

"what others say . . ."

I am overcome by the ZANE workers' dedication and efficiency and humbled by their bravery. Through ZANE's infrastructure and hard work, hundreds of veterans and widows are seeing out their twilight years with some dignity.

Colonel Paul Davis CBE

Secretary General,
The Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League





Bert with his wife Susan – and Mfanyana are two of the veterans to whom ZANE distributes money (surnames withheld for their protection). Top: Bert, 2nd from the left, and comrades in Europe after D-Day

illness, as there is not a spare penny for any future medical emergency. Although life in Harare is expensive and uncertain, Bert and Susan want to stay in Zimbabwe to be close to their family.

Bert, the son of a First World War RAF pilot, drove a tank into France on day two of the D-Day landings at Sword Beach. He needs little encouragement to recall the months of hard days and freezing nights he spent in France, Belgium, the Netherlands and crossing the Rhine in spring 1945. Looking at the military memorabilia he saved from the farm, memories flood back of his four comrades killed in the tank he was driving.

"I remember we got a shell through the side, it ricocheted around. It was like having one's head in a hammer mill. The four of them, well I had been living with them for years ..." and he stops. "I think that was in Belgium."

He continues: "When war broke out I was too young to join up but I was listening to

the news, and Churchill announced formation of local defence volunteers for youngsters like me and men too old to go to war. I got on a motorbike and joined up at the police station straight away.

"We were kitted out eventually and I borrowed a pistol, a .303 from my father, but as soon as I could, I joined the RAF for training in Aberystwyth, Wales. But I had polio, very slightly, and was in hospital in Swansea. I recovered fully, but when I later sat the exams I failed the cloud-test as I hadn't been able to study. I joined the Army in Catterick and trained for about eight months and was posted as a driver mechanic to the 144th Battalion of the Royal Armoured Corps."

Bert was busy with training, waterproofing tanks and guarding strategic installations along the south coast until June 1944. "We knew it was coming [D-Day] and were excited. Every man in the outfit was expert at their jobs. At last the drudgery

of constant training was coming to an end. We shipped a bit of water during the landing, and got stuck, but we got out, and drove across the length of the beach near Caen, and waited at the sea wall for about a week until we were reunited with the battalion."

They pushed on through Europe, hiding in forests, shredded from the constant shelling, often hungry, until the night the amphibious assault vehicles crossed the Rhine. "We never once had to call on a mechanic, never once did we lose an instrument," Bert recalls proudly.

He was demobbed in 1946 after further service in Italy and Yugoslavia. After the war he joined his older brother who had, like many others, gone to Zambia. He farmed there, and then moved to Rhodesia, as it was known then, where he was employed on several farms before setting up on his own to grow cane, which made him a decent living.

Many years later, his and Susan's contented life was brutally interrupted when militants began to force farmers off the land. Now, instead of self-sufficiency they get through from day to day with help from the RCEL and ZANE.

This form of collaboration helps many veterans and former services personnel. Mfanyana is 81 and is from the parched southern part of Zimbabwe. He has, however, never forgotten the incessant rain in Malaya, nor the swamps, where he fought and risked his life.

He joined the Rhodesian African Rifles in 1950 because he was looking for a job. "I was going to join the police, but it wasn't a proper force then," he says. "In my experience in the army, blacks and whites were treated the same. Life was OK, and we had firstclass training."

After a year's training he went to Egypt. It was 1951 and for six months he guarded the

Suez Canal. A year later, he boarded a train for the Mozambican port of Beira and sailed for Malaya where he served for two years.

Mfanyana remained in the Rhodesian army until independence in 1980, and continued to serve his country in the Zimbabwe National Army until he retired five years later. Retired soldiers are among the best paid of all Zimbabwe's former public servants, but Mfanyana's pension, which arrives irregularly, is usually no more than the equivalent of about £30 a month.

He has been saved during Zimbabwe's recent years of hyperinflation by an annual grant from the RCEL, which has been organised and paid to him via the British charity ZANE.

His life has been difficult – former Rhodesian soldiers have to be careful about talking about their past. Mfanyana also comes from a part of the country where North Korean-trained Zimbabwe soldiers massacred thousands of Ndebele-speaking people loyal to the former opposition party, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (Zapu) between 1981 and 1987.

"I was a professional soldier, with much training. When I went into the Zimbabwe army, I was working with people who did not know how to read maps, for example. When I retired as a warrant officer, class 1, I bought a farm, but I sold it as I feared what has now happened on the farms – you know of what I am speaking."

"I am so grateful to the RCEL and to ZANE," Mfanyana says. "I could not live without them. Most of my sons have left Zimbabwe and are now in South Africa, because ... well, you know what has been going on in Zimbabwe."



I have seen a little bit of ZANE's work on the ground and from what I have seen it is very, very impressive ... ZANE is one of those lovely organisations that make a little bit of money go a long, long way. ZANE is a good cause and the money is properly and well spent.

John Simpson CBE
World Editor of the BBC



I am enormously impressed by the work ZANE does for ex-servicemen and their families in Zimbabwe. Well done ZANE! I very much admire ZANE's brave volunteers.

General Sir Evelyn Webb-Carter KVO OBE
Controller of the Army Benevolent Fund

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 2010

Cassandra Jardine reports on how one woman's touching story set a British MP on a mission to help Zimbabwe's suffering

In 2002, former MP Tom Benyon met the first of a series of women who were to change the direction of his life. "Cathy Olds was a quiet woman from Zimbabwe who had suffered from polio," he remembers. "Over dinner at a friend's house, I teased out of her that her husband, Martin, had been murdered during one of the early farm repossessions. He fought back, then ran away to hide in a bath at their home, but died of his wounds before he could be helped." Cathy had fled to England with their two children.

The situation of this penniless family touched Benyon so deeply that he raised £8,000 to help her settle in Britain. In the process, he attracted the attention of someone of a very different ilk: Dame Daphne Park, former senior MI6 officer and principal of Somerville College, Oxford. This formidable woman – she reminded him of the late British actress Dame Margaret Rutherford – believed he could help not just one but thousands of victims of Robert Mugabe's regime.

The charity ZANE: Zimbabwe, a National Emergency was born. Mr Benyon thought it would be a five-year task, "but every time I came to the top of a hill, I saw another one".

In late 2010, with political tension and incidents of violence increasing in Zimbabwe as Mr Mugabe calls for another election in 2011, and price rises making it impossible for pensioners even to eat, he believes the need is greater than ever.

Initially, Mr Benyon, 68 – who has a long history of fighting "monstrous injustice" – agreed to raise money, and to help repatriate some of the many Zimbabweans with British passports trapped in the country for lack of funds. Visiting Zimbabwe in 2003 with his wife Jane, a retired social worker specialising in care of the elderly, he began to see the extent of the problem. Meeting individuals such as

My quest to help victims of Mugabe's regime

CLARA MOLDEN



Tom Benyon and the work in Zimbabwe of his charity ZANE. 'Every time I came to the top of a hill, I saw another one,' he said

Colonel Norman Travers, he felt a profound moral responsibility to help them in their time of need.

"Norman was a man with a great craggy, sunburnt face. I met him in a nursing home where he told me about his time driving a tank in the Second World War. He had been awarded the Military Cross because, despite heavy shelling, he had plunged into a blazing vehicle to pull one of his men out, but by the time I met him he had lost everything – even his MC had been stolen during a raid on his house." It was a proud moment for both of them when, on Armistice Day 2008, Mr Benyon pinned a replacement MC on Col Travers's chest.

The son of a First World War veteran and a mother who devised crossword puzzles for The Daily Telegraph, and who also wrote scripts for Morecambe and Wise, Mr Benyon joined the Army after leaving school in 1963. But it was not the career for him as, he admits, he lacks all sense of direction.

Instead, he went into Parliament, focusing his remarkable energies on prisons and social service reform. In the 1990s he fought a dogged battle on behalf of those who lost their homes and money as a result of the Lloyds debacle. But he has

always given generously to charity, and started them where he sees a need.

While an MP, he set up and ran a volunteer group in Aylesbury for the Guidepost Trust, a charity to rehabilitate the mentally ill back into the community. A committed Christian, he lives on private investments but he has also raised money for two schools in Eastern India and started a Food Bank close to his home in Oxford.

“

He had lost everything - even his Military Cross had been stolen in a raid

”

Early on in his charitable career, he confided to Frank (Lord) Longford that he feared that he had mixed motives for helping the poor. "We've all got mixed motives," Longford replied, "I suggest you shut up and get on with it."

ZANE has proved his greatest challenge because of the scale of the problem and the difficulties of operating in a country where corruption

and violence are rife. During the past eight years, Mr Benyon's background as a soldier, politician and businessman has proved invaluable. "I know how old soldiers think, I know what levers to pull, and I know how to run things," he said.

He also knows how to spot committed people who will get help to those who need it. Again, women have shown him the way. As a non-Zimbabwean, he was struggling with the practicalities of operating in that country until he met a brave local doctor and a former teacher. Their names cannot be divulged, nor their pictures shown. Even the local names of the organisations through which they work must remain secret because it could endanger lives. "We aren't known as ZANE in Zimbabwe," said Mr Benyon wryly, "because Mr Mugabe doesn't believe there's an emergency."

Between them, the doctor and teacher have been running ZANE within Zimbabwe and extending its work. "I don't want to overplay the Scarlet Pimpernel stuff," he said, but it is Mr Benyon's proudest boast that, in the course of eight years, not one penny of the money (some raised by ZANE, some distributed on behalf of other charities) has

gone astray. Through careful, but always legal, means every penny has reached those most in need.

Over the years the charity has expanded its activities: "We didn't just want to help the blue-eyed." It now also helps other groups within Zimbabwe, a country of eight million people where unemployment stands at 90 per cent. The introduction of the US currency last year has encouraged economic stability, but it has resulted in prices rising as much as fivefold. Even food, let alone nursing homes, is now beyond many pensioners' reach.

In the country's slums, there is little medical or educational provision. ZANE's operations now include the provision of drugs to those affected by HIV/Aids, a makeshift school, and the Jump for Joy programme for correcting club feet. The aim of the latter is to address this common problem before children's bones set. Surgery is rare in a country that has seen an exodus of doctors.

The charity continues to help 1,800 of the dispossessed white Zimbabweans who have no family to rescue them. Tough people who have worked hard all their lives, they are not used to asking for handouts even when they are starving and in physical pain. "People move from old to helpless very quickly," Mr Benyon observed, "because they can't afford medical treatment."

Raising money is not easy. This year, Mr Benyon exhausted himself by walking from Edinburgh to London to generate funds for people whose plight has touched him deeply. Among them is Helen, an orphan who married in 1939 and worked unremittingly for 40 years to create a farm in the bush. Now a widow of 87, with no children, she has lost her farm, but never complains. "I find her fortitude in the face of the loss of everything she holds dear quite extraordinary. She is not bitter. Each time I go she gives me something that she has knitted. Sometimes it is booties for my grandchildren; last time it was a blue and pink loo seat [cover]."

There are thousands of such people in need of ZANE's assistance, but funds are scarce so waiting lists are long. "The pain of having to turn people away," sighs Mr Benyon, "is more than our staff can bear."

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'I would have died without your help'

ZANE, a Telegraph appeal charity, carries out life-saving work in Zimbabwe. Sally Douglas describes a typical day on the frontline

ZANE (Zimbabwe A National Emergency) helps Zimbabweans, black and white, who have been left destitute by the Mugabe regime. Here, one of ZANE's team of volunteers in the country writes about her work distributing money to pensioners who depend on assistance for their very survival. Her name, and the names of the pensioners she looks after, have been changed to ensure their safety and to allow ZANE's work to continue.

When the policeman stopped my car and indicated that I should pull off the road, I wondered what infringement I was going to be fined for. This was the fourth roadblock I had gone through in the 90-minute journey to a small town south of the capital city of Harare. I was on my own in the vehicle and on my way to deliver critical support to pensioners. Leaving my engine running and with my hazard lights flashing, it was a few minutes before a policewoman finally sauntered casually over to my car.

"You are arrested," she said, but from the tone of her voice I wasn't sure if her words were a question or a statement.

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know, why did they tell you to pull over?"

I shrugged and said I didn't



Margie could not pay for her stay in hospital or for her medicine

know, so she inspected my vehicle minutely: tyres, reflectors, indicators, licence discs. She asked me where I had come from and where I was going and what my business was in the nearby town. I showed her my red breakdown triangles when she asked to see them, then the green reflective vest, driver's licence and identity document. Suddenly and without warning she got bored and said dismissively "Proceed", then walked away.

Half an hour later than expected, I knocked on Sue's door. She looked older and frailer than when I'd seen her a month before. "My lifeline," she said as she embraced me. "I was getting worried you weren't coming."

I told her about the numerous roadblocks and the policewoman determined to find something amiss with my vehicle. Sue said she couldn't picture it, because she hadn't had the means to travel out of her home town for over five years. Retired from a lifetime in the civil service, Sue's pension is just \$60 (£39) a month. It doesn't quite cover her monthly medical costs and leaves nothing for food, rent or clothing. She lowers her eyes as I give her the means to buy food and when she looks up again they are glistening with tears. Sue is a widow whose children can't help her because they themselves lost everything when their farm was taken over.

As I was getting ready to leave, Sue handed me a little envelope containing four handmade handkerchiefs with flowers embroidered in the corners: her way of thanking ZANE for making the

difference between food on the table and going to bed hungry.

A few doors away, I called at Margie's house. She is also a widow and for her, life without assistance from ZANE would be precarious. Margie has dangerously high cholesterol levels and was in hospital in intensive care when I first met her five years ago. She couldn't pay for her stay in hospital, or for the ambulance or the medication she needed. "I'll never be able to thank ZANE enough," Margie has often said to me. "I would have died without you."

Margie and her late husband never had children. She lost her savings and investments when the currency was repeatedly devalued and now has nowhere else to turn for the medicines that keep her alive every month.

In her bathroom and on the counter tops in her kitchen, Margie has an amazing assortment of buckets, bowls and dishes filled with water. "For the dry days," she said, following my gaze, and we commiserated with each other about how we cope when the taps run dry for days at a time without warning. In her bedroom, Margie has a grubby old car battery which she uses to power her lights during the long, dark nights of Zimbabwe's incessant power cuts.

When it was time to go, Margie pressed a bag of tomatoes into my hand and smiled as she warned they hadn't been washed. "I wish it was more," she said, demonstrating the amazing spirit of people with nothing who still find something to give and who have mastered



Elena Tsaveni*, a descendant of a great warrior leader, works with ZANE, in Zimbabwe

Offering hope to Zimbabwe's most destitute

As the great-great-granddaughter of one of imperial Britain's greatest African foes, Elena Tsaveni must see the irony.

Lobengula, her illustrious ancestor, spent the late 19th century fending off colonial advances into his Matabeleland kingdom in what is now western Zimbabwe.

Ultimately he failed, his tribal warriors cut down by British Maxim guns.

But today Mrs Tsaveni works with the British, or at least with a British charity in the form of ZANE, set up in 2002 by Tom Benyon, the former Tory MP, to help the ever-swelling ranks of destitute Zimbabweans, black and white.

At another moment of great crisis in her people's history, it seems only right — as her ancestor did before her — to rally to their need.

So, at 3am, Mrs Tsaveni is up and cooking maize meal in a council hall in Pelindaba, an overcrowded suburb of Bulawayo, the "City of Kings" that was once Lobengula's capital. It is an early start but she has little choice in the matter; Zimbabwe's daily power cuts make a lie-in all but impossible. Soon the corridors are thronged with playing children who have come to the council hall with their grandparents, penniless pensioners for whom Mrs Tsaveni is the only hope of a hot meal.

The children are mostly orphans, whose parents were carried off by the Aids epidemic that has swept Zimbabwe, where as many as one in six of the adult population is infected with HIV.

Maize meal, known in Zimbabwe as sadza when it is

cooked, is the country's staple food. But after years of hyperinflation and misrule that have consigned this once prosperous nation to mass impoverishment, it has almost become a luxury for man.

As one element of its work in Zimbabwe, ZANE provides maize meal and soya to the very old and the very young.

One of the beneficiaries of the feeding scheme is Thabani, a former teacher who lived in rural Matabeleland until 1985 when he was forced to flee President Robert Mugabe's brutal suppression of Matabele dissidents and their suspected sympathisers.

It was the height of what became known as the Gukurahundi, and in nearby villages the dreaded, North Korean-trained Fifth Brigade was carrying out mass executions, forcing villagers to dig their own graves before mowing them down with machine gun fire.

For Thabani — whose best guess is that he is 69 — Mrs Tsaveni's sadza is, like for so many others, quite possibly the difference between life and death. "I would die without this food, which I collect every day of the week," he said. "It is cooked. I have no money for electricity even when it is on. At weekends, it is a problem to get food. Often I am very hungry on Monday."

Thabani does not believe there is any immediate prospect for an improvement in the lives of ordinary Zimbabweans while the present government is in power, making the role that ZANE plays in his life even more important.

"We know what has happened in Zimbabwe," he said. "We know why we are hungry. No one here will

support Mugabe in any elections now."

He continued: "I don't know this British organisation who send money for the food for us, but please thank them. We would die without it, so would those children over there."

Having one hot meal a day gives the children a future, and some hope — a precious commodity in Zimbabwe.

Others in Zimbabwe, however, do not want to consider what the next few years, even months, might bring.

Lorna Webb is one of Zimbabwe's white victims. She hasn't been oppressed politically or singled out for violence. But, like countless others in modern Zimbabwe, she is penniless.

A distinguished Zimbabwean — her father was Sir Thomas Page, a one-time pioneering farmer — she lived her life with characteristic prudence. After her husband died, she sold the family home as a way of supporting herself into old age.

Instead, she was reduced to penury as her savings were wiped out after Mr Mugabe's policies of seizing white-owned farms contributed to inflation so severe that prices were doubling every day.

It is hardly surprising that Mrs Webb is not relishing the prospect of turning 100 later this year. In fact, she just wants to die.

"I am 99 now and my body is worn out," she said, speaking from her bed in the frail-care section of a Harare old age home. "I have lived too long, and I want to move on to the Lord now." For Mrs Webb, ZANE has been a source of precious comfort since she was taken under its wing last June when she broke an arm and a leg.

Until then, despite her age, she had lived an active life, walking every day and enjoying considerable independence at the home.

Being confined to a bed is difficult for a woman who has seen so much. Her father, whose story she tells in her book *Chintali* ("tall man" in the Chinyanja language), was once speaker of the Legislative Council in Zambia, or Northern Rhodesia as it was known then. Knighted in 1956, he arrived on the African coast at the age of 19 and walked across the bush for nine weeks to reach Nyasaland. In many ways, her life has been just as adventurous. Born in then Northern Rhodesia, she and her sister had long and difficult journeys to school in Southern Rhodesia and were parted from their parents for a year at a time.

Mrs Webb trained as a nursing sister in Southern Rhodesia before spending the early years of her working life in the forests of eastern Zimbabwe, where she functioned more as a doctor than a nurse, often having to perform operations when the missionary doctor was away.

She also nursed in Johannesburg, South Africa, for 15 years, and retired as a deputy matron.

As she prepares to make her final journey, Mrs Webb has no family around her. ZANE fills that gap, its carers and volunteers providing attention and companionship for a dying woman.

In a clear voice, Mrs Webb reaches out her hand, searching for the ZANE carer next to her. "Thank you for coming to see me," she said.

**Name has been changed for security reasons*

Continued from page 9

the art of making a little go a very long way.

My last visit that day was to see Lynn in a small local hospital. About to be discharged after almost three weeks incapacitated with a mysterious gastric problem, she was as weak as a lamb, her face sunken and gaunt,

her hands quivering.

Desperate for news of her little dog Suzie, who had been looked after by a friend for almost a month, Lynn was very emotional when I took the physiotherapy bills from the bedside cabinet.

"I was hoping you'd offer to do that," she said, "there is no way I can pay them."

A widow for 15 years, Lynn lost all her savings in the economic collapse. One day she had savings of millions of Zimbabwean dollars, more than enough to support herself with, the next day they had been reduced to single digits when 12 zeroes were slashed from the currency. Life savings were suddenly

only enough to buy a few loaves of bread and before long, Lynn had no option but to sell her house. That money also disappeared in Zimbabwe's hyperinflation madness.

For Lynn and hundreds like her, life is only sustainable thanks to ZANE.

This final article from Marondera was due to appear in late January but was usurped by events in Egypt

The Struggle of the Poorest

When you see the thank you letters, written on scraps of paper torn out of lined school exercise books, it's hard not to be moved. This one came from Susan, a desperately poor but hard working elderly woman whose crop failed due to excessive rain. Villagers in the local community are concerned about Susan's well being; her husband is going blind and the couple are in dire circumstances. When Susan received our care package she wrote:

"Today I received your letter at 4 o'clock. I opened it and gave it to Michael. We looked at each other and we started smiling. In my mind I said: what is this in front of me? I took the cardboard box and we opened it and I said God, God bless you. I have nothing to give you but I say to you: God is the one who knows about you."

The cardboard box contained a bag of dried beans and a packet of salt, one bottle of cooking oil and a bar of laundry soap. A bag of rice, packet of tea leaves and a small jar of petroleum jelly were squeezed in before the box was sealed. Susan lives in a remote, mountainous village in eastern Zimbabwe. Getting the precious box of groceries to her entailed a trusted friend travelling on a country bus, a nurse at a remote clinic keeping it safe until a travelling pastor was able to take it to Susan. A small entry in the ZANE diary reads: Groceries – Susan: US\$ 20. Three words to describe a life-line given to a forgotten elderly couple with nowhere else to turn.

Rural or urban, the need is as great as ever for poor, disadvantaged and marginalised communities in Zimbabwe two years after the formation of a unity government. It's not always easy to see how people are

coping in rural areas: politics often gets in the way and neglected, dilapidated roads make travelling very difficult. It's a different matter in the urban, high-density areas where people's lives and problems are out in the open and easy to see.

Roads littered with pot holes and gullies, muddy puddles everywhere and the tell tale green streams which indicate broken sewage pipes. On every spare inch of ground someone is trying to make a living. A group of young boys try to sell bald, treadless second hand car tyres. A man hangs a dozen pairs of cheap Chinese jeans trousers from the spikes on a barbed wire fence, just a few feet away from a festering sodden heap of uncollected garbage. Flea markets are everywhere with everything from food and clothes to mock velvet lounge suites and petrol generators for sale. Everything displayed on rickety planks in stalls covered with black plastic as protection from the rain. Women sit all along the roadsides with bowls, buckets and basins filled with produce for sale: tomatoes, mangoes, bananas, wild fruits and even wilder mushrooms.

Unemployed men and women toil tirelessly on vegetable plots and maize crops. Illegally and without any environmental control, people plant their crops on the roadsides and verges, on corners and along stream banks, under electricity pylons and up alongside railway tracks. Even the piles of uncollected garbage do not deter people in their desperate struggle to grow a meal or two, the dumped litter piled up and serving as contours. No one quite believes that Zimbabwe is

food secure again; they see the empty stands at the Grain Marketing Board depots, they see the labels on all the food in the shops: 'Made in South Africa' the stickers say.

In amongst the cultivation are the fenced off yards of the parastatals: the electricity company, railways and municipality. Lying in their car parks, under trees and along fence lines is the end result of squander and mismanagement. Here are scores of vehicle wrecks: company vehicles, trucks, trailers, cars, an ambulance, dustbin truck and earthmover. Here is the evidence of a bankrupt government: rusting heaps of scrap metal, no money for spare parts or replacements.

People in the high density suburbs pay little attention to the squalor behind government fences, they are too busy trying to survive, to make a living and they crowd on corners waiting for lifts. No government buses here anymore, now it is only private minibuses that ply the high density suburbs; overcrowded, making up their own road rules and one sporting the legend: 'In God we Trust,' on the back windscreen.

There is an almost permanent water crisis in high density areas. A decade of economic collapse with non-existent maintenance has exacerbated an already rusted, leaking and inadequate water pipeline system. For days and weeks at a time no water at all comes out of taps and everywhere you look there are people carrying buckets, looking for water. Wheelbarrows are loaded with empty buckets followed by women and children. In the early mornings children walk to

school each carrying a five litre bottle of water. Without that precious bottle of water they may not attend school that day.

On a busy Saturday morning the Library car park in the high density suburb is crowded with people. 50 or more men and women stand in lines waiting for their turn – not to get a library book but to reach the hand pump mounted on a borehole in the car park. Outside the library a little boy, maybe six years old, squats over a muddy roadside puddle carefully filling an empty orange juice bottle with water.

A pre-teen girl walks with a little folded cloth pad on top of her head – she will rest a full, twenty litre bucket of water on the pad and carry it home on her head. Despite her toil, the girl is not unhappy because she has a full stomach and is back in school. ZANE staff found her mother in a bad way; alone, HIV positive and unable to take care of her children. Referred to an HIV clinic, she was started on anti retrovirals and ZANE gave her a high protein nutrient supplement. As her strength grew the mother was given the means to start a vegetable garden and has never looked back. ZANE changed the life of one small family; a drop in the ocean perhaps, but not to them. There are others too: child headed households, sick people, orphans, single mothers and people whose lives have been ravaged by political violence and economic collapse. Targeting one family at a time ZANE's help has a ripple effect in both high density suburbs and homes in a remote mountain village.



ZANE is an organisation well worthy of support . . . The need remains very great . . . organisations like ZANE fill a serious gap in social provision.

Rt Hon Sir Malcolm Rifkind QC MP
former Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs



Zimbabwe is still at a critical stage. There are many vulnerable people who are exposed. Were it not for ZANE I do not know how many people would have survived. ZANE's work is very effective . . . I say to anyone who can afford to give, please do so as generously as you can.

Andrew Pocock CMG
former UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe, 2006-9



ZANE does quite outstanding work on behalf of vulnerable communities in Zimbabwe . . . The work ZANE does through its committed and inspirational team continues to provide a valuable lifeline . . . It has been a privilege to see the skill and care with which the organisation directs its precious resources towards those in greatest need.

H.E. Mark Canning CMC
Ambassador, British Embassy, Harare, Zimbabwe



ZANE is an extraordinary charity set up by inspiration . . . I have been enormously impressed by the vision, the hard work and the unquenchable spirit of everyone I have met.

The Rt Revd John Pritchard
The Bishop of Oxford



ZANE is a wonderful charity. (ZANE) is about service and it's about love . . . what is special is that ZANE forms relationships with everyone it helps.

Rt Hon the Lord Boateng of Akyem and Wembley
former UK High Commissioner to South Africa



In Zimbabwe people are forgotten . . . ZANE does marvellous work with the money it raises. It's important to support the work and please do so.

Lord Mackay of Clashfern KT
former Lord Chancellor



ZANE is really in touch with the people it assists . . . ZANE's work is wonderfully moving . . .

John Humphrys
Author, journalist, radio & TV presenter

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I am deeply impressed with the work of ZANE; one of those charities that make a little money go a long way

Baroness Royall of Blaisdon
Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords



ZANE has done a remarkable job and it has a practical and down to earth way of helping people. They make a real practical difference to people's lives. ZANE is a charity well worth supporting.

Rt Hon the Lord Hurd of Westwell CH CBE PC

Please cut out form and post in an envelope to:
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 If you use a stamp, ZANE will be very grateful for the postage saved.

