

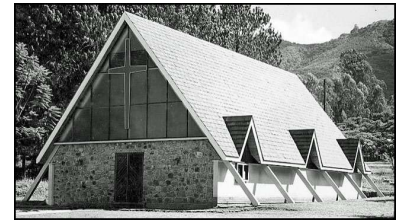
# Patricia and Charles Bewes' Wedding

By Patricia Bewes

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Charles arrived from UK only a few days before I met him at a ball at Zomba Gymkhana Club on 10th of May 1957.

Our wedding took place at the church of St George in Zomba on 9th September 1957, a Monday, because Rev Pocklington, who was going to take the ceremony lived in Blantyre and only came over to Zomba once a month on Saturdays for weddings. I had to give three months notice to Government that I was leaving, which ended a day after Rev



Pocklington's monthly visit and we didn't want to wait another month. Consequently, a lot of my friends were unable to get time off to attend although, of course, my father's contemporaries, colleagues and other heads of department managed to come.

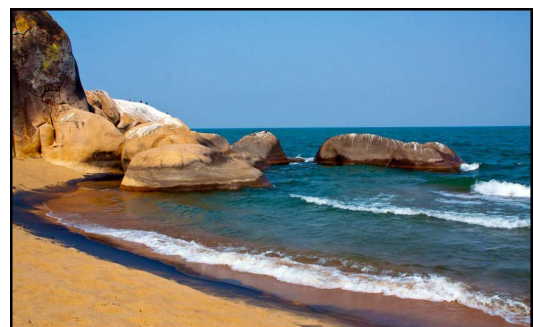
Arranging weddings in Zomba in the Fifties was difficult, no official photographer, no florist, no shop selling wedding attire, no catering services, no jewellers. A friend made lovely bouquets out of wildflowers for the bridesmaids, refreshingly different, and my chief bridesmaid, Iona Steeds, who lived in Blantyre, brought my wedding bouquet from there. A tennis friend who was a brilliant dressmaker, made my dress, the engagement ring, ruby and diamonds, was bought at the Blantyre pharmacy, (but was later found to be fake), my



shoes and other accessories we ordered from Barbours in Salisbury, I wore my grandmother's wedding veil, and a lot of my parent's friends, including a wonderful lady called Margaret Bartlett, help me with the catering. My younger sister and Emer Cremin were the other bridesmaids, Derek Harling was Best Man and the guard of honour was formed by various policemen in uniform. I asked Derek Barson to play the Saint Anthony's Chorale on the organ but

as they were only about twelve steps from entrance to alter, he only managed a few bars of it, which was a shame because he'd gone to a lot of trouble to find the piece of music and practice it. The tiny church only seated approximately 45 so many had to stand.

The reception was held in the garden of my parent's home and was very informal and relaxed and we, like so many others before and after us, spent our first night at the Angoni Highlands Hotel, not exactly luxurious, and we arrived too late for dinner. The next morning we continued on to Senga Bay for a few days (Charles wasn't able to get much leave as he'd only been in the Police for just over four months), but in point of fact, I didn't mind



because I was anxious to get back to start being a proper wife with housekeeping and all that.