

HABARI 2010

Newsletter of the Friends of East Africa Nuusbrieff van die Vriende van Oos-Afrika

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OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK / EAST AFRICA GET-TOGETHER

Dit bly 'n voorreg dat ons nog na jare kan saamkom om vriendskappe te hernu. Bring jou piekniekmandjie en kom die eerste Saterdag van Oktober, dit is die 2de, om te kuier by die Voortrekker Monument. Daar is toegangsgeld per motor, en ons kuier by die piekniekterrein onder die bome of in die saal.

Daar is 'n verskuiwing in die struktuur van die komitee. Alex Boshoff het na baie jare uitgetree as voorsitter. Dit is jammer, want sy ervaring en kennis van ons mense was baie werd vir die reëlings wat gemaak moes word. So vir my straf het die komitee besluit dat ek by hom moet oorneem. Gelukkig is daar bekwame mense wat die werk doen. Veral Eddie met sy talent vir skryf en sy vermoë om die die nuusbrokkies bymekaar te sit in so 'n pragtige brief wat soveel mense met vreugde vul as hulle dit lees. Een van die dae kan ons bekostig om dit in kleur te doen. Sal dit nie wonderlik wees nie?

We welcome all the ex Kenya friends and enjoy their company for a morning of reminiscences. We usually begin to gather at about 9:00 under the trees in the picnic area. This is a very suitable venue and we can gather in peace and enjoy the company of old friends. If you can spare the morning or the weekend do join us.

We have a big request for the news and stories to be in English. It is policy to publish the articles in the language that they are originally written so there is a fair share of both languages. (And I think if we tried to use Swahili as a lingua franca there would be a problem with the youth!)

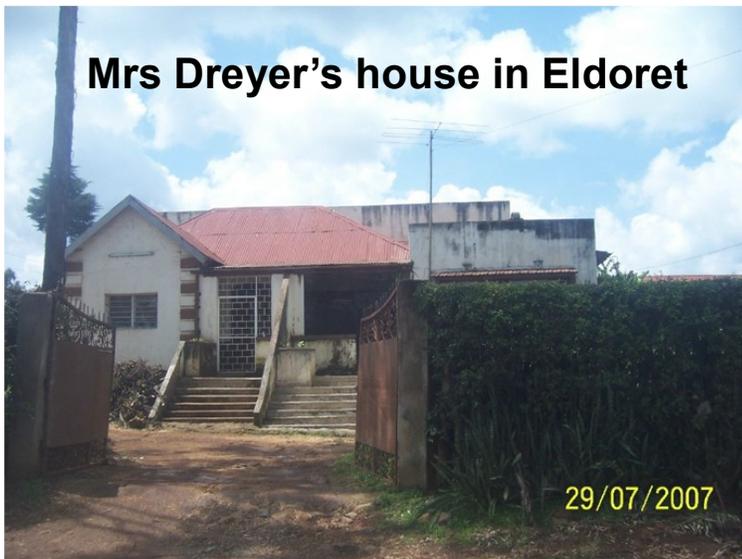
Regards
Danie Steyn Chairman / Voorsitter

Congratulations to **Janssen Davies** for his appointment as Deputy Chairperson of the **Board of the Mpumalanga Tourism and Parks Agency**.

**Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee
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Mrs Dreyer's house in Eldoret

29/07/2007

Mrs John de Waal then Mrs Dreyer, arrived on 31 January 1911 and travelled all over the countryside as a District Nurse on a mule, in all weathers. There was only one doctor, Dr Heard, who also went everywhere on a mule, and it was said that no call was ever refused. Mrs Dreyer delivered nine of Mrs A Cloete's 13 children. She was the first to have light from the power station (built in 1933) in her nursing home which was not far from the Highlands School. I have a vague recollection that she had a son Ivan who worked for Massey-Ferguson. He later immigrated to Canada.

This picture was taken by George Woodley who went to see Eldoret in 2007 and found the house still standing. He was born there and although he (of course) does not remember his birth he does remember Mrs Dreyer.



In Habari 2009, bladsy 4, het ons hierdie foto geplaas onder die opskrif: "Laaste kerkdiens op Kitale" en gevra of iemand ons kan help met die name.

Petrie Cloete (Bosman) het vir ons 'n lys gegee. Petrie sê: "Die foto is geneem in 1959 of 1960. Kerkdiens is daar gebou tot 1965."

Aan Petrie se skrywe lyk dit dus of ons opskrif "Laaste kerkdiens..." foutief was, omdat die dienste tot 1965 geduur het. In elk geval sê ons vir Petrie dankie vir hierdie lys.

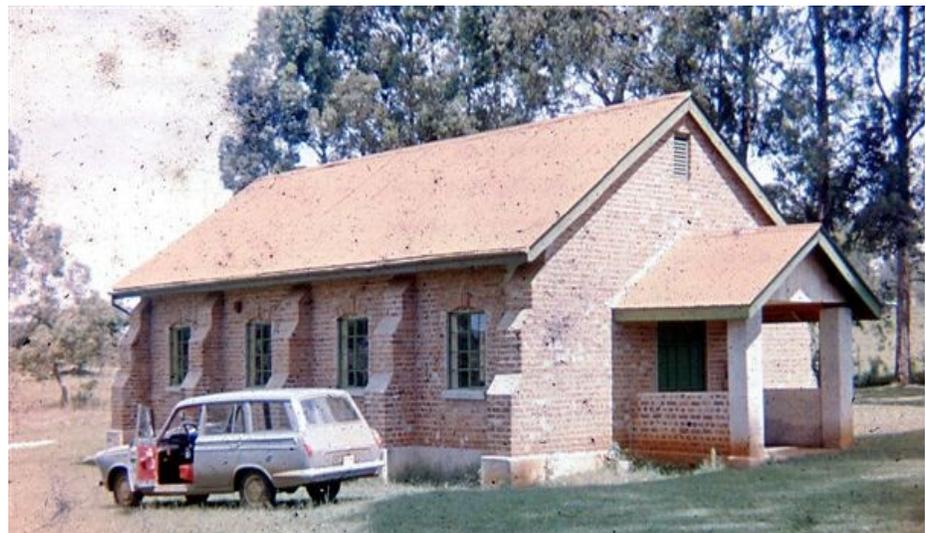
- 1 Andre de Bruin
- 2 Harm Bosman
- 3 Bischoff
- 4 ...du Plooy
- 5 ...Bischoff
- 6 ...Bischoff
- 7 Koba Bosman
- 8 Petri Bosman
- 9 ...Bischoff
- 10 Anton de Bruin
- 11 Oom J B Steyn
- 12 Tant Lena Steyn
- 13 Oom Herman Keese
- 14 Tina Bischoff
- 15 Chris Bischoff

- 16 Wilma Boshoff
- 17 ...Du Plooy
- 18 Martie Boshoff
- 19 ...Bischoff
- 20 Tant Susie Bosman
- 21 Tant Freda van Heerden
- 22 Buks de Bruin
- 23 ...Du Plooy
- 24 Oom Stoffel Boshoff
- 25 ...Du Plooy
- 26 Oom Danie Bosman
- 27 Tant Willie Boshoff
- 28 Breggie Boshoff
- 29 Frances Bischoff
- 30 Mias Bischoff

Soos u sal oplet, is al die vanne geëien, maar 4 Du Plooytjies en 4 Bischoffs kort noemname.

Ook loer iemand sônner-nommer agter oom Herman Keese se linkerskouer uit.

Die foto onder is 'n ou skuifie van Kitale se kerkgeboutjie. Dit lyk of die groepfoto (bo) geneem is net links van die kerkgebou se stoep. Danie Steyn sê hy dink die kar op onderstaande foto is sy pa s'n.



~ DAVO DAVIDSON ~



From: Time, Monday, Nov. 16, 1953.
KENYA: My Buddy
 During World War II, pug-nosed, Australian-born Stanley ("Davo") Davidson and scar-faced Dedan Kimathi served together in Ethiopia as

members of the King's African Rifles. When the war was over, Davidson returned to bored peacefulness in Sydney. Kimathi, a onetime Kikuyu schoolteacher, went on to become the almost legendary "General Russia," fiercest chieftain of Kenya's bloodthirsty Mau Man terrorists.

Early last spring, hungry for sport and eager to renew an old acquaintance, mustachioed Davo Davidson buckled on his two trusty .45s, polished up his long-idle automatic rifle, snipped for Africa and offered Kenya's British authorities his services for the capture of his old buddy. His only condition: that he be allowed to go after Kimathi alone, without benefit of British troops or native police. The authorities accepted the offer and wished Davo luck.

For four months the Australian prowled the jungles of Kenya night & day, picking his way alone through tangled underbrush, catching fitful respite in a sleeping bag from the cold of African nights, alert always for animal and human enemies lurking in every shadow. Once he drew close enough to Kimathi to exchange messages on a forked stick left standing alone in a clearing, but the Mau Mau leader eluded him before he could draw closer.

One day last July Davo thought he had Kimathi cornered in a tent made of bamboo and skins in an Aberdare bamboo forest. Accepting help for once, he led a charge of African riflemen into the tent. A burst of sub-machine-gun fire caught him in the belly and the shoulder. Keeping on his feet only long enough to club his Mau Mau assailant (who was not Kimathi) to death, Davo fell to the ground. He was rushed from the jungle to a hospital in Nairobi.

Last week, fit again, Davo Davidson sent a message via government radio: "Greetings, Kimathi. I want you to know I have now left the hospital. I am returning to the Aberdares to capture or kill you."

To save his pursuer undue trouble, Kimathi politely replied (in a letter to a local newspaper in Nairobi): "I shall be away from Kenya in November and December visiting Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt. After that, I attend a Pan-African conference in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. (Signed) Kimathi, Marshal and Commander-in-Chief. Defence Council, Land Freedom Army.



Nakuru Rugby Club 1949 to 1950

Back: _?_ ; _?_ ; Eben Smith ; _?_ ; _?_ ; Piet de Wet
 Middle: Gordon Goby; Davo Davidson; Bruce McKenzie; Burkie Swanepoel; Buks de Bruin. *Front row a mystery.*

As you see, the 2 photos above and below lack many names. Can anyone help?



Western Kenya Rugby Club (Eldoret - Kitale - Nakuru)

Back: Dawid Brown (K); George Simpson(?); Harry Fletcher (K); _?_ John Spears (K); Barry Jacobs

Right: A watering Hole on the road to Nairobi from Eldoret, Juma Hajie's duka at Eldama Ravine on Friday 4 August 1950.

Back: Les Tucker; Nan Kruger
Front: Joe Smythe and John Lawrence.

Les would like to make contact with rugby colleagues or opponents now living in South Africa. His numbers are 011-706 8196 or 083 7009 780 or email at lestucker@telkomsa.net



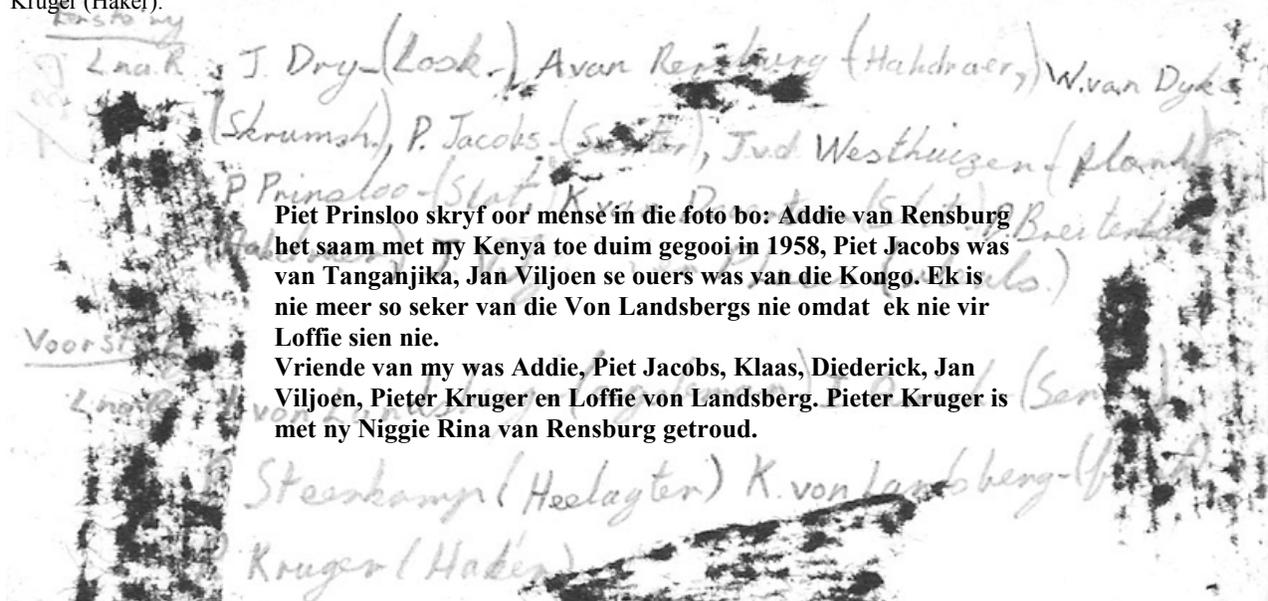


Van Riebeeck Rugby

Foto: Piet Prinsloo

L na R agter: J Dry (lock); Addie van Rensburg (Hakdraer); Willem van Dyk (scrumhalf); Piet Jacobs (senter); Johan vd Westhuizen (flank); Piet Prinsloo (slot); Klaas van Deventer / Niekker? (slot); Diederick Breitenbach (hakdraer); Jan Viljoen en Peet Lues (vleuels);

L na R voor: Willie Von Landsberg (agsteman); Ian Quick (senter); Pieter Steenkamp (Heelagter); Kobie von Landsberg ; Pieter Kruger (Haker).



Piet Prinsloo skryf oor mense in die foto bo: Addie van Rensburg het saam met my Kenya toe duim gegooi in 1958, Piet Jacobs was van Tanganjika, Jan Viljoen se ouers was van die Kongo. Ek is nie meer so seker van die Von Landsbergs nie omdat ek nie vir Loffie sien nie.

Vriende van my was Addie, Piet Jacobs, Klaas, Diederick, Jan Viljoen, Pieter Kruger en Loffie von Landsberg. Pieter Kruger is met ny Niggie Rina van Rensburg getroud.

Steenkamp (Heelagter) K. von Landsberg (Haker)
Kruger (Haker)



Links:
Van Riebeeck-skool se koshuis.
Thompson's Falls

On our safari we went to the wedding of Danjan, the youngest son of John and Ledger Taylor.

Ledger was a daughter of Oom Daan Coetzee of Eldoret. We used the wedding as an excuse to visit Malindi and stayed at the Driftwood Club which is still very



The Driftwood Club

much on the old colonial style. At Watamu we rented a private house so that John and Ledger could share with us. No sea views here, although we could hear the sea. The house belongs to the well-known Tony Fernandes (ex Nanyuki). The wedding was in a private garden in that area.

The elder brother to Danjan, Rooijan – a snake expert – and his wife Clare run the famous snake farm where they regularly have to milk 600 snakes for their venom. Rooijan does research and is writing a



Kilima Tented Safari Camp

book on snakes. After the wedding our journey took us to Taita Hills Game Sanctuary at the Sarova Hotel on the road to Taveta. Then we drove to Amboseli. We wanted to go via Loitokitok, but heavy rain forced us to go



Isaac Walton Hotel

via Voi, through Mitito Ndei. At Amboseli we stayed at Kilima Tented Safari Camp, then went to Embu and the Izaak Walton Inn. After that Naromoru River Lodge, near Mt Kenya, and then Karatina. We then drove to Naivasha via Thomson's Falls and stayed at the Naivasha Country Club. The last night we spent at the Aero Club at Wilson airport, and from there got easily to Jomo Kenyatta Airport.

GEORGE & MINI WOODLEY'S 2007 SAFARI

Kilima Tented Safari Camp is a dream of a place with views of Kilimanjaro! Very, very dry. We were told that about 70% of the game in the Amboseli had perished. It was so sad to see all the carcasses lying



around the park! We stayed at the Izaak Walton Inn in Embu 45 years ago when our son Andrew was 3 years old. There, at that time, catches of 5lbs trout fish were not

unusual! The surroundings are well kept but it is not a tourist attraction.

We tried to find the old cemetery and the grave of the late Brian Hawkin's mother. Sandra, her granddaughter who now lives in Arusha, Tanzania, can remember coming with Brian to Embu as a child. It was a fruitless search. An old man told us that the graves were dug up and the remains cremated to make way for a hospital. Embu is very prosperous – thousands of acres of cultivated land, mainly rice and coffee.



Naivasha Country Club

There is no poverty visible, all well-dressed and fed.

Saturday shopping was a nightmare; the supermarkets filled to capacity and the banks with long queues. 72 Kenya



Timboroa Stores..die einaar was Mohindra, net by die stasie. Dit was op die grens van ons plaas wat oorspronklik die uitspanplek was vir die ossewaens om pad Londiani toe in die goeie ou dae! Ons naaste bure was Oom At en Aunt Shiry van Ryneveld en langs hulle was die Rabagliati's. (Hy was 'n lood in die 'Battle of Britain' ! Die ander bekende mense in die omgewing was Tubby; Louise; Barry; en Craig. Craig het die 'Bailliffs' van sy huis af weg gehou met sy kwaai hond, iets waaroor ons almal baie gelag het!

shillings for 1\$.

Karatina, which will be remembered by all the Kenya Regt chaps, is now acre upon acre of tea



Thompson's Falls



Traditional dress at Thompson's Falls

thriving with flower and vegetable growing operation, employing thousands of workers earning about \$2 per day. (managers were talking about earning 10.000 shs a day).

When we left Kenya, many places were having

Hoe klink hierdie idee?

Bill (Willie) Botha stel voor ...

"Ek het al so baie gehoor van die "Kenia Dag" dat ek 'n klip in die bos wil gooi. Ek is nou in Howick waar menige oud-Keniamense is. Meeste is lede van Kenya Regiment Vereniging of hulle weduwees.

Ek het 'n 16 sitplek luukse bus wat ek gedink het om te gebruik om van die mense saam te neem. Dit sal oor 2 dae moet geskied want selfs in 'n luukse motor is 500 + km teveel vir ons.

My vraag is kan julle mense van die oues huisves of weet julle van ekonomiese verblyf plekke? Is die gedagte te vergesog?

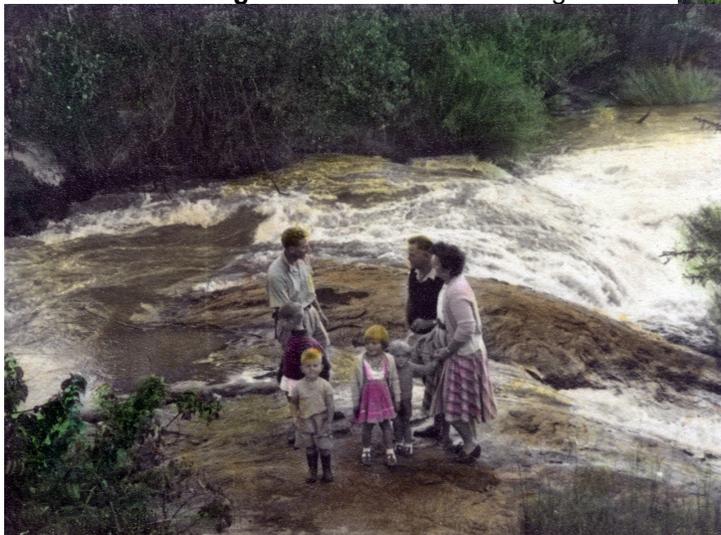


Ds Lieb Loots en gesin – NG Gemeente Verge-

Marie de Bruin se foto's From Marie de Bruin's Scrapbook



Mt Elgon 14 176 ft – 4321 m. It is an extinct volcano on the Uganda boarder. The picture is taken from the garden of "Kamakoiva Estate" on the Kiminini Lugari road.

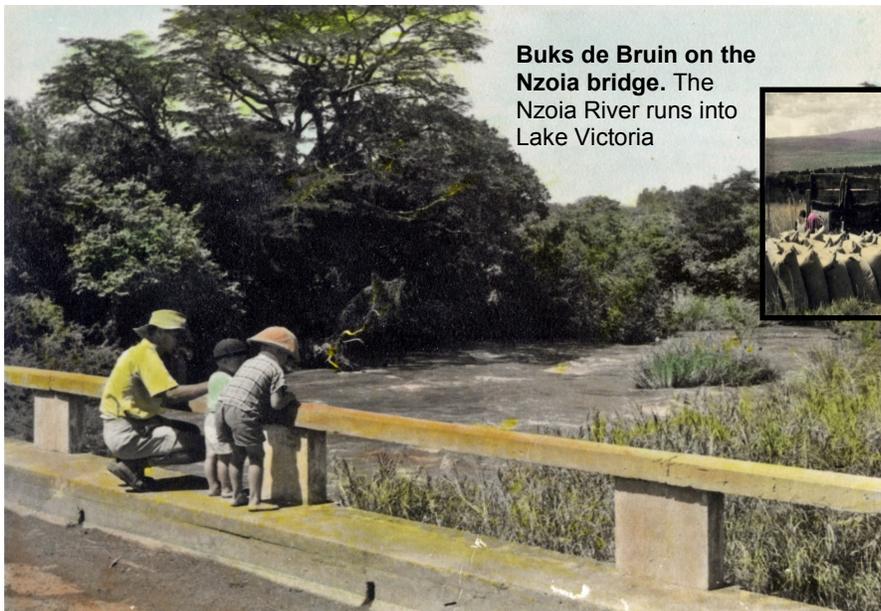


The Rongai River on the borders of our farm "Kamakoiva Estate", a short distance from where it flows into the Nzoia. On the photo left Buks de Bruin, son Anton and André – right is Vernie and Frances Vorster and their children. Kenya has ample rivers and a good water supply.



The Kamakoiva milk cans on their way to Kitale Creamery.

The man on the photo is Wanyama. He was Kitosh and very hard working



Buks de Bruin on the Nzoia bridge. The Nzoia River runs into Lake Victoria



Our beloved Mt. Elgon from the Lugari side.

The men are shelling maize. In 1963 that tractor was split in 2 and loaded onto a GMC lorry by Stephanus and Katy Kruger, for transport SA. It did many good years of service in Barberton, where we live now.



Lake Nakuru with the flamingos.



Oom Gert Claasen with the new store trusses.

The left arm was injured by a leopard that jumped on out of a tree when he was in Uganda. The leopard's nail hooked into the flesh of the hand and twisted it 180° to the back. He received medical assistance after 3 days when they set it in a right angle. He always said that the pain took 20 years off his life – (died at 69 in Kitale. Born 1892 in die Cape SA.) As the oldest child it was his duty to walk with the cattle when they left Herbertsdale near Mosselbaai in die Cape to Parys in die Free State. I remember pieces as it was told to me as a child. We will never be able to recognise that generation for the pioneering work that they did and the suffering that they had to endure. Oom Gert was also part of the war in Tanganyika.



“Kandy Farm” Kitale, it belonged to Lenie Claasen. It was next to the prison farm.

Back L to R: Danie Bosman & Gert Claasen, Louis Keese (now in Australia), Buks de Bruin; Mike Keese (still in SA).

Middle: Lenie Claasen, Susie Bosman, Petrie Bosman

Front: Koba Bosman, Andre de Bruin, Anton de Bruin, Harm Bosman



Eldoret School. I think the date is 1936 in the time of Mr Hunter. This was referred to as “The Barracks”. This looks like Sub A 1936. Some of us were boarding with Auntie Freda. I just remember having to walk far to get to school and on the way was a river with a very unstable bridge. We were small and this was very daunting for us. The Eldoret interval in my life was not my favourite. Kitale, which was home, was too far. I also remember that we had to learn a verse for Sunday school every Sunday, what fear it struck in our hearts and it was so difficult to remember.

Back: Gertie Engelbrecht; Anna Venter; Sarie Taljaard; Marie Claasen; Brenda Bressler; Joey Storm. **Middle:** Jacoba; -? -; Jill Stevenson; Marjory Turner; -? -; Bernadina Steyn; Maggie Potgieter. **Front:** Sarah Engelbrecht; Elsie Engelbrecht; -? -; -? -.



Left: Lady Baden Powell's visit to the Kitale School Guides and Brownies. “Hyrie,” her famous tame hyrax sits on Brownie Betty Irwin's Head. Alida Glover looks on from the left and facing the camera are the girl guides, on the left Daphne McClelland and on the right Jacqueline Townsend. I remember well how we polished our brass “patrol” badges with toothpaste to shine for the Lady.



Die hele familie op safari

Op Safari by Uaso Nyiro

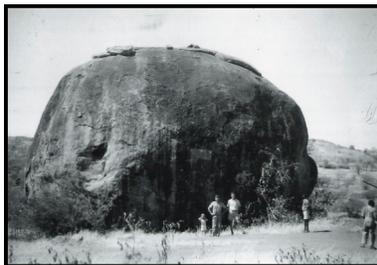
Rhena Dry

Dit is Augustus 1954 en die kinders het skoolvakansie. Die gesaides is in en nou is dit gewoonlik tyd om op Safari te gaan na die Uaso Nyiro om vis te vang, te jag en natuurlik biltong te maak.

Dit was gedurende die Mau-Mau tyd en al ons arbeid was Kikuyus. Omdat die meeste van die Kikuyus reeds ingesweer was as Mau-Mau's en alle Kikuyus gesien was as deel van die Mau-Mau's, is al ons arbeid weggeneem deur die regering vir ons eie veiligheid. Ek kry toe 'n jong Suk van ongeveer agtien jaar oud met die naam van Nyankibur om my te kom help in die huis want dit is al waar hy bereid was om te werk. Nyankibur was 'n baie fluks en skoon werker. Hy het gou geleer en het baie vinnig Afrikaanse woorde geleer en ook 'n bietjie Swahili.



Ons en die van Blerks is almal saam op safari na Isiolo waar ons by Buffalo Springs gekamp het.. Petro van Blerk en Christo Dry (links) en Gustav Dry en Hannetjie van Blerk (regs).



Die klip bekend as Elephant's Pride, op pad tussen Maralal en Barsaboi.

Johannes en Nancy von Landsberg, Nando en ek en ons kinders is toe Uaso Nyiro toe na die plek bekend as Crocodile Jaw. Ons het Nyankibur en van die ander werkers saamgeneem om ons te help.

Nyankibur spring saam maar misgis hom met die afstand en sy sprong is net te kort...

Terwyl ons op Safari is, kry ons een nag 'n verskriklike harde reën-bui en ons tent val inmekaar want die tentpenne was nie baie goed geanker nie. Alles – tot ons beddegoed – was nat en natuurlik het ons dit nodig gehad om daardie aand te kan slaap. Ons klere was gelukkig in staal trowsers en sodoende het ons gelukkig droë klere gehad om aan te trek.

Die rivier het 'n klip plaat weerskant van die rivier wat baie naby aan mekaar is en so kan mens baie maklike van een kant na die ander kant spring. Onder die klipplaat is 'n groot maalgat en dit is

baie diep en vol krokodille. Die dag na die verskriklike reën-bui besluit die werkers om by die rivier te gaan speel en so spring hulle toe almal heen en weer oor die rivier. Nyankibur spring saam maar misgis hom met die afstand en sy sprong is net te kort en so val hy in die maalgat. Die werkers en ek en Nancy het gesoek maar sy liggaam was nooit weer gesien nie.

Johannes en Nando het die oggend uitgegaan veld toe om 'n bokkie te skiet en was nie by die kamp toe die ramp ons tref nie. Met hulle terugkeer na die kamp, hoor Nancy, die kinders en ek toe die Land Rover aankom en ons staan toe reg om die skokkende nuus aan hulle mee te deel. Johannes en Nando het gesien dat daar fout is en het glo gou die kinders getel om vas te stel of ons almal daar was.

Johannes en Nando het die volgende oggend toe gegaan na die Magistraat-kantoor om die saak aan te meld. Ons vakansie is toe kortgeknip en is 'n paar dae daarna huistoe.

Johannes en Nando moes toe 'n maand later weer Dol-Dol toe vir die uitspraak van die saak. Gelukkig was daar geen probleme met die saak nie want die ander arbeiders was almal getuies om die voorval te staaf.

Twee maande later het Nyankibur se Pa by ons op die plaas opgedaag om vir sy seun te kom kuier en te sien hoe dit met hom gaan. Dit was vir ons baie hartseer om die nuus van Nyankibur se dood aan hom oor te dra. Ek het Nyankibur se kleertjies, onder andere die Sjoeka waarmee hy daar aangekom het, aan sy Pa gegee. Nyankibur se Pa het vir 'n paar dae daar by ons op die plaas vertoef en het later met groot hartseer teruggekeer huis toe.



Jim Randall en Nando Dry



Saam met Johannes en Nancy von Landsberg. Oom Pieter von Landsberg het op die safari 'n kameelperd geskiet en biltong gemaak. Die bene is ook gebraai toe eet ons pap en murg.



Nando Dry en Gustav met Oom Jan Barnard en Staff Dry wat staan by **Barselinga.**



Rhena Dry foto's

Links: Johannes von Landsberg met sy jongste dogter Sannetjie en sy jongste seun Christo.



EMBAKAZI AIRPORT,
with its the signpost
showing the directions
and distances of many
major world cities.

Missing ---- Verlore

Nicolas Becker, Heuwelsig 214, Posbus 15223, Lyttelton 0140

Mev Bosman, Posbus 1972, Mooinooi, 0325

Mr Calligaris, P O Box 9072, Verwoerdpark, 1453

Carl & Lulu de Bruin, Posbus 957, Thabazimbi, 0380

Mina Enslin, Posbus 671, Naboomspruit, 0560

George Goodman, P O Box 3848, Potgietersrus, 0600

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Mr Angus McDonald, Karibu, Diana Close, Constantia 7800

Chris en Mart Render, Posbus 44567, Theresa Park, 0155

Michelle Scott, P O Box 844, Pretoria, 0001

Diedre Stolz, Sandean Gardens 29, Witstinkhoutstr., Hennopspark, 0140

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Annie v Rooyen, 57 Protea Aftree Oord, Die Wilgers 0041

Drought Compounds Political Risks

The global economic recession has had only a muted effect on Kenyan growth. Certainly, a collapse in export markets for cut flowers and in tourism, Kenya's largest forex earners, has had an impact, as has the severe drought affecting the country, but this has been counterbalanced by lower imports and robust global prices for tea and coffee. Growth is expected to accelerate in 2010, but the effects of the drought and political developments present key downside risks.

Progress on political reform has been hampered by the continued fighting between President Mwai Kibaki's Party of National Unity and Prime Minister Raila Odinga's Orange Democratic Movement. Failure to reform the judiciary and security services, and to draw up a new constitution for the elections scheduled for 2012, risk storing up the potential for further rounds of ethnic-based political violence. Indeed, if a constitution is not ready in time, then we would not discount the possibility of elections being postponed in order to forestall unrest.

Kenya should see growth quicken in 2010 and beyond, in part on the back of a tentative global recovery, in part supported by the government's ambitious infrastructure spending programme. Also, favourable late rains in 2009 should be supportive of agricultural production and domestic hydro-power generation that have suffered due to drought. We see the continuing narrowing of the current account deficit over the medium term, eventually boosted by the coming online of oil exports from neighbouring Uganda. Concerns about food security and price growth should also recede.

KEY POINTS ON KENYA

Johan de Jager

Large-scale investment in infrastructure will support an improvement in Kenya's business environment, as well as its productive capacity. Nevertheless, corruption will remain a key concern of both domestic and international investors. The government's privatisation programme may reduce the state's influence in business and generate much-needed revenues, but the political backdrop will remain crucial in order to give investors confidence. Political distractions are already hampering drought relief efforts.

Political Risk Ratings

Kenya's political backdrop is of key concern. The coalition government – which was installed in the aftermath of violent protests that erupted following disputed presidential elections in December 2007 – is continually on shaky ground owing to deep-seated disputes between the two main political parties, the Party of National Unity and the Orange Democratic Movement. Disagreements are frequent, posing risks to policy formation and implementation. The extent of ethnic and religious tension among the populace is also a major problem, as amply demonstrated by the civil unrest witnessed in early 2008.

Kenya's political future will be dominated by the twin issues of writing a new constitution and bringing to justice those responsible for the violence that followed the disputed 2007 election, which left over 1 000 people dead and 300 000 displaced. These will play out over the next two years in the run-up to the elections scheduled for 2012.

Economic Outlook**Strengths**

Increasing diversification away from the agricultural sector is making the country less sensitive to exogenous shocks.

Kenya benefits from a strategically advantageous location within the East African Community.

Increasing ties with China bode well for trade and investment.

Weaknesses

Entrenched perceptions of corruption make for a sub-standard business environment. Unemployment and crime levels are rising.

Opportunities

With a sovereign credit rating awarded by **Standard & Poor's**, Kenya can now tap international capital markets with greater ease to aid development and begin creating an external yield curve.

Following successive years of strong macro-economic performance, there is an opportunity and challenge to increase capacity, in order to accelerate growth.

Kenya can benefit from the increasing integration of the East African Community, primarily through growing intra-regional trade.

Threats

The risk of drought poses an ever-present threat to the economy, through inflation, export revenues and potential humanitarian consequences.

Kenya's lacklustre productivity gains risk losing the country's export competitiveness.

Ethnic tensions highlighted by unrest surrounding the December 2007 presidential election could deter international investors for some time to come.

Economic Risk Ratings

Kenya's low economic risk ratings reflect the nation's high levels of inflation, low levels of foreign exchange reserves and deficits on the current and fiscal accounts. Our expectations of low growth, poor investment inflows and declining export revenues in 2009 are factored into the ratings. There is notable scope for improvement going forward, however. Kenya dominates the East African Community trade bloc and enjoys a strategic shipping location in the region, boding well for growth and macroeconomic improvement over the coming years.

Kenya dominates the East African Community trade bloc

Monetary Policy

At its meeting on 24 November 2009, the monetary policy committee of the Central Bank of Kenya cut its central bank policy rate by 75 basis points (bps) to 7.00%. While we had noted the possibility of a further 25bps cut before year-end, we, along with consensus, had believed that the MPC would cap cuts of 125bps made since December 2008 at 125bps in order to let the effects feed through, before reassessing in the new year as the economy is expected to pick up. In its subsequent press release, the MPC emphasised the improving inflationary context and its desire to give a final kick to boost liquidity in the economy to compound the

positive effects on growth of the fiscal stimulus. Analysts see real GDP growing by 4.4% y-o-y in 2010, after a mediocre 2.5% in 2009. A robust rebound in growth (albeit below trend), coupled with higher global commodity prices, however, should see domestic price growth accelerating in 2010, particularly due to the favourable base effects of 2009. With the introduction in October 2009 of a new methodology, the inflation picture looks increasingly benign, having dropped from a peak of 19.6% y-o-y in November 2008 to a low of 5.0% y-o-y 12 months later, although ticking up to 5.3% in December 2009. According to the old measure, the deceleration was similarly impressive, falling from a peak of 31.5% y-o-y in May 2008, but still stood at 17.5% y-o-y by the time the measure was discontinued in October.

Risks to Outlook

The key risk to the core economic scenario is that inflationary pressures return more aggressively than we currently envisage, even if the reweighting of the CPI basket reduces the impact of what has been traditionally the key driver of price growth. Add to this the prospect of a recovery in economic activity and improving credit conditions to fuel price pressures domestically, the CBK may find itself in the difficult position of trying to head off resurgent inflation with the desire to entrench the economic recovery. Given the difficulty of reining in high inflation, the monetary authorities would, we believe, prefer to risk growth slightly below hoped for levels, and hike sooner and/or faster than we currently envisage.

For your interest and nostalgia, I had lunch at Lanet yesterday, with Patti Neylan and Tess, her daughter, who is marrying Bongo Woodley, Bill's son.

Patti's husband Kevin is the son of Denis Neylan, who owned the Prairie Inn, not far from the KRTC camp, on Hyrax Hill, which some of the R squadies must have visited, because Kevin remembers that the Kenya Regiment often held dances there in the late fifties. The Inn was closed down in the sixties, but after his parents died, Kevin has turned it into their private home. It is most beautifully kept, surrounded by a fenced off, large garden of about 50 acres; with several cottages within the grounds which Patti lets, and it is partly reforested along the borders, so that you are insulated from the mass of habitation surrounding it.

Kevin still farms 3000 acres in the Mara triangle, on land leased from the Masai; and shares more land with his son Clifford, on which he runs some 600 acres of central pivot irrigation. He is one of the most successful farmers in Kenya, and still sprays his own crops from the air, in his special crop spraying aircraft.

I never visited the KRTC Camp at Lanet, but there was an airfield around there, which I think is now moribund. Pete and Lofti Reynolds kept their aeroplanes there.

Dennis

Bruce, I was looking at Google last night & picked up Lanet. The camp still looks well kept but has an un-used air about it. No vehicles or cars. What caught my eye was beyond the entrance gate, over the stand of trees. Now it would be obvious as you drove out & glancing about 2 o'clock. In the middle of what was a farm field, is a newish building, not very big, but built on the lines of the main Lanet building. There is a sign over it on Google which reads: 'Moi Forces Academy', most likely a senior Officer's school. It is, literally, plonked in the middle of a field with a high hedge around it. **Roy** (still put my Intelligence hat on now & again.)



**By James Morgan
BBC News, Kenya**

(This article has been condensed.)

High in the hills of Kenya's Mau forest, some 20,000 families are facing eviction from their farms - accused of contributing to an ecological disaster which has crippled the country.

The authorities are to start the process of removing them any day now. Farmers will be asked to surrender their title deeds for inspection.

"We are afraid. Not only me, but all of us here," says Kipkorir Ngeno, a teacher and father of six, from a village known as "Sierra Leone". "They call us squatters - a very bad name. But this is my land. It is not illegal."

Drought and despair

Mr Ngeno is one of those accused of responsibility for droughts which have left millions of Kenyans thirsty for water and hungry for retribution. Mau forest is Kenya's largest water tower - it stores rain during the wet seasons and pumps it out during the dry months. But during the past 15 years, more than 100,000 hectares - one quarter of the pro-

tected forest reserve - have been settled and cleared. The rivers that flow from the forest are drying up. And as they disappear, so too have Kenya's harvests, its cattle farms, its hydro-electricity, its tea industry, its lakes and even its famous wild-life parks.

THE HEART OF KENYA

Mau forest is the largest in Kenya - the size of the Aberdares and Mount Kenya combined 10 million people depend on its rivers. They feed six lakes - Victoria, Turkana, Natron, Nakuru, Baringo and Magadi. Plus eight wildlife reserves - including the Masai Mara, the Serengeti and Lake Nakuru...

Worse still, the water from Mau quenches thirst far beyond Kenya. Its rivers feed Tanzania's Serengeti and keep the fishermen of Lake Victoria afloat. When you consider that Lake Victoria is the source of the Nile, you begin to grasp the scale of the crisis .

'Buffer zone'

"Chopping down the tree cover in Mau has removed a natural 'pump' which keeps the ecosystem alive.

It rains a lot in Kenya - but only in the rainy seasons. Then you have four long months with not a drop," explains Christian Lambrechts, from the Nairobi-based UN Environment Programme (UNEP). "So you need a buffer zone - a way to ration the rain water and release it slowly into the rivers in the dry season. That buffer is the forest.

When the rains in Kenya stop falling, the 12 rivers which stem from the Mau forest are the lifeline for about 10 million people. And this year in Kenya, the rains failed

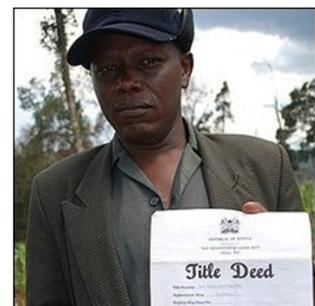
badly. Narok county - the breadbasket of Kenya - was a barren dustbowl in April, the wettest month of the year. The government declared a "national emergency" with 10 million Kenyans facing starvation.

Cattle died in their millions. ..In western Kenya, the tea plantations of James Finlay, which feed on the rivers of western Mau, have seen their yields cut to 80%.

Trouble in paradise

Wildlife tourism - another pillar of Kenya's economy - is wilting in the heat. Lake Nakuru, the birdwatcher's paradise, is disappearing.

And in the Masai Mara, the river which hosts the world famous "crossing of the wildebeest" has fallen to its lowest ever level.



"They call us squatters a very bad name."
Kipkorir Ngeno, Farmer, Mau Forest



"The people in Mau forest need to move... I cannot stay here suffering."
Peter Ole Nkolia, Farmer, Narok

Frequent droughts

But can deforestation really be to blame for all these catastrophes? After all, there have always been cyclical droughts in Kenya. The trouble is that these droughts are becoming more frequent, more severe and less predictable. Particularly since 2001 - the year when 60,000 hectares of Mau were allocated to settlers and cleared.

"At a time when the climate in Kenya is becoming drier, that is when you need to boost your ecosystem - to help it to absorb the impact of climate variability," says Mr Lambrechts., one of 30 officials recruited to the task force by Prime Minister Odinga. Their report, published in July, set out how more than 100,000 hectares - one quarter of the entire forest reserve - was parcelled up and cleared for settlement. Almost 20,000 land parcels were "excised" by the governments of Moi and Kibaki, and handed out to farmers - which helped to boost the two presidents' popularity in the run-up to elections.

Much of these excised land parcels were promised to the original forest dwellers, but the title deeds ended up largely in the hands of local officials and incoming settlers. In the southern Maasai Mau forest, almost 2,000 plots were illegally purchased within the protected forest reserve, with the help of local officials. Plots known as "group ranches" and then sold on to third parties, unaware that their new title deeds may be "irregular" or "bogus". Elsewhere large chunks of the forest were occupied and squatted - by settlers with no title claim whatsoever.

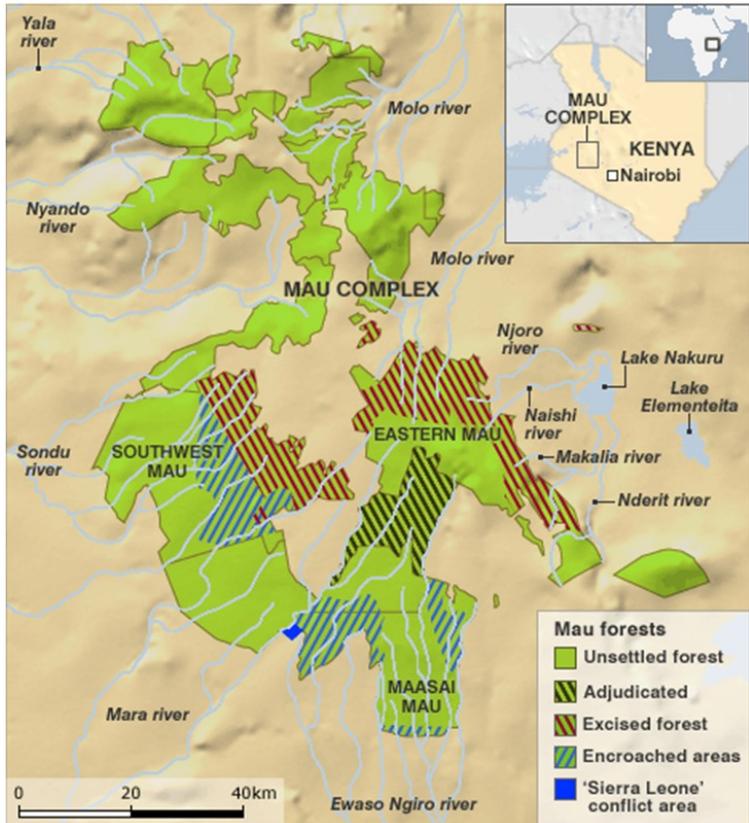
Political tightrope

The task force insists that almost all of these settlers and land owners should leave the



It is a lake you can literally walk across.
Paul Opiyo, Deputy Warden, Lake Nakuru.

Kenya's Mau forest complex



forest as soon as possible. This is a political tightrope for Prime Minister Odinga.

A search for new land to resettle farmers is underway, but is already provoking controversy. "I hope when they go to the World Bank they won't get any money," says Professor Wangari Maathai, the Nobel Laureate and environmental campaigner. "The only reason why we are being held hostage with the Mau is because people who were in power want to be compensated."

Double-whammy But perhaps the biggest challenge of all facing Kenya is the ecological one - the co-ordinated replanting of 100,000 hectares of indigenous forest - more than 100 million trees.



It will take decades to restore the canopy - years in which Kenyans will continue to suffer from the double-whammy of local land degradation and global climate change. Yet among environmentalists there is some relief that, at last, Kenya has woken up to a disaster that has been brewing for decades. Countless warnings have gone unheeded, as Ms Maathai can testify. "I keep telling people, let us not cut trees irresponsibly... especially the forested mountains," she says. "Because if you destroy the forests, the rivers will stop flowing and the rains will become irregular and the crops will fail and you will die of hunger and starvation. Now the problem is, people don't make those linkages."

In Kenya this year, everyone is making those linkages.

Piet Prinsloo skryf:

Ek is gebore in die Eldoret Hospitaal sowat 71 jaar gelede. Ek is die oudste seun van wyle tant Annie Prinsloo wat by die Van Riebeek skool in die koshuis gewerk het tot in January 1961 toe sy en my broer Willie noodgedwonge ook maar die pad moes vat Suid-Afrika toe.

Ek was op Van Riebeek Skool van 1953 tot einde 1955. Nog mense Ds Louw, Mnr Pouw, Pienaar, Maarschalk, Meje. Kriek, Coetzee, Hiemstra om net 'n paar te noem.

My skool loopbaan het so begin – eers het ek saam met Oom Stompie Korff en sy seun Jahan skooltoe gery, ons het loop fstand van hulle gebly.

Toe trek ons na 'n naburige plaas. Toe ry ek met 'n oskarretjie wat twee osse getrek het sewe myl ver, (osse se name Donker en Kryzman). Die klonkie moes dan die osse oppas, hulle was geneig om wegteloop huis toe.

Na dit het ek by die Storms gebly, toe by oom Pieter en tant Annetjie Steenkamp wat 'n plaas nie ver van die dorp af gehad het nie. Louw Bothma se ouers het op daardie stadium ook op die plaas gebly. Tant Annetjie het ons skool toe gevat met

so 'n swart 1936 Chev. Ek onthou sy kon ry dat die stof so staan. Daarna weer by die Lourense in dieselfde huis as waar ons by die Storms gebly het. Ek dink dit was die oudste broer van Nettie Lourens en Hendrik. Hendrik was ook 'n vriend van my. Hulle het ook 'n jonger broer, Gerhard, wat deur my ma se suster en Gert Roets aangeneem is.

Daarna is ek na die koshuis, eers die nuwe een. Toe het ons die meisies geruil en is ons na die ou koshuis.

Ou mnr Hunter, die hoof, het met sy 1924 Chev gery. As ek tog net daardie kar vandag kon hê – die bakwerk was werklik 'n meesterstuk.

Die kar het later behoort aan die oom De Jager wat net een been gehad het, ek dink sy naam was Gert.

'n Ander persoon was ou Miss Stevenson met haar 1934/36 Ford paneelwa. Sy was soortvan ons

huismoeder. Ons moes elke middag vir 'n tyd rus, en as jy geraas het het sy jou op jou hande geslaan met 'n hout liniaal. Dit het sy in die klaskamer ook gedoen. Sy het geglo as jy twee of drie liniale op mekaar sit, is die impak groter en jy kry seerder. Ek dink nie regtig dit was die geval nie.

By oom Sonny Cloete het my ma 'n lank gewerk as 'n huishoudster – rondom 1952. Daardie tyd het 'n Ernst Kruger by hulle gewerk saam met die Holleders waarvan ek nie die noemname onthou nie. Louw Bothma se broer Loot was ook daar doenig, as ek reg onthou. Een skoolvakansie, toe ek by my ma gekuier het, het ons Talapia vis in die dam gevang van 'n bootjie af.

Ek het by die Suid Afrikaanse Lugmag in 1956 aangesluit en was daar tot in 1961. Ek was net een keer weer terug in Kenia toe ek en Addie van Rensburg in Desember 1958 (toe was ek 20) die lang pad gevat het huis toe met die duim deur Suid- en Noord-Rhodesië en Tanganjika. (Addie is die seun van oom Adam en Tannie Mariet van Rensburg wat naby Thompsons Falls geboer het.) Dit het ons 14 dae gevat om die ongeveer 3000 myl af te lê. Ons is terug SA toe met die vliegtuig nadat ons ouers besluit het dit is te gevaarlik.

Uit Piet Prinsloo se ma se foto-album. (Sy moeder is oorlede in 1975):

Regs: Koos en Emmie Boshoff.

Heel regs: Piet en Lida Joubert (Lida was Piet se ma se jongste suster.)

Ek onthou nog 'n paar “nursery rhymes”:

Modja, mbili, tatu, panja na koola beyatu, / Beyatu na lia panja na kimbia, / Modja, mbili, tatu.

Miskien kan iemand help met die regte spelling.

Die Nandi's het ook altyd gesing, iets wat so geklink het :
Sekuma lorrie, / Arap kap lele, / Cheba cheb nebu.



JOHN FREUND. 06/02/1921 – 06/09/2004

My pa – John Freund – is gebore in Bloemfontein en het grootgeword op 'n plaas – Tevredenheid – naby Luckhoff in die Fauresmith distrik. Sy skoolloopbaan het begin in 'n plaas skool op Jonasfontein en later het hy sy laerskool jare voltooi in die skool op Luckhoff. Sy hoërskool was Grey College, Bloemfontein, waar hy ook gematrikuleer het.

In 1944 gaan hy na Kenia en werk by Veeartseny – Kabete – Nairobi. Hy was aangestel om navorsing te doen op Tsetsevlieë en het baie rondbeweeg. Hy was meestal op die pad en sy tuiste was 'n tent. Het ook gejag om vleis vir homself en die werkers te bekom.

In 1949 ontmoet hy vir Joan Bouwer en trou met haar. Sy is gebore in Kenia en het daar grootgeword. Uit hulle huwelik is 3 seuns en 3 dogters gebore. Die jongste dogtertjie was net 3 jaar oud toe sy verdrink het op die plaas. 2 van die seuns en 1 dogter is in Kenia gebore.

In 1953 trek hulle terug na Suid-Afrika en begin boer op die plaas Tevredenheid, wat hy en sy broer van sy pa geërf het. Later van tyd het hy sy broer, wat 'n garage in Luckhoff besit het, gehelp met die boekewerk. Hy het ook later 'n winkel geopen en goed handelgedryf met die nodigste voedsel produkte. Hy was ook vir 'n paar jaar die Burgemeester van Luckhoff munisipaliteit.

Met sy aftrede het hy in Vanderkloof – 'n dorpie in die Noord-Kaap – gaan bly. Hy was betrokke by die stigting van die dorpie en is ook aangewys as die eerste Burgemeester van Vanderkloof in 1980. Die dorpie was oorspronklik gebou om die bouers van die Vanderkloofdam te huisves. Na die dam se voltooiing het my pa as afgevaardigde vir advokaat John Vorster gaan spreek om te onderhandel vir die behoud van die dorpie as 'n vakansiedorp.

Hy was 'n groot seël- en muntversamelaar. Die stokperdjies het hom besig gehou wanneer hy nie besig was om groente te plant of vrugte te bespuit nie. Sy liefde vir grond en boerdery het hom staande gehou tot die einde. Al het hy nie meer self geboer nie, was hy nog steeds baie betrokke saam met sy seun. Hy was ook nou betrokke met die bou van Vanderkloof se Hervormde Kerkgebou – die enigste kerkgebou in die dorpie is.

Hy het kanker opgedoen in die vorm van 'n melanoom in sy kuit. Hulle het dit verwyder, maar dit het al begin versprei en in later jare op verskeie plekke uitgeslaan. Hy het sterk gestaan tot die laaste paar maande voor sy dood en was 'n goeie voorbeeld vir ons almal. Hy het 'n gesegde gehad wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie: As hy dinge nie kon onthou nie het hy gesê dat elke dag vir hom nuut is, want gister kan hy nie onthou nie en dit is lekker om elke dag nuut te begin. Hy het nooit gekla van pyn nie en nog kerk toe gegaan tot en met 3 weke voor sy dood. Wat 'n voorbeeld vir ons ander wat so maklik kan kla. Hy laat sy vrou, 5 kinders, 11 kleinkinders en 1 agterkleinkind agter. Hy sterf in die ouderdom van 83 jaar.

~ Cynthia Freund ~

Hennie en Miemie Pieterse

My Pa is in 1926 per boot na Tanjanjika, as onderwyser en het my Ma toe ontmoet. Sy was toe nog 'n leerling van 14 jarige ouderdom. Sy en haar niggie, Annie Lemmer (later Jacobs), is vir hulle laaste skooljare (en ek het dit as twee jaar) na Stellenbosch.

Terug in Tanganjika, het sy by haar ouers gaan bly, Koos en Cornelia Malan. Hulle plaas by Sanya was aan die voet van Kilimanjaro.

My Pa het toe skool gehou in Ngarenanyuki aan die voet van Meru. Die twee plekke was ± 25 myl van mekaar af. Vrydag na skool het my Pa Sanya to gehardloop om voor donker daar te wees. Ek glo nie dit het elke naweek gebeur nie. Sondagmiddag moes hy weer terug.

Hy vertel dat hy verskeie kere moes pad gee vir Kwaggas wat oor die pad hardloop. Om te sien of die kwaggas was, het hy op die grond gaan lê om teen die lig te kon sien. Dié stories het ek baie kere gehoor. Ek was al 'n groot man toe ek weer die storie hoor en dit my tref: “Hoekom het die kwaggas gehardloop en dit in die donker?” My antwoord aan myself was dat iets hulle skrikgemaak het. Dit kon net leeus gewees het, want dit het glo in paar male gebeur.

Ek vra toe my Pa daarvoor uit en hy sê net: “Ek het nooit enige leeus gesien nie.” Gelukkig vir ons kinders het die leeus hom ook nie gesien nie.

Hulle is op 27 Oktober 1934 in Arusha getroud. Sy was pas 21 jaar oud. Pa was 8 jaar ouer. Daar was 3 kinders uit die huwelik gebore. Pieter, Kobus en Corrina. Ouma is op 21 Februarie 2010 oorlede op die ouderdom van 96 jaar.

Lynette Brennan (née Poppleton) writes from Krugersdorp:

‘The article on Prince of Wales School was of great interest to me. My father; Frank Poppleton and his 3 brothers, John, George (now deceased) and Bill killed in Burma during the 2nd World War were all pupils of PoW and later my brother Keith was there. He was killed in a hunting accident in Botswana in 1990.

‘Mrs Poppleton, mentioned in your article was my Grandmother “Poppy”, she was a matron and later Mr Wigmore’s Housekeeper.’

I enjoyed writing these memories of Nakuru School!

I keep returning to Habari 2009 – always something I missed. Fascinating! I was amazed by the PoW photos; all the trees. What an experience for you, Danie. “Rolly” McCall’s introduction to you of Beatrix Potter books must have had a big effect on your childhood and future reading. (Poor Tom Kitten – all rolled up in the pastry....)

I only know of that part of Kenya from holidays with relations on one of the wattle estates – Soy – where a frequent visitor was Van Aardt. Maybe L.S? He fancied my young cousin.

Best Wishes for 2010.

Sally Dewar

Nakuru School

by Sally Dewar

I had a great view and motorists passing on the dusty road below would have to agree it was a handsome edifice, up there on the lower slopes of Menengai. Nakuru School, in its well treed grounds was impressive.

At the start of a new term the box-body cars and an assortment of well used jalopies roared up the long drive laden with the district’s children from as far afield as Thompson’s Falls and OI Kalou to Mau Summit, Njoro, and Rongai: Kenya’s rich farm lands.

World War II and my schooling happened to start together in September 1939. Junior dorm in the smart new main block (could it be Herbert Baker?) for little girls, likewise for the little boys, while the older girls were in the original two wooden dormitories alongside the dining room and teachers’ flats.

Next morning I learned all about making my bed, turning the mattress eve-

ryday, washing my face, getting dressed and plaiting my hair – all in half-an-hour, (one could do most of the dressing under the blankets before the getting up bell rang). Then up to the dining room to get in line for breakfast. One went with the flow in this strange new life. I also learned about leaving a clean plate – even if I did hate posho porridge and was inclined to heave ominously with every mouthful. This was where the Afrikaans kids scored ... bliss!

I suppose about a quarter of the pupils were Afrikaans – all from the farming country of the Rift Valley. Most of the little ones spoke no English. Amazingly they were pretty fluent by the end of term one and all set to start learning to read. Speaking Afrikaans was forbidden. Needless to say, this could not be enforced, but it did mean that by the time they left primary school they spoke and wrote English “in the manner born”. With the later reflux to South Africa the local Afrikaners could notice a difference in the “kabla” when the Kenyans arrived.

My teacher was “Goody” – the formidable Miss Goodwin

Class time! What it was all about. I went into Std 2, having been home schooled a bit, and my teacher was “Goody” – the formidable Miss Goodwin. She had a house up behind the swimming pool, where, with her piano and groups of troupes up from the barracks, she had a marvellous war! But she was a good teacher. Those little sums on the blackboard... You had to leap to your feet and give instant answers. It was all so simple in those days – just the “Three R’s”, and on the side a smattering of history, geography and art. The Stone Age was quite interesting, given that we were in a country that had so recently emerged, compared to Europe.

It was in class that we met boys – otherwise we lived separate lives. They were a majority in Std 2. They were a quiet and unassuming lot, not given to cheeking the teachers as the girls were inclined to do when Mr Ray took us for art. I soon moved to the upper dormitories in the old wooden building, where I was awed by the big

girls, such as Suzanne Dugand, Martie van Dyk, Jannie de Wet, and Maria van der Merwe. In my dorm there was Hester de Bruin, Frances Daniels, Rosie Behr, and more. Hester is in SA now and her brother “Boet”. Maybe the little red haired sister Louise too, with her temper to match her hair.

Suzanne Dugand took Carberry House juniors for rounders practice on the terrace every morning after breakfast. It was the bane of my life. I was layaways threatened with having to eat and ant next time I missed the ball. (They were big and pink – some type of “harvester”). It was avoided. When I see pepper trees it takes me back to that terrace. Rounders until we turned 11 years old, which was the only game we played. (Not sport please note; this was the English tradition.) On rare occasions such as when the bat broke, we played “Honey Pots”. We all had fruit names and when one’s fruit was called one ran to avoid being hit by the ball. “Hardloop” (run) they all shouted! I was hopeless.

Games almost came to a halt when we suffered the great plague of army worms, pretty green and black caterpillars. Sloshing around and skidding on the masses, we would end up with our white shorts a vivid green. Our dhobi (laundry), dried on the lawn at the back of the dorms, also came back with green patches.

Games were taken seriously; every afternoon except weekends. I kept undamaged in hockey and unpopular in tennis where if I hit the ball at all, it was out. I think wryly of the school song.... “We won’t forget the games we played, the matches lost and won, the agonised waiting to go in.” I never arrived at the cricket stage.

For all that I was not a blissfully happy child there; I have to admit that when it churned us out we were well ahead of the Std 6’s from other primary schools. For my first year in high school I found it “a piece of cake” to use the Air Force slang. So I had a certain pride in Nakuru School even if it was not “the school we shall remember with our love” from the song.

Holidays (Hols)

What did Kenya kids do in the holidays? We certainly did not hang around in the house listening to the wireless. Well we couldn't – that battery belonged in the car and was brought in every evening in time for the signature tune: "Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer..."

On the first day of the "hols" we pumped up the bikes' tyres and were off. We spent time every day cycling. Those old fashioned thick tyre cycles coped well with the shocking country roads, and the narrow footpaths through the veld and the labour villages – Kikuyu and Luo.

My early childhood was spent on sawmills, close against the massive cedar forests

My father was a saw miller. My early childhood was spent on sawmills, close against the massive cedar forests. Molo, Timboroa, Elburgon, Thompson's Falls and finally eight years at Beeston Timber Co. at Njoro. Jimmy Beeston, like my father, had come to Kenya after World War I. Our playmates were the Beeston children, Bill Dick and Jennifer.

One of the never failing joys was playing on the giant pile of sawdust, which was perpetually dug away to form high cliffs. Jumping from the top into the soft sawdust below gave us a minor thrill after the style of bungee-jumping of today. Sadly, it usually ended in sawdust in the eyes, which meant going home for a dollop of castor-oil in the afflicted eye. The

gummed up effect had dealt with the sawdust by next morning.

Most days small brother was quite content to take his "car" – the metal rim of an old kitchen sieve and trot around the large and hilly garden, making realistic car noises (not blood curdling "crashes" of today's boys, he had never heard a crash.) Gear changing was faultless, no over-drive.

In the early mornings we could brave the frost and watch the giant yellow RD8 caterpillar tractor stoking up with diesel oil from drums, (why do I think of tractors when I smell diesel oil?) and then chugging back and forth collecting its four flat-bed trailers. Then it was off into the depths, behind our house, of virgin cedar forest – ever deeper into the concession. It dug a way where man had never passed – under distant control of John Machin, the Forestry department man who was based in Elburgon.

My father had his share of adventures in some of the outback mills that he pioneered during the depression years. He would deposit the family with friends (for instance the Hoddinotts at Mariashoni) and set off with Tessa the Alsatian for company. On one occasion he came back with a moon shaped chunk out of the brim of his pith helmet. Another time Tessa came home with a huge bandage around her torso tied underneath with multiple bows. She never lost that scar on the length of her side. She retired at Njoro and had eight puppies, all as gutsy as she was.

One day dad came back to base alongside the tractor driver. His old Bean (Yes – look it up in your car book.) had finally sunk away into the bush. No doubt the totos in later years had fun on its rusted remains.

The actual activity at Beeston's was pencil-slat production. All these pencil length cedar slats were parcelled up in hessian packs, sent by train to Mombasa, and shipped to Staedtler or some such manufacturer to be turned into pencils in Germany. The outbreak of the war meant a hasty change of customer, which I remember as a smooth transition. Is it still running, I wonder?

The quality of every slat was checked (a line of workers at trestle tables in a long shed) and the discarded ones formed another huge pile, exclusively designed for children's play. Amazingly, there was never a fire, though there were some frightful forest fires when my father would be out twenty-four hours at a time.

Now and then there would be a new record from Shankar Dass.

And when it rained? We played board games and read books loaned by friends or sent from England, and we played the *kinanda*. It had been left to us by an old friend, complete with classical records, which left us (an unmusical family) with some appreciation. Now and then there would be a new record from Shankar Dass. My father had served with the South African Artillery in WW I, and many years later he found at Shankar Dass an Afrikaans record: all the old favourites, like "Suiker Bossie", and "Daar kom die Alabama". In Mombasa *noga!* He was delighted.

I think we grew up with the knack of never being bored. We knew how to make the most of what we had. Through all the years the simplest things have been most rewarding.



Our farmhouse

will remember this was the year of the fiasco when Jameson tried to topple Oom Paul's government and the stink it caused forced Rhodes to resign as Prime

With the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war Oupa, like every other respectable burger, set off to join the commando – I was led to believe this was General De Wet's commando, but then again I suppose every Vrystaater's ancestor was in De Wet's commando. What is more certain is that the old man was never captured - the proof of this hangs on my bedroom wall - a framed certificate (signed by General Beyers) given to all the burgers who were still active on the veldt at the end of the war.

Schalk is an Old Dutch name meaning a jester or a trickster. There are three of them that played a role in my life. There was Schalk Steyn senior, my late father, who is the subject of this story. There is Schalk Steyn junior, my son, who is well and alive and living on the outskirts of New York in Morristown, New Jersey. And then there was also Schalk Cloete, a friend of my father and an archetypical prankster whom I never knew, but I grew up on his stories.

Minister of the Cape Colony. All of which only pointed to further mischief on the make – eventually the mixture of Rhodes, British imperialism, diamonds, gold, the "Uitlander kwessie" and greed led to war.

Meanwhile back on the farm Ouma Maria had five children to feed (the youngest a 2-year old toddler), not only that, but old Kitchener and his kakies decided to show some English hospitality by burning down the farmhouse and the crops and shooting all the animals on the farm. How Ouma and her children survived throughout the war nobody really knows – all that is certain is that she never landed up in one of the dreaded concentration camps and by the end of the war everyone was still alive.

In Kenya there were at least four unrelated job lots of Steyns – the one batch was wealthy, the second distinguished, the third unmentionable and then there was my rootstock. Schalk went to Kenya in 1925, then followed his brother Eduard, then Flippie and last came Koos. Much as I would like to write about my uncles I have promised to keep to my father, so let us start in 1896 in Reitz in the OVS – the year and place where he was born. The only notable fact I could find about Reitz was that Vincent van Gogh's younger brother who died in the Anglo-Boer war is probably buried there. The year 1896 quite another story, if I had to start on all the noteworthy happenings of this remarkable year we will never get to the Steyns.

At this time we find my grandfather (Daniel) farming on Leliesvlei, a farm in the Reitz district that his wife (Maria) had inherited from her grandfather, a Bruwer. Granddaddy Bruwer had started off as a bywoner and never did much more than to sit on the stoep drinking his coffee en letting the sheep graze and beget, and in this way became so rich that he even had a farm for his granddaughter to inherit.

When the war ended a new sort of madness set in – it was known as trekking. Although Oupa had a farm to return to, in the grand old Steyn tradition he decided to trek. (Ouma Maria should have told him about sitting on your bum and letting the sheep graze and beget.). Sometime after 1902 – the exact year is uncer-

Schalk Steyn – a life of trekking

by Dan Steyn

According to Thomas Pakenham (The Scramble for Africa) in 1880 Africa was still largely unexplored by Europeans, but less than thirty years later only Liberia and Ethiopia remained unconquered (or should I rather say "infested") by them. As Schalk was born in the midst of this era of imperialist greed, trouble was already well on the way by 1896 - you



Kakamega Goldfields

tain – they first trekked to Gyanessa, about 30 miles north of Vryburg. There, two things happened: First, most of their livestock died of the gallamsiekte. (Later Theiler became the first South African to get a Nobel Prize for finding a cure for this animal disease.) But even worse – my father’s eldest brother was bitten by a rabid meerkat and died. Fifty years later my father could still vividly describe the anguish of his brother virtually dying of thirst - hydrophobia being one of the main symptoms of rabies.

(Coincidentally in later years the eldest son of one of the Steyn families in Kenya – not related to us - also died of rabies.)

So what did they do? They started trekking again; first to Rooigrond nearby and then further afield to Melsetter on the Eastern Border of the old Rhodesia. It is uncertain when this took place, the only fixed date I have is that Schalk was admitted to Salisbury hospital with enteric fever during the First World War. Why Rhodesia? This question also hangs in the air. However, we know that since 1890 there had been a steady flow of South Africans to the then Gazaland. In Many treks made Rhodesia by S P Olivier one sees that the Moodies started it all by trekking there first; then came the Moolmans, followed by the Martins, then the Du Plessis etc. On these treks there were also Steyns – thus at a stage there were no less than three lots of totally unrelated Steyn clans in Melsetter - no wonder a local wag with an eye for a quick pun compared the Melsetter district to a dirty tablecloth (full of Steyns / stains).

Oupa Steyn soon became a well-known character in Melsetter where he was known as the local carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, cobbler and dentist (in fact I still have one of the pliers he used in the latter capacity) – and all of this after losing a leg. But let us return to Schalk.

Life in Melsetter could not have been easy as this was real pioneer country – being far from everywhere and with very

little creature comforts. All transport was by donkey cart or by walking – later this got better as bicycles became more common. Then there was also the ongoing war with the baboons that raided everything they planted. But even worse than the baboons was the colonial government who was giving preferential treatment to all the soldiers who had received



Thika, circa 1925

farms after the war. Thus Schalk, who had by then built up a fine herd of cattle, found that there he was no market for the livestock he was trying to sell.

Eventually he decided he had enough of this and fell back on the old Steyn solution – trek on.

Eventually he decided he had enough of this and fell back on the old Steyn solution – trek on. Thus in 1925, with £100 in his pocket and an extra pair of boots (to walk back should he not make his fortune) he boarded a ship of the Woerman Line (probably the Adolf Woerman – named after the founder of the line) in Beira and set off for Mombassa.

Why Kenya? On the one hand this was an obvious choice. After building an extremely expensive railway line from the coast to Lake Victoria the Colonial Office was looking for farmers to populate the White Highlands and so to justify the costs of the

“Lunatic Line”. Very early on in the new century some Afrikaners had already taken the bait, the first being the Van Breda and Arnoldi trek that reached the Uashin Gishu district in North Western Kenya in 1905 – 1906. From then on numerous others followed and by the time Schalk arrived there in 1925, there was already quite an

established Afrikaner community including some of his cousins. Still it was rather a strange choice for someone who was trying to get away from the English and all their biased regulations and in later years he would often joke about this “illogical” decision.

Soon after settling in Kenya, he found a job managing a coffee farm near Thika.

This must have been an interesting time in his life, Nairobi was not too far away and with likes of Grogan, Bror Blixen and Lord Delemare to keep things lively there would not have been too many dull moments. Life in Kenya at that time was perhaps best described by two authors who later became internationally famous, Elspeth Huxley (The Flame Trees of Thika, White Man’s Country etc.) and Isak Dinesen (Out of Africa and Shadows on the Grass). Schalk would probably have met both but unfortunately by the time I read their books he had already had a stroke and I could no longer ask him about it.

Politically these were also rough ‘n-ready times. Years later I happened to invite a school friend to the farm for the weekend and as usual there was the inevitable sorting out of his family background – all of which turned out that Schalk not only knew his grandfather back in the 1920, but could also tell him about the time when the old man had gathered together a group of irate farmers intent on kidnapping the then Governor as they were unhappy about some or other of his policies – probably about the rights of Indi-



Threshing machine

A much more solid enterprise followed when he found a job with a man who owned a threshing machine – I think it was a Mr. Shaw. These were the years when all the grain (wheat, barley, oats etc.) was cut and stacked in sheaves waiting for a threshing machine to come around. As if the process of transporting this monster from farm to farm wasn't bad enough, moving it's companion, the traction engine (i.e. a steam engine that had to provide the power to drive the threshing machine) was even worse. Keep in mind that all of this trekking mostly took place on farm roads across the width and breadth of the Uashin Gishu and Trans Nzoia districts - the machinery being pulled by spans of oxen.

Eduard (his younger brother) and Dina Davies (Eduard's girlfriend at the time) signing as witnesses.

Next came the war and everything that went with it: Italian prisoners of war working on the farm; the lack of essentials from nails to petrol; a government clamouring for more and more produce to prop up the armies; and yet the farmers barely being paid enough to keep their farms going. A pleasant addition to the household at this stage was Margaret's father who arrived from South Africa to live with them – a wonderful old Scot who not only had a big influence on my early years but who also became a well liked personage on the Plateau. One thing though, my granddad was a liberal and my father a staunch nationalist – thus I grew up on some interesting discussions.

ans to buy land in the White Highlands, an ongoing issue at the time.

One thing that definitely made a lasting impression on him at the time was the bubonic plague (the notorious Black Death of the Middle Ages) that swept through Kenya at that time.

One thing made a lasting impression on him – the bubonic plague that swept through Kenya

In later years he would tell of how the farm labourers virtually "died like flies" and how the plague was only contained once they burnt down the huts to exterminate the vermin that carried the infected fleas.

After his job as farm manager there followed a spell of gold prospecting on the Kakamega goldfields – but all that remained of this enterprise are some good stories, a photo or two and a tiny uncut diamond he found while panning for gold. As with so many gold diggers across the centuries the forthcoming riches from the elusive yellow metal never amounted to more than an unfulfilled dream.

On the lighter side were the stories that went with the job. As most of the farms were then owned by ex-army officers with a fair sprinkling of "remittance men" in-between, – mostly bachelors starved for a bit of "civilised" conversation – Schalk would tell of many a time when he had scarcely arrived and pitched his little tent when a toto with a hastily scribbled note would appear inviting him to "dinner". As most of the farms had an mpishi (cook) who had only recently come out of the bush, "dinner" was rather a euphemism for what eventually landed up on the table; luckily there were usually ample pink gins to tide things over.

Sometime in the mid-thirties he bought our farm on the Plateau with Oom Jan le Roux and Oom Bokkie Von Maltitz as neighbours. Then came the next step – on a visit to his parents in Rhodesia he met a Scottish lass (Margaret McLeod) who was then employed at the well-known Bothashof School in Rhodesia. Back on the farm he decided to write to her, one thing and another and eventually the inevitable followed – she agreed to marry him and boarded the ship to Mombasa. I still have their Certificate of Marriage that shows they were married on the 4th of January 1937 in the Registrars Office in Nairobi – with

Schalk now had "the full catastrophe – house, wife, family".

I was born less than a month after the war ended, so in the words of Zorba, Schalk now had "the full catastrophe – house, wife, family". However, these were probably some of Schalk's best years. Not only was the farm doing well, but he had a stable family life and Kenya held out the promise of a stable economic and political future. Unfortunately all of this was not to continue for long.

Early in 1954 Margaret started feeling ill and throughout the year her condition deteriorated - she died from cancer in January 1955. Not long after this the political clouds also darkened: the first warning was Ghana's independence in 1957; next came Harold Macmillan's well known "winds of change" speech on the 3rd of February 1960 in the Parliament in Cape Town; this was closely followed by the political upheavals and chaos in the Congo with the trainloads of refugees streaming through Kenya. Then all of a sudden politics speeded up as the British Empire started collapsing and the next two years turned into a

roller coaster for most Kenya farmers. The Afrikaners naturally grabbed at the solution they knew best – start trekking, thus by time we left in December 1963 just about everyone else we knew had left or was in the process of leaving. Schalk was lucky as the British Government bought his farm for one of the Senators in the newly formed Kenya Parliament. (The Senator has since died but his wife and son are still on the farm and I am happy to know the farmhouse is still in a pristine condition and the farm has not been cut up into smaller shambas.)

For various reasons South Africa was the obvious destination for the trek – thus three of the Steyn brothers settled in the RSA – the fourth brother (Koos) returned to Rhodesia. Eduard and Flippie both bought farms in the Warmbaths district but Schalk, who was by now nearing 70, no longer had the energy for such a new venture and was happy to retire. He now developed a new interest – to trace all his relatives and ex-Kenyans, thus I spent most of my university holidays trekking across the length and breadth of the RSA and the former Rhodesia.

In 1972 my wife and I completed our studies in Pretoria and looked for employment as far away as possible from metropolitan areas – we overdid it a bit and landed some jobs in Oshakati. So once again Schalk found was found trekking – this time accompanying us to our new home in Owambo. At the time Oshakati had a rather interesting white population consisting of about 300 youngish families, all White and working for the South African Government – thus Schalk found himself in the unique position as he was the oldest man in the town, and probably the only white male without a job. Typically he soon got to know about half the town and was constantly being invited for trips into the bush.

Unfortunately about a year later he suffered a stroke and with the help of military transport we had to fly him down to Pretoria. He was admitted to Warmbaths Hospital where he remained for a number of years till we eventually settled in Somerset West and moved him down to an old age home near us. He passed away on the 2nd of November 1985.

June 2010

~

Hier is 'n berig oor Johan Korf, voorheen van die Natalse Park-eraad. Baie van die Keniamense het hom geken waar hy by Sodwana en Cape Vidal gewerk het.

Johan Korf

Oorlede 24 Januarie 2010. Hy het sy later jare in Vryheid deur gebring en hy en sy oorlede vrou laat vier kinders na. Hulle was geseen met 'n hele klomp kleinkinders en hy was ook al 'n oupa-grootjie.

Henk van Staden.

The letter on Prince of Wales was repeated in SITREP the KAR news letter and this came as a response for all the Old Cambrians. – Danie

Rex Jordan,
P.O. Box 12,
Gonubie,
5256.

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the PoW. I remember my old classroom, where we were taught English by old Col Earnest Loftus.

I took early retirement from the Department of Bantu Frustration and Disappointment, for whom I had been working for 30 years, in their Agricultural Extension Division. I moved around quite a lot during that time, to different “homelands”, to train and assist their Agricultural Extension staff.

While I was in Mafikeng I became a Rotarian. I received the “Rotary Africa” magazine every month. I was most surprised to read a tribute to Rotarian Earnest Loftus of one of the Harare clubs, on his 100th birthday. He had two mentions in the Guinness Book of Records: The longest serving member of the British Civil Service and the oldest serving teacher. He retired from teaching in Malawi at 93! Earnest Loftus was mentioned in every “Rotary Africa” on his birthday until the Harare club celebrated his 104th birthday. He passed away a few months after that, if I remember correctly.

Cheers,

Rex

Memories of Kenya – Marie de Bruin

I grew up in Kitale and lived there most of my life. It was a small typical up-country town with all the basic needs of a farming community. It was at the same time the railhead from a branch line from Eldoret.



The Kitale City Hall was the centre of administration and also the centre of town.(1962)



Kitale main street 1962 just before Uhuru. Tanna's is on the right on the corner. The Post Office also on the right further down the street. Kitale

Motors furthest left and Dr Kirby's consulting rooms is on the left.

“Jack and Jill Nursery School.” My son André was not impressed and ran away and hid in the ditch nearby.



A typical agricultural community with the one industry being the dairies. We delivered our milk once a week. It was made into butter and transported to Nairobi and exported if it was of good quality. Most farmers had no cooling facilities so the shelf-life of the dairy products was not very good.

Theresa McCall's wedding on their farm Eaglesham. I (Marie de Bruin nee Claasen) was the bridesmaid and George her brother the support to the bridegroom, Garth.



Theresa had a donkey that was a pet and spent his time grazing on the lawn outside the house. He was the guest of honour and drank your champagne if you didn't watch him carefully



We were holidaying at Kikambala just north of Mombasa. This was the holiday home of Sonnie and Johanna Cloete where the young men decided to show their skills. L -R Hendrik (Drinkie) de Bruin; Hoffie Hoffman (married to my sister Marthie) and on the right just visible is Elsie Cloete. ~ ~

Legendary Nairobi hotel renamed

December 19 2007

The Norfolk Hotel, the oldest in Kenya, was rebranded as the Fairmont Norfolk, losing a legendary name that was associated with British colonialists as well as a US president safari hunter.

"Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi has been rebranded as Fairmont – The Norfolk after a multi-million dollar renovation programme," its new owners Fairmont Hotels and Resorts announced in a statement released here.

In 2005, Lonrho Africa, a subsidiary of the British – based Lonrho conglomerate, sold the hotel – build in Tudor-style architecture – to a Canadian-Arab consortium that includes Saudi royal Prince Alwaleed bin Talal.

A Kenyan tourism official said the new owners should have maintained the name. "The name 'Norfolk Hotel' is legendary in the tourism circles, they should have maintained it."



The Norfolk, which opened in 1904, the year Nairobi was founded, was a colonial-era hotspot and watering hole for the infamous Happy Valley set, a colonial set whose loose living was the subject of James Fox's book *White Mischief*. (A film of the book about a true-life 1941 murder mystery in which the Norfolk featured prominently was subsequently made by Michael Radford starring Greta Scacchi, Joss Ackland, Charles Dance and Hugh Grant.)

Gave Kenya its name

Among the visitors to the Norfolk was former US president Theodore Roosevelt, who began what is still reputed to be the largest hunting safari ever in Kenya from the hotel. Other famous guests included Boy Scouts founder Lord Baden-Powell, aviatrix Beryl Markham, and Karen Blixen, who under the pen name Isak Dinesen wrote *Out of Africa*.



Among the visitors to the Norfolk was former US president Theodore Roosevelt.

A bomb attack on the hotel on New Year's eve 1980, blamed on Palestinian extremists, killed about 15 people and wounded dozens more.

In addition to the Norfolk, the consortium in 2005 also acquired Mount Kenya Safari Club, the Mara Safari Club, The Ark and the Aberdare Country Club for £17-million.

The Mount Kenya Safari Club, in the shadow of the mountain that gave Kenya its name, was founded in 1959 by matinee idol William Holden, who turned the posh camp into a retreat for European royalty and the merely rich and famous.

Over the years, club members have included former British prime minister Winston Churchill, crooner Bing Crosby and action hero John Wayne.

The Ark, a rustic favourite built to resemble Noah's Biblical vessel secluded in the Aberdare National Park north of Nairobi, is well known among safari-goers for its illuminated water hole which nightly attracts scores of elephant, rhino and other wildlife.



Increasingly we get photographs without names attached. Of this photograph we know that it was taken at **Hill School**. Does anybody have any idea of the names of the pupils in this class? Please send them to us – and if you can't put a name to each and every face, we may perhaps get input from other readers who can help to fill in the gaps.

Though the article beneath is about a completely different country, we thought it would be of interest to our readers, because of the historical similarities between many of the post-Anglo Boer War settlers in Argentina and those in East Africa.

End of an era for Argentina's Afrikaners

RICHARD DAVIES | COMODORO RIVADAVIA - Dec 01 2009

Once they lived here in their thousands, but now only a handful of Afrikaans-speaking Boers remain in the windswept Patagonian coastal town of Comodoro Rivadavia and its hinterland.

Between 1903 and 1909, up to 800 Boer families trekked by ship to this lonely spot on Argentina's east coast, about 1 500km north of Tierra del Fuego. They had suffered badly in the 1899-1902 Anglo-Boer War. Some had lost family members in Kitchener's infamous concentration camps; others had their farmhouses destroyed by British troops.

Most of the Boer men who shipped out to settle in South America, taking their wives and children with them, had fought in the war against Britain, the nation that had seized their former independent republics of Transvaal and Orange Free State. The Boers left because they had no desire to live under their conqueror's thumb.

A century later, their numbers have dwindled. On Saturday, a small group of Afrikaans-speaking Argentines, descendants of the first Boers to set foot in South America, assembled in the town to greet newly appointed South African ambassador Tony Leon. The ambassador and his wife had travelled to Patagonia from the South African embassy in Buenos Aires, 1 800km to the north, to meet the Boer descendants.

Speaking at the event, Juan Kruger, born in Argentina in 1947, told the South African Press Association (Sapa): "Ek glo nie jy sal meer as 20 Afrikaanssprekende mense kry in die land [I don't believe you will find more than 20 Afrikaans-speaking people in the country]." Kruger was referring to those, like him,

whose grandparents had come over at the beginning of the last century and still speak Afrikaans as a first language. It is a Patagonian paradox that the Afrikaners who helped turn Comodoro Rivadavia from a tiny settlement with few buildings into a large and noisy oil town, now number so few. Local legend says it was Boers drilling for water who made the first oil strike in a region that currently supplies a considerable portion of Argentina's fuel needs.

About a dozen Argentine Afrikaners, most in their 50s and 60s, gathered at a suburban house in Comodoro Rivadavia to speak to Leon. They served him tea and *melktert*, baked by Graciela Hammond, who learned the recipe from her mother, a Boer woman. Leon told them the South African embassy stood ready to help them. "If there is anything we can do for you, please let us know," he said. They handed him a commemorative book to sign.

The Afrikaners ... helped turn Comodoro Rivadavia from a tiny settlement with few buildings into a large and noisy oil town...

In it, he wrote: "Ek hoop hierdie gemeenskap, met sy erfenis en taal, sal in Argentinië oorleef [I hope that this community, and its heritage and language, will survive in Argentina]." The surnames of those present at the event could be found in any South African telephone directory: De Lange, Botha, Kruger, Norwal and Schlebusch, among others.

Danie Botha (67), whose daughter is a pharmacist in Comodoro Rivadavia, told Leon his forefathers had come to Argentina to escape the British. "You'll see no Afrikaners here who are well off. Other people who came here, such as the Portuguese and the Italians, they are wealthy. But the Afrikaners did not come here to make money, they came here to escape the English." He said the Afrikaner community in Argentina -- which in 1909 had numbered about 3 000 people -- had made a "groot fout [big mistake]" in 1938, when many of its founders returned

to South Africa, leaving their descendants behind. "Some of us never knew our grandparents," he said. Botha said he planned to visit South Africa for the first time in March next year.

Biltong

Sarah de Lange, who farms sheep on a 10 000ha farm granted to her grandfather by the Argentine government a century ago, told Sapa she made biltong. "Ek maak biltong van guanaco vleis [I make biltong from guanaco meat]," she said. The guanaco is a type of llama, about the size of a small horse, which runs wild in the region. De Lange said her biltong was quite different to beef biltong, but tasted good nonetheless.

Jan Schlebusch, who was at the event with his wife, Martha (née Myburgh), and two of his three daughters, owns a sheep farm about 200km inland from Comodoro Rivadavia. Both daughters spoke Spanish, and neither understood more than a few words of Afrikaans, though Schlebusch said he was keen to have them visit South Africa. He himself had done so in 1990. Kruger said the Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk in Comodoro Rivadavia had once had an Afrikaans dominee [minister], but he left in 1953, and a Spanish-speaking cleric had taken over. This, he said, had been a big factor in the decline of the Afrikaans language in the region, because the children no longer needed to learn it in order to understand the preacher. Afrikaans speakers used to gather each year in the Sierra Chaira mountains to hold Boer sports, but this too had ceased. There were too few Afrikaans speakers left, Kruger explained.

Dante Botha, a cousin of Danie Botha,

said the original Boers had come to Argentina "because of pride". His grandfather, who had fought against the British, had been one of them. Speaking in Spanish through an interpreter -- unlike his cousin, Dante speaks no Afrikaans -- he described the Argentine Afrikaners as "a very closed community". An account by travel writer Bruce Chatwin of the Boer community around Sarmiento, inland from Comodoro Rivadavia, is at one with Botha's description.

Both daughters spoke Spanish, and neither understood more than a few words of Afrikaans.

"They lived in fear of the Lord, celebrated Dingaans Day, and took oaths on the Dutch Reformed Bible. They did not marry outsiders and their daughters had to go to the kitchen if a Latin entered the house," Chatwin wrote in his 1975 book, *In Patagonia*. According to a report in the *Sunday Times* 10 years earlier, there was "more Afrikaans than Spanish" heard in the shops, bars and offices of Sarmiento. Almost 50 years later, the days of hearing Afrikaans spoken in Patagonia appear to be drawing to a close. Sixty-five year-old Carlo de Lange -- whose father was a small boy when his grandparents arrived in Argentina in 1905, two years after British soldiers had burnt down their farmhouse -- said he thought the Afrikaans language would soon become extinct in the "Na my geslag is daar nie meer Afrikaans nie [After my generation there will be no more Afrikaans]," he said. -- **Sapa**

Here is some useless information

– **Dan Steyn**

Most of the first white settlers in Kenya arrived from the south by sea; however a couple of eccentrics arrived from the north – i.e. through the desert. The first of these was an American named Donaldson-Smith, who, in 1896, made an endless trek over the volcanic wastes of Northern Kenya and eventually emerged at an obscure branch of the Tana River, where the first living thing he had seen for days was a white missionary floating downstream in a canoe under a pink umbrella, looking for a place to build a church.

Source - Dennis Boyles: African Lives

DAVE LICHTENSTEIN writes

There were 80 of us Old Hillian's, including our better halves, that caught up with each other this year in Shrevenham in the UK. My thanks to Nan Pratt (nee Brindley) for the success of this reunion ably assisted by Sue Coakley (nee Martin) and Roger Steeden.

I had to organise two further supporting major activities:

1. An around the world safari on the way to and after the reunion which included visiting former family haunts in East Africa and Europe.
2. Attendance at a further global school reunion (ie the Old Yorkist Diamond Jubilee) also in the UK at Taunton - a week earlier.

So I left Sydney on 31 May travelling to Kenya. Rose Ann left four days later and joined me in Nairobi and before we set off for Uganda. Old Hillian Darsi Ruysenaar was once again my Kenya guide, driver etc for the up-country leg of this safari. So we (ie Darsi, his new *memsahib*, Carolynne and I) travelled to Nakuru where we stayed with Darsi's relatives.

The next day was devoted to finding old family haunts in Njoro and in Subukia. In 2004 we (ie Darsi, Rose Ann and I) managed to get fairly close to finding what used to be Forest Farm (originally owned by the early American entrepreneur Billy Sewell of the Boma Trading Company fame). My father had been farm manager there and this was where my earliest recollections of life began.

Since the 2004 safari I had discovered that the farm had been renamed Kikapu Farm. A Google search enabled me to track down Kikapu Farm and the associated School. (A former student had been murdered by the Mungiki so there was an instant reference to the School in the EA Standard). I then managed to trace a young Kikuyu living in the States who had gone to Kikapu School. He confirmed for me that the farm manager's house (where we lived) was part of the School that Billy Sewell's mansion was now the headquarters for the Egerton University correspondence school and that the *Wazees* had told him that the *shamba* used to belong to *Bwana "Soolo"*. And through Google Earth I managed to pinpoint both the house and the mansion and to trace the route and the distance to the nearest 0.1km. (That part of Kenya shows up well in Google Earth as it is in high resolution). We accordingly found both buildings straight away.

While in Njoro, we visited the Njoro Country Club and photographed the honour boards plus other wall memorabilia. Then it was off to Subukia, which was to prove a disappointment. When my mother had first come out to Kenya she had worked for Major and Mrs Harris as governess for their two young children: Vicki and David. However, once in Subukia, we could not find any driveable tracks that may have led to the former farm. We ended up being caught up in one of those Kenya hail storms and so had to retreat.

The next day was a trip up to Eldoret and to more readily remembered former haunts including ours and neighbouring farms in the Lessos, Burnt Forest and Kipkabus areas. Given the not so friendly reception I had received in 2004, I had no

wish to revisit the remains of our former homestead but went instead to where the dam was located to find the remnants of our former labour force who had been forced to eke out a living there. We brought a bag of posho with us to give to them. Unfortunately the dam (Kerita dam), which had been built by Old Hillians John and Ken Greathead's grandfather pioneer, Dr Walter Kelbe, and was shared by four surrounding farms, including ours, no longer existed. It was still intact in 2004 but now the dam wall had been breached and not repaired. One neighbouring farms visited was *Bayete*, which had been owned by the parents of OHs Brian, Ruth and Neil Naylor.

From Eldoret we were going to find the final Kenya old haunt - our former Kipkarren farm from whence I first attended the Hill School. There had been much research and contacts to achieve this, including communication with the now deceased son of the former owner from whom we had purchased the farm, OH Poul Jorgensen, plus one of the local Nandis. This Nandi organised the whole day for us where we met some *Wazees* who not only remembered me but my father, plus other *Wazungus* who had lived there. It was truly a highlight of my Kenya trip.

Some *Wazees* not only remembered me but my father, plus other *Wazungus* who had lived there.

Darsi had organised a commercial flight for me from Eldoret to Nairobi. The plane trip was astonishing. We flew over Lessos Dam, our former farm; over the crater at Longonot and in the distance firstly I could see Mt Kenya (it still had snow on it) and then, in the further distance, Kilimanjaro.

In Nairobi I once again stayed with *rafiki* George McKnight who had once been married to OH Miriam Holland. (They are still business partners in their medical supplies firm in Nairobi.) George, who lives in Karen, organised a small gathering of locals. Among them were OHs: Joe Sardelli, Gail Silcock (nee Wilkin-son) and Gail Paul (nee MacFarlane).

Then it was off to the Princo, which is in good condition. I wanted to have a look inside the chapel to see whether the memorial plaques to fallen Old Cambrians (and indeed former original Nairobi School students) were still in place. I knew of a couple of names of those who had died during the Emergency and who had attended the Princo (one of them the Hill School prior to going onto the Princo). Despite a different prevailing view among some of the *watu* as to how the Emergency is perceived in terms of their colonial past, I was pleased to note that these plaques were still intact.

Then it was off to St Marys, Loreto Msongari and a further attempt to visit the Boma. However, as in 2004 we were unsuccessful with the latter visit although this time round we were able to drive in and out of the gate.

So how did I find Kenya and Uganda? The *watu* are really friendly and a bit of the old Ki-Swahili *Ki-shenzi* still goes along way to get their confidence and friendship. Of course with the *watu* having lived under three different regimes since *Uhuru*, there is now a gradual realisation that given their experience at the hands of their Black *Bwanas*, the *Wazungus* were not too bad after all. I concede that there are now mostly shanty towns in existence coupled with overpopulation, but once you get away into the country side it is still the old Africa.

From Africa to Europe – in Paris we stayed with OH Jacquie "Pinkle" Symeonides (nee Burns) and her husband Peter. Then we went to the UK to attend two school reunions. We also attended the Kenya Reg. Assoc. curry lunch in Winchester. Among the 80 at the Shrivenham reunion were OHs from all parts of the globe, from all eras commencing with founding students.

On the way to the reunion, we were kindly invited to "chill out" with OH Virginia Pollard (nee Swan) and her husband in Cornwall. Then when we toured Bath we caught up with OH couple the Mayburys: Richard and Pam (nee Barrow). Next a further OH highlight – we stayed among some fellow reunion attendees at the Madison Hotel in Swindon. After the reunion OH Mabel Higginson (nee Croxford) and her partner Neville Leete kindly drove us into London to what was to become our only Fawltly Towers hotel!

My trip to the UK also provided me with an opportunity to look up East African colonial records at Rhodes House in Oxford and the National Archives in Kew.

Off to Canada. In Vancouver I caught up with OH Gordon Scott who works as a national park ranger and so we were able to get a free ride with him in a cable car to Grouse Mountain national park high above Vancouver. Then it was onto Fiji for few days of r & r. With its tropical seas, indigenous population and a substantial Wa-Hindi population it reminded me of East Africa.

Now onto more specific OH matters. What I need to ascertain at this stage is whether you possess or know of where one can obtain any colonial 1:50,000 maps showing property names and their boundaries and if you are willing to make them available for scanning. However, before getting the project off the ground, I need to determine whether you are interested in buying DVDs of the finished product. At this stage it is certainly an expression of interest from you and not a commitment.

I have now managed to obtain all the East African standard articles in .pdf format relating to the tragic fire which resulted in John Lattin's death. Similarly the Hill School Magazine continues to have a life of its own, expanding and changing as new information comes to hand - very much based on our contributions. If you wish to contribute to the Hill School Magazine (and have yet not done so - particu-

larly those who attended the School in its earliest days and those who were among the last of the *Wazungus*) please do so. The accuracy of the Magazine and associated e-mail data base is only as good as the information which has been provided by individual OHs.

I somewhat naively take a positive view (after all you are all OHs) that you will only use the data base it for OH or EA matters. Therefore soliciting for business is out; as are petitions (no matter how well meaning); and indeed jokes. You will also note that I have now reverted back from blind copying everybody to copying you all directly.

While we only had one major OH reunion in 2009, for the tenth year in succession I still managed to organise a picnic here in Sydney for all former attendees at East African Schools on the 4th Sunday in October. So if you are planning a visit to Sydney why not consider it around the 4th Sunday in October.

I remain mindful of those who are no longer with us. I had barely mentioned an obituary list for 2008 when I was advised that OH **John Bramwell** had passed away late in 2008. And like his great *rafiki* Mike Barrett was not only a founder member of the HSE but one of the founding members of the Duko. And John (like Mike) was a former Uganda boy (hence the HSE connection). John qualified as an Electrical Engineer after leaving the Duko, lived in the UK and worked for the same company throughout his working life.

I remain mindful of those who are no longer with us.

Likewise I soon heard from Joy Alcock that her brother **John Leonard** aged 53 had passed away shortly after Christmas following a very aggressive brain tumour. Mark was the youngest of the four Leonard siblings who had attended the HSE - having attended the Hill from 1960-1962. Their father was employed by Hughes Ltd (the Ford dealers) in Eldoret. Many of those at the HSE would have also known the family as lay preachers. Regrettably I know very little about John's life. If I remember right, he and his brother Mark attended the original Shrivenham reunion in 2001.

Former staff member **Molly Walter (nee Bright-Paul)** passed away early in the year after having been diagnosed with cancer the previous March. She was a primary school teacher who applied for jobs in Kenya just after the War. Her first job was at the Central School in Eldoret before she moved to the Hill School where she was joined by her younger sister Cynthia. Molly later moved to Nairobi Primary School and married Basil Walter in 1956. Their daughter Clare was born in 1960 and they remained in Nairobi until 1970, when they returned to England.

Through Clare I also learnt that my first teacher **Betty Leech (nee Stinchcombe)** had passed away some time ago. We who had attended the inaugural South African Hill School reunion in 2001 caught up with Betty at that

reunion as she was living at that time in Zimbabwe. Betty had taught at the HSE from 1949-1952 having been the Standard I class teacher. Like Molly, Betty went onto Nairobi Primary before also going back to England. Later she taught at a high school in Zimbabwe and then retired in Bulawayo. Obviously Zimbabwe became too much for her and some time after 2001 she and her husband Gordon returned to the UK. I understand that Gordon is now also deceased.

Then I received news that **Brian Adam**, who had not been in the best of health, had passed away. Brian attended the Hill School from 1946-1949, having attended Parklands Primary before moving to the HSE. From there he had gone onto the Prince of Wales School and then to the Kenya Regiment. I don't know anything about Brian's working life but at some stage he must have moved from Kenya to South Africa and married an Australian lady Cheryl and subsequently migrated and settled in Melbourne. Brian attended the global Hill School reunion which I held in Sydney in 2001. Thereafter he became a regular attendee at the All East African Schools picnics.

Brian Adams remarked to me: "Did all these people go to the Hill School!"

I recall after we had taken the group photograph against the backdrop of the harbour bridge and walking to embark upon our boat for the reunion cruise, Brian remarking to me: "Did all these people go to the Hill School!"

Then just a month or so before the reunion came the sad news that our former much-respected and loved Head Master **Arthur Brindley** had passed away. He was just 25 days short of his 99th birthday.

Having been associated with this Hill School project for nigh on ten years I have never found any one to speak ill of Arthur. For those of us who were privileged to be students during Arthur's Headmastership, Arthur was instrumental in building a new school after the devastation of the old (former RAF barracks) Hill School in which John Lattin tragically lost his life. Arthur was also responsible for successfully merging the two Eldoret primary schools when it was decided that the Highlands School would serve as a secondary girl's school and that the former Highlands primary school students (both girls and boys) would henceforth attend the Hill School. In addition to serving at the Hill School, Arthur was also associated with the other two major up-country schools, Kitale Primary and Nakuru Primary, as well as Parklands Primary in Nairobi.

Those of you who have seen the movie "Nowhere in Africa" would have seen a caricature of Arthur Brindley (being a film there is much artistic licence and sometimes sensationalism employed). Sadly this was the case with the its portrayal of Arthur Brindley. However, the novel by Stefanie Zweig (from which the film was adapted) is much more in keeping of the real, much-respected Ar-

thur. I managed to make direct contact Stefanie, and she indicated that while she wrote the book she had very little control over the film and also had some misgivings of some of the character portrayals in the film. She confirmed to me the positive view she had of Arthur while fondly remembering him and indicating that her success as an author was very much due to Arthur's influence on her early school life.

For those of us who attended the inaugural Hill School reunion at Shrivvenham in 2001 we were certainly privileged to have Arthur as a guest of honour where he conducted his final assembly. He rushed around like an excited school boy shaking everyone's hand (including the catering staff!) - wanting to know who they were, when they had attended the Hill School, news of their parents etc. His last question to me was, "When is the next reunion?" Sadly this was not to be the case.

Towards the end of the year I received news that **Bill Barrett** had passed away. Bill was Mike's younger brother and as I understood it from Mike Bill had suffered from kidney disease towards the end of his life. Bill, like Mike, had also attended the Hill School and had followed in Mike's footsteps by going onto the Duko and like Mike becoming Head of Lugard at the Duko in his final year.

After the Duko, Bill qualified as Geologist in Wales and returned to Uganda working mainly at the Kilembe mines where he ended up being the Chief Geologist. He then returned to the UK, after being forced out of Uganda by Idi Amin and continued practising as a Geologist.

To all families of the above deceased our sincerest condolences.

Finally I received some other sad news regarding former teacher June Parker and I quote:

"I eventually tracked down June and she is in the frail care at Le Domaine, has been there for a month. We went to see her this morning and she really is frail, very thin, very chesty with swollen feet, classic sign of pulmonary oedema and heart failure. She is in a lovely single room and well looked after, we took her out in a wheel chair to the club house and had a cup of coffee on the veranda, she's still mentally alert with her usual sense of humour. She booked herself in as she couldn't cope with cooking meals, had no energy and knew she wasn't well and luckily this room was available because now there is a waiting list. She realises she won't be going back to her flat and will have to sell that and her car but she has good friends who will help when she needs them."

Sorry to conclude on such a sombre note but the reality is that we are all mere mortals. However, I am still around I still have to do the following, much of it with your help, please:

1. Sort out the remaining *safari mkubwa* photos and movie film. So far I have only managed to do this as far as the end of the UK leg of the trip.

2. As discussed above, and with your interest and assistance to organise the scanning of colonial East African maps

3. Seeking assistance on tracking down archival information (from "official records" and newspapers of the period) on the School's origins, major events such as the "John Lattin" fire, KPE results etc. While I managed to retrieve much information from Rhodes House, Oxford University and the National Archives in UK during my recent UK trip, I am sure that there is still much more relevant colonial information around in, for example, the National Archives and Macmillan Library in Nairobi. I would very much appreciate some research by any one who is like-minded, with spare time on their hands and, of course, who has access to these places (with no strings attached - regrettably I have received past offers with strings attached).

4. To continue identifying "who" farmed "where" and "when" in the Lessos/Burnt Forest/Kipkabus areas. This project is now quite advanced. Part of this project appears at <http://www.gordonmumford.com/africa-8.htm>

5. Likewise a similar project relating to the Kipkarren Turbo and surrounding areas. I have made considerable progress amassing considerable material which I need to disseminate. Once again Barbara and Gordon Mumford have been good enough to host part of this project on their Kenya Korner Web site at: <http://www.gordonmumford.com/kipkarren/index.htm>

6. The above research covering the southern and northern areas of the Uasin Gishu district, will eventually extend to cover the whole of the Uasin Gishu district.

7. Likewise attempting to locate those familiar with the wartime Polish refugee camp in Nyabeya (Masindi, Uganda). Kenya Korner Web site also kindly hosts my appeal. During my recent trip I managed to photograph every Polish grave in the Church yard and have compiled a list of names and other particulars.

8. Some preliminary work has been undertaken on unravelling the Subukia, Njoro and Ol Kalou areas in terms of who farmed where etc. These are areas where my parents first worked when they came to Kenya.

9. I am still awaiting magazine contributions from former KCC folk or their offspring at the Hill School Magazine. I would be most delighted to hear from you.

Dave Lichtenstein
(HSE 1950-56)
Sydney, Australia

Tant Marthie Davies onthou:

Ek is gebore op 18 Junie, 1920 op Hoey's Bridge, omtrent 6 myl van Eldoret na Soy se kant.

In 1928 trek ons na 'n plaas met die naam Patatdraai. Daar was geen paaie nie en dit was wild.

Daar was toe begin met plaasskole maar die kinders was maar min. Die eerste skool was 'n stoor op oom Ben Mouton se plaas en ons moes ver loop. Daar was een onderwyser en omtrent 15 kinders, groot en klein saam. Die onderwyser moes al die klasse saam hou. Die eerste onderwyser was 'n mnr Visser. Later toe die kinders meer word was dit 'n juffrou du Plessis. Toe het ons kleiner kinders eers begin leer want sommiges was te jonk en moes eintlik skool toe gaan net om die getalle vol te maak voordat 'n skool kon oopmaak. Mnr Visser is later getroud en is terug na Suid Afrika en juffrou du Plessis se suster het vir die kleiner kinders kom skoolhou.

Op 'n dag het die stoor afgebrand...

Op 'n dag het die stoor afgebrand maar ons het 'n tyde-



like stoor by oom Hansie Enslin gekry totdat 'n skool op oom Jan Nel se plaas gebou is. Die skool was redelik sentraal vir die kinders. Juffrou du Plessis is later getroud en het kort daarna bedank. 'n Mnr Enslin het toe vir ons skool gehou.

Toe ons later na 'n ander plaas getrek het was dit te ver van die skool af en ek het toe loseer. Naweke moes ek ver loop huistoe en dit was bosveld. So halfpad huistoe was daar 'n sterk fontein waar ek gewoonlik my toe-broodjie geeet en water gedrink het. Op 'n dag het ek 'n snaakse verskynsel by die fontein gesien water drink. Dit het nie pote gehad nie maar wel 'n kop en stert en die kop beweeg soos dit water drink. Ek het besluit om weg te hardloop want ek was onseker wat dit was en mense het altyd van 'n ieternagag gepraat – kon dit dit wees? Naderhand moes ek rus en kom toe agter dat die verskynsel wat nou twee bene het agtervolg my. Ek

beseft toe dit was 'n ou swart vrou. Hulle het in daardie dae gebreide velle om hulle lywe gedra en soms was dit mooi met krale borduur.

Gedurende die depressiejare 1930/31 was daar kwaai droogte. Fonteine en riviere het opgedroog behalwe 'n paar kuile waarin daar klein vissies was. Baie visse het gevrek maar mens kon dit nie eet nie want ons was bang vir siektes. Ons het die paar beste turksvyblare gevoer. Die dorings word afgekap en dan word die blad stukkend gekap. Mieliekoppe van die vorige jaar se oes is ook bygegee maar daar was nie veel nie en ons moes spaarsaam werk. Vir die varke en hoenders het ons klein vissies uit die kuile geskep en as bykos gegee. Vark en hoenderleis het alles na vis gesmaak.

Vir die varke en hoenders het ons klein vissies uit die kuile geskep en as bykos gegee.

In 1931 het die reën weer gekom en het die riviere weer vol geloop. Toe word daar geploeg en geplant en die eerste mielies was mooi maar toe kom die eerste sprinkane en vreet alles tot in die grond op. Dit was erg maar mens moes maar weer opstaan en voor begin. Die tweede lot mielies was toe geplant en het mooi gegroei en het al begin pitte ontwikkel toe kom die voetgangsprinkane en vreet alles op. Daarna het die regering begin help en het gifstof verskaf wat die boere self moes toedien en kon die plaag toe beheer word.

Einde 1931 het ons toe weer getrek, die keer na 'n koffieplaas. Die eienaar is terug Engeland toe en het iemand gesoek om toesig te hou. Ons kon die koffiebone oes en self verkoop vir eie gewin. Ons moes van voor af leer om met koffie te werk maar later het dit goedgegaan.

Einde 1934 het my ma siek geword en is op 19 Oktober oorlede. My pa is op 10 Januarie 1935 oorlede. Ek was 14 jaar oud en moes toe by my oudste suster bly. Ek was gewoon as alleenkind in die huis saam met my ouers maar moes toe 'n huis deel met 6 seuns, die oudste 10 jaar en die jongste 13 maande. My suster was baie sieklik en ek moes meeste van die huiswerk oorneem.

Gedurende 1936 het ek my man ontmoet. Nadat ons eers goedkeuring gekry het omdat ek nog baie jonk was, is ons toe in 1937 getroud en het vir 'n tyd lank by my skoonma in die huis gebly. My man en sy broer het toe nog saamgewerk op die plaas.

In 1950 het ons toe ons eie plaas gekoop aan 'n groot bos. Daar was nog heelwat wild, onder andere olifante, luiperds, bosvarke, kolobosape, baie oorbietjies, baie soorte voels, ens. Hase was eintlik 'n plaag in die koringlande.

Behalwe vir 'n lat en klei huis was daar nie gebou nie en daar was 'n fontein ver van die plek waar die huis gestaan het en waar ons besluit het om te bou. Ons het vier Kikuyus gekry vir die bouwerk - 'n steenmaker, 'n

bouer en twee handlangers. Die een handlangers het later die perde versorg en die ander een het 'n nagwag geword. Hulle was goeie werkers.

Ons het eers net 'n paar beste gevat want die boluiskooers was erg. Nadat 'n dip gebou is, het ons toe met die ander vee getrek en 'n gemengde boerdery begin - beste, varke, skape, bokke en pluimvee. Gesaaides was koring in grootmaat, mielies, sonneblom, gars, hawer. Alles het saam met die reën gewerk. Die fontein is ooggemaak in 'n laagte en 'n damwal is gebou vir permanente water vir die diere. Daarna is 'n rondawel gebou waarin ons gebly het.

Die kinders het 'n klein varkie gehad wat met 'n bottel gevoer was en in 'n kas langs die rondawel gebly het. Een dag het ons tee vir die mense op die lande gevat en toe ons terugkom, was die varkie weg. Die aand hoor ons 'n geluid en kyk rond met 'n flits buite. Die kinders is in die rondawel en die deur staan oop. Die hond hardloop weg en kruip onder

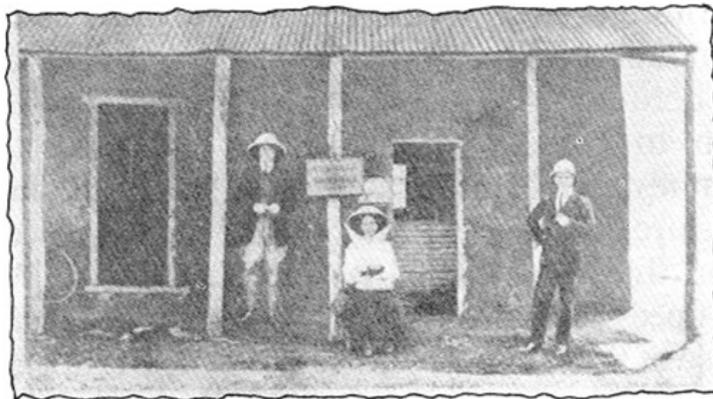
die bed in die rondawel. Toe beseft ons wat dit is - luiperd. Die plaasmense sê toe ons sal 'n goeie huis vir die varke moet bou want daar is baie luiperds en hulle sal al die varke opvreet. Dit het toe ook so gebeur. Baie varke is opgevreet voordat ons die groot vanger geskiet het.

Toe is daar met huisbou begin. Sterk water is gekry en 'n boorgat is omtrent 200 treë van die huis gesink. 'n Dieselenjin is opgesit en 'n sementdam is gebou. Elektriese drade is aan gele na die enjinkamer en dus kon ons vir die eerste keer elektrisiteit gebruik en ons eerste vrieskas en wasmasjien is aangekoop. Water was steeds in die "donkie" warm gemaak maar die tenk het darem outomaties volgeloop. Na al die harde werk was dit lekker om vooruit te gaan op die plaas.



Thys en Marthie Davies se troudag

Eldoret City Hall and wagon



The first bank in **Eldoret** was this mud-walled, tin-roofed structure erected in 1912 for the **Standard Bank of South Africa**.

On the left is the original manager, **Mr JC Shaw**, with his wife and an onlooker. The building continued on the left (not shown in photograph) into **Eddie's Bar** and early citizens of the township used the bank for cashing cheques and the bar next door for spending their money.



Unga Ltd, 1949

When Government surveyors pegged out blocks of land for which settlers could apply, each future farm received a number. Number 64, on the Sosiani River, was leased to Willie van Aardt.

He found it unsuitable for farming, so it was selected as the site of a Post Office, opened in 1910. Telegrams went by heliograph to Kapsabet, the nearest point where there was a telegraph line. This township in embryo was known as '64' until officially named Eldoret in 1912 by the Governor. By then the European population of the Plateau had grown to 153 males, 96 females and 236 children, half of these under ten.



OOS-AFRIKA OSSEWA

Die gedagte om 'n ossewa van Kenia terug te bring na SA het oorspronklik ontstaan by mnr. Andries Louw wat in die 1950s hoof was van die Van Riebeekskool in Thompson's Falls, Kenia. Hy was die broer van ds. Hoffie Louw wat jare lank verbonde was aan die NG Gemeente van Thompson's Falls (tans Nyahururu), en wat na Uhuru terug gekeer het na SA en predikant geword het van die NG Gemeente Pretoria-Oos. In 1965 was Andries Louw besig om 'n Oos-Afrika Vereniging in SA te stig en daar was selfs sprake van 'n Oos-Afrika museum. Hy het gevoel dat 'n ossewa wat tot noord van die ewenaar in Afrika kon vorder (en die trek terug kon oorleef) 'n besienswaardigheid in SA sou wees. Alex en Jan Boshoff, wat toe nog in Kenia geboer het, was toevallig daardie jaar in SA en hy het die gedagte met hulle bespreek. Terug in Kenia het die twee broers dit as 'n uitdaging aanvaar en 'n wa begin soek.

Ossewaens was maar skaars aangesien die eeu van die ossewa daar ook al lankal verby was, maar uiteindelik het Jan Boshoff 'n Merryweather opgespoor wat nog in uitstekende toestand was. Rina Coetzee (geb. Rousseau), wat tans in Louis Trichardt woon, het ons ingelig oor die oorsprong van die wa. Dit het oorspronklik behoort aan Rina se oupa, Alfred George Woodley. Die Woodleys het in 1912 saam met die Cloete familie, met wa en al, in die boot wat hulle gehuur het, die Kramstadt, na Kenia getrek. Die wa is later oorgeneem deur Rina se pa, JF Rousseau (Oom Fritz), wat op 'n gedeelte van die oorspronklike Woodley plaas geboer het. Die wa is al die jare deur Oom Fritz gebruik om graan te vervoer, sowel as om die dames op kuiertogte en plesierritte te neem. Toe Oom Fritz Kenia verlaat het het hy die wa oorhandig aan sy skoonseun, Dirk Coetzee (Rina se man), van wie Jan Boshoff dit bekom het om dit na SA te stuur.

Jan Boshoff het die wa met 'n vragmotor gaan haal en plaas toe geneem. Daar het hy dit sorgvuldig uitmekaar gehaal, verpak en per trein en boot na Andries Louw in die RSA gestuur. Dit het die reis ongeskonde oorleef en is deur studente van die NKP (Normaal Kollege Pretoria) op die terrein weer

NA DIE MAAN – Johan de Jager

Mombasa,
eilandvesting, golwe saggies klotsend
teen strande van wit
op die rand van jou koraalrif

Fort Jesus,
eertydse bastion
van 'n beskawing in nood

Voi,
plat, doringbos dorstrand
met ysterslangleepsels deurkruis
aan jou noordwestelike vlaktes

Tsavo,
toentertydse jagveld
van mensvreterleeus

Nairobi,
yskoue stroom: van modder en sink gehuggies
na oerwoud van mens en beton
in jou voorstad

Muthaiga,
vervloë verpersoonliking
van koloniale vergryp

Nakuru,
skeurvallei sodameer habitat
van plate waadvoëls van pienk
aangrensend

Naivasha,
voormalige Mau Mau kookpot
van bloeddorstige verset

Londiani,
aardse halfweg platostasie, op weg
na Victoria, bron van die Nyl
op daardie hoogland

Verbrandebos,
donker sederhoutoude deurspek
met trekkerlegendes van weleer

Sosiani,
vuilbruin stroom, rustig kabbelend
oor 'n bedding van klip
aan jou oewer,

Eldore(t),
die eens eldorado
van 'n eertydse droom

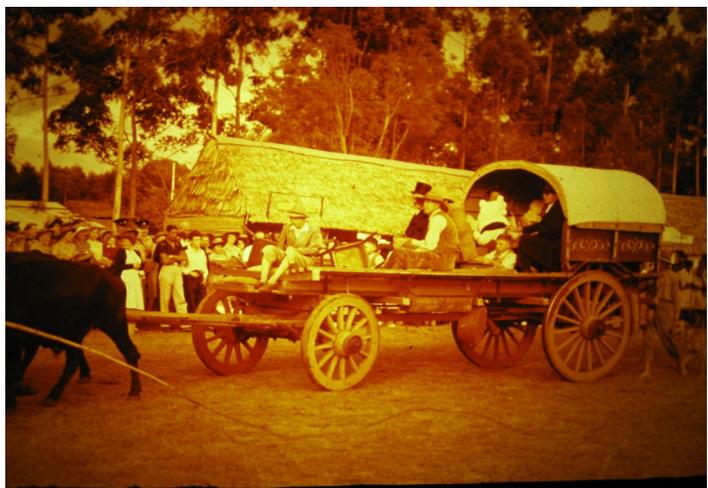
Cherangani,
donkerblou spitse, oorheersend
oor Moiben se vallei van groen
teen Uasin Gishu se hang

Hillview,
die destydse vesting
van voorsaatlike hoop

Kenia,
geboorteland, bakermat van mensdom
eenmaal die heimat van pioniers
met Afrikanerbloed
Jou landskap vertoon nou soos die maan:
by die Sea of Tranquility, tussen kraters
lé bloot die spore en strukture
van hul wat eens aanwesig was

PRETORIA
5 Augustus 2005

aanmekaar gesit. Die wa het vir jare langs die hoofgebou van die NKP gestaan, maar later is daar blykbaar besluit dat dit daar in die pad was of daar sou vergaan. Dit is toe deur studente van die NKP na die Voortrekker Monument gesleep waar dit saam met ander waens onder die Amfiteater 'gebere' is. In Kenia moes die Boshoffs die kaplatte op die nok deursaag om dit te kon verpak. Die lasplekke op die kap is nog duidelik sigbaar waar die wa nou by die VTM staan.



Die Oos-Afrika wa was laas in 1962 in gebruik op Eldoret se skougronde met die viering van Eldoret se 50-jarige bestaan. In die vroeë 1900s was 'n Merryweather wa by die pionier koringboere op die Uasin Gishu-plato goud werd. Die eerste plase is toegeken aan boere wat in staat was om met so 'n wa en 'n span van 16 osse voor die District Commissioner se kantoor verby te ry.

A note from **Jenny Woods** the daughter of the principal of Kitale School up to around 1955. His son Jonathan has written a book on his father. So this is mainly for Ex Kitale School pupils.

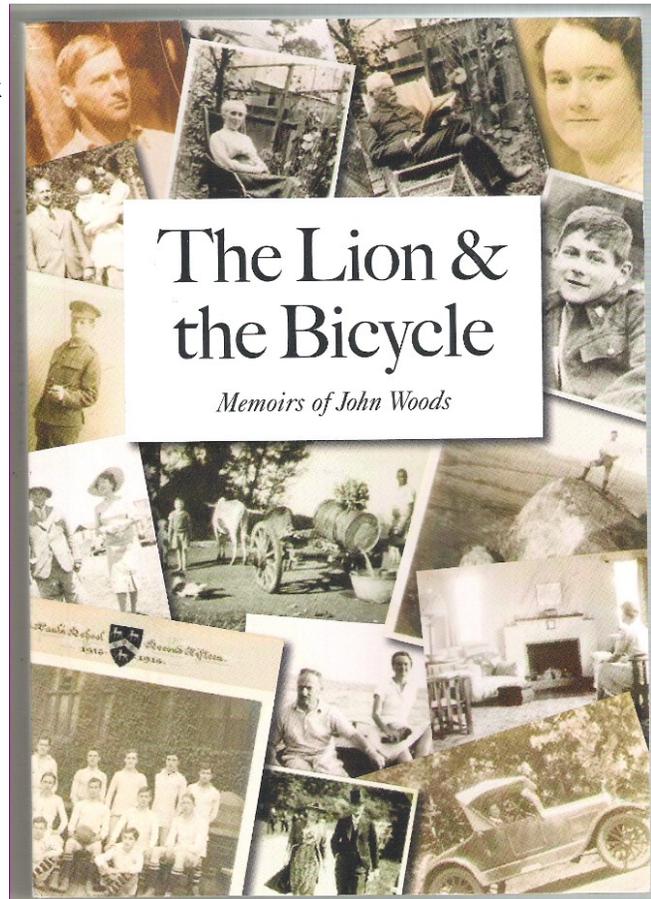
Just been up in Kitale for the REAL 80th celebration at Kitale Academy on Sept 19th 2009. Very well organised on the playing fields, the whole school compound immaculate, the main school building repainted, and magnificent involvement most of the day of the now 1800 or so children, teachers, alumni, M.P.s, Board Members, 6 past headmasters, I was representing John Woods, a cake like the buildings of the school as big as a dining room table, was cut and distributed bits to all 3000 or so present and so much more. It was a privilege to attend.

...The memoirs are printed, and ready for dispatch

Kitale is the only green patch currently in Kenya with rain off the mountain, otherwise from Eldoret to Namanga is drought stricken and a dustbowl, waiting for rains.

Should you want a copy, or have other Kitaleite contacts that might, like in S.Africa, or Celia Falck, that you are in touch with. It has cost Jonathan £10 a copy to produce, with its photos and history, covering early 1900's Kenya to 1940's.

Peter Woods is producing a later edition with appendices that mainly concern the Woods family ar-



chives which will be available at a later date, so is more suitable probably for Woodses.

If you can let anyone else know it would be helpful. Just contact Jonathan Woods on his e-mail, jwoods@amajor.com, to let him know what you would like, and how sent to you or others, and you will get a "rapid response"!

Asante sana, Jenny Eaton (Nairobi)

Diana van Rensburg writes:

Many thanks for the latest Habari, what a lot of stories and pictures, I only wish my Afrikaans was up to being able to read it all.

Two comments:

The article about Hennie Wessels, there is a picture of a rugby team - pity that whoever gave it to you hasn't given names of the individual members, but I looked at it through a magnifying glass and am sure that in the very centre of the front, seated row, is Henry Williams. Could this have been the Railway Rugby Club because I remember him from the Railway Club and by the time I met him in late forties/early fifties he was past playing rugby.

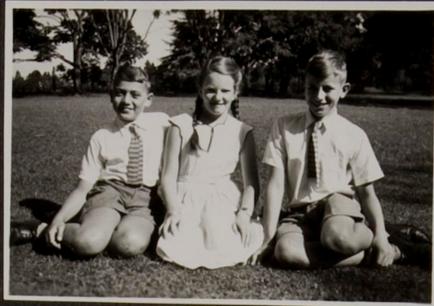
Secondly re pages 9 and 36, can you give me Les Tucker's e-mail or other address? I am wondering if he was a friend of Gordon Gobey's - age-wise he could have been. I want to correspond with him because I have several photos of the UCT which came to East Africa to play rugby in the early fifties. I also have a lot of informal "snaps". Perhaps Les Tucker would like to see the photos and perhaps pass them on or tell me to whom I could send them. I think I could also have photos of the team that played against them at one stage.

Saw Emma (Stow) during my recent UK visit, her son Bruce and wife Helen motored down to Derbyshire to meet up with me. She is well but, like all of us, getting a little frail.

1953



Marion Symons Julian Pelissier
Ian Barberton



Daniel Steyn Pat Matthews Andrew Clark



Brian Bayles Jacques Barraclough
Robin Tilney



FROM A
KITALE
SCHOOL
PAGE IN
THE J
WOODS
ALBUM



Juliet Davis



Julian Pelissier Duncan Hitchcox



Joyce Keese, Rosemary Jacobs