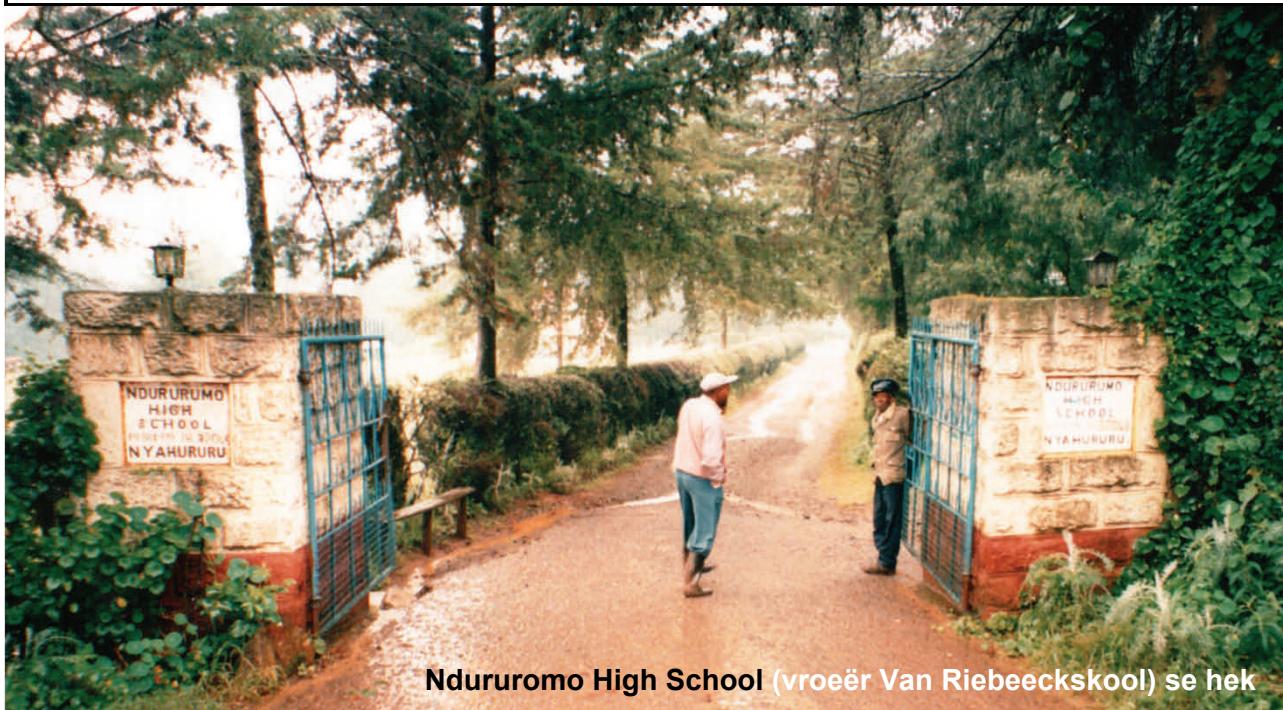


HABARI 2011

Newsletter of the Friends of East Africa

Nuusbrief van die Vriende van Oos-Afrika



Nduruomo High School (vroeër Van Riebeeckskool) se hek

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Kenia Saamtrek
Saterdag 1 Oktober 2011
by die
Voortrekkermonument se
ontspanningsterrein

Ons sien mekaar daar!

Kenya Get-together
Saturday 1 October 2011
at the recreation area of the
Voortrekker Monument

See you there!

Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee
East Africa Friends Committee

Danie Steyn (Voorsitter) 012 664 5349
 Posbus 17074, Lyttelton, 0140.
 Mobile: 083 2716 378

Eddie de Waal (Redakteur/Editor, HABARI)
 Keeromstraat 628, DASPOORT 0082

Cell: 0766049177

e-mail: eldugar@gmail.com

Krike van Heerden

Pieter Pieterse

Beta Pieterse

Dorie Boshoff

Elsie Cloete

Janssen Davies

Jan Boshoff

Piet Prinsloo

Isabel Prinsloo

Rina Helberg

Redakteursbrief / Editor's Letter

Waar Kenianers vir baie lank baie stil was oor Thomson's Falls en, meer spesifiek, Van Riebeeckskool, het ons vanjaar 'n hele handvol skrywes en beskrywings gekry. Baie dankie daarvoor.

Ek moes my spelling regkry: ek dog nog altyd dis "Thompson's Fall's", en moes toe agterkom dat bevat nie 'n "p" van 'n dag oud nie.

Thank you for everyone who provided me with material, photographs, and useful internet links.

To make the pages more attractive and lively, I have made use of many Googled photographs and graphics, and have acknowledged the links where I got them from. I was especially glad to get a photograph of the Norwegian ship, the Skramstad II (see opposite page). I am always grateful for so many people all over the world who, without asking anything in return, are glad to share their information on the internet.

Eddie de Waal

TWEE SKOONSUSTERS OORLEDE

Freida Barnard [nooi Steenkamp] van Kokanya, Nylstroom, gebore 30 November 1927, is op 84 jaar oorlede op 29 Julie 2011.

Freida was getroud met Johannes Barnard, Gert se ouer broer, wat 'n groot melkboerdery naby Plateau in Kenia bedryf het.

Anna Barnard [gebore Cloete] van Somerset-Wes is op 85 jarige ouderdom onder narkose in die hospitaal oorlede op 19 Augustus 2011.

Anna was getroud met Gert Barnard wat eers op Plateau en daarna op Soy in Kenia op groot skaal met koring geboer het.

Derick Beeslaer skryf:

Ek soek asseblief die volgende

1 THE AFRIKANERS IN KENYA 1903 – 1969 skrywer GERRIT D GROEN

2 VON MALTZ IN AFRIKA

3 JAARBLAD VAN RIEBEECKSKOOL THOMSON'S FALLS

As u vir Derick kan help met wat hy vra, kan u hom kontak by: 082 418 6112 of by e-pos: inkebees@gmail.com

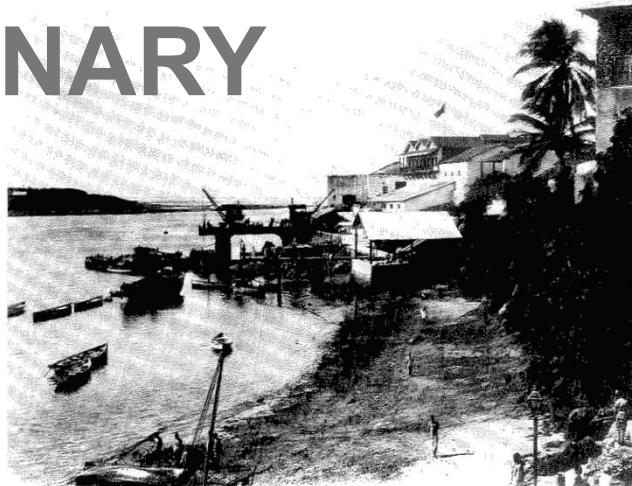
TREK CENTENARY

Exactly 100 hundred years ago, at 08:00 on 18 March 1911, the last big trek of Afrikaners arrived at Kilindini harbour. Recently, some original documents have come to light regarding the actual preparations that needed to be made for just such a big trek from Bethlehem to the Plateau by Christiaan Johannes Cloete.

In addition, one of the passengers, Johannes Francois Kok kept a journal (only published in 2011,) which has provided valuable insights into the amount of effort it took to attend to the animals on board ship and trains and thereafter on the trek from Londiani to the Sergoit area. In previous *Habaris* much has been written about the Cloete trek so this piece will

and passengers, despite the fact that the more efficient Uganda Railway had already shunted three trains down to the dockside in anticipation of the ship's arrival. Hatches on the side of the steamer's holds were opened and

He wasn't expecting the Norwegian *Skramstad* laden four holds deep with livestock and passengers...



The Old Harbour, Mombasa 1904. (Royal Commonwealth Society).

cluding spare trek chains, dissel-booms, screwjacks, yokes and rim chains, 5 Scotch carts, household and personal goods, farming equipment, fruit seedlings, bags of seed, tents and spring mattresses were also brought ashore according to the Bill of Lading.

Two fox-terriers and three Rhodesian Lion Dogs (Ridgebacks), which would have had to undergo a three-month quarantine period in the city compound, were slipped by the 22 year old Anaak over the side of the ship to swim to the nearest out-of-sight beach following the sound of his younger brother, Schalk Cloete's whistling.

The representative of *The East African Standard* was one of the earliest visitors to the "surprise packet" and later wrote that the "pilgrim father of the emigrants from the South, is Mr C. Cloete, whom the 'Standard' interviewer found to be of the pushful type of Boer farmer, equally courteous as informative". (What the interviewer meant by "pushful" can only be speculated upon.) CJ had sold his farm, Concordia, near Bethlehem in the Orange River Colony to set up a new Concordia on the Uasin Gishu Plateau near Sergoit.

Messrs Hansing and Co. of Mombasa, with the help of stevedores and crew, offloaded every subject and object within 24 hours. The first wood burning cat-



Skramstad (II) D/S 1905-1913

concentrate on how the journey was managed and paid for, the provisions that were acquired from the ship's chandlers and liquor merchants and what the work on board, the rail and wagon tracks entailed.

The steamer had dropped anchor about a hundred yards offshore from Kilindini – much to the surprise of the harbour master who wasn't expecting the Norwegian *Skramstad* laden four holds deep with livestock

everything loaded into small boats that were then rowed alongside the single quay. With a belt around the belly, 126 bellowing Afrikander cattle, 10 calves, 3 stallions, 90 mares, 7 geldings, 17 foals and 800 sheep were hoisted by crane directly into the waiting railway trucks. 65 people, assorted chicken coops, 7 dismantled wagons in-

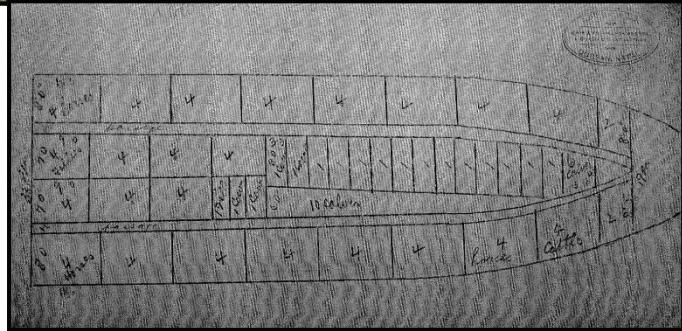
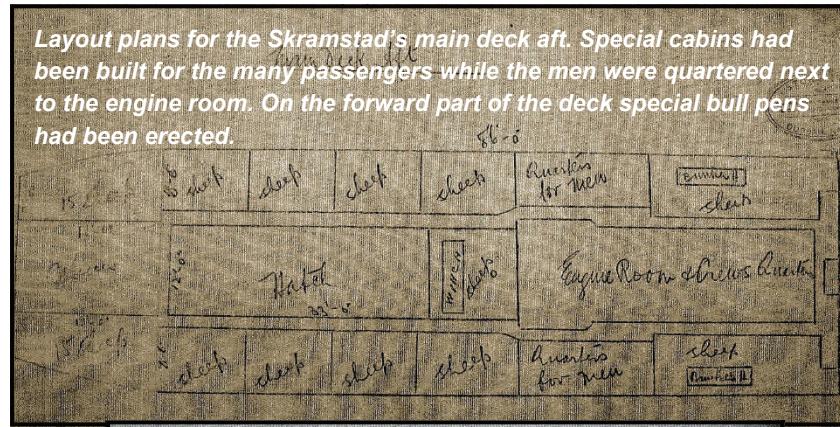
tle train departed for Londiani at 19:00 on the evening of arrival. The Manager of the Uganda Railway provided fly-proof trucks for the cattle and horses while most of the sheep were transported in open trucks. The Chief Veterinary Officer in Nairobi had communicated three months previously that he would undertake to dip all the sheep at Naivasha "provided they arrived free from scab and bont tick" while evidence needed to be provided that all the horses had passed the "mallein test" and it could be guaranteed that the cattle were from an East Coast Fever-free area and had passed "the tuberculin test".

The Skramstad proceeded back south and spent several days outside Durban harbour with her crew shovelling manure and coal ballast so that her "severely injured bottom" (according to the shipping agents) could be temporarily repaired. On the way up the ship had managed to run aground on a coral reef in the Mozambique Channel and all souls felt that they would surely perish. As the ship stuck fast the cattle set up a bellowing, the horses reared and neighed in panic, the sheep trampled each other and shredded tarpaulins, human passengers screamed and then prayed. A lifeboat was lost overboard. In an effort to free the ship everyone, including the

animals were moved to the starboard side. A sleepy Corrie enquired what was going on only to be cryptically informed by Schalk, as family legend has it, that they were all looking out "for visitors". Eight hours

The fox-terriers had also trashed one of the cabins...

later the rising tide eventually freed the double-hulled steamer but the



fox-terriers had also trashed one of the cabins and Captain Hanssen fined the Cloete family £5.00. (The insurance paid for the hull's repairs but the price of the tarpaulins was docked from a deposit paid by CJ.) A statement of account from the agents for the sea voyage alone cost £2400.00. (According to historical archives, £1.00 in 1910 would have a spending worth of £57.06 today.) Just to organise such a trek takes a trunk full of correspondence between CJ and the shipping

agents, the veterinary and railway officials authorising the movement of livestock to Durban and from Mombasa to Eldoret, contracts, letters of charter, farewell letters and a multitude of telegrammes and, rather a lot of money.

After the farm in Bethlehem was sold and its livestock auctioned in December 1910, arrangements began in earnest with sometimes two to

three letters between the shipping agents in Durban and CJ in Bethlehem being exchanged per week. (Clearly, the postal service a hundred years ago was quicker and more reliable.) Plans of the deck and hold layouts were approved and the Skramstad was then refitted to resemble an Atlantic cattle ship. In all, the refitting took 6 weeks with horse

and cattle stalls and sheep pens being erected within the lower decks. Additional passenger cabins were built on the top deck and an area assigned for food preparation.

Contracts were signed with Johannes Jacobus Dewald Pieters from Boschbank farm near Bethlehem who would work on the new farm for a period of four years and Willem Jansen who would

work as a general servant for one year, while appraisers issued certificates regarding the net worth of Daniel Abraham Bornman and the Bruwer family to enable them to take out options on farms in Kenya. Joseph Bridges from Barbados was employed as ship's cook for the lump sum of £4.00 for the duration of the voyage. Two Basotho workers known as Hans Sieter and Hermanns elected to accompany the family north. Stores were bought from Storm and Co and these included a box of fruit salts, a bottle of Aspirin and a bottle of laudanum. For £6.10 three bottles of Hennessey, 2 gallons of Hulstkamp gin and four bottles of port were also acquired.

While the ship was in the throes of final fitting and loading, Anaak Cloete and Jacobus Kok sailed out to the lighthouse on Durban Bluff, befriended a puppy, threw stones at crabs and went to the bioscope with two female passengers in between seeing to the animals.

As the lower hold was 14 feet deep, most of the horses were placed in stalls

below the water line. The shipping agents wrote that the "method adopted is to shoot wind down thoroughly prepared sails

with only a 7 foot clearance. Clearly, the air being pumped below decks was insufficient to cool the below decks. In his journal Johannes Kok notes that the menfolk were responsible for the livestock although the latter received little forage for the first few days because everyone was seasick. "It was as hot as an oven down below with the livestock. We were drenched in sweat. Every day we had to change our shirts three or four times because of the sweat. We had to feed the stock three times a day. The sweat just poured off us. Each time we needed a clean shirt (p 9)." Manure and urine were shovelled to one side. Amazingly, despite the conditions, only one sheep died on the voyage.

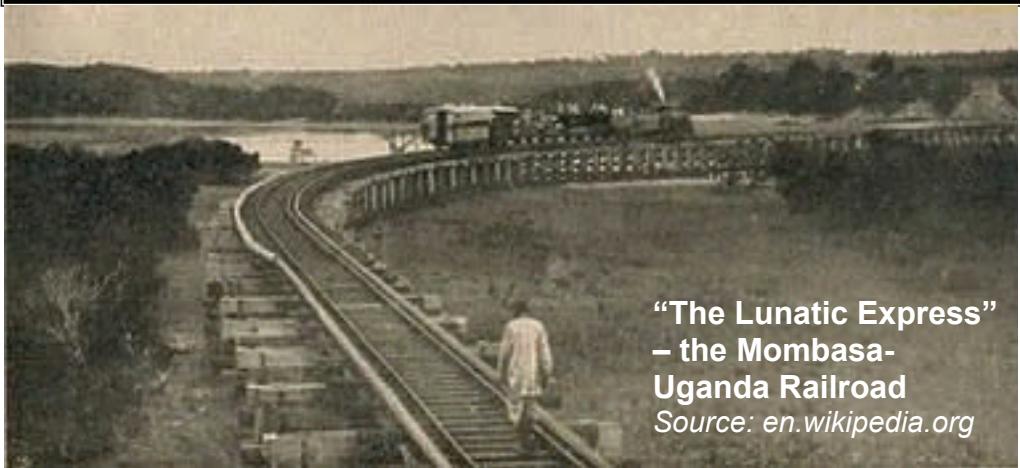
The Afrikanders were the first to be offloaded and Kok notes that the first train was full of the red cattle for which he and Schalk Cloete were solely responsible. At each station the train stopped for wood logs that were stacked "like old stone walls...a hundred paces long and ten rows deep" and the cattle were fed. They reached Londiani at night ahead of the

To	Item	Q	2-	1	8	0	
14-	12" Galv Buckets	Q	2-	1	8	0	
10-	12" Motor " Heavy	Q	3-	1	10	0	
24-	10" Galv "	doz	18-	1	16	0	
24-	2 lbs Tins Roast Beef	doz	16-	1	12	0	
100	lbs White Rice	Q	24d		18	9	
4	Tins Alvina Salts	Q	10d		3	4	
5	" Cocoa	Q	3-5d		17	0	
12	" Nutrine				9	6	
2	" Blue Label Tea	Q	2-5d		9	0	
1	Side of Bacon - 11 lbs	Q	1-24		12	10	
1	bag Flour				14	0	
1	packet Sugar				14	6	
1	box Fruit Salts				1	16	0
1	Bettle Jam				2	0	
1	" Biscuits				2	0	
2	14" Wooden Boxes				3	2	
1	box Biscuits				1	16	0
1	box Tins Jam				1	16	0
1	box Biscuits				1	16	0

The air being pumped was insufficient to cool the below decks...

or funnels, so that the animals will have sufficient air" while clean water tanks would be filled with fresh water. In the event it must have been absolute hell for the horses and the cattle who were on the 'tween deck just above





“The Lunatic Express” – the Mombasa-Uganda Railroad
Source: en.wikipedia.org

rest of the party and released the cattle which promptly bolted into the bush. Because of predators they had to be herded back to the open grounds of the station by whomever could hold a lantern. The rest of the trains arrived one after the other and Schalk, Gouws and Kok were given the horse detail for the foot trek to Uasin Gishu. At Mile 12 outside Londiani the trek outspanned.

At one stage a lioness managed to penetrate the hastily thrown up

A lioness managed to penetrate the boma...



The 12 Mile point from Londiani

thornbush boma only to have the red cattle turn to face her and effect a mighty bellowing charge. The lioness was never heard from again although some of the trekkers did shoot other lions along the way.

Kok's journal, written in a mixture of Dutch and Afrikaans, gives a detailed account of the travails the youngsters had along the way. Apparently it was a twenty-four hour job and horses and cattle

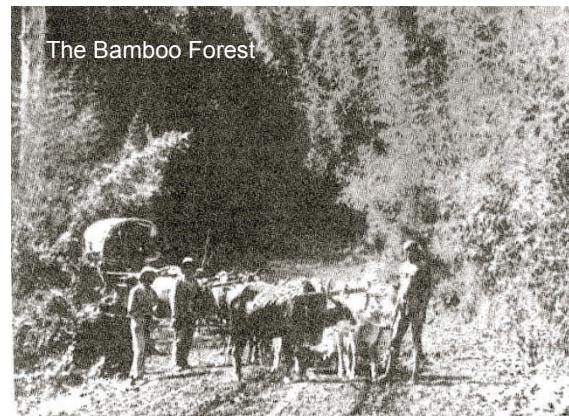
wandered off regularly and had to be rounded up. The sets of wagons were pulled by locally purchased oxen and CJ's oldest child, 28 year-old Meta (later Diesel) strode purposefully next to the wagons and apparently bossed her way right up to the Plateau complaining that a horse had “been thrown away” and continually exhorting the wagon drivers to “slaan daardie os, span die os Gaan

by die bamboesbos deur”.

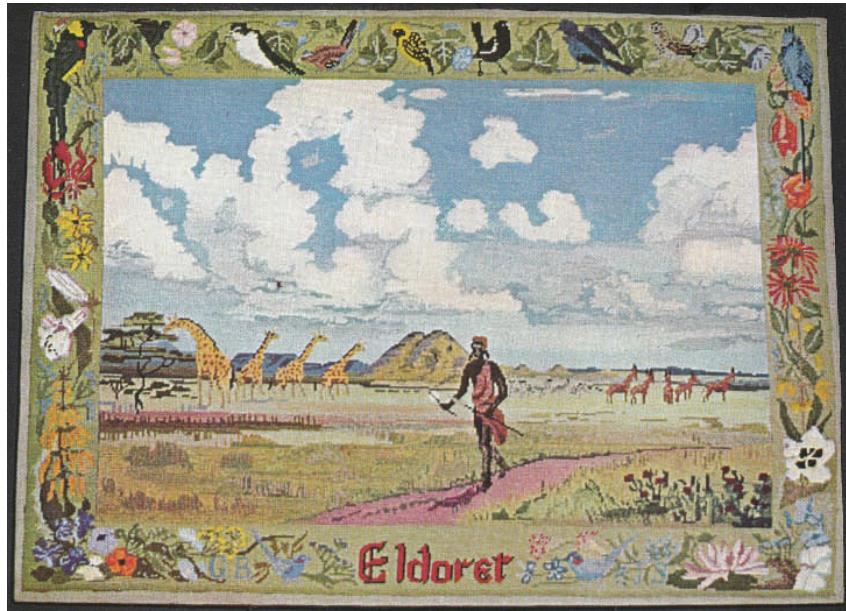
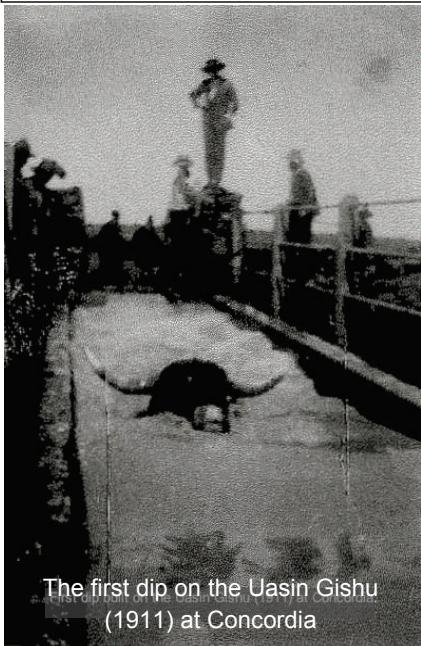
In December 1910 two people (JJ Potgieter and one other, possibly Emslie) living on Farm 27 (belonging to McDonald) on the Plateau had already signed contracts undertaking to build a rather expansive stable

where the stable doors were to be not less than 3 feet wide and 7½ feet high while the walls were to be plastered and a proper stone floor laid. Apart from windows and doors, a manger had to run along the back wall. In the event the entire Cloete family moved into the stables and an adjoining barn while their house was being built. Even before its completion, the very first dips (cattle and sheep) were built

from granite hewn from a nearby hillock. Cooper's arsenical dip was then in use but it was dangerous to use it and hard to obtain. A small drum of Coopers could be



The Bamboo Forest



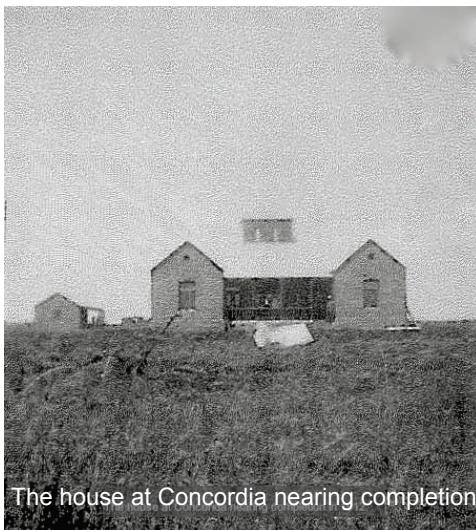
bought from an Indian trader at Londiani but the journey was a six day round trip in good weather.

In the meantime, areas for the livestock and horses were fenced off with 15 strands of wire but these proved of limited effect if the zebra decided to move to new grazing.

In 1906 CJ had travelled up to the Plateau and taken out options for 30 000 acres. Upon his return to the Orange River Colony to organise a trek he fell ill from fever and the 60 odd settlers he gathered only left in 1911. He was obliged to put in a petition for new land and purchased the farm that became Concordia as well as some farms in the Sergioit area and along the Nandi border for his children. In January 1912 34 mares, foals, colts and fillies were sold to AC Hoey and Berkeley Cole.

The sole thorn tree in the panel is purported to have been standing on Concordia

while the stony hill in the background is Sergioit. The rest of the Plateau, as can be seen in the flat background behind the house



The unsightly attic perched on the mid- dle of the roof was used as a 'lookout'

below, was initially pretty desolate and very, very windy. The lone figure in the panel signified the post runners who dropped off

letters to the farmers. Meta recalls that one day a runner arrived on the farm entirely naked except for a woman's whalebone corset fastened around his torso. On another occasion the same naked runner arrived with a pair of woollen combinations casually tied around his neck.

By July 1912 the basic structure of the house at Concordia had been built. The rather unsightly attic perched on the middle of the roof was used as a 'lookout'. Apart from predators there was some anxiety on the Plateau about the fact that the Nandi might strike again having murdered Von Breda a year earlier. A receipt from the Standard Bank notes that an askari was employed as well.

In time, the lookout was removed.

While CJ was overseeing the inlay of the Indian teak window seats and sills he suddenly became ill again and died a few days later from heart failure induced by too many quinine injections, leaving a wife and eight children to carry on by themselves. In 1914 when war was declared Schalk and Anaak joined Arnoldi's Scouts (later to be incorporated into the

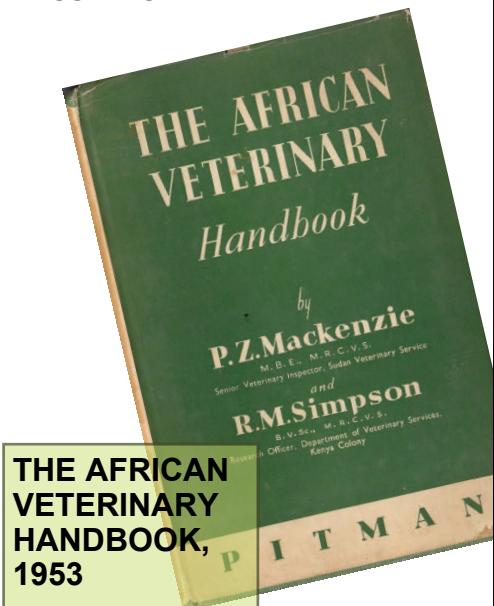
Belfield Scouts) and went off to fight in Tanganyika. In the meantime the red cattle had multiplied to 600 strong when a string of further catastrophes hit the family. One by one every single horse died of lymphangitis and horse sickness, **East Coast Fever** (see column along-

He suddenly became ill and died a few days later...

side) decimated all but two cows and all the sheep perished. The family had been unable to get enough Coopers from Londiani in the wet season. The family was, so to say, financially destitute - but the chickens had survived and twice a week the 9 year old Sonnie walked the 15 miles to Eldoret to sell eggs or swap them for some nails. On other days he shot small game for the pot while the girls tended the vegetable gardens. The two cows were paired off with indigenous cattle from Trans Nzoia who had some immunity against ECF and slowly a multi-coloured herd was built up. The days of streams of red cattle on the Uasin Gishu were over.

Elsie Cloete

(with assistance from Valeria Moggeridge)



EAST COAST FEVER

Definition. East Coast Fever is a serious non-contagious disease of cattle transmitted by ticks. Its chief characteristics are swollen lymph glands and a high temperature.

Symptoms. Early symptoms may pass unnoticed as the animal continues to feed until the disease is well advanced. The temperature rises to 107°F, the animal is dull and listless and tends to separate itself from the herd. The most characteristic symptom is the swelling of the superficial lymph glands. These may be seen to be most prominent below the ear, in front of the shoulders, and in front of the stifle joint. As the disease advances, respiration becomes laboured, the animal becomes weak, lies down, and is unable to rise again. Some may have a white film on the surface of the eyeball which causes impaired vision and sometimes blindness. Froth may appear from the nostrils at the time of death.

Causes. The disease is caused by a protozoan parasite, *Theileria parva*. Several stages in the life history of these parasites are found in the affected animal. The multiplying stages of the parasites are found in the lymph glands, spleen, and other organs, and smaller forms are found in the red blood corpuscles. Under natural conditions the brown tick is the most common transmitter of East Coast fever, but some other species are also capable of transmitting the disease.

Incubation. The average incubation period is thirteen days but it may vary from six to twenty-five days. The duration of the illness is usually about eight days, though animals may not be noticeably sick until two or three days prior to death.

Mortality. Animals born and reared in an enzootic area may suffer from repeated attacks and survive, but the mortality in adult animals introduced from clean areas into highly-infected areas may reach ninety-five per cent. Mortality in high-grade and pedigree animals is high. Indigenous cattle have a certain degree of natural resistance. During some outbreaks there may be a high percentage of recoveries and the true nature of the disease may not be suspected; the animals are sick only for a few days, the symptoms are not marked, and after careful examination only one superficial lymph gland may be found to be swollen.

Post-mortem. The most characteristic lesions found are oedema of the lungs with froth in the windpipe and exuding from the nose. Angular ulcers are formed in the fourth stomach. There may be congestion and scattered haemorrhages in the fourth stomach and the intestines, and longitudinal lines of haemorrhages in the rectum. The liver and spleen may be enlarged. The kidneys frequently show white and yellow spots varying in size from a pinhead to a pea. The lymph glands are swollen and haemorrhagic.

Diagnostic Aids. Blood, gland, and spleen slides may be examined microscopically for the causal parasite of East Coast fever.

Immunity. The majority of adult animals that recover from a natural attack of the disease develop a strong immunity. Occasionally, especially in calves, a mild second infection may be contracted. There is no successful method of producing artificial immunity.

Treatment. No effective treatment for East Coast fever has been found.

Prophylaxis. Fencing, combined with dipping, spraying, and hand-dressing against ticks are the only satisfactory means of combating the disease. Theoretically, dipping and hand-dressing should be carried out every three days to control all stages in the life history of the brown tick. Practically, dipping every five days in a seven-day-strength dip has been found effective.

'n Besoek aan my geboorteland - KENIA deur Freek Venter

Ek onthou nog goed toe my Ouers (Herklaas en Lida Venter) my en my jonger suster (Alida of Babie, nou reeds oorlede) by Van Riebeeckskool in Thomsons Falls by die koshuis kom oplaai het.

Dit was in Mei 1962 en ons het daarvandaan direk die lang tog na die suide aangepak as gevolg van Uhuru en die Mau Mau bedreiging. Ek het nie kans gekry om afskeid te neem van die plaas op Kinangop nie. Dit was 'n onaangename ervaring. Ek het basies geleef vir skoolvakansies en langnaweke op die plaas, met my windbuks en kettie, rifrughond Siebie en so aan. Asook die lang seevakansies by Malindi waar ons gaan uitkamp het vir weke aaneen.

Die reis na die Unie (die grootmense het nog gepraat van die Unie, alhoewel Suid Afrika reeds 'n republiek was) het 13 dae geneem. Ons het saam met Oom Lang Hendrik en Tant Hennetjie van Rensburg en hulle seuns Jan, Kerneels en Hendrik getrek. Hulle was ons bure op Kinangop. Hulle ouer suster Kotie en my ouer sisters Anne-Marie en Elsabe was reeds in Suid Afrika in die skool. Ons het op 31 Mei 1962 oor Beitbrug



gery toe die Republiek een jaar oud was. Die twee goed wat my die meeste beïndruk het is die duisende swaeltjies met hulle nessies teen die geboue by Beitbrug, en dat swartmense kon Afrikaans praat.

Die aanpassing in nuwe skole en 'n nuwe omgewing (eers Morgenzon, waar ek vir die eerste keer in my lewe ys gesien het



My Pa en Ma - Herklaas en Lida Venter - voor ons plaashuis op Kinangop pas nadat dit voltooi is, circa 1958

Die nostalgiese herinneringe aan 'n ver land van herkoms het nooit verdwyn nie ...

op 'n koue wintermore, en toe Emelo) was vir my aanvanklik moeilik, maar mens is baie aanpasbaar en oor die jare heen het ons 'n nuwe lewe in 'n nuwe land uitgekap. Die nostal-



giese herinneringe aan 'n ver land van herkoms het nooit verdwyn nie, maar het tog verbaag oor die jare heen. Tog het ek nog gereeld met verlange teruggedink aan die wonderlike lewe wat ons in Kenia gehad het.

In 1998, na 36 jaar, het ek die geleentheid gekry om weer terug te delf in die verlede met 'n besoek aan Kenia en Tanzanië. Ek het 'n referaat by die "Water Africa International Conference" in Nairobi gelewer en die geleentheid aangegevry om 'n paar parke te besoek en met van Kenia en Tanzanië se bewaringsmense te gesels oor gemeenskaplike sake oor natuurbewaring. Daar was ook 'n paar ander plekke op my be-



Nakuru NP kampeerarea



Rinza op 'n koue, nat ewenaar op pad na Nyahururu

soeklysie.

Toe die Kenya Airways vlug op Jomo Kenyatta lughawe naby Nairobi land was ek amper bewoë. Maar ek het gou beter gevoel toe ek en my vrou Rinza welkom geheet is deur verskeie vriendelike "Karibu - welcome" groete. Ons gemoed het verder verbeter toe ons 'n Matatu ("taxi" in Swahili omdat dit skynbaar aanvanklik 3 shillings gekos het om te ry) sien met registrasienommer KAK 646 G!

Die agtermiddae van die drie dae wat die konferensie geduur het, het ons gebruik om ook ou bakens in Nairobi te besoek. Daarna het ons die pad aangedurf met 'n gehuurde klein Daihatsu 4x4 SUV na Nakurumeer Nasionale Park. Die hoofpad van Nairobi na Nakukru ('n redelike maar nou teerpad) loop meestal binne die skeurvallei ("Rift Valley"), en gaan pragtige Afrika savanna landskappe en plek plek deur ongelooflike mooi koorsboomwoude. Naby Naivasha is ons verby die vul-

kaankegel Longonot en die Naivashameer. Ek onthou nog hoe ons destyds (seker in die laat 50's) Longonot uitgeklim het en al

Ek onthou hoe ons destyds Longonot uitgeklim het...

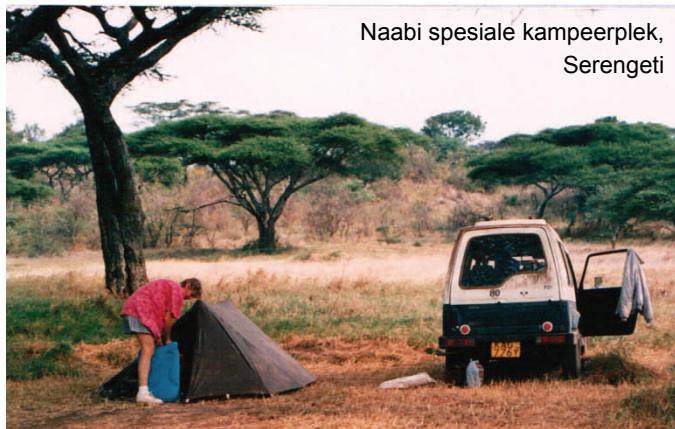
met die rand van die kegel langs reg rondom gestap het, met stoom wat onder in die gat uitblaas. Die peperbome langs Naivasha se strate is nog daar, net groter.

In Nakuru doen ons aankope by Nakumatt Downtown en vind dat die dorp 'n miernes van mense is.

By Nakurumeer NP is ons in 'n groot, netjiese kampeerterrein met Kikujugrasperke onder 'n blaredak van koorsbome ver-

welkom deur 'n trop olyf bobbejane. Die publieke toilet is 'n longdrop sonder 'n sitplek - net 'n gleuf en twee trappies weerskante van die gleuf waarop mens moet huk om jou ding te doen – 'n teken van die sterk Moslem invloed in die omgewing. Rinza was nie baie beïndruk nie en ek moes maar 'n draai deur die park ry sodat sy agter 'n bos kon verdwyn. Die toilette in dié deel van Afrika is oor die algemeen 'n riller en beide ek en Rinza het meestal die bos verkie. Hier en daar, op die gewilde toeristeroetes, het mense met padstalletjies hierdie behoefta raakgesien en is toilette aangebou en helder met zebrastepe geverf om aandag te trek. Dié toilette is silwerskoon. Deur toeriste daar te laat stilhou bevorder duidelik ook die stalletjies se besigheid.

Die Nakurumeer NP is 'n ongelooflike mooi plek met groot swerms flaminke, pelikane en ander waadvoëls, asook ander interessante diere. Die park is in 1968 geproklameer en is 18 800 ha



Naabi spesiale kampeerplek,
Serengeti

groot wat slegs 'n 1/8^{ste} van die oppervlakte van die meer is. Die rooibokramme het baie groter horings as in suidelike Afrika en ons was bevooreg om ook Defassa waterbokke (sonder die kring op die agterstewe), 'n dik dik, die skaars Rothschild kameelperd en Bohor rietbokke te sien. Die meer is 'n gesloten sisteem binne die skeurvallei met strome wat invloei maar met geen uitloop nie en uitvloeisels van die nabylee Nakuru en ander gemeenskappe wat in die omgewing woon veroorsaak dat die water verryk raak. Die flamink bevolkings het glo al heelwat afgeneem. So is hierdie pragtige plek ook besig om onder die groeiende bevolking te



Die voorkant van die Van Riebeekskool, 1998

**Toek ek by die tentklap uitloer,
sien ek ses see-
koeie wat op die
Kikuyugras om**

kreun, soos orals in die wêreld dit die geval is.

Ons het ook een aand in Nyuki, een van hulle "special camp



Volkspiele agter die koshuis, circa 1960

sites", langs die meer gekamp met ons klein tentjie wat ons van SA af saamgepiekel het. Dit was rôrig spesial. Sulke kampplekke het geen heining of geriewe nie, net 'n oop kol waar mens kan tent opstaan. Ons was alleen (soos in meeste van die ander parke) en dit was volmaan. Lewers in die nag word ek wakker van 'n gekouery. Toe ek by die tentklap uitloer sien ek



Die voorkant van die Van Riebeekskool, 1960



Die agterkant van die koshuis, 1998



Die voorkant van die Van Riebeekskool se koshuis, 1998

ses seekoeie wat op die Kikuyugras om ons wei. Ek gaan lê weer. Die een stap nader en ek hoor hom aan ons tentjie snuif terwyl ek roerloos lê, maar hy wei net verder sonder om ons te pla. Ek haal weer asem.

Ons volgende mikpunt was Thomsons Falls (deesdae Nyahururu). Ek wou graag die Van Riebeeck skool waar ek skoolgegaan het en in die koshuis was, besoek. Ek kry die skool rede-lik maklik. Dit staan nou bekend as die Nduru-

op. Die spoeltoilette in die badkamer is buite werking maar word steeds ge-brui. Dit laat my keel toetrek en my bene koers kies na vars lug. Beeste



wei nou op die lang Kikuyugras van die atletiekveld voor die koshuis waar ons as jong kannetjies teen mekaar meegeding het. Ek kry ook die plek agter die seunsvleuel van die koshuis waar ek en Hel-gaard Muller eenkeer bolle gerol het, tot een van sy ouer broers ons uitmekaar gemaak het met 'n taai klap vir elkeen van ons.

Die oerwoud agter die koshuis waar ons soms gaan stap het, is skoonveld. Daar is net 'n paar dennebome en huisies. Aan die rand van hierdie woud het ons dikwels swart en wit kolobusape gesien en swerms "African Grey" papegaiae het vanuit die woud oor die koshuis gevlieg. In die vroeë 1960's het van die ouer seuns van hierdie papegaiae gevang en in van die toe reeds leë kamers in die koshuis aangehou om later verkoop te word. In die nag het die boomdasse met hul boosaardige geroep gesorg dat die kinders maar skrikkerig was, veral in die Mau Mau tyd toe die groter seuns met jagmesse

rumo High School (*sien voor-blad*). Die skoolterrein is netjies en die skoolgebou lyk nog min of meer soos ek dit onthou. Die tuine lyk egter anders aangesien die bome groot geword het en meer struiken aangeplant is. Ek vind die gedenkplaat by die ingang met die inskripsie: "TOT EER VAN GOD EN TOT HEIL VAN DIE OPKOMENDE GESLAG – 7 April 1952". Die skool se koshuis en tuine om die

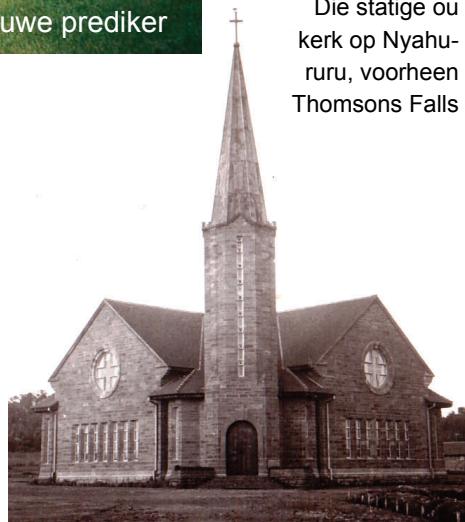


Die kerk op Nyahururu,
voorheen Thomson's Falls
van voor



Die kerk van agter met nuwe prediker

Die statige ou kerk op Nyahu-ruru, voorheen Thomson Falls



Die statige ou kerkgebou met sy hoë toring in die dorp is goed opgepas en 'n "Bible College" is agter die kerk aangebou. Ek kry ook die gedenkplaat by die hoofin-gang: "N.H. OF G. KERK VAN S.A. – GEMEENTE LOUBSER – TOT EER VAN GOD IS HIERDIE STEEN GELEË OP 28 NOVEMBER 1952 – Ps 84: Hoe Lieflik is U

Woning, O Here." Ek loer in die Kerkhof en sien dat dit erg verwaarloos is. Daar is o.a. die graf van Wil-liem Petrus Joubert (1892 – 1959) net-net sigbaar in die lang gras, waarskynlik 'n stoere ou pionier uit die

vorige geslagte. Ek wens dat ek 'n paar dae daar kon deurbring om die begraafplaas net weer respektabel te kon maak. Die huidige jong leraar (Pastor Eutychus Nunwa) kom vernem kwaai wat ons daar maak, maar toe ek hom vertel dat ek hier kerk toe gekom het en skool gegaan het voor hy nog gebore was, verander sy houding en word hy baie vriendelik. Hy sê dat hy weet van die Kaburu wat voorheen in Kenia gewoon het maar was nie bewus daarvan dat dit hulle was wat die kerk, skool en

"I was so grateful to the Lord that I was able to know you."

baie ander geboue nagelaat het nie. In latere korrespondensie tussen ons skryf hy die volgende: "I was so grateful to the Lord that I was able to know you. For so many years I have asked so many questions concerning the church. No one could answer them. I am happy that the Lord brought you along."

Ons maak 'n draai by Thomsons Falls waterval. Die rand van die kloof is nou vol stalletjies, want dis so 'n pragtige toeriste aantreklikheid.

Die pad van Nyahururu na Nyeri is 'n redelike teepad. Hier en daar merk ons ou plaashuise. By Solio draai ons af na die 76 700 ha groot Aberdare Nasionale Park, waar ons in Kenya Wildlife Services se Rhino Retreat gastehuis hoog teen die berg inbespreek is. Die donker vang ons in die digte, ligeen-bebaarde woude op seepgladde nou paadjies. Ons sien vars olifantspore waar

hulle gly-gly geloop het. Soms, teen die opdraendes, kom ons nie weg nie, en ek kom agter dat die 4x4 stelsel nie funksioneer nie. Ek laat Rinza bestuur terwyl ek stoot. Sy gee vet as die voertuig momentum kry en



ry dan vooruit tot by 'n gelykte of afdraende, terwyl ek voelvoel in die donker volg. Uiteindelik kom ons stokflou en bedek met rooi modder by Rhino Retreat aan. Na 'n lekker warm stort en 'n glasie soetwyn was die Kaap weer Hollands!

Die Aberdare NP is 'n belangrike opvanggebied vir die Tana, Athi en Thika riviere. Die Aberdareberge, wat vanaf ons plaas op Kinangob duidelik gesien kon word, was die wegkruipplek van die Mau Mau in die 1950's en vroeë 1960's Mau Mau generaals soos Dedan Kimathi [lees erus die uitstekende boek deur Ian Hen-

derson (1959): The hunt for Dedan Kimathi]. Die Aberdare NP se reënval wissel van 900mm per jaar teen die voethange tot 2000mm in die hoogste dele. Die bergreeks is die gevolg van vulkanies uitbarstings eeuwe gelede.

Die grond van die Kinangob plato tussen die Aberdare berge en die skeurvallei, waar ek grootgeword het, is van vulkaniese as afkomstig en baie vrugbaar.

Na ons verblyf by Rhino Retreat Camp het ons die moeilike pad oor die Aberdare berge na Kinangob aangedurf. Die plantegroei van die Aberdares is meestal ondeurdringbaar ruig. Dit verander van bergwoud na digte bamboesruigtes na mosbedekte *Hagenia* woud na moorlands soos wat mens van onder na bo teen die berg opbeweeg, en weer aan die anderkant af. Ek en Rinza was gelukkig om heelwat gewone wild te sien asook swart en wit kolobus ape sowel as Sykes ape, maar daar kom ook skaars diere soos bongo, reuse bosvark en die ontwykende goue kat voor. Daar heers kommer onder bewaarders oor 'n onverklaarbare afname in bongogetalle. Die moorlands vlaktes op die kruin van die berg is besonder interessant aangesien daar alpiene plantegroei aangetref word. Bo-op die berg laai ons vir Alex McKay op aangesien sy

Ons plaashuis op Kinangob met aanbouings wat die nuwe eienaar aangebring het



voertuig in 'n slaggat so groot soos die voertuig self geväl het. Sy vriend bly agter om die voertuig op te pas.

Terwyl ons aand die Kinangob kant van die berg afdaal, onthou ek dat my Pa soms met 'n span plaaswerkers en 'n vrugmotor van die bamboes kom kap het en dit gebruik het om store op die plaas te bou. Die bamboese is met 'n panga in twee gesPLIT en langs mekaar vasgebind met die oopkante na binne om die mure te vorm. Toe ons die laaste voetheuwels van die Aberdares agterlaat en die slegte paaie van die Kinangob plato aandurf, was ek aanvanklik verdwaal. Daar woon nou baie mense hier en meeste van die oorspronklike please is in plotte opgedeel waar mense oorlewingsboerdery bedryf. Ek begin om mense langs die pad te vra na ons oorspronklike plaas. Die jonges wat goed kan Engels praat het geen idee nie. Van die ouer garde het wel my Pa en die plaas onthou, maar hulle sukses met Engels en my Swahili is verroes het. Uiteindelik deel 'n

ouerige man op 'n fiets wat redeelik Engels kan verstaan my mee dat hy weet waar die plaas is. Hy onthou ook my Pa, Ma en susters. Ons volg hom vir 7 km op

Die huidige boer (Paul Mburu Karanja) het nog 'n vertrek aan die huis aangebou ...

sy fiets en hy neem ons direk soontoe. Langs die pad hardloop hy eers by 'n ander shamba inen Joram Njoroge Kamau kom uitom vriendelik te groet. Hy was eers ons kok en toe een van my Pa se trekkerdrywers. In latere korrespondensie bied hy my 5 akker grond te koop aan teen Ksh 150 000 per akker.

Dit was uiteraard vir my 'n baie emosionele oomblik om na 36 jaar weer op die plaas te kom. Die ou sandsteen kliphus wat my Pa gebou het, staan nog net so, maar die bamboesstore is weg. Ek onthou hoe ek as jong seun op die sandsteen klippe wat klaar gekap was en deur die klipkappers in ry gepak was, gespeel het. Die huidige boer (Paul Mburu Karanja) het nog 'n

vertrek aan die huis aangebou, en die res staan nog stewig. Hy en sy drie vrouens ontvang ons gasvry. Ek word toegelaat om deur die huis te stap, selfs tot in "my" kamer. Daarna drink ons tee in die sitkamer wat deur Paul se 3 vroue bedien word – groot bekers lekker soet tee wat met kookmelk ge-

maak word. Daarna stap ek buite rond. Die spruitjie waar ons en die werkers forelle gevang het as dit in vloed was, is nou met bloekombome toegegroei. Paul lyk na 'n knap boer en een van die vooraanstaandes in die omgewing. Sy drade is reguit en netjies en sy vee in 'n goeie toestand. Hy het verskeie ander buitegeboue aangeslaan. Hy verduidelik dat die huis in 'n verwoeste toestand was toe hy daar ingetrek het. Kosyne was uitgebreek en baddens stukkend geslaan. Hy het dit alles vervang. Ek sou graag nog tyd daar wou spandeer om ons bure (Oom Lang Hendrik en Tant Hennetjie van Rensburg, Oom Japie en Tant Ellie Welmans) en ander plekke te verken, maar die tyd het ons naderhand ingehaal. Nadat ek 'n bietjie van die grond in 'n sakkie gegooi het om saam terug te neem huis toe (ek het dit nog steeds), vat ons die pad. Ons was by die Oakwood Hotel in Nairobi inbespreek en dit het laat begin word.

Ons is terug Naivasha toe en met die hoofpad terug in Nairobi

se rigting. Op pad het ons vir Alex by sy ouers naby Tigoni in die Limuru omgewing gaan aflaai. Ian en Joy McKay woon op die Maramba Estate waar tee op groot skaal geproduseer word. Ons ge-

Ons was die enigste mense in die ganse Tsavo Wes ...

sels lekker en vind dat Joy nog goed Afrikaans kan praat.

Die volgende dag het ons die pad gevat Tsavo Wes Nasionale Park toe ná 'n gespook om 'n ander 4x4 huur-voertuig te kry. Vanaf Tsavo was dit ons plan om Amboseli, Ngorongoro en Serengeti te besoek. AVIS in Nairobi wou ons egter nie toelaat om hul voertuig oor die grens na Tanzanië te vat nie. Ek het uiteindelik by 'n kleinereige plaaslike agentskap reggekom met 'n klein Suzuki 4x4 op voorwaarde dat ons ons vliegtuigkaartjies by hom los. Die 280 km op die Mombasa Road na Tsavo was 'n nagmerrie aangesien die pad sleg was en groot trokke en busse se bestuurders soos waansinniges ry. Hul betoon geen respek vir enige ander padgebruikers nie en druk mens goedsmoeds van die pad af. Ons was doodmoeg toe ons by Mtito Andei van die hoofpad afdraai na Tsavo se hoofingang. Ons was bevooreg om weereens as gaste van Kenya Wildlife Services in hul gastehuis oor te bly. Die gastehuis het 'n pragtige uitsig op die Chyulu Hills, wat een van die wêreld se jongste vulkaniese reekse is.

Ons 3 dae verblyf in Tsavo Wes

was heerlik en rustig, met besoeke aan die Area Warden Mn James Isiche, Mzima Springs, Shetani Caves en Kilaguni Lodge. Ons was die enigste mense in die ganse Tsavo Wes en selfs by Kilaguni Lodge het niks aangegaan nie. 'n Paar weke vantevore was daar 'n effense oproering in Mombasa wat toeriste op afgeskrik het. Omdat Kenya se toeristebedryf bykans

Caves is ondergrondse grotte wat in lawavloeïings 200 jaar gelede gevorm is. Daar is heelwat geraamtes van diere wat in die grot geväl en gevrek het.

Vanaf Tsavo Wes se Chiuluhek is ons via die Oloitoktok omgewing en Amboseli Nasional Park na die Mananga grenspos tussen Kenya en Tanzanië. Ons is deur 'n gewapende wag vergesel aangesien daar glo 'n paar rooftogte plaasgevind het. Die agtergrond van Kilimanjaro vanaf Amboseli met pragtige savanna en Afrika diere in die voorgrond skep 'n onvergeetlike gesig, sekelik een van die beroemdste gesigte van Afrika in die wêreld vandag. Tog kom ons agter dat ook die lodges in Am-

Nadat ons voorrade in Arusha aangekoop het, het ons aangestoot in die rigting van Ngorongoro.

boseli leeg staan, wat weer bewys hoe sensitief die internasionale toerisme is vir swak mediaberigte.

Nadat ons voorrade in Arusha aangekoop het, het ons aangestoot na Ngorongoro. By die dorpie Makuyuni tref ons 'n groot spoedhobbel in die pad wat ons letterlik deur die lug laat



Mzima Springs met onderwater besigtiging

99% van buitelandse steun afhanglik is, tref so iets hulle erg. Daarteenoor is die Krugerwildtuin se besoekers slegs 24% buitelanders en hou plaaslike steun die Wildtuinwiele aan die rol.

Mzima Springs het 'n onderwater uitkykplek waar mens visse, krokodille en seekoeie onderwater kan dophou. Die helder water wat by Mzima Springs teen 190 miljoen liters per dag uitborrel is afkomstig van die Chyulu Hills wat uit vulkaniese lava rots en as bestaan. Hierdie materialis so poreus dat daar nie riviere is nie. Die reënwater vloei ondergronds vir 50 km na Mzima. Dit kan glo tot 25 jaar ondergronds vloei voor dit die fonteine bereik en in die proses word dit helderskoon gefilter. Shetani ("Duiwel")

vlieg en al die Amboseli stof in die kar in 'n wolk laat opskiet, gelukkig sonder skade of skande. So leer ons dat daar nie eintlik tekens is wat spoedgrense aandui nie, maar wel spoedwalle wat dit effektiel beheer en jy nie kan ignoreer nie! Ons reis vat ons verby die trekklaer wat ek 'n paar jaar later saam met Pete Morkel van Ngorongoro besoek het.

Ons eerste nag in Tanzanië spandeer ons by die Jambo Camsite and Lodge in Mto Wa Mbu. In Ngorongoro besoek ek my bewarings-eweknieë en ons verken die omgewing behoorlik. Die Ngorongoro krater (eintlik 'n kaldera – 'n vulkaan wat inmekaars gesak het) bly 'n ongelooflike plek. Die wildtroppe op die grasvlaktes met die agtergrond van die kraterrand as mens binne die krater is, skep mooi prentjies. Ons kampeer by die Simba Campsite op die rand van die krater. Ons slaan ons tentjie op in die een hoekie van die terrein, maar word deur die wag aangesê om nader aan die ander kampeerders te beweeg - daar is Masais wat snags met messe die tente oopsny en gryp wat hulle kan. Ons gehoorsaam die bevel. Lewers ná middernag skrik ek wakker van 'n bloedstollende gil – dis Rinza wat so skreeu hier neffens my. Ek is dadelik reg vir aksie, maar dit blyk dat sy gedroom het 'n Masai sleep haar aan haar voete by die tent uit. Sy kon eers nie 'n geluid uitkry nie, maar toe dit uitkom, het dit al die kampeerders laat regop sit! Nadat almal eers gegiggel het oor die incident, gaan slaap ons weer. Dis besonder koud op die rand van die krater.

Ons besoek aan Olduvai Gorge (waar daar oermense se oorblyfsels en tekens gevind is) en Serengeti is net so besonders. Ons vang die sterkant van die



Simba Campsite, Ngorongoro
Source: zanzibarmagic.com

wildebeesmigrasie waar hulle in die boveld gedeeltes noord van Seronera is, maar dit bly 'n indrukwekkende gesig. Ons kamp in Seronera se kampeerterrein, asook 'n nag in een van die Ser-

Ons haal op die laaste dampe in die tenk die vulstasie by Ngorongoro ...

engeti se "special camp sites" naby Naabihek. Wat spesiaal is van dié kampplek is dat jy op jou eie kamp in die wye oop vlaktes, sonder heinings of geriewe. Selde kan jy nader aan jou Skepper kom as in die hart van ongeskonde Afrika!

Ongelukkig moet ons ons toer in Serengeti kortknip weens die gebrek aan petrol by vulstasies. Ons haal op die laaste dampe in die tenk die vulstasie by Ngorongoro, en gaan dan Nairobi toe. Op Jomo Kenyatta Internationale Lughawe word ons met 'n slap riem gevang deur die man by wie ons die kar gehuur het. Hy

het ons vliegtuigkaartjies in ruil vir die reg om die kar oor die grens na Tanzanië te neem, en weet ons vlug vertrek binnekort. Hy vra nog Ksh 4000 (ongeveer R400) vir "skade" (iets onder die enjinkap het glo verloor).

Op die Kenya Airways vlug terug het baie goed deur my kop gemaal. Eerstens was ek dankbaar om weer my geboorteland en

besondere plekke te besoek wat bykans vergete geraak het oor kort duskant 4 dekades. Ek is ook bly dat dit so lank geneem het vir my om terug te gaan. Dit het gehelp om die weggaanpyn te verdoof en die terugkom-skok te buffer. Die inskripsie in die gedenksteen by Van Riebeeckskool bly my by. Dit was asof die Skepper se idee van die "opkomende geslag" anders was as ons s'n. Die redes oor so iets sou mens net oor kan gis, maar ek het gewonder of die feit dat ons altyd ons ons geloof-skaarte so naby aan ons bors speel iets daarmee te doen het. Ek het ook gewonder oor die wetenskaplike geskrifte deesdae wat daarop duï dat *Homo sapiens* uit hierdie deel van Afrika kom. Dit lyk vir my gepas, want mens sal ver gaan soek vir 'n beter plek vir die Paradys.

Skukuza, Nasionale Kruger-wildtuin, Julie 2011

From: <http://www.tourismupdate.co.za/NewsDetails.aspx?newsId=59123>

Kenyan forest opens to tourists

13 Fri, May 2011

Visitors to Kenya now have the freedom to explore Karura Forest, something that would not have been possible had plans for residential and commercial developments in the forest a few years ago come to fruition.

Through a partnership between the Kenya Tourist Board and Kenya's Forest Service, Karura Forest has been opened to the public as a tourist attraction. Visitors can now enjoy various sights in the forest, including the Mau Mau caves, a 50-metre waterfall and a bamboo forest, in addition to hiking trails and picnic spots. The forest also contains a camp facility for visitors.

Conservationists, including 2004 Nobel Peace Prize winner, Wangari Maathai, have carried out extensive campaigns to save this unique forest from being levelled to make way for residential and commercial estates. Numerous protests over the years to save the forest eventually paid off and housing plans were shelved due to lack of support from the public.

More recently, Kenya's Minister of Environment, Newton Kulundu, denied a US investor a permit to build a hotel in the forest. Realising that their plans to develop the area would also be refused, other developers began to relinquish their properties in the forest.

Said Kenya Tourist Board's Regional Marketing Manager, Fred Okeyo: "Karura Forest has a tumultuous history and was at risk on a number of occasions of being bulldozed by developers. Thanks to the brave and unwavering efforts of conservationists and the new government, it now stands proud as one of Kenya's must-see tourist attractions."

Below: Karura waterfall

Source: localyte.com



Karura Forest

Source: expatlink.info

At Kenya-Advisor.com we get the following:

Thomson's Falls - Nyahururu

by Archie (Scotland)

Thomson's Falls is a beautiful waterfall at the Ewaso Nyiro River in Central Kenya. The waterfall is 74 meters (243 feet) high. One of the biggest hippo pools of Kenya is located up stream from the falls. It's possible to view the falls from above, and there's also a trail down to the bottom of the ravine.

The Thomson's Falls gets its name from Joseph Thomson, a naturalist and geologist from Scotland who discovered it in 1887 when he walked all the way from Mombasa to Lake Victoria.

Travelling from the dust bowl of Nakuru it was a joy to see the ever changing landscape and vegetation. Tea and coffee plantations merged with the lush forests, colours of Africa that fight for attention in your head, around every corner another view which makes you want to stop and enjoy.

I now know why this part of Kenya was chosen by Europeans to settle in. Those times are past and the morality was wrong, but now we can make amends and enjoy Kenya in all its diversity.



Jambo Almal!

deur Suzette
(Blanche) Diedericks

Ek is so bly ek kan een van julle wees. Ek glo dis 'n besondere voorreg. Ek is besig om 'n "Scrapbook/ album van my lewe te maak. Foto's gekry by my ma, fotostate gemaak en toe ... wat 'n ontdekking...wat 'n baie vol en interessante lewe het ek gehad!

Gebore in Nakuru 1949

Toe in Kitale gebly tussen die koffie plantasies en phyrethrum met hul pragtige geel blommetjies.

Daarna het my pa in Eldoret met koring geboer. Ons het myle en myle in die veld geloop om vir my pa tee en kos te neem, net agter die gedreun van die trekker aan en my ma se rigting wysing. Ons het nie 'n 'n bang haar op ons koppe gehad nie.

In 1957 is ek skool toe –

Jan Van Riebeeck in Thomsons Falls. Dit was baie ver vir 'n klein dogtertjie +- 200 myl vanaf die bekende huis.

Langnaweke het ek en later broer Johan by Oom Jan en Tannie Sarah Blanche deurgebring. Hier het ons saam op die stroper gery en gesien hoe die vol, vet koring korrels in die sakke val.

Later het ons op die vol toegewerkte sakke rond geklouter. Die bo deel van die sak is omgerol en met 'n reuse sisal naald en gare, met groot oorhans steke toegewerk, en sommer baie vinnig.

Die skool was die wonderlikste plek in my lewe! Ek is seker ek het die beste Juffrou in die hele wereld gehad. Ek het baie gou leer lees en somme doen! Van my rapporte lei ek af dit was Juffrou Dry en Juffrou Van Deventer. (Juf. Van Deventer was ook baie mooi)



Die Personeel: 1957

Achter: Mnre. R.B. de Vos, W.J. Loots, A.W. Brink, en L.J. de Jager

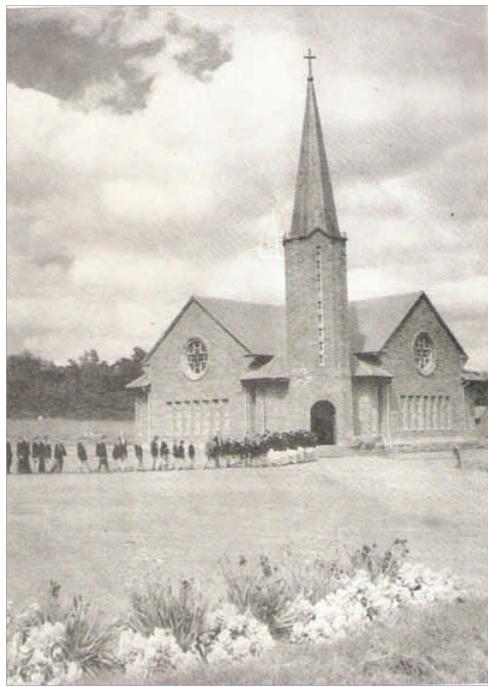
Middel: Mej. M.J. van Deventer, H. Visser, mevv. J. de Vos, E. Ferreira en E. Brink

Voor: Mevv. J.M de Jager, A. Prinsloo, Mnr J.B.G. Ferreira (Skoolhoof), Mevv. M. van Rensburg en S. Beyers

Net daar het ek besluit ek wil ook eendag 'n juffrou word. Om te kan leer lees was die wonderlikste ontdekking in my hele lewe. Ek het in Sub A boeke en boeke deurgelees. So jammer ons kon nie Afrikaanse boeke te koop kry nie. Gelukkig het die Bybel daarvoor ingestaan en kon ek dit lees.

In 1959 is ek en Johan na die Hill School in Eldoret. My Afrikaanse fondasie was reg gelê. (ek het nooit probleme met lees of spel gehad nie... dankie juffrou) My ouers het begin dink aan Unie toe kom. Papiere moes reg en die plaas implemente staan seker nou nog by Mnr Rex Kirk.

Ek kon nie 'n woord Engels praat en baie min verstaan. Hier sit ek in Miss Mac Donald se klas en verstom my oor die liedjie wat die kinders een vir een staan en sing (tafels opsê – seker vandag se "rap") my arme brein het oortyd gewerk om te probeer verstaan. Nog boonop het ons "tekkie" in die kantoor gekry as ons durf Afrikaans praat gedurende



skoolure en dit geld vir pouse ook. Dus het ek stom geword ...noot gepraat nie.

1960 Ek ontdek nou met my "scrapbook", wat 'n snaakse jaar. Ek gaan na St 2 Mrs Finity (spelling?) Ek was net 'n paar weke by haar toe spring ek St 3 en gaan na St 4 R by Mrs Turners, sy het met die hulp van 'n loper geloop. Sy het ons gevra om op die bord te skryf. Saam met my in haar klas was o.a. twee Louis Nel seuns, 'n Engelbrecht seun, Meisie Visser, Jeanette van Deventer. Die res onthou ek nie nou nie. Nog in dieselfde jaar is ek na St 5 by Mr Watson. 'n Jongerige onderwyser met rooi hare.

Einde van die jaar is ons uit die skool want nou maak ons in alle erns gereed vir die tog na die Unie. My ma hou nou vir ons skool in Afrikaans sodat sy haar nie hoef te skaam wanneer ons in die Unie is nie. Sy was baie streng. Ons doen woordsomme en skryf spelling asook opstelle. Arme Johan het swaar gekry

want hy wou nie so lank stilsit nie.

Ons vetrek eers in Mei uit Eldoret met die 3 Ton Dodge. My pa het die Dodge pragtig verander met bed, rakke, koskas ens. sodat alles kon in. My ma het kondensmelk gekook en vleis ingelê en baie beskuit gebak. 5 Junie 1961 ry ons oor die grens by Beitbrug. 3 weke op die pad wat 'n lekker tyd.

In Augustus 1961 is ons eers weer in die skool. My fondasie was baie goed, ek het nie gesukkel nie. – Ek bou 'n monument vir my juffrouens van die "Valle skool" dit kon ook die baie vars lug, organiese groente en vrugte wees.

In die Unie het ek my weer verstom aan die kinders wat sukkel met hul somme—(die Engelse leerplan was voor teenoor die SA leerplan). Die lang deelsomme was vir my maklik maar die ander kinders het gesukkel.

1967 het ek matriek geskryf met net 10 en 'n half jaar skool. Ek het gaan studeer vir 'n juffrou soos ek graag wou. Boeke was nog steeds my beste vriendinne. Ek het my TOD behaal en gaan skool hou. Met 3 klein kindertjies in die huis behaal ek HOD. Nog steeds trek die boeke my. Nou is daar 4 klein seuntjies. Ek behaal my BA, B Ed(psig) en M Ed. Ek moet sê dit het baie moeilik gegaan. Ek behaal ook 2 diplomas in Berading. Ek het ingeskryf vir D Ed maar toe lol my gesondheid so bietjie en moes ek dit los nadat ek al die boeke oor die onderwerp gelees het. Ek het besluit spandeer liewer meer tyd met

man lief en al die kinders en 2 skoondogters. (ek het so 'n 2,5cm gewas op my brein en ek het besluit om nie te laat opereer nie) Die Here is my herder en Hy lei my en sover gaan dit baie goed. Ek lees nog steeds baie.

Ek sal dit waardeer as al my skoolmaats kan laat weet wat het van hulle geword en wat doen hulle met hul sterk fondasie.

Liefde groete, Suzette (Blanche) Diedericks

TER ERE VAN ONS NAAMGENOOT IN DIE NOORDELIKE HALFROND



Die foto hierbo van die kranselegging het op 8 April 1957 in "Die Burger" verskyn en die volgende onderskrif is by die foto geplaas:

"'n Skool in 'n land in Afrika, die bestaan waarvan Jan van Riebeeck salig onbewus was toe hy meer as 300 jaar gelede aan die Kaap geland het, het Saterdag by die kranselegging aan die voet van sy standbeeld ook hulde aan die volksplanter gebring. 'n Krans is namens die Van Riebeeckskool op Thompson's Falls in Kenia deur twee leerlinge van die Laerskool Jan van Riebeeck (Kaapstad) gelê. Die leerlinge, Dalene du Preez en Petrus Sauerman, is hier besig om die krans te lê."

A Life Well Lived

John Kingsley-Heath

Article and photographs from: *The Telegraph*, 17 June 2011

www.telegraph.co.uk

John Kingsley-Heath, who has died aged 84, ran African safaris for more than half a century, and as a big-game hunter survived many hair-raising encounters with the fiercest beasts of the bush.

One such occurred in August 1961, when Kingsley-Heath was leading a private safari along the Kisigo river in Tanganyika. From inside a blind (a shelter for hunters), he turned to see a huge, maned lion crouching behind him not 15ft away. As it gathered itself to spring, Kingsley-Heath shot it, and the lion fled. He and his gun bearers gave chase and found the wounded creature lying on its side, breathing heavily. It was down, but not out. When Kingsley-

Heath's client opened fire, the lion made a single bound of 22ft towards the two men. Kingsley-Heath dropped to the ground and smashed the barrel of his .470 rifle over the animal's head, breaking the stock at the pistol grip; the lion staggered. As his gun bearers and client ran for cover Kingsley-Heath struggled on to his elbows to get clear. "Too late," he recalled, "the lion was upon me, I smelt his foul breath as, doubling my legs up to protect my stomach, I hit him in the mouth with my right fist as hard as I could. His mouth must have been partly open as my fist went straight in." With a single jerk of its head, the lion broke Kingsley-Heath's right arm; as he punched it with his left fist, the lion bit clean through his left wrist, breaking the left arm and leaving the hand hanging by

its sinews. Next it clamped his foot in its jaws, crushing the bones in it by twisting his ankle. One of the gun bearers arrived, threw himself on the animal's back and stabbed it repeatedly with a hunting knife. With Kingsley-Heath's foot still locked in its mouth, the lion was finally shot dead. The client reappeared, and with his rifle blew the creature's jaws apart so that Kingsley-Heath's foot could be removed. "I was bleeding heavily ... shaking uncontrollably, felt cold,

France; he was later wounded by a landmine in Palestine.

After the war he returned to study History and Law at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Economics at London University. A hockey blue at Cambridge, he was subsequently capped for England and regularly played rugby for Blackheath. Kingsley-Heath was appointed a Colonial Service district officer in Tanganyika, and then, in 1949, to the East Africa High Commission in Kenya. In this capacity

he travelled extensively in Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Somaliland, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Sudan and Arabia, as both an administrator specialising in desert locust control, and as an honorary game warden. The most lethal animal that he encountered at this, or any time, was the hippopotamus; indeed a fellow district officer was lucky to survive being bitten in the buttocks after straying between a mother and her calf.

"He made a full recovery," noted Kingsley-Heath, "but I am told he walked like a sailor hereafter."

Throughout his hunting career Kingsley-Heath saw no contradiction between legal big-game hunting and conservation. "For much of the period, game animals were plentiful everywhere," he noted, adding that his conscience never bothered him. "My hunting was done in accordance with the laws of the land and permissions were based on facts that supported wildlife policies."

When, in 1978, it became clear that growing human populations were endangering game stocks, he stopped. "It was time to make a change, and I did so."



John Kingsley-Heath with a stock-killing lioness he shot in Ethiopia

and was likely to lose consciousness," he wrote later. "I knew that if I did so, I might die." Instead, after an agonising and protracted medical evacuation, followed by surgery and a bout of malaria, he eventually recovered.

Peter John Kingsley-Heath was born in Jerusalem on December 4 1926, the son of Col AJ Kingsley-Heath OBE, formerly Commissioner of Police and sometime Attorney General of Kenya.

After attending Monkton Combe School, Bath, he joined the Welsh Guards and was commissioned at 18. Towards the end of the Second World War, when he was a serving captain, he was injured by bullet in

Until then, however, Kingsley-Heath's life had seemed composed of a series of Boy's Own Paper adventures. In 1956, before Kenyan independence, he was befriended by Syd Downey, who invited him to join Ker & Downey Safaris, the luxury tour operators. Kingsley-Heath became a director, responsible for opening the company's offices in Tanganyika and for making a survey of wildlife potential in Bechuanaland (Botswana) and Mozambique.

As his reputation grew he was hired to accompany many famous people on safari, and to manage wildlife on the films *Hatari* (1962), starring John Wayne, and *Sammy Going South* (1963) with Edward G Robinson.

Kingsley-Heath's task on the latter was "to arrange for a charging, snarling leopard full into the camera at point-blank range and for all thereafter to be safe and happy, including the leopard." The cameramen, understandably, were "petrified", but after three "takes" (including one in which a wild leopard smashed the lens off the camera) the footage was secured.

In 1964 Kingsley-Heath joined another company, Safari South, in Bechuanaland, playing a major part in the development of tourism there. The work required him to make an annual overland migration with men and equipment south from Nairobi along 2,158 miles of dirt tracks to Francistown. The voyage included many tricky moments, including the ferrying of a 10-ton supply truck across the Zambezi on a rickety barge. The crossing was, Kingsley-Heath noted, "a time for prayer".

Over the next 14 years he survived perilous near-misses with every member of Africa's so-called "Big Five" – lion, leopard, elephant, buffalo and rhino. Perhaps his most bizarre adventure occurred in Kenya, near the Galana river between Nairobi and Mombasa. It was there, in 1967, that Kingsley-Heath and a client were tracking a bull-elephant "carrying good

ivory". Once the elephant had been killed, the client and a gun bearer leant back against the trophy only to feel it shift behind them. Wordlessly, they looked around to find a rhino nudging up against the body. With nowhere to run or hide, the two men were forced to take refuge on top of the dead elephant where, to their horror, they were repeatedly charged by the rhino, a protected species that they were unable to shoot. Finally, as the elephant rocked back and forth under this assault, the cli-

**... the two men
were forced to
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of the dead
bull-elephant ...**

ent "could stand it no longer" and shot the rhino, forcing Kingsley-Heath to make a embarrassed call to the chief game warden. "Strange things happen, stranger than fiction," came the reply, but with photographic evidence of the multiple gore wounds in the dead elephant, their tale was believed.

Kingsley-Heath, with his wife Sue, decided to leave Africa in 1978. Having run 2,000 acres on the slopes of Kilimanjaro when not hunting (growing wheat and driving beef cattle through hundreds of miles of bush), they decided to try farming in England. Here they played a major part in introducing Texel sheep from the island of that name in Holland into the British national flock.

With the support of the Prince of Wales, Kingsley-Heath also

developed a Cornish Lamb Consortium for Cornish farmers fighting against abattoir and supermarket price domination. I

In 1990 he was asked to return to Africa, where he was appointed chief park warden of the Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda; he later became assistant director of national parks, staying for six years. He continued to lead safaris into his 80s, accompanied by his wife and in later years by his son Nigel, but their quarry on these occasions were photographs not trophies.

Meanwhile, at home in Cornwall he planted his farm with thousands of trees to promote the natural wildlife around him.

In 1957 Kingsley-Heath won the Shaw and Hunter Trophy, awarded to the professional hunter who produces the finest trophy for a client. His book, *Hunting the Dangerous Game of Africa*, was published in 1998.

John Kingsley-Heath, who died on May 12, was the first to admit that he craved excitement from boyhood to the end of his life. "When my friends tell me that I have led a remarkable life," he reflected, "I have to admit having done my best to make it so."

His wife and three sons survive him.



Recuperating in 1961

Onthou? Remember?

deur

Marlou Saunders (de Wet)

Dit is die jare 1951/52 en onsloseer op Oldonjo Sambu (aan die voet van berg Meru) by Pa Gideon Joubert (wie bedlêend was) en Ma Steffie & Oom Willie de Beer. Soggens vroeg moes ons elkeen ons koei kos gee, melk en roskam. Dan het ons huistoe gegaan, gestort, ontbyt geniet en dan so ± 2myl geloop om saam met ons onderwyser, Mnr. Gert de Beer te ry tot by die skool. Party kinders het met donkies skooltoe gekom en speeltyd het ons beurte gehad om op die donkies te ry – groot pret!

Op die plaas was 'n Dieretuyn met baie hokke en menigte diere, wat gevang is en dan na oorseese dieretuine of wildparke gestuur is. Baie van die diere was heel mak, soos Soolie die hiëna en Dingo die zebra. Dingo het altyd die nuwe diere laat huis voel en het

saam in die hok gebly todat hulle aangepas het. Andersins het hy op die werf rondgeloop. Dit was vir ons baie lekker om die hokke skoon te maak en diere te versorg as ons van die skool af gekom het. Die drie olifante was my gunstelinge en ek het altyd 'n piesang of iets lekkers gehad om te gee. Op 'n dag is 'n kleintjie gebore en dit was iets om te aanskou. Al was hy net 'n paar dae oud, was hy baie sterk en kon die hanteerde hom skaars behartig.

One day the animals had to be taken by lorry to the ship to be sent to the overseas zoo's, but that night one of the zebras died and Dingo had to go! There were lots of tears as we all loved him so much, and we sure missed him.

1953 – a brand new year and a brand new school, 300 miles from home! (Ngare Nanyuki) Our parents left us at school the first day of the school term and fetched us at end of term. Our school was 2 miles north of the Equator and we travelled from early in the morning from Arusha (Tanganyika) and went through the border post at Namanga (Kenya). There were always herds



of animals on the Athi River Plains. Often we had to shoo them off, as they liked to lie in the road! We stopped off to have breakfast and then on to Nairobi. We always stopped at the café on the Escarpment to buy fresh pineapple juice and Hetzoggies. At the bottom of the Escarpment was a small church, built by the Italian Prisoners-of-War. We often had lunch there and then on again.

Our rugby teams travelled to Nairobi (150 miles away) to play against Prince of Wales & Duke of York schools.

through Niavasha, Gill-Gill, then on to Thomson's Falls where our new school and boarding school was. Van Riebeeck Skool. We had teachers that came from South Africa and most of them were real c-o-o-l (as toay's youngsters would say!) With no telephones to communicate with our parents, we had to write letters every Sunday afternoon.

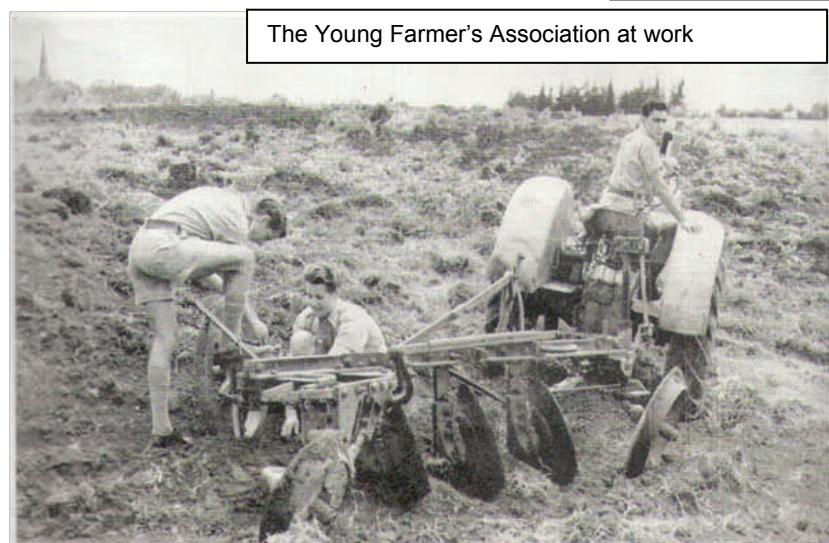
Die gronde was nog rou en sonder gras. Dus moes ons gras aanplant en elkeen het 'n boom geplant en ons moes dit gereeld natgooi met 'n emmer. Gou was die grasperke groen asook sportvelde en rugbyveld. Die bome het ook vining gegroei en kon ons onder hul skadu sit.

Wie kan nog onthou hoe lek-

ker Mev. Bets Ferreira die mars op die klavier gespeel het en ons in die saal moes instap vir Godsdienst en daarna na ons klasse gaan. Mnr. Jacques Loots (Genis van Ko-operasie Stories) was ons Engelse onnie en onder sy leiding het ons operettes opgevoer. Van hulle was Pirates of Penzance en Alibaba and the 40 Thieves. Almal in die skool moes deelneem – al het jy net die verhoog gevee of soos ‘nrots of klip deel van die dekor uitgemaak. Die kostuum was deur van die ouers wat nader gebly het en Mev. Wilma Loots gemaak. Ons het tot sover soos Eldoret en Nakuru getoer met die operette. Ons vervoer was ‘n oop vrugmotor met ‘n seil oor. Net voor die dorp het ons net effeens van die stof ontslae geraak met ‘n skotteltjie water. Dit was altyd groot pret en het ons heel hees en lyfseer by die skool teruqqekom.

Our rugby teams travelled to Nairobi (150 miles away) to play against Prince of Wales

The Young Farmer's Association at work



& Duke of York schools. The netball teams played against the Kenya High School. For a

small school, with only 120 children from Sub A to Matric we actually did very well against the larger schools. We also had a boxing team & did the boys like to get at each other!

Die landbouers het in die lande met die trekker gewerk en groente geplant. Daar was hoenderhokke wat moes skoon kom en eiers wat uitgehaal moes word.

Saterdagoggende het ons altyd vir tant Annie Prinsloo (ons koshuismoeder) gehelp

om die wasgoed in die waskamer te sorteer. Enige stukkende klere of kouse moes gelap en gestop word. Dié werkies het goed te pas gekom later in ons lewe. Omrent elke Saterdagoggend het ons

by Vanro's Bakkery, Kafee en Restaurant 'n draai gemaak om iets lekkers by die

enigste Afrikaanse winkel in Oos-Afrika te koop.

We were also allowed to climb down to the bottom of Thomson's Falls. How refreshing it was to feel the water splash in one's face.

Party Saterdagaande het ons Volkspele gehad en getiekie-draai tot die hane kraai (darem nie!). Debataande was baie lekker en kon jy jou sê sê. So een keer 'n maand het ons skyfies of 'n flik gekyk. Ons het 'n kragopwekker gehad wat 10nm (22h00) afgegaan het, maar as daar 'n flik gewys het, was dit 'n bietjie later.

Een aand het Hein von Landsberg by Mej Helene Visser (sekretaresse) kom vlerksleep. Van die kwaaijoggens het die wiele van sy voertuig afgeblaas! Toe hy middernag huiswaarts wou keer, was daar 'n groot problem en seker nie die beste van tale nie! Ek dink hy het maar die nag in sy kar deurbring. Weet nie of die skuldiges ooit aan die pen gery het nie. Hulle is toe later getroud.

Sondagoggend het ons in ons kerklere, so ander half myl Kerk toe gestap. Langs die pad was 'n ertjie land, waarvan die eerste twee rye nooit geoes was nie, want ons het lekker aan die vars, jong ertjies gesmul. Gesondheid uit die grond uit!

We had hot water drums,



Die Personeel: 1960

Agter: Mej M.J. van Deventer, Mnr J.T.O. Klynsmith, Mej J.J. de Waal, Mev E. Brink, Mev H.J. Joubert, Mnr D.J. Kotzè, Mej R. van Wyngaard

for bathing, that were stoked with wood every evening by the kitchen staff. Quite often we bought cooked samp and dried beans from them (a meal fit

Baie dae het die kolobosape vir ons gesit en kyk terwyl die onnies probeer klasgee het...

for a king!) – not because we were hungry, but just because it was so nice!

Lights out at 10pm and then quiet for a while, then it was time for midnight feast! In absolute silence – if that was possible as there were always someone who giggled! One evening we smuggled milk from the supper table and made instant pudding in a small

square dish, using a knife as a beater. Full of lumps, but most delicious!

Our pocket money for the entire term was 20 shillings (R2 in today's money) and believe it or not, it was sufficient to see us through! Things were cheaper then but we also did not buy everything our eyes saw!

Inter-house athletics were a highlight on the calendar as the Tommies & Koedoes challenged each other. There again everybody had to participate and the cheering was deafening! There were no grand stands, but a terrace down to the field, where any spectators could sit. Our teachers were very good at coaching the different sporting codes. (Mnr. Brink het altyd die latjie die praatwerk laat doen!) Most of our teachers lived on the school premises.

Ons klaskamers was langs 'n groot inheemse bos en baie dae het die kolobosape vir ons gesit en kyk terwyl die onnies probeer klasgee het – julle kan net dink wie die meeste aandag gekry het!

Mev. Ebbie Brink was verreweg die beste wiskunde & wetenskap onnie. Die wetenskap periodes was altyd baie opwindend, want Mev. Brink het baie snaakse eksperimente gedoen. Gelukkig was die laboratorium 'n hele ent weg van die ander klaskamers af!

Mnr. Dries Brink was ons rekenkunde onnie – bewaar jou as jy nie jou tafels geken het nie! Vanweë 'n rugbesering moes hy 'n gips harnas dra. Hy sou altyd op sy bors klop en sê: "Wie by my hart wil kom, moet eers klop!"

Mnr. Joe Ferreira was ons skoolhoof en ook boekhou-onderwyser. Mnr. R.B. de Vos het Afrikaans en Geskiedenis gegee. Sy vrou, Jeanette was laerskool onnie en het gehelp met netball afrigting, saam met Mej Mariet van Deventer. Mej de Waal het hokkie afgerig

On our way back from school, we could often see Mount Kilimanjaro covered in snow, from the Amboseli Park side, especially on a clear day. How we just took that for granted. I believe today there is very little snow on the mountain, as a result of global warming. Mount Meru is a strange mountain, as its face changes every few miles. Very rarely did it have a covering of snow, as it is a burnt-out volcano and not quite so high.

1954 met die oprigting van die Voortrekker Monument was daar sneeu op berg Meru. 'n Replika van daardie monument is in 2004 naby die Voortrekker Monument in Pretoria opgerig. Dit was 'n 100 jaar nadat die eerste trekkers vanaf Suid-Afrika na Duits-Oos Afrika en Brits-Oos Afrika daar aangekom het. Ons voorsate het dit ook maar nie so maklik gehad nie. Malaria het baie kinders en selfs grootmense langs die pad laat sterf. Hulle geloof en vertroue op ons Hemelse Vader het hulle deur die jare gedra en ons dank ons voorouers vir die waardes wat hulle by ons ingeskryf het.

Dit is met mooi herinneringe wat ek terugdink aan seker een van die mooiste lande in die wêreld.

Oos-Afrika groete.

Marlou Saunders (de Wet)

"HALLELUJAH"

Dori Boshoff

Jan Boshoff het 'n melkboedery gehad met Ayrshire koeie. Die Elgeyo mense het vir hom gewerk en die koeie gemelk.

Op 'n dag kom 'n paar werkers en vertel vir Oupa Kosie daar is nou groot probleme.

Shauri mingi! Daar is 'n tweeling seuntjies gebore en volgens die tradisie van die Elgeyo's, moet hul die een dood maak. Oupa Kosie het net niks daarvan gehou nie en vir hul gesê môre hou hulle 'baraza' (vergadering) met die familie en al die oudstes.

Na lang onderhandelings van praat-praat en nogmaals praat, kon hy hulle oorreed om die klein seuntjie nie dood te maak nie. Die arme seuntjie het toe maar so half wees groot



geword, want niemand het regtig vir hom omgegee nie. Hy het in die omgewing van die melkstal groot geword. Melktyd was hy maar daar rond, en het naderhand vir die kalwers afgeroomde melk in die emmertjies gegee.

Eendaag toe kom die Engelse sendeling, Mr Bryson, daar aan met 'n opwen-gramofoon, His Master's Voice, onder die arm. Jul weet die een waar die hondtie so voor die groot tuit sit en luister. Hy kry toe almal daar bymekaar en speel vir hul Engelse geestelike liedtjies op die 78-spoed plate. Hy het gereeld gekom en dan het al die kleingoed kom luister en seker ook saam gesing.

Op 'n goeie dag toe Jan by die melkstal kom, hier staan die klein mannetjie en sing uit volle bors 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' Net daar doop hy hom Hallelujah. Almal het hom so begin noem en hy het die naam gehou.

Toe hy so in sy tienderjare was het hy na die sendingstasie verdwyn. So 'n jaar of drie later kom hy weer op die plaas aan. Hy vertel toe dat hy nou 'n predikant is, maar het nie die regte klere nie. Oupa Kosie gee toe Alex se ou diaken manel vir hom en Hallelujah is met 'n gelukkige hart daar weg.

Later van tyd, toe ons al in SA was, hoor ons dat hy 'n volwaardige Anglikaanse predikant geword het. Wys jou net wat die regte Naam kan doen.

Barbara Emslie (Wahl) skryf:

Dagsê aan al die Oos-Afrikaanse Vriende. Dis so lekker om op die 1ste Saterdag van Oktober by die Voortrekker monument se kampterrein by-mekaar te kom en so ons lief en leed met mekaar te deel.

Baie van ons is al dekades in Suid-Afrika en kan vertel van die teen- en voorspoed wat ons hier beleef het. Só ook na die verlange na ons geboorteland..

Eldoret was ons besigheidsdorp. Skole en kerkewas daar gebou. Sportvelde ook. Die skole was die "Hill School" en die "Highlands School", wat eers bekend was as "The Central School".

Beide was laerskole, tot in 1959 toe die "Highlands School", die Hoëskool vir Meisies geword het. Miss Young was toe die Headmistress daar.

Soos ek die Prinsipale onthou was Mr. Hunter, toe Mrs. Brindley en toe Mr. Thompson, die hoofde daar. Mr. Hunter het 'n swart Franse poodle gehad met die naam, "Sooty". Nou Sooty en Mr. Hunter was nie altyd geliefd by ons kinders nie, want Sooty was bederf en ons kinders was altyd, volgens ons, kwaai aangespreek. O, en bewaar jou as jy gevang was Afrikaans praat! Direk kantoor toe, ensovoorts. Die Engels het krom en skeef uitgekom, maar ons het dit later baasgeraak.

Die drie Afrikaanse Kerke was so bekend onder ons skoolgaande kinders. Die Gereformeerde Kerk (Doppers), die Hervormde Kerk (Stoepsitters) en die Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk (Gatjieponders), en elke Sonda-

goggend was daar deur die drie kerke aan ons kinders Sondagskoollesse gegee. In daardie jare het ons Diplomas en seëls gekry vir getroue Sondagskool be-soek. So onthou ons vir oom Abie Mouton en tant Chrissie van Rensburg. Oom Abie het geopen en tant Chrissie het op die klavier gespeel en dan gesing.

Ons onderwysers: Tant



Annatjie Smit (Sub-A), met haar alfabet, 'A is for apple' tot by 'Z for Zebra'. Diep ingeprint. Mrs. Valpy met haar Bybelverhale en dan Mrs. Loader (Std. 5). En bewaar ons die dag as sy 'n sekere romp gedra het, dan het ons in ons pasoppens gebly. Dinge kon verkeerd loop en Mrs. Loader was met niks tevrede nie. Sy het ook goeie kenmerke gehad, sodat die hele skool kon hoor wat in haar klas aangaan. Wel, sy het ons deur Prelims gekry om die volgende jaar na verskillende hoëskole toe te gaan. Party is Prince of Wales toe, party is Duke of York toe en meeste meisies is Nairobi High School for Girls, toe.

Mrs. Stephenson was Ko-shuismoeder. Haar roetine was agt uur saans is ligte uit, dan, "Silence". Soos een

mond sing ons Dormitory, "Goodnight, sleep tight and don't let the fleas bite".

Mrs. Stephenson was ook die onderwyseres vir die std. 2's en sy was gesteld op Spelling Tests. Bewaar jou as jy een fout het. Jy kon verseker wees van die dubbele liniaal wat jou 'n streep oor jou hand sou waarborg en vir 'n uur lank brand. Sy het ook 'n hond gehad met die naam, "Ripper", en elke skooldag moes Wilhelmina Ripper vat "for a dipper", want Ripper het ook klas geloop of geslaap.

Soos ek die std. 5 klas van 1957 onthou, was Ben Kruger, Sannie McClean, Derrick

Sparrow, Marie Engelbrecht, Piet de Jager, Hendrina Steenkamp, Abel Erasmus, Maggie Morton, Jan Emslie, Edie Wahl, Dawie Wahl, Drusilla du Plooy, Marthinus van Rensburg (1), Sophie Potgieter, Marthinus van Rensburg (2), Hester Potgieter, Aubrey Fouché, Muriel Glover, Rys Venter, Mabel Croxford, Robert Croxford, Barbara Emslie, Jimmy Davies, Andries van Straaten en Louw Bothma. Ek vra om verskoning as ek iemand uitlaat. Van ons klasmaats is al oorlede.

Laat dit goed gaan met die vriende!

Groete en kwaheri.

Barbara Emslie (Wahl)

Childhood Memories in Kenya

Hester Groesbeek (néé De Bruin) writes:

You'll excuse me where facts are inaccurate, please!

I was a pupil at the Nakuru School from 1940-1947. I grew up on a farm in the White Highlands, Ol' Kalou, 28 miles from Nakuru, so obviously I was a boarder, as were most of the other pupils.

My father specialized in producing wheat and pyrethrum, although we also had cattle, sheep, pigs and chickens, mostly for subsistent purposes.

Our farm was situated 20 miles from Thomson's Falls and we had to cross the Equator on the way. It was a small town close to the waterfall. The shops belonged mostly to Indians. One Afrikaans family also had a large shop. The creamery was important; farmers sent milk and cream for resale as butter and processed cheese. The town had a station, a garage and filling station, as well as

a post office.

My two brothers, Hendrik and Boet, and my sister, Louisa, also attended the same school, as did all my cousins and friends from neighbouring farms.

Nakuru School is situated in the Great Rift Valley and is built on the slope of Menengai, an extinct volcano. The rocks from the volcano landed about 1½ miles from the mountain in one heap, forming the rocky hill called Hyrax. Close to Hyrax was a temporary building, used as the residential buildings for the senior boys of the school. The main school building was attractive, and the hall formed the centre and jutted out from the other structures. On the second floor above the hall were the Administrative offices. There were classrooms

on either side of the hall on the ground floor as well, and then sick rooms and nurses' and teachers' quarters, above which was a dormitory. On either side there were two long dormitories stretching out towards the back, with a dining room and kitchen on either side, between the dormitories. There were more temporary classrooms on the right, further down, as well as an art classroom and a science classroom.

In the grounds there was an adequate swimming pool and two terraces. During school breaks the terraces were used as playgrounds. There were also two tennis courts.

As the ground were uneven due to the slope of the mountain, the football fields and netball pitches, and a rounders pitch, athletic tracks, the long jump and high jump areas were close to the bandas (lapas) in the top area, directly below the slope of the moun-

KENIANIETE STORIES VOOR MY VENSTER VERBY

Dori Boshoff

Hier is 'n storie oor Kosie Boshoff en sy suster Rina van Wyk.

Op hulle plaas in Tanganyika het hulle pa, Alex Boshoff, naby die huis mielies geplant – lekker groenmielies vir huisgebruik.

Maar die wilde diere – gewoonlik bosvarke of vlakvarke – het ook van hierdie landjie geweet en dit ook gereeld besoek.

Op 'n aand toe besluit hierdie boerseuntjie van so 13 jaar, dis nou genoeg. Vanaand gaan hy hulle bietjie skrikmaak en ook sommer 'n bokkie skiet. Hy vertel vir sy sussie, Rina, en oorreed haar om vir hom met die lantern te kom lig. Sy was ook natuurlik te bly, want sy was ook altyd 'n bok vir sport!

Hy neem die groot haelgeweer en sy neem die lantern en daar loop die twee kindertjies die mielieland in. Hulle het geloop, maar vanaand is daar nie so baie oë nie. Skielik sien hulle in die flou lig van die lantern 'n oog. 'Ek sien 'n oog' fluister Kosie. 'Rina, lig op die lantern dat ek kan sien, man'.

Hy ook nie links nie en trek die skoot af. Die volgende oomblik toe brul daardie Tanganyika leeu darem vir jou. Die twee skrik hulle skoon uit hulle geloof uit. Kosie gooi die geweer dat hy daar trek en Rina doen dieselfde met die lantern en die twee lê rieme neer huis toe.

Hulle kombuisdeur was 'n bo-en-onder deur. Die onderdeur was toe. Daar was nie tyd vir deur oopmaak nie. Nee, hulle hardloop die deur uit die kosyn uit en beland met deur en al onder die kombuistafel.

Hulle het nie verder vertel of daar dalk 'n ongelukkie of twee – jul weet mos wat ek bedoel, was nie. Moet se, dit was seker 'n ondervinding vir twee sulke jong kinders.

tain. It was quite far from the school.

During the Second World War, Nakuru was required to blackout all lights, and there was a siren to warn the town when enemy planes were approaching. We, in the dormitories, had to grab dressing-gown, slippers, and a blanket and file up into the woods higher up on the mountain, where suitable trenches had been dug. We remained there until the planes had passed.

Our music teacher, Miss Goodwyn, lived in a house close to our dormitory, and she taught us Second World War songs during weekends, songs like: *Keep the Home Fires Burning; Wish Me Luck as You Wave Me Goodbye, Pack up Your Troubles, Kiss Me Good-night, Sergeant Major, Lilli Marlene, It's a Long Way to Tipperary, and We'll Meet Again.*

At other times we sang sing-along songs, e.g. *Clementine, Roll out the Barrel, She'll be Coming round the Mountain, My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*, etc. She was a great nature lover and on a Saturday, after letter writing period (we all had to write home to our parents to let them know how we were), she took us up the slope to go and see wildflowers – mostly African Violets of all colours.

Other teachers on duty would take us to the Hyrax Hill. All the teachers came from England or South Africa. On Sunday we put on our white dresses and Panama hats and filed down to the hall in a crocodile, to the Anglican



Hottie Greyling, my ma se broer,
in 'n pyrethrumland op ons plaas.

Church. We enjoyed singing from the chorus book – Wide, Wide as the Ocean; Joy, Joy, Joy, and many more.

A typical school day consisted of Physical Exercises and apparatus on the terrace, the a swim through the pool – the there was assembly in the hall and classes until one o' clock. Lunchtime followed, and an hour's rest, the each child had to check on the sports notices board where she had to report for her activity.

Bath time, supper, and homework followed, and then bed-time.

One of the teachers on duty extended bedtime by reading from a novel, e.g. *Jane Eyre*.

On Sunday evenings we had to go down to the hall for evening service. One principal we had, Mr Whiddett, decided to use the sermon time to read from another novel. *Helen Keller* is one I remember well. Nakuru Schol is beautifully situated. it is surrounded by mountains and the front view looks out onto lake Nakuru, shining pink in

the distance from the masses of flamingoes, but at times gave off the foulest odour, from the soda (we were told). Today the lake is a tourist attraction.

Note: Mr Brindley was also a teacher at Nakuru School for at least two years while I was there. Later he went to Hill School.

Boet de Bruyn, living in Sporings, can tell you who farmed at Ol' Kalou.

Nakuru School Song on p 29 >

The Nakuru School Song

In a circle of the mountains
 With a placid lake below,
 And a canopy of deepest blue above,
 High above the dusty high road
 Where the creaking wagons go,
 Stands the school we shall remember
 with our love

Wee shall not forget the games we played,
 The matches lost and won,
 Or the agonising waiting to go in.
 or the comradeship, the friendship
 and the laughter and the fun,
 And the stirrings deep and wonderful within.

There are schools across the water
 In the homeland far away,
 Gray with age and rich
 With glories of the past,
 Where our fathers learnt
 To play the game of life.
 We learn to play,
 Learn to play it fair,
 And stick it to the last.

And the homeland is regarding us
 To see if we can found
 her traditions here;
 She'll not have long to wait.
 'Tis our trust to represent her.
 And to plant in other ground
 All the virtues that have raised
 And made her great.

(Repeat the first verse.)



Novel about Kenya in the 1950s

A letter from Enid Dawson to Dennis Leete was forwarded to us by him about a novel of hers that is to be published in the UK.

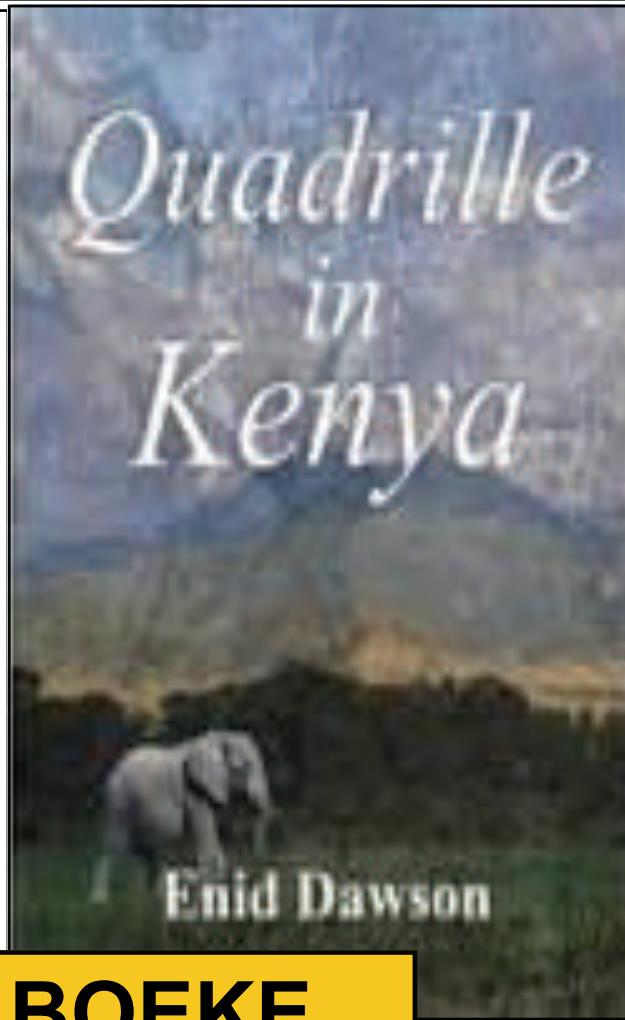
I have had a novel (about Kenya in the 1950s) accepted for publication in the UK. The Marketing Manager of the publisher wants help in spreading news of this book to Kenya Europeans and ex Kenya people.

The book is called 'Quadrille in Kenya' and it is set in a mythical, remote ranching valley. It explores the relationships between four ranching families. It contains loves, hates, tragedies, game problems, some humour etc etc - the whole lot!

Many of the incidents are true Kenya events that any old timer here will recognise!

The publisher is Pearl Press – www.pearlpress.co.uk I'd never heard of them but a publishing consultant in UK liked my book and sent it direct to them – lucky for me as I do not need an agent. It is only a small paperback but has a nice cover. It is not expensive in UK, but, with shipping it will be a lot more, I imagine. In UK it is about £10 or just over with postage.

Enid Dawson



BOOKS / BOEKЕ

Magriet Doorewaard skryf:

Ek het so pas 'n boekie gepubliseer wat gebaseer is op 'n dagboek wat my oupa Kok saamgestel het na aanleiding van sy wedervaringe in Brits-Oos Afrika in die jaar 1911. Indien u belangstel om my te kontak sal ek dit hoog op prys stel. My kontakbesonderhede: Magriet Doorewaard, Tel (h) 012-345 3384 / Sel 083 5644 293 of indien gemakliker vir u kan u 'n e-pos stuur na cecdoo@gmail.com

Oor hierdie boekie skryf **Danie Steyn**, ons voorsitter: Magriet se oupa Kok is Kenia toe met die Cloete trek. Hy praat van Schalk Steyn, Manie Steyn, al die Cloetes en ander. Oupa Kok het sy herinneringe geskryf en was op 'n tyd kwaad vir "Bana Maie" wat 'n boek geskryf het, "Voortrekkerslewe in Donker Afrika" en hom omgekrap het. Daarom wou hyself toe 'n boek skryf en het 'n manuskrip nagelaat. Die boekie kos R140. As julle belangstel sal ek gaan kry en aan stuur of julle kan by Magriet Doorewaard kry want sy kom na die byeenkoms op 1 Oktober 2011.

The Afrikaners in Kenya 1903-1969. Author: Groen, Gerrit D | 1974 | PhD | Michigan State University, USA

This book seems to be available on:
http://openlibrary.org/works/OL10346891W/The_Afrikaners_in_Kenya_1903-1969

I think it needs you to sign up for the website, though. Editor.

A SUGGESTED LIST FOR SAFARI

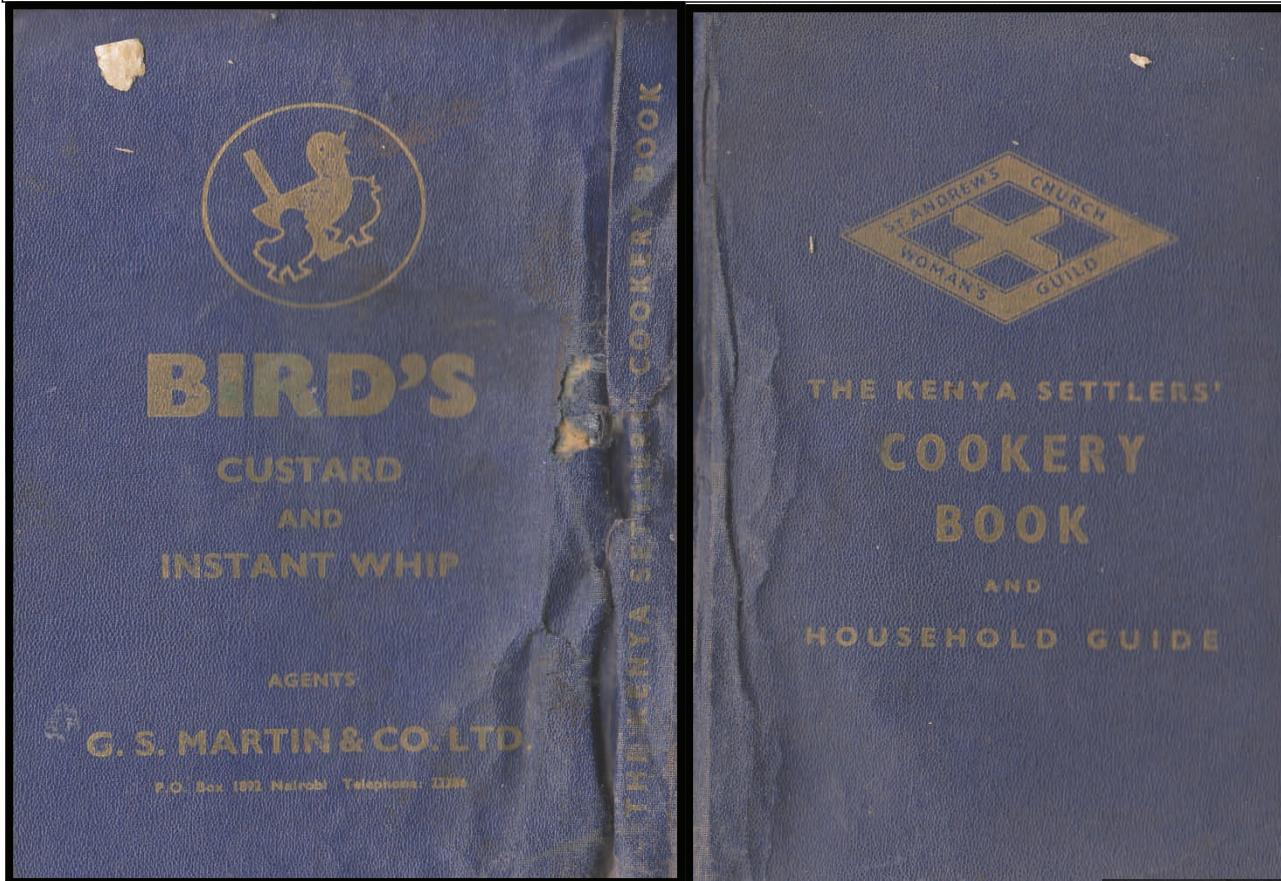
- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 1. a boiled ham | 29. paraffin |
| 2. bowls | 30. pepper and mustard |
| 3. bread | 31. petrol and oil |
| 3a. butter | 32. rice, cornflour, sago, etc. |
| 4. baking powder | 33. spoons and forks |
| 5. beef extract | 34. shoe polish |
| 6. cups and saucers | 35. shoe brushes |
| 7. cutlery | 36. soap |
| 8. candles | 37. saucepans |
| 9. camp bath | 38. salt |
| 10. camp beds and bedding | 39. sugar |
| 11. Chargals (for water) | 40. side of bacon |
| 12. Curry powder | 41. sanitary paper |
| 13. cake | 42. teapot |
| 14. cheese | 43. towels |
| 15. Dietz lanterns | 44. tea, coffee and cocoa |
| 16. debbies (petrol tins) | 45. tinned milk (sweetened and unsweetened), |
| 17. dish towels and dusting rags | 46. tins of biscuits (plain and sweet) |
| 18. dried fruit | 47. tinned meat |
| 19. eggs | 48. tinned fish |
| 20. flour | 49. tinned fruit and vegetables |
| 21. fresh fruit | 50. thermos flask |
| 22. 1 housewife (containing pins, needles, cotton, etc.) | 51. tin-opener and corkscrew |
| 23. kettle | 52. vinegar and salad oil |
| 24. lard or dripping | 53. vegetables |
| 25. matches | 54. water (drinking) |
| 26. mosquito nets | 55. yeast |
| 27. methylated spirit-stove with solid fuel or primus stove | |
| 28. plates | |

A small medicine chest to contain:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. permanganate | 7. scissors |
| 2. malarial preventative | 8. Euflavine or iodine |
| 3. aspirin | 9. Elastoplast |
| 4. salts | 10. diarrhoea mixture or tablets |
| 5. cotton wool | 11. brandy |
| 6. old linen for bandages | |

A CAMP RANGE.—Carry a piece of sheet iron, 3 ft. by 2 ft., in which holes have been cut for saucepans as in an ordinary range. Build three side walls with stones to height desired (about 1 ft.) and place iron on top. Build fire underneath.

*From: The Kenya Settlers' COOKERY BOOK AND HOUSEHOLD GUIDE,
published by St Andrew's Church Woman's Guild , 1958*



RECIPES FOR HOME-MADE SOAP

(Contributed)

To Make Soap

5 lb. fat	$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. caustic soda
4 oz. resin	2 tablespoons ammonia
1 packet Lux	12 bottles cold water

Bring all to boil and continue for 4 or 5 hours. Pour into flat tin and cut into bars when cold.

Mealie Meal Soap

5 lb. sifted mealie meal	7 lb. pork fat
1 lb. caustic soda	$1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts water

Mix soda and water in the evening and cover to keep it warm. Next morning melt the fat and stir in mealie meal in a large tin or debe. Add soda and water and stir until it thickens like honey. Pour out into shallow boxes lined with a damp cloth. Cover with a cloth or bag and cut into bars when dry.

Cold Water Soap

16 lb. fat or lard	3 lb. caustic soda
3 bottles cold water	

Mix soda and water and melt fat. When the fat is hot pour into a clean debe. Add soda water very, very slowly. Stir for 3 hours—or longer. If it hardens too soon, place the debe containing the soap in another vessel of hot water to keep it soft. When set, put aside and keep it warm for 9 hours and allow to harden. Soap always shrinks in the drying. In a few days, turn the soap out of the debe and cut into bars to harden.