

NUUSBRIEF VAN DIE OOS-AFRIKA VRIENDEKOMITEE

HABARI 2019

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF EAST AFRICA

October 15, 1908.

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE

589

BRANDS ALLOTTED AND REGISTERED.

It is hereby notified for general information that the following Brands have been duly allotted and registered under the Branding of Stock Ordinance. (Ordinance No. 12/1907) during the quarter ending September 30th 1908.

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119	J. Leveson-Gower	Post Office Naivasha	Naivasha	HIG
121	N. J. M. Barry	Baringo	Baringo	V6B
122	Administration	Nairobi	Kiambu	DOE
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124	A. D. Rump			VAR

Nairobi,
October 10th 1908.

N. MacGREGOR
Registrar of Brands

CONTENTS / INHOUD

- 2 COMMITTEE AND INFO
- 3 TANT SOPHIE STEYN VERTEL
- 16 IN MEMORIAM
- 16 EXCERPTS FROM ALTA NAUDÉ'S TRAVELOGUE
- 24 OOS-AFRIKA BREDIE
- 25 FOTO'S 2018 SAAMTREK / PHOTOS 2018 GATHERING

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Kenya Get-together

Saturday 5 October 2019

at the recreation area

of the Voortrekker Monument

See you there!

Kenia Saamtrek

Saterdag 5 Oktober 2019

Voortrekkermonument se ontspanningsterrein /

Ons sien mekaar daar!

Please send us your e-mail address! As you know, postage has become unaffordable and the postal service unreliable. Most people have emails or, if not, have families who have e-mails. If you prefer the Habari in hard copy, it is easy enough to download the file from an email to print it.

Donations are always welcome and helpful. U kan in die volgende rekening deponeer: Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee / Friends of East Africa Committee Acc no/Rek no 080602405 Absa Hercules. Die takkode vir alle Absa takke is dieselfde 632 005 is the code for all Absa branches.

**EDITOR'S LETTER /
REDAKTEURSBRIEF**

Baie dankie aan almal wat artikels en foto's gestuur het. Stuur gerus nog meer, ons plaas graag soveel as wat ons kan.

Ons kom weer by die Voortrekkermonument byeen. Toegang R50 per persoon. Eerste afdraai regs ná die hek, verby die Monument links, net daarna is die saal op linkerhand te sien.

Thanks to everyone who sent articles and photographs. Please keep sending. We gladly use all everything we get. Entrance fee R50 per person.

We meet again at the Voortrekker Monument. After the gate, turn right, past the Monument on the left, and you'll find the open hall just after that, also on the left.



KOMITEELEDE / COMMITTEE MEMBERS

SAAMTREK 2018. FOTO: KRIGE VAN HEERDEN



Tant Sophie Steyn vertel

English introduction by Dan Steyn

Tant Sophie Steyn (née Erasmus) was born in Standerton, Transvaal on the 27th of April 1897 and lived in Kenya from 1916 till 1945, when the family moved back to South Africa. She wrote down these memories by hand between 13 March 1974 and 7 June 1975 and posted them to my cousin Danie, who was responsible for collating the contributions to Habari. Danie typed them over and sent me the text.

I have tried to keep the text as close as possible to how it was originally written as I did not want to tamper with the style of the Afrikaans she used. However, I moved large chunks of the text around to present it in chronological order, and adjusted sentences which made no sense at all. I also added a few explanations in italics for the benefit of those who have little or no background knowledge of the life on the Plateau.

I knew Tant Sophie well. My father was related to her second husband, Piet Steyn. Unfortunately, by the time I got interested in the family history (something that seems to come late in life for most of us) there was nobody left who could tell me how they were related. There are other reasons for me to remember her: She played a key role in the events that led me to spend my final two years of high school in Witbank – at the time she was a matron at

the Technical High School in Middelburg (Transvaal), and a few years later her daughter, Jannie, made my wife's wedding dress.

Erasmus was quite a common name in the Uashin Gishu, but I have no idea how all the Erasmuses were related to each other, or who married whom. As in some of the other families (e.g. the Enslins) there was also more than one Abel Erasmus – thus they were given nicknames. To make it even more interesting, in later years an Erasmus married the daughter of a Steyn.

The one Erasmus mentioned below whom I remember well was Oom Frikkie Erasmus. His farm was about a mile down the road from ours. I think he must have left Kenya in the very early 1950s when the farm was bought by Oom Johannes Steenkamp, brother of the well-known Oom Naas Steenkamp – one of the tallest men on the Plateau. The farmhouse was across the road from Plateau railway station.

The Steyns, of which there were at least three totally unrelated clans, were also well-known in the Uasin Gishu. Some of them were quite ambitious and seem to have relished in "firsts", thus: J B Steyn was one of the first farmers in the Trans-Nzoia (and the first with large planted trees on his farm); Oom Elbert Steyn was the first farmer on the Uasin Gishu to use super phosphate; and Ebbie Steyn was the first white male to have been born in Trans-Nzoia. In addition to this there was also a Nellie (Cornelia) Steyn who married Donald Garvie and gave birth to a

baby in 1905 in Kapsabet (in Nandi) – probably the first settler child to have been born in Western Kenya.

Oom Piet Steyn, Tant Sophie's husband, wasn't related to any of the above. As far as I can remember (from being an only child and having to listen to endless discussions about the family) Oom Piet was a member of a Steyn family who must have moved to the Uasin Gishu in the very early years of the 20th century. Other members of this family were Tant Manie who married Oom Jan le Roux, our neighbours, and Oom "Hanslam" Steyn (father of Hermaans Steyn). There was also another sister (or cousin) who was married to Oom Jan Murphy. I suspect there were some more brothers (or cousins), but here the memory trail grows too faint to follow.

I collected the photo material below from a variety of sources – where possible the date the photo was taken is provided after the caption.

Dan Steyn 2019/07/03

Die trek na Brits-Oos Afrika
Dit was 1916, die Boere het nog swaar geleef na die Boere-oorlog en my vader het gedink dat daar in BOA (Brits Oos Afrika) goeie kanse is om weer op die been te kom. Ons het in Mei 1916 na Oos-Afrika gegaan. Die gesin het bestaan uit my vader, Carl Erasmus, my grootmoeder Sophie Jacomina Erasmus, my broers Abel en Carl Erasmus, my suster Elizabeth Erasmus en ek, die skrywer hiervan, Sophie Jacomina Erasmus.

Ons is per boot van Delagoabaai af en was negentien dae op see. Dit was toe nog oorlog en baie gevaarlik. Duitse duikbote was volop. In die aande moes ons met 'n donker boot reis, daarom is al die ligte donker gemaak sodat die vyand ons nie sou gewaar nie. Daar was 'n groot Duitse oorlogskip, die Konigsberg, waarvoor ons gevrees het, maar ons het dit gelukkig nooit gewaar nie. Een nag het ons 'n kwaai storm gehad en die volgendeoggend was daar baie seesiek mense. Ek het gelukkig niks oorgekom nie en toe ek vroeg bo-op die dek kom, gee die hoofkelner my 'n heerlike ryp appel en sê ek is eerste op dek want die meeste mense isiek.

Die volgende dag was ons in Mombasa. My oom Frikkie Erasmus wat toe al van 1908 op die Plateau geboer het, sou ons op Londiani Stasie ontmoet. Toe ons op Nairobi kom was die treinspoor weggespoel tussen Nairobi en Nakuru en ons moes 'n week op Nairobi wag voor die spoor weer gangbaar was. Uiteindelik is ons weer oppad Londiani toe, en die tweede dag, 3-uur die ooggend, kom ons op Londiani aan. My pa het sy broer se ossewa se staanplek opgespoor en uitgeroep "Frikkie slaap jy nog?" Oom Frikkie het groot geskrik toe hy my pa se stem hoor, deur die slaap opgespring, uit die tentwaal-

en my pa om die nek beetgekry. Die vreugde was groot van die twee broers om na soveel jare weer te ontmoet. My ouma was ook vol vreugde om oom Frikkie weer te sien, maar ook hartseer, want sy het my oupa in die Unie aan die dood agetergelaat. Hulle het vroeër al in BOA gewoon, maar vir my oupa se siekte na die Unie toe teruggekeer.

Toe die groetery en opgewondenheid verby was en ons 'n lekker koppie Kenia-koffie en beskuit genuttig het, het Oom Frikkie die osse laat inspan, maar dié het gesukkel want die pad was nat en vol modder.

Daar was twee waens, die een vir ons en die ander vir transport wat vir Eldoret bedoel is. Elke boer wat Londiani toe gekom het, het 'n vrag transport gebring en weer een teruggeneem, want transport het goed betaal.

Ons het stadig gevorder want van die modder het die osse gou moeg geword. Agt myl uit Londiani uit moes ons uitspan om die osse 'n blaaskans te gee. Na ons weer koffie gedrink en geëet het, is ons weer oppad, maar teen 'n slakkepas. Die modder het al dikker geword en die diere het ingesak. My ouma was heeltyd bang dat die wa sou omval. Dit het agt dae geneem om die vier-en-sestig myl te ry. Toe ons deur die digte bosse is, het ons by die

Verbrandebos uitgekom, 'n hele groot sederbos wat afgebrand was, mens sien net swart stompe. Jare later, toe die boere daar ingetrek het, het die bos 'n vrugbare streek geword waar koring en mielies geplant is.



Die bos tussen Londiani en Eldoret (circa 1909)

Einde te laaste het ons op my oom se plaas uitgekom en dit was weer 'n blydskap. Ouma se kinders was almal daar om ons welkom te heet.

Vestiging

Ons eerste vestiging was in die Trans-Nzoia, daar het my vader 'n klein plasie gekoop en ons gou 'n hartbeeshuis van pale en latte en klei gebou het. Omdat my moeder toe al oorlede was, moes ek vir vader en die jongere kinders sorg. Dit was maar 'n eensame lewe. Omdat die mense ver van mekaar ge-

woon het, het ons selde ander mense gesien, behalwe my oom en tante Abel Erasmus, wat naby op 'n kofifieplaas gewoon het. Ons naaste pos was veertig myl ver en ons posbode het een keer per maand te voet pos gaan haal. Dit het hom dae geneem voor hy teruggekom het want leeus en luiperds was volop.

Ons het nie ander vleis as wildsvleis gehad nie, want daar ons moes nog skape en beeste aanskaf. Groente was ook volop want die reënval was goed en dit was boswêreld naby aan die voet van die berg Elgon. Soms in die reëntyd was die top van die berg wit van die kapok.

Die naaste skooltjie was dertig myl van ons af. Mej Keese was die onderwyseres en ons het vir Abel, Carl en Bettie daar in die skool gesit.

Die huis – gebou van hout en klei met 'n grasdak – was ook klaar. Soos gewoonlik was die kombuis los van die woonhuis, so tien of twaalf treë suid van die huis. Die rede was dat die wind geweldig sterk van die ooste af gewaai het en as die kombuis aan die brand sou raak, sou dit vlamme nie so maklik na die woonhuis versprei nie. Dit is wonderlik dat in daardie jare daar min huise afgebrand het. Die plaaslike bevolking was ook baie bang vir brandstigting want hulle het geglo dat hulle strooise sou afbrand as hulle ander mense se huise aan die brand sou steek. Daarby was ons soms weke van die plaas af en dan het die ou werker alles mooi opgepas. Daardie jare het dit moeilik geaan met die tale. Ons kon net Afrikaans praat en die plaaslike bevolking net Swahili. Met 'n gesukkel het ek 'n paar Swahili woorde geleer en kon ek 'n bietjie regkom sonder dat my tannie

Annie Erasmus moes kom help. Een oggend stuur ek die kombuiswerker om 'n mes te gaan haal: 'Lette mimi messe.' ('Lette mimi' is 'bring vir my' in Swahili). Toe ek weer sien, sukkel hy hom dood om die eettafel uit die huis te kry. ('Mesa' beteken tafel in Swahili.) Eens moes hy vleis gaan uit die kas gaan haal. Ek sê vir hom: 'Lette mimi mite,' maar toe bring hy 'stuk vuurmaakhout, want 'mti' is hout in Swahili en vleis is 'njama'. So het die Afrikaners gesukkel tot dat hulle vlot Swahili kon praat. Die plaaslike mense het maar stadig geleer om Afrikaans of Engels te praat en daarom was Swahili naderhand 'n taal wat ook in die skole geleer moes word. Of mens Swahili gepraat het of Engels was om't ewe, maar Afrikaans het hulle nie erken nie en die kinders moes hulle taal by die huis leer. Wonderlik hoe goed die Keniakinders Afrikaans kon praat en hoe min van hulle verengels het.

In 1917 was ons al 'n jaar op die plaas in ons hartbeeshuisie, en toe begin dit vir die valreë dwarsdeur die jaar, sonder ophou.

My pa moes mielielande skoonmaak. Digte bos moes eers wortel en tak uitgehaal word. Daarna het die ploeëry begin. Die grond is geil, die mielies groei pragtig en ons sal seker die eerste oes kan maak – net te veel reën. Tog gaan dit nie te sleg nie. Al kos wat die werksvolk kry, is twee

Met 'n ossewa oor die Nzoia Rivier (circa 1911)



pond posho (mieliemeel) per dag. Hulle sorg self vir melk. Ons betaal hulle twee rupees per maand, omtrent vier sjellings, want alles was destyds baie goedkoop.

Om grond in die hande te kry, was ook maklik. As 'n man 'n paar span osse, 'n ploeg en 'n eg het, kon hy vir 'n Engelse boer paar honderd akker gaan braak dan gee die boer hom 'n stuk grond. So het baie boere op die been gekom en was vooruitsigte baie goed.

Aan die einde van 1917 was ons plan om die Dingaansfees te gaan bywoon op Broederstroom (ook bekend as die Plateau) waar heelparty Afrikanerboere woon. Dit is omtrent sewentig myl van ons huis af. Die Boere trek nog gedurig in Oos-Afrika in en op Broederstroom is nou al 'n skooltjie wat ook vir kerkgeleenthede dien.

Op die oomblik is daar nie 'n predikant nie, net 'n sendeling, eerwaarde Lourens. Oom Bokkie von Maltitz, 'n onderwyser, moet alles reghou. Hy is ouderling van die NG Kerk, koster by begrafnisse en predikant as dit nie anders kan nie. Elke Sondag is hy by die skooltjie om diens te hou. Ons dominee Loubser, wat die NG gemeente in Oos-Afrika gestig het, is vir 'n jaar terug SA toe en sal probeer om vir ons 'n predikant te stuur as een gewillig is om te kom.

Ons is per ossewa saam met oom Abel en tant Annie fees toe. Ek het uitgesien om weer tussen jongmense te kom. Die tog na Broederstroom die sou drie dae duur. Daardie jare was wild volop. Ons het troppe hartbeeste, sebras en kameelperde op ons pad gesien. Daar was leeuus wat die osse laat skrik het. Dan moes ons net klou, want die osse sou met wa en al die veld in hardloop en dan moes die drywer drywer paai om hulle weer in die pad te kry. Tog was die reis voospoeidig en na drie dae was ons by ons bestemming. Ons het dit baie geniet, daar tussen ons eie mense.

Die fees was volmaak toe 'n paar onderwysers opdaag – Menere Steyn en Van Jaarsveld – asook Dominee de Wet. Ons het hulle baie nodig gehad, so hulle was welkom.

Na 1917 het al meer Afrkaanse boere ingetrek. Orals sien 'n

mens kaal kolle in die bosse waar hulle bou en lande ploeg. Mielies groei wonderlik en 'n mens kan jou oë nie glo as jy sien hoe hoog 'n mielieplant groei nie, tot sestien voet hoog en met groot koppe. Die grond is geil en daar word sonder kunsmis geplant en gesaai, en al wat hinder is die troppe wild wat skade doen aan die gezaides. Ons wen egter genoeg vir gebruik en ook vir kos vir die plaas se werkmense.

'n Staaltjie wat ek moet vertel is van 'n leeu en 'n tier en wat byna 'n groot ongeluk kon gewees het. Die aand vantevore was daar 'n leeu wat aangehou brul het naby ons huis en die beeskraal. Die volgendeoggend vroeg besluit my pa en my broer Abel, wat 15 jaar oud was, om die leeu wat te gaan soek en dood te skiet. So is hulle daar weg met gewere en honde. Hulle het



Vroeë inwoners van die Uasin Gishu plato (datum onbekend). Omdat daar destyds feitlik geen bome op die plato was nie, is baie van die eerste huisies van klip gebou.

die leeu se spoor gevolg todat hulle by 'n spruitjie kom. Die spruitjie was dig begroei met bosse, en so maak my pa die voorstel dat Abel met geweer en hond links om die bos gaan en hyself reg om, en die een wat die leeu raakloop, moet skiet. So gesê so gedaan. Abel kom toe by 'n gat water en kyk rond of hy die leeu gewaar. Hy hoor 'n geritsel in die boom langs hom en toe hy opkyk, sien hy 'n tier wat reg maak om te spring. Hy skiet die tier net toe hy spring met die gevolg dat die tier bo-op hom spring. Die tier slaan sy skerp naels agter Abel se blad in en byt hom aan die linkerarm en saam val hulle in die water. Gelukkig het die tier 'n doodskoot gekry, maar toe my pa daar opdaag is Abel en die tier nog in die water. My pa sleep hulle toe uit, die tier is dood maar Abel is lelik gewond en bloei baie. Al raad wat my pa onthou, is om hare van die tier uit te pluk en in Abel se wond in te druk. Hulle het uitgeput by die huis opgedaag, waar Ouma vir Abel goed versorg het met boere rate uit die medisyne trommel. In agt dae se tyd was Abel weer uit die bed uit maar hy en pa het nooit weer leeus gaan soek nie.

Heelparty van ons mense in Oos-Afrika is oorlede aan malaria. Ons slaap maar onder muskietnette en dit help baie. Meestal in die nag, as die ligte uit is, val die

muskiete aan. Kinapille maak jou doof as jy te veel daarvan drink maar dit help darem vir malaria. Swartwaterkoors is volop en dokters is skaars – ons naaste dokter is veertig myl ver en hy kom nie uit plaas toe nie. Jy moet maar die ossewa inspan, jou pasiënt oplaai en die pad aanpak dokter toe. Dan gee die dokter hom 'n inspuiting en kinapille en sê hy moet maak dat hy by die huis kom en agt dae in die bed bly. Eendag het alles vir my as jongmeisie verander. Dit was toe 'n jongman te perd daar opdaag. Hy was van Eldoret in die Uasin Gishu en was besig om 'n stuk land vir 'n Engelse boer om te ploeg. Hy het hom daar in die bosse begin verbeel, en toe dink hy: "Wag, laat ek gaan ry en miskien kom ek by ander Afrikaanse boere uit." My pa maak die deur oop toe hy die klop hoor en daar staan 'n vreemde man. Hy stel hom voor as Smit en toe een pa hom en sê: "Is jy nie Jan Smit nie?" Hy sê toe: "Ja, en is oom nie Carl Erasmus nie?" Hulle was 18 jaar terug saam in die konsentrasiekamp in die hospitaal en het langs mekaar gelê. My pa stel my toe voor as sy dogter en daar onthou Jan ook nog dat my pa twee dogtertjies gehad het in die kamp op Standerton in die Transvaal. Maar die beste van die storie kom nog. Daar ken Jan my nou by die naam en toe vertel hy sy storie. Hy sê in die kamp was hy 14 jaar oud en ons tente het langs mekaar gestaan. Sy werk was om vir sy

ma kole met 'n kruiwa te gaan haal om vuur te maak. As hy vir sy ma klaar kole gaan haal het, bring hy vir my ma ook 'n vrag en dan bedank sy hom en sê hy is 'n flukse seun en wat kos dit? Nee, Tannie dit kos niks, maar gee net eendag vir my een van jou mooi dogters as vrou as hulle groot is. Goed Jan, sê my ma, jy kan maar een kry. Alles was grappies en die jare het verby gegaan. Oom Izak en tant Nettie Smit het ook in 1908 BOA toe getrek in en nabij Eldoret gaan woon. Ek en Jan was gou goeie vriende en hy het gereeld met die perd daar opgedaag. So was die lewe vir my heel anders, nou dat ek 'n vriend het en voor ons weet waar ons is, is ons verloof en maak ons plan om vroeg in 1918 te trou. En so is ons toe op die 15de Januarie 1918 getroud.

1918 - 1920 Huwelik

Na my troue verhuis ek toe na 'n plaas nabij Eldoret op die Uasin Gishu en my pa, ouma en die drie kinders het nou maar alleen agtergebly. Plase was baie goedkoop daardie jare en die goevernement wou net £60 hê en jaarliks 'n klein bedraggie as huurgeld. As jy die plaas verkoop, betaal die volgende eienaar maar verder. Ons kry 'n groot plaas van 3750 akker en besluit dat ons daar nog ryk boere gaan word. Die plaas het geil grond en niks sou hinder dat ons 'n sukses maak nie, dus is ons 'n

baie gelukkige paartjie by mekaar. Maar ses maande na ons huwelik is Jan oorlede, wat 'n groot verlies vir my as jong bruidjie was. Ons dogtertjie is 4 maande later gebore, 'n ware ligstraal vir my as bedroefde moeder. Tog heel die tyd alle wonde en die kêrels begin lastig raak. Op 'n dag daag Piet Steyn van Broederstroom op waar ek by my skoonouers inwoon. Ook nie lank nie of hy vra my om verloof te raak en met die toestemming van my ouers is ek toe twee jaar na Jan se dood weer getroud. Piet was 'n liewe en hardwerkende man en ons het toe weer op die plaas gaan bly en met die boerdery begin. Toe het alles weer goed gegaan.

Ons brei ons saailande uit, maar die wild verniel die gesaaides. Die goewerment gee

toe toestemming dat die zebras geskiet kan word en van die vleis biltong gemaak kan word om aan die spoorwegwerkers te verkoop. Hulle was besig om 'n spoorweg van omtrent 200 myl van Nakuru na Eldoret te bou. Ook nie lank nie of die boere verklaar oorlog op die zebras en roei hulle omtrent. Die ander grootwild het na rustiger orde gevlug waar die boer nog nie met sy ploeg en spanne osse was nie. (Daardie jare was daar nog nie trekkers en stropers nie.)

Siektes

Die griep van 1918 tot 1920 het heelparty van ons Afrikaanse mense afgemaai. Malaria het ook maar elke jaar sy slagoffers eis. Net kinapille word voorgeskryf, die dokters is skaars en hospitale nog iets van die toekoms. Op Eldoret is net 'n klein hospitaaltjie vir die plaaslike bevolking waar die blankes

die nodige inspuitings en inenting teen pokke kan ontvang. Verder, as iemand op die plaas siek word, bly die pasient tuis in die bed en die huismense verpleeg hom na die beste van hulle vermoë. Die naaste bure kom ook help. Die Boeretannies moet die medisynetrommel te voorskyn haal, die dokters boek en boererate probeer tot die pasiënt weer op die been is. Ons het darem al 'n dokter op Eldoret en ook 'n baie knap Indiese dokter wat verstaan om malaria en swartwaterkoors te behandel. Sy naam was dr Chand en dit het hom min geskeel of riviere vol was of die paaie onrybaar, as jy hom met 'n kar gaan haal, was hy gewillig om te kom. Dit was dus 'n groot uitkoms dat ons twee dokters in die dorpie het. Daar is ook beplan om 'n blanke hospitaal te bou, wat nog 'n uitkoms sou wees.

Gemeentes

Wat die kerksake betref, het dit nog nie so goed gegaan nie. Daar was drie gemeentes, die NG Kerk, die Hervormde Kerk, en die Gereformeerde Kerk.

In die NG Kerk is ds H C de Wet tydelik aangestel tot Ds Loubser weer sou terug kom uit die Suide. Dit is maar 'n uitgestrekte gemeente want dit bevat Kenia, Tanganyika en die Belgiese Kongo. Oral woon groepies Afrikaanse Boere. Op 'n kaart gemeet, is dit duisende myle wat die

Tant Sophie, Barendina, Schalk Steyn (Dan Steyn se pa), Jannie en oom Piet Steyn (circa 1930)





Ds Loubser op sy donkie, Velbroek, êrens in Tanganyika (datum onbekend)

predikant moes aflê om al die mense op te soek, en dit met 'n donkiekar of 'n oskar. Soms moes die predikant te voet gaan, of met safari op 'n drastoel vervoer word.

Op Eldoret het ons nog net 'n kerkgebou van bamboes gehad, op oom Koos Prinsloo se plaas. Van heinde en verre het die lidmate gekom, meeste met ossewaens, om drie keer per jaar Nagmaal te vier. Verder het ons maar Sondae by die huis geluister as Pa uit die Bybel lees en 'n gebed doen. Op Broederstroom was 'n plaasskooltjie waar ook gereeld Sondae diens gehou is. Oom Bokkie van Maltitz was gereeld daar as die dominee nie te vind nie of weg was op huisbesoek.

Eldoret se gemeente het onder die naam 'Vergenoeg' 'gegaan. Ds Loubser het die gemeente so gedoop en

gesê: "Kyk julle is nou ver genoeg noorde toe, julle kan nie meer verder nie".

Die drie susterkerke het hartlik saamgewerk. As die NG predikant weg is op huisbesoek, is die Gereformeerde predikant of die Hervormde predikant gewillig om 'n nagmaal vir ons te kom waarneem. Dieselfde geld vir die NG predikant wat die ander gaan help, dit was 'n baie mooi gebaar.

Mev Freda van Heerden was ons orreliste vir baie jare en het ook die kerkkoor en konserte afgerig. Die Keniagemeente is haar baie verskuldig. Wat die sending betref, het ons kerk nog nie 'n sendingstasie gehad nie en sending onder die inheemse bevolking is deur Amerikaanse sendelinge waargeneem. Die NG Kerk het 'n sendingstasie op Broederstroom beplan, maar fondse was skaars en ons kinders moes ook voor gesorg word.

Die skool op Broederstroom

Ds Loubser het uit die Suide

teruggekeer en drie meesters het hom vergesel: Mnre Steyn, Wensel en Wolmarans. Nou is daar lewe op Broederstroom. Die skool is vergroot, 'n koshuis is gebou en huisouers is gesoek. Ook nie lank nie of die skool en koshuis was vol en nou kon die kinders leer. Ds Loubser het boeke en alles wat nodig is saamgebring en ouers was gretig om te help. Ds het ook gesorg dat daar 'n konsistorie gebou word: Dit kry die naam 'Ebenaeser'. Daar was kinders met talent en wat graag wou leer, dus was dit 'n groot uitkoms vir die kinders asook vir die ouers om 'n skool te hê na soveel jare van sukkels. Die kinders wat die skool van die plase af kon bereik, het met oskarre gekom.

Sondae was die skool 'n kerk waar baie van ons grootmense wat toe babas gehad het hulle kon laat doop. Die volgende skool is gebou op oom Piet Jordaan se plaas in die Sergioitdistrik. Mej Freda

Gemeentelede voor die 'bamboeskerk' (circa 1910)



Leerlinge op pad na die Broederstroom skooltjie (circa 1910 -1915)



Keese, later Mev Freda van Heerden, was daar onderwyseres en het baie deeglike werk verrig. Sy het knap leerlinge opgelei in sang en musiek. Ons sal Auntie Freda altyd onthou as 'n ywerige en godsdienstige werkster.

Skool op Patattadraai

Die skool op Pattatadraai was maar 'n klein skooltjie wat deur Mnr Ben Mouton gestig is. Stadigaan het hulle ook meer geword en later het mnr Frikkie Olivier die skool oorgeneem toe Oom Ben sieklik en bedlêend geword het. Toe dié skool doodgeloop het, het die kinders by Eldoret se skool aangesluit. Eldoret se skool het goed uitgebrei maar die kinders het net in Engels onderrig gekry. Daar was ook 'n koshuis vir die kinders wat van ver af gekom het. Die skole was almal baie welkom in 'n land wat aan die ontwikkel is. Die ouers moes losiesgeld betaal, maar daar was nie geld in die bank nie,

en ook nie veel van 'n inkomste uit die boerderye nie. Die boerdery was nog primitief en alles het sukkelsukkel gegaan.

Transport

Al genade daardie tyd was die transport van Eldoret na Londiani, vier-en-sestig myl daarvandaan. 'n Boer moes 'n wa en span osse aanskaf en met ou Juma Hadjie vriende maak, dan laai hy die wa op Eldoret met wat hy het om weg te stuur Londiani toe waar die naaste spoorwegstasie was. As die weer droog is, neem dit ses dae Londiani toe, dan laai jy weer 'n vrag daar en kom terug na Eldoret. Transport het goed betaal en jy kon dan jou kind se losies en benodighede weer 'n slag vereffen. Maar die meeste van die tyd het dit gereën en dan moes jy maar deur modder en water sukkels. Ons nuwe spoorweg van Nakuru na Eldoret het vlot gevorder en ons hoop toe dat dit nie meer te lank sal wees voor ons 'n spoorweg sou hê nie. Die boere moes wikkels met hulle landerye want die transport sou dan op 'n

einde kom.

1921

1921, en Eldoret begin uitbrei en na 'n dorp te lyk met 'n paar winkels, poskantoor en, magistraatskantoor, Standard Bank, Ou mnr Eddie se bar en hotel, mnr Shaw die prokureur se kantoor, en nog 'n paar besigheidsplekke in die hoofstraat. In die hoofstraat mag nie Indiërs of swart besighede opgerig word nie, dis net vir blankes. Woonhuise het ook begin verrys en mrs Dreyer het 'n nursing home geopen wat baie welkom was. Dit was nie net 'n kraaminrigting nie maar siek mense met allerdele kwale en gebreke het ook na haar toe gekom. Sy was 'n bekwame vrou sonder veel opleiding en het niemand weggestuur wat by haar kom aanklop het nie. Dr Chand was die dokter wat maar dag en nag op diens moes wees, en intussen het dr Forbes ook opgedaag om te help omdat malaria en swartwaterkoers aan die orde van die dag was. Mrs Dreyer en die dokters het

hulle hande vol gehad en ons is hulle baie dank verskuldig vir wat hulle alles vir Eldoret asook vir die plaasboere gedoen het. Ek sal nooit die mixture wat dr Chand voorgeskryf het vergeet nie. McGeorge was die apteker, en as hy die mixture aangemaak het ('n asynbottel vol was genoeg vir drie weke) dan weet ons dis nou galbitter medisyne – een eetlepel vol in 'n halwe glas water drie keer per dag het jou goed doof gemaak. Solank jy dit drink, het jy sommer ook blind en dronk in die kop gevword en al genade was om te gaan lê. Maar dit maak nie saak nie, net solank die medisyne die muskietkieme doodmaak ,anders is jy naderhand met kiem en al dood. So het ons maar aangesukkel tot daar naderhand 'n hospital vir blankes was en genoeg dokters. Ons het 'n paar Suid -Afrikaanse dokters bygekry wat baie goeie werk gedoen het: Dr Le Roux wat daar oorlede is en Dr Swanepoel en Dr Fouche wat in Eldoret arriveer het toe daar huis 'n epidemie van die gevreesde swartwaterkoors was. Hulle was knap en het die meeste van die siekes deurgehaal. Ons kerk is op 16 Desember 1921 op Eldoret ingewy, dit was 'n groot dag vol vreugde. Die hele NG Gemeente het eers die oggend van die 14de by die ou bamboes kerkie gaan afskeid neem en daarvandaan is ons met os-

sewaens sewe myl verder na Eldoret. Alles het goed verloop en op die 16de is die kerk ingewy. Daar was 'n paar predikante teenwoordig: Ds Loubser, ds De Wet, ds van Zyl en eerwaarde Wentzel.

So kon ons 'n nuwe jaar begin met ons nuwe kerkgebou. Ons is die Heer baie verskuldig daar hy ons gehelp het tot hiertoe. Die kerkbanke, die preekstoel sowel as die tafel en stoele is alles gemaak deur oom Piet Jordaan en sy helpers. Die kerk is ingewy sonder skuld en daarvoor is ons ds Loubser baie dankbaar vir sy goeie organisasiewerk en die insameling van geld in verskeie gemeentes in die Suide.

1922

Die ou Plateau is nou vol boere uit ooste en weste en almal is vol moed om te begin boer. Maar al die skape wat hulle saamgebring het, is in troppe dood want die wêreld is nog te wild en ook die gras groei baie welig. Die vee is ook nie bestand daarteen dat

dit so baie reën en nat bly nie. Al die mooi perde is dood aan 'n vreemde siekte en die ooskuskoors het tussen die beeste uitgebreek sodat duisende afgemaai is. Daar is nog nie raad vir al die siektes nie en die boere moet maar geld verdien met transport. Op die ou einde vind hulle uit dat bosluise die siektes veroorsaak. Hulle begin die vee dip en die siektes neem af en dit begin beter gaan. Die spoorweg is nog in aanbou van Nakuru, 100 myl van Eldoret af. As dit klaar is, sal dit 'n uitkoms wees want goed kan skaars raak in die winkels omdat alles met os-sewaens aangery moes word. Een jammerte is dat as die spoor klaar is en die transport op 'n end kom, dan is die saamry van vrouens en kinders met die ossewa ook op 'n end. Dit was die gewoonte dat as vrou en kinders nie by die huis wil agterbly nie, ry hulle saam as die man op transport gaan. Dis dan 'n lekker vakansie en vir so agt tot tien dae ry hulle

Inwyding van die NG Kerkgebou in Desember 1921.



deur bosse en oor berge om op Londiani inkopies te gaan doen. Dan kom hulle terug met rolle khakimateriaal vir die mans se hemde en broeke. Dis al soort materiaal wat volop is, en daaruit word nie net al die mans klere gemaak nie maar ook rompe vir die vroue en rokke vir die skooldogters. Dis 'n sterk materiaal wat lank hou tot weer Londiani toe kan gaan.

Een staaltjie moet ek vertel van wat in die bosse gebeur het. My man het 'n paar los osse gehad wat hy gekoop het op Londiani. Die osse moes toe so al met die trek aangeja word deur 'n werker, en eendag was dit al laat die aand en donker toe Piet merk dat een van die osse afgedwaal het. Hy stuur toe twee werkers om die os te gaan aankeer. Toe hulle egter by die os kom, skraap hy hulle. Hulle vlug toe wa se kant toe maar die os hou aan met storm – selfs by die wa verby. Die werkers vlug sommer onder die wa in sodat die osse wat voor die wa gespan is ook skrik en die loop die veld in neem. Hulle ruk byna die wa om maar kom gelukkig tot stilstand. Eintlik was die bosse was vol buffels en dit was toe glad nie nie 'n os wat die werkers probeer aanjaag nie. Gelukkig dat ek nie by was nie want ek is maar bra bang vir daardie kwaai goed wat hulle buffels noem.

1923 tot 1930

Nou begin dit met die boerdery beter gaan. Die landerye brei uit, daar is 'n koöperasie gestig en dit is nie meer so moeilik om jou produkte van die hand te sit nie want omtrent al die boere is lede van die koöperasie, die KFA (Kenya Farmers Association), soos ons hom noem. Met

tyd kan mens baie dinge daar by die KFA kry, suiker, koffiepitte, lampolie en baie ander dinge. Dit is waarlik 'n uitkoms. Die grootste werk is om jou koring en mielies daar te lewer. Pryse is goed en die boere kom mooi op die been. Die spoorlyn deur Uganda toe is klaar en die paaie begin verbeter want die distrikstraad

Broederstroom leerlinge wat in Augustus 1923 piekniek hou op die walle van die stroom naby die skool. Van links na regs is Mev Rousseau, die onderwyseres, Maria Davies, Lena Mouton, Francis Steyn (Hermaans se suster) and Hettie (van onbekend).



Alhoewel hierdie foto in die laat 1940s geneem is toe die meeste boere al trekkers gebruik het, was die prentjie van spanne osse in die landerye sekerlik nie veel verskillend van wat mens in vroeëre jare gesien het nie.

sorg vir genoeg mense wat op die paaie werk. Dis aardig om die spanne osse voor die ploeë te sien, soms 'n paar spanne tegelyk in 'n land. Dit begin baie goed gaan, die koring skiet wonderlik goed en daar is nuwe hoop onder die saaiboere.

Ons het goed aangegaan op die plaas. Dit het nie 'n naam gehad nie, net 'n nommer, Farm 195, nes Eldoret, ons dorp wat eers net '64' genoem is omdat 64 myl van Londiani af was.

Op 12 Augustus 1929 is ons dogter Berandina gebore en ons is baie in ons skik want nou is ons huisgesin sommer groter. Jannie, die oudste, is al 11 jaar oud en is op Broederstroom in die skool. Ons het maar gewag om te sien wat van ons kinders gaan word, hier op die uitkoek van die beskawing.

1930

Dit is nou die jaar 1930 en baie het al gebeur tot hiertoe. My vader is oorlede te Kampala hospitaal, en is begrawe waar Idi Amin later die septer sou swaai. My ouma, wat so baie vir ons beteken het, is ook op die ouderdom van 77 jaar oorlede.

1930 is 'n jaar van sprinkane, droogte en depressie. Die boere leef maar swaar omdat daar nie prys vir hulle produkte is nie en trek noustrop om aan die lewe te bly. Die depressie het hou aan tot 1932 toe. In



**Schalk Steyn op die Kakamega goudvelde
(circa 1930 – 35)**

daardie jaar word goud ontdek, wat 'n groot uitkoms bring. Baie boere kry op die Kakamegamyne werk. Die salarisso is nie te sleg nie, en daar kom dus meer geld in die land in.

Die sprinkane word uitgeroei en die reëns begin weer normaal val. Die saaiboere brei hulle landerye mooi uit. Dit was nie vreemd om tot twaalf of veertien spanne osse voor die ploeë te sien nie. Trekkers is nog uit die kwessie en die boere wedywer eintlik teen mekaar gewedywer oor wie die meeste spanne osse in die veld kan sit en die meeste akkers kan ploeg en saai. Dis 'n plesier om alles te aanskou wat die boere kan uitrig. Die oeste is oor die algemeen goed, en daar is 'n groot vooruitgang te bespeur.

Met die tyd het trekkers en stropers ook die land ingekom. Op plase is daar een of twee trekkers wat die boer uitsluitlik gebruik om die lande te bewerk, die ou wêreld ondergaan waarlik 'n gedaanteverwisseling.

Farm 195 PO Eldoret was ons

vaste adres en hier het Piet en ek maar ook so stadig aangegaan met die boerdery, dit was 'n groot plaas met geil aarde. Die koring en mielies het pragtig gegroeи, die oeste was goed, en sodra sy 21 word sal die plaas die eindom word van Jannie, ons dogter uit my eerste huwelik.

1935 tot 1936

Omdat sy gesondheid so sleg was, het Ds Loubser afgetree en teruggetrek suide toe. Toe het daar ander predikante gekom om ons te bedien. Ds Brits was predikant op Thomsonsvalle en het oorgekom Eldoret toe om vir ons nagmaal te bedien, te doop en lidmate voor te stel.

In Oktober 1935 het Ds Dednam gekom as predikant vir Eldoret en by die geleentheid het Jannie lidmaat geword. Ds Dednam is ook in die huwelik bevestig met mej Gerty Stols van Lydenburg, Transvaal. Intussen is ds Loubser oorlede te Belville in die Kaap, 'n groot verlies vir die OA mense.



Ds Dednam



Inhuldiging van die Fees Saal op 16 Desember 1938, selfs die Royal Air Force het bygedra met 'n saluut verbyvlug.

Jannie word nou 'n groot dogter en die kêrels begin pla. Ons sal maar sien hoe lank ons haar in die huis sal hou. Barendina is ook al groot, sy is al ses jaar oud. Jammer dat 'n mens se kinders ook maar eendag weggaan.

1936

Die 29ste September is Jannie getroud met Hennie Kaltwasser, 'n boer van Robertson Kaap. Hy en ds Dednam was saam op skool te Robertson en amper ewe oud. Ds Dednam was 'n ywerige persoon, veelsydig en lief vir die plaas, daarom kon hy Jannie baie help om trekkers, stroopers en ploëe te herstel wat uit orde geraak het. Sy oorpak was gewoonlik agter in die motor se kattebak en as hy op huisbesoek kom, was hy gou uit die manelpak uit en in sy oorpak in om 'n trekker of stroper te herstel – so sal ons dominee altyd onthou.

Die Feessaal

Die Feessaal is gebou deur al

drie susterkerke. Die samewerking was goed en dit het nie lank geneem nie of die mooi saal was klaar vir inwyding op 16 Des 1938. Dit was 'n groot dag vir die Afrikaaners van BOA, alles het goed verloop en ons was baie in ons skik met ons saal wat handig sou inkom met basaars, konserte ens.

Vakansies

In die Nandiberge het ons 'n sodafontein ontdek. Dit was een van die Plateau se aantreklikhede, dus so na die oes of na planttyd span ons hele familie en baie vriende die ossewaens in en daar trek ons sodawater toe. Die pad was naderhand oop en ons het net geweet waar om te ry om veilig deur te kom. Daar het soms tot dertig waens gestaan en dit was nou waarlik 'n heerlike vakansie. Die jong mense het dit geniet om berg te klim en te swem in die sodawater. Die pannekoek wat ons met die sodawater aangemaak

het, was net te lekker. Die sodawater was lekker en gesond, veral as 'n mens suurlemoen en suiker byvoeg dan kook dit sommer oor in die glas. Dit was ook lekker en gesond om daar te gaan uitrus na 'n jaar van harde werk. Gewoonlik het die dominee en sy gesin ook saamgegaan en saans het bosse en berge weergalm soos ons sing. Onluste was daar ook nooit tussen ons en die Nandis nie.

1939 en 1940 Moiben

My man begin nou baie agteruitgaan wat sy gesondheid betref. Hy is 'n suikersiekte-lyer en daarvoor is daar nog geen raad nie. Hy is egter 'n moedige mens en hou maar aan met boer. Ons verhuis na 'n ander plaas en Jannie neem Farm 195 oor. Vir ons mooi stukkie aarde in die Cheranganiberge is ons baie lief – dit het pragtige plantegroeи, wildsbokke,

kameelperde en veel ander soorte diere. Nie lank nie en daar is kaal kolle waar die bome gestomp is en die grond geploeg en gesaai word. Koring groei pragtig daar en nie baie jare nie of ons is weer reg met die boerdery. Net jammer Piet is so siek. Barendina is al 10 jaar oud en op Eldoret in die skool en ons plan is om haar na 'n skool in die suide te stuur sodra sy klaar is met laerskool.

Die oorlog wat in 1939 uitgebreek het, het veroorsaak dat mense onseker geraak het. Niemand het geweet wat sal gebeur nie, want ons voel in gevaar met Abessinië hier aan ons grens en tien-duisende van die plaaslike bevolking rondom ons. Die Here alleen kan uitkoms gee. Vrywilligers word gevra om aan te sluit en baie jong mense is net te bly om ons land te gaan beskerm. Dit sal 'n groot stryd afgee en ons meen dit kan maklik jare intussen gaan die boere aan met saai. Koringpryse is goed want alles is nodig om die troepemagte op van voedsel te voorsien. Ons staan nou op die drumpel van 1940, die oorlog woed voort en niemand weet wanneer dit gaan eindig nie. So ver is die verliese onder die Suid-Afrikaase magte nog klein. Kenia begin nou na 'n nuwe wêreld lyk want in die laaste jare het die kaal plase in

lushowe verander. Die saaierye het uitgebrei van kaal vlaktes na golwende koring lande, die osploeë het verdwyn, trekkers en groot ploeë het die wêreld ingeneem, en dit plant en saai vir die vale. Elke boer probeer soveel akkers saai as wat hy kan. Die plase word omgeploeg van hoek tot kant want dis 'n groot onderneming om die leërmagte van kos te voorsien. Daar was geen onluste tussen ons en die plaaslike stamme nie en ons het gedurende die oorlog veilig in Kenia gewoon. Op baie plase het die vrou alleen die plaas behartig so lank haar man op krygsdiens was, net die vrou en haar kinders en die plaaswerkers wat soms tot honderd stuks getel het. Alles het goed gegaan. Wonderlik die Here ons beskerm het – dit kon soveel anders kon gewees het. Orals op die ou Plateau, soos ons die hooglande genoem het, begin nou pragtige woonhuise verryss. Die ou grasdakke verdwyn en daar is nie meer hartbeeshuise te sien nie. Van ver af sien jy net blink dakke en pragtige blomtuine, soms twee tot drie akkers groot. Dit gaan goed met die beesboerderye en orals op die plase sien 'n mens Frieskoeie en ander beeste. Vandat hulle begin dip het is al die moeilikheid met die ooskuskoers verby en selfs die perde begin mooi aangaan. Hier en daar spog 'n boer al met skape en bokke. Hoenders is 'n groot sukses want eiers word uitgevoer na ander lande en ons sit

met niks opgeskeep nie. Naby Nairobi is 'n vleis inmaaf-fabriek sowel as 'n fabriek waar hulle groente uitdroog. Vrugteboorde word aangeplant en alle soorte tropiese vrugte groei goed orals in Kenia. Perskes, appels, pere en druwe doen goed hier naby Eldoret.

Daar is van ons mense wat ryk geword het van al die goud wat hulle uitgrawe in verskilende plekke in die Masaai Reservaat, en in Tanganyika is die ontdekking van goud vir meer as een 'n groot uitkoms na die depressie jare. Die wat nog nie 'n plaas kon bekostig nie, kon geld maak om 'n plaas te koop.

Ek word 'n paar kleinseuns ryker soos Jannie se huisgesin uitbrei. Die plaas waar hulle woon, lê aan 'n groot papirusmoeras. Jammer dat die malariamuskiet so lief is vir moerasse, daarom moet die kleinkinders sommer nog baie jonk dokter toe vir 'n sput teen malaria. Dis 'n mooi plaas en die grond is geil, maar die dokters meen as dinge nie verbeter met die kinders nie sal hulle weggaan na 'n beter klimaat – weg uit Oos Afrika uit. My man, Piet Steyn, gaan ook baie agteruit van die suikersiekte en in 1942 sterf hy skielik. 1942 skielik oorlede. Hy word op Broederstroom begrawe waar baie van ons ander familielede ook begrawe lê. Die verlies is vir ons groot maar ons glo die



Ek (Dan Steyn) het hierdie foto in 1962 op Middelburg, Transvaal, geneem. Van links na regs is Okkie v/d Merwe en sy vrou Barendina, tant Sophie, Hennie Kaltwasser en Jannie. Die kinders name ken ek ongelukkig nie.

Heer sal weer krag gee.

1943

Dit lyk of ons nie meer lank in Kenia sal bly woon nie. Die kinders praat sterk om te verkoop en Suide toe te trek, ons sal maar sien hoe ons gelei word. Ek verhuur my plaas en woon nou weer by die kinders in.

1944 - 1945

Ons is hard besig om klaar te maak om Suide toe te gaan om te kuier en te sien hoe die lewe daar gaan.

Hier in die Suide gekom, was vir ons 'n groot voorreg, dit is nou presies 30 jaar dat ek laas in my vaderland was en waarlik hier vlieg ons nou oor Pretoria en ek herken die plek nog wanneer ek afkyk. Ons gaan land op Palmietfontein, 'n klein lughawe by Germiston, en reis verder per trein na die Paarl in die Kaap

waar Barendina op skool is. Intussen het die Kaltwasser-kinders met 'n ander vliegtuig gekom en ons ontmoet mekaar weer op Robertson in die Kaap. Na ses maande is ons weer terug in Kenia en maak ons planne om te verkoop. Die Suide geval ons goed en ek het al naby Middelburg in die Transvaal 'n plaas gekoop waar ons sal gaan boer.

Die Keniaplasie se prys is maar laag maar ons kry darem alles van die hand gesit. Vriende en familie word gegroet en op 4 Maart 1945 verlaat ons Kenia. Ons kom op 23 Maart in Pretoria met ons motor en sleepwa aan. Die reis was voorspoedig en was ons vol hoop en vertrou dat ons verblyf hier in die vreemde land ook voorspoedig sal wees.



IN MEMORIAM

- **Mariet (Magrietha) Coetzter.** Julie 2017. (Dogter van oom Johan v As)
- **Louisa Heckel.** Mei 2018. (Dogter van tant Johanna Erasmus en suster van Betty Foote)
- **Mnr J J van Rensburg.** Pretoria-Tuine.
- **Robert Balfour-Laing.** 2019-03-18.(Harlequins EA Tuskers 1962,1966. Natal 1956.
- **George Barbour.** 2018-10-03.(Kitale, Kituru RFC)

Excerpts from Alta Naudé's travelogue

Alta Naudé writes:

My paternal grandfather, Johannes Frederik Eksteen, was born in the Bredasdorp district in the Western Cape and eventually found his way to a farm in Eldoret, Kenya.

In 2018, Alta and Bill Naudé went on an extensive overland trip to East Africa and back. They started at Cape Aghulas, then travelled via Namibia, Zambia, Malawi, Tanzania, Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda, Zambia (again) and Botswana. We here publish excerpts from the Tanzania and Kenya diaries.

Sunday 20 May, camping at Kisolanza Farm, near Iringa, Tanzania

So here we are in Tanzania, most certainly closer to the Equator than we are to Capri-

corn. Kisolanza Farm is described as a “large family-owned working farm” and “the atmosphere and climate fall midway between the English countryside and African bush.” We have just met the owner whose family was originally from Syria, several generations ago, and this family was very close to President Julius Nyerere and for this reason were permitted to continue farming on a large scale. She said that SA freedom fighters were trained on the farm and she was a guest of honour at Madiba’s funeral! And here we were having a perfectly normal conversation, no hang-ups about SA and its ast.

We left Ngala camp at Dwanga, Malawi on Tuesday morning and after stocking up at the large Shoprite in Mzuzu, spent the night at Hakuna Matata in a small town called Chitinda, not too far from the border. Northern Malawi is beautiful and the lake particularly so as there it is bound by high mountains and forests. Hakuna Matata is owned by one Willie, a South African whose wife left him because she could not stand the isolation but he seems content enough. There we met a middle aged Canadian couple who had been travelling for months, starting in Jordan and then down Africa, and this all on public transport! Africa has many intrepid nomads, many

grey like ourselves.

We finally bade farewell to Lake Malawi and drove north to the border post at Songwe. This is a surprisingly beautiful part of the country, full of flood plains and rice paddies. The border crossing was tedious for two reasons, one being that in spite of being well-prepared we managed to get fleeced by the Malawian money changers. I was feeling particularly angry until Bill, cool and calm as always, pointed out that when translated

When translated back to Rands, the loss did not add up to very much at all. They took the small change.

back to Rands, the loss did not add up to very much at all. We only fell into their trap after managing to exchange most of our Malawian kwacha for Tanzanian shillings at the Bureau de Change. So they took the small change ... The second bit of frustration was caused by the more than an hour’s time it took the Tanzanian immigration agent to enter the Carnet details into his electronic base, in between chatting to colleagues and taking long phone calls, and we then had to go to a nearby bank to pay the road tax, quoted in US\$ but payable in shillings. The exchange rate is about 720 shillings to the dollar so one draws bucket loads of notes at the ATM’s!

The drive out of the border town was lovely. Immediately on entry it is evident that Tanzania seems more affluent than Malawi, larger well built homes but particularly noteworthy is that they all have gardens, mostly fruit and vegetables and some flower gardens. The building style is brick and tin, ie corrugated iron roof rather than thatch. Also a proliferation of motor bikes as opposed to bicycles in Malawi. The high hills and mountains are covered in indigenous forest, pine and blue gum plantations as well as extensive banana farms and tea estates.

As it was getting late and campsites are few and far between we decided to stay at the first place we found, Bongo campsite in a largish town on the road to Mbeya. This turned out to be a community camp, very basic ablution facilities, no hot water but run by friendly students whose studies are funded by the campsite. Several curious and friendly neighbours came to meet us and chat but the communication happened via the students. Tanzania’s official language is Swahili and there are many people who cannot speak English. The camp is situated on a hillside and is accessed by using a very bad narrow road, really only suitable for one vehicle at a time. This is where we ventured down the next morning after a surprisingly good night’s

sleep. As luck would have it we encountered a very beat up old vehicle coming the other way at a particularly perilous part. Bill made the Landy climb the bank, I prayed, and as we managed to squeeze by the other driver opened his window and with a big grateful smile uttered, "Goddy bless you". He did. Another heart stopping moment for me was when we decided to draw money at an ATM in this town. I managed well with my Visa card and decided to try the Mastercard as well. The machine refused the transaction and retained my card. Fortunately this was during bank opening hours. In true Tanzanian style I was told to take a seat and they would take their time. Understandably I had to produce my passport and this was paged through slowly, with blank stares matching the pages as my passport is new and only has one stamped page at this stage. Having very gratefully retrieved the card, we then decided to get a local sim card and data in this same town in order to avoid going into Mbeya, a small city with all the attendant problems of traffic, pot holes etc. At the Vodacom I learnt that a detailed registration is required, copies of passport, passport cover and a passport photo. This they do using their cell phones and this information is then transmitted to a head office centre somewhere. Three attempts later, due to a painfully slow network, I decided to do without and we sallied forth.

At the T junction where we had to turn to travel northeast towards Dar es Salaam, we discovered that we were on the outskirts of Mbeya, and decided to try our luck with an Airtel shop. The GPS lead us to one, the wrong way up a one-way street, nobody batted an eyelid, the goods were obtained again after a long process of registration and I thought we were okay. Now I

The GPS led us the wrong way up a one-way street, nobody batted an eyelid.

learn that the Vodacom coverage is by far the most superior one; Murphy has been looking over my shoulder all week.

Having had a rather trying time we decided to overnight in Mbeya and this at Utengule Coffee Farm and campsite. We spent two nights there, enjoying the local beer, Serengeti, the locally grown coffee, doing laundry and getting our sense of humour back. We met up with people from Windhoek and two couples (one Brit and one Aussie) whom Bill was familiar with as they post on the 4x4 internet forum he frequents. We were given valuable advice and tips on the way forward from yet more intrepid grey nomads.

Yesterday we left the south of Tanzania and started driving north east towards Dar es Salaam on the Tanzam highway. If you can picture the George

airport road in a state of disrepair, this would be this highway which carries a huge volume of commercial traffic from the Zambian border. It is also in parts undergoing extensive much needed repair by Chinese contractors which means detours on bad roads alongside. However we were all in the same boat and the best moment was to see a tuk-tuk overtake a large truck going uphill.

It was lovely to eventually arrive at this campsite, meet the owner, be informed that they also operate a Landrover workshop and have a couple from Oudtshoorn as our neighbours. More and more we are reminded that the world is largely populated by Good People and it is indeed a small world.

**Sunday 27 May,
Arusha, Tanzania**

We have had quite an adventure-filled week and are now camping at Masai campsite in the tourist capital of Tanzania, Arusha and not very far from the Kenya border. Yesterday we drove through Moshi at the foothills of Kilimanjaro but the mountain was being characteristically coy and we caught mere glimpses of its snow covered cap.

On Monday we stopped in Iringa to acquire the Landrover parts required to re-

place the damaged shock absorber. We had initially planned to go to Landrover in Dar es Salaam but had received too many dire warnings about the terrible traffic in that city. So the proper made in the UK parts were purchased from a little spaza type shop in Iringa and fitted by Toyota. Africa is really a continent where the Afrikaans saying, "n Boer maak 'n plan" is appropriate. We then drove to a town called Mikumi, right next to Mikumi National Park. Nicky the owner of the farm where we had camped told us not to bother to enter the park and pay the prohibitive park entry fees as plenty of game was to be seen from the national road going through the park. The drive to Mikumi took us down the most spectacular gorge, a drop of about 800 feet and into Baobab Valley. Tanzania is a country of such beauty. A campsite called Tanswiss in Mikumi had been recommended and it was one of the best. We also spoiled ourselves with dinner at the lodge, being a traditional Tanzanian dish of beef in coconut sauce with bananas. Now I know why we have seen so many bunches of green bananas at the roadside markets, they are used as a starch in meals and for me tasted like mashed potatoes. On Tuesday morning we duly drove through the park, saw some game and continued north east towards Bagamoyo north of Dar es Salaam. We had decided to do this because of the difficulties of driving in the city. Bill will

be the first one to say that Landrovers are great for bad roads but not gridlock traffic. Bagamoyo is the closest mainland port to Zanzibar and it was from here that the slave traffic was shipped to the slave market on the island. It was also the place from where Da-

It was from here that the slave traffic was shipped.

vid Livingstone's body was shipped to finally be buried in England. The port city certainly has picturesque buildings which point to this history. On arriving at our campsite in the grounds of the Traveller's Lodge hotel we arranged to leave our car there while we travelled to Zanzibar the next day, also for a taxi to take us. We then took a walk to the fish market on the beach as we were keen to buy some fish for supper but we were rather put off by the very unhygienic look and smell of the place and resorted to having fish at the hotel restaurant, trusting that they did not buy their stock from that very market. We survived to tell the tale.

The next morning, Wednesday, Peter the taxi driver fetched us promptly at 7am in sufficient time to catch the 9.30 ferry. This drive of some 70 kms took at least 2 hours. We were also stopped by a very unfriendly policeman who demanded to see Peter's papers as well as our passports

and visas. This was the first official encounter of our entire trip that I would place in the hostile category and we have been stopped too many times to remember in the various countries. Any-way we eventually arrived at the ferry terminal with not too much time to spare, purchased the necessary tickets, once again having to provide our passports and paying extra as non-residents and then escorted on board by an "official" who of course required payment for this totally unnecessary service. The Kilimanjaro ferry is very modern, very first world and we arrived in Zanzibar in under 2 hours. Strangely we had to complete immigration formalities on entry and inevitably afterwards were lead a merry dance by a tout attempting to find us accommodation. We knew where we wanted to go, to Stone Town coffee bar and bed and breakfast in Kenyatta Avenue but he lead us on a long trek elsewhere, us carrying our luggage and sweating profusely. We eventually managed to ditch him and find what we were looking for, the avenue being a very narrow alley and not a four lane highway! Stone Town is the very historic oldest part of Zanzibar and it is incredibly easy to get lost. The accommodation had been recommended on the 4x4 internet forum, a

lovely establishment owned by an Australian lady married to a local. It is the month of Ramadan and Zanzibar is almost entirely Muslim, so the owner of the hotel was not doing any catering until after sundown and recommended that we try an Ethiopian establishment not too far away (nothing much is in Stone Town). The cooking seemed to be Ethiopian but with a Zanzibari twist, the main meal consisting of an avocado and mustard salad and the drinks, mine mango and avocado juice (surprisingly delicious) and Bill's hibiscus sorbet juice. We were certainly enjoying the gastronomic treats but not the "papasi", this being the Swahili name for ticks as the local touts are called. They pester one con-

We certainly enjoyed the gastronomic treats, but not the 'papasi'.

tinually offering services and goods and it is not easy to get rid of them short of being extremely rude. The island itself, particularly Stone town and the harbor with its fishing craft would be paradise for a painter but it would be difficult to find a place to paint in peace. On Thursday morning we went on a spice tour to a farm just outside the main centre, Zanzibar after all being famous for its production of spices. It was fascinating to see vanilla pods growing on vines, nutmeg, cloves, cardamom, cinnamon and many others being cultivated and bearing little resemblance to the final

product we buy in bottles. After this we packed our bags and caught a taxi to the ferry terminal, the traffic was however so congested that we ended up walking. Once more in Dar es Salaam, Peter the taxi driver met us and returned us to Bagamoyo through the horrific rush hour traffic. It is quite common to see 2 lanes becoming four lanes and oncoming traffic simply consigned to the sidewalk! And so we returned to our house on wheels and next day started the onward and northward and westward journey. I was not too sad to leave the very hot and humid coast behind. We planned to drive as far as Moshi at the foothills of Kilimanjaro but as usual the trip took far longer than planned, highways as such do not exist and there are many villages where the speed limit is reduced to 50 kms per hour and there are vigilant traffic cops everywhere. The GPS pointed us to a campsite called Lawns Hotel and campsite and this turned out to be in a town Lushoto, formerly called Wilhelmsthal, at the end of a spectacular pass and well into and up the Samburu mountains, almost on the Kenya border and next to Tsavo National Park. It was a mountain retreat for German settlers in its heyday and signs of this remain in the Alpine style buildings. This continent never ceases to amaze with its hidden gems and surprises. The

hotel was charming as were the hosts but the campsite was rather soggy as they had received huge amounts of rain. So the next day, Saturday, we set off for Moshi and not finding a promising looking campsite, drove on towards Arusha.

The campsite is meant to be one of the most popular ones in Tanzania and the guidebooks warn about the noise levels from fellow overland campers. However we were the only guests there and it appears that the country is experiencing a tourism slump as the government has introduced VAT at 20% on tourism related activities. So very short sighted to kill the goose ... The noise we hear emanates from the bars and party venues in the village next door as well as the frequent calls to prayer through the loudspeakers of the mosques nearby. And as so often on this trip we are awoken by cock's crow at the crack of dawn. We are not ungrateful for the start of another day in Africa, another adventure.

**Sunday 3 June 2018,
Jungle Junction
Camp, Karen, Nairobi**

What a pleasure it is to be writing this in a place where there is fast and free internet! This morning we strolled to a nearby shopping centre

and had a very good English breakfast in News Café, a South African franchise and in a shopping centre yesterday we noted the imminent opening of a new Shoprite. Proudly South African moments ...

On Monday, still in Tanzania, we first looked for and found the old NG Kerk in Arusha. I remember this church because my parents were friendly with Ds PAM Brink who was the Dominee there in the late fifties and early sixties. I remember visiting there, attending a service in that church and then being taken by car to get a view of Kilimanjaro, after which we spent a few days in the Serengeti and Ngorongoro. It was great to see that the lovely Cape Dutch building was well preserved and now being used by the Seventh Day Adventist church. The commemoration stone is still mounted on the wall and is evidence of the fact that the church was built to the Glory of God in 1953. Once again it was sad to note that at one stage there was an Afrikaner community in Arusha as in other parts of East and Central Africa, substantial enough to warrant the building of an expensive church and manse. By the way, Ds Brink was the grandfather of Martelize Brink, the well-known radio announcer on RSG. After this we treated ourselves to coffee at a very upmarket coffee shop and lodge on a coffee farm on the outskirts of Arusha. While there we noted the arrival of tourists who had clearly just

been fetched from Kilimanjaro International Airport, their luggage being carried for them and who were then probably going "on safari", only to fly out again having seen the Big 5 and staying in very up market accommodation. I cannot help but think that these cash rich foreigners get a very different and probably false impression of what Africa is actually about, maybe sour grapes on my part?

We have seen hundreds if not thousands of Landrovers and LR Defenders ...

On the drive north to the Namaga border post we had magnificent views of Mount Kilimanjaro and it was clear from the vegetation that we were in Masai country. The border crossing was an absolute pleasure as the countries share one building which is fenced off so that no "guides" and money exchangers gain access to hapless tourists. There was an absolute dearth of camping accommodation on the Kenya side of the border so it was to Nairobi in the rush hour that we headed. Mercifully we had selected to stay at a campsite in Langata which meant that it was on the right side of the city and accessible by ring roads.

On Tuesday we made contact with the Land Rover workshop which had been recommended by a fellow traveler. At this

stage we have travelled almost 10 000 kms and our faithful steed is in need of a service. Unfortunately the Rhino Charge which is a huge fund raising event for nature conservation and consists of an off road rally took place yesterday. Landrovers feature heavily in this event and the workshop was teeming with Defenders. So the service can only take place on Monday 4 June. By the way, we have decided that Landrovers and LR Defenders all move to Central and East Africa to do many years of final service before they depart to the great workshop in the sky. We have seen hundreds if not thousands of them from Zambia northwards, in various states of disrepair but still evidently going strong. Also many LR wrecks in back yards. Many of these vehicles were probably left behind by the colonial civil servants when they left in the sixties.

So having a few days to spare we made contact with Fanie Kruger, an old family friend who farms outside Nairobi near Thika and also near Eldoret. He and his wife Carol also own a house in Heatherlands, George, which is where we often catch up. His parents and my parents were neighbours at Sergoit near Eldoret. We told Fanie it would be good to catch up but we were a bit

wary of the traffic so he arranged for a driver, Saleh to fetch us. We spent an enjoyable evening with him after he had shown us his farm activities on a large tract of land which he has leased on a long term basis from a large corporation. The next day Saleh fetched us, returned us to Jungle Junction and took Fanie to the airport where he was due to fly to George to meet up with Carol who had already been there for a few weeks.

We had time to spare and did not particularly relish spending it in Nairobi. At Fanie's recommendation, we decided to travel to the Mount Kenya area. A conservancy called Sweet Waters just outside Nanyuki had been recommended. (By the way the town Nanyuki sits almost on the Equator, so we crossed it several times in the course of our stay there.) As we were driving there we had misgivings because the so called conservancy was surrounded by urban sprawl and we were skeptical about the game to be found there. On learning that the camp fees would be the highest we had paid on our entire trip and this for firewood, a water bowser and a long drop toilet –and in addition we would have to pay an amount of US\$85 each per day as foreign visitors – we declined. Fortunately we had spotted a re-

We were talked into trying their version of Nyama Choma, Kenya's favourite dish, for supper.

sort south of Nanyuki and that is where we went. Anka resort proved to be a great find, it is a new hotel but provides camping in its extensive grounds. We were talked into trying their version of Nyama Choma, Kenya's favourite dish, for supper. This is meat, often goat but in this case mutton (please note, not lamb) which is boiled and then grilled. This was served with potato and mealiemeal mash and spinach. Very tasty if somewhat overcooked but we have learnt that that is how Africans like their meat. On Friday we drove into the Mount Kenya National Park which is reached on a rather bad dirt road and then a great tarred road (funded by the EU!) as high as it went from where we had a lovely view of the summit. There are beautiful indigenous forests on the slopes and it is for the preservation of what remains of this and to prevent further deforestation that the Rhino Charge fund raising event takes place. In Nanyuki we found the Commonwealth Cemetery for soldiers who fell in the Second World War. The guide book describes it as a quiet meditative place. It is surrounded by shanties and is fenced off and locked but in

immaculate condition. I was only able to look in from the gate and could only see rows and rows of white headstones with their inscriptions facing the other way. The sight filled me with sadness.

We returned to Nairobi yesterday, Saturday. Nairobi is the most first world city we have encountered on this trip and in shopping malls one can almost imagine it is South Africa, except for the traffic which is a nightmare.

Tuesday 12 June 2018

The Landy was duly serviced last Monday and we left Nairobi on Tuesday, quite happy to leave the city. Unfortunately Kenya's wet and cloudy weather continued, so the drive down the escarpment brought no panoramic view of the Rift Valley as I remember it. We overnighted at a campsite on the shores of Lake Naivasha but decided to leave after one night as it was a rather basic campsite, made worse by the wet conditions. So we travelled to the neighbouring town of Nakuru and then turned north, once more over the Equator towards Lake Baringo.

Lake Baringo is fittingly described as a "rare freshwater Rift Valley lake, surrounded by mountains and with a surface dotted with picturesque islands". It is also in rather a

remote part of Kenya. We found Roberts Camp and enjoyed the place so much, we stayed for three nights. Due to the high rainfall our campsite was very close to the water and the bird life was wonderful, we could just sit and watch the activity all day and at night we could hear the hippos munching the grass just outside our camp. One morning we went on a cruise on the lake and were entertained by the guides feeding Fish Eagles by calling them and then flinging the fish into the water. They would fly about 100 metres from their treetop perch and still manage to find the food! At Roberts camp we were also happy to meet up once more with two guys from Estonia who we had met at Jungle Junction in Nairobi. They were on their way through remote northern Kenya to Sudan, Saudi, Iran and then home through Russia, and this on motorbikes! On Saturday we packed up and left for Sergoit, my childhood home territory, taking a cross country route through spectacular passes, all part of the great Rift Valley. I had not been in these parts for so long that I really could not remember how beautiful Kenya is in places. What is very pleasing to see is that the countryside is still very afforested, with indigenous trees and cultivated plantations. Once we had reached the top of the last hill climb I knew that navigation was up to me as neither the GPS or map were that reliable. I was looking for a large

hill called Sergoit and sure enough there it was, we turned off on the dirt road to Moiben and there was a sign saying "Chepkoilel Secondary School". My family had long ago established that our farmhouse was now being used as a school. So Bill asked whether I wanted to go there straight away and of course I did. After some searching we eventually found what we were looking for. Most of the huge farms of my childhood, thousands of acres in extent, have been cut up into smallholdings and there are many more roads.

There stood the house I had last seen in 1965.

But my childhood home was unmistakable. There stood the house I had last seen in 1965. Although it was a Saturday there were plenty of pupils and several teachers around and one gentleman kindly took me round. It was gratifying to see that the parquet floors, built in cupboards, pelmets and most of the plumbing remained. What were our bedrooms had been turned into girls' dormitories, my father's old study was being used as the headmaster's study and our lounge as the staff room. None of the farm outbuildings remained but the neighbouring cottage in which my Granny lived was still there, serving as staff accommodation. The red tile roof had recently been replaced by zinc, painted a bright green. Bill attested to the fact that this

house built by my father in the early fifties had to have been very solidly built, to have been able to withstand so much wear and tear. Sadly but understandably there was no sign of my mother's magnificent farm garden but a few trees remained, amongst others a magnificent Podo tree near the cottage, this being the East African yellow wood equivalent. Bill was intrigued by the abundance of bird life on the farm and near the house, including a large flock of Crested Crane. While I was walking round, reminiscing, Bill was being entertained by a crowd of schoolboys who were intrigued by the vehicle, our route travelled and my history on the farm. They were so polite and spoke beautiful English. I left our farm, not with sadness but rather a feeling of gratitude that my happy childhood still stood and was filled with children's voices. We stayed on the neighbouring farm with Jani Kruger, son of Fanie and Carol, mentioned in my previous newsletter. After many weeks of camping it was rather lovely to sleep indoors, have hot baths and access to DSTV, especially as there was plenty of rugby to watch! Jani's hospitality over our three night stay was much appreciated and it was great to hear how he lives

and works (as a very successful young farmer, I might add) as a Kenya born but rather solitary white person in a predominantly black country. His summary of the situation is that land possession will come under increasing pressure and that whites are tolerated but will never be entirely accepted.

Giggling, curious little children even asked me how old I was, and the truth brought out even more giggles.

On Monday Bill and I went to Eldoret to visit my old primary school, the Hill School. It was very easy to find, the solidly built British colonial buildings still stood very much as I remember them although in need of maintenance. Some teachers we met up with suggested that we introduce ourselves to the headmaster which we duly did. I was asked to complete the alumni visitors book and once again we were asked many questions about the past and our trip through Africa. Once again the welcome could not have been friendlier. In my day, at its zenith the school accommodated 600 pupils, now it has 1500! So the boarding house dormitories have bunk beds but so much else was exactly the same, including two huge murals painted on the dining room walls, one of an ox wagon trek and another a scene from Alice in Wonderland. The swimming pool is no longer in use. Again

we were surrounded by dozens of giggling and curious little children who even asked me how old I was and the truth brought out even more giggles! (The school secretary had earlier pointed out that I was the oldest alumni that had ever visited).

And so our last port of call in Eldoret. On the way in, Bill had seen a sign pointing to the "European cemetery". This is now in the middle of an informal settlement but we found our way and I was able to walk almost straight to my grandfather's grave, he was known as Oupatjie. His marble tombstone still stood proudly in a plot marked off by a small wall, the plot at his side meant for my Ouma Eksteen. The inscription mentions him as a "beminde eggenoot", beloved spouse. For the first time on this trip into the past, I felt personal sadness. It was at the thought that my Ouma lies buried alone in a badly vandalized cemetery in far off Somerset West, South Africa. This above all brought home to me the ultimate tragedy of the break up of our family, who on leaving Kenya moved to the four corners of the earth. But this is the way it has played out and so be it.

This morning, on leaving Kenya, the man who had been helpful in getting us through the border post said "Please come to Kenya again" but I know that it is very unlikely that I will pass this way again.

Oos-Afrika-Bredie

Hierdie bredie is die antwoord op koue weer skryf Mev Betty Lotter van Mooinooi:

- 2 Hoenderborsies of enige stukke van jou keuse
- Skaaptjops
- Sout en vars gemaalde swartpeper.
- Olie
- 1 groot ui in ringe gesny
- 5 ml (1 tee lepel) koljanderfyn
- 2 ml ($\frac{1}{3}$ teelepel) rooipeper
- 100g tamaties in blokkies gesny
- 1 blik (65g) tamatiepasta
- 30 – 50 ml (6 – 10 teelepels) grondboonbotter
- 3 Lourier blare

Geur die hoenderborsie en skaaptjops goed met sout en peper en braai in verhitte olie tot mooi bruin. Skep uit en hou eenkant. Souteer die uie tot sag. Voeg die koljander en rooipeper by en roer nog 1 minuut.

Voeg die tamatie, tamatiepasta, grondbootjiebotter en lourierblare by.

Voeg die hoenderborsies en skaaptjops by en prut tot die vleis sag en gaar is en 'n lekker dik sous gevorm het.

Genoeg vir 6 mense.

OOS-AFRIKABYEENKOMS 2018

EAST AFRICA GET-TOGETHER 2018

