

Habari 2007



Piekniek by oom Abe Mouton-hulle

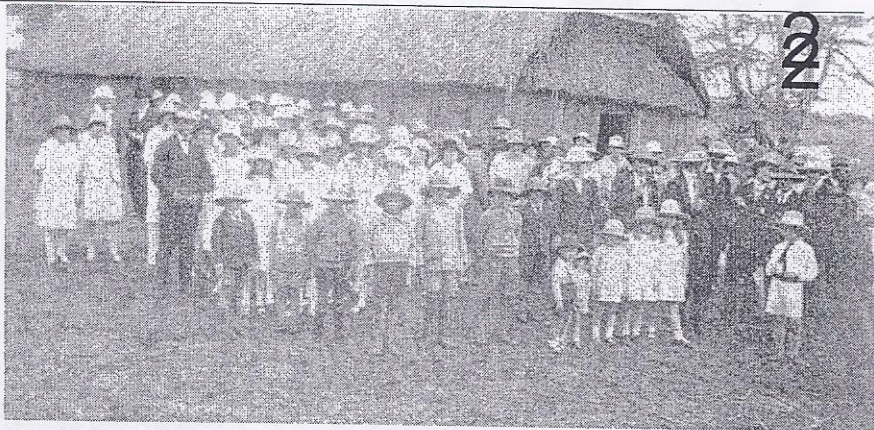
Newsletter of the Friends of East Africa
Nuusbrief van die Vriende van Oos-Afrika



HABARI 2007 NUUSBRIEF VAN DIE VRIENDE VAN OOS-AFRIKA NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF EAST AFRICA

OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK 2007

SIKU NA KIMBIA HARAKA HARAKA, of soos die Romeine gesê het, 'Tempus Fugit' (Tyd vlieg), en die eerste Saterdag van Oktober is weer voor die deur. Soos gewoonlik het Eddie de Waal en Danie Steyn weer hard gewerk om die HABARI reg te kry vir verspreiding. 'n Baie groot dankie weer aan hulle en ook aan almal wat so pligsgetrou bydraes instuur. Dit maak hulle taak baie makliker.



Vanjaar vind ons byeenkoms plaas op Saterdag 6 Oktober, weer op die piekniekterrein by die Voortrekkermonument. Hennie Coetzee wat daar in beheer is pas gaandeweg baie mooi in ons tradisie in, en dit is nie meer nodig om hom te herinner wat die eerste Saterdag in Oktober se implikasies is nie. Baie dankie ook aan hom vir sy hulp en samewerking. Hy sê die toegangsgeld is steeds R20-00 per voertuig; die Reserwebank se renteverhogings raak ons darem nog nie.

Dit lyk asof die vakansie-verkenningstog na Oos-Afrika, en veral Kenia, 'n jaarlikse instelling in die Davies familie geword het. Hierdie jaar het Janssen vir Peter saamgeneem en Peter het 'n baie interessante reisjoernaal van die hele safari saamgestel. Hy gee 'n duidelike prentjie van hoe dinge nou daar gaan, en sy skerp kommentaar laat 'n mens ver terugdink. Lyk my hier is nog joernalistieke vermoëns wat ons kan insaan.

Intussen het Danie en Dan Steyn se neef, Andrew McLeod, ingestem om deur die vorige HABARI'S te werk met die oog op 'n publikasie. Andrew is die kleinseun van ou Mr. McLeod wat al die jare by Oom Schalk Steyn op Plateau gewoon het. Baie dankie vir die lekker samewerking.

Tom Stephenson het 'n baie interessante ou foto vir my gestuur van die Bamboeskerk, daar naby Eldoret, met die hele pioniersgemeente. Ek wonder hoeveel van ons voorgeslagte daar staan. Ek sluit af met die foto. Ons gesels verder op 6 Oktober.

Alex Boshoff

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KENYA SAFARI by Peter Davies

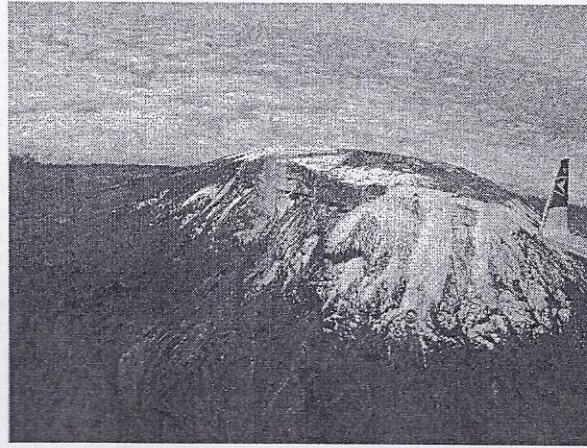
In his book **True at First Light**, Ernest Hemingway writes: "There are always mystical countries that are part of one's childhood."

In mid-August 2006 my wife Ona, son John and I joined Janssen and Linda on a four-week trip to Kenya on what would be a personal pilgrimage, a re-affirmation and a re-invention of the past. After 44 years I would visit the country that has always affected my life with particular power.

As we approached Kilimanjaro, the pilot got permission from Tanzania Air Control to circle the mountain. We got great photos from all angles. The re-introduction to East Africa was proving to be everything we had imagined.

Shortly after we approached Nairobi over the national park and saw the Ngong Hills again after so many years.

At the airport we were met by the very professional representative of Sunworld Safaris and transferred to Fairview Hotel in the Landcruiser which we would use. The hotel is set on 5 acres of beautiful gardens on Nairobi Hill and is highly recommended. With over 80 years in the industry it offers that old-fashioned, colonial style, personal touch, without upmarket, tasteless luxury, which has to be experienced to be understood.



Kilimanjaro from the air Photo: Davies Collection

Nairobi itself is chaotic with traffic and people but once one gets into the local rhythm things seem to flow. It was fairly disturbing to see Marabout stoops perched in trees and wandering around in open areas – a sure sign of decay in municipal services.

We planned to stay in self-catering accommodation most of the time so we were advised to shop at the Nakumatt supermarket nearby. Nakumatt is a chain of supermarkets very similar to our Pick and Pay or Spar. They are clean, well-stocked and are found in most of the larger towns. We left early the next morning. After a quick stop for a look into the Norfolk Hotel with its aura of history, we left for Mount Kenya via Thika where some flame trees can still be seen.

The Blue Posts Hotel, so well described by Elspeth Huxley, is still there, albeit somewhat modified, so we stopped for coffee. Then we drove on a good tar road through typical agricultural farmlands of Kikuyuland, with the Aberdares range towards the west and Mt. Kenya with its peaks Batián, Nelion and Lenana looming over the region. The little town of Naro Moru on the southern edge of the Laikipia Plain reminded one of a cowboy town as

Janssen remarked – it appears suddenly and ends suddenly. From there a dirt road leads to the Warden's cottage in Mt. Kenya National Park. The setting on the edge of the forest with the looming mountain is spectacular. In the afternoon we drove along a dirt track to the Met station at 10000 ft. with superb views and the well-preserved forest and prolific birdlife. Sundowners on the verandah and a logfire in the evening with the sound of tree hyraxes was a fitting end to the day.

At dawn there was a herd of buffalo on the lawn. We left for Nakuru via the green countryside of Thomson's Falls (Nyaruru). We stopped at the falls which seems to be a great tourist attraction. We went to see the old Van Riebeeck School and, believe it or not, there are still old wooden rugby posts on the sports field. They must be the original posts.

The reintroduction to East Africa was proving to be everything we had imagined.

Thomson's Falls

Photo: Davies Collection



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Lake Nakuru: flamingos, apes & a rhino

Photo: Davies Collection

The view of the Rift Valley as one descends from Thomson's Falls is quite spectacular and there are small cultivated plots as far as one can see. The tar road to Nakuru was reasonable, albeit with regular potholes, but deteriorated quite badly as one approaches Nakuru. Nakuru town, like most towns, is dirty and run-down but as soon as one enters the national park a different world opens. We stayed in the Naishi guesthouse inside the park which is run by Kenya Wildlife Services. It is a wonderfully evocative place, surrounded by fever trees, Defassa waterbuck and buffalo of which there are many throughout the park. The lake is still "the greatest bird spectacle on earth" populated at times by more than a million flamingos but the flocks are now greatly reduced. Problems will inevitably increase because the Mau forest from which the lake is fed is being steadily reduced.

The next day we left Nakuru for Lake Baringo on a very good tar road. All roads in that part of Kenya are good because the previous president, Daniel arap Moi, comes from that area and the locals say he used his political influence to ensure good road maintenance. Just before Marigat we turned east to see Lake Bogoria with its hot springs and steam jets – a spectacle not to be missed.

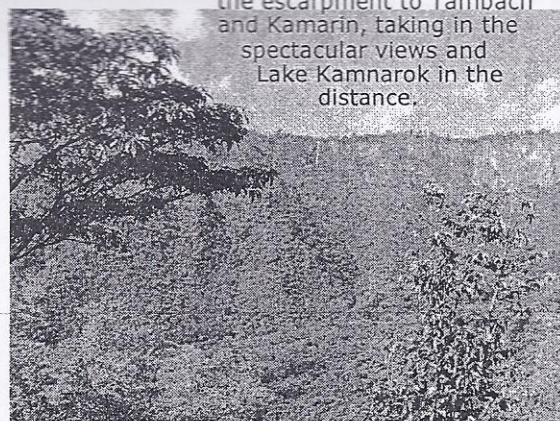
At Lake Baringo we stayed at Roberts Camp, next to Kampi ya Samaki, in a fully-equipped house which was rather rustic but comfortable. The camp, also offers camping on its relatively large grounds, popular with overland tours. There is a little restaurant called "The Thirsty Goat". Unfortunately they did not have goat on the menu although there are many goats in the area. As we could not reduce the goat population, we settled for fresh Tilapia from the lake. Baringo is of course a hotspot for birds and an excellent young guide by the name of Francis Cherutich, a real Kalenjin, took us for a very enjoyable walk along the spectacular cliffs west of the lake. I shall never forget the look on his face when I offered him 1000 shillings if he showed us a Chemosit (the mythical Nandi Bear) – how on earth could this strange white man know about a Chemosit? Needless to say, it became a big joke. The two nights

The next day 4
would be the
big one...

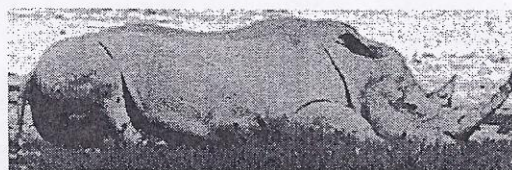
nights at Baringo were most enjoyable but the next day would be the big one. This day was to be of great importance, especially to Janssen and myself – the day we hoped to see the old farm. We left Baringo before sunrise for what would be a long day. The drive from Marigat to Kabarnet was spectacular on an excellent road but the real thing was to come after Kabarnet when the stunning morning vista of the Kerio Valley in the great rift lay before us.

We were going home and the childhood memories of fishing trips with Japie Taljaard, Louw Snyman and others came flooding back.

We breakfasted on the bridge over the Kerio and ascended the escarpment to Tambach and Kamarin, taking in the spectacular views and Lake Kamnarok in the distance.



As we passed Iten it stood there, as it always has – Sergoit Rock. A short way along the road we recognised what we thought was Piet Davies' old house. We tried to find a way of getting to Tom Davies' old house, but the



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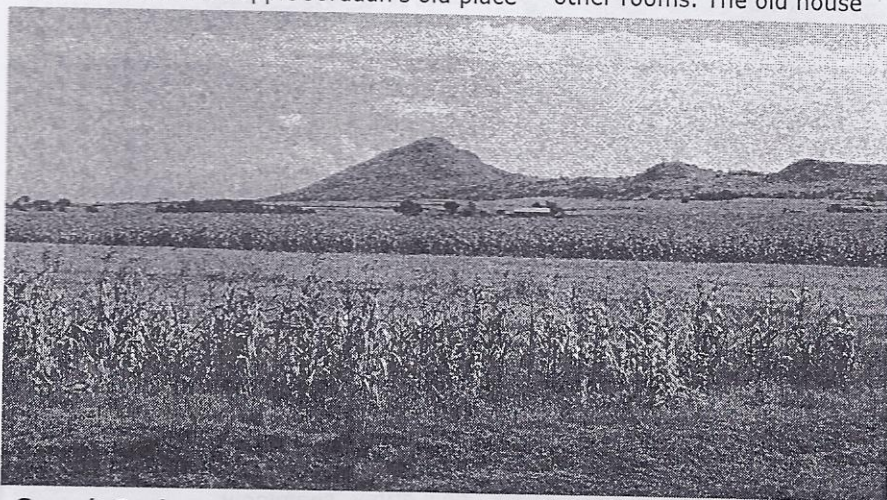
area was fenced, we could not find a gate and did not have that much time. There was the main road to Eldoret, another going north and a rough track in the general direction of Plateau. This proved to be the old road that we remembered. Flip Prinsloo's old house can still be seen as well as Sonny Cloete's which is surrounded by trees. We reached the crossroads at the bluegum plantation which is still there, believe it or not, and everything fell into place. We turned left and followed the road from where Jim Davies' house can be seen and tant Poppie Jordaan's old place

extremely emotional, disturbing and private experience – disbelief, sadness, anger and the realisation that nothing is permanent. The walls of our childhood bedroom were blackened by smoke due to fires made on the floor.

There was a pile of wood in the corner. We did not really bother to look into all the other rooms. The old house

seemed to have shrunk and stood there like an old person with a terminal disease – a silent accusation of neglect. There had of course been no There was a pile of wood in the corner. We did not really bother to look into all the other rooms. The old house seemed to have shrunk and stood there like an old person with a terminal disease – a silent accusation of neglect. There had of course been no maintenance for 44 years and mealies and vegetables grew right up to the front door. I could not help but think that it would in many ways have been preferable had the house, like the forest, disappeared from the face of the earth.

We went for a short drive on what used to be the farm. The dam was still intact as well as the cattle dip which was built by Steve Kruger in 1950. It is still being used and is in perfect condition. Practically the whole area is covered with plots on which mealies grew. It was some kind of



Sergoit Rock

which still looks in reasonable shape. As in those days, there are large fields of wheat (ngano) and the people seem to be doing quite well. We found the turn-off to the farm just before Eddie de Waal's house and followed the track but a number of other tracks confused the issue and after a few enquiries decided we were going in the wrong direction and turned back. Within this short period the word had spread and an old man flagged us down. He had heard that we were looking for the farm. He introduced himself as Alexander and claimed that he had been a driver for the De Waals at that time. He offered to show us the way and off we went.

The old road which we remembered has long since been replaced with a network of tracks but he took us straight to the farm, up the hill and there was the derelict old house. After 44 years we had come home, but home was no longer there! Except for the grain store, which is now a school, and another outbuilding, everything has changed. The forest has disappeared as though it had never been. We had to mentally reconstruct the layout of the place in which we had once lived so intensely during our Kenya childhood. A couple of families now live in the house. They were very friendly and invited us to have a look inside. It was an

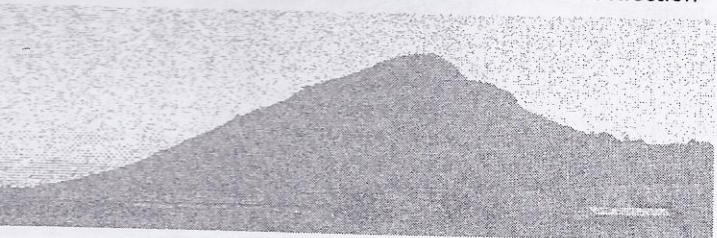
Photo: Davies Collection

He offered to show us the way and off we went ...



Road's End

Photo: Davies Collection

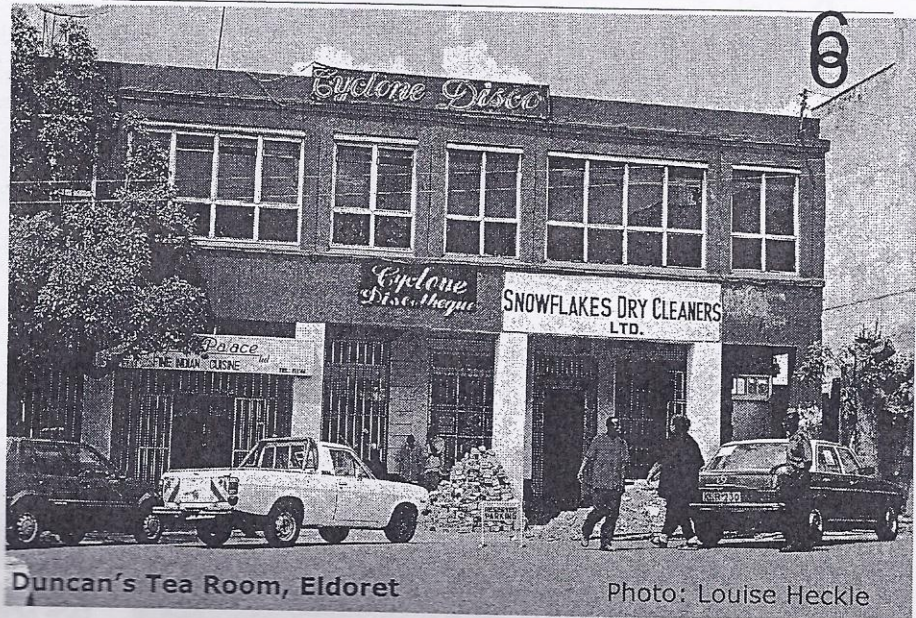


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consolation to know that the families of most of the people who had once worked for us seemed to be doing reasonably well and had good crops. With one or two exceptions almost all the people who worked on the farm at that time have passed away, but we did manage to meet the very old wife of Kiblagat who worked in the house in those days. We drove away in relative silence, as we had done in 1962, but more was to come.



It had rained the day before and after a quick look at Hugo de Waal's old house we followed the familiar dirt road to Eldoret which was quite bad. We stopped to see the old Highlands School, now called Moi Girls High School, which seems to be in reasonable shape. We did not go into the grounds. The Hill School appears to be going strong and hasn't changed much, except for lack of maintenance and the old school bell still hangs in the same place. Mr. Brindley's name is still there on a notice board containing a list of names of previous headmasters. We met a number of friendly teachers who showed us around and who were quite surprised to hear that we had once attended the school. The

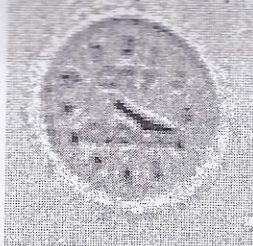


Duncan's Tea Room, Eldoret

Photo: Louise Heckle

large painting which depicts the South African "trek" can still be seen in the dining hall. The NG Kerk and Pastorie are still there and seems to be well-maintained but the surrounding area is now completely built-up and we could not find the cemetery due to lack of time. As for the rest of Eldoret, the less said, the better. What used to be a thriving country town is now in the last stages of decay. It is dirty beyond belief with piles of garbage and filth littering the streets everywhere one looks and thousands of people

thronging all over the place. We looked for the spots where Duncan's, the Emporium (the shop



that sold Joseph Rodgers knives) and other familiar landmarks once existed, and miraculously managed to see the faded sign "Abraham" on one shop wall - déjà vu! Everything about Eldoret is now grimy, seemingly dysfunctional and the old town with all its memories is probably best avoided.

The main tar road from Eldoret to Webuye and Kakamega is bad with deep ruts in the tar due to the excessive number of trucks transporting goods to Uganda.

Approaching Kakamega it was fascinating to see the huge numbers of people just walking along both sides of the road. Who knows where they come from, where they go, where they sleep or how they survive. The population impact in Western Kenya is huge and extends all the way past Kisumu and Kisii. We checked into the Golf Hotel on the outskirts of Kakamega which is similar to Eldoret. It was somewhat



Eldoret Town Hall

Photo: Louise Heckle



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rundown but comfortable enough with a reasonably good menu but once again the signs of municipal dysfunction are everywhere and apart from the obvious, the surest indicators are the numbers of Marabou Storks and House Crows all over the place. The next day would lead to a different world.

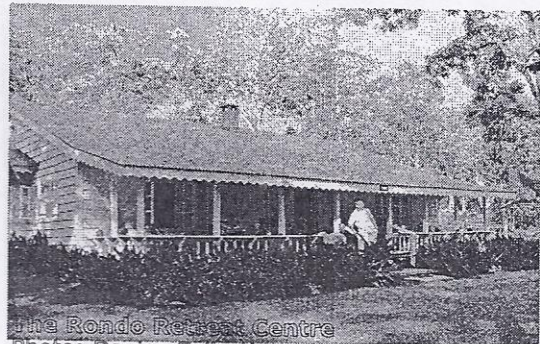
Some of us are keen birders, so we specifically included Kakamega Forest in the itinerary because it is not only one of Africa's birding hotspots (367 species, of which 9 are found nowhere else in Kenya), it is also home to a great variety of fauna and flora as well as about 40% of the total butterfly population of Kenya – all this in an area of about 240 square kms of which only 36 square

kms is a reserve. It is the eastern-most remnant of the lowland Congo rainforest of Central Africa and it would prove to be everything one hoped for. Sadly it does not form part of the major tourist routes in Kenya and requires effort to get to.

The Rondo Retreat Centre, run by the Anglican Church, is a place in Kenya that I recommend without reservation. It is beautiful and one could easily stay for a week and just enjoy the tranquillity and understated, friendly, professional service. The grounds are immaculate and the walks in the

forest are a joy – truly a place for the soul – and our two days went by too quickly. Our local bird guide Ben Obanda was very professional and we saw a staggering variety of birds and other highlights such as the Black and White Colobus monkeys. The standard of guides we dealt with in Kenya is very high and, where

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The Rondo Retreat Centre
Photo: Davies Collection

ANNA CATHERINA VAN ROOYEN 22 Junie 1924 - 29 Julie 2006

Anna is gebore op Kitale, die oudste dogter van twee oud-Transvalers, Karel en Janie Engelbrecht. Na sy in Middelburg, Transvaal, opgevoed is, het Anna teruggekeer na Kenia en het gedurende 1938-39 gewerk by Whiteaways Laidlaw & Co op Eldoret en gedurende 1941-42 by SJ Moore Limited Booksellers in Nairobi. Sy is op 17 Oktober 1942 getroud met 'n oud-Noord Kapenaar, Van van Rooyen, wat gewerk het by die Oxo-Liebigs fabriek op Athi River. Na die geboorte van Johnny in 1944 en Carl in 1950, het Anna gedurende 1951-53 vir SA Mutual Assurance gewerk in Nairobi.

Van is in 1953 aangestel as fabrieksbestuurder van Tanganyika Packers Limited op Arusha in Tanganjika. Anna het gedurende 1954 -58 gewerk die Tanganyika Police, Arusha School en Tanganyika Packers. Gedurende 1955-64 was Anna bekend vir haar uitstaande blommerangskikkings vir 'n aantal vertonings by die Arusha Amateur Arts Society. Sy is ook geloof vir haar gasvryheid en die onthaal van verskeie sakedirekteure op besoek uit Brittanje.

Gedurende 1963 is Van aangestel as fabrieksbestuurder van Sunrho Limited op Umtali in Rhodesia. Anna het vanaf 1966 tot 1979 diens verrig by die Rhodesiese Ministries of Education, Justice, Law and Order en Home Affairs en het in die tydperk haarself bewys in Registry Procedure asook in die hantering van die FN geweer.

Van is in 1982 aangestel in 'n adviserende hoedanigheid by die Eskort Bacon Cooperative op Estcourt in Natal. Ook hier het Anna se gasvryheid en vriendelike onthaal van sakelui bekend geword. Sy was ook aktief betrokke by die Estcourt Garden Club (foto's van haar tuin was gepubliseer in die bekende tydskrif Garden & Home) en die Afrikaanse Christelike Vroue Vereniging. Sy het ook gereeld deelgeneem aan brugspel sessies en het in besonder belang gestel in die werk van die Dierebeskermingsvereniging (DBV).

Anna is op 29 Julie 2006 skielik oorlede op Estcourt. Sy word oorleef deur haar man Van (87 jaar), haar suster Marie in Pretoria, haar broer Carl in Krugersdorp en haar seun John in Oos Londen. Haar seun Carl is in Januarie 2000 op Plettenbergbaai oorlede.

Anna was lief vir diere, soos die volgende storie dalk kan getuig. Terwyl sy en Van eendag per motor in Oos Afrika gereis het, het hulle op 'n skynbaar dooie waterbok afgekom. Die bok se nek was half omgedraai en sy een horing was vasgevang tussen sy pote. Anna en Van het die dier van nader bekyk en en toe het Anna het op die dier se rug gaan sit en sy horings vasgegryp. Meteens ruk die dier orent en spring weg met Anna in tou! Sy is losgeruk en toe sy en Van weer gewaar staan die bok 'n ent van hulle af en terugkyk in hulle rigting asof hy sy dank aan hulle betuig!

Anna was ook baie lief vir mense. Sy het gou vriende gemaak en was soos haar moeder, Janie, altyd getrou. Sy het maklik gelag en was altyd ingestel om die beste van enige situasie te maak.

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possible, hiring one is essential. However, like most paradises, the forest is doomed. It is under threat from the increasing human population along its boundaries. The collection of firewood, charcoal making, and grazing of cattle, will eventually destroy it.



Kakamega Forest
Photo: Davies Collection

We had an early start from Kakamega to get to Masai Mara via Kisumu and Kisii. Kisumu still looks in surprisingly good shape and we had a packed breakfast on the shore of Lake Victoria which is unfortunately heavily polluted. From there we drove on a good tar road to Kisii, at about 80 km per hour due to speed bumps at fairly regular intervals. After Kisii the fun started because the road became horrific. The tar had broken up with huge potholes; avoiding them became a very slow game of chess on wheels. It is under threat from the increasing human population along its boundaries. The collection of firewood, charcoal making, and grazing of cattle, will eventually destroy it.

At Kilgoris, where Masailand with its unique place-names and interesting vegetation with grazing cattle and the lack of agriculture starts, it became a straight-forward dirt road which was quite good.

We passed Lolgorien, over the Olololo Escarpment and there lay the Mara plains in front of us. We entered Musiara gate and drove to Mara Bush camp on the Talek River. The camp is unfenced, small and personalised with all the amenities one needs to be comfortable. It consists of 5 tents. It is a very good concept which is simple and private. There is a Masai watchman at night. The camp is not permanent and is moved to a different location in

the reserve each season, so the impact on the environment is minimal. Mara has abundant wildlife and rolling grasslands and we even managed to see a lion kill – from the start of the stalk to the final kill. We were slightly early for the main wildebeest migration which was just starting to mass across the Mara River but we did catch the first waves – one of the most awe-inspiring natural events in the world.

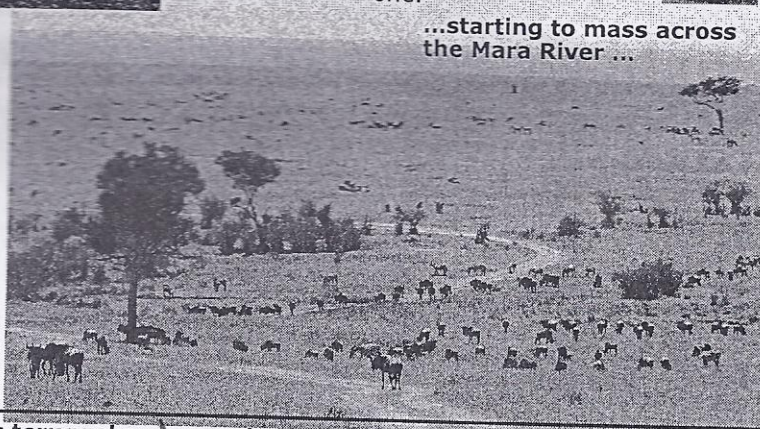
After Kisii the fun started, because the road became horrific

If the Kisii/Kilgoris road is bad, the Narok road from Mara's Talek gate has to be seen to be believed. Thank heavens for our Landcruiser. Apart from the state of the road, it is almost a free for all with cars, taxis and trucks on and next to the road, anywhere and everywhere, passing and coming towards one.

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...starting to mass across the Mara River ...



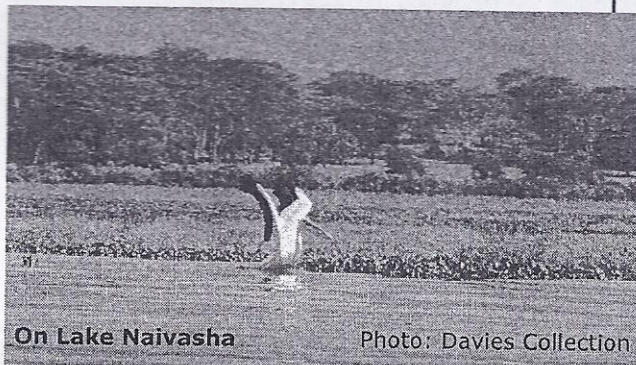
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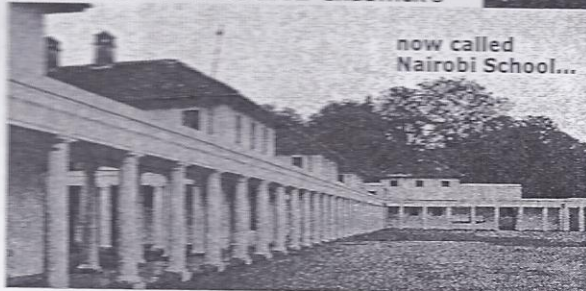
We reached Naivasha in the afternoon after having had a puncture. Like most, the town is dirty and run down. We stayed at the Melili cottages west of the town in peaceful surroundings with magnificent views of Lake Naivasha, Mt. Longonot, the Aberdares and Mau ranges. There is still a small European community round the lake. Next morning we spent an enjoyable and productive hour bird watching by boat on the lake on which there is a serious infestation of the alien water hyacinth. The lake is still surrounded by a protected area and groves of spectacular fever trees. Naivasha has a thriving flower growing industry that exports flowers on a large scale and also sees the lake as a source of water -with the resultant pollution by pesticides.



On Lake Naivasha

Photo: Davies Collection

Next stop was Elsamere, the home of the legendary George and Joy Adamson. It is a beautiful place in a stunning setting on the shore of Lake Naivasha. The house is essentially a museum and the nostalgia is enhanced by photos and memorabilia depicting the life they led in those days. The old Landrover, in which George was shot, is also an exhibit. Next day, in Nairobi, we changed the old Landcruiser for a newer version and stocked up at the Nakumatt supermarket. On the way in we stopped at my old school, the Prince of Wales which is now called Nairobi School, and met a couple of friendly teachers who invited me to sign the visitors book and allowed us to have a look around the school grounds with the familiar chapel and quadrangle. We also looked into my old dormitory in what was then Scott House. It is now called Marsabit House. I had vivid memories of Mr Chadwick's



now called
Nairobi School...

Handag: Jamie O'Keefe



Vergenoeg

Wageningen, Landbouwkondige

Tuinskous, -sag

Piet en Bets Grobler

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alambeard@telkomnet 014 735 0704 082 325 6187

Liewe Kenianers

Ons verkan - na julle almal.

Piet het hierdie jaar sewentig geword, maar preek nog byna elke Sondag!

Bel ons gerus of kom kuier.

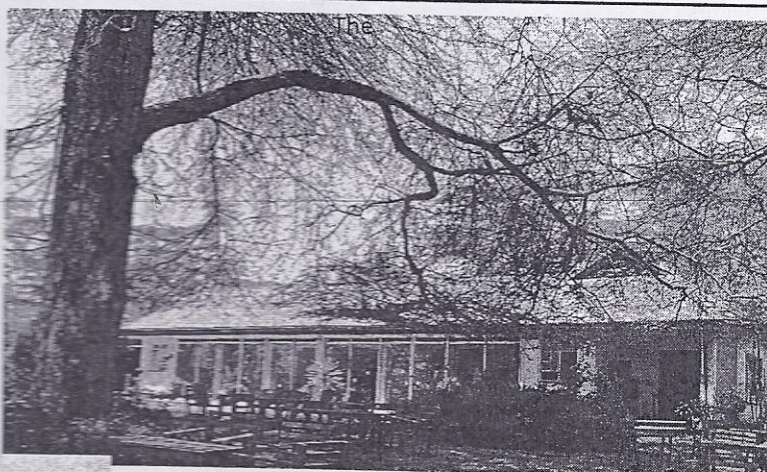
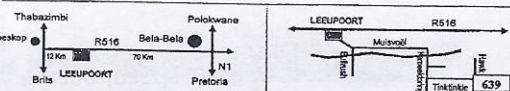
Dis ons voorreg om in 'n wildreservaat -le bly met diere weeldag op ons voorstoep!

Ek het onlangs die mooiste boek oor Kenia gelees! 'n Roman "hang skaduwees in Afrika" deur Connie Huyt. Koop dit gerus - veral vir julle nageslag. Dis uitgegee deur Human & Rousseau (021 0406 3033)

Groetnis.

Bets Grobler

Nis. Ken iemand dalk lg. stryfster?



Elsamere

Photo: Davies Collection

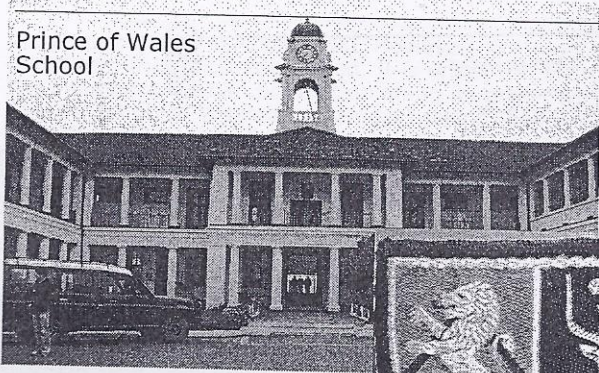
cane and the number of times that I received six of the best - those were the days! For the record the other house names are now Elgon (Clive), Baringo (Hawke), Kirinyagga (Grigg), Serengeti (Nicholson) and Athi (Rhodes).

Amboseli National Park was another highlight. We stayed in the Warden's Guest House close to Kimana Gate. Unfortunately,



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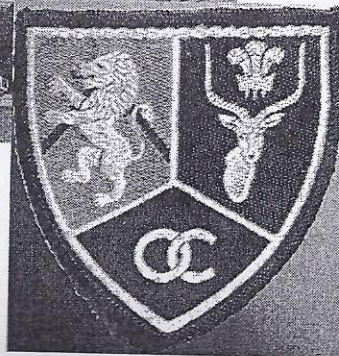
Prince of Wales School



Kilimanjaro was covered by cloud for almost the duration but we did catch a brief glimpse one afternoon. We spent two wonderful days driving around on the wide dry plains, enjoying the prolific wildlife. We even gave a lift to a hitch-hiking Masai and then struggled to get rid of him because he decided no matter where we went, he would go there too.

The Masai lifestyle is inevitably changing

Amboseli provides the classic image of Africa. The future looks uncertain though because it has been downgraded from a park to a reserve and given back to the Masai who had complained that they did not receive enough money. A local county council now manages it. The Masai and wildlife have always co-existed peacefully because their numbers had always been relatively small and they were part of the ecology, but not necessarily for much longer. The Masai lifestyle is inevitably changing and their numbers are increasing. They are merging into a different way of life with other needs. Inevitably this means more cattle, which means more pressure on the reserve. The signs are ominous. Next stop was Tsavo West via Oloitokitok. Due to isolated incidents along this road in the past, one has to drive in convoy with other vehicles with a Kenya Wildlife Service officer in the lead vehicle. The security part



Old Cambrian Badge
(Cambria = Wales)
Photo: Eddie de Waal

wasn't very effective, because the lead vehicle eventually disappeared into the distance in a cloud of dust at great speed, but we arrived safely at Tsavo West's Chyulu Gate.

The guest house with a viewing deck is set on a hill about 8 kms from Mito Andei Gate, with stunning views of the dry savannah plains and the Chyulu Range and Taita Hills in the background. Every day elephants came to drink at a waterhole right in front of the house. And Tsavo-West's park landscape with its outcrops and ridges of fairly recent volcanic origin is spectacular.

The last lap went to the coast through Tsavo East to Malindi. Tsavo East is the largest park in Kenya. In the early 1970's the woodland cover was eaten away by an expanding elephant population confined within boundaries drawn by an expanding human population – devastation well-described in Peter Beard's book *The End of the Game* and is still clearly visible after almost 40 years. After the exit at

... of all the towns in Kenya, this ... is where one could easily live

Sala Gate (where we bent the pop-up roof against the gate roof) the road deteriorated all the way to Malindi.

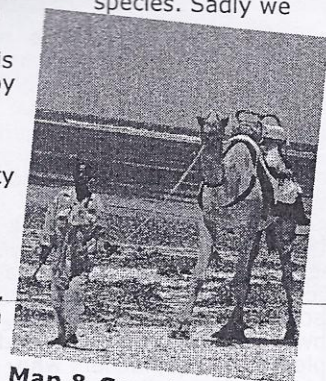
Malindi – even the name is evocative. The first thing that touches the senses is the smell and the colour of the sea. Perhaps it is simply a personal bias, due to the memory of those carefree childhood holidays, but something about the East African coast remains with one. We stayed at the Mwembe Resort (Mwembe is the Swahili word for a mango), set in a grove of huge mango trees. It is owned and run by Italians.

There is a large Italian community in Malindi who own restaurants, supermarkets, apartments and other businesses.

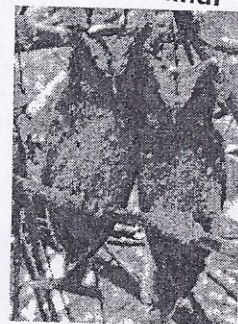
They add a touch of Europe to the Arab and African mix. Malindi is a thriving town with a special vibe and of all the towns in Kenya, this we thought, is where one could easily live. Many buildings are old but have a significant history which adds that special atmosphere and, unlike most other towns, the streets are relatively clean with friendly people and modified 3-wheel scooters/motorbikes called tuk-tuks (derived from the sound they make)

transporting people all over the place – great way to get around. We spent 4 days there. We enjoyed the daily buzz, walked on the beach, visited the Gedi ruins, and birded. The nearby Arabuko-Sokoke Forest with its diversity of plants and birds is another hotspot in Kenya covering 400 square kms and is one of the few patches of indigenous tropical coastal forest remaining in Kenya. We had an excellent guide once again who showed us the Sokoke Scops-owl* (a serious twitch as they say) and various other species. Sadly we

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Man & Camel, Malindi



Sokoke Scops Owls.
* Among the smallest owls on earth – each the size of a sparrow

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we said goodbye to Malindi and headed for Kikambala via Kilifi which does not have Malindi's historic atmosphere but is a clean and pleasant town with beautiful sea-facing properties where a small British community has settled into what seems to be an idyllic lifestyle. At Kikambala we stayed at the Royal Reserve Safari and Beach Club surrounded by palm trees and facing the ocean. We were joined by our daughter Lynne and her boyfriend Greg for the final week. They had flown from London and then travelled by train from Nairobi to Mombasa which was an experience in itself.

How well I remember the Christmas and New Year parties and fun we used to have there

surrounded by palm trees and facing the ocean. We were joined by our daughter Lynne and her

boyfriend Greg for the final week. They had flown from London and then travelled by train from Nairobi to Mombasa which was an experience in itself.

The resort is situated a short walk along the beach from our old beach house with its makuti roof which is still there, albeit slightly modified. It is now owned by a Somali and happened to be for sale! Sonny Cloete's house (which was next door) has been replaced, but Eddie de Waal's house with its red roof is still there and still intact. In fact it has not changed at all and looks in pretty good shape. Sadly the old Whispering Palms Hotel is now rather dilapidated and it is desperately in need of new owners and management. How well I remember the Christmas and New Year parties and fun we used to have there. The old Kikambala Hotel is now called the Sun and Sand but it is now one of those gaudy, plastic establishments with no character and with all the attendant activities that most

Beach, they converge to try to sell curios or fruit or offer tours or anything imaginable. They are a great irritation but if you ask to be left alone they leave. The Kikambala and Mtwapa area seems to have a German community who own restaurants and accommodation establishments like the Italians do in Malindi. We had liked Malindi so much that we decided to drive back there to spend a day and have lunch.

At Kikambala we met the old man named Kambi Fundi who had once worked for us and who had looked after the coastal property for those long periods between visits in those days. He lives in a dilapidated little house on a plot a short way from the beach with his 4 wives, a small herd of

It was a remarkable reunion.

We drove to Mombasa one day, crossed over on the ferry at Likoni and went down to Tiwi and Diani Beaches. Most foreign visitors spend their holidays on the south coast. Diani Beach must be one of the most beautiful, wide, white beaches to be found anywhere.

We also spent time at the historic Fort Jesus in Mombasa which is always fascinating. I



Mombasa Street

Photo: Davies Collection



The Davies' old Kikambala house, somewhat modified

remember Mombasa being a busy place but judging in contrast to the south coast, the best description now is an over-populated, chaotic mess. Apart from the odd good shopping centre and a few hotels on the beachfront, some areas such as Nyali and Bamburi-between-Mombasa and Kikambala now look like informal settlements with its mass of humanity and the garbage, flocks of House Crows that thrive in this sort of environment and no doubt the inevitable diseases.

After 6 pleasant days at Kikambala the time came for the return to Nairobi. We had been warned that the first section of road would be bad and it proved to be correct. It had rained and the road was wet and under construction. I have never seen so many trucks on a road travelling in both directions.



tourists seem to amuse themselves with. Numerous so-called beach boys hang around most establishments and as soon as one sets foot on the

cattle, a donkey and a swarm of kids. He estimates he has between 20 and 30 children ranging from toddler to adult but is also not quite sure that they are all his. It was a

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transporting goods to and from Mombasa to Nairobi. At times we found ourselves driving 3 abreast – quite an experience, to say the least and hooting is a recognised form of indication when overtaking.

After about 60 kms we were pleasantly surprised to find ourselves on the recently completed highway after which it was plain sailing past the familiar towns of Mackinnon Road, Voi and Mtito Andei where we stopped for a meal at the Tsavo Inn (the old Mac's Inn) which had always been an overnight stop in those days. From there came Kiboko (Hunter's Lodge is still there) and Sultan Hamed with the beautiful Kapiti Plains stretching into the distance towards the East. Approaching Machakos the tar deteriorated again with deep ruts caused by the numerous trucks but we reached Nairobi late afternoon. The farewell dinner at the wonderful Fairview Hotel that evening was a special occasion.

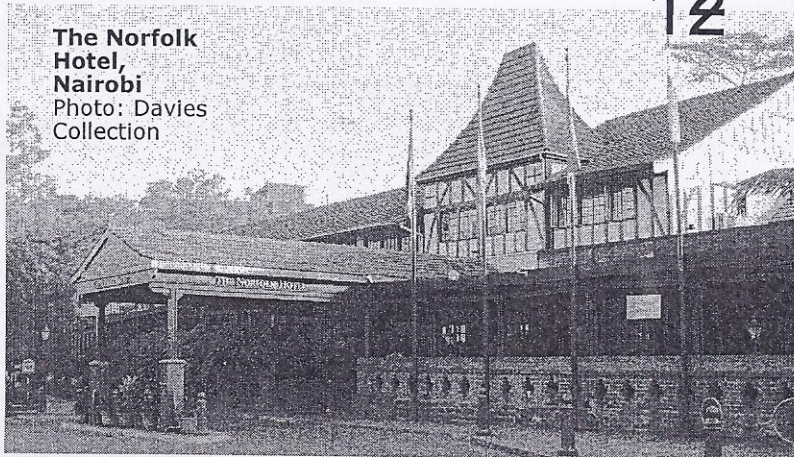
... I still experienced a powerful sense of belonging to the land ...



Peter & Janssen Davies plus guide

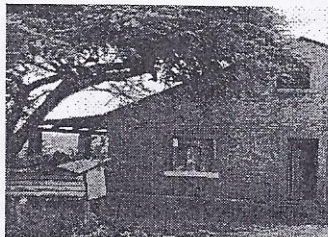
Most of the next morning was spent around Nairobi where some comfortable suburbs exist in contrast to the nearby huge, sprawling Kibera slum. We also spent a few hours at Karen Blixen's house which is situated in Karen, one of the wealthier suburbs with some beautiful wooded properties. The house is a well-preserved museum and a visit is essential. Involuntarily her immortal words come to mind: "I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills". There is a good view of those hills where Denis is buried. All that remained was the airport. We

The Norfolk Hotel, Nairobi
Photo: Davies Collection



departed in mid-afternoon and once again the Ngong Hills receded into the distance. In conclusion, we found the local people to be very friendly, we were welcomed everywhere, at no stage did we feel unsafe in any way and we were waved through all roadblocks with a smile. There are pockets of excellence and comfortable lifestyles but also poverty. Like everywhere else, the population growth cannot be sustained. In 1960 Kenya's population was 8 million, it is now almost 40 million!

It had certainly been a pilgrimage and I still experienced a powerful sense of belonging to the land, nostalgia for what had gone before and the people and community of which one had once been a part. For those of us who once lived there, Kenya will stay with us for the rest of our lives in a personal and unique way – *dit waar mens jou beslag gekry het*. History has taken its course and many of us have lived through it. We are where we are – and yet, the ghosts still live at Road's End Farm.



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Terwyl die Habari gereed gemaak is vir publikasie, het ons gehoor van die dood van oom Hennie (HP) van Heerden, oudste seun van wyle tannie Frieda van Heerden. Hy is op George oorlede en begrawe. Hy laat 'n vrou, een seun en 'n hele aantal kleinkinders agter.

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'n Herinneringstog deur Kenia van Pieter Blanché

Ek het tyd gelede langs 'n vuurtjie gesit en het so nostalgiese "ek onthou nog" toer deur die ou land – Kenia – onderneem en dit het so min of meer soos volg verloop.

Voor ek met die tog uit Nairobi vertrek, maak ek 'n draai by die Prince of Wales en Duke of York skole.

Ek en Willie het Prince of Wales toe gegaan, met sy mooi geboue en wydverspreide koshuise asook wydverspreide sportgronde. Sy hoof was ou minr Fletcher (Jake was sy bynaam). Moeilike kaland. Ek het meer pak daar gekry as wat ek al die ander jare tuis gekry het. John en Ron was van die eerste leerlinge by Duke of York. Die koshuise was nog in aanbou. Geen gras om die geboue nie, net rooi grond. John-hulle se koshuise was nog nie klaar en hulle het tydelik in die goewerneur se huis gebly. Dan vertrek ek uit die stad uit. Ek onthou nog as 'n mens so vanaf Nairobi ry en jy begin die pas teen

Links:
Lugfoto van Nakuru Skool

Ek het meer pak in Prince of Wales gekry as in al die ander jare tuis ...

Italiaanse oorlogs-gevangenes gebou is. Baie klein, maar met 'n sekere bekoring en prag.

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Verder aan so in die vallei en net voor Naivasha, Oom

Botha Enslin se plaas links. Jy kon die huis duidelik van die pad af sien. Windpomp in die naaste kamp. Hoe dikwels het ons daar aangegaan om koffie te drink en 'n kort rukkies

gekuier. Gelukkig het al daardie mense altyd tyd gehad vir 'n kuier.

Die uitsig oor die Naivasha meer. Die huise op die oewer van die meer waar my oupa Jan van Rensburg gebly het. Hy was een van die pioniers – Jan Duim soos hy genoem word in die annale van die Van Rensburg trek omdat sy een duim was geamputeer was. Blykbaar is daar nou baie roos kwekerye wat uitvoer oor die wêreld heen. Ook na Suid Afrika.

... al daardie mense het altyd tyd gehad vir 'n kuier

Dan die dorp Naivasha, nie baie indrukwekkend nie en in die dorp draai die pad af wat na Kinangop toe gaan, wat ook maar 'n bergpas van sy eie was. Van die mense wat daar op die berg geboer het, was oom Lang Hendrik van Rensburg, Lood en May Bothma, Willie Storm, oom Manie Welmans, en Frans Steenkamp. Ai, die name begin vergete raak.

Vanaf Naivasha verder noord Lake Elementaita, Mount



WEBSITES AND BOOKS

Malcolm McCrow keeps a good site regularly updated, it starts at <http://www.mccrow.org.uk/EastAfrica/Index%20East%20Africa.htm>

Go to www.oldafricamagazine.com This is an excellent magazine which started in Oct. 2005. Not only must you read it but also it is essential that you contribute to it. The stories are special and recall many memories.

On the Old Cambrians Website www.oldercambrians.com there is incredible information for those who were at Prince of Wales.

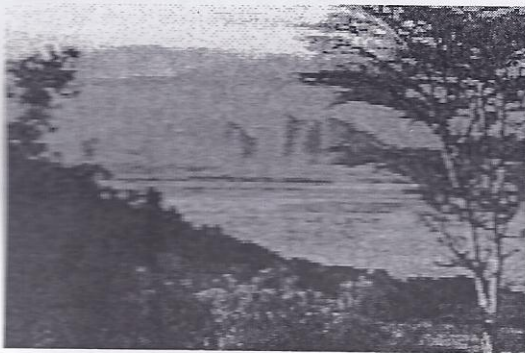
David Lovatt Smith has published *Amboseli – Nothing Short of a Miracle; My Enemy: My Friend; A history of the Kikuyu Guard* – Ed. His latest book is *Kenya, The Kikuyu and Mau Mau*. 2005. All these would be interesting for the descendants who want to know more. Available from lovattsmith@amboseli.org or Mawenzi Books Swanmore, Church Road, Herstmonceux, East Sussex BN27 1RJ England.

HABARI

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF EAST AFRICA

Longonot verby Gilgil na Nakuru. By Nakuru die pragtige meer met sy flaminke in 'n pienk skynsel. Die dorp met sy hotel (waar ons altyd tee gaan drink het as ons inkopies gaan doen het), die koöperasie (waar al die boere maar hulle besigheid gedoen en tot voertuie gekoop het) en die Indiër winkels waar ons kosvoorrade gekoop het. Die winkel waar ons die meeste voorrade gekoop het, se eienaar het my pa Bokram genoem.

Ek onthou die skool so goed want ons het as familie almal daar begin met ons skoolloopbane.



Lake Elmentaita

Foto: www.sportingsafariskenya.com

Die groot wit geboue en die swaweltjies wat so in die aande in vlieg na hulle nessies so onder die dak. Die "intermediate" koshuis en die hout "senior" koshuis met sy emmer toilette daar een kant. Die koshuis was omhein met 'n hoë draad teen die mau mau. Ek onthou die uitsig so oor die meer. Die Menengai krater op die berg agter die skool. Ek onthou nog die groot netjiese sport gronde. Die apartheid van seuns speel eenkant en meisies speel eenkant – ons mag nie saam speel nie. Ek onthou nog as ons sport beoefen en die wind waai daardie wolk soda vanaf die meer oor die gronde, hoe ons sakdoek om die mond terug koshuis toe moes hardloop. Die dag se sport is dan verby. Dit was 'n slegte ondervinding. Ek

onthou nog die eerste twee jaar se klasse in die houtgeboue by die swembad. Mrs M Jenner was die onderwyseres. Lang skraal antie. Kwaai. Haar man was die skoolhoof. (So vyf jaar terug het ek haar foto in 'n tydskrif gesien saam met 'n groep wat met 'n warm ballon oor die Masai reserwe gevlieg het). Ons pouse tydverdryf was om die perdebye en houtboorders op die stoep te pla. Ek onthou nog toe hulle Marthinus Nel op sy lip gestee het. Lekker dik onderlip gehad. Ek onthou ook nog hoe vinnig ons Afrikaners moes leer Engels praat.

Ons pouse tydverdryf was om die perdebye en houtboorders op die stoep te pla

Ek onthou as die Engelse kinders Sondae in die saal kerk gehou het, het oom Effie van van Wyngaard vir ons kategeese in die klaskamers gegee – al die Afrikaner-kindere saam. Ons seuns, ek en Roelf Taljaard, het agter in die klas gesit op die skoolbanke. Ek onthou altyd die teksversies wat ons moes uit ons koppe leer. Kortos vir die kleintjies, bietjie langer vir bietjie ouer en langes vir groot kinders.



1956 Senior Klas (St 7) Nakuru

Ek dink aan die van die Afrikanerkinders saam met my – Marthinus Nel, Peet en Okkie en Johan Muller, Stefaans en Jannie Smit, Roelf Taljaard, Susan Beyers, Isak Smit, Andrew von Landsberg, Jan Fourie, Victor, Basil en Sieg Enslin, Jakob en Jannie Kruger, Danie de Bruin, Floors de Meyer, Lukas Olivier, Chris

Botha (hier laat my geheue my klaar in die steek). Van die Engelse outjies 'n paar – Steven Phillips, Richard (Sticky) Statham, Jonathan Bidwell, Margaret Sills, Schumacher, Bernard Pavely, George Kemp en nog. (Sien die foto van die std 7 klas van 1956 onderaan die bladsy.)

Van Nakuru af gaan ek op die pad na Olkalou. Ek onthou die bosse en die kolobus ape wat so deur die bome spring. Voor Olkalou die plase links van pom Tjaart Kruger, die De Bruins en oom Hottie Greyling, die Malans, die Ulyates. Net voor die dorp het ou dokter Spurrey geboer. Sy was ook somer die plaaslike veearts. Weer eens vergete name. Oom Hottie kon lekker stories vertel. Ek onthou nog hoe hy, as hy so vertel, sy asem so deur sy tande suig en sy kunsbeen so kraak-kraak beweeg. Dit het die stories meer klem gegee en interessanter gemaak.

Die dorpie Olkalou, bestaande uit een straat, was nie baie indrukwekkend nie. Unia se

winkel. Ek onthou die poskantoor waar ons Vrydae gewag het dat hulle die pos sorteer, die koerant (East African Standard) gekry het en dan huis toe gegaan het. Die stasie waar ons roomkanne op-en afgelaai het. Waar ek as jong seun mielies moes aanry en in die trokke moes laai. Daar het ek leer vragmotor bestuur. Dit was 'n Austin 7 ton vragmotor. Daar was ook 'n oop slaghuis waar ons soms vleis gekoop het. Oom Jan Kruger het ook 'n garage daar gehad. Ek onthou die ou Engelse kerkie op die draai by die Gilgil pad se aansluiting. By die dorp verby en regs

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Die Eeufeessaal
Foto: Louise Heckle

hier in RSA
gedoen en het
met so 'n fees
teruggekom.
Dit was almal se trots toe hy
met sy uniform daar
aangekom het.

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Die boere verder aan, oom
David Olivier, die Dry's, die
De Wets, die Pohls, die De
Bruins, oom Adam en tannie
Mariet van Rensburg net
duskant die Valle. Ook 'n
plek waar dikwels na kerk
koffie gedrink en gekuier is.

Dan die Valle met sy mense.
Die Von Landsbergs, Van
Dyks, Van der Westhuizens,
Van Deventers, die Mullers,
oom Okkie en tannie Jo Nel-
hulle, ds Hoffie en tannie
Joan Louw, Koos van Dyk
(Koos Unie), Jaques en
Wilma Loots, Laurie Koortze
(saagmeule). Die skool met
sy mense. Die rugbyspan
wat op die skoolterrein
ge oefen het. Die kerk en al
dié se doen en late. Ek
onthou nog Juliana, John –
en ek dink Mei Enslin – was
deel van die eerste
belydenisgroep in die "nuwe"
kerk. Saam met die Valle
moet 'n mens ook dink aan
die boere van die Alarable
valley.

Ek onthou die
togte na Nanyuki
toe...

Ek onthou die togte na
Nanyuki toe met sy mense.
Oom Ben van Wyk-hulle,
oom Theuns de Bruin,
Pulmans, Carr-Hartleys. Die
pragtige berg Kenia met sy
bekoring. Ek onthou die
latere jagtogte na Isiolo. Die
lang pad soontoe, so om die
voet van berg Kenia met sy
bosse en koue strome water
en dan die lang pad deur die
dor vlaktes verder noord.

Ek onthou nog die permit
wat my pa gekry het om te
kan jag. 'n Lys – geldig vir 'n
jaar – wat 'n foliovel vol is
en hy het 100 sjelings
betaal. Ons het nooit eers 'n

Malewarivier se kant toe. Oom Jan en tant
Stienie Kruger se plaas regs, met die huis so
bo-op die kranse. Die volgende boere so
onder die kranse - oom Faantjie Smit, oom
Jannie Moolman (oom Moolie), Mias Daniels,
Hansie Botha (Hansie Stam), die Jouberts,
oom Hannes en tannie Nancy von Landsberg
(met hulle woelige rooikop tweeling – Dirkie
en Abie), oom Kort Hendrik van Rensburg,
die Heydendrychs. Later het die Italianers,
Lodi, ook daar kom bly. Hulle het kaas
gemaak in hulle bad en tarentale aan hulle
sterfte gehang totdat hulle afval voordat hulle
die gaar maak om te eet. Sir Morgan
Grenville, wie se huis so hoog teen die berg
gebou was. Die ander buurman was 'n
Engelse ou, mnr Hendry. Ek kan nie onthou
hoe hy gelyk het nie, al was hy jare ons bure.
Ek onthou nog die grondpaaie en dan tydens
die reënseisoen, hoe Koos van Dyk bly staan
het as hy vir Juliana kom kuier het. Elke
Woensdag en Saterdag. Ek onthou nog die
kettings aansit en afhaal as ons érens heen
ry. As jy by jou bestemming kom, was jy nog
vol modder – broek, bene en skoene.

As jy by jou bestemming
kom, was jy nog vol modder
– broek, bene en skoene.

Verder aan langs die Malewa, die huis/skuur
op die oewer van die rivier wat kort-kort
nuwe inwoners gehad het. Ek dink aan Piet
de Wet, Frans en Gertie Steenkamp, Davo
Davidson was van dié wat daar gebly het.
Lekker vis daar gevang. Die rivier se oewer
was oorgroei met kruisement. As ek
kruisement ruik, herinner dit my aan die
Malewa.

Nog verder, nog boere: oom Hendrik en tant
Connie Odendaal, Kees Smit, oom Piet Nel en
Martiens Nel (hulle was ernstige groot
jagters), die Breytenbachs, oom Jim Davies,
Josef Daniels, Jan Smit (wat later met Sus

Breytenbach getrou het), die
Jouberts. Terug op Olkalou
en op pad Thomson's Falls
toe. Die klub, so links van
die pad - waar
Saterdaggaande films vertoon
is, gedans is en lekker kuier
saam met die boere (meeste
Engelse). Dan was daar oom
Ben Mouton (bo op die bult),
oom Dysman Enslin, Manie
Fourie, Chris Odendaal, Ken
Odendaal en ou tannie Toeks
van der Merwe. Ek onthou
die opslae toe sy met Davo
Davidson getroud is.

Ek dink plek met
geleenthede wat sterkste in
my geheue bly staan, was
die feessaal daar langs die
pad op oom Albert en oom
Koos Luies se plaas. Ek dink
aan die nagmaal-naweke,
baie erediens en die lekker
kuier en koffie drink saam
met die mense in die tente
so om die saal. Ek onthou
die basaars – die
voorbereiding daarvoor; die
bees en vark slag; die wors
maak; die koek bak. Dan die
geleentheid self. Die
boeresport. Hoe die jong
manne wedwyer met
verspring, nalope, hoog
spring, skyfskiet en nog
meer. Ek onthou nog die
Dingaansfeeste: die
feesredes en die
toneelopvoerings en nog
alles wat met die
geleentheid saam
plaasgevind het. Wat ek
nooit sal vergeet nie, was
Pieter von Lansberg het sy
jaar diensplig in die Lugmag

derde van die wild gejag nie. Ek onthou die kamp opslaan onder die mooi groot doringbome. Een dag jag ons en volgende dag maak ons biltong en vang party ouens vis in die rivier. Al die lekker kuier daar in die verte. Die Buffalo Springs met sy swem in die helder water. Wat my baie gefassineer het was die slagpale op die oewer van die rivier en langs die pad Marsabit toe, waar hulle kamele ook geslag het. Daar was 'n paar groot barbers in die rivier onderkant die slagpale.

Ja, dit is maar net lekker om dit alles te onthou. Dit alles is die houtjies wat ek kan gebruik wanneer ek my vuur van herinnering voed as ek nou se dae daar in die bos is waar ek gaan wegbreek en gaan voëls kyk. My spyt is dat toe ek kans gehad het om voëls te kyk soos ek nou doen, het ek nie belanggestel nie. Inteendeel, toe het ek hulle gejag – tot maheme en korhane. Kenia het 'n baie ryker voëlbevolking as ons hier.

Die land was goed vir ons. Dit was lekker dae met mooi oomblikke en baie goeie mense.



Bwana

by Dan Steyn

One of my earliest memories takes me to where, on an afternoon, I am walking with my mother down the firebreak that crossed our farm – most probably taking the dogs for a run. We stop at the boundary of the Von Maltitz farm (our neighbours) where a square cement structure with a steel peg in the middle protrudes about six inches above the ground and my mother explains that a surveyor had placed it there to mark the boundary of the farm. I remember that in later years I often tried to picture the mysterious man who had taken all the trouble to build such a strange structure – simply to indicate something that we all knew, as the boundary was very noticeable with a sturdy barbed wire fence running all the way between the two farms. Strange men these surveyors, whatever they were.



Then, much later I heard my father talking about Oom Abraham Mouton's son, Pieter, who was leaving to study in the Unie as he also wanted to become a surveyor! My father was questioning this career choice as he was of the opinion that surveyors with their weakness for divorce seldom made good husbands. I have no idea where he obtained this particular information – but at least I now knew something more about my mystery men. Not only did they build mysterious cement structures around metal pegs, but also they were lousy husbands.

Still later (I would guess that I was halfway through primary school), late one afternoon there was an enormous

Verbrandebos

Tannie Frieda Barnard (gebore Steenkamp) skryf uit Nylstroom:

Ek en Tommie het altyd te perd skool toe gery waar oom Frik Olivier en tannie Annetjie vir ons skoolgehou het. Ons was maar baie bang vir oom Frik. En eendag wou my perd, Smokey, nie 'n tree verder loop nie. Sy hardloop toe terug en gooi my in 'n koringland af. (Sy wou terug na haar vullietjie toe.)

Op 'n ander keer – weer op pad skool toe – kom ons op 'n trop wildehonde af. Ek en Tommie het so geskrik dat ons deur oom Gert de Jager se wattleboompies gejaag en 'n klomp afgebreek het. Oom Gert was só kwaad! Op die ou end het ons meer vir hom geskrik as vir die wildehonde.

Ek sal nooit vergeet die keer toe die skaapskuur afgebrand het met al die skape binne-in nie – die skuur was gebou met sederpale en 'n grasdak om die luipeerds weg te hou, want daar was toe nog baie. Die skaapwagter, Araphus het moeilikheid met sy vrou gehad, toe steek hy die skuur aan die brand en hang homself op.

Almal in Verbrandebos se huise was van sederhout gebou.

Mnr Arneson het die saagmeule gehad.

Na skool het ek by Unga Limited gaan werk. Ek onthou nog vir Fay Farr, Babs Olivier en Marie Fourie. Ek het later vir Rex Kirk gewerk. Hy het 'n babakot besit wat van olifantoor gemaak was.

Eldoret het begin op Ortleppville, ou Mrs Ortlepp se plaas. Sy was iemand om mee rekening te hou. Sy et die District Commissioner gevra of sy haar man in SA kan herbegrawe. Sy het voorgestel dat sy die oorskot in 'n boks kan it "and mark it 'Bones'". Die DC het gesê Nee.

By die Pioneer Hotel het ons een keer per jaar 'n *South African Dinner & Dance* gehad. Ons was veronderstel om 'n Engelse paartjie saam te nooi. Ek sal nooit die mooi aandrokke vergeet nie.

Uasin Gishu beteken "strome van beeste".

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explosion at the Le Roux household, our other neighbours.

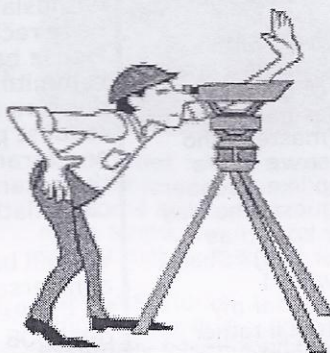
Oom Jan and his wife, Tant Manie, being quite sickly in the latter part of their lives, had not only gained the compassion of the gemeente but also became the haven of every soul who "had just the right remedy" for that

Luckily nobody was killed and Post-Traumatic Stress had not been invented yet

particular pain or cough. So after the old couple had both passed away, Klein Jan, their son, asked one of the housemaids to clear out the medicine chest, empty all liquids down the toilet (invariably a "long drop") and dump all the powders and pills into the "donkey" – the traditional exterior fireplace where the bath water was heated over a wood fire. What nobody knew was that the medicine chest also contained some explosives that were left over from when they dug a well sometime in the past. Luckily nobody was killed and Post-Traumatic Stress had not been invented yet – or at least nobody in Kenya had heard of it. Obviously this incident provided the local community with a rich source of conjecture for weeks on end. In all of this discussion I remember hearing that the explosives came from the Kagamega gold mines via a family member and a surveyor. So now I could add one more trait to my knowledge of these strange beings.

Then I had to wait a number of years before I could add to my store of information. This opportunity came about one day when my father and his old chum, Oom Anaak Cloete, were swapping tales on the veranda. A brandy each and Oom Anaak digging into his box of Hofnar cigars – was a sure signal for me to prick my ear to hear more about "the early days in Kenya" – a mysterious time full of romance in the eyes of an inquisitive small boy. The topic must have concerned the state of the roads – a popular topic. Where their stories and roads meandered I cannot remember, but what stuck in my mind was Oom Anaak telling about a surveyor who used his Rolls Royce as a workhorse to travel wherever he had to work – on or off road – which by the way was not that much different in many parts of BEA.

Later I heard an embroidered version. It was still the same surveyor and his Rolls, but he had found himself in a bit of bother as the old car had broken an axle. Obviously there was no help for this in Kenya so he wrote (or wired) the factory in England to send him an axle. Some time later – I suppose with the next mail ship – his axle arrived, but accompanied with a factory-trained mechanic. The latter sorted out the problem and made



www.signsbyyou.com

his way back home. Some months later he had still not received a bill, so the surveyor (an honest man) made enquires. Much to his surprise the factory denied ever having heard of him or having sent an axle out to Africa – you see a Rolls Royce never breaks an axle.

At least now I knew how surveyors traveled.

Not long after, a farmer ("someone somewhere" on the Plateau) decided to build a shop. In order to attract as much passing trade as possible he moved it as close as possible to the main road crossing his farm. This also meant that he had to move it quite close to his neighbor's fence. But even cattle get inquisitive, and with the increase in customers the neighbor's livestock started frequenting the area next to the fence to get a better view of the action. And, as we all know, any healthy beef producing animal not only has a lively input but also an equally active output. The end result is an explosion in the fly population. So on a day

the devil came to visit Mr. Shopkeeper, suggesting that if he could only find the original pegs the surveyor had used to mark the boundaries of the farm he was sure to find that the neighbor had pinched a large tract of his farm and that the boundary fence would have to be moved far back from his shop. So he first tried the diplomatic (steel fist in velvet) approach by walking over and having a "friendly chat" to his neighbor – an elderly, short, stout and peaceful man who kept much to himself – but who also knew more of his

... and then they found the pegs ...

neighbors whims than the latter realized. And so nothing happened. Next Mr. Shopkeeper started looking for the pegs (some may call them beacons, others refer to landmarks) – but the relevant surveyor had hidden the pegs so well that the poor man searched for weeks on end. And as time went by (and the flies multiplied) his frustration and anger increased. Eventually he kicked up such a fuss that the neighbour even joined in the search. And then they found the pegs – and to everybody's surprise the boundary ran halfway through the shop.

Now back to a story from those mythical halcyon days long before I was born. There was an old surveyor with an equally old dog who had been his companion for many years. This old dog was getting to the stage where his master realized life was no pleasure to him anymore. Yet he did not have the courage to shoot the old animal, and he was out in the bush, miles from anyone he could ask to do the deed. Lying awake one night, he struck on a quick, humane

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And certain method of putting the old animal out of its misery. So the next day he led the old dog out of the boma (which by the way is a Swahili word meaning a kraal made of branches – a far cry from air-conditioned structures in modern Safari Camps that go by the same name) to a thorn tree some distance away in the veldt. There he tied him to a tree with a piece of string. He then tied some explosives around the old animal's neck, lit the fuse, and ran for dear life back to the boma.

... he struck on a quick, humane and certain method...

Now in many a month the old dog had not received so much attention, added to this his old master was now really starting to whoop it up. So, catching on to the lively spirit of the moment, he flew up, snapped the string and followed his master as fast as his old legs could still carry him. And there they went – the faster the old surveyor ran the faster his dear old companion followed.

Watching all of this was the entire camp of Samburus.

Eventually the old surveyor made the camp, but his old friend was catching up much too fast for comfort and he had no time to find the opening that served as a gate. So he vaulted himself over the branches that formed the enclosure and, as he hit the ground on the inside, the explosion went off on the outside.

Needless to say, within days every Samburu in a circumference of least a hundred miles had heard of the bwana (master) who could **ruka sawa sawa mpira** (jump like a rubber ball) – and guess who was forever after known as Mpira (rubber ball)? Shall I summarize what I eventually knew of my mystery men? I'll rather leave that to you to work out.

However, I hope that the young man who went off to become a surveyor, had a long and happy marriage, kept away from explosives, clearly marked all farm boundaries, and made enough money to have been able to afford a Rolls.

Dear Kitaleites 18

We are definitely making progress towards Reunion 2008! When? 24, 25, 26 October 2008

Where? Kitale, accommodation at the Kitale Club.

Cost: Still to be determined. Start saving now!

Thus far, there has been lots of positive enthusiasm shown from readers who have received the original Flyer. Please be aware that we need commitment if you do make the decision to come. The organisers will request payment when booking is made and arrange a 'cut off date' after which there can be no refund for cancellations.

We will be celebrating the schools' 80th anniversary so this, for all of us, might be the Reunions of Reunions. We, on the 2008 Committee, are determined to make it a memorable experience for all who join us.

N.B. The Reunion is open to husbands, wives, partners, even children. The only condition: one member of each family must have attended the school at some stage. New friendships are formed while old ones are renewed.

Good wishes as always. Bridget

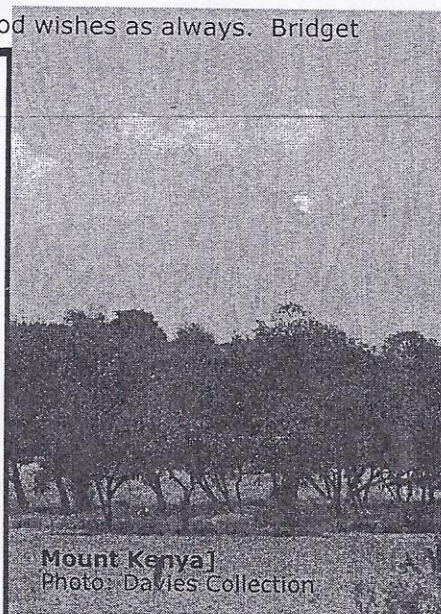
WEBSITES AND BOOKS

Malcolm McCrow keeps a good site regularly updated, it starts at <http://www.mccrow.org.uk/EastAfrica/Index%20East%20Africa.htm>

Go to www.oldafricamagazine.com This is an excellent magazine which started in Oct. 2005. Not only must you read it but also it is essential that you contribute to it. The stories are special and recall many memories.

On the Old Cambrians Website www.oldercambrians.com there is incredible information for those who were at Prince of Wales.

Dawid Lovatt Smith has published **Amboseli – Nothing Short of a Miracle; My Enemy; My Friend; A history of the Kikuyu Guard – Ed.** His latest book is **Kenya, The Kikuyu and Mau Mau**. 2005. All these would be interesting for the descendants who want to know more. Available from lovattsmith@amboseli.org or **Mawenzi Books Swanmore, Church Road, Herstmonceux, East Sussex BN27 1RJ England.**



Mount Kenya
Photo: Davies Collection

REUNION 2008

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Tannie Martie Davies skryf:

Die olifant Sergoit

Een jaar (ek dink dit was rondom 1929) het 'n paar olifante deur die plase getrek en skade aan gesaaides aangerig. Toe skiet oom Piet Jorjaan een – ongelukkig 'n koei met 'n kalfie. Oom Piet-hulle het besluit hulle sal die diertjie hou totdat hulle 'n blyplek vir hom kan kry. Na 'n hele tyd is hy toe na 'n dieretuin in Engeland gestuur.

Maar dit was 'n tranedal toe hy moes gaan – hy was dan al so lank een van die familie. Sy naam was Sergoit – hy is vernoem na die groot kop wat deel van die plaas was.

Na 'n paar jaar het tant Lena en oom JB Steyn besluit hulle wil vir Sergoit gaan sien – hulle wil kyk of hy nog daar is en of hy hulle nog sal herken. Dit was so twee tot drie jaar na die tyd, en tot hulle verbasing, toe hulle by sy plek kom en tant Lena hom die derde keer op sy naam roep, kom hy. Dit wys net hoe goed so 'n olifant se geheue is.

'n Schalk Cloete kaskenade

Die Oribi bokkies was 'n beskermde spesie, maar toe skiet oom Jurie Bekker een en oom Schalk Cloete hoor daarvan. Hy besluit toe hy moet vir oom Jurie gaan kuier.

"Oom Jurie," sê hy, "ek hoor Oom skiet Oribi bokkies in die nag. Dis twee oortredings en groot straf: 'n groot boete of tronkstraf."

Die ou oom en sy vrou skrik hulle gedaan. Geld het hulle nie, en tronkstraf – wat 'n skande.

"Nee, Schalk," sê die oom. "Dit was net een bok en dit was helder dag."

Oom Schalk antwoord: "Nou goed, ek sal probeer help. Maar tant Sarie moet vir my pannekoek bak. More sal ek kom sien wat ek kan doen."

Die volgende dag toe hy daar kom, was daar 'n hele stapel pannekoeke, en tant Sarie is bereid om nog meer te bak.

Oom Schalk vra: "Vir watter basaar is dit nou alles?"

"Nee, Schalkie," sê sy, "Dis alles vir jou."

Daar het slim sy baas gevang. Hy sou seker nie weer pannekoek vir vergoeding wou hê nie.

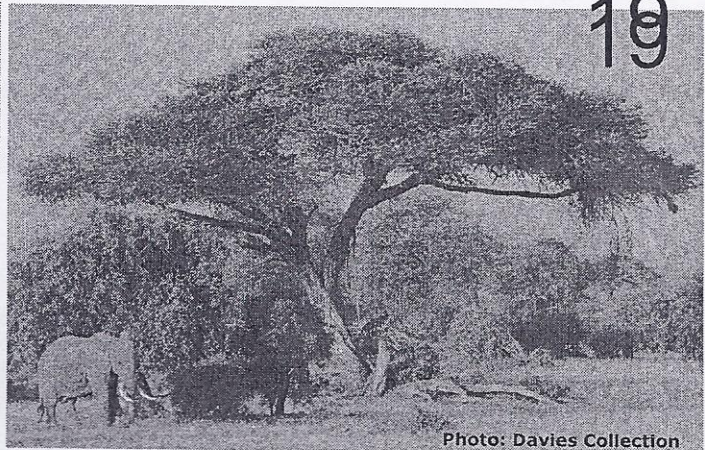


Photo: Davies Collection

Keith Elliot tells of a grim joke about a man who helps an elephant in distress, and years later meets the elephant again and approaches it. It kills him, because the man had made a mistake: it was not the same elephant! Keith writes: Believe it or not, the story has a real life parallel !

Daphne Sheldrick, is famous for rearing baby elephant orphans. Her first successful orphan was called Emily, who eventually joined a wild herd, but remembered Daphne and came to see her, whenever she visited Tsavo. Daphne had moved to Nairobi, and when her husband David died, she was allowed to stay in the warden's house where she continued to rear orphaned animals. When they reach the age of about 2 years, Daphne translocates them to Tsavo, where amazingly, Emily, now a matriarch with her own offspring, "adopts" them, guards them during the day and returns them to the stockade in the evening for security against predators. Over the next year or two, the orphans are assimilated into the wild herds, but Emily continues to lead a double life, as there are always new orphans.

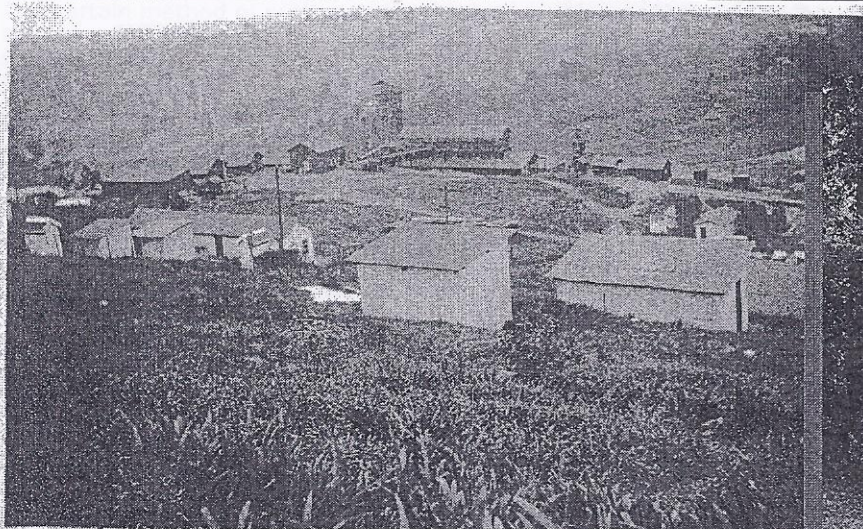
About 5 years ago, Emily had gone "walkabout" and had not been spotted for a year or so. Daphne had gone to Tsavo, with a wild life photographer, who was taking pictures of some of the older orphan elephants. Suddenly Emily turned up, and started sniffing and touching the calves. Daphne greeted her by name and walked over to her, commenting how well she looked. The photographer asked Daphne to pose, and so Daphne walked over to her, faced the camera, and reached up to hold Emily's ear. But Emily slapped Daphne hard with her trunk and flung her onto a pile of nearby lava rocks, which broke her hip. Daphne yelled at her, as the photographer stood aghast. She lay on the ground helpless as the elephant came over, lifted its foot and gently felt her with it and smelt her with its trunk, as she continued to swear at it. It wasn't Emily at all, but a wild elephant, who after a while left Daphne and wandered off. Daphne was rescued, flown to Nairobi, and later to South Africa for operations and has fully recovered.

How they knew it was not Emily, and why it behaved like that I do not know. Perhaps it had seen Daphne mixing with the calves, which had shown no fear toward her, and so it did not regard her as a threat.

TRUTH CAN BE STRANGER THAN FICTION!

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20



Kakamega Gold Mines.

Towards a history of the Kakamega Gold Rush

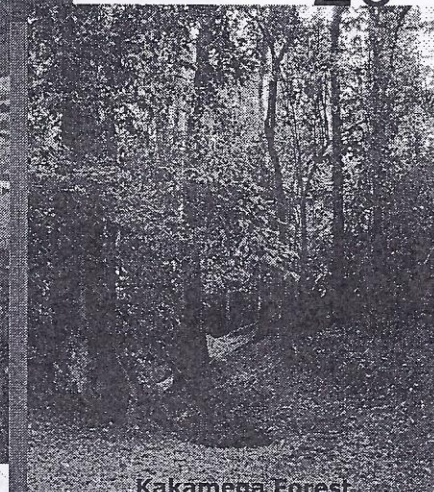
When the farmers settled in the Uashin Gishu district during the period before the 1st World War, they established themselves well on farms that were productive and provided a reasonable living for most of them.

After the war there was, in the early 20's – and again in the early 30's, terrible depression. Our fathers and grandfathers who had farms could not sell their produce. I remember figures of 2/6 per bag. The farmers still had something to eat, whereas in the towns they suffered badly as there was no work and pay was limited.

At about this time (I cannot find out exactly when) gold was discovered in Kakamega. From the stories it was alluvial gold in the river the name of which I cannot remember. Many farmers saw this as a way out of the depression and went mining. Many did well and went back to their farms to carry on farming after they had made some money. Others were not so successful and worked on the gold diggings for other diggers who struck richer claims.

Many of the claims were pockets of gold in an area around the river. The photograph shows some of the settlements on the diggings. Can anyone tell the story of Kakamega? I feel it plays an important role in the history of the settlement between the wars, but it has not been recorded.

Danie Steyn

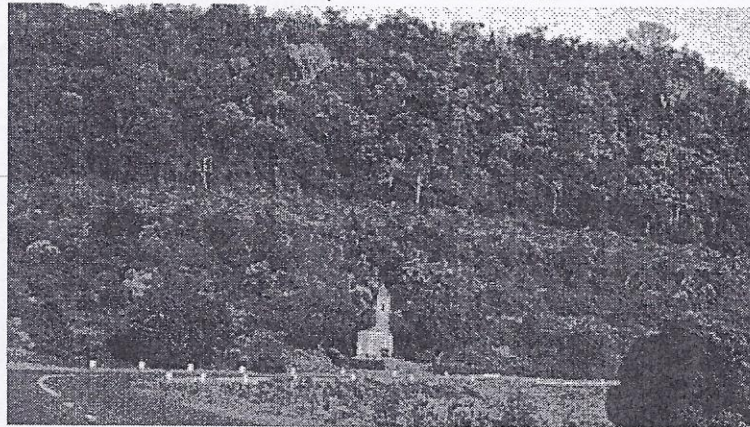


Kakamega Forest
Photo: Davies Collection

Italian Church on the

Aberdeers (More on this in the next newsletter. *Danie Steyn*)
With thanks to Old Africa Magazine whom I am sure many of you would like to read. Go to www.oldafricamagazine.com to order

Here is Susan Deverall's story on the little Church of the nativity at the bottom of the escarpment road near Maai-Mahiu. "My father, Claude Anderson, donated all the building materials for the Catholic chapel when some of the Italian prisoners of war, encamped on our Mt Margaret Estate, asked if they could build a church as they worked on the escarpment road. My father donated the site and the lovely pale stone, which we quarried on our farm.



"Since wartime rationing was in effect, the prisoners beat old kerosene tins to make lamps for the chapel. They made the doors from beaten mabati sheets and cut designs in them. They carved a crucifix from wild olive wood. R Pitore worked on the paintings and murals. I believe he was ill with tuberculosis and could not do heavy work on the road. He also did some lovely watercolour paintings of scenes around the farm and portraits of us children for my parents. I still have some of the paintings. Sadly during the Mau Mau emergency, someone smashed into the church, broke the crucifix, slashed one or two of the hanging paintings and stole the chalice."

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Van Laura Ross (gebore Steenkamp)

Ek het in die jaar 70 geword, so die eerste sertifikaat (sien hieronder) is al 62 jaar gelede uitgereik! Dit sal interessant wees om te weet of daar nog iemand is wat so iets het.

Ek onthou nog hoe Aunt Annetjie Smit ons met 'n dun lat oor ons vingers getik het as ons nie ons letters ordentlik gevorm het nie – wonder wat sal sy sê van my handskrif na 62 jaar! Mrs Howes was baie kwaai en het ons met 'n liniaal bygekom. Mrs Loder was streng maar heel rustig.

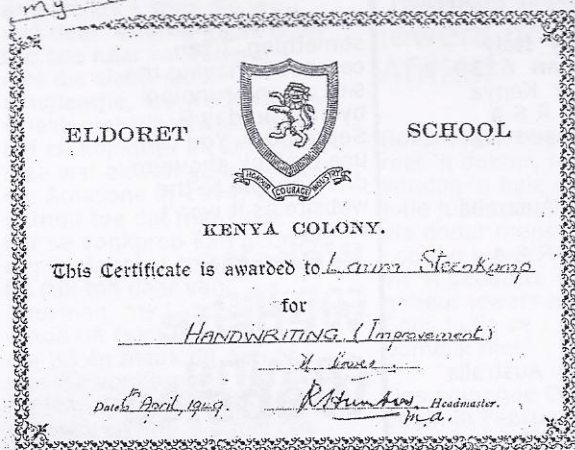
Die dissipline in die klaskamers en die koshuis was van top gehalte en vandag nog handhaaf ons wat in die Eldoret skool was – ek glo dit is so – steeds daardie beginsels en lei kinders volgens dit.

Die kos was 'n ander storie. Aunt Lief van Maltitz en Miss Carr het gekook. O wee, die Oatspap was altyd rou, die spinasie woes bitter. Van die poeding sak ek maar stilbly – semolina en broodpoeding of rhubarb – baie suur! Met custard.

Sal nie Mr Hunter en sy hond Sooty vergeet nie. Onthou nog hoe die seuns die "can" gekry het by Mr Hunter en hoe oom Kets van Rensburg Mr Metcalfe wou slaan omdat hy iets aan Klein Kets gedoen het.

Daar is nog baie om oor te skryf maar ons van daardie tyd is baie bevoorreg om die lewe wat ons gehad het te waardeer en te onthou. Ons het ons ouers enoupas en oumas te danke vir wie ons vandag is. Die Christelike opleiding en die omgee sal ons nooit vergeet nie!

wonder wat sal gesê word van my handskrif na 62 jaar!



Dear All 21

What started off as a hobby tracing all my family trees (now only the forthcoming hatched, matched and dispatched to add when they occur) has progressed to something much bigger than I ever imagined when I started. During the course of my research in the cemeteries, archives etc I came to realize that so much information about the early happenings and places in Kenya are being lost and forgotten, including the people! Most of the cemeteries have been vandalized and a lot of the old churches no longer in use. The records of Births / Deaths / Marriages at the Registry in Sheria House (the only copies available in the country) are not on computer but mostly scattered everywhere, in no order whatsoever and a lot actually missing or torn and on the floor. I am trying to make a record of all these certificates and in the process putting together a reference book on the families who came, from around 1895 to date. A mammoth task and, as one friend so kindly said to me, "do you think you will see this through or are you going to be a statistic in your own book before you're done?!"

I have an enormous collection of data already (most of it in notebooks but being transferred to computer disk) and have received so much help already from many sources, but I need help in putting the correct family members together down the generations (and most importantly, making sure the information is correct!) What I need is the following:

Names of the first generation resident in Kenya, dates they came and resided, occupations. Names of farms etc if applicable. Names of spouses, where married and, if possible, dates.

Names and dates for all further generations, even if not actually born here but resident here, names of schools and years attended, any other info such as members of Regiments, Societies etc. Occupations and professions would also be interesting. Basically any information you can give me!

Once the person has left Kenya permanently is where I stop, although it would be nice to know where they went.

I hope a lot of you will be able to spare me the time to put together this information, I know it is easier said than done remembering all the 'ruddy reli's' but I can assure you, once you start it seems to get your attention and interest. Even the most cynical amongst us that have scoffed at me, have been most helpful once they got going!

I would be grateful if you would pass this to any other friends and relatives. Looking forward to hearing from you all and thanking you, in advance.

Trish Heather-Hayes nee Wilkinson (3rd Generation Kenyan and with 5th generation still here!)
E-mail: jim@wananchi.com

HABART

writes:

Pearse 6115 Durban Z A
Bayley 6070 ?
Lutkins 6116 Dianella Australia
Adeline 6071 ?
Grigor 6117 Harere ZIM
Boothway 6072 ?
Hammond 6118 N S W Australia
Baronet 6073 ?
Swan 6119 ?
Becker 6074 Gillets R S A
Mumford 6120 ?
Boyd 6075 C/Town R S A
Bing.Hall 6121 London U K
Brazier 6076 ?
Millbank 6122 Marandera Z I M
Chaloner 6077 ?
Mayers 6123 ?
Cook 6078 ?
Lucking 6124 Tuaka N Z
Meintjes 6079 Deceased R S A
Wilkinson 6125 Moggill Australia
John Peter Lategan 6080 ?
Nigel 6126 ?
Cowie 6081 Nairobi Kenya
Russ.Pell 6127 ?
Cox 6082 Sydney Australia
Sumner 6128 Leek U K
Crampton 6083 Pinetown R S A
Whitall 6129 London U K
Hall 6084 ?
Peter John Potgieter 6130 ?
Hanrahan 6085 ?
Croxford 6131 ? Australia
Gibberson 6086 Florida U S A
Dekker 6132 ?
Smith 6087 ?
**Jacobus Andries Abraham
Kleynhans 6133 ?**
Fowler 6088 Sussex U K
Van Deventer 6134 Nylstroom R S A
Minns 6089 Nairobi Kenya
Currie 6135 ?
Roach 6090 Edengle R S A
Herd 6136 ?
Rees 6091 ?
Esnouf 6137 Durban R S A
Hilditch 6092 Queensland Australia
Gideon Joubert 6138 ?
Mansutti 6093 Tuscany Italy
Johannes George Kilian 6139 ?
Phillips 6094 Mombasa Kenya
Sewell 6140 Westville R S A
Tomlinson 6095 Deceased NZ
Godden 6141 ?
Currie 6096 ?
White 6142 Randwick Australia
Williamson 6097 ?
Bailey 6143 Germiston R S A
Dykes 6098 ?
Saw 6144 Deceased
Eastbrook 6099 Spain
Sandfield 6145 ?
Evans 6100 Towoomba Australia

From: Abie Helberg
To: danie@mweb.co.za;
Philip Helberg
Sent: Wednesday,
August 29, 2007 2:08
PM Subject: Re: FW:
Friends of east Africa
website

In response to your email which my brother Philip sent on to me, please see

http://fricandsofeastfrica.net

I had the designs drawn up and the main page templates have been built.

I am building the friend finder and adding the text to the pages. (But nothing is available as of yet.)

In terms of publishing something, I can commit to having the site up and running by say Sunday 9 September. You can use the link above to drive people to the website as it won't change.

change.
Website
coming
Website
coming
Website
coming

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Al het die laaste maande hier in Maasailand baie kopsere ingesluit, was die meeste daarvan 'n tydperk van deurbraak en groei, groter as wat my span en ek ooit verwag het.

In Junie het ons die kliniek hier op Tiamang'ien se deure oopgemaak na weke se herstelwerk en verf aan die bouvallige ou geboue. Florence, ons verpleegster wat ons permanent aangestel het, doen uitstekende werk. Sy is al opgeleide vroue verpleegster In ons area en dis 'n bonus aangesien sy naby haar gesin kan wees terwyl sy vir ons werk. Haar man is die "chief" in ons naburige area.

Vandat die kliniek oopgemaak het, het ons nog geen sterfgevälle gehad nie behalwe vir die Maasai seuntjie wat beswyk het nadat hy en sy boetie gif ingekry het. Skielik vat so iets nogal bitter diep aan jou as jy iemand verloor onder jou hande. Maar dit is maar die lewe hier en hier is die dood meer van 'n werklikheid vir mense as vir ons Westerlinge.

'n Paar keer was dit ampertjies – soos die vrou wat deur 'n slang gepik is en toe ons haar wil behandel met die slang-skok-masjientjie, toe werk die ding skielik nie! Dit kos toe hard bid en kopkrap. Ek kry toe 'n idee wat ek van gehoor het in die Amasone in 1994, en onthou toe dat mens ook 'n kar se vonkprop kan gebruik om 'n slangbyt te behandel. Ek ruk toe daar van Boesman, my Landrover, se drade uit (van die wat nog oor is) en maak dit aan een van die vonkproppe vas en siedaar! Die vrou het dit gemaak en ons is almal die Here dankbaar.

'n Ander keer is ek uitgeroep na een van die verste Maasai manjattas in ons area. Florence was weg en daar was 'n vrou wat sukkel om geboorte te gee. Weer eens kom Boesman toe tot die redding en na 'n uur se vierwiel teen die koppe uit en pad oopkap, kom ons by die manjatta aan net om te besef nie een van ons het 'n clue van wat om eintlik te doen nie! Al oplossing was die satellietfoon wat die St Paul's Kerk in Engeland vir ons gegee het. Ek bel toe 'n dokter in Engeland en vra: "Hoe nou?!" Die dokter sit op 'n trein in London toe hy die oproep kry. Hy se net: "Maar jy kan nie

David het die laaste paar maande spandeer om meer opleiding te ontvang in die area van volwassene onderrig. Hy is nou meer toegerus vir die literatuurklasse wat hy aanbied vir die Maasai krygers en ook in staat om ander op te lei om die werk saam met hom te doen.

Kashu is hard besig met die Wilderniskamp se bou. Ons het pas 'n span van 8 bouers uit die VSA gehad wat vir ons twee houtvloere kom bou het vir die tente vir die kamp. Dit was 'n groot seën en noudat Kashu en ek by hulle geleer het hoe om die houtvloere te bou, kan ons nou aangaan met die bouery vir die ander tente. Die werk in die kamp gaan stadig maar dit gaan darem.

Daar is heelwat papierwerk om die kamp geregistreer te kry en vir ons om 'n lisensie te kry om dit te opereer. Die visie vir die kamp is om die bediening hier in Maasailand meer volhoubaar te maak. Finansies deur die kamp gegenereer, sal gaan vir die Dissipelskapskool, die kliniek, die literatuurskool en die omgewings-opvoeding wat ons wil doen hier in die gemeenskap.

Die kamp sal ook die laerskool hier op Tiamang'ien help, dus hoop ons die hele projek sal 'n ware gemeenskapsontwikkelings-projek wees waardeur ons die liefde van Jesus vir die Maasai gemeenskap hier kan wys.

Alreeds met die oopmaak van die kliniek, kan ons sien dat mense in die gemeenskap die Dissipelskapskool nou meer erken. In een van die gemeenskapsvergaderings onder 'n doringboom is daar gesê, onder andere, dat dit die Christene is wat omgee vir die mense en daar was 'n pleidooi van die ouderlinge in die gemeenskap dat die gemeenskap die nuwe projek moet ontvang met ope arms. Dit is vir ons 'n geweldige deurbraak.

Hoewel dit seker klink na een groot suksesstorie, is daar ook die donker kant en teleurstellings van die lewe hier. 'n Paar weke terug het ons

André uit Tanzanië

"Walking with Maasai"



ernstig wees nie!" Nouja, na 'n lang, stamperige en benoude rit met

op die trein in London
gee die dokter raad vir
'n geboorte wat gebeur
iewers in donker
Afrika!

Boesman tot by die naaste kliniek met 'n dokter, het die Maasai vrou vandag 'n baie gesonde baba! Kan julle julle voorstel die gesigte van die ander mense op die trein daar in London terwyl die dokter raadgee vir 'n geboorte wat besig is om te gebeur iewers in donker Afrika! Soos hulle se: "nooit 'n vervelike oomblik nie!"

Ons volgende Dissipelskapskool begin in Februarie 2007 en Saruni (Francis Yenke) berei voor om studente in die hande te kry.

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besef hoe hard die vyand werk om die werk wat ons doen hier te stop. Ons het 'n brief gekry van 'n organisasie wat ook in Lolita werk en wat grootliks 'n monopolie het op alle projekte wat hier gebeur. Hulle beheer ook enige fondse wat inkom vir gemeenskaps-ontwikkeling, en so, deur korrupsie, verdwyn geld wat bedoel was vir skole en klinieke sonder dat die Maasai gemeenskap 'n sê het.

...hulle organisasie het besef dat daar een projek is waar hulle nie hulle vingers in kan kry nie ...

Die organisasie het skielik besef dat daar een projek is waar hulle nie hulle vingers in die koekiepot kan kry nie, en toe probeer hulle die kliniek hier op Tiamanag'ien keer. Gee ons toe 7 dae om te trek uit die geboue van die kliniek uit omdat die geboue (volgens hulle) aan hulle behoort.

Toe die Maasai gemeenskap hier uitvind van die brief aan ons het hulle dadelik 'n vergadering geroep, en bitterheid uitgespreek teen die politieke korrupsie en verdrukking van organisasies en politisie wat veronderstel is om hulle te help, eerder as om hulle uit te buit.

Dit was 'n goeie gevoel om te hoor hoe die gemeenskap uitpraat en ons projek steun, maar dit het ons ook in 'n delikate situasie geplaas. Die Maasai hier is diep tradisioneel en krygers is ingeroep met spiese en swaarde, vir indien hulle gedwing sou word om iets te aanvaar wat hulle nie wou hê nie. Dit kos toe mooipraat en hard bid dat die situasie om nie in geweld ontaard nie. Geweld sou dit 'n bitter terugslag vir ons beteken.

Daar is toe 'n vergadering gehou waar almal hulle mening kom lug het. Ook Maasai vroue is kans gegee om te praat oor hoe hulle oor die kliniek voel. Hulle het gepraat oor hoeveel kinders gesterf het toe die kliniek toe was en hoe hulle kinders nou gesond is as gevolg van die kliniek wat oop is. Hulle het gesê dat hulle die Dissipelskapskool se mense vertrou.

Bid tog vir hierdie gemeenskap, want ons kan sien dat, die mense besig is om lig te sien en dat dit baie mense nader aan Christus kan bring as ons volhard om mense hier te dien en te help. Selfs met al die ondersteuning van die gemeenskap is ons deur politici aangesê om uit die geboue te trek.

Vir tyd en wyl hou ons kliniek in die Dissipelskapskool se klaskamer. Bid vir die bediening hier in Maasailand terwyl ons nou nuwe planne moet maak vir 'n kliniek hier. Baie dankie vir al u gebede en ondersteuning. Sonder u gebede vir hierdie bediening, sal ons nie ver kom nie.

Baie groete en liefde in Christus.

André, Saruni, Kashu en David.

(NB. Onthou asseblief om nie vir my enige attachments of foto's of kettingbriewe te stuur nie. Ek stuur hierdie e-mail met my satellietfoon en alles wat ek stuur en ontvang moet so klein moontlik wees. Dit kos 'n klein fortuintjie elke keer as ek e-pos stuur of aflaai. Let ook op my nuwe e-pos adres:
andre@walkingwithmaasai.org

Dear Friends

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Two years ago I decided to buy 5 cows to experiment with and to see if it is really profitable for Maasai to keep cattle. My experiment led to a discovery that proved more valuable than cattle! Since then I've made lots of new friends from the community. There is hardly a day that I do not have Maasai elders visiting me to "chew the news" about everyday things – the most important things in their lives, mostly cows. I realized that I've entered a new realm of acceptance. I now find myself a (sometimes not so) eager student of many old Maasai men trying to coach me about keeping cattle. I've had valuable opportunities to build relationships with some of the oldest members of our community. This was not so before I had cows.

Creating a community based project that aims to uplift and empower the local people has brought challenges. It is an amazing thing when non Christians and Christians sit under the same tree to try and find solutions to the community's problems but the suggestions for solutions that come up in these meetings sometimes lay bare the deepest values and beliefs of a people.

The Maasai have always been eager to solve their problems. When we lost the clinic buildings last year due to corruption and greed from self-interested community leaders and politicians, the Maasai community was faced with a crisis. They were not prepared to exchange a well equipped, well run clinic for a government clinic with no equipment and no reliable drugs. It did not take long for people to start talking about solving the problem the traditional way, with spear and sword. But due to the wisdom of the elders, several community meetings were held and the Walking with Maasai team and Pastor Samperu from the Full Gospel Church were able to talk the community into not doing anything dramatic. Such opportunities give us the open doors to share the wisdom and truth of God's Word. What an amazing thing to see traditional Maasai asking Christians to pray for God to bring a breakthrough in a time when they experience a real crisis!

After losing the clinic buildings, we moved the Clinic temporarily into the Discipleship Training classroom, but when the Discipleship School started in February this year again, we had to make other plans. We moved the drugs and equipment into the pantry and Florence, our nurse had to treat people on the veranda of the house. This has proven a difficult time as people still lined up every day outside the house to get treatment and we just did not have the space, neither did we know how to run the clinic out of

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the house. We decided to send Florence on several courses, equipping her to work with HIV positive people, do testing and counselling. Meanwhile we are doing the groundwork and investigation for the possibility of starting a mobile clinic. Dr Fadi Barrak from the UK is writing a proposal to present to the Kenya Government Health Office and to raise the funds for this new project. In the meantime our local people have to walk 4 to 5 hours to the nearest clinic when the Government clinic in Olorte is out of drugs or answers.

Kashu has had a busy time with mobilizing the community regarding the Eco-Tourism Project, which will be tied in with the Environmental Education Program. We hope to use the Eco Camp and Wilderness Trails program to train community people in eco tourism and so provide them with valuable life skills and jobs. By training people from the local community, we will have an even greater influence in the larger community as all our training programs will be based on sound Biblical principles.

The other development WWM is involved in is the building of an air field and a bridge. The airfield will not only be used for flying in tourists, but also for bringing in medical supplies and give access to medical doctors. Over the years, many children and old people have lost their lives when the river came down in flood. During heavy rains hundreds of people are cut off from the town centre, clinic and school. Ed Pask, an engineer from the UK has taken on the bridge project and Stuart Armstrong a pilot from the UK has taken on the airfield project. WWM is deeply thankful for these men.

We are currently trying to register the Maasai community in our area of operation as a Trust. This will enable them to own assets legally and give them a legal voice against corruption and exploitation. Great lessons were learnt from losing the clinic buildings and it has given us an open door into our local Maasai community. Yes, we are "walking with Maasai" and through us, God is walking with these amazing people!

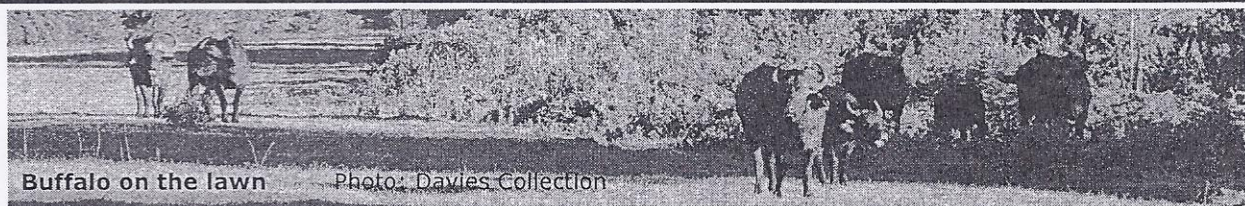
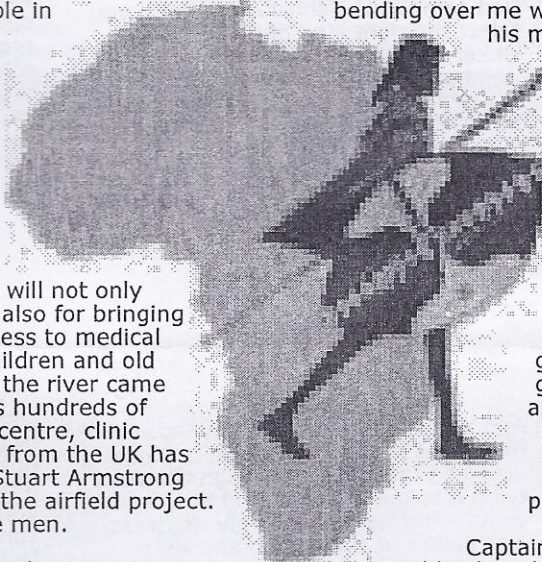
Many people might wonder why it takes so long for the Eco Tourism Project to take off, but there is a lot of red tape to work through. We are very thankful that we have never reached a dead end where a bribe was asked of us. It seems that whenever Government officials hear that we are a Christian Company, they simply proceed - without trying to solicit a bribe. We've had a lot of questions as nobody has ever heard of a Christian Company trying to do Tourism!

To see the wildlife coming back into the area where we are protecting the land with the help of the community has just filled me with so much happiness and joy. Recently we've had Eland and African Wild Dogs on the proposed Camp site. After two years of protecting the piece of land, it seems as though the animals are actually realizing that this patch of bush is a sanctuary! One morning after spending the night at the camp I was woken by Nangotot, our camp guard. As I opened my eyes he was bending over me with his finger in front of his mouth. We sneaked out of the tent and he

nervously grabbed my arm and pushed me ahead of him. Out on the plain, appearing out of the thick morning mist, appeared the ghostly shapes of a herd of buffalo! We sat in the tall wet grass watching them as they were peacefully grazing on the open grassy plain. They appeared one by one out of the thick bush and into the open, blissfully unaware of our presence.

Captain Borgan, the orphaned Bushbuck and Amani, his Duiker sister, have now been successfully weaned and are roaming free on the proposed Eco Camp. Even though they are not dependent on people any more to feed them, it is still a great joy when they occasionally come to say hallo. They will associate with their human foster parents for some time still and will eventually move on and associate more with their own kind. The campsite was the ideal spot to raise them and to reintroduce them back into the wild as there are no Maasai villages nearby and so no village dogs come near the camp.

Blessings to you all.
Andre



Buffalo on the lawn

Photo: Davies Collection

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LIONS, by Dan Steyn

Talk of Africa, particularly East Africa, and most foreigners think of lions. Actually they are not very exciting animals as they hunt by night, sleep by day, are for the most part lazy. And those who know them in the wild maintain they come with a pretty hefty pong. My closest encounter with a lion was when I must have been about 5 or 6 years old and we were on a visit to my uncle (Chorlim Estate, Mount Elgon on the Kenya/Uganda border). We (my one cousin and I) accompanied our fathers to where the Africans were husking maize. As usual we soon grew tired of the "adult activities" and drifted down one of the farm roads. My memory tells me it was late afternoon and just after a shower of rain – thus the road was washed clean of any old tracks. Some distance down the road we came on some fresh tracks and ran back to call our fathers to come and look at the "big dog" that had walked down the road – well it was no dog. A few days later a lion started killing cattle on a neighboring farm and was eventually shot.

But let me get to a story that my father told me. Way back (between the two World Wars) times were difficult in Kenya, and many of the Afrikaners that had trekked up there to seek a new future found that it was not much better than where they had come from. Thus they tried anything possible to keep body and soul together (much that would not go down well with the liberal mindset of today). I even remember as a child (and this was after WWII) visiting some farming folks who served sliced cold mieliepap instead of bread – as there was no money for the latter.

My story involves two Van Deventer brothers who made a bit of extra income by selling lion skins. But to get to the skin you first have to shoot its owner – and that is not as easy. Not only does this call for a lot of walking and stalking, but the primitive conditions of the time could make it damn dangerous. So these two brothers decided that it is much easier to entice the lions to come to them, rather than the

opposite. Therefore they would shoot a small antelope, drag it across the veldt (the African equivalent of sending out party invitations), tie the carcass to a tree, climb into the branches and wait. All of this sounds fine except for one thing – how long have you tried to sit quietly up the branch of a tree? It may be fine for Tarzan and squirrels – but not for normal human beings – particularly if your fat content is not well developed. So after some uncomfortable nights imitating owls, the Van Deventer clan came to the conclusion that if you select the right kind of tree (met 'n lekker dik mik) then you could just as well haul a bed and mattress ('n katel en matras) up the tree and make your life much more comfortable.



Prof Leo Hunter writes his last letter home!

Boy's Own Annual, Vol 58 1935-36

And that is exactly what they did. So they went through the usual motions – dragging the carcass through the veldt – tying it to the tree etc. And they waited again – but now on a comfy mattress well balanced over two branches. Unfortunately as lions do not have any German or Swiss blood in them, they are particularly slack on keeping their eye on the time and are not too punctual when invited to parties. This the Van Deventers knew. What they did not consider was that they would also be stalked. You see, sitting up a tree balancing yourself on a branch, is a very good formula to keep awake – particularly if it is a thorn tree with thin branches and lions coming over as guests. But lying down on a comfortable mattress under the open African sky, listening to a lonely jackal calling its mate, is quite different. Before they knew what was happening, Mr Sandman had completed his stalking and they were far away in another world.

Much later the one brother awoke from the sound of crunching of bones (and perhaps also the mouldy stench) not far below him – this signalled that their guests were already enjoying the party. But I must first explain that from experience the brothers had found it the best practice to shoot simultaneously at the same lion – this ensured the best chance of killing the beast and relieving them from any Hollywood antics of

Following the not too affable cat (and his equally discontented family) into some thickets where he lay licking his wounds and thinking unsavory thoughts about homo sapiens. So when brother #1 realized what was happening he poked brother #2 in the ribs and beckoned him to come and see – and this is exactly where their master plan started going wrong – probably due to a lack of attention to some general laws to be found in any course on Physics for Beginners. Thus, as Van Deventer #2 started crawling over to join his brother, he not only disturbed the equilibrium of the bed (and some will also see this as the proverbial tipping of the scales of justice) but sent bed, mattress, his brother, guns, himself and everything else they had hauled up there (maybe some biltong and a flask of something) raining down on the lions – causing a nasty surprise and some stiff words from all parties concerned. Nobody ever caught up with the lions to get a proper interview – but for years no lion was ever seen again near that particular tree.

What happened to the Van Deventers – except for severely bruised ego's? Not much. Did they continue with their lion skin trade – unfortunately I never heard that bit. All I can add is that one of the richest farmers in our district was a Van Deventer. If he was one of the tree-climbing Van Deventers I never heard, he certainly was ingenious enough and of the right age to have fitted the story. Furthermore, and on a more painful note, one of my fiercest fistfights as schoolboy was against his son. Why did we fight and who came off worst? That is my story and has nothing to do with lions. Report by Dan M Steyn 17/8/1999

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Dave Lichtenstein writes:

Hill School 2006 Siku Kuu Greetings
This year a number of overseas based Hill Billies and Hill Fillies visited Sydney. Firstly in the new year, Virginia Pollard (nee Todd) arrived from the UK, and at the annual gathering of the Kenya Police Association she caught up with yours truly and with the following Hill Billies: Roy Cordell, Ben Christie and Brian Adam. The Todds and Cordells had lived in Jinja during the '50s.

Next was the turn of that EA stalwart Malcolm McCrow, also from the UK. Malcolm's site entitled "East Africa 50 Years Ago" is located at <http://www.mccrow.org.uk/> It contains many nostalgic photos of various parts of EA as we knew it including the Hill School.

Toward mid-year all the way from S. Afr came founding Hill Billy, Robin Stobbs "lakini" – to fly such distances, to spend a week here and not even use the phone during that time was "mbaya sana".

Next year I am expecting at least two more Hill Billies and Hill Fillies to fly over the ocean – this time from the "old" country – Kenya. Among them are my good "rafiki", Darsi Ruysenaar, my host and organiser of my 2004 E Africa return trip; as well as Gail Paul (nee McFarlane). I can still remember Gail on the stage of the old Hill School Hall singing "the fond song of the sweet nightingale as it sings in the valley below".

The Kenya Regiment Association had major reunions in October at Norfolk Island and Malindi. At Norfolk Island the following Hill Billies and Fillies were present: Robin Plenderleith, Ben Christie, Brian Adam, Ken Payet, Pat Klynsmith (nee Camp), Jill Graf (nee Schwartzel), Paddy (nee Lambert) Shaw and husband Ron as well as Ann Turner (widow to founding Hill Billy, Brian). Robin went on to the Malindi reunion. Mabel Higginson (nee Croxford) was also at the Malindi. Look up <http://eastafricans.org/picnics/2006/> to see accounts of this picnic and previous ones.

During the year the following passed away: Peter Davis, Poul George Jorgensen, Roger Carman and Janet Reid (nee Rookan-Smith) – the latter three all in October. Peter Davis was the son of vet Ken Davis. The farmers in the area of my parents farm: Lessos, Burnt Forest, Kipkabus, organised for a vet to be located in our area. The family were housed in the former Rutherfurd farm house when the Greatheds purchased the joint adjoining farm from the Rutherfurds, hence they were direct neighbours of ours. I know that the family moved to Eldoret and then Nairobi after leaving our area. After attending the Hill School, Peter went onto the Duke of York School where he was in

Kirk House. I am informed that he suffered serious injuries during a mishap in a car driven by his father while they were still in Kenya. Peter later moved to Perth and – small world – he was treated by my brother-in-law – a medical practitioner. Peter apparently succumbed to leukaemia. He leaves behind a wife and three daughters.

When I began some serious research this year on the Kipkarren area (where my family had farmed prior to my attending the Hill School), founding Hill Billy Erik Jorgensen put me in touch with his cousin Poul George. (We had bought the Kipkarren farm off Poul George's parents.) During the course of our telephone and e-mail contacts Poul George told me that, in addition to Kitale School, he had briefly attended the Hill School. The Jorgensen contemporary of mine at the Hill School was his younger sister Anne Marie who sadly passed away some years ago. However many of us would also remember elder sister Lilli who was our teacher there. Lilli is the remaining member of that generation still living as older brother Emil died very young in Kenya during a shooting accident.

Back to Poul George, I followed up an e-mail to him with a telephone call and his wife informed me that Poul George was in a serious condition in hospital suffering from pneumonia. A few weeks later I once again phoned him. This time his wife informed me that Poul George had passed away. I never managed to obtain from Poul George any accounts of his time at the Hill School or thereafter. However, I found out that he had gone onto the Prince of Wales School and had been in Grigg House. After his Kenya Regiment training he had emigrated to the UK in the '50s, eventually marrying an English lass, Sandy.

Next was Roger Carman. I was informed by his wife that he had recently passed away. He was born in Eldoret, but the family never lived in the same place for long because his father worked for the E.A.P. & T. Consequently he went to six different primary schools including the Hill School. He did not consider his time at the Hill School a happy one but mentioned his friendship with John Latin. He also informed me that he would have liked to have contacted the O'Meara boys and Brian Brent. He completed his secondary schooling at the Duke of York School in Speke House and that is from where I remember him. After his Kenya Reg. training he went onto University in the UK graduating as an Electrical Engineer. He had a successful career in the electronics industry in the UK en he married a Scottish widow. In the latter part of his life he was ordained into the priesthood.

Hill School and Kenya Reg stalwart Bruce Rookan-Smith advised me that his sister Janet had been diagnosed with aggressive cancer. It was not a lingering slow death. Shortly afterwards Bruce's older brother Don (who did not attend the Hill School) informing me that Jan had passed away. I was never in direct contact with Janet. Given her surname Reid, she obviously must have married. She lived in Pietermaritzburg in Kwa-Zulu Natal. I was also aware that Jan was qualified as a State Registered Nurse. In the Magazine I have a copy of the 1957 Standard VII class photo. In addition to Jan the following girls are identified: M. Kleynhans, M. Walter, F. Taberer, Patricia Goggins, Jane Robertson, Anita Wilson, Sheila Parker, ? Evans, and Felicity Gatti. Among the boys are: Neil Naylor, John Hall,

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? Engelbrecht, Fanie Kruger, John Carson, Garth O'Dell, David ?, Kosie Viljoen and Peter Davies.

I was belatedly informed of the untimely death of Felice Ponziani in 2004. Felice Ponziani was one of the younger brigade and among the dwindling number of Wazungus attending the Hill School post-Uhuru when the late Mrs Jane Barbour (who was well-known to earlier generations of Hill Schoolers) was Headmistress. Felice had a heart attack at the Rome central railway station on his way to work. He leaves behind a wife and two little children.

Our heartfelt sympathies are extended to all surviving family members and close friends of the above.

Our much respected former Headmaster, Arthur Brindley, turned 96 this year. On the instigation of his daughter Nan, I appealed to as many former pupils of his era as I could to proffer their best wishes. Following an overwhelming response, Nan wrote: "Dear Ex-Hill Scholars of the Brindley era I can't tell you what a difference all the greetings for Dad's 96th birthday have made to him. He has so enjoyed all the messages - emails, cards, photos, CD ROM of the Hill School song and even a beer [Tusker Lager - what else!]. The memories have been flooding back, surpassing all my expectations. His conversation has expanded and he has been reminded of past events and people, enriching his present somewhat limited life. He is now looking forward to a scrap-book of everything - except the beer which was much enjoyed! Meanwhile, he wants to keep the cards up, and keeps referring to them and their contents, breaking a family rule that cards only stay for a week after the birthday." Thanks to all who made that milestone for him a most enjoyable event.

June Parker was stricken with double pneumonia, was hospitalised and then convalesced. She was also advised to vacate her "treetops" (her words) residence in the suburb of Westville near Durban where she had lived for the past 36 years to a ground floor apartment at Hillcrest a suburb which is more inland from Durban. Her correspondence to me still indicates a mental alertness.

And I finally made contact with Ann Fowler who is the daughter of our founding Headmaster Major Cyril Redhead. As she attended school at the Loreto Covent, Lumbwa, she only lived on the campus during holidays.

I now continue with my pleadings:

1. Seeking assistance on tracking down archival information on the School's origins, major events such as the "John Latin" fire, KPE results etc. I would much appreciate research by any one who is like-minded, with spare time on their hands and, of course, has access to relevant places.
2. I am still trying to identify "who" farmed "where"

and "when" in the Lessos/Burnt Forest/Kipkabus areas.

This project is now quite

advanced. Part of this project appears at <http://www.gordonmumford.com/africa-.htm>

3. As mentioned above, during the year I made considerable progress on a similar project for the Kipkarren area where my parents also farmed. Once again Barbara and Gordon Mumford have been good enough to host part of this project on their Kenya Korner Website at: <http://www.gordonmumford.com/kipkarren/index.htm>

4. Having now completed considerable research on parts of the southern and northern Uasin Gishu district, I am contemplating extending this to the whole of the Uasin Gishu district. I have obtained a copy of the original 1908 Farm Allocation map of the district, plus the names of those original pioneers who were allocated land in the district from annual Colonial Annual reports of the period. I also have maps which show who was living in the area in the '50s.

5. Likewise attempting to identify those familiar with the wartime Polish refugee camp in Nyabeya (Masindi, Uganda). Kenya Korner Web site also kindly hosts that appeal of mine.

6. Some preliminary work has been undertaken on unravelling the Subukia, Njoro and Ol Kalou areas where my parents first worked when they first came to Kenya.

7. Likewise collecting names of those who worked for the KCC. So I am unashamedly tapping into the wider Hill School network for assistance. Obviously the Uasin Gishu district and Uganda were HSE catchment areas, so I am confident of considerable input from the HSE network. Indeed a number of ex Hill School folk are also involved in these subsequent networks and have gratefully assisted me.

I want to promote a particular East African venture which relates to our period. I am referring to Kenya-based Tim Hutchinson, who publishes the "Kenya Up-Country Directory" containing the names of some of the expatriates of European origin who lived and worked in Up-Country, Kenya." Rose Ann and I had the pleasure of meeting him and Rosemary at their Gilgil home in 2004 for some "kahawa". Tim's and my research overlap. He has done much work in some of the above areas of mutual interest. He lives in country where there is no social security network and therefore I do not begrudge him covering his costs and making a few bob for all the time and effort spent on this project.

Tim has recently revised and updated his directory. If you are interested please contact Tim. His e-mail address is: tunnel@swiftkisumu.com (I am also happy for you to quote me in your despatches to Tim.)

Dave Lichtenstein (HSE 1950-56) Sydney, Australia

Les Tucker van UNGA was saam met ds CL van den Berg soos helde op die rugbyveld op Arusha. Les was kaptein van Arusha en Ds van den Berg van die Pioneers. Die stryd tussen die twee spanne was soos vir plaaslikes soos die Bulls teen die Cheetahs wat gister amper gewen het! Les en my pa, "Van" van Rooyen, was goed bevriend en my pa, wie tans eensam agtergebly het op Estcourt in Natal, sal, soos met Oom Koos Laubsher op Middelburg, graag weer met Les wil kontak maak. **John van Rooyen en Freda**