

## Inhoud

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# HABARI 2008

## OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK 2008

*Alex Boshoff*  
**JAMBO SANA WATU YOTE.**

Dit is al weer tyd vir ons jaarlikse saamtrek en Eddie het laat weet dat hy net wag vir my briefie. Vanjaar val ons saamtrek op Saterdag 4 Oktober, en ons sien mekaar, soos gewoonlik, weer op die piekniekterrein by die Voortrekkermonument. Dit lyk my inflasie en rentekoersverhogings raak steeds nie ons byeenkoms nie. Hennie Coetzee, wat die terreine by die VTM behartig, verseker my dat die toegangsgeld vir die piekniekterrein steeds R20-00 per voertuig is. 'n Baie groot dankie aan Hennie vir al sy reëlins. Ek het laas vir Hennie gesê hy moet die piekniekterrein vir ons maar bespreek vir die eerste Saterdag in Oktober vir die volgende 100 jaar, en dit lyk of hy ons nou ernstig opneem.

By vanjaar se byeenkoms kyk ons met dankbaarheid terug na die 100ste verjaarsdag van die stigting van Vergenoeg Gemeente in Eldoret. Op Saterdag 28 Augustus 1908 is die gemeente gestig by die staanplek van Oom Frans Arnoldi naby Nakuru. Daar is besluit op die naam 'Vergenoeg' op voorstel van ds. JM Louw wat saam met ds. N Theunissen na Kenia gestuur is 'om de uitgewekenen alhier te besoeken'. [In Suid-Afrika het ons darem bevordering gekry - ons is nou 'bevoorregtes']. Min kon ds. Louw op daardie dag gedink

het dat sy voorstel vandag steeds sou voortleef in die naam van Huis Vergenoeg hier in Pretoria.

In Augustus 1908 het Jan van Rensburg se trek ook in Nakuru, digby die Arnoldis, kamp opgeslaan oppad na Eldoret. In Eldoret is die gemeente Rensburgrus gestig deur ds. JJ Kühn, ook bekend vir die beryming van Psalm 130. Ds. Kühn was my vrou Dorie se pa se neef - sy moet maar help om verdere besonderhede te bekom voor die gemeente se 100ste verjaarsdag. Die Tanganyika mense het in 2004 vir ons so 'n mooi voorbeeld gestel. Al die lesers van HABARI moet dit maar ter harte neem en sorg dat ons nie belangrike verjaarsdae in ons Oos-Afrika storie laat verby gaan nie.

Daar is, terloops, nog 'n baie tasbare 100ste verjaarsdag wat baie naby is, as dit nie al klaar met ons is nie - die van ons wa wat daar naby die piekniekterrein by die VTM staan. Ons het reeds die wa se storie, soos ons dit tot op daardie stadium verstaan het, in 2003 se HABARI vertel. Nou kan ons dit opdateer met die hulp van Dirk en Rina (Rousseau) Coetzee. Die wa het oorspronklik behoort aan Rina se oupa, Alfred George Woodley. Die Woodleys het in 1912 saam met die Cloete familie, met wa en al, in die boot wat hulle gehuur het, die Kramstadt, na Kenia getrek. Die wa is later oorgeneem deur Rina se pa, JF Rousseau (Oom Fritz), wat op 'n gedeelte van die oorspronklike Woodley plaas geboer het. Die wa is al die jare deur Oom Fritz gebruik



om graan te vervoer, sowel as die dames op kuiertogte en plesierritte. Toe Oom Fritz Kenia verlaat het hy die wa oorhandig aan sy skoonseun, Dirk Coetzee, van wie Jan Boshoff dit bekom het om dit na SA te stuur.

Weer 'n baie groot dankie aan Eddie de Waal, ons redakteur, en aan Danie Steyn, ons onder-voorsitter en verspreider, vir die inisiatief wat hulle so pligsgetrou elke jaar neem, en al hulle harde werk. Danksy hulle administratiewe vaardighede kry ons nog steeds voordeel uit die ekstra fondsie wat Janssen Davies vir ons gereel het. Dankie ook aan almal wat so pligsgetrou bydraes instuur. Ons gesels weer op Saterdag 4 Oktober.

Alex Boshoff

### That damn'd elusive Nandi Bear...

Ek het die voorreg gehad om Elsie Cloete se stuk, getiteld: "The Nandi Bear" onder oë te kry. Dit was nie gemik vir publikasie in HABARI nie, tog het ek en Danie Steyn oorweeg om dit te publiseer. Maar ek het besluit ons moet 'n ander manier kry. Om Elsie se stuk te te saag en te skaaf en te timmer tot dit in HABARI inpas, sou vir my min of meer dieselfde voel as wanneer iemand 'n groot lessenaar in 'n kombuistafel sou probeer verander.

Toe bel ek Elsie en vra of ons haar stuk op die internet kan publiseer, op die [friendsofeastafrica](http://friendsofeastafrica.com) webwerf.

Elsie het dadelik Ja gesê. Sy het ook aangebied om die stuk self te verander sodat ons dfit in 2009 se HABARI kan publiseer. Daarna sien ek baie uit. Besoek intussen gerus die webwerf.



## Harvesting Wheat

*Danie Steyn*

Let me first set the scene. In 1925 my father went to Kenya and worked on a coffee estate not too far from Nairobi. Then later he went prospecting for gold – which I believe was not all that lucrative. What brought him a much better income was working for a man who owned a threshing machine, which meant that he traveled from farm to farm to thresh out the sheaves that had been reaped and stacked.

In the photo above we see the threshing machine in the back with a tractor (the source of power) in the foreground. I suspect the photo was taken in the late 20's.

A number of factors make this a very interesting photo. In the first place the balance of the picture is good – had the photographer taken it from the side it would probably have been much more flat and uninteresting.

Then there is the figure in the foreground – on close inspection some of his anatomical detail tells me he was stark naked except for the grain bag he had folded in and pulled over his head. I remember this practice well from my childhood – the Africans usually did it for protection when they had to carry any heavy load on their backs. The man is obviously washing himself.

Why all the four-gallon paraffin cans standing around heaven alone knows – maybe it was to keep the tractor supplied with fuel and water.

What is also fascinating (and



tells a tale of its own) is the teakettle and cups set out on the box in the left foreground. This sets my imagination going – let me explain.

My father used to say that many of the farmers at the time were old ex-Indian army soldiers who had taken up farming in Kenya (halfway between Punjab and London as we used to joke). They were mainly unmarried as European females were not only scarce in India at that stage, but also virtually unavailable in East Africa.

**So when I see something that looks like a silver teakettle and cups I can only surmise...**

Thus they were desperate to have any fellow European to talk to and the moment he landed on the farm the invitation to drinks (pink gins) and a dinner was readily forthcoming. Unfortunately the cook was usually a rather "raw" *pishi* (cook) who had only recently come out of the bush and started wearing trousers.

So when I see something that looks like a silver teakettle and cups I can only surmise this was once again a lonely Colonel showing his gratitude for a little European company – even though the lad was a wild-eyed Afrikaner with the Boer War still fresh in his memory (he was in fact 4 years old when the war started).

In the background are some real 'hillbilly' characters posing for the photographer – the one definitely without shoes.

The rest I will leave to your imagination.  
Ω

## Latin or Lattin?

*Dave  
Lichtenstein*

I take the opportunity to revisit the memory of someone who tragically died on 16 Jun 1951. I am of course referring to John Anthony Latin aged 10 who lost his life on that Saturday night in the Hill School dormitory fire.

In this regard I am grateful to a Kenya-based *rafiki*, Bob Barnes. He is involved with a project in identifying *Wazungu* graves in East Africa. This year he set up a Web site devoted to East African Cemeteries and Memorials located at <http://www.eamemorials.co.uk/>. And at **Entebbe European Cemetery** he managed to locate John's grave and photograph the headstone. (This is before Bob knew my interest in John's grave.) Regrettably the inscriptions on the headstone, as they appear on the Website, are indecipherable. Bob is convinced that the Latin surname has two "t's" in it. I always thought there was single "t" in the name similar to language we studied at school. I am now asking you to help with one or more of the following:

I worked at the Hill School for a short period, when I was in Eldoret. I collected all the place cards from the dinner table at the December 1960 year-end function at the school.

I send this list of the staff who worked at the school at the time I was there. Unfortunately I can't remember much about the different teachers.

## Hill School staff 1960 to 1961

Mr Brindley - Headmaster. Miss Loring – School secretary. Mr Keon – Mrs Smit – Mr Bowtell & Mrs Bowtell – Mr & Mrs Jones – Mr & Mrs Loder – Mr Jenkins, Mrs Finch – Mrs D'Alton – Miss Westmoreland – Mrs Woods – Mrs Poppleton – Mrs Nolan – Mrs Pryor – Miss Tuckman – Miss Clee – Miss Parker – Miss Nicholls – Miss Walker – Mrs Davis – Miss Yuille – Miss Kennet – Mrs Macadam – Mrs Jenkins – Mrs Robinson – Miss Bowles – Miss Grant – Mrs Stapleton – Mrs Grant – Miss Carr – Mrs Enslin (Matron) – Mrs De Jager (Matron)

I believe it will bring many memories back to the Hill Schoolers of that time.

*Letty Engelbrecht (nee Wessels)*

**Correct spelling of John's surname. Knowledge** that the fire occurred on a Saturday night - does that shed any light on the events leading to the fire?

(Continued on page 5)

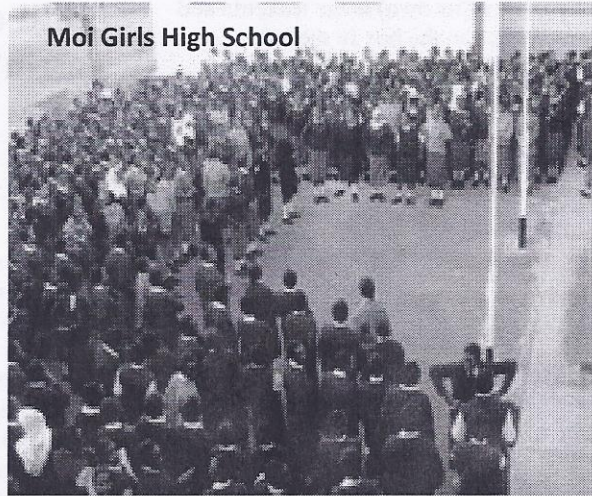


## Visit to Kenya

Koos Engelbrecht, son of oom Dirk of Moiben, born in Eldoret and now farming near Hectorspruit, has just returned from a trip down memory lane in Kenya. It was a very exhausting trip in a short period of time ensuring that nothing was left out. There were many "highs and lows" but outstanding were the visits to the Eldoret Primary school and the Prince of Wales.

At the Eldoret Primary, now Moi Girls High School, the pupils were called to assembly to meet the 'old boy'. Education in Kenya has progressed very favourably. Ω

Moi Girls High School



## In Memoriam *Petrus Frans Jacobus Steenkamp* †

Hy is gebore 13 September 1926 op die plaas Rondebosch Middelburg. Hy was die jongste seun van Pieter Ignatius Lourens en Anna Magdalena Steenkamp se ses kinders (vyf seuns en een dogter). As 6-jarige trek hy saam Kenia toe in 1932, nadat die plaas (wat tot by Loskopdam gestrek het) vir 1 shilling per morg verkoop is. Die familie los sy Oupa in SA agter – dié was te swak om te trek vanweë swartwaterkoors. Sy ouma was toe reeds oorlede.

### Hy het nooit baie van die trek na Oos-Afrika gepraat nie ...

Hulle trek saam met ander wie se name verlore is, onder andere die Van Rensburgs. Hulle is met die boot tot in Mombasa en met ossewaens dieper die land in.

Hy het nooit baie van die trek gepraat nie, deels omdat hulle nie lank op Verbrandebos was nie toe albei sy ouers aan die koors oorlede en daar begrawe is. Hy het eers by Jan en Nellie gewoon tot Jan se dood, en toe by Naas (Lang Naas, sy ander broer) en Stoffelina. Hier word hy groot saam met

Naas-hulle se oudste seun, Pieter, en dié se suster Lena, Naas-hulle se oudste seun en dié se suster Lena.

Hulle gaan op Broederstroom skool en word gekasty deur 'n onderwyseres genaamd Willie Steenkamp (seker een van die kort Steenkamps, maar dis nog nooit uitgeklaar nie). Dié het hom oor die kneukels geslaan en gedwing om regs te skryf al was hy linkshandig.

In St 6 is hy uit die skool. .

Hy het by 'n saagmeule gewerk en ook Mica gemyn saam met Bwana Tjai (Oom Gert Welmans). Hy het goud gedelf op die myne, paaie maak, geboer en nog vele meer.

Hy trou met Gertruida Maria Welmans en boer op Kinonkop met koring en pyrethrum. Toe hy daar huis bou en die dak opsit, ruk 'n warrelwind die dak af – met die Kalasinga wat die plate opgesit het en al – en sit dit

so 200 tree verder in 'n koringland neer. Die ou baardman het so geskrik dat hy weggehardloop het en nooit weer gesien is nie. Hy het ook nooit sy finale loon kom ontvang nie.

Drie kinders is uit die huwelik gebore – twee dogters en 'n seun. Later het hy op Turbo en Sergoit geboer.

Met die Mau-Mau opstande word hy ook opgeroep en kry hy die rang van kaptein. Dit was in 1950-1953. Dit het hom gebrandmerk en met Uhuru was sy naam hoog op die swartlys.

In 1962 kry hy 24 uur kennis om die land te verlaat. Hy kry geen tyd om honde, vee, grond of implemente te verkoop of van hulle ontslae te raak nie. Omdat sy vrou ernstig siek was, vlieg hulle haar toe met die SAL s was reeds op Sundra. Daar het hulle haar ontvang en hospitaal toe gevat.



Intussen het Pa en kinders om die klok met 'n Peugeot 404 stasiewa na Suid Afrika toe gery. Die klere wat ons in die kar kon kry, was al waarmee ons hier aangekom het.

Gertuida Steenkamp het herstel van haar siekbed en het nog vir 22 jaar geleef. Sy sterf op 29 November 1984.

Frans het werk gekry by Delmas Koöperasie as vragmotorbestuurder vir R80.00 per maand. Daarna is hy meulenaar, fabriekbestuurder en later veevoerbestuurder.

Hy tree af by OTK in 1986.

23 September 2007 in N17 Hospitaal na 'n kort siekbed. Hy word gemis deur almal wat hom geken het

Hy laat sy tweede vrou, Sannie (gebore Goosen), 2 kinders met gades, 9 kleinkinders (party met gades) en 7 agterkleinkinders aan die Steenkamp kant agter. Aan die Goosen kant laat hy 3 stiefkinders met gades, 7 kleinkinders en 1 agterkleinkind na.

Kwenda mzuri kwa Njumba wa Baba Mkubwa na Wetu. Sisi na sema kwa kitu wote wewe na fundisa sisi mwaka

Groete,

Pieter Ignatius Louwrens Steenkamp (Louw) – seun, en Anna Magdalena Oosthuyse (nee Steenkamp) – dogter.

[Geskryf deur Martin Oosthuyse]

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**FirstRand Foundation**  
has very kindly granted the Friends of East Africa Committee a grant, to be paid over a period of four years. To use the grant well, the Committee plans to publish what is called a "coffee table book" with the best bits from HABARI over the many years of its existence.  
*Editor*

#### *Latin or Lattin? (continued from page 3)*

Now that the exact date is known from the headstone (not the year list) it becomes more possible to locate written documentation, obituaries, inquests and the like. I continue to seek the assistance especially of those of you who live in the UK where copies of EA newspapers and magazines are located (particularly the British Library) for some research on this matter on my behalf.

Anyone planning a trip to Uganda in the near future, could visit the cemetery and headstone and re-photograph it for me and everyone else. (I can provide you with the name of a good *Muzungu* place to stay in Entebbe plus someone who organises vehicles and drivers.)

Remember our website! Go to  
**<http://www.friendsofeastafrica.net>**



## Enterprise Cup Reunion

*Les Tucker*

Just over 300 people got together at Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, England on 22 October 2005 to celebrate the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Enterprise cup at a reunion lunch.

The oldest gents were Gordon Goby and Bill Armstrong who played in the Eldoret winning team in 1947 and they deserved the privilege of presenting Lt David Prowse (of the HMS Enterprise) with a plaque from the KRFU and a copy of the publication "History of the Enterprise Cup". Likewise, Lt Prowse presented a plaque and the "Commissioning Book of HMS Enterprise" to the KRFU.

Folk came from Australia, USA, Canada, Dubai, South Africa, Kenya, England, Scotland and Wales – amazing.

They reminisced over times gone by, games played, results won and

lost. There was singing, 'bok-bok' and many trips

to the bar. Nearly every club from the East African Region was represented. The organiser, Mike Andrews, is still very much a Kenyan, and Carol, their daughter, lives in Naivasha working out of OSERIAN, the big flower growers and exporters.

One thousand Tuskers were especially brought in and all but 70 were consumed, together with hundreds of bottles of wine, plus various bottles of spirits, so the reputation of East African rugby players remained intact!

### ARUSHA RUGBY

*In the last edition of Habari John and Freda van Rooyen mentioned how great were the battles between Arusha and the Pioneers*

*which were very well controlled by Mickey Davies, the District Commissioner. I still remember the shrill blasts of his whistle and the fact that I got a 'raspberry' from him for going on to the field after an injury without asking his permission.*

I made contact with John & Freda (thanks to Habari) and what a coincidence. They live in Gonubi, just outside East London, where we spend our annual Christmas holidays.

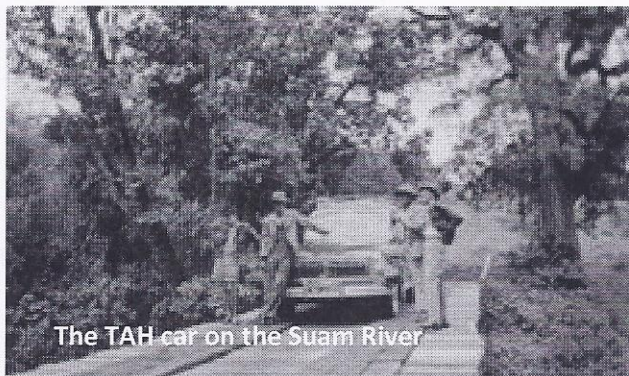
**Habari** has lived up to its mission of keeping East Africa close to its readers, well done.

TANGANYIKA V. KENYA 1954



**Back Row, Left to Right:** P Hutt, L Tucker, J Spence, I Stone, WKL Thomas, J Angus, RJ Kavanagh **Middle Row, Left to Right:** J Graham, V Feiros, C Strydom, ED O'Loughlen (Captain), GJ Vermeulen, J Hall **Front Row, Left to Right:** R Chambers, A Knott





The TAH car on the Suam River

## The Trans Nzoia – The Jewel of Kenya – And Other Memories

*Rynie van Emmenis*

How could I ever forget my childhood days (ages 0 to 18) in Kitale when in December 1952 I had to leave this beautiful creation to study at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg – an environment so completely different from what I was used to. I never returned, except to attend the funeral of my Dad – my mentor and my dearest friend – after his sudden, death at the age of 50 in 1956.

Surely there can be no arguments that after God had created the Trans Nzoia “God was pleased with what he saw”. In how many places in the world could you, within a radius of a few miles, with such success, grow maize, wheat, coffee, mangoes, pineapples, bananas and you name it – and this all under the watchful eye of Mount Elgon rising up a like a sentinel 14000 feet above sea level.

My great, great grandfather Gerrit van Emmenis, born on 4 January 1705, was a citizen of Drakenstein, now known as Paarl in the Cape province of SA. My grandfather, Nols van Emmenis – born 1875 – and Renier van Vuuren – born 1880, both farmed in the Waterberg district, Transvaal. Both fought in the Anglo Boer War, 1899 to 1902, both were captured by the British, both were sent to India as POWs and both returned to Waterberg unscathed to continue farming.

My dad Ben was born in 1906 and for reasons unknown to

me – probably the great depression, boarded a German passenger ship from Lourenco Marques to Mombasa in January 1929, moved inland to Eldoret to become a road foreman in the Uasin Gishu. He was already, engaged to my mom, Marie who followed him in 1930. They were married in Mombasa, a day after my mom’s arrival, in front of an Indian magistrate with only two witnesses, both Indian. Immediately after they travelled inland to Eldoret my Dad’s new workplace. In 1933 Dad landed a job as Road Foreman with the Trans Nzoia District Council was, and moved to Kitale, our home up to December 1956, when he died. My mom returned, all alone, to South Africa after 26 years in Kenya.

In about 1947 Dad was promoted to Road Supervisor, I would imagine with a substantial increase in salary. Through Dad’s efforts the Trans Nzoia arguably had the reputation of having the best roads in Kenya.

Arno, my brother, was born in 1931 in Eldoret, and I in 1934 in Kitale. We were the only children. Sadly, Arno passed away at age 10 in 1941 after getting a carbuncle which caused blood poisoning. (If only Sir Alexander Flemming’s discovery of penicillin late in 1941 had been a little earlier.)

Mom worked in the rationing office in the latter part of WW2 and thereafter as the senior bookkeeper at Gaily & Roberts until she left Kenya.

Like many Afrikaans speakers in the British Colony I remember being fluent in Afrikaans, English and Swahili from the time I can remember. I was particularly fluent in English as our neighbour Illy had 2 sons, Stanley some 3 or 4 years older than I, and Alan some 2 years younger. After more than 50 years I still correspond with Alan albeit only by way of a Christmas card these days.



He has lived in the South West of England now for more than 50 years. A sad memory of our very close association with the Wood family was that I lost my elder brother at age 10 in 1941 and Alan, his elder brother at age 16 in 1946.

I attended the Kitale School from 1942 to 1946, only 5 years, after skipping grade 2 and std. 4. To this day I cannot forgive Johnny Woods (who for various reasons I was not very fond of) for suggesting the std. 4 skip. I now know that it did me irreparable harm academically. His reason was that I was getting too long in the tooth held no water as on my arrival at the Prince of Wales, I discovered that I was one of the youngest first years. The only class teachers I remember by name are Jonny Woods, std.5, Mr Brindley std. 4, although I was never in his class. He later became the headmaster at the Hill School in Eldoret. Mrs Fell in std. 3, and the old battleaxe, Miss Strip, in std 2.

The Prince of Wales and Rhodes was my second home from 1946 to 1952 where, on looking back, I probably spent the happiest time of my life. In 1952 Mr Taylor, our housemaster, elected me as the head of Rhodes.

... he said that the problems the West was having with the Russians was due to the fact that the Russians "didn't play cricket" ...

Mr SM Taylor (Foed) was our Irish no-nonsense housemaster for whom all at school had the greatest respect.

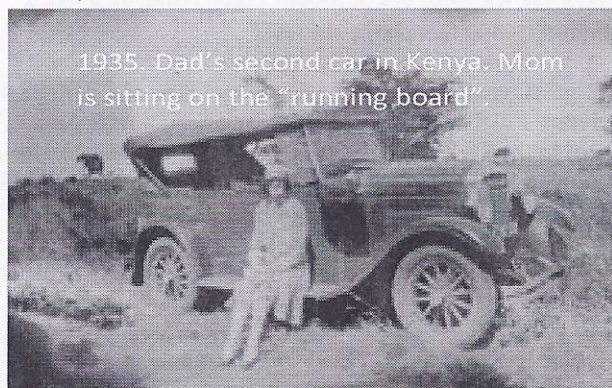
My happy recollections of my life and happenings at the Prince of Wales in Nairobi are too many to relate. However, the stories and anecdotes of Mr Atkinson, our English teacher, are still vivid in my memory. The one I remember best was how he commented on the

growing intensity of the Cold War in the late 1940's. He was a fanatical cricket lover and used to say that the problems the West was having with the Russians was due to the fact that the Russians didn't play cricket.

The photo taken in 1949 shows a ford with a TAH (old Nylstroom, Transvaal) registration number taken on the wooden bridge over the Suam River. That river was one of my dad's favourite fishing venues. The person with his hand on the bonnet of the car is my dad, and the person with his foot on the bumper is Bill Retief, a dear friend of the family.

More than likely this is the only Nylstroom car ever to enter the Trans Nzoia but, if not, then certainly the only Nylstroom car to have crossed the Suam River. The story: Very dear childhood friends of my mom, the Kuschkes (owners of the Waterberg Garage in Nylstroom) travelled the some 4500km from Nystroom to Kitale to visit my mom and dad – unbelievable! It was at the time of the visit the school term at the Prince of Wales and you can imagine my surprise when one afternoon, after lunch, as I was leaving the Rhodes dining room, I saw this magnificent new Ford – the Kuschkes had actually seen fit to come and say Hello to me on their way back to South Africa.

Back to Kitale and the Trans Nzoia. I vividly recall during the early '40's the hundreds of Topi next to the road to Endebess, creating what looked like a black mass on the endless grass plain, and all this only a few miles from town, not to mention the duiker and the bushbuck that frequented our garden at night in town. At least 4 streams had their origin very close to town, all surrounded by the



1935. Dad's second car in Kenya. Mom is sitting on the "running board".



most beautiful trees and undergrowth. As children we used to wander for miles along the banks and I remember the green pigeons, Knysna Louries and Colobus monkeys we always encountered.

During the late 1940's the trout fishing bug bit my dad in a big way and, in turn, also me. I recall my dad and me leaving home during the early morning darkness passing Endebess and arriving at the Suam River between the foothills of Mount Elgon at the first light. This was however not Dad's favourite spot. He preferred the river Bukwa some miles beyond the Suam. Fishing at the Bukwa guaranteed that we would always return home late afternoon with a bag full of trout.

I think that the very close relationship I had with my father from a very early age was strengthened by these lone fishing trips. Ω

## 2007 Hill School Siku Kuu Greetings

### *Dave Lichtenstein*

This year a couple of Hill Billies visited Sydney. The first was a complete surprise - Bertie Kramer (who was a founding Yorkist). He told me that he was a double founding student with his first school being the Hill School, Eldoret. Bertie, who lives in Spain, was on his second trip to Australia. This visit was followed by my Kenya-based *rafiki* - Darsi Ruysenaar. Darsi organised my trip back to Kenya and East Africa in 2004 and I plan another trip back "home" in 2009. (See photos under the Friends Reunited Member List at <http://www.friendsreunited.co.uk/> You do not have to be a paid up member. After logging onto the site go to "Search" "Primary Schools" and "Option 2 Choose a region". Choose "UK Overseas" and click on "H". Scroll down the first page until you find Hill School, Eldoret and go to "Group Photo Album".

During the year there were also other gatherings of ex Hill School folk. On the 8 September in the UK there was a Highlands School reunion. Please refer to the Highlands School site at: <http://www.highlandseldoret.org/> Of course many of the Hill School girls went onto the Highlands School. From the photos I deduce these are some of these "girls": Virginia Swan, Ruth Perrens, Betty Maclure, Margaret Posnett, Jan Moen, Judith Gateley, Jean Simpson, Jill Armstrong, Sheila Maspero, Lynne McKinlay and Kirsten Harris.

In October we held the eighth consecutive All East African Schools picnic here in Sydney. (The picnic was an extension of the first two Hill School reunions held in Sydney.) In addition to school group photos under their individual schools on the Friends Web site, there is a site



dedicated to this picnic and previous ones at <http://eastafricans.org/picnics/2007/>

On Oct 12-19, 2008 there is a global Kenya Regiment Association reunion in Perth, Western Australia. Undoubtedly some ex Hill School folk will attend. The picnic will most likely be moved from the traditional third Sunday in October, to the fourth Sunday in October (ie 26 October), to cater for overseas folk attending the global Regiment reunion and then heading eastwards on *safari*. I am currently trying to co-ordinate this with Perth KRA reunion organisers

I have discussed with Nan Pratt (Brindley) the possibility of holding a **global Hill School reunion in the UK** (where the majority of ex Hill Schoolers are located) in the summer of 2009.





Proposed details are:

Venue: Shrivenham Village Hall (Oxfordshire) with accommodation in local pubs or nearby Swindon (which has good bus and rail links).

Nan has agreed, in principle, to host such an event but I would not want to burden her with the organisation on her own. I therefore propose the formation of a Reunion Committee. However I am open to feedback on this proposal and envisage that once plans have been finalised in 2008, I and committee members will contact you with the details.

So, given this notice, folk scattered over the globe can now plan, save/work to attend the reunion. (I plan a quick trip to Kenya on the way to the reunion. I have already gone back to work from retirement, working three months on a full-time basis this year with contemplation of further *kazi* in 2008.)

Talking about Nan leads me to mention her Dad - Arthur Brindley our much respected former Headmaster. He is now in his 97th year and near his century. Regrettably, Nan tells me that his mental faculties are not what they used to be so it is highly unlikely that he will make a cameo appearance at Shrivenham. (Those of us who attended Shrivenham 2001 probably saw him at his best.) June Parker is the only other staff member whom I have been in reasonable contact with in recent years. She still appears to be both physically and mentally alert. And if the Shrivenham 2009 reunion goes ahead I expect other UK-based former staff members will attend. Ω



Arthur Brindley

Photo: [mccrow.org.uk](http://mccrow.org.uk)

Notice of the following event was too late for Habari 2007. We give a summary. Perhaps you want to visit the website.

### **Five-a-Side Tournament at Diani Beach, Kenya, on 9<sup>th</sup>/10<sup>th</sup>/11<sup>th</sup> May 2008**

*George Barbour*

We had our first annual international Five-a-Side Rugby Tournament here on Kenya's stunningly beautiful Diani Beach, south of Mombasa and the perfect backdrop for such an event.

The competition would comprise of Men's 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Divisions, a Ladies Division and a Veterans Division (minimum age 35 years, total 200 years minimum).

The emphasis was on a great weekend of high standard rugby open to any teams of fun loving rugby players and

supporters. I hope this event will become a highlight on the rugby calendar.

I and my team planned to donate a percentage of the profits from the event to the Kwale Eye Centre. Since 1993, more than 38,000 new patients have been registered; of these over 17,000 have had their sight restored. No patients are refused treatment.

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I am proprietor of Ali Barbour's Cave Restaurant, Forty Thieves Beach Bar and Flamboyant Hotel, all fine hostels and adjacent to the venue on Diani Beach. I am a committed ex-rugby player, representing Kenya and East Africa, and a keen supporter of the KRFU, the Kenya Rugby Patron's Society and the annual Safari Sevens Tournament in Nairobi.



## Cloetes & Steyns

### Dan Steyn

I have always had a suspicion there was some connection between the (Kenya) Cloete and Steyn clans since I remembered that sometime in the mid to late 60's, when on a grand tour through the country with my dad, we dropped in on some people he knew on a farm near Bethlehem. A vague memory has always been there that these people somehow had to do with some connection with both families. I still cannot tell you the direct nexus between the two clans (to use legal language), but the "circumstantial evidence" is all there.

To put things in perspective (at least from the Steyn side) let me pick up the history a bit further back.

The earliest reference I could find of the name Steyn in the present way it is spelt is Cloister Steyn in Holland where Desiderius Erasmus spent his youth. I believe the Steyns are in fact Friesians – this makes a lot of sense when one considers the following: There is an Old Dutch story that tells us that originally the oceans sea did not have any tides and it all started when the Friesians moved to live on the North Sea shore. This gave the poor sea such a fright that it pulled far back and for ever after returns twice a day to check whether this mob hasn't left!

The Steyns in South Africa presumably never descended from a Steyn. What had happened was that Douw Gerbrand Steyn came from Holland and married a widow of unknown Cape widow. The widow had a son who admired his stepfather so much (*didn't have much ambition did he*) that he took over the name of Dou Gerbrand and

became the great grand pappy of all the Steyns.

My father used to tell the story that our part of the clan started trekking after his grandfather (i.e. my great-grandfather) stood surety for £1000 for his *swaer*. Common to the trust that people had in

... the mystery:  
I cannot imagine  
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and Oupa  
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children...

each other in those distant times the amount was only written in figures and was thus not duplicated in words. The whole deal went sour when the brother in law wasted out the money and the old man had to pay out – but only to discover that another zero had been added to the amount and he had in fact stood surety for £10 000. Thus he had to sell his farm – part of modern day of Robertson – to seek his fortunes elsewhere.

By then diamonds had been discovered and Kimberley was in full swing – thus they moved up there.

Fortunately (or unfortunately) he did not go digging for diamonds but made his living out of transport.

My grandfather (old Daniel Marthinus) married Maria Magdalena Bruwer in the Reitz district of the good old Free State. This must have been in the mid 1880's as the first baby was born in 1887. What makes the match interesting is that whereas Robertson is richly populated with Bruwers, the Mecca of the Steyns was originally Swellendam - just further down the Breede River valley from Robertson. In any case Maria was a good catch as she came with a substantial dowry – a farm she had inherited from her Bruwer grandfather. The story goes that the old man started out as a *bywoner* on a farm, and that he spent his whole life sitting on the *stoep* drinking *boeretrooms* and watching the *skapies* graze. And so he became rich – and in time very rich, so much so that he eventually owned so much land that even his granddaughter inherited a farm.

But somewhere in-between there is still a bit of mystery.

Herman Charles Bosman always said the Transvaal only had one story – I am not sure that I agree – but that Afrikaners have repeating stories is certain. One of these we have already come across – standing surety for family and then coming off second best. A second one we find here with this old land baron. With all the sitting on the stoep and drinking boeretrooms he outlived his wife and decided loneliness was not for him – and so he married again, this time not for breeding but for looking at.. Next (as to be expected) he had all his children



upset and a mini family war on his hands – you know the rest of the story – in fact all Afrikaners know it. While his children had their eyes on their inheritance, he had his eye on the lovely young thing he had bagged, thus it all ended in a blow-up in which he disinherited them all.

But as I said there is a mystery – I have no idea how long the “war” lasted but they must have made peace again as his granddaughter inherited a farm – Leliesvlei in the Reitz district.

But there are more mysteries to come.

The next one is to decide when the Cloetes stopped their lonesome dialogue with the Van der Byl's (*I am sure you all know this one*)\* and started looking around a bit further afield – you see Tant Annie (Old C J's wife) was also a Bruwer from the North Eastern Vrystaat. (*Thank you Alex for this bit of information.*)

Now the next mystery to ponder. My other granddad, John McLeod was born in 1871 and left Scotland in 1895. It is not clear when he landed in South Africa but we know that his first child was born in 1900. In any case he married Martha Johanna Magdalena Catharina Van der Walt (*with that “handle” – as the Yanks say - they damn well made sure she wouldn't get lost*) whose family farmed in the Excelsior district in the Free State. Now the mystery that I am faced with is this: I cannot imagine that Martha Johanna Magdalena Catharina ever spoke English and I know that the reason why I grew up fluent in both English and Afrikaans was because Oupa

McLeod never spoke a word of Afrikaans - and yet they had 9 children, 4 of which died as babies.

So out of one mystery we could perhaps derive an answer for another - “verbal communication” was probably not all that important in those days and so the Cloetes could have continued only speaking to the Van der Byl's while marrying Bruwers.

And then there is Mary Cloete. A few years ago I came across her when I read the biography of Evelyn Baring (*remember him – the son of Last Proconsul and son of Lord Cromer*). Presumably she grew up on a farm near George and became part of the elite of Cape – the biographer describes her as “*a tall, lissom, auburn-haired girl of striking looks whom Princess Alice was alleged to have said walked like a native woman*”. Not only did she teach the Prince of Wales to dance the tango but Evelyn also fell head over heels in love with her – proposed, and was turned down!

Which brings me to a question – I remember some dignitary visiting Eldoret, and of all things he was married to a Cloete. Something tells he was one of the later Governors. Can anybody help?

2007/9/26

#### Editor's Note

My one great-aunt, Tant Corrie Cloete, once told me, in her dry way, how a lady whom she had worked with at Albert Cook's mission station in Uganda, remarked, “The Van der Bijls” (she pronounced it *Vander Biles*) “speak only to the Cloetes” (*pronounced Clooteez*) “and the Cloetes speak only to God.”

## Hill Schoolians who have died

### Dave Lichtenstein

Other former Hill School folk, whom I am aware of and who passed away during the year, are Rick Pearce and Renier Henning. According to Rick's second wife, Carol, Rick had apparently been stricken with cancer for a number of years, deteriorating last Christmas and losing his battle on 2nd March. Richard Edward Pearce was one of the many former Hill School (1947-1948) who lived in Uganda. He subsequently attended the Prince of Wales School in Scott House from 1952-1954. Then surprise, surprise he married former Hill Scholar Leslie Burns. They were married at St. John's Catholic Church, Eldoret on October 22nd, 1960. Rick and Leslie then lived in Fort Portal and in 1963 their son Michael was born. The Pearces then went to live in the UK. Sadly the marriage broke up. Some of these details appear in Leslie's Hill School Magazine contribution. Regrettably when I sought Rick's magazine contribution he was



reluctant to contribute because of the break-up of the marriage. All I know is that Rick lived his last years in Poole, Dorset where a number of other ex Hill Schoolers are located. Hopefully Rick's wife Carol, or some one else, may write up an appreciation of Rick's life and times for the Magazine.

Renier Henning was one of the founding students at the Hill School. He appears in the two photos provided by Erik Jorgensen for the Hill School Magazine: in the Soccer first XI for 1944 and in one of the old school dorms in 1945. There is also mention of a Henning with some amusing anecdotes in Roger Whittaker's autobiography: *The Autobiography of a Wandering Minstrel* in the section on the Hill School. Whether the two of them were one and the same person I do not know. Willem Renier Henning (like Roger Whittaker) went onto the Prince of Wales, School where he was in Hawke House from 1948-1951. And apparently from there he went onto the then Massey Agricultural College in New Zealand.

This is where Hill Schoolian Ken Payet (who joined the network a year ago) takes up the story. Renier Henning, known as "Kiwi" Henning, left New Zealand in about 1962. Ken ran into him in Nairobi. Additionally, they regularly met in Johannesburg. Ken's father helped Kiwi buy a property in Seychelles many years ago which he used as a holiday base when he went over there. "Kiwi" was over in Australia late last year or earlier this year. He attended a curry lunch at the Gold Coast. Unfortunately he had a heart attack before he could come up to Townsville (where Ken lives) and had to be flown back to South Africa for emergency treatment. Shortly afterwards Ken sent me an e-mail. "I am very sorry to pass on the sad news that Kiwi "Titch Henning" (as he was known at Hill School), passed away on Saturday night 24th November." He was born 15-10-1934. Hopefully Ken may write up an appreciation on Renier. I don't know whether "Titch" was perverse colonial humour in referring to a big bloke. The Henning referred to by Roger Whittaker was apparently a big bloke. Ω

## Herinneringe van JF (Piet) von Landsberg (Deel 4)

**12 September 1907** Jan Pienaar se kontrak van 1 September en Piet Jacobs vir 3 maande is bevestig. Hulle kry 3.5 Rps per dag en vry kos. Sampie Hopley en Dawid Snyman kry 3 Rps op 'n dag en ook vry kos vir 3 maande. Hulle gaan almal vir die ou Duitsers transport ry in die Serengeti aan Mwanza. Broer C en ek kry 4 Rps per dag en kos van 6 September af vir 6 maande. T Botha het gekom met die werkers.

**17 September** het T Botha en R Minnie en families te voet vertrek. Ja, die arme voortrekkers. Die werkers dra die goed, en vrou en kinders te voet die wildernis in.

**18 September** het die 4 mans vertrek om transport te ry.

**20 September.** A Sietendolff vertrek agter die 4 mans aan om ook beeste te gaan koop. My vrou hou skool vir 6 kinders, 3 kinders van oom F Snyman, een van broer C en 2 van my. Ek is aan't huis maak van sooie. Dit sal al my sesde huis wees wat ek gemaak het en elke dag moet oom F Snyman en ek wilde beeste skiet vir die Duitser se werkers. Dit is al kos wat hulle kry.

**1 Oktober 1907.** T Botha het gekom om die orige goed van R Minnie te haal en 3 Oktober vertrek hy weer.

**14 Oktober** het broer C aan sy huis begin werk. Hy saag ook planke vir Sietendolff se groot huis. Ek werk 'n halfdag aan die huis en 'n halfdag skiet.

**29 Oktober** is broer C op verlof te voet na Arusha.

**30 Oktober** is Hester se verjaarsdag, broer C. se dogter. Sy is vandag 17 jaar oud.

**1 November 1907** het ons ingetrek in ons huis.

**12 November.** My oudste seun, Cornelius, het 'n gekwete wildebees doodgeskiet: ek het self groot gevoel, hy is maar nog jonk.

**13 November** was hy weer met W Sietendolff en myself saam, hy op 'n wit masket esel en ons te perd. Hy moes sy



geweer self dra. Ons het gejaag maar hy het dit goed gemaak en ook 'n snip geskiet.

**14 November** het ons briewe gekry van ou Dolf Minnie. Dit gaan goed met hulle en ook Willem de Beer en familie.

**18 November** het ek begin werk aan die groot huis van die 2 Duitsers.

**19 November** het Hester 'n brief van Piet Jacobs: dit gaan goed met die transportryers. My vrou het seer oë en nou gaan dit nie goed met die skool nie.

**21 November.** My arme ou broer kom saam met Piet Bekker van Arusha af. Hulle sê dit gaan goed met die mense. Daar het weer trekkers gekom van die Suide: G Boshoff en A Pienaar en sy seun wat op pad oorlede is, 14 jaar oud. My vrou se oë is baie seer en die kos is maar vleis en mielies en mielies en vleis en Arusha is ver. Die tuintjie is verdroog want ons moet ver met osse en sleet water ry. Broer C het na Arusha gegaan met 3 werkers. Ag, die seer oë tel my arme vrou op – en die 2 jogterjies. O, die sandvlooie is vreeslik – hoe droër hoe erger.

**16 Desember.** Ja, die dag het ons ook gevier. Dit was in oom Frits Snyman se huis. Ek het voor gegaan met gebed en die gelofte voorgelees en die kinders vertel. Oom Frits Snyman het gedank en Hester en haar suster Maggel en Mithe Snyman het die oorwinningslied gesing. Toe [hulle van] Piet Retief se moord lees, het dit my bloed opnuut laat kook, want waar sit ons vandag oor die aardbol verstrooi.

**17 Desember** het Hester en haar 2 susters in haar huis ingetrek.

**23 Desember.** My ou broer C kom van

Arusha af, sy voete is deur geloop, die ou seek 'n maat vir hom. Ons twee moeders se briewe uit die Suide smee net dat ons moet terugkom.

**25 Desember.** Ons het diens gehad by oom Frits Snyman. Ja, die grootste dag. Die son daal. Laasjaar was my ou broer se vrou nog by hom. Hoeveel van ons sal anderjaar nog leef? Vann die kwaggatjies wat ons gevang het, gaan baie dood van die ongaal melk wat die werkers gee.

## Die twee Duitsers kan vreeslik vloek, vernaam as hulle my sien...

As ons vir die twee Duitsers sê dit is ongaal melk, dan lag hulle. Hulle neem nie bra raad van ons nie. Die oudste is 32 jaar oud en die jongste 26, slim geleerd, maar elkeen het 'n swart vrou. Die jongste, Willem, vra my as hy hom in lopende water was en die swart vrou laat staan laat staan, of een van die boeredogters hom sal vat. Ja, die grootste, hulle glo nie aan God nie. Die oudste hét wel geleer vir predikant. Hulle kan vreeslik vloek, vernaamlik as hulle my sien.

**31 Desember.** Vandag [op 31 Desember] is die vrouens baas, so het my vader gesê. 6 jaar gelede was my swaer Jack Olivier by my en hy sny toe my hare en my vrou kom met 2 koppies koffie en sê vir my: "Jy sê jy is 'n man van jou woord." Ek sê toe ja en sy vat die skêr uit my swaer se hand en sny my bosbaard af. So lyk dit as die vrou baas is.

**1 Januarie 1908.** Dank aan die Vader vir die voorreg om 'n nuwe jaar te kan

in gaan met jou vrou en kinders. Hoeveel is daar wat dit nie het nie!.

**2 Januarie.** Ons het briewe gekry van die transportryers; dit gaan nie goed nie. D Snyman is siek en is in Mwanza in die hospitaal.

My seun C (Cornelius) het vandag sy eerste bok geskiet; ek voel net groot, man.

4 Januarie. My broer C het verlof gekry om na Arusha toe te gaan om te trou met oom Gillie Joubert se dogter Nelie. Ons kos is maar skraal en min, toe gaan my vrou en Hester, my broer se dogter om kos te koop. Hy (die Duitser) vra watse kos? "n Sak ertappels," sê hulle. "Nee," se die ou Duitser. Hulle sê: "Dan koring," maar hy antwoord: "Nee dit is vir saad, en die ander wil ek self eet." Hulle sê: "Dan 3 bottels melk per dag." Hy sê: "Goed, maar net tot ek blouwildebees kalwers vang, dan wil ek die melk hê." Hulle vra: "Mielies?" Hy sê: "Nee, dit gee



ek aan my perde."

Hy vra 30 Poza per bottel melk en besit 2000 beeste.

**13 Januarie.** Hier kom 2 Duitse offisiere en vra vir oom P Snyman en vir my ons jagliksens. Ons gee dit. Hulle sê: "En hier is dan niks aangeteken wat julle geskiet het nie." Ons sê toe ons skiet vir Siettendolff wild. Dit neem hulle toe aan. Hulle vra of ons ander liksensies wil hê en ons sê ja, asseblief. Ons gee toe elkeen ons 10 Rps.

**14 Januarie.** Vroeg die oggend kom die polieswerker ons roep en sê: "Julle boere lieg almal." Ons moet die wild invul. Ek sê ek het op Arusha 25 patrone gekoop en toe sê die man ek moet die patrone nie weg skiet nie, ek moet dit vir veiligheid hou en toe sê hy: "Julle het ook geweers wat nie geregistreerd is nie." "Onwaar," se ek. Hy sê: "Julle boere lieg almal." "Nee," sê ek, "ek lieg nie," en hy sê: "Jullie kan ook nie patrone kry nie." "Ja," sê ek, "en anderjaar se julle weer ons het wild geskiet en teken niks aan nie." Toe gee hy ons 20 Rps terug. Ek vra die offisier: "Wie het vir jou gesê ek het geweers wat nie geregistreerd is nie?" Hy wou eers nie sê sê nie, maar later vertel hy my. Ek gaan haal die 3 geweers se registrasies, toe bedaar hy. Ek het toe na die meneer Siettendolff gegaan en gevra waarom hy so onwaar praat, maar het hy nie kwaad geword nie.

**16 Januarie.** Vandag is my moeder se verjaarsdag, 76 jaar oud. Ek eet 'n wildbraad wat my seun geskiet het. Ja, vanaand het hier 'n

slegte ding plaas gevind. W. Siettendolff het een van sy melkwerkers gevang wat melk gesteel het en hom geslaan. Die ander weier om te melk. Hy sê dié wat wil melk, moet uitstaan en dié wat nie wil melk nie, moet stilstaan. Toe staan al 30 stil. Hy begin hulle vasmaak. Toe hy 15 vasmagemaak het, word hulle bang en hy maak hulle los. Die nag het ons 3 families bymekaar geslaap en ons goedjies reggesit om te vlug. Die Bybel en my ou dagboek eerste. En ons het die afspraak: as ons moet vlug en dit is donker en ons raak uitmekaar, dan moet ons na die groot vyeboom, omtrent 3000 tree van hier, bymekaar kom. Die 2 Duitsers was ook geknyp en ons het maar lugtig geslaap.

En ons het die afspraak:  
as ons moet vlug en dit  
is donker en ons raak  
uitemekaar, dan moet  
ons na die groot  
vyeboom ...

**17 Januarie.** Alles stil, maar waar 'n rokie is, is 'n vuur. Ek sit vandag alleen. Die 3 families het gaan was en die water is ver. Emma, die swart vrou van ou Adolf Siettendolff, sê vir ons vrouens dat sy baie jammer is vir ons want in die Engelse gebied is die Masaais in opstand en wil die 2 Duitsers se beeste kom steel. Die Duitsers wil nie hê Emma moet dit aan ons vertel nie. Sy weet dit al 6 dae gelede. Hier is ook swart polisie gewapen by hulle beeste. Ja, die arme vrouens en kinders, smôrens as die son opkom, sien 'n mens weer blydschap, o,

maar as die aand aankom dan kan 'n mens die benoudheid in die gesigte sien, Ons ou goedjies is reggesit net vir vat, wat ons kan dra: die Bybel en dagboek, 'n paar patroontjies, meel en vuurhoutjies. Ja, die arme vrouens.

**20 Januarie.** Alles stil. Hier kom Piet Bekker aan en sê my ou broer C se sake is reg, hy gaan trou.

**24 Januarie.** Vandag het oom F Snyman en W Siettendolff en ek gaan wildebees kalwers vang, saam met 19 swartes. W Siettendolff het gejaag, die perd het in 'n gat getrap en Siettendolff het sy sleutelbeen afgeval. Het ons gesukkel om hom by die huis te kry!

**28 Januarie.** Oom F. Snyman het 'n brief gekry van W. de Beer uit Usakoema dat hulle jongste dogterjie dood is. Ja, die arme Afrikaner bakens lê versprei. W Siettendolff vra my waarom is sy arm gebreek. Ek sê dat die perd in 'n n gat getrap en geval het. Nee, sê hy, ek weet en moet hom vertel. Ek sê nee ek weet nie. "Ja," se hy: "dit is om ek so baie gevloek het." Ω



Kersfees van 1960 het die Cloetes, familie en vriende saam Kersfees gehou by Jan & Anna Barnard se huis. Hier noem ons dit die CLOETE KERSFEES. Op hierdie bladsy is name met nommers. Op bladsy 17 is die groot foto wat geneem is, en op bladsy 18 is die buitelyne van die mense, elkeen met sy nommer.

- 1 Kobus Nieuwenhuizen
- 2 Koos Nieuwenhuizen
- 3 Josephine Bezuidenhout [Steenkamp]
- 4 Chris Cloete Snr,
- 5 Anna Cloete [Van Rooyen]
- 6 Arrie Burggraaf
- 7 Bert Verity.
- 8 Fairy Engelbrecht
- 9 Fanie Barnard
- 10 Gert Barnard
- 11 Trudie Chomse
- 12 -
- 13 Verity?
- 14 -
- 15 Daisy Engelbrecht
- 16 Elize Chomse
- 17 Rhoda Verity [Farr]
- 18 Frieda Bernard
- 19 James Steyn
- 20 Johannes Barnard
- 21 Fairy Engelbrecht Jnr.
- 22 -
- 23 Mandie Nieuwenhuizen
- 24 -
- 25 Jan Boshoff
- 26 -
- 27 -
- 28 -
- 29 Verity?
- 30 Stephan Barnard
- 31 Frans Cloete

- 32 Kosie Boshoff
- 33 - Verity
- 34 Bonnie Boshoff [Cloete]
- 35 Lizzie Steenkamp
- 36 Soon Steenkamp
- 37 -
- 38 -
- 39 [Joyce & Colin Cherry se vriend van Engeland]
- 40 Joyce Cherry
- 41 Eduard Steyn
- 42 Anna de Waal
- 43 Alex Boshoff
- 44 Meta Fourie [Cloete]]
- 45 Johanna Cloete
- 46 Estelle Cloete
- 47 At Fourie
- 48 Sonny Cloete
- 49 Anna Engelbrecht [Boshoff]
- 50 Anna Barnard [Cloete]
- 51 Anaak Cloete
- 52 JF van Wyk [Van]
- 53 Alex Boshoff Snr
- 54 Corrie Cloete
- 55 Meta Diesel [Cloete]
- 56 Eddie de Waal Snr
- 57 Johann de Waal
- 58 Frolie de Waal [Cloete]
- 59 Beatrix Cloete
- 60 Pixie Steyn [Addison]
- 61 [Colin & Joyce Addison se vriendin van Engeland]
- 62 -
- 63 Baby Barnard
- 64 Akkie Cloete
- 65 Johan Cloete
- 66 Martin Cloete
- 67 Valeria Cloete
- 68 Sonja Barnard
- 69 Susan Cloete
- 70 Trina Cloete
- 71 CJ Cloete [Broer]
- 72 -
- 73 Trudie de Waal
- 74 Eddie de Waal
- 75 Martha Nieuwenhuizen [Barnard]
- 76 Ernst Cloete
- 77 Ad en Meta Fourie se kind
- 78 do -



2008



Die "Cloete Kersfees" by Jan & Anna Barnard se huis in Kenia, , Kersfees 1960.  
Sien bladsy 18 vir die name van almal wat ons kon herken. Dalk kan u 'n paar byvoeg.



