

The Prince of Wales School, Nairobi, 2009

HABARI 2009

Newsletter of the Friends of East Africa

Nuusbrief van die Vriende van Oos-Afrika

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OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK 2009

HARAKA HARAKA, HAINA BARAKA

Hierdie Swahili-aanhaling is dalk toepaslik in vandag se gejaagde lewe waar 'n mens voel dat die tyd al hoe vinniger verbygaan, en ons, as gevolg, alles vinniger wil laat gebeur. In Engels word dit heel toepaslik vertaal as, 'More haste, less speed.' Nogtans het die letterlike vertaling uit Swahili vir my 'n dieper betekenis: 'Vinnig vinnig, geen seën.'

Kom ons maak tyd om hierdie jaar weer rustig op die eerste Saterdag in Oktober ons herinneringe en ons lief en leed met mekaar te deel, kortliks om te 'bond' soos ons kinders vir ons geleer het. Vanjaar val ons saamtrek op Saterdag 3 Oktober, en ons sien mekaar, soos gewoonlik, weer op die piekniekterrein by die Voortrekkermonument. Toe ek vir Hennie Coetzee by die VTM sowat 'n week gelede bel om te vra of alles reg is, is die terrein klaar bespreek en al die reëlins in plek. Hy neem nou ons versoek dat hy die piekniekterrein vir ons moet bespreek vir die eerste Saterdag in Oktober vir die volgende 100 jaar ernstig op. Die toegangsgeld is steeds R20 per voertuig. Baie dankie, Hennie.

Dit klink so oppervlakkig om elke jaar net dankie te sê vir Eddie de Waal, ons redakteur en tesourier, vir Danie Steyn, ons verspreider en ondervoorsitter en vir ons borg, Janssen Davies; ek glo nie ons weet regtig wat die publikasie van die HABARI alles behels nie. Ek dink ek gaan volstaan met Pieter Pieterse [een van die groot geeste agter die stigting van die Tanganyika-monument by Fort Klapperkop] se opsomming: 'Julle moet besef dat HABARI 'n monument is wat julle gebou het vir al die oud-Oos-Afrikaners in SA.' Eddie en Danie en Janssen, julle monument word in baie huishoudings bewaar, en dit sal nie so maklik verander in 'n houpie rommel soos sommige klip en steen monumente wat ons in Oos-Afrika agtergelaat het nie.

Ons sien mekaar weer op Saterdag 3 Oktober.
Alex Boshoff



Harry Pohl van Komtipoort sê hier is 'n boek wat mense dalk in kan belangstel. *"The Story of the East African Mounted Rifles"* by C.J. Wilson. Gedruk deur die East African Standard. Dit gee die geskiedenis van die EAMR en aan die einde gee dit die lys van al die lede oor die jare. As jy wil weet van mense wat in Kenia gewoon het, kan dit baie handig te pas kom. Daar kom baie Boere name in, ek kan hulle nie almal hier in sit nie, dit sal die brief vol maak.

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Lede van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee (vlnr) / Members of the Friends of East Africa Committee (left to right):

Krige van Heerden, Pieter Pieterse,
Alex Boshoff (Voorsitter / Chairperson)
Eddie de Waal (Redakteur / Editor);
Danie Steyn (Ondervoorsitter / Vice-Chairman)

The photograph was taken at our 2008 annual meeting at the Voortrekker Monument in Pretoria. The date – even the time! – is given on the photo)



Hier is 'n foto van al die mense wat by die laaste kerkdiens op Kitale was voor die gemeente toegemaak het. Kan iemand ons help met die name? Redakteur



Ek is in 1911 getroud met Koos Prinsloo en het toe verhuis na Kenia. Sy vader het die plaas gekry wat Will Bouwer later 'n deel van gekoop het. Die eerste kerk was op oom Koos Prinsloo se plaas, die Bamboes kerk, ja pa Prinsloo was 'n opregte man. Die mening was die kerk sou daar gebou word toe het Ortlepp, 'n landmeter die Eldoret kerk plein aan die NG Kerk geskink,

siende dat hulle die meerderheid was en gemeen om sy erwe dan makliker te verkoop, volgens oom Bokkie von Maltz se vader gese het. Wat die regering ons toegese het was net 'n standplaas net vir 'n kerk en dié het ons geweier. Ons het baie jare die Bamboeskerk gebruik, voordat dat daar met kerkbou begin is want ons was arm, maar min ryk, die

Tant Laal Prinsloo

enigste verdienste was transport, toe kom die eerste wereld oorlog toe het dit broekskeur gegaan, als was peperduur en geld was min na die oorlog word die treinspoor gebou, toe het die mense groter gesaai want toe kon die graan verkoop word. Toe het die koloniste gekom, af-

getrede soldate het toe grond gekry en aan kerkbou is toe gedink, ons predikante het gekomen gegaan, geen vaste leraar. Ds Loubser was ons staatmaker, later het ons beroep toe het dit beter gegaan, dit was ook ds Loubser wat die orreltjie vanaf Suid Afrika vir ons gebring het. Die portret is van oorlede pa Prinsloo en familie agter sy hartbeeshuisie van papyrus uit die swamp gemaak waarin hulle 3 jaar gewoon het. Toe is van blou ysterklip huis gebou. Pa Prinsloo, sy vrou tant Stoffie, hulle het vyf dogters en vyf seuns wat toe nog in die huis was. My man Koos was terug in Suid-Afrika en ouer broer ook. Hulle had 14 kinders. Die deel van die plaas was die kerk op was het Will Bouwer gekoop en voor ek daar weg is, is die monumentjie daar opgerig.



Die CLOETE familie – vermoedelik in die OVS geneem kort voordat hulle met al hulle vee en besittings in die boot wat hulle gehuur het [die ‘Kramstadt’] vanaf Durban na Mombasa vertrek het vroeg in 1911. Oupa CJ Cloete is in Julie 1912 oorlede, maar in die jaar wat hy naby Eldoret gewoon het het hy wondere verrig op die familieplaas, ‘Concordia’, op verskeie plaaslike rade gedien en die respek van die koloniale moondhede verdien.

AGTER: v.l.n.r. Schalk, Corrie, Mieta, Alie, Anaak [Anacreon – mooi ingelas]

VOOR: v.l.n.r. Oupa CJ [Christiaan Johannes], Sonny [Valerius], Frolie, Bonnie [Agatha], Ouma AM [Anna Magdalena]

SCHALK CLOETE SE ESKAPADES

Die Cloetes het ‘n baie skerp humorsin gehad - in daardie harde tye het hulle dit seker nodig gehad - en daar is destyds baie staaltjies in Kenia vertel, veral oor Schalk en sy eskapades. Ek gaan hier een of twee stukkie wat ek nog onthou [veral uit gesprekke met Oom Anaak] hier probeer neerpen, en dan enige Oos-Afrikaner wat nog iets onthou, nooi om dit vir ons in te stuur.

Ter agtergrond. Oom Schalk was ‘n man van vrede wat van vryheid en die wilde natuur gehou het, en nie veel erg aan administratiewe rompslomp gehad het nie. Hy het soms vir weke in die bosse en die veld verdwyn en kon daar net so doeltreffend oorleef soos ‘n Boesman in die Kalahari. Van die enkele kere wat ek self met hom te doene gehad het onthou ek dat hy altyd graag skaak gespeel het [en gewen het]. Hy het ook altyd ‘n pak kaarte gehad wat hy gebruik het om homself met ‘Solitaire’ te vermaak as die geselskap of die plaaswerk nie na sy smaak was nie. Ek het soms ‘n vermoede Oom Schalk sou soos Mark Twain gesL het: ‘My father taught

me to work but he never taught me to love it.’

Oom Schalk se wakker intellek (en sy pa se goeie reputasie?) het op ‘n stadium daartoe gelei dat hy as District Officer [DO] in die District Commissioner [DC] se kantoor aangestel is. Soms, as ontoepaslike koloniale wette of amptelike rompslomp

Toe iemand tydens die Tweede Wêreldoorlog vir hom sL, ‘Ek dog jy is daar voor op die front,’ was sy kortaf antwoord, ‘Hulle veg dan daar.’

verhoed het dat hy ‘n probleem met ‘n boer of ‘n amptenaar, volgens sy oordeel, regverdig kon oplos, het hy sy uniform baadjie oor sy stoel gehang en vir die boer of amptenaar gesL: ‘Hier staan Schalk en daar hang die DO. Nou los jy en ek die probleem net hier logies op al kos dit ‘n vuisgeveg’. Maar in ‘n oorlog wou hy homself nie begewe nie. Toe iemand tydens die Tweede

Wêreldoorlog vir hom sL, ‘Ek dog jy is daar voor op die front,’ was sy kortaf antwoord, ‘Hulle veg dan daar.’

Op een geleentheid het hy wel gebruik gemaak van sy voorregte as DO. Hy het op ‘n amptelike dagvaardingsvorm ‘n huweliksaansoek aan ‘n plaaslike meisie gerig. Die vorm is persoonlik deur ‘n askari – ‘n swart polisieman – aan die meisie afgelewer. Die askari was goed opgelei en het geweier om terug te gaan voordat die persoon aan wie die dagvaarding gerig was die vorm geteken het. Maar die meisie het botweg geweier om te teken. Hoe sy uiteindelik van die askari ontslae geraak het weet ek nie. Ek weet net dat Oom Schalk nooit getrou het nie. Naby Concordia het daar ‘n familie Prinsloos gewoon wat baie bekend was vir hulle oorspronklike taalgebruik. Toe een van hulle (ek dink sy bynaam was Boetie Koot Seningnek) van sy perd afgeval het, was sy beskerwing van die insident soos volg: ‘En daar val ek ‘n slip in die aarde. En daar IL ek morsdood. En die nerf het geskeur of ek was vir ewig dood.’ Toe Oom Schalk se jongste broer, Sonny, wat Concordia geërf

na bladsy 5

SCHALK CLOETE SE ESKAPADES
vanaf bladsy 4

het, vir sy buurman, Flip Prinsloo, konfronteer oor sy oorbietjies wat so min geword het teen die grensdraad was Flip se antwoord, 'Sonny, mag ek hier morsdood neerslaan as ek ooit een van jou oorbietjies geskiet het.'

In 'n stadium was een van die Prinsloos siek en hy het daar geë. 'op sterwe na die dood toe'. 'n Man wat DO kon wees, was beskou as 'n geleerde man en Oom Schalk is laat kom om die testament te skryf. Oom Schalk het toe die siek man se laaste wense almal sorgvuldig neergeskryf, en plek vir hom en 'n getuie gelaat om te teken. Weens Schalk se reputasie was die man tog 'n bietjie skepties, en hy het 'n derde party gekry om vir hom die testament deur te lees voordat hy sou teken. Alles was noukeurig bemaak soos hy gevra het, maar een klousule het hy nie verwag het nie; sy vrou was bemaak aan Schalk Cloete. Die geval was gelukkig toe nie 'na die dood toe nie'.

... maar een klousule
het hy nie verwag het
nie; sy vrou was be-
maak aan Schalk
Cloete...

Tydens sy rondswerwing het Oom Schalk ook betrokke geraak by die goudstormloop na Kakamega. Daar het hy ook vinnige rykdom gesoek saam met twee vennote. Een van hulle, as ek reg onthou, was Klein Abel Erasmus. Toe die spoelgoudjies inkom en hulle balansstaat winste begin toon het, het hulle besluit om die kamp gemaklik te maak deur drie kampstoele te gaan koop. Die betrokke dag het Oom Schalk eerste by die kamp aangekom. Toe die twee vennote ook daar kom, sit Oom Schalk op die een stoel, met sy voete op die tweede stoel en sy kos op die derde stoel. Die twee vennote moes hulle maar weer op die boomstomp

tuismaak. My pa, Kosie (wat met Bonnie Cloete getroud is) het vertel van die groot goud 'nugget' wat Oom Schalk vir hom by die huis gewys het. Hy sou my pa glo gaan wys waar hy dit gekry het. Maar die volgende week is Oom Schalk dood agter die stuurwiel van sy kar langs die pad gekry; glo 'n hartaanval.

NS Hier in SA het ek en Oom Sonny eendag sy jongste dogter, Elsie, se staptogte deur die land bespreek. 'Sy het ou Schalk se gene geërf,' het hy gesê. Elsie, jy moet die storie maar verder vat.

Alex Boshoff



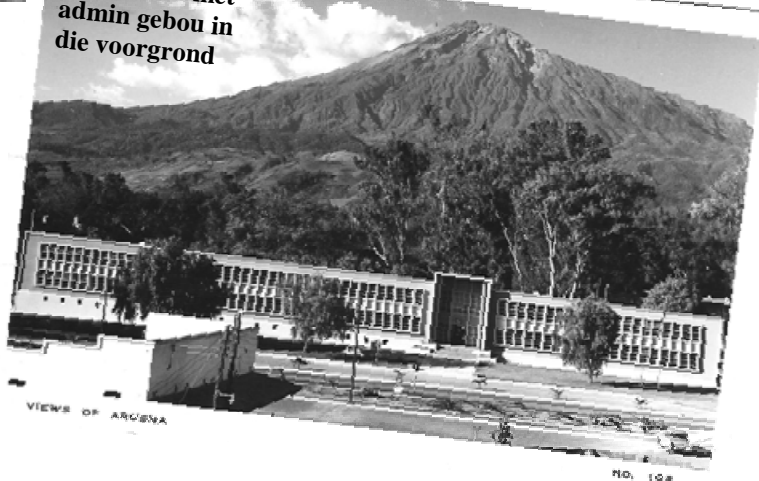
Tanganyika:
Kampfontein
fotos

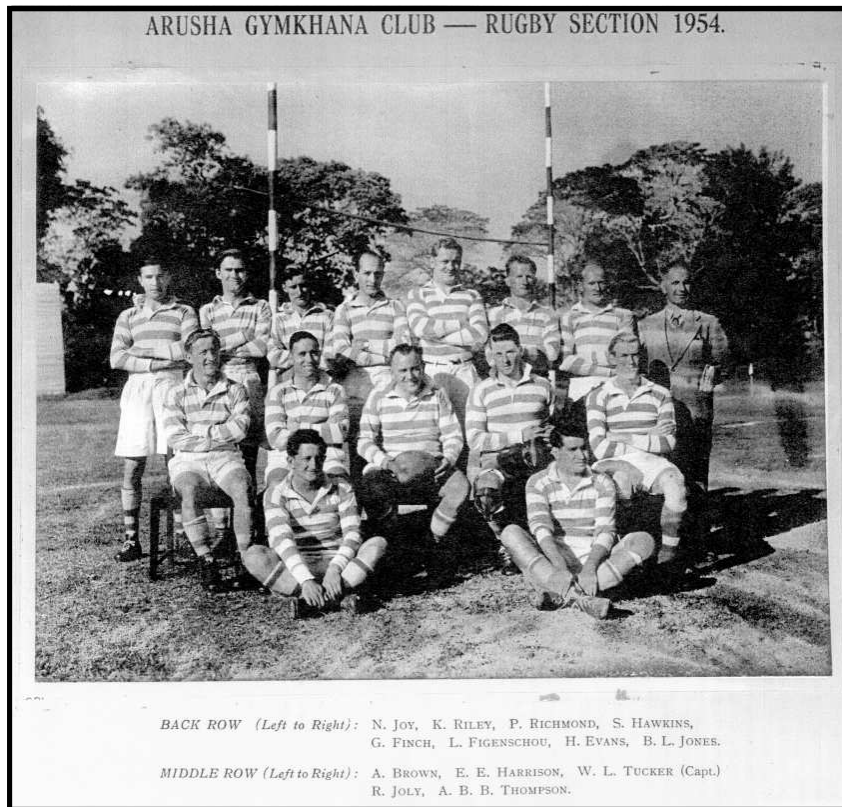
Oom Jan en tannie Martha Venter
op hulle plaas in Kampfontein,
Tanganyika

Van links na regs: Ds Kuhn met geweer; sittend Jurie Bekker;
Nan Pretorius; Flip v d Westhuisen; Willie de Beer



Berg Meru met
admin gebou in
die voorgrond





Extracts from “The Kenya Settlers Cookery Book and Household Guide”.

I remember collecting mushrooms in the beginning of the rainy season on Mt Elgon. They grew in the camps where the cattle grazed. My mom, my brother and I would go out early in the morning and collect the fresh ones that had grown overnight. There were all sorts of criteria that we used to check if they were edible, size, shape, colour and smell. There was no such thing as mushrooms from the local vegetable shop in town, which was Kitale and of course at most we visited it once a month.

Here is a test for mushrooms taken from the “The Kenya Settlers Cookery Book and Household Guide”.

With mushrooms one cannot be too careful. Commence peeling the outside white skin of the mushroom,

from the edge to the crest. If the skin does not come off easily the mushroom is suspect. To make sure, if not certain, put a shilling in the pan of frying mushrooms. It will turn black if they are of a poisonous variety.

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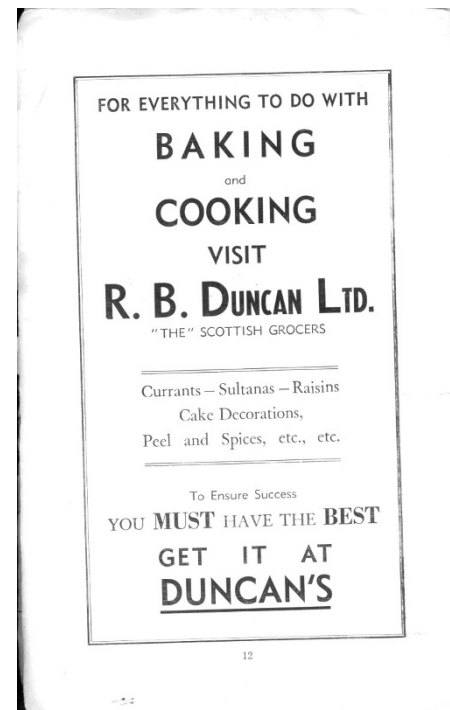
Liver Diet for Anaemia

Generally the patient should have ½ lb. Liver per day, either cooked or raw. In this country, if a raw liver diet has been advised the butcher will supply a special part of the liver for that purpose. Calf’s liver or lamb’s liver is preferable to that of ox or sheep.

Any foods which contain iron should be taken, in order to add to the number of red blood corpuscles, e.g. liver, kidney, heart, and other red meats. Green vegetables of all kinds, especially spinach and watercress. Fruit, especially black currents, grapes, and raisins. Egg (yolk is rich in iron). Plenty of milk, and fresh fruit drinks. Avoid too much fat and sugar, as these are likely to set up stomach disturbances.

Ways of serving raw liver:

- Finely scraped – made into sandwiches, seasoned with savoury sauce or flavoured with orange or lemon juice.
- Minced – added to tomato or other kinds of soup just before serving.
- In stuffed tomatoes.
- Folded into a savoury omelette
- Liver jelly.



The Many Disguises of the Nandi Bear

Elsie Cloete

My story about the Nandi Bear traces the many disguises and names this creature has been assigned over the last 100 years. Shortly before settler farmers started moving onto the Uasin Gishu Plateau and surrounding areas of western Kenya, Geoffrey Williams noted that he had seen an unknown beast near Sergoit soon after the final punitive British expedition against the Nandi in 1906. While he only reported his sighting in the first issue of the Journal of the East Africa and Uganda Natural History Society in 1911, word of this strange, terrifying beast was already circulating amongst the handful of Plateau settlers. Within months of their arrival, traces of conversations with Elgeyo elders, warriors and new members of the workforce, indicated that a large creature that could stand on its hind legs and that had fur and whiskers had been known in the district since time immemorial. On the Plateau and the slopes of Mount Elgon the El-

Geoffrey Williams noted that he had seen an unknown beast near Sergoit soon after the final punitive British expedition against the Nandi in 1906.

geyo knew it as the keriet. So too, in the Nandi translation of the Old Testament book of Daniel (Ch.7:5), Daniel himself has a dream of strange beasts, of which one was "like to a bear". The first missionaries translated the bear of Daniel's dream as keriet and this name has remained to this day.

At night the keriet would set up a blood-curdling, eerie wailing. Some likened it to the steam whistle of a Uganda Railway locomotive – except that the nearest train tracks were more than fifty miles away! Apart from Williams, some of the first



farmers, a District Commissioner, a Game Warden, a train driver, and a Dutch Reformed Church elder, started reporting sightings of a strange unknown beast with a bear-like head and sloping hindquarters, no discernible tail and very small ears. The creature had the ability to sit back on its haunches with its forepaws resting on its knees and although it could stand on its hind legs, it would drop to all fours and move with an incredibly speedy sideways canter. It was thickly furred, the head was long and the nose ended in a squarish point. It was reputed to be able to penetrate thick bomas but could jump them quite easily as well. The animal was nocturnal and local people, who would not hesitate to hunt a lion armed only with a spear, were clearly terrified of it.

The creature was seen intermittently and its spoor, indicating an animal with non-retractable claws, was tracked and some of its routes defined. During 1919, Son-

nie Cloete, with the help of a tracker called Kirongosh, followed its tracks from the Elgeyo Forest, past Sergoit, all the way to where the Creamery is in present-day Eldoret and then further along towards Nandi. Sometimes tracks were also seen on De Waal and Theunissen's farms leading in the direction of Eldoret and further on. It was also tracked near

the Plateau Station moving past Jan le Roux's farm and Laurie Pohl's place. Generally, it followed the same route. Despite some farmers firing shots at it, no live nor dead specimen was ever found. Informally, settlers and colonial officials began calling this elusive beast the Nandi Bear. Reports from elsewhere in the Colony indicated that it had a range of local names of which the spelling was and still remains variable.

Nandi Bear is a descriptive rather than a nominative term, deriving from the area where this beast has been most regularly encountered. The word 'bear' is more problematic – except for a 320AD Roman mosaic

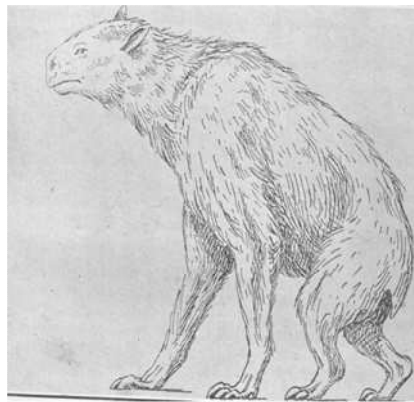


representation of a bear found in Volubilis in present day Spanish Morocco, and a written report that Pasha Bey of Algiers shot one of the last bears to be found in the Atlas Mountains in 1815, there has been no other record of any bears in the rest of Africa. However, when Williams showed a man from Nandi the illustrations in Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, the latter immediately pointed to a picture of Baloo and indicated that this was a Nandi Bear. Except, he called it a chemosit - and this is the name that has stuck with westerners, including natural historians and anthropologists, in publications



in the English language. On the Uasin Gishu Plateau the Nandi and Elgeyo and Kipsigis did not become party to this confusion. To them, the chemosit is an ogre or demon that is summoned as the archetypal bugbear to frighten children who are misbehaving. It is a creature of folklore and myth. The chemosit is a word used for children. With this in mind, it is possible that one hundred years ago, when Europeans in certain areas were told that the Nandi Bear or keriet was known as the chemosit, the settlers, anthropologists and colonial officials might actually have been regarded as children in terms of the proud Nandi's culture and beliefs.

The word chemosit is often used in a lighter context as well. In contemporary, informal culture, unpopular employers and bullies are often given this nickname. I have also been informed that a particularly unruly student who was expelled



from the University of Nairobi was also called chemosit by exasperated administrators and academics. Close to Kericho, outside Nandi territory, there is a small village called Chemosit. Why the township has this signposting is unknown.

... in contrast to “chemosit” (a name that has stuck with westerners), “keriet” is a serious word ...

In contrast, keriet is a serious word that used to evoke feelings of great terror. It is the name of an animal that could never be confused with



other predators such as the leopard or the hyena, or rarely seen animals such as the armadillo and African honey badger – animals that new settlers with little African experience often mistook for the Nandi Bear. Any unknown creature probably

misguidedly became the Nandi Bear. In fact, the so-called Nandi Bear depicted in an East Africa Women's League tapestry panel of the Nandi Hills settlement looks suspiciously like a spotted hyena. To this day, there remains the Nandi Bear Club at Nandi Hills – a club that is still frequented for its sports facilities, reception rooms and bars. Present day Kenyans to whom I have spoken, and who have been to the club, have no idea why it is called thus.

As far as I can establish, the last Nandi Bear was seen on the Plateau



in the 1920s. During that decade, most of the wild animals, especially zebra, were shot to make way for fenced pastures and wheat fields. With its principal food source gone it is possible that the Nandi Bear became extinct. Amongst the indigenous population of the Plateau, the living memory of the terrifying keriet also began to drop into oblivion as the generation of elgeyo and Nandi contemporaneous with the early settlers and the Nandi Bear passed on. The word keriet then assumed more flexible and elastic meanings in oral and popular culture. An Elgeyo student studying in Johannesburg tells me that his grandfather, a retired teacher from the settlement areas around Ainabkoi, spoke of the keriet as a kind of tiger – linked perhaps, I was informed, to the fear and terror sown amongst Indian workmen building the Mombasa-Uganda railway around 1898 by the man-eating lions of Tsavo. The student's educated father in turn felt that the



Chalicotherium, from the BBC's *Walking with Beasts*

keriet could have been a serval. Unlike the story of the proverbial fish that got away from an angler and which grows in length every time the tale is told, the size and shape of the keriet appears to diminish exponentially with every generation's telling.

While Kenyans are largely indifferent to the idea of the Nandi Bear of 100 years ago, the western world remains fascinated by it. Part of this fascination was fuelled by Bernard Heuvelmans, a French/Belgian naturalist who started collecting evidence from scientific, literary and oral history sources regarding unknown animals for which there existed persistent rumours and descriptions but which had not yet been scientifically described. In 1958 the English version of his book - *On the Track of Unknown Animals* - was published. Six chapters were devoted to animals of Africa - some unknown, some recently discovered and others the subject of terror and fear - the Nandi Bear, the chepekwe from Central Africa, the mngwa along the coast of Tanganyika, and the mokéle-mbêmbê from the swamps of the Congo. Heuvelmans called the Nandi Bear chemosit and the more than 120 internet references to the Nandi Bear perpetuate this confusion. This creature has also caught the imagination of J.K. Rowling. In a companion booklet to the Harry Potter novels she describes the "Nundu" as an

"east African beast which is arguably the most dangerous in the world. A gigantic leopard that moves silently

Heuvelmans called the Nandi Bear chemosit and the more than 120 internet references to the Nandi Bear perpetuate this confusion.

despite its size and whose breath causes disease virulent enough to eliminate entire villages, it has never yet been subdued by fewer than a hundred skilled wizards working together."

Even the BBC has contributed to theories about the Nandi Bear. In 2001, Haines, the producer of the acclaimed series, *Walking with Beasts*, perpetuated the myth that the 'Nandi Bear' could in fact belong to a lost population of chalicotheres. But, as any self-respecting paleontologist will tell you, chalicotheres were vegetarian!

Who knows what disguise the Nandi Bear will assume in the next hundred years.



Les Tucker, East Africa and Nakuru Forward

Thursday 23 August 1962 Daily Nation

Thursday, August 23, 1962

DAILY NATION

RETURNING TUSKER



South Africa's Mr Rugby, Dr Danie Craven (right), one of the shrewdest brains in the game, chats with former East Africa and Nakuru forward Les Tucker (left) and the chairman of East Africa's selectors, Dennie O'Loughlen, during a civic luncheon before the Eastern Transvaal-British Lions match at Springs, Transvaal last weekend. Now back in Nairobi, Mr O'Loughlen and his colleagues will be meeting later this week to select the East African team to meet the Lions in Nairobi next Tuesday. En route to South Africa, Mr O'Loughlen saw several of the games played by the Tuskers, who return to Nairobi today.

Dr Craven, one of the greatest scrum-halves and tacticians rugby has known, will be taking more than passing interest in the Nairobi game, for he toured East Africa in 1935.

The picture was taken by the South African Mirror newsreel camera team.

Here is Les Tucker, at 85, photographed in 2007



It is still there – Endebess...

Danie Steyn

The tiny little village with 4 or 6 Indian dukas (shops) a post office and now there is a district officer's office (#1) just across the road from the dukas and a little way down on the Suam road there is a shop "Brilliant Computers" (#2).



1



Technology has come to the country side and despite the mud and bad roads there seems to be some support as it is the best kept little shop. The post office (#3) is still the same if my memory does not deceive me. There



3

was a garage close to it and my father had borrowed a set of stocks-and-dies from the owner. When he came to return it the sheriff was there to write up the assets for liquidation so he said nothing and I still have the set. It is now out of date as it is imperial sizes.

My memories of Endebess are of a wooden house just up the hill behind the dukas. I remember it so clearly;

the road between the dukas (#4) led up to the house. Mr and Mrs Boy lived there. She was a midwife and so because we were living in the area



4

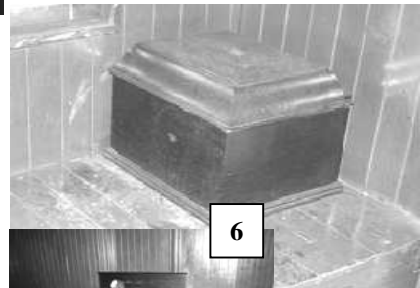
that was where I was born, and so were all my sisters and brothers. (I am the eldest so I was first). I didn't expect to find the house. It was built of planks in the old colonial style so I was not too keen to go in to see the ruins. My friend Dave who appointed himself as my chauffeur said that I had come 8 000 km to see this so here we go, up between the dukas and along what must have been a road many years ago. It was very wet. As we got to the top of the hill there it was still looking so good (#5). It clearly needed some paint and some care to the roof particularly at the back. Needless to say it was impossible to hide the tears. The emotional experience and the memories, even though I cannot remember my birth, but I can remem-



5

ber Mrs Boy, we visited her often for a cup of tea. I don't remember her children as they were all older than me. She had broken her arm when she slipped on a match and it set at 90° to the outside and with that arm she did all her work. I will still always pick up a match if I see it lying around.

Inside the house there are still the odd pieces of furniture that I think still belonged to Mrs Boy. The table and gramophone are probably the



6



most significant pieces (#6). I also saw

the nursery where the births happened. No bed there but the room was still there (#7)



7

My mom told me when she needed to get her driver's licence she went to the police station at Endebess. The local policeman was washing his car in the river nearby so my dad went to find him. When he wanted to start the car there was a problem. Plugs wet or something like that. Dad helped him and when it got going dad drove the police car and he got in next to mom and they returned to the police station. When he got to the police station he said mom was fine and gave her a licence. She drove many years with no accident record.

We took the road to Suam and the Uganda border. It was very muddy and had we not had a 4x4 it would have been near impossible to negotiate. We went as far as the Uganda border and turned around when there was a lorry stuck across the road. Anderson the nursery man lived on this road and so did other friends. When dad got married he was working for a Scotsman Mr McCall, a vet and well known cattle breeder. He bred South Devon's and had a magnificent stud. He also did cross breeding and developed a very good meat producing heard. He had an estate, "Eaglesham" not far from Endebess. It was an enormous house with 14 bedrooms (#8). In the enormous sitting/dining room there was a concert grand piano and a lion skin with a stuffed head lying on the piano. He built stables for the bulls (#9) and the horses (#10). The stables were built according to the

British system, high for the hay to be stored in the upper level. There was a pigeon tower in which the pigeons



were safe from cats. This has gone; obviously the new owners had no use for it.

Dad told me that he got the job at McCall's to run the farm while McCall was away on leave in Scotland for 3 months. He set about looking around the farm to see what was available and what had to be done. He found implements left next to the lands. The previous manager had just



left them there after he had finished working. Dad collected them, repaired them and worked the lands which then yielded a record crop that year.

The price of pork had fallen so the pigs had been left in the vleiland (marsh) to pasture. When the price rose he collected them and sent them off to market collecting a handsome profit. So when the old man returned there was plenty of money in the bank and a very happy owner. Mom and Dad were married in the Anglican Church in 1939 in Kitale (#11). There was no Afrikaans minister available at the time. Mr and Mrs McCall (That is how we always



referred to them) gave the reception at their home. Dad never said it, but it sounds as if they eloped and got married so there were very few guests. The family felt dad at 37 and mom at 21 was not a good match.

Mrs McCall ran dad's bath for him when he came from the farm and when he had finished poured him a whisky and milk before supper was served. He was obviously well looked after. He never told me why he left, I assume he was not needed anymore now that the owner was back.

Shortly after they were married dad left to go and work at Chorlim Estates. One of the farms of Estates and Investments managed by SH Powles and owned by Lord Howard De-Waldon. I would like to speculate

that I was conceived at "Eaglesham". even though I grew up at Chorlim

As a child we often visited Mr & Mrs McCall. Rosmund would show us the library which I thoroughly enjoyed. Books were scarce so to be able to get some of them from the shelf was wonderful. That was where I was introduced to Beatrice Potter's works. I could not read English yet but the pictures fascinated me.

In 1954 Teresa was married and we were at the wedding with the reception that was held in the sitting room. I don't remember much but that there were a lot of people at the house. Dad could not resist getting the photographer to take a family picture of us while we were in our Sunday best (#12). I was at the Prince of Wales



hence the long pants and Hendrik was still at Kitale. Maria was the youngest with Edward just older.

Engela was older than Edward but she had died of pneumonia in 1949. There is a tank where we stood in 1954 but for the rest it is still the same and I look a lot older (#13).

Near Endebess are the warehouses and offices of the Kenya Seed Growers (#14). They have a drying plant there and distribute the seed from there to the farms. It is obvious that Kenya now uses the latest technology in seed production and the use of hybrids is the standard.



Across from the Kenya Seed growers there is the entrance to a farm which we knew as Kenilworth and now ADC Namandala (#15). All the big estates are now part of the Agricultural Development Corporation (ADC).



When Kenya became independent they employed an Agricultural expert from Israel to assist them in the organisation of the agricultural industry. Kenya is divided into small holdings and they work in a kind of cooperative which appears successful.

Ek was agt jaar oud in Suid Afrika toe my pa besluit het om Kenia toe te trek. Hy het hier naby Wonderfontein geboer op 'n huur plaas, Leeuwfontein, wat aan oom Hans van Rensburg behoort het.

Ons was sewe kinders in die gesin. My pa het vir hom 'n drie ton Chevrolet Lorrie gekoop waarmee ons Kenia toe sou trek. Sy broer oom (S.P) Faan Kruger-hulle was alreeds jare lank in Kenia.

Op twee Februarie 1946 het ons toe vertrek met, onder andere, 'n 44 gelling drom vol petrol en 'n 44 gelling water. Ons het natuurlik 'n redelike hoeveelheid kos saamgeneem maar moes maar langs die pad ook koop waar ons kos kon kry. Dorpe was maar ver uitmekaar, party so 300 of 400 myl uitmekaar soos in Noord Rhodesia (Zambia) en Tanganyika (Tanzanië) waar petrol nie altyd beskikbaar was nie. Die Lorrie het 'n tent op gehad en saans het ons maar langs die pad geslaap in die veld. My ouers het maar 'n afdak langs die lorrie gemaak met 'n seil en daar geslaap, meeste van ons kinders het maar in die lorrie geslaap. Daar was altyd 'n groot vuur langs die lorrie gemaak heel nag om roofdiere weg te hou want daar was nog baie. My broer Japie was twaalf jaar oud en het gehelp om die vuur aan die gang te hou. My pa het geen wapen saamgeneem nie behalwe 'n "bayonet". In Noord-Rhodesië en Tanganyika het die swartes al voor die sonopkoms sulke hordes om die lorrie gestaan en ons dopgehou. Baie van hulle het nog nooit 'n blanke gesien nie en ons was maar baie bang, maar hulle het ons nie leed aangedoen nie.

Party plekke het ons ook baie swaar reën ondervind en paaie en brûe was weggespoel, dan moes ons lank wag voordat ons verder kon ry. Toe ons

by die Kafue rivier in Zambië kom was daar geen brug nie, daar was nog nie tegnologie of so iets om 'n brug te bou nie, hulle het altyd gesê die rivier is te diep. Ons moes toe met 'n pont oor die rivier ry. die Lorrie is gery tot bo op die pont en so het ons oor die rivier beweeg. Vir ons kinders was dit nogal 'n ervaring en dit het nogal lank geneem, ons was ook maar bang dat ons sou sink. Ons kon ook nie die nuwe swart tale praat nie. My pa kon sewe Suid Afrikaanse swart tale praat (hy was as tolk gebruik gedurende die oorlogsjare), maar hierdie was vreemd.

My ma het maar saans kos voorberei vir die volgende dag, en waar ons

Oom Erns Kruger (PE Kruger) se seun Ben skryf...

kon kry, het ons weense worsies gekoop – hondeworsies, soos deur ons kinders genoem.

Ons het lang ure gery wanneer ons kinders heerlijk geslaap het agter in die lorrie, maar moes ook partykeer

orals petrolpompe soos vandag nie.

Toe ons tussen Iringa en Dodoma in Tanganyika kom het ons laaste band van die lorrie gebars, toe moes my pa met geleentheid na Dodoma gaan om 'n band te koop. 'n Italianer het hom opgelaai toe moes my ma en ons kinders vir drie dae alleen op die pad sit en wag.

Saans het my ma en broer Japie langs die lorrie vuurgemaak om wilde diere weg te hou, terwyl ons ander kinders geslaap het. Bedags moes ons gaan vuurmaakhout en water haal. Ons was maar bang want van voor sonop tot na donker het die swartes rondom die lorrie gestaan en na ons gekyk. Ons het ons ook verstom aan die Masais met hulle lang hare wat rooi gesmeer was en ringe in hul ore.

Gelukkig het daar die tweede dag 'n swart soldaat gekom en die ander verwilder, hy was ook baie behulpzaam en het ons gehelp om vuurmaakhout te bring.

My oudste suster het nie saam met ons gery nie want sy was in die hoërskool in Suid-Afrika en het eers heelwat later saam met my ouma Kenia toe gevlieg.

Ons was 14 dae op die pad met die lorrie voordat ons in Eldoret aangekom het. My oom Fanie en tant Joe was baie bly toe ons met daglig die oggend by hulle op die plaas aangekom het. Toe ons daar aankom het my Pa net die lorrie en vyf en twintig pond in sy sak gehad.

Ons het toe eers 'n hele rukkie by oom Fanie hulle gebly tot ons 'n plaas kon kry om op te boer. Ons kinders moes toe skool toe, die Central skool op Eldoret, later Highlands Skool, dit was toe al die tweede kwartaal en my pa het vir ons losies gekry by die Storms wat naby die dorp gebly het, voordat ons die volgende kwartaal koshuis toe is.



'n 1937 John Deere D trekker

stilhou as die natuur roep en ons petrol moes in gooi.

Die wêreld was nog wild en baie plekke het ons petrol in sulke vier gallon blikke gekoop, daar was nie

My pa het toe oom Ben Mouton se plaas gekoop op "Patatadraai" op pad Soy toe. Ons bure was oom Sonny Keese en oom Soon Snyman onderkant die rivier. Oom Eduard Steyn se plaas het aan die onderkant aan ons gegrens, sy broer oom Koos Steyn het eers 'n ruk daar gebly, asook oom Danie Luus en sy seuns wat so lekker musiek kon maak.

In die begin moes my pa ook maar met osse ploeg, totdat ons uiteindelik 'n John Deere D paraffien trekker gekoop het – dit het baie jare gehou en was 'n ou staatsmaker.

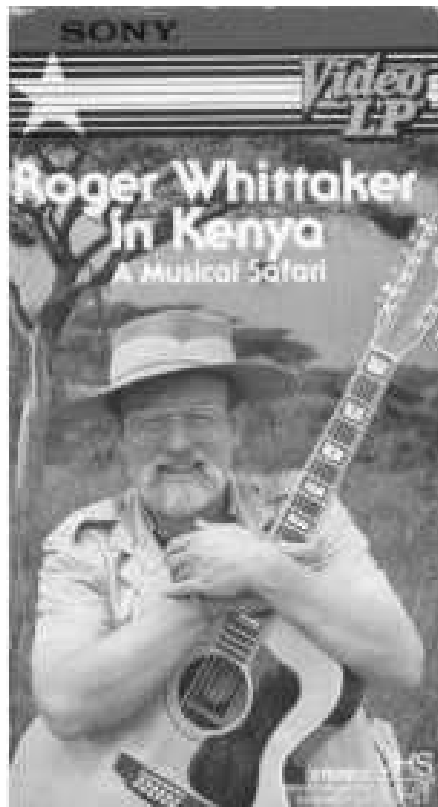
Oom Soom Snyman was 'n groot-wild jagter en het baie wild geskiet, hy het sommer vroeg die oggend sy geweer gevat en iets gaan soek om te skiet, as ons weer sien, dan is hy hier op die plaas by ons. Hy was 'n groot oom, so sterk soos 'n bees, en het myle en myle per dag gestap. Hy het die veldlewe baie goed geken en het vir ons baie stories oor die jag vertel. Hy kon aan die lewe bly in die veld wanneer geen ander mens meer sou bestaan het nie. Ek is baie bly ek kon hom leer ken. Hy en my pa het baie gaan visvang, onder andere by die Kerio rivier onderkant Tambach.

Van ons ander bure was Sonny Goulee en ook oom Boy Oosthuizen.

Vakansietye het ons seuns altyd gaan hase jag met die honde en sommer self geleer swem in die rivier wat ook ons plaas se grens was. Daar was vreeslik baie erdvarkgate op die plaas, sodat die hase gewoonlik in die gate ingekruip het. Ons het so 'n klein steekbaard brakkie gehad wat dan agter die haas in die gat in is. Omdat die gate so groot was het ek gewoonlik agter die brakkie ingekruip, my broer Jan het dan agter my ingekruip met Japie agter hom, so ons was sommer 'n hele klomp tree onder die grond ingekruip en het aan mekaar se voete vasgehou, dan het Japie ons almal uitgetrek, met hond, haas en al. Ons was nie bang nie en dit was lekker sports.

Daar was letterlik honderde hase op die plaas en hulle het die koring sulke groot kolle skoongevreet.

My swaar Piet Nel het saam met my Pa ons altyd by die Eldoret stasie in die nag gaan haal as ons vakansies met die trein huistoe gekom het van Nairobi af. Piet het so 'n .22 lang-loop rewolwer gehad, dan skiet hy die aand tot amper 20 hase in die koring. Ons het die hase in die oond gebak vir die honde, dan het hulle lekker geëet.



Roger Whittaker
Foto: Old Cambrian webblad

Oom Harry Rust het ook later anderkant die rivier kom intrek. 'n Mens mis darem die goeie ou dae. Na die laerskooltyd in die Highlands skool het ek en my broers na die Prince of Wales Skool toe gegaan in Rhodes House en Mnr Fletcher (Fluitjie) was hoof van die skool. Roger Whittaker, die bekende sanger was my senior in Rhodes House, hy was ook saam met my broer Japie in die Kenia regiment, ten tye van die Mau

Mau en het toe al in die bosse met sy ghitaar gespeel en gesing

Japie het sy militêre opleiding in Salisbury Rhodesië gedoen (6 maande) en daarna in die Kenia Regiment in die oorlog aksie gedien. Hy was 4 jaar in die Kenia Regiment in aksie en twee keer amper sy lewe verloor. Hy was toe geseondeer na die Polisie se spesiale afdeling as 'n F.I.O. (Field Intelligence offisier) ook vir 4 jaar, waar hy terroriste wat in die bosse weggekruipt het, gaan uithaal het – 'n gevaarlike besigheid, waar hy baie goeie werk gedoen het. Hy is ook dan vereer met 'n "Mention in Despatches" van die Koningin van Engeland. Hy het 'n sertifikaat ontvang met 'n silver akkerblaar (Oak Leaf) van die Koningin van Engeland.

Ek het my Cambridge Overseas School Certificate in 1955 geskryf en is vroeg in 1956 ook opgeneem in die Kenia Regiment in noodtoestand opleiding in Nakuru (nuwe opleidingskamp) en daarna in die operasionele gebied in plekke soos Nivasha (mere) en in Mt. Kenya in die bosse. In Kenya was dit snags nogal koud want ons was redelik hoog op; wat 'n ondervinding.

Ons het ons ponchos (reënjasse) gebruik om 'n tentjie te maak waaronder ons snags geslaap het. Baie nagte kon ons nie slaap nie, want die rooimiere (safari ants) het ons uitgejaag, hulle het vir niks gestuit nie, en die boombasse het snags so geraas dat jy nie kon slaap nie. Vir kos het ons "goulash" gemaak, 'n mengsel van boontjies, rys en bully beef; alles blikkies kos. Elke aand het ons 'n lepel vol rum gekry in ons koffie om ons warm te hou.

In Augustus 1956 het ek my ontslag gekry sodat ek na die Landbou Kollege op Njoro to kon gaan: die Egerton Agricultural College naby Nakuru. Ek het vir 2 jaar hier gestudeer en my Landboudiploma verwerf, waarna ek in die Departement van

Landbou gaan werk het as 'n Agricultural Officer in die Tugen Hills gebied anderkant Tambach in die berge, en in die Kerio valley waar ons 'n besproeiingskema vir die swartes ontwikkel het. Ek het dit baie geniet en die natuur was pragtig, waar daar nog baie wild was. Ek het ook dat die swartes groente tuine aanplant, wat ek dan beoordeel het vir 'n prys soos 'n paar pikke of grawe. Hierdie het hulle baie gemotiveer om mooi tuin te maak en dit netjies te hou. Hierdie was in 'n hele paar distrikte wat dan ook beteken het dat ek sommige dae tot 30 myl gestap het om by almal te kon uitkom.

Na sowat vier maande in die Departement van Landbou het ek Kenia verlaat en die eerste keer Suid-Afrika toe gekom., om verder te studeer aan Tukkie. In 1959 het ek saam met Sarel de Beer van Arushet, Tanganyika, gery in 'n Volkswagen Kewertjie, ons was omtrent so 4 dae op die pad sover as wat ek kan onthou.

Voordat ons Suid-Afrika toe gery het, het ons ook sy oom Willie de Beer op sy plaas besoek naby Arusha. Hy was 'n grootwildvanger wat hy destyds op sy plaas aangehou het, en dan verkoop het aan ander lande.

Na my pa se dood op Kersdag 1959, is ek weer einde 1960 terug Kenia toe om vir my ma te help met die boerdery. Dit het maar swaar gegaan want geld was maar skaars, maar ten spyte van alles het ek geboer en nog kans gekry om gereeld te gaan hokkie en rugby speel op Eldoret. Ons was so elf myl van die dorp af. My neef Hendrik het my baie gehelp en ondersteun in die boerdery. Hy was ook 'n uitstekende rugbyspeler.

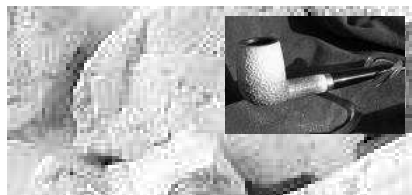
Ek en Hennie Wessels het baie keer saam gery om te gaan oefen; ek hoor hy bly nou in Engeland. Ook was ek bevoorreg om Wes-Kenya te verteenwoordig op die rugbyveld op verskeie kere en het saam met manne gespeel soos Lofty Reynolds, Ken

Oulton, Andrew Yakas, Chris Young, Nic Patterson, Rus Miller, George Barber, Mike (voorry), en Skattie Meintjies.

Ek het behoorlik geleef vir die sport, as die rugbyseisoen ophou, dan begin die hokkieseisoen en ek speel totdat die rugby weer begin. Ek het saam met baie mense gespeel. 'n Baie lekker deel van my lewe.

Voor ons terug is Suid-Afrika toe, was Japie bestuurder by 'n Meerschaum myn...

In 1962 het ek ook vir oom Louis Nel en sy seun Chris gehelp om hulle meubels na Suid Afrika te vervoer met 'n ou vyf ton kortneus V8 Lorrie, totdat Chris die ding laat omval het op Pienaarshoogte. Die vragmotor se agter as (half shaft) het gebreek, en ons het toe verder met die kar Suid Afrika toe gery. Ses weke of wat nadat hy herstel is, het ons toe met die leë vragmotor teruggery Kenia toe.



Ruwe meerschaum & 'n meerschaum pyp

In die Highlands skool onthou ek verskeie skoliere wat saam met my in die klas was: Mabel en Robert Croxford, Fransiena Bornman, Hester en Sophie Potgieter, Tienie van Rensburg, Derek Sparrow, Mandie Nieuwenhuizen, Aubrey Fouche.

My broer Japie was vir 'n aantal jare werksaam by Marigat by Lake Baringo, waar hy in 'n vleisfabriek gewerk het. Ons het baie daar gaan kuier. Voor ons terug is Suid-Afrika toe, was Japie bestuurder by 'n

Meerschaum myn naby Arusha in die Amboseli wild reservaat. Hulle het 'n soort klei (meerschaum) onder die water uitgehaal en dit na die fabriek toe gestuur in Arusha. Daar is dan pype (wat 'n mens mee rook) daarvan vervaardig vir die oorsese en binnelandse mark. Hierdie klei was baie seldsaam en baie duur.

Hierdie myn was ook dan aan die voet van Kilimanjaro in die wildreservaat. As ons daar gaan kuier het, dan ry ons net so amper 'n myl ver dan sien ons sommer al die wild wat jy oor kan droom (groot vyf die lot). Die olifante het snags tot teenaan sy huis gekom., waar hulle gewei het op sy waatlemoene en spanspekke wat hy in sy tuin geplant het. Dit was 'n baie pragtige plek en baie mooi. Boere het aan die hange van Kilimanjaro baie koring geplant en geweldige hoë opbrengste behaal sonder enige bemesting. As die een oes af is, sit hulle die ander een in – reënval was geen probleem nie.

In 1964 is ek en my ma toe finaal terug Suid-Afrika toe per motor; dit was vir my 'n baie moeilike besluit.

In Suid-Afrika het ek onder andere vir HEXCI op hulle navorsingsplaas by Bapsfontein gewerk, 'n vark boerdery vir 'n Jood begin op 'n 50ha plasie by Boksburg Noord, vir my familie oom ryk Jan (soos hy bekend was) met wolskape, en beeste geboer. Ek het selfs op die graniet-groewe van Belfast gaan werk en sodoende my skietsertifikaat verwerf, maar uiteindelik vir Sappi Fine Papers gaan boer by Ngodwana naby Nelspruit, waar ek Landbou bestuurder was. Daarna is ek na my eie stukkie grond toe by Badplaas waar ons met lugdroog tabak, winter koring, mielies, sojabone en wolskaap en beeste geboer het. In 1994 het ons na Middelburg toe vertrek waar ons nog steeds woon.

My seun en jongste dogter woon ook in Middelburg. My broer Japie is ook hier, en my jongste suster.



Hennie Wessels is the oldest son of Kobus Wessels, and is married to Ann, who was a nurse. They emigrated to live in England. Kobus Wessels is the oldest son of Engela and Hennie Wessels who originally farmed at Turbo. Hennie has sent us photographs that he thought may be of interest.

Below:

Dick Pembridge & Boet Dannhauser having a lunch break during wheat harvesting at Flax Ltd, Kaptagat about 1962.



This is a rugby team from a Nairobi club; my Dad is on the end right hand side back row. I think it is before he got married in 1935



This is the Mbeya School playing field about 1948. Hennie is second from the left.



Lost; Address Unknown; Moved; Not at this address.

Mev Lente Benadi, 12 Somerset str., Nigel 1490; Bob & Koba Bentley, P O Box 185, Southern, Harare, Zimbabwe; Wynand en Vilette Bezuidenhout, 27 Mango Grove, Posbus 291, Richardsbaai, 3900 Petrie Bosman, P O box 188, Sibasa, 0970 Neville Cooper, P O Box 15062, Lynn East, Pretoria 0039; Mnr & Mev Mias Daniels, Posbus 150, Sundra 2200; Mrs C Davey, 302 Modesmar Flats, Pretorius str., Arcadia 0083; Pieter de Jager, Posbus 624, Ellisras, 0555; Bertie de Nysschen, Posbus 5528, Boksburg Noord, 1461; Mnr & Mev Phil de Wet, Posbus 304, Marble Hall 0450 Magriet du Preez, Posbus 907, Derdepoort Park 0035; Sarel du Toit, Posbus 59, Newlands 0047; GCL Engelbrecht, P O Box, Lydenburg, 1120; ACL Engelbrecht, Mokoppulaan Estates, Posbus, Lydenburg, 1120; Abel en Corne Erasmus, Posbus 6256, Bloemfontein, 9300 Dave Forsythe, P O Box 14743, Sinoville 0129; Louis en Leonora Joubert, Posbus 57, Phalaborwa, 1390; Cilliers & Netta Joubert, Posbus 15223, Centurion 0140 Gert & Non Joubert, Naauwstraat 9, Prieska, 8940; Linda Kapp, Posbus 12776, Hatfield 0028; Dawid & Frieda Kirby, P O Box 14, Montague 6720; Bernard & Rosalie Kleynhans, Posbus 14272, Sinoville 0129; Mev Leen Kruger, Posbus 22644, Middelburg, 1050; Johannes Louwrens, Posbus 2600, Delmas, 2210; Lien McCabe, Posbus 907, Derdepoort Park 0035 Felicity Meyer, Posbus 21269, Valhalla 0137 Mev Petrie Mostert, Posbus 188, Sibasa 0970 Mrs Diana Nineham, 11 Sea field Garden Village, Main road, Gonubi. 5256 Mev Frances Olivier (Daniel), Ivorlaan 290, Mountainview, Pretoria 0082; Ds Pienaar, Stagenisse str 22, Phalaborwa 1389; Mev Ralie Randall, PO Box 243, Broadway 4006, Brisbane, Australia; Elsie en Frans Rousseau, 30 Pelytweg, Dunnottar, 1590 Mnr EL Steenkamp, Jack Hindon str 252, Pretoria Noord, 0182; Gert en Stoffelina Snyman, Malito 56, Delmas, 2210; Mr & Mrs JH Stolz, P O Box 687, Halfway House, 1685 Daeid & Sarah Thompson-Glover, 6 De Villiers str., Somerset West, 7130 Pieter & Rene van Heerden, Anamariestraat 183, Meyerspark. 0184; Andre van Heerden, Posbus 351, Hoedspruit, 1380 Mnr M van Heerden, Jack Hindon str 252, Pretoria Noord 0182; AJ van Staden, Posbus 14635, Wadeville 1422; Tom & Trix v d Berg, Posbus 33, Hartbeesfontein 2600 Dave & Daphne Vorster, Huilboslaan 21, Warmbad 0480; Dawie en Hetta Wahl, Marie Lindeweg 12, Croydon, Kempton Park. 1619

Terug gestuur – Oorlede ----- Returned – Deceased Ds Mossie vand den Berg, Berglaan 405, Pretoria Noord 0182 MG Reeves, Private Bag X1, Cato Ridge 3680 Lenie Prinsloo, Vergeet-my-nie w/s J5, Posbus 2804, Middelburg.

Al kan my ma die HABARI nie meer self lees nie, lees ek vir haar dit voor en sy geniet dit om van die mense wat sy nog onthou te hoor. Hiermee dan ook 'n kort beskrywing van pa John se lewe asook 'n laaste foto so 2 jaar voor sy dood. *Cynthia.*

JOHN FREUND

06/02/1921 - 06/09/2004

Gebore in Bloemfontein en groot geword op 'n plaas - Tevredenheid - Luckhoff in die Fauresmith distrik. Sy skool loopbaan het begin in 'n plaas skool op Jonasfontein en later sy laerskool jare voltooi in die skool op Luckhoff. Sy hoërskool in Bloemfontein by Grey-college waar hy ook gematrikuleer het.

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

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

Trek terug na SuidAfrika in 1953 en begin boer op die plaas Tevredenheid wat hy en sy broer van sy pa geerf het. Later van tyd het hy sy broer wat 'n garage in Luckhoff besit het, gehelp met die boekewerk. Hy het ook later 'n winkel ge-open en goed handel gedryf met die nodigste voedsel produkte. Hy was ook vir 'n paar jaar die Burgemeester van Lukhoff munisipaliteit.

Met sy aftrede het hy in Vanderkloof - 'n dorpie in die Noord-Kaap gaan

bly. Hy was betrokke met die stigting van die dorpie en is ook aangewys as die eerste Burgemeester van Vanderkloof in 1980.



Die dorpie was oorspronklik gebou om die bouers van die Vanderkloofdam te huisves. Na die dam se voltooiing het my pa as afgevaardigde vir advokaat John Vorster gaan spreek om te onderhandel vir die behoud van die dorpie as 'n vakansiedorp.

Hy was 'n groot seël en munt versamelaar. Die stokperdjies het hom besig gehou wanneer hy nie besig was om groente te plant of vrugte te bespuit nie. Sy liefde vir grond en boerdery het hom staande gehou tot die einde. Al het hy nie meer self geboer nie, was hy nog steeds baie betrokke saam met sy seun.

Hy was ook nou betrokke met die bou van die Hervormde Kerk te Vanderkloof wat die enigste kerkgebou in die dorpie is.

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

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Owing to my heritage, the migration of the Boere Afrikaners from South Africa to East Africa constitutes a field of interest to me. Having regard to their exploits, one cannot but agree with the author Lawrence Green that of all the restless children of Africa, they could be placed first on the list. In this vein, the brothers Martinus and Jacobus Engelbrecht together with Lodewyk Botha, as well as their families and followers may be regarded as early pioneers who, as early as 1895, moved from Bethal in Eastern Transvaal to settle in the region of Enkeldoorn in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe).

The Anglo Boer War (10.12.1899 to 31.05.1902), which in the end left the Afrikaners defeated and bitter in a ravaged

country, was most probably the most important cause of the later diaspora of Afrikaners from South Africa. An early pioneer of that time was Pieter Frederick von Landsberg, who, together with some 42 persons, in July 1904 departed from Bronkhorstspuit via the ports of Lourenco Marques (Mocambique) and Tanga (Tanganyika) through the inland town of Mombo to settle at Ol Donyo Sambu. An area situated in the vicinity of Mount Meru and the town of Arusha in German East Africa ("GEA" - later Tanganyika, the Tanzania of today). Their settlement was forthwith renamed "Kampfontein", an area that later attracted many more Afrikaner settlers.

Subsequent arrivals included the Engelbrecht trek, who in August 1904 left Rhodesia, via the ports of Beira (Mocambique) and Tanga, first to stay at Kibaya (GEA) and later temporarily on the farm of Nelie von Landsberg at Kampfontein. Despite the Engelbrecht trek's initial intention to relocate to the Belgian Congo, they eventually settled near Arusha. Other Afrikaners who joined

the settlement at Kampfontein were the Barend Vorster trek (1904), Willie de Beer trek, Pieter Joubert trek, Abraham Joubert trek and the Abel Pienaar trek. The De Beer trek and Pieter Joubert trek originated in May 1905 at Middelburg in the Eastern Transvaal when some 80 families (about 500 souls) travelled by train to Lourenco Marques and by boat to Tanga, bound for the Kampfontein area. At Tanga, the Willie de Beer trek, consisting of some 30 families (about 207 souls), departed along the earlier direct route followed by the Von Landsberg trek, on which route they were later joined by other families such as those of Johannes Smith

further three families. The Abel Pienaar trek departed from Broederstroom (Central Transvaal) in June 1907 and travelled via Lourenco Marques, Tanga and Mombo to Kampfontein. There they settled on a farm near the Ngare Nanyuki river which they named "Broedersrus".

The above migration resulted in a population of some 700 Afrikaners in and around Arusha in 1907. However, through time, certain Afrikaners in GEA became disillusioned with their future prospects under its German government. It resulted in a considerable number of Afrikaners crossing the border and settling in

Kenya. Examples are members of the Engelbrecht trek who relocated from

SETTLERS' TRACKS IN EAST AFRICA

JJ de Jager

and Dolf Minnie. During this trek, plagued by misfortune and disease, 18 adults (including Willie de Beer himself) and 15 children lost their lives before their destination was reached. The Pieter Joubert trek elected to follow an indirect route from Tanga by making use of the Uganda Railway line. That railway line, the construction of which started on 05.08.1896 and was completed on 19.12.1901, stretched from Mombasa Island for 582 miles through the Rift Valley to Port Florence (later Kisumu) on the shore of Lake Victoria. Accordingly, on 19.07.1905, they travelled further by boat to the port of Mombasa, British East Africa Protectorate ("BEA" - Kenya), from where they boarded the Uganda Railway up to Voi (BEA). From there they travelled overland via Taveta (BEA - where they caught up with stragglers of the Willie de Beer trek) to Kampfontein. The Abraham Joubert trek travelled in June 1905 from Lydenburg (Eastern Transvaal) along the same route taken by Pieter Joubert to Kampfontein. Abraham Joubert returned to South Africa in 1906, only to return in 1907, accompanied by a

Arusha to the area around Nairobi in 1906, members of the De Beer trek who later settled at Athi River and Abraham Joubert who eventually settled on the Uasin Gishu Plateau. On occasion in 1902 the Plateau had been designated by Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the British Colonies, as a Zionist colony and on another occasion, in 1904, it had been earmarked by the Irishman Ewart Grogan (b.1874) as a settlement for New Zealand stockmen. However, none of these schemes ever came to fruition. Ewart Grogan was famous for having travelled on foot from Cape Town to Cairo (Egypt) in the period from November 1898 to February 1900. Hugh Cholmondeley (b.1870 - 3rd Baron Delamere, known as "D") and Grogan eventually became spokesmen, landowners and what may be regarded as notable policymakers among the white contingent in Kenya.

Other Afrikaner settlers in Kenya around the time were WJ (Bon), Piet and Dirk van Breda, AF (Frans) and Frank Arnoldi, C Valerius (Sonnie) Cloete, Johannes Jan (John) de Waal (b.03.07.1882 - my maternal grand-

father), Jan Viljoen and Fred Loxton. During the Anglo Boer War, Bon van Breda, John de Waal and other ZAR Burghers avoided captivity by the English forces by crossing into Mocambique. Bon then made his way via Lourenco Marques, Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa, by boat and later by train to Nakuru (BEA) where he did contracting work for a living. In 1902, at the end of the war, he returned to South Africa to fetch his brothers Piet and Dirk. They returned in 1903 and settled on farms near the Elgeyo reserve on the Plateau, allocated to them by the Government. At the time, a Scot named Donald Sutherland Garvie (b.1873), his wife Cornelia (née Steyn) and her brother Stephen were also living on the Plateau. Unfortunately, the area was affected by tribal hostilities, resulting in the frequent rustling by the Nandi tribe of cattle belonging to the Van Breda brothers and in the Garvies having to seek protection from the authorities against Nandi aggression. The Garvies later moved to Nairobi and Stephen Steyn to the Lupa Goldfields in GEA.

The Nandi were throughout the period 1903 to 1906 involved in acts of theft, sabotage and murder as part of their ongoing rebellion against the British authorities, resulting in military counteraction by the authorities, ordered by the (then) Commissioner of BEA, Donald William Stewart. Nandi opposition to British rule was however dealt a decisive blow on the morning of 19.10.1905, when soldiers of the King's African Rifles ("KAR") under command of the (then) Lieutenant ("Lt") Richard Meinertzhagen (b.1878 - a British Officer who had arrived in Kenya from Burma in 1902) killed Koitalel, the spiritual war leader of the Nandi and 22 of his warrior followers during hostilities at what was supposed to be a peaceful meeting at Ket Parak Hill (present day Nandi Hills town). After this, only sporadic uprisings by the Nandi were experienced on the Plateau.

Sonny Cloete, together with his father, mother and siblings relocated from South Africa to Naivasha in October 1905. Frans Arnoldi, his wife, two daughters, and John de Waal (the son of Frans's sister and her husband EH de Waal) left South Africa in February 1906. They travelled to Kenya by boat via Lourenco Marques and Mombassa and overland by train to Naivasha. Although encouraged by Piet van Breda to join him and his brothers on the Plateau, the Nandi hostilities prohibited them from doing so and they remained for the time being in Naivasha. During this time Frans Arnoldi purchased some land in the Nakuru area from JJ Toogood (later manager of Standard Bank in Nairobi). At the time, D and his wife Florence (née Cole) had been farming on their estate "Equator Ranch" on the lower slopes of the Mau, near Njoro, since January 1904. Other prominent British

Beryl became in the 1930's the first woman to fly solo from England to America...

settlers in the area at the time were Captain Charles Baldwin (Clut) Clutterbuck (b.25.04.1870) and Gailbraith Cole (b.1881 - brother of Florence). On his farm "Ndimu" near Njoro station, Clut Clutterbuck bred and trained horses, ran a flour and saw mill and provided the Uganda Railway with lumber. His daughter, Beryl (b.26.10.1902 - later Markham) grew up on this farm. She became in the 1930's the first woman to fly solo from England to America and later an esteemed breeder and trainer of horses. Gailbraith, who settled in Kenya in 1904, first farmed at Laikipia and later on his farm "Keekoepy", at Lake Elmenteita in the Naivasha district.

At the end of 1906, the Arnoldis, John de Waal and the Cloetes, joined by the Viljoens and Fred Loxton from Bethal, trekked with all their

possessions to Nakuru. From there, in the beginning of 1907, Frans Arnoldi and John de Waal, accompanied by Sonny Cloete's father, Abraham Joubert and Fred Loxton travelled by ox wagon up the western wall of the Rift Valley to the Plateau (a hazardous journey lasting two months) where they stayed with the Van Breda brothers. Afterwards, they settled on the Plateau. In the case of John de Waal, on farmland that he had bought from the Van Bredas, on which land he planted the first wheat to be grown on the Plateau. Unfortunately, peace in the region was disturbed once more by Nandi hostilities which culminated in the killing of Bon van Breda (in 1907 on his farm) by members of that tribe and in the authorities ordering the settlers off their land until hostilities had ceased.

The year 1908 saw the migration of another large group of Afrikaners to BEA under the overall leadership of Commandant Jan Janse van Rensburg (b.1849). The Van Rensburg trek consisted of between 47 to 60 families (some 280 souls) predominantly from the areas around Bethal, Standerton, Ermelo and Carolina. They sailed from Lourenco Marques in the chartered boat SS Windhoek to Mombasa, from where they travelled by train via Nairobi (where a few families split off to join the De Beers at Athi River) to Nakuru, that was reached on 18.07.1908. There they stayed on the farm of the Arnoldis, during which period oxen were bought and trained in preparation for the journey by wagons up to the Plateau. The first congregation of the Dutch Reformed Church ("NGK") in BEA, styled "Vergenoeg", was at the time founded in the house of the Arnoldis. During this time, Clut Clutterbuck tapped into the renowned skills of the Afrikaners with oxen by employing some of them to school his teams at Njoro and to provide much needed ploughing and transport services in the area. The Van Rensburg trek up the western wall of the escarpment com-

menced in August 1908. Persons together with their goods, wagons, families and followers who formed part of the group were: Commandant van Rensburg, Piet Steenkamp, Koos and Faan Smith, Izak and Jaap Smit, Elbert Steyn, Freek van Niekerk, Swart Hans and Vaal Hans Roets, Nicolaas Smith, Zagarius Enslin, Richard (Dick) Wheeler, Piet van Rensburg, Piet and Koos van Dyk, H Gleeman, Jaap Steyn, Koos Prinsloo, George Emslie, June Potgieter, Abel Erasmus, Tam Steenkamp, Piet Joubert, Tom and Jim Davies, Jan Mouton, Piet Jordaan, Hermanus Engelbrecht, Jan Fourie, Gert van Vuuren, Danie Roux, Hans Nel, Piet Botes, Christiaan Joubert, Koos (Oenan) Engelbrecht, Hendrik van der Merwe, Piet Potgieter, Andries Korf, Rooi Piet Kruger, Piet du Plooy and Jan and Andries Nel. The trek crossed the Rongai and Molo rivers, through the forests and bamboo beyond the Eldama Ravine to eventually cross the Sosiani river. Arthur Cecil Hoey (b.1883), who was at the time camped at Lake Sergoit on a hunting safari, at a stage actually observed the procession of wagons making their way through the Burnt Forest through his binoculars. The Van Rensburg trek temporarily came to rest on the farm of John de Waal at the end of October 1908. From there, with the assistance of the Commissioner of Lands, Colonel JAL Montgomery and Piet van Breda (in his capacity as a land surveyor), land was allocated to them on the Plateau and the trekkers split up and settled thereon. Cecil Hoey himself later owned property on the Nzoia river, in partnership with Denys George Finch Hatton (b.1887). Finch Hatton was a big game hunter, safari leader, aviator and one time lover of Karen Christenze (Tania) von Blixen Finecke (b.1885 - née Dinesen, the Danish author). Hoey also owned a store at Sergoit as well as an estate agency in Eldoret. Hoey's bridge (now Moy's bridge) was named after him. HC Kirk, the father of Rex Kirk (later Mayor of Eldoret), in 1907 managed the store

at Sergoit for him. Another land owner in the area was Lt-Colonel George Archibald Swinton Home (b.1875) on whose farm at Soy a village developed, with mills, stores and a hotel.

Owing to the administrative needs of the community, a post office called "64" was established in 1910 on the farm of Willy van Aardt, near the Sosiani River...

Owing to the administrative needs of the community, a post office called "64" was established in 1910 on the farm of Willy van Aardt, near the Sosiani River. The post office actually developed from a small trading store run by J McNab Mundell and Wreford Smith. It consisted of a mud and wattle building to which was later added a bar (named "Eddie's Bar" or the "Rat Pit") and a bank (The Standard Bank). JC Shaw was the first Bank Manager. A town eventually developed around the Post Office and in 1912 it was renamed "Eldoret". The first shop of wood and iron in the main street belonged to JHS Todd. It catered for agricultural needs and was built by Max Ullman, the father of Dorothy Ullman (later Hughes). The Vergenoeg congregation of the NGK consecrated their church building in the town in 1921.

Among the last of the original trekker families who relocated to BEA were the groups under the Von Maltitz family (from Frankfort, OFS), the Eduard Hugo de Waal family (both in 1909), the Nel family (from Middelburg) and the Van Deventer family (from Utrecht, Natal), the latter two in 1912. Another settler in that year was Barend Johannes (Ben) Mouton of Frankfort (OFS), a quali-

fied schoolteacher, who relocated to BEA to teach at Eldoret. There, in 1914, he married Maria Magdalena (Malie) Roux (an erstwhile member of the Van Rensburg trek). Hugo de Waal (b.04.12.1850), father of John de Waal, was the former Inspector General of Customs and Excise of the Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiek ("ZAR"). His group included his other son Eduard (Eddie) de Waal (b.23.10.1892, Pretoria). The year 1912 also signalled the arrival from England to BEA of Joscelyn Charles Henry (Jos, b.1874) and Eleanor Lilian (Nellie - b.1885, née Grosvenor) Grant as well as the relocation of D and his wife from Equator Ranch to their farm "Soysambu" in the Naivasha area. The Grants settled on a farm "Kitimuru" near Chania Bridge (later Thika) in the same year, where they were in 1913 joined by their daughter Elspeth Joscelyne Grant (b.1907 - later Huxley, the author). The year 1913 was also the inaugural year of the Muthaiga Club in Nairobi. Under these last groups of Afrikaners who settled in BEA were also ten families under CJ Cloete who relocated to BEA from Bethlehem (OFS) in 1911, the year in which Galbraith Cole was deported from BEA for "inciting racial enmity" under the Indian Penal Code. His deportation arose from an incident in May of that year on Keekopey during which an alleged Masai stock thief was killed by Cole. Alex Davis, at the time editor of the prominent BEA newspaper *The Leader*, had voiced strong protest against the deportation in the paper.

Through passage of time some trekker families, like those of Piet du Plooy, Jan and Andries Nel and Jochemus Engelbrecht (son of Hermanus Engelbrecht) left the Plateau to settle elsewhere. Jochemus, his wife Maria Jacoba (née du Plessis) and their three children Hermanus (Manie, b.1904), Anna Dorothea (Annatjie, b.1906 - later Smit) and Lourens Stephanus (Faantjie, b.1910) returned to Bethal in 1912, where Jochemus died of malaria con-

tracted on route. Shortly afterwards, Maria and her three children returned to BEA where she later remarried Willem van Dyk. Out of this union two more children, Gerhardus Cornelius (Baas, b.08.11.1915) and Johanna Petronella (Babe, b.22.12.1920 - later Van der Westhuizen), were born.

A period of economic upturn was experienced in BEA from mid 1912 onwards until the outbreak of the First World War (28.06.1914 to 11.11.1918). The East African campaign of WW1 (14.08.1914 to 14.11.1918) started with the occupation by the German Schutztruppe (under the overall command of (then) Lt-Colonel Paul Emil von Lettow-Vorbeck) of Taveta, and ended at Kasama (Northern Rhodesia, the Zambia of today). GEA was henceforth renamed "Tanganyika" and subjected to British rule. During the war Gailbraith Cole sneaked back to Keekopy disguised as a So-

Moru). Berkely's close friends Denys Finch Hatton and Arthur (Tich) Miles, another farmer-settler, served as officers in Cole's Scouts. Other prominent persons who participated in the British war effort in BEA were (then) Major Meinertzhagen, D, (then) Lt Swinton Home, William Northrop McMillan (b.1872 - an American who had settled at Donyo Sabuk on his farm "Juja" in 1904), Bror von Blixen Finecke (b.1886 - coffee farmer, big game hunter, safari leader and once husband of Tania), Ewart Grogan and Frederick Courteney Selous (b.31.12.1851 - famous big game hunter who was killed in action in 1917 in GEA). The British forces were reinforced by South African Union Defence Force troops. The (then) Lt-General Jan Christiaan Smuts (b.1870) and Major-General JL (Jacob) van Deventer (b.1874), both Afrikaners, at different stages assumed overall command of all the British Imperial forces in the campaign.

period eventually lasting some 34 years, mostly at Hill School. Manie and Faantjie Engelbrecht started farming at Turbo. My father, Petrus Lafras (Piet) de Jager, was born on 20.12.1921 at Eldoret out of the marriage between Johannes Jurgens (Hans) de Jager (b.16.01.1892, Vrede, OFS) and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Wheeler (daughter of Dick). Hans was a miner, who frequently went on safaris into remote areas to hunt mostly for ivory and prospect for gold. The couple were later divorced and Lizzie remarried Manie Engelbrecht. They had a son, Jochemus (Boet) Engelbrecht (b.1937, Eldoret). John de Waal and his wife Christine (née Smit) had a son and two daughters, namely, Eduard (Ed), Elizabeth Johanna (Bes) and Constance (Connie, b.07.08.1925, Coligny, Western Transvaal). After the death of his wife, John de Waal remarried the widow Dreyer, who had a son, Ivan, from her previous marriage. Mrs Dreyer, the district nurse of Eldoret since 31.01.1911, maintained a nursery home in the town. Manie Engelbrecht remarried the widow Hester Bekker (who had a son Martiens from her previous marriage), after the death of his wife Lizzie. Another prominent settler to arrive (in October 1925) from England was Michael Blundell (b.1907), who initially worked for Captain Brodhurst-Hill, a farmer in the Eldoret district. He later settled on a farm in the Nakuru district and eventually on one in the Subukia Valley.

The Belfield Scouts, who fought under Smuts in Tanganyika in the Great War. Behind them a white tent is faintly visible.



mali and eventually obtained official permission to remain in BEA. Some local volunteer units that fought on the side of the British were the East African Mounted Rifles (made up of Wessel's Scouts, Ross's Scouts, Bowker's Horse, Arnoldi's Scouts - under Frans Arnoldi who fell in battle in 1916, Monica's Own and Wilson's Scouts), the Plateau South Africans, the East African Regiment and Cole's Scouts (made up of some 800 Somali-horsemen under command of Berkely Cole, brother of Galbraith, who farmed at Naro

After WW1 the economy in BEA needed to be rebuilt without much capital. In 1919, some 1,500 new settlers arrived in Kenya from England (in terms of a Soldier Settlement Scheme) and they settled mostly around Laikipia, Trans Nzoia, Kipkarren and Nanyuki. BEA became Kenya Colony and Protectorate in 1920 and in that year the stabilisation of the exchange rate brought many individuals to near bankruptcy. In this time Annatjie Smit (née Engelbrecht) qualified as a schoolteacher and started teaching in Eldoret for a

From the middle 1920's to the early 1940's Kenya unjustifiably gained the reputation of a colony beyond the reach of civilised society's official norms and censure. This was largely due to the debauchery of a small group (known as the "Happy Valley" set) who had settled in and around the Wanjoji Valley (on the slopes of the Aberdare Mountains), and their associates. A highly sensationalised incident that focussed public attention on their decadent lifestyle was the fatal shooting of Josslyn Victor (Joss) Hay (b.1901 - 22nd Earl of

Erroll and prominent member of the Happy Valley set) in the early morning of 24.01.1941 in his car near the Nairobi Ngong crossroads (most likely by John Henry (Jock) Broughton, b.1883). Hay was at the time involved in an extramarital affair with Diana (b.1914 - née Caldwell, later Broughton; Colville; Cholmondeley), the (then) wife of Broughton.

In the period up till the end of the Second World War (03.09.1939 to 02.09.1945), many of the descendants of the Afrikaner pioneers came of age...

Meanwhile, in the period up till the end of the Second World War (03.09.1939 to 02.09.1945), many of the descendants of the Afrikaner pioneers came of age. Afrikaners were well represented in the politics of the District Council, where the Plateau's representative from 1939 to 1948 was an elected Afrikaner, WAC Bouwer. They became integrated into society and regarded themselves as Kenyans, although they predominantly still spoke Afrikaans at home. Ed de Waal married Edwina (Davida) Randall and they later farmed near Sergoit. They had three children, Antoinette, Edwina and Eddie. In 1942, at Eldoret, Bes de Waal married Pieter Abraham (Piet) Mouton (b.16.03.1915, Eldoret), son of Ben and Malie Mouton. Piet and Bes had two sons, Bar-end Johannes (Barnie - b.24.02.1945, Eldoret) and Jan De Waal (b.15.09.1948, Ol'Kalou). They later farmed at Ol'Kalou next to the farm where Piet's parents were by that time farming. On 28.12.1944 Connie de Waal married Piet de Jager (at the time working for Massey-Harris) in Eldoret and shortly thereafter they

started farming on their farm "Hillview" near Moiben on the Plateau. Out of that union a son (writer), Johannes Jurgens (Johann, b.20.09.1954) and a daughter (my sister), Elizabeth Christine (b.28.04.1960) were born (both out of Eldoret hospital).

During WWII Kenya experienced an invasion when the Italians, after having conquered British Somaliland, in 1940 penetrated the north of Kenya. The East African Force mustered against them included the KAR and some 30,000 South African troops of the UDF Infantry and Airforce, under command of (then) Brigadier Daniel Hermanus (Dan) Pienaar (b.27.08.1893). This force, under overall command of General Alan Gordon Cunningham (b.01.05.1887), drove the Italians out of Kenya in January 1941 and assisted in the recapturing of British Somaliland as well as the whole Italian East African Empire. Moreover, many descendants of earlier Afrikaner settlers in Kenya were conscripted into the military and fought on the side of the Allies. One example is Piet Mouton who was evidently called up whilst attending a church service and later fought in the desert campaign in North Africa as part of the Allied forces against the Axis forces and later in Italy.

After WW2 settler farming on the western highlands had become increasingly mechanised and diversified, with a move to mixed farming and a noticeable increase in dairy stock. The Kenya government, aided by the British Treasury, introduced yet another scheme to enable ex-service men and their families to acquire farms in so called "white highlands" of Kenya. A Settlement Board was set up, with Michael Blundell in charge, to allocate farms and supervise the new settlers. Nellie Grant, who was by that time farming on her farm "Gikammeh", near Njoro, was an appointed member of the Board. James W Stapleton (ex RAF pilot), together with his wife

Elizabeth and their two daughters (Elizabeth and Susan), settled on a farm in the Burnt Forest area, about 35 miles from Eldoret, in terms of this scheme. In a book published by him in 1956 he makes mention of the kindness of his Afrikaner farmer neighbours, especially the ever helpful and handy Piet (married to "Mairie" – with four children). Piet and his brother Andries (Dries) are identified as the sons of the late "Otty van Malander" and his wife (a daughter of the "original pioneer settler Cloete", the latter who was then still alive at the age of 91). Cloete's other daughter Anna was married to Mortimer (Morty) Jones. Other settler farmers mentioned by Stapleton are the family De Meer, Emlyn Morgan, Sonny Cloete, John Carey, Roger Fischer (both ex RAF), Henry Edwards (ex Royal Navy), Francis Farley Morley, Lester Kyle and De Jager from the Plateau.

In the early 1950's, members predominantly of the Kikuyu tribe were no longer willing to cooperate with the British...

Starting in the early 1950's, members predominantly of the Kikuyu tribe, no longer willing to co-operate with the British and evidently suffering from land hunger and resentment embarked upon a particularly savage and horrific brand of rebellion (aimed largely against the "White Highlands") called the Mau Mau. It resulted in a state of emergency being declared in the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya by Governor Evelyn Baring on 31.10.1952. Owing to the concerted efforts of parties such as the farmer settlers themselves, the British forces, the Kenya Regiment, KAR as well as the Kenya Police, Police Reserve and Home Guard, the Mau Mau rebellion had by the beginning of 1956 virtually run its course. What may be regarded as the death

knell for the Mau Mau guerrilla campaign was the capture (on 21.10.1956) of Dedan Kimathi by members of the Home Guard. His capture and ultimate execution was largely the result of the relentless efforts by Superintendent Ian Henderson (Special Branch of the Kenya Police), whose outstanding record against the Mau Mau earned him the George Medal. Other members of the security forces involved in the campaign against the Mau Mau include General George Erskine (Commander in Chief of all colonial forces), Major-General Hinde (Director Operations), Major Frank Edward Kitson (who together with Henderson introduced pseudo-guerrilla operations), William Baldwin (Kenya Police Reserve) and Inspector PR (Peter) Hewitt of the Kenya Police. Well known settlers involved include Michael Blundell (member of the War Cabinet), Stanley (Davo) Davidson (ex Chicago FBI agent and excellent marksman, especially with handguns), Ken Cunningham and Venn Fey (both successful trackers of gangs deep in the forest). By 10.11.1959, when the State of Emergency officially ended, the war had resulted in the deaths of some 32 White and 1,819 loyal Black civilians (mostly Kikuyu), as well as some 11,503 Mau Mau.

Notwithstanding the successful campaign against the Mau Mau guerrillas, the end of the war signalled a drastic change in the socio-political climate in Kenya. Jomo Kenyatta was released from house arrest in July 1961 and he was elected Prime Minister in May 1963. Kenya became an independent African state on 12.12.1963 and a general amnesty was declared for all Mau Mau activists. On 12.12.1964 Kenya was declared a Republic, with Kenyatta as its first President.

An old settler once said that the gate hung well in Kenya. It could open the way for a good life, a full life of prosperity and contentment, but could also slam closed in one's face

with such force that it was impossible to recover. Having regard to the exodus of white Kenyans from that country from the late 1950's and early 1960's it may justifiably be concluded that the gate of their country that may previously have hung so well, had effectively finitely slammed closed on them. As a result, the western highlands of Kenya, like the whole former colony, became black man's country. In July 1986 an official census revealed the names of

In July 1986 an official census revealed the names of only five settlers still in the Uasin Gishu and Trans Nzoia areas ...

only five settlers still in the Uasin Gishu and Trans Nzoia areas of whom Leen Kruger (née du Plooy – widow of Jan Ernst Kruger) of Sergoit was cited as the largest landowner (with 4000 acres under wheat and stock). According to a newspaper report dated 05.01.2006 her son, Stephanus (Fanie) and his wife Carol, as well as Leen's daughter Hettie and the latter's husband, Dave Tooley, were at the time still farming on this farm, although it was up for sale. Under the somewhat inauspicious title of "Kenia, Kaburu, Kapot" Fanie was reported to have said that they intended to emigrate, since it was felt that they had done enough and were tired of their ongoing battle against the elements, politics, hostilities (ie. despite some 42 years in the country they were still regarded as outsiders) and constant begging for favours.

Near Stapleton's farm a derelict winding track branched off the main road and slid through the Burnt Forest. It broke cover on one corner of his farm before it disappeared for two or three miles to reappear in the vale under the Keben Hills. Originally the Arabs used the track in

their slave trading expeditions that took them from the Kenyan coast to Lake Victoria and the Gulf of Kavirondo. In 1895 Captain Sclater of the Royal Engineers roughly followed this track in the construction of his earth constructed path from the coast to Uganda, euphemistically styled Sclater's "road". Parts of this track are also still visible on the outskirts of Nairobi. Early Afrikaner pioneers like John de Waal followed sections of this track with their wagons up the western wall of the Escarpment to the Plateau. In retrospection, some of the observations during my visit to Kenya in May 2005 share a correlation with these old tracks. Almost everywhere that one travelled in Kenya, the proverbial tracks of the settlers were still recognisable in roads, structures, machinery, processes, graveyards and the like. Despite the obvious absence of the settlers, their tracks lie deeply engraved in the East African landscape and are to a large extent (albeit in widely diverse states of repair and neglect) still utilised by, or serve as blueprints for the current generation in their day-to-day life in the region. The settlers may long be gone, but after all this passage of time their legacies still remain.

An old settler once said that the gate hung well in Kenya. It could open the way for a good life, a full life of prosperity and contentment, but could also slam closed in one's face with such force that it was impossible to recover...

HULDEBLYK DS L J BUYS

Gebore 16 September 1922
Oorlede 31 Julie 2008

Louis Johannes Buys is 86 jaar gelede in Melville Johannesburg gebore en het op Tweebosch in die ou Wes-Transvaal grootgeword. In 1937 is hy na Hoërskool Gimnasium in Potchefstroom, waar hy onder moeilike finansiële omstandighede sy skoolloopbaan voltooi het. In 1941 het hy aan die PUK begin studeer en in 1948 sy tweede graad behaal, waarna hy met Maggie Risseeuw getroud is.

In 1949 is hy tot die bediening toegelaat en kort daarna het hy twee beroepe ontvang: na Kemptonpark en na Eldoret. Hy het hom geroepe gevoel om die mees uitdagende beroep aan te neem, naamlik die een na Eldoret, in Kenia. Na 'n moeilike tog van twee weke per voertuig het Louis, Maggie, dominee en mevrou Spoelstra en hul twee kinders in Eldoret aangekom. Na 'n tydperk van twaalf jaar sedert die eerste permanente predikant, is Louis toe georden en bevestig deur ds. TT Spoelstra as die tweede permanente predikant van Gereformeerde gemeente in Eldoret.

ELDORET

Die stewige pastorie en die wit geuwel kerkgeboutjie in Eldoret staan vandag nog op die kerkterrein. Destyds met hul aankoms in Eldoret was dit omring met tente, karre en vragmotors en kindertjies het onder die seringboom gespeel. Die seringboom is volgens oorlewering afkomstig van die saad van die seringboom te Rustenburg, waar die Gereformeerde Kerk in 1859 gestig is. Huisbesoek was maar moeilik as gevolg van die vër afstande en soms onbegaanbare paaie, veral tydens die reënseisoene. So 'n huisbesoek aan gemeentelede kon tot 'n week lank duur en daar was altyd 'n oornag



reïstassie ingepak vir moontlike onvoorsiene omstandighede. Sommige van dié gemeentelede het sover as die destydse Belgiese Kongo en Tanganyika gewoon. Van die gemeentelede se kinders het ook vir die afronding van hul belydenisaflegging in die pastorie oorgebly.

Ds. Louis het in die bykans drie jaar van sy bediening 'n hele paar huwelike en begrafnisse waargeneem en ongeveer dertig kinders gedoop. Onder hulle was daar Petronella Botha, Petronella Botes, Heiltjie du Plessis, drie Enslin kinders en die Engelbrecht tweeling, Helena Geyser en drie Klopper kinders uit drie aparte gesinne. Daar is ook kinders van die Nelle en van der Westhuizens gedoop. Hy het ook die voorreg gehad om hul eerste kind, Saartjie, in Julie 1950 te doop. Die laaste doop was die van Susanna Morton op 17 Februarie 1952.

PASTORIE SMART

Ds. Louis moes einde 1951 vir Maggie, wat oorlede is tydens die geboorte van hul tweede kind, in Eldoret begrawe. Dit was 'n skok en droewige gebeurtenis in die gemeente. Na die begrafnis moes hy 'n maand wag totdat die baba sterk genoeg was om die lang vlug terug na die Unie mee te maak. Tydens daardie maand het oom Stoffel en tant Nonnie Roets die kinders op-

gepas en die res van die gemeente en gemeenskap het die pastorie op die hande gedra.

Met die terugvlug vanaf Nairobi het een van die Constellation-vliegtuig se motore aan die brandgeslaan en moes 'n noodlanding op Entebbe lughawe in Uganda uitgevoer word. Daar het hulle gewag vir 'n ander vliegtuig uit Engeland. 'n Lughawe beampte het die onhandigheid van ds. Louis met die kinders aanskou en sy vrou ontbied om die kinders te versorg tot 'n ander vliegtuig opdaag.

Na hul laat aankoms op Palmietfontein lughawe, het familie hulle kom haal om betyds te kon wees vir die gedenkdiens op Maggie se ouers se plaas naby Parys, wat deur die teologiese skool gereël was. Na die gedenkdiens het familie aangebied om na die kinders om te sien totdat ds. Louis se situasie weer gunstig was.

In Januarie 1952 het hy teruggegaan na Eldoret gemeente om sy bediening voort te sit. In Februarie daardie jaar het hy 'n beroep ontvang na Lichtenburg wat hy toe ook aangeneem het. Nadat hy in die nuwe gemeente bevestig is, het hy vir Lettie Venter ontmoet met wie hy toe ook getroud is, daarna is die kindertjies met die ouerpaar verenig.

BEDIENINGSTYD

Ds. Louis se bedieningstyd het die volgende gemeentes en tydperke beslaan tot en met sy aftrede in 1987: Eldoret: 1949 – 1952
Lichtenburg: 1952 – 1954
Barkley-Oos: 1954 – 1958
Middelburg Tvl: 1958 – 1971
Heidelberg Tvl: 1971 – 1987
Een van sy vriende en kollegas het hom beskryf as 'n "opperste humoris". Tog was 'n erediens vir hom, nie 'n plek vir ligsinnighede of politiek nie, maar een van die belangrikste aktiwiteite op aarde. Sy hele lewe was deurspek met

dankbaarheid en hy het die volgende gesê tydens sy afskeidsboodskap as predikant van Heidelberg:

Nou kan ek met dankbaarheid terugkyk op my bedieningstyd van meer as 38 jaar.

Dat ek dikwels te kort geskied het, weet ek verseker.

Omstandighede en mense het soms die lewe moeilik gemaak.

Nie-teenstaande dit alles, het ek moed gehou, gebid asof alles van God afhang, en dan weer gewerk asof alles van my afhang.

Nou die toekoms in – vergeet van wat agter is, en strek my weer uit na dit wat voorlê.

Ek vertrou dat God Sy werk, en my nie sal laat vaar nie.

Die Here het wonderlike mense op my pad gebring.

Mag ons steeds droom in die geloof, ook oor ons land Suid-Afrika.

Gedurende sy dienstryd in Middelburg was daar altyd oud-Kenia mense en lidmate wat kom kuier het en dan gepraat het oor hul besondere jare in Kenia, en die terugkoms na Suid-Afrika. Baie het moeilik aangepas met hierdie nuwe omstandighede, maar gelukkig was hulle pioniers in eie reg en kon hulle ook hierdie hekkie oorkom. Van die oud-Kenia inwoners wat ek kan onthou, was die Steenkamps, Van Dyks, Jacobse, Kloppers, Janse van Rensburgs en Davise.

TEN SLOTTE

Ek het dan ook die voorreg gehad om oom Stoffel en tant Nonnie Roets asook oom Faantjie Engelbrecht te ontmoet. Verskeie van die Kenia-kinders was ook saam met my op skool in Middelburg. Een van my onderwys-lektore, Meneer Alex Boshoff was ook 'n oud-Kenia in-

woner. Vandag nog kuier ek en Jan Janse van Rensburg (nasaat van die ou trekleier), 'n onderwyser van Ermelo, by mekaar. Hy was baie hartseer toe ek die boek, "Kerk op die Wit Hooglande" van Prof VE d' Assonville, aan hom gewys het. Sy opmerking na die lees van die boek was; "Ek ken baie van die mense wat op die foto's verskyn en waaroor daar geskryf is!" 1998, na byna 'n halfeeu het ek en my vrou, Martie, my geboorteland vir die eerste keer besoek. Wat 'n belewenis was dit nie om die ou en nuwe pastorie, die ou kerkie en my moeder se ongeskonde graf te kon besigtig nie. Ons hoop om eendag weer 'n draai in Kenia te maak.

Ds. Louis het op 'n keer die volgende opmerking gemaak: "Kenia was goed vir 'ons mense' wat hulle spore op sy bodem gaan trap het - maar Kenia het ook spore op 'ons mense' gelaat."

Skrywer: Dr. Gert H Buys
(Nelspruit)

Kerneels van Rensburg 17 **Maart 1928 – 11 April 2008**

Op 11 April 2008 neem ons afskeid van Oom Kerneels op die ouderdom van 80 jaar en 25 dae.

In 1949 trou hy met Chrissie, dogter van wyle Jim en tant Louise Davies. Hulle het 3 seuns (die tweede oudste seuntjie was net 'n dag aan hulle gegun). Die oudste seun Stefaans ("Boetie") is 'n boer op Bela Bela (Warmbad) en James is prokureur in Pretoria.

Hulle immigrer in 1963 na Suid Afrika. Na 'n paar maande in Pretoria verhuis hulle na Bela Bela waar oom Neelsie 'n motorhawe het. Sy liefde vir die plaaslewe is die oorwinnaar en hy koop 'n plasie net buite Bela Bela waar hy op sy gelukkigste is. In 2006 verkoop hy die plaas en koop een langsaan. Hier laat hy die gesaaides aan sy seun Ste-

faans se bekwame hande, terwyl hy en tant Chrissie 'n rustiger lewe kan tegemoet gaan.

"Oom Neelsie" was saggeaard, 'n toegewyde eggenoot, vader, oupa en oupagrootjie. Hy was ook 'n baie geliefde broer en oom, gerespekteerde vriend, en 'n stigterslid van die APK Kerk te Bela Bela.

Ons wat hom liefgehad het, sal hom onthou as 'n toegewyde Christen, liefdevol en iemand wat nie sal huiwer om sy medemens te help nie. Ons as familie gaan hom baie mis, en sal hom altyd onthou met liefde.

Hendrika Johanna Helena van **Rensburg 4 Junie 1922 – 1 Oktober 2008**

"Tant Sussie" is op 86 joorlede na 'n lang siekbed. Sy was getroud met Hendrik van Rensburg. Hulle het 5 kinders gehad.

Sy was 'n toegewyde eggenoot en moeder, vir haar was haar man en kinders die belangrikste.

Sy was geliefd, veral onder jongmense, omdat sy haar maklik kon aanpas – ons kon altyd na haar gaan as iets pla. Kwaad het sy nooit in iemand gesien nie.

Ek het haar nooit kwaad gesien nie, vir haar was dit baie belangrik om te lag. Sy was 'n grapmaker en kon haarself nie keer om iemand 'n pots te bak nie – nie eers wyle oom Hendrik het dit vry gesprink nie.

Ek onthou die heerlike vetkoeke wat sy altyd gebak het – vingerlekkend!!! Graag wil ek vir haar dogters Annie en Ronel baie dankie se vir die liefde en hulp wat hulle haar gegee het tydens haar siekte. Ons sal haar latyd mis. *Kwaheri*

Mienie Visser

Change: Schalk Steyn's house - Plateau

Sometime in the mid 30's my father built a house.

The story goes that not long after he had bought the farm, he on a day helped a man whose car had broken down on the road to Eldoret. It turned out the man owned a sawmill somewhere in the Kaptegat forest, and in appreciation for the help received told my dad to send his trailer up for a load of timber. So the house started off as a corrugated iron and cedar wood construction. (See photo #1).



In 1937 he got married. In photo #2 you see the result – wife, dogs, flowers and even some trees in the background. The *whole catastrophe* as Zorba would have said.

In 1963 the Kenya Government bought the farm, one of their Senators moved into the house and our



trek south began – photo #3 shows the house at the time we left.

About 30 years later – in the mid to late 90's - Gert and Anna Barnard went back to take a look at the Plateau and took this photo of the house. (#4)

The house started off in the 1930's as a corrugated iron and cedar wood construction...



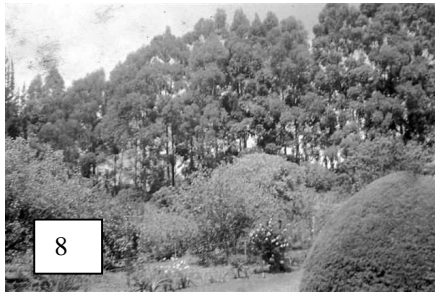
My cousin Danie has just returned from a visit to Kenya (2008). During his visit he went to the farm and had tea with the Senator's wife and son – the Senator has since passed away. I believe the old cedar wood floor had since worn out and has been replaced by some smart tiles; the roof even looks better than it did when we left. (#5)



The one great change is that the fruit trees (#6) are no more and the son has now built a house where they used to stand (#7).



One of the first things my father did on the farm was to plant gum trees as protection against the monsoon that blows over the White Highlands (*if we still dare to use that name*) for the best part of 6 months a year. By the time we left those gum trees were enormous and they could be seen from miles away (photo #8 taken in



1962). I believe they have since been cut down – but have grown out again and are once more quite formidable (photo #9 2008).



The Senator's son has revived the garden my grandfather started before I was born. It obviously does not have any of the mountain paw-paw trees

that were my favourites – but what the hell, the young man's garden looks great (photo #10) and I can



sleep well knowing our old farm is well looked after. Let us trust that his far-off relative who is now heading for the White House can do the same for the bigger world.

Danie, Oom Eduard's son, remembers:

To hitch onto Dan's memories – I remember the vegetable garden well. Grandfather McLoed always spent the day in the garden. He would take his cold morning bath in a tub in a little wood and mud shelter with a grass roof. There were always plenty of fresh vegetables and anyone who

visited went away with something for the table.

Apart from the grain production that was the major crop in the Plateau area they was also the milk from the mixed herd of Frieslands and local indigenous breeds. Milk was left at the gate for the lorry to pick up. This is still

the case in 2008. (#11)

Later most of the milk was separated and the cream delivered to the dairy, the creameries, in Eldoret.



I remember visiting Oom Schalk quite often. Nights were different here from the nights on Elgon where we lived. The wind made the pine tree whine and caused a sound among the gum tree leaves like water splashing. The formal garden was very special and well trimmed. When my sister Engela, died she was to be buried in the little family cemetery on the farm next door so we came to stay with Oom Schalk and Aunt Margaret. The morning of the funeral we took a picture of the family in the garden in front of one of the immaculately trimmed conifers. It was a sad day and it affected me more that I cared to admit at the time. (#12). The grave yard on the farm



that belonged to Oom Jan Le Roux. It is now totally overgrown and the names are worn off, it is not vandalism as one so often finds but wear and tear because the names were imprinted in the cement which wears badly. There were several child graves but the names are all gone, I think that I have a photo here of the grave where she was buried. (#13)

There are many more memories of the visits to Oom Schalk. Tannie Margaret who cooked so well. Her immaculately clean



and tide house with cedar floors that you could use as a mirror. We took our shoes off when we came into the dinning room, she would reprimand us quite firmly if we carried dirt into the house. The pictures and memorabilia of General Hertzog that hung on the wall made it very clear to which political party Oom Schalk attached his support even though he could not vote in South Africa. His neighbour Oom Anaak Cloete was a staunch supporter of General Smuts. This led to many a fiery debate.

We often visited our cousin in Plateau as there were many functions at the "Gedenk saal" at Plateau so we stayed at Oom Schalk and Tannie Margaret. Although there was an age difference we had wonderful times on the farm.

#14
Danie, Martinus, and Hendrik by the cedar tree right in front of the front door, a landmark that was missing in 2008. The pine trees are partly visible in the back ground.



Aunt Emma Stow writes:

Ruby Randall passed away on the 7th of April 2009 at North Shore Hospital Auckland, New Zealand. His father Tom Randall was a driver on the E.A.R. & H based in Nairobi. Ruby was in the Kenya Regiment.

Both Tom and Rarle Randall were members of the Dutch Reformed Church in Nairobi and will be remembered for what they did for the Church, especially at Church bazaars. They had 3 sons, Ruby, Jannie, Desmond the youngest sons. He was killed in a car accident in Eldoret at a very young age. Our sympathy goes to his wife Gwen and family. They said about Ruby "There will never be another colourful character like Ruby Randall". Ruby attended Prince of Wales School and will be remembered by many friends from Kenya and New Zealand.

Paul van Rensburg died on 2 May 2009 in Johannesburg. He was the eldest one of the late Hendrick and Catrina van Rensburg who farmed outside Nairobi. Paul was a keen sportsman, he played Rugby, Cricket, Hockey and at athletics he did Javelin and shot put. He was in the 1939-45 war, after which he joined the Kenya Police. He was first stationed at Endebess, then Kitale, Eldoret, Nakuru, and Karen (Nairobi). His late wife Ilvy Farr predeceased him in July 1984, she was in the A.T. S. during the war years. Ilvy's parents farmed in Eldoret. Gordon was an engine driver in the E. A. R. & H. So was his brother Rodney. Paul is survived by his sons Ralph, Bobby, Allen and daughter Ann Verheul and his sister Emma Stow. (England).

Luaren Zoryk and Johan Kichner-Wianes formally from the O. F. S. opened the country Steakhouse and grill Restaurant, The Pinchinthorpe Hall, Guisborough, North Yorkshire TS14-7HG. The opening was

on the 6th of July. I took my son Bruce and wife Helen to lunch. It was Bruce's birthday. It is managed by experienced restaurateurs from South Africa who have made it a fantastic steakhouse.

I am sorry to hear of the death of Anna van Rooyen, nee Engelbrecht. I knew her, she was a beautiful lady. I also knew her husband Pip van Rooyen as he was known. He worked for the Kenya Meat Commission in Athi River. What has happened to her sister Babs le Roux and her brother Carrols Engelbrecht who lived in Krugersdorp. I knew Anna's parents Oom Carel and Aunt Jannie. He was also a train driver for the E. A. R. & H. So many people that I knew have passed away that there is no one that I can contact that I knew many years ago while still at school, but I still think back and remember people that I knew.

Bless you all,
Emma.

Change with time – Plateau Station

by Danie and Dan Steyn



About a mile or so upstream from the farm, just above the bridge where the road crosses the Broederstroom to the Bwana Laub-scher Mission Station and further on to Hadjis Drift is the "railway dam", built to supply Plateau Station with water where there was a large water tank from which the steam trains filled up on their way to Uganda (#1 – photo circa 1962). Danie found it still well intact – just a bit overgrown in 2008 (#2).

On the far side was the Barnards and also Oom Willem von Maltiz. Then



about a mile downstream from our farm was Plateau station (#3) where we used to collect our post, truck most of the farm produce (cream, wheat, pigs, etc.), and secretly buy cigarettes from the Kikuyu duka.

Unfortunately the poor station no longer seems the same: most of the trees are gone, the buildings urgently

need some paint and there is no sign of the *duka*..

A photo taken about 5 or 6 (about 2002 or 3) years ago by one of the Erasmus girls clearly shows this (#3). But one of the old gum trees evidently survived despite signal cable running through it (#4, 2008).



This mile plus a little, to the station was Grandfather McLoed's walk every morning. He would take the dogs and go to fetch his newspaper and then quietly sit on the "stoep" at home and read it while watching the tobacco that he had washed and put out to dry.

All the stations had an Indian station master who controlled the trains running through to Uganda. I can remember one occasion that I got off the train at Plateau station when returning from School in Nairobi. There had been a Christmas tree at the "Gedenksaal" at Plateau so my parents slept over at Oom Schalk and our train came in that night at about 1.00.



Photo #5 was taken in 1953. The building on the left is the warehouse

and the procedure was to come in on the road in the foreground and collect the goods or deliver to the warehouse to await the next train. The station is in the middle on the other side of the railway.

All railway crossings were marked by this sign (# 6) ever since the railways were built in the late 1800's to the early 1900's. It is still there. The road to the station turned off just before this level crossing sign. In the background is a blue roofed new school building.



(#7) Plateau station with the name as usual but it is now only a place to pass on the way to Uganda. The original name board is still in place.



(#8) The original station building built of corrugated iron which has survived many storms and hazards.

At the time most government buildings were built of corrugated iron. It was cheap and easy to erect. All mining buildings were done in the same style and materials.

The family cemetery is across the road from here in front of a house built by Jan Le Roux.

(#9) This is almost like a museum

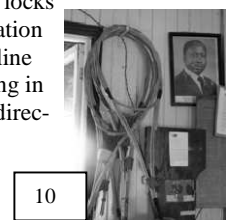


still working. The original railway works and all the systems as designed in Britain. These are the locks that prevent one from opening a line for a train if there is one on its way from the opposite side. The system was developed in England in the 1800's and is still the system but with most countries now changing to computers.

(Right) The original desk and chair for the stationmaster and the usual distribution of paper.



The loops with the locks passed on to the station master to lock the line for the trains coming in from the opposite direction. (#10)



The counter at the window to sell tickets for passengers. They very seldom sell tickets as the trains now carry goods only.

(#11).



This email originates from Dennis Leete,]

and really made me nostalgic for Kenya.

Salaams
Keith

Arguably, one of Ireland's most endearing contributions to Mankind, has been the Wake; a gathering of relatives, friends, and possibly some enemies, influenced by copious alcoholic libations to release their inhibitions, so as to express their emotions openly at the departure of one of their friends or family members, to the Hereafter.

And some of the Wake's greatest moments may be experienced in Africa, in the form of a "Kwaheri"; or, "Goodbye" in Kiswahili. It could be tinged with Christian, religious overtones, as found in Europe, but it is definitely laced with an African flavour, which has impinged onto White men who have lived in Africa for many years. The Departed stays on at the party, and will be addressed from time to time, by looking skyward, or being asked a rhetorical question aloud. Much of the conversation will be interspersed with Swahili words, leaving visitors wondering what language is being spoken.

To achieve the right mix of piety, with the anticipation of a glorious bout of drinking, and meeting many friends that one would not see for months at a time, needs a degree of careful planning by the host. It would be unacceptable, for example, to run out of liquor, or not produce a decent meal. And it also requires that the Departed should have a singular reputation, which can add zest to the proceedings. Such was the "Kwaheri" to Alan Dufresne.

The gathering was scheduled for 12 noon on Saturday 1st March, at Alan's daughter Helen's home, at "Tharua", on the dry Laikipia Plains at some 6000ft altitude between two giant ranches, Solio and Ol Pejeta.

Mt Kenya dominates the horizon a few miles to the East. The setting was in a grove of yellow "Thorn trees", where bales of wheat straw had been laid in concentric circles as seats. The bar was laid on tables behind, and snacks and cold beers, Pimms, and pink Champagne were served ad lib on arrival. Aeroplanes and helicopters came in from all corners, and as the crowd swelled, old friends greeted one another and quaffed down the ice cold, welcome brews, to lay the dust. Samburu Morans in their finest regalia acted as barmen, topping up half empty glasses, even after ceremonies had started, and the guests had been seated. No need to have sunk a couple of "swifties" beforehand. The Bar service continued throughout the "Service" as the waiters in their shukas, walked amongst the seated guests with cold beers or bottles of Champagne.

This is how all funerals and Memorials should be done!

All of Alan Dufresne's five children are here, old and new girlfriends, and half a dozen grandchildren.

All of Alan's five children are here, old and new girlfriends, and half a dozen grandchildren. Alan lived life in the fast lane, and was not one to be bound by conventions. Helen started the proceeding introducing her Samburu Moran, the young men who help her operate her Camel safari business in the arid land in the North of Kenya. She explains that these eight will be singing the traditional prayers of praise about Alan. They start with the classic rhythmic Maa chant, some 80 beats per minute, moving their bodies in unison, crouching and straightening. We don't know exactly what they are saying, but it is hypnotic and very

evocative. It lasts about 4 minutes and earns them an ovation from the congregation. Then we have eulogies in Swahili, from their old staff from Molo days, forty years ago, when all the kids were babies. The elderly Kikuyu cook Karanja, fluently tells us how naughty the kids were, and how they "sumbuaed" him so much. But he tells us how well Alan ran his farm and helped his staff when they were injured or sick; getting up at 2 am to take someone sick or in labour to the nearest hospital, 20 miles away along a wet muddy track, often getting stuck in the ditch.

Then Karanja springs a surprise, and introduces us to a comely chocolate lady sitting on the front row with Helen, as Alan's other daughter, about Helen's age, who talks to us about her Father Alan, and his kindness and support to her and her mother. The booze is working its magic, and we cheer her, and her daughter, about 18 years old who comes to the front, and sings us a song she composed about her Grandfather. Then Hugo tells us of the safaris they used to do, one to Norway by road taking 7 months to get there and back again. and how in the wet, cold damp July's at Molo, they used to pack up and come down to Lake Baringo, to get warm, and where they eventually established "Island Camp" with the Roberts family and Jonathan Leakey, and where Shirley, Alan's wife, who was attacked by a 10 ft croc in 2004, and suffered horrendous injuries, still lives.

Alan's girl friend from France, who arrived an hour too late to see him alive, tells us her story, and so does Natalie, a tall, leggy, sexy French girl we know well, and she says that Alan "could be" her father! In any case she regarded him as such because he was so special to her. Another cheer and much clapping. Simon adds his piece which is hilarious, but by now the audience (note, no longer a congregation!) is laughing, clapping and enjoying the show

as much as a rock concert. Now the Samburu are back with the final part. We learn that this will be the tribute to send him on his way. Simon explains that the audience is expected to reply to each chant with the word "Ngai". I had always thought this was the Maa word for God, but Simon explains it is more like a generic word for everything that surrounds us – Nature itself, to which Alan was returning to, from whence he came. So they start, again with the fast chant, swaying rhythmically, and calling, describing the items around us. "Stones" We reply, Ngai, "Trees" Ngai, "Sky" Ngai, "Birds" Ngai, "Cattle" Ngai, and on and on, for about 3 minutes. With the heat, dust, booze and chant, we become almost entranced. Then it is finished, and its over. A moving experience.

Some arise and drift over to the house for the Curry lunch awaiting; while others stay, drinking and, talking about Alan, and other friends who have passed on. I take the opportunity of the presence of Tony Dyer, Peter Barclay, and Mike Pretjohn to hand over Punch Bearcroft's Ashes, which are in my pocket in an envelope, (but have been under my telephone for the past 2 years, awaiting an opportunity to fulfil his wish for them to be spread over the Aberdare's from an aeroplane). These three are all his friends and each has his own aircraft, and we have been talking about this since he died, but never concluded a date. I had hoped I could be part of the ceremony, but it never came together. I solemnly charge Peter to fulfil this obligation, on behalf of the three of them, while swaying and slurring my words as the combined effects of beer, wine, and champagne take hold. I carefully remind them that 2 aircraft must be involved, so that a photograph must be taken at the crucial moment, from abeam and above, so that the cloud of Ashes may be seen floating down below the plane toward the forest below. He suggests they add further wood ash, or diatomite, or even include a thunder flash,

to enhance the effect.

"Ashes" disposal from aircraft is a common phenomenon in Kenya, but entails some hazard, and must be carefully rehearsed. First timers invariably make a balls of it, and the cockpit is suddenly fogged up with the acrid taste of ash, up one's nostrils, in eyes and hair, while the plane dips manically, as the pilot tries to scrape the Deceased off his face; spitting desperately to avoid ingesting him.

Tony Dyer had perfected a DAD, or Deceased Ashes Dispenser, in which the Ashes are placed in a metal cylinder with pepper pot like holes at one end.

Tony Dyer had perfected a DAD or Deceased Ashes Dispenser, in which the Ashes are placed in a metal cylinder with pepper pot like holes at one end. This is held out of the window and allows the Ashes to distribute more slowly to avoid the vortices of the aircraft, swirling them back inside. But he now says he has lost it. The DAD idea is good, but we decide that it needs a refinement to overcome the common problem of bone chips which are sometimes found in Ashes, and can cause the Dispenser to clog up. It is agreed that DAD 2 should incorporate a large pepper grinder behind the holes, with a handle through to the top, so that the Ashes may be released, bone chips and all, in the fluid style of a Master Chef on a Television Show, grinding pepper onto a green salad.

Such are the brilliant thoughts that arise, when stimulated in the right environment, in good company, with fine booze. Soon it's dark, and the

young are dancing. But its time to move for us. We have 20 km to go, in the dark, in thick fine dust, with potholes and ditches 2 ft deep each side. We say goodbye and thank you for a special day. With supreme confidence that Ngai is still around enjoying the party, and will ensure our safety, we head back. We wryly comment how much we pity the folks who live in UK, Australia and elsewhere, who need Police to keep them safe, and who become extremely agitated, if they find you singing or extolling His virtues while driving home.

We ponder the irony of the day. Some 150 people of all races have met to say Kwaheri to a white man who loved Africa. We have had a wonderful "Kwaheri" to his memory, all joking and laughing; Kikuyu, Masai, Kisii, Samburu, certainly Whites and half Whites, and probably a Luyhia or Teita or Coast Giriama., maybe even a Luo. We have seen the assimilation between races here, while Kenyans have been slaughtering each other in Eldoret, Kisumu, Kericho and Nakuru. The White man will be swallowed up, but perhaps his legacy will remain as an echo to the past. Perhaps such Kwaheris will continue down the line, and in 100 years time, such a happening will occur, and friends will meet in the bush, all dark brown or black, and they will call each other Barclay, Neylan, Dyer, Millar, Powys, McLellan and Dufresne; or other such names; and piss it up together.

But don't bet on it.
Dennis.

**Some 150 people
of all races have met
to say Kwaheri
to a white man
who loved Africa.**

Prince of Wales 2008: Still there –

Danie Steyn

I had the good fortune to see the “Cabbage Patch” on my trip to Kenya in October 2008. The entrance is on the main road to the interior and it is a very busy road so the turn off is rather hazardous and I could not get a photo of the entrance board. The school itself was so well designed and built that it would take a war to remove it. A coat of paint would do wonders to restore its aesthetics. I would never start a paint factory in Kenya as our successors to the infrastructure do not seem to specialise in renovation and maintenance.

Photo #1 shows the main entrance with the tower. I did not check if the timekeeping was still correct. The principle’s office is under the tower in the passage to the quadrangle. They are still not allowed to walk on the grass even I was told to keep to the path. The lawn is immaculately trimmed. Photo #2 is the quadrangle



with the pillars and passages and “Scott” in the middle to right. The picture is taken from the Scott/Clive dining hall with the chapel on the left out of the picture. Those who saw “Out of Africa” will remember the scene where Karen Blixen kneels before the governor at a garden tea party; well it was filmed here.



The Memorial Chapel, photo #3, on the north side and looking very stately was open and we could have a look inside. 2 little boys came to play the piano for us, photo #4, one can hardly see them behind the piano. They were obviously beginners but made a great effort to please.



We had a look at the hostels but did not go inside the dormitories, I could have but I had no desire to bring back too many memories. Boarding school was not my favourite system of education. The dining hall, kitchen are still the same with the same tables. A coat of paint outside and especially in the kitchen and you would hardly know the difference except that all the names of the houses have changed. They do not go for personalities and famous peo-

ple from colonial times. They go for the mountains, rivers and territories of Kenya. Scott and Clive are Marsebit and Elgon. I can’t remember the others. A look at the gym brought back memories of Mr. Riddel’s antics in his so called gym classes, photo #5. It was never a favourite of mine as my talents did not lie in the physical activities of the school. I was too clumsy.



I also remember that the playing fields were extensive; they seemed smaller so I assume some of it has been sold off. I know they were big as I always played for the lowest team in the rankings and they were relegated to the furthest fields. The gym had tables and chairs in it so assume it is now a classroom or a being used as an exam centre as was the case in our time.



Some of the wooden classrooms have been replaced by brick structures and are looking very good. Some of them are still there and in good condition as in photo #6 where if I remember correctly Colonel Loftus taught history in the end classroom. Commander Chadwick taught the senior classes in the main

building. On the right is one of the brick replacements under the tree that has grown since I was there. Kenya has a policy that the community must provide the buildings and the government would provide the teacher and the books, so all the schools that we saw looked tatty and neglected. In fact some of them were mud and sticks with a thatch roof but the children wore uniforms.

The most memorable moment of the tour of the school was when I went into the headmaster's office.

The most memorable moment of the tour of the school was when I went into the headmaster's office. I remember Fletcher had the good fortune to have me in his office only once for disciplinary matters. He gave me one major blow and that is all that I remember, what I had transgressed has flown from my memory and to this day I cannot remember the cause of my visit. The blow was not too bad but the humility of the occasion was worse than the visit to the prefects for 3 cuts for talking in prep on a previous occasion. We all remember the Cock House dinners and the excitement that went with the presentations at the assembly. A 3 course dinner with all the trimmings for a "koshuis brak" was phenomenal. Well I had the principal present me with the cock and ambition that has now been fulfilled after 48 years,



7

There was no dinner to go with it but the emotion was well worth the trip to Kenya. I do believe the "Cock" is solid silver and the craftsmanship is outstanding so it must be worth a small fortune. I could not persuade him to sell it to me for a consideration. They have published a book with all the names of all the children that have ever been registered at Prince of Wales. I could not remember which year I started there and I found it in the book. If you want a copy you can contact the school.



Photo #8 is Kirinyaga which was Grigg (it is the new name for Mount Kenya – in fact that is what the Kikuyu have always called it.

Look on the web site called www.oldercambrians.com. I lost my bearings with the name changes of the hostels and the trees. Between the hostels across from Kirinyaga there is a kraal with dairy cattle so it appears that they also teach agriculture or this is to supply the hostels with milk. The sanatorium, photo #9, is still there. It looked quiet and alone on the side.



Again I did not go inside, time became my enemy and we had to begin

doing it American style, "I saw it, I was there" and move on. The trees round the grounds are enormous which gave the complex a very pleasant atmosphere.

To see the grass trimmed and looking a lot better that I expected was good for the soul. It is not as we left it, that is to be expected but if they are using it so effectively and have developed so far it is heartening. The badge is still the same but it is now Nairobi High School. The Prince of Wales icon is still on the badge. They have kept some of the traditions.

All the children were neatly dressed in school uniform with the badge on the jersey. Everyone had a jersey on. I did not find it cold but it seems to be the rule.

The junior house and the intermediate house were both wooden barracks used during the world war. It is amazing how well the wood has stood the test of time. I did not see the junior house but "inter" is still there being used as a store room, photo #10.



I would have had to stay some time and have had friends from the same period to assist me in finding my bearings to identify the buildings so if anyone can assist me or would like to point out errors please feel free to do so.

House Name changes:

Clive = Elgon; Scott = Marsabit;
Hawke = Baringo; Rhodes = Athi;
Nicholson = Serengeti; Grigg = Kirinyaga; Junior = Naivasha.

A few memories from Rynie van Emmenis.

Who were these people and what memories do they bring back?

- (a) P Fletcher
- (b) JR Forrest, D Anderson, JH Stewart, EGA Atkinson, HE Watson, WR Salmon, Mrs MA Forrest, Mrs CA Watson, WJH Liversidge, EM Cobb, AR Fyfe, FH Goldsmith, CM Taylor, GC Knight, EJ Boase, NA Horley, HP Lamont, JWH Riddell, R McLellan-Sim, NRM Chadwick, RM Walmsley, C Hurst, DS Gammie, DWA Minette, CR Burton, PG Nel, H Taberner, J Seldon, D McCallum, CJ Lockhart, WD Wright, Mrs DM Cooke, RS Earl, Canon MG Capon, WE Westwell
- (c) JR Hopkin
- (d) AD Wardrop
- (e) Mrs Aberdien, Miss Cochrane, Mrs Crease, Mrs Dalwood, Mrs Jessop, Mrs MalcolmSmith, Mrs McNaughton, Mrs Minette, Mrs Megson, Mrs Poppleton, Miss Wilson.
- (f) Mrs Lamont, Mrs Luger
- (g) Mr Almeida, Mrs Boase
- (h) MP Ghikas, R van Emmenis, JW Winter, D Bramson, RM Hudson, R Outram



Answers in the next HABARI

Below is an excerpt from an interesting website: oldafricamagazine.com

January 23, 2009

Editor's Blog



Sometimes we can't fit everything onto the pages of Old Africa magazine. L S van Aardt, who was born in Eldoret in 1924, sent us a letter chronicling his memories of his youth. We produced an edited version in our February-March magazine. Here's the complete version. Enjoy. **Shel Arensen**, Editor

Early Days in East Africa

by L S van Aardt

Eldoret or "Sixty Four" was built on a slope. Main Street was wide enough for a wagon with a team of sixteen oxen to turn. Only Europeans owned shops on the main street, which was flanked with sanitary lanes housing bucket latrines. Indian labourers, nicknamed

churas or frogs by the Lumbwa, emptied the buckets at night. Some Indians owned shops adjoining Main Street, with the remaining shopkeepers on the road out to Soy, known as the Indian Bazaar. Further along was the Native Location.



Eldoret's Main Street in pioneer days

Shops in Main Street consisted of a general dealer's establishment, owned by Captain J. Macnab Mundell, who boasted he could get you anything from a pin to an elephant. There were two banks, Standard and the National Bank of India, the latter a three-story building with the only lift in town. I

remember a chemist, Howse and McGeorge, a bakery owned by a Mr. Duncan, a Ford agency owned and run by T. J. O'Shea, a doctor's Surgery reputed to be haunted, the Miss Bartons' tea room, Gailey and Roberts, a butchery owned by George Bryant, Ethridge's printing press, a florist (name forgotten), Whiteaway and Laidlaw, drapers, C. Edison Egleton, a workshop owner and a Post Office with an Indian

Postmaster. George Bryant who was always half seas over, would come into town every morning and buy up all the flowers and present them to Miss Ethridge who he was madly in love with. She could not stand him and returned the flowers to the florists as soon as poor George left the shop. Wilson ran a high-class grocery and stocked the most delightful imported sweets.

In the Indian street Juma Haji supplied the school with bread, Bhogal Brothers had a shop and Ambram, a shoe maker, charged ten shillings for a pair of hand made shoes. We often visited a soft drinks manufacturer, with his most popular drink being a sickly sweet one Called "Love O."

A farmer known as Rooi Piet on account of his flaming red hair used to come to town once a month or so on horseback to shop and collect his mail. There were no post boxes. Mail was sorted into cubbyholes and kept behind the counter. I was in town one morning when Rooi Piet rode up and demanded his mail. The Postmaster said he should come in and collect it, whereupon Piet, still mounted, rode in and attempted to jump the counter. After that, the Postmaster would be waiting, mail in hand, as soon as he saw Piet approaching. After collecting his mail he would adjourn to the Pioneer Hotel where he would drink steadily for a week, before being helped home by two African men who accompanied him for that very purpose. They ran beside the horse propping him so he stayed in the saddle.

People parked flush on Main Street and as the model Ts had poor brakes drivers had to place a stone in front of a wheel to stop the car from rolling. The street became so littered with stones that the police issued a warning to motorists to remove their stones when leaving or face prosecution.

Suiker Vlei was so named because a wagon loaded with sugar

once got stuck there and all the sugar melted.

Mrs. Ortleppe owned the farm on which Eldoret town was built. She started the first cinema and a skating rink. The first film shown was King Kong and they strongly advised people with weak hearts to stay at home. Both buildings burnt down shortly after the showing. Mrs. Ortleppe always dressed well and never went out without her parasol.

My father's cousin Willie built the first buildings in town using wattle and daub and corrugated iron. He used one-cent pieces for washers since they were cheaper than the real ones.

The first European to be hung in Kenya was a youth called Ross. I was at the Eldoret European school with him. Later he murdered two young girls on Menengai, threw one into the Crater and left the other on the rim. He refused to tell where the body of the first one was and The Kenya Regiment and the Police searched for days before finding her. The hangman, who had to carry out the execution, owned a restaurant outside Nairobi, which I used to frequent. He delighted in insulting his clients, but he did serve very good food.

The headmaster of the Eldoret European school was Mr. Hunter, a very strict disciplinarian. I had

many a beating from him. While at school, Pagel's Circus arrived in Eldoret from South Africa. The entrance fee for children was only fifty cents. Not having such a large sum I sneaked in but was caught, given a beating and then let in for free!

I watched a strong man who



could lift an elephant and three horses placed on a hinged platform. A Wall of Death, clowns and trapeze artists entertained the town.

A rugby team from Stellenbosch University visited Eldoret with a youthful Danie Craven on the team.



The Sparrows farmed just outside town and when they died their son Bert presented the wagon they used on their trek from South Africa to the Town Council, who placed it in front of the newly built Town Hall. At independence they asked him to remove it. He transported it to the Norfolk in Nairobi, where it still stands. The first mayor after independence was Joseph, previously employed by the chemist. He took over from J. Wolstan Beard.

End of excerpt

Price 50 Cents

East Africa
 VERSUS
UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN TOURING TEAM
 AT THE
R.F.U.E.A. GROUND NGONG ROAD,
SATURDAY 24TH JANUARY 1959 - KICK OFF 5P.M.

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN
 Blue and white

1	L. W. W. Jeffrey	Full back
2	J. F. Coetzee	Wing Three Quarter
3	A. R. Hutchinson	Centre Three Quarter
4	G. M. Antelme	Centre Three Quarter
5	T. Anstey	Wing Three Quarter
6	C. J. Benn (Capt)	Fly Half
7	N. Raad	Scrum Half
8	L. du Plessis	Forwards
9	N. F. Dollar	
10	B. Bey	
11	R. J. Stubbs	
12	A. S. Malan	
14	I. Le Roux	
15	I. Grey Holmes	
16	B. G. Holmes	

EAST AFRICA
 Green and White

1	*C. G. D. Brown	(Impala)
2	D. F. Rees	(Kenya Harlequins)
3	*G. L. E. Rutherford	(Kenya Harlequins)
4	*L. A. Wright	(Kilembe)
5	*J. R. Henderson	(Nile)
6	*H. Y. Keir	(Nile)
7	*H. A. Swaine	(Kitale)
8	*B. R. Hatfield	(Kitale)
9	R. Pollastri	(Nakuru)
10	L. Tucker	(Nakuru)
11	K. V. Oulton	(Nakuru)
12	K. I. Duncan	(Kenya Harlequins)
14	E. R. Evans (Capt)	(Kitale)
15	D. S. Reynolds	(Nakuru)
16	*L. Booyse	(Impala)

Touch Judge: C. H. Oberhölzer

Referee: I. M. Malan (Kenya)

Touch Judge: N. G. Fisher

Band of the 1st Battalion, The Kings Own royal Regiment (Lancaster), in attendance by kind permission of Lt. Col. C. H. Lincoln, Officer Commanding.

On Saturday 24 January 1959 at the R.F.U.E.A. Ground, Ngong Road, Nairobi an East African XV played the 4th test against University of Cape Town Touring Team and I attach the programme of that event. On Saturday 24th January 2009 Some 50 years later and to the exact day a reunion was held at the university of Cape Town, convened by Basil Bey (My opposite number in the front row), and of the East African XV I was the only player present. I can tell you it was a fantastic reunion reminiscing of Rugby days long gone by and of personalities.

I chatted to many of the opposition. One Gaston Antelme (centre) lives close to me in Johannesburg. Les Tucker

Laat nuus: Tannie Hendrina van Rensburg, weduwe van wyle oom Adam van Rensburg, is onlangs oorlede. Ons hoop om een van die familie te kry om 'n mooi stuk oor oom Adam en tannie Hendrina te skryf.

Tannie Hester Becker is ook in Juliemaand oorlede. Sy was diep in haar tagtigs. Tannie Hester was eers getroud met oom Kets van Rensburg. Na oom Kets se dood het tannie Hester getrou met oom Becker. Hy was, as ek reg onthou, 'n neef van oom Kets. EdW

'n Groot dankie aan almal wat briewe, foto's en artikels ingestuur het om hierdie Habari so 'n lang en vol een te maak.

This year's HABARI is certainly very long and very full. Thank you to everyone who sent letters, articles and photographs to add to its size & interest.

Vanjaar kos die Habari ons R14.20 elk (posgeld ingesluit). Voorheen ons ons die drukwerk verniet kry, maar nie

vanjaar nie. Ons dink om al hoe meer die Habari in pdf format uit te stuur (dis te sê, in Adobe Acrobat). So, we need your e-mail addresses, please! Send them to danie@mweb.co.za

Donations are welcome. Skenkings is altyd welkom.

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