

HABARI 2012

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



“NEW” BRIDGE OVER THE CREEK NORTH OF MOMBASA CA 1959

PHOTO: A DE WAAL

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Printed on paper, this Habari will reach you as one document, but if we e-mail it to you, we are going to send it in two parts, so as to make it easy to get it from us to you. The larger an electronic file is, the more difficult it is to send. So please do not be mystified by the “Part 1” you see on the front page or with the “Part 2” on page 17.

Op papier sal Habari 2012 u as een dokument bereik, maar in twee dele as ons dit per e-pos stuur, om dit makliker te maak om te stuur. Hoe groter ‘n elektroniese lêer is, hoe moeiliker is dit om versend te kry. Moet dus nie wonder oor hoekom daar “Deel 1” op die voorblad staan of hoekom u “Deel 2” op bladsy 17 kry nie.

Kenia Saamtrek

Saterdag 6 Oktober 2012

Voortrekkermonument se ontspanningsterrein /

Ons sien mekaar daar!

Kenya Get-together

Saturday 6 October 2012

at the recreation area of the Voortrekker Monument

See you there!

*Lees die Redakteursbrief vir nadere aanwysings
read the Editor's letter for more specific instructions*

Please send us your e-mail address if you prefer getting the Habari in that format.

EDITOR'S LETTER / REDAKTEURSBRIEF

Oor die byeenkoms by Voortrekkermonument in Pretoria – verlede jaar het ons toe, onverwags, by die Skanskop Museum se binneplein beland, vir my 'n aangename verrassing. As u vanjaar daar kom en nie die saamtrek by die ou plek kry nie, volg net die bordjies om by Schanskop uit te kom.

Schanskop, part of the terrain around the Monument, may be the place we gather again this year. It is easy to find, and if you get lost, phone Danie or me.

Dankie aan almal wat bydraes – briewe en herinneringe en foto's – gestuur het en so gehelp het om die Habari vanjaar vol en interessant te hou.

Preparing the Habari every year is in many ways a taxing, emotional experience for me. I stand in awe of what many Kenyans have achieved; I feel the loss of my native country once again; I hear echoes of my own experiences as a young boy fresh from Kenya in 1962; I am constantly surprised at the variety of people coming from East Africa; I feel sudden sadness at the deaths of people I did not even know – every death is experience, love, and memories lost to us all; in the texts I receive I see people delighting in change, and people resolute on not moving one inch. I handle pages of typescript and lists of photographs, taking, leaving – hoping to keep what is interesting and important. I experience vertigo looking down into the past; then I realise that what seems far below is relatively close, that my reactions are all over-reactions and that, in the end, any new Habari could easily have been completely different.

Thank you, all who have written and sent photographs; the publication of Habari can only continue if you continue writing. *Eddie de Waal*

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

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Isabel Prinsloo
Rina Helberg



Ek is gebore op 18 Junie, 1920 op Hoey's Bridge, omtrent 6 myl van Eldoret na Soy se kant.

In 1928 trek ons na 'n plaas met die naam Patatad-raai. Daar was geen paaie nie en dit was wild.

Daar was plaasskole maar die kinders was maar min. Die eerste skool was 'n stoor op oom Ben Mouton se plaas en ons moes ver loop. Daar was een onderwyser en omtrent 15 kinders, groot en klein saam. Die onderwyser moes al die klasse saam hou. Die eerste onderwyser wats 'n mnr. Visser. Later toe die kinders meer word, was dit 'n juffrou du Plessis. Toe het ons kleiner kinders eers begin leer want sommiges was te jonk en moes eintlik skool toe gaan net om die getalle vol te maak voordat 'n skool kon oopmaak. Mnr Visser is later getroud en

In die klas was omtrent
15 kinders, groot en
klein saam ...

is terug na Suid Afrika; juffrou du Plessis se suster het vir die kleiner kinders kom skool hou.

Op 'n dag het die stoor afgebrand maar ons het 'n tydelike stoor by oom Hansie Enslin gekry totdat 'n skool op oom Jan Nel se plaas gebou is. Die skool was redelik sentraal vir die kinders. Toe juffrou



Na reën in Kenia.
Foto: news.bbc.co.uk

Rondom 1925 – Martie Davis (jong meisie voor) en haar familie by een van hulle eerste vervoermiddels by Hoey's Bridge naby Soy.



MARTIE DAVIS VERTEL

du Plessis getroud is en kort daarna bedank het, het 'n mnr Enslin toe vir ons skool gehou.

Toe ons later na 'n ander plaas getrek het, was dit te ver van die skool af en ek het toe loseer. Naweke moes ek ver loop huistoe en dit was bosveld. So halfpad huistoe was daar 'n sterk fontein waar ek gewoonlik my toebroodjie geëet en water gedrink het. Op 'n dag het ek 'n snaakse verskynsel by die fontein gesien water drink. Dit het nie pote gehad nie maar wel 'n kop en stert en die kop beweeg soos dit water drink. Ek het besluit om weg te hardloop want ek was onseker wat dit was; mense het altyd van 'n letermagog gepraat – kon dit dit wees? Naderhand moes ek rus en kom toe agter dat die verskynsel, wat nou twee bene het, agtervolg my. Ek besef toe dit was 'n ou swart vrou. Hulle het in daardie dae gebreide velle om hulle lywe gedra en soms was dit mooi met krale borduur.

Gedurende die depressiejare 1930/31 was daar kwaai droogte. Fonteine en riviere het opgedroog behalwe 'n paar kuile waarin daar klein vissies was. Baie visse het gevrek, maar mens kon dit nie eet nie want ons was bang vir siektes. Ons het die paar beste turksvyblare gevoer. Die dorings word afgekap en dan word die blad stukkend gekap. Mieliekoppe van die vorige jaar se oes is ook bygegee, maar daar was nie veel nie en ons moes spaarsaam werk. Vir die varke en hoenders het ons klein vissies uit die kuile geskep en as bykos gegee. Vark en hoendervleis het alles na vis gesmaak.

In 1931 het die reën weer gekom en het die riviere weer vol geloop. Toe word daar geploeg en geplant en die eerste mielies was mooi. Toe, egter, kom die eerste sprinkane en vreet alles tot in die grond op. Dit was erg. Mens moes maar weer opstaan en voor begin. Die tweede lot mielies was al mooi aan die groei en het begin pitte ontwikkel, toe kom die voetgangerssprinkane en

MARTIE DAVIS VERTEL
(VERVOLG VANAF BLADSY 3)

Martie en Thysie Davis op hulle troudag,
1937



vreet alles op. Daarna het die regering begin help en het gifstof verskaf wat die boere self moes toedien. So kon die plaag beheer word.

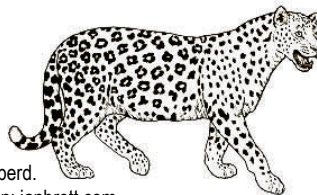
Einde 1931 het ons toe weer getrek, dié keer na 'n koffieplaas. Die eienaar is terug Engeland toe en het iemand gesoek om toesig te hou. Ons kon die koffiebome oes en self verkoop vir eie gewin. Ons moes leer om met koffie te werk, maar later het dit goed gegaan.

Einde 1934 het my ma siek geword en is op 19 Oktober oorlede. My pa is op 10 Januarie 1935 oorlede. Ek was 14 jaar oud en moes toe by my oudste suster bly. Ek was gewoon as alleenkind in die huis saam met my ouers, maar moes toe 'n huis deel met 6 seuns, die oudste 10 jaar en die jongste 13 maande. My suster was baie sieklik en ek moes meeste van die huiswerk oorneem.

Gedurende 1936 het ek my man ontmoet. Nadat ons eers goedkeuring gekry het – omdat ek nog baie jonk was – is ons in 1937 getroud en het 'n tyd lank by my skoonma in die huis gebly. My man en sy broer het nog saam gewerk op die plaas.

In 1950 het ons toe ons eie plaas gekoop aan 'n groot bos. Daar was nog heelwat wild, onder andere olifante, luiperds, bosvarke, kolobosape, baie oorbietjies, baie soorte voels, ens. Hase was 'n plaag in die koringlande.

Behalwe vir 'n lat en klein huis was daar nie geboue nie en daar was 'n fontein ver van die plek waar die huis gestaan het en waar ons besluit het om te bou. Ons het vier Kikuyus gekry vir die bouwerk – 'n steenmaker, 'n bouer en twee handlangers. Die een handlanger het later die perde versorg en die ander een het 'n nagwag geword. Hulle was goeie werkers.



Luiperd.
Bron: janbrett.com

Ons het eers net 'n paar beeste gevat want die bosluiskoors was erg. Nadat 'n dip gebou was het ons toe met die ander vee getrek en 'n gemengde boerdery begin – beeste, varke, skape, bokke en pluimvee. Gesaides was koring in grootmaat, mielies, sonneblom, gars, hawer. Alles het saam met die reën gewerk. Die fontein is oopgemaak in 'n laagte en 'n damwal is gebou vir permanente water vir die

diere. Daarna is 'n rondawel gebou waarin ons gebly het.

Die kinders het 'n klein varkie gehad wat met 'n bottel gevoer was en in 'n kas langs die rondawel gebly het. Een dag het ons tee vir die mense op die lande gevat en toe ons terugkom was die varkie weg. Die aand hoor ons 'n geluid en kyk rond met 'n flits buite. Die kinders is in die rondawel en die deur staan oop. Die hond hardloop weg en kruip onder die bed in die rondawel. Toe besef ons wat dit is – 'n luiperd. Die plaasmense se toe ons sal 'n goeie huis vir die varke moet bou want daar is baie luiperds en hulle sal al die varke opvreet. Dit het toe ook so gebeur. Baie varke is opgevrete voordat ons die groot vanger geskiet het.

Toe is daar met huisbou begin. Sterk water is gekry en 'n boorgat is omtrent 200 tree van die huis gesink. 'n Dieselenjin is opgesit en 'n seimentdam is gebou. Elektriese drade is aan gele na die enjinkamer en dus kon ons vir die eerste keer elektrisiteit gebruik en ons eerste vrieskas en wasmasjien is aangekoop.

Water was steeds in die “donkie” warm gemaak, maar die tenk het darem automaties volgeloop. Na al die harde werk was dit lekker om vooruit te gaan op die plaas.



SCHALK STEYN · A LIFE OF TREKKING.

Schalk is an Old Dutch name meaning a jester or a trickster. There are three of them that played a role in my life. There was Schalk Steyn senior, my late father, who is the subject of this story. There is Schalk Steyn junior, my son, who is well and alive and living on the outskirts of New York in Morristown, New Jersey. And then there was also Schalk Cloete, a friend of my father and an archetypical prankster whom I never knew, but I grew up on his stories.

In Kenya there were at least four unrelated job lots of Steyns – the one batch was wealthy, the second distinguished, the third unmentionable and then there was my rootstock.

Schalk went to Kenya in

Schalk Steyn, Bamboeskerk Monument



1925, then followed his brother Eduard, then Flippie and last came Koos. Much as I would like to write about my uncles, I have promised to keep to my father, so let us start in 1896 in Reitz in the OVS – the year and place where he was born. The only notable fact I could find about Reitz was that Vincent van Gogh's younger brother, who died in the Anglo-Boer War, is probably buried there. The year 1896 is quite another story – if I had to start on all the noteworthy happenings of this remarkable year, we will never get to the Steyns. According to Thomas Pakenham (*The Scramble for Africa*) in 1880 Africa was still largely unexplored by Europeans, but less than thirty years later only Liberia and Ethiopia remained unconquered (or should I rather say "infested"?) by them. As Schalk was born in the midst of this era of imperialist greed, trouble was already well on the way by 1896.

At this time we find my grandfather (Daniel) farming on Leliesvlei in the Reitz district that his wife (Maria) had inherited from her grandfather, a Bruwer. Granddaddy Bruwer started off as a bywoner and never did much more than to sit on the stoep drinking his coffee and letting the sheep graze and beget. In this way he became so rich that he even had a farm for his granddaughter to inherit.

With the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer war, Oupa, like every other respectable burger, set off to join the commando – I was led to believe this was General De Wet's commando, but then again I suppose every Vrystaater's

ancestor was in De Wet's commando. What is more certain is that the old man was never captured - the proof of this hangs on my bedroom wall - a framed certificate (signed by General Beyers) given to all the burgers still active on the veldt at the end of the war.

Meanwhile, back on the farm, Ouma Maria had five children to feed (the youngest a 2-year old toddler), not only that, but Kitchener and his *kakies* came and burnt down the farmhouse and the crops and shooting all the animals on the farm. How Ouma and her children survived the war, nobody knows – yet she never landed up in one of the dreaded concentration camps and by the end of the war everyone was still alive.

When the war ended, a new madness set in – it was known as trekking. Although Oupa had a farm to return to, in the grand old Steyn tradition he decided to trek.

(Ouma Maria should have told him about sitting on your bum and letting the sheep graze and beget.). Sometime after 1902 they first trekked to Gyanessa, about 30 miles north of Vryburg. There most of their livestock died of the gallamsiekte, but even worse – my father's eldest brother was bitten by a rabid meerkat. Fifty years later my father could still vividly describe the anguish of his brother virtually dying of thirst - hydrophobia being one of the main symptoms of rabies. (In later years the eldest son of one of the Steyn families in Kenya – not related to us - also died of rabies.)

So what did they do? They started trekking again; first to Rooigrond nearby and then further afield to Melsetter on the Eastern Border of the old Rhodesia. It is uncertain when this took place, the only fixed date I have is that Schalk was admitted to Salisbury hospital with enteric fever during the First World War. Why Rhodesia? This question also hangs in the air. However, we know that since 1890 there had been a steady flow of South Africans to the then Gazaland. In many treks made to Rhodesia by S P Olivier, one sees that the Moodies started it all by trekking there first; then came the Moolmans, followed by the Martins, then the Du Plessis etc. On these treks there were also Steyns – at a stage there were no less than three lots of unrelated Steyn clans in Melsetter - no wonder a local wag compared the Melsetter district to a dirty tablecloth (full of Steyns / stains).

Oupa Steyn soon became well-known in Melsetter as the local carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, cobbler and dentist (in fact I still have one of the pliers he used in the latter capacity) – and all of this after losing a leg.

Life in Melsetter could not have been easy, as this was real pioneer country – far from everywhere and with few creature comforts. The only transport was by donkey cart or by walking – later bicycles became more common. There was also the ongoing war with the baboons that raided everything they planted. But even worse than the baboons was the colonial government who was giving preferential treat-

ment to all the soldiers who had received farms after the war. Thus Schalk, who had built up a fine herd of cattle, found he had no market for the livestock he was trying to sell.

Eventually he decided he had enough of this and fell back on the old Steyn solution – trek on. Thus in 1925, with £100 in his pocket and an extra pair of boots (to walk back, should he not make his fortune) he boarded a ship of the Woerman Line (probably the Adolf Woerman – named after the founder of the line) in Beira and set off for Mombasa.

Why Kenya? On the one hand the choice was obvious. After building an extremely expensive railway line from the coast to Lake Victoria, the Colonial Office was looking for farmers to populate the White Highlands and so to justify the costs of the “Lunatic Line”. Early on in the new century some Afrikaners had already taken the bait, the first being the Van Breda and Arnoldi trek that reached Uasin Gishu in North Western Kenya in 1905 – 1906. Then numerous others followed. By the time Schalk arrived there in 1925, there

was already quite an established Afrikaner community, including some of his cousins. Still, the choice was rather strange for someone trying to get away from the English and all their biased regulations. In later years he would often joke about this “illogical” decision.

Soon after settling in Kenya, he found a job managing a coffee farm near Thika. This must have been an interesting time – Nairobi was not too far away and with likes of Grogan, Bror Blixen and Lord Delamare to keep things lively, there would not have been many dull moments. Life in Kenya at that time was perhaps best described by two authors who later became internationally famous, Elspeth Huxley (*The Flame Trees of Thika*, *White Man's Country*) and Isak Dinesen (*Out of Africa* and *Shadows on the Grass*). Schalk probably met both but, unfortunately, by the time I read their books, he had already had a stroke and I could no longer ask him about it. Politically these were also rough-'n-ready times.

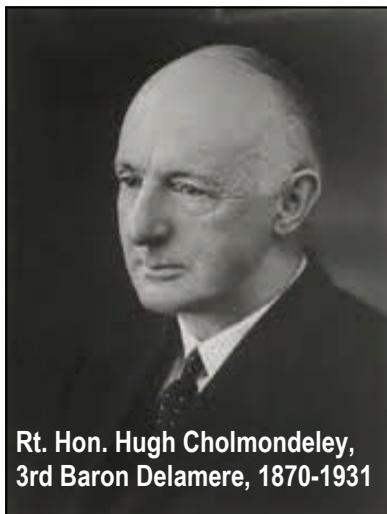
The Adolph Woerman

Source: wrecksite.eu



Years later I happened to invite a school friend to the farm for the weekend and as usual there was the inevitable sorting out of his family background – all of which turned out that Schalk not only knew his grandfather back in the 1920, but could also tell him about the time when the old man had gathered together a group of irate farmers intent on kidnapping the then Governor, as they were unhappy about some or other of his policies – probably about the rights of Indians to buy land in the White Highlands, then an on-going issue.

One thing that made a lasting impression on him was the bubonic plague (the Black Death of the Middle Ages) that swept through Kenya at that time. In later years he would tell of how the farm labourers “died like flies” and how the plague was only contained once they burnt down the huts



to exterminate the vermin that carried the infected fleas.

After his job as farm manager there followed a spell of gold prospecting on the Kakamega goldfields – but all that remained of this enterprise



Elspeth Huxley
Source: gd.talktalk.net

diggers across centuries, the dreams of riches from remained unfulfilled.

A much more solid enterprise followed when he found a job with a man who owned a threshing machine – I think it was a Mr Shaw. Those years all the grain (wheat, barley, oats etc.) was cut and stacked in sheaves waiting for a threshing machine to come around. As if the process of transporting this monster from farm to farm wasn't bad enough, moving its companion, the traction engine (i.e. a steam engine to provide the power to drive the threshing machine) was even worse. Keep in mind that all of this trekking mostly took place on farm roads across the width and breadth of the Uashin Gishu and Trans Nzoia districts - the machinery being pulled by spans of oxen.

On the lighter side were the stories that went with the job. As most of the farms were then owned by ex-army officers with a fair sprinkling of “remittance men” in-between – mostly bachelors starved for “civilised” conversation – Schalk would tell of many a time when he had scarcely arrived and pitched his little tent when a toto with a hastily scribbled note would appear

are some good stories, a photo or two, and a tiny uncut diamond he found while panning for gold. As with so many gold

inviting him to “dinner”. As most farms had an mpishi (cook) who had only recently come out of the bush, “dinner” was a euphemism for what landed up on the table; luckily there were usually pink gins to tide things over.

Sometime in the mid-thirties he bought our farm on the Plateau with Oom Jan le Roux and Oom Bokkie Von Maltitz as neighbours. Then came the next step – on a visit to his parents in Rhodesia he met a Scottish lass (Margaret McLeod) then employed at the Bothashof School in Rhodesia. Back on the farm he wrote to her, and eventually she agreed to marry him and boarded the ship to Mombassa. I still have their Certificate of Marriage – they were married on the 4th of January 1937 in the Registrars Office in Nairobi – with Eduard (his younger brother) and Dina Davies (Eduard's girlfriend at the time) signing as witnesses.

Next came the war and everything that went with it: Italian prisoners of war working on the farm; the lack of essentials from nails to petrol; a government clamouring for produce to prop up the armies; and yet the farmers barely being paid enough to keep their farms going. A pleasant addition to the household was Margaret's father who arrived from South Africa to live with them – a wonderful old Scot who not only had a big influence on my early years but who also became well-liked on the Plateau. One thing though – my granddad was a liberal and my father a staunch national-

**Help for the
Congo refugees
1960**

Source: eawl.org



ist – thus I grew up on some interesting discussions.

I was born less than a month after the war ended, so in the words of Zorba, Schalk now had “the full catastrophe – house, wife, family”. However, these were probably some of Schalk’s best years. Not only was the farm doing well, but he had a stable family life and Kenya held out the promise of a stable economic and political future.

But early in 1954 Margaret started feeling ill and then her condition deteriorated - she died from cancer in January 1955. Soon after the political clouds darkened: the first warning was Ghana’s independence in 1957; next came Harold Macmillan’s “winds of change” speech on the 3rd of February 1960 in Parliament in Cape Town; this was closely followed by political upheavals and chaos in the Congo with the trainloads of refugees streaming through Kenya. Then politics speeded up as the British Empire started collapsing. The next two years turned into a roller coaster for most Kenya farmers. The Afri-

kaners grabbed at the solution they knew best – trekking, thus by the time we left in December 1963 just about everyone we knew had left or was leaving. Schalk was lucky as the British Government bought his farm for one of the Senators in the newly formed Kenya Parliament. (The Senator has since died but his wife and son are still on the farm and I am happy to know the farmhouse is still in a pristine condition and the farm has not been cut up into smaller shambas.) Three of the Steyn brothers

settled in the RSA – the fourth (Koos) returned to Rhodesia. Eduard and Flippie both bought farms in the Warmbaths district but Schalk, nearing 70, no longer had energy for such a new venture and was happy to retire. He now developed a new interest – to trace all his relatives and ex-Kenyans, thus I spent most university holidays trekking across the length and

breadth of the RSA and Rhodesia.

In 1972 my wife and I completed our studies in Pretoria and looked for employment as far as possible from metropolitan areas – we overdid it and landed jobs in Oshakati. Once again Schalk was found trekking – to our new home in Owambo. At the time Oshakati had a white population consisting of about 300 youngish families, all White and working for the South African Government – thus Schalk found he was the oldest man in the town, and probably the only white male without a job. Typically he soon got to know half the town and was constantly invited for trips into the bush.

About a year later, he suffered a stroke and with military transport we had to fly him down to Pretoria. He was admitted to Warmbaths Hos-



Macmillan’s “Winds of Change” speech in Parliament, SA, 1960
Source: blogs.lse.ac.uk

pital where he remained for a number of years till we settled in Somerset West and moved him down to an old age home near us. He passed away on the 2nd of November 1985.

Dan Steyn, June 2010

Eerstens wil ek weer baie dankie sê vir die geleentheid wat julle my gegee het om die 2011-Oos-Afrika saamtrek te Schanskop, by te woon. Dit was vir my en my gesin 'n riem onder die hart om te beleef dat julle nog steeds jul herkoms herdenk en oordra aan jul nageslagte.

*Alhoewel my oupa slegs een jaar van sy lewe tussen die pioniers van Brits-Oos-Afrika deurgebring het, het sy dagboek (soos weergegee in **Trekkerslewe in Brits-Oos-Afrika: 'n Joernaal uit 1911**) vir my 'n kosbare kleinood geword wat vir my 'n ryker erfenis is as wat enige geldelike erflating my ooit sou kon bied.*

*Daardeur het ek kennis gemaak met julle nuusbrief, **Habari**, wat vir my persoonlik die deur wyd oopgemaak het na 'n deel van ons Afrikaners se geskiedenis waaroor al heelwat geskryf is, maar waaroor ek meen min bekend is in ons huidige moderne samelewing.*

Deur almal se insette in die Habari te lees het ek tot die besef gekom dat baie "juweeltjies" uit ons voorgeslagte se lewens verlore gaan vir ons nageslag. Dus, "bravo" aan almal wat só getrou in die Habari hul ervarings, wedervarings en familiegeskiedenis met ander deel.

My innige waardering vir julle getroue bydraes om die geskiedenis van Afrikaner voorvaders op dié manier oor te dra aan ons Afrikaner nageslag.

Hou so aan!

Magriet Doorewaard

Teruggestuurde pos *Returned post*

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Fred Pohl – Bus 331 Constantia

Lilly Wessels – Bus 215 Levubu

Hiermee 'n opsomming van "Oupa se boekie"....

'n Jong man (Frans Kok) vergesel die Cloete-trek na Brits-Oos-Afrika in 1911 om saam met Cloete se seun (Schalk) na die vee om te sien.

Hy hou dagboek van die reis asook van sy wedervarings as wildjagter. Sy ontmoetings met die Bruwers, Steyns, Von Maltitz en ander word neergepen.

Kok en Bana Maie, die skrywer van *Voortrekkerslewe in Donker Afrika*, raak bevriend tydens jagtogte en was ook venote in 'n beoogde watermeule-besigheid.

Hierdie oorspronklike aantekeninge, tesame met inligting wat uit navorsing verkry is, is vervat in:

Trekkerslewe in Brits-Oos-Afrika: 'n Joernaal uit 1911.
Geredigeer en geannoteer deur Magriet Doorewaard, 2011.

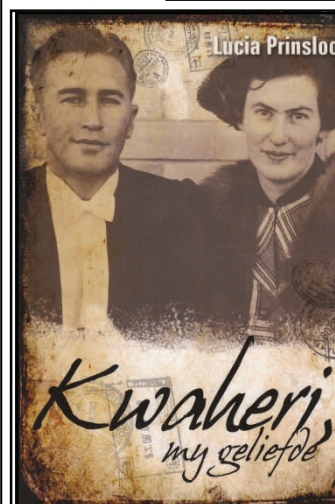
Die publikasie is verkrygbaar by:

Protea Boekewinkel

Tel: 012-3623444

of by die outeur

Magriet Doorewaard Tel: 012-3453384



Vanaf die voetheuwels van Berg Meru in Tanzanië tot by die walle van die Groot Letaba in SA se Laeveld... 'n Outobiografiese roman op die spoor van een familie. Mense gedryf deur passie en geloof. Mense wat telkens moet groet. Kwaheri. Mooi loop. Maar dit vertel ook van mense wat terug-

*kom huis toe. My boek **Kwaheri, my geliefde**, is onlangs deur Corals Publishers gepubliseer. Dit verskyn reeds in Exclusive Books se winkels landwyd en is ook te koop by CNA's. My moeder, wat op die voorblad van my boek verskyn, is nou 82 jaar oud, en nog fiks en aan die gang. Lucia Prinsloo*

As alles goed gaan, sal die skrywer by die byeenkoms wees in Oktober 2012 ... (Red.)

PHOTOS OF THE BARNARD FAMILY AT THE EAST AFRICA GATHERING 2010



Photo above: Elsabe van Heerden, Andrew Downer, Laura Steenkamp, Peter Ross, Pieter Barnard, Augusta, Leonie Dry, Piet van Heerden, Josephine Steenkamp, Frieda Barnard, Trudi Chomse (Nel), Johannes Barnard, Yvette Hanekom, Liezel Chanine Nel, Magda van Heerden, JayJay Barnard, Andre van Heerden, Theo van Heerden, Leoni Barnard, Zander Chomse Nel, Sarie Botha, Melissa Coetzee, Kobus Nel, Alisha Nel, Bernardt Chomse Nel, Heidi Nel, Marko Nel



In this photo: Riaan du Plessis, Theo van Heerden, Magda van Heerden (du Plessis), Krige van Heeden, Peter Ross, Piet van Heerden



L to R Cindy van Heerden, Frieda Barnard, Trudi Chomse (Nel), Augusta, Pieter Barnard, Kobus Nel, Josephine Steenkamp (Bezuidenhout)

From: fredpohl@netactive.co.za
OLD BOYS, ST MARY'S, &
AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE, 5 Aug 2011

Just had to tell you about the most amazing coincidence this afternoon.

My wife and I went to the early movies and took tickets for the Disney's, "The African Cats". In the theatre only about 14-15 seats were occupied. Just as the show was starting, a man came to sit in the vacant seat next to me. (He was in the wrong seat, should have been three along from mine, but it didn't matter as there were plenty of empty places). At the end of the show (the most wonderful animal film of the Masai Mara) he turned to me and said, "Gee, that was wonderful. I used to live up there you know," to which I replied "Really? So did I. I lived in Eldoret".

He said, "Damn, that's a coincidence, we used to farm up there in Eldoret!"

I said, "I don't believe it, I was at school in Nairobi at St Mary's," to which he said, "So was I."

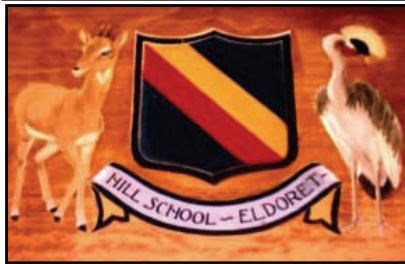
Turns out that he was five years junior to most of us (born 1946) and he remembers Brian Ridley and his brother. He thinks he remembers John Navetta and I forgot to ask him about Jacques Kirkham, but what a coincidence! His name is John Klynsmith; his father was in the Kenya Regiment (Bruce may remember him). John lives in Sea Point, Cape Town - his e-mail is johnklynsmith@gmail.com
Best regards to all you old Saints!

Fred Pohl

NOTE

Old East Africans, perhaps may find some old "rafikis" from the great old times we had in the 1940's and 1950's at school: When-we pics at <http://www.mccrow.org.uk/South Africa/South Africa.htm>

Heaps of photos of East Africa and Africa in general. Some good ones of Nairobi, pity about the bloke in Duko uniform though !



DES BRISTOW: A FAMILY HISTORY

My mother's father, Thomas Howard, was born in Cardiff, Wales, in 1853. He came to South Africa in the 1880's. He married Johanna Cornelia Nell who was born in 1873 in the Cradock District.

Thomas Howard was a Civil Engineer. He and his partner, Scott, built the Town Hall in Cape Town, which opened in 1905. Materials were imported from Scotland and the company went bankrupt. Thomas then worked for the S. A. Railways.

There were 7 children from this marriage. The eldest, Kenneth, died in France aged 16, in the Great War. The second, Llewellyn, was an engineer and went to Kenya to work on the Uganda Railway extensions from Eldoret to Kampala.

After Thomas' death, my grandmother moved to Kenya, followed by the rest of the family. The third son, Leslie – "Mops" – helped build factories in Kericho. He married Madeleine Ortlepp from Eldoret. They had 2 children, Sybill and Peter. The fourth son David – "Dai" – worked for the Railways in Kenya and for many years was the Permanent Way Inspector at Eldoret and Maji Mazuri. He married Catherine Tooley and they had 3 children, David Catherine and Susan.

My mother, Gwen, completed her Art Studies at Durban Technical College and they then moved with her two younger sisters, Roberta and

Elizabeth, to Eldoret. My father was born in Krugersdorp where his father was Chief of Police. My grandfather died in 1911 and the family moved to Belfast.

My paternal grandmother remarried, and she and her husband, B.S. Campbell, retired to Kenya. My father came on a visit from Belfast Northern Ireland, and decided to stay. He worked for the Eldoret Municipality. He met and married my mother, Gwen Morwena Howard, in Eldoret and they had 3 children: my brother John, me, and my sister Phyllis.

Elizabeth "Betty" Howard married Edward Anthony Darvall in Eldoret and they had 4 children, "Tony", Allen,



and twins Anne and Allison. Ted Darvall ran Atlas Works in Kenya for years, and was known for his expertise as an Innovative engineer.

The youngest sister, Roberta, married Fred Hopley who farmed at Lumbwa. He originally came from White Sands in the Cape Province. They had 3 children: Jeffrey, Jimmy and Patricia. Fred Hopley won the Nairobi – Johannesburg race in 1936 with "Fairie" Engelbrecht in a Hudson Terraplane.

When war broke out, my father was called up and was gone from the 3rd September 1939 until his release on 30th September 1945. Except for two short breaks we never saw him. He served in Abyssinia, then Burma, with the Kings African Rifles: his Kenya Regiment No was 307.

My mother was left to cope with 3 children. She started teaching at the Hill School when it moved from the Old R.A.F. Camp on the hill below the Sports Club to its present site in 1946. She taught almost continuously until 1961 when she and my father left Kenya for South Africa.

She designed and painted the 2 murals in the dining halls of the Eldoret Primary School; she also designed the School Badge. With Mrs Joey Steyn, she produced the Eldoret Panel for the EAWL, which hangs in Parliament in Kenya. Mrs Steyn did all the stitching.

Throughout the War, when many things were in short supply, my mother knitted our pullovers, socks and repaired and altered clothes. She decorated churches and halls for weddings and functions. She used to get her flowers from Mrs Bonnie Boshoff who had a beautiful Garden out at Plateau.

Her final mural was for Rassie Potgieter Hotel at Amanzimtoti, near Durban, and was very much in line with her others of the Plateau and Sergoi Rock. My mother was known to many young Uasin Gishu children who passed through the Hill School in 1955. She bought a small farm at Kapsoya where she built the house herself – and the out buildings – and indulged in her passion for animals.

With Independence the family split up. My grandmother, Cornelia Howard, died in Pretoria in 1964, aged 91.





Jambo rafiki!

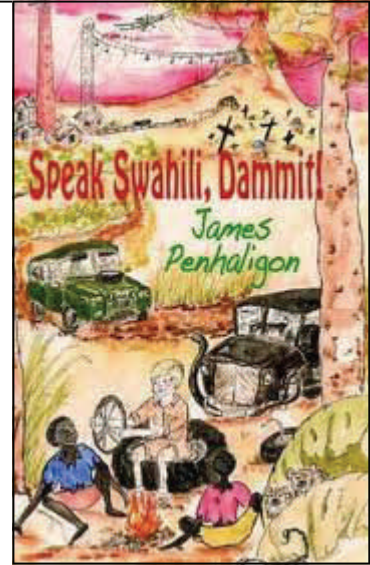
I grew up in Tanzania & Kenya in the 50's & 60's. I'm a semi-retired doctor & consultant psychiatrist in Falmouth, Cornwall, where my parents originated. My late father was in the Royal Navy in WW2. He got the DSM for outstanding bravery in the face of the enemy in 1942, after his ship was sunk by Dorniers in the North Sea. Unfortunately, 4 hours in near-freezing water gave him rheumatic fever, & damaged his heart valves. This later led to his early death, aged only 48, in 1957, when he got

malaria in Tanganyika. My mum, my sister(7) & I (5) were left heartbroken & penniless in the bush in Tanganyika.

I wrote a book about my East African years, called 'Speak Swahili, Dammit!'. It has had wonderful reviews internationally, which can be seen on my website - www.jamesjenhaligon.co.uk. There are also 17 reviews on Amazon Books UK, all 5 stars. In July the book was promoted, and one donated to the raffle, at the annual luncheon of the Kenya Regiment Association in Winchester. Some of the proceeds went to their benevolent fund. The same is happening in the October meeting in London. There are lovely reviews in the associations magazine, *SITREP*. There was also great review in *Rhino-Link*, the journal of the Kings African Rifles Association. I intend to donate the profits from this book to a not-profit company I have co-founded with a Tanzanian newspaper editor, Beda Biswalo, to fund & build a school at Bagomoyo on the Tanzania coast opposite the southern tip of Zanzibar. It's called *EDIT* - Educational Development Initiative Tanzania.

I write to ask if, as a fellow *mzungu* from E Africa, you have any advice as to how I can reach more people who would be interested in my *kitabu*. I do this for 2 reasons: (1) to entertain them, & (2) to raise money for *EDIT*. *Asante sana, Bwana mkubwa! Ninta ongoko kusikia kwako. Salamia wote pia.*

Jimu (James Penhaligon, Falmouth, Cornwall) Tel 01326 210261, email jameseva9@aol.com



**RICHARD CAREL
ERASMUS SKRYF:**

Ek is besig om opsommings van my ouers se lewens aanmekeer te gooi tot hulle getrou het in 1947, en dan te skryf oor hulle omswerwing tot ons uit Kenya uit is. Ek wil dit op 'n website sit: www.honeysfromkenya.co.za Ek glo dit sal nostalgie inhou en ons kinders 'n beter prentjie gee van die lieflike lewe wat ons agtergelaat het.

My ouers, Babs (81) en Sarel Erasmus (84) van Eldoret, en ook van die Mara en Lolgorien goudmyne, bly in Southbroom. Hulle is nie meer te wel nie, maar kan darem nog bestuur en kos maak.

Een van hulle seuns is Peter Leonard Erasmus (59). Hy

is 'n afgetrede sakeman en wildboer op Ellisras.

Nog 'n seun, Daniel Louis Erasmus seun (56), is 'n sakeman op Rustenburg. Hy dryf Elektro-meganiese kontrakte.

Hulle dogter, Carol Anne Kolkman (53) besit 'n groot troeteldierwinkel in Shelley Beach, Suidkus.

Ekke, Richard Carel Erasmus, die oudste, was op Keri-cho Laerskool, en ook op Hoërskool Transvalia Vaal Driehoek. Ek is 'n Bloubulondersteuner en was self 'n sportman. Ek het myself nooit sien speel nie, maar die ouens wat het, sê ek was 'n briljante heelagter by Pretoria Rugbyklub. Ek is eienaar van Lawnpro Franchises en die ekonomie knyp kwaai.

Toe my ouers so 8 jaar terug weer Kenia met broer Piet besoek het, het hulle daar onder 'n boom, by die verlate en vervalle myn in Lolgorien, 'n man sien sit. Hy was Owiti, ons huiswerker – oud en grys en lewensmoeg.

Lolgorien het in ons tyd nie eers 'n winkel gehad nie; nou bly daar al 50,000 mense.

Sien gerus ook: <http://kenya63.homestead.com/list.html>

Kenya Gazette 1 February 1938 p. 105

THE FARMERS ASSISTANCE ORDINANCE, 1936
(Section 11 (1) (a))
INTERIM STAY ORDER

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF CYRIL WILLIAM
ARNOLD AND JOHN EDWARD ANDERSON COLLINS
TRADING AS ARNOLD AND COLLINS OF
KIPKARREN, UASIN GISHU DISTRICT

Farms Nos L O 3130, 3131, 3133, 3134, 3163, 4190,
4192, 4420 and 4570

PURSUANT to the provisions of the Farmers Assistance Ordinance, 1936, I hereby issue this Interim Stay Order in respect of the above-named applicants' estate as from the 26th January, 1938

Dated at Eldoret this 26th day of January, 1938

K. G. LINDSAY.

BABS ERASMUS SKRYF

Ons twee honeys – my Honey is 84 en sy Honey is 81 – het Engelse skole bygewoon in Nairobi in Kenya en min van Afrikaans geweet. Tog skryf ek nou in Afrikaans.

My man Carl het in Lolgorien gewerk vir Abel Erasmus, sy ouer broer. Abel was 'n groot man wat altyd 'n Stetson hoed gedra het – slim, en gebore om baie ryk te word.

Ons het in Lolgorien begin toe Richard so 2 jaar oud was. Carl en ek was drie jaar getroud, en het geswerf om 'n werkjie vir hom te kry. Hy het my ontmoet net 'n paar maande nadat hy uit die army gekom het. Ons het in Eldoret getrou ses maande na ons ontmoeting en na ons troue op Rosterman myne gebly, waar hy gewerk het. Hy was rusteloos en het na 3 maande bedank, toe vir padwerke gewerk, vir spoorweë en konstruksie. Toe hy vir Abel begin werk het, was hy meer ge-“settle”.

Ons het eers in Abel se rondawel gebly op hulle erf, en by Abel en Betty geëet. Daar het ek bietjie lesse gekry hoe om lekker kos te maak. Betty was dierbaar; soos 'n ma vir my. Abel het vir Carl gewys hoe om goud uit die grond uit te kry – alles klein skaal en Heath Robinson, soos die Engelse sê. Niemand het geweet hoe 'n ryk goud-“pocket” daar lê nie, 'n juweel.

Carl het binne 'n paar maande vir ons 'n klein modderhuisie gebou, met dun paaltjies, en modder en 'n grasdakkie, twee kamers en 'n kombuis en 'n spens met sifdraad.

Die vloer was linoleum. Ek was tevrede met enigiets en die huisie was vir my eersteklas. Richard was altyd by. Abel se seuntjie was so oud soos Richard, maar erg gestremd was en is vroeg dood.

Die myn was 'n “Jewel Pocket” genoem, wat beteken in elke ton klippe wat gemaak is was die essay 'n duisend onse suiwer goud. Daar was

ten minste 100 onse goud gesmelt per dag en dit met 'n klein 3 ton meuletjie, wat nie eers 'n ton klippe 'n dag kon fyn maak nie. Die meule was 'n groot drom van dik staal wat deur middel van 'n enjin om 'n as gedraai het. Binne-in was baie staal balle, soos dié waarmee atlete gewigstoot. Die gouddraende erts is saam met die balle binne die meule gegooi terwyl dit draai; anderkant het die fyn stof, wat die goud bevat het, uitgekom.

Die fyngemaalde grondstof het oor 'n koper tafel gevloei wat bedek was van kwik. Die tafel was 6 by 5 voet en was op 'n afdraande geleë



terwyl water heeltyd oor die tafel geloop het. Die fyn stof het saam met die water gevloei en, omdat kwik en goud aan mekaar vasklou, het die goud aan die kwik vasgeklou en die kwik het om dieselfde rede aan die koper vasgeklou. Minstens 4 keer 'n dag het Carl dan die masjiene gestop en met 'n skrapeer wat lyk soos 'n put-tymes die kwik en goud van die koper tafels afgeskraap. 'n Bondel kwik gemeng met goud word amalgam genoem – dit lyk soos 'n bal silwer botter. Dit word in 'n lapsak gebêre tot daar genoeg amalgam is om te smelt.

Dan het Carl dit in 'n swaar staalpot gesit wat horisontaal om 'n as kan draai, met 'n pyp van so drie voet lank aan die eenkant. Die deksel word geseël met klei om dit vuurdig te maak en 'n vreeslike warm vuur word onder die kontrepsie gestook. Die punt van die driervoet pyp lê in water en die verskriklike hitte maak alles

verby goud se smeltpunt. As die pot skuins gedraai word, sien jy die kwik loop by die pyp se punt uit, en die skoon, geel goud bly in die pot.

As die kwik alles uitgekook is, maak Carl die pot oop, en dit wat oorskiet is 'n groot stuk geel goud. Nou word die goud gesmelt, weer op 'n tuisgemaakte kookoond, en die warm goud vloei in 'n steenvorm van sowat 50–100 ons per steen as dit gestol is. Dié stene soliede goud het Abel dan kom haal, so eenmaal elke 2 weke, bank toe gevat en verkoop as suiwer bewerkte goudstawe. Op die Lolgorien myn was die goudkluis onder 'n boom in die grond vasgemessel, 'n Chubb kluis, wat niemand kon roer of oopmaak nie. Die werkery was op klein skaal, tog het Abel miljoene pond gemaak.

Na 'n jaar het die “Jewel Pocket” opgedroog, maar die goud was oral. Die klippies wat jy oral in die son sien lê het, hoe klein ook al, het geskitter. Dit was omtrent net goud en baie min klip.

Szolowitz, wat die sianiedtenks bewerk het (vir verwerking van oorskotsand op die sandhope), het baie goud uit die sand gehaal. Ons het hom Zulu Wet genoem.

In Lolgorien het ek probeer pampoene en ander groente groei binne 'n boma van hoë doringboomtakke. Dit het nie altyd olifante gekeer om my pampoene en pampoenranke, wortels, ertjies en spinasie te vreet nie. Die Zulu Wette het in 'n gebou met sinkplaatmure gebly. Die ou vrou het snags gebewe, want die olifante het 'n paar keer hulle rûe teen hulle sinkgebou kom krap. Die olifante het ook naby ons huis geloop, maar nie teen die huis gekrap nie. Feitlik elke oggend kon mens hulle mis en spore sien lê.

Maar nou moes die myn toe-maak, want die “Jewel Pocket” was verby en klaar. Dit het egter vir my en Carl 'n smaak gegee van die wildernis en ons het daarvan gehou.

BERG KENIA – 1965 EN 2006 DEUR BERTIE DRIESCHER

Dit is 1964. Bertie Driescher en Daan Dannhauser is twee jong predikante in hulle eerste NG-gemeentes in Kenia. Dit was die tyd van die groot uittoeg van Afrikaanse mense, meestal boere. Die gemeentes Eldoret en Meru (Thomson's Falls) het die hele Kenia bedien. Binne 'n jaar sou Eldoret die enigste gemeente wees en Bertie het die land deurreis om lidmate te besoek.

Ons twee wil toe die tweede hoogste berg in Afrika, berg Kenia, gaan klim. Gelukkig wil 'n ervare boer van Thomson's Falls, HOFFIE RETIEF, ook gaan!

Oom HOFFIE kan egter net een dag afstaan en van Thomson's Falls (nou Nyahururu) af is ons baie ver van die berg af! Daar is ook nie tyd om deur die kanale te gaan om 'n amptelike toegangspaspoort te kry nie. Om te kan onderhandel in Swahili is belangrik! En ons moet hoop die weer is goed.

Die hoogste piek wat 'n mens kan bereik sonder rots - en ysklim toerusting is piek Lenana. Dit is ons doel, maar ons tyd is min.



Middernag.
Ons ry nader van Thomson's Falls af na die westelike hang van die berg. Dis nog nader toe ons al ver op teen die smal bosbouers-paadjies in die woud teen die berg op. Nou moet ons by die wag by die ingang van die

natuurresewaat verbykom. Ons maak hom wakker. Oom HOFFIE praat Swahili en swaai 'n stuk papier rond. Die vaak man maak die hek oop!

Hoër en hoër ry ons op tussen die digte bome tot die Landrover nie verder wil nie, en begin stap. Ons hoop ons sal die voertuig weer in die woud kry met die terugkom! Gelukkig is dit mooiweer. Ons het geen spesiale toerusting nie, net een rugsakke, 'n bietjie kos en water, kortbroeke en gewone ou velskoene/seilskoene. Ons is uit die woud en die plantegroei verander met die hoogte. Dis 'n pragtige gesig met die wolke laag onder ons. Die eerste sien van die sneeubedekte pieke in die verte maak mens opgewonde, maar jy besef ook hoe ver en hoog dit is!

Ons wil ten minste by die sneeu kom – destyds heelwat laer as vandag. Hoe hoër op, hoe korter die asem, en geentyd om aan die hoogte bo seespieël gewoon te raak nie. Die plantegroei neem af met die hoogte totdat daar niks groei nie en elke tree is swaar. Die dag vorder vinnig en ons wil aan die sneeu vat voor ons omdraai! Ons is byna regoor die onderpunt van die groot gletsjer wat oor 'n mooi meertjie hang. Nog 'n klompie uitasem-pogings en ons staan met 'n stukkie sneeu in die hand!

Dan terug, want ons wil nie in die donker voertuig in die woud soek of luipeers raakloop nie – en ons hoop die olifante slaap dan al! Ons is dankbaar vir oom HOFFIE se leiding.

Dis heerlik om op die Landrover se sitplekke neer te sak! Lank ná middernag kom ons op die plaas aan. Wat 'n ondervinding, maar ons was nog nie bo-op Lenana-piek nie. Ons moet weer probeer!

In 1965 kry ons die kans. Daan Dannhauser is al terug na die Republiek, ek en Isa van Niekerk is intussen getroud. Sy kuier by Magriet Retief solank ons die berg aandurf. HOFFIE Retief is gelukkig weer ons leier. Twee Van Dyk-broers van die "Valley" naby Thomson's Falls gaan saam.

Hierdie keer het ons twee dae! Ons beplan om in 'n berghut te slaap, die volgende dag Lenana te bereik en

Funga Safari

Funga safari, funga upesi
(Begin the journey, begin quickly)

Funga safari, funga upesi
(Begin the journey, begin quickly)

Amri ya nani?
(Whose order?)

Amri ya Bwana Kapiteni
(The Captain's order)

Amri ya KAR
(The KAR's order)

Funga safari, nenda vitani
(Begin the journey, go to war)

Funga safari, nenda vitani
(Begin the journey, go to war)

Pigana na shinda
(Fight and defeat)

Pigana na shinda maadui
(Fight and defeat the enemy)

Walale maandaki
(Who are sleeping at their trenches)

Shinda maadui, rudi kwetuni
(Beat the enemy, return home)

Watoto wanaongoja
(The children are waiting)

Wakapiga makofi
(They clap their hands)

Anza kulima shamba
(Begin to cultivate the farm)

Chunga ngombe kwetuni
(Herd cattle at home)

Chunga ishini
(Herd for life)

weer die hele pad terug te kom. Ons het nou 'n permit en rugsakke, slaapsakke, kos en warm klere. (Gewone klere, nie die grënd goed waarmee mense deesdae klim nie.) Ons ry weer so hoog as moontlik berg-op en begin stap. Elkeen dra sy eie pak.

Die plantegroei laat jou voel jy is deel van 'n sprokie! Ons kom ligdag by die hut aan – 'n primitiewe sink-kaia met net die klam grond as vloer. Dis koud, want die sneeu is naby! Ons moet van ver af hout saamdra, want in naby die hut is geen bosse nie. Die primusstografie maak 'n bietjie kos en koffie warm. Die vuurtjie is gou uit en ons voete is dood van die koue! Met 'n mes grawe ons 'n gat in die vloer, voer dit uit met 'n plastieksak, gooi kookwater in en steek die kaal voete in tot jy voel die water brand jou. Jy trek alle beskikbare klere aan voor jy in die dun slaapsakkie klim. Dit is 'n paar vaal manne wat die volgende oggend uitkruip!

Dan die groot poging. Ons sukkel al met die "scree" (los klippe teen die steilte) op om by die gletser te kom waarteen ons moet op. Hoogtesiekte keil ons op! Teen die gletser se sneeu is die helling steil en die sneeu hard en glad, en ons het net seilskoene en velies aan. Jy stap maar heen en weer, anders gly jy tot in die meer onder die gletser. Ek kry kans om in 'n ysskeur af te sak vir 'n foto.

Eindelik is ons bo-op Lenana-piek! Jy is so moeg, jy voel nie eers trots nie. Ek vergeet om my kamera vir iemand te gee om my af te neem. Ek het darem 'n foto van my voet! Wat 'n gesig van sneeubedekte pieke bo ons en berge en vergesigte onder! Dan weer af ... en af ... voertuig toe, 'n ondervinding wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie! Ek kon toe nog nie weet dat my dogter, Lizette, 41 jaar later ook Lenana sou bereik nie.

UNINHABITED BUT NOT UNCLAIMED – UASIN GISHU PLATEAU IN 1906

The Uasin Gishu Plateau differs from other Kenyan settler areas of the early twentieth century white highlands in that there was no longer a significant indigenous population living on these high grasslands when the first settlers arrived. If no settlers had staked their claims for farms and built their homesteads it is quite likely that the Plateau would have been re-occupied within the first two decades of the twentieth century. There are several reasons why the first settlers encountered only a few wandering herdsman when they arrived: a series of catastrophes had hit the clan of Uasin Gishu Masai, rinderpest had hastened the Plateau's abandonment by neighbouring tribes and after 16 pitched battles with the British, the encroaching Nandi had been summarily removed to a reserve in 1906, effectively preventing them from using the grazing lands. Historically, the plateau's pastures have been the sites of massive contestations in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Now that most of the 99-year leases farmers signed in the first two decades of the twentieth century have lapsed, this century could herald new land claims by the descendants of previous occupants.

Apart from the archaeological evidence of the Stone Age people who constructed the Sirikwa Holes found across the Plateau and about whom very little is known, oral history confirms that the Plateau was oc-

cupied by the Masai clan known as the Uasin Gishu during the early 1800s. The clan denied the Nandi access to the much more desirable Plateau pastures and the latter, unable to match the military strength of the Uasin Gishu accordingly confined their cattle raids and battles to the militarily weaker peo-



ples of the south and west. Without suffering serious setbacks or meeting much opposition from the weaker ethnicities, the Nandi steadily built up the strength of their tribe even though they were limited in number. It was only when the Nandi began to edge out of their forested areas and to use the southern fringe of the Plateau grazing lands that a significant battle took place. The Nandi were heavily defeated by a combination of the Uasin Gishu and Kaputei Masai and forced to retreat back to the forests around Tinderet and the Nyando Valley.

In the 1870s the Uasin Gishu clan was eventually routed by neighbouring Masai clans from Naivasha and Laikipia. These internecine quarrels took place at a time when the Masai across the entire geographical region were losing much of their power and were no longer the formidable threat of past times. Apparently, when the remnants of the Uasin Gishu Masai attempted to reassert their claim to the grazing lands of the Plateau, they were finally defeated and dispersed by the Nandi in the Kipkarren Valley. This did not mean that the Nandi could move unhindered onto the Plateau as these grazing rights were still held in trust by the Laikipia and Naivasha Masai even though the pastures were generally under-utilised. Soon thereafter however, the Naivasha and Laikipia clans were at loggerheads themselves and the latter was eventually defeated leaving the Naivasha Masai as the only clan strong enough to hold onto the grazing rights. The Nandi in the meantime had adopted and adapted the superior weaponry of their Masai enemies and shortly thereafter they routed the Naivasha clan and chased them back to the Rift Valley. The remnants from the Masai clans still found on the Plateau were absorbed into the Nandi who now had unchallenged access to the pastures and salt licks stretching from the foothills of Mount Elgon to the Nandi Escarpment. It also gave them brief access to Arab traders using the northern caravan route to Kavirondo. The Nandi bartered cattle and traded goods with the Arabs.

It is estimated that the Nandi were only 30,000 strong with 8,000 spearsmen at any one time and it wasn't long before the Uasin Gishu pastures were eyed by the numerically stronger Turkana, Suk and Karamojong in the north. Their irruption onto the Plateau and Trans Nzoia in the last two decades of the nineteenth century was however spectacularly halted by an outbreak of rinderpest and before the cattle herds were entirely decimated everyone was compelled to return to their homelands, Nandi included.

The Uasin Gishu Plateau became an area under voluntary quarantine. Aware that sooner rather than later, the Nandi would reinstate their raiding parties and edge onto the Plateau again, the Elgeyo and Elgony tentatively started using the Plateau grazing lands nearest to their tribal frontiers. But the Nandi never returned - as they were the prime targets of the British pacification campaigns beginning in the late 1890s until they were finally 'herded' into a reserve in 1906. These campaigns were launched in order to protect the Uganda Railway's rails and tracks that were systematically being pilfered by the Nandi around Tinderet. The British had no qualms about using Somali, the remaining warriors from the Laikipia Masai and Indian levies to vanquish the Nandi on their behalf. They were allowed a share of the booty, generally in the form of cattle, sheep and goats. It is estimated that the Masai levies secured a substantial portion of the 28,693 cattle and 64,853 goats and

sheep confiscated from the Nandi between 1902 and 1906 alone. Of all the tribes in the East African Protectorate it would appear that the Masai benefitted most from their association with the British. Even though the northern Masai were 'removed' to the Trans-Mara area in the south, they were still left with more land per head than any other tribe (except perhaps for the nomadic pastoralists in the far north).

A century of bitter quarrelling, the rinderpest and other contagious diseases, drought, famine and the forced removal to reserves of tribes neighbouring the Plateau ensured that the Uasin Gishu grazing lands were largely uninhabited by humans in the first decade of the twentieth century. It was in this window period that the first white settlers arrived. (Sources used include GH Mungeam's *British rule in Kenya 1895-1912: the establishment of administration in the East Africa Protectorate* (1966), and AT Mason's *Nandi resistance to British rule, 1890-1906* (1972))



HERE, FOR E-MAIL
PURPOSES, HABARI
2012 PART 1 ENDS.

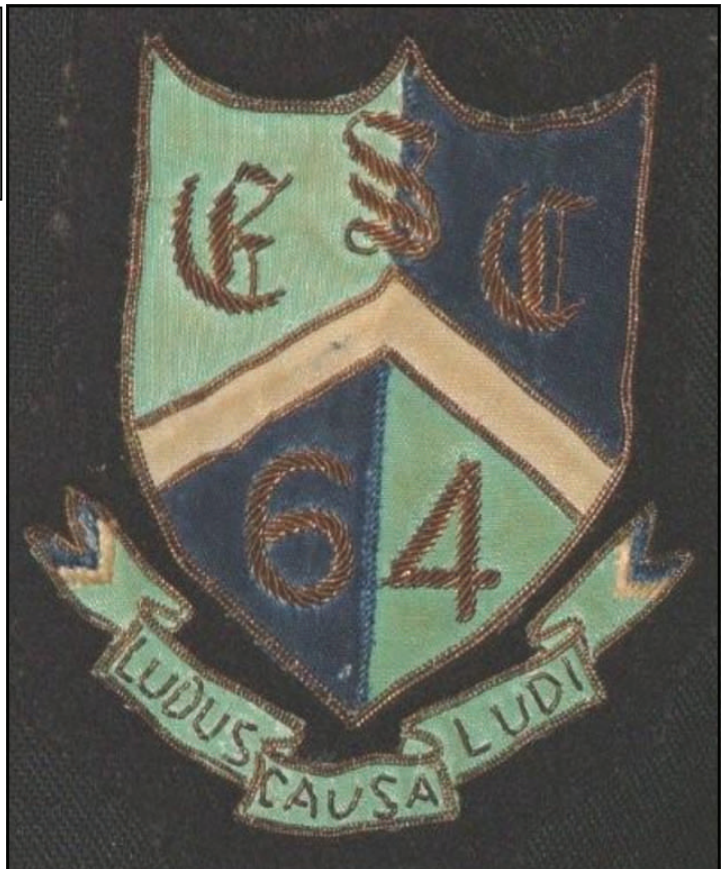
Habari 2012 Part 2 begins here ... for e-mail purposes.
Habari 2012 Deel 2 begin hier ... vir makliker e-pos versending.

From: John Kagagi [john.kagagi@gmail.com]
Sent: 03 June 2011 20:02
To: webmaster@friendsofeastafrica.net
Subject: Van Riebeeck School, Nyahururu
My name is John Kagagi. I am doing a research into the history of Kenyan rugby. I came across your website, and copies of Habari. The newsletter has been a goldmine and has given me many leads.

I was particularly interested in a picture of Van Riebeeck rugby players in the 2010 edition. Would you have any additional information on Van Riebeeck's rugby history, and indeed, any other East African rugby information? I would be most grateful if you could share it with me. I was at Van Riebeeck School in Nyahururu, which is now called Ndururumo High School. I eagerly await your response!

I took some photos, which I have attached for your interest. John Kagagi Cellno. +254722699539

We print your photographs with pleasure, John. Thank you.
All four photographs on the lower half of this page were taken by **John Kagagi**.
Editor



Hier is 'n foto van die wapen van Eldoret Rugby Club. Ek het dit nog op my double breasted blazer. *Dick Wheeler*



Photographs clockwise from top right: AIC, Nyahururu; School foundation stone; Church foundation stone; Nyahururu grave



ALETTA ECKSTEEN

TOP TWO AT HILL SCHOOL

THIS being Eldoret Festival Week, we feature two young people from '64' – the head girl and head boy of the Hill School.

Both Aletta Ecksteen and Janssen Davies come from families which have lived in the district for many years. Aletta is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ecksteen and Janssen's parents are Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Davies.

They are both the same age – three months past their 12th birthdays.

Janssen is good at sports, and has boxed, played football and swum for the school.



JANSEN DAVIES

50 YEARS AGO ...

To travel far apart is to come together. In 1962 Alta Ecksteen became head girl and Janssen Davies head boy of the Hill School in Eldoret.

The photos and short article from the East African Standard newspaper of February 1962 show two young people of the same age, born in Eldoret and selected for leadership positions in a primary school with strong British public school leanings.

Their stories start in Eldoret and wind their way through a maze of immigration to South Africa, adapting to a new schooling system, a new country, universities, employers, marriages and ultimately retirement in different areas in South Africa.

After 40 years, whilst on respective business trips, they passed one another at the then Jan Smuts International Airport and recognised one another amongst a sea of strange faces, briefly exchanged contact details and moved on with their busy lives.

Alta was then a tax expert at Anglo American and Janssen was the CEO of Sage Life and Sage Unit Trusts.

Their paths crossed once again when Alta and her husband Bill joined the SANParks Honorary Rangers West Rand Region only to find that Janssen was serendipitously the longstanding Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the SANParks Honorary Rangers.

Their individual journeys are a good example of travelling far apart but being somehow destined to cross paths again and again.

Photo (left) – East African Standard February 1962

See the following pages for the individual stories of Aletta Eksteen and Janssen Davies.



Photo 2 – Class 2A 1958 – Alta Ecksteen is front centre 7th from right; Janssen Davies is back 3rd from right (smallest boy in class). Names: **Front from L to R** – Arthur? aka "Mouse", Janet Fry, Elsa Engelbreght, ?, ?, Shaun Stevens, Alta Ecksteen, Francesca Evans, Dawn Niblock-Steward, ?, ?, Keith Clark **Back from L to R** – Steven Ashton, Timothy Barlow, Bruce McKechnie, Alistair King, David Carson, Janssen Davies, Johan du Plooy, ?

MY LIFE STORY: Eldoret, Kenya to George, Western Cape South Africa
by Aletta Naudé (née Eksteen)

Janssen asked me to jot down some memories and thoughts on my life journey with particular reference to my Kenyan background.

I was born Aletha Susanna Eksteen, eldest daughter of Alida and Koppie Eksteen of Sergoit. My mother was the daughter of Elbert Steyn who arrived in Kenya as part of the Van Rensburg trek. My father arrived in Kenya in the thirties, having left his studies at Wits to join his parents who had left South Africa in the throes of the Depression to start a better life on the Uasin Gishu. Now I am Alta Naude, wife, mother of three, grandmother of one, retired and living in George in the Western Cape

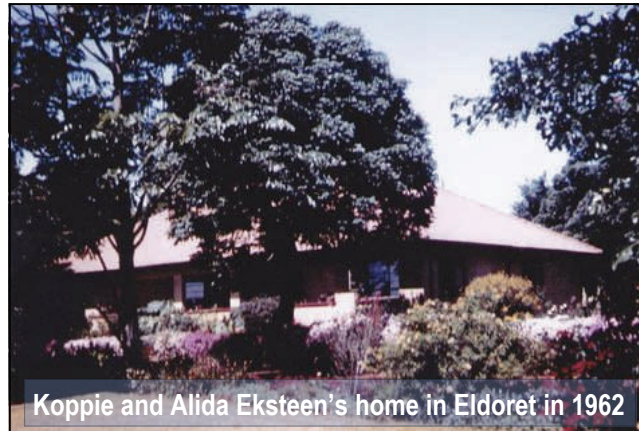
Where have I been?

I was schooled at the Hill School in Eldoret and my parents chose the boarding school option. I remember the first day clearly, the lengthy clothes list, three of everything, name tagged with tags ordered

from England. Boarding school has left me with a dislike of gluey oatmeal porridge and beds made up in "hospital corner" style, but by and large, I think the experience left me relatively unscathed.

I have always regarded the British Commonwealth schooling we received as a huge privilege even though we were taught British history and geography and nothing about Kenya, East Africa or Africa! I remem-

ber our matron, Mrs Grant, a kind and motherly person, fierce Mrs Prior and teachers Mrs Turner and Mrs Loader. The latter, a fiery Scotswoman, instilled a lifelong passion for history in me. I can still see her illustrating the swing between the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, the move



from Catholicism to Protestantism, by moving her substantial arms like a pendulum. I never excelled at sport or swimming, in fact, I hated those sessions. Maybe this contributed to my determination and success in conquering the Comrades Marathon



many years later. So it certainly could not have been any prowess in team sport that led to my appointment as head girl of the Hill School in 1962, maybe more my interest in the academic side of school.

After primary school, I was sent to boarding school in Pretoria, very far from Eldoret. This was just after South Africa had left the Commonwealth and I landed up at Afrikaanse Meisies Hoër, where the daughters of

many cabinet ministers, parliamentarians and civil servants were schooled. Having lived in a country where English and Afrikaans seemed to mix with ease, I was struck by the fact that there seemed to be a wall of apartheid between Meisies Hoër and Girls High and that I seemed to be on the wrong side. But over time one gets used to anything.

My life in Kenya ended in 1962, as I only returned for long school holidays. At that stage it was obvious that an exodus - southwards for many but also much further afield - was under way and this was evident in the dwindling numbers at the school as well as at the NG Kerk.

We spent our last December in Mombasa at Nyali Beach Hotel where we had several wonderful family holidays, having moved up the scale from Diani Beach!

The return to the farm was short and all too soon I was on my way to Embakasi Airport and South Africa.

The farm had been sold but I am not sure if it really dawned on me that as we were driving up the avenue of trees away from the farmhouse, that this would be my last glimpse of my childhood

home. And so ended my life of waking up to *chai* in my parents bedroom, served by Boy, our faithful retainer, long farm walks before breakfast, meals provided by our vegetable and fruit gardens as well as our own livestock, and cooked by Charles our *pishi*. No more the sight of the parquet being polished by Boy covering his feet with duster cloth and dancing over the floor. Gone was the endless vista of

wheat fields and blue skies. An unquantifiable loss of a unique lifestyle for me, my family and so many of those who shared this time in Kenya. I look around my house and see vestiges of that lifestyle reflected in the wooden floors, camphor wood *kist*, Persian carpets and George Enslin paintings. Often, when I enjoy a good cup of coffee, I think of how my mother bought the raw beans, roasted and then ground them and how the percolator bubbled on the cast iron stove in that kitchen in that faraway place, so many years ago. The knowledge that the farm house built by my father still exists and is being used to house Chepkoleil Secondary School is some comfort, even though I have gathered that there is nothing left of the beautiful garden created by my mother and faithfully tended by her gardeners.

My parents moved to South Africa in 1965 and I finished my schooling at Hottentots Holland High in Somerset West where my parents settled along with a large number of other ex-

Kenyans. This was followed by time at the University of Stellenbosch (B.Econ), then marriage and motherhood. I was drawn into a career in Tax, when I spent a short time working as an assessor for the Receiver of Revenue in Cape Town. To my surprise, I enjoyed the discipline, as it combined the fields of law and accounting, and so I did not leave the fiscal world until retirement, along the way attaining several post graduate qualifications in tax law. Most of my career was spent in the employ of auditors but for the last eleven years before retirement, I worked in a large mining house in Johannesburg.

Where am I now?

My husband Bill and I decided that while we enjoyed living and working in Gauteng, we would prefer to retire in a smaller, quieter place – George in the Western Cape.. Thus far this has proved to be the right decision. We seem to have settled into a routine dictated by a different clock, our new taskmasters being the interest and

volunteer groups we have joined. There is time to travel and, while we have been on many a dirt road and up and down mountain passes, to date we have not made it to Kenya.

Coming from settler stock, it is hardly surprising that two of my three children have decided to make their lives elsewhere, in Sydney and London respectively.

So finally, while it seems that the time in Kenya was minor in years compared to the rest of my life, I do feel that it made a lasting difference to the person I am now. For that I thank my parents Koppie Eksteen (1910 – 1975), Alida Eksteen (1923-2009), my siblings Boy Eksteen (White River), Charlotte Bendall (Boksburg) and Louise Laubscher (Fish Hoek) as well as numerous friends and extended family members who shared that special time and that special place with us. Finally, I thank my Creator who in his Almighty wisdom chose to place me on this troubled, challenging but amazing continent, Africa.

50 YEARS of high Adventure and constant Learning *by Janssen Davies*

I am happily retired from business after being a founder member of a financial services organisation in 1969 which eventually grew through mergers and acquisition to become the Sage Group with operations in South Africa, Bermuda and the USA. I started as an actuarial student and landed up as the Group CEO after many lessons in management and leadership in the corridors of Wits University and later Stanford University in Palo Alto, California and adventures in the international financial world. Since retirement I have pursued my interests and passions and spend my time on conservation issues and tertiary business education.

My brother Peter joined the South African National Parks in Kruger in 1977 and through his involvement in conservation there I joined the Honorary Rangers (a group of dedicated conservation volunteers in support of our National Parks) in 1978. From small beginnings in 1964 the SANParks Honorary Rangers last year contributed R38m to the 21 National Parks by way of duties performed

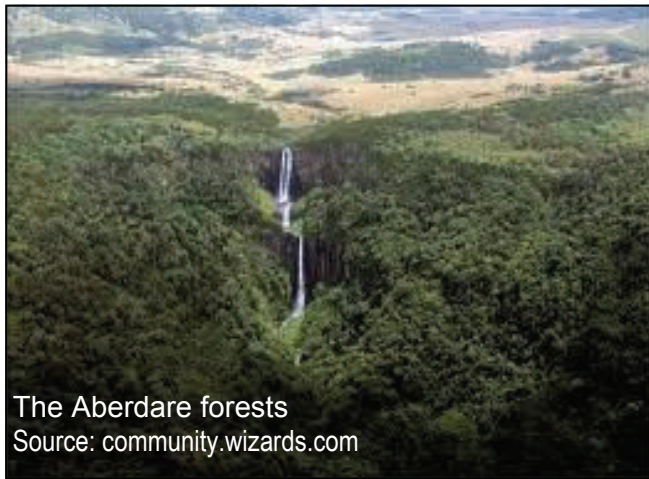
in parks and funds raised for projects such as rhino counter poaching equipment.

I served as Deputy Chairperson of the Mpumalanga Tourism and Parks Agency, a provincial conservation and tourism promotion parastatal from 2008 to 2011 at the request of the Provincial Government.

I still serve on the Wits Business School Advisory Board and on the Faculty Board of the Faculty of Law, Commerce and Management of the University of the Witwatersrand.

Janssen Davies
Chairperson
National Executive Committee
SANParks Honorary Rangers
Mobile: 076 521 9949
Email: daviesathome@icon.co.za





The Aberdare forests
Source: community.wizards.com

LIVING IN KENYA: A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE

Johnny and Henry Kruger were among the many South Africans invited by the British Government to help develop Kenya. They were from the town Tweeling in the Orange Free State, and travelled to the Trans Nzoia district where the first sale of farms took place on the 24th of May, 1913. They bought a farm some 15km from Kitale on the Eldoret road.

The majority of the farms were 1500 to 2500 acres, situated in a high rainfall area where crops and cattle would be the main farming enterprise. Johnny Kruger and his wife Daisy (nee Bruwer), also from the Free State, soon left the farm to Henry Kruger and went to work on the gold mines at Kakamega. Henry Kruger had an only son who died tragically at a young age while travelling by ox wagon.

Johnny and Daisy Kruger had three children, Elgonia, Rita and Ralph Kruger. Elgonia was the first white girl born in the Elgon district, hence the name Elgonia. Albert Steyn, also from a South African family, was the first white boy to be born in the Trans Nzoia district. At the Kakamega gold mines the Krugers met a young man from Middelburg in the then Eastern Transvaal by the name of Danie

Bosman. At 17 he had left South Africa by boat with his uncle, landing in Mombasa in 1922. He had a standard eight school certificate but became a school teacher for a while before also moving to

work on the gold mines in Kakamega. There he met Elgonia Kruger, born in 1914, whom he married in 1936. From this marriage a son John was born in 1937. Shortly afterwards Johnny Kruger and his son in law Danie Bosman bought a farm in the Ngare Dare district some 48km north of Nanyuki past Timau to a farm just north of Mount Kenya. The 14000 ft high Mount Kenya was always a beautiful sight with snow on the top, but down on the farm it could be hot. On the Southern side of Mount Kenya are the Aberdare forests where the Mau Mau in later years found a hiding place. Closer to the foot of Mount Kenya lived the Swan family with six sons and a daughter. Closer to Isiolo the Engelbrecht family lived.

Soon after arriving at the farm, Danie and Elgonia's ways parted, and John was left in the good care of his grandparents. In 1944 the Bosman family, now with a mother and Willie and Denkie van Deventer, built a house on the farm where

father and son in law continued farming. Out of this marriage were born Jakoba, Pieterella and Harm.

Johnny Kruger was a master builder. He erected a beautiful house and a water wheel next to the river flowing from Mount Kenya, and diverted the water above the water fall to turn a water wheel in the lower area of the waterfall. The water wheel served to mill maize, generate electricity and drive a saw mill. The soil below the waterfall next to the river was excellent for crop production.

There was a fair amount of game on the farm. The sheep were penned at night because of leopards. In the latter part of WW II many Italian prisoners were stationed in camps around Nanyuki. Father and son in law used to chase zebra on horseback, producing and selling biltong to the POWs. They used mules that could match the speed of the zebras.

In 1945 John and his father left for Eldoret by train for John to attend the Hill primary school. The train was single carriage with no other passengers. He recalls this journey as a bad experience. Going to a faraway school, leaving the freedom a farm offers, to be put in a huge dormitory with strangers and foreign rules, was not a good experience. But soon friends were made and it became acceptable. Young people adapt quickly.

During the latter part of World War II people on the farm were told to run for cover when war airplanes flew over. Some 1 km from

the house a deep ditch was dug where everybody would hide till danger had passed.

A discomfiting phenomenon in the Ngare Ndane was the presence of small little jiggers. They would dig in under a person's skin and host there, causing much itching. They would be visible and under protest could be dug out with a needle.

In 1948 Johnny Kruger and Danie Bosman sold the Ngare Ndare farm and both bought new farms in the Kitale district. Danie Bosman bought a farm 16 km on the Kitale road to Mount Elgon farming with maize, dairy cattle and pigs. His close neighbours were the Claasens and the Boshoffs. He had many friends in the Eldoret area such as Faantjie Engelbrecht and family. He bought a smallholding about 5km from Kitale on the way to Eldoret. He started farming again and building houses. He built several houses in Kitale which included the Club house.

Peter Swan, also known as Dave, was Johnny Kruger's second grandchild from daughter Elgonia. He grew up with his grandparents. He first went to primary school at Kitale and later to the Prince of Wales High School in Nairobi.

Peter spent much time with Alf Fletcher who was a neighbour. His parents were Harry and Velia Fletcher. They were the town's only hairdressers and barber at the time. In 1956 Johnny Kruger visited South Africa and died in the Paarl due to a bleeding

ulcer.

Danie Bosman in 1952 sent John and his stepbrother Denkie van Deventer to further their education in South Africa. John then was first year at Prince of Wales representing the school at hockey. Sisters Jakoba and Pietrie also followed some years later, going to school at Belfast before returning to Kenya. Koba married Bob Bentley and they live in Britain. Pietrie is married to Gert Cloete and they live at Hekpoort.

John went on to finish school at an agricultural high school at Brits. He then went to Pretoria University, qualifying as an Animal Scientist in 1961 under the well known Professor Jan Bon-sma. With Uhuru in 1962 in Kenya all the posts in agriculture went to the local people. John then stayed in South Africa, commencing work at the Department of Agriculture in 1962. He retired in 2000 after 38 years of serving agriculture in South Africa. He has remained in the beef cattle business in South Africa in an advisory capacity. He also travels extensively to South American countries and Namibia to advise beef cattle breeders.

He married Elsa van der Westhuizen, an Upington girl, in 1970 and today they have 4 children and 11 grandchildren. They live with Esther, one of the daughters, at a large mission station in Kwazulu-Natal.

The Bosman family of Danie and Sue returned to South Africa in 1972 and decided to live in Middelburg where Danie was born and where his family still lived. They have both passed away.

Daisy Kruger returned to South Africa with her daughter

Elgonia. For many years they lived in Alberton. Elgonia was married to Peter Swan from the Ngare Ndare and they had a daughter Lenise who is married to Pieter de Jongh.

Peter got married to Marissa, the daughter of Alf and Sunny Swan. They have a son and daughter. The daughter, Aileen, is a pilot flying for SA Express at present. They live on a smallholding close to Krugersdorp. Peter has a waterworks business, travelling and erecting many of these units all over South Africa.

Peter and Marissa have been to Kenya on several occasions during the past 15 years. They are friends with Tony Dyer who lives on the old farm of Johnny Kruger and Danie Bosman. After 63 years the water mill is still in good condition and being used. They recommend a visit to Kenya because "it is still a beautiful country".

The time spent with the people in Kenya on the farms, in the game parks, in the schools, in the towns and shops and sports fields are experiences that will stay with us forever. One often meets up with black people (from Central Africa) particularly the Congo, in parking areas. It is always a pleasure to speak Swahili to them.

May God continue to bless this lovely country and its people and those who had the privilege of partaking in the development of Kenya.

Asanti Sana.

Article by Danie Bosman and Peter and Marissa Swan

TWO NEW WORLD HERITAGE SITES FOR KENYA

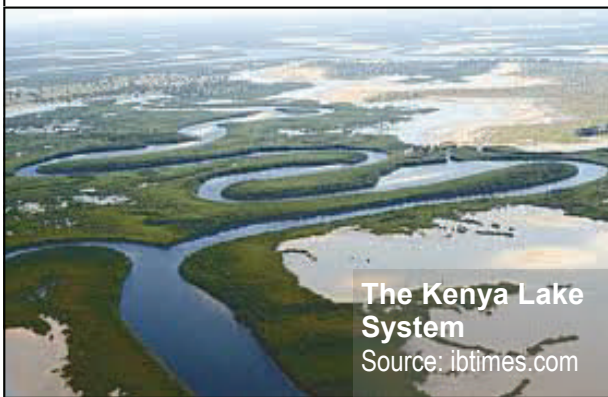
Two Kenyan sites have been added to UNESCO's World Heritage List:- Fort Jesus in Mombasa and Kenya Lake System in the Great Rift Valley.

Fort Jesus was built by the Portuguese from 1593-1596 to the designs of Giovanni Battista Cairati to protect the port of Mombasa. The fort's layout and form reflect the Renaissance ideal that perfect proportions and geometric harmony are to be found in the human body. The property covers an area of 2,36 hectares and includes the fort's moat and immediate surroundings.



Fort Jesus

Source: travelphotobase.com



The Kenya Lake System

Source: ibtimes.com

The Kenya Lake System comprises three inter-linked relatively shallow lakes (Lake Bogoria, Lake Nakuru and Lake Elementaita) and covers a total area of over 32 000 hectares.

The property is home to 13 globally threatened bird species and is the single most important foraging site in the world for the lesser flamingo, and a major nesting and breeding ground for Great White pelicans. It also features sizeable mammal populations, including Black rhino, Rothschild's giraffe, greater kudu, lion, cheetah and wild dog.

Iwould like to correct some of the inaccuracy in your brief note on Father's memoirs in Habari 2010: Jonathan did not write them - Dad wrote them himself in the 1970s. My wife typed them for him but he never did get to write the latter part of his life, partly we suspect because the tragic death of our mother in 1968 was still too poignant and distressing. After he died in 1991, we explored various avenues for publishing them. These have at last come to fruition, much helped by Jonathan and various other family members. What Jonathan has published so far is a somewhat slimmed down version, and I have put together a number of relevant appendices which would, I think, be of great interest to any reader. The result, with a wonderful picture of Dad in his Kipkarren farming days standing on the top of Sorora Hill overlooking his farm on the cover, is being printed by a local charity for handicapped adults which was the recipient of Dad's Memorial Service collection. My guess is that anyone who knew Dad would prefer to have the full story rather than the abbreviated one. Please let people know. *Best wishes, Peter Woods*

OOORLEDE/DECEASED

- **Joey Kruger** – oorlede 2010 saamtrek.
- **Mev G M Engelbrecht** Herfsakker Nelspruit.
- **Mnr Landgrebe**, Linden Aug 2010.
- **Van van Aardt** Haenertsburg Nov 2009.
- **Andries Welmans** Lynnwoodrif Mei 2011.
- **Frank Poppleton**, passed away on the 16th June this year. He would have been 89 on the 30th July – *Lynette Brennan neé Poppleton, Krugersdorp.*
- **William (Bill) James Hurst Botha** [KR4190] died in Pietermaritzburg, 7th August 2011.

- **Tant Dorothy Prinsloo**, die vrou van oom Daan Prinsloo, broer van Tant Laal Prinsloo van Eldoret. Hulle het in Natal gebly.
- **Mnr J S Botha** Chinoyi
- **Cora de Wet** (Joubert) Marble Hall
- **Douglas Dewar Hilton**
- **Ria Dry** Elsburg
- **Pietie du Preez** (seun van Manie du Preez)
- **Alida Meyer** Eldoret/Rustenburg
- **Koba Taljaard** (Snyman)

**EULOGY FOR THE LATE
ERIC CECIL known
throughout Kenya as Bwana
Safari, a title bestowed on
him by President Jomo Ken-
yatta.**

Eric had a life long love affair with motor cars.

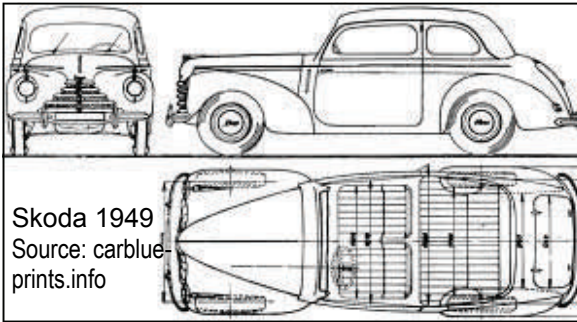
His first vehicle in Kenya was a Ford Prefect that took him through all of East Africa in the days when the only tarmac road was Nairobi to Nakuru. He later swapped this for a series of Skodas. He recommended Motor Mart to be the importers and sold the first 10 Skodas imported to Kenya.

Eric was at a party in Nairobi when he heard someone saying Skodas were rubbish. On the spot he said he would drive a Skoda to Cape Town and back without any trouble.

Being the entrepreneur he was, he arranged to take letters from the Mayor of Nairobi to all the cities on the way, telling them of Nairobi's imminent nomination as a city. This ensured lots of publicity for his drive. With unbelievably little sleep Eric managed this drive from Nairobi to Cape Town and back in six days over mostly earth roads and stopping in all cities to meet the Mayor to present his letters.

He returned to Nairobi on the day it became a city and the Skoda, with Eric at the wheel, joined the parade, ensuring exposure for Skoda – sales increased dramatically.

He then together with Jim Heather-Hayes founded Kenya's first motor racing circuit at Langa Langa just below Pembroke School near Gil Gil in 1951. Eric built a lightweight open bodied sports car using all the bits and pieces from a



crashed Skoda. This car was built at his and Toni's house at Riverside Drive some of it in the lounge, much to Toni's distress. However, she was a great supporter of his racing and worked as a member of the Pit Crew at Langa Langa.

Toni used to worry about Eric's racing, especially when he crashed a Tatra, nearly killing himself. He, in usual style, made light of the accident.

Langa Langa became a Kenya institution and attracted crowds and hundreds of spectator vehicles. I am proud that as a kid I attended Langa Langa and heard the booming voice of Eric doing the commentary when he was not racing. He competed in many races, in most of which he won his class.

One evening Eric and Neil Vincent were at Neil's house in Limuru, when Eric tried to persuade his cousin Neil to race at Langa Langa, he declined saying he got no pleasure from driving round in circles. However, If Eric organ-

ized a race half-way across Africa with the first man home, the winner he would certainly join it.

Never one to step back from the impossible, Eric organized the

1953 Coronation Safari Rally and also found all the finances for the event. The money came from The East African Standard, Shell, East African Airways, Hughes Motors and Motor Mart.

A Kenya institution was founded and it was billed as "the greatest motor event of any kind ever to be run in East Africa". This was in no way an overstatement.

In typical fashion, Eric lent Tatra T600 to Vic Preston and D.P. Marwaha which won its class and the sales of these cars took off.

In that tally Gerry Davies completed the route in a Morris Minor but was time barred at the end.

The Coronation Safari grew every year and in 1956



Tatra T-600 Class Winner in 1953 Left to right:
Vic Preston Senior /Vic Preston Junior/ DPO
Marwaha Source: eastafricansafarirally.com

had 93 entries including Eric, who entered his first Coronation Safari and you guessed it, he won it!

This was also the year of the first overseas entry Maurice Gatsonides, the inventor of the Gatso speed cameras so popular with motorists. Gatsonides publicized the wonders of the event to Europe and so started an avalanche of overseas entries. But it still took the overseas drivers another 16 years to win the event.

Incidentally, Eric made the competitors all have the number of their car on the roof and

1953 Coronation Safari



started a world first in broadcasting the first live radio commentary of a rally from an airplane which, naturally, Eric was flying himself.

He also started something new in motorsport at the time by allowing advertising on competing cars. How far this has come can be seen on TV any week-end of the year.

Eric was Chairman of the Safari Rally for the next 20 years and what a momentous event it became during this time. The Safari Rally attracted entries from every country in the world and

was made a round of the World Rally Championship. The Safari Rally was seen by millions on TV all over the world.

The Safari Rally was my personal main reason for living for 21 years between 1970 & 1991. I suffered from "Safari Fever" for all this time which is an incurable sickness, only relieved at Easter every year. For anyone who cannot understand "Safari Fever" I now quote from "Safari Philosophy", written by Eric:

- To compete because it is the toughest and most glamorous rally in the world.
- To laugh when you feel like crying
- To go on when your race is run and eventually to finish even though you are last
- To stay awake when you are so tired you can hardly think
- To laugh at another's misfortune ... and your own
- To meet adversity with enthusiasm and victory with dignity
- To talk about it for months afterwards

- To sleep, perchance to dream ... of NEXT YEAR'S SAFARI

In 1993 I was competing in the London to Sydney rally and in the middle of the Nullabor Desert in Australia who suddenly appeared but Eric. He had driven hundreds of kilometers to Kalgoorlie to wish the Kenyan competitors "Bon Voyage". What a great gesture from a great man.

In 2002 the Safari Rally lost its World Championship status and I decided to run a Classic Safari Rally with cars built before 1971. This was to be a celebration of 50 years since Eric had started this whole thing.

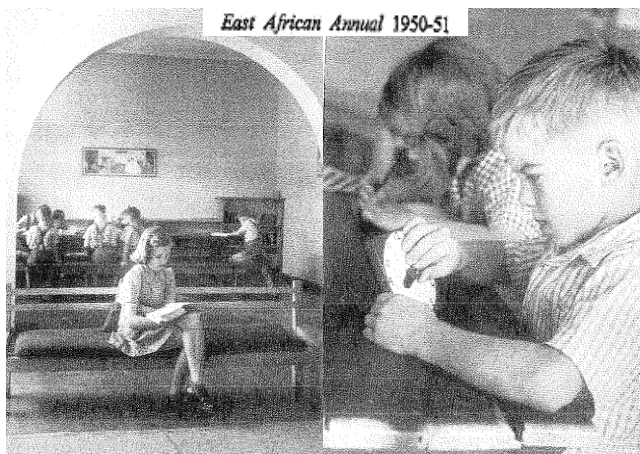
I contacted Eric in Australia to tell him that we were having a 50th birthday for his invention. He was delighted and offered to be our patron. He gave TV and newspapers interviews and was treated as the hero that he was. To him it was a step back in time and he enjoyed every minute of the rally. He flagged the cars off at the start and at many other places. He was at that time a sprightly 82 year old.

I think that that visit to

Kenya was what made Eric return to live in Kenya for the remainder of his days.

The Classic Safari Rally was only meant to be a 50th Anniversary celebration of Eric's baby, but it turned into a great success with a full house of competitors from all over the world every two years.





This article on the youngsters of Kenya in one of their schools is written and illustrated by Peter Hill, A.R.P.S.

A FROEBEL SCHOOL IN KENYA

AT ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL, TURI, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF Kenya, children from all parts of East Africa receive primary education by the Froebel system. Student teachers also take a three-year course there and the school has the distinction of being the only overseas centre at which the London Froebel qualification may be obtained.

The Froebel system, briefly, demands two things: Firstly, that a child shall learn by doing rather than by sitting at a desk being stuffed with factual information by the teacher. Secondly, that a teacher's principal job is to develop the "Divine Spark" in each child. The first expression of this idea was made by Plato, so there is nothing "modern" about it; but not until the 1944 Education Act did the authorities in England seriously consider that activity methods would be better for young children than formal work.

St. Andrew's was first opened by Mr. and Mrs. Lavers in January 1931 with seventeen pupils. Now there are one hundred and fifty boys and girls, but it is intended to reduce this number to one hundred and twenty when there is less demand on school accommodation in East Africa.

One night in February 1944 the school was completely burnt down, but all the children were removed without any casualties. It was a great crisis for the school, for not only were the buildings gutted, but only a small proportion of the equipment could be saved. The loss of books, alone, numbered over seven thousand, and this in a time of acute paper shortage.

There were not enough vacancies in the whole colony for children to be absorbed into other schools, so plans had to be made to carry on the school immediately. Kind friends accommodated children and staff, temporary buildings, known as "cow sheds," were erected, and with only paraffin lamps and no running water, sixty-eight cases of measles were successfully overcome. It was a trying time indeed, heartened only by the sympathy and practical help which came in from all quarters, number to one hundred and twenty when there is less demand on school accommodation in East Africa.

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The foundation stone of the new school was laid in July of the same year and the next two years saw the new buildings come slowly into being, handicapped by all the controls of a wartime period, but helped by the presence in Kenya of the Italian prisoners of war who were mainly responsible for the work. A set back occurred when the Italians left in December 1946 and it was some time before an English contractor was found to complete the work.

The sun-washed buildings lively with the numerous activities of children at work and play now have the appearance of a well established school. The exciting and harassing days of the fire and its aftermath will all go into building that tradition which becomes so great a part of any worth-while school. And into its foundations have gone, members of the staff will tell you, dropped there by a stumbling servant when on his way with the evening meal, the remains of a very good meat course and pudding.

Today the school is both busy and progressing, pressed by demands from parents from all over East Africa—as indeed are all the schools in these days of more children than the buildings will hold! Turi remains alone as an exponent of the famous Froebel system, however, and seems likely for the time being to remain its sole exponent in East Africa.

The reputation St. Andrew's has won for itself bodes well for the future, when the school's sturdy pupils themselves go out into the world in increasing numbers and send back to their old school new generations eager to participate in the tradition which is so rapidly being created.



Jenny Eaton writes with regard to Mr Woods' memoirs:

I am so glad he has found those interested in my father's memoirs, and we have been going through my father's carefully documented and labelled photographs of Kitale school pupils 1948 to 1954. All sorts of names and faces come alive!

Jonathan asked me to clarify the role of Tazamia foundation. It is a registered charity, not to fund Michael and my ministry, but to be independently recognised as an entity in itself, heading projects such as orphan work, refugees in distress and Sudanese in the bush or educated in Kenya. Tazamia itself is a prayer house outside Kitale at Maili Saba, on the Moi's Bridge road, to which peaceful, beautiful place many humble and other Christian people come to pray or rest.

At the same time, under Tazamia, we have a Kenyan team that assess needs of local orphanages, sibling families, the most needy in the surrounding Kitale slums area. Tazamia provides assistance, be it food, blankets, avocados, school uniforms, and a feeding programme for a day care centre for 200 very needy, young children. With 3.6 million AIDS associated orphans in Kenya, our assistance is a drop in the bucket, but specific, well overseen, and orphaned children are helped to survive!

Therefore Jonathan had felt any income from Mr Woods' memoirs should go on helping Kitale children, as he would have liked, hence the book costs go into the Tazamia A/C in UK, which funds are used solely to assist primary age Kenyan children around the Kitale area, especially Kipsongo slum.

Michael and I continue to live and work in Kenya and surrounding nations, and these days a good number of nations further afield, not for income, but ministry.

Grateful for your involvement in distributions of the memoirs too. *Jenny Eaton*



Madge Pladen Ian Barberton Robin Tilney



Fiona Robertson Jennifer Woods Celia Falch



S. Grandcourt J. Lesser Pat Gay-French



Nicholas Pickford Sally Nield Jonathan Woods

FROM A
KITALE
SCHOOL
PAGE IN
THE J
WOODS
ALBUM



Fiona Robertson Jacques Barraclough Brian Bayles



Mark Young John Foster Roger Symons



Juliet Davis Rosalind Sinclair Theresa Voorvelt



Elsie Sande Jean Lesser Celia Falch



Piet Prinsloo skryf

My oom, Piet Joubert, is oorlede. Hy het in Maart 99 jaar oud geword en kon nog met 'n mens kan gesels. Sy verstand iwas helder en hy kon nog goed onthou.

Hy was van Tanganjika, die kleinseun van Pieter Joubert wat in die begin van die laaste eeu saam met nog 'n paar Jouberts Tanganjika verken het. Sy pa se naam was Hansie Joubert.

Hier langsaan is 'n foto van hom en my tante op hulle troudag. Sy was my ma se jongste suster.

Pieter Cornelius Joubert het besluit dat hy nie onder Brittanje in SA wou bly nie. Hy was onder die wapen tot die einde van die Boere oorlog. Tydens die einde van die oorlog het hy die werke van Stanley gelees en wou dus na die Belgiese Kongo gaan kyk. Hy het ook gewonder oor Madagaskar. Willem (Koffie) Joubert was die eerste een wat gedink het aan Duits Oos-Afrika – en as deel van 'n groep met die Duitse Konsul in Pretoria gesels en reëlings getref. Dit lei toe na 'n 'soekkommissie' wat op 14 Januarie 1903 op Machadodorp bymekaar kom en vandaar na L.M. vertrek. Die kommissielede was Pieter Cornelius Joubert, sy seun Hannes Joubert, en Frans Joubert (al drie van Ermelo), asook genl David Joubert en sy seun David van Carolina, plus 'n aangetroude familielid Joachim de Clercq (oom Gom). Hulle het vandaar op 'n skip, die Kanzler, op 17 Januarie vertrek tot by Beira. Op die 25ste was hulle op Zanzibar en later die aand in Dar-es-Salaam. Daar het hulle met die Duitse owerhede onderhandel en reëlings getref om die binneland deur te kyk. Hulle het ook voorraad gekoop en ou gewere gekry. Toe is hulle met die Skip, Kaizer Wilhelm II na Mombasa waar die Engelse hulle weer, soos na die Boere-oorlog, ontwapen het!

Van Mombasa is hulle per trein die binneland in tot waar Nairobi nou is – daar was net grasvlaktes en 'n hotel, 'The Dark Bungalow' waar 'n groot leeu lekker by hulle verby gedraf het. Vandaar is hulle per spoor na Lake Victoria (houtbrandertjie – nie kole gehad nie) en toe

met 'n gesukkel met 'n bootjie het hulle van Port Florence in Kenia na Shirati in Duits Oos-Afrika vertrek – en 2 keer byna skipbreuk gely met storms op die meer.

Hulle het 20 Februarie met die Duitse amptenare gesels en gereël om te voet die land te verken en te stap tot by Tanga! Lang storie kort – na weke se safari het hulle almal malaria gekry. Genl David Joubert is dood en daar begrawe – en hulle het met moeite weer Shirati gehaal. Vandaar is hulle terug na SA, maar het die Duitsers in Dar-es-Salaam belowe om weer te kom. Twee jaar later (1905) is Piet Joubert terug met 'n groep wat hulle die

Groot Kommissie genoem het. Vanaf Mombasa het hulle trein gery net tot by Voi, en is vandaar oorland na die Kilimanjaro area, waar hulle besluit het om hulle te vestig – by Moshi en Arusha – en is toe terug en het waens gepak en getrek. Voor hulle het 'n paar ander mense, soos die Von Lansbergs, ook soontoe getrek. 'n Aantal trekke het gevolg – die grootste gelei deur Pieter Joubert. Na 'n aantal jare het 'n deel van hulle besluit die Duitsers was erger as die Engelse, en toe oor die grens na Kenia gegaan, ook Piet Joubert wat later betokke was by die stigting van Vergenoeg gemeente in Eldoret. Hannes het getrou met Hester Visser wat as jong dogter saam met die Joubert trek na Tanganjika toe is. Haar pa het in Ngara Nairobi naby Kilimanjaro geboer en nie na Kenia gegaan nie. Piet Joubert (sien foto) is daar op sy plaas gebore.

Van die inligting is in "Volksaltare" deur HJC Pieterse, wat Piet se onderwyser was. Die boek is 1 van 3 wat hy oor Piet se oupa se lewe geskryf het. Verder het Wynand Charles Malan onlangs 'n boek geskryf oor die boere in Duits Oos-Afrika – hy is bekend as Wynsaal Malan.



Foto bron: overlandingafrica.com

**PHIL EN PETRO OLIVIER
IN KENIA**

Mev Petro Olivier skryf in Augustus 2010

Ek het onlangs weer van die vroegste Habari uitgawes gelees en dié van 1986 vreeslik geniet – ook die lewensverhaal van Abraham Mouton van Plateau deur sy seun Benjamin. Ons het hulle goed geken en jare gelede in Louis Trichardt gesien toe hy al baie siek was.

Ek het ook die ander geskiedenis geniet, soos van oom Schalk, waar my man op die Habari bygevoeg het: “Ik wil maar zeg.”

Dit was interessant om weer te lees van die stigting van die gemeente Vergenoeg, op die plaas van Frans Arnoldi, naby Nakuru, deur ds. J.M. Louw. Geen wonder nie dat een van sy seuns, Hoffie, later die gemeente by Thompson’s Falls (Laubscher) bedien het.

Ons reis van Pretoria na Eldoret het ses weke geduur. Twee predikante van die ring van Lydenburg moes saamreis om die nuwe predikant te orden en te bevestig. Dit was di. Thos Cronjé en Van Wyk. Prop. Awie Malan en sy vrou, Ina, was ook by. Hy is later in Tanganjika se gemeente, Meru, georden en bevestig. Op die lange reis moes ons oral waar van ons kerk se mense was, oorbly. Elke naweek is dienste gehou, mense getrou, jongmense aangeneem, Nagmaal bedien en kinders gedoop (nie almal baie klein nie).

’n Entjie buite Eldoret is ons verras deur ’n groepie gemeentelede wat ons ingewag het. Die vroue het glo bespiegel oor wat ek sou aangetrek het, onder meer ’n kakierok! Hul hartlikheid het ons oorweldig.

Die pastorie was gemeubileer en die spens vol lekkernye. Ons was in ons skik daarmee en ook met Phil se lekker studeerkamer. Daar was nie ’n telefoon nie, maar dit het min gepla! Almal was welkom om sonder af-

spraak te kom inloer. As die boere dorp toe gekom het, het hulle dikwels kom kuier. Een vertrek is as ’n biblioteek ingerig en is gereeld besoek.

Ek onthou die oulike kerkie! Al “monument” van Phil in die gemeente was die geboutjie met toilet- en wasgeriewe, wat met Nagmaalnaweke en die jaarlikse veertien dae katkisasie nuttig was. Dan was die kerkplein vol waens, tente en gesellige mense.

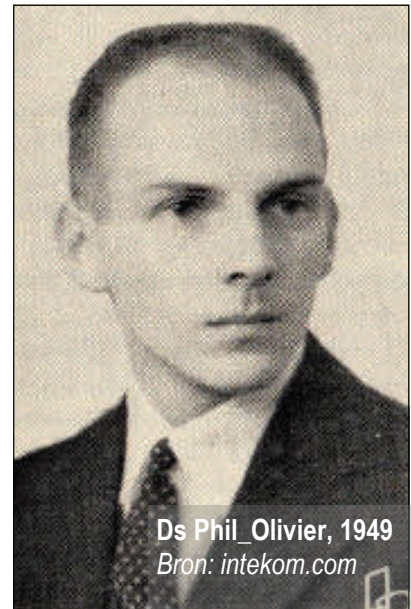
Die buurgemeentes (Laubscher en selfs Meru) se predikante het mekaar om die beurt met Nagmaaltye besoek en toe feitlik al die dienste gehou. Op só ’n besoek sit my man en ds. Hoffie Louw ná die diens op die preekstoel terwyl die gemeentelede die kerk verlaat. Toe vra ds. Hoffie: “Wie is daardie man wat deur die kerkte perd aankom?” Dit was Naas Steenkamp.

Die omgewing was pragtig en op die plase was ons altyd welkom. Ek dink aan die pad na die Jordaans met die wuiwende koringlande en die verblou Sharanganiberge!

Ons twee dogters, Marietjie en Christine, is albei in Eldoret se hospitaal gebore, dus is Eldoret ook vir hulle spesiaal. Vir Vergenoeg se halfeeufesviering het ons van Kaapstad af per motor daarheen gereis – groot opwinding vir ons al vier!

Die Italiaanse krygsgevangenes het die pragtigste meubels vir die boere gemaak, én hul eie olieverb. Hulle het hulle skilderye in die pastorie se biblioteek kom uitstal, en heelwat is verkoop. Ons het twee watterverfstillewes gekoop. Ek en Ina Malan het skilderlesse geneem by ’n gevangene wat voor WOII in Florence kuns studeer het.

My man het ’n jeugvereniging, Die Vriendekring, gestig. Die meeste byeenkomste is in die pastorie gehou en was baie pret. Ernstiger dinge het ook aandag gekry. Hulle het onder Phil se leiding Salomo se Hooglied in afwiseselende spreekkore gelees – belangrik vir verliefdes én vir ons, ook nog bloedjonk!



Met my man het hulle baie gespot oor een aand toe hy op pad huis toe in die nagkar vasgery het!

Toe ons na Kaapstad verhuis het, het ons daar ons huis Vergenoeg gedoop. Van ons gemeentelede het kom kuier. Ek onthou Jan, Alex en Anna Boshoff se besoek, en Adam van Rensburg en oom JB en tant Lena Steyn van Kitale se kuiers.

Aan almal wat ons geken het en hul nageslagte, stuur ek, ook namens Marietjie en Christine, hartlike groete. Dankie vir u liefde en gasvryheid wat ons altyd sal onthou.

My man is op 26 Augustus 2008 oorlede ná ’n lang tyd in die kliniek van Seapark, Melkbosstrand, waarheen ons getrek het nadat ons ’n hele klompie jaar ná ons aftrede op Kleinbaai, naby Gansbaai, gewoon het. Hy was toe 90 jaar oud. Dis ’n voortdurende gemis, hartseer en verlange, maar daar is ook soveel goeie en mooi herinneringe. Ons was 63 jaar en vyf maande getroud.

Ek het verlede jaar na ’n ouetehuis op Swellendam getrek omdat Christine-hulle hier woon en ek nie meer op my eie kan regkom nie – my bene gee in.

COOPER MOTOR CORPORATION LIMITED PRICE LIST
1ST DECEMBER, 1961.

| | Nairobi Price £ | Delivery Position |
|---|--------------------|----------------------|
| LAND ROVER | | |
| 88" Regular with Canvas Hood | 965 | Mid December |
| 88" Regular with Metal Detachable Top with Windows | 1017 | Mid December |
| 88" Regular with Truck Cab and $\frac{3}{4}$ Canvas Hood | 995 | End December |
| 88" Regular Station Wagon | 1122 | Mid December |
| <u>If Canvas Hood NOT required deduct £10.</u> | | |
| 109" Long Chassis (S.2005) | 1090 | Early Feb. '62 |
| 109" Long Standard Truck Cab and $\frac{3}{4}$ Canvas Hood | 1153 | Ex Stock |
| 109" Long Standard with full length Metal Hard Top | 1197 | Ex Stock |
| 109" Long Standard with full length Metal Hard Top with side windows | 1202 | End December |
| 109" Long Standard with full length Metal Hard Top with side windows & Station Wagon type rear door | 1209 | January '62 |
| 109" Long de Luxe Truck Cab and $\frac{3}{4}$ Canvas Hood | 1177 | Ex Stock |
| 109" Long Station Wagon | 1335 | Ex Stock |

If Canvas Hood NOT required deduct £15.

If Diesel Engine is required in any of the above vehicles ADD £120.

| | | |
|--|------|--------------|
| ROVER | | |
| 100 with Girling Disc Brakes & Overdrive | 1400 | February '62 |
| 3 litre Overdrive and Girling Disc Brakes | 1690 | February '62 |
| 3 litre Automatic " " " | 1760 | February '62 |
| <u>If Bucket Seats required £14 EXTRA. (Standard equipment on 3 litre automatic)</u> | | |

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|---------------|
| PORSCHE | | |
| 1600 c.c. Type 356.B. Coupe Super | 1675 | Special Order |

| | | |
|------------------------------|------|----------------|
| HOLDEN | | |
| Special 4-Door Sedan | 975 | January '62 |
| Special 4-Door Station Sedan | 1105 | Mid December |
| Panel Van | 985 | 1 mid December |
| Pick-Up Utility | 955 | 1 ex Stock |

| | | |
|--------------------------|------|----------------|
| VOLKSWAGEN | | |
| Saloon 1962 | 645 | January '62 |
| Saloon Sliding Roof 1962 | 662 | Early December |
| Karmann Ghia Coupe 1962 | 865 | End December |
| Karmann Ghia Convertible | 966 | Special Order |
| Delivery Van | 832 | Ex Stock |
| Insulated Van | 1035 | Special Order |
| Refrigerated Van | 1749 | Special Order |
| Shop Van | 907 | Special Order |
| Pick-Up | 842 | 1 ex Stock |
| Pick-Up Double Cabin | 918 | Ex Stock |
| Kombi | 887 | Mid December |
| Microbus | 936 | Ex Stock |
| Microbus de Luxe | 1124 | Ex Stock |
| Ambulance | 1030 | Ex Stock |
| Caravan (new model) | 1238 | Ex Stock |

| | | |
|---|-----|----------|
| Tasker Trailers | | |
| 15 cwt. Land Rover Chassis only, 600 x 16 tyres | 149 | Ex Stock |
| 15 cwt. " " " " 750 x 16 tyres | 169 | Ex Stock |
| <u>BODIES CAN BE SUPPLIED LOCALLY FOR THE ABOVE CHASSIS AT A COST OF £30.</u> | | |
| 3 ton 4-Wheeled Farm Wagon Chassis only | 199 | Ex Stock |

From: Keith Elliot

Sent: Wednesday, May 18, 2011 5:04 PM

To: [bruce rooken-smith](#)

Subject: Mombasa...Island of War.

Before I get down to Mombasa, I must record a development that will bring Nairobi much nearer to 2011. Where Ainsworth Bridge is situated, a massive (for Nairobi) flyover is in the process of being constructed by the Chinese. They have a huge banner hanging from one bridge under construction, but as it was in Chinese characters, only some erudite person (George) could translate. I think I saw the old Ainsworth Bridge carefully preserved in the middle.

We were fortunate to be met at Moi Airport in Port Reitz, by Peter Rodwell, son of the iconic Coast Causerie author, Edward. Although we knew each other vaguely when I lived in Mombasa, he was kindness itself squiring us around the town, and organising accommodation for us, at the Mombasa (Chini) Club ... I entered the Club premises with some trepidation, as on my last visit there, at a most enjoyable function, I let off a fire extinguisher in a display of bravado, from the top veranda *noga!* However none of the staff (it was 40 odd years ago,) recognised me!

The Club is well over 100 old, a real gracious lady nestling between a very old pile of rocks, which badly need a touch of paint, and a "modern" architecturally designed, Arab home. Our room was on the top floor, with a wonderful view across the entrance to the old Dhow harbour. Mosquito nets and air conditioning provided the ancient and modern! In what is still a gentleman's club, the old Men's bar has in the last year succumbed to the fairer sex's onslaughts, and locals can no longer escape from their Memsahibs in there!

One thing disappointed me – when I repaired to the bar for sundowners, at 18:00 hours, there was not the crowd that I remembered from long ago, and no one to talk to. Mind you, with only 50 odd wazungu living on the island now, it is probably not surprising; most live on the mainland and have other watering holes.

Peter took us out over the new Nyali Bridge, to Kisauni, where we dropped Patsy off at the delightful home of Lorna Philips, wife of Peter, who was a colleague of hers at Smith Mackenzie and Company in the early sixties. The garden runs down to Tudor Creek, and is designed to catch any breeze that appears.

A few yards further down live Johnny Antoni and his wife Audrey, nee Jennings. Johnny had a stroke some years ago and greeted us from his wheel chair, seemingly hale and hearty. We reminisced about the old days at the Mombasa Sports Club, and rugby matches we had played in. He remembered every person and occasion we discussed ... It was shattering to get a call just after we returned to Johannesburg to learn that Johnny had died just a few days later. Was so glad that I managed to see him again

Next morning we summoned a trusty tuk-tuk, ideal for sightseeing, to see the town. First big change was a pile of rubble where the Szlapak's Manor Hotel used to stand. Down what was Kilindini Road, towards the Port, the Palace was glittering white and looking lived in, but the Carlton Hotel was a skeleton of its former self. Ex-residents of Mombasa will recollect the Copper Kettle on its ground floor.

My former Office, The African Mercantile Building looked good; it is now called Cotts House. Under the Railway Bridge, and on the left, the wrought iron of the old Smith Mackenzie Office is just an empty shell. The port looks busy with a massive lighthouse-like tower sticking hundreds of feet out of the ground.

The next day I ventured into the, "old pile of rocks", as I disparagingly described Fort Jesus earlier on, a most interesting discovery for me as I toured the bastions and cannon ports. Uncovered since I was there last, was a well, with fresh water moving through the bottom, very brackish apparently, but still amazing, as it is located only a hundred meters from the sea. Although it says it was dug by the Omani Arabs after they captured the Fort from the Portuguese in 1698, after an almost three year siege, I am sure it must originally have been used by the Portuguese, how else could they have held out for so long? I asked the guide about tunnels rumoured to have been dug through the coral to various escape points, but he knew nothing of them.

I walked past a group of Arabs chewing Mira and, having always wondered what it was all about, took a mouthful of the offered bitter tasting leaves. It did nothing for me, obviously takes much more than a mouthful to get all fired up.

Next day saw us fly home via Jomo Kenyatta Airport ending an extremely hectic, but very enjoyable twelve days in East Africa. I can fully recommend a visit to that part of Africa.





Peggy Owen Peggy Wilson



Cleone Albert Elizabeth Hendrik Alfred
 Keese Hill Stewart Steyn Fletcher



Judy Roberts Wendy Tolly



Nicol Brian Stella Hermann Betty
 Cameron Eddy Dacreloy Nemesyer Littlechafes

VII
 1954



David Paul Francis John
 Bassett Lane Henn Davison

FROM A
 KITALE
 SCHOOL
 PAGE IN
 THE J
 WOODS
 ALBUM



Caroline Sally Susan
 Bateman Kerfoot Luke



Elsie Sheen Elizabeth Edie Guy
 van der Westhuysen Valentine Peet Woodley Innes



Ian Derek Richard Thomas
 Hallett Forrester Statham Shaw



Janice Susan Sally
 Howitt Hitchcox Lloyd



Susan Deirdre Celia
 Hitchcox Raymer Falch



Mary William Clive Julian Jung
 Leech Revell Thatcher Robinson



Clive Thatcher