

HABARI 2013

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

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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 2013 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 5 Oktober 2013

Voortrekkermonument se ontspanningsterrein /

Ons sien mekaar daar!

Kenya Get-together

Saturday 5 October 2013

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

Baie dankie aan almal wat tot vanjaar se Habari bygedra het. A big thanks to everyone who sent text and photographs for this year's Habari.

There seems to be a shift toward recent and current issues in East Africa, although readers still send reminiscences. En elke Habari se karakter word bepaal deur wie wat stuur. Ons het in hierdie Habari 'n sterk skoot Afrikaans ... baie meer as in 'n hele aantal jare en 'n heel goeie ding op sigself, behalwe dat ek gewonder het of ons vir ons oorsese en net-Engelse lesers 'n vertaling moet doen. Toe nie daarby uitgekom nie – dis meer werk as waarvoor ek op die oomblik kans sien.

Die byeenkoms by die Voortrekkermonument sal hopelik weer wees waar ons dit vorige jare gehou het – nie by die fort nie, maar op die bopunt van die helling by die amfiteater. Although the fort on the Voortrekker Monument's premises is quite neat and a great place for getting together, many of the more senior Kenyans find it hard going getting to it ... and then getting out of it again. The committee has therefore opted for going back to the hall above the amphitheatre, where we gathered for a number of years. As it is, we only gathered at the fort two years ago (for the first time) because something had gone awry with our initial booking of the open hall above the amphitheatre.

Stuur asseblief foto's. Skryf ook, asseblief. Hierdie jaar het ons min sterftes aangeteken, nie omdat daar min was nie, maar oor ons nie baie kennis gekry het nie.

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

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**PLEASE us your e-mail address
Stuur ASSEMBLIEF u e-pos adres**

The cost of postage is going up and up. To counter this, we have started issuing the Habari via e-mail.

It works well – it is fast, you can see all the colour there actually is, you can enlarge it on the PC screen, and you can share it easily.

Van Riebeeckskool, Thomsons Falls, Kenia

Freek Venter
Junie 2012

Die lewe in die Van Riebeeckskool waar ek my eerste paar jaar skoolgegaan het, het in my gedagtes taamlik vervaag, omdat ek nog maar jonk was toe ons daar weg is in 1962. Om die rede het ek by my suster Elsabe, asook Pieter (Boesak) Kruger wat nou naby Komatipoort woon, kers opgesteek. Laasgenoemde het nog 'n paar jaarblaai van die skool en ek sluit stukke daaruit in. Ek sluit ook aanhalings in van wat Elsabe vir my geskryf het.

Ek kan wel onthou dat dit nie lekker was vir 'n jong knaap –wat gewoon is daaraan om op die plaas met sy windbuks rond te loop – om in die koshuis te wees nie. Ek het baie verlang na my Pa-hulle en om terug te wees op die plaas. Ons het gewoonlik

BOKSSPAN



net ons ouers gesien tydens vakansies en langnaweke. Vakansies was hemels met lekker kos en vryheid om die plaas plat te loop.

Ek voel nog die sproei van die valle teen my gesig ...

Ons altyd op 'n Sondag van die koshuis af, kerk toe gestap, of dorp toe om lekkergoed te koop, of om soms na die waterval te gaan. Eendag, op pad terug van iewers af (ek het my skoolklere – wit hemp en

maroen skoolbaadjie aangehad), het ek die pad verlaat om iets interessants te bekijk. Ek het deur die kniehoogte lang kikuyugras gestap wat langs die pad groei en toe in 'n sloot vol water geval wat deur die gras toegegroeï was. Nodeloos om te sê, my wit hemp was mooi pienk gevlek en my

baadjie het so gekrimp dat ek dit skaars kon aantrek.

Oor Van Riebeeckskool skryf Elsabe soos volg: "Die bos agter die koshuis onthou ek baie goed. Slingerplante, rankplante, oumansbaard en massiewe bome. Ons het baie soorte diere gesien, soos bokkies onder en ape bo in die bome. Snags was die geroep van nagdassies (boomdasse) of –apiëse genoeg om jou nagmerries te gee. Soms is ons toegelaat om op 'n Saterdagoggend na die waterval te stap met 'n nou voetpaadjie verby die kerk in die digte bosse in. Die afklimroete tot onder in die kloof onthou ek goed. Ons het somer soms aan boomwortels gehang tot by die volgende vastrapplek. Dan het ons al langs gladde mosbedekte rotse tot by die waterval geklouter. Ek voel nog die sproei teen my gesig en die ysige waterpoele waarin ons dan gespeel het.

Met die koms van die Mau Mau en Uhuru het alles verander. Tien voet hoë doringdraad is om die koshuis aangebring. Saans is askaris by elke hek geplaas om ons op te pas. Een aand met slaaptyd is 'n Mau Mau

NETBALSPAN: KOEDOES EN TOMMIES



Voor (l.n.r.): W Bouwer (T. kapt.), mev. J de Vos (afgrigster), mej. R Basson (afgrigster), C Davies (K. kapt.)

Middel (l.n.r.): R van Rensburg, A Storm, M Crous, S Steyn, T Botes, L van Rensburg

Agter (l.n.r.): M van Deventer, J de Lange, I Bornman, R de Wet, M Randall, K van Rensburg.



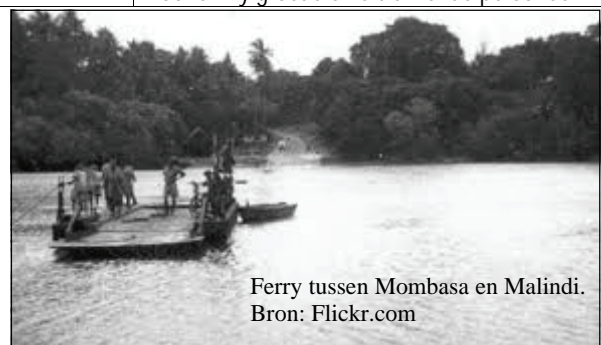
op die meisiekoshuis se plafon betrap. Van toe af moes die onderwysers en matriekseuns beurte maak om snags binne die koshuis wag te staan. Elke groot dogter moes 'n klein meisie snags by haar in die bed neem en so het ek en Annette (Botha) dan saans op 'n nou enkelbed met klapperhaarmatras geslaap.”

Soms het ons vir lang tye Malindi toe gegaan ...

Soms het ons vir lang tye Malindi toe gegaan vir seevakansies. Elsabe beskryf hierdie uittoegte vanaf Kinangob soos volg: “Vakansietyd na Malindi het reeds 12h00 snags begin met 'n konvooi voertuie en vragmotors met die tente, kaste, stoele, tafels, beddens, ens. Daar was altyd baie wild op die pad asof jy deur 'n wildtuin ry met hier en daar 'n dorp. Teen middagete het ons by Voi vir brandstof stilgehou.

1	Mej Hiemstra	12	Tant Sarah van Dyk – Skoolraad
2	Tant Sannie Beyers - Sy het in die kombuise gewerk	13	Oom Frans van Dyk – Skoolraad
3	Mnr Pienaar – 1953 -1955	14	Tant Magriet Retief
4	Mej Magriet Borman – 1954-1955	15	Hofmeyer Retief, jongste seun
5	Hoffie Retief	16	Mej Joan Karsten – getroud met Ds Louw
6	Ds Hoffie Louw	17	Tant Annie Prinsloo
7	Mnr Pauw – Prinsipaal, later Prof by Unisa. Weg einde 1954	18	Mej Kotze – 1953, 1954, 1955
8	Oom Willie van Blerk – Skoolraad.	19	Tant Lenie van Blerk
9	Mej Cruz	20	Mej Pretorius getroud met Mnr Maarschalk (21)
10	Mev Pienaar 1953 -1955 – vrou van Mnr Pienaar	21	Mnr Maarschalk
11	Mej Coetzee	Volgens die 1955 jaarblad is Mnr Ferreira die hoof en hy groet die vertrekkende personeel.	

Daar het ons elkeen 'n oranje Fanta gekry om te drink anders wou ons nie die bitter Quinine pil sluk nie – die eerste van baie. Soms moes ons vir olifante stop. Ek onthou die Arabiese kastele en geboue in Mombasa baie goed. As jy in



Ferry tussen Mombasa en Malindi.
Bron: Flickr.com

die stad inkom, het mens onderdeur twee massiewe

olifanttande gery. Vanaf Mombasa moes mens oor twee riviere ry wat nie 'n brug gehad het nie. Daar kon ons lank wag langs die rivier afhangende van hoeveel voertuie voor jou op die ferry moes ry. Swart mans het die ferry met kables oor die rivier getrek. Die een het op 'n skulp, amper so groot soos 'n rugbybal, geblaas om die oorkant te laat weet dat hulle moet begin trek."

Naby Malindi het ons gekamp so 'n kilometer suid van die dorpie onder pragtige kokosneutpalms. Die sand was spierwit, fyn en sag. Soms moes ons die bos bietjie oopkap vir die tente. Daar is ook 'n "longdrop" gegrawe en met goiingsakke toegemaak.

My Ma het groot erdekanne gehad waar daar lank voor die tyd al boerewors in vet ingelê

is. Elke dag kon 'n string wors uit die vet uitgehaal word om saam met eiers en slap mieliepap 'n heerlike ontbyt te maak. Met laagwater het die see ongeveer 500 m teruggetrek tot agter die koraalriwwe. Die vrouens kon dan na hartelus skulpe en stukke koraal optel. Die poele wat oorgebly was die see teruggetrek het, was paradys vir enige kind om in te ploeter.

Eendag wou my pa 'n duiwelvis uit een van die poeltjies op die sand uitgooi om beter te bekyk. Ongelukkig het ek in die pad gestaan en toe die vis teen my maermerrie gekry. Ek het soos 'n maervark geskreu en my pa moes my na die plaaslike dokter neem



vir teengif inspuittings.

Elsabe vertel verder: "Teen skemer sou die swart vissermanne standlangs verbykom met 'n dik stok oor die skouers en alkante hang daar dan visse, vars uit die see. As daar groot visse was, soos Kingfish of so, dan het Ma kerrievis gemaak en daar in die kamp ingelê. Ons sou vir maande kon smul aan die lekker kerrievis."

Ω



Photographs sent by
Keith Elliot



The *Whenwe* Syndrome

Dan Steyn with the help of
Estelle Bieri and **Elsie Cloete**

Should you Google *whenwe*, it will take you to Wikipedia where you will be told that this is a derogatory term associated with former colonial settlers from East Africa, particularly Kenya, nostalgically relating stories about their lives back in the colony. However, as there is usually a reason for any pattern of behaviour that gets repeated over and over, let's try and shed some light on the *whenwe* syndrome.

In doing this I unashamedly refer to my own experiences for, as someone once said, every story you tell is, in a way, a story about yourself, whether you use your own name or not. Because of this I will mainly use examples from those who moved from the Uashin Gishu down to the RSA, however I am certain that it applied to so many others whether they moved from Molo, Thomson's Falls, Limuru etc. and landed up in Australia, the UK or wherever.

We moved down to South Africa at the end of 1963 and I started at university at the beginning of the next year. By then my father had retired and with plenty of time on his hands and a relatively new motorcar I spent most of my university holidays traveling with him across the length and breadth of southern Africa looking up old

Kenyans - all the way from Salisbury to Tamboerskloof. What still clearly comes to mind was the tremendous sense of loss we found wherever we went. What was a bit schizophrenic about it all was that the South African economy was booming (or so we were led to believe) thus jobs were plentiful (if you were White); children were assured of a good (and virtually free) education; and Verwoerd was on his throne and assured everybody that they were safe from Macmillan's 'winds of change'. Added to this for most there were no difficulties with official languages and the church remained a familiar anchor. So all in all making a living was easy, and yet there was all this sense of loss with those we visited.

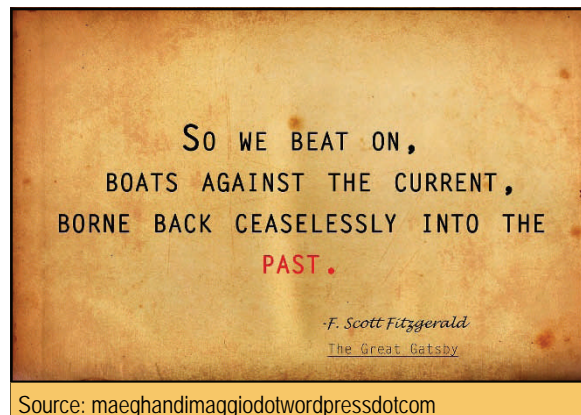
Let me give you a feeling of what I am talking about: I remember some ex-Kenyans, somewhere on a smallholding on the outskirts of one of the (then) Transvaal metropolitan areas, excitedly telling my father how easy it was to make money in this country – if nothing else you could even make a packet selling chicken manure! Furthermore, you did not even have to take the children to school as there was a school bus that picked them up

at the end of the driveway and dropped them off again in the afternoon, and all for free - something totally unheard of back in Kenya. And yet, when we sat down to drink a cup of coffee (with the ubiquitous framed picture of Mount Kenya behind us on the wall) all the excitement died down and a deep sadness set in when the conversation turned to the day they said farewell to their Nanyuki farm.

And if you wanted to experience this hankering in its extreme (that is if you could dodge all the boring speeches) you only had to visit the yearly gathering at the Fountains in Pretoria. I sat through it once or twice and decided never again – apart from the joy of meeting old friends (accompanied by greetings and snatches of conversation in Swahili), I felt I could just as well have attended a funeral.

So what was really going on? First let us first look at the social and then at the psychological dynamics.

As a young lecturer I got to know a most remarkable man – Prof. Jan Hendrik van den Berg, a Dutch professor in Psychiatry who wrote extensively on the psychology of change, or what he called *metabletics*. In one of his books he refers to a 1952 UNESCO publication by Scott and Lynton in which they identified the key factors that characterises a healthy community – the following is a quote from this work as reported by v/d Berg:



First, all aspects of life are closely integrated – work for instance, is not something separate and distinct. Secondly, social belonging is automatic. Thirdly, change is slow, and continuity is sustained by attitudes, customs and institutions. And lastly, the important social groupings are small.

So let's take each of these points and compare the life we knew in East Africa to what we found in the South.

all aspects of life are closely integrated



Source: rebekahradice.com

What is meant with this is that all the aspects of life – growing up, learning, work, illness and even death – are all experienced as a unity. For instance, work on the farm was not at a distance – as a little boy my greatest pleasure was to be allowed to sit on the tractor or on the combine harvester and before I went to school part of my job was to help my mother to feed the chickens and gather the eggs. In urban South Africa (as in most other industrialised countries) work was (and still is) at a distance – something that

the parents do in a building that the children seldom visit. In the work I now do, I often interview people on what the rest of their family do, and it often amazes me how little in-



Source: dolomyte.com

formation they can provide. With the lower socio-economic classes very few people know what their father did for a living (let alone where he is) – some can tell you he works for the *Cape Town City Council*, or for *Shoprite*, or for whoever – but that is all, usually they have no idea what he does there. In contrast to this on a farm, children, parents and workers are part of a closely integrated community and all know who, what and where everyone is.

Another example: I have a photo of my uncle and his young family standing next to the coffin of their baby sister. This picture was taken in front of our house on the Plateau on the morning of the burial in the cemetery of the neighbouring Le Roux farm. The coffin had traveled with them from Kitale and during the night it had

stood in one of the empty bedrooms. In the Union (as the RSA was then known to us) the coffin would probably have been kept in a mortuary and the burial would have been in a huge (impersonal) municipal graveyard.

The point I am trying to make is that even death was part of our lives, it was not a theoretical concept far removed. Thus when we migrated South moved from a community where all aspects of life were closely knit to a disparate society where things were much different. Not only were we scattered across a much larger country but the life here was much less integrated.



Source: bensternke.com

social belonging is automatic

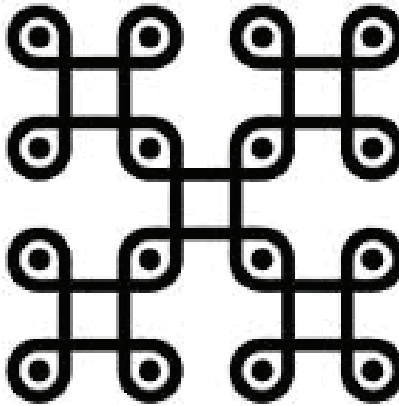
There was a story in Eldoret (I think Elspeth Huxley tells it in one of her books) of an over-enthusiastic young manager who caused chaos in one of the local oil companies – for convenience sake let's make it *Caltex*. Newly arrived from the UK, he could not understand why a Piet Steenkamp (or it could have been a Jim Davis or a Koos

Engelbrecht) had so many different accounts with their company – so he merged them all into one. Needless to say that once the harvest was in and the accounts had to be paid, all hell broke loose. What he never realised was that Piet Steenkamp was not a single soul but a whole clan of Steenkamps – probably a collection of cousins all with their old grandfather's name. Thus all the oil, fuel and lubricants that they had bought on credit throughout the year (the typical practice at the time) had now been merged into one account. How they eventually sorted out this mare's nest I never heard.

But why am I telling you this story? To illustrate that if your grandfather and father bought at *Caltex*, so did you; and if your father drove a *Ford*, so did you; and if your clan were *Hervormers*, so were you; and if your elder brother went to the Prince of Wales, so did you. Whether you bought, drove, prayed or learned – you automatically followed your forebears, i.e. you automatically belonged. It even went so far that a *Gaatjieponner* marrying a *Dopper* or a *Hervormer* was strongly frowned upon.

I am sure I needn't belabour the point by trying to explain how different things were in the South, but maybe I should give just one example. I have now been living in my current house in Somerset West for 34 years and I still don't know the names of the people living across the street from me, in fact I know their two dogs better than I know them – there is no communality or automatic belonging.

Thirdly, change is slow, and continuity is sustained by attitudes, customs and institutions



Source spreadshirt.com

This is an interesting point where one has to be careful when it comes to Kenya. Through its close links with Britain, the level of technology in Kenya – particularly in farming – was in many ways more advanced than in South Africa at the time. Typical of this was a story Oom Sonny Cloete told of how he unsuccessfully tried to convince a Free State relative that pigs are in fact clean animals should you build them proper pens with a “loo” in the corner instead of leaving them to stand knee deep in their own muck.

However, when it came to social customs things were much different, so let me illustrate what I am talking about by once again taking a peek at my photo album.

I have a photo that that my father took sometime in the mid 1920s and another that I took about 40 years later – both presumably of the same place. In the first photo we see *Model-T Fords* all parked around a small building – most

certainly a church, but apart from the cars the church is also surrounded by *nagmaal-tente*. The second photo shows a similar scene – only now some of the cars are *Ford Fairlanes* and the church is built of brick. I can distinctly remember *nagmaal-tente* around the same church in the late 50s. *Nagmaal* was still a major social occasion with people pitching their tents on the Friday and the services lasting an entire weekend – apparently it had not changed much in 40 or more years.

But it was not only the church. I remember being dragged by my cousins to a *plaasdans* at Oom Faantjie Engelbrecht in the early 60s and although it was the first dance I ever attended everything seemed very familiar. Why? Because the dances my father had attended as a *jonkman* 30 to 40 years ago and which he had many times described to me were exactly the same to what I was seeing for the first time. And so we have many other examples, whether it was a wedding, a dance or a funeral or any of the other major events in people's lives – they had changed very slowly.

How did this compare to the South?

In the year after the *plaasdans* mentioned above (early 60s) I was sent to school in Witbank and so, being in a school hostel, we also had to attend church on Sundays. Inevitably there was also a *nagmaal* with the breaking of bread and sipping of wine and a service which was of

much the same format that I knew, maybe only a bit more boring. But that was all – this was no weekend happening, no social gathering and there were definitely no tents. However, should you read the Afrikaans novels written in the earlier part of that century you will find that *nagmaal* in the South was pretty similar to how we knew it in Kenya in the late 50s, tents and all (cf.

<http://drakensview.blogspot.com/2011/05/moon-3.html>, on the net and see for yourself). As for dancing, you only had to visit Bapsfontein on a Saturday night to see how the dancing scene was constantly changing – from rock, to twist, to jive.

I hope I have made my point clear that, although technology had developed at quite a pace in Kenya, the basic social customs changed much more slowly.

*important
social groupings
are small*



In the early 60s (when most of us left Kenya) South Africa had a population of about 16 million of which 5 million were Non-African and of the latter 3 million were European. Of the Europeans in South Africa about 60% (1,8 million) were Afrikaners (people from Dutch, French Huguenot and German

descent). Compared to this the population of Kenya was 8.1 million – of which about 280 000 were Non-African and of the latter group about 55 700 were European. Unfortunately, I was not able to find the figure on how many of the Europeans were Afrikaners, however I remember that I once heard that in its heyday it was in the region of 3000 souls and of these about 700 families had settled in the Uashin Gishu.

I know that figures on their own never tell the whole story. However, in combination with a few other factors they can tell us a lot. For instance, the Afrikaners were not only a minority culture with their own language and churches, but they were also mainly concentrated in three districts: the Uashin Gishu, Trans Nzoia and Laikipia. In each of these communities their farms were relatively close to each other, they went to the same schools, they shopped in the same shops, and they supported the same rugby team. In many instances they also courted the girl from one of the surrounding farms. All of which resulted in close knit communities where everybody knew everybody else (and unfortunately in many cases also everybody else's business – something that led to quite a few fist fights at school).

Let me illustrate what I am talking about by once again taking an example from my own past – however I think many of my generation will be able to relate the same type of story.

When I left Van Riebeeck School in the then Thomson's Falls (now Nyahururu), at the

end of 1961, I doubt that the entire school (primary as well as secondary) had more than a 100 pupils, with the result that you not only knew everybody else in the school but mostly quite a lot more – you knew where their farm was, what car their father drove, and who their elder brother had married.

Now let us compare this to where I landed up in the RSA at Hertzog High in Witbank. Not only were there 14 times more pupils, but the entire staff of the school and its two hostels was not much less than the number of pupils back in Van Riebeeck. Thus by the time I left two years later, I still did not know everybody in matric (which consisted of 4 separate classes) and was still coming across faces on the playground that I had never seen before.

So what does all of the above tell us?

I think you will agree with me that when applying the criteria of Scott and Lynton, we can conclude that, compared to South Africa (and for that matter many other first-world countries), socially Kenya had a more healthy community life. Thus it was not only the physical environment (compare the White Highlands to the smoke-filled coal dumps of Witbank) that we missed, but also the close-knit community life and everything that went with it. Then, when we started migrating we had to adjust to a totally different life – and this was not only so for the Afrikaners moving south, but also for our countrymen, who moved overseas - even those

who had been born in the UK and were returning “Home” after a number of years in the Colony. What everybody was experiencing is what we today know as “culture shock”.

With the help of the ever-helpful Wikipedia we see that *culture shock is the feeling of disorientation experienced by someone who is suddenly subjected to an unfamiliar culture, way of life, or set of attitudes. One of the most common causes of culture shock involves individuals in a foreign country.* (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Culture_shock)

Unfortunately space does not allow us to explore it in detail, but it is important to realise that *culture shock* is a process that usually goes through five distinct phases: *Honeymoon, Negotiation, Adjustment, Mastery and Interdependence*. (If you want to know more of the process I would suggest you read the analysis by Paul Pedersen at <http://www.questia.com/PM.qst?a=o&d=15095974>).

Where an exodus from a familiar country and culture is intentional, the stages mentioned above usually follow their normal course. However, as the Kenya migrations were not entirely voluntary for many, there wasn't the luxury of a *Honeymoon* period, which made the transition into *Negotiation* and *Adjustment* all the more challenging.

Then the process got even more complicated: People had also lost their sense of belonging (to *be categorized, included, fit in, be suited to, have a rightful place*), feeling

they belonged neither here nor there in the true sense of belonging and kept on looking back in order to adjust to the here and now, before attempting the long road forward. And then friends and relatives were also scattered far and wide, making acculturation a lonely business.

Furthermore, although the very young adjusted effortlessly, there were other problems causing little rifts between families in terms of drawing on past experiences –

decided to take a trip back to Salinas in California where he had grown up and lived as a young man. So he sets off in a three-quarter-ton pickup truck, christened Rocinante (after Don Quixote's horse) taking Charlie, his standard poodle, with for company. After failing to find what he had expected, he later writes a book about the trip (*Travels with Charlie*) in which he comes to the conclusion that *you can never go home* (a phrase first coined by Tom Wolfe) – meaning that you



thus making the pill all the more bitter for the parents. The reason for this was a process known as *reverse culture shock* – when children who had been away for some time, for example at university or in another city, came home and found that they had difficulty fitting in. As this process was not unique to Kenyans, let me take an example from one of my favourite authors to illustrate it.

... *you can never go home* ...

John Steinbeck, after living for many years in New York,

cannot return to the home you once knew as it is no longer there, it has changed.

Above I have tried to sketch the social dynamics of the migration south and its general effect, which brings us to the final step in understanding the *whenwe syndrome* – we look at the psychological angle.

When we moved from Pretoria down to the Cape in the late 70s, an old friend (one of the first registered Clinical Psychologists in this country) warned that we can all expect a bit of a depressive reaction as a result of the big change in our lives. What he was referring to is a

common reaction known to psychologists, i.e. that major changes in your life, particularly if they are rather sudden and forced onto you, can cause a degree of reactive depression. (By the way this has nothing to do with the depression we know as a psychiatric illness, but is a normal human reaction.)

Thinking back on all those Kenyans my father and I visited in the 60s, it is probably safe to say that many, if not most of them suffered some degree of a depressive reaction. I was convinced of this when a year or so ago, for the first time after 46 years I ventured to attend a Fountains gathering again. What a difference – gone were the long and dreary speeches, gone was the funeral atmosphere, gone was the depression.

But why the initial “depressive reaction” and what has this to do with the *whenwe* syndrome?

Before I address this question, let me assure you we were definitely not the first or only or last *whenwes* in history. The Hebrews bemoaning their lot by the waters of Babylon were nothing else than *whenwes*, and the annual St Patrick’s parade that still

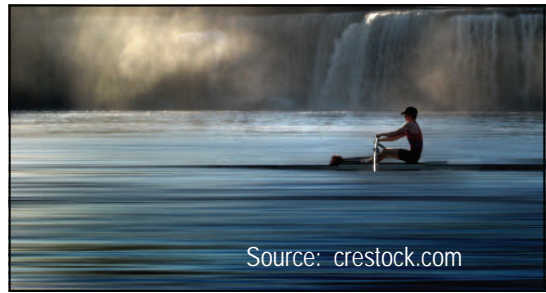
brings New York to a stop was most probably once a *whenwe* parade that has now turned into an enormous *jol*...

The older a man gets, the farther he had to walk to school as a boy ...

Now to answer the question – *whenwe* behaviour is a form of nostalgia which (the psychologists tell us) is always associated with positive emotions and makes us feel good when times are tough. Music, smell, and touch are the most effective triggers of such nostalgia. Thus when you hear a song someone in your family used to sing (for me it is my granddad singing “*The Rose of Tralee*”), or you smell the scent your mother always put on, or you feel the cool wind on a sunny morning (such as we knew so well in December when the monsoon on the Kenya Highlands was at its height) it immediately takes you back to yesteryear.

Furthermore, nostalgia

also leads to bonding and positive self-esteem. An example is a group of Scots celebrating good old Robbie Burns’ birthday (25 January) – and after a few drams of the good stuff



Source: crestock.com

and a skirl of the pipes they join together to sing *Scotland the Brave* or *The Road to the Isles*, then everyone there (even the ones they had met for the first time) becomes a dear friend, and of course then there has never been anyone braver than their forefathers who fought the Sassenachs.

So to put it in a nutshell – nostalgia (which includes the *whenwe syndrome*) is nothing less than a *natural pick-me-up* or if you prefer the modern (awful) technical term, an *anti-depressant*.

Maybe we can now also understand a bit more why we come from far and wide to the *saamtrek* once a year. Although nostalgia as a pick-me-up is no longer necessary, the sense of having something in common, or what the Americans (the archetypical land of immigrants) refer to as “roots”, is still important – even for the generation who have never set a foot in Kenya. The *whenwe* stories will also continue for as long as there is still a deep down longing in the older generation for a “heroic” time they once knew – even though the heroes and deeds seem to change and grow as the years go by, or as my old granddad used to say, *the older a man gets, the farther he had to walk to school as a boy.* Ω



By the Waters of Babylon
Source: blog.thefoundationstone.org

**ANDRÉ:
SENDING ONDER DIE
MAASAI**

Hoewel die laaste maande hier in Maasai land baie frustrasies en kopsere ingesluit het, was die grootste deel daarvan 'n tydperk van deurbraak en groei, groter as wat my span en ek ooit verwag het.

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

Van dat die kliniek oopgemaak het, het ons nog geen sterfgevalle gehad nie buiten die Maasai seuntjie wat beswyk het nadat hy en sy boetie gif ingekry het. So iets vat bitter diep aan jou as jy iemand onder jou hande verloor. Hier is die dood meer van 'n werklikheid vir mense as vir ons Westerlinge.

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



vas en siedaar! Die vrou het dit gemaak en ons is almal die Here dankbaar.

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

Nou ja, na 'n lang, stamperige, benoude rit met Boesman tot by die naaste kliniek met 'n dokter, het die Maasai vrou vandag 'n baie gesonde baba! Kan julle julle voorstel die gesigte van die mense op die trein daar in London terwyl die dokter besig is om raad te gee vir 'n geboorte wat besig is om te gebeur iewers in donker Afrika! Soos hulle sê: "Nooit 'n vervelige oomblik nie!"

Ons volgende Dissipelskapskool begin in Februarie 2007 en Saruni

(Francis Yenke) is besig net voorbereiding om studente in die hande te kry. David het die laaste paar maande spandeer om meer opleiding in die area van volwasse onderrig te ontvang. Hy is nou meer toegerus vir die literatuurklasse wat hy vir die Maasai krygers aanbied, en ook in staat om iemand anders op te lei om die werk saam met hom te doen.

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

Die werk gaan stadig maar darem. Daar is heelwat papierwerk om die kamp geregistreer te kry en vir ons om 'n lisensie te kry om dit te bestuur. Die visie vir die kamp is om die bediening hier in Maasailand meer volhoubaar te maak. Die idee is dat die finansies wat die kamp sal genereer, sal gaan vir die Dissipelskapskool, die kliniek, die literatuurskool en die omgewingsopvoeding wat



ons hier in die gemeenskap wil doen. Die kamp sal ook die laerskool hier op Tiamanag'ien help en dus hoop ons dat die hele projek 'n ware gemeenskaps-ontwikkelingsprojek sal wees waardeur ons die liefde van Jesus vir die Maasai gemeenskap hier kan wys. Reeds met die kliniek se oopmaak kan ons sien dat mense die Dissipelskapskool nou meer erken. In een gemeenskapsvergadering onder 'n doringboom is daar gesê, onder andere, dat dit die Christene is wat omgee vir die mense en daar was 'n pleidooi van die ouderlinge in dat die gemeenskap die nuwe projek met ope arms moet ontvang. Dit is vir ons 'n geweldige deurbraak.

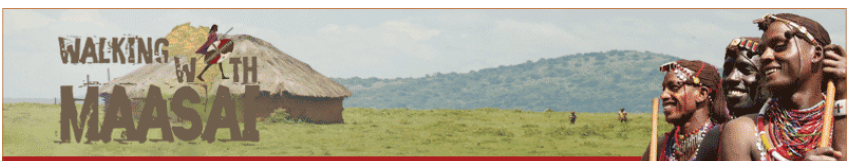
Hoewel dit seker klink na een groot suksesverhaal, is daar ook teleurstellings. 'n Paar weke terug het ons 'n brief gekry van 'n organisasie wat ook in Loita werk en wat grootliks 'n monopolie het op alle projekte wat hier gebeur. Hulle beheer ook alle fondse wat vir gemeenskaps-ontwikkeling inkom en so, deur korrupsie, verdwyn geld wat bedoel was vir skole, klinieke en ander projekte sonder dat die Maasai gemeenskap 'n sê het. Dié organisasie het skielik besef dat daar een projek is waar hulle nie hulle vingers in die koekieblik kan kry nie, en so probeer hulle toe 'n stop sit aan die kliniek hier op Tiamanag'ien. Gee ons toe 7 dae om uit kliniekgeboue uit te trek aangesien die geboue (volgens hulle) aan hulle behoort. Toe die Maasai gemeenskap hier van die brief

uitvind, het hulle dadelik 'n gemeenskapsvergadering geroep, en mense het hulle bitterheid uitgespreek teen die politieke korrupsie en verdrukking van organisasies en politici wat veronderstel is om hulle te help. Dit was goed om te hoor hoe die gemeenskap uitpraat ten gunste van ons projek; tog is ons ook in 'n baie delikate situasie geplaas. Die Maasai hier is diep tradisioneel en krygers is ingeroep met spiese en swaarde om reg te staan vir as hulle gedwing sou word om iets te aanvaar wat hulle nie wou hê nie. Dit kos toe mooipraat en hard bid vir die situasie om nie in geweld te ontaard nie, want geweld sou 'n bitter terugslag beteken. By 'n groot gemeenskapsvergadering het almal hulle mening kom lug. Ook Maasai vroue is kans gegee om te praat oor hoe hulle oor die kliniek voel. Hulle het gepraat oor hulle kinders

en hoeveel kinders gesterf het toe die kliniek toe was en oor hoe hulle kinders nou gesond is as gevolg van die kliniek wat oop is en oor hoe hulle die Dissipelskapskool se mense vertrou. Maar selfs met dié ondersteuning is ons deur politici aangesê om die geboue te ontruim. . Vir tyd en wyl hou ons kliniek in die Dissipelskapskool se klaskamer. Bid asseblief vir die bediening in Maasailand terwyl ons nou nuwe planne moet maak vir 'n kliniek.

Baie groete en liefde in Christus. Andre, Saruni, Kashu en David.

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





Photographs sent by
 Keith Elliot



Juanita Carberry dies

Juanita Carberry, who has died aged 88, played a role in one of the most celebrated murder cases of the 20th century — the sensational shooting in 1941 of the philandering 22nd Earl of Erroll, a prominent figure in the louche Happy Valley set in wartime Kenya that inspired the film *White Mischief* (1987).

She maintained that, although she was just a 15-year-old schoolgirl at the time of the killing, the chief suspect in Erroll's murder, Sir Jock Delves Broughton (whose wife, Diana, was Erroll's mistress and a friend of Juanita's stepmother) had confessed his guilt to her shortly after the murder. "By the way, Juanita, I don't want you to be afraid, but the police are following me," the world-weary Broughton allegedly told her. When she asked why, Broughton explained that they believed he had been responsible for murdering Erroll. "Well, actually I did," he added. Furthermore, according to Jua-

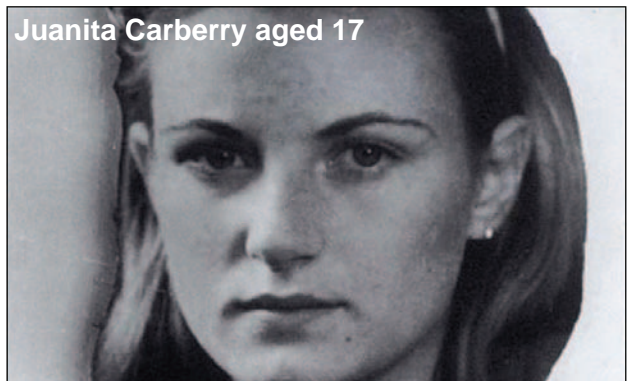
nita Carberry, Broughton went on to tell her how he shot Erroll and disposed of the gun. Juanita Carberry said the police wanted her to testify at Broughton's trial for murder, but she pretended to "act as

a stupid child" because she disagreed with the way such cases were conducted. Eventually they branded her an "unreliable witness" and she was not called. According to Juanita Carberry, Broughton had confided in her only

"By the way, Juanita, I don't want you to be afraid, but the police are following me ... "

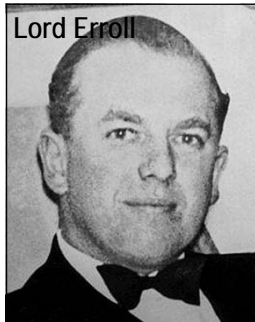
hours after Erroll's murder, at a lunch party he hosted at his house in Karen, a suburb of Nairobi, attended by Juanita, her stepmother, June, and her governess. Knowing that the teenager liked horses, Broughton invited Juanita to look at his stables. As they walked out, she was surprised to see a pair of gym shoes with white rubber soles in the smouldering embers of

Juanita Carberry aged 17



a bonfire in the garden. This struck her as odd, because it was not usual in Kenya to burn even worn-out gym shoes: they would have been given to a servant. Marks made by white pipeclay, used in the manufacture of such shoes, were found on the back seat of the crashed Buick car in which Erroll's body was found. He had been shot in the head. Nearly a year later, after a jury in Nairobi had acquitted Broughton, he committed suicide at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool. Juanita Carberry believed that Broughton probably also told her stepmother about the murder because the gun — having been recovered by her step-

mother's servants — was found many years later in a shoebox at Malindi, on the



Lord Erroll

coast north of Mombasa, in a workshop owned by her father.

Juanita Carberry revealed none of this until 1971, when she gave an interview to the journalist Cyril Connolly, who had been at Eton with Lord Erroll, and who, with a young reporter, James Fox, had written an article about the case for *The Sunday Times*. But she withheld Broughton's confession from Connolly, telling him that she did not want anything she said to be used against him. Only when James Fox interviewed her in 1980, after Connolly's death, did she blurt out: "There is no mystery. He [Broughton] did it. I can tell

you that now. He told me himself the following day. "We walked down to the stables," she recalled. "He told me then that he had shot Erroll... He told me not to be frightened when the police came, and he told me about the gun, which he said he had thrown into the



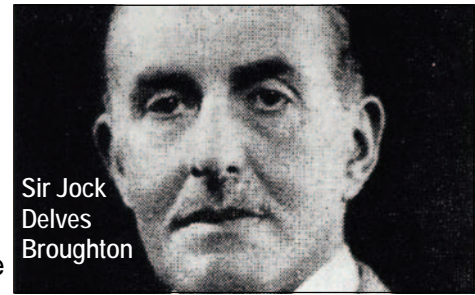
Diana Broughton

Thika falls. He thought the police had followed him and had seen him stop there." She told Fox that Broughton had been provoked into murdering Erroll because of his affair with Diana. Although Broughton knew that his wife was planning to divorce him, something finally snapped after she and Erroll had dined and danced together on the night of the murder.

... she and Erroll had dined and danced together on the night of the murder...

"They had gone too far," Juanita told Fox. "That last dinner was too much and brought home to him that he had really lost. And the fact is that he was in love with Diana."

The Erroll murder was a gripping and glamorous scandal that shook the decadent Happy Valley coterie and marked the beginning of the end for Kenya's hedonistic colonial elite, with its heavy drink-



Sir Jock
Delves
Broughton

ing and cocaine-fuelled adulterous liaisons. In his best-selling book about the Erroll affair, *White Mischief* (1982), Fox ascribed Juanita Carberry's four decades of reticence to her protective feelings for Broughton, "the only adult who had taken her side in the midst of a host of hard-drinking grown-ups, who were constantly pushing her aside and sending her away".

The daughter of the 10th Lord Carberry of Castle Freke, a renegade Irish peer, and his second wife (Maïa), a noted beauty, Juanita Virginia Sistare Carberry was born on May 7 1925 at Nyeri, about 100 miles from Nairobi, and grew up on her father's coffee farm. When she was three, her mother, a pioneering aviatrix, was killed when her plane crashed at Nairobi airfield, and Juanita was brought up by her promiscuous stepmother, June, and a series of nannies; she was sent to eight boarding schools, attending — from the age of 11 — various Swiss finishing schools, and finally Roedean, a sister school to the one in Sussex, in the Parktown area of Johannesburg. Her childhood was harsh; her sadistic father, who had dropped his title out of a violent hatred of Britain and had embraced pro-Nazi views, disliked children,

especially girls. Juanita recalled: "I was an unwanted brat." She was dressed and treated as a boy, and confined to a separate wing of the house. Her governess, Isabel Rutt (whom she called "the Rutt"), was often ordered by Juanita's father to strip her naked and beat her; aged 15, and after one particularly frenzied beating, Juanita left home to live with an uncle, saying she had no wish to grow up "like the rest of that Happy Valley lot".

In the early 1950s she discovered that her father had been impotent and that her biological parent was probably Maxwell Trench, a white Jamaican who managed her father's coffee estate, although DNA tests proved inconclusive. According to Fox's account, Juanita's South African stepmother, June Weir Mosley, a "terrifyingly unnatural blonde with a deep bass voice", as someone once described her, and "a drinker and fornicator in a championship class", often passed her stepdaughter off as her sister, and liked to boast that Juanita could outdrink any man in Kenya — even though she drank only milk.

In 1943, when she was 17, Juanita joined the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY), part of the Women's Territorials, as a dispatch rider, and after the war, in 1946, became one of only a handful of women to join the Merchant Navy, serving as a captain's steward in the cargo ships Langley Scot and Langley Clyde and various Norwegian cargo vessels.

On leaving the service after 17 years, she became active in

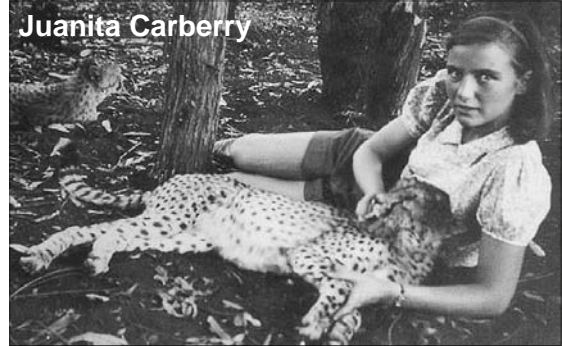
animal welfare and was an inspector of livestock transportation in ships that called at ports in Kenya. "I travelled the world alone," she once recalled. "I went to Yemen and lived with bush people in the Amazon. I think I was the original hitchhiker."

In 1943, when she was 17, Juanita joined the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry ...

Finally settling in Mombasa, during the 1960s she drove clients on photographic safaris in Uganda, Tanzania, the Congo, Rwanda and Burundi.

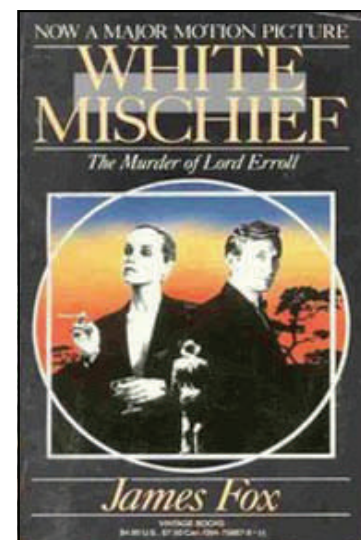
Her story of Broughton's confession to the Erroll murder was validated in 2007 when a tape-recording surfaced featuring the voice of Dan Trench, the son of Maxwell Trench. It had been recorded in 1987, when Dan Trench was an old man, but had been withheld until some years after his death. Dan Trench, who had regarded Juanita as a sister, explained that Broughton had slipped into the back of Erroll's car while Erroll was seeing Diana Broughton safely home after their evening out. When Erroll drove off, Broughton shot him. He was picked up further along the road at a pre-arranged spot by Broughton's neighbour, a doctor.

For many years, Juanita Carberry lived in a modern house overlooking Mombasa harbour. In later life she moved to London, and occupied a for-



mer council flat in Chelsea. On Remembrance Sunday she invariably marched in the Cenotaph parade wearing her FANY slouch hat. Her memoir of her early years, *Child of Happy Valley*, was published in 1999.

Feisty, opinionated, tough and loyal, she was, above all, a great and inventive survivor. "The only beatings I remember were the unjustified ones. The others I've forgotten," she said. Juanita Carberry was twice married. There were no children. Juanita Carberry, born May 7 1925, died July 27 2013



HERE, FOR E-MAIL PURPOSES, HABARI 2013 PART 1 ENDS.

Habari 2013
Part 2 begins here ...
for e-mail purposes.
Habari 2013
Deel 2 begin hier ...
vir makliker e-pos
versending.

What satisfaction I would get
If I could take you to Eldoret
Not for me to see the place
But first to watch your pretty face
For in your eyes I'll see a gleam
Of happiness and joy supreme
And on your lips a smile content
With thoughts of all this place has meant
And as I watch you I will see
The recall of each memory
For there are things you'll ne'er forget
Of those years spent at Eldoret
My joy in watching you will last
While you recall the golden past
and tho' no doubt the tears will fall
I'll know that you've enjoyed it all!

Laura Ross (Steenkamp)

East African Conferences 50 Years of Independence

Across East African conferences are being held to reflect on 50 years of independence. Here are some photos of a cap brought from a KANU street stall in Eldoret just before Uhuru. Men were sewing the panels together, others were stitching the woollen designs and yet others sewing on a lining. The cap is now 50 years old.



November 1, 1909.

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE

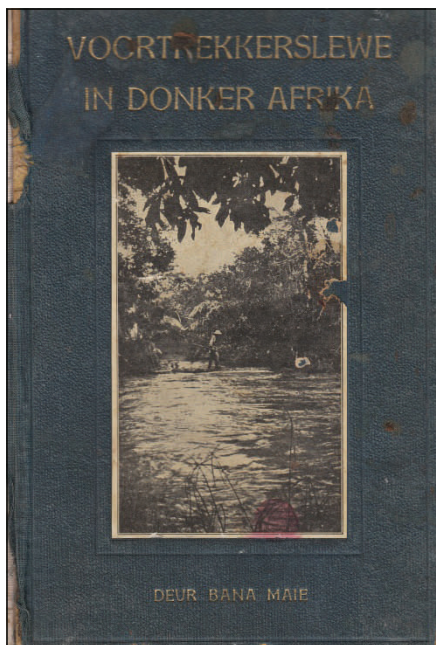
488.

Licences issued at Uasin-Gishu during the quarter ending May 31st, 1909.

No.	To whom issued.	Date.	Residence.	Remarks.
GUN TAX PERMITS.				
9168	T. Davis	May 3rd 1909	Uasin-Gishu	Martini 32/40 rifle mark No. A. 1518
9169	D. J. J. Roex	" 3rd "	do	15 bore shot gun mark N. 90876. 8/537
9170	John Kemp	" 5th "	do	450 Webley revolver mark No. 14639 8/722
9171	do	" 5th "	do	D B Combination mark No. 40670 8/721
9172	do	" 5th "	do	.303 Carbine mark No. 8543
9173	J. P. A. Smit	" 9th "	do	D B rifle and shot mark No. 6063
9174	do	" 13th "	do	D B M. H. and 12 bore mark E. Charlwood Pieter
9175	J. N. S. Monton	" 13th "	do	Martine Henry mark No. 5/536
9176	P. W. Jordaan	" 13th "	do	D B shot gun 12 bore mark No. 8408 8/521
9177	do	" 13th "	do	Mauser pistol mark No. 32604 8/522
9178	A. H. Miller	" 15th "	do	Enfield 1886 mark No. G. T. 18873

Uasin-Gishu,
May 31st, 1909.

N. E. F. CORBETT,
District Commissioner.



Die misterieuse Bwana Maie deur Magriet Doorewaard

In die *Habari* uitgawe van 1993 (p11) word gevra of enigiemand weet wie Bwana Maie was, verwysende na die skrywer van *Voortrekkerslewe in Donker Afrika* (1928). Deur inligting verkry uit die publikasie: *Trekkerslewe in Brits-Oos-Afrika: 'n Joernaal uit 1911* (Doorewaard 2011) kan ek aan julle meedeel dat Bwana Maie inderwaarheid ene Migaal Scholtz van die distrik Vrede (in die Vrystaat) was. Deur inligting uit die twee bogenoemde publikasies saam te voeg, kan ek die volgende interessante feite met julle deel.

Soos vele ander Boeregesinne was die Scholtz gesin na die Anglo-Boereoorlog ook gekniehalter as gevolg van die ellende wat daarop gevolg het. Moontlik was hul opstal nie afgebrand deur soldate tydens die

“verskroeiende aarde”-beleid nie maar, reeds op hul knieë, het die droogte wat kort na die oorlog die Vrystaat en ander dele van die land getref het, hulle swaar getref.

Praatjies van Boere wat na Oos-Afrika trek, het weldra ook hulle ore bereik. Eers was daar slegs ligweg in die huishouding daarna verwys maar, met die nuus wat soos ‘n veldbrand deur Suid-Afrika gesiep het dat al hoe meer Afrikaner Boere ‘n beter heenkome soek in veral Brits Oos-Afrika, het Migaal Scholtz, een van die seuns van die Scholtz gesin, negatiewe en positiewe punte begin opweeg om óók na die beter weivelde van Brits-Oos-Afrika te trek. Migaal het die roepstem van die trekgees na “n vrye losse lewe in die veld” (Maie, 1928) soos ‘n basuin hoor roep wat hy later nie meer kon ignoreer nie. Die gesin het besluit dat Migaal eerste sou gaan, ‘n begin maak in Brits-Oos, terwyl die res van die gesin in Suid-Afrika voorberei vir hulle trek om by

hom aan te sluit. Hierdie finale besluit is geneem in 1908.

Migaal het die trekgees soos ‘n basuin hoor roep

Migaal was op die punt om noordwaarts te vertrek toe hy verneem dat ‘n sekere Meneer Willem von Maltitz (Oom Wil) van die distrik Frankfort in die Vrystaat en sy gesin ook op pad was na Brits-Oos. Aangesien Migaal vanaf Vrede oor Frankfort moes reis om die Heilbron spoorwegstasie te bereik, het hy besluit om ‘n ontmoeting met die Von Maltitze te reël met die oog daarop om saam met hulle na Oos-Afrika te vertrek.

Die afskeid op 24 Desember 1908 van sy vader, moeder en broers was nie maklik nie. Die moontlikheid was daar dat hy hulle dalk nooit weer sou sien nie. Almal was pynlik bewus van die feit dat Migaal op pad



Aan boord die *Hertzog*.

(Van links na regs.) Agter: Piet, Lud, Bokkie von Maltitz, man en vrou en twee kinders medereisigers, ek (binne die tralies en kaalvoet.) Voor: Oom Wil, Hettie Barnard en Tant Pietjie.
Op die grond: Barnard.

was na 'n gedeelte van die Afrika vasteland wat nog deur min blankes verken was. Onder die Boere was die noordelike dele van Afrika toe nog na verwys as "Donker Afrika". Ongekende gevare kon op hom wag wat hy noodwendig sou moes trotseer. Terugvoering van Boere verkenningsekspedisies het die streek geloof as 'n rykbedeelde land wat uiters geskik was vir boerdery – oortrek met wild waaroor 'n Boerekind net kon droom. Verslaggewing het egter ook melding gemaak van uiters gevaarlike roofdiere soos leeus en luiperds wat in hul oormag groot gevare kon inhou. Die inboorlinge het op daardie



Die hartbeeshuisie op 28.
(Witvoet lê by my.)

stadium nog selde kennis gemaak met blankes en slegs enkeles se paaie het gekruis met dié van sendelinge en ontdekkingsreisigers soos Stanley en David Livingstone.

Rondom Nairobi en Nakuru was daar darem alreeds blanke setlaars gevestig maar die Uasin Gishu Plato wat kort tevore oopgestel is vir voornemende setlaars, was nog 'n onontginde landskap. 'n Man met 'n geweer in die hand kon homself nog verdedig teen 'n aanval van roofdiere en "barbaarse inwoners" maar daar was ook die "klein vyandtjies" – malariamuskiete - om mee rekening te hou: Sommige kommissieledes van die Boereverkenningsekspedisies was reeds agtergelaat in eensame grafte in die veld a.g.v. malariakoors.

Met die wete dat dit dalk die laaste keer sou wees dat hy die geliefde Vrystaat sou sien, sluit hy tog op Kersdag (1908) aan by die Von Maltitz familie om 'n afskeidmaal met hulle te

deel. Die volgende dag het die groepie vertrek op hul reis na die vreemde: Brits-Oos-Afrika, hul eindbestemming die Uasin Gishu Plato wat hulle eers drie maande later sou bereik.

Met hul aankoms daar het Oom Wil 'n stuk grond van 3,000 akker oorgeneem van iemand anders wat £40 daarvoor wou hê. Aanvanklik het Oom Wil en Migaal saam geboer. Migaal se ideaal was egter om sy eie stukkie grond van die regering aan te skaf. Onder die voorwaardes van die erfpagstelsel is plaas No. 81 aan Migaal toegeken. Later het hy vir 'n ander pragtige plaas (No. 79) aansoek gedoen. Hierdie plaas was geleë aan die Eldore-rivier en uitstekend geskik vir tuin- en vrugteboerdery. Dié plaas was ook geleë regoor plaas No. 64 wat toe reeds as dorpgebied verklaar was en in 1909 die naam Eldoret verkry het.

Migaal het 'n watervoor van omtrent 4,400 treë gegrawe om die plaas onder besproeiing te sit. Hy het later 'n meul daar opgesit wat aangedryf was deur 'n turbieene. Dit is moontlik dieselfde meul waarna Kok (Doorewaard 1911) verwys waarin hy en Boy (Migaal se een broer) ook insette gelewer het. (In 'n ander uitgawe van *Habari* wonder (wyle) Sonny Cloete oor 'n meul wat deur 'n onbekende pionier opgerig is naby die dorpie Eldoret. Ek wil glo dat dit hierdie einste meul was, maar die verhaaltjie rondom die totstandkoming van dié meul, moet eers wag.)

Reeds tydens die trekpad vanaf Nakuru het Migaal begin siek raak aan malariakoors. Dié siekte kon hy nooit werklik afgeskud kry nie. Dit, en 'n tekort aan fondse, het sy taak om die boerdery ordentlik te ontwikkel, baie in die wiele gery. Alhoewel hy inkomste probeer genereer het deur beeste aan te koop wat hy later dan weer aan nuwe inkomende setlaars verkoop het, moes hy maar gedurigdeur geldelike hulp aanvra vanaf sy familie in Suid-Afrika. Op 'n stadium het sy broers (met die uitsondering van Boy) laat weet dat hulle nie verder hul weg oopsien om hom geldelik te ondersteun nie. Woord het hulle bereik dat Brits-Oos niks werd was en hulle wou nie verder geld in die water gooi nie.

In plaas daarvan dat dit Migaal afgeskrik het, het hy op eie houtjie sy orige trek in die Vrystaat te gaan haal om,

sonder die hulp van sy broers, sy geluk in Oos-Afrika te beproef. Sonder geld was dit makliker gesê as gedaan en Migaal moes sy enigste, geliefde perd verkoop om vir die terugreis te betaal. Migaal se ouers het hom met die terugreis na Brits-Oos vergesel. Boy sou voorlopig agterbly om die drie van geld en ander benodigdhede te voorsien.

Migaal se ouers het hom na Brits-Oos vergesel.

Intussen het Migaal ook aansoek gedoen vir 'n ander plaas, No. 28. Dié plaas het aan ander boere behoort wat besluit het om op te gee. Met die Scholtze se aankoms in Brits-Oos kon hulle dus dadelik in die hartbeeshuisie intrek wat die vorige eienaars op die plaas gebou het. Die huisie het omtrent 100 treë van 'n helder stroompie water gestaan. Vermoedelik was dit dié plaas wat aangrensend was aan die plaas van Christiaan Johannes Cloete (die trekleier van die Cloetetrek wat in 1911 in Brits-Oos gearriveer het). Kok skryf in sy dagboek (Doorewaard 1911 p18): "Menschen het ons vertel laans de spryd daar woon Scholz (sic). Omtrent 1 000 tree toen kon ons Scholz ze huis zien want Cloete ze plaas grens aan Scholz ze plaas. En daar kom ons by Scholz uit. De ou tante was allen."

Met Scholtz se boerdery het dit mettertyd beter gegaan – in so 'n mate dat sy broer Boy en dié se huisgesin

op 'n stadium ook na Brits-Oos vertrek het. Meer van Migaal se familieleden en vriende onder andere 'n oom van hom, Willem Odendaal oftewel Willem Perdeplaat, het planne beraam om ook na Brits-Oos te verhuis.

Migaal het by die vyf jaar in Brits-Oos gewoon waarna hy skynbaar permanent teruggekeer het na Suid-Afrika. Waarom hy so besluit het, is onbekend. Daar kan net bespiegel word dat die Eerste Wêreldoorlog wat in 1914 uitbreek het, iets daarmee te doene gehad het. Daar word aanvaar dat sy ouers en sy broer Boy saam met hom na Suid-Afrika teruggekeer het.

Veertien jaar na sy terugkoms in Suid-Afrika het, met die hulp van 'n B.A. geleerde, S.P. Rossouw, die boek *Voortrekkerslewe in Donker Afrika* die lig gesien. Waarom Migaal besluit het om die skuilnaam Bana Maie (in die boek aangedui as "Bana"- dalk 'n drukfout vir Bwana) te gebruik, is duister. Dalk lê die antwoord opgesluit juis in die Swahili woorde: Bwana Maie beteken "my [eie] baas". Ω



From "The Kenya Farmer" August 1962 (Uit Tantie Marthie Davies se plakboeke.)

A well-known farmer from the Uasin Gishu, who represents that district on the Board of the Kenya Farmer's Association, is this month's personality. He is Mr J.C. (Kopie) Eksteen who, in his own words, "came to Kenya in 1931 and has never regretted it".

Born and brought up in the Eastern Transvaal, in the Maize Belt, Mr. Eksteen comes of a South African family with generations of farming behind them. When the depression hit the Union in the early 1930's his farther came to farm in Kenya and the family's growing accounts of Kenya as the perfect farming country persuaded their son to leave his studies at Witwatersrand University and join them at Sergoit.

For several years before the war he took on any job that he could do in order, as he puts it, "to scrape together enough money" to start farming on his own account. These included a period teaching at a farm school at Nanyuki and doing transport work for tea companies at Kericho. Joining up in 1940, he served in the 2nd/3rd Kings African Rifles in East Africa and Abyssinia until he

was released on medical grounds.

In 1942 Mr. Eksteen started his first farm at Moiben, at first leasing and later buying the land. Later he bought his late father's farm Sergoit farm and has since bought two other farms in the same district. He now lives on a 4½ thousand acre farm at Sergoit, the others being looked after by one European and one African manager. On one of these farms Mr Eksteen is a partner of Mr. Lindsay G Troup, the agricultural expert, who during his visits to the country in the 1950s to prepare reports on behalf of the Kenya Government, decided to have an interest in Kenya farming.

There is no monoculture on any of Mr Eksteen's farms.

There is no monoculture on any of Mr. Eksteen's farms. On his main farm at Sergoit the emphasis is on wheat before cattle but on the farm owned in partnership with Mr. Troup the balance is practically equal. His views on farming are interesting, for farming is in his blood and he says he has never had the slightest desire to do anything else. "The true farmer" Mr. Eksteen says, "gets his payment in results rather than in cash. It is a reward in itself to see trees grow where none grew before. Believe me, anybody who thinks they are going to farm solely for the money, they can get out of it or die of a broken heart".

Mr. Eksteen has been a

director of the K.F.A. for the past 7 years and a member of the Association ever since he started farming. He is the K.F.A. nominee on the Cereal Producer's Board and on the Board of the Tanganyika Farmers Association. He has been on the Wheat Board since its inception in 1952 and was for six years on the Board of Unga Ltd. He served on the Council of the Dutch Reformed Church for 9 years.

Married to a Kenya born girl, he attributes much of his success to her help. Mrs. Eksteen was formerly Alida Steyn whose father, the late E.L. Steyn came to the Plateau in the first trek in 1908 and was at one time the largest wheat farmer in Eldoret and a well-respected figure. Himself the only son with five sisters, Mr. Eksteen has one boy and three girls, all of school age. He returned to the Union last year, for the first time since his arrival in Kenya 31 years ago, to take his son to school there. His devotion to Kenya is intense; he maintains that nowhere in the world could he have made such a success of farming, as he has been able to do here.

Mr Eksteen holds strong views on the role of organisations like the K.F.A. for he says without co-operatives of this kind farmers could not exist economically. But he considers that co-operation should be a two-way traffic and that if a farmer joins a co-operative and takes the benefits it can offer, he should be prepared to support it to the utmost.

Ω



Photo source: ispnews.net

Patrick Kelly, educational pioneer

Source: <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/obituaries/9931071/Patrick-Kelly.html>

Patrick Duncan Kelly, born March 11 1937, died January 27 2013 at age 75.

Patrick Kelly was the charismatic owner and headmaster of an unusual girls' school in the highlands of Kenya.

Kelly founded the private Tigoni Academy for Girls (known as "TAG") in 1982 in the grounds of an old colonial hotel near Limuru, on the edge of the Great Rift Valley 30 miles north-west of Nairobi. Starting with just 12 pupils, Kelly set about creating a school where experience counted as much as exams.

A surprisingly committed feminist for his time, he instilled a sense of self-reliance in the young women in his care. Instead of a school bus, he bought a three-ton cattle truck (christened the "TAG Wag") and once a fortnight drove a noisy gaggle of teenage girls to some of the country's most inhospitable locations. They set up camp on the slopes of volcanoes, slept on beaches and cooked beside crocodile-infested rivers, often with no tents and nothing but a mosquito net slung over a thorn bush to protect them from prowling lions.

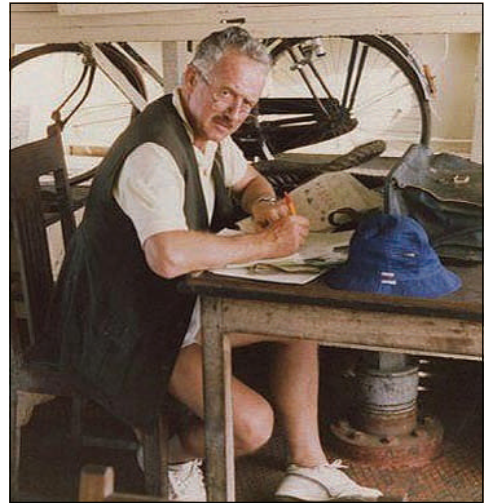
Girls who attended TAG were expected to do anything and excused nothing. They crawled through potholes left by lava flows, waded through mangrove swamps, trekked up Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro, and came face to face with hippo at Lake Naivasha.

At first the pupils were mainly white; later many came from middle-class black African families. Race was never an issue in the school community. His disciplinary methods, reminiscent of his National Service, applied to all and involved mindless tasks such as cutting the lawns with nail scissors – an activity that his former charges remember with something like affection.

Determined to keep numbers low at the boarding school (the average was 60 girls), Kelly often had financial worries. To raise money for a new truck, the pupils — some just 10 years old — cycled 600 kilometres from Nairobi to Mombasa on a sponsored ride. Against the backdrop of Kenya's increasing political instability, the school's future became still more precarious; by 1993 numbers were so low that Kelly advertised for British pupils in *The Times*, attacking the British curriculum and offering children the chance to learn in an environment free of constrictions. A small number of parents responded, sending their children on the 4,000-mile journey to what many later described as the greatest adventure of their lives.

Kelly closed the school in 2003 after contracting MRSA following a hip operation in London. He later worked for a Kenyan security company.

Patrick Duncan Kelly was born in Twickenham on March 11 1937 and won a scholarship to King's College, Wimbledon, where he was head boy. He played cricket for Middlesex and Surrey Colts and tennis at



Junior Wimbledon. After taking a degree in Geology at the University of Leicester, he completed an MA in Education. He did National Service with the Lancashire Fusiliers, then took a job teaching at Lucton School in Herefordshire. His move to Africa in the early Sixties came at the invitation of Jim Chitty, who had been his housemaster at school, but had gone to Kenya to run Kaptagat School, near the edge of the Great Rift Valley.

In 1967 a vacancy for a games master came up at St Mary's, a Roman Catholic school in Nairobi. Kelly applied. Because of his Irish name, the governors mistakenly assumed that he was a Catholic, and offered him the job without an interview.

Kelly spent his final days in a nursing home in northern Kenya. After his death, glowing tributes to him appeared on the TAG Facebook page from as far afield as Indonesia.

Patrick Kelly's marriage, to Mary Swan, was dissolved. Ω



Ted Alleyne writes from Kenya

Sent: 07 April 2013 04:28 PM
To: r-s bruce & jenny
Subject: Kenya News - 7 Apr - 05

Later reports from last week showed the limited violence which followed the Supreme Court's ruling on the election petitions resulted in three rowdy youths being shot dead in Dandora, Nairobi, as they were attacking locals and looting private property. A mildly protesting crowd near the court building in Nairobi was dispersed peacefully. Clashes with Police in Kisumu left two dead and six with bullet wounds, while twenty were arrested and attacks on people from other tribes in Kisumu ended in about 60 of them seeking refuge at Kondele Police Station. Most other towns in Nyanza and the west were reported quiet although Police dispersed a crowd in Migori and some unruly protesters ended up in court. There was much celebration by Jubilee supporters everywhere. The EU Observer Mission intends to publish their report on the elections within a month, having been following the subsequent petitions closely.

The military and government officials spent the week rehearsing for the Presidential inauguration at Kasarani Stadium, scheduled for Tuesday, 9th April. Foreign Heads of State (52 were invited) and the Diplomatic Corps will be there in force, and President Museveni of Uganda has been requested to speak behalf of the Heads of State. PM Odinga flew to RSA on Thursday and a spokesman said he intended

to rest and visit Nelson Mandela's family (sic). He thought it unlikely that he would be present at Kenyatta's inauguration, but he may well return in time. A thaw in the previous attitude of some western governments towards Kenyatta will allow their representatives to attend, and China is sending a high powered delegation led by the Deputy President of the Chinese People's Congress Party, Zhang Baowen.

Odinga has reiterated that CORD will "exploit other means" and "would fight on for democracy through other venues." (An



The Kasarani Stadium.

Source: yachana.org

echo of the old Marxist cry: "Peace is war continued by other means"?) He claimed victory in the March 4 race was "predetermined and manipulated by a few technocrats." Some critical remarks about the Judiciary were also heard. He is now positioning CORD to be an effective Parliamentary opposition and accused Jubilee of plotting to weaken him by "raiding parties it had no pre-election agreement with". He is not an elected member so he will have no personal voice in Parliament, but it seems that moves are afoot to get him somehow into the Senate or the Assembly. Legal opinion has it that both Odinga and Kalonzo

Musyoka can be nominated as a Senator or MP by their political party.

Kenyatta is said to "have reached out to him" with a view to "expediting the retirement package for the PM in Parliament and giving a role to Mr Odinga that befits his stature as one of the nation's foremost statesmen." It was thought that the incoming government will have a major headache on how to handle him after the coalition government – described as "five solid years of turbulence" – comes to an end on Tuesday. Leaders of both parties in Parliament are said to be jostling for positions of power, in particular on the various Parliamentary Committees.

UDF leaders want Musalia Mudavadi to sign a deal with Jubilee rather than be left in Opposition, which seems quite probable. Gideon Moi of KANU, now Senator for Baringo, signed a formal coalition agreement with Jubilee. Kenyatta thanked KANU for their support and looked forward to working with them for the benefit of Kenyans.

Kenyatta's lawyers have submitted the reasons why the charges against him should be dropped by the ICC. They allege that the Prosecutor built a new case after discarding testimony used by Pre-trial Chamber II Judges to confirm the charges against him, and they ask the Court to dismiss the charges or send them back to the Pre-Trial Chamber, arguing that the committal for trial was based on false evidence. On Friday it was reported that another three ICC witnesses have withdrawn their statements, making four in all, and it means a major setback

for the Prosecutor. The case must be seriously weakened and one wonders whether the ICC will be able to continue with it.

A three day “induction workshop” for the new County Governors, their Deputies, Speakers and Clerks was convened at Naivasha and opened by President Kibaki to prepare them for the devolution exercise, which it is expected will take three years or more to complete. After the opening there was a walk-out in protest against delayed funding (which has now been paid out) and alleged meddling by senior civil servants, which prompted the President to call on them to “stop the row.” There are reports of deep disagreements already between Governors and County Commissioners (si devant DCs,) and their respective responsibilities may still be rather vaguely defined or poorly understood. So far the news of gubernatorial activity has centred mainly on their insistence on flying the Kenya flag on their vehicles, which KG has said they cannot do, together with their new county flag, but several are doing so regardless of the possible consequences – a fine of Shs.20,000 and/or imprisonment. Governors at the function decided that they are to be addressed as “Your Excellency” and must be considered senior to County Commissioners. They demand top class houses, three official cars and two for their Deputies, diplomatic passports and no less than 8 security guards, and President Kibaki is said to have “hit the roof!” They wanted some similar privileges for Speakers and other staff as well. PM Odinga accused State officials of plotting “to frustrate County leaders” and said that there is an attempt to make Governors “take orders

from County Commissioners or play subsidiary roles to these agents of outdated order.”

In the aftermath of MRC murders near Malindi, the Governor of Kilifi County, Amason Kingi, offered an amnesty to MRC members who surrender with their weapons

In the aftermath of MRC murders near Malindi, the Governor of Kilifi County, Amason Kingi, offered an amnesty to MRC members who surrender with their weapons, and promised to address their grievances. Whether he has the power to do this was not recorded and no results have yet been reported from there.

An April Fool’s Day article in the Standard stated that MPs had awarded themselves three free meals a day with ten guests at each, which would have cost the taxpayers billions. It caught a lot of people, including angry MPs who phoned the newspaper offices to complain. It was exactly the sort of thing people have come to expect of them. On Thursday it emerged that the MPs are starting negotiations with the Salaries and Remuneration Commission for an increase in salary, and the Vice-Chairman of the Commission who had been sent to meet the Governors at Naivasha was shouted down and had to leave as they refused to talk to anyone but the Chairperson herself, Sarah Serem. She has since stated that there will be no increases until and unless the economy improves.

According to the Standard on Wednesday, the Government has now turned to China and India for

importation of HIV test kits, moving away from long time proven suppliers in the West. Ten million kits were said to have been ordered from Shanghai and one million from India. There is now considerable concern among experts that the two suppliers have not yet received prequalification from the WHO, and the latest WHO update shows that both types fail to meet some qualification parameters. In 2011 Kenya had to recall a million kits imported from South Korea after the WHO warned that the technology was not accurate and could give invalid results. However, the Ministry of Public Health denied that they had yet received any kits from India or China and said they would follow WHO advice.

Up to 500 elephants invaded the Maktau area and were driven back into Tsavo West and Taita Hills by KWS after residents reported heavy losses of crops. Following a tip-off, the suspected poacher who was thought to have killed a female rhino with young on Ol Pejeta was traced to a house in Nanyuki by KWS and Police where he refused to surrender and was shot dead in the ensuing gun battle. Three AK47s with 117 rounds, binoculars and other items were recovered; his accomplices are still being sought.

Heavy rain during and since the Easter holidays caused the deaths of at least four people in Kajiado, and a matatu and two other vehicles were carried away by floods near Kis-erian. Heavy floods and landslides were reported from several other places, including another drowned and 8,000 ma-

rooned on the Tana River. A railway culvert was washed away near Mtito Andei and the Mom-basa – Nairobi train service was suspended while it was repaired. At Langata we recorded almost 4 ½ inches on Easter Sunday night alone, and nearly 2 ½ inches on Thursday, which flooded roads and brought down some trees; one blocked a Hardy Estate road for a while, one fell on a matatu in Ngara and another ruined a large billboard on Kenyatta Avenue. Several power lines were brought down around the city, and vandals took advantage of the holiday weekend to steal or damage transformers, nine in Ongata Rongai alone, which caused major trouble to KPLC. Several power cuts occurred every day, varying from a few minutes to several hours. Another six people were feared dead in a matatu which was swept away in a flash flood near Narok, and over 1,000 people were displaced by flood waters in Nyanza. The Meteorological Office warned that the rains will continue until the end of next month.

Rainfall here was 141 mms for the week. Electricity costs are going up by 8% as KPLC increases its charges for foreign exchange and fuel while still waiting for the Energy Regulatory Commission to decide on a basic increase, 21% having been requested by KPLC.

Two suspected MRC members, a man and a woman, were charged with murder in Kwale, but were remanded until a psychiatric report on them is available. They were alleged to have been in a gang which slashed a village elder to death for leaking their secrets to the area Chief. Seventeen young men

who claimed to be members of the MRC surrendered to the authorities at Ukunda, Kwale, where leaflets had been distributed calling for the expulsion of people from central Kenya ahead of the inauguration of President-elect Kenyatta on 9th April. The Kenya Muslims National Advisory Board advised MRC members to surrender their weapons and accept the devolved government.



A Nairobi Matatu
Source:travel-images.com

An IED which was found in a Nairobi matatu last Sunday failed to explode and was rendered safe by the Bomb Disposal Unit. A mobile phone attached to it, using an unregistered SIM card, had recorded 42 missed calls but failed to detonate it. Three IEDs were found in an IDP settlement at Rongai and a house-to-house search of the village was ordered, but nothing more was found.

A Chinese national was fined Shs.30,000 in Nairobi after being arrested while trying to smuggle 439 pieces of ivory out through JKIA. There was strong criticism of this lenient penalty as Kenyan carriers of small amounts of drugs in China face the death penalty. There has been yet more criticism of loose law concerning wildlife and the Judiciary has

been accused of being unduly lenient with offenders, but a new draft Bill is on the way to the next Parliament. A spokesman for China exonerated his country from blame for poaching and said KWS lacks the personnel, technology and equipment to combat organised crime.

Pokot raiders attacked a South Turkana village, killing one and wounding two.

Rongai (Nakuru) Police arrested 18 Ethiopians from Kakuma Refugee camp on a bus from Kitale en route to Nairobi. None had identity or travel documents and the suspicious bus driver reported them. The person responsible for moving them was being sought.

A Police foot patrol was fired on and a grenade thrown at them near Garissa Post Office. Two Police Officers were killed and another seriously wounded, while the attackers escaped with a pistol stolen from one of the patrol.

A remote controlled bomb exploded outside Mogadishu's prestigious Dahabshiil Bank and money transfer headquarters, wounding two guards and damaging the building. Al Shabaab had instructed the bank to close down in all areas where they still operate. HMG has issued a further travel advisory for Somalia in expectation of more terrorist attacks in Mogadishu.

*We intend to drive to Kilifi on Monday and stay there up to two weeks, roads and weather permitting.
Best regards,
Ted*

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Aberdare National Park Visit

by Andy Ker

In May we were invited to join some of our old rafiki for a few nights at Rhino Retreat; built & run by “Rhino Charge”, which is a vehicle challenge to raise money. The challenge is over a weekend, driving over boulders, through dongas and down cliffs in places like Laikipia, Mara or Magadi. The overall winner is the one who clocks in at all the checkpoints in the shortest time & the shortest distance!

The finance pulled in is considerable. This has been used to complete the electric fence in the Aberdare Park, particularly the Eastern side (Nyeri) as this is lower in altitude & local farmers border the Park boundary. Elephants & other animals damage the shambas. The farmers in turn poach wildlife. Both sides profit from the fence & rhino in particular are reasonably well protected.

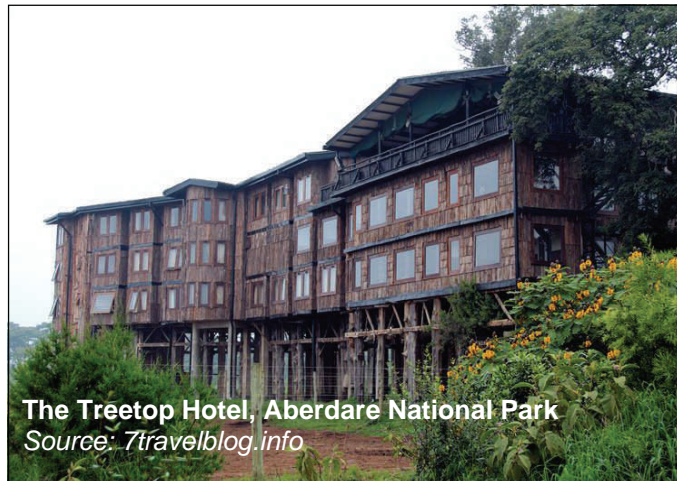
We joined Gail Paul; current Muthagia C. Club deputy Chairman; ex-Limuru Girls School & Kitale farmer's daughter; Rob & Sue Ashworth; and Adrian & Sue Luckhurst. They drove from Nairobi via Thika-Nyeri & in by the main gate; near Treetops & the Ark. We took the Kinangop route – turning into the Park near “Clouds” the “Happy Valley” retreat near Kipipiri. We drove up the Karati escarpment near the farm & took the road to Njabini (where cheese

was made in days gone by). What a revelation to us – a new tarmac road had been built all the way from Njabini to Ol'Kalou & onto Lanet near Nakuru. This will help link Nakuru to Thika & Nairobi. The new road is fast, so we overshoot the park entrance! Back we drove for 20kms. Then up into the forest where we encountered a lot of old tusk work (elephant digging for minerals) on the left going up to 10,000ft. park gates. Here we produced our Kenya Wildlife Service

trout streams. Satima became clearer with a few towering rocky teeth like structures created by weathering over thousands of years.

Eventually we came to the small Wandera exit gate going down to Mweiga. Seen on our map, the road from there to the Treetops, the Ark & our Rhino Retreat was shown as large without any warning of difficulties to be expected!! The park askari said it was only 12kms to Rhino Retreat so we thought OK only a

15min drive! Mobile phoned our friends to say we would be there shortly. We drove down into a deep valley on a rough track 400 m down & 400 m up! but the “angle of dangle” was bout 55deg so we had a good look at the snout of the gari! Then came another valley, then another



The Treetop Hotel, Aberdare National Park
Source: 7travelblog.info

smart cards. One pays cash at the large KWS centres such as Nairobi, Nakuru Mweiga, Voi & Mtitio Andei & ‘put into’ the smart card. The cash is then withdrawn by KWS staff at park gates according to days, number of people (charges vary depending on citizen, resident or foreigners) & vehicle size.

The road at the top was good & the scenery remarkable as we drove northwards to Satima Peak rather than eastwards to “Treetops”. On we drove through moorland & isolated mountain forests, up valleys; through muddy tracks & vales & over crystal clear

with rougher & deeper erosions. So we reversed out in 4WD & found another track alongside the electric fence.

Nearby the fence were some “new farmers”.

They said “hakuna njia hapa! Rudi na pita yule njia wewe anatoka nyuma sa hi!”

“Hapana hi baya zaidi!” I said.

“Endelia tu! Hakuna shida gari kama yako anapita jana!” (For those who can't remember – basically: “Go back to the road you were on. A car like yours (landcruiser) passed through yesterday.”)

Okay I thought, that is a challenge, so round we went

TANT MARTHIE DAVIES – HULDEBLYK

Martha, geb. Van Vuuren, was in Eldoret, Kenia gebore in 'n pioniersgesin.

Sy is in 1937 met Matthys Davies getroud en hulle het 2 seuns gehad - Peter en Janssen, albei in Kenia gebore en twee kleinkinders - Lynne wie in Londen woon en John, tans in Nelspruit.

Die gesin het gedurende 1962 na Suid-Afrika verhuis en in Rustenburg gevestig.

Matthys is einde 1985 oorlede en in 1988 het sy na Golden Harvest aftree-oord op Magaliesburg waar sy vir 22 jaar gebly het en haar beywer het met liefdadigheidsaktiwiteite en fondsinsameling ten bate van die gemeenskap.

Sy was besonder kreatief - naaldwerk, hekelwerk, kleremaak, veral sagte speelgoed soos teddiebere, poppe, ens, ten bate van die Teddiebeerkliniek en die se werk met rehabilitasie en sorg vir mishandelde kinders. Sy het gereeld erkenning en sertifikate vir haar werk ontvang.

Einde Julie, 2010 het sy na Macadamia in Nelspruit verhuis en het sy in woonstel nr 24 gebly. Gedurende Desember 2010 het sy sleg geval waarna sy stelselmatig verswak het en is sy uiteindelik einde Maart in die Versorgingseenheid opgeneem.

Sy was besonder gelukkig in Macadamia en het groot waardering gehad vir die liefde, versorging en ondersteuning van al die personelede, vriende en familie.

& back down the steep track in 1st gear low ratio hand throttle only – ever so slowly wobbling from side to side & the trout river at the bottom looming up as the gari tilted towards the 60deg drop. Then there were branches across the road so we pulled those out.

Soon we came across British Army concrete slabs on the steeper inclines to help ascent.

Well, the riverine valleys continued but the roads improved. We eventually, arrived at the Rhino Retreat after 1 hour 15 mins to much relieved rafiki,s as the Retreat Supervisor said that track had not been repaired by British Army for a couple of years. The British Army help a lot in the park –building bridges & roads but this was one of their service roads for caterpillar tracks!) Well, we were lucky it had been a dry day & had not rained for 2 weeks. If rain had

Aberdare National Park is pristine as ever & unspoilt ...

arrived, we'd have still been there sleeping in the gari. If anyone one wants to make a test of a 4WD like TV "Top Gear" Jeremy Clackson, then I would recommend this as a challenge as well as a test. I certainly rate my gari more than before in terms of stability & road holding. Lindsay found the trip an experience of a lifetime. She learnt to hold her breath for long periods, such as goggling. The dashboard has finger nail marking to show the level of challenge.

We enjoyed seeing elephant & buffalo along the road to the retreat (once on the main park road!) Then we enjoyed a much appreciated tea provided

by relieved friends. Strange they did not take us up on driving the route with us. As it got darker, we changed to more relaxing drinks & 'bitings' on the verandah. Shortly after 6.30pm elephant appeared in front of the lodge (sleeps 6 to 7) to enjoy the mineral lick –about 25mts away. They were replaced by buffalo & then a herd of 15 giant forest hogs- young & old. This was most rewarding as they remained a good half hour taking salt. Usually you are lucky to see a disappearing hog.

The following day we went with Adrian & Vicky in their Range Rover across the top to Guru falls & other falls to see pristine views of bamboo valleys & moorland in the crisp mountain air. Lots of buffalo with enormous horns lower down, reed buck, bush buck, and eland on the top.

After 2 delightful days & nights we had to return to the shamba. It only took us 2 1/2hrs back to the shamba on the good solid eastern park road & the new tarmac – moral of the story keep to main roads.

The Aberdare National Park is pristine & unspoilt.

NB The Rhino Charge finance pulled in is considerable. This year 90,294239/-. (see RhinoArk on www). Having completed ringing the Aberdare Park they are now going to ring Mt. Kenya & Mau Eburu. These areas RhinoArk call the water towers of Kenya. In addition to protecting wildlife; the important task is to protect the decreasing forests of Kenya.

TRIBES OF KENYA

POKOMO

THE Tana River is Kenya's only waterway of any size or importance. To the Pokomo people who live along its lower banks the river is vital, for they depend upon its water and silt for their food crops.

These Bantu people who belong to the coastal cluster, or *Nyika* group, of Kenya tribes migrated to the banks of the Tana, north of Mombasa, many centuries ago. Some are believed to have come by way of the Meru District.

Today the Pokomo number some 18,000, being the chief tribe living in the Tana River District. This is a vast area extending over 9,000 square miles, yet the Pokomo are to be found only in a small strip. The limits of Pokomo habitation are formed by the river itself, for the hinterland or *barra* beyond the Tana is dry, barren country.

But along the banks of the Tana River is the rich silt washed down from the Kenya Highlands and it is here that the Pokomo grow their crops, chiefly rice and cassava. For hundreds of miles the Tana wanders erratically across the plain before reaching the Indian Ocean at Kipini. It twists and turns and when it comes down in flood, usually twice a year, it spills out over large stretches of countryside. The Pokomo know only too well the vagaries of their river and many have found themselves homeless after a severe flood, with their season's crops ruined as well.

There are 102 riverine villages marked on the map. But only 70 or so are now occupied. All are built on the highest part of the river bank, usually near fertile stretches where they have their rice, cassava and maize fields. Frequently the Pokomo have their "country houses" too, where they live during the busy season following the rains to be close to their crops.

In the pools left behind when the river recedes (known along the coast as *ziwas*) the Pokomo find their alternative diet in the fish, which are plentiful there. (Crocodile and hippo meat are other Pokomo delicacies for the non-Muslims.) Fishing rights are jealously guarded and most *ziwas* are registered.

A feature of Pokomo cultivation along the Tana is their use of the old river beds, vacated by the river in its erratic meanderings. In some parts the tribesmen have short-circuited loops on the river and these dried-up loops or "ox-bows" now yield prolific harvests.

The canoe is the chief form of transport for the Pokomo. They are all expert canoeists and, as a corollary perhaps, expert swimmers, for their primitive dugouts lack stability, even if they do have buoyancy. Much of the communication between villages is by canoe and at certain times of the year produce is transported by raft.

Generations of living an isolated life in a tropical jungle full of all manner of diseases has had its effect upon the Pokomo. As a tribe they lack vigour and are slow to accept new ideas. The inroads of such diseases as hookworm, bilharzia, malaria and others have left them largely debilitated and today it is an uphill task for the medical services to overcome such handicaps.

For years they have had the benefit of attention from the missions. Ngao, established in 1863, 60 miles from the river mouth, is the centre of this activity. Methodists from Britain and others from Germany have been responsible for this work,



Pokomo woman and child
Source: flickrhivemind.net



(Below) Grinding rice, which is an important Pokomo crop



Excerpt from
The East African Standard
Sent by Koos Engelbrecht



A Pokomo boatbuilder shaping a canoe from a log

For your interest.

Regards

Keith Elliot

Seamen's Guide to Shore Leave, 1944

Richard Jewell posted in
JEWELL - John Hugh
Auchinleck - Memorial

Richard Jewell created a document "Seamen's Guide to Shore Leave, 1944".
MOMBASA, Kenya, Africa;
Population 42,000

Hotels for Officers. MANOR, Salim Road, Tel. 112, rooms 15/50 up. PALACE, Killindini Road, Tel. "Palace", rooms 15/- up. REX, Killindini Road, Tel. 319, rooms 15/- up.

Shower, canteen, reading and writing rooms, library, billiards, table tennis. THE SERVICES CANTEEN, Tel. 432. Restaurant, lunch counter, reading and writing rooms, library, table tennis, concerts, dances, cinema, etc.

Seamen's Bank. Consult Port Captain, dock area.
Legal Aid. American Consulate, through the Provincial Commissioner.

Hospitals. European Hospital (whites), Tel. 561. Native Hospital (coloured), Tel. 550.
Venereal Disease Clinics. At the hospitals (8 a.m. To 12 m.).

Dentists. C. E. Thomas (dental surgeon), Tel. 921.
Laundries. European Laundry, Killindini Road, Tel. 209.
Amusements. Moving pictures: Regal; Majestic.
Points of Interest. The town itself. Fort Jesus, 16th century.

Caution: Not a "pay off" port. Seamen who miss their ships are subject to penalties provided by law. Tropical helmets should be worn because of great heat.
American Consulate: At Nairobi, 400 miles.

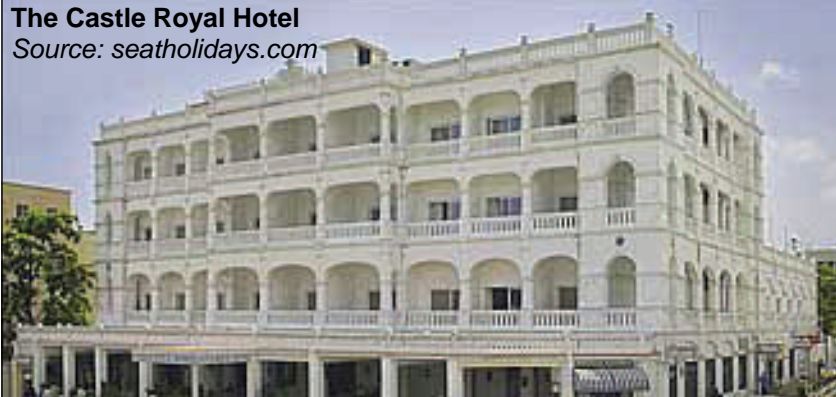
-- from the *Seamen's Guide to Shore Leave, 1944*

The Palace Hotel



The Castle Royal Hotel

Source: seatholidays.com



Seamen's Homes. SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE (Missions to Seamen, London), temporary quarters Killindini Road, Tel. 262.

Physicians. Medical Officer, European Hospital. Dr. W. N. Sargent, Native Hospital. Dr. J. H. Chataway, Native Hospital.

Mombasa is on an island about two miles wide and four miles long, connected by a pontoon bridge (constructed 1931), ferries and two causeways (THIS PART I DO NOT REMEMBER ? TWO CAUSEWAYS ?.....KEITH) with the mainland.

Small coastal vessels and *dhow*s still use the shallow harbour, east of the island; the deepest parts of the old port are about 33' below average sea level, and most of it is unsuitable for vessels drawing more than 20' of water.

Killindini Harbour is 25 to 30 fathoms deep in the centre and at least 15 fathoms deep in the narrow channel leading to the sea. However, the water along the pier is only suitable for ships drawing 27' of draft, or less. Tidal fluctuation is semi-diurnal, that is, there are two highs and two lows during each 24-

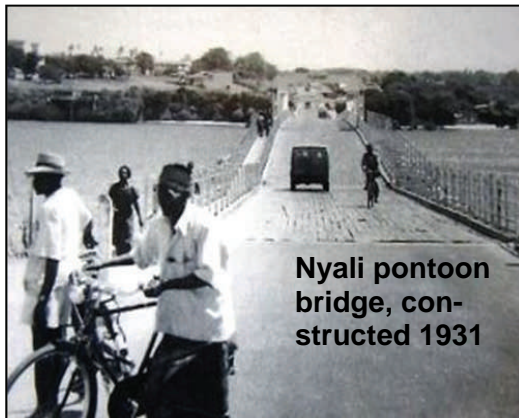
hour period; high tide is about 9 feet above the mean, and low tide about 2' 6" below the mean. The wharf at Killindini Harbour can only accommodate 3000' worth of ships; others must anchor out in the harbour. The port can provide fuel oil and coal.

Most of the water in the Port Tudor area, and west of Port Reitz, is tidal flats and swamps.

There are a *lot* of shipwrecks around Mombasa. "... Sailors and visitors arriv-

selves in shifting glimpses." An aerodrome, with airship mast, and a sea-plane harbour, are established on the mainland near Port Reitz (northwest of the island). No RAF units

are based here, al-



Nyali pontoon bridge, constructed 1931

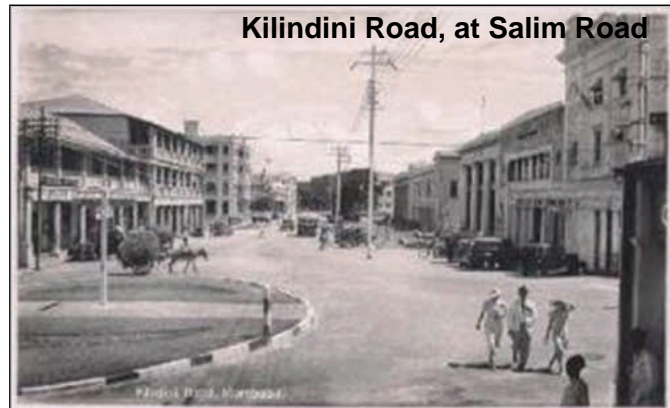
ing by ship would have seen lush vegetation with great baobabs clustered at the edge of the grey coral cliffs together with coconut palms, varieties of giant tropical figs, flame trees and spathodeas with their brilliant red blooms and casuarina pines mingled with broad-leafed indigenous trees. Pawpaw and mango trees grew in backyards and the grass would have been a brilliant green. The red corrugated-iron roofed bungalows of the residential areas would have been mostly hidden behind the foliage. The streets of double-storied shops, offices and small apartment buildings in the commercial centre would show them-

time to time.

Most of the policemen are Sikhs; the railway staff, crane operators, and other "technical" people are largely Indians. Small shops are run by Arabs; larger shops and markets are run by Chinese, Goans, Persians, Indians, etc. There are Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant churches, Hindu temples & mosques.

Kilindini Road is the main east-west thoroughfare on the island; it connects the deepwater Harbour with the old town.

The *Manor Hotel* is the largest in the country – 54 beds.



Kilindini Road, at Salim Road



Salim Road, at Kilindini Road

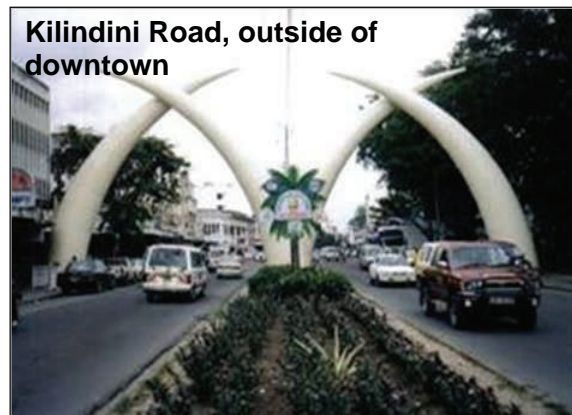
though the airfield was built for military uses. RAF survey and transport aircraft, usually Supermarine Southampton flying boats, visit from

Another large hotel is the *Palace* (36 beds), on Kilindini Road. (See page 29)

The *Regal Theatre* was built in 1931, on Salim Road.

Weather in August and September: 72 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit average; humidity 70% - 80%; 2.5" of rain per month, with rain about half of the days.

The overnight train journey from Mombasa to Nairobi leaves at 7 PM each evening, arriving the next day at 8:30



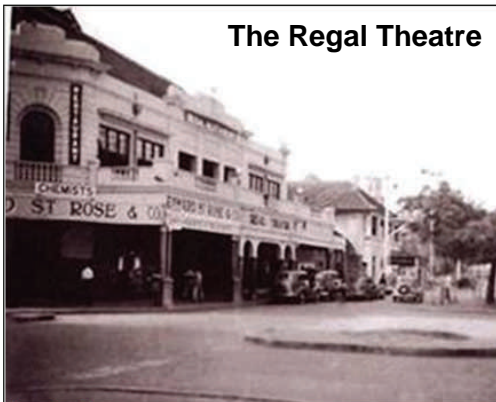
Kilindini Road, outside of downtown

am. Another train departs from Nairobi for Mombasa at the same time.

Mombasa is connected to an extensive intercontinental telephone network, including links to North America. *Campaign note: we're well aware that this is 20 years before any transatlantic telephone services historically, 30 years before the Kenyan telephone network had any connections outside of eastern Africa.*

Local languages in Mombasa: English, Swahili, Arabic, Chinese dialects, Portuguese, Hindi, Farsi, are used by immigrants and traders. Out of the 40,000 persons in Mombasa in 1932, "... 900 were Europeans, 6,000 were Arabs, 12,000 Asians, and 20,000 were Africans." Back in 1918, the total population was only 30,000, with only 230 Europeans.

A notable social centre for the "upper classes" is the *Mombassa Sports Club*, with polo ground, rugby/soccer fields and a cricket pavilion, tennis courts, boxing rings, squash court, lawn bowling green, gymnasium, etc.; plus two bars (the Men's Bar and the Lounge Bar) and a dining room. Subscriptions cost 20 East African shillings per



The Regal Theatre

month (quite expensive). There are a few other, cheaper sports and athletic clubs, as well.

There are no nightclubs, casinos or beach hotels. The main daily newspaper is the *East African Standard*, which comes down from Nairobi by train.

Adjacent to Fort Jesus is the *Mombasa Club*, established in 1885; besides drinking, dining and snooker, this club operates a nine-hole golf course (the tournament is in August) of particular beauty, surrounded by white sandy beaches and tropical greenery. This club is considered more 'staid and elderly' than the Mombasa Sports Club.

The *Mombasa Club*, near the 1st hole of the golf course The *Mombasa Yacht Club* has a pleasant clubhouse and dock along the west side of the island.

The currency is the *East African Shilling*, worth the same as a regular shilling, and divided into 100 cents. Notes for 20 East African Shillings or more carry their pound sterling equivalents on them also.

A company of the King's African Rifles, and a battery of

the East African Artillery, are stationed outside of town (on the mainland). There is a large military and naval hospital. Harbour defences consist of some (not currently deployed) anti-submarine booms, a few pillboxes with mounts for machine guns (not installed), a couple of search-light bunkers, and several

harbour defence motor launches. A battery of two 6" guns is proposed for Ras Serani, at the easternmost end of the island; construction of the gun bunkers won't be finished until 1936. Fort Jesus is in use as a prison (the provincial gallows are inside); the walls are about 17 meters high.

The pontoon bridge at Nyali (largest in the world) was built by Nyali Limited, a sisal plantation company; they own much land on the coast north of Mombasa. There are 6 or so palm-thatched coral masonry bungalows available for rent on the north shore.

The island side of the ferries, causeways and bridge all have police checkpoints -- identity cards must be shown by anyone not obviously white. And of course in emergencies, *everyone* can be stopped and searched.

Fort Jesus

Naval operations (under the East Indies Station) are centred on the Kilindini naval base; the local HQ is Navy House, at Telegraph Point. Mombasa can provide fuel, water and provisions, but no ammunition nor any large-scale repair.



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