

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



**Alex Boshoff, 'n stigterslid van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee**  
\* 1938 – † 2016

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**East-Africa Get-together**

Saturday 1 October 2016

at the recreation hall in the recreation area of the Voortrekker Monument

*See you there!*

Entrance fee: R25.00 per vehicle. (This may be subject to change.)

**Oos-Afrika Saamtrek**

Saterdag 1 Oktober 2016

Voortrekkermonument se ontspanningsaal by die ontspanningsterrein

*Ons sien mekaar daar!*

Please send your e-mail address if you prefer to get the Habari in electronic format.

**EDITOR'S LETTER / REDAKTEURSBRIEF**

Thank you very much to everyone who sent articles, photographs and information for this year's Habari.

We were saddened by the death of Alex Boshoff, one of the founding members of the Friends of East Africa Committee, and wish to extend our condolences to Dorie, his wife, and to his family.

Baie dankie aan elkeen wat bygedra het tot die artikels, foto's en informasie in hierdie uitgawe van die Habari.

Hierdie uitgawe is veral gewy aan die nagedagtenis van Alex Boshoff, wat stigterlid was van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee en vir baie jare voorsitter daarvan was.

Die Redakteur.

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 kode vir alle Absa takke is dieselfde. 632 005 is the code for all Absa branches.

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**Burrows, Dianne** Nelspruit  
**Engelbrecht, Rosa** Ifafi  
**Hechl, Louise** Honeydew  
**Moll, Paul & Heidi** Ifafi  
**Van Der Ryst, Cecilia** Fotainebleu  
**Wolmarans, Dot** Hoedspruit

**LOORLEDE 2015-2016**

Ons leedwese aan familie en vriende van ...

**Alex Boshoff**  
**Pieter (Boesak) Kruger**  
**Magdalena Maria Magrita Pieterse**  
**Hettie vd Heever**

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Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee**

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Piet Prinsloo  
Isabel Prinsloo  
Rina Helberg

**PLEASE us your e-mail address**

The cost of postage is going up ... and our postal service is going down. 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. Please send your address to Rina Helberg at philip@codecatalyst.co.uk

**ALEXANDER  
GEORGE BOSHOFF**  
\* 24.04.1938 – † 6.03.2016

(Contributions by Dorie Boshoff, Nicolene Boshoff, Cordia Louw, Jan Boshoff and Elsie Cloete)

*Alex Boshoff was a founding member of the Friends of East Africa/Oos-Afrika Vriendekring which was established in 1967.*

The first, inspirational annual gathering of East Africans was held at the Fountains in Pretoria in 1972. What began as a single page invitation to those former East Africans whose addresses were known to a small group of family and friends had grown to an almost 500 strong jamboree by 1974.

The first newsletter was a single page roneoed piece of paper but as technology improved multi-page photocopies were circulating throughout South Africa. Today, the newsletter circles the entire planet via the internet and Habari web page and carries colour photos, intricate maps and book reviews – even though the circle of remaining East African friends has dwindled proportionately. Alex served on the committee for more than 40 years including a decade long stint as Chairperson. His death from Multiple Myeloma in March 2016 has been keenly felt by family and friends alike.

Alex Boshoff was the oldest son of Bonnie and Kosie Boshoff from Plateau. In her characteristic way Bonnie used to remark that Alex was born on 24 April, Jan, his brother, on 30 April and that she and Kosie were married on 26th. She would pause for a while and then add “luckily not all in the same year!” Alex inherited the same sense of humour and would always start or end a conversation with an incisive remark about the human condition or a quotation from his beloved Mark Twain. Apart

**Alex Boshoff was a  
founding member of  
the Friends of East  
Africa / Oos-Afrika  
Vriendekomitee**



*l to r: Jan & Alex Boshoff as small boys.*

from his sense of humour, somewhere along the line he also picked up the knack of always remaining calm and diplomatic and these are char-



*Alex Boshoff, young photographer*



*Alex Boshoff, 1956 - Head prefect, Nicholson House, Prince of Wales School.*



*Alex & parents: Kosie & Bonnie Boshoff. BA Degree. Durban 1961*

*Continued on next page*



Alex Boshoff and eland

acter traits for which he will be fondly remembered.

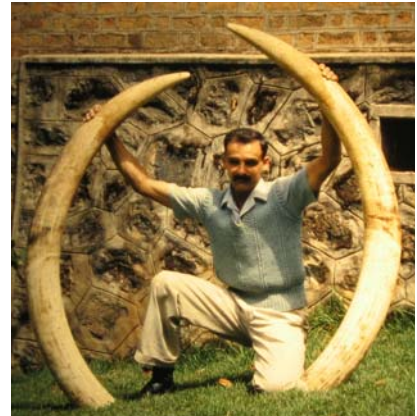
The Boshoffs were keen adventurers and apart from many family safaris, they would also explore their world around them. In 1953 for instance, Bonnie, Kosie, Alex, Anna and Jan, together with Len van Wyk, boarded the SS Usoga (a passenger and cargo ferry belonging to East African Railways and Harbours) at Kisumu

and stayed abroad until the old 1914 steamer had sailed right around Lake Victoria's shoreline, stopping at small harbours in Uganda, Tanganyika and Kenya to pick up coffee, ivory and other products.

This spirit of discovering new places was revived when Alex retired in 1998. Dorie, Alex's

**This spirit of  
discovering new  
places was revived  
when Alex retired in  
1998 ...**

wife, bought a caravan while he invested in a Toyota Hilux. Together they toured the length and breadth of South Africa. As Dorie has noted, they didn't



Alex with tusks from an elephant shot at Elgon



Dorie Boshoff

dare quarrel on these trips as either Alex would threaten to unhitch the caravan or Dorie would retaliate by kicking him out of the caravan. Needless to say, peace prevailed.

Alex underwent a stint of home schooling on the Plateau farm before he went to Prince of Wales in Nairobi. He completed the Higher Cambridge Schools Certificate in 1956 (equivalent to A levels or post-Matric) and was offered a bursary to study at Cambridge University but along with his brother Jan,



Starting top left, l to r: Alex Boshoff, Corrie Cloete, Anna Boshoff, Jan Boshoff, Kosie Boshoff, Mita Diesel, AC Boshoff (Trichardt), AG Boshoff, Bonnie Boshoff, Rina van Wyk & Van van Wyk



*l to r: Beta & Pieter Pieterse, Alex Boshoff, Engela Nel (cousin), Dorie Boshoff*

joined the Kenya Regiment in 1957 instead. Military service was compulsory for all young men in Kenya and both boys remained as members of the Territorial Army until it was finally disbanded in 1963.

In 1957 Alex was involved in patrols on Mt Elgon and Mt Kenya in an effort to locate members of the Mau Mau. As soon as his training was complete, Alex and Jan left for South Africa. Alex registered for a BA at the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg while Jan studied at Cedara College of Agriculture at nearby Hilton. Upon completion of his degree, despite being urged to do post-graduate studies, Alex decided to return to Kenya, his family and friends, and begin farming.

While the family still stayed on at Plateau for a few years after independence, Alex returned to South Africa in 1965 where he

Before their marriage, he warned Dorie that she was not only marrying him but also Kenya, and that she would simply have to live with two ‘husbands’.

began teaching at Rivonia Primary School before moving, to his surprise, to an all-girls school – Johannesburg Commercial High. When he left after 5 years his pupils gave him a wall hanging. “To Sir with Love” had been inked onto the back of the hanging. While he was teaching in Johannesburg, Alex did his teaching diploma at the former Johannesburg College of Education.

He also met and married Dorie Kühn in 1972. Before their marriage he warned her that

she was not only marrying a man but also Kenya and that she would simply have to live with two ‘husbands’. To her eternal credit, Dorie has in the meantime become an Honorary Kenyan and has probably met and remembered more former East Africans than many of those who gathered at the Fountains, Rietfontein and Voortrekker Monument for the annual gathering over the years.

In the 1970s the family moved to Pretoria where Alex taught at Hoërskool Wonderboom and thereafter at the newly built Overkruin Hoër. Mark Twain famously once said: “I’ve never let my schooling interfere with my education”. Alex, on the other hand never let his careers at schools interfere with his further education. Whilst teaching, he completed his Honours degree in English (1974)

Back to SA, 1967. Alex fixing John Harms's Jeep.



and in 1982 he graduated with an MA dissertation on Mark Twain. From 1975 until his retirement in 1998 Alex taught English at Pretoria Technikon.

The family moved to Leeuwfontein in 1982, and called their plot 'Shauri Mingi' – 'plenty of trouble'.

On a year's sabbatical in 1993 Alex completed a two-year MEd at the University of Pretoria in one year. Apart from being the oldest in his class (55 years old) he was also there with his daughter Cordia in her

first year. She had firmly told him that while they were on campus she would deny knowing him. However, as soon as her pocket money ran out she would seek him out for a fill up! With is trademark humour,

Alex always felt that he and Dorie could never divorce because neither of them wanted to be saddled alone with the children and the dogs.

When the family moved to Leeuwfontein in 1982, they called their plot "Shauri Mingi." Together with Dr Tobi Hart who also served on the Poort Owners' Committee, Alex managed, after a great deal of fighting, to get a municipal water service installed for all the plots. Alex served as Chairperson of the committee which was also instrumental in setting up a fire, safety and radio connection between all the owners. Apart from serving on

the Church Council at Verge-noeg in Eldoret, Alex also served as an elder in the Kameeldrift NG Church and as a member of the local Commando until it was disbanded in the 1990s. Many friends and colleagues have remarked on his abilities in facilitating peaceful settlements. His quiet negotiation skills and especially his patience were legendary.

Kwenda Mzuri, Alex.

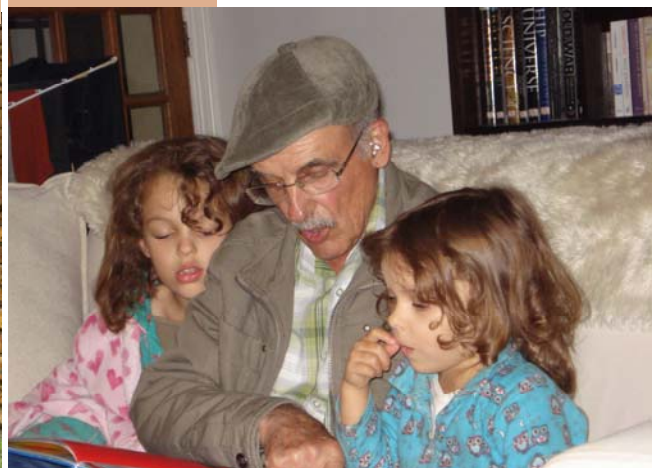
In 2015 when Alex became increasingly infirm, Dorie and he moved closer to town and lived with their youngest daughter, Nicolene. Chemotherapy proved ineffectual and on 6 March 2016 Alex finally succumbed. On 30 April Dorie, Nicolene, Cordia and her husband Michael together with Alex's beloved grandchildren, Teia and Anik, scattered some of his ashes on Table Mountain. In August, Michael will scatter the remainder in Nairobi.

Kwenda Mzuri, Alex. ▪

From top left, l to r: Dorie Boshoff, Mike's father Koot Louw, Alex Boshoff, Marianne Louw; Cordia Louw (née Boshoff), Nicolene Boshoff, Jacques Louw, brother to Mike, Mike Louw with Teia and Anika.



Below right: Alex Boshoff with grandchildren Teia and Anika Louw



## Twêe ou seders het geval – Alex Boshoff en Harry Pohl

Deur Dan Steyn

Dit is altyd interessant hoe ‘n sê-ding in die mode kom. So het een van ons gewilde radio persoonlikhede een of twee keer onlangs die uitdrukking, ‘hulle kap in ons bos’ gebruik en nou hoor mens dit oral. Vir ons van die destydse Uashin Gishu is dit beslis tydig, want twee groot seders in ons bos is in die afgelope jaar ‘gekap’.

Albei hierdie mense het so om en by 60 jaar gelede vir ‘n jong, skaam en algemeen sosiaal onbeholpe jong kind van redelike ouerige ouers meer beteken as wat hulle ooit besef het. Ek was nog in die laerskool toe hulle al hulle vlerke begin spreid het – twee uiteenlopende geaardhede: Alex wat altyd een of ander humor in dinge gesien het; Harry wat meer ‘n stil, filosofiese uitkyk op die lewe gehad het.

Ek het nooit voorheen so daaraan gedink nie – maar besef nou dat hulle eintlik vir my twee lewens-voorbeelde was, of wat ons in die moderne idioom rol-modelle sou noem – een die akademikus, die ander ‘n vooruitstrewende jong boer.

Die laaste jare in Kenya was



Die Boshoff plaashuis op Plateau

**Alex wat altyd humor in dinge gesien het;  
Harry wat meer ‘n stil, filosofiese uitkyk op die lewe gehad het ...**

vir almal jare van groot verandering en vir diegene van ons wat midde-in ons teenage jare was, nog soveel te meer verwarrend.

Ten spyte daarvan was daar indrukke, beelde en stories wat my bygebly het. Ek onthou die volgende:

Sê nou ons vat die pad van Plateau stasie af op in die rigting van Kaptegat, omtrent so drie myl verder draai ons regs oor die spoor en dan weer skerp links in ‘n plaaspad in wat al langs die spoor op loop, by Oom Willem von Maltitz se plaas verby, en verder op trek totdat dit links swaai oor ‘n

stroom water (Broederstroom) om bo by die Boshoffs se plaas uit te kom. Oom Kosie en Tant Bonnie het drie kinders gehad, ‘n dogter Anna en twee seuns Alex en Jan, ‘n Dawid-en-Jonathan paar wat gewoonlik in een asem genoem is.

Maar voordat ek met my storie verder gaan, wil ek, soos gewoonlik, eers die bobbejaan agter die berg gaan haal.

Die storie word vertel van ‘n Kalahari-boer wat ‘n Boesman saamgeneem het na die Randse Paasskou – meer uit nuuskierigheid om te sien hoe die knaap, wat nog nooit eers in ‘n dorp was nie, die ervaring sal belewe. Daar gekom, het die Boesman tot die boer se verbasing nie veel trek gehad aan dit wat hy daar om hom sien nie ... totdat hulle om ‘n hoek kom waar iemand water uit ‘n kraan tap. Toe,

kry die man lewe en dadelik was hy die ene belangstelling – dít het vir hom betekenis, want waar hy vandaan kom, draai die lewe om skaars water en hier draai iemand net aan ‘n pyp en dit spoeg ‘n stroom water uit.

Nou terug na Alex.

Na hy klaar met universiteit was, is hy terug Kenya toe om sy pa op die plaas te help. Tant Bonnie, tipies van ‘n trotse ma, vertel vir almal wat wil luister van sy akademies prestasies, maar verder as om polite te luister, gaan dit ook maar by die een oor in en by die ander uit – want wat weet ‘n klomp boere nou van hierdie of daardie ‘ologie’?

Maar toe maak Alex die waterkraan oop.

Êrens het Oom Kosie so ‘n baster Yanktank gekoop – nie een van die bekendes soos dit wat oom Piet van Deventer elke jaar uitgetrek het nie. As ek reg onthou was dit so ‘n ligte groen kleur en ek neem aan dit het ‘n outomatiese ratkas gehad want, nie lank nie, toe gee dié moeilikheid. Ek weet my pa het op ‘n dag gesê dat Oom Kosie nou skoon moedeloos is, want nie een van die garages in Eldoret sien kans vir die ratkas nie. Ek dink die motor het toe eers vir ‘n ruk in ‘n skuur (‘n ‘stoor’ in Kenya-Afrikaans) gestaan totdat Alex besluit het om te kyk wat hy aan die saak kan doen. Wat hy gedoen het, kan ek nie sê nie

behalwe dat die motor (‘kar’ in Kenya-Afrikaans) op ‘n dag weer by Plateau stasie stilgehou het waar hulle Tant Bonnie se blomme kom aflaai het vir die trein Uganda toe.

Nou ja, net soos water vir die Boesman, was dit iets wat die Plateau boere goed kon verstaan – want befoeterde rat-

**‘n Jong man wat ‘n outomatiese ratkas kan aanvat, is nie iets wat jy agter elke bos uitskop nie ...**

kaste was deel van hulle wêreld, en ‘n jong man wat ‘n outomatiese ratkas kan aanvat, is nie iets wat jy agter elke bos uitskop nie. Miskien was daar selfs hier en daar een wat met sy laerskool Latyn in gedagte (in Kenya moes ons op laerskool twee jaar Latyn neem) gewonder het of so ‘n slim geleerde man nie ook ‘n paar goeie Latynse vloekwoorde geken het nie en dat dit moontlik kon gehelp het om ‘n befoeterde outomatiese ratkas op sy plek te sit ...

Begin ons weer by Plateau stasie en neem ons dié keer die pad by oom Koos ‘Seningnek’ Prinsloo se plaas verby na die Eldoret / Nakuru hoofpad toe, kom ons by ‘n kruising waar ons in die ‘grootpad’ regs indraai, dan ‘n ent verder af ry verby die afdraai van oom Anaak Cloete se plaaspad totdat ons by ‘n pad kom wat links uitdraai en tussen die wat-



*My pa en Harry in laasgenoemde se koringland, Desember 1963 net voor ons uit Kenya weg is.*

telbome deurloop in die rigting van die Nandi Border. Uiteindelik kry ons die plaaspad wat links uitdraai na oom Laurie Pohl se plaas toe. ‘n Interessante oubaas met baie nukke en sêgoed, wat later jare al hoe siekliker geword het en oplaas die plaas aan sy seun, Harry, oorgelaat het. Harry bou vir hom ‘n huis so ‘n entjie van die hoofopstal af en trou met Hettie – ek onthou haar nog as een van die ‘groot meisies’ (dis te sê, die Standerd 5 meisies) toe ek in 1953 by die Highlands School begin skoolgaan het.

Alhoewel hulle baie jare in ouderdom verskil het, word Harry en my pa groot vriende, met die gevolg dat ons dikwels na hulle oorgery het en dit soms op ‘avonture’ uitgeloopt het. So, byvoorbeeld, onthou ek van ‘n nag wat Harry in die wattleplantasies agter bokke aan is – uiteindelik was ons ver

buite die grense van hulle plaas en ek, wat natuurlik nie so iets gewoond was nie, was vrek bang dat ons gevang gaan word. Maar Harry het net gelag en gesê ek hoef nie te kommer nie want hy ken die plantasiebestuurder, weet dat hy nog banger was as ek, en beslis nie sy voet uit die huis uit sou sit nie. So 'n mens was hy – vat 'n kans, maar net waar hy weet hy kan. Dit het hom goed te pas gekom het in die laaste jare in Kenya toe almal aan die trek was en grond en implemente verkoop het. Hy doen toe net die teenoorgestelde en koop 'n vloot ou trekkers aan (ek dink dit was die ou breëwiel John Deeres) en boer al groter. Dit was goeie saaijare in Kenia, die mark vir koring was goed, en baie vinnig boer hy sterk vooruit.

Daar was wel een keer wat die kansvatterry nie gewerk het nie. Eintlik was dit nie heeltemal Harry se skuld nie, maar meer sy ou groot pël Hendrik Kruger se geneukery, alhoewel Harry self sekerlik nie heeltemal onskuldig was nie. Maar ... voor ek by die storie kom, eers weer die bobbejaan agter die berg gaan aankeer ...

Hendrik was nie 'n hierjy nie. Met die 1960/61 Springbokspan se toer na die Britse Eilande (Avril Malan was kaptein) speel op pad terug na Suid Afrika 'n wedstryd in Nairobi teen 'n Oos-Afrika span, waarin Hendrik stut speel. Later hoor ons dat die

Springbokke vertel het dat hulle in hulle hele toer deur Brittanje g'n ander stut teëgekomm het wat so sterk soos Hendrik was nie.

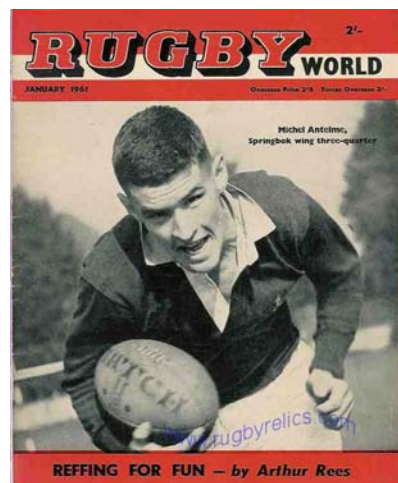
Nou terug na my storie – hier ná Uhuru (12 Desember 1963), is hulle vrouens al weg Republiek toe, maar Harry en

### Die Springbokke het in hulle hele toer deur Brittanje g'n ander stut teëgekomm wat so sterk soos Hendrik Kruger was nie ...

Hendrik bly agter om nog die laaste oeste in te kry. Ek onthou die tyd nog goed, want ek het net klaar matriek geskryf en was vir die laaste keer op Kenya toe waar die hele klomp van ons (Harry, Hendrik, my pa en ek) op 'n dag 'n baie, baie warm kerrie in die Wagon Wheel Hotel (wat toe al deur Indiërs oorgeneem is) aangedurf het – maar dis 'n storie vir 'n ander dag. In ieder geval, Harry en Hendrik, wat vir hulleself moes sorg, het menige aand liever by die Sports Club op Eldoret gaan eet – en sekerlik ook 'n dop of twee gedrink. Soos ek die storie gehoor het (en ek neem aan daar was meer as een weer-gawe) het die twee een aand uit verveeldheid twee ander siele wat ook in die kroeg gesit het, probeer uitlok vir 'n onderonsie. Aanvanklik wou die twee nie aan die aas byt nie, maar uiteindelik het die een op-

gestaan en Hendrik sy sin gegee – nie net sy sin nie, maar ook 'n dekselse pak slaai. Wat hulle nie geweet het nie, was dat hy die 'sparring partner' van Ingemar Johansson, die wêreld se swaargewig bokskampioen van 1958 tot 1963, was. Nou ja, enige mens kan seker maar 'n fout maak.

Die groot vraag – Wat sou ons lewensverloop gewees het as ons in Kenya kon gebly het? – is weer eens hier ter sprake. In Harry se geval is die antwoord dalk makliker – hy sou ongetwyfeld 'n baie suksesvolle boer geword het met 'n plaas vir elk van sy seuns. By Alex is dit moeiliker om te besluit. Suksesvolle boer? Ja, sekerlik, maar ek vermoed hy sou later verveeld geraak het. Daar was iets van die Cloete storieverteller in hom gewees, en wie weet wat daaruit sou kon kom?



Springbok Tour 1961 to the British Isles. Michel Antelme Springbok wing three-quarter on cover of *Rugby World*, January 1961 edition  
Image source: [www.rugbyrelics.com](http://www.rugbyrelics.com)

## MOUNT ELGON

By Lowie Potgieter

*Mount Elgon, over 14,000 feet high, is practically on the equator yet it gets perishingly cold up there on this mountain which apparently has the largest base of any one single mountain in the world.*

Though Mount Elgon lies very close to Kitale, many of us had the privilege of viewing it from our verandahs in the Eldoret area. Having been a keen mountaineer for most of my life, the mountain has intrigued me since my school days in Kenya. Ule Sunde, Dan Shaw and I, together with other school friends, climbed it just about every single school holiday. Subsequently, my wife Marion and I climbed it together with the late Jim Little who was also a teacher at the Hill School, Eldoret. The last time Marion and I went up Mount Elgon was with two young American missionaries. This time we used a small 4-wheel drive Suzuki and managed to drive all the way up through the forest to the moorlands.

It was 5.30 am and the land was shrouded in mist when we headed for the mountain. Elgon has a rain forest which extends to an altitude of about 10,000 feet with thousands of magnificent trees, vines and exotic shrubs. As we neared the upper

limits of the forest, we came to dense bamboo jungles penetrated only by buffalo and elephant trails. They are the only animals that possess the strength to cross these otherwise impenetrable barriers.

For anyone who loves nature and animals it is a paradise as it contains a multitude of animal species and also a large variety of insects and butterflies, some being unique to this forest. Then there are the mountain exhibitionists – the Colobus monkeys, a rare species famous for their aerobatics. They literally fly 50 feet through the air, land on a flimsy branch which



Colobus monkey in flight  
Image source: s3.amazonaws.com/  
media.jungledragon.com

bends near to breaking point and then recoils, launching them like skydivers in their black and white suits into space. If you are not mindful of the time they will keep you amused for hours on end and you won't get to the caves be-

**It was 5.30 am  
and the land was  
shrouded in mist  
when we headed for  
the mountain ...**



Mount Elgon  
Image source: [www.primeugandasafaris.com/blog](http://www.primeugandasafaris.com/blog)

fore the sun has set in the west.  
Endele na haraka kidogo!

These caves are not that far from the summit but, as we are on the subject of caves, it is worth mentioning the caves that are at the base of the mountain. These are massive caves which travel deep into the mountainside. Being full of natural salts and chemicals, the animals continually dig away at the roof and the sides with their horns and lick up the nutrients that are so vital to them. In other parts the roof was too high for their reach and as you shine your torch upwards thousands of eyes reflect back from bats hanging above. If disturbed they drop several feet to gain air speed; then there is a loud 'woosh' as they fly, followed by their shrill sonic beeps, a built in radar system for blind flying. Not only has the Almighty provided a transponder system, but also given these creatures the capability of inverted landing on an upside down perch. The natives have many stories about these caves and they are prominent in their folk lore with a lot of superstition being attached to them.



**Cherangani Hills**

Image source: markafrika.blogspot.co.za

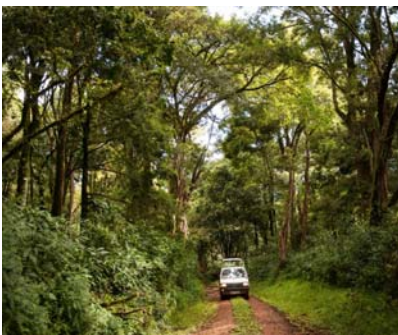
Some of the rocks in this area are highly radio-active and my friends, the Hansen brothers who farmed near Kitale, also had many stories to tell about these caves.

As we bumped up the final approach to the edge of the forest the mist cleared and we could see forever across the green valleys to the purple ranges of the Cherangani Hills. The Cheranganis are over 8,000 ft in altitude and in many countries would be classified as mountains. We finally abandoned our vehicle and then climbed the rest of the way to the caves which are about 1,500 ft from the summit. There we slept the night. At about one o'clock in the morning there was a thunder storm and the rain pelted down. We had a lovely stream of ice-cold water flowing through the cave. It was nice for our early morning tea but was not appreciated at that time of night as we got quite soaked. There was a magnificent sunrise next morning with the cloud bank lying far below us and the Cheranganis peeping out like islands in the sea. We lay our

**We could see forever across the green valleys to the purple ranges of the Cherangani Hills ...**

sleeping bags out in the sunshine to dry and made a breakfast of porridge, the pot was unfortunately tainted by sardines – the dinner from the previous night - which did not deter us in the least.

When you have climbed a mountain, it invariably leaves



**Mount Elgon forest**

Image source: thetreasureblog.wordpress.com

you hungry and the Sunde saw-mill on the way down was a favourite stop when we were school boys. Ule's mother was a good and generous cook and had the uncanny aptitude of being able to over-feed our receptive tumbus. Ule's dad was

clever with his hands and we admired the lorry that he converted into a motor home. As a family they drove this vehicle called 'The Grey Goose' from the Kenya equator the length of Africa and right up to Norway. I last saw Ole in Rhodesia. Sadly we learned later that he was murdered on his farm in Zimbabwe.

I hope for those of us who are left, this will stir up your own recollections of that wonderful mountain and your own climbing experiences ... kwa-heri wa Rafiki! ▪



Photo: Rina Helberg

## Between two murders

By Dan Steyn

*My story is a bit like the hamburgers we bought as students – a rather thin meat patty dominated above and below by buns and condiments. On the other hand the buns and extras were sometimes better than the meat – so let us see how far we get.*

Some time ago I came across a book on my bookshelf that I had bought back in 1990 – African Sketchbook by Ray Nestor. What caught my eye about it was the fact that not only had it been published on the author's 100th birthday but also had a foreword by Elspeth Huxley. Well, if you have that many summers behind you when you produce a book, and have someone of the stature of Elspeth Huxley also having something to say about you, I suppose you know you've arrived.

Before we get to the murders, let me first tell you something about Ray Nestor. He was born in England where he trained as an engineer before going out to Kenya in 1912 to work as a government surveyor.

Nestor fought in the Great War and was badly wounded in the Battle of the Somme. After the war he returned to Kenya to his former job as surveyor, but then spread his wings and also started farming on the side – first at Kibigori (near Lake

Crater Lake, Naivasha, Kenya  
By Ray Nestor  
Image source: media.mutualart.com

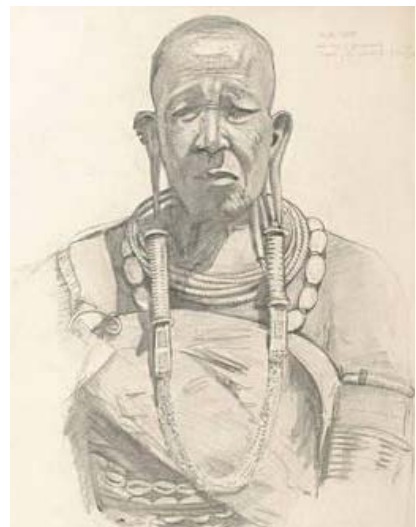


Nestor writes  
about  
attending a court  
hearing in 1912  
of a Boer,  
Mr Grobbelaar,  
who had shot his wife.

Victoria), then at Moiben and eventually at Kipkarren.

Although he was not always that successful a farmer, quite early on he had already excelled as an artist – mainly doing pencil sketches and watercolours. What really launched his career as artist was a pencil sketch he did of Berkeley Cole (Delamare's brother-in-law) with a Somali shawl draped over his shoulders. This was exhibited at the 1920 exhibition of the Kenya Arts and Crafts Society and led to a commission to do sketches of a number of the prominent members of the Muthaiga Club such

as Delamere, Grogan, Finch-Hatton and others. (Elspeth Huxley describes how she once tiptoed in while most club members were enjoying a siesta to have a peek at the Berkeley Cole sketch that still hangs in the Members Room of the club – the sanctuary of the males where no female may set her foot – at least until 1989.)



Old Nandi Woman – 'Mama'  
by Ray Nestor  
Image source: media.mutualart.com

Apart from his watercolours of country scenes, Nestor had a strong preference for pencil sketches, particularly of Nandi women in their traditional dress – and this irrespective of the fact that one of them (who was rumoured to be a bit dilly in the head) burnt down half of the coffee plantation on his Kipkarren farm. In 1950 he sold the farm and moved back to England where he passed away in 1989.

In his book, Nestor mentions a fact that I had never come across anywhere else. He writes about attending a court hearing in 1912 of a Boer, Mr Grobbelaar, who had shot his wife – the first European to be charged with murder in Kenya. As the hearing attracted so much attention, it could not be heard in the limited space of the Magistrate's Court (which also doubled as the High Court) so it was moved to a theatre – which gave it a bit of a tragi-comic flavour, aptly accentuated by the usual Tragedy and Comedy masks (also known as Sock and Bushkin) perched on a pillar behind the judge. The judge was housed on the stage, with the opposing legal teams on either side of him. Part of the jury sat on the stage while the rest were nestled in the orchestra pit. Initially the hearing had to be postponed for a month before an Afrikaans speaking lawyer could be found to represent the accused, but that was not the end of the story as the same

problem arose again when suitable translators had to be found. Eventually Grobbelaar was found guilty and sentenced to death. But still the drama

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was not over yet as it was then discovered that Kenya did not yet have an official executioner. Apparently it was the duty of the poor DC to sort this one out, and if he couldn't rustle up an executioner he had to perform the grisly task himself. As Nestor does not mention anything further, I was curious as to what had happened to Grobbelaar and searched around till I eventually found

that Christine Nicholls in *Red Strangers: The White Tribe of Kenya* also referred to the murder and confirmed that he was indeed hanged in 1912.

Forty-eight years later, in 1960, there was another murder in Kenya with a 'first' tagged onto it – in this instance it was the first time that a European was executed in Kenya for murdering an African. At the time I was in Van Riebeeck School in Thomson's Falls and I remember Delamare High from Nairobi came to play rugby against us – or should rather say 'came to lose against us', as only St Marys was able to beat us. In any case, one of their players – something tells he might even have been the captain – was pointed out to me as the younger brother of Peter Poole, the man who was convicted of the murder. Poole had been accused of shooting his house servant, Kamawe Musunge, with a Luger after the latter had



The bench of judges at the Peter Poole trial

Image source: <http://www.standardmedia.co.ke>

thrown stones at Poole's dogs as he was riding his bicycle. In an attempt to win a stay of execution, Poole's parents petitioned the Governor that their son had not been quite normal after he returned from fighting the Mau Mau in the 1950s, but it was to no avail as the hanging went ahead. In 1962 Robert Ruark, an American author who wrote several books based on Kenya, published a best-seller *Uhuru* in which the Poole murder trial plays a dominant role.

Apart from the fact that both murders obviously made headlines I find it historically significant that it approximately brackets the era of colonialism and particularly of Afrikaner settlement in Kenya.

The first major trek to the Uashin Gishu was the Van Rensburg trek in 1908 and not long after the others followed so that by 1912 the area where they could settle had to be expanded and the Trans Nzoia was also opened up for settlement.

On the flip side of the coin we have 1960 – a tumultuous year we will never forget. Before this there had already been some rumblings on the political front that had made everybody uneasy – however the following events in that fateful year was the final wake-up call:

- On the 12 January the Mau Mau state of emergency was finally lifted.
- Soon after, on 28 February,

there was a public meeting of 25 000 people in Nairobi demanding the release of Kenyatta.

- This was followed up on 15 April when a document with more than a million signatures demanding the same was handed over to the Governor.
- On the 14 April Kenyatta, who was still in jail, was elected in absentia as KANU (the dominant political party) president.
- On the 30th of June, the Congo was granted independence. Soon chaos ensued, with trains full of European refugees passing through Kenya.
- Finally, on 18 August, Peter Poole was executed for fatally shooting an African the previous year.

Thinking back, the initial political events was background music to the latter two events, – these were probably the proverbial nails in the coffin for not long after that the first treks

South and North began.

Now a few words on Christine Nicholls – mainly for those who still remember the old Highlands School in Eldoret - and, sadly, there can't be many of us left. I had somewhere read that she had attended the Highlands School, but also that her maiden name was Metcalf. The latter rang a bell loud and clear as I remembered that there had once been a Metcalf teacher in Eldoret. I thus went scratching around on the Internet and found that both her parents had at a stage taught at the Highlands School in the early 1950s (I started my schooling at the Highlands in 1953). Later they also taught at schools in Nyeri, Nairobi and Mombasa. Christine completed her schooling in Nairobi and went on to obtain an M.A. and D.Phil. from Oxford. Her first job was with the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at London University, later she worked for the BBC and eventually moved to the Oxford University Press where she worked for twenty years as the editor of *Dictionary of National Biography* and later also as the editor of *Hutchinson Encyclopaedia of Biography*, she wrote a number of books including *Red Strangers: The White Tribe of Kenya*, *A Kenya Childhood* – a book on Kenya childhood memories, as well as the biography of Elspeth Huxley. ■

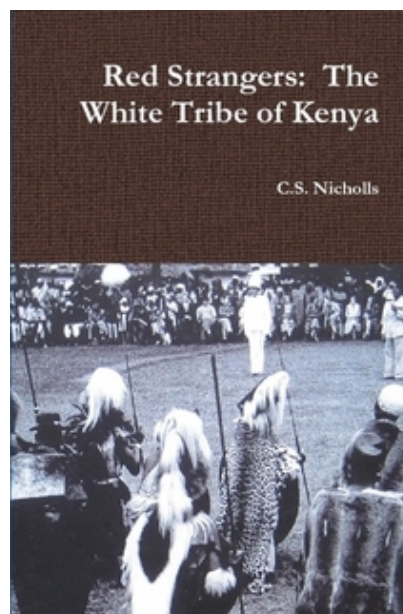


Image source: static.lulu.com

An article forwarded by Fred Pohl . ‘This note I got from my old friend and fellow school-mate, Chris Schermbrucker ...

### **Chris and Ann’s safari to Tanzania – January 2016**

*Once again we surfed the web, and again we chose the KLM/KenAir combination for our flights. And again the KLM website worked beautifully. So on Jan 1st we flew from Heathrow to Nairobi on Ken Air and had time for a coffee in the refurbished Embakasi airport (JKIA), and then flew on with Ken Air to Kilimanjaro International Airport (JRO).*

Kate collected us and drove us to her small house at the International School, at Moshi (ISM). She called up John da Ronde who we had met the year before. He kindly came to the school where, just as in 2015, we gave him \$50 for his Mission School, and another \$50 to send by MPesa to the former house servant of a friend in England.

We then went with Kate to the Hash, which this time was a long walk from someone’s house through the environs of Moshi, and back to the house for a cold Tusker. The next day Kate took me to the Town where I changed some of our US \$ into Tanz Shillings, and also went to her grocer where I ordered 15 kg of coffee, 10 kg of cashew nuts and 5kg of pea-

nuts to take back to England with us.

In 1956, when my great friend Dave Stanley was waiting for a ship to take him to Aus to start at Agri College, and I was waiting for a ship to take me to the UK to start at Vet College in Edinburgh, we decided to climb Kilimanjaro. So using the money which my god-mother, Joy McCormack, had sent me on my 21st birthday, we booked into the Marangu Hotel, and Mrs Lany fixed us up with a Chagga mountain guide called Sadiakeli.

### **Our Kilimanjaro climb went very well. We went up in three days and came down in one.**

Our climb went very well and we went up in 3 days and came down in 1. So, on our visit to Kate, she decided to book us all into the Marangu Hotel for 3 nights and off we went with her. Mrs Lany is long gone and the hotel is now run by the Brice-Bennett family who keep the standards up well, and are very hospitable. We arranged to go with a local Chagga man John for a Bird Walk on day 2, and he led us on a very successful walk. Since he was local I asked him if he knew Sadiakeli, and after a short pause he smiled and said ‘yes he is now over 90 and he lives

about 8 Km from here’. Unfortunately our time at Marangu was too short to make a visit to Sadiakeli’s village, but I sent him salaams and wished him well.

After a night back at Moshi, Kate reserved rooms for us at the huge TPC Sugar Estate a short way out of Moshi. The food and accommodation were excellent, and the few days there met Kate’s requirement for a bit of R & R after her busy Term at ISM. Kate and Ann read books and I stalked quietly around the beautiful grounds, photographing the birds. On the way back to Moshi we collected the coffee and nuts which Kate would bring to JRO, on our departure back to England.

Early on the 10th Jan Kate drove us back to JRO where our good friends Tony Garland and Linda arrived on the same flights that we had taken. One of the drivers from the Safari Co we had booked with collected us 4, so we said goodbye to Kate, and the driver took us to the Coffee Lodge at Arusha. There we we slept overnight, and next morning we were collected by Mzee Laizer in his big Toyota 4wd Land-Cruiser. The car had 6 passenger seats, and our safari was joined by another very nice Brit couple, Edward and Evelyn.

Laizer took us to the first

Game Park at Lake Manyara. The whole of East Africa had been having el nino' rains and both Kenya and Tanzania were unusually green. As we drove down the main road we passed a village which was holding it's large weekly market which was most colourful. En route we stopped at a large roadside shop which had enormous numbers of wooden carvings of animals and people in various tribal dress. On both sides of the highway from Arusha to the Makuyuni cross-roads there were hundreds of Abdim's Storks feeding in the fields and pastures. Nowadays the safari drivers all keep in touch through their mobile phones so quite soon after entering the Park Laizer joined a few other vehicles which had gathered together and amazingly we were looking through our binoculars at a Leopard dozing while stretched out along a tree branch. Our cameras were soon clicking away as we couldn't believe our luck in seeing a Leopard in broad daylight so soon on our safari. A troop of very tame Vervet Monkeys was close to the vehicles, and lots of photos were taken especially of the young ones who's antics caused much amusement. A pair of Woodland Kingfishers were close enough to our Toyota for us to get a few photos of them and also of some Guineafowl at the side of the vehicle.

The Manyara Serena Lodge was at the top of an escarpment

and had a great view over Lake Manyara. Next morning we set off again with Laizer and saw Elephants, Giraffe, Buffalo, Zebra, and Wildebeest, a Kongoni (Hartebeest) and lots of Waterfowl, also some Guineafowl, Spurfowl, Francolin, the ubiquitous Abdim's Storks and various birds of the bush.

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The next day's safari was the longest of our trip so we set off early, on the way towards the enormous Ngorongoro crater. On the way we had a puncture and a following Toyota with a colleague of Laizer's caught up with us. The two Drivers changed the flat tyre for one of Laizer's two spares, and a few Maasai Moran with their faces painted white watched the proceedings with us. Then we skirted around the edge of the huge Ngorongoro crater and arrived for boxed lunch at the Naabi Hill Gate to the Serengeti. After entering the Gate we began to see the vast herds of Plains Game for which the Serengeti is so famous. We from Kenya have always thought that the Mara, which is above, and part of the Serengeti ecosystem, is big, but the Tanza-

nian part of the Serengeti savannah makes the Mara look miniscule on the map. The Serengeti Sopa Lodge was very large, well designed, and the food and accommodation were excellent. Our next day was spent by touring through a small portion of the vast Serengeti plains, and we learned to respect the great knowledge that Laizer has of all the small dusty tracks through the miles and miles of the Tanzanian regions. We saw black, ribbon-like herds of Wildebeest and Zebra on their zig-zag migration, also Elephant, Giraffe, Hartebeest, Topi, Thompson's and Grant's Gazelle, and in the lightly forested sections many, many, herds of Impala and pairs of Dik-Dik. Some of the Impala herds are bachelor herds of young males, and others are females and young with the dominant buck in charge. The dominant buck has to fend off any young bachelors who try their luck from time to time. We went by the Hippo Pool on the Mbalageti River where we saw Hippos and a couple of lurking Crocs, and on past the Oldoinyo Rongai hill.

Then Laizer received a call from a colleague to say that there were Lions on a kill, so we drove to the main road and turned off to the valley of the Nyamara River, then saw some gathered Vultures on tall trees and others circling, and a short way along the

track we saw some other Toyotas collected together. So we joined the other vehicles and saw several Lionesses and some young, some in the veldt, and others feeding on the kill. We took lots of photos and then noticed that the kill was a buffalo carcass, upside down with one hind-leg sticking up. There were numerous Spotted Hyenas in a wide circle around the Lions and kill. Several hungry Hyenas were trying to summon up courage and at times dashed in towards the kill, but they were firmly chased off by a couple of the older Lionesses. Some of the Lions continued to feed, while others were full and dozing in the veldt. The stand-off between the Lions and the Hyenas continued for a long time and since it was Mid-day, and we were hungry, and had already taken scores of photos, we decided to head off to the lunch spot.

Lunch was a short distance away at the Information Centre. After eating, we strolled along an interesting walk-way that wound around some huge kopje rocks, where there was a mixture of wild Reptiles (e.g. Agama Lizards where the males have orange heads and blue bodies), various birds, and some very interesting info boards to do with ecology, conservation and anti-poaching. Also some very good metal models of the larger mammals.

Then we re-embarked in Mzee Laizer's Toyota and he had

again been receiving messages, and in no time we had joined other vehicles where all of us were looking at another Leopard rather far away dozing on the horizontal branch of a big tree and firing off photos. Laizer then received another message that there were activities at the site where we had been watching the Lions before lunch, so we headed back there. And the stand-off between the Lions and Hyenas was beginning to resolve in favour of the Hyenas. There must by now have been 20 to 30 Hyenas, most of the Lions were replete and dozing away from the kill, where only a male Lion and one Lioness

Michael Grzimek's body was interred on the rim of the Ngorongoro crater.



were still feeding. A couple of the Hyenas would run in from their outer circle and a lion would try to chase them off, but immediately a few more Hyenas would run in and snatch pieces of the buffalo carcass, and run off with it into the long grass. So quite quickly the Lions lost the battle and retired, then all the Hyenas rushed in and began to steal and to demolish, the carcass.

As we drove back to the main

road a small single-engine plane took off and flew over us, and Laizer explained that it had come from an airstrip at the HQ of the Frankfurt Zoological Society (FZS). That is the airstrip which had been made by Prof Bernhard Grzimek and his son Michael Grzimek in the 1950s, who worked with the British Administration of Tanganyika to lay the foundations of the Serengeti National Park. Sadly, on 10 January 1959 Michael Grzimek was killed when his small plane hit a Vulture at Serengeti. In recognition of the work of the Grzimiks, Michael's body was interred on the rim of the Ngorongoro crater, and the Tanzanian Gov't erected a memorial stone with a plaque on his grave. The rest of that afternoon, we drove slowly back to the Sopa Lodge with much the same animals from that morning on view.

Day 4's safari was from the Serengeti Sopa Lodge to the Ngorongoro Sopa Lodge, which unlike the other Lodges on the south-western rim of the Ngorongoro crater, is isolated on the eastern rim of the crater. So we drove back through the Nairobi Hills, and past the Simba Kopjes, and again we saw the wonderful sights of the Wildebeest and Zebra migration. At one point we came across some Hyenas who's swollen bellies indicated that they had gorged themselves some-

where, and they were trying to cool off by lying in the water in the ditches at the sides of the road. Then we exited the Serengeti Park through the Naabi Hill Gate and we passed near the Oldupai Gorge where Louis and Mary Leakey the famous Anthropologists, had found many early Hominid fossils. In 1976 to 80 after Loui's death, Mary had found there at Laetoli, the famous 3.6 million year old fossil Hominid footprints, but unfortunately we didn't have time to go there. Then we soon began to climb out of the plains country and gradually into the forests on the side and the rim of the Ngorongoro crater. Between the two Parks we passed several Maasai manyattas, and some of the Maasai with their herds of grazing cattle. Laizer stopped the car at the stone memorial to Michael Grzimek on the rim and since it was raining we took photos out of the window of the vehicle. We passed several of the other Lodges and Camps on the crater rim and had to drive quite far through the beautiful forests on the rim, to get to the Sopa Lodge on the eastern side. That Lodge has a magnificent view across the whole crater, and has been designed well to make the most of that view. There is a very large patio area at the front, and on a lower level there is a big, shallow, swimming pool. The Lodge is enormous, with very big rooms and very high, interesting, ceilings.

After breakfast the next day, Laizer drove us northwards along the rim for a short distance, and then we descended on a contoured track into the crater, where the floor is fairly level and mostly dry, except for quite a big soda lake (Lake Magadi) and some smaller

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fresh-water lakes. We saw all of the larger mammals of the Serengeti, but in smaller numbers and unlike the Serengeti and later the Tarangire Parks, we saw and photographed a few Black Rhino. These magnificent animals from the time of the Dinosaurs are being decimated at an alarming and ever-increasing rate now, and will probably go extinct within our life-times. And we, called Homo sapiens, will probably see that, and the most frustrating thing of all is that it has now been scientifically proven and published, that none of the fabled pharmacological properties of rhino horn are true! We had a marvellous day inside the crater, which is a microcosm of the habitats of East Africa, and has most of the animals, birds, and many of the trees, of that

region. No wonder it, and the Serengeti, are recorded as UNESCO World Heritage Centres, as well as other official accolades. We ate our Sopa boxed lunches at the Ngoitokitok Springs and small lake where Mzee Laizer pointed out a tiny Pigmy Falcon sitting on a reed at the side of the water. I was delighted to be able to photograph it. Some of the ubiquitous in East Africa, Black Kites, have learned at that location, to swoop down and steal bits of lunch from Tourists, who take great fright at the attack. Laizer had warned us in advance about it, and we saw it happening to others.

That afternoon we first went across the level grass plains at the centre of the crater and saw Elephants, two Rhinos, Giraffes, a few Zebra and Wildebeest, lots of Thomson's and Grant's Gazelles, a few Lions in the distance, a Secretary bird striding along, lots of Abdim's Storks, and flying Falcons, Harriers, Swallows, Martins and Swifts. Then we crossed one of the bridges over the Munge river and turned left and followed the track parallel to the river between it and the inner wall of the crater. There was a pair of Hamerkops, several Blacksmith Plovers, and a pair of Pied Kingfishers near the river. We were now in riverine forest, where we saw a few small herds of Impala, but apart from one brief sight-

ing of one elephant by Edward, we saw no other big Mammals in that area. However we did see some Kingfishers, both Woodland, and Grey-headed, also Guineafowl, and Lilac-breasted Rollers. Then we re-crossed the river, and headed back to the escarpment of the crater, on the same road that we had descended that morning. As we climbed up the escarpment, we saw some Buffalo, some Wildebeest, and a line of Eland, which rapidly disappeared into the distance, and we had to move quickly to get photos of their rear ends. As we neared the rim of the crater, we once more entered the beautiful forest, with zones of the Umbrella Trees, and many other Deciduous and Conifer Trees. We passed the tracks leading to several Camp Sites and got back to the Sopa Lodge in nice time for a cup of tea and biscuits, before going to shower before dinner. Between tea and dinner I sat out on the balcony of the room, and saw and photographed, some of the birds, including a pair of Olive Pigeons, which were on the roof projection of the room next to ours.

The next day we motored back on the south side of the crater rim, stopped at a viewing point, continued on, down the outer wall of the crater, then, just before exiting the Park at the Lodoare Gate, we came across Laizer's colleague whose passengers were looking at yet another Leopard dozing in a tree.

So we joined in and took more photos. After driving through the Park Gate we went to the small town of Karatu where Mzee Laizer filled the Toyota tank with Diesel. Then on to the Makuyuni cross roads, where we turned right on the main road, towards the Tarangire Game Park. A short

### **We stopped at a small plastic-sheets-and-sticks, tent workshop, where some wood carvers were making Black Ebony carvings**

while later we turned off the main tarmac road, and then turned left on to a dirt road towards Tarangire. We stopped at a small plastic-sheets-and-sticks, tent workshop, where some wood carvers were making Black Ebony carvings. We watched the Carvers, went with one of them to see what a Black Ebony tree looks like, and bought a few of the carved items. Then we pressed on and entered the Tarangire Park at the HQ Gate, and motored slowly parallel to the Tarangire river, then crossed back and forth over the river, mostly on bridges, but on one occasion drove right through the river which was quite deep. However, Laizer knew exactly where the track under the water was, and his driving skills got us through ok. We saw hundreds of Elephants in large and small herds on both sides of the

river, several Defassa Waterbuck, a few Zebra and Wildebeest, some Hartebeest (Kongoni), some Topi, Thomson's and Grant's Gazelle, big and small herds of Impala, a few pairs of Dik-Dik, a family of Marsh Mongoose, and all the bush, and riverine, birds. We got to the Tarangire Sopa lodge in nice time for lunch.

After lunch Laizer collected us for a Game Drive and drove along both sides of the Tarangire river again, but towards the south, and we saw much the same animals and birds as in the morning. and we returned to the Sopa Lodge in time for tea. However on that trip the Tse-Tse Flies were flying into the open windows of the Toyota to such an extent that we had to keep most of the windows shut for most of the time, and that made the humidity inside the car rather uncomfortable. Before shower and dinner, I decided to take some photos of the birds and animals around the beautiful grounds of the Lodge. There were very tame Tree Hyrax and Squirrels, various Finches, and Weavers, and lots of Ashy Starlings. Then while trying to get a shot of a large grey/white Hornbill not seen before, I suddenly realised, that it was hunting around the grounds, on and under the trees, and then always flying back to the same big tree. There, it would cling on to

the main trunk about 6 feet above the ground. The tree was right next to the paved path leading to the rooms from the main Lodge building. On closer inspection, it became clear that it was the mother bird, feeding a clutch of chicks in a cavity inside the trunk, with slot to the outside – a typical Hornbill nest. With much patience, I managed to get a photo of the bird while it clung to the tree, and fed the chicks through the slot. Kate had lent us her copy of the J G Williams bird book and I found that it was a female White-crested Hornbill, which was a first for me. A pair of Speckled Pigeon were cooing on the side of the roof of the main building, and I got a shot of them too. Also of interest in the grounds of the Lodge, were some rectangular plastic sheets, with a central dark blue band and two similar but black bands, above and below, the whole sheet about 3 Ft high and 4 Ft wide, with cords leading out at the sides. The cords were tied to a tree on either side, so that the sheet was suspended about 1 Ft above the ground surface. We had seen these when touring in Tarangire in 2015 with Kate, and they are traps for Tse-Tse Flies. After breakfast the next day we were scheduled to drive to the Coffee Lodge at Arusha for lunch, so Mzee Laizer took us back along the northern stretch of the Tarangire river, and again we wound back and forth across the river, and at the same place as the day before,

we drove right through the river. Again we had to shut the windows to avoid the Tse-tse Flies until we exited Tarangire.

Our next stop was at a Maasai manyatta in a remote spot on a track, off the main road. There we were greeted by hordes of friendly and highly decorated Maasai, who led us to the shade under some trees. At that point the men formed a circle and began to hum in rhythm,

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and then some of the younger ones began to do their Leaping Dance. Meanwhile the women who were in another circle to the side of the men and not to be outdone, also began to hum and to rock their wide breast collars back and forth in time to the rhythm. We took photos, and then we were led to a tiny square hut - a very primitive School Room, where the school children, some very young, were crammed in, and sitting in two rows on very low benches, and leaning on planks for desks. The School Master was a very young warrior who could speak English quite well, and he explained how the School had very few facilities. So we all gave them some

money, and then we were asked to divide ourselves into couples. Then each couple was taken to enter one of the small manyatta habitations by the person who lived there. Once inside the dark manyatta, the sleeping and eating arrangements and sheep/goats area were explained in the smokey blackness. Our Guide insisted that he take a photo of Ann and me, sitting opposite his Wife which needed the flash switched on.

On emerging we were confronted by a circular arrangement of flimsy tables made of sticks, upon which were many of the typical Maasai ornaments. So a couple of us bought some, and then we re-embarked in the Toyota, with much waving and farewells to the hospitable Masaai.

Next stop was the Arusha Coffee Lodge where we said fond goodbyes and gave good tips to Mzee Laizer, as we were to be collected after lunch by another Driver of the Tour Co. We were able to wash and brush-up, buy a couple of items from the adjacent shop, and then we tucked into our food and drinks, while sitting in the garden, under the nice shady parasols. Edward and Evelyn were booked into the Lodge for the night, as they were to leave our Tour at that stage, and fly to Zanzibar the next day with their Tour Co. So there was another round of fond fare-

wells to them, and our new Driver duly arrived, and we went the short distance to the small Arusha Airport, to fly to Zanzibar for our last 4 days. Despite a shambles at the Airport Check-in, we had a good flight, and arrived safely on Zanzibar, where we were collected, and then driven to the Kichanga Lodge on the East Coast of the Island. We had two of the garden rooms, and were booked for half-board, so we fixed our own lunches at the hotel. The Lodge is on a high ridge, with steps at places leading down to the beach. On the beach there are, sun-beds, a small restaurant for hot and cold drinks, coffee, tea, biscuits, cake etc.

We took it easy on the first day, lounging on the beach in the sun, reading, or swimming in the pool. Same on day 2, but on day 3, three of us went in the Lodge's Dhow, with motor rather than sail, along the coast southwards, for about an hour. We anchored, donned our goggles and snorkels, jumped in, and swam around, looking at the beautiful tropical fish and corals.

We had arranged on day 4 to be collected after breakfast, so that we could make a stop at the Jozani Forest, to see the delightful Red Colobus Monkeys, and then go on to the main Stone Town, of Zanzibar. The trees in the Jozani Forest are protected, and include, the beautiful Mvuli Tree, and many different Mangroves.

The Red Colobus Monkeys are numerous, and very tame, and we were impressed by their traffic sense, as they occasionally scampered across the main tarmac road.

On we went to Stone Town and took photos of the Flamboyant trees in full bloom, on the way. There, the Driver dropped us off, first at the big Anglican Cathedral, which is right next to the Slave Market with its tragic history.

By chance, we met Edward and Evelyn, and said our goodbyes to them, over again. We walked through the famous narrow passages between the buildings, and were taken through the clean and comfortable Dhow Hotel.

The Driver next dropped us off at the huge, partly-open-air Market, where we had to get a move on, to reach the Airport in good time. We were very surprised to find that our Pilot was a European (Mzungu) guy, but fortunately he turned out to be very friendly, as we had become anxious when told that our plane would first fly to Dar-es-Salaam, before going on to the JRO Airport, where we had first arrived.

We were anxious because we had arranged for Kate to meet us at JRO at 5 pm, and to bring the coffee and Nuts that we had bought with her in Moshi, and she would take back our goggles, snorkels and flippers. And the road from Moshi to JRO, is

not that safe after dark. Our Pilot promised to make the journey as quick as possible, but inevitably, we landed at Arusha Airport at nightfall. We then had a very fraught journey just at rush hour, around Arusha, and on to JRO – a journey which should have taken about an hour, but actually took 3 hours. So we had a panicky exchange of luggage with Kate at JRO, and she duly left for home in the dark, for which we apologised later.

Our return flights were both on KLM planes via Schiphol at Amsterdam, with time for another coffee between flights, and then on to Heathrow. We arrived on a Sunday which meant that Jenny was able to collect us at Heathrow, and we two, brown-as-berries, arrived Home, full of the joys of Africa, and of Tanzania in particular. ▪



Dhow Palace Hotel - Stone Town, Zanzibar  
Image source: [www.panoramio.com](http://www.panoramio.com)

**FURTHER EFFORT TO LOCATE ANY RELATIVES OF FOUR SA AIR FORCE MEMBERS KILLED IN A FLYING ACCIDENT IN KENYA ON 23 JULY 1942**

To whom it may concern

**This is a further attempt to try and locate any surviving next-of-kin of the remaining two of the four South African Air Force members who perished in a flying accident against Mount Kenya on 23 July 1942.**

The four members were undergoing flying training in Kenya when their aircraft, a Blenheim bomber, did not return from a cross country navigational flying exercise. The wreck of the aircraft, and their mortal remains, were only discovered in 2002, and positively identified in 2003. Their remains could not be removed from the crash site at that stage as it first had to be attempted to establish contact with any remaining next-of-kin to confirm their personal wishes in this regard. Despite all previous efforts, the search for such relatives was unsuccessful, until fairly recently.

The details of the relatives of the following two victims have thus far been established:

- **SAAF number 84626 Second Lieutenant Hendrik Jacobus Petrus** ("Bokkie") Lemmer, born 21 May 1919, single, son of Mr. PJ Lemmer, previously from Box 15, Coligny. His niece, Mrs. Agnes Rose Hustler, is his only surviving relative.

- **SAAF number 208765 Air Sergeant Simon Eliastam**, born 22 July 1921 in Latvia, single, son of Mr. B Eliastam, last known address 22 Garth Mansions, Twist Street, Hillbrow, Johannesburg. He died the day after his 21st birthday. His closest relative is Dr Michael Eliastam, living in Massachusetts, USA.

The search for relatives of the following two victims is still continuing, but the following can already be confirmed:

- **SAAF number 205663 Second Lieutenant Charles Herbert Allen**, born 21 April 1915, single, son of Mr. T.F. Allen, last known address 11 High Avenue, Bez Valley, Johannesburg. The details of his immediate relatives, and their dates of death, appear on a tombstone standing in a Johannesburg cemetery, which reveals the following:

Nora Victoria Allen: 24/5/1903 -- 10/3/1904 (Sister who died as a baby?)

Edwin Francis Allen: 7/1/1908 -- 11/2/1909 (brother who died as a baby?)

(Second ) Lieutenant Frederick Mosley Allen: 29/9/1911 -- 11/9/1941 (Older brother who was also killed in a separate aircraft accident during WW2)

(Second) Lieutenant Charles Herbert Allen: 21/ 4/1915 – 23/7/1942 (who was killed in the accident in Kenya)

Lilian Maria Allen: 10/7/1876 – 29/4/1962 (Mother)

Thomas Frederick Allen: 31/1/1874 -- 30(?) /6/1965 (Father)

- **SAAF number 97793 Air Sergeant Lloyd Murray**, born 6 March 1917, single, son of Mrs. Anna Elena Murray, 5 Adams Str, Kimberley (or later 11 Maude Street, Kimberley?). Enquiries at the Cape Provincial Archives revealed the following, but nothing more could be discovered about any of the persons to date:

His father (further details unknown) died in 1926 and his mother apparently never remarried.

Brother George Murray: Born ±1912 (aged 30 yrs in 1942)

Sister Lyla (Not known if she ever married): Born ± 1914 (aged 28 yrs in 1942). A Mrs. L Pringle, previously from Rocky Bank , 51 Montrose Ave, Clovelly ( Fish Hoek) requested his war medals on 2/1/1979, but her present whereabouts are unknown, as she no longer lives at said address),

Sister Malicent (Not known if she ever married): Born ± 1917 (aged 25 yrs in 1942)

As mentioned earlier, It is intended to recover their mortal remains from Mount Kenya before the end of 2016 and to rebury them at a worthy ceremony in the nearby Nanyuki War Cemetery in Kenya soon thereafter (most likely only in January 2017). Unfortunately an international convention makes it impossible to retrieve the remains of WW II war victims to their country of origin.

Any person who knows the whereabouts and contact details of or could help to locate any of the relatives of the late Charles Allen or the late Lloyd Murray, are cordially requested to inform Maj Gen (Rtd) Gert Opperman urgently at fax 086 615 9587 or gertopperman5@gmail.com. He is the Chairman of the Ebo Trust, who has been mandated by the relatives already identified to be in charge of the recovery and reburial project, which is progressing very well.

A word of thanks to all the persons who so enthusiastically responded to the message of 1 August 2016, which has already led to the identification of the relatives of the late Simon Eliastam, and also those who have made cash contributions to the Ebo Trust to help cover the costs of the project, it is sincerely appreciated!

Other persons wishing to make a contribution towards this project, are welcome to do so.

Yours sincerely

Gert Opperman

Chairman Ebo Trust

e mail: gertopperman5@gmail.com / Mobile: 083 300 4580

Fax: 086 615 9587 Land mail: Post Net Suite 82, Private Bag X1007, Lyttleton, 0140

Uit die Boshoff familie-album



Agter, l na r: Alex & Dorie Boshoff; Jan en Hester Boshoff,  
Middel: Gertie Engelbrecht, Bonnie Engelbrecht  
Voor: Bonnie & Kosie Boshoff, Kobus, Magda; Anna en  
Koos Engelbrecht, Cordia Boshoff



Jan en Alex Boshoff by Nicholson House, Prince of Wales, Nairobi.



Alex in sy garage op Plot 62 Leeuwfontein



Alex kuier  
by Dorie in  
Riantes,  
Mei 1972.



**Die Boshoff gesin in Kenia: Bonnie, Anna, Jan, Alex, en Kosie**

From: Ann Aplin  
Subject: KENYA - MEMORIES

Hi Fellow Kenyan residents  
These pics were sent to me via a  
good friend, Peter Last, originally  
from an Indian/Kenyan/British  
bridge player in Cambridge. I  
thought you'd be interested.  
Love to all  
Ann

The image source for all  
photographs on this page is:  
[traveldiarieskenya.wordpress.com](http://traveldiarieskenya.wordpress.com)



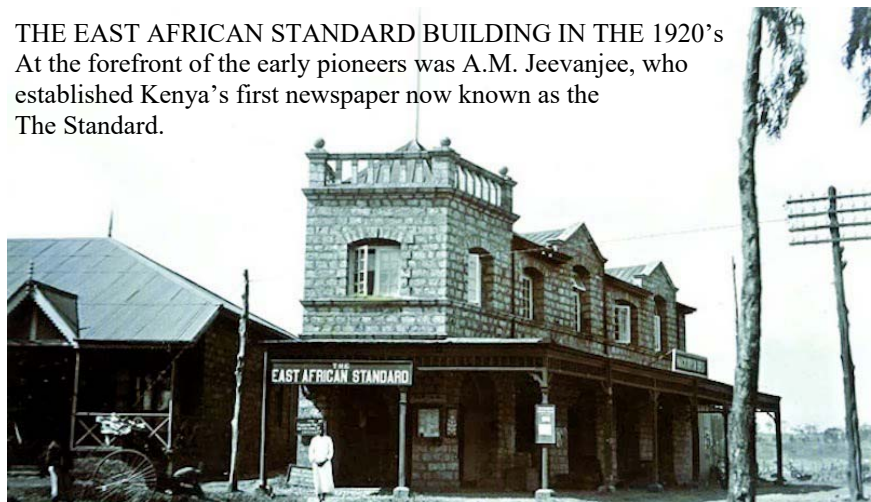
Nakuru Race Track. A motor racing track operated in the Lake View Estate area from 1956 until the mid 1980s



### The old floating Nyali Bridge, Mombasa



THE EAST AFRICAN STANDARD BUILDING IN THE 1920's  
At the forefront of the early pioneers was A.M. Jeevanjee, who established Kenya's first newspaper now known as the The Standard.



**Arthur Moen. Lion Shot  
Near Embu Mt Kenya 1930  
Look at the size of our Lions  
in the colonial days though!**



**Left: Jomo Kenyatta, Moi before independence**



Link: <https://traveldiarieskenya.wordpress.com/2014/10/03/a-look-at-kenya-through-the-years-pictureblog-1914-1990s/#jp-carousel-998>

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