

HABARI 2018

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF EAST AFRICA
NUUSBRIEF VAN DIE OOS-AFRIKA VRIENDEKOMITEE

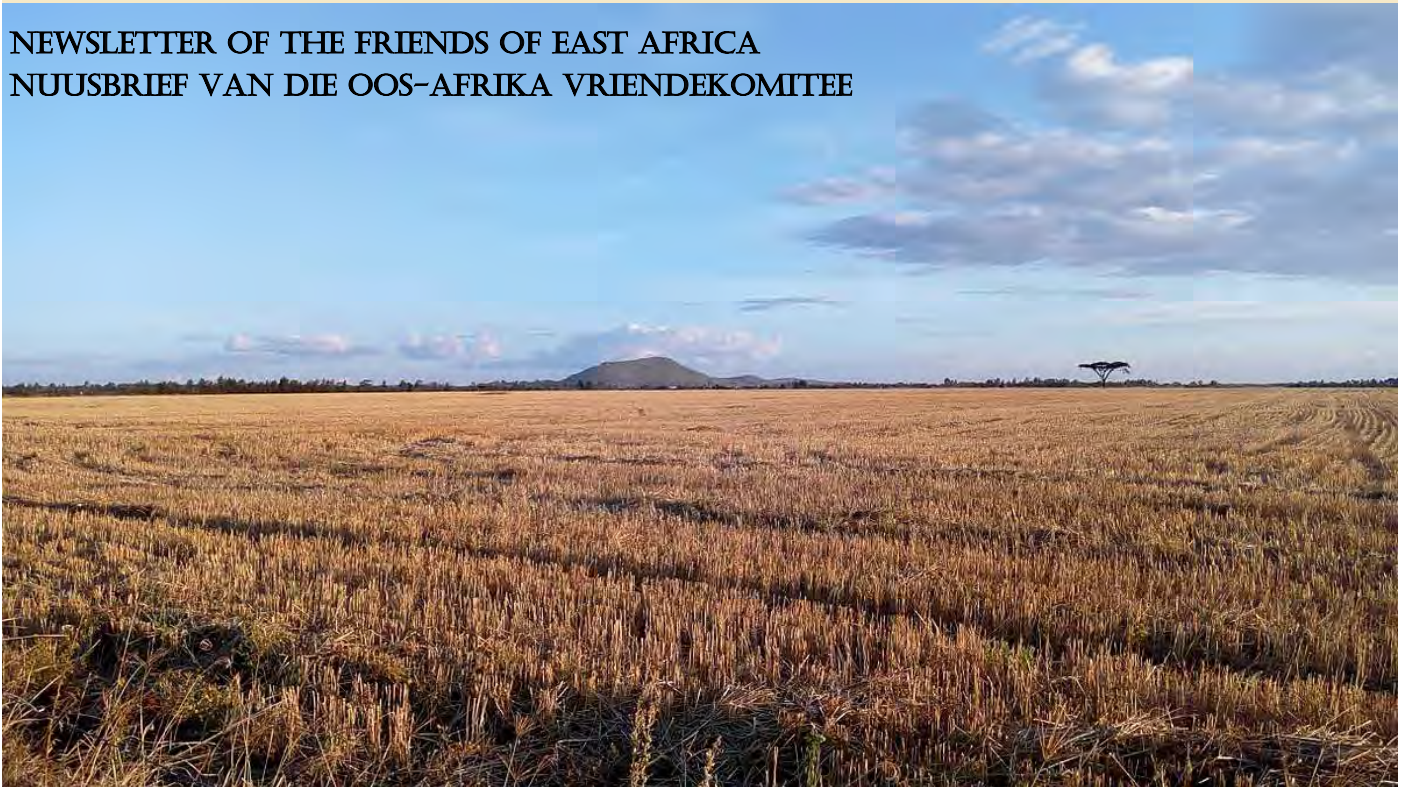


Image source: en.wikipedia.org

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Saterdag 6 Oktober 2018

Voortrekkermonument se ontspanningsterrein /

Ons sien mekaar daar!

Kenya Get-together

Saturday 6 October 2018

at the recreation area of the Voortrekker Monument

See you there!

Please send us your e-mail address! As you know, postage has become unaffordable and the postal service unreliable. Most people have emails or, if not, have families who have e-mails. If you prefer the Habari in hard copy, it is easy enough to download the file from an email to print it.

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.

EDITOR'S LETTER / REDAKTEURSBRIEF

Baie dankie aan almal wat artikels en foto's gestuur het. Stuur gerus nog meer, ons plaas graag soveel as wat ons kan.

Ons kom weer by die Voortrekkermonument byeen: Na deur die hek is, draai regs en hou reguit aan. Die kuierplek is net ná die Monument, die oop saal op linkerkant.

Thanks to everyone who sent articles and photographs. Please keep sending. We gladly use all everything we get.

We meet again at the Voortrekker Monument. After the gate, turn right, past the Monument on the left, and you'll find the open hall just after that, also on the left.

SAAMTREK 2018. FOTO: KRIGE VAN HEERDEN



**ROBERT “STOOGEE”
STOCKER and TERRY
COULSON**

Robert Stooze Stocker was a legend in The Kenya Regiment. He joined, with Terry, in 1950 as a Territorial and was called up at in October 1952 for The Emergency. He was a big man, in the region of 6 feet 3, weighed more than 100 kg, was superbly fit, athletic, very strong and quick on his feet. He, Terry and Doug Miles were sent to Lanet on a British Army NCO Commanders Course.

The British Army's Instructors were all WW2 veterans and specialized in giving KR fellows a hard time indeed. Stooze was singled out for special attention for some reason which did not please him. The last task on the course was a march and shoot and thereafter an end of course party in The Sergeants' Mess. Terry decided to take a shower prior to going into the mess, but Stooze and Doug went straight to the bar for a drink and to settle some scores with the Instructors. Doug could see things were getting out of hand and went to the accommodation to summon Terry for assistance in controlling Stooze. Terry found Stooze squaring up to the entire course directing staff. The latter, despite their numbers, and experiences

fighting the Japanese and Germans, decided that they did not fancy their chances against Stooze in a physical confrontation. Instead they brought an attack dog into the mess. The dog went for Stooze who, by some miracle, managed to grapple it physically and got it in a stranglehold and started strangling the animal to death. In the end the British Army handler was on his knees in tears begging Stooze to spare the dog's life. This Stooze did, but only after direct intervention by Terry.

The second memorable incident place in early 1953.



Image: kenyaeregiment.org

There was a gathering of Regiment Soldiers and Officers at The Outspan Hotel in Nyeri when A Company was at Kiganjo and B Company at Marrians Farm. Stooze became heavily inebriated and obstreperous and wanted to fight anyone. Despite the best efforts of CSM Pat Garner Rifle Brigade, RSM Dutch Holland MM 60th Rifles, Captain Roly Guy Adjutant and even Colonel Sir Guy Campbell MC Commanding Officer no one

could control Stooze. Everyone in The Regiment knew that when Stooze got in these he was impossible to control. Terry was summoned by Dutch Holland to help and in a vain attempt at controlling Stooze jumped in an open top SWB Land Rover with Stooze who insisted on driving. They then headed off at high speed towards A Company's Patrol Base. Terry attempted to remove the ignition key in order to try and stop the vehicle to prevent Stooze from killing them. At that Stooze and Terry then started wrestling for the key and before either of them knew it they had driven over the small Nyeri Escarpment and fell some 60 feet into a ravine. Stooze was thrown clear, but Terry ended up pinned under the Land Rover. Terry told me he has never seen anyone sober up as quickly as Stooze at that moment. Stooze proceeded to look for Terry mumbling to himself "Forgive me God for today I have killed a man. Terry began going in and out of consciousness and can remember Stooze lighting a match to try and find the vehicle despite the fact that the petrol tank had ruptured and there was petrol everywhere. When Stooze eventually found him, he almost lifted the Land Rover off Terry on his own but just could not manage. Terry then convinced Stooze to calm down get help and much to Terry's relief Stooze eventually appeared with Keith Mousley and others who were strong enough to lift the Land – Rover and get Terry out and away to hospital. Ω

This extract from the book "Ivan Mitford-Barberton – Sculptor", pages 8-10, gives a little insight into the pioneering of the Trans Nzoia and farming on Elgon where my father farmed for 15 years for 'Estates and Investments', belonging to Lord Howard Deworlton (I have never seen the name in print so I have probably spelt it wrong), on the farm Chorlim. Ian Mitford Barberton, I assume the son of Alban, went to Kitale School. We were in the same class. For high school he went to South Africa when I went to Prince of Wales.— Danie Steyn

Mt Elgon 1913

Dad was reading the East African Standard one evening. "Here is something interesting," he said. "The government is going to auction some farms in the Trans Nzoia near Mount Elgon. It is a long way from here but it might be worthwhile buying land there."

"I know the area," said Chesnaye, "I prospected all through there in 1910, but I walked up from Kisumu on Lake Victoria. Now I believe you can get through from Londiani, but it is more than 100 miles whichever way you go."

"Come with us, Chesnaye. You and Ivan and I can drive up in a mule cart. The sale is not on for a month."

"Harry, you couldn't possibly do a safari in a month. There are no roads, many rivers and no bridges. But if you can show me a map of the farms I may be able to remember some of them."



Image: www.geni.com

My Dad got a contour map of the farms from the Land Office in Nairobi and showed it to Chesnaye. After studying it for some time he said, "This is where I camped on the Karamoja road. It is an old trade route and Somalis and Arabs with herds of goats and donkeys came down from Uganda on their way to Kisumu. The place is called 'Mukuyuni'; it is a regular camping spot under a large wild fig. This contour line that runs along the base of the mountain is a high cliff with caves in it."

"It sounds an interesting place," said my Dad, "would it be worth buying?" "Yes, it's a good farm with water in both of these rivers. I see it is No. 20. I'll mark it with a cross. Get Ivan to buy the adjoining farm No 22, then you will have two together."

The sale took place in a railway shed in Nairobi, and there were about fifty farms offered and thirty buyers, so each settler got a farm for the upset price, roughly 1,500 rupees (£300) for a 2,500 acre farm, and no one bid against another. My

dad bought no. 20 and I bought No 22. The auctioneer looked at me and said, "Young man, how old are you?" "Eighteen, Sir" I answered hesitatingly. No, you are too young to buy a farm. The sale was cancelled." It was offered again but not sold. Dad got my cousin Mary Bowker, who lived with us, to buy it for him later.

"The next step," said Dad, is to go up to Elgon and see what the farm looks like. We'll take a spider and mules and Kagume as camp boy, and drive up from Londiani station." From here there was a dreadful road up over the equator, which we crossed at about 9,000 feet in the forest. On the second day we went through Burnt Forest where the black charred trunks of cedars looked like a dead world. Late in the evening we got to "Sixty-four". This was the number of a farm and the last outpost on the Uasin Gishu. Later it became Eldoret. Here Dad hired an ox-wagon from a transport rider, Tommy Hall. Four other settlers, Kidson, Daddy Muirhead, Albert Birdsey and Graham Guy joined the safari to see what the country was like. Elgon was still about fifty miles off; no roads, no bridges, only the distant blue mountain as a guide.

On the second day we reached the large, muddy Nzoia River, the only real obstacle, and camped while we looked for a drift. After searching for some hours we discovered what appeared to be a shallow part, except that it had a high bank. Taking my rifle in case any crocodiles showed up, I waded thigh

high through the muddy water. The river had a hard bed so we decided to attempt a crossing. All hands turned out to cut down the bank which took several hours. The mule cart was taken through first and pushed successfully up the opposite bank.

"That's a good start," said Dad. "I hope we can get the wagon over as easily." But the heavily laden wagon with its sixteen oxen was a much tougher problem. It stuck deeply in the sand on the opposite bank and with the oxen floundering in the mud the pole was broken. Everything had to be off loaded and carried up the bank. The empty wagon was hauled up and a camp made while a bush pole was cut and fitted. This was the first wagon to cross the Nzoia, just below Lugari hill, about October 1913.

The next afternoon we outspanned near a fountain in a small patch of forest, while across that valley about a mile distant rose the rugged cliffs and lower slopes of Mount Elgon. Looking through the field glasses I asked Dad how we would be able to identify our farm when we came to it. "That is easy," said Dad, all the farms are numbered. Ours is No 20 so we must first find a beacon and this will guide us." On the top of the cliffs about two miles off I saw what appeared to be a beacon on the top of a rock.

"Splendid," said Dad. Take Kagume with you and go and see what number it is, then we shall be able to find out where we are. But take your gun, for you may meet rhino or buffalo or anything in this wild country." I rushed off, for it was already getting late, and

climbing up the cliffs came upon a metal beacon bearing the number 20 attached to an iron standard driven into the ground. I got back just as it was getting dark. "Our luck is in," I told Dad, "that was No. 20 and by the direction trenches cut in the ground it is the North-East corner of our farm. We must be camping on No.22." Lions roared all night and it was discovered that they were feasting on a zebra they had killed. My brother Alban owns this farm now and calls it "Lions Fountain".

We drove over in the mule cart to Mukuyuni and camped under the big fig tree that Chesnaye had described, while Tommy Hall and the rest of the party went off in the wagon to look for Muirhead's farm, promising to return in four or five days. With the help of some local Masai we were able to find the other three beacons on the farm. One Morning a young Masai invited me to come and look at something. We couldn't understand what he was saying as he knew little Swahili so I took my gun and went off to investigate. Pushing through the long grass and undergrowth at the base of the cliff we came out of the forest and saw the dark entrance of a magnificent cave. "We Masai call this one 'Janabirik,' said Cheptolai, "which means the 'chief' for it is the largest cave." Later we were shown many other caves.

When the wagon returned the whole party went back to 'sixty-four'. Dad and I drove back to Londiani, got the train to Nairobi, and so home to Kyambu. The next move was to make a start on the new farm. We came with a fully equipped safari including ploughs and all the necessary farm implements and provisions for a long

stay in the back-o'-beyond. Our party consisted of Dad and Mother, Mary Bowker and my two young brothers Renshaw and Alban. My brother Raymond was still at St. Andrew's. We also brought with us two Indian builders.

Ground was cleared for ploughing, a stone house was started and Mother made a nice vegetable garden down near the stream. A few days later the garden was discovered in a ruinous state. A rhino, finding the seed beds cool and soft, rolled on them. We called this the Rhino-roll garden.

After about a month Alban developed malaria, and then Mother became seriously ill, unable to keep down any food. We stopped work and returned to Kyambu while Mother went into hospital. The doctor thought she had internal cancer and would die in about a month. But it turned out to be an abscess on the liver. After an operation and four months in hospital she made a wonderful recovery. Ω



General Jan Christian Smuts Memorial - Ivan Mitford-Barberton Adderley/Wale Street junction at entry to Slave Lodge. Image: pinterest.co.uk

Ian Myburg van Ver- eeniging skryf:

Ek wil net asanti sana sê vir die uitnodiging om die Oos-Afrika byeenkoms by te woon. Dit was vir my uiters opwindend, veral om met mense te gesels wat van my familie se vriende in Tanganyika geken het. Ek het ook genoem dat daar ook ander bronne is vir inligting en kiekies van die ou Oos Afrika oa:

- <http://www.ntz.info>
- <https://www.flickr.com/photos/richmal/albums>
- www.energeticproductions.com/EARandH/vol0111.pdf

Dit is 'n bietjie moeilik om deur sommige van dié navigeerers dit neem tyd om rigting te kry, maar daar is heelwat ou foto's en sommige is in kleur. Daar is ook foto's geneem of verkry deur 'n John "Jack" Allen van die aanval deur Suid-Afrikaanse en Engelse magte op Abbyssinia (Ethiopië). My pa was betrokke in dié veldtog (hy was in die Genie Korps) en hy het vertel dat die oggend toe hy wakker word op die troeptrein van Mombasa na Nairobi, sy eerste sig van Kenia se binneland was die Athi Vlakte met troppe van honderde wildsbokke. Dit dit het so 'n indruk op hom gemaak dat hy geweet het dat hy gaan terugkom.

Dit het wel gebeur in 1949 toe ons as familie my oom (my ma se broer), Rory Stradling, besoek het op sy plaas naby Kitale (die plaas se naam was Holmdale en was op die pad na Eldoret). Op hierdie trip het ons en die Stradling familie gaan jag naby Archer's Post. Ons kamp was by "Springbok Pools" (sien foto). My Pa het vertel dat die Suid-Afrikaanse weermag hier geoefen het as finale voorbereiding vir die aanval op Abbyssinia. Dit is 'n verskriklike warm, woestynagtige gebied en



om die soldate kans te gee om af te koel, het hy en sy Genie kollegas 'n gat in die rotse geblaas met dinamiet. Dit was bo-op 'n fontein (sien foto bo). Dié swemplek het die naam gekry van Springbok Pools (later, toe Suid-Afrika sy populariteit verloor het, was die naam verander na Buffalo Springs). Ek heg 'n kiekie aan van ons kamp naby Springbok Pools. Ek was 5 jaar oud en my suster in die foto was 2 jaar.

Ons het hierdie safari gedoen in 'n 1948 Hudson. My Oupa Myburgh (hy staan regs van my Ma in die foto van Springbok Pools) was by en met die terugtog het ons het by sy skoolvriend (hulle was saam op skool in die Pêrel) Constant Laubscher in Tanganyika in die Arusha gebied gekuier.

Ander wat ons daar gekry het was Koos Laubscher (seun van Constant Laubscher). Constant Laubscher het na Duits-Oos-Afrika getrek in 1907 saam met Generaal Wynand Malan (bevelvoerder van die Danie Theron Verkennerkorps). Jakobus Malan, Wynand Malan se pa, was trek-leier). Ander wat ons

daar ontmoet het was Willie de Beer. Die De Beers het in 1904 na Duits-Oos-Afrika getrek. Oom Willie is bekend vir sy ondersteunende rol in die Paramount film "Hatari" (John Wayne, Hardy Kruger, Elsa Martinelli en ander). Hy het die diere verskaf vir die film (behalwe vir sy boerdery het hy 'n dierevangbesigheid, "Tanganyika Game", bedryf).

Ek gaan my Oupa Stradling se ou kaarte van Duits-Oos-Afrika uitpak en met Krige van Heerden reël om foto's van hulle te neem. Oupa Stradling was 'n kaptein in die Kings African Rifles en het teen die briljante Generaal Von Lettau Vorbeck geveg gedurende die Eerste Wereld Oorlog. Na die oorlog was plase (in die Kenia hooglande) aan die soldate aangebied. Ω



The Rough Road Home

D. Alan Smith (Rhodes House, 1958-1961)

This article primarily describes the pioneering hey-day of building sealed highways in East Africa; therefore it is partly a tribute to the skills and efforts of all the Mowlem Construction Company staff and workers, some of whom were ex-students or fathers of ex-students of the Prince of Wales School. In my case, my father worked for Mowlem as a quarry manager from 1951 until 1964, when he finally left Mowlem and returned to England. The roads of East Africa have arguably never been built to sustain the tough conditions of weathering and erosion caused by seasonal torrential rains that we all occasionally experienced in our days there, and it is therefore not surprising that we hear that many roads in East Africa have deteriorated badly over the years, while the separate governments of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania have battled to maintain the roads to a reasonable standard.

I would like to thank John Sparkes (Scott House 1958-1961) for his invaluable assistance in doing research for me via the Institution of Civil Engineers (I.C.E.) in London, and to access archived files of reports from the "London John" company magazine of John Mowlem Ltd and the Mowlem Construction Company of East Africa.

Early memories of travel by road in East Africa in the 1940's and 1950's prompt me to remember that



Where springs take a pounding: A back-country Kenya road, near Kisumu.

unlike the nostalgic romance of my frequent experiences of East African rail journeys, the early 'rough' roads of East Africa had few memories of pleasure. Possibly this was the feeling of many boys who traveled to and from school in the early days of British East Africa, particularly in the days before the up-grading of arterial routes started in the 1950's. A good example of the state of East African roads at that time was the Coronation Rally, later renamed the East African Safari Rally which achieved notoriety as being the most arduous and treacherous rally in the world as it spanned many of the rough unsealed roads of Kenya and Uganda.

In the years before 1950, the Public Works Dept of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika maintained rural roads to the best of their abilities and limited budget allocations, but this was never sufficient to ensure all rural roads were passable year round, particularly in the rainy season.

The exception was the main highway route between Nakuru and Nairobi which was built by Italian prisoners of war during the latter part of the Second World War. As anyone who lived in East Africa in the years before 1950 will recollect, traveling by road in most districts of



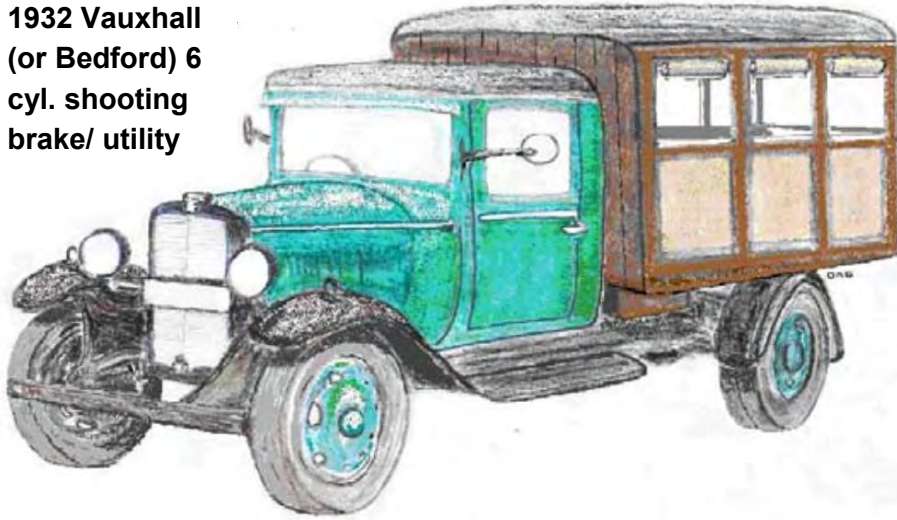
Another typical rough East African road of the early 1950's. Uganda

Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika before sealed highways were built was fraught with dangers and discomfort with dust, mud, ruts, pot holes and flooded river crossings. Some minor roads were often impassable in the rainy seasons.

I picture East African roads as they were in 1950 with three particular images that stick in my memory.

The first image was my first impression of Kenya upon arriving there in 1949. In January that year I flew out to Kenya from London with my parents and sister. A little of the detail from that time I remembered clearly. The silver Vickers Viking we had flown in taxied up to the small terminal at Eastleigh aerodrome, Nairobi and stopped with a final cough of its twin prop engines. My

**1932 Vauxhall
(or Bedford) 6
cyl. shooting
brake/ utility**



similar to many buses in East Africa with their open sides instead of glass windows which provided good ventilation in the warm climate. If the rain was heavy or if road dust was excessive, the blinds could be rolled down for protection. The design of the Vauxhall shooting brake assured adequate protection from the rain and sun, but road dust filtered in past the canvas blinds as soon as we left the sealed bitumen road at Nakuru in the Rift Valley and we wound our way 30 miles up the red earth roads to Subukia.

“Haraka” bus, Ford, 1947



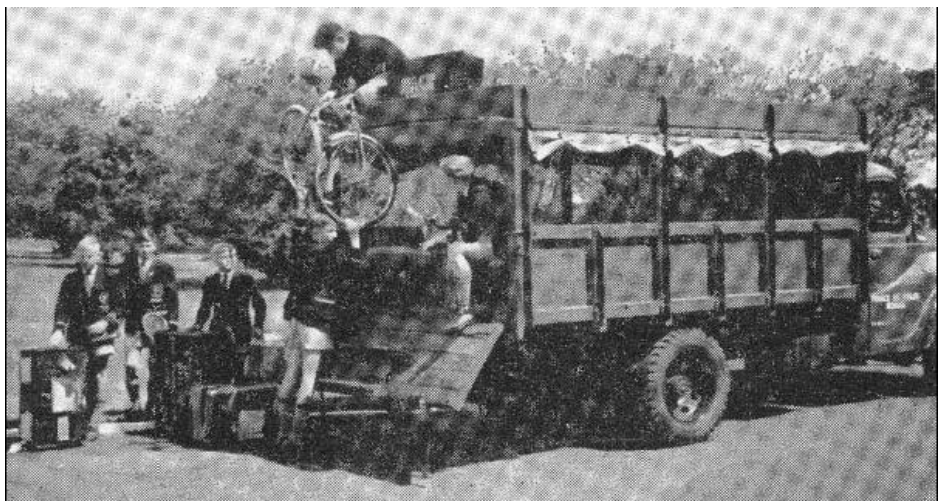
The second image was of a trail we often took from Nakuru to Ol Kalou and in particular a typical trip from school in 1953. The narrow gravel road wound treacherously up the Bahati escarpment and Mr Fourie’s old Austin leant heavily into each steeply sloping corner of the road as we trailed along behind an old

uncle, who had settled in Kenya two years earlier, was waiting for us, and helped us load our bags into his vintage 1932 Vauxhall shooting brake. A patina of red dust covered the bonnet and roof of the shooting brake, an early indication of the typical road conditions we could expect in Kenya in those days.

The school buses at Nakuru Primary School and later at the Prince of Wales School reminded me of that old shooting brake, with their wooden bench seats and canvas roll-down

blinds.

In the days before air-conditioned buses and cars, the shooting brakes were



Prince of Wales School bus 1953 5-ton Bedford. Photo circa 1959

truck laden with logs that raised clouds of choking dust in its wake. This was the road home from Nakuru Primary School for my friend John and we were taking the rough road to his farm for the half term holiday. We shared a packet of Crown cigarettes (my first and only venture into smoking) and a large bag of toffees. These and the motion of the car, the dust and the bouncing and thumping as the car hit frequent pot holes

in the road made us

Lastly, I have a clear image of the small 'Haraka' buses that belted along most rural roads throughout East Africa in those days. The usual means of transport for Africans in many parts of East Africa, these 'Haraka' buses generally carried far more than a safe and standard payload. Usually Haraka buses were laden with large bunches of bananas, 'kikapu' baskets and bags of produce plus passengers' baggage piled up on a roof rack, and frequently there were bicycles tied to a rack on the roof or the back of the bus. 'Haraka' a Swahili word meaning rapid or express, certainly described the Haraka buses and their drivers, especially as they were known for their break-neck speed on roads best negotiated with caution.

In 1950, the Governments of

Left: Mowlem Quarry at Bugiri, Uganda, for supply of stone aggregate (chip) for the Tororo to Jinja road, 1954-1955. From the top:

1. Quarry face with rail bogeys.
2. Stone crusher, with precarious scaffolding.
3. Aggregate (road chip) stacks.
4. Loading out hopper.



Kampala to Tororo road, 1950

Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika commenced a 10 year plan to upgrade the main arterial roads and to build sealed tarmac (bitumen) roads throughout British East Africa. They contracted Mowlem Construction Company (East Africa) Ltd, a subsidiary of British civil engineering company John Mowlem Ltd., for several of the first stages of road reconstruction.

The first two contracts were for a sealed highway from Jinja to Kampala in Uganda, and for an extension of the Nairobi to Nakuru main highway with a sealed tarmac road between Nakuru and Njoro, then on to Molo on the far side of the Rift Valley in Kenya. These roads commenced construction in 1950.

My father joined Mowlem in 1951 as a quarry manager at Iganga in Uganda after Mowlem complete the Kampala to Jinja road and continued with an extension of that highway to Iganga through 1951 and into 1952. In 1952,





A typical early design Mowlem house, Bugiri, Uganda, 1954

we moved to a quarry near Mbale that was to be used for supplying stone chip for the Mbale to Tororo road that Mowlem were starting to re-construct and bitumen seal. In 1955 Mowlem we once again moved on to Bugiri in Uganda to build a new road between Iganga to Tororo. Long stretches of this road were built like an Italian autostrada, straight as an arrow through virgin forest. 1955 found us at a newly developed quarry in a dense forest some 30 miles west of Tororo. The quarry, as per the photos below, supplied granite aggregate for the new roads in the area.

In the early 1950's, technology for building prefabricated houses in numbers for the construction staff was relatively untried. A report by the site supervisor on the Uganda contract, Mr J.W. Kendrew, in the June 1954 edition of the Mowlem company magazine

"London John", described the issues of building houses for staff as follows:

"Out here at the beginning of a contract our staff are spared the doubtful pleasure of searching for lodgings or a suitable house to rent. Lodgings do not exist and hotels are few and far between. Instead, on any major contract, we have to build a 'Mowlemville' while the main contract is getting started. Finding a suitable camp site is therefore the first problem on any contract. Much of East Africa is densely populated by African peasant farmers and

naturally a good deal of our work tends to be in such areas where the better sites are already under cultivation. Such matters as siting for the control of the contract, water supply, comparative freedom from mosquitoes and from other trials of Africa, communications with our suppliers, the necessity of purchasing food, recreational facilities on so on, must all be considered. All of these problems cannot be reconciled, but in general the prime necessity is for a cool healthy spot as near as possible to some township. Even then the unforeseen has to be expected, such as a road blocked by a tree that has been pushed over by a playful elephant.

Occupation authority must then be obtained through the District Commissioner from the local African chief who deals with the actual land-owner. We usually find the local chief extremely co-operative, no doubt with an eye to future marketing of chickens and eggs. Some of



**Uniport housing
circa 1954**

our (Mowlem) 'towns' are quite big by African standards. On the Mbale to Tororo road contract we have, when all the children are on holidays, forty-six Europeans, of whom a few are scattered on quarry sites or closer to their particular job of work. By comparison the total European population of nearby Mbale, third largest town in the (Uganda) Protectorate at this time is only about ninety.

In the early days when Mowlem arrived on the scene in East Africa, members of our site staff lived in a variety of curious structures, most to satisfy the whims of the individual occupant. This was most uneconomical and in any case the building could rarely be moved satisfactorily. Accordingly, the Company designed its own prefabricated bungalow, made up of timber sections to be bolted together on site, the windows and doors being incorporated into the sections.

These sections are prefabricated in our Dandora (Nairobi) depot and each section is designed to lie flat in the bottom of a 3-ton lorry. This is most important in order to cause as little damage as possible while being moved. Each house is in theory built to a standard internal layout, though it can be made larger if required by adding sections. Erecting them on-site is like playing with a Mec-



Mowlem prefabricated bungalow, Uganda, 1959

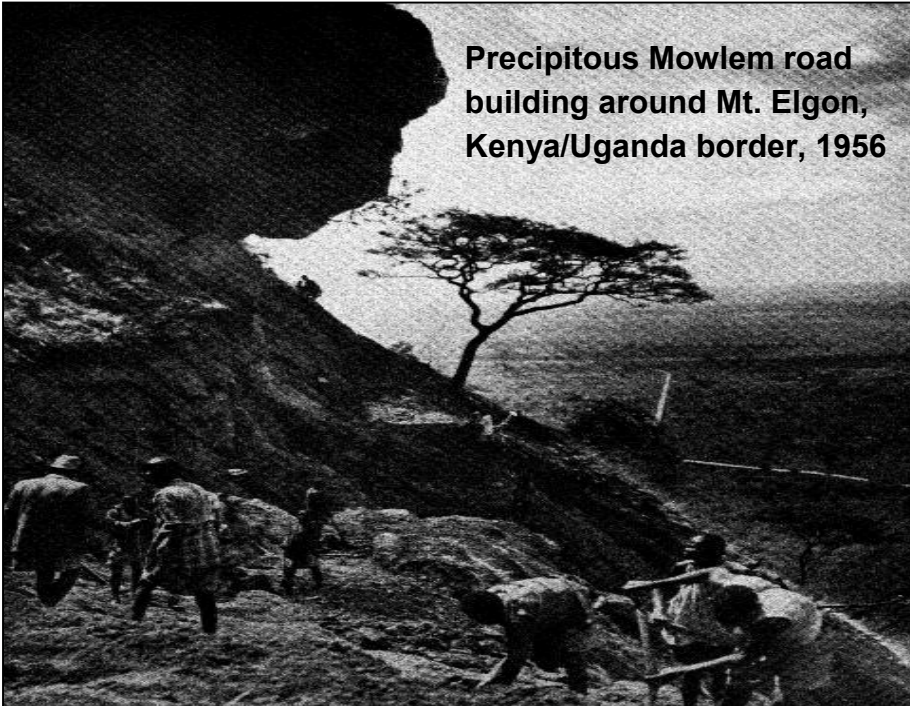
cano set and it is quite remarkable how many different internal layouts can be found in one 'Mowlemville'. Each house must be erected on timber piles with ant caps; an outside kitchen and lavatory etc are built in local materials, usually mud and wattle.

East Africa has a wide range of climate as we live anywhere from sea level and an altitude of 10,000 feet. It can be extremely hot and conversely very cold, the latter especially at night. Our rain comes in thunderstorms of furious intensity. It is therefore very difficult to design an economical transportable house which will suit the requirements of all altitudes, but in general this bungalow does succeed reasonably well. After a particularly vigorous thunderstorm some of the women might question this

observation!

The original cost of each bungalow in our depot is about Stg 700 and the erection cost about Stg 150. The latter includes internal wiring for lighting, water supply, construction of kitchen, etc., painting and drainage. It is invariably necessary to provide new roofing felt and a proportion of the wall boarding on each occasion that the house is moved. The climate also puts a considerable strain on timber which is not always seasoned well, but in general repair costs are not high.

Other methods of housing our staff are also used. We have a number of caravans which were built locally in Nairobi on old army truck chassis; these are used by people who must be more mobile, such as well drillers. They are extremely useful though size of family rather re-



Precipitous Mowlem road building around Mt. Elgon, Kenya/Uganda border, 1956

contract, washing water was carried by motor tanker six miles from Mbale township, and for drinking water each household sent their house-boys with jugs to the local protected spring. Carrying water by tanker was however an expensive operation, while the houseboys thought a quiet daily stroll in the country, together with a gossip, was an excellent idea. As we had a drilling rig in the neighbourhood, we took the opportunity to put down a borehole on the camp site and we obtained a good supply at 400 feet, which was pumped to an overhead tank and fed to the houses by gravity. At the moment we are putting down a borehole for another camp site on the new Bugiri road.

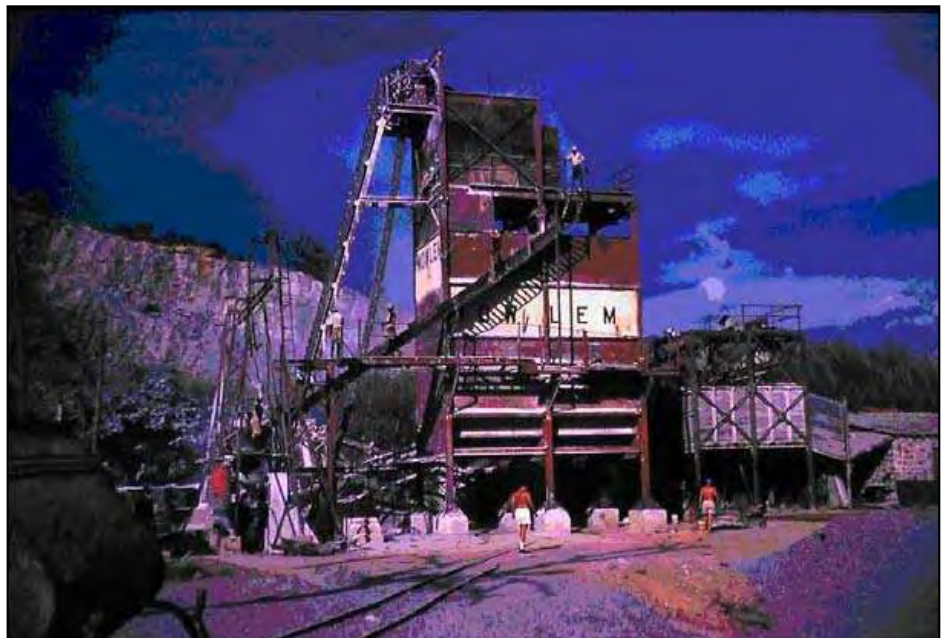
The houses are all wired for electric light, produced by our

stricts their value. Originally they cost about Stg 450 complete with fitted beds, cupboards etc., but that was some years ago when surplus (army) vehicles could be picked up very cheaply. We also use Uniport aluminium huts, either for single men, or grouped together to form a cluster for families. These huts, which are manufactured in the United Kingdom, are formed from sixteen flat wall sections, bolted together to form a ring, together with a conical roof. Windows can easily be fitted and the floor area is approximately 200 square feet. Each section can easily be carried, even by an African, and the whole hut can be erected by four men in an hour. The inside is painted and a thin concrete skin is put over the floor. The usual outside kitchen etc is added. Very of-

ten these metal huts are cooler than the timber bungalow in hot weather as it is easier to site them under trees or thatch them with a false grass (makuti) roof.

The remainder of the necessities of camp life vary rather with each particular location. On the Mbale to Tororo road

Mowlem Quarry Kampala. 1959. Stone crusher and 300 ton stone chip hopper



The Wood prepariser at work preparing for the sub-base of the road prior to stabilising

own generator. Cooking is either carried out by paraffin or wood and water is heated in Rhodesian boilers. We found reasonable clay and burnt our bricks for this purpose, using old fuel drums for boilers. At Mbale the soil conditions allowed us to use French drains and soak away pits for waste water though in towns we have to construct septic tanks. We surround the whole site including offices, workshops etc. with a wire fence to keep cattle out, and warn the locals that any chicken found on our side of the fence is a Mowlem chicken. Lateritic gravel which is common throughout the tropics, makes an excellent tennis court if carefully graded. We have certainly had excellent value out of the one constructed at Mbale and intend to repeat the idea. In fact, by the time the flowers and vegetables are ready to be eaten up by Africa's army of in-

sects, our camp is looking very homelike."

A report from the Mowlem magazine "London John" of March 1956, written by Mr G.C. Blofield, Managing Director of Mowlem Construction at that time, summarised the progress of road construction from 1952 through to 1956 as follows -

"Since 1952 the Mowlem Construction Company has been occupied on the building of trunk roads in Uganda. During this period we have been entrusted with more than half of the new bituminised road from the capital of Uganda, Kampala to Mbale, the capital of the Eastern Province. It is now possible to travel all of this way on a tarmac surface, which is a vast improvement on conditions as they existed when the Mowlem Construction Com-

pany was first formed in East Africa. The journey which then took five to six hours on very indifferent gravel surfaced roads can now be done in three hours on a very good surface. This road forms part of the trunk road between Kampala and Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, and has done much to reduce the road time between the two cities. In one place, where the road used to be flooded during periods of heavy rain, we have constructed a realignment and a high embankment across two swamps to render the road usable at all times. In all this length of about 170 miles the road passes through only two towns of any consequence, Jinja and Tororo. Road building in this type of country presents many difficulties which have to be overcome, and not least of these is the problem of staff housing.

Two Mowlem surveyors are held up by a tree felled by an elephant, Uganda, 1953

In all, a total of three road camps have had to be built, each with bore holes for water supply and power plants for camp lighting. Living in these bush conditions is not everyone's 'cup of tea', but with improvised club houses, tennis courts and film shows, the staff made the best of camp life."

Mowlem staff were posted to various outposts of East Africa in those days. Another interesting entry in the "London John" magazine, was entitled 'Survey for New Road in Uganda through Little Known Country where Big Game Abounds' by Keith Landsdell, a South African land surveyor, who had worked for Mowlem since they were established in East Africa in 1948. The survey was done over a period of many months with arduous conditions, in an area adjacent to the Murchison Falls National Park, where their 'men only' base camp was frequently invaded by hungry elephants and on one occasion by a trucu-

lent rhino.

The relationship the European staff had with their African road gangs and quarry workers on the construction contracts were generally good. My father Ben Smith, had learnt and spoke Swahili well, and following his first two jobs in Kenya, in 1949 to 1950, he was followed to subsequent jobs by a retinue of loyal Luo workers. During the last few years (1961-1964) of his contract with Mowlem, his African quarry workers generally referred to him as 'Bwana Mzee'. This name didn't reflect Dad's age as he was only in his mid 40's at the time, but rather it was a term of respect for his firm but fair treatment of his quarry gangs and supervisors over a period of more than ten years. One Luo tribesman called Rueben had worked with Dad in 1949, and was on a Mowlem road site I visited at Kakamega in

1961, by which stage Rueben had become a road gang supervisor. Another was a Luo called Samuel Abuya, a store clerk we employed at Subukia in 1949 and who taught me my first words of Swahili. He followed Dad to every Mowlem contract site until 1958 when he had saved up enough to retire to his "shamba" farm in Nyanza province.

In Uganda, a tarmac road was also built from Kampala northwards to Bombo and beyond. An impressive large quarry was purchased and upgraded by Mowlem in 1958 on the shores of Lake Victoria at Muyenga near Kampala, which supplied road chip for the new roading contracts in the area, and for building blocks used in the construction of the new Uganda parliament buildings during 1959 and 1960.

By 1958 Mowlem's road construction success led to a further contract awarded by the

Kenya government for completion of four more sections of up-graded and bitumenised highway. One section was between Mayako near Thika to Fort Hall, plus Mayako to Nyeri via Karatina (near Mt. Kenya), the second between Molo to Kitale via Eldoret, the third between Molo and Kisumu via Londiani and Kericho, and the fourth a short section of the highway to Mom-basa near Mariakani.

Mr Blofield's comments are recorded in the "London John" magazine as follows,

"Considerable sums of money have been spent over the last ten years in improving (the road systems in Kenya) and some 200 miles of road have been bituminized, but the difficulty has always been to find money to complete the roads that are so badly needed."

"The contract entails the reconstruction and bitumenizing of approximately 300 miles of road. Selection of the roads was based on existing traffic densities and the roads given priority, which link up with existing bitumen roads, are shown on our map. (see map above) As will be seen, these cover only a very small part of Kenya Colony, but it must be remembered that vast areas of Kenya are little more than desert and these roads link up the principal farming areas. As would be expected, the available money is



required to be used to provide the maximum length of road possible, and for this reason the specification has been reduced to the minimum considered adequate to support the likely traffic for the next few years. The use of stabilized earths or gravels, of which this company has had some considerable experience in Uganda, has been adopted as providing the most economical base. Modern British and American equipment is being used in carrying out the work at an economical rate. The stabilized base course will be covered by two-coat bitumen surfacing, for which suitable crushed stone will be produced by quarrying alongside the new road. The requirement is eight miles of finished road per month."

While we might wonder at the requirement that Mowlem reduce the specification of the road to a minimum adequate for only a few years of road life, and as to how long these

roads actually remained in passable standard is anybody's guess, we can show nothing less than admiration for the pace of road construction by Mowlem at eight miles per month in 1959, a feat unlikely to be achieved with modern technology in most advanced countries fifty years later in the 21st Century !

"Work was started on this project in June (1959) and the base camp is now being set up at Karatina on the Nyeri road, which is the first length to be constructed. Considerable earthworks are included in the contract on this stretch of road, and this work is already well advanced. Sectional wooden prefabricated houses (for staff) are being constructed in our depot and erected on site at the rate of one every two days. These plywood houses are being built to our design which has evolved as a result of experience and careful planning."

Road building always requires constant up-grading and fre-

Road to Magadi, 1962

quent maintenance, particularly in East Africa with its constant short and long rainy seasons where torrential flooding could in time play havoc with and damage carefully planned roads and their embankments.

Many people preferred to travel to Mombasa by rail in the days before the Nairobi to Mombasa road was finally made into an international standard highway and sealed with bitumen. Most ex-pats who lived in Kenya before that road was upgraded in the early 1960's will shudder at their memories of that dreadful road at all times of the year. The only surfaced parts of the road were a short section of seal at Mckinnon's Road, a few miles past the old Embakasi airport turnoff, and a few miles of road outside Mombasa. The remaining part of the 330

miles from Nairobi to Mombasa was a rough and hair raising trip of anything from 7 hours of tortuous and excessively fast driving to 9 or 10 hours or more of leisurely progress, depending on the road conditions, floods, wash outs and mud.

More often than not, travelers would stop overnight at one or two different small hotels on the way, one of which I remember with nostalgia, Mack's Inn, south of Voi.

Whereas I may have painted a picture of extremely dodgy roads in the early years, there were exceptions of routes reasonably well maintained by the PWD as the following two photos demonstrates. Note the narrow width of the tarmac road to Magadi.

In keeping with the subject, I have included a recording of a popular hit of 1958, Duane Eddy's "40 Miles of Bad Road", which was a favourite of mine that I played 'ad nauseum' on a gramophone in our study at school. You can access this recording via the youtube link below. (Copy-paste the following link into your browser:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BoZymsInDEA>)

Finally, for those of us who lived in East Africa in the days before road up-grades, we may have memories of trying to push a car that was stuck up to its axels in mud, or of waiting by the side of a remote road and flagging a passing motorist down to get assistance because your car's axel or sump was smashed on a protruding rock in the road. Here are a few recollections:

Lex Mantheakis (Rhodes, 1958-

1963):

"I remember the Nakuru to Chemilil road – a nightmare when it rained – we used chains on the wheels and whenever the mud was really deep and got stuck there would be a waiting group of ragged Africans ready to push. We tossed simunis and shillings out the window as the wheels gained traction. We fished out of the red slosh, spraying mud all over the poor chaps and were unable to stop to give them their wages, so out the window it went and whoever grabbed the coins was king of the day!"

Alan Smith (Rhodes), 1958-1961:

"Dust was a major issue. Most cars and trucks drove on the crown of the road on some stretches of the Nairobi to Mombasa road because the road had deep drifts of fine dust on either edge of the road. Upon seeing a vehicle approaching in the distance, you had to risk the hazard of swerving off the crown of the road into the deep dust before the oncoming vehicle reached you. The fine dust always filtered through into the car leaving a coating on every surface, including all the passengers..

So it was not surprising that I read some years ago of a serious issue relating to road dust at a place where we lived for about six months in 1955 - ('Traveling

the Radioactive Road', CNN: 4 Nov 1999):

Mrima Hill is 30 miles south of the Likoni ferry, out of Mombasa. Mowlem were mining for cobalt ore on Mrima at that time. In the late 1980's the local African council had decided to use earth from Mrima Hill to re-surface the rural roads nearby. Only a few years later there were numerous reports that local Africans were mysteriously dying and suffering serious health problems. This resulted in a search for the cause. It was found that the earth taken from Mrima contained radioactive thorium, uranium and other radioactive minerals, and the local Africans had been breathing in the dust that trailed every vehicle that passed them as they cycled or walked along the road !"

Don Elliott, (Grigg), 1942-1945.

"To judge by the house in which the family was living at the time, I would have been about four or perhaps five years old and the year was 1932, as I recall my first long distance road trip on Kenya's rough and dusty roads. Not always dusty I might add, sometimes very wet and muddy!

At that time we had family friends living in Nakuru and we were living in a wood and iron house perched on anti white-ant stone pillars, which was lo-

cated next to the Norfolk Hotel in Government Road, Nairobi. My father had not long since traded in his old B.S.A. motor cycle for a second hand Rugby Tourer. This meant that it had a frame supported canvas roof that could be lowered, should one so desire. Roll down canvas flaps when the hood was raised that could be fastened at the bottom were provided for added weather protection.

We were up very early, the sun not long over the horizon and the car was loaded with our luggage. I do not think it was provided with the luxury of a starter motor, so my father had to start it with a crank handle. At last we were on our way and I can recall being very excited about the forthcoming journey. No doubt we would have turned from Government Road, left and into Swamp Road, perhaps through Eastleigh and finally via Muthaiga and on to the start of the old Nakuru road.

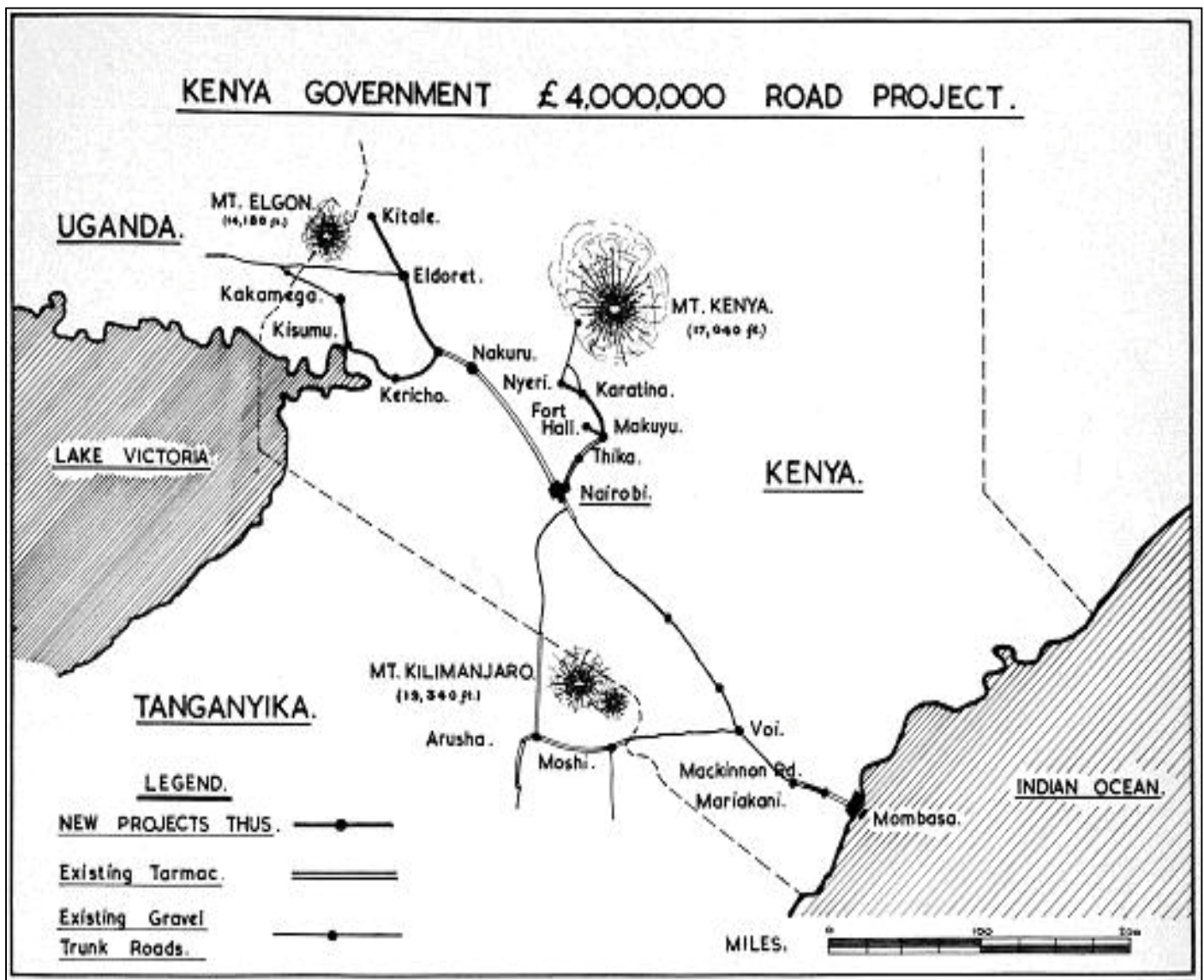
In those far off days it was only a murram surface, rain rutted and very corrugated! This was long before the kind Italian prisoners of war built us a

nice Roman road. I am told on good authority however, that Kenya has now come full circle and this road, at least in part has again reverted to its old self.

I cannot remember there being too many mishaps on the way up to Nakuru. The descent down the old escarpment into the Rift valley was a pretty hairy experience. Very bored baboons would be sat up on the ledges in the cliff's high above the road and would dislodge rocks, I am sure deliberately, in the hope and which they often did, of hitting cars travelling down the very precipitous and winding road. At the bottom would be the splash through the stream ford. Then on to Naivasha, where we would probably have stopped for lunch. And so some twelve long and dusty hours later, towards dusk, we finally reached our destination, a distance of a mere 160 kilometres!

Such a long and tedious journey would have no doubt justified at least a week's stay in Nakuru before commencing the arduous return trip home. In this case it certainly proved to be just that! When we came to make the long ascent up the escarpment the car's lower gears failed and we were forced to negotiate the steep and dangerous climb in reverse gear, being the only gear left to get us up to the top!" Ω

MAP OF THE 300 MILES OF ROADS MOWLEM WAS CONTRACTED TO BUILD "London John" magazine, July 1959



My Kenya Story

Petrie Cloete (née Bosman)

In the Habari of 2012 you read the first part of my father, Danie Bosman's story. I shall now continue his story and tell you more about him, my mother and us, their three children, Koba, myself and Harm. My parents met each other before either one was ever married. As a young working lady my mother, Susan (nee Denkema) was living in Johannesburg in a boarding house belonging to my father's cousin. My father came to visit from Kenya and they met. A friendship developed and they corresponded after his return to Kenya. Some months later my mother became engaged to Hercules van Deventer, whom my father had met. After this their correspondence ceased. My mother and her fiancé were married on 30 April 1932. Out of this marriage my brothers, Willem Adriaan (Willie) and Hendrink Denkema (Denkie) were born. After almost 11 years my mother was widowed. She went back to work and continued to live in Johannesburg. In the meantime my father had married and my brother John (Danie) was born.

After his divorce my father again visited in Johannesburg heard my mother had been widowed and looked her up. After he went back to Kenya they began corresponding again. I am not sure of the time span, but he later wrote to my mother and proposed. After she accepted

his proposal he let her know he would be coming to South Africa in February and that she should make arrangements for them to be married. This was two years after the death of Hercules. They were married on 4th March 1945 and they returned to Kenya.

My mother, a city girl, found life on a remote Nanyuki farm, Mimosa Farm, daunting. She was often left at home while my father went on locust-extermination campaigns. Willie and John were at boarding school but Denkie was not yet of schoolgoing age. Fortunately he soon learnt Swahili and so my mother could communicate with the workers.

My parents planted plenty of fruit trees and my mother supervised work on the veggie garden. My mother soon settled down to life on the farm and thoroughly enjoyed it. The only mode of transport was a 5 ton truck, so the city girl had to learn to drive it and take her driver's licence test with it.

After a few years my father decided to sell the farm and move to the Trans Nzoia. He went to work for Mowlems' Construction Company as an explosives technician. While he was working for Mowlems Johnny Kruger, my brother John's grandfather, was tasked with finding a suitable farm for my father. Johnny Kruger had already re-located from Nanyuki to Trans Nzoia.

While my parents were living in the construction village

at Gilgil my sister Koba was born in The War Memorial Hospital in Nakuru. The following year my mother, the boys and Koba were living in a house near Kitale when I was born in Kitale Hospital. My father was still working for Mowlems and we often visited him at various sites where he worked until such a time that he moved to Jinja, Uganda where the Owen Falls' Dam was under construction. We lived in the construction village and I have recently reconnected with a childhood friend, Miles Baalam, whom we met there.

By this time my brother Willie was working for EAR&H and John and Denkie were at school in SA.

Around 1953 my father returned permanently to his farm which had been in the care of a farm manager.

Living on the farm was an adventure! There was plenty to do and lots to learn. Once again the fruit trees were planted and the veggie garden came into being. One plentiful thing was strawberries. I can just remember there was a big strawberry patch - a real "shamba". When visitors arrived Koba and I were sent to pick some strawberries for the visitors to take home. Since living in SA I have on occasion been invited on a strawberry-picking trip "You know it will be fun to pick our own strawberries." Nope, I've picked enough strawberries in my life - I'll just

buy mine from the supermarket.

1955 was a year to remember. Koba started her schooling at Kitale School. Harm was born in April and we were all thrilled. I remember August arrived with lots of rain and in this pelting rain we set off to visit friends, Philip and Susan Engelbrecht, who lived near Isiolo. This became a biennial trip and we loved it. John and Denkie had been in school in SA for four years and they flew home for Christmas in December. My parents had left two teenagers in SA and two young men returned. On arriving at the airport, they were surprised to see a nine-month-old baby in my mother's arms.

We were privileged to have grown up with the parents we had. My father believed children must know what is going on in the world and would explain news items to us. He was fond of reading, as was my mother, so there were always newspapers and magazines in our house. My father was also a good teacher and when my brain couldn't understand $a + b = c$, he sat patiently with me until I understood. Years later one of his pupils from his Burnt Forest teaching years told me he was the best maths teacher a child could wish for and I quite agreed. He also liked to show us things of interest like a Masai hut we stopped near and which we walked to, to have a closer look. This was in (then) Tanganyika on a trip to SA. On the same trip he took us to Senekal in the Free State to show us the

church which is surrounded by petrified trees.

My mother was a wonderful cook and baked the best brown bread. We had coffee trees and she roasted the beans to perfection. I have never been able to find any coffee remotely like that. My mother also made us the loveliest dresses and must have spent hours smocking our dresses. She also hand knitted many jerseys. My love for knitting I got from her and still have many of her baby jacket patterns which I treasure. She often took part in the Home Industries section of the show in Kitale. She won first prizes in all the sections. I remember one year she knitted a beautiful baby jacket. It was really something special. There was one lady (I won't mention names) who tried hard to win first prize and on this occasion again my mother won first prize. After the judging this lady came up to my mother, looked her in the eyes and said, "Blast you, Susan Bosman." My mother didn't know what it was about because she had been with one of the other judges in another area. She also surprised a judge who wanted to know what type of stove she used for baking her fruit cake - gas or electric? My mother's answer "kuni" (wood).

My father planted maize and sunflowers. He had cattle and delivered cream to KCC. For some years my mother saw to the milking and later

supervised the pig feeding.

My father was also a proficient marksman and while a Police Reservist he was a member of the police shooting team which took part in the Bisely competition.

In 1963 Koba and I came to SA to continue our schooling in Belfast, Mpumalanga. It was always lovely to go home for the December holidays to enjoy seeing our old Kitale friends. After finishing her schooling Koba went back to Kenya. I went to college and obtained my Teacher's Diploma in Home Economics. Thanks to my Kenyan background and the fact that even the Afrikaans speaking Kenyans speak good English I later taught the Venda children of the then Venda Homeland, English. I taught in Venda from 1977 until 2008. Besides teaching English I taught Afrikaans and also Home Economics for a while. I taught in high schools and at a primary school. Just shows we Kenyans are versatile and ready for any job. Teaching in Venda was a wonderful experience.

Sadly Harm passed away in 2007. Koba and her husband, Bob Bentley, live in Wales. My husband and I are retired and we live on my daughter and son-in-law's farm near Hartebeespoort Dam.

What a privilege it was to have grown up in Kenya! Like all Kenyans I have wonderful memories of those days. **Ω**

Willie Joubert skryf uit Kanada:

Hallo Danie en Eddie. Ek het julle e-pos adresse van my neef Piet Prinsloo gekry. Piet se ma (tant Anna) en my ma was susters.

Ek wil graag van my Janse van Rensburg familie se geskiedenis kry om dit te bewaar vir die nageslag, veral omdat ons nou in Kanada woon. Enige kontakte sal waardeer word, en ek het veral gewonder of Rina Scholtemeyer miskien kan help met verwysings na die familie verbande met die ander Janse van Rensburgs.

My Oupa, Willem Hendrik en Ouma Alida (Tant Alie) het nie saam met die hooftrekke verhuis nie, maar eers later in 1923. Hulle was van Ermelo afkomstig. My ma was die tweede jongste en was drie of vier jaar oud toe hulle verhuis het. Haar kleinboetie, Fanie, is in Kenia gebore.

Oupa is aan swartwaterkoors oorlede nie baie jare na hulle in Kenia gevestig was nie en die oudste broers het toe moes uitspring om die familie aan die lewe te hou. Oom Hendrik was die oudste seun, Piet se ma was die oudste dogter en oom Giel die volgende seun. Ma was

omtrent ses of agt jaar toe dit gebeur het.

Ma en Pa het gedurende die 2e wereld oorlog ontmoet toe hy van Tanganjika by die Oos Afrikaanse magte aangesluit het. Hulle is tydens die oorlog getroud en Oom Hendrik was getuie.

Ek het hoofsaaklik in Tanganjika skool gegaan maar was in 1958 op Van Riebeeck in Thompson's Falls in St. 3.

Ek wil graag van my Janse van Rensburg familie se geskiedenis kry om dit te bewaar

In 1959 het ons na Suid-Afrika verhuis en Boesak Kruger, wat later met my niggie Rina getroud is, het een van die karre vir ons bestuur.

Van die Van Rensburgs het ek alle kontak verloor – buiten Piet Prinsloo. Ek sal enige verwysings verwelkom. Ouma het op haar oudag by ons gewoon (maar ek was toe te onnosel om meer uit te vra want ander dinge was mos meer belangrik. Met haar dood het ma 'n klomp ou foto's gekry en ek het dit oorgeneem en probeer name bysit en die voorgeslagte uit-

pluis.

Ouma was 'n nooi Joubert en uit dieselfde lyn as my pa se geslag, so ek het haar voorgeslagte in detail, maar Oupa van Rensburg se detail is nog duister vir my. Uit die name kan ek aflei dat my Oupagrootjie moes Hendrik Nicolaas geheet het (Oom Hendrik is na hom vernoem) en sy vrou moes Elsie Magdalena gewees het (die tweede dogter na haar ouma vernoem (tant Anna was die oudste dogter en is na haar ouma Joubert vernoem). oor grootjie moes Lukas Willem Janse van Rensburg gewees het en my oom Loek is na hom vernoem.

Ek kyk maar elke dan en wan op die internet want mens kry meer en meer inligting daar, maar sover geen direkte verband nie.

Ek geniet Habari en is dankbaar vir die inligting via die internet. Terloops, Kobus Pieterse se pa was my pa se onderwyser in Tanganjika. Ek was geseënd genoeg om deur Dr. Hennie Pieterse allerlei inligting te kry oor die familie en het twee van die boeke wat hy oor my Oupa grootjie Pieter Joubert geskryf het in my besit - plus allerlei stories van Oupa en my pa en ma.

Groete uit n koue Kanada - pragtig wit geneeu hier in Niagara Falls.

The death of Gilfrid Powys KR 6263

It is with deep regret we report the death of Gilfrid Powys, killed on his ranch yesterday, by an elephant, while trying to herd them away from a nearby dam.

Gilfrid was one of the iconic figures in the surviving settler community, who coordinated the defense of the Laikipia ranches against the invasion of thousands of Samburu pastoralists with their starving cattle, earlier this year, in a provoked attack by rogue politicians, to try to drive them off their properties, in a Zimbabwe style take over.



Gilfrid Powys (middle). Image source: www.thetimes.co.uk

He made great efforts to accommodate his Samburu neighbours' cattle, by leasing off some 20 percent of his land, dividing it into parcels to graze under the supervision of the Elders, but was overwhelmed by younger hot heads, who ignored the agreement and cut his fences; invaded his pastures, and burned down his tourist lodge. By grit and determination, the community hung on, supported by loyal staff, though one of their members Tristan Voorspuy was murdered, when he intervened, though unarmed. The violence abated in October after some 6 months, as the invaders were unsuccessful, and they withdrew back to their tribal lands, when the leader of the politicians was arrested for incitement, and theft of public funds.

Dennis Leete

Can our readers help?

Fri, Jun 22

My childhood was connected to Eldoret (1963-75). Perhaps you could help with **a photo of the Eldoret Railway Nursery School**. The building that housed the Nursery was demolished in 1969 on the orders of the then Home Affairs Minister and Vice-President Mr. Arap Daniel Moi and MP for Eldoret. The Nursery School was built around 1928. If Friends of East Africa have pictures of an imposing nursery school in Eldoret, kindly share it with me.

Yours sincerely,

Moses Kawangus, Ngobi.
moses_ngobi@hotmail.com

Lynette Schultz [shultz@telkomsa.net] skryf op 26 Julie 2018 :

Ek is op soek na **nasate van die families De Clercq/De Klerk en Erasmus.**

Ek vind julle nuusblad baie insiggewend. As 'n amateur navorser wil ek dit u op die hart druk om net 'n paar lyntjies neer te skryf, terwyl herinneringe nog daar is. Eenvoudige inligting, soos volle name van ouers en grootouers, geboortedatums, datums van afsterwe kan vir die nageslag goud werd wees!

Aan die ouer garde wat in Kenia gebore en grootgeword het – skryf 'n kort stukkies oor julle grootwordjare, oor wat julle ouers en grootouers julle vertel het. Dit kan vir 'n verre nasaat 'n venstertjie oopmaak na 'n era waarvan hulle verlang om meer te weet.

Ek het 'n paar keer die naam **“Gom de Clercq”** raakgelees. Ek neem aan hy was Joachim de Clercq. As daar familie is of ander is wat iets van hom weet, sal ek dit baie waardeer as u my kan kontak. Ek soek ook na **nasate van Abel Hendrik Erasmus (nie “Klein Abel” nie)** – ek is reeds in kontak met sy familie). Daar was 'n ander Abel Hendrik Erasmus wat glo Springs toe verhuis het en in die jare sestig 'n motorhawe daar bedryf het. **My e-pos is bo-aan hierdie skrywe; my selnommer is: 0846666741 By voorbaat dankie!**

IN MEMORIAM

- Leon Venter van Kempton Park is in 2017 oorlede. Hy word oorleef deur Christiena, sy vrou (gebore Mouton), sy kinders en kleinkinders. Leon was die seun van Hannes en Stompie Venter, vroeër van Moiben.
- Trui du Preez, dogter van tant Truia, is in Desember oorlede aan beroerte, en haar man Hans (nie 'n Kenianer nie) 6 maande daarna.
- Elza Browning has notified us of the deaths of Stephen Barnard (Fanie and Baby Barnard's son), who passed away on 25 August 2016 at the age of 70, and of Ted Payet, who passed away on 6 September 2017, age 84.
- Bill Cherry has notified us of the passing of Rodney Kenneth (Spike) Bulley on 15 December 2014.
- Kotie Jacobs laat weet haar suster Joey McLean is op 18 Sept 2017 oorlede.
- Nancy Mouton (nie 'n Kenianer nie, maar eggenoot van Pieter Mouton, oorlede Mei 2018
- Jas Brummer, Louis Trichardt
- Laura Ross (gebore Steenkamp) oorlede September 2018
- Louie Potgieter se suster Sophie Westrop ins in 2018 in Malawi oorlede.

Bill Cherry writes (wcher-ry62@hotmail.com) writes:

I thought I would reach out to you to see if you might be able to use your Friends of East Africa distribution list to try and find some former Nondescripts R.F.C. Kenya players or their family members. We suspect they returned to South Africa. Their details are as follows:

- Carolin, James (1964 - 1968)
- Hauptfleisch, M. (1963 - 1965)
- Klynsmith, Hugo (1962 - 1967)

And from the Mombasa Sports Club:

- Bulley, Rodney Kenneth (Spike)

Passed On: 15 December 2014 in South Africa.

Spike's last known address (1982) was:

7 Warrior Road

Hillcrest 3600

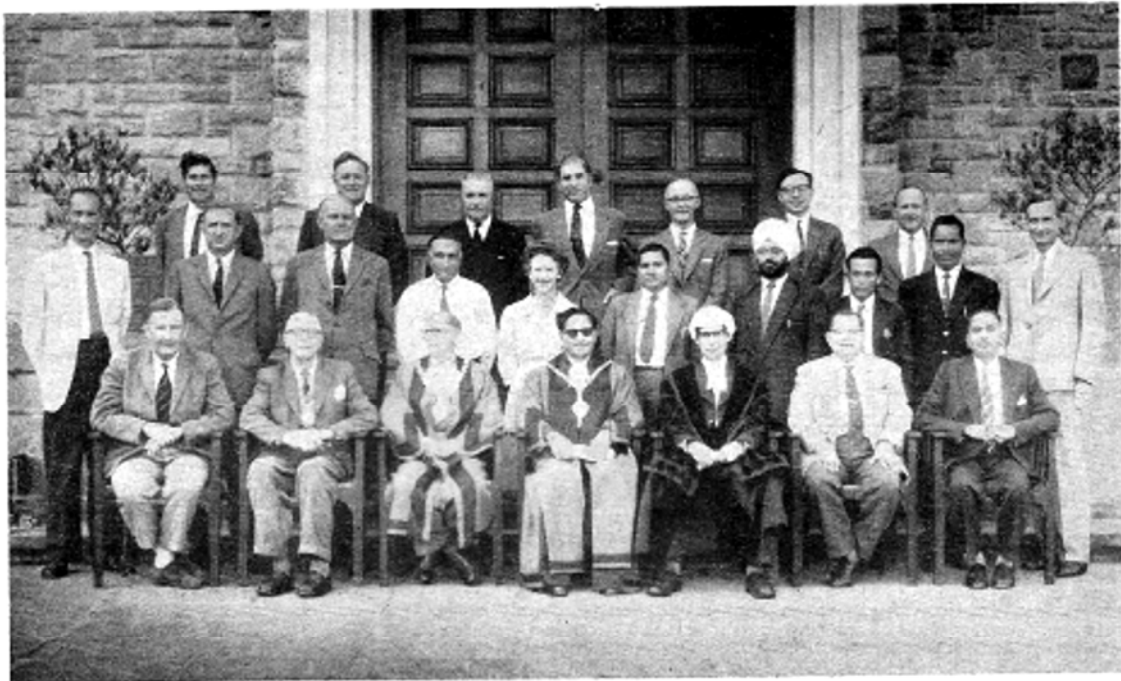
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R.S.A.

Thank you for your assistance.

Best regards,

ELDORET MUNICIPAL COUNCIL 1962



Back Row: (Senior Officers)—I. P. Rowe, H. A. F. Gillespie, F. J. Loder, R. W. Saunders, G. R. Eglon, T. A. Cairns, J. J. Allan.
Middle Row:—Councillors I. Allanson, M. R. England, K. E. E. Miller, M. A. Sheikh, Mrs. D. Elwell, S. C. Naik, M. S. Bansal,
M. P. Patel, G. Kimani, Dr. G. F. Reynolds.

Front Row:—Councillors P. G. Tait, J. Wolston-Beard, F. A. Hooper (Deputy Mayor), A. G. Peera (Mayor), H. McCullagh (Town Clerk),
H. V. Sparrow, D. R. Aggarwall.

Councillors not in photograph—L. E. Abel, S. Kihuga, C. Muturi.

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Gurdit Singh

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2



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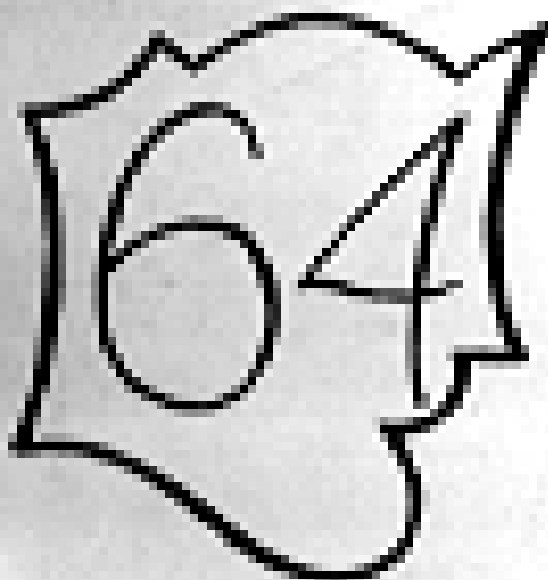


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