

# **HABARI**

# **JAMBO SANA**

# **OKT / OCT 1990**

**NUUSBRIEF VAN DIE  
OOS-AFRIKA-VRIENDEKRING**

**NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS  
OF EAST AFRICA**

**NO 18**



6 OCTOBER IS AROUND THE CORNER! 6 OKTOBER IS OMMIEDRAAI!

Ons hou weer die Oos-Afrika saamtrek op die eerste Saterdag in Oktober, by die Fonteine in Pretoria.

We want to see you very much. Come early, because it is usually an important day for South African Rugby and people want to leave in time for the game.

Jongmense is baie welkom. Party stel belang in die plek waar hulle ouers groot en oud (of ouer!) geword het, al is hulle nie self daar gebore nie en ken hulle net Kenia uit ou foto's en uit die Habari uit. En as julle voel julle wil iets wil reël om julleself besig te hou, is julle baie welkom om dit te doen.

We remind you of the hats that go round on Kenya Day. As we distribute the Habari free of charge, we depend on the contribution we get from you every year in October. Please be generous. Paper, stamps, and envelopes are expensive, especially as we have committed ourselves to sending the Habari to as many ex-East Africans as possible.

Onthou asseblief! Die jare stap aan: nie een van ons word jonger nie, en nie een van ons se geheue bly kraakvars nie. As u ou foto's het, gaan hulle asseblief betyds deur en skryf agterop duidelik wie is wie, en min of meer wanneer die foto geneem is, en waar dit geneem is. Al stuur u dit nie vir ons nie, sal dit vir die nageslag baie beteken om ordentlike rekord van hulle voorouers te hê. En het enigeen van u al begin met 'n geslagsregister van u eie nabye familie? (ons praat nie van oeroupagrootjie in Europa nie -- ons stel belang in Kenia se netwerk van gesinne.) Dis baie eenvoudig. Skryf dit neer soos u gesonde verstand vir u sê om dit te doen. Dit hoef nie te lyk soos 'n stamboom wat opgestel is in 'n geskiedkundige se kantoor nie. Begin by uself en u eie huwelik (of huwelike). Dan broers en susters se huwelike. Dan enigiets omtrent u ouers se huwelik, en dié se ouers se huwelik. Jaar van huwelik, geboortejare, geboorteplekke, kinders. En as daar gate in u kennis is, maak dit ook nie saak nie. Iemand anders se stamboom sal tien teen een die ding opklaar.

And any stories about Kenya are welcome, even detailed descriptions of how a thing was done, such as training a building a wattle and daub house, working with sisal, cutting a modafu (coconut), planning a holiday, etc. The other day Mrs Emma Stow told me about how roof-tiles were imported from India by means of dhows, and what the best times were for sailing. Who would have thought of mentioning that? But to someone who doesn't know about it, it puts more colour into the picture of Kenya.

En dit is wat ons wil hê: 'n prent van Kenia. Ons as oud-Kenianers, al is ons ondervinding dalk skraal teenoor ander s'n, kan elkeen help om die prent van Kenia beter in te kleur. Al kan u nie skryf nie, en al kom dit skeef en krom op papier uit



-- skryf dit op, al is dit net 'n paragraaf, en stuur dit aan ons. Ons sal dit redigeer en enige ernstige taalfoute regmaak, as u u toestemming gee. (Ons torring nie graag aan iets wat iemand skryf nie, daarom verkies ons dat u sê of u dit "reggemaak" wil hê.)

As you see, we have large sections of English text in this issue of the Habari. But you'll also notice that they were written long, long ago, and many of them were taken from the Kenya Golden Jubilee Scrapbook 1967. Mr Georg Landgrebe sent us a splendidly detailed report, in English, on farming at Mount Kilimanjaro, but other contributions in English were sadly lacking. and I think even Mr Landgrebe would have preferred to write in German if he could have been sure that we would understand it. So without him and the Kenya Scrapbook, where would you have been? Where are the English contributions? We would love to print them.

ONS SIEN MEKAAR BY DIE FONTEINE! SEE YOU AT THE FOUNTAINS!

## DEATHS . . . STERFTES

Mev JOEY KILIAN died 26 March 1990 formerly from Nairobi, her ex husband Chris Kilian was a driver on the Railways. She is survived by two sons and her sister tant Villie Steenkamp.

Mev SOPHIA VISSER died 2 April 1990. She was married to Nicholas Visser from Ol' Kalou and was the daughter of oom Petrus and tant Non Joubert. She is survived by three daughters and one son.

Mnr KOOS PRINSLOO died 1 June 1990. He worked for Col Grogan at the Taveta Wheat Scheme. He was married to Lenia Louwrens, and has a son and daughter.

Mnr PIET MULLER died June 1990. He was married to Babs van der Merwe from Ol' Kalou. She was the daughter of the late Tots van der Merwe.

Mnr JAN VILJOEN died 23 July 1990. He was a driver on the Railways in Nairobi and is survived by three sons, brother Koos, sister Rarle Randall, and Danie Malan.

Oom SONNIE CLOETE is na 'n skielike siekte oorlede, op die draai van die Ou Jaar. Hy was getroud met tant Johanna de Bruyn (voorheen van Nanyuki). Hy word oorleef deur tant Johanna en hulle twee dogters. Oom Sonnie was een van die groot bydraers tot die sukses van die Habari en ons sal hom mis.

Oom CHRISJAN en tant ANNA CLOETE was voorverlede jaar nog by die fonteine. Verlede jaar is tant Anna begrawe die dag voor 6 Oktober, en vroeg vanjaar is oom Chrisjan ook na 'n kort siekbed oorlede. Hulle word oorleef deur 'n seun en 'n dogter

Tant GERTIE VENTER (vroeër van Moiben) is ook vroeg in die jaar oorlede, na sy baie jare bedlënd was. Sy was getroud met oom Hannes Venter, en sy word oorleef deur oom Hannes, hulle dogter, Anna de Waal, en drie van hulle seuns: Boet, Leon en Rysie. Fanie Venter is verlede jaar in Februarie oorlede.



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"S P E KRUGER"

There were at one time three different people with this name and initials, and complications arose when an Oil Company man said "Why have three accounts?" and put them all together. It took some sorting out. One S P E was known as O B E, as he was decorated.

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During the great famine of 1918 all small African children of five years and under seemed to disappear, and 400 men marched from Marakwet to Eldoret for food, 150 dying by the roadside.

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The Cape Town office of that Standard Bank was doubtful about approving that part of a premises built of wattle and daub should contain the Bank, and insisted on bars being fitted to protect the windows. There are a number of stories of how the safe fell through the walls, and here is another: J C Shaw, the bank manager, told the office boy to patch the flaking mud, but the Swahili of both was poor, and when Shaw returned he found the wall had disintegrated under the office boy's repeated onslaughts with buckets of water -- and the safe was outside in the mud!

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Smith Mundell opened a rest house behind their shop, which was known as The Rat Pit, presumably because there were twenty beds in a mud and wattle room of thirty feet by twenty. At one time this establishment became so notorious for its poker schols that it earned the soubriquet of the Wobber's Woost. One of the first few casualties was the Postmaster who had to be drafted away from temptation.

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Lion and leopard were always around Mr H C Kirk's new home at Sergoi. One night he saw two lion leap a 15 ft fence into a bome and jump back carrying calves weighing about 200 lb each.

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Mrs Meta Diesel, nee Cloete, went to South Africa to marry a farmer. He died. She returned to teach in the old Eldoret Central School. She was a strong, likeable character. When her pupils got upset and did not want to listen to her, she would drop them outside the low schoolroom window. She started from South Africa for the Plateau on 2nd March 1911. She was a wonderful old lady who regretted she did not marry before 45, having refused an earlier offer of marriage.

From : THE GOLDEN JUBILEE SCRAPBOOK 1967 (East African Women's League)



From the GOLDEN JUBILEE SCRAPBOOK 1967

VALERIUS (SONNIE) CLOETE. . . says that in the early days whisky was only Rs.3 (about 4/50) a bottle. Many people, of course, took advantage of this. For instance an old man fell off his horse on the way home; next morning very early, his horse was seen near a friend's house and was recognised as belonging to the old man who was well known to the farmer and he knew the old man could not be far off. A short distance from the house the owner of the horse was found fast asleep next to an ant hill. On being asked whether he was not afraid of being eaten by a lion, he replied that lion would not eat a drunken Christian.

Another story of Mr Cloete's is that when the first settlers arrived on the Plateau, everyone had to have 500 pounds in cash or stock, wagons, etc. to that amount. A short while after they had taken up their farms, a Land Officer was sent from Nairobi to investigate their financial positions. He arrived on the first farm where several farmers awaited him, and that particular farmer showed his stock, implements, etc. Before the Land Officer left for the next farm, he was delayed on purpose and given a drink. Meanwhile the stock were driven to the next farm. This was repeated many times. About midday the owner of the stock asked to have lunch and a rest before going on. The Land Officer said this was a good idea as "those animals can have a rest too". He knew what was going on; but needless to say, all those people were granted farms and made good.

Mr Cloete said when the first flour was milled in Kenya, many people were averse to using it and said it was not so good as that from Bombay. One day a lady came into a shop in Eldoret where only local flour was stocked and asked for Bombay flour. The attendant was very obliging and scooped the flour out of the bag containing local flour. The lady was quite satisfied. Another person then asked for local flour and was served from the same sack ...

(From the East African Standard of 14th June 1961)



Part of an article in the East African Review of October 1932  
by A C Tannahill

The Uasin Gishu: An Economic Survey by the Land Ranger (1911)

### Grass Burning

An indefensible practice that must be stopped at once is the indiscriminate burning of the grass, mostly by natives. Already great damage has been done. There is, of course, the recent Act which inflicts penalties for this offence, but few settlers seem to know this... This season two men have been caught by the fires and one of them is so seriously burnt that his life is despaired of, and damage to property is considerable.

### Shops and Stores

There are at present 4 stores on the Uasin Gishu, viz: the Sergoi Store (Mr Hoey) close to Lake Sergoi (no "t"); Mr Kemp's Store on No 64; Haji Mur Mahomed on the Sergoi-Londiani road, 16 miles south of Sergoi; and Esmail Bhanjee, at the Boma, No 84. Practically all necessities can also be purchased at any of these stores, and the Sergoi Store is also an Agent for agricultural implements.

### Postal Facilities

There are Post Offices at Kemp's Store, No 64 (Central Office); Sergoi Store; Mr Lorimer's farm No 45. Telegrams are received at and despatched from no 64 by HELIOGRAPH to Nandi. As an instance of the excellence of the postal service I may mention I received a letter at 5 pm on February 1st which was posted in Scotland on January 12th, after being re-directed in Nairobi.

### Government Reserves

In the summary of the Schedule attached is given the area of the 13 farms reserved for Government purposes, a total of 32 585 acres, in addition to 3 outspan areas of a total area of 2 236 acres, a grand total of 34 821 acres. The major portion of this was originally reserved to ascertain the best position for a township.

Farm 64, of 2 922 acres, is the most centrally situated and Administration Offices are being erected thereon at the present time, and everything points to this block being the best available for a central township.

### Townships

Farm 64 is well suited as a site for the principal township, but no timber and practically not a stick of firewood! Another trading centre will probably be adjoining Lake Sergoi, but no timber or firewood... The present boma 84 is excellently provided with all the requisites for a township. Farm No 3 should also be reserved as a subsidiary township area, though



water is a difficulty.

### Roads

In my previous report I have outlined roads immediately required. I am informed in the rainy season the roads are very nearly impassable. The PWD are, however, repairing and draining the Londiani to Sergoi road over which about 75 waggons are passing monthly.

I attach hereto a schedule of distances:

#### Londiani-Sergoi road:

Londiani to 1st outspan	33.25 miles
Outspan to junction with Boma Road	8.5 miles
Junction of Boma Road to Haji's Store	15 miles
Haji's Store tot Sergoi Store (Lake Sergoi)	16.75 miles

#### Boma Road (to No 84)

From its junction with Londiana Road to the Boma	21 miles
Boma (84) tot Central Post Office (64)	9.5 miles
Post Office (64) to Sergoi Store	18.25 miles
Post Office (64) to junction with Londiani Road	12 miles

### Outspans

In the original scheme of settlement 3 outspans were reserved but only that near Farm No 1 will be of any use as an outspan. The Hon. Director of Agriculture discussed this question with a large meeting of the settlers, and I have not yet heard what decisions were made. I suggest wherever possible the outspan should extend to both sides of the river.

### Game

There are at present vast quantities of game on the Plateau consisting of Jackson's Hartebeeste, Zebra, Oribi, Duiker, Reed Buck, a few Eland, Waterbuck, Lion and occasional Rhino, Hippo in the Nzoria, Giraffe, with periodical visits of Elephant, Buffalo, etc., etc.

There should be no difficulty in controlling game damaging crops as the Plateau is surrounded by tribes who live of game, and there is little or no influx of fresh game.

### Labour

AS THERE ARE NO NATIVES LIVING ON THIS PLATEAU, all labour has to be imported, chiefly I believe Kavirondo. It is difficult to retain labour as boys were always running away, complaining of the cold. It is intended to import several Elgeyo families with limited stock as I saw several Elgeyo who have become good agricultural labourers.



Population

I took a careful census of the white population and found as follows:

Males over 20 years	163
Females over 20 years	96
Children	236
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Total	495
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Schools

I suggest and recommend that a school should be provided by the Education Board at the very earliest opportunity. Half the 236 white children are under 10 years. Mrs Steyn has just started a small school for her own children and neighbours in the vicinity, but this touches few. The majority of settlers can only afford to pay a very small sum for education.

I believe I have now visited practically all the alienated land on the Highlands, and consider the prospects of the Plateau ARE NOT EXCELLED by any other part of the Highlands, both for stock and agriculture. A railway is essential.

There are several thousand fruit trees planted.

CONCLUSION

I record my indebtedness for the unfailing hospitality of all the settlers on the Plateau.



Die volgende skrywe is in Mei 1975 aan Danie Steyn gerig deur mnr Hoffie Retief van Thompson's Falls, nadat Danie 'n standaard vraelys oor "Suid-Afrikaners in Kenia" aan hom gestuur het.

(Die vraelys het onder meer gegaan oor die redes vir vestiging in Kenia, sosiale en kultuuraangeleenthede, ekonomiese bydraes, politieke aspekte, en redes waarom Kenia verlaat is of nie verlaat is nie.)

Soos baie ander boere in 1948 rond gedoen het, het ek met koring begin boer. Een goeie rede daarvoor was dat die Regering toe (en vandag nog) 'n sisteem gehad waarby hulle 'n minimum oes waarborg wat omtrent gelykgestaan het aan die koste wat mens aangaan om die oes in te kry. Met mielies is dit dieselfde. As jy dan 'n misoes het, hoef jy die voorskot (wat jy leen om die oes in te kry) nie terug te betaal nie, en die verlies is minimaal. Op dié manier het 'n boer nie groot kapitaal nodig gehad nie, want as hy mooi te werk gegaan het, kon hy selfs terkkers en gereedskap met die voorskot koop. Hierdie sisteem was bekend as G M R (of "guaranteed minimum return"). Destyds was die onkoste van gesaaides redelik laag en die prys van mielies en koring redelik goed.

So met die tyd saam het onkoste opgegaan en die pryse stilgestaan, sodat gesaaides minder en minder betalend was. Ek het toe so met die tyd oorgeslaan na melkbeeste (Ayrshires) en deur goeie bulle en AI te gebruik, hulle algaande verbeter. Ons het ook op 'n redelike skaal met spekvarke geboer en net opregte teelvarke gekoop. Met die tyd het ons egter meer uit varke gegaan omdat die voerkoste nie tred gehou het met die markspyse nie.

Ons melk nou oor die 100 koeie wat soms oor die 2 gelling melk gemiddeld gee. Ons maak baie kuilvoer en Rhodesgrashooi vir die beeste. Oor die laaste paar jaar het ons ook voerkrale gehad waarin ons tot 1000 beeste op 'n slag voer vir vleis. Ons koop die osse op ongeveer 2 jaar oud en voer hulle van 2 tot 3 maande en verkoop hulle dan aan die Kenya Meat Commission. Die osse word hoofsaaklik kuilvoer, mieliesemels, melasse, urea en spoorelemente gevoer.

Verder hou ons so 200 wolskape aan, eintlik net vir die vleis, maar die wol betaal vir al die onkoste en meer. Ons is dus redelik selfonderhoudend wat kos aangaan, want ons het suiwelprodukte, vleis, eiers, groente en vrugte van ons eie.

Met arbeid het ons nog nooit juis probleme gehad nie en die betaling was binne perke. Waar ons kortkom aan kwaliteit, maak ons op met getalle. Die gesindheid tot vandag toe is baie goed. Soos in enige land hang dit natuurlik van die boer self af hoe goed hy met sy werkers klaarkom. In baie opsigte reken ek dat ek vandag nog beter met die arbeiders klaarkom dan in die verlede. Hul is in ieder geval baie bang om hul werk te verloor.



Hier is natuurlik geen rassesseiding nie, maar hier is tog 'n klassesseiding. Ons arbeiders sal altyd na die agterdeur kom en daar wag om ons te sien. So nou en dan -- miskien eenkeer elke maand of twee -- sal ons 'n swart besoeker innooi vir 'n koppie tee, maar in die meeste gevalle praat ons ons besigheid buitekant klaar. In die goeie kafees en hotelle in Nairobi is die besoekers oorwegend blank, maar gegoede swartes word steeds meer gesien by dié plekke. Die verhouding tussen blank en nie-blank is baie goed, want daar is geen bedreiging vir die swartes van blanke kant nie. Tog word ons erken vir wat ons is en wat ons bereik het en ons blankes word oor die algemeen met eerbied behandel -- baie dikwels word die woorde "Bwana mkuluma" gebruik. As hier weer 'n stryd in Kenya moet wees, sal dit tussen swartes wees en nie tussen wit en swart nie.

Ek dink ek het al geskrywe dat Kenya 'n ideale land vir safari's is en ons hoop maar dat SA toeriste weer hier toegelaat sal word (waarskynlik sodra swart Kenya toeriste SA kan besoek). Die wildparke, ten spyte van "poaching", is nog van die beste in die wêreld. . . . Ons gaan nog gereeld op safari's en kan ook jag as dit ons so pas. My seun Renaldo het nou die dag 4 buffels op vriende se plaas teen die Aberdares geskiet. Mens kan nog in blokke jag (daar is 64) maar dit raak duur en ons jag meesal op "ranches" van vriende.

Soos jy weet was van die vroeë boere jagters en tot vandag toe is hier 3 professionele jagters (Afrikaners). Sommige boere het tussen oeste gaan jag (ivoor, velle, biltong) vir 'n addisionele inkomste. Veral in die oorlogtyd is baie wild geskiet vir biltong vir die swart troepe. Sommige boere het in die begin goud gegrawe -- party ook deelyds -- maar waar Afrikaners hul onderskei het, was in die spoorweë, op die paaie en as werktuigkundiges. Vandag nog beklee 'n Afrikaner 'n hoë pos in die "Ministry of Works" (Vroeër die Public Works Dept). Afrikaners het ook gedien op direksies van die KFA Pyrethrum Board, KCC, KMC, Kenya National Farmers' Union, Koringraad en Mielieraad. Op dié gebied het oom Will Bouwer, Koppie Eksteen en ander soos oom Fanie Kruger (van Eldoret -- nie Jan Kruger van Ol Kalou nie) hulle onderskei. Dan was daar nog "District Associations" en "Production Committees" waarop baie boere gedien het. Oom Sampie Odendaal was op sy dae Vrederegter.

In Tanzanië het boere soos oom Kerneels van Rooyen hom onderskei op die gebied van die kweek van saadboontjies en 'n man soos Craig Thorn (Venterstraat 28, Heidelberg, Transvaal) het heelwat anato (?) uitgevoer maar ook rissies, koffie, mielies, sisal en "papain" geproduseer.

Oor die redes van vertrek het ek reeds geskrywe, maar dit kan só opgesom word:

1 min of meer geen vertroue, in die toekoms, veral in 'n swart regering nie

2 wantroue in die ekonomiese toekoms



- 3 onvoldoende onderwysfasiliteite
- 4 vrees oor wat in die Kongo gebeur het
- 5 swak boere wat gehoop het om weer 'n begin elders te maak en om hulp te kry, veral as hulle 'n goeie "hard luck" storie kon vertel
- 6 Boere wat finansiële verpligtinge wou vryspring
- 7 Ek reken dat heelwat mense ook getrek het toe hulle so baie ander sien trek en hul was skrikkerig om alleen agter te bly. 'n Afrikaanse gemeenskap soos in die verlede sou hier seersekerlik nie meer wees nie

8 Sommige boere het gemeen dat Engeland hulle in die steek gelaat het deur hulle te nooi om hulle hier te kom vestig en toe Kenya onafhanklik word, het hulle geen waarborg gegee dat dinge sou goed gaan of dat hulle die blankes sou help nie. Baie Afrikaners het Britse paspoorte gehad. Die Britse regering het met baie gehelp deur geld aan die Kenya Regering te skenk of te leen om grond van Britse onderdane te koop. Hulle het ook gehelp deur toe te sien dat die oordragte ordelik geskied.

Diegene van ons wat hier gebly het, het in die eerste instansie gevoel dat ons Kenya toe gekom het om ons hier te kom vestig en dit sou nie reg wees om sommer pad te gee as dinge in die land nie so goed gelyk het nie. In die Republiek het die Engelse destyds ook altyd van "Home" gepraat en ons het hulle dit kwalik geneem. Ons sou ook nie verwag het dat hulle grootskaals sou wegtrek as dinge nie te goed gelyk het in SA nie.

Ons het ook die land en die grond hier leer liefkry en baie goed met die swartes reggekom. Ons het baie gedoen om ons plase op te bou en wou dit nie sommer weer verlaat nie. Die land self en die klimaat het ook 'n groot aantrekkingskrag.

Sommige van ons het selfs Kenya burgers geword nadat dr Verwoerd beide in 'n toespraak, maar ook persoonlik, toe hy hier aangekom het, vir ons gesê het dat ons nie sommer moet padgee nie maar moet bly solank as wat dit vir ons prakties moontlik is, al sou ons burgerskap aanneem om ons posisie te konsolideer. As ons dan later gedwing sou word om na die Republiek terug te kom, sou ons dadelik weer SA burgers kon word. Ek was onder die indruk dat dr Verwoerd graag wou hê dat ten minste sommige Afrikaners in die Afrikastate moet bly sodat bande nie totaal verbreek sou word nie. Ek reken dat ons wel 'n rol speel om beter verhoudings met die Republiek te bewerkstellig want ons kry dikwels die kans om die Republiek se standpunt te verdedig (nie in die openbaar nie) en met ons besoeke in die Republiek kan ons vertel van goeie rasseverhoudings in Kenya. Ons kom werklik goed klaar met die owerhede en ons kan nie praat van enige diskriminasie omdat ons blank is of selfs omdat ons Afrikaners is nie.



Georg Landgrebe (formerly from Tanganyika) writes:

At the end of May, 1925, our ship, a Dutch cargo ship, landed at the port of Dar Es Salaam, "the Port of Greetings". From there it turned north again, for its home trip. Only at Dar Es Salaam did we get to know that the Mandate Territory of Tanganyika was to be reopened for German immigrants at the beginning of June. So we decided to return to our previous homeland, instead of going to Kenya as we had planned. At Tanga we disembarked with our 99 pieces of luggage, amongst which was our mother's piano and a military wagon. The wagon was very useful to us later on. By train we traveled up country towards Moshi on the slopes Mount Kilimanjaro. Imagine how happy we were seeing the peak of Mount Kibo, "glittering pinkly in the early morning. At last we felt at home again.

At the greek hotel in Moshi we found our dwelling for the time being. The owner's name was "Bwana Tumbo" -- Mr Stomach -- because that characterised him best. The district commissioner granted us half a year to stay as visitors in the country.

There was no reason at all for our father to look further than the mountains of Kilimanjaro and Meru for suitable coffee land. Besides, our old farm at Malala River near Arusha was too expensive for us and our consumptive money bag. The forest region, which was preferable to most other parts, was also too expensive. So our father bought land on the north-western slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro from a boer named Piet Nievenhuizen, General von Lettow-Vorbeck's former guide and scout in the First World War in German East Africa, against the English forces. Nievenhuizen had served voluntarily under the German "Schutztruppe", as did many boers, as a revenge against the British occupancy of their beloved South Africa.

The land my father bought was situated on the Nare Nairobi South River. In the Masai language the name means "cold water", as the water comes right from the glaciers on Mount Kibo. As far as the eye could see, the land was bare of trees, except for some thorn trees and perhaps a few fossil trees, scattered on the "Steppe". It was a landscape of savannas, populated by thousands of kinds of animals.

We admired the boers, our brother nation, because from 1899 to 1902 they had had the guts to resist the then mightiest nation on earth, and had only been beaten because 28 thousand of their women and children had died in British concentration camps. Even today we have friendly connections with our former neighbours in Ngare Nanyuki (which means "salty water"), and in Sanya, of about 65 years of ups and downs in our lives, as for instance your Honourable Vice President Hennie Pieterse and his wife, Mimi, born Malan, from Sanya.

From the beginning the boers gave us invaluable advice and help. We learnt a lot from them: for instance, how to obtain oxen for ploughing the land, how to tame and train them, how to



make the long whip, and ropes for the yokes. On the other hand, my father could survey their irrigation furrows for them, and so on. With the Visser family on the Ngare Nairobi North we had close ties of friendship, and we often played with the Visser children. They were much more adapted to the land than we, the newcomers. And naturally the Vissers' big orchard, with all its different fruits, attracted us ever so much. At mother Visser we were always at home.

Christmas 1925 we moved to our new house, which was built to last thousands of years. It had thick stone walls and an iron roof. There was also a large store room for coffeebags, tools and spares, and a guest house, and also a kitchen built of stone. In another storehouse, a primitive construction, we kept all kinds of fowl. There was also a pigpen. A kraal for oxen was built with thorn branches, to keep out the lions. Naturally we also had to build a labour camp. We had three teams of oxen, each 20 oxen strong. One team worked 6 hours in the morning and another 6 hours in the afternoon. The remaining team was a spare and was used for pulling carts and wagons.

It was only towards the end of 1925 that we got permission to stay in the country. Up until then we had spent about 40 000 shillings, which would have been lost if we had had to leave again.

The first rains came in May 1926. 60 hectares of land had already been prepared for the coffee plants in the nurseries. In We have a saying in German: "God is with the diligent", and He helped us.

We also had to build a 10 kilometer long irrigation furrow from the forest, as the water only arrived at our farm in the rainy season. We had the right to half of the water in the river. To all this our father applied his knowledge of the natural conditions in which coffee grows. Coffee needs shade and water.

We bought two teams of oxen at Umbulu and Dongobesh, near the central escarpment, and the third team we bought from a boer at Ngare Nanyuki.

First of all we would plough the land with a discplough, 10 cm deep, actually only scraping the surface, and then we followed it up with a Koodoo plough, which went 30 cm deep and was pulled by a team of eighteen oxen. Each team had to be manned by three people: 1 man to steer the plough, 1 with a long whip to drive the oxen, and a child to lead the first two oxen by means of a rope. One driver was so skilful with his long whip that once, from a distance of 5 to 6 meters, he beheaded a mamba, which rose up in front of the child who was leading the oxen.

The oxen which we had bought in Umbulu had to be trained and coffee nurseries had to be made. The whole farm, which was to



be planted with coffee, had to be surveyed into sections of 2 hectares. Holes of 30 cubic centimetres had to be dug, 3 by 3 metres apart in a triangle, and the necessary shade trees planted, also in a triangle, 10 by 10 metres. The planting started in the rainy season, during the Monsoon rains from March till May, when the plants had a height of approximately 10 centimetres. The plantation grew gradually. We had no difficulties in getting labour. They came in hundreds when they heard their old bosses were back again. Mostly they came from the big lakes in central Africa, Wasukuma and Wanjamwezi. Many Germans came to Tanganyika at this time, we being the first, after the reopening of the territory in the middle of 1925. Ngare Nairobi and Sanya more or less became German settler areas.

Each labourer obtained his own house, built of mud, with a grass roof, and everyone obtained enough land to grow himself enough supplement food besides the rations he got from us in posho, meat and peas or beans. Till 1933 we cultivated up to 200 hectares of land, mostly under coffee, with 120 000 trees, of which 50 hectares was artificial forest (consisting of imported and local trees) because we knew what an important role forests have in the climatical conditions of the whole world, even forests on the smallest scale. Trees were planted around the whole plantation -- again foreign and local trees. There were several reasons for this: (1) to prevent the steady winds, which blew day and night on the scale of 6, 12 being the strongest (tornados); (2) to keep whirlwinds from entering the plantation and unroofing our houses; (3) to change the climate to our advantage; (4) to provide us with wood for fires and building; and (5) -- most important -- to prevent bushfires entering the plantation. 2 hectares were used for the vegetable and fruit garden, another 2 hectares for our fancy garden, and about 30 hectares for maize, peas and beans for our own labourers.

Over the years, due to this relatively small forestlike area, the climate changed drastically in our vicinity. The fauna and flora changed completely. In a circuit of 500 to a 1000 metres grass and plants were growing which had not been there before. Plants and animal-life came down with the irrigation water from the mountain forest on Mount Kilimanjaro. As for the climate: during the first four years we had an average rainfall of 485 mm during the whole year. In the second 4 year cycle we had 525 mm of rain, which rose to approximately 610 mm in the third cycle of 4 years, and rose even higher, so that by 1940 we had almost 700 mm. And note well: these falls applied only to our plantation, whereas elsewhere in the Savanna the grass remained yellow and dry. In the circuit of our cultivated area the grass remained green for a long time. This by way of very small evidence as to how the climate can be changed drastically if we should plant woods and forests and care for them. The contrary disadvantages in the once ecologically healthy world we see today in the criminal cutting down of huge areas of forests in the Amazon, Congo, and other regions of our globe. We see



these things happening in right before our eyes: soil erosion, disastrous floods, drought and many other symptoms.

At the end of 1920, due to the sudden drop of coffee prices on the London Stock Exchange (where we were forced to sell our crops) our father for economical reasons made big changes in our method of cultivation. Where crowds of labourers formerly cultivated and weeded the soil, we used small ploughs with two oxen and shorter yokes. The oxen were led by a native boy who went between the coffee rows, tilling the ground, without damaging the coffee branches to any great extent. One man steered the plough. This method was much more effective, as the rows were plowed both ways. The irrigation was also simplified and improved. Up to now the coffee tree had got its water by means of plate irrigation. This means that a plate of about 3 to 4 metres in diameter was made around the tree and filled with water. Then the inlet was closed again. But with this system the moisture evaporated too quickly and the deep roots did not get enough water. Now with a small cultivator narrow furrows were drawn through the whole plantation. A main furrow brought all the water for disposal to the top furrow of one block. Then, by means of small dams, the water was divided into the little furrows, until all the water for disposal was finished. Now the water flowed very slowly through the blocks, arriving at the end of three or four days at the end of 4 or 5 blocks. The water was then directed into the adjacent blocks or to other parts of the plantation, ensuring much more effective irrigation and reducing manpower considerably. Only with the small trees we still used the plate type irrigation. The forest was also irrigated in the same way, for 2 or 3 years, till it became evident that the trees could supply themselves with the necessary moisture. About our experiments with the forest trees (this should have been undertaken by a government organization) I only want to mention that we experimented with over 30 species of local and foreign trees, and this began to interest the public and private sector.

So far the development of Grebenrode 2. In the midst of the plantation a forest lane was left, so that we, sitting on our veranda, could see the farms of the boers at Ngare Nanyuki approximately 20 kilometres away, with the 4 700 metres high Mount Meru behind them. The uncultivated land of our 2000 ha farm was used for grazing our own cattle, and about 1000 ha were left to the Masai, who had their kraal on our land. They had to supply us with our daily milk and 1 ox per year per 200 oxen. They also saw to it that no other groups of Masai came to graze their cattle on the farm. We also had the benefit of the kraal manure for fertilizer.

For effective irrigation good drainage was essential. Below the farm a main furrow was built with a lot of small drains flowing into it, to prevent the land from getting sour or swampy. The water was directed into the Rongai river bed, about 1,5 kilometres below our agricultural area, where the Masai could water their cattle, and where the wild animals came at



night to drink at the pool. (Shooting on our farm was strictly prohibited. Everywhere there were signboards: "No shooting.") The surplus water from our farm flowed into the Rongai River and into the natural swamp "Tinga Tinga", where in the dry season it gradually evaporated.

Naturally our father also made nature observations and wrote a great variety of reports and statistics. 3 times a day he observed the weather conditions and reported it to the main meteorological station in Tabora, giving the direction and strength of the winds and rainfalls. He also reported barometer values, fog and mist, dew, thunderstorms, and lightning, and had the satisfaction of being a very thorough reporting station. For flying conditions his observations were of special importance.

Thunderstorms had very special directions. Most of the, which were observed on the northwestern side of Kilimanjaro, poured radially down the flanks of the mountain. Mostly they were of short duration and brought little rain. Other more rare thunderstorms moved along the mountain massif, from north to south, reversing again after coming to the watershed at "Geraragua". Naturally these storms brought heavy rains. Sometimes these reversing rainfalls reached us twice. Only once we experienced a terrible cyclone coming from the northwest, when its centre passed directly over us, bringing 52 mm or rain within an hour. In all our observations over 15 years we never saw a thunderstorm passing the watershed in the south. Also, never did a thunderstorm come from the west, from Mount Meru, or go from us in that direction, and we also never saw a thunderstorm going up the mountain, on our side, as happened on the southern slopes.

Our father carefully registered all other observations on the sky and nature - everything which could be of importance for the coming rainy season -- which also always showed on the peaks of the mountains. He noted the migrations of birds, especially our storks and swallows, as well as the temporary appearance of nectaries and green parrots, a pair of golden eagles in their nest, a secretary bird, and the peculiar nest of the hammerhead. He recorded two kinds of Uhu -- a smaller brown type and the bigger silver grey -- as well as the masses of seabirds which came to our water, and the masses of tortoises gathering in the water at times. Swarms of quails would also come to drink there, and then disappear again with a loud cackling to far-away savannas.

The arrival and departure of our birds of passage he observed very closely and then reported it to Rosithen in East Prussia (Germany), a centre for bird observation. He observed the growing, flowering and ripening of plants, and the changes in vegetation which was due to the rapidly melting glaciers on Mount Kibo and to resulting in local changes in climate. (By the way, only a few weeks ago I saw a slide film, showing hardly any more snow in the crater. The disappearance of ice on Mount



Kibo will happen not very far into the future.)

It is a pity that our father could not realize his plans and observations, due to the two disastrous World Wars and their fateful consequences for Germany. Worldwide all experiments and research were abruptly stopped, and these could have proved to foe and friend that we cannot live without forests, as plants exhale oxygen which is essential for human and animal life, and human beings and animals, on their part, exhale carbon, which is essential to all plant life. Besides, the Amazon and Congo regions are of utmost importance for the climatical regeneration of our planet. As long as the destruction of these zones continue, and afforestation on a large scale is neglected, the devastating natural disasters on the globe will keep on, and even increase, endangering all life on our once beautiful and fertile earth. The destruction of one species in the ecological household of nature will create and increase negative aspects. Everything has to stay within its limits. Every animal, insect, plant, tree, and even the human being, has its task to fulfil. If we overlook these essential natural laws, death and destruction will be the outcome. Overstocking fertile grassland will inevitably cause deserts to grow, and where forests are destroyed they will never again regenerate by themselves, but only by costly artificial developments.

Our cultures at Mount Kilimanjaro are gone. Most of the trees are cut down or destroyed by bush fires. In the midst of our once beautiful coffee plantation is a Masai kraal. What one man builds up with love and enormous cost and energy, another comes and destroys again.

What consequences it could have had for the benefit of the whole region if these experiments could have been carried through. The example could have encouraged others to follow suit. In our time many farmers already started to plant forests on a small scale, and some official and private enterprises asked our father to explain to them his experiences, methods and successes. But it remained at that and the outbreak of the Second World War brought everything to a halt.

This is the second part of my report about our father's pioneer enterprises, and his achievements at Mount Meru and Mount Kilimanjaro during the years 1925 - 1940.



Jan was net aan die vertel:

"Mense, ons het eendag ons amper dood gelag, ten minste nie ek so erg nie, maar die ander vir my, daar in Embo se wêreld, toe ons nog met die ou T model Ford vragmotortjies gery het, met die hout tent en die seiltjies wat langsaan en agter opgerol en vasgeknoop word, en waar jy met die hand die petrol moes oop en toe maak, in plaas met die voet. Die handremme het glad nie gewerk nie.

"Ons het met een van hulle buffels ingejaag, dit het woes gegaan, so effens afdraande. Net voor hulle die bos in hardloop, trap Flip die rem vas en ons spring na vorentoe langs hom af. Toe ek grond vat, was ek klaar op my een knie, en korrel op een van die buffels.

"En trek die skoot af met 'n geweldige ontploffing dat my ore toeslaan.

"Ek stamp my geweer van my af weg (ek weet self nie waarom ek dit gedoen het nie), ek dag hy het gebars. Met die opspring steier ek agteruit en val op Mias (wat ook aanlê) dat sy geweer se bek op die grond te lande kom, die skoot gaan af, en net langs, amper onder my, laat die stof so staan, gons die koeël soos 'n ou poena koeël wat bollemakiesie trek. Ek wil opstaan en Mias ook, maar dit gaan of ons soos twee slange aan mekaar gedraai was.

"Met die petalje hoor ek een skreeu: 'Vang die dem ding!'

"Toe ek opkom, sien ek die ou vragmotortjie so ruk-ruk 'n draai om ons gaan. "Mias sê: 'Wat de duiwel gaan met jou aan?'

"'Wat het gebeur?' vra ek verward, terwyl ek die ander hoor lag. Ek tel my geweer op en kyk na hom.

"'Wat is met jou geweer verkeerd?' vra Mias weer.

"'Man, die ding het gebars en ek sien niks verkeerd met hom nie.'

"Hulle was toe almal om my en skreeu soos hulle lag.

Ek voel toe of ek kan moor en vra: 'Waarvoor is die gelag?'

"'Kyk daar, wat het jy gemaak,' sê Flip terwyl hy na die vragmotortjie wys wat so tien tree van ons af staan, en hy lag nog erger.

"'Wat is met hom verkeerd?' (Toe dag ek hulle lag vir die vragmotortjie, wat self aangeloop het, en nie vir my nie.)

"'Man, jy het hom dan gekwes, kan jy nie sien nie? Hy staan op drie bene. Kom kyk self.'



"Ek kon my oë nie glo nie, toe ek die pap wiel sien, en ek begin saam met hulle te lag."

Ek sien toe Jan is 'n uitsoek grapverteller. Ons het so gelag dat hy kort-kort moes stilbly tot ons bedaar, en dan weer verder vertel. Ons lag nie eintlik vir die grap so baie nie, maar vir hom, vir die manier wat hy die geweer weggegooi het, en hoe hy geskrik het toe die stof onder hom uitslaan, en dat Mias gedink het dat 'n buffel op hom val.

"Kon jy dan nie die vragmotor sien nie, dat jy op die wiel skiet?" vra Faan twyfelagtig.

Jan bars weer uit van die lag en sê: "Nee, man, ek het op die buffel gekorrel. Die vragmotor het voor my ingeloop. Net toe ek die skoot aftrek was die wiel seker so driekwartduim voor die geweer in, en die koeël sny die buiteband net genoeg om hom te laat bars. Die geweer skoot en die bars van die band gelyk was 'n geweldige slag. Daarom het ek gedink dat my geweer gebars het. Dit is alles Flip se skuld. Hy het met die haastigheid nie die petrol goed genoeg toegedruk nie, en ou Fordjie het voor die geweer ingestap."

Koos Storm

LOST.....VERLORE.....ADRES ONBEKEND.....ADRESS UNKNOWN  
 ARNOLDI Mev FJ, 14 Leghorn Place, Pinetown 3600  
 BADENHORST S, Modesmar 306, Arcadia, 0083  
 BARRINGTON Mr FM, Tefelberg w/s 73, Paul Kruger str., Pretoria 0002  
 BENN, Earnest & Violet, 18 Gillwell rd., Benoni 1501  
 BOSMAN, Mev S, Posbus 25, Middelburg, 1050  
 BRUMMER, Mnr & Mev, Jaroma Court 6, Groblersdal, 0470  
 DE BEER, Mnr & Mev LJ, Perseel 26, Rust Der Winter, 0406  
 EBNER, Mev Neeltjie, NKP Koshuis, Normaal Str, Sunnyside Pretoria 0001  
 FERREIRA, Mnr SJ, Posbus 206, Melmouth 3835  
 GEYSER, Frikkie & Eddie, Wierda Park, Pretoria, 0149  
 JOUBERT, Mev Dina, Posbus 211, Hluhluwe 3960  
 KAPP, Linda, Rissik str 55A, Pietersburg 0700  
 KRUGER, Tant Lettie, Schubart Park w/s D1702, Schubart str Pta 0002  
 LIEBENBERG, Mev H, Posbus 4 Crecy 0562  
 LUIES, Mnr & Mev DD, Kransberg str 12, Aerorand, Middelburg 1050  
 LUIES, Mnr Koos (JH), 11 Adelia, Die Heuwel Posbus 8538, Witbank 1035  
 NIEUWENHUIZEN, Mr Mandie, 24 Amber Ave, Howick 3290  
 SCHOEMAN, Mnr JM, Posbus , Marikana 0284  
 SMIT, Mnr RW, Ashlaan 9, Pullen's Hope 1096  
 STEENKAMP, Mnr Sarel, Posbus 2188, Spartan, Johannesburg 2000  
 TAYLOR, Margaret, P O Box 89, Pennigton, 4184  
 VAN HEERDEN, Modesmar 306, Arcadia, 0083  
 VAN RENSBURG, Bettie, Posbus 851, Springs 1559  
 V D WESTHUIZEN, Mev A, Posbus 54, Bethal 2310  
 V D WESTHUIZEN, Johan, Moplani w/s 11 v d Walt str, Pretoria 0002  
 VENTER, Mnr P, Pk Rust Der Winter, 0406  
 VON LANDSBERG, Mnr JPJ, Uitmaakfontein, Pk Badfontein 1131  
 WAHL, Mev R, Die Hoerskool Ben Viljoen, Groblersdal  
 WOODLEY, George & Minnie, P O Box 1330, Lusaka, Zambia



From: The Kenya Scrapbook

A few notes on the early history of the Uasin Gishu

Few people had heard of the Uasin Gishu Plateau prior to the year 1900, and the first reference I can find is that made by Major J R MacDonald R E who headed a survey party in the years 1891 - 1894, exploring a route for a railway to be built from Mombasa to Uganda. In his book "Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa" he specially refers to the rolling downs and beautiful grass country of the Uasin Gishu when he was making his way from Naivasha to Mumias.

In 1905 that I met in Naivasha a very nice Afrikaner by the name of Van Breda who was keen on taking up land in the southernmost part of the Plateau, near the Elgeyo Escarpment. It was about this time, having heard of the wonderful shooting to be obtained in the Uasin Gishu, that I made a safari. I had considerable difficulty in obtaining permission to enter the area, as the Nandi were causing a good deal of trouble, and Government was engaged in sending a punitive expedition against them, for constantly murdering railway personnel employed on maintenance of the railway line near Fort Ternan. After the Nandi were subdued I was allowed to proceed on my shooting safari, and it would be most impossible for me to describe the vast quantities of game I encountered, and of almost every species. Jackson's Hartebeeste roamed over the country in vast herds of about three to five hundred strong. Eland in herds of two hundred or more, and Zebra literally by the thousand, to say nothing of the numerous Lions and some very fine Elephants which used to travel between the Elgeyo Forest and Mount Elgon.

At that time I made my standing camp at Lake Sergoit, and often I would spend the day on Sergoit Rock with my glasses watching the vast herds of game below me. It was on one of these occasions that I turned my glasses in the direction of the burnt Forest and there I saw a white streak in the Forest. At first it looked like a river, which of course I realised was impossible, then I thought it might be smoke, but it gradually became much too defined in shape and eventually after some hours I could see it was moving -- it turned out to be the first Afrikaans trek into the Plateau and these were all the tents of the wagons following one another which was being cut for the making of the first road. The next day I went and met the big trek and there I met a grand old man, Van Rensburg, and many other splendid fellows who have since passed away, who were the first to open up the country and to prove that a living could be made off the land. A fine man was Arnoldi who afterwards in World War I formed "Arnoldi Scouts" and who performed wonderful war service and who, I believe, was killed in action. A prominent Afrikaner was Mr Cloete who had the enterprise and the means to bring up from South Africa a large number of horses, mares, and a valuable herd of Afrikaner cattle, but diseases took their toll and very considerable losses were incurred, and it was soon proved without doubt that no imported stock could survive in the district without efficient dipping and fencing.



Colonel Swinton Home arrived about this time and brought in pedigree cattle and sheep, and although heavy and disastrous losses followed, it was to those early efforts of courage and initiative that others were able to follow and benefit from the experience so dearly bought.

The game also were a constant menace, Zebra breaking down every fence and Lion and wild animals raiding the cattle. Soon after settlement moved ahead many of us engaged Nandi squatters who were anxious to leave their reserve to escape tribal controls and find better grazing for their cattle. The warriors were fine fellows with the most indomitable courage, and many lion-spearing expeditions we had when the Nandi would surround a lion and gradually close in, completely encircling the lion, a wonderful sight in all their war paint. Invariably the lion charged and a Nandi moran (up till then they were in a crouching position with shields held ahead and spears poised to strike) would rise to his full height, let out a war cry and take the lion on his shield, thrusting hard with his spear. In a fraction of a second the other warriors closed and riddled the lion with spear thrusts. Nearly every good kill was accompanied by a warrior being mauled by the lion, and never did we go on a lion hunt without medical aid, such as bandages, disinfectants, et cetera.

One of the best hunts we had was when Theodore Roosevelt was out on a shooting trip. We were fortunate in rounding up a good black-maned lion, and there he lay under a small thorn tree, right out in open country. The Nandi really excelled themselves chanting their war songs in a low voice while the circle got smaller and smaller. Then there were the grand charges by the lion followed by the flashing of spears. Then came the triumphant song of victory as each warrior, shoulder to shoulder and twirling their spears in the air, danced round the dead lion with the most enchanting tunes of their various war songs.

It was a 'hard life' in those days, as all supplies had to be brought by Bullock wagon from Londiani, and during the wet season it would often take a wagon over a month to get from Londiani to what is now Eldoret.

'Settlement' however, continued to expand and presented a pretty 'thorny' problem to the Government, everyone clamouring to obtain a farm from land which had not even been surveyed, and many were the angry deputations to Government on this matter. However, Government rose to the occasion and sent up a couple of surveyors who did a rough plane table survey so that farms could be demarcated and allow work to start on the land. Of course this was long before the days of the motor car, so it can well be imagined one did not undertake a trip to Nairobi lightly!

In order to establish telegraphic communication with Eldoret, messages from down country had to be sent to Kapsabet, which was fortunate in having a telegraph line, due to the trouble with



tha Nandi a few years before. The messages were then sent to Kabiet and then helioed across to the escarpment just behind Eldoret. This of course was all operated by K A R (Railway) signallers and some extremely funny messages reached their destination.

As regards making a living off the land, this was quite impossible, but we were always filled with hope and trusted that some day a Railway would arrive; when I think of the days when we grew maize, and loaded it on the wagons to send to Londiani to sell for five or six shillings per bag, no one can ever say we did not try and lacked courage!

After I started farming, I grew a very good maize crop; the question was then how to get sufficient labour to harvest it -- but as I had shot a good many Elephant to the benefit of the Cherengani Wanderobo who feasted on the meat, I thought I would enlist them to come and help with the harvest. They responded immediately to my request and came down in large numbers to work -- on condition I shot them ten Kongoni to eat before they started work! Having given them two or three days to recover from their gorge, we started on the harvest, which went splendidly. When it was over, I produced a bag of rupees and offered to pay them. They looked at the rupees and said "What's the use of these things?" I tried to explain they could buy soap and sugar, but they refused to have anything to do with the rupees. I then asked them what they would like as a reward for their harvesting, and to my amusement they said "Give us each a box of matches". These they carefully tied up in little bits of skin, as the only means of making fire they had was by rubbing two sticks together. Then having had a further gorge of meat they returned happily to their home. How times have changed!

One of our greatest difficulties was medical assistance, and it was with great joy that we welcomed a doctor by the name of Heard who had taken up a farm and started a medical practice. No words could ever pay high enough tribute to the wonderful qualities he displayed.

With the advent of the Railway to Eldoret, life underwent many changes; motor cars started to appear and many of us felt that life was really becoming rather a whirl! It was shortly before the Railway reached Eldoret that we had a very able District Commissioner by the name of Schofield, and the district owes much to his early activities. He administered the law from a real common sense point of view, and legal books and the Penal Code did not worry him very much! It was amazing to see the amount of personal disputes among farmers that he was called upon to settle. I remember coming up the road from Londiani when transport arrangements had improved enormously by have a "Gharri" pulled by only four oxen, and seeing a line of convicts hunting in the grass -- I stopped and asked the warder what they were looking for, and he replied "Bwana Schofield camped here two days ago, and we are busy looking for his false teeth!"



And so settlement has gone on, and it is remarkable to think that in such a small space of time those old primitive and attractive conditions of life, which we as young men adored, have "faded out" and give way to a much higher state of civilisation.

A C Hoey

(this piece was written about 1956 for a church magazine)

Beste Danie

Ek dreig al so lank om te skryf. So paar nuuswaardighede.

My swaer Piet du Plooy is oorlede op 5 April 1990 nadat hy skielik 'n ernstige operasie ondergaan het op 24 Maart 1990

My suster Piet du Plooy se vrou Cora du Plooy (gebore Bothma) is oorlede op 27 April 1990 net 22 dae na hom nadat sy suster in Oktober 1988 'n erenstige operasie gehad het wat as kanker gediagnoseer was en gedurende Februarie 1990 'n tweede operasie gehad waarna sy vinnig agteruitgegaan het en na 'n bitter lyding op 27 April heengegaan het. Hulle laat ses kinders na wat almal getroud is en families het.

Piet du Plooy was die seun van Oom Jan en Tant Heila du Plooy (gebore Engelbrecht) wat nog voor 1900 reeds hiervandaan verhuis het na Kenia en Cora du Plooy (gebore Bothma) was die tweede oudste dogter van Oom Faan Bothma wat as seun van dertien jaar saam met sy ouers reeds hiervandaan verhuis het maar eers in 1905 in Kenia aangekom het. Hulle het met wa en osse getrek hievandaan in 1895, eers 'n ruk in die destydse Suid Rhodesia gewoon, daarna in Noord Rhodesia, toe in Tanganyika en eindelijk in Kenia aangekom.

\*Ek hoop dat ek hierdie jaar weer die "HABARI" sal ontvang. Verlede jaar kon ek ongelukkig nie die saamtrek bywoon nie aangesien ek toe reeds besig was om hierheen te verhuis, maar hoop om hierdie jjaar dit wel te kan doen so die Here wil enek nog so lank leef. Ons ouer geslag wat van Kenia af verhuis het word nou al minder en een van die dae is hulle almal weg.

Groete

Bettie van Rensburg

We will remember them ....

Mev Sannie van Rensburg (nee Enslin) died in White River where she lived. She was formerly from Eldoret. Her husband Gill died several years ago.

Tom Fourie died 29 July 1990 aged 32. He was the son of Gert Fourie, his mother was the late Anne Heine

Lettie Heine died August 1990 at the age of 84. She was a teacher on the Farm 140 Eldoret.

Koos Visser formerly from Ol Kalou died on 20 August 1990, his wife was the late Hendrina Joubert and his mother was Ellie Visser. He has three children.