

HABARI

AFRICA

**Nuusbrief van die
Oos-Afrikavriendekring**

**Newsletter of the
Friends of East Africa**

OCT/OKT 1991

No/Nr 19

REDAKSIONEEL

**ONS VERGADER WEER OP 5 OKTOBER!
REMEMBER THE GET TOGETHER ON
THE 5TH OF OCTOBER!**

Weer by die Fonteine in Pretoria, as iemand nie weet nie.

Thank you to everyone who sent us fresh material to put into the 1991 Habari. We say this in English, because last year we complained that we did not get enough input from our English readers. This year we are quite impressed.

Maar ook aan al die Afrikaanssprekendes: baie dankie. En onthou asseblief dat ons nog altyd meer stof soek en dat niemand ooit regtig sy eie geheue kan uitput nie, laat staan nog iemand anders s'n. Skryf dus gerus.

Another thing: every year we have a collection at the Fountains. The money is almost exclusively used for printing and posting the Habari. Nobody who receives Habari pays for it. But it is getting a wee bit difficult to keep it up. We don't want to ask you to subscribe to Habari as to a magazine, but we would be very grateful if readers who cannot come to the Fountains in October could send us a contribution to help cover the costs. We want to thank everyone who has helped us (and is going to help us) to continue the circulation of Habari.

As u aan ons wil skryf: hier is die name en adresse van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee:

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Skakel enige van die bogenoemde met/vir in ligting oor ou kennisse.

(Ons stuur ook, saam met die Habari, 'n kennisgewing uit oor die Jambo Kenya Toer wat deur ds. Piet Grobler beplan word vir volgende jaar in April.)

**ONS SIEN U BY DIE FONTEINE!
WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU
AT THE FOUNTAINS!**

THE IMPALA



The Magazine of
The Prince of Wales School
Nairobi, Kenya

The illustrations and graphics in this HABARI were taken from various copies of THE IMPALA, the magazine of the Prince of Wales School, Nairobi

DIE VOORSITTER Sê DANKIE

In Oktober 1992 sal dit 25 jaar wees wat Oos-Afrikaners die pad na Pretoria se Fonteinedal aanpak van oor die hele Republiek om daar gesellig te verkeer op die tradisionele dag.

Graag wil ek, namens die huidige bestuur, 'n groot DANKIE sê aan almal wat oor die jare hulle vriendelikheid en hulle herinneringe so pligsgetrou jaarliks na die Fonteine gebring het. En jaar na jaar so 'n groot sukses van elke byeenkoms gemaak het. Nieteenstaande voorspellings, reeds 15 jaar gelede, dat dié herinneringe en die Fonteinedag 'n natuurlike dood sou sterf is die rol wat Afrikaners in Oos-Afrika gespeel het weer voorblad nuus, en word verskeie toere na Kenia voor die einde van die jaar beplan. Kom ons maak vanjaar se byeenkoms 'n spesiale byeenkoms ter voorbereiding vir volgende jaar se ekstra-spesiale fees.

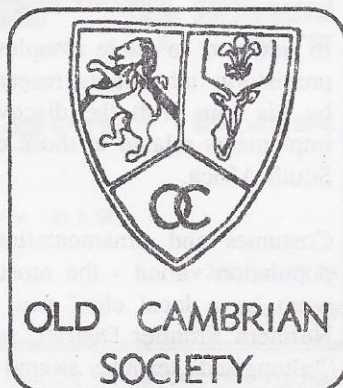
Ons onthou ook met dankbaarheid die bydrae van ons vorige twee voorsitters, Oom Andries Louw en dr. Hennie Pieterse, wat ook nou in Pretoria woon. Soveel is ook oor die afgelope 24 jaar gedoen deur verskeie gewilliges wat op die Vriendekomitee gedien het, en nog steeds dien, dat dit gevaarlik sou wees om name te noem. Nogtans 'n groot dankie aan ds. Eddie de Waal en aan Danie Steyn wat soveel tyd en energie aan die nuusbrief bestee, en ook aan prof. Pieter Nel en ds. Piet Grobler vir deurlopende hulp en raad.

Vanjaar het hierdie nuusbrief weer baie dinkwerk, baie tikwerk en heelwat brandstof geverg om nie eens te praat van die papier, koeverte en posseëls wat nodig is vir die verspreiding van meer as 1000 nuusbriewe nie. Daar is selfs drie rekenaars ingespan om met die taak te help! Sover kon die Fonteinekollekte nog altyd die publikasiekoste dra, maar dit is nie meer moontlik nie. Die redaksie sal dit opreg waardeur as elke Oos-Afrikaner, wat nie die Fonteinbyeenkoms kan bywoon nie, op ontvangs van die Nuusbrief 'n bydrae in 'n koevert sal sit en pos aan ons kassier, ds. Eddie de Waal.

Ons gesels verder op Saterdag 5 Oktober by die Fonteine.

Alex Boshoff

The badge of the
POW old boys
Association



A GEOLOGIST AT WAR

EXTRACTS FROM: THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE 42ND GEOLOGICAL UNIT S.A.E.C DURING THE 2ND WORLD WAR

by Captain Simpson

The 42nd Geological Unit comprised four Officers ranging from Major to 2nd Lieutenant plus a group of NCO's, transport personnel, engineers, Geologists and Physicists, a total of some 20 people. Its major contribution to science and the war effort included a revised Geological Map of Kenya, and a Handbook on the location of Underground Water for the Royal Engineers.

The origin of the Manual on Location of Underground Water started when a Press photographer took shots of a Water Diviner, (to use a swear word), "divining water" in the Western Desert for the American troops. This created a furore in America which rocked its way across from the USA to the War Office in London and from there to Cairo GHQ. It resulted in a demand to produce a Manual based on our work. This Manual was adopted "in toto", as the official handbook for the Royal Engineers.

The unit was not exactly a military machine, and as far as I know never reached a parade ground. Only once was disciplinary action taken when our bugler, in his pajamas, blew his bugle to warn the chaps it was time to think of getting up, and then went back to bed.

On field trips one of the transport drivers, who liked to lie in, awoke one morning to find a particularly poisonous six inch scorpion asleep in the middle of his back. No further need to call "Wakie Wakie."

Crash Transformation from Civil Servants to Officers and Gentleman.

During 1940 the future core of the 42nd Geological Unit was called back to headquarters, and Messers Fromm, Paver and I were asked whether we would volunteer to form such a Unit. We had to volunteer as South Africa was one of the few Allied countries without conscription. We agreed and were shipped off to Zonderwater Camp to be converted by a thirty day programme into Officers and Gentlemen. The course included future 2nd Lieutenants up to the rank of Colonel and the instructors, who knew the composition of this select group, had to control their language. Training over the new-born Officers started collecting equipment and the specialised recruits for this specific Unit. After a brief embarkation leave we were entrained for Durban where the old Llangibby Castle awaited us and we set off to the farewell songs of the "Lady in White". Departure for me was marred because my wife Connie was not there. She had been involved in a serious car accident on the way to Durban, the news of which I only received after some

months in East Africa. The trip to Mombasa was pleasant for us Rookies, particularly as we had on board a group of female ambulance drivers fresh from the European War Theatre - the disdain they felt was very obvious, but they added a touch of class!

The less congenial company we had were the large numbers of massive sharks that accompanied our ship, appearing usually at Boat Drill Sessions when we were assembled at our inflated rafts. Our first view of Mombasa was the tropical beaches with coconut palms.

After an all night rail trip to Nairobi we were ensconced in very comfortable quarters in the Salisbury Hotel which had been taken over by the military as the South African Officers' Mess: Colonels, Captains and Majors in the Hotel, Lieutenants in tents in the yard. Whiskey at 6 pence per tot and a ration of one whiskey and one gin per week at 5 shillings a bottle. We had a busy time organizing transport, labour and batmen at 30 shillings a month and obtaining offices in Nairobi itself.

EAST AFRICA

TANGANYIKA TO ABYSSINIA

A Sunday outing along and across the Rift Valley Area, was interrupted by instructions for a field party to leave for the selection of borehole sites in an area far from the fleshpots of Nairobi, without geophysical equipment which was still en route to East Africa. This was the start of the trials, tribulations and travels of a small band of Geologists, Geophysicists, Physicists, Engineers and students, plus the vital assortment of drivers, mechanics and field labourers, members of the Cape Coloured Corps and locals for the next four to five years in Kenya and the Middle East. This establishment was periodically supplemented by fellow Geologists from the Gold coast, India and England for varying periods. The Geologists were only too pleased to join kindred types. The advanced units of the Army, both combat and engineering, were predominantly South African, with the exception of Gold Coast troops with their "Pidgin English" and the East African KAR (or Kings African Rifles). The Road Companies with their modern equipment (the Sappers and the Drilling Company) were all South African and well equipped to cope.

The Road Companies had minor problems with their local labour force when they introduced the wheel barrow. The locals were used to wicker work baskets for transporting material for the road surfaces. The loaded baskets were carried on their heads and they tried to do the same with the wheel barrows!

Conditions in the Coastal areas are particularly unpleasant as they comprise scraggy bush with dried up pansfull of fine dust; we had to use gas masks and goggles when traversing them. Temperatures in summer rose well above the 200F mark and the quality of the water from the

wells or boreholes perched on clay layers was horrific. Just to add to the "pleasures" of this area, at a place called Wajir a particular salt crystallised in the human bladder in long needle like crystals which gave rise to "Wajir Clap" - a most painful complaint. In the same area occurred the "Habaswein Itch" caused by a large caterpillar which delighted in raising itchy blisters across the nude torsos of soldiers trying to keep cool.

It was in this area that the Unit located a water supply of this type by drilling in Somaliland some 120 miles beyond the official front line on the Tana River, which, although drinkable for a few days only, enabled the final military breakthrough to the Port of Kismayu en route, via Harar, to Addis Ababa.

Nairobi was an interesting place, situated at the edge of the famous Athi Plains, renowned for their game. The hilly country began at its edge, with some 15 Country Clubs within a radius of 20 miles. The oldest and most elite of these clubs was the Muthaiga Club, typical of English Gentlemen's clubs, a copy of which was featured in the recent film "Out of Africa" which gave a very true picture of what it was like with its "members". Entrance to all clubs was open to South African Officers, the only exception being the very elite Nairobi Club which Gordon Paver and I, as squash enthusiasts, managed to join by virtue of Gordon Paver's Cambridge and Public School education. My Hockey and Water Polo sports merely raised eyebrows.

Kenya itself proved, together with its neighbouring territories Tanganyika, Abyssinia and Uganda, to be rather a lovely part of Africa. A wide diversity of people, ranging from Afrikaans farmers, farming successfully in the Eldoret Area and maintaining their language, traditions and religious beliefs, through the whole gamut of genuine British Settlers with a few "remittance people" who often proved to be entertaining although a trifle wild. For example I once saw a slightly inebriated but charming woman trying to walk around the picture rail in a local restaurant.

The most primitive of the African tribes encountered were the "Cave Dwellers" who lived in caves overlooking Ngombe Crater with its small water supplies. These primitives shared the various caves with baboons and had small herds of cattle.

In addition to these peoples, Kenya has a history of prehistoric inhabitants, researched by Dr Leaky and later by his son, with the discovery of various skulls and implements related to those discovered by Dr Broom in South Africa.

Costumes and ornamentation amongst the indigenous population varied - the most remarkable of which was worn by a local chief near Isiolo at the edge of the Northern Frontier District, who wore several strings of "biltongised" testicles around his neck. This was quite in

order, but when it was noticed that the number of strings increased rapidly, investigations revealed that the trophies were not all won in battles, but that he made it a hunting sport to augment his collection. Incarceration was rapidly applied to quell his sporting instincts.

The white inhabitants, too, ranged in type from hunters, safari organisers, honest to God farmers, remittance men and playboys. The whole economy was influenced by the large Indian community who "ran" the Railways and the Post Office.

The little Unit covered many thousands of miles into all the various areas, concentrating on the less pleasant desert portions of the country where water supplies were very scarce. Some of the most outstanding "safar-ies" I made are as follows:

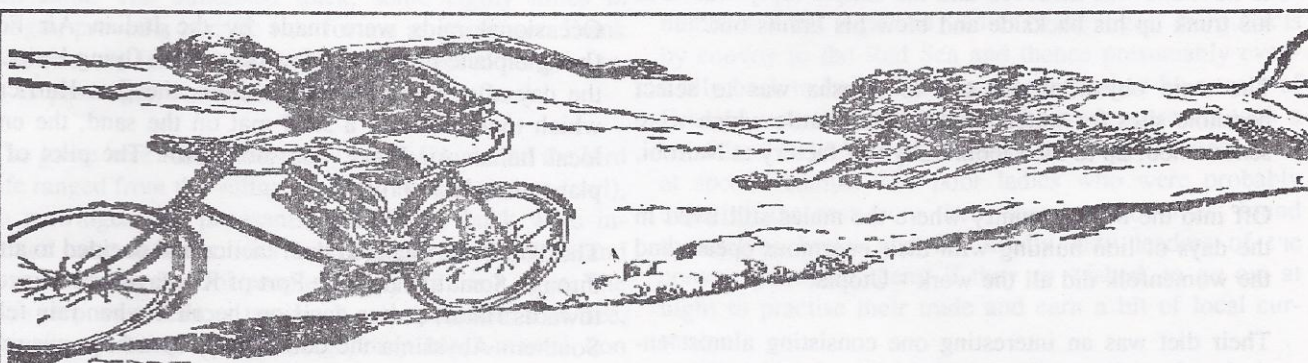
1. Nairobi to the North end of Lake Rudolph.

The Geological Unit was supplied with Kikuyu tribesmen to handle the electrodes during surveys. These people were basically peaceful types although they eventually formed a large proportion of the Mau Mau terrorists. Their main facial characteristic was the lack of their two front teeth which were knocked out because they were superior to cattle, which had these teeth. (They were men, not animals.)

The main language was Swahili. Our small contingent set off from Nairobi, and spent the first night at one of the

charming little pubs, I think "The Sportsmans Arms" or the Nanuki Transit Camp, away from the aura of GHQ. Continuing down our normal route past Mt Kenya to Isiolo where the local chief with his necklaces resided, we set off for the Western edge of Lake Rudolph, where the only white inhabitants were the company starved DC's, and worked our way slowly up the west side of the Lake. Progress was slow due to the DC's hospitality, and at our first stop we witnessed the release of all local prisoners to spend their weekend with their families - apparently all returned on Monday morning.

The African tribe were Turkana with several interesting features, both male and female. The women wore pleated or flaired skirts in black skin with inserts in the flairs of white calf skin, most attractive. The men who were rather tall wore a most ingenious type of fly whisk due to the incredible number of common house flies. This involved a strap round the head connected to a flexible strip of reed with a bobble attached which bounced in front of their faces. Their clothing consisted only of a loin cloth and they carried with them a sitting stool of varying lengths. The mystery of the length of the stool was solved one day when I was sitting using a resistivity apparatus and was surrounded by a half circle of Turkana. Only then did I realise the significance of the stool height as these people were very well endowed. My findings were confirmed by the experience of a drilling company captain who, on taking his evening bath in his little canvas tub, was astounded by the behaviour of a few Turkana



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Wie onthou nog hierdie ou advertensie vir Raleigh fietse uit die dae van die East African Standard?

women at the sight of a Bwana in his bath, when they burst into uncontrollable giggles. His batman explained the cause of their mirth. Eventually we reached our destination at the northern tip of the lake near the border of Abyssinia, Uganda and Kenya. We were now more or less in the realm of the Merille people, the arch enemies of the Turkana. This hate the DC's had attempted to heal. Now the Turkana fought for Kenya and the Merille for the Italians, and of course against each other. Our stay at the top of Lake Rudolph was brief as it was the most Godforsaken part of the world but it was enlivened by an episode in which a patrol of Kenya soldiers arrived at our camp in the early hours, fully armed, ready to repel an attack by the Merille. The cause apparently was a nightmare by one of our Kikuyu labourers. He was very far from home, and in a dream grabbed the leg of his neighbour who ran screaming to the local Unit of the Kenya forces. Peace was restored and we made a rapid trip back to the fleshpots of Nairobi.

2. Nairobi to Arusha and the Masai.

At Arusha we met Mr Kerr Hartley, one of the legendary figures of Kenya and Tanganyika. Kerr was originally a white hunter; then ran hunting safaris for wealthy American tourists. At one stage he held the record of 500 elephants culled by the local government in Kenya. He was of medium height without an ounce of fat and weighed over 200 lbs. He had a fund of stories including one of the fight for the elephant herd top position. The old bull lost the fight and retreated sadly to the end of the clearing and committed suicide. Naturally the question was asked as to how this was achieved and the simple reply was "Put his trunk up his backside and blew his brains out."

The main object of our trip to Arusha was to select borehole sites for water for the Masai cattle which were sent on hoof up to the Liebig bullybeef factory at Nairobi.

Off into the Masai country where the males still lived in the days of lion hunting with their enormous spears and the womenfolk did all the work - Utopia!

Their diet was an interesting one consisting almost entirely of mealie meal mixed with blood which they secured in a continuous supply from their young cattle, obtained in an ingenious manner, using a little bow about eight inches across, and a hollow arrow. The arrow was neatly shot into a vein and out came the daily supply of blood, and this blood letting was probably good for the cattle and certainly good for the Masai.

After the site selection Kerr stated that he had organized a short safari for us up to the famous Ngorogoro Crater Game Reserve. The trip involved a full day's travel with him in his safari wagon through tropical jungle past the beautiful Manyara Soda Lake whose green colour was fringed with red Flamingoes in the shallows and the white sandy shore leading back into the green jungle.

From here we travelled towards higher ground, stopping to enquire from the few Indian stores or Dukas as to the whereabouts of a specific elephant herd, some of which he had been employed to cull. Ngorogoro Crater is an old volcanic crater some 16 kilometres across and several hundred feet deep, served by a guest house built from the sweet smelling local cedar wood. On arrival we were instructed to sit and relax on camp stools. In a few minutes he and his boy served drinks - ice cold and ranging from beer to a variety of hard tack. The afternoon and evening we spent watching the vast herds of game coming to the waterhole, like spokes of a wheel. All through the night one heard lions who were having their meal off the stragglers and edges of the herd.

3 The Abyssinian Campaign and the fall of Addis Ababa.

In the Northern Frontier District the main war effort was primarily carried out by the South African Engineers, particularly the Roads Companies preparing roads leading to Abyssinia. Our Unit had to locate drilling sites for water for the necessary roads and troop movements. The main military efforts were made by South African troop and armoured cars against the Italian Merille. This was a one-sided affair as the latter were armed with rifles and a toy hand grenade consisting of an aluminium casing with a steel ball one inch in diameter with an impact detonator. The only damage it could inflict was if the steel ball hit something or someone. One of our Kikuyu labourers accidentally dropped one between his feet. The only damage was superficial cuts from the aluminium casing while the steel ball sped off to places unknown.

Occasional raids were made by the Italian Air Force flying biplane Fiats and a few other slow flying Units. On the day after the arrival of, I think, the first Hurricane, which took off from a steel mat on the sand, the entire local Italian Air Force was shot down. The pilot of the plane was Jack Frost.

The Top Brass changed their tactics and decided to attack through Somaliland to the Port of Kismayo and thence up towards Harar, a wise decision, because when rain fell in Southern Abyssinia the countryside became a quagmire. Major Frommurze and a small detachment from the Unit were bogged down for six weeks with a Roads Company whose equipment was similarly afflicted. To make matters worse he contracted Malaria.

The only problem was the lack of water between the Tana river (then the front line), and the Somaliland coastal flats towards Kismayu. Signals were received by the 42nd to rectify this. It was a virtually impossible task, but luck was with us. Off went the little unit with support from the SAEC. We crossed the Tana River with its beautiful snow-derived water into No Man's Land with some troops with machine guns and other necessary repellent equipment. Luckily the Italians had pulled back with their Merille chummies.

No surface geology was to be seen - just endless sand. We had to gamble on the basis of finding clay layers to act as retaining sheets in the sands. We located this type of structure and a good supply of the most appalling water. This water was so full of dissolved salts (luckily no Epsom salts) that after drinking it for a few days one was encrusted with this mixture of salts covering clothes, face, arms, everything. On drying out one developed the most disgusting odour, so that when I once remarked to my Sergeant Major that he should move further away along the seat of my truck as he stank like a polecat, his reply was typical: "And the same to you, Sir." Then a welcome signal was received, late one afternoon, to return to Nairobi. I let my crew decide whether to leave the following morning, or to make a dash immediately back to the Tana River. A unanimous decision was made and we set off through the bush, arriving at the river in the early hours.

A concentrated rush was made to the tanks of sweet snow water and if we had been offered cold beers they would have been turned down - never ever did water taste so good, both inside and outside, washing off the stench.

This was virtually the end of the Unit's function. However interesting interludes come to mind.

One was a lone trip with Frank Owen up a road cut to the Abyssinian border - ostensibly as a water recce, but really because Frank wanted to shoot a black-maned Abyssinian Lion. The bulldozed track, some eighty miles in length, proved a horrific ride for me as passenger. Frank was over six feet tall and he had the wheel to hang on to. I, as passenger, lost patches of skin off my back.

The game here comprised every type of buck and the bird life ranged from the vulturines (long necked guinea fowl), to partridges and pheasants, but all the buck were infested with measles with lumps under their skins and quite inedible. Sad for people hungry for fresh meat. The first step was to shoot two buck and wire them to a tree, the theory being that the legendary black-maned lion would feed on the buck. On returning a few hours later, Frank was disgusted to see a family of well tusked wild pigs enjoying the treat. Frank was infuriated. He wounded the sow and followed her on foot. Being more cautious, I followed with the truck and caught up with them a mile or so away. There I saw the wounded sow chasing Frank around a tree, while he was so convulsed with laughter that he could hardly run. This man had no fear whatsoever. On another occasion he tried to shoot a buffalo with an ordinary steel jacket 303 rifle bullet. When the herd stampeded he hid behind a tree as they thundered past. On another occasion he followed a wounded leopard up a dry stream bed at night, but luckily never found it.

The Valencia Bombing episode! Another wild character

from the Drilling Company, tired of the general boredom, organized a bombing raid on an Italian Beau Geste type of fort on the Abyssinian border. The army had an old Valencia plane, top speed about 100 miles an hour, which was used to deliver post throughout the Northern Frontier Districts to the various Units. He talked the crew into a plan to co-operate in delivering a bomb to this Fort; he would provide the bomb.

All was agreed upon. The bomb was prepared in a thirty gallon drum containing one case of dynamite with a long fuse, while assorted pieces of metal, including an old sewing machine were added to supply the shrapnel.

Came the day and the intrepid engineer plus bomb and assistants were loaded on board the Valencia whose door had been removed. The Valencia started its normal postal run and at a point closest to this Fort veered off its normal course and approached the Fort. The bombing crew, by chain smoking, prepared to light the fuse, and when the Valencia floated over the Fort, heaved the bomb with lighted fuse out plumb into the inner courtyard of the Fort! The results were incredible, but nearly involved the plane's crew and the Sapper Officer in a court martial. The Italians thought this to be not quite a gentlemanly act. The Officer involved was a Captain in the Drilling Company and a friend of mine. It was this type of incident that enlivened the general boredom when nothing was happening.

After the fall of Addis Ababa there occurred an incident, which was never recorded either in the newspapers or in the War Histories. This was the evacuation of the large numbers of the legalized "ladies of the night" from Addis by convoy to the Red Sea and thence presumably eventually back to Italy. This was accomplished by a team of Fannies escorting the convoy. The trip apparently took a considerable time to accomplish with nightly stops-over at special camps. The poor ladies who were probably enjoying the rest from their nocturnal activities, found themselves broke and the kindly lady leaders of the convoy permitted them, if they so wished, to go out at night to practise their trade and earn a bit of local currency.

A static period set in in Nairobi with most of the Unit present, except Major Frommurze who, with his driver, was bogged down in Abyssinia. The Unit had, during its stay been joined by Lt Huddleston from a "Pidgin" English speaking Gold Coast contingent, and by Prof Hales Huddleston and Digby Roberts who were kept busy preparing the revised Geological Map of Kenya using our revised field data. Huddleston stayed on in Kenya and eventually joined the Geological Survey. The rest of us were kept busy polishing up the Unit, issuing new equipment and overhauling old equipment. While in this state we had to make ready for an official visit by General Cunningham, the then Officer Commanding, Kenya. When the great day arrived we had the offices crammed with maps and equipment. When he entered

with his entourage he looked around and muttered: "Bloody back-room boys," but redeemed himself by stating: "Well, if you chaps never do anything else other than giving us that water in Somaliland and enabling us to break through to Kismayu, you will have justified your formation." No mention was made of home leave or medals, however.

Although the Unit comprised a complete cross section of people ranging from bushveld mechanics and blacksmiths to Cambridge graduates, it became welded into a compact Unit with very little friction. Being South Africans most of us understood bushveld and desert conditions which rather baffled the Poms out from Britain. Although often operating in malarial areas we had no cases of malaria except for Major Frommurze and very little illness or "lead swinging". We found ourselves to be a compact Unit ready to cope with whatever happened in the future regarding desert conditions and we were ready to meet them. Farewells were said and my batman pleaded with me to take him with us back to South Africa. He was a wonderful little chap who never moaned whatever the conditions, and we parted with not so fluent Swahili farewells, but with the memory that for once I had been kept "looking like a gentleman."

At this point Major Frommurze returned to South Africa and the Geological Survey. Paver was appointed as Officer Commanding with Captain Simpson as 2nd in Command - big stuff!



Minister of Agriculture, Bruce McKenzie, and a member of the K.A.R. at the Royal Show, Nairobi.

KENIANIETE VOOR MY VENSTER VERBY

deur Dorie Boshoff

Die eerste keer wat ek met Keniamense te doen gekry het, was toe ek nog seker so 12 tot 13 jaar oud was. Oom Frank Arnoldi het 'n plaas naby ons gekoop in die Mabula omgewing. Hy het met skape geboer en my pa het gereeld skape daar gaan koop. Ek kan nog onthou hoe ek my verwonder het aan al die goeters uit die ver land Kenia — die groot ou olifantpoot tafeltjies, en so aan. In daardie stadium het ek nog net in 'n sirkus 'n lewendige olifant gesien.

Ek werk toe in Barclays Bank in Warmbad en daar kom toe heelwat Keniamense na die goeie ou dorp toe. Oom Faantjie Engelbrecht en gesin — die man met die groot hart. Ek kan hom nog so goed hoor se: "Ou vrou, bring die kos," en almal wat daar gekom het, moet saam eet. Baie dae het ek vir tant Gertie jammer gekry, want dit het vir my gelyk of sy net voor die stoof staan.

Ek leer oom Schalk Steyn ken, en so ook sy broer, oom E C D Steyn. Daar was 'n interessante tannie Pretorius van Rust der Winter. Haar seun was 'n grootwildjagter en het in die jare sestig nog baie Amerikaners Tanganyika toe geneem om te gaan jag. So ook Kerneels en Chrissie van Rensburg en haar ouers. Lood Bothma wat tog so lekker kan lag: jy het hom gehoor nog lank voor jy hom gesien het,

Daarna ontmoet ek die Boshoffs. Oom Faantjie het 'n geldinsamelingsfunksie vir die jeug van die Hervormde Kerk geloods en skape gebrui. En op die koop toe kry hy iemand om vir ons 'n paar rolprentjies te kom wys oor Kenia. Ons het al lankal klaar geëet toe daar so 'n vuil mannetjie met 'n groot snor opdaag. Hy stel sy projektor daar op en laat toe wiel. Kort-kort vra ons Transvalers 'n vraag en kry dan 'n kortaf antwoord. Toe dit klaar is, pak hy sy goed op, en toe hoor ons hy is op pad met 'n groot vragmotor na Vereeniging.

So plusminus 4 jaar later is ek met dieselfde mannetjie getroud. Behalwe ek het nie geweet dit was hy nie. Eendag vertel ek en my ma hom van die ou wat so vuil was en wat vir ons skyfies gewys het en daar begin hy te lag. Met 'n groot skok (ons was maar sowat 'n maand getroud) besef ek dat ek nou praat met daardie einste vuil mannetjie.

Die skoonfamilie was nogal 'n aanpassing met hulle vry se's. Meer as eendag was ek lus en loop weg, maar gelukkig bring die ouderdom wysheid en ek het lief geword vir my skoonfamilie met hulle se's en al. Eendag was daar kuiermense by ma Bonnie en pa Kosie en hier teen die aand se kant se ma Bonnie: "Kosie, dis nou jou

badtyd en dan moet jy bed toe, en almal wat nie hier hoort nie moet nou huis toe."

Met die dat Alex op die bestuur van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee was en nog is, het ek dadelik met AL die Kenianiete kennis gemaak. 'n Baie interessante klomp mense wat my lewe beslis verryk het. Oom Hennie en tannie Miemie Pieterse — dit was altyd lekker om by hulle in Johannesburg te kuier. Ds Jan Dednam, wat nou amper ons buurman is. Dis te lekker as oom Jan Sondae hier kom koffie drink. Dan gesels ons darem 'n hond uit 'n bos uit oor al die Keniamense. Dis die dat ek ook al voel asof ek daar grootgeword het.

Dan is daar hulle wat nou nie meer met ons is nie. Tannie Frolie de Waal, wat 'n wonderlike mens was om te geken het. Sy het 'n rukkiet by ons gebly toe oom Eddie in die hospitaal was, en sy het my so vergas op al die Prinsloo gesegdes. Soos die dag toe oom Flip " 'n slip in die aarde geval het en daar lê hy, morsdood, en die nerf het geskeur of hy was vir ewig dood". Of die dag dat hy so kwaad was dat hy "doringdraad kon gorrel". Jammer Koos Prinsloo die skrywer kon nie met haar gesels het nie.

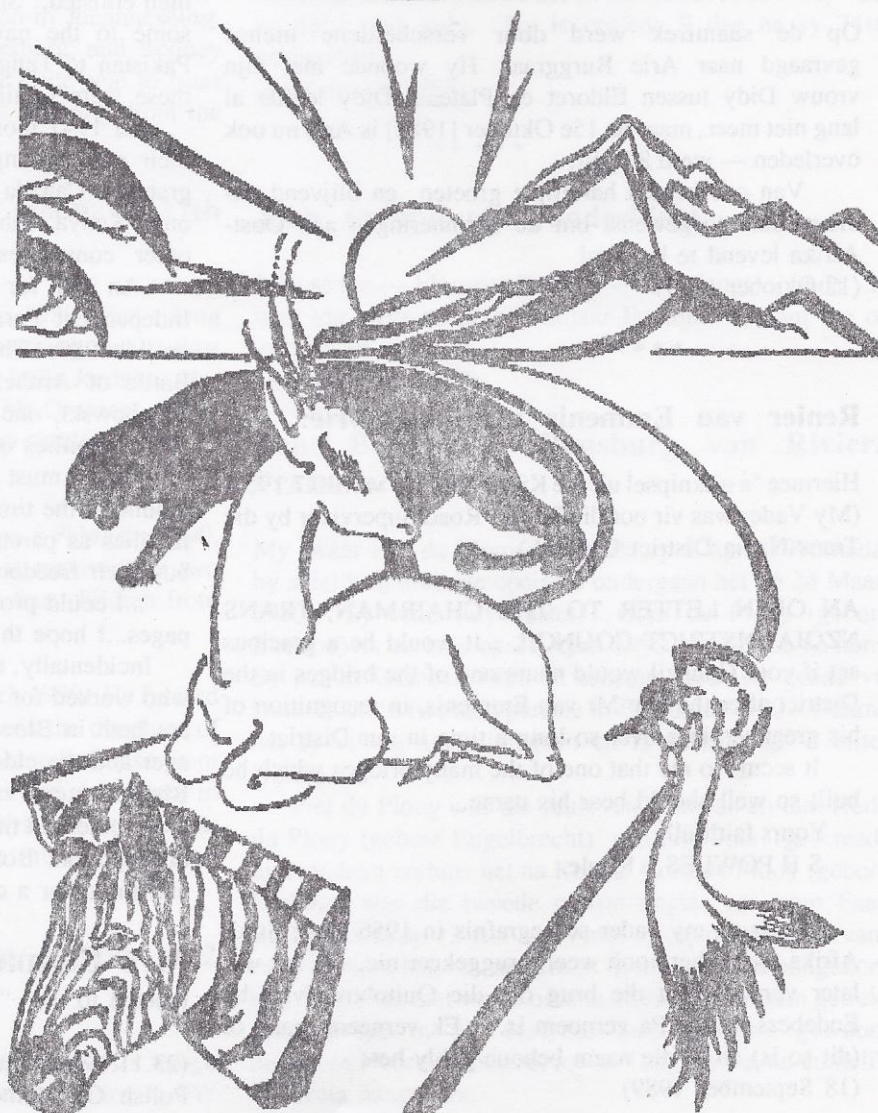
Daar was ook tant Corrie Cloete wat elke jaar Kersfees by ons deurgebring het. As ek na die foto-albums kyk — ons het die eerste jare vier senior burgers elke Kersfees gehad — deesdae is hulle net twee, my ma en oom Kosie. By Willemstasie naby Warmbad het ek kennis gemaak met tannie Frieda van Heerden wat enige dingetjie kon laat groei en bloei het. Haar tuin was 'n lus vir die oog. Te oordeel aan al die stories oor haar kore en orrelspel moes sy in haar leeftyd 'n legende gewees het.

Oom Sonny Cloete — sy afsterwe was nie net vir ons familie 'n onuitwisbare verlies nie, maar seker vir al die Oos-Afrika vriende. Sy humorsin en sêgoed is legendaries. Hy was die dag hier by ons toe my twee dogtertjies (onderskeidelik 4 en 8 jaar oud) oor 'n bal baklei. Die oudste gaan lê toe bo-op die bal dat die kleintjie dit nie in die hande kan kry nie. "Moenie huil nie," sê oom Sonny, "sy is besig om 'n klein balletjie vir jou uit te broei." Onnodig om te sê, dit was die einde van die onderonsie.

Tannie Rina van Wyk — ek wens ek het haar energie. Reken, sy is ses en tagtig jaar oud en ek is seker sy

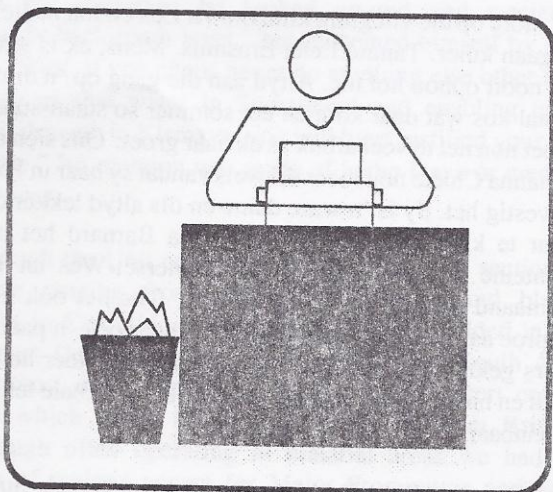
sal môre op die vliegtuig klim om vir Len en Ina in die VSA te gaan kuier. Tannie Lena Erasmus. Mens, ek is seker sy sal nooit ophou hol nie. Altyd aan die gang op 'n draf, gee almal kos wat daar kom en eet somer so staan-staan. Ek moet nou net te veel afbuk as ek haar groet. Ons sien tannie Johanna Cloete nou meer dikwels vandat sy haar in Pretoria gevestig het. Sy is 'n ware dame en dis altyd lekker om by haar te kuier. "Oom Gert en Anna Barnard het by die Fontein ons altyd genooi na Somerset-Wes en in Juliemaand het ons hulle toe besoek. Ons het ook nie negeproe aan sy wynversameling nie, maar ook 'n paar monsters gekry om saam te bring. Op dieselfde toer het ek ds Phil en mevrou Olivier ontmoet. Hulle woon baie lekker by Kleinbaai.

Ds Piet en Bets Grobler. Ongelukkig het ek hulle op Warmbad nie goed geken nie, aangesien ek toe in die Hervormde Kerk was. Al wat ek van ds Piet kan sê, is dat die ou nog gebore moet word wat die Oos-Afrikaners so mooi en menslik kan begrawe. Al is ek self nie van Oos-Afrika nie, geniet ek sy preke en stories oor elkeen so intens dat my oë blink en daar soms 'n traan val, asof ek self aan die Oos-Afrika ervarings deel het.



Kenya Safari

By R P Sinclair, 4



UIT ONS BRIEWE

Jaap en Joni Tichelaar skryf uit Putten, Nederland:

Op de saamtrek werd door verscheidene mense gevraagd naar Arie Burggraaf. Hy woonde met zijn vrouw Didy tussen Eldoret en Plateau. Didy leefde al lang niet meer, maar de 15e Oktober [1988] is Arie nu ook overleden — werd 83 jaar.

Van ons beiden hartelike groeten en blijvend enthousiasme toegewenst om de herinneringen aan Oost-Afrika levend te houden!
(12 Oktober 1989)

Renier van Emmenis uit Pinegowrie:

Hiermee 'n uitknipsel uit die Kitale Weekly van 30.7.1956. (My Vader was vir oor die 20 jaar Road Supervisor by die Trans Nzoia District Council.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN, TRANS NZOIA DISTRICT COUNCIL ...it would be a gracious act if your Council would name one of the bridges in the District after the late Mr van Emmenis, in recognition of his great services over so long a time in our District.

It seems to me that one of the many bridges which he built so well should bear his name...

Yours faithfully

S H POWLES, Kitale.

Ek is na my vader se begrafnis in 1956 terug Suid-Afrika toe en het nooit weer teruggekeer nie. Ek het wel later verneem dat die brug oor die Quitobos rivier by Endeless na my Pa vernoem is. Ek verneem graag of (dit so is) en of die naam behoue gebly het.
(18 September 1989)

Nick Smit skryf:

Thank you for Habari no 17. We enjoyed reading it, but (in answer to) the article on the Polish people in Kenya...would like to point out the following:

The remark "Hulle was nie mooi nie en grof gebou" is far fetched. Many beautiful and slim girls could be found in the Tengeru camp.

There were no concentration camps in Kenya, but Tanzania had a refugee camp at Tengeru near Arusha and one at Iringa. Uganda had a refugee camp at Masindi.

Although the majority of these people were Roman Catholics there were many who were of the Russian Orthodox religion.

These refugees were in camps in Russia and whole families were interned by the KGB (the Committee for State Security) during 1940, after the invasion of Poland by Russia. In 1942 these families were released so that the able bodied men could join the Allied Forces. The women and children were then classified as refugees and sent to Persia (now Iran). It was in Teheran that the men enlisted. Some of these men went to the army and some to the navy. The families were then sent via Pakistan to Tanga and then to the camps. NOTE that these were families, and not widows.

In 1947 most of these families were re-united with their men in England, from where many of them emigrated to Canada and Australia or the USA. Some stayed on in Kenya with their families and worked for PWD and other companies.

An item for the Polish readers is that the 1st Polish Independent Parachute Brigade had their re-union day on 9.9.1989. The date was the 45th Anniversary of the Battle of Arnheim under command of Major General Sosabowski, one of the men responsible for getting the Polish families out of Russia.

There must have been some widows and widowers around at the time, but most of these people belonged to families as parents or grandparents and did not have to buy their freedom out of the camp by getting married.

...I could provide more detail, but it would take 100 pages...I hope this has rectified the story.

Incidentally, the two sons of the late Mr Czeperowicz, who worked for the PWD as carpenters in Nairobi West are both in Bloemfontein. The youngest is Stage Manager and the eldest the Manager of the State Theatre in Bloemfontein.

Another old timer from Kenya is Oom E van Wyngaard of Meyerton. Both his sons are in the SAP One is a major and the other a captain.

Mrs Emma Stow of Rietondale, Pretoria, also reacted to the "Polish" story:

(23.11.1989)...the Miss World Contest was won by a Polish Girl (Aneta Kreglicka). Looks come from all nationalities, so one has to be careful not to criticize

(Thank you for helping us get the story straight: Editor)

Rina (gebore de Wet) en Jan Venter skryf:

Ek werk in die poskantoor op Dundee en ken 'n hele paar mense daar wat ook van Kenia afkomstig is. Ons praat natuurlik altyd Swahili as ons mekaar sien en ek wens jy kan die uitdrukking op die omstanders se gesigte sien as ons dié vreemde taal praat!
(16 Oktober 1989)

Mrs Emma Stow:

Fay and Gordon Goby are now living on the Isle of Man. Fay worked for Unga Limited, and also for the Meat Commission, and Gordon worked for the Government. Gordon and Fairy Engelbrecht drove the Hudson Terraplane from Nairobi to Johannesburg many years ago. (Fay and Gordon) are both looking well, have aged a bit, like we all do. They have a son in Johannesburg, Fay's sister, Rhoda, also in Johannesburg, and Rodney Farr in Vryheid. Fay and Gordon live quite near to Naas Malan on the Isle of Man. Naas was formerly from the Railway Workshops, Nairobi.

And Mrs Emma Stow writes again, on 17th March 1990:

Mr Fred Jordaan passed away in 1989 after a long illness. He was a driver in Nairobi working for the East African Railways. He was married to Lylie Jordaan. Her father worked in the Railway Office (Mr Greener). Fred Jordaan is survived by his wife and two children, living in Natal.

Mr Thomas Knobel passed away on 5 February 1990, formerly from Nairobi, Kenya. He is survived by two daughters from his first marriage and four children from his second marriage.

Mr Hansie Nel passed away on 8 March 1990. He farmed at Ol'Kalou. His late wife, Dulcie, was the daughter of late Oom Sampie and Aunty Hettie Odendaal, also from Ol'Kalou. He is survived by two sons and a daughter in England. He was a regular at the Kenya Get Together at the Fountains each year. He will be missed, as are so many who have left us...

Lenard Wessels writes from London (12 November 1989):

I am still with the SA Embassy in London. SA's image has changed vastly in the past few months owing to FW de Klerk's new policy and approach to the UDF and

ANC, so we are praying that things will improve. However, we are still enduring the daily abuse from the demonstrators in front of the building. They have been outside the Embassy for just more than 4 years.

Rosemary Lingenfelder skryf uit Faure:

My ouers was Cook en Marie van Ryneveld. Ek het in Eldoret by die Hill School skool gegaan. My pa is in 1977 oorlede op 62 jaar. My moeder is op 4 Maart 1989 oorlede. Sy het die laaste tyd by my gebly.

My ouma was mev Jim Dry. Sy is 8 Desember 1988 oorlede op 93. My ander ouma, tant Poppie Prinsloo, is 28 Desember 1988 oorlede, ouderdom 91. My oom Attie van Ryneveld bly nou op Greyton in die Kaap.

Mingi groete.
(26 Junie 1989)

Cockey Hitchcock skryf uit Pyramid:

My oudste broer Charlie het in die laaste twee weke voor sy dood baie gely. Hy is oorlede 9 dae na sy 74ste verjaardag.
(4 September 1989)

John Freund uit Vanderkloof:

Joan se ma — Florence Bouwer — is onlangs oorlede. Sy wou tog weer so graag vanjaar Fonteine toe om die ou vriende te ontmoet.
(3 September 1990)

Tant Bettie van Rensburg van Riviera Pretoria:

My swaer Piet du Plooy is oorlede op 5 April 1990 nadat hy skielik 'n ernstige operasie ondergaan het op 24 Maart 1990. Sy vrou (my suster) Cora du Plooy (gebore Bothma) is oorlede op 27 April 1990, net 22 dae na hom. Sy het in Oktober 1988 'n ernstige operasie gehad vir kanker, en 'n tweede operasie in Februarie 1990. Daarna het sy vinnig agteruitgegaan en is oorlede na 'n bitter lyding.

Piet du Plooy was die seun van oom Jan en tant Heila du Plooy (gebore Engelbrecht) wat nog voor 1990 reeds hiervandaan verhuis het na Kenia. Cora du Plooy (gebore Bothma) was die tweede oudste dogter van oom Faan Bothma, wat op 13 jaar saam met sy ouers reeds hiervandaan verhuis het, maar eers in 1905 in Kenia aangekom het. Hulle het met wa en osse in 1895 hiervandaan getrek, eers 'n tyd in die destydse Suid-Rhodesia gewoon, daarna in Noord-Rhodesia, toe in Tanganyika, en eindelijk in Kenia aangekom.
(31 Mei 1990)

Oom Koos Malan van die Roodepoort Sentrum vir Bejaardes:

Ek wil die volgende oorledenes aanmeld wat jy in jou volgende nuusbrieff kan meld:

- 1) Lood Visser. Hy was lank woonagtig in Tanganyika, maar later is hy Kenia toe. Hy was my kleinneef.
- 2) Kalie Hitchcock. Hy het lank in Tanganyika geboer. Hy is hier in Augustus 1989 oorlede.
- 3) Andries Fourie, ook van Tanganyika, ook in Augustus 1989 oorlede.
- 4) Gideon Malan, my enigste broer, is 26 Augustus 1989 oorlede. En so gaan ons een vir een na Jesus toe.

Mrs Susie Bosman passed away on 12 October 1990. She was the wife of the late Danie Bosman of Middelburg, Transvaal. In Kenya they lived in Kitale, and he worked for the PWD in Nakuru.

Mev Bettie Smit, vroeër van Eldoret, is in Warmbad oorlede. Haar oorlede man was Jan Smit.

Mrs Lolly Aberdeen died on 16 December 1990 at the age of 89 years and 11 months. Her late father was David Malan. He had a blacksmith works at the Nanyuki River. Lolly Aberdeen was a housekeeper for many years at the Prince of Wales School. She could COOK — the nicest food, one could not get the like in a hotel. Her late brother was Imp Malan. He was a gold prospector, South Nyanza, Kisii Area. Lolly had three sisters who by now have all passed away. Betty was married to Gys Viljoen, Florence to Fairy Moolman (who farmed at Plateau). Kit was married to Andries Smit.

Mr Laurie MacKenzie (formerly a train driver on the East African Railways) died on 6 January 1991. He was the son of Grannie MacKenzie of Sabukia, and was married to Babs Bothma, eldest daughter of oom Daan and tant Nellie Bothma of Thika, both of whom have passed away. Babs is still living in Umkomaas, on South Coast of Natal. She has a lovely place on the sea front. (Laurie was a great fisherman.)

From The Star, Johannesburg, Tuesday April 12 1966

JOMO BOUGHT VAN'S FARM IN KENYA

For more than half a century Mr H J van Rensburg of Machadodorp farmed in Kenya. Last year the highveld

called him back to the Transvaal and he decided to sell his ranch.

He looked around for a buyer, and within a week he had just the man. Mr van Rensburg moved out, the new tenant moved in, but not before they had posed for a photograph on the front lawn.

President of Kenya, Mr Jomo Kenyatta, was the proud new owner.

"My farm was about 10 miles from Nairobi," Mr van Rensburg said on his return to Machadodorp, "and Mr Kenyatta told me that he wanted to buy it to spend week-ends there with his family.

"He bought everything, lock, stock and barrel."

Mr Kenyatta was particularly interested in the farm's five dams.

"Not that I am a keen fisherman," he told Mr van Rensburg... "but I find it most relaxing to watch the fish rising at dusk."

Mr van Rensburg left Kenya to spend his years of retirement near his family, most of whom live in and near Machadodorp.

What does he think of the elder statesman of Kenya?

"Mr Kenyatta is one of the finest statesmen of the Black African countries," he said. "I am confident that while he is President of Kenya there will never be a revolution in that country."

Mnr Jofie Joubert het vir ons 'n foto van die boksklub van Eldoret gestuur. "Ek kan ongelukkig nie al die vanne van die bokkers onthou nie," sê hy, maar met hierdie seuns en ander wat bygekom het, het ons in Kisumu, die Maanberge, Nakuru en Nairobi geboks. Ek sal graag van hierdie en van ander wat aan die klub behoort het verneem hoe dit met hulle gaan en wat hulle doen, en of dit met hulle goed gaan."

Name van seuns wat mnr Joubert wel op die foto kon uitken, is: Kobus Smith, Enslin, Jackie Kleynhans, Andries van As, Van Rensburg, Pieter Engelbrecht, Franco Pugano, Fanie Kruger, Pieter Smith. Daar is ook twee grootmense op die foto: Al Batton en die skoolhoof Mr Brundley.

Ongelukkig kan ons die foto nie plaas nie: ons het nie die middele om dit te doen nie, maar as u aan mnr Jofie Joubert wil skryf, hier is sy adres: JMG Joubert, Posbus 6745, Birchleigh, 1621.

Mnr Joubert skryf ook van 'n (kortstondige) vriendskapsklub vir Oos-Afrikaners wat skynbaar kort na die meeste van die Oos-Afrikaners se terugkeer na Suid-Afrika gestig is. Daar is 'n koerantberig, ongelukkig sonder datum. Dit lui:

"Sowat 200 Afrikaners wat uit Kenia na Suid-Afrika verhuis het, het die afgelope week in 'n hotel op Eloff vergader om die ou vriendskapsbande weer aan te wakker en vir daardie doel 'n klub te stig.

Die gewese Oos-Afrikaners — wat so ver as Belfast, Standerton, Vereeniging, Pretoria en Johannesburg al gekom het — is deur mnr Ben Murray [toegesprek] en

daarna het mnr Jofie Joubert die doel van die samekoms verduidelik.

Die Rafiki-klub is gestig met mnr Murray as president, mnr Joubert as voorsitter, en mev Betsie Luus as sekretaresse. Rafiki is 'n Swahili-woord wat "vriend" of "vriende" beteken.

Die aanwesiges het lekker oor die ou dae en die menigvuldige ondervindings in Kenia gesels en die gesellige aand is met 'n dans afgesluit.



P.O.W's P.F.

Rev. Colin Garvie writes:

For some time now I have been trying to research the Garvie family history. Five Garvie brothers settled in Kenya from 1905 to 1912. One of these, Donald Garvie, married a certain Nellie (Cornelia) Steyn. With them was Nellie's brother Stephen Steyn. The first white child to be born in Nandi was born to Donald and Nellie in 1905.

Meinertzhagen refers to the Garvies and Steyns in his Kenya Diary. According to Meinertzhagen the Steyns were related to President Steyn of the OFS. Donald and Nellie later settled in Nairobi where Donald started the first bioscope and edited a newspaper.

Would you perhaps have any further information? Are there any family connections between Nellie Steyn and yourself?

Maybe someone can help? I am lost
(P.O. Box 329, NIGEL 1490)

Hierdie artikel het in "Die Daller" van Vrydag 18 Feb 1983 verskyn.

Tant Miems Brummer is 'n bekende inwoner van Groblersdal wat op 80-jarige leeftyd nog so fiks is dat sy 'n opsigter by 'n blok woonstelle in die dorp is.

Sy glo nog haar hele lewe lank dat 'n dag nie mag verbygaan sonder dat 'n mens gewerk het nie. Die dagtaak voer sy met blymoedigheid uit en sy is oral bekend vir haar opgewektheid en lewensvreugde. So het sy altyd tyd om 'n vriendin moed in te praat of somer net op te kikker met 'n lekker geselsie. Maar hier eindig dit nie. Sy staan ook haar plek vol wanneer dit by ander sosiale bedrywighede kom. Sy het tyd om 'n stuk voor te berei vir die Bybelstudiegroep waaraan sy behoort, en word sy gevra om deel te neem aan 'n opvoering, is sy altyd gewillig. Sy het onlangs blaaië en blaaië dialoog vir 'n toneel opvoering gememoriseer. Die stuk, Emily Hobhouse, was so 'n sukses en met soveel oortuiging opgevoer deur 'n handjievol mense dat hulle gevra is om die stuk by die Administrateurswoning op te voer. Die stuk kon ongelukkig toe nie by 'n tuinparty wat hier gegee is, opgevoer word nie omdat van die spelers nie na Pretoria kon gaan nie. Van die stuk self vertel tant Miems met oorgawe en haar entoesiasme spreek daaruit. Sy kan vandag nog groot gedeeltes van die stuk onthou. "Die een toneel was so aangrypend dat ek self nie kon help om aangedaan daaroor te raak nie," vertel sy.

Voer jy vandag 'n doodgewone gesprek met haar vind jy spoedig dat jy meegesleur word deur die interessante waarmee sy haar gesprek deurspek. Uit al haar vertellinge straal haar menseliefde, haar diep vertroue in God en haar lewensvreugde, sodat 'n mens nie anders kan as om haar optimisme en die oorgawe waarmee sy lewe raak te sien nie. Wanneer dit gaan oor 'n vertelling oor 'n staaltjie uit haar lewe raak 'n mens nog verder meegesleur en kan jy jou in die geestesoog presies voorstel hoe elke karakter lyk wat beskryf word. Ook die hele omgewing waarin die omstandighede afspeel word opgetower met 'n paar woorde. Verder word die vertelling afgewissel met goeie tussenposes en 'n vermaning "Nou moet jy mooi luister" wanneer die verhaal sy hoogtepunt bereik. Nie dat so 'n vermaning enigsins nodig is nie, want teen die tyd hang haar toehoorder aan haar lippe.

Tant Miems is op 28 Julie 1903 op Middelburg gebore en is kort hierna saam met haar familie na die destydse Duits Oos-Afrika, die huidige Tanzanië. 'n Nooi Von Landsberg, is sy later in Kenia met 'n Fransman, Mnr Dugand getroud. Uit die huwelik is vier kinders gebore waarvan twee nog leef. Na haar eerste man se dood is sy met Mnr Hendrik Brummer getroud. Met die Mau Mau terreur in Kenia het sy en haar man na Groblersdal verhuis. Haar twee jongste kinders het hulle in Australië gevestig. Haar 32 jarige kleindogter woon in Engeland terwyl haar kleinseun in Duitsland woon.

FLORENCE BOUWER SKRYF

Ek wil graag ook probeer om iets te vertel. Hoewel ek nog klein was, onthou ek so iets en verder wat ek van my ouer susters gehoor het.

Laat ons begin by die Groot Trek van Suid-Afrika na Oos-Afrika in die jaar 1908. In 1907, na die Tweede Vryheidsoorlog verby was, is daar baie gerugte gehoor van die nuwe land Oos-Afrika. Toe het van die ouer mense na die land gaan kyk en na hul terugkoms word daar besluit om te trek.

Die grootste trek was die van Rensburg trek. So ver ek kan onthou was daar sewentig families. My vader, George Emslie, moeder en sewe kinders asook baie ander bekende families - Jordaan; Roets; van der Merwe; Smit; Steyn; Davies.

Oom Frikkie Smit sê daar was verskeie families wat op die 19de Junie van die plaas Vogelfontein vertrek het na Machadadorp om daar die trein te haal na Delgoabaai. Die waens en perde moes vooruit gaan om gelaai te word op die boot "Windhoek". Die boot het die 2de Julie vertrek en die 13de Julie met sy groot wag by Mombasa geland. Die 15de Julie word alles op die trein gelaai op weg Nakuru toe. Ja, die mense het seker met dieselfde trein gery en het op die 17de Julie by Nakuru aangekom.

Maar nou moet ek eers vertel van die twee tentwaens wat nie onder in die laaizone van die boot kon inpas nie. Hulle moes toe op die dek staan. 'n Paar van die jong mans het in die waens gebly. So teen die aand, 'n paar uur na die vertrek in die blou waters in, het 'n paar van hulle begin seesiek word - nie iets om te aanskou nie, maar die ou Windhoek het hom nie daaroor bekommer nie, en sy koers gegaan al verder die diep blou waters in.

Op Nakuru was daar toe 'n mnr. Frans Arnodi wat die mense plek vir hul osse en staanplek gegee het. Die plaas se naam was Menengai, 'n krater berg. Hy neem toe ook mense na hom en bied aan om hulle te help.

Tot daar het dit goed gegaan, maar toe begin die reën, en in daardie wêreld kon dit lekker reën. Die trekkersgees was nog nie bevredig nie en hulle wil verder Noord na die Uasin Gishu. Soontoe was daar eers nie 'n spoorweg nie en daar word besluit om eers 'n kommissie uit te stuur om te gaan kyk. Die trekkers moes maar met wa en osse verder gaan sonder 'n pad. Toe moes hulle maar pad maak deur die bosse en waterstrome wat kort, kort voorkom.

Toe die kommissie op Eldama Ravine kom, en na die nag se rus, besig was om op te pak, kom daar 'n swart man by hulle en sê, "Bwana mimi nataka kazi", wat beteken, "Baas ek wil werk hê. Hulle sê vir hom, "Nee, ons het net die een kassie en kan dit nie vir jou gee nie". Dit was toe 'n groot taak om Swahili te leer praat.

Die 14de September 1908 staan die waens klaar, alles gereed, maar nou kom die moeilikheid; om met ongeleerde osse die swaar waens te laat trek. Dit gaan en dit bly staan, maar daardie stoere boere weet om plan te maak en almal help mekaar.

Ek onthou 'n uittreksel uit 'n brief van Oom Frikkie Smit. Hy het geskryf, "Daar was liefde". Ek het al so baie gewonder waar daardie liefde in die bosse verdwyn het.

Toe die waens die Rongai Rivier nader was dit aan weerskante toegestaan deur Masai moranis. Hulle was gewapen met assegaie en lang messe, maar hulle doel was vrede. Hulle verwonder hulle aan die wit mense en ook aan hoe die osse die swaar waens trek.

Van Eldama Ravine het die padoopmakery begin deur die Swarthout bos. Dit was soos 'n nagmerrie, want hoe op aarde gaan die trekkers daar deurkom. Maar die Afrikaner was op trek - wat kon hom keer? Die een bring 'n byl, en die ander 'n pik of graaf, want daar moet pad gemaak word.

Eindelik op 19de Oktober 1908, trek die waens laer by Rocidrif, waar mnr. Tom Davies agterbly. Die 20ste gaan die manne almal uit om 'n plasie te bekom. Oom Jan van Rensburg het eerste keuse gehad. Die 21ste trek elkeen na die plekkie wat hy uitgesoek het. Mnr Jaap Steyn het alleen verder getrek na die doringveld by Soy en die plaas die naam gegee van "Woestalleen". Hy is na 'n kort tyd daar aan koers oorlede.

My Pa het grond langs 'n rivier gekry en hoër op langs dieselfde spruit het oom Abel Erasmus Snr, pa van Abel en Frikkie, gaan bly. Ek sien die plek nog mooi voor my oë. Ons kon na mekaar loop om te gaan kuier. By 'n groot boom het ons oor die rivier gegaan op sy dik wortels wat van die een wal na die ander gegroei het. Dit was die groot ou Waterbessiebome wat oral langs die rivier gegroei het. As kinders het ons baie van die bessies geëet - sulke groot bloupers trosse vrugte.

Op die draai van die rivier het my pa 'n damwal gemaak van pale, klippe en soorie om water te laat opstoot in 'n sloot wat hy self al langs die hang van 'n randjie gespit het. Dit was om water nader aan die huis te kry sodat daar kon tuin gemaak word. Daar is toe eers 'n hartbeeshuisie van pale en soorie met 'n grasdak gebou. Die stoep pale was sulke krom paaltjies. Ons het lekker daar gebly. My pa het later 'n kliphuis gebou wat moontlik vandag nog staan.

Toe ons in Oos-Afrika gekom het, was dit woens en leeg, buiten vir al die wild en leus en sulke goed. Die veld was begroei met lang soet steekgras. Die bosse was vol wilde diere - leus, luiperds, wilde honde, vlakvarke, baie hartbeeste, kwaggas, wolwe en oorbiëtjies. Die oorbiëtjie was gesogte vleis vir die tafel. So 'n opgestopte boutjie met varkspek en gebrui in die oond - ai dit was lekker.

Dan was daar ook rietbokke en bosbokke. Die bosbok was 'n skelm dier. Hy het gekom in die nag na die groentetuine en groen boontjieblare was vir hom lekker. Die boere moes hulle landerye bewaak teen al die wilde goed. Die wild was mos gewoond om te loop en wei waar hulle wou, en toe skielik is hulle weggedryf.

Ek sal nooit een aand vergeet nie toe ons nog in die hartbeeshuisie gebly het. Nog vroeg die aand hoor ons die ou groot leeu brul-brul aankom uit die Elgeyo Reserwe al padlangs. Ons was bang. Pa was weg om werkies te doen vir ander mense. Net my Ma en die meisiekinders asook my broer Boet, wat ook nog maar jonk was, was tuis. Nogtans moes ons sorg vir die koei en kalfie en die enigste plek was in die kombuis. Buite het ons 'n safarilamp gehang, want leeus is glo bang vir lamplig of vuur met vlamme. Volgende oggend was die ou groot spore duidelik te sien in die pad 'n paar tree van die huis.

Intussen moes ons skooltoe gaan by Broederstroom. Ek meen die grond was deur Oom Flip Malan geskenk vir die skoolgeboutjie, asook 'n klein pastorie, en ook 'n koshuis wat vandag nog daar staan. Die skoolgebou dien nou as opleidingskool vir die naturelle.

'n Hollandse sendinggenootskap onder leiding van ds. Tichelaar het die skool begin. Dit was eers genoem die Bwana Loubser Sending. Nou ja, daar het ons eerste onderwys ontvang deur ds. MP Loubser se toewyding. Mnr Bokkie von Maltitz was maar die ou staatmaker en het vir baie jare diens gelewer.

Ons was 'n hele paar kinders wat die afstand skool toe en terug moes loop. Ons bure, oom Jurie en tant Annie Potgieter, se kinders het ook saamgegaan. Daar was Anna, al 'n groot meisie, Gert, Aap en Jurgens. Vir 'n ruk het my een suster, Hester, Boet, Karel en ek so skooltoe gegaan. Na 'n tyd het Oom Jurie hulle getrek en Karel en ek was toe die enigste twee oor.

Daardie skoolgebou was die bymekaarkomplek vir Nagmaal, eredienste, debatsvereniging en konserte. Met die geleentheid is daar altyd 'n stellasië gemaak van hout met 'n seil oorgespan, en glo my, dit was goeie en aangename dae. Ons was soos een groot familie en almal het dit bygewoon. Mense het gekom vanaf Sergoit - Oom Piet en Tannie Poppie Jordaan. Tant Freda van Heerden (toe was sy nog "Miss Keese") het die ou traporreltjie gespeel as begeleiding. Na die dienste het ons bymekaargekom en Halclujaliedere gesing.

Nou gaan ons eers 'n bietjie terug in die geskiedenis. By Nakuru, net toe die trekkers wou verder gaan, kom ds. JM Louw daar aan as die eerste predikant. Toe moes daar eers kerk gebou word onder paie met bokseile daarvoor gespan, soos 'n "Tabernakel". Daar is die eerste gemeente gestig, kinders gedoop en kerkraadslede gekies in Augustus 1908.

Op 14 September begin die trek verder noord na die Uasin Gishu. Daar was hartebeeste, kwaggas, vogelstruise en ander soorte wild so ver die oog kon sien. Dit was waarlik 'n natuurparadys om die groot vlaktes te sien met die veldblomme en bont wildsoorte deurmekaar.

Maar nou moes daar gewerk word. Daar moes gebou word en lande gemaak word. Op 5 November het hulle die hand aan die ploeg geslaan om stukkie braakgrond om te keer. Daar moet kos geplant word; dit was nommer een. Daar was 'n soort meel te koop wat nie lekker was nie, maar dit was kos en mens was maar te bly om dit te kry. Vet, suiker en brood, alles was skaars. Die ploeg was die Gansnek ploeg. Die skaar was van potyster gemaak en as dit 'n klippie raak was dit af, en dan moes dit eers na oom Abel Erasmus Snr. geneem word sodat hy 'n ysterpunt kon aansit. Dan gaan die ploëry weer aan totdat dit weer breek. Naderhand kom die "Rail blue ploeg" met sy yster skare, maar die ding was te lig vir die rooi grond en loop op sy neus. Jou arme hande, die velle gaan af, maar dit ploeg. Na net 'n maand toe plant ons koring, hawer en mielies.

Ons het genoeg kos gehad vir 'n jaar, maar intussen het voorraad en dinge opgeraak. Dan maak 'n paar maats saam en gaan met een wa na Nakuru, 'n tog van 100 myl. As geld nodig was moes hulle na Nairobi gaan waar die naaste bank was. Dit was ook nie so maklik nie want die pad was rof en nat. Later het die pad na Londiani gekom en dit is hier waar die bitterste sweet van die Afrikaner geval het.

By Timboroa was die Bamboesbos, die Rooisee, die Plankvloerbos en die vaal vlakte van Londiani. Jy moes daar in en weer daar uit en die ou trekpad deur die bos was baie sleg. Eendag toe die boere wou raadhou hoe om deur te kom, kom oom Flip Malan en sê "Kêrels neuk maar in." Die naam Suikervlei kom van 'n vrag suiker wat mnr. Jan de Waal op 'n skotskar gehad het. Skielik spring die kar wiel oor 'n klippie en die suiker waarvoor hy tog so ver gekom het, val in die water, en dit is vandag nog Suikervlei.

Net so met Wolwespruit. As mens daar slaap, kom oom Wolf mos kos soek. Hy trek die rieme wat aan die osse se koppe kom af, of eet die stroppe en trensrieme. Met tyd het dit beter gegaan, maar dit is waarom dit Wolwespruit genoem word.

Toe die mense in die Uasin Gishu kom, was daar nie 'n Distrik Kommissaris nie; net die Landmeter, Mnr Schofield was in die geweste.

Die eerste Goewermentsmense en die eerste Distrik Kommissaris wat gekom het, is op plaas 84 op die Nandi grens gestasioneer met 'n konstabel by die Sergoitmeer waar die spuitkrale was. Dan was daar nog 'n mnr. Camp op Eldoret. Daarna het mnr. Micky Eywaz ons slagter van Eldoret gekom. Ek onthou mnr. Smith en Mundell van

Eldoret. Hulle het 'n winkeltjie van hout en klei gebou. Die het terselfdertyd as Poskantoor, Winkel en Bank gedien. Dit het sake 'n bietjie makliker vir die Voortrekkers gemaak. Mnr. Kirk van Kitale het 'n winkel by Sergoit geopen.

Toe gebeur daar iets wat die boere glad nie aangestaan het nie. Daar breek 'n soort siekte onder hul perde uit. Die bene swel op en word skurf en vol swere. Almal weet wat die perd vir die trekker beteken het; selfs op die plase was hulle geliefkoosde diere. Maar gelukkig was die wa en osse nog daar, en vergeet nie die slee nie. As die boere wil gaan kuier word die wa of slee of oskar ingespan.

Daar was selfs die kwaggavel waarvoor osse gespan is deur die jongklomp. Die joligheid daarmee kan elkeen hom voorstel, veral as die vel oor en om knoppe gaan en bo oor hulle koppe rol. Met tyd het die motorkarre en motorfiets gekom.

Die boere het hul meer op skape en beeste toegelê. Die eerste vyf jaar het dit baie goed gegaan, maar toe is die Ooskuskoors by en die skape vrek aan hartwater, slak en haarwurm. Toe gaan dit nie goed nie.

Terwyl mense nog almal op hul plase bly, hoor hulle een oggend dat mnr. van Breda deur die Elgeyo in die bos in sy tuin, nie ver van sy huis, vermoor is. So is die eerste voortrekker heen. Dit het bietjie onrus onder die mense veroorsaak maar dit was gou weer stil en rustig. Oom Piet en Dirk van Breda was toe nog in die lewe maar is later albei aan hartverlamming dood. Toe is nog net Oom Jan de Waal van die eerste vier voortrekkers oor.

Een middag toe ons, Karel en ek, oppad was huis toe na skool, kry ons my broer Boet langs die pad met 'n span osse voor 'n slee ingespan. Hy was besig om hulle te leer. Die son was warm en dit was droog; dus was ons maar te bly om te kon ry. Toe ons op die slee sit, steek Boet die sweep in, en die osse sit op loop. So al deur die veld gly die slee so tussen die knoppe deur. Ek was eerste af en Karel lê toe op sy rug, voete in die lug en skud op die slee. Ek het vir hom gelag, maar toe moes ons eers die boeke soek wat uitgeskud het - en ons moes maar verder huiustoe loop.

Toe ons in Oos-Afrika gekom het, was die geld Rupees genoem. Dit was "Koeliegeld". Later het die Florin ingekom. Kort daarna was dit Ponde, Shillings en Sente. Die 10 sent en 5 sent was ook maar koper met 'n ronde gaatjie in die middel. Geld het toe baie groter waarde gehad. Daar het gedurig mense van Suid-Afrika gekom om te help met die onderwys by die skool. Sover ek kan onthou was daar eerste 'n meisie, mej. Bruwer, wat daar gehelp het. Ek was toe nog maar klein, maar onthou dat sy mooi kon skilder. Sy het nie lank vertoef nie. Daarna het 'n eerwaarde Lourens en sy vrou en dogtertjie, Jeanette gekom. Eerwaarde het vir ons onderwys gegee.

Mev. Lourens was 'n begaafde vrou en kon lekker koeke bak en groot koeke versier. Hulle was vir 'n paar jaar daar nog voor die 1928 griep.

Daar was 'n ongetroude man, 'n mnr Piet Pienaar, wat met die studie- dienste gehelp het. 'n Eerwaarde Gawie Viljee het saam met Tannie Freda, toe nog "Miss Keese", by Sergoitskool gewerk. Mnr. Pienaar het met een van ons mooi meisies daar weggekom. Sy was mej. Josephine Arnoldi, dieselfde Oom Frans Arnoldi wat die mense daar by Nakuru so gehelp het, se dogter. Sy was 'n pragtige mens.

Daarna het eerwaarde Wentzel gekom, ook ongetroud, en na hom 'n mnr. Rossouw en sy vrou, Anna. Hulle was jong mense en het vir die samelewing baie gedoen; konserte gehou en toneelstukkies opgevoer. Toe kom Mnr. van Jaarsveld vanaf die Dordrechtkontrei. Ek meen hy het ook later predikant geword. Nou trek ons al daar by die jaar 1919 en verder.

In 1914 toe die Eerste Wêreldoorlog begin het, was dit maar moeilike jare. Die dag toe dit begin het, was die laaste sak fyn meelblom ook verkoop. Gelukkig is daar weer ingevoer vanaf Bombaai in Indië. Dit was lieflike meel.

Daar was 'n wildbewaarder, ene mnr. Ross. My ma het altyd vir hom beskuit gebak, so mooi opgerys en so lekker. Hy het te perd gery en altyd 'n rybroek en kamaste gedra. Karel en ek was altyd so bang vir die wildbewaarder en wanneer hy kom het ons padgegee.

My pa het by Athirivier transport gery met voorraad vir die troepe. Hy was ook maar vir lang tye weg en het net vir rukkies met vakansie gekom. Toe was dit ook maar nog primitief en daar moes nog baie gebou word. Almal het maar skouer aan die wiel gesit en hulle bes gedoen.

Ek wil nog iets uit daardie dae vertel van oom Wolf. Die voortrekkers het baie ondervindinge met hom gehad. Oom bang Hans Roets vertel dat as hy gras gesny het, en dit met sekels en al voor op die wa gesit het, was party van die gras die volgende oggend weg. Dan het wolf dit daar afgehaal en streep, streep laat val. So is ook 'n keteltjie wat hy by die vuur gesteel het, 'n paar maande later, wie weet waar opgetel. Asook 'n fluweelbroek van mnr JH Davies wat wolf blykbaar geskraap het, en weer omtrent 'n jaar later daar naby Sergoitskop half onder 'n rots gevind is. Waar hy iets kry waaraan 'n mens se hande gevat het, moontlik as gevolg van die sweetreuk, dra hy dit weg.

Ons N.G. Kerk, gebou deur oom Flip Malan en oom Albert Stieger en andere, is in 1921 ingewy. Daar is toe 'n hele klomp van ons voorgestel as lidmate. Ds. Loubser en proponent GJ van Zijl het ons gekatkiseer, en wat 'n voorreg om eerste in die nuwe kerk voorgestel te word. Daardie dae het die mense met wa en osse ingekom en

tent opgeslaan, sommige al van Donderdag en Vrydag af tot Maandagoggend. Dit was tog te aangenaam. Die vriende kuier en gesels. Die jong klomp kom by mekaar en speel of gaan stap 'n ent. Toe het ons nog tyd gehad om te kuier.

Daarna het ek my beste vriend en lewensmaat, WAC Bouwer, ontmoet. Hy was toe reeds al van 1919 in Eldoret-distrik. Daar het hy 'n mnr Lamb, wat in Regeringsdiens was, ontmoet. Mnr Lamb het toe 'n klein onbeboude plasie gehad. Hulle twee het toe saamgestaan. Lamb voorsien geld vir die opbou van die plaas en Will Bouwer bewerk die plaas.

Will Bouwer is op 9:5:1896 te Molteno in die Oostelike Kaapprovinsie gebore. Sy ouers het later na Johannesburg se wêreld getrek. Daar was vyf kinders, waarvan hy die oudste was. Hulle het daar grootgeword en hy was maar 16 jaar oud toe sy ouers oorlede is. Hy het toe by 'n boer op 'n melkplaas in Swartruggens gewerk. Toe die eerste wêreldoorlog uitbreek, het hy aangesluit by die Rhodesië Kommando en so opgereis al vegtend na Oos-Afrika.

Ons is op 9 Mei 1923, op sy verjaardag, getroud. Die oggend vroeg het ons te perd vanaf my ouers se huis gery. Ons twee perde was dieselfde kleur. My swaer, Gideon van Staden, het saam gery Eldoret toe, op 'n ligter kleur perd. Ons is by die magistraatskantoor getrou deur 'n mnr Hunter. Toe was dit nog nie geldig om in die kerk te trou nie. Fred Wahl en Sophie Malan is dieselfde dag getroud. Hulle het eers na die kerk gegaan en toe na die magistraat om dit wettig te maak. Hulle het per perdekar gery en ons het bymekaar verby gery. Hulle van die kerk af en ons na oom Steyn en tant Joey Pohl vir so 'n ruskansie by ons ou vriende. Daarna is ons weg huis toe na my nuwe tuiste. Daar het my moeder, broers en susters en oom Willie en tant Lienie van Blerk ons ontmoet en saam gekuier. Festus van Blerk was toe 'n paar maande oue baba.

Na mate die tyd en jare kom en gaan het Will met publieke werk begin. Eers met distrikspaaie wat toe moes beplan word. Na 'n hele tyd se diens by padbou, het hy by die KFA (Kenya Farmers Association) vir baie jare gewerk.

Na 'n paar jaar op die eerste plasie het ons getrek na goeie koring- grond sowat 40 myl van Eldoret af. Dit was veel hoër met 'n ander klimaat en nie ver van die ewenaar af nie. Dit was beboste gronde met baie bome - seders, geelhout en olienbome. Toe het Gert de Jager daar 'n saagmeule opgrig. Ons huis daar was van planke, bamboes en soosie tussenin, met darem 'n plankvloer ook. My oudste dogtertjie Joan was toe so ses maande oud en het net begin kruip. Die vloer was maar skurf en die planke was lig van kleur. Toe wil ek dit donker maak en gebruik toe ou afgetapte olie. Joan se knieë en beentjies het naargelyk van die aanpaksel. Na 'n tyd het daar 'n blad gevorm

en ek het waks aangesmeer, maar die vloere wou nie so mooi blink soos vloere wat met roulynolie gedokter is nie.

Daar was sulke diep klowe, en ronde bulte wat ons moes uitry as ons by ons bure wou gaan kuier of na Eldoret toe wou gaan. Wanneer dit nat was het ons baie gesukkel om die opdraendes uit te kom. Dis vooruit ry dan weer agteruit, so skuins, kruis en dwars om bo uit te kom. Wanneer dit droog was kon ons maklik uitry.

Dit was toe baie diep goeie grond en die koring het pragtig gegroei, maar na sewe jaar moes ons na 'n laer klimaat trek. Gelukkig het 'n goeie ou vriend van ons 'n plaas naby Eldoret gehad en ons kon dit by hom koop. Die plaas se naam was "Chepkoilel" wat in die naturelletaal beteken "koue water". Daar het ons vir 30 jaar geboer met gesaaides en beeste.

Toe ons die plaas naby Eldoret gekoop het kon die kinders in die oggend per oskar skool toe gaan en in die middag weer terug, en die Kerk was ook naby. Op Chepkoilel was die ou Bamboeskerkie van weleer gebou. Dit was op oom Koos Prinsloo se plaas. Die deel wat ons gekoop het, het aan een van die seuns Niklaas Prinsloo behoort, maar was lank reeds aan andere verkoop.

'n Tyd voor uhuru was Will vir 12 jaar lank lid van die Wetgewende Raad van Kenya. Hy was baie van die huis af weg terwyl die Raadsitting in Nairobi aan die gang was. Dit was vir hom baie aangenaam om die werk te doen en hy het homself nie gespaar nie. 'n Dominee wat lank 'n NG Gemeente in Kenia bedien het, het vir my 'n briefie geskrywe waarin hy sê, "Wat hy gedoen het, het hy goed gedoen en so kan meer as een wat saam met hom gewerk het, getuig."

Op 'n tyd was ons ook van die bevoorregtes om Prins Phillip en Princess Elizabeth in Kenya te ontmoet. Dit was net voor haar pa, Koning George, se dood. Will se opvolger by die KFA was Koppie Eksteen.

Dit was nie maklik om Kenia in 1962 te verlaat nie, die land waar baie van ons groot geword het en baie aangenaam saam met so baie vriende kon woon. Meeste het Suid-Afrika toe gekom. Waar ons in Kenia by die kerk en ander geleenthede mekaar so dikwels gesien het, sien ons nou selde een van daardie ou vriende, of selfs 'n familielid, want ons is wyd verspreid. Dit is tog te lekker wanneer 'n mens een van daardie ou vriende sien, want ons kan mos so lekker saam gesels oor dieselfde dinge, nie waar nie?

Met beste groete

Florence Bouwer (gebore Emslie) 15 Sept 1989.

A REPORT ON THE LANDGREBE FARMING ACTIVITIES NEAR MERU AND KILIMANJARO (1910-1940)

Georg and Hermann Landgrebe

Our father was born in Stettin, Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic Sea, on 13 March 1882, as the son the the "Oberregierungsrat" Georg Landgrebe. He was so much in touch with the sea and navigation that his ambition drew him overseas, but he did not have any clear ideas yet as to his future. His father advised him to go to Witzenhausen, a school in Kassel specializing in tropical agriculture. He studied there from 1908 to 1910. In all subjects pertaining to the tropics he got the highest marks. The professor of the Institute got him a job as a farm assistant on a coffee plantation at Mount Kilimanjaro. The owner of the farm was Mr Petzhold, who had also studied at Witzenhausen. Mr Petzhold was going on leave to Germany to marry a girl who had also studied tropical agriculture in Rendsburg, North Germany. This school was the female counterpart of Witzenhausen.

In 1910, after passing his examination, he emigrated to the colony of German East Africa, to the district of Moshi on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro. It was at 1 400 metres above sea level where the love of this wonderful piece of nature started to burn in his heart, and where his ambitions as a tropical farmer were likely to be realized.

When he had finished his time as an apprentice on Mr Petzhold's farm (Mr Petzhold returned from Germany half a year later, a married man) Carl's father bought him a paradise of a farm at the Malala River, a farm which included Lake Diluki, near Arusha on the slopes of Mount Meru. The lake contained many hippos and also a tremendous number of leeches, so we could never bathe in it. From afar the water looked like an eye in the midst of the forest. The farm itself was located in a forest belt and had 17 springs. It was a real garden of Eden.

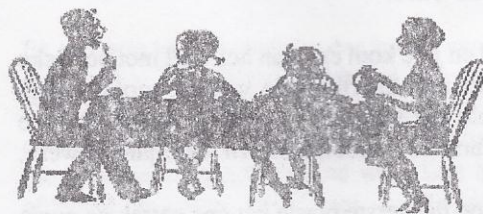
When his young bride, Antonie Rode-nacker whom he got to know while he was studying in Danzig, disembarked in 1912 in Tanga, the virgin forest inland was already cleared for 40 000 coffee trees to be planted. A grass house had been built, a kitchen house, a storehouse and huts for our labourers one kilometre from our own home. Thus the young bride came to

a well-prepared nest. From Germany she had brought her ducks, geese and chickens. These had to be fed on the ship every day, to the amusement of the passengers. The bridegroom went down to Tanga to fetch his bride personally. He was accompanied by a Masai warrior with his spear and sword, and also his servant Sabuni (Sabuni means "Soap".)

The next morning the pair celebrated their wedding in the nearby hotel, Ras Kansone, a few kilometres out of Tanga, with many new friends. After a few days rest they travelled by train to Moshi, where the railway ended in those days. They went up through the wonderful mountainous region of Usambara, through grass savanna with plenty of game on both sides of the railway. We did not have high speed trains then, so the game could cross the railway ahead of us without much danger to them. Long before their arrival the young husband showed his wife the peak of Kibo, at that time not even realizing how much of our future would be bound up with that mountain.

Because the fine reddish dust filtered through every chink into the compartments, they looked like Red Indians when they arrived. From Moshi to our estate Grebenrode 1 at the Malala River they had to ride on a donkey or walk for about 60 kilometres. The donkeys were often so obstinate that our poor Tonchen landed on the African soil, but this first safari in her life ended happily, and they

There's no better start than bacon for breakfast



there's no better bacon than —

UPLANDS



stayed the night in a boerewagon. (These wagons were named after the boer immigrants from South Africa, who used them for heavy transport.)

The name of our plantation, Grebenrode, was made up of the parts of two names: (Land)grebe and Rode(nacker). The young wife immediately took over control in the house and yard, and of course in the well-developed fruit and vegetable and flower garden. Often she also had to help in the plantation, supervising the black labour and planting coffee with her own hands. She was not in the least fussy, and no work was too dirty or too heavy for her.

As a geologist our father had his own theodolite with which he divided the plantation into 2 ha blocks (in modern terms: about 100 by 200 m). Between these blocks there were roads. The coffee was planted 3x3m in a triangle. Every 10 x 10 m, also in a triangle, the shade tree *Gravilea Robusta*, which had a very broad crown and grew naturally on our farm, was planted. This was to help protect the coffee plants.

It was a deep inner need in our father to plant forests, as he was aware of the global destruction of many forests and trees, but he never came to this stage, for the First World War broke out and our father became a volunteer for the German Schutztruppe. As long as the troops were still in the north on the Kenya border in 1916 he paid us visits, riding on horseback. (We children did not even know of this, being too young.) Three children had been born by June 1916: Georg, the eldest, Brunhild in August 1914, and Carola in June 1916. Brunhild, a war child, was named after Brunhild, the brave Amazon in the "Saga of the Nibelungen", and Carola was named after her father Carl, because no one at that stage knew whether he would ever return safely.

Our mother was only 31 at the time, and she had a difficult time ahead of her. However, she was robust and healthy and she came through it all with flying colours. The plantation expanded to 120 000 coffee trees. On top of her many duties at home, she supervised on 5 other neighbouring plantations where the men were away on duty and their wives could not cope. She managed Enke's plantation, on the other side of the Malala River, Captain Leue's plantation, and Main's plantation, and two more. All these trips she made on foot or on a donkey's back, and over the narrow river bridges when the floods came. This she did for almost five years, quite on her own, up until 1920. As the war moved further and further south, I cannot remember that she had any news of my father.

But everything changed. After the war the British broke their word that the German men would return to their farms. In August 1920 we received a letter from the British Government, telling us that we were to be deported. Soon after they supplied every farm with an ox

wagon to transport our belongings to Moshi.

With a sad heart my mother saw everything happening around her, but we children were quite happy. I remember, for instance, the trip through the overflowing Tschai River, and the water flowing just beneath the wagon planks. I was seven at the time. At night barricades were put up around the wagons for protection against lions which were roaring around the camp. In the middle of the camp a high fire burnt through the night, and there were guards too.

At Moshi we were put on long trains. These took us to Tanga where a well-prepared camp was installed near the shore. Around the camp was a barbed wire fence. For such occasions the British were scrupulously trained.

After three months we embarked on a ship which had once been German. Now it was run by Turks.

We left our home with no inkling of what lay in the future. It took us three months around the Cape to Germany, a land which was strange to us, the children, although we had often heard of it from our parents. During the voyage nobody was allowed to leave ship, not even when we had to lie in Durban for 4 weeks whilst repairs were under way. We were treated as prisoners, and that two years after the end of the war.

In Wesel in North-west Germany, at the river Ems, on a pitch dark and cold November night we disembarked. Nobody expected us. We were put under quarantine in a hospital because our sister Carola had malaria.

A few days later our father came to fetch us to our new home in Hessen, Grossen-Buseck near Giessen. There, with the help of our uncle, Wilhelm Haeraeus, he bought a flour mill with some land around it. Our father had been discharged from Egypt, where he had been a prisoner of war since 1917. At the end of 1919 he was released, and sent to Germany; not East Africa as he had been promised.

When I awoke in the night my mother was standing in the door, beside a tall man with a moustache. When he approached my bed I did not want him to come near me. His moustache irritated me. My first question to him was: "Sind Sie mein Vater?" The "Sie" in German is a formal term of address for a strange person. Even now I can still remember these words. Our mother had told us that we were coming from a wild uncivilised country into a highly civilised one, and that we had to be polite to everybody and address them as "Sie".

Some days before we left for our new home my father took me out to the snowy and cold playing ground for children. While the other children were running around

and playing I stood on one spot crying and complaining that my feet hurt. The pain got worse and it took me quite a time to realise that the pains would vanish once I started running and playing too.

Gross-Buseck was a town with a few thousand people. Here at seven years and four months I started with my first school lessons. Although we lived during a time of inflation, we had enough to eat, because of the mill and the farm. We children quickly made friends with other children, and our parents also had good friends.

But times got worse. Inflation badly impoverished us. I remember at that time that one million Marks were equal to one Mark in ordinary times. The nation was split into many parties who were more furious with each other than with any enemies outside our borders.

On a trip our father was to bid for land for an Englishman, when a German farm came under the hammer in Cameroon. But the auctioneer took all the land for himself; as we heard later he was bidding for the German Government, who gave back the land to the previous owners.

On the trip back to Germany my father firmly made up his mind to go back to Africa. There was no stopping him. In April or May 1925 we once again emigrated to East Africa, intending to manage a small farm in Kenya, where there were no immigration restrictions on Germans. This time we sailed on a Dutch ship, the "Springfontein", from Amsterdam. The trumpet choir of our village escorted us to the station with the choral "Nur ziehet hin in Frieden Eure Wege" and when we crossed the German border we sang the song: "Nur ade du mein lieb Heimatland" (Now farewell my dear homeland). We all had tears in our eyes.

Our family now consisted of seven members (a fourth child had been born at the mill — our brother Hermann.) The seventh member was our house-teacher.

On the ship there were also English children, but they were not allowed to play with us. In British eyes we were outcasts. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the trip. On the Sheldel River, on our way to the sea, I got as seasick as I have never been before or since. In the Biscay there were huge waves. Though I was eleven years old, I still remember how our ship (10 000 BRT) was on the top of a wave the one moment, and then in a deep valley the next, where it looked like a nutshell in the water. The gale was very heavy and all the crockery broke on the floor. The unbolted tables and chairs slid all over the dining room. All the passengers were seasick, except for my father and Hermann.

In the Mediterranean the sea calmed again. Eventually we entered the Suez Canal and in Port Said we stopped

for a couple of days. There we went to Simon Arzt, the big shop, where we bought clothes for the tropics and, amongst other things cork helmets, which distinguished us as foreigners. In the streets we were followed by 10 to 20 children and adults, who pestered us so much with shows of their artificial skills that we could hardly move. They even followed the ship for a while, diving in the clear water down to the seabed for coins which were thrown to them from the ship. I never saw them miss one

At Port Sudan, a dull desert village, we unloaded cargo. Then we entered the Red Sea, and eventually reached Aden in South Arabia. Then we passed Cape Gardafui on the East Peninsula of the African continent. In the Indian Ocean we saw huge swarms of flying fish coming out of the water and diving again into the sea. Some of them even flew right onto the deck of the ship.

Our ship stopped first in Dar Es Salaam (Port of Greeting), and then at Tanga, where we disembarked.

MISSING
VERLORE

MISSING
MISSING

VERLORE
MISSING

Bezuidenhout, Wynand & Violetta, Richardsbaai 3900
Brink, Mnr W A, Strandlaan 479, Fernside/Randburg 2001
Carr, Mr, 2 Riverside Park, Somerset West, 7130
Davell, Ted, 57 King Edward Str, Lombardy East, Jhb, 2192
Erasmus, Mnr A H, Posbus 30 Wonderfontein, 1101
Eustace, Josephine, 2 Zuikerberg str, Eastvale, 1559
Hopley, A J & J, P O Box 78, Penge Amorita Mine, Penge 1160
Joubert, Dr JJ, TOD, Privaatsak X76, Pretoria 0002
Joubert, Mev S E, 50 Burger str, Pietersburg 0700
Kleynhans, Mev E S, 602 Paulahof w/s, Pretoria Noord, 0182
Klopper, Mnr J A, Fransina str 250, Elifsdal, Pretoria 0084
Lingenfelder, Rosemary, Posbus 40, Faure 7131
Mans, Mev Sannie (Beyers), Privaatsak 556, Eshowe, 3815
Mouton Mev Bes St Christopher's Hostel, Posbus 67741, Bryanston 2021
Mouton, Barnie, George Bothastr 33, John Vorster Park, Ermelo 2350
Nell, Steve en Lenie, Elliot Drive 11, Eshowe, 3815
Oberholzer, Mev Dawn, 59 Cragwhite Road, Wilropark, Roodepoort 1725
Odendaal, Mnr C H G, P O box 16, Winterton 3340
Reinecke, Mev R, Posbus 3245, Ramgate, 1763
Roodt, Mev Lilly, Hippo Pools, Pk Mica, 1382
Steenkamp, Mev L, Brummerstraat 5, Ermelo, 2350
Strydom, Mev G, Posbus 112, Middelburg, 1050
Surmon, Alfie, P O Box 21025, Crystal Park, Benoni 1501
vd Westhuizen, Mev straat 55, Pretoria, 0002
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