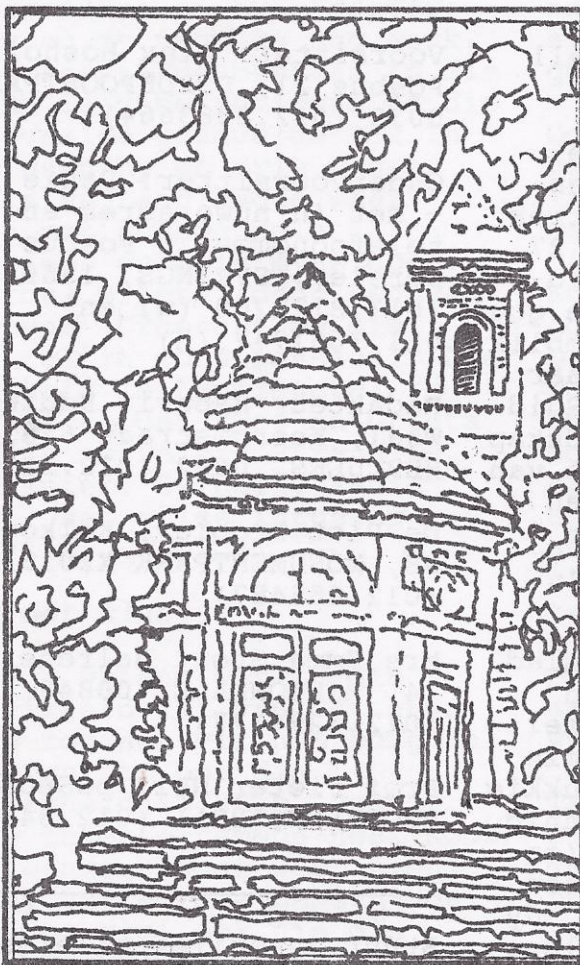


HABARI Oktober 94

HABARI October 94

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

27



**Kapel gebou deur die Italiaanse
krygsgevangenes, op die platorand, op
pad na Nairobi.**

**Chapel built by Italian POWs on the
escarpment road on the way to Nairobi**

HABARI 1994

Editorial

REMEMBER OUR MEETING AT THE
FOUNTAINS IN PRETORIA ON THE
FIRST SATURDAY IN OCTOBER!

DIE EERSTE SATERDAG IN OKTOBER
IS DIE DAG VIR ONS SAAMTREK!

(The 1st of October, to be
precise. Last year Homer
nodded and you were all
invited to a date which fell
on a Sunday.)

So, tussen verlede jaar se
saamtrek by die Fonteine en
hierdie jaar se saamtrek trek
ons toe oor die grens van 27
April 1994 in die Nuwe Suid-
Afrika in. Mens wil nie te gou
praat nie, maar op die oomblik
lyk die landskap vir my maar
baie soos dié van die ou Suid-
Afrika. Maar sou die landskap
skielik begin lyk soos dié van
die ou Afrika, kan baie van
ons, soos grensvegters van
ouds sê: "Ons was al daar."

By die lees van die ou
dokumente wat in hierdie blad
opgeneem is, besef mens 'n
paar dinge. Jy besef hoeveel
jy het, maar ook met hoe min
mense kan klaarkom én gelukkig
wees. Jy besef ook hoe vinnig
'n boer 'n plan kan maak (en
"boer" beteken hier "enigeneen
in 'n haglike situasie"). Jy
besef, as jy die verslae lees
van hoe mense destyds 'n
tuiste uit niks gemaak het,
hoe swaarkry mense kan bou.
(Jy besef ook, as jy kyk na
mense wat vandag swaarkry, hoe
swaarkry mense kan breek.)

Perhaps it would be best to
pray, as does Agur in The Book
of Proverbs: "Lord, give me
neither poverty nor riches,
grant me only my share of
bread to eat. If I have more,
I might say that I do not need
You. But if I am poor, I might
steal and bring disgrace on my
God."

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Stuur asseblief alle geskrewe
stukke voor begin Augustus
elke jaar aan die Redakteur.

Please send all written
contributions to the Editor
before August of every year.

Afrikaners in Safariland

(soos aan my vertel deur my
ma)

deur oom Kalie, Augustus 1962

"Ieder woelt hier om verandering." Koos Malan ook. Sy plaas in Wemmershoek voel klein. Sy familie is al groot - drie seuns en twee dogters - en hy en sy vrou is nog jonk. Die gekoesterde bestaan in die Boland is onbevredigend en die Transvaalse goudvelde lok. In 1888 gaan hy en drie van sy broers na Langlaagte waar hulle met goudaandele spekulier en drie myne open. Sy vrou, Grieta, doop een van die myne "Croesus" en die geld rol in soos bossies. Die besigheid in Langlaagte floreer só dat Koos en Grieta besluit om in die Strand te gaan kuier. Sy neef, Fanie Malan, sal alles intussen behartig.

'n Groot slag

Maar 'n vriend wat in die moeilikheid is, vra dat neef Fanie tog net vir hom borg sal teken en hom oor die moeilikheidjie help. Neef Fanie teken - namens neef Koos - en wanneer Koos weer sien, het hy van aardse besittings niks oor nie, ook nie die grond in Wemmershoek nie.

Dis 'n groot slag. Na dae se wik en weeg onderhandel hy met sy krediteure en onderneem om geleidelik sy erwe in Langlaagte af te betaal. Met

net 'n paar onbetaalde erwe op sy naam is daar net een genade: begin 'n melkery.

Oorlog

Toe die oorlog uitbreek, gaan die drie oudste Malan seuns dadelik aansluit. Wynand, die oudste, is gou tot offisier bevorder, toe tot kommandant en later tot generaal. Koos en Frank het geveg tot hulle albei gevange geneem is en gestuur is na Ceylon en Indië.

Oom Koos en tant Grieta, nou volwaardige kolonianers in Transvaal, bly op Langlaagte met die jonger kinders. Teen die end van die stryd voel oom Koos gevoel dat hy, sieklik soos hy is, tog moet aansluit. Dinge begin moeiliker word, want na die geveg by Klipriepvier het hy 20 boeregewondes in sy huis skuiling gegee en so die Engelse se gebelgdheid op sy hals gehaal. Daarom val hy saam met die Boeremagte teruggeval tot in Pretoria. Hier haal sy broer Dawie hom oor om by hom agter te bly, aangesien sy gesondheid maar swak is.

Tant Grieta roep die blanke diensmeisie, Miss Pienaar, en saam begrawe hulle 150 goue ponde in die roostuin. Sy voorsien die huis met alle moontlike proviand en span dan al haar kragte in om 'n permit te kry ('n moeilike saak) om haar man te gaan haal. Wanneer sy uiteindelik een kry, laat sy Miss Pienaar met die kinders agter. Miss Pienaar

hou die fort totdat die Engelse uitvaardig dat hulle enige Boerevroue wat by die kommando's wil aansluit, geleide sal gee sodat hulle dit kan doen. Sy vind egter uit dat sy die hele Malankroos - nou ses - sal moet saamneem. Dit kos baie pleit voor die Engelse toelaat dat sy eers die kinders na hulle oupa Pienaar in Murraysburg se distrik mag neem.

Die kinders kom terug

Toe die oorlog uiteindelik verby is, wag Oupa en Ouma op Langlaagte dat hulle kinders moet huis toe kom. My ma en die vier jongstes kom van Murraysburg af. Oom Ben lê wapen neer en kom. Oom Wynand is nog ernsagtig siek in die hospitaal, want die dag toe die vrede gesluit is, het 'n Engelse offisier en 'n klompie manskappe hom gaan soek, seker om hom te sê om by die vredesonderhandeling in Vereeniging te wees. Hulle hét 'n wit vlag by hulle gehad, maar dis deur iemand op die agterhoede gedra. Dus, toe hulle op oom Wynand en sy manne afkom, skiet die Boere geskiet. Die Engelse skiet toe terug en oom Wynand word vir die vyfde keer in die oorlog gewond. Die koeël is naelskraap onder die punt van sy hart deur en hy was lank in die hospitaal. Oom Koos kom terug uit Ceylon en oom Frank uit Indië.

Oupa besluit dat Transvaal nie 'n toekomst vir sy ses seuns bied nie - 'n nuwe begin in 'n

nuwe land is die aangewese ding.

Duits-Oos

Oom Fanie Trichardt van Middelburg gee die deurslag vir Duits-Oos Afrika. (Sy volle name is Stephanus Petrus Erasmus Trichardt. Hy is 'n seun van Carolus en 'n kleinseun van Louis Trichardt, die Voortrekker.) Oupa laat hom so ver ompraat dat hy en sy seuns Koos en Ben na Duit-Oos toe gaan om te gaan kyk. Die land geval hom. Dit is 'n lieflike stuk aarde. In die binneland pryk Kilimanjaro met sy ewige sneekroon, op 'n kolos van 'n voetstuk wat met oerwoud begroei is. Vyftig myl verder skiet die 14 000 vt hoë berg Meru met sy oerwoude die lug in, en orals is die grond geil-geil. Teelaarde en natuurskoon is saamgesnoer om 'n stukkie paradys te vorm.

'n Goeie ontvangs

Die Duitsers wil graag immigrante ontvang en gee vier plase aan die noordoostekant van Meru aan Oupa. Oom Koos en oom Ben bly agter om solank osse te koop en te leer, en Oupa gaan terug Langlaagte toe om sy sake in orde te bring en die res van sy familie te gaan haal.

* * *

EARLY DAYS IN KENYA with some information about the Van Rensburg Trek, tape recorded by Piet Roetz in conversation with Mitford Bowker - about 1971. Edited by Gareth Mitford-Barberton - 1986.

Before we came to British East Africa, my father was a farmer in South Africa. He farmed maize and we had cattle and sheep. When winter started, we used to trek with the sheep and cattle down to the bushveld, stay there for four months and then come out again. Then, when the rains started again on the highveld, we would plough and get our crops in.

A PROMISE OF LAND

A few years after the Boer War there were advertisements in the English papers that people were wanted in East Africa for farming. My wife's grandfather, Mr Jan van Rensburg, and another man came up by boat in 1906 to Mombasa, and from there to Nairobi. There they met the governor. He told them he wanted farmers from South Africa to come and farm in the Uasin Gishu district. He said that, if Mr van Rensburg would get him thirty families, he would open the Uasin Gishu Plateau for them to choose where they wanted to settle.

THE VAN RENSBURG TREK

In 1908 Mr van Rensburg brought 47 families (402 people all told) from South Africa who wanted to settle in British East Africa. We did not bring any cattle, but we did bring horses and wagons and our ox carts and some horse carts, and nearly everybody brought one or two dogs and, of course, their families.

We came to Mombasa on the Windhoek, a German boat. Then we came up by train as far as Nakuru, and camped out on Solai on a farm. (There were also camps near Nakuru station. Others went to Molo - there was an old man Engelbrecht there.)

An expedition was sent from there, eleven men on horseback, Mr van Rensburg was one, and Mr Prinsloo, Mr Steenkamp, Mr du Plessis, de Freui, Erasmus and Enslin. They came up to the Plateau and thought it a good place - a plain with enough rivers and water. There was also any amount of game - zebra, kongoni, topi, oribi, and reedbuck. There were lots of lion - sometimes as many as sixteen together. There were also jackal and wild dogs.

While the expedition was away, people bought oxen and cattle from the trading Somalis and from other natives, and we started training the oxen. Then we trekked with the wagons to the Plateau.

THE ROUTE TO PLATEAU

We came via Rongai, Moru, Ravine, and from Ravine we cut through heavy forest. The first forest was five miles broad, the second three miles and the third two, and then there was a little one and then we came to what we call the Tribost.

From there we went on to what we named the Brusspruit, and we outspanned there for one day. From there we could see Sergoi Hill and the Plateau, and then we came straight across to the Plateau and at every river we had to make a drift. There was no chance of making bridges, for there was no timber.

From what we call Diploff, near Kipkabus, we came to the Elgeyo Forest, and there we branched off to the Plateau.

CHOOSING FARMS

We had to take enough firewood on the wagons, enough to last about a week. At Sergoi Rock we outspanned at midday for our lunch then went by Nandi Hill to Sergoi Swamp. There were twenty-seven wagons when we got to Sergoi - travelling in three columns: seven wagons in the first, ten in each of the other two. We stopped at Sergoi Swamp for a few days, some went downstream, some up, and some crossed the river. Every man went where he more or less wanted his farm and camped there.

Later on the government sent a surveyor, a Mr Scobie. He came and surveyed the farms and we got them on condition that we develop and improve them before our payment could be considered. After three years, when the government was satisfied with the valuation, we became tenants, and later on we could get our title deeds.

SETTLING IN

After pitching tents and camps on the farms, we got busy building houses. Some houses were of mud, some simply of grass, but the most were permanent structures of stone and mud. Then we started getting some land ready for planting, although it was late in the year.

We did not know the seasons - we thought they were the same as the place whence we had come - so late in November we broke up a few acres and put in some of the maize and oats which we had brought along. We

had a little rain, and the crop came up, but it didn't mature.

GROCERIES

Some people made water furrows from the rivers for irrigation and started gardens, and that was very successful. The difficult part was that we had to go all the way back to Nakuru for any food, sugar, coffee, tea, groceries and things like that. Nakuru had the nearest shops and the nearest Post Office. There was no road to Londiani. There were only footpaths on the route we followed. We had to cut roads for the wagons. Later on we discovered Londiani and cut a road through to there.

The flour we got in those days we called Indian Superfine Flour, which we bought at 37 rupees per bag. The posho we got in those days was very poor, because it was the mixed blue and white and red maize which we got from the natives. What saved our lives mostly was the game, the meat: we used to buy wimbi and crush it with small mills - we bought it from the Nandi.

MAKING DO

Shortly after we arrived on the farm we didn't have much by the way of shoes and boots, so some people started tanning their own leather. My mother was very expert at that, so before long we made our own veldskoens by tanning eland hides for the soles and kongoni for the leather. Instead of cotton we used tanned oribi hide, which was very thin. For shoe-nails we used little pegs made of bamboo. We could not use wire for we had none.

PLOUGHING

In those early days the very first ploughs we used went about 9 inches deep into the soil. Later on we had a jambo plough and an elephant plough - all single furrows - which went about 12 inches deep. Our first harrows we made by cutting some poles and drilling 1,5 inch holes in them. Into the holes we drove pegs made of olive wood, and these were the harrows with which we harrowed the maize.

TENANTS

After the second year we had enough to eat of things which we had grown ourselves. After about eighteen months the farmers thought they had done more or less enough, and approached the government to hear what other improvements they had to make. A committee was sent to the governor, and he in his turn sent someone to assess the value of the improvements made. Not a single farm was taken back and we all became tenants. From then on we could all work for our title deeds.

We did not have much produce to sell, because if we had, we had to take it all the way to Londiani by wagon to sell there, and this we did not do until the road was better. We had to sell wheat at 4½ rupees a bag and maize at 3 rupees. The prices were not much, but still, we made a living. We often ran short of food - sugar and things like that - for several weeks. Then we would send the wagons down to Nakuru and then they would take about three weeks, sometimes four, to get back, depending on the weather.

HOUSE OF COFFEES

If we ran out of coffee we took potatoes and boiled them a while, then cut them in small slices and dry them in the sun, and then we burned that, and that was coffee. Some used maize instead - boiling it, drying it and then roasting it.

CANDLE-MAKING

We also had to be very careful with our lamp-oil, but sometime we did run out and then we used what we call fat candles - our mothers knew how to make them. Some used a form like a marrow-bone - three or four together, and others used bamboo, which is hollow inside. Then they would take a strip of cloth - the preferred it to be more or less white - and then they would twist it until it was nice and round, and then they folded it double and put it into the hollow cylinder - bamboo or whatever - straight down, with a little stick across the top to hold it in position. Then they would boil the fat, pour it into the cylinder and leave it to cool. It could be ordinary fat - from eland or kongoni, but it had to be hard. After it had cooled you could pull it out, and there you had your candle.

We carried on farming after we got our title deeds. After all, we had come with the intention of staying there to farm. A few years later a few of the people went back, but the majority stayed.

BIG PIG

I am here now, living on my father-in-law's farm, a portion of it. My wife came here with my father-in-law and they camped here, and later on I bought this piece of land from him, so I am settled here. In the early

days, when they were still in a tent, with a small grass hut on the side for a kitchen, she would get up early in the morning to do the fire to boil water in the kettle for coffee. One morning she got up and lit the fire. It was a foggy morning and when she looked out she saw some animal in the fog. She ran to the grass hut when her parents were sleeping, crying, "Father, father! There's a big pig here!" Her father jumped up and he saw it running away, and saw that it was a rhino, about 25 yards from the tent. He went back to the tent, got his rifle and shot and killed it at a hundred yards. Some of the rhinos had a lot of fat in them.

GAME AND FARMING

We had no hippos in the swamps there. The nearest hippos were in the Nzoia river. They always had a lot of fat.

We used to see many elephant. They came across from Mount Elgon to the Elgeyo forest in very wet weather, and would go away again when the weather broke. Several times we had more than a hundred passing through the farm in one day. Sometimes they would stay among the thorn trees for two or three days and then go away again. Once at Sergoi about a hundred and fifty of them went through a farm and passed right by the homestead. Then something frightened them and they ran away, leaving behind two elephant calves. The farmer caught them, and sent them to Nairobi. Later on, when we had more crops, they used to do a lot of damage passing through the maize field, but the most damage done on farms by wild animals was done by leopards. Mr Joubert, up at Burnt Forest, had a boma with a

thatched roof and a leopard got through the roof and killed 90 of his sheep. Mr Joubert heard them stampeding inside and he took one of the Dietz lamps and walked to the boma and opened the door, and the leopard jumped out and knocked the lamp out of his hand and ran off.

Near Kipkarren, near the Nandi border, a man called Boswick, son-in-law of Mr Kitson, had about 500 head of merino sheep. He had a couple of good rams up at Naivasha as well. He had a walled boma which my father had built for him from mud and stones. The wall had big holes to let some air inside. He put the rams into the boma and for the first few nights all went well. But one morning he woke up and went to open the boma, and found both of the rams dead, and fifty of the ewes. A leopard had come in through the ventilation hole, killed the sheep and then left.

A man at Suam had about 700 sheep in a boma made of thorns, about a mile from the house, and two herdsmen used to sleep there. Early one morning a herdsman came to tell him that a leopard had eaten some sheep. He went there and found 97 killed. He followed the leopard's track. The leopard had taken one sheep with him. About half a mile away he had stuck it high up in a big [wild?] fig tree. The man then set a trap-gun for it and at about half past seven the following evening the leopard was dead, shot with the trap gun. A leopard would grab a sheep by the neck and then suck the blood till the heart stopped pumping, and after that it would get another until it had had its fill. Then it would take one away with it.

We saw very big herds of zebra and they did great damage to the crops. We would have night guards and we put up some white flags, and that would scare them a bit. Later on we shot them till few remained. Eland, too, used to come and go in large herds of about 200, but the kongoni were even more.

In the beginning we were farmed very successfully with sheep and cattle, but in 1912 the first rinderpest epidemic broke out. We suffered heavy losses, for we had no veterinary services. After that there was the East Coast, which left us with very few cattle. We were very unlucky with cattle until about 1937-1938, when we started building dips. Then the situation improved. In 1913 and 1914 there was a disease amongst the sheep. Some people lost thousands of sheep, others 700 and 500. Some mornings, when you got to the boma, there were about 100 sheep lying dead. We did not know what killed them, until much later on when we sent some sheep on the wagon to Kabete.

TRANSPORT-DRIVING

In the early days we used to do transport from Londiani to Eldoret, and right up to Elgon. When the sawmills started here we brought out big machinery - great boilers and saws - and we had to load the wagons very heavily, for some of the boilers weighed over 5 tons. With such a boiler on one wagon, and on those muddy roads, it would be difficult going on the mud tracks through the forest. Some days the teams of oxen drawing the wagons were up to their bellies in the mud, but still they had to get the wagon through. It was very difficult going and hard on the cattle. Once on the

big slope at Timboroa the one boiler rolled off the wagon. There it lay on the ground and we had nothing to lift it with - we had no cranes. So we decided to unhitch the oxen and then we loosened the ropes and let the boiler lie beside the wagon.. Then we inspanned the oxen again and pulled the wagon away from the boiler. Then we dug a long, deep trench on the other side of the boiler, right next to it, and pulled the empty wagon in there, so that the top of the wagon was more or less on the same level as the underside of the boiler. After that we used wagon jacks (we had several wagons, each with a jack) to jack the boiler up until we could load it onto the wagon again. When it was on the wagon again, we inspanned three teams of oxen and pulled it out of the ditch. It took us a whole day to do it, and then we carried on again.

Sometimes it took us 27 days in very wet weather to get from Londiani to the Elgeyo sawmills. Sometimes part of a wagon wheel would break - some spoke for instance, and then we would cut timber and tie it all together with ox *riems*, and then the work went on. If a *disselboom* broke, you just cut down a tree or a thick enough branch off a tree, and out that in and carried on again.

A FEW EXPERIENCES

Once I was travelling in the Uasin Gishu district when I heard two shots coming from somewhere further along on the road. I thought it was someone shooting lion, or something, for there was any amount of game in those days. About ten minutes later I reached the spot - there was a Scotch cart and a few Europeans and a few Africans. There were five people who had come up from Londiani

on the cart to look for their farm. Passing by some tree which was very close to the road, the spoke of the cartwheel caught on one of the tree, and then the oxen turned away and the *disselboom* of the Scotch cart broke. They did not know what to do. They were English people who had left all their things in Nairobi, and when I got to them they asked: "Can you help us?" They said their driver was very intelligent and that he had cut one of the trees to make a *disselboom*, but they had nothing to make holes with, so they used a pencil to mark where the holes had to be and then tried to fire holes through the wood with a 9mm rifle. That was the two shots I had heard. But after they had fired the shots the whole thing was split and useless.

I outspanned my oxen and went to my wagon to get my auger. With my axe I chopped that pole so that it would fit between the two iron arms. Then I drilled two holes with the auger and within half an hour the thing was fixed. One of them pointed to the auger and said, "What's that?" and I told him. He said: "I think we've got something like that in the box on the cart." He opened the box and there was every tool you could think of - they just didn't know how to use them.

Another time I was going on the road to Londiani, with 5 wagons loaded with maize. At and outspan just beyond the Burnt Forest I outspanned. At the same place there was a young chap called Jameson and some African drivers with four wagons, just starting to inspan. Jameson asked where I was going and I told him I was on my way to Londiani. He said so was he, but

some of his drivers were ill and he was finding it very difficult. I told him I would be inspanning again at half past six and that I would meet him at the next river. So I had my dinner there and then I inspanned and left, and at about eleven that night I found him again, outspanned. He was sitting by the fireside, making his own food, for his cook was also sick. I told him I was just going 50 yards ahead, and he asked me not to leave him behind, but that we should go the rest of the way together. I agreed to do so, but said that I wanted to start very early the next morning, so we would start inspanning at three and leave at four. The next morning all went according to schedule, and I gave him my driver for one of his wagons, and another of his wagons would follow mine, with another behind that, and I would take the lead. Before dawn we came to a bridge, and I took my wagon through, then his first wagon with my driver followed. Then another of his wagons came, but the driver wasn't quick enough and overturned the wagon from the bridge, and the river was about four feet deep. He said, "What are we going to do now?" So I took my team of oxen from my wagon and put it onto his, in the river, and pulled it onto its wheels again. We gathered all the drivers together and loaded it again and pulled it out, and we outspanned just as the sun was rising. He said that it was the best trip he had had for a long time. "To think," he said, "that we capsized a wagon, reload it and pull it out, and only now the sun is rising."

Once I was leading oxen for my father - my father and brother were sitting on the wagon and my father

was driving - it was just after sunrise. I heard something and on my right I saw two old lions, one chasing the other. I stopped the oxen and shouted to my father, "Lion!" He had a rifle and the climbed down and come to me and I showed him the lion sitting watching me. He shot him and he ran about 50 yards before he dropped. We went onto the thorn trees and collected some firewood and picked up the lion and put him in the wagon and took him home.

My father was a good lion hunter - he killed over 200. The 200th one knocked him down, but didn't hurt him - he only got a scratch on his leg. What happened was that a lion jumped at him and he fired a shot, but the shot wasn't very good and the lion ran off. My father was walking along with his mule when suddenly out jumped the lion again, just on the other side of an ant-heap, and landed nearly on top of him. He pulled the trigger, but missed, and when he got up the lion was only three yards away, so he turned his rifle round and killed it with the butt. Of course, the mule ran away and is still gone to this day, probably still running.

ZUIKER VLEI

The farm Zuiker Vlei got its name from the Jan van Rensburg Trek in 1908. We camped at a place and the next morning discovered this very muddy vlei, like a swamp, with a little stream of water running through. The stream wasn't very deep, but there were no roads or bridges and the people went up and down the stream to find a place to cross, but they had no luck. So everybody pushed as best they could to get through. At 10 o' clock

about twenty wagons were all stuck, so they used two sets of oxen, one consisting of two teams, the other of three, and pulled them out, one by one. When it started getting dark there was only one wagon left. It was too heavy and we could not get it out, so we had to leave it in the water for the night. We slept in the wagon and the water was so deep that it just touched the bottom of the wagon. During the night a bag of sugar got wet and melted, and that where it got the name Zuiker Vlei. The wagon belonged to Mr Steenkamp. In the morning we got three of the best teams and pulled it out. From there we went to a place called Diploff and camped there. After that we came to another vlei, a nasty one but not so wide as the first. It was over near Kipkabus. There we outspanned for three days and cut plenty of brushwood, and built a bridge.

* * *

Tanganyika Afrikaners

soos vertel deur oom Kalie

Die heel eerste Afrikaners wat na Oos-Afrika opgegaan het, was Piet Joubert, Raadslid van Ermelo, Dawid Joubert van Carolina, 'n veggeneraal, Jan Viljoen van Middelburg, en Dawid en Piet Joubert se seuns. Hulle is eers na Kenia in 1904 - oor die Serengeti na Arusha en terug.

Die kommissie

Piet Joubert is daarna Middelburg toe en het S P E Trichardt van die

land vertel. 'n Kommissie is toe saamgestel om die owerheid te gaan sien en uit te vind wat aangaan. Die kommissie het bestaan uit die volgende lede: S P E Trichardt van Middelburg, Piet de Wet en prokureur Grimbeeck vir Krugersdorp, Munnik van Pietersburg, Karel Grobbelaar - sekretaris, Piet Joubert van Ermelo, Koos Malan van Langlaagte, Koos Willemans van Carolina. C J T Trichardt, George T Boshoff en Koos Malan Jnr het ook saamgegaan. Almal het byeengekom by Goedehoop, Middelburg, onder voorsitterskap van S P E Trichardt.

Net na die vrede het George T Boshoff met sy familie uit Holland gekom, langs die Ooskus af. Die boot doen aan by Dar Es Salaam en daar vertel die Duitsers hom van hulle mooi land en sê hulle soek immigrante. Dis sy rapport wat die gras aan die brand gestee het en gelei het tot die kommissie se ondersoek.

Hulle neem perde saam, asook 'n karretjie, trollie en ligte wa. Karel Grobbelaar en oom Kalie gaan vooruit met hierdie goed na Lorenzo Marques toe. Toe die ander lede bykom, was die goed reeds gelaai en kon hulle vertrek.

Op die skip was Niklaas Visser en sy kinders en skoonkinders op pad na Tanganyika.

Dar Es Salaam

In Dar Es Salaam het die kommissie afgeklim en die Goewerneur gaan sien. Ene Grothaus, 'n kaptein van artillerie, het die kommissie vergesel om as voorspraak by die regering te dien, maar die Duitsers neem nie veel notisie van hom nie.

Aan die kommissie belowe die Duitsers alle moontlike hulp en die kommissie gaan die binneland in, buiten Munnik, wat in Dar Es Salaam omgedraai het.

In die rigting van Kilimanjaro

Daar was natuurlik geen paaie nie. In Mombasa het hulle afgeklim en vergader en besluit die ewenaar is te warm vir hulle. Hulle sien die sneeu van Kilimanjaro en besluit om op die stasie naaste aan Kilimanjaro af te klim. By Makindo klim hulle dan af, maar 'n Somali sê vir Koos Malan hulle moet eerder by Simba afklim, en hy gee ook vir hulle 'n swart gids na Kilimanjaro.

'n Dorstige ekspedisie

Eers gaan G T Boshoff, Karel Grobbelaar en Piet Joubert kyk of die wêreld vir 'n perdekar begin begaanbaar is op pad na Kilimanjaro toe. 'n Deel van die kommissie gaan na Nairobi en koop daar perde, osse en donkies. Die ander bly by die kamp. Boshoff, Grobbelaar en Joubert vat twee bottels water saam. Die derde dag kom Grobbelaar terug, dood van die dors. Die gids get verdwyn. Oom Kalie en Jack Smit neem vier muile en gaan soek vir Boshoff en Joubert. Toe hulle hulle kry, is daardie twee so klaar van die dors dat hulle hulle eersgeboortereg kan verruil vir die lemoene wat hulle aangebied word.

Hulle besluit om nie in daardie rigting te ry nie en gaan op 'n nuwe roete, maar na een dag en een myl laai hulle die ongeleerde diere op die trein na Voi. Daarna gaan hulle na Om Moshi, met paadjies wat die Grieke gebruik het om transport te

ry. Die diere raak mak en hulle begin goed verder.

Die derde dag na hulle by Voi afgeklim het, maak hulle die eerste keer kennis met leeu. Dwarsdeur die nag ry hulle twee ure en rus twee ure. Hulle hoor hoe 'n leeu 'n bok vang en Steenkamo waarsku hulle. Malan en Trichardt bly by die kamp en al die ander gaan die leeu soek. Hulle besluit een skiet en almal moet staan. Een skiet, en almal skree: "Staan, kêrels!" - en almal hardloop.

Toe hulle op Om Moshi aankom, is omtrent almal siek aan malaria. Die Duitsers gee hulle ou askari-kwartiere - gebou van pale - en daar lê hulle siek. Die paar wat nog op die been is, sorg vir die ander.

Dit is 'n moeilike tyd. Hulle ken nie die taal nie. Die wêreld is vol Beukesbossies en wolwe. Steenkamp is rasend. Hy wil net uit. Almal raas. Naderhand is dit net oom Kalie wat gesond is.

Daar bly hulle agt dae en trek dan met 'n wapad na Boma Yan Gombe, waar die voetpad weer begin. Op Om Moshi draai Jack Smit en Kaptein Grothaus om. Koos Malan bly op Arusha agter.

Op Kampfontein was reeds Venters, Bekkers en Von Landsberg. Hulle het elkeen eenduisend hektaar van die Duitsers gekry.

Van Arusha af gaan Piet Joubert en Gys le Roux oor Serengeti na Kenia.

Die res bly omtrent 'n maan in Tanganyika. Party gaan na Mbugwe, Mbulu en ook Eufumi toe. Na die reëns op Mbulu wil almal daar plase hê. Hulle gaan sover as nGerui en

draai daar om. Na 'n maand se rondreis in die binneland kom hulle na Kampfontein toe terug. Boshoff, De Wet, Koos Malan, Jack Smith, Trichardt word met die wa na Mbuigu geneem. Daar neem hulle die trein terug na Tanga, op hulle pad terug na Suid-Afrika.

Oom Kalie, oom Koos Malan(Jnr) en Karel Grobbelaar gaan terug Arusha toe, wat net bestaan uit 'n Boma en 'n winkel. Daar koop en leer hulle osse vir die trek wat nog sal kom. Boshoff en S P Trichardt (Jnr) kom toe weer terug. ('n Telegram sê dit gaan verkeerd met die brouery waarin die Trichardts al hulle geld het).

Oom Kalie kom terug en neem sy ouers na Duits-Oos. Daar is niemand om hulle op Mombasa te kry nie en hulle gaan Nairobi toe en dan na oom Jan Viljoen op Nakuru. Daar is S P E Trichardt aan hartverlamming dood.

Die Engelse wou oom Kalie nie toelaat om met sy wa en osse oor die lyn na Duits-Oos te gaan nie. Daarom kry hy donkies en neem sy ma op na nGare Nanyuki. Daar het Boshoff 'n plaas gehad, maar hy het nie daarvan gehou nie en koop toe 'n plaas by Wolff in Olmotonyi.

Die Malans in Duits-Oos

Die volgende Malans het hulle in Duits-Oos gevestig.

Koos Malan en sy vrou Grieta en hulle kinders:

Generaal Wynand Malan en sy vrou Lizzie, Koos Malan en sy vrou Nelie, Ben en sy vrou Dolly, Jan en Totie, Willem en Maggie, Frank en Zeitty. Maria Malan is getroud met Piet de

Wet, Max Malan met Boy Laubscher,
Anna Malan met Johan van Schoor.

Nasieverhoudings versuur

Die Duitsers wou hê oom Kalie moet 'n Duitse onderdaan word en wou hom alles gee as hy inwillig. Hy het geweier en het na Port Amelia gegaan. Die Portugese het hom 2000 hektaar gegee en langs hom het Piet von Landsberg grond gekry. Oom Kalie het katoen geplant en olifante gesteel. In 1909 is hy met tant Mienie getroud en hier het sy moeder (gebore Viljoen) by hom en sy vrou kom bly, waar sy in 1916 oorlede is.

In 1918 het hy by die Portugese aangesluit, maar hulle het hom in die tronk gesit op aanklag van hoogverraad. 'n Maand lank het hulle hom daar uigehonger en toe kom sir Eric MacDonald, die Britse konsul, en eis oom Kalie se verhoor. Hy word onskuldig bevind en kom na die Unie waar hy by die Smuts manne aansluit.

IN MEMORIAM

Herbert Ulyate passed away in Australia. He was the brother of the late Lionel Ulyate. Their sister, Dorothy Luies, in the only remaining one of the family.

Bobbles Twohey passed away. She was the wife of Terry Twohey, formerly of East African Railways. Their only child and son was killed by the Mau Mau near the Spread Eagle Hotel, Ruaraka.

Sannie Kruger, vrou van Japie Kruger en dogter van oom Albert Steyn, is oorlede op 24 April 1994.

Mev Maria Roussouw, vrou van wyle Fritz Roussouw, is oorlede in Januarie 1993.

Sid Moskoff died tragically in August 1993. He was at the Fountains last year. He did much for the Kenya Regiment in the Transvaal. Formerly from Nairobi, he leaves his wife Meg and two sons.

Mev Susie van der Westhuysen, vrou van wyle Adrian van der Westhuysen, is oorlede op 14 September 1993 na 'n lang siekbed. Sy was 'n mooi Van As, vroeë van Eldoret.

Faas von Maltitz, seun van wyle oom Piet, voorheen van Kitale, is oorlede.

Piet Wessels, broer van Hennie Wessels, is oorlede op 20 September 1993.

Kosie Boshoff is oorlede op 19 September 1993, na 'n lang siekbed. Sy vrou, Bonnie, het hom al baie jare terug vooruitgegaan. Hy was 'n groot Afrikaners en baie mense sal hom mis. Hy word oorleef deur Jan en Alex Boshoff, hulle suster, Anna Engelbrecht.

Tannie Hannetjie Kruger (gebore Grobler) weduwee van wyle Ernst Kruger, wat 35 jaar gelede al heengegaan het, is op 89 jaar op Middelburg oorlede. Sy laat ses kinders

na, en baie klein- en agterkleinkinders.

Tant Sara de Lange, weduwee van wyle Frank de Lange, voorheen van Eldoret, is op 17 Maart oorlede. Sy was 97 jaar en 6 maande oud.

Tant Alie Mouton, vrou van wyle Ben Mouton, voorheen van Thomson's Falls, is oorlede op 19 Maart 1994 in Louis Trichardt. Sy was amper 100 jaar oud.

Tim Trafford passed away on 15 April 1994. Formerly he was in the Kenya Police. He leaves his wife, Alida (nee Glover) and two children. Formerly they lived at Kakmega and Eldoret.

Naas Malan is oorlede op 18 April op die Isle of Man, ouderdom 84. Hy het in die Spoorwegwerkwinkels gewerk in Nairobi, was ook 'n Rugby skeidsregter. Hy het twee susters te Huis Vergenoeg - mev Margaret Mouton en mev Isobel de Wet.

Kobus en Bettie Bekker is tragies dood op 23 April 1994. Hy was die seun van Piet en Kotie Bekker van Thika. Sy was 'n mej Scott.

Tant Kotie Storm, vrou van wyle bom Koos Storm, vroeër van Eldoret, is oorlede op 29 April.

Dolly Lawrence-Brown, daughter of Lawrence Brown, and sisters of Rona Luies (nee Roberts) died January 1994.

Margery Murray died 14 January 1993. She was the wife of Ben Murray and from the late family of the Roberts, Nanyuki.

Rodney Farr died 15 April 1993. He is survived by his wife Thelma (nee Randall), two daughters and one son. He was the son of the late Gordon and Lucy Farr of Eldoret.

Rhoda Verity died 30 September 1993. She was the daughter of the late Gordon and Lucy Farr, formerly of Eldoret.

Mev Willie Steenkamp, voorheen 'n onderwyseres op Eldoret, is oorlede op 8 Desember 1993. Sy was verlede jaar nog op die saamtrek.

Orge Jordaan is oorlede op 13 Desember 1993. Hy het gewerk vir die PWD Nairobi and Districts, en hy laat sy vrou, Sus, en twee seuns agter.

Babs McKenzie died 28 Desember 1993. Her husband diend three years ago. He was a driver on the K U R & H. She was the daughter of late Daan and Nellie Bothma of Thika.

Hannes Muller is oorlede Desember 1993. Hy laat sy vrou Baba agter.

Letter from the Rev Colin Garvie:

46 Woodlawn Crescent, ROSEHILL, 4051, 20/11/1993.

... The Garvie family were in Kenya (Nandi) from about 1902. Meinertzhagen refers to the Garvies

in his "Kenya Diary", together with a Steyn during the Nandi Uprising of 1905. One of the Garvie brothers had married a Cornelia Steyn. Donald Garvie introduced bioscope to Kenya. The Garvie brothers (Donald, John, George) had extensive estates near Eldoret till about 1911. I am currently researching this part of the Garvie family history and wondered whether any of your readers might have further information.

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'n Brief van die SA
Verteenwoordigingskantoor,
Nairobi

18 Oktober 1993

DIE SUID-AFRIKANERS IS TERUG

Na al die jare van isolasie het Suid-Afrika weer amptelik teruggekeer na Kenia. Die SA vlag wapper weer in Nairobi omrede Staatspresident F W de Klerk in sy versienheid die regte politieke klimaat geskep het wat sodanige terugkeer moontlik gemaak het. Soos u lesers seker bewus is, het President de Klerk self familieverbintenisse in Eldoret gehad (sy oupa was predikant by Vergenoeg Gemeente), en is dit vir ons meer as net van simboliese waarde dat hy ons weer hierheen teruggelei het.

Nairobi vandag sien heelwat anders daar uit as in die dae toe die Suid-Afrikaanse gemeenskap hulle brood en botter in die Uasin Gishu en elders verdien het. Die stad is vandag 'n internasionale

hoofstad met 'n geskatte bevolking van 4 miljoen siele. Soos verwag kan word onder hierdie omstandighede, gaan die stad gebuk onder chroniese verkeersknope en 'n eskalerende vlag kriminaliteit wat hoofsaaklik te danke is aan die swak staat van die ekonomie.

Dienstelewering, soos water en elektrisiteit, stel groot eise aan die stadsvaders. Die tekort aan fondse het ook hulle merk gelaat op die instandhouding van die paaie, parke en geboue. (Om u 'n idee te gee van die diepte van die gate in die paaie - sou mens na donker reis, moet mens versigtig wees om nie kameelperdoë met katogies te verwar nie!)

Die vreedzaamheid van Oos-Afrika, wat die Habari lesers in hulle tyd geken het, het ook verander. Op Kenia se grense is daar burgeroorloë. Somalië sowel as Sudan gaan gebuk onder 'n eksalerende burgeroorlog en groot getalle vlugtelingestroom die land binne.

Veral op ekonomiese terrein gaan Kenia deur moeilike tye. Dit is grotendeels te danke aan die opskorting van die buitelandse hulpverlening, omdat Kenia nog nie voldoen het aan die donateurslande, IMF en wêreldbanke se vereistes nie. Met 'n bevolkingsontploffing hierby (Kenia se bevolking word nie-amptelik geskat op 35 miljoen) word dit toenemend moeilik vir die regering om voldoende

welvaart vir sy burgers te voorsien.

Op 'n meer positiewe noot - Kenia is nog steeds 'n land van bekoring en mens wil nie maklik hier padgee as jy eers wortelk geskiet het nie. Die Masai Mara, Tsavo, Amboseli, Samburu, Turkana en al die ander plekke het nog steeds hulle bekoring. In terme van toerisme word hulle goed bestuur. Amboseli en Tsavo het heelwat agteruit geboer, maar die regering is weer besig om hulle in hulle ou glorie te rehabiliteer.

Kenia se grootste bron van buitelandse valuta is ongetwyfeld toerisme. Die RSA kan gerus hier 'n ding of twee kom leer.

Soos u lers seker bewus is, het daar min van die Suid-Afrikaanse gemeenskap oorgebly. So ver ons weet, is daar net nog die Krugers by Sergoi, Reinaldo Retief te Malindi, John du Toit digby Sergoi en die Steenkamps te Kitale. Ons het veral noue kontak met Fanie en Carol en tannie Leen Kruger van Sergoi en dit gaan goed met hulle. Fanie Kruger het 'n modelplaas opgebou op sy vader se vaste fondament en word beskou as een van die grootste boere in Kenia. Na wat verneem word, gaan dit nie goed met die Steenkamps in Kitale nie en hou mev Leen Kruger (moeder van Fanie Kruger) 'n wakende oog daar.

Die Suid-Afrikaners is besig om terug te keer na Kenia. 'n

Paar gesinne het hulle al hier kom vestig: in die meeste gevalle privaat persone wat aantreklike aanstellings hier gekry het. By die SA kantoor self is daar die kern van die SA gemeenskap gevestig. Die personeel bestaan uit die volgende:

Mnr en mev A Venter (Missiehoof) en drie kinders; mnr en mev A Janse van Rensburg (Raad()) en een kind; mnr C Coleman (Eerste Sekretaris); Mnr J Zietsman (Eerste Sekretaris); Mnr en mev C Hoekstra (Tweede Sekretaris) en twee kinders; dr en mev E Kruger (Mediese Attache) en een kind; mnr en mev P Crane (Derde Sekretaris); mnr en mev E Wiese (Administratiewe Hoof) en een kind; mnr en mev L Bernardu (mev Bernardu is Buitelandse Assistent by die Missie.)

Verhoudinge met Kenia groei kragtig en daar is geen twyfel dat die Kaburus hier welkom is nie. Die lang verwydering is verby en ons kyk met groot dankbaarheid terug na wat vermag is sedert ons ons kantoor in Desember 1991 hier geopen het. Die toekoms blink en ons sien 'n lang en vrugbare pad vorentoe met ons Keniaanse broers.

BAKI SALAMA

KWAHERI

Surname	Initials	Ad 1	Ad 2	Ad 3	Ad 4	Code
Barnard	Mnr & Mev G H	Dalblair Cottage	Little Road	Somerset West		7130
Bosman	Mev Dusie		Pk Louis Trichardt			0920
Botha	Fanie & Martie	Bergsig	Worster			6850
Brits	Mnr & Mev	George Duffstr 20	Van der Bijl Park			1911
Cloete	Mnr A F	Posbus 48	Highflats			4640
Daniels	Mev Rina	Shubart Park B1305	Schubart Str	Pretoria		0002
de Jager	Katie & Nellie	Bosbok w/s 1001	Baily straat	Arcadia	Pretoria	0002
du Preez	A J	22 George Grey str	Nigel			1490
Enslin	Lennie	28 Stasie str	Nachadodorp			1170
Farr	Mnr Rodney	P O Box 163	Coronation	via Vryheid		3107
Fenwick	Mrs Lettie		Port Elizabeth			6001
Fourie	Mev M	Schubart Park w/s D1704	h/v Shubart/Vermeulen	Pretoria		0002
Geldenhuis	Mnr & Mev M	Shubart Park B1903	Schubart Str	Pretoria		0002
George	Mnr T	p/a Mnr J J de Kok	Posbus 47	Marble Hall		0450
Harmse	Mnr D	Posbus 9	Jameson Park			1492
Jordaan	Mnr P C	Posbus 1004	Johannesburg			2000
Koetze	Dirk	Dept Buitelandse Sake	Route AA31	Privaatsak X152	Pretoria	0001
Kruger	Mnr S	Posbus 212	Somerset Wes			7130
Kruger	Mnr Cristofel J(Snr)	Jacob Straat 22	Ernelo			2350
Lourens	Piet & Lily	Poste Restante	Paulpietersburg			3180
Luie	Koos & Nick	20 Ruinsie	Witrivier			1240
Luies	Mev Koba	Uitbreiding 41	Witbank			1035
Marshman	Mev Nellie	Morton Hall 57	North Ridgeweg	Durban		4001
Meintjies	J F	254 Belvedere str	Pretoria			0002
Moolnan	Pieter & Lena	Posbus 268	Waterval Boven			1195
Mulder	Mnr Eddie	Luxenburg	P O Box 44	Ofcolaco		0854
Muller	Mnr L	Posbus 231	Sundra			2200
Niewehuizen	Oom Koos	5de str 21	George			6530
Noteir	Marita	Posbus 36232	Menlo Park			0102
Olivier	Ds en Mev Phil	Posbus 287	Gansbaai			7220
Pienaar	Mnr & Mev A M	Posbus 356	Bronkhorstspuit			1020
Pieterse	Mev Maria L	Aucklandlaan 71	Aukland Park			2092
Rall	Mev Marty	Poplar Street 9	Drie Riviere	Vereeniging		1939
Rousseau	Mnr J F en Mev M M	Huisvergoenoeg 617	33ste laan 830	Villieria	Pretoria	0186
Smit	Fanie en Lettie	11 Steenbok str	Cresslawn	Kempton Park		1619
Steenkamp	Caroline	27 Ridge Ave	Highveld Park	Witbank		1035
Steenkamp	Mev SJ	28 Ridge Place	Hendrik Verwoerd Drive	Ferndale Ridge	Randburg	2194
Steyn	Mnr J J	Posbus 78	Pietersburg			0070
Storn	Mnr W	T P A Huis no 1	Naboomspruit			0560
van der Berg	Mossie & Lucia	Posbus 471	Cullinan			1000
van der Westhyse	M J	TOD Skool Reis Tuiste	Privaatsak X76	Pretoria		0001
van Rensburg	Mev Hettie	10 Soetdoring w/s	Potgietersrus			0600
van Rooyen	Mnr & Mev Louis	Hartley str 29	Rynfield	Benoni		1501
van Schoor	Suster Willow	St Helenslaan 20	Mayfair-Wes	Johannesburg		2092
van Staden	Mev A	Bester Str 59	Delmas			2210
van Wyk	H A	4 Bloekom Laan	Visagie Park	Nigel		1490
van Zyl	Mev R	St Helenalaan 20	Mayfair-Wes	Johannesburg		2092
Viljoen	Mnr & Mev WJG	Posbus 38	Rayton			1001
Visser	B J G	Posbus 12	Springs			1560
Visser	Mnr E F	van Riebeecklaan 63	Lyttelton	Verwoerdburg		0140
Visser	B J G	Posbus 12	Springs			1560
Webb	Mr & Mrs R A	27 Vere Road	Sandton	Johannesburg		2199
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