

Entrance to the Hill School. The road needs a little care, the buildings were well constructed but need a coat of paint.

HABARI 2003

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

OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK - 2003

JAMBO SANA RUFIKI YOTE

Vanjaar is ons afspraak op Saterdag, 4 Oktober van vroeg tot laat by die piekniekterrein bokant die Amfiteater by die Voortrekker Monument. Ons is nie vreemd daar nie; die terreinbestuur weet van Oos-Afrika se kaburus, veral noudat ons ossewa (van Lessos in Kenia) gerestoureer is en by die Monument staan vir almal om te sien (sien berig elders). Kom kyk self op 4 Oktober. Baie dankie weer aan Estelle Pretorius en Eddie Button vir hulle hulp en bystand.

Toegangsgeld na die piekniekterrein is verhoog na R10 per voertuig - steeds baie billik. U betaal dit by die hoofingang in Eeufesweg.

Alex Boshoff

Ons plaas graag briewe en vertellings. Dit sal u help om te weet dat ons gewoonlik teen Julie elke jaar begin spoed kry met die opstel van Habari. Teen einde Augustus is die nuusbrief al (hopelik) gedruk en in koeverte. Ons pos die briewe laat Augustus vroeg September om almal te kan herinner (of laat weet) waar en wanneer ons vergader. As u betyds wil wees met u brief, stuur dit voor begin Julie aan ons.

Redakteur

'N GROOT DANKIE AAN ONS BORGE:

- Janssen Davies, Hoof Uitvoerende Beampte van Sage Life
- Krige van Heerden [ook van Eldoret].

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Tannie Emma Stow het na Engeland verhuis. Ons sê dankie vir die jare wat sy op die OAVK gedien het, en vir hoe getrou sy jaarliks die In Memoriams deurgegee het.

LETTERS / BRIEWE

27.0.02 My son Leon van Daele of Hill School days lives in Australia. He and his wife are with NCM (New Covenant Ministries

International), which has a vision in building churches all over the world. They work under Dudley Daniels. Leon and Pat will be visiting new churches in Europe, Ukraine, Holland, England, USA for the 9th year this year. They have churches in 60 countries including Hong Kong, Kenya, Uganda etc. They had one in Germany. What a joy for the readers, that many of the pastors are South African - 12 new couples from SA lately!

I live with my sister Amanda Kleynhans in White River. My youngest sister Rita de Beer (wife of our Eldoret Policeman, Willie de Beer) and her husband are still going strong in Durban. One daughter, Roslie, and her husband, Bernard Kleynhans, live in Minneapolis USA.

Could anyone tell me where Hendrina van Rensburg is, Adam's wife? Also Herman Steyn? Telephone no's? Frieda van Daele (from Eldoret Garage)

Box 480, White River,

(Ed. Thanks for the news it would be nice if more people sent news of their whereabouts.)

7.10.2002 Ek was in 2001 jaar vir die eerste keer by 'n saamtrek sedert ek 'n kind was.

Ons het net vir 'n bietjie oor 'n jaar in Randfontein gebly. Toe my ma vir my daar kom kuier her, het ons haar na die saamtrek gevat. Alhoewel ek nie baie mense daar geken het nie, was dit vir ons 'n onvergeetlike dag. (Ek was maar 4jr oud toe my ouers uit Kenya uit weg is, dus veel kan ek nie onthou nie.) Die lekkerste wat ek onthou van die saamkomste was die dans in die aand. My pa is al lankal oorlede, maar hy het my geleer boeremusiek dans. Ek het op sy voete gestaan en dan het hy gedans, en so het ek gou geleer.

My man en ek is nou terug in Natal. My ma is Tina Klopper, Bus 188 Hluhluwe, 3960. Susan Douglas, Bus 42188, Zinkwazi, 4480.

Last year we gave an e-mail address for Peter Ayre, but in the meantime it had changed, and readers had problems contacting him that way. We are pleased to be able to give the new one: PeterJAyre@aol.com Peter wants details of Europeans who settled in East Africa (Kenya especially) before the beginning of World War 2. He needs them for a biographical database. The details include things like dates of birth, death, marriage, first arrival in Kenya, names of wife and children, where resident, occupation, and

any further information of interest regarding their life or career, anecdotes, and so on. His "snailmail" address is Greenham Hall, Greenham, nr. Wellington, Somerset, TA21 0JJ, ENGLAND. Telephone: 01823.672603. Fax 01823.672307.

I e-mailed Peter about the details. I also suggested that he tell us more about himself and about what had sparked his interest in Kenya. He writes:

I spent 6 years in Kenya between 1969 and 1975 working for Barclays Bank all over Kenya. I played rugby for Nondies and Nakuru and golf badly! My wife Caro neé Hogan was born in Kenya, went to Limuru Girls School and lived mostly in Langata. Her parents were Kevin and Ruth Hogan. Kevin was a great golfer and gregarious Irishman. He won the Kenya Amateur Golf Championship in 1954.

My interest in the early pioneers in East Africa was kindled by my business/hobby of buying and selling books on East Africa. I produce a list of books for sale every three months and if any of your readers are interested they have only to e-mail me and I will put them on my mailing list. Having read the unpublished memoirs of one or two of the early settlers I became fascinated with the people who risked everything and went to East Africa for adventure and to make new lives for themselves. They were the unsung men and women who helped to build the country through their hard work and often hard play.

My database of people now contains some 22, 000 records and after your publicity last year I received some very useful information from several of your readers. It is probably true to say that I have not been as diligent as I should have been in following up on this information and replying properly to e-mails. For this I apologize. It has been an extremely busy year for us here. My wife runs a Bed & Breakfast business and I help her and maintain our large ouse. This is no excuse but I am extremely grateful for any little titbits of information - either biographical facts or anecdotal stories - that come my way. Please thank your readers on my behalf.

The information on my database is available to all who are interested and I will gladly help with queries if your readers think I may be able to help. Most of the information I have has been collected from books and also from personal correspondence.

6.9.2002 My ouers was Theo en Koot Fourie van Eldoret. My pappie is 30 Junie 2002 oorlede en my moeder 12 Julie 2002. Dit was vinnig na mekaar, wat dit moeilik maak vir ons 3 kinders om te verwerk. My pa-hulle was 3 broers: oom Martiens; oom Tom en Theo, my pa. Hulle is nou almal oorlede.

My ouma en oupa aan my pa se kant was Sarel en Soy Botha. Tannie Het van Rensburg (Oom Kets) is my pa se tannie wat vir hom en oom Tom (broer) groot gemaak het. Aan my ma se kant was oupa en ouma Hans & Babs Klopper (Oom Faantjie en tant Skat was ouma se suster en swaer). Ons is 3 kinders. Rina; Pattie en Junior die jongste. Ek wil graag meer hoor van my ouers se families.

Rina le Roux (Tel: 011-804 7192)
Youngstie 215, Weavindpark, 0184

I have been making slow progress with the Kilian History - but keeping at it - anyone with info - point me in their direction!

Chris Kilian ckilian@icon.co.za

10.10.2001 Please note my new address.

After Sally's tragic operation in a Johannesburg hospital, where she ended up a paraplegic, we came down here because this complex, known as Golden Pond, has a care center. We are happy here and we do not miss Johannesburg one little bit!

Please give Emma Stow my love. She and her twin brother Boet went to the Primary School in Nairobi together with me.

I had to resign as secretary for the Kenya Regiment Association in the Transvaal when I moved down here.

If you pass through Hilton, please call on us. We are easy to find. I can give you directions if you need them.

Douglas Dewar, 9 Golden Pond, Private Bag X6007, Hilton, 3245

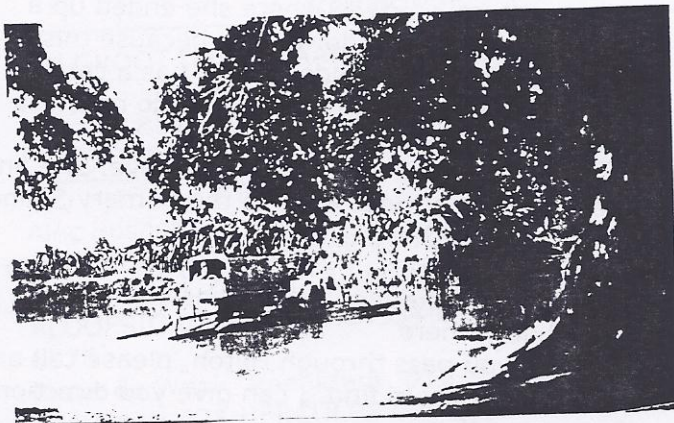
DEUR DIE WOESTYN NA LAMU.

Ek en my broer, Jan, was op die Prince of Wales op skool. Die skoolvakansie van 1954 het ons 'n reis deur die N.F.D. [Northern Frontier District] aangepak met ons bestemming Lamu Eiland. Ons voertuig was 'n ou LHD Chevrolet Fleetline 1948, en ons kamptoerusting was op die rug van 'n ou 3-ton militêre lorrie [ons het toe nog nie gepraat van vragmotors nie] wat my Pa net na die oorlog op 'n militêre vendusie gekoop het.

Ons was tien stuks; ek, Jan, Antjies en my Pa en Ma saam met die familie King met hul drie jong seuns. Dit was 'n hele pakkerasie om al die kamptoeerusting, kos, water en ook ou Bruno, ons kombuis kok, op die lorrie te kry.

Aanvanklik het ons lekker gery, maar deur die droë bosveld van N.F.D. al langs die Tanarivier af, het die ou lorrie ons laat weet, "Jul het nie my ouderdom in ag geneem nie, manne!" Nie lank en hy staan soos 'n steeks donkie. Oupa Kosie het hier gekyk en daar gevoel, en maak toe die distributer se punte skoon en stel die tyd in. Toe is ons weer oppad en telkens as ons stilhou sê Mr King: "She is going like a bomb". Maar nie baie verder nie, toe is dit weer sulke tyd. Seker te vinnig gery oor die ruwe grondpad en die agterwiele se moere breek af. Toe ons dit agterkom, hang die agterwiel aan een moer reg om af te val. En in daardie deel van die wêreld kom daar dalk so een voertuig in 'n maand verby. Ons moes met 'n boereplan die penarie oplos.

Toe was dit 'n geafpak en vir twee dae het ons daar in die veld gekamp. Oupa Kosie het 'n blaasbalk daar in die veld gepraktiseer en het twee goeie bonte uit die gesonde wiel

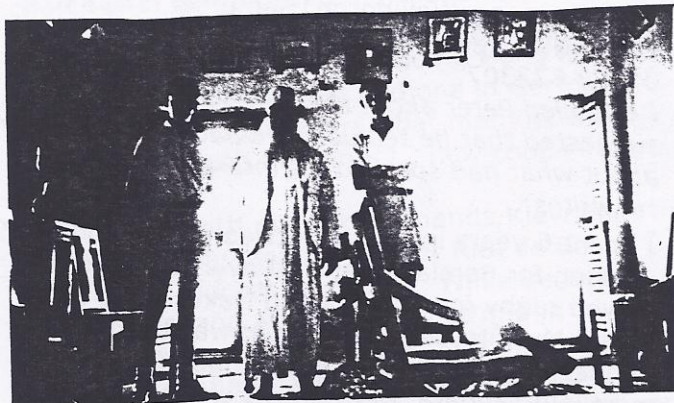


Oor die Tanarivier

geslaan en in die siek wiel in gemoker. Die res van die pad het ons gery met net drie uit die ses moere aan die agterwiel.

Dit was 'n hele proses om oor die Tanarivier te kom. Daar is 'n pont wat met toue oor die rivier getrek word. Net een voertuig op 'n keer. Anderkant die Tanarivier het ons die eerste "beskawing" teen gekom. 'n Kamp met die naam Mlangu ya Simba [Hek van die Leeus] waar 'n paar honderd Mau Mau "terroriste" gehuisves word. Tot ons verbasing was die kamp onder

beheer van Oom Koos van Schoor, 'n ou vriend van Oupa Kosie uit Tanganjika se dae. Hy was die enigste blanke daar.



Ek en Jan in die Arabier se huis

Hy het dadelik van die terroriste uit die kamp laat kom om 'n skaap te slag en te braai. Ons het tot laat die aand gekuier. Die "terries" was baie goeie kokke en somer ook kelners.

By Mokowe langs die see het ons met die Arabiere onderhandel om 'n boot te kry wat ons na Lamu sou neem. Ou Bruno, wat vir die eerste keer in sy lewe die see sien, het net met groot wit oë gesê, "Porini mkubwa sana!" ['n baie groot meer] en toe hy die water proe, "Mbaya sana!" [baie SLEG]

Die boot wat ons toe huur vir die vaart na Lamu, het maar taamlik tuisgemaak gelyk. Ons hele vrag is nogtans op die boot gelaai en daar gaan ons. Die reuk van die haaivet waarmee hulle die boot seël was beslis nie aangenaam nie, veral vir die dames. Maar dit het gewerk want sonder om te veel water in te skeep het ons Lamu bereik.

Op Lamu het ons 'n Arabier se huis met 'n pragtige uitsig op die strand gehuur vir 'n paar sjielings per dag! Die huis het 'n oosterse toilet gehad en daar was baie vlermuise; waarmee ons in vrede geleef het.

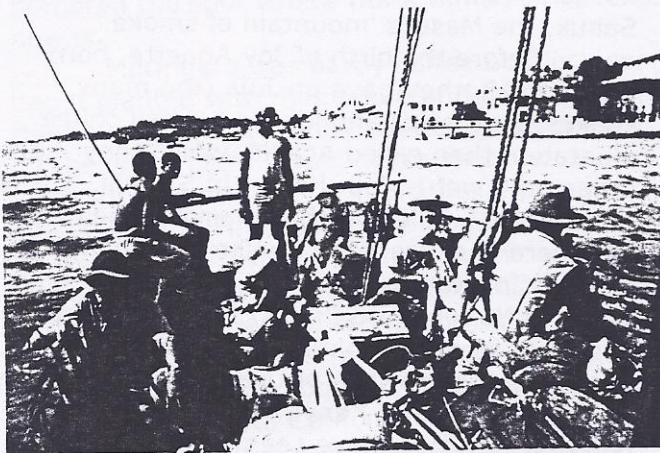
Die volgende dag het Oupa Kosie ons geneem om 'n "courtesy visit" aan die Liwali [goewerneur/burgermeester] van Lamu te bring. In sy groot ontvangskamer is 'n foto van my en Jan saam met die Liwali geneem. In dié deel van die paleis is dames nie toegelaat nie.

Ons het gestap na die paleis deur die smal straatjies, net breed genoeg vir drie mense

om langs mekaar te loop. Lamu se totale vervoerstelsel het in daardie dae uit net 12 hout kruiswaens bestaan. Die rioolstelsel was baie primitief. Hulle het die skottelgoed- en waswater deur die vensters gegooi van die boonste verdiepings, so jy moes wakker loop, altyd reg om te koets.

Nogtans was Lamu lank voordat Kaapstad bestaan het al bekend as die hoofkwartier van die slawehandel na Arabië.

Daar was een aand 'n dans vertoning, maar ons kinders het heel aand in die huis opgekluiser gesit. Die kleredrag [of gebrek daaraan] van die harem meisies was nie vir ons oë beskore nie.



Op die dhow

Van die huis het ons al langs die strand gestap tot by die strandfront waar daar nog verskeie ou kanonne gelê het met hul bekke dreigend na die see gemik. Dit was ook mooi om te kyk hoe die dhows in en uit vaar met hulle driehoekige seile. Baie dhows het op hul sy gelê op die strand, blykbaar vir herstelwerk.

Daar op die stand het ons 'n Arabier omgepraat om ons met sy dhow oor te neem na Manda Eiland. Ons het gehoor van wildsbokke daar en dat niemand weet hoe hul daar gekom het nie. Die dames het nie hiervoor kans gesien nie en op Lamu agtergebly. Ek dink dit was die haaiolie se reuk!

Dit was 'n belewenis om te sien hoe handig die matroos was met sy driehoekige seil in die wind. Toe ons rustig oppad was, krap hy onder 'n plank en kom uit met 'n bottel Tusker bier. Daar sit hy, met een hand op die stuur

hefboom en die bier in die ander hand ewe rustig. Selfs sommige Moslems kan hulle laat beïnvloed deur Westerse degenerasie as die predikant nie naby is nie.

Aangekom op die eiland het ons die hele oggend onder die bosse deur gekruip maar het geen bok gesien nie. Maar aan die anderkant van die eiland, naby die see kom ons op 'n ou murasie af. Die murasie was meestal toegegroe met groot bome waar die vloer vermoedelik was. Dit was duidelik 'n ou Portugese fort. In die luik het daar nog kanonne gelê, die houtwerk weggevrot. Wat my die meeste beïndruk het, was die kanonkoëls, nog steeds netjies gepak in hopies van 14 koeëls elk. Dit was so duidelik 'n stuk geskiedenis wat na honderde jare onaangeraak gebly het dat ons net gekyk en gekyk het. Nie een van ons het eers daaraan gedink om iets weg te vat nie. Dit het bloed en sweet gekos om onder die doringbosse deur te kruip maar dit was beslis die moeite werd.

Vir ons terugreis het ons besluit om die nasionale pad, via Mombase en Nairobi na Eldoret te neem. Ons was bang dat die ou lorrie, wat nog veilig ongesluit onder die boom gestaan het, verder probleme kan gee. Maar dit het klopdisseboom gegaan huistoe.

Toe ons by Nairobi oorstaan, het ons besluit om te gaan fliek en Oupa Kosie besluit om Bruno saam te neem, want hy was nog nooit by die "pictures" nie. Die fliek wat die aand gewys het was "Elephant Boy" - oor die mak olifante wat hulle in Indië gebruik het om boomstompe uit die bosse te kry. In daardie dae was daar nog *de facto* apartheid in die bioskope. Die blankes het in die blok links van die gangetjie gesit en die 'gekleurdes' regs. Oupa Kosie het langs die gangetjie regoor ou Bruno gesit sodat hy kan hoor en sien wat Bruno se reaksie gaan wees. Bruno het hom glad nie teleurgestel nie. Op die punt van sy stoel sit Bruno en hou die doek fyn dop.

Toe die olifante deur die bos kom het Bruno stadig opgestaan en dit het gelyk of hy gaan hol. Die Kikuyu langs hom het hom aan die arm gevat, op die stoel neergetrek en gesê "Keti Baba" [sit, ou pêl]. Maar toe die Bengal tier deur die bos kom was dit die laaste strooi. Ou Bruno is die gang af en uit by die deur. Na die tyd kry ons hom buite nog bleek om die kiewe. "Hoekom het jy weggehol", vra Oupa Kosie in Kiswahili, "dis dan net 'n picture".

"Picture se voet," sê ou Bruno. "Ek het duidelik die water gehoor toe die olifante deur die rivier geplons het."

Vandag se toerismebrosjures sê 'n mens kan nou na Lamu vlieg en in 'n vyfster hotel oorbly om die ou dae te herleef. Tog is daar 'n sy van die ou dae wat die duisende rande wat dit nou kos, nie vir 'n mens kan gee nie.
ALEX BOSHOF

IAN'S FATHER, JOHN LAIDLAW HENDERSON (1890 -1953)

John by birth, he was Jock to all who knew him. Ian and Marie never heard him called by name. He was born at Viewfields, West Port, Haddington, Scotland, on 26.2.1890, to Adam Laidlaw Henderson, born 28.2.1857 (Ian's Grandfather), a baker's foreman, and Helen Davidson, born Hawick on 22.11.1860, a wool mill hand (Ian's Grandmother).

During Britain's Imperial age in Africa, Jock arrived on the Kenya coast on a Dutch steamer in 1912, at the age of 22. He had been sent out to Africa to work for an enterprising firm of Scottish seed merchants, Simpson and Whitelaw, who were starting up in Nairobi. The earliest pioneer settlers had already gone to Kenya, but not many. All who went to open up Sub-Saharan colonial Africa before the First World War were regarded as "pioneer settlers."

With the outbreak of the First World War two years later, in 1914, the white settlers abandoned whatever they were about and mustered to fight the Germans in Tanzania, then Tanganyika (or German East Africa). Jock was a volunteer private with 7 as his regimental number (among the first to enlist) in the East African Mounted Rifles, later to be the East African Regiment. Historians after the war wrote of the EAMR as "no band of tenderfeet" and as being "unmatched in bush warfare," and he was one of the few survivors among the twenty defenders of the British post on Kasigau Hill near Voi which the Germans overran in 1916. His troop then harassed the Germans in the thorny 'nyika' country around Voi and Tsavo, famous for its man-eating lions, before they joined the drive through the 'Taveta Gap' that pushed the Germans out of Kenya and secured the new railway from Mombasa to Nairobi. But he then got blackwater fever from the tsetse flies infesting that thornbush country. Few survived this disease, which caused the victim to urinate

black water, but he was one who did, although 'demobbed' almost an invalid.

Jane Paterson Hutchison, Jean to all, born 3.7.1891, Ian's and Joy's mother, worked through the War as a telegraphist at Scapa Flow before sailing for East Africa to marry Jock as soon as the war ended. She arrived in Nairobi on New Year's Day, 1919 to find Jock thin but slowly recovering. His job as a seed merchant had gone, and he had another on Thika Sisal, forerunner of a huge African sisal enterprise. Jock and Jean were married at St Andrew's Church in Nairobi on 6.1.1919 (marriage entry 3744 of 1919) and started their life together in a house made of sisal poles and thatch at Juja, looking out, as Ian and Marie did from their first house at Kamiti thirty years later, on 01 Doinyo Sabuk, the Masai's 'mountain of smoke.'

Before the birth of Joy Annette, born 12.11.1923, they gave up Juja (too many snakes, Jean said) and leased a small coffee plantation then called Acadie, which they renamed 'Kwetu,' "our home" in Swahili. It was at Kamiti, 15 miles north of Nairobi. They were still there four years later when Ian, their only other child, was born at the Eskotene Nursing Home in Nairobi on 8.3.1927. His birth certificate describes him "as a native of the district of Nairobi in the Province of Ukamba in the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya." To his Scottish parents, this must have seemed a strange description of the origin of their son.

Jock and Jean were the hospitable friends of many, and Kwetu was rarely without houseguests. He was a keen all-round sportsman who won cups or medals for cricket, football and tennis and played for clubs at Thika, Kiambu and Nairobi. He also played soccer for the Caledonian Society of which he was at one time chieftain, and was a member of the team, which won the AFA of British East Africa's Boyes Cup in 1919. He was also President of the Nyeri Club. Freemasonry played a big part in his life and he was once Master of Mount Kenya Lodge at Nyeri and twice Master of Doinyo Sabuk Lodge at Ruiru, and a founder member of both these lodges.

Coffee farming in the early years was a calamity, with coffee at £30 a ton (now £3000), and planters plagued by huge swarms of locusts, army worm, antestia, thrips, mealy bug and long periods of drought. To cap all that, the great world depression of the early 30s was on. In

debt, yet having to borrow more to break out of the cycle, Jock put an Afrikaans caretaker, one Cornelius van de Merwe, on Kwetu and in 1933 moved north to Nyeri. In partnership with a Scottish friend, George Finlayson, he bought on mortgage a smaller farm with virgin forest on three sides and open savannah, the Naromoru plains, on the fourth. The farm was at 5,500 feet and in the saddle between Mount Kenya and the Aberdare Range. Named Muringato after a nearby river, it was a wonderful home in the most beautiful setting. Muringato was the home Ian loved and remembers most, mainly because of the volume and variety of its wild life, which provided him with endless excitement. Muringato included in its boundary the Njengu saltlick and bordered the spot where world famous Tree Tops now is.

Muringato was partly coffee but Jock soon had it planted with pyrethrum and flax. Elephant, rhino and buck constantly needed to be chased off the crops (Jock would never shoot an elephant) but still the farm did well enough to enable George Finlayson to be bought out when he returned to Scotland on retirement in 1938, and debts were gradually paid off. With the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, Jean had to take over the farm while Jock, on Government orders, took over the management of a huge Consolata Catholic Mission farm some miles nearer Nyeri. The Italian owners of the Mission farm had become enemy aliens and been interned.

Jock was also drawn away on numerous long safaris with PWD engineers into the bast and then mostly inaccessible Northern Frontier District (NFD), tasked to chart new tracks which might prove vital to the war effort if the Italians in neighbouring Somaliland and occupied Abyssinia invaded southwards into Kenya. Jean and the children were thus left much on their own. Joy went to the Kenya Girls High School as a boarder, and Ian, who started boarding at five, went to Nairobi Primary and later to Kenton College.

By 1941 Joy was in the WMF and Ian was starting at his last school, the Prince of Wales, first in Kabete where the school was built, then at Naivasha 60 miles further afield where a lake-side banda-type hotel was taken over by the school, a wartime safety precaution. The same year Jock was called on to deputise as Maize and Produce Controller for the country, another

wartime measure designed to ensure that Kenya was able to feed itself.

Sad of heart, the family left Muringato after nine marvellous years and returned to Kwetu, which was near enough to Nairobi for Jock to commute to his new job. Later he took over as Produce Controller and remained such until the war ended in 1945. That year Joy married John (Ding) Bell of the RAF, the marriage service taking place in the garden at Kwetu which was specially consecrated for it.

Also in February 1945, a month before his 18th birthday, Ian joined the Kenya Police, volunteering to go on completion of training to the Moyale-Mandera region of the NFD, the only part of Kenya gazetted as being in the War theatre. But two months after arriving there the war ended and he was re-posted to Nairobi's Central Division while about the same time his father left his wartime Government job to resume running the farm.

Not long after this Jock's heart began to fail. He struggled on at Kwetu until 1948 when poor health drove him and Jean to Port Reitz, Mombasa, being at sea level making breathing easier than at 5000 feet. Fortunately by then he and Jean, and also Joy and her family, had got to know and love Marie. With the farm suddenly without management, and in a year promising a rare, good crop, Ian had to resign from the Police to take it over.

In his last years at the Coast Jock mustered the willpower to revisit Scotland, the second time since he left it for Africa in 1912. He said he had to see the Lammermuirs where he and Jean had been sweethearts. Marie and Ian flew to Britain to join them there for a short time, Ian having a premonition that it would be the last time he would see his father alive. So it was. Jock collapsed and died in Kilindini Harbour on 27.9.1953 while coming ashore in the pilot boat that was bringing in the Holland-Afrika line's "Boschfontein." The excitement of seeing Mombasa again was too much for him.

Like so many other early pioneers he was buried in the old Mbaraki Cemetery at Mombasa. Jean lived on at Nyali until she died of cancer in Mombasa Hospital on 15 July 1960 and was laid to rest beside Jock in the same grave at Mbaraki. She had suffered much from the disease in her final three years and was in and out of hospital several times. On the last occasion Ian drove down the 360 miles from Nairobi overnight at

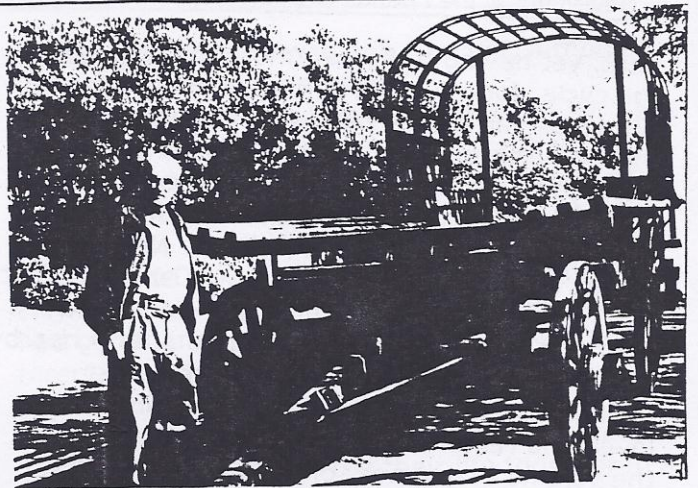
breakneck speed, the doctor having said he might arrive too late to see his mother alive. He was very close to his mother, whom he always called Clumpsty, a nickname that somehow survived after he gave it to her when a small boy at Nyeri. When he reached the hospital on that hot and humid night, and bent over his mother to touch her forehead, she woke in shock and instantly got out of bed and made for the door. She wanted to be taken home. But as suddenly she collapsed into Ian's arms and was lifted back onto her bed, only to pass away as Ian laid her head upon her pillow. Later, to his lasting resentment, he found that the rings she had worn all her life and which he wanted her to be buried with had been stolen from her fingers in the mortuary.

OSSEWA VAN OOS-AFRIKA.

In 1965 het Oom Andries Louw [broer van ds. HOFFIE Louw, jare lank verbonde aan die NG Gemeente, Thomson's Falls in Kenia] my gevra of dit moontlik sou wees om 'n ossewa van Kenia na Suid-Afrika te stuur. Hy het gevoel dat 'n ossewa wat so ver noord in Afrika gevorder het [én die trek terug kon oorleef] 'n besienswaardigheid in SA sou wees. Hy was juis besig om 'n Oos-Afrikavereniging te stig; daar was selfs sprake van 'n Oos-Afrika museum.

Ons het toe nog in Kenia geboer en ek en broer Jan het die versoek as 'n uitdaging aanvaar. Maar ossewaens was teen daardie tyd maar skaars. Uiteindelik het ons 'n Merryweather, nog in uitstekende toestand, opgespoor. Ons het die wa by mnr. J.F. Rousseau [Oom Fritz] gekry en hy het die wa aan ons geskenk vir die doel. Die wa is van die Merryweather maatskappy in Natal na Kenia gestuur vir 'n totale bedrag van 275.00 pond. Ironies kon 'n mens in daardie dae 'n splinternuwe Plymouth motor in Eldoret koop vir 225.00 pond. By die koringboere op die Uasin Gishuplato was 'n Merryweatherwa goud werd. Die eerste plase is toekeken aan boere wat in staat was om met so 'n wa en 16 osse voor die District Commissioner se kantoor te parkeer, en die wa kon 30 sakke koring [3 ton] na die naaste spoorwegstasie vervoer.

Ons het die wa met ons vragmotor gaan haal en plaas toe geneem. Ons het dit uitmekaar gehaal, verpak en van Plateaustasie per trein en boot na Oom Andries Louw in die RSA gestuur.



Die wa het ongeskonde hier aangekom en is deur studente van die Normaal Kollege Pretoria [NKP] aanmekaar gesit. Die wa het lank langs die hoofgebou van NKP gestaan. Daar het ek die wa gesien toe ek in 1968 self na R.S.A. gekom het. Die 'storie' van die wa soos ek dit toe geskryf het was nog teen die kant van die wa vasgeplak. In Kenia moes ons die kaphoutjies op die nok deursaag om dit te kon verpak. Die lasplekke waar die kap weer geheg is is nog duidelik sigbaar waar die wa nou by die Voortrekker Monument staan.

Later jare is daar blykbaar besluit dat die wa óf daar in die pad was óf daar sou vergaan. Dit is toe deur studente na die Voortrekker Monument gesleep waar dit saam met etlike ander waens onder die amfiteater 'gebêre' is.

Dit is verblydend om te sien hoe die wa nou gerestoureer is deur Prof. Eric Holm van UP met die hulp van sy vrou Elsbe [sy doen die verwerk]. Nou kan die oud-Oos-Afrikaners weer daarna gaan kyk. En besoekers aan die Voortrekker Monument kan sien hoe lyk 'n wa wat 6000km in Afrika ingevaar het tot noord van die ewenaar, en weer teruggekom het. Is dit nie dalk 'n rekord vir 'n Merryweatherwa nie?

ALEX BOSHOF [Voorsitter OAVK]

JAN BOSHOF [wat die wa na ons Keniapaas vervoer en verpak het] 14 Junie 2003.

Addresses lost and moved:

Rhena Dry se dogter, Maxine van Zyl, het van Rooihuiskraal na Witrivier verhuis. Haar nuwe posadres is Bus 3882, WITRIVIER 1240. Rhena self is in Nelspruit: Bus 12556 NELSPRUIT 1200 JH Beetge, Bus 1528, Piet Retief 0328; Mev FE Bieri, Seebodem 105, 2576 Luscherl; Switzrlnd TC Craig, Bus 1348, Ladysmith 3370; Mnr & Mev MJ Enslin, Bosbou, Sabie 1260; Ria Hairbottle,

Bus 28130, Sunnyside, Pretoria 0132; Louise Jordaan, Bus 86082, Doornpoort 0017; Robert E Joy, Box 265, Muizenberg, 7950; Georg Kilian, Box 684, Ermelo, 2350; Eileen Kleynhans, 58 Akkerboomstraat, Zwartkop Ext 4, 6210; Mnr & Mev Faan Kruger, Bus 502, Lydenburg 1120; BM (Kotie) Roets, Malita w/s 10, Delmas, 2210; Mnr Jim Steyn, Bus 2301, Klerksdorp 2570; Ralph van Rensburg, Bus 1062, JHB 2130; Peter van Ryneveld, Bus 1045, Vredenburg, 7380; JAA & NE Kleynhans, Bus 8308, Edleen 1625

Herrinerings van Edward Steyn soos vertel aan sy seun Danie

Ek het in Kenia aangekom op 'n boot vanaf Beira in Portugese Oos-Afrika. Ek en Oom Kosie was saam en ons het Nig Bappie and Jan Murphy ook daar gekry. Ek het vir Percy van der We sthuizen ook op die boot ontmoet. Daar was 'n groot oubaas, Hendrik Kok. Ons het van Mombasa almal saam gery. Jan Murphy en Nig Bappie het op Nairobi afgeklim en ek en oom Kosie het tot op Plateau stasie gery. Die Koks het tot op Eldoret gery. Die trein het toe al tot amper in Uganda gery maar die sylyn na Kitale was nog nie gebou nie. Die Turbo lyn was toe al tot op Bongoma in Kitosh. Die Kerk op Eldoret was toe ook al gebou. Die gallery was nog nie daar nie maar hulle het hom reeds beplan. Toe ek koster was het ons die gallery gebou.

In die tyd het ek óf by Jan le Roux gebly op Plateau óf by ds Loubser op Eldoret, hang af waar ek gewerk het met die dorsmasjiene. Ek het my eie osse gehaad en paaie gemaak so kon ek subkontrakte kry as hulle paaie bou. Daar was net spore tussen die muurshope. Dit was verskriklike muurshope. Ek het vooruit gegaan en die pad oop geploeg.

Ons het in 1926 in die Trans Nzoia gedors (Rex Kirk het die masjiene voorsien) en in die tweede jaar ook in die Uashin Gishu. Ons het begin in Verbrandebos by ene Kohling. Ons het daardeur gewerk tot in die vlakte. Dit was stilstaan dorsmasjiene, met stoom aangedryf maar met osse getrek tot by die staanplek. Om die masjiene deur die berge te kry, was moeilik. Die koring is met die hand gesny en gerwe gemaak of deur 'n binder gesny.

Ek het ook gehelp met die afrigting van die leerlinge op die skool op Broederstroom. Die skool is gebou deur Wolfie Wolmarans en ander wat daar gehelp het.

Die saal op Plateau het ons gebou. Dit was

'n Shell stoor (Godown) op Turbo was ons afgebreek het en na Plateau op waens vervoer het tot op Plateau. Om geld te kry het ons 'n toneel opgevoer "Die drie van der Walts" Daar was so 15 of 20 van die Jongeliede vereeniging. Ons het dit op Plateau, Eldoret en Kitale opgevoer, ook op Ol Kalou en Rumeruti. Op die toer na Kitale kry ons laat die nag 'n groot kameelperd in die pad. Wolfie bestuur en hy kom tot stilstand net voor die kameelperd. Van skrik is die kameelperd toe bo-oor die motor. Ons het so £130 vir die grond betaal was ons van Freek van Niekerk gekoop het, so 100 akker. Ons kon nie kleiner kry nie. Die bou werk het in ds Dednam se tyd begin. Die toneelvereniging het al die geld bymekaar gekry en die feeskommissie het £10 gegee. Oom Wolfie was die leier wat alles gelei het. Hy was 'n Hervormer en die ander in die Jongeliede Vereniging was NG. Toe die gebou opgerig was, was dit 'n probleem oor wat ons daarin mag doen. Die een kant het gesê dat dit net vir "Dingaansdag" gehou moet word. Toe 'n troue daar gereël word, was dit groot rusie.

Dit is daar gebou oor die Broederstroom skool naby was - die enigste saal in Eldoret.

Ek het op Sirikwa geboer saam met Jan Murphy en Archie Dry. Toe ons moes ploeg, moes Jan Murphy nog transport ry. Hy het 2 bokwaens gehad waarmee hy gery het. Tussen ons het ons anderhalf span osse gehad. Toe ons amper klaar was, kry Archie Draai blackwater fever. Ek het 'n motorbike gehaad, hy het 'n motor gehad en neef Jan niks. Neef Archie se moter se voorwiel was stukkend (die motors het nog hout speke gehad). Ons kon hom toe nie dokter toe neem nie dus is ek die veld daarin en die wortels van die wildedruif gaan soek. Stamp dit toe stukkend in 'n paraffin blik en kook dit en laat hom dit drink. Toe gaan haal ek stukke hout om die wiele reg te maak. Tussen 2 en 3 die more is ek toe reg om te ry. Ons kry vir dr Swanepoel wat toe reg maak om saam met ons te ry. Ek maak toe al die dinge in die dorp reg en toe is ek uit plaas toe. Halfpad kry ek hulle alweer op pad terug. Hy vra toe waar het ek van die wortels geleer, toe vertel ek hom ek het dit by die Portugese en die swartes geleer toe ek op die pad landmeting saam met die surveyors' gedoen het. Toe vertel hy my dat hy dit ook baie gedoen het. Die middag is hy weer terug om Archie te haal toe hy beter is. Hy was vir 6 maande siek.

Net voor ons koring begin saai, word ek siek en nig Bappie vat my dokter toe. Toe ek op pad uit was, kry ek berig dat Jan toe siek is. Dr Fouche gee ons toe Plasquin om vir hom te gee

Ter Nagedagtenis aan Tant Martie Steyn

Tannie Martie is op 2 Julie 2003 in die ouderdom van 87 jaar in die Rusoord Ouethuis, Warmbad, oorlede. Die begrafnis is deur Ds Piet Grobler waargeneem.

Sy is gebore op 3 September 1915 in Kitale in 'n ossewa. Oupa Olof Vorster het opgetree as "vroedvrou". Sy is in 1946 met Phlippie Steyn getroud. Tannie Martie en Oom Phlippie het mekaar reeds in 1936 ontmoet waarna hy weer terug Rhodesia toe is. Hulle het 10 jaar getrou vir mekaar gewag tot hy hom permanent in Kenia gaan vestig het. Hulle het op Sergoitskop, Eldoret, geboer tot in 1964, toe die Steyn familie Suid Afrika toe getrek het. Tannie Martie was in Eldoret bekend vir haar roosboerdery, sy het ook onderandere Tip Tops in Eldoret gereeld van rose voorsien.

In Warmbad was sy ook bekend vir haar gebak, vrugtekoeke en konfyte. Tannie Martie laat 5 kinders 8 kleinkinders en 3 agterkleinkinders na. Vir ons kinders sal die leemte altyd daar wees, want sy was 'n bron van liefde, raad en onderskraging.

Johannes

MASAI MARA 2002

We had the privilege of visiting the Masai Mara, Kenya, in October 2002 to see the tail end of the wildebeest migration.

From Nairobi International Airport our Kombi whisked us off to the Norfolk Hotel past the giant fever trees with their resident Marabou storks on the centre island of Uhuru highway. The Norfolk, Nairobi's oldest hotel is in magnificent condition with beautiful gardens - five star!

We immediately rushed off to Giraffe Manor to view and feed the rare endangered Rothschild's giraffe. They are beautifully marked in clear chocolate brown patches separated by clear white lines. There was a heard of them at Soy in the old days.

From there we visited Karen Blixen's house in the suburb of Karen, named in her honour. The house was built around 1904 on a 6 000 acre farm at the foot of the Ngong Hills, west

of Nairobi. The house is a fully furnished museum with original furniture and books. One can also explore the typical Kenya highlands garden. Karen Blixen lived in the house from 1914 to 1931, farming coffee. She returned to Denmark where she wrote her famous books "Out of Africa" and "Shadows on the Grass", about her life in Kenya, after a fire destroyed the coffee processing plant, causing the bank to repossess the farm.

We went across the city in a raging thunderstorm to the Kabete area to visit the Prince of Wales School (now called Nairobi School) passing the turn off to Duke of York School and the racecourse. The Prince of Wales grounds are as I remembered them - well-kept with the rugby fields on the right and the cricket-pitch on the left of the road surrounded by huge shade trees. The school buildings, the quad, the chapel and the boarding houses are in good condition and full of busy students.

Next morning we set off for Wilson Airport to catch our 50-minute flight to Masai Mara. What a magnificent sight from the air, first the mountains and Rift Valley and then the plains. Some of Masailand close to the hills is now under wheat.

At Kichwa Tembo airstrip we were surrounded by wildebeest and zebra. In our open Land Rover we set off for our camp, situated in a heavily wooded glade on the northwestern boundary of the Masai Mara reserve at the foot of the Olololo escarpment (zigzag in Maa, the Masai language).

Mara means, "spotted" in Maa. One can immediately understand why - the plains are dotted with thorn and desert date trees, which are beautifully shaped with a large flat crown.

Our home for the next few days was the new Bateleur Camp adjacent to Kichwa Tembo Camp (elephants head).

Bateleur is a luxury-tented camp consisting of nine exquisitely decorated tents with bedroom, bathroom and a deck overlooking the plains. There is a separate dining and lounge tent where in the evenings the residents swap experiences of the day. We were particularly impressed with the meals prepared by George, the resident chef.

The décor throughout the camp is in typical 1930 East African Safari style, sweeping one's imagination back to the well documented

days of the early pioneers, Karen Blixen, Denys Fynch-Hatton and Ernest Hemingway on safari.

We spent our days driving around the Masai Mara where in the 1960's, my family hunted and fished with Oom Louw Snyman, Japie Taljaard, Oom Harry Rust, Oom Gert Klopper and Boet Dannhauser. What wonderful memories and photos I have of those days.

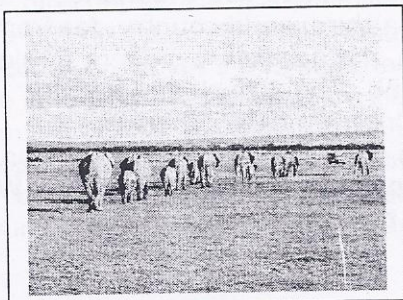
There we were lucky to catch the tail end of the migration, which was returning clockwise south to the Serengeti in Tanzania. We saw 800 000 to 1 million wildebeest, 200 000 to 300 000 zebra (according to the game dept estimates). One cannot describe the site of so many animals on the plains it is awesome! We were excited to photograph the special animals of the area - topi, kongoni, Thomson's gazelles, Grant's gazelles, Defassa waterbuck (no white ring, full white bottom), eland, lion, leopard, cheetah, black rhino, buffalo, hippo, impala (longer horns than in SA), white-bearded wildebeest, copper tail and blue monkeys, many vultures and the full range of East African birds, including Ross's Lourie.

One afternoon we drove to a Masai village and at R70 each were welcomed inside the Manyatta. The women sang and danced; the men showed us their spears, runigus, and beadwork. I bought the headman's rungu. A rainstorm forced us inside the Masai houses and we sat next to the fires where we talked Swahili and English about the Masai way of life. We got on well with the Masai and we were honoured by being given Masai names - mine is Ole Sidai and my wife Linda's is Naserian.

All too soon we flew back to Nairobi and caught the SAA flight to Johannesburg the same afternoon. I could not believe the contrast after we had woken at 4h30 on the Masai Mara, took a drive to the river, watched a huge herd of wildebeest hesitating to cross the river then caught two flights and were comfortably watching the news that evening at home in Johannesburg!

What an adventure, I recommend it to anybody who gets the opportunity.

Jannsen Davies



Oorlede - Deceased

Rhena Dry gee besonderhede deur van 5 familieleden wat oorlede is. Rhena sê al hierdie mense was van Kenia af en het in Thomson's Valle omgewing gebly.

Peter McHaffie: 20 Junie 2000 (43 jr)

DeWet Dry: 23 November 2000 (64 jr)

Nando Dry: 29 Augustus 2001 (82 jaar)

Gerhard Dry: 8 Desember 2001 (36 jr)

Nettie Dry: 25 Februarie 2002 (96 jaar)

Rina du Plooy, 54 jaar, aan hart versaking op 8 Augustus 2002. Dogter van Wolfie Wolmarans.

Sy het in Postmansburg gebly.

Poppy Joubert, 6 Mei 2002. (Kontakpersoon Joubert 013-7642020.)

Pop de Meyer wife of Coert de Meyer, 4 September 2002.

Margaret Bayley, August 2001. Andries van der Merwe, Margaret's brother, 4 January 2001.

Tant Maria Roets vrou van Oom Willem Roets van Eldoret.

Nols Kruger.

Lood Bothma, Pietersburg

Hester Wirtz.

Davelina Stephenson (Malan) Gebore 27 November 1905, oorlede 13 Julie 2002

Buks de Bruin van Barberton, Julie 2002

Martie Hoffman (nee de Bruin), Mei 2002

Magriet Odendaal, November 2000

Willhelm Holthauzen van Witbank. Hy was 85.

Ena du Toit (van Heerden) op 24/6/2002 (74)

Frik Mira Daniels

Anna Kruger (Nan)

Kenya 9 to 12 December 2002

The anticipation of meeting up with family that you last saw 40 years ago was a great adventure. I landed in Nairobi at the Jomo Kenyatta airport. Steve, the agent's representative, and the driver, Martin, were there to meet me. I have often stood at the airport with a board to meet people in Jo'burg, now I was being met. To see my own name brought a relieved smile to my face: I was not lost in a 'foreign' country. Someone knew me.

The road to Swara lodge took us on a narrow road through the industrial section of Nairobi and past the Nairobi National Park. Thank goodness I did not have to drive, the road and the traffic would daunt the most daring driver. Swara lodge is on the West side of the park. The drive up to the lodge was tarred many years ago, now it is safer to take to the grass on the side and avoid the potholes.

Ook Oorlede - Also Deceased:

11

Alfonso Smith

Quintin Bessler

Thea Fourie

Martin Nel

"Mevrou Buys"



One of the hostels, block 2 the Eastern block, photographed from the southern side.
Hill School

I was on my way to Aunt Winona, Chuck and Katrina, all three from Canada. Aunt Winona (87) is my aunt. Chuch is her son and and Chuck and Katrina her granddaughter.

Meeting with Chuck after 40 years (he was 9 when last I saw him) was so wonderful. His size made me feel small; he must have felt the same 40 years ago. Aunt Winona is still "the survivor" - even after a stroke she walks and was looking forward to seeing the old route. I think Katrina was a little overwhelmed and unsure how to react to this strange family. We had dinner at "The Carnivore", designed for those that thrive on meat: all the exotic meats that you can imagine are there. We had no difficulty in picking up the conversation, there was lots of news to catch up. Up at 5:00, we caught our plane to Eldoret at 7:00. Flamingo Airlines gave us a small plane and a rattle-and-shake trip of 45 minutes. But we were well looked after and the trip was pleasant. With a window seat I could see the pattern of the land use, all small little patches of subsistence farming. Longonot crater was clearly visible, and the lakes of the Rift Valley. Eldoret airport is reported to be the most sophisticated in Kenya; the latest addition to its infrastructure, but on the schedules I saw only 2 arrivals and departures each day. This reminded me of when they built the railway line. Nobody knew where it was going and whom it was to serve, yet, without it Kenya's development would have taken much longer.

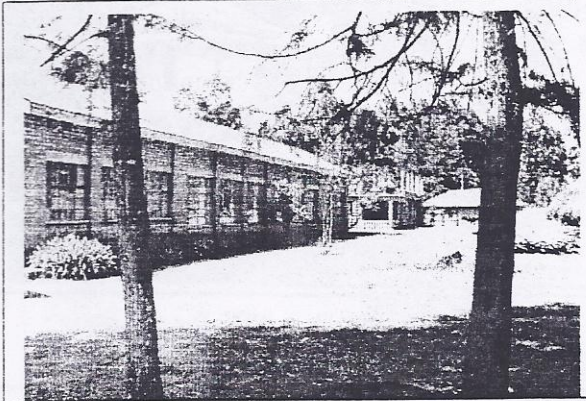
The surprise came when our "taxi" met us. Western Kenya is not a tourist destination. It does not flaunt tourist paraphernalia such as minibuses. So, if you want the true African

experience you will find it here. The taxi, a Peugeot 504, was our first real African experience. It looked as if it had been doing service for 40 years - actually he said it was only 8 years old. It was cream-coloured with dents to pay testimony to its hard life and doors that had to be lifted into place when the passengers were inside. It had a third row of seats to take more passengers. 3 people arrived, the driver and his cousin, as we found out later, accompanied by the hotel manager. That meant that 7 of us had to fit in. Now is that not an African experience? In Africa transport must be overloaded. The baggage had to fit in the back with the spare wheel. Thank goodness that Chuck had thought of bringing a bungee cable - it kept Aunt Winona's walker on the roof. Chuck and Katrina were in the back seat; he could not sit up straight, so a headache was inevitable. To Katrina the lack of seatbelts was the biggest shock; Chuck was not sure where we were going to land for the night if this was our transport. But because I often see it in South Africa (now I had to travel in it) it was not such a big challenge.

The Somalis were holding peace talks there since September. It was December now, and they were likely to go on until April. All expenses - even medical ones - were paid by the UN or the World Bank. There was no hurry.

First we had to find a forex office, as we had foolishly not done the necessary at the airport in Nairobi. (I always advise my clients to change money at the airport and now I had forgotten to do so.) This event was an experience like most events in Africa. The forex office was situated in Wall Street and is known as Wall Street exchange. Though I, from South Africa, know all about security, this was unique to me. I felt as if we were entering some high security military premises. The guard had a Nazi helmet on with a metal shield over his left arm and a truncheon the length of a good size club and a look on his face that said, "Don't mess with me". The charming young Indian lady behind the counter helped us. I found it amazing that in a third world country, far from the tourist route, the necessary modern foreign exchange could be done. Chuck and Katrina went to find an Internet café. There are 3 Internet cafes in Eldoret and they used the one in the same shopping complex as the forex. We later discovered that there was one in every

village that we passed through. Having communicated with family at home, we set off down memory lane. I sent SMS's.



The Reformed Church of Africa previously the Afrikaans Reformed Church. It has been extended and there are additions at the far end

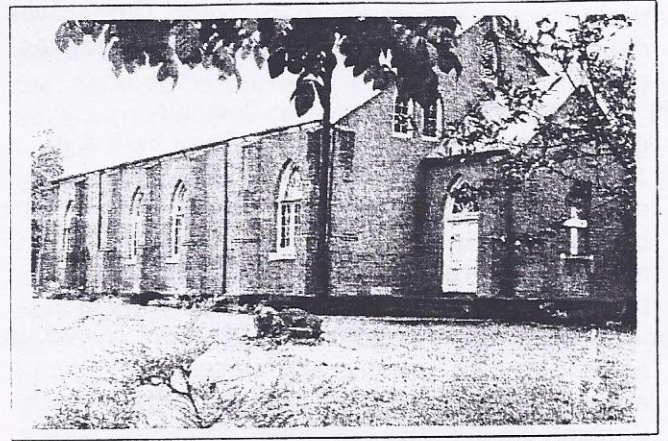
The easiest plan was to find obvious landmarks and then work from there. We found the Hill School where my brother and sister went to school. All much the same but in need of maintenance. Across from there was the Reformed Church in Africa conference center. We knew it as "Die Gereformeerde Kerk", big developments and lots of building going on. The original Church has been enlarged considerably. To find Gran's house we needed to find the NG Church. I took a direction from memory and yes, we landed just next to the manse. It, too, was in need of repair, but the structure was still good. I had hoped to meet the present owner. A new development was a road and a hedge between the church and the manse. This confused me, but I found the church through the hedge. This area where the road is was the camping area for the quarterly "Nagmaal". The entrance was on the northeastern corner. The building is still in good repair but the bricks are showing their years of exposure. With a new blue roof it nearly put me off. The organ does not work but some drums replace its task.

Gran's house was north of the church in the direction of the Sosiani River. We found the site but no house. The neighbour's house, either Peacock or Glover's was still there. The owner of the land now lives in what we believe was Elly Glover's house. His father bought most of the properties in Ortleppville and now there are several little workshops and shacks. I would define it as a squatter camp. Aunt Winona saw

what she could from the car - the roads and paths are so badly eroded that she could not use her walker to get around. Here we had our first wheel change. This became a regular exercise, so much so that they stripped the wheel nuts and we were running on 2 bolts per wheel for the next 2 days.

Our guides and driver suggested that we lunch at the Sirikwa across from the Wagon hotel. They did not seem to trust the restaurants. The Sirikwa - the best hotel in town - was where we were scheduled to stay for 2 nights anyway, but all hotels in Eldoret were full of Somalis. The War Lords plus entourages filled all the hotels, so it was fortunate that we got there at 14:00 when most of the guests finished. The food was fine but you needed extra sharp teeth to chew the meat.

Because of the full hotels we had to go out to Webuye, 2 hours west from Eldoret on the Uganda road, for accommodation.



The Church with the blue roof. Still in good repair.

Before leaving we went to look for the cemetery. We found one but could not find Grandma's grave. I think we were in the wrong one, but there was no complete map of Eldoret available and we still had a 2 hour drive to Webuye. By this time Katrina was in total culture shock. Aunt Winona just went along. Nothing seemed to tire her, she always smiled. Chuck has a knack for relishing every moment; he agreed that we go to find the place where we were to stay the next 2 nights.

The hotel was on the way to Uganda. The road was tarred, but heavy traffic made it difficult to stay on it. Down and uphill the road had ripples from the heavy transport breaking

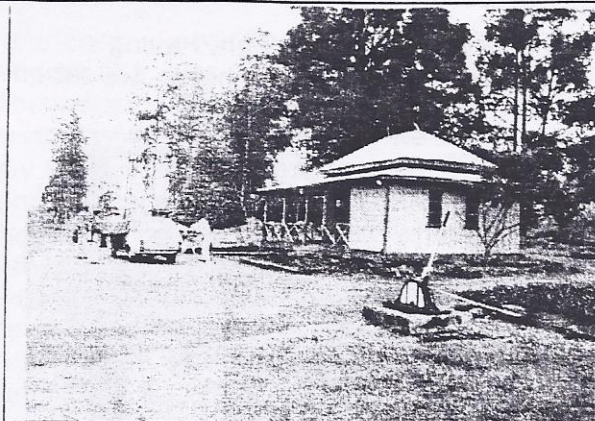
and putting pressure on the road. Potholes - some very big - were the norm. We passed Turbo, Kipkarren, and other little towns - each with its Internet café in a shack.

Our hotel, the Park Villa in Webuye, was the best place available outside Eldoret. We had passed several little "hotels" along the way. Our fear was that we were destined for one of them; they were the HIV/Aids distributors on the Uganda-Mombasa route. Not designed for the comfort of tourists.

The town Webuye is bigger than the other villages and looks flourishing in African terms. Our hotel was good, comfortable, with hot water and clean linen - an incredible relief. It is owned by a Nairobi businessman who comes from this area. He wanted to do something for the area and so he built a hotel, which makes good business sense. Its main source of income is conferences and courses for the locals. There was a course for nurses when we were there - they were training them to handle post abortion stress. Dinner was deep fried tilapia or tough beef. The tilapia was good.

Next day we went to find our grandparents' house in Turbo. They built it in 1907 when they arrived in Kenya. I had a surveyor's map of the area with the farm numbers but that was useless as no one knew the farm number, and none of the locals knew that the farms had numbers.

Though Aunt Winona often got mixed up about dates and people and places, she gave enough info and we found a gate to the "Youth Centre". At the gate we were confronted with a soldier who first went to ask for permission for us to enter. We had to signed the book, park the car and enter the Commandant's office for the security interrogation. Each was asked why he wanted to enter the premises. Notes were made while Chuck explained the purpose of our visit. We relished every moment of a scene one often sees on films of banana republic despots - big chief looking very serious, controlling the situation. After a while he relaxed. He said "no photos", then he had to see Mama in the car, and we were given permission to explore under escort of three security officers. First they showed us two graves. From all descriptions they were the graves of Engela who died age 2 on 8 April 1922, Aunt Winona and my mom's sister, and Granddad Hennie Wessels who died of blackwater fever on 8 April 1928.



Turbo station as it was built in 1915? The corrugated building. The signal system still the original.

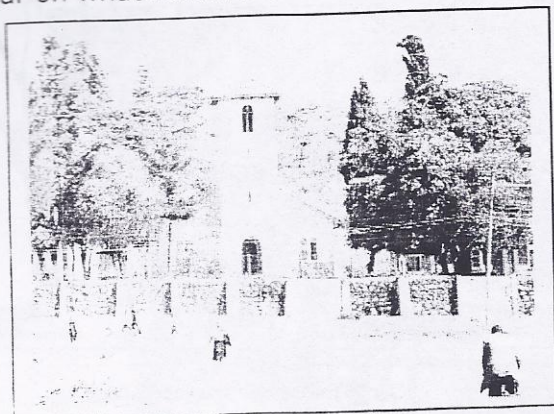
We were then escorted to the house, which was serving as the officer's mess. This must have been our grandparent's house. The stream, the ride up from the station, the plateau on the hill, the graves of Engela her sister and Grandpa Hennie - all fitted my aunt's description. Not far from the house are the main offices of the center with the commandant's office. One section looks like a church. We do not yet know why.

Turbo station is still the original station built between 1925 and 1927, when they branched the railway from Nakuru to Eldoret and then on to Uganda. The railway, started in 1895, reached Kisumu (Port Florence) in 1901. The system used at the time was the British van Schoor. It is still intact. When it works it is still one of the best and simplest. The signboard announcing that you are now in Turbo Station, 1808.99 ? ? ? M, is still there, but begging for a coat of paint. The original station houses, the warehouse across the rail from the station are all there on the route to Uganda. I think this is the pattern on all stations.

We decided to lunch at the "Soy Club" and from there to go on to my dad's farm at "Patatadraai". The lunch was fine but when we took what the road to Eldoret via our farm we found only tracks with lots of stones and decided that the the "road" and an 8 year old Peugeot would not go together very well so we decided to return to our hotel and go to the farm the next day via the road from Eldoret.

We had time to do more exploring. Back to Eldoret and then to find the road to Soy. It was easy to find as I clearly remember the route. On the way out there was the Hervormde

Church and the local abattoir still as it was 40 years ago. As you drive up the road north, at the end is this beautiful church tower, the road turning left at its base on the way to Soy. What used to take 15 to 20 minutes drive took us an hour on what remains of the road.



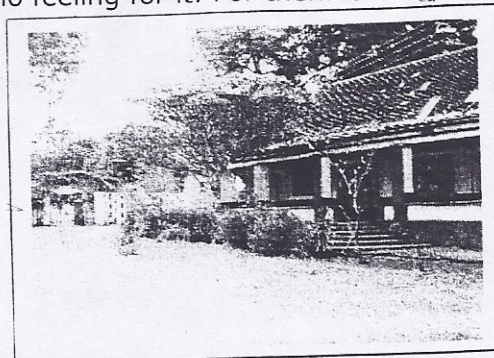
The Presbyterian Church on the road out to Soy via Patatadraai. It was the "Hervormede" Church. Just in front of it on the left is the Coco cola factory.



The abattoir next to the church is still the same building with the Marbou storks at the back and lots of people to buy meat.

At the entrance to the farm is a sign to say there is a primary school there now. And there it all was as we left it 40 years ago to the day, 12 December 1962. Dad had built well and there are only the usual signs of wear and tear. The sitting room is the office for the primary school across the road. Our kitchen table is sprawled across the center of the room looking very sad. The strong legs are still fine but the top somewhat worse for wear. The chairs, looking terrible, are all tossed across the room in what I can only call a careless fashion. Some of the

windows are broken. From the youngsters that turned up to see the 'wazungu', we learned that teachers live in the other rooms - I assume these are their quarters. accommodation. The house was to me an empty shell and the people have no feeling for it. For them it is a just roof.

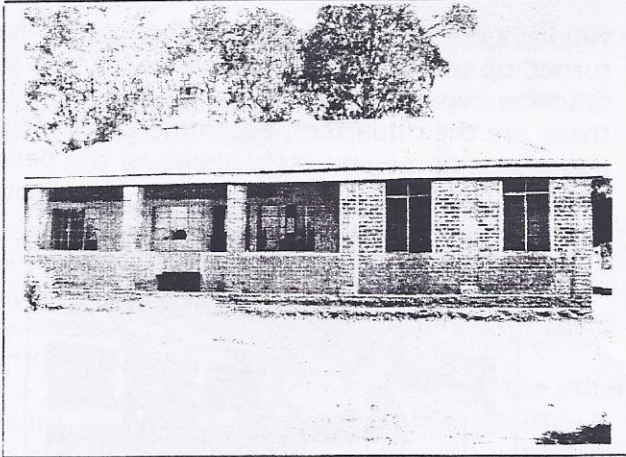


The Soy Club

Next stop Eldoret to do the usual Internet and communicate our whereabouts to the family at home. We decided to lunch at the airport. Our plane was due to leave at 18:30 but we would feel safer to be there by 15:00 - we were never sure with the kind of car we were travelling in. It would not do to miss the plane, that would really upset our plans.

At the airport we met a girl from the Catholic Church Peace Corps, whose job was to do voter training in some remote areas, so she was pleased to have some conversation. She said that the people kill each other at an average of about 5 a day in Kavirondo and the northern districts of Kenya. These killings are so frequent it does not even merit note in the local papers. After forty years of Independence voter education they still fight rather than vote when there is a difference of opinion.

Martin in Nairobi met us with the Landcruiser. It was like a limousine, lots of space and no fear of breaking down - sheer luxury. On to Swara lodge for the night and early next morning we left for Amboseli. Along the way we saw Masailand and thorn trees and manyatas along the way. It was a very special visit. We saw what we believe to be between 800 and 1000 elephants with Kiliminjaro as background. Amazing! Lions, buffalo and the great open plains. It was something I cannot describe, an experience one has to experience first hand to realize the greatness of it all.



The house as we remember it

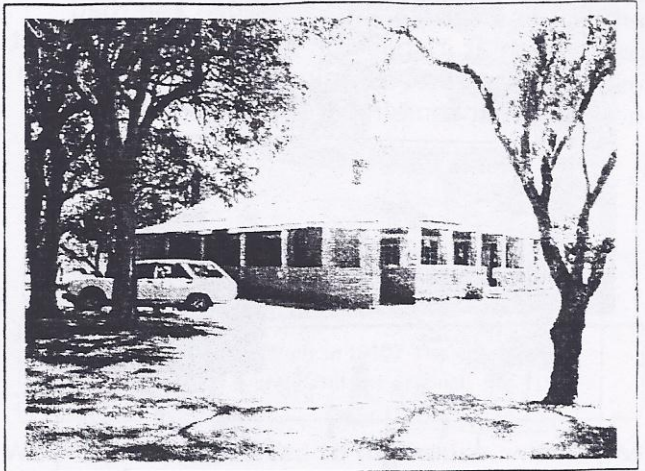
Next morning, after a game drive through the park we reached the border at Namanga. Total chaos, but we got through with the minimum of paper work - Martin knows his way round. Borders in Africa are merely displays of power of the politicians; "this area is mine, and don't you forget it". Other than that it perhaps serves to keep some people employed. On to Arusha where I took the shuttle back to Nairobi to catch the 20:00 flight to South Africa. It was a 20 seater, not the popular "matatu". And what is more, it was not overloaded. Back through the border and the chaos.

All in all, I think maybe many of us should change our evaluation systems of Africa. For the most part the African value system is not Western. The economy is a subsistence economy and the people seem inherently happy. There are small industries with survival incomes, many not on Western standards but comfortable with a shamba and a house made from the supply of the eco system. Such a house does not need maintenance, and when used up it goes back to its original state. The Europeans came and introduced materials that need maintenance, which is strange to most people in Kenya, and so you have a mess. At times it looks as if there could be progress but in European terms it does not seem good.

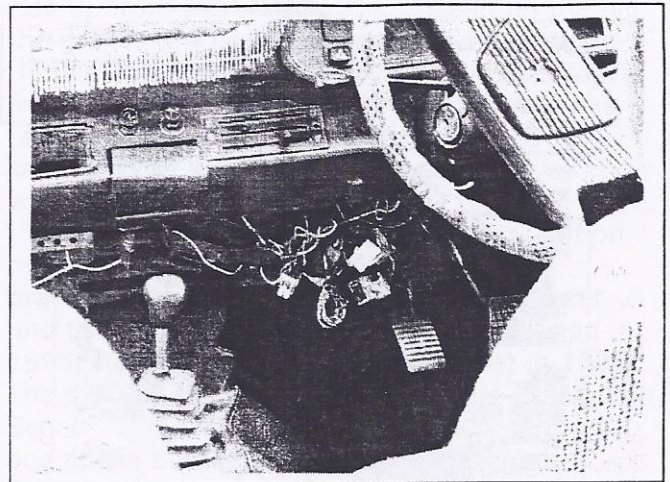
In the end the emotions of my adventure hit me when I was back. I struggle to define what I felt and why I felt it. I was not disappointed, for I had a realistic expectation of much of what I saw, but the past had made me heartbroken. I suppose I longed, as is natural, for all those people and things in the past that had left me with so many good memories.

Danie Steyn

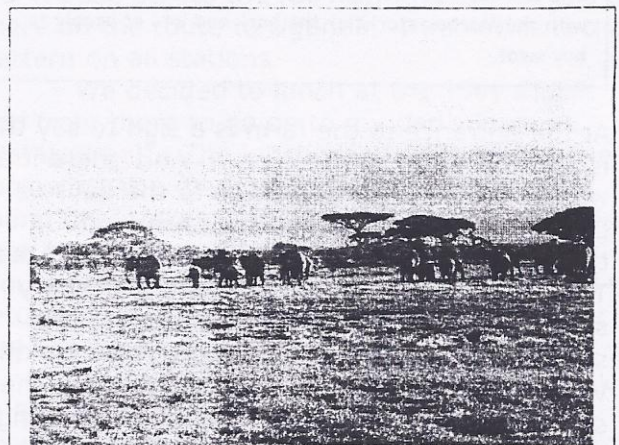
(Try asking Danie to e-mail the photo's!- Ed.)



Our "Taxi" under the jacarandas



Our 'Taxi' It certainly has an array of wires to display under the dashboard, it kept going. Only flat tyres.



Elephants and more elephants with Kiliminjaro in the background.