

Habari 2006

Newsletter of the Friends of East Africa

Nuusbrief van die Oos-Afrika Vriendekomitee

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The Turbo Kipkarren Hills
Photograph sent by Dave Lichtenstein

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OOS-AFRIKA SAAMTREK 2006

JAMBO SANA RUFIKI YOTE. Ons val sommer weg deur dankie te sê aan Hennie Coetzee. Hy behartig die terreinbesprekings by die Voortrekker Monument en het gesorg dat ons weer die piekniekterrein kan betrek op Saterdag 7 Oktober 2006. Om toekomstige probleme te voorkom, het ek ook sommer gevra dat hy die Oos-Afrika Saamtrek in sy besprekingsboek inskryf vir die volgende 100 jaar. Oor slegs 60 jaar kan ons al die eerste eeu van ons Saamtrekke vier!

Intussen gaan ons weer lekker saam kuier op 7 Oktober onder die Kareebome by die Monument. Dan ruil ons stories uit oor die verlede en oor die hede.

Ons het laasjaar gepraat oor die moontlikheid om stories uit Oos-Afrika wat reeds in Habari verskyn het en wat nog vertel moet word te orden en redigeer met die oog op publikasie. Dan Steyn, Danie se neef, het tussen al sy ander verpligtinge die taak by die horings gepak, en reeds met 'n paar stories gekom wat die potensiaal het om vir Herman Charles Bosman te onttroon. Dankie Dan en sterkte aan jou.

'n Baie groot dankie ook weer aan ons staatmakers, Danie en Eddie, vir die 2006 Habari wat weer in ons hande is. Die dik lêer vol Habaris wat hulle saamgestel het, en wat ons kan deurblaai vir aangename herinneringe of raadpleeg vir geskiedkundige navorsing, is 'n monument wat hulle vir hulleself en vir ons gebou het.

Laaste, maar beslis nie die minste nie, is ons baie groot dankie aan Janssen Davies van Sage Life vir sy morele ondersteuning en materiële hulp, wat ons die laaste paar jaar gedra het en ook vir die voorsienbare toekoms sorg.

Ons gesels weer by die Monument.

Alex Boshoff



Dit sal dalk die persone help wat die wa nog nie hier by die Voortrekker Monument geïdentifiseer het nie.



From Peter Carson
thru Janssen Davies

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*Greetings friends,
John Carson was in Peter's class at the Hill School and at the Prince of Wales with him. We used to have him for holidays and weekends on the farm and he has remembered many details, as you will see. He recently visited Kenya with his son and asked us the exact location of our farm so that he could visit it again. Here is his story. I hope you enjoy it. Regards,
Janssen.*

Dear Peter and Janssen,
Very many thanks for your emails, it was really good to hear from you both. My son, David and I, had a very enjoyable time during our trip to Kenya. However, I shall start with the bad news first. Unfortunately we did not get to see your farm, although we were very close to where it was situated.

We took an internal flight from Nairobi to Eldoret, as the road conditions – in particular between Nakuru and Timboroa – were not good. We were fortunate to get a flight at all because these particular internal flights are booked up well in advance. A cancellation for two seats became available at the last minute and we were also able to secure a return flight.

The flight time was one hour (by road it would have taken us the best part of a day) We had not really allowed ourselves enough time for our stay in Kenya (six days only), so you can see why time was important to us! On our arrival at Eldoret, we took a Taxi and went directly to see the Hill School. Unfortunately the weather was dull and raining and this did not help the quality of any photographs we took. There was nobody about except for a few African security "askaris" and they were intrigued to learn that I had been there almost fifty years ago and could find my way about the place so well. I pointed out to them the old Std. 7B classroom where we were

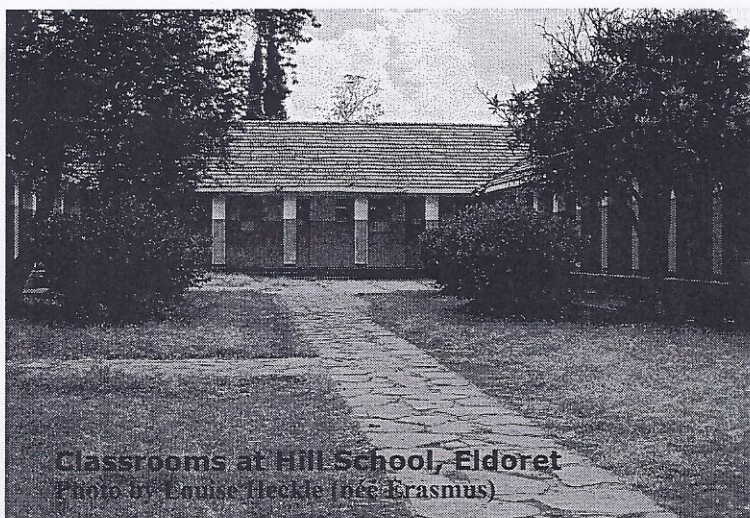
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and I could picture some of our fellow pupils and where they sat. Maggie Kleynhans, Susan Potgeiter, Pat Coggins, Margaret Cox, Helena Van Rensberg, Fiorella Grania, Shelia Parker, Fenice Taberer, Marguerite Stephenson, Veronica Evans, Garth "Hog" O'Dell, Koos Viljoen, "Guy" Gibson, Fanie Kruger, Paul? Robinson, to name but a few of them. I couldn't remember if Dirk Erasmus was in our class or not, but then again I think that he must have been, because I remember he was very good at Latin and that pleased "Pa Dowson!"

I noticed that the old school bell, or "piece of railway line" was still hanging in its usual place with the iron striker bar beside it! Because of the time factor we had to be back at the airport in a few hours to catch our return flight back to Nairobi we were not able to wait about too long at the Hill School. (Also I was keen to head out towards the Elgeyo Escarpment to see your farm.) Before I move on I should mention that one factor which did make the school look vastly different to what I remember was that the trees (mostly jacaranda, I think,) had grown considerably throughout the whole school compound. This had the effect of making the place appear darker due to their screening effect. The buildings too, appeared to have been painted a cream colour which contrasted with the brilliant white colour which I seem to remember them as being. However, it was still the same old Hill School with the unmistakable water tower and the big gum trees along the edge of the Kisumu Road. I noticed that the old school bus or "monkey cage" I think they called it, had moved on and had been replaced with a more modern vehicle. I wouldn't think that it would possess the same character as the creaking, smoking, old diesel Morris Commercial which it replaced.

It had started to rain again while we were at the Hill School and it continued



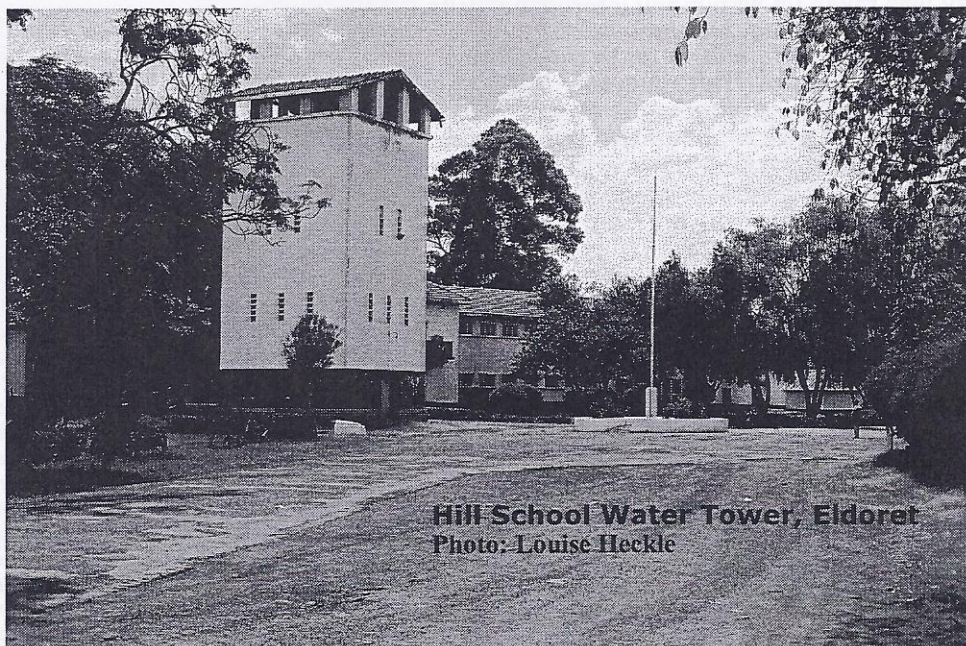
Classrooms at Hill School, Eldoret
Photo by Louise Heckle (nee Erasmus)

... it was still the same old Hill School with the water tower and big gum trees

to get heavier as we drove out of Eldoret for Sergoit. Our African Driver had heard me mention the name "Fanie Kruger" as being one of my classmates. He said that he knew of a Fanie Kruger at Sergoit Rock. He was a very big farmer, apparently and he knew the way to his farm. I thought that it would be a good idea to visit Fanie briefly, both to renew acquaintances and to confirm directions to your old homestead. I foolishly had not taken two things into consideration. Firstly, the road out to Fanie's place was a dirt track of some distance, which was rapidly becoming quite tricky to drive along in a two-wheel drive taxi, which was sliding about a bit. Secondly, when we arrived at the "Kruger Ranch," and gone through the strict security procedures to get into the place it turned out that it was not the Fanie Kruger of Std 7B, that you and I had had the privilege of studying along with, but another of the same name who had followed us through the Hill School a couple of years later. That being said, the gentleman was extremely kind and hospitable towards us in the true Afrikaner way, offering us tea and directions as to how to get to your place. I had

asked him if he had known of Thys and Marthie Davies and he said that he did and that the farm was at Moiben. However, he said that if we were to make it back to the airport in time for our flight we would not have time to go to Moiben. We decided that as it was still raining, we should set off back to the airport and forget about his kind offer of tea. So, Peter and Janssen, that was the bad news, which I had to tell you. Needless to say, I was disappointed at not being able to see your old place again. Nevertheless, it has given me fresh determination to make the trip again in the not-too-distant future, God willing, to see your farm

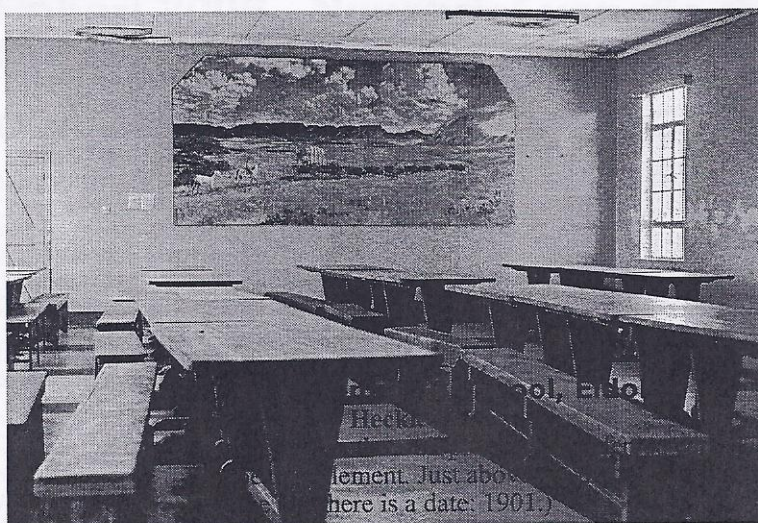
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Hill School Water Tower, Eldoret
Photo: Louise Heckle

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again! Next time, we hope to plan the whole thing a lot better.

My sons had arranged our accommodation for us in Nairobi with a friend who is an accountant with Mission Aviation Fellowship based in Nairobi. This girl was from Northern Ireland and has been with the missionary organization since January this year. She had kindly arranged for us to go on a flight in one of the MAF Cessna aircraft. She knew that my son had done some solo flying back home. We were treated to a very enjoyable flight from Nairobi to Marsabit in the north. The aircraft flew relatively low and we were able to appreciate the changing scenery and terrain. We stopped off at a landing strip in a semi-desert area on the way back, a place called *Corr* - very warm but with a continuous cool breeze which I was told came from the rift valley. We collected some missionary personnel at both destinations and conveyed them back to Nairobi. I understand that the Flying Doctor Service also uses this facility.

We spent some time visiting, by road, some clinics and orphanages. A Presbyterian minister whom we knew from Northern Ireland had set these up. He has been engaged in this kind of work in Kenya for nine years. Our short stay was taken up with many interesting visits. On our last morning, just prior to our flight departure, we were able to go to the railway museum in Nairobi. There we saw ine examples of the magnificent steam locomotives, which pulled the trains on which I used to travel back and forth from Uganda to my schools. What a privilege to have lived during that era! Although, at the time I did not think of it in that way!

Talking of schools, I almost forgot to mention the Prince of Wales. We had a visit to the Clive/Scott dormitories and Dining room. Here, too, very little has changed here. You probably are aware that one of the scenes in the film *Out of Africa* was shot in the quadrangle. All but one of the wooden classrooms have disappeared and been replaced by stone/concrete structures. The shooting range has disappeared, but the swimming pool remains.

May God bless you all.
Your friend, John.

Marie de Bruin van Barberton skryf:

Geluk met Habari 2005. Ons is dankbaar teenoor almal wat bydra. Ek is nou 'n dorpelaar, in 'n woonstel by my seun André, teen Barberton se berge. Dit na 75 jaar op plase in Afrika. Daar was baie taka-taka om van ontslae te raak.

Die Mount Elgon storie - dis mos wêreldnuus - ons berg - jou berg. Na ons troue het Buks op Gerald Smallwood se plaas "Teriyet" gewerk. "Chorlim", waar oom Edward gewerk het, was naby en ook teen die berg, Uganda se kant toe. Ek sien nou nog die pragtige uitsig oor die Trans-Nzoia. Tuinmaak en Landbou was 'n droom in daardie vulkaniese grond. Ek onthou die *sweet-peas*. Ons moes eendag op 'n uitstappie na die boonste pomphuis baie vinnig boom klim - 'n trop buffels is onder deur. Smallwood se klein seuntjie, langs my, bo in die takke, sê nog "Oh, that was nearly an adventure!"

Habari 2005 - dis mos 'n mooi klompie manne op die voorblad. Daar moet van hulle wees wat nog 'n storie kan vertel?

Jan Miller is in Nov 2004 onverwags hier op Barberton oorlede. Hy het eenkeer 'n stuk oor Lamy geskryf vir Habari - hy was daar betrokke in die Forest Department. Ek mis hulle - kon lekker Swahili gesels en lag. As ons soek na 'n woord bv spyker in Swahili *mushamani* - dan word die ou tulband Singh (skrynwerker) in Swahili nageaap: *Veve leta mushamani, vapi mushamini, mimi piga veve jundo (nyundo)* - die Singhs het mos hulle eie Swahili gepraat - daar sal nog seker dié wees wat die gesprek verstaan

Toe Buks in Kenya Regiment was, het die F.I.S's (Field Intelligence Officers) op Embakasi, langs die Nairobi Park ook soms toneelstukke opvoer, as hulle nie besig was om 'terries' in die bos of stad te soek of snags baba kwaggas te vang nie (darenet vir 'n uur of 2, en dan los laat). Die toneelstuk sou 'n sellout video gemaak het.

H A B A R I

Verskoning vir 'n glips in Habari 2005. Ons het in 2005 'n baie interessante artikel geplaas oor 'n reis na Kenia, getitel *'n Safari in tyd* - en toe nooit gesê wie die outeur is nie. Die skrywer was Johann de Jager. Jammer, Johann!

Verlore

Missing

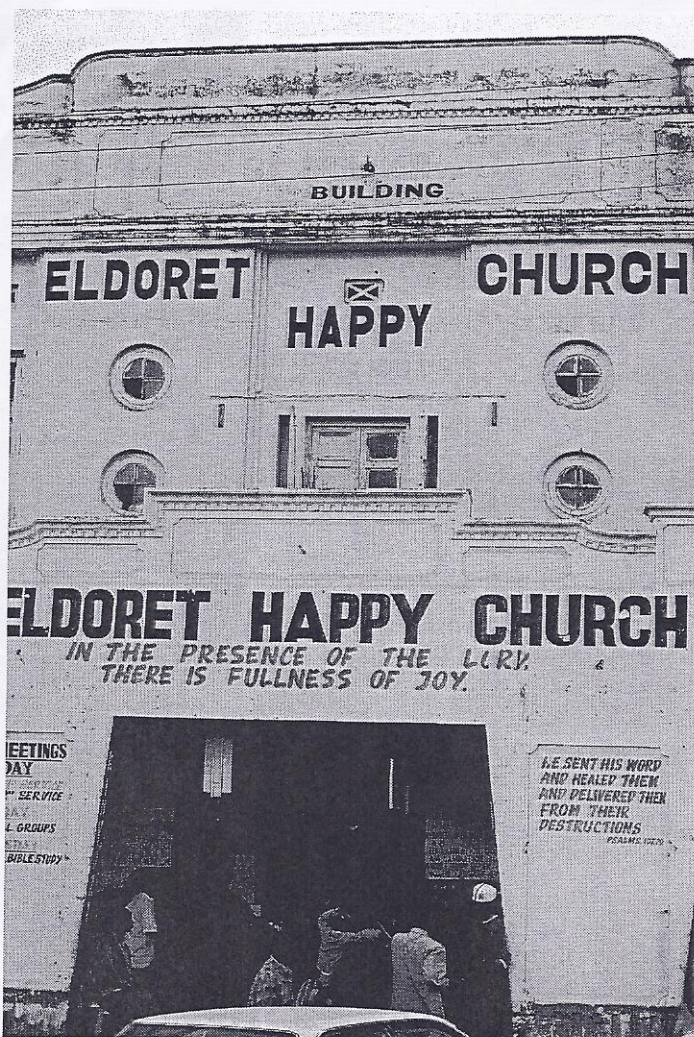
Bettie Botha, Posbus 467, Pyramid 0120. JH Davies, Posbus 362, Middelburg 1050. Johan & Susan du Toit, Posbus 1112, Bronkhorstspuit, 1020. Louis & Ria Erasmus, Posbus 1315, Stubenvale 1570. Hilda Heysman, Posbus 263181, Drie Riviere, 1935. Klaas Jansen van Rensburg, 17 Halkyn Straat, Selcourt Springs, 1559. Mev J Lubbe, Mirtelhof 105b, Van Riebeeckstr, Daspoort. 0082. Mev Susan Malan, Posbus 1581, Garsfontein-Oos, 0042. Frank "Stiffy" Mercier, P O Bos 81070, Doornpoort, 0017. B Night, Posbus 809, Louis Trichardt, 0920. Ds C Murray, Elm Park Village 15, Suzanne Single, Northcliff, 2195. Biddy & Koos Smit, 303 Sonnekant, Vosstr, Sunnyside 0002. Willie Storm, Posbus 486, Nigel 1490. Japie & Magriet Taljaard, Posbus 618, Vanderbijlpark, 1900. DJ van Dyk, Posbus 672, Honeydew 2040

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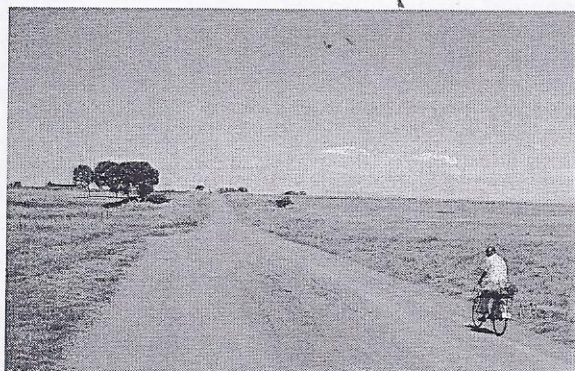
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Dit het gegaan oor die Singa familie wat terroriste in die toilet weg gestee het – hulle het so ammunisie, wapens en kos gekry. Die F.I.O werk was om die dinge stop te sit. Op inligting van loyalist netwerke werk hulle in die stad in die nag. Die stuk begin in Singa se voorkamer – dit neem tyd om in die huis in te kom. Die F.I.O begin vra – eers is Kala Singa baie braaf – bietjie fyn gebou, maar hy sê sy sê. Dit word te warm vir hom en hy spring agter die Singa Tanine in en beduie nog steeds oor haar skouer in daardie stemmetjie. Die manne is self opgedress en speel en kan die stem goed namaak. Dan kom ons by die toilet en nog steed die lawaai – Mrs Singa speel nou die hoof rol – maar tevergeefs, die deur word oop geskop en daar sit 3 van die terroriste.

Wens meer Kenianers wil meer Swahili praat in hulle briewe.



A church in today's Eldoret. The building has a name faintly showing at the top: the *Samwel Kihuga Building*
Photo: Louis Heckle



Sergoi Road.

Photo: Louise Heckle

Les Tucker writes:

Thank you for Habari 2005. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when I saw a photo of UNGA mills, Eldoret. Off I went reminiscing of the good old days.

I went to UNGA from Ireland in Nov 1947 as a miller and was posted to the mill in Commercial Str. Nairobi. There I stayed for 1 year until posted to UNGA Eldoret where I worked in that self same mill as on the photo until 1952. Great days as a young lad in the milling industry. I played rugby (coached by Stompie Jones) for Eldoret and West Kenya.

I got married to an Eldoret girl in August 1952 and headed overseas on long leave. On return was posted to UNGA Arusha. I was not to return to UNGA Eldoret until 1958 and after a short stay of only 6 months was posted to UNGA Nakuru. In 1962 I left UNGA and East Africa for a milling career in SA.

... great days as a young lad in the milling industry ...

I lived for years in the Pioneer Hotel Eldoret before I got married. I could go on for pages about life in Eldoret those days but as we are on the subject of the UNGA Mill in Eldoret I mention just one point of interest: Eldoret relied on electricity from the East African Power and Lighting Company who had a power station not far from UNGA. For fuel they used kuni (wood) and when damp or overloaded to shed the load UNGA was the first to have a failure and off we had to race from the Pioneer to get back to the mill.

Not shown in the photo but behind the mill was another mill: The White Star Milling Company (also UNGA) and not a very impressive building. There I had my baptism and grounding as a miller. Great life, great days & years in '64' and many a try I scored in the shadow of the Eldoret Sports club, and many a TUSKER to wet our thirst.

The last memory; one Sunday morning (after a rugby game on the day before) I was laid out in hospital for an appendix operation by Dr Peake. Keep up the good work of HABARI.

Ons het **Petro Venter** opgespoor in Sasolburg toe skryf sy net om haar voor te stel. Sy sê:

Ons onthou name en vergeet die mense.

My pa was MS (Okkie) en my ma Jo Nel. Ons plaas se naam was Leshua naby Thompson's Falls. Ons huis het op die Aberdare berge uitgekyk en op helder dae kon mens Mount Kenya se sneeubedekte top sien. Ons is drie kinders; Olga, Martin en Petro.

My ouers het in 1966 terug na Suid Afrika gekom en my pa het die plaas Squamans in Komatipoort gekoop. My suster se man is oorlede en sy bly in Pretoria, my broer is nog in Komatipoort en ek en my man Piet in Sasolburg.

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Herinneringe van JF (Piet) von Landsberg (Deel 3)

4 April 1907 vat ek my vrou en kinders per wa en osse na Arusha. Ons doen dit vir 'n bietjie verandering en ook om mielies te koop. Rudolf Minnie is ook saam. My oudste seun, Cornelius, is siek. Dooe tweede nag slaap ons by H Laats, die derde nag by oom Jurgens Bekker, en die vierde by oom Koos Legrange (Tiratira). Sondag bly ons ook daar oor.

Maandag is ek te voet na Arusha, sowat 6 myl ver. (My vrou bly om mielies te koop.) Wanneer ek terugkom, is ek siek. Dinsdag, wanneer ons vertrek, is ek heelwat beter, maar dan word my tweede seun siek. Om 12-uur span ons uit en dan word my dogtertjie, Maggel, siek. Dus slaap ons die nag by Jan de Beer.

Ons word een na die ander siek ...

Maar my siekte is nog nie weg nie, want op 10 April kry ek kouekoors. Dit is my vrou se verjaarsdag – sy is dertig – maar ek en die twee kinders is siek. Ons slaap daardie nag by oom P vd Westhuizen en die volgende more, terwyl my vrou kos maak, loop ek gou om L van Rooijen te sien, nie te ver nie. Toe ek inkom, sê hy: "Man, jy het koors!" Hy sit die koorsmeter op – dit lees 103. Toe gaan lê ek dadelik na 'n koue bad. Toe die wa later met vrou en kinders aankom, word Sampie Hopley, 'n jong man wat by my bly, ook siek. Nou is ons 4 wat siek is en almal van ons by H Laats in die rondawel.

Ek kry 'n brief van broer Nelie dat hy en sy vrou en sy kinders siek is. Sy vrou het kouekoors en wil ons graag sien, maar ons is te siek om daar uit te kom. Ou Dolf Minnie is toe te voet daarheen en L van Rooijen gaan Arusha toe om vir my medisyne te kry, al sê hy dat dit eintlik te laat is.

12 April sterf Barbara Emlo von Landsberg, broer Nelie se vrou op Ngisanirobi. Sy was 'n nooi Parter. Sy het 41 jaar oud geword en sy en Nelie het 3 kinders gehad.

Op 13 April kom Piet

Nieuwenhuizen hier aan. Op daardie dag is my koors 106, Sampie Hopley s'n is 104, my seun 105 en my dogtertjie 106.

Vir 3 dae is ek deurmekaar. Ek kan nie slaap of eet nie. Ek sien allerhande gesigte, ja, duiwels. Ek hoor hulle so onder mekaar praat, maar ek kan nie hoor nie. Dit sal my in elk geval kwaad doen om te hoor.

Piet vertel my dat Emmenis dood is op 11 April en die dag daarna begrawe is. O leser, stel self in my plek. Dit is God wat regeer; Hy het nog nooit 'n fout gemaak nie. Die nuus van die sterftes is 'n harde slag onder ons ou klompie. Die 42 is wat ek Voortrekkers noem. Oom Peit Jacobs was die eerste grote en my broer Nelie se vrou die tweede. En ons is so siek ons kan nie ry nie. Ag, my arme broer.

Daardie dierbare man, Piet Nieuwenhuizen, is die heeltyd by om ons te help en hy is baie fluks by die siekte. Wanneer ons beter word, help hy my op die wa en hy dryf self. Daardie nag slaap ons oor by die drif Nanyuki en hy skiet vir ons 'n blouwildebees. Die volgende dag is ons weer tuis. My broer Nelie en twee van sy kinders is nog baie siek.

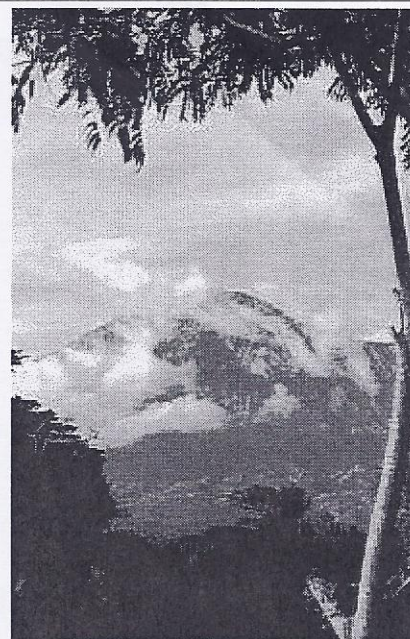
My arme broer. Wanneer hy gesond begin word, lyk alles vir hom donker. Daarom vat ek en 'n paar maats hom veld toe, maar hy is nog te sieken ons is maar 5 dae weg voor ons moet omdraai. Dit lyk asof niks vir ons gaan regkom nie; alles is in duie. Van ons getroud was, was ons vier altyd bymekaar, en nou, hier in die vreemde, word ons geskeur.

Die mense is nog baie siek. Piet Nieuwenhuizen het sy hande vol, want nou is hy by die een huis, en dan weer by die ander.

Maar aan God die dank, ek en my familie word vinnig beter. Ook maar goed ons word beter, want die werk staan stil en ook is ons nou bang vir die plek. Die mense bou op koppies, maar wat help dit? Ons het nie meer die moed om iets groots hier aan te pak nie. Ook is dit of my ou broer heeltemal sonder plan is.

24 Mei gaan my broer, sy kinders, ouderling Hans Botha, ek en my familie na ouderling oom Gillie Joubert toe vir 'n diens en vir 'n gemeentevergadering omtrent 'n predikant. Oom Gillie het 'n brief gekry van ds AP Burger uit Middelburg, Transvaal, wat sê dat hulle vir ons 'n predikant wil stuur. Ons moet £25 bysit. Ons moet ook sê watter tyd die beste sal wees, en na watter stasie toe hy moet kom.

Hier by oom Gillie is al die mense gesond en ons geniet die diens. Dit word gelei deur oom Gillie Joubert en ouderling Hans Botha. Dan gaan



... die mense bou op koppies, maar dit help niks...

AS de Beerons weer huis toe, en alles is veilig.

Hier is weer 'n klompie wat gaan trou. Daantjie van Wyk trou met Chrissie Visser, N Visser se dogter, en Roelf Naude met Annie, haar suster. M Klopper trou met M Schoeman, dogter van diaken Jan Schoeman.

Dan gebeur dit dat daar drie mans by ons aankom. Hulle is T Botha, wat vroeër by my gebly het, en oom F Snyman en W de Beer. Hulle kom sê dat terwyl hulle vir ene Laubscher en Adolf Siettendorf transport gery het, hulle 'n mooi, kaal streek wêreld ontdek het. Nou besluit ek, my broer en ou Dolf Minnie dat ons soontoe wil gaan. Ons is ook aan uitverkoop en ons wil trek; die koors het ons hier uitgedruk.

Ons hoor ook van 'n man wat aan kom is uit die Suide – ene A Pienaar.

22 Julie gaan ons al ons vriende groet. Ek koop 'n wa van Piet de Wet vir 675 ruppe en op 24 Julie trek ons. Die trek bestaan uit: my broer Nelie met sy 3 kinders, sy aangenome seun, Piet Jacobs (hulle het hulle eie wa); Dolf Minnie met sy vrou en 4 kinders; Jan Pienaar en sy swaer; ek met my vrou en 4 kinders en een aangenome seun, Sampie Hopley. T Botha is saam met Dolf Minnie met die wa wat ek vir hom geleen het. Die eerste aan gaan ons tot by AS de Beer.

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Arusha vandag

Die eerste aand tot by AS de Beer. 28 Julie 1907. Dit is 'n Sondag en die ouderlinge, oom Gillie Joubert en oom Hans Botha hou daar vir ons 'n afskeidsdiens. Dis 'n dag van trane. Dan wil Piet Jacobs nie met my broer die wildernis in trek nie. Dit is vir my broer een te veel. In doodse stilte word Piet se goed alles afgelaai. Later kom Piet na my toe: "Oom, gee my raad wat ek moet doen." Ek sê toe vir hom: "Sit jou goed op die wa, want my arme broer se vrou is dood, en nou wil jy weggaan nadat jy soos 'n kind in die huis was." Piet sit sy goed op die wa en daar lag en praat my broer weer.

Ons stuur twee vooruit – Dolf Minnie en Piet Jacobs – om te kyk vir water. Hulle slaap 'n nag uit en kry 'n klein watertjie, maar sonder 'n pad daarheen. Ek het my ou skoonvader, JP Joubert, belowe om nie te trek voor ons nie vooruit gegaan het om water te soek nie. Daarom doen ek dit nou.

5 Augustus vertrek ons om twaalfuur. D Snyman gaan saam want sy ouers is by twee Duitsers. Piet Bekker gaan ook saam om 'n verdienste te soek.

Met die eerste trek skiet ons 'n leeu. Die aand slaap ons op 'n kaal plek en ons gee dit die naam Danskraal.

6 Augustus kom ons by 'n watertjie. Ons grawe dit oop sodat ons drie osse gelyk kan laat drink. Dan gaan ek en Piet Jacobs weer vooruit met 'n swartman wat water ken. Ons kry 'n groot fontein hoog op in die kloof, maar die waens kon nie naderkom nie. Dis ook baie ver om te loop. Daarom gaan ons twee dieselfde dag nog terug. (Die eerste fontejntjie wat ons gekry het, se naam word Wonderklip fontejntjie.)

8 Augustus vetrek ons. Ons kom om 2 uur by die water wat ons noem Badwater. Dit het 'n kruitreuk en 'n kruitsmaak. Wanneer ons die aand klaar is met die aandgodsdien, maak ons vyf lootjies om te kyk wie gaan more water soek. Die lote val op T Botha en J Pienaar. Hulle is vort saam met twee swartmans en kry die tweede dag mooi water hoog in 'n kloof – 7 uur te voet. Die volgende more vetrek ons vroeg, maar dit gaan hard sonder 'n pad. Daardie aand slaap ons in die dors en die more vroeg trek ons weer. Die voormiddag gaan dit goed, maar die span esels bly agter en Jan Pienaar verloor koers. Ons trek ons vas in swart hope klippe. Ek laat uitspan. Dan

gaan ek in die kloof op. Dis ruig en ver, maar ek kry die water, hoog in die berg. Ek gaan terug, ons span weer in, en weer draai ons af na die kaal vlaktes. Ons kom die aand by die regte kloof aan. Die eselwa is steeds agter, maar haal ons die volgende dag in.

Die water in die berg is mooi, en omdat dit so mooi en sterk is, gee ons dit die naam Olifantskloof. Snags kom die water sterk tot onderaan die voet van die berg, saans so 10 uur se kant trek dit weer terug.

Ons gee dit die naam Olifantskloof...

15 Augustus is dit weer my en Piet Jacobs se beurt om te gaan kyk vir water. 12 uur die dag kry ons dit. Ons skiet ook 'n blesbok vir ons en ons swart helpers. Die een ou helper skud die pens se mis uit en neem die leë pens saam.

Ons kan nie nader aan die gat gaan as omtrent 3000 treë nie. Bo in een kloof is 'n gat: 6 voet diep 12 voet lank en 4 voet breed. Daaruit haal die swartes 'n vet heuningnes. Ons sit goed van die heuning in. Dan gaan ons terug en slaap halfpad.

Daardie nag val die dors ons aan. Die ou swartman se blesbokpens hang in die boom, vol water, en hy sê ons moet drink. Maar ons trek ons neuse op. So na middernag, egter, wanneer die ou swartman lê en snork, storm ek die pens. Die water is lekker yskoud. En op die ou end vat Piet ook maar. Ons trek nie meer ons neuse op nie.

16 Augustus om 8 uur kom ons by die kamp aan. Alles is in orde.

17 Augustus vetrek ons. Daar is geen pad nie, maar darem is die

veld bont, met groot, kaal stroke. Daardie nag slaap ons in die dors, die volgende dag bekyk ons die plek. Ons gaan die kloof op met die osse en esels. Net Piet Jacobs en Dolf Minnie bly by die waens. Ek staan in die gat, skep en gee vir twee van die swart helpers aan met emmers. Dan van T Botha dit aan en gee dit aan een swart helper, wat dit weer vir my broer Nelie gee, wat dit dan in 'n bad gooi. Jan Pienaar, Piet Bekker en Sampie Hopley vang die osse een vir een om dan by die bad water te drink. Elke os kry twee emmers, en die esels dieselfde. Later gee ons drie emmers op 'n slag aan, en wanneer ons klaar is, lê die water nog agtien duim diep.

Ons gaan weer inspan en dit vat ons drie ure, want ons is moeg. Ons het die dag twee lang skofte gery en dors geslaap. Die grond is swaar, los en sanderig en die eselwa bly agter.

Die volgende more is Sondag. Ons moet te voet gaan. Ons is dors, dis warm, en dis sand waarin ons loop.

19 Augustus. Ons bekyk die water – Nkarouka. Ons het an Vrydag 12 uur tot Maandag om half nege die oggend 19 ½ uur afgelê. Die osse is moeg en pootseer. Dan kom een van die swart helpers aan met 'n briefie. Dis van Dolf Minnie af. Hy vra osse. Ons osse het net klaar water gesuip en ons stuur 16 van hulle – 8 van my broer s'n en 8 van myne. Sampie Hopley is vort met die osse. Om 4 uur kom ou Dolf met die eselwa aan. Saam met hom is F Snyman en Willem de Beer van Arusha. Hulle het geld gaan ontvang waarvoor hulle by die twee broers Sietendorff gewerk het.

20 Augustus is ons voor 'n vreeslike berg. Ons staan dit en bekyk. Broer Nelie, oom F Snyman, Willem de Beer, Jan Pienaar Sampie Hopley en ek maak planne, want L van Rooyen sê mens sal nooit daar uitkom met 'n wa sonder katrolle nie.

20 Augustus 1907 is ons voor 'n vreeslike berg ...

Willem de Beer sê mens kan met 'n span osse tot na aan 'n steil plek kom en na omtrent 100 treë moet die wa afgelaai word. Dan kan die span osse die leë wa trek.

Ons kom tot by twee diep slote. Die maats bly agter, maar ek gaan aan tot by die steilste plek. Toe ek die ander weer sien, sê ek: "Met tyd en geld sou ons 'n pad kon maak, maar dit het ons nie. Omdraai wil ek ook nie, want ek wil my woord waar maak. Daar is baie mense in Suid-Afrika wat wag op my rapport – en ook in Arusha – en waar 'n wil is is 'n weg." Nou slaan ons tent op, al laat ons die vrouens dra. Ons wil swart draers kry, maar dit sal geld kos. Die moed en die krag kom van bo – die tyd sal ons leer wat die Vader se wil is.

My arme broer Is baie siek van wildevrugte wat hy geëet het. Die ou is erg benoud en bring op.

Piet Bekker, T Botha, Willem de Beer, F Snyman en sy seun Dawid gaan na

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8

Ngorogoro waar die twee Duitsers woon. Ek gaan saam. Ons gaan te voet en ons slaap die eerste nag op Klein Ngorogoro.

22 Augustus is dit die eerste keer dat ek ryp sien van ons die Suide verlaat het. Die volgende more gaan ons verder. Dit was bitter koud. Die Duitser, Adolf Sietendorff, was voor ons vetrek het aan my om twee welpies vir hom te vang. Oom Frits Snyman sê vir my ek sal nie met Sietendorff ooreenkom nie, want hy en ander het drie jaar vir hom gewerk en by hom is elke 10de dag Sondag en Kersfees en Dingaansdag is werksdae. Toe sê ek dat hy kan loop, maar ons sal verder gaan.

Ons kom toe aan waar die Sietendorff broers woon, by Ngorogoro

Ons kom toe aan – na 13 uur se loop van die waens af – by die plek op Ngorogoro waar die twee Sietendorff broers – Adolf en Willem – woon. Willem is nie tuis nie; hy is Moshe toe om klein blouwildebessies te verkoop.

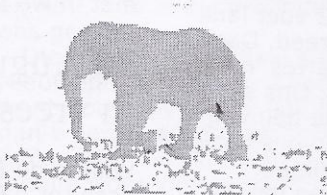
Dis 'n baie mooi plek waar die broers bly. Daar is duisende blouwildebeeste in die ronde kom en rondom is die rante dig begroei. Daar is ook renosters en olifante en in die meer is daar seekoeie.

Maar al het die Duitser oor die 100 swart werkers, wil hy nie eers een van hulle aan my verhuur nie. Maar ek haal hom darem oor om die twee waens uit te dra. Sy voorwaarde is egter (maar wat kan ek doen?) dat hy my waens wil hê vir 3 maande se transport – verniet.

Die een wa van my ruil hy vir 30 verse, en Piet Bekker sal vir hom transport ry teen 90 ruppees per maand – 'n jaar lank – en al om die drie maande betaal word. Ook wil hy hê ek moet vir hom wild vang. En soos met die ander mense wil hy vir my elke tiende dag as 'n Sondag gee. Maar ek sê Nee. Hy kan al sy wit en swart werkers so laat werk, maar ek wil nie.

Hy vra: "Wat van jou waens?" Ek sê ek sal 'n plan kry. Hy maak 'n ander voorstel: Ek rus net op Sondae, en kry nie ander vakansiedae nie. Ek sê ek wil my feesdae ook hê. Hy sê dat wil al sy swart werkers dit ook hê. "Wel," sê ek, "dan kan ons nie

besigheid maak nie. Hy antwoord: "Landsberg, ek wil jou graag hê." "Goed," sê ek, "gee my dan Sondae en Kersfees en Dingaansdag." "Nou ja, goed," stem hy in, maar kla ook: "ek ly skade." "Wel ek sien nie anders kans nie," sê ek. Nou het ek 'n verdienste verkry: nie net vir myself nie, maar ook vir my broer, vir Jan Pienaar, Piet Jacobs en Sampie Hopley.



23 Augustus vertrek ek met vier swart werkers en slaap die nag weer op Klein Ngorogoro. Weer eens was dit verskriklik koud.

24 Augustus is ek weer by die waens. Daar is alles wel en my broer is weer gesond. Ek het 11 uur lank teruggestap en my voete is seer en moeg. Maar die liewe Heer het ons gehelp en Sondae vir die swart werkers en vir ons gekry en die ander mans het my bedank.

25 Augustus is 'n Sondag. Ons rus lekker. 'n Broer van Willem de Beer kom by ons aan. Sy naam is

Nantes. Hy is ook een van dié wat by die Duitsers gewerk het.

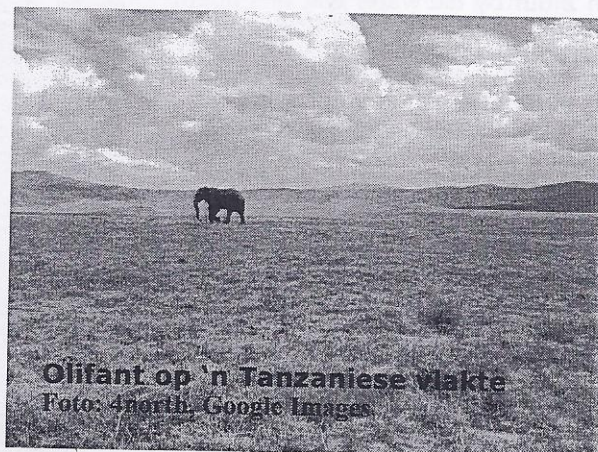
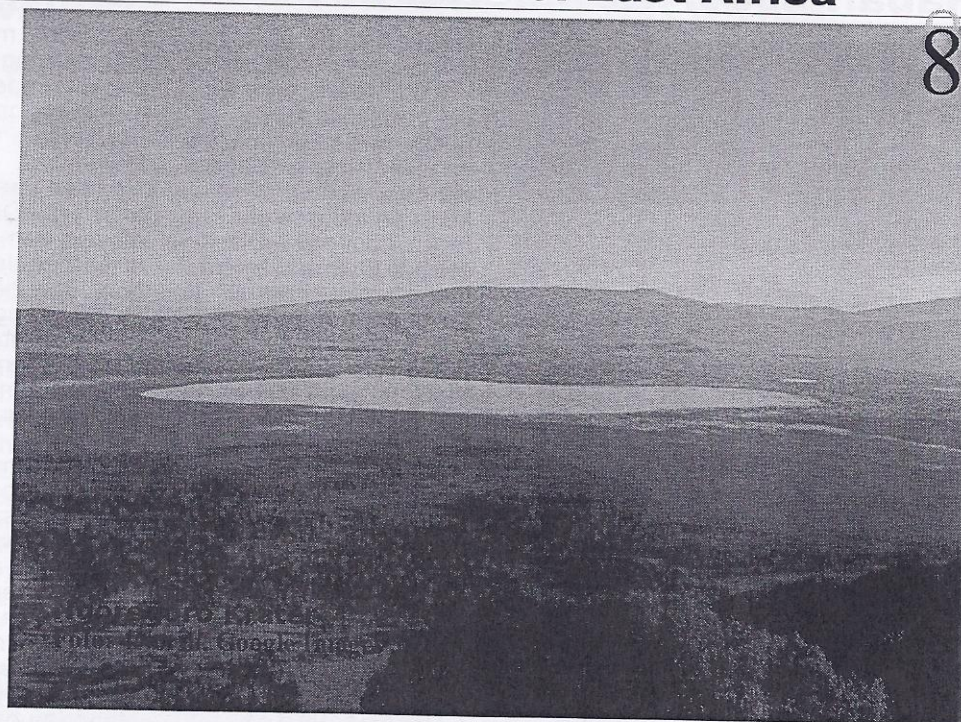
26, 27 en 28 Augustus werk ons aan die pad. Ons gee die berg die naam Helpmekaar.

29 Augustus maak ons my wa se bok met skroef en hamers uitmekaar en laat dit uitdra van koffery. Toe trek 10 van my osse aan die voorstel en 10 van broer Nelie se aan die agterstel. Die arme osse beur om die werk gedoen te kry. By 'n ent se klipplaat val een van my osse amper van die krans af. Dit maak dat ons strop en riem moet afsny.

31 Augustus word my wa op die steilste plek weer aanmekaargesit. Dan kom Piet Bekker en D Saaiman aan met 'n wavrag velle wat Arusha toe gaan. Jan Pienaar moet die wa terugneem. Die wa kom tot op Rustkamp. Daar moet die velle oorgelaai word tot op my wa wat die Duitser geruil het.

1 September is 'n Sondag. Willem en Nantes de Beer vertrek te voet na Mwanza. T Botha gaan ook saam om swart helpers te kry vir ou Dolf Minnie, want ook hy wil daarheen trek.

Vervolg op p 10



Olifant op 'n Tanzaniese vlakte
Foto: 4north, Google Images

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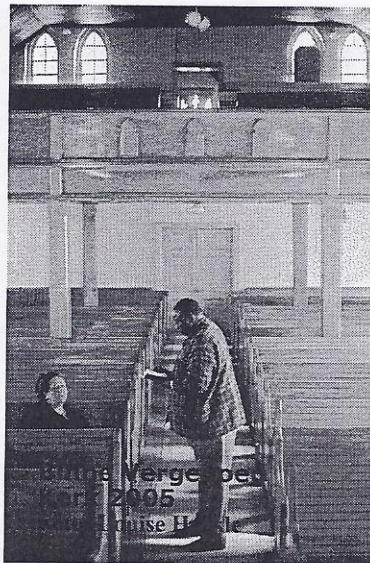
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Sarie Randall skryf uit Vryheid...

Jambo Sana

Ek wil vir julle net baie dankie sê vir die nuusbriewe. Ek bewaar elkeen, en glo my dis lekker leesstof wat jou baie ver laat dink. Ek wil julle ook meedeel dat my man, Ernest Randall, op 9 Julie oorlede is na lang stryd van stadig agteruitgaan. My seun Gert Randall is ons ook vooruit op 2 Januarie 2004 na 'n stryd teen kanker.

Ons was in 1993 terug na Kenia toe en was aangenaam verras om te sien dat daar 'n groot skool is wat hulle die naam van Kap Ernest gegee het, ons het dit so waardeer. Dan het ek 'n tuisrolprent van die kerk wat gebou was waar die eerste kerkie was en waar hulle die klippe gepak het vir die monument. Ek onthou die 5 Dominees wat teenwoordig was en die feestelike daar.

Ek hoop en vertrou dat ek eendag die voorreg sal hê om die byeenkoms by te woon, maar sukkel om te loop. Ek hoop om weer te hoor van die Keniamense. Dit voel altyd of ons regtig meer as net vriende is, veral die ou bekendes van Eldoret.

Ek wens julle alle voorspoed toe en dat Habari sal voortgaan en groei. Vriende is altyd welkom
Sel: 0829469195 of
034.9671496.

My kinderjare in Kenia

Tant Martie Davis skryf:

Nadat die werk aan die spoorlyn klaar was, het ons toe pal op die plaas gebly en is die huis klaar gebou. Nou kon ons ook met alle ander werk begin. Stukkies grond is omgeploeg en bewerk, mielies en pampoenpitte word met die hand agter die skaarploeg geplant. Tuingrond word bewerk en groente geplant. Dit reën mooi en alles groei weelderig. 'n Bakoond word gebou en ons bak heerlike brood.

Een oggend, na Ma na die oond gaan om vuur te maak, wag daar vir haar 'n groot verrassing. 'n Jagluiperwyfie het besluit dat dit net die huis vir haar en haar kinders is. Pa was dorp toe en kon dus nie die nuwe intrekkeurs verwilder nie. Dus moes die broodbakkerij maar wag.

Toe Pa terugkom, maak hy groot lawaai daar en die ma en kleintjies besluit dat hulle beslis nie in sulke lawaaierige omstandighede kan woon nie. Hulle laat vat veld toe. Pa wou haar nie skiet nie, ter wille van die kleintjies.

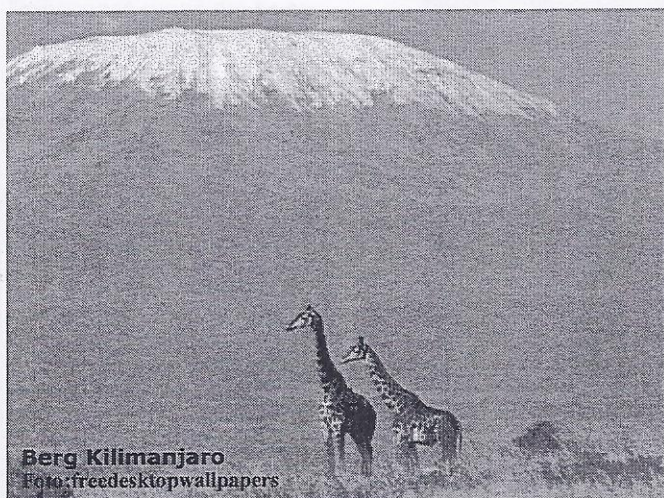
Kos was volop maar geld skaars. Vir 'n inkomste het Pa toe weer vir die regering kwaggas geskiet. Sover ek onthou, het die regering die patrone gegee. Die velle en biltong is deur hulle gekoop teen 'n halfkroon vir een kwagga se vel en biltong.

Ma het hoede en kappies van gevlegte waterbiesies gemaak. Later het sy ook koringstrooi en mieliekopblare gebruik. Later het Pa 'n handnaaimasjien vir Ma gekoop. Pa en Ma het toe tente gemaak om by die kerk op te slaan. Dik, ongebleikte linne, met die naam CCC Amerikani is gebruik. (Waarom so 'n naam, sal ek nie weet nie.) Al wat ek weet, is dat ons kinders die tentlewe vir die paar dae baie geniet het. Dit was vir ons 'n ware fees. Die nagmaaltyd by die kerk het gewoonlik so van Donderdag tot Maandag geduur.

Voordat daar kerk gebou was, het ons om die beurt na Oupa van Rensburg en my oupa Gert Jansen van Vuuren se plase geloop vir huisgodsdienste. Gewoonlik is daar eers na die diens geëet en dan is ons huis toe. Die kinders moes altyd 'n paar woorde of 'n versie onthou wat Oupa gelees het. Ek het altyd gesit en slaap en het nooit geweet wat gelees is nie. Ek het dan geluister wat suster Johanna, wat baie ouer as ek was, sê, en het dan 'n woord of twee van haar woorde genoem. Sy het altyd baie kwaad geword en gesê sy moet altyd vir my ook onthou!

Dit was wonderlike kinderdae!

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Herinneringe van JP von Landsberg (Deel 3) vervolg vanaf blady 8

Op 2 September 1907 bring ons my familie, my wa en 28 osse wa weg tot op Rustkamp. Op dieselfde dag gaan broer Nelie se wa tot op Helpmekaar. Daar is 12 osse vir elke stel, en die bok word by stukke uitgedra.

3 September 1907 is broer Nelie se wa ook op Rustkamp. Ons is moeg, met osse en al.

5 September gaan ek, Piet Jacobs en Sampie Hopley met my wa en 30 osse staan-staan tot bo-op die berg. Piet en Sampie gaan haastig terug met die osse, want hier is dit koud.

6 September kom die twee waens bymekaar, maar ons en die osse is poot-uit. Ons kon twee waens gelyk vervoer, maar met twee drywers, want die grond is los.

7 September gaan ek, Nelie en Sampie vooruit om 'n fontein oop te grawe – ons noem dit Renosterfontein. Ons gaan nog dieselfde dag daarheen. Dan kom Jan Pienaar en D Snyman met die Duitse se wa wa aan. Dolf Minnie het met sy familie tot op Rustkamp gekom. Hulle sal daar bly tot T Botha kom met swart helpers. Een van broer Nelie se osse het gif gevreet en is dood. *Hartseer* was die

os se naam, en nou noem ons die fontein Hartseerfontein.

8 September is Sondag. Ons en die osse rus. Dis baie koud en ons sit 12-uur die dag nog by die vuur. 9 September vertrek ons tot by Klein Ngorogoro (Bulbul). Daar moet ons 42 osse voor 'n wa sit. Dit gaan goed en net een van Jan Pienaar se kettings se hake breek.

Hartseer was die os se naam, en nou noem ons dit Hartseerfontein.

10 September vertrek ons tot by die Lemuku rivier.

11 September vorder, ons tot by die Duitsers op Ngorogoro. Daardie dag is daar amper 'n groot ongeluk. Ons moet ons osse agterlaat en Sietendorff se osse inspan. Ek is gelukkig voor die tou toe die osse weghol met die wa. Dis haf afdraende en die gras is droog en glad. My vrou kon betyds twee kinders van die wa afgee, maar die derde moes sy afgooi. Ek maak draaie, maar dit help niks. 'n Paar osse raak ook uitgespan en dit help dat ons tot stilstand kom. Ek is kwaad vir D Snyman, want hy ken osse en gee die makstes vir Jan Pienaar. My ou seuntjie was amper onder die wa.



Hermann Landgrebe writes

10

The Kilimanjaro Country School in 1929 was situated between the Rongai and Geraragua Rivers. The latter was a tributary to the Sanyas which later merged with the Kikuletwa and joined the Ruvu or Pangani.

The walls of the school buildings were of stone or bricks and built only about 1 meter high. Poles supported the corrugated iron roof. There was therefore a space all around, between the walls and the roof, which enabled us to see the whole countryside. From my bench in the classroom I could see, across the grass plains, all the way to our home, and as I would sit looking I would be filled with longing. I have never lost the image, which haunts my dreams even after so many years.

On weekends I would walk home along the game paths through the grassland, accompanied by the soft tune of the wind blowing through the gall pods on the acacias. Unforgettable were the stately mountain giants, Kilimanjaro and Meru, rising to unbelievably great heights above the grass plains. After nightfall the plains would be alive with the laughter of hyenas (fisi) and the roar of lions (simba). And the zebras would bark, giving warning of predators.

Monday mornings I would go back to school and the boy would carry my rucksack and school books. On arrival I would greet the Boer boys and girls coming from Engare Nanyuki on donkeys or in donkey carts. The donkeys and carts were returned by the herdboy and brought back again on Friday for the journey home.

I was one of the few German pupils taken by the headmaster – Mr Booth – on a routine visit to the neighbouring farms. He was a very learned and kind teacher from Tasmania. We were sad to see him leave towards the end of 1933, when the Kilimanjaro Country School was closed. Our education was continued in Arusha, under the guidance of headmaster Winjones.

At Rongai the Engare Nairobi Post Office (later named the West Kilimanjaro Post Office) stood next to the school. At that post office the telegraph line ended. It was run by a Goanese Indian – well educated and better at his job than local trained employees. Because we boys took great interest in the surrounding steppe and ventured into many holes dug by aardvark of warthog, we were the ones to discover, in one such hole, a postbag. It contained registered mail and letters containing cash or cheques. The school headmaster reported the matter and the postmaster was arrested.

The school mistress regularly fed each pupil a spoonful of liquid quinine. This, of course, we detested thoroughly. But we enjoyed sports and outings and sometimes caught a ride on the giant "Albion" truck to Geraragua river, where the big tank would be filled with fresh mountain water. Further upriver we were taught the plant life of the lower forest area.

Suck exciting memories are worth preserving!

Kumbuke

Hermann Landgrebe.

On 1 October 2005 at 10:30 Herr Landgrebe and his wife celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary (diamond) in the German Friedenskirche in Hillbrow, Johannesburg, 36 Edith Cavell Street.

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11

Dave Lichtenstein writes from Australia:

Compliments of the season to all the Skilled Hooligans (ie Hill Schoolians, former Hill School folk, HSE's or whatever) everywhere.

2004 was quite a "Hill School" year for me – it included a visit to both the Old and New Hill School sites plus a Hill School reunion in Scottburgh, South Africa, and generally catching up with HSE folk both here in Australia and in Africa.

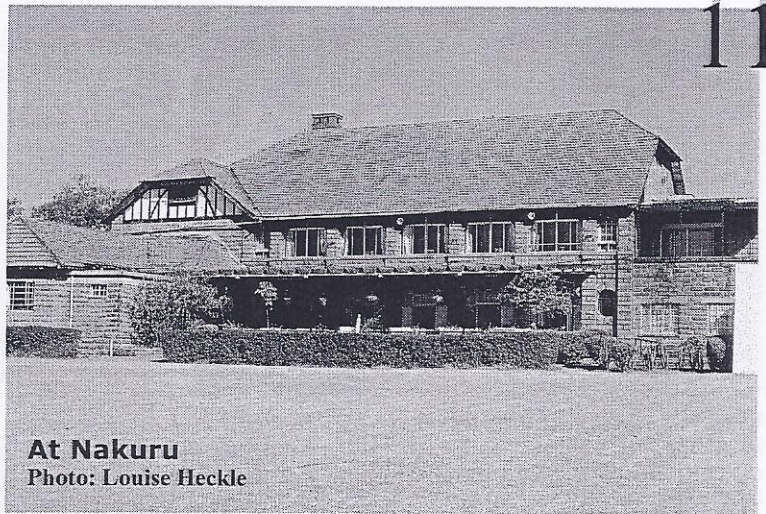
As foreshadowed in 2003's "barua", we had made tentative plans to go to South Africa for the global Kenya Regiment reunion in Scottburgh in September 2004. It seemed an ideal vehicle to catch up with many fine HSE's who had served with that August body or had subsequently married one of them. Plus of course an opportunity to catch up with many local Hill Schoolers domiciled in Kwazulu-Natal where three years earlier we had held a successful Hill School reunion.

Rose-Ann, my "memsahib", had also pestered me that if we were going to South Africa (her first trip to the "dark continent") then why not go on to Kenya afterwards? I was reluctant to go "back home" but the catalyst came in the form of Darsi Ruysenaar – one very famous (for our era) Kenya-based HSE personage who paid us a surprise visit in Sydney. We were joined for drinks and a bite by another local HSE, Stephen Perrens. Darsi likewise organized a return trip back to EA for Stephen. We all caught up again in the Aero Club in Nairobi in October 2004 (yet Steve lives only a suburb away in Sydney).

2004 was quite a Hill School year for me ...

On a safari to Southwest Australia we caught up with ex Hill School folk – John and Ken Greathead (we stayed with the latter and his memsahib Maggie). On the way back to Perth at Kojunop we stayed with ex HSE person Erik Jorgensen and his memsahib Ann. On returning to Sydney it was time for the annual Kenya Police Association get-together usually attended by the following HSE stalwarts: Brian Turner, Ben Christie, Brian Adam and Roy Cordell. A couple more EA type functions, then off to Africa in September.

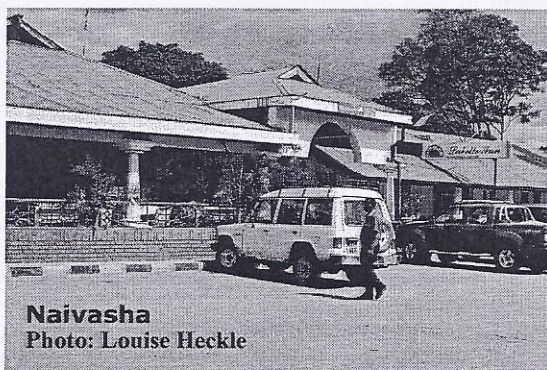
A Scottburgh we had the following HSE persons together with their spouses attend a Hill School reunion luncheon: Robin Stobbs ('45-'47); Dave King ('52-'52); Denys Botha ('56-'58); Bruce Rooker-Smith ('45-'46); Herbert Murphy ('44-'45); Dave Lichtenstein ('50-'56); Louis Kilminster ('54-'56); Gary Plenderleith ('45-'48); David Waddicar ('51-'51); Robin Plenderleith ('45-'48); Brian Turner ('44-'45); Ann Dickenson (nee Darvall, ?? - ??); Eileen Kleynhans (nee Woodley '56 - ??); June Parker (Staff, '56-'60); Val Moggridge (nee Cloete, '45-'47); Mabel Higginson (nee Croxford, ?? - '49); and Jill Graf (nee Schwartzel, ?? - ??). At the Cape, at an Old Yorkist luncheon, there were three other ex HSE folk: Rick Granville, Gillian Kargaard (Fielding) and Dave Williams.



At Nakuru
Photo: Louise Heckle

At Nairobi Darsi Ruysenaar picked us up. He was our guide and our driver for the first two legs of our journey: upcountry, Mara and Mt Kenya. It was amazing that as soon as I saw the Ngong Hills I felt I was "home" again, and indeed on several occasions I felt as if I had never left the place. Of course it has changed of 40 plus years since I had last been there, including the state of the traffic and the roads – what a mess! I am glad I wasn't doing the driving!

The first 2 nights we spent with as good HSE rafiki of mine, Marco Sardelli and his memsahib Suzie. The next day Darsi, Marco, Rose-Ann and myself went to visit our old secondary school, the Duko. Everything is relative – I had seen photo's and read reports of the place, so I was expecting the worst. I was mildly surprised – the tuition block had recently been painted.

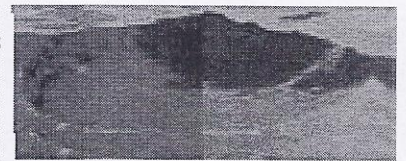


Naivasha
Photo: Louise Heckle

Then we went past where Lord Erroll had copped it, and the onto the top of the Ngong Hills – to show RA the view *and* also to get her

to pronounce *Ngong* properly!

Next day off to Naivasha and Gilgil. While RA and Darsi explored the Lake, a local *kijana* "Mzungu", Peter White (in fact the son of an original HSE attendee) and I climbed Longonot.



Mt Longonot & Hell's Gate
Photo: kujabe.org

Then we spent the night with Peter Scott at Gilgil (his memsahib was away). It was also an opportunity to catch up with an old e-mail rafiki, Tim Hutchinson, who compiles the "Up Country Kenya Wazungu Directory". Another attraction was his vintage vehicle, which was featured in *Out of Africa*. RA sat in it and did her Meryl Streep bit.

Next day past "Happy Valley" and onto T Fals where I had worked at the KCC. We were able to locate both my former staff house and the old factory. Onto the Solai Valley where we stayed overnight with an Old Yorkist and his memsahib before heading to Nakuru and Njoro the next day.

At Nakuru we

drove to the former Nakuru School (Arthur Brindley had been Head there sometime before his appointment to the HSE). The School had also

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Nightingale
Photo: Louise Heckle

featured in the movie *Nowhere in Africa*. It seemed to be in quite good nick with plenty of unencumbered playing field space. We were able to locate both my grandfather's grave and the house my parents had lived in at Nakuru. We also drove up to the top of Menengai.

Our Njoro hosts were ex HSE Patricia Nightingale (nee Scott) and her husband Bruce, whose family used to farm at Kinangop. They farm at Njoro, but regrettably the watu's thieving ways make this activity rather difficult. Their income is supplemented in various other ways, including "homestays" – theirs being the favourite overnight stop for overlanders from Nairobi on the way to view gorillas and chimps in Western Uganda.

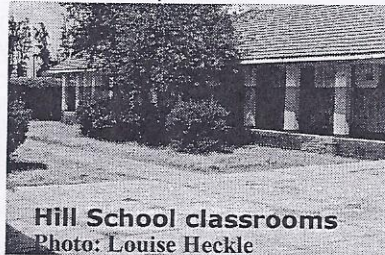
My earliest recollections of life begin at Njoro

My earliest recollections of life begin at Njoro where my father used to manage a farm – but we were unsuccessful at locating it even though it was well known in its day as "Forest Farm". The American entrepreneur, Billy Sewell – one of the co-founders of the Boma Trading Company early last century, originally owned the farm. His other claim to fame was his importation of Chinese servants to work in his house. (They brought their coffins with them in case they died, so they could be transported back to China.) The house, as in the case of so many civic buildings and schools in the '30s (many of which we visited during this trip), had been designed by Kenya's leading architect at the time. "Lakini" the watu, rather than saying they don't know, sent us on a series of wild

goose chases. (Indeed, when I read the accounts of travellers to EA in the 19th century, this trait does not seem to have changed all that much!). Since returning to Sydney, I have now found, in a published map (post uhuru) of the same location a reference to "Kikapu Farm", with a schoolhouse located at the site. This search

therefore remains part of unfinished business for which another trip is certainly warranted.

The next day was our long-awaited trip to Eldoret, but not via the standard route of our time (going through Timboroa) but through the Eldama Ravine and then via Kaptagat. We stopped at Kaptagat Prep where Darsi had first gone to school prior to making his appearance at HSE. I also understand it was Stephen Perrens' alma mater. The school seemed in reasonable nick. It was raining and getting dark, so we paused briefly at the Kaptagat Arms Hotel where many Uganda parents used to stay while visiting their offspring at the Hill. It is now African run. It seems to be in good condition – regrettably not so with the Kaptagat Club, which no longer exists except for the remains of the squash court appearing incongruously in a shamba. Then for 2 nights at the Eldoret Club – the only "reasonable" place to stay in 64. There at the club BBQ we caught up with former HSE Headmaster (during the post colonial era) Paul Scott. Eldoret Township, like Nakuru and Mombasa, are certainly places to avoid – having become teeming African shanty towns.

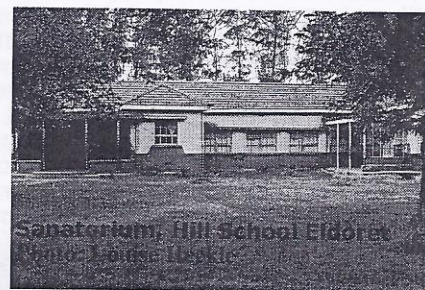


Hill School classrooms
Photo: Louise Heckle

The next day was Hill School day. We first of all went to the New Hill School – most of the buildings which were there during our time still remain: the teaching block, dormitory blocks – including dining rooms / kitchens (in contrast to the Duko), sanatorium, Headmaster's house and, of course, the Water Tower (which seemed little worse for wear. The swimming pool was empty. Mealies grew in most places.

The School has at some stage been repainted in shades of blue! ("Ag, sies man," as we used to say in the old days.) There is also a Head honour board in place, but it does not go as far back as O T Davies and Cyril Redhead.

We went into two of the dining rooms where we found murals painted by the late Gwen Bristow: one painting depicts the Great (Uasin Gishu) Trek [see the photograph on p4 - Editor] and the other "The Mad Hatter's Tea Party" from Alice in Wonderland. The dining room and kitchens do not seem to have changed much since our time. In one of the quads we



also found an original, intact desk with its inkwell that would have been used at the Old Hill School.

Before heading back down to the Old Hill School site, we briefly called in at the Loreto Convent (the former "red monkeys" site – with apologies to Loreto Girls, but I had to get that one in when reverting to my old HSE self, long before we discovered such delightful young ladies who came from that school. This seems in good condition, but is no longer used as a school. The Eldoret Sports Club looked as if it is still in use, with rugby posts still located on the main sports field.

We then travelled to an extremely hallowed site – the remains of the Old Hill School. At the top end was a church and a school. In the middle we found some trees which we thought may have been there during our time. The most poignant reminder of those times were two sets of concrete steps that may have belonged to the dormitories and the overgrown, open drains.



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Eldoret Golf Club
Photo: Louise Heckle

Close by was the Uasin Gishu Arts Society Building. The society had originally begun its life at the Old Hill School Assembly Hall after the new school was built. Many former staff members, including June Parker and Arthur Brindley, had performed there on the stage. Other than the bar the rest of the building did not seem to have any regular usage. In Eldoret we were also able to identify a few other landmarks such as the three main denominational churches during our time; the railway station; KFA and Unga; and what used to be the two flick houses – the Roxy and the Lyric. We then paid a visit to the former Central / Highlands School (firstly our rival, then part of us, and of course where many of our “girls” ended up. It seemed to be in a very good condition.

The following day was also an emotional one as we returned to our last Kenya farm – the Burnt Forest Farm. In Scottburgh I met former neighbours who had already informed me that our former house was, surprisingly, still being lived in. We had no difficulty in finding the turn-off from the main road, although much of the land has been denuded. Lo and behold, there was the house – the kitchen was missing, as well as our large and beautiful, rambling garden. The garden shed, garage, stores, etc are also gone.

...we returned to our last Kenya farm – the Burnt Forest Farm ...

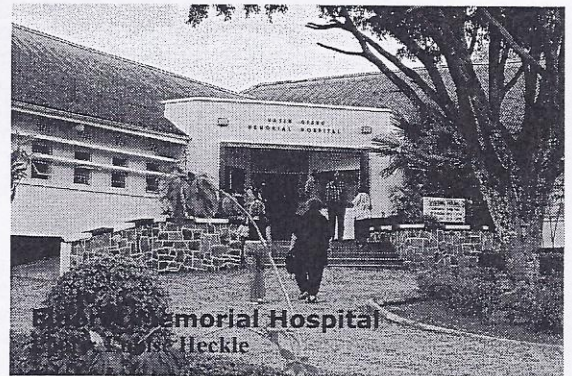
We were allowed inside the house – the bath and basin appear to have never been used. All the hot water system and plumbing are non-existent. We made a point of not visiting the toilet!

Before we left the house we were asked by the present owners to pay them for having cared so well for the place during our absence. Regrettably a very strong hand-out mentality still exists in Kenya today. This, I must admit, soured our visit there so much that perhaps on a return visit I would by-pass the house – instead revisiting other parts of the farm which we used to frequent, including the little falls below the dam. At the dam we found the daughter of our former Headman living in abject poverty. (In Kenya you now find very few mud huts.) We learnt that other personnel who had been employed by us had either passed on or moved away.

We also visited the former houses of two of our neighbours. One of them, belonging to the Jorgensens, was a complete ruin. Again, as in the case of “our” garden, no garden exist with both these houses. Another ruin in the area is the former Keben Spa Hotel, although the mineral waters still gush out below from the spring in the ground. The waters still taste delicious! Lessos Sailing Dam is also a shadow of its former self.

Next day we were off to Sergoit for an overnight stay with former HSE person, Hettie Tooley (Kruger) and her hubby, Dave. Her brother Fanie (also ex HSE) and his memsahib Carole live on the property and, like the Nightingales, they farm, while the Tooleys run a homestay business. Their property incorporates the Sergoit Rock where, part of the Soy Rothschild giraffe herd can now be found. Darsi and I climbed the Rock and we did our Cecil Hoey re-enactment by looking (in our case) through binoculars (CH used a telescope) towards Burnt Forest to see if we could see billowing clouds. (That’s what CH originally thought he saw until he examined the objects more closely and found them to be the covered ox carts of the Afrikaner trek to the Plateau.)

Then off to another Mzungu shamba in Kitale. The number of Wazungu shambas in both the Trans Nzoia and Uasin Gishu can now be counted on one hand. From there I climbed up Elgon until the guides stopped me from going any further, as the clouds had begun to settle around the summit. The next day off to Turbo, Kipkarren and, eventually, Kisumu.



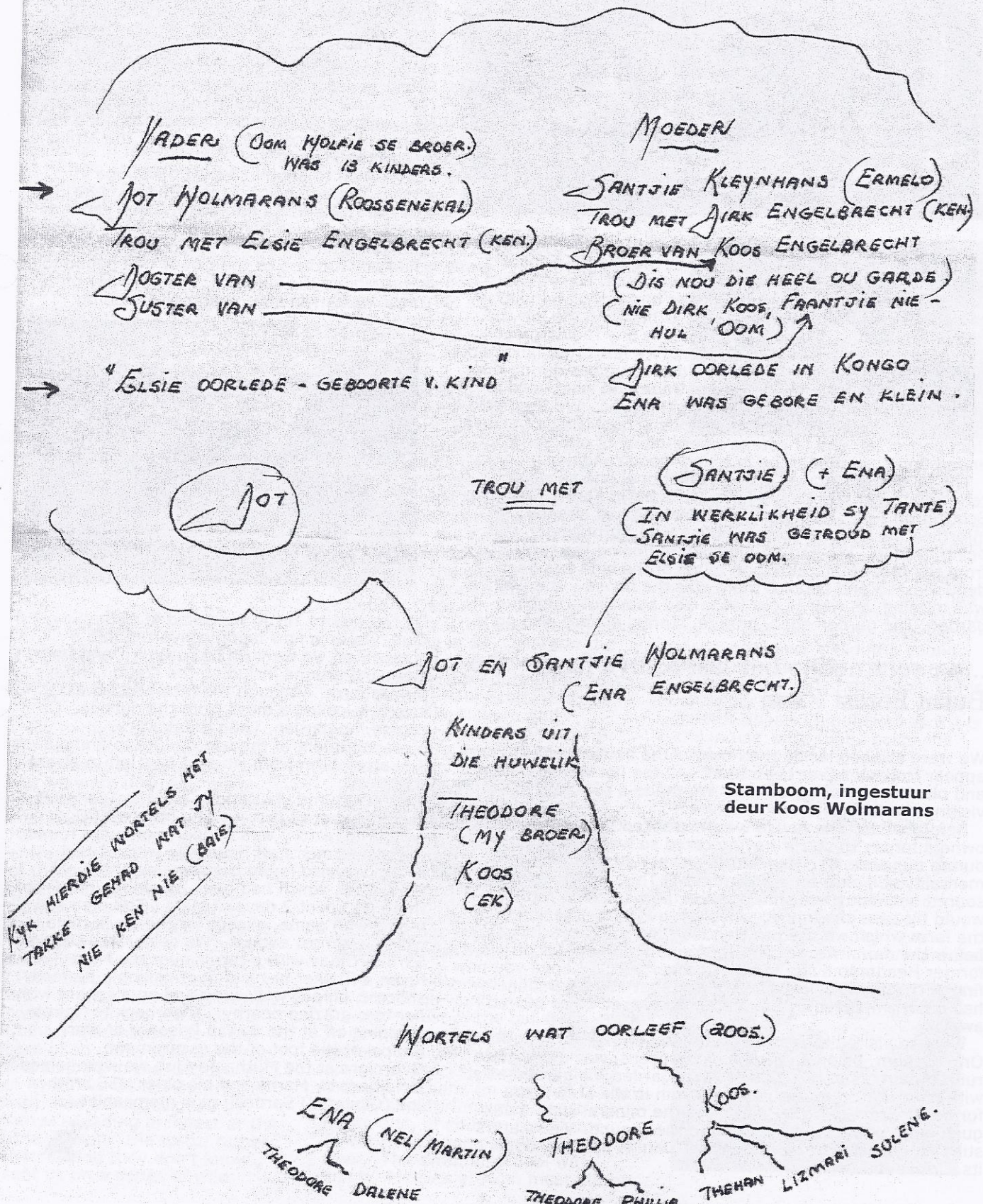
Burnt Forest Memorial Hospital
Photo: Louise Heckle

On the way to Turbo we called in at the Soy Club, which is now being converted into a hotel. Then we went on to Turbo – Darsi’s old stamping ground including the station and his former farm. Although the farmhouse was intact, it looked a mess from the outside. Or course, no garden. Then the next disappointment of the trip: failure to find our Kipkarren farm from where I first left to attend HSE.

From Kisumu via Kericho and the Tea Hotel to Sotik where I first worked for the KCC. Again the factory was in operation and I found the two former staff houses in which I had lived. We also found the remains of the old Sotik Club, which had been an old haunt. From there we spent 2 days at Mara. The area still teems with game, except for the black rhino, which is almost extinct. We celebrated Darsi’s 63rd birthday with a picnic over the Mara River, a Tusker in-hand overlooking a perfectly still croc, hippos wallowing and an elephant with her totto grazing nearby. Then back to Nairobi, stopping off at the Italian Prisoner of War Chapel at the foot of the escarpment. Overnight at the Muthaiga Club we were joined for dinner by Marco and his older HSE brother Joe (Giovanni) Sardelli, plus memsahibs.



hier is vir jou 'n Stamboom.



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The first Soy Turbo farms (see also the map on page 16)

Ladies and gentlemen of the Kipkarren-Turbo network and associates ...

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I have been working on the original farms and owners in the area. The main source for this project has been the original Uasin Gishu rapid allotment map of 1908, early Colonial Annual Reports and Tim Hutchinson's famous "Up-Country Directory". The key message that I have for everyone, as well as my main request, despite very few of you being the first generation farm owners (we also have some third generation folk that may not have even lived in Kenya) is the importance of finding and keeping documentation relating to ownership. Land titles and associated official documentation would have been required from the first land purchases through to subsequent transfers including the last transfer to the Africans. If you manage to come across one of these, I would ask a favour of you, please provide me with a copy.

Hopefully the reason will be reinforced by examination of the two attachments. The first one comprises that portion of the original Uasin Gishu map which covers Soy and the area which subsequently became Turbo. Settlement to the area west of the map (Kipkarren) occurred subsequently with the major impetus being the Soldier Settlement Scheme in 1920. The 1908 map shows the original farm numbering designation (the most famous being Farm Sixty Four - which does not occur in the Soy-Turbo area), farm boundaries (with the rivers forming natural boundaries) and acreages. The early Colonial Annual Reports provided half-yearly returns on land applications in Kenya (or the British East Africa Protectorate as it was then known). In all cases the acreages were identified in the applications and in many cases the actual Farm Number designations. While land may have been applied for and registered, it does not necessarily mean that the land was actually taken up - the land may have been sold not long afterwards to a second party or the lease may have lapsed. Where land was not identified by a Farm Number (but of course acreages provided) and there are unique acreages shown in the map, I have then guessed the original ownership of that farm by matching the acreages shown in the map and the half-yearly returns to the Colonial Annual Reports, I have also modified the 1950s Soy map to show where the original boundaries and farm numbers would have been in the area and who the '50s owners of these parcels of land (many of which were subsequently subdivided). This information is also shown in the spread sheet.

I am also happy to e-mail out the 1950s Soy map modified along these lines. The modern maps are of course much denser than the 1908 map and hence amount to much larger file sizes. Because of this I will not attempt to e-mail it to those of you who still live in Kenya. Your telephone and internet infrastructure does not appear to support the transfer of such information that we seem to take for granted in the rest of the world.

I am sure that you will recognise among the early applicants many names who became quite prominent in the district. John Selby who owned the land on the Sosiani River where the falls were located and named after him. These falls of course provided the hydro-electric power scheme for Eldoret. Lieutenant-Colonel George Swinton-Home and his neighbour Major Charles Parker-Toulson bought land next to each other at Soy. They had both served in India with the Dragoon Guards.

John, with the 1950s map superimposed with the 1908 map you will see that your Great Uncle's property is well defined. The future Soy Trading Centre and Soy Station on the Kitale Branch line were established on the property. (John is an example of a third generation non-Kenyan who had acquired family Kenya records and as a result I have now been able to locate his Great Uncle's former farm for him.)

But I have digressed. These two gentlemen plus another well-known one in the area, American Lou Johnson and others set up the first farm co-operative which became the fore runner to the KFA. Lou Johnson was the Chairman who settled on a big farm (original farms 225 & 227) on top of the bluff at Turbo. He subsequently made his fortune at the Kakamega Gold rush.

An interesting name (and someone that I do not know too much about) is Thomas Russell. *Any relation to the Tom Russell that lived near you, Alicia? I would imagine he would have been considerably older than the Tom Russell whom you knew. Can anyone shed any further light on him for me?*

There is also the Kaigat area (subsequently Tweedie country) in which you, Ken, have an interest as you told me that your Grandfather Dr Walter Kelbe originally had some land in that area as part of the Kerita Syndicate. That being the case then I would imagine that he and your relatives must have purchased the land from Murray Dick the original owner.

As you can see, I could go on and on. However, I thought it would be of interest to the group to provide them with some back ground to this project of who farmed where and when in the Kipkarren-Turbo and neighbouring areas. I of course welcome feedback and any further snippets of information which help put the jig aw puzzle together again.

After sending you the modified 50s Soy map, I have foreshadowed sending you a photograph of the hills in the area. The north eastern Uasin Gishu district is straight forward with only one major natural landmark arising out of the Plateau - Sergoit Rock. As you will be able to ascertain from the maps, there are a number of such features on the north western Uasin Gishu district. I have a photo taken as part of the aerial view of the new Hill School campus which shows the hills in the Kipkarren Turbo area. Your assistance on identifying the hills when I send out this photo will be considerably appreciated. Bye for now.

Dave Lichtenstein

lichtend@ozemail.com.au

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Soy-Turbo with original farm boundaries & numbers

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