



# BROOKLANDS BARAZA

A newsletter to keep Old Yorkists and Laibon in touch and their friendships alive

*Issue Number 1 - January 2021*

It is a bleak winter day in Cornwall as I write this. Freezing cold but, as always, still beautiful. We are lucky to live here in the West Country of England; less affected than most by the Coronavirus that has swept through the country and the rest of the world. We have all lost a year. Time has stood still in 2020. Events and activities have not happened. Everything has been postponed. No holidays, no pubs, no theaters. Sport without crowds. Empty stadiums echoing shouted commands. Roll on next year. The good news is that the cavalry is coming. The vaccine has arrived and a programme of mass inoculation has commenced. I hope the same sense of relief and excitement exists where you are. At last, we can look forward to better times and life without lock-down in 2021.

As I wonder what to write in this first newsletter, I ask how did I get talked into doing this? How did I get lumbered with being editor? Why did I put my hand up? How did it start?

It started because David Lichtenstein died. He was an eccentric old guy, obsessed with the past, the Duke of York School and Kenya. He typified the phrase that ***you can take a man out of Africa but you can never take Africa out of the man.*** I guess that applies to us all in a way. We share a sense of nostalgia for good times that we had in the past. David fueled that. He kept us in touch with his annual email, his SikuKuu.

In doing so, David developed a unique database of Old Yorkists who attended the school from

In a meeting following his demise, a group of us agreed that it would be tragic to lose that list of names and email addresses. We also felt that it would be wrong to let his legacy of established communication evaporate. We decided to do something about it. We would revive that process but in a modified form.

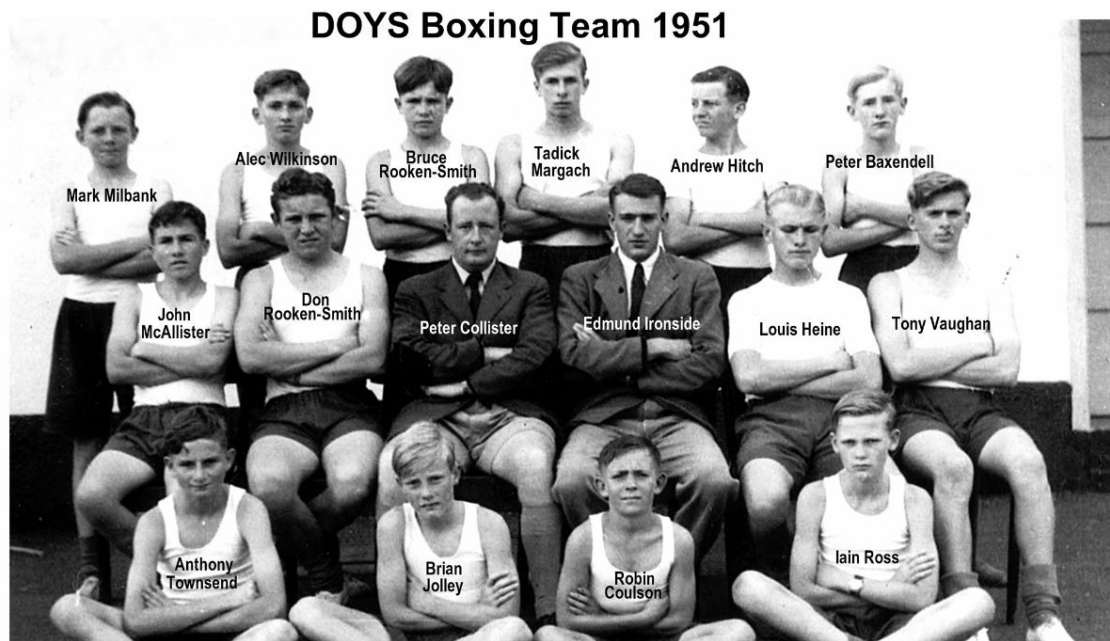
David compiled the content of his email alone. We would try to share the burden by asking local area co-coordinators to gather information of interest to our fraternity and pass it on to us. His was one-way communication. We wanted to establish a portal, an open door which operated in both directions. Contributors would submit articles and news items to us which we would feed back to a wider community. His was aimed at Old Yorkists alone. Ours would include the Laibon, our contemporary fraternity.

So, we decided to create a newsletter.

All very exciting. But who was going to manage it? John had his Barua. Nigel is the OKT treasurer. Alex does our communications. Ronnie had rushed off to create the [new Brooklands Baraza Revisited Facebook page](#) and.....looking round that left me! That's how I got lumbered with the job. I am now the *editor of Brooklands Baraza newsletter!*

Please excuse any errors or omissions I make. Thank you for the contributions already received. They are great. Please keep them rolling in. I can't promise to include them all but I will do my best. I hope you enjoy and participate in this joint endeavour.

1954, when it started, until 1969, when it changed its name to Lenana.



## LIKE ROCKY MARCIANO, I RETIRED UNBEATEN

A contribution from **Mark Milbank** - Lugard 1951-55

This picture of the 1951 Duke of York School boxing team was taken soon after we were chosen to represent the school against St Marys who, although not highly regarded at sports like rugby, hockey or cricket, were very good at boxing under coach "Stocky" Stockdale.

I much enjoyed all the other sports and was quite good at them, even ending up as captain of the School cricket team. But I did NOT like boxing - your opponent tried to HIT you! This sort of behaviour was strictly forbidden in other sports, but in boxing it was actually encouraged, the harder the better!! I had no intention of getting involved in such a dangerous, stupid 'sport' but my father thought that 'the lad' needed a bit of toughening up and, without consulting me, enrolled me in one of the schools 'extra activities'-namely boxing under Mr Collister, aka Colly Wobbles.

It was OK for the likes of Don Rookan-Smith, who was so strong that equally strong opponents had to be found for him and, even then, he half killed them! Iain Ross was very light on his feet with a good 'style' so could escape more easily if the other guy got really nasty. Although I had none of these assets my father said it would be good for

I reported quickly to the sick bay and nearly coughed my lungs out, desperately hoping that I would instantly be admitted with some dangerous virus. A thermometer was thrust into my mouth, withdrawn, shaken followed by a declaration of perfect health - bugger!

However, my guardian angel must have been watching over me because, instead of infecting me with a deadly virus, he infected my awesome opponent! Phew! Said awesome opponent was replaced by a skinny youth with glasses. Whilst he took these off to fight, clearly, he could see very little because when the bell for the first round went, I tore out waving my arms in all direction and my elbow must have caught him on the nose because blood shot out and the fight, quite rightly, was stopped and my arm was raised as the worthy winner. I can't remember who else in our team won, but Don definitely did and I think Iain managed to keep out of trouble long enough to do so too.

Having achieved what my father had done, namely drawn the blood of my opponent - like Rocky Marciano, I retired unbeaten, but was disappointed not to have been awarded my boxing colours.

me. He had boxed at school and in one glorious moment, when sparring with the boxing master, had hit him flush on the nose and made it bleed! I wouldn't have minded doing this to Colly Wobbles but he never gave me the chance. Nor did Tin Ribs Ironside, the other coach depicted in the photograph.

The team selected to represent the School was duly pinned on the school notice board and against each of us was put the name of our opponent. I was horrified to discover that I was to fight a guy who lived near us at home. A friend who rode horses with me. I was quite good at this and used to laugh at him as he could barely stay on. He was huge, very muscular and didn't like being laughed at so the thought of now having to actually fight him, terrified me.

*Ed writes: Mark and his wife Nikki came to the 2019 Old Yorkist reunion in Taunton where he was joined by Iain Ross and Don Rooken-Smith, one of the few remaining 49ers, who came over from Florida where he now lives. They were great fun and I enjoyed their company in the golf tournament the following day.*

*Sadly, following this outdoor boxing match, several competitors were struck down by polio which was rampant at that time. It greatly upset Stocky who gave up coaching boxing thereafter.*

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## A MOUNTAINOUS ADVENTURE FOR 6, SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD YORKISTS

**Doug Duncan** A contribution from - Kirk 1955-60

During the 1960 Easter school holidays Bryan Tichborne gathered a group of us to climb Mount Kilimanjaro. In addition to Bryan, the group consisted of Rob Rowland, Ricky Tunmer, Terry Holdsworth, Danny Ravn, and me, Doug Duncan. As we were only sixteen years old, Bryan's father, who was the Purser at the Duke of York School, had made bookings for us at Kibo Hotel, mountain huts, and arranged for a guide.

We had gathered our kit together during the preceding term. Rucksacks from the Army surplus store in Nairobi, our school cadet boots, windproof jackets and trousers, balaclavas, sleeping bags, gloves, water-bottles, a primus stove and rations for 10 days. Passports were not required in those days.

We paired off to hitchhike to Moshi and the Kibo hotel. My father dropped Rob and me off at 5 am outside Nairobi on the Mombasa road. We all got lifts and met up at Mtito Andei. From there an Indian guy, going to Arusha in his long wheel-based Landrover, kindly took us right to the Kibo Hotel where we were given a loft above the garage and slept on the cement floor.

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Our trek was to start the next day, so we walked to a waterfall above the hotel. The tribe who live in that fertile area grow coffee, bananas, pawpaws and assorted vegetables irrigated by small canals taken from mountain streams. They live in very impressive double – story, thatched rondavals with, their livestock on the ground floor and them upstairs.

The next day we met our guide who sold us each a decorated steel-tipped climbing staff. Starting off up a muddy, rutted path was heavy going. I was carrying the primus stove and paraffin, the team camera and had borrowed a heavy Artic condition sleeping bag. The guide spotted this, and loaded the primus and sleeping bag onto his personal porter who was carrying their kit and food. Just above the tree line, beside a mountain stream we finally arrived at stone built Bismark hut which has two rooms with bunks and fireplaces.

The following day was easier going across the moorland cut by many small streams, gorse, and banks of everlasting flowers. That afternoon we arrived at Pieters hut and had our first views of snowclad Kibo and Mwenzi peaks. At a nearby stream we had to break a thin layer of ice to fill our water bottles. A first for me. The following day, without packs, we trekked up to Mwenzi hut on the snowline to acclimatise to the high altitude. It was the first time I had trodden on snow which could be seen from Nairobi in those days on the peaks of Kilimanjaro and Mt Kenya. There was a visitors' book in the hut and it was sobering to see that the previous entry had been made by a group of 3 Prince of Wales School boys, one of whom had fallen to his death when attempting to climb Mwenzi and another was seriously injured.

The next day we trekked above the moorland and across the saddle between Mwenzi and Kibo carrying enough water to get to Kibo hut, the summit, and back to Pieters hut. On the way we saw a herd of 20 or so Eland. Kibo hut is at the foot of the scree en route to the top. As another party had bagged the main hut, we had to sleep in the guide and porters' hut which was very snug as they already had a cooking fire going. It was early to bed as we were to be up at four in the morning when the scree would be frozen and would make climbing easier.

We awoke to find it was snowing and had been all night. It was another first for me. We set off with our guide in the lead and soon learnt to stamp each step in the snow. Dawn broke as we climbed through cloud. Looking back, the saddle was covered in snow. Up and up we went, through the clouds to Gillman's point where we had to dig through deep snow to find the visitors' book, sign our names and take photos for posterity.

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Fortunately, none of us were suffering from altitude sickness, so we went on to Kaiser Villaume which is slightly higher than Guilman's point. The rim of the crater was completely shrouded in cloud. Leading the way, our guide promptly fell up to his armpits into a snow drift from which we had to pull him out. With the path obliterated in deep snow, he declared it too dangerous to attempt the summit so we trudged back down to the scree. From there we sat in the snow with legs out in front and tobogganed down to Kibo hut where we had breakfast, picked up our packs and crossed the saddle, where the snow had mostly melted by now, to Pieters hut for the night.

The following morning, we descended through moorland, past Bismark hut, and coasted downhill to Kibo Hotel for cold showers and a hot dinner. To mark our success, the guide had made us garlands of everlasting flowers to put round our hatbands. Finally, after breakfast at the hotel we headed back to Nairobi and home. What a memorable adventure the six of us had enjoyed.

*Ed writes: Doug Duncan, having farmed in Zimbabwe for many years, now lives in Cotignac, Southern France. Rob Rowland lives in Somerset. Bryan Tichborne lives in Akaroa, New Zealand. Andrew Hillier's Old Yorkist database shows Danny Ravn living in Perth, Western Australia but has no trace of Rick Tunmer or Terry Holdsworth. If anyone knows where they are, please let us know.*

## TRIAL BY JURY 22ND OCTOBER 1955

A contribution from **Robin Crosher** - Kirk 1952-58



The school play in 1955 was Gilbert and Sullivan's Trial by Jury. The bridesmaids were all boys from the school choir I believe. The only girl to take part as the bride was borrowed, I think from the Kenya Girls High School (The Boma). Her name was Avril Parry. The bridegroom was Ken Barham. The bridesmaid sitting on the floor in the centre of the public gallery scene were all Duke of York boys. Second from right in the line on the stage, is my brother, John.

My mother, Jean, made all the costumes for the show and often told the story of when she turned up for a fitting before a rehearsal, how the boys would come in to the changing room frequently covered in mud from the playing field to be transformed into these angelic young ladies. It gave her a great deal of pleasure as well as hard work at the time. She made false bosoms so that they looked realistic when dressed in their bridesmaids' dresses.



Any of your readers that were at the school at the time may well recognise some of the 'people' in the public gallery. As I recall the play was a great success and enjoyed by the whole school. I don't remember if they did more than one performance.

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## AN EXCERPT FROM THE ORIGINAL BROOKLANDS BARAZA:

Some of you will remember that we had a master named Packwood at school and another named Morwood. I remember the following ditty that someone contributed to the original Brookland Baraza which was a clever play on their names:

**How much wood could Packwood pack  
If Packwood could pack wood?  
More wood that Morwood could  
If Morwood could pack wood.**

I think the author was Peter Graham.

*Ed writes: Peter, please confirm that you were the author and that it was you who also provided the crossword puzzles?*

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## OF MINCE AND NUGGETS

A contribution from **Roger Maudsley** - Kirk 1956-62

Doug Duncan jogged my memory on wrongly attributing me the honour of being one of the heroes of Jimmy Allen's expedition to the Ruwenzori's. Tales of roped together Yorkists traversing dangerous ice sheets later did the rounds of dormitories and studies. *(That sounds an intriguing story. Maybe one of those heroes will tell us all about it sometime – Ed)*

No, I wasn't there. Wisely, my parents wouldn't let me go (and, I must admit, I was relieved). But I did feature in Jimmy's expedition to the Turkwell Gorge and Mt Kulal on the Kenya-Uganda border, in the company of Chris Greaves and Nigel

Taking us down to the river the old man showed us a dozen African employees washing out small gold nuggets from alluvial deposits. Further along we had glimpses of the Gorge itself.

That was phase one. Returning to the main road we carried on north to a town close to Mt Kulal. Although the town was unsettlingly quiet, we found a guide for the next day's ascent of the mysterious massif.

So off we went. In contrast to our heavy rucksacks the guide carried nothing. When we camped that evening, we were intrigued to see that his preparations for the night involved eating masses of what looked like a kind of grass growing around the site.

It was clear the next day that the "grass" was some kind of narcotic. It was an immense effort to get the guide on his feet and back on the route.

Gaymer.

My first memory of the trip is of careering north along a dirt road near Uganda in Jimmy's beat-up beetle. Suddenly, after miles of empty bush, Jimmy, without hesitation, took a rough unmarked track to the left.

We traveled for a day or so without seeing anything except more bush. I vaguely remember eating a tough guinea fowl shot by Chris with his .22 rifle, and traversing a dry riverbed that must have been a couple of hundred yards across. On we went with no means of knowing where we were until suddenly, we came across a substantial house.

This turned out to belong to an old South African couple, living alone in the back of beyond. But they weren't without wheels: in the garage next to the house was a Model T Ford sitting beside a brand-new Land Rover.

The couple were very suspicious but finally invited us in for tea. The atmosphere warmed as the old lady plied us with homemade bread and jam. When he realised that we were just a teacher and schoolboys on a jaunt the old man revealed what he was doing: running a gold-panning operation! What's more, against all the odds, we had arrived at the Turkwell River and Gorge. How Jimmy had navigated us to this remote spot, apparently without maps or directions, is beyond comprehension.

Finally, in desperation, we forced him onward with Chris's .22 jabbed into his back. But it was no use. We had to ditch him and carry on by ourselves. Inevitably we lost our way and had to turn back.

Getting to the car we found the guide had broken in and stolen all our food! All, that is, except for a packet of spaghetti, Resourcefully, and to general acclaim, I immediately suggested buying a tin of mincemeat so we could make spaghetti bolognese!

Miraculously, we came across an Indian duka that stocked the very thing! That evening, camped in the bush, we were pretty hungry and looking forward to a feed. While cheerfully boiling up the spaghetti, we opened the tin. Yes, it was mincemeat alright, but the variety used to make mince pies at Christmas! Jimmy summed up the general opinion: "bloody Maudsley"!

*Ed writes: Roger lives in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil with his wife Ana. They have an apartment overlooking Copacabana beach. Unfortunately, he, like so many of us of a certain age, appears to suffer from memory loss and is confused because neither Chris Greaves or Nigel Gaymer have any memory of the events described above!*

*Roger has since sent me the attached photograph, taken at the time, which shows Jimmy Allen, on the right, and A N Other. If you recognise yourself, please let me know and I will be happy to tell Roger accordingly.*





# WHY I CHOSE PATTAYA, THAILAND AS A RETIREMENT DESTINATION

A contribution from **Neil Duncan** – Kirk 1960-63

I like living in the tropics. However, it seems that there are a diminishing number of places left in these latitudes that are still agreeably habitable by nomadic honkies like me. Thailand is one of them.

The country markets itself as a tourist destination under the banner '*Land of Smiles*'. It is true. Although 'resident tourists' are not made entirely welcome by officialdom. There are visa requirements, although they are relatively benign.

Not only do I like the Thai people but also, the climate, the spicy seafood, coconut at breakfast, fresh lime juice at lunch, cold beer at supper, the proximity of a warm ocean, the ease in moving about either on my motorcycle or truck, the splendid golf courses, terrific amenities, and many other things besides.

Sure, Pattaya City has a well-deserved reputation for being somewhat raunchy but this feature centres downtown and does not impinge on the suburb of Nongphrue where I live.

Compared to playing-out my end-game in England, with its wretched winters, I find living here, clad in only shirt, shorts and sandals at 30°C all year round, with beach sand between my toes whenever I want, to be entirely preferable. Plus, there is the super bonus of the lovely Aom, my 'significant other' for the last fifteen years.

On the downside, as a penalty for retiring here, the British Government has not only stolen my state pension indexation but also their promise of lifetime health care, both of which I had to buy at huge cost over several decades of work in UK.

*Ed writes: that sounds like a fair exchange for all the other benefits described plus Christmas on the beach!*

*Neil is fourth from the left at the back in the image above*







A contribution from **Steven Hayo Achieng**  
Steven is a Lenana school alumni and  
OKT/Msaada Beneficiary 2016-2018

2020 - what a year! Who could know that it was going to be this way? At least we are marching towards its end. As a law student at the university of Nairobi, there was freedom in the air. We wanted to try our limits after a lifetime of being under the keen watch of our parents, doing what they wanted us to do, was it slavery? I don't know. Personally, I balanced class and leisure. Friday was best since we had only one lesson. We would finish early and disappear from the campus. We were used to saying that what one does on Fridays was unpredictable, you could finish class and find yourself in Zimbabwe the next day, without knowing how you got there!

Law school was full of surprises and wonders before this Covid-19 came and stopped everything. I enjoyed classes, especially seeing some of these renowned law professors standing on the podium to offer me lectures. I must say I felt great. Then we started learning these complicated terms and principles in law, some even in *Latin*. The pride of using a *Latin* word in an argument knowing well that my opponent would not recover from the blow, was thrilling!

The other thing I liked about law school was the competence that prevails. In terms of intellectual and even dressing competence. It made me see the corporate side of life; save to buy a suit, dress nicely and just be a gentleman. However, every positive has a negative. Law requires hours of reading, mastering old case laws as early as 16<sup>th</sup> century, spending a lot of time in the library, keeping up with the current events etc. which is

Then came Coronavirus and the year would never be the same. School closed and we came home. At first, I thought it would last for just a few months, but I was in for a rude shock. I had nothing to do most of the time, especially during indoor curfews. Waking up to the same faces and household chores became boring. I tried some activities to keep me busy. I learnt how to edit YouTube videos, tried a YouTube channel to broadcast my videos but the growth was slow. Then I discovered Telegram app. I opened a telegram channel to share movies and series and it worked. Am currently at 6K subscribers.

Before long, the university introduced online classes and the fun vanished. We are very busy most of the time, attending online classes daily, working on assignments and sitting for exams online. In the last exam I sat, out of the 5 units I enrolled in, I had a grade of A in 2, B in one and still waiting for the rest.

The main challenge when I joined college was accommodation. The university provides hostels for students. However, due to the large numbers of students, I share a small room with 3 others. The university does not allow students to cook in the hostels and buying food daily from restaurant is really expensive. I want to look for a house or single room, outside the campus. It would be more secure. I could buy in advance and cook better, healthier food for myself.

That was my year in summary. Right now, I am with my parents by the Lakeside in Kisumu and, if Covid-19 will miraculously disappear by 31<sup>st</sup> December we are to resume physical classes by 11<sup>th</sup> January.

*Ed writes: we hope that University has re-opened and that Steven has now resumed his studies.*

tiresome. Anyway, I had put on the armour, now I must go to war. I believe I'll emerge victorious.

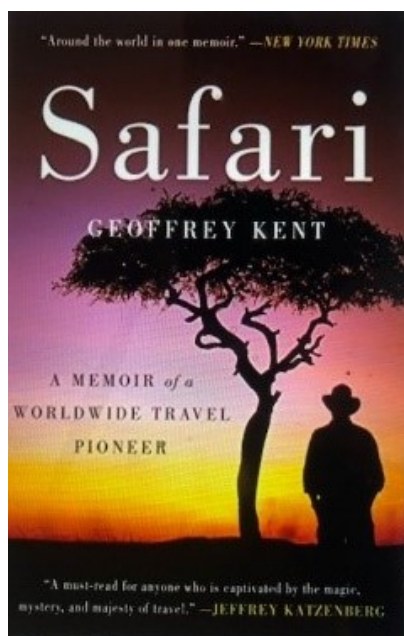
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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Some clever philosopher once said "there are those that think and there are those that do" or something like that. That is absolutely true. How many of us have thought we could write a book but how many have actually done it?

Here are a few Old Yorkists who have done exactly that. Authors whose books I have recently enjoyed. I raise my hat in admiration and say thank you all for relieving some of the boredom we have all endured over the last 12 months:

### Geoffrey Kent – wrote 'Safari: A Memoir of a Worldwide Pioneer'



Geoff has written a fascinating book which briefly mentions his time at The Duke of York school but then traces his life thereafter, first in the Royal Artillery, from which he retired with impaired hearing (a common affliction in that regiment I imagine) and then goes on to tell of the extraordinary development of Abercrombie & Kent, from an upmarket, Kenya based tour company, started by his parents John and Valerie, later joined by Peggy May, my mother. Their mantra was to go on safari and 'shoot with a camera, not with a gun'.

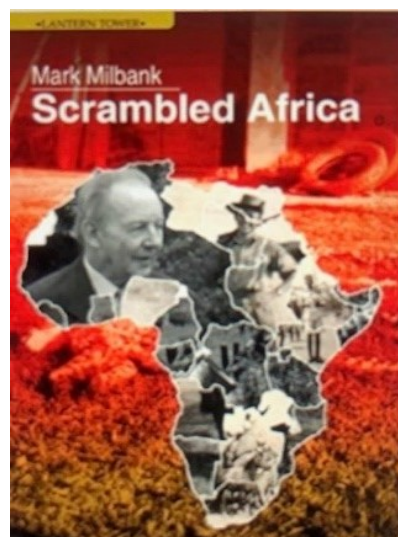
Geoff introduced a massive dose of energy and drive to the business which became hugely popular amongst wealthy tourists from North America. Amongst them he met and later married his second wife Jorie who was to add further momentum and capital to the business. Together they were dynamic and the boundaries of Kenya were soon outgrown. With Geoff's vision and imagination, the book describes how A&K

have developed into one of the world's most exclusive tour companies. It is an interesting story full of beautiful photographs. Geoff, now married to Otavia, has homes in London and Monaco.

### Mark Milbank – wrote 'Scrambled Africa'

I met Mark and his wife Nikki at the Old Yorkist Reunion in 2019. What a lovely couple. Coincidentally he had worked for Abercrombie & Kent and knew my mother. So too did Don Rooken-Smith, who was also at the reunion. A Couple of great old Buddies, full of interesting stories.

Having left Kenya, Mark went South to Zimbabwe where he and Nikki developed a farm and bred horses for their shared interest in polo and for her great talent as a show jumper. It was a fabulous life that was to come to a very sad end. Like so many others, having first been reassured of continued support from the government, after years of torment and decline, they were eventually forced to leave as their lives became endangered and they now live in the UK. Mark's book, Scrambled Africa, makes an interesting read for anyone who knows the region.



### Guy Hallows – a prolific story teller

Since his first book in 2011, Guy has become prolific. There are now too many to mention individually but

have a look on Amazon where they are listed and available at reasonable cost.

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## OBITUARY IN MEMORY OF THE LATE BRUCE DALL

Grogan 1964-66



Bruce was born in Kenya on 18 June 1951, his father being the Managing Director of Leyland Motors Limited in Nairobi. After school at Westlands Primary, Bruce went to the Duke of York School in 1964. Although only there for three years he proved to be an outstanding sportsman, especially at swimming, and an affable, gentle person with many friends.

His contribution to sport was illustrated by being awarded half-colours (49 Club) when only in the second form - a rare achievement in those days. On one occasion, whilst playing rugby at middle colts level against Rift Valley Academy, the team were requested to remove him (and Morris Stephen) from the pitch because he was too strong for the opposition! Despite that, the Duke of York still won.

Bruce went on to Conway Naval Training College in 1966 and there became Chief Cadet Captain. Having been offered the pick of Merchant Navy fleets to join, he decided his future was not ploughing the oceans, but soaring the air currents.

After completing his training at Oxford, he joined Hunting Air Surveys, flying Dakota's in Iran. He later progressed to jets in the form of the BAC111 and the VC10 with Air Malawi.

Returning to the UK, he joined Dan Air, and shortly after left for the then new Air Europe, flying the Boeing 737. It was with Air Europe that Bruce achieved his first jet Command.

1984 saw him once again on the move, this time to Kuwait, where he operated an executive BAC111 for a senior Sheik. Enticed further down the Persian Gulf to Ras Al-Kaimah, he flew the Sultan and his retinue here, there and everywhere, for three years.

By 1989 the Airlines were calling again, and he was off to Bahrain to fly the Airbus 320 for Gulf Air. A training post kept him busy, with local pilots learning to fly the expanding Airbus fleet, and led to the senior position of Airbus Fleet Manager. Bruce retired in 2016.

The mainstay of Bruce's life was his wife Shirley. They met as teenagers and remained smitten for the rest of their lives, with Shirley definitely being the wind beneath his wings. They have three children, Murray, Arran, and Hayley, so retirement was spent visiting family and enjoying time with their five grandchildren in various parts of the globe, being based themselves in Bahrain and Mombasa.

Sadly, Bruce died on 10 December 2020 - a wonderful, kind, gentle, talented man, we all miss him greatly.

Ed writes; Many thanks to Ross, Bruce's elder brother and Old Yorkist, for sharing memories of his brother with us.

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## OBITUARY IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DR STEPHEN MOGUSU

The late Dr Mogusu was a young and passionate medical practitioner who has succumbed to Covid-19 complications and passed away on 7<sup>th</sup> December. He was one of the many dedicated, front line medics who have sacrificed their lives for the sake of his country.

Stephen was 28 years old and lived in Nairobi with his wife and 5 month old child. He was educated at Lenana School and was a medical graduate of the University of Nairobi. Whilst working at Machakos County Covid-19 isolation centre, he maintained his dedication to the battle against the virus despite inadequate PPE and without pay for the last five months of his life. Optimum Kenya Trust have contributed to an appeal by his Laibon colleagues to raise funds to support his family to whom we send our most sincere condolences.



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## HOMELAND

by Michelle Frost

Michelle Frost, who was born and raised in Zimbabwe before moving to South Africa, wrote this bitter-sweet poem which will resonate with anyone who once lived in Africa. It describes senses and emotions that many will recognise. In part it conveys anger that may not be shared by all but, despite that, it contains an intrinsic beauty that cannot be denied.

Within my soul, within my mind,  
There lies a place I cannot find.  
Home of my heart. Land of my birth.  
Smoke-coloured stone and flame coloured  
earth.  
Electric skies. Shivering heat.  
Blood-red clay beneath my feet.

At night when finally alone,  
I close my eyes - and I am home.  
I kneel and touch the blood warm sand  
And feel the pulse beneath my hand  
Of ancient life too old to name,  
In an ancient land too wild to tame.

How can I show you how I feel?  
How can I make this essence real?  
I search for words in dumb frustration  
To try and form some explanation,  
But how can heart and soul be caught  
In one dimensional written thought?

But what is home? I hear them say,  
This never was yours anyway.  
You have no birthright to this place,  
Descendant from another race.  
An immigrant? a pioneer?  
You are no longer welcome here.

Whoever said that love made sense?  
"I love" is an "imperfect" tense.  
To love in vain has been man's fate  
From history unto present date.  
I have no grounds for dispensation,  
I know I have no home or nation.

For just one moment in the night  
I am complete, my soul takes flight.  
For just one moment ... then it's gone.  
And I am once again undone.  
Never complete. Never whole.  
White skin and an African soul.



If love and longer are a "fire"  
And man "consumed" by his desire,  
Then this love is no simple flame  
That mortal thought can hold or tame.  
As deep within the earth's own core  
The love of home burns ever more.

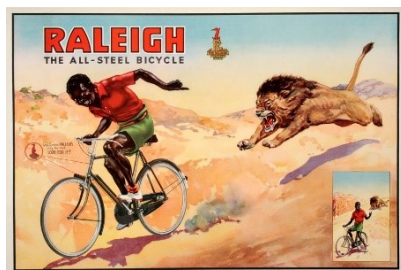
Ed writes; Many thanks to Brendon Brooksbank, in Western Australia, for sending us this beautiful poem.



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## FUTURE CONTRIBUTIONS

We have received some excellent, interesting contributions to our first newsletter. Many thanks to all who have taken the time and trouble to send them in. It is great to hear from you, whether they are memories of



when you were at school or contemporary contributions about life where you live and what you have been doing. I am always looking for good stories and I am hoping that this classic advert for Raleigh bicycles will prompt a very good friend of mine to contribute to the next newsletter and relate the story of his, real life experience of a similar kind. I know he has dined out on it for years!

I also know that we have a number of Classic Car enthusiasts amongst our fraternity. I attach a photo of a beautifully restored Alfa Romeo which was sent to me a few years ago. Maybe the owner would like to tell us about its history, how he came upon it and what he had to do to get it into concours condition?



Grant Daniels was telling me about his collection of classic cars and how he organises an annual visit to a Classic car rally in France every year, although, sadly that couldn't happen in 2020 because of Covid-19 travel restrictions. It would be good to hear more about that, to see photos of the location of that rally, which I know is beautiful, and of his cars.

Paul Hyam, in Vancouver, is another enthusiast who has a BMW 2002i, a brilliant car of the 1970's era, which some of you may remember was sold by Rice Motors in Nairobi. Please send us a photo Paul?

Then there is John Wroe. I sold him a Vespa scooter years ago. It was a bugger to start so I don't know whether he has ever forgiven me but I know that he too is a serious collector of vintage and classic cars. If we are still talking John, tell us about your collection and send in some photos.

Aside from that, we are also looking for local co-ordinators to glean information on Old Yorkists or Laibon activities wherever they are. We would like to know what has been going on, what you could not do during Coronavirus lock-down, but can do now. Please also keep us informed of any of our fraternity who have passed away recently.

To do so, your contributions should be sent either direct to me at [mail@alanmay.co.uk](mailto:mail@alanmay.co.uk) or to [brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com](mailto:brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com) We can't promise to publish everything but will include what we can.



Finally, let the sands of time erase bad memories of 2020 and allow good fortune and better times roll in for 2021. Happy New Year and best wishes to you all !

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You can contribute images and connect with other Old Yorkists and Laibon on the [Brooklands Baraza Revisited Facebook Group](#).

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