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BROOKLANDS BARAZA

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

Issue Number 3 - August 2021

Many thanks for all your comments and feed-back from the previous issues of the Newsletter. Your words of encouragement are much appreciated and we have taken on board your suggestions, including a list of contents and contributions, which in this edition are:

- Letters to the Editor
- Roger Maudsley: Brazil's Africa
- John Platter: questionable conduct regretted later
- Shaun Metcalfe: finding land for Muchenje
- Safari drama from Robin Nixon and Ken Doig
- Richard Tredget: cricket rivalry with the Prince of Wales school
- Stuart Johnston: more about The Pirates of Penzance inter alia
- The Life and Times of John Reader
- Obituaries: Warwick Davis, Anthony Upton, Johnathan Leahey and Joe Odhiambo
- Robert Njoroge:
 - An offer from Stellenbosch University
 - Robert's story
- MSAADA Trust report from Ronnie Andrews
- A letter of gratitude from Lennox Kahati
- Irrepressible Humour
- Disconnected jottings

Much has happened here in Cornwall since the last edition, including:

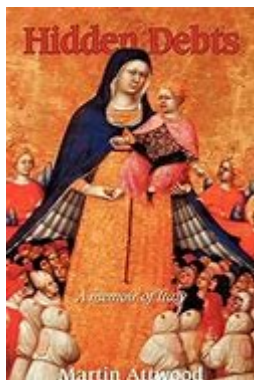
The G7 conference was held in Carbis Bay causing much hot air, local disruption and a spike in Coronavirus infections due to the voluminous press and security entourage. That has been closely followed by a larger than usual invasion of tourists due to the restriction on foreign travel this year, causing traffic congestion and parking rage. Some have taken to parking on the beach, unaware that the tide goes out and back in again!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(these are just a few of many received and much appreciated)

It was fascinating to read Chris Durrant's "Memories of Martin Attwood". Having played with Marty in the Duke of York Dance Band I tried some years ago, via Google, to find out what had happened to him. I found a self-published book by a Martin Attwood on the author's life in Italy and decided it was him. I also saw he had died.



I've just done another search and found a book called "Hidden Debts" on sale on a Barnes & Noble site. This also seems to deal with his life in Italy - indeed it may be the same book. The page on the site offers excerpts from the book, one of which contains the following:

... Natasia begins:

"Good afternoon everybody. I'd like to introduce Martin Attwood. He's British by birth, grew up in Kenya, worked for the Fine Arts Department of the British Council in London before moving to a farm in the hills above Cortona twenty five years ago. Five years ago he moved to Orvieto. This afternoon he'll be talking about the Etruscans. ..."

That seems to settle it.

Roger Maudsley

Kirk - 1956/62

Many thanks. An interesting read

Regards

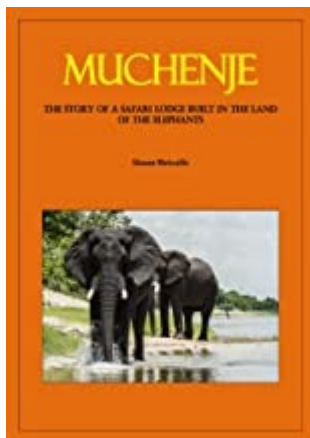
Barrie Bloomfield

Lugard- 1955/59

I really enjoy Brooklands Baraza, please keep it going it's wonderful.

I also very much enjoy the Facebook link and the lots of lovely photos posted. These bring back lots of memories.

I've just had a book published. This may be of interest to some of the readers. My early connections with Kenya were paramount in extending the African connection further south into Botswana.



Shaun Metcalfe
Speke/Grogan- 1958/63

Ed writes: There are extracts from Shaun's book in this Newsletter.
I have a copy. If anyone wants to borrow it, get in touch with me.

I must add my thanks to you for so generously and bravely taking on such a weighty editorial burden! In so doing, you carry on the Yorkist tradition of service to others.

Best regards,

Eddie Green

Delamere – 1949/54 then teacher and housemaster 1959/64

BRAZIL'S AFRICA

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

Africa is all around you in Brazil: in the black skins and afro haircuts on the street; beyond the horizon as you look out across the Atlantic; in the agreeable softening of Portugal's Slavic-sounding tongue.

It's also in the geography but to see it you have to travel 2,000 km west from Rio. It's called the Pantanal, the world's largest tropical wetland, a 150,000 sq km savanna partially flooded each year by the Paraguay River. Although vast areas are owned by cattle ranchers, the inundations still make it "one of the best preserved biomes in Brazil".

We visited it in two stages.

A diesel Toyota Bandeirante jeep might be economical but, equipped with the motor of a small truck, it is a bone-shaker. Together with hammock and camping gear mine took me to Cuiabá, capital of Mato Grosso and main access to the northern Pantanal. The plan was for wife Ana to take the plane and meet me on arrival.

On nearing the Pantanal, a couple of events stand out. Two riders, peões from a local cattle ranch, viewing me suspiciously as I emerged from my tent one morning. Besides farmers the Pantanal, on the border with Paraguay, is the stamping ground of smugglers, traffickers and poachers. After conversation they relaxed.

Then there was waking up to a strange vibration coming from the Taquari River, at Coxim, on the Pantanal's eastern rim. The surface of the water was in ferment with a "piracema", a massive migration of fish upriver for reproduction.

The Transpantaneira Highway is the only road access to the Pantanal's heart, crossing a series of precarious wooden bridges, the dirt road strikes south from Cuiabá through vegetation reminiscent of East African bush.

There are birds everywhere, particularly near water. And wherever there is water there are lines of alligators sunning on the bank. Nearly as common are families of stupid-looking giant capybara rodents. Meanwhile, unseen in the river depths are the piranhas, the giant yellow anaconda and the deadly freshwater stingray. A giant otter, a formidable animal, crossed the road in front of us. But all these animals, together with sloths and giant anteaters, are remnants of a South America cut off from the

northern hemisphere.

More familiar to old Africa hands are the marsh deer, troupes of monkeys and the jabiru, symbol of the Pantanal and as ugly as its relation the marabou stork. Rarely observed are the jaguar and the maned wolf, and almost impossible to see is the cougar. This latter is a ghost: I thought I saw one once but, like the black leopard in the Aberdares, perhaps it was a trick of my imagination. All of these are more recent arrivals to the subcontinent.

The ancestors of marsh deer migrated south with the jaguar, wolf and cougar after the Isthmus of Panama rose up from the seabed. But in Brazil the deer is a solitary animal. Strangely the vast Brazilian savannas don't have herds of herbivores. Why is that? Were they once forests?

And monkeys! How did they get to South America? It's not known but they have African genetics. It is theorised that they crossed the Atlantic from Africa involuntarily, on natural rafts!

We stayed one night at a small guesthouse at oddly named Pixaim. Then camped for a second night at Porto Jofre on the São Lourenço River, the end of the line.

Returning, again by myself, I spent a night at the Parque das Emas, a gem of a park in Goiás State named after the rhea, the South American ostrich. At night a guide took me out in the jeep and told me to switch off my lights. Miraculously the darkness was populated by a mass of miniature skyscrapers illuminated with green lights. They were anthills, lit up by carnivorous larvae as a lure to attract prey.

But we had to wait for a visit to the greener southern Pantanal, 1,000 km south of Cuiabá, for the highlight. Our access was by way of Bonito, busy ecotourism capital of Brazil.

Here, dressed in swimming kit and equipped with snorkelling gear, we traversed a stretch of forest on foot to get to a river. On the way a gang of peccaries threatened us with mock charges.

Getting to the river we entered a new dimension. Not only was the water warmed by thermal springs but, due to the concentration of calcium carbonate, was perfectly transparent. Shoals of coloured fish seemed to hang in the air as we drifted downstream with the current, facemasks submerged.

After Bonito we accessed the road forming the boundary of the southern Pantanal. From there a muddy track north, the Estrada Parque, once again took us into a world of birds, alligators, capybaras and solitary deer.

But that was later. The previous day we stopped for lunch at a roadside lodge and decided to stay the night. They offered us an afternoon boat trip along the nearby Vermelho River so off we set with a boatman.

After less than an hour we suddenly spotted a large jaguar on the right-hand riverbank. Tricked by its camouflage it was less than 25 yards away before we saw it. Paralysed by the surprise I only recovered when the boatman asked me – in a whisper – if I wasn't going to take a photo. I did, and as we drifted in midstream I was intrigued that the magnificent beast seemed to hesitate before disappearing into the forest.

Back home, on developing the photo, it was a "Blow-Up" moment. On the print I was surprised to see curved yellowish-black shapes in the grass next to the jaguar. My first thought was that they might be cubs, but studying the markings on the shapes I realised what they were: two segments of the body of a large lifeless anaconda. The jaguar had just killed it and its hesitation in withdrawing had been due to its reluctance to leave its kill.

On our visits to the Pantanal we burnt rubber and brake linings and spent nights under canvas. The lazier and more well-heeled can fly into dude ranches, or view the river banks from boats with air-conditioned cabins!

It's always a toss-up. Is it better to shell out, relax and leave the hard work to the professionals? Or do boots-on-the-ground, although imperfect, make for a richer experience, etching itself deep in the memory?

Unfortunately, Roger has been unable to find the photo he took of that Jaguar with its kill but here is a stock image of a magnificent example of the species.



QUESTIONABLE CONDUCT REGRETTED LATER

A contribution from **John Platter** – Kirk/Grogan 1956-62

Cuccurullo was an amiable Italian boy, reckless sometimes but always good, warm company. I think – old men forget – his first name was Luigi and I've no idea where or how he ended up. Someone may be able to tell us of sightings when reading this edition of the Brooklands Baraza newsletter.

A bulky, loose-limbed fellow, he earned early distinction in our Kirk junior dorm when tremendous blasts of bursting bottles from his locker exposed private hooch-making. The yellow-green mush of bubbling pineapple juice oozed out. The boy, as the saying goes, would go far if he didn't go too far.

On this Sunday morning in 1957, he didn't go far enough. Caution overcame him at the first hurdle. He halted our tense march at the mangled loose ends of a barbed wire fence separating the school from the Gikuyu settlements to the north. He dropped his rucksack with a definitive thud.

The school was still visible in the overcast distance – where we'd left about 500 boys at Sunday prayers, in formal kit, maroon blazers with our white rose (Wars of the Roses) Yorkist badge and its wildly upbeat motto, *Nihil Praeter Optimum*. Was it inspired by Robert Browning's: 'Ah, but man's reach should exceed his grasp...'?

What the hell do you mean?' Alan Doig and I blurted in unison. We were a trio of co-conspirators. I'm obviously having to re-construct some of this – in the time-honoured way: what we make up should at least be truer than what we remember! It was 64 years ago.

'Look, I can't do this to my Mum and Dad,' Cuccurullo said. I still see his swarthy brow wrinkled in apologetic confusion. He began unpacking his share of our provisions – a gourmet's delight of tinned bully beef and more tinned bully beef. 'Too heavy,' I said, 'take them back. But we'll need the groundsheet'

Hadn't we been conspiring secretly - in good faith! - for weeks? Hadn't he thought of this before? Hunch-shouldered he turned away slowly and headed back to school. Doig and I wondered, would he raise the alarm before we could enjoy the thrill of 'being on the run'?

Later we learned Cuccurullo honored his omerta obligations. The East African Standard reported the Kenya Police sent a spotter plane over the Nairobi-Mombasa road, the opposite direction to our route.

We were running away from a great high school. Not a brief truancy – but a disappearance into the wilderness, an insolent turning of backs. Many violations.

Many of us at the school read and romanticised the exploits of three Italian prisoners of war who escaped from their Nanyuki detention camp in 1943 and with rudimentary gear (crampons fashioned from barbed wire) scaled Mt. Kenya's third highest peak (16,355 feet). They planted the banned Italian Tricolor on Lenana.

Had the Italian escape story (later movie) 'No Picnic on Mt Kenya' prompted, even subliminally, our own escapade? The Italian leader, prisoner Felice Benuzzi, a lawyer and distinguished foreign diplomat, describes the feats of courage and ingenuity with modesty and humour. And then how, after 17 days of defying tricky screes, deep snows and elephants in the bamboo belt, they voluntarily – victoriously? - marched back into the prison camp. They were sentenced to a month's solitary confinement, immediately commuted to one week by the British Commandant - for 'sporting' achievements.

What boast, what point, could we make? Could Doig's bluff rhino hide chuckle his way out of our 'escape'? We hadn't thought that far.

After Cuccurullo ducked, we plodded on in the low Ngong morning mist. Scruffy sheep worried at grassy tufts, splashing themselves with dew. The young Gikuyu herds shouted questioning 'Jambos'. From the main Nairobi-Nakuru road about an hour later, we easily hitched rides down the Rift Valley escarpment, past the tiny quaint church built by Italian prisoners and then up the long, drier stretch past Longonot's scarred crater pushing off the valley floor.

Doig's small-talk skills I already knew. He was too uncoordinated to aspire to sporting greatness and haughtily indifferent to academic distinction. Street smarts came naturally though. He entertained our lift hosts with idle patter. I discovered I was Patrick Johnson of the Prince of Wales. Our mission? He was vague.

By late afternoon, our last lift deposited us at a crossroads in the hilly Olelondo farmlands, the foothills of the Aberdare mountains. Dangerous remnants of Mau Mau fighters were said to be lurking there still. We scuffed out a clearing some way off the road but light showers ruled out a warming fire. We had no tent! Only a skimpy tarpaulin. The cold night turned into an icy soaking.

We squirmed in sleeping bags coiling around spreading puddles under the ground sheet. Screeching hyraxes were okay but branches squeaking in the wind and sudden rustlings - hares? hyenas? snakes? - in the pitch dark left us sleepless and edgy. The slow dawn thaw did nothing to restore our bedraggled spirits – and appearance. Where were the dry towels? Which would give out first – our meagre funds or morale?

We wandered mostly cross country next day and by the evening, with Doig wheezing with flu we were setting up under the hillside cedars towering over the verdant bush around my Dad's Ol'Kalou farm. 'I'm okay, okay' Doig insisted, but he wasn't. I'd hoped to dart in furtively to the farmstead and lure out one or two workers to smuggle fresh eggs and milk to lair.

When she got wind of our arrival a furious Gikuyu pyrethrum picker delivered the coup de grace. She crept up to our hideout at dusk and sprang at us shaking a finger: 'You are very, very bad. Your father is so sad. Go home now or we're coming back to catch you.'

By the evening I and the sniffling, coughing Doig had had a hot bath and a hot meal. Had we only 'escaped' home? My Dad heard us out in near silence. The retiring Tyrolean Italian peasant in him wasn't given to extended interrogation – or recrimination. (Nor yodelling.) Perhaps he understood what Paul Theroux, the travel writer and novelist, said: 'What fourteen-year-old boy does not wish, in his idle moments, to be associated with someone notorious.' My Dad said: 'We're driving back in the morning. I hope the school accepts you'. We dosed Doig with aspirin.

Would weals on bums be the takeaway of our breakout? After the four-hour journey next day, Doig was 'quarantined' immediately, unspanked, to the school sanatorium and his parents told to take him away. I was marched to the Headmaster, Pansy James', study on the ground floor of the Brooklands office block. His customary English countryman's tweeds were of a piece with his pale-pinkish complexion. We were alone.

'What's this all about?' he asked matter of factly. The feebleness of the lark had now sunk in. His school hadn't been sullied, we'd disgraced ourselves with a puny prank. He was as uninterested in an answer as I was incapable of a providing a coherent one. My most serious complaint might have been not enough bacon with fried toast and marmalade on Saturdays. I asked to be allowed to stay. 'Most disappointing,' said Pansy.

He ordered me to bend over a chair. He drew a short cane from his shelves and whacked me surprisingly gingerly. It was over in a trice, was certainly weal-less and he dismissed me without ado.

Should Doig have been treated more leniently? Today we'd both have been subjected to fevered psychoanalyses. We barely saw each other in the years afterwards.

John O'Grady, a fellow Kirk boy with whom I go back to c1953, as Nakuru School boarders, recently asked me for the first time after all these years: 'Yeah, what was that bunk all about?'

There was no beef, no bullying. I fagged for a chilled prefect – shiny shoes the last thing on his mind - named Neil Morison and tried to emulate him when I too joined what he playfully -pompously called the corpus praefectorum.

Who hasn't found themselves sliding into questionable conduct they regretted later – and for not making amends soon enough?

FINDING THE LAND AND THE TRIBAL LEASE FOR MUCHENJE LODGE, BOTSWANA

A contribution from **Shaun Metcalfe** - Speke/Grogan – 1958-63

A huge amount of time, more than a year, was spent trying to establish where to site the lodge.

Having decided upon Botswana, we spent time staying at Victoria Falls. Excursions were made from the Vic Falls into Northern Botswana to check out the area. On one of the expeditions, we hired a somewhat broken down bakkie (pick up) and drove around Puku Flats and Kabulabula, only to discover that there was no way that we could get permission to build a lodge in these areas as they were in or bordering the Chobe

National Park. We continued the search.

One of our staff, then working in Gaborone with Wild Africa Safaris (Botswana) was taking some leave up in the Chobe area. Driving from Ngoma Gate towards Mabele and Kavimba he saw a sign. The sign had actually fallen down by the side of the road so he put it up again.



The sign on the road at Muchenje



Our first view from the ridge to the river

We immediately went back and visited the site. From Ordnance Survey maps we knew that there was an escarpment there; this became obvious as there is a stiff morning wind along the top of the ridge coming from the east. And it was windy that day, so we knew that we were nearby in the thick bush. Arriving at the edge of the escarpment we had our first view of the Chobe River, which was dry, and the flood plain beyond.

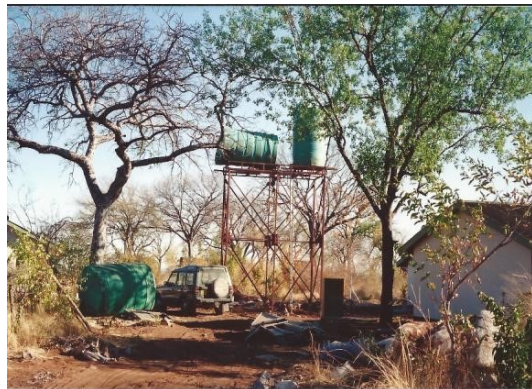
What a site this was. What a view. We knew that this was where we wanted to be. We were ecstatic. Having flown back to Gaborone we went ahead with the owner of the lease and bought his company. With it came provisional permission to build a safari lodge.

The land at that time was 30 hectares (another 10 hectares was added shortly afterwards), plenty of land on which to build a safari lodge and staff village. The Tribal lease is for 50 years and had been signed on 29th March 1993. By law development of the land should take place within two years of this date. The land itself is owned by the Botswana Government.

It was now obvious that we had to move quickly. Formal planning permission was required from the various authorities; an architect needed to be engaged and builders organized. We started the process. The lease advises that 4,000 litres of water can be taken from the Chobe River. However, at this time Botswana was in the middle of a drought and there was no water in the river. The flood plain in front of the lodge was more like a dusty desert. This meant that a bore hole (artesian well) needed to be sunk to hopefully obtain water in somewhat large quantities, and that suitable water tanks had to be built. 10,000 litres of storage tanks were installed; the bore hole was sunk over 40 metres deep close to the river, some 200 metres from the bottom of the escarpment; a pump and pipe was installed to get the water up the ridge and into the tanks, no mean effort. At a depth of 25 metres the water is brackish, but at 40 metres the water is pure and sweet- this water was fully tested by the Water Board and declared safe to drink.



Bore hole drilling by Chobe River



Erection of water tanks

We had water; we had provisional permission to build a lodge with up to 16 rooms; we had no road, no phones or fax and no electricity; we had no formal planning permission. We had, indeed, a daunting task ahead of us.

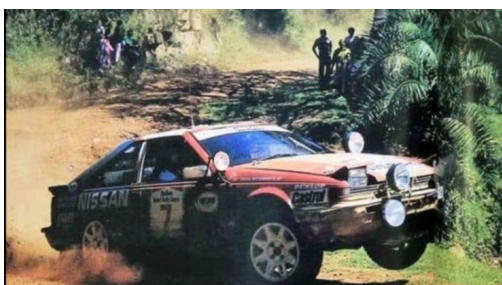
This was a very wild and remote area. It still is.

The land was heavily pitted by very large holes. This made getting a track through very difficult. The holes were dug by elephants to obtain minerals and salt. There is a game corridor coming down past rooms 9, 10 and 11. This corridor is still used most nights by elephants and buffalos on their way to the river below. Before any building work started we banned any walking through the bush. It was just too dangerous. The bush was thick, there were large holes and rocks everywhere; thorn bushes made things worse. But, what a wonderful site. We named it Muchenje. We were ready to build our safari lodge in Africa.



SAFARI DRAMA

Mike Kirkland and Robin Nixon in a Nissan SX200 came second in the 1989 Marlboro Safari Rally



I first saw this picture from '89 a few days ago – posted on FaceBook by Bruce Field. Looking at the distortion on the front of the car it looks like the picture is in a magazine – I wonder who took the original? Incidentally, our second place in '88 was more dramatic than the '89 effort – I might, one day, write about it, and

my 5year (semi-professional) rally career with Mike but writing was never my strong point!

Best, Robin Nixon



The 2021 WRC Kenya Safari consisted of 18 stages run over 3 days for a total of 320.19km. It was won by S Ogier and J Ingrassia in a Toyota Yaris works rally car. The TV coverage was quite spectacular but it was very tame compared with the original Safari that we all loved to watch back in the day.

If you can open this clip, it will remind you of the real thing!

Mad dog Kenny Doig is sitting on the bonnet of car 57

https://okt.squarespace.com/s/IMG_3237.MOV

That was in 1974 when the winners were Joginder Singh and Ken's older brother David driving a Mitsubishi Colt Lancer. Neither crowd control or health and safety were much in evidence in those days!

CRICKET RIVALRY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES SCHOOL

A contribution by **By Richard Tredget, Mike O'Brian* and Andrew Hillier**

1957-1958 The Duke of York School edged out Prince of Wales school in their first cricket match of 1957 by one wicket. The cricket rivalry between the Duke of York and Prince of Wales Schools in Nairobi was very keen when I was at school at Duke of York. It could be likened to Kenya's version of the Eton/Harrow rivalry, but not played at Lords! The sporting tradition at both schools led to strenuous competition across all sports.

In 1957, the first season that the schools competed at the top level in cricket, honours were even with each team winning one game each. Duke of York won the first game by the slenderest of margins – just one wicket. Prince of Wales were all out for 123 and Duke of York scored 9 for 124. In the second match, Duke of York were, to say the least, thrashed. Prince of Wales made 114 runs for 5 wickets and Duke of York were all out for 76.



Back Row: Tony Monkhouse (M), Ian Barberton (M), Tony Roberts (D), Jeremy Mackenzie (S), John Caspareuthus (E), Richard Tredget (L)

Front Row: David de Bromhead (M), Jonathon Stokes (K), Geoff Hughes (L Capt/Wkt), Benjie Porter (T), Mike O'Brian (D)*

Midway through the season, our cricket coach and Lugard Housemaster Harry Hesketh came to see me and raised the matter of a wicket keeper for next season, suggesting I should take it on. I was thrilled and started practicing at the next net training. By the time 1958 came, Harry Hesketh felt I had graduated from a stopper to a keeper. High praise indeed!!

More than 40 years later, in 1999, Harry was persuaded to make the long trip from his home in England to Perth to attend a reunion celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding of Duke of York School. He stayed the week with us and thoroughly enjoyed all the activities.

In 1958 our most consistent batsman, Mike O'Brien, ably captained the Duke of York First XI. Again, honours were even. In the first game we were humiliated by 5 wickets. Duke of York scored a mere 91, off spinner Dick Foxton snaring 8 wickets. Prince of Wales reached the target quite comfortably. Billy Drummond, the top fast bowler for Prince of Wales, had my measure and sadly I was never able to score many runs against him.

The second match in 1958 was more memorable to report on! I apologise in advance for anything I get incorrect, especially to the Price of Wales team. It was another low scoring match and we had Prince of Wales all out for 121, with Chris Calder taking 3 for 8 and Jeremy Mackenzie's wonderful performance of 6 for 86. Again, they appeared to have our measure and we were soon about 6 wickets down for just 50 runs. However, Charlie Oxford scored 38 and Eddie Cogle added 25, taking us close to the target. David Moody and Jeremy Mackenzie then combined to pass the Prince of Wales total and we won, 9 for 124. It was a thrilling end to a wonderful match and the sportsmanship between the teams was quite magnificent.



Back Row: Chris Calder (D), Eddie Cogle (E), Ian Barberton (M), Dick Willett (K), Charlie Oxford (S), David Moody (M)
Front Row: Tony Monkhouse (M), Jonathon Stokes (K), Mike O'Brian* (D Capt), Jeremy Mackenzie (S), Richard Tredget (L Wkt)*

We also had some wonderful fixtures during the season against other schools, including St. Mary's and the Duke of Gloucester, a very good side. Our one-day games took us to various clubs such as Thika, Limuru, Machakos, Kenya Kongonis at Kenya's Home of Cricket, the Nairobi Club. From memory, our school coach Harry Hesketh, playing for the Kongonis, scored a century so we were well beaten. On all these occasions, we were very well looked after and for the boarders it was a great treat to get out and about.

In later years Andrew Hillier was the instigator of the Duke of York's excellent webpage. He was also a cricketer and played in the first team in 1964, 65 and 66. He was a very handy all-rounder and results in 1964 produced 2 draws, followed by 2 losses in 1965 and 2 wins against our fiercest rivals in 1966.

Sadly Mike O'Brian (Mandurah) died last year from cancer prior to the publication of this article in issue 88 of "Old Africa". We also remember Tony Monkhouse who passed away in 2017 in Nairobi.

Special thanks to Alan May for re-introducing the Brooklyn Baraza, a magnificent effort and appreciated by all.



The Nye Cricket Oval at Duke of York School, as seen from the railway line in 1958

MORE ABOUT THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE PRODUCTION

A letter from **Stuart Johnston** - Lugard 1961/62

Dear Alan

Many thanks for the two Brooklands Barazas received to date. The work that you and others put in to make these editions possible is very much appreciated. Asante sana!

Chris Durrant's contribution on Martin Attwood sparked so many memories, particularly his reminiscences and photo of the Pirates of Penzance cast. I can name the unidentified Generals 'daughters'. The Pirate King (Chris) has Tim Poulter on his right and Stuart Johnston (me!) on his left. Major General Stanley (Martin Attwood) has Wendy Roles on his left. Peter Symes is the other daughter between Pirate Apprentice Frederic (Rob Bradshaw) and Pirate Lieutenant Samuel (Nigel Gaymer). I believe Wendy - like Rosemary, the only other 'real' lady in the cast - was a friend of Mr ('G-string') Gordon who directed, musically produced and generally gave up a fair chunk of his life to get it all staged. I am well pleased I can still remember the names of the DOYS boys in the photo but it probably helps that 3 of us were from Lugard. However, I did need to look at a copy of the programme to check the outsiders' names. In case it is of interest to others, I attach a copy of the programme. I also attach another cast photo with most of the pirates and General Stanley's daughters. The 'girls' in this photo were all choir trebles/rabble!



The 1963 edition of The Yorkist noted "The Gilbert & Sullivan operetta was our biggest box-office success in the history of the School Stage: 750 at the school's matinee and full houses of over 400 each on Friday and Saturday night performances." On the final night, a back stage rumour caused quite a stir amongst the more excitable members of the cast. Edward G Robinson - filming "Sammy Going South" in Kenya at the time - was said to be in the audience. Quite what a Hollywood 'A list' star would get out of an evening of Gilbert & Sullivan performed by school boys was not clear!

Most of us have reason to be thankful for the inspiration or influence of specific teachers; someone whose enthusiasm for their subject lit a spark in otherwise unresponsive brains. For me at DOYS Mr Gordon was one such teacher. We were led to believe he had been the reserve organist for the Queen's coronation in 1953. Whether true or not, he was a musical 'fundi' who coaxed wonderful sounds out of the chapel organ. Frequently after choir sessions some of us would linger to be entertained by him practising classic organ pieces such as The Toccata from Widor's 5th Symphony or Bach's Toccata & Fugue. To this day I cannot hear these pieces without recalling images of 'G-string' skilfully playing the tiers of keyboards, his hands flying out to pull and push stops, his feet - clad in soft leather moccasins - working the bass note pedals and him nodding frantically for the designated choir boy to turn the music... few of us could read music well enough to follow where he had got to! He would also play less highbrow music. I recall him playing "Rocking Goose" a Johnny & The Hurricanes hit of the time that featured a raucous electronic keyboard. When 'Charlie' the Chaplain walked in to the chapel to find out what the unholy noise was about, 'G-string' spotted him in the organist's mirror and segued seamlessly into something more in keeping with the surroundings!

Not only could Mr Gordon coax beautiful music out of the organ. With tireless patience and many practice sessions, he drew out of our raw, largely untutored, voices some half decent performances. As well as musical productions, the Yorkists of 1962 and 1963 record the choir performing several times in Nairobi Cathedral and making recordings for KBS radio broadcasts. Prizes were won at The Kenya Music Festival and recitals given in the chapel and elsewhere. Handel's "The Messiah" - especially "The Hallelujah Chorus" - was a perennial favourite and, despite never performing it again after leaving DOYS, I can still croak out the words & notes... mostly in the right order... but, only for the treble/soprano part!

Thank you, Mr Gordon, for a lifelong love of organ music and an ability to hold a note. And thank you Chris Durrant for reviving these memories.

Best Salaams.

Stuart Johnston – Lugard 1961/62

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN READER 1948-2021



John was born in the UK in 1948 and went out to Kenya with his parents when just 18 months old.

He went to Nakuru School and then to the Duke of York where he made many lifelong friends. He was a good tennis player, enjoyed Golf, which he then played all his life, and Judo. He climbed Kilimanjaro on 3 different occasions!

After leaving school, the plan was to study Medicine but 2 years of training to fly in the UK gave him the taste for it and it became his life.

He returned to Kenya and joined the Flying Doctor Service and enjoyed the outdoor life; hunting, shooting and fishing. He met and married Ruth Moore, who was to be his wife for the next 47 years,

John wanted to progress to executive jets so, after 28 years in Kenya, they moved to South Africa where they had two boys, Carl and Kelvin, who both went to Stellenbosch University.

John joined the Rembrant Organisation, based in the Cape, for whom he flew for 31 years, 22 as Chief Pilot. During that time, he met an amazing array of passengers - the principal ones being the Rupert Family and Rembrant directors but there were also professional Golfers, Popstars, Royalty and many others. His destinations were worldwide. Unfortunately for Ruth, he could be gone for many weeks without a confirmed return date!

John retired aged 60, having logged nearly 15,000 flying hours. He and Ruth moved to the beautiful village of Greyton in the Overberg area in the Western Cape. They had a plot on Theewaterskloof Dam, and had an array of boats, boards and toys for the family to enjoy and a caravan to stay in overnight.

Retirement also brought a wonderful horse called Kibo, a 4x4 safari trailer and we all started enjoying bigger, better and longer camping trips together - the last one being to Botswana and Namibia in 2019.

In 2020 John was suffering from abdominal pain and increasing gut problems, and finally, Stage 4 Pancreatic cancer was diagnosed.

In 1994 John and Ruth had become Born Again Christians, and their faith was a great comfort to them. John was an Elder of his Church. His last sermon was delivered strongly and bravely only two weeks before he died at home in Greyton on 26th May 2021.

Johnny will be sadly missed by friends and family. His mischievous smile will be remembered by all.

Many thanks to Dave Moore for this touching obituary. We too send our sincere condolences to Ruth (Dave's sister) and the rest of the family.

CONDOLENCES IN PASSING

Warwick Davis – Elliot 1961-64

Adrian Whyte writes: I regret to advise you that Warwick Davis (Elliot 1961-64) sadly passed away earlier this month (July 2021).

Both Warwick and I were sons of teachers at the DOYS. Norman Davis, was one of the Technology (Metal and Woodwork) Masters and my Mother, Berthe Whyte, taught Mathematics. Warwick followed his father into Technology education and held teaching posts in Kitwe and Bulawayo in the 1970s before settling back in the UK. His final years were spent back in his home town of Stourbridge in the Midlands.

In 2006 Warwick and I made a memorable trip to Nairobi and the Lenana School, our first visit since the 1960s. His vivid recollections of our school days entertained me for an afternoon as we wandered around the campus. The area around Brooklands was very recognisable. The hall, chapel, teaching blocks, swimming pool, squash court and some boarding houses had changed little since our day.

Warwick and I attended both the 2009 and 2019 DOYS Reunions in Taunton. We thoroughly enjoyed catching up with old friends.

Anthony Upton – Delamere left 1965

Andrew Hillyer writes: I didn't know Antony very well but just in case you haven't been advised and want to include this:

Antony Upton passed away in Perth in June, having battled for a number of years with pancreatic cancer. He was affectionately known as Chimp at school, possibly because of his cheeky demeanour. He lived for sport and often represented his house (Delamere) and the school. Cricket was his favourite and he had a mighty strong arm, regularly dispatching a spinner's balls to the boundary if it strayed off line! Our condolences to his two brothers, Nick and Jonathan.

Jonathan Leakey – Elliott left 1958



For those who are unaware, Jonathan Leakey died in July 2021. He was born on 4th November 1940, the eldest of three sons of Louis and Mary Leakey.

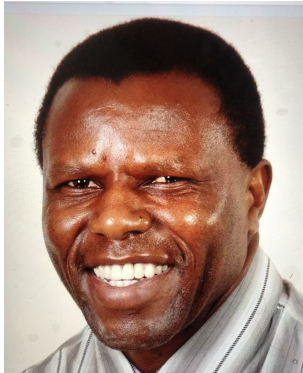
His earliest achievement upon leaving school was when his frog 'Vesta' held the World Frog Jumping record! Thereafter, he followed in his family footsteps as a paleoanthropologist with some success. However, he was more interested in snakes and founded the Snake Park at the Coryndon

Museum in Nairobi. He later became involved in the application of snake venom for antiviral serums and, whilst based in Baringo, established a business in Nakuru supplying serum to overseas manufacturers

and medicinal research facilities.

We have very recently received a much longer, very eloquent tribute to Jonathan from his two daughters. It is too late to include in this edition but it will feature in the next Newsletter. In the meantime, we send our sincere condolences to them and to his brothers Richard and Phillip.

Joe Odhiambo – Mumia House 1974-79



Joe was born on the 24th of August 1961, the fourth born child of the late Engineer Apollo Odhiambo Augo and Mama Grace Nellie Akumu.

Joe married the love of his life, Alice, in 1989 and was father to their two children Leo and Sally. They have lived in South Africa since 1990.

Joe passed his Certificate of Primary Education exams with triple A's and went on to join Lenana High School in Nairobi. He was there for 6 years before joining the University of Nairobi in 1982 for a course in Quantity Surveying. He later pursued further studies in advanced Project Management and a Masters of Business Administration (MBA) at the University of Pretoria, among other achievements.

Joe's first posting upon graduation was with the National Housing Corporation in Nairobi until his departure for southern Africa. Since then, there has been no looking back. In South Africa, Joe had an illustrious career; serving as a lecturer at the prestigious Wits University and as a Project Manager at Sasol. He took a particular interest in mentoring young graduates and his staff members.

At the time of his passing, Joe was the Chief Executive Officer at Agrement South Africa. He was an entrepreneur at heart; he had brilliant business acumen and had a number of business interests which he planned to focus on upon retirement. His love for farming is evidenced by the many eucalyptus and moringa trees he planted in the ancestral home in Asembo.

Joe was a dedicated hockey player and played for Kenya in the 70s. He continued to play in local leagues in South Africa, up to the time of his demise. He was also an ardent football and rugby fan, enjoyed physical activities and competed in a number of marathons.

Joe collapsed at home in Pretoria in the morning of 17 June 2021. He was rushed to hospital in a critical condition. Joe succumbed to multiple organ failure on 15 July 2021.

We send our sincere condolences to his wife Alice, to his children Leo and Sally and the rest of the family.

We also send condolences to the families of:

Laibon Kevin Kihara – Mumia House 1990-93

Laibon Dennis 'Kisuku' Kimbui- James 1972-77

Laibon John Kimui – Mitchell 1978-81

ROBERT NJOROGÉ - AN OFFER FROM STELLENBOSCH UNIVERSITY, SA

Having been a pupil at Lenana School, Robert Njoroge went on to Moi University in Eldoret, Kenya where he graduated with a First-Class Honours degree in Chemical and Process Engineering in 2019.



Since then, faced by the Coronavirus pandemic, he was unable to secure a job. To make ends meet he worked selling vegetables from the back of his uncle's old van.

However, thanks to a recommendation from a lady known to Robert, who is doing her PhD at Stellenbosch University in South Africa, who has offered to act as his mentor and guide, he quite unexpectedly received an offer of a scholarship to study for a Masters' degree in Chemical Engineering from them, commencing April 2021. The scholarship covered tuition fees, accommodation and basic living expenses. He calculated that, in addition, he would need a further Ksh. 100,000 to cover his travel costs, visa and initial upkeep.

He managed to raise Ksh 65,000 of what he needed, which left a short-fall of Ksh 35,000 and time was running out. Unfortunately, both his parents are deceased, and his extended family were unable to help. He therefore appealed to Lenana School and the Laibon Society.

This appeal was heard by Ronnie Andrews who did some research and spoke to Robert's tutors at Moi University, who spoke highly of him. Ronnie subsequently interviewed Robert and was impressed. It was good to hear that, having gained his Masters' degree, his ambition was to return to Kenya and put what he had learned into practice to help his community. Whilst he had received an offer of a lifetime, he was still short of what he needed to get to South Africa.

Ronnie brought the appeal to the attention of his UK colleagues at Optimum Kenya Trust and Msaada Trust in Kenya, who immediately agreed to make up the shortfall of Ksh 35,000. A further supplement of 2000 SA rand was contributed by Cliff Mkulu, so demonstrating the strong association between the Laibon and Old Yorkist fraternities.

Ronnie and John O'Grady then engaged the help of Old Yorkist Dave Arkcoll to meet Robert on his arrival in SA on 15th April and to help him settle in.

We look forward to hearing how Robert got on.....

ROBERT'S STORY

Due to the support I received from Optimum Kenya Trust and Msaada Trust Kenya, I was able to travel to Stellenbosch right on schedule. My whole family was so excited they all came to see me off at Jomo Kenyatta International Airport. The goodbyes became too intense. We lost track of time and I missed my flight that morning by a few minutes. It was disappointing, but I was able to reschedule the flight the following day, 16 April 2021, thankfully without penalty.

Being my maiden flight, it was exhilarating. Following a stopover in Addis Ababa, I arrived in Cape Town on a beautiful sunny afternoon. While descending, I caught a glimpse of the magnificent city and Table Mountain, which we learnt about in school. I was initially shocked that I had 'lost' one hour due to the time difference, but had a good laugh about it afterwards.

Checking out of the airport, what caught my attention was "CAPE TOWN WELCOMES YOU" displayed on the wall. It made me instantly feel at home. I guess that is why it is called the Mother City. The posters of Nelson Mandela were inspiring. One especially had been engraved with the word CHARACTER and I hold

that image in my mind right now. I really aspire to have a character that is as trustworthy and honorable as his.

The initial plan was that Mr David Arkcoll would pick me up at the Airport, and I was very grateful for that. However, Mr Ronnie Andrews told me that the University has a system of free transfer from Cape Town International Airport to Stellenbosch University, so we opted for that instead. Someone was there to pick me up. He gave me a very warm welcome to South Africa and gave me a free ride to the university.

Another student here, Tobias Obondo, who attended the same university in Kenya and is pursuing the same Master's course as me, got me a room in his 3-bedroom flat with two Zimbabweans. The rent is relatively cheap compared to other apartments in Stellenbosch. Its main advantage is that it is very near to the University so I can walk to campus.

Tobias, who is 3 years ahead, has made it easy for me to settle in at Stellenbosch. He has been like an older brother, showing me around the town, the shops, the campus, the bank, the church and anything else I needed. The assistance from Optimum Kenya Trust and Msaada Trust has enabled me to buy the essentials I needed before I could get my bursary.

I was also happy that Mr Arkcoll invited me for a Sunday Lunch at his home. We had a wonderful chicken barbecue and a good conversation with him and his wife. It was very enjoyable to meet up with an Old Yorkist. I had not anticipated that it is winter here at this time of the year and had no warm clothing. David and his wife kindly lent me some very warm jackets and sweaters which have really assisted me to adapt to the weather.

Tobias introduced me to the church he attends. It is a small church called Stellenbosch International Fellowship (SIF) and they were really welcoming. I really feel I have another family here in addition to David's family. We recently went on an apple picking expedition to Monteith Trust Farm, an hour's drive from Stellenbosch. I have never seen such a huge farm of apples and we had a lot of fun there.

I have met several times with my supervisor here, Professor Lingam Pillay, and other members of staff in the department. Professor Pillay has a huge wealth of experience. He is a great mentor and being his protégé is a privilege. We have discussed the project I will be working on, which is the Development of Membranes for Decentralized Sanitation Applications in Developing Economies. It is very exciting, and I am looking forward to it.

I am also happy to report that Ronnie and David were able to pay me a visit at the University. I was very honored to welcome them to the department and introduce them to my supervisor and some members of the faculty. We had a lovely and enriching chat. Ronnie also inspired me to hone my leadership skills as I hope to be a model for those who come after me. I am proposing to read some leadership books and to attend available online leadership seminars such as one I participated in, earlier this year called the "The Global Leadership Summit."

I am doing background reading to my project right now which means that I am working mostly at home. This presents the only challenge that I have encountered so far which is a getting a reliable internet connection. I live in a place just off campus where I cannot logon to the University network and it is quite costly to buy sufficient mobile data. The wi-fi hotspots available are weak and when the power goes off, one cannot connect to the internet. However, I am still trying different internet solutions with the hope that I will come across a reliable one. I am hoping to go to the laboratory to start off my experiments very soon.

This is all I can report for now. It has been a wonderful experience so far and I know in you, I have found invaluable friends. I will keep posting you on my progress.



This photo shows: Dave Arkoll, Ronnie Andrews, Robert and his tutor, Professor Pillay.

MSAADA KENYA TRUST (MKT) REPORT JULY 2021

A report from Ronnie Andrews

It is getting to the point where the “old stagers” are reaching their sell-by date and so there have been some notable and regrettable losses to our number through the process one can only politely refer to as natural attrition and some of those will feature in another section in this newsletter. Macabre though it may seem I must use the occasion once again to appeal to our alumni to support MKT and not to suddenly be reminded of those less fortunate when standing on the banks of the River Styx!

However, the last few months have also brought some very heartening news and interactions for Msaada Kenya Trust and for the Old Boys- Laibon and Old Yorkists- in general. The bursary project is working well and we reported in an earlier newsletter on the fact that of the five scholars supported through the KCSE this year, we had three very high level passes and two lesser but still at university-acceptance level. There is a widespread recognition that MKT, and especially Lorraine Kirigia, who assists with organisation and general “Chivvying”, is able to provide a valuable service to both sides of the equation so that the scholars get a fair hearing and the donors get satisfaction, value and information. The result has been that alumni of all eras are now approaching/have approached MKT to identify needy cases and to manage donations from year groups bringing the total number of bursary recipients this year to eight from MKT and individual sponsors, and another 6 to various Laibon year groups. In addition there is a call for bursaries from the new intake at Form One and so we are gearing up to select another 5 scholars for more donors when the form ones come into the school and needs can be assessed.

The advantages offered to potential benefactors are not restricted to the administration and accountability of MKT. The continuity of the Trustees is also important for, whilst the Laibon Society has been extremely active in the recent past and is accountable and responsible in its interaction with alumni

and the school admin, there is an added appeal to the fact that MKT's trustees are not subject to regular change and the possibility of factions and personal interests entering into the dealings with the school as has been the case in the distant past. The growth in interest in providing bursaries has been gratifying and whilst we cannot always get everything right and be assured to A Grades in every case, the financial support and counselling certainly helps boys with huge potential to rise above their situations and to provide real hope for the future.

One example is Robert Njoroge, a Stellenbosch Masters scholar, who features elsewhere in this edition. Another is Lennox Kahati, whose letter of gratitude follows.

Lenana School Library

Early Yorkist Magazines and some personal online memorabilia (such as Jim McCrow's pictures) proudly celebrate the state and use of the school library. To say that it has since fallen into disrepair would be an understatement. It has become a disgrace and is a useless application of space.

However, MKT have been in discussions with a charitable trust based in Canada (look up keylibraries.org) which provides turnkey libraries to schools in Kenya and we are now in the process of planning for the complete make-over of the existing library space, equipping and stocking both that and the new library in the new building (behind Thomson House), appointing a teacher to lead the project and a committee of scholars to be involved in the admin and control of the library and establishing its relevance and a culture of use of the facilities. All of this has the full support of the Principal and of the Board of Governors. Such projects have been completed very successfully in leading schools all over Kenya.

The work is ongoing and we have discussed involvement of Laibon architects and furniture manufacturers to assist in the processes required.

We are now hopeful that this will be another good example of Optimum Kenya Trust and Msaada Trust efforts to improve facilities which in turn better the learning experience for scholars.

Summary

Our successes in the bursary scheme and our support for the re-building of the swimming pool and now the school library are an indication of where we can go. Old Yorkists and Laibon alike are increasingly answering the call to assist in protecting and developing the assets and facilities of the school. There is little room for denial that, whilst the Ministry of Education in Kenya has an obligation to provide the classrooms and learning materials for schools, it is clear they are not equal to the task. But we can make it easier and more appealing for those (and this can be the whole school complement) who teach or have entered the school with high expectations, a strong learning culture and superior marks and require a suitable environment for learning.

The school, though over 70 years old, is still new in the history of Kenya and plans should be considered to ensure that it remains a respected and progressive place of learning and the birthplace of responsible leadership. In recent discussions with leading learning institutions in South Africa and the USA it has become clear that even in those environments, progressive development cannot be and is not left to governments to provide. We continue to pursue the dream of Public Private Partnership and earnestly hope that we shall establish a meaningful, and dynamic endowment which, when managed effectively, will be able to better the lives of the scholars and the whole school community as well as act as an example of how such an establishment can be developed to provide effective and responsible leadership in all areas of Kenya in the years ahead.

If you would like to contribute to funds which Optimum Kenya Trust provide for bursaries such as these, through MSAADA Trust, or as an individual sponsor, please donate directly to the following:

Account name: Optimum Kenya Trust
Bank sort code: 40-44-37
Account number: 92114542
IBAN number: GB17HBUK40443792114542
BIC number/SWIFT: HBUKGB4160J

Or visit our website <https://www.optimumkenyatrust.org/take-action>

A LETTER OF GRATITUDE TO MSAADA TRUST

Hello all, I'm Lennox Kanyoe Kahati.

Before joining school.

I'm really grateful to Msaada Trust for making my dreams come true. To unveil the whole story from the time I stepped my feet into Lenana school to the time I stepped out. My first time was with the most drama ever. Fear had covered us and blinded us, almost making us miss the greatness that God had put ahead for me. Thanks to my Dad for standing out and not being discouraged by the false stories even from the family itself. I'm so sure that if he had listened to them, I would have ended up in another school which would have been of lower standard and where I would not have met such a great trustee like Msaada being there to hold my hand. Hitherto, what I can do is just thank God for everything.

Arriving at school

When we arrived at Lenana school with the bare minimum which we could afford, we had not yet paid the school fees. My Dad had to narrate to the principal about the scholarship a certain group had offered, which had not yet been released. We wrote a letter to him the same day, then dad left. I had to be strong and stay in school no matter the situation I had been left in.

Some, other groups chipped in to help, I am thankful for them too. My studies were okay, I did my best to maintain a grade of B+ all through my high school. Sometime, I scored A's which I greatly appreciate. I was a prefect, played volleyball as the main sport and football also for pleasure. Still in form one I had some issues with my school fees. I was expecting such issues to meet me somewhere along the way. To cut a long story short, Msaada Trust came and took away my fears! Handling my fees and taking away the burden from my parents. On their side, they had to take care of my transport to and fro school and pocket money. I still can't believe I went through high school with minimum interruptions. The greatest worry was taken care of by Msaada. You made the change for me. I stepped into the school in 2015 with all kind of fears which made me lose confidence in myself. However, the good thing is that I came out of the school strong, courageous, inspired and with the assurance that my dreams will still shine bright. All this came through my walk with the Msaada Trustee.

Walk with Msaada trustee

Mr. Ronnie Andrews cultivated confidence in me by giving us the opportunity to share with him our experiences. I had many fears and worries but they subsided for I found someone who really cared and who was ready to solve our problems at his capability. I think that's why he always insisted that we tell him our experiences whenever he visited us. I greatly appreciate the support and I'll make sure in future I will join Msaada Trust and help needy students in Lenana School and other needy student whom I will come across in society.

Where I am currently

Currently, I'm at the University of Nairobi, second year student taking Bachelor of science in electrical and

electronics engineering. I'm doing good. Sometimes it is tough but thank God I'm able to handle all kind of situations with help from others or by myself. Once again, I thank you so much Msaada Trust for I'm where I am right now. My polite request is that, please, help more and more students for some genuinely need your support.

IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR

A contribution from the editor: Kirk 1956 – 1961

One of the things I love most about Kenya is the laughter. Everywhere you go, people are laughing; irrespective of who they are, where they are, the circumstances, or the cause - they laugh. They love a joke, even if it is on themselves, Kenyans still laugh. Anger or irritation can instantly be defused with humour.

This story that depicts that innate sense of humour:

'Many years ago, when the road from Nairobi to Mombasa was corrugated with stones, dirt and dust, the windscreen of my Dad's 404 was shattered by a rock thrown up by a passing truck. Fortunately, neither he nor my Mum were injured but they were delayed in the heat of the day as they removed every last piece of glass before continuing on their journey.

Finally, when the sun was at its zenith, they arrived at Mito Ndei and were relieved to swig a cold Coke. Dad removed the petrol cap and asked the dozing attendant to fill up the tank. Which, he truculently did. As he did so, Dad opened the bonnet and asked the guy to top up the radiator with water. Which, having filled his can with water from a nearby tap, with a sigh, he did. Finally, Dad asked the simmering attendant, to check the oil, which, with raised eyebrows and a look of irritation, he also did.

As the guy finished and turned away, Dad closed the bonnet and Mum leaned out of the passenger window and asked the attendant to wash the windscreen. He looked at her with undisguised annoyance as he filled a bucket with water and rinsed a cloth which he raised and turned to swab the windscreen – except there wasn't one!

The look on his face was a picture of shock and astonishment as he realised the joke was on him. In typical Kenyan style he disintegrated into laughter. He sat on the ground and laughed until the tears ran down his face. Together with Mum and Dad, he was in hysterics. He then summoned his colleagues and acted out the entire pantomime – first being roused in the heat of the day to fill the car with petrol, next to check the water and then the oil before, finally, after all that, being asked to wash a windscreen that wasn't there! They all fell about laughing.

It was a priceless example of humour turning anger and irritation into laughter.

Of course, my Dad gave the guy a handsome tip and they parted, best of friends and in high spirits.

If that story reminds you of something that made you laugh, please share it with us. Send it to mail@alanmay.co.uk

DISCONNECTED JOTTINGS

The latest from BillaBong (an intrepid traveller Down Under and his long suffering memsahib)

We are a few days into our trip and have finally escaped the wet south of WA. Two days ago we had to pack up in driving rain, something that we have never had to do since buying our van in 2017! The wind in that cold front was pretty fierce- we had to fight our way into the van, our car mirror was blown off by a

passing truck, the van electrics packed up and one gas bottle ran out. Apart from these minor challenges- all good fun.

Ed writes: and I thought it was hot and dusty in the out-back!

Readership news:

A posting on the Old Yorkist Facebook page has prompted a surge of new readers who are very welcome. They include: Adrian Searle, Dave Richards, Ian Clark, Mike Von Kaufmann, Mark Cooper, Paul Davey, Andy Mwai, Adrian McNaughton, Howard Smith, Nick Roselli, Oscar Mann, Rob Seed, Eddie Green, Andrew Vesey-Wells, Joel Lee Norton, Arthur Kerr-Sheppard, Roddy McKellar, Mike Vaughan and Barry Leighton.

If you want to connect with any of the above, contact me at mail@alanmay.co.uk and I will pass your request on.

Good news and bad news

On the sporting front: the bad news is that the England football team narrowly failed to win the European Football Cup, losing to Italy on penalties.....Boo!

However, the good news is that, in getting there, they had their first victory over Germany since the World Cup in 1966 and the brewing industry benefitted from a £50 million windfall.....Hooray!

Future editions:

We have already received a number of excellent contributions for future editions of this Newsletter including those from John Platter, and Eddie Green, and my mate Billabong which I know will interest and amuse you.

We are always looking for more, so please contribute. It doesn't have to be long; it doesn't have to relate to your days at school. It can be about any experience, adventure or amusing incident that made you chuckle. We enjoy them all. Please provide a photo or two if you can.

Finally, on the grapevine:

Rumours exist of another Old Yorkist re-union in the UK in 2024 – now where did I hear that?

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