



Brooklands Baraza

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

Issue number 6

September 2022

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As I put the finishing touches to this Newsletter the death of the Queen has just been announced. It is so sad. The whole nation is now in mourning. She was an incredible lady, shown here meeting with ex-president Kenyatta.

I am sure we all have memories of her even if we never actually met her. I well remember as an eight year old waving my flag as she arrived in Kenya in 1952 as a princess but, following the death of her father, left as a queen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanks for all the links (*to previous copies of BB*) - it will take me a while to get through them because there are plenty of moments of recollection or reflection. Interesting, certainly.

Paddy Cowdery

Another reaction to Platter's article: he's much too lenient on the chaplain! I've forgotten his nickname - was it Charlie? - but he was disliked by everybody. Who was it - Ricky Mann? - that scrawled "hypocrite" on Charlie's door. Or did he paint Charlie's car? Or was it both? Your memory may be better than mine at filling in the details.

Amongst other things he irritated everybody by going round the houses and ringing the bell early on Sunday mornings to try and get people to Communion. What I do remember very clearly was the morning someone from Kirk (who was it?) covered the bell ringer with jam. When Charlie abruptly interrupted his first ring he swung round and seeing our dorm door was open marched in and ordered everyone out!

Roger Maudsley

Congratulations on all five editions of the BB and the latest method of presentation, which worked like a charm. As for the photo from 1961, (*original Baraza production team*) I thought that I am possibly the person on the right in the foreground. I do not remember having anything to do with the BB, but Fergie could have asked me to help out once, as he was my Physics teacher up until that being my last year. My wife does not think it is the right profile, even after looking at a few house photos from the time. Thus, it would need confirmation from other people, although I do not recognise any of the others, who appear younger than me. Of course, I do recognise Fergie and the faithful Gestetner in the background. A copy from one prevented my obtaining 100% on a math exam when I tried to factorise a few algebraic expressions with a clumsily written 'and'!

I was wondering whether it would be possible to contribute to the production costs through BACS instead of by credit card, like one can with the Trust. Even though I do have one for sterling, the required code for an online transaction is directed to our daughter in the UK. It is not that we have not had to do that at least once on our weekly sessions on Skype, I have found it so much easier through BACS.

Best regards,

Charles Anderson

Thanks to Eddie

I was in the Sixth Form during the years 1959/1960 as part of the Arts course together with the late Geoff Lock, and Martin Wyatt and I well remember Eddie Green teaching us History and interesting to read that in this capacity he was first employed at DOYS - his contribution saw me getting the passes in History 1 and 2. I read with interest his subsequent career - my thanks for giving me an ever interest in History

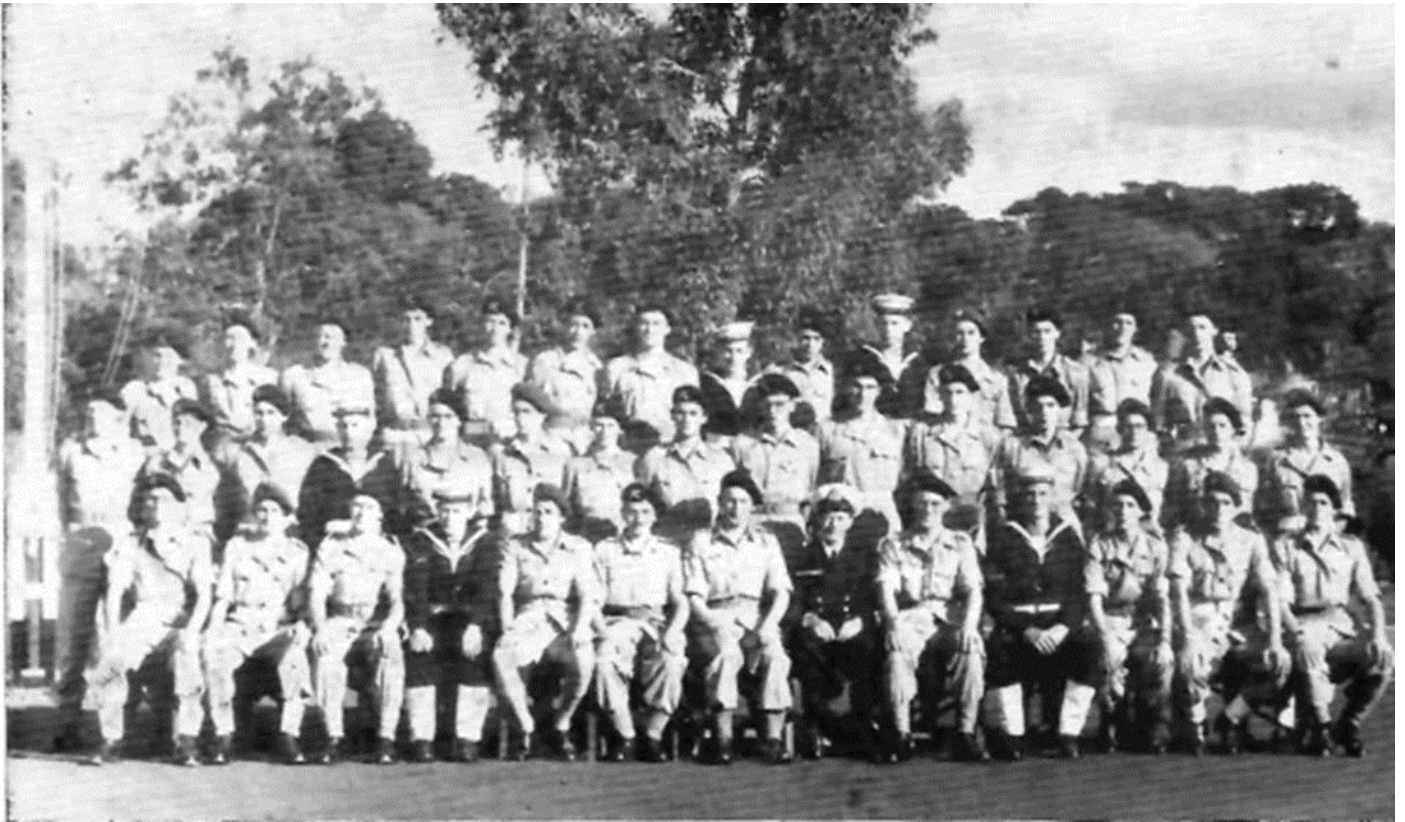
Mike Johnson - Delamere 1955-1960

THE COMBINED CADET FORCE CONTINUED; 1954 - 57

Contributed by **Robin Crosher – Kirk 1952/58** [see BB5 for Part 1, 1951 to 1953] extracts from The Yorkist

Further growth in 1954

The Corps continues to grow in numbers. The first term saw us with a total cadet strength of 285, of whom just over 200 are in the Army Section, and the remainder divided between the Sea and Air Cadets.



The Officers and Senior NCOs of the CCF

We very much regret the tragic death of **John Luckes**, one of our original members who left in 1952 with the rank of Sergeant. He was accidentally killed whilst serving with the Kenya Regiment near Thika.

Lieutenant-Commander Easey leaves us at the end of this year. Lieutenants Travis and Farnell have already left us on their transfer to Asian Education. Flight Lieutenant Packwood has taken over the R.A.F. Section. Lieutenant Reid has been responsible for the formation and training of the band, and since the departure of Major Collister, Captain Morwood has acted as Commanding Officer.

Sea Cadets: This has been another year of very satisfactory progress. To begin with, full blue uniform was received and the Sea Cadets at last really looked like sailors. Twenty-nine cadets attended the Annual Training Week with the R.E.A.N. at Mombasa, in August. Sixteen Sea cadets attended the Seafarer's Service at the Cathedral in Nairobi on Sunday 17th October, to act as Flag Bearers. They lent colour and atmosphere to the Service, and carried out the duties required of them splendidly.

Of those leaving I should like to mention Leading Seaman **Bramwell** who has taken a leading part, and done it extremely well. Also Leading Seaman **Hallowes** who has always been such a ready volunteer and been a consistently good example. Able Seaman **Blundell** has been one of our keenest members. He is leaving to make the Royal Navy his career, and the good wishes of all of us go with him.

Army Cadets: We began this year with 215 cadets, including about 100 recruits. We are most grateful for all the outside help we have received in our training. The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers have helped us with the training of N.C.O's, L.M.G. instruction, and in addition each platoon in turn spent a day in camp with the battalion. The R.N.F. Fifes and Drums have twice "Beaten Retreat" in the school grounds, and both they and the Black Watch have assisted with the training of our band.

The difficulty with weapons, coupled with other obvious training problems (e.g. no thunder flashes, or blank ammunition) and the lack of a field day or annual camp, have all tended to restrict the activities of the Army Section. The great success this year has been the Drum and Bugle Band which has been organised by Lieutenant I. Reid, with Drum Major **Wilkinson**. The band put up a magnificent performance at the General Inspection only nine months after their initial practice.

C.S.Ms. **Green** and **Gibbons** and Colour Sergeants **Barham** and **O'Shaughnessy** have all ably commanded their own platoons during the year, and without their help and that of Sergeants **McRoberts** and **Gearing** we would have been hard put to it with the officer shortage.

Air Cadet Camps: Early in the second term of 1954 it was arranged that the Air Cadets should spend a week camping with the R.A.F. at Eastleigh. This camp was to be the first of a series of annual camps.

Dinghy Drill in the earlier hours of the morning was not relished, but it proved very amusing; the cadets had to jump off the top board of the baths in a Mae West, climb into a single seat Dinghy, roll out again and right an overturned 5 seat Dinghy and lift an "All-in" colleague into it! This drill produced some, amazing antics. The cadets were very lucky and were able to fly in both the Harvards and the Anson. To many, this was their first taste of flying and they could not have been in better hands, although the aerobatics made some a little greenish!

Steady as it Goes in 1955

The C.C.F. may now be said to have settled down into a normal routine. Sea and Air camps have been held in August for the past two years. This year we hoped also to have an Army camp, but arrangements fell through. At the beginning of the year we welcomed a new Permanent Instructor, Mr. W. H. O'Neill (late of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment), who has quickly settled down and proved himself very popular with the boys.

The chief difficulty in the Army Section during the past two or three years has been the lack of weapons. These were all withdrawn from our Armoury at the beginning of the Emergency; but we have recently been re-issued with two Bren guns, sixty .303 rifles and four .22 rifles. During the intervening period we could not have carried on training without the help of the Police, who have brought rifles up to the school each training day, and the British Infantry Battalions (most recently the 1st Gloucesters) who have provided Bren guns and instructors.



Speech Day 1955; Sir Phillip Mitchell

The band, which once again excelled itself on Inspection Day, has kept up a high standard throughout the year under Drum-Major **Doenhoff**. Its other chief appearance was on Speech Day when Sir Philip Mitchell inspected a Guard of Honour consisting of 30 cadets (12 from the Army, 9 each from the Naval and Air Sections) under the senior cadet, C. S. M. **Gearing**.

We would like to wish every success to **Keith Gearing** and **John Channer**, who we hope will soon be commencing their training at Sandhurst. Also to **Giles Blundell**, now doing outstandingly well at Torpoint and hoping soon to join **Anthony Townsend** at Dartmouth. And to two younger ex-cadets, **Anthony Hutchinson** (already at H.M.S. Worcester) and **Kenneth Timms**, who is about to go to England on the R.A.F. apprentice scheme.

Sea Cadets: At the beginning of the year about fifteen recruits joined us, bringing our total strength up to 28. We have been unfortunate this year in not having any official qualified instructor to help us. This does not mean though that we have not been taught. We are very glad to welcome to our ranks Mr. Hesketh and Mr. Bieneman.

Our camp at Mombasa was the highlight of the year. Everyone went to sea in H.M.E.A.S. Rosalind and though some enjoyed it, others alas! definitely did not! We were given opportunities to fire the guns and steer the

ship, and a few of us had a chance to take away the ship's boats. Great credit is due to Cadet Petty Officers **White** and **Wright**, who, as Mr. Hesketh and Mr. Bieneman are not yet commissioned or allowed to wear uniform, were always responsible for the Cadets on parade.

RAF Cadets: The R.A.F. section has this year been as great if not a greater success than last year. At the end of the second term the majority of us went to camp at R.A.F. Eastleigh for a week. Here we had our first taste of piloting an aircraft. Flying, the real exercise of the whole camp when everyone had nearly an hour's flight in a Harvard, and two hours in a larger plane, either an Anson or a Pembroke.

We thank Mr. Packwood and Mr. Jones for all that they have done for the R.A.F. section, and we can only hope that next year will have as good a one as this has been.

Army Cadet Camp: In December 1955, immediately after the end of school term, a camp was held at the Kenya Regiment Training Centre near Nakuru for Army cadets of the three boys' secondary schools. Unfortunately quarantine restrictions prevented St. Mary's School cadets from attending. The Prince of Wales School sent 15 cadets; and we sent 41. The first morning we watched the Passing-out Parade of National servicemen, among whom were Old Yorkists **Crowe, Clause, Baxendell** and **Boulderson**. Thereafter we ourselves occupied the parade-ground under the eagle eyes of Guards drill instructors Sergeant-Major Stott and Sergeant Humber, both of whom had a seemingly inexhaustible supply of epithets for us, ranging from "Old Mother Reilly", "baggage Grenadiers", "Cadillac stomachs" and "dozy little man" to many even more picturesque but less printable.

More of the same in 1956

The strength of the Combined Cadet Force in January 1956 was just over three hundred, of whom thirty were in the Naval Section, sixty in the R.A.F. Section and over two hundred in the Army. Two new Officers have joined us, Mr. J. V. Barry the Army Section and Mr. R. L. Yates the R.A.F. Section. We are very grateful for their help as we are far from being over officered. Mr. Morwood and Mr. Jones respectively have commanded the Army and RAF Sections.



A school team trained by Mr. O'Neill, the P.S.I., entered for open range competition with service rifles arranged by the Kenya Rifle Association. In this we defeated St. Mary's School, and became holders of an impressive cup presented by the Rifle Association. The inter-House miniature Range shoot was held in November and, Lugard House were the winners. The best individual score came from **M. J. K. Davies** of Speke House who scored seventy-eight out of a possible eighty. The Annual General Inspection was held in October when the then Chief of Staff in East Africa, Brigadier R. M. P. Carver, O.B.E, D.S.O., inspected the unit and took the salute at the march past. The inspecting officers had a special word of congratulation for the band which performed well as ever under the leadership of C/Sgt Fowler. During the visit of H.R.H. Princess Margaret cadets lined part of the route in Nairobi and selected Sea and Air cadets formed part of an escort at Mitchell Park.

We have relied increasingly of late upon schoolboy instructors many of whom have put considerable time and effort into their training programmes. In the Army section, C. S. M. **Doenhoff**, C/Sgts. **Fowler, Johns** and **Coulson** and Sgts. **Mowat, Osmond, Perkins, Slade, Lalka** and **Steed** have all commanded their own platoons. In the R.A.F. F/Sgt. **Barrett**, Sgts. **Monkhouse, Knight** and **Nicklin** and Cpl. **Kruger J**, have all assisted with training. The Army Signals section continues under the guidance of Mr. Kitchener.

Sea Cadet Camp (MOMBASA August 1956): The training during the week included shooting on both the .22 and .303 ranges and sailing in dinghies and whalers, both of which proved very popular. The trip round Port Reitz on the converted fishing vessel, H.M.E.A.S. Mvita, during which one budding navigator managed to run

aground, despite the apparent expanse of water! On another occasion all cadets volunteered for a trip in R.M.E.A.S. Rosalind, which entailed leaving harbour at 0300 hours on a Sunday morning. It should be stressed that this was entirely voluntary and for discomforts endured the cadets have only themselves to blame. As dawn crept over the sea, so certain members of our party, crept to the guard-rails and began to take an absorbed interest in the passing waves. Others merely reclined on the quarter-deck with stoic calm and green-tinted gills.

Army Camp (Nakuru): A day on Menengai showed us the size of the crater there and the major excitements were provided by the Energa grenade which is unlikely to encourage recruiting for the Armoured Corps. Sergeant Millar's demonstration of explosives drove some of the rabble to ground more effectively than the call of a prefect seeking a fag. The range provided a grilling day but despite the sun the shooting was quite good and at least two people scored 108 out of a possible 110. The assault course looked bad from a distance but wasn't too formidable except for the very small who were at a disadvantage - even when in the water as well as out of it. Perhaps the best feature of the assault course was to see the increasing look of despair on the faces of those who hung by one hand on a rope over the stream or the puzzled look on the faces of those who dangled from the stationary pendulum rope (having missed a footing on the other side) viewing with some concern the cold and muddy waters underneath. We managed to keep the mosquitos of Lake Nakuru at bay whilst inspecting a Mau Mau hideout occupied by former terrorists and watching a tracking team at work.

Air Cadet Camp (Eastleigh): We heard lectures on jet engines, the R.A.F.'s activities during the Emergency, evasion techniques and other interesting subjects. We saw several films such as 'The Dam Busters' 'Journey Together' and a few documentaries. We shot on the 25 yd. range with .303 and Brens. We were given a display by the R.A.F. Police dogs and were shown how the dogs catch trespassers. We visited the Signals Centre and sent some queer messages to a tape relay station in Asia. We were shown parachutes, dinghies and their various equipment at the Safety Section. Two boys had a flight in the helicopter during a demonstration.

Events during 1957

Does **Roy Carr-Hartley** have the distinction of being the first bass drummer to shoot his own leopard skin?



A new policy of intakes and discharges came into operation at the beginning of this year. Senior boys are also being allowed to leave the C.C.F. under certain conditions; but for this concession to work without unduly lowering the standard of instruction, we do rely on a few public-spirited sixth-formers staying on. This year C.S.M. **Coulson** stayed on as Senior Cadet and Captain of Shooting. We hope a few will follow his example next year. The chief ceremonial parade of the year was, as usual, the Annual General Inspection in October, when Group-Captain L.R. Briggs, accompanied by an officer from each of the three Services, inspected the contingent and took the Salute at the March-Past. The Standard of marching was at least as good as in previous years, and the Drum and Bugle Band, under **Drum-Major Amos**, acquitted themselves well. The **Sea Cadet Camp** had to be cancelled this year.

Army Camp: The camp started with the usual lectures by instructors followed by the 'drill demonstrations, and then 'square-bashing' for all. Thereafter began the more serious training programme. Parties went to Menengai Crater to see demonstrations of the heavier infantry weapons, and returned to camp choked with the soda dust and weary, not from the walking in the crater, but from the scorching sun.

Life in camp itself would have been more comfortable had there been less people, but with the Prince of Wales School there as well, we were rather cramped, and Asian 'Flu played havoc with some platoons. Still it was the intention to simulate 'on active service' conditions !

Towards the end of the camp period came the 'piece de resistance' in the form of the Assault Course, which consisted largely of crossing a river in many ingenious ways, while the Kenya Regiment did their best to impede the progress with sickly smoke, slushy mud, minor explosions and bullets whistling above the cadets' heads; many, in the circumstances, found the water very refreshing.

RAF Camp: Unlike previous years, when the cadets were bedded down in tents or hangars, the cadets were billeted in a comparatively luxurious wooden hut about a mile away from the cookhouse as the crow flies.

The programme was different from those of previous years in so much as the cadets were given more weapon instruction and training. Apart from two hours flying each and a bit of dinghy drill, the training was that of the R.A.F. Regiment consisting of drill, physical training, lectures on jets, gliding, aeronautical instruments, rules of camp, and arms and ammunition. A mock battle took place in which one team was annihilated completely without a casualty to the other. A demonstration was given by the R.A.F. police dogs who greeted the arrival of the cadets with a clamour of disgusted baying and were only too keen to vent their wrath on those who offered to be their 'victims' in a man hunt with dogs.

Although there were jets at Eastleigh, the cadets only flew in the Percival 'Pembrokes'. Each flight lasted two or three hours and Kilimanjaro and Kenya were the two targets to which the cadets were flown. On one occasion the pilot obliged his passengers by circling low over two rhino. Once, cadets who went to inspect newly arrived Vickers 'Valiant' carrying secret equipment, were challenged by a sentry, who threatened to shoot them.

Ed writes: many thanks must go to Robin Crosher for his laborious task of extracting the history of the CCF from each of the annual Yorkist magazines from its formation in 1951 to its final parade in 1963. The first extract, covering the years 1951 to 1953, was included in the 5th edition of the Baraza. This is the second, from 1954 to 1957, and there will be at least one more in subsequent editions of the Newsletter.

MEMORIES OF THE DUKE OF YORK SCHOOL

By **Richard Baker-Jones** – Grogan 1960/63

I arrived at DoYS in 1960 after an unusual experience in Nairobi.

I had travelled down from Eldoret and stayed overnight with friends Alex and Margaret Smith (parents of Ivan, ex DOY, and Lynn, both well-known Kenya personalities). After an undisturbed night I woke to discover that part of my uniform had gone – the grey trousers and the shirt. Assuming that the house boy had taken them for laundering I remained in bed until about 11am when I checked with Lynn. No, she reported, nothing taken for laundry. With wire mesh across the windows, the only explanation was that we had been pole fished, a common crime in Nairobi in those days. A mad dash into Nairobi sorted the problem out and I arrived with a full uniform.

The adjoining bed to me in Junior was occupied by Mike Kirkland and we became firm friends enjoying leave out Sundays at his dad's coffee farm at Thika. His dad, Major V E Kirkland, was a school governor and picked us up in his white Mercedes 300 – very classy considering my Mum had a green Ford Popular. Cutting his teeth on those Sundays thrashing a converted bodyless Austin A40 around the estate, Mike went on to

become an international rally driver. We set a course starting by the house, down through the village scattering chickens and topos and returning through the coffee plantation. I missed one corner and went straight on flattening a number of coffee bushes: we had to go back and straighten them before his dad returned.



Neither Mike nor I were keen on team sports and preferred lazing around the pool with our transistor radios.

Kirkie relaxing

At school, I was allocated to the newly built Grogan House, up the hill beyond the swimming pool. This was close to the “donga”, a great place for a quiet smoke.

Not long after I joined the school, and whilst still in Junior House, we were called to the Hall and told that we were all being sent home that day. Belgium had suddenly granted the Congo its independence and there had been a breakdown of law and order. The Congo whites, and nuns in particular, were fleeing to the closest safe haven, Kenya, and the school was required for accommodating them. As I had to travel “up-country” to Eldoret, I left the next day by train. It was a single-track railroad and I vividly recall seeing a train load of refugees passing whilst we were pulled into a siding. Their distress was obvious: they had lost everything and had clearly been fearful for their lives facing a very uncertain future.

Ed adds: in 1960 all at school, except those doing national exams, were evacuated to make way for refugees from the Belgian Congo. We spoke with them in a mix of French and Swahili. It was a significant distraction which was subsequently reflected in our results – at least that is my excuse!

I should mention that some years ago, I set up a Duke of York School Facebook page which now has 159 members: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/490470818194654>

WILD LIFE ENCOUNTERS

By **Roger Maudsley** – Kirk 1956/62

Living some 10 miles from Nairobi I was brought up a city slicker whose knowledge of bushlore didn't go beyond the odd visit to a National Park with my parents. Although appreciation of the habitat's dangers leapt exponentially when, at Tsavo's Mzima Springs, brother Brian, 5 or 6 years-old, spotted a slowly advancing croc, camouflaged against the rocky bottom, some 10 yards from where I was washing picnic utensils!

Arriving back in Kenya after university, and a stint with Cardiff City Council, I was immediately sent by Mowlem to Namanga, on the border with Tanzania. My job was to supervise earthworks on a new Kajiado-Namanga Rd. Based in a prefabricated house on the edge of Amboseli Park, I came into close contact with wildlife. A series of incidents involving lions stick in my mind.

Episode 1 - The night watchman

As bush-clearing advanced it became necessary to hire a night watchman to guard bulldozers and scrapers left at the work front each night. The plan was to take him out each evening with the refuelling truck. A guy who wasn't from the area was given the job.

Early in the morning, after his first night, the watchman came knocking on my door. He said the job was impossible: although he sat in the driving seat of a tractor, he was exposed to lions that prowled around the machines. So, we made him a sort of portable reinforced tent using wood and corrugated iron that he could crawl into for protection.

The next morning the poor guy was back again saying he was resigning. He said that even with him inside the "tent" the lions would push against its sides! We got a local Maasai to do the job!

Episode 2 – Death and resurrection

For earthworks operations – where water is needed for compacting - boreholes were drilled at intervals along the route of the new road. Each borehole and pump had its own shack and a watchman. One night a guy turned up at my house saying one of the watchmen had been killed by a lion. He gave details: the man had been sitting by a fire when a lioness and cubs approached. He threw a stone at the lion and was attacked.

Getting into my car I drove to the borehole in question and there was the watchman, as right as rain!

Episode 3 – Gigantic saw; massive jaws

Living beside Amboseli I knew of a track that allowed entry to the park without paying! When youngest brother Andrew came to visit, we loaded up camping equipment and took this route for a game-viewing trip in a remote corner of the park. On the first evening we spotted what seemed to be a decent camping site beside a protective copse of trees.

Night descended and we began frying some sausages over a fire. Suddenly it was as though a gigantic saw had started up. Dozens of antelope came bounding past the camp in panic. Although I'd never heard such a terrifying sound before I knew it could only be a lion. We jumped into the car for protection.

Things quietened down, we ate our sausages and turned in. As usual, believing it offered some protection, we left a lit hurricane lamp at the tent door.

I woke up later to what sounded like a massive pair of jaws crunching bones right outside the tent. I grasped my panga, laid out by my side, and silently got out of my sleeping bag, but there was absolutely nothing I could do. There was no window on the side of the tent from where the noise came and I wasn't going outside! Amazingly we managed to get back to sleep.

In the morning I searched around the tent and beyond and couldn't find a single bone! My only explanation was that the sound had been much further away than it had seemed at night.

Episode 4 – Good neighbourliness

The next night, at a different campsite, was uneventful. But waking up in the morning we again heard the roar of a lion in the distance. Going outside we came across a surprising scene. Sure enough, some 200 or so yards away a lioness and cubs were descending a low hill, the mother roaring as she came. On the track below, however, directly in their path, was a couple of Maasai youths with cattle. But the Maasai didn't take

a blind bit of notice of the advancing lions: the only thing of interest was these unfamiliar wazungu and their tent! Living side by side, there was clearly mutual understanding between Maasai and beast.

Episode 5 – Miracle of canvas

I don't know what the basis of it was but we always believed that the smell of human beings, a layer of thin canvas, a smouldering fire and a light offered protection against lions and hyenas. In fact, I'd never heard of anyone being attacked in a tent; indeed, park lodges once offered unprotected camping sites. Some were more radical: Wilfrid Thessiger, according to his "Kenya Days", ignored such frivolities on his NFD safaris, sleeping with his comrades in the open air around a fire.

Even so it was a surprise, driving to work one day along the existing Kajiado-Namanga Rd, to hear, when stopping for a chat with passing motorcyclists, that they'd slept tent-less in a dry river bed I knew was frequented by lions. It's amazing the risks people run because they're unaware of the dangers. During daytime you'd be lucky to see any animal from the road and never a lion; at night it was death trap. I vividly remember, returning one night, my headlights picking out a pride of lions tearing a giraffe to pieces beside a bend in the road.

Sometimes there's no option. As when I overturned my 404 one night on an unused stretch of road under construction on the Athi Plains, I emerged from the wreck to face the bush armed with a squash racket! It was that or spend the night upside down.

I was lucky. After a while I saw the headlights of a truck in the distance on the regular Kajiado-Namanga road and managed to hitch a lift.

A TRIP DOWN THE TANA RIVER IN KENYA 1960

By **Guy Hallowes-Thomson** - 1955-59

Like all boys of European descent, when I turned eighteen, I was 'called up' for National Service in the Kenya Regiment, which was part of the British Army. Something that was expected of me and quite normal. It involved six months in The Kenya Regiment Training Centre (KRTC) near Nakuru in the Great Rift Valley and then three years of weekends and an annual three-week camp if one remained in the country. I knew many of the intake of one hundred, having attended the same schools.

At the time Kenya Colony was still in a 'State of Emergency' trying to deal with the Kikuyu-led Mau-Mau insurrection. Jomo Kenyatta, who later became Prime Minister of an independent Kenya, was still incarcerated.

Once I had completed my six months stint, I was thrilled to be included in a trip down the Tana River in Northern Kenya organised and paid for by the army. As far as I was concerned it was just another wonderful opportunity to explore the country.

A dozen graduates from our intake plus an officer and a sergeant from the training centre piled into one of the training centre trucks, something we were quite used to, having been on several expeditions as part of our six months training. Taking two days, we drove north from Nakuru to Thomson's Falls (now Nyaharuru) Nyeri, Nanyuki and passing Mount Kenya just to the south continued on to the lower lying and therefore hotter small towns of Isiolo and Garba Tula, and then on to the tiny village of Bahadale, the starting point of our journey, located on the bank of the Tana River.

The Tana rises on Mount Kenya, flows north and then turns south, eventually emptying itself into the Indian Ocean, about three hundred miles later, half way between Lamu and Malindi.

Me, with a 12 bore shotgun, and another member of the intake, Robin Hillyar, with a .256 rifle, had been authorised to take our own weapons, to help provide for the pot, which we did.

Bahadale is part of the tribal area of the Rendille tribe, one of several small tribes in Northern Kenya, some of whom are related to the Oromo of Ethiopia. I found it interesting to come in contact with a tribe, one of some seventy in the country, with whom I had had no previous dealings. The lingua franca in Kenya and the whole of East Africa and beyond is 'up country' Swahili, a derivative of the pure or *safi* Swahili spoken by the small Swahili tribe resident on the Kenya coast.

Our dug-out canoes, with two strapped together for stability, had elaborate grass roofs, I suppose because our hosts were used to catering for fancy 'Safari Parties'. We asked the villagers to remove the grass roofs. There were also four local paddlers attached to each pair of canoes; since we intended to help paddle our own canoes, we arranged for two of the paddlers to travel in our truck to Garissa which is about one hundred miles down-river from Bahadale, and our half way point, where we would pick up another set of canoes to take us on the second part of the journey.

An African game ranger, dressed in his smart Kenya Wildlife uniform and carrying a well-maintained .303 service rifle, joined us.

The journey south, down this huge river, about two hundred yards wide, was completely wild and magical to me, despite the fact that I was brought up on a farm in a very rural part of Kenya and was familiar with local wildlife.

We always stopped paddling as we came round each bend, so as to be completely silent and trying not to disturb any wild animals who happened to be coming down to drink. We saw a multitude of animals. The river of course was home to a seemingly endless number of crocodiles and hippo; we also saw herds of antelope, wildebeest, zebra and giraffe. We expected to see herds of elephant round every corner and were rarely disappointed. On a couple of occasions, a group of lions appeared. Mostly the animals stayed put, or just eased their way quietly back behind the canopy of trees, when we drifted into sight. There was often a large crocodile sunning itself on a sandbank, who silently slipped into the river when it became aware of our presence. Hippos are very territorial and often followed us while we transited what they saw as their patch. Once or twice, we had to fire a shot into the water next to a more aggressive or just curious hippo.

The wild animals seemed to be relatively undisturbed by the local tribesmen and their herds of cattle, goats and camels, also coming down to drink.

We camped for two nights on the bank of the Tana. Our 'tents' consisted of two groundsheets buttoned together and shared by two people; exactly what we had done on the various field expeditions during our six months training. A small fire was kept going during the night, which was enough to keep the wild animals away.

Robin Hillyar and I always went out hunting while the rest of the group set up camp, and most days came back with a guinea fowl or two. They were a bit tough but edible if cooked for long enough. Guinea fowl really need to be 'hung' for a few days to make them tender. On one occasion, when walking down a game trail we almost bumped into the rear end of an elephant and had to beat a hasty retreat.

When we stopped and camped in Garissa, the main administrative centre for the region, we said farewell to the Rendille boatmen, who now had the arduous job of paddling their canoes back upstream. The fresh boatmen were Somali, since we were now in Somali territory.

Our second leg of the journey would take us from Garissa to Bura, about sixty miles further downstream; the training centre officer had been replaced by the centre's commanding officer, whom we had nicknamed 'Buffalo Bill' (BB) as he was intent on shooting a buffalo; he was a bit 'gun happy'. I was detailed to accompany him due to my Swahili language skills.

On one of the mornings, before dawn, a small group made up of BB, the game ranger, one of the boatmen and yours truly went out into the neighbouring scrub to shoot quail that regularly flew down to the river for an early morning drink. The whole area is semi-desert, usually with big trees on the river bank for a few yards, but because of the low rainfall, this degenerated into scrub quite quickly. On that day I remember disturbing a little dik-dik, one of the smallest antelopes in Africa, who glanced at us before dashing off into the bush, disturbed by the human presence.

BB, with his fancy double barrelled 12 bore shot gun was a very good shot and within half an hour we had a bag of some twenty quail, including a few from me.

While we were out hunting the rest of the expedition had packed up and not long after dawn continued on the journey. Our little side trip had delayed us a couple of hours, so we were hurrying to catch up with the other two boats.

Sometime after noon we came round a bend in the river and encountered two elephants frolicking in the water. We thought to avoid them by moving towards the right hand bank but one of the boatmen said, in Swahili, "No, the main stream of the river is on the left and the bank on the left is too steep for the elephants to climb out of the river. We should stay left, but maybe the bwana (referring to BB) could fire a shot into the air, then the elephants will run out on the right side, which is quite shallow."

BB was persuaded to fire the shot and both elephants rushed out to the right. After a collective sigh of relief when we seemed to have averted danger, one of the elephants turned and charged us through the shallow water!

Standing up in the boat BB yelled: "Should I shoot it? Should I shoot it?" He waved his fancy double barrelled "elephant gun" about. Somehow, I remained quite calm. "No sir," was my response, "shoot over its head." The two boatmen, not trusting the situation, had leapt off the canoes and, notwithstanding the presence of crocodiles and hippo in the river, had swum to the left bank.

For those people who have never been under fire, if one is being shot at, firstly there is a bang when the bullet, breaking the sound barrier, goes over one's head and secondly one hears the report of the gun. So, with me repeatedly firing my 12 bore, the game ranger firing his .303 service rifle, again and again and BB firing a barrage of shots, the elephant, who had got within ten yards, was suddenly confronted with this cacophony of noise coming from what he must have seen as an intruder into his territory. So he backed off and followed his companion into the nearby bush.

Once calm had been restored after the few minutes of pandemonium the game ranger smiled at me. "*Pasipo licence*," he said. "Without license." Meaning that BB did not have a license to shoot an elephant.

"I should have shot it, I should have shot it," muttered BB

We paddled the canoes over to the left bank, picked up the two boatmen and an hour or so later joined the rest of the group, who had already pitched camp, further downstream.

"What was all the shooting about?" our companions asked.

We explained about the elephants.

“Oh yes, we went past them on the right hand side. They took no notice.”

“I should have shot it,” BB kept muttering.

“Sir” I said, “there would have been a lot of trouble, best you didn't. You didn't have a licence.”

As before, Robin Hillyar and I went off and bagged a few guinea fowl for the pot, to be included with BB's quail for our evening meal, adding to the usual baked potatoes, boiled carrots and '*ugali*' – maize meal cake,

A day or so later, our little adventure, much treasured by me, ended in Bura, a small dusty village on the bank of the Tana. We all piled into the truck, having said a grateful farewell to the boatmen. We arrived back at the training centre two days later.

A month afterwards I caught the boat train' from Nairobi to the port of Mombasa and had a three week voyage on the Durban Castle mailboat from Mombasa via Mogadishu, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Marseille and Gibraltar to the London Port of Tilbury, to continue my education. It was the very first time I had left Kenya. I have not lived in Kenya since - something that I certainly had not anticipated when I left- although I have visited several times in the intervening years. My Swahili is a bit rusty although I can still make myself understood throughout East Africa. When I do return, I feel quite comfortable; Kenya will always be a part of me.

EXPERIENCE OF LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

By **Peter Neep** – Kirk 1957/61

1994 and 1995 were years in which South Africans of all races went through a somewhat turbulent time as theirs and the Country's future was uncertain. President de Klerk had recently unbanned the ANC and also released Nelson Mandela from prison and we were all very uncertain as to what the future would hold for all of us. There were some positive signs however, as our first democratic referendum had been successfully held for all South African residents, which had happened peacefully so we all looked forward to a positive future.

On the sporting side our cricket test side under the captaincy of Kepler Wessels had been readmitted to international sport and their first Test Match had been held on the 4th March 1994 at the “Bull Ring” at the Wanderers Stadium in Johannesburg. It this was the first time that South Africa had played a legitimate test against Australia since 1970 and everybody was ready for it to happen even if Kepler Wessels had himself played previously for Australia whilst South Africa was in isolation!!

Fast forward to 1995 when in that year our rugby side had also been readmitted to international rugby and the scheduled 1995 World Cup had been awarded to South Africa. It was an incredible bonus with South Africa being such a dedicated rugby nation. The whole tournament went off without a hitch and had initially become the time of Jona Lomu, the towering New Zealand All Black wing who destroyed their opposition as England will well remember!!

South Africa managed to get through to the final at Ellis Park Johannesburg after overcoming France at a waterlogged Durban – not a great rugby match but the South African supporters were over the moon that the final was to be contested between two bitter rivals of yesteryear, the Springboks and the All Blacks.

I was especially fortunate to be invited by a contractor friend of mine to the match as his guest in his box for this epic final and what a day it turned out to be - to have witnessed the Springboks win the World Cup in

extra time against their arch rivals the All Blacks, with a drop kick from Joel Stransky was something very special indeed.

The presentation by our much loved and admired President Nelson Mandela, resplendent in his rugby No 6 shirt – the same number as our captain Francois Pienaar, was a truly amazing spectacle which enhanced our overall belief in our “Rainbow Nation” going forward. A day that we shall all remember for a very long time.



Fast forward again to our regular Thursday afternoon golf competition at Bryanston Golf Club in Johannesburg where we invited friends to join us together with a friend of theirs. When my chum Bruce told me the day before

that he had invited F Pienaar I was none the wiser. I knew an Architect with that name who I was not sure actually played golf. When I arrived at the club and went in search of my four ball, I was confronted by Bruce who introduced me to none other than our Springbok captain Francois Pienaar! He was a wonderful guest and a good golfer with plenty of power in those muscles of his.

We had a great day and afterwards in the pub the members all wanted to shake his hand and congratulate him on the Springbok's achievement. What a day that was.

Subsequently, I was fortunate to be able to regularly attend his annual charity golf days – these were “Make a Difference” or MAD golf days where the money raised went to support the tertiary education of previously disadvantaged members of South African Society of which there are many. I have since been lucky enough when, every year, Francois brought budding young academics, who have been part of this enterprise, speak of their experiences.

Francois had and still has the remarkable ability to motivate youngsters from all walks of life to achieve their dreams – a true icon of South African society and sport. I am very proud that he still remembers my name – it seems that some in those positions can do so although I do not know how!

As a footnote, with respect to the future of South Africa at this sensitive time, I was later invited to a “business breakfast” to be held at the Sandton Sun in Johannesburg where the principal guest was to be Nelson Mandela. Wow - what a morning that was when every guest, without exception, rising to their feet on his arrival. The applause following him to his seat and the rostrum and then, as he rose to speak, there was a complete silence as all were so keen to hear this wonderful man speak of his idea for our “Rainbow Nation” A truly amazing man with his image of a united nation for all South Africans – real goose flesh stuff which I am sure has left lasting memories for all those present it certainly has with me – another legend and true icon of South African history.

In 2021, we returned to the UK with great memories of our lives in South Africa and in Kenya.

A WORTHY DONATION

By Paddy Cawdery – Speke 1956/61



Taken in the Olare-Motorogi Conservancy in the Mara in 2019.

Courtesy of some spare cash I had in UK, Little John Nkaate on my right, now has a functioning borehole in his community in Lemek!

Ed writes: Paddy, who now lives in the USA, has had an interesting life and a varied career. For those who knew him at school and would like to make contact, please contact me at brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com

AUSTRALIAN NATION'S FIRST PEOPLES – THE ICE AGE SURVIVORS

By David Hughes – Kirk 1958/61

Stemming from early African migration, DNA analysis strongly supports the conclusion that Australian Aborigines, this country's First Peoples, descended from a human population group which departed Africa sometime between 75,000 and 65,000 years ago. They are thought to have voyaged from Africa through western New Guinea to Australia in boats and on land bridges across the islands of Indonesia. Causes for such a migration were likely to be genetic and the role of glacial cycles at the global level.

Background

Australia's First Peoples are thought to be one of Planet Earth's only species of Homo Sapiens to transition through the severe climate changes of the last ice age and survive. They survived by applying their exceptionally unique skills of living at one with the environment as climate, sea levels, environmental and refuge options changed dramatically.

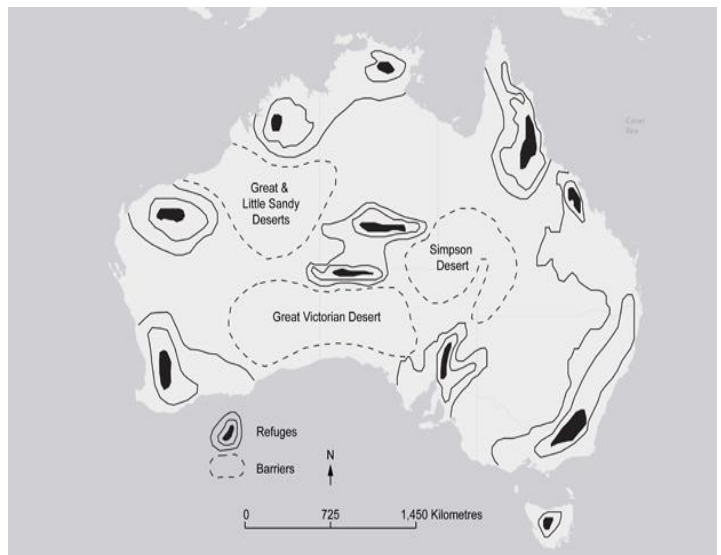
The Australian continent has a remarkable history — a story of isolation, desiccation and resilience on an ark at the edge of the world. It is a story of survival, ingenuity, and awe-inspiring achievements over many years. This antipodean ark carried a bizarre cargo of marsupials. They were spared the fate of their kin on other continents who were decimated by the rise of placental mammals.

When the earliest peoples arrived in Australia, they landed on shores that are now deep under water. Sea levels were around 80 m lower than they are today.

The last ice age occurred primarily as a result of changes in Earth's orbit and relationship to the sun. Coldest conditions during the period are referred to as the Last Glacial Maximum (LGM) (~23,000–18,000. years). As water turned to ice during the LGM, the sea-level dropped to 125 metres lower than today. The Australian coastline at this time was located 160 km further offshore thus exposing vast areas of land. This enlarged continent of Australia and New Guinea – 20% larger than Australia today - was known as 'Sahul'.



The ice age continent of Sahul
(Damian O'Grady and Michael Bird).



This map estimates the areas in which Aboriginal groups congregated during the last ice age.
(Peter Veth)

The Ice Age Struck Hard

The ice age inflicted great hardships on indigenous Australians – how did they cope? Archaeological evidence suggest that Aboriginal Australian populations contracted to 'refugia' – well-watered ranges and major riverine systems – in response to climatic instability

The vast majority of Australia was simply uninhabitable at this time. Forests disappeared, deserts expanded, lakes dried up, many of the native animal species became extinct and vast swathes of the Australian land mass would have been simply uninhabitable.

Populations dramatically declined, perhaps by as much as 60% as the availability of food and water decreased. They faced major population living space changes resulting in challenging cultural shifts. As much as 80 per cent of Australia was temporarily abandoned by Aboriginal people at the height of the LGM.

During this period, population groups had to make changes in hunting and fishing practices, the types of food people were eating and the technologies they were using. Extreme climate changes typically result in the fundamental social and economic reorganisation of society.

Post Ice Age Sea rise in sea levels – Dramatic reversal of refuge options.

After the Last Ice Age, around 18,000 years ago, the world transitioned naturally into the warm interglacial world we live in today. Melting ice sheets caused sea levels to rise. Tasmania was cut off from the mainland around 11,000 years ago. Later, New Guinea separated from Australia around 8,000 years ago.

The sea-level rise flooded 2.12 million square kilometres of land on the continental shelf surrounding Australia. Thousands of generations of people would previously have lived out their lives on these submerged landscapes. Refuge and survival options all had to change.

The rise of sea levels since the last ice age from 120 metres below the present occurred as a result of ice melt. Australia's First Peoples have stories of sea level rises – It invites questions about why and how Australian Aboriginal cultures may have achieved transmission of information about real events from such deep time, without any written word.

The isolation of Australia is likely to be part of the answer. But it could also be due to the practice and nature of contemporary Aboriginal storytelling. This is characterised by a conservative and explicit approach to 'the law', a value given to preserving information, and kin – systems for tracking knowledge accuracy. This could have built the inter-generational scaffolding needed to transmit stories over vast periods of time possibly making these stories unique in the world.

Super Highways have been mapped

There are many hypotheses about where the Indigenous ancestors first settled in Australia tens of thousands of years ago and how they travelled there, but evidence is scarce.

Recent advances in knowledge about the most likely routes those early Australians travelled as they peopled this giant continent have led to the concept of super-highways which might have been routes used for the initial peopling of Sahul. There are also striking similarities between these well-known routes and the most common trading and stock routes used by early Europeans.

Discovery of Mungo Man and Lady

Mungo Lady: In 1968 geologist Jim Bowler discovered human bones around the now dry Lake Mungo in south-western New South Wales. With assistance from colleagues at the Australian National University they determined the bones were of a female human. Bowler and his colleagues named her Mungo Lady and discovered that she had been cremated and ritually buried.

The remains of Mungo Lady are dated at 40,000 to 42,000 years old, making them the oldest human remains found anywhere in Australia. Mungo Lady is also one of the earliest anatomically modern human remains discovered anywhere in the world. She is believed to have been 18 years old when she died.

Studies of middens show that the people who lived at Lake Mungo ate freshwater mussels, fish, crayfish, birds' eggs, mammals and small birds. They built fires to cook their meals, made tools from stone, and used ochre to paint their bodies.

Mungo Man: Five years later Jim Bowler found more bones, these turned out to be the skeleton of a male. Analysis has shown that Mungo Man was around 50 years old – a good age for a hunter-gatherer. He had been ritually buried by being placed on his back with his hands crossed in his lap and his body sprinkled with red ochre. These two discoveries are the oldest human remains found anywhere in Australia, and some of the earliest anatomically modern human remains discovered anywhere in the world.

The Dreaming

WEH Stanner was one of the first social anthropologists to become aware of the Aboriginal high culture and its ultimate collapse. He worked extensively with indigenous population groups and later published 'The Dreaming and Other Essays'. It was largely through these essays that Stanner conveyed the richness and uniqueness of Aboriginal life.

The Australian Aborigines outlook on the universe and man is shaped by a remarkable conception which has been immortalized as 'The Dreamtime' or simply the Dreaming. This concept lies at the heart of their world view. A central meaning of the Dreaming is that of a sacred heroic time long ago when man and nature came to be as they are, but neither 'time' nor 'history', as we understand it is involved in their meaning. We shall not understand The Dreaming fully except as a complex of meanings.

One cannot fix the Dreaming in time. it was, and is, 'everywhen'. A concept so impalpable and subtle naturally suffers badly by translation into our dry and abstract language.

The Dreaming was for Aborigines, as Stanner explained, a kind of narrative of things that once happened; a kind of charter of things that still happened and a kind of logos or principle of order transcending everything significant for Aboriginal man. The Dreaming is a set of doctrines about values – the value of everything-which were determined about values once and for all in the past. Man, society and nature, and past, present and future, are at one together.

The Aborigines were highly skilled nomads, hunters and foragers who grew nothing, built little and would stay nowhere long. They made no physical mark on the environment. They neither dominated the environment nor did they seek to change it. They are among the world's best trackers, matched only by the Kalahari Bushmen. They were early navigators of both sea and land. Today they are also widely recognized for their music. This is played with a Didgeridoo. The Didgeridoo is a wind instrument where the player adopts a technique of continuously vibrating lips to produce drone sound while using a special breathing technique called circular breathing. It is thought to be one of the world's oldest musical instruments.

When the unilateral possession of Australia was declared by the British in 1788, the land was defined as 'Terra Nullius'- 'nobody's land'. The subsequent impact on Aboriginal society was not merely the consequence of British settlement but its price. Yet, Stanner knew as a Christian and civilised people it was not easy for British settlers to acknowledge what they had done.

The Aborigines are now recognized as Australia's 'First Peoples'. Perhaps they are our climate change teachers.

Acknowledgements:

W.E.H Stanner – The Dreaming and Other Essays. Peter Veth, University of Western Australia, Sean Ulm and Michael Bird, University of New England and many Friends of 'The Conversation'. National Museum, Australia.

Ed: many thanks to David Hughes for this fascinating article about a mystical nation.

OLD YORKIST REUNION MANDURAH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

By **Richard Tredget** - Lugard 1955/58.

Twelve Old Yorkists with wives, partners & sisters, came to Mandurah on 17th May 2022 for a very memorable Lunch. My travelling days are over due to Severe Postural Orthostatic Hypotension. I am very grateful to the Keasts & Perrys, who organised for the Perth Old Yorkists to come, plus some from down south. Unfortunately, the Perrys had to withdraw due the funeral of a very close friend on the same day. In addition, Mike Goble-Garratt, and Kenya Regiment guest Aylwin Halligan-Jolly had to decline on the day due to ill health.

After the group photo, Jim Landells, with very little persuasion, orchestrated the singing of the school song Suave Rosam. It went down very well, just a shame no one thought to record a very successful choir. Dominic Spencer would have been very proud!

It is disappointing that reunions in Perth have declined, due mainly in the past 2 years to Covid. Prior to Covid, we would hold combined gatherings with Kenya Schools & Kenya Regiment. They proved very successful but numbers much reduced in 2019. However, after the success this week, it was decided to keep ours going for as long as possible.

Very best wishes to all Old Yorkists where ever you may reside in the world.



Back Row: Bob Mc Allister, Chris Durrant, Brandon Brooksbank, Jim Landells, Derek Jordon Tony Tucker, Charles Kerfoot, Quentin Thompson.

Sitting: Ken Greathead, Francis Keast, Richard Tredget, Andrew (Bill) Hillier.

Ed: I'm sorry that I could not include all the photographs.

OLD YORKISTS AND EX KENYA RUGBY INTERNATIONALS



John Harman, Kevin Lillis and Mike Andrews

Kevin is holding his camera – are John and Mike calling him a Dog or Pheasant?!



How many of these guys do you remember?

PROGRESS AT UNIVERSITY IN SOUTH AFRICA

By Robert Ngunyi (also known as Robert Njoroge)

It has been a long time since I have updated everyone on how my stay in South Africa has turned out and how my master's program is progressing. It has been 1 year and three months since I came down here. I have been quite busy with my studies, and I apologize for the apparent silence from my side.

It has been such an enriching experience living in South Africa. While coming here, I was excited to interact more with South African cultures, but it was to be much more than that. I have gradually come to realize that indeed almost the whole world is in Stellenbosch after interacting with friends from The Philippines, from Sri Lanka, from Brazil, from China, from France etc. While interacting with these people, I have gotten to learn more of the world and that indeed that the world has very beautiful people in it.

I am really enjoying living in Stellenbosch. It is such a beautiful neighbourhood, quiet and serene. It also offers a diverse choice of activities to get away from work and just relax. I have loved hiking on the surrounding small mountains in Stellenbosch and Franschhoek areas. I also like going to the beach and having ice-cream with friends in the nearby town of Strand. Stellenbosch also offers a botanical garden where one can always go and relax while looking at the various beautiful plants.

I think the only noteworthy challenge I had at one point in February was a delayed bursary payment and I had run down my savings. This happened because the first bursary payment of the year is paid ideally in mid Feb, so until then you must find a way to get through it. I had planned my finances appropriately, but my savings could only sustain my living expenses for the first six weeks of the year and two months' rent, until the next bursary payment was due. However, the bursary was further delayed by a month. Fortunately, I did not suffer as a result, since Mr David Arkcoll promptly came to my rescue and paid for my whole month living expenses. I cannot thank him enough for that.

I am progressing well with my master's program. But this is not without some challenges. There is a particular piece of equipment that we are trying very hard to acquire, for the next phase of the project. The manufacturer we had decided on was one of the affected factory premises in the violence that was happening in Durban last year and it is only now that he is getting back to his feet. The obvious way to go was to find another manufacturer but since we only need one unit, due to diseconomies of scale, not many manufacturers would have been open to it. We were heavily relying on the goodwill of the previous manufacturer and his interest in what we are trying to achieve.

My supervisor and I are working on the scale up, optimization and economics of an oleophobic membrane technology that was developed previously. This is with an aim to evaluating its potential application for decentralized water treatment systems for developing economies. We are aiming to complete the project by the end of March next year and that is also when I aim to submit my masters' thesis.

Research has been such an enriching experience as you tackle problem after problem with the project on a weekly basis and having the opportunity to explore various aspects of the project has been an exciting process. It has also built my resilience and endurance because sometimes things just don't proceed the way you want to, sometimes experiments fail repeatedly but you still must find a way to keep going. I have also appreciated that you can never do it alone, and sometimes it is easier to ask for help and advice of a colleague even as you try your own ideas. I have received valuable feedback sometimes from colleagues who have more research experience and I have found it very helpful.

I am also glad to report that last semester I had the opportunity to volunteer as a student assistant for the department. This involves having tutorials with the first-year engineering students every Friday afternoon,

invigilating a continuous assessment test afterwards, and marking the scripts afterwards over the weekend. I got a chance to interact with young aspiring engineers and I strongly felt I have a lot to offer in terms of mentorship to these young minds. I was also challenged by the standards Stellenbosch University offers in terms of the structure of the undergraduate courses and I felt a need to revamp things in our institutions back home in Kenya. I also might be gravitating towards becoming a lecturer back at home as I feel I have so much to offer, since I would have a larger sphere of influence over young minds at a formative stage.

I also cannot fail to reveal that I miss my family and my community a lot. I have been away for more than a year now, the longest time I have ever been away from home. I did not travel home for the December holiday because an all-round ticket to Nairobi was just beyond my financial standing. It is a challenge not being near your closest family and friends for a long time and they were very disappointed and at the same time sorry that I could not be able to travel for the holidays. I made the best of my holiday here and it was a very beautiful summer.

I would also like to appreciate the whole Optimum Trust family for it gives safety and assurance that if I ever need help, I have a friends and support that I can reach out to.

Thank you so much for this opportunity to share my story. I do not take it for granted.

I have shared some images here of some of my experiences.



An outing with David Arckoll and lunch at his house.



Ice cream on the beach in Strand with friends.

BURSARY STUDENT PROGRESS REPORTS

Seven Hayo Ochieng

I am doing well. Currently in the 3rd Year of my Law Degree and, God willing, set to graduate in December next year. Honestly, I am elated at the thought of completing my undergrad next year. Time flies, doesn't it? Only three and a half years ago I was in high school. Sometimes it doesn't look real. But I am grateful of my progress. I applied for a three-month contract attachment within the legal unit of the Kenya Revenue Authority and secured a position. I completed the contract last month. It was an awesome experience. Although it was not a requirement by my school, I saw the opportunity and grabbed it. I especially learned the art of balancing my time because, I had online classes to attend as well as a part-time writing job to sustain myself. Honestly, I still can't believe how I pulled it off. 😊 It has been an awesome journey.

Abraham Mabior

It is nice to hear from you Mr Ronnie. I don't know the format we are to use in updating our esteemed trustees, but I have not joined any higher instruction since I completed secondary school in 2019 but fortunately, I have secured a Canadian scholarship and I will be flying to Canada next week to join with the September cohort. I would wish to thank all the Msaada group trustees and supporters for without you guys we would not have come this far 🙏

Paul Ngabi

Hello Mr Ronnie, It is great to hear from you, I hope you are doing great. I am personally doing good, I am currently in my third year at the University of Nairobi, studying mechanical engineering..... Everything is good. Thank you.

VICTORY FOR THE LAIBON GOLF TEAM

On April 22 the Laibon golf team, led by Captain Paul Ichangi, beat the Old Cambrians at Karen Country Golf Club by 680 points to 636. Well done guys!



From left: Paul Ichangi, Laibon Captain, Frank Matua, Chairman of the Laibon Society, and Joe Muganda representing Stanbic Bank Board, handing over the Laibon v Old Cambrians Shield.

REVIVING LENANA SCHOOL

THE RUGBY MENTORSHIP PROGRAMME

Good morning Gentlemen,

I hope this email finds you well.

I write on behalf of the Laibon Society and specifically, the Rugby Committee which has been tasked with bringing back the glory days of the great school.

Over the years, the Lenana School has demonstrated that we are a Rugby powerhouse not only in Kenya but in the world by churning out an endless supply of talented individuals who have gone out to impact not only the sport but various spheres of life. This was all groomed and shaped in the fields of Lenana.

In the recent past, sports is one avenue that has deteriorated in the school largely driven by a growing school population (**1800 students projected in 2023**) and limited resources;

1. Human Resources e.g Teachers and one-teaching staff (coaches).
2. Infrastructure: Sports equipment such as boots, safety wear, kits, bags, gym equipment, etc
3. Financial Resources: The effects of inflation and Covid means that the parents are struggling to pay fees and hence, the school is stretched to meet objectives that are not flagged as core (Arts and Sports)
4. Parents are not as involved in sports, arts, and talent as they were in years gone by.

It is with this in mind that a few of us have volunteered to put in some work to try and use the embers to light a sports culture that can ultimately translate to the school living its mantra;

Nihil Praeter Optimum
Set for all opportunities
We all come to be well spun
By wide responsibilities
With class and sports
and much in both
For moral health and bodies growth
For gaining here in Lenana
The best and Nothing But The Best.

The committee has kicked off in earnest by developing a strategic plan (**attached**) and donating boots and kits to the school. There have also been increased touch points with the school and Chief Principal Kemei has given us his blessings and support to drive this program.

The committee has also received some fantastic support through financial and non-financial contributions by the Alumni (individually and via the class groups).

Ronnie Andrews has also guaranteed support to the annual John Andrews Memorial Sevens Tournament which made a comeback to the school calendar this year, after a long hiatus (last held in 2007)

We, therefore, urge all of you to join us in achieving the strategic goals that we have set for ourselves **by donating your time, thoughts, advice, and resources.**

Nihil Praeter Optimum!!

Kind Regards,

Kevin Muasya,



Presentation of the Memorial shield for winners of the John Andrews rugby 7's

First XV team members modelling new kit donated by Laibon and Old Yorkists.



The Lenana School rugby squad during the John Andrews Memorial rugby 7's

FUNDRAISING ACTIVITIES

This year Optimum Kenya Trust and MSAADA are making a special effort to supplement the funds many of you generously donate to provide bursaries for students to attend Lenana School.

Here is a list of those from whom we have received donations since our last Baraza was distributed on 26th April this year:

Renzo Bernadi
Adrian Atkinson
David Hughes
Tony Addison
John O'Grady
Nigel Clifford
Adrian Searle
David Moore
Renzo Bernardi
Michael Harrington
Timothy Sheppard
Keith Monkhouse
Christopher Shaun Metcalfe
Robin Crosher
Deryck Jordan
Christopher C Durrant
John Henchy
Ed Green
Guy Hallowes
Patrick Taylor
Michael Doenhoff
Joel Norton
Andrew Hillier
Michael D Johnson
Christopher Callow
Roger Maudsley
Jalemba Aluvaala
Paul Haym
Handerson Mwandembo

At current exchange rates, the total received from the above is enough to pay the school fees for 5 bursary students for 12 months. Some have committed to pay more on an ongoing monthly basis.

Many, many thanks. Asante Sana. The generosity of you all is much appreciated by those at Optimum Kenya Trust, in the UK, and at MSAADA trust in Nairobi.

ADDITIONAL FUNDRAISING ACTIVITIES THIS YEAR INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING

HOOTENANNY PERFORMANCE AT MUTHAIGA CLUB

To set the ball rolling, Ronnie Andrews and his Hootenanny band raised Ksh 106,000 (£750) from a performance at Muthaiga Club. Other fund-raising events are in the pipeline.



Top row: Mike Craig, Gwendolyn Anding, Tom Wolf, Eleanor Stevens, Andy Townshend
Front row: Ronnie Andrews, Dave Beglin, John Dawson

PROPOSED SKY-DIVE IN CORNWALL



In celebration of her 18th and my 78th birthday this year, Yours Truly, the Baraza editor, and my grand-daughter Emily will both be doing a tandem skydive later this year to raise funds for Optimum Kenya Trust and MSAADA Kenya Trust.

Many thanks for your continued support and generosity. We truly believe that education is the key that opens the door from poverty to prosperity and the feed-back we receive from students we have supported confirms that.

[To sponsor the Skydive that Emily and Alan are doing, click here](#)

OBITUARIES

LAIBON FRANK NGARUIYA

1957 – 2022

Lenana School 1971 - 76

James House

Rugby 1st XV

Hockey 1st XI

Soccer 1st XI

Blak Blad Rugby Kenyatta Univ 1st XV

Harlequins Rugby Club 1st XV

Rugby coach Nairobi School

A great Fine Artist



Sad tidings to all Laibons. We just got the news that one of our very own Laibon Frank Kamau Ngaruiya, passed away on 12th July after a late diagnosis of prostate cancer was pronounced some two weeks ago. Details are sketchy but we will keep you informed of upcoming arrangements.

A supertalented Fine Artist and Sportsman. Played Rugby, Soccer and Hockey for the Lenana School 1st teams. He taught Art in Nairobi School Patch in the 80s and later had migrated to the States. A great friend of Billy Kaigwa (Mitchell Hse) and Bethuel Omolo (Patch). They together with Fred Oduor (Kirk Hse) started Black Blad RFC in Kenyatta University in 1977.

Frank Ngaruiya taught art at Nairobi School for many years then left for the United States in 95. He has been managing a private golf course in Maryland, US.

LAIBON DAVID DAVIES

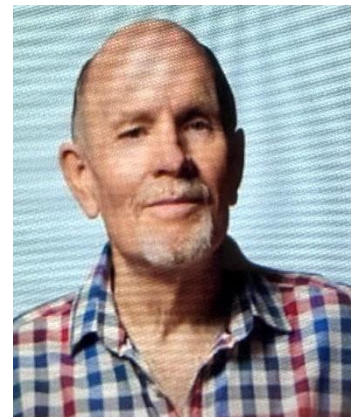
Lenana School 1973 – 78

Lugard House

Rugby 1st XV

School Swimming team

Big Dave Davies was in the legendary 1977 1st VX Rugby team that won the Eric Shirley championship becoming the only school to win a club tournament that featured more seasoned 2nd XV teams from Nondies, Harlequins, Impala, West Kenya Oribis, Thika RFC, Kenya Army and Mombasa RFC.



He was the younger brother to another Lenana rugby legend, the late Jim Davies, a geologist who was murdered years ago in South America.

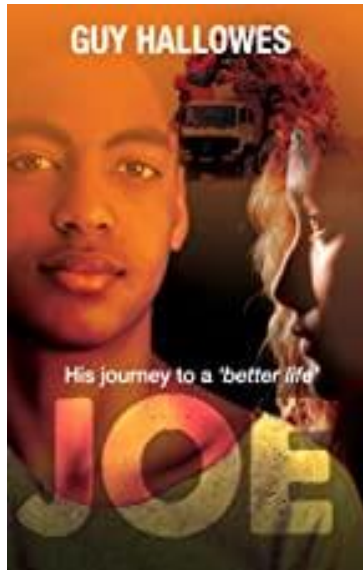
David passed away on Friday 26th August 2022

We send sincere condolences to his wife Ann and children Collin, Kevin, Trevor, Jonathan, Timothy, Catherine, Rachel and Rebecca.

BOOK REVIEW

Guy Hallowes - Thomson House 1956/59

Joe is the latest book from Guy which I have read and reviewed below:



Joe Wacheera was born in Ol Kalou, a small place in rural Kenya, well known to the author himself.

It is a long, sometimes gruelling story of corruption, deprivation and people smuggling through Africa to Europe.

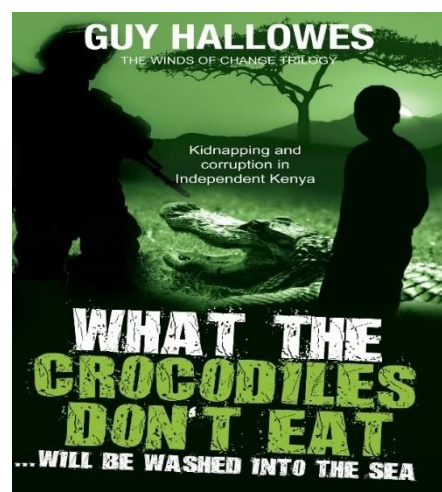
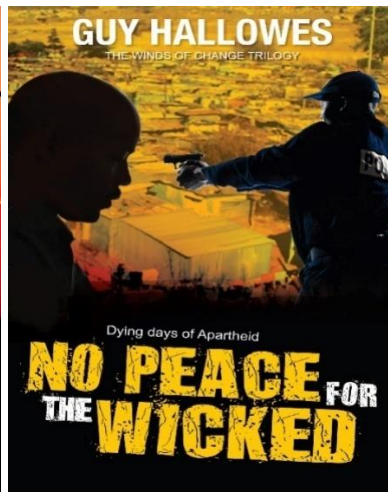
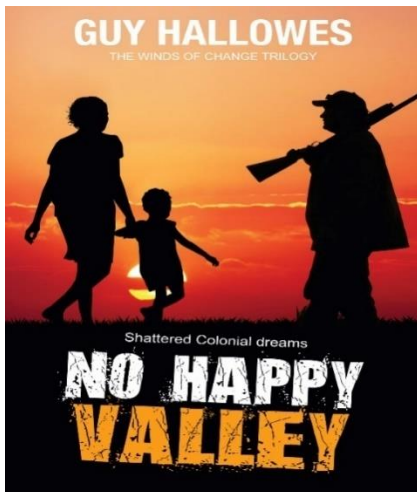
Relying solely on his wits, ingenuity and determination, Joe claws his way out of poverty to ultimate success in the City of London.

Thereafter, with the support of his English wife, Joe returns to his roots in Kenya to establish a school and the promise to future generations of a better life through education than he had.

This book will appeal to others, who, like Guy, have experienced life in Kenya and look back with great affection for the country and its people.

Thanks for another good read from a fellow Old Yorkist.

Other books from Guy are:



Guy writes, **No Happy Valley** is semi-autobiographical and is set on the farm I was brought up on near Ol'Kalou. **What the Crocodiles Don't Eat** and **No Peace for the Wicked** are the other two books in what I have called 'The Winds of Change Trilogy

Website: www.guyhallowes.com/ Books

IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR

Lt. Colonel Robert Maclaren retired from the British Army in 2001 after a long and fulfilling career. On the day that he retired he received a letter from the Personnel Department of the Ministry of Defence setting out the details of his pension and, in particular, the tax-free lump sum award (based on completed Years of service) that he would receive in addition to his monthly pension.

The letter read:

Dear Lt Colonel Maclaren

We write to confirm that you retired from the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards on 1st March 2001 at the rank of Lt Colonel, having been commissioned at Edinburgh Castle, as a 2nd Lieutenant, on 1st February 1366.

Accordingly, your lump sum payment based on years served has been calculated at £68,500. You will receive a cheque for this amount in due course.

Yours sincerely
Army Paymaster

Colonel Maclaren replied:

Dear Paymaster

Thank you for your recent letter confirming that I served as an officer in the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards between 1st February 1366 and 1st March 2001 – a total period of 635 years and 1 month.

I note however that you have calculated my lump sum to be £68,500, which seems to be considerably less than it should have been bearing in mind the length of my service since I received my commission from King Edward 111.

By my calculation, allowing for interest payments and currency fluctuations, my lump sum should actually be £6,427,586,619.47.

I look forward to receiving a cheque for this amount in due course.

Yours sincerely.
Robert Maclaren (Lt Col Retd)

A month passed by and then in early April, a stout manila envelope from the Ministry of Defence in Edinburgh dropped through Col Maclaren's letter box, it read:

Dear Lt Colonel Maclaren

We have reviewed the circumstances of your case as outlined in your recent letter to us dated 8th March inst. We do indeed confirm that you were commissioned into the Royal Scots Dragon Guards by King Edward 111 at Edinburg Castle on 1st February 1366, and that you served continuously for the following 635 years and 1 month.

We have therefor re-calculated your pension and have pleasure in confirming the lump sum payment due to you is indeed £6,427,586,619.47.

However, we also note from our records that you are the only surviving officer who had command responsibility during the following campaigns and battles;

The war of the Roses 1455 – 1485 (including the battles of Bosworth Field, Barnet and Towton) The Civil War 1642 – 1651 (including the battles of Edge Hill, Naseby and the conquest of Ireland)

The Napoleonic War 1803 – 1815 (including the Peninsular War and the Battle of Waterloo) The Crimean War 1853 -1856 (including the battle of Sevastopol and the Charge of the Light Brigade)

The Boer War 1899 – 1902, World Wars One and Two (including the battles of the Somme, El Alamein and the invasion of Normandy)

We therefore wish to know what happened to the following, which do not appear to have been returned to Stores by you on completion of operations;

9,765 Cannon

25,785 Swords

12,889 Pikes

127,345 Rifles (with bayonets)

28,987 Horses (fully kitted)

Plus, three marching bands with instruments and banners

We have calculated the total cost of these items to be £6,427,518,119.47. We have therefore subtracted this from your lump sum, leaving a residual £68,500, for which you will receive a cheque in due course.

Yours sincerely
Army Paymaster

DISCONNECTED JOTTINGS

Billabong has been on the move again.

Each year he gets itchy feet and drags the Missus on a safari into the outback.



Here he is heading out in his Ute, pulling the van, in a race against a road-train as the lights go green.

Ever the optimist!

This time the focus was a visit to Marble Bar. That is not a pub, its a town - said to be the hottest place in



Australia. Why would anyone want to go there?

It was for the marble, which, ironically turned out to be worthless Jasper like this >>>

Bad luck Cobber. Better luck next time !!



Connecting with old friends and new.

The best part of doing this job is hearing from old friends and new. Here are just a few from who I have heard recently:

Paddy Cawdery
Chris Soper
David Monks
Kevin Lillis
Rick Burleigh

Mervyn Cumber
Joel Lee Norton
Mike Robson
Alan Duff
Gitau Ndungu

Peter Neep
Richard Baker-Jones
David Hughes
Patrick Opiyo
Handerson Mwandembo

We have many hundreds on our database. If you want to contact any of the above or any old school friends that you would like to hear from, send us an email to brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com and we will try to help.

The crowds have gone – peace at last.

When we lived in Kenya, our kids wore T shirts with the following message on the front – *We are not tourists, we live here*. If you are reading this, you either live there or will have done so in the past. You will know what I mean. It's a kind of love/hate relationship. They are a necessary part of the economy but at times they drive you mad with their loud accents and white trainers.

It is a bit like that here in Cornwall. They clog up the roads, let kids run riot in the super-markets, and rush down to the beach in hordes, clutching surf-boards they can't use!

What they don't know is that there are hidden corners everywhere. Take this gem on Bodmin Moor where we had an undisturbed picnic the other night. I love this place.



We apologise if there is an article or a story that you have submitted that has not been included in this edition of the Baraza. It is simply not possible to include all that we receive. It may well be included in a future edition. However, do please keep your letters and other anecdotes coming in.

[To submit letters to the editor and anecdotes or stories, click here](#)

[To find out more about the work of the OKT and MSAADA Trusts, click here](#)

[To sponsor the Skydive that Alan and his granddaughter Emily are doing, click here](#)