



# Brooklands Baraza

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

Issue number 9

December 2023

A list of contents and contributions in this edition are:

- Letters to the Editor
- Laurie Slade - The Liberty Truck
- Chris Callow - A Royal visit to Narok
- Robin Swift - Outward Bound Mountain School Diary
- Ken Doig - Safari Rally and other memories
- Andrew Hillier - The Outback Way (part one)
- Jimmy Cruickshank - Skydive
- Alistair Drysdale - Sad tidings
- Obituaries - Laibon Dr John Omany
- - Robin Walton
- News from the School - Sport at Lenana
- - Tree planting
- Odds and ends - 2024 Reunion
- - Safari Gold
- Alan May - Cornwall my home

It is at this time of the year that we think of family and friends. I do and it never ceases to amaze me how widespread our friends from school have become. From that common source, here are some examples, in the space available, of how scattered we are, and there are many more. For a bit of fun, we asked those shown below to tell us where they were on 17<sup>th</sup> December and what the temperature was on that day. We extend best wishes for 2024 to them and all of you, wherever you are. Do please stay in touch:

Australia	Andrew Hillier	Bunbury, Western Aus	28c	hot sun
Brazil	Roger Maudsley	Rio de Janeiro	29c	breeze
Bulgaria	Arthur Kerr-Shepherd	Burgas	7c	sunny
Canada	Chris Greaves	Winnipeg	-17c	sunny
England	Ken Doig	Lewdown, Devon	11c	overcast <sup>1</sup>
Kenya	Gayling May	Nairobi	21c	cloudy
New Zealand	Russ Ballard	Wellington	18c	windy
South Africa	John Platter	Malalane Gate, Kruger Park	29c	hot sun
USA	John Carter	Santa Clarita, California	24c	cloudy

---

<sup>1</sup> Standard UK

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Al and Alexander,

I just want to say “Well done” and a heartfelt “thank you” to you both for putting together and distributing BB8. As always, I’m sure, that it will be well received and read. Hopefully it will prompt more contributions for inclusion in future BB’s, result in a few more names to add to the distribution list and maybe even some more financial donations. All three I hope.

Salaams  
John O’Grady

---

Thanks to Cliff for the wonderful story on Watembezi. Of the 18 players on the 83 Tour in the picture 9 were old boys and 1 other was in sixth form at the time. The other team members were Old Cambrians.

Regards  
Mwangi wa Gĩthĩnji  
University of Massachusetts-Amherst  
Crotty Hall, Amherst, MA

---

Greetings!

Another informative, interesting and nostalgia invoking 'magazine'.

Much appreciate and enjoy the stories and articles. Great work...many thx.

Rgds.

Joel Norton

---

Dear John (Tucker)

THANK you for the kind invitation to join you good folk for the 75th. UK reunion of the Duke of York School. With regret we simply shall not be able to join in. Cape Town is that mile too far. Please do keep me on your list, as one day, who can tell .....?

Thank you for your efforts in assisting with these occasions. That we cannot be with you does not make us any less grateful.

Slàinte mhath,

Allan Duff

---

Hello John, Kenny, Al – thank you for stepping up yet again to organise a big OY event, well done. Wendy and I plan to come – details on form attached,

PS Copy sent to Cliff Hale in Australia, in case he’s not on your B Baraza list, Al. Cliff was my friend in Kirk House, left in 1958, later worked with John Harman – who renewed our contact.

Rodney Bridle (Kirk 1955-60)

---

Many thanks! As always, I look forward to reading it!

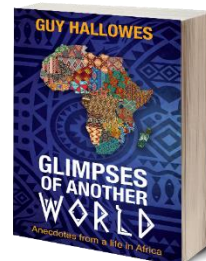
Kind regards  
Chris Durrant

---

Hi Al,

Many thanks for all the inclusions I have sent you over the past few weeks. Much appreciated.

I thought your readers might be interested in my latest offering: "Glimpses of Another World". The book is a series of anecdotes, all true, about living and working in various parts of Africa (Kenya, Botswana, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Angola, and Mozambique). I wrote it over a few years. The book is now well produced and has been professionally edited.



Best wishes  
Guy Hallows

*This is Guy's 9<sup>th</sup> book. His wealth of experience and knowledge shines through in every page. Learn more about him and his works at [www.guyhallowes.com](http://www.guyhallowes.com)*

*Amazon link: [https://www.amazon.co.uk/Glimpses-Another-World-Anecdotes-Africa/dp/064573070X/ref=sr\\_1\\_1](https://www.amazon.co.uk/Glimpses-Another-World-Anecdotes-Africa/dp/064573070X/ref=sr_1_1)*

---

Sad to hear of Jonny Havelock's recent death. I did visit Kenya about 4 years ago to spend some time with my cousin on a farm near Thika. Didn't manage to get in touch with Jonny to have a chat at that time.

Wasn't aware of Guy Hallows lunch get together in Sydney. Trips to Sydney are not something I do in particular but did go to a few of David Lichtenstein's EA schools BBQs. Seldom did I meet another Old Yorkist there of my era other than David.

Now that I am in my 80<sup>th</sup> year, it's perhaps time to stop at playing at being a scientist. Not sure that my brain understands that !!!!!!!

PS please pass a "jambo" to Guy from me please. *Happy to do so.*

Peter Kinnell

---

Many thanks for the latest Baraza; as always a most entertaining and interesting read.

Congratulations on your and your granddaughter's recent sky dive - rather you than me! Your superb fundraising achievement on behalf of Lenana School was brilliant - well done!

Speaking of funds... I am conscious that I have not contributed to the costs of producing the Baraza. Could you please let me know bank details where I can send a contribution?

Another request: could you please add Patrick Scott to your circulation list for future editions of Brooklands Baraza? He was in Lugard at DoY, joining with me in 1961 and, like me, leaving for HMS Conway in the UK in 1962. He is copied in on this email:

With best Salaams  
Stuart Johnston – Lugard 1961/62

---

Well done again with the Baraza- I have almost finished reading it. Enjoyed reading your full account of the sky dive! Cliff Mkulu's rugby contribution was fascinating. I have followed the Kenya team's 7's exploits for some years and only the other day it was announced that there are plans for a round of the competition to be held in Western Australia- we shall see, as it usually takes place in Sydney.

All the best,

Andrew Hillier

---

Hi Al,

Thanks for the latest Baraza. Keep up the great work! A couple more parachute jumps should keep you on (or perhaps off) your toes. Or how about some rock-climbing or bungee-jumping? Get O'Grady's son to link the list of contents to the articles. It won't take 15 minutes. I'm running out of topics but it sounds as though you have plenty of material - let me know when you need more. Fascinating to read Crosher's contribution of the initial years of Duko.

Regards

Roger Maudsley

---

Alan and Alex, asante sana for all that you do on the Brooklands Baraza and please keep up the good work.

Best Salaams

Stuart Johnston

---

Many thanks for the Brooklands Baraza of July 2023 (Issue No.8), and I thoroughly enjoyed reading through the various contributions.

One item that caught my eye was the article by Cliff Mkulu (WATEMBEZI –The pioneers of Kenya 7s). Cliff acknowledged the Hong Kong 7's was the biggest 7's in the world and how WATEMBEZI just couldn't get invited – even though they had been victorious in Dubai and Muscat along the way. It was rumoured that Kenya had boycotted the tournament, ('because of the possibility that some of the New Zealand 7's players had played against South Africa'). This apartheid era block for Watembezi was some 20 years after Kenya's politics stopped Kenya 7's champions IMPALA from accepting their 'Invitation to the Hong Kong 7's'.

Kenya, at Independence 1963 joined many other countries of the world in banning any contact or association with apartheid South Africa. Thus 1964 onwards, and Impala were refused permission by The Kenya Ministry of Sport to travel to Hong Kong. As Impala captain at the time I came to know that the Hong Kong R.F.C. Committee felt Kenya (and its politics) had snubbed their most prestigious event, and vowed to refuse consideration of a Kenyan Team ever being invited again.

I think that WATEMBEZI caught the end of this spat. Little did they know that the ex. Duke of York and Prince of Wales boys (John Harman, Mike and John Andrews, Arnie Mitchell, Peter Blunt, Barry Powell, George McKnight, Johnny Lynch, etc.) who were IMPALA 1964 Kenya's Rugby Champions of that era, were the first ever Kenyan invitees to The Hong Kong 7's and the invitation had had to be refused – A Casualty of Politics!

Best regards.

Mike Andrews

---

# THE LIBERTY TRUCK

Laurie Slade – Speke 1957/61

*Trust and confidence form the beating heart of fair criminal justice. The Liberty Truck tells the haunting story of one man's lack of faith in those who represented him, in a system in which he could never have had a fair trial and which killed him. This is a story that resonates through the ages and should be told and retold.*

(Mark Fenhalls KC – Chair of the Bar, UK)

As 2023 comes to a close, Kenya celebrates the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of its Independence. And 2024 brings into view a separate milestone within my family. We celebrate the centenary of my mother's arrival in Kenya, as a little girl, along with her parents and her brother - the beginning of a story which spans 100 years and five generations, all of us identifying with Kenya in one way or another, and thinking of it as home. My father arrived there later, in 1930, as a newly qualified lawyer, and married my mother in 1935.

In 1945, almost exactly midway between my family's first arrival and Kenya's Independence, a murder trial took place in Nairobi. It seldom rates more than a footnote in the history books, but this trial left an indelible mark on my father, and it has come to symbolise for me why independence in Kenya had to happen. It forms the basis of my play *The Liberty Truck*.

The accused was Tharacithio, son of Faragu, a young Kikuyu army driver. He was convicted of the murder of Staff Sergeant Josephine Aston, and later hanged. Out of respect for the real lives and deaths involved, I have fictionalised the characters, naming the accused Muriithi and the dead woman Cynthia. This has freed me to tell the story that matters to me, through the imaginary character of Martha, the Court interpreter.

I am fortunate to possess an unpublished transcript of the trial, *R. v. Tharacithio* (1945), which I have drawn on extensively for the court scenes. I inherited this from my father, who appeared as Defence Counsel for Tharacithio. Their unsuccessful appeal is reported as *R.v.Tharacithio s/o Faragu* (1946) 13 EACA, 119-126.

Beyond that, source material is scarce. W. Robert Foran's history *The Kenya Police 1887-1960* (1962) devotes a chapter to the case. As an ex-policeman, Foran's main purpose is to demonstrate the superlative efficiency of the police investigation. Jack Smith-Hughes gives a detailed account of the case in *Nine Verdicts On Violence* (1956). The casual racism in his writing unfortunately reflects attitudes among many Europeans in Kenya at the time.

Smith-Hughes concludes that Tharacithio was 'probably' the murderer. But he admits that he encountered serious doubts among leading Advocates in Nairobi, and others not connected with the case, as to the merits of the conviction. And Smith-Hughes fails to acknowledge that probability is anyhow not sufficient to justify conviction, in a murder trial. The crime has to be proved beyond reasonable doubt.

Throughout his life, my father remained convinced of Tharacithio's innocence. He was haunted by the sense that if Tharacithio could have trusted him more fully, he might have defended Tharacithio more successfully. But he could also see that Tharacithio's reluctance to trust him was understandable, as an uneducated African overwhelmed by the full panoply of British justice, which my father must inevitably have been identified with. This tragic *agon* first drew me to the story.

My efforts to dramatise the case began 45 years ago. That I was doomed to failure at that point seems obvious now. I lacked the skills and the maturity, to embrace a story of this nature. I needed to go through

the boot camp that the past 20 years have involved, as I practised the craft of playwrighting and acquired a wider range of resources to draw on. I also needed to grow up, to see the colonial world of my childhood in a more objective light.

A few years ago, my friend Joe Harmston, invited me to do a script for a charity gig he was organising at the Middle Temple Hall in London. We agreed the Tharacithio case would lend itself to the format of a 'play for voices', presented as a staged reading. I dug out the transcript and set to work.

In the interim, my perspective had shifted. My previous efforts involved my seeing Tharacithio as an innocent man who ends up being convicted. Now, the pathos I felt for his situation sat with anger. Increasingly I felt the issue was not whether Tharacithio killed Josephine Aston – we can never truly know - but how he came to be convicted of the murder. Did he have a fair trial? The answer has to be no.

In colonial Kenya, a European on a charge of murder got trial by jury. Asians and Africans got trial by a judge with Assessors. This discrimination is indefensible. The three Assessors in Tharacithio's case agreed he was innocent, but the Judge was not bound by their opinion. With the jury trial a European would have had, Tharacithio might well have been acquitted. Murder trials in independent Kenya are now determined by a Judge with Assessors, without discrimination.

I have no doubt my father did everything he could to save Tharacithio's life. The trial judge complimented him on his 'careful and able' conduct of the defence. But looking back, I can't remember a time when my father acknowledged the inherent injustice in having different procedures apply for white and non-white accused. I suspect he bought into the argument that was later put forward in the House of Commons in UK, that it was simply 'impractical' to arrange jury trials for the latter (Hansard - 24 November 1959 – Vol. 614 – Col 177).

My father was an honourable man in so many ways. The record shows how he went on to play a very significant role in Kenya's transition from colonial rule to Independence. But the Tharacithio case shows how even a man of that ethical rigour could be subtly compromised by the mindset of colonialism. Independence had to happen for him (and for many of us) to see things differently.

Equality before the law is a cardinal principle of British justice, and enshrined in Article 7 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948). The ease with which it was disregarded throughout the British empire in its heyday is an enduring source of shame – and a reminder that maintaining that principle in our community today still requires active vigilance.



1945: The actual truck - abandoned on the banks of the Nairobi river, off the Langata road - the scene of the murder.

I'm happy to say *The Liberty Truck* will receive staged readings at the Muthaiga Country Club in Nairobi on 22 and 23 February 2024, directed by John Sibi-Okumu.

As I am ex-DOY and John is ex-Lenana, we have agreed any proceeds will be donated to Lenana School, also celebrating in 2024 the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of its founding. The performances will be dedicated to the memory of my brother Nigel Slade, who was a pupil and then a teacher/housemaster at DOY/Lenana, and a passionate thespian.

To be there for that will feel like a special home-coming...

*The Liberty Truck* was first performed at the Middle Temple Hall, London, on 4 March 2018, in aid of the Kalisher Trust – directed by Joe Harmston, with a cast led by Simon Callow, Hugh Dennis, Ray Fearon and Edward Fox, featuring Kenyan actor John Kamau as Muriithi.





# A ROYAL VISIT TO NAROK

Chris Callow – Delamere 1954/59

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother toured Kenya in February 1959. I was in my last year at School but was allowed out to be in Narok, with my parents (my stepfather, Ken Cowley, was Provincial Commissioner Southern province based at Ngong), when she visited.

Sporting my new suit, I was to run the VIP bar at the DC's house where a reception and lunch were planned in a marquee after the Baraza at the District headquarters. All were in their finery and the Paramount chief of the Maasai wore imperial purple with a monkey-skin kaross. The moran sported their rungus and shields and were clad in the usual red-ochre 'blanket' knotted over one shoulder.



Kenya was in the middle of a drought and Her Majesty, at the end of her speech hoped that the rain would come. There was a clap of thunder and the heavens opened. Blankets were moved to cover heads revealing naked lower halves which produced absolutely no reaction from our distinguished visitor. All were duly impressed with the magical rain making powers of Mama Malkia.

The rain was so heavy that the marquee became unusable so no reception, and lunch consisted of top table crammed into the DC's house. My duties were changed to serving drinks and wine at table although I also kept the Queen Mother's private secretary plied with chilled white wine while he struggled into his tropical whites for the parade at Mombasa.

The table was very cramped so moving round it to serve wine was an interesting exercise. There were at least a dozen people with her majesty at the head of the table. First serving of wine was uneventful if unconventional – I served HM first and then went anti-clockwise round the table finishing with the guest on her left (there was no room to get past HM). The second serving started with a gloved hand covering HM's glass, which by the time I reached the guest on her left, was empty. She looked at her glass, then me and her eyes then followed the route round the table that I would have to take. She smiled and passed her glass across to me to replenish it thus saving me yet another lap of the obstacle course.



After lunch I was 'presented' and had my statutory 30 seconds about which I can remember absolutely nothing.

I was stood by the garden gate with a camera when HM left – she stopped and posed briefly for me. The DC's wife was caught a little unawares as can be seen from the resulting photograph.

That was the end of my involvement, or so I thought!



There was a skiddy drive out to Narok airstrip where an RAF de Havilland Dove was waiting to take the royal party on to Mombasa. This was made more adventurous because arrangements had been made to lay the dust with a water spray. This continued despite the heavy rain.

The governor and other dignitaries were lined by the aircraft steps up to say farewell. HM then started up the steps, stopped, turned and said, 'where's Christopher?' I duly marched forward, shook the royal hand and she went aboard. So, as a 17-year-old schoolboy I was the last person to send her on her way from Narok.

I did not know then that she was the Colonel in Chief of the Royal Army Medical Corps which I was to join in 1963.

---

To give him his full title, Major General Christopher G Callow (Retd) CB, OBE, FFCM went on from the Duke of York to the Edinburgh Medical School, where he qualified as a doctor. He subsequently spent 33 years in the Army, seeing service in UK, Germany and Belgium. He retired in rank of Major General in 2000. He describes perhaps the highlight of his career being as Medical Advisor to Supreme HQ Allied Powers Europe at a time when Germany was reunified and the Soviet Union ceased to exist. He is now retired and lives in North Yorkshire, describing himself as perhaps the world's worst golfer. A description shared by many of us who play that frustrating game!

---

# OUTWARD BOUND MOUNTAIN SCHOOL DIARY

By Robin Swift – Kirk 1954/59

## Sunday April 12<sup>th</sup> 1959

I phoned John Steed and he and Mark came round to collect me. **One poor fellow** had a fit while waiting outside the Nairobi station and was not allowed to come with us.

It was a long, hot, dusty journey to Loitokitok. After arriving we were pounced on by Mr Gower who said he hoped the conditions were tough so that they would see our reactions, which made me wish I hadn't come. I felt miserable when I went to bed, cold and a long way from home and so on. I am determined to enjoy myself and stick it out though. People are becoming friendlier.

## Monday April 13<sup>th</sup>

Literally jumped out of bed at 6.30 on the dot. Had 15 minutes PT, including British Bulldogs. Everyone is becoming to know each other very well, talk is easier.

Before lunch we spent the whole morning cutting bush. I coupled up with an Kenyan fellow called Zadock. Together we did a tremendous amount of work.

After an uninteresting lunch, Mawenzi Patrol had its first taste of ropes, nasty-horrible-ugh. Then an interview, we all got up and talked about ourselves. Then we had a period on circuit training. Finally, we were issued with stores. Mr Stroud gave us a powerful talk on discipline and training.

## Tuesday April 14<sup>th</sup>

As we had to, I got up at 6.30, had fifteen minutes of PT and breakfasted.

After an hours briefing we set off on a quiet 15 mile walk. It was hot but not exhausting at all. We all walked for four and a half hours, crossed a couple of rivers and had lunch disappointingly on a dry hot plain.

On the way back we explored new routes, nearly went into Tanganyika. We came across a large river beautifully clear and cool but not worth drinking from apparently.

It takes a lot of doing to quell my perpetual desire for lots off water. My whole body is a mass of aching muscles, but I'm getting fitter. As often when we got back we had three circuits of training to do, which finished me.



## Wednesday April 15<sup>th</sup>

Today we are the duty patrol and I have been appointed leader for the day. I had to ring the early rising bell. We had quite a stiff PT lesson.

After a hectic time cleaning out the dining halls and dormitories, reading news and lessons and hoisting flags and others, we went to the ropes course. I'm not good on ropes, but today I thoroughly enjoyed myself. I can do it and it's so rewarding. This afternoon is FREE

Had tea and were issued with rations which included tea, cheese, raisons, two loaves of brown bread, sardines, beans and others. Mr Reid gave a lecture on the Mt Kenya peaks.

#### Thursday April 16<sup>th</sup>

Unfortunately, we had the usual PT and cold shower. We left at 09.05 for a Mawenzi route expedition. This is a new route called the Kikelewa route. I had a 30½ pound rucksack. The climb up through the mountain forest was a strain. One chap conked out. We lunched at the edge of the forest. How I thought of home food at this stage.



For lunch we had half a slab of dates, a small slice of cheese and some chocolate and bread.

We walked on a bit further and were each allocated bivouac sites. Zadock and I both built tent like ones, it took quite a lot of doing. It was frightfully cold just before I bedded, I enjoyed my cocoa.

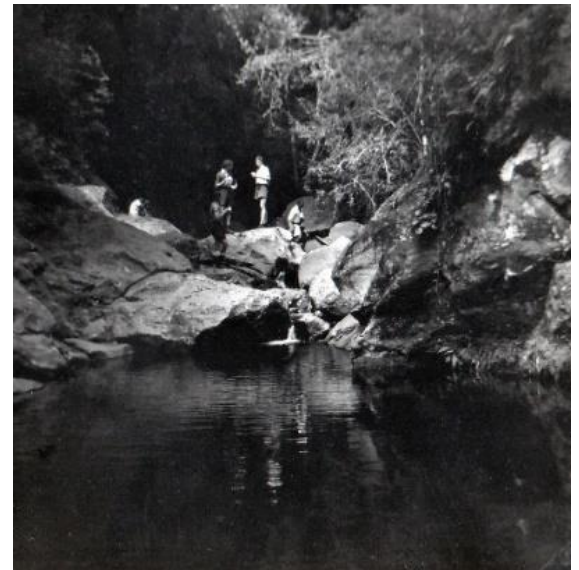
#### Friday April 17<sup>th</sup>

Awoke at first light, had breakfast and wrecked my bivvy. The snag at this stage is the lack of tea. Literally we have enough tea for one session in the prefects' common room at school. We went off at half nine and climbed for two hours going up to 12,000ft.

It was hard going again but does not last for long and there is always the haven of a rest stop or reaching the destination. I do a terrific amount of thinking when I am walking, it's quite amusing. Mostly it is centred on fags, eggs, beer and home. I can imagine myself ringing up Gillian to come and fetch me. We spent the night as a patrol in a cave. I thought the roof was going to cave in

#### Saturday April 18<sup>th</sup>

The last day of this first scheme. I woke up with the cave roof over my head and an immense panoramic view of land stretching far, far below. We moved away without packs up to 12,800ft. Saw some giant groundsels, crossed a few rivers and came down. We fairly bolted down the mountain. Going up is a strain coming down is painful. Had lunch by a pool on the Kikelewa river. We were forced to have a dip here in the nude. It was bitterly cold. We took an hour to reach the school from this point. We immediately exhausted ourselves with some circuit training. I fell asleep early.



#### Sunday April 19<sup>th</sup>

We were allowed to stay in bed for an extra half hour. We only actually had 25 mins. Then we were compelled to have a voluntary cold shower. The morning was actively spent clearing the banks of a river.

Elevenes at 11.30 and the rest of the morning off. Mark and I went to Loitokitok, no cigarettes or beer was purchased. I bought a torch, sweets and tea. In the afternoon we fixed, polished and talked. At 5.30 we took off on a cross country run of about six miles. I came 42<sup>nd</sup>. Mawenzi had the winner – Zadock – and the last was Masood. I walked some of the way. No lecture.

#### Monday April 20<sup>th</sup>. (Written at 2<sup>nd</sup> Cave)

Usual routine in the morning. We are second for duty so we had to keep the fires going, plus collecting firewood, water pumping and washing buildings. We had a First Aid lesson followed by a session on the ropes. I did the 'burma bridge' about 60 ft high and 30' across. It is as I have said before, wonderful to actually complete these seemingly impossible obstacles. After tea (elevenes) we had a theoretical lesson on ropes technique followed by an abseil from an 80' platform. Quite easy but I burnt my buttocks. After tea we were issued with stores and briefed. I was voted quartermaster by the patrol. Mr Stroud gave a talk on schoolboy expeditions to Canada.

#### Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> April.

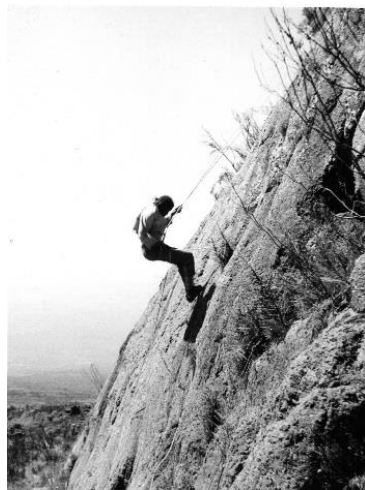


No PT, a lot of us skipped a cold shower but I have not so far - touch wood. We left at 8.30 - we were on Duty Patrol - on the six hour walk to Second Cave. We stopped for lunch at Shell Rock. The river there is beautiful, clear, cool and so refreshing. I found the walk up quite a strain but not as much as before.

It is lovely up here right now windy, sunny, and slightly chilly. Masood, gave quite a lot of trouble. He kept sitting on every passing rock. One of the instructors slapped him. We cooked supper which was tinned fish, rice, vegies and tea. Mike read a story and I turned in.

#### Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup> April.

The whole patrol, bar Masood, set off at eight for a long walk to stretch one's lungs. The walk up was quite a strain. We lunched about 200ft above Mawenzi hut. That is 15,000ft. There was snow around Mawenzi and above it. Chris and I had a snow fight. Soon after it began to drizzle and boy, was it cold. We walked back over the saddle from Mawenzi peaks to a tarn under the Kibo peak. The walk back from the tarn to Third Cave was quite unique. It's desolate up there. Just sand, gravel for miles. Nothing but the crunch of boots as we traversed the plateau all spread out. I belted home with Edward and Zadock.



#### Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> April.

Third day of the second cave expedition. I woke, packed, ate breakfast and moved off to do a bit of practical rock climbing, fifteen minutes' walk from second cave. I did three 80' climbs on what is termed very difficult crags. Each climb was followed by an abseil. On the first climb we were made to jump (off the rock face). Just jump and pray the 1<sup>st</sup> man held us.

After lunch we were given some rations, two matches and packed off for our solo scheme. I built a rock walled, thatched bivvy, with a circular stone fireplace outside. I was proud of it. It commanded a wonderful view of Kibo.

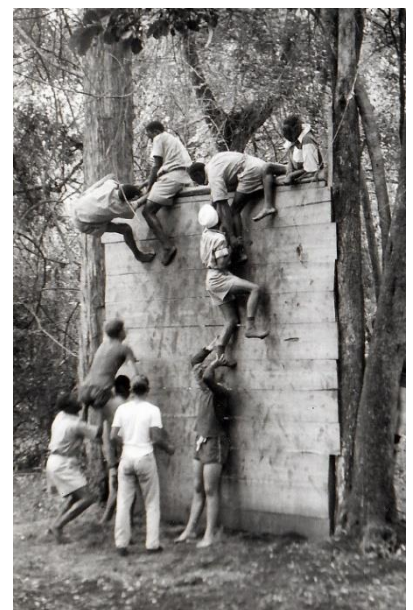
#### Friday 24<sup>th</sup> April.

Got up at 6.15, dressed and blew my dormant fire up into a blaze. Poached an egg submerged in water and ate well. Reid then came round and gave out orders. I was told to wreck my nice cosy little bivvy and douse my fire. Then we packed up, cleared up around Second Cave, destroyed tins and began our second descent off the mountain. It was as always a jarring trip. We brewed up and had lunch near a river. We also had a dip each. Finally, we reached the school and I gorged myself on chocolate. I am rather footsore. A letter from Mum – rather nice.

#### Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> April

##### Competition Day

The morning was spent on a project, which was clearing the banks of a river. After this we began our initiative tests. First, we had to get the whole patrol up a tree without touching the trunk. We failed miserably. Then we had to cross a 'canyon' on ropes, some of us fell to our 'death' here. Then a spark, we all had to climb over a wall, for which I was given unfounded praise for my idea. We also crossed the river on two 44 gallon drums. The afternoon was spent doing potted sports. I completed the ropes course completely.



#### Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> April

A FREE day.

Which began with a cold shower. After brief prayers, Mark and I, and a few others, beat it in to town. I had 5/- and that only bought me an inconspicuous amount of mountain food. I look at those rows of cigarettes and feel something I have never felt before – an acute longing, which can only wait.

We went to town in a Landrover, the first motor car I have been in for a fortnight. After tea we had initiative games which included a tug of war, climbing across under a table and a blind walk. After supper we had a great time at a fancy dress. I was a sarge major.

#### Monday April 27<sup>th</sup>

PT cold shower and breakfast. Then a fool's game called Quest, Zadock and I walked 5 miles to an airstrip and back to find its bearings and dimensions. We had to produce manuals, bake bread, measure flagpoles & rainfall, make ropes, water containers, bows and arrows and a fire without matches. The warden gave us a very powerful speech on 'Kibo'. I must get to the top. We are off tomorrow. Tonight we have some slides on Kibo's summit. Early to bed.

#### Tuesday April 28<sup>th</sup>

6.30 PT taken by Mr Clough and then to my absolute horror a cross country run of about a mile. I managed not to stop. Breakfast was followed by flag setting. These broke very well. Stroud was furious at all the litter lying around and so we started late on our final expedition. A long tiring six hour walk with 38 lbs, to the haven of Shell Rock. We belted from Shell Rock to Second Cave in 50 minutes. It was grand to rid myself of my rucksack. I ate well and read myself to sleep. It's great to have done this trip for the last time.



#### Wednesday April 29<sup>th</sup>

I awoke rather late and slept in until 7 o'clock. We had rather soupy porridge but it was welcome. At about nine o'clock we left for Third Cave. We left a dump of food there for when we came down on Friday. Coming



up to Third Cave was quite a strain. We got caught in a light shower but I put on my cape. It was miserable until after lunch. Mike, Chris, Edward, Zadock and I built a rock wall to our cave. Later it was lovely and hot and clear. Mark (Steed) and his patrol go up tomorrow. After supper we built a fire outside the cave. It was so warming and quite delightful.

Photo of us all at Third Cave from Chris Callows collection

#### Thursday April 30<sup>th</sup>

Up early, blew up the fire and breakfasted. Major Stroud was pleased with the stone wall of my cave. We moved away and headed for Kibo hut at about 9am. It was a very long wet miserable haul up to the hut. When we arrived, Kibo and Elgon patrols were descending from their climb. All had reached KWS. A lot of them were sick, cold and miserable.

I was horrified as our climb was for the next day. When they left it was drizzling – then it began to snow hard, 2" fell. I went to bed early after a supper which did not satisfy me at all. It was bitterly cold. Then the long trying wait for 2 o'clock next morning to prepare to go up.



## Friday May 1<sup>st</sup>

To-day started suddenly, coldly at 2am. We dressed for the cold and set off for Kaiser Wilhelm Spitz on Kibo. It was a long, trying slog up the scree to Gilman's Point and very cold, with a new moon. We reached Gilman's Point at sunrise. Then to complete the climb, we walked clockwise round the rim to KWS - the top of Africa.



I signed my name in the book there. We then moved down the scree to the hut.

Finally, we belted back down to Second Cave in 2 hours. We all bedded down early.

The view from the rim of Kibo

## Saturday May 2<sup>nd</sup>

Up at 5.45 and breakfast at 6.30. We left this cave (2<sup>nd</sup>) for the last time at 7am. The journey down was as always, very jarring. Mike tripped over a log behind me while walking and reading a book. We reached the school at 10.45. Immediately we had to wash up all our loaned equipment. After lunch Mark and I, and a few others, went to town (Loitokitok). We had a few smokes and a local Indian family treated us very kindly. At 4.30 badges were presented. We all got one. Finally, we ended up with a bonfire and we all sang songs – some rude ones.

## Sunday May 3<sup>rd</sup>

We all breakfasted early and left Loitokitok at 9.15 on the back of an army truck. It was a long tiring journey home and we were all rather bolshie and very noisy. We reached Nairobi at 2pm.

I rang home and found that Ging had waited and then left. Pop was also out, so no transport. However, Mr Steed dropped me off at home. I had three fried eggs for supper and a warm hot bath!



Outward Bound Course Badge

---

# SAFARI RALLY and other Memories

By Ken Doig – Kirk 1961/64

---

## 1973 Safari Rally

My son Simon was born in 1973, just before the Safari Rally started. For once, I just watched from the side lines. However, as my brother David had been asked to navigate for Davinder Singh in a Colt Galant, I followed them most of the way round. They did very well and came 16th whilst his brother, Joginder and Tim Samuels came 11th that year.

Soon after that Joginder and David got together and, arguably, forged the best partnership in the history of the Safari. Of course, there have been many other great partnerships over the years, but theirs was special.

In that year, I was approached by Davinder and was asked to navigate for him. He was very quick and we did 4 or 5 rallies together. Our best finish was in the 1974 Kenya 2000 Rally, which started in Kitale and finished in Solai. It includes a famous section called the Tambach escarpment, near Kitale, where there was a prize for the fastest through the section.

We had been drawn number 2 but very quickly were number 1 on the road. That is not always a good thing as you may need to clear the road of matatus, cows and donkeys! Fortunately, we had a clear run to the Tambach escarpment. Mike Doughty, as Clerk of the Course, was in an aero plane watching competitors go down that section. At the start, Davinder said 'We are going to win this section' I replied 'Arse up, foot down'. I can assure you that a Colt Galant has never been driven so fast and so well as Davinder drove that day on that section. As navigator, I could not afford a single mistake as it was a long way down if you left the road. Potentially fatal. Davinder was quite brilliant and used every inch of the road. I never had a moments concern. I was watching an expert. Quite stunning! We got to the control, at the bottom 2 minutes early and had to wait to clock in.



When we got to the rest halt at the Kitale Hotel, Mike Doughty came to me and said 'From the air, I was amazed to see you go down Tambach but why did you stop at the control before checking in?' When I explained that we waited because we were early, he could not believe it until he saw our time sheet. Needless to say, we won the prize for winning that section - and my hair turned grey!!!

We were first on the road for 90% of that rally until we had a steering rack problem and finished third. Nick Nowicki won and Anton Levitan came second. David and Joginder

retired that year with mechanical problems.

## 1974 Safari Rally

In 1974, I was asked to do the Safari with Gilles Turle. On a practice run, the road near Karatina had been changed, the route notes were wrong, and we had an almighty prang. We rolled about 4 times down a hill, and were lucky that a tree stump was prevented from coming into the cab by hitting a windscreen pillar. The car was total write-off.

Being just a couple of weeks before the Safari, I thought that was that. However, just before the event, I was asked to navigate for Jim Davies, whose wife, Penny pulled out as she was expecting. The car was a Peugeot 304 coupe and we were drawn number 57. My brother David was again navigating for Joginder in a Lancer, car 46. It was destined to be a memorable Safari.

Rain began at Embu and never stopped all night. The later starters were well and truly stuck, and it took all night to get to Meru. Despite time being extended, when we eventually got to the end of the first leg, near Nairobi, Jim and I retired. We were exhausted. I slept for a few hours then, in my own car, followed David and Joginder who were doing well.



They were having an almighty battle with car 19, the Porsche of Bjorn Waaldegard and Hans Thorselius. It was close. I remember we realised at the last service near Machakos that, without any last-minute problems, David and Joginder would win. I made my way to the finish and was at the Winning Ramp to welcome them home. Having started at car number 46 it was a fantastic result.

### 1975 Safari Rally

In 1975, Manjit Singh asked me to navigate for him in the Datsun 1800 SSS, which had previously been owned by Rosemary Smith, the well-known English Rally driver, who had finished, in the same car, the year before with Pauline Cullick. We were private entrants at car number 22.

David was again with Joginder in a works entry Lancer at number 4. We were both seeded in Group 1 which was a godsend as it was going to be an extremely hot, very dry Safari. The dust was horrendous and it was very rough. David and I had prepared incredibly detailed pace notes which showed every bend of the 3,000mile course. It was very tiring for us as navigators to keep talking for 5 days.

Despite being a private entry, at Nairobi, we were given new front struts by the Japanese mechanics and works tyres. No more punctures! Competitors were falling out by the minute, but we managed to keep going. In the Kerio Valley, after Kitale, we came across David and Joginder stopped by the side of the road. They were out as they had dropped a valve in the engine. I was gutted as they were leading at that time. Manjit and I continued when, at Solai, as we checked in, the front suspension collapsed! Thanks to the support crew, 90 minutes later we were on our way to Nanyuki which we reached at 3am. After a short sleep we were off again at 7am to go round the mountain. Luckily there was no rain this time and we finished in Nairobi at mid-afternoon on the Monday. Out of 85 starters, only 14 finished. We were the 14<sup>th</sup> but we finished. My dream had been fulfilled - three weeks later I left for a new life in UK.



### 1976 Safari Rally

Although I was now working in the UK, I kept a close eye on the Kenya Safari and was delighted when David and Joginder won again. If they had not had to retire in 1975 it would have been a hat trick.

Sadly, Joginder passed away in England in 2013. I attended his funeral and was kindly allowed to say a few words at the funeral. Joginder will always be remembered by us. He was a legend.



David passed away in Kenya in 2015 and, having been made an honorary Sikh after his long association with Joginder, was cremated at the Sikh crematorium in Nakuru. His ashes were scattered on our family farm at Kiganjo, near Nyeri.



Safari Greats: Roger Barnard, Davinder Singh, Andrew Cowan, John Mitchell, David Doig, Joginder Singh

---

### The 2023 East African Safari Classic Rally



Won this year by Amos Eugenio & Ceci Paolo  
Driving a Porsche 911 (not the vehicle shown).  
The total distance was 2,597.6 km

Ken says: back in the day we started Thursday at 4pm and finished on Monday from about 11am. It was 5927 kms, day and night. Very little sleep if you were running late. Hallucinations were the order of the day.

Competition sections were very long. Some over 100kms. This year some were only 20 kms and no night driving....a piece of cake !

# OUTBACK WAY (Part one)

By Andrew (Billabong) Hillier

After retiring in 2011, the memsahib and I put into action our much-researched plans to see more of this amazing country. And where better to start than to tackle the Outback Way, the 2,700km track through the heart of Australia. Running from Laverton Western Australia to Winton, Queensland, via the Northern Territory's Red Centre, it has been described as the country's Route 66, the great Australian Road Trip. Consisting of 1750 kilometres of unsealed roads and tracks we had to add another 900kms to even reach the start.



Our equipment consisted of a short wheelbase Pajero and a camper trailer named Outback Betty after an aunt (who had left us a small legacy), 2 GPS devices and an EPIRB, essential for outback travel.

Setting off from Laverton in the West Australian Goldfields, our first overnight stop was at an area called The Pines. Most of the vegetation consisted of mulga and mallee, shrublands interspersed with stands of desert gums.

Needless to say, we were completely alone at the Pines and soon after we arrived it became clear that an unseasonal storm was brewing - the wind was howling, the lightning was spectacular and the thunder deafening. We hoped that the washaways would not impede our progress the next day as we made our way to another isolated stay at Desert Surf Central.

Sure enough, during the night, our first in the Great Victoria Desert, we experienced a spectacular desert storm: the lightning and thunder went on for hours and just after midnight the heavens opened. We had left two windows open in order to catch what little breeze there was, so there was a fair amount of mopping up to do!

Although the rain had been heavy and widespread, it did not affect the road conditions too much, in fact the first 100 km was virtually dust-free, a real bonus. We drove for 5 hours without seeing another vehicle – who said “don't worry,



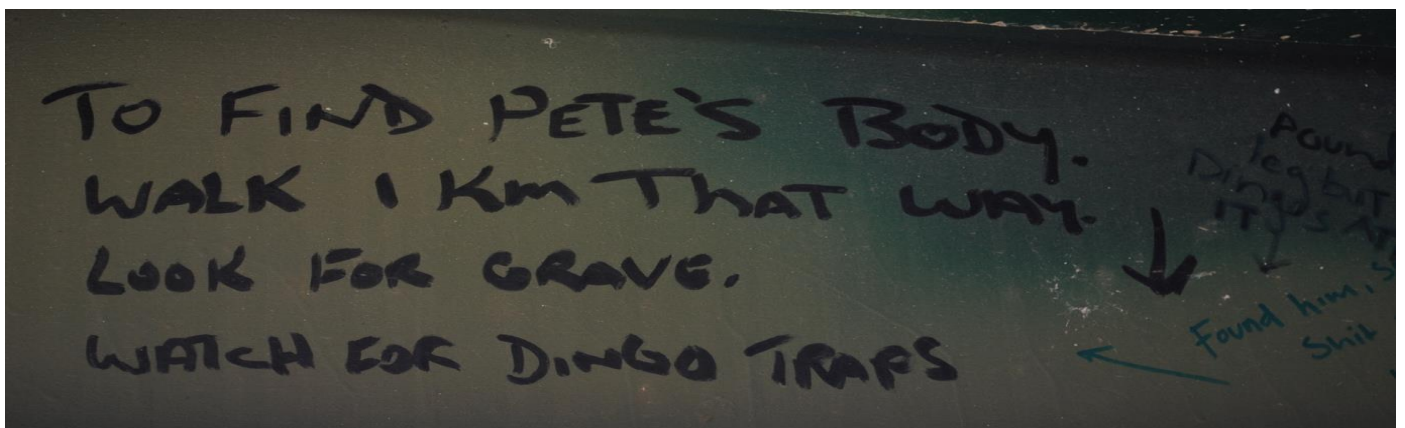
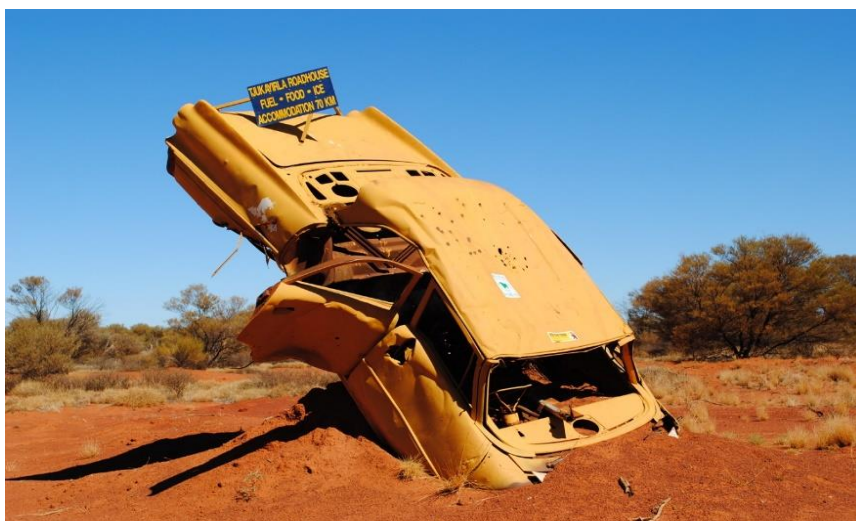
there will be plenty of tourists on these roads”? The isolated nature of the country was underlined by the requirement to have permits when travelling through it as we had to pass through Aboriginal communities.



The road signs in these communities were somewhat rustic: for example, this novel way of urging drivers to take care:



Road conditions soon deteriorated rapidly- teeth-rattling corrugations and the constant din of rocks being flung up from the road surface. It seems that not everybody made it!



Maybe Pete was the unfortunate driver but we didn't visit his grave.

On a serious note, we stopped at a roadhouse for fuel and learned from the manager that a young school teacher had been killed the previous day when a vehicle carrying four newly appointed teachers had rolled nearby.

Although we suspected that our trailer brake wires had been severed by flying rocks, the journey was otherwise uneventful. Arriving at our next overnight stop, "Desert Surf Central" at 1.30 pm, gave us a chance to dry out our wet gear and relax for a while.

Again, we were the only campers present. The campsite is situated next to an impressive "breakaway" or "jumpup", the name given to a rocky outcrop, which are so infrequent in the flat desert landscape that catching sight of one led to many "oohs" and "ahs" and general rejoicing.



Our sleep that night was interrupted often with the howls of dingoes, which had come very close to our camper.

Just how close became clear when I opened the van door at 6 am to greet a new day and I was a bit taken aback to find that our groundsheet, which we lay in front of the van, and its entire contents (thongs, shower gear, stools) had been dragged into the bush. It took us quite a while to recover them.

The previous evening had been earmarked for stargazing – we had long looked forward to seeing the brilliant display of stars that only the Outback can turn on. I had downloaded the April star chart published by the Sydney observatory, together with a 20 minute audio commentary on the April sky. It was a perfect evening – still, with clear skies. Sitting in our camp chairs with the laptop to hand we prepared to let the experience wash over us. Trouble was, the bright screen immediately attracted a multitude of moths which were either intent on committing suicide or were fanatical Mac fans. Added to this, the moon was so bright that it interfered with a considerable area of the sky. We succeeded only in identifying the Southern Cross and the False Cross, a disappointing result. Mind you, I think the ancients had vivid imaginations- it's all very well looking at a star chart which has all the "dots" joined and quite another to make sense of the real thing!

Next, we entered the Gibson desert, which signaled a change in both vegetation and topography. By now we could write a thesis on the characteristics of mallee and mulga, so it was a relief to see some desert oaks.





The jump-ups had given way to red sand dunes. Road conditions were very rough in patches – at times the CD player was drowned out by our teeth chattering as the vehicle juddered on the deep corrugations, so we were relieved to reach our next stop, Wanakurna Roadhouse, just across the Northern Territory border. Oh, the luxury of visiting the ablution block after a few days of using the shovel and the 12 volt shower (which had been a great success nevertheless- the memsahib and I had managed to shower in less than a bucket of water between us!).

We stopped briefly for a tea break at Lasseter's Cave. On a gold-seeking expedition in 1932 Lasseter had been forced to spend three weeks in the cave after his camels had bolted with all his equipment. Eventually he died from thirst, leaving behind a legend about lost gold.



To be continued.....



# JIMMY CRUICKSHANK – Skydive

At the ripe old age of 88, Jimmy Cruickshank, an Old Yorkist 49er, has recently done a Skydive for charity.

It is not the first time that Jimmy has raised funds for a good cause, having previously trekked across Death Valley in the USA to raise funds for a school for handicapped children, as reported in BB7.

Neither is he a stranger to dangerous stunts. He was the first to hang-glide from the top of Glastonbury Tor in Somerset and, ironically, was the first to crash when repeating the stunt the following day!

On this occasion, Jimmy chose the Children's Hospice South West as the beneficiary of his challenge and has raised funds from friends, family, Old Yorkists and other admirers for that worthy cause.



Jimmy was accompanied on the day by his son Jimmie Plested and a grateful representative from the Children's Hospice South West.

The weather was perfect but, at that height, it was bitterly cold at -15 centigrade! The view was spectacular whilst spiralling down. Apart from feeling a bit sick, his only concern was for his knees when landing. But he need not have worried, with head back and legs extended he landed gracefully and elated.

At the time of writing, Jimmy had raised just over £2,500 for his chosen charity. It is a great achievement and we are very proud of our Old Yorkist colleague.

Jumping from a height of 15,000 ft is a breathtaking experience and the weather needs to be clear with little or no wind.

The first half, in free-fall, is heart stopping with barely enough time to breathe or ask yourself why you agreed to do this!

Once the instructor pulls the rip cord, the rate of descent is instantly reduced to a pace that allows you to enjoy the ride and admire the view.

By the time you touch down, exhilaration takes over and you can't wait to go again.



If you feel inspired to contribute to his chosen charity, please email Jimmy on [nugumfupi35@gmail.com](mailto:nugumfupi35@gmail.com)

# ALISDAIR DRYSDALE - Speke

Some will remember Alisdair Drysdale who was a regular contributor to the original Brooklands Baraza at school. In it he wrote about the exploits of Brooke Bond and in 1964, he changed the lyrics of the chorus line of Cliff Richard's song "Bachelor Boy" to:

"Son you'll be a good little boy  
And clean your teeth twice a day".

His brother Euan, reports that, sadly, Alasdair now suffers from Alzheimers disease which has progressed sufficiently for him to require greater supervision for which reason he has now moved into the "Tantallon House" Care Home in North Berwick.

The Home has great facilities but going out is tricky although he has a GPS tracker. At least there are plenty of interesting places to see when we visit him – keeping him alert and interested is the best thing to try and slow his deterioration – he always perks up during a visit and amid stimulating discussion, though inevitably that tends to revolve around the more distant past. The memory gaps unfortunately get bigger and bigger!

I trust that all of you remain free from this dreadful disease or anything similar. It is soul destroying to witness so heaven knows what it's like to experience!

Euan Drysdale

The photograph below reflects a recent visit with old friends.



Front: Euan Drysdale (left)    Alisdair Drysdale (right)

Back: Grant Daniels (left)    David Daniels (right)

*Ed adds: to contact either Alisdair or Euan, please write to [brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com](mailto:brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com) and I will put you in touch.*



# OBITUARIES

## Laibon Dr John Omany – Kirk 1970-75



Many thanks to the Lenana School and Laibon Society who report, with great sadness, the loss of Dr John Omany who has passed away in London where he had been a medical Doctor since the mid 1980s.

John was a very accomplished sportsman and during his time at Lenana, between 1970-75, represented the School in the following:

- 1st XV Lenana Rugby
- 1st XI Lenana Hockey (Captain)

He went on to play rugby for Kenya, East Africa Tuskers and Impala Club.

At School, in Kirk House, he is remembered as a quiet person - disciplined, determined, purposeful and driven. Having passed his A levels with flying colours in 1976 he went on to the University of Nairobi to study medicine.

In 1977 the University team, Mean Machine, was formed but John chose to continue playing rugby for Impala to whom he was already committed. This earned him some criticism at the University but he stuck with his decision showing how resolute he was. However, he did turn out for the University Hockey team.

John was the second eldest brother in a sporting family. The first three brothers, David, John and Sam attended Lenana School. Of three younger brothers Philip, played basketball for Kenya, Paul and Clement both played hockey for Kenya.

Brother Paul Omany has further advised that John went to England in 1988 to practice medicine. He worked as a doctor in both Hammersmith and Teddington Hospitals in London, amongst others.

Sadly John, who was born on 18th July 1956, died too soon at the age of 67 on 17<sup>th</sup> September 2023. We send our sincere condolences to his wife Anne, daughters Natalie, Vivian, Tania, to his brothers David, Sam, Phillip, Paul, Clement and to his sister Francisca.

## **Robin Walton – dec'd**

### **Ex teacher at The Duke of York School**

I am sorry to report that Robin (Kiwi) Walton died in August this year. I have written twice to his wife Bridget (nee Doenhoff) to express our condolences but have not had a reply.

What little I know is that he was a music teacher at the Duke of York School for a short while before moving to South Africa where he continued to teach music at Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg.

Whilst there, I understand he was shot twice in the chest during a robbery which led him to move to Natal.

Other than that, all I have heard of Robin is an uncorroborated story that when leaning over to talk to one student, another naughty young Yorkist (who will remain nameless) cut off his tie with a pair of scissors! I am sure that would have had a painful outcome.

---

## SPORT AT LENANA

Sport at Lenana School is still as popular as it always was although the range of options is less than it has been in the past as there is no dedicated sports master.

Unfortunately, there is no appetite for cricket but football, hockey and rugby are all very popular. The swimming pool was rebuilt a few years ago from contributions from the Laibon year groups and Optimum Kenya Trust, although to date the changing rooms remain unbuilt.

With help from Crown Paints, the squash courts are slowly being restored. Work to have been done by a local contractor has stalled but Old Yorkist and MSAADA trustee, Charlie Fraser, is hoping to move things on by getting his fundis to chip out plaster underlying the original wood floor.

Charlie also advises that work continues on the golf course which is slowly taking shape. Several greens have been levelled and planted. It is hoped that recent heavy rains will have helped in establishing the grass.

## 2023 INTER-HOUSE RUGBY RESULT



*For those that don't know, Mumia House was previously known as Grogan.*



# LENANA SCHOOL – TREE PLANTING EVENT

Dear Laibon/Old Yorkist,

As part of the government's initiative to plant 15 billion trees by 2032, the Kenya Reinsurance company has partnered with Lenana School to plant 10,000 trees. The company has set aside a budget to sustain the project and ensure its success. This will be overseen by the school's environment club. The launch of the initiative took place on Wednesday, 5th of July 2023 and was attended by the MD of Kenya Re and his team.

The site selected is on the lower ridge of the school farm, below James House. The land is bare and not ideal for agricultural purposes. The school administration has identified areas for tree planting as part of the land optimisation plan in the Lenana School Strategic Plan (LSSP). In line with this plan, the society will plan for an alumni tree planting activity as part of the 75th anniversary activities.

Below are a few photos from the Kenya Reinsurance event.

Regards

Sidney Ashoya



# ODDS AND ENDS

## Duke of York (Lenana) School Reunion - auction

Many thanks to John Tucker and Ken Doig for all the hard work they have put into arranging the 75<sup>th</sup> Reunion next July. They have had a good response so far and I am sure that there will more who come when they have a better idea of their movements next year. **A further letter from John Tucker is attached at the end of the Baraza.**

Some of you will remember that there was a raffle at a previous reunion some years ago when money was raised for the school. Sadly, having been handed over to a trusted individual, the proceeds never reached the intended destination!

Despite that episode, it is now intended to conduct a similar fund-raising activity at the Reunion next July. This time the proceeds will go to the education of boys at Lenana via the safe hands of Optimum Kenya Trust and MSAADA, in Nairobi. **It is proposed that the fund-raising process should be on a bring-and-buy basis whereby all those attending the dinner are requested to bring something which can be sold by auction on the night.**

What you bring can be something you own but no longer want, something that you may have secured as a donation such as a theatre ticket, a dinner for two, a round of golf; it does not have to be of great value but should nevertheless be worth bidding for. If each auction item sold for £10 or £20, it could contribute £1,000 - £2,000 to a good cause.

---

## Safari Gold – a touch of nostalgia

Some of you may have seen an article I posted on Kenya Friends Reunited a few weeks ago. I reported that a cherished silver and gold, elephant hair style bracelet that I had been given some years ago was starting to show it's age. One of the knots was coming loose and the jewellery store where my wife had bought it knew nothing of its origin or how to repair it.

Exploring the internet for a replacement I discovered a business in California owned by a guy called Martin Foden, originally from South Africa, who makes and sells them. He and I became quite well acquainted and I ordered one of his products. At the same time, I mentioned it on Kenya Friends Reunited which prompted a huge response, and a surge in orders, so much so that Martin sent me not one, but two bracelets that he made, which are shown below:



If any of you are interested in his work, I am sure that Martin will be very pleased to hear from you. You can contact him at [martin@safarigold.com](mailto:martin@safarigold.com) or visit his website at [www.safarigold.com](http://www.safarigold.com) to view his products.



# CORNWALL – MY HOME

I have been lucky to live in two places that I love.

The first is Kenya, where I was born, raised, went to school and forever remains in my heart. You all know Kenya, it needs no introduction from me although I suspect that most of us have memories of a place that, in many ways, no longer exists as it was when we lived there.

The second is Cornwall, where I have lived for the past 20 years. Like Kenya, Cornwall has many dimensions; for the tourists that swarm down in the summer, it is all about sea, sand and surf. They are great but, for those who live and love this place, it has so much more. It has incredible history; at one time being very wealthy through tin mining, fishing and, dare I say, smuggling! The landscape, shaped over millenia by sea and weather, varies from the moors, which I love, to the rugged coast often battered by storms which sweep in from the Atlantic.

Interestingly, more recently, Lithium has been found in commercial quantities in Cornwall and could be of major benefit to its future economy.

Here are a few pictures of Botallick Cove, showing abandoned tin mine shafts, which extend for up to a mile under the sea, and depict the extremes of weather which prevail in this beautiful part of England. I love it.

It can be calm:



It can be wild:



And it can be beautiful; as shown by the Northern lights over Cornwall in November 2023



*If you love your home as much as I love mine, please write in and let us know where and why, with a photo or two.*



# *John Tucker*

4 Bankside Close,  
Carshalton,  
SM5 3SB

Tel: (020) 8773 0068  
Email: pukkatuck@gmail.com

22 November 2023

Dear Old Yorkist/Laibon,

## **Duke of York (Lenana) School 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion – 26/27 July 2024**

Further to my two previous letters concerning the above, Ken Doig, Al May, and I happily report there has been sufficient interest in the project to justify it taking place.

Details of the reunion are as follows:

Date: **27 July 2024**  
Time: 1900 – 2300 hours  
Venue: Delta Hotels by Marriott Cheltenham Chase, Shurdington Road, Gloucester, GL3 4PB (Tel: 01452 519988)  
Function: A welcome drink followed by a sit-down two-course fork-buffet dinner in the hotel's Buckholt Suite  
Dress: Jacket and tie (Men)  
Cocktail dress (Ladies)  
Cost: £35 per person (includes venue hire, service charge, and insurance)  
Drinks: Guests will be expected to pay for their own wine and other drinks separately

**Payment for the meal should be by BACS to Kenneth L. Doig whose bank account details are:**

**Sort Code: 30-67-47**  
**Account No: 53372168**  
**Reference: OY 75<sup>th</sup> Reunion**

**If paying by cheque then please issue it in favour of Kenneth L. Doig (OY 75<sup>th</sup> Reunion) and forward it to Ken at:**

**6 Baring Court,  
Lewdown,  
Okehampton,  
Devon,  
EX20 4HD.**

### **Accommodation:**

Earliest check-in time: **1500 hours**  
Latest check-out time: **1100 hours**

The hotel has agreed the following special group B & B room rates for the nights of 26 and

27 July:

**£89** (single occupancy)

**£99** (double occupancy)

Please reserve your own bedroom accommodation requirements via the following link:

**[Book your group rate for School Reunion](#)**

When booking a room via the link, you will see the single occupancy rate indicated. For the double occupancy rate just increase your room requirement to 2 adults. If you have special needs then, on the page allowing you to select the room and the rate, you can request a more accessible room/any special room which the hotel will process. In the event of any problems making a room reservation, then please do not hesitate to contact the hotel's Ms Kinga Hester whose contact details are:

**(Tel)** 01452 519940

**(email)** [khester@marriottdeltacheltenham.co.uk](mailto:khester@marriottdeltacheltenham.co.uk)

The link includes a map of how to find the hotel.

**Last Day to Book: Wednesday, June 26, 2024**

**Early booking is recommended to secure the hotel's favourable room rates.**

Ken and Al join me in sending you our very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'J. P. Tucker'.

J. P. Tucker