



Brooklands Baraza

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

Issue number 5

April 2022

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CONGRATULATIONS!

If you have got this far it means that the new system of bringing you this Newsletter is working. We have argued and agonized about it for ages so we hope that it has been successful. Please let us know how you feel about it by pressing the feed-back feature in the accompanying email. Tell us how you got on; how easy was it; do you have any suggestions for improvement?

We hope that the contents that follow will provide some light relief from the horror and anguish felt each day as the unimaginable atrocities against the Ukraine and its citizens continue.

Please keep sending us your contributions. We may not have the space to publish them all but without them the Baraza would not exist, so please keep them coming.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Some of you are already aware that Old Yorkist and Retired Judge Jonathan Bowen Havelock has accepted our invitation to succeed Richard Leakey as the Patron of the Msaada Kenya Trust. We welcome him on board and we look forward to working with him closely over the coming years. Thank you, Jonny.

John O'Grady - Chairman of Optimum Kenya Trust and Msaada Kenya Trust

Many thanks for the latest edition of the Brooklands Baraza which I am greatly enjoying reading - many thanks for including Geoff Lock's passing as an added comment to his letter to the Editor - I and Carol will be attending his funeral in Clifton Bristol.

Mike Johnson

A great Baraza! Particularly interesting was Eddie Green's description of Duko's beginnings and Platter's info that Kitchener was descended from the infamous Lord (infamous for his Boer War exploits). I would add another story on Cuccurullo (*see the story in irrepressible humour- Ed*)

Roger Maudsley

Congratulations on yet another outstanding edition. You have done an amazing job. I cannot begin to imagine how much work, over how many hours, went into its publication. Thank you for your huge efforts. It is so good to read of the doings and activities of cherished schoolmates.

The content and variety of the contributions from our fellow Old Yorkists and Laibon make fascinating reading. We are indeed a world-wide fraternity, who seem faithfully to personify the injunction: "Floreant Rosam...", as expressed in our old school song.

It's so sad to see our numbers dwindling. The memories, however, burn brightly all these years later. I loved the photo of Mike Behr, Tom Stevenson, Derek Rossenrode, Nigel Braye, Jimmy Cruikshank and Bernard Blowers.

Also, the wonderful photo of the Founder Members of Staff is irreplaceable, and one I had never seen before.

Best wishes to you and your family for a Happy New Year. May 2022 be a better year than the last two years.

Stay well,
Eddie

Hi Al - I just wanted to congratulate you again for the production of yet another Brooklands Baraza which was full of very interesting reading – you have so many very qualified journalists providing you with all their input you will never be able to find even a small space for anything from me!

I was interested to read the article from Shaun Metcalf – who I do remember – regards the Chobe River development in Botswana as we had a very good office in Gaborone and I got involved in building a house for the boss of Debswana literally on the banks of the river – interesting guy and interesting project and another story too!!

Peter Neep

Congratulations on producing another splendid edition of the Baraza. It will take me some while to read through it, but it should be a pleasurable experience. Keep up the good work. It is especially heartening that there are so many contributors to it. Very sad to hear of Richard Leakey's passing, especially as he was a contemporary of mine. A few fond memories there.

It is some time since I contributed to the OKT, so I have today transferred £500 to it by BACS. It is such a worthwhile organisation, and benefits both the school and ultimately the country as well.

John Crosher

This is my first copy of BB – and it is so good to get it – very interesting & memory/nostalgia invoking!

Joel Norton

Keep up the excellent work on the Baraza.

I have risen to the occasion and penned a short article for the next edition of the Brooklands Baraza.

Joe Wainaina

I have come across information on Facebook regarding DOYS, and request to join the mailing list. I was at Duko from 1958 to 1963, in Elliot, though did have a short stint boarding in Mitchell in 1961 when Brooksbank was Head prefect then I think.

I currently live in New Zealand, where I have been since 1973, but memories of DOY are very hazy.

Dave Monks

Dear Ed,

I thoroughly enjoy reading BB and thanks so much for all you do,
Here's a small contribution for a future Issue, assuming you are content 😊

Best wishes.

Rick Driscoll

MORE ABOUT EDDIE GREEN

Hi Alan,

It was so good to hear from you. I should clear up my chronology for you.

I was a founder member of the DOY, starting at Government House in 1949, and then from 1950 onwards at the new school site at Ngong/Langata. I was a pupil at the DOY from 1949 to 1954. I was in Delamere. I was Head of School in 1954. I won first team colours in hockey, rugger, soccer, cricket, and athletics.

I represented Kenya Schools, which included the Asian schools, at hockey against a Pakistan men's touring team.

After school I went into the Kenya Regiment, training at Nakuru, and then became a DOKG in Kandara Division. I was in charge of Fort Thompson, a forest fortification and patrol base in the Aberdares. I was granted a special release from Emergency service, in order to take up a place which I had earned at Brasenose College, Oxford University. (I had to complete my Kenya Reg service when I returned to Kenya.)

When I graduated from Oxford in 1959, I was hired to teach at the DOY where I taught 6th form History from June 1959 to July 1964.

I was an officer in the Combined Cadet Corps. During that time, I coached the school hockey and cricket teams. I represented the Impala Club at hockey, rugger and cricket. After Independence I left Kenya with my wife and children. I taught a Loughborough Grammar School until August 1967, when we came to Canada. Over the next ten years I taught history at two different high schools. I also taught at adult evening school. In 1977 became the principal of a large high school, where I remained until my retirement in 1996, at age 62.

I hope this information proves useful to you.

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

Best regards,
Eddie Green



Allan Duff adds:

We knew Eddie Green as a young master in his first teaching year at the DOY. In due course he became a house master and was very popular and respected. I do not recall being in his class but I think he taught History, or perhaps English. He was never happier than with a Hockey stick in his hands. He was known to have an incredible aim. In one movement, he could snatch a blackboard duster, turn and throw it accurately at a delinquent smart-arse head at the back of a classroom!

FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTIONS IN PREVIOUS EDITIONS

By Rick Driscoll - Thompson and Grogan, 1960/65

1. Like my friend Brandon Brooksbank (see "SPORTS INTEGRATION IN KENYA IN 1960", BB Issue 4), I too experienced sport against Alliance High School. In 1964 I was in a rugby team that played them on a pitch up near Grogan House. Having watched in some trepidation the very large members of their team exiting their bus, I was told that many of them were far older than we were. It was a chastening experience playing against such hefty chaps and culminated in me breaking a bone in my right hand trying to tackle a thundering forward. After initial triage at the San, I was shipped off to hospital for an X-ray and plastering. All a bit awkward since mock exams were imminent, and I spent several uncomfortable weeks learning to write left-handed. We lost the game!

Incidentally, we also played rugby against some large Americans from the Rift Valley Academy. They arrived with **female** cheer leaders who kept shrieking "Way to go, RVA". There was much puzzlement when the ref. kept penalising them for throwing the ball forward down the pitch. I can't remember who won.

2. While reading about the exploits of Cuccurullo (BB Issue 4, Ed: "*I shared a dormitory in Junior House with Cuccurullo Cuccu smacked his lips in true Italian style and said he could eat the lot*"), I was reminded of a similar event involving the consumption of a large quantity of school food.

As a new prefect in Grogan, in 1964, I was supervising a Sunday evening meal at my table in the dining room. The duty rabble duly arrived from the serving hatch with the regular Sunday evening food: a platter of 10 portions of home-made baked-beans-on-toast (I had it on good authority that these were made after soaking dry beans for several days and then adding tomato sauce). It was truly horrible stuff and as usual, no one wanted any. Sunday evening meals were usually pretty desultory affairs, ahead of the dreaded Monday morning, so boys drifted off to the house, except on my table where a couple of wags bet another boy, who was notorious for his appetite, that for 50c he could eat the lot; off he set. We had permission from the bored master on duty to stay on while this challenge was taken up but I had to leave to see to other things, returning later to find that, after much egging-on, he had managed to cram the lot down. He was helped back to the house, and I was told the next morning that he had been up several times during the night. Moral of the story? Eschew all baked beans!

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE BROOKLANDS BARAZA NEWSLETTER IN 1961



The Editor of Brooklands Baraza, Mr E.K.Ferguson, and his staff at work in producing the 129th edition of the School's nine-year-old fortnightly newsletter.

Ed: Many thanks to Robin Crosher for this photo. Who do you recognise? Are you in it?

THE COMBINED CADET FORCE (CCF) AT THE DUKE OF YORK SCHOOL

By **Robin Crosher** – Kirk 1952/58

(This article is based on edited extracts from The Yorkist magazines 1951 to 1964. They can be viewed in full and/or downloaded from <https://icedrive.net/s/bcsezBeggR>. When copying from the magazines the main emphasis has been on people, staff and students, and memorable events.)

Formation in 1951

When The Yorkist magazine (Vol 3) was published in December 1951 mention was made that the Combined Cadet Force (CCF) had been started in May with a very keen nucleus of forty founder members. After a term's training the G.O.C., East Africa Command, Lieut-General Sir Arthur Dowler inspected the contingents of the Prince of Wales, Duke of York and St. Mary's schools at an Inauguration Ceremony.

On November 27th towards the end of our training we held a map reading exercise in the Ngong Hills area. This consisted in moving from point to point in small groups, finding the answers to simple questions connected with bearings, scales, contours, and references. Cadets **Braye** and **Gibbons** were joint winners in the competition.

The results of the Examinations for Certificate A part One, combined with qualities of leadership, led to the promotion to lance corporal of the following cadets - **Colquhoun, Whittall, Braye, Power, Green E, Henderson, D. Rooker-Smith, Millar, Luckes, Bramwell, Stephenson** and **Wailes**.

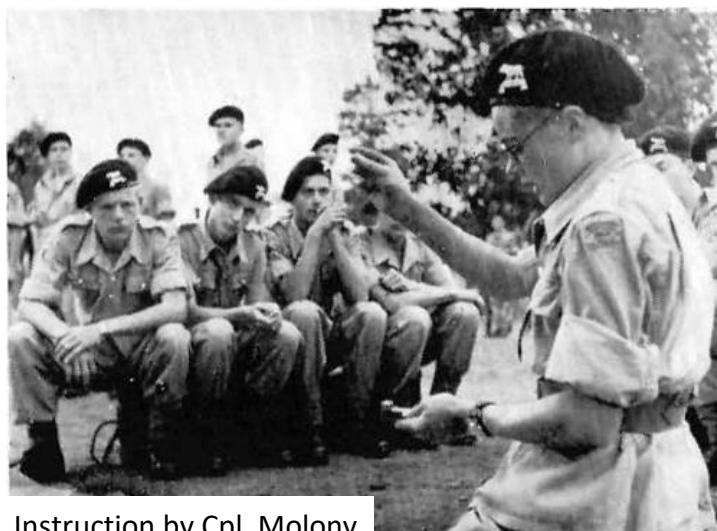
Mr Hesketh was a civilian instructor in map reading and Lieutenant Commander Easey RN. (Retired) started at the beginning of the term as PSI. Plans for the future included taking in over 100 recruits organised into 3 platoons under the command of Capt. B. Morwood MC¹ and Mr. E. Ironside will instruct in map reading.

Expansion in 1952

In January we welcomed to the Corps Capt. B. Morwood as Second in Command, Lieut. J. F. Travis, O.B.E., and Second-Lieut. E. K. Ferguson. Capt. Morwood and Mr. Ferguson saw active service in the war as gunners and Mr. Travis served for many years in the Regular Army. This brought our strength to five officers including the P.S.I. Also, we enlisted one hundred recruits.

Early in February a platoon consisting of the forty original members of the contingent, under Capt. Collister, paraded for the opening of the Kenya Regiment Headquarters: by Her Majesty, The Queen, then Princess Elizabeth.

Later in the term we were privileged to provide a platoon, under the command of Capt. Morwood, to line the route while the band of the Royal Marines from H.M.S. Kenya beat the Retreat in front of the Town Hall. While we were in camp, a copy of the East African Standard was published containing an article on the Corps, together with a number of photographs.



Instruction by Cpl. Molony

In September we welcomed to the Corps Mr. Farnell, who saw active service in the war with the West Yorkshire Regiment. At the same time Mr. Travis took over command of the small Air Section of ten cadets. They have had a very interesting term, paying a number of visits to Eastleigh, and on one occasion "bombing" the school in an Anson.

On 13th November, the Chief of Staff East Africa Command, Col. G. A. Rimbault, DSO MC, carried out the first general inspection of the contingent. He was accompanied by Squadron Leader Downes DFC, AFC, and

¹ No mention is made in The Yorkist as to how Bryan (aka Benji) Morwood was awarded the MC.

Capt. Heath, The Contingent was drawn up in line on the school field and, on the arrival of the inspecting party, came to the present as the General Salute was played by bugler Langton.

In the course of the term Sergeants **Stephenson** and **Bramwell** were promoted to CSM, Sgt. **Colquhoun** to CQMS and Corporals **Whittall**, **Millar**, **Lukes** and **Rook-Smith** to sergeant. In January the naval section will start functioning and we shall take in another hundred recruits, bringing our strength to over two hundred.



On Parade



P. S. I. on the Range.

Shooting: This term saw the commencement of an important part of a cadet's training, namely Range Practice. Much of this Part 1 training is directed to this end, the correct and accurate use of a rifle, and it is gratifying to be able, at last, to put theory and make-believe to a practical test. The range, conveniently situated by the armoury, is constructed for the use of .22 rifles at twenty-five yards.

Sea and Air Cadet sections formed in 1953

At the start of the first term of this year, less than two years since foundation, the Corps membership rose to over two hundred, and with the formation of the Naval Section included contingents of all three services.

The Corps is commanded by Major P. Collister. The P.S.I., Lieutenant-Commander N.C. Easey N.R. (Retd) is in charge of the Sea Cadets, and Lieutenant. J.F. Travis, O.B.E., runs the Air Section. Captain B. Morwood, M.C., is Second in Command of the contingent, and the Company Officers are Lieutenants Farnell, May, and Ferguson. **T. Stephenson** is the first cadet to hold the office of R.S.M. and proved a very efficient guard commander when cadets of all three services were inspected by His Excellency the Governor on the occasion of the laying of the school Foundation Stone.

Sea Cadets: At the beginning of the year, twenty-four cadets who had completed at least one year's training in the Army Section, transferred to the newly formed Naval Section, the first Sea Cadet Corps, it is believed, in Kenya. The highlight of the year was the training week at Mombasa, under the auspices of the R.E.A.N. It was Coronation Week, so the cadets had a town in festive mood to liven up their "runs ashore" in the evening, and the Flagship of the East India Squadron, H.M.S. "Newfoundland", open to them daily for instruction. They took part in the Coronation March through Mombasa and acquitted themselves extremely well.



One half day was spent at sea in H.M.E.A.S. "Rosalind". The cadets had the run of the ship, and amongst other instructional activities took a "trick" at the wheel.

Army Cadets: Although hampered by the removal of our arms by the police during the first term, training for Certificate "A" has continued throughout the year. The highlight of the first term was a drill competition. Cadet May was judged to be the smartest recruit of the year. During the second term the Army Section provided a large proportion of the cadets chosen to parade at the Beating of Retreat by the band of the Lancashire Fusiliers during coronation week, and again for the Guard of Honour inspected at the school by His Excellency, the Governor.

There have been a number of promotions during the year. The Warrant Officers and Senior N.C.O. Instructors have been R.S.M. **Stephenson**, C.S.M. **Colquhoun**, C.S.M. **Wright**, C.Q.M.S. **Green**, C.Q.M.S. **Whittall**, and Sergeants **Gibbons**, **O'Shaughnessy**, **Bolwers**, **Barham**, **Phillips** and **Paveley**.

Air Cadets: For the Air Cadets, 1953 has been a difficult year, the emergency causing grave disorganisation, but it may be said that the difficulties were admirably surmounted on the whole. In the first term the Section was fortunate enough to be able to visit Eastleigh a number of times, where, in spite of the emergency, time was found to show most of the station equipment and organisation to the cadets. Before actually going on a flight, the cadets were shown the elementary principles of an aircraft by being able to "fly" the Link Trainer, in which they first realised what it was like to fly and control an aircraft in the air. This produced amazing results, the most famous of which was when an N.C.O. was flying at full throttle 3,000 feet below the ground! A number of cadets had their first taste of flight in the Station's veteran Aero Anson, and many will well remember the time when one budding pilot put the aircraft through some amazing antics, much to the dismay of the Squadron Leader, who like other members of the crew, thought that his time had come! In the course of the afternoon all the cadets had a spell at the controls, and several budding pilots were revealed. So too were some weak stomachs.

Ed: this excellent contribution from Robin Crosher will be continued in the next edition of the Baraza.

POLITICAL SOCIETY REFLECTIONS

By **John Platter** – Kirk/Grogan 1956-62

Having been mildly beaten by the Headmaster for an escapade subsequently regretted, the next time I visited R.H. James in his study a few of years later, he demonstrated a liberal nature, accepting a second chance to be redemptive when I walked in as President of the School's Political Society.

To him, these were routine 'courtesy introductions' of visiting political luminaries the Society invited. We boys were given a free hand to invite whom we liked and to conduct the proceedings. Staff could attend but not participate in the Q&A afterwards, which a few masters of course violated.

They could be spicy events. We invited white Kenyan political guests of course. But our real targets were black leaders, until then not allowed to punt themselves - and their seditious intentions - to us impressionable white teenagers.

So, a large, loquacious Sir Michael Blundell, a Guernsey cattle and asparagus farmer from Subukia, was the perfect foil when he regaled us with inconsequential stories of encounters with the royal playgirl of the day, Princess Margaret. He'd imagined himself delighting her - and had himself pictured with the Princess, handing her a 'bouquet' of his prize-winning asparagus!

More relevantly, we invited black nationalist agitators like Oginga Odinga (later Vice-President) who worked himself up - more than us - theatrically spewing flecks of foam. I chaired these sessions so my blazer

glistened. With Odinga, the dark art of saying one thing and meaning another was usually in full spate. (We later became friendly.)

We all knew what the colony's Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, thought. He said - privately of course - Mboya was 'intensely arrogant, sinister and evil' and to boot 'a lapsed Catholic with [unmentionable] morals....' Fine hypocrisy coming from the plenipotentiary of the British Crown whose subjects included the 'Happy Valley' cocaine-sniffing and wife-swapping crowd. Their licentious revelry was a byword around the 'empire'. Yes, Mboya was thought arrogant, even by his supporters. I once asked him about this. 'No, I'm not arrogant, I'm shy!' he said.

Mboya was a big-name guest – and in an entirely different class, in intellect, political energy, nous and clout. London bankers had begun to court him; he was altogether too quick for Baring; the Kennedys funded Mboya's 'airlift' of scores of the brightest black Kenyan students to U.S. universities, a beautiful, important story. Mboya mentored many of them personally, including a problem boy named Barack Obama, father of the 44th President of the U.S. Obama senior, a Harvard economist, grew into an even bigger (alcoholic) problem when he returned to Kenya. He sometimes drank, loudly, at our *Daily Nation* pub, the *Sans Chique*, lurching in at about 11 in the morning starting his day with triple whiskeys.

TIME magazine put Mboya on their cover in 1960, a massive international accolade. The story said he was schooled under a 'shade tree' doing his sums in the sand – and progressed to Oxford. The Catholic missionaries failed in one respect, in which Baring was right: Mboya was 'lapsed'.

He drove himself out to the school that evening in a recent-model cream Mercedes. Most politicians preferred an accompanying entourage. We only offered tea as refreshment. Unlike Odinga, Mboya spoke in complete sentences with few notes. In his London-cut grey suit and sharp Windsor-knotted tie – our masters preferred a rumpled, baggy look - he presented a confident youthful figure: calm, smiling, prepared, an unrecognizable version of his rabble-rousing self on the hustings.

'You guys, when you wake up you feel the floor beside your beds and you expect polished shoes, no? Polished by?' Mboya asked. 'Do you call them houseboys?' Hesitant laughter. He mimed us blearily fumbling the floor. His smooth, round face broke into chuckles, and relieved, we joined him. Then, '... while *their* kids are walking for hours barefoot to schools without windows.' He didn't know about our fagging system.

The big question of the night - and of that time was: black rule when, what kind of constitution, racial power-sharing, and so on. The tenor of our questions: What's the hurry?

I can't remember whether it was on this, or a subsequent occasion (we 'kept up' after I became a media hound) but with the smooth assurance that exasperated his rivals Mboya answered with deft questions of his own. 'You've read your Gladstone, haven't you?' Silence. 'Was Gladstone so wrong, Mboya asked, when he wrote':

'It's liberty that fits men for liberty. This proposition, like every other in politics, has its bounds, but it is far safer than the counter doctrine: wait till they are fit for it.'

That our colonial institution of learning was sensible enough, well before Uhuru, to encourage us youngsters to engage directly with Kenya's rebellious future rulers in a fairly unfettered way is a tribute to 'The Duko'. And the headmaster who caned me.

A postscript:

On a bright Saturday lunchtime in Nairobi on July 5, 1969, office workers streaming home and Uhuru behind us by six years, a slight, balding man in his thirties lurked with a briefcase outside Chania's Chemist in (then) Government Road.

Mboya, again alone and against the pleadings of his intimates, without bodyguards, went into Chania's to buy skin ointment. As he stepped out, the man raised a .37 Smith and Weston. He shot Mboya twice in the chest. He toppled backwards, his red shirt blackening with blood. He never uttered a word and died in seconds. He was 39.

He wasn't peccadilloes-free. But he was the ablest politician I ever encountered, the virtual Prime Minister - and the least 'tribal' of all ministers in Kenyatta's cabinets - in the five most critical transition years from colony to independent Kenya. An enduring personal lodestar.

He would have been so delighted to know Lenana named a house after him.

EAST AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY MEMORIES

By **Ken Doig** – Kirk 1961/64

My earliest recollection of the Coronation Safari, as it was then called, was in 1953, the year it started to commemorate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.



I was a boarder at Nyeri Primary School, and we were allowed to go out to watch the cars go by. How exciting that was. We spent all afternoon watching them come up the hill out of Nyeri and take the sharp corner on their way to Thomson Falls. Engines revving, cars sliding broadside, a few spins in clouds of dust and lots of waving from the Driver and co-driver. What more could a young boy want. The seed of inspiration was sown there and then. One day, I thought, that will be me!

Easter was Safari time. The whole of Kenya came to a stop either to compete, to watch or to help man the controls around the route. I watched the Safari every year and went mainly

to Nanyuki or on the road to Thomsons Falls. I recall watching John Manussis, in his Mercedes, in a great tussle with Bill Fritschy.

Whilst at Duke of York School, I always spent a week or 10 days in August staying with my great friend Mike Kirkland on his farm at Mitiburi, near Thika. What fun it was as Mike and I used to race his old jalopy around

the farm. It was basic, an engine, 4 wheels and two seats. No seat belts, what were they!!! We used to race around the coffee farm at speed doing handbrake turns, much to the delight of the farm staff. We also practiced foot brake turns on the farm tractor, a Massey Ferguson, where we locked one brake and then spun the steering wheel round so that the tractor faced in the opposite direction. Mike and I got very proficient at this and he put it into good effect in the real thing when he started Rallying. He was a great driver and I was sorry he never got to win the Safari.

My eldest brother David introduced me to being involved in rallying by asking me to help him run the control at Embu from 1961 to 1963. It was a brilliant location as it came at the end of the Meru/Embu section following 100 miles of hairpin bends in about 100 miles. We would get there at least 6 hours prior to the first car's expected time of arrival. We had official time clocks from the Safari Organisers and had to link up to the main clock in Nairobi. We also tuned into the BBC World Service to hear the pips and ensure that our clock was always precise. Despite that, it was surprising how many of the Safari navigators, when clocking in, disagreed with BBC time and relied on their own watches! They never won the argument!! A certain Italian used to argue every time. Now, now Mr Coniglio! (RIP you were a great guy)

In 1964 we ran the Nanyuki control, which was closer to us and easier to set up as my uncle had a farm a couple of miles from the control point. It was to be an all-night control session. The first car was due to arrive at 6pm. We set up our clocks. We heard a distinctive sound and sure enough the Saab number 28 of Erik Carlsson came into view, stopping a couple of hundred yards short of the control. David and I wondered why. A few minutes later they clocked in and I asked Gunnar Palm, the navigator, what the problem was. He said everything was fine. It was simply that they had cleaned the section from Thomsons Falls to Nanyuki without loss, so did not want to clock in too early!! This was despite the organisers having set a time they thought could not be beaten! We cleaned all his lights and windscreen, and they were soon on their way to Meru.

Some of the other famous drivers at the time who came through were Peter Hughes and Billy Young, who went on to win from Erik Carlsson. Mike Armstrong and Chris Bates, Nick Nowicki and Paddy Cliff and of course the "Simba wa Kenya" Joginder Singh and his brother Jaswant in the Lincoln Mercury Comet. Little did David and I know what a wonderful relationship we would later have with both Joginder and Davinder. We stayed up all night and eventually got to bed, very weary, at 8am the following day, having had the best control night ever.

That morning, I was woken by my mother to learn the sad news that, at some time that night, my lovely cousin had been tragically killed in a car accident in Germany. She was only 18. What a terrible thing to happen while her father had been helping me and David at the control.

David started to rally soon after his wedding in 1966, when he and Larry Sutcliffe entered a Peugeot 404 in the Safari. They retired with engine trouble from a very tough Safari in which only 9 finished.

By 1968, David and I were both farm managers close to one another near Lake Elmenteita. I was on Soysambu on Delamere Estates and David was farming on Eburru. We ran the 1969 and 1970 controls at the top of the Solai Escarpment. My great friend Mike Kirkland and his navigator John Rose were going well. Despite starting at number 46 in Kampala, they had gone right through the field and were in the top 10 cars to arrive. They went on to finish in 7th place. A wonderful achievement. Others to come through were Nick Nowicki then Joginder and Davinder Singh, who finished 2nd and 13th respectively, and Chrissie Michaelides and Lyn Robinson who finished 5th in their Volvo 122 S.

From the Subukia control we had a brilliant view of all the cars coming across the valley. I vividly recall Sandro Munari and Lofty Drews arriving in their Lancia Fulvia. He was not hanging around. He never did!! He slid sideways to stop at the control and said in his broken English "I hava no brakes!" It was no surprise that he did prang a bit later and retired.

David and I did our first Rally in Clare, his wife's, car. I don't think she knew we were going Rallying! It started in Nairobi and the Renault was bog standard. It had no Halda so we just used the car trip meter to measure our time and distance. We zeroed every junction. We never wrong slotted and we finished in the top 10! Joginder, who won it, chatted to us at the end. I don't think he thought we would finish.

On the way back, we stopped at the Bell Inn, Nakuru for an obligatory samosa. A lot of other drivers were there including Manjit Singh, who congratulated me on our result, which was kind. He then asked if I wanted to be his navigator for the rest of the year. Who was I to refuse? He drove a very quick Datsun 1200 coupe' which was nicknamed a mini 240Z! We developed a particularly good relationship which continued until I left Kenya in 1975. We had a lot of excellent results with that little car and had many a tussle with Hugh Lionnet, who drove a Peugeot, also in class A.



Whilst at Soysambu I persuaded my boss, Hugh Cholomondely, Lord Delamere that his Peugeot 504 was best being rallied rather than been driven round the farm. He astonished me by agreeing and we subsequently did about 6 local Rallies, finishing in all but one. On one occasion, we stayed the night at the Isaak Walton Inn in Embu where we shared a room. Having enjoyed a pleasant dinner washed down with a bottle of wine or two, we retired to bed. Hugh went out like a light and began to snore. My God could he snore! I tried to sleep but there is only so much a man can take. Eventually, in desperation, I hit him, the Rt Hon. Hugh Cholomondely, Lord Delamere, my boss, over the head with a pillow! It worked. He stopped snoring and I managed to get a couple of hours sleep myself. In the morning he woke up and asked 'Did you have a good night's sleep?' - I said 'you must be joking' and did admit to bashing him over the head with a pillow. He laughed and we remained good friends!

Ken Doig in his element – enjoying **mud**, mud glorious mud!



A BLAST FROM THE PAST

By **Joe Wainaina** – Thompson House – Class of 1977

Our boy was late. We had planned to meet at 1.00 pm but he didn't show up till past 3.00 pm and in the meanwhile the food was ready and getting cold, so we proceeded to dig in! So much for 'mzungu' time.

But I am getting ahead of myself so let's start from the beginning shall we.

Just before the festive season in early December of 2021 Neil D'Costa who lives and works in the UK came visiting Kenya to see his mother who has been ailing.

Neil is one of those guys with an infectious bonhomie around him and a product of Lenana School class of 77-82 of which I am also a proud alumnus.

He is also one of those guys that loves to eat.....his slight stature notwithstanding.....and he frequently posts picture of his culinary adventures during his frequent travels to exotic destinations around the globe on our WhatsApp class group!

So, what better place to meet then over a meal.....a '**koroga**' at Spice Roots Restaurant a popular koroga joint located at Simba Union Club in Nairobi.

But pray why was Neil late?

The peculiar thing that happens when a Kenyan comes visiting home is the pressure to meet up with friends and family mainly because you are around for such a limited number of days.

Neil had been invited for lunch by one of his relatives and much as he tried to weasel out of that engagement on account of his lunch engagement with his old classmates he couldn't and in fact he also had a dinner engagement with another set of relatives that same evening!

A few of us were available to meet up with him and surprise, surprise a former school mate from his primary School days at Hill School in Eldoret a lovely and lively lady (who was promptly given the 'honorary' old boy title) as this was supposed to be a reunion of Neil's primary school mates as well and she was the only one that made it!

After a scrumptious meal of chicken, mutton, prawns, chapati, rice and vegetables downed with copious amounts of beer, soft drinks and so on it was time for a group photograph with the boys (and gal) for those remaining.

Most of us hadn't seen Neil in 40 years so it was a great homecoming and get together with him and lots of stories were exchanged around the table.

Many times, we take our old friendships for granted but meeting up after a long time is always a pick me up and gives me a warm and fuzzy glow in the pit of my tummy. Our class group has made it a tradition to meet every 23rd January being the year that we joined Form 1 at Lenana School in 1977, and as I pen this note another reunion is loading.

As mentioned, Neil had a dinner engagement the same evening as he was flying to Eldoret the next morning where his mother is based, and he had to leave early with one of his uncles picking him up from the koroga!

It was great having you around Neil despite the short visit which I hope you enjoyed tremendously and if I am ever in the UK, I know you will be there for me.



Standing L-R: Joe Wainaina, David Ireri, Peter Kebati, Charles Kabiru, Onchi Maiko, Jerry Wakhu, Chris Mburu, JJ Mwangi

Seated L-R: Abednego Odhiambo, the 'honorary' old boy, Hakoma Boy, Frank Sabwa, Gikonyo Gitonga, Ben Watta, RB Ndungu



Neil is welcomed by Peter 'Tito' Kebati

KENYA SAMOSA RECIPE

From **Charlie Fraser** – Grogan 1964/69

Charlie has the reputation of producing the best Samosas outside of Mombasa. For those in far flung places who salivate at the thought of a decent Samosa - try this and let us know what you think:

Herewith the ingredients:

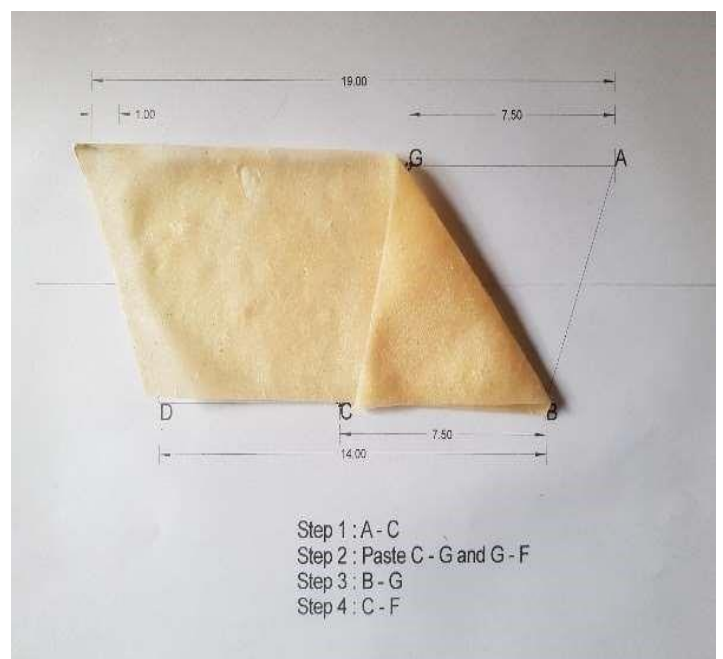
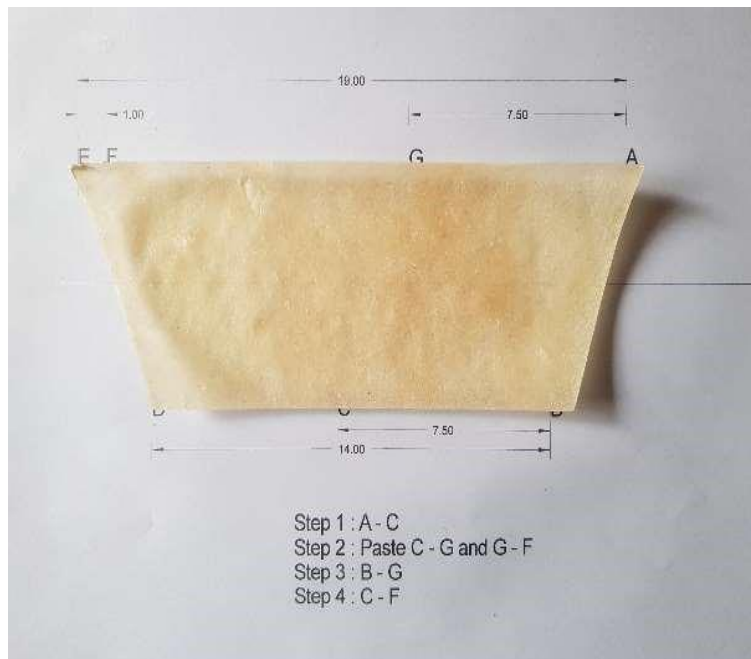
1. 200 gms minced beef
2. 300 gms chopped onions
3. 6 gms fresh grated ginger
4. 5 gms crushed garlic
5. 6 gms finely chopped chilis
6. 2 gms ground cumin (jeera)
7. 20 gms chopped fresh coriander (dhana)
8. 4 gms salt
9. 120 gms olive oil.

Proceed as follows:

1. Fry onions in olive oil at relatively low temperature until soft - should take 5 - 10 minutes
2. Add ginger, garlic, cumin and chillis and stir well
3. Add mince and salt and cook until the meat is no longer pink - should take another 5 minutes or so
4. Stir in chopped coriander and simmer for 1 - 2 minutes.
5. Allow mix to cool and then add to the samosa pastry
6. Fold into triangular parcels (see diagrams attached)
7. Deep fry at 200 deg C until crisp - should take 4 - 5 minutes.

My apologies in advance in the times given are not 100% as I have not actually timed the whole process.

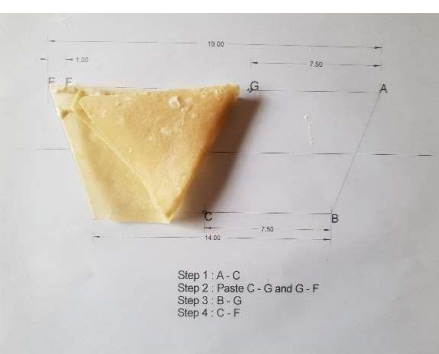
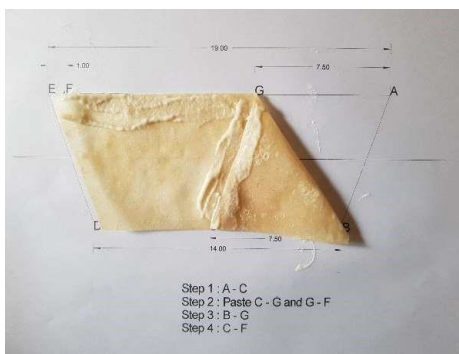
You can increase or decrease the chilli content depending on taste.



1. Pastry dimensions

2. Ready to start

3. First fold



4. Paste with flour/water mix

5. Second fold

6. Form pouch



7. Meat added

8. Paste lip of pouch

9. Finished product

ENJOY

SAMOSASUCCESS STORY

From **John O'Grady** – Kirk/Grogan 1956/62

Anyone who knows me will know that I do not, and cannot, cook. For me to attempt samosas is the equivalent of Boris Johnson passing a lie detector test. To be avoided at all costs. It is therefore quite amazing that I can now report back to you on the subject.

I began by making the samosa contents pretty much as per Charlie's ingredients list, but with a few extra chillies and some extra garlic; our having been long term residents in France explains this latter variation. Rita had managed to buy some filo pastry locally during the week, so I set about creating the samosas. I failed. No way could I measure and arrange the required filling, nor do the essential bit; brush the layers of filo pastry with melted butter and water and then fold them into triangles that stayed together. Fortunately, Rita was available to do this part of the process and Hallelujah we dined on 17 crispy, excellent tasting samosas. The bad news is that Rita wants me to make some more and, once I have recovered the necessary courage, and probably found an alternative to filo pastry, I shall try to oblige. I love samosas.

Thank you, Charlie for your recipe and guidance. If a different pastry proves to be a success, I may well have got myself a regular chore, but with a delicious outcome.

DUKE OF YORK – 1960 RUGBY 1ST XV

1960 was a memorable year, particularly those who were doing School Cert and Highers. It was the year that the Congo erupted and all but those taking important exams were evacuated to make way for refugees fleeing from the horrors that were being committed in that country at that time.

On a lighter note, re the same year: whilst Mike Johnson was preparing to move house, he came across this photograph of the 1960 Rugby 1st XV team and tried to remember the names of all those who were in it.

This kicked off a discussion which bounced around in a UK scrum between Johnson and Bridle, in the second row, before passing it on to Brooksbank, on the flank in Australia, who slipped it to Platter, scampering down the wing in South Africa, from where it was booted into touch. And there it rests.



Despite that impressive initial effort, the definitive line up is incomplete. A throw in awaits. Some doubts still remain. So far, those identified, from left to right, are:

Top row: Daubeney, A N Other, Bridle, Johnson, Thompson, Brooksbank
Middle row: Greathead, Brooks, Abel (captain -since deceased), Fowler, Rose
Bottom row: Platter, Fawcus, Mansfield, Loveland

Can you help with any additions or corrections? Maybe who played in what positions. If so, please send your answers to brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com

OBITUARIES

Richard Leakey – 1944/2022



Richard Erskine Frere Leakey was born in Nairobi on 19th December 1944, between brothers, Johnathan and Phillip, sons of Louis and Mary Leakey, the celebrated paleoanthropologists whose discoveries at Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania revolutionised theories of early human evolution.

Richard left the Duke of York School at the age of 16 but, despite his parental obsession with fossil hunting, he began a small business trapping and selling small animals to zoos and supplying skeletons to institutions abroad. By the age of 19 he had started a photographic safari business and learnt to fly.

After briefly joining his father on a fossil hunt in Western Kenya, Richard developed a late-flowering interest in palaeoanthropology. When undertaking an aerial reconnaissance flight over the eastern shore of Lake Rudolph, he discovered deposits rich with fossilised bones. This enabled him to obtain financial support from the National Geographic Society, but it caused a rift with his father

which lasted until shortly before Louis Leakey's death in 1972. Following a brief spell in the UK, and the receipt of additional financial support from European and American sources, Richard returned to Kenya and further exploration of the Koobi Fora area that proved to be a treasure trove of hominid relics.

In 1968, aged only 23, Richard was appointed director of the National Museum of Kenya. Over the course of 21 years, he built it into one of the most respected museums in Africa. In 1969 he contracted a bacterial infection that led to kidney failure. The condition worsened until 1979 when he was saved from death by a transplant from his younger brother Philip. Thereafter his fossil hunting continued on a smaller scale and in 1981 he made and presented the series *The Making of Mankind* for BBC2.

In 1989 his aura of success persuaded the president, Daniel Arap Moi, to appoint him director of the Kenya Wildlife Society. His ruthlessness in the cause of conservation made him enemies and there was said to be a price on his head that required him to travel with bodyguard protection. At that time poaching in Kenya was rife threatening to push many species to extinction.

He implemented a shoot-to-kill policy against poachers and stamped down on corruption, sacking half the KWS 4500 staff. He attracted over \$300 million from foreign donors and implemented community development programmes to give people living near wildlife reserves a stake in tourism. He successfully campaigned for a world-wide ban on the trade in ivory, symbolised in 1990 when a mountain of elephant tusks was set on fire by the President. In 1993 he narrowly survived a plane crash which resulted in the loss of the lower half of both his legs following which he had artificial replacements fitted and was soon walking on them.



In 1994 he resigned from the KWS after bitter disagreements with government officials. He helped establish the Safina (Ark) party, dedicated to attacking corruption and political repression in Kenya. Expressing frustration, he said that “a country with tremendous resources is still being so badly governed – there is no democracy in Kenya and at the end of the century it is time there was.” His views angered the President who branded him a racist and atheist. At one time he was attacked and beaten by Moi supporters.

In 1997 he was elected to parliament as a member of the opposition. That year the World Bank and the international Monetary Fund cut off all support for Kenya after a series of scandals involving the misuse of funds.

In 1999 the President once again turned to Richard restoring him to his job as head of KWS and subsequently appointed him as cabinet secretary with a brief to streamline the civil service and end corruption. The rapprochement with Moi proved short-lived and in March 2001 Richard resigned after his attempt to reduce the number of employees in Kenya's civil service was over ruled.

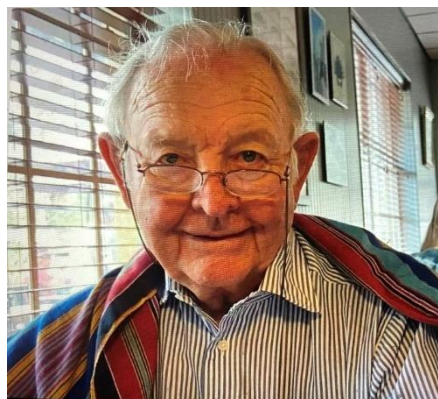
In 2003, Richard moved to the USA, becoming a president of anthropology at Stony Brook University, New York. In 2004 he founded Wildlife Direct a Kenya based charity established to provide support to conservation in Africa.

In 2007, he was appointed interim chairman of Transparency International Kenya branch and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 2015 he returned to Kenya when President Uhuru Kenyatta appointed him chairman of the board of KWS. During his life he wrote, or co-wrote with Roger Lewin, eight books including an autobiography, *One Life*, published in 1984.

Richard was first married in 1966 to Margaret Cropper, an archaeologist, with whom he had a daughter named Ana. That marriage was dissolved and in 1970 he married Maeve Epps, a zoologist and palaeontologist, with whom he had two daughters, Louise and Samira. Following his remarkable, varied and distinguished life, Richard Leakey died on 2nd January 2022. We send our sincere condolences to all the above, to his surviving brother Philip and the rest of the family.

Richard was also Patron of Kenya Optimum Trust and generous contributor to Msaada Kenya Trust. His enthusiasm and dedication to the country of his birth will be sadly missed.

DON ROOKEN-SMITH – 1936-2022



Donald Weir Rookan-Smith, son of Harold and Marge, was born in Nakuru Hospital in 1936. He was the oldest of three brothers and a sister who grew up on Merrowdown, their family farm in the Soy Uasin Gishu area, which was famous for raising some of Kenya's best grade cows which won many awards at the local agricultural shows.

Don went to Nakuru Primary School before joining the Duke of York in 1949 as one of the first intake, subsequently known as 49ers. He was very popular, excelled at all sports, gaining his colours in Hockey, Rugby, Cricket, Athletics and Boxing, and went on to be Head of Kirk in 1953.

After school, he attended the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester in the UK. Returning to Kenya he did his National Service with the Kenya Regiment and, when the Queen Mother visited Kenya, he carried her colours in the Kenya Regiment march past.

Don was an exceptional polo player. With a handicap of 6, he was the highest goal scorer, Kenya born player and went on to represent his country against touring teams from Rhodesia, Ethiopia and South Africa. He later played for Lord Cowdray in 1964.

Following his farming career, Don joined Abercrombie & Kent, and became part of a successful polo team put together by Geoffrey Kent, which toured America promoting the Company.

Following that, he emigrated, with his wife Mary and their young family, to Brazil and later moved to Florida in the USA, where he lived for the for the rest of his life.

Don stayed in touch with friends and family in Kenya. He remained interested in developments at the Duke of York School, was a long-standing member of the Old Yorkist Society, serving as Secretary and, later, as Chairman. He was equally interested after it became Lenana and was always happy to recount stories of the old days to Yorkists and Laibon alike.

It was a pleasure to many that Don brother Robert, visited the UK in 2019 and attended the Old Yorkist reunion in that year. At that time, his wife Mary was not well and unable to accompany him. Sadly, Don died on 9th January this year. He will be sadly missed.

Our sincere condolences go to Mary, his brothers, Bruce and Robert, daughters Zoe, Jane and Anne, the seven grand-children and one recently arrived great grand-child, Noah.

Ed: Some of the many tributes received in memory of Don are shown below.

TRIBUTES TO DON ROOKEN-SMITH

Hi Alan

That's very sad news. Don was a powerful presence, in more ways than one. I remember him knocking out his opponent in a Duko vs Prince of Wales boxing match, which caused a sensation. He was our heavyweight representative.

I also remember him playing polo with George James and other adults on the polo field adjacent to the grounds of the Royal Show, off Ngong road.

And as a team mate on various school teams. He was the first head of Kirk House, and a School Prefect.

Thanks for the news, sad as it is.

Eddie Green

Dear Al,

What sad news that you bring at the start of the new year. Don was my Head of House (Kirk of course) when I first went to Duko in 1952. I remember him with great affection and was so delighted to be able to meet him once again, after so much water under our bridges, at the Ken Reg and DOY reunions in London and Taunton in 2019. He always epitomised in my mind as being the perfect head of house in that he was kindly to us rabbles whilst at the same time making sure that we didn't step out of line and knew our place within the hierarchy of the day. I send my condolences to his family and all that knew him and look forward to reading any obituaries that might be published.

Robin Crosher

Sad news about Don. Had all the attributes of a fine and wise leader; a great brother.

Bruce Rookan-Smith

Dear Alan

When you write an obituary about Don be sure to mention his polo talent. He was certainly one of the best polo players ever to represent Kenya - he played off a 6 handicap and I don't think that any Kenya player got higher than that. In the late 1960s I toured America with him in a Kenya 'A' side The Simbas. Whilst we were representing Kenya, we were not the national side. Geoff Kent captained the team and used it as a very effective safari promotion gimmick. Anton Allen, the professional hunter, was the other member of our team but Don was by far the best. We had a lot of fun playing against Hawaii in Hawaii, Huston, Chicago and Dallas - even winning a few matches!

Salaams

Mark Milbank

Hi Alan

The presence of several 49'ers at the Taunton 2019 reunion was incredible. Since then, sadly we have had to bid farewell to Don Rookan-Smith.

I was a mere rabble when Don was Head of House, he seemed to be able to excel effortlessly as a scholar as well as any sport he played, a great example to all his juniors and fellow pupils. My thoughts go to his family.

Neil Morison

To The East Africa Rugby Community,

It is with sadness that I inform you of the passing of Don Rookan-Smith in Bradenton, Florida, USA on Sunday, the 9th of January. Don played rugger for the Duke of York School, the Kenya Regiment and the Eldoret Sports Club to name a few. In recent years he had been instrumental in assisting with the preservation of the history of these teams. In the East Africa rugby community, he was a legend on and off the pitch. He will be sorely missed. Our thoughts are his family.

William Cherry



CONDOLENCES

Laibon and Professor Norbert Opiyo Akech – 1954/2022



It is sad to report the sudden passing of much respected Laibon Norbert Opiyo Akech on 16th February 2022 in Ahmedabad, India.

He was a distinguished Geologist and long serving professor at the University of Nairobi. At the time of his death, he was heading the department of Physics and Earth Sciences at TUK and was also a board member of KIWASCO.

He was a gold member of the Geographical Society of Kenya, Geological Society of Africa and Kenya National Academy of Sciences and an integral member of CTBTO among many other international accolades.

Professor Opiyo Akech was born on 8th April 1954, the first of 15 children. He was husband to Pamela Opiyo and father to Francis, Jean, Michael, Allan and Alex Opiyo. We send our sincere condolences to them all and to the rest of the family.

Laibon Edward Nobel Bisamunyu – Mitchell 1973/78



We regret to advise that Edward Bisamunyu died on 28th February 2022 at his home in Kabala, Western Uganda.

He was a brilliant writer and playwright. During his time at Lenana School he was actively involved in drama and music festivals. In 1978, he was the winner of the school music prize and as, the School Choir Leader, led Lenana in the National Music Festival where they sang in front of President Jomo Kenyatta.

After graduating from University, he took his love of teaching to Africa, UK, USA and China before retiring to his home in Kabale where he would occasionally write stories and about his experiences that a fellow Laibon described were characterised with “wit, humour and intellect”

Our sincere condolences go to his family, school mates and many friends.

LENANA SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

A contribution from **Levi Witaka** – Music teacher

The Lenana School Orchestra was re-established in 2015, by the then music teacher, Mr. Ndeya, after receiving donations of old instruments from the Administration Police Band in Embakasi. This donation was facilitated by Dr. Duncan Wambugu (Mumia House '94). In 2016, Levi Wataka, together with the class of 1998 took up the running of the orchestra. They were able to engage volunteer quality tuition through an American teacher and band expert, Mrs Sandra-Daniel Njuguna, currently also director of band at Rosslyn Academy in Nairobi. The class raised funds to repair the donated instruments and to support Sandra's weekly visit to the school by providing a transport honorarium. The revamped school orchestra performed their first concert in August 2016.

The orchestra's momentum slowed off in 2017, with changes to the school principal, the Laibon Society chair and the school music teacher all in the same year. However, and gratefully, the new principal, Mr. Kemei, together with the new music teacher, Mr Anthony Njuguna and the Laibon Society chair, Mr Frank Mutua have offered invaluable support since then, with astounding educational, musical and developmental results for the boys in the orchestra. Apart from the success of the annual public concerts, the school orchestra continues to perform well in and out of school. In 2018-2019, five out of nine principal players of the prestigious Safaricom Youth Orchestra were from Lenana School. This was also the case in 2020. Several former players continue to hold principal positions at the Kenya Conservatoire of Music Orchestras- who are key partners to the program's operations, as well as in various bands, churches and schools in Nairobi.

The 2018 KCSE music class was one of the best in the history of Lenana school, posting one of the highest mean grades (11.0) in the country in an encouraging performance. The class had 3 Music students with A grades, 3 with A-, 1 B+ and 1 B.

In 2019, The Safaricom Youth Orchestra (SYO), which is the leading ensemble for young players in East and Central Africa saw Lenana represented by the highest number of players yet. Joining Jonathan Kiragu, CF House- 3F, we saw Rigobert Nick, Moi House-3H, Daniel Okumu, Moi House-3D, Dishon Moira, Moi house-3G, Peter Mwangi, Kinyanjui House- 3B all auditioning successfully for the orchestra. This was just as Pravin Maleya, Duncan Thumbi and others from class of 2018 were graduating from the orchestra, holding principal player positions on their instruments. At SYO, Lenana students, among many others, continue to learn their instruments at the highest level available in any school Kenya, including in the private schools' system. We are also glad for their leadership and noted exemplary discipline in this orchestra.

So far, Bryan Ngala and Judah Onesimus (2016) have completed degrees in music at Kenyatta University and are leaders in both classical and contemporary scenes in Nairobi. Moffat Kagiri (below) graduated with a degree in Actuarial Science at Daystar while David Njoroge (2016) is a principal tutor for the Ghetto Classics programme, under Art of Music Foundation, working for the Mombasa initiative. David has recently been proposed for a yearlong fellowship with the Academy for Impact in Music (AIM), joining young tutors from the all over the world in building leadership for social impact. Others include Duncan Thumbi (2018), Mastercard scholar at the United States International University-Africa and Pravin Maleya (2018)-Computer Science student at Riara University, who has also made his debut as a promising orchestral conductor with the Kenya Conservatoire of Music Prelude orchestra. Jonathan Kiragu (2020) was the main drummer at the Broadway Dreams workshop in 2021, playing on stage with Broadway's [Quentin Earl Darrington](#), who led the workshop.



The Way Forward



last 5 Years will live on for all the music students whose lives she has touched, and will be remembered for being a pillar to the foundation of the Lenana programme. A farewell dinner for Sandra will be organised by the class of '98, Laibons and Yorkists are warmly invited.

Back at school, we hope to improve the sheet music library, purchase lasting music stands and acquire a set of descant, treble, alto and bass recorders that will allow many more students to make a start on instrumental playing, before they access the few instruments available in the school in 2nd, 3rd and 4th form.

The school instruments were on full duty at the 2022 Founders Day Service, although in clear need for service, maintenance and repair. A new drive for music instruments is also overdue. The programme's weekly support has run dry, with only the support of our volunteers and a few kind gentlemen from class of '98. The programme runs efficiently on a modest budget of Ksh 40,000 a month, 9 months a year. This covers volunteer professionals for transport to and from school, offering 16 hours training. 8 to the choir and 8 to the instrumental ensemble. It also covers the sourcing and printing of sheet music and resources, instrumental repair and maintenance, orchestral accessories like woodwind reeds, drum sticks, valve oil and so on. We request Laiboni and Yorkist year groups to consider coming on board, to help pay for training for a month, a week, a year or an hour. It all makes a difference.

We are also looking to install music notation, recording and editing software in the school ICT suite, as a first step to towards offering music technology, a central part of music education and performance in the world today.

Please contact the school, the Laibon Society, Msaada Trust or Mr Levi Wataka (wataka.levi@gmail.com) if you would like to assist, with purchase of instruments, maintenance, training or in any other way.



Thank you indeed to the Msaada Trust for your support of this, and all initiatives that help to provide an all-round, quality education to the boys of Lenana School, the future of Kenya.

Elizabeth Knott presents a saxophone donation to former principal Mr. Mwangi and former music teacher, Mr Ndeya



A FEW WORDS FROM HADI MANJI

Mitchell House – left 1972

I trained in Medicine at Trinity Hall, Cambridge and The Middlesex Hospital. Whilst at Trinity Hall, I was flabbergasted to find out that Peter von Lany, for whom I had rabbled in my first year in Junior House, had been there a few years previously. Isn't life strange how it catches up with you?

I am now a Consultant Neurologist at the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery, Queen Square.

I was in Kenya a few years ago to give some lectures at the Kenyatta and Aga Khan Hospitals. Met up with Wycliffe Mukulu, Farid Mohammed and Iqbal Alibhai, all from the same vintage at the Duke of York School.

Both my two brothers, Mahmoud and Qahir, who were also at the Duke of York, and in Mitchell, live and work in London.

Ed writes: Hadi is too modest to refer to the award that he has recently received from the Association of British Neurologists which is shown on the following page. I am sure that all Old Yorkists and Laibon join me in congratulating him on this prestigious achievement.



Association of British Neurologists

Dr Hadi Manji
hadi.manji@nhs.net

27 September 2021

Dear Hadi

ABN Medallist 2022

As you know the ABN medal is traditionally presented at the Spring annual conference. I am pleased to report that the ABN council has nominated you as the proposed medallist for 2022 to honour both your contributions to neurology and to the ABN. I hope that you feel able to accept.

The conference next year will be in Harrogate, Wednesday 18 May – Friday 20 May 2022 with the medal presentation scheduled for Thursday. I do hope that you will be able to uphold tradition by delivering the medallist lecture?

Thomas Warner
President, Association of British Neurologists
president@abn.org.uk

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BILLABONG VISITS GWALIA, A GOLD MINE IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA GOLDFIELDS

During our trip to the outback areas north of Kalgoorlie we were keen to visit a goldmine. Our first choice was a mine called Thunderbox, its colourful name conjuring up all sorts of images. However, Thunderbox does not offer tours (surprisingly something to do with insufficient health and safety regulations), so instead we headed to the mine at Gwalia (a moniker much more attractive than Thunderbox and actually one of the poetic names for Wales). Gwalia and its ghost town is a tourism mecca for a number of reasons.

Gold was discovered there in 1896 and a London-based firm sent a young American mining engineer there to evaluate its prospects. The engineer did not have the experience that the job required (he was only 24) but he had a brilliant mind, great determination and a willingness to face what he described as “an array of severe conditions which must be struggled against...” By the time he left Gwalia in 1898, it was clear that the young man would go far. He certainly did; his name was Herbert Hoover and he became the 31st President of the United States.

We toured the beautifully preserved manager’s house Hoover had built. It took two years to complete, partly because he argued with upper management until he got them to spend 6 times the average house price on his home! He left Gwalia after only two years though, after introducing numerous innovative techniques to make the mine a great success. Many of them could be seen during our tour. His reward was promotion to China, where he was later recognised as the country’s leading engineer.

Now Gwalia is known as a ghost town; around 1000 people lived there by the late 1890s but they left when the mine closed in 1963. In 1983 new improved techniques and the price of gold made it become viable again and it re-opened. Today it holds its place as a successful enterprise in a country which has just (September 2021) overtaken China as the biggest gold producer in the world (China it seems has a “missing personnel” problem and some mines are under investigation!).

In 1996 the small local community marked the centenary of the opening of the mine by auctioning off the miners’ cottages so that new owners could restore them. Prices ranged from \$20 to the dizzy height of \$1000! Unfortunately, we didn’t know about the auction or we could have been the owners of an historic family home for the cost of a coffee and cake!



Rumour has it that the Memsahib was pretty disappointed at missing out on that. Unlike the van, at least it had an outside “dunny”

IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR - How many of you remember making booze at school?

Here’s one who does. It’s that story from **Roger Maudsley** - Kirk 1956/62

Bobs Harris turned up one day with a pickup full of his pineapples and we all lined up to get two or three fruit each. Cuccurullo made an alcoholic beverage out of his share and stored it in his sports-kit locker. If I remember rightly there was the odd “pop” during the night when the fermentation blew off a cork.

Sometime later, the housemaster was taking a visitor around the house and went into the locker room. As he said to the visitor “and this is where the boys keep their sports kit” he opened a locker at random. By

extreme bad luck it was Cuccurrullo's locker and the illustrious visitor was confronted by bottles of fermenting yellow hooch!

Another by Ken Doig - Kirk 1961/64

When I was in Kirk, I had a study at the far end of the Common Room which had a trap door into the void beneath the floor. I can't reveal the names of others who shared the accommodation for fear of incrimination; enough to say that void was the perfect place to conceal our illicit distillery!

Our recipe was quite sophisticated compared to most: it consisted of pineapple juice, sugar and yeast. The proportions of each, although rudimentary rather than scientific, soon proved to be working.

Initial forays in to the void confirmed that the mixture was bubbling nicely. Fermentation was progressing which confirmed that our guesstimated proportions were about right. It was still too early to taste but it promised to be a good vintage. Another few weeks and it would be perfect.

Unfortunately, what we had failed to predict was the level of combustion associated with active fermentation. At first the gentle popping of corks went unnoticed by the authorities. In retrospect, we were wrong to assume that this would continue. Those initial minor eruptions, which initially could be attributed to an acceptable degree of flatulence amongst the assembled presence of teenage boys doing their evening prep, progressively gave way to a more frequent outburst of orchestral sound.

The nearest we got to being caught by the Housemaster, who came in to say prayers, was when the muffled sound of exploding corks hitting the floorboards was averted by what we proclaimed was thunder to accompany the rain drumming on the corrugated iron roof that night.

The storm was divine intervention. A benevolent signal that the alcohol should be consumed before we were caught. Our time had run out. The alcohol should either be disposed of or drunk. We chose the latter and lived to regret it for the digestive repercussions lasted far longer than anything the Housemaster could have delivered!!

AND FINALLY

If you have enjoyed reading this, and previous versions of the Baraza, we have introduced a system of contributing to the cost of its publication. It is entirely optional and totally at your discretion so don't feel you have to, particularly if you already donate, but the modest charge of just £2.50 for each publication or £10 pa will be gratefully received. Our costs are not great and any surplus will go towards bursary funds which pay for secondary school education of boys who would otherwise be unable to afford it.

Please refer to the covering email which provides details of how easy it is to contribute by credit card.

Until next time, stay well and please keep those letters, articles and amusing anecdotes coming in.

Ed.