



Brooklands Baraza

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

Issue number 7

February 2023

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The first new lambs of the year provide welcome confirmation that a miserable few months here in the UK are nearly behind us. Persistent Covid, the late Queen's funeral, a farcical, but fortunately brief, appointment of a hopelessly incompetent new prime minister, England missing a vital penalty in the World Cup football etc have all been endured and are in the past.

We look forward to better times and to more contributions to this publication from you. Be inspired to put pen to paper send in your stories, anecdotes and memories. They are what we feed on. Without them we would not exist, so please keep them coming.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi there Al,

Congratulations on another Baraza. But shame on you for changing the title of my effort from "Lionomics" to "Wild Life Encounters"! Very pussyfooty! But it did elicit an email from Doug Duncan who seems to be living it up.

Great to read of adventures on Tana River and the settlement of Aussie. But I'm sorry Pete Neep limited the story of his time in South Africa to sports (except for his footnote on Mandela). Why did he decide to leave, for example.

You are probably tired of all the editing but I'm taking the opportunity to send another contribution on a subject that interests me - and which links Africa with South America. Let me know if it's worth including and whether you think it needs further work. **Ed adds: his Wars Unseen is attached**

Keep up the good work and happy picknicking!

Roger Maudsley

Hi Al,

Thanks for your latest edition – as usual a very good read.
All the best.

Peter Neep

Continued success with this excellent publication.... thanks for your efforts.
Salaams

John Harman

Thanks for publishing my article and giving some air to my books. Much appreciated.

Guy Hallowes

Superb as ever.
I remember 99% of the guys in the 1964 Rugby 1st XV
When is the Skydive? I need to watch this.
Something I always wanted to do!
I may even buy you a drink !!
Keep safe

Ken Doig

Dear Alan

A great read as always! Well done! I imagine Andrew Hillier will be in touch (or may already have been) about the recent sad (though not unexpected) death of Richard Tredget.

Novel 3 of the 'Graythorpe saga' is currently in production and I hope will be completed before year end. You will be kept informed.

Hope you survive the jump!

All the best
Chris Durrant

Good morning – reading the Baraza I noticed Paddy Cawdrey and was wondering if he was the same one I knew from Kisumu.

Interesting enough, Mike Johnson - Delamere 1955-1960, was my head of house when I joined the school.

I also was taught history by Mr Green – he gave me an abiding love of the subject, and was one of my teachers that gave me a life-long love of teaching. Unfortunately, I had to leave DoYs in 62 due to my father leaving EAR&H for the UK and never completed my education, this was done courtesy of the British army. I finally became a teacher of Technology and computers when I was 48. One of the most vivid memories of Mr Green that I have is how easy he was led astray with red herrings, always history based, and our dismay when they formed part of the history tests that he set. When teaching, I remembered him, often using him as an example to my classes. Even now, at 76, teaching private students here in Turkey, where I now live, I use him as an example to my students, the idiom of a Red Herring, and a teacher that used them to promote his love of history.

Alan Mitchell

I keep meaning to put pen to paper and produce something for the Baraza which I very much enjoy - my thanks to Alan and contributors for their efforts.

That OKT is supporting 23 pupils is testament to all your, and the trustees, efforts. I have read various newsletters and communications with great interest and have been greatly encouraged by the collaboration with the Laibons.

With best wishes for Christmas and the coming year,

Chris

Ed adds: Chris Callow is a major contributor to the Optimum Kenya Trust bursary fund and is writing here to our Treasurer, Nigel Gaymer

I forgot to thank you for a job well done. I look forward to having a dekko at my article when it appears in the Brooklands Baraza.

Charlie Swift.

THE COMBINED CADET FORCE CONTINUED; 1958 - 62

Extracts from The Yorkist journals *; see previous Brooklands Barazas for years 1951 to 1957.

Contributed by **Robin Crosher** – Kirk 1952/58.

Plenty happening in 1958.

The contingent was due to line the route for the Queen Mother's visit to Nairobi on 8th March; but after a week-end of bewildering counter-orders and false alarms the visit unfortunately never took place. Some Army cadets were honoured by an invitation to line the parade ground outside the City Hall for the Kenya Regiment 21st Birthday Parade on Saturday 21st May, and they were complimented on their steadiness. Another very creditable example of steadiness on a long parade was set a fortnight later by 25 Air Cadets who acted as ground-keepers for the Queen's Birthday Parade at Government House.



The Sea Cadets in the Pageant at the Royal Show at Mitchell Park.

The only other ceremonial parade this year has been the Annual General Inspection on 11th October when the Band, under the able direction of **Drum-Major Dawes**, performed well.



Spit and polish the day before General Inspection.

For the Sea Cadets a new feature has been sailing on Nairobi Dam, where much good fun and nautical experience have been gained thanks to the generosity of the skippers of the craft used and of the Aquasports Club.

Camps were arranged for Army and Sea Cadets in December. This will be the first Sea Cadet Camp for two years, and Mr. Yates has kindly offered to take charge of the cadets at Mombasa. It is hoped to take a record contingent of 160 cadets to the Army Cadet Camp at the Kenya Regiment Training Centre, Nakuru. Unfortunately the Air Cadet Camp had to be cancelled owing to lack of support.

The standard of shooting in the contingent seems to be steadily rising, judging from the numbers of cadets qualifying as marksmen or 1st class shots in the Empire Test. Before the schools league started we had two enjoyable friendly matches against Kenya Regiment instructors, both of which we won, and an internal match between Sea, Army and Air cadet teams in which the Air cadets narrowly defeated the Army cadets.

For most cadets .303 shooting can only be had at camp. In the third term our team were victors over the other two schools with a score of 419 out of a possible 560 points.

Members of our team also won several individual prizes: **G . Hutton** was top scorer of the three schools at 200 yards, with **P. Mouton** second.



At 500 yard C . Joubert had the highest score, and he succeeded also in defeating **J. Davies** in a shoot-off for the Legat Cup awarded for the highest aggregate at the two ranges. **T. Noad** was third.

1959, a difficult year:

This has been a difficult year, with a shortage of experienced instructors. Of our three Army officers Captain Morwood was away for the middle term, and the Sea Cadets have been without an officer until Mr. Bieneman's return in the third term. The Army Section has also severely felt the lack of experienced NCO instructors; this is partly the result of allowing sixth-formers to leave the C. C. F., and partly due to the present method of intake on an age basis, which means that many boys do not join the Cadet Force until they are well on in the third forms.

The biggest blow of the year was the drastic cut in the C.C.F. vote, which has made it impossible to have full camps. There will be no Sea Cadet Camp, nor any Air Camp. The fact that we will have had no Air Camp for two years running has forced us to disband the Air Section -- or at least to put it into "suspended animation" -- in 1960.

A very popular innovation for the Sea Cadets has been sailing on Nairobi Dam. The Air Section has probably come off worst, as attempts to arrange flights through the R.A.F. Eastleigh, have been abortive; but eight Air Cadets are greatly indebted to Hunting Clan for a fascinating flight round Mount Kenya in the new Viscount.



The **Drum Major, D. V. Dawes**, flings his mace high as he leads the parade up to the School.



March Past during The General Inspection.

The only ceremonial parades this year have been the Queen's Birthday Parade, to which we sent an Army contingent of ground-keepers, and our General Inspection in October; but there is also to be a Guard of Honour for Lord Twining on Speech Day. In spite of discouraging rehearsals the ceremonial part of the parade went off well helped by a good beat from the Band; the cadets under CSM **Tanner-Tremaine**

made a good effort in the March Past. **Dawes** stayed on as Drum Major for a second year, and it is mainly due to him that a largely inexperienced Band has reached a high standard. The buglers have undoubtedly been the weakest section, and they have been handicapped by a remarkably high casualty rate. Nevertheless they made a good effort on Inspection Day, and we have several new recruit buglers for next year.

Shooting: We have not been quite so successful as last year. In the Open Range Ashburton Shoot, although our score improved slightly on last year's, we failed to better the Prince of Wales' score. Our Captain of Shooting, **Mouton**, has been our most reliable shot, both small-bore and .303. He was unfortunate not to win the Legat Cup at Kahawa Range; but he had the consolation of being top scorer at 200 yards, and in addition he had the highest aggregate of any cadet.

Still managing in 1960 (no photos published this year)

We were fortunate to gain a new officer to the Army Section this year in Lt. D. H. Cooper -- our first new officer for three years. As the Air Cadets remain in "suspended animation" and the School grows, so the size of the Army Section has increased until it was over 360 strong in the last term of the year. The Sea Cadets carry on under the command of Acting Petty Officer Greathead. Unfortunately they have once again not had a camp and it is now two years since they have had any opportunity to train at Mombasa with the Royal East African Navy.

The House Small Bore Competition resulted in a win for Lugard with Speke second. The best individual shot and winner of the Peatling Bowl was Sgt **A. C. Colvile** of Lugard who obtained a "possible" to defeat L/Cpl. **M. R. Townley** of Thomson by a single point. Thanks to our "Sixth Form Volunteers" this year - **C.S.M. Fawcus**, C/Sgt. **Bowers**, Sgts. **Colvile**, **Von Senger M.**, **Kean** and **Patrickson**. Without their assistance we would have found it very difficult to carry on.

Army Camp: some eighty cadets at all stages of training from our Cadet Corps, and about the same number from the Prince of Wales and Saint Mary's combined, assembled at Nanyuki for what was to be a very successful annual camp. One day we moved out some 40 miles into the Mukogado area for field firing. Here we had practice in Sections in Defence and Attack, firing the S.M.G. and 2 in. Mortar. We spent the night under the stars lying on various types of thorn and Stink Ant (one cadet found a puff adder for company). In spite of the use of live ammo. there were fortunately no accidents and the Medical Orderlies had only numerous blisters to treat.

1961 The New Look Cadet Force

This has been a 'new-look' cadet force, which hardly any longer merits the word 'combined' in its title. Sadly, we no longer see the Sea Cadets on parade in their smart uniforms: they were unobtrusively disbanded at the beginning of the year, and so we have been left only with Army Cadets. But in the second term the Army Cadets went into



Inspection of the Contingent



their new uniform.

K.D. jackets and slacks have passed away unmourned, and everyone agrees that our cadets look much smarter in shorts, angola shirts and hosetops (Kenya Regiment pattern).

For the first time for several years we can now claim to have sufficient Army officers from the School Staff. Mr. Green joined us at the beginning of the year, and in the third term Mr. Ross started up a Signals Section, which we have not had for some years past.

With the help of cadre courses we have had the benefit of quite an enthusiastic and efficient team of cadet N.C.O. instructors headed by C.S.M. **R. W. Hacker**. It is perhaps not surprising that the Army training has shown a marked improvement in standard this year. We have had probably the best examination results ever - 95 per cent passes in the Basic Test, with a large number of Credits (the Joseph Wright Memorial



Trophy being won by Cdt. **D. R. Mulford** with the very high marks of 150 out of 160).

Our final parade this year will be on Speech Day, when a large number of enthusiastic cadets have volunteered for the Guard of Honour for the Deputy Governor, and the Drum and Bugle Band will also be on parade under Drum Major **O'Grady**.

A record number of over 130 cadets (50 per cent of the contingent) planned to attend Annual Camp at Nanyuki in August, but an end-of-term 'flu epidemic had reduced numbers to 104 by the time camp was due to start. The weather went very near to ruining the camp, and much of the training was curtailed.

Shooting: With our new German competition rifles the Shooting team, coached by Mr. O'Neill, began to produce better results on decimal targets, and we succeeded in winning the Hutchison Cup in the inter-school small-bore league run by the Kenya Rifle Association. The Peatling Bowl for the best individual shot on the miniature range was won by **B. McIvor** with the good score of 195 out of 200.

Our full-born shooting has not been so satisfactory. The brunt of the practices at Kahawa in the third term was borne by C.S.M. **Petra** and by our Captain of Shooting, Sgt. **M. Mills**. Their efforts were not as well rewarded as they should have been, and Prince of Wales completely thrashed us in the Kenya Ashburton Shoot, running away with all the trophies. Our only consolations were that we beat our last year's score by six points, and that we beat St. Mary's School.

And then it was 1962

This year has seen an increased diversity in training, and it is hoped that this trend may continue. Included is the long-awaited construction of an Assault Course in our own School grounds and is a magnificent piece of work with a great variety of obstacles through bundu and over streams.

For Annual Camp, held at the end of July at Nanyuki, we had the largest contingent with 120 cadets. Although, for the first time in seven years, we failed to retain the inter-schools cup, it was probably the most successful of all the camps we have attended.

For Ceremonial Parades we have had the Queen's Birthday Parade at Government and on Speech Day we are to have a Guard of Honour, under our senior cadet, R. S. M. **Dunt**, for the Guest of Honour, Maj.-Gen. R. E. Goodwin, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. On Saturday 20th October we had our Annual General Inspection. The Parade and March-past were quite impressive, and the Band under Drum-Major **Attwood** played well.



Shooting: Our small-bore shooting team retained the Hutchison Cup in the inter-school league run by the Kenya Rifle Association but it was a very narrow victory. Our aggregate of 3,248 points was actually four less than that of Prince of Wales School, whom we beat on match results.

R. F. Wilson, with a score of 97 out of 100, won the Peatling Bowl for the best individual shot on the miniature range; but **Buonajuti**, **Dawes** and **Gordon** all ran him close with scores of 96.

The Ashburton Shield and Legat Cup again went to Prince of Wales School; but with a score of 426 we narrowed the margin slightly. C/Sgt. **O'Connor** and L/Cpl. **Soper** were our most successful shots. We had one consolation in beating both Prince of Wales and St. Mary's Schools to win the Falling Plates Competition.

The Assault Course: The idea for constructing a School Assault Course was first mooted over a year and a half ago. The donga and bush wilderness of steep up-and-down banks, boulder-strewn and scarred rain gullies (and, incidentally, criss-crossed by game tracks and pitted with smokers' hideaways) -- that lies between Lugard, Speke and the Forest -- an ideally rugged terrain.

There was unavoidable delay in the arrival of the Royal Engineers, occasioned by the Kuwait crisis and then the floods which called upon all the Army's available resources. Meanwhile the schoolboys continued to put in their stint of hard manual labour and the route was cleared, but in many cases the obstacle foundations would not be dug as the ground proved too hard even for crowbars. Finally, the R.E.s arrived on the scene at the beginning of August. They stayed for a fortnight, lodging in Block IV.

In this period, they built the major obstacles of stout undressed timber, blasting out the sites with dynamite where necessary. It was agreed that in return the course should be made available to the cadet corps of the other schools.

It is stressed that the assault course is not only a military exercise but just as much a part of general physical training. It is a tough course designed fully to extend a boy's bodily fitness, his Co-ordination, sense of balance and determination. Timidity and lack of confidence or a clumsy step will probably result in a fall -- or a ducking in rather muddy water -- but nothing worse!

Ed writes: Again, many thanks to Robin Crosher for this penultimate edition of the history of the CCF at the Duke of York School, which he has gleaned from The Yorkist journals 1949 to 1969 which can be viewed or downloaded from <https://icedrive.net/s/bcsezBeggR>

OUTWARD BOUND MOUNTAIN SCHOOL DIARY

By Robin Swift – Kirk 1954/59

Sunday April 12th 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 13th

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 14th

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 15th

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 16th

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.

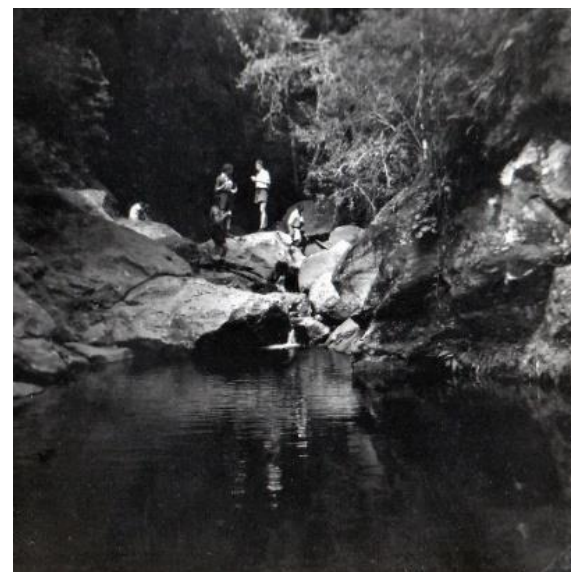
Friday April 17th

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 18th

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 19th

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. Elevenses 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 42nd. Mawenzi had the winner – Zadock – and the last was Masood. I walked some of the way.

Monday April 20th. (Written at 2nd 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 (elevenses) 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.

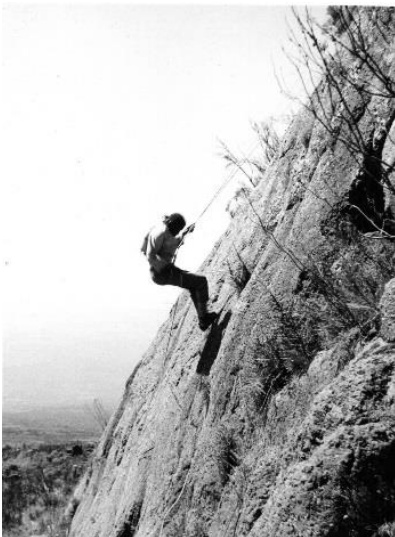
Tuesday 21st April.

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 22nd 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 23rd 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 1st 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 24th 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 25th 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 26th 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.

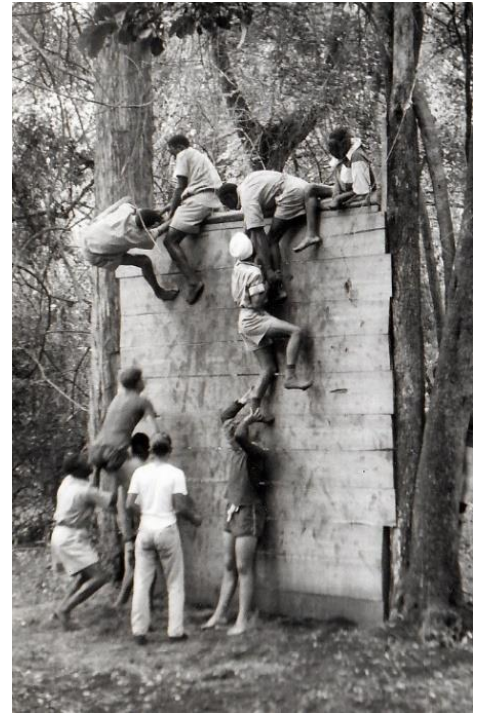
We went to town in a Landrover, the first motor car I have been in for a fortnight. After tea we had initiative games which included a tug of war, climbing across under a table and a blind walk. After supper we had a great time at a fancy dress. I was a sarge major.

Monday April 27th.

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 28th

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 29th

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 30th

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 1st

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 2nd

Up at 5.45 and breakfast at 6.30. We left this cave (2nd) 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 3rd

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



Do you remember any of these faces?

COINCIDENTAL MEETINGS IN THE OUTBACK

From Ian Batty – Kirk 1957/62

This is a story of two remarkable coincidences in 2008 in a remote outback town in Gove, Northern Territory called Nhulunbuy. We were there because I like to visit exotic, remote destinations that few people go to and Qantas had a flight out of Cairns.

We flew 4 hours to Cairns and then 3 hours on to Nhulunbuy which is famous for having a bauxite mine in nearby Gove. We arrived at 4pm on a flight full of miners in their fluorescent kit and got a taxi. You have to imagine a small community which has a liquor store, small super market, motel, and petrol station but little else. It has lost most of its inhabitants because the mine owners decided that it was cheaper to fly in miners for 2 weeks and turn them around to Cairns.

We checked into the Walkabout Lodge & Tavern. A motel which, surprisingly, had a lot more rooms than you would expect. We later found out that it enjoyed 100% occupancy, courtesy of the Northern Australian government, which had a contract to keep rooms for Indigenous people who required accommodation before flying to Darwin to attend hospitalisation or for other medical considerations.

We were given two single beds and retired for the night. I imagined that I was sliding to the floor all night and didn't sleep very well. The next morning, I realised that my bed had only three legs! Having found a member of staff, I asked if she could do anything.....her reply was that we were in Nhulunbuy. We can't just go down town to get another bedI said okay but can you at least supply a couple of bricks? The end result was very satisfactory as they gave us the manager's suite which was on the second floor.



Much to my wife's anguish, we had decided to stay for 10 nights and hired a 4wd car to explore. On one occasion we got into trouble in a crocodile area and decided enough was enough. This is their territory and, although there were magnificent beaches, you couldn't swim and needed to be observant at all times.

We enjoyed 3pm on most days when intrepid 4wd travellers with their caravans came to stay. They came down from Catherine in the Northern Territory in their vehicles which look like moon buggies. They couldn't camp out in the Arnhem Land for more than a night at a time, so book into the Walkabout Lodge for a shower and washing clothes as a big event.



One the fourth day we drove to the Gove mine and found to our delight a lovely bay near the loading docks of the big bulk bauxite ships. Incredibly there was a Yacht club of sorts and we lay down on the sandy beach and looked at the several yachts in the bay, some of which looked decidedly dejected.

As we watched the yachts, a man appeared, rowed to shore and filled a couple of barrels of fresh water from the Club tap. He waved to us and, on returning to his dinghy, came across for a chat.

Very quickly Karin, who is also from Kenya, and I thought his accent was familiar. When asked if he was from East Africa, he replied that he was and told us that he had attended the Duke of York School and had been in Mitchell house, circa 1960. **What an amazing coincidence!**

His first name was Rob. His story was that he had lived in Brisbane for many years. Then, following a divorce he chose an alternative life style; bought his second-hand small yacht and decided to explore the Australian coast.

Apparently, he had been in this bay for several months. He only had a small outboard motor and with the tide against him, he was unable to get out to sea. He had decided the only way out was with a tow from a larger yacht. We visited him for several days and one day he brought us a present of two, carved African heads. He said they might go down with him on one of his voyages and wanted us to have them.



Eventually, we left a box of goodies for him at the Yacht Club. He did phone us in Sydney a few weeks later to thank us. Frustratingly, we somehow lost his surname. We tried to discover his whereabouts but never succeeded. However, those African Heads he gave us remain in our office to this day and are fondly remembered.

When we got home, I was chatting with my next door neighbour, telling him and his new girlfriend where we had been. **By a second, amazing coincidence** she told us that she and her past husband had owned The Walkabout Lodge & Tavern in Nhulunbuy and had shared managing it by working 8 weeks at a time up there!

If anyone can recognize Rob from this story please either make direct contact with Ian, who would love to get back in touch with him, or do so via me at brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com

MEMORIES OF A LIFETIME

Alan Mitchell – Delamere 1960/62

Memory jogging is a difficult task. My father first went to Kenya to join his brother-in-law as engineer in a shipping line he had started in Mombasa. He then left to work for the Crown Agents, joined the EAR&H and was marine engineer in charge of shipbuilding at Kisumu, where we lived until December 1962.

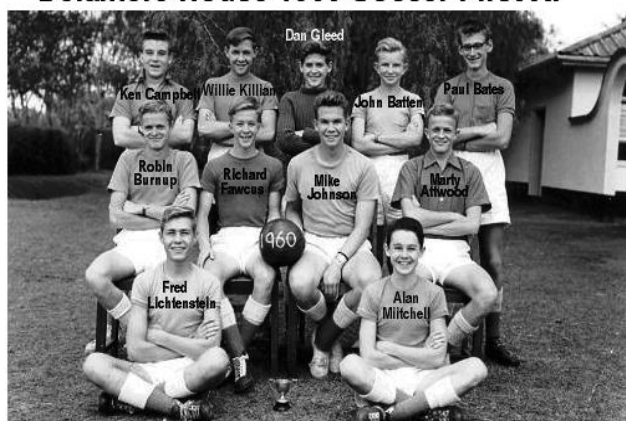
My first school was an infants' school in Kisumu and from there I went to Kericho European Primary. I was good at sports and terrible at anything academic. Reading school reports from that time, most say that I was a 'loner', would not mix, a 'lone wolf' and the best one, 'would not amount to much'. Years later, I became a teacher which upheld the statements of those who said I was a 'loner'.

At 14, I went to DoYs, Delamere house, where Mr Spencer was Housemaster, and Mike Johnson head of house. My cousin Peter Crook was there, in Thompson, which influenced my father's choice of school.

I must admit to once again being a bad student who loved school, the sport and messing about! Now, as a teacher myself, I would have been classified as ADHD with minor Autistic tendencies. I was banned from several classes, including Latin and several science

subjects, and was put into extra woodwork and metalwork. I doubt that anyone thought at that time how

Delamere House 1960 Soccer First XI



much it helped me to become as skilled with wood and metal as I did many years later. However, I was given an abiding love of history by an incredible teacher. I now live in Turkey, on the Aegean coast where a lot of what he taught about can still be seen.

I remember making transistor radios with Fred Lichtenstien and being taught how to cut hair by Robin Combes. Trying to make wine from the fruit salad down by the Donga, learning to use a catapult with great accuracy, and catching the s*** hawks, as we nicknamed the Kites, with baited fishing line.

Within months of leaving DOY in 1962, I joined the British army as an apprentice armourer, going to an Army Apprentice College in Carlisle. An establishment like DOY on steroids. Instead of prefects, there were military ranks, and I became a Sgt. I put to good use what I had learnt from school to become the company barber.

After Carlisle I was sent to 1 Glosters, and straight out to Swaziland, where we were on standby to go into Rhodesia and take it back from Ian Smith. However, Wilson's Government changed their minds at the last minute and we stayed in Swazi at the request of the King.

While there we sent men to Aden (not known) and a platoon to put down a riot for the French in Mauritius, (again not publicised) Whilst there I again applied the skill I had learnt at School to become Regimental barber. After a year of deployment and back to the UK for a short time, we were sent to Berlin which was officially still a war zone.

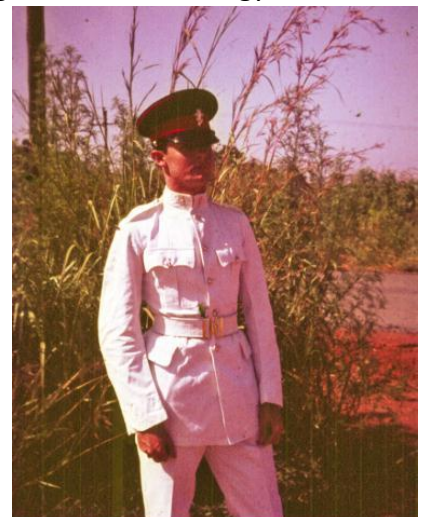
After a tour of three years, we returned to the UK, still classed as a 'spearhead battalion' and were soon shipped to Northern Ireland – where I decided to leave the military, and never regretted it.

I first worked on Concorde 2 in Bristol, for two years, then moved to Kent as a toolmaker for an instrument company, then as draughtsman. I left there and made moulds for the car industry; went as maintenance engineer for Marley foam, and a year later was installing the same moulds that I had made two years previously in high pressure injection units. I learnt about wearing and using hazmat gear for chemical spills; moved on and was foreman at a private dock, designing and making lifting gear and carrying out crane maintenance. Whilst there I was asked to bring a small coaster up to standard, changing the flag from German to British each time the ship called. I was then asked to finish the work off while sailing abroad which resulted in me getting a Seaman's book, leaving dock maintenance and working as a deck engineer on the small coaster, later to become mate and part owner.

My then wife and I started a company in Holland, where I was captain on a Dutch barge for ten years. During that time, I helped at a Dutch shipyard, teaching engineering and, as their quality control engineer, designed a bow thruster for small barges which rotated 360 degrees.

I then decided it was time for a change and finally, as a late developer, to get an education. So, at 48, I returned to UK and went to Greenwich University to take a BEd (Hons) degree as a technology teacher. I then taught in Royal Tunbridge Wells for fourteen years, at the same time owned and ran a pub, then a chicken farm and finally a boarding house in Lostwithiel, Cornwall, where my wife and I parted while I remained in teaching.

I remarried and moved to Bristol where my new wife taught and became Director of Boarding, I joined her as Housemaster/assistant, and I.T. teacher. Over the years I taught, Technology, Art, Design Graphics, ICT, and Workshop Engineering. We retired from there before being asked to help set up and teach at a new school in Chatham, Kent. I finally retired at 72 to live in Turkey, where for a short time I became a partner in a real estate company. I am now just a consultant but, with my wife, still teach English to a few private students.



MY UNACCOMPANIED WALK IN DEATH VALLEY

By Jimmy Cruickshank – Mitchell 1949

In June 1970, while I was manager of the Greenbank Swimming Pool in Street, Somerset, I decided to visit my old Nairobi rafikis, the Macfarlanes, now living in America. I planned to go for six weeks, and while there, do a walk in Death Valley, a place that had always fascinated me.

Usually, walkers do the length of the valley, from North to South, with a following vehicle carrying all their kit. I wanted to be different. I wanted to complete a circular trip, starting on the valley floor, up and over the Panamint Mountains, back down the valley, and then, with the Black Mountains on my left, across the edge of the Devil's Golf Course and back to my starting point, carrying everything I would require in a back-pack.

Soon after making that decision, I received a phone call from the Beckery School for Handicapped Children in Glastonbury, just 3 miles away. The lady asked if I would like to see their newly completed swimming pool. I went over the following day. It was a very nice pool, but I noticed that it had no changing rooms and was told that they could not afford to build them. I told her of my plans to visit Death Valley and offered to make it a sponsored walk to raise money for them to build their changing rooms. She was delighted and said yes.

I had already spoken to Ian Macfarlane about my plans and he was more than happy to take me there as it was somewhere he had always wanted to visit. I wrote to the Chief Ranger at the DVNP, and explained what I wanted to do. He said that would be fine, but only if I had a support vehicle to check on me from time to time, which I told him I had. He said that I should report to him when I got there.

First, a few details about Death Valley National Park:

It runs in roughly a North Westerly direction, north of Las Vegas, covers 5273 square miles and is situated partly in Nevada, and partly in California. It is bordered by the Black Mountains in the East, and the Panamint Mountains in the West. It is 140 miles long, and varies from 5 to 15 miles wide with the lowest point being 282 feet below sea level.

The valley floor is ten thousand feet lower than the surrounding mountains, and it has been found that the original valley floor is actually the same distance below the current one.

It is renowned for its dryness, and many a traveller in days long gone by, thinking the valley would prove a short cut to California, perished through lack of water. Despite that, there must be potable water hidden away in secret places around the valley, known only to the Big Horned Sheep, Coyotes, Deer, Burros, snakes, lizards and birds, that live there.

In fact, there are several small streams and pools on the valley floor, but being six times saltier than the ocean, the water is completely undrinkable although inch long Pup fish and Fairy shrimps live and thrive there.

Strange carvings, called petroglyphs, can be found on rock faces and stones arranged in intricate patterns, made shiny by desert varnish, caused by millennia of sunlight acting with the manganese in the rocks, although modern day Mohave Indians, are unable to decipher these works of 'art'.

In preparation for the walk, a friend made me a suit made of wool, donated by the British Wool board, with no seams which could cause chafing from my back-pack. Wool is an extremely good insulator.

My ex army pack, which I modified, weighed 60lbs. It contained medical equipment, maps, a compass, eating utensils, two aluminium plates, a kettle, a sleeping bag, a small methylated spirit stove, spare clothing, a space blanket, food, a Swiss Army knife, four 5 litre plastic bottles, for water, a few other bits and bobs, and a pack of salt, which I had been advised was necessary for fluid retention

When arranging my flight to America, I luckily saw an advert in our local paper from the Trowbridge and District Cage Bird Society, asking for people to make up the numbers on a Caledonian Airways charter flight, from Heathrow to Toronto, two-week return for £40. When I said I was interested but I didn't have any caged birds, they said. "No problem just say you have a canary"! Because I would be away for six weeks, I booked a return flight with BA.

It was a 56 hour Greyhound bus ride from Toronto to Reno, where Ian lived. The journey seemed endless and I can tell you, my bum was glad when we pulled into downtown Reno! After a couple days rest, Ian and I drove via San Francisco and Bakersfield, finally entering the Death Valley National Park from the south.

Having checked into the Furnace Creek Ranger HQ, just before they closed for the night. After they had checked my kit, we drove down to the valley floor where we spent an uncomfortable night in the car under a sky with millions of stars clearly visible. I finally drifted off to the mournful sound of a coyote somewhere in the distance.



Just after daybreak the following day, Ian and I had breakfast of a couple of sandwiches we had brought with us from San Francisco, stale but edible. I drank as much water as I could. Having said that I would see Ian at about lunchtime, I set off on my walk from just below the sea level sign. Behind me on the left is a basalt outcrop, known as the Dinosaur, because it resembles one lying with outstretched neck. Above that is my first destination, Augereberry Point, 11 miles up a game trail, and 6240 feet high.

That was when things started to go wrong!

It was only much later that I found out that, when checking in at the Furnace Creek Ranger HQ, that they had told Ian that it would take all day for me to reach Augereberry Point. Something he forgot to tell me!

The route I was taking up the mountain was a goat track. Not long after I started, given the steep incline, the heat and increase in altitude I began to find it hard going. After two hours I found that I had to keep stopping every fifty feet or so as my heart rate was reaching 140 bpm. After a minute or two, it soon dropped to normal and I was able to carry on. While climbing I used the syphon pipe that I had fitted to my water bottle which enabled me to drink without having to remove my back-pack.

Apart from distant braying from wild burros in an unseen arroyo off to my left, I climbed in absolute silence. There were no plane sounds, no birds singing, not even wind. It was almost as if I were the only person on the planet. Just as I was within sight of the top, both my thighs seized up with cramp. I could do nothing but stand there for a few minutes until it eased off and I was able to move on.

Having reached the top, I admired the view and waited for Ian to turn up. He didn't, so after leaving him a note, I carried on down until I reached the main road which would eventually lead me to my destination.

I had been walking for about two hours when I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye, on my right. I looked over, and there trotting along, keeping pace with me was a coyote. He glanced at me now and then, hoping that I was going to drop dead. An easy meal. A few minutes later, I looked again and he was gone!



Just before the sun set, the only vehicle I had seen all day, pulled alongside me and stopped. It was a ranger. He asked how things were going, and I made the mistake of telling him that I had lost contact with my support vehicle. He insisted that I get in and go back with him back to Furnace Creek. Damn!

Day one 31 miles.

It was dark when we got to the Ranger Station. He phoned the hotel, and was told that Mr Macfalane was indeed staying there, but was out sight-seeing. The ranger asked them to request that Ian contact the Rangers at Furnace Creek. They obviously didn't do that, as Ian subsequently said he never got the message. So, I was left outside the Ranger Station, and told to stay there until contact was made with Ian. Without bothering to eat I curled up in my sleeping bag, and slept the sleep of the dead.

The next morning a ranger woke me and introduced himself as Rocky McCreight. He was driving an unusual looking vehicle called a MiniMoke, resembling a shrunk Land Rover with the top cut off. He said they had called the hotel, but Ian had gone off on his travels again. Rocky said he would take me back to where I had been picked up the previous evening, where I was to wait there while they searched for Ian. Soon after, Ian arrived. Apparently, the previous evening he had found my note on Augereberry Point, and because he knew I was resourceful, had driven back to the hotel.

After a great breakfast of 'space age' Hungarian goulash, having arranged to meet up on the road that evening, Ian drove off and I carried on with my mission. On my way around the northern tip of Panamint Mountain, I passed the Stove Pipe Hotel which got its name from the time when miners had dug a well, found water, and then inserted a length of stove pipe to keep the well open.

It was very hot, I was sweating profusely and drinking lots of water. Again, it was totally silent except for the sound of my boots pounding the tarmac. After a few hours I came to an area known as the Devil's Cornfield, so named because of what resembled corn shocks, but were actually individual bushes of Arrow Weed. There were literally hundreds of them. Each bush growing on a mound of earth with their roots exposed by wind. Apparently amongst the clumps the temperature is 1c lower than elsewhere on the valley floor. The plant got its name because the native Indians used the stalks as arrows.

Ian arrived soon after that, looking nice and cool after his jaunt around the valley in the comfort of his air-conditioned car! As we sat scoffing a welcome supper of chicken rice and peas, followed by steaming mugs of coffee, we were entranced by the type of sunset you can only find in a desert. Ian then left to return to his hotel, leaving me with his room number.

It soon became pitch black until an enormous full moon rose from behind the Panamints. Again, it was quite eerie walking in silence apart from the boot slapping noise. Although it was a full moon, all I could make out were the mountains on either side, and the ribbon of road stretching out endlessly in front of me. After a nice cool walk for a change, I eventually reached the hotel, found Ian's room and hammered on his door until the lazy bugger finally woke and let me in!



He made me a cup of coffee, and I then left, with him saying he would meet me at my start/finish line in the morning. I made my way down to the hotel golf course, and yes, they have beautiful greens, kept that way by what seems to be an unlimited supply from aquifers in the hotel grounds.

I found a nice spot, got into my sleeping bag, and soon dropped off with the sounds of a lonely cayote howling away, telling the world of his loneliness.

Day two 37 miles.

I woke a short time after the sun had risen and stayed for a bit longer, in my lovely warm cocoon, because the desert nights and early mornings are very cold. After a few stretching exercises, it was on with my pack and away. After a few steps, I noticed pain in my feet as I walked, but that eased after a while.

I should have known that was warning of things to come.



I managed having to cross only part of the Devil's Golf Course, to the Valley floor with its uneven surface of soda crystals. The last few miles were then very uncomfortable. I made ankle-wrenching steps over ground completely covered with stones of all sizes which you can see in this photograph as I near the finishing line. Then I spotted Ian. When I was about two hundred yards from him, he began walking towards me. When we met, he produced three bottles of cool Budweiser from a bag. They went down so quickly I didn't even have time to taste them.

Day three 13 miles.

We got into the car which was literally like an oven. Ian switched on the air conditioning and opened all the doors to let out the scorching air. On the journey back to the hotel I began to feel the lovely effect of three gulped down beers.

At the hotel I ran a hot bath with lots of bubbly smelly stuff, and soaked there for about an hour. As soon as I stepped out of the bath, the pain in my feet was unbelievable.

I was then fully able to understand the screams of prisoners in Chinese jails being punished by having the soles of the feet beaten with a thick stick. It was my own fault really, because of my commitment to being at the pool all day, I had had done no training with a heavy pack and stout boots, which would strengthen my back and toughen the soles of my feet. I had also deliberately walked too fast as I felt guilty in taking Ian away from his fledgling business in Reno.

It was about a week before I could walk properly. During that time, I had walked 81 miles lost three toenails, and the skin on the ball and heel on both feet peeled away. Looking back, it had been a truly amazing and unforgettable experience. My only regrets are that I had not prepared with more pre-walk training and hadn't spent more time there.

Ed writes: This is Jimmy now

He lives in Somerset, England. He has had an interesting life and has many stories to tell - here are a couple:

In 1958 he had a horrendous crash whilst riding his motorcycle from Nairobi to Mombasa at speed. He was heading from West to East and collided with a baboon which was travelling from North to South. Guess which one survived.

In 1973 he started a hang-gliding club in SW England. He was the first to hang-glide from the top of Gastonbury Tor. The very next day he was the first person to crash on it. He survived that one too!



IT TAKES ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE TO MAKE A WORLD

By Guy Hallowes – Thomson 1955/59

My brother Paul (DOY late 50's) and his somewhat hesitant wife Lizzie moved to Mozambique in 1991, in the middle of a civil war, if one can believe it.

Even from the age of five Paul had resisted education. His nursery school teacher said, 'Paul is not ready for education'. This continued all the way through his school years. The issue was that he really didn't want to be told what to do by anyone.

Paul was brought up in Kenya and had, in his early twenties, before moving to Mozambique, run a trading store on behalf of his uncle, in the Nkwalini valley, near Eshowe, which is about a two hour drive north of the port city of Durban in what is now part of South Africa's Kwa-Zulu/Natal province.

He knew nothing about trading and, at the time, spoke no Zulu. He was accompanied by a rehabilitated prisoner, Victor, who helped him learn Zulu, something that was critical to the venture as all his customers were rural Zulus, who spoke little, if any, English.

He was left alone to make what he could of the situation, which suited him perfectly. He quickly learnt his trade and within a few months learnt to speak Zulu. The store was a great success.

Victor lived on site and to Paul's horror, one morning expecting to see cheerful Victor busy in the store all he found was a trail of blood coming from under Victor's door. He had been murdered, probably by fellow ex-prisoners. Paul, somehow managed to deal with the situation; in fact within a year he had built a cottage next to the store and moved in there himself. That incident together with his Kenya experience helped him deal with some of the violence he encountered later.

Paul moved on with his life; he ran his own butchery in Eshowe and then a safari business, travelling round most of Southern Africa.

By the early nineties, living in Durban and using his now fluent Zulu he ran a large group of African sales representatives promoting television programmes throughout rural Zululand and the Xhosa speaking areas, mainly the Transkei, of South Africa; Xhosa, being an Nguni language is very similar to Zulu. He was then asked to move to Johannesburg to take on the whole country.

Paul didn't really like living in Durban; he didn't like 'living in a row' to quote him but the thought of living in *Igoli* (Johannesburg), freaked him out, partly because he would be working in the same office as his boss; living in Durban, it was bad enough and he could often just ignore any suggestions/instructions coming from above, in Jo'burg that would be impossible of course. He also hated the impersonal nature of big cities and as far as Paul was concerned Jo'burg was just another ghastly large city, much bigger than Durban, of course.

So, he resigned his job, bought a second-hand caravan and he and Lizzie moved to Maputo (formerly Lourenco Marques) the Capital city of the independent, since 1975, country of Mozambique. Mozambique was a Portuguese Colony and its *lingua franca* was and remains Portuguese. At the time, neither Paul nor Lizzie spoke a word of Portuguese. Lizzie was apprehensive about the move, of course, but to her great credit consistently supported Paul.

When his doting mother, who was thinking of long-suffering Lizzie, asked why it couldn't be a new caravan, he answered, 'Well it would be a pity for a new caravan to be blown up by a land mine'. She wished she had never asked the question.



They established themselves in the campsite in central Maputo and eventually managed to erect a secure fence round what became four caravans and a thatched shelter, protected by a couple of fierce rottweilers. They ran several businesses from there, the most successful of which was obtaining visas for, mainly, visitors from South Africa who came for the inexpensive holidays offered by the country and for the big game fishing in the Mozambique channel, which hadn't been touched for more than thirty years, due, firstly the Mozambique war of independence and then the civil war that ensued.

The security situation was not easy. The ongoing civil war between the Frelimo Government forces and the rebel group of Renamo created a dangerous environment.

While this situation continued, Lizzie, for the first few years, if she needed to go to Durban, made the journey by air. Paul too, unless, as was often the case, he had had to go to South Africa for supplies. He had a personal rule to negotiate the border posts in the morning, 'before the soldiers had got themselves drunk' to quote him. He broke this rule once, passing through the Komatipoort Border Post, from South Africa, just before dark. A few k's down the road into Mozambique there was an armed man pointing a rifle at his vehicle. Paul just drove straight at him, much to the man's surprise, but he managed to fire one shot as he jumped away, which went through the windscreen and ricocheted off a ploughshare parked between the seats in the front of Paul's land cruiser, probably saving him from serious injury or possibly even saving his life. Others weren't so lucky- on several occasions in the same area, hapless travellers were brutally murdered, just for their vehicle and few possessions.

The Mozambique Government eventually put Paul and Lizzie out of business by setting up consulates in Jo'burg, Durban and Cape Town and insisting that all visas to enter the country were acquired through this route. As much as anything, the commercial opportunity this represented would have been important to the Government of Mozambique; there was no malice towards Paul and Lizzie personally. Both Paul and Lizzie were by this time fluent in Portuguese. Their Zulu skills were also important since the local language of the Shangaan people in Southern Mozambique is close to Zulu.

Did Paul 'retire hurt'? No, he did not. In part in response to the influx of rural Mozambicans to the cities, particularly Maputo, the Government had introduced a policy whereby suitable people could be given the 'right of occupation for one hundred years' to a piece of land, provided it was developed. Paul found a site of some one hundred or so hectares next the small village of Bobole about sixty kilometres north of Maputo on the main road north. He had a couple of boreholes drilled- large quantities of pure pristine water was the result. So he planned to build a motel on the site. Lizzie was always a strong supporter of this initiative. Neither of them wanted to return to South Africa 'with their tails between their legs', so to speak.

But first he had to obtain the permission of the local Chief and Administrator to occupy the land. His language skills of course helped, but as he went into the meeting the heavens opened and there was a massive thunderstorm. He was not asked any questions at all. As far as the authorities were concerned the thunderstorm was obviously a positive sign from a higher power and the requisite forms were signed there and then and Paul went on his way, the proud occupier of a sizable piece of land, now with a borehole.

So, he and Lizzie built a motel, named 'Casa Lisa' with Paul's own design and his own labour. The place consisted of a dozen or so chalets, built from concrete blocks, each with a shower and a bedroom and a couple of comfortable chairs, all the chalets were equipped with mosquito nets. There was a big central thatched banda with a reception area a bar and a good kitchen. Lizzie was in charge of the kitchen and the bookings. A campsite was established.

Casa Lisa was a success almost from the very start. They did very little promotional work but somehow the increasing number of visitors from South Africa, found them. Many of the visitors came with large retinue of caravans and deep sea fishing vessels and were often bound for Vilanculos which is some nine or ten hours driving further north and more convenient for the fishing grounds. Casa Lisa provided a secure place for the night as well as a decent meal, a bed and usually some congenial company. For security reasons staying in Maputo with such rigs was not an option.

Apart from providing employment for the people from Bobole village, they also built water points round the perimeter of the property and told the people in the village to 'help themselves'. All this obviously cemented their relationship with the local population; the employment was very welcome in what is a poor area of a poor country and the pure pristine borehole water was a far better option than fetching water from the nearby, polluted, Komati River, both from a health and convenience point of view.

The environment in that area is not easy. It is very hot in summer, and it is malarial- Paul and Lizzie took no anti-malarial prophylactics, which can cause other health problems if taken over a long period of time- they just stayed inside after dusk- there were appropriate screens in all the buildings. They used mosquito nets. Paul also provided the police with forty litres of diesel each week, so they would continue to patrol. The authorities provided limited fuel to the local police, mainly because they thought they would sell most of it.

There are also almost no recreational facilities in the area and overcrowded Maputo has its limitations, so the occasional trip to South Africa was really the only relief from the seven day weeks. In fact the motel in time was sometimes used as a 'getaway' venue for some of the expat population in Maputo. Most of the expat population was very transient. To quote Paul, 'we are the only expats I know who want to be here in Mozambique, people are either part of some UN agency or foreign Government representative, most of the rest are just part of the 'fast-buck' brigade, who want to make quick money and then get out if the country as fast as possible.'

In a couple of short years, the village of Bobole had been transformed from a dusty little place of no consequence to a relatively thriving place with a main street with a few shops, café's selling some of the basics including such items as Coca -Cola and chips. The only reason for its development was the existence of the motel.

They had more land than was needed for the motel, so they tried growing pineapples and potatoes on quite a large scale, which also provided more jobs. None of these initiatives worked out particularly well.

They sold 'Casa Lisa' (just the business, not the land) after a few years and built a new motel right next door 'The Blue Anchor', which was just an upgraded version of Casa Lisa and was equally successful. They repurchased 'Casa Lisa' in later years.

For many years Paul had had to generate his own electricity using an old Lister diesel engine, which was expensive. The Mozambique Government, as part of a wider electrification initiative, then included the village of Bobole to the programme. Paul's electricity costs dropped by 90 % as a result, certainly helping the finances of The Blue Anchor. Paul and Lizzie then installed air conditioning in all the chalets and main buildings as well as their own cottage and they built a swimming pool; both initiatives made the place much more attractive to visitors.

They ran the business for about twenty years but were looking for a retirement option since by then they were both approaching seventy. Their locally based eldest son, Nigel, who also spoke fluent Portuguese, Zulu, Afrikaans and of course English had agreed to leave his job and run the thriving business. However, one week before Nigel was due his local employers woke up to the fact that Nigel was leaving and doubled his salary and was offered all sorts of other incentives such as paid overseas trips. Nigel couldn't afford to turn such an offer down, so the arrangements for Paul and Lizzie's retirement temporarily fell apart.

Paul, unsuccessfully, over some years, tried to sell the business. He then learnt that Heineken, the Dutch based international brewer was looking for a site to build a brewery in Mozambique. Paul sought them out and eventually persuaded them to at least visit the motel site at Bobole.

Eventually Heineken agreed to purchase the whole business including rights to the land. As part of the agreement they also undertook to employ all the motel employees. Heineken was able to use the motel facilities for their construction crew and the brewery was built and started operations in 2018.

This was not the end of the story, however. For legal reasons, Heineken were only able to pay the purchase price in Mozambique. Paul wanted the money outside Mozambique, which has a fragile economy and uncertain exchange rates. Paul ensured that he strictly complied with local laws; he paid all his taxes and waited and waited. The reason given for Mozambique not being able to transfer the money offshore was that the country was short of foreign exchange. Paul was possibly expected to pay a bribe, something he was never tempted to do. Eventually the money was indeed transferred offshore, so Paul and Lizzie were able to implement their retirement plans. Paul and the long suffering Lizzie did not go to Mozambique for philanthropic reasons. However, their initiative their knowledge and understanding of Africa their language skills and the sympathetic way they dealt with the people of Mozambique, firstly eventually gave them the resources to enable them to retire in reasonable comfort and secondly, due to their initiative and their willingness to endure what to most of us would be seen as considerable hardships, they transformed the small village of Bobole into what is now the centre of what will become a major industrial area, providing many jobs for local people.



It's interesting that Paul and Lizzie take no credit for the transformation of Bobole. That was not why they went to Mozambique, they went there for personal reasons and to better themselves. They do see that their activities and initiatives transformed a small part of the country and the lives of the people who live there.

Much of what we hear and see about Africa is bad news and often a disaster. This true story gives one some hope for the future, but it does require a certain type of person to do what Paul and Lizzie managed to do.

Ed writes:

As many of you know, Guy is a prolific author and we have had the pleasure of reviewing several of his books in previous editions of the Baraza.

A review of his most recent book, What Tangled Web, available on Amazon, will feature in the next edition of this newsletter.

WARS UNSEEN

By Roger Maudsley – Kirk 1956/62

Our family arrived in Kenya in 1951. The following year, in the face of rebellion by Mau Mau of the Kikuyu tribe, a State of Emergency was declared. Living 8 miles from Nairobi, with a Kikuyu reserve a narrow valley away, I faced, as an 8 year old, no restrictions whatsoever on my movements. We build dens in the “bundu” and cycled everywhere.

A few events did suggest all was not well.

My father, equipped with a tiny automatic pistol, would go out on patrol at night around the Jeanes School compound where we lived. Once there was the sound of ululating women from the reserve. Guns displayed on publicity for films outside cinemas were covered over. And once, on the way to school, I remember seeing a white soldier with his gun, resting on the ground, pointing at two African suspects

Then there was the case of our house servant Oloo. He disappeared, returning two or three days later. I remember running up to greet him as he came up the garden, only to be roughly brushed aside. He was probably picked up in the Nairobi sweep called Operation Anvil.

Fast forward to arrival in Rhodesia in 1973, a time when I now read the Bush War was intensifying. In spite of this three of us made a camping trip around Rhodesia and Mozambique with little idea of what was happening. Although, if I remember rightly, newspapers were heavily censored.

Neither in Kenya or Rhodesia did I ever hear a shot fired in anger.

Fast forward again to 2022: Rio de Janeiro. Although we live on the tranquil beach of Leme, and have few qualms about venturing out day or night, our TV screens tell a very different story.

I don't think a day passes without multiple shootouts in Rio's favelas involving police, drug traffickers and “militias”. These latter are mafias made up of rogue ex-police, ex-army or ex-firemen that sell protection and, increasingly, services ranging from telephone, internet and cable-TV to gas and transport. Traffickers and militias dominate more than half the geographical area of metropolitan Rio.

Although our neighbourhood is bounded on one side by the sea, on the other is a hillside containing two favelas. The small size of the latter, and the presence of an army college at the end of the beach, means they are relatively peaceful. But not always.



Some years ago, I was awakened at 5 am by a pitched battle. From along a side street that leads to one of the favelas, half a kilometre away, came sounds of intense gun fire and the explosion of grenades. The exchange lasted for perhaps half an hour. I never found out who was fighting who or the casualty toll. And it hasn't happened since.

In Africa the fight was about land and political control in sparsely occupied lands; in Brazil the battles are about making money from drugs, mafia-type monopolies and crime in, and around, densely packed slum communities.

Is there some lesson to be drawn? It might be argued that the British and their rebellious kin handled things better while South American police are a law unto themselves. But look at the demographics: while the

entire populations of both Kenya in 1950 and Rhodesia in 1974 comprised some 6 million individuals, Rio de Janeiro's metropolitan area alone contains a similar number of people!

And look at the rewards. The achievement of political power in Africa brings its advantages but they don't compare with the billions of dollars generated by the ever-growing trade in cocaine and marijuana.

Given that repression has failed a clear lesson is that use of these drugs should be decriminalised.

I skipped more serious soldiering at school by joining the cadet band. And avoided military service in Kenya and Rhodesia by a matter of months. It's sobering that others were – and are – fighting to keep me safe.

Looking back now I regret not doing time in the armed forces. It's a duty one owes to the community. On the other hand, I'm thankful I didn't get inducted into Rhodesia's Bush War. Looking at videos of the time I see boys that could be my sixth-form schoolmates taking part in a conflict they couldn't win. And according to Caroline Elkins' meticulous "Imperial Reckoning" the success achieved in Kenya's Emergency was at the cost of some pretty nasty operations.

OBITUARIES

Jonny Havelock – Kirk 1956/62



For those who have not already heard, it is with great regret that we announce the passing on 27th September 2022 of Jonny Havelock LCJ, our OKT Patron, school contemporary and great friend.

After The Duke of York School, where he was head of Kirk House, Jonny obtained his LLB degree from Southampton University and then worked for a firm of solicitors in the City of London for 2 years before returning to Kenya in 1969 and qualifying as a Kenya Advocate. He rose through the ranks with several law firms in Kenya, including Kaplan & Stratton.

He then joined the Block Hotels Group as their Company Secretary and Legal Officer for 9 years and held a similar position with Barclays Bank for a further 4 year period.

Between 2005 and 2011 he was the Senior Partner in Havelock, Muriuki, Advocates before being appointed to the High Court as a Judge, mostly handling commercial cases. Although officially retired, he remained active in the High Court, was a Trustee for several charities and found time to fish, play golf and tennis. Despite failing health in recent years, he continued to enjoy the theatre and reading.

A further, more detailed obituary will follow in the next edition of the Brooklands Baraza.

In the meantime, we send sincere condolences to his wife Maureen and the family.

Richard Tredget – Lugard 1955/58

Sadly Richard died at his home in Mandurah, Western Australia on 23rd December 2022.

A fitting tribute to him is attached from his good friend Colin Brooks with whom we join in sending our sincere condolences to his wife Pam and the family.

Mike Gobble-Garrett – Elliot then Grogan 1958/61

Died 21st September 2022. He will be sorely missed. Our sincere condolences go to his wife Eleanor and family.

As you can see from his own words below, Mike remained active to the end:

“Yes, I am still quite involved in the Lawn Bowls scene since I sat and was accredited, in 2012, with World Bowls “International Technical Official” status and re-accredited for a further 5 years in 2017. I remain Chair of the State Umpires Committee Bowls WA. On top of that I have taken on the roles of ‘Presenter & Assessor’ to train and accredit Umpires and more recently went the ultimate step of assuming the position of ‘Train-the-trainer’ to create more P&As! I guess I am a glutton for punishment.....”

Lt. Col. (retd) Bruce Rooker-Smith, MLM – Kirk 1951/55



It is with sadness that news of the passing of Bruce Rooker-Smith, in South Africa, was received on 3rd. November, 2022, via his younger brother Rob (DOYS, Kirk – 1956-60).

Bruce was born on 3 June 1938 in Nakuru into a Pioneer Kenya farming family at Soy. He attended the local Primary School, before secondary education at the Duke of York School. As an all-round sportsman he contributed significantly to Kirk House and School teams gaining colours for Rugby (captain), Hockey, Soccer and Athletics. Bruce formed a lethal combination at hockey short corners. He would take a monumental swipe at the ball which had the goal keeper ducking for cover rather than trying to stop a guided missile! Two such goals helped the school win the coveted Craig Cup in 1955.

Outside of school he established a reputation as an excellent polo player for Kenya, combining with other family members, including elder brother Don (DOYS, Kirk – 1949-53) and as a rugby player for Eldoret.

Bruce inherited the family characteristic of ‘get up and go’, which led to his varied and interesting life, including studying at Cirencester Agricultural College, UK and ultimately in the Military where he achieved the following:

Enlisted in the Kenya Regiment, firstly as a volunteer on 15 September 1956 [KR6290] and later when called-up for compulsory military training on 13 July 1959 [KR6956]. He commanded the passing out parade on 12 December 1959 at KRTC, Lanet.

This led to training at Mons OCTU, UK, after which he joined the 17th/21st Lancers, serving in Hong Kong, Aden, Bahrain and Sennelager in West Germany. Followed by further service in Denmark, France and Italy. Eventually, after a posting to the UK as a Wing Instructor, Royal Armoured Corps Centre, Bovington, he moved back to Africa, where he joined the Rhodesian Light Infantry as OC Support Group.

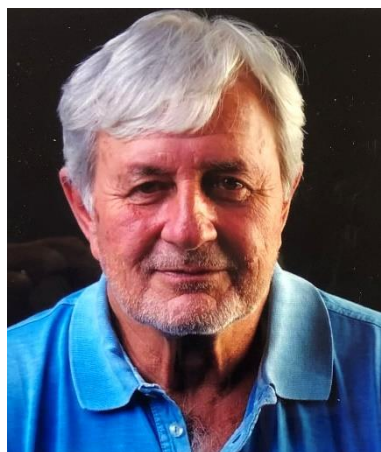
Bruce’s enthusiasm, spirit and leadership, led him to establish the Rhodesian Armoured Car Regiment. After serving for seven years as OC he was posted to HQ Security Force Auxiliaries. For his work there he was awarded the MLM (Member of the Legion of Merit, Rhodesia). After promotion to Lt Col in the 1st Zimbabwe Armoured Regiment, a posting to the Directorate of Army Training as GSO1 (Inspections) followed. He subsequently left the military and moved to South Africa taking up a post in the Examinations Section of the Natal Education Department.

Following retirement, for many years he was Chairman/Secretary/Treasurer, KwaZulu-Natal Kenya Regiment Association. Bruce dedicated his time to become the leading light and editor of the Kenya Regiment SITREP magazine. This herculean task started with manually compiling a summary Long Roll of those who served in the Kenya Regiment from the original service records stored in the UK. This Publication has been updated regularly to become the official worldwide Membership Directory. All those who served or were involved with The Kenya Regiment, will be eternally grateful for Bruce's devotion to the publication of SITREP. It now sits in the archive of history and will be regarded as a fitting legacy. He is also credited with writing the foreword to his Aunt, Heather Rookan-Smith's Book - Daisy's Daughter – Our Lives for Africa (ISBN: 978-0-6206854-3-6).

Our sincere condolences go to Peter, his son, and all the Family. May Bruce Rest in Peace after a lifetime of service and duty that benefited so many.

Ed adds many thanks to John Harman for providing this eloquent contribution.

Adrien McGuire – Delamere (Kinyanjui) House 1966/69



Adrien, was the youngest brother of Anthony McGuire (Lugard 1956/61) and Gerald McGuire (Lugard 1959/64)

He was a great swimmer, winning numerous awards for Lenana School. He was a great friend of the Old Yorkist Laibon Society. His stories about life in the Duke of York School in the 1960's were always of great interest.

He went on to become the Managing Director of Diners Club South Africa and became a renowned photographer in his later years.

He recently died in Johannesburg and our condolences go out to his family and friends.

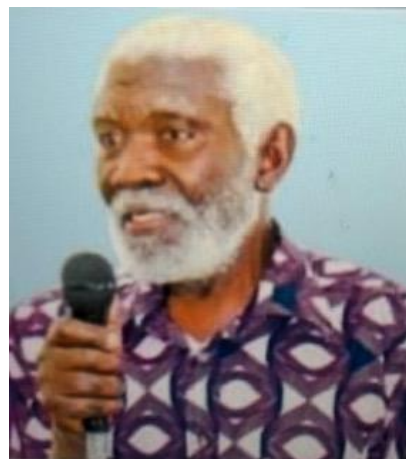
Ed writes: sadly, I do not know that date when Adrien died or anything of his family. Please write in with any information you may have on those important details and anything else about him and his life.

Laibon Edward Bernard Onginjo – Mumia House 1969/74

Edward was Head of Mumia House and was a great sportsman at school. He was captain of the first XV rugby team and first XI soccer team. He was also in the first XI hockey team and in the School athletics team.

He was the eldest brother to 4 brothers, all ex Mitchell House Laibon, one of whom, Aloyce Ollie Obiero, died in the Kenya Airways plane crash in Abidjan in 2000.

Edward died on 22nd November 2022. Our condolences go out to his family who tragically lost his father, Joseph Ochieng Kijana, the following day.



Richard Tredget, my Best Friend, RIP.

Colin Brooks - Thomson 1954/60

Richard Tredget and I both went to The Duke of York School. He was in Lugard. I was in Thomson. Sport was our major connection. I did not know him well until the holidays when my family would stay with the Hare's, our close family friends in Nakuru, and I entered teen-age mixed tennis competitions at the local club. Pairings must have been carefully arranged as I was not half as good at the game as Richard, but still managed to win a spoon with my partner on one occasion, my first and only trophy. Richard stood out as a very friendly enthusiast, full of fun, his face regularly breaking into a broad grin. I seem to remember his laugh was often, almost a self-conscious part chuckle, part giggle. He was a very talented wicket keeper and batsman at cricket. He played hockey 'left-handedly', with a right-handed hockey stick on the left wing, to very good effect.

On leaving school, he regretted missing the opportunity of entering the Kenya Regiment which many of us experienced, as he immediately flew to England to commence his apprenticeship, training as a quantity surveyor with 'Mowlem', one of the largest construction and civil engineering companies. Many young East Africans, arriving in UK, who didn't go to a college or university, where the sport and social life kicked in immediately, often found it difficult to settle. I believe Richard immediately got accommodation in the Hornsey YWCA, perhaps through his father's strong Christian beliefs, before moving out to join an old school pal, Nick Barraclough, in a flat in Gloucester Road. He had started the YMCA rugby club from scratch, using a municipal pitch, organising the team and the fixtures. It was some achievement considering he had only just arrived from Kenya. The club successfully continued for some years after he had left the hostel. I was subsequently roped in for one match, got injured and vowed never to play rugby again, not because of the injury, but because my eyesight no longer gave me the confidence that I had had at school to tackle hard.

Chris Bowers, who had been in Lugard with Richard at school, was very lucky to bump into him in Gloucester Road, London, at a time when he feared he might have to sleep on the street. Richard directed him to the YMCA for which Chris was ever thankful. It was a time when finances were tight. Pam Hare, (the Nakuru family friend), also bumped into Richard as she was at the Domestic Science College in the same street. She and I would attend dances together, as we both had romantic connections elsewhere, which is how I met Richard again. Chris Bowers told me that Richard had been extremely popular amongst the YMCA staff, known for his cheerfulness, smiles and optimism. Nothing seemed to 'phase' him, and he had an infectious laugh. We all occasionally attended evenings at the "Habari Club" social gatherings for East Africans in London.

Richard's work at one time, included doing the renovations of No.10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's home. When on a project in Stevenage, he rode his motorcycle to work each day, and on occasion would visit his uncle, who ran a bakery in the village of Potton, not too far away. One day he offered to take me on his motor bike, not my normal scene, to visit my then girlfriend Heather Bristow, who was at Bedford Physical Education College. On the way back to London it was freezing cold and despite his gloves, it took a while before circulation improved in his hands and the pain and red colour reduced.

Meanwhile, I had moved from one "Digs" to another and then into a flat with Lance Abel where Richard often visited us, including the time of the big freeze in 1962/63, when snow lay in London Streets for weeks on end. Soon after, Lance left for Zimbabwe to join the Police. I moved into a Guys Hospital student flat with two colleagues. When one flatmate left to re-join his pals, Richard moved in to replace him.

Robert Johnson the third flatmate, whose family lived in Hastings, reminds me that Dick, as we called Richard then, used to pick up a still hot loaf on his way back to the flat where we consumed it with lashings of butter. He remembers it was often added to the 'flat4' stew and overloaded it on several days running! We had to

disguise the onions and mushrooms we put in when Richard was not looking. Robert found his two Kenya flatmates rather strange, forever wandering about in kikois in the flat and outdoors when cleaning the car, to the amusement of any passers-by.

Robert was going out with a physiotherapist at Guys at the time and had been invited to a 'physios' party. Rob asked if his two flatmates could also come which was how Richard met Pam and their friendship blossomed. Robert's memories of Richard and Pam are that it took many devious arrangements to get him to ask her out on a date alone, rather than just going to a party. Robert assures me it was well engineered as Pam was not a socialite herself, which may be why they were so well suited. A year or two later, when I was certain I would qualify as a dentist, I proposed to Heather and chose Richard to be my Best Man. Six months after we were married, I was Best Man at Richard and Pam's wedding.

My nomadic life as an RAF dentist, who took every chance to go overseas, meant that

I had numerous acquaintances, but my real friends were those from school, university, and a few from service or civilian life that I keep in contact with, once or twice a year. However, despite our global travels Heather and I have always had regular contacts with Richard and Pam. We were especially glad to get the chance to live in Perth for nearly 4 years as I tried to get residency and then Australian citizenship.

When we arrived, Heather and I did not want to be a burden for Richard and Pam, so did not tell them of our arrival for six weeks. Eventually, dreading that we might bump into them, and so cause offence for not mentioned our plans sooner, I telephoned them one Friday, to say we were in town and we soon met up. It was just as well, because, on the following Monday, in the lunch hour, I was shopping for a birthday present for Heather, looking at handbags, when I noticed a couple on a similar mission, who looked very familiar. Richard's daughter Anne turned to her mother, Pam, and asked "Isn't that Colin looking at us in a funny way?" Indeed, it was.

During our time in Perth, we met many people from Kenya who we knew from our days at the Duke of York, the Kenya High school and the Kenya Regiment, through Richard's activities that we attended.

Richard and Pam and Heather and I, have both had children and grandchildren at roughly the same time. As we have exchanged family news by email over many years, we have noticed the same interests in sport developing to a greater or lesser extent in subsequent generations of both our families.

Sadly, Richard died on 23rd September and is very much missed. When witnessing his funeral via video link from the UK, and watching the celebration of his life so wonderfully organised with the music, the photographic history, and the heartfelt tributes by Richard's many friends describing his past achievements, many of which I was unaware of, made me even more pleased to call Richard **my best friend**.

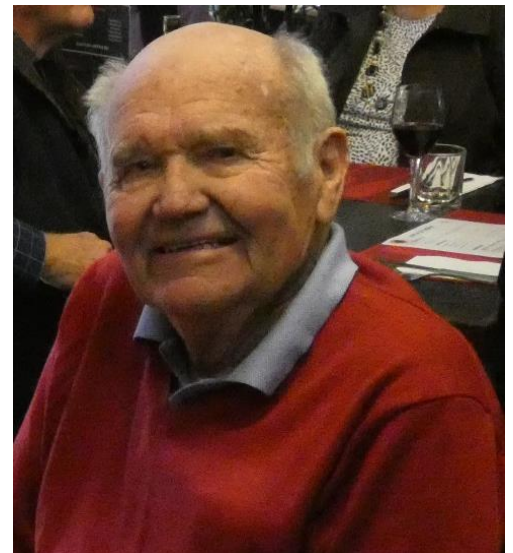


Photo shoot

Kim Darroch, who was the British Ambassador to Washington, and son of Mr Darroch, the school PE teacher in 1950/60 era, visited the School in November this year. The Principal, Mr Kimei, presented him with a tie and a lapel badge so Kim is now officially an Old Boy.



Ronnie Andrews and Lorraine Kirigia handing over math sets to our Bursary Boys.



New School rugby kit presented by the Laibon



World Teacher's Day award

On 5/10/22 Laibon Emmanuel Katana received the TSC and UNESCO Award of Honour for his outstanding performance in his job, transforming the lives of young people, supporting the community and caring for the environment.

He is currently employed by the TSC and stationed at Gongoni secondary school in Kilifi South where he is the Acting Deputy Principal.



A contingent of Class of 76-81, who have or are about to turn 60 this year, had a get-together on Monday 2nd January to meet overseas based classmates.



The following had not met since 1980...

Eric Cheluget (Top, 5th left), Mubia Waruru (top, 3rd right) and Frank Musyimi (top, 1st right) are all based in the USA, and Simon Njoe (bottom, 4th right) who works in Geneva.

It was a Great Re-union.

A tribute to Richard Leakey



“In the end, it is not the years in your life that counts, it is the life in your years”

Abraham Lincoln

Laying stones in his memory

DEVELOPMENTS AT THE SCHOOL

Dear Laibons and Old Yorkists,

On behalf of The Principal Mr William Kemei and the Board of Governors, the Laibon Society warmly welcomes you to the 74th Annual Founders Day church service on Sunday 29th January 2023 when:

The School will be officially breaking ground for the New Science Complex that will contain 9 Science Laboratories and 4 Digital ICT Classrooms.

The School will also officially open the newly built Tom Mboya House which will accommodate 288 boys and 2 staff families.

Your presence as an alumnus of this venerable institution will be greatly and warmly appreciated.

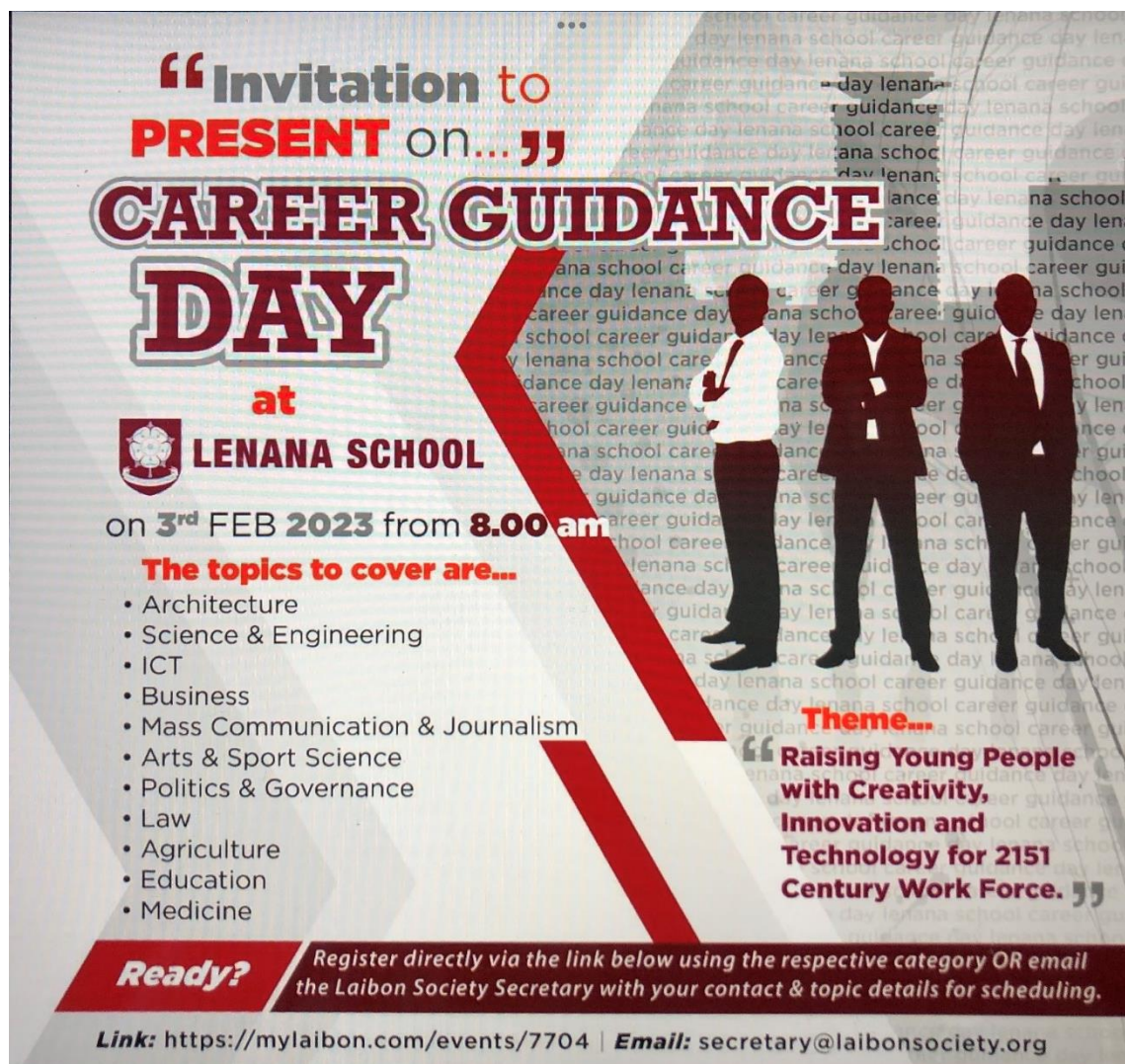
Regards,

Sidney Ashioya

Communications

Laibon Society

NIHIL PRAETER OPTIMUM



**“Invitation to
PRESENT on...”**

CAREER GUIDANCE DAY

**at
LENANA SCHOOL**

on **3rd FEB 2023** from **8.00 am**

The topics to cover are...

- Architecture
- Science & Engineering
- ICT
- Business
- Mass Communication & Journalism
- Arts & Sport Science
- Politics & Governance
- Law
- Agriculture
- Education
- Medicine

Theme...

**“Raising Young People
with Creativity,
Innovation and
Technology for 2151
Century Work Force.”**

Ready? Register directly via the link below using the respective category OR email the Laibon Society Secretary with your contact & topic details for scheduling.

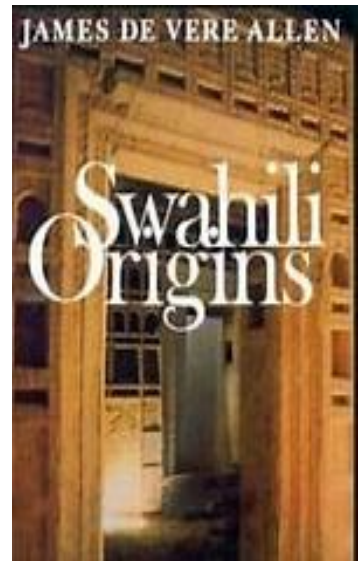
Link: <https://mylaibon.com/events/7704> | **Email:** secretary@laibonsociety.org

Swahili Origins, by James de Vere Allen

A review by Roger Maudsley

As a teacher who stimulated freethinking and as a leader on holiday expeditions to remote parts of Kenya "Jimmy Allen" was an important influence during my school days. It was sad to learn of his early death from illness at 54. My recent discovery of "Origins", a book that, according to his editor, contains de Vere Allen's life's work, was therefore an event of some importance to me. Thanks are due to John Middleton for editing the unfinished book for publication.

Not being a specialist in the field I cannot identify with any certainty the new ideas that de Vere Allen brings to the subject. On the other hand, the book sheds an immense amount of light on a history which for me did not go much beyond a beautiful East African coastline dotted with mysterious ruins, exotic towns and romantic dhows. I was not even clearly aware of the association of these things with the Swahili language. Even so, I must concede that the book is not an easy read and will only interest either an expert in the field or an enthusiastic amateur. It was only on a second reading that things began to fall into place for me.



It is clear from the start that the history of the Swahili, whose very existence as a people is disputed, is hampered by a sparse written record, limited archaeological work and the complexity of making sense of traditional practices and folk memories. We quickly become aware of de Vere Allen's deep knowledge of the field. More subtle, but equally impressive, are his techniques for teasing meaning from traditions and social structures and his ability to achieve challenging syntheses in conjunction with information from other sources. Of particular interest is his analysis of so-called "descent groups" as a motivating force behind part of Swahili colonization of the East African coast and his interpretation of myths of origin, where ancestry seems, in the first instance, to be more wishful thinking than fact.

For me, one piece of the story wasn't satisfactorily elucidated. We learn that probably the most important influence on the early formation of the Swahilis was the semi-mythical state of Shungwaya, whose capital was supposedly situated in the hinterland of Lamu. I was unable to understand the supposed dynamic between this state and early nearby Swahili coastal towns. Did the latter form part of "Greater Shungwaya" or were they independent "city states"? Were they even contemporaneous? And did Shungwaya's successor states later coalesce with the Swahili centres? In "Origins" we simply read that "Our main reason for supposing that the inhabitants of the former metropolis were absorbed into early Swahili society is that it is hard to see how the founders of early settlements could have sailed up and down the coast without them".

Covering more than a thousand years there is sufficient seed material in "Origins" for half a dozen books and one critical area in particular could be explored in greater depth: the maritime activities of the Swahili. How and where did the mtepe craft evolve? What are the traditions surrounding it (there are tantalizing references to special flags and other trappings)? What were the navigational techniques used? What was the full range of products commercialized on East African sea lanes? We read references that range from cattle and camels to cinnamon, iron and rock crystal. Is it too much to hope that one day someone will excavate shipwrecked trading vessels?

In the absence of documents and archaeological findings it is inevitable that full rein is given to theorizing. In the end the reader is left impatient for new archaeological data that might confirm or refute the ideas. Where are the ruins of Shungwaya/Rhapta (whose possible site "is occupied by lions, buffaloes and other fauna whose habits tend to inhibit academic exploration"!) and Kambalu? What was the extent of Malayan trans-Indian Ocean commercial contacts? Was Indonesia the real source of the cinnamon once supposed to originate in the Horn of Africa? Did the Swahili diaspora really reach the Maldives and India? And what was the impact of Swahili society on the hinterland of Africa, where millions in East Africa and the Congo today speak their language)? Anyone for a dig on the Comoros (between revolutions)?

IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR

Crawfordsburn Old Peoples Home,
Crawfordsburn,
Co. Down.
6th. August 1982

Mr.A.Walker,
Rank Zerox Ltd.,
Ulster Bank House,
Great Victoria Street,
Belfast. 2.

Dear Mr.Walker,

I want to thank you for the lovely transistor radio You and your District so kindly sent me for my Birthday. It is all the more wonderful that an absolute stranger like yourself remembers old people like me. I am 97 years old and have been at the Home for the last 26 years. We are treated very kindly but the lonely hours are very hard to bear.

My room mate Mrs.James has a radio but will never let me listen to it and often switchese off when I come into the room. Now I have one of my very own.

My grandsons and granddaughters are very nice and come to see me once a month but I know that they only come along from a sense of duty This is why your gift is all the more wonderful and thrilling to me as it was given out of compassion for a fellow human being. God bless you all.

To-day Mrs. James' radio broke down and she asked me if she could listen to mine. I told her to fuck off.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Grant
Mary Grant.

Ed writes: I apologise if anyone finds this offensive but it did make me laugh

THE NEXT EDITION

As mentioned earlier, the next edition of the Baraza (BB8) will include a review of Guy Hallowes book “What a Tangled Web” and another, excellent contribution from Ken Doig about the Safari Rally and other memories. He is a great raconteur. He lives quite close to me. We often meet and he always makes me laugh.

I hope it will also contain a description of the Skydive that my grand-daughter, Emily, and I are doing for charity. Much to our frustration, it was postponed last October, when the wind was too strong, and, with her being at university, plus the onset of winter, we haven't been able to rearrange it since. However, in the meantime, we have been astonished and deeply grateful that Optimum Kenya Trust has received sponsorship donations of £1,878 (including gift-aid) from family, friends and many of you, which is enough to pay for the education of three needy students for a full year at Lenana. We will now do it in the Spring. Donations can still be made using the payment methods set out below.



<https://www.optimumkenyatrust.org/alan-2022-charity-sky-dive>

Finally, I would thank all those who have contributed to this and past editions of the Baraza. I am always looking for new stories and other articles of interest. Please share your experiences with us and our readers who consist of Old Yorkists and Laibon alike. We enjoy them all. Please Send them to us at brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com
