



Brooklands Baraza

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

Issue number 8

July 2023

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When David Lichtenstein died four years ago, we lost a man who recognised the bond that exists between those who have a shared experience in the past and want to maintain that special friendship, wherever they may be or how far they have travelled since. A few of us, who still have a connection with the Duke of York/Lenana School, felt the need to maintain the momentum that David created with his annual Siku Kuu greetings. We wanted to stay in touch with old friends.

It was from there that the Brooklands Baraza emerged. Unlike David's monologue, the Baraza would be a newsletter which published and exchanged news through contributions from its readers. Despite concern that material and momentum would dry up, so far it has not. Our message to you is simply "thank you – please keep those stories and anecdotes coming."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thank you very much for the email with the Brooklands Baraza newsletter. I was pleased to see the memories of my husband Richard Tredget, but unfortunately the two dates referring to his death are both incorrect. In the Obituaries his death is stated as on 23rd December 2022, and in Colin Brooks' "My Best Friend" it is stated as the 23rd September 2022. Richard died on 24th September 2022. I would be very grateful if that could be noted.

With Kind Regards
Pam Tredget.

Ed writes: I most sincerely regret the errors referred to above and have apologised accordingly.

Thanks Alan...great work

John Harman

Many thanks always interesting.
I have forwarded it to my sister Celia in Vancouver.

Barry Bloomfield

Fascinating to read of peoples' lives ex-Duko. What a life Guy Hallows's brother has had!

Sorry for the mistake in my book review where the quote from Jimmy Allen's book should read 'whose possible site "is occupied by lions, buffaloes and other fauna whose habits tend to **inhibit** academic exploration"!)' and not **inhabit**! As an ex-translator and writer-editor I'm very aware that one can check a text a dozen times and still miss errors.

A technical detail. Now that the Baraza has grown in length it might be useful to link the titles in the list of contents to the articles themselves. It would save a lot of scrolling up and down.

And where on earth did you find Mary Grant's letter?

While you are looking forward to spring, here we awaiting relief from days of intense heat and high humidity.

Keep up the great work,
Roger Maudsley (in Brazil)

Brilliant!
Many thx.

Rgds. Joel Norton

Just a brief note to congratulate you on the latest edition of the Baraza. Lots of pics of past times and some entertaining stories from a number of subscribers.

At a Msaada Trust meeting earlier today I made known that I had just received a copy and from pretty well all round the table came a positive comment about the publication as a whole and " we look forward to seeing it too " expressions.

Gayling May

Dear All,

Congratulations and well done to you all for producing BB7. What a monster. What a huge delight. What a nostalgic tome.

Stay safe. Salaams
John O'Grady

Hi Al,

Another excellent read bringing back many happy memories of my youth! Well done to you, your contributors and backup team.

I was surprised to read that Richard Tredget had died. I had been swapping emails periodically with him ever since we visited Perth in 2000. We stayed with Mike O'Brian, a contemporary of ours at Duko, and visited Richard in his photography business. I knew he was in poor health but I wasn't aware that he had passed away. Very sad as both have now gone.

Keep up the great work you have taken on.

Kwaheri,

Robin Crosher

Thank you for your excellent work, I love reading all the articles although I left in 1956. Doenhoff was in my class and the writer of the school song was our Latin teacher, unfortunately he died before he could see us all pass our School certs with distinctions.

Peter Barham, Kirk 1950 to 1956

Well done on producing 7th edition of Mag, did you have previous connections with the printing industry ? I Have to say very disappointed in no news of Rob's whereabouts, I did think someone from Queensland would know something. Oh well so be it, maybe we will never know what happened to him.

Warm Regards. Ian Batty

Again, a terrific edition of the Baraza. Certainly keeps us all in touch.

Guy Hallows

Could you include me on your distribution list for your Brooklands Baraza. Just found the 'Yorkist' site and find it very interesting. I was at Duke of York '64-68' in Lugard.

Regards,
Gerry Kelly (in Australia)

Dear Alan

Just finished reading the Brooklands Baraza - Fantastic, you've excelled yourself with this issue. It's really good to hear about the adventures of the guys from our old school.

Best wishes
Mike Harrington

Dear Alan,

I am ploughing through your latest edition and enjoying the contents - congratulations for another absorbing edition.

Asante sana
Mike Johnson

This gratifying letter of success was addressed to Ronnie Andrews, Chairman of MSAADA Trust in Nairobi

Hello Sir

This is Suleiman, a beneficiary of MSAADA Trust. I was a candidate last year and managed to score straight A's. I applied for a scholarship to the United States and am glad to inform you that my application was successful. I would like to thank you, and the entire MSAADA team, for having supported me significantly in my high school. Were it not for MSAADA Trust I don't think I would have graduated from Lenana. Indeed, many thanks and God bless you.

Dates for your diary

14th October 2023 – East Africa Lunch

John Tucker advises that this year's East African lunch (the 65th) will be taking place in Bournemouth on 14 October 2023. Anyone interested in attending should contact Aiden Doyle at aidenldoyle@gmail.com for details. It is a great venue for meeting old chums.

27th July 2024 – Old Yorkist Reunion

In a letter from John Tucker is attached in which he announces that the Duke of York (Lenana) School 75th Anniversary Reunion will take place over the weekend of 25 to 28 July 2024 at the Cheltenham Chase Hotel, Shurdington Road, Brockworth, Gloucester, UK. His letter provides further details concerning the cost of accommodation etc. A reply sheet is included at the end of this newsletter which you will need to complete and return to him, as well as a separate email concerning the reunion which you hopefully received on the day of this baraza.

John Tucker
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SM5 3SB

Tel: (020) 8773 0068

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4 June 2023

Dear Old Yorkist/Laibon,

Duke of York (Lenana) School 75th Anniversary Reunion

Ken Doig, Alan May, and I are arranging another OY reunion in the UK to follow up on the three that were organized in 1999, 2009, and 2019. This reunion will celebrate the school's 75th anniversary.

In 2009 and 2019 Dave Lichtenstein very kindly sent my advance notification to all OYs for whom he had email addresses. Unfortunately, Dave is no longer with us and so Al May has kindly offered to include this letter with his next Baraza publication. Ken and I greatly appreciate Al's help here since we'd be stuffed without it owing to data protection legislation.

The reunion will take place over the weekend of 26 to 28 July 2024.

The venue we are considering is The Cheltenham Chase Hotel, Shurdington Road, Gloucester, GL3 4PB (Tel: 01452 51 99 88) who have offered us discounted nightly room rates of £89 single occupancy and £99 double. These rates are much better than those of the Holiday Inn, Taunton, our venue in previous years. The cost of the fork buffet meal will be £35 per head and will include venue hire, tip, and insurance.

I shall be grateful if you will please complete and return the accompanying reply form as soon as possible since this will assist us in concluding arrangements with the hotel. (form is at the end of this baraza and in a separate email you hopefully received)

Finally, just one request. It would be a great help if, after reading this letter, you would copy it to any OYs/Laibons with whom you are in contact to ensure we achieve as wide a circulation as possible. I ask since it would be a real shame if our attempt to bring together as many old boys together as possible to celebrate our old school's 75th anniversary were to fail through lack of publicity or interest.

Payment details will be covered in a subsequent communication depending on the response from everyone to this letter.

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

Yours sincerely,



J. P. Tucker

THE START OF THE DUKE OF YORK SCHOOL

Extracted from the first edition of The Yorkist magazine (Dec 1949)

In September 1948 there were no definite plans for the solution of the problem of overcrowding of Prince of Wales School in 1949. There were many rumours and several suggestions; these included extensions to the Hill School Eldoret, reconstruction of a derelict Polish camp at Rongai, and the conversion of buildings on Nakuru Aerodrome. None of these offered very bright prospects for the boys of a new European Secondary School.

At this point His Excellency the Governor stepped in and immediate action was taken for the building of a permanent School on a suitable site. The King's Day audience at Prince of Wales School remember the thrill with which they heard his announcement of the foundation of a new School to be named Duke of York School and to be equal in status to Prince of Wales School.

A site had been chosen in the Ngong Forest Reserve, eight miles from Nairobi, and the P.W.D. had been instructed to give the highest priority to the erection in pise-de-terre of the necessary buildings. They were given six months in which to prepare the site, draw the plans and build two Boarding Blocks. One of these would serve for living and the other, temporarily, for tuition.

In the meantime, the School was to start its life in January 1949 in Government House while the Governor and Lady Mitchell took up residence elsewhere. We shall always be grateful to them for their kindness and generosity. Four days later heavy machinery began to prepare the site, and in a few weeks the foundations of the School were laid and the staff consisted of:

Headmaster: Mr. R. H. James, M.A. (Oxon), Dip. Ed. (Lond.).

Assistant Masters: Mr. F. C. Harris, M.A. (Oxon.) O.B.E. Mr. H. R. Hesketh, B.A. (Bristol). Hon. C. E. Kitchener, B.A. (Cantab.).

The School opened in Government House with about 80 boys on January 27, 1949. His Excellency, the Governor, announced that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to present to the School a bible to commemorate the School's foundation and also his visit to Kenya as Duke of York.

For teaching purposes, the School was divided into three Standard V1 classes, and for easier administration into four Houses, Delamere, Kirk, Lugard, and Mitchell, all distinguished East Africans. Government House was turned upside down, but the Offices of State continued to function undisturbed--more or less. The Gold Drawing Room became an ink-stained classroom and the Parade Ground was turned into playing fields. Only the Ball Room remained unaltered and that was used for lectures, cinema shows and concerts.

A notable event was the fine Orchestral Concert on March 27th, given by Nairobi Orchestra before an audience of over 300 people. The proceeds were devoted to the Chapel Fund. The final success of the term was the winning of the British Legion five-a-side soccer competition for "under 14" teams for all Kenya Schools.

After an unavoidably long seven-week holiday the School started the second term of its existence in its own buildings, in a pleasant forest setting, a mile off the Ngong road and so far from other European settlements that it might be many miles from Nairobi. But it is not so peaceful as it sounds; the place is a hive of industry. Every member of the Staff has already started a garden and the boys spend a fair amount of time assisting with the general scheme of development. Avenues, lawns, car parks, playing fields, even a vegetable garden are well on the way. Shortage of funds and labour necessitate much scheming and contriving, but already much has been achieved in a short time.

The building operations meanwhile continue unabated, and the indefatigable P.W.D. are proceeding with the job of erecting this large School in a record short space of time. They are always with us, weekends and holidays included, and the sound of machinery is a permanent background to the usual noises of School life. In spite of the fact that the P.W.D. Staff seem to work twelve hours a day, they never fail to give us a little help or advice, which the occupation of new buildings often makes necessary. We all owe them a debt of gratitude.



The Present Tuition Blocks.

The buildings were officially opened by Sir Philip Mitchell on June 12, 1949 when the King's Bible was presented. The Prince of Wales Band took a large and efficient part in the proceedings. The Duke of York School must now settle down to the long and patient struggle to build up what we all hope will one day be a fitting rival to its elder brother, the Prince of Wales School.

THE CEREMONY OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE BIBLE



FACING. "The Ceremony of the Presentation of the Bible."



Inscription in Bible.

On Sunday, June 12th 1949. the Bible given by His Majesty, the King, was presented.

The school formed up facing the flagstaff at 3 o'clock. H.E. the Governor arrived; the Union Jack was hoisted, and the Band of the Prince of Wales School led the march to the Dining Hall where the service was to be held.

The Bishop of Mombasa, with the Provost and the Rev. Ian McCulloch, took the service. After the hymn "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," H.E. the Governor, presented the Bible to the Headmaster and said; "His Majesty our Gracious King has been pleased to send a personal present to this School of this Bible. It is a proud privilege which falls to me to present this gracious gift from His Majesty to you for use in this School. May God's word be a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our paths."

The Headmaster, Mr R H James, accepted the Bible in the name of the School "with gladness and pride. 'The National Anthem was sung. Sir Philip Mitchell read from the 119th Psalm, and the service ended with a hymn, prayers and the Blessing.

The school, the parents and the visitors, who filled the hall to the threshold, enjoyed the simplicity and appreciated the significance of the ceremony. May their thoughts and prayers be directed to the fulfilment of the wish expressed by the Headmaster as he accepted the Bible; "The Lord preserve our going out and our coming in for evermore. Amen"

Ed writes: many thanks must go to Robin Crosher for extracting this information from the first edition of The Yorkist magazine.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEAR

Peter Goodwin – Kirk 1950/54

In 1954, together with two others, I won The Governor's Spear for taking part in the first ascent of Kilimanjaro by a multi-racial group of schoolboys. I believe I was the first from the Duke of York to receive it. The other recipients were Samuel Masumba from Kisumu and Bashir Ahmed Meer from the Aga Khan school, Nairobi.

We were led by Major Dacre Stroud, a tough nut, who I think was an ex- Marine.

We were collected by an old Morris commercial bus from Nairobi railway station, had a good trip to Ulu and then onto the newly graded pipeline road which was very muddy and hard going. We eventually came to grief on some rocks where it transpired a track rod had bent through 90 degrees. Eventually, after a lot of discussion and with help from Yorkists, Pete Lucking, Tilman McRoberts and David Alp, using a hammer a spanner and a wheel brace, the job was done and we were able to proceed.

After two weeks spent getting fit, we set off. The climb was tough and the weather poor but it cleared as we arrived at the summit of Kilimanjaro at 6.30 am where we had the fantastic sight of Mt Kenya above the clouds in the distance.

After an hour or so, I started the descent with David Alp. We parted at top hut and I continued alone. Half way down, as I sat down for a rest in thick forest, something caught my eye among the bushes. On investigating I found a stash of about six elephant tusks which must have been there for years as they were well crazed. I never disclosed my find and, after nearly 70 years, I have long since forgotten where they were.

Arriving back in camp, a PWD foreman was leaving for Nairobi and gave me a lift. I never saw David Alp again. I have since met with Tilman several times and with Pete Lucking in Perth at the DOY Reunion in 1999. It was at this reunion that Harry Hesketh filmed two hours of the floor - he said it was because he was talking too much!

Those three weeks were a real adventure and well spent. I wonder what happened to the spear? Did it ever come back to the school? Does anybody know who else won the spear and where it is now?



The Acting Governor, Sir Frederick Crawford, presents a silver-plated Masai spear on which the names of Peter Goodwin, Samuel Masumba and Bashir Ahmed Meer were inscribed.

The Acting Governor said that he could think of no better principles on which to build the foundation of future generations than the motto of the Outward Bound Trust "to serve, to strive and not to yield"

Mr Erskine, chairman of the Combined Schools Association, added "The spear is a symbol of the thing we all believe in – a united Kenya"

Ed asks if anyone does know what happened to that stunning spear and where it is now, do please write to brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com and tell us.

MOUNT KENYA SAFARI

Chris Greaves – Speke 1956/62

I think it was 1961 or was it 1962, that James De V Allen (Jimmy), Nigel Gaymer, Chris Greaves and Roger Maudsley decided it was a good plan to climb Mount Kenya. This is the highest peak in Kenya, at 17,000 feet above sea level. The twin summits of Batian and Nelion require specialized rock climbing...not for us! Our, more modest objective was to reach the top hut, then take the hike across to Point Lenana which is situated at an altitude of 16000 feet.



We started to organize, obtaining army rucksacks, sleeping bags, water bottles, snow goggles, long pants and ponchos to protect us. By the time we had bought provisions for the trip and a small tent, our packs weighed 60 lbs each. Off we set in Jimmy's VW up the road past Thika, Nyeri and finally to Nanyuki where we purchased the necessary permits at the DC's office and a survey ordinance map from the Land Office. The man in the map office kindly pointed out an error in the map, that was to prove invaluable, later in the story. That night we stayed at the DC's rest house on the Naro Moro river. I remember we tried our hand at catching trout in the stream, (unsuccessfully). I remember corn on the cob for supper.

In the morning the Land Rover and driver we hired showed up and we started up the steep muddy track to the park entrance. I remember crossing a rickety bridge with a sign: "Elephants are requested to cross in single file". I am reminded of another sign I saw in the Scottish Highlands : "Beware of sheep". At the gate, we signed in with the guard and proceeded up the track on foot. We quickly split into two groups: Nigel and Roger, Jimmy and Chris. Nigel and Roger, being a lot fitter, sped on ahead. The two of us plodded on behind.

The track passed through the forest for a mile or two, then broke out above the tree-line into a boggy moorland. Here the track keeps to a ridge, with the Teliki Valley on the left. After several hours of hard slog and a rest every 50 paces, or so, the trail passed down the side of the valley, ending up at the bottom hut, also known as "Two Tarn Hut", on account of the delightful tarns (lakes). This would be our first night on the mountain. The rock hyraxes, birds and mice were delighted to see us, expecting us to feed them well. We tied our provisions to the rafters to protect them and we took special precautions to stop the mice feeding on our toes while we slept. The morning brought frost and ice on the tarns, which we had to break for fresh water. Roger cooked eggs(basted) and bacon for breakfast, Funny how you can remember this after 60 years!

Then it was a new slog up to the top hut. The trail leads up to the right of the Lewis Glacier, up the scree consisting of loose gravel deposited by the glacier. This was my first experience with snow, so that was quite a novelty.

Finally, with our snow goggles on, we reached the top hut and unlocked it. What a surprise! Generations of climbers has transported excess provisions up the mountain and decided to leave them there rather than take them back down the mountain. I remember opening a tin of army-issued chocolates dated 1935!



The next morning, the weather rolled in...rain sleet and snow, followed by low clouds. We were not venturing to Point Lenana...or anywhere for that matter! We were holed up for the day and night. To meet up with our ride, we had to get back down the mountain in one day. We set off, back-tracking along the route we took. Half way down the Teliki Valley ridge, the fog and rain again closed in again.

Jimmy and I got lost, heading down the far side of the ridge, instead of along the edge of the ridge. We realized we were well and truly lost when we found a shallow cave to shelter in. Ominously,

we found the remains of a burnt-out rucksack, where another lost soul had tried to keep warm. We decided to press on. We were soon at the tree line, and this is where the map error was important, without that knowledge, we would have turned left, but instead, we turned right. A stream was drawn in the wrong spot. After following a game track for a few hours, we broke out onto the original track again, and made our way down to the park gate, expecting to find Roger and Nigel. But no...they were not there. We decided to await their arrival. The guard kindly brewed hot cocoa for the exhausted pair. By morning, still no sign of the other pair, so back up we trekked, and were relieved to meet them on the way down. They had camped out overnight with one complication...we had the poles and they had the tent!

After a trip back down, it was off to a hotel for a good feed!

Hi Chris,

Great to hear from you! What a memory you have to remember details of our trip of some 60 years ago!

I can only remember bits and pieces: hiking up through the forest and hearing the sound of an elephant; the mice in the hut and very tame birds; losing you and Jimmy in the clouds on the way down; finding some kind of bivouac frame over which Nigel and I draped the canvas of the tentpole-less tent; and the great feed we had at a hotel when we got down!

There is nothing I'd change. Oddly I seem to have read part of the piece before. I'm attaching the only photo I can find. *Ed adds: this is the black & white photo now included in the text above.*

Cheers,
Roger (Maudsley)

“WATEMBEZI”- the pioneers of Kenya 7s

By Cliff Mkulu

“Watembezi Pace setters” laid the foundation for Kenya’s entry onto the World Rugby stage via 7s rugby. Lenana School (and Nairobi School) Old Boys were the founders and main components of the Watembezi team and they all played a significant part in the acceptance of Kenya Rugby into the World rugby fraternity.

It is a great story behind one of today’s main sporting competitions of the rugby year.

Way back in 1981, while working for an American Bank, I had been posted to Dubai for financial markets exposure. In those days there were no direct flights to Dubai. Kenya Airways started flying to Dubai in 1982 and Emirates did not exist. Dubai was just a small hamlet more known for its dhows and its gold Suk (market)

On arriving there as a young man, with little to do in my free time, I enquired about sporting activities especially rugby having learned and honed my skills at Lenana School, founded and played for Nairobi University’s “Black Blood”, toured Canada with Nondies and played for Kenya. I was advised to try Dubai Exiles, in the outskirts of the city where there was also the golf course without a single blade of grass! The greens were “browns”. Today Dubai is visited by some of the best players in the world and has some of the best golf courses in the world - with grass!

The players at Exiles, who were all expatriates from Europe, the USA and UK, were surprised that a young black man from Africa played rugby and could actually kick the ball well. Here I met Guy Forsyth who dropped me back home and offered to pick me up for training. I ended playing for Exiles for several weeks including in a tournament in Sharjah which we won and each player got a token of pure silver worth a tidy sum! Guy also told me about the 7s tournament they hosted every December. When back in Kenya, I reached out to Guy for an invitation, which eventually came through in the second half of the year. Since Kenya did not have a national 7s team, I talked to a few players about putting a team together. We started assembling a team that included Jack Omaido, Joe Masiga, Tom Oketch, Dennis Awori, Beth Omolo, Chief Edebe, Richard Njoba, etc. all of whom had represented Kenya at rugby.

The next step was to raise funding for the trip. We decided to do a brochure in which we sold advertising space. The late Shadrack Odhiambo was instrumental in putting this together. Kenya Airways, through Antoinette DeSouza, was very helpful in arranging flights and some credit.

Prior to departure, our passports got stuck at CBK because we got the departure dates wrong. We spent all night looking for CBK officials to help us access our passports. We eventually decided to visit a fellow Laibon, old boy George Omino, who worked at Central Bank. He gave us the bad news that no documents can leave CBK on a weekend. After the bad news from George and with no sleep, we headed to the Kenya Airways offices on Koinange Street. KQ had only just started flying to Dubai. The next flight would be on Thursday, which would be too late. We decided to take only 7 players plus Dennis Awori as manager and went via Delhi, an 18 hour trip. The rest would come on the Thursday flight, the day the tournament was due to start.

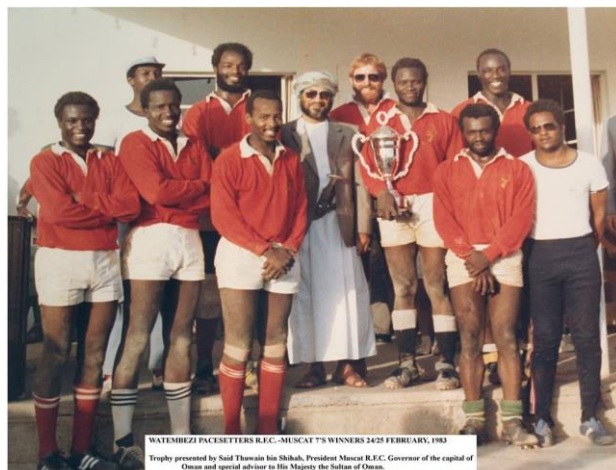
On getting to Dubai, we had no accommodation. Guy had wrongly assumed we would be staying at the 5 star Dubai Ramada which had just opened. The KQ captain who flew us in hosted some of us in his suite and the rest shared a room until Guy arranged for one night accommodation courtesy of Dubai Barbarians. We had no money as those were the days of exchange control. Guy eventually got us accommodation in Jebel Ali Guest House where the new port was

being built- again hosted by Dubai Barbarians.



We found out that the winner of the Dubai 7s got an all-expenses paid for invitation to the Hong Kong 7s which was the biggest 7s tournament in the world. This motivated us even more. We were a revelation and a sensation! Some of us opted to play barefooted on the sand pitches! We won the tournament but the “Winners” story changed. The Hong Kong invitation was for a Middle East Team only but they would inform the organisers of our victory. We were quite disappointed.

A month later, back in Kenya, we received an invitation from Oman to take part in the Muscat 7s the following month and they offered to provide accommodation. We told them we were not a regular team and had already disbanded but they pleaded and provided a sweetener adding that they would also pay for our flights. We cobbled a team together and headed to Muscat. The pitch was worse than Dubai with sand dunes. We won the tournament but since Muscat didn't have the shopping opportunities we craved in Dubai, we cut a deal with the Dubai team to play them at home, cancelled the 15s match in Muscat and headed to Dubai. The shopping provided all the electronic gadgets we wanted, which we took back to Kenya to relatives, bosses or friends who may have chipped in on sponsorships



In December 83 we were back in Dubai with two 7s teams. We won the for the second year in a row but still no invitation to Hong Kong. This eventually came in 1986 when it was hijacked by the Kenya Rugby Union who insisted a National team must go and not the 'amorphous' Watembezi. However, Watembezi were retained at the core of the arrangement as most players in the Kenya national side were Watembezi who, by now, also knew how to raise funds and organise international tours. While the teams were staying at the Hong Kong Hilton, Dennis Awori who was the team manager and I, as a player, were staying in Wanchai, the equivalent of River road. Which is another story! The Kenya team performed quite well for first timers. We reached the semi-finals of the plate. After we lost I ended up playing for Canada (who were short of players)

courtesy of my tour to Canada with Nondies 10 years earlier.

Kenya was invited back the following year but the invitation was withdrawn after there were rumours of a Kenya boycott protest over the possibility that some of the New Zealand 7s players could have played against South Africa during the dark days of apartheid when they were in sporting isolation. Some of us did travel to Hong Kong to watch and do some damage control, with little success. In the meantime, the Safari 7s was introduced as an annual event in Kenya with great success. Watembezi had a tour of the US in 90s and took part in the Singapore 7s on several occasions before they finally bowed out.

By now, it was clear that the route to the world stage for Kenya was via 7's rugby as Fiji and some of the Polynesian islands had successfully done. In the late 90s I took the initiative to reach out to the organisers of the Dubai 7s as a channel to access the Hong Kong 7s again. By fortuitous coincidence the HSBC World circuit was just being set up. What great timing and I was proud to be the manager of the first Kenya 7s rugby team.

At first, we received invitations to a few tournaments as a non-core team before eventually graduating to become part of the Primary Team circuit.

The rest is history!



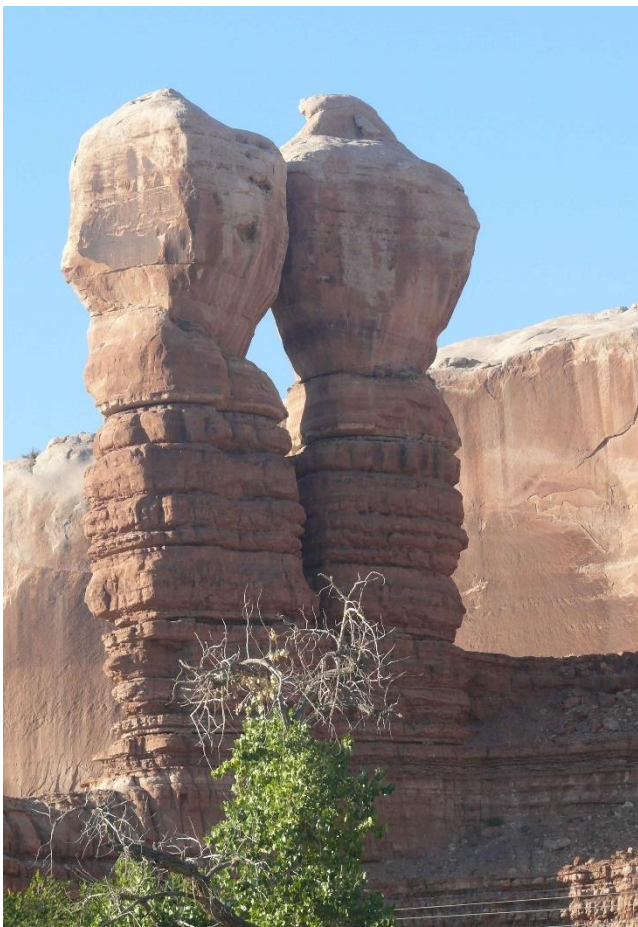
AMERICA'S HIGH SOUTHWEST: sacred landscapes

By Roger Maudsley – Kirk/James 1956/62

When I first sent this piece on America's High Southwest to our illustrious editor he said – very reasonably - that it lacked a personal link to me. Why, for example, were we there? How did we get there? What attracted us to such out-of-the way locations?

Anyone brought up watching Western films is familiar with landscapes typified by Arizona's Monument Valley or its' less well-known Canyon de Chelly. But it must have been cable-TV documentaries that revealed that, far from lifeless rocky icons, such places had been populated for thousands of years - and were the backdrop to the spellbinding constructions of ancient peoples.

The opportunity to see these sights for ourselves was afforded by visits to wife Ana's daughter and granddaughter living, respectively, in southern California's Laguna Niguel and southern Utah's Kanab (site of many a movie).



Hoodoos

But the why and the how are secondary to the power of a landscape to enthrall. As anyone travelling in East Africa's semi-arid regions in the early morning or evening can attest to, there is something magical about the sight of magnificent wildlife set against a landscape of savanna, escarpments and mountains.

In Africa such areas are mostly devoid of signs of man. Among the plains, mountains and canyons of the Colorado Plateau, however, while animals are now rare, it is the abandoned works of the "first peoples" that give the spectacle its special charm.

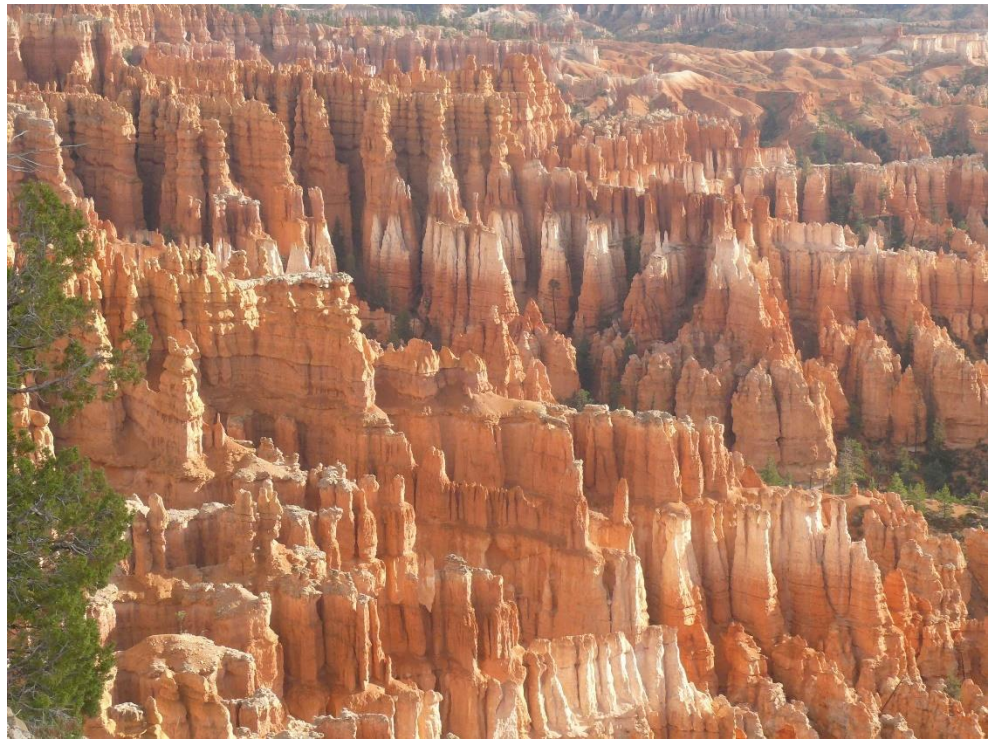
As our visits extended across the Plateau our enchantment with the area grew. By describing some of the fascinating places we experienced the text that follows is an attempt to transfer some of our sense of wonder to readers unfamiliar with the region.

Over millennia rocks thrusting up from the earth - the stranger the better – have exerted a fascination over man.

Kenya's eponymous Mount, Australia's Uluru, Chad's Ennedi Massif and Tibet's Mount Kailash, among many other striking craggy eminences, have been a focus for homo sapiens since his expansion across the world. Consecrated by his art and ritual they have been described as "sacred landscapes".

But how to characterise a region bearing a multitude of such natural wonders?

Modern man, designating it “red rock country”, has sought to domesticate individual features, defining buttes, mesas, monuments, spires, arches, fins, domes and hoodoos. But the whole, a sparsely populated world of high desert, snowy mountains, volcanoes, forests, canyons, a mighty river and a gigantic meteorite crater, defies easy definition.



Bryce Canyon

Its features seem remnants of a vast geological cataclysm – which they are if millennia are compressed into a shorter time frame. This is America’s High Southwest. Its vast intermontane Colorado Plateau was described by young artist, diarist and solitary traveller, Everett Ruess, as “unbearably beautiful”.



Monument Valley

Our trips across the Plateau, centred on the Four Corners region of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, prompted us to imagine the impact this dramatic land must have made on its first peoples. Whatever their concept of the divine, this was an environment in which to celebrate it.



Spider Rock, Canyon de Chelly

Three times we've left the irrigated lawns and intimidating freeways of Los Angeles' outer suburbs, traversed the deserts of Arizona and ascended the Plateau. Whether leaving the Mojave for Flagstaff and the San Francisco Peaks in the north, or exiting the Sonora en route for the state's Payson and the Mogollon Rim in the south, arrival in the cooler air of the High Southwest is always entry into a gentler realm.

The geography may be magnificent: the stark nobility of Monument Valley, the otherworldliness of Canyon de Chelly, the grandiosity of Grand Staircase Escalante Monument, the filigree erosion of Bryce Canyon, the dramatic chasms of the Colorado River. But the works of early man, moulded into the sacred landscapes, are spell-binding. These are mostly the creations of the Anasazi (or Puebloans), Mongollon and Hohokam peoples whose cultures reached their zenith around 1000 AD.

We visited primitive pit houses on New Mexico's Mesa Verde and scrambled up to rudimentary cliff dwellings in Arizona's Walnut Canyon and New Mexico's Bandelier Monument and Gila Wilderness. But what comes as a surprise, for those reared on tales of whooping half-naked savages circling wagon trains, are the complex urban structures known as "pueblos". These are invariably located in stunning surroundings: typically, the walls of deep canyons such as Canyon de Chelly's Antelope House and Tsegi Canyon's Betatakin Village; or atop steep-sided table mountains such as Mesa Verde and Acoma Rock. Beautiful Wutpatki Pueblo affords views out over the Painted Desert to the distant Black Mesa.



Antelope House, Canyon de Chelly

Many pueblos are simple agglomerations of squarish stone and adobe houses, often of two or more storeys, interspersed with ritual circular subterranean pit “kivas”. The habitations reach their apogee, however, in the “Great Houses”, huge multi-storeyed interconnected structures comprising hundreds of rooms.



Magnificent examples are the half-moon Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon and, further north, the partially reconstructed Azteca Pueblo in the town of the same name. These were occupied around 800-1100 AD. Chaco Canyon contains the remains of nine of these massive structures, of which we visited four.

Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon

The Anasazi believed they originated in the underworld with which they maintained contact through the ritual pit kiva, equipped with “sipapu”, a symbolic entrance hole to the supernatural. Given these beliefs, what the Wutpatki Pueblo’s inhabitants made of their blow-hole, a 1ft diameter shaft, that sucks in or breathes out air according to the pressure differential between an underground chamber and the outside, can only be imagined!

Although, for reasons still discussed (prolonged drought? resource exhaustion?), the Great Houses were abandoned long ago, many more modest pueblos, amazingly, are still inhabited today. Although we visited the beautiful 1,000-year old Taos Pueblo, and passed by others, tourists are usually discouraged. The rituals of the descendents of the Puebloans - the Hopi, Zuni, Acoma and Laguna peoples – are performed away from the prying eyes of their colonisers.

Later settlers also left their mark on the sacred landscape. The Spanish worshipped their god in the massive adobe churches that line the road through the Sangre de Cristo range, from Santa Fe to Taos.



Ana and Taos Pueblo

More recent communities were established by pioneering Mormons out of Salt Lake City, seeking to cultivate their beliefs free from persecution. And what better place to eke out one's days in wholesome labour and religious worship?

Today it is mass tourism that is leaving its mark on the High Southwest, but more as sacrilege than reverence. Certainly, modern man has a right to venerate the sacred landscapes. But venues that should be contemplated in peace, such as the Grand Canyon, Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, Bryce Canyon and Zion Park, are overrun with visitors.

But the area is vast and many sites can be accessed in relative calm: the impressive towers of Hovenweep; Tsegi Canyon's magnificently situated Betatakin; Wutpatki Pueblo with its amphitheatre, ball court and blow-hole. Even Chaco Canyon, the cultural capital of the ancestral Pueblos, is comparatively quiet.



Red Rock Country: The Colorado River

The region has its eccentricities: Navajo chants fading into a BBC news bulletin on our car radio; a sign offering “Ostrich Eggs - Meteorites 60% Off”; a museum dedicated to Navajo “code talkers”, used for wartime communications to confound Japanese interceptors. And the prairie diner with a gun hanging from the wall above the words “round here we don’t call the police”!

And just off the Navajo Reservation in Gallup, the “Indian capital of the world”, and major centre for the region's beautiful silver jewellery inlaid with semi-precious stones, who is running a large slice of the trade? Palestinians! Although the town is little more than a 10-mile strip, it possesses, beside its fast-food outlets, a mosque! And who managed our Best Western motel? An East Indian family with links to Uganda and the UK!

Whereas Everett Ruess, with a couple of pack animals and practically penniless, wandered for months, painting, etching and writing in the wilderness, our time and money was limited. The descent from the Plateau to the southwestern deserts, en route for LA, is an appropriate physical metaphor for leaving the divine for the profane. The town of Needles, altitude 500 ft, our stopover in the Mojave once clocked 52° C! A veritable hell on earth!

GUY HALLOWES LUNCH PARTY

16th April 2023 in Sydney, Australia



Had a number of Old and New to lunch.

The picture includes (looking left to right)

Peter White	1955/61 Kirk
Tony White	1953/57 Kirk
Geoffrey White	1951/55 Kirk
Enos Jaka Tunje	1979/84 Kinyanjui (was Delamere)
Guy Hallowses	1955/59 Thomson

A number of new, much younger, Kenyans have migrated to Australia for various reasons.

After the lunch there seemed to be an appetite to see if we could meet up with other new Kenyan migrants to Australia.

Guy Hallowses

Ed writes: to contact Guy, please email me at brooklandsbaraz@gmail.com and I will be happy to put you in touch.

Further reference is made to Guy in the book reviews towards the end of this newsletter.

THE SKYDIVE - We have done it!

Alan May – Kirk 1956/61

After a couple of earlier postponements, the 15th April 2023 dawned with clear sky and low wind, an unusual combination for Cornwall, so my grand-daughter Emily and I were faced with a moment of truth. The long-awaited skydive was on.



It was all systems go to Perranporth, North Cornwall, where, having signed our lives away and following a brief session of basic training, we were hustled aboard an aging, single engine aeroplane and whisked up to an altitude of 10,000 ft.

Without time for goodbye or a last-minute prayer, we were each shoved out the door attached to an instructor who we hoped was at least as keen to survive as we were.

After about 30 heart-stopping seconds in free fall, at 5,000 ft my man pulled the rip cord which released the parachute and abruptly put the brakes on.

Thereafter the rate of descent was a mere 22 ft per second and the surrounding views across the length and breadth of the Cornish peninsular, were spectacular.

All too soon, a collision with terra firma was uppermost in mind until my new best friend flared the canopy and we landed gracefully.....well almost!

Emily, having landed already, was jumping about with exuberant excitement, wanting to go again, whilst I was bent double, trying to control my beating heart and gasping with relief that it was over!!

Joking aside, it was a great experience, made all the better for your generous support.

Allowing for Gift Aid, you have contributed enough to pay for the education of three boys at Lenana School for one year, which is astonishing. Your generosity will provide hope and opportunity for their future where none would otherwise exist. We are most grateful.

Thank you all from us and on behalf of them.

Alan and Emily.



A TRIBUTE TO JONATHAN BOWEN HAVELOCK MBS

We are grateful to receive the bulk of this eloquent obituary from Jenny Larby



Jonathan Bowen Havelock began his life of achievement, dedication to his country and an amazing zest for life at the, then, Princess Elizabeth Hospital in Nairobi in 1944. The son of Wilfrid and “Wink” Havelock, his early days were spent in Nairobi on farms in and around Limuru where his love of the great outdoors, particularly fishing, began. This remained a passion throughout his life. He loved both deep sea and fresh water fishing and spent many happy hours throughout his life pursuing the one that got away!

He attended Kenton College and then the Duke of York School from 1956-62, where he became Head of Kirk. He holidayed largely in Malindi where he enjoyed idyllic days but, sometimes, in Europe where he learned to appreciate music and the arts. He then went to Southampton University to read law for three years followed by nearly three years with a Solicitors firm in London. As soon as he could, he returned home to Kenya where he lived for the rest of his life.

On his return, he started his legal career joining Archer and Wilcock and, at the same time, qualifying as an advocate of the High Court of Kenya. He became the Legal Advisor for Block Hotels for a time and was the Executive Officer of the Kenya Association of Hotelkeepers and Caterers before joining Kaplan & Stratton. He went into litigation and quickly got a reputation for being a sensitive, caring and competent legal advisor. Often, he was called on to get friends out of trouble and, with his knowledge and understanding of Kenya and its people, he was invariably successful.

Different challenges arose when he was appointed as the Senior Legal Counsel, Northern Africa for Barclays Bank where he was charged with the responsibility of creating and staffing a fully-fledged Legal Department. He was involved, amongst many other things, in security documentation reviews and a project covering the taking, management and redemption of Bank securities across its Africa and Middle East businesses.

At the end of his contract with the Bank he decided that corporate life was not really for him and so he returned to private practice. He was a member of the Institute of Certified Public Secretaries of Kenya and also a member of the standing advisory committee to the Capital Markets Authority.

He was a great believer in the power of arbitration and was a member of the Chartered Institute of Arbitrators (Kenya Branch) which he later chaired from 2009 to 2011. His work, both as an arbitrator and counsel, became well known and highly respected. He often had to use his mediation skills in personal matters with clients and friends which was always greatly appreciated. His kindness and generosity in this regard was legendary. Fittingly, the Institute recently honoured him with a Life Time Achievement Award as a Great Leader, Tutor and Jurist. He was placed on the Roll of Honour, and the CIARB will hold an annual lecture in his name. In addition, one of the training/arbitration rooms will be named after him.

Jonny's time on the Bench of the Commercial Division of the High Court of Kenya spanned three years. He found this time of his life both demanding and rewarding. He was popular with his colleagues many of whom remained friends until his death.

Jonny was in great demand to share his wisdom and good advice and served on various boards including that of Rhino Ark, Mary's Meals, Louise Decker Charitable Trust and more. His commitment to helping academically able, but financially stretched, boys from Lenana School (previously The Duke of York) to further their education through the Msaada Trust was something close to his heart and he served as Chairman and, latterly, Patron of that organisation. He also gave tremendous attention and time to matters of the Kenya Regiment Association as it closed its doors and worked tirelessly with that Committee to have the Regiment War Monument moved to a lovely, secluded place on The Jockey Club land.

Being “on safari” gave Jonny huge pleasure and, over the years, there were many happy holidays and weekends spent in the bush and, with a bottle of Tusker never far from his hand, his enjoyment was complete. This love resulted in him being asked to add his wise voice to both the Mara and the Galana Wildlife Conservancies.

All the above, though, pales into insignificance when we remember his unstinting devotion to his family. They were his everything. Maureen, Anthony, Adrian and Katherine and the grandchildren will remember, always, his loyalty, his sense of fun, quick wit, infectious laughter and sound advice but, most of all, his deep love.

Sadly, he died on 27th September 2022. It is difficult to think of another person who will be so missed by such a wide selection of people in Kenya as Jonathan Bowen Havelock.

OBITUARIES

Jock Anderson 20.7.1936 – 20.2.2023



It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Jock Anderson on the 20th of February 2023. He passed away peacefully at home at the age of 86 with his wife Sue beside him.

Jock was one of the original ‘49ers at the Duke of York School where he developed his love of sport, especially Rugby and Hockey. He went on many hockey tours across Kenya and Europe. He excelled at water skiing and skied for Kenya.

He was called up to join the Kenya Regiment in 1955 and the Regiment remained a big part in Jock’s life.

In 1960 he became a veterinary officer and was involved in the inoculation program for the eradication of Rinderpest based at Marigat in the Baringo district of Kenya’s Rift Valley. He was detailed to proceed north and inoculate all the cattle in the infected area as soon as possible. This program helped to eradicate rinderpest in Kenya.

Jock married Liz Napier and they had 2 daughters, Sandy (Sharon) in 1968 and Lorraine (Raine) in 1971. Sharon and husband Stewart have a daughter, Skye who is now 19, and Raine and her husband Gerard have 2 sons, Charlie and Sam aged 18 & 16 respectively.

Jock was head hunted by Alan Root and Richard Leakey of Root & Leakey Safaris. He later bought the company, changing its name to East African Wildlife

Safaris, and devoted his life to wildlife thereafter. He built a successful business specialising in personalised luxury safaris under canvas. No client ever forgot a safari with Jock!

He became renowned for finding suitable venues and setting up camps for films makers. Nothing seemed to faze him. He was even asked to organise a camp in Namibia for the film of the book ‘A Far-Off Place’ by Sir Laurens van der Post.

Jock was one of the founders of the social group called Thika Marriage Bureau then White Cap Safaris. He organised many a happy trip with friends to various different places in Kenya.

In 1988 Jock married Sue. They had a son, Robert, and a daughter, Ashley each of whom have since married. Robert married Lottie Rowe and had a daughter Elsie on Feb 24th 2023. Ashley married Jeremy Herren in 2022 and also have a daughter, Madeleine born on April 12th 2023.

Jock's cheeky sense of humour was a hallmark of his personality. He died on 20th February 2023 and will be sorely missed by all who knew him. We join his extended family in wishing him a peaceful, well-deserved last safari.



Rest in peace. Your spirit will live on through your children and grandchildren, and the wild places you loved so much.

Ed writes: many thanks to Jock's wife Sue for sending us this touching eulogy on the life of Old Yorkist, Jock Anderson.

Laibon Timothy M'Barine

Moi (Kirk) House 1994 – 97



Sadly, Laibon Tim M'Barine died on 24th May at the Karen Hospital following serious complications with diabetes known as DKA.

Tim and his three brothers all attended Lenana School. Mike, 83-88, Eric 86-89 and Tony 90-93. All were in Kinyanjui House, except Tim who was in Moi.

Tim was a great sportsman and excelled at rugby. He was captain of the Lenana 1st XV; won the John Andrew's 7's tournament. Played for Kenya in the under 18's rugby team and was in the Impala 1st XV.

He was principled and hard working. He would always step forward and led from the front.

Our most sincere condolences and best wishes go to his wife Doris and children Karimi, Shiko and Daniel.

Please let me know when you become aware of the passing of any Old Yorkists or Laibon. Whilst you may know, many other friends, who would want to know, may not.

Please email me at brooklandsbaraza@gmail.com

Many thanks.

Ed

OPTIMUM KENYA TRUST and MSAADA

In 2023, OKT aim to support a total of 22 students through Lenana, 19 of whom will be paid for by funds donated by you and a further 3 sponsored and paid for by individual Old Yorkists.

Funds are channelled from the UK to MSAADA Trust in Nairobi who administer the bursary program which is much appreciated by the school and those students who benefit.

OKT and MSAADA change of officers

Chacha Odera – James House 1977/82



After many years in the position, we give many thanks to Gayling May who has chosen to step down as Chairman of MSAADA trust and it is intended that he will be replaced by Chacha Odera.

Having graduated with Honours from Nairobi University in 1987, Chacha was admitted as an Advocate of the High Court of Kenya in 1988. Since 1989 he has been with Oraro and Company Advocates. He is currently the Managing Partner of the firm as well as the Head of Litigation. He has very extensive experience in most aspects of commercial and public life. Oraro have a formidable reputation for the quality of their work and are much respected both locally and abroad.

Hadi Manji – Mitchell House 1969/72

Dr Hadi Manji has been appointed as a trustee and Patron of MSAADA and trustee of Optimum Kenya Trust.

Dr Manji is Senior Consultant Neurologist at the National Hospital for Neurology, Queen Square and Associate Professor at University College London.

He was born and grew up in Eldoret - his primary education was at Hill School, Eldoret. In 1969 he joined Lenana School - initially in Junior House and then Mitchell where he already had an older brother.

He left Kenya in 1973 to settle in the United Kingdom. After his A levels at Harrow County School for Boys, he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge University to study medicine followed by clinical training at the Middlesex Hospital, London.

After spending time in General Practice, he went on to specialise in Neurology at the National Hospital and L'Hopital Kremlin-Bicetre, Paris.

His special Neurological interest is in brain infections and his MD thesis was on the Neurology of HIV infection. His current research interest is in the neurological complications of COVID-19.

Dr Manji has published widely and is the author and editor of the Oxford Handbook of Neurology which is used world wide by neurologists in training.

In 2019, he was President of the Neurosciences Section of the Royal Society of Medicine.

In 2022, he was awarded the Association of British Neurologists Medal for service to National and International neurology

He has always had a great interest in teaching and has been a visiting professor in India, Singapore, Kenya and Mozambique, where he was involved in the establishment of a new Medical School in Beira.

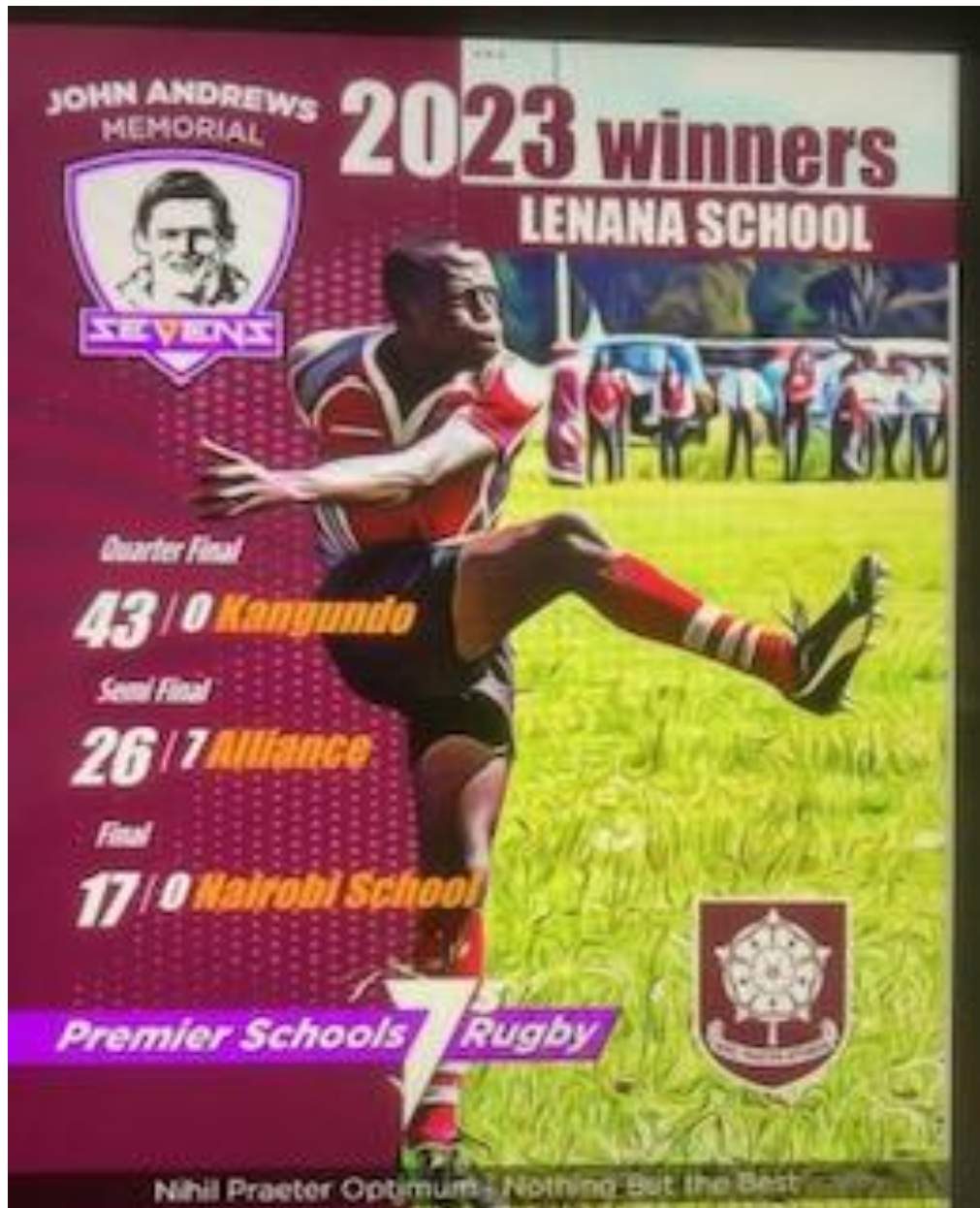
The link with his country of birth has never been lost as he has spent time teaching and seeing patients on frequent visits to Kenya as well as arranging junior Neurologists in Kenya to train under him at Queen Square which has been a very successful project.



NEWS FROM THE SCHOOL

Rugby success:

Many congratulations to Lenana School rugby 7's team for winning the John Andrews Memorial cup in 2023 by beating Nairobi School (formerly The Prince of Wales) in the final by 17 – 0.



The Laibon Newsletter:

We also send our congratulations to the Laibon Society on introducing a quarterly newsletter which will keep Lenana School alumni informed on matters concerning the school. The front cover of the first edition is attached.

Unlike the Brooklands Baraza, which largely consists of contributions from our readers, the Laibon Newsletter will report on matters concerning Lenana School and its accomplishments.

Well done guys. We wish you every success in your new venture – Harambe!

THE LAIBON

A Quarterly Newsletter of the Laibon Society

Karibu LAIBON!

Welcome to the inaugural edition of The Laibon, a quarterly newsletter that gives a brief on the past quarter's happenings as well as a glimpse of the next quarter. This publication is issued free of charge as an online edition to the *Lenana School* alumni (Laibons) and also uploaded to www.myLaibon.com. Have you registered on the portal?

In this edition, the new *Laibon Society* is ushered into office with a word from the Chairman, and Lenana celebrates its *74th Founders Day*. Additionally, we have the annual State of the School address from the Principal and a report on the happenings on and off the rugby field in matters *Mean Maroon*. Especially dear to the fraternity is the team's performance, and there is an opportunity herein for you to play a part in supporting these boys carrying our flagship sport.

Have you paid your subs for this year? It's the only way we can support the Society in successfully executing its mandate for our collective benefit.

All in all, happy reading! Feel free to engage via:

communications@laibonsociety.org

- The Laibon Editorial Team -



Paul Angatia

| Editorial Team |
Class of 1993-96

THE
LAIBON SOCIETY

Est. 1966



THE HISTORY OF PARAMOUNT CHIEF LENANA

From research by George ole Kiok

Oloiboni Olonana (paramount Chief Lenana) was born in 1870 and later graduated into a brave warrior between 1881 and 1905 after he had been initiated into the Italala age set before succeeding his father Mbatian as the Oloiboni of the Maasai community in 1887.



Born in a prophetic lineage of the Inkidong'i group, Oloiboni Olonana belonged to the Ilaiser clan and was the only son from Mbatian's marriage with his mother who is said to have been from the Ilkaputiei section.

Documents from the National Archives, show that Olonana died at Kiserian on March 7th 1911 at 3pm and his body was later carried by a donkey to the foot of Ngong Hills where it was buried.

Retired Commissioner Kiok writes that during his childhood, Olonana spend more time in his mother's house, helping her with chores as was required of him and in the process, she taught him how to respect his seniors.

Following the advice, he became respectful to all and grew up a peaceful young man in accordance with the Maasai customs, getting officially appointed the Paramount Chief of the Maasai at Kajiado by the British administration in 1898.

He also inherited the role of the medicine-man from his father, although his brother Sendeu ole Mbatian, the favourite son of their father Mbatian had been widely expected to be his successor.

Sendeu, Olonana's elder brother from a different mother, is said to have requested their father Mbatian to bless him with leadership powers and was told to come the following day to go through the ritual that would have enabled him become the Oloiboni.

He was to be given the medicine man's insignia but Olonana who was nearby at the cow shed overheard the discussion and pulled a fast one on him, by rising early to go and meet his ageing and frail father who was partially blind for the blessings. He unknowingly blessed Olonana and gave him the medicine man's insignia, the iron club, the medicine horn, the gourd, stones and his bag thinking he was Sendeu.

Sendeu later visited their father and after learning what had happened, became so furious and promised to do all he could to kill his young brother. He was so determined to kill his brother after the succession and said: "I will not be subject to my brother. I will fight with him until I kill him"

Olonana was however endorsed by the majority of the Maasai clans, except the Loitai who recognized Sendeu as their Oloiboni. That was not the end of the Sendeu – Lenana power struggle.

Before his death, Mbatian made a prophesy warning the community to change their grazing fields or otherwise, all their cattle would be killed by strange flies.

“The community will first see flies which make hives like bees, then wildebeests will die followed by cattle,” a premonition that came to pass when the flies infested the area, making the community lose thousands of animals to the disease he predicted.

Mbatian also foretold the coming of the Europeans and urged Olonana to make peace and be friendly with them, a prophecy that was also realized as evidenced by the many meetings he held with local British administrators.

The colonial administration also helped him deal with the problematic Sendeu, when they relocated the brother and his minders to Samburu and later Loita in Narok County after Olonana complained that the elder brother had bewitched him.

According to Kiok’ submission, from his boyhood, Sendeu was deceitful and quarrelsome and thus his father at times felt uncomfortable at handing over his reigns and powers to him.

Sendeu died in 1934, and in 1946, his eldest son Karambu ole Sendeu speared to death Commissioner Hugh Murray, the then colonial era District Commissioner of Narok.

Olonana died before nominating the person who was to succeed him as the Oloiboni of the Maasai because his son Seki was only 13 years old and could not take over because of his young age.

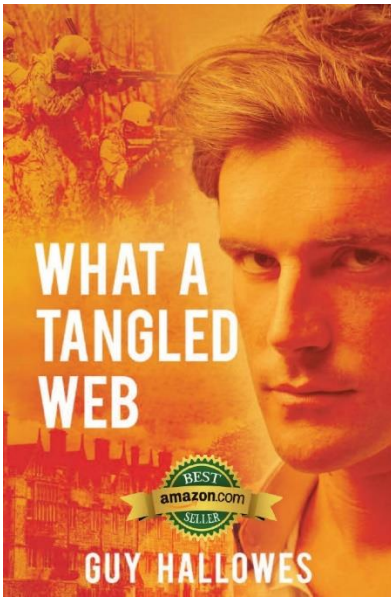
After Olonana’s death, the then Kajiado Assistant District Commissioner said: “The death thus ended the life of one of the most powerful and intelligent natives that this country has known.”



Work is under way to make this a more respectable memorial to Chief Lanana reflective of his important place in the history of the Masai nation.

BOOK REVIEWS

Guy Hallowes – Thomson 1956/59



This book is a totally new departure for Old Yorkist Guy Hallowes. It is described here from my own impressions and from reviews of other readers.

It is set not only in the dangerous environment of Africa and its politics but also in the equally hazardous world of high finance in London, where money is king, and in Sydney Australia.

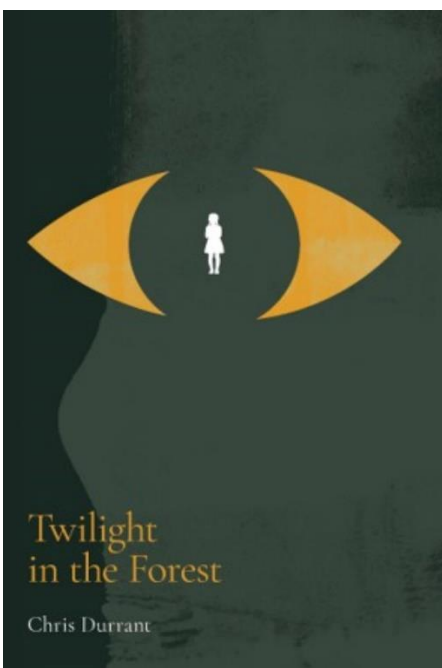
The story centres around David Phillips, a young man from a privileged background. David is intelligent and a good athlete but in the opening sequences of the novel, he is on the verge of throwing away the many opportunities offered him.

Determined to reclaim himself, David joins the SAS reserves and leads an SAS team that successfully rescues an SAS sergeant from terrorists in Kenya, where Guy's knowledge of the country and its geo-politics prevail.

Back in London David begins his career in the world of high finance and quickly establishes himself in a financial advisory firm. He marries Melinda, who is probably smarter than he is. Their relationship is complex and the narrative involves betrayals, double crosses and romantic liaisons conducted in various international settings including Australia.

Well done Guy. I have enjoyed all your books, particularly those set in the country of your birth. I enjoyed this new departure and I am sure others will too. It is indeed a tangled web!

Chris Durrant – Delamere 1956/62



My third novel, *Twilight in the Forest*, has just been published. It follows the family featured in the first books forward to the 1950s, when Kenya was in the throes of the Mau Mau Emergency, and traces the effects of these extraordinary events had on ordinary people.

The book will soon be available at the Darlington Post Office, the Little Nook and the Hives Cafe's in Darlington or direct from me. The cost is \$20 plus \$5 is you want me to send you a copy, which I am very happy to do, if within Australia. It will also be available in hard copy or e-book format on Amazon.

More information on it and it's predecessors can be found on my website at www.chrisdurrant.com

Ed writes: I have yet to download a copy of this latest publication from Chris but, if it is as good as his previous two books, it will be a very good read.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

From Peter Goodwin – Kirk 1950/54

Sunday Telegraph 26 Mar 2023

Hillside filling

SIR – At the age of 12, living in the remote Taita Hills on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro in Kenya, I developed a bad toothache and had to visit a nearby hospital, which in those days had no electricity.

After a good prod around, the dentist (Letters, March 19) decided I needed a filling and so called in the help of a medical orderly who proceeded to sit on a bicycle-like contraption that he peddled vigorously to turn the drilling mechanism. It must have taken an hour.

It happened in 1950 and to this day is still clear in my mind.
Peter CD Goodwin
Persquen, Morbihan, France



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Oow....I bet that hurt!

Many thanks to Robin Crosher for spotting this letter and forwarding it to me

Finally, the following, final page is a template for you to complete and return in reply to John Tucker if you want to attend the Duke of York/Lenana School reunion in July 2024.

THE DUKE OF YORK/LENANA SCHOOL, NAIROBI
75th ANNIVERSARY UK REUNION
26th – 28th July 2024

REPLY SHEET

Personal Details

Surname: Title (Mr./Mrs./Miss/other)*:
First Name: Initials (other names): Honours:
House(s): Years attended:

Pupil/Staff*

If staff, position filled at the school:

Current address (including Post Code):

Telephone No: (home) (Mobile/cell)
E-mail address: (home)

Reunion Details/Preferences

I would like/do not wish/will be unable* to attend the reunion.

I will/will not* be accompanied by who is my wife/husband/partner*

I/we* agree to your using my/our* above personal details for the purpose of the reunion.

Other Old Yorkists

The names and email addresses of Old Yorkists to whom I have sent a copy of your letter of 4 June 2023 are recorded overleaf/appended. *

* Delete as appropriate

Assuming you wish to attend the reunion please indicate here if you would like accommodation for the nights of 26 and 27 July 2024, or just for 27 July.

Please email your reply sheet to John Tucker at pukkatuck@gmail.com or, alternatively, snail mail it to him at 4 Bankside Close, Carshalton, Surrey, SM5 3SB.