

KITALE SCHOOL NEWSLETTER MID-YEAR – 2021



Front of Kitale European Primary School, 1950.

Hello Kitaleites

I hope that you have all survived this long COVID dudu and have been keeping well, especially those of you in South Africa who have just gone back into lockdown.

With COVID as it is, the possibility of a reunion is unfortunately a very distant possibility at the moment, as soon as things return to any form of normality, I'm sure that Chris Hearn will be onto it!

Lesley and I were very for fortunate to be able to take a trip up to Scotland at the beginning of the month to go and visit my old college haunts, here is one of the views of Loch Lomond.



I would like to thank Peter Kebati for all his contributions from the “young” Kitaleites.

Please can you let me have your contributions for the Christmas newsletter, let's make this one a bumper edition!

Please can you let me know if your name or names in the email are incorrect.

You must all keep well and keep the dudu at bay.

Aiden

Obituary - Esther Richard

Dear Aiden,



Esther, Deborah & Robert

It is with great sadness that I tell you of the passing of my elder sister, Esther, who succumbed to cancer a mere 8 days after initial diagnosis, and after spending only one night in hospital. Esther was at Kitale school from 1952 to 1958. Her last home was in Potters Bar, Hertfordshire. She recently turned 76. She will be laid to rest in Avichayil, Israel, near our parents.

Regards,
Robert

Robert Richard

Haifa, Israel

A bit of history, images from Peter Woods 1943 – 1949



Left to right: Diana Fulton, Edi Woodley, Josephine Shepherd, Judy Roberts, Sally Lloyd, Francis Henn (on horse), Richard Statham, Julien Pelissier, Johnnie Davison, Clive Thatcher



Richard Statham

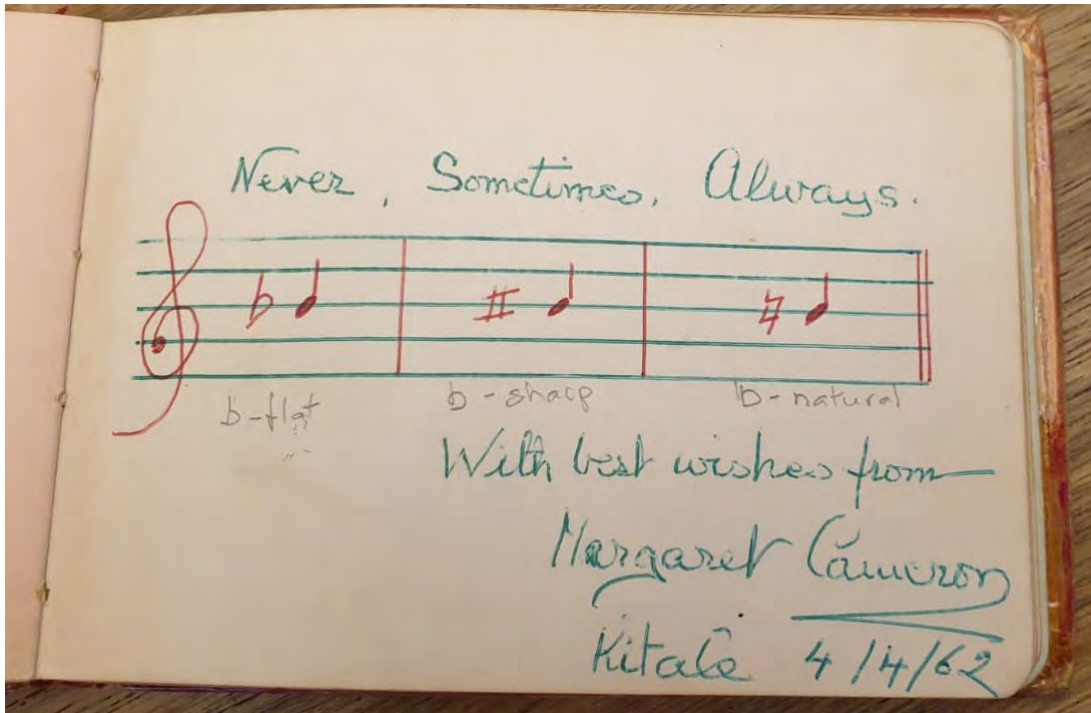


Josephine Shepherd.

From Richard Statham



All the Stathams: Ian, Luke and me. I am 79 in April



Hi Aiden,

Thank you so much for the newsletter, and for the effort you are putting into keeping us all in touch. Just a few days ago my younger sister, Deborah, came across this greeting from music teacher Margaret Cameron. I'd like to share it with you and future recipients of your letters. Herewith my best wishes for Christmas and the new year to you and yours,

Robert Richard

Haifa, Israel

2 points of interest.

After the news of the death of Tony Foster, John Foster's brother, I wrote to John to see if it was John Foster who was a prefect in Nicholson House Prince of Wales when I was a Junior in Nicholson House. That is 2nd form. Most boys that went to Princo went into Junior House or Intermediate house in the 1st form and then into their senior house in the 2nd form. The other people he mentioned were prefects in Nicholson who I had asked him about. Thus, the Tom in his letter was Tom Jacobs.

Another thing that interested me was the note about UNGA by Peter Kebati. When we were up in Kenya for the reunion in 2009, I used the word Posho to the locals and no one knew what I was talking about. When we were there up until 1962, on a weekly basis, we used to give the farm workers a KEBABA of POSHO for every day of the week. Posho was maize meal and Unga was flour.

A Kebaba was a measure used to dish the posho out. In today's it would probably be about 2 litres. In my investigations since then it would appear that the Kebaba was a measure used by the Arab traders and because of that association the words Kebaba and posho were dropped and replaced by Unga.

Tom Jacobs

Kleinmond, South Africa

I am currently living in Louisville, Kentucky. My husband, Wes, and I have been married since 1976, really does not feel like it has been that many years! We have two children. Both live in the Louisville area, a big blessing for us. Neither of us grew up near family since both of our families were in ministry - Wes' dad and mom in Florida, mine in Kenya. Our eldest, Glynn is married and has three children, two boys and one girl. Our daughter, Jessica, has three children also, one son and two girls :-). We are very blessed!

Wes works outside the home. I am retired and loving it :-). My first career was in Nursing, but I switched over to Computer Information Systems after injuring my lower back. I am doing fine without any long-term effects.

It was really a blessing in disguise! I had decided to take some classes in Computers mainly because Wes' interest in them. I ended up with a Bachelor's degree from the University of the Cumberlands here in Kentucky.

Wes had sensed that God wanted him in full time Christian ministry and so he enrolled in college at Cumberland. The awesome thing about that is the fact that as a result, I am the third generation in my family to have graduated from that College! My grandfather on my mother's side and my mother and my mother's sister also graduated from there! This connection is special to me since I grew up so far away from any of my blood relatives!

I retired from that job several years ago and am thoroughly enjoying it.

Susan (Evans) Brockway

Louisville, Kentucky

I was interested to read the anonymous letter on pages 11/12. In it the writer talks about George Pyman who was our neighbour.

I believe he was a crazy driver in his Jag XK 120. Given that in the 40/50's all the roads including the main ones were dirt this was a very inappropriate vehicle.

My parents talked of the time when he turned the car over on his farm road. My father, with a tractor as well as the farm workers, righted it and rescued him. Apparently, he was very grateful!!!

The farm he had was sort of jinxed with a series of strange farmers. One built a row of small brick houses alongside his garden with a gate to the garden. A number of local "ladies" lived there. When he felt the need he blew on his bugle and whichever lady was next in turn would go up to the house to "service" him.

Another farmer who lived there was losing his marbles and was convinced that he was constantly under threat of attack. He always carried a felling axe over his shoulder to protect himself. This worried the farm workers a lot.

Yet another was always short of money, although from a very wealthy, pukka English family. There were two houses on the farm. He came up with a scheme to burn one down. He tried to persuade a young friend of ours to do this. His clever plan was to half fill a plastic bucket with straw and to stand a lit candle in the bucket in the straw but with its top some way proud of the straw. This was to be placed near some combustible furniture. Then to go to the club and stay there for a long while with his mates. While at the club, the candle would burn down setting the straw and bucket alight as well as the house. Our young friend asked my father for his advice which was to not get involved. Any way the house did burn down and he presumably pocketed the insurance.

Eventually my father got tired of these strange neighbours and we took over the farm!!

I have been trying to remember the rules/games of nyabs. Sadly, I have forgotten a lot but have written down as much as I can remember – see the attachment. Perhaps you can correct or add to it. If you feel that it is appropriate maybe you could circulate for comment/correction. It might eventually be an interesting to record of one of our crazes!!

Oh, and lastly, I do like the newsletters and read them all the way though. For me it would be helpful to know where each correspondent lives say the country, province or city. We are spread all over the world!!

Nyabs/ Marbles Games – East Africa

I have been thinking that it might be interesting to document the nyabs games crazes we used to have at Kitale Primary School some 60 or more years ago.

My memory is a bit hazy, but the following is what I remember.

1. The Nyabs

In my 1939 “Standard English – Swahili dictionary “Marbles (playing) are shown to be called

“galoli, tufe ndogo ya ziwa” so the word “nyabs” comes from somewhere else or is more recent.

I remember that there were a number of different nyabs:

a. **“Standard”** (what did we call them?)

These were clear and about 1cm in diameter with a rather pretty orchid like flower pattern in the middle. These “flowers” were commonly blue, green or yellow.

b. **Large “Bombies?”** like standard but 1.5 to 2cms diameter.

c. **“Clearies?”**. These were usually blue or green with no “flower”. These were relatively rare and highly prized with the potential to be swapped for several “standards”.

d. **“Miniatures – usually “clearies”** and about 0.75cms in diameter. Also highly prized.

2. Playing Nyabs “how”

There were basically three methods of flicking nyabs. The key being to achieve both accuracy and a powerful delivery.

1. Cupped in the hand at the base of the fore and second finger and flicked with the thumb. This was the way inexperienced

players, started off. This was not very powerful.

2. Placing the nyab cupped in at the tip of the fore and second finger and flicked with the thumb. This was both accurate and powerful

3. Placed at the end of the forefinger which was pulled back with the other hand and flicked. This was powerful but less accurate.

The most competent players used either or both the latter methods.

There was an option called “bombs” which involves dropping a nyab, usually a “bombie” from above the target(s). the player wishing to bomb had to call this move and, I think. the opponent had to agree. The height of the drop was probably determined by the distance to shooter nyab had been from the target.

4. The Games

I remember three different games for each of which there it was necessary to agree before starting whether the ensuing game was “For Keeps” or not. If “For Keeps” any nyabs won were kept by the winning player.

The games were:

1. **“Bananas”**

This involved drawing a “banana” in the earth

2. Not sure what we called it. Perhaps **“Bomas”**.

3. "Followies"

1. Bananas

A banana shaped (well almost without the overall curve) was scraped in the earth, sand or whatever it as probably about 25 to 20 centimetres long and at its widest 5 or 6 centimetres wide. I believe this was the size for 2 players in the game if there were more then probably bigger but usually it was a two-player game. Each player placed a nyab along the centre line perhaps 10 centimetres apart. They were probably pressed a little into the ground. These were the "targets".

A line was drawn in the earth about 1.5 to 2 metres away. From this line the "shooter" nyab was tossed underhand towards the banana. I cannot remember whether the player with closest tossed nyab started to shoot. After that each player took it in turns to shoot from wherever the shooter nyab had landed. The objective was to hit the target nyabs in the

banana so that they were knocked out of the banana. If playing "keepies" or "keepers" whichever player knocked a nyab out of the banana it was kept. If not playing "keepies" the respective nyabs were retained by the owner and the winner gloried in the kudos of winning.

2. Bomas

A round circle was scraped in the earth, sand or whatever it as probably about 25 to 20 centimetres in diameter. Each player placed and agreed number of nyabs in the circle. The game followed the same procedure as for "Bananas" except that there were more nyabs at stake. This was a way of winning or losing lots of nyabs quickly.

3. Followies

This was like a game of tag where each player chased each other's nyab all over the place. The winner was the one that hit the target.

Richard Northmore

London, United Kingdom

Kitale in 1930

by Christine Nicholls | Jan 1, 2021

I am grateful to Nick Symes for showing me this letter a farming friend in Kitale wrote to his father: It paints a good picture of Kitale in 1930, the year in which the photographs below were taken.



KITALE HOTEL.

“Kitale was as far inland and as near the borders of Uganda as any settlers had then penetrated as permanent farmers. The “town” consisted chiefly of the District Commissioner’s house and offices, a little wooden post office and a general store. The nearest railway station was at a place called Eldoret some sixty miles distant over roads in which heavily laden ox waggons generally got stuck in the rainy season.



INDIAN BAZAAR, KITALE.

[Photo: Allister Macmillan.]

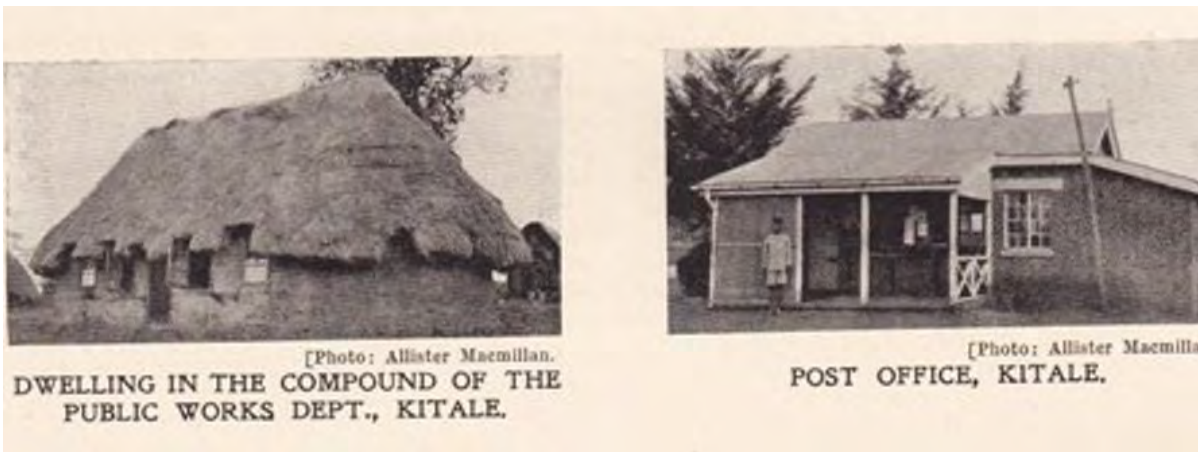
It was not a very attractive place. In 1924, there had been a great Empire Exhibition at Wembley at which Kenya had been well represented. Government officials were stationed in the pavilion to give information and encouragement to prospective settlers. A special and rather extensive pamphlet was issued, giving details of the various industries which were to be developed and painting the future prospects of the Colony in very glowing colours.



THE RIVALS, KITALE.

Left: Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd. [Photo: Allister Macmillan.]
 Right: Barclay's Bank, Ltd.

The Government, in fact, were doing their best to induce people to settle in Kenya. But in this year, and in consequence largely of the publicity obtained at the Wembley Exhibition, many people came out to Kenya and, with purchasers in the market, the price of land increased, and in the more desirable positions as much as from £3. to £5. an acre was being asked and paid, while for proven coffee land anywhere near Nairobi £25 to £35 an acre was asked.



[Photo: Allister Macmillan.] [Photo: Allister Macmillan.]
DWELLING IN THE COMPOUND OF THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPT., KITALE. **POST OFFICE, KITALE.**

About 1928 that railway from Eldoret to Kitale was finished and passenger trains ran about three times a week. This made a good deal of difference to some of us who had formerly to ship our produce by waggon or lorry from Kitale to Eldoret (where our branch line joined on to the main line between Kisumu, Nairobi and Mombasa). But the people who made occasional trips to Nairobi for business or pleasure mostly preferred to do the 260 miles by car, rather than spend two nights in the very slow train.

The roads, however, were really very bad and one started out on a long journey in the rainy season with much more of a hope than a certainty that one would ever arrive. People who have never seen such apologies for roads as then existed could scarcely believe that any car could possibly negotiate such country. The roads have since been greatly improved, much to the annoyance of the railway.

But with the railway the little town of Kitale quickly increased in size. The farming machinery firms opened up warehouses, the oil companies started storage depots, the banks-built offices and a general grocery shop opened as well as a chemist and the main street ended up in a line of Indian dukas that sold cheap and gaudy materials, all of Japanese manufacture, to the eager Africans.

Fridays seemed to be the favourite day for the outlying farmers to come in to Kitale to do their purchases and to draw their pay rolls from the bank, and at about noon the lounge of the hotel was fairly crowded with ladies taking tea, while the bar was selling drinks. Most of the people used to stop in for lunch and it was the chief occasion for meeting one's friends and swapping experiences. But I think there was not very much intimate friendship and people did not really blend very well."

The correspondent mentions the Kitale Hotel, which had recently been built. It consisted of a main building with a spacious lounge featuring a large fireplace with blazing logs in the evenings. There were attractive brick bungalows with up-to-date bathrooms with hot and cold running water. Guests could sit down to a dinner of high-quality cuisine in the handsome dining room with waiters attired in picturesque livery. Electricity was generated by its own plant and in 1930 there were plans to include 20 new bedrooms, a garage, cinema, ice plant and cold storage.



In the early 1950s there was an old man living near Kitale who remembered the place in the latter years of the nineteenth century. **Andrew Smallwood** writes:

"In 1954 I was taken, by my father, to meet a Mr. Walsh on his farm near Kitale. Mr. Walsh was about 90 at the time. He had been a cabin boy and had jumped ship in Mombasa at age 14 around 1878, 1880. He made his way into the interior and became an ivory hunter in the area north and west of Mount Elgon and on into the Sudan.

There were still Arab slavers in this area and from one of these he acquired an enormous flintlock musket which he still had and which he allowed me to handle. Elephant hunting with a flintlock is an uncertain business and Mr. Walsh was much crippled by a lifetime of physical misadventures but still mobile and entirely compos mentis. He was very charming and quite modest about his astonishing life.

My father thought that he was, after Burton, Speke and Baker, the first white man in what is now Uasin Gishu, Trans Nzoia and the Karamajong country. He was a boy, alone, while they were well supported aristocratic expeditionaries. Mr. Walsh said that Kitale was in reality Quitale, an Arab name, and when he first arrived, on the site of the present town were still the remains of an enormous thorn bush boma in which the slavers had staged their captives before taking them to the coast.

When my father first arrived, he said large areas of what is now Trans Nzoia were entirely depopulated, probably by slaving and the ensuing disease and tribal unrest.”

www.csnicholls.co.uk

<http://www.europeansineastafrica.co.uk>

Christine's email address: cs.nicholls@tiscali.co.uk

Oxford, England.

Jambo Aiden

Great to hear from you and thank you for getting in touch.

I was at Kitale school from 1957 to 1965 with my younger brother Mark. Both my Grandparents farmed there; my dad's parents moved to Kitale from Egypt in the 1950's buying a farm in Lugari. My Mums owned a farm beyond Cramptons inn called "Brynawel" which he bought after the first world war in the 1920's.

My Dad Gerry Boyce started out getting a job with Estates and Investments Ltd as a manager on "Sabwani Estate" He met and married my mother Gwyneth Williams whose parents were Griff and Beatrice Williams. They moved to manage a farm on Mt Elgon called "Glencairn" where Mark and I were born. me in 1953 Mark 1955. We then moved to the Cherangani hills where Dad managed the three farms called "Kapsirowa", "Pitmens" and "Nelmanoc" belonging to the Duke of Manchester. Dad then bought my mother's parents farm in the early 1960's when grandpa retired moving back to the U.K.

In 1963 Kenya Independence year, Dads farm was sold, and he started a controlled government scheme to help get land ploughed and planted into 15-acre holdings to hand over to Africans. he did this by purchasing 12 tractors and hiring 30 drivers whom were known to him to drive the tractors 24 hours a day. When this was completed, we came to the U.K. where Mark and I went to king's school Gloucester for a year. Dad having bought a farm on the Brecon Beacons we went to school in Brecon. A couple of years later Dad became unwell so I took over running the farm with my mother whilst still going to school. Dad suggested leaving school or selling up. My friends were going to youth club etc while I, with Mum was milking a heard of cows by hand and feeding a large flock of sheep. I said sell.

We all moved to Somerset where I finished my schooling. Not knowing what I really wanted to do but desperately wanting to leave school I got a job as trainee manager for Hepworths a tailoring company. I became manager at 20 moving to a branch in Wells Somerset. Not liking retail that much I left and emigrated to South Africa where I had family to fall back on should I need to. They were in Richmond, Howick and Uvongo

I lived in Durban. Because it was a new country for me and I could not speak Afrikaans, the job centre suggested I go back into retail until I settled. This I did with a heavy heart. I became manager for Woolfsons a menswear shop in Pinetown commuting from Durban.

During this time, my Dad had become very ill again and my grandmother. I came home deciding that I could not afford to go back to S.A. and then return should the worst happen. Having gone back to

work for Hepworths as a relief manager to start with I ended up in Shrewsbury returning to Somerset to get married. Nicky had no wish to leave the U.K. so we settled in Somerset and have two children Rebecca and Samantha. I then changed jobs becoming general manager and buyer for an independent department store in Weston super Mare where I worked for the next 35 years.

I am now a proud grandfather of 5 Samantha and Richard have three Arthur, Rory and Margot. Rebecca and James living in London with Maia but are about to go and live in Dubai.

Huw Boyce

Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset, England

A few brief memories of Kitale school and fellow school classmates

By John Edwards (1945 to 1949) (with humble apologies to anyone whose story I may have remembered incorrectly)

Kitale School made quite an impression on me. I had been used to a small village day school in wartime England, so this boarding school was something totally different. For a start there were spacious grounds, well grassed sporting fields, and a murrum (gravel) hockey pitch just for us kids. The grounds were lined with bright Jacaranda and Nandi Flame trees that the senior class children were allowed to climb, and the sizeable school hall doubled as a well-equipped gymnasium.

I played my first team sports at Kitale School. Although I always considered myself too slow to be a really natural sportsman, I did manage to represent the school at soccer, cricket and hockey. We also learned rugby, but we didn't play it on an inter-school basis. The girls played hockey as well, and their other sports were netball, rounders and gymnastics.

The headmaster, Johnny Woods, was an extraordinary man, with ideas well ahead of his time, especially in the field of sex education. Each Saturday the senior standard five classes were bundled into the school truck and taken to Mr Bowker's farm dam for swimming. We all bathed nude because Mr Woods thought nothing of it, and boys and girls together all seemed to grow up with no sexual hang-ups at all and none of the problems that some other co-ed boarding schools apparently had, so his ideas did seem to have some merit.

My younger brother, David (**Dave Edwards**), was much more athletic than I was at school. He could outspurt me and was representing the school at cricket when only nine. I was a late developer in this respect and in time was certain I could run a lot faster at 28 than I could ten years earlier. There were always a lot of healthy inter-house sports that were hotly contested, because the winning house at the end of the year were treated to a slap-up Cock House dinner. I was lucky enough to be in the winning Eagle house in 1949, my last year at the school. The house captain at the time was **Giles Shaw**, who became a lifelong mate. Giles attended a different high school to me, going to the Prince of Wales while I went to the Duke of York. He was a little older than I was so was drafted into the army ahead of me and became a radio operator in signals. This meant that we didn't see a lot of each other for about five years, but later on he was always somewhere in the picture. He married Virginia Clifford-Gates, whose step-father Sam Clifford-Gates, under a rather complicated set of circumstances, ended up living with my second wife's mother, so in a roundabout way Giles and I became almost related.

Giles' father was a religious and strict man who gave his three sons some quite hard times. **Dan** was a pretty rough diamond, as was Giles, but **Thomas** the youngest was more quiet and sedate. Giles and Virginia with their two children, Piers and Brenda, came to settle in Australia in about 1971.

They stayed briefly with us in Penrith before moving to Brisbane where Jinnie still lives. (Note Giles born April 1936, died February 2015).

With independence coming to Kenya in the late 1950s the Europeans were slowly forced to find new homes overseas. Not that we were not allowed to stay, we all were given residential status, but work permits were granted only to Kenyan citizens, unless you had a particular talent that was in short supply. As a result, I have lost touch with many of my old class-mates. Apart from Giles there were a few that I ran into or heard about from time to time. For instance, I was given to understand that another old buddy of mine, **Pierre (Pongo) Parsons** was still in Kenya (1991). He came to Kitale School in about 1949 fresh from England, hence the nickname. He was a tall gangly youth with a great sense of humour. We both went on to high school together and served in the Kenya Regiment together in 1956. Later in the 60s Pierre was a regular competitor in the East African Safari motor rally, and from memory actually won the event once with regular co-driver Jock Aird. They were both keen hockey players living in the Molo area for many years. I met up with them and their wives many times over the years through this sport. I think Pierre was later living in Naivasha (1991)

Richard Pembridge came from the Plateau district east of Eldoret. He too went on to the Duke of York school with me as well as into the regiment. The last I heard of him he was managing a farm in the same area.

His sister, **Sally Pembridge**, married another old school acquaintance of mine, **Chris Tofte**. Chris' upbringing left a lot to be desired. His grandparents inherited the Lurman farm (where we lived for a time) and made a killing in the 50s' coffee boom. This led to Chris' parents, Cedric and Doreen, becoming part of the social set, mixing with the likes of the Duke of Manchester while Chris, his sister **Patsy** and younger brother **Johnny** were virtually brought up by an African ayah (nurse), and grew up speaking Swahili before English.

Chris and Sally had one child, a daughter Jacqueline, and they asked me to be her Godfather, to which I agreed. About this time Chris went through a pretty hard time. He purchased a farm with his father's help but went bad on that, then worked for an old Kitale resident, Mr Elmer, managing one of his farms, but was sacked from that. All these misfortunes we felt he could have brought on himself by a sad lack of responsibility. At the same time, he was drinking heavily and treating Sally pretty badly, even to the point of violence. Finally, they moved to South Africa, then to Rhodesia where I lost touch with them completely, until in 1985 my bother Dave recognised Chris on a street in Cape Town and they had a chat. It appeared that the marriage had broken up and Sally and the child had disappeared. Chris had become an alcoholic but had just finished drying out at that time and was working with the people who had helped him through his problem.

Eventually I discovered through Giles that Sally had remarried, to a John Hill, and moved to Australia. They were living in Queensland at that time, and the daughter Jacqueline was a high school teacher there. Sally had apparently come to Australia secretly to escape Chris, as her doctor had advised her that both she and her daughter were in danger.

Of my other school class mates, **Eric Flemmer** came from Kakemega where his father owned a garage. I think Eric left high school early and I never heard of him again.

Michael Reavesly was the son of a civil servant working in Kisumu at the time. I didn't know him all that well but to me he seemed to be a true snob who looked down his nose at anyone who lived in a "mud hut", which it must have seemed our family were doing at the time so we had very little in common.

Brian Hacker, the son of the Kapenguria magistrate, arrived at Kitale school in 1948, proceeded by fanfare you would not believe. Johnny Woods formally announced his pending arrival, describing him as a whiz kid who had hiked 50 miles in one day through the Himalayas after climbing the same mountain range. Imagine the anti-climax when a thin, pale little character turned up and spent the

first few days suffering from home-sickness. This was actually something many of us had to endure, especially over the first two or three nights of a new term before it went away and we could settle down. Brian in fact was a really nice kid, and very bright academically, but despite that he was teased and bullied most of his school life. I tried to teach him cricket and coach him at cross-country running, but it was no good, he did not have a sporting bone in his body. We went through high school together but lost contact after that. Dave, though, ran into him in Queensland, Australia, where at that time he was working for the Dept of Agriculture near Rockhampton, Queensland.

There were two Afrikaans boys there from the Uasin-Gishu district (Eldoret area), **Jerry Olivier** and **Gus Danhouser**, two tough characters typical of the pioneer breed of Dutchmen. Both disappeared from the scene after my Kitale school days. There was also a brother and sister, **Tony and Anne Fisks**. Their parents were transient and they too quickly disappeared.

Peter Woods, the eldest child of the head master, was a walking brain. He topped the colony in the Kenya Prelim exam and went on to Kenton College, an elite private school in Nairobi. What became of him, or his brother **Bernard and twins Jonathon and Jennifer** I have no idea.

Reg Hawkesworth was a short, muscle-bound character whose father had a small soft drink factory on his farm near Kitale, called Parg Soft Drinks. PARG stood for the family's initials, Percy, Ann, Reg and Gerald. Reg eventually left the district, married, and I think went to England. Younger brother **Gerald Hawkesworth** had a similar nuggetty stature but was even shorter, which made us kids feel there was something wrong with him although there seemed no good reason for that. The family had lived in India, so Reggie was nicknamed Paki, short for Pakistan, which to us boys was close enough to India. Or yet again perhaps they had in fact come from Pakistan. There was a rumour that the parents were closely related, possibly cousins, which since they were both themselves very short, we kids felt would account for Gerald. Gerald though was in a very much lower Standard at school than I was, possibly not even there at the same time as me but being Kitale we could follow what people did. After Gerald left school, he became a mercenary in the Congo, fighting for one black leader against another. We viewed mercenaries as misfits who gathered from around the world to fight for cash rather than any believed cause, and, as we saw it, managed to loot, kill and steal their way around the world from one trouble spot to another. Gerald finally hit the headlines when he was captured in Rhodesia by Zimbabwe liberationists operating out of Mozambique. He was believed dead for some time, but then hit the headlines again some months later when he had a series of articles published in a foreign newspaper (Tanzanian I think), denouncing the atrocities committed by the Rhodesian security forces against the innocent freedom fighters. Later again he surfaced in Tanzania claiming that the articles had been forced out of him by the terrorists, which could quite possibly have been true. At last report I understand he was returning to England to write his memoirs, but I see by Aiden's records that he has since passed away.

Peter Talkington and I were great buddies through all our school life. His father was head mechanic/workshop foreman with Kitale Motors, the local Ford dealership. Later they went to Nairobi and rented a large house at Karen. I was frequently invited out there for Sunday leave days from the Duke of York. Peter visited Kitale once in later years with a visiting rugby team, but regretfully now he too has been lost.

Peter Hernan - his is a very sad story. His parents had Seychelle blood in them, not very much from all accounts but enough to prevent their participation in a society which in those days was highly colour prejudiced. Peter was a small boy with a big heart, and as time went on and we grew up the prejudices relaxed and he had no problem in being accepted by the younger generation and seen as one of the boys. He was a truly nice person and everyone liked him. He and I attended different high schools, but we did our national service together and became very close friends, frequently sharing transport costs on leave trips back home to Kitale. His father died fairly young I believe, and Pete

stayed on to manage the family farm with his mother. He also had an older sister, a very pretty girl with raven hair who married and, I think, went overseas. Peter himself never married. He was successful at farming and took an active interest in motor sports, until he died quite suddenly around 1970 from a brain tumour when he was barely 33 years old. They say the good die young. Peter was certainly a case in point.

The girls I remember were: -

Valerie Arnold: Her parents ran a fruit orchard and flower farm near the Suam River at the base of Mt Elgon. I believed they were Danish but could have been wrong, I just knew they were in partnership with a Danish family, the Andersons. Val married local coffee farmer **Barry Jacobs**, and they moved to live in Natal, South Africa. Barry, I know has since died

Val Littlehales, I remember as a large girl cruelly nicknamed Fatty by her school 'friends'. Her father I think was dead, and her mother I was told had an unfortunate habit of insisting on accompanying her daughter on all her dates, which could have accounted for Val not marrying while I knew about her. Val had a brother and a sister, Betty, who married, and the whole clan went to New Zealand.

Barbara Manger & Inga Sunde - I have no news on either of these. Inga was Swedish and her parents owned a farm and sawmill on Mt Elgon. Her brother **Oula Sunde** became a good friend of mine and played rugby for Kitale as a hooker.

Sally Disney married but I can't remember who to. I am fairly certain they moved to Australia.

Daphne Martin married Nigel Hunt, who was a neighbour of mine in later years on their farm on Mt Elgon next door to Barry and Val Jacobs.

Not far from them **Carole Gerard** lived with her husband Peter Strong, Carole died tragically around 1905, and Peter later lived at Naivasha, Kenya. He featured in the well-acclaimed movie *Out of Africa* in a scene at the Muthaiga Club, where he had a short speaking role as the "Huge man".

Wendy Roberts was married and had two children before I had left school. She was no academic but no doubt she made a good mother. I have no idea what happened to her.

Finally, there was **Jean Hallett**, who married John Revill, the older brother of my second wife, Pat. I will write more about them later. Suffice to say that Jean moved to live in South Africa where she died of cancer six or seven years ago.

John Edwards

Shannondale, Australia

Right now, though John and I are securely tied up managing the local environment centre, which is powering away with government funding rolling in for various projects such as weed work across the Clarence Valley (our local government area). John has become one of the eminent local botanists, well respected and in great demand, as well as a significant lobbyist and consultant keeping our governments at all levels honest. Who would have thought it, of the kid who did little beyond gaze out of the classroom window itching to get back onto the playing field?

I manage what is called the Land for Wildlife program that runs nationally with an aim to linking up



wildlife habitat through private land ownership. So far I have 137 properties on our books for the Clarence and still going strong. I was also contracted by the government to round up old, registered properties from different original programs that have since fallen by the wayside and had no contact for years. that took us to some interesting places, and then additionally I was commissioned to help deliver what is called Conservation Agreements to the LGA - which are in-perpetuity and attach to the land's title along with a number of conditions. So, it all gets very

political and quite scientific even though we have no formal qualifications at all.

Wildlife is my own absolute passion though, and I worked for the NSW Wildlife Information, Rescue



and Education Service for over 2 decades with training certificates for all animal types across the board and a veritable menagerie at home for most of the time, until I finally focused on koalas. I set our property up as a koala rescue, care and release site and had many of these wonderful little animals through my facilities, each one a new and never forgotten experience, with many tragedies but also many wonderful and happy successes. I'm adding a couple here to give you some inkling about what it takes to look after a koala - one whole lot of time and lengthy work, which doesn't always end up as well as

these.

If you find yourself interested in our work and how we spend our time, you can find us on www.cec.org.au.

All best wishes. Pat

Pat Edwards
Shannondale, Australia



L-R - Rear - Colin Davey; Dick Ling; Mike Eggleston; Max Bachman; Simon Emtage; John Proctor; Rusty Miller; Bert Steyn (Ref)
 Middle - Jimmy Cox; John Nash; John Edwards (Captain) Harry Fletcher (Coach); Sandy Munro (Vice Capt); Bob Archer; Mike Keese
 Front - Isaac Mouton; Hugh Evans

1965

L-R - Rear - Colin Davey; Dick Ling; Mike Eggleston; Max Bachman; Simon Emtage; John Proctor; Rusty Miller; Bert Steyn (Ref)
 Centre - Jimmy Cox; John Nash; John Edwards (Captain) Harry Fletcher (Coach); Sandy Munro (Vice Capt); Bob Archer; Mike Keese
 Front - Isaac Mouton; Hugh Evans

Hi Aiden

I thought this photo might be of interest to someone, perhaps for a newsletter down the track or to file in your growing archives. Only one or two of the boys went to Kitale School or were associated in some way - Colin Davey (not at the school) married Cleone Keese. Both deceased.

Rusty Miller, was perhaps briefly at the school

John Edwards

Sandy Munro

Bob Archer

Mike Keese (Cleone's cousin)

Hugh Evans

John Nash (not at the school) married Caroline Fleming

Dick Ling was a Chorlim neighbour, not Kitale school, He arrived from an English university. Same with Mike Eggleston.

Max Bachman, Afrikaans, was the local vet for a time, not at the school

The rest you might know about one way or another.

I loved these guys, a really nice bunch of good young men. Happy times.

Regards. Pat

PS - People love old photos, so if you could add a few more to the newsletter I am sure it would be appreciated. I specifically want to see some more class photos from my era, the fifties. My mum used to have one of our class but it never came to me when she died and googling brings no results. There must be some left, somewhere!

Pat Edwards

Shannondale, Australia

Weighing in on Acquisition without Compensation

Acquisition without compensation (confiscation of property, and all assets or property thereon, including mineral rights) is a highly emotional topic and has the potential of derailing our economic recovery for decades. I have often talked about this issue in my newsletters, but I felt that now was the time to weigh in with my 5c worth, not because I am better informed than anyone else around into how this legislation has evolved, and is now picking up pace, but because I have had first-hand experience into how it has and hasn't worked elsewhere in Africa.

I was born in Kenya and spent the first 15 years of my life on tea estates in the Kenyan highlands. My mother was born in Kenya too (1930s) and her parents owned a thriving fresh flower and deciduous fruit farm on the slopes of Mount Elgon, on the Ugandan border. My mother's sister also had a thriving coffee farm in the same district. In the late 1960s, post-independence, white farms were given 'Compulsory Purchase Orders', in other words the farms were bought and handed over to black families (funded by the British Government). This approach changed over time, allowing Kenyan citizens (irrespective of colour) to own land (but nobody else). By the end of the 60s most of the white-owned land in the highlands had been transferred into black hands, but this was by no means equitable, with some tribes benefitting much more than others. In the Rift Valley, mostly white (Kenyan citizens) bought back land and formed large cooperatives with surrounding locals to form the highly successful market-gardening export industry you see today (flowers, vegetables). My grandparent's farm (called Border River) was cleared of all those deciduous orchards (and the gravity irrigation system fed from Border River – Suam River) and replaced with mielies. In the last few years, it has been bought by a commercial farmer and turned back into a deciduous fruit farm. I hope to go back there in the next year.

After leaving Kenya, my father moved to Rwanda, to build a tea factory in Gisakura, in the South. The tea estate had been carved out of magnificent rain forest (but with one of the highest population growth rates land was (and continues to be) under pressure.) This was prior to the Genocide, but anyone who has done research on Rwanda/Burundi or Hutu/Tutsi conflict knows that it had been going on for decades, and even in the 70s there was continual conflict. The tea estate had been done on a 'thé villageois' or 'tea of the villagers' principal where families were given a plot of land, planted with tea (and some help I think for building a homestead) and a (foreign-aid sponsored) tea factory to whom they could sell their produce (and buy any other requirements from the co-op). To this day, Rwandan tea commands the highest prices in Africa, and often in the world. Anyone interested in looking at this in more detail can go here:

https://opendocs.ids.ac.uk/opendocs/bitstream/handle/20.500.12413/6459/IFAD_IDS_CaseStudies_Rwanda_final.pdf;jsessionid=C59EBDC3053F950533B82A1D45B51859?sequence=1

This case study is based on programs 2 decades after the ones my father was involved with, but the principal remains the same. It is a win-win partnership between government and the people, with ownership and responsibility for the land in the hands of ordinary small farmers. Without land security you will not get investment (irrigation, infrastructure, orchards etc) being put into government rented land (who can reclaim it, with everything on it, at any time. After finishing the first factory in Rwanda (he built another a few years later), my dad went on to build one in Burundi, owned and run by the government to this day (with none of the success the Rwanda industry has seen). After that he built a factory in Madagascar (Sahambavy) and this is still the only plantation or factory on the island with little commercial success (again, government owned).

The Kenyan cooperative model is still evolving, and flower production (where it started) isn't ideal because the farming and protection required is intensive (unlike tea, for example, that grows in the open with very little need for fertilisers nor climate protection). The flower production for the

international market has exploded, especially in the Naivasha region, and you now get many migrant workers coming into the area so the original model is disintegrating.

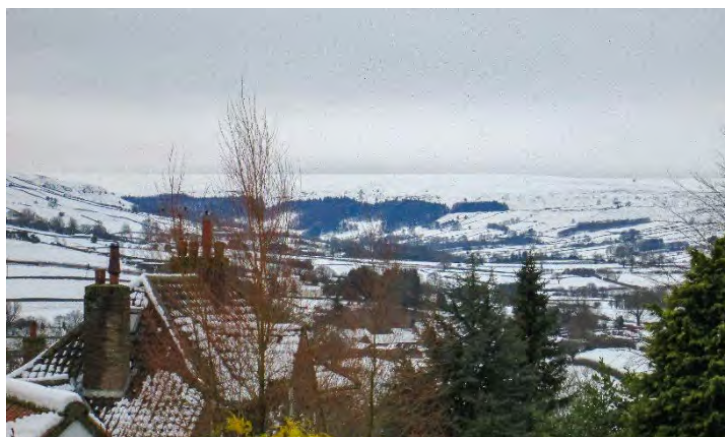
The dangers of ANC in its current format are well known. It is not going to address the desire for the landless South Africans to own land but send us further down the road of communistic land principals. (Calling it socialist is too soft, it goes beyond that). Communism has been a resounding failure, why does the ANC think they can do anything differently? Socialism does still work, most notably in the Scandinavian countries. Any investment in agriculture (and other industries besides) will dry up – and Cyril saying that food security will be of prime consideration is just nonsense. The West has already told the government numerous times that changing property ownership laws will not be viewed favourably – the Chinese of course couldn't care (maybe that is the point?). I think we are looking at 2 needs here, not one. There is the need for land on which to build a home (with assistance?) or some sort of land ownership (sectional title for example). The other need is for sustainable farmland to increase and not destroy the breadbasket. This is where rental of land might be a better solution, and not far off the Rwandese model. The 'collective farms' can be set up, with infrastructure like irrigation and roads, even rental access to machinery like tractors, and then farmers can set up a 'business' farming. This would ensure that arable land is not wasted – because land not farmed would still incur rent and would likely default.

Finding the right crop for the right land is key, but this is where private enterprise can step in and help with their expertise and experience. Support systems like agricultural colleges are essential – the lack of skills and experience is one area where any collective scheme fails. If land/housing ownership (and amenities like schools, shops and clinics) can be provided close to the land used for farming this will have the added benefit of reversing the urbanisation of the population. The South African government already owns swathes of arable land, including the land owned by the Ingonyama Trust in KZN (started in 1994) with rent paid to the King.

I'd welcome other people's insights, especially to fill in the blanks on the Kenya model.

Dawn (Prophet) Ridler

Johannesburg, South Africa



A snowy photo from our garden, including the cat who adopted us when we moved here 18 months ago. The other one is looking up to the moors at the head of Danby Dale.

Peter Woods

Yorkshire, United Kingdom

AFRICA

*When you have acquired a taste for the dust,
and the scent of our first rain,
You're hooked for life on Africa,
and you'll not be right again.
Until you watch the setting moon
and hear the jackals bark,
And know they are around you
waiting until the dark.*

*When you long to see the elephants
Or hear the coucal's song,
When the moonrise sets your blood on fire,
Then you've been away too long.
It is time to cut the traces loose,
and let your heart go free,
Beyond that far horizon,
where your spirit yearns to be.*

*Africa is waiting - come!
Since you have touched the open sky
And learned to love the rustling grass
and the wild fish eagle's cry.
You'll always hunger for the bush;
For the lion's rasping roar,
To camp at last beneath the stars
and to be at peace once more.*

Author unknown

FROM KITALE SCHOOL TO LENANA AND BEYOND

By Peter Kebati – Kirk House 1977-1982

I have twice read the autobiography by Nelson Mandela, the “Long Walk to Freedom”. I will not dare to claim any such fame reverence.

I started my primary school in Nyeri Primary School in 1970 in Standard 1 as a day scholar. My father was then working in Nyeri as an engineer in government. I still remember cold mornings and the snow peaks on Mt Kenya, with Lenana and Batian peaks always snow white. Global warming is real! I then joined Lavington Primary School in Nairobi for two years. I think I preferred the rural life to the hustle and bustle of traffic in the cities.

I joined Kitale Primary School in 1973 as a boarder in Standard 4. What immediately struck me was the similarity with Nyeri Primary. The buildings were remarkably similar including the colour code. I later learnt that the 5 high-cost public primary schools, which were Nyeri, Nairobi, Hill School and Molo Primary, all used the same architects. My mum was a bit taken aback to see in the uniform list shamba hats, gum boots, takis and 12 handkerchiefs! I later came to learn that the takis had multiple uses; other than for use in sports, they were a useful disciplinary tool on our backsides! What I loved most in Kitale School was the food. The bacon, sausages, fish and chips, jam tarts, trifle pudding, semolina were extremely delicious. I had no time for oats and chocolate pudding. We also had a wide range of sports facilities like cricket, rugby, football, hockey, lawn tennis, table tennis and golf. And a sport which I have never played since, croquet! Our arch enemies in sports and academics were Hill School and Manor House (just as Lenana had Nairobi School and Rift Valley Academy). I did manage to represent the school in Lawn Tennis, Table Tennis, Football, Rugby and Cricket and was awarded some colours. I suspect it was more due to the incompetence of the other boys than my own sporting abilities! I was called up to the Kenya Junior teams in both tennis and table tennis under 16 in 1976 and may have shown some reasonable talent.

I joined Lenana School in 1977 in Kirk House. Having been in a boarding school, the transition was fairly easy especially having quite a large number of Kitale School alumni. However, the rabble calls and early morning sports practice, especially cross country at 5am from Norman's Folly and swimming was not entertaining at all! The sports facilities were excellent and I continued to play tennis and other sports to higher levels. I was also a member of the debating club. This brings fond memories of Brooklands as we would wait for the girls from Kenya High (Boma) or Limuru Girls (Chox) and take them on a lap of honour on Brooklands to present your case as to why she should allow you a dance later on after the debate! I acquitted myself reasonably well by not getting floating colours! In my six years in Kirk House, we performed very well winning both the merit shield award for academics and many sporting trophies especially in Rugby, Football and Swimming.

After my A levels in 1982, I had a two-week break before joining Price Waterhouse as an Audit Assistant. It was encouraging to find that we had a good squad of Old Yorkists with two partners, Gayling May and Graham Silcock.

I had to take a break from accounting in 1984 to join the National Youth Service which was a pre-University requisite. After completing my course at the University of Nairobi, I re-joined Price Waterhouse. I later worked at companies in banking and manufacturing. Standard Chartered Bank and other companies as Chief Finance Officer and Chief Executive Officer. I am now in semi-retirement on a few company Boards.

I am also currently the Chairman of the Kitale School Alumni Society. We would be most grateful to get more Old Yorkists and Laibons, who are also Kitale School alumni, to join as they are all over the world. We would like to assist Kitale School reclaim some land that was excised by a private developer and also to assist with the establishment of a digital learning centre. My contact email is peterkebati@gmail.com.



Kirk House Junior Football Team 1979 with Trophy. Peter, mid-field maestro, is front row on the left.

Peter Kebati - Kitale



From left to right:
Patrick Kelly, Johnathon Owens, Neils Sunde, Norman Caird. Taken late '50's in the senior boy's
boarding house quad at Kitale Primary School.

*Richard Northmore
London*

*Does anyone have any information on Johnathon Owens or Norman Caird?
Thanks
Aiden*

GOING, GOING, GOING GONE AS DRIFTWOOD CLUB IS SOLD TO PROPERTY DEVELOPERS

(Posted 02nd May 2021)



It is May 1st, 2021 and it is the end of the road for the Driftwood Club in Malindi. But it is also the end of the road of a love affair of Driftwood aficionados from across East Africa, Africa and the rest of the world, a property always described by this correspondent as 'Kenya's best bare feet resort' after the resort closed down on the 30th of April.

I remember myself the ups and downs and ups again of the Driftwood, always a place of great hands-on hospitality, first when Bruce Buckland owned the place before Roger Sylvester took it over, moved from the hustle and bustle of Nairobi to the relaxed beachside town of Malindi and gave the Driftwood a new lease on life.

Roger, ever busy on social media to promote the Driftwood at the same time also was one of the key promoters of Destination Malindi and both Driftwood and Roger will be leaving a big void behind.

I spent some memorable weekends there in the far past and the Driftwood was always my place to stay when in Malindi to explore the neighbourhoods and write about what makes Malindi so special for visitors, who were seeking a laid-back resort, free of dress codes and silly rules – being silly was in fact encouraged – but full of fun, a place of good home cooked meals and a place where beers were cold and tea was served steaming hot.

I remember the tuk tuk rides which the Driftwood offered every guest, the quiz nights, the themed parties and the special celebrations like St. Patricks Day when Roger turned the Driftwood and everyone working and staying there green.

Roger opened the Driftwood to host market days for the locals and his faithful clientele, yours truly included of course, kept coming back and back and back.

I remember Roger performing a Scottish sword dance, dressed up to suit any occasion and his colourful shirts, like himself, became the stuff of legend.

Roger had many challenges to meet, the at times sorry state of the Malindi roads and town itself and the apparent neglect of Kilifi council of Malindi affairs. But Roger never stopped believing in Destination Malindi, where he was not only hotelier par excellence but also self-styled chief marketeer.

The Driftwood will be remembered among what we used to call Kenya Cowboys, but also their families after they – as we all did eventually – grew up. The Kenyan and East African Brits and Irish took to it as much as plenty of other expat nationalities did and overseas visitors too kept coming to the resort which size and direct beachside location made it a very, very special place to be.

It is said that all good things come to an end but here that end came too soon for me, not having been able to do my biannual pilgrimage to the Driftwood last year because of Corona travel restrictions and this year due to having to take care of family affairs in Germany, which has kept me here for several months already.

So all I can do is to bid a very fond farewell to Roger and the lady of his heart Sarah, a farewell I also extend to the superb staff of the club who looked after me when I was staying there.

Asante Mingi Sana Roger the Dodger for your hospitality over the past many years at the Driftwood – I feel privileged to be your good friend since my early days in Kenya so many decades ago!

Safari Njema Roger, be safe and well wherever you go and as our saying goes, Roger – Over and Out.

KITALE

Land was auctioned in Nairobi in 1913 by the British to White settlers from £3 to £5 per acre. In Nairobi prices were between £25 to £35 per acre. Approximately 1 million acres was surveyed and demarcated into 300 farms measuring between 1300 to 4200 acres. There were 231 Europeans farm owners in Trans-Nzoia by 1922.

"Old Boma" was the first administration post consisting of offices, prison and a house. It was situated in A.C Hoey land near Nzoia river. Past Hoey's Bridge (today Moi's Bridge).

Arthur Champion was appointed first District commissioner for Trans- Nzoia on 8 October 1920.

Settlers formed Trans-Nzoia Farmers Association to market their produce overseas later absorbed by Kenya Farmers Association in 1927.

In 1929 Trans- Nzoia & Uasin-Gishu district formed Nzoia Province. Later absorbed to Rift Valley province in 1945.

Kitale Hotel was built in 1930. It consisted of 20 bedrooms with hot shower, a garage, cinema, ice machine and cold storage. Kitale museum was established in 1926 by Lt Col Hugh Stoneham.

Kitale war cemetery contains graves of 60 East African soldiers who died during the 1936-1945 world war II.

Friday was the busiest day of the week as farmers would come to Kitale town for bank transactions and purchase of supplies. "Line Moja" was a street made up of mainly Indian shops in a single lane, selling cheap goods from Japan to mostly Africans.

Peter Kebati

Kitale

Hi Aiden

Tad fraught this end, our unfortunate little Caribbean Island has not only Covid to contend with, but also a more than grumpy volcano that has led to some 15,000 of a 100,000-population having to be evacuated and temporarily housed & sheltered, duration of this highly uncertain, as Madame Soufriere still grumpy, though a lot less so than previously.

Last Thursday we had an unusual pre wet season heavy rain for most of the day, lots of flooding and some very dangerous lahar mud slides down some of the rivers, this a slurry of the very fine volcanic ash, that is like Teflon and moves everything in its path.

Tell the more religious minded of the locals that we know, only need locusts to ensure than Moses makes a reappearance here!

Religion and old fashioned “dawa ya mzungu” fear factor have not been good for mass COVID vaccination this side, only about 22% of the population, while there is sufficient vaccine for the whole adult population.

Part 2

Jambo Aiden

Happy for you to use any of my missives or musings at any stage.

Arresting charcoal makers or poachers is all well & good but has plenty negative results as well.

Only long-term option, it to find better things for the current proponents to do, plus make better or more money at it.

Plenty fast growing indigenous trees around Elgon, that could be farmed and turned into kuni or mkka at less effort the best solution, plus a Carbon Credit 3.

Low-cost solar systems for sure going to play a big part too.

Massive rainforest destruction as you correctly say is a Corporate Affair, not small-scale survival types.

But hey elephants and people very difficult to share the same space, more so with impoverished micro scale just survive crop planters.

Once told a highbrow WWF get together, that if the desired result was More Elephants in the location under discussion, then Cull People Not Elephants. 😊

As you can imagine, not a popular proposition, however logical it was then and still is today.

Crazy world out there Bwana and with global population close to 8 billion, likely to stay this way for the balance of our shelf life.

Stay healthy, safe & well.

Salamu Wengi

Harry

Harry Fitzherbert

St Vincent & Grenadine Island

KITALE SCHOOL SHINES IN NORTH RIFT

In the Just released results of the Kenya Certificate of Primary Education, Kitale School did very well. With a whooping candidature of 269 candidates; 19 scored 400 marks and above out of 500, Between 350-399 there were 131 candidates, 300-349 there were 85, 250-299 there were 27 while 200-249 there were 7 which is a very natural curve. There was none below 200 marks.

The school recorded an impressive mean of 348.97 out of 500 with 71.68 in English 66.05 in Kiswahili, 69.61 in Maths, 71.31 in science and 70.33 in SSRE.

The school also produced the top boy in Trans Nzoia County with Ryan Namwoso Mulati scoring 421 Marks. In the same vein the school produced the two top girls in the County namely Letitia Nekesa and Onkoba Kimberly Kemunto who scored 416 Marks.

This put the school among the leading schools in North Rift.



Mulati Ryan Namwoso scored 421 marks.



Letitia Nekesa scored 416 marks



Onkoba Kimberly Kemunto scored 416 marks.

Rhoda Ojwang 1987 – 1994

I call Kitale home, this is where I grew up. I have wonderful memories of this place. I left Kitale School during my second term in class eight. I was very unhappy about this decision because I had made some very good friends there, friendships that are still going strong to date. The reasons why the unexpected switching of schools happened is best known by my beloved parents (Dr. & Mrs Arara) who only wanted what was best for their daughter. Fast forward, I performed well in my Kenya Certificate Primary Education (KCPE) and went to St. Brigids Girls High School, Kiminini. Most of my friends from Kitale School were admitted there too so we ended up reconnecting.



I completed high school in 1998 and moved to Memphis Tennessee, United States in pursuit for higher education, where I obtained my Associate Degree in Nursing (ADN). After obtaining this degree I moved to California. A year later I went back to school and obtained a Bachelor of Science in Nursing (BSN) degree. Nursing is a very lucrative, fulfilling and rewarding career in the US. I knew that I wanted to accomplish more in this profession, and not just settle for bedside nursing.

In 2010, I went back to school and pursued a Master of Science in Nursing (MSN) degree as a Family Nurse Practitioner (FNP). I was tired of just following doctor's orders. I wanted a more challenging role. Nurse Practitioners (NPs) are advanced practice clinicians trained to assess, order and interpret diagnostic and laboratory tests, diagnose and prescribe medications. I enjoy this role because it has allowed me a lot of independence regarding treatment decisions as it pertains to my patients. Going back to school to obtain this advanced degree was one of the best decisions I ever made in my life.

In 2015, I went back to school yet again and pursued a Doctor of Nursing Practice (DNP) degree, reason why I am known as Dr. O. The DNP degree is considered the highest level of preparation for nursing practice, hence the terminal degree in the nursing profession. I am very passionate in my role as a clinician and enjoy interacting with my patients. I have no intentions of leaving clinical practice any time soon. I also do some consulting work, which I enjoy too. I continue to turn down several teaching offers at local universities, and executive leadership positions at local healthcare facilities.

Giving back to my community is one among many of my passions. I have been part of a few medical mission trips to Kenya with other groups. Reason why in 2018, I founded a non-profit organization named Healthcare Access International Group (HAIG). HAIG is incorporated in San Diego, CA. We were in Kitale in 2019 and delivered free medical services to hundred of people. In 2020, we had a trip planned for Kisumu, Kenya that was disrupted by the Covid- 19 pandemic. Our trips are currently on hold as we monitor the current pandemic. We hope to resume our work in Kenya as soon as the Kenyan Medical Practitioners & Dentists Board (KMPDB) starts issuing permits for medical camps again. I always encourage individuals to find ways to give back in their own ways. Little or big, it helps you grow as a person, and understand where you fit in the space around you. Feel free to visit our website – www.haighealthcare.net.

Last but not least, I am in the process of launching a wellness practice that will provide telehealth medical weight loss and concierge IV infusion services to the states of California (CA), Washington

(WA), Arizona (AZ), and Nevada (NV). I am licensed in these states and intend to obtain more state licenses with time as I expand my practice. I am hoping to launch this by the end of June 2021. Stay tuned for more details on that. Weight loss, nutrition, skin care and general wellness are topics I am very passionate about. Obesity is a global issue, with at least 2.8 million people dying yearly as a result of it. Most of these deaths are preventable and are highly related to what we eat.

I strongly believe we all were put in this life for a purpose. Every single day, I strive to ensure I have fulfilled my purpose in this life, at least for that day. I keep my life very balanced. I work hard and play harder. Currently I live and work in San Diego, CA. When I am not working, I love travelling, reading, making meaningful connections, dancing, outings and outdoor activities with friends. Many thanks to the individuals who initiated this newsletter. Many of us are what we are today because of the great foundation this school provided. Many thanks to all my teachers who helped make me what I am today, I am forever grateful. Special thanks to my parents who love me dearly, ensured I got the best education and continue to support my dreams. Thanks to all my siblings whom we share so many memories and laughter about our childhood memories and are also Kitale School alumni – Bernice (New York) Leah (Australia), Michael, Dr. Corrine, Linda and Ronald (Kenya).

Thank you for the opportunity, I am highly honoured.

Dr. Rhoda Ojwang

Paul Musumba – Kitale Academy 1994 – 1996



Paul Musumba manages and runs Edu Prime LLC (www.eduprimellc.org) a company focused at establishing equity in Education by closing academic achievement gaps for all our students. Edu Prime is registered and headquartered in Philadelphia with a satellite office in Atlanta.

Edu Prime are leaders in provision of quality educational solutions to schools and school districts. Some of the services that offered include, Substitute teacher and Permanent Teacher Placements, Professional Development, In Person and online tutoring options and Curriculum mapping, planning and development.

What is next: Edu Prime is actively running an ACT/SAT Summer bootcamp for rising juniors and seniors since schools are closed for the summer. Edu Prime is a registered ETS and Pearson testing site and soon we will be a testing site for over 130 different certification and licensure courses. Edu Prime plans to launch a testing site in Kenya in December 2021 where they will be offering all ETS and Pearson tests.

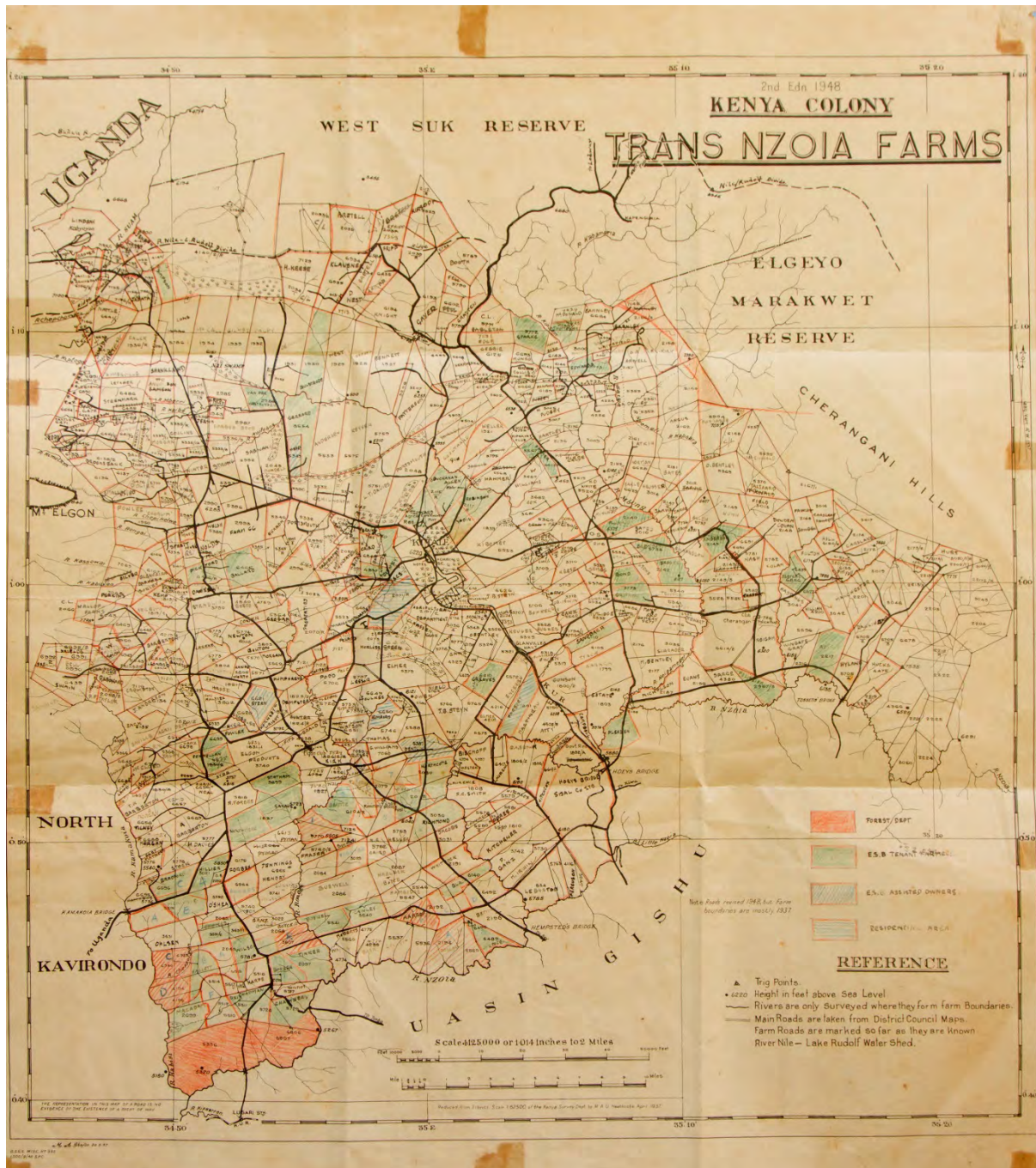
After studying chemistry and Urban Education in Kenya Poly, then Drexel University and finally Temple, Paul Musumba went straight into teaching and he has taught Chemistry and Mathematics in Philadelphia for almost 7 years.

Paul Musumba joined Kitale Academy in 2004 and left in 2006. Mr. Maringa who surprisingly still teaches at Kitale Academy was his class teacher. Some of the most profound classmates Musumba

reckons are the late Ruth Masaki, the late Allan Ngugi and the late Martha. Mr. Musumba cannot believe that Erastus Ndugire never gave him a pass to once lead the class academically. He was always on his tail but loved every bit of that competition.

The most development that happens in a child's brain happens between 12-14 years, and this exactly is the time Paul reckons he spent in Kitale Academy. The most profound lesson about Kitale Academy lies in its motto "Perseverance". It is amazing how I practice those words in my day-to-day endeavour. In our business we must persevere racial profiling in boardrooms, unfair competitive practices etc..

Trans Nzoia Farms Map



Dear Aiden,
Here is a copy of the Trans Nzoia farms map. The original is 24 x 27 inches and very clear.

Best wishes,
Peter Wood
Whitby. N. Yorkshire

Please contact me if you have any queries. Ed.

A LONG WALK FROM KITALE SCHOOL

By Peter Kebati – Nandi House, Class of 1976, Chairman Kitale School Alumni Society

I have twice read the autobiography by Nelson Mandela, the “Long Walk to Freedom”. I will not dare to claim any such fame or reverence.

I started my primary school in Nyeri Primary School in 1970 in Standard 1 as a day scholar. My father was then working in Nyeri as an engineer in government. I still remember cold mornings and the snow peaks on Mt Kenya, with Lenana and Batian peaks always snow white. Global warming is real! I then joined Lavington Primary School in Nairobi for two years. I think I preferred the rural life to the hustle and bustle of traffic in the cities.

I joined Kitale Primary School in 1973 as a boarder in Standard 4. What immediately struck me was the similarity with Nyeri Primary School. The buildings were remarkably similar including the colour code. I later learnt that the 5 high-cost public primary schools at the time, which were Nyeri, Nairobi, Hill School and Molo Primary, all used the same architects. My mum was a bit taken aback to see in the uniform list shamba hats, gum boots, takis and 12 handkerchiefs! I later came to learn that the takis had multiple uses; other than for use in sports, they were a useful disciplinary tool on our backsides! The shamba hats were for use in the agriculture farm where the school had plots for pupils and a demonstration farm. I was in Nandi House which had green as the house colour.

What I loved most in Kitale School was the food. The bacon, sausages, fish and chips, Yorkshire pudding with roast beef, jam tarts with custard, trifle pudding, bread pudding, rice pudding, semolina were extremely delicious. I had no time for oats and chocolate pudding.

We also had a wide range of sports facilities like cricket, rugby, football, hockey, swimming, lawn tennis, table tennis and golf. And a sport which I have never played since, croquet! Our arch enemies in sports and academics were Hill School and Manor House. Occasionally we would compete with Kaptagat Preparatory and St Andrews Turi. I did manage to represent the school in Lawn Tennis, Table Tennis, Football, Rugby and Cricket and was awarded some colours. I suspect it was more due to the incompetence of the other boys than my own sporting abilities! I was called up to the Kenya Junior teams in both tennis and table tennis under 16 in 1976 and may have shown some reasonable talent. Sports was extremely competitive amongst the houses. The swimming gala and athletics meet were great scenes with the Nandi(Green), Elgon(Blue) and Cherengani(Red) fighting for individual honours and cock house.

One of the occasions I dreaded was the monthly dose of malariaquin or quinine tablets at the sanatorium. On one occasion I tried to trick the nurse (Miss Tessie, we called her MaTessie) by hiding the tablets in my pocket and just taking the water. She got wind of it and gave me slap that still reverberates to this day! I never attempted it again.

In 1974, there was fight of the decade, rumble in the jungle, between Mohammed Ali and George Foreman. It was being held in Kinshasha, Zaire(now DRC). I recall there was a lot of excitement. Our teachers Mr King (PaKing) and Mr McCartan (PaCarti) had a major wager going on. We were woken up at an ungodly hour of like 2 am to listen to the fight on the transistor radio in the common room.

Some people never got over it when Ali knocked out Foreman in the eighth round. We subsequently had a number of boys organising their own boxing showdowns in the courtyard between the junior dormitory and senior dormitory with a packed crowd of cheering pupils watching from the dorms.

The Christmas carols and service were really nice. We had to rehearse for several weeks the birth of Jesus in a manger in Bethlehem. The three kings had some classy costumes carrying gold, myrrh and frankincense(I doubt if it was real!). On a number of occasions I would read verses in the assembly standing at the lectern which had steps as many of us could not reach the microphone. Those were the best Christmas Carols and plays and we really enjoyed them.

We would watch movies in a room in the junior dormitory up school. The room had black tapes and paper to give a movie setting. We would be allowed to buy sweets and popcorn from the tuck shop to take into the "movie theatre". Mr Sloan(PaSloan) was often the movie master. I loved the cowboy movies featuring John Wayne, Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef and others. One day they showed the movie "Scrooge", a horror movie. I was thoroughly scared and don't like horror movies to date.

I sat for my Certificate of Primary Education(CPE) in 1976 and was fortunate to get the maximum 36 points and proceeded to Lenana School. My father had some idea that I should consider Alliance High School but I was not keen on that. Lenana was the preferred school for most of the pupils, since the days it was Duke of York. I wish all those pupils who are proceeding to secondary school to always remember the school motto "Persevere".

Peter Kebati

Kitale



P.O. Box 80379 Mombasa 80100

Tel: 0733 728 356

Email: kspcamsa@gmail.com

Dear Friends,

June, 2021

We are already nearly halfway through 2021 and still coping with the Pandemic with lockdowns and curfews. What a crazy time we have all had but we have managed to keep going and this has been through the most amazing support that we have received from the Friends of the Mombasa KSPCA. I am truly grateful to you all and I am sending you all BIG hugs.



We have so many lovely dogs and cats looking for forever homes. Many people lost their jobs and had to re-locate up-country and, sadly, were not able to take their pets with them and so they surrendered them to us. Also, many dogs and cats have been abandoned at various Vet Clinics and were then brought in to the KSPCA.

We also rescued two donkeys at different times, both of whom were males and had been in severe fights. What a mess donkeys can make of each other! After treatment we managed to find lovely homes for them. Sadly, we were also called out to a baby donkey who had been hit by a vehicle. Unfortunately, there was nothing that we could do as his foot had more or less been severed. We do get some very sad cases here.

Before I go any further, we have had to deal with several cases of rabies in the last 2/3 months and we have also heard of other cases. Please check that your dogs and cats have up to date rabies vaccinations. This is so very important.



We have had more problems with pythons which come in from Haller Park (the Nature Trail). The Mombasa KSPCA is actually the end section of Haller Park. This time we lost our much loved 3-legged little black dog called Tatu. The guys from Haller Park came and got the python and they said that they think that it is the same one that has been taking their baby Sunis. This one was 4.8m in length. We have lost several cats but Tatu was the first dog that we have lost to a python. We have put smaller wire across our back gate and round Cattery 8 which is where they have been going in. One night we had a wild bush pig come onto the premises which caused absolute havoc with the dogs and the office cats! Not an easy thing to try and chase off the premises in the middle of the night. I confess that I did laugh when I was told about it in the morning when I arrived at the office.

KSPCA Mombasa is in very dire need of a Freezer. All our freezers came out of the Ark and they have slowly packed up. My freezer guy has managed to keep them going for very many years but even he can't work anymore miracles. If anyone has an old working freezer that they no longer need and would like to donate it to us we would be forever grateful. We don't mind what it looks like as long as it is working. We go to the hotels after lunch to collect their leftovers and these are brought back and put into the freezers for the next day.



We are having our Ngutuni Game Count Fundraiser on the 3rd July, 2021. This is going to be a Very Special Event as it is being held in memory of a wonderful supporter and friend – Sue Lawrence-Brown. This was the Event that Sue started and organized every year to raise much needed funds for the KSPCA. So, this Ngutuni Game Count is being held especially to celebrate Sue's life and we want as many people as possible to come and have a fun weekend and remember Sue as the joyful person that she was. She had that wonderful laugh. I know that most of the rooms have now been booked but for those who have not been able to come, for whatever reason, maybe they would like to send a donation to the KSPCA in memory of Sue. This can either be sent as mpesa to my number: 0722-719499 or direct to our Bank: NCBA, Nyali Branch, Account Name: KSPCA, Account No. 6428570011. All donations are receipted.

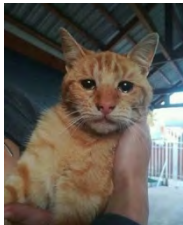


This little cat was found and rescued from a school and taken straight to our Vet who thinks that he may have been caught in a snare and had probably been there for some time before he managed to get out. The wound was very badly infected but once the infection had been sorted out, he was stitched up and brought back to the KSPCA



We really do see the worst of humanity in this place. Over the years I have had several people come in wanting to surrender their pets. When I have asked them why I am told that the pet is old, and they no longer want it!! You can imagine my reaction – it drives me absolutely mad. I then ask them what do they do with their

elderly relatives?! The other one is people wanting to surrender their dogs, usually the local breed, because they now have a German Shepherd so no longer want an 'inferior' dog. We have some lovely dogs and cats looking for forever homes and although it is so very heart breaking when we lose a pet, and it never gets any easier, please remember the second picture - try and give a second chance to an abandoned and forgotten dog or cat. Honour their life by saving another.



This is a picture of an abandoned cat that has just been found and rescued and has now been given a forever home. So many animals get abandoned – people just pack their bags and walk away leaving their pets severely traumatized. They are pets not feral dogs and cats and are not streetwise and have no idea how to fend for themselves. They do not know where to look for food and water and unless it has been raining finding water would be a huge problem. SHAME on these people.



We received a call to say that a camel's foot had gone down a manhole cover. Fortunately, we do know the camel owners and have their contact numbers. We eventually found out who owned this camel and asked them to come, with plenty of help as the camel had to be lifted straight up otherwise the leg would have broken. It took a lot of manpower and ingenuity but finally the camel was lifted high enough for the leg to come out. Apart from some quite severe bruising the camel was fine.



After nearly 18 months we still get people coming to the KSPCA with no masks or they don't wear their masks properly! This drives me absolutely nuts.

We are still struggling financially as there is very little fund raising that we can do with this pandemic, and we are still looking for donations. Fortunately, we are getting the leftover food from the hotels again, which is

helping with the food, but we still need cash for the day to day running of the KSPCA including drugs and vaccines.

Ngutuni Again. Ngutuni now has a swimming pool so don't forget your costumes. Also, it is very important that we should not forget about Covid-19. We certainly do not want to make this event a 'Super Spreader' and we need to remember to social distance, and to wear our masks when necessary.

From Di Purchase, her staff, her fund-raising team and our many and varied four legged friends at the Mombasa KSPCA



We are really struggling as we cannot do fund raising and it is through fund raising and donations that we get our money. The Government does not give us a single cent!!

You can send your donations to:

Bank:	NCBA, Nyali Branch
Account Name:	KSPCA
Account No.:	6428570011
Swift code:	CBAFKENX
Code:	07000
M-pesa No. ...	+254 722-719 499 (Diana Purchase)

*Di (Fulton) Purchase
Mombasa*



KITALE SCHOOL
P.O.Box 4104 - 30200
KITALE -KENYA

KITALE SCHOOL ALUMNI SOCIETY

Tel: + 254 54 30729 / +254 54 30796
info@ksalumni.co.ke
www.mykitalesschool.com



BRIEF FROM THE ALUMNI SOCIETY FOR THE HALF YEAR TO 30 JUNE 2021

The year 2021 has been a challenging one for us all. The covid pandemic is still with us affecting both lives and livelihoods. Many have lost loved ones and others have lost sources of income. In Kenya, the government restrictions are still in place. There has been curfew now for over one year with the times varying from 7pm-4am to 10 pm-4am. At times certain areas are classified as containment zones. This has really affected the alumni society to implement some of our plans. The covid vaccine Oxford Astra Zeneca was rolled out in March for those most exposed but less than 1% of the population is fully vaccinated and it looks like it may take up to 2023. So dear members, just continue to mask, social distance and sanitize.

Membership

We continue to encourage the alumni to formally join the society at an annual subscription of only Shs 1,000. The current membership is as follows:

Class Year	Number	Amount(Shs)
1973	1	1,000
1974	2	2,000
1976	1	1,000
1977	1	1,000
1978	7	7,000
1979	4	4,000
1980	1	1,000
1985	1	1,000
1986	4	4,000
1987	1	1,000
1989	23	23,000
1993	5	5,000
1994	1	1,000
1995	1	1,000
1997	1	1,000
2013	1	1,000
Total	55	55,000

We currently have 55 paid up members which is encouraging. The class of 1989 are the most responsive and are therefore the “cock class” winners. We look forward to others joining and once we have sufficient we shall get one of the alumni to run a small secretariat for our activities. The committee approved Life Membership at Shs 25,000 GBP 167 or USD 227).

We will also be honoring some of our members with honorary life membership in service to the school. Any nominations should be forwarded to the email address info@ksalumni.co.ke.

Board of Management

The Board of Management of Kitale School under the Chairmanship of Bishop Chemengich was reconstituted in January this year. The alumni were allotted a slot in the BOM to represent our interests. The committee nominated Dr Diana Maina(Class of 1986) to represent the alumni on the Board . Diana

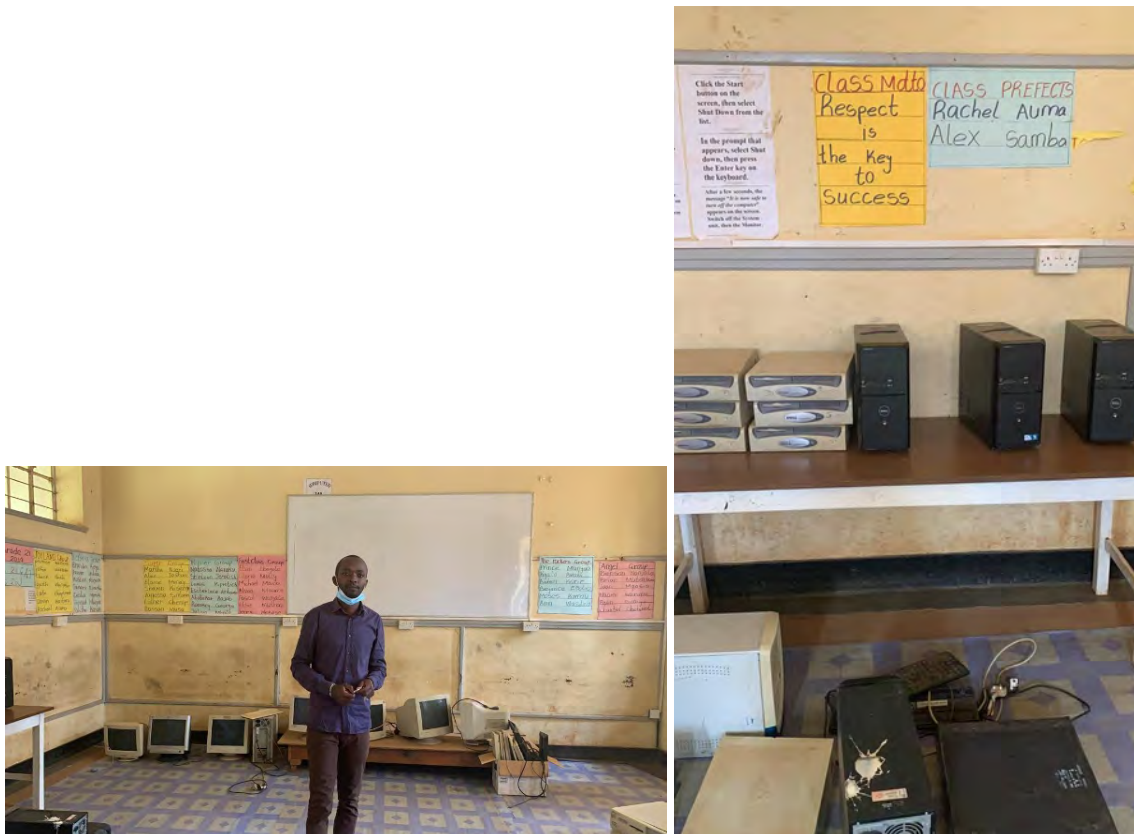
is a dentist practicing in Eldoret and Kitale . We hope this will provide synergy with the school in improving the pupils' welfare.

Computer Laboratory

The plan for a Digital Learning Centre is ongoing. The numerous interruptions to the academic calendar has delayed this.

The current status at the school is:

- 3 working old generation computers
- 6 non-functional computers
- Network is available but needs upgrade



- The computer room can accommodate 25 computers and students.

This is obviously inadequate for a student population of over 1,500 students. We have received a contribution of Shs 7,000 from Wycliffe Ngaira of Class of 1986 to get the kitty going. Thank you Wycliffe. We have plans to start the main fundraising with categories of Platinum(Shs 50,000),Gold(Shs 25,000), Silver(Shs 10,000) and Bronze(Shs 5,000) .This will have some privileges such as life membership for platinum individual members, commemorative boards and plaques in the computer room. Alumni may also want to contribute as a class, year group, a family, a house group, a team , a chamaa etc. which will entitle you to have recognition. The details will be rolled out soon.

Kitale School Grabbed Land

The Board of Management(BOM), the Kitale School Alumni Society(KSAS) and the Parents Association are actively pursuing the piece of land of about 10 acres that was hived off from the school by one Nathaniel Tum in 1994. The matter has been in dispute since then and even gone to court to get justice. The BOM and KSAS filed a petition to the Senate to investigate the matter. This

is ongoing. The National Lands Commission and the Ethics and Anti-Corruption Commission are also seized of the matter. We are hopeful of a favourable outcome.

Judicial Appointments

We congratulate Justice **Francis Tuiyott** (Class of 1979) on his elevation to the Court of Appeal and Justice **Anne Koross** (Class of 1993) on her appointment to the Environment and Land Court. We are proud of their achievement and wish them all the best in their careers in the administration of justice.



Reunion

We expect to have the Annual General Meeting and Reunion in December 2021 as long as the protocols then will allow.

Stay safe and healthy.

Peter Kebati(Class of 1976), Chairman