

(Heather) Munro was often on duty in the senior block refectory. A tall scots woman with her dark hair done up in a big bun! She had a concern for good sitting deportment at the table. If you were in any way slouching she was behind you with a fork prong to straighten your spine.

Old Mrs Munro was in charge of senior girl's block. She had our tins of sweets locked in a cupboard. They were all dealt out. Only three, after lunch at rest time.

Good midnight feasts we had on the toilets – raw onions, oxo cubes, condensed milk, pickled onions etc. Behind a door hung a large wooden brush it's use was a wack with it if caught being naughty (given the brush). **Jenny Northcote** was 'given the brush'. Well, many funny things and dogs at the school.

Eileen Williams (Gould) was my class teacher at one time, I particularly liked her as she had a small peek pup called Dinky that accompanied her in the classroom.

The art room was a very large space upstairs. There was a large amount of very brightly coloured powdered paints. Set out like spices. It had a definite arty painty chalky smell. Some real master pieces were created in that room. Wow, **Richard Chorley** certainly painted such bold bright strong amazing pictures.

Mr Mortimer was the art teacher he was also our class teacher that year. He must have been in his 40s, greying a bit! He had a rather a short fuse regarding misbehaviour of any kind and grab the culprit by the scruff and shove him to the corner of the classroom...hands out and whack whack with a ruler! I made sure I was as good as gold! We were invited to a gorgeous strawberry and cream tea at his home on the school grounds. His wife was very sweet, he took pictures of us, with a slick camera. I do not think we were meant to be at the cream teas, as on one occasion we were making our way across the netball field to the senior block, when Brooky spotted us. He bellowed across the field, like a mad bull. Errr I was I terrified, we ran but had to explain where we had been.

I liked Mr Mortimer, he cried in the classroom one day and I felt so sorry for him, he liked our class a lot. He had a somewhat nervous disposition, darted around the black board with a stick of chalk he tapped to his lips and then to the black board. Mr Mortimer never returned the following term, we were told that he had a nervous breakdown. A memory of a sad drama.

Terry Davidson

I was a day boy at Kitale School between 1958 and 1964.

My parents farmed about 8 kms out of Kitale on Naisambu Farm along the Eldoret road. Our neighbours were the Hardy's, Harrison's and Claasens.

My memories of those school days consist of playing nyabs, cubs and latterly scouts and exploring the kie apple hedge around the perimeter of the school. I certainly didn't excel academically but was a reasonable swimmer and runner. I still keep in touch with the Flatt family and the Brooke's who farmed towards Cherangani - and frequently bump into Kitale folk at Muthaiga club.

I felt very honoured to be invited as the guest of honour for the school's 80th anniversary in 2009 and went to Kitale with my daughter, Ingrid. It was good to meet Mrs Wanyonyi and to see that the school was doing well however it was depressing to take my daughter to our 'old' farm.

Brookie's dogs Whiskey and Soda



John Rose

I was at Kitale School as a boarder from 1961 - 1968. I think I was in Kestrel House (green). I have many memories, particularly of playing sport. Other memories include: roller skating around the triangle near the main block; playing catch with others over the shed near the swimming pool; and the marble crazes.

The Rose family.

Alex Liechti

I was at the Kitale School from 1962 until 1966, when my parents sold their farm and we relocated to Switzerland. It is interesting that I have only faint memories of my time at the boarding school - probably mostly influenced by photos and film, which survived. Memories:

Lots of sports - I was member of the Elgon house (blue).

Of the sport days, parents participating in the races.

First months struggling on with English, as we only spoke Swiss German at home.

Not being able to recite the 'ABC' by heart in the 3rd class - I had to go into the 1st class to recite it next day ...

After every round of exams, pupils had to move their desk according their rankings.

As juniors having to leave film sessions in middle of the film.

Pupils being split into singers and non-singers, the later 'frogs' were allowed to join in with the national anthem only.

Boy scouts and cubs - I was privileged as my mother Kathrin Liechti was one of the adult leaders.

Watching a comet on various nights (I don't remember the name anymore).



Alex wearing the school uniform and the cub uniform.



Dining Room

These photos show Kitale School as it is now which were taken by Judith Hollows.



Playing fields.



School Hall



Front Gates



Main Block



Tuition Block and Junior School, April 1961

Sue Dwen [Hudson] writes after a trip back down memory lane

The first stop being good old **Kitale School**. For all these years I have had a picture in my mind of my Mother walking down the passage just past Mr. Brook's office. I recall her being heavily pregnant with Chris and I was somewhat embarrassed!!!! I must have been seven years old. Well when I got to that same spot on our visit I burst into tears and then the rest of the family joined me. Chris and Pete had tears streaming down their faces. Somehow at all became way too emotional!!! Anyway, you know what the school looks like now, so I won't go into that.

Michael O'Hanlon

2013 was the first time back for forty years. Well, Kitale was the least changed of the places we visited, and even arriving there in the dark after four decades and a horrendous drive from Nairobi, I still had little **difficulty** in navigating our way around. Writes both school and town were deeply in need of a lick of paint and some tlc. In my tour of the school, I gazed through the decades since I had last seen it at the concrete block at the foot of one of the trees in front of the school, against which many games of marbles ('nyabs') were played, and which also served as the base in the energetic boys' game of "One, Two, Three Block".

A memorable and at times very moving return visit.

Robert Richard

Thank you to all concerned for the Kitale School Memories letter, which I enjoyed so much and parts of which had me in stitches.

For a possible future edition, I'd like to add some of my own memories, but first an apparent omission ... Mr (Stuart, I think) Rolf. Housemaster - approx. 1959-60. Young man from Australia. His Ozzy accent was a novelty to most of us. He was a friendly and generally liked person, though he had trouble controlling

some of the kids and it would make him moody. But this brings to mind the late-night fire drill, in which Mr Rolf set off a smoke bomb in the dorm to simulate the real thing. Trouble was that the smoke was pink and it dyed all the mosquito nets pink, and they stayed that colour until the end of term!

Other memories:

Biddy Crowcombe, Crowbar, bless her soul: "What you have is mental constipation and verbal diarrhea". Definitely a star teacher. She would occasionally wear a golden brooch in the form of a perfectly shaped crowbar. She told us how it was a specially ordered gift, made by a London jeweller. "It's a most unusual order," she was told by the jewellers, when she and Miss Walker were there to pick up the surprise present. I bet it was.

Margaret Cameron, Cammy – music teacher. Also, my piano teacher. Like all my other teachers I owe her a debt of gratitude. I did well in my external piano exams and I learned to love piano music. But, truth be told, my piano playing achievements in those days were more a reflection of Cammy's talented and dedicated teaching than my own forte.

Brookie in Std 7 Geography lesson.

He: "Why is Mombasa a good place for building ships?"

Me: "Because it's at the sea"

He: "Well you wouldn't build ships in Kitale, would you now!"

Brookie in History lesson ...

"You will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest"

Brookie at poolside.

He was wearing a light, tropical jacket. White. I misjudged the situation and took a running jump into the pool, drenching his jacket in the process. He shouted at me, calling me a "great big fat porpoise!" (I was, in fact, the fattest kid in school, called Porky by my friends. That's what friends are for). But he realised it was an accident and, for a change, I wasn't punished. Mrs Drakes, who was in charge of the swimming lesson, was seen trying to hide her laughter.

Thanks for keeping all together Aiden,

Kindest regards,

Robert

Mark Dale

Unreliable memories of Kitale School

Kitale school was my first real school. As a Uganda kid, I should have been shipped off to The Hill School in Eldoret but through some connections harking back to the South African origins of both my mother and Mr Woods the headmaster, I gained a place in Kitale. Perhaps because of this bureaucratic rort, perhaps because of my tender years, I was not a boarder at the school. A retired vet from Uganda had brought his family to a farm in Kitale district where, as well as the usual stock on the farm, they raised small children like myself and took them to school every day squashed into the dark box-like rear of a tiny Ford Thames van. Occasionally we would coincide with Mrs de Bromhead and her two boys at the junction of the farm road with the main murrum road into Kitale. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vet were strongly Irish. Mr. was small and uncommunicative with us children. My only memory of him is him donning a solar topee and heading off in the little van to treat animals. Mrs. Vet was outgoing and managed her brood of tiny term-time foundlings along with her own two children. The elder, a pretty dark-haired colleen already working in Kitale town and **Tony** the son, a sturdy lad with curly blonde hair, was older than us and still at Kitale School but left later to attend the Prince of Wales School.

There were others from Uganda, but some were locals from far flung parts of Kitale district like **Nigel Gerrard** who I met many years later at a Karen drinks party. Nigel was by then a major in the British Army. He was training Kenya army officers who had had a precipitous rise through the ranks after being NCOs in colonial days. The one inmate who sticks in my memory, not for any qualities of his own but for his name of **Rupert Bear**. He would be brought at the start of term by his pleasingly plump blonde mother. She would talk loudly about Daddy being “on safari” before departing. Daddy came to visit once. Unlike his wife he was scrawny and he had a large black beard. He was the passenger in the cab of a dark green Kenya Govt. pickup and was closely flanked by two askaris in the khaki and green livery of the prison’s service.

I also remember **Rupert** for an instance at supper. We were fed adequately by Mrs. Vet, but she was an economical housewife. She brewed bottles of pineapple beer and beetroot wine for her and her husband. These occasionally resulted in chain detonations that were devastating for the pantry, particularly when the beetroot wine painted the room crimson. But to continue: we were fed on tripe at intervals. None of us were particularly keen on it but **Rupert** just stared at it dismally. Mrs. Vet insisted he ate it, so he dolefully forked it into his mouth, grimacing with each swallow. Once his plate was empty his eyes bulged and he regurgitated the whole lot as pristine as when it was on his plate. He had swallowed the lot without chewing a single piece. These things are indelibly printed on young impressionable memories.

Before I went to primary school my mother had home schooled me by correspondence course as we lived on an isolated forestry station in North West Uganda. As a result, I was streets ahead in my three Rs when I arrived at Kitale. I was immediately placed 2 or 3 years ahead of my peers at first. Then brought back a form where I soon regressed to the same level of illiteracy as everyone else. I was still a year younger than the rest of the class. I was a weedy kid and this was exacerbated by being younger than everyone else. I maintained this difference throughout my school career and I reckon it militated against a more successful school life.

I found my teacher fairly frightening and was scared to put my hand up. The puddle beneath my chair gave me away. **Michael Dove** suggested we should give each other nicknames. He proposed “Pisshispants” for me. Fortunately, it never stuck. Years later **Michael** sold me a pair of socks while serving in a gents’ outfitters in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

I often lost my spelling and writing book in the black hole of the Thames van and would be beaten for it by the frightening teacher. Fortunately, she got married one holiday and became a butcher’s housewife, never to return to the classroom.

Mr Woods, the headmaster was a fairly remote figure to us little ones. There was an entirely believed rumour that once the seniors had sat KPE, Woody would take them out of school and have them strip and receive a lesson on sex to fit them for life after Kitale school.

The only other teacher I remember was Fatty Mac. She was a rotund lady with a forceful personality. My memories centre on her seated and shifting her hams as she read to us from “The Long Grass Whispers”. She was also a distant relative on my maternal McDonald side of the family. Years later I visited her, still in Kitale, but now retired to a small flat. She was as assertive but far more congenial now I was an adult. She was just as rotund but so much tinier than my school memories of her.

I had one other relative at Kitale, **Glenda Duncan**. Her mother and my mother were cousins of some sort. At that time **Glenda** was an erect, self-assured girl with freckles. Her parents owned the regionally famous Duncan’s Bakery and Tea Room in Eldoret which was the meeting point for farming folk when in town. They would leave clutching fresh loaves of Duncan’s delicious Bermalene bread. A few years back my wife and I were house-sitting the home of another McDonald/Duncan relative near Brisbane. **Glenda** and her husband John Lloyd (also ex Kenya and ex RAF and ex Royal Brunei Airlines) kindly asked us to Christmas

lunch although unaware of the family ties or the past shared experience of Kitale School.

Many of the names in the consolidated memoirs, *Treasured Memories* compiled by Paula Allen and edited by Bridget Walton, strike a chord in my memory. One missing name is **Stooky Statham**. He was a bright, good looking boy and far and away the best athlete amongst his peers. I remember someone, (perhaps the frightening teacher?) decided our class would put on a display with skipping ropes. Ropes were duly handed out and rehearsals began. A ruthless culling of the inept took place which left only the already skilled girls and Stooky, twirling his rope with the best in front of the public. I felt his name would emerge years later for excelling in some field or another but if it has, I never knew of it. Another name dredged from my memory was **John Skinner** who we used to chant "Skinny binninny banana legs" at. I think it must have been him who had the good fortune to marry vivacious **Gill Armstrong** who I knew from tennis matches in Turbo-Kipkarren.

I remember wet school afternoons when we huddled indoors around a wind-up gramophone. In my memory there were only three records played over and over again – "Sparky's Magic Piano", "Peter and The Wolf" and "The Ugly Duckling". Fonder memories are of excursions away to places like the town printing press where we left clutching pads made from off-cuts. The paper took ink from our scratchy pens like blotting paper. Equally exciting was a trip to the Wreford-Smith's mica mine on the slopes of Mt Elgon. This time we left clutching huge crackly sheets of transparent mica.

1951. Suddenly it was all over after two years at Kitale. A bureaucrat must have discovered the subterfuge that allowed me to attend Kitale school and it was off as a boarder to the Hill School in Eldoret with all the other Uganda kids. I finished my primary education there but re-joined a number of students from Kitale school days when I started at Duke of York. The two **Lloyd** brothers; The three **Pickford** brothers - **Nic, Jay** and **Martin** - **Jacques Barraclough**, **Brendon Brooksbank** and jazz aficionado **Chris Greaves**. **Jay Pickford** was much decorated with self-applied tattoos and achieved minor fame as a yodelling singer on Nairobi's Cable and Wireless radio station. The youngest **Pickford, Martin**, was a direct contemporary. He became a geologist and then turned to anthropology. As an academic attached to a French university he made important finds of very early man in Kenya. However, he is better known for a bitter feud with world famous Richard Leakey (Also a direct contemporary at Duke of York).

I bumped into **Paddy Lloyd** while in Rhodesia. He was a disgruntled Assistant District Officer in the southern provinces. He bemoaned that the job was more like a clerk than the stern but fair bwana dispensing justice to the natives he originally envisioned it to be. If he stayed in the job much longer he would have found it more enlivening. Those sparsely inhabited southern areas became infested with terrorists who seemed to roam with impunity.

In 'Treasured Memories', **Mike Mills** is described as living in Scotland selling Aloe Vera products. When I encountered him in later life he was running a uniquely Kenya business called "Karen Services". If you wanted any time-wasting task done like queuing for days for a birth certificate; if you wanted to send an overseas message by new-fangled fax; if you wanted to combat some iniquitous new government decree, then Mike was the go-to person. At that stage he had already completed an army career where, an Old Yorkist friend told me recently, he excelled at squash. My friend also told me he is now providing a service somewhere on the spectrum between life coach and counsellor.

Kitaleites seem few and far between here in Australia. Perhaps it is due to my brief sojourn at the school. Perhaps there is no equivalent of David Lichtenstein, the Simon Wiesenthal of the Hill School and Duke of York School diaspora. However, I did encounter **Brian Hacker**. He was before my time at Kitale but perhaps he and **Rob Savory** coincided. Rob lives across the river from me in a neighbouring suburb of the seaside town we live in. He urged me to write these recollections. I met Brian on a working holiday destroying feral weeds on Lord Howe Island. Despite his seventy years he ascended the precipitous slopes of the highest peak on the island. His younger brother, **Roger Hacker**, was a contemporary at Duke of York. Like

so many from East Africa he joined the UK armed services. In his case the Royal Navy. Later he followed his elder brother into CSIRO, the premier government research organization in Australia.

It was interesting sifting through memories more than half a century old and documenting them here. I hope it stimulates a few memories in others, the last survivors of a different Africa.

Rob Savory,

I met **Peter 'Tich' Gerrard** at a "When We" Reunion in UK, together with the 'Kitale School Treasured Memoires', names flooding back to me from my 1946-1951 attendance. I certainly relate to many items in that long list located towards the end of the document.

'MNS' on the attached Kipkabus tapestry is my mother. Our farm was just over that first hill. And the mzungu on the white horse is Herman Klapprott who, as a very old man, used to buy sweets for me in MV Patel's duka when I was a toto. I say to my wife here at the start of winter in South Australia "I must put some more kuni on the fire" and every evening I ask her "Have you taken your dawa?" She's a pongo but now has a smattering of KiSettler.

Here are my contributions to the Kitale School memoirs; hard facts, anecdotes, photos and "*You still dream in KiSwahili and wake up with tears in your eyes.*"

Graham Bush (Staff)

I taught at Mount House School Tavistock, Devon from 1969 - 1998, teaching maths and games. Senior Master from 1989. Retired at 60 in 1998, was quickly bored and then taught maths at Her Majesty's Prison, Dartmoor (quite a change from a Prep School!!) for five years. I retired in 2003, but still do private maths coaching (helps keep dementia at bay). Otherwise gardening, dog walking and golf keep me busy. My late wife, Margaret Parr, was also a teacher at Kitale School. She died in 1984. Both my daughters were born at Kitale Hospital.

Bridget (Doenoff) Walton



Having been appointed by the Ministry for Overseas Development, London, I arrived at the school on September 9th, 1956, a few days after term had started. My delay was caused by the Suez Crisis which meant that all ships hoping to go through the canal were turned back to sail around the Cape. The long holiday at sea was immediately forgotten as I met Mr Brooks for the first time to a severe reprimand for lateness. My horror at having to teach 42 Grade 2B children was lessened considerably when I received another reprimand from Miss Crowcombe in front of the Grade 7 class for a misdemeanour unknown. At age 19, indeed not much older than the children in Grade 7, some of whom were turning 14, it took me all the courage I could muster to ask her, please, if she needed, to reprimand me anywhere other than in front of her teenage pupils since, as I was destined to teach them on the sports' field, I needed to earn their respect.

I shared quarters with Ms Williams and enjoyed her lovely German Shepherd dog as well as her kindness in making me feel at home. However, life soon became too expensive since I was paying back a

College loan at interest rates and was on basic salary. So, I requested consideration for a change to

Boarding Accommodation, less expensive and for which I was fed as part of the perk for extra duties. Body and soul were now looked after while several years of hard labour kicked in. There were 72 full time boarders with the girls housed upstairs and the boys downstairs. Matrons were relieved by teachers at weekends although Mrs Mac and I were each given a weekend off before and after the mid-term break.

Boarding school food, good as it was under the supervision of Mrs Margaret Davies, never suited all and I remember clearly seeing greasy marks on **Helen Nicholson's** school uniform pockets as she tried to hide fried egg and bacon, which were far from her favourite breakfast eats. An appallingly unhappy boarding school pupil myself, I ignored the mess and suggested to **Alison Gray**, kind girl's matron that she was, that she get a clean uniform every time we noticed the stain.

One of my extra mural duties was hockey coaching – 1st and 2nd eleven mixed teams. This was great since among the excellent players were **Brandon Brooksbank**, **Alan Dale**, the Barbour twins, **Sue Forrester** to name a few. We won matches and Kitale School managed to defeat both the Hill School and Nairobi Primary in the same year. I remember Peter Chiarletti giving me driving lessons and passing my test first time (John Revill being the examiner). Ongoing home for the holidays, my father decided he had better start over so that I learnt better driving skills before causing an accident. So, I re-learnt on the farm truck – rather more challenging than the Chiarlettis Ford Escort saloon vehicle.

My one free evening a week was always spent at the Sports' Club, with a game of hockey followed by social enjoyment with young club members, mostly farmers. Mrs Mac kept a beady eye on my goings on and on one occasion I was in a hurry to evade her peeping from upstairs to a point where I left a water tap running. I got back to find her having to sweep out a flooded flat. While my conscience dictated that I should assist, I did not own up to being the cause of the flood. Perhaps she guessed!

Free weekends were usually spent with very kind Horsey and Barton families who became and remained firm friends. **Miles Barton** was a young man who was totally unsuited to boarding and so, once I became a car owner, I would take Miles out with me to meet up with his parents who by then were living in Kedowa. Miles enjoyed steering my little car while I worked the pedals that he was unable to reach!

Firm friendships were established among the teachers and I have fond memories of Frances Walker, Mrs Valpy, Alice Jacobs, Charles and Alice Mortimer, Ivy Wood, Kay Yuille and others. In later years long after I had left the school and was teaching in Nairobi, married and had a family, which eventually saw us move to Johannesburg and start a new and very different life in South Africa, I used to visit Bidy and Chris (Gibson) in Devon and Kay in Perth, Scotland. The difference in age no longer mattered. Strong friendship replaced the fear and respect of former times and there was great sorrow when eventually both made their way to a more permanent heavenly abode. One might have said of both, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

My connection with past pupils and fond memories remain to this day. **Helen Nicholson**, **Elizabeth Troward** and **Paula Burch** – all married although for recognition's sake I have kept maiden names, asked me to form an alumni, which thrived and we held reunions in Kenya (2), England (2), South Africa (2), Australia (1) and New Zealand (1). The Kitale School flag continues to fly under the very able new captain of the Alumni Association, **Aiden Doyle**, who is the organizer of this year's Reunion in Cheltenham, England. I am so fortunate in that we continue to be visited by and keep in touch with Kitaleites living in Kwa Zulu Natal – **Chris and Magda Hearne**, **Marylin Northmore**, **Patrick and Marion Long**, **Richard and Pauline Statham**, **Andrew and Gayle Hillier**, **Terry Davidson** while more recently we met **Jenny and John Field** who were visiting from Gloucester, England and very recently **Aiden** and **Lesley**, now living in Bournemouth.

Please keep in touch. I am still working although long past my sell by date, but I will respond. You are all not forgotten. Robin joins me in sending greetings and we look forward to reconnecting with many of you.

Till then, love and best wishes,

Bridget

KITALE PRIMARY SCHOOL TIMELINE. Followed by staff.

- 1927** The old Kitale school was the first or second house about 2 miles from the Club on the left of the Kitale/Hoey's Bridge road. The pupils were all later sent to the new school when it opened.
- 1929.** **Kitale Primary School** opened on 19th September.
- 1929 - 1935** **Headmaster: Ray Barton.**
Kitale Primary School was established by the Missionaries with a curriculum tailored to meet the learning needs and aspirations of the privileged children of the White Settlers
Three houses were named to represent the local birds of prey:
Eagle, **Falcon**, **Hawk**. **Kestrel** was added later.
- 1935 - 1954.** **Headmaster: Johnny Woods**
Acting head Mr Corbett - while Mr. Woods on leave.
- 1955 - 1964.** **Headmaster: George Brooks.**
- 1956 - 1962.** **Staff, Bridget Doenhoff.**
- 1959.** Acting head: Peter W. Dowson, 1st term.
Acting head: Ken Ussher, 2nd term, while Mr. Brookes on leave.
- 1963.** Acting head from December 1962 - April 1963 Bidy Crowcombe.
- 1963.** Numbers of pupils dropping off since Kenya Independence in 1963.
Houses reduced to 3 representing the surrounding hills and mountain ranges;
Nandi, **Elgon**, **Cherangani**.
- 1964 -1969.** **Headmistress: Bidy Crowcombe.**
- 1970 - ?** **Headmistress: Haidee King**
- 1971.** The school expanded - it started the Early Childhood Development (ECD) or Nursery section.
- 1974 - ?** **Headmaster: Frank King.**
- 1979 - 1983** **Headmistress: Ms Dukelow.**
- 1986.** The Secondary Section opened its doors to the 1st Form One students. It was a mixed class of boys and girls. The school became **Kitale Academy**.
- 1993.** The boys were phased out and it remained a girls' Secondary school under the Category of Provincial Schools.
- 1995.** **Bridget (Doenhoff) Walton** meets with ex pupils **Helen (Nicholson) Bailey**, **Liz (Toward) Vorster** and **Paula (Burch) Allen** at the Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens, Cape Town – school communications begin.
- 1996.** Round Robin School newsletter began.
- 1997.** Round Robin letter No. 2.
- 1999.** 1st Booklet news Letter posted out.
- 2000.** 1st Kitale School Reunion, Devon, England.
Hosted by **Jane** and **Ralph Nicholson**. A lunch and tea bring and share party. Buckland House, which belongs to the Nicholson's, could accommodate all who wanted to stay overnight, so the reunion continued. **Patricia Casadio's** husband organized the washing up exercise superbly.
- 2001** The 2nd reunion was in South Africa at the Wits University Club, a blue and yellow colour scheme, and a 5-course dinner. **Carol Cooper** and **Alison [Jacobs] Maclean** were the co-organizers along with **Bridget**
- 2002.** 3rd Reunion: Muthaiga Club, Nairobi.
Hosted by **Rob Bairstow** and **Anne Barnley**, along with **Terry** and **Gayle Davidson**. This was a very successful evening do, which lasted, for some, until 04 hours the next morning. The Horsey clan were there in full force and kept the party going. **Tony** and **Adrienne Mills** organized the Kitale leg, which was held in part at the school with

most accommodated at Lokitela - the lovely farm owned by Tony and Adrienne.

- 2003. Headmaster: Mr Sawe.**
- 2003.** 4th reunion: Perth, Western Australia.
Organised by the team of **Andrew Hillier, Tessa Haupt, Charles** and **Vicky Kerfoot**. A cash bar and finger snacks on the Friday evening at the Victoria League Club, followed by Saturday, an all-day picnic in King's Park. The balloons from the night before accompanied us to this venue and the fun was watching the children play with them until they burst.
- 2005.** 5th reunion Chichester, Sussex.
Hosted by **Anthony** and **Penny Denton**, in the school in which they worked, with the help of good friends **Andrew** and **Sue [Roffey] Kerfoot**.
- 2006.** 6th reunion. Hlananathi Resort, Drakensberg Mountains, South Africa.
Arranged by **Chris** and **Magda Hearne** with help from **Allen** and **Jenny Hallett, Madge Watts, Pauline** and **Wayne Lennon** and several others providing added touches. This was the first weekend, Friday to Sunday, reunion.
- 2008.** A reunion to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the School at Kitale Club, and a tour of Kitale Academy.
Headmistress: Mrs Margaret Wanyonyi.
Accolades go to **Tony** and **Adrienne Mills** and **Cherry Dale** who organised this event with energetic help from **Chris** and **Magda** who had driven north from South Africa.
- 2009.** Now officially named **Kitale School**, at the School's 80 celebrations.
- 2009.** A launch of Kitale School Alumni on Saturday 19 September during the 80th anniversary celebrations. Mr. **Terry Davidson** an alumni and former CEO of Kenya Commercial Bank officiated. Mrs **Jenny (Woods) Eaton**, daughter of the late Johnny Woods (Headmaster) was an invited special guest.
- 2011.** 7th Reunion, Picton, New Zealand.
Hosted by **Paula** and **Ian Allen**, with **Jo**, representing the **Pickford** family, this reunion, the longest of any, (Thursday evening to Monday morning) provided an opportunity to thank **Bridget Walton**, as she deservedly retires from her newsletter and Reunion Co-ordinating commitments.
- 2013.** 8th Mini Reunion which **Chris Hearne** and **Magda** with the help of a small willing committee held in a Drakensberg Resort in May, before the real South African winter set in.
- 2013.** A **Kenya Friends Reunited** in Corton in September and again there was a good attendance from Kitale School
- 2016.** 9th reunion in September held at the Cheltenham Park Hotel, Cirencester Road, Cheltenham. Gloucestershire
- 2017.** A mini reunion near Cheltenham in the form of an Informal Lunch during September arranged by **Aiden Doyle**. Attended by a small group and all but missed by Aiden as he and Lesley left home in Bournemouth at 09h00 to get to the venue on time only to be caught up in an incident on the M3 which meant that they were pretty well stationary for 4 hours and we only arrived for the lunch at 15h00. By this time the kitchen was closed so they didn't even get their meal, but a great time was had by all those present. **Richard Northmore** held the fort until the Doyle's arrived.
- 2018.** 10th reunion January Vipingo Ridge, Kenya Coast.

The school's enduring motto is: PERSEVERE, which has over the years motivated many learners to be focused in pursuit of an all-round excellence both in class and outside.

Kitale School Staff. (not in any specific order.)

Boarding section:

Matron:	Mrs Gorrie.
Housemaster:	Mr Paxton, followed by Mr Chiarletti and Mr John Green, in that order
Junior School matron:	Mrs Dorothy Hallett.
Junior Boarding House:	Doreen Drakes – late 1950's.
Housemistress:	Bridget Doenhoff from 1957 - 1960
Jean Munro	Senior Girls Boarding House.
Mrs Vail	Senior Girls boarding house 1961
Heather Munro - (Jean Munro's daughter-in-law)	Boys matron.
Matron:	Miss Roberts 1935.
Housemistress:	Miss Dempsey.
Housemistress:	Miss Yuille 1955
Housemaster:	Mr (Stuart) Rolf. - approx. 1959-60. Senior boys block.

Catering:

Catering Matron:	
Elna Jensen after Mrs Fell [Senior Dining Room] and Mrs Davis Junior Dining Room.	
Claire Roberts	Senior block dining room – used to walk round and prod us in the back with her keys, to make us sit up straight.
1955	Sanatorium 'The San': Mrs Velia Tellatine,
1958	Margaret Powell. Mrs Henn

Heads:

1929 - 1935	Ray Barton.
1935 - 1954	Johnny Woods.
1955 - 1958	George Brookes. 'Brookie'
1959	Acting head while Brookie on leave, Mr Dowson and Mr Ken Ussher,
1964? - 1969	Biddy Crowcombe. 'Crowbar'
1970 - 1973	Haidee King.
1974 - ?	Frank King.
1979 - 1983	Ms Dukelow
2003	Mr Sawe
2008 to Present	Margaret Wanyonyi.

Teachers:

Miss Biddy Crowcombe	Standard Seven A Latin, Science and tennis
Mrs Alice Jacobs	Standard Seven B
Charles Mortimer	Standard 4 and art, - wife Alice; when she passed away, Charles married
Alison Grey	Junior Girls' Matron Alison was Margaret Davis' [catering matron Junior Block] sister.
Mrs Greenwood	Standard 4. – very Scottish.
Betty Cory	
Mary Sloan and her husband, 1969 -1975.	
Chris Gibson,	
Kay Yuille	Standard Six and singing
Mrs Valpy	Standard Five
Peter Chiarletti	Art and Standard Six wife Joan was boys' matron

Colin Davey, (or Colin Davis)	
Arthur Davis	
Mrs Dorris Fell	Taught art and crafts in Johnny Woods time.
Miss Eileen Williams	Standard Four alongside Mr Mortimer
Miss Rosemary Claydon	Standard Three - alongside Mrs Mac when Miss Walker left
Francis Walker	Standard Three
Mrs Valpy	Maths and English Standard Five
Mrs Ivy Wood	Standard One
Miss Rule 'Ruler'	
Margaret Lariche	1934 era.
Mrs Firth,	
Miss Chris Gibson	
Miss Grace Green	
Graham Bush	
Margaret Parr - who married Graham Bush	
Miss Buchan	
May Montgomery	
Mrs MacDonald 'Fattymac',	Standard Three
Mrs MacDonald, 'Skinnymac'.	
Mr George Brooks and Vera [School secretary]	
Mr Ken Ussher	Acted as Head. His wife was in the office during the term that Ken was Head.
Mr Peter Dowson	Acting Head
Bridget (Doenhoff)Walton	Standard Two; thereafter Standard Six A, when Peter Chiarletti left and hockey.
Mrs Winnifred Bumpus	P.T. and gym,
Mr Batten	Boxing.
Mrs Barberton	Swimming
Miss Stripp	Played piano while Mrs Bowden taught ballet.
Margaret Cameron	Music.
Poppy Grainger	
Miss Green	
Mrs Hamson	Piano Teacher

Kitale School Teachers - 1963



Back Row: Grace Green, Graham Bush, Miss Chris Gibson, xxxxx, Mrs Vail, Mrs Dorothy (Dot) Hallett, Clare Roberts, Biddy Crowcombe aka CrowBar, xxxxx *Frances Walker*, Alice Jacobs, Heather D'Olier
Front Row: Xxxxx, xxxxx, Clarice Crosby, Poppy Grainger, Colin Davy

Photo taken by Margaret Parr.

Conclusion

This collection of history through so many memories covers all aspects of the school life that we can remember.

Thinking back and remembering those great days, I notice the lack of sports day photos, with it's comprehensive events, long distance running, sprints, relay race and hurdles held on the main playing field.

Remember we even had sack races and egg 'n' spoon races (using potatoes) for the littler children?

The parents sat under the lilacs to watch and cheer us on.

We pupils sat in houses under the gum trees near the San, in our house colours and sucked glucose sweets before an event.

The tennis courts bordered the swimming pool on the opposite side of the main playing fields.

The games field where we did the long and high jump and the girls played netball.

Then the bottom games field where the boys engaged in rugby games.

It was there that we had an enormous Guy Fowkes bonfire one year, and where a helicopter of army(?) blokes dropped in, all very exciting.

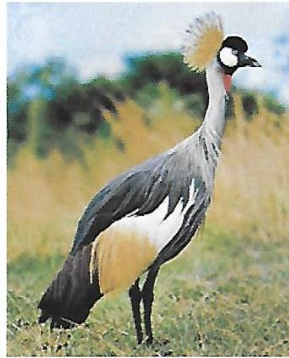
Games time every afternoon is another memory - rounders and hockey.

What a wonderfully laid out school with it's acres of grounds and secret hideouts it was for us children.

What an expansive education we had equipping us for life with common sense, life coping skills, sportsmanship and perseverance.

Paula (Burch)Allen.

*KITALE PRIMARY
SCHOOL*



When I was just a little boy
Kitale Primary was my school
We boarded from the age of six
Which seemed so awfully cruel

I remember being in my bed
Homesick and trying to sleep
Heard the owls fluttering by
Sometimes just had to weep

I recall the medicine queue
For castor oil or Epsom salts
Some had genuine medicines
But most just queued for malt

I was chosen as house captain
Of Falcon the best of all
We actually won Cock house that year
What a feast in the dining hall

I recall the morning breaks
Games were always planned
The boys all played Bok Bok
The girls were always banned

We played so many games
We went through all the crazes
Like skates, yoyos and marbles
They all came and went in phases

We waited in the school yard
Eyes peeled upon the gate
Would our parents visit in time
Or would they be too late

I guess we can all recall
Horrid meals that we were dealt
We had to eat up every scrap
No matter how sick we felt

I remember during supper
Prefects checked the way you sat
But mostly this was just a ploy
For dropping love notes in your lap

After supper we'd all rush out
Avoiding Mrs Munro's glare
And head out to the darkness
Where a kiss we'd try to snare

A new lady came to school
So young and very blonde
She was so very different
So of her, we grew quite fond

We had been used to Crowbar
Fatty Mack and Miss Yuille
So Miss Doenhoff was a lovely sight
When she arrived at school

We did not have computers
Mobile phones or internet
We just relied on teachers
For the lessons we would get

Can't forget those spelling tests
Or those horrid punishment lines
"I must always listen to Miss Doenhoff"
We wrote three hundred times

We can all recall that KPE
That test we were all dreading
And remember all those trial tests
Just to see where we were heading

Most kids had mumps and measles
Some time spent in the san
Some had other ailments
But some were known to sham

Now having been to reunions
Where we met and had a chat
We've had many brilliant students
There's no denying that

In a far off place New Zealand
We've all been reunited
Thanks Paula for organising
The places we have sighted

We are lucky to be here today
So to Bridget thanks so much
For keeping this reunion going
So we could keep in touch

In reunion communications
Sent from Memsahib Kali
Most of us can't remember
Her being that cross in Kitale

Bridget you're a marvel
Let's keep this function going
Thanks just doesn't seem enough
For the gratitude that's owing

So now you hang your boots up
We hope that's not the end
We hope to see you sometime
Our teacher and our friend.