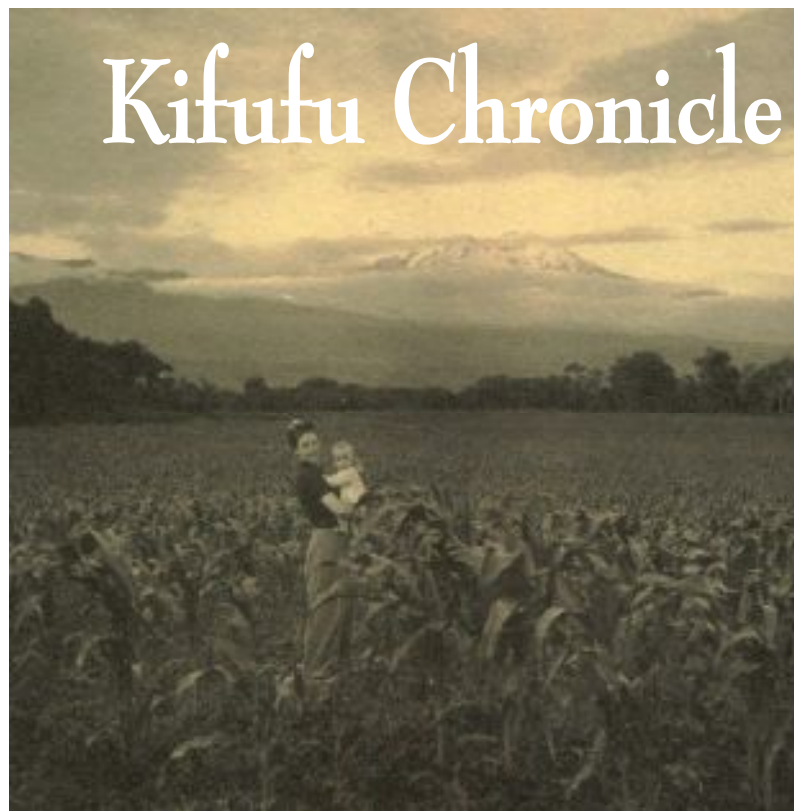




KIFUFU CHRONICLE

This is the story of a Family
and of a Farm.

I have written it for DIETER
who made it all possible,
for my CHILDREN who
suffered and enjoyed it all,
and for my GRANDCHILDREN
who one day may be interested
to read of life
on an East African Farm.

Iris von Senger
Christmas 1971

Iris Monica Harold Bradford
Born Bognor, England
September 28th 1916

Dietrich Carl Hugo Ruprecht von Senger
Born Kaiserstuhl, Switzerland
December 26th, 1909

Married in Lindi, Tanganyika
28th April 1940



Dieter was working on Kikwetu Sisal Estate at Lindi on the coast of Southern Tanganyika. I had come out by sea from England and we married in Lindi Church on Sunday 28th April 1940. Mr Feer, the manager of the Estate gave a reception for us at his house but was unable to give Dieter time off for a honeymoon. Owing to the outbreak of war, sisal production was being stepped up and Kikwetu was short staffed as their German assistants had been interned or had escaped to Portuguese territory.

So the day after our wedding, Dieter went back to work and I settled down to putting our house at Mtwetu in order. The house was a typical old German colonial building with large high rooms and a wide verandah running all round. Our very few possessions had to be carefully spaced out to make any impression in the huge bare rooms. However this worried us very little and we were happy in our Mtwetu house.



Dieter earned a salary of 600/- a month and with this we managed very well as with war-time conditions there was no temptation to buy luxuries. Even food and the bare necessities of life were in short supply with boats from Europe few and far between. Our first vehicle was a motor bike supplied by the Estate but soon we proudly bought our first car - a 2nd hand Ford Box Body.

Tucked away in peaceful Lindi we were cut off from war-ridden Europe. Mails arrived very infrequently but we followed the news of the war anxiously on our wireless.

Soon a cloud loomed up to disturb our first year of marriage. Dieter became ill and had a bad haemorrhage from the lung. The Lindi doctor sent up to the Ndanda Mission hospital where the doctor, Sister Thekla, x-rayed Dieters lungs but told us not to worry as there was no sign of the tuberculosis that we had feared. With this weight off our minds, we were able to enjoy our first Christmas together.

1941

In February we set off by boat and train to Kenya for a few weeks leave and stayed first with the Lloyds in Kiambu and then with the Bowers in Rumuruti. We then visited Arusha where Dieter had worked on Burka Coffee Estate before going to Lindi. On visiting Ferdy Smidt the manager, Dieter was offered a job on Burka with a salary of 800/-. We jumped at the offer not only on account of the higher pay but because we felt sure that Dieter's still doubtful health would improve in the cool Arusha climate. Kikwetu Estate, though sorry to lose Dieter, made no objection to his breaking his contract with them. After the haemorrhage they must have realised that all was not well with his health.



So, full of confidence in the future, we settled into our new home - the little Hill House at Burka. We were delighted with the change from hot steamy Lindi, the house was attractive, we were getting flowers and vegetables planted in the garden, I was expecting my first baby and everything seemed rosy. But all our bright hopes of the future were shattered when Dieter became again very ill with a recurrence of the haemorrhage. Dr Davies, the T.B. Specialist from Kibongoto Hospital was called in and told us that Dieter's left lung was badly diseased with tuberculosis. Under wartime conditions there was not question of Dieter going to Europe for treatment.

So Dr Davies took him to Moshi Hospital where the Pneumothorax treatment was begun. Soon he was moved to a house in Sanya Juu so that he would be near the Kibongoto Sanatorium for treatment. Dieter himself, although very ill, was optimistic and cheerful but I felt that our whole world had collapsed and that the future was bleak indeed. T.B. treatment at that time was long and tedious and the doctor could give no guarantee of a certain cure. With a heavy heart I packed up our belongings in Burka and they were sent over to Sanya - the Kifaru Estate which was to be our new home. I was not able to go myself because the birth of our first child was imminent but a kind friend in Arusha offered me a home.

On October 5th our son Mark Hugo was born in Arusha hospital. In spite of the uncertainty of the future our joy was great. Dieter wrote delighted letters from Sanya, sent me a basket of oranges from the garden and a fine painting of the view of Kilimanjaro from the window. Three weeks later I arrived in Sanya with baby Mark and so we settled down in our third home. Mark and I shared a room but Dieter whose T.B. was still infectious could only examine his new son through the window.



With many years of treatment ahead our financial position at this time was pretty desperate. Burka had paid us out £150. With this and also £50 that my kind father sent me from England to buy baby clothes, we had to manage until Dieter was again fit to earn.

And so we celebrated Christmas quietly at home - happy, that we could all three be together but apprehensive as to what the future had in store for us.

1942

Life went on quietly of Kifaru. I was fully occupied looking after baby, house and garden. We managed to live very cheaply helped by the fact that luxuries were in short supply. Pat Parker, who we had met in Lindi, came for a long visit with her baby Hugh Hamilton. She was very practical and helped making chicken runs so we began rearing chickens and with less success turkeys. Dieter, at first confined to bed, had gradually progressed and been allowed up for longer and longer periods and was now gently pottering around the farm shooting birds and buck for the pot. Dr Davies was very pleased with his progress. Dieter was now able to drive himself to Kibongoto for his fortnightly Pneumothorax refills. The treatment was yielding satisfactory results and none of the possible complications had set in. Dr Davies, realising our desperate financial plight, agreed that Dieter should take a part time job while continuing the treatment. But we soon found that no one was anxious to employ a semi invalid. The only offer was a farm assistant job in the Arusha area at £15 a month.

But meanwhile Dieter had had other ideas. He applied to the Custodian of Enemy Property who looked after Kifaru on behalf of the former German owner for permission to lease the farm. After many complications and delays this was arranged. But at the same time we had to take over the leases of Sabuko, Annahof and Enganginado farms in the Sanya Juu area. It seemed too much for Dieter to cope with. But we had no choice. It was all or nothing. And so Dieter began operating as an independent farmer. We had to take over and buy all movable assets on the 4 farms, so we borrowed £500 from Dieter's brothers & £500 from my father. After paying for the movable assets, the lease for the farms, some essential tools and implements and about 20 working oxen to plough the land, it was obviously going to be a hard struggle to keep going until money from the first crops came in.

The four farms were widely scattered, the furthest being Sabuko, 8 miles away. Dr Davies was apprehensive that Dieter might have taken on too much but here Dieter's talent for organisation proved a true asset and he managed the difficult job of running four farms on a shoestring without over taxing his strength. Although we knew it would not be easy, we were full of optimism and hopeful that we could make a living with our farming efforts.

In September fate dealt us out another bad blow. Mark, by this time a sturdy 11 month old, had a bad accident and his right eye was damaged. He was rushed to hospital first in Moshi and then to a specialist in Nairobi but in spite of all efforts to our great grief the child lost the sight of the eye.



This was an old baby Ford car that we bought for £30. Dieter removed the clapped - out body and had a wooden box built at the back with two of the British army types that used to visit us from Moshi. They showered us with N.A.F.I. Supplies food and drink and borrowed the car to go out shooting.

At the end of 1942 our total takings were 29,667/-

Expenses were 26,330/-



With Mark in the maize field
facing Kilimanjaro



Mark
Sitting
down

1943



By this time we had settled down happily to the steady round of the farming year. The Tanganyika Government were doing everything possible to increase food production. Prices for coffee and maize were kept low to prevent wartime profiteering but farmers were given financial aid to encourage them to open up new land to produce food crops. Government also guaranteed farmers a "minimum crop return" in case of failure due to drought or disease. All this was a great help... But as always in the first

years of any farming venture, debts piled up and crop results were often disappointing. Dieter, the incurable optimist, would reckon out at the beginning of each new season the expected income for the coming year on each of our four farms.



Richard aged 5 weeks

On March 3rd we
were delighted with
the birth of a second
son Richard Dietrich
who was born in
Toski Hospital.



Richard + Mark

This huge sum would then be halved "to allow for drought, floods or other disasters". The resulting sum would still be highly satisfactory and Dieter would then convince me and himself that the coming season would be the year of all years and put us well on the road to prosperity. As the years went on, this estimate system became a joke and never until recent years did results come anywhere near expectations.

June 30th was also a memorable day. Dieter was woken at dawn and told that there were elephants in his bean field at Engengerado. Pat and Gordon Parker were staying with us and a breakfast time Dieter walked in and announced that he had shot his first elephant - with a 9mm rifle and the tusks weighed 84 and 86lbs. The Game Department allowed Dieter to take out a license so that now on elephant hunting was to become one of Dieter's greatest pleasures and the money from the ivory that he bought home a very useful addition to our income.

It was also during this year that we began to think of buying a farm of our own. Having got to know the district well, we knew that the best farming land lay not in the Sanya Juu itself but on the rich red forest soil on the slopes of Kilimanjaro overlooking the Sanya area.

So we turned our eyes to Kifufu, a derelict farm under heavy bush and forest, well watered by a furrow from the Sanya river and belonging since 1926 to the Miller family. Dieter approached Frank Miller who agreed to sell the farm. Owing to complications about land transfers during war time it was arranged that we should lease the land from the Millers until such time that the sale could go through.

So Dieter began clearing land on Kifufu it was a hard slow job to clear the thick bush and forest and all done by hand labour. Hoping to get a quick cash return to cover expenses, onions and garlic were planted. Everything went wrong - drought, disease and a swarm of locusts. Our first crop on Kifufu did not thrive and was a dismal failure. We had however established a foothold, however uncertain, on land that we hoped to own one day.

On Kifarua we had established a herd of sturdy native cattle and were producing our own milk supply and some for sale. Dieter was also selling a lot of vegetables and fruit to the army camp near Moshi. Coffee, maize and beans were also bringing in money.

At the end of 1943 our total takings were 11,834/-

Expenses were 24,699/-

1944

This year, with the help of a Government loan, Dieter bought a Farmall H tractor which was a great boon in opening up the Kifufu land as well as on the leased Sanya farms. Up till now all cultivation had been done by oxen and Dieter trained these work-oxen himself to the plough - the herd boys being forbidden to use whips. He often used an ox-wagon as transport between farms and on one occasion drove up to Kibongoto Hospital in a 2 span ox-cart sitting comfortably in an arm chair and shaded by a large black umbrella.

Coffee nurseries were established on Kifufu this year and the tough up-hill job of clearing the thick bush continued. Often in the evenings we used to drive up from Kifarua with Mark and Richard and I to sit on an ant hill overlooking the clearings and plan what we would do with Kifufu when it became our own farm. An argument arose as to where the future house site should be. I said the best place would be near the old Miller house with its shady trees and water furrow.



Old Miller house. Kifufu
Stella Miller
2 soldiers Dieter
Clara
Audrey + Jimmy Miller

Dieter wanted the house much higher up on the farm where there would be a magnificent view over the plains and of Mount Meru. But still the farm was not ours and there was no question of building yet.

Dieter employed two Italians from the prisoner of war camp at Tabora to help with the work of Kifufu. One was said to be a mechanic and the other a builder. Both were Southern Italian and turned out to be quite useless either at building or mechanics and were more of a liability than a help. Maize was planted this year on Kifufu and also wheat for our own use.

Martha and Lance Bower came to stay with us at Kifufu farm with the two boys Tom and Denis. Tom who was 13 went shooting on the Gaserai with Dieter and bagged a Lesser Kudu, a Gerenuk and an Impala - all good trophies that still hang in his house at Rumuruti. We always had a lot of visitors coming to stay with us at Kifufu and no one minded the very primitive conditions there - no running water or electricity. One bathed in a small zinc bath tub, the W.C. was a "long drop" in the garden. There was always a shortage of water which was carried by 'debis' (20litre Paraffin Cans) from a distant water furrow. Each family shared a bath and afterwards the water was used for watering the flowers.



Iris with Jack
& Richard in
Kifufu garden

Dieter with
Jack & Richard
bathing in front
of Bower house
Tabori

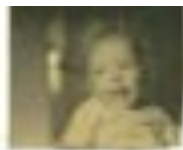


In 1944 our total takings were 57,332/-

Expenses were 52,253/-

1945

The big event of the year was the birth of our third son Adrian Nicholas on April 19th.



I was now more than busy
with the nursery room looking
after the five little boys
all new clothes & more of
them. Dieter's shirts as well.
We never had in such hot
weather. The house, pot, and a
hand with the children. Like
most farmers' wives I never
did any work on the farm.
Dieter would discuss & ask



I was now more than busy with the nursery round looking after three little boys, making all their clothes and mine and often Dieter's shirts as well. We never had an ayah but Ngatara the house boy, gave a hand with the children. Unlike most farmers' wives I never did any work on the farm. Dieter would discuss and ask my advice on general farm policy but decisions rested with him and he was the boss in this sphere of activity. Just as I was in anything concerned with household or children. We both preferred it that way.

The house was usually full of visitors and children. Pat Parker came on long visits with her two Hugh and Rowena. The Schultzes were living at Annahof having taken that farm off Dieter's hands and they and their small daughter Tina were frequent visitors. Our neighbours in Sanya had increased in number. The Miller family lived in a house near the Post Office. Stepney, an army officer from the Moshi camp had leased a farm in Sanya and lived there at week-ends and Morris Makaaz was on Kilingi Estate.

Our Italian employees left and this was no loss. Dieter now kept pigs on Kifufu which were sold to Bill Emson's butchery in Moshi. Bill who at this time had a farm near Moshi was another frequent visitor to our house - particularly when Pat was staying with us - and used to arrive like Father Christmas, laden with presents, food and drink.

Our total Income this year was 62,009/-

Expenses were 48,920/-

1946

During this year after battling with lawyers and with almost insurmountable complications the Kifufu sale went through and the farm at last was ours. The Millers retained 175 acres including their old house site and the river valley.

This was a very bad year with drought conditions. On 230 acres of coffee on the leased farms, we produced 1 bag of buni. Everything went wrong - after months of desperate drought, it rained heavily during the maize harvest. It was a very difficult year for Dieter who had to think up all sorts of schemes to make money. He bought an old Army 2½ ton Dodge lorry, for 6,000/- and transported our small maize crop to hunger areas in Masailand sold it for black market prices. In Masailand he shot elephants and brought back the ivory to sell. He hunted round Sanya and sold the skins and got 400/- for the horn of a rhino shot on Kifarua. He made a contract to supply, cut and transport fencing poles to Rongai Ranches. When Bill Emson went to Europe, he looked after Bill's farms and also the butchery in Moshi and took over the transport of 2,000 bags of maize from Bill's Mkufi farm into Moshi.

Leo with Mark & Richard on Kifufu

Dieter looking for game at Salt Pans



The war was over and travel to Europe possible again. In December I set off to Switzerland with Mark and Richard leaving Adrian in the care of our neighbours the Schultzes. We flew from Nairobi in a Dakota and the journey took over a week to Zurich. Unwisely I had allowed Mark and Richard to eat too much ice-cream in Nairobi before leaving and they both had bad tummy trouble on the journey, made worse by the bumping and heaving of the Dakota.

We spent Christmas day in Khartoum and then flew on to Cairo where we had to wait for a plane to Marseilles. We stayed at the old Shepard's Hotel in Plushy Victorian Grandeur. The children's tummy trouble was getting worse and worse and the hotel too grand to be able to produce a plain children's food. Cairo was cold, miserable and noisy and some of my traveller cheques were stolen. After a few days we caught a plane to Marseilles, arriving early in the morning after an uncomfortable bumpy journey.

It was my first view of bomb hit Europe and hunger conditions there. From the window of our comfortable hotel I saw ragged wretched people searching through the hotel dustbins for food. Our train to Geneva was due to leave Marseilles the following night but when we reached the station there was a long delay. The cold was bitter, our clothes inadequate, the waiting-rooms unheated! The children tired, ill and complaining miserably of being cold. In despair I wrapped them both in a hyrax rug, packed them both into a luggage trolley and pulled them up and down the station platform.

It was the following night before we reached Zurich having missed our connection in Geneva, owing to the children's sick tummies we were held up in 'Ladies' as the train pulled out. As we drove by taxi to Dieter's mother's flat Zurich looked incredibly beautiful under a blanket of snow. Snow was falling gently and the church bells were ringing in the New Year. Grossmama gave a wonderful welcome to the exhausted bedraggled looking trio on her door step. We were drawn into the warmth and comfort of her flat thankful that the long journey from Africa was over.

Dieter was left behind in Africa battling with crop failures and a difficult financial position. Our income in 1946 was 35,815/-

Expenses 43,218/-

1947

The first thing we did in the New Year was to buy warm winter clothes, jerseys, ski pants and boots for the children. But although well muffled up they felt the cold terribly and when sent out tobogganing with the other children, they would come in crying because their feet and hands hurt. Mark and Richard went to a kindergarten and were soon chatting easily in Swiss German.

Mark had an operation on his eye performed by a leading Zurich eye specialist. In February while Franz and Lotte were away, Grossmama the children and I stayed for some weeks in their lovely house Latterberg in Stafa on Lake Zurich. In March I left Mark with Rupi and Lilian and travelled by train to England with Richard to visit my family. Richard had a party for his 4th Birthday at my parents house in Yeovil.

Meanwhile Dieter was busy in Sanya. In January he had shot an elephant in Masailand & the combined weight of both tusks was 216 lbs. His T.B. treatment was over and he had been declared fit again. In spite of our desperate financial position we were determined that he too should come to Europe. I borrowed the money for his air passage from Franz.

Helped by Ruppi, with the Swiss Francs I bought cheap East African money in Zurich and smuggled the money, sewn into my hyrax coat through to England. A highly illegal performance. And so in April Dieter turned up in Zurich. We had a wonderful skiing holiday at Pontresina where my sister Diana joined us. We visited Dieter's relations and in May, in lovely warm



summer weather again stayed for some weeks at Lattenberg with Franz and Lotte.

My parents and sister Diana came over to Switzerland and then in early June we travelled with the 2 children to England where we were to spend a few weeks with my parents before leaving for Africa again by boat. It was a hot and tiring overland journey to London where we spent a few uncomfortable days sweltering in intense heat. Then down to the country where we did a round of visits to the relations.

Many months previously we had booked our return passages Southampton - Mombasa on a Dutch boat. On reaching London to our fury the agents informed us that the Indrapoera would now not be sailing to Mombasa but was going to Cape Town instead. It was too late to make other arrangements and so we sailed to Cape Town with no idea how we should proceed from there to Mombasa.

After the war, shipping companies had converted troop-carrier ships to carry passengers and were known as Hell Ships. The Indrapoera was one of these. Although we had paid for 1st class berths, Richard and I were put into a dark crowded cabin holding 16 women and children while Mark was with Dieter in an equally horrible crowded men's cabin. The ship was crammed full of people mostly emigrants from all over Europe to South Africa.

The food was uneatable, the bread full of maggots and there was only running water available for a couple of hours during the morning. After a near riot among the passengers, the captain closed the bar. The weather was very rough and the children were sea sick particularly when the ship's engines broke down and we were anchored for several days in mid-Atlantic.



Richard with young Rachel & Hermann
on a Lake Zurich Steamer.

It was a nightmare voyage and we were relieved when we reached Cape Town. We spent a few days here and enjoyed every minute of it and then left by train for Durban. We had managed to book passages on a B.I. cargo boat from here to Mombasa but had to stay in Durban for a week before it sailed.

Our money was running low and we could only afford a very 4th rate boarding house.

Durban was another low ebb of the journey, we hated every moment of it and to top it all, Richard fell off a wall onto a dirty beach and developed Impetigo - unappetising looking scabs all over his face. At last our cargo boat was due to sail but our hearts sank as we saw the boat in the harbour - a dirty, battered old tub. But appearances were deceptive and we had a wonderful voyage, comfortable cabins, good food and very congenial fellow passengers.

We had been away a long time and were delighted to get home to Sanya and particularly to see Adrian again. Bill Emson had looked after the farms while we were away.

During 1947 our Income was 48,926/-

Expenses were 48,857/-

1948

This year we had our biggest maize crop yet - 4.400 bags from the Sanya farms and Kifufu.



At Kifufu coffee was growing in what is now Shamba A and in between the young coffee trees, paw paw, maize and beans were planted. White haricot beans were a new crop and brought in 20.000/- this year.



This was a good year on the farms, badly needed as our debts were many and wide spread. During the years we lived at Kifufu, Dieter had heavy financial worries which kept him awake often at nights. I would hear him pacing round the house and everywhere lay scraps of paper with figures of crop estimates and expenses. We sold our herd of cattle to Stepney as at the end of this year we would be giving up Sanya farms and on Kifufu there would not be sufficient grazing for the cattle.



In preparation for the move, Dieter bought 2 ex-army wooden huts. These were put up on the house site that Dieter had chosen. I was still in opposition about the house site because of lack of water but Dieter promised that sooner or later I would get running water for house and garden. One hut was the children's room and the other our bed-room and also served as sitting room, bathroom and general multi-purpose room. Dieter built a big grass roof over both huts leaving a space between them that became our dining-room.

This had a tarpaulin slung up as a back wall while the front was open to all weathers. In front of the huts the ground had been levelled off to make a terrace. No grass was growing yet so when rain fell it became a sea of rich red mud. As the rain blew in to the dining-room with it's earth floor, that became equally muddy and we used wooden boxes to reach the dining table - by way of stepping stones to keep the feet dry.

It was impossible to keep the children clean as everywhere there was red dust or red mud, according to season.

We all of us and particularly the children suffered with countless jiggers in their feet, which one always got at this time in Africa when new ground was cleaned. Our kitchen was a strange building with a corrugated iron roof supported on poles and surrounded with chicken wire. Water was transported up to the house by lorry in petrol drums. But in spite of all discomforts, when we moved into the huts in September this year, we were pleased and proud at last to be living in our own house on our own ground. The wonderful view over the farm and beyond that to the plains and Mount Meru was a constant joy.

John Goodman had come out from England in 1946 to help his uncle Bill Emson on the farm near Moshi. The following year Pat Parker's sister Peggy came out for a visit. In 1948 John and Peggy married and moved to Lerongo, the neighbouring farm to Kifufu which Bill had leased from the Forest Department and started clearing. John and Peggy's house was even more primitive than ours with grass roof and grass walls. John and Peggy spent Christmas with us this year and also Franky Miller who was living in the dilapidated old Miller house down the road from ours.



Our income this year was 152,998/-

Expenses were 84,074/-

1949

From Dieter's old cash books I see that during the years 1942 - 1948 we made 386.000/- and our expenses were 316.000/-. This makes a profit of 70.000/- in 7 years - an average of 10.000/- (£500) per year. On this we lived, clothed ourselves, went on leave to Europe, bought and opened up Kifufu and built our first house. We were always in debt. Now, this year, we gave up the leased Sanya farms and from now on were to farm Kifufu only. I was thoroughly pessimistic about the move. The struggle had been tough enough while farming 2.300 acres and now we were reduced to 230 acres. Dieter as usual was full of bright optimism and reckoned that we could produce better results with concentrated farming on Kifufu with its good fertile forest soil and its all important permanent water supply.

Our Kifufu huts were improved with ceilings of stretched Hessian coated with cement and white washed and the walls were lined in the same way. But at the same time Dieter began transporting sand and making cement blocks with a view to building something more permanent. In March I went to England with Mark who was to have another eye operation there. Richard and Adrian stayed with the Goodman's while I was away, in a grass hut that Dieter had built for them on Lerongo.

Now Dieter began building the first wing of our present house. The construction was most unusual as the new house was to be on the same site as the huts, using the same roof.

He dug foundations round the huts built up the walls to roof level. Then the existing grass roof was jacked up until it was supported by the new walls. Finally the huts were dismantled and removed in sections through the doors of the new building. Where the children's hut had been were now two small children's bedrooms. The other hut became our bed-room and beyond that was a very charming L shaped room which was a sitting - dining-room with a corner fireplace and verandah.



The space between the two huts had been utilized for a small spare room with verandah and bathroom. Dieter put concrete ceiling over the whole house to guard against danger of the grass roof catching fire. When I returned from Europe in July with Mark and Grossmama - we had come out by sea from Genoa on S.S. Boschfontein - the house was ready.



Grossmama was very happy staying with us on a Kifufu. She took to the primitive life like a duck to water saying that in so many ways it reminded her of her young days on the big estates in the Baltic Provinces.

In Sanya new neighbours were moving in and buying ex-enemy property farms. Anna and Billy Meerstadt took over Annahof, the Bancrofts, Kilingi and Joan and Peter Sarll moved into our old Kifarua house. The gay years of Sanya had begun - the Sarll's gave wild parties often in their garden with an African band playing round a big bonfire, Sanya began to establish a name as a hard-drinking uninhibited living district.

Meanwhile the work of the farm went on, though perhaps not so seriously as in former years due to the light-hearted change of atmosphere in our surroundings. Dieter engineered a furrow miles long from a spring in the forest to our house. Owing to the porous nature of the soil, it was to take many months before water reached our house. All the termite hills on the Kifufu fields were knocked down and flattened out. Our coffee trees were not yet in production but we had an excellent maize crop, averaging 24 bags per acre and also produced white haricot peas and sunflower seeds. Dieter had bought a new T.D. 6 tractor.

Towards the end of the year, tragedy struck Sanya. Anna's husband Billy, while out hunting with Franky Miller, was killed by an elephant. Anna was widowed at the age of 21 with two tiny children, Christine and Dirk, to fend for. We all advised Anna to sell the farm and to take the children to Nairobi where her mother had a small dressmaking business.

But she was determined to carry on farming at Annahof although she was very young and inexperienced - couldn't drive a car or sign a cheque. But she coped magnificently and Dieter went there at intervals to advise on farm policy.

This year we had Rudie Wieland, aged 16, working for us.

Income for the year was 75,184/- Expenses 86,289/-

1950

We were entering what were later known as the "Golden Fifties". Coffee prices soared up to £600 per ton in Tanganyika - £1,000 per ton was the top price reached in Kenya. Old established farmers were making fortunes but we were not able to cash in on the boom. We still only had 28 acres of coffee growing & the first small crop was picked this year. Dieter also planted a second block of coffee. The arable land after 5 years of cultivation were suffering from erosion and Dieter put in the contour lines which were to give Kifufu a new look and save the rich topsoil from being washed away with heavy tropical down pours.

I had been teaching Mark and Richard at home with the help of a Correspondence Course. Mark aged 8 had started as a boarder at Lushoto school and now Richard who was 7 this year joined him there.



Mark holding Valda as a baby.

Grossmama returned to Switzerland in October and on December 1st our daughter Daphne Valda was born. Our family was now complete with three boys and a girl - which was exactly the family Dieter had wished for when as newly marrieds we had discussed the matter.

Our income this year was 43,915/-

Expenses were 42,302/-

Kilimanjaro, Kifufu house and labour camp from the bottom dam. Dieter has already begun putting mulch on the coffee area which was to bring such good results in later years.



Kilimanjaro, Kifufu house & labour camp from the bottom dam. Dieter has already begun putting mulch on the coffee area (centre of picture) which was to bring such good results in later years.

Grossmama with Mark, Richard, Adrian - and Sony our bull terrier.

Mark at Lushoto School

1951

Max v. Trutzschler, whom Dieter had known before the war, arrived in Tanganyika with his mother and sister Mafalda. Max turned up at Kifufu for advice about buying land. Jokingly Dieter told him that not only was there land to be bought at Annahof but there was also a young widow there whom he could marry. Max bought part of the land from Anna and with his mother and sister moved into the other house on the farm.

On March 23rd Valda was christened, together with James Goodman and Pamela Gordon, the baby daughter of Ian and Marjorie Gordon. Ian had just taken over as doctor at Kibongoto hospital after Dr Davies left. The Christening ceremony took place in the Kifufu sitting room. The padre said that no alcohol should be served for the party after the ceremony. Our more sober minded neighbours were invited to the Christening tea party. After which the padre left for Moshi. Then the rest of the guests poured in to drink to the health of the 3 babies.

But as so often when we gave a party, heavy rain fell and our road became a quagmire of impenetrable mud. The arriving revellers stuck in the mud meeting the departing padre who was also stuck. The party went with a swing but several of the Sanya contingent had to abandon their cars in the mud on their way home and carrying children through the pouring rain, walked home on foot.



We were expecting a good profit from the farm this year. Impending prosperity went to our heads. We sold our humble Hillman car and bought a 2nd hand flashy looking Dodge saloon for the enormous sum of £1,000. The Ali Khan and Rita Hayworth had used the car while on a visit to East Africa. It was huge black and shining, had countless head-lights, spot-lights and gadgets.



to Malindi 1948
with Bill Egan, Ad Parker
Bicki Schulz & wa toto.

A Change in Transport-



The Sarll's named it the Spiv Wagon and the name stuck. I never had any luck with the Spiv Wagon. The first time I drove it on a short trip to Sanya, I returned home with steam gushing from the radiator - to Dieter's fury. It was discovered that a rat had chewed through the fan-belt. Later I broke the chassis on a rough road. This year we had very good crops - coffee, maize and beans.

Our income was 148,134/-

Expenses were 84,613/-

We had made a profit of £3,176 - things were looking up!



Joan with Greta, David, Chad & Ginny.

1952

We had Sonia Fort living with us as a paying guest for some months. Bill Empson, who wanted to marry her, had offered her a job at Lerongo. But Sonia, when she realized the reason for the job, - left.

Mark moved this year to Pembroke House in Kenya, Richard was still at Lushoto and Adrian joined him there in January. Dieter bought our first Land Rover M.S. and built the first permanent store on the farm. Up till now crops had been stored under a grass roof.

Neighbours were coming and going. Bob & Irene Kotowicz had bought the farm over the river from Kifufu. Lance and Martha Bower moved into Geraragua House this year, buying the land from the Barrats and also Kranz's where Tom lived. The Didhams were at Didham's Den. The Sarll's sold Kifarua to the Pattersons and bought Ba-Ma de Luigi's farm in Ngare Nairobi. It must have been either this year or 1953 that the Sarll Murder took place. Peter Sarll under the influence of alcohol, shot and killed an African who was walking past his house. Joan, with tremendous energy organized the defence and Peter was found guilty of murder while of insane mind and was sent to Broadmoor. Soon after, Joan returned to England, where she fought tooth and nail for years until Peter was released.



Peter + Joan Sarll

Our Income this year was 151,841/- Expenses 125,721/-

A profit of £1,306

1953

Richard went to Pembroke House in January and Adrian followed in the May term. So now all the boys were at school in Kenya.

The big event of the year was the purchase of the Malindi house. In May, Dieter, Valda and I went to Malindi and stayed as always with the Bowers. Martha told us there was a sea front plot for sale at Silversands belonging to Mr & Mrs Francis. We went with Martha to look at the place and fell in love with it at once. The price was £2,500 for 2½ acres - including a house in not particularly good repair and one small primitive bedroom banda. We decided to buy it. That night Dieter and I both slept badly.



Mark, Richard & Adrian in Pembroke school uniform

We were both lying awake - how on earth could we raise the money. But somehow we managed. In August we went to Malindi with all the children and furnished the house in a rough sort of way. The original beds cost under 20/- each including very hard coir mattresses. We planted coconut palms in front of the house, also casuarina trees.

In Kenya the Mau-Mau Kikuyus had been causing trouble for many years. Mau Mau Kikuyus being harried by Government forces were escaping from Kenya and infiltrating into our Northern Province. Near Arusha there had been a few nasty incidents with oath-taking and murder. Most Europeans in Sanya, including Dieter, belonged to a Special Constabulary who could be called up by the Government in any emergency.



On Christmas Eve this year, the Special Constables were called out to help in an operation to round up all the Kikuyus in the district, who were packed off to a transit camp before being sent back to Kenya.

Grossmama had arrived in September for another visit and was with us for Christmas at Kifufu. Our Christmas Eve celebration was somewhat marred by Dieter being called up but the operation went smoothly. On Christmas day we had all been invited to lunch by the Bowers at Geraragua. As all their house servants were Kikuyus, we wondered whether we would get anything to eat and jokingly took with us some bully beef "to help out". But Martha had organized everything splendidly and gave us a magnificent Christmas lunch.

On the farm we had quite a good year - which was just as well as we were developing expensive tastes as fast as Dieter made the money - the faster it was spent.

Our income for the year was 164,189/-

Expenses 120,126/-

Profit £2.203

1954

Grossmama returned to Switzerland in January and in June Valda and I went to England and stayed with granny Rachel who was now living in a cottage in the New Forest. Dieter started building a new wing to the Kifufu house. I can see, from the old cash books that we were in a spending mood this year. The following things were bought:

A Ferguson Tractor and Plough

A New Land Rover 13,979/50

A New Volkswagen 11,100/-

Prudential Life Insurance 5,356/-

In Malindi

One Acre land 20,000/-

A Sailing Boat 1,505/-



Dieter, Jan Bakker, Richard
with Swallow.

At the same time Dieter was buying building materials for the new wing at Kifufu - Bongalore tiles for the roof, a stone crusher, timber and cement.

Most of the new acquisitions were very necessary. The Dodge lorry and Spiv Wagon had been costing us thousands of shillings in repairs. Bob the Pole bought the old Land Rover MS 3113 and also the Lorry and in future years did most of our transport work. At Malindi the Fawcus' were selling the next door plot to ours to a Kenya South African called Mouton. Mouton was talking of using the land as a camping site. So in order not to have the campers on top of us we bought one acre of land as a buffer between our house and Mouton.

Our income this year indeed justified our extravagances. The coffee area was really starting to produce well and we had good crops of maize and beans. We had more than doubled the profit of the previous year.

Income 306,694/-

Expenses 209,271/-

Profit £4.870



The Garage Years Farm.

START
OF THE
NEW
WING



On top of garage, reinforced concrete floor of sitting-room.



Sitting-room walls & windows.

1955

This year Mark moved on from Pembroke House to the Duke of York school in Nairobi.

With increasing prosperity on Kifufu, taxation was becoming a problem and Dieter took the step of turning the farm into a registered company - Senger Estates.



The Kifufu house in it's final form was taking shape. Dieter did the bulk of the building himself with African labour - no simple construction and involving heavy retaining walls and re-inforced concrete operations. When the walls were up to roof level he employed Italian craftsmen to do the complicated roof construction and also the "finishing" work inside the house - parquet and terrazzo floors, book-shelves

ceilings and so on.

By September the roof was on and the new wing with hall, sitting room and dining room was ready to move in to. In October we gave a house warming party for all the neighbours.

House warming Party at Kifufu +
with Matilda, Edie + Eric Brown
Bernard Wallis, Bill Emerson, Bill Seitz
Godfrey Retzlaff, Prince Isenberg,
Bob the Pole + Peterson.



Kifufu 1955
House + Farm.

In Malindi too Dieter
was building + improving the
property. The big windows of
the main house
were put in. A
old store was
rebuilt as a
bedroom + bath + belvedere. This
was built a
shower room +
store.



Leaving the boys at school and Valda with the Goodmans, Dieter and I went to Europe at the end of April.

We hired a Volkswagen and drove around in Switzerland and Southern Germany. We flew to Berlin to visit Dieter's sister Ellen and also spent some days with Ruppi and Lilian in their holiday house in Guarda in the Engadin. We little dreamed that one day this house would belong to us.

A big event was Max and Anna's wedding. It was a quiet ceremony just with members of their family and Dieter and I as witnesses of the marriage at the Catholic church in Moshi. After their honeymoon, they gave a reception at Annahof.

But the year was also to bring three deaths in Sanya to friends and neighbours - by accident, by murder and by illness. Early in the year Mr Lindig was killed in a shooting accident and buried on his farm, Msingi. The former owner of Msingi had also died shortly after the War in a shooting accident.

Hal Stutchbury who had taken over a farm near Dutch Corner was speared by a Masai while arresting trespassers on his land. A toto, (small child) who was with him, ran for help, did not know whether he was dead and could not remember the place of the attack. Night fell and every European in the district turned out to search for Stutchbury - dead or alive. I sat outside on the terrace wall with Valda wrapped in a blanket watching the headlights



Guarda - House & Sitting Room.

of the many cars circling around on the plains. Towards midnight a message arrived from Martha Bower that I should go to Geraragua to help her deal with Joan Stutchbury. The latter was hysterical. Not with her grief or worry as to whether her husband was dead or alive, but with fury that he had made no will. So, if dead, most of his money would go to the two daughters of a former marriage. As day broke, the news arrived that Stutchbury's body had been found. The police tracked down and found the Masai who had killed him. He was brought to trial but acquitted on a technicality. Later we heard that he was found guilty of murder and executed by his own Masai tribe.

Joan Stutchbury, with whom no one had much sympathy, made a suicide attempt with an overdose of sleeping pills. Cautiously before doing so, she sent a note to her neighbours the Bankcrofts who rushed her to hospital where her stomach was pumped out and she recovered.

In December our friend Bicky Schultz died alone in her house in Sanya of a brain Haemorrhage. Her husband Baba Schultz had disappeared into Masailand and no one knew his whereabouts. So when their daughter, Tina arrived back from Lushoto School for the Christmas holidays, we took her into our house. My mother and sister

Mark, Valda, Tina, Richard, Adrian with Socksy



Diana arrived from England on December 21st so we were a big party for Christmas at Kifufu.

Our income for the year was 319,337/-

Expenses 293,052/-

Profit £1,314

1956

Sonny and Sybil Weirich had bought the remaining 175 acres of Kifufu from the Miller family. They had built themselves a small wooden house near the old Miller house and had begun planting coffee in the river valley. So the problem arose that we were now sharing the furrow water from the Sanya river. Dieter was also planting up new coffee - the third block of coffee was planted this year) - and needed all the water for irrigation and factory work. He approached Sonny who agreed to sell for the astronomical sum of £13,000. It was an exaggerated price for 175 acres part of which were steep slopes unsuitable for cultivation and including 17 acres only of young coffee. But because he desperately needed the water, Dieter agreed to the price £13,000 was a lot of money to find and Weirich wanted the money cash down and in the shortest time.



Young coffee in Shamba
with overhead irrigation

Also this year Dieter invested in an overhead irrigation system for nearly £1,000 and also had heavy expenses in building a new coffee factory with the necessary machinery for dealing with our ever-growing crops. But Dieter managed to raise the money somehow.

Richard left Pembroke House and joined Mark at the Duke of York. He was beginning to develop into a really good swimmer and won prizes at the swimming competitions at the Eden Roc swimming pool at Malindi during the holidays. Our Malindi house was a great asset and we were usually there with the children for at least two holidays a year. Adrian also left Pembroke House this year and had some months at home before going to the Nairobi Primary School the following January.



Granny and Di left for England again in April and we gave a farewell party for them at Kifufu which was a riotous success.

Princess Margaret on a visit to East Africa came to our little local Agricultural show in Moshi and Valda was chosen to present a bouquet of flowers to her in the T.C.G.A. stand. We always had a steady stream of visitors at Kifufu and Malindi. Dieter's brother Franz came for a short visit and also my cousin Charles Fletcher-Cooke on his way to Rhodesia on a Parliamentary Mission.

Our income this year was 434,332/-

Expenses 491,850/-

Loss £2,876



KIFUFU[©]
1957
 Abend
 Stimmung.

1957

1957 was a year of bumper crops - coffee maize and beans. The coffee area had been increased year by year and we now had 106 acres.

Our income this year was 481,745/-

Expenses 288,869/- making a profit of £9,644/- .

We were on the way to prosperity but no sooner made then spent - Dieter and I went off on a holiday to Europe in the Autumn returning to Mombasa luxury 1st class on the M.S. Europa of the Lloyd Trestino Line. Valda was again left with the Goodmans and the boys were all at school. Malcolm Bell came to work for us as farm assistant this year. He was hopelessly lazy at the job but good entertainment value and kept us laughing.

The Colonial Government of Tanganyika encouraged local rule through voluntary and appointed committees. Dieter served on many of these and also on others concerned with the coffee trade. From the time that we farmed at Kifufu and right up to 1969, these are the boards and committees that he served on:

Production Committee	Member
Labour Utilization Board	Member
Special Police Constabulary	Member
Sanya Jun Minor Settlement	Chairman
Liquor Licensing Board	Member
Tanganyika Coffee Growers Association	Member and later Vice President
Coffee Board	Member
Tanganyika Coffee Curing Works	Director

1958



Valda started at Lushoto school in January, Adrian set off to England and started at Milton Abbey School in May. Mark, still at the Duke of York in Nairobi took the School Certificate exam and got a good pass.



Kifufu was honoured in July by being chosen as the venue for Farmers day organized by our Lyamungu Research Station. We entertained over 100 people to lunch in the garden. Parties of people were taken around Kifufu to look at the coffee and later in the house there were talks on various aspects of coffee growing given by scientists from Lyamungu and also the Kenya Jacaranda Research Station.

I remember our coffee was not looking particularly flourishing this year - many of the trees having a leafless "broomstick" appearance. But people were interested to see Kifufu as Dieter had new and original methods in growing coffee, which in later years were to bring outstanding results. He was the first to mulch his coffee regularly and heavily and also to use fertilizers - against the advice of the experts from the Research Station.

For the first term, a Sanya team with Bob the Pole, Dieter, Mark and Richard entered for .22 shooting competition of the Gun Club in Moshi. They all trained beforehand on a target in our garden and were the victors against all comers and won a silver cup. Richard won the individual Junior shooting competition.

Income this year was 403,055/-

Expenses 396,829/-

Profit £311

1959

This was a bad year financially on the farm.

Our income was 207,616/-

Expenses 300,195/-

A loss of £4,600

Our coffee crop was only 12 tons and crops were spoiled by very heavy rains in April and Dieter records showed that there was bad erosion of soil on the farm. But also in his diary are the notes on the Kifufu acreage:-

Coffee 133 acres

Productive area of 403 acres

Fields 270

Bananas 7

Camp 15

Dams 5

Roads 10

Houses 5

Still to be cleared 55

Unfit for cultivation 75

575

So although the results of 1958 were so poor, there was every reason to be hopeful of the future with a big area planted up with coffee and ready for field crops.

The progress of all the children at school was also satisfactory. Richard got a good pass in School Certificate this year. Mark was working for A levels and during one of his holidays climbed Kilimanjaro with a party of school friends. Adrian was happy at Milton Abbey and both he and Valda were doing well at school. This year again we won the team prize at the Moshi Gun Club for target shooting with 22 rifle.

Although we did not go to Europe this year, we travelled a lot within East Africa. In February, Dieter and I did a lovely safari to Oldeani. Then through the Yaida Valley to Singida and home via Kondoa and Masailand. This is a picture of our camp near Singida. We had no tent but used a tarpaulin sling between the Land Rover and a tree.



In July we drove to Iringa via Dodoma to have a look at the new secondary school with the idea of possibly sending Richard there to do A levels. Dieter went on his own to Masailand to shoot elephant but had no luck and in November I went with Dieter and Tom Bower to Ndea where together they shot two elephants. Twice we went to Malindi - we were always on the go.

In April Dieter employed Johnny Eichler whom he had found sitting in the ditch by the road side in Sanya soaked to the skin in pouring rain. Johnny was a Danish sailor who jumped ship occasionally to do a variation of jobs in various countries.

He was in Sanya on a game catching job and was destitute. He moved into the old Weirich house and proved a hard conscientious worker.

Later in the year Max and Anna gave a lift from Nairobi to Sanya an English girl called Jill who had hitch-hiked from England to Kenya. She was on her way to Handeni in Tanganyika where the following week she was to marry the District Officer. However that evening Johnny turned up at Annahof, met Jill, they fell in love and instead of going on to Handeni, Jill moved in with Johnny.

Much had been going on in the political world around us. The "Wind of Change" was blowing through Africa and for some time there had been signs that the Colonial Government was preparing to give way to African nationalism. Julius Nyerere emerged as leader of the Tanganyika Africa National Union and it was clear that he would become our first President. In April he addressed a meeting of settlers at the West Kilimanjaro Club and assured us all that we and our farms would become a welcome part of the new nation.

My cousin John Fletcher-Cooke was sent out from London to become Minister of Constitutional Affairs and Deputy Governor with a writ from the Colonial office to prepare a Constitution ready for when Independence came. John visited us in September with his family and gave the bride away at the marriage of another cousin of mine Billah Bradford - to Tom Fletcher. The wedding was in Moshi and reception afterwards at Kifufu.



Valda, Tom Fletcher, Billah, John

1960

This year we made two important acquisitions our first Peugeot and our first Dachshund - Dandy. We have stayed with these two makes every since up to the time of writing this in 1971!

Dieter, Joe von Zastrow, Johnny and Richard shot in our Sanya team at the Gun Club. This year there was strong competition including three well trained teams from the Police Training College. But we won the Silver Challenge Cup for the third year running so the cup was ours for keeps. Dieter won the men's and I the women's individual shooting. Also in our sporting world - Richard at the Duke of York was in the swimming team and this year won his colours.

I did two safaris with the boys. One with Mark and Richard to Ngorongoro Crater where we camped and later with all three boys to Njoro in Kenya to stay with the Southon family.

This picture was taken at Lake Nakuru.



In August we all went to Malindi, Dieter returning to Sanya to organize Johnny and Jills wedding. Shortly after they married, they left Kifufu and settled in Dar es Salaam. In Malindi Adrian took Valda and Myra Slingsby out fishing in the lagoon in Swallow. The anchor got wedged in rocks, they were unable to sail home and caused a maximum of drama and confusion. Mark went out after dark in a rescue boat, finally Swallow turned over and Mark reported afterwards that what with the wind and the screams, it was "like the sinking of the titanic". Swallow and crew were brought safely to land.

We were considering this year buying the Boardman's coffee farm at Oldeani. At the end of December Dieter, Valda and I spent several days there in the Boardmans house while Dieter had a good look at the farm. Mark and Richard were in Malindi and Adrian spent Christmas and New Year at St. Moritz with Franz and his family.

This year Dieter bought two B250 tractors. We had good harvests with over 100 tons of coffee.

Our income was 514,000/- Expenses 370,000/- Profit £7,200

1961

This was an even better year financially.

Income 624,343/-

Expenses 384,990/-

Profit £11,967

Dieter, Valda and I celebrated the New Year at the Boardman's house at Oldeani but we decided against buying their farm. Instead Dieter planted an additional 50 acres of coffee on Kifufu. 1961 was the year that Tanganyika got its independence and this block of coffee was called Uhuru.

Mark had left school after taking his 'A' levels. In February he climbed the Shira Range with Denis Bower and kept me company on Kifufu also helping on the farm while Dieter was in Europe in February and March. Mark then sailed to Europe on S.S. Warwick Castle and spent some months in England before going to Vienna to learn German.

Valda and I went to England in June, I was looking at schools for Valda and went for interviews to Westonbirt and Cheltenham. I was also looking around for a suitable place for Adrian to take a course in Agricultural machinery after leaving school.



At the end of July I hired a Dormobile which was fitted out for camping with four bunks, table, chairs, gas stove and sink. Adrian, Valda and I set off through England to the Lake District. We drove right up the West Coast of Scotland to the Kyle of Lochalsh,

then through the Cairngorms back South through Stirling. On the way home we spent a few days with the Wallis' on their farm near Oxford.



We were hardly back from this Marathon journey when we set off for the Continent. In Zurich we hired a Volkswagen and drove to



St. Moritz where we spent two days in Franz's Suvretta house. In this picture we are having breakfast on the balcony. In intense heat we drove on via Innsbruck to Vienna to visit Mark. We stayed with his land lady Fra Dr. Czerny and in spite of the heat did a lot of sightseeing in and around Vienna. We drove through Burgenland to Neusiedlersee and saw the Iron Curtain - Austria

- Hungary border. We also had some gay evenings drinking the Heuerig at Grinzig outside Vienna. By September Adrian was back at school in England, Valda and I had returned to Africa and Mark was in England to start on a Civil Engineering course at the College of Technology in Brighton.

All over East Africa this was a year of terrible drought. The plains burned in the blazing sun first to a golden yellow, then brown and then as the grass withered to a depressing grey colour.

There was a stench of cattle and game which had died from lack of grazing and water - too many corpses for the hyenas and other scavengers to clean up. On Kifufu too the water in our furrows was very low. But thanks to Dieter's over head irrigation installation we had enough to keep the coffee going.

Early in November the rains started it came down in torrents on the bare parched ground causing bad floods and washing away roads and railways. Dieter and I were in Malindi. The Sabaki river came down in swirling floods bringing with it trees, dead animals and debris that piled up on the beaches. The big Sabaki bridge was washed away and Malindi for a few days was cut off from the outside world as ferries were unable to cross the swollen waters of the Kilifi creek. When we returned to Sanya the rain there was equally heavy.

But towards the end of November there was a break in the weather and Dieter and I set off to Masailand, which was looking, green and beautiful in clear sunshine as we camped the first night beyond Gasmot. But the next day ominous rain clouds piled up and Dieter decided we must return home at once as there was danger of roads becoming quite impassable. We just managed to get home through torrential rain and floods via Lolaisali and Arusha.

On the journey Dieter had difficulty in driving, as his hands were very swollen with the allergies from which he had been suffering for some years. When we reached Kifufu he collapsed into bed with high fever and his whole body was swollen and painful. Our doctor Ian Gordon came next day and said cheerfully that he would give an anti-allergy injection and Dieter would soon be on the mend. But his condition worsened and two days later when there were signs that his kidneys were not functioning properly, Ian whisked him off to Arusha hospital where he spent a couple of days. All the doctors were bewildered by Dieter's disease and had little idea as to cause or cure.

After leaving hospital Dieter was very ill for many days, lying in bed in semi-coma not wanting to eat or talk or read. He was still in this condition when Uhuru Day came on December 8th. At a ceremony in Dar-es-Salaam the new green, black, yellow flag of Tanganyika was to be hoisted on December 8th at midnight a few minutes after the lowering of the British flag - Thus signalling the end of the Colonial era in Tanganyika.

December 8th and 9th were to be public holidays for the people to celebrate their Uhuru (Freedom). The last African country to become independent had been the Belgian Congo - resulting in civil war and massacres. We had all seen the Belgian refugees in their laden cars streaming through Arusha and Moshi on their way to the coast.

So we were a little apprehensive of Uhuru. Each European family in Sanya had made their own security plans for the Independence Celebrations. Lushoto and other boarding schools in the country had sent their children home early not wanting to be responsible for them during this period. So we had Valda at home. With Dieter so ill it seemed that I was to be in charge of security at Kifufu.

I wanted a gun handy for all eventualities but Dieter's reactions were nil when I questioned him as to the whereabouts of the keys to his gun cupboard. So instead I went to bed that night with a large hammer under my pillow. The first day of Independence dawned bright and clear on December 9th. No hordes of drunken Africans approached the house. Instead came orderly delegations with smiling faces. The first from our own labour force with a present of meat for Dieter and messages of their hopes for his speedy recovery. The next with an invitation to an Independence party in Kibongoto.

Soon after this Dieter began to get better, was up and about but still very weak and run down. We had Christmas at Kifufu and left on December 26th for Malindi.

1962

Richard had left the Duke of York and was waiting for his A level results and kept me company at Kifufu while Dieter went for a holiday to Europe, staying with Franz and Rupi in St. Moritz. While he was there he bought the Guarda house from Rupi and the decision was made that we should find a manager to run Kifufu and ourselves move to Switzerland for four years in order to make a home for all the children while they were finishing their education in Europe.

Mark was studying engineering at Brighton Technical College and Richard got a place at St Andrews University and was to start his engineering course at Dundee in the autumn. He left by boat for England and from there with Adrian to Vienna to do the German course at the University. Dieter made arrangements to employ Sidney Blom Bjorner as Manager on Kifufu. Sidney was a Dane with many years of experience of coffee in the East Africa.

In June Valda and I set off by ship with a good deal of luggage in the Europa, a ship of the Lloyd Trestino line. We disembarked at Trieste and went by train to Zurich. Collecting a new Citroen car on the way, we finally arrived in Guarda on August 1st. Being the Swiss National Day, as night fell festivities began in the village at it was a wonderful sight to see the fires of freedom blazing out along the mountain peaks.



None of us who lived there will ever forget how charming our Guarda house was. Guarda itself perched up on the mountainside above the Inn Valley in the Unter Engadin, is the jewel of all Swiss villages. The village street winds up hill through old Engadin houses with irregularly placed windows sunk deep in the massive walls. The big stone houses are decorated with 'sgraffiti' painting. The windows have wrought iron gratings. The women still do their washing at the village wells. There is beauty in the village where everyone turns. Everything is

traditional, unspoiled and untouched by the modern world.



Our house consists of an old primitive but solid stone house where Dorothea Guler lives. She is old and has the right to live there until her death. Adjoining this was a big barn which Rupi has altered and renovated to make a comfortable modern house but keeping in every detail to the old Engadine style. The floors are local silver gray stone or scrubbed natural Pine. The asymmetrical walls are rough plastered and panelled in Arven wood. The ceiling in our top floor bedroom is vaulted and lined with heavy old wooden plank taken from the floor of the old stable, knotted and showing the marks of

centuries of stamping cattle hooves. The furniture is all in Engadine style, heavy peasant carved tables and cupboards, old chests and lovely old bedsteads, some carved and some painted with flower and bird motives.

In the small living room there is a fire place and a big wood fired stove centrally placed between hall and living room to heat the whole house - though I had reservations about this during the winter we spent there!



The only thing not in the style of the old houses are the two huge plate glass windows in the living room - one over looking a pretty little walled garden and one with the view down to the Inn Valley and up to the snowy Alpine peaks. The kitchen is modern, convenient but tiny, proving disastrously so for our big family and many visitors.

Valda and I spent rapturous days exploring the new home from attics to cellar. Ruppi and Lilian had left everything in the house for our use. There were tidy piles of linen and blankets in the cupboards, china, cutlery, kitchen equipment, gadgets - everything that we needed.

After some weeks our crate of household goods from Africa arrived - books, an Arab chest, Persian carpets etc. As no vehicle could get near the house through the narrow alley way approach, we had to unpack the crate on the village streets and handle the goods into the house - watched by curious villagers peering out from behind their curtains.



Our Guarda
garden
Summer
+ Winter



We had hardly settled down in the new house when visitors started arriving. Valerie and Rudi Wieland with their three children came from Zurich. While Martha and Lance Bower were staying we had our first snowfall waking in the morning to a white world to Valda's great excitement as she had never before seen snow. Ursula and Ken Steele called in for a couple of days on their way back to England from Italy. Mark had gone to America for his long vacation but Richard and Adrian came to Guarda bringing Peter Wallis from England.

It was a wonderful summer with weeks of cloudless sky and hot sun. I was kept busy in the house and learning to produce large meals from the tiny kitchen. The children had long idle days sun bathing in the garden and exploring the mountain slopes. I was enchanted with the mountain flowers and my walks took me far enough to collect great bowlfuls for the house. We found not only wild strawberries but also delicious wild raspberries growing in the woods round Guarda and again brought great bowlfuls home.



The holiday came to an end. Richard and Adrian returned to England. Valda started school and Zuoz down the valley. She was to be a day-girl there, living with Ruppi and Lillian at La Punt during the week and returning to Guarda at week ends. At the end of September I went over to England for a short visit.

Mark was expected back from America at the beginning of October and I had arranged to meet Richard and Adrian in London on October 3rd to celebrate his 21st Birthday. Mark had travelled all over the States, to San Francisco and then via New Orleans to Miami. Arriving back in New York, he had his night-bag stolen while making a phone call from the British Embassy. He lost all

his money, both his passports and his charter return air ticket to London, which naturally somewhat delayed his home journey.

Meanwhile at Kifufu, Dieter was initiating Sidney Blom Bjorner into the manager job. The Kifufu house was altered to make two separate "apartments". Sidney, with wife Topsy and son Fleming, took over the larger part of the house including the big sitting and dining room. The other end of the house with a kitchenette built in was to be for Dieter and me when we returned for visits.

Lipka, a Hungarian who had been working as farm assistant left in May and Frances Humplick a half-caste began work as mechanic in June. In May Dieter sacked Shilikirwa, the African head-boy who had been with us for many years but he returned in August and started work again on daily rates. The Morris Minor farm truck was bought in May.



Finally in mid October, Dieter arrived in Guarda. The summer flower had withered but the autumn colours in the mountains were almost more beautiful. The weather became crisp and cold but the brilliant sunshine continued right through the autumn. After his active and many sided life in Africa, Dieter found it difficult to adjust to "retirement". Valda too was finding the change over to German at school uphill work. She was never very happy at Zuoz and was often low-spirited when she came for week-ends. The long dark winter began to draw in and I think we were all a little home-sick for the light and warmth of Africa.

Anna - Ippie
Barbuda
who worked
for us some-
times in the
house &
was a find
of information
on local
affairs.



Dorothea
Guber
she lived in
the other part
of our house.
She was a
faithful quar-
ter watch-do
for the house
when we were

GUARDA IN WINTER



In mid December the boys were all due to arrive. Although it was bitterly cold there had been very little snow and we were getting a little apprehensive about prospects of skiing during their holiday.

The day that Dieter went to meet their train, snow began falling heavily. Valda and I watched the snow piling thickly and were told in the village that there was no chance of any car getting through to Guarda that evening. Snowdrifts were piling up on the road and the snow plough would not be in action until the next day. We were just preparing for bed when the front door burst open and in came Dieter with the boys, all covered with snow and full of triumphant tales of how they had managed to force the Citroen up the road in spite of blizzard and snow drifts.

Now Guarda took on its winter aspect with the village deep in snow. Dieter and the boys were kept busy digging and digging to

keep access to our house free and to our garage in the village. After everyone was equipped for skiing, Dieter employed a village lad to give the boys and Valda skiing lessons on the slopes in front of our house. They tumbled around, fell, crashed into telegraph poles causing great amusement to the villagers. However it wasn't long before they found their feet and were soon setting off with Dieter to the more ambitious ski slopes of Celerina and St Moritz.



Cousin Sandy arrived from England for Christmas. There was no room for a tree in the tiny sitting room so we put it out in the garden. At night we kept the curtains drawn back. The tree, lit with electric candles, was framed in the picture window, its only decoration was snow lying thick on its branches. Skiing was the entertainment of the holidays and enormously enjoyed by all except me. I was too cautious and too nervous ever to embark on anything but the most nursery slopes. We saw the old year out with a family dinner at the Buin Hotel. Kifufu seemed a very long way away. Favourable reports came in from Blom. It had been a very good year with a coffee crop of 135 tons.

Income 773,166/-

Expenses 441,528/-

Profits £16,581

1963

After enjoying four weeks of energetic skiing, the boys returned to England. Adrian was now doing a course in agricultural engineering at Lackham. Valda returned to school and now lived during the week with a family Kaiser in Zuoz village. This was the bitterest coldest winter in Europe for many years. On Monday mornings before 7:00 a.m. Valda set off on foot from the house in the pitch dark and in temperatures as low as -28° . She caught the Post Bus to Guarda station at the bottom of the hill and from there by train to Zuoz. The wood stove in our house was inadequate for such desperate conditions. I found the cold almost terrifying in its intensity. Dieter thrived on it.

By now we were making friends among the villagers who no longer looked on us with such suspicion as wild foreigners from Africa. To their surprise we had not flitted back to the lowlands with the other summer visitors. We had stayed to brave the hard Guarda winter and were becoming part of the community. We gave a cine show of our African films in the school house. We visited our neighbours and were called on and grew to like the tough, sturdy, independently minded mountain peasant.

Spring comes late in the mountains and when the boys arrived for their Easter holidays, there was not much sign of the hard winter abating. There was just less snow on the ice hard ground. By now the boys were expert skiers and enjoying the most difficult runs in the district. Valda had won a silver medal as 2nd prize during the winter at skiing races in Celerina and was now also very nippy on skis. We visited Rupi and Lilian occasionally and Franz with his new wife Natasha often at their Suvretta house. Natasha entertained us regally to a Russian Easter Dinner. Valda had made friends with Catherina Natasha's daughter and the two girls visited each other frequently.

Valda had left Zuoz and was to start next term at Hermansberg, the Junior School of Salem on Lake Constance in Germany. In April Dieter and I took her there. It was a lovely drive coming down from the wintry mountains into all the beauty of Spring in the low lands Hermansberg turned out to be a rather dilapidated bleak old Schloss and we wondered how Valda would take to the reputedly rigorous discipline of Salem. However, we had a warm and friendly reception and Valda was happy at Hermansberg right from the start.



VALDA AT HERMANSBERG WITH NATHAN CATERINA, TED & ATERA...

Later in April Dieter and I set off in the Citroen to tour round Spain and Portugal. From Geneva we drove into France and down the Rhone Valley to Sete on the Mediterranean. From there we crossed into Spain and drove down the Coast through Barcelona, Benidorm to Alicante. Inland to Granada and from there again South to the coast at Mabags and on to Gibraltar. Then via Cadiz and Seville into Portugal and right along the Algarve coast to Sagres on Cape Vincent. We headed North up the Atlantic Coast to Estoril near Lisbon and North again to Porta. Then inland to Guarda - an attractive cathedral town in the mountains. Back into Spain again, through vast plains of ranching country to Salamander & through Burgos to San Sebastian on the north coast.

We crossed the border again into France & spent a few days in the charming Durgogne Valley. Here we ate too much of the delicious but very rich local food so for the first time used our camping equipment and set up our tent in some wild woods - as secluded as any camp in Masailand. After a very light supper of thin packet soup, coffee and dry bread for breakfast, our stomachs felt, rested and we turned the Citroen homewards - via Arles and right along the French Riviera to Genoa, to Milan and then along lake Como, over the Maloia Pass back through St Moritz to Guarda. It had been a wonderful holiday and we had seen a huge slice of Europe.

We had booked no hotels in advance but had stopped where we felt like it - sometimes in Grand Hotels and sometimes in simple wayside inns. Various places still remain vividly in our memories:-

Venta Cata - a not particularly clean but very charming Spanish road-side inn in the hills above Benidorm where we had an excellent fish-food dinner and the local wine served in a jug with herbs pushed into it.

The Alhambra:- here we were lucky to get a room in the San Francisco Parlour (State Hotel), an exquisite old monastery building set in lovely gardens within the walls of the Alhambra, overlooking Granada and with views over the plains to the Siera Nevada. The Alhambra itself we thought the most beautiful place we had seen in Europe with its Moorish architecture, filigree stone carving, fountains and garden.

Veger de la Frontera:- a town with a very Arabic look about it near Cadiz on a steep hill rising out of the plains. The flat roofed whitewashed houses were piled up on the hill side in Terraces.

Gibraltar:- coming upon it from Spain is a strange experience. It has such a very English Colonial look about it that we felt as if we had turned up in Mombasa or any East African coastal town.

In Portugal:- the whole Algarve Coast is lovely with pretty villages, roses and geraniums planted on the road-side.

Sagres:- we remember most. It lies on high wind swept cliffs on the South West tip of Portugal overlooking the wild Atlantic. In spite of the wind the cliff tops are thick with flowers, tiny irises and mesembryantum and sweet smelling herbs.

Back in Guarda, Spring had arrived at last in the mountains. At last the hill sides were bright with flower again - crocks, gentian, primula and anemone. With the warmer weather visitors began arriving. Gerald Featherstone-Haugh came, Billah and Tom Fletcher, Audrey Zortea and her mother, Rudi and Valerie Wieland with their children and Valeries parents. Often the house was so full that the overflow slept in our tent on the lawn. Daphne and Byrom came with Sandy and Roddy on their way back from a camping holiday in Italy. Pam and Richard Dauncey came and also Deidi von Senger with his daughter Marina. When the boys came over from England in July, Adrian brought a friend Nigel Enderby. The house was nearly always full of people and I was kept busy cooking for the masses.

During the summer I could get no help in the house. My daily, Fraulein Barbuda together with all the other women in the village were busy haymaking. But Dieter and all the



children helped with the washing up and many other jobs around the house and garden. Unfortunately this summer the weather was not so good. We had a lot of rain. Early in September I set off with Mark, Richard, Adrian and Nigel Enderby to camp on the Italian lakes. Here the weather was even worse with thunderstorms and torrential rain. Valda was in Zurich staying with Catherina and Dieter stayed at home, keeping house and spending many hours out on the mountainsides helping the peasants get their hay in.

The holiday came to an end. The boys returned to England and Valda to Hermansberg. Dieter and I were to return to Africa until the following Easter holidays. Our last visitors of the year in Guarda were Dieter, Onkel Carl and Tante Ellen who were to stay on in our house for the autumn.

On September 22nd Dieter and I flew to Nairobi and were very pleased to set foot in Africa again. We returned to our little flat at the end of the Kifufu house and the Bloms gave a party for our return. Dieter was delighted to be able to walk round his coffee again. Guarda was beautiful but we both felt that only Kifufu was really home. Blom had run the farm quite adequately while we were away. But Kifufu was Dieters life work and his one burning interest. It could never really thrive and develop in his absence.

We spent the whole of November in Malindi. Dieter did a lot of fishing, mostly with Chard Didham. Sonia Fort & her Swedish Ambassador, Eyvind Bratt, arrived from South Africa and stayed for some weeks during which time they went to Nairobi for a few days to get married. This Christmas we treated Mark, Richard and Adrian to a skiing holiday with a Murison-Small chalet party. They went to Courcheval in France and thoroughly enjoyed it. Valda was at St Moritz staying with Franz, Natasha and family. Dieter and I had a quiet Christmas on our own at Kifufu. It was Dieter's 50th Birthday on December 26th. All Sanya was expecting a party to celebrate but we decided otherwise. Early on the 26th we set off to Masailand and camped that night at Soinabor beside a big rock outcrop and drank to Dieter's health in warm beer. We spent two nights each at Lologonya and Barabali and Dieter hunted with his tracker Merefu.



We wanted to go to Kondoa but the road was impassable after heavy rain. So we turned back to Kibaya and spent New Years Eve in the Rest House there.

I wrote this continuation of the Kifufu Chronicle in 1972. In 1973 the farm was nationalised by the Tanzanian Government. Our life in Tanzania came to an end that year. We lost our home but after many wanderings, have made a new one at Umzumbe on the Natal Coast in South Africa. Now in 1977, I am taking up the story again and will record the last few years on Kifufu from 1964 to 1973. Although we have lost the farm, our memories cannot be taken away from us and I shall enjoy looking back on and writing about these years. European farming, as we knew it, has come to an end in Tanzania - so it seems now that it may be all the more interesting for future generations to read of our experience in that country.



The Blue Barch



Dieter's boat
BONITO



Valda + Catherine
Xmas 1964

1964

This year was typical of many others in that we travelled extensively between Kifufu, Masailand, Malindi and Europe. We certainly had the best of all worlds - the farm, the fascinating bush country, the tropical, palm fringed Kenya Coast and then the contrast of old civilised Europe with our mountain hide-out in Guarda. It almost makes me dizzy to write of all our comings and goings. January this year found us still in Masailand. Then, after a few days on the farm, we went to Malindi. In February we made a safari with Bob-the-Pole to Masailand, then back to the farm, to Malindi and home again.

From March to July we were in Guarda and from there visited Germany and England. From August to September we moved briskly between Kifufu and Malindi. Dieter was again in Masailand and we both spent some days in Tsavo Park. All the children were in Guarda for their Easter Holidays - Mark and Adrian travelled all the way from England on Mark's motorbike. Adrian, Richard and Valda flew out to Africa for their summer holidays and Valda again at Christmas together with Catherina, Natasha's daughter. Natasha was Franz's 2nd wife and "said to be" a Russian Princess.

Mark also arrived back in Africa and started his first job as a Civil Engineer on a dam being built at Nyumba ya Mungu below Moshi. Richard was still at Dundee University, Adrian at Lackham Agricultural College and Valda has progressed from her Junior school at Hermansberg to Spetzgart, one of the secondary schools of the Salem group. Our travel and education expenses were high but Kifufu was producing the goods.

Dieter had a manager's house built by Italian contractors for Blom Bjorner and his family. This comfortable 3 bedroom house cost £3,000 which is interesting to compare with present day prices (1977). Blom Bjorner was still managing the farm but Dieter was beginning to see some deterioration in the coffee and realized that in future he would have to spend more time himself on the farm.

While in Guarda this year we had a lot of visitors. Among these was an African friend, a Mr Swai the headmaster of a Sanya school who was in Europe on an educational course. Mr Swai was a great sensation in Guarda as the villagers had never before set eyes on a black man. He was very interested to see as much as possible of the mountain peasants way of farming. He too came from mountain stock on Kilimanjaro so he soon realized that these farmers in the Swiss Alps had a very much harder struggle to make a livelihood.

In Malindi our Seychelles builder Bastienne built for us a very charming two bed-roomed cottage that was known as the Blue Banda - our bedroom was decorated in all shades of blue. Dieter bought his first motor powered fishing boat - Bonito. He had good fishing and caught 16 sailfish during the year. It was in August this year that Mark met a 15 year old schoolgirl on the beach. This was Jennifer Berry whom later he was to marry.

184 tons of coffee was harvested. The price was £303 per ton.

Income for the farm was £60,394

Profit £20,687



A view of the farm from the house. Sanya plains & Blue Mountains in the distance.



A corner of my garden

1965

From January to March we lived between Kifufu and Malindi. As usual we had a lot of visitors including Dieters brother Ruppi who flew out from Switzerland in his own private aircraft. In April I went to Switzerland and with Valda, on to England where I leased a coast-guard cottage at Barton-on-Sea. Richard and Adrian joined us there for the Easter holidays.

April 28th was our Silver Wedding. We were never very good at celebrating anniversaries and this one was no exception. On this important occasion I sat most of the day and all night on Rome airport waiting for a delayed plane back to Nairobi. Dieter was in Sanya. While I was in Europe he had spent the time on Kifufu. Things on the farm were not looking so well and he realised that he had to get rid of the manager and take over the reigns of the farm himself.

But he had signed a four year contract with Blom Bjorner so we were landed with him until 1966.

In July we set off once again to Switzerland travelling this time via Istanbul. We stayed at the Hilton, did a boat trip down the Bosphorus and spent a few days exploring this fascinating town with its beautiful mosques and huge covered market.

Richard, Adrian and Valda joined us at Guarda for their summer holidays. Ian Gordon visited us also Joan, Greta and Chad Sarll, Isobel Echlin, Christine Meerstadt and Biba Westerholz.



In September we returned to Kifufu taking with us on the plane a small brown Dachshund bitch pup as a mate for Dandy.

In November while in Malindi, Dieter caught a Wahoo weighing 62lbs which was an All-Africa record. Adrian and Valda fished with Dieter when they came out at Christmas and Valda caught two sail-fish. Mark joined us too from his job in Nyumba ya Mungu. In November Dieter and I made a particularly enjoyable safari to Masailand. Dieter shot an elephant in Kapokio.

This year on Kifufu a pipe-line was built to replace the open furrow which up until now had brought our house water supply from springs in the forest $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. Dieter surveyed and engineered the scheme and laid the 4 inch pipes which were imported from Italy.

In spite of a filter system the furrow water when it reached the house had often been very dirty. Sometimes elephant in the forest had caused havoc breaking the furrow and cutting our water altogether. But now with the new pipe-line we were assured of a clean reliable source of water for the house and garden. There was also enough to install a gravity irrigation scheme for 70 acres of coffee.



Early morning in Taita
Carrying in boats to the
sea beach for coffee



This year Kifufu produced 97 tons of coffee which was a considerable fall-down on the previous year. The price of coffee had dropped to £280

The yearly income was £31,468

Profit £5,950



Elephant shot by Dieter
near Kapokio



Kifufu pipeline running through
the forest



Richard in academic robes graduating
at Dundee University

Coffee on the left
fence in the foreground
& a view of the
terraces with
alternating crops



1966

Richard achieved his degree in Civil Engineering at Dundee University. He had a job in London and in Anglesey and for a time shared a flat in London with Adrian who was studying at the Chelsea School of Agricultural Engineering. Valda moved from Salem to Chatelard in Switzerland. Mark worked on the farm for some months between leaving his job at Nyumba ya Mungu and starting work again in Nairobi. Blom Bjorner left Kifufu having completed his 4 year contract with us. But the big event of the year was Mark's engagement to Jenny Berry and we were delighted with the prospect of welcoming a new member to the family.

For some reason our diaries for 1966 are very incomplete so I will give here some account of Dieter's farm policy that was to prove so successful and make Kifufu into the most profitable coffee farm in East Africa.

At the end of 1959 an agricultural officer Mike Cooper had visited the farm and stressed the urgent need for land conservation. Up to this time and in spite of the terracing of the land we had often lost top soil through erosion in heavy rain.

Mike Cooper pointed out the necessity of improving the soil structure and made a farm plan for Kifufu which Dieter followed faithfully.

The coffee acreage was to be increased to 177 acres and the remaining 240 acres of arable land planted in 6 yearly rotation with maize beans and Rhodes grass. The system was as follows:- Maize was planted for one year and under planted with Rhodes grass seed. When the maize was harvested the Rhodes grass took over and covered the ground thickly. The grass crop was left for 4 years and then ploughed up and planted with beans for one year followed again by maize. This system gave Kifufu its characteristic look of the 3 crops - maize, beans and grass growing in horizontal strips alternating on the terraces. One sixth of the usable land was always under maize, one sixth beans and the remaining 2/3 under a heavy cover of Rhodes grass.



Flowering coffee



Winnowing the
bean crop

The Rhodes grass was mown at regular intervals, carried into the coffee area and laid on the ground as mulch. All residue from the maize and bean harvests were also used as mulch. The soil structure of the arable land was kept in good heart by the regular 4 yearly grass cover. But most particularly the soil in the coffee area gained in humus and fertility with continual mulching.

Maize was used for rations for our labour. Beans were grown for seed and exported to Holland. Our Dutch seed merchants paid a percentage of the money for our seed beans in Holland.

This was one of the many ways that Dieter managed to move money out of Tanzania in spite of stringent exchange control.

This year the farm produced a record crop of 238 tons of coffee. The price of coffee was £256.

Income for the year was £52,240

Profit £17,714.

It should be pointed out that the figures given for every year are the audited figures. They do not include "invisible earnings" that did not appear on the balance sheet - such as bean money paid in Holland and other products sold for cash.

Cotton growing in the
river valley showing the
hatch on the ground
between the trees.



Looking up from the
farm to the house + →

down from the
house to the cotton
factory



Flamingos on Lake Nakuru



Land Eros on the
"road" to Nakuru





Mark & Terry's Wedding



1967

In January this year Dieter, Mark, Richard and I made a memorable safari to Mt Lengai and Lake Natron with Billah and Tom Fletcher. It was a hot hard safari through a tough trackless but very beautiful part of the Rift Valley. The men had planned to climb the mountain but were put off by almost impossible conditions of loose lava dust from a recent eruption of Mt Lengai. We did however manage to bush-bash our way down to the shores of Lake Natron and waded out through soda slime to some of the islands. These islands are one of the few places where flamingos breed in East Africa.

In February Richard set off to see something of Tanzania. He got a lift in a private plane to Dar es Salaam and from there hitch hiked through the Southern Highlands and back to Sanya. He returned to Kifufu with a fellow hitch-hiker - a young Japanese journalist whom later we were to visit in Japan. Richard started work this year in Dar-es-Salaam with a firm of Consulting Engineers.

At Easter Mark entered for the East African Safari rally with Tony Peacock as co-driver. He crashed his car the first night near Laitokitok but luckily neither he nor Tony were hurt.

The big event of the year was on September 16th when Mark and Jenny were married in Nairobi Cathedral. Richard was best man and Valda one of the bridesmaids. It was sad that Adrian was writing exams in England and was unable to be with us. It was a really lovely wedding but unfortunately owing to torrential rain, the reception planned for the Berry's garden had to be moved at the last moment to the hall in the Cathedral grounds.



A typical camp in Masailand
with tents & Land-Rover

In October Daphne and Byron came out to visit us and we took them to the Serengeti. Byron was a "friend of Serengeti" so we had V.I.P. treatment and were allowed to camp where we liked in the Park. Our choice of the Retemu Pools proved a hair raising experience for all of us. At night, we not only had loud hippo and elephant concerts, but also every lion in the Serengeti seemed to be patrolling round our tent.

In June I was in England and in September Dieter went to Switzerland travelling in style - 1st class on Lufthansa. I had felt, for sometime, that our Guarda house was one house too many. Mark and Richard were back in Africa and Adrian was to return this year. So Guarda had out-lived its usefulness as a holiday home for the family. Dieter had no difficulty in selling the house to old Guarda residents. The sale had the advantage that the new owners were to love the house as much as we had. But it was not a clever business deal. House prices had temporarily slumped in Switzerland and we merely got a fair price for the house.

A young Tswana



Migration of wildebeest
in the Serengeti

A baobab tree



If we had held on for a few years longer, we would certainly have sold it at a huge profit. However, we got our money back and covered expenses that Dieter had had in enlarging the house and building and extra bed, bathroom and sitting room in the old cellar.

Dieter also went to Hamburg to visit coffee merchants and then on to England to see Adrian who was sharing a flat with Chad Sarll in Chelsea. 1967 was the year that the mini-skirt first hit London. Skirts were so short as to be almost non-existent and Dieter enjoyed watching the fashion parade in the King's Road. There is an amusing entry in his diary written during his visit to Franz's Geneva house where Natasha kept house regardless of cost:- "Supper with Franz and Natasha on gold plates. Mainly champagne and caviar."

On December 23rd we gave a large and splendid party at Kifufu for well over 100 guests. Invitations went out for a Harvest Festival Party from Senger Estates. This was on the advice of our accountant and in this way we were able to put down the expenses of food and drink for the party as "Director's Entertainment Expenses" on Dieter's income tax returns. It was one of the really good Kifufu parties.

The house was cleared for dancing, the buffet supper was laid out in the guest rooms and, as it was a lovely warm evening, we sat out in the garden under the stars. Mark, Jenny, Richard, Adrian and Valda were all there.

After Christmas, Richard drove to Nairobi to collect a girlfriend Catherine Coyle. Cathy, whom he had met in Dar es Salaam, was returning by air from London and was to stay with us for a few days on her way back to her family in Dar. I was busy clearing up the house after Christmas and packing up to go to Malindi. Not realising that Cathy was a very special girlfriend, I saw very little of her during the visit.

There was so much going on and so many happy events during the year that I quite forgot to mention a political event of great importance that was to affect our lives in the years to come. In February Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanzania made a policy speech which became known as the Arusha Declaration. This was a declaration that Tanzania was to become a Socialist Country with communistic leanings. All commercial banks, insurance companies and all key industries were nationalised. Our Barclays Bank became, the National Bank of Commerce and from now on it became difficult for Dieter to get overdrafts for running the farm. Nyerere stated in his speech that his program of nationalization was now completed and that people like ourselves could rest assured that the private sector of the Tanzanian economy would continue to operate without disturbance and without further nationalization. Future events were to prove that these were empty words.

Coffee crop 164 tons

Price £255

Income £53,829

Profit £21,482

1968

In January Valda started a course at the Southon Secretarial College in Mombasa. Madge Southon who ran the College, was an attractive personality and an excellent teacher. So Valda, though not enthusiastic to begin with, thoroughly enjoyed the course and was happy in Mombasa.

In February we had news from Richard that he was engaged to be married to Cathy Coyle and that they were to be married in April in Dar-es-Salaam. Again we were delighted at the prospect of a new daughter in law. Mark and Jenny moved to Dar-es-Salaam in April and Mark had a job building Bibi Titi Street. So they were on the spot for Richard's wedding on April 15th. It was the middle of the rainy season and shortly before the wedding one of the big bridges between Moshi and Dar was washed away by torrential rain. For a time it looked as though we would have to fly to Dar and that the many young guests would not be able to go. But at the last moment a Bailey bridge was thrown across the river and we were all able to reach Dar-es-Salaam by road.



Richard + Cathy

engaged ---



married ---

We stayed at the Oyster Bay hotel as the reception was to be held there. Richard and Cathy were married at the Catholic Church at Oyster Bay. Adrian was best man and Valda one of the bridesmaids. Cathy's choice of bridesmaids was most original. The other grown up bridesmaid was Lebanese and the two children - African and Indian. The priest was Goan so it was a truly multiracial wedding. After their honeymoon Richard and Cathy lived at Chemelil near Kisumu where Richard had a job building roads in the sugar cane area.



+ at Letitia after the
honeymoon with
John + Jerry

Adrian meanwhile had started his first job as farm mechanic for Col Stirling in Kiru. Adrian was always a sociable type and was not too happy living in the bush in Kiru, miles away from civilization.

Valda graduated from her secretarial college in September. In October my cousin Ken and Ursula Steel came out from England to visit us. We took them to Kitani lodge in Tsavo Park and from there drove right round Kilimanjaro to Ol Tokai and home through Amboseli Park. While staying at Kitani, a hyena took our food box at night from the verandah of our lodge and made off with all our food - also Dieter's boots, which were never seen again.



On one of our many trips to Malindi Dieter bought a bigger and better fishing boat which we named Allegra. He had very good catches during the year including nine sailfish.



A new fungus disease known as Coffee Berry Disease (C.B.D.) has started in Kenya and for some years had been doing heavy damage to crops on coffee estates there.

In 1968 the disease reached Tanzania and it wasn't long before Dieter discovered C.B.D. damage on our coffee trees. But, luckily for us, Kenya scientists had been working on the problem for some years and had evolved a method of dealing with the disease with chemical sprays. From now on

we always had a certain amount of coffee damaged by C.B.D. but it never became the big destroyer that it had been in Kenya.

We harvested 165 tons of coffee. The price was £23 per ton.

Income of the farm was £39,177 of which £10,021 was profit.

1969

Our diaries record a lot of travel! During the year we visited Malindi seven times and made four safaris to Masailand - not to mention a prolonged stay in Europe in March and April. On one of our Masailand safaris we had an unpleasantly close meeting with a rhino. We were camped under thorn trees beside a large dry water hole. At dawn, as I was lying in bed sleepily sipping my coffee, I was suddenly petrified with fright to see a large rhino standing within yards and peering in at the tent. Knowing their unpredictable ways it seemed highly likely that it would charge the tent and stampede through our camp. I froze with terror while Dieter fetched his rifle from the Land Rover and kept it aimed at the nasty creature. Luckily for us, it eventually just shook its head and trotted off.



Cathy & Richard with Monica

Monica's Christening
Kibata July 15 1969



The great event of the year was the birth of our first grandchild, Monica Sarah. Monica was born in Nairobi on April 12th. Richard and Cathy were delighted with their baby daughter but had an up-hill job rearing Monica, who, from the start had a will of her own and was never an easy placid baby.

On August 1st the Swiss National Day party was held at Kifufu. We invited all the Swiss Nationals in the district including a group of Franciscan Friars. According to tradition we made a huge bonfire on the lawn and had a barbecue supper with Bratwurst imported from Kenya.

Dieter had built a big wall in front of the house using stones from the original house built by the Miller family. This was a great improvement as the terrace was widened and became an ideal

place for barbecue parties and for sitting in the evening watching the daily drama of the sun setting behind Mt. Meru.



The new enlarged terrace ---

+ wall, with vines



In November this year, we planted grape vines on this terrace. These grew up and gave shade and flourished so well that later we decided to grow grapes commercially and start up a wine industry.

Mark and Jenny moved to England this year and after a holiday on the continent, leased a flat in Reading where Mark had a job. Richard and Cathy left Chemelil without regrets and moved to Mikuni in Tanzania where Richard worked on the new road between Dar es Salaam and the



With Ruppi & Lilian on safari on the Kenya side of
Kilimanjaro. March 1968

Zambian border. Mikuni was out in the bush miles from anywhere but Richard and Cathy were very happy there and made good friends among the other engineers on site. Adrian started work on Burka Coffee Estate where Dieter had worked as a young bachelor when he first arrived in Tanganyika. Adrian was happy to be out of the Kiru bush and back in Arusha. He had a responsible job in charge of the Burka workshops.

Rupi and Lilian visited us in March. We did some game-park safaris with them before going to Malindi where

they moved into the new cottage which Bastienne had built for us. This was known as the Luxury Banda and was a self-contained cottage with a kitchenette, a large air-conditioned bedroom and a big verandah with a very beautiful old Arab door. Rupi had suggested that this cottage be build for his and Lilian's use when they visited Malindi. In return Rupi was to make a flat in St. Moritz available for us when we went to Switzerland. The cottage was built but due to Rupi's death the following year, the flat never materialised.



The Luxury Banda at Malindi.

showing the Arab door on the verandah



We had also installed an air-conditioner in our bedroom in the Blue Banda. This was not so much for coolth as for defence against the disco music from the Driftwood club next-door.

Dieter had been battling in vain with Dick Soames the owner of the Driftwood for some years. But no notice was taken of his many complaints about the loud music blearing out - often until the early hours of the morning. But now, with all doors and windows closed and the air conditioner switched on, we were no longer pestered with the music.

This year coffee prices jumped from £230 to £401 per ton. So, although the crop was only 123 tons compared with 165 tons the previous year, profits were considerably higher.

Income £52,181 Profit £20,452



The new Guest Cottage -

+ laundry room
behind the house
with flowering
Tillandsia.



Home, Jack, Walter & myself
taken on the terrace during
Jack & Tracy's visit. The
vines are growing up!

1970

Dieter had a big building program on the farm. An Italian contractor built a large new coffee store and also a very charming and comfortable guest cottage in our garden and a much needed laundry room behind the kitchen.

Ginny Sarll came from England to stay with us in February and was later joined by her friend Sandra Wolff who was a talented young artist. When we set off in April on our round the World tour, we left the two girls at Kifufu to look after the house and animals. I have written an account of our world tour in another journal so will not touch on it here. We returned to Kifufu on June 22nd. Ginny was there to welcome us back but Sandra had left that morning on a joy ride to the Serengeti in Arthur Palfrey's private plane together with Eric Protzen the 21 year old son of friends of ours. That evening neighbours arrived with the terrible news that the plane had crashed and all three passengers were dead. We had to break the news by telephone to Sandra's parents in London and they flew out for the funeral in Arusha. The whole district was stunned by the ghastly tragedy and deaths of the two young people and a local farmer. Ginny particularly went through a prolonged state of shock and stayed with us until August.

In July Mark and Jenny visited us in Kifufu en route from England to a job in South Africa. They were thus the pioneers of the eventual move of nearly our whole family to South Africa.

Richard and Cathy's son Adrian Thomas Dietrich was born on April 12th in Dar es Salaam. Richard was still working on Mikuni and in October, Adrian, Valda and I went there for the Christening. Dieter did not come with us as his sister Ellen was out on a visit from Berlin. It was during her visit that we received the sad news that Rupi had died as the result of a car accident in the Engadin.

Valda was back from England having finished a secretarial course in German and French at a language school. She had also done temporary secretarial jobs in London and had also worked as char-woman. She had organized herself a job in Switzerland and planned to drive there in her old 2nd hand car. But, while packing up the car in front of her London flat she inadvertently left her hand bag lying on the pavement. She soon discovered the loss but, on returning to the flat, the handbag was gone. It contained all her money, her driving licence and Passport. So she gave up the idea of Switzerland and with great difficulty obtained a new passport, sold the car and came back to Tanzania.

She stayed with us until November when she went to Geneva and got a job with the International Labour Organization. She was lucky enough to be able to live in a flat in her Uncle Franz's lovely house - Pre Fleuri.

In December, Franz and daughter Ingi came out to visit us and we spent Christmas together at Malindi. Mark and Jenny joined us on December 28th in time for our traditional New Year's party in the Malindi courtyard.



On his Birthday Dec. 26th
Victor went fishing with Fran.
By some extraordinary
chance, Victor always
caught 2 Sailfish on
his Birthday!

This year we harvested 225 tons of coffee.
The price was £330 per ton

Income £77,851
Profit £35,524



Mark & Terry
in Malindi

Elle Summer Fashions
being photographed
in front of our
Malindi kitchen.



1971

We had, as usual, a lot of overseas visitors during the year. Dieter's old friend Rudy de Reding visited us with his wife Margaret - also Gery and Adrienne von Senger. Ingi von Senger came to Malindi with a team of photographers and model girls and the summer fashions for Elle magazine were photographed on the beaches and in our garden.

During a visit from Lilian von Senger, we had the good fortune to be able to spend a few days with her in the Research Camp in the middle of Manyara game park which was a really delightful experience.

Dieter made two safaris to Masailand. I joined him on one of these and we met up with Joe von Zastrow and Bob the Pole at Londabess. Dieter shot an elephant on this safari which as it turned out, was the last time I ever went to Masailand. I remember so well driving home through the scrub bush country of the Blue Mountains. The bush was covered with a mass of sweetly smelling white flowers - every bit as lovely as the famed cherry blossom of Japan.

Manyara Game Park



View from the research camp
down to the river



Towards the end of this year Dieter bought a new Land Rover station wagon, fitted out like the old one with a hatch in the roof for game watching.

In April Richard and Cathy left for a three week holiday in Europe, leaving Monica and Adrian with us in Malindi. Cathy's mother came to help me with the children. On September 3rd Mark and Jenny's first child and our 3rd grandchild was born at Bethel in South Africa. Also during this



month two of our farming neighbours from Ol Molog were suddenly deported by the Tanzanian Government. No reasons for the deportation were given. We were all deeply shocked by this occurrence which gave us the uneasy feeling that it could happen at any time to any one of us.

During November the Kilimanjaro International Airport was completed on the Sanya plains between Moshi and Arusha. We could see the new airport from Kifufu but it turned out to a large and costly white Elephant used by few planes apart from those of East African Airways. But at least the Masai who lived near by found it a great sensation and were to be seen sitting around the airport drinking whisky and beer.

Valda returned from Geneva bringing with her a friend Elizabeth Schmucki who had shared her flat in Franz's Geneva house. Elizabeth had become engaged to be married to Franz but ex-wife Natasha had interfered so Elizabeth was thrown out. Valda left Pre Fleuri too in protest and the two girls were billeted by Franz in the Intercontinental Hotel in Geneva before flying out to Africa.

In December we gave what turned out to be the last big party at Kifufu. It was Valda's 21st Birthday and the party was on a very grand scale with an eleven man band playing for dancing.

Valda at Pic Henry
with Franz's dog, Yatz.



Kifufu
Florida with Yana, Labege,
Christine, Jemchast, Elizabeth, Gladys
& Valda.

The whole of our family was there and the photograph taken afterwards is a record of the last time we were all together.

The Whole Family
December 1971



Valda tending her vineyard.

1971 - 1972 were particularly difficult years financially for Dieter. The coffee showed every sign that it would produce an all time record crop in 1972. A lot of money was required to pull this crop through - money for extra fertilizers and for paying the large numbers of pickers required for the harvest. At the same time Dieter was sending money overseas by any means possible. The policy of the National Bank of Commerce was that credit be given to State run and not to capitalist enterprises so Dieter had a hard struggle to raise the money to run the farm. Although the price of ivory was not high, he was forced to sell his four pairs of elephant tusks.

Grape vine cuttings that we had collected from all over the world were planted out on land below the Kifufu house. Dieter spent a lot of time pruning and teasing his vines and was very proud of the vineyard.

147 tons of coffee were harvested. The price was £301 per ton

Income £56,322

Profit £14,100

Below the Kifufu house
was an experimental plot
planted with coffee cuttings
from seed we had brought
with us from South America



→ the vineyard

1972

Richard, Cathy and their two children left Nairobi and went to live in Switzerland. Richard worked in Zurich and they lived in a flat in Gossau. They did not enjoy the year they spent in Switzerland. Richard found his office work uninteresting and they all hated living in a flat. The children, who had always been used to the freedom of an African garden, were like caged animals in a Swiss flat. It had been Dieter's wish that at least one of the family would make

their home in Switzerland. But neither Richard nor Valda, who lived and worked there on and off for a longer time, found it possible to settle down there and both returned eventually to Africa.



Jonica + Adrian at Kifufu before leaving for Switzerland.

Adrian left his job at Burka and went to South Africa and Rhodesia for a holiday and to look at possibilities for jobs. He returned to Tanzania and in July went to England where he worked for some months. But he too could not settle down in Europe so decided to go to Rhodesia where he lived until 1975.

Mark and Jenny were happily installed in South Africa. Valda had a job in Rhodesia for six months and shared a flat in Salisbury with Tanzanian friends. She returned to Tanzania in October this year and lived at home until the following August.

I was in England in April and missed a good party at the Goodmans who were close neighbours. Rosey Goodman married Tony Peacock who had worked with Mark at Numba ya Mungu. The wedding took place in the Goodman's garden and there was an evening party afterwards with dancing. The young couple, who stayed on for the party, spent the first night of their honeymoon in our Kifufu guest house.

Twice this year Dieter took German clients out on photographic safaris to the game parks. These clients paid for all expenses in Switzerland. Dieter bagged his last elephant this year in Masailand and had a troublesome time with it. He shot at an elephant and, as it did not fall crept up through thick bush to give it the final shot. He aimed, pulled the trigger - the rifle did not fire. Thinking the ammunition could be faulty, he reloaded several times but the gun had jammed and did not fire - an alarming experience when at close quarters with a wounded elephant. Dieter walked back to camp and drove back to Sanya - a 6 hour drive over shockingly bad roads. He returned to camp with a rifle borrowed from Bob the Pole and after again tracking after the elephant, found it lying dead. It had died from his first shot.

It was a shock for Dieter when he discovered this year that Shilikirwa, his trusted African manager had swindled him out of £1,500. Dieter had full proof of this bare-faced theft but decided not to take Shilikirwa to court where he would certainly have face imprisonment. Instead he made an arrangement with Shilikirwa that the money be paid back over a period of years. Shilikirwa had worked on Kifufu for 20 years, starting as a young boy he showed promise and intelligence so Dieter promoted him first to head boy and finally he became farm manager. This was a very well paid and responsible job.

Shilikirwa held a company cheque book, collected money from the bank and paid out wages. He became an efficient manager, was good with labour and could run the farm for months on end when Dieter was away. It was sad that he should have taken advantage of the trust placed in him.

1972 was Dieter's year of Triumph on the farm. The outstanding results were the reward of many years' patient effort in building up the highest yielding coffee farm in East Africa. What a blessing that we did not lose the farm one year earlier. It would have broken Dieter's heart if he had not been able to harvest this crop. One block of coffee produced an average of 3.18 tons per acre, which was a world record for commercially produced coffee. The over-all average for the farm was 1.75 tons.

Slowly the money began trickling in from this bumper crop and the tight financial squeeze came to an end. Before Christmas Valda and I drove to Dar-Es-Salaam and met Mark, Jenny and Elise who flew in from Johannesburg. We stayed at the Bahari Beach Hotel and had a splendid shopping spree in Dar with the cash bonus that Dieter had doled out to us all.

311 tons of coffee were harvested.

Price of coffee was £330

Income £75,100

Profit £16,981

THREE TONS PER ACRE

ON KILIMANJARO

D. Von Senger

Kifufu estate, Sanya Juu, Moshi, Tanzania

Last Season (1972-73 one block of 31 acres (12.5 ha) produced 96.6 tonnes of clean coffee, which gives an average yield of 62 cwt/acre (7,750 kg/ha). This block consists of 19 acres planted in 1950 at a spacing of 9 x 9 (2.75 x 2.75m) and 12 acres planted in 1956 at spacing of 9 x 6 (2.75 x 1.83). The seedlings were grown from seed of several Bourbon selections (N) from the Coffee Research Station, Lyamungu. The photograph shows some cropping branches on one of the trees in this block.

The production from the whole estate last season was 311.5 tonnes of clean coffee from 177 acres (17.5 ha), which gives an average yield of 34.8cwt/acre (4.350kg/ha). It is estimated that an additional 50 tonnes was lost through coffee berry disease and a shortage of labour for picking. The labour shortage was aggravated by an 18 day quarantine period due to an outbreak of plague in the area.

In spite of the heavy crop, quality was better than usual with 26.2% of the total crop being in Class 3. Bean size was also good with 17.3% being AA, 30.0% A and 6.3% PB, making a total of 53.6% in the top three size grades.

Over the last 31 years the average yield for Kifufu estate was 22 cwt/acre (2,750kg/ha) of clean coffee.

Because 62cwt/acre is probably a record commercial scale crop for East Africa, the staff of the Coffee Research Station, Ruiru, Kenya have suggested that I should write this article for "Kenya Coffee" describing the methods used to achieve this result.

Kifufu estate is situated on the western slopes of Kilimanjaro. The average altitude of the coffee is 4,300 feet (1,311m). The average rainfall over the last 25 years was 38 inches (96.5cm). We can irrigate all the coffee although the amount of water is limited. The coffee is not shaded. The soil is red volcanic loam.

Besides the 177 acres of coffee, 243 acres are under a crop rotation of four years Rhodes grass, one year beans and one year maize. There are another 40 acres of coffee, 243 acres are under a crop rotation of four years Rhodes grass, one year beans and one year maize. There are another 40 acres under bananas and permanent grasses, such as Napier grass (*Pennisetum purpureum*). All crop residues, grasses and coffee pulp are used to mulch the coffee. Alternate inter-rows are mulched, covering the whole of the inter-row. The same inter-row is mulched for two years before switching over to the next inter-row.

Having applied mulch for the last 25 years our soil structure is nearly as good as virgin forest soil, absorbing the heaviest rainfalls. The soil is not mechanically cultivated, so as not to disturb the feeding roots of the coffee trees. Weed control is done by hand hoeing, disturbing only the top one inch of the soil. We have discontinued the use of 'Gramoxone' (paraquat) after a 3 year experimental period.

Chemical fertilizers are applied according to crop prospects, and blocks are treated differently. Block B for instance, which produced the crop of 62 cwt/acre, received an annual total of 194lbs/acre (218 kg/ha) of nitrogen in the form of 4 cwt/acre A.S.N., 2 cwt/acre Compound 10.10.10 and 2 cwt/acre C.A.N. In addition, foliar nutrient sprays of 'Bayfolan' were applied to 2 pints/acre (2.81/ha) fortnightly from May to August. The other coffee blocks received only 4 cwt/acre (500 kg/ha) of A.S.N. (26%N). The fertilizer application is lower than on many estates, but we consider that it is sufficient in view of the large quantity of nutrients applied through heavy mulching. Misses are replanted twice yearly from our own nurseries. Any tree that shows yellowing or otherwise looks unhealthy is uprooted and replaced by a seedling. Due to this our stand of healthy trees is over 99%.

Irrigation is usually started in mid-October, in order to bring out the flowering, and all the coffee is irrigated on a monthly cycle until the start of the Long Rains in March and April. Three inches of water (75mm) are applied at each round of irrigation. One further irrigation round is applied from mid July to mid August. Blocks bearing a very heavy crop are sometimes given an extra irrigation application between mid June and mid July. The method of pruning has evolved over the years and most blocks have been treated in the following manner. For the first ten years from planting the trees were trained on the single stem system. After that they were stumped and three heads brought up on free growth. After the first heavy crop of 23 tons per acre, one stem was cut off, leaving two. When coffee berry disease spread to this area in 1968, the trees were topped 7 feet (2.13m) above ground level to enable them to be sprayed easily. The following year they received light pruning and handling, leaving on more bearing wood than is usual with capped multiple stem pruning in Kenya. After a few years the height of the trees was reduced to 6 feet (1.83 m) by cutting off the heavy crowns, which opened up the centre of the trees and allowed the lower branches to develop. The trees then stumped again after period of from 6 to 8 years from the previous stumping.

The blocks of coffee are planted at spacings of 9' x 9' (2.75 x 2.75 m), 9' x 6' (2.75 x 1.83 m) and 10' x 6' (3.05 x 1.83m). Over the years the best yield has been obtained from the 9' x 9' spacing.

In 1950 one block was planted at 9' x 4.5' (2.75 x 1.37m) and pruned on the Hawaiian system with the rows being stumped on a 6 year cycle. Yields were disappointing and in 1969/70 every second tree was removed to leave a stand of 9' x 9'. It is this block which produced the 62 cwt/acre.

Apart from CBD, which first appeared in our area in 1968, we had great difficulty controlling leaf miner. We had to spray 'Fosferno' (parathion) nearly month of the year. This in turn resulted in a heavy infestation of Giant Looper all over our coffee area. 'Du-ter Extra' (fentin hydroxide) was unobtainable due to local import restrictions and we were therefore forced to combat the Giant Looper infestation with D.D.T. This in turn resulted in a heavy scale infestation, with the result that last season about 70 acres of our coffee had suffered severely and produced much less crop than the rest of our coffee area. This cycle of coffee pests was finally broken by applying Disyston (disulfoton) during the long rains of 1972.

Our coffee crops have always contained an outstanding proportion of AA and A grades. During the previous three seasons ours was amongst the 10 best quality producing estates, competing for the Tanganyika Coffee Growers Association challenge cup. But last season, in spite of our very heavy crop, our quality was even better, 26.2% of the total crop receiving class 3 (as mentioned earlier). The reason for this may have been that for the bulk of the crop 'Cofepec' (pectic enzyme) was used to speed up fermentation and relieve pressure on our fermentation tanks. All coffee was sundried on tables covered with sisal cloth. After drying, the coffee was bulked on cement floors in our four coffee stores and turned over whenever labour was available, usually every second day. Large amounts of coffee had to be stored in bulk in the hard black stage and finally sundried later. We used no bins.

One block of 15 acres (6.1 ha) of coffee was planted in a river valley in the 1950's, before I bought the estate. This block has received the same treatment as the rest of the coffee but it has given an average yield of only 10 cwt/acre (1.250kg/ha) over the last 13 years, thus lowering our average yield to 22 cwt/acre (2.750 kg/ha). If this block is excluded, the average yield for the other 62 acres (65.4 ha) is 23 cwt/acre (2.800 kg/ha). A possible reason for the poor performance of this block is the great variation in diurnal temperature in the valley, it being much hotter by day and much colder by night than the other areas.

Probably the main reason for our high yields and also the large size of our beans is 25 years of heavy mulching.

At normal spacing of '9 x 9' a crop of 3.0-3.5 tons per acre (7.500-8.750 kg/ha) is probably the highest that can be achieved on a commercial scale. However the long term average yield could be considerably higher than our figure of 22 cwt/acre (2.750 kg/ha).

1973

1973 began with a swing and we little knew that it was to be our last year on Kifufu.

In January we picked 150lbs of grapes - the first sizeable crop from Dieter's vineyard and from the terrace in front of the house. Imported wines and in fact all alcoholic drinks were enormously costly and often not available in shops, so for some years I had been making wine out



of various fruits. Now, for the first time, I made grape wine and very pleasant it turned out to be. Dieter had plans to increase his vineyard and had 1,000 rooted cuttings ready to plant out in the field. When these came into production, he planned to import the necessary machinery for wine making and to employ a European expert to help establish a winery. He hoped that Africans on Kilimanjaro would grow vines and bring their grapes to our winery to be processed.



The grape harvest
at Kifufu 1973



In February, my sister Diana arrived and during her visit she and I spent two nights at Manyara Hotel and drove on to the Serengeti where the yearly migration of game was in full swing.

Also during Di's visit, a telegram arrived from Mark in South Africa telling us that Jenny had produced a son - Ivor John Hugo, born on February 27th. Ivor was our 4th grandchild. Di, Valda and I visited Nqulia Safari lodge in Tsavo Park for the first time. This charming little "self-help" lodge was built on a rocky hill over looking a water hole and became our favourite game watching spot.

In April, Dieter and I went off to Europe leaving Valda at Kifufu to look after house and animals and to keep an eye on the farms finances. We visited Switzerland, England and Spain. It had been in our minds for some time to buy a house in Spain for our retirement.



Ivor John
born Feb 27th 1973 in
Augs. South Africa

Adrian had agreed to return from Rhodesia and to work on Kifufu. Our idea was that Adrian could gradually take over the management so that Dieter and I could spend half the year in Spain and half in Africa between Kifufu and Malindi.



Our Spanish plot in
Javea.



With Cathy + Barbara
at Lamprey's Camp in
Tarangire Park.

Dieter would continue to give a guiding hand in farm policy. So, while in Spain, we bought a very lovely plot of land with some vines and almonds growing on it and made plans for building a house there. We returned to Kifufu in June.

In August Valda set off once more to Switzerland. She had a job in Zurich and lived in a flat in town where she was extremely unhappy. Later in August Cathy arrived on a visit from South Africa. She, Richard and the 2 children had moved this year in February to Johannesburg.



The Bomas +
the Water Hole at
Ngabisa, Tsavo Park



Cathy + Barbara
sunbathing in the
italiani garden.

While Cathy was with us, Dieter's niece Barbara also came to stay with us and the two girls got

along very well together. We took them to Tarangiri Game Park and camped in the deserted rondavels of Lamprey's camp in the middle of the park. A pride of lion killed a zebra close to our camp during the first night. We shall none of us ever forget the blood curdling scream of the zebra and the terrifying noise of the lions roaring and fighting over the kill.

I went to Malindi with Cathy and Barbara and it was in our house that Barbara met Joe Hart, an American priest whom she was later to marry.

For the last few years but more particularly this year, there seemed to be an unpleasant atmosphere in Tanzania. Often there were military roadblocks and armed soldiers searched cars. On the way to Malindi this time we had unpleasantness at the border. While we were away, Dieter had a visitation from soldiers with machine guns who tramped through the house rummaging through cupboards and drawers. They appeared to be searching for illegal guns and ammunition.

There were other events too that might have made us suspicious of impending disaster. A delegation of officials went round Sanya farms, ostensibly checking on production. It was only later that we realized that they were already making inventories of machinery and farm vehicles.

In October Dieter and I went to Malindi where we were joined by Bob (the Pole) and Irene Kotowicz with Anna and Richard, their two children. On October 20th Jenny arrived with Elise and Ivor from South Africa. We saw our newest grandchild for the first time - it was a happy relaxed holiday. A lull before the storm.

On October 22nd Dieter received a telephone message telling him that Mr Kawawa the Prime Minister, wished to speak to all coffee estate owners at a meeting in Moshi the following day. There were rumours of impending nationalization of coffee estates.

I was left with Jenny and the children awaiting news. Bob and Irene had left for Sanya the day after Dieter having heard that their farm had already been seized. Theirs was a specially a tragic case because they had lost everything to the Russians during the last war in Poland. Bob and Irene had arrived as refugees with their parents in Tanzania. They married there and struggled for many years building up a farm. Now, for the second time, they had lost everything.

Soon a telegram arrived from Dieter telling me that Kifufu had been taken over that our cars and guns had been seized. It seemed almost impossible to realize that our life at Kifufu had come to an end. I wandered around like a chicken with its head cut off, going through the movements but quite incapable of concentrating on running the household. I lost my keys, forgot to order meals. Couldn't sleep at night, couldn't read. Jenny was a great help and comfort. So was Mark, who turned up suddenly from South Africa having read there in the papers about the take-over of coffee farms. In the mean while in Sanya, Dieter and all the other expropriated farm owners were in the same state as I was - dazed and in a state of shock.

At the end of this journal I will insert the article that I wrote - "Nationalization of Coffee Farms on Kilimanjaro". This article was sent to interested people in America, Germany and England. Also inserted are articles about the take-over of farms written by a German journalist who visited Kifufu. These articles appeared in newspapers in Switzerland and Germany.

I returned to Kifufu at the beginning of November to live out with Dieter the last weeks on the farm. Before going to Malindi Dieter had laid in the drinks for a party to celebrate this year, not only his 60th Birthday but also the 40th anniversary of his arrival in Tanganyika. Of course we were now in no mood to give a party but at least we were able to sit over a drink with our

friends in the evening, commiserating with each other and discussing how we could all cope with the difficult situation.



Sorting out and
throwing away
safari equipment

Our crates are
lined up in the
hall for departure...



→ carried down
the steps

The day I returned to Kifufu from Malindi there was a meeting in progress in our house of all expropriated farmers with representatives of their Embassies from Dar es Salaam.

Outside on the terrace were soldiers armed with machine guns, said to be "protecting us from the local population". In reality the Government was scared of possible repercussions from the meeting.

As I have mentioned in my article, there was a continual coming and going of officials during the following weeks. We got sick to death of them all and often lay low in the house and ignored cars that drove up. The visit of a West German Television company provided some light relief. Dieter was interviewed and they hired a plane to take pictures of the farm.

I was kept very busy with the monumental pack up of our possessions and there was so much to sort out and throw away. We managed to sell a lot of the furniture. The prices we got were low but, as our bank accounts were blocked, we needed every penny for living expenses and to pay for transport of our crates to Europe. In the meantime Dieter was making lists of valuations of the farm's assets. At this time we still had faith in the bi-lateral agreement between Switzerland and Tanzania which stated clearly that we would be fully compensated and paid out in Switzerland for the full value of the farm and its assets.

For Dieter it was a traumatic experience to look down over the farm he had built up over the years and to watch his former employees using his cars, his tractors and harvesting his coffee.

Throughout these gloomy weeks we were however cheered by the attitude of many of the Africans who had worked for Dieter. Every day they turned up at the house with presents - chickens, eggs, vegetables, meat and even loaves of bread. Dieter was told that, if there could be a vote taken among labour force, every man, woman and child would vote that the farm be returned to Dieter. Some of our neighbours did not receive the same sympathy and co-operation from their Africans, but were pushed around, harassed and given a hard time. The committee of the local Co-operative that had been ordered to take of Kifufu told us that we were welcome to stay on in the house as long as we liked. They also allowed us the use of one of our cars. They seemed as bewildered as we were with the situation and admitted to Dieter that they did not feel capable of running the farm.

In mid December Adrian turned up from Rhodesia for a last visit to the farm. He helped with the final packing up operations. The crates were sent off to Geneva to be stored at Pre Fleuri as we had no idea of our future plans. Spain now seemed too much of a retirement project as Dieter would no longer have the farm to keep him busy for part of the year. He had ideas of starting up again with coffee in Costa Rica and was gathering information about this country.

Our crates had gone. The house, cleared of all our personal possessions, looked indeed bleak, bare and unfriendly. The bookshelves stood empty, the mantelpiece bare of flowers - no carpets on the floor nor pictures on the walls. The farm was in strange hands - there was nothing left to hold us. The time had come to leave. Incredibly, the time had come to drive down that road for the last time.

We arrived in Malindi before Christmas and shortly afterwards Adrian joined us there. Bob and Irene Kotowicz with their two children also arrived and made their home with us for many months. We all celebrated Christmas together very quietly - no tree, no presents, no jollifications. We were none of us in any mood for festivities.

With a few friends we did however have the traditional New Years party in our courtyard. For the Kotowicz's and ourselves the Old Year was the end of an era. AS the New Year arrived, we wondered what the future would bring for us all.



The crates are packed onto the lorry...



+ we leave Ktata for the last time.



Eleven Years After

In July 1984 Dieter and I revisited Kifufu. As we drove up the road to Sanya Juu all the little Chagga Shambas either side of the road were looking green, lush and lovely after good rain. The Chagga Tribe have devised a sound system of small hold farming with their big shade trees, coffee, bananas and little patches of maize and beans. With a couple of stalled cows they have everything they need to support a family. But Estate farming they cannot manage.

Kifufu looked terrible - neglected and unloved.



The road up to the farm was in much the same condition. No better no worse. The plantation trees either side of the road had grown enormously, giving the whole approach a completely different aspect.

We stopped at
the store &
talked to some of
the staff -
including George's
son, on the left



These two pictures tell
the story of Kifuta Coffee
11 years after Take-Over.
Altho' it was the height of the
picking season only a couple
of trays of coffee were laid
out in the drying area.





Approach to Kifuta House:

The owner of trees that I planted had grown enormous. Many of my plants & shrubs had gone but the grass had been cut & the surroundings of the house had been kept clean & tidy.





Apart from a few broken window panes the house too had been kept in good order. But it seemed to me to have a sad & dejected look about it.





Looking down over the farm from the house.

"Uhuru" shamba from the distance looked sick & yellow. There was very poor maize growing on the terraces & scrub cattle on the land below the camp.

That is the end of the story of
Kibbutz & the last time that we shall
go back & visit our old home & the
farm that was once our pride & pleasure.

One wonders whether the Tanzania
authorities will carry on for long running
an estate which is now so obviously
uneconomic & indeed, probably bankrupt.

If we could have our way we
would dynamite & destroy the house which,
with its big airy rooms & large windows,
is so unsuitable for African style of
living. We would divide the land up
into small-holdings for peasant farmers.
Then, perhaps, in 20 years time or so
Kibbutz would look like the rest of
lovely Chaggaland & no longer like
a sad, run-down & neglected Estate.

FINIS

That is the end of the story of Kifufu, the last time that we shall go back and visit our old home and the farm that was once our pride and pleasure.

No it is not quite the end of the story for, in December 1985 we received a letter from Bob Tapley a former Director of our Lyamungu Coffee Research Station. Bob had been re-employed by the coffee industry for a short time and was able to give us Kifufu coffee production figures.

1963 - 1984

I am giving the figures from 1973 - the year we lost the farm.

Productions of Parchment

1972	-	383
1973	-	137 tons
1974	-	158
1975	-	204
1976	-	218
1977	-	125
1978	-	118
1979	-	120
1980	-	144
1981	-	114
1982	-	80
1983	-	20
1984	-	5