

STRATHMORE REMEMBERED



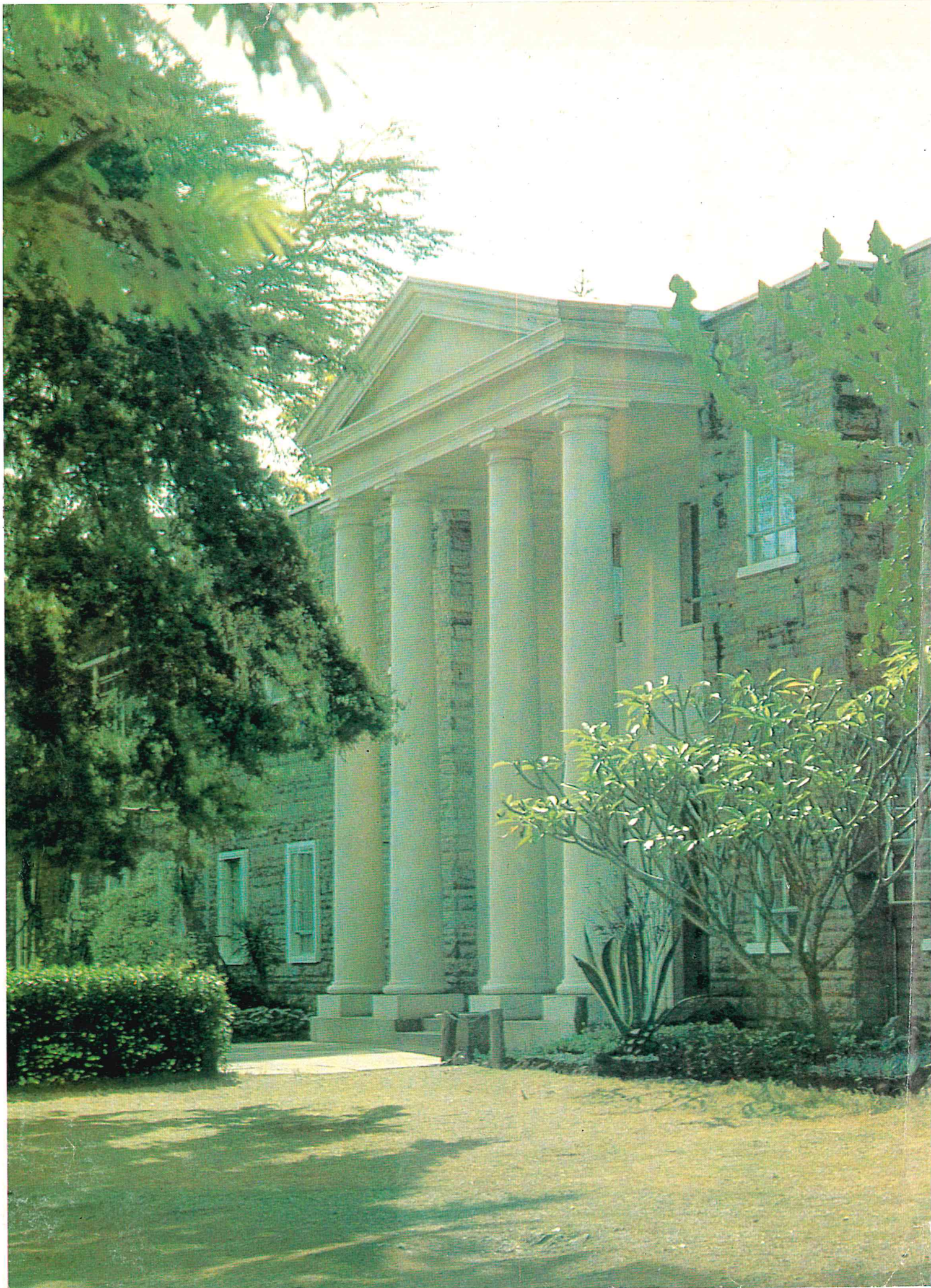




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Foreword

This collection of articles and photographs tells the story of Strathmore from its beginnings, with the images and in the words of some of those who lived it. It has not been possible to cover all aspects of the College's life and history, but almost all Old Boys and friends will find familiar names and faces.

If anything, preference has been given to photographs over the written word; in some cases, as will be evident, photographs have been included for their historical interest, rather than their technical quality. The inclusion of some of the Class photos (from 1962 to 1981) gives a permanent record of those who did their Sixth Form studies at the College during the first twenty years; the photographs from 1966 to 1977 also include the Accountancy students of those years.

We hope that you will enjoy these glimpses of Strathmore's past, recalling memories of familiar people and events, and no doubt learning something new about persons who have shared the life of Strathmore with you.





The Inspiration

“ . . . To educate people in personal freedom and personal responsibility. With freedom and responsibility, people work enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, and there is no need for controls or supervision. Everyone feels at home, living together in harmony without discrimination of any kind. Here, in this living together, personality takes shape. Each individual learns that in order to be able to demand respect for his own freedom, he must respect the freedom of others. Finally there is the spirit of human brotherhood. Each person's individual talents have to be put to the service of others; if not, they are of little use.”

While these words were not written specifically about Strathmore, they sum up the spirit of the College. It is not surprising, because they are words of the man who was and remains its real inspiration: Mgr. Josemaría Escrivá, the Founder of Opus Dei.

It was he who chose Kenya as the first African country where Opus Dei would be started, and it was he, in 1958, who encouraged the first members of Opus Dei to come here. And then he prayed for and followed every step leading up to the opening of Strathmore.

We owe Strathmore to his mind and his heart, to his work, to his prayers and his sacrifices. We continue to draw inspiration from his life and his writings, just as we continue to rely on his intercession, from Heaven, for our efforts to live the spirit he taught us, so that Strathmore will always remain a family-like place where there is a lot of hard work and sacrifice (on the part of everyone: parents, teachers, students), a lot of freedom, a lot of mutual respect, and warmth and service.

The spirit of Strathmore, then, has a much more precise origin than might be thought. It goes to one man's heart and mind. And the same spirit also reaches out much farther than might be thought. Throughout the world there are many institutions like Strathmore, run by members of Opus Dei, working side by side with others who share the same ideals. They, like us, owe their existence and their spirit to “the Father”, as he is affectionately and gratefully called by so many people the world over.

In gratitude we dedicate our past years to him. And, with trust in his intercession, we look forward to the years to come.

May They All Be One

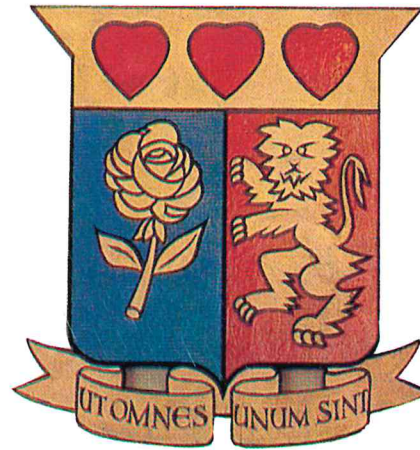
All of us are familiar with the badge of Strathmore: the lion, the rose, and a cluster of hearts, with a Latin inscription, "Ut omnes unum sint". Each element of the badge naturally has its meaning. The lion is Africa, and, more specifically, Kenya: the vigour and strength of a continent, and of a country, in full process of development. The rose is a symbol of purity and beauty; and, for Mgr. Josemaria Escrivá, Founder of Opus Dei, it had special connections with the Blessed Virgin Mary. The hearts signify different persons, communities and races learning to love and care for one another. The hearts, in turn, tie in well with the written motto, whose meaning is "may they all be one".

Ut omnes unum sint: call for unity. Unity makes strength. But unity takes an effort. We see it in the world today: People longing for peace and unity, the possibility of achieving these goals seems far away.

The Founder of Opus Dei had a passionate desire to see all men learn to live together in unity. From Jesus Christ he had learned that we are all equals. He realised that the fact of our equality is meant not to make rivals of us, but friends and brothers. He made Opus Dei into a family (that is why he is called "the Father"), and he saw the whole world as one great family.

In a family there can be no discrimination, because the fact of being brothers and sisters — children of the same common father — comes before any personal differences. "We are brothers, children of the same Father, God. So there is only one colour, the colour of the children of God. And there is only one language, the language which speaks to the heart and to the mind, without the noise of words, making us know God and love one another" (*Christ is Passing By*, no. 106).

In 1958 when some members of Opus Dei came to work professionally in Kenya, Mgr. Escrivá was well acquainted with the differences and divisions that mark



the modern world; and he also realised that in Africa, and in Kenya itself, racial or tribal differences could menace the peace and development that independence should bring.

But he was convinced that Africa and Kenya could give an example to the world, that unity and oneness of hearts could be achieved out of a great diversity of persons and backgrounds.

Ut omnes unum sint. At Strathmore we are well aware that ours is a challenging motto. For 25 years now we have been trying to create a tradition based on it, and expressed in the circumstances and events of everyday school life.

One of the things that has always struck new students coming to Strathmore is how well they are received by the older students and teachers. This has been equally noticeable since the Secondary School began in 1977. How often new boys (especially small boys!) have said to me: "Though I had heard there was no bullying in Strathmore, I was sure there must be some . . . But, it's true; there hasn't been any . . .!" Rather the contrary; the spirit of the older boys is to help the younger; that is also what makes Strathmore a family. Therefore it is often the younger boys who dare to 'tease' the older boys — and are let get away with it. I recall the amused comment of a teacher a couple of years ago as we watched a gentle scuffle during the mid-morning break: "There is X (a Form One boy) 'bullying' the Form Sixes, as usual."

At Strathmore we are proud of this continuing tradition of

friendship between older boys and younger, between one class and another, between students and teachers, among persons from so many different ethnic, social, religious groups.

Unity; and service. Another point Mgr. Escrivá taught was that Christians should be happy to serve, like Jesus Christ who said he had come not to be served but to serve; as people are happy to serve, out of love, in a true family. "How I like that word: service! . . . I really wish we Christians knew how to serve, for only by serving can we know and love Christ and make him known and loved . . . If we are to serve others, for Christ's sake, we need to be very human. If our life is less than human, God will not build anything on it, for he normally does not build on disorder, selfishness or emptiness. We have to understand everyone; we must live peacefully with everyone; we must forgive everyone" (*Christ is Passing By*, no. 182).

Strathmore students — we believe — are being well prepared for life, with academic qualifications that will enable each one to make his way well in the world; but also — we hope — with a keenness to contribute to the development of society, with a readiness to help and serve others, regarding them not as rivals or enemies, or persons to be dominated or exploited, but as brothers; as we all are before God.

Trust and Confidence

"Scientia", "Veritas", "Sapientia", all would have made a good motto for the new College. In its shield, an open book or a compass or even Watt's valve or the slide ruler, still in use at the time, would have fitted the ideals of Strathmore, however doubtful their aesthetic and heraldic value. For the new College was first of all a response to a pressing need in the field of education. Makerere had decided to discontinue its preliminary courses at Advanced Level, and the Governments of East Africa were rushing to fill the gap created between secondary education and university work.

Speculative knowledge, the pursuit of truth in the Sciences and in the Arts, would have been for us a more than rewarding goal. We knew pretty well of the salutary effects of the truth on persons and communities. Truth works on men's minds like a medicine or a tonic or, even better, like the evangelical salt and light and leaven. We would have proudly aligned ourselves under a commitment to research for scientific knowledge or for a better understanding of the humanities. It



was, after all, the discovery of the time that the war on famine and disease had to be fought with a rearguard action in the field of education.

And yet *Ut omnes unum sint* was acknowledged to be a better choice,

and the three hearts took their place in the College shield with the joyful welcome of the trader in fine pearls. During those months of preparation, no initiative was as unanimously hailed as those symbols.



And, if for any brief time it would have appeared that we were overlooking the need to search for knowledge, it soon dawned on us that a far deeper and wider truth had become our goal. Indeed how could "all be one" without a sincere acknowledgement of the root causes of division? Is not division made permanent by man's reluctance to acknowledge the truth of his own fault, by his tendency to blame something or somebody other than himself? And is not this truth a far deeper and more basic knowledge than any purely academic

Our goal had become immensely attractive: to build up confidence first among the teachers, then among the students and then between students and teachers, always with a view beyond the College. Finally, to build on the hope created in each one by the achievement of this mutual trust; to educate in trust and confidence, so that each one would grow to be an instrument of unity in his own environment.

We were ourselves immersed in an atmosphere of trust. Teachers, architects and engineers, all of us

contributing to bring about "that all men may be one", required an effort to know and understand others, an effort to learn. It also meant letting ourselves be known. It was a reminder of what the Greeks considered for centuries to be the summit of all wisdom, the "gnothi seauton", know yourself, learn about yourself. It was, in other words, a stimulus to grow in that most basic virtue of sincerity, to be more and more sincere every day with ourselves and with others.

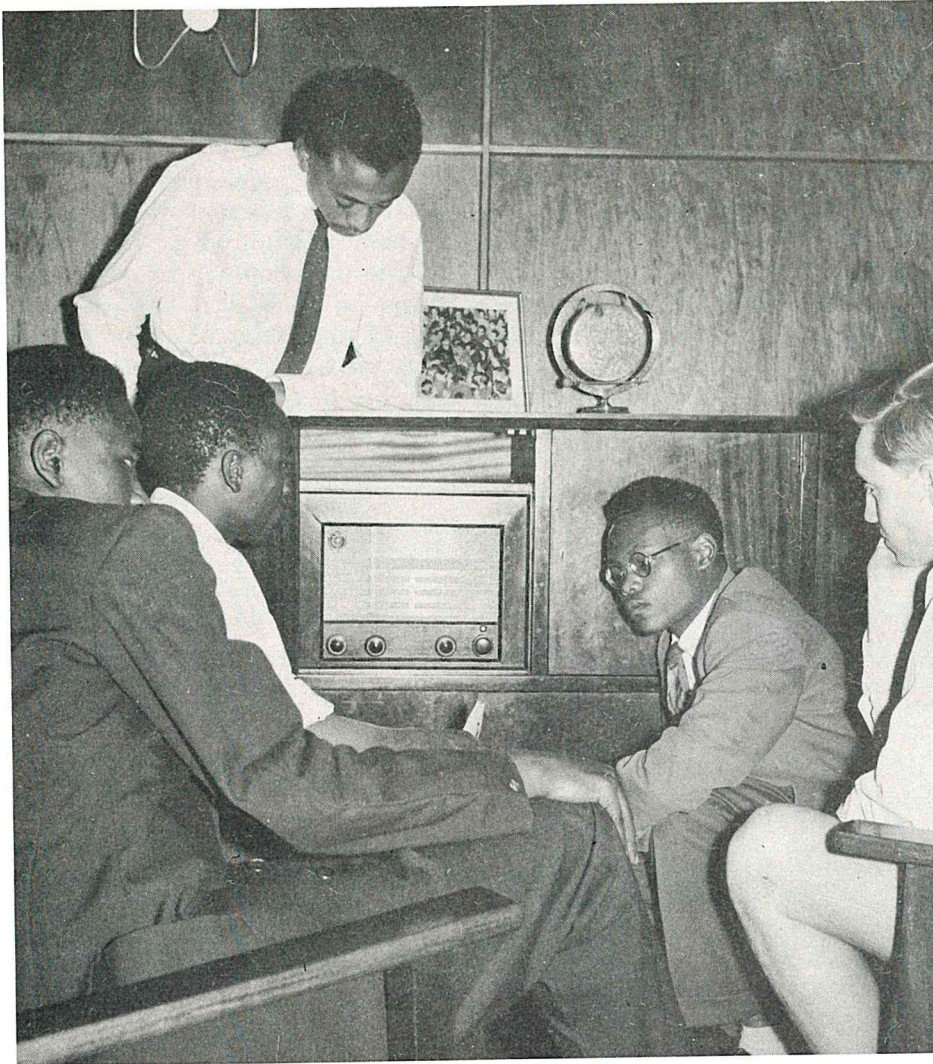
Honesty is a necessary foundation for the building of even the most



discovery? Surely unity has to be based on respect for the person, and respect for the person is not possible without a true picture of the person in particular and of universal human nature. On the other hand, unity also requires confidence, that each one may trust the others or, in other words, that he may believe their sincerity, the veracity of their statements, the honesty of their intentions.

were younger at that time, 25 years less experienced. But we were supported without qualifications. Our beloved Mgr Josemaría Escrivá always showed far more confidence in us than we could possibly be credited for; his encouragement was so continuous and so discreet, that we hardly ever thought we were in need of it. Our motto proclaimed trust in men. But the task of building up mutual trust, of

basic human relations. Sincerity is at the core of loyalty and faithfulness, neither of which can stand if a person is not ready to stand for his given word, if he is not capable of fulfilling his promises and commitments.



the frequent get-togethers and singsongs. There was no high table; students and teachers would sit at the same tables. There were no out of bounds, no privileges or rights of precedence, no concealment of common matters. There was respect for one another, and loyalty; there was regret and apology if, out of inexperience or even good will, some misunderstanding had taken place or an injustice had been suffered.

There was authority in the College and also responsibility, and both were shared unequally, as in any family older members share more deeply than the young in the problems and difficulties. But there were no secrets; there was firm determination to overcome reserve and touchiness with openness and straightforward sincerity.

I am not suggesting that there were no failures, ups and downs, or half solutions. We were not perfect. But our temporary failures never made our motto any less valid.

The three hearts in the Strathmore shield were pointing out the solution. When we know ourselves loved, especially if we are convinced that we are loved in spite of our defects, then our hearts find it much easier to be open and sincere. It is exactly the case of the prodigal son. If straightforward behaviour helps to create trust, it must also be said that only love can remove the reticence and the masks created by selfishness and pride. So, sincerity for the sake of love, and love for the sake of sincerity: that was our rule of conduct.

It sounds like a vicious circle, but it was not. It pointed to the core of the solution. "God has loved us first" (John 4, 10), and He walks with love into the basic insincerity of our souls, into the dishonesty caused by original sin. God comes to us as a father, as a friend, and as a saviour in order to achieve one thing, that we become honest. In addition he fills us with the power to fight against our selfishness and so be able to love God and men. Of course, to achieve this ambitious aim a person needs more time than the two years the first courses lasted

Not only that. Friendship is supposed to be for life; without this degree of permanence, it is not true friendship. If you declare yourself to be a friend to a person, you are supposed to mean that you will remain so even if he does not, if he forgets or rejects or betrays your friendship. Among other things, friendship requires that you will not say one thing to his face and another behind his back; in other words, that your conduct is consistent with your words, and your words in line with your thoughts and intentions.

In the homily of that first Mass said in Strathmore on a temporary altar at the top landing of the four-storey Block, I took occasion of the passage of the Gospel to say that the intention was to make of Strathmore a home, the place of a family. And I remember that on many students' faces there were expressions of pleasant surprise. But

it was nothing new; just our motto expressed in a different way, that is, "That all may be one" with the unity of a family; that we may know one another and love one another. It was, I believe, a very bold thing to aim at, especially considering the large variety of races, tribes, nationalities, and even religions, both among the students and the teachers. It could have been taken as a beautiful thought, as a figure of speech, or as an empty dream, but it was taken in earnest, and all responded.

There was a real effort to be sincere, to be open with one another. Any student could see day after day the ins and outs of the teachers through their 24 hours, their timetables from the early morning to the moment of going to bed, their tempers in the class room and also in the continuous sharing of activities, meals, games and outings as well as

at the College. This plan requires the whole of one's life.

One day, the academic year was over, and we had a final, long singsong; poems had been recited, speeches given, one after another songs had been warming up the atmosphere. Roughly half the students were leaving shortly, and perhaps one or two of the teachers as well. Inhibitions had gone and emotions were not being restrained. We had enjoyed two or three glorious hours and then, suddenly, *Auld Lang Syne* broke into the air. To my deep surprise, all were

trivial may end up strangling us like a noose. He quoted from an old master of the spiritual life: "Do not imagine that those who are lost fall victims of a sudden failure. No, each went astray at the outset or neglected his soul for a long spell so that the firmness of his virtues was gradually undermined while his vices grew little by little, and so he came to a wretched downfall" (*Friends of God*, no. 15).

The prodigal son managed to be sincere, with himself first and then with his father. And it looks to me that his long chain of negligence and

I stayed only until 1965 and I only came to meet some 300 students at Strathmore. I left the airport with my Kenyan passport and I expected to be back soon. Time went by and the distance remained the same. There was a moment when I began to think: "The day I get back I will have to tell people "*Habari ya siku nyingi sana*". Well, I have not lost any of my original hope to see everyone again, difficult though it may be. In the meantime, it is the hearts and our motto that come to my mind: *Ut omnes unum sint*, through sincerity, "committed to truth in a spirit of charity" (Eph. 4,15).

Rev. Fr. Joseph Gabiola



singing as if, having done it many times before in rehearsals, this one was the only real one. It went on for some time, but finally all was over and, slowly, reluctantly, some still humming while beginning to stack up the wooden chairs, we walked out into the semidarkness of the courtyard.

Mgr. Josemaria Escrivá would often stress the need of opening up our souls in spiritual guidance without fear or shame, and the danger that otherwise this smooth and straight road of life may become tortuous and, what at first was

of sins, the rebellion of those long years away from home, and even his poverty and dejection, his distress and his sorrow, all were providential. God has a different way for every man. All those events lead the young son to the truth which might not have been clear to him at home, the truth of his basic weakness and miseries, the truth which his older brother, for all his life-long honesty, had not managed to discover.

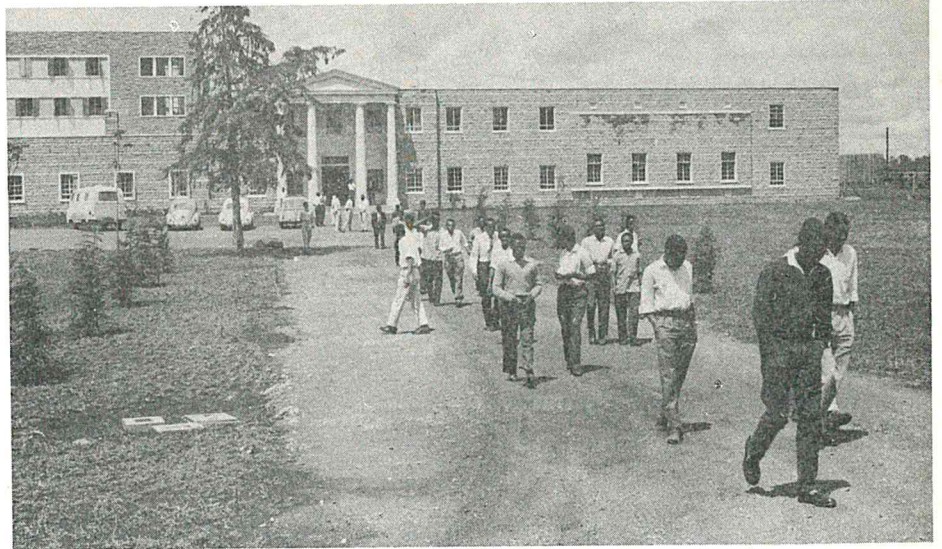
I have to finish. I always thought since I went to Kenya that I would remain there for life. As it happened,

Memories of a Pioneer

I sat for my Cambridge School Certificate (Ordinary Level) examination at the end of 1960 at St. Mary's Yala, and obtained a first division. This was a first in my community and local Church. I was invited to join Form 5 at Strathmore College. Its intake, as the first multi-racial Sixth Form College in the country, reflected the intended outlook in a Kenya just about to be independent; more than two-thirds of the students were Africans, a sixth or so were Asians and the rest were Europeans.

My invitation to join the College in March 1961 included a list of personal clothing I was advised to bring, inter alia, six shirts, six vests, two trousers, etc. I had a problem in raising my bus or train fare to Nairobi, having never gone beyond Kisumu or Bungoma.

On arrival in Nairobi, everything was new. There were tall buildings, the latest at the time being the Norwich Union Building facing what was later to be the Hilton Hotel. Where the Hilton Hotel is now situated was the Hardinge Street Bus stop with a swamp of water nearby.



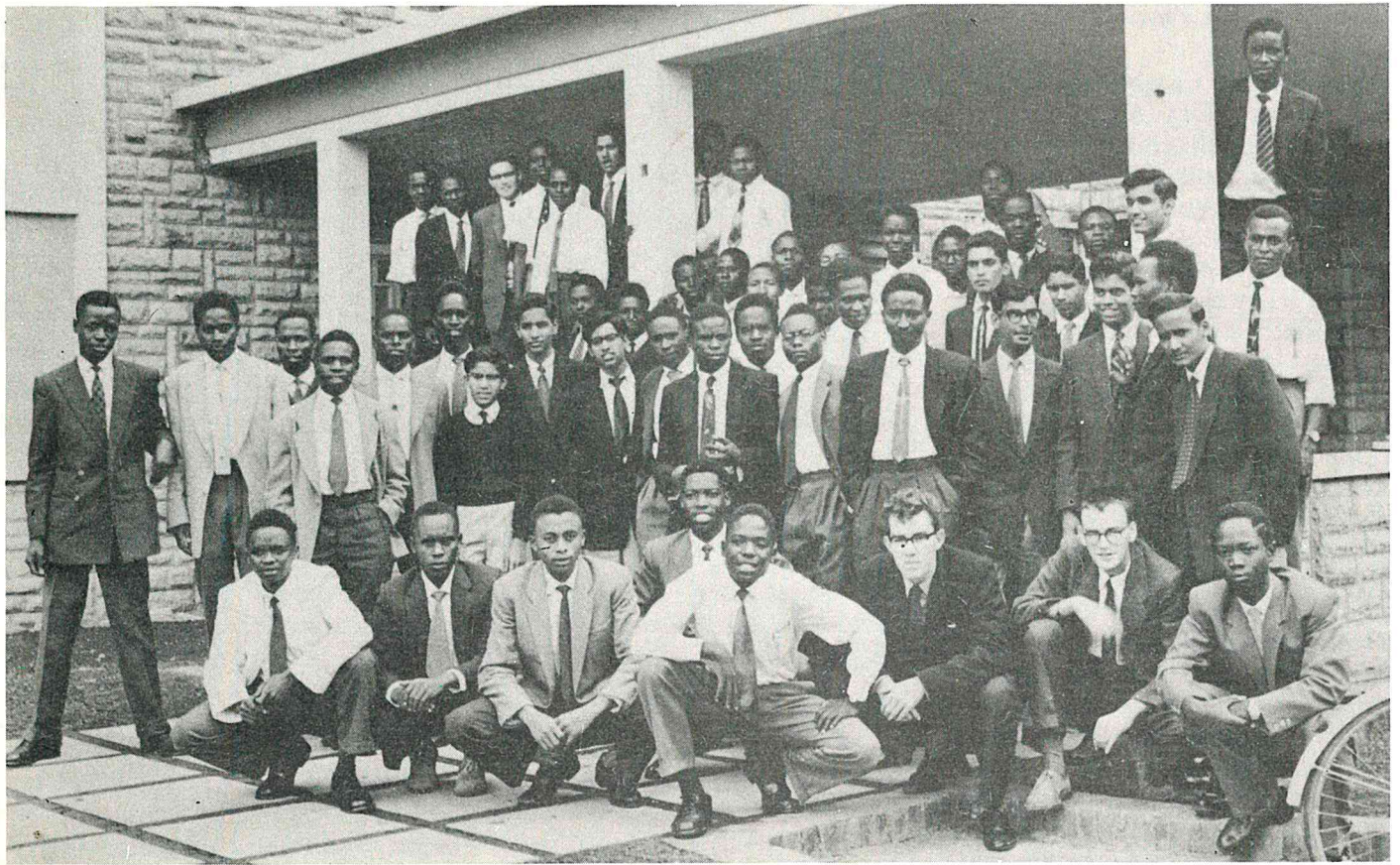
At Strathmore I found life beyond my expectations. I never came with the set of clothing and personal belongings required in the list, yet the clothes we used were collected for laundry and kept for a week. I could not surrender my clothing since I had none to change into.

I made my problem known. The Principal, Mr. Sperling, a fine gentleman twice as tall as I was, gave me what I thought was his school-days suit! I wondered why he had come with it to Kenya since it could not fit him at the time. Mr. Borruso

gave me one of his shirts!

I managed, therefore, to change clothing but I soon made up my mind to quit. I was too poor to carry on and I knew I could easily walk into a job. David Sperling encouraged me to continue with my studies. He got me holiday jobs, first with McMillan Library, where I earned 150/- per month, and later with Alexander MacLennan Trundell and Company, Chartered Accountants. These jobs gave me invaluable experience and a chance to begin supporting myself.





The 'Pioneers' in the courtyard — 1961

In the meantime, the Abamarachi Association, a Welfare Association in Nairobi from my location in Busia District, met and arranged for a small *harambee* which realised Shs. 345/50 which was given to me. Individuals gave me ties, socks, shirts, etc. My former teacher, Dr. Mathias Ogutu (now at the University of Nairobi) was a member of my A.D.C. (African District Council) of Elgon Nyanza, and encouraged me to apply for assistance, which I got. With all this I managed to stay at Strathmore and complete my studies.

Strathmore was indeed a bridge between African rural Kenya and the Kenya that was to be. I learned to eat half-cooked eggs called "soft" or "medium"! I even ate uncooked vegetables and some cheese, though I completely failed to eat the Danish blue cheese. Students and staff shared all meals, and this sharing included the Principal. Indeed, the experience of life at Strathmore was in some ways richer than at the three East African University Colleges, hence when we went to University we missed our Strathmore days.

Cultures met at the College. In the common room, Africans would switch the radio to the Swahili records of Mwenda Jean Bosco, yet Asians would look for their culture and Europeans would do the same, hence conflicts which were never violent and led to a spirit of give-and-take. If anything, we from rural areas quickly got to like European music and stars like Cliff Richard. The non-Africans in turn came to understand many aspects of our African way of life. We lived in study-dormitories, five students in one room. The College ensured that no room was occupied by students of one race, let alone from one part of the country. In the rooms all worked very well; we found more to unite than divide us. This harmony extended to games, outings and all other areas.

Those of us who knew Strathmore as a boarding College were privileged. Later, boarding was phased out and the College turned into a day institution and even for a time Arts was dropped at A Levels! Though this meant the expansion of the College to take many more

students, those of us who were boarding pioneers felt that something had been lost.

I went to Strathmore twenty-five years ago but it seems like last year. Everything is so fresh in my mind. The Strathmore old boys have been a success in most fields. A few have been hit by deaths, illness and mishaps, but this is beyond human control. We pioneers are proud to know that we helped to begin this illustrious, unique College.

Long live Strathmore, long live its founding Principal, David Sperling!

Gabriel K. Mukele

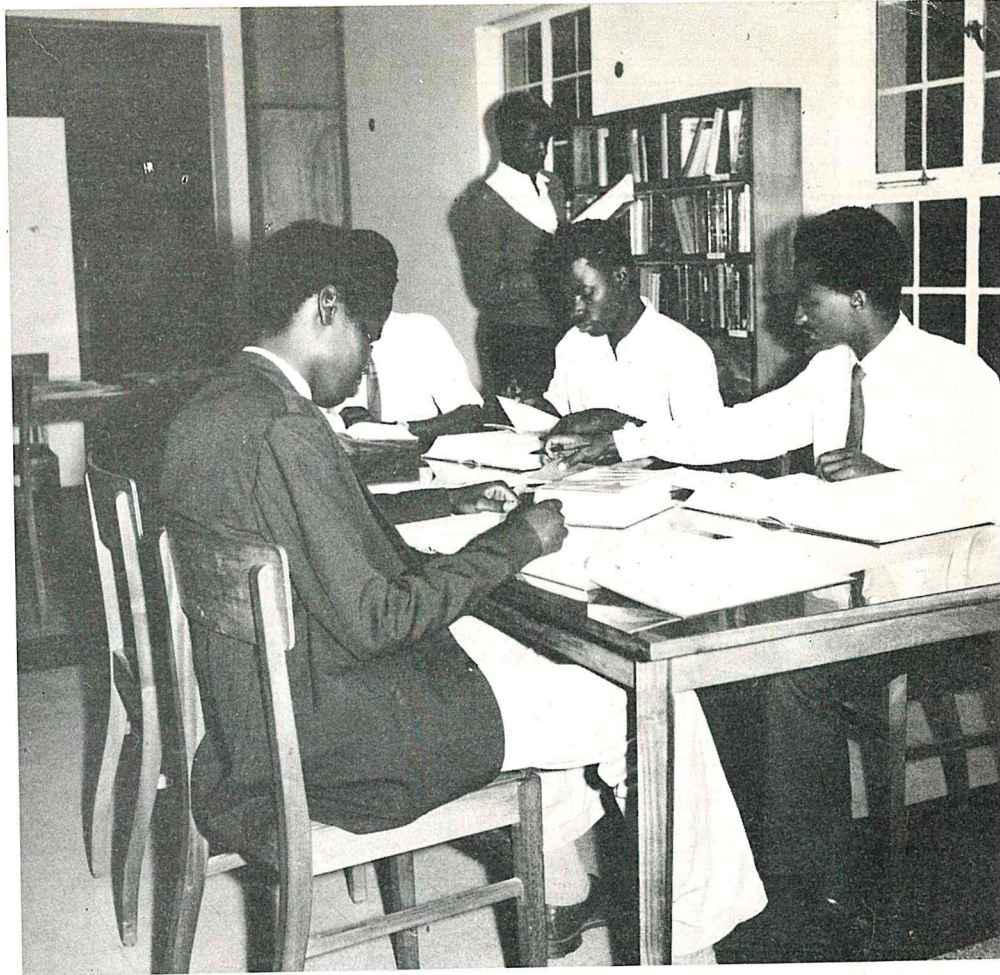
Early Memories

It was in 1960 at Kapsabet School, just before we sat for the Cambridge Overseas School Certificate, that I was interviewed by the Principal of Strathmore College with a view to joining the institution which was then in formation.

It was a short interview which did not last long, and apart from the impression left on me by the tall American from Strathmore I soon forgot about the interview and concentrated on the preparation of the examination ahead of me.

After the examination I went and waited for the examination results. While waiting I took up a teaching job in Kituro Primary School where I was given science and maths to teach among other subjects.

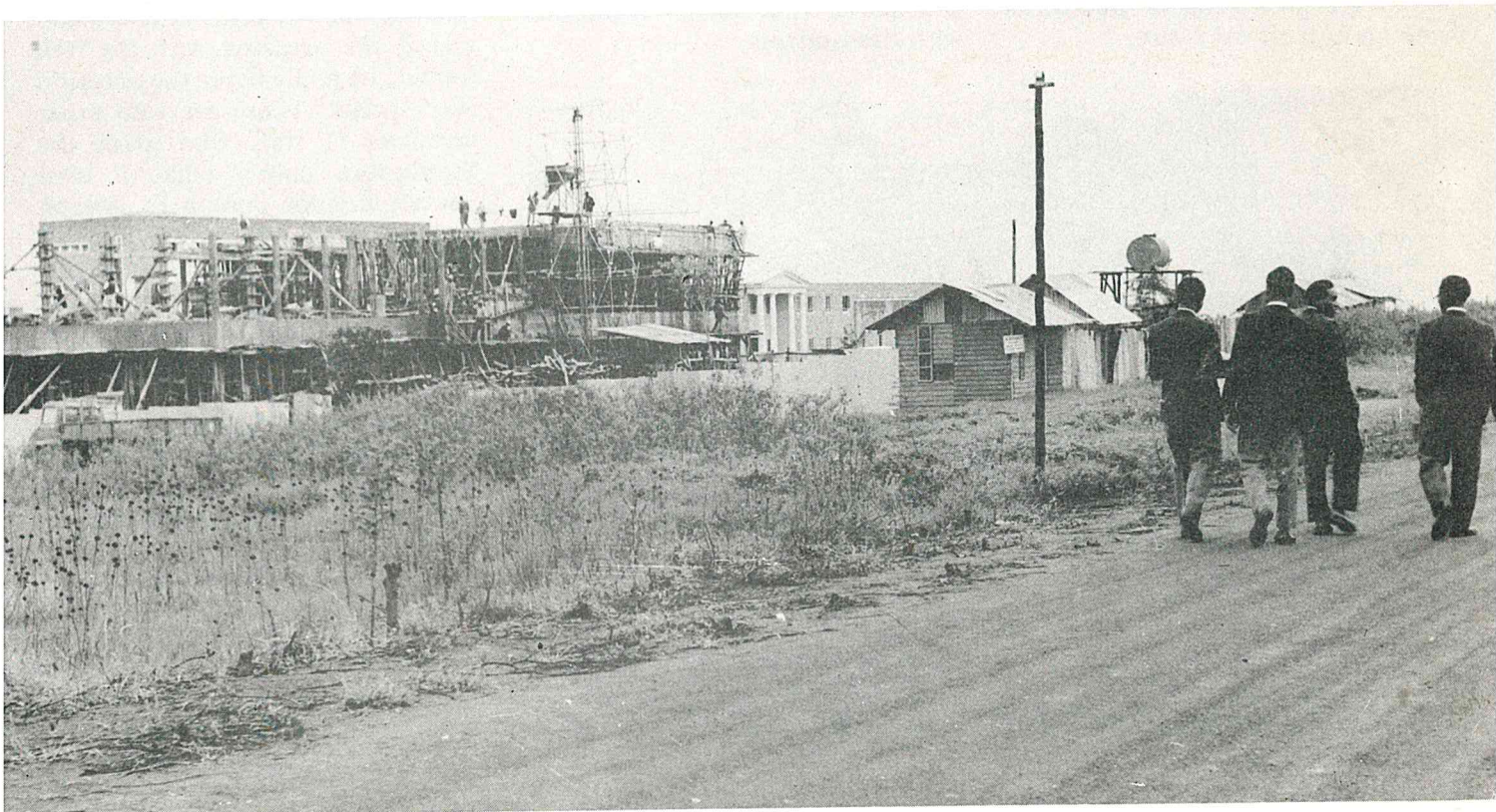
It was not long after that when I received a letter from the College calling me to join the new school. Fortunately I achieved a Division One in the exam and my admission was confirmed. I was given detailed instructions on how to get to Strathmore from Nairobi Railway Station. After struggling with my box through Government Road to



The first Library — 1961

Bus No. 22, I was dropped at Church Road and with my box on my head, I set off for Strathmore through St. Mary's School. In

Strathmore I was received very well and was shown my upstairs dormitory-study room in the newly completed Residence Block.

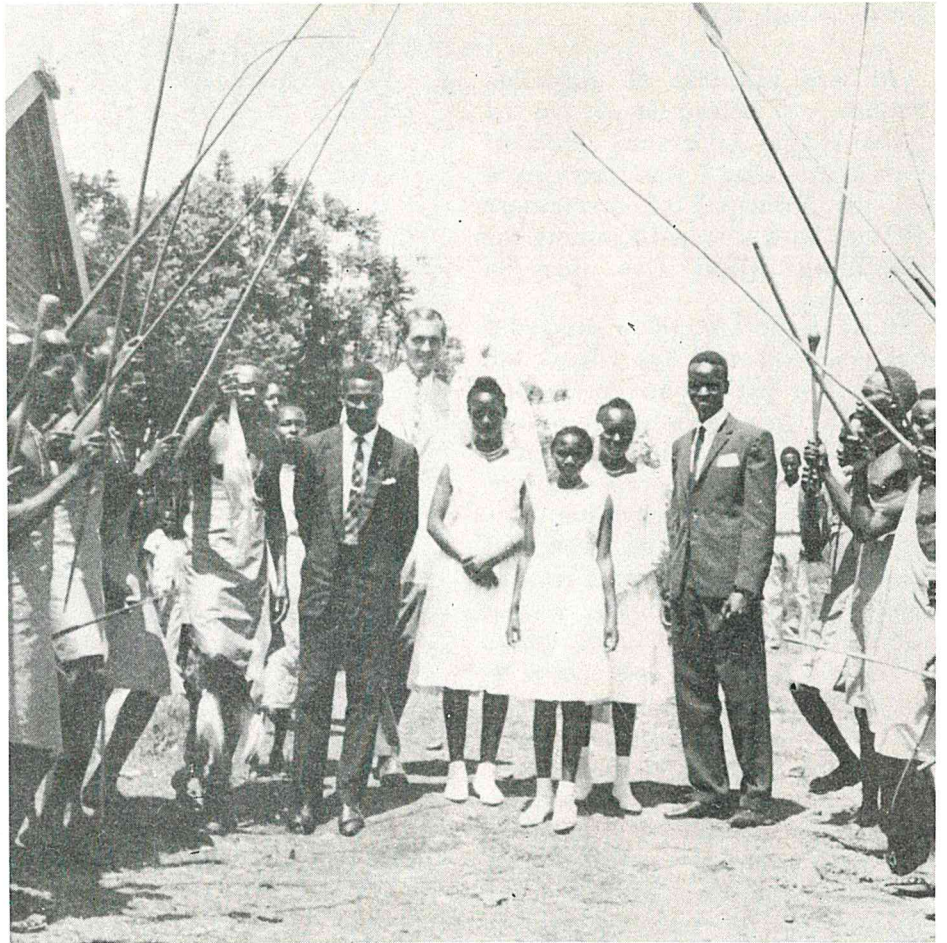


The Academic Building under construction — November, 1961

There was a lot of construction going on in the place. In fact the only really completed building was the Residence block. It was to serve both as classrooms — downstairs — and residence upstairs. Some lecturers were also living as tutors in the same block with the students. At meal time I found myself sitting at the same table with the Principal and, of course, the other teaching staff were also there; and we were eating the same food.

This was drastically different from the Kapsabet days where the food and accommodation was not shared at all. The quality of the accommodation was first-class and the food of course was in terms of quality miles apart. Who in Kapsabet in those days could think of eating the same food with a “Mzungu”, leave alone sitting at the same table and sharing the same building in terms of accommodation. It was totally unexpected.

One can say in those days Strathmore was a well-knit family with everybody knowing everybody and sharing everything, except personal things, of course — beds, clothes, etc. This included evening prayers, games and singing songs on very special occasions, where the ethnic groups among us took turns singing in their own way.

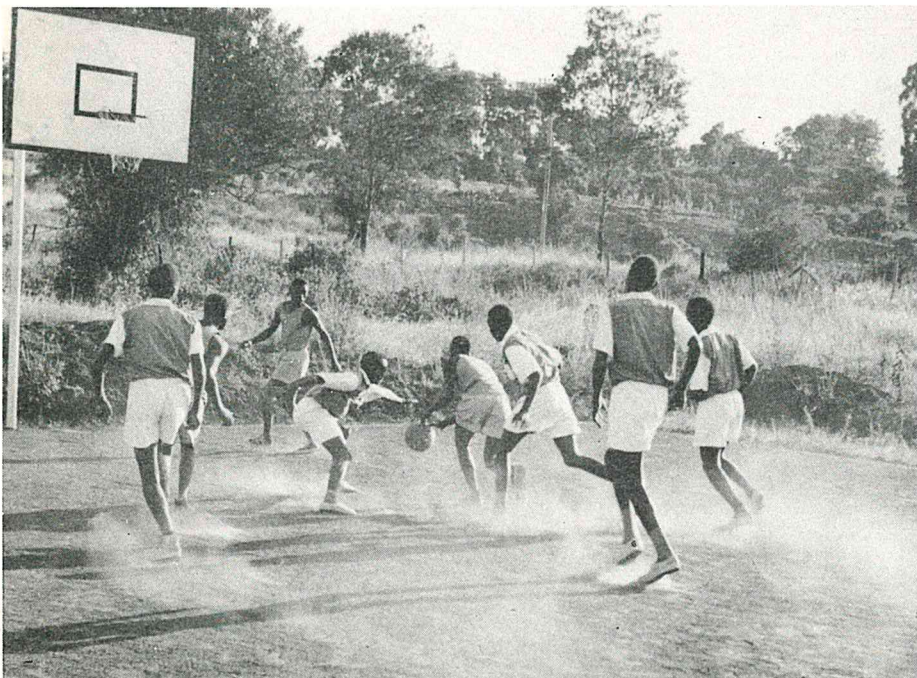


The small college van did quite a lot to transport us to Nairobi and to special outings — educational tours and sports, which were very popular with the students.

Friends were made — lifelong friends — which we still cherish. I do remember my wedding when Mr. Sperling, the Principal, attended and graced the occasion with his “tall frame”; he really made the occasion very special. There are also other members of staff who made the Strathmore family what it was. Special mention goes to Fr. Joseph with his ever-smiling face and his ability to entertain with the guitar, his favourite song- “kukuru-kuku” — is still sounding in my head. Mr. Borruso also contributed with his Italian English accent to the happiness of the family.

All in all I would say my days at Strathmore were the happiest and most important in my early life.

Jacob Kimengich



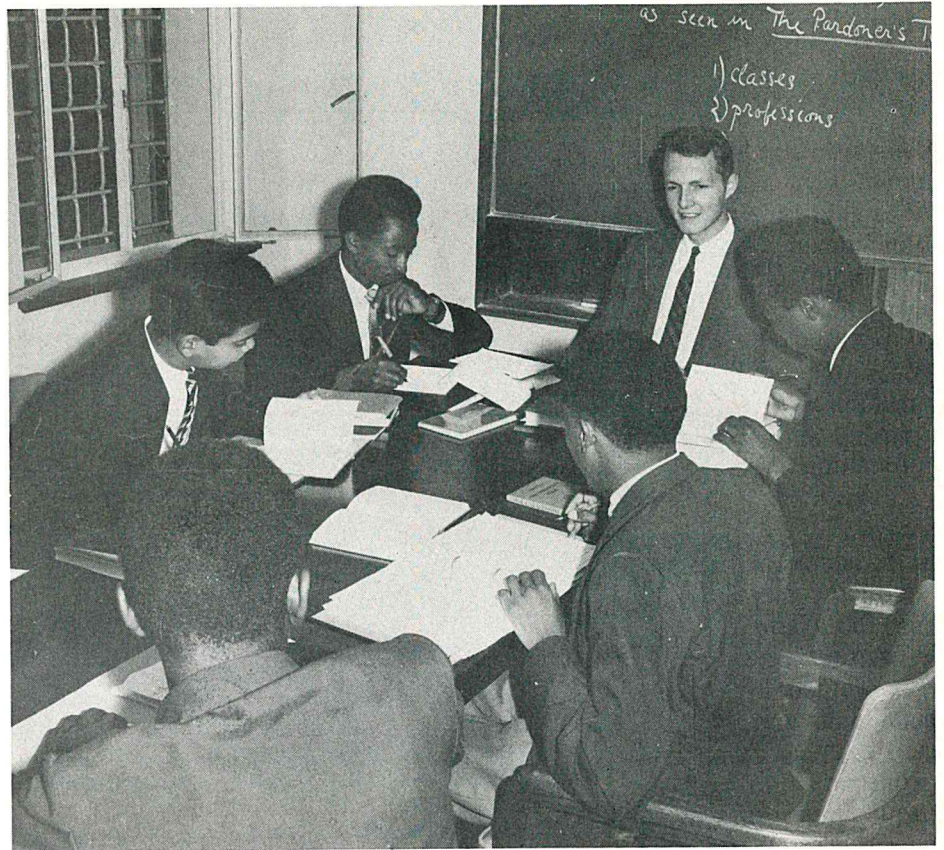
At Kituro — May, 1965

Beginning — 6th March 1961

My grandfather was a school Principal and my father a University professor. Ever since I can remember I have been interested in foreign peoples, lands and languages. When I found I had a chance to come to work setting up a College in Kenya, I didn't hesitate.

I first set foot on Kenya soil, at Kilindini Harbour, on July 26, 1960. Looking back on my arrival, I consider myself fortunate to have come by sea. Moving along the coast of Northeast Africa, then Somalia and the Kenya coast, and finally inland by road to the interior of Kenya, I sensed and saw the vast breadth of Africa's land and culture. My travel through time and space gave me the chance to think and to adjust to what otherwise might simply have been a 'culture shock'. I felt very much at home from the moment I arrived.

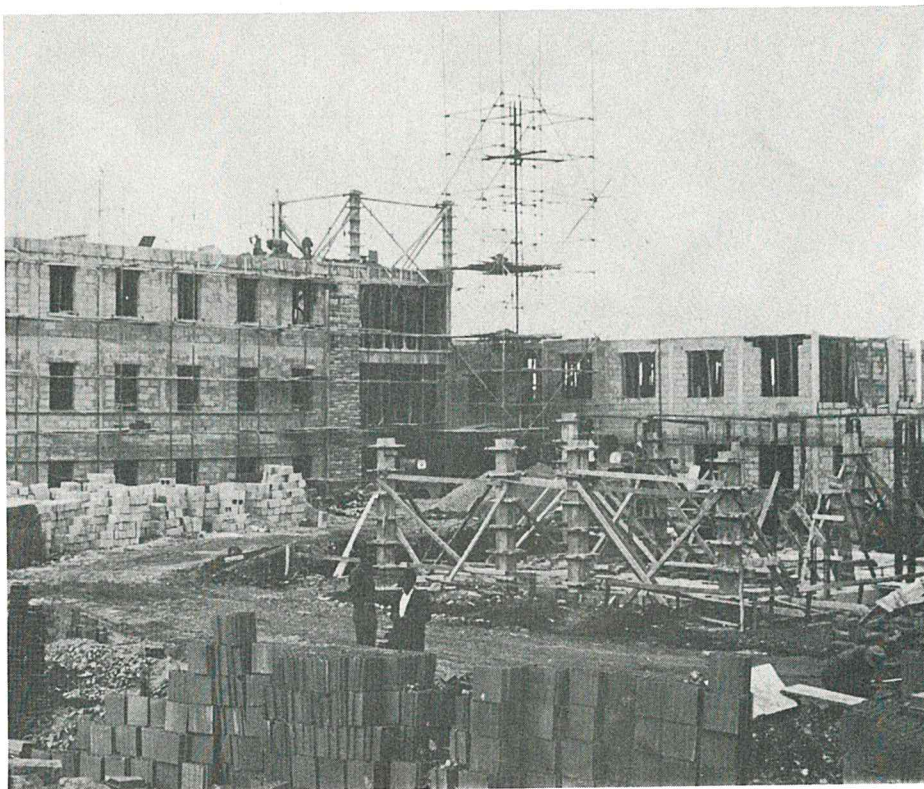
The inspiration and spirit behind the College are described elsewhere in this book. Here I only wish to record some of the tasks which faced those of us who had taken on the challenge of starting Strathmore in the multi-faceted era of pre-independence Kenya. Some matters



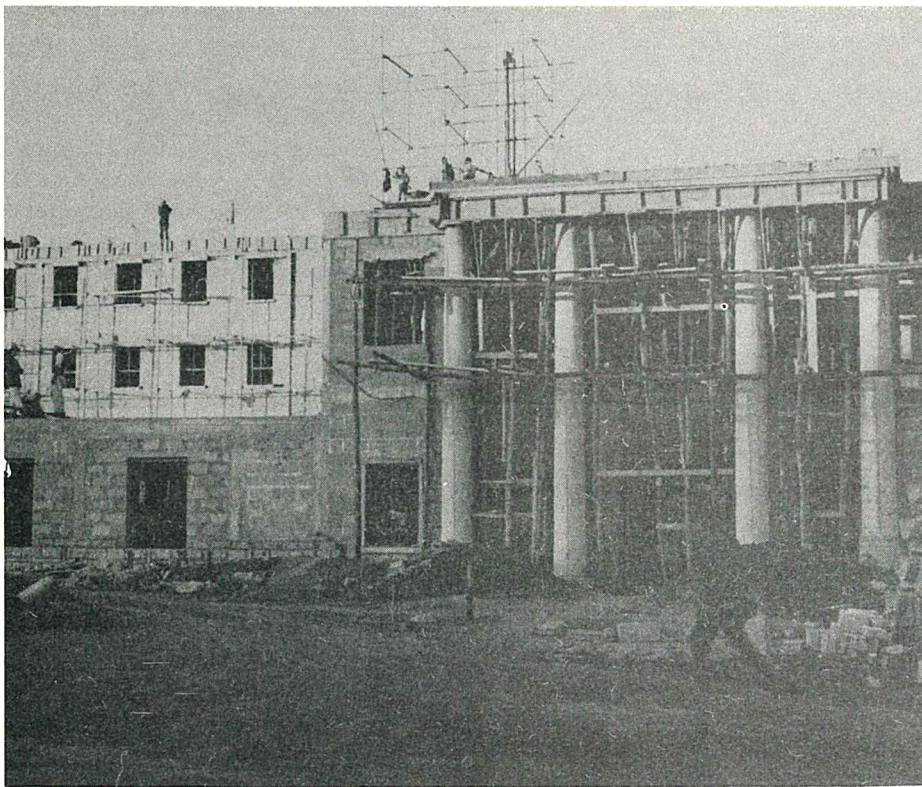
were quite ordinary and would have confronted anyone wanting to start an educational institution; other particular circumstances were unique and required special solutions.

Among my first official contacts I found myself dealing with officers of the British Colonial service. Fortunately I had spent some time in England on an exchange programme of the English-Speaking Union; one of my grandfathers was English, and I had numerous English 'cousins'. I still remember the remark of the kindly grey-haired officer in the Ministry of Education who interviewed me in August 1960, to approve my appointment as Principal of Strathmore. He looked at my Yale and Harvard degrees and said, with a friendly smile, "Well, I guess we can consider these the equivalent of a British degree."

What we really wanted was to do a good job, something of value to society and something worth offering to God, which would reflect the spirit of Opus Dei — the Work of God — as expressed in the words of Mgr Escriva: "We shall not attain our goal if we do not strive to finish our work well; if we do not sustain the effort we put in when we began our work with human and supernatural zeal; if we do not carry out our work as well as the best do and, if possible, even better than the



October, 1960



friend of John Kieran, then lecturing in History at the Royal Technical College. Michael gave the best years of his life to Strathmore before dying young of cancer in August, 1964. Even after death his contribution continued, as he donated his personal collection of history books to the library.

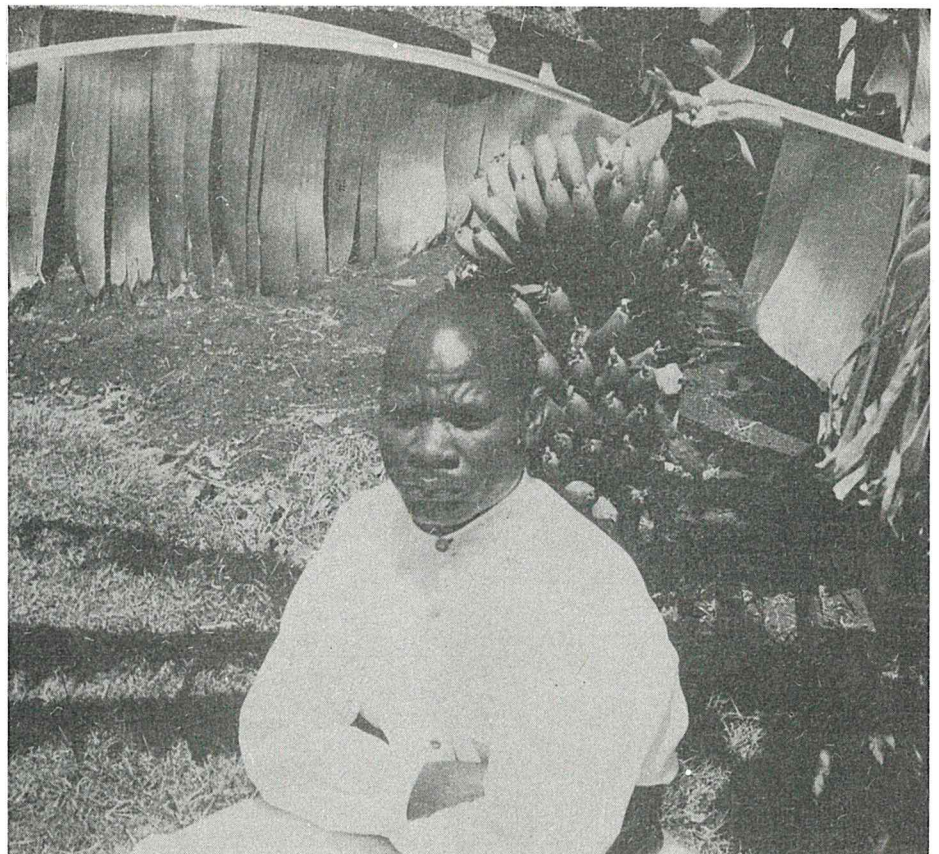
As it was, when classes started on March 6, 1961, we were still awaiting the arrival of two teachers. Meanwhile Kevin doubled up as a Maths and Physics teacher (this was possible because we only had Form 5 classes to begin with), and we recruited a part-time Geography teacher, John Pritchard, until Patrick Ferguson arrived. Beginning early in 1961, the first administrative and auxiliary staff were also recruited. Omuka and David Kirui (the first driver) both began to work for the College then. Festo, Peter Kinyanjui and others followed.

best. And I think that if you and I really want to, we *will* work better than the best, because we will use all the honest means as well as the supernatural ones which are required in order to offer our Lord a perfect job of work, well finished and pleasing in every way."

Kevin O'Byrne, who had been lecturing in the Engineering Department of the Royal Technical College, had been appointed Vice-Principal. As an engineer, he would teach Maths or Physics, and I could teach English or History, but we still needed to assemble a teaching team spanning the rest of the Arts and Science subjects, and to recruit administrative and auxiliary staff. Those of you who knew the College in the early 1960s will remember that Strathmore was a College "of Arts and Science". The title chosen was not a pretentious claim to be more than we were, but an attempt to show by name that Strathmore, with only Sixth Form classes, was not the usual secondary school, and that it was an academic, not a professional or technical, institution. There were those who deduced that we were planning to establish a University, but in fact we had our hands more than full with Sixth Form.

In our search for teaching staff we approached everyone we thought might be interested, or who might have contact with a possible teacher. For example, Michael Bennett (the first History teacher) was a close

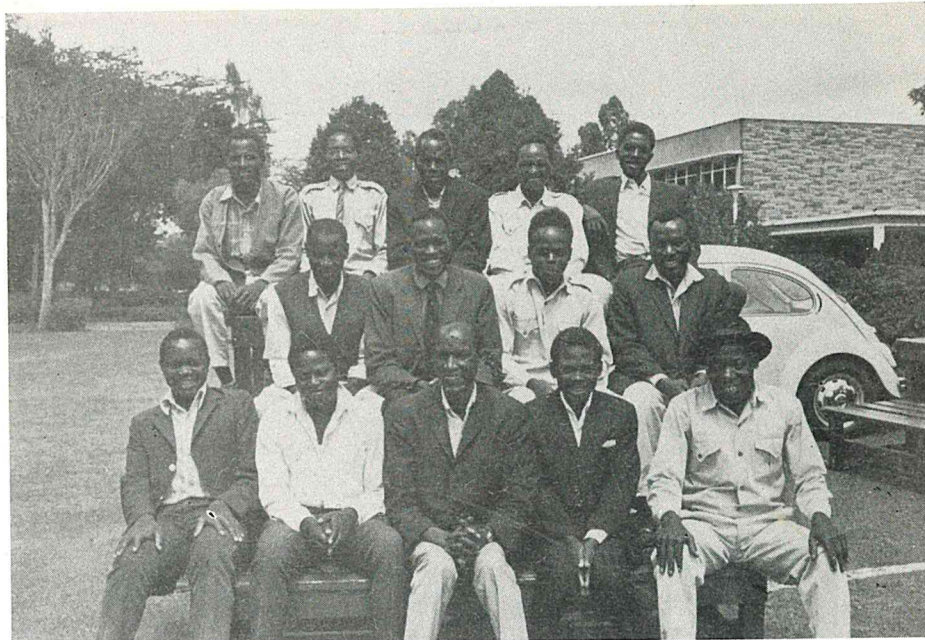
By the beginning of September, the staff was complete. Thinking back, it was providential that among us (eight teachers in all) were represented the educational traditions of three different English-



speaking countries, Ireland, Great Britain and the United States. This ensured a variety of educational backgrounds and methods, and enabled us to broaden our approach through the continual exchange of experience. Early in 1961 we held the first of many "teachers' courses" over a long week-end. During that time we had many fruitful discussions about what was going well, and what wasn't and about our immediate and long-range goals, and how to achieve them. Perhaps more importantly we moulded a unity of minds and hearts which held us in good stead for the ensuing years. We knew that without the help and co-operation of many people who shared our ideals we could achieve little.

Until the 4-storey Block was completed in 1961, I worked as Principal from my 'office' at home. I well remember typing all my letters on a then-modern Facit typewriter (which can still be found around the College, now relegated to the status of a machine for typing envelopes). I was lucky to have learned to type early in my academic career, and typing actually speeded up my work.

Since the College began to receive grants-in-aid in October 1960, there were official financial and staffing returns to be filled up long before

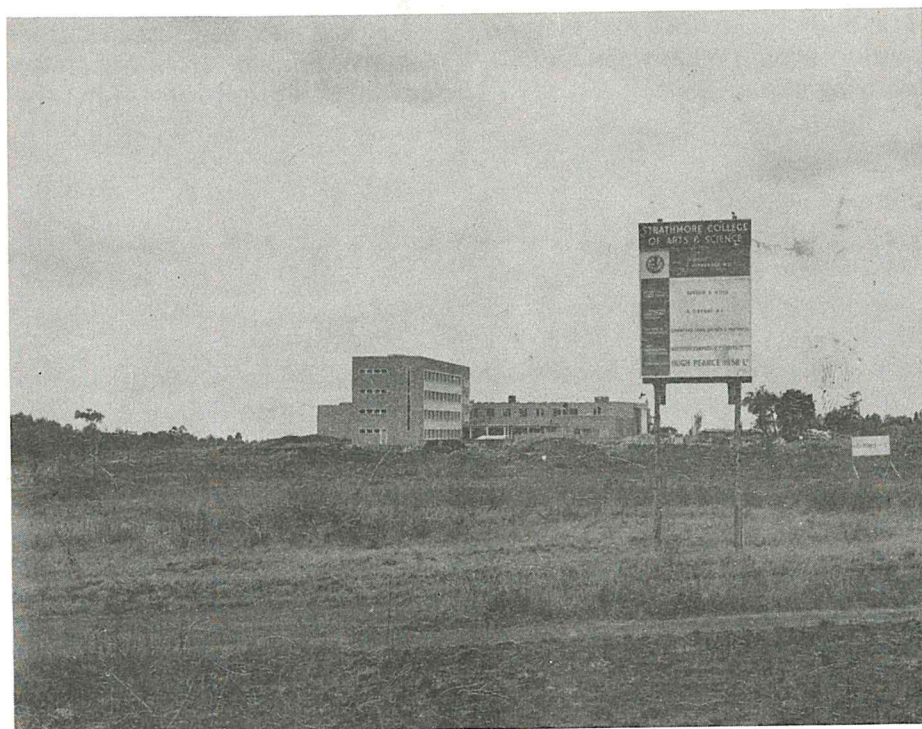


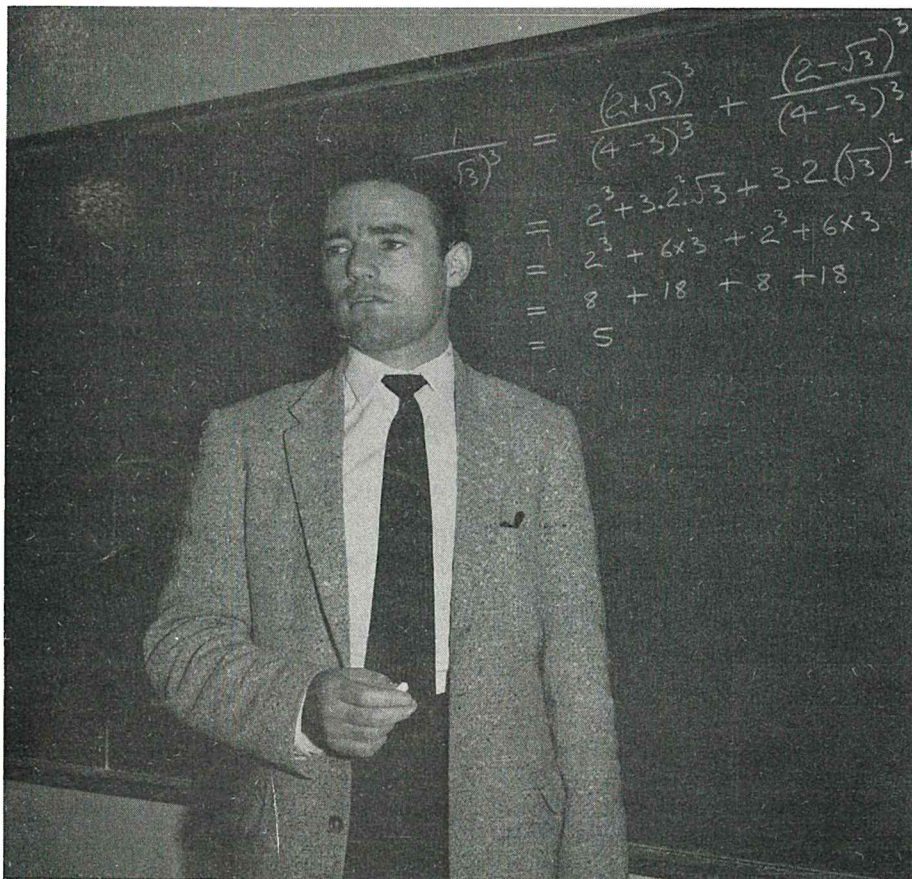
the first students actually arrived. The multi-racial character of the College posed some administrative and legal problems to the Colonial government, since there were different grant-in-aid rules for the three separate categories of schools, European, Asian and African. We fitted into none of the categories. This usually meant that the standard mimeographed Government forms were ill-adapted to the actual

situation of the College, and I would invariably end up crossing out certain parts or words, or writing in extra information on the forms, as required, to give a true picture of our exceptional status. I enjoyed doing this.

Beginning in August, 1960, I took up correspondence with the teaching staff recruited in the U.K. I had a long exchange of letters with David Hogg, who was coming to teach Chemistry and to head up the Science Department, about textbooks, equipment, syllabuses, and Library books. This was extremely useful, as he in turn was able to do much groundwork overseas before actually arriving in Kenya.

Other even more basic items needed to be acquired, such as desks and chairs. The standard individual school desk seemed too small for the young men who would enter Form 5 in 1961, and we decided on a more 'mature' model, the long-standing Strathmore desk, shared by two persons, with accompanying wooden chairs with seats of different colours (blue, green, red and brown). Generations of Sixth Form and Accountancy students have sat at these comfortable and sturdily-built desks, many of which are still in service. Only later were these two-man desks (which came to be known





In mid-November I left on what was to be the first of numerous fundraising trips abroad, leaving Kevin O'Byrne as Acting Principal to carry on with all the necessary preparations. At this point I should like to recall that the generous help of many persons made the development of the College possible, and to record, on behalf of all the early staff and students, our gratitude to some of the College's major benefactors, the Ford Foundation (which offered 75 bursaries during the first three years), the German people (through Zentralstelle für Entwicklungshilfe) the Government of Switzerland (which also gave a large number of bursaries) and Charles Merrill (Chairman of the Merrill Trust), who began helping Strathmore in November, 1960, and has continued to do so until today. Frank Sutton, the Ford Foundation representative in Nairobi, had taken a keen interest in the College, and continued to do so until he retired as Vice-President (for International Affairs) of the Foundation. The Ford Foundation gave a second grant to Strathmore in 1965 for the expansion of facilities to accommodate the School of Accountancy. It would be correct to say that without the support of all these people, many of our plans could not have been fulfilled.

as D2's) supplemented by longer, narrower desks for four students (D4's). With the arrival of smaller Form 1 students in 1977, a more standard original-design D1 desk was introduced.

In the third term of 1960 we began extensive trips to interview applicants at various Form 4 schools scattered throughout the country. These trips provided an exciting introduction to parts of the country which I had not known until then, and left a deep impression on me of Kenya's spectacular variety and potential. It was a chance, too, to see the educational system at its grass-roots, and to publicize Strathmore which was then totally unknown. Indeed, most of the first applicants are to be commended for their act of faith in applying to an institution which did not yet exist.

Towards the end of 1960, the 4-storey Block had begun to rise above the ground. By the end of October, in fact even before, it was clear that we did not have enough funds to pay the contractor for the first building. In spite of the capital grant of £40,000 from the Colonial

government and mortgaging the land and buildings, there was still a sizeable shortfall needed to complete this first stage of construction. We also faced the prospect of a large recurrent deficit, as we were determined that no student was to be excluded because of inability to pay fees, and that we should offer bursaries to all deserving applicants.

We had already decided that students would live in study-bedroom dormitories for five





David Sperling, Jeremy White, Kevin O'Byrne, Colm Stanley, Michael Bennett, David Hogg

persons. Five seemed the ideal number, as it was large enough to allow some economy of space, and small enough to create a more intimate family environment than would have been the case with larger open dormitories. As students soon learned from experience, they would inevitably find themselves in a room with four others from different schools and different parts of the country or world. These living arrangements undoubtedly helped to foster our goal of unity out of diversity, and went a long way to breaking down any initial reserve or tendency on the part of the students to stick with others from their own school or area.

One aspect of College life which occupied our attention in planning was the question of diet. If the well-known military adage, "An army marches on its stomach", is true, the same can be said analogously about

boarding students. There were to be students of all races and from all parts of Kenya. One well-wisher even suggested to me, quite seriously, that we would have to provide at least three separate diets! That, of course, was out of the question, and we settled for a varied mixed diet (with an emphasis on nutrition), which proved popular with most.

The months of January and February passed quickly, too quickly it seemed. The opening date had been fixed well in advance, so our target was clear. As soon as part of the 4-storey Block was completed by the contractor, we would begin moving in furniture and equipment. I moved my office to room 27 on the 2nd floor of the Residence (from where it then moved to Room 10 in the Academic Building, once the construction of that building was complete in January 1962). We set

up the Library in room 16, on the 1st floor of the Residence opposite the entrance to the dining-hall, and moved in bookshelves and books. The temporary science labs were fitted out, and desks and chairs set up in the class-rooms on the first and second floors. All the various smaller items needed, from chalk to paper-clips, were stocked and stored. Meanwhile construction went on, and we learned to co-exist with the contractor as he went about his work.

Then one morning it was March 6, 1961. The first boarding students had arrived the day before, and classes were about to start. After many months of preparatory work, with God's help, we were ready. The adventure was beginning.

David Sperling

Strathmore's First Football Team

Eighty per cent of the Strathmoreans I have met tell me of the 'terrific' football teams they had during their years at the College. And the story you hear of "individual talents" is much the same: the Jumbes (Emmanuel), the Keahs (Mathias), the Ogagos (Christopher), the Obondos (Alex), the Ramadhans (Ismail) the Mkangis (George) the Wamalwas (Michael) and Omondis (Arthur) — just to mention a few of the sixties — will no doubt find their rivals for honours in the teams of the seventies, and at mid-eighties, to crown it all, we are now pitted against our sons!

Twenty-five years ago, on what was a chilly March morning, I arrived in Nairobi from Mombasa. Following instructions I had received from the College, I caught a bus to Church Road, Westlands, where I alighted and walked to Strathmore — the place I was going to spend the next 2 years for Forms 5 and 6. I entered the College from below via the present football ground, then "occupied" by remnants of construction materials.

I was disappointed not to see any games pitches around. My friend, and fellow-footballer, Jumbe, surmised that maybe neighbouring schools would be willing to let us use their grounds until the ones for Strathmore were completed.

When it came to organizing the first football practices in 1961, we put up notices requesting those interested in playing to write down their names — games were not compulsory, though all of us were encouraged to play. This was a change from the then intermediate and secondary schools where, under normal circumstances, one had to participate in every extra-curricular activity at the school. Early match practices were enhanced by the encouragement and interest of tutors with whom we interacted freely outside classroom work, including having our meals together. Here again, for those days in Kenya, this was an exception rather than the norm. We did not have the kind of reverence-fear relationship with teachers which seemed to exist in other schools.

We had our first training session

on the 31st August, 1961 at the old Jean's School playing ground in Upper Kabete, beyond what is now Kabete Technical School. We also made use of the Royal Technical College grounds for practices and matches. This meant travelling back and forth in the College van; these trips created a good spirit of comradeship among us.

From those first practices I noticed we were not going to come up with an outstanding first XI, though there was some talent. We were at a disadvantage because the total enrolment of the College was only 57, and good sportsmen were attracted to other games as well.

On the other hand, the enthusiasm and regular appearances for training sessions were beyond criticism, and our team spirit and our unity were excellent. Some tutors, including Dave Hogg (the coach), Colm Stanley, Silvano Borruso and Kevin O'Byrne, joined us to form complete teams for the practice matches. And we had several five-a-side "Head the Ball" competitions to sharpen up our game in the air. I started spotting the following as 'core' members of the first XI: Nicholas Keya, Emmanuel Jumbe and John Ogola. There were many other possibles: Patrick Kagosha (then Mgadi), Donald Gonsalves, Winston Verbi, Michael Pondo, Peter Wambogo, Eric Ndovi, Richard Nyaga, John Apiyo, Julius Munyinyi, Gabby Hayes, Alfuncis Wandera, Anthony Groag, Richard Manyara, Peter Muivah, Patrick Maithya, Peter Kusewa, Japhet Mwaniki, and last but not least, myself.

It was truly a 'national' team, including players from many different districts and even one 'international', Eric Ndovi, a Malawian who had done his School studies in Kenya. Winston Verbi proved agile and fearless in goal, alternating in that position with Eric Ndovi and Michael Pondo, who regularly used their ball-handling skills on the basketball courts as



well. Bosco Cordeiro and Bosco Baptista showed tremendous enthusiasm and were down as substitutes, but when practices began for hockey and cricket, in both of which they excelled, they found it difficult to combine three sports.

At the time there was no football championship for schools in Nairobi. In terms of academic status, we were in between, so to speak; we did not appear to be secondary school pupils, but neither did we belong to the group of the then Royal Technical College. At some stage we discussed the possibility of joining the Nairobi Football League (at 3rd/4th division level) but this would have been too taxing both in time and finance.

All the same, we had great fun playing matches against St. Mary's School, Prince of Wales (now Nairobi) School, Duke of York (now Lenana) School, Delamere (now Upper Hill) School, Duke of Gloucester (now Jamhuri) School. I can't remember losing any game against these schools, but a look at the official records shows that my memory may be playing tricks with me.



Parents Day — 1985

We beat Delamere (7-2), St. Mary's (3-1) and the Duke of York (3-1) all right, but Prince of Wales was different. I am grateful to John Ogola for sharing some of his memories of those early matches with me, in particular our game against Prince of Wales School. As

we travelled up the St. Austin's hill on the way to the match, after a heavy rainfall, we little suspected what lay in store for us; fortunately, perhaps, we didn't learn until after the game that they were the Kenya National Secondary School soccer champions. Some of our team was kitted in rubber shoes (we all got boots soon after), which proved slippery in parts of the rain-soaked pitch, but this cannot detract from the impressive Prince of Wales performance, delighting their supporters as they outclassed us 9-1.

Still in Nairobi, we played the Royal Technical College (1st years) and won 2-1, and also a tough Railway Training School side which beat us soundly 4-0. Kevin O'Byrne arranged a match with Harlequins Rugby Club, and though they were much our seniors, we were able to beat them 2-1 at what was admittedly not their declared game. Outside Nairobi we made trips to Mangu and Machakos High Schools where we played with extra care, not wanting to be beaten by our "juniors" (neither of these schools had yet started Form 5 classes).



The climax of the season came with the last game, our first and only match of the year against Alliance High School, on Saturday November 18th, at Alliance. We knew they would be tough since they had Form 5 as well as lower classes, and a long tradition of sports excellence. Their forward line had been playing together for more than a year whereas ours had only been moulded recently, out of several different styles. Playing away was another disadvantage. Knowing their school to be some 350 strong, we mobilized all available transport, including various teachers' cars, so that the whole College (57 students, 11 on the team and 46 spectators, and 7 teachers) moved to Alliance *en masse*.

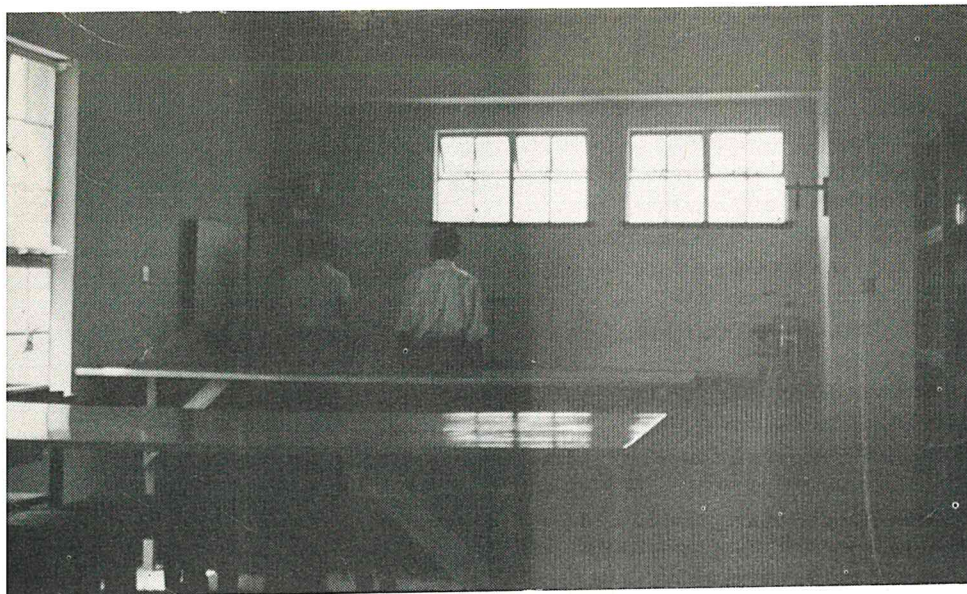
It was a brilliant sunny afternoon. I remember seeing David Sperling chatting with Carey Francis before the game; later their voices boomed encouragement from opposite sides of the pitch. It was time for kick-off. We shocked them by scoring the first goal; then they equalized and went ahead 2-1. From then on, it was a fast, exciting, high-scoring game, with never more than one goal separating us until, near the

close, Alliance drew ahead and finally won 7-5. Though defeated, we were happy. It had been a most enjoyable game played at a high standard of sportsmanship on both sides; we felt we had earned their respect, and had a good chance of doing better the next year with an enrolment of both Form 5 and 6.

Despite running up and down to practice outside the College and the absence of soccer championships for schools, our football team was something special. First, there was its multiracial national character. Secondly, the enthusiasm, teamwork and commitment shown by the team on the field did not differ from the display in academic performance. Finally, we need to mention the distinctive rapport with the supporters of the team — the tutors and our fellow students who played other games such as "rugger", basketball and hockey. The pattern set by those of us who participated in "Strathmore's first football team" was certainly among the good "omens" for the future development of the College.

Roman Mwakio





Temporary Chemistry Lab — 1961

Starting “A” Level Science

My memory of Strathmore is not frozen, it is just as dynamic as when I lived it, just like fresh paint on an artist’s canvas. Strathmore, funny we rarely called it “Strathmore College” or “school”, Strathmore was a way of life for those of us who lived its beginnings.

Memory, rather than “memories”. For me there was, and still is, a homogeneity about Strathmore, not only a oneness, but a uniqueness. For some of us, for a time, we were it.

My journey to Kenya was an adventure in itself, driving overland through France, Luxemburg, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria (UAR as it was then), Jordan, Israel and then by sea to East Africa; not to Mombasa, that would have been too easy, but to Dar es Salaam from where I drove to Nairobi.

When I arrived, shortly before Christmas 1960, the campus was a construction site, with the fabric not even nearly complete! I found several of the staff already at work. Kevin O’Byrne, Vice-Principal, Silvano Borruso, and Fr. Joseph Gabiola, Chaplain, were there. David Sperling had gone to the United States in November looking for badly-needed finance. Ed Hernandez was busy hustling the construction. Other staff, Michael Bennett (History), Colm Stanley (Biology), Jeremy White (General Paper) arrived in stages.

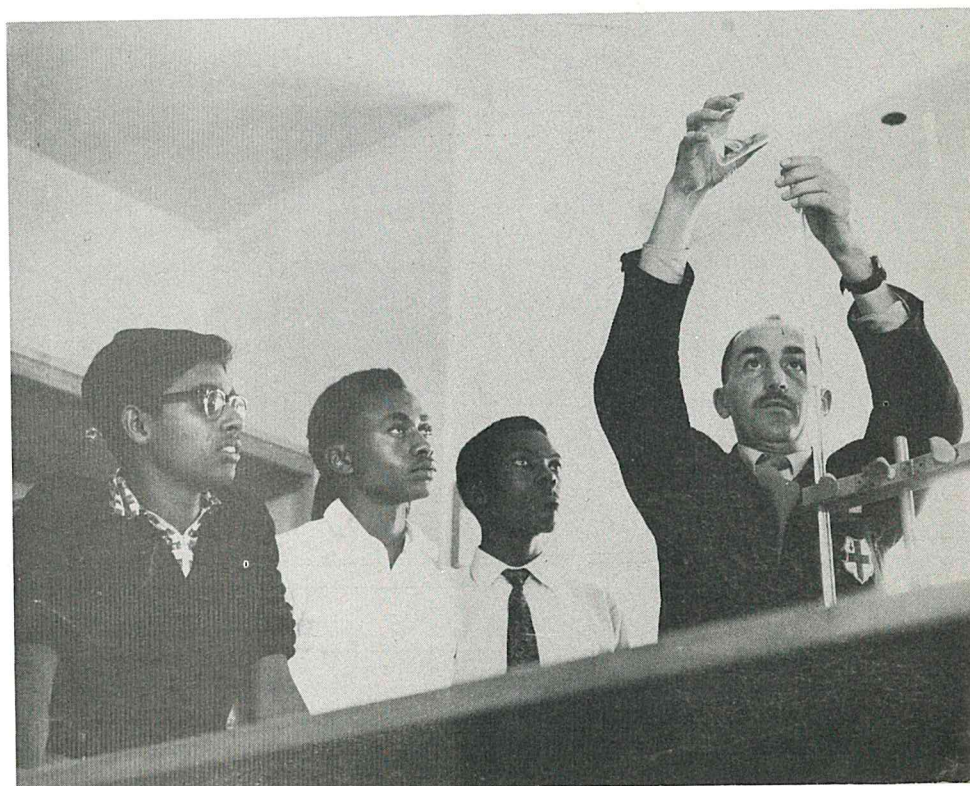
After all my travelling I was ready for work. I bent my back and mind to the task of setting up temporary Science laboratories and classrooms on the 1st and 2nd floors of the four-storey block. The temporary labs and classrooms in the 4-storey block were to be used for only one year, after which they would be converted into wash-rooms, showers and study-dormitories for the second intake of students in 1962. We needed to finalize lab equipment, library and science text books, interview and recruit a Laboratory Assistant, and prepare various schemes of work for the Cambridge Higher School Certificate syllabuses. Fortunately, I had been

in regular correspondence from the U.K. with David Sperling since August and had been able to do a good deal of groundwork beforehand.

With the arrival of the first students the 3rd and 4th floors filled up as residential areas; from there the students simply walked downstairs to the classrooms and labs on the 1st and 2nd floors.

We did a lot together with our students. I think the first students were a little surprised we even ate with them. At one of the first evening meals I rubbed my hands together enthusiastically and said we should organize a game of soccer. After some time one of the students realized that I intended to join in. He was so surprised he blurted out, “but you are too old!” Such was the respect they had for the “mzee”, and the students were always very straight with us! He, and a few others in the next five years, learnt that some rough fellows in England had taught me how to play the game! Also, then going prematurely bald, I wasn’t quite as old as I looked.

Things were sometimes a little tense. The students were getting used to the staff and some of the staff were adjusting to the students. The staff knew the exam results just had to be good. The pressure was on

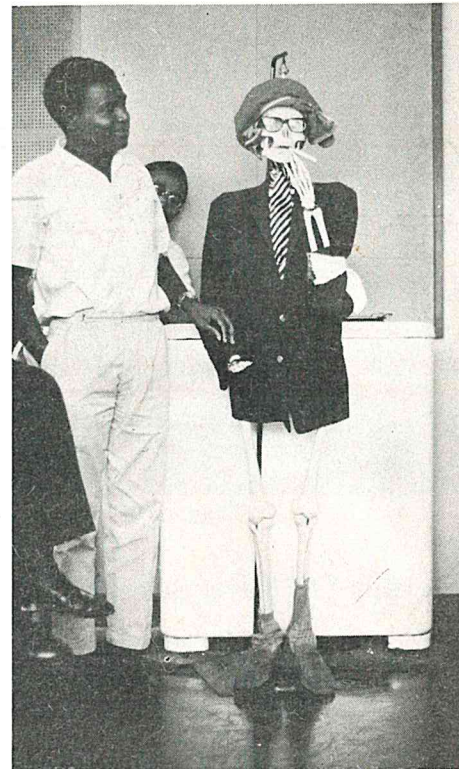


One day there was mild excitement in the Physics lab, as a density bottle found its way out through a (closed) window. That was nothing compared to the somewhat voluble instructions, offered to afternoon Chemistry lab students in subsequent years, which were known to make any students who might be dozing (from their arduous studies of the night before) jump awake. They were tough but good years. They were years of growth when the traditions and reputation of Strathmore were built. The students were mature young men who made a very tangible contribution in helping us adjust to a new country and a new way of life. I place value on that. The great thing about it was that the process of interchange between teachers and students, and among ourselves, never stopped. It should never stop.

Early on it seemed a new building, addition or extension appeared each year. The great need for 1962, with the second group of students due, was for permanent academic

premises: classrooms, laboratories, study and storage rooms. As usual, Ed Hernandez came through. Every detail was carefully studied, thought out, discussed, decisions made and the construction carried out by very able craftsmen, Ed supervising all the time. The building is a monument to his ability and industry. He insisted I resurrect my old (engineering) design skills and help not only with layout of the Chemistry lab, but the furniture too. That way I couldn't complain about poor design! I didn't complain, I loved it. In fact I liked it so much I used to be in the lab until 3.00 or 4.00 a.m. each morning before and during practical exams, even the week before my wedding.

Silvano and I even designed a small workshop. Back in England I had helped design and build the largest Castner-Kellner cell (for making chlorine and caustic soda), in the world. In the Strathmore workshop, the smallest was made! The first Students Science Congress in Kenya was held in University



College, Nairobi. The cell, Strathmore's contribution, was recognized as the most advanced exhibit that inaugural year.

There were many students I remember with great affection. Let me mention just three:

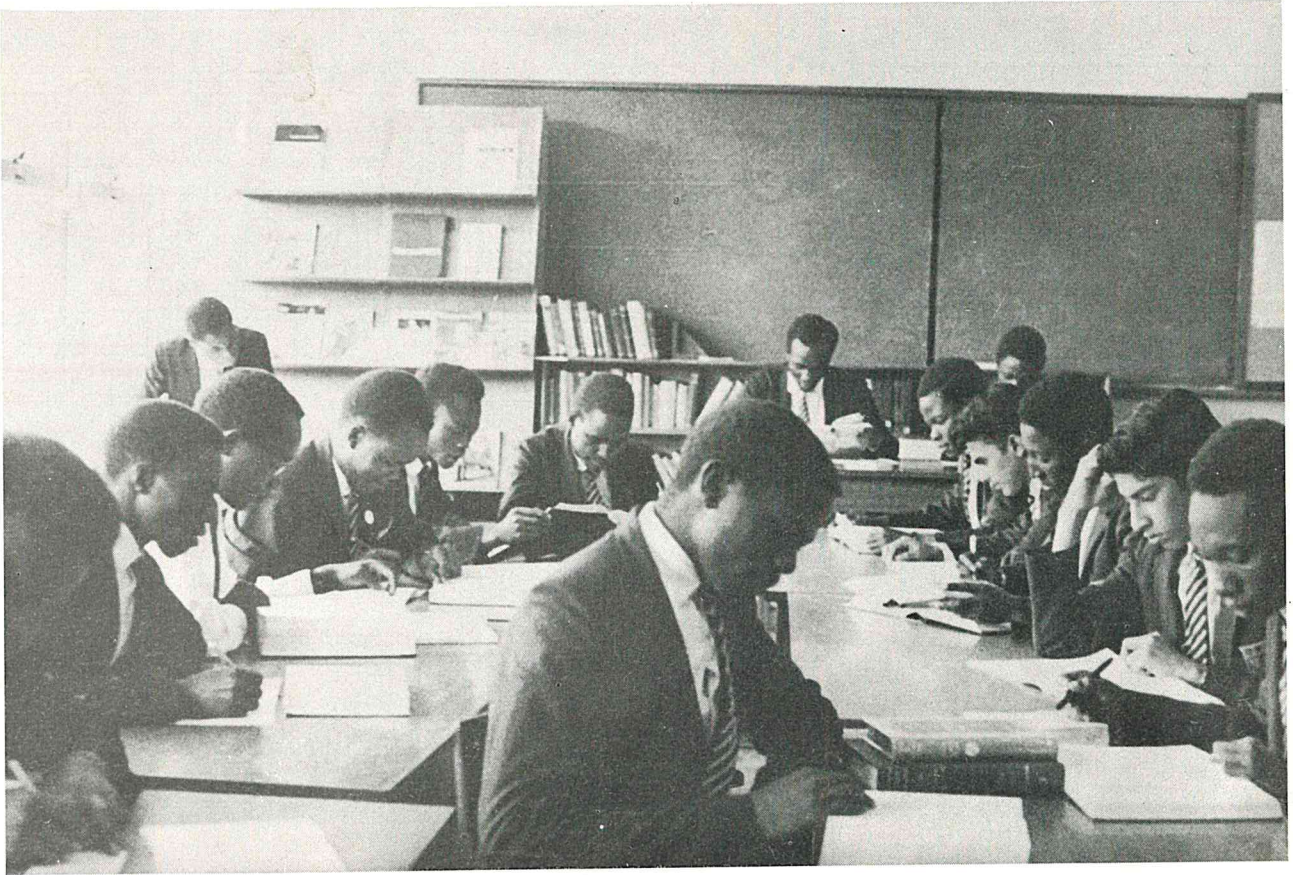
— Charles Kudamba, one of the two elegant young men who served at my wedding, from Uganda. I worry about him.

— Richard Nyaga and I were going to a College soccer game. I'd just come back from leave and was sunburnt on my wrist where I forgot to wear my watch. I joked with Richard, "that's something you can't do". He joked back, "let me tell you something, I don't want to". That was Strathmore, no barriers.

— Patrick Parleen, who came to share an evening meal with my wife and me. We still remember his dignity and culture; we were honoured to share his company.

The chapel has very special meaning for me: the tabernacle holds the reason for me being part of Strathmore; my best man, Ed Hernandez, designed it; I was married in it and my first child, Catherine, was baptized there. How can I not remember it with special affection?





Room 7 — The Second Library, 1963



Night Study

There are many more stories, I have many more memories, for another time, another place. Some have only escaped being named out of respect for their current positions! To all of the students and staff of those early years I am very grateful to have been part of you and with you.

David Hogg



The College in 1962

Life At Strathmore 1962—1963

I was born in August 1942 and brought up in Gem Location, Siaya District. Yala, my local town, was

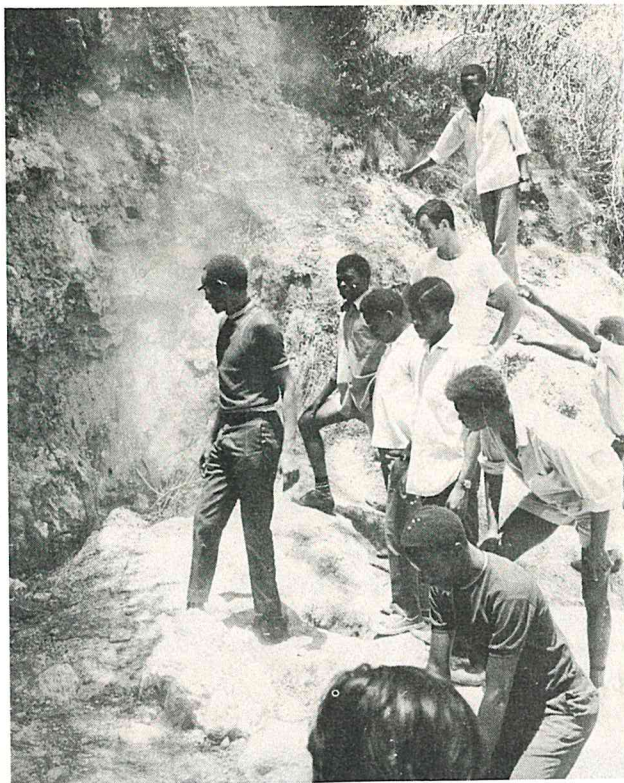
an old centre at the cross-roads of the Butere Railway line and the Kisumu — Busia road going to Uganda. My father had (in 1935) been employed as a recording clerk in the Native Tribunals for the

adjudication of customary disputes; when a military depot was set up at Maseno during World War II, he was engaged there as a quartermaster and at the end of the war he joined the Ministry of Agriculture.

In 1950 I was taken to the local primary school; four years later I took the competitive common entrance examination to enable me to join Upper Primary School; then in 1958 after the K.A.P.E. I qualified to join St. Mary's School, Yala, for Form I. All my education from primary to secondary was taken in my location; the farthest I had to go being Aluor Mission School some 14 kilometres away, except for a brief period in 1954 when I had gone to Migori and Asumbi Schools in South Nyanza. Otherwise I had never gone beyond Kisumu.

St. Mary's School, Yala, in those days as now, admitted students from all over Kenya; at the end of Form 4 the Cambridge School Certificate examinations were offered; those who passed well enough used to go





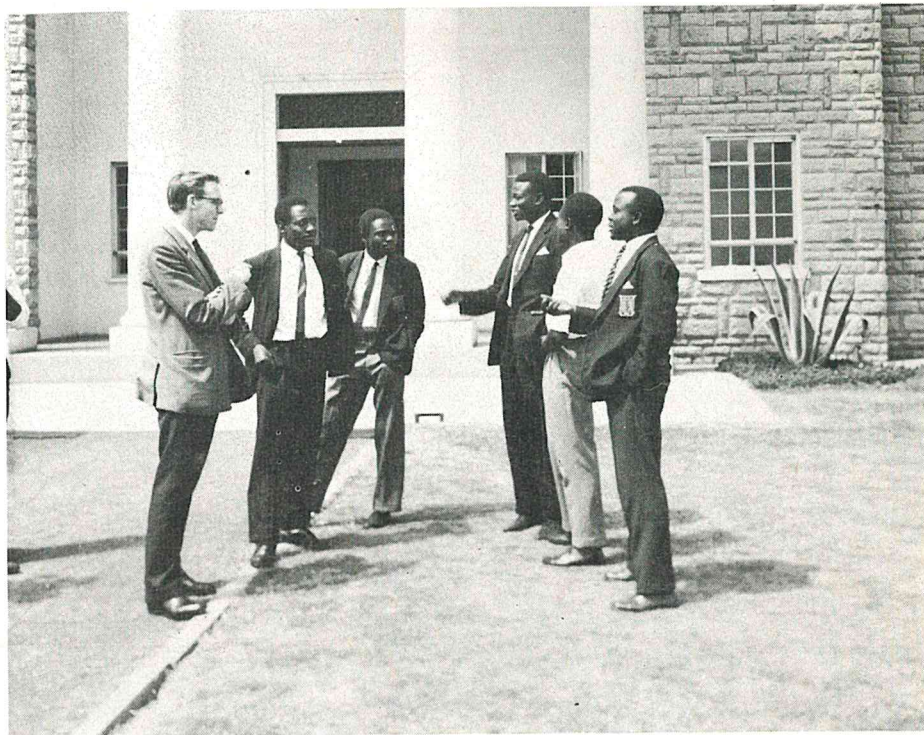
to Makerere College for the 'Intermediate' course. Just before 1960 a decision was taken to set up 'A' Level courses in local Kenya schools. In 1960 we at Yala learned about the possibilities of joining such local schools for 'A' Levels, and in particular about Strathmore. One day during the 3rd term of 1960 a very tall young white man drove into St. Mary's and addressed the students about Strathmore, of which he was the Principal; he also conducted interviews of Form IV students and later we learned that some had been selected for admission there. This encouraged us to work extra hard the next year, and by the end of the second term 1961 it was apparent that a few of us could pass the 'O' level examination well. During the 3rd term that year the Principal of Strathmore again visited St. Mary's to interview applicants. Joseph Ouma, Oballa Obika and I were selected for admission. By December 1961 I had received the offer for a place, and I began to prepare myself. Come January 1962 and I went to Nairobi and to Strathmore.

The City of Nairobi was a big surprise to me, and Strathmore an even bigger, more pleasant surprise.

The Strathmore community was exceptional in those days, as racial integration was contrary to the prevailing community and race relations in Kenya. Yet at Strathmore all races studied, played, dined, lived and socialised together in the spirit "That all may be one". This is the most memorable aspect of my life at Strathmore. And

I consider that it had the most profound effect on my life, developing as it did in me a deep sense of humility, regardless of academic progress, job and social status. Further: the selection procedures and policy at Strathmore ensured that the students came from all religious, racial, ethnic and professional backgrounds, from rich and poor families, from town and country folk, and from all over the world.

Among the most memorable events of my life at the College were the geographical tours we made to various parts of the country — to Mount Longonot, Lake Naivasha, Ol Karia and Hell's Gate, to Chania falls and the Aberdares. This had a lasting effect on me and even today I very much value the scenic beauty of nature, when I have a chance to visit such places as the Masai Mara, Mt. Kenya, Samburu, Turkana, the Coast, and even overseas when I was able to visit Austria and the Alps during a working assignment in Europe. Then there were the numerous sporting fixtures with other schools for Basketball, Rugby, Soccer and other games; this developed a strong spirit of socialisation among the students, and today I am a strong 'social man' enjoying the company and



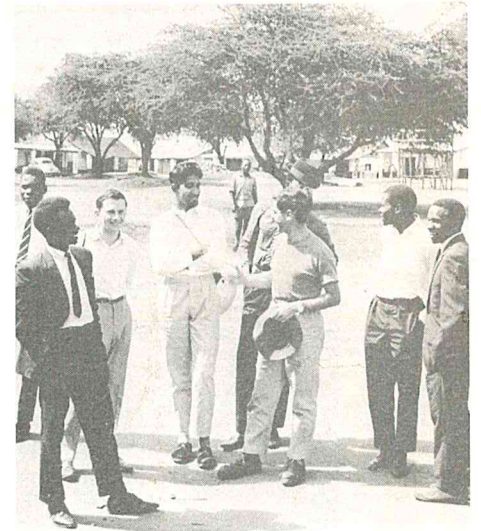
fellowship of persons of all different backgrounds, whether at a Club or wherever people meet.

As far as my present professional and social standing is concerned I have found the personal and character development which solidified at Strathmore a great asset. At Strathmore I learnt that whatever one's distinction in life, one ought to work in the service of humanity and God towards a human togetherness. I found this spirit invaluable, while I taught at the University of Nairobi, while I practised Law as an Advocate, and most of all now as I do my job as a Judge of the High Court of Kenya.

Finally there were, of course, sad occasions at Strathmore. Now and again death struck our friends; there was the death of our English teacher James Cavanagh in a motor

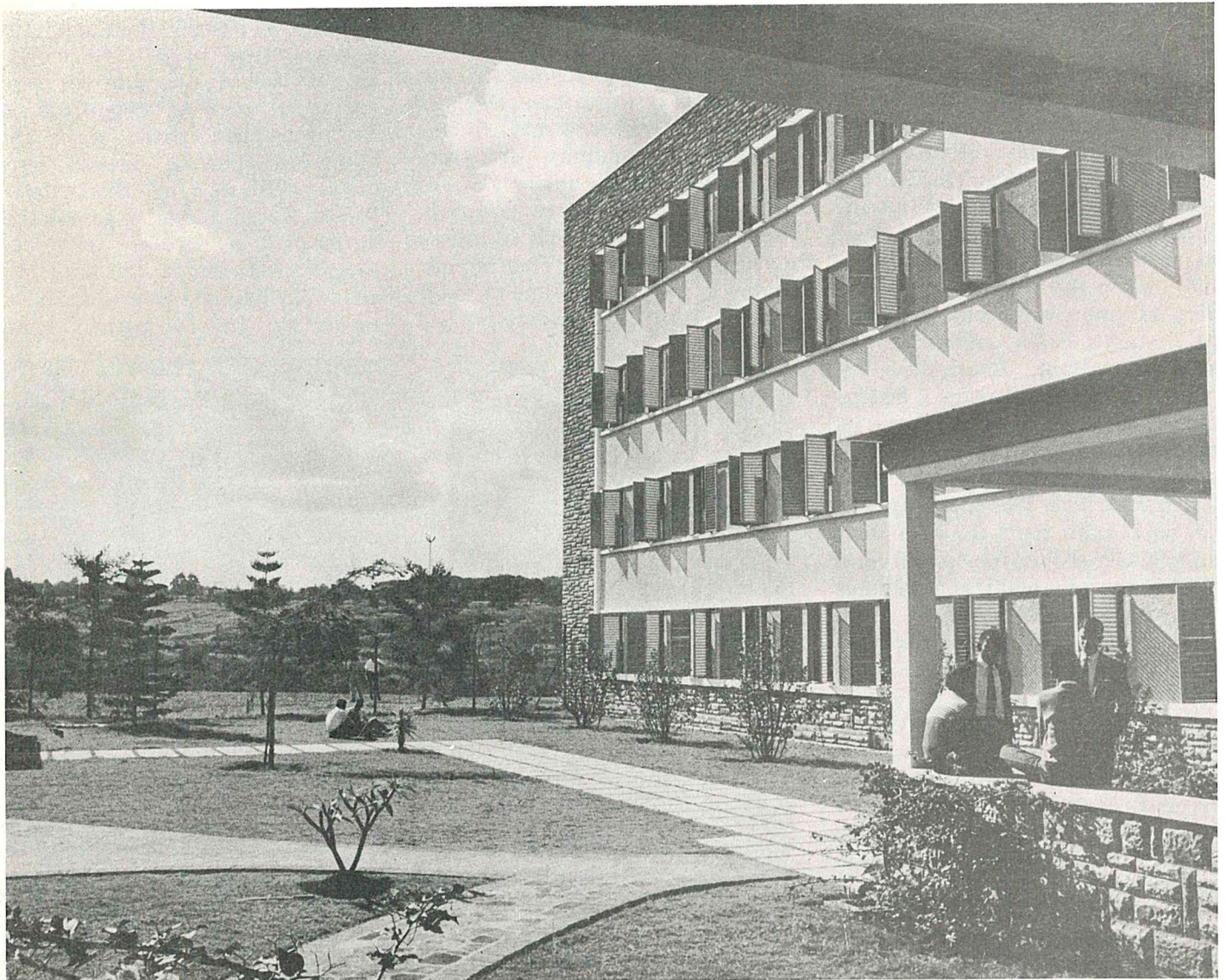
accident, while returning from a sporting fixture at Kijabe Escarpment. There are also the subsequent deaths of classmates and other Old Boys, as we have continually been informed by the Class Directory and the Letters from Strathmore.

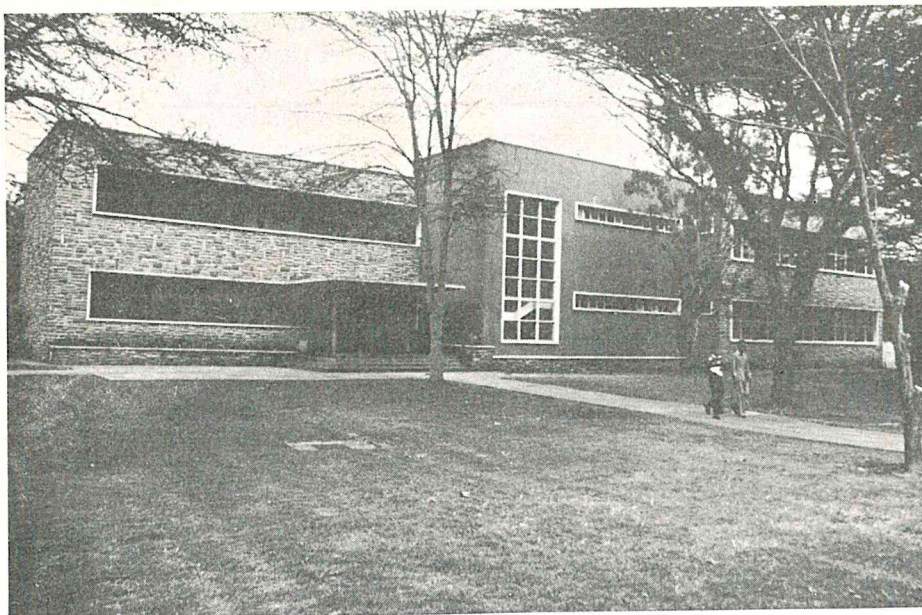
Looking back on the first 25 years of Strathmore, the contribution it has made to Kenya and the world as a whole is striking. Strathmore graduates are today spread across all the continents of the world, they are in all the professions and occupy responsible positions in those various fields. As we celebrate the Silver Jubilee we pay tribute to the Strathmore Spirit and give thanks to those who initiated the College; we should also lend full support to the development programme of our *alma mater* so that it grows to even



greater heights during the next quarter-century before the Golden Jubilee, "That all may be one".

Joseph Masime





The Buildings of Strathmore 1960—1985

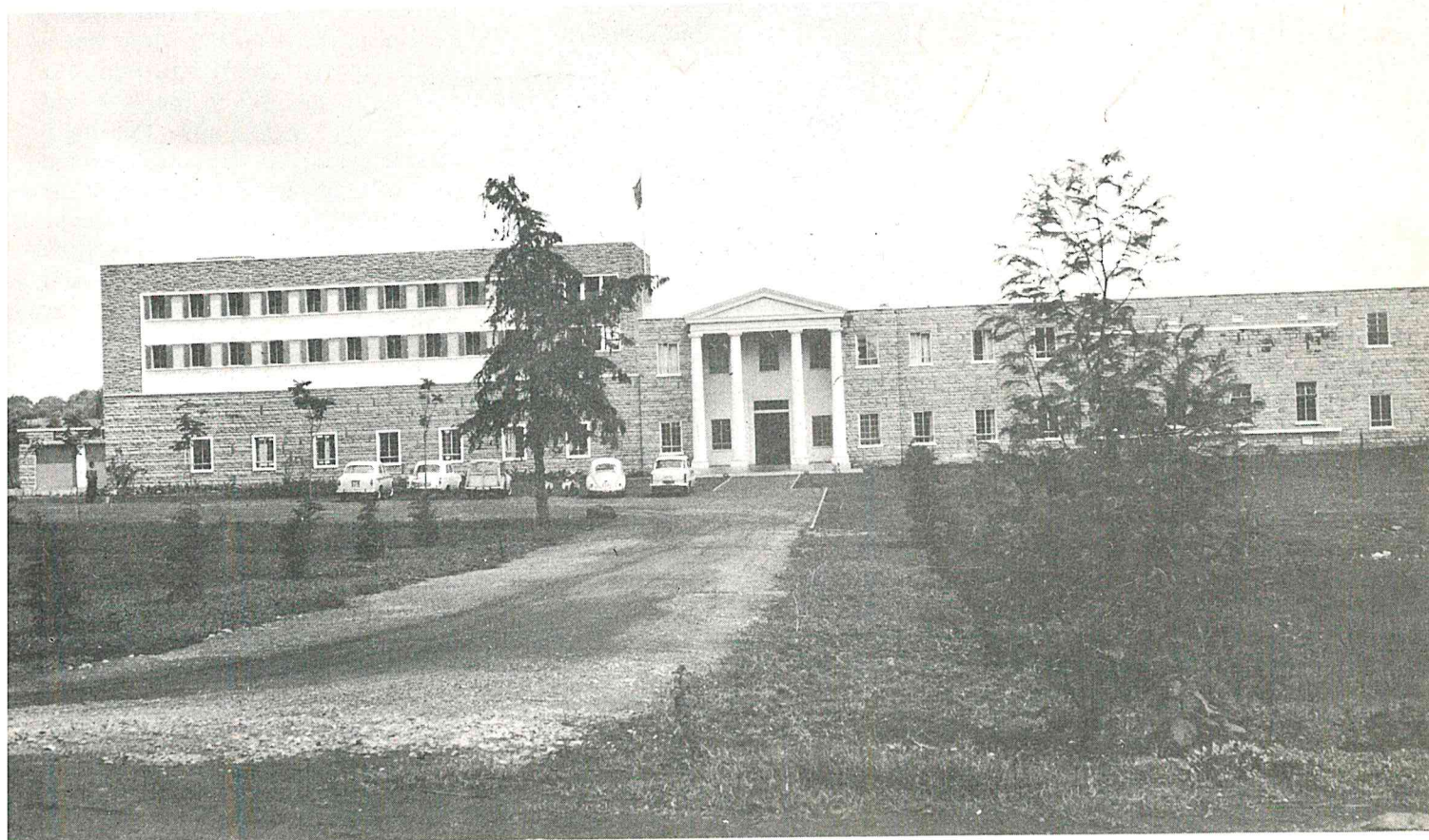
The contract for the construction of the Main Building of what was to be Strathmore College of Arts and Science was signed on 19th July, 1960.

The Contractors moved on to the site the next day and got on with the clearing of the land. Those first students who arrived on 6th March, 1961, walked along a murram

Strathconan Road (now Mzima Springs Road), from which the College got its name. All could attest to the thick bush which not only surrounded the incipient Strathmore College but also covered the entire area to the south up to Lavington Shopping Centre and to the west across St. Austin's Road, and down into the Nairobi River valley. In those early years, many small animals inhabited the bush. Dozens of spitting cobras emerged as the bush was pushed

back to make way for the College buildings, and the first College Biology lab became a 'snake park'. A leopard was once spotted near the College, and there is the story of a student, returning to the College one evening, who managed to climb one of the four pillars of the main entrance to escape an attacking hyaena.

Having got started, the contractor had an even bigger task, which was to complete the Main Building before the opening date in March, 1961. The contract only gave him 7 months time to build the whole complex, including the four-storey residence, kitchens, common room, Chapel, etc. . . Looking back, it is plain that it would have been a major miracle if all had been finished within that time; nevertheless, it was a minor miracle that enough of the 4-storey Residence building was completed to allow the students to be accommodated by March, 1961, the targetted opening date. An unexpected event was the discovery of a human skeleton in the excavation for the chapel foundations; it was disposed of by calling the police who carried it away in a 'gunia'.

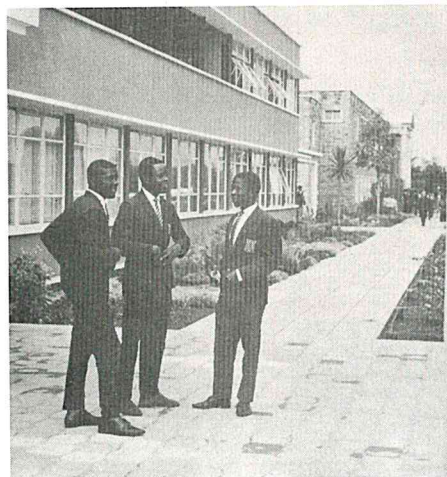
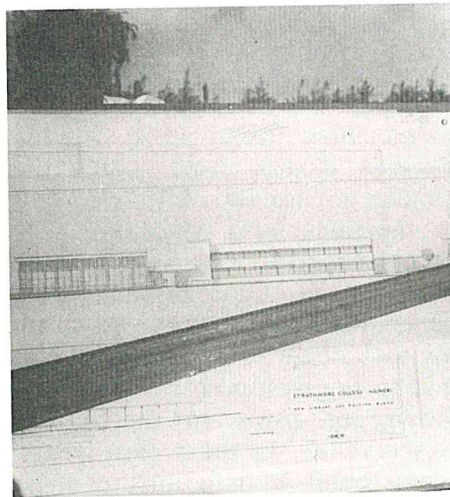


The Main Building was completed sometime in October, 1961. The pioneer 5th Formers lived through the "teething stage", sometimes getting hot meals and sometimes sandwiches, depending on the contractor's ability to keep the electricity supply on while finishing the common room, chapel and the garage. Yes, there was a garage adjacent to the common room. The garage had white tiles on the walls and a service pit. The early students will remember David Hogg servicing his Morris station wagon there on many occasions.

The garage eventually had to make way for the Administration and Library Building which was started in August, 1964. But before that the Tuition Block had to be constructed.

The contractor was given four months from September, 1961 to complete the Tuition Block so that it would be ready for the opening of the 1st term in January, 1962. Much to his credit, he achieved the impossible by first-class organization and more than 240 men working dawn to dusk. This contractor also removed the temporary Chemistry/Physics and Biology laboratories which had been installed on the first and second floors of the Residence and converted the labs into toilets and showers for the use of the second group of students who arrived in 1962. At the same time the temporary classrooms on the first and second floors were converted into the five-student dormitory-study rooms which so many Old Boys will remember.

Some Old Boys may also remember the big blast that took place when the Administration Building and Library were built. The building contractor encountered a large mound of rock when digging for the foundations of the Library. There was no way to get it out except by blasting, so he hired an expert in the use of dynamite. The expert first drilled many small holes deep into the rock, then he placed small pockets of dynamite in each one, connected them all together and set it off. Students and

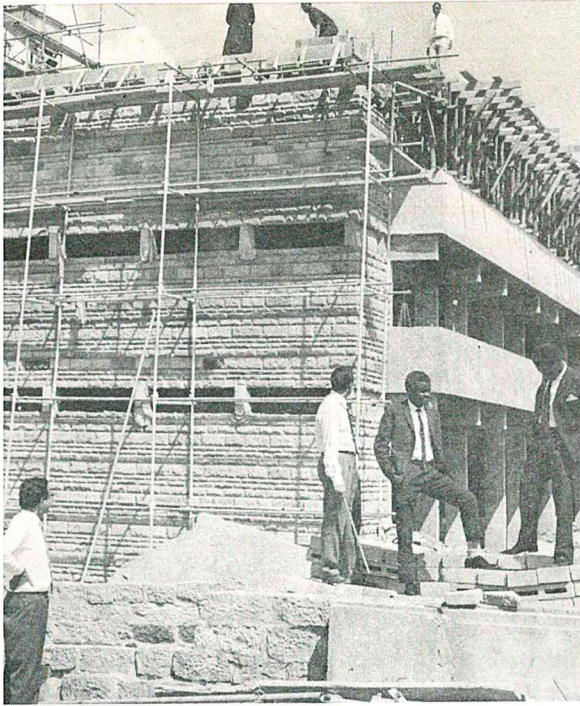


teachers kept a respectable distance away, many windows rattled and small stones flew about, but no damage was done to anything except the mound of solid rock which was pulverized. The explosives expert was duly complimented on his success and for adding a bit of 'drama' to the history of the College.

From the very beginning the talents of Silvano Borruso were engaged, with the help of Festo and others, to beautify the landscape around the buildings. Many trees and plants were placed, watered and nursed along till they had proven that they had taken firm root. The thorn tree now standing in the main courtyard is of this early planting. When Festo retired as gardener to take up indoor work, his place was taken by Njeru. Recently, after many years of tending the College gardens, Njeru retired and was succeeded by Macharia, who had already been working with him for several years. It is safe to say that at one time or other every tree on the College grounds has felt the 'pruning panga' of one of these three expert gardeners.

The building of the New Residence, or "6th and 7th floors", was begun in July, 1966. The building was designed along economy lines, using double-bunk beds to save space, for a total of eighty students. With place for 100 boarders in the 4-storey Residence and for 24 boarders on the "5th Floor" above the Common Room the total boarding capacity then reached its maximum of over 200. This "6th and 7th floor" building housed the "lower common room" on the ground floor; adjoining the common room was a small sports changing-room for visiting teams. When the "6th and 7th floors" were built, the main Residence courtyard was extended up to the library entrance, with the creation of the superellipse surrounded by paths and a rock garden. The raised stone flower 'boxes' at the boundaries of the courtyard extension were meant to be decorative, however Omuka always claimed that they were better suited as a burial place!

With the introduction of the Secondary School and the phasing down of boarding students, the "6th and 7th" floors were converted into six classrooms, two on each floor. Another two classrooms were made out of the 5th floor, so that those who lived in these floors could not now find 'my room' while at Strathmore. No doubt though, they



would be able to go into the 5th, 6th or 7th floor class-rooms and identify quite accurately exactly where their room used to be.

Someone not familiar with Strathmore, on hearing "6th and 7th floors", might start looking for a building taller than the 4-storey block. No such building exists, and the history of the terminology is quite simple. The first expansion in



boarding capacity for the Residence took place by building a floor over the Common Room. Since the main Residence building already had 4 floors, this new floor became the "5th floor", though in fact, it was only one storey off the ground. The "6th and 7th floors" naturally followed.

I took an occasion to have a walk around the College when writing these brief recollections and I was happily impressed that the buildings, inside and out, and the gardens, have been kept so well. No doubt it is due to the administration of the College but also it must be due in large measure to the hard work of those who actually have done maintenance, cleaning and repairs throughout the years and to the traditions of order, care and cleanliness handed down, from the very first year, by the students themselves.

May the next 25 years see those traditions of service to others even more firmly established, not only in Strathmore but in society.

Edmund Hernandez



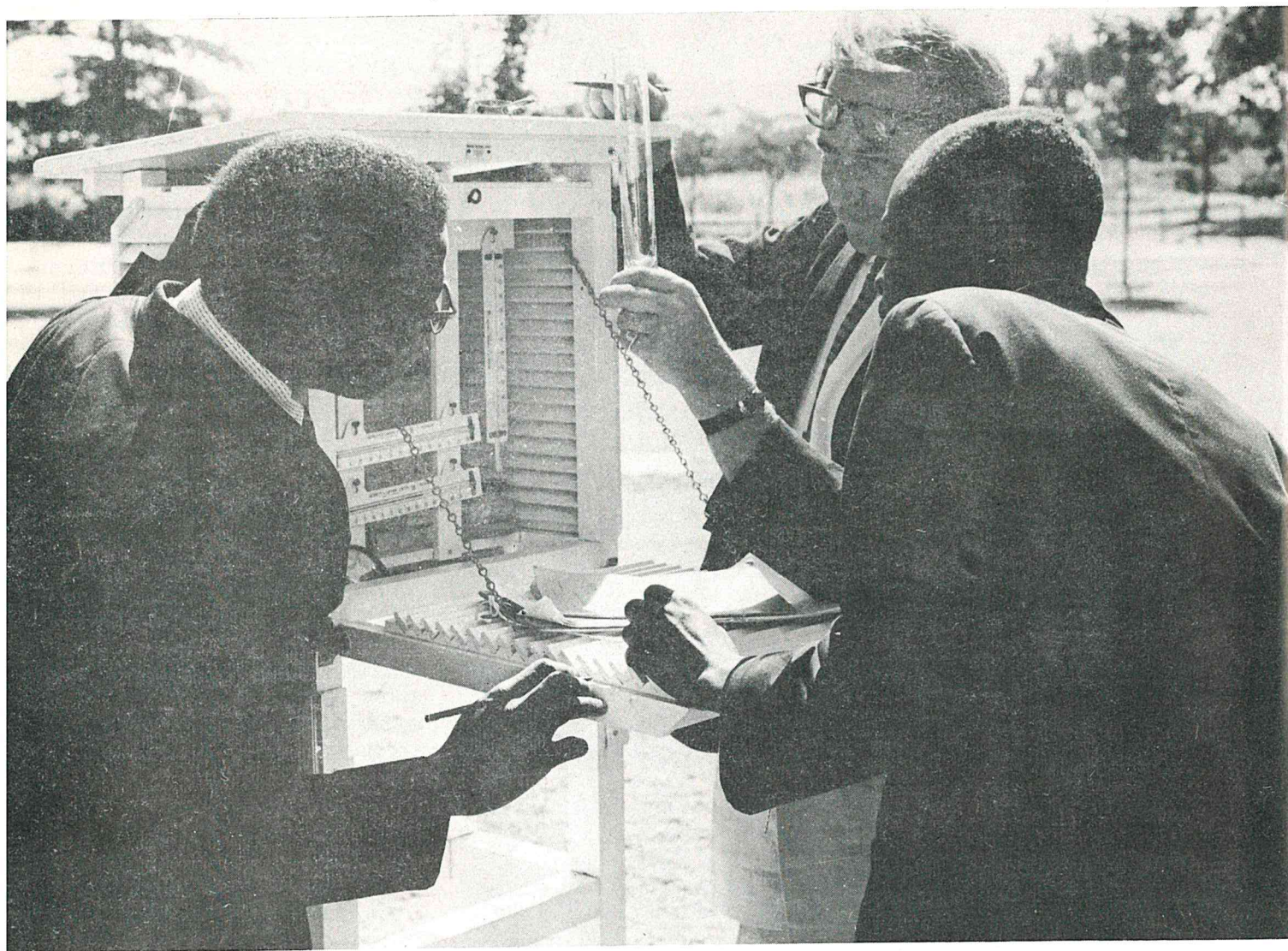
Met Station No. 9136/199

John Say, the second Geography teacher in Strathmore following Patrick Ferguson, was as interested in weather as Patrick was in geology. Patrick built up a fine collection of rocks (still in use in the Geography Department); when John took over, he contacted the Meteorological Department with a view to installing a Stevenson screen at Strathmore. The Strathmore College Met Station became operative in February 1966, with the official No. 9136/199, located at longitude $36^{\circ}46'35''E$ and latitude $1^{\circ}16'05''S$, that is, on the front lawn of the College. Several generations of geographers were subsequently

reared on a steady diet of 'met obs', as John used to call them, taken every morning at 9 a.m. sharp. The 'met obs' include information on precipitation, maximum and minimum temperatures, cloud cover, wind, etc., and began to give an accurate Strathmore weather record which continued over the years.

In 1970 John Say left, and Silvano Borruso inherited responsibility for the Stevenson screen and the Met. Station. Thanks to a friend from Italy, he was able to install a superior thermometer, accurate to within half a degree Centigrade, which replaced the older

instruments graded in Fahrenheit. Strathmore had gone 'metric'. With the help of subsequent laboratory assistants, 'met obs' were kept going until early in 1984, when disaster struck in the form of unknown persons, who broke into the Stevenson screen and stole all the instrumentation, thus leaving the met station a hollow shell. The white Stevenson screen still exists, but bereft of innards and useless. Strathmore Met Station, official No. 9136/199, has temporarily ceased operations. As soon as we receive the new instruments, 'met obs' at 9 a.m. will begin once again.



The New Kenya

I first read George Orwell's novel "1984" as a Form 2 teenager in 1960; it sounded real fiction. As far as I was concerned, Orwell might as well have been talking of the year 3000. A quarter of a century seemed light years away.

But now we are in 1986. 1984 is history. My youngest son talks of 1984 as if it were in the misty past. But he is only eight, so two years is a life-time to him. Time does go "fast" (if that is possible); I look back at my days in Strathmore in the early sixties and it seems like yesterday.

As I prepared for my "O" Levels at Mangu in 1962, I had already heard of Strathmore from some ex-Mangu students who had been admitted to the College at the beginning of that year. The reports attracted me. When the Principal visited Mangu towards the end of the year, to interview Form 5 applicants, I felt lucky to be among those selected for the interview.



Waiting to know whether I had been admitted seemed like waiting for eternity, but at last the letter inviting me to Strathmore arrived. The list of the items I was supposed to take to the College gave me the first insight of what to expect. A pair of pyjamas, shoes, socks, long trousers were listed among the essentials! In case some of the younger generation wonder why such "common" items were on the list, let me assure you that in those days, it was not common to wear shoes, pyjamas or long trousers — at least for those of us who came from school in the countryside.

The new Strathmore generation needs to imagine what it was like in those early days. For a start — there were only two buildings, the Academic Block and the main Residence with a lot of bush around the College. We were less than 200 students, all in Form 5 and 6, and therefore a very close community. We came from all over Kenya as well as from outside Kenya, and from every race. We were very much aware of being the first and only multi-racial Sixth Form College in





Rugby and soccer were the main sports activities, though David Sperling had already introduced basketball. With his height who could really stop him? We had the answer in Colin Broomfield (6' 7"), possibly the tallest Strathmore student ever. Colin died in a tragic accident on the Makupa causeway, outside Mombasa, during the Christmas holiday between Form 5 and 6. Two benches with memorial plaques, donated to the College by his parents, can still be seen on the veranda outside the entrance to the Administration Building. I remember his parents saying how his year in Form 5 had been the happiest year of his life.

When we arrived, there was a murrum basketball pitch which had been built by the pioneer students before us in a Harambee work effort. In the second term 1963, the court was tarmacked, and basketball grew in popularity to rival the big two games, with Colin dominating the court.

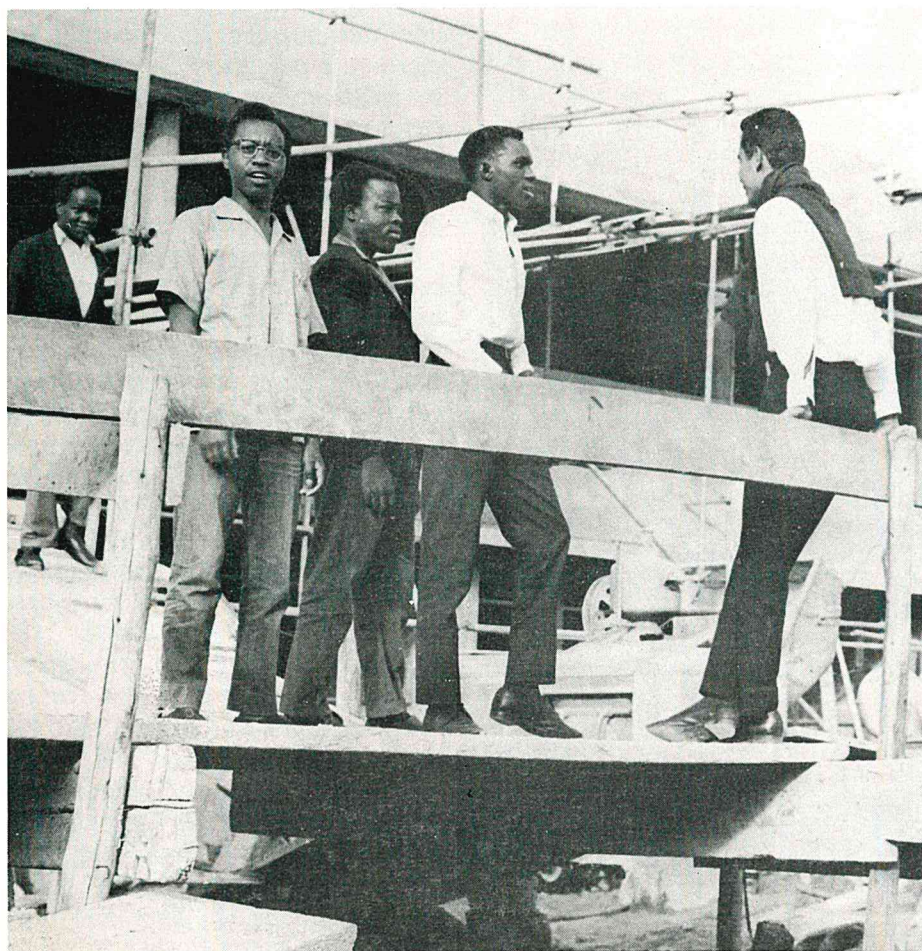
the country. This gave us a determination to make it work. The excitement of Independence was in the air. Were we not the 'new Kenya' about to be born at the end of Form 5 in December 1963?



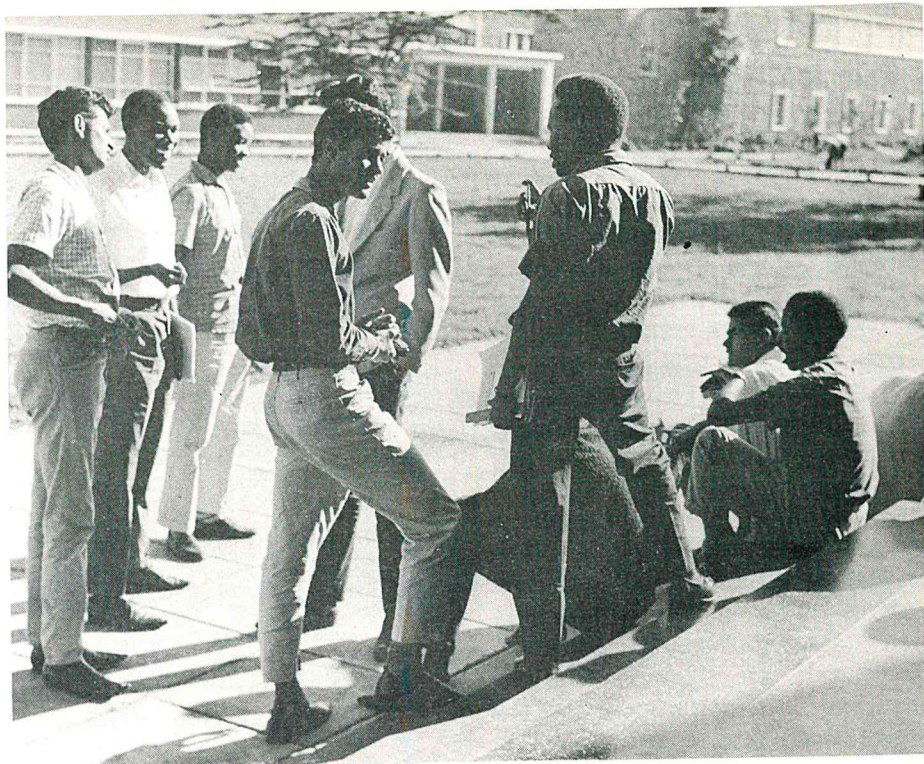
In spite of the disadvantage of being few in number compared to other schools like St. Mary's, Alliance, Prince of Wales (Nairobi School) and Duke of York (Lenana School), we had spirit and won many matches; from our days the inspiring cheer 'One more, Strathmore!' originated.

We had one little van (a matatu really) which masqueraded under the title of the College bus, taking us to games, excursions and the railway station at the end of term, often making double or triple trips as necessary. The catering staff were there, and the food was great — good enough for the teaching staff to eat at the same tables with the students. It was really a family, and family bonds that were made in those years are as strong as ever.

Strathmore celebrates its 25th year as an institution in 1986. Now after 25 years, Strathmore can be said to have "tradition". Tradition is



defined in its simplest terms as handing down from generation to generation of beliefs, customs, a way of life. A tradition started in Strathmore from the very beginning (we found it already in 1963) that everyone's opinion, belief, custom, colour, creed was respected. We were taught to be mindful of one another, and considerate, not to make noise in the study rooms while our colleagues were trying to study. Students were encouraged to assist each other whenever possible. Hard work was a way of life. Another tradition I recall was respect for individual freedom. We had no written rules, no prefects or class monitors, no general supervised study. One was given the responsibility to exercise his individual freedom — to study in his own time, and to manage his life generally. I think this is one of the traditions that truly distinguishes Strathmore from similar institutions. It was in my two years there that I came to feel that I was really accountable for my actions, not because there were rules, but because a certain standard of excellence was expected of me. If I failed to achieve it, I could only blame myself.



Strathmore, even in those early years, was a centre of academic excellence, and this tradition has been handed down through the generations. What is the secret behind the high academic success? A constant tradition of hard study by students and the dedicated work of teachers? I honestly don't know —

that must have something to do with it. But I believe there is another element, something to do with the "spirit" of Strathmore. It is rather difficult to define the Strathmore Spirit, but a spirit is a soul and in this context the spirit of the College is what makes the institution tick.

We students felt we were working together, in spite of vast cultural differences, and we saw the teachers working together with us in harmony, dedication and total commitment. We lived together and worked together as a team — our goals were congruent and clear. Our togetherness gave us strength.

The past is our heritage and I hope the present Strathmore generation, both teachers and students, have inherited valuable traditions and values. They have the big challenge of not only maintaining those valuable traditions, but of creating even better, new ones, and handing them down to future generations. The destiny of Strathmore in the next twenty-five years is in their hands and in the hands of others who are yet to be born!

Wilfred Kiboro



One of Strathmore College's achievements in the early sixties was the successful initiation and development of local rugby talent in Kenya. In recent years, commentaries on the history of rugby as played by local Kenyans seem to have overlooked Strathmore's pioneering contribution; it is possible that rugby writers may be unaware! This short Silver Jubilee anniversary article attempts to fill this gap in Kenya's rugby history.

When it opened its doors to students in 1961, Strathmore College became the first institution to have a multi-racial rugby team in Kenya. The appearance of a multi-racial side was greeted by the headline, "An experiment on the rugby field", and several photos in the *Sunday Nation* of June 11, 1961. The article, by Dave Price, with photographs by Caleb Akwera, went on: "And what a successful experiment it was! The Strathmore College, Nairobi, rugby team has already proved itself to be a side in the best traditions of the game . . . One of the features of Strathmore's play is the hard, first-time tackling. The picture on the right shows the determination of a Strathmore wing forward as he 'takes' a Harlequin player. But perhaps the sphere in which the college pack are outstanding is the line-out. The top

AN EXPERIMENT ON



THE RUGBY FIELD

AND what a successful experiment it was! The Strathmore College, Nairobi rugby team has already proved itself to be a side playing in the best traditions of the game. The astonishing thing about the College XV is that most of the members started playing the game only about six weeks ago.

In their first match against Kenya Harlequins "A", Strathmore forced a 12-12 draw against more experienced players. As a result, other clubs in Nairobi are now anxious to have a fixture with the "new boys".

The men behind this experiment are two staff members of the College, Colm Stanley and Kevin O'Byrne, both playing members of Harlequins. Between them they have aroused the enthusiasm of this multi-racial side and taught the players the basic points of the game.

Colm Stanley told me that the idea of forming a rugby side came during PT classes at the college when scratch games were organised.

The average age of the team is

Story: Dave Price

Pictures: Caleb

Akwera

about 18 but, despite the fact that they are beginners, the whole side has terrific enthusiasm and "latent rugby qualities."

One of the features of Strathmore's play is the hard, first time tackling. The picture on the right shows the determination of Strathmore wing forward as he "takes" a Harlequin player.

But perhaps the sphere in which the college pack are outstanding is the line-out. The top picture illustrates how Ndovi impressed the opposition and spectators with

his fine, high jumping.

Colm Stanley realises there is still much to be done to improve the team. More incisive attacking and stronger forward play in the tight scrums are top of the "wanted" list.

But the lack of a ground hampers further training and practice. The College has the use of a pitch at Kabete, which they use about twice a week.

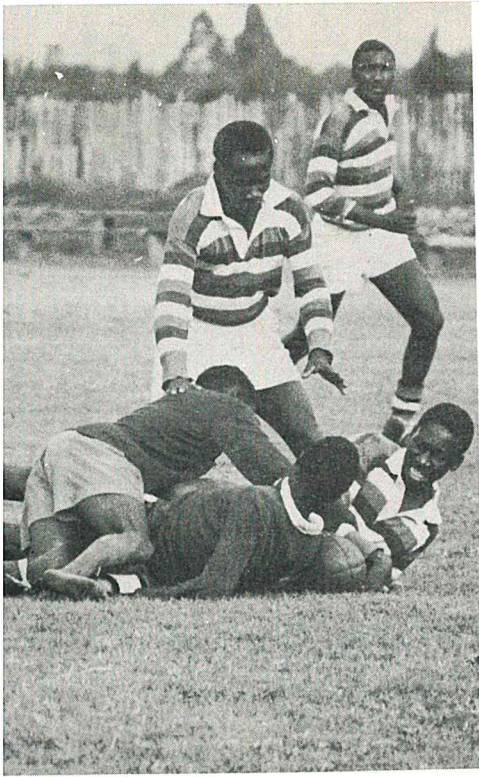
Despite the difficulties the side is a keen, fit unit whose main strength is playing together. This, together with the enthusiasm and approach to the game which has been instilled into them by their two rugby "teachers", makes the Strathmore College side a team which lives up to all that is best in the game.



picture illustrates how Ndovi impressed the opposition and spectators with his fine high jumping."

The *East African Standard* of June 8th, 1961, carried an earlier article headed "First multi-racial Rugby team makes debut", and even TAIFALEO printed a photo (on page 7 of their edition of June 8, 1961) of the Strathmore team in action in that inaugural game which the College drew 12-12 against Harlequins 'A'.

News of Strathmore's rugby team even filtered south, and the *Johannesburg Star* published an action photograph of the Strathmore team (on page 10 of its



edition of Monday, August, 7, 1961) entitled "Study in Black and White Rugby".

From then on, with hard training and the experience of constant match play, Strathmore's 1st XV

continued to mature. In 1963, the Collège won (6-3 in a tough final against Kericho) the first ever seven-a-side schools' tournament, then known as the "African Sevens", which today is the "Schools Sevens", now dominated by Lenana School. The Strathmore side, captained by Jim McFie, included Pius Kamau, Luciano Vitali, Mathias Keah, Chris Ogago, Francis Gomes and Solomon Kungu. The official records show that the next year, 1964, in the same "African Sevens" tournament, the Strathmore side did not concede any points as they went through unbeaten to win in the final: Strathmore 8-Ilboru 0 (1st round), Strathmore 6-Kagumo 0 (2nd round), Strathmore 5-Kericho 0 (semi-final); Strathmore 8-Machakos 0 (final). The Strathmore team had three returning veterans (McFie, Ogago, Kungu), who were joined by Hill, Saunders, Obondo and Lavelle.

The College also produced the first local players in Club and

representative rugby — Donald Gonsalves and Hakeem Folami (Harlequins and Central Province), James McFie (Harlequins, and East Africa), Steve Robi and Ismail Ramadhan (Harlequins). Other pioneers of the 60s were Eric Ndovi, Richard Konde, Mathias Keah, Francis Mayieka, Francis Lugendo, John Okech, Pius Kamau, Charles Magina, Solomon Kungu, Mathias Mwagonah, Alex Obondo, David Kamawe, Arthur Omondi, Edward Moniz, Bonnie Andrade, Charles Owuor, Leslie Mwachiro and a host of others who gave sterling service to the College and the game of rugby football in those early days.

In July 1963 Strathmore reached the final of the Plate at the annual Nakuru Sevens. We were fighting it out against Kitale, and the teams were still tied after extra time. The cheering was understandably pro Kitale. Then a Kitale player fouled somewhere between Strathmore's 22 metre and the half-way line. I will always remember the stunned reaction of the partisan spectators



Strathmore win first schools seven-a-side

STRATHMORE College A team narrowly won the first African and Asian colleges and schools seven-a-side competition in Nairobi on Saturday when a penalty goal during extra time enabled them to beat Kericho B. The Strathmore side — a mixture of Africans, Asians and Europeans — had a little too much experience for the all-African Kericho seven.

Nevertheless they put up a strong fight and, after being three points down at half-time due to a try by Keah, equalised in the second half with a try from Kenduiwa.

In extra time Keah gave his side victory with a good penalty from wide out.

The losers' competition, for teams knocked out in the first round proper, ended in an all-Machakos final, with Machakos African Boys' School A team beating their C team 11-0.

The competition, played on the Harlequins and Impala grounds, attracted 18 teams from as far apart as Moshi and Kericho and while the finer points of rugby were missing many of the boys showed they could run well with the ball and tackle like tigers. Results:—

Preliminary round: Nyeri bt. Strathmore C; Moshi C bt. Njiris H.S.; Machakos C bt. Kagumo B.

First round: Nyeri bt. Alliance H.S. 10-0; Kericho A bt. Moshi B 8-0; Moshi C bt. Tech. High B 5-0; Strathmore A bt. Machakos C 8-0; Machakos B bt. Tech. High A 13-0; Kericho B bt. Machakos A 5-0; Kagumo A bt. Strathmore B 6-0; and Moshi A had a bye.

Second round: Kericho A bt. Nyeri 8-0; Strathmore A bt. Moshi C 8-0; Machakos B bt. Moshi A 3-0; Kericho B bt. Kagumo A 8-0.

Semi-finals: Strathmore A bt. Kericho A 8-0; Kericho B bt. Machakos B 5-3.
Final: Strathmore A bt. Kericho B 6-3.



when Mathias Keah placed the ball ten metres inside our own half and booted a penalty kick which sent the ball still rising as it went between the posts for the winning points. Similar conversions, side-steps and skilfully run tries were quite common by Strathmore ruggers during those days.

The College motto — "Ut omnes unum sint", that all may be one — played its part on the rugby field where teamwork is essential for success. The teams were coached by Kevin O'Byrne and Colm Stanley, who both played for Harlequins and had representative honours with Central Province, Kenya and East Africa.

Whenever they were playing major matches, transport was always made available to enable students to watch, and this helped create more interest, thus attracting young students to the game.

At this Strathmore Silver Jubilee, tribute should also be paid to those who co-pioneered local rugby at Shimo-la-Tewa, Machakos, Kagumo Teacher Training College, Kisii, Kapsabet, Don Bosco from Uganda and Moshi in Tanzania, all of whom participated in the inaugural "African Sevens" in Nairobi in 1963.

*Mathias Keah
Kevin O'Byrne*

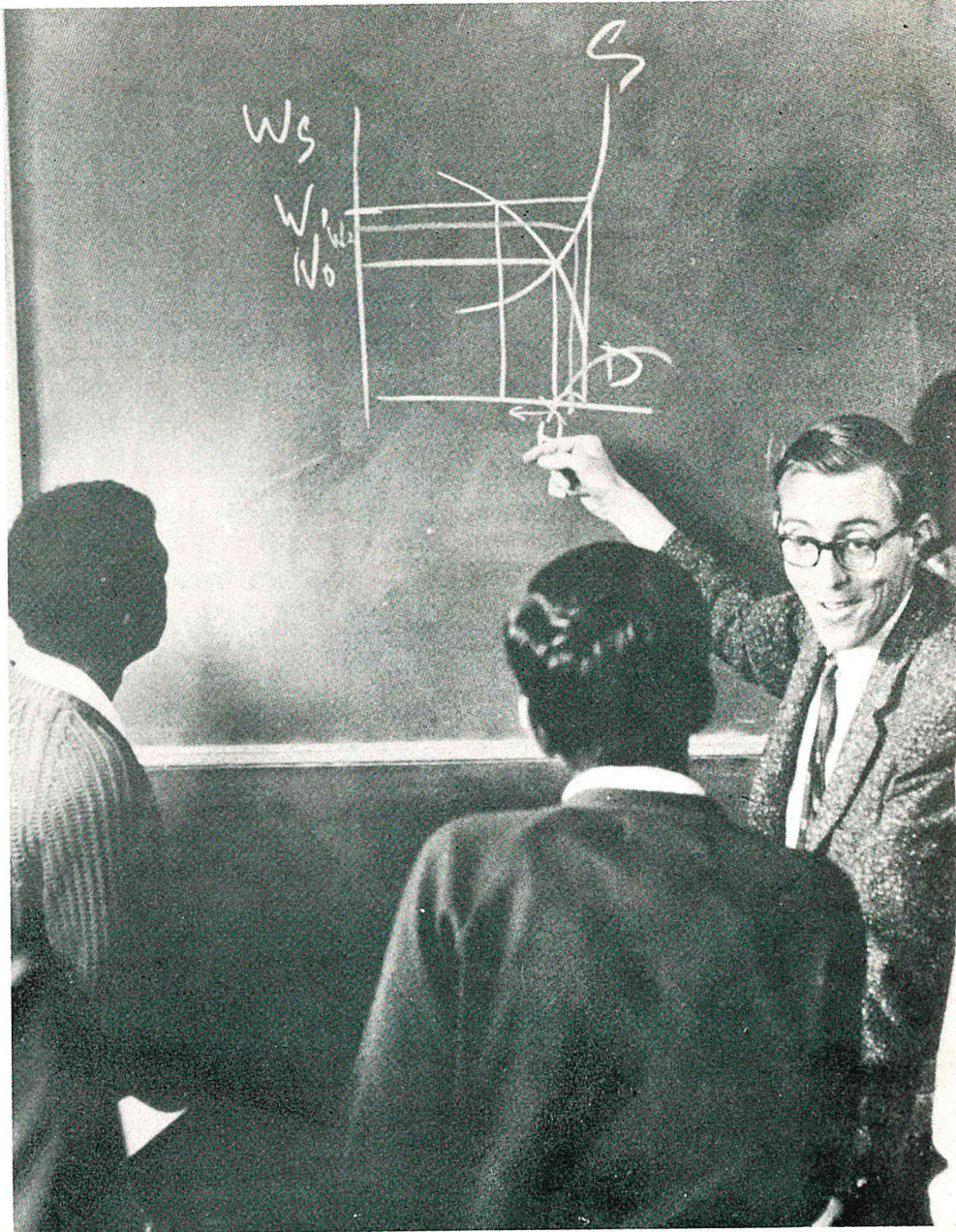
On Being a Teacher

I turned down an offer to teach H.S.C. Economics in Strathmore in 1962. But when Strathmore began A Level Economics, I resigned from the Treasury and came to teach the first Economics intake in 1964. Memories of that time include Dave Hogg shouting and (I like to think) the Staff team winning, at least sometimes, at football. A multitude of faces, names and incidents come back to me and they remind me of the many long-lasting personal friendships I developed during my teaching years at Strathmore.

Although I had only done occasional lecturing before joining the College, I knew this was not the same as other schools. The absence of Prefects, the intermingling of staff and students at meals, the tutorials system and the extraordinary spirit of togetherness — “that all may be one” — “Ut omnes unum sint” of the College motto. To grasp the significance of this fully, one needed to have seen the rigid style and segregation which were prevalent throughout the rest of the country in the pre-independence era.

I learned slowly that the Founder of Opus Dei had imprinted his love for freedom in the spirit of the College. I met those who had met him and those who had constant guidance from him in those crucial, early years. I can remember answering questions for the first time which were to reappear on many occasions over the next 20 years of variegated teaching and lecturing.

Another aspect which I shared with others was the somewhat unique *harambee* spirit. We were always short of money but we always somehow managed. Udi Gecaga got fellow students at Princeton to give Economics textbooks and somehow raise the money to send them. Someone got books from the American and British Cultural Attaches. We begged bursaries far and wide, and the teachers, families and friends, generously supported bursaries too.



We got sponsorships and vacation jobs, some of which became long term careers such as John Meru in Metal Box or the late Michael Syanda in Kenya Shell.

When offered a lectureship at the University of Nairobi in 1970, I accepted not without some sense of loss at leaving the extraordinarily challenging working environment of Strathmore. I was not completely out of touch though, as I continued to teach many of my former Strathmore students throughout their university career.

Eventually, and this is surely a measure of teaching success, one of them, Leopold Mureithi, became my boss as Head of the Department of Economics.

Somehow the memories of those early days at Strathmore are all contained in a general surprise that enthusiasm and faith can go so far. I doubt that the first Accountants under John Hurley in 1966 ever saw themselves as the pioneers of the now massive accountancy training programme run in the College. Mgr. Escrivá's remark, “dream and your dreams will fall short”, certainly applies. All we know is that whatever we have put has been multiplied, stretched and made fruitful.

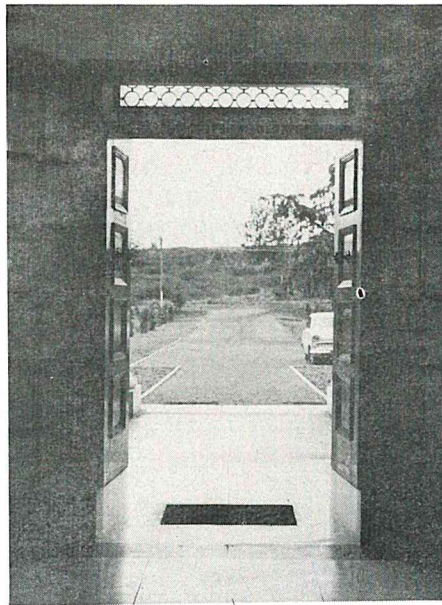
T.C.I. Ryan

A Memoir of Strathmore 1964-1970

It is a rather startling thought that we left Kenya nearly fifteen years ago. Memories inevitably get rather blurred after this lapse of time. But David Sperling has done me the honour of asking for a personal memoir, to go into this quartercentenary volume of Strathmore. So I will do best.

The morning of my arrival at Nairobi was dull, cool and drizzly, by contrast with the previous bright late summer day in London. Jeremy White met me at the airport, and took me straight to Strathmore. Quite apart from the impressive buildings, which then included only the Residence and the Tuition (laboratory and classroom) block, I knew at once that this was a good place, even before I had seen anyone else.

I started preparing notes for the great task ahead, as there were about two weeks before the term started; it must be admitted that an expedition up Mawenzi was fitted in too. My work was made much easier by having at my disposal all Mike Bennett's notes and books; his tragic death from cancer earlier in 1964, was the reason for my being there at all. Previously, I had only done one



year teaching 'A' Level, at Shrewsbury School in England. There followed five years at St. Mark's College, a rural secondary school in Zambia, when I had taught more or less everything else too, except maths and science, but only to 'O' Level. So I owed much to assistance and advice of many friendly and helpful fellows in the 1963 and 1964 intakes. The former thought that a lecture on Tribal Migrations in Southern Africa was rather irrelevant, and they were right to tell me so!

Some people who particularly stuck in the mind in those early days, which indeed proved that I had landed on my feet at Strathmore, included Edwin Waiyaki (who is, I grieve to note, no longer among us), Ngengi Muigai, Patrick Ratcliffe (who gave hints on books and played tennis for Strathmore), Jagwant Singh whom I did not teach, but who reduced everyone to helpless mirth at the Christmas dinner with his deadpan expression. The list could be expanded considerably, and looking through the lists I can visualise just about everyone whom I had the pleasure of teaching. At the same dinner I remember roars of laughter when David in his speech mentioned "East Berlin", an expression whose significance still escaped me then, even though I took lunch in College on working days and enjoyed the young ladies' cooking.

Strathmore had still not added the Accountancy side under John Hurley, though he arrived about a year later. The teaching staff was still small enough for all to meet for lunch on a Tuesday. There was always much cheerful badinage, and many penetrating enquiries would be made into the weekend activities of certain members of staff, "I think you left matters in rather an untidy state last week. We really would like to know more." Curiously enough, Peter McDermott and myself rather escaped these searching investigations, yet were both married soon afterwards. I shall always remember being set to carve a suckling pig at the wedding reception, in College, for Peter and Lally; I did not do it very well. At the staff lunches, Silvano would be asked his opinion of a certain wine: "It's all right," he would say with a critical frown, "probably mainly dates and apples, with a few grapes."

So the years rolled on, and the blokes came and went; very great fun it was, and quite frankly the best job I shall ever have. There were changes, of course. On the History side it made sense to have as the special subject African History in the Nineteenth Century, instead of Victorian Imperial History. This necessitated much fascinating reading, and I still sometimes dip into the thick file of notes which resulted.



The Accountancy side expanded, as did numbers in general, and at a certain point I took over from Patrick Ferguson as Dean of Studies. Outside Strathmore, I was also asked to do some lectures at the International Press Institute, and to help with history syllabus work under Keith Hardyman, of the Ministry Inspectorate. They were indeed happy years, what with family life (Gillian and I had one daughter born on each of the three tours which we did), social life, the Mountain Club and safaris.

But Strathmore was the centre of it all, and I do not think I would personally have been as happy anywhere else. We took an extra, private leave in the long holiday of 1969, when I decided to prolong the 3rd tour until the end of 1970, and regretfully make it the last. As it happened, the Ministry decided to end the Arts courses at Strathmore after I made my own decision, so that I should have had to leave Strathmore anyway. (I was particularly glad to know the "A" Level Arts courses resumed in 1982.)

Here are a few reminiscences. One morning an anxious student (I quite forget who) called at my office at about 9.15 a.m., asking me to go to call a certain member of staff who was believed still to be asleep. He



was a good sleeper, though also a good teacher. Another time, during a History class there was a loud explosion elsewhere in the block. We looked at each other. "I had better see what is happening in the Laboratories," said I. Though someone had made a mistake, there proved not to be any damage.

Once I was at College with Agip, my ridgeback, who had remained outside, but I was startled to hear him barking, so I rushed out. There I found that he had met "Ju-Ju" in flowing Nigerian robes; each had startled the other, but luckily without any bloodshed or rending of garments. At a Strathmore 'away' match against Alliance, David's shouts of "Strathmore, way to Go!" vied with cries of "Ju-Ju!", the latter being then something of a novelty.

From 1968 onwards I was also doing research on the history of the Carrier Corps; all the kind friends who helped so freely with any aspect of this, especially the field research, will be glad to know that at long last the book is about to be published by Greenwood Press, Connecticut; the camera-ready master copy is actually on my desk as I type this. "About time, too," they may well say. But it has been very hard to produce a publishable draft — three have been done all told — and to

find a publisher. It should follow this volume fairly closely. My debt to all who helped is immeasurable, and is fully acknowledged in the book. We had many enjoyable excursions into the country areas of Machakos, Kiambu, Murang'a Nyeri, Nyanza and Kilifi, meeting many interesting people, including the relations of several friends: Ezekiel Musau, Aloysius Ongutu, Ngure Mwaniki, Peter Kinyanjui, Felix Osodo, Fred Katule and Mathias Mwagonah. Undoubtedly the most eminent was Aloysius' grandfather, Senior Chief Jonathan Okwirri. All this, and their reminiscences, greatly enriched both the book, and our time in Kenya, for which we are particularly grateful. Some other researcher — I forget his name — acknowledged his debt to "the kindly *wazee* of Kenya." So do I.

Resettling in Britain is never easy, but Gillian and I were lucky in having a home base in a very beautiful part of the country where I was also fortunate to get a job, which, though not as high-powered as Strathmore, has always been very pleasant, and at a well-run school. My pupils are mostly country-bred, and not all that unlike Kenya people, in their attachment to the land. From my study window I can



see the Roman road which runs through the valley, laid out probably for the campaigns against Caradoc or Caratacus, the British hero who led our ancestors in an unsuccessful struggle against the might of Rome. For centuries the Welsh Marches, as this area is called, formed a colonial frontier. Africa shows one so many new ways of looking at things.

Kenya generally, and Strathmore in particular, is showing how the different peoples of an often bitterly divided world can work happily together to a common goal. This happy harmony was always evident at Strathmore, and more than anything else made life and work there so joyful. It is the will of God for his people, and a gift of the Holy Spirit. Strathmore draws much of her strength from this very diversity, under the inspired leadership of David Sperling. What fun it was being there, with that truly international staff, and all the Kamba, and Kikuyu, Meru and Kalenjin, Luo, Luyia, Kisii, Teita, Miji Kenda and others, all the Indians, Goans, Europeans . . . Words fail me! Thank God for Strathmore and all the good fellowship there, and for so many friends whom one would love to have the opportunity of seeing again.

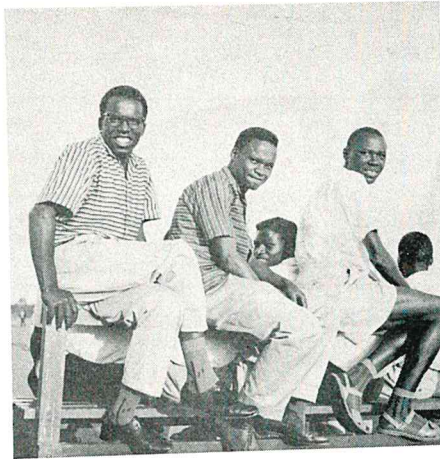
Geoffrey Hodges



A Sportsman of the Year

Strathmore proved to be a turning point in my life. Before coming to the College I was used to the prefect-student relationship in Secondary schools, where the student had very little say, if any, about what he thought was good for himself, and the Prefects had almost absolute authority. In Strathmore things were different. Students' views were sought in matters affecting them, and students had personal tutors to advise and guide them on all aspects of life.

It was at Strathmore that I became a boarding student for the first time, and what I experienced there prepared me well for later life. Teacher-student relationships were excellent. We ate the same meals together, joked together, and had common objectives. The whole environment was conducive to the discovering and tapping of hidden or obvious potential (both academic and sporting). In fact, we students were encouraged to excel in both.

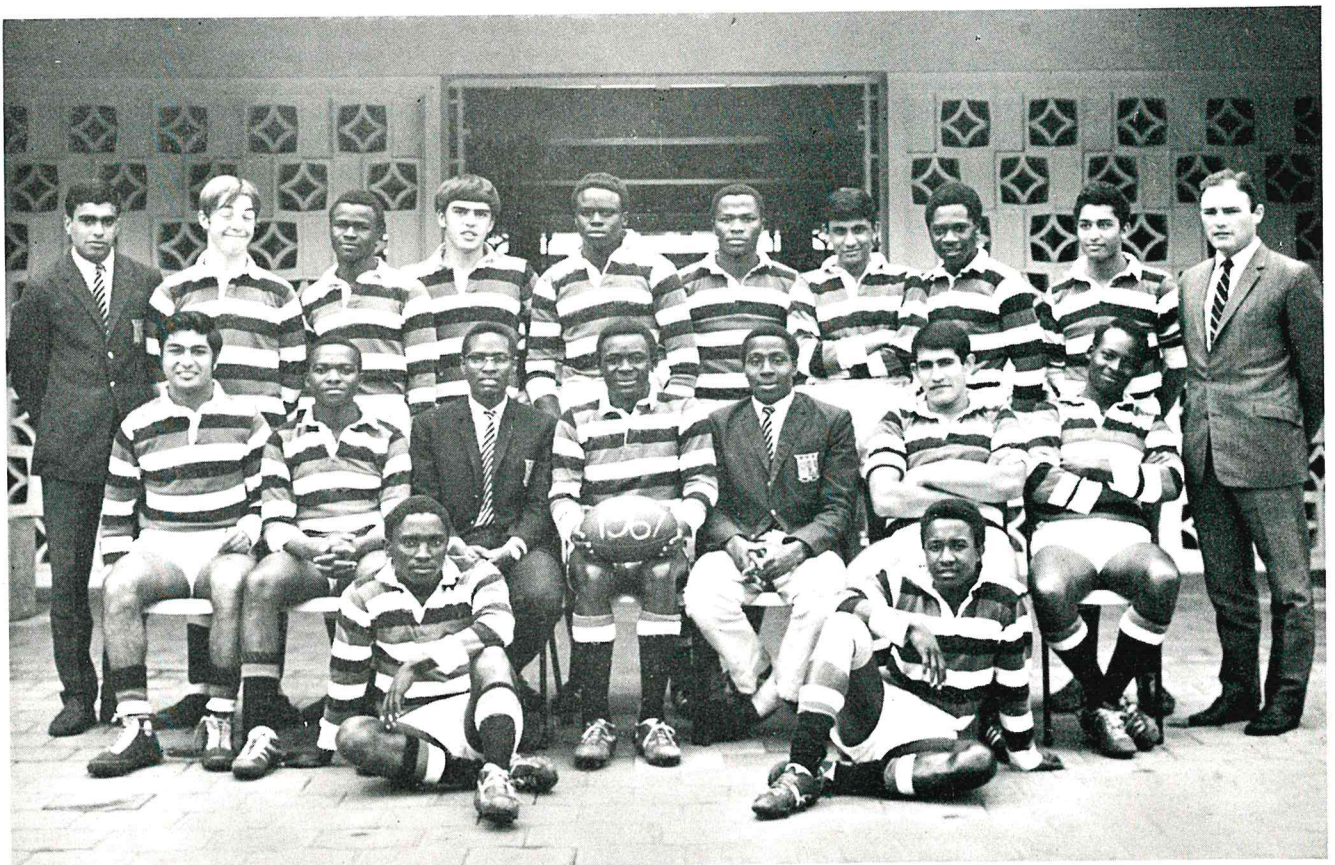


Being a lover of sports since childhood, whatever potential I had in them began to manifest itself more forcefully in Strathmore, what with the excellent facilities, competition and environment that existed.

I was lucky because the three sports I took part in most actively were played in different terms, rugby (1st Term), athletics (2nd Term), and football (3rd Term). This allowed me to concentrate on each at its time, and to continue to build up my fitness throughout the year.

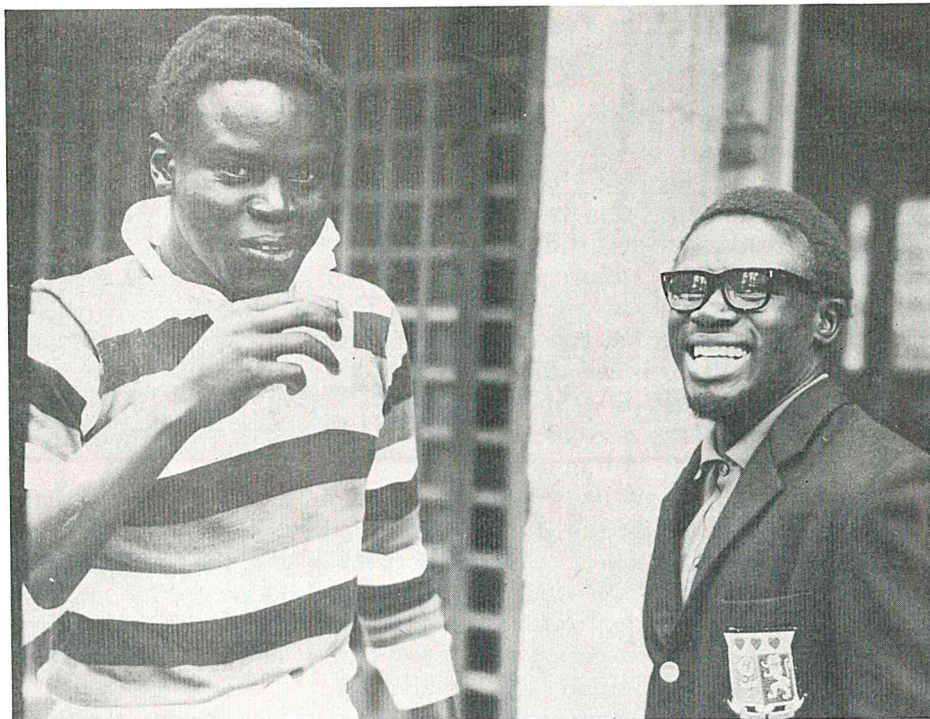
At Strathmore I had a chance to start playing what was a new game for me, rugby, rather reluctantly at first. The roughness of the game and the constant interruptions of scrums and line-outs did not provide enough encouragement initially. But with the persuasion and reassurance of the coach, Kevin O'Byrne, who obviously saw in me what I couldn't see, I stuck to the challenge. After some time rugby turned out to be most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable. Our stiffest competition came from the Rift Valley Academy (RVA) who then boasted some of the fastest, fittest and toughest players. It had always been my burning desire to "hammer" them, but somehow that eluded us.

Other competition came from St. Mary's, Nairobi School, Lenana and, to a lesser extent, Alliance High School, where rugby had been introduced more recently. There was always good team spirit among our players in the rugby team. I remember my fellow backs, John Liboyi, Charles Owuor, Arthur Omondi, Hakeem Folami, Steve



Robi (our scrum half), Bonnie Andrade and Edward Moniz, to mention only a few, and all the forwards, too numerous to mention, who on many occasions made it possible for us to move the ball over the line. Because of our exposure and good play, some of us were asked, through Kevin O'Byrne, to play for the big teams of the day such as Harlequins Rugby Club. In this we were preceded by other, earlier pioneers of rugby at Strathmore, like Mathias Keah.

I was fortunate because I joined Strathmore just when Athletics began to come into its own, under the experienced guidance of Peter McDermott. My speciality was in the sprints (then 100 yards and 220 yards — Kenya had not yet gone metric) and the long jump. At Strathmore competition in the sprints came from Ambrose Ahonobadha, Hakeem Folami, Isaiah Walumbe and Bonnie Andrade, and in the long jump from Aloysius Ongutu. In outside competition with other schools, with Sports Clubs (like Stima) and the University, we always received the best and wholehearted support from fellow students and teachers, who cheered us on in typical Strathmore spirit, even when we did not appear to be doing particularly well. That was really inspiring to us participants.



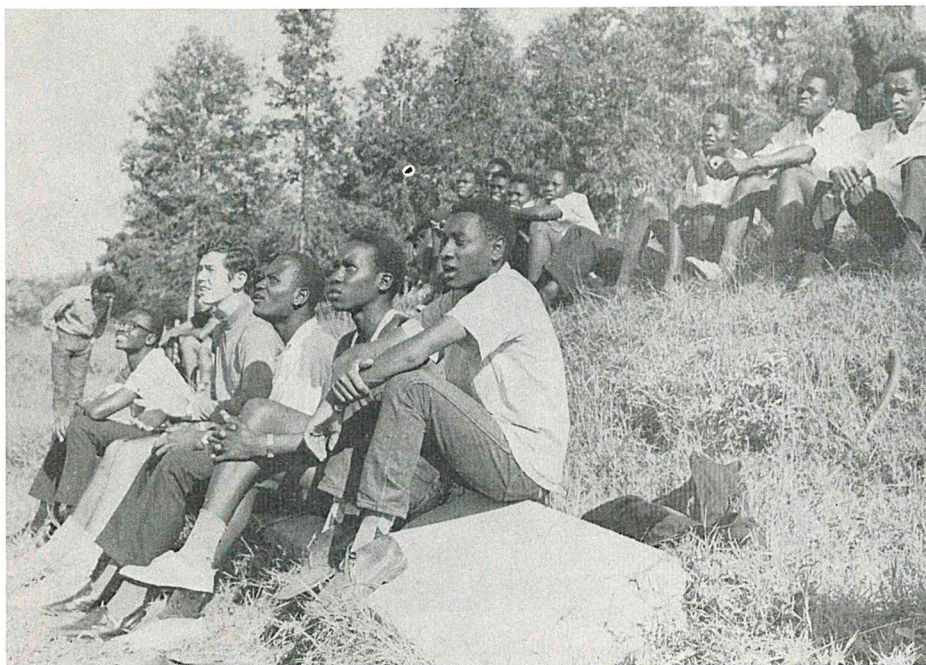
In my first meet against Aquinas and G.N. Secondary (which was in fact the first Athletics Triangular the College had ever competed in), I managed to win the 100-yard dash in 10.3 seconds, breaking the College record of 10.5 seconds which had been set the year before by Charles Oduor in the internal College Championships.

In our second Athletics meet, against strong competition from Kenyatta College Secondary School and Stima Sports Club, I was beaten

in both sprints but I was pleasantly surprised to set new College records of 10.2 in 100 yards and 23.0 in 220 yards. I notice from the College All-time lists that others faster than I have since broken my records. This is indeed what a true athlete aspires to, that others after him may meet the challenge and raise the standards higher still.

Soccer has always been my favourite sport, To be a good soccer player, among the essential qualities needed are speed and stamina (not to mention natural skill and physical strength). I found the speed and strength acquired through rugby and athletics to be ready assets when playing football. In 1966, we had a formidable football team, which was a thorn in the flesh of any team of the time. Among the players were Arthur Omondi, William Olotch, James Lagho, Willie Mutunga, Steve Robi, Joseph Ouma and Joseph Kalio, to mention only a few.

With this combination we always found that we could virtually do anything with the ball at our opponent's expense. By the end of the Nairobi Schools' League, we had accumulated a 30-9 goal average, losing only one game, to Aquinas, the Nairobi Provincial champions. Football at Strathmore, and indeed anywhere, was the most popular



sport, particularly when we met our traditional rivals — Alliance High School. Nothing mattered more during those times. We always had almost the entire College community turning up to watch, led the Principal, David Sperling, towering over everyone else and asking more from Strathmore. The echo of “one more, Strathmore” still lingers in my mind to this day. And more did come, in a most spectacular and exciting manner, to leave the community entirely satisfied and in a festive mood at the end. We thrived in that kind of atmosphere and produced our absolute best.

It was therefore no wonder that the better College players became poaching victims of the big football clubs in the country. Luo Union (later to become Gor Mahia) enlisted the services of Omondi, Olotch and myself on week-ends. Liverpool, from Mombasa, sent special emissaries to lure me to play for them, which I did for sometime. Temptations became overwhelming. Strathmore became a springboard. It did not take long before I was selected into the National Team. But it was to be a short tour. As we were in residential training in Mombasa, preparing to go to Somalia, a message came through that made me abandon training to go to the University of Dar-es-Salaam. I left with mixed feelings. Education won the day.

While I was in Dar-es-Salaam I played for the University team, and during the holidays for Simba Sports Club (then Sunderland Sports Club). That was the high point of my soccer career. And it all came about from the solid foundation of training, experience and sportsmanship built at Strathmore.

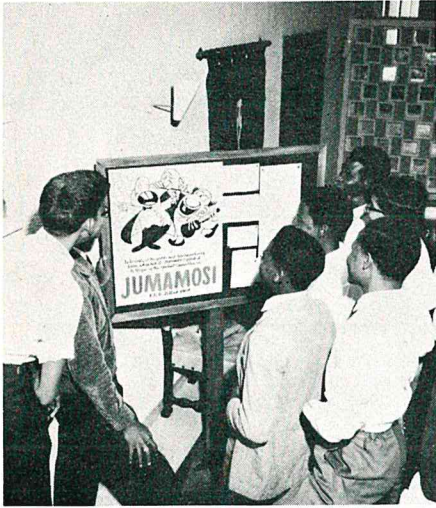
Looking back, I can safely say that it was the exposure and challenge of life at Strathmore that helped me to develop my academic and sporting potential. The unique Strathmore environment provides for an instant sense of maturity and responsibility. The harmonious integration of all members of the College community, from the oldest



to the youngest, from the most senior to the most junior, regardless of tribe, race, nationality or religious belief, should indeed be the envy of the United Nations. My appeal to the past, present and future students is for them to support Strathmore's efforts to uphold noble values, from which the whole world stands to benefit.

Ismail Ramadhan





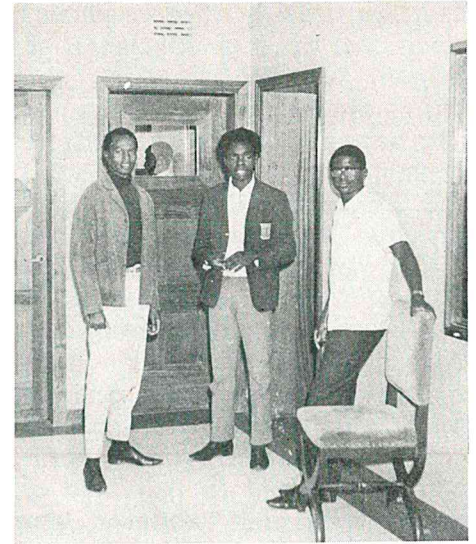
Freedom and Responsibility

There was a time, until not very long ago, when education was considered a 'do as you are told' affair. You were supposed to listen to one of your elders, assume that what he did and said was right, and make an effort to imitate him as best you could.

We may call this the 'total control' approach, 'total' meaning that every step of a person's development is controlled, and he is expected to give an account of his every action or omission.

A reaction against this system resulted in a complete reversal of values. It was reasoned that responsibility without freedom, if possible at all, is something akin to a jail, and that this educational approach is repressive. But the reaction, which reached a kind of international climax in the 1960s, went to the other extreme, advocating freedom without responsibility. It was the 'do your own thing' education. Many people have noticed, however, that freedom without responsibility leads to anarchy and chaos, and in most educational institutions, specifically at university level, there is now a spontaneous, return to sane views.

All those who have passed through Strathmore — and there are now some three thousand — know its educational philosophy is of neither type. Following the teaching of the Founder of Opus Dei, Mgr. Escrivá de Balaguer, we have always known that the balance between the two extremes of freedom and responsibility is not automatic: left to their own devices, men rarely see that the reconciliation between the two extremes is not the adoption of one of the two, but their subordination



to a higher principle, which makes possible a judicious blend of both. In the case of education, this supreme principle is love. Under it, and constantly imbued with it, responsibility and freedom are not only both possible, but extremely fruitful, and become creative forces capable of moulding a person's intellect and will, long beyond the few years spent in the institution where they were first learned.

Instilling these principles is not a matter of classwork: it is a matter of teaching by example, by encouragement, and by risking a certain amount of rejection and failure; the risk is inevitable, if one wants to be consistent with the principle of freedom.

There are, and there always will be, people who reject or resist the idea of responsible freedom, usually as a result of a certain self-centredness. Some only realize their mistake when in contact with the harsh realities of life; and others, still fortunately an insignificant minority, seem never to learn the lesson.

What do students see and practice when in Strathmore? The first thing that they notice is a sense of belonging: teachers and students already there consider the place as their own, and treat it accordingly. This is not a matter of great deeds, but of a series of small things done day after day, of asking and giving help in doing any material or



academic task, and spotting the needs of a person possibly before he has thought of airing them to anyone.

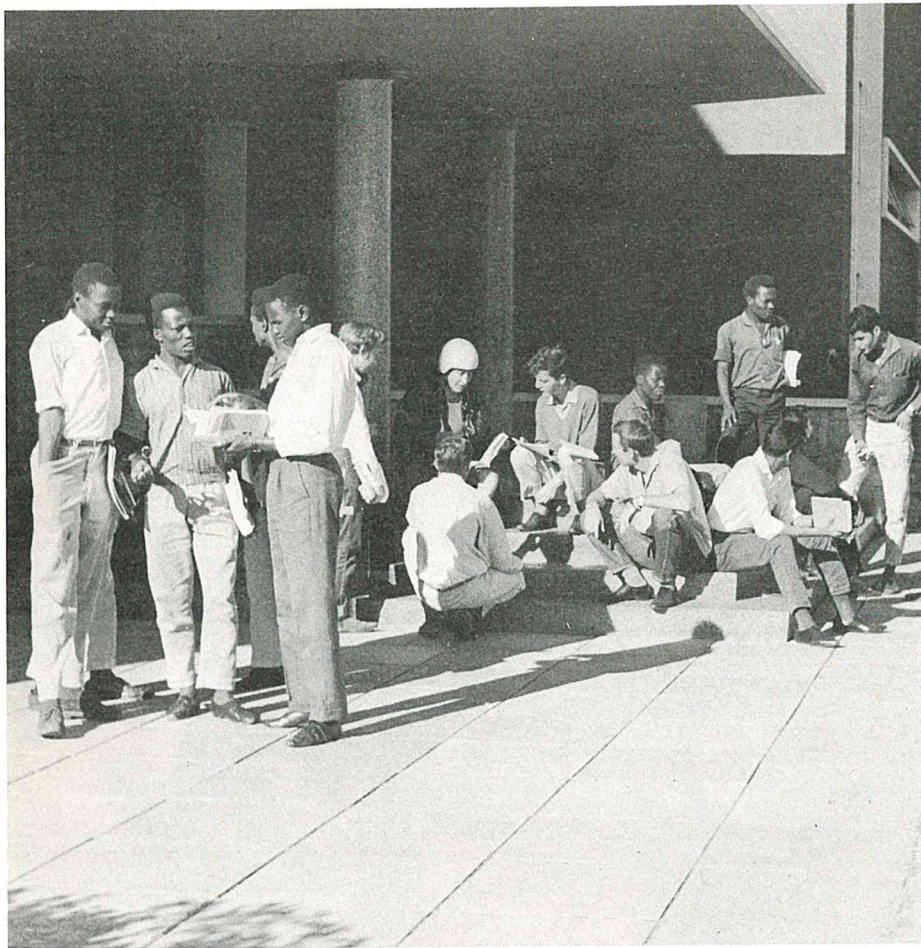
This last aspect is one of the most important, and finds a specific expression in the tutorial meetings. In these, tutees are encouraged freely to speak their minds on their academic, social and personal performance, but they are never given ready-made solutions to their problems: solutions have to be sought by the person himself, with full exercise of his freedom, realising he is responsible for the decision taken.

At the material level, there is Strathmore itself. Despite its having been in existence for a good quarter of a century, the place shows no signs of deterioration; you still find it hard to see a piece of paper on the ground, even during the busiest of times; the common room (no longer 'upper' as the 'lower' is no more) is still polished as when it was consigned by the contractor; the chapel, with all its wood and metal work, is still spick and span; and the class desks, while succumbing to the occasional budding Michelangelo, will certainly give many years more of use before they are consigned to the scrap heap.



To understand this whole question more fully, let us see what happens to the student who has been educated in the 'do as you are told' environment. Quite simply, when left free, he finds himself confronted with an amount, and an extension, of freedom which he has never learned or been taught how to use. As a result, his previous standards of behaviour, which may very well have been good, but imposed wholly from outside, are subjected to severe pressures and may break down completely. He indulges in all sorts of behaviour, influenced by colleagues, books, places of entertainment, and the rest. He may recover, of course, but sometimes only after paying a high price over a long period of time.

What of a person who has had the 'do your own thing' style of upbringing? He is used to freedom, but

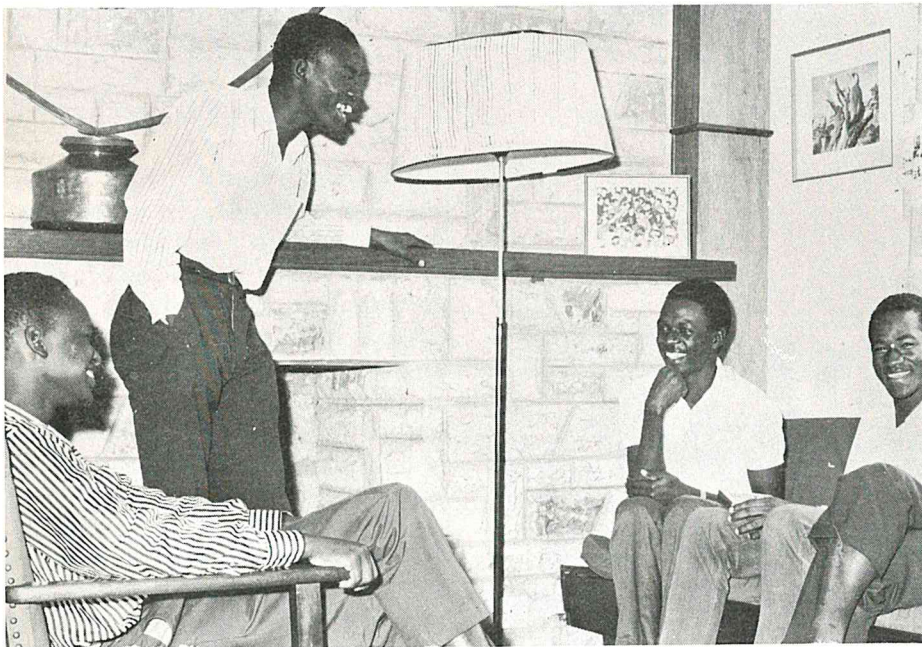


chances are that he will be intolerant of any discipline, however little, and will continue to 'do his own thing'. In the long run this can involve a lack of self-discipline, and a life of aimless drifting, perhaps way short of his real potential. In either case, extremist education will have done a disservice, first to the person, and through him to society. It is interesting to meet old boys of Strathmore who, some twenty-odd years after leaving the College, tell you of their experience. Most remember this aspect of the education received in Strathmore above all else. In the words of an old student, now a successful professional man, "when we went to the university we competed, and lived, with a vast variety of people, coming from all sorts of environments. But we held on: we had been taught what freedom was and what it was for."

When he says "we" it is not the royal "we"; it is "we from Strathmore". Is this a boast? Not at all. This is the simple statement of the result of a philosophy of education completely consonant with human nature.

When education is founded on the real values of the human person, namely the binomial expression freedom-responsibility, both subordinated to the higher principle of love, the rate of failure is far less. It will never be zero: that is to ask for a degree of perfection which is not of this world. To reach as near to perfection as possible is the challenge.

Silvano Borruso



A New Challenge

It was a new challenge, and much of its excitement and vigour came across to me in my correspondence with Strathmore before I made the decision to accept the offer to head up the School of Accountancy, due to start in 1966. I was recently married and had begun to work my way up the professional ladder in the U.K. with an auditing firm. Coming to Kenya to teach would be a change of direction in my career, and I needed to consider my family responsibilities too. The decision was not an easy one, pros and cons seemed evenly balanced, but the attraction was great. The fortunate toss of a coin at 2 a.m. in the all-night Post Office off Trafalgar Square told me I should come, and I never looked back.

The need was certainly there. The number of qualified Accountants in Kenya could be counted on one hand. Discussions had been going on for over a year with the Ministry of Education, particularly with Kenneth Matiba (then Permanent Secretary), who showed great interest in the project. The



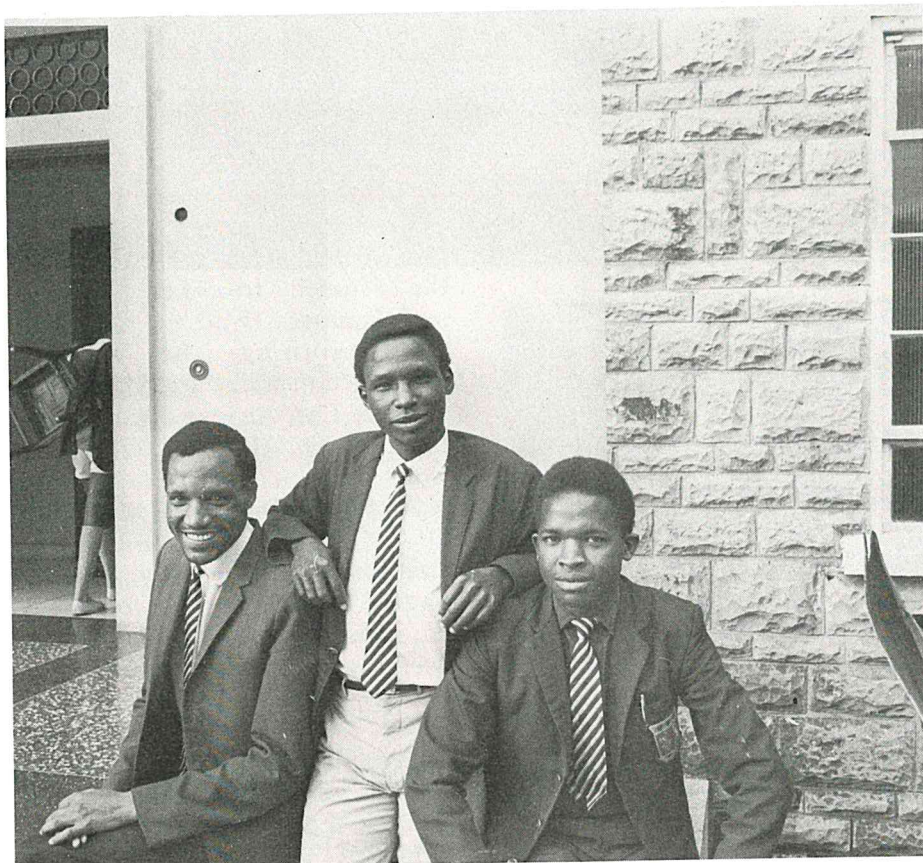
Association of Accountants in East Africa, headed by John Storey, was pushing for the establishment of full-time accountancy training, and several companies, notably Shell, B.A.T. and East African Breweries

(whose Financial Director, Richard Carne, played a key role) were offering to sponsor the first student intake to get the course off the ground, at the same time urging that training be provided on an East African basis to meet the needs of Uganda and Tanzania as well.

Then, in May 1965, approval came from the Ministry of Education to begin accountancy training at Strathmore, on the condition that no grant-in-aid funds would be provided for this training. This condition set the seal on the future character of the School of Accountancy as a private institution offering training opportunities in response to the needs of the private sector.

The boarding capacity of the College needed to be expanded to accommodate the additional students, and it was in these years, 1965—67, that construction of the 5th, 6th and 7th floors took place to meet this demand. This was possible through a generous grant from the Ford Foundation, which once again supported the College at a critical moment in its development.

Since all the Accountancy students were Form 4 leavers on a full-time two-year course (leading to



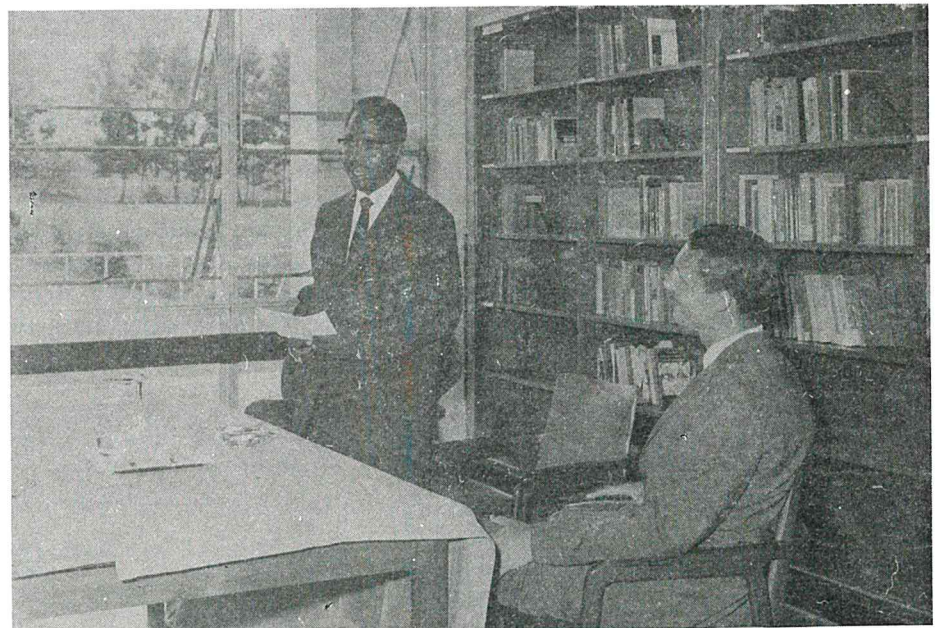


to Kampala to interview and select the first Ugandan students; similar selection interviews took place in Kenya and Tanzania. Meanwhile preparation went on for the opening of classes, with the ordering of textbooks, Library books and special stationery; and relations were established with the Association of Certified (and Corporate) Accountants in the U.K. with a view to requesting recognition of Strathmore as an examination centre of the Association.

That first group of students who arrived in March 1966 even had a pan-African flavour; Sheriff Folami (nephew of Nigeria's High Commissioner in Nairobi) joined

the ACCA Foundation examination), they were the same age and at the same academic standard as the Sixth Formers, but following professional rather than purely academic training. The two groups blended well, each benefitting from the other; indeed they took part indiscriminately in all the activities of the College, sports, Clubs, debates, etc., and lived and mixed as one in residential life.

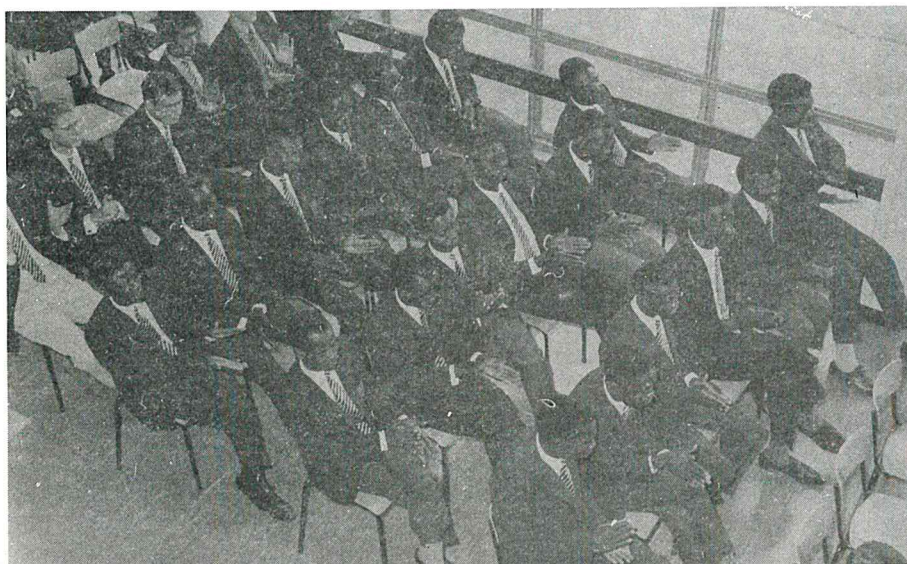
The selection of the Accountancy students presented particular circumstances, since it was a coordinated exercise between the College and the sponsoring firms. Early in 1966 Richard Carne (representing the three initial sponsors) and David Sperling flew

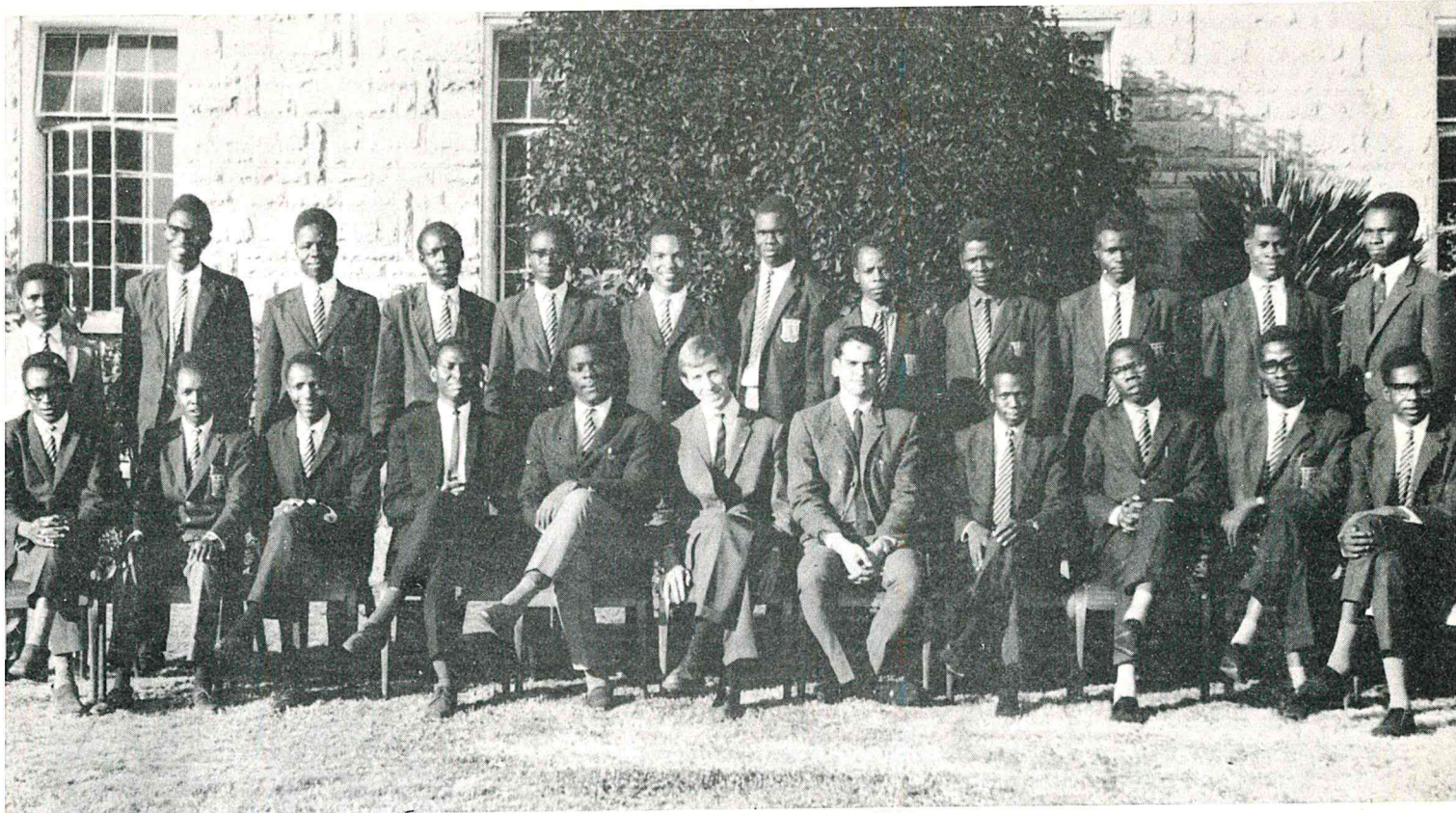


the 24 students from Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. And so, right from the beginning, the tradition developed of training students from all three East African countries and from other African countries as well.

At the beginning of May 1966, Dr. J.G. Kiano, then Minister for Commerce and Industry, officially opened the School of Accountancy. He was an apt choice for the inaugural ceremony, for he had been a strong proponent of setting up the School long before he actually declared it open.

I was joined by Charan Sharma, teaching Economics and Statistics (and successfully coaching our



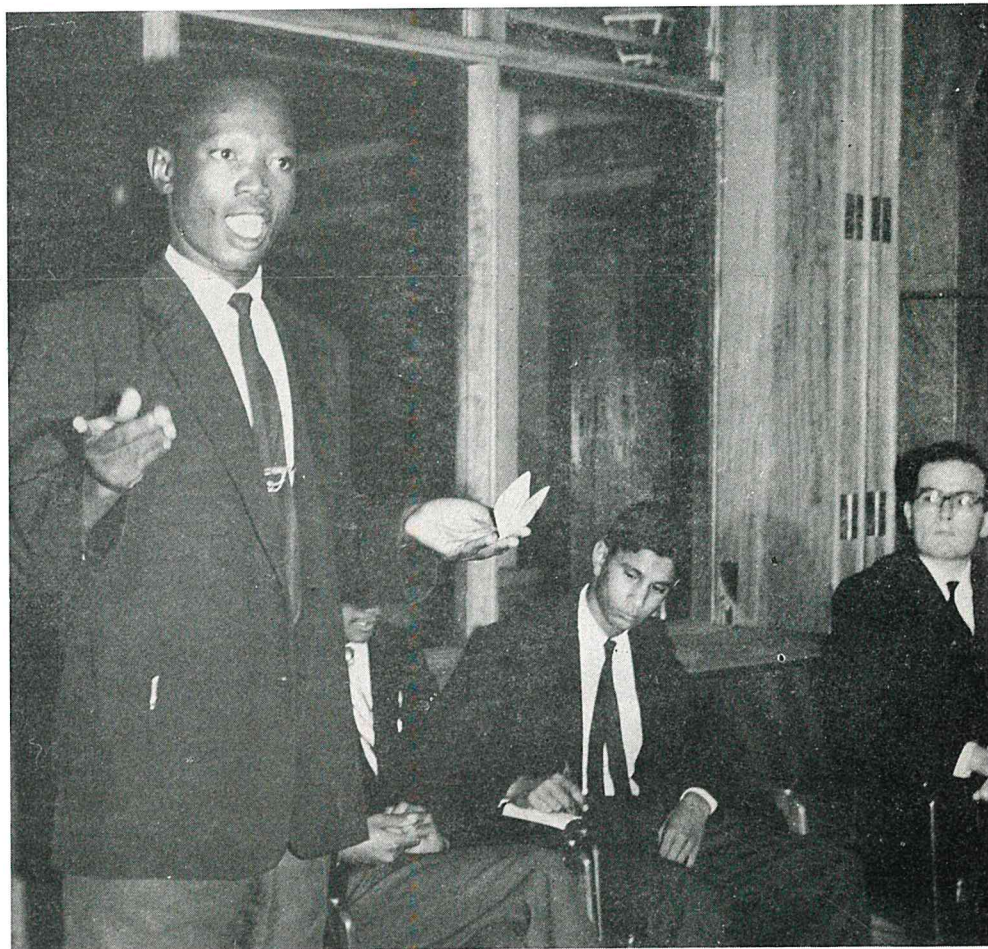


The first Accountancy students — 1966

volley-ball teams), and later Satya Bhardwaj. 'Mzee' Mike O'Brien Kelly (whose white hair belied his youth) came in as our first Law Lecturer, later replaced by John Ogola. The academic success of these early students (with a 90% plus pass rate, compared with a U.K. 30% average) was recognised in 1970 when the College received a letter from the Association of Certified Accountants in London congratulating it on such a high level of achievement.

Over the years, these same students have gone on to undertake responsibilities of which we must all be proud. We worked hard and set high standards for those who have come after us. There were many hours of teaching, tests and hard study, and many good times together too. I feel privileged to have been a part of the energy, enthusiasm and comradery of those early years.

John Hurley



How I Came to Strathmore

As the first class at Mumias, we had no one ahead of us to advise us about life after Form 4 but our interest was aroused by reports we heard from our teachers of the new Sixth Form College in Nairobi.

To maximise chances of admission at Strathmore some of us were advised to apply for Form 5 Science and others for Arts.

I had taken General Science instead of what was then known as Physics with Chemistry (now called Physical Science), though my real interest lay in Science. One day a very tall man arrived, with a shorter man, to interview us. I later learned that this was Mr. Sperling and Mr. O'Byrne. After this interview I thought I had no chance and so was excited to receive my invitation letter, but apprehensive to read in it that unsatisfactory School Certificate results would mean being asked to leave the College. What was 'unsatisfactory' was uncertain. So I booked myself into a Teacher Training College just in case. These were the days of pre-selection for Form 5 (before the exam results)



and most of us had a "dramatic" time in the first term as we waited for what the results would bring.

Since I had never been to Nairobi before, the detailed directions on how to reach the college were pretty well misinterpreted. They read among other points: "After reaching the main entrance, go straight, up a flight of steps. The Bursar's office is the first door on your left".

Now, after arriving at the Nairobi Railway Station from Kisumu, we descended into the tunnel. On coming out of the tunnel, ahead of me, I saw a flight of steps, and I thought, that is it! I have arrived at last! But there was no door to the left, instead it was a whole platform yard with people milling around, some of them asking to take me wherever I wanted. Not knowing the way from the Railway Station to the present Hilton, which was then the Bus Station, I hired a taxi, which went round the town for about thirty minutes before arriving. This was a timed ride, which left me nearly penniless.

At the College I found everything clean, the teachers kind and friendly. Coming from a Catholic school I was used to calling all my



teachers "Brothers" but the College teachers insisted on being addressed as Sir or Mr. and not Brother. As for the student body, well, it all boiled down to be the most mixed of combinations, both socially, racially and spiritually, and yet no one interfered with another's beliefs and we all seemed to learn from each other.

After more than half the first term, my love of Science surfaced again, because I found it unnerving to have to answer questions like "comment and discuss". So I persuaded the Principal to allow me to change to Science. I was given a week to try the change. During this time I tried to convince the Science teachers, especially the Chemist, by studying the current weekend homework as best as I could and





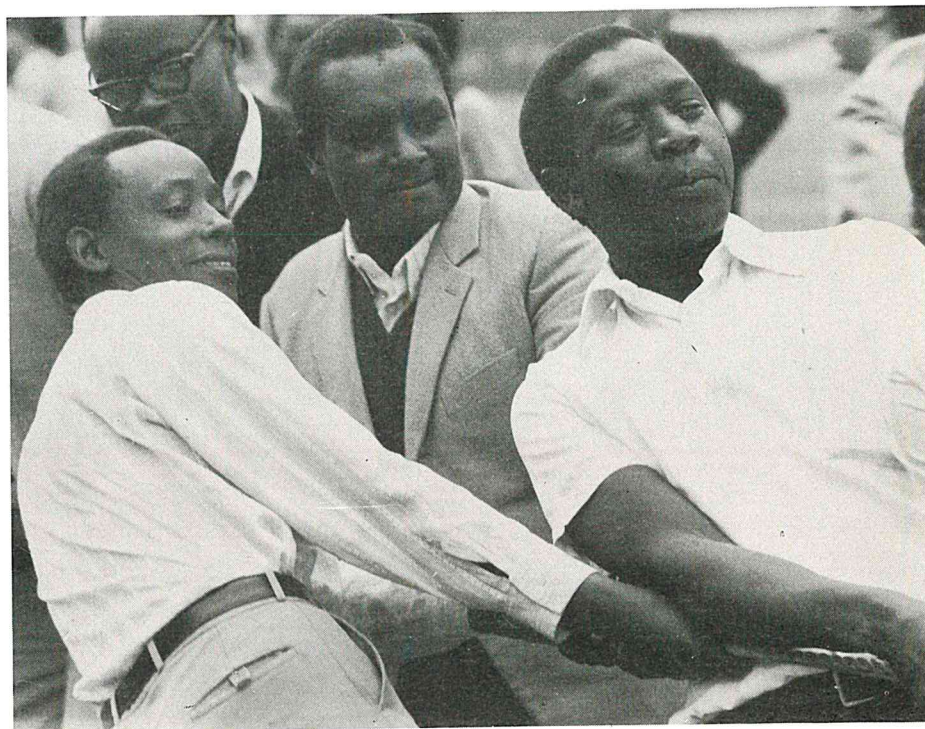
Chemistry in the very classrooms and laboratory in which I disrespected him. When the boomerang comes my way, I won't be surprised!

On the hot-water system: I didn't know such things existed! Of the two taps in the wash rooms, I always used the green one on the right, since I am a right-handed man. One day, I ventured to see what the red tap contained. I almost ran out of the bathroom, as there gushed out a volcanic type of steam. After my university studies, and teaching for some time in schools in Western Province, I returned to my old College as a member of the teaching staff. The cordial relationship I had enjoyed with teachers as a student at Strathmore made me think that there was no more caning in secondary schools. On becoming a teacher, I found that apart from not wanting to spoil the child by sparing the rod, it needs a lot of patience and hard work to provide alternatives to the cane. A sense of responsibility instilled into students has longer lasting good effects than instant deterrent caning to prevent bad behaviour.

My first days as a teacher at Strathmore gave me the impression that the students are far too frank with their teachers. But soon I

answering two questions in class very well. Thereafter I kept impressing him by constantly raising my hand, even when I had no idea of the correct answer.

Towards the end of Form Six, I made the mistake of disrespectfully cutting the Chemistry teacher short by making a boomerang out of his own words. Some of my classmates cheered me but others urged me to apologise. Here I saw that one can never be forced to be sorry! When I came round from the fracas, which was almost after a week, I went and apologised. I said that, to prove my sincerity, I would pass his subject even if I failed everything else! After the results, he bought me a beer since I had fulfilled my promise, and we became good friends. As is well known, I kept my promise of doing well in his subject by teaching



discovered that their familiarity is not lack of respect, and that this open relationship brings enormous benefits to the whole educational process. As a parent of Strathmore, I found that my children feared me before they came to Strathmore; once in Strathmore, they respected me. Since they now hold quite lively open debates with me, they do not need to speak behind my back.

I attended Strathmore as a student in 1962. I have come back as an Old Boy with nostalgic memories; I have taught in the very classrooms where I once learned; and I have become one of the Old Boys who are parents of the present generation of Strathmoreans. In these different roles I have formed long-lasting bonds of friendship and I have observed the many and varied backgrounds of students and parents from diversified social and ethnic backgrounds. One realizes that life in the college is the greatest equaliser. After rigorous selection students are admitted on aptitude and not on financial availability or influence. In the early years, bursaries were made available to the needy students through the very mobile Principal who travelled widely in search of donations; currently Old Boys, parents, and friends who value the Strathmore type of education donate to pull along needy and deserving candidates.

After being at Strathmore for so long, and benefitting so much, I wish only to record my thanks to those who have made it all possible.

Nicholas Nyongesa





The Interview

Most Old Boys of the 1960s and 1970s will remember being interviewed at their Form 4 School. From the very beginning the 'interview' was an important element of student selection and admission. In the early 1960s schools with Form 4 classes were few and far between. Many of the main roads had long stretches of murrum. The trip to interview at Nyeri in October 1960 was an all-day affair, and going further afield, to Kapsabet or Meru, took at least two days. But because schools were few, all interviews could easily be done in the 3rd term.

Initially interviews were conceived as a way of getting to know the students and their schools and home areas, and as an aid to the difficult task of pre-selection, following the initial policy of the Ministry of Education that selection to Form 5 be done before the School Certificate results were known. We began by visiting established schools whose standards were known to be

high (Kabaa, Kapsabet, Mangu, etc.) and indeed such schools consistently placed students in Form 5 at Strathmore for many years (until they developed their own Sixth Form classes). Four schools which never developed a tradition of sending students to Strathmore were the other four which began Form 5 classes in 1961: Alliance, Kakamega, Kangaru and Shimo la Tewa. Only exceptionally did students come to Strathmore from these schools.

As more schools developed up to Form 4, it was clear that excellent candidates were to be found in some of the new, often smaller, schools, and the interviewing trips took on the additional character of a scouting exercise, seeking to identify good new schools, and to encourage good candidates (who often hesitated to apply because they considered they had no chance of admission). In the interviews we were able to tell potential applicants that bursaries were available and that, yes, they did have a chance of admission.

And so each year, in addition to traditional established schools, we tried to interview at some new schools in each Province, sometimes even at schools where the School Certificate was being done for the first time. This broadening base is reflected in the number of schools represented in Form 5 at the College: the Form 5 of 1961 came from 14 different schools, the Form 5 of 1965 from 34 different schools, and the number of schools sending students to Form 5 continued to grow.

Competition intensified as the number of Form 4 schools increased. Whereas in 1961, approximately four applicants applied for every Form 5 place offered, by 1970 more than 10 candidates per place were being interviewed. As the number of secondary schools increased, particularly after independence, interviewing came to involve several 3-4 day regional trips. Interviews were brought back into the second Term (otherwise it was impossible to finish them all), and eventually some interviews even came to be held in the 1st Term. It seemed that no sooner had a new Form 5 class arrived than it was time to begin selection of the following year's intake.

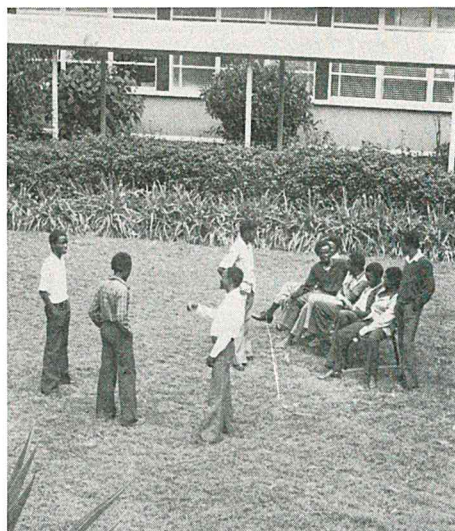
There was a limit to the number of miles we could travel in a day, and to the number of days which could be given over to this work, considering that the interviewing trips always took place during term-time, but it became usual to interview at more than a dozen schools in the course of 3-4 days, the maximum ever being something like 17 schools visited on a 4½ day trip to Western and Rift Valley Provinces. A tightly-organized schedule would include visits to four schools in a day (two in the morning and two in the afternoon) — more than that was hardly possible. After the day's interviews were over, work continued on into the evening, as we would try to assess the overall suitability of candidates for admission.

The interviews had several aims. First, to identify the best all-round

applicants. This inevitably led to difficult decisions of having to reject (simply because there were not enough places) well-qualified candidates. In a real sense, the whole selection process came to be an exercise in choosing the best of the good, rather than separating the good from the bad.

This aspect is confirmed by my personal experience of meeting persons who were interviewed (often many years earlier) and who were not accepted at Strathmore. "Yes, Mr. Sperling, I remember meeting you in 19— when I was in Form 4; you interviewed me but you didn't accept me." More often than not, the person telling me this is a successful professional man who was admitted to Sixth Form at another school. Indeed, on the first day of many Ministry of Education Form 5 selection meetings, I would find several Heads of other schools approaching me to get details of First Division applicants whom I was not able to accept at Strathmore.

As the prestige of the College spread among Form 4 leavers, the interviewing trips took on another important objective: to advise potential applicants of their chances of admission in advance, so that candidates who were unlikely to gain admission would not 'waste' a



choice on the Ministry of Education Careers Form (Form A), when filling their choices of Form 5 schools. It then became important to interview potential applicants before they made their Careers Form choices in the 3rd Term, and almost all interviews came to be carried out in the 1st and 2nd Terms. During interviews students would be advised of their chances of admission; thus the number of applicants actually appearing on the 1st choice computer list of Strathmore was always far smaller than the number interviewed.

Each school visit had its own characteristics. In some schools our academic requirements were

known, and the Headmaster would shortlist candidates himself and allow no more than 5–10 students to attend the interview, usually with the possibility of only 1 or 2 being accepted. In other schools, various internal factors dictated circumstances. I remember one school where the Headmaster pleaded that we interview all 44 boys in Form Four lest the boys otherwise blame him "for not being allowed to apply to Strathmore". In some cases, all boys were left to attend the interview, if they wished, but an introductory talk outlining minimum academic requirements would discourage some and at the same time encourage others.

What of the interview itself? Since we usually had available either the full academic records or the Trial exam results (or both), the interview was not primarily a test of academic ability. In borderline cases, we tried to assess future academic potential for "A" Level work, but by and large the boys with a stronger overall academic record had a better chance of selection. The interview was a chance for us to know the candidate and to assess subject choices in relation to career interest, and for him to raise his doubts and difficulties about making the decision to apply to Strathmore. Once the School of Accountancy had begun in 1966, such interviews also served to identify the most suitable candidates for Accountancy studies, and in many cases to assess those students who could be proposed to specific companies and firms for sponsorship.

The visit to the school also allowed us to know firsthand the views of the Headmaster and other teachers about the candidates, their choice of subjects, any special home or health problems, and boys who had given discipline problems in school. Our approach to the latter was very much one of listening, and then making our own assessment of a boy's leadership and character potential. I remember one boy in particular who was labelled a 'trouble-maker' (suspected of organizing a strike) at his Form 4 school, who proved at Strathmore



and later in life, to be a person of outstanding character and leadership (he should be very much with us at the 25th Anniversary celebrations).

The choice of subjects became particularly important when the College temporarily stopped its Form 5 Arts intake with effect from 1971. In interviews, Form 4 students who were genuinely suited for outstanding careers in Arts-oriented professions, often expressed a wish to come to Strathmore, even if it meant studying Science subjects, but they had to be advised of the inadvisability of such a course.

In the 1970s many new Form 5 classes opened, and a general expansion of Sixth Form opportunities took place throughout the country. Once a school developed its own Sixth Form, we would generally stop interviewing there, except in a few cases where Headmasters specifically invited us to do so. By the mid-1970s almost all of the better-established schools in the country came to have their own Sixth Form classes, and it was clear that we needed to revise the feasibility of our interviewing and selection procedures. The number of Form 4 secondary schools had also expanded enormously, and it became impossible to visit them all, or even a representative number of them.

We continued to interview in a



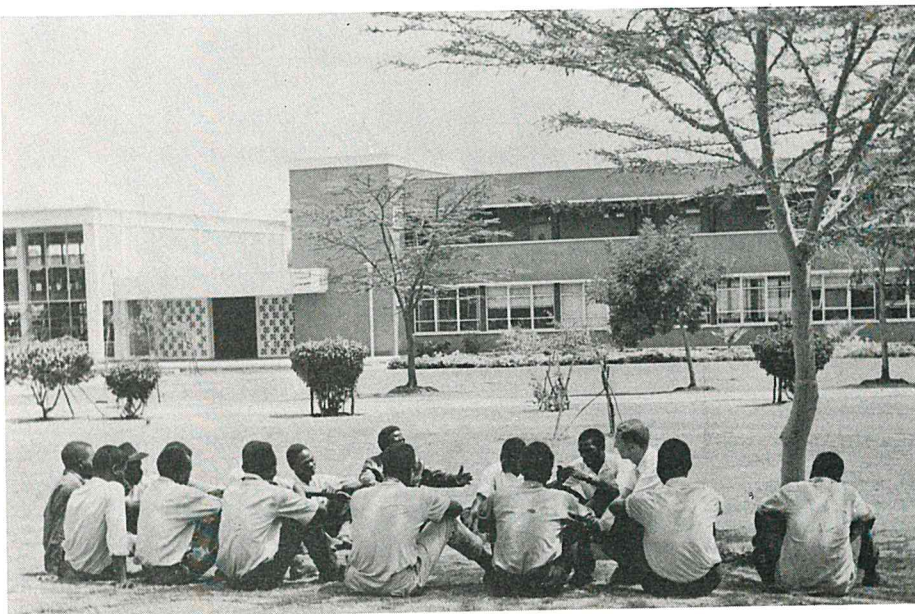
handful of schools, but by and large applicants were then required to come to Nairobi for an interview (which came to include our own Strathmore College Aptitude Test, known as SCAT). Our own Form Four students, in Strathmore Secondary School, were also required to sit SCAT, when they first began to apply for Form 5 admission at the end of 1980 (the year the School students first did 'O' Levels). This allowed, and continues to allow, us a useful measuring standard by which to compare unknown applicants from outside schools with our own Form 4 students. Outside applicants

consistently challenge our own students for Form 5 admission and have regularly constituted something over 50% of the Form 5 intake.

Over the years I estimate that more than ten thousand students have been interviewed at dozens of schools throughout the country, and enough kilometres driven to circle the globe more than once around. The time and effort put into student selection and admissions has clearly had its impact on the standard of the College. More importantly, it has also ensured (within the limits of human error) that the relatively few places available have been taken by those best suited to use the opportunity of a Strathmore education to best advantage.

To those of you who sought but did not get a place at Strathmore, I assure you that we would have liked to accept all applicants, and I wish you well. To those of you who passed successfully through the rigorous selection procedure, I congratulate you once again, as when you first received your admission letter, with an earnest request that you continue to justify your selection by a professional career of high integrity and a life of dedicated service to society.

David Sperling





Sporting Highlights

Recalling Sports and Sportsmen over the years is fascinating. How would a star of the 60's fit into a good team of the 80's? In some arenas one name reigned supreme — Nelson Mandela (1973-74) had no equal as a triple jumper, winning the 1973 National Schools Championships in dramatic style with his last jump of 15.23 metres, while Gregory Mulunga (1969-70) was a hurdler who set records that have never been matched. In tennis, would Rob Farrant (1965-66) or Cleto Dourado (1964-65) have beaten Arvind Kapila (1967-68)? Would the 'terrible twins' of 1965-66, Peter Opiyo and Samuel Ogot have been a match for Robert Ndegwa (1976-77) or Patrick Orina (1973-74)? Would Eno Polo (1980-84) have been champion of them all?

Team games are even more difficult to assess, and in a summary like this many outstanding players will go without mention. Seven years ago (in 1976) I hazarded the selection of two All-Star Strathmore teams for the years 1961-75 (players' names shown in order from number 1, goalie, to number 11): Team A—Fulvio Giovando (1964-65), Francis Barasa (1962-63), Solomon Kungu (1963-64), John Makori (1969-70), Alex Obondo (1964-65), Alphonse Abara (1969-70), Christopher Ogago (1963-64), Hakeem Folami (1965-66), Ismail Ramadhan

(1966-67), George Mkangi (1964-65) and James Chepkonga (1970-71);

Team B — Lawrence Onyiego (1969-70), William Olotch (1966-67), Sefrin Atibu (1973-74), Andrew Makokha (1970-71), Arthur Omondi (1966-67), Zakayo Munene (1968-69), Roman Mwakio (1961-62), David Olima (1968-69), Paul Mimbi (1972-73), Sudi Abdallah (1968-69), Emilius Nderitu (1963-64). The choice is almost impossible, and certainly these selections can be improved upon; many great players — Mathias Keah (1962-63) and Michael Wamalwa (1963-64) immediately come to mind — have

been left out. We need at least four All-Star teams to include them all.

Football came into its own at Strathmore with the 1964 team, surely one of the best ever, unbeaten in schools competition in Nairobi, winners of the Kenyatta Day 6-a-side Schools competition, and victors (1-0) in the 'game of the year' against Alliance at home. After a scoreless first half, with the game nearing the end, George Mkangi picked up a pass and shot the winning goal from 40 yards out. The 1964 team also won against a Nairobi Combined Schools team. Much of the talent carried forward into 1965, which saw us beating the Combined Schools team again, and winning the 6-a-side Schools competition (in the finals against Alliance) for the second year in a row.

Another football team which could be singled out is the 1st XI of 1976, captained by Timmon Oyoo. They had an outstanding season, with only 1 defeat in 15 games, including two victories over Alliance (who were Central Province champions that year); high scorers were Josphert Konzolo and Rudolph Masika. (The 1976 class were not only footballers — they also had the best "A" Level results in Kenya.)

On the rugby field some real stars



The 1st Football XI — 1964



The 1st Hockey XI — 1966



The 1961 Basketball team with the first trophy

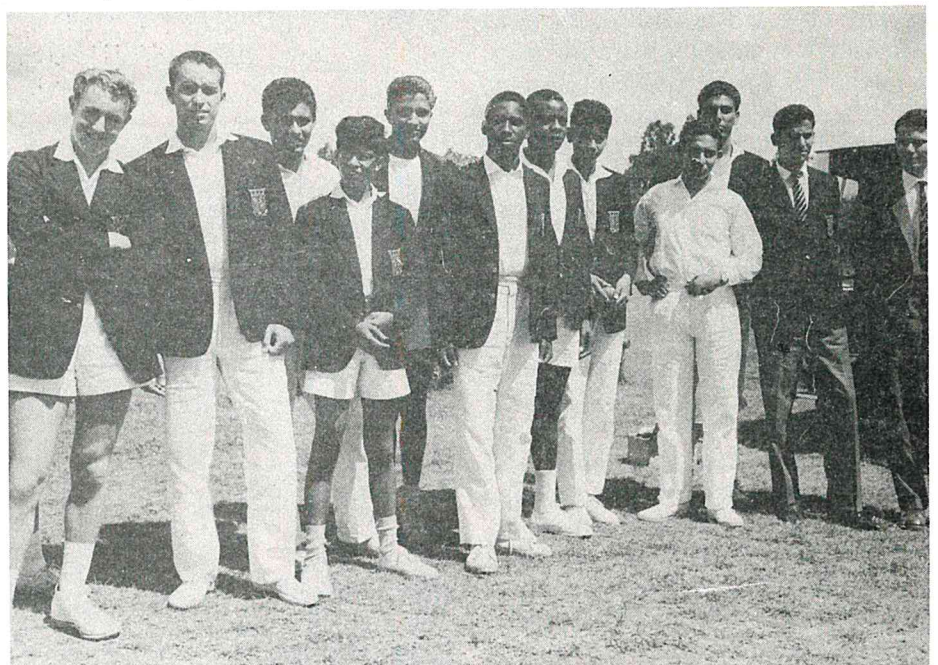
the College in a YMCA-sponsored competition. In 1963, the team went undefeated in schools competition in the 3rd term, even scoring a win over RVA's first team. In 1964 Francis Lugendo (1963-64) teamed up with Alex Obondo (1964-65) and others, for another successful season, which included a 41-16 victory over Mangu. The team of 1968, with Ambrose Otieno and Edmund Mndolwa, scored many impressive victories, but it was in 1971-72 that our basketball team was truly outstanding. Led by Kenya international Peter Okero, ably backed up by Stephen Munyao and others, the team won the Nairobi Provincial Championships, with victories of 79-34 over Eastleigh in the semi-finals and 46-40 over Aquinas (who were National Schools Champions at the time) in the finals. Unfortunately the National Schools Championships were not held that year; the national title eluded our team who were tipped as favourites.

In cricket the early players, Sunil Sarkar (1961-62), Donald Gonsalves (1961-62), Masud Rana (1962-63) and Brij Bowry (1962-63) set lasting standards. One thinks of Donald Gonsalves' bowling (possibly the fastest College bowler ever), and of Arun Nayar's opening stand of 97 against Eastleigh in

were in action, with Mathias Keah, Jim McFie, Hakeem Folami, Steve Robi and Ismail Ramadhan the top of any list, but I won't go into details here, since there is a full article on rugby elsewhere.

Hockey stylists were common but outstanding were Victor D'Souza (1966-67), Fred Mascarenhas (1966-67), Bonnie Andrade (1966-67), Alfrick Birgen (1963-64), Tom Sambu (1965-66), Edward Moniz (1965-66) and Camillo D'Sa (1963-64), with exciting victories in the 6-a-side Jarnail Singh Cup in March 1967, and our Mushtaq Trophy victory at Highway Secondary School.

As early as 1961 Strathmore's basketball potential surfaced, as our team won the first trophy ever for



The Cricket team — 1962



The Volleyball team — 1968

November 1963, and of the prowess of Brij and Masud as bowlers and 'century' batsmen, which led the 1963 cricket team to an unbeaten season.

Walking was the discipline that Danson Kimani (1970–71), Bernard Songwa (1974–75), John Makori (1969–70), John Gacibi (1973–74) and Patrick Mwaniki (1975–7) excelled in. Danson, Javade Chaudhri (1969–70) and John Makori formed part of the Strathmore team which won the 54-mile Nairobi-Naivasha Marathon Walk Relay in February 1970, breaking the previous record by over an hour. Strathmore won the Marathon Walk again in 1971 and 1972; the trophy can now be seen as a permanent fixture in the trophy case. John Gacibi, Bernard Songwa and Patrick Mwaniki were all Nairobi Provincial Champions, and Bernard went on to win the National Schools 20 kilometre Walk in 1975, in a time of 1 hour 52 minutes 48.5 seconds, which is still Strathmore's best.

In volleyball, some of the main stars were Vincent Serem (1976–77), George Muga (1976–77), Sefrin Atibu (1973–74) and Donald Arisa (1972–73). With so many championship teams, it is impossible to choose a best. The 1970 team (James Mwanzia, John Elisha, Luke Moshally, Richard Sitati, Esban Maina, Nathan Mwongera, Simon Gitobu, Vincent Akoko) won the Nairobi Provincial Schools Championship, and had the honour of taking part in the first-



(Below) Half-time at Alliance — 1964



ever National Schools Volleyball Championships held in Eldoret, where we lost to Tambach in the semi-finals. Coached by Charan Sharma, our volleyball team repeated as Provincial Champions in 1971 and 1972. In 1973, with Donald Arisa as captain, we once again reached the semi-finals of the National Schools Championships at Kakamega. In 1977 we emerged as Nairobi champions again with the strong team of George Muga, Jacob Tum, Benedict Kimau, Paul Tity, Jonah Cheruiyot, Vincent Serem and Athanas Mwambi. In 1978 (again Nairobi champs), the team was joined by James Kubai and the Lodwar spikers, Chris Arribo and Lobongon Lopatio.

A glance at the all-time best performances shows that the 1970s were the decade of Athletics. It is unlikely that any team can equal that of 1977, a year which saw records broken on 13 different occasions, and Strathmore's finest all-round athlete ever, Jonah Cheruiyot (1977–78), at his best. Unfortunately Jonah was injured early in the 1978 season; otherwise he might have achieved even higher standards.

This whole list of teams and heroes recalls stirring matches and exciting races with a sporting air and courage and determination. Winners and losers, too. Practice and repetition, effort and hardship characterised them all, remembered with affection and awe!

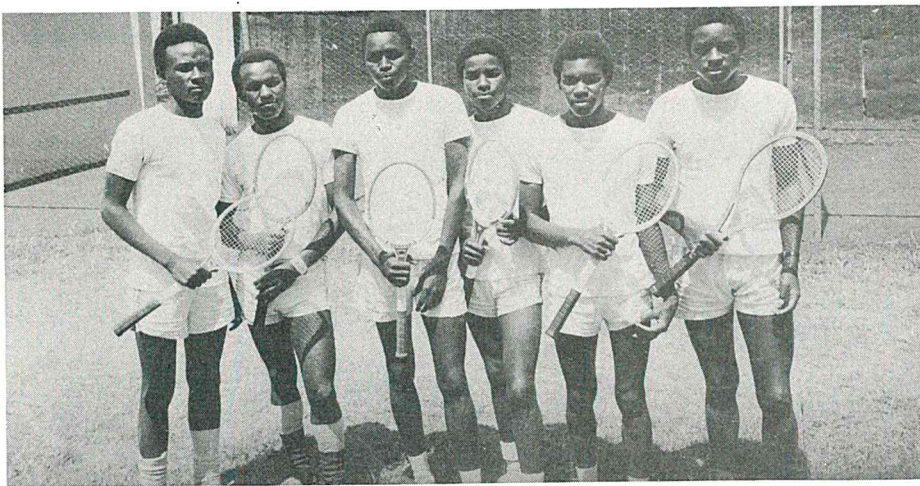
Peter McDermott



The Football team — 1963



Danson receiving the Marathon Relay trophy — 1970



The Tennis team — 1977



Obondo, Saunders and Lugendo — 1964



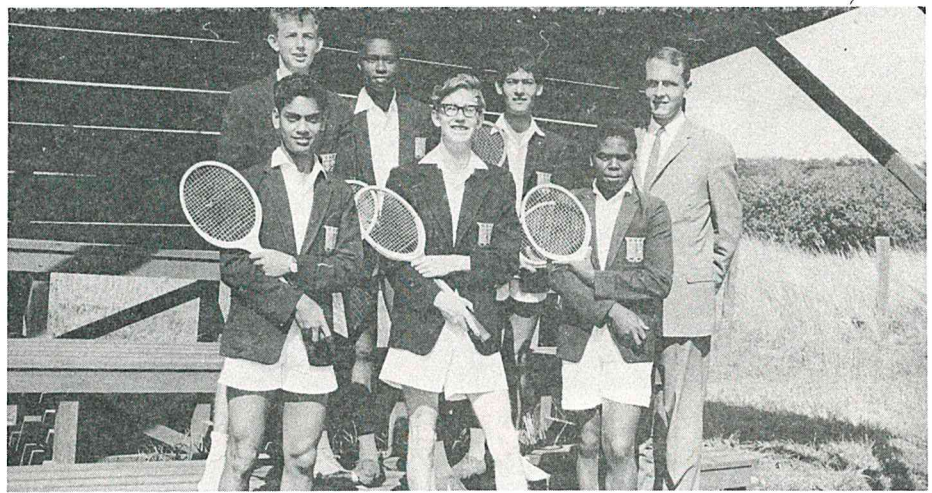
The 1st Hockey XI — 1968



The Basketball Team — 1963

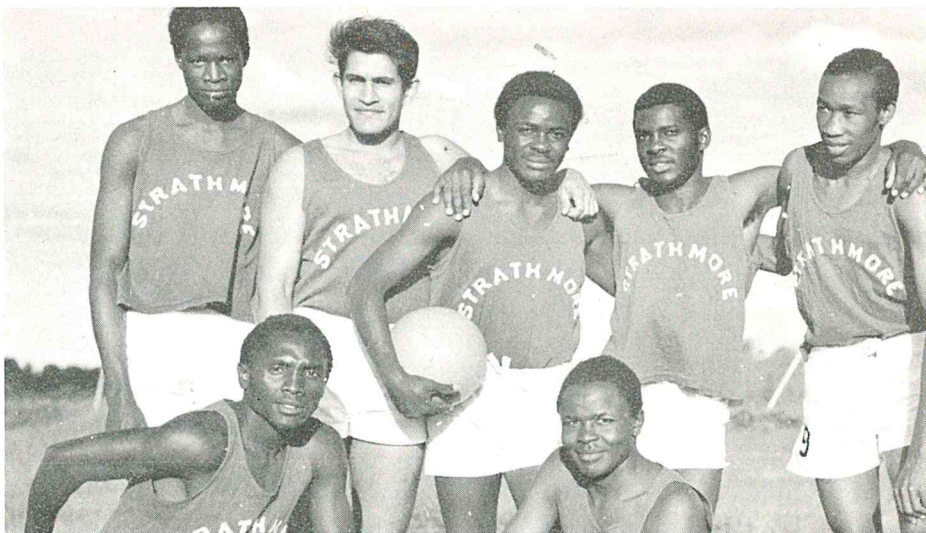


The 1st Football XI — 1970



The Tennis team — 1965





The Basketball team — 1966



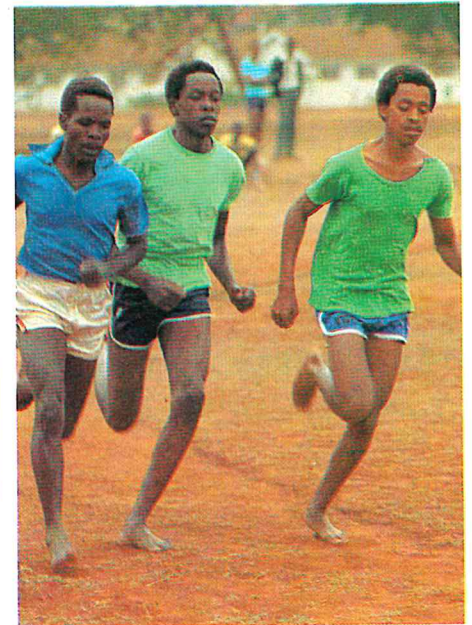
The 1st Football XI — 1966



The School Tennis team — 1982



The Rugby team — 1982



Sports Day — 1984



*4 x 400m Record Holders
Kilaiti, Serem, Belyon, Cheruiyot*



The Athletics team — 1977



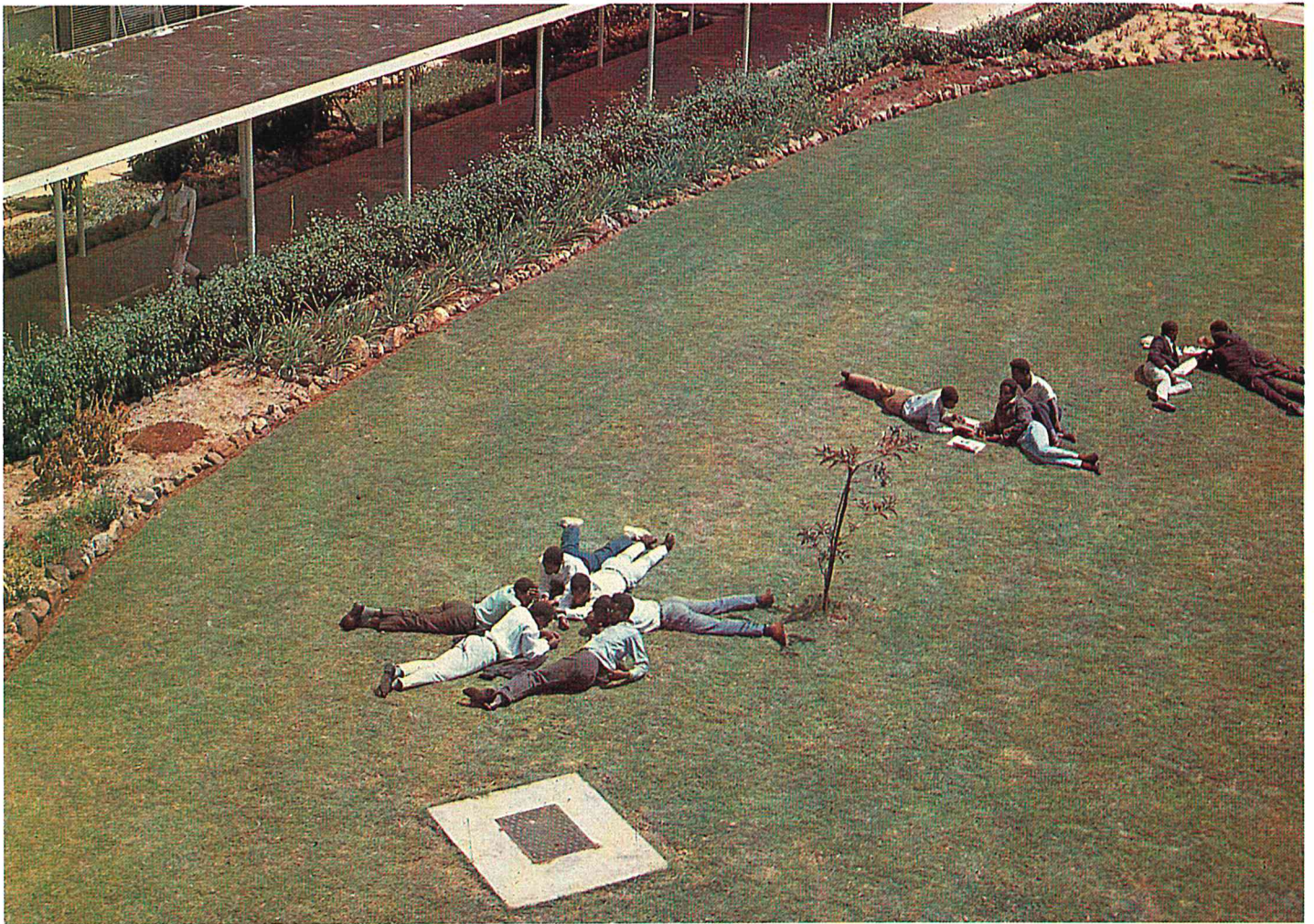
The RAF Sevens — 1966



The Volleyball team — 1977

STRATHMORE ATHLETICS
ALL-TIME BEST PERFORMANCES, 1961—85

Track Events	Record holder	2nd Best	3rd Best
100 m	Jonah Cheruiyot 10.9 (1977)	Ismail Ramadhan 11.1 (1967) Bramwell Ochieng 11.1 (1976) Boniface Onyango 11.1 (1983) Franklin Mauka 11.1 (1985)	
200 m	Jonah Cheruiyot 22.5 (1977)	Josiah Maritim 22.8 (1972)	Ismail Ramadhan 22.9 (1967)
400 m	John Nyakundi 50.2 (1971)	Jonah Cheruiyot 50.7 (1977)	Josiah Maritim 50.8 (1972)
800 m	Daniel Maiyo 1:56.7 (1978)	Gregory Mullunga 1:59.1 (1969)	Josiah Maritim 2:01.6 (1972)
1500 m	Benjamin Kosiom 4:12.1 (1977)	John Makori 4:18.4 (1969)	Lucas Ondieki 4:22.8 (1971)
5000 m	John Makori 16:29.0 (1969)	Benjamin Kosiom 16:34.4 (1977)	Lucas Ondieki 16:51.8 (1971)
110 m Hurdles	Gregory Mullunga 15.0 (1969)	Nathan Mwongera 16.4 (1971)	Shadrac Wangombe 16.8 (1973)
400 m Hurdles	Gregory Mullunga 56.3 (1970)	Shadrac Wangombe 58.9 (1974)	Nelson Mandela 59.2 (1974)
Steeplechase	Patrick Nyagosia 11:16.4 (1978)	Borromeo Spee 11:38.2 (1976)	Alex Baboon 11:55.4 (1975)
4 x 100 m Relay	Jacob Tum, Julius Ouma, Pius Kilaiti, Jonah Cheruiyot, 46.0 (1978)	Boniface Ngarachu, James Bwibo, Pius Kilaiti, Jonah Cheruiyot 46.2 (1977)	John Nyakundi, Nathan Mwongera, Charles Onyancha, Stephen Iroha 46.9 (1971)
4 x 400 m Relay	Pius Kilaiti, Vincent Serem, David Belyon, Jonah Cheruiyot 3:25.4 (1977)	Daniel Maiyo, John Mukhwana, Joseph Kamunya, Patrick Nyagosia 3:34.4 (1979)	John Nyakundi, Francis Kalunge, Josiah Maritim, Nathan Mwongera 3:38.0 (1971)
Field Events			
Shot Putt	Joseph Sitati 10.68m (1971)	David Someh 10.29m (1976)	James Kubai 10.27m (1978)
Discus	Raphael Ngumuta 30.84m (1969)	Daniel Galana 30.37m (1972)	David Someh 30.36m (1976)
Javelin	George Muga 46.00m (1977)	John Mumbo 44.40m (1975)	Raphael Ngumuta 44.30m (1969)
Pole Vault	Robert Runyenje 3.74m (1970)	John Ouko 3.45m (1967)	Samson Nyole 3.26m (1975)
High Jump	Hakeem Folami 1.83m (1966) Jacob Tum 1.83m (1978)	Shadrac Wangombe 1.78m (1973)	Jonah Cheruiyot 1.76m (1977)
Long Jump	James Kola 6.63m (1969)	Bramwell Ochieng 6.58m (1976)	Dony Menya 6.56m (1985)
Triple Jump	Nelson Mandela 15.23m (1973)	Bramwell Ochieng 14.51m (1975)	John Ouko 14.13m (1967)
Decathlon	Jonah Cheruiyot 5568 pts. (1977)	David Belyon 5213 pts. (1977)	David Someh 5190 pts. (1976)



Enjoying the new superellipse — 1967

The Superellipse

The equation of an ellipse is

$$\frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{y^2}{b^2} = 1.$$

Sometime in 1967 I happened to read an article in the *Scientific American*, with a remark to the effect that, if you increase the power in the equation from 2 to 2.5 or to 3, you would obtain an ellipse with squarish corners; the value 2.5 was said to give the most pleasant look to the curve. In fact, the Swedes had already designed some squares in the newly-refurbished parts of Stockholm with superellipses, of

which the article gave photographs.

At that time the 'New Residence' (the so-called 6th and 7th floors) was under construction. It occurred to me that the open area between the New Residence and the large Administration and Classroom Building could be laid out in the shape of a superellipse, as I had seen described in the *Scientific American*.

In those days pocket calculators did not exist, but fortunately Edwin 'Prof' Rodrigues, a walking calculator, was around, then in his student days. I asked his opinion, and he said that he saw no problem. So one afternoon we got the values

of "a" and "b" by measuring the two axes of the prospective curve. With the help of log tables we plotted one quarter of it; repeating this three times, we got the full outline of the superellipse. The surface was then grassed, and flower beds with a rudimentary rockery, were placed all round. Two *mugumu* cuttings about 6' tall were planted at the foci of the superellipse; eighteen years later they have become majestic trees. The superellipse and the *mugumu* trees are still there. Come and have a look for yourself.

Silvano Borruso



The first Form One class — 1977

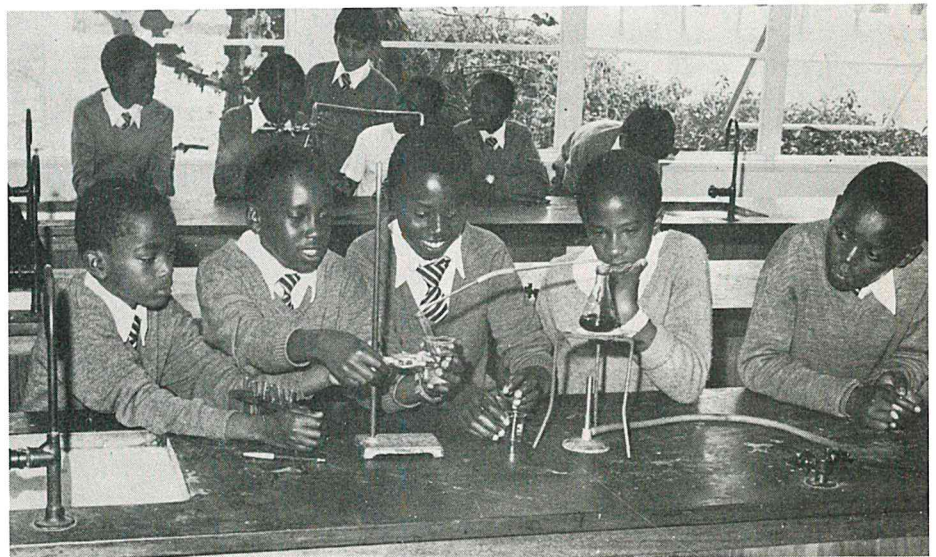
The School Begins

The idea had been in the air for some time. Old Boys, with growing youngsters, would ask when the lower Secondary was starting, and as more and more schools in the country offered Form 5–6 studies, we thought of the need to prepare our own “O” Level candidates for “A” Level entry. In 1976, the Ministry of Education approved the introduction of Form 1–4 classes in the Strathmore curriculum, to begin in January 1977. Here we should pay tribute to Joe Wanjui, then Chairman of the Board of Management, who worked tirelessly to ensure that the classes could begin in 1977.

There were a thousand material details to solve: . . . which classrooms to use? the School uniform? Sports kit? Books and stationery. Syllabuses. Teachers!! Who of the Form 5–6 teachers would teach Form 1? Our minds buzzed, our imaginations worked overtime. We put our heads together at staff meetings, impromptu or official, in corridors, over lunch and dinner. Quite quickly, plans took shape. In short, we were ready, but we knew too that we would learn much as we went along; the boys were few (we had decided to start with only one stream) and we had the advantage of being able to give them close personal attention.

Our previous experience as a Sixth Form boarding institution, in some ways, was not going to be too helpful. The Secondary school would be “full-day” — it was clearly impossible to provide boarding for another 250–280 students (the two streams we were eventually to have). This meant we would be dealing a lot with parents. Form One offered the challenge to adapt our educational principles to younger boys, and to include the active participation of parents in a way which had not been possible in the earlier days of the College. From the first moment each boy had a tutor, from among the teachers, to guide him in his studies and motivation, and in his personal life and ideals, and to meet regularly and work in

collaboration with the parents. It is only right to take our hats off to this first group of parents: they made an act of faith in Strathmore by placing the boys in our ‘inexperienced’ hands, considering that almost all the boys of that ‘pioneer’ class could have taken places in other schools. The first group of parents were very involved, with their material help, their ideas and suggestions, and their moral support, so that, we are glad to say, they left us little peace! I still remember that first “Parents’ Day”, a very modest affair compared to later ones. Although the programme was simple: a look around at what then constituted the ‘School’, a Parents versus Students quiz, some pantomime skits, a lively rendering of “Old King Cōle”, a few words of the Principal and the presentation of three prizes for effort — academic, sporting and “harambee” —, it had the homely atmosphere and intimacy of a family party.

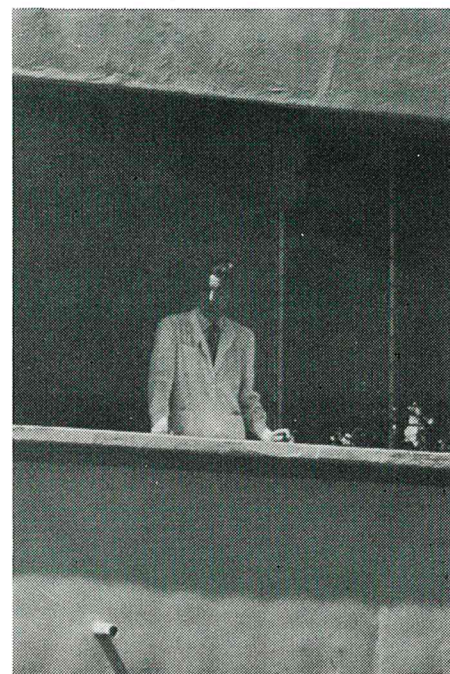


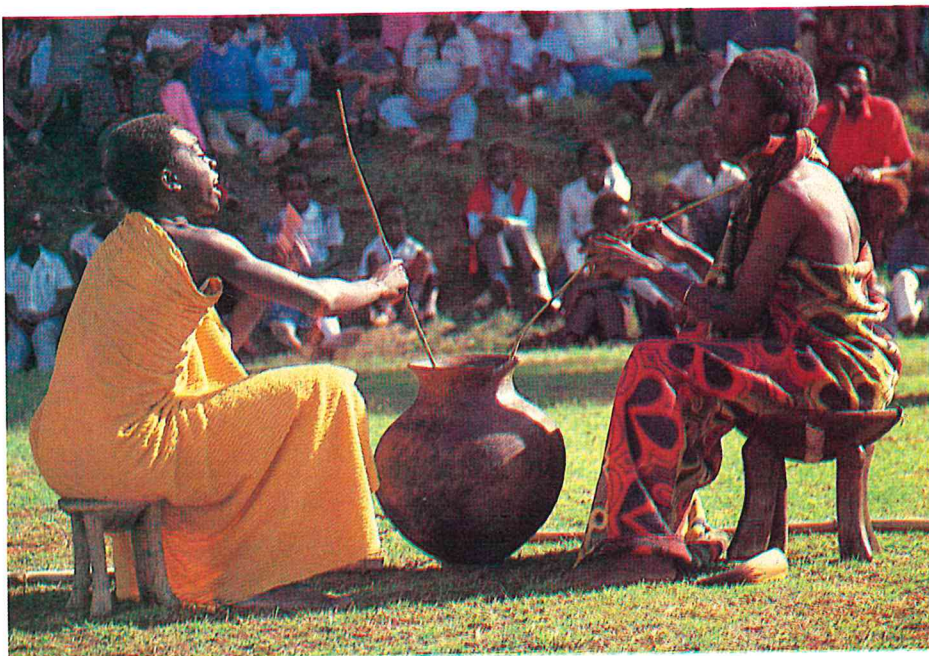


After the Freedom From Hunger Walk — 1977

But what about the boys themselves? They were only 23. 23 different characters — as we were to find out and the backgrounds they came from were almost as many as the boys themselves. Most were Kenyans; Ermias, however, came from Ethiopia, Jeffrey Lifiga from Tanzania and Lungala's family, originally from Malawi, had spent several years in Uganda. One boy was almost our next-door neighbour, most had to come from all parts of town every day. Of that first class, about half met the stringent requirements for admission into Strathmore's own Form Five, and at this moment some are in institutions of higher learning in Kenya, North America, Britain or further afield still, while the remainder have good jobs. Any apprehension as to how the "A" level students would receive them were completely groundless: at first, a cautious tolerance, then amused acceptance and finally, in many cases, that friendship which exists between an older and younger brother.

The boys were, of course, quite "lucky". There were no Form Two's to "put them in their place", they had lots of open spaces and sports — some soccer matches and cross country meets were organised against other schools, which we very occasionally won, usually lost, but put up a good fighting spirit, though





our boys seemed small compared to their peers from other institutions! Plenty of activities . . . gardening, chess, public speaking, a (Junior) Scroll was started. And outings: Hell's Gate, Lake Bogoria, holiday activities and a camp at Nzau. Occasionally, an address from a 'V.I.P.': a past student, Raphael Nzioka, for example, told them about his experiences as a deep-sea diver and they sat wide-eyed. Several took part in the Freedom From Hunger Walk of that year and most went at least once to help the handicapped at Dagoretti Children's Centre . . . and so the year sped past.

And the teachers? We were few. Most of us still had one foot in the Higher Section and so found ourselves changing our personality two or three times a day. And all of us gave a hand in the administration and office-work of the Secondary section: making phone calls and sending out letters to parents, preparing a talk for a Parents Evening, all of which, some 8 years later, we take in our stride. New subjects, such as French, Swahili and Religion were introduced, and

some old Arts subjects, such as History, Geography and English, reappeared for the first time since the days of "A" Level Arts. A further change from the experience of "A" level teaching was that of the constant marking, adapting one's explanations to younger minds, having enough tricks up one's sleeve to keep the class interesting and learning to speak above what seemed like endless fidgeting, especially as the class period neared its end. Despite all the 'adjustments' and the occasional feeling, that first year, of a state of emergency, I think those of us involved would not have missed the experience for anything.

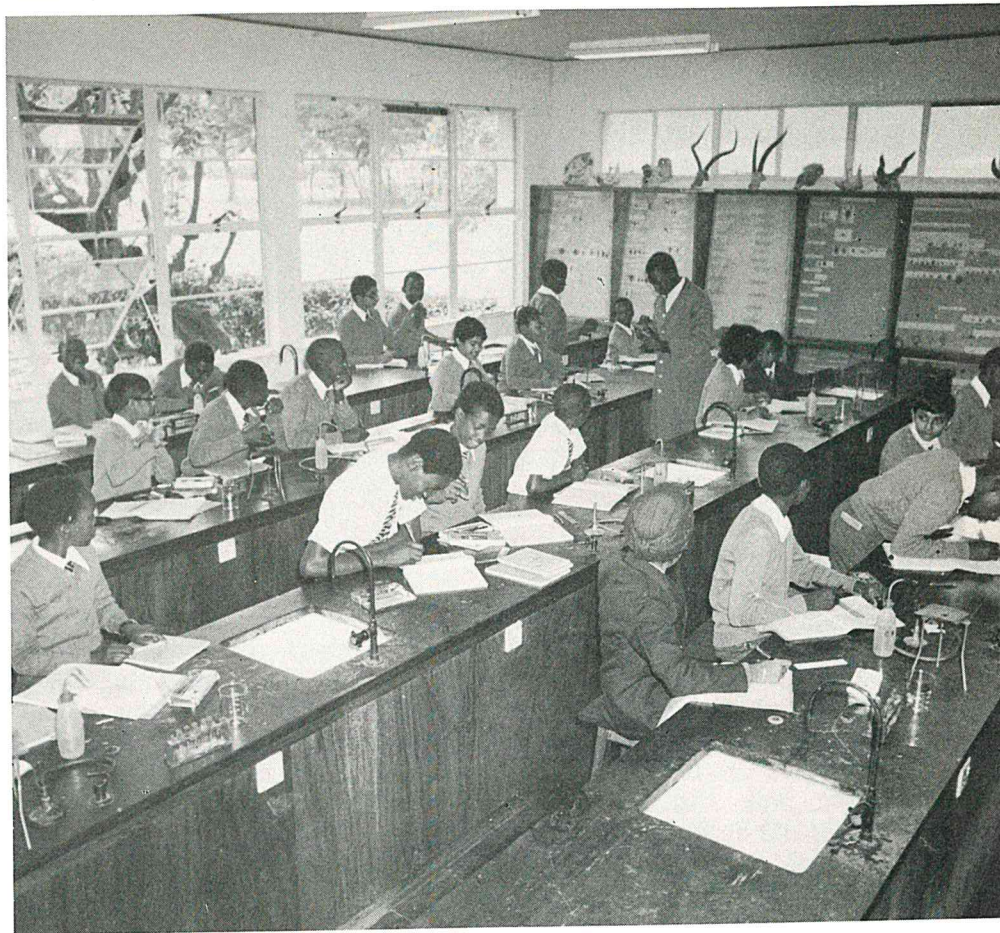
Form One 1977 is historic because it is unrepeatably. It provided the necessary springboard to launch the Secondary School. But far from being guinea-pigs the boys of that class have turned out the winners. Together with the generations that will follow them, they have already found, or will eventually find, their place in the world and they know that it is for them to ask themselves how they can make the world a better place.

Martyn Drakard



Biology and Art

Before coming to Kenya I had spent some five years working on cancer research in Italy. My enthusiasm for microscopy and cells was still fresh, and one of the first projects I got involved in was making slides with a microtome for the Biology Department and for other "A" Level schools. The project gave my students good experience and saved the country valuable foreign exchange. Later I got interested in rearing rats in the Biology lab as a teaching aid for experimental purposes. John Jonyo — now a Veterinary Doctor at the College of Veterinary Sciences — worked with me on the project. There were various technical problems involved (such as ventilation), which were handily solved in 1980 when a group of German university students, armed with good will and equipment, came to build an 'animal house'. The house served its purpose well and was the scene of exciting experiments in the field of genetics (part of the "A" Level Biology syllabus).



(Below) 'Dynamic Stillness'
"Kidnapped" — 1979



The beginning of the lower secondary school in 1977 was also the beginning of new junior activities. An original way of making films was devised by Martyn Drakard; it involved no movement but 'dynamic stillness' in transparencies. As a photographic and artistic expert, I became

involved as the 'special effects' consultant. Robert Bresson will certainly remember the vast quantities of tomato sauce used in order to reproduce the effects of blood gushing out of his temple after being shot by a crook. James Mwaniki showed great patience while I arranged a spear piercing his

chest after carefully passing through the newspaper he was meant to have been reading when death struck.

In recent years Drama has never had it so good, thanks to the presence on our staff of a theatrical expert, Ernest Quintal. Besides providing entertainment for parents and students alike, the preparation and performance of a play is able to bring out the best in those taking part, in terms of organisation, punctuality, teamwork, inventiveness and, of course, acting talent. One of the behind-the-scenes complementary activities related to Drama is the designing and making of backdrops and sets, which has gone hand-in-hand with the regular Art activity group of Form II and older students.

Technical drawing with Form I students has brought out quite a few talents. The coordination of eye and hand required made it clear to many that after all a straight line is not a very easy figure to draw, even with



the help of the most sophisticated ruler. After some years, one may still hear some young voices shouting: "Down with perspective and orthographic projection!"

Painting was easier and has proved popular as a junior activity. Given a piece of paper and some colours, almost every student can produce a meaningful drawing, that is, one that has meaning for him. Over the years a number of paintings have been collected and stored in the Art Department, and the best paintings by students are now proudly displayed on Parents Day. Other paintings of particular appeal have found their way to a semi-permanent niche on some of the walls of the School.

Throughout the years I can honestly say that I have immensely enjoyed (and still do) all this variety of activities with my students. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the rather extraordinary student-teacher relations we have at Strathmore.

Carlo Annoscia



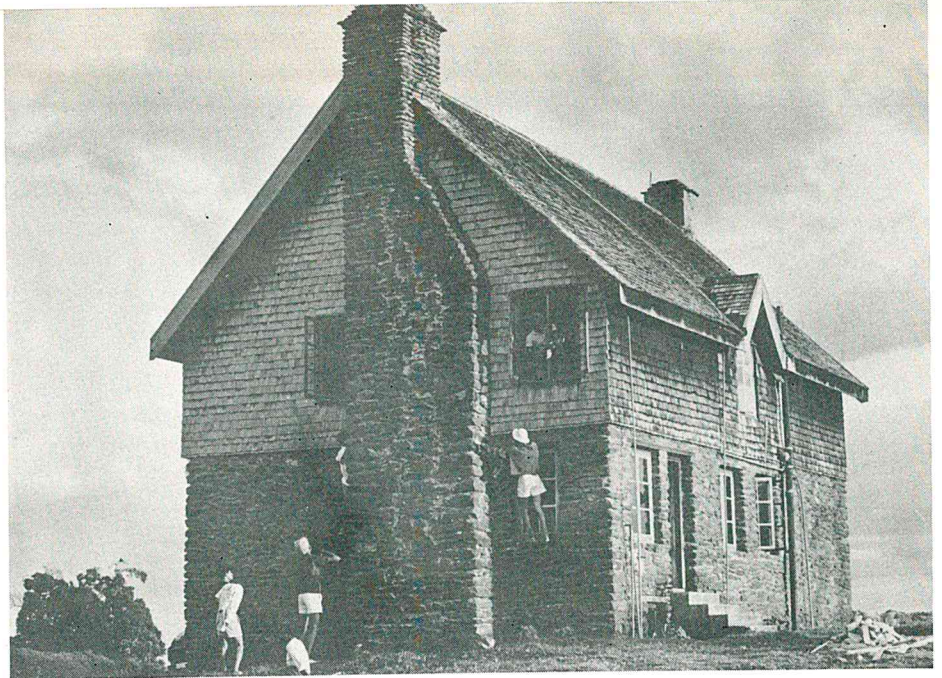
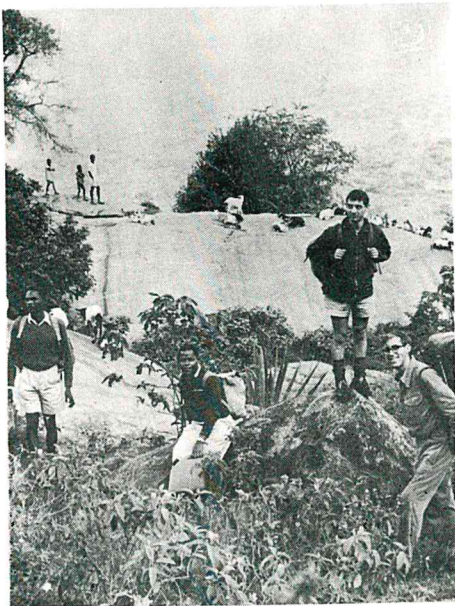
Outings from Strathmore

The school founded by Aristotle in Athens, in the grounds of the gymnasium dedicated to Apollo Lycaeus, soon was named 'peripatetic', which means 'walking around' in Greek. This name came from the master's habit of walking around in the open, followed by a group of attentive, rapt students.

Things, of course, have changed a great deal since then, and while no one dreams of conducting classes in the way Aristotle did, the importance of open spaces and of opportunities for roaming around the countryside has always been recognized.

Not last by Strathmore. Outings have been on its programme from the very beginning, long before the College had any form of organized transport. There was a memorable walk undertaken by the "pioneers", sometime towards the end of 1961, all the way to Ngong and back, in which the luckiest arrived with blisters on their feet and absolutely exhausted.

Ever since, bicycle, bus and train have been the means that have taken Strathmore students to see the world and most will remember 'discovering' Longonot, Kilimambogo, Ngong Hills, etc., even, on one of the first excursions in 1961, rowing on Lake Naivasha.

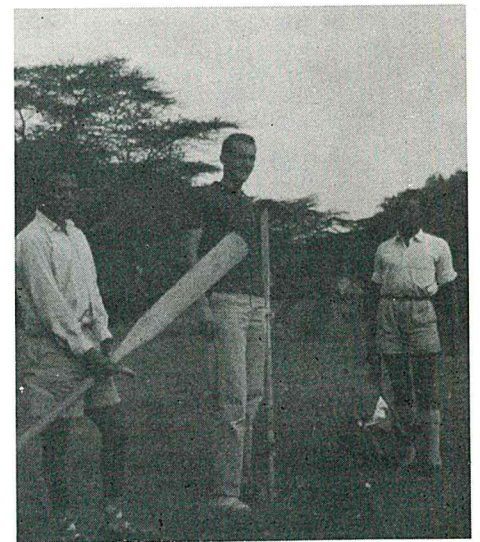


One of the most memorable trips, never since repeated, took place in June 1963. A group of students, led by Dave Hogg and myself, set out for Nzau, a granite inselberg rising to 6000 ft from the Kamba plains, some 40 km north of Emali off the Mombasa road. We slept in the cleft of an enormous rock at the foot of the mountain, close to a river bed. Next morning a local resident showed us a precipitous way up. Imagine our astonishment when on reaching the top in triumph, we found that there was a motorable road all the way up. In any case, the car had been left at the bottom, so we went down the same way we had come up, and indulged in some bits of rock climbing near our camping site. Shortly before abseiling off the big rock, however, we looked down towards the bottom, and were rather shaken when we saw two huge *mambas* in the rocks just above the camp. We observed the snakes in fascination for at least a quarter of an hour, until they disappeared in the undergrowth. Now you understand why the trip was never repeated.

A number of us went up Mt. Suswa, in the Rift Valley, sometime in December, 1970. Those were the days when students were sitting for the London "A" Level G.C.E. exams in January, and December

was not a holiday month for Form 6. We climbed up a little known path, north of the mountain facing the Narok road. We had underestimated distances and temperature and soon we realized that, unless we rationed water, there was not going to be enough. That was an occasion when the glorious scenery was marred by excessive thirst, but we made it, and now no party leaves Strathmore without a full canteen of water per person. Such trips have their hazards.

Losing oneself or other people in the bush is a not-to-be-looked-for experience. This is particularly easy





when a large group of people goes from A to B without noticing that at B they are a large group minus one. On one occasion the group could actually see the lost student walking on his own along the top of a ridge, and going in quite another direction. They had to shout for a long time before attracting his attention and making him realize where he was going. More recently, two intrepid Form IIIs actually missed the bus and spent the night under the roof of a good Samaritan who picked them up, thirsty and hungry, somewhere along the Narok road. Everybody sees himself as a being exceptionally endowed with a sense of orientation, until, that is, he actually gets lost in the bush. Fortunately there have never been any mishaps, and stragglers have always arrived, no doubt wiser for the experience.



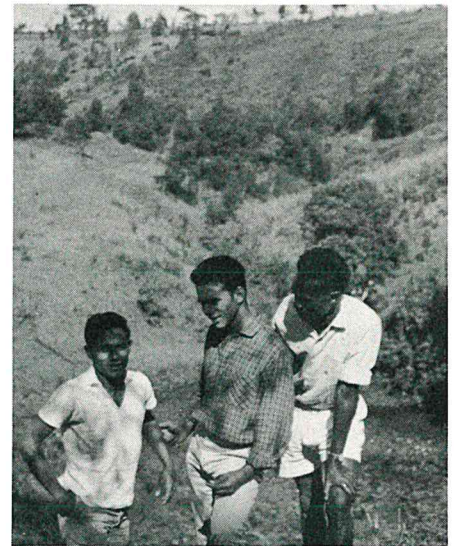
Among other mishaps, not to be desired, is the coming apart of shoes, as happened to an unfortunate student on the way back from Hobley's volcano. The sole of his right shoe fell off, and he was walking on his sock, which on hard lava is not that pleasant. By gathering together a bit of a string, and making holes in the right places, the shoe was given enough lease of life to carry him back to the transport.

The founding of the Wildlife Club in 1971 inaugurated a number of very interesting trips, one of which was the visit to Meru National Park in 1972. Everything went all right until we miscalculated the depth of a river, and the engine of the old Commer Van spluttered and died. This was some 8 km from base camp, so we pushed the van out of the river, and two of us walked through the Park to ask for help. It came in the shape of a Land Rover, which towed the van back to the camp. Here luck was really with us, as a friend of mine, a first class engineer, happened to be camping in the same place. He managed to get the engine going again and the van took us all the way back to Nairobi.

The most exciting experience, in any outing, especially by foot, is the encounter with real wildlife, like the rhino that scattered a party of Strathmore students in the bush near Ol Esakut mountain, somewhere off the Magadi Road. When it realized that it was surrounded by a large crowd of

aliens, the beast beat a retreat and ran off, shattering bush and small trees as if they were matchsticks.

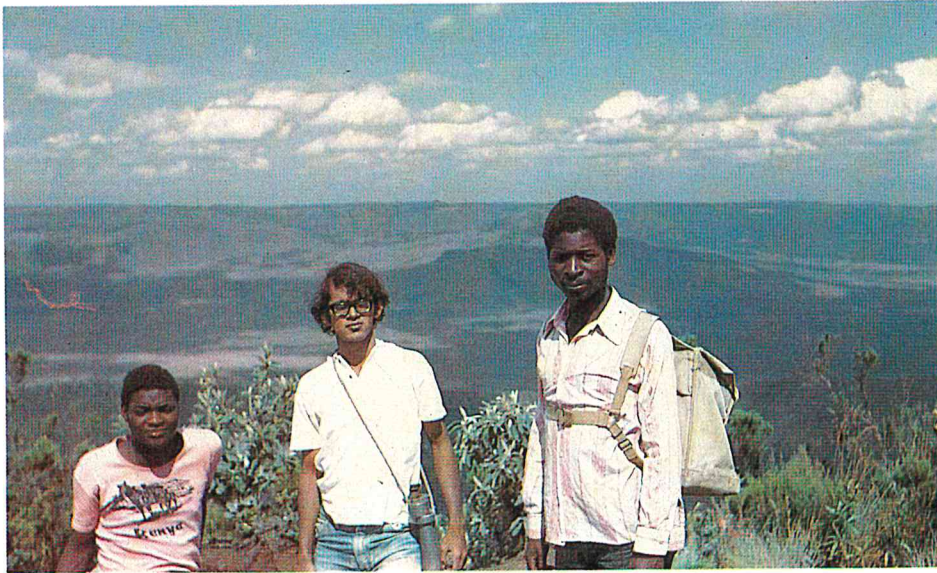
Other Strathmore excursions have had "scientific reasons", for example the two "eclipse" outings, the first a real 'Across-Africa' expedition to Lodwar in 1973; the other to Voi in 1980 with a busload (courtesy of Prof who has a heavy vehicle licence) of boys and teachers, and a free night's lodging in the 'empty shell' of Maneater's Lodge by the Tsavo River. And Biology students will remember the enjoyable camping expeditions to the Kenya coast, with Carlo Annoscia, to collect marine



specimens which can still be seen lining the shelves of the Biology lab.

Mount Elgon, owing to its distance from Nairobi and not being on the way to anywhere, remained an obscure quantity until 1979 when a group of "hardies" decided to try it out, to their enjoyable surprise: caves, animals, no tourists and fantastic scenery.

With the secondary school day students, long trips by bicycle have been started, camping out for the night and returning next day. The first was to Kabaa in July 1983. Riding along badly rutted, precipitous roads, the choppers of the Muya brothers proved far superior to ordinary standard bikes, while on tarmac roads it was the other way around. Because of punctures, half the party of 8 got delayed, and the two halves never



fix his disintegrating shoe, or find his lost hat, and what not. And, needless to say, a few good examples do wonders to foster the same spirit in those who had not even thought that such behaviour was possible.

Or take endurance. Except for cross-country races, which are held infrequently, nothing like an outing shows those who are mentally, not just physically, fit, from those who are not. Sometimes it turns out that the most unlikely fellows prove to be the toughest and these get recognition for their hidden talent. Endurance, or the quality of being able to walk or run for hours on end without getting tired, is of course, a symptom of health. The lungs

joined up again. Those that went ahead found shelter under the roof of a good Samaritan in the middle of nowhere, whereas the other half slept on the dry sand of the Athi River. A second trip was organised across the Aberdares in October of the same year, where a spectacular accident to one of the bikes delayed the riders until night, when they left the bikes at Thika Police Station and bounded off to Nairobi on a night bus. Next day the bikes were retrieved by a friend with a merciful pick-up.

What is the purpose of such outings? Do they really contribute to one's education? They do, and in more than one way. To begin with, they foster friendship and solidarity. These are qualities badly needed in a society that increasingly tends to drift apart: one of the reasons why they are not developed is that people always tend to meet each other under the same strained conditions of everyday business. They don't know each other as persons, each with a different blend of emotional, intellectual and other qualities. The same thing happens at the level of learning, where the students know each other only as fellow class-mates at different desks. But in an outing, other qualities, hidden until then, shine forth.

Spirit of service, for instance. The cult of selfishness gives in to the need to wait for the stragglers, to give a drink to the thirsty, to help someone



breathe freely and deeply, the heart pumps hard, the muscles tense and relax with a pre-established rhythm, and the reward, in the end, comes with a deep, relaxing, dreamless sleep.

Silvano Borruso

The Farm

The origins of the present Strathmore Farm go back to the founding of the Strathmore College Young Farmers Club in 1968. At that time a number of Form 5 students, led by Paul Moherai, approached the Principal about forming such a Club. The idea was quickly approved and, according to the official records of the Club, the first General meeting was held on 10th October, 1968. At that meeting the following were duly elected as office-bearers: Paul Moherai (Chairman), Yogesh Gupta (Treasurer), Godfrey Omondi (Secretary) and Henry Mswahili and Kamuljit Lall (Committee members).

Activities started almost at once as members of the Club attended a Seminar at Limuru Boys Centre on October 19th, less than two weeks after the Club had begun. By December 1968, the Club boasted a solid membership of 16 students, representing all Provinces of the country, including Northeastern (Abdul Qadir Hussein).

That same month, December, the Club was invited to send three members to a Camp in Mombasa. The first office-bearers must be commended for their truly democratic approach. Even the Chairman did not claim the right to attend the Camp. As a result the three representatives were chosen by chance; they turned out to be Aloys



Tumbo, Robert Mutugi and Kamuljit Lall.

Beginning in 1969, the Club was represented in the Nairobi District Committee, joining such illustrious persons as the District Agricultural Officer, Mr. Mein of Limuru Boys Centre and other school representatives, and Strathmore began participating fully in the activities organised by the Agricultural Society of Kenya.

In this article it is not possible to outline in detail the progress of the Club throughout the 1970s, except to point out that it continued to thrive, under the able leadership of such officers as James Mutiso, Wilfred Karanja and Wilfred Abincha (1970—71), Roigi Josphat, Joseph Abuta and Joseph Ndungu (1972—73), Bhupendra Patel, Leonard Gichuru and Nathan Thagana (1973—74), David Someh, Patrick Mwaniki and Peter Waswa (1975—76), John Ayieko, Vincent Serem and Joseph Kongoti (1976—77), Peter Owino, Evans Almeida and Maurice Saenyi (1977—78) and Peter Ondari, David Kigotho and Maurice Ndegwa (1979—80). In 1974, Danny Fernandes, together with Alfred Munga and others, began serious cultivation and development of the Farm, helped by 'Prof' Rodrigues who designed the irrigation works from the Residence. Those familiar with

some of the students mentioned above will be reminded of how the Accountancy students took an active part in the Club together with the Sixth Formers.

When the lower Secondary School started with Form One in 1977, there were two groups of students at Strathmore, with quite a big age gap between them. After much careful thought as to how the younger students could also participate in the Club activities, it was decided to form another branch, and so the Strathmore Secondary Young Farmers Club was registered in 1979. In spite of the age difference, the two Strathmore branches proved to have strength in unity.

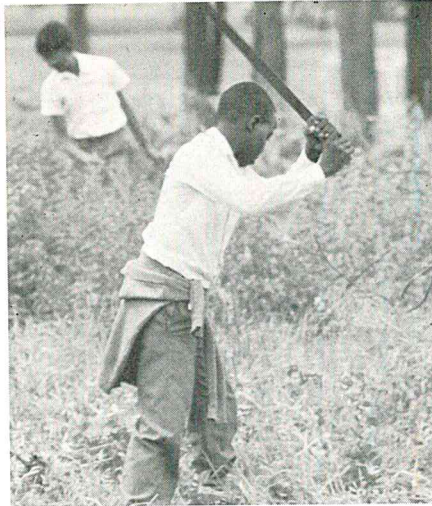
In June 1979 a combined effort of the College Young Farmers Club and the Secondary Young Farmers Club won, for the first time, 1st place in the Tractor Maintenance Judging Competition held at the Nakuru Show.

The Strathmore Secondary branch, composed of young boys who were day students, organised themselves in a slightly different way to the College branch. They formed groups or teams (as was the system introduced for Sports and Studies in the Secondary School) for students in each class. The first leaders of those three teams in 1979, Peter Wanjala and Gavin Lobo, Morris



Alwanga and Dike Alozie, William Otuka and Haridev Basudev, continued to provide leadership for the Club right up to when they entered Sixth Form in 1982, a year which saw Strathmore winning the National Rally Cup for the first time, on June 12th at Jamhuri Park, Nairobi.

In the same year, 1982, more extensive cultivation began on the Farm, the most interesting experiment being the planting of seven different species of bananas (which can still be seen) donated by Dr. Waite of Muguga Research Station, Kikuyu. The Farm continued to develop in 1983 and 1984 under the expert guidance of Ertiman Gendia, who was then the Patron of both the Young Farmers



Club branches. The acreage expanded to about 2000 m², in the area behind the four-storey Block. There have been generally good

yields, of maize, tomatoes, spinach, kale, onions, etc., which have been sold at market prices, and the students occasionally enjoy themselves eating the fruits of their labours such as roasted maize cobs, ripe bananas and groundnuts.

Now the Farm enjoys a stable foundation with the introduction of the new syllabuses of the 8-4-4 system which gives Agriculture a prominent place as a compulsory subject in the school curriculum. Form 1 students have already been assigned their *shambas*. The Farm has now entered a new challenging era as a teaching and demonstration aid, to acquaint students with a real-life situation.

Ertiman Gendia



STRATHMORE COLLEGE		HONOURS LIST.	
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR		SCHOLAR OF THE YEAR	
Valentino Fernandes	1981	Yagnesh Patel	
Michael Ofula & Malcolm Monteiro	1982	Tushar Patel	
Eugene Achola & Boniface Onyango	1983	Gitiche Augustine Chege	
William Otuka	1984	Jaimin Shah	
	1985		
	1986		
	1987		
	1988		
	1989		
	1990		
	1991		
	1992		
	1993		
	1994		
	1995		
	1996		
	1997		
	1998		
	1999		
	2000		

Our debt of gratitude also goes out unanimously and wholeheartedly to "The Staff", the other component of Strath, that made the embryo grow, through a pursuit of excellence not often witnessed elsewhere. What a team! The "Academic" staff, the "Domestic" staff, the "Grounds" staff, the "Administrative" staff . . . what didn't they do to make that dream come true and, simultaneously, our passage through Strathcona Road (now Mzima Springs Road) such a memorable experience and such a valuable period in shaping our own personal life.

Much has been said about the difficulties and challenges of founding a multiracial college in Kenya in the years just before Independence. For this reason I do not wish to say any more about it except to acknowledge the fact that it was indeed born of the highest ideals and potentially possessed of the most dire consequences had it not succeeded. In business jargon today, they would say, "the downside risk was extremely high".

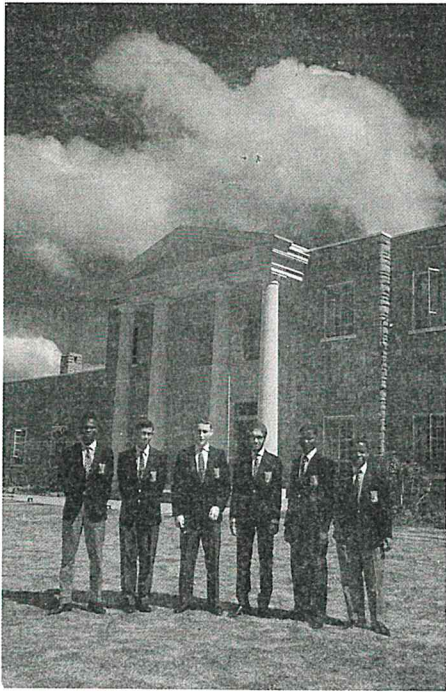
The Students . . . The Students . . . The Students

We never knew that we would be participating in a dream. Nobody told us. In this place people worked, they didn't talk. In fact for those of us who couldn't "hear" their actions, our stay in Strathmore still left us without the realization that we had been participating in a dream. But, with the passage of time, the gift of hindsight and the experience of the daily realities of the world we live in, I am sure that now the majority of students realise that in many ways Strath was, and is, a dream come true. An unusually risky and idealistic human venture that succeeded; it was based on one man's vision and the dedication of a handful of men and women.

As "The Students" of Strath, past present and future, we owe a large debt of gratitude to Mgr. Escrivá, the Founder of Opus Dei. He never came to Kenya and we never met him, but it was his vision and spirit that was the embryo of the college that came to be our dear "Strath".



"The Exodus" — 1982



What I would like to remember and share with you in these few lines are some lesser known aspects of Strath life that formed the underpinning of the unique ambiance that was and is Strath. As one of the students, I was influenced and affected, then as now, by "the Strathmore spirit". We all were.

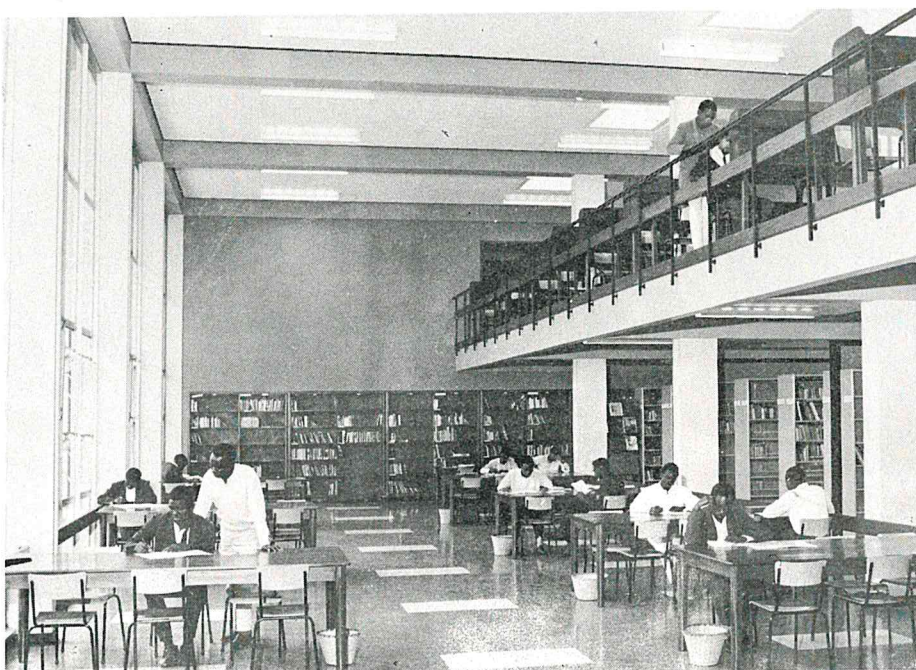
Like Common Law, this spirit was unwritten but just as imposing as if it had been codified; it was based on tradition but it was also flexible and it had various dictums

or corollaries of distilled wisdom. Among the most important and oft repeated was the statement that "Every student is free to do whatever he likes . . . but he must be responsible". "Freedom and Responsibility" was another way of saying it. The freedom was so real that, in my case, it put me severely to

the test. It was like good wine and I drank deep. One term, three full months of "not studying because I didn't feel like it", of "intellectual discussions in the common rooms and lounges" and "going to town whenever and as often as I wanted" found me at the bottom of the class, and in serious trouble. I am sure it will bring a smile to that teacher of mine when I recall what he wrote on one of my first term reports. I had taken my liberty so seriously that he felt forced to write in the section next to my exam results, "Only God can save him". This teacher was not a particularly religious man! My parents were stunned and so was I. I still have that report but my initial reaction of wanting to sue for libel and defamation is now replaced by a sincere sentiment of gratitude.

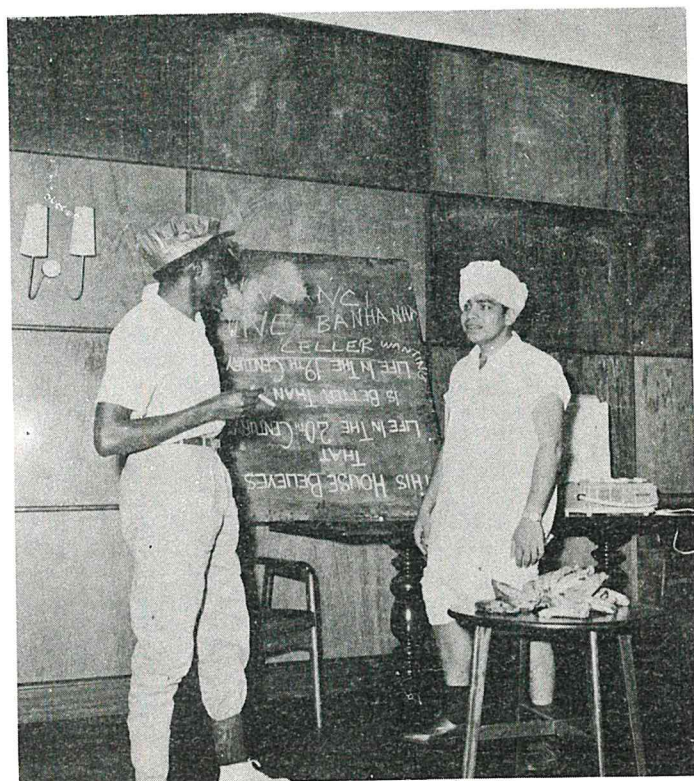
Luckily I learned what basic responsibility meant before my two years were up and I dare say that it was the beginning of a most stimulating period at Strath and also subsequently at university. I couldn't have enjoyed myself more . . . sports, academics, debates, sing-songs, televised quiz competitions, even a few university student demonstrations and strikes!

STRATHMORE COLLEGE		HONOURS LIST	
SPOKESMAN OF THE YEAR		SCHOLAR OF THE YEAR	
1961-1980		1961-1980	
Donald Gensalves	1961		
Anthony Nyawade	1962	Peter Muiyah	
Mathias Keah	1963	Ives Mascarenhas	
James McFie	1964	James McFie	
Alex Obondo	1965	Lorenz Riegonza	
Hakeem Folami	1966	Rajendran Raja	
Ismail Ramadhan	1967	Savio Souza	
Ambrose Odieno	1968	Edwin Rodrigues	
Zakayo Munene	1969	Hester Mascarenhas	
John Matori	1970	Javade Chaudhri	
Nathan Mwangera & John Nyakundi	1971	William Ombura	
Kinyanjui Karago & Peter Okero	1972	Jackson Mbutia	
Nelson Mandela	1973	Kuti Pankhama	
Syrin Attie	1974	Vitalis Ongongo	
Sansoni Nyoloi & Bernard Songwa	1975	Amelias D Souza	
David Somch	1976	Stanley Muse	
George Muga & Vincent Serem	1977	Johnson Kinyua	
James Kubai	1978	Patrick Njoroje	
Patrick Nyagosa	1979	Sylvester Abuodha	
Gerald Ambutsi	1980	Najmudin Kalimudin	



Another equally positive aspect of "the spirit of Strath" was an active respect for religion. I had come from a Catholic school in Uganda where there were both non-Catholics and non-Christians and certain allowances and exceptions were made for them out of respect for their beliefs. However at Strath it went beyond this basic respect. How could one fail to be impressed to see the Domestic staff serving warm meals at 5.00 a.m.(!) and again at 10.00 p.m. (!) to Muslim students who were fasting during the period of Ramadhan? They fasted for thirty days from dawn to dusk with the faithful support of the Domestic staff. I too benefitted most directly: it challenged me to take my own religion more seriously and to use the facilities that Strathmore provided me to do so.

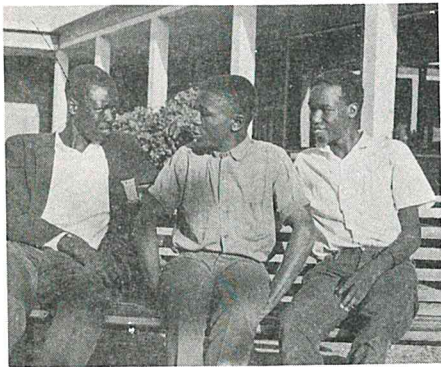
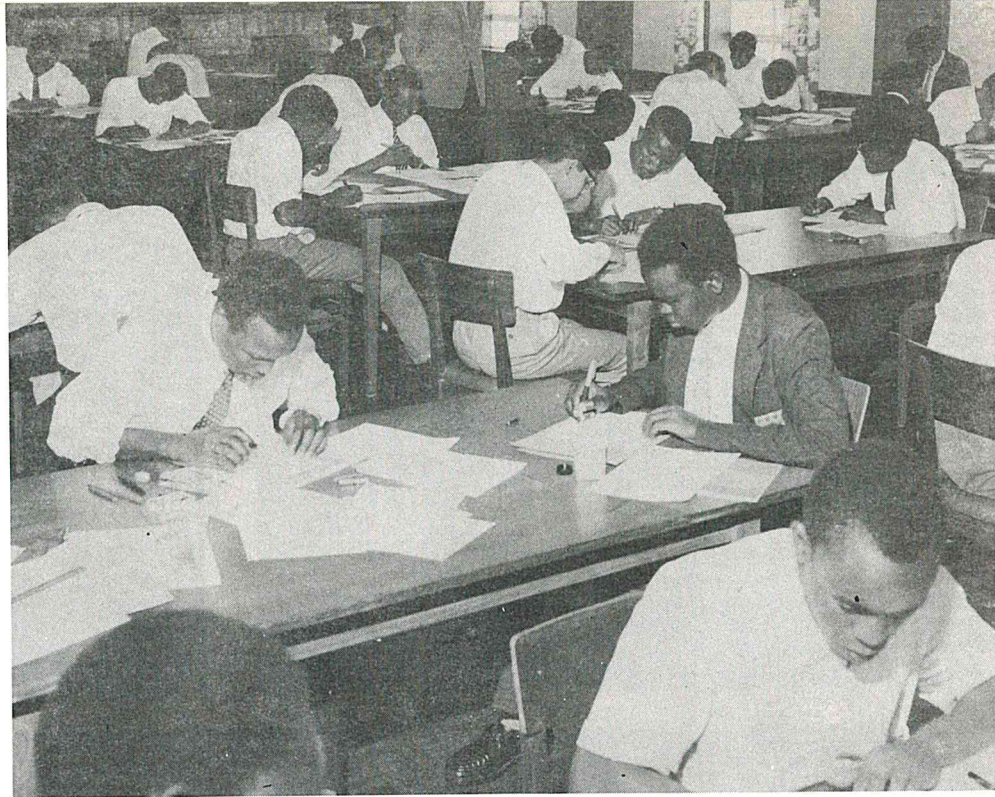
The example of my teachers at Strath made its mark: intent on hard work, keen on teaching, ambitious for good results, respectful of one another and of students as well, and quick to arrest falling standards in any aspect of our work. They ate the same food and shared the same



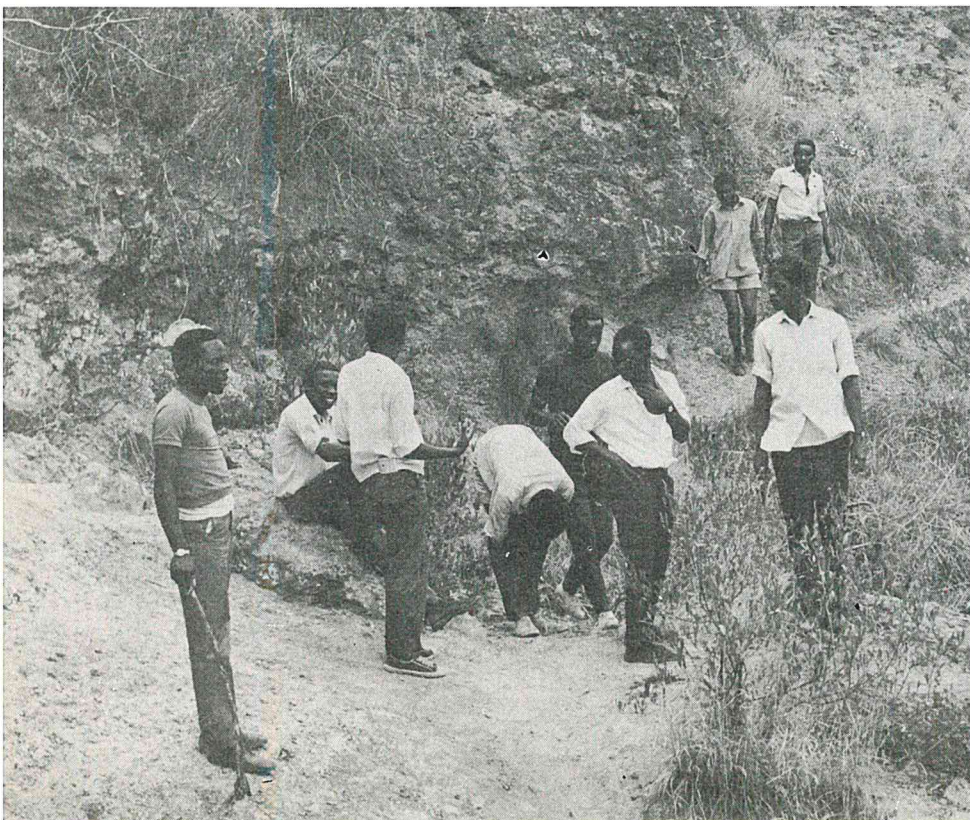


dining room, some even smoked my cigarettes! "The Spirit of Strath" influenced the teaching corps as much as it did the students. I have no hesitation in saying that the results I obtained in my final "A" Level exams were due to them. In my year, 96% of the students qualified for university studies. They literally made it easy . . . to have the best "A" Level results in the whole world.

These are some of the aspects of Strath that influenced me most as one of "The Students". It was almost too good to be true and for some of us, perhaps, it was indeed too good to be true. However, it is my



considered opinion that the vast majority of us went on to benefit in later life in more than a few ways from that all too brief encounter with a dream made true. Furthermore, in those moments when perhaps we haven't lived up to the ideals we learned, our minds go back to "our two years" and we are reminded immediately and clearly that "it is possible", "it has been done", and we are inspired to try harder, continuously striving for



excellence in every aspect of our life, both for our benefit and that of those around us.

A very happy 25th Anniversary to you, Strath!

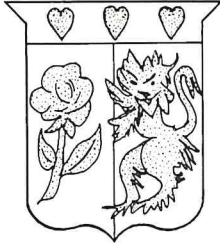
John L. De Souza

My Life in the Scroll

I do not quite recall how, once at Strathmore in April 1969, I started life in *The Scroll*. I do remember considering three possible ways of participating in student affairs: to seek a position in the Committee of the U.S.S. (Union of Strathmore Students), to join the executive of *The Scroll*, or to get involved in both organizations. The last choice did not appeal to me. I viewed the students' union, though representative, as in some way a source of authority over the students, and *The Scroll* as a mirror of unfettered students' opinion. The two appeared to be incompatible. Following my literary interests I chose to join *The Scroll*, and found myself in the good company of Javade Chaudry, Erastus Mugi, Nitin Mehta, Arnold Rodrigues, Njagi Gakunju, Fred Ojiambo, Yeronimi Mwakai, Gregory Mullunga, Anil Virjee, Felix Osodo and Abdalla Ali.

"The new generation has come in with the freshness of the morning sun", so proclaimed the first sentence in one of the earlier editorials. In fairness to our readers, the bits and pieces of stories, poems, Strathnews and features which we put in this and subsequent issues of "The Scroll" were not all as fresh and brilliant as the morning sun. However, during those days, in our nation and community, there was an exuberance of youth, of new ideas: the whole atmosphere was something like fresh water bubbling at a stream's source. Our new nation was only five years old, our college was just nine, we had a young Principal, and young members of staff, and "The Scroll", born March 19th, 1963, the Feast Day of St. Joseph, was still under ten. All of us in the executive were no more than sixteen, eighteen or nineteen years old. So, in this atmosphere, you found an abundance of youth; and what usually goes with it, vigour and idealism. That is what *The Scroll* contained, a variety of youth's ideas; sometimes chaotic, sometimes muddled and sometimes perceptive.

When I was asked by David Spurling to write this personalised



THE SCROLL

STRATHMORE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

VOL. I NO. 1 MARCH 19, 1963

OUR PAPER

This issue marks the beginning of "The Scroll". We hope it may have a long and successful life. Some may ask, "Why have a College newspaper? Who does it benefit?" By carefully thinking out these questions, it is possible to realize the new opportunities that arise for both the readers and the staff. We believe it establishes a tighter bond between the students and the teaching faculty - a relationship needed in any institution to function smoothly. In our opinion, the newspaper is a medium for a phase of education unavailable in the classroom. It provides an opportunity to apply everyday living. It is a channel through which young men may develop their writing ability; at the same time it encourages creative expression. It is a new pathway open to every Strathmore student who desires to use it.

More than twenty students are working directly for "The Scroll" however, this staff alone cannot make the paper a success without the support of every one of you. It is sincerely hoped you will accept your responsibility. You may ask, "What can I contribute to support the paper?" It requires more than your subscription. We must have your active participation. You may not be an accomplished poet, essayist or humorist, but today's newspapers are not original in every respect. An interesting anecdote, a short poem, a riddle or a joke could be your contribution.

Fortnightly sports summaries will appear in every issue. Space will be available for letters from the students giving the opportunity for anyone to voice his opinion. No College newspaper is complete without current events, announcements and editorials. "The Scroll" is no exception to the rule. It will amaze you how so little from so many can accomplish so much.

STAFF

Editor.....Lee Fisher	Artists.....Boniface Mwangi
Associate Editor.....John GecagaRoberto
Co-Editor.....Bill PowersSardelli
Sports Editor.....Masud RanaLuciano Vitali
.....Mathias Keah	Reporters.....Tony Hicks
Feature Editor.....Roger PrestonJoseph Otieno
Feature Writers.....David NamuArun Nayar
.....James ThimbaZaffer Cocker
.....Ernest BunyassiPius Achola
.....Hardev SinghMichael Wamalwa
.....Sultan Hassanali	
.....Edwin Waiyaki	

.....

piece for the 25th anniversary, I procured all issues of *The Scroll* since 1963 and spent one whole Saturday afternoon on them. One striking thing reading through these issues was the great spectrum of ideas and subjects they contained; from the discourses on liberty by John Gecaga, the touching poetry of Edwin Waiyaki, the insightful features by Mike Wamalwa and David Namu, George Rukwaro's "treatise" on the "Origin of the Kikuyu", Lee Fisher's editorials and Diniz's "Spencerian stanza"; to the humanistic pieces of Raphael Ng'ethe, and the civic discussions of Mauri Yambo and Mkok. The students of Strathmore wrote on everything; from contributions on who should be chosen as Kenya's first Vice-President in 1963 to lamentations on the assassination of

Tom Mboya in 1969; and, most ironically, to an outline of the "History of The Scroll" by Richard Coutinho in 1971, just a year before *The Scroll* died a natural death when the Arts stream in Strathmore was temporarily stopped.

The Scroll, in one bound volume, contains articles on all conceivable subjects that entice the minds of youth: history, geography, science, humour, sports, love, marmalade, politics — all the subjects indeed which the human mind has endeavoured to ponder upon at a certain stage in its growth. There is nothing special, or indeed outstanding in any one of the articles. The articles, mine included, were often not quite informed, authoritative, or deeply thought-out; but they represented an impressive spectrum of an arena of

ideas and opinions characteristic of youth. Such, I believe, is the beauty and fascination of a youth magazine; the preponderance of ideas unfettered and free to a point where simplicity itself is admirable.

In his essays on Liberty, Human Understanding, and Representative Government, John Stuart Mill, the English Philosopher of the 19th Century, maintained that, in addition to sound moral and intellectual leadership, the ideas of men were essential for the development of society. He proposed that human progress depended on the-emergence of new ideas, and that new ideas emerged as challenges of old, accepted ideas. For progress to be attained, there had to be liberty, or a condition of liberty, in which there would be a free movement of ideas. Thus, in a democratic society there should always be an arena where ideas compete freely for acceptance by society. And so we find on this basis that the right of free expression (the Freedom of Speech, of Association, and of Press) is guaranteed in the Constitutions of all democratic nations today.

In running "The Scroll", this constitutional right was practised to almost its ideal limits. The Principal and staff of the College left *The Scroll* executive to print reports and opinions, including the staff's own contributions, without interference. Indeed it was the responsibility of *The Scroll* editorial team to do everything; from receiving articles to going down-town in agonising search for ads and printer's ink; it was their job to repair and service the machine so as to print the articles typed on stencil, and to bind them in covers and offer them for sale to the students. We were to take care to ensure that enough shillings were obtained from sales to cover the costs of producing the next issue. This was indeed a great challenge, and helped enormously to develop in us the whole spirit of responsible freedom which characterizes life at the College.

In later life, especially in my professional work after graduating

from University, the experience gained at the College, and in particular in running "The Scroll", stood me to very great advantage. When one is young, such an experience creates a deep sense of responsibility and self-reliance, the will to initiate, to express oneself without inhibition, and most of all,

to be always conscious of ones actions and their probable consequences.

These, I believe, are the positive traits fostered by the kind of education and community we had at Strathmore.

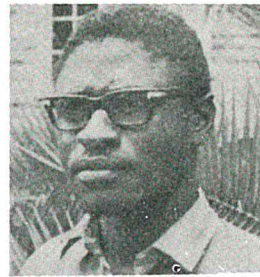
Ngure Mwaniki



G.C.E. "A" LEVEL



United Nations



AFTER a long wait "the results" finally arrived on April 7th. The usual standards of previous generations were maintained and exceeded in some respects. 61 out of 71 candidates obtained 2 or more "A" levels, which is a new peak, even for us. 10 students obtained 4 "A" levels which is twice the previous best figure, achieved in 1967.



Strathmore 1st, 2nd and 3rd. All teams broke the previously existing record set up by Dagoretti High School i.e. 65m. 15 secs. better.

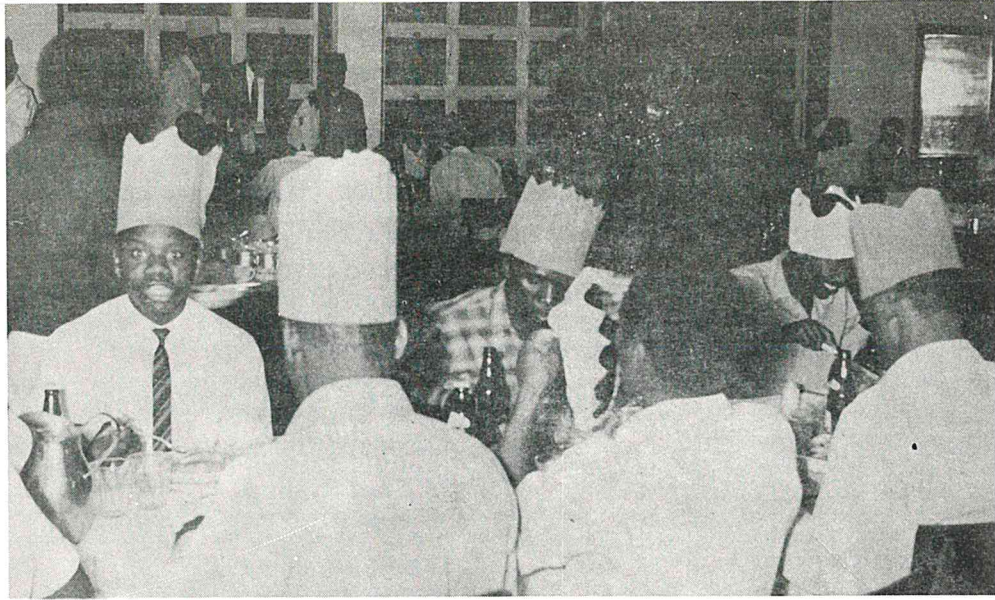
IN MEMORIAM

Class		
1961-62	Timothy Ndungu	19th October 1981
1962-63	Peter Gicheru	15th May 1982
	Aggrey Mugenya	20th August 1983
	Anthony Nyawade	15th October 1972
	Loyola Saldanha	31st January 1978
1963-64	Colin Broomfield	27th December 1963
	Seraphim Kaburu	4th August 1985
	Edwin Waiyaki	9th October 1973
1964-65	Michael Syanda	1st September 1983
	Joseph Tuva	14th August 1982
1965-66	Wilson Cheboiywo	23rd August 1978
	Robert Farrant	9th June, 1977
	Christopher Moore	5th September 1968
	Caesar Mpungu	24th August 1969
1966-67	Elias Mwaniki	11th January 1978
	Thomas Ojok	15th April 1980
1967-68	Peter Gichohi	5th December 1974
	Charles Kasanga	14th April 1978
	Mahmud Rahimtulla	20th April 1982
	Paul Thogo	15th August 1980
1968-69	Jackson Nyagah	1st June 1972
	John Mangoka	3rd February 1979
	John Massawe	2nd February 1979
	Joachim Obara	23rd September 1978
	Constantine Owuor	23rd September 1978
1969-70	Athanas Maingi	10th October 1982
1970-71	Jacob Mochama	19th October 1980
1971-72	Winston George	7th July 1983
	Lamech Gimonge	1st January 1973
	Moses Karuntimi	6th May 1979
1972-73	Henry Gutuh	14th June 1976
	Desmond Fonseca	3rd July 1983
1973-74	Jonathan Yongo	22nd May 1982
1974-75	Aunali Moledina	14th February 1976
1978-79	Mario Almeida	20th December 1980
1983-84	Kiiru Mbugua	14th March 1984
Staff	Michael Bennett	2nd August 1964
	James Cavanagh	14th July 1963
	Santos Amer	14th July 1963
	Robert Davies	8th March 1982
	Luis Gonsalves	22nd March 1985
	Felix Noronha	25th January 1980

A Unique Learning Institution

After completing Form 4 at Meru School in 1972, I was invited to join Strathmore for "A" Level Science, with the option to do Accountancy provided some firm agreed to sponsor me. I started with Science. It is common knowledge that the fees at Strathmore are higher than in some other schools. Yet poor people like me were able to enrol to study there through bursary awards arranged by the College. This is one of the great aspects, as one finds that the students have been selected on their academic ability, not financial ability.

After a few months of pure and applied maths, physics and chemistry, I began to feel that the language of static friction and burettes was not for me. At this point I started hoping seriously that one of the firms which had interviewed me might offer me sponsorship. It was to my great relief when Francis Mayieka informed me that the Ford Foundation had agreed to sponsor me for Accountancy studies. In some ways it was a simple change, since I just stayed in the same College, only with different subjects and class-mates. At the same time I found myself somewhat behind my fellow Accountancy students, and heavy swotting was necessary to try



to catch up. Altogether it was a happy turn of events because I had holiday employment and I started sending money orders in favour of my father at home instead of the frequent demand letters I used to write to inform him of outstanding fees and other needs.

Before I deserted science studies, I had earned myself the nick-name 'Resolving Expert'; Peter McDermott gave me this name because I used to give solutions to pure mathematics problems up to the 'Resolving Stage'.

During the 1973—74 period I took an active part in Athletics. We would travel to the K.I.A. track for regular training, and some of us would do extra practice around the College grounds. I ran the 800 metres and 1500 metres, and became a regular on the 4 x 400 metre relay team, in which I enjoyed changing batons with my fellow athletes Anthony Babu, Maurice Ndeda, Julius Ngovi, Peter Mochama, Zablon Oonge, Cosmas Kipkurgat, Michael Mbugua, Shadrac Wangombe, Nelson Kipkorir and Steven Kimani. During these years Strathmore had an extraordinary depth of athletic talent in various events, and in fact athletics was building up to even greater achievements in the later seventies. We trained hard together, and enjoyed the challenge of outside competition. Under Peter McDermott's patient tutelage I even learned to throw the shot putt in competition against other schools.

With the personal coaching and encouragement of Terry Ryan and David Sperling, I took up race walking and managed to win the Nairobi Provincial Schools 20 kilometre Championship, and then to be placed 4th in the National Schools Championships, held at Njoro on June 1, 1973. Our spiritual welfare was being looked after by Fr Charles and Fr Patrick. They made sure that we gave to God what belonged to Him through prayers. To some of us there was a lasting mark. God is Great.

Strathmore is a learning institution where there are no written rules. Yet all the rules governing discipline are kept. There are no prefects, but the silence in the Library can drive a devil to hell. There is no classification of individuals. Teachers and students share the same food in the dining-room.

Strathmore is a classic example of equality and pride. The College is synonymous to excellence. It has assisted moulding our characters, and we are proud to be associated with it. I am happy that the 25th Anniversary will enable many of us to meet after a long period of separation. I must say I am one of those who have been offered so much by the College while they have given so little in return.

And so it is with immense gratitude that I congratulate the College on its 25th Anniversary!

John Gacibi

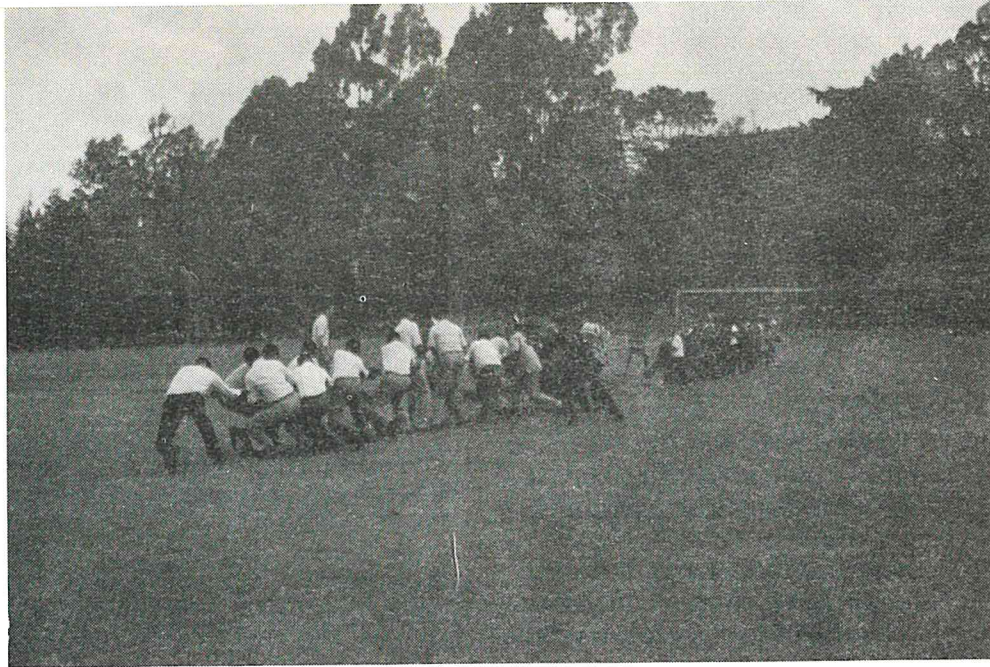


Old Boy Parents

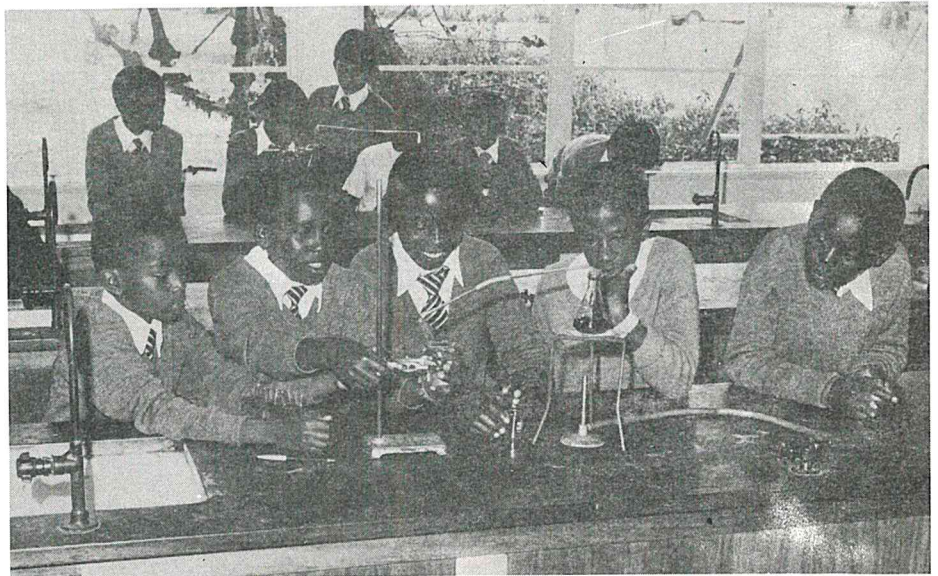
It had to happen sooner or later. With the start of the lower Secondary School in 1977, it happened sooner. Old Boys started visiting Strathmore, seeking admission for their sons in their 'alma mater'.

Those who have had, or currently have, sons in the Secondary School were themselves students during the early years, the 1960s, as one might expect. There are now some thirty Old Boy Parents — seven alone in the Class of 1961-62 — and the number increases every year. Recently someone was commenting that if the number of Old Boys applying for their sons continues to grow, as it predictably will, Strathmore will have to open another stream just for them. They are, so far:

Michael Gathirwa	(1961-62)
Robert Gitata Gichohi	(1961-62)
David Kamweti	(1961-62)
Raymond Majiwa	(1961-62)
Roman Mwakio	(1961-62)
Stanley Ndungi	(1961-62)
Michael Pondo	(1961-62)
Ernest Bunyassi	(1962-63)
John Muigai	(1962-63)
Gregory Mwaniki	(1962-63)
Nicholas Nyongesa	(1962-63)
Leo Yippan	(1962-63)
James Gatome	(1963-64)
Wilfred Kiboro	(1963-64)
George Rukwaro	(1963-64)
Daniel Njagi	(1964-65)
Lawrence Khirrecu	(1964-65)
Peter Wainaina	(1965-66)
Peter J. Kamau	(1966-67)
Mathias Mwagonah	(1966-67)
Patrick K. Nderitu	(1966-67)
William Olotch	(1966-67)
Callisto Omondi	(1966-67)
Dalmas Otieno	(1966-67)
Joseph M. Ririani	(1967-68)
Leslie Mwachiro	(1967-68)
Moses Mwendwa	(1968-69)
Stephen Mwiti	(1968-69)
Joseph N. Kairo	(1968-69)

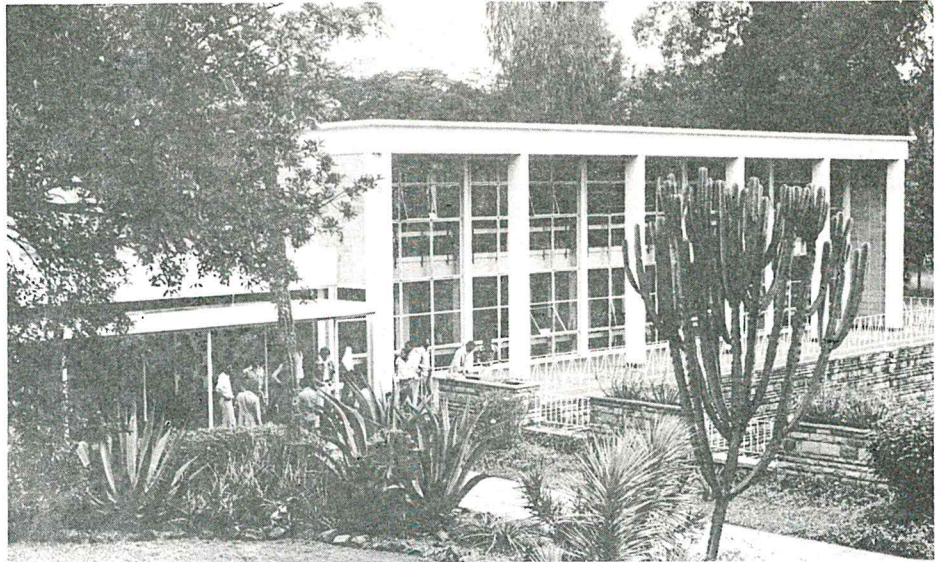


The sons of Old Boys must pass through the same rigorous selection procedure as all other applicants. Where possible, within the overall standard, they are given the benefit of the doubt. Inevitably, though, some do not qualify, and this is always a difficult decision to make and to accept. When this happens, we can only hope that some younger brother may still qualify in the future, and so carry on the family tradition.



A New Teacher

When I arrived at Strathmore two years ago, I had two main concerns: I was new, not only in the College, but in Nairobi and in Kenya, and (though I had studied a good deal of English) I didn't feel fully confident about teaching in a language that was not my mother tongue. Countering these apprehensions I remember how in one way or another the authorities of the College made me feel right at home and showed that they had confidence in me, and how my staff colleagues quickly made me realize that I was part of their team and that I had their full support.



did just that, and I was really surprised when after that very first period a student very respectfully came to correct me; and I was even more surprised as this went on for several weeks. This was the first lesson Strathmore taught me: I was working together with the staff and the students. No amount of statistics can reflect this togetherness; it is not a matter of records but the spirit of the institution, which is built up day after day by small actions like the one I have just mentioned.

I had always heard at University that there are an infinite variety of approaches in education because by his very nature man is extremely resourceful. But I have never had a

lecturer with whom I felt free enough or had confidence enough to correct. Knowing the critical mind of any teenager, it is not difficult to imagine the spirit of freedom he must feel at Strathmore and the trust he enjoys in his teachers to be able to make such a correction to me on my first day in class. That was the second lesson Strathmore taught me: freedom.

There is nothing worse for discipline in an institution than for parents, teachers and students to be pulling in different directions. Teachers trying to teach students who don't want to learn; parents and teachers enforcing a behaviour code which youngsters refuse to accept;



I still remember the first bit of advice I was given (which was not the only one) which proved to be very useful. I was a bit nervous before teaching my first class and the Principal, guessing my feelings, told me: "First of all introduce yourself to the students, tell them a bit about yourself, and then tell them that you would appreciate it if, after the period ends, they would correct any mistakes you might make in English: in this way you and they will benefit from the class." I



authorities breaking rules which subordinates are supposed to fulfil. This is the third lesson I learned at Strathmore. As a teacher I was not only supposed to teach but to get my students to learn, which is something quite different because it requires a personal knowledge of the students.

It happened in a very natural way. All of a sudden one of my students, who used to take part actively in my afternoon Music classes, lost all interest. After unsuccessful attempts to motivate him in class, I decided to speak with him and ask him what was the matter. Very simple: he was a Muslim and was fasting because of Ramadhan; he told me quite clearly that he just felt too weak to do anything at that time of the day.

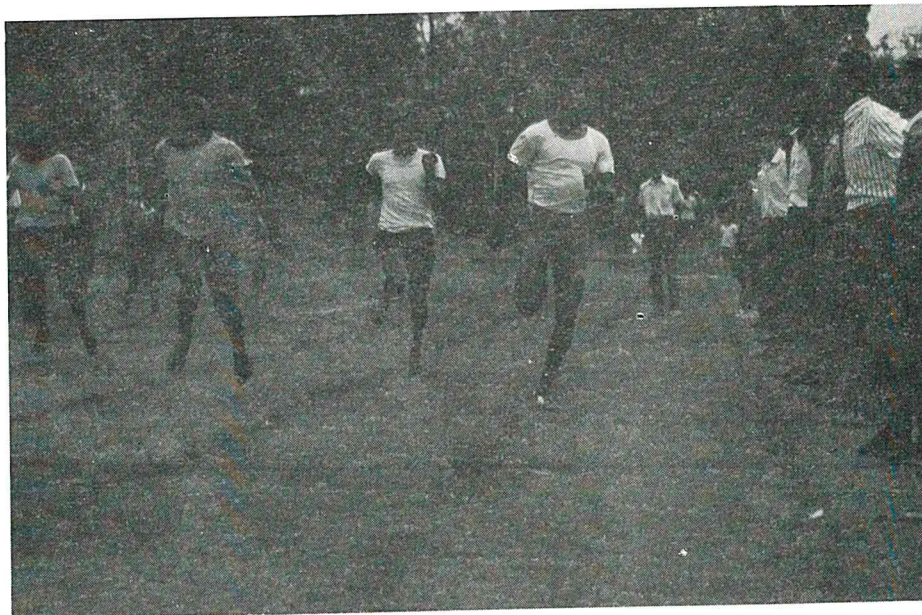


exists, discipline becomes autonomous within certain limits, which is something I had always thought of as idealistic but which struck me as a living reality during my first days at Strathmore.

Parents play an important role at Strathmore, I read somewhere. No wonder. How can they be left aside in the task of implementing this all-round education that the College proposes, which goes so far beyond the usual formal and traditional approach? It took me sometime to learn this lesson but I couldn't help smiling when, after watching a film on the Founder of Opus Dei, the father of one of my tutees told me: "Now I understand the spirit of Strathmore. Everyone has to do his part here!"

"I can't understand how you people manage to spend so much time with us", a past student once said to me; and I heard another one: "There is something we shouldn't lose at Strathmore, the personal touch characteristic of everything we do". It is always encouraging to hear this kind of comment but it is even more important to realise that the work of 25 years has been something more than preparing people to get good certificates; Strathmore has sought to develop men able to face their rights and duties before God, society and themselves.

Charles Sotz



Obviously there was not much left for me to do, but this was invaluable information for me to have in my relations with him. In this case the problem was over within one month, but sometimes it takes longer to identify the source of problems, in which case solutions are longer in coming. It took months for another boy, with whom I had regular tutorial meetings, to tell me that the real cause of his poor performance was that he had family problems and he just couldn't concentrate on his studies. But what a relief when he realised that he could share his worry with somebody! I understood then why

many teachers were so appreciated from a professional and from a human point of view: they know how to come down to the level of the students, they know their students, their responsibilities and their potential, because they know their weaknesses and their problems as well as their talents and abilities.

One of the first consequences of this special relation between teachers and students can be clearly seen in discipline. Offences seldom occur (and when they do, they are usually in unimportant matters) because both parties know the injury they can produce in other persons. When such knowledge

All Together

When I first entered Form 5 at Strathmore from Kevote, I was struck by the interest shown by the teaching staff in the opinion of the students. Our ideas were welcomed and considered to be important, and decisions affecting us were formally or informally sounded out. The free exchange of ideas between staff and students was strikingly noticeable. Now as a teacher at Strathmore I appreciate this aspect even more.

With the opening of the Secondary School in 1977, it was clear that a new approach was needed to adapt this spirit to younger students and to the very different problems they might face. At the same time we wanted the younger boys to learn to work together among themselves, as well as to work together with the teaching staff. And so arose the idea of dividing each Class into teams, with the Captains and Vice-Captains elected by the students themselves. The Captains and Vice-Captains of each class thus became (and still are) very much the chosen leaders of the boys, rather than the appointed authority of the School. The usual competition of teams in Sports was extended to include competition in Sportsmanship, Studies and 'Harambee' (general contribution to the School).

The Captains and Vice-Captains of each class also perform another



function as members of the Class Council. They meet regularly with their class teacher to study the running of their class. Helped by their teacher — when they are young — they learn to discover points of the class as a whole which can be improved. Soon they themselves are making suggestions, pointing out problems, or discovering solutions that can help all aspects of class life. Such topics as the seating arrangement in the class, distribution of homework, the team system, the academic performance of some students who may need help in some subject (and who can help them), excursions, etc. are frequently discussed. There is a real working together, teacher and boys, towards a common concern. The boys are encouraged to point out specific recommendations to be given to teachers, how they can improve their teaching, maybe to speak louder, to give more (or less) homework or tests, etc. These suggestions, which are usually very useful, are passed on to the teachers, who — when told — are inevitably grateful.

Superficially one might say that this is democracy in action, but the system goes deeper than that. The students learn to take an active part in the School. They sense the School as a living community in which they can positively and responsibly contribute with their own ideas,



talents and experience. They come to appreciate that the welfare of their class (and the School) depends on taking practical initiatives to improve even the smallest points, and on continual mutual help between the younger and older members of the community. With this experience, too, one hopes, they will go on to play a constructive role in the task of nation-building.

Patrick Mwaniki




Letter from Strathmore

Between 1967 and 1979 a total of 33 issues of 'The Letter' were produced, and the popular format of 8 pages in colour appearing 3 times a year was maintained with variations throughout the period. 'The Letter' brought News of Present Developments at Strathmore; it gave exam and sports results, had Editorial Comment and always carried an article (the Third Page) with some meaningful comment on a topic of import. There was likely to be an interview with a past student and general news of past students and staff. The extremes of births and deaths and wedding details were also popular. Indeed all the copies of the letters taken together present much of the history of the College during those years.

'Letter from Strathmore' usually meant deadlines to be met. Articles or research that had been decided as interesting or newsworthy were then allotted to a person and deadline for completion agreed upon. From then on it became the Editor's role to chase, hurry, remind and encourage so that the agreed date of completion of a rough draft was kept and that one non-delivery did not stop or delay a whole issue.

If one single person is to be named as the force behind 'The Letter', it was the Editor, Peter McDermott, whose success can be attributed to his ability to get many students and staff involved in its production and distribution. Ideas for articles and series usually came after discussion and the cooperation of many enthusiasts. David Sperling was an unfailing source of encouragement. The expertise and high journalistic skills of Father Genty were constant strength around which others joined forces, and Martyn Drakard worked untiringly on many issues. Distribution was entrusted to the Editor himself and Harold (Olenik) Nickelsen was the artistic inspiration.

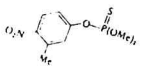
As the number of past and present students rose, the number of copies printed matched this increase, and eventually 1,200 copies of each issue




LETTER FROM STRATHMORE

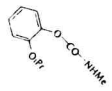
$$\text{Pb}(\text{NO}_3)_2 + \text{H}_2\text{S} \rightarrow \text{PbS} + 2\text{HNO}_3$$

$$\text{ZnSO}_4 \cdot 7\text{H}_2\text{O}$$



alkyne





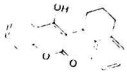
alkene

$$\text{FeSO}_4 \cdot (\text{NH}_4)_2\text{SO}_4 \cdot 6\text{H}_2\text{O}$$

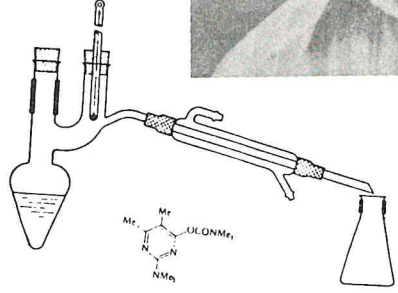
chloride ion

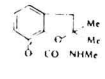
$$\text{CaCl}_2 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$$

$$\text{CuSO}_4 \cdot 5\text{H}_2\text{O}$$




anions





$$\text{H}_3\text{O}^+ + \text{OH}^- \rightarrow 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$$

$$\text{FeCl}_3 \cdot 6\text{H}_2\text{O}$$



were distributed. Indirectly the very popularity of 'The Letter' brought about its demise as mounting costs and demands-on-time grew apace.

Collection and the increase in subscriptions was a continuous affair that never quite kept up with rising costs and more ambitious editorial aspirations.

In mid-1979 the last issue appeared and production was suspended. We hope that once again soon 'The Letter' will be back in circulation; then perhaps the backlog of news awaiting publication will ensure that

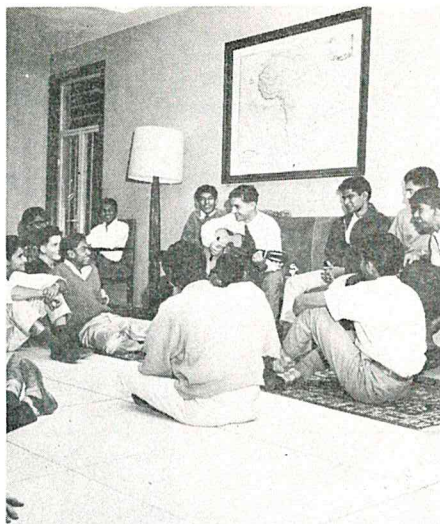
'Creeping Deadlines' will not occur again, and 'The Letter' will span the world where every 'ex-Strath' is to be found.

Unforgettable Days

The first time I heard of Strathmore College was in 1974 when Mr. Nyongesa, then my teacher at Chavakali Secondary School, asked me whether I was interested in applying for a Form V place in the College. The name sounded very strange to me. Actually, it was out of curiosity, the strangeness of the name, and the school being far from home that I applied. Early in the third term of the Fourth Form, quite a few of us in my class were interviewed by teachers from Strathmore. It was my first meeting with Peter McDermott and Edwin Rodrigues. I was impressed by Mr. McDermott's way of talking — very fast, I wondered whether I would be able to follow him in class. On the other hand, Mr. Rodrigues said very little but gave me a lot of encouragement by his continuous smiling.

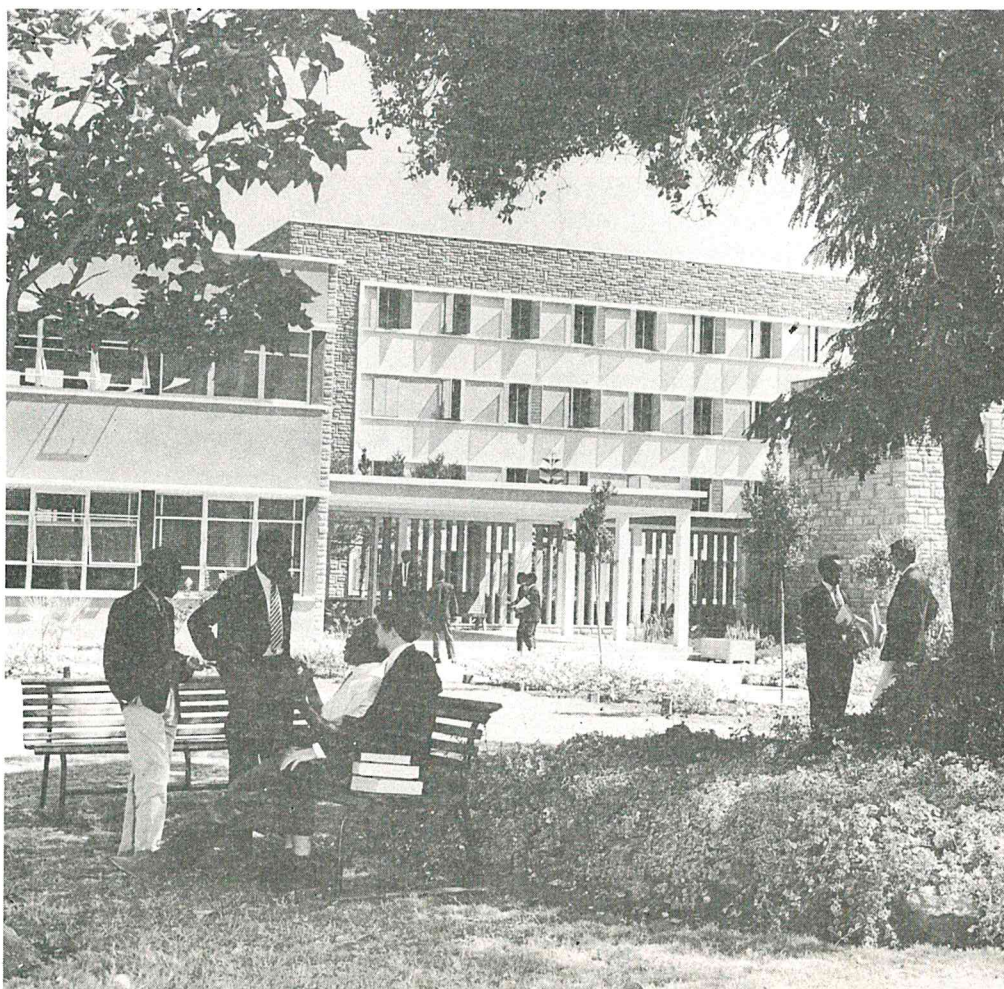
I was not too optimistic about joining Strathmore and was therefore pleasantly surprised when I received a letter inviting me to attend a Preliminary Course in January, 1976. When I first stepped into the college grounds, I was impressed by the general cleanliness everywhere. The people I met were all friendly, kind and always ready to help one in case of difficulties. In the get-togethers we had during the course, one teacher, Silvano Borruso, always had something to say about any topic. I came to learn later that he was a man of many stories and that he knew something about everything! Great importance was attached to sports, and we were all encouraged to do some sport or another. I thought at first that this was a waste of time but later came to appreciate it. However, the preliminary course was too short to appreciate everything fully.

During the first term I attended in March 1976, I met the rest of the teachers. I cannot remember when I first met the Principal, David Sperling, however, what struck me was his height and ability to do many types of sports! My first



impression of Mervyn Grace, the Chemistry teacher, was that he was very shy. However, later I changed my opinion. From early talks I came to learn the importance of having a timetable and organising one's life in a balanced way. This fact became more apparent in subsequent terms, as I learnt more about the spirit of Strathmore. Man needs a bit of everything: hard work and relaxation. Apart from attending classes, one also has to relax by

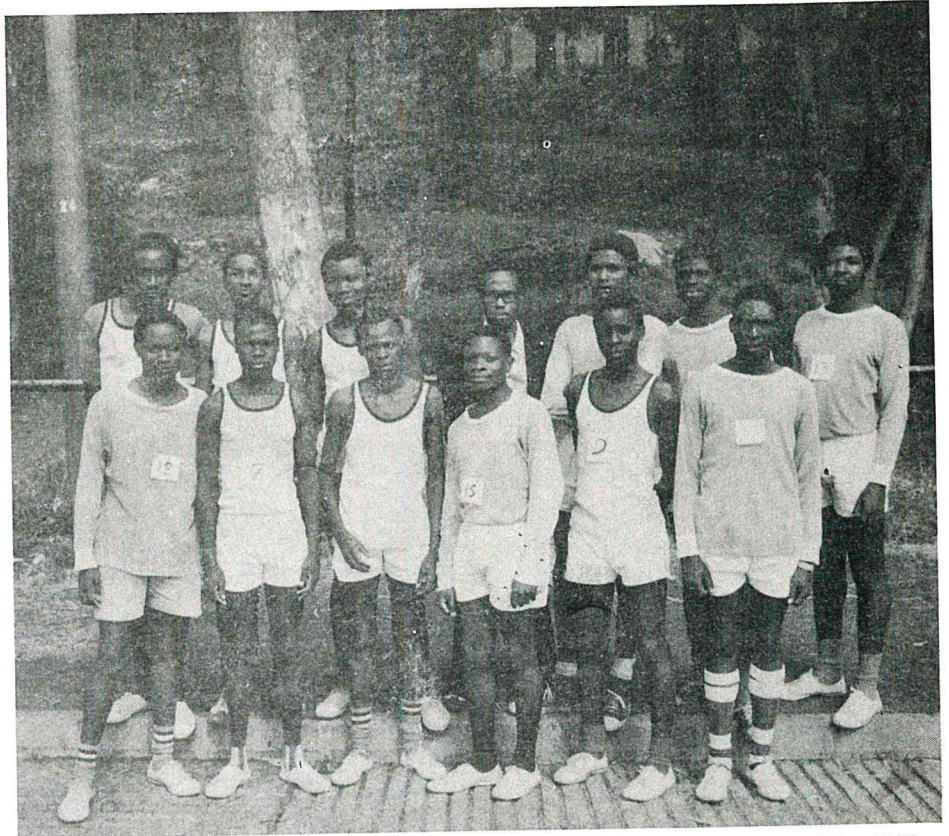
doing something different, e.g., some sport or activity, and broaden the mind by reading some good books, both for entertainment and to further one's knowledge in cultural, historical, religious and other fields. We were encouraged to do some sport after classes and to read interesting books. Hence those of us who had hardly ever been on a sports field voluntarily during secondary school days began to play and enjoy such games as volleyball and football, and we learned to play new games like lawn tennis. My interests, however, were in race walking. Under the guidance of David Sperling and in his absence Terry Ryan, I used to do frequent practices, especially at Jamhuri Park. By May 1976 I was even fit enough to compete in the Nairobi Secondary Schools 20 kilometre Road Walk Championships; the Championships were won by the Strathmore team, with Patrick Mwaniki as individual winner. Though I hadn't contributed much to the victory, it was wonderful to see that all our hard training had paid off; I had never thought I



would be a member of any winning sports team. It was during these months, with such experiences as this, that the whole panorama of life was made open to me.

I have made many friends in Strathmore, and also known many people coming from all parts of the country. I cannot forget my great companions and roommates, Sammy Nyandwaro of Kisii, Michael Lemossio from Turkana, Beni Kimau from Lunga Lunga and many others. I recall vividly the many stories from Wilson Kalungeh, especially about trapping snakes in Meru.

I learnt in Strathmore that in the equation of life, one has to include the supernatural quantity. We have a constant recourse to God because He is the driving force behind everything in the universe. Hence the College has a Chaplain to give spiritual guidance to the students who would like it. The teachers at the college gave a very good example of hard and dedicated work. It is very rare to find teachers



The Racewalking team at the Nairobi Provincial Schools Championships — July, 1977



being so approachable and understanding to their students, and having free discussions with them about their academic work and topics of general interest. Their example of selfless service was inspiring.

One cannot write adequately of Strathmore College. In the short time of two years, it infused many undreamed-of values: personal responsibility, loyalty, sincerity, service to society through one's profession, organisation of one's time with family and friends, and also to do some sports (I continue to enjoy running — and jogging). My schooling in Strathmore has thus left a great mark on me which I will cherish throughout my life.

Charles Masitsa

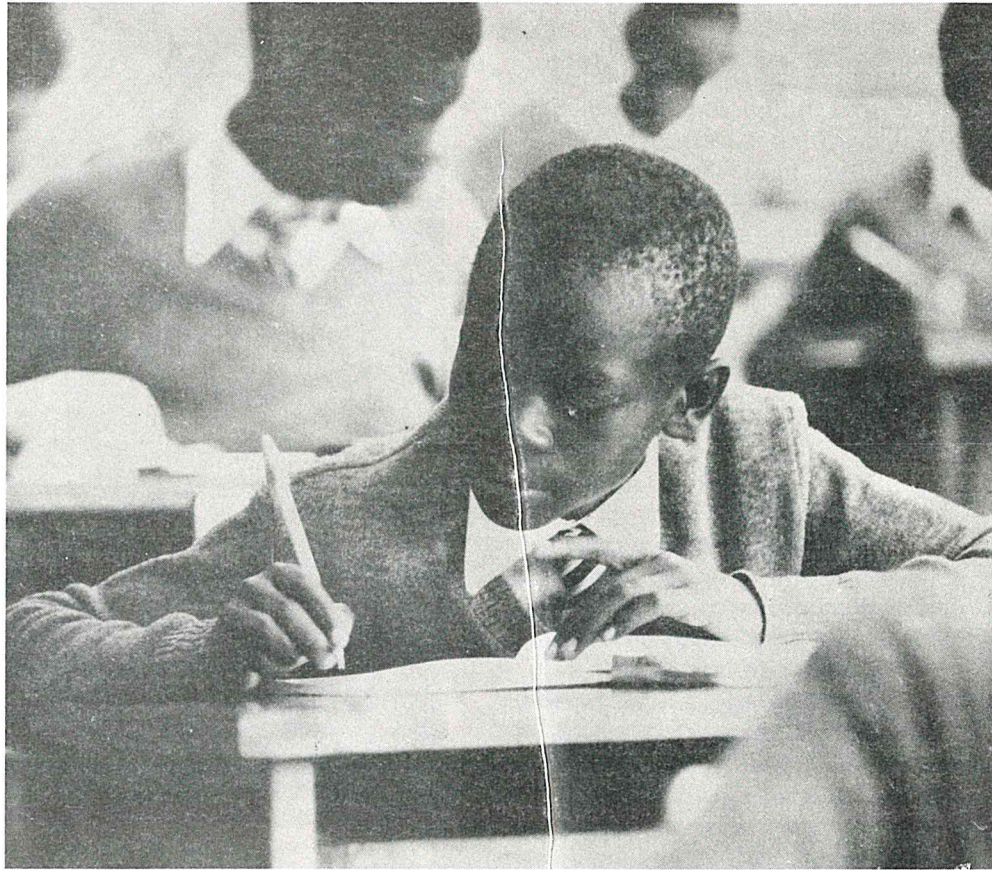
Handwriting at Strathmore

A cursory glance at the handwriting of Form I students is enough to make one squint. Except for a few who have usually been taught by their parents, or have naturally acquired a passable hand, most appear to have developed a rather undisciplined way of writing.

This problem, of course, is not confined to Form I Strathmore students: I myself suffered the same syndrome long after I had left school, and it was not until 1971 that I decided to do something about it. That year I happened to come across a book by Tom Gourde, a Scottish calligrapher who has spent at least two decades trying to revive the beautiful Italic hand, invented in the 15th century, but displaced later by the invention of printing and by less attractive, easily deteriorable hands. I set to work, and it took me a whole year to acquire a new hand. But since most of the time I type, I have few occasions in which to use it.

When Strathmore started the secondary school in 1977, we considered what extra-curricular activities to introduce at a Junior Level, to give the students a chance to learn new different things. And since students have to write a great deal, it was proposed that Italic handwriting could be one of these activities.

Weekly classes were started with volunteer students. At the beginning things appeared to go very slowly, and there seemed to be no progress at all. But then, there was a rather sudden and dramatic change towards the end of the second term. Some boys picked up the new style with a tremendous flare, so that in a matter of weeks their parents could no longer recognize their handwriting. In some cases the difference between the old and the new hand was so striking that they seemed to be the work of two completely different persons. The majority took longer to change, and once the year was over, they continued to teach themselves in Form II and III, achieving very good results by the end of Form III.



Only a very small minority, no more than two or three boys per class, seemed to have no talent at all for any kind of disciplined handwriting, and no time for imposing such discipline on themselves. Their hand, therefore, has remained as it was before.

On Parents Day, 1984, samples of handwriting were on display for the parents; in order to see the difference more clearly, the boys were asked to produce the same text, but written twice, one with the old and the other with the new hand. Most of them said they could no longer write with the old hand, and therefore they had to rummage in their notes to find some old piece of writing in order to copy it in the new hand.

The show was a complete success; some parents even expressed interest in having such classes themselves.

As a result of this activity, one can now walk among the desks of Form II and III classes, and read the students' handwriting even upside down, and from some distance. This

makes it possible to correct their spelling, or other mistakes, with much greater ease, all of which contributes to raise the standards of education in a significant manner.

Silvano Borruso

Stages of Growth

Recently in the staff room (in October 1985), someone asked me whether the history of Strathmore could be divided into periods. I answered that it could:

1) the period from 1961—65: Strathmore was a Sixth Form College, for Arts and Science subjects;

2) from 1966—70: the School of Accountancy had started, but was only one-fourth of the total enrolment;

3) from 1971—76: "A" Level Arts was temporarily stopped (at the request of the Ministry of Education) to allow for an increase in Accountancy training — half of the enrolment of the College were Accountancy students;

4) 1977—1981: the development of the lower Secondary School (by the phasing out of boarding and the conversion of dormitories to classrooms), and a consequent large increase in the total enrolment which went up above 400;

5) 1982—85: the re-introduction of "A" Level Arts, as a significant number of Strathmore's own Form Four leavers began to enter Form 5; at the same time the School of Accountancy expanded to offer, in addition to full-time courses, numerous part-time courses for employed accountants to meet the professional need for such training.

These five periods can be divided into two broad epochs:

1) from 1961—1976, when the "A" Level courses and the Accountancy courses were basically homogeneous, since both were directed to the full-time training (usually over two years) of Form 4 leavers;

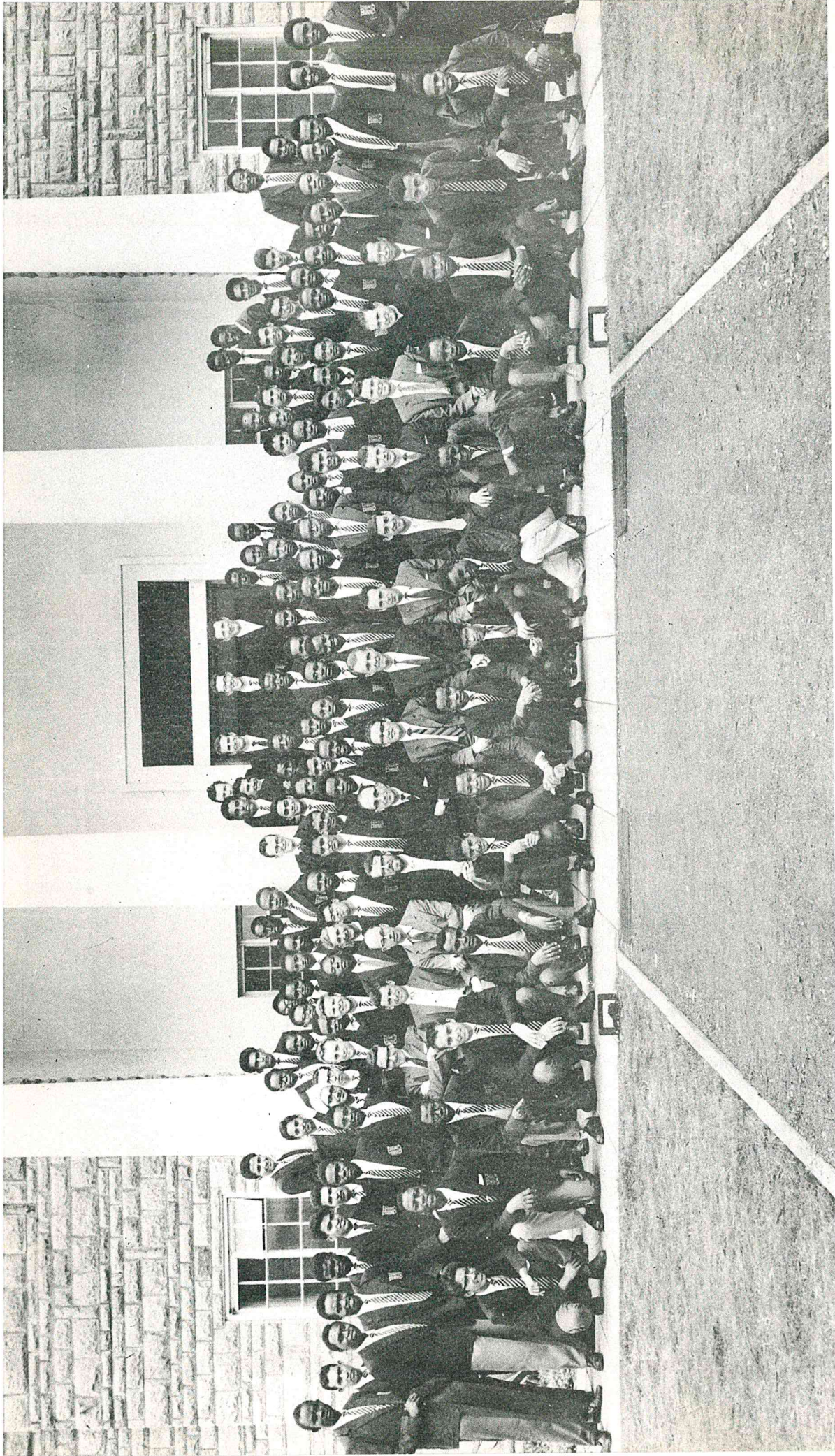
2) from 1977—1985, when the Secondary School and the School of Accountancy began each to develop its own distinctive personality, in response to changing educational needs. The Secondary school students got younger (average age 13 in Form 1), and the School of Accountancy students got older, as many Form 6 leavers turned to Accountancy as a professional career alternative to University.



What does this mean? That Strathmore is dynamic, that it is developing quite naturally, thoughtfully, not along preconceived lines, rather in response to new educational patterns, just as the whole educational system of the country is adopting to meet the demands of an evolving social structure. No great institution has ever stood still. Imagine for a moment that the College had persisted in its original 1961—76 pattern as a Sixth Form "A" Level and Accountancy College for Form 4 leavers. In 1989 the new 8-4-4 system would have left an unviable one-year Secondary course, and the Accountancy programme would have foundered for lack of sponsors, as companies and firms shifted policy to sponsor their own employees rather than School leavers.

What does the future hold? No doubt, further development, at all levels, down as well as up, and sideways. Strathmore will continue to grow with the nation, and, in so doing, continue to contribute to the nation's growth.

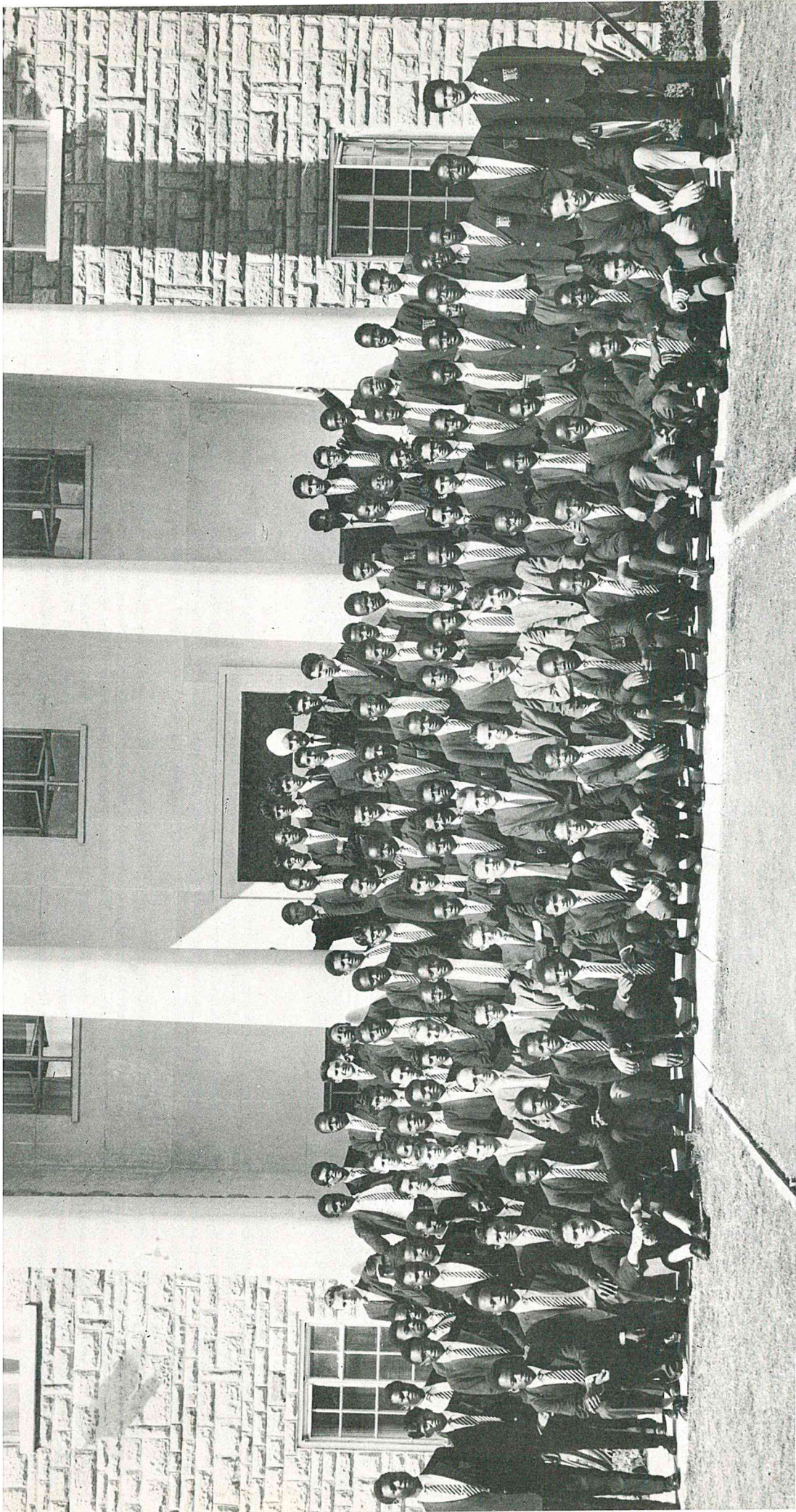
David Sperling



STRATHMORE COLLEGE — 1962

ALL ROWS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

- 1ST ROW (KNEELING): Victor Fernandes, Nick Nyongesa, Alphuncis Wandera, Luciano Vitali, Peter Wambogo, Edgar D'Sa, John Syuki, Peter Mwangi, Kishore Thampy, Pius Oyoo, Peter Kusewa, Emmanuel Jumbe, Benjamin Nthiga, Patrick Mgadi, Patrick Maithya. (STAFF): John Roche, James Cavanagh, Patrick Ferguson, Neville Denny, David Hogg, Kevin O'Byrne, David Sperling, Michael Bennett, Silvano Borrusso, Colm Stanley, Jeremy White, Fr Joseph Gabiola, Edmund Hernandez
- 2ND ROW (STANDING): Paul Adory, Amy Lobo, Peter Ndambuki, David Kamweti, Daniel Njai, John Do Rosario, Reggie Vaz, Cassianus Odera, Joseph Ndongu Mugo, Hardev Singh, Lee Fisher, Michael Keefe, James Thimba, Roger Preston, Japheth Mwaniki, Brian Nicol, Oswald D'Cruz, Joseph Chege, Douglas D'Souza, Loyola Saidanha, John Muigai, Darrell Sequeira, John C. Kimuige, Palmasio Getecha, Mathias Keah, Francis Barasa, Nicholas Keya, Ernest Bunyassi, Richard Nyaga, David Ndwiwa, Didacus Otrieno, David Namu, Brij Bowry, Jacob Kimengich, Maurice D'Souza, Sunil Sarkhar, Paul D'Mello, Simeon Oballa, Joseph Leting, Joseph Masime, Eric Ndovi, Stanley Ndungi, John Apiyo, Roman Dalmas.



STRATHMORE COLLEGE — 1963

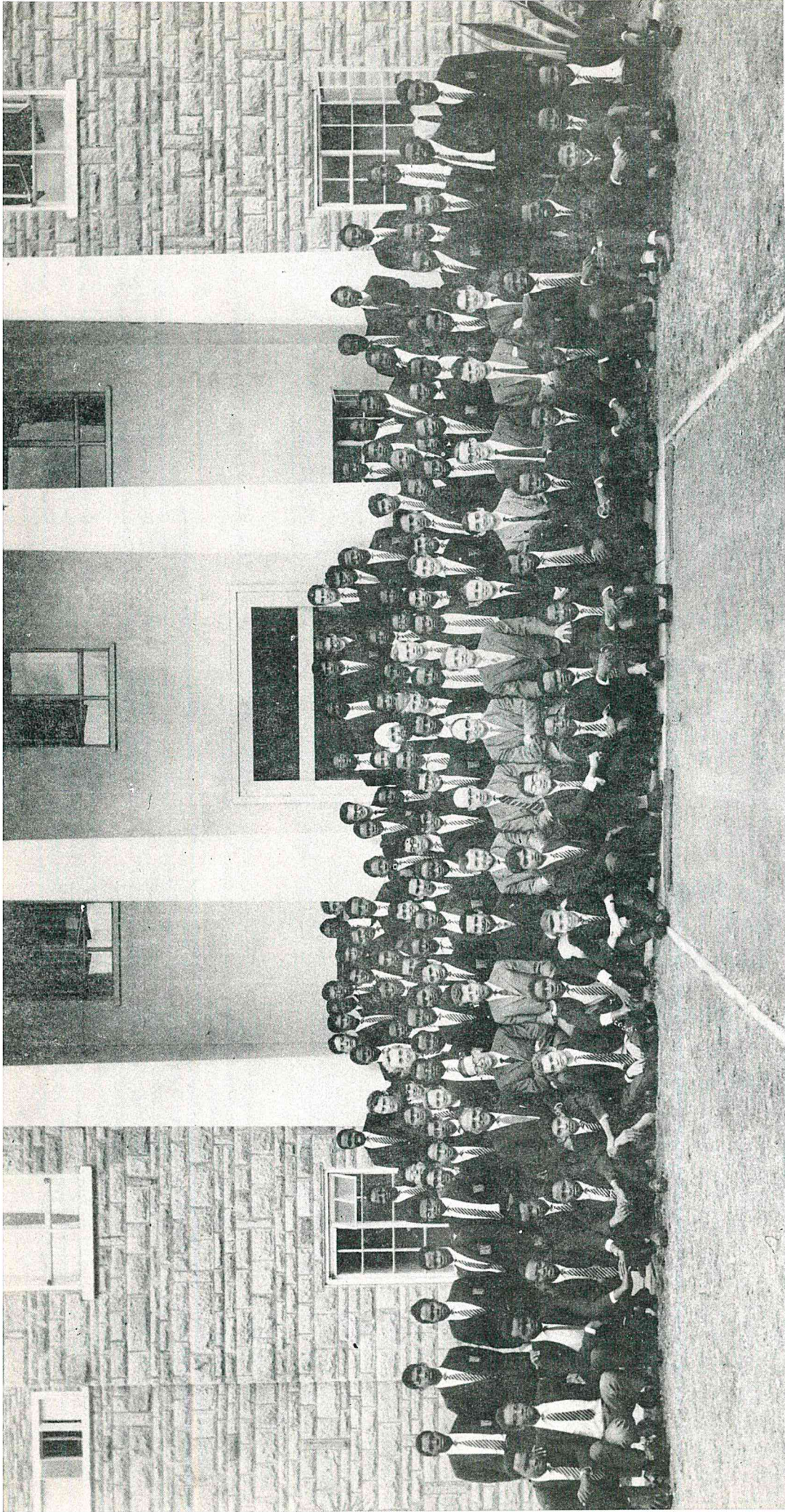
FIRST ROW (KNEELING): John Muigai, Francis Nganga, Anty Lobo, Frederick De Souza, John Kimani, Francis Nagimesi, John Syuki, Silverio Njiru, Richard D'Souza, Guilherme Carvalho, Charles Mugo, Christopher Ogago, Joseph Malebe, Simon M. Mbugua, William Mwendwa, Thomas N. Gutu, Simeon Obala, Trevor Pereira, Luciano Vitali.

SECOND ROW (SITTING): Joseph Leting, Solomon Kungu, Alex Njuki, James Gatome.

(STAFF): Jeremy White, David Hogg, Edmund Hernandez, John Roch, Kevin O'Byrne, David Sperling, Michael Bennett, Patrick Ferguson, Robert Davies.

THIRD ROW (STANDING): Nicholas Nyongesa, Kishore Thampy, Joseph Ouma, Joseph N. Mugo, Paul K. Moses, Joseph Chege, James M. Kinyungu, Colin Broomfield, Benjamin Nthiga, Pius Oyoo, Victor Pinto, Peter Giraudo, Anthony Hicks, Sylvester Kariuki, David Namu, Loyola Saldanha, James Thimba, James McFie, Edgar D'Sa, Michael Keefe, Stephen Kirubi, Joseph Masime, Leonard Njagi, Ives Mascarenhas, Emilius Nderitu, Victor Fernandes, Didacus Otieno, Augustine Odipo, George Rukwaro, George Kamau, Francis Matayo, Thaddeus Mutiso, Daniel K. Gaiho, Khamalesh Sharda, Valez Picardo, Basil Varghese, Michael Wamalwa, Alfrick Birgen, Francis Kipsang, Edwin Waiyaki, Dominic Makaa, Pius Achola, Lawrence Keitany, Leo Suiyanka, Reggie Vaz.

FOURTH ROW (ON PLINTH): Philip Saunders, Pius Kamau, Steven Sequeira, John C. Kimuige, Roberto Sardelli, Michael Wamweya, Mathias Keah, Palmasio Getecha, Cassianus Odera, Udi Gecaga, Sultan H. Somjee, Geoffrey Ahluwalia, Seraphim Kaburu, Darrell Sequeira, Joseph George, Neville Pinheiro, Ali Montet, Wilfred Kiboro, Peter Mumo, Christopher Kamuyu, David Gikanga, Francis Lugendo, John Oketch, Albert Ribeiro, Lawrence Amolo, Francis Sungani, George Male, Peter Kanywira. **FIFTH ROW (ON CHAIRS):** David Kemp, Peter Ndambuki, Zaffar Cocker, Ernest Bunyassi, Arun Nayar, Harshad Shukla, Patrick Lobo, Jagwant Singh, Brij Bowry, Camillo D'Sa, Bosco Cordeiro, Francis Gomes, Oswald D'Cruz, David Kirui (Tel. Operator).



STRATHMORE COLLEGE — 1964

1ST ROW (KNEELING): George Male, Christopher Kamuyu, Emilius Ndiritu, Sameul D. Kameri, John K. Kimani, Leopold Mureithi, Valez Pcaardo, Anthony Hicks, William Mwenda, David Kemp, Godwin Fernandes, Vernon Rodrigues, Edwin Waiyaki, Francis Sungani, George Mwangi, Gabriel G. Kimani, James Gichuki, Daniel Njagi, David N. Gitau, John D. Kibinda, Michael Wamaliwa, Trevor Pereira, Thomas N. Gutu, Daniel K. Gaitho. (STAFF): Louis Gonsalves, Geoffrey Hodges, Robert Davies, Cedric De Souza, Peter McDermott, Patrick Ferguson, David Hogg, David Sperling, Kevin O'Byrne, Silvano Borruso, Terence Ryan, Jeremy White, John Roche. 2ND ROW (FORESTANDING): Francis Matayo, Cedric Franco, James Gatome, Charles Mugo, David Gikanga, Peter Rodrigues, Guilherme Carvalho, Patrick Lobo, Howard Job, John Mathare, Francis Kipsang, Richard De Souza, Solomon Kungu, Seraphim Kaburu, Virinder Charath, Sultan H. Somjee, Wilfred Kiboro, Mathew Nzube, Fred Onyango, Michael Shukla, Michael Syanda, Christopher Ogago, Justus Cheror, Philip Kavale, Peter Wainaina, Ivan De Souza, Ernest Nyongesa, George Rukwaro. 3RD ROW (BACK STANDING): Zaffar Cocker, Romaldo D'Souza, Peter Giraudo, Paul Katisya, Joseph George, Arnold Rosario, Alfrick Birgen, Fulvio Giovando, Terence Mendes, Victor Pinto, John Meru, Robert Farrant, John Eccles, Charles Kipchirchir, Cleto Dourado, Salim Nathon, Raphael Murai, Augustine Odipo, Alex Njuki, Francis Nagimesi, Lawrence Amolo, Joseph Tuva, David Kirui (window). 4TH ROW (ON STEPS OR PLINTH): Joseph Malebe, Philip Saunders, Gordon Wright, Silverius Njiru, Richard Kimanzi, Albert Ribeiro, Simon M. Mbugua, Peter Njeru, Leonard Njagi, Peter Mulaku, Neville Pinheiro, Jagwant Singh, Geoffrey Ahluwalia, Pius Ackoro, Lawrence Keitany, John Oketch, Peter Mumo, Edmund Coutinho, Sebastian Wanjohi, Alexy Obondo, Ade Martins, George K. Kamau. 5TH ROW (ON CHAIRS): Robert Otsyula, William Mbaya, Lorenzo Piacenza, Menino Toscano, Trevin Pinto, Quincy De Souza, Austin Triniidade, David Bourn, Manuel D'Costa, Charles Kudamba, Alex Zikakis, George Vrontamitis, Ali Montet, Charles Magina, Arun Nayar, Patrick Ratcliffe, James McFie, Steven Siqueira, Pius Kamau, Francis Lugendo, Bernard Juma, Patrick J. Francis Nganga.