

06-2 SECOND YEAR CONTINUES IN 1966 AT BAMBURI

On the first morning of New Year 1966 we slept a bit longer and went down to beach to enjoy a good and long swim. For Ranka as our guest the process of going to the beach was a bit strange matter as she lived in a flat in Dar-es-Salaam quite far from the sea. Of course Knocker came with us and behaved nicely with girls. They had a fun throwing the tennis ball amid them and the dog tried hard to catch in the air. Yet the holidays were soon over and Ranka left for home on January 11 and I had my first visit to Wazo Hill few days before. On January 10 the contractor MOWLEM started the excavation of the main buildings for Bamburi Work's extension. From now on I would not have any minute of breathing space with the two construction sites going on simultaneously. Also there had been considerable amount of design works to be made for a few buildings for Bamburi Works' extension. There were many nights when I did statical calculations at home because I would not be disturbed here. These hours reminded me of the time Zagreb when I did the similar producing statical calculations for various architectural design offices. In those days it was much harder for us as we badly needed additional financing for our living.



The pupils of Loreto Convent in Mombasa celebrated the beginning of a new school year marching around the sports' ground. The march leads the eldest students.

Vesna started the 7th Grade Class of 1966/1967 school year that she could finish obtaining the A-Certificate early in 1967. She became the first in English in her class but would get into trouble with Latin sometime in February. We teased her because of Latin as it might impede her study of veterinary later. For the time being she wanted to study this because of her obsession for horses. Vesna's deliberation to study veterinary cooled down when I told her the stories from my wartime about the veterinary's work at our horse-drawn howitzer battery. We had some 120 horses at vet's work often was not too easy particularly when a horse had a constipation. Thus her "dream" of marrying a millionaire to enable keeping a large horse stud changed to something else.

One day Vesna came home from the school with an idea to buy guppies and to make business selling young fishes back to that shop. Thus Vesna got two couples of guppy fishes that "produced" fairly large number of eggs and these large number offspring emerged soon after. However a day or so after all of these "products" had disappeared from the aquarium. Angrily Vesna discovered soon that "parent" guppies ate all of they offspring either as eggs or alive too. Therefore there was no chance to have a business with guppies after all.

Early in February Vesna got seriously sick with high fever. In her class few girls were sick with mum's illness so worried about that Vesna got it too. She had to drink the tea

of hibiscus flower (good for throat aches) and Ljiljana fed her with papaya that made the wonder. Vesna's fever disappeared soon with reestablished eupepsy. Back to school she had started learning the proper swimming and came first in four class races. It was not permitted to swim "under water" that is to dive long in a race. In the school girls were called to draw a picture in a competition for the Kenya stamp cover. Vesna drew a good picture of a rhino (she used one of my slide as the base for it) that got a teacher's high commend. This was even more important for her as one did not teach the drawing in the Loreto Convent in Mombasa. We were a bit embarrassed when we heard that Vesna spread news that we would leave Mombasa for Europe in 1967. However we did not know this for sure yet.

One day when I came home for lunch Ljiljana told me the story how she saved a bird that flew into a window pane. She found a Kingfisher slumped down on the floor but still alive. She lifted the bird and held it in her hands for a while. She sprayed some water droplets over the bird, took just one photo when the beautiful Kingfisher became well fit to fly away. Recently our dog Knocker started some trouble in chasing Mrs. Mandl's cat "Pussy" so Ljiljana got a mild reprimand from the owner. How to prevent the notoriously straying Knocker from going into a friendly neighborhood? Fortunately Mandls were due to leave for Europe again for a period of some 2.5 months so would have to look for a more effective control of our mischievous dog. In February the climate became rather unpleasant as the monsoon wind was changing from SE to NE. It could be for a few weeks until the wind made up its "mind" setting for the northerly direction. After that change the sea breeze would make the life more bearable under increased heat again.

The dry season brought some unwanted visitors to Ljiljana's garden. She observed a Sykes monkey getting at our tall papaya tree where it turned around a ripe fruit and let it drop to ground. Ljiljana tried to chase it away but soon after same one reappeared from the bush and got to the fruit and took it away. This "vagrant" carried the fruit to a nearby large coral rock and sat down there. Happily it started munching the fruit disregarding Ljiljana's angry shouts. Of course Knocker was away so Ljiljana decided to pick up at once all bananas from a tree she has planted herself. Bananas were next to become ripe and tasted grand so Ljiljana did not want monkeys got the taste of them. However Ljiljana don't like bananas much but she tasted these "hers" as well. The lizard of some 60cm still occupied the same hole in the house wall base and it liked a banana as well. One day a straying cat appeared staking at that hole but Knocker got wind of her and chased it of effectively so she never returned.



**At left picture Ljiljana and Ted Hoskins chat near the old Mosque on Diani Beach.
At right fishermen do the same near the confluence of Kongoni River into sea at far back.**

We went out with our dinghy often at weekends that depended upon the tidal situation. We learned how sit firm in the boat even when Knocker joined us so there we did not get down so often anymore. Recently we started rowing down the southern channel and found there more different coral heads brimming with a wider variety of fishes. Also our shell collection grew continually as we found new specimen almost at every outing. In March the climate became most unpleasant with temperatures at +30°C at humidity of +80% without any wind draft at all. On other weekends we would get out on safaris starting early as possible to have a morning tour of animal watching first. After the tour we lunched at anyone of the huts and we would return home before dark.

Ted Hoskins, the Site agent at Wazo Hill came for a brief visit and interview regarding probable extensions of his contract with Bamburi Works. Ted invited us to get in his car Ford Corsair on a safari but we started late at 10AM. Nevertheless we got into Tsavo East by 11:15 mostly due to Ted's fast car and in an excellent spirit. Ted liked Vesna and they had a conversation in English that we hardly could follow in some cases. They recited several poems between themselves and one that made us really "shuddering". Vesna quoted it as follows:

*You'd better watch out when the ghost goes by
Or you will be the next to die
All goes well for about a week
Then your coffin springs a leak
Worms go in, worms come out
Go in thin, come out stout
Your eyes fall in, your teeth fall out
And your brain comes trickling down your snout.*

There was a lot of laughing and teasing all the way up and down road. Ted had been impressed by Vesna's English so he made her a present soon after. He had chosen an abbreviated issue of W. Shakespeare's dramas that book she would keep with her for a long time after.



Ljiljana and Vesna climbed the low branch of a mighty Baobab tree near the Diani Mosque ruin.

We had a great fun with Ted when we visited the animal orphanage at Voi Park HQ. First Vesna fed Rufus, the young rhino, him with sugar cubes and other tidbits. Ljiljana turned her attention to two young elephants giving them some bits of fruits. Ted stood

there fascinated with what was going on until two young buffalos appeared on scene. Now the congestion became a bit uncomfortable but two ladies managed it fearlessly dispensing all the tidbits they brought with them for this occasion. Despite our late arrival to the park we were rather lucky with what we have seen like a few Lesser Kudu and Gerenuk antelope for the first time in Tsavo East. On the way out Vesna counted a total of 101 elephants in few groups only – this was not so a usual occurrence. Two weeks later for Easter we have stayed 2 nights in Voi Lodge but have not seen anything unusual although we had René Haller as the guide this time. He stayed for one day only with his wife and a 5-month old son and the aya (a native child nurse).

News from home was scarce particularly as Ljiljana expected to get seeds of paprika and parsley in one of the letter from her mother. I cannot remember whether these seeds ever arrived probably because I was against such orders after all. Instead I got the confirmation from my bank that the Sudanese bonus payments were transferred after a rather long waiting of almost one and half year. I often have talked to Dick Roberts, the Managing Director of Bamburi, about the delay of closing down the construction at Wazo Hill. At last Dick agreed to write letters to the contractor MOWLEM who had been working at Bamburi Work's extension too. The two letters stirred up minds of MOWLEM directories in Nairobi after. Intensive bickering started in between the top brass people so certain efforts had been implemented at the Wazo Hill site after. However it was too late and it ended in an agreement of MOWLEM paying some penalty charges for delay. The whole affair got me the reputation of a "tuff and difficult" Engineer.



One of the twin sheep named Speedy Gonzales II was absolutely attached to Knocker. On one occasion Knocker disappeared including Speedy Gonzales.

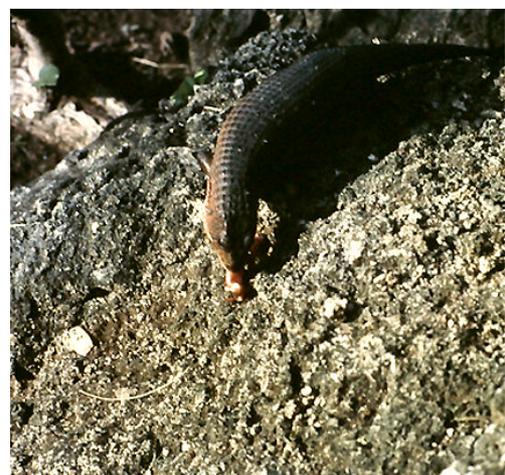
Our dog stirred up some confusion around the end of dry season in March. René asked Ljiljana if she could take one of the twin lambs as the mother refused to feed it. Ljiljana accepted to feed the lamb for a while and it worked fine for a few weeks. Vesna named it "Speedy Gonzales II" in remembrance to the first one she had in Khartoum. However what nobody expected that Speedy would "fell in love" with Knocker and followed the dog where ever it went. So it had to happen with our tramping Knocker as both the dog and lamb disappeared definitely from the earth surface on the next Friday.

On Saturday Ljiljana and Karissa got into the car and drove around the nearest hamlets and through the village Bamburi where everybody was a bit stunned about what was their object of search. They did not find them! Late on Sunday Knocker returned home

but without the lamb. On Monday Ljiljana started a new search by car with Knocker on the lead and she let the dog to sniff out the lamb or its trail at least several times. But with no prevail she returned home where waiting Ngoa proudly presented the lamb he found at a nearby field hut. A woman had bound the lamb with a cord to a tree as she had been scared of the dog to return after it. She explained her conviction about the dog as to be “Mumba kali sana, kali sana!” (Dog very severe, severe very!).

After that last Knocker escapade the dog had been kept on the lead at any time except when we went for a walk. The lamb curled next to the dog’s lap and both slept so for many hours including through nights. We took them both on our daily afternoon beach walks where Knocker behaved really “gentlemanlike”. The lamb followed the dog any where with the only exception in the sea. After several weeks Ljiljana had to return the well grown up lamb “Speedy Gonzales II” to René’s farm. Thus Knocker got its freedom back and could proceed with its tramper’s fashion onwards. As Speedy did not learn how to suck at sheep tits so Ljiljana continued feeding it from the bottle that contained cow milk though. In the meantime new lambs had been born in the sheep corral and there were a few new twins again. In most cases the sheep mother would feed its twin yet René asked jokingly Ljiljana whether she would take another lamb again. Her firm reply sounded: “Never again with me!”

Rainy season started in its full splendor! It was for the first time that we experienced the real monsoon rains. Sometimes we got 150mm to 200mm of rain in one or two hours so the water would gush down from like in a waterfall. The electricity supply had been cut off because of short-circuits at transformer stations along the Coast. As the result of we had many unpleasant hours of sitting in the dark so Ljiljana bought some dozens of wax candles. On some evenings we sat there writing letters under candle light as it was the only option. The insects became a real pest and the mosquitoes were the most awful of them.

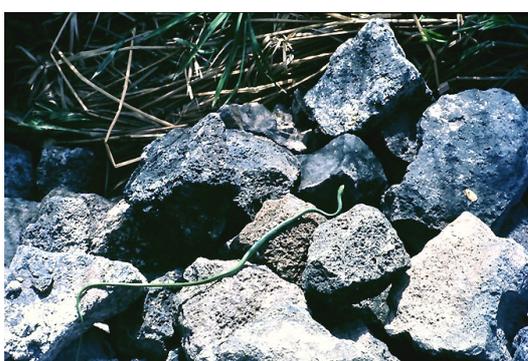


This is MILENA (“Darling”) – a lizard (brukenga, Swh.) that had been fed regularly by Ljiljana.

During the rainy season the birds’ sing-song became more intensive and amazingly variable and too enchanting to listen! Our servants were not happy about birds flocking around their improvised fields where they planted maize in quickly cleared bush patches near our plot. In the house foundation crevices resided two lizards that got regularly food. Ljiljana would feed “Milena” the female one by hand whereas the male companion was a bit shyer. We got a new “resident” in the coral rock below terrace but it was a large monitor lizard aka iguana. The later one could be hardly seen during the

day but we knew too well when the iguana did not eat up all of its prey – it smelled dreadfully on the terrace above its hiding place.

Ljiljana never found out who scooped out all seeds of paprika and tomato she had planted recently. On the other hand the number of encounters with snakes increased. At first our gardeners Ngoa (a sling expert) and Mwachiro (our “all round man”) just killed any they got across. Ljiljana learned to live with nyokas (= snake) menace and she caught one in a glass and proudly presented it to René. He just looked at it and let it free saying “kali kidogo!” (= little dangerous) disappointing Ljiljana a bit. Few days later Ljiljana called René instantly as Ngoa noticed a large black mamba coiled in large pot. This time René was too happy with the catch that he placed it in the new terrarium yet under construction. Vesna almost got slapped when she came home prancing with a “snake” made of plastic that was rather too realistic. The various plastic toys (snake, tarantula etc.) were a “great fun” in her class but not with Ljiljana.



Left and right green snake yet one never knows is it a green mamba, boomslang or just an ordinary house snake.

Since begin of 1966 we had several visits of Yugoslav vessels. Recently m/s “Jelsa” docked in with Captain Mifka and his First officer Zrinko in charge of this vessel. Ljiljana and Vesna were delighted to meet them again as they traveled under their command of m/s “Jelsa” from Yugoslav port Rijeka to Port Sudan a few times. We invited them to our house where we spent several delightful hours together. Captain Mifka brought several presents from home like LPs and books etc. that our families had sent for us. We talked about my parents whom we would like to sail on m/s “Jelsa” provided they decided to visit us in Bamburi. The voyage from Rijeka to Mombasa lasts 15 to 20 days and “Jelsa” would travel on this route regularly for some year or so. Ljiljana wrote a long most inviting letter to my parents and described the cabin on “Jelsa” and some other travel details just to make the visit as more appealing for them. We were sure that my mother would start this adventure instantly but for some reasons not yet known to us they have hesitated.

Besides my sister objections for our parent’s travel there were some chaotic information about economic and political situation in Yugoslavia. The Kenya Assembly signed the constitution that instigated some dramatic developments moving to the disintegration of the East African Union. Tanzania was moving politically more towards Russia and DDR had sent specialists and technical help to the country. The Kenyan opposition leader Odinga Oginga (from the Luo tribe in West Kenya) started a subversive action by importing arms and armory from Russia. The Russian ship docked at Kilindini harbor but the unloading had been stopped and the ship had to sail of instantly. The whole affair was widely publicized as Russian consignment turned out to be repainted trophy arms from WW2 times. Such news stirred up a lot of uneasiness back at our home and

particularly as the Bank of Kenya announced its autonomy in the financial sector. At home everybody thought that we live in a most dangerous country so why to involve my parents in such a tumult. And yet we lived here more safely than in Yugoslavia under with that indoctrinated regime.

Sure we have had our part of social discrepancies living and working in Kenya. In the Company worked expatriates from 9 different nations and of 3 different races. Thus there had to exist some temperamental and personal dissimilarities that certainly asked for a reasonable compromising and benevolence in daily dealing between the persons. Of course I could not avoid an amount of direct confrontations when it was necessary to get the desired result or move in the wanted course. I got a nickname of a "German's eater" because of several disputes I had with a few Germans speaking with certain haughtiness to me being a "Yugoslav". Obviously I did not have an easy stand but as the "boss" I remained persistent and thorough on the job that made me to be a respected after all.

Our personal got to have leave too so they liked to take it during the rainy season. Our gardeners wanted to go to their home to work on their land planting maize etc. A usual gardener's pay could be of K£ 6 to 10 per month. Our gardener Ngoa had 5 children of whom one was a girl only. This was not good for a father as a prospective bridegroom would have to pay K£65-100 for a girl without school or K£200 for one with 4 classes or K£300 having 6 classes of schooling. Our other gardener Mwachiro had to return his wife with their two children to his father-in-law because he did not pay the whole sum for her. Ljiljana agreed to give him some advance payment so Mwachiro's returned to him soon after. It was a rather happy reunion.



Vesna's classmates came in full number to our house for Vesna's 12th birthday party.

There were so many confusing news regarding parents' house that was put up for sale. Also learned about the use of our flat in Zagreb rather late and various relatives (most of mine's) lived there for a while. Often they informed Ljiljana's mother after the keys have changed hands leaving the flat almost not tied up. However we could not say that we want our flat to be put on sale as soon as we would know about our future place of living – certainly not in Yugoslavia anymore. Thus our correspondence became a bit confusing as we had to consider what to disclose to our relatives and what we should keep as unrevealed for a while at least. Vesna's next long holidays were due as from

26. July so we started planning the next “home leave” here. The big idea was to visit Uganda driving straight from Mombasa to Kampala – a distance of some 1.150km at first leg. We intended to visit Kampala and from there stay at various lodges on lakes of Albert, Edward and George. Well, we have had a “carrot on the stick” to chew upon.

For Vesna’s 12th birthday Ljiljana had arranged a big party. The party became “the hit of the day” again and Vesna’s classmates cum parents turned up in full. Our girl grew up a lot hitting the height of 152cm only a palm less of Ljiljana. The school directory inquired about Vesna’s confirmation and the ceremony had been held in the Cathedral of Mombasa on June 5, 1966. The ritual was rather solemn but simple as the girls wore their school uniform. Vesna got her confirmation name of Maria (my mother-in-law’s) as one would not accept our suggestion that was my mother’s name Charlotte. Of course there was a festivity and a lot of socializing so we were happy to return to our normal daily chores soon after. We had still strong rains for 5 days in June that was fine with Vesna who had to do a lot of learning for the Kenya Preliminary Examination (KPE). This examination was too important for her as it would be accepted by any international secondary school in case we would have to move from Kenya.

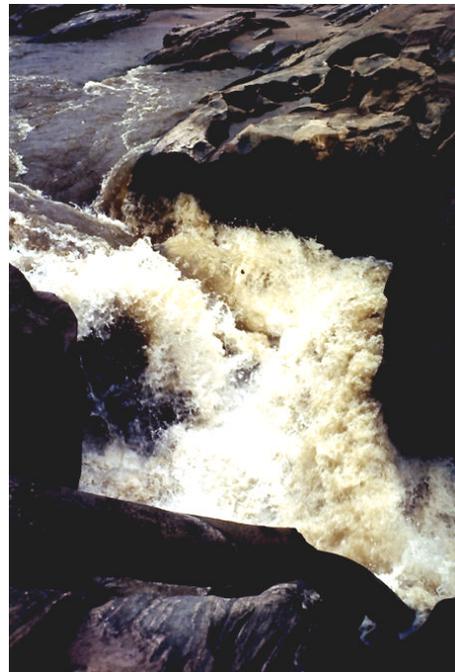


At left Vesna wears Loreto Convent school uniform standing at the roundabout access to our house. Ljiljana poses with Vesna’s best school mate Winnie Loo during Vesna’s birthday party.

Late May Dr. Mandl and his wife returned to Bamburi that she was really happy about. Mzee (as we called Dr. Mandl) traveled a lot on business around the Europe and a few days after flew to Madagascar. I have finished statical calculations for certain buildings for the Bamburi extension works and had more time for the site controls. The larger industrial structures got out of the ground already and for change Mzee did not have any comments to make yet. These would come later when buildings would shot up to their planned height up 75m or so. I knew it too well that the buildings appearances on drawings “seem” to be reasonably big as Tibor produced nice front elevation drawings of. In natural size the new industrial buildings would draft the old factory buildings. Then

Mzee would say “I twisted his arm!” to add bitterly that I had spoiled the appearance of Bamburi Works for good. The changes in the plant infrastructure were remarkable and the people had to change their driving or walking ways in many details. For me it was most important to take care in the infrastructure design as for a probable next addition even of a larger rotary kiln 2nd line in foreseeable future.

On May 24, 1966 the federal Ugandan army attacked the royal compound in Mmengo and shelled the palace with the trapped in king Mutesa II of Buganda tribe. The king escaped out of the burning building and escaped from Uganda via Burundi and Congo to find the exile in London where he died 3 years later under mysterious circumstances. Of course this upheaval in Uganda stopped our preparation for the safari for a certain time but within a short time the situation calmed down. When we arrived to Kampala on August 14, 1966 the Ugandan army turned the king’s palace into their barracks and the Buganda parliament became their headquarters. We did not have problems to view it all but stayed outside of the whole former royal compound. A year later the Prime Minister Milton Obote changed the 1966 constitution and turned the state into a republic.



**At left Sykes monkeys confront Ljiljana on our arrival to Mzima Springs.
At right Lugards Falls were always impressive when Galana River had a strong flow.**

Of course this Uganda news stirred up a lot of worries for our families regarding our plans to make a safari to Uganda. I had to ask Dr. Mandl whether we would be still in Kenya for the rest of 1966 and mentioned that I wanted my parents to visit us late in autumn. I took the chance asking him during a dinner Ljiljana had prepared for Mandl to celebrate my birthday. Mzee happy to talk about and readily approved my home leave in August going to Uganda as well as welcomed the invitation to my parents to visit us still 1966. Then he started explaining the idea of establishing a design office in Europe that would deal with forthcoming projects of Cementia. The place for this office was not yet fixed as the investigation were still going on looking for best conditions at places like Zurich or Lugano, Vienna or Salzburg etc. The bureau should have up to 10 people working in the team of that I was supposed to become the leader. The working permits would be probably a complex problem because of the different nationalities of prospective persons. Also the running coast had to be considered as well as the rent for the office. Summarizing Mzee said that our departure from Bamburi would be most

probably early of 1967. It was a really happy outcome of this evening for it one could say with Galileo's "E pur si muove!"

We got up at 4AM on my birthday on a safari and tried a new opened road into Tsavo East. We turned off at Mariakani and via Bamba drove on northwards reaching this road that followed Galana River westwards straight into Tsavo Park. It was a real adventure to drive along a new track so we reached the Luggard's Falls from where knew the way to Voi. We stayed overnight at Voi Lodge and visited the orphanage feeding Rufus & Co. there. Now we could make plans for our move to Europe at last that was important for Vesna to continue her schooling there. Our Australian immigration plans had been "put on ice" for a while at least. Certainly as Europeans we belonged to the culture and civilization of the Old Continent. Of course we had to inform our families about these good news and also that we are going on a safari to Uganda anyway. It was officially announced that there would not be any difficulties for the visiting tourists now. It would be difficult to explain our relatives that newspapers mostly exaggerated any spectacular event. Generally the news was rather old at the time it reaches Europe from a remote place like Uganda or even Kenya. The case of Oginga Odinga had been forgotten and supporters of his party KPU in the Kenyan Parliament had to leave it.

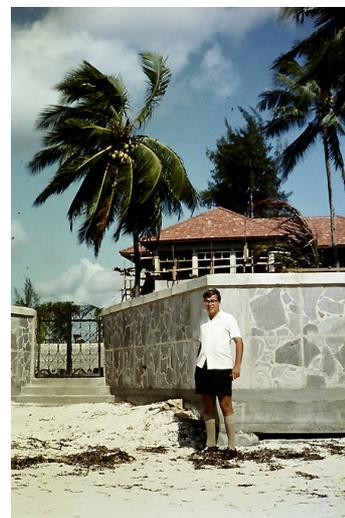


This is a mighty male elephant of Tsavo East at close.

When Dr. Mandl returned from Madagascar the Company staff got the order to start the investigations regarding putting up a Cement Works there. The Kenyan President Jomo Kenyatta arrived at the Coast about the same time and Dr. Mandl went to see welcome him at House in Mombasa. Several days later Mzee Mandl asked me to his office and explained that the Company offered to construct President's new house on a plot he bought from an Indian doctor. First I went with Tibor Gaal, a young Hungarian and our architect recently, to have a look of this plot. It turned out that I knew this place as it belonged to our dental surgeon. Tibor got the "idea" and soon he worked hard on his the drawing table producing a general layout of the house and a few front views of it. Two days later we presented the drawings to Mzee Mandl and he listened to Tibor's explanations and made a few suggestions regarding the internal layout. Then Tibor produced a raw perspective drawing of the house that pleased the boss so much that he asked Tibor whether he could make a model of it too.

One could expect this as Tibor showed an “ad hoc” drawn perspective that puzzled a bit Dr. Mandl at once. Then Tibor did not have any choice but to start working out a model of the President’s house. He was good at it and finished the model in a scale of 1:25 working over the whole night. The next morning Tibor proudly presented the house model on a board of say 60x60cm to Dr. Mandl who was delighted with instantly and called the President announcing our arrival for the same afternoon. I told Tibor to get home and have several hours of good sleep before I would collect him to meet Jomo Kenyatta. The model was cut out of massive soft wood to external house dimensions. Tibor glued on the “elevation” appearance as cut outs from drawings copies. Then he painted the whole particularly marking darker the windows and doors etc. Next to the “house” Tibor glued something like palm trees and few bushes. Although the model was a bit crude it displayed quite nicely the President’s future house looking.

We arrived at the President’s temporary residence just for the afternoon tea and the adjutant lead us to the garden where a table and chairs had been set up. Mzee Jomo came straight to us and seeing the model in Tibor’s hand he asked to be put on a nearby grass knoll. Tibor had to bend down deeply when a rather strange “noise” got from his arrear. President laughed loudly and teasingly comforted Tibor saying that he should not be ashamed of the natural “forces”. Tibor’s face got red and after the first shock over he stumbled in his poor English something about his trousers seem that had tore open. The ice was broken and the stiff meeting atmosphere became agreeable soon. The President liked the model and I had to help Tibor to explain the drawings with details of the house interior and of floor layouts. Tibor was excellent in producing quick sketches showing some visions from the various points of view inside the house. The President asked me how quickly one could build the house and it was my turn to sweat over dilemmas that would keep me busy next half year or so.



**At left is the well of Mombasa Old City near the House of Justice.
Tibor Gaal stands at sea-side gate to Jomo Kenyatta new house that he designed in backdrop.**

The construction work at the President’s site started already and factory block plant got a big order of concrete blocks for the encompassing wall on three plot sides. I did not like the idea of constructing a uniform and dull looking long wall stretching just close to the main northwards road. Thus I had advised the contractor to break up the length into shorter sections and Tibor provided a sketch how to achieve a better appearance of the block work that had not to be plastered. A few weeks later several finished wall sections had been commended by both “Mzees” that is by Jomo Kenyatta and Dr. Mandl. What one needed now was the construction solution for the sea side retaining wall.

Here the beach had a rather low gradient. During low tides the white sandy beach became rather broad but the height tides came in with high waves. The proposed garden level had been low above the mean tidal level so that that the high waves would splash over and destroy the grass etc. Dr. Mandl suggested bringing large coral boulders to make a sea wall like he had it at his house. I did not like this idea because it would spoil the appearance and need an enormous number of coral boulders. The quarry did not have that and the coral should be better used for cement manufacturing. I asked for some extra time to prepare a better design for the sea wall and both Mzees granted it graciously to me.

Of course my dear ladies could not withhold the news that we would leave Mombasa sometimes early in 1967. Ljiljana wrote a long letter explaining this information in a few details including the invitation to my parents to make up their decision to visit us for Christmas in 1966. It was their last chance to make this trip being able to enjoy the luxury of our lives in Kenya. Also she informed them about our decision to go on with the preparations for the safari to Uganda in second half of August. The political situation calmed down and in the official news one invited tourists suggesting safety in traveling through Uganda. Vesna divulged in her class the same news about the prospects of our departure in January fo1967. Our servants did not show any awareness regarding our departure so the things calmed down at our home soon after.

However a few days later we received two letters from our parents in Osijek and Zagreb respectively that stirred our blood almost to the boiling point. Bojana, Ljiljana's sister, wrote about her going on leave to Starigrad on Hvar Island when Milovan finishes the school. Baka (grandmother) Mara almost had finished the reconstruction of the house at Franetovica Place and busying herself in moving out of the old house "Vrba". Since 1961 they owned the 200-year old house "Vrba" (= Willow, a former tavern) where we had spent our last home leave from the Sudan in 1963. The "new" house was a ruin of which four walls stood only squeezed between two other houses. Next to a large cistern remained a large mount of rubbish at floor level of the collapsed building during the war. Baka Mara cleared all the rubbish and gradually rebuilt a nicely looking house similar the two adjacent 2-floor buildings. The only exception to its front elevation was the wide balcony with flower troughs. Now this was fantastic news for us with good prospects that we would be able to spend our next holidays there in 1967.



A rare close meeting we had with the fastest mammal that of a cheetah in Tsavo N. P.

I did not have time to read the two letters in the office and Ljiljana opened the next letter after we finished our lunch. My mother announced that their house had been sold for a

good price in the first sentence. In the next one she expressed with great enthusiasm their decision to visit us in Bamburi traveling on the m/s "Jelsa" on its next potential journey early in autumn. Their intention was to stay with us over the Christmas time and return with the same ship early in January 1967. This was the bombshell of the day! My parents would move to a new flat they had prepaid but it was not finished yet so they moved into my sister's flat temporarily. Most of the heavy furniture and from the father's office had been sold too. Later they would bring to Osijek some of the furniture from our flat in Zagreb that would be sold in due course when we return to Europe.

When the first shock of this information passed us we started contemplating so many things at once that one almost confused any issue. It was time to start booking lodges for our long safari to Uganda meaning fixing the route and the number of nights staying at a place. Ljiljana got cheerless thinking about leaving her garden that became of the most attended and best looking of all at Bamburi. Vesna excitedly talked to everybody about our plans regarding departure but had some hard time of learning for the KPE. Our excitement about my parents' visit was the matter of nearly every day chats. What should we show them? How one would entertain and to whom should we introduce them? Last but not least I had to check with the Kilindini Harbor Master regarding m/s "Jelsa" prospective arrival schedule.

Great times and many new situation assessments were waiting for us now!

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