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FIRST PRIZE
KENYA COLONY

SEA ROUTES:
Southampton to Mombasa 3 Weeks
Marseilles or Genoa to Mombasa 2 Weeks
Cape Town to Mombasa 2 Weeks
Bombay to Mombasa 16 Days

AIR ROUTES:
England or Europe to Kenya 3 Days
South Africa to Kenya 5 Days
India to Kenya 3/4 Days
An Imaginary Visit to Nairobi.

My visit master had set me a tiresome task. For Thursday morning I had to write "an account of a visit to Nairobi." Idly I perused over my textbook. It was full of chapter headings "physical features," "irrigation" and "primary products." How could I visualise a journey from facts which resembled a grocery list? How I yearned for a shorter journey to Morocco at the local cinema! In despair, I turned to my atlas—looking hard at the air routes to what was still to me very much the 'Dark Continent.' I looked long and hard—so hard that the map seemed to come up to meet me.

Imperceptibly, I suddenly became aware of the steady drone of an aeroplane.

Vaguely I became conscious of looking down on a limitless map—the familiar blue sea looked up at me. Then the blue slip-
African tribesmen going down to the river to fish. It is men such as these, uprooted from their primitive ways of life, who are being drawn increasingly into mines and plantations where they tend to become socially disintegrated.
red away giving place to the familiar land
— an immense tower loomed into sight. It
went as if it had never been, and next I
became aware of the land again melting
into ocean,— a fat bluest ocean than the
first crossed. In what appeared but a
moment of time, the ocean ended and we
were again looking at what was intermittent
‘tetra fitma’ — was it what my geography
text-book called a delta? But it was far
more interesting when actually seen. In no
time, the channels merged into a single
river and along its banks appeared 3
pyramids which seem to mock at my youth.
They soon disappeared and, suddenly,
the ground below swarmed with shiny black
faces peering skywards. I was flying a-
bove an immense plain. Out of nowhere I
thought I could hear a voice, strangely
reminiscent of my geography Master.
A woman tenant, who together with her sons farms a holding of 40 acres, is seen working on a canal bank beside her 10-acre cotton plot. She has also five acres of durra, five of lubia, and 20 fallow. The average net income of an individual tenancy is about £250 to £300 a year.

Gazira.

Durra stalks being stacked by Gazira farmers for use as cattle fodder after harvesting.
saying—"This is the Gezira plain—irrigated from a great reservoir at Sennar on the Blue Nile. The land is owned by the natives, who pay as 'water-tent' sixty per cent of the money they earn. The average net income of an individual tenancy is about £250 to £300 a year and----." The voice was silenced, only to begin again as we passed over a flat-topped hill on which seven large bungalows stood. "Here," said the voice, "are the houses built by the Colonial Service for their officers in Uganda." Around them were gardens, gay after the rains with scarlet hibiscus, pink and white oleander and sweet-smelling jasmin.

But it was a fleeting vision, and in what seemed but a moment of time we were approaching two magnificent snow-capped mountains one of which seemed to mock
me and say "You know me? I am Kilimanjaro - K-i-l-i-m-a-n-j-a-r-o. You remember? You never mis-spell me!" She
uttered coyly, "I am Mt. Kenya."

Then we gently glided down on to a
plain which nestled in the mountains. As we
came down, a white and bright town which,
seemed to dangle in the sun looked up
at me. Smoothly, we landed at the
airport - and I spelt out rather loosely
on a huge board the name 'Nairobi'.

It all seemed new. The streets were
broad. The houses were generally one-
storeyed, mixed here and there with the famil-
iar double-storey type which here seem to
intrude. Here and there public buildings
appeared tastefully planned - a Town Hall,
the McMillan Memorial Library, the Law
Courts and St. Paul's Cathedral.

But it all appeared much more colourful.
than the cities I had seen at home—was it the heat? More likely, the people—fol I noticed the handsome African and the keen Indian busily moving along the streets, colourfully attired. Even the white people looked whiter in their white duck suits.

I shuddered—almost unbelievably at the sight of the cinema—which seemed to be showing "Strange Journey"—and moved on quickly, and found myself almost free of the towns.

There I noticed plantations growing coffee, tea, sugar and sisal. How fortunate to have the town so near the country! The natives seemed to be preoccupied on their lands growing maize. But there were also cattle and sheep farms, dairy farms and on the higher lands, pyrethrum flourished in abundance. The farms appeared larger than ours and there
RAILWAYS

The Kenya and Uganda Railway has 1,625 miles of track running through varied and beautiful scenery from sea level to 5,900 ft. The main line from Mombasa to Kampala on Lake Victoria is 879 miles in length. Comfortable and Modern Rail- ing Stock including Sleeping and Restaurant Cars, is provided for Passengers.

ROADS

An extensive road system exists through all parts of the Colony, and direct road communication is now open with most countries in the Continent of Africa. Car Hire Services are available with or without drivers. Garages and Service Stations are to be found in nearly all towns or townships and fuel services are obtainable at frequent intervals on most roads. The Royal East African Automobile Association provides maps, route cards and all usual facilities.
seemed to be plenty of native labour.

A dozen or more trout rivers ran down from the mountains. Here and there parties seemed to be spending a happy day shooting wild birds.

I yearned to wait but was drawn back almost forcibly to the town. We moved along a splendid road, and at one place, a railroad ran alongside it. A luxurious train flashed past us—which even had a sleeping and restaurant car.

I lingered for a time to take a look at the race-course. There was a huge crowd there of people who evidently knew how to spend a day out—they were bluff and hearty in voice, and seemed to be less reserved than people at home. I thought too that they were less formal than we; greeting each other invariably by their Christian names. I overheard one say that he had found that his rascally
Hardinge Street.

Site of Delamere Memorial.
Delamere Avenue leading into Government Road.

Delamere Avenue from Sadler Street.
houseboy had been forgetting to pay the
‘dhobie’!

I wished to linger with them enjoying the
day’s sport but I was whisked away. I found
myself entering the main street of the Indi-
ian quarter, noisy with strange Eastern music
and gay with colour but a grating voice
seemed to hinder my progress as I strove
to reach the Native Quarters. Here was I in
a town where East and West seem to shake
hands with Africa, when the voice halted me
saying, “Nairobi, capital of Kenya. Built on
Athi plains—at foot of Kilimanjaro hills commands
magnificent view of Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya.
First building completed in 1899. Railway centre.
Population 7,000. Includes 1,052 Indians.” “This was too
reminiscent of the mouldy text book. I awoke with a
start and found the page of my atlas rather badly
crunched. I smiled to myself and, with surprising vig-
ors, began to write my account of a visit to Nairobi. After
all, he travels farthest who travels alone.
Books read:
1. Introducing the colonies
2. 'History of Commonwealth and Empire' (Marsfield)
4. The Times - Colonial Edition

This is a first class essay, having originality. It shows imagination and is well written. A++
This is definitely - in my opinion - the best essay in the competition. The writer has shown originality and imagination. He has displayed an ability to make his description part of his essay - structure, in contrast to many who gave a list of things they had seen and done, after first stating that for some reason or other, they were going to visit some place. The article is coherent from beginning to end, and yet while telling his story, the writer has managed to present many facts and to convey a picture of the place visited without making allowing the facts to be disruptive to his story. There are a few minor errors as noted, but in my opinion, lower the relative worth of this essay, as the best of the entries.