

Volume 6 issue 3

July 2019



Kenya Horticultural Society North Coast District

The Shamba Times



Fifty years and more ... the story of a coastal garden.

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Chairman's Notes

In the last edition of The Shamba Times we asked our readers to submit their own pieces, pictures and/or horticultural advice for publication in the ST. I am delighted that last edition's piece on the Kilifi Sisal Plantation has produced responses from two North Coast District members of very long standing who have written of their memories of sisal growing, and who add more history and context to the piece that Wendy Taylor contributed.

When Carissa Nightingale sent me the first draft of this edition's special piece on May Buxton's garden on the coast in Vipingo, I knew there was a bit of a story behind the creation of the garden, but had no idea quite how resourceful and single-minded Carissa's mother had been in the pursuit of her dream of a coastal home and garden along with a working plantation. And all to be built in virgin bush, roads included.

It makes you think. Gardening on the coast is a challenge these days. Water, or the lack of it, is the number one issue, but there are many more—salt air, strong winds coming off the ocean, high temperatures, coral, sand, not to mention bugs of all kinds, particularly termites and the mealy bugs that seem to thrive in our semi-tropical or semi-arid gardens.

So, when I read the story of May Buxton and the enormous challenges she overcame to create her coastal garden, I realized how little it is that new arrivals to Kenya like me really know or understand about the generations of settlers who came before us, and the extraordinary feats of horticulture they achieved.

As we continue to celebrate this, the fiftieth year of the KHS North Coast District, it seems entirely appropriate that we should dedicate the greater part of this issue of The Shamba Times to the story of one woman and her quest to create a new garden on the shores of the Indian Ocean. May Buxton was clearly an extraordinary person. I hope you will read and revel in her story as told by her daughter, Carissa Nightingale, and illustrated by photos old and new.



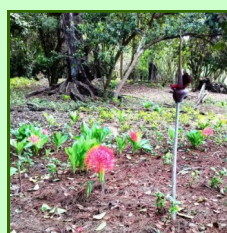
Crispin Sharp.

A Special Event

Peter and Carissa Nightingale's invitation of 15 May to their garden at Buxton Kinuni, Kuruwiitu promised a sighting of carpets of *Scadoxus multiflo-*



rus and some specimens of the strange and strangely named *Amorphophallus maximus*, which flowers once every six years. Both these plants appear only at the beginning of the long rains. Some 30 NCD members were duly rewarded and came away realising that this was indeed a very Special Event! .



KENYA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Gardening Kenya

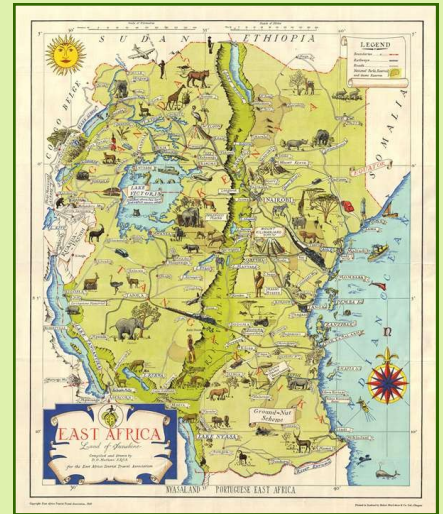
The Kenya Horticultural Society was established in 1923 for the purpose of stimulating and increasing interest and knowledge of gardens and plants in Kenya. The North Coast District extends from Vipingo in the South to Malindi in the North. Annual membership is Ksh 1000 per person (Ksh 1300 per couple). Corporate Membership is offered at Ksh 2000. Members gardeners are accepted for limited membership at a fee of Ksh 500 per annum. Of course we welcome new members, so why not see if you can introduce a new member to us? this quarter?

Officers of The North Coast District

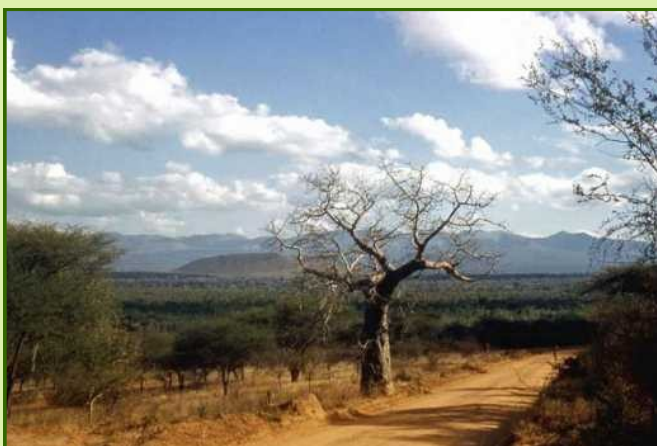
Chairman	Mr Crispin Sharp sharpcrispin@hotmail.com
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The history of Kinuni

In September, 1949, when the entire human population of the whole of Kenya amounted to under six million souls and vast tracts of this spectacular country were the domain of immense herds of wild animals, the Kenya Government invited applications to develop uninhabited (by humans) land at the coast, about 20 miles north of Mombasa. This area, called Kuruwitu, starting north of the Vipingo Sisal Estate staff houses and stretching northwards for about five miles, was to be residential along the seashore, with a hinterland of agricultural development, running inland as far as the Mombasa-Malindi road, beyond which was the well established Vipingo Sisal Estate. My parents, Clarence and May Buxton, were the first people to apply to buy land here and were advised to go and choose the site and acreage they wanted.



At that time, home for Clarence and May was a flourishing tea estate and cattle farm in Limuru, started in 1902 by Clarence's father, Thomas Buxton, after whom the suburb of Mombasa, Buxton, next to Nyali Bridge, is named. Undeterred by the fact that there was no access road to Kuruwitu, Clarence and May set off from Limuru in their Austin A40 Countryman, accompanied, uncomplainingly, by Mwanyiki, a Kikuyu employee, who had been born on their farm and who had joined them on many a hair-raising expedition through wildlife-filled swathes of Kenya, with rare sightings of human beings.



In those days, the road between Nairobi and Mombasa was a dirt road. It wound through hills and into usually-dry riverbeds, or over single-lane bridges with no sides. Some sections continued straight for endless dusty or sandy miles, offering breath-taking views of brilliant blue skies, fluffy white clouds, distant purple mountains, countless acres of acacias and other indigenous trees. Under many of these trees rested herds of elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, zebras and wildebeest, tails and ears twitching gently. Rhinos were in smaller numbers, but always to be seen. There were very few pockets of human habitation along the road and only two or three where fuel could be bought and punctures mended and where the journey could be broken for a night. For Clarence and May, the journey from their Limuru farm to this uncharted stretch of the Kenya coast was 360 miles.

Vipingo, where they parked their car and set off on foot, was a village, mainly inhabited by the families of employees of the Vipingo Sisal Estate and two enterprising Arab traders - one running his "Duka La Sigara", selling the bare necessities of life, but making his best profit by selling cigarettes in ones and twos. This delightful man was Awadh and he became a close friend of Clarence and May and, given 24 hours' notice, would procure for them anything they wanted. The only things they never needed were cigarettes. The other trader was Abdullah, who sold fly-covered meat. There was no electricity in the area and so no refrigeration. Nevertheless, my parents became his good customers, as they had two hungry Irish wolfhounds and two greedy Irish terriers. There was a small community of Giriama families, farming around the village. The women wore knee-length skirts made of many layers of thin strips of calico and had their faces heavily tattooed. The men wore kikois, which they hitched up to be shorts/nappies for ease of movement when working.



Clarence, May and Mwanyiki found a guide to lead them through the sweltering bush, on a winding path, to the seashore. On their way they noticed a forest of magnificent trees and passed some splendid baobabs. They reached a point where an enormous Tamarind tree was struggling under the weight of a prolific creeper. Pushing through this, they stepped on to the beach. They were spellbound - soft, golden sand, crystal clear turquoise sea and a grove of majestic, shady trees. Clarence and May decided to look no further, but to put in an application immediately, to buy sufficient land to develop a plantation as well as including the forest and baobabs they had seen and the grove of shady trees, fronting on to the beach and coral cliffs. May, with the far-sightedness of a true horticulturalist, envisaged the possibility of turning this area into a garden. In March, 1950, their application was approved and title deeds issued.



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May's dream was to develop a fruit plantation. For this a water supply was essential and so they asked their guide if he knew of a source of water in the area. He confirmed that there was such a source, but he was reluctant to show it to them, without permission from the spirits. Eventually, he instructed them to wait while he sought the spirits' permission. After a long, stiflingly hot wait in the dense bush, they heard crashing through the undergrowth and the guide came racing past them, grey with terror, pouring with sweat, urging them to come away quickly because the spirits were angry. Mwanyiki, Clarence and May returned to the farm without finding the water. While Clarence was back at work, May and Mwanyiki made another pilgrimage to Vipingo and, this time, persuaded the guide that they would accompany him to ask the spirits. To their astonishment, he led them to an enormous cavern in the forest, into which Mwanyiki and he climbed, calling, "Hodi? hodi?", while Mwanyiki, who had no respect for these spirits, winked up at May. They disappeared from her view and, after some time, returned disappointed, as the spirits had withheld from them any sign of the water there. The guide pointed out that they had not sacrificed a white heifer to the spirits. However, now May knew where to bring Clarence to search for the water. On his next leave, they returned, cut a way through the bush, to get the car to the seashore, set up camp in a clearing they made under the Tamarind tree at the top of the beach and Clarence found clear, fresh water in the cave, almost hidden under an overhang. The water appears to be a permanent spring, but Clarence decided not to use this source for irrigating, as the cave was a place of worship for the people of Shariani and Vipingo.



Why the dream, when they had a flourishing farm? May was born in 1905 in England and became a star pupil at Maldon Grammar School, in Essex, heading for a certain place at university, when her father, who had disappeared some years previously, wrote to her mother, saying that he had found "God's heaven on earth" and had bought land on the Mbagathi plains outside Nairobi, Kenya. May's mother was to board a ship bound for Mombasa, bringing 16 year-old May and her 8 year-old sister, Betty. Their brother, Ralph, was to go to their father's brother, to be given a public school education. Their 12 year-old sister, Alice, was lucky enough to be adopted by a family, who enabled her to continue at Malden Grammar School and get to university. May's father needed May as a farm hand on his new farm. Understandably, she bitterly resented this change in her prospects and, when she was 18, she ran away from his farm and found work, living in a tent, managing gangs of men, clearing bush and planting up coffee for investors in land development. She also trained horses on farms around the country. Years later, as Clarence's second wife, she might have felt that the Limuru farm was not really "home".



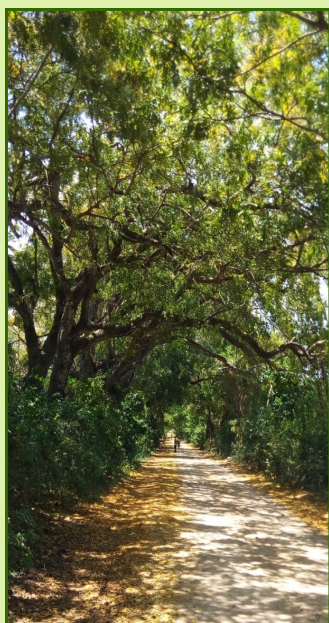
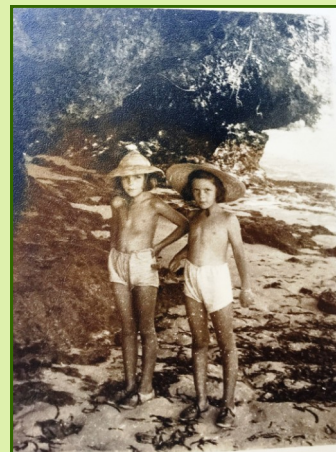
Although she was 45 and Clarence 59 when they bought Kinuni (the name given locally to the spot where they had emerged from the bush on to the beach, because of the curiously shaped coral boulder in the sea there) they were both courageous, adventurous and filled with driving, boundless energy. They were captivated by the discoveries they made on the land they had bought. In the grove of tall trees by the sea, they found a ruined mosque, some imposing pillared and vaulted tombs and the remains of houses, as well as Ming dynasty Chinese porcelain, much of which is now in Fort Jesus Museum, having been taken there by the Gedi archaeologist, Dr James Kirkman, who excavated the grove at Clarence's request, and dated the settlement as fifteenth century. Just before dawn, on one of their early visits to Kinuni, May noticed somebody standing, looking into the front opening of their tent. She crept out of the back, hoping to find out the stranger's business without waking Clarence. However, when she reached the front of the tent, the man had gone, but Clarence, who had not been asleep, told her that he had been watching the man and seen that he did not dress like the people they had met in the area. They



went out on to the beach and there was the man, walking away from them with a young boy. They followed and, fortunately, the man and boy stopped to look out to sea, the man pointing towards the reef. May and Clarence quickened their pace, to catch up with the strangers. When they reached them there was nobody there. Were they two of the fifteenth century inhabitants checking that the new inhabi-

tants of this idyllic spot were acceptable? They have never been seen again.

Clarence was, at that time, employed by the Kenya Government as a field magistrate in the Nyeri area and May was running the Limuru farm, with two little daughters in tow. She hired a manager to run the farm, which had to provide for this extravagant project, and, once again, packed the car with Mwanyiki, my four year-old sister, Rowena, and myself, aged three, four dogs, tents, pots and pans. Home became three tents in a little clearing under the Tamarind tree. Awkwardly, our tents also appealed to the many snakes, scorpions, centipedes and other undesirable house-mates, whose habitat we had invaded.

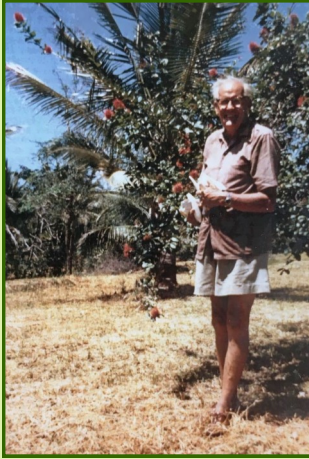


Before beginning on her dream fruit plantation, May tendered for and was awarded the contract to build the access road to Kuruwitu. Then she had to find a workforce. She managed to persuade the governor of Shimo La Tewa prison to send daily a lorry-load of prisoners, under an armed guard, to clear and burn bush, smash down the jagged, hostile coral surface, on which the bush and mighty trees grew, in order to create a road. The prisoners sang lustily as they worked and cheerfully killed snakes of all sizes, patterns and degrees of danger, but the sight, sound or smell of the buffaloes that roamed the area sent the prisoners racing to the lorry, to be protected by their armed guard. Along both sides of the road, May planted seedlings of a relatively newly imported tree from India - the Neem - and my sister and I watered the seedlings daily. Now, the surviving section of the Neem avenue provides shade for hundreds of pedestrians and vehicles along this road.



One day, at low tide, round the edge of the cliffs to the south of our tents came a lady, carrying a cake. She was Trudi Eprecht, whose husband was running the sisal estate and who had heard that there was a white woman living in a tent with two little girls, somewhere to the north of the Eprechts' house. Knowing that there was no road to the area, Trudi decided to walk north, below the cliffs, at low tide, to see if the story was true. Then it occurred to her that, if it was true, she should not arrive empty-handed and so she baked a cake. This remarkable person was the mother of one of the KHSNCD's longest-standing members, Ursula Brenneisen.





Whenever he had leave, Clarence drove down from Nyeri, passing the Limuru farm, with staff, electricity, limitless hot and cold running water and a comfortable bed, to join May and their daughters under steaming canvas, with a regularly collapsing camp bed, hurricane lamps, the sea to wash in and severely rationed drinking water, collected once a week from Mombasa. He threw himself into supporting May with bush clearing, planning a garden, choosing a site and designing our house, supervising the quarrying of coral blocks, learning to make lime, which they used instead of cement for building. A well was dug to provide irrigation for May's tree nursery and Clarence

and Mwanyiki built a windmill over it that looked like a giant Meccano set. By then, Mwanyiki was living permanently at Kinuni with his wife and ever-increasing family, whom the two daughters washed regularly in the sea and taught to swim. Together, Clarence and May discovered more vast caves in the forest, which had not been known about and some of which were



linked by tunnels filled with bat manure. The caves were home to thousands of several species of bats, giant monitor lizards, forest pigs, porcupines, hyenas, hyrax, owls and, of course, snakes. Clarence and May decided just to create a system of paths in the forest, disturbing as little as possible of the natural life there.

Meanwhile, the bush clearing was revealing a hilly, fossilised coral terrain, over which May and Clarence began to design and develop a garden of shrub-lined walks and avenues. As they cleared inland from the Tamarind tree, they found an elevated coral shelf, on which they built palm frond huts, into which we (and our unwelcome housemates) moved and luxuriated in the sea breeze. The first and biggest task in making



the garden was to smash down the fossilised coral to create the walks and flat areas to be lawns. The smashed coral pieces became the rocks that line all the paths to this day. The walks were to display May's collections of various species - the frangipani walk, desert rose walk, cycad avenue, bougainvillea and hibiscus paths and Zanzibar palm walk, created while we lived (and Clarence worked) in Zanzibar and Pemba, from 1960 to 1964.

Two immense *Swietenia mahogoni* trees in the garden also came, as seedlings, from Zanzibar. The two daughters were invaluable for forcing their way through scratchy bush or nipping into



gardens to collect twigs or seeds of specimens May spotted and wanted on our many journeys around East Africa. On one journey between Limuru and Kinuni, I was sent scrambling down to the river, Maji ya Chumvi, to pull up a yellow water lily by its roots. The river was surprisingly deep and water lilies are even more springy and stretchy than elastic. I failed and so Mwanyiki came down to accomplish the task. The family made a memora-

ble visit to the Usumbara Mountains in 1960, to look for African violets for May's spectacular, award-winning collection of them. Her desert rose collection stemmed from an expedition to Garissa with the botanist, John Wright, who was recruited to do the digging up.

Clarence died in 1967, but his spirit is still very much in the garden he loved and helped to design. After Clarence died, May sold the Limuru farm and travelled to Australia and New Zealand, the Middle East and Far East, always returning with specimens to plant at Kinuni and to try out. When she visited us in Hong Kong in 1977, May leapt out of the car while we were filling up at a petrol station to snap off a branch of a pink sleeping hibiscus she did not have at Kinuni. She continued to live and to develop the garden alone at Kinuni for a further 29 years, gradually becoming less able to tramp round over the coral, inspecting the work of her team of gardeners. Latterly, she toured the garden in her home-made sedan chair, transported by two Giriama brothers, who worked for her and now work for us. In 1996, having hoped to die in her garden, May decided that she was tired of staff problems, windmill problems, trespassers hunting the few remaining wild animals and chopping down young trees in her beloved forest and so she took



herself to Fairseat in Rosslyn. There she was re-united with some of the young ladies she had known in her early life up-country. On one of our visits to Kinuni and to her from Hong Kong, we brought Katana, the elder of the two Giriama brothers, to visit her. He shed tears of joy and stroked the white hair of his fierce employer. She was visibly moved to see him, too, and gave him a very fine woolen travelling rug that Clarence had given to her in 1938, as she embarked on a voyage to England.





Since May's departure to Fairseat in 1996, indigenous vegetation, growing typically vigorously and rapidly, has overtaken much of the garden and, furthermore, the garden is now in the hands of ignorants. I hope that this history will prompt people, who knew the garden during Clarence's and May's lifetimes, when the KHS visited it frequently, to come and show us what of May's



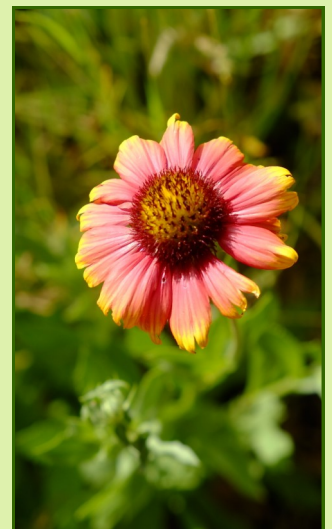
treasures to look for and where. Jeannie Knocker has kindly identified the Henna shrub May planted. Meanwhile, Ann and Ian Robertson and Sabina Baer have painstakingly walked us round the garden and forest, teaching us about indigenous trees and shrubs at Kinuni. They helped us to identify and mark over 125 different species. Quentin Luke has made an extensive list of indigenous plants he found at Kinuni. May sold the fruit plantation in the 1980s and Kinuni is now more of an arboretum than a formal garden - but it has

remained our family home for seventy years - now frequently visited by our grandchildren, who are the fourth generation to enjoy the privilege of calling this remarkable corner of Africa home.

This history of Kinuni was written by Carissa Nightingale in April 2019. The photographs that accompany it were taken from family albums, and/or by Carissa and Peter Nightingale, and by Karin Duthie who is a renowned professional freelance photographer working out of Botswana in Southern and Eastern Africa.

*Two of the most remarkable plants in the garden that May Buxton created are pictured on this page. At the top right of the page is the intriguingly named *Amorphophallus maximus* which flowers only once every six years, and is something of an oddity. Embedded in the text is a photograph of *Scadoxus multiflorus* which can be found growing out of the coral around the garden.*

*The North Coast District will be holding a meeting at Kinuni on the coast at Vipingo on September 5, with a talk to be given by Rory Stuart entitled *Remarkable Gardens*. Members and their guests will have an opportunity to explore the extraordinary garden that May and Clarence Buxton created more than fifty years ago.*



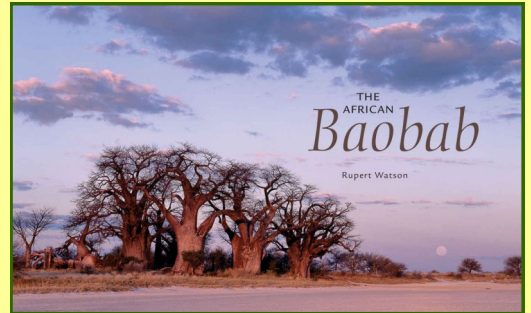


NCD Monthly Talks



Rupert Watson on the Baobab

Rupert Watson's fascination with the baobab tree, as portrayed in his book, *The African Baobab*, was shared with some 50 KHSNCD members at Gail Outram's (house) on 25 April, 2019. And shared in a perfect setting, facing an *Adansonia digitata*, as the indigenous tree is called, reflecting its five leaflet digitate leaves akin to a hand, with the waters of the Kilifi Creek beyond. An intriguing tree for its shape and many other characteristics: its size, its longevity, its ability to store masses of water in its trunk, its flowers, and its pods and their contents.



Aging specimens is difficult. The faint growth rings, probably produced annually, are not reliable for dating purposes as they are difficult to count and fade away. Radiocarbon dating has not been used extensively. Instead, GBH - girth and breast height can act as a guide: if the tree is big, it is old! Its rather outrageous flowers are short-lived, flowering at night awaiting a visit from its pollinator, the fruit bat, then to drop to the ground to appear as crumpled tissues. Rupert's description of the contents of the pod, which can be of quite different shapes though only one type per tree, encouraged an interactive moment amongst our members who told of the local production of baobab oil from the seeds, baobab powder from the fruit pith and lampshades from the pod shells, even providing samples of these last two products.

Many more facts learnt and some questions raised about this intriguing tree. Thanks extended to all concerned particularly Rupert, Gail and the donors of the five baobab saplings, an auction of which raised KSh 10,000 for the North Coast District..

Colour in Your Garden - an NCD members' discussion

The North Coast District hosted an informal 'experts' and members coffee morning and discussion about how to bring colour to a coastal garden. The event took place in our Chairman's garden at Kibokoni, Malindi on Tuesday 25th June, and was attended by 34 NCD members and gardeners. Evie Walsh of Malindi Tropical Nurseries joined a panel with very long standing Malindi KHS members and gardeners Pauline Balletto and Rob Grumbley, and who were very ably assisted by Katana Baya who has recently joined the NCD committee.



Our experts and members agreed that an essential ingredient for bringing any colour to a coastal garden is direct and lengthy sunlight, and that gardeners who choose to have lush tropical gardens, heavy in tall palms and green foliage, are unlikely to have enough sun reaching down to beds that will allow them to bring much colour to their gardens.



However, in contrast, there was considerable discussion about the virtues of desert roses, and the colour they can bring to dry and sunny gardens, as well as of the many variegated non-flowering plants and shrubs that can be grown in a tropical garden, and which bring different tones and interest to a green landscape. The meeting concluded with a picnic in the garden.



The **Sisal Now and Then** article in the *Shamba Times* of April 2019 prompted two long-standing KHS NCD members to share their reminiscences of the crop:

A Story of 'Value Added' to the Sisal Industry. By Lis Gregory

I grew up on a sisal farm and came to love the sight of the sisal when the poles flowered, followed by the clusters of bulbils, and then of the cut leaves loaded on trolleys and hauled to the factory by teams of oxen along the mini-railway lines laid in the fields.

In the 1940s and the wartime years, there was more need for cordage than for bales of sisal fibre for export. My father was in touch with a Mr. Howard S. Carter who was managing a jute mill in India with the idea being mooted of mixing jute with sisal fibre to produce not only rope and binder twine but also woven fabric and carpeting and smaller items like table mats. A company was formed, known as the East Africa Bag and Cordage Co. Ltd., and capital was raised. My father set aside land on our farm adjacent to a rail siding named Kalimoni after the name of the farm (now known as Juja), which we used for loading bales of sisal fibre for export as well as products from the mill and cattle for the abattoir in Nairobi. Mr. Carter came to manage the new mill and with him came two technicians - the brothers David and Stuart Fraser, who had worked with him in India. They came to train the local staff in spinning the twine, dyeing the twine and threading the looms.

The land was sufficient for the factory and offices, the labour lines for 700 workers (as staff housing was called in those days) and housing for the technicians and management staff. There was also a tennis court and a small clubhouse known as the Carter Club where ferocious darts matches were held with other local clubs like Ruiru and Thika Sports Clubs.

In 1946, my brother came back to Kenya as a qualified civil engineer and understudied my father whose health was failing. He worked under Mr. Carter and when he retired, my brother took over. In the 1950s, the company was floated on the Stock Exchange and the family interest was diluted and management passed out of our control.

Sisal in East Africa. By Ursula Brenneisen-Epprecht

My father, Paps Epprecht, had 40 years of experience of sisal production in East Africa. In a talk he gave to the Lions Club in Switzerland following his retirement there in 1964, he describes his journey to take up his first position as an engineer on a sisal estate.

"On 21st January 1925 I left Marseille by ship heading for Tanga. As Tanga had no quays, most passenger ships did not go there and so I had to disembark in Zanzibar, where I spent five days, and finally reached Tanga by a small coaster called "Duplex" on 14 February 1925. The Head Office of the company (Amboni Estates Ltd.), who had employed me, is five miles outside Tanga, where I spent the night. The next day I started my journey to my place of employment - Mwera sisal estate - 40 miles south of Tanga and on the south side of the Pangani River. For a short while I was taken by a Ford car, then I had to walk for about a mile to a creek which we crossed in a canoe. On the other side, my hand luggage was transferred onto a sisal trolley and I was asked to take a seat on it as well. Of course, I had no knowledge of the Swahili language at that time. At high speed two men pushed the trolley along the rails (60 cm gauge). For lunch I was at Kigombe sisal estate which belonged to the same company. From there I continued on a monowheel to the Pangani River which we crossed, monowheel, luggage and all, in a local sailing boat (*mashua*)...We still had another 6 miles to go before arriving in Mwera at about 7 p.m. where I was allocated a large staff house as well as a houseboy."

In 1933, my father took over as manager there. In 1949, he was transferred as manager to Vipingo, which was then still a very small estate and which he was instrumental in developing.

In another extract taken from his talk, he explained how sisal came to East Africa. "Dr. Hindorf from Berlin, an agronomist, who was employed by the German East Africa Company, was looking for a suitable crop for planting on the large areas of land that were hardly inhabited. He had an eye on sisal and wanted to order plants from the port of "Sisal" in Mexico. However, the export was prohibited. He read in a Kew Bulletin that, in 1836, sisal from Yucatan in Mexico had been taken to Florida with the intention of starting up a sisal industry there. A plant dealer in Florida sent him 1,000 bulbils to Hamburg, of which only about 100 plants were usable. These he repacked and sent out to German East Africa. Only 62 plants survived the journey and these were planted in the Mwera-Kikogwe area. These 62 plants, which were planted in 1893, were the beginning of the sisal industry in East Africa...German East Africa proclaimed laws prohibiting the export of sisal plants to surrounding countries. But already in 1903 Kenya had brought young plants over from German East Africa and also started their own sisal industry."

And finally, for your diary

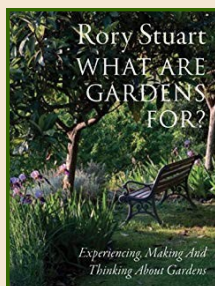
50
YEARS



Tuesday 30th July 2019 at 1000 for 1030 at the Knowles' garden in Watamu.

Rock Gardens on the Coast

A visit to a newly created rock garden in Watamu, and then to an established garden nurtured without water.



Tuesday 3rd September 2019, at 1000 for 1030 at the Nightingales' home in Kuruwitu, Vipingo.

Remarkable Gardens

A talk by horticultural enthusiast and gardening author, Rory Stuart, about what makes an extraordinary garden.



Tuesday 24th September 2019 at 1000 for 1030 at the late Helen Cockburn's house, Robusta, on Casurina Road, Malindi.

A 50 Year Old Garden and its Art.

A members' visit to a note-worthy old garden that has become a contemporary garden gallery for Ndoro sculptures, and high-quality African crafts.

25th December 2019—the annual NCD Christmas Day Cruise

John Golds writes:



This is a delightfully informal and relaxing way to spend Christmas Day, cruising up Mida Creek and back, to anchor for an excellent lunch of fish, lobster, prawns and traditional Christmas turkey on board the newly refurbished Turtle Bay Beach Club hotel dhow. The price of 3,500/- per person includes all drinks. KWS marine park fees are the only extra and are, at present, Kenyan citizens 130/-, Residents 300/- and Visitors USD17. We meet at

Turtle Bay Beach Club hotel at 10.30 and are transported by minibus to Mida Creek. The minibuses return us to the hotel at about 15.30. This KHS NCD event is open to all members and their guests but since it is very popular, booking is on a first come first served basis. Payment is not required until mid-December. If you would like to spend Christmas Day in this congenial way, please email me, John Golds jmgolds@icloud.com giving your name and immigration status (Kenyan, Resident, Visitor) and the same details for any guests you wish to bring. I will reply by email to confirm your reservation. Welcome aboard.

