

King's College Budo

Budo Junior School



Centenary Celebrations

A compilation edited by Nigel Barraclough

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A word in advance

This is note, a compilation of thoughts by some of those who attended the Budo centenary celebrations in July 2006. The celebrations themselves had already been postponed to so that they did not clash with the General Election in March.

Before I went one former teacher said, “get the record” – I hope that this goes some way to doing that. It is not intended to be a definitive record of what happened, merely a collection of thoughts and photos by some of us who were fortunate enough to be able to be there. There are many gaps and I suspect all of us could have written much more.

Apart from a little formatting here and there I haven't altered any of the text which various people sent me and I have tried to put the photos in some sort of order.

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Should anyone reading this like to add anything then please let me know.

I hope it will be enjoyed by those of us who were there for the celebrations but also by others who, for a whole host of reasons have an interest in Budo.

Like anyone compiling a text about one's experiences there is always the possibility of errors or far worse still – unintentionally causing offence, I can only apologise in advance if that has happened.

Finally all of us who went have much to be thankful for, for all the help and kindness we received at Budo and elsewhere, on behalf of those of us who went – our sincere thanks.

Nigel Barraclough
January 2007

Millennium Gardens

The Millennium Gardens are on the hillside adjoining the Bluff and several of us stayed there. To say the least it is very convenient for Budo and is a pleasant place to stay – I would quite happily stay there again. The address is Budo Millennium Gardens, PO Box 5436, Kampala, Uganda.

Nick and Beverly Bonnell

1. General Impressions thirty-five years on

Beverly and I were amazed at the amount of development around Kampala and Entebbe and at the number of new schools, some of them on Budo Hill. Natete was unrecognisable, while Kyengera did not exist when we lived at Budo. Budo itself was less changed than we had expected. The fabric of the school seemed to have survived the successive military occupations better than could have been hoped. Of course, there is now overcrowding in dormitories and the dining hall, while sporting facilities seemed to have remained static or even diminished.

The Budo spirit is alive and well. The Old Budonians have a strong sense of identity and are prepared to support the school financially. It was wonderful to see how many of them have achieved positions of great responsibility and a little sad to realise that many remain overseas, with their talent lost to Uganda.

George Semivule appears to have a firm grip on the school and to have a clear vision of what he wants the school to be. I was very pleased to see him again and appreciated the time he gave me in the middle of a hectic schedule. George and his team did a great job of organization. Others will no doubt comment on the length of speeches and the havoc it played with the schedule on the big day. Suffice to say that the Head of the Junior School, William Kayongo, kept to time and said everything that needed to be said.

That said, I wouldn't have missed a single word of the sermon preached at the morning chapel service by Bishop Edward Muhima. It was one of the most electrifying sermons I have ever heard. First, he challenged the Prime Minister and the Chief Justice to deal with corruption, but then gave the most honest and moving account of his own life and spiritual pilgrimage. It was almost worth going to Uganda just to hear that sermon.

The performance of the students from chapel readings, through the march past and on to the musical items was excellent.

2. Some interesting incidents

- a. Our re-union started at Dubai Airport, when we met Samm Bbuyemusoke and shared memories before setting foot in Uganda. Samm had flown in from Sri Lanka, where was working for the UN and we had come from Brisbane.
- b. As we arrived in Entebbe late in the evening, we stayed the night at the Lake Victoria Hotel. Communications then broke down. The Budo landline was out of action; my mobile had the wrong SIM and I had no record of Budo mobile numbers. I did get an e-mail from Arthur Mbabale, who promised to pick us up before the dinner that evening. At that point we decided to take a taxi to Budo. Ten minutes down the road to Kampala, the taxi-driver's mobile phone rang. After a few words, he casually informed me, "It's for you." I could have sworn that nobody in Uganda knew where we were, as we had made a spur of the moment decision to take the taxi. Nevertheless, Arthur and the hotel clerk had identified the taxi company and they had provided the driver's number.

c. Once at the Budo office, I met up with William Bwerere the mail clerk again. I jokingly asked him, "Have you any mail for me?" "Wait a moment." said William and returned with two or three circulars for me. After he had heard that I would be returning, he had kept any stray articles that were still arriving thirty-five years on.

d. After the Sunday ceremonies, I returned to Millenium Gardens (a wonderful project) to be told that the person to whom I had sold my car in 1971 had been looking for me. I bought the car, a Ford Taunus (yellow at first and then re-painted blue) in 1965. It was two years old and had done 30,000 miles. By the time I sold it in 1971, it had done about 110,00 miles. On Monday I received a letter. You can imagine the apprehension I felt. This is the text of the letter:

This is Mr Kiwanuka Hannington, a former teacher at Budo Junior School. I missed you on Sunday after the function. I wanted to thank you again for motor car you sold to me when you were leaving. I kept it for ten years and when I sold it, the next owner kept it for five years until he sold it also! Thank you very much. I retired from teaching and am staying a Nakasozi near Budo.

e. Exchanging memories with former students was one of the great pleasures of the centenary weekend. I had apparently apprehended one boy heading across Library Road in the direction of Sabaganzi House. He remembers clearly that I simply said, "Wrong way" and pointed towards Mutesa Quad.. He didn't say whether that discouraged him from attempting the same thing again. I can't recall his name, which may be just as well. Sam Mwesezi (now known as Sam Kigongo) was a wonderful MC on Sunday and could have had a stellar career in the media had he not become a successful doctor. At a house-warming on Saturday, 1st July I was talking to Sam and trying to remember the things he had done at Budo, apart from being a cheeky junior in Africa House. Then I remembered him as Sir Oliver Surface in The School for Scandal, which I produced in my last month at Budo. I exclaimed that now I had placed Sam properly. His reply, I hope tongue-in-cheek, was, "Of all the things I could have been remembered for, you remember Sir Oliver." Sir Oliver is not one of English drama's great heroes.

d. My final recollection of the re-union involves cricket. I was talking to William Kamanyi, Olympian, fast bowler and one of the biggest hitters of a cricket ball I have seen in school cricket. With him was Eddie (Bazanye) Sempebwa, no mean actor and a good enough cricketer to make his mark at Budo. I reminded William that he had hit an enormous six from the Kampala Rd end of Lugogo Stadium over the wall at the Kololo end. The ball was retrieved from the back of the service station outside the ground. Then a horrible thought struck me. Bazanye had been a member of the opposite team, the Education Minister of Education's XI. "You weren't the bowler, were you?" I asked Bazanye. "Yes, I was," he replied, "but I hope that you also remember that I bowled William out on the next ball."

Geoffrey Barraclough

Budo – 2006

My family and I left Budo in 1969 after being 'on the hill' for two tours of service. We remembered our time there with great happiness and satisfaction – all the good things swamping out the difficulties. A very brief visit for the 90th celebrations in 1996 gave a clue to what we might find when returning in July of this year.

Entebbe airport was different. When arriving in Jan.1966, in English winter clothing, Ian and Do Robinson looked down from a small viewing balcony as we walked from the Comet plane across the tarmac. This time we wandered out of the Baggage Hall hoping someone might recognise us, and sure enough the 1996 yellow cap was recognised, and Arthur bundled us into a waiting car. Everything seemed busier. Was there any space between the trading shops on the road between Entebbe and Kampala? I doubt it, but once off the main road and into the bundu, the dusty bumpy murrum started to bring back all the memories, but then tarmac(!) again on the Budo Hill.

Once on the hill, we passed our old house at the girls' end, and drove on past Gasta house on to the bluff. This was our evening walk to watch the sunset, and now ? – well established gardens and a welcoming guest house. What other changes ? I suppose the biggest was to see a neat modern looking staff room instead of the mud, shuttered, reed lined building that I had worked in. But like any schoolmaster I recognised the clutter of heaps of papers, books and coffee mugs, characteristic of staff rooms the world over ! The new, fully operational, England house was quite splendid and, almost, spacious.

More than anything else we were grateful for the welcome and kindness shown to us by everyone, staff and students alike. The headmaster even lent me his car on the first morning, to drive into Kampala. In retrospect he was foolhardy and I, just plain daft to attempt the venture at all! (He sold the car a week later, but I don't think the two were connected.) Kampala just seemed so vast compared with 40 years ago – it needs Ken Livingstone and a congestion charge!

It was an absolute delight to meet old Budonians, and particularly those of my vintage, and to reflect on how well they had established themselves and contributed to the welfare of society in Uganda. Their generosity seemed to know no bounds, and it was comforting to know that apparently none had suffered any long term ill effects from my ministrations in the chemistry labs. It would be invidious to mention anyone by name, but a trip by bus to visit a former headmaster in Mbarara and a lunch at the Kampala Club were unquestionably two highlights. I was invited to once more try teaching S4 and S6 classes, and that taxed the fading memory of chemistry somewhat. But here was another difference; classes of 40-50, and I began to remember those protests in UK when teachers were expected to wrestle with classes of 16 in the sixth form!

It was good to note that 'chapel' was still at the heart of life at the school. Again I made comparisons; how many boys and girls in U.K. schools would be prepared to lead prayers in front of a thousand fellow students?

It was a wonderful visit – and I haven't started on the big celebrations. Thank-you everyone who gave us such a memorable time.

Nigel Barraclough

Walking around the school

Apart from when we visited Stehpen Kamahanda in Mbarara and the days of the “official” celebrations we spent a large part of the time wandering about the school and the places nearby.

We had also arrived in the week before the celebrations so were able to see something of the preparations and occasionally seeing a seemingly hard pressed Headmaster on his way to deal with some problem or another.

I had a few arguments with Dad about what was where – I think the honours ended in my favour. What did seem different were the proportions and distances. The distances seemed much shorter and hills (like the one by Patrick Boston’s house) were now more like gentle slopes. One of discussions was about the zoo. I remember taking Dad’s father to Nansovie using the path which ran down hill alongside the zoo and being “charged” by the buffalo – all of which was denied by Dad; you can imagine my pleasure when Jenny Whittle agreed with my memories of the buffalo and proved me to be right.

On many occasions we had morning tea and lunch in the staff room. The staff always made us welcome and on our first visit we were introduced to warm applause. It was also interesting to talk to the staff and read some of the student’s work – particularly when they were asked to write about the celebrations that had just taken place. I could help but admire the general high standard high standard of the handwriting.

The way of taking tea was new to me: weak very milky and with a touch of ginger – not to my taste and I preferred to take it black.

Lunch was the same the students and brought over from the mess.

One day around lunch time we visited the mess and having been duly welcomed were invited by the duty Master to visit the kitchens and talk to the staff, apparently this was not some thing Dad remembered doing – which surprised me. The kitchen staff are recruited locally and employed by Budo rather than the Government. They were interested in who and why we were there and delighted that we had not only come to Budo but had come to the kitchens as well; all conversation was conducted through the duty Master acting as interpreter.

Occasionally some of the students would stop and chat to us and we did the same to them – hopefully I will keep in touch with some of them. Apart from the general friendliness and polite attitude of everyone, something you couldn’t help but notice was the general high standard of their turnout.

I was invited by one of the staff: Goeffrey Ssenyongh to sit in on one of his history lesson – something I was very pleased to be able to do. The lesson was in one the “old school” classrooms by, what used to be, Australia overseas” and had the distraction of a family of swifts flying in and out. Anyone arriving late (as some did) was expected to wait by the door until asked to come in and give an explanation for their lateness.

On one occasion we were invited to attend and speak to the school assembly. I can't recall much about what I said but it was enough for Dad to remark "well said" when I sat down so it can't have been too bad! This assembly was just after the celebrations and included a prize giving for the best turned out house, Ghana won it and was rewarded with a goat. It left me with the thought that I wonder how Dad would have dealt with it had England house won a similar contest but not doubt the boys knew how to deal with it!

Finally a word about England house. About two years ago England house was burnt to the ground. The cause of the accident was never determined but could have been the effect of the sun being magnified by a window. Happily the building was unoccupied at the time and none was hurt but the boys lost everything that was in the building. Funds for a new England house were raised partly by insurance and now a new house stands on the site of the old one.

The old and new swimming pools

A couple of times we walked down to the old swimming pool. It took us a bit thought to work out which was the way down – at one point we had to choose between the main track or taking what was little more than a wide path. We chose the path and were proved right but we used to take cars down there – now a Landrover would have difficulty

The pool is now very over grown and there are cracks in the sides and floor about halfway so I doubt if it still watertight. There is hardly any trace left of: the diving boards, the security fence or the changing rooms (such as they were).

A new pool is being built on the edge of the main playing field. I can't recall its dimensions but it is about the same length as the old one and a little wider. The intention is to cover the pool, circulate the water and include some form of water treatment. Hopefully this will mean that it will not be too much of a demand on water supplies in the way that the old pool was; also with the water treatment the old days of "green coloured water" will have gone.

It is also the intention to rent the pool out so hopefully it will also generate some income for the school.

Celebrations

Celebration Day at Budo - 2nd July.

I think about 20 000 were expected – some coming from the nearby villages.

Not surprisingly although there was a schedule of events they very much ran to "African time" rather than "GMT" which in some respects was a shame.

After the church service had finished the celebrations transferred to the cricket pitch. We were invited to sit in the tent next to the guest of honour so had an excellent view of the displays.

The houses all paraded and did the various displays we had seen them practice a few days before; the biggest cheer was left for Budo junior who ran rather than marched!

After the houses had finished the parade the former teachers and children were asked parade around according to decade and we enjoyed the applause and cheering from the other visitors in the tents surrounding the ground.

A ceremonial presentation to the Kabakka was made in the form of a goat led by a local man who was 100 years old.

Namarembie Cathedral – 9th July.

This was the last of the “official” events, which took place in Namerembie cathedral and was an afternoon-evening event.

We all left by Budo in various buses – some borrowed from other schools.

Although a celebration of Budo it included contributions from and was attended by other schools, it also meant that only 200 students were there from Budo.

Some choirs were very good – particularly Budo School, so were some of the speeches particularly the ones given by the Head girl and Wendy Moore who spoke on behalf of CMS.

Tree planting

Towards the end of our stay we were invited one of the teachers – Milly Kaggwa if we would like to plant a tree, 67 of which were being planted in various places around the school. Mine (a *Primus caribea*) is on the square leg boundary opposite the hall, Dad’s and Susannah Whitty’s are not far away. We also planted one for the “Old Budonian’s” in the UK and Barbara Collins also planted one close to the dormitories at the girls end. I know Wendy Moore, Jonathan and Alison Watson also planted trees but sadly I can’t recall where.

Anecdotes and miscellaneous thoughts – or memories that I can’t fit elsewhere!

Budo or Buddo ?

One of the changes has been the number of schools now set up near Budo but spelling their name Buddo.

These schools, some better than others, are all privately funded and perhaps have been set up near King’s College Budo to cash-in on Budo’s good reputation. It seems the

spelling with a “double d” is an acceptable alternative and may in fact be the more correct way.

Kampala

Kampala was not a place I remember much about from before - many of the changes were things I had read and heard about rather than remembered.

Kampala is now much bigger – I think it was “seven hills” before now it is more like 11. It means it has expanded somewhat; we used to drive past the rubbish tip – now that has been swallowed up with housing.

Some of the housing being built is as modern as you could get anywhere – we were invited to one house warming of a Budonian, Sam Kigongo. Sam is now a surgeon in New York. Amongst the guests was William Semiville – Headmaster and this on the evening before the main celebrations so he must have had faith in his staff!

The Norman cinema is now long gone and the Uganda bookshop is in a different place and much smaller.

Police Station

I had to report the loss of my wallet – sadly stolen during the celebrations and went to what I thought was the nearest Police Station in Kampala only to be told that apparently there was also one on the Mbarara Road at the bottom of the Budo hill.

Finding it in Kampala was no problem – ask any soldier or Policeman (sometimes it was difficult to decide which was which) both were in green fatigues and usually armed.

The Police Station was a fairly intimidating building and not the most welcoming of buildings even if the officials inside were reasonably friendly. Amongst the notices on the wall was one: “visitors are asked to leave their firearms at reception before proceeding further” – not a notice I was used to seeing in the UK!

When the clerk spelt “Budo” as “Buddo” I tried to point out the error but was very firmly told by a very large and well built officer that he was a Ugandan and knew how it was spelt. I thought pursuing the argument was not a good idea!

Bottled Water and Waste

The provision of clean water is still a problem in Uganda. There are water treatment plants including disinfection but mains water is still not fit to drink and has to be boiled. The reason is due to the presence of protozoa called giardia and cryptosporidia which disinfection does not kill or remove. Removal of these is technically possible and routine in “Western countries” but can have a high capital cost.

Bottled water is cheaply available and is what many people, who can afford it, use. This has led to two problems: one is refilling and reselling of bottles (hence the need to check

that seals were unbroken) and the second is the bottles being thrown away. I fear that the bottle disposal problem, (litter, if you like), can only get bigger and quite how to solve it I don't know but it saddened me to see a plastic bottle littering the otherwise "clean" bush where it had been left.

Other memories...

Seeing some one taking down the (wooden) scaffolding around a building by cutting it down with a bow saw. I am not sure if he was cutting down the bit he was standing on to – we weren't around long enough to find out!

Watching someone riding pillion on a small motor bike (a Honda 70 perhaps); he was holding a piece of board 4 foot x 4 foot and couldn't see round it so hadn't a clue where he was going, nor was he holding on.

Things we didn't see or missed (but no complaints).

Animals. I know we didn't go on any of the wildlife tours but I was hoping to see more wildlife. There were Vervet monkeys in the Millennium Gardens, which ran off as soon as you went anywhere near them; they were also in the garden of our old house and had demolished the banana trees we had planted years ago.

No snakes (thankfully) they are something I don't particularly like. I was disappointed not to see any Chameleons, we had kept them as pets and I would like to have seen one again. I suppose if the Chameleons were living up to their reputation then we were not likely to see one anyway!

I would have liked to have seen the murals upstairs in the school hall sadly it was locked and we couldn't find the key in time but it remains one of my memories from when I was a kid.

The smoked ground nuts that could be brought on the hill. We used to be able to buy a small paper cone of nuts for about 10 cents (I think) and they had a flavour all of their own. You could buy a small plastic packed from stalls in Kampala and at the rugby ground for about 100 cents but they weren't quite the same.

Things we left behind

I hope by being there we contributed something and were part of the celebrations – certainly many people seemed to be glad we had come.

A few trees which we had helped to plant.

Things we brought back

Apart from a few avocados and passion fruit I brought a few stones from our old garden and a drum from Mbarara – it now hangs by my front door and gets played occasionally.

A lot of photographs – I think Dad and myself took 800 (last time we only took about 700 in 3 and half years) and many happy memories.

We also each received a memento in the form of a small “notice or certificate” from Budo recording their appreciation that we had attended the celebrations.

Finally...

There were many happy memories of people, places, “experiences” and some of them have been mentioned here but I suspect it is the people we met, reunions held, the general welcome and the way that we received that I will remember longest.

Nakerseo

Being able to visit Nakerseo was an added bonus to the visit to Uganda – it wasn't the sole reason for going but I would have been disappointed if we hadn't been able to visit. I have included some photos and some notes about our visit if only because for some of us, sons and daughters of teachers - this was, "our school".

Out of courtesy our first port of call was to the Headmaster, David Segmenda to ask if he would mind us walking around. After breaking out from the meeting he was holding with a couple of members of staff he welcomed us and then suggested we came back later.

The Headmaster's office was in what I used to refer to the "Big side" as opposed to the "Little side" which I went to. It was perhaps not surprising that initially I recognised very little – I knew what I remembered and I just wasn't finding it! This led to a certain amount of discussion between us – I was quite convinced I was right!

After visiting a few classrooms where we were warmly welcomed by the teachers and the children we walked across the area where we used to be picked up and dropped off. A little further we came to the little side – exactly how I described it about 15-20 minutes earlier!

I found what I thought had been my old classroom; I suspect some of the teaching materials on the wall hadn't changed much and the playground where we used to play "British Bulldogs" seemed a little smaller but otherwise unchanged! Dad took a photo of me surrounded by some of the kids, some playing "touch the white man" – no doubt in response to dares or challenges made by their friends. It was a bit disconcerting at first but I am glad Dad took the photo and it has become one of my favourites.

Back in the Headmaster's office he was very keen to talk to us; he invited Dad to sign the visitor's book but asked me to add my details to a list he was keeping of former students – glancing through it there was only one entry older than mine. He was keen to know about my Headmaster – Mr Lacey and what my memories of him were.

The school is entirely funded by the Government – primary education is free but competition from privately funded schools is also having an effect and performance, in terms of grades, is not as good as those achieved in private schools. The classes are now a little bigger than they were when I was there.

The visit was a brief but a happy one and I was glad we made the effort.

BUDO RECOLLECTIONS - 1935 TO 1940

By clement Pain

Editorial note

Clement wrote these recollections primarily for the benefit of his own family and at my suggestion has let me include them in these notes about the Budo celebrations and I am grateful to him for letting me do so. I think they make interesting and enjoyable reading.

He also sent me some photos he took while he was at Budo; it was interesting to compare these photos with "modern day" Budo and see how much and in some instances how little has changed. I have also included these photos on the CD.

I arrived at Mombasa on board the M.V. Llangibby Castle in the afternoon of Sunday, 29th September 1935, just too late to get the twice weekly train to Uganda. After one night at a hotel in Mombasa, I caught the daily train to Nairobi.

A few days later I caught the next Uganda train, arriving at Kampala in the late afternoon of Friday, October 4th. It was not until then that I was told where I was to go. I learnt afterwards that the CMS Standing Committee had met for their quarterly meetings the day before. Nyakasura put up a strong case for me, but Budo won, and I was met at the Station by some of the Budo Staff, who told me that I had been allocated to Budo.

It so happened that on that afternoon the annual cross-country event between Budo and Makerere was taking place, so I was taken to see the finish of this race. This was somewhere on the road from Budo to Entebbe, so that my arrival at Budo was not by the usual road off the main Masaka road, but from a tiny village, Nakasozi, at the western foot of the Budo hill. It meant climbing a very steep and rough track which came up to the school by the Girls' Dormitory amid the playing fields. A new road, avoiding this steep hill, was soon to be opened, connecting with the road from Kampala, just below the main entrance to the school.

In these memories, I have used language which was currently used at that time, 70 years ago. For instance, I have used the words "boys" and "girls", whereas today the word "students" would be more appropriate. Again, the term European and African is used to refer to Staff, where today Expatriate or British and Ugandan would be used.

Every missionary had to learn the language of the area in which he worked, even though he might not need to use the language in his work. There were two language exams, to be taken after one and two years residence. Elsie Robinson, or Omukyala Nakabugo as the Baganda called her, spoke Luganda so well that Baganda said that they could not tell that it was not a Muganda who was speaking. She undertook to teach all newcomers to the Budo Staff, and I can testify that she was an excellent teacher, so much so that I passed my first exam in six months. John Douglass, who rather prided himself on learning the language his own way, failed.

The Headmaster was Canon L.J. Gaster, but he was on leave, ("furlough", as all good missionaries called it in those days!), due back in four weeks time. He had been a missionary in Ceylon for many years, where he had been Principal of Trinity College, Kandy.

Stephen Wright had been Acting Headmaster, And it was in their home that I was to spend my first few weeks. He, and his wife Flo, were very kind to me, but I soon realised that there was a greater loyalty to the previous Headmaster, Canon H.M. Grace, than to Canon Gaster. This was noticeable, too, in the Robinson's attitude

I stayed with the Wrights for several weeks, before being sent to share a house with "Johnny" Walker. He had been at King's three years senior to me, but he was doing his Dip. Ed. during my first year, not that I knew any of the post-graduate students who sat at a separate table in Hall.

Johnny was very good to me, showing me round the school, introducing me to various people, and to teaching which I had never done before. Just as all sheep look alike to the townie, so all the boys looked the same to me, and I wondered how I would ever learn to distinguish one from another, let alone learn their names. One helpful fact was that it seemed to be the fashion completely to shave the head, so that I could remember that the boy with a shaven head was so-and-so. There was, however, a snag here; the boy with a goodly mop of hair on Friday afternoon, might turn up on Monday morning with a clean shaven head, whereas the shaven headed boy would soon sprout a fine head of hair. Anyway I soon got to see the different faces, and could put a name to those in my House and Class.

King's College, Budo, was founded by the CMS in 1906, on land given by the Kabaka, Daudi Chwa. In fact, the hill was sacred to the Baganda, and just outside the school boundary was a tree where certain ceremonies , connected with the Coronation of a new Kabaka, took place. This year, 2006, marks the centenary of its foundation, and celebrations of this are being planned for July 2nd.

Budo was being run on English Public School lines. I would think that the majority of the CMS recruited staff had had a Public School education, and therefore thought that they were giving the best education to their students. Julian Huxley, in his book *Africa View*, after visiting the school a few years before my time, described it as the "Eton of Uganda". This was no doubt intended as high praise, but today one might think otherwise.

Uganda was a British Protectorate, not a Colony like Kenya, and I well remember being told by older missionaries that our job was to prepare Uganda for Independence. I think that nobody thought that this would become a reality in as short a time as it took, only 25 years from then.

The school had a Junior School, comprised of six years of Primary Education, and a Secondary School. I had little to do with the former, although both sections were on the same site. The Junior School was subsequently moved to a site about a mile away in the 1950s or '60s.

The Secondary School provided a four year course leading to entrance to Makerere College, which was then a vocational Training College for Teachers, Medical Assistants, Engineers, Surveyors etc. Pupils entered Secondary I from the Junior School and from Primary Schools all over Uganda. Entry was not only highly competitive, but also governed by the ability of parents to pay what was then considered to be very high fees. There was another in-take at the end of Secondary II, or from outside Middle Schools as they were then called, again from the whole of Uganda.

In 1934, there was started a six year Secondary course leading to the Cambridge Overseas School Certificate, which was to become the standard required for entry to Makerere. Only younger and more able boys were allowed to take this course. By the time I arrived in 1935, this class consisted of seven boys in class IIa. I had a lot to do with that class, and I can remember the names of most of them. For the record they are: James Aryada, Tom Malkumbi, James Nyende, Arthur Mukwaya, Sewanyana and Musoke.

During the time of Canon Grace's headmastership, approval had been given for the school to become co-educational. Girls were admitted to Primary I about 1932. It was not until 1938, therefore, that they entered the Secondary School, when, I think, there were four of them. Their dormitory was the other side of the playing fields, on the bluff where the old road came up the steep hill from Nakasozi.

In many subjects the syllabus was entirely unsuitable for African schools. For instance, pounds, shillings and pence were dealt with in the Mathematics books, whereas the local currency was decimal based with shillings and cents only. Then there was Morgan's English Grammar which taught parsing and analysis. I believe the History text books contained such matters as the Napoleonic Wars, and other British and European affairs. It was not until the 1940s that one of the Government Education Department, T.R. Batten, produced four books entitled *Tropical Africa in World History*, that the teaching of History became relevant. The choice of a set book for the Makerere Entrance Exam was often unsuitable. I remember having to teach *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*, an appallingly badly written book about the construction of the railway from Mombasa to Nairobi in 1901. It was also very racist in its outlook.

In March 1938 (or ?1939), Nyakasura were desperately short of staff, and Commander Caudwell could not properly teach the top class, due to take the Makerere Entrance Examination later that year. Consequently, they came to Budo, and joined our Makerere Entrance class. I think there were five or six of them. I remember most of their names: Jotham Kabuzi, John Nyakatura, Rwakaitura, Rwetuma, and Rubombora. The first two later came on the Staff at Mbarara High School, and Rwakaikara became Bishop of Bunyoro. In those days Nyakasura boys wore kilts and footless red stockings; I cannot remember whether we re-clothed them in the Budo uniform. I also remember a long weekend trip with our cricket team and others, to Nyakasura in August 1937. We went in the School bus, Canon and Mrs Gaster travelled with us in the bus. Yoram, the School driver, drove much of the way until he skidded into the bank. Fortunately, neither the bus nor its occupants suffered any harm, but Canon Gaster was furious, and made me take over the driving.

The school bus served a dual purpose. It was a Diamond "T" lorry with a specially built body. It was used as a lorry for fetching bricks from the Nansove kilns; also it brought food, building materials and all sorts of things from Kampala. It could then be converted into the school bus by putting in five or six rows of hard wooden seats, each row seating five boys. I usually drove it when taking teams to away matches, thus dispensing with the services of the school driver. I remember once being stopped by a policeman as we had faulty lights. The policeman happened to be an Old Budonian, so he let us go on our way, being cheered by all the boys in the bus!

Games were a popular feature of school life, as indeed they were in most Public Schools in England at that time. Every evening from 5 p.m. for an hour or so the boys played football,

cricket or tennis. Football was the national game, and the season culminated in the final of the Kabaka's Cup at the Nakivubo Stadium on the Kabaka's Birthday in August. This was a knock-out event, competed for by a few of the secondary schools and teams such as the Prisons, Police, P.W.D. and other institutions. Budo won the cup twice while I was there, in 1938 and the following year. There were scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, and all the team were regarded as heroes. Jack Barlow was the master in charge of football. He was himself an excellent player in his earlier days. After the Kabaka's Cup Final, the annual match against Kenya took place. I think there were usually two or three Budo boys in the team.

Athletics took place in October and November when the Uganda African Amateur Athletic Association Championships took place. these were followed by a meeting with Kenya, alternately in Nairobi and Kampala.

In 1937, I became Secretary of the UAAAA, which entailed an enormous amount of work in the week or two preceding the Championships. I had to arrange all the heats which took place on the Wednesday before, which completely disorganised the school teaching for that day. One or two staff, as well as myself, and 30 or 40 boys were absent for the whole day. Budo usually did extremely well, winning many events, including the Relays. We had one natural athlete, an Acholi, Nuwa Kilara. He excelled particularly at Spear Throwing. Competitors brought their own spears, there being no restrictions as to length or weight. Kilara won this event easily with a Uganda record throw of just over 100 yards.

Cricket had always been the game about which I was most enthusiastic. Consequently, I was put in charge of this. I discovered that hitherto the School played matches with the inclusion of European Staff, as the boys were not deemed good enough to play on their own. I thought this was all wrong, so from the time I took over, no Staff played in matches. As a result, the team improved rapidly, and no longer was a game against Budo regarded as a walkover by our opponents. The different communities in Kampala and Entebbe, European, Goan and Indian, all had sides against which we played

One European in Kampala, who helped and encouraged us a great deal, was Capt. Guilbride. He was a business man, employed by the HM Syndicate (Hunter/Moses Syndicate), who, incidentally, owned the only English newspaper, the weekly *Uganda Herald*. I suspect that the cricket reports of Budo matches were written by him. Capt. Guilbride was so impressed with the improvement of our team that he said he would like to bring a team of Europeans who had all been good cricketers in their time, but were now past their best. It was said that the qualification for this team was to be either over 40 years in age or 40 inches round the waist line! In the match at Budo with this team was Archdeacon Bowers, an elderly CMS missionary, about to retire. Capt. Guilbride's team were so pleased with the afternoon's cricket that they wanted to make the match an annual event. They therefore wanted a name for their side. "*Abagurusi*", suggested Archdeacon Bowers, who had been a missionary in Hoima for many years. The Lunyoro word is a term of respect for older men. So *Abagurusi* was adopted, and the name existed for many years; I wonder if it still does.

One cricket incident lives in my memory to this day. We were playing the European Kampala Sports Club on their large ground in Kampala. The ball was hit towards the long-off boundary, where it was fielded by Kilara. The batsmen ambled back for a second run, an easy run as they thought. They had not reckoned with Kilara, the champion Spear Thrower. The ball came in like a bullet, scarcely rising above 8 feet or so, hit the stumps, with the batsman yards away. The Budo fielding was always excellent, and often won them matches.

The match against Makerere was always keenly fought, and more often than not won by Budo. On the staff at Makerere was a South African, Hooper by name, who, I believe, had played in Currie Cup matches in South Africa. He coached his team to play all the correct strokes and not to take risks. Consequently, they tended to score by ones and twos, but still got out to our bowling and good fielding. Our team was much more adventurous, and had a go at their bowling. They might get out, but they would have scored a few boundaries quickly. Hence we usually managed to beat them.

I have written too much about cricket, but after all it is the only game which I really enjoyed. I suppose tennis was a game which was a bad second to cricket. There were two courts just by the entrance to the main quad. Boys played on these courts in a rather half hearted manner, there being nobody on the staff capable of coaching them. There was also another court on the western edge of the hill, just below the Headmaster's house, where staff played.

Once a week, in Games time, the whole school did what was called Community Work. Staff were supposed to join in, but very few did. The job in hand in my time was the levelling of the playing field between the Junior School classrooms and the Girls' Dormitory. This meant carrying earth in karais from the higher side to where it sloped away on the western edge of the hill. We also levelled an area just below the Headmaster's house, for croquet, a game which was played only by the Gasters and the European Staff. This job could hardly be said to benefit the school community!

Another activity which took place during Games time was Scouting. Jack Barlow was the very enthusiastic and capable Scoutmaster, and I tried to assist him. Just before leaving England, I had attended a Scoutmaster's Training Course at Gilwell, in Epping Forest, the Headquarters of British Scouting.

A month after I arrived at Budo, the Chief Scout, Lord Baden Powell, visited Uganda, and a great Jamboree was held in his honour, just below the School, near the Nansove Swimming Pool. I can't remember how many troops came, but there were enough to make a large ring of hastily built huts out of reeds, grass and banana leaves. When Baden Powell arrived, there was not a single scout to be seen. Suddenly, at a whistle command, with a whoop and a roar, a thousand scouts ran into the arena from their hiding places in the long grass and bushes. Bp was most impressed, and he then went round chatting to them.

In 1937, and again in 1938, Jack Barlow and I took the scouts to Mombasa for a ten day camp on the Nyali Beach. Somehow we got permission from Sir Ali Bin Salim, who owned most of the foreshore for miles, to camp there. Before the war there were no hotels or houses in the Nyali area, and we hardly saw anyone the whole time we were there. The high light of the week was a visit to Mombasa town, a walk of about four miles. We went to the docks and were allowed on board a small Royal Naval ship. Including the rail fare for the 850 mile journey from Kampala, and food, the scouts paid Shgs.25 the first year, and Shgs.35 the second year.

Our return journey in 1938 happened to coincide with the arrival from the UK of Lord and Lady Baden Powell, who used to spend several of the winter months in the house they owned at Nyeri, on the slopes of Mount Kenya. We knew that he was travelling in the same train to Nairobi, so we paraded the Scouts on the Mombasa Station platform to be inspected by the Chief Scout himself. I remember that Mutesa was one of the scouts whom I

introduced to BP, who told him that he had met his father who, he remembered, was a good footballer. Incidentally, though not a Budo memory, Baden Powell died at his Kenya home in January 1941. I was then in the Forces, working in the Headquarters Office of the East African Army Chaplains Department. The Senior Chaplain, Archdeacon Low, and I drew up his funeral service, which I then typed. Archdeacon Low took the Service at Nyeri, but I was unable to go as I had to remain in the office.

These Scout camps were part of my annual holiday. Missionaries were allowed one month a year; in other school holidays one was supposed to be doing odd jobs in the school. Most missionaries spent their holidays in the Highlands of Kenya, but I always wanted to get down to sea level. In spite of the heat and humidity at Mombasa, I always had more energy there than in the Highlands. I once spent a week or two with Peter Bostock at Endebess, about 8000 feet up on the Kenya side of Mount Elgon. Here there was a sawmills, and we were fascinated to see a team of 40 oxen pulling 20 foot tree trunks down the mountainside to the mill.

Christmas at Budo was regarded as an institution which no good member of staff, European of course, should miss. This, I gathered, went back to the Grace tradition, but it was not to my liking. I was quite miserable that first Christmas away from home. I vowed never to spend Christmas at Budo again, and I never did!

On Christmas Day, in the evening, all the European staff were invited to the Gaster's house for dinner. Silly games were played after dinner, but the worst thing about it was that we all had to dress up in dinner jackets with stiff boiled shirts. How miserable could one be, dressed up like that in a hot, tropical climate.

On Boxing Day, the Feast of St. Stephen, we were all, again European Staff only, invited to the home of Stephen and Flo Wright, to celebrate his patronal festival. It was a repeat performance of the previous evening, including dinner jackets and stiff shirts. Never again, I thought, even though my absence would be frowned upon by my colleagues.

On Sunday afternoons, all the European Staff used to gather at the Swimming Pool at Nansove, for a swim and a picnic tea. The Pool was fed by a spring, some 30 or 40 feet higher up in the bushes and trees. It trickled gently into the shallow end of the pool, and out at the deep end. One incident of an encounter with a snake sticks in my memory. I had forgotten something after toiling halfway up the hill, so I went back to fetch it. Instead of going down the path, and in through the entrance, I took a short cut, down a very steep bank. As I ran down this bank, I saw a large black mamba, slithering across the bank. I could not stop, so I took a wild leap over the snake, and landed, without injuring myself, at the bottom of the bank, on the grass surrounding the pool. The pool was used by the school quite frequently, and every year we had Swimming Sports for a House cup. Apart from races and diving, every boy who could swim a length, earned a point for his house.

This spring provided enough water to work a "ram", which pumped water up to the school. I do not really understand how a ram works, but water went down a fairly large pipe, with a drop of 30 or 40 feet, and was then forced up by a ram valve into a smaller pipe to the school, some 150 feet higher up the hill. It very often went wrong, and it was the job of Stephen Wright and Robbie, both of whom had engineering experience, to keep it going. I think I am right in saying that for every gallon of water pumped up, the ram wastes about

eight gallons. I believe it was the only ram in Uganda, but they were used widely in Kenya by farmers.

Early in 1937, I bought my first car, a ten year old Chevrolet Box Body. It gave me a measure of independence, so that I could get off the hill and visit friends. It also helped with holidays. I remember one trip round the east and north of the country. I stayed in a Rest Camp at Amuria in Teso, having reached there via Mbale and Buwalasi. I went on from Teso, through Lango and crossed the Nile by the Atura Ferry to Masindi, and then back to Budo. Two years later, I sold this car, and bought another ten year old Chev, of the same type, which served me well until the end of the war, when I sold it for £20 more than I had paid for it.

On this car, I taught James Nyende to drive. Fifty years later, when I met him in Kampala, he told me what agonies he went through, whenever I told him to go faster. The accelerator pedal had lost its smooth, round top, leaving just a quarter inch rod sticking up. This did not worry me, as I wore shoes, but for James, wearing no shoes, it was more than painful, pressing hard on this spike. The car made a couple of journeys to Kenya. Uganda residents did not, as a rule, take their cars on the roads in Kenya, where the roads were often impassable in the rainy season, or full of potholes in dry weather. I had the car with me while I was in the Forces. In fact, the day I was discharged from the Forces, in January 1941, I drove the whole way from Nairobi to Mukono in one day, something which could easily be done on today's tarmac roads, but it was a very different matter on the roads of that era.

I also taught Cecilie to drive on this car. The only other person I have ever taught was my cook, Sempa, who was with me for much of my time in the Forces in Nairobi.

At the end of 1936, Johnny and Jo Walker went on leave, which meant that there was no one to run the School Store. I was asked to take it over, and what a job it turned out to be. The store itself was situated at the end of Canada House, covering an area of about 18 feet by 8 feet. Into this incredibly small space were crammed all the text books, exercise books, sheets and blankets, school uniform consisting of school cap, two pairs of shorts, two shirts, and football jersey. Of course, all these items were not in the store for long, as blankets and sheets had to be issued on the first night of term, and text books and exercise books were issued on the first teaching day. It took several days before all the school were given their uniform, there being about 150 boys in the Secondary School. I had nothing to do with the girl's uniform, nor with the distribution of uniforms to boys in the Junior School, though I think I must have been responsible for ordering them.

This leads me on to recollect how all these things were purchased. Text books and exercise books were ordered from the Uganda Bookshop in Kampala. The Bookshop was semi-autonomous/CMS/NAC (Native Anglican Church, as the Church of Uganda was then called), under the management of Mr Hay Dale. I knew that he obtained them from the ESA (Educational Supply Association) in London. The Bookshop charged us with enough to give them some profit, which made the exercise books more expensive than they need be. Why not order them direct from the ESA was my reaction to this unnecessary charge on school finances? So I set in motion the necessary arrangements, and told the Bookshop what I was doing. Needless to say, I was immensely unpopular with Mr Dale, but he soon got over this, and friendly relations were restored.

Then there was the supply of school uniforms. The system had been to get them from the only Department Store in Kampala, a shop called Drapers. I realised that an unfair proportion of the cost was profit for the shop. My idea was to import the material from the UK, and to employ an African tailor to make the shirts and shorts. The material came by Parcel Post, in 22 lb parcels which I collected from Kampala Post Office. This was a cheaper way of importing cloth than by sea freight. There were so many charges to be paid, let alone the actual shipping charges. Charges at Mombasa included an agent's fee to see it through Customs, carriage, unloading and loading on to the Goods train and paying the cost of transport for the 850 mile journey to Uganda.

I appointed an ex-Kampala Technical School trained tailor to make the uniforms, and he was paid so much for each item. His name was Musa Sempala, and he went on making the uniforms for, I think, 30 years or more. He is still alive today (2006); he lives a few miles out of Kampala, on the road to Kazi, where we visited him several times during our years at Makerere, 35 years ago. I hear news of him from his son, Fred Sempala-Ntege, who lives at Yeovil. I well remember attending Musa's wedding at Ngogwe in 1938. At the reception, the local Primary School choir sang hymns, interspersed with records on an old gramophone. One record was "I shot the guy who stole my wife away"! They were happily married for over 60 years until his wife died a few years ago.

All went well with the new system of producing school uniforms until the boys did their first washing of their shorts. They shrank so much that they were only just wearable. Thereafter, each roll of material was soaked in water and laid out to dry before being cut out. There were then no further troubles, and a considerable saving on exercise books and school uniforms resulted.

Staff changes and additions during those pre-War years were fairly frequent. Johnny and Jo Walker, returning from leave in the UK, were sent to Busoga College, Mwiri. New arrivals included the Rev. Ken and Mary Edmunds, who was to be the Chaplain; Eric Siddall; Dorothy Gayer, who took the place of Irene Powys, in charge of the Girls and the Junior School; Ellis and Lorna Hillier, who was recruited to start a Commercial Course, which never really got off the ground; Betty Viggars, a lively young friend of the Gasters; Dora Markby, for a year or two until she married Dr. Roy Billington, a CMS doctor at Mengo Hospital; A.K. Sempa and one of the Mulira family, both of whom had been at Achimota; Y. Sengendo, a Makerere trained teacher; Oommen, a Cristian Indian from South India, a member of the Mar Toma Church; and Y.K. Lule, the first Ugandan graduate on the staff.

Y.K. Lule left Budo for Makerere a year or two before I arrived. I was told that he was baptised by total immersion at a service down at the Swimming Pool. He went to South Africa from Makerere, to Fort Hare University, where he obtained a degree in Science, I think. I remember meeting him at Mombasa, where I was on holiday, on his return by sea from Fort Hare. We travelled together on the train to Kampala. With some trepidation, I took him into the Dining Car for meals. At that time, it was unheard of for an African to eat meals in the Dining Car, and I feared that some Kenya settler might make some insulting comment. However, all was well. Yusufu Lule succeeded Bernard de Bunsen as Principal of Makerere when it was a constituent College of the University of East Africa. He was disgracefully dismissed by Milton Obote when Makerere became a separate University on July 1st, 1970. Later, on the overthrow of Idi Amin in 1979, he became President of Uganda for a few months. He, and his wife Hannah, whom I taught as she was one of the first girls to enter the Secondary School, came to visit us at Porters, Nutfield.

Another addition to the Staff, Freddie Crittenden, came about in this way. Mutesa, the heir to the throne of Buganda, had been a pupil in the Junior School from Primary I; in 1937 he was rising 14, and I think in Secondary II. The Buganda Government Ministers wanted him to be accustomed to western ways and culture, so they decided to employ an English Tutor, with whom he would live in a house which they were prepared to build. A house was rapidly built on the western side of the top playing field, and Mutesa moved there from Canada House of which I was the Housemaster. Freddie Crittenden was appointed to be his Tutor, but was able to take a full part in teaching and other school activities, as Mutesa continued with his education in the school. Freddie had been on the Staff of the Alliance High School in Kenya, and had also, I think, worked for the Scripture Union in Kenya. In July 1938, Freddie was given about three months leave to come to the UK to be married to Rhona Morris. During his absence, I was asked to be Acting Tutor, which meant living in the house with Mutesa.

What of the Christian influence and worship of the School. Until the war, all European Staff were recruited by the CMS in London, and were therefore Christian in their commitment. In Uganda, the Bishop was Chairman of the Governors, and there were several other ex officio CMS members. Thus the Christian ethic of the founders of the School was preserved. The Chapel was in the centre of one side of the quad. There were daily prayers for the whole school at 8:45, taken by one of the staff, a week at a time. When I first arrived, there was also a short evening service at 6:30, but this was superseded by short prayers in houses at 9:30, just before Lights Out. It was hoped that the housemaster would attend, and I usually did. The Prayers were led by the House Prefect, or one of the senior boys.

On Sundays, there was usually an early Holy Communion Service in English. Then, at 10:30 the whole school, and most staff, attended the main service of the day, at which one of the staff preached. There was also an evening service, but I have no clear recollection of this.

1937 marked the Diamond Jubilee of the Church in Uganda. It was in 1877 That Alexander Mackay arrived in Buganda, in the days of Kabaka Mutesa I. The NAC decided to mark this Anniversary with Missions in every village throughout the country. Budo was asked to send out teams at the weekends to local villages. These efforts were not a great success. Each House was given a number of villages to visit; I have vague memories of going to one or two villages.

Now a word about the lay-out of the school and its buildings. The road to Budo left the main Kampala/Masaka road at Mile 8, and then wound up the hill for two miles. You entered the main quad past a small hut where the Gate Keeper, Sabakaki in Luganda, had an enormous drum which he beat with immense vigour to mark the passing of the daily routine. On your left was a dormitory, Australia, then the chapel, and then another dormitory, Canada. On the right the lay-out was similar, with South Africa, a Large Dining Hall, and England dormitories or houses. Straight in front, about 80 yards from the Sabakaki's hut was the Assembly Hall flanked on each side by classrooms. Behind this block, was the top playing field for cricket, football and athletics. All these buildings were of sun dried clay blocks with cement floors and corrugated iron roofs, except for the Chapel which was built with burnt bricks.

If you went to the left past the end of the Chapel, you were in another quad, called the Mutesa quad, with two or three long buildings on either side, their ends looking towards the quad. One was the fifth dormitory for the Secondary School, called Mutesa. The others were dormitories for the Junior School and classrooms. The lower end of this quad had an

archway in the middle, with the Library above it, and classrooms on either side. All these buildings were built later and were of burnt brick. Through the archway you went to the lower playing field, on the far side of which was the Girls' Dormitory, a two storey building, finished in 1936, and called Gaster House. European Staff houses were scattered around the perimeter of the school buildings and playing fields. They were all built of sun dried blocks, except for the Headmaster's house. African staff lived in their own houses lower down the hill; bachelor masters were given a room in one of the school Dormitories.

The Dining Hall was called the Mackay Memorial Dining hall, named after Alexander Mackay, the first Christian Missionary to enter Uganda in 1877. Breakfast consisted of porridge made from maize flour. Lunch and supper were usually of *matoke*, with a sauce of beans or groundnuts, and once a week, on Sundays, stewed beef. *Matoke* is the staple diet of the Baganda, and several other tribes in Uganda, except those living in the North. It is made from the cooking banana, or plantain, which is not suitable for eating raw. It is peeled, (the peelings make very good compost), wrapped in banana leaves, and steamed. The result is a golden mass of delicious food, rather of the consistency of stiff mashed potato. Sometimes it would be difficult to get sufficient plantains to feed the school, so they were fed on *posho*. *To feed the whole school on matoke for lunch and supper required about one ton of plantains. Posho is a stiff mass of boiled maize flour. This would be eaten with the usual sauce. Sweet potatoes, lumonde, were sometimes substituted for matoke.*

In 1936, the school received a Government Grant to build a classroom block for the Junior School. This was built along the road to the Gaster's house, past the archway and two classrooms, along the top side of the lower playing field. It was designed by Canon Gaster himself, and consisted of a large central assembly hall, flanked by three classrooms on either side.

A year or two later, another Government Grant was given for the building of a Laboratory. This became known as Robbie's "baby"; he spent hours supervising the two Sikhs who were the main builders. Everything had to be perfect, so much so that he ran out of money! I forget how he got out of that little difficulty, but a fine building resulted. The problem of where to put the Lab was solved by demolishing half of Canada House, which meant that it was situated between the Chapel and the remaining part of Canada. My House was thus divided into two, and the displaced boys were put into one of the dormitories in the Mutesa quad.

An annual event in July was Bush Schools Day. Small village schools in the area came up to the school on a Saturday morning, bringing with them articles of crafts which they had made. Local villagers came, too, and bought from the stalls which the schools had set up. It must be remembered that even a few shillings meant quite a lot to a school where the fees for a term were about three shillings.

Another annual event, also in July was the Old Budonians Reunion. This took place on a Saturday and Sunday. The school gave up their beds for the Old Boys to sleep on. Where the present boys slept, I am not sure, but I have an idea that loads of dried grass were spread in classrooms and elsewhere. There was a football match, a grand Dinner, a concert, and a special Service on Sunday before the Old Budonians dispersed. Altogether it was a rather unsatisfactory arrangement. One year there was trouble because some of the OBs brought alcohol with them, and held late night parties with some of the boys. Thereafter, the Old Budonians' weekend was discontinued.

In 1938, the Colonial Office sent out a Commission, under the Chairmanship of Earl de la Warr, to report on the development of Higher Education. Their work was chiefly concerned with Makerere, and how to develop it to become a University. The Principal of Makerere was Douglas Tomblings, a former Administrative Officer who had been in Uganda since before the War. In fact, I remember him telling me that, in 1912, he was ADC to the governor, Sir Frederick Jackson of the Bird Book fame. I suppose Tomblings was selected for the job on the grounds of being a good administrator, certainly not as an educationalist.

Members of the Commission visited Budo several times, and appeared pleased with what they saw. The first result of the Commission was to get rid of Tomblings. He was sent to Fiji for the war years, where he was Principal of some College, until he reached retirement age after the war, when he returned to live in Uganda, on land near Kazi, given to him by the Kabaka. We used to visit him there when we were at Makerere. He died in 1972. George Turner, the Headmaster of Marlborough College, was appointed in his place.

In 1939, it became apparent that Canon Gaster was a very sick man, and unless he returned to the UK very quickly, he would be unlikely to survive. He left Budo about June or July, and died in England a few months later. This meant that Stephen Wright took over as Acting Headmaster. Who was to be Gaster's successor? I am sure that Stephen Wright thought that the post would be his. I have a hunch that Ken Edmunds, who had been at Budo for only a year or so, half expected that he would be appointed. I felt strongly that neither of these two would be suitable. I remember feeling so definite about this, that I asked if I could see the Bishop. I found, I think to my surprise, that he agreed with me, and that feelers were being put out for a really good man, not in Uganda. This person turned out to be Dennis Herbert from Achimota. I liked him from the first time I met him, and he and Elizabeth were our closest friends until they died about 20 years ago.

Perhaps it is worth recollecting my first meeting with Dennis. In December 1939 I was granted two months local leave as I had then been at Budo for over four years. I had decided to go to India to stay with my Cambridge friend, Hugh Whitworth in the ICS at Ahmedabad. I was at Mombasa, waiting for my ship to Bombay, when the ship, on which I knew Dennis was travelling, was due. Accordingly, I went down to the Docks at Kilindini to await arrival of the ship. I stood on the quayside as the ship was gradually being pulled in. I scanned the faces of all the passengers leaning over the side. I picked on one whom I thought looked like a possible headmaster, and shouted out, asking if he knew whether a man called Herbert was on board. To my surprise, I had indeed hit on the right man, so I explained who I was. When at last he came ashore, I was able to help him through Customs, and rush him by taxi to the Station, where we just caught the Uganda train. When I returned from India, six weeks later, term was about to begin, and Dennis was well settled in. He chose to live in the Wright's house, rather than the newer but more remote Headmaster's house. Elizabeth did not arrive until March, when she came with their 6-year old son, Nico, and 6-month old daughter, Celia.

Stephen and Flo Wright had moved to Namirembe, where he was appointed Educational Secretary General for the Protestant Missions. This was an administrative job, acting as liaison between Government and Mission.

I had a term and a bit with Dennis, until in June 1940, when I was called up to serve in the East African Forces.

In June 1939, it became clear that war was inevitable, and plans were afoot to prepare for this. Italy had invaded Abyssinia in 1935, and still had thousands of troops there, capable of attacking Kenya. The Kenya Regiment was formed, consisting of all able bodied Europeans who could be spared. It was, in fact, a training for officers and NCOs for new battalions of the Kings African Rifles which were being recruited. A branch was started in Uganda, and Freddie Crittenden, Eric Siddall and I attended a long weekend camp in Kampala. This was followed by a two week camp close to the Ngong Hills in Kenya, in the latter half of August. I remember, during that camp, hearing that Hitler had made an alliance with the USSR. If any further evidence that war was imminent was required, that was it. War was declared on September 3rd. A day or two later, all three of us were told to report to the Kenya Regiment at Eldoret. However, Italy did not join Hitler immediately, so there was no fear of an invasion of Kenya. Consequently, the call-up order was rescinded. When, however, Mussolini did enter the war in June 1940, there was panic in East Africa, and we three of the Budo staff were ordered to report to Eldoret forthwith.

I have not said much about where I lived. At the end of 1935, Johnny Walker married Jo, so naturally I had to leave that house. The Wrights went on leave in January 1936, but Valentine and Georgette Elliot came from the Sudan to be Principal of the Primary Teachers Training College at Mukono. However, their house there was not ready, so he was sent to Budo temporarily, and they were housed in the Wrights' house, but they had to give me one and a half rooms at one end of the house. I had my own cook who shared the kitchen with theirs.

When the Wrights returned from leave in January 1937, the problem was, what to do with me. At one end of their house, only 15 feet away, was the School Office, a room and a quarter, where the Bursar and his clerk worked. As the new Junior School Classroom block was now in use, there were two classrooms free in the Library block. My suggestion, therefore, was to move the school Office to one of these classrooms, and I would be quite happy to live in the former office. The main room was about 12 x 18 feet; the "quarter" room, which served me as a bedroom, was 12 feet by just less than 6 feet wide, with an open doorway in the middle of the longer wall to the main room, and a door outside at one end. The problem was where to fit in a bed. Fortunately, about 5 feet up from the floor, there was a ledge about five inches wide, which meant that the space available was 6 feet. So I obtained an iron bedstead without legs, which just fitted from wall to wall. I hung my clothes on hangers underneath the bed, with a curtain across the front. There was just room for a small table with basin and washing things. So there I was to live for three years or so, until I left to join the Forces in June 1940, and I was very happy to be there, and to have a permanent home of my own.

It was to this rather humble abode that some of the staff used to come to hear the News on my wireless, to use the word which was then in general use for what is now called a radio. Just before I left England, my Uncle Arthur, who was also my Godfather, and the youngest of the 16 maw uncles and aunts, invited me up to London to have lunch, and then to go and buy me a present to take to Uganda. Would I suggest something? That put me in a rather embarrassing position, so, after consulting my mother, I asked for a pair of dark glasses. "Oh no", said Uncle Arthur, "I mean a real present; what about a wireless?"(We called a radio a wireless at that time). So off we went to search for a set that could receive the BBC from Uganda. In the first shop, we were served by a young man, and my uncle asked him about facilities for repairs or servicing, to which the young man replied that there would be no problem, as they had an agent in Johannesburg! So we walked out, to look for a shop where

we might find a salesman with a little more knowledge and intelligence. Eventually Uncle Arthur bought me an enormous set with about six valves. It needed a 6-volt car battery, and a dry 120-volt HT battery. So that is how I became the proud possessor of a wireless. I am sure that no other Missionary in Uganda had a wireless, and I never heard of any other Europeans who possessed one.

The wireless required an aerial, and reception of BBC on the SW band was better after dark. The first exciting news which brought staff to my house, was the illness, in January 1936, and subsequent death, of King George V. Then, in December of the same year, we listened eagerly to the Abdication Crisis, and departure of King Edward VIII. I suppose the Coronation of George VI in June 1937 was another event to which we all listened. In 1939 we all followed the news of events in Europe, which led up to the Declaration of War on 3rd September. The set continued to function, albeit somewhat sporadically, while we were at Mbarara, but what happened to it when we left in 1954, I do not remember.

I cannot say when Broadcasting started in Uganda, but certainly not before the 1939 War. I am pretty certain that Nairobi had a Broadcasting Station between the wars. I do, however, remember an Entebbe Government Officer, called Twining, coming up to see me, because he had heard of a boy at Budo who was interested in wireless. The boy was James Nyende, who had ordered from England a kit to assemble a wireless set, which he had done, and I think it worked. Nothing came of it then, as the plans were put on hold when the War started. Incidentally, Twining eventually became Governor of Tanganyika. When he retired he was given a peerage, and, when asked what title he would take, he suggested Lord God of Godalming! However, he settled for Lord Twining of Tanganyika. He was, I believe, connected with Twinings Teas.

A very special annual event which took place on the last Saturday of the third term of the school year, before the School broke up for the long December/January holidays, was Speech Day. Apart from parents, many dignitaries were invited; H.E. the Governor, the Bishop and other CMS people, the Ministers of the Buganda Government, the Director of Education, and some Saza Chiefs. Proceedings began at 3 p.m. with speeches from the Headmaster and others. Then there was time to look round the school, and especially to see the various crafts which had been done in the so called Hobbies afternoons. Tea was then served on the lawns in the main quad, all the wives of the European Staff having been busy all the week baking bread, buns and cakes. The concluding item of the afternoon was a play in English. On the western side of the lower playing field there was a natural theatre which had needed very little work to make a stage on one side, and on the opposite bank grassy terraces for the audience. One year I recall a rather unfortunate incident. Soon after the Bishop and Governor were seated, chairs being provided for the VIPs, they found that they were sitting in the middle of a safari of nsanafu (biting ants) which had crept up their legs, and then started biting. There was nothing they could do, except make a B-line for the nearest house, the Gasters', and there undress and get rid of the wretched biters! The Play marked the end of Speech Day festivities.



School Office and England House



Girl's End; dormitories and a staff house.



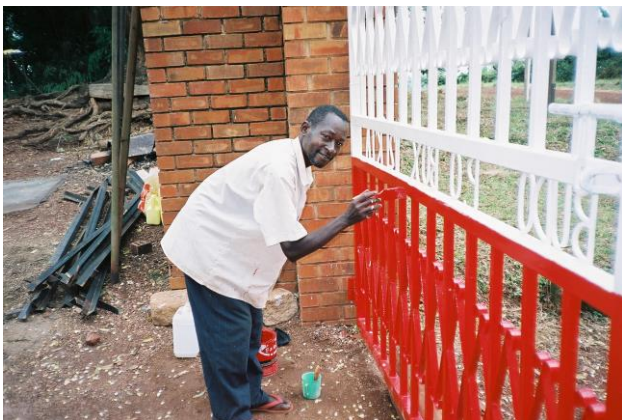
Main hall and the chapel



Old and new swimming pools.



Preparations



Painting the main gates and making the ceremonial cakes



Chapel service and the marching during the main celebrations



Main celebrations: dancing and the ceremonial guard



Service at Namarembie cathedral and Barbra Collins planting tree at the girl's end.



The Headmaster: George William Semivule and staff with former pupils