

Natives of Kenya Colony

AS OBSERVED AND WRITTEN BY E. R. MOSHER '48 WHO WAS IN MIDDLE EAST AND AFRICA FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS WITH THE R. A. F.

Kenya Colony, situated in East Africa, is one of the most beautiful colonies of the British Empire. Its geographical position is very important, in that it lies mid way between the mouth of the Red Sea and the Mozambique Channel. This fact makes Mombasa, Kenya's only sea port, the greatest port on the whole east coast of Africa. This port is a base for units of the Royal Navy operating in the Indian Ocean. This is not all, Kenya is more noted for its coffee, sisu bananas, etc. There is one more important feature, and that is, the equator, which passes through the centre of this country.

In this tropical country there live many tribes of natives. They each have a dialect of their own, but each dialect is more or less a branch of the language spoken by the greatest tribe, Swahili. Here are the names of these tribes, Kikuyu, Masi, Wakamba, Giriama, Ndumu, and Digo.

While being stationed with the Royal Air Force in Kenya, I had the opportunity to associate with people of several of the above mentioned tribes. At the places of Gilgil and Kiambu there are more Kikuyus than any other natives.

Gilgil is a small town of eighteen buildings in the centre of the Gilgil Valley, on the shores of Lake Navisha. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock a native market is held in the centre of the town. Here, all the natives from the surrounding village, hills and park-lands meet to trade, sell and exchange greetings with their fellow natives.

On first appearance one notices the types of dress. The majority have a loin cloth or skirt, made of skins, or of a bark material. Some, who live in the hills, wear a long single drape, slung over one shoulder. Others wear both these types combined. But most noticeable of all are those who are able to afford cloth. These are bright yellow, brilliant greens, bright reds and every other color imaginable.

But above this one will observe that every native, male or female wears something in the lobes of their ears. This custom is perhaps the most picturesque of all. Little children of three and four years have their ears pierced and a small peeled stick forced through the hole. When it heals this stick is removed and a larger one put in. After several years there are several sticks forced through, thus stretching the lobes a great deal. When boys reach the age of twelve they may start to stretch them more or put some fancy image in them. If not this, they must file their teeth. This is done chiefly in the Kibuyu and Masi tribes.

When girls reach the age of twelve, they are given two large bunches of rings to wear in each ear lobe. When they marry, if they have been good girls they retain the large bunches, but if they have not been so good or well behaved, they lose the large bunches and have to wear three rings only in each ear.

Probably the most stretched ear lobes I have seen was a Kikuyu chieftain who held a spool balanced on his chin by his ear lobes.

At times these lobes are broken. If this happens, other than in a fight or a hunt, the person immediately becomes an outcast of his or her village, but not the tribe.

While still talking about the curious sights one sees on market day, there are many others, a few of which I shall mention. Hair-dress is just as important to a native in Kenya as it is to a person in Canada. All children have their heads shaved till they reach the age of twelve. Then the girls wear a form of a cap till they marry. The boys let their hair grow until it becomes a foot long, after which they can adopt any style they wish. If he is a farmer, he does nothing to it. If he is a town boy, he keeps it combed. If he is a hunter, he either dyes it with red bark or shaves his head except for a scalp-lock in which he may wear a feather of some bird he has killed, the horn of an animal, a string of teeth or any other thing to signify something he has killed. After a girl marries she takes off her bonnet and usually keeps her hair clipped short, because she is

always carrying something on her head.

When a hunter comes to market he always carries his spear. He is always treated with respect, as the spear denotes he is a man of power. He does not bring anything to trade or sell, but spends hours watching the native slaughter-house, giving his advice and offering suggestions with an air of great superiority. After this he spends several hours sampling tobacco and snuff, before returning to his village.

This market has many other interesting things such as the Swahili Salvation Army Band. This band with both the boys and girls dressed in white, playing and singing songs in the Swahili tongue with a familiar tune. This band boasts a large drum, and several pianophones. This instrument is a small shield-shaped piece of wood with a dozen or more flattened wires lodged along the top side, consisting of different lengths.

This market which begins at eight in the morning, breaks up about four in the afternoon. While here the natives trade or sell their melons (corn), yams, beans, sugar cane, tobacco, bananas, mangoes, paw paw, chilies, cows, fowls, ostrich eggs, uncalvered bread, bark cloth, brass bracelets, tooth necklaces, skins, and many other things. The money used is the cent, penny, shilling and pound system; ten cents to the penny, ten pence to the shilling and twenty shillings to the pound.

Perhaps another of the oddest things is the way in which a mother will carry her baby. She folds her garment in such a way it forms a sling for the baby to be carried on her back or at her side. If she has a bundle of wood or sugar cane to carry on her back, she carries the baby in front of her. The load being carried on the back is held in place by a leather strap around her forehead. While the baby is being carried it sleeps, which seems impossible considering the position and the mode of travel.

In recent years some of these natives have become comparatively civilized in their modes of dress, but as to customs and ways of living they remain the same. They have very old ways of local administration but they are policed by the British Authorities. They abide by this with no animosities. They make good servants and workers. Much is being done to educate them and improve their lot. They are exceptionally loyal to the Crown and make very good citizens of the Empire.

HOW TO BE A COLLEGE MA

Wear no garters. Walk with a dazed look in your eyes. Bend forward to get that midnight oil effect.

Wear Slaughtered House (registered) clothes. Have something cute painted on your slicker.

Watch the men about the Campus and learn to copy their captivating walks.

Wear a key. Carry an empty pipe in your jaw. Attend a University.

March 27, '32.

Standard Parachute Co., San Diego.

There's a good deal of facts, and rightly so, about attractive young women coming to work in sacks and sweaters, because this detracts the men's attention from their work. But now I think some of you officials are going too far when you say you want the girls to work without sweaters and slacks. This will not only be much worse on the men, but most of the girls will probably catch pneumonia.

Matilda G.

Girl one: I don't like to go out with George, he knows too many dirty songs.

Girl two: Why does he sing them?

Girl one: No, but he whistles them.

FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



SKIPPY AYERS

Our Campus Personality for the week is Ralph E. Ayers—but much better known as 'Skippy'. Another one of our Senior Engineers 'Skippy' hails from Aroostook Junction.

Interested in sport, he has played Interclass Hockey and Basketball for his four years 'Up the Hill'. Yes, 'Skippy' is another member of the famous Class of '45 Hockey Squad—of whom we seem to have presented quite a few. (After this build-up we expect them to bring us 'hat title'.)

'Skippy' has also been playing Intramural Basketball since its introduction three years ago.

Bowling is another side-line of Ralph's and since the formation of the Bowling League last year he has been an enthusiastic participant. This year he is serving on the executive of the league, as vice-president.

Not only in the realm of sport has 'Skippy' been active, but also in the executive field. For the past two years he has been Secretary-Treasurer of his class, during its Junior and Senior terms.

This year finds him also a Member of the Social Committee. As you know from his answering at the Budget Meeting for the basketball proposals, 'Skippy' is this year Manager of the Varsity Basketball Team.

Not one who has to be coaxed, he has been a generous depositor at the Blood Bank.

With Encenia next May, we are going to lose another 'good head' from the Campus, and may the best of luck follow him. We've noticed one of 'Skippy's' favorite sayings of late seems to be, "May 1?"

Sketch of a Co-ed

(Due to the existence of Co-ed week within a short time, the identity of the author will not be revealed).

Co-ed? Well, what about her? She is a drooly-looking individual who gobbles goo at the "Slop Shop", pouring sweet nothings in your ear at the same time, giving you quite a shower bath. She is the type of girl who loves everybody yet loves no one. One day she may look ravishing in a blue sweater and a yellow skirt but the next day, darn it all, she turns up in a purple sweater, green skirt, yellow socks and a red ribbon in her hair. I said hair, but sometimes you wonder what it is—coiled gold or scorched straw. Her favourite pastime is staying at a lecture room door, talking to one of her male classmates (for some strange reason she always picks the one with broad shoulders and Gable profiles) and talks to him quite nonchalantly about the dances and games; and then if he takes her to a dance or game, doesn't she turn around and talk to someone else, paying little attention to her escort, instead of giving him her undivided attention.

Before lectures you see a bunch of co-eds standing around in their dirty saddle shoes with nothing to say; and then when they get in a lecture they start gabbling about nothing on earth, suddenly remembering a million unimportant things they forgot to say before the lecture started. How can a man concentrate on a lecture with the incessant giggling and talking of our co-eds? Almost every time that a co-ed is told to leave the room for creating a disturbance, she thinks she can change the lecturer's mind by giving him a sugar-and-honey look. If he doesn't change his mind,

Art Center

There is a lot that goes on under the queer roof of the little old Observatory here on our U. N. B. campus. History-making meetings in the realm of art take place weekly. Artists speak, famous paintings are shown, creative work is done. But let me begin at the beginning and tell you the whole story.

The Art Centre was founded the first year the MacKenzies were here. The President's wife, while looking out her window one day, thought it a shame that the Observatory should be falling into ruin. She thought it should be used. So with Peggy Nichol and Lucy Jarvis to help her, the three pulled down the cob webs, scrubbed the floor, brightened up the walls, had electric lights put in, and soon they were ready for their opening night. French pictures from the National Gallery, Dykeman pottery, and many other objects of art were on display. The Fredericton Art Club and other interested individuals came that night.

Since that day the Art Centre has been successful. To join the classes and lectures patrons pay a \$1.00 fee. U. N. B. students are admitted free. At present about eighty members have joined the classes.

The classes are very successful during the Summer School session. Peggy Nichol of New York comes to teach and work herself. You may have seen some of the paintings in Dr. de Merten's lecture room and the Ladies' Reading Room.

Never before has the present peak of activity been reached. The Centre, now directed by Lucy Jarvis herself, has a busy time. The Observatory has come to be called Lucy's Ark. Let us spend a week-end with Lucy and watch all that goes on. Saturday morning Lucy is directing a children's art class in the Ark. The quality of the children's work is surprising. In the afternoon the adults' art class is held in the Forestry building. I think it can safely be said that not only pictures are being painted, but also history in the realm of native art. Lucy showed me a portrait of a boy that one of her students painted in oils. The character, the expression in the finished work showed the touch of an artist. Sunday morning Miss Jarvis "fires up"—lights the fires to heat the Observatory for the afternoon activities. Each Sunday afternoon the Art Centre has a field day. Last week's programme was a typical one. Come with me to a lecture room in Memorial Hall. Mr. Tappan Adney of Upper Woodstock is addressing the art enthusiasts of the city and college. Mr. Adney, a known author and artist, a painter of historical murals and worker in decorative heraldry and stained glass windows, an authority on the North American Indian and a naturalist, is old now; but he has a tact for speaking, placing himself on a level with his audience, and rambling—yes, rambling from one subject to another, yet retaining a linking thread throughout, and so correlating many different subjects which

she curses under her breath, gives him a look that would freeze a polar bear, takes about ten minutes to get her belongings together and stampos out of the room swearing blue murder. Why she would like to interrupt the serenity and soliloquy of the class is beyond me, and many noted authorities on human nature including J. G. Antonius, have asked this question in vain.

Well you have overlooked all these faults and ask her to a dance, the big one of the year. She says she would love to go and what kind of flowers are you going to send her and who is going in the car and what are we going to do afterwards. Many more harassed people have been sent to Moron Mills for having been asked questions of same intelligence as above. You arrive at the dance and for once she hasn't got gasosis, her hair looks like a breath of Hollywood and she swings the sweet stuff, but definitely! Then on the way home, the car, for some strange reason, runs out of gas. Is she co-operative? No, she shuts up like a clam and is untouchable. So you take her home and there you are. Where? NOWHERE!

Navy Relief, New York. I got your letter asking is my baby a boy or a girl. Of course, what else could it be?

Mrs. Ephedrine S.

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

Another week has rolled around and the one coming up certain, looks like a busy one. The highlight of the week will be "The Man Who Came to Dinner." The Co-eds are well represented. Dorothy Johns, Charlotte VanDine, Margaret Vince, Ann Gibson, Betty Brewster, Pat Wright, Joan Ross, Blanche Law, Doris McGrand are all members of the cast. Pat Moffet leads the costume committee and Mary Lawson is in charge of make-up. Back stage, Mavis DeLong will be in charge.

Let's see a good crowd Thursday and Friday nights at the Normal School. The Dramatic Society has worked hard and deserves your support.

Sunday for the first time in history the Co-ed Choral Club and the Glee Club joined forces and practiced together under the direction of Dr. F. J. Toole. You'll be able to hear the result of the practices Founders' Day. The two clubs plan on singing several numbers during the programme and leading in the sing-song just before the dance. Dr. F. J. Toole will conduct the group while Dr. Marcel deMerten will be the accompanist.

Dr. and Mrs. Milton Gregg entertained Sunday, February 4th, at tea for the Senior girls and their Senior escorts. Dr. Louise Thompson, Mrs. Stanley Barker, and Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Argue were also present. The Seniors enjoyed themselves and wish to thank Dr. and Mrs. Gregg for a lovely afternoon.

come under the general heading "Art." Mr. Adney's talk was so interesting that tea time in the Observatory slipped up on the audience unawares. Then over to the Ark everyone went, and finished a profitable afternoon amid a few cobwebs, and a lot of atmosphere.

As Lucy Jarvis herself told me, "Anything can happen on Sunday afternoon. I usually get the programme posted in the Arts Building but if I haven't time, there is always something to surprise the crowd." So much has happened this year that I can do little more than list a few of the activities—Highlighting last term was the reading of the poems of Dr. Theodore Roberts by the author himself. Mrs. Lillian Maxwell's history of the Observatory, presented one afternoon has been printed in the Brunswickan. Avery Shaw from Saint John talked on design and architecture. Indian Chief Polchis from Kingsclear Reserve gave a short address and answered questions following the showing of a film on Indian lore procured from the National Film Board. New Brunswick artists—John Todd and Violet Gillett, have spoken to the society. Symphonies on record have been enjoyed, and paintings from the National Galleries in Ottawa viewed. The list goes on.

Yes, indeed, a lot goes on in Lucy's Ark. It is thrilling to think that cultural history is being made right here on our own campus.

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON