



TEETON, Carol Ann (nee McBean)

Carol Ann TEETON | 8 July 1969

Teeton Carol Ann (McBean) CAROL ANN³ MCBEAN (DUNCAN MATHIE², LACHLAN MOORE¹) was born 8 July 1969. She married WILLIAM TEETON on 17 April 1993 in Harare, Zimbabwe. He was born 21 November 1967 in Graaf Reinett, South Africa. She is the daughter of MARGARET ANN⁸ FLEMMER (OWEN JOHN⁷, MARIUS TOGER⁶, HANS CHRISTIAN⁵) was born 3 April 1940 in East London, South Africa. She married DUNCAN

MATHIE MCBEAN on 10 December 1966 in Blantyre, Malawi, son of LACHLAN MCBEAN and GERTRUDE O' MEARA. He was born 23 June 1934 in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Second daughter to Margaret Ann (Flemmer) and Duncan McBean
Married to William Teeton on 17 April 1993
Two children, Angus Luke 27/12/96 and Caitlin Jessica 4/11/1999

I was born in Harare, Zimbabwe - formally Salisbury, Rhodesia - and spent my formative years living in the suburb of Mandara. I have a sister, Nola Eileen, who is 18 months older than me. Our family have only ever lived in two houses from the time of my birth until I left home aged 19 years. (The second house was just around the corner from the first.)

Mom and dad built our first house and I have happy recollections of our years there:

We had a large, beautiful Rose garden with a pretty ground cover all around which seemingly attracted bees from far and wide - I remember the frequent stings and subsequent ammonia treatment.

Dad had build a fish pond on the top terrace of the garden and the summer evenings were filled with a great din of congregating frogs, which ceremoniously were flung from a bucket, over the fence during what was called 'frog parade' - only to return the following night for the same procedure.

The house had a good sized, elevated veranda on which Nola and I would take turns to ride our tricycle. Nola being the eldest would of course sit comfortably on the trike while I was instructed to push. I always managed to scrape the skin off the back of my angles in the process - why didn't I learn!

Mom kept (and nurtured) white chickens in a run at the bottom of the garden, alongside the vegetable patch, where, much to her annoyance, they would invariably escape. There were occasions when Nola would shut me in the chicken run leaving me to the mercy of the chickens, with their clipped upper beaks, while they stabbed at my frequently mercurochrome knees.

We were blessed with the most amazing, large, thatched Wendy House. The floors were hard, bare, red earth that Nola and I would sweep tirelessly, creating clouds of dust which would later settle in a thick coating on our little china tea sets, dolls and other toys. We would then set about dusting these off and so the cycle ran.

At the bottom of the garden we backed onto a large, uninhabited small holding which amounted to acres of tall elephant grass, a Willow-tree-lined river in the valley and a derelict farmhouse hidden in the bush on the other side. A great area for walking the dogs, and in those days still safe for children to explore, unaccompanied.

Our first dog that I can remember, Mom rode over in the car one day while reversing - most unfortunate. Then we got Lady, a cross between a Toy Pom and a Chow. I dearly loved Lady and was mortified one day while walking her with my Grandfather, Owen Flemmer, when she was attacked, rather savagely, by another dog. I had to haul her out from under a rather spiky Boganwillia hedge where she had taken refuge. I recall her being the reason for not being able to 'leave home' one day after not being able to get my (unreasonable) way with Mom - she (Lady) just smiled her 'smile' at me as she followed me along the fence! She was with us until after I'd left home many, many moons later. We also had a Siamese cat, Perkins, for many years - Dad's cat. I remember we used to push him around in our dolls' pram, wrapped in blankets, poor thing.

As far as education was concerned, Nola and I went to Courtney Selous School in Greendale, Harare for our Junior years. It was a nice little school, within cycling distance from home. Nola and I used to ride together mostly, along cycle tracks which bordered the roads. Our rather weighty school bags were strapped on to our carriers with 'spiders' which were not always totally efficient.

My kindergarten years were noisy and fun. Mom was called in by the teacher because I used to scream too much during catching games, they thought something dreadful was happening - a trait which seems to have been passed on

to my own daughter all these years on. The only thing I really recall about junior primary was being caught out by the teacher for signing my reading card myself, and having a ruler slapped against my open hand for some misdemeanour which eludes me. Oh, and yes rubbing 'burning bean' seeds on the concrete quad with friends, and squealing with delight. Marble season was also a firm favourite and I had quite a sizeable bag at the end of the time.

My Standard 4 teacher required us to recite poems and unheard of rhymes each day - some of which I still remember. Miss Bennett would call me 'Carola' - a merging of 'Nola' and 'Carol' as she had taught Nola two years previously but couldn't quite remember who I was.

Standard 5 was a bit of a milestone really - I moved up from the 'B' set where I been until then, to the 'A' set, a rather unexpected event. I remember spending much time gardening that year instead of learning Shona, as the teacher couldn't quite manage the pronunciation himself.

The Rhodesian war was of course in full swing at this time and fortunately for me, I have very few personal experiences of the horror of war but do clearly recall Dad going off as a Police Reservist to guard bridges and strategic positions, and to escort the convoys of vehicles traveling to the South African boarder post. We ourselves traveled like this several times as a family, going on holiday to East London, and remember the drill - if the convoy stops passengers are to climb out the near side doors and crawl into the ditch. Dad was always, understandably, tense on this leg of the journey. At school we frequently had 'bomb drills' as well as fire drills. Despite the war, it was still safe for us to ride to school each day, and wait in the car in town while mom popped into a shop pay her account...!

Independence - 1980

Form 1, as it was called, started a new era for me at a school called Oriel Girls School, and with the move came the arrival of my 'railway track' braces. They were there to stay for the next two years. I enjoyed my sport, tennis, squash and swimming mainly. Was not allowed to play hockey unfortunately due to the braces - and in hindsight can appreciate this.

As we approached our teenage years Noli, as she became known, and I grew ever closer and by the time we were 'dating' we took much pleasure in 'getting ready' together, meeting up at the various venues in town, and 'comparing notes' about our respective evenings over a cup of coffee at home.

In 1985 I wrote my Cambridge O'Levels at Oriel aged 16, and did better than anticipated I seem to remember. Our family went overseas that year for the first time - and the travel bug bit! We had an amazing trip with many exciting experiences, including two weeks skiing in the Pyrenees.

On our return, I attended Frodsham Commercial College to complete a 9 month secretarial/office admin course. I landed my first job as secretary to the MD of a small engineering company. I learnt much that year, and my boss had the patience of a saint. Noli was now studying at Rhodes University RSA, and this was also the year that I met my husband to be, Billy Teeton, although I didn't of course know it at the time.

In 1989 I decided that it was time to spread my wings and go overseas for a year. Noli came over with me in her holidays and joined me for a ski trip and then left me to the rude awakening to real world. I was in London with nowhere to live or work, very little money and only a few contacts, Billy for one. I was fortunate indeed to have a string of temporary secretarial jobs ranging from lawyers and auctioning houses to HM Probation services - a real eye opener. I lived in a commune with other Zimbabweans, South Africans and Australians. Billy was living 3hrs from London in Exeter at the time and I met up with him from time to time. It was only on my return from a two month trip to Europe on an old converted London double-decker bus, that the spark was lit. By then it was time to return to Zimbabwe!

I'd no sooner arrived back and decided to join Noli in Cape Town for a year (1990) while she completed her Internship at a pharmacy in Claremont. I was fortunate to get a job working for the Deputy MD of Protea Assurance in town, and had the support of my Godfather, Steve Herbert. We had an amazing year in Cape Town, a fun circle of friends with common outdoor interests and with the mountain, sea, winelands, fruit picking etc on our doorstep, what more could you ask for. Billy brought his girlfriend out to Cape Town that year and stayed with us for a short while. She didn't last long after that - and neither did my boyfriend.

The following year (1991) I went back to England - for a year in the countryside. Billy helped me find my feet in Reading of all places - close enough to London to pop in but still in the countryside (not). Billy was studying at Farnborough College and it wasn't long before we started dating. After 6 months I moved to Guildford after a few ugly incidences in Reading, and this brought me a little near to Billy living in Ash. My 1-year ticket expired and it would be 7 years before I returned to African soil to live. In the meantime, Billy completed his studies and we moved together to Salisbury, England where he took up a teaching post at the Cathedral School, and I joined a small, busy PR company. In April 1993 we returned briefly to Zimbabwe to be married and to honeymoon at Tiger Bay, Kariba. We returned to Salisbury to move house together at last.

We made the most of our stay in the UK, had some wonderful friends to explore our vicinity with its maze of pathways and bridleways through the beautiful countryside. We traveled to Ireland, Scotland and Wales to hike and climb the peaks. We started expeditioning and did a couple of 6 and 8 day hikes in the Lake District, walked the West Highland Way over Christmas in temps of -27 deg.cent and later did the Coast to Coast across England with our first child Angus Luke, aged 6mths.

Living in England allowed us to travel widely in Europe, with its strong currency and good accesses to even the more remote spots. We fitted in a most amazing trip to America where we explored with friends posted to El Paso by the British Army. A three-day hike, on our own, down into the Grand Canyon must surely be the highlight of the trip.

Once Angus arrived, I stopped working and, with living on one salary, traveling became a thing of the past. It was time to return to Africa. We accepted a job offer at Woodridge School, 35km outside Port Elizabeth. Billy found himself as a Grade 6 Teacher, and Head of Outdoor Education and Computers and soon took things to new heights. I became the Housemother of the Prep Girls Boarding House, and then took on the role of a playgroup teacher. By this time Angus was 18 mths old and could join me for part of the morning at school. The school itself is situated in the bush on the hills above the Van Stadens River, a pleasurable walk away. We have beautiful open spaces, conservation areas, mountain biking routes and mountains around us and this was just the place we were looking for.

Now some four years on we are still very happy to be here, and we have an 18 month old daughter, Caitlin Jessica to complete our family (at least that is the plan).