

mini-SITREP XXXV



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2010

KRA (Australia)

Sunshine Coast

Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra

Sun 14th Mar

Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club

Sun 21st Aug (TBC)

KRA Boat Cruise

10th to 16th April

Contact: Giles Shaw. 07-3800 6619 <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>

Sydney's Gold Coast. Ted Downer. 02-9769 1236 <Kenreg4253@aol.com>

Sat 28th Nov (TBC)

East Africa Schools - Australia

Annual Picnic. Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney

Sun 24th Oct

Contact: Dave Lichtenstein 01-9427 1220 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

KRAEA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch at Nairobi Clubhouse

Nov (TBC)

Contact: Dennis Leete <leete@wananchi.com>

KRAENA - England

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester

Jul (TBC)

AGM and Lunch: The Rifles London Club, Davies St

Nov (TBC)

Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 12h30 for 13h00

TBA

Contact: Jock Boyd. Tel: 021-794 6823 <mcluckie@kingsleymail.co.za>

Johannesburg: Lunch at Rivonia Recreation Club

Apr & Oct (TBC)

Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <keithe@xsinet.co.za>

KwaZulu-Natal: Saturday quarterly lunches: Venue TBA - 13 Mar, 12 Jun; 11 Sep; 11 Dec

Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or

Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

EA Schools' Lunch: Stonehaven Castle, Shongweni

Oct (TBC)

Contact: Dave Leslie. Mob: 084-544 0419 <pes01@dbn.stormnet.co.za>

KRA (New Zealand)

Curry Lunch, Brigham Restaurant, Auckland

Feb/Mar (TBC)

Spring Lunch at Soljans Winery, Auckland

Sep/Oct (TBC)

Contact Brian McCabe. 09-817 7666 <brival@xtra.co.nz>

Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, South Africa

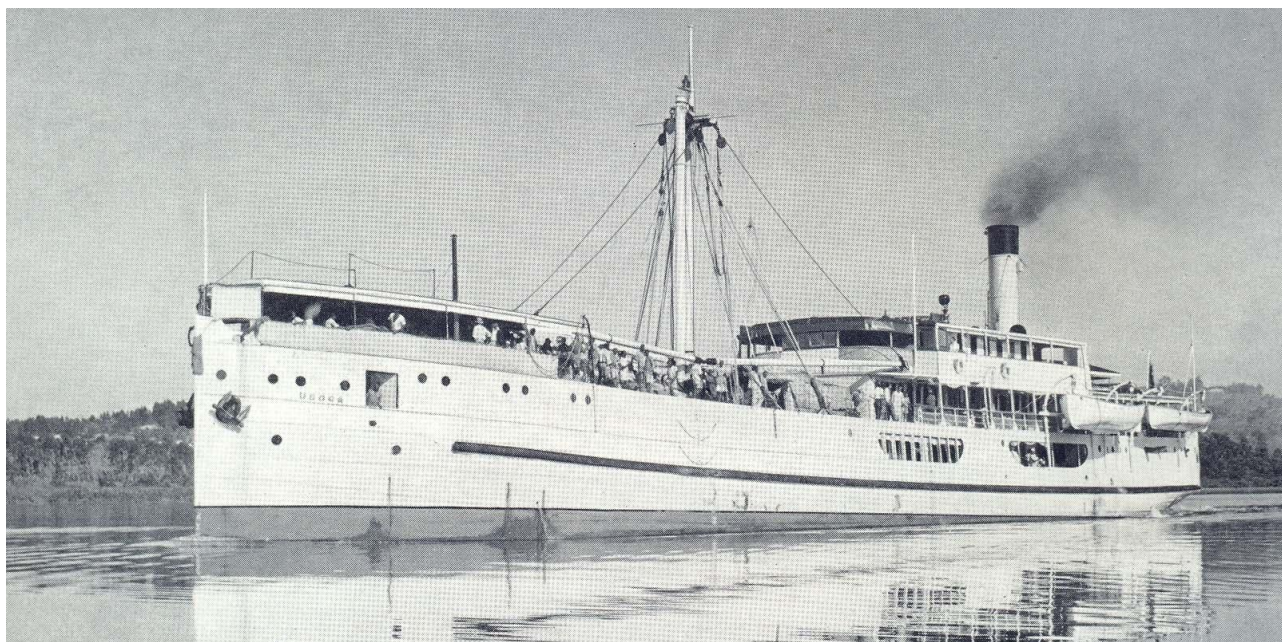
Tel/Fax: 033-330 4012. <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

Kenya Regiment Website - <http://home.comcast.net/~kenyaregiment/>

My thanks to proof readers John Allen [KR3513], Spike Bulley [KR3523] and Ayliffe Hall.

Front cover: Rhodesian Garratt [Ed: This photo epitomises the Garratt as I remember her - Kevin Patience very kindly pointed out that she was not an East African engine, but Rhodesian! However, because the Regiment had such close affiliations with Rhodesia, and I served in her Army for twelve years, I hope purists won't be offended!]

The views expressed in mini-SITREP are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor nor those of the Association

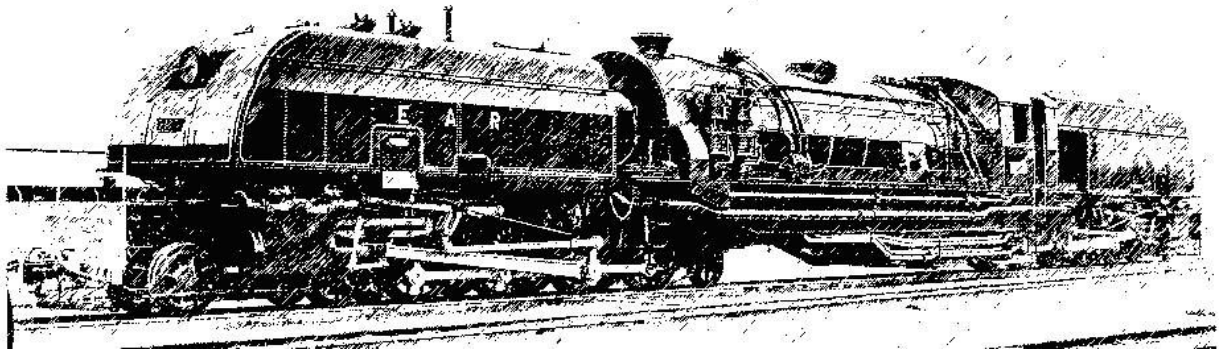


S.S. USOGA ON LAKE VICTORIA.

[Ed: wonder whether any children started/ended their journey to/from school aboard her?]

To School Behind a Garratt: School Trains and the Locomotive That Hauled Them

[Martin Langley]



Introduction

This article first appeared on the Old Cambrian Society website where it can be seen in its entirety <www.oldcambrians.com/Train4.html>. The original has been edited by the author for this KRA mini-SITREP and some contributors to the original who read this may find that their contributions have been removed or edited; this has been done in the interests of brevity. Readers are referred to the website article for acknowledgements and data sources, plus much additional material including technical data on the Garratt locomotive and early travellers' accounts of the Uganda Railway

The Prince of Wales School and the Railway

The roots of the first European school in Kenya, then Nairobi School, later to become the Prince of Wales, are closely intertwined with those of the railway system in British East Africa. While the establishment of a European school in the embryonic East African territories was inevitable, the initial impetus came from the railways. They needed a school to educate the offspring of expatriates who had come out to build and operate the new railway line from Mombasa to Uganda. The 1987 Impala reports that in 1902 the Uganda Railway Authority established the European Nairobi School, located in the current grounds of the Nairobi Railway Club. In 1916, the school, currently the Nairobi Primary School, was moved to the hilly grounds of Protectorate Road. Then, in 1925, at the urging of Lord **Delamere** and supported by the governor of Kenya, Sir Edward **Grigg**, planning was initiated for a new boys' secondary school to be run on the lines of an English public school. The location chosen for the new school was on railway reserve ground near Kabete (ref 2002 Impala). Thus the Prince of Wales School came into being in 1931.

The school has always enjoyed a close relationship with the railway. There were visits to the railway workshops, organized by school societies, such as the Scientific Society (Dec 1953 Impala). The Dec 1949 Impala reports that "*Mr. J. Collier-Wright and two of his colleagues, gave us much information about careers in the E.A.R.&H*". Sport also figured prominently in relations with the E.A.R. In colonial times, probably the school's oldest competitor in sporting fixtures was the Railway Club, a perennial rival, particularly in hockey, rugby, cricket and soccer.

A few alumni who have registered on the OC website reminisced on the days when the railway line passed close to the school on its way between Kabete and Nairobi.

As noted by the late Christopher **Collier-Wright** (Hawke 1954-1959) [KR7066], "The original line between Nairobi and Nakuru ran by the north side of the Prince of Wales School on its way up to Kabete. The gradient in the vicinity of the school, as in some other sections of the line, was 1 in 50 (2%). This meant that while at the beginning of the term the 'down' train bearing pupils from up-country and Uganda could stop to drop them and their luggage on the perimeter of the school, at the end of term the boys boarded at Nairobi station. The general area where the train stopped would have been just north of the hedge, beyond the school hall/swimming pool, outside the school compound. If the 'up' train stopped by the school, it would have great difficulty in getting started again.

Mervyn **Hill** in his magisterial work '*Permanent Way: The Story of the Kenya and Uganda Railway*' writes "Work on the Nairobi-Nakuru realignment, which had been held up during the war, and which was designed to reduce the 2 per cent grades to 1.18 and 1.5 percent, against up and down traffic respectively, was resumed' in 1946. The new route which passed by Kibera was opened in about 1948, no doubt to the relief of engine drivers whose locomotives had been known to be brought to a halt as a result of grease spread on the line by recalcitrant schoolboys.

"True, the new alignment passed the Duke of York School, but its gentler gradient meant that any Yorkists who tried to play the same trick were likely to be unsuccessful."



Left: Offloading boys' baggage from the train, Jan 1931. Photo supplied by Cynthia McCrae (née Astley) and Alastair McCrae (Rhodes 1943-1946). - from the photo albums of Bernard Astley (Headmaster 1937-1945)
Right – Kenya and Uganda Railways 52 Class Garratt passing the Prince of Wales School – 1936. - photo supplied by Oliver Keeble.

Many Old Cambrians still remember those days, when the railway line ran past the school. John **Cook** (Hawke/Nicholson 1941-45) [KR2085] relates how 'love' stopped a train:

A Passing Kiss¹

It was 1944. The world was at war but at Kabete, a few miles north-west of Nairobi, the Prince of Wales boys' boarding school was a bastion of peace and contented learning. The extensive grounds, dominated by the classic structure of the Herbert **Baker** designed buildings covered many acres of land. On the north-eastern boundary and just over the school fence ran the main line of the East African railway – the metre gauge track that ran from Mombasa to Kampala.

It was this railway and its trains that many of us boarders depended on to make our way back at the end of term to our homes in Naivasha, Nakuru, Eldoret, Kitale and many other towns along the way. Nearer to Nairobi and quite close to Government House stood another school – The Nairobi Girls High known by us lads as the *Heifer Boma* where many of us had girl friends. It had been normal for both schools to break up at the same time and pupils to share the train that took them home for the holidays. But in December of the previous year, the railway authorities reported to the respective principals that a good deal of bad and unruly behaviour had occurred on the pre-Christmas journey home. This led to a decision, that at the end of term the girls would be sent home two days earlier than the boys.

The lads were devastated by the news but a bunch of about a dozen of us hatched a plan that would allow a swift but amorous rendezvous.

¹ From "Childhood Memories of Colonial East Africa, 1920-1963" pp 154-155.

The rail line alongside the school was noted for its steep elevation and even the biggest and strongest Garratt steam engines struggled up the sloping line. For the ten days prior to the day on which the girls were due to pass by, the team endured dry bread with lunch and dinner, smuggling our butter rations out of the dining room and storing them in our leader's locker.

On the day in question, the train carrying the girls was due to pass the school at 16h15, a time when formal classes were finished and sport about to begin. At 16h00, the lads rushed across to and over the fence on the boundary and smeared their hard won butter ration on about 30 metres of both rails. Hearing the approaching locomotive they dived into cover in the bushes alongside the rail and waited. The train was making heavy weather of the steep gradient and no sooner did it reach the buttered section than the main drive wheels of the engine started to spin as the driver applied increased steam pressure, and the train came to a steaming, wheel-spinning halt. But the turbaned Sikh was prepared for such an event.

Quite often in the past, early morning rime on the rails in the highlands had caused this skidding event and the answer was to spread sand along the affected line to provide grip for the spinning wheels. He descended from the cabin with a bucket of sand and started providing a cure for the problem. Meanwhile, from every window of the train, passengers' heads peered out, curious as to the reason for this unscheduled stop. The fifth carriage from the engine was particularly noticeable for the large number of young female heads that appeared at the open windows. No sooner had the driver – now joined by the guard – gone to the far side of the locomotive to apply sand to the track than our group of eager young men broke cover and boarded the coach to the screaming delight of the young ladies. The couples had so little time. Lots of hugs and snuggles. Exchanges of small tokens of love and then the sound of increased steam activity as the driver began to get the train under way. One final kiss to each of their beloved and the daring dozen leapt from the carriage – standing beside the embankment to wave a fond, but sad, farewell to their sweethearts. Giving up our butter ration sure was worth a passing kiss.

John **Cook**'s romantic adventure is confirmed by the self-confessed involvement of Redvers **Duffey**. Could it have been the same train as John's?

Redvers Noel **Duffey** (Clive 1942-47) [KR3842]: I was involved in the ambushing of the girls' high school train at the end of one term, which resulted in the train being brought to a standstill due to the fact that the rails had been greased and the train was unable to attain enough traction to traverse the gradient past the school. The greaser of the line was the only one suspended because of his actions, but his identity is better left unspoken. I was one of many who escaped punishment for that little escapade.

Ray **Birch** (Hawke/Grigg 1942-46) remembers initiation ceremonies which included the dreaded slide, pushing a coin along the railway line with one's nose, the pill made up of unmentionable ingredients and swallowed by newcomers, duckings, disembarking from the train from Uganda which stopped outside the school to disgorge pupils from Uganda and points en route, greasing said railway lines, waiting for steam engines heading upcountry from Nairobi to lose traction on the gradient and wheels spin uncontrollably – the latter a caning offence, I think, but great fun - putting ten cent coins - they had a hole in the center - and retrieving the flattened object after it had been run over by the train. At the time, the Kenya/Uganda railway line passed through Nairobi via the DC's office and up past the school. It was later of course re-routed to its present location.

Ron **Bullock** (Scott 1948-53) [KR4536]: It was during my first term that we heard dark rumours of two senior boys getting six from the Headmaster, *Flakey* (**Fletcher**) and then being expelled for having held up the train. I was never able to verify the details, but perhaps someone can at this late date, shed some light on the mystery. It seems they had greased the line with butter, which caused the Uganda mail to grind to a halt on what I believe was the steepest rail gradient not only in Kenya, but in the empire (1:52 if I remember correctly). Even after they had cleaned up the rails, it seems the train had to reverse back into Nairobi station to get a good run at the hill - 36 hours late, I heard. And whilst talking about the old alignment, the up-country types will probably remember how the down train used to stop outside school to let us off, and how miserably we dragged our bags or trunks up the hill to our respective houses.

Robin **Hoddinott** (Nicholson 1948-52) [KR4395]: I used to take the train to school from either Turi or Elburgon, and for the first few years at least, the train used to pass right by the school. At the beginning of each term, it would stop at the school to let us students off so the school wouldn't have

to send the bus to Nairobi station. Some of the masters and other staff were always there to welcome us back and help carry our luggage back to our respective houses. On one memorable occasion I recall, someone forgot to tell the train engineer to stop, and much to our joy, the train rumbled right on by while the school staff stood by waving frantically. Our joy was short-lived, though.

When we arrived at Nairobi station, the school bus was already there waiting for us. At the end of term, we always had to go to Nairobi to embark. I guess the grade beside the school was too much for the old Garratts to get the train started again if it stopped, (rumour has it that someone was expelled for greasing the tracks) or maybe it was just the logistics of getting our tickets and assigning us to specific compartments. If I remember correctly, the train used to be split at Nakuru, one part carrying on to Kisumu, while the other went to Eldoret, where it again split for Uganda and Kitale. The ride home was always a joyous occasion. We usually hoped to be assigned to one of the older carriages that didn't have the corridor running down one side.

A favourite trick was to hold a roll of toilet paper out the window and let it unravel so that the train arrived at the next station festooned with streamers of paper. In the older coaches, none of the train staff were able to get to us to prevent this. On another occasion, on the way to school, my hat blew out the window just as we were pulling in to Longonot station. When the train came to a stop, I jumped out and ran back to retrieve it, but only just made it back to the guard's van before the train took off again and I had to ride to the next station – Kijabe - with the guards.

So, as you can see, Roger **Whittaker's** song about *The good old EAR and H*, brings back memories.

While the majority of train commuters were from Uganda or upcountry Kenya, many came from Tanganyika, with the journey from the furthest reaches of that country taking nearly four days. Some lads from Uganda and Tanganyika remember their journeys to school.

John **Nicholson** (Scott 1948-53): My father worked in Uganda so I was a boarder and travelled to school by train. Most of the boys from Uganda got on the train at Kampala but myself and J.J. **Woods** (Hawke) and his younger brother didn't entrain until Tororo. The Kampala boys included John **Williams** (Scott), Jim **Watson** (Scott), Peter **Overton** (Scott) and George *Squeaky Mowat* (Grigg) [KR4525]. In the early days, before the rail track was re-routed it passed by the school before arriving at Nairobi station, so the train used to stop opposite the school to let us off.

The journey in those days from Nairobi to Nakuru was not all that speedy. I say that because in my latter trips home, a friend and I used to jump train at the first suitable stop after leaving Nairobi and hitchhike to Nakuru to pick it up again. The train journey took about six or seven hours and having done the trip so many times before, we were often bored and alternative travel was a lot more interesting. We always reckoned to have plenty of time and once on the road the first vehicle that came along always stopped to offer a lift, in fact we were so early in Nakuru on one occasion that we had time to see part of a film show at the local cinema!

Paul **Heim** (Hawke/Scott 1946-50) [KR6022]: For many of us, the introduction to the School started with the journey from our homes. In my case, it was by train from Tabora (Tanganyika), to Mwanza on Lake Victoria, where one spent a day, usually at the Club, waiting for the lake steamer. The club had facilities for swimming in the lake, by way of an old anti-submarine net, intended to keep out the crocodiles. Nobody seemed to think it necessary to point out, that a net which would keep out a submarine was not necessarily a deterrent to a croc.

If the steamer went clock-wise round the Lake, one would visit places like Bukoba, the far end of the world, on the west side, before going on round past Uganda to Kisumu, and if one was lucky, it went anticlockwise, which only took a day and a night. One then disembarked at Kisumu and waited for the next train, which usually arrived on the same day. Again, we would try to find something to do. On occasions, we jumped over the fence into the Kisumu Club to use their pool.

The train took a night and a day to get to Nairobi, but by then, other boys had joined the train, and the journey was fairly eventful, especially for new boys. Bullying started at that moment. The train did not go very fast. It was possible to get off, run alongside, and get on again. It was also possible to get on the roof of one's carriage and jump from one carriage to the other, all the way along the train.

The train stopped near the school grounds, to allow the boys to disembark, and to stagger up to the school, each carrying the vast regulation tin trunk, usually, in true African fashion, on his head.

Stuart **Thomas** (Clive 1952-56) [KR6752]: I also remember one of the boarders from Tanganyika, getting into serious trouble on the train coming to school, I think. May have had something to do with a young African girl, my memory is not that good, so I had better be careful. Anyhow, as soon as he arrived at School, he went straight to *Flakey's* office and was expelled on the spot, and given you know what, just to rub salt into his stupid wounds. I can only add that he must have deserved it, because I believe that our Headmaster was a gem of a man overall, as was our Housemaster, Mr. **Fyfe**.

Edward **David** (Clive 1952-56): It took us four days to get to school - leaving Dar es Salaam on Monday evening at 22h00, traveling by train/bus/train to arrive in Nairobi on Thursday morning! I remember it well! Years later we would fly on EAAC DC3's - Nairobi-Mombasa-Tanga-Zanzibar- and finally arrive in what a wonderful place – Dar es Salaam in about four hours!

Jeremy **Whitehead** (Clive 1958-62) - a humorous(?) incident on the Uganda train: I can recall attending the first assembly of a new term and listening to the headmaster, Fletcher, lecturing us on the appalling behaviour on the school train to Uganda at the end of the previous term. He was unwise enough to describe one particular event when a group of us had set upon a St Mary's boy and hung him out of the train window by his feet, whereupon the whole school erupted in a great gale of laughter, bringing the lecture to an end as he was unable to prevent himself joining in the laughter.

Jeremy also travelled from Kasese in Western Uganda to Nairobi a number of times and he relates an incident on the way to school when the rear end of the train became derailed. He continues – ‘the problem was resolved after a couple of hours by uncoupling the derailed Third Class portion and employing the Third Class passengers to convey the First and Second Class baggage, including my bicycle, to the freight car at the front end. This was undertaken with a good deal of laughter and cheering. The journey was then resumed leaving the Third Class passengers and derailed carriages to be rescued later’. (Years later, Jeremy discovered to his sorrow, that the Kasese-Kampala line, like many other segments of the original E.A.R&H network, is no longer operational)

Trains were very much a feature of school life for those who used them, signalling as they did the beginning or end of a term or year, each trip a sequel between the disciplined environment of school and the warm bosom of home, or vice versa. The lightly supervised school train usually gave way to mischief that only teenage boys away from home or school can get up to; smoking, girls, rugby songs, practical jokes, initiations etc.

In this colourful account of his journey to school from upcountry Kenya, Stan **Bleazard** (Grigg, Rhodes and Scott 1945-48) [KR4242], provides a lyric description of an arriving Garratt, and his initiation as a rabble: Two dim oil lamps glowed faintly in the mist at each end of the railway platform at Maji Mazuri station. In total darkness between them, I sat quietly waiting on my battered tin trunk. It was cold and I began to shiver. There was no sound, not even a dog barking in the sawmill labour lines across the valley. Absent also, the occasional scream of a hyrax from the nearby forest, with which I always associated home. Just the customary brooding silence which sometimes pervades a long African night. The minutes hung, leaving nothing to record their passage, until my guardian audibly rummaged his coat pockets. A match flared as he lit a cigarette. Without interest, I watched it glow each time he sucked in the smoke he craved. When he finished, he sent the end tumbling away onto rail ballast, where briefly it continued to glow.

The familiar tinkling of bells, coming from the control desk in the station office, told us the train was on its way. After about ten minutes, the steam locomotive's bright headlight bored through the mist briefly as it emerged from a cutting in the distance toward Equator station several miles away. Shortly after, I heard the Sikh station master step from his office, his *chaplis* shuffling in the cinders of the platform's surface. I felt sure he would be carrying a metal hoop that he would somehow, without seeing properly, exchange with one brought by the loco's driver.

Faint at first, then strongly from just beyond station limits, the Garratt's siren blasted, warning of its imminent arrival. The mist in that direction began to visibly brighten. Turning into the final straight, the loco's beam suddenly exposed the three of us in brilliant light. Blinking, we turned away in response. Underfoot, I distinctly felt the ground shake as the juggernaut approached and rushed

past. The moment darkness resumed a blast of heat from the loco's firebox hit us. The screech of iron shoes grinding against steel wheels jarred my teeth as the driver applied brakes to every carriage. Finally the train stopped with a shudder. The ticket examiner flashed his torch at us to show me to my reservation. As usual, at 03h00 hours I was the only person to board

Struggling to shove my trunk through the entrance doorway, I twisted my thumb on its beastly metal handle. Most compartments were still lit, so it was easy to find mine. Entering, I greeted two glum looking young fellows whose only response was a grunt. The Garratt's siren sounded and we were soon moving. I was hardly settled when shouts of 'Rabble!' emanated from somewhere at the end of the corridor. Such address was of course unusual and, ignorant of its meaning I at first ignored it. I felt people were rude making such a lot of noise at this hour. Not many seconds elapsed, however, before I was forcibly seized by a couple of ruffians, manhandled to the far compartment and persuaded to introduce myself to several other aspiring thugs. The air inside was full of smoke and it stank of beer. From their intense questioning, I was soon aware that they wished to find grounds for unfair criticism, or any reason at all to mindlessly berate me. Much of this was demeaning, especially aspersions about my heredity. Having exhausted their verbal assault on me, they then demanded I sing for their entertainment. Not well gifted with this facility, my various attempts brought only displeasure, which brought on physical abuse to encourage me to perform better. What followed need not be recorded in detail. Fortunately, my vilification did not last because more pupils boarded at Sabatia, the next station. With my tormentors' attention momentarily diverted, I escaped and made as fast as I could to the furthest end of the train. I spent the next hours until daybreak squatting with difficulty in an oriental style toilet. That was how the journey for my secondary education began, which turned out by comparison to have been typical experience for most of us.

Brod **Purdy** (Rhodes 1958-62) travelled from Kitale, joining the Uganda train at Eldoret. With a schoolmaster as a father, it was rare that I had to use trains initially as we lived in Embu. However there was one journey that, for some reason, always sticks in my mind. The nearest railhead to Embu was Sagana, and it was at this out of the way halt that I embarked on my first school train journey. As a new boy, fresh from a minor English public school, I was frequently the butt of those who had been at the PoWS for much longer than I. And so it transpired on this particular trip where, although not hung out of the window of a carriage, I was summoned to a senior's compartment and put through a rigorous 'Third Degree'. I eventually escaped, but with a crushed fingertip...those EARandH doors were brutally heavy.

Some years later with the appointment of my father as Headmaster of the African Secondary School at Kapenguria, which some may remember as the school at which Jomo Kenyatta was famously tried, my school journeys now started and finished at Kitale. We would all embark at Kitale and head to Eldoret where the train would wait for the Kampala train to join...figuratively and literally...us. We would arrive in the late evening and be shunted into a distant siding, supposedly out of the way of temptation. How wrong people were. Most of us would manage to exit the tucked away carriages, cross the tracks and head for the bars of Eldoret where the following term's pocket money was spent. And then we would attempt to return to our train before the Kampala train arrived. This was not normally a problem, until the occasion when the authorities decided to move our train to a different part of the station. Imagine a crowd of PoWS and DoYS lads trying to find a train in the dark and hoping that it was not already on its way to Nairobi...without us!

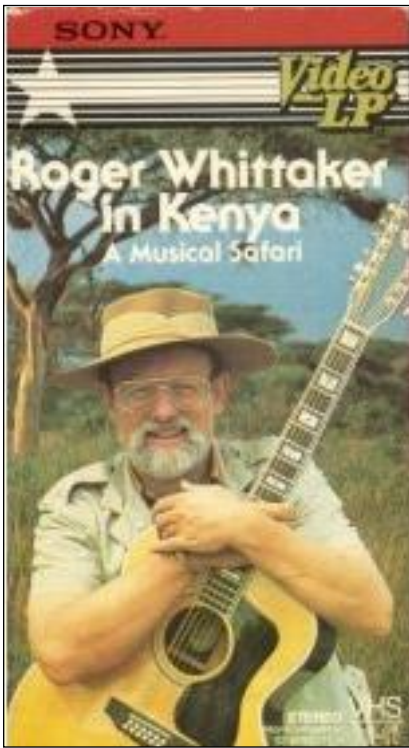
And then I became a prefect, and had my own compartment and rabble to do my every wish. However, this arrangement did not have the blessing of E.A.R&H and I remember being woken in the early hours of the morning to find a rabble sharing my compartment...and the look on his face when he woke up to find he was sharing a compartment with the prefect who had soundly thrashed him the term before for some misdemeanour or other.

And the journey when a 'rabble' lost my hockey stick and I had to spend the rest of the term using those supplied by the House.

For some reason I seemed always to return home after everyone else, but have memories of dinner - with wine - coming down the escarpment before pulling into Naivasha...and then the overnight stop in Eldoret before continuing to Kitale when I was caught sneaking into Eldoret by, of all people, my father who had driven down from Kapenguria to collect me. Without even warning me!

Thus was forged a strong link between the school and the railways. From the very beginning, that same railway, over the years, was to ferry thousands of schoolchildren to and from school, from the furthest corners of East Africa. To school they came, riding the train/bus for up to four days, from Dodoma, Arusha and Dar es Salaam and from the southern shores of Lake Victoria in Tanganyika, from Mombasa's white sands, from Kisumu, Eldoret, Thomsons Falls, Nakuru and other points in the upcountry farmlands of Kenya, from the mining town of Kasese in the foothills of the Ruwenzoris and from Kampala, capital of verdant tropical Uganda. One of those commuters was Roger **Whittaker** who wrote a song about riding the old school trains.

Roger **Whittaker** [KR4746] and *'The Good Old E.A.R&H*



Roger **Whittaker** was at the PoWS from 1950 to 1954. His alumnus entry says that he is arguably the most famous and well known Old Cambrian. I would argue with 'arguably'! With worldwide record sales of around 55 million, can any other OC be more famous? However, the vast majority of his fans would not connect him with the PoWS. Trains clearly made a big impression on Roger the schoolboy, for in later years when he visited Kenya in 1982, Roger the famous singer would recall those train memories in a song he wrote. Thus the East African Railways and Harbours and their trains have been immortalized in *The Good Old E.A.R&H*. The song was not one of his hits, and to the author's knowledge did not make it onto any of his CDs*. It can only be heard on a hard to find video cassette of the BBC TV special that he made of that Kenya visit. Attempts to reach Roger for an input to this train article were unsuccessful, but we did get word from him that it would be OK to reproduce the lyrics to the song. The lyrics could not be found on the internet, so your editor had to listen to the song many times over to get the words. (* In addition to the video cassette, the music was released on an audio cassette entitled "Roger Whittaker in Kenya - A Musical Safari" issued by Tembo Music Ltd 1982. Reference: 8124 494. There was also an LP issued called "Roger Whittaker in Kenya: A Musical Safari" - Stereo 812.949-1; released 1-1-1984.)

Roger introduces the song with a monologue. "When I was a boy, the railway meant so much more to me than the abolition of the slave trade² or the opening up of the country, because it was the train that took us up the hills to school and brought us home again or down the hills to the coast and then brought us home again. They were the East African Railways and Harbours or for short the good old E A R and H. No boy ever had a railway quite as fine as mine."

The song has an up tempo country and western sound with banjo and steel guitar.

1st Verse/Chorus

Oh, the good old E A R and H would get me there on time
 Those mighty engines rolling down the line
 And no boy ever had a railway quite as fine as mine
 Oh the good old E A R and H, (oh) the good old E A R and H

Now when I was a kid I used to play
 While the train would rock and roll and swing and sway
 And as she pulled us up the grade slowing all the way
 Oh, this is what the wheels would have to sing
 We would sing along with what they had to sing

² The suppression of the slave trade has been cited as one of the main reasons for opening up East Africa by road and rail.

And they'd sing, no I can't, no I can't, (*repeated*)
 Again they'd sing, no I can't, no I can't, (*repeated*)
 That train, oh that train.

Chorus

Now when I was a kid I'd ride a train
 That took me up to school and home again
 At the end of school aboard that train, our only joy would reign
 As down the grades the wheels would keep on saying
 They'd say yes I can, yes I can, (*repeated*)
 And they'd say yes I can, yes I can, (*repeated*)

Chorus

Now somehow it just don't seem the same
 They're using diesel fuel to pull that train
 The old wood burners sitting down in a museum
 You don't ride on 'em, just go down and see 'em
 Oh it's sad to see them standing in a museum

Chorus

The final verse mourns the demise of the steam engine, a sentiment with which those of us who used the trains completely empathise. Such is progress. Perhaps the current generation of schoolboys will harbor similar nostalgia for diesels when they are in turn replaced by maglev (magnetic levitation) trains or whatever the prevailing technology is.



Memories of the School Train from Kampala to Nairobi, 1956-1961

Martin **Langley** relates his own account of the journey between home and school. The train journey between Kampala and Nairobi took around 24 hours. There was a lot of emotion in those train trips back and forth to school. From the euphoric highs of homeward bound out of Nairobi to the depressing despondency of the schoolward journey from Kampala. It was a very testing time for the still raw emotions of an adolescent, from constraining the urge to burst into tears on the one hand to curbing excesses of jubilation on the other. Departing from Kampala in the rabble years was an early exercise in cultivating a good old British "stiff upper lip", for one did not "blub" in public!

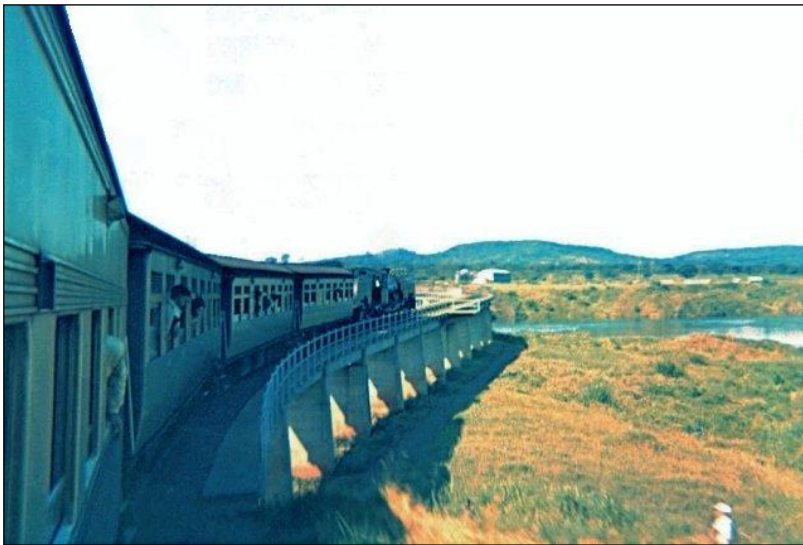


The Kampala Railway Station [Left: around 1960- photo courtesy Malcom McCrow] - was a typically solid colonial structure of brown sandstone. While not particularly

inspiring from an architectural standpoint it was very functional and for those of us who used it, it had (and still has) a special place in our hearts.

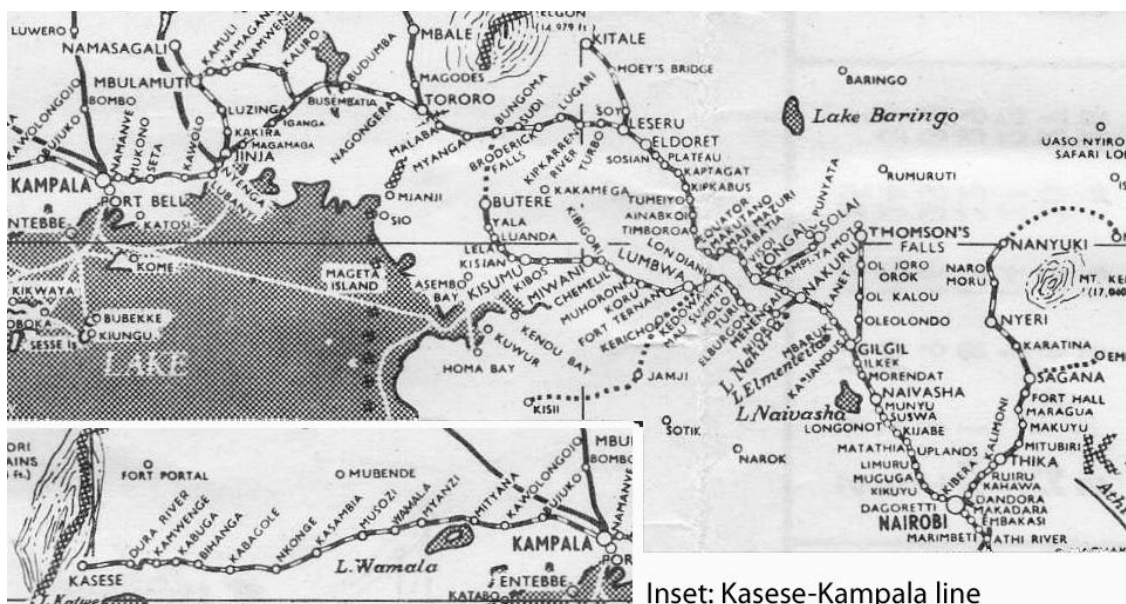
Soon we'd all be on board, hanging out of the windows and waiting for the conductor's whistle and the shout of "Stand clear of the train!" signalling the train's imminent departure. Finally, the conductor would give a final blow on his whistle and wave the green flag. The Garratt loco would give a toot and slowly with much chuffing and clanking, as the slack between carriages was taken up, the train would pull out of the station. As the train trundled through Kampala and suburbs, one would gaze longingly at familiar landmarks as they slowly passed by. Such as the level crossing on the Port Bell road, down which was the Silver Springs Hotel, the location of one of the few swimming pools in town where it was a real treat to be taken for a "goof" (swim) on a hot day. The hotel, not far from Port Bell on Lake Victoria was built to house over-night passengers on the flying boat service from South Africa to the UK in the 1930s.

In just over an hour, the train would cross the Nile over the Ripon Falls, just before Uganda's second biggest town, Jinja, home to the Owen Falls dam and the Madhvani sugar works. After Jinja, as night fell, the dulcet tones of the xylophone would echo down the corridors of the train summoning all to dinner in the dining car. The food was served on those solid EAR&H plates that looked like they would survive a tank going over them.



Left: School train hauled by a 60 Class approaching Jinja Bridge in 1960. [Photo – courtesy Malcolm McCrow]

Typical menu items included soup of one kind or another, roast beef with gravy and potatoes, and finished off with a dessert of sponge cake and custard. After dinner the train would hit Tororo on the Uganda border, home of the Tororo cement works, in the shadow of the Gibraltar rock lookalike, the Tororo rock. The last of the Uganda boys would get on at Tororo.



Inset: Kasese-Kampala line

EAR 1961 route map - Kasese – Kampala - Nairobi. [Courtesy Malcolm McCrow]

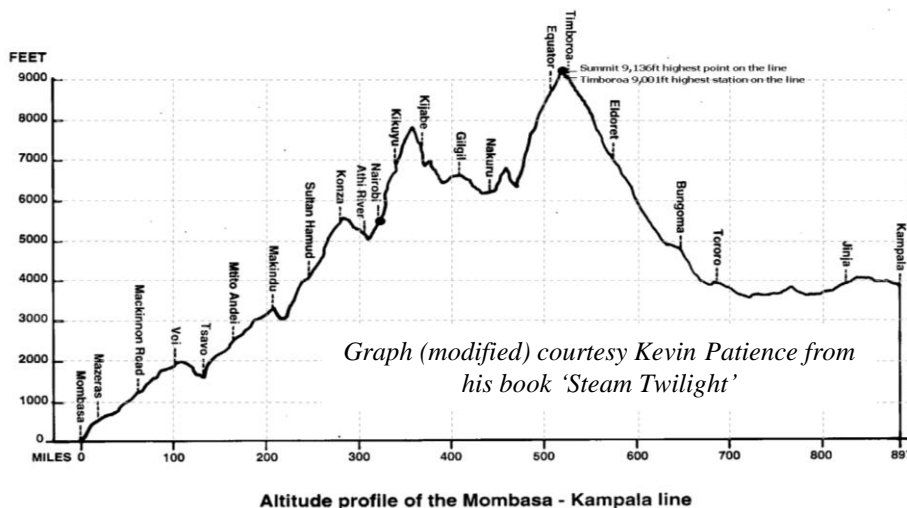
That night on the train away from home was a weird state of limbo where you were neither at home nor at school. It was a time for reflection, as in the quiet darkness, the train trundled onward,

swaying to the almost metronomic clickety-clack of the wheels over the rails. From time to time it would stop to take on water or fuel at small sidings or stations in the middle of the night, miles from anywhere. Though the hard green bunks were barely comfortable enough for sleep if you wanted to, invariably the jolting of the train as it came to a stop would awaken one. The silence and the stillness of the African night, as anyone who has lived in Africa knows, is in itself an experience. Apart from the occasional sound associated with the running of a railway, such as hissing steam or the tapping of carriage wheels, the African bush was deadly silent, with only the chirping of insects and the odd animal noise emanating therefrom. On sticking your head out of the window you would be greeted with that clean, fresh bush smell that was even more pervasive after a rain shower. And who can forget the smell inside the train! A wine buff might describe it thus. A preponderance of burnt hydrocarbon and heavy machinery; with overtones of old tobacco, dark green leather, human essence and freshly turned earth. Hints of culinary concoctions occasionally assail the senses and all combine to leave a lingering, distinctive and slightly acridic aftertaste.

A 57 class Garratt, typical of the loco that would have hauled school trains from Kampala. The 58 and 60 classes were also used, but the 59 class was too heavy for the Uganda line. *Photo courtesy Kevin Patience*



One hated the night to be over because when it was, you knew you were over the border into Kenya and drawing ever closer to school and all the uncertainties of the coming term. In the early days, as a rabble you tended to stay put in your compartment. To venture out was to risk crossing the path of a senior who could summarily “invite” you to a compartment full of leering peers for initiation ceremonies. On passing, you averted your gaze and tried not to look him in the eye, for to do so might be construed as insolence and merit unwelcome attention. I once witnessed a scared and pale rabble being made to eat a cigarette, yes, eat, not smoke. His pallor went from white to green as he chewed on the tobacco, his mouth opening between chews to reveal a revolting khaki slime. Fortunately, I would say that most seniors were above tormenting junior boys, but there was always the sadistic or immature minority, perhaps newly ascended to the rank of senior, who revelled in their new found power. One respected those senior boys who did not indulge in that sort of thing.



Altitude profile of the Mombasa - Kampala line

A feature of the Kampala-Nairobi train trip was the huge altitude changes encountered en route: from the approximate 4,000 ft elevation of Kampala, to a little over 9,100 ft at Summit down to the floor of the Rift Valley at about 6,200 ft then up the Eastern Escarpment to 7,800 ft then down to

Nairobi at about 5,400 ft. Those changes in elevation resulted in some spectacular vistas from the train window along the way! See the above profile chart. With Tororo and Uganda now behind us, the train begins the hard slog up the Kenya highlands and you can hear the Garratt labouring as it hauls its heavy load up the steep inclines. Familiar names drift slowly by, Broderick Falls, Turbo are a couple that come to mind, as the train chugs up the grade. The air becomes ever more crisp and clean as altitude is gained. In the dark early hours of the morning the train reaches Eldoret, also known as “64”.

The origin of 64 is explained in “Pioneers' Scrapbook. Reminiscences of Kenya 1890 to 1968”. “When Government surveyors pegged out blocks of land for which settlers could apply, each future farm received a number. Number 64, on the Sosiani River, was leased to Willie van Aardt. He found it unsuitable for farming, so it was selected as the site of a post office, opened in 1910. Telegrams went by heliograph to Kapsabet, the nearest point where there was a telegraph line. This township in embryo was known as ‘64’ until officially named Eldoret in 1912 by the Governor. By then the European population of the Plateau had grown to 153 males, 96 females and 236 children, half of these under ten.” Another version says it was so called because it was 64 miles from the newly built Uganda Railway railhead at Kibigori. Either way, there would be many sleepy mutterings of “yurra yong” by those awake, in recognition of the town’s *kaburu* settlers. Many of the descendants of those settlers attended school in Nairobi and boarded the train at Eldoret.

Eldoret was also the junction for the short Kitale branch line, from the north, which joined the main line one station west of Eldoret at Leseru; kids for the Hill School were woken at Leseru to get dressed prior to arrival at Eldoret. There would be a number of boys from the Kitale region joining the train at this stop such as Brod **Purdy** (whose story appeared earlier) and others, who would bang loudly on compartment doors seeking a berth. Because of the noise generated by activity at Eldoret station, most passengers would be half awake as the train left the station and passed the Highlands Girls’ School just outside the town.

Some of the girls would break bounds to see the train swing by in the hopes of glimpsing a sweetheart or brother waving from the windows. In the early morning light you could see the girls, evident by their squeals and shrieks, waving frantically. Typically there would be maybe half a dozen brave (or foolhardy!) girls just below the embankment that the train was passing over. Breaking bounds to greet the train was strictly forbidden and penalty if caught was gating for the term and in the case of one girl, demotion from prefect. In the same situation at the POW, the penalty would doubtless have been six of the best from *Flakey!*

After Eldoret the train would continue on its upward trek, and soon that evocative bong bong of the xylophone would announce breakfast in the dining car. Next stop of significance would be Timboroa, at 9,001ft, then the highest railway station in the British Commonwealth. While the Garratt watered up, a stroll along the platform in the bracing clean air was efficacious and refreshing after the long night.

Usually sunny but often misty and chilly, Timboroa seemed an almost deserted little outpost with few people around except railway personnel, passengers and the ubiquitous young hawkers from nearby villages peddling their wares. “*Plerms, ahplez, biskwits*” they would sing out in their quaintly accented English.

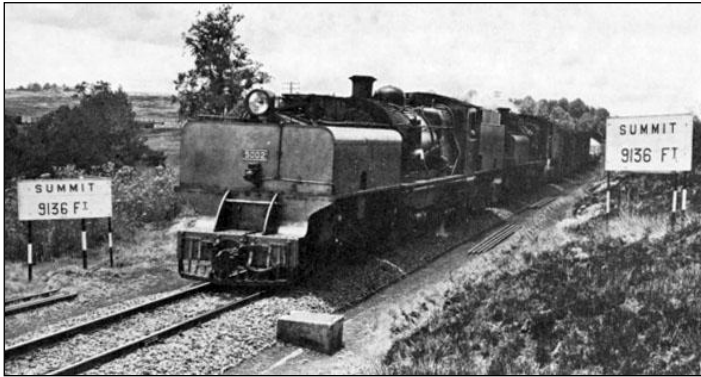
Ron Bullock relates an incident with a hawker. “We were at Timboroa I believe - wherever the station with the dining room was anyway. It was dark, I suppose 9-ish. The engine was making those whooshing sounds as resting engines will. [Following photos – courtesy of Malcolm McCrow]



The platform was quite lively and the local hawkers were particularly prominent. One fellow passed by our carriage with his *mahindi*, *ndizi* and cookies or whatever laid out on a tray held above his shoulder for clients to see in the gloaming that was all that passed for light. Someone - I used to know who it was but that memory is fortunately long lost - put a lighted squib on the tray, and of course the bearer had travelled some feet before it exploded. I will not try to relate the ensuing mixture of consternation among the occupants of the platform and mirth on the part of us few dastardly schoolboys. In more recent and calmer moments, I have sometimes wondered what this

little prank cost of the vendor's meagre resources.

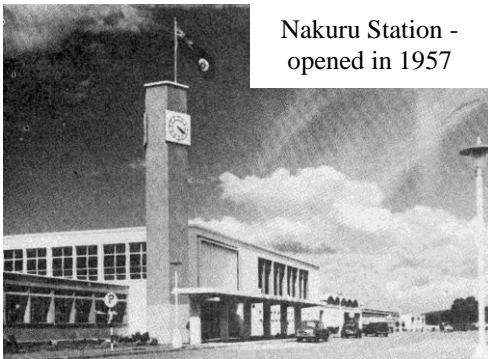
Not long after Timboroa, a signpost would announce Summit - at 9,136ft the highest point on the Kenya-Uganda line.



Left: A pair of 50 class Garratts double heading a freight train passing Summit, heading for Nakuru.

Having passed Summit, after crossing the Equator, the train would pick up speed as it headed down the escarpment towards Nakuru on the floor of the Rift Valley. The beat of the locomotive would change and the chimney note would go from laboured individual choof-choofs to a muffled but exhilarating staccato as it sped down the inclines. At this stage, it was an easy canter for the powerful Garratt.

Poking one's head out of the carriage window into the 25-40 mph slipstream was an invitation to get pinged by a speck of soot. At times, a smut would find its way into one's eye, a very uncomfortable even painful experience. We all have our favourite memories of the school train, little incidents that stick in the mind. Mine was cruising down from Summit toward Rongai, the last big station before the important junction of Nakuru, where the Kisumu line joined the mainline. The sky was blue, the sun shining and the train was loping along at an easy canter. Someone in the compartment had brought in a wind-up gramophone and a Doris Day record was on the turntable. "Take me back to the black hills, the black hills of Dakota" she was crooning in that mellifluous voice of hers. And I remember sitting there thinking gloomily "bugger the black hills of Dakota, take me back to the green hills, the green hills of Kampala!" To this day, hearing Doris Day, reminds me of the school train.



Nakuru Station -
opened in 1957

And so before you knew, it the train would be pulling into Nakuru station, where a multitude of bronzed farmers and their schoolboy offspring would be thronging the platform. To this Uganda boy the Kenya farming types always seemed to be of sturdier stock than us city boys. While they were out there trying to eke out a living from the sometimes unyielding soil and having to deal with pest and pestilence, wild animals, sick animals, the weather and the vagaries of farm life in general, we were having to make life altering decisions such as "do I ride to town on the *pushi* or *piki-piki*?"

The boys that got on in Nakuru were from the Nakuru area itself and from the Kisumu line that included the farmlands surrounding Lumbwa, Londiani, Kericho, Molo etc.

After Nakuru, there was Gilgil and Naivasha where a few more got on, then on we chugged across the floor of the Rift Valley and up the Eastern escarpment. Now we were really getting close to Nairobi and as the suburbs merged into the city, most boys were a picture of silent brooding, dreading the moment when the train would come to a shuddering halt. Typically there was a master there to meet us, like Johnny **Riddell** the PT master, trying hard to be jovial amid the gloomy faces. And so, into the bus or green school lorry we would pile, dragging our tin trunks, for the final silent ride to what seemed like jail and a long way from home.

The narrative so far has been from a passenger's perspective, from behind the engine. But how do things look from the engine driver's cab? An EAR engine driver's story follows.

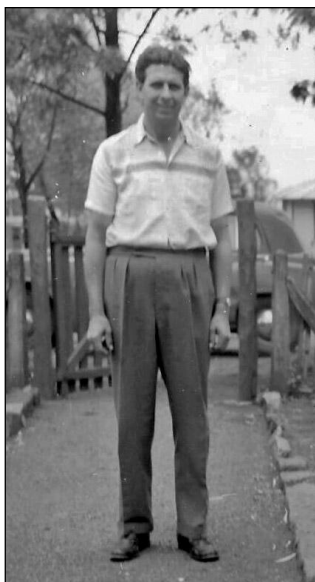
REMINISCENCES OF AN EAR GARRATT ENGINE DRIVER
FIVE FOOT THREE to THREE FOOT THREE

[Archie Morrow]

Archie Morrow was an Irish railwayman who joined EAR in 1954. He ended up driving Garratts and posted his memoirs of those times on the website of the Railway Preservation Society of Ireland (RPSI) in the Winter 1998/99 issue of their journal "Five Foot Three". The original has been edited for this mini-SITREP.

Around 1951, I applied to the Crown Agents in London for a job as locomotive driver anywhere in the world. In March 1954, I received an application form from the East African Railways and Harbours, and was in Nairobi on my birthday, 24 July 1954.

This was a Sunday, none of the railway offices were open and I was taken to be signed into the Railway Bachelors' Quarters but we never got past the Railway Club. As a new Irish recruit, I was made very welcome and ended up the worse for drink and without lunch. I was told later that I had sung "When Irish eyes are smiling" - badly. At dinner that evening I think I was set up and given a very, very hot curry but with the drink in me I didn't turn a hair. Later that evening I went to bed and remember nothing until the next morning when I awoke to the words, "Chai Bwana", and an African face looking through the mosquito net. For a few minutes I thought I was Sanders of the River!



Left: Archie Morrow in the mid 1950s- photo courtesy Lawrence Morrow]

I attended Nairobi Locomotive Training School to learn about the Westinghouse brake which was used in Kenya because vacuum is difficult to create at high altitudes. After passing the brake test I was transferred to Nakuru, capital of the Rift Valley province. The Great Rift Valley is an earth fault that runs throughout East Africa from the Red Sea to Malawi, and believed to be the place where man began to walk upright. [In Archie's case this probably took place some time on the Monday. – RPSI Ed.] Nakuru is just south of the Equator and in the Rift Valley but, at an altitude of just over 6,000 feet, has a wonderful climate.

Nakuru shed was quite modern, steam-wise, servicing a large fleet of rigid and articulated oil-burning locomotives and having a drop pit, wheel lathe and machine shop. It supplied motive power to work Nakuru - Nairobi - Mombasa, ruling grade 1.5%; Nakuru to Kisumu, ruling grade 2%; Nakuru to Eldoret, ruling grade 1.5% plus the Gilgil to Thompson Falls and Rongai to Lake Solai branch lines. (2% = 1 in 50 in old money).

After learning routes and being passed by the Locomotive Inspecting Officer (LIO), I worked pick-ups for about three months. The shedmaster, Don Owens, called me to his office and gave me my first Garratt, No.5302, just out of Nairobi workshops after a heavy overhaul. Did I feel some kid?!



Archie Morrow's first Garratt, East African Railways #5302. (Chris Greville collection). This engine was a GA (later 53) Class Garratt delivered to Tanganyika Railways in 1939.

My first trip on 5302 was a night-freight to Eldoret and after a rest returning to Nakuru the following night with another freight. As we were about to leave, three LIOs appeared out of the gloom and asked me not to rock the boat as they would be sleeping in two coaches at the rear of the train. One of them, as an afterthought, said, "Driver, if you have any problems do not hesitate to wake us". The trip was uneventful until we were approaching Voi where the signal was at danger. The signal dropped and I released the brake and proceeded to enter the station. As we passed over the points, to my horror, I could see the pointsman turning points under the boiler unit of the Garratt. I slammed on the emergency brake, thinking that the LIOs would now be tossed out of bed and far from pleased. The train stopped with the front unit of the engine on the main line and the rear one entering the crossing loop. That was my introduction to Garratt working! Fortunately, the incident was held to be not my fault and I received a commendation for stopping quickly.

I had 5302 for about nine months without any more problems. In late 1955, Nakuru shed received an allocation of new 60 class Garratts. They ran like sewing machines. Some wag of a driver said, "The working class can kiss my, I've got a 60 class at last!" I received No. 6018 "Sir Charles Dundas", all this class being named after colonial governors.

One trip I will always remember was when coming back from Kisumu with a mixed train. On a 2% upgrade between Fort Ternan and Lumbwa we ran into a swarm of locusts and slipped to a standstill. The cab was swarming with them and they were frying on the smoke box and hot pipes. Luckily, some shrubbery grew close to the line and with a *panga* the fireman and I cut some heavy branches with plenty of leaves and plaited them into the cowcatcher so that they brushed the rails. Still slipping, we got away and arrived in Lumbwa one hour down. My fireman was very partial to fried locust and had an excellent lunch, indeed I had trouble keeping him in the cab as he kept making trips to the smoke box to harvest the best cooked specimens. I tried a few but my palate would not accept them.

In 1956, there was a very bad runaway between Lumbwa and Fort Ternan. A double headed heavy freight with a 57 class Garratt and a 29 class 2-8-2 locomotive left Lumbwa and gained speed very rapidly on the 2% downgrade. In the brake van at the rear the guard panicked and applied the emergency brake which jammed. The driver then had no way of building up air pressure in the train pipe and the train, by then out of control, derailed between Fort Ternan and Koru, killing one Sikh driver, two African firemen and one African guard. **Bill Ewart**, the driver of 5702, lost a leg and was eventually sent home. I had home leave in 1957 and visited him in Glasgow. He died a few years later.

I worked the breakdown train with a 75-ton crane on this accident with very little rest for over two weeks, although my overtime was substantial. After this accident no driver was allowed to take charge of a train on a 2% grade without at least two years' experience on the Westinghouse brake. Fortunately, by this time I had qualified.

At this point, a few words on the Westinghouse Automatic brake may be appropriate. It is operated by compressed air which on the EAR&H was furnished by two Westinghouse compressors controlled by a steam governor to 100psi. and stored in the locomotive's main reservoirs. This air is then fed to the train pipe and auxiliary reservoirs on each vehicle in the train through the driver's brake valve at 80psi. The air to each vehicle is controlled by a quick acting triple valve and the brakes remain off as long as train pipe pressure is held at 80psi. Any reduction of train pipe pressure from whatever source e.g. driver's brake valve, guard's emergency valve, burst flexible hose or passenger communication cord being pulled activates the triple valves and allows compressed air from the auxiliary reservoirs into the brake cylinders at a rate proportional to the severity of reduction of the train pipe pressure - hence the term "Automatic".

On the long severe continuous down-grades on the EAR&H e.g. Timboroa to Rongai (around 60 miles of 1.5% down-grade) it was imperative that the train pipe and auxiliary reservoirs were recharged at regular intervals and this could only be done when the driver's brake valve was in the full release position. During this vulnerable period speed would have increased rapidly and the driver had to use Retainers to maintain control.

On every vehicle on the Kenyan section of the EAR&H the brakes were released through a valve at waist height. When closed, this retainer valve held compressed air in the brake cylinders at 15 psi

and exerted a continuous braking effect. This was a more modern version of the procedure of pinning down wagon brakes which used to be practised in the British Isles. Sections of track where retainers were required were indicated by a "R" board at which it was compulsory to stop. The driver then had to decide, after taking into consideration the weight of the train and how effective the brakes had been so far, how many retainer valves he should instruct the fireman to close.

The Kisumu line started off from Nakuru at an altitude of just over 6,000 feet and climbed to Mau Summit at 8,700 feet, all 2% upgrade for about 45 miles. Then it was 2% downgrade all the way for about 60 miles to Koru, at an altitude of 4,000 feet. After that it was more or less level through the Nyanza sugar fields to Kisumu on the shores of Lake Victoria at an altitude of 3,700 feet. Kisumu is the capital of the Nyanza province of Kenya and has the highest dockyard in the world.

In the early part of the century this area was classed as a white man's grave. Fortunately, when I started to work to Kisumu health conditions had improved immensely. After the rains - and Kisumu got a lot - the grass grew fast and lush. This encouraged the hippo of Lake Victoria to come out at night and graze on the grass that grew between the engine shed and Hippo Point. Sometimes I thought that all the cars in Kisumu were there to shine their headlights across this grassy meadow. We drivers and firemen had the problem of getting from the engine shed to the running room without getting between a hippo and the water. Statistically, there are more humans killed by hippo than by any other wild animal in Africa, just because they happened to be between the hippo and the water.

I have lots of fond memories of driving on the Kisumu line but two stand out and are worth recording. One was descending from Mau Summit at night and from a distance seeing an electrical storm over Lake Victoria, a sight I am sure only railwaymen or insomniacs enjoyed. Another one was coming back from Kisumu on the long 2% climb from Koru to Mau Summit when African children of all ages would run out of their huts and do a tribal dance to the rhythm and song of a Beyer-Garratt locomotive with a full load.

In the late fifties and early sixties some 59 class Garratts were allocated to Nakuru shed. There were thirty-four in the class, the last and largest Garratts ever built, with a tractive effort of 83,350 lbs., an overall length of almost 105 feet and a weight in working order of 252 tons. They were named after the mountains of East Africa.

The Nakuru allocation was to work a daily heavy freight to Mombasa, a four day round trip which meant caboose working with two crews for each locomotive, one working and one sleeping, changing over at eight-hour intervals.

Three incidents worthy of note happened to me when on this run. One morning after leaving Voi at first light my fireman drew my attention to a herd of elephant running along his side of the train and they appeared to be gaining on us. By regulating my speed I was able to keep them alongside for about a mile, a sight I will never forget. Voi is in the Tsavo Game Park and is the junction for Moshi and Arusha in the foothills of Mount Kilimanjaro which, at 19,340 feet, is the highest mountain in Africa. Despite this, the first of the 59 class was not named after it as one might have expected, that honour going to Mount Kenya, appropriately enough I suppose. The class as a whole seemed to be named in a random manner.

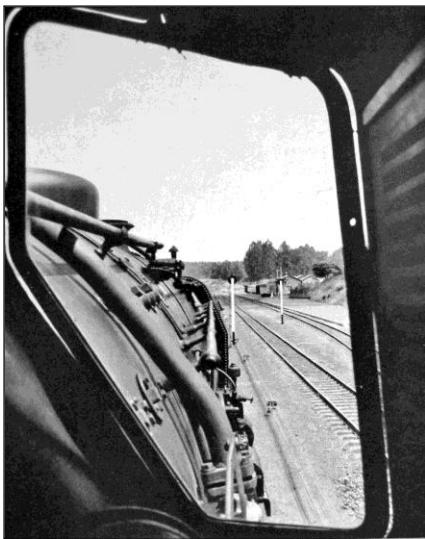
On another trip coming back from Mombasa with Garratt No.5923 "Mount Longonot" we hit and killed a giraffe. There was an African village nearby and the kill had been seen so I knew the giraffe would soon disappear. At the next crossing point I had a clear line and decided not to report it as I did not want to be delayed there after four days away from home. On examination of the locomotive at Nakuru I found a dent high up on the streamlining of the front tank where the giraffe's head had whiplashed. I still said nothing about it and several months later I heard someone wonder how a dent could get up there!

One Up and Two Down were the upper class express passenger trains that ran daily between Mombasa and Nairobi, both leaving at 18h00 and arriving at 08h00 after crossing halfway. These two trains were worked by the six senior drivers at Nairobi shed. On one occasion, due to a derailment, Two Down did not arrive in Mombasa in time for the engine to work One Up and we were called in to fill the breach. I felt quite chuffed the next

morning rolling into Nairobi on time with thirty five coaches on my drawbar and no complaints of passengers having been thrown out of bed or diners having hot soup in their laps.



Above: Archie Morrow's third Garratt, #5402. The caption to the original photo reads "KUR class EC4 4-8-2+2-8-4 EAR No 5402 the last in service, with the down mail at Limuru Station" Photo from "Steam Locomotives of the East African Railways" by R .Ramaer



The 54 class Garratt had been built to a War Department order for service in countries involved in the war effort and seven were delivered to Kenya in 1944. They were an extremely powerful engine with a tractive effort of 58260 lbs., but were lightly built, needing a lot of maintenance and could not stand up to being pooled. They were allocated to Nakuru in 1960 to work heavy freight between there and Eldoret and were given regular drivers. Mine was No.5402 and, after sorting out some lubrication problems, we were a dream team.

Left: Archie's office window - view from the footplate of an EAR Garratt. Photo from August 1961 issue of SPEAR, the EAR&H magazine.

The Eldoret line was very interesting to work, having a spiral crossing on the Equator so that on each round trip we crossed the Equator six times. Also, at 9,136 feet, the summit at Timboroa was the highest point on any railway in the British Empire. Now that there is no longer an Empire that statistic may have to be revised!

Snow fell there quite regularly and it was very cold and foggy at night. Below the Equator line at about 8000 feet bamboo grew profusely and was home to Colobus monkeys, black leopard and flocks of guinea fowl which we saw quite often. One Afrikaner driver carried a catapult on the footplate to kill guinea fowl for the pot. 5402 was the engine I was driving when I finished on East African Railways and I was sorry to hear she was scrapped in 1966. [*Archie Morrow left East Africa in 1964 -Ed*]

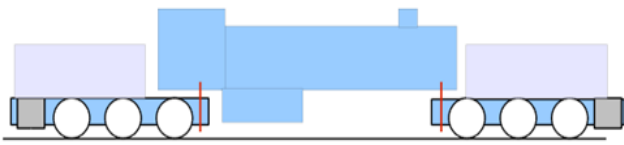
The Garratt Design Principle

The Garratt was a compelling and charismatic engine, by far the most successful articulated locomotive. When adapted to narrow gauge railways, they were regarded as the true masters of mountainous terrain. Until Herbert Garratt invented the principle upon which they were based, locomotives had one set of driving wheels surmounted of course by the cab, boiler etc. However the wheels were mounted rigidly to the locomotive chassis, locked in the direction of travel and could therefore negotiate only shallow turns in the railway line.

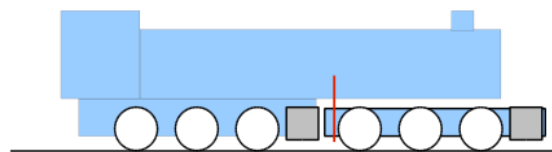
The Garratt however had two sets of driving wheels, one at each end of the boiler, each one hinged in a horizontal plane about a vertical axis (the vertical lines in the diagram) and therefore able to

negotiate much tighter bends than locomotives with a longer single set of driving wheels. It was essentially two steam engines powered by a single boiler.

The Mallet, another articulated design, had a slightly different arrangement as shown below.



Garratt – articulated bogies front & rear



Mallet – articulated bogies front only

(Illustrations from wikipedia.com)

Advantages of the Garratt

The principle advantages of the Garratt were as follows: –

- The boiler and firebox unit are slung between the two engine units. This frees the boiler and firebox from the size constraints imposed when they are placed over the frames and running gear, as in conventional designs and other articulateds, such as Mallets.
- The boiler can also be shorter for the same heating area. This results in the smoke box end of the boiler being closer to the fire, resulting in more efficient heating compared to designs with longer boilers and the smoke box further from the fire.
- When rounding curves, the cab and boiler unit move inward toward the centre of curvature of the curve, this reducing centrifugal forces.
- As the weight of the locomotive is spread over a greater distance and number of wheels than non articulated designs, the loading on the rails is lighter.

Disadvantages of the Garratt

The major disadvantage of a Garratt (shared with all tank engines) is that the tractive weight reduces as the water is used from the front tank and coal/oil from the rear bunker. As the weight on the wheels reduces, slipping occurs. To reduce wheel slippage, a wagon containing water was attached behind the Garratt, and this practice also permitted the engine to operate over longer distances. The weight of the water in the locomotive's tank and weight of coal/oil in the bunker (necessary for the factor of adhesion) was predicted in advance, and this problem was not normally an operational issue.

- Both power units are controlled by one regulator, thus if one power unit slipped, the steam to both was reduced as the driver tried to control the slip.
- Should a Garratt stall in a narrow tunnel the crew could be trapped, since there was no route forward or backwards past the hot cylinders. A normal locomotive has hot cylinders at one end only, with an escape route at the other end.

Conclusion

The detractors of Britain's colonial legacy are legion, mainly centered in academia and the third world. For sure there were negatives, such as the sometime arrogance of colonial administrators, racism, land appropriations etc. But looking past the negatives there were tremendous success stories that benefited the entire community, one of which was East Africa's railway system. Carved out of the bush at considerable cost and sacrifice, against loud vocal opposition, it opened up the East African territories in ways unforeseen by its advocates. As early as January 1928 the then Governor of Kenya, Sir Edward **Grigg** in a speech in Jinja, Uganda said, "*The results of this railway project of thirty years ago have exceeded the wildest dreams of its originators*" ... and ... "*it has been responsible also for the fact that we have been able to prove and establish economic crops over a rich and fertile country, which until its advent had absolutely no external trade.*" ...

and ... “ cotton, coffee, sisal, maize, wheat ... without the Railway none of these valuable crops could have been established here for a day.” In 1902, the Mombasa-Kisumu line carried 73,000 passengers, and by 1947 the number had grown to no less than 2,989,000; and from 13,000 tons of goods in 1902 to 1,818,000 tons in 1947.

The railway was certainly the keystone of the commercial success and viability of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika in the colonial era. The EAR&H was a well run and profitable enterprise and you could depend on the trains and ferries on Lake Victoria and elsewhere. They mostly ran on time, were clean and reliable and service was excellent both on board and in all support activity. The EAR&H generated thousands of jobs throughout East Africa, from the lowly platform hawkers to station staff, to technical, commercial and material support and up through the ranks of management. Employment in EAR&H itself peaked in 1955 when total staff numbered 63,518, of which 1,643(2.6%) were European, 5,580(8.8%) were Asian and 56,295(88.6%) were African.

To have experienced firsthand the last days of steam power as exemplified by the Garratt, was to leave memories and nostalgia akin to one's first lover. To stand on a platform waiting for the school train and have a Garratt slowly trundle past, was an awesome and unforgettable experience. Hissing steam, a deep throated chuffing from its chimney, it rumbles by, resplendent in its maroon uniform. A magnificent beast with a fire in its belly, the EAR Garratt locomotive! The emotions stirred by a Garratt passing at close proximity were visceral, a sort of *son et lumiere* experience with heat, steam, smoke, vibration, clanking linkages and a heady odour of soot, grease and metal on metal thrown in for good measure. By comparison, a passing diesel locomotive is a comparatively pale manifestation of tractive power that elicits a muted emotional response.

And so, with a tip o' the hat to all who worked for EAR&H for a job well done, and with the words of Roger Whittaker, we bid adieu to an era of long ago:

Oh, the good old E A R and H would get me there on time
 Those mighty engines rolling down the line
 And no boy ever had a railway quite as fine as mine
 Oh the good old E A R and H, the good old E A R and H.

**

Author of the train article, Martin Langley, having just stepped off the train in Kampala after attending the 1959 CCF camp at KRTC, Lanet.



[Ed: Humble apologies for the extremely strange punctuation which crept into the obituary notice for Rogue Barkas in m-S XXXIV – paragraphs 4 & 5 on page 11 and paragraph 1 on page 12, where single inverted commas were replaced with = signs; opening double inverted commas replaced with A's; closing double inverted commas replaced with @s. Readers may have been led to believe that our proof readers had goofed! This was not the case, as the signed-off proof contained no such errors. On investigating it was found that in converting the format of the original article into MS, I deleted all but one of the embedded commands, and when the printer unsuccessfully tried to remove the page number (79) from the back cover, this command corrupted the article by trying to return the file to its original format. Whilst this sounds double Dutch and a cop out, I have since ascertained that MS 2007 is plagued with such gremlins, hence its unpopularity, and that their programmers are continually tweaking the software as and when such complaints are received from the general public!]

Luckily, the errors were timeously brought to my attention by Peter **Hays** and I was able to advise sister associations before they reprinted from the CDs I had sent them. So, only copies which I had personally posted were affected. When contacted most members opted to make the necessary alterations themselves. I have, however, had 30 copies of m-S XXXIV and 50 copies of the offending pages reprinted. If you would like a new copy or the pages, please let me know – first come first

served! Despite its shortcomings and my inexperience, I will persevere with MS 2007 for m-S XXXV.

At the time of going to print, I was unaware of the author of the article 'The Horse Marines' which appeared in m-S XXXIV, pp 61-63. I can now confirm that it is in fact an extract from Charles Miller's 'Battle for the Bundu – The First World War in East Africa'. If you can get a copy, a fascinating read.]

*Re: the cover photograph: John **Pembridge** advises that I incorrectly indicated his brother Richard as wearing the Colorado beetle. Front row rank, right to left should have read: ???, George **Woodley** with 'gong', then comes Richard.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Sheila **Begg** writes from Durban [05/01/2009]: In answer to a query from Dave **Lichtenstein** [CCF] and Keith **Elliot** [KR4289] – the big raw-boned New Zealander working at T/Falls Kenya Co-operative Creameries (KCC) was Lionel **Julian**. He returned to New Zealand in the mid 50s, married and last I heard was working in a dairy in Japan.

We women were lucky to get jobs in KCC, mainly because all the men were called up during the Emergency. Many returned to their original KCC jobs, and Bob **Stephen** [KR3666], Gerry **Main**, Bob **Cheshire** [KR3851], Malcolm **McDonald** [KR4648], Bill **Sands** and Albert **Luies** [KR4165] are some with whom I worked. Of course, there were many people from other countries.

Norman **Adams** [KR4254] <norman.adams@homecall.co.uk> [21/05/2009] from England: Thank you for another excellent publication [m-S XXIII] helping to keep us all up to date with old comrades all over the world.

I read the first article under the heading REGIMENTAL REMINISCENCES from Ted **Downer** with a slight chuckle! Whilst I am related to DA I do not have Dunstan in my name. My uncle and my father both had problems in the late 1920s or early 1930's with Asian bank clerks who mixed up bank accounts with anyone with the surname Adams, so they both added their second Christian names to become **Dunstan Adams** and **Hampton Adams**.

My father after a while dropped the Hampton but DA continued with Dunstan. You can imagine my relief in Salisbury when we were all greeted so warmly by CSM J. **Cameron**, because neither he nor anyone else realised DA was my uncle, until the passing out parade when a staff car stopped in the driveway of KGVI Barracks and DA in full Regimental uniform wound down the window to speak to me. This meeting of the Honorary Colonel and me, just one of 100 junior ranks, very soon got to *Rumbleguts* who confronted me after the parade, nose to nose, indicating in no uncertain terms that had he known at the start of our training that I was related to DA, he would have made my life hell. A very lucky escape for me!

My cousin Myles [KR6497] who emigrated to Canada, later added a hyphen and his family are now **Dunstan-Adams**, but DA never did so. [Ed: *Myles died in Canada 15th November 1994*]

Alan **Johns** [KR6371] <Johnsralan@aol.com> [20/05/2009] from England: What a delight when I opened the envelope to find m-S XXXIII with its photos of Kilifi ferry, and of course Malindi in the previous issue. I lived there in 1955/56 when my father moved from Kingolwira, Morogoro to become the Manager and Engineer of Kilifi Sisal Plantation on the South side of the creek. What an idyllic life I had on my holidays from the Duke of York School (1951 -1956). My parents had a 'light touch' with parenting skills and I roamed freely without question! Out beyond the reef with the fishermen, swimming and sailing alone in our dinghy!

Their move to Kenya resulted in my being called up for the Jan 1957 entry for the Kenya Regiment where I must admit I enjoyed every day in Lanet! *Scottie* from the Scots Guards had that balance needed to try to turn us into soldiers! Certainly set me well up for sixteen years in the Royal Navy.

One of my memories is the fourteen days in Nakuru's BWMH with others who had lunched on five-day-old pork pies on the rifle range, only to be struck down by 5 p.m. with food poisoning!

Thank you for taking time to edit mini-SITREP, I enjoy reading the experiences of others. It was through the KR Association that I am back in touch with my old school friend from Mbeya and Duke of York, Jerry **Cox**.

Jeannie **Chandler** (née **Black**) writes from England: My Dad, John **Black** (aka as Ian), was born in Nairobi on 6th March 1912. The booklet, entitled "EAST AFRICAN FORCES - Officer's Release Book" has the number 943 at the top of the document. Dad's Regimental Number was 345283. His rank was WS/Lt. His Unit was 56 (T.T.) K.A.R. Would anyone with further information please contact me [Ed: *I passed on the Glasgow address where KR and KAR records are held*]

Capt James **McKillop** [KR580/3830/5616]

Mark **Sellar** <markdsellar@hotmail.com> [28/05/2009] from UK: I have enjoyed trawling through your website dedicated to the 'Kenya Regiment', and on the off-chance that you can help me with some ongoing research that I am carrying out on aspects of the Mau Mau rebellion, I am sending you this email.

Specifically I am trying to obtain biographical details and a photograph of Captain James **McKillop**, Kenya Regiment. I do not know what Captain **McKillop** did in his civilian capacity in Kenya, but I do know that he served there as an officer of the Kenya Regiment at least between 1950-1954.

Captain **McKillop** had served during the Second World War, but in what unit / service I know not. I did have a look at your nominal rolls on the website, and see that there are three different James **McKillops** listed!

If you can shed any further light on who Captain James **McKillop** was I would be grateful.

**

Editor responds: Will include your query in mini-SITREP XXXV which goes out in December 2009. The three **McKillops** are the same man - wartime [580]; Mau Mau Emergency [3830] and when he was commissioned during the Emergency he was allocated a third number, [5616]. In addition to his WWII medals he would have qualified for the AGSM with Kenya bar.

I understand he was a flamboyant and colourful character, driving to camps in his Rolls. Will ferret out more info! Indeed, readers who farmed and served with James will, I'm sure, come up with some interesting tales

**

Mark **Sellar** responds: [29/05/2009] Many thanks for your quick response, and kind gesture to include my query in m-S. I was especially interested to hear of James **McKillop** as a flamboyant and colourful character, and much in keeping, I dare say, with many of his contemporaries then living in Kenya Colony.

His full medal entitlement was: 1939-45 Star; Africa Star; Italy Star; France & Germany Star; Defence Medal, War Medal; Africa General Service Medal [EIIR issue with 'Kenya' clasp to Captain, J. McKillop, Kenya Regiment] and the Efficiency Medal [GVI second issue with 'Kenya' bar, to Lieut J. McKillop], issued in 1950.

But, alas, know nothing specific about his services 1939-45, nor during the Mau Mau rebellion. The only other research I can add to the bones above is that he was formerly of Sotik, Rift Valley, Kenya Colony and died 'suddenly' at Douglas, Isle of Man on 27 April 1967, at which time his relatives/kin were described as his sister Violet **Ommanney**, and his brother Ian **McKillop**.

Where James **McKillop** was born, with whom he served in the Second World War - a James **McKillop** of the Highland Light Infantry was commissioned from the ranks in 1944 - or how he came to live and serve in Kenya are, at the time of writing, a mystery to me.

Any information you can subsequently supply me with will be much appreciated. In the meantime I hope the above can be used for your own reference purposes.

**

Tim **Hutchinson** <tunnel@swiftkisumu.com> [31/05/2009] from Gilgil: I am afraid I do not have a great deal of info on James, but do remember him being in charge of 'I' Coy in Kericho in 1958/59. I joined the KR Rifle Team and so missed the normal Annual Camps. He farmed in Naro Moru (Naro Moru Estate) in partnership with **Prettejohn** before moving to Sotik Estate 1947. He drove around in a Rolls Royce. Reports indicate that he missed Kenya and his farm so much that he allegedly took his own life in the Isle of Man. James was in the Black Watch Regiment (BW), but I have not established whether he was Kenya Regiment seconded to the BW, or whether he was a full member of the BW. Will make further enquiries, and get back to you if anything comes up.

**

Tim [19/09/2009] forwarded the following from Giles **Prettejohn**: James **McKillop** came from a wealthy property and steel family in Edinburgh and in 1938 came out to Kenya as a pupil to **Lady Eleanor Cole**, who placed put him with Giles **Prettejohn**'s father, then managing the Solio dairy farm at Naro Moru. James bought a new Ford pickup and drove to the farm. A message arrived via the station master at Naro Moru that a gentleman coming our way had broken down just short of Naro Moru. I remember we all got in the car, a Hudson Terraplane, and drove down to meet him. Some five miles out we saw a car in the middle of the road with a pair of legs hanging out of the window. There was James lying on the seat reading a book. On asking what the trouble was, he said "I don't know the damn thing just stopped". On examination Father discovered that he had merely run out of petrol.

So James arrived and his first job was to go to the early morning milking, weigh and record each cow's milk. Father went to check up that all was going well to find that James had not recorded a single cow, had drawn little pictures of pigs all over the recording book, and getting bored of that settled down to his book. His next job was to supervise some new fencing. This he did until furious neighbours, Nigel and Gladys **Graham**, stormed in asking why they had been fenced out of the main road to their farm!

Despite of all this, Father and James became fast friends. Then one day James came to Father and said "I don't really care for farming but I would like to own something. Why don't I buy this farm off the Coles, you do the work and I will give you 50% shareholding?" Father agreed forthwith, and the Coles agreed to sell. They had an agreement drawn up, and planned a five year development project, all of which was signed and sealed just as war was declared in Sept.39.

At the outbreak of war my father and James reported to OCTU Kenya Regiment in Nairobi. After officer training James was seconded I believe to the 5th KAR at Nanyuki. James was no more a soldier than a farmer. He served in North Kenya but he went through the war without reaching any high rank or distinguishing himself. I have no details of what he actually did but one story goes that on sending the Company lorry into Isiolo to collect crates of beer - he was a serious beer drinker - it came back without beer but full of bibles! The *duka* to which it was sent had been taken over by a missionary!

After the war and back at Naro Moru the five year development plan for the farm, including a milk and cheese factory registered as M.P. (**McKillop & Prettejohn**), was implemented. This proved very successful and sold to Smith Mackenzie when the farm was taken over for settlement after independence in 1963. James thought that the farm could not support them both, so he bought a passionfruit farm at Sotik. When the Kenya Regiment started up again as a territorial force having weekend and fortnightly camps, James commanded the Company of that area. At these camps not much training was accomplished, rather they became fun times with much beer drinking. Besides he delved in many other projects on which he was let down by managers and he lost a lot of money.

He backed an Esmie **Starling** in trying to purchase the Outspan & Treetops in Nyeri which never materialised. He also bought a hotel on the Coast where the manager went off with all the money. James always kept himself fit and did a lot of bicycling. At one time knowing that I made many bicycling safaris while I was at the Prince of Wales School James asked if I would join him on a three months' trip going by boat to Italy, then cycling through Italy and France, then across to England and cycling up to Edinburgh. Father agreed but the Headmaster at the Prince of Wales said my poor scholastic performance could not afford my being away from school for a whole term! It would have been one big pub crawl, but Father felt I might learn more than being at school! After Independence the Sotik farm was sold and James went back to Edinburgh. He remained single throughout, then one day in deep depression James filled his Rolls Royce with crates of beer, drove into the countryside, put in a pipe from the exhaust and with still some beer left went to sleep forever - a very sad ending.

John **Steed** <john.steed@wol.co.za> [19/06/2009] on leave in Australia: Referring to Rogue **Barkas** obituary pp 11& 12 m-S XXXIV - as it happens, my late father, Lt Col F.C.W. **Steed**, Indian Army (ret'd) - at the time, was responsible for setting up the logistics for the Southern Rhodesia courses since he was then the Deputy Director of Manpower in the Kenya Govt. Later, I was probably the only recruit to be called up by his own Dad who simply brought the papers home and handed them to me one lunch hour "to save the Government the postage" - he was never a man to countenance waste.

Don **Findlay** [KR3617] <findon@mweb.co.za> [22/06/2009] from Johannesburg: Since our conversation I have perused more closely the Roll of Honour [m-S XXXIV] and confirm that my late brother's name Gerald Roland **Findlay** [KR722] does appear under Brookwood Memorial, UK.

I visited Brookwood cemetery three years ago and found it a beautiful and peaceful place – it left me with a great sense of gratitude. There are magnificent memorials honouring men and women from virtually all the allied countries who took part in WW2. If ever you have the opportunity don't fail to visit this cemetery – a quick train journey from Victoria to Brookwood Station, very close to Woking and a short taxi ride to the Brookwood Memorial, Woking, Surrey. I recorded the following details from Panel 26, Column 1. "The memorial commemorates those members of the forces who lost their lives at sea or on and outside the geographical limits of a campaign, in the Norwegian Campaign and in raids in Norway, in other raids and activities in many parts of the world which were not connected with a specific campaign and who have no known graves." The unveiling ceremony took place in the latter part of 1958.

The names of the of the two Kenya Regiment war casualties which appear on the panel are "Gerald **Findlay** 722 K.R." and "A.W.D. **Miller** 1003 K.R". You will note that Capt **Miller**'s name also appears on a memorial in Sokoto Cemetery, Nigeria.

John **Bradish** [KR4747] writes from Lady Grey: A bit of Nairobi's past brought to mind by the Caspareuthus story in m-S XXXIII pp 38-49. In 1935 "Caspar" married Phoebe, one of the three daughters of "Dinty" and Mercy **Moore** who owned S.J Moore's Bookshop on the left hand side of Government Road heading for the Norfolk Hotel.

Had the following events not happened "Caspar" would never have met Phoebe, nor would anyone be looking for Richard and indeed be troubled by John's plight.

During the 1920s, my father Frederick **Bradish**, who went out to Kenya in 1911 aged 17 years, was a friend and frequent visitor at the home of the Moores in Bishops Road, Nairobi. Dad was very fond of the Moores who came from South Africa. I don't think "Dinty" **Moore** was a South African but his wife most certainly was – maybe some Anglo-Boer War connection? The **Moores** had opened their first bookshop which must have done well to support them, a Seychellois nanny and the five children – Phoebe, Margie and Ruth and the two boys Timmy and Harry.

At some point before 1929, when my father went “home” to marry Dorothy **Telford**, the bookshop was burned down. The Moores were devastated and considered returning to South Africa.

Unknown to the **Moores**, my father found a shop, painted it out, constructed wooden shelving and a counter virtually overnight and set up the shop. Later in the day he collected Mr. and Mrs. **Moore** and took them down to a shop sporting a sign “Moore’s Bookshop”, and handed them the keys. The **Moores** never forgot my father’s kind deed, about which I only learned when in my teens.

The family friendship continued into the early 1970s when Dad told me on one of my visits to Nairobi “we planted “Dinty” **Moore** the other day”. Mercy went to live in England with, I think, son Harry. Although very old by 1972 she wrote to me on learning of my mother’s death and reminded me of my father getting them off to a new start in the shop.

John and Richard were both known to me as young children but we went to different schools right through to passing out from the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. I did my national service: KRTC Lanet, Rift Valley, well south of Mt Suswa, and G(Int)K and then went to Rhodes University in 1956 where I again met up with Richard and got to know him well. We both qualified in 1958; I went to Rhodesia (Southern and Northern) while Richard returned to Nairobi with a B Com.

I heard via my parents of the awful accident John suffered and the very slow progress he was making before the “Caspar’s” moved to Durban. My parents died in 1970 and 1972 and so did my source of **Moore/Caspereuthus** news. Years later I somehow learnt that the “Caspar’s” had died, John was in a Cheshire Home in Durban and Richard had moved to Australia, married and has, I believe, three sons.

I have made a donation towards John’s upkeep thus bringing the **Moore/Caspereuthus/Bradish** connection round full circle.

Felix **Baddeley** [KR4030] writes from the Cape: Friends don’t last forever, but memories don’t fade. Here’s a photograph – bottom left, of Ron **Millership** [KR4203] and John **Chesterman** [KR4040] on the right, sprightly bestowing the Most Honourable Order of the Clown (high spirit – no irreverence intended) upon Lord **Delamere** (since replaced by Jomo the Clown, a saint nevertheless compared with **Mugabe**), at a gathering of friends at a 1956 Christmas party at Torrs.



Ron! You reached greater heights on 6th May 2008 – we remember you.

On a mid-year visit to UK my son David and I went to Shakespeare country to see John **Purves** (Parklands, Primary, P.O.W. and KR4003) and his charming wife Pat, at their Stratford upon Avon home. As was to be expected they were most hospitable and we enjoyed an excellent roast lunch.

**

Jennifer **Paterson** <jennyzim@mango.zw> [13/07/2009] from Harare: Thanks for your attachment [Ed: referring to the above photo of Ron and the three young lasses] – it is definitely me with the white hat. I distinctly remember the Christmas Ball at Torrs, but not the fancy dress bit nor that hat! I don’t recognise the dress I’m wearing but I definitely remember I always had those silver

bracelets. Yes! It's me alright. The girl in the left bottom corner, I think is Ging (Gillian) **Smith** who, I think, used to go out with Alastair **Scott**; I do remember her being in our party. I can understand, too that Norman **Adams** would have been with us as he played rugby at Old Cambrians. I cannot place the girl in the topless ballerina evening dress. Hope that is some help to you.

Jock **Boyd** [KR6075] <mcluckie@kingsleyemail.co.za> [19/06/2009] from the Cape: A few lines to let you know about the Cape Town lunch, held yesterday 18th June. Felix **Baddeley** [KR4030] gave it the thumbs up for good value for money and venue - he tries to have the event in Simonstown each year, but is outvoted - his comments made the outing for me!

The sixteen who attended were: Mike [KR4026] and Cherien **Armstrong**; Felix **Baddeley**; Jock **Boyd**; Jim **Gore** [KR4793]; Brian [KPR] and Jen **Jefferies**; Mike **Smith** [KR7084]; Eric [KR4181] and Sarah **Taylor**; Betty **Thorpe** (widow of Brian [KR4978]); Geoff [KR6987] and Joy **Trollope**; Cliff **Wakelin** [KR4892] and John [KR3952] and Colleen **Williamson**.

John **Pembridge** [KR7429] <pembridge@mybuddy.co.za> [15/06/2009] from KZN: Who are they? I refer to the bottom photo on page 75 m-S XXXIV. This is of Mervyn Wilfred **Muff Rundgren** [KR7451] and his parents, taken I would suggest in 1962. **Muff** was on the 18th Military Training Course at KRTC, Lanet with me and your brother Rob [KR7427]. If you look at the photo of the 18th MTC he is standing in the back row 4th from the left. **Muff** was murdered in Pietermaritzburg about fifteen years ago and I believe his parents had been left penniless as a result of a failed business venture with one of **Muff's** brothers and were living in Oribi village. I think his father's name was Peter and possibly a brother of the well known hunter Eric Rundgren [KR635].

Di **Nineham** (née **Ulyate**) <mwdi9ham@mweb.co.za> [15/06/2009] from Howick, KZ-N: I have just had a quick glance through m-S XXXIV. The picture at the bottom of P75 is of Peter [KR1017?] and Rosalie **Rundgren** and their son Mervyn. Rosalie, my father's youngest sister; died in Pietermaritzburg about four years ago, Peter having died a few years earlier in Richmond KZ-N. Mervyn was murdered during an evening walk in the Oribi area some years ago. Peter and Rosalie had four sons, Mervyn, the eldest, Dennis, who as far as I know is still in Kenya on what used to be the family coffee *shamba* at Makuyu, Nigel who died a few years ago in Durban, and Roger the youngest, who retired as a bank manager and lives on the south coast of KZ-N. Peter's brother, Eric **Rundgren** [KR635], was a white hunter and is famous for knocking Stewart Granger out of the way on one of their hunting safaris, when Eric had to kill the elephant (I think) which was charging them.

Roger **Bond** [KR7231] <rogerandelspeth@eject.co.za> [19/06/2009] from Durban: Referring to the corruption of text on m-S XIV's pages 11/12 - for my six pennyworth I would suggest that, if we need to, just amend our own copies. In no way did I struggle to get the meaning of the article and quickly saw that it was just another trick of Bill **Gates** to confuse us seniors with his ever changing, stupidly 'helpful' operation systems. We are all very grateful for your work for the Association and Sitrep, and feel that you do not need to go to unnecessary extra work to correct a minor glitch.

Thanks again for another great lunch. Quite a coincidence, in a way, because the Uganda contingent - **Bonds** and **Jacobs** were talking about the old Uganda days and the story of an elephant hunt that we had been on in western Uganda, probably in 1946), was discussed. The hunter was none other than Mr. **Campbell-Gillies**, and the hunting party consisted of Chum, *Nyani* and myself aged ten was supposed to be a spectator from a safe distance with my brother David. On getting home I was amazed to see in m-S (Book Review) that Chum, under the alias Mark **Campbell** had written a book on his early Uganda adventures! A 'must get' book!

Capt. Max **Hutton** <huttonmax@talk21.com> [16/06/2009] from UK: Further to my query about Capt. Edgar (Tedi) **Howard-Williams** [KR200], I managed to contact one of his sons, Tony, recently and he supplied me some helpful detail, but I would like to know more with regard to his Army.

Tedi was born in Willesden in 1910 and went to Kenya in about 1910 after attending agricultural college in Trinidad. He worked on a few farms as a manager mostly. Married Muriel **Blackwall** in 1935, and Tony was born in 1943. He served in the Kenya Regiment, but joined the RASC in WWII (I assume EAASC?) on the outbreak of hostilities - thus he must have served in the Kenya Regiment from approx 1937-39? perhaps KDF? as well. His wartime service seems to have been involved in running convoys to Abyssinia during the Italian campaign.

He served as a Chief Inspector (R) Kenya Police - for 20 odd years as he had the Colonial Police Special Constable Medal - at Ngobit, near Naro Moru, while continuing to run the ranch with a fair amount of security, his wife was a FANY in WW1.

He qualified for his Territorial Efficiency Medal in March 1952 - The man with the next service no KR 201 Lawrence **Howard-Williams**. Major - qualified for his TA Efficiency medal in 2 April 1957. Tedi lived in England from approx 1964 - He died in Uffculme, near Tiverton, Devon in December 2008.

PS - I am trying to build detailed rolls of Kenya Regiment men and Kenya Police with as much background detail as possible on each individual (i.e. enlistment, home, civil job etc) and as an off shoot I also find Kenya settler info and store it away for possible use.

Any info on either of these lads would be of help - Sgt Hubert Peter **Feltham** [KR4057] and Sgt John **Neild** [KR4134] - I have no other motive other than a keen drive for research! I have been working with another KR man - Sgt George **Hales**, BEM [KR3687] and he has been a great help with information over the last twelve months.

Fi **Cloete** (née **Cantounias**, formerly **Sparrow**) [15/02/2009] from Johannesburg: Thank you so much for your SMS, letter and all the KR *habari*. I have spent a couple of days reading through all you sent me, with nostalgia, laughter and tears! Wow!

My husband, *Chips Cloete* was a South African and I don't think he had ever been out of the country. He died many years ago.

Ray **Sparrow** [KR 4142] and I met at the Hill School, Eldoret, where we both completed our primary schooling. He was a good few years ahead of me and subsequently went to the POW, and I later went to the *Boma*. I left school when my brother Michael was killed as my mother couldn't cope and my older sister was about to go to university in UK. Ray became an apprentice with the EAR&H, we were married at Ngong Hills when I was eighteen (crazy?) and moved to Nandi Hills where Ray was the mechanic on a tea estate. His passion was electronics with which he fiddled all the time and subsequently landed a job with the Kenya Broadcasting Corporation in Kisumu.

Our daughter, Elizabeth, was born in Eldoret whilst we were living in Nandi Hills, and our son, Michael, was born in Kisumu. Ray's father ran Coopers Motors in Eldoret where he was once mayor. We left Kenya for South Africa just before *Uhuru*, mainly because we assumed the standard of education would drop and Elizabeth was about to go to school. Ray was employed by the SABC and I worked at Wits University.

We were divorced after about fourteen years of marriage. We both remarried - I have another daughter and Ray who married Yvonne **East** had two sons. Yvonne passed away when the boys were very young - she had cancer. Ray and I agreed, right from the beginning of our divorce, that we would not fight, and we didn't.

About three years ago Ray started to lose his eyesight, and a year ago had his first two strokes. Since then he has had five and is now completely blind and has limited use of his hands. I handle all his finances (he doesn't trust his boys!), make sure the frail care centre in which he lives is paid and

collect his medicines every month. I visit him on a regular basis and today when I went to visit I took one of your publications to read to him. I shall continue to read all the bits and pieces to him. Ray does not require financial assistance so he won't be making use of the over taxed Regimental Trust, but thanks. He never received his Colorado beetle, for whatever reason, nor did my brother. My parents certainly never received anything. I'm sure you will keep digging, and thanks for that.

On page 30 of the Membership Directory you have listed ROY **Sparrow**. All the details there were Ray's but are now obsolete. He uses my 'phone numbers and address and I'm happy to relay messages. In the same Directory, page 40 – 'Where are they?' You are looking for Ray **Sparrow**. Look no further. You have found him!

How do I get copies of the *Barua*, Membership Directory (and get onto this), and copies of any other KR *habari*. I'm sure one has to contribute to the cost of printing/publishing/posting. You'll never know the fun I've had going through the articles you sent me, reuniting with old school friends, etc. I intend writing to these people as well as to those who live quite close to me.

Again, thanks for all you've done. I appreciate it - and yes, the Natalians should be scared about coming to Gauteng! I actually do victim support for the local police station, so, be scared!

**

Fi continues [06/03/2009]: Apologies for being so tardy in replying to you after our telephone conversation. I was hoping that Ray's son would come up with the photograph(s) I intended sending you, but guess pulling hens' teeth is easier! However, I enclose a copy of the only photograph I have of my brother Michael, and put pen to paper - or is it fingers to keyboard on my computer, not from the Great Trek but from the Ark? - about my sister's and my recollection of the Priory Ridge saga. Use, don't use, abridge, as you will.

Much seems to have been written on the Priory Ridge massacre and what exactly happened will probably never be known, not even coming from a 'reliable tracker'. A long time has elapsed and the only people who could possibly tell us the truth are sadly, no longer with us. I would like to tell the story as told to my parents, the story having come from **Megson**.

Joe **Baillon** [KR3774], John **Bianchi** [KR3968], Michael **Cantounias** [KR4125], John **Dowey** [KR4137], Denis **Hunter** [KR4319] and Crickey **Megson** [KR4118], we never heard anything about trackers, had been on patrol for several days and were on their way back to camp in anticipation of a few days' home leave, when they were ambushed. I don't know of any other weapons being carried by our men, only that **Cantounias** was the Bren carrier, and not **Bianchi** as stated by Kevin **McCawley** in mini SITREP XXXIII, and that **Megson** was only armed with the radio. A man ran into a hut in front of our men and **Baillon** went in after him. He was shot in the mouth and **Hunter** removed him from the scene. **Megson**, very sensibly, took himself out of sight to radio the events to camp. **Cantounias** then went to the hut with the Bren and he was shot and killed instantly. One of the other men then rushed to retrieve the Bren, but he too was shot, and the remaining soldier then went to get the Bren. He too was shot.

Neither **Bianchi** nor **Dowey** died instantly. **Megson**, having radioed camp was told to stay where he was as it was not possible to send up a rescue patrol - it was too dark. **Megson** spent the whole night with one of his colleagues dead and the other two dying and was unable to do anything for them, physically or mentally. The terrorists removed the boots and belts of the fallen men, and, of course, any firearms, but did not take any of their personal belongings - indeed I have my brother's wallet (complete with money) and his watch.

When the rescue party arrived the following morning, **Megson** was totally traumatised. Two questions beg to be answered: "Why did **Hunter** find it necessary to remove himself - the more senior and more experienced soldier, as well as being the leader - together with **Baillon** who, by all accounts, was in 'good spirits'? **Baillon**, being in a state of shock, was following Hunter's orders; obviously, as I don't think he would have left the scene. If **Baillon** and **Hunter** made it back to a hospital, why was it too difficult to send up a rescue party the same evening?

A board of enquiry was never carried out - or if there had been one, none of the four families was made aware of it. I recall my parents complaining very bitterly about this. I also recall, as a teen in pigtails, being dragged off to May and Co in Nairobi, where my mother, in front of staff and

customers, gave **Hunter** a tongue lashing. A tongue lashing by a Greek mother is not to be forgotten, but a tongue lashing from a Greek mother who has just lost her only son is to be avoided at all costs!

We lost touch with the **Bianchi**, **Baillon** and **Dowey** families. My sister left for university in the UK. She subsequently got married there and never returned to Kenya. My dad sold his farms at Embakasi and Thika and returned to Greece. I moved to South Africa with my family. My Mom refused to leave and went to live on a housing estate on the Thika Road where she became the caretaker.

In her 70s she was attacked by six *watu* who beat her up, forcing out one of her eyes, yet still she refused to leave. I returned to be with her while she recuperated, and a couple of years later came back as I was told she was in a diabetic coma. At this point I was working at Wits Medical School and brought Mom back to SA where it was discovered she was not diabetic but had had a stroke! She remained with me until her death a few months later.

I don't know if this is of any help to you. As I've said, this is what was told to us. It really has been a long time ago and whilst we can remember that which we are told, we were not there!

I will get any photos to you once I get Ray's son into gear. In the meantime I am chasing up some of the folk listed in the "directory" and will give you an update on that as well.

On behalf of the four families involved in Priory Ridge, I would like to express gratitude for those concerned in the upkeep of the graves.

Mike **Morland** <pmhmorland@bigpond.com> [18/07/2009] from Australia: I was intrigued to read John Donaldson's article "British Latin American Volunteers - World War Two" and particularly the BLAV Nominal Roll : Kenya 1941.

I recognised three of the names on the roll and my knowing them came about as follows: We lived at Station Kikuyu where my father was Chief Engineer at the East African Tanning Extract factory from 1934 to 1953 having been transferred from a sister company in Natal. Also there at the time was the chemist in charge of quality control, Don **Simon**. Don was called up about 1941 - I was only 9 or 10 at the time so memory is lacking a degree of accuracy. He was posted to Gilgil as an instructor on, I think, armoured cars. (In the Roll some of the people are shown as members of AFV School & Depot, Gilgil and I presume AFV stood for Armoured Fighting Vehicles). Among the volunteers from Latin America were the three instructors, David **Draper**, NJJ **Hoppy Hopkins** and JRP (Jack?) **McCrindle**.

Don had been a long-time friend of Mrs. **Dean** and family who lived on a 100 acre farm called the "Rye House" on the small lake Naivasha (though at that time both large and small were joined). Naturally, being posted to Gilgil he continued to visit and took with him the three instructors and they also became regular visitors. At that time there was a scheme whereby troops on leave could go and stay on farms and the farms would be paid a small set amount. As many readers will know, times were hard with husbands away fighting and these relatively small sums were welcome. The Rye House was one such farm and a great number of soldiers from many different countries took advantage of this scheme. Mrs. **Dean** ran the farm with her daughter Marion. It did not take many visits before the four regulars became known as "The Rye House Gang".

During the school holidays (I was at St Mary's) Don would arrange for me to spend one or two weeks on the farm and I became an "honorary" and very junior, member of "The Gang."

My recollections regarding The Gang : *Hoppy* was a very fine horseman and the farm took advantage of his expertise in breaking-in semi-wild horses which were bought from Delamere Estates Marula Farm. Once broken-in they were, I think, sold to the Army but again memory is hazy. *Hoppy* tried to teach me to ride, without much success. I can only surmise that on demob he returned to Argentina.

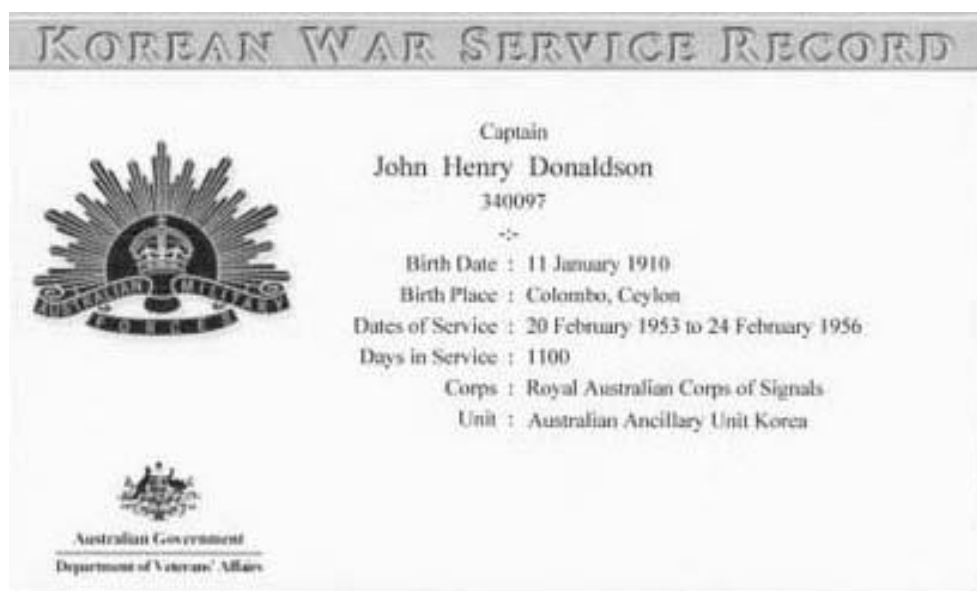
David was a rather quiet person who was a drifter and had tried his hand at numerous jobs from panning for gold to driving cattle in both Argentina and Brazil. Fascinating if one could get him to

talk. Apart from visiting Naivasha The Gang also spent the odd weekend at our Kikuyu home as did many soldiers from England and South Africa throughout the War. An incident comes to mind: my father had been given a packet of *Woodbines* by one of the soldier visitors and these had been placed on the mantelpiece for later enjoyment after a Sunday game of golf - the factory property shared a boundary with what was later to become Sigona Golf Club (Berkley Mathews), then only a rudimentary nine holes. David was not a golfer and stayed behind. There was a degree of displeasure when my father returned from golf to find David had smoked all but one of the 20 precious Woodbines! On demob I imagine, David returned to Brazil.

Jack (?) **McCrimdell** took his demob in Kenya and joined the KUR&H. He married Mrs. **Dean's** daughter, Marion. Towards the end of the War, Marion and her mother had managed to get a Government loan and bought 6000 acres. The property stretched from the Lake edge back to include Hell's Gate, Fischer's Peak (aka Popeye's Tooth) back to the hot springs. I well remember riding the boundaries looking for the boundary pegs, all the time being careful not to trip over unexploded 25 pounder shells fired from the Artillery Battery which used the cliffs of Hell's Gate as targets. (Who remembers the 2 miles of tarred road which ran past the camp and possibly the only tarmac in the Rift?) They named the farm "Broadacres" - later to become Sulmac.

By early 1946 I was shipped off to school in England and that was the end of my membership of "The Gang" honorary or otherwise. It was also the end of an idyllic boyhood.

My research into John **Donaldson** ended with me finding through Google a "Korean War Service Record" which states he was born in Colombo, Ceylon on 11 January 1910. He served in the Royal Australian Corps of Signals from 20 February 1953 to 24 February 1956. The presumption is that he returned to Australia but here the trail goes cold.



Whilst nothing of the above relates to the Regiment any information anyone may have would be welcome.

East African Map Scanning Project

Dave Lichtenstein <lichtend@ozemail.com.au> 12 Avian Crescent, Lane Cove, NSW 2066, Australia. Ph 61-2-9427-1220. Mob 61-412-599-939, asks members: How good were your map reading skills? Anyway it is never too late to learn or improve them. Essentially the one skill which we require is the ability to track down former colonial East African maps. Can you assist?

Over a number of years now I have been corresponding with your Editor and providing him with copies of portions of maps where he and his family lived in Kenya. Through our correspondence it occurred to us that perhaps there could be a project of interest to members of the KR Association of

obtaining such maps, having them scanned to CDs (or most likely DVDs) and have them available for distribution to members.

Through a preliminary e-mail discussion among four or five of us we know that we can at least lay our hands on many 1: 50, 000 scale maps covering the Trans Nzoia and Uasin Gishu districts plus many areas of the former White Highlands. Yours truly has already had his collection of Uasin Gishu maps scanned and he is happy to throw them into the mix.

Prices for obtaining maps and having them scanned vary according to where this takes place. Of course the greater the interest the more these costs can be spread making the final product affordable to most members. So in addition to obtaining maps (do you have any maps which you are willing to lend to have them scanned using a commercial scanner?) your expression of interest would be interested in this project.

Would you please inform Bruce <rookenjb@mweb.co.za> or me of your interest in such a project (and whether you have such maps of interest to members which you would be willing to be made available for scanning).

Nigel **Bulley** [KR3630] <nigelbulley@metroweb.co.za> [28/06/2009] from Durban: I remember vividly the incident related by *Stooge Stocker* [KR3794] in your latest issue of Sitrep XXXIV when he and Gordon **Goby** [KR312] clashed with the dreaded **Enslin** Brothers at the Eldoret Sports Club. I was a member of the Old Cambrians rugby side mentioned by *Stooge* and I think we lost, we normally did.

The Old Cambrians were a bunch of innocents unaccustomed to such acts of violence they were to witness that night. I can remember an **Enslin** being hurled through one of the bar room's windows and immediately jumping to his feet to rejoin the melee. It could have been a scene from a Wild West movie. One of the onlookers was D K **Williams**, also of local fame and his wee bittee (sp) little sister, name unknown. Not to be outdone, she grabbed her hand bag and joined in the fray attacking with vigour, all and sundry, friend and foe alike. She certainly did not need one of *Stooge's* trek chains. What became of Dave **Williams** I do not know, although I believe he became a White Hunter of note. By the way, Bruce, in answer to your query I went to the Prince of Wales for a short while in 1944, before departing for a higher seat of learning - namely St Mary's School.

Robin **Boyd** [KR4172] <robin@boyd-upton.eclipse.co.uk> [25/10/2009]. I have just received mini Sitrep XXXIV and I was most interested to read the article on pages 51/52/53 concerning an operation at Kabete. You will see that the credit for this operation was given to Peter **Nicholas** and Francis **Erskine**. To put the record straight, I was on this operation as well, together with another Kenreg man whose name I cannot recall. Interestingly enough, on a recent visit to Kenya, Francis and I recalled this encounter. I would certainly like to remember the fourth member's name. Perhaps this could be mentioned in the next m-Sitrep.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

*They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

Since m-S XXXIV was posted in June 2009, we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Allen, Virginia Rosemary (née Cleverly) w/o John [KR3513] 02/10/2009. KZ-N (Anthony Allen)
Buck, Martin Frederick [KR3800] 18/10/2009. Canada (Iain Morrison)
Chalmers, Ian Thom [KR6660] 29/08/2009. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)
Cottell, Anthony Thomas [KR4258] 02/10/2009. England (John Davis/Iain Morrison)
Davis, John Robin [KR4058/4103] 29/06/2009. Nairobi (Dennis Leete)
de Villiers, Andries Thomas [KR3199] 26/05/2009, aged 83. Cape Town (Anthony Allen)
Denning, Ivy (last of the Poolmans). 28/10/2009. Merrivale, KZ-N (The Witness)
Heaver, Clive William [KR7125] 25/06/2009. Hluhluwe, KwaZulu-Natal (Sheila Carr-Hartley)
Higgins, Malcolm Rex (Mike) [KR4279/5736/6253] 16/09/2009 Kenya (Mike Tetley)
Martin, Ernest [KR3944] 20/08/2009. Salisbury, England (James Martin)
O'Shea, Brian Stephen [KR3543] 23/09/2006. England (Iain Morrison)
Palmer, Thomas Stanley [KR4001] 10/06/2009. Cairns, Queensland (Roger & Marlene Lutkens)
Randall, Reuben Benjamin [KR4412] 07/04/2009. Auckland (Ted Downer)
Rawlings, Michael William [KR4197] 23/07/2008. New Zealand (Pat & Bill Meeken)
Salmon, Hugh David [KR3193/3674] 28/10/2009. Queensland (Giles Shaw)
Scott, Walter Redpath Henderson (*Scotty*) [KR3741] 30/03/2009. Johannesburg (Mariettë Scott)
Steyn, Shirley Nora (née Bousfield) [WTS] [25/08/2009]. Howick, RSA (The Witness)
Taylor, Leon Basil [KR4683] 04/09/2009. Umkomaas, KZ-N (Stan Engelbrecht)
Young, Fran (née Esnouf) 17/08/2009, wife of Angus [KR6101]. Nairobi (Jos Carling (née Esnouf))
Wigram, Gerald Frederic [KR221/3801/5607] 17/05/2009. Exmouth, Devon (Pilly Turner)
Wood, Peter (*Pecker*) Mervyn [KR3758] 24/10/2009 Queensland (Giles Shaw)
Wyber, John Anthony [KR7246] 27/09/2009. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)

WALTER REDPATH HENDERSON SCOTT [KR3741]

[05/09/1928 - 30/03/2009]

[Janine Scott]



Walter "Scotty" **Scott** was born in Nairobi to Scottish parents, Meg and Jock **Scott** and brother to Sheila. He grew up in Kenya, attending "The Prince of Wales" school followed by Agriculture College. He had a varied career path - from the police force, to being a white hunter, doing photographic safaris, to farming and forestry. He served as a soldier in the Kenya Regiment where he fought against the Mau Mau. It was during the Mau Mau that he was stood on by a Black Rhino which was, in the later years of his life, the cause for him to lose his leg. He remained a proud, active and enthusiastic member of the Kenya Regiment and Association for the rest of his life.

In 1961, on top of Mount Kenya, he met a very beautiful Dutch air hostess, Mariettë **van Vollenhoven**. They descended the mountain to start their life together in the then "Hollywood of Africa" a country which, described by Mariette, had "champagne in the air".

In 1965, their wonderful colonial life changed when they had no option but to leave Kenya on a ship to South Africa with two small children, Janine and Iain and two suitcases. Their life started at the Kyalami Ranch Hotel in Johannesburg. However, four months later Scotty moved his family to Barberton to work on a forestry farm. This is where they did their South African duty and had Andrew, their little chick.

Scotty then joined the NTE; later known as Mondi, where he worked until he retired 25 years later. Starting in Piet Retief, the family was transferred to the misty hills of Melmoth, Zululand where many happy, carefree years followed on various estates. The family was transferred another two times, first to Creighton, then Seven Oaks and finally back to Melmoth where Mariettë and Scotty retired happily amongst their many friends.

Circumstances intervened where there was no option but a move back to Johannesburg, to be with three children, daughter-in-law and two granddaughters, thus completing a full circle of their life in South Africa.

Scotty was a well read and knowledgeable man who was extremely concerned about global warming and how his generation had left the world for the generations to come. Many wonderful holidays were spent in the Natal game parks where Scotty shared his knowledge of the essence of life in the bush with family and friends.

He had a life so rich with memories; nobody can say he had a boring life! His memory to the last day of his life was unbelievable and he could recount countless stories of his life in Kenya in detail. He lived life to the full and sometime beyond. He was a true colonial from the hair on his head to the toes on his peg leg.

Dad, we hope you are having a wonderful time wherever you now rest. We have no doubt that you are sharing all your wonderful stories with your parents, beloved sister Sheila, and all your very dear friends.

One of his 80th birthday gifts given to him last year was a "sponsored" orphaned elephant called "Kimana" at Daphne Sheldrick's Elephant Orphanage in Nairobi. His deep fascination for elephant leaves us in no doubt that his spirit lives on in Kimana, now running around the bush in Scotty's beloved Kenya.

GERALD FREDERIC WIGRAM [KR221/3801/5607]

[30th December 1916 – 17th May 2009]

Pilly **Turner** pillyt@googlemail.com [26/06/2009] from Devon submitted the following which Gerald had written for Ian **Sharp**.

The day war began Gerald received a message on his farm in Kitale, to 'report immediately to Nairobi'. That night whilst filling his car with petrol his kitchen *toto* who was helping leant over with a Deitz lantern and somehow the petrol ignited, resulting in the car and garage going up in flames! I do not know how he got to Nairobi.

From Dar es Salaam, the Battalion (1/6 KAR, commanded by Lt Col R.G.T. Collins) staged mock battles all the way to Nairobi. There were stories of marches with the *askaris* from Nanyuki to Buffalo Springs with no water, and then being told they could not drink at the springs because the water had been "poisoned", and marching back again....just as training exercise! To the day he died, water barely passed his lips!

In Madagascar, he told of marching up the centre of the island, clearing the road of ambushes, with the pro-Vichy French troops taking pot shots at them; and the day when for some reason another officer took his place and was shot and killed.

He got on really well with his African askaris, and enjoyed training them as signallers. Later, after returning from Madagascar, he was separated from the ones he had fought with there, and sent with a different lot to India, preparing to go into Burma. His main memory of the sea trip was the *askaris* objecting to the way their *posho* was being cooked!

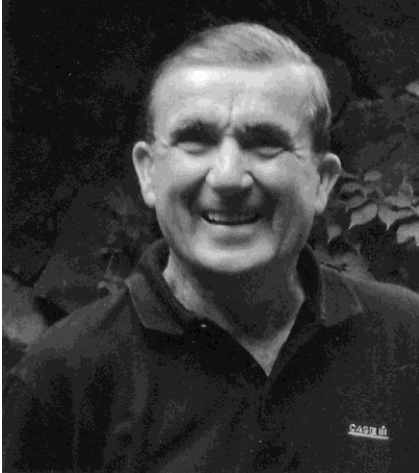
He was stuck in India as part of the "Forgotten Army" when the war ended with Hiroshima soon after he arrived. There his main job was to keep the troops happily occupied whilst they waited. This seems to have been one of the highlights of the time, because he decided to organise a "tattoo" and got the men making drums and shields out of local goat skins, and apparently they put on a fantastic show for all the locals.

He really hated India, they were not in an attractive part, with nothing to do. The smell of curry gave him shivers for the rest of his life.

In the end, Gerald and others returned to England, the last part of the trip across the continent was by train with no facilities for washing, so when they got on the empty train for London they felt really scruffy and went along to the toilets to get cleaned and shaved. By the time they got back to the compartment it had filled up with commuters, looking very smart with bowler hats and rolled umbrellas. A far cry from the life they had been leading for the past four years! He was demobbed in England.

DAVID GRIFFITHS [KR7233]

[21 February 1941 – 22 December 2008]



Out back lie iron hunks of metal, once the heart of
the farm.

Tractors and old trucks in their former glory,
Just waiting to be restored, to tell us their story.
Like cowboys of old, we remember the days.

The stories, the memories they could tell
If only old tractors could write, rhyme and spell.
Each rusty fender is not just a part of equipment
left behind

Their legacy is the hands that turned the soil
That eased the back and lessened the toil.
Brought back to life, those tractors sing a song all
their own.

Old iron is a part of our past.
Let's make those memories last



[Eulogy by Fanie Kruger]

What more need we say?

Dave was a mechanical genius and brilliant draughtsman; the ease with which he could transfer a drawing from paper into reality, made it difficult to believe that he had little formal education.

Born February 21, 1941 in Woking England, he hit the ground running and never ceased until December 22, 2008.

His parents moved to Kenya in 1946 to work in the Subukia area and when Dave was eight, they moved to Karamaini Estate near Thika, where he learnt to speak fluent Kikuyu, a feat which astounded many.

The family later moved to Laikipia where it was time for Dave to fend for himself. He moved to Eldoret to do his apprenticeship with Massey Ferguson, before joining Hughes, which is where I first met this young Rambo!

By now he was a tractor fanatic and not happy if he was unable to take one apart down to the last bolt and then correctly reassemble it.

One story that sticks in my mind is an incident at Kitale, when, together with other agricultural representatives, he was faced with a problem on one of the farms. The available ploughs were unable to penetrate the hard sandy soil to an acceptable depth, and as Hughes had just taken on the Buffalo agency, Dave wanted to promote their new plough. Now on the way to becoming a real ploughing *fundi*, Dave realized that even this plough would be seriously challenged.



So he went to the local shooting range and collected all the spent .22 bullets, melted them into ingots and then filled the hollow plough beam with this lead. At that time the latest and most powerful tractor on site was a Ford 5000. By the time Dave's plough reached the farm the tractor they were using had already destroyed three top links of competitors' equipment. With its additional weight the plough worked like a dream, and a sale was made.

He then returned to Karamaini to run the workshop but ploughing was deeply imbedded in his blood and he soon became Kenya's National Ploughing Champion. He represented Kenya in Ireland, and in Finland where he came 3rd; Number 3 in the World! This passion was to remain with him right to the end, and many farmers now successfully prepare their lands thanks to Dave's foresight and ingenuity.

Around 1975, a new firm FARMTEC, selling Lamborghini tractors and Nardi implements poached him. The impact on agriculture was huge and today Nardi implements are still the benchmark

In amongst all this, Dave still found time to get involved in rallying and as he was known to be able to fix anything he was everybody's first choice when putting together the service crew. On one safari he was working under a car at Iten when the car fell off the jacks. Luckily the soil was so wet and soft, and the car was straddling the side drain so he was OK; the car was yanked off him in a flash.

Dave was never satisfied with just working by the book and always wanted to create a challenge, whether it was to test the ability of the tractor or to see how far he could push it. He persuaded his boss at FARMTEC to allow him to add some grunt to the Demo Lamborghini. To test it he and Pat Neylan found a suitably sized field with the right type of soil to set a world record for the most number of acres ploughed in 24 hours. There was one problem! The 'right' field was on top of the Mau. What a silly idea to attempt this at such a high altitude. This only made him more determined and the poor "souped-up" Lamborghini had reached a point where even the Italians were having fits. Determinedly, he and Pat 'ploughed', completed 124.3 acres in 24 hrs and achieved the world record which stood for many years.

He then coerced me in undertaking the endurance record as I was a *kijana* and could stay awake. This too worked but for a much shorter period.

Keen to do his own thing, Dave started TURBOMECH, where he designed and manufactured equipment. He was deeply involved in the Roads 2000 project and in conjunction with CMC where he moved to in the mid 1980s, had rigs pulled by Ford tractors to maintain rural roads.

One day he came to me and said that we should try and plough the fastest acre. He had meticulously planned the course, we had the right plough, but there was a 'twist'; we were not going to use the largest tractor, but the smallest practically possible. He 'souped-up' a Ford TW15 to a point that it was not able to increase more power short of the engine exploding. The idea was to plough an acre in less than 11 minutes using a four-furrow plough! We couldn't get the turbocharger to last 11 minutes, and after four turbos, and much to the amusement of the former President, we had to concede and admit defeat.

He was very loyal to his product and the sheer scale of the BLUE presence in Kenya today surely is due to his input in the agricultural industry. Dave had the respect of friend and foe alike, for his presence at a field day or demonstration only spelt doom for the opposition!

Dave had to be the most travelled person around. He would cover thousands of miles for his work and come the weekend when we would all flop into a chair, he would announce to Liz that they were on the way to Eldoret or an even further destination, and would be back for work on Monday morning!

Distance was never an issue if a tractor owner was in distress. And, this was for all people across the board. If there is one Guardian Angel that qualifies to put in for some rest, then surely it has to be Dave's. He worked very hard to keep up!

Joan, Sue, Sheila, Liz, Toni, Lulu, Glyn, Ash and Ronald and the rest of the family, take care and may God be with you in this time of sorrow. Rest assured that Dave too must slow down and may he rest in peace. Thank you Dave for being a true friend.

**

Sheila **Carr-Harley**, Dave's sister, submitted the above eulogy and mentions that during his speech Fanie added a few anecdotes, which are not contained in his notes; obviously they were off the cuff!

She includes a few words from the CMC representative, who paid tribute to David for his selflessness and dedication to all sectors of the East African farming community.

"David, he said, "never differentiated between people, be the landowner a rural farmer on a small scale *shamba* in Meru with one tractor, or one of the big boys, the likes of wheat farmer Robin **Ulyate** with his fleet of tractors and combine harvesters at Narok. They all received the same attention and consideration, whatever piece of machinery they owned. He constantly travelled huge distances far and wide over many years".

The CMC man also spoke about David's fluency in the Kikuyu language especially, along with some other languages; "when he worked for Lamborghini, I recall he spoke very good Italian! The Africans", he said, "were always staggered by this *mzungu's* fluency when speaking Kikuyu, and the correctness of the dialect - the only white person they'd ever known to speak it so perfectly!"

Sheila mentioned that it may have had something to do with having an ear for languages like their Methodist missionary grandfather who walked to Meru, setting up mission stations en route, lived near the Tana River and spoke various local languages fluently!

"I hear CMC management was in a real quandary as David was their most experienced mechanic/engineer and there was no-one sufficiently qualified to take over; he often dealt with international companies worldwide, sometimes solving their problems. But he was getting *mzee* and was supposed to have retired, but every year CMC would renew his contract - it was David's life and he loved it."

ANDRIES THOMAS DE VILLIERS [KR 3199]

[William de Villiers, his son]

Andries **de Villiers** was born in Namanyere, Tanganyika Territory on 3 July 1925, the son of Andries Gerhardus **de Villiers**, Inspector of Police, and his wife, Martha Amy (née **Payze**).

Those were pioneering days. The midwife who was summoned from South Africa to attend his mother in her confinement arrived after he was born, having been shipwrecked on Lake Victoria!

Like so many other colonial-born children he was sent "Home" – to England – to boarding school. He left Dar es Salaam with his mother by sea in 1932, and on reaching England was deposited at Glengorse Preparatory School in Sussex.

When he was about ten his mother came to visit him and he vividly recollected pacing anxiously up and down the platform waiting her arrival, unsure whether he would recognise her when she stepped off the train.

His father had originally wanted him to go on to an English public school, but with an eye on the approaching war with Germany, changed his mind, and looked for a school on the African continent. He chose Michaelhouse at Balgowan in Natal, and Andries duly arrived there in 1939. He passed his South African matriculation exam in 1942 and left in 1943. In his last year he was head of Tatham House, school prefect and played for the 2nd XV.



Perhaps the happiest period of his life began when he left school. He spent several wonderful months with his parents in Tanganyika before joining the army in Dar es Salaam in December 1943, where he was mustered on the strength of the Kenya Regiment as Private [KR3199]. He completed his recruit course at Nakuru, and as a Sergeant he was posted to the 6th (Tanganyika) Battalion, King's African Rifles.

He was then attached to 5th (K) KAR in India and subsequently wounded in action against the Japanese in Burma.

On his return to East Africa he was posted to OCTU in Njoro, and in September 1945 commissioned 2Lt (General List (Emergency Commission, African Colonial Forces Section)). He rejoined 6th KAR, and was employed as the Intelligence Officer.

In 1947, he attended the Regular Commissions Board in Egypt and was later gazetted 2Lt, South Staffordshire Regiment, but remained seconded to 6th KAR where, as a T/Capt he served as Adjutant.

In August 1949, he embarked at Mombasa for the United Kingdom to attend a combined operations course, but received orders to disembark in Egypt to await the arrival of his parent Regiment, the South Staffords which had embarked in Liverpool aboard the troopship *Empress of Australia*. He then proceeded with the Regiment to Hong Kong and served as commander, Carrier Platoon.

During 1951, he served on attachment with the QMG Branch, Headquarters, Kobe in Japan, after which he rejoined the South Staffords in Korea, as RSO.

Later in 1951, the South Staffords were posted to Northern Ireland where he was closely involved in the arrangements for the presentation of new Colours to the Regiment at Lisburn by HRH the Duke of Gloucester on 22 May 1952.

From Ireland he went to the Regimental Depot in Lichfield and served as Adjutant for both the Mercian Brigade Depot and 5th Bn (Territorial), South Staffords.

On 31 March 1955, he returned to Kenya where he was again seconded to 5th KAR as Adjutant. The Bn was heavily involved in operations against the Mau Mau. He was later appointed A/Major and in July 1956 he resigned his commission.

He excelled as a soldier. He was brave, tough, physical, and he believed in King/Queen, Country and Regiment. Highly intelligent and extremely sensitive, his experiences in Burma, fighting the Japanese, left him both physically and emotionally scarred.

For all that, the Army was his life and he revelled in it. My mother always said he was a beautiful young man, who showed off his good looks to best advantage in uniform!

This brings me to my mother, Susan, who died in South Africa in March 1988. They first met in 1948, but failed to hit it off. He showed her great courtesy when she left East Africa for Scotland the next year and when she settled in Nairobi in 1955, she remembered the dashing young officer, by then operating against the Mau Mau in the Kenya forests, and contacted him. Within a short space of time they were married, and soon parents to two children. He proved himself a devoted husband and an exceptional father.

The last twenty years saw the flowering of Andries' intellect. His association in Cape Town with fanciers of indigenous bulbs, propelled him into the botanical world, where to his surprise he found he could make a contribution, make scientific advances, challenge theories and leave behind him a lasting impression. It was a real and perhaps not fully recognised achievement.

It seems to me that one's true character is revealed on one's death bed. This wonderful man told me just before he died that he was happy – knowing as he did what lay ahead of him. In a poem he wrote of his wife's death, twenty one years ago, he wrote,

“The obscene gods may laugh but yet they lost
The battle for her soul. She went unbowed.
And when my time shall come may I be true
To her example, die with dignity.”

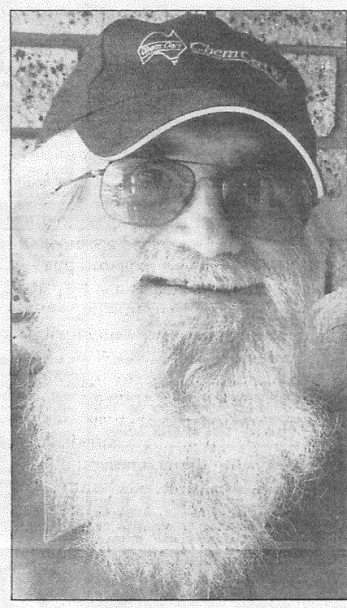
He died with dignity, a brave and beautiful man.

Andries Thomas **de Villiers**, born in Namanyere, Tanganyika Territory on 3 July 1925; died in Wynberg, South Africa on 26 May 2009.

IAIN THOM CHALMERS [KR660]

[30/07/1939-29/08/2009]

Chalmers by name and charming by nature. Iain was a significant contributor to agriculture in Western Australia (WA).



Iain Thom **Chalmers** was born in Hull, England, on July 30, 1939. His parents went to Kenya after World War II, where young Iain was raised and schooled, before attending the Royal Agricultural College in Britain. He returned to Kenya, completed his National Service training, but foreseeing the turmoil of the Mau Mau uprising, he migrated to WA. After a stint of contract farming, he began a lengthy career in technical sales, administration and education and training for farmers and local agricultural suppliers.

Initially based in Albany with Lanes Pty Ltd, Amalgamated Chemicals and Roche Maag, he was appointed State manager for Hoechst Agrivet Division in 1979. He was responsible for the introduction of the herbicide Hoegrass, at the forefront of today's revolution in chemical farming, and Panacur drenches for killing internal parasites in sheep and cattle.

However, it was his passion, wise experience and feisty character in the field of rural training where he made his mark. He was a regular contributor to the farm improvement organisation, the Kondinin Group, as well as being a supporter of the British Breeds Cattle

Association and an authority on dangerous goods regulations, and a foundation member of the Plant Protection Society of WA.

He was a member of the board of Agsafe, national body for the plant science industry and trainer and assessor to more than 1,500 Agsafe-accredited resellers and premises, and a proponent of drumMUSTER, the national program for collecting and recycling cleaned farm chemical containers. As well, he was a founding board member of ChemCert WA (1993-2007) - an educational program to raise skill and competence when using agricultural and veterinary chemicals - and he trained more than 800 course participants.

Iain **Chalmers** died at home in Fremantle on August 29, after a short illness.. He was 70. He is survived by wife Leslie, daughters Kar and Jo and grandchildren Sasha and Aimee. A funny, forceful character with a rapier wit, Iain would have been delighted by - and provided a swift incisive retort to - Aussie peers and friends sending him off as "a bloody good bloke".

Article by Terry **O'Beirne**, a retired agricultural professional who was latterly executive officer for ChemCert WA.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN CLASSIFIEDS MONDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER. The West Obituaries Edited by Torrance **Mendez**.

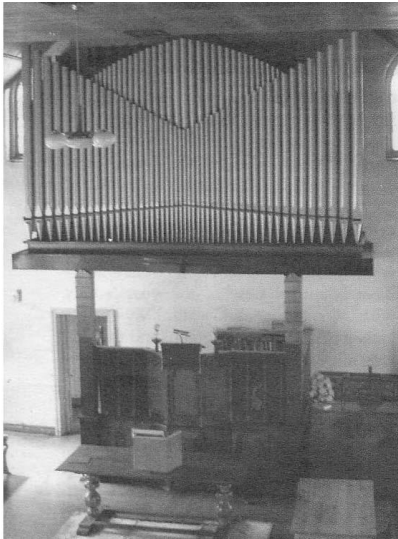
THE LAST BOER IN KENYA

[Darren Taylor - Farmer's Weekly 26 December 2003]

*The last Afrikaner farmer in Kenya, Fanie **Kruger**, tells Darren **Taylor** about how he came to farm in one of East Africa's most fertile regions, why and how 1,000 Afrikaners abandoned their promised land, and the price he has had to pay to keep his piece of black Africa.*

The evening is cool; the atmosphere in the Africa Gospel Church anything but. Inside the red brick building with the blue roof, scores of men, women and children with beads of sweat glistening on their electric faces rock to the beat of praise songs. Breasts bounce, eyes roll, feet stamp, hands clap.

Then, as the music begins to fade, Sarah **Kirui**, the pastor's wife, turns to face the happy, heaving throng. It's the signal for the congregation to unplug, to become silent. Slowly, almost disappointed, they sink into the old wooden pews.



Left: Inside the former Dutch Reform Church in Eldoret where most of the original fittings, such as the giant organ pipes, are still evident.

"Tonight is very special!" **Kirui** shouts. Dwarfed by the giant silver organ pipes shining high above her, she continues, "tonight we have a *kaburu* here!" Excited voices tinged with genuine surprise ring out immediately, "Welcome, *kaburu*! Welcome! It's good to have you here, *kaburu*!" Here, in Eldoret, in Kenya's western highlands, if you're white and South African, you must be a *kaburu* - an Afrikaner, a Boer.

Soon the raucous music reignites, the big, deep, black voices belt out burning harmonies in Swahili and the local Nandi dialect. The Afrikaners who settled here in the early 1900s must be turning in their graves...

What was once Eldoret's Dutch Reformed Church – right - is today infused with unrestrained abandon. The staidness, the formality, the strict liturgy that characterised Boer worship has been replaced by ecstasy: gyrating hips, unbridled joy, hands waving high in the musty air, only to smash together suddenly in an explosion of soulful rhythm.

"My grandmother has told me about the Dutch people who once lived here; she says they were very tough, strong people," **Kirui** explains after the service. "They made houses by burning clay to make bricks. They made soap from the animal fat and shoes out of the animal skins."



The *kaburu* built Eldoret. In the 1930s, Eldoret could've been any dorpie on the platteland. The Boer settlers played jukskei in the dusty streets, they baked koeksusters and melkert, and they held kerkbasaars. But, of course, their main business was farming - wheat, maize and cattle.

"They taught us how to farm, they even gave me my own farm!" recalls Joseph **Tirop**, a local *mzee* - a Swahili term for elder, indicating great respect.

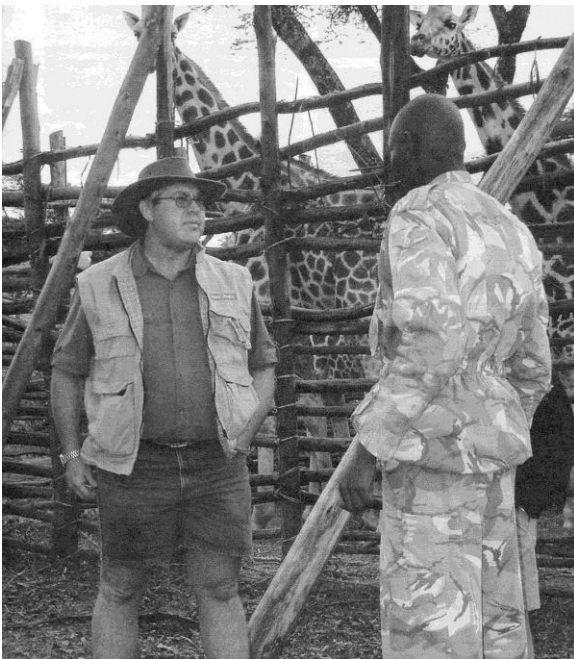
"I remember how the *kaburu* built Eldoret when I was a small boy. It was clean; the roads were good, although a bit sandy. But it was much better than now.

"Now there is crime and I am sad because am sure the *kaburu* are not happy, looking down from God's sky upon all this dirt."

Tirop speaks from the sanctuary of the beautiful garden he now tends for, what he refers to as 'a rich man'. But beyond the garden's walls, the town the Boers built all those years ago has become a filthy, chaotic place, a twist of steaming streets packed with beggars, prostitutes and con artists.

Today Eldoret is just another town in Africa where the rural poor migrate in search of a crust of bread. Here, many will soon forget about the norms and values, honour and integrity of tribal traditions. Here, like snakes slipping out of their skins, the people become corrupters, backstabbers, thieves, whores, cheats. Gone will be the respect for the unity of the tribe and in its place, survival at all costs, every man for himself.

In the 1950s, more than a thousand Boers lived in Eldoret. Now, a solitary descendant of the original Afrikaner settlers remains. His name is Fanie **Kruger**.



The man with the big land near the hill. To walk through the streets and ask about this man elicits responses such as:

"Aaahhh, Fun Kroogaaah! Yes, I know him. He has beeeegg *shamba*!" It seems as if everyone knows - or wants to know - "Fun Kroogaaah".

Left: Fanie with a warden from the Kenya Wildlife Service at Soy. Fanie is dedicated to saving the last few Rothschild giraffe in the world. This sub-species is being wiped out by small-scale farmers in Western Kenya, who say that the animals destroy their crops.

He is the last of the Dutch people," says Gladys **Chepwogen**. "You will know him because he is very big and strong; Fun Kroogah is very rich and I have seen him at the meeting," says Daniel **Kipsabit**. A small crowd gathers, each person wanting to display his or her intimate, unique knowledge of "the Dutchman" or "the rich man" or

"the man with the big land near the big hill" - as he is known.

Fanie **Kruger** farms wheat, maize and barley - very successfully - and cattle and pigs - not so successfully - at Sergoit, a nondescript hill about 40km north of Eldoret, in Kenya's Rift Valley. His 2,000ha is on the Uasin Gishu Plateau, at an altitude of almost 2,100m above sea level- one of the most fertile corners of East Africa.

The Afrikaner exodus from Kenya. Fanie's maternal ancestors, the **Du Plooy**s of Middelburg in Eastern Transvaal, arrived here in 1906 and were part of the first of four waves of Afrikaners to move up to Kenya. The legend about these Boers goes like this: bands of indefatigable Afrikaner trekkers were too proud to live under the British yoke after the Boer War, so they climbed into their ox wagons and journeyed northwards, where they'd heard of a promised land teeming with game. Braving what they thought to be savage tribes, wild animals and disease, the courageous pioneers conquered the African hinterland.

"What a load of rubbish," says Fanie, a mischievous grin creasing his weathered face. "The original Boers in Kenya were 'joiners'. They cooperated with the British in the Boer War. So they ran away to escape the revenge of their own people in the Transvaal. That's how they came to be here." This burly, suntanned farmer is a debunker of myths. A man with little time for romance. "I mean hell, man, the Queen Mother even came to visit the old Boers here in the 1950s! She wouldn't have paid a polite social visit to her enemies now, would she?"

Fanie **Kruger**, the Boer antihero, is on a roll. He dismisses what he calls "historical Afrikaner fallacies" with relish - albeit with a slight Afrikaans accent... "It's also nonsense that the Boers trekked in wagons all the way to Kenya. They actually came by ship from Lourenco Marques to

Mombasa. From there, they caught the train to Nairobi, and then on to Londiani, which is about 64km from Sergoit. So, if they did any travelling by wagon, it was no more than that."

Fanie's paternal grandfather, Stephanus Petrus **Kruger**, arrived here in 1924 from Dullstroom, in the Eastern Transvaal and in 1956, Fanie's father Jan Erns **Kruger** took possession of the farm.

Shortly after Fanie's birth in Eldoret, blind panic swept through what was known as the "White Highlands" of Kenya. Word had filtered through to the Afrikaners of the slaughter and rape of white nuns in the Belgian Congo and in Kenya itself. The Mau Mau were rising up against the British colonial-rulers, murdering 32 white settlers.

How the Afrikaner exodus began. "They thought the blacks were going to butcher them all in their beds," reckons Fanie, taking up the story. "My dad was actually one of the first to leave Kenya. He moved, with a tractor and all his implements, in a truck down to Pretoria in July 1960. And you know, that is the worst time of the year down south; everything is frozen and the land is dull and barren, terrible. So then the old man offloads everything, takes a look at the brown land around him, and jumps in the truck and for four days drives back to Kenya. He arrived back here on a Saturday night, and the next morning he woke up and took a walk through the lands. July here is the most beautiful time of the year: sunny, with occasional showers. My father looked at all the crops, green, and the land was alive with all sorts of nature. There and then he made up his mind. I remember he said, "Nee, ons gaan nie. Ons bly". He never even returned to collect his stuff in South Africa. He just left it there.

For the **Kruger** family, the Afrikaner abandonment of the land in Kenya's western highlands proved to be a blessing in disguise. "I'm happy to admit that the exodus helped us make a success here," says Fanie. "Land was going for nothing, people panicking and wanting to leave at all costs. Same with the machinery - people were just giving it away!"

When Kenya gained independence in 1963, the first thing Fanie's father did was apply for citizenship. "He decided to toss the coin and see where it landed. He was willing to take his chances," recalls Fanie. President Jomo **Kenyatta** had vowed to allow whites who were 'dedicated to building a free and prosperous Kenya' to remain in the country. But by this time, most of the Afrikaners who'd originally settled in Eldoret were back in South Africa. Meanwhile, Fanie's father got down to working the land he loved. But despite Jan Erns **Kruger's** stubborn refusal to join the exodus and his faith in the New Kenya, life on the farm was not without risk.

"I remember shortly after independence, six guys came onto the farm. They were taunting my old man, spinning a spear and then pointing it at him," says Fanie. "He stood with his pistol in his pocket, aimed at these blokes. I was a small kid, about six. I picked up a stick and started dancing with these guys. It destroyed them, completely. They left. I was just a stupid kid; I thought they'd come to do a war dance for us. Meantime, it was a real war dance! Hey, my father laughed afterwards..."

Paying the price. Fanie studied in South Africa, leaving the country as a young man in 1975 to take the farm over from his dying father. He was fiercely determined to succeed as one of the few remaining white farmers in Kenya. But his determination did not blind him to reality.

"I learned from my Dad. He always said to me, 'If we want to keep our land, we must not step out of line; we must respect the black man and he will respect us'. "Both of us always said, 'If they take our land, so be it; we will accept it.' And this is still my attitude today."

To survive in Kenya, Fanie was forced to compromise and over the years, he forged alliances with the ruling Kenya African National Union (Kanu). "I decided: 'Better the devil you know, than the devil you don't know,'" he says.

Fanie gave - and still gives - at least half a million Kenyan shillings every year (∇R65,000) - at harambees, gatherings where influential community members donate money to worthy causes, such as the building of clinics and schools. But, during the Kanu regime, the money often disappeared into the politicians' back pockets. Today, Fanie remains unrepentant of his links with Kanu, a party that, under the leadership of President Daniel **arap Moi**, tortured and murdered its opponents and plundered Kenya's economy.

"If I didn't support Kanu, I would have lost everything! And I love my land. So I had to compromise, and I am not ashamed of that. I have survived. All the other Boers are gone. Now it's just me here."

But in 1997, Fanie felt compelled to rebel against the Kanu government. He and his fellow farmers blocked Eldoret with trucks, tractors, bakkies and combine harvesters to protest against cheap imports and low prices. For three days, Eldoret - the hub of Kenya's agriculture, Kanu's heartland and the powerbase of **Moi's** Kalenjin tribe - came to a standstill. **Moi** was deeply embarrassed - and furious.

"The aftermath was horrific," says Fanie. "The authorities blamed me for the blockade and tried to end me. You'd be speeding along the road and suddenly a massive sand lorry pulls out in front of you! A couple of times, I nearly came short." But Fanie believes his good relations with the local community and the fact that he's the region's principal employer saved him from destruction. "I think if anything had happened to me, it would've created quite a stir. I believe the powers that be realised this and backed off."

Fanie's neighbour, Nicholas **Biwott**, is a man regarded as **Moi's** enforcer during the Kanu years; the Kalenjin people have nicknamed **Biwott** *karnet*, which means steel. To this day **Biwott** is implicated in scandal, corruption and political assassinations. Yet he remains one of Kenya's richest men and the owner of vast tracts of land - even though Mwai **Kibaki's** National Rainbow Coalition (NARC) is now in power.

"**Biwott** could have taken my land anytime," admits Fanie, "I honestly have no idea why he did not. I've met him a number of times, on a social level. He has always been pleasant. But," laughs Fanie, uncomfortably, like a schoolboy caught with his fingers in the pie, "**Biwott** has caused a few problems for me." Like the time the Kanu strongman landed his helicopter in front of Fanie's home. "It was an emergency, his wife needed the loo", explains the farmer.

"But this really embarrassed me. The whole district saw this and said, 'Ah, Kruger is **Biwott's** big friend!'" Fanie has suffered for the perception that he's a Kanu man.

"Soon after NARC came to power, I got a call saying, 'Sorry, you're no longer a member of the AFC [Agricultural Finance Corporation] board.' In the past, I got calls from Kanu guys saying, 'Congratulations, we've elected you as our member on the AFC board,' and I had not even stood for election! But how could I refuse the position? If I had, the Kanu guys would've taken it as a big insult and I would have lost everything. So I played the game."

Fanie emerges as the ultimate pragmatist, a white farmer willing to do anything to hold onto his piece of black Africa. "I am a supporter of AGIP, which is Any Government in Power," he says, without a hint of irony and only a slight sense of humour. "Farmers in Africa who believe they can do well these days without becoming involved in politics, well, they are living in a dream world. We have to be politically aware, we have to make sure that the politicians are friends of agriculture. For this to be achieved, we have to be willing to pay the price."

Life is short here... but what a life!

Some mornings Fanie **Kruger** wakes up and says to himself, "To hell with it! Just what the hell am I doing here?" The compromises he's had to make, all the political game-play, the constant manoeuvring, the threats, Kenya's lack of infrastructure, "the sickening decimation" of wildlife around him, the "ignorant, dogooder" non-governmental organisations dumping cheap wheat onto the market, sending his prices crashing - all of this, and more, has worn Fanie down.

Why, then, does he stay? With all his talk of deep love for the country's western highlands, with its so-called best climate in the world, surely a point is reached when love withers, when the emotion the big farmer tries hard to hide, is outweighed by practicalities? "Maybe you're right," Fanie sighs suddenly weary. "But you know I can't leave the community. I also feel I have an obligation to Kenya. I mean, it's been hard in this country but life has also been good, and the government could've kicked me out anytime! They didn't. I am grateful."

In 2001, for the first time since he'd left South Africa in 1975, Fanie returned to South Africa with his wife, Carol, his 15-year-old daughter, Crystal and his 13-year-old son, Jannie.

"To be honest, I had written the place off" he exclaims. "But we loved it, really. A different country to what I remembered; everyone seemed to be getting along. I am sure there are places where racism still exists, but we didn't see any." Fanie spits a hasty "Never!" in reply to a question of whether he'll ever consider farming in South Africa. But he says he wouldn't mind retiring in the Eastern Cape, specifically Grahamstown, "Man, I liked that place! So quiet, and near to Port Elizabeth, where you have these fantastic beaches." But, try as he might, Fanie can't pull himself away from Kenya. Not just yet, at least.

In the end it is fatalism, so common to the African psyche, that pervades his attitudes and seems to nourish his ability to endure. "I've always run this farm as if it's a year-to-year thing. You never know if you're gonna be here the next morning, let alone the next year. This is Africa; let's be honest. Life is short here. But what a life! Man, it must be boring farming in Europe, with all the rules and regulations."

Fanie's view on Zimbabwe. Fanie occasionally thinks about his fellow farmers down south. He's keen on coming forwards when venturing opinions, especially about the situation in Zimbabwe. "What **Mugabe** has done to the white farmers is the most criminal thing on earth. That one single thing - telling the white farmers to get lost - has killed the country's complete economy. "But," says Fanie, "I don't think there was enough give on the side of the Zim farmers; they closed themselves off from the black community; they didn't help black farmers. Most of them were selfish. Now, their bubble has burst - as harsh as that sounds." Fanie's views are based on a number of meetings with Zimbabwean farmers before all the trouble started in Zimbabwe.

At the Royal Show in England a few years ago, he met a large group of farmers from Zimbabwe. "They had this attitude that they were the mighty Zimbabweans and that nobody else knew anything. They really looked down on the African farmers, like they were rubbish. I found them very arrogant and extremely narrow minded - surely the effect of such attitudes can be seen in what's happening in Zim today?" Fanie challenges.

"White farmers in Africa have made a big mistake by thinking that we're indispensable and that the 'savages' can't live without us. The African - white or black - is a survivor. But just think how much easier this survival will be if we all pull together," he says.

Fanie readily admits that what he calls the death of agriculture in Zimbabwe may well lead to a new life for Kenya's farmers. At the moment he's negotiating with 'big international companies' to consider large-scale tobacco and cotton farming in East Africa. "All these big guys have told us that they're finished with Zimbabwe. Pioneer Seeds has told me, 'that's the end; we'll never move back into Zimbabwe.' So, because of the farm takeovers, agriculture in Zimbabwe will never recover fully. You will never get the multinationals to go back again, because by the time the country has sorted itself out, events will have overtaken circumstances. When the big companies go and establish themselves in other countries, they're not going to move back to Zimbabwe - that would be impractical; they'd lose too much money."

Fanie is hesitant to comment on the murders of white farmers in South Africa. "That would be arrogant of me; I am not a South African farmer, I am a Kenyan farmer, but I believe that a lot of these killings are revenge attacks - some blacks are taking revenge on whites for what happened in the past." Fanie's also sure that if most white farmers had chosen to stay in Kenya after it became independent, as his father did, they would have experienced a similar situation there. "But most of the whites chose to go, leaving the prime land to the blacks so there was less anger towards the whites here," he says.

"But where do the white farmers in South Africa go? They are mostly Afrikaners; they are white Africans; they have no ties to other countries. They are stuck. So they have to face the music."

The view down the barrel of my gun. Although there hasn't been a murder of a white farmer in Kenya since the days of the Mau Mau, Fanie's not taking any chances - an electric fence humming with evil energy surrounds his land and huge green reinforced steel gates seal the various entrances to his farm. Each guardpost is manned by a uniformed askari or security guard and bands of dour, alert men armed with clubs patrol his fields. This is how Fanie keeps theft to a minimum. "My philosophy on this farm is: why tempt fate?" Fanie whispers. "If somebody comes onto my land when it's dark, the first thing he's gonna know is the view straight down the barrel of my gun, just to get the message across."

A bittereinder? Maybe it's not quite appropriate to brand Fanie **Kruger** as the last Afrikaner farmer in Kenya. "I am one hundred percent Kenyan," he insists, time and again. He speaks Afrikaans with a heavy English accent, but his children can't speak a word of the language. South Africa, he maintains, is just a place where he studied 20 odd years ago, "I feel disconnected from the place," he says. Although he enjoys "the odd stuk boerewors," he has little regard for his Afrikaner heritage, even dismissing his trekker forebears as 'joiners' or traitors.

One would therefore be hesitant to describe this man as a bittereinder, a man who will hold out in the face of all odds in the best of Afrikaner tradition. Yet Fanie **Kruger** exudes all that's associated with the Boers of old - fortitude, resistance, stubbornness, the love of Africa and its soil. Fanie admits that he's had to bend in a land where few white farmers remain, to do what it takes to "survive" - this is his favourite word.

Fanie will always be "the *kaburu* who did not run," according to mzee Joseph **Tirop**. Fanie remains "the last of the Dutch people," according to the congregation of the Africa Gospel Church at the end of the bleak, crumbling road near Eldoret town centre.

No matter how much he tries to gainsay it, Fanie **Kruger** is an Afrikaner bittereinder. "I am still here," he says, yet again, standing solid in the sun in his yellow-brown maize field, like his grandfather and father did before him, alone at the foot of the hill. His promised land.

BOOK REVIEW

THE LAST COLONIAL REGIMENT: THE HISTORY OF THE KENYA REGIMENT (T.F.)

[Ian Parker [KR4602]]

At last the long-awaited history of our Regiment is in press. Ian Parker's *The Last Colonial Regiment: The History of the Kenya Regiment (T.F.)* is completed and its publication is being arranged and financed by the Kenya Regiment Association of East Africa to whom Parker has donated the book.



The book is 432 pages (19 x 25 cm), with a hard cover and laminated jacket. It contains 71 black and white photographs, and as appendices it presents the most up-to-date version of the full Long Roll from the Regiment's inception in 1937 to its suspension in 1963; a partial Roll of the Regiment's Trackers from the Emergency, and a table of 265 Mau Mau gang leaders and, where known, their fates.

The book is arranged in three parts. Part I covers Kenya from 1887 to the end of World War II, tracing the Regiment's evolution. Part II describes the Kikuyu, the Mau Mau rebellion, the reasons for it and Government's overall strategy for the movement's containment and defeat. While this part hardly involves the Regiment, it creates a backcloth against which Part III, which presents the Regiment activities from 1950 until its suspension, can be seen in context. Hitherto, most tales from the Mau Mau days have lacked such overview.

The Foreword to the book has been written by John Lonsdale, ex-KAR officer who ended his career as Professor of Modern African History at Cambridge. Extracts from this Foreword give an idea of what to expect: "Ian Parker, working in part on material left by the late Len Weaver, has given us a regimental history. It is not the usual sort of regimental history. It is much more interesting than that, and for two reasons. First, the Kenya Regiment was an unusual regiment. Second, Kenya was an African colony unlike almost any other, possessed as it was of a resident White, largely British, officer class with the habit of command....

"The Kenya Regiment was certainly not a conventional British army unit. As Parker shows on a number of occasions, its members could show a robustly colonial contempt for the red tape, and red tabs that hobbled the manly initiative of more typical regiments posted overseas from 'home'. More fundamentally, the KR was formed as a territorial force to train the sons of Kenya settlers, of both

British and Afrikaner descent, to go to war not as a unit but to act, individually, as officers to the black other ranks in the King's African Rifles (KAR) in the event of external war.

"So, this is a fascinating story, of great military interest, and of more than military interest. Ian Parker has given us much to think about, thanks largely to the reflections of his old comrades."

That last comment refers to the extensive use of the written memoirs left by Regiment members, largely at the instigation of Ray Nightingale

This book's evolution has not been without problems. In large part these arose in different perceptions of the Kenya Regiment. There are those, principally now in the UK, who wanted a conventional British Regimental history, strongly influenced by the Regiment's association with the British Army's Green Jackets. There are others, particularly in East Africa, and of whom Parker is an exemplar, who see the Regiment as extraordinarily different from any British Army formation. Acknowledging the cordial and wholly admirable role that the Green Jackets played in the Kenya Regiment's administration, he nonetheless sees it in a lesser light, with the individualism of KR members and their connections with the KAR being of greater historical importance. After all, KR and KAR went to war together in Abyssinia, Madagascar, Burma and during the Mau Mau years and it is being comrades in arms that forms the deeper bonds. The Regiment was an outfit in which privates one day could be officers the next. In reverse, they might be seconded for months as temporary District Officers responsible for between 11,000 and 30,000 people yet revert with equanimity to being privates or very junior NCOs back in the Regiment when the job was done.

Rank was a tool to be used and not an arbiter of status. This is the basis of Parker's final reflection: that the most lasting influence of the Kenya Regiment's brief day in the sun will be on the British Army of the future, rather than on any aspect of African history.

The publisher is Librario Publishing Ltd, Brough House, Milton Brodie, Kinloss, Moray IV36 2UA, Scotland (email <amlawson@librario.com> and www.librario.com). Six hundred copies will constitute the first edition with 200 being taken by the KRAEA for distribution in East Africa and Librario handling distribution for the rest of the world. The retail price will be twenty five pounds Sterling plus postage. Librario accepts all main-line credit cards except Amex.

[Ed: Hopefully, copies of Ian's book will soon be available in South Africa from White Cottage Books in Howick, KwaZulu-Natal Tel: 033-330 8120 (Carol McDougall (née Odendaal))]

If any regional Regiment Association wishes to buy wholesale and take advantage of Librario's book distributors' discount that should be arranged directly between the Association and Mark Lawson at Librario. This would allow Associations to make block purchases and either benefit their own funds by the difference between wholesale and retail prices or pass on a price advantage to their members. The book is expected to be available in September 2009.

AFRICAN SUNSET

[Blackwoods Magazine Number 1901, Volume 315 dated March 1974]

'African Sunset' by Robin **Short** (Johnson) is a book that deserves to sell very well, but it won't, for it tells the truth about the African colonial empire in the 1950s, and people would rather not know the truth about it. Mr **Short** was an archetypal District Commissioner of his day, regarding white settlers and copper mining companies at the best as irrelevancies, at the worst as obstacles to the job to which he was completely dedicated, that of improving the way of life of the African tribesman or (in current progressive jargon) waging the war against ignorance, poverty and disease.

During the fifties morale in his service was sky-high: DCs, DOs, departmental officers and chiefs all knew they were doing a worthwhile job, all knew they were winning. There was money, at last, available for every kind of development, there was ample staff European and African; Africa seemed to be getting somewhere, teamwork between white and black really was working and developing. And the opposition was negligible or, where it had been formidable (as in Kenya), had been defeated.

Then came **Macmillan's** 'Wind of Change' speech, regarded all over Africa not so much as a statement of fact, but as a declaration of intent - the Conservative Government's intent to pull out, no matter what sort of a mess they would leave behind them. This decision was made not because of anything Africans said, thought or wanted, but simply because the Establishment in Britain, especially the top civil servants, had decided that Africa was simply not worth the trouble. After all, it produced nothing of any use but copper and perhaps oil, and both could be extracted without DOs.

So the colonial administration, functioning better than ever before, was simply abandoned to the politicians who, as Mr **Short** makes plain, were by and large the lowest type of African: clerks who had been sacked for embezzlement, schoolteachers who had got into trouble for seducing their pupils, police constables dismissed for extortion. For a dreadful two or three years this sort of people virtually took over the districts by their party machines; DOs were left unsupported by elected Ministers and even by their own departmental superiors; and those Africans who had given loyal service to the government and to their own people were left in no doubt as to what would happen to them when the Union Jack was hauled down.

Once upon a time - in Mr **Short's** time - colonial government was basically by consent; and in the rural areas law and order, in fact most of the executive functions of government, were the responsibility of unarmed chiefs and DCs' messengers. Now in most ex-colonies these duties are performed by heavily armed soldiers, para-military police and the young thugs of Party Youth Brigades. It is not a change for the good.

Mr **Short** describes vividly, soberly, factually one of the most shameful episodes in British history. If sometimes he displays a certain acrimony towards **Macmillan** and company, this is not unjustified. Although the general public is uninterested, and would rather not know these truths, there must be many Blackwoods Magazine readers who would appreciate this sad but excellent book.

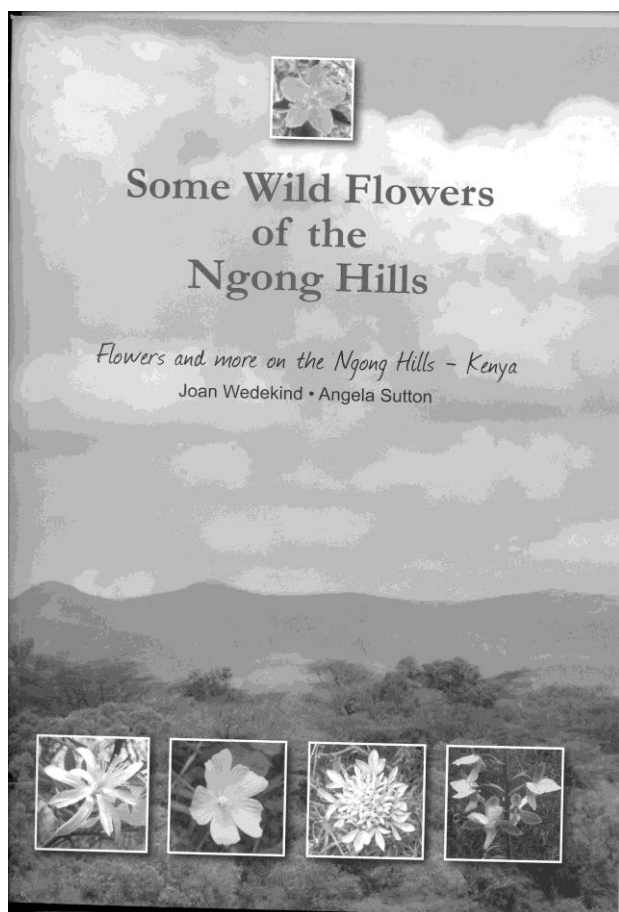
AFRICAN APPRENTICESHIP

[Blackwoods Magazine Number 1912, Volume 317 dated February 1975]

Margery **Perham** is regarded by Kenya and Rhodesia settlers as the arch priestess of the anti-colonial establishment, virtually white Mau Mau. It is a most unfair judgement, for she has always been a fervent admirer of the British Empire, which she thinks did noble work and should have lasted much longer than it did. For her, however, the goodies of imperialism are the District Commissioners and their dedicated teams of Colonial Service officers, the baddies are white settlers, miners and businessmen - worst of all, of course, the infamous South African Dutch of whom, in her 'African Apprenticeship' (Faber & Faber), she waxes so indignant as at times to be almost incoherent. (What, for example, is wrong in the profits from African beer halls being used to finance African welfare? Should they have been used to finance European welfare?)

It must be remembered in reading this book that it was written in 1930, forty five years ago, when Miss **Perham** was a young woman visiting South Africa for the first time. If some of her opinions sound trite, it is because they have become common-place through her tireless championship of the causes she has espoused. The reader must beware of assuming that the state of blacks in South Africa in 1974 is as it was in 1929: materially it is infinitely better, though Miss **Perham** might argue that politically and socially it is even worse. Anyway, here is a book that this Old Africa Hand, alternately exasperated and amused but never bored, read through from start to finish with only the briefest pauses for sleep, food, drink and exercise.

But, alas, what must she, and others like her, think of black Africa today?



Despite this book being essentially a guide to the flowers of the Ngong Hills – a range that is seen silhouetted against the western sky near Nairobi – it is refreshingly different from a factual guide book. This is a very personal and artistic work.

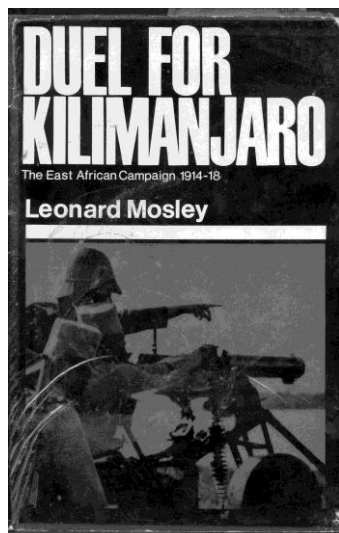
Although the author has been meticulous in her attention to accuracy she used simple and often imaginative writing in the text.

The author, Joan **Wedekind**, is also an artist and her creative skill is portrayed in the pages of excellent flower photographs, inter-spersed with those distant landscapes, people and butterflies. Her book shows the people and animals whose livelihood depend on the passing seasons of the Hills.

This book will not only be of interest for botanists and those who walk the Hills but for those of all ages who will find hours of pleasure in what the story, the pictures and the text have to tell of the Ngong Hills.

Printed by Intrepid Printers, Pietermaritzburg, ISBN 978-9966-05-153-8

Available from White Cottage Bookshop, Howick, KwaZulu-Natal, @ R160.



Not even the Official History of the Great War has succeeded in telling the full story of the campaigns which were fought between 1914 and 1918 amid the mountains, bushlands, swamps and jungles of German East Africa, known today as Tanganyika. The Official History's account (much of it far from accurate) peters out in 1916, and the battles went on for two years more.

They went on because of the remarkable skill, leadership and superhuman stamina of the German commander in the field, Paul **von Lettow Vorbeck**. His army reached a maximum strength during the campaign of 3,000 white officers and under-officers and 11,000 askaris (native troops). The British brought 160,000 British, Indian, South African, West Indian and African troops against him. They never defeated him. He surrendered only after the Germans had collapsed in Europe; and so impressed were the British by **von Lettow Vorbeck's** courage, endurance, gallantry and humanity that they had a clause altered in the Armistice terms signed by the Germans at Fontainebleau

so that he and his men should not feel humiliated by defeat.

Much the most important part of the war in East Africa became, despite the thousands of men involved, a personal duel between **von Lettow Vorbeck** and the Commander of the British forces, General (later Field Marshal) Jan **Smuts**. As his official biographer points out, **Smuts** became 'obsessed' with the German commander. Side by side with a ruthless determination to annihilate the Germans grew an admiration for **von Lettow Vorbeck**, both as a soldier and as a man, which burgeoned into friendship after the war was over.

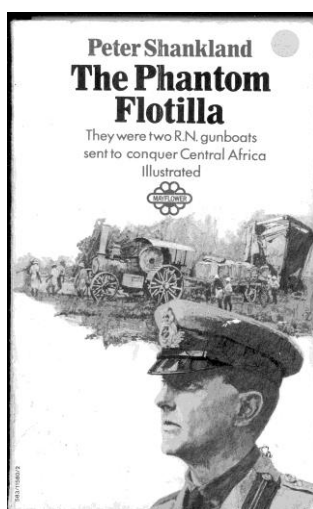
Leonard **Mosley** has been gathering the material for the story of this fascinating campaign over the last eight years. He has been over the ground several times in Africa. In both Germany and Britain he has talked to many survivors of the battles. He has been given official documents (British and German) which have never been published before. He has also had close co-operation from General

von Lettow Vorbeck himself, now 94 years old and living in Hamburg.

The result is a most unusual story of a 'different' kind of war. It is a war where men fought through bush and thorn-scrub inhabited by herds of elephant, rhino and giraffe where sentries looked out for lions as well as marauding patrols; where campaigns were halted so women and children could go home (and an officer prisoner was 'swopped' for a case of whisky); where a British and a German naval commander signalled warm New Year greetings to each other before a shattering river battle in which the German cruiser **KONIGSBERG** was sunk; and where heat, disease, snakes and red ants were sometimes more potent enemies than bullets and shells.

LEONARD MOSLEY, OBE, is one of the most gifted and entertaining writers of historical and biographical themes. He has spent most of his life as a foreign correspondent, and between 1939 and 1945 was Chief War Correspondent for Kemsley (now Thomson) newspapers in the Middle and Far East, Italy, France, Germany and India. He is the author of *The Last Days of the British Raj*; *Faces from the Fire*; *Castlerosse* and *Gideon Goes to War: The Story of Wingate*; as well as a biography of Lord **Curzon**.

[Published in 1963 by **Wiedenfeld** and **Nicholson**]



An amazing situation ...one German gunboat dominating Central Africa! It was an absolute military necessity in the summer of 1915 for Britain to destroy the German gunboat *Hedwig von Wissmann*, then lording it over Lake Tanganyika. The Lake formed the boundary between German East Africa and the Belgian Congo, and no Allied vessel could be brought against the gunboat because the only completed railway to the Lake was in German territory. No British or Belgian forces could advance into German territory because the Germans could always land troops behind them to cut their lines of communication.

For Lieutenant-Commander **Spicer-Simson** the dilemma facing the Allied High Command was simply the chance for an incredible adventure. So the sailor turned explorer. Thus began the most astounding voyage in naval history, as 'Spicer' led an expedition of two motor-boats (H.M.S. *Mimi* and *Toutou*) through hundreds of miles of bush and mountains to reach the Lake, through a wilderness laid waste by sleeping-sickness and uncharted by roads or communications of any kind. By ship from Tilbury (London) to Cape Town on *Llanstephen Castle* (6,100 miles). Then by rail from Cape Town to Fungurume, (2,700 miles); 120 miles through bush and forest on ox-drawn trailers to Sankisia; 15 miles by rail to Bukama; 200 miles by river rafts and 175 miles by rail to Lukuga on Lake Tanganyika – a total of 3,210 miles overland.

The Nelson touch, on an African Lake!

[First published by Collins in 1968 and in 1969 as a Mayflower paperback]

SNIPPETS/PICTURES FROM THE PAST

Saving life at sea. Audrey **Roche**, who has died aged 90, is thought to have been the only woman decorated for bravery at sea during the Second World War; as a Wren whose ship had been torpedoed, she saved the life of a drowning seaman. As Third Officer Audrey **Coningham**, she was one of 1,135 passengers in the 15,000-ton submarine depot ship *Medway*, which, shortly after 8am on June 30 1942, was torpedoed by U-372 while being escorted by a cruiser and several destroyers from Alexandria to Haifa.

Hundreds of men were thrown into the water. Audrey **Coningham** saw two men clinging together. Only one had a lifebelt, and he was supporting the other. She had learned lifesaving at school and pulled off her own lifebelt and put it on the drowning man, Leading Seaman Leslie **Crossman**.

Despite recommendations from senior officers on the spot, and the strong, personal support of Admiral Sir Henry **Harwood**, Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean, for the Albert Medal (since replaced by the George Cross), it was held that, as a strong swimmer, **Coningham** had not put her own life at risk, and that the witness to her bravery had helped in the rescue.

Instead she was awarded a mention in despatches. Despite the grudging nature of the award, Audrey **Coningham** wore her Oak Leaf decoration with pride. [Ed: *Before rescuing survivors RN ships would have concentrated on destroying the enemy submarine(s), so she had no idea how long she would be in the water. I reckon she deserved better?*]

Audrey Sylvia **Coningham** was born on July 12 1918 into a farming family in Sussex. After convent school she worked as a ranch hand in New South Wales, where she heard that war had been declared. She returned home and joined the WRNS in 1940.

In 1946, she married David **Roche**, an officer in the Army in India, where they lived until Partition in 1947. The couple then emigrated to Kenya, returning to England in 1975. She is survived by her five children. [Ed: *If any reader knows more about this remarkable lady and her husband and their life in Kenya, please contact me*]

Newspape extract. Uganda to field strong golf side against Kenya..Uganda will field a strong team for their second annual golf match against Kenya to be played over the Karen Country Club course on Monday and Tuesday, June 8 and 9. [Ed: *Any idea of the date?*]

Leading the Uganda team will be the 1962 Uganda Champion, I.W.J. McAdam, while the side also includes Kenya-born John Higginson [KR5832], current Uganda Champion and four times Tanganyika Champion. Stanley Keane, former Kenya Champion is also in the visiting side – he is now in Tororo – while Peter Higginson [KR5748] will be playing and, like his brother Kenya born. Other former Kenya golfers in the side are Gordon Davidson and David Mackie, the last a member of the Caledonian FC ‘team of all talents’ during the 1945-52 seasons of Kenya football.

The Kenya side will be selected on Sunday May 31. Uganda’s representatives being: - I.W.J. McAdam (captain), W. Crichton, Gordon Davidson, C.W. Gunson, J Guy, John Higginson, Peter Higginson, Stanley A. Keane, David Mackie and S. Acguire.

DEEP, DARK SECRET

By 1941, an increasing number of British airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape.

Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where stuff was, but also showing the locations of 'safe houses' where a POW on-the-lam could go for food and shelter. Paper maps had some real drawbacks -- they make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet, they turn into mush.

Someone in MI5 thought of printing escape maps on silk, which is durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatsoever.

At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington, Ltd. When approached by the government, the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort. By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. Licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category of item qualified for insertion into 'CARE packages', dispatched by the International Red Cross, to prisoners of war.

Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass-producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were located (Red Cross packages were delivered to prisoners in accordance with that same regional system).

When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add (1) a playing token containing a small magnetic compass, (2) a two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together and (3) useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money! British and American air crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set -- by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square.

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWS who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third was aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Government might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another, future war.

The story wasn't de-classified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honoured in a public ceremony. Anyway, it's always nice when you can play that 'Get Out of Jail Free' card.



Close to this old fort at Palma, Mozambique, lies an enormous graveyard containing the remains of some 4,000 troops who died from fever and dysentery during WWI's East Africa Campaign

AMBUSHED PATROL KILLS NEARLY 40

Drove into the village – and 150 terrorists were there – ‘Standard Staff Reporter – Fort Hall

Faced by a terrorist gang 150 strong armed with Sten guns and rifles, four Europeans and fourteen African police and military *askaris*, were ambushed at Kanderendu Location 2 of the Fort Hall Reserve, held them at bay for 20 minutes and in a fighting withdrawal killed nearly 40 of the terrorists.

The sole security force casualty in the action – briefly reported in yesterday's East African Standard – was a police **askari** who had a finger shot off by the terrorists. Despite his wound he continued firing his rifle into the attacking mob.

Some of the officers with the patrol have stated in their opinion that many of the gang, which included women and men dressed in police and army clothing, were under the influence of some

drug. “Even when Bren gun fire was pouring into them at a range of fifteen yards,” said one “they did not waver but came straight at us.”

Leading the patrol was 2Lt Peter Herbert, a national serviceman from Sussex, who is serving with ‘C’ Company 4th (Uganda) King’s African Rifles. With him were Assistant Inspectors Dennis Bouden from Penzance, and Kenya Regiment members William Balabanoff [KR3724] and George Hales [KR3687], both from Kisumu and who are attached to the Kenya Police.

Sten guns, too. With their small force they were making a routine patrol to Kanderendu, a small trading post 45 miles from Fort Hall and a mile from the fringe of the Aberdares. They were travelling in a Land Rover and a police truck.

In the village, when the force was pulling up alongside a row of *dukas*, the gang opened fire from positions under the shops which are built on stilts, and places around them.

Said Inspector Balabanoff, “I was driving the truck and had just switched off the engine when a shot hit the seat underneath my leg. Sten and rifle bullets were whistling all around us. We got out quickly and took cover at the other side of the road.”

The patrol at once returned fire from their Brens, Stens and rifles but the gang, obeying orders from its leader on a whistle, left their positions and began to fan out to outflank and get behind the patrol. Spotting the move one of the *askaris* sprang to his feet and with his Bren at hip level sprayed burst after burst into the gang’s ranks. He is said to have personally accounted for at least ten terrorists by his action.

30 bodies. Deciding that they would be overwhelmed if they stayed in their position the patrol began to pull out down the road still firing. In the withdrawal, Inspector Bouden and two *askaris* were separated from their comrades, but gaining a vantage point saw the terrorists and other Kikuyu evacuating the dead and wounded of the gang. Inspector Bouden counted 30 bodies being taken away before he joined up with the rest of the patrol.

Other terrorists fired the Land Rover’s petrol tank and watched the vehicle burn to destruction.

After the patrol had fought its way out for about a mile the gang broke off contact and made off towards the forest. Following reorganization at Ndakaini and the arrival of reinforcements from Fort Hall the patrol went back to Kanderendu, combing the area as they went. They shot and killed another five terrorists.

Hurled grenade. Spotter planes and a Harvard bomber came up in support and the pilot of one K.P.R Air Wing plane killed two gangsters when he swooped low over them and hurled a grenade at them. The Harvard dropped bombs and strafed the area where groups of the gang were seen hiding

Back in Kanderendu, the patrol found that the police truck had been badly damaged and hacked about with *pangas*. Its seats were covered in blood and officers think that before the gang damaged it they had used the vehicle to move some of the casualties.

In the same area about a week ago, a small military patrol was ambushed by the same gang. The patrol went to ground and hid from the gang which stayed in position and then an African corporal Bren gunner from 4th KAR jumped to his feet and fired two magazines into the terrorists. He is thought to have killed 25 out of the gang.

Not razed. A Government statement last night pointed out that in the diversionary attack staged by the gang at the new Government Secondary School, Mathanjini, the terrorists did not attack the building itself.

Earlier reports that the school, which is on course for completion, was razed were incorrect. Officials of the Education Department visited the site on Sunday.

KAIRO[Don **Thompson** [KR 4429]]

The dozen or so of us who made up the Advance Party (AP) loaded our *mizigo* on to the old faithful Morris Commer truck, and to help it to be even more unstable umpteen watu clambered and perched on top - those that could not get on the truck piled into our other mode of transport, a short wheeled Landrover (the transport *wallahs* deserved a medal for keeping those vehicles running). When all was ready Sid **Moscoff**, [KR4130] i/c AP gave the command to move out!

On our way we stopped at Fort hall to pay our respects to the local Police and Home Guard and to let them know we were coming into the area, and then continued on our way, branching off on to a minor road that headed up towards the Aberdares. As we went further up the mountain the road got narrower and steeper, and less used as we approached the mile strip. We eventually arrived at Kairo, which was a collection of deserted *dukas* on the slopes of the Aberdares and was to be our 'home' for the next three months.

Next morning, we woke to a thick mist covering the countryside, a feature, we were to find out, which happened about every five days out of seven. By about midday the mist cleared and the views were tremendous. Being fairly high up the mountain one could see for miles down into the Reserve and in the distance was Mount Kenya with its snowy slopes. We were on one of the many ridges which stretch down from the Aberdares like great fingers, and between our ridge and the next flowed the Mathioya River, the other ridge was Priory, on which a previous action had taken place between a Kenreg platoon and some Mau Mau and unfortunately a number of Kenreg men were killed.

Back to our AP - after the mists had cleared Sid decided we should carry out a recce up to the forest edge, so four of us, including Sid, piled into the Landrover and headed further up the mountain. The track we were on became overgrown and we stopped in a small clearing, which also gave us a view into the Mathioya valley and seemed a good spot to take stock of the surrounding country. We had no sooner settled when we heard the unmistakable firing noises of 3 inch mortars coming from the ridge behind us, The bombs could be heard exploding in the valley below, and the next lot appeared to be coming up the side of the valley towards us, which was rather disconcerting, considering mortar action was in patterns and if that was the case we could expect a few heading in our direction!

We were not to be disappointed - there was a whoosh and an explosion in the valley we were admiring. It was obvious we had to get out in a hurry, so Sid leapt into the Landrover to turn it round and said if we heard any more bombs coming to give a yell and start digging. Once he started the Landrover we could not hear a thing, but in thirty seconds the vehicle was turned round, we clambered in and were tearing off like hell down the track. Apparently a KAR Coy was on the next ridge and through some lack of communication was unaware that we were in the area. Next morning we went up to the same spot and a bomb had landed about ten yards from where our Landrover had been and a tree nearby had a whole lot of branches torn off.

About noon the same day the rest of the Company arrived and the usual commotion of setting up camp began. By nightfall most things were in their places, everyone had bed space and most important of all the canteen had been set up and was open for business, with the familiar sign hanging outside, "The Fox and Tit", named after two stalwarts who set up the bar and canteen at Ragati, namely Mike **Fox** [KR4462] and Richard **Titman** [KR4016].

The following day saw the beginning of many weeks of patrols, sweeps, and ambushes and during this time a number of incidents come to mind. There was a Kikuyu Home Guard Post not far from our camp, and they had caught a Mau Mau informer who had given them some "red hot" information about a hide in the forest with a large gang, some members of whom were armed with precision weapons. Our platoon, with Brian **Williamson** [KR3822] i/c was given the honour of following up this info. so an early start was made the next day. By late afternoon there was still no sign of the hide and the "informer" said he wasn't quite sure where he was - he was even more confused when he was persuaded we did not care for these uneventful walks through the *mistuni*, to which he suddenly remembered where the hide was, and pointed up the side of the ridge.

To start up the ridge we had to cross a small stream and I had just got across when I nearly let off a burst with my Patchett, for there not more than five paces away, sitting on a rock in some bushes was a dead Mick, with the bottom half of his jaw rotted away. I recovered myself and wondered what the reaction would be on someone else coming up behind me. The next bloke went past the Mau Mau but the fellow following crossed the stream, got on the bank and saw the Mick. His reaction was immediate, he jumped straight back into the stream with his rifle raised and his eyes like saucers, but like me he realised the bloke had been dead for some time, drew the attention to the fellow behind and carried on up the hill.

It was pretty heavy going up the ridge and in places we had to pull ourselves up by the bamboo. By this time it was starting to get dark and heavy mist had crept up from the valley and although we had not yet reached the top of the ridge, it was decided to make camp for the night. I had never slept half standing up before, so it was a good idea before bedding down to make sure you had anchored your sleeping bag to something that wasn't likely to roll down the hill during the night. The guard roster was such that you slept next to the person who took over from you. When my turn came to wake the next chap he appeared to have moved some distance away. Next morning the fellow who had been next to me was about ten feet down the slope, still in his sleeping bag draped round some bamboo. After breakfast (ha, ha) our friendly Mick said we had come the wrong way and we should return to the bottom of the ridge - we were not amused.

About midday we came across a large hide with many leanto huts which could possibly have held up to a gang of twenty five, but as for its occupants, they must have left a week previously. There was a great deal of frustration and annoyance and mutterings about a '36' necklace minus the pin, but authority prevailed and everyone, including the "Informer", returned to camp.

Another Mau Mau suspect was handed over to 'B' Company, from the local Home Guard, and he was put in the hands of *Kali Welmans* for interrogation. Of all the forms of carrying out an interrogation someone decided that perhaps the quickest and least painful way was to use alcohol. So armed with a bottle of rum, *Kali* took the suspect into one of the dukas and closed the door. The tale that went the rounds later was that after a not too lengthy period the door of the duka opened and *Kali* came out, very much under the affluence of alcohol, saying the Mick had no information of any consequence - the sober M.M. was returned to the Home Guard.

Whilst we were at Kairo there were a number of R.A.F. Regiment personnel seconded to "B" Company for a fortnight, in order to gain forest patrolling experience. In many respects we felt sorry for these fellows who had come from Aden and were posted 8-9,000 feet up a mountain, to a bunch of men who had been patrolling the forests for months on end.

On one particular day which we had off, we were lounging around the camp when we heard somewhere down the valley, on the crisp morning air, the labouring sound of a lorry coming up the valley towards our camp. As the vehicle got nearer we could make out pipes and tubes attached to its sides - was this some new secret invention to combat the Mau Mau! There were many suggestions as to what it was likely to be used for. The "secret weapon" was driven into the camp and directed to a corner of the compound, the pipes unslung from its sides and a screen thrown round it.

Later the same afternoon our RAF Regiment friends were seen heading towards this contraption, carrying towels, soap and broad smiles and disappearing behind its screen. Lo and behold it was a mobile shower unit.

The Kenreg bods hung around waiting for an invitation to sample the luxuries of the day, but as there were none forthcoming a number of us piled into a Landrover and went off to carry out our usual ablutions in the healthy, open air and in a none too warm Aberdare river.

Of all the patrols we carried out in the Aberdares there is one that stands out particularly and was a bit unnerving at the time. Our platoon had embarked on a "several days" patrol into the Aberdares and for two days we moved from one ridge to another, wandering up and down valleys, through and across streams and eventually made a camp from where we were to act as "stops" for an ensuing bombing of a particular part of the forest by Lancaster bombers.

The following morning we heard the drone of the approaching small aircraft, which invariably acted as a spotter prior to a bombing run by Lancasters. The aircraft, which was a Cessna, was flying

nearby and further observations indicated that it was circling not far from the spot where we were camping!

To say the least this was rather disconcerting, and either we were on the wrong ridge or the Cessna pilot had got his map readings 'up thecreek.' Our radio operator got on his "44 pack" and was trying frantically to contact anyone who was willing to listen, and to tell "the other end" to pass on the message to the Lancasters to forego their bombing for that day. In the distance could be heard the heavier drone of a large aircraft. It was then decided that a few smoke bombs would not go amiss, so a couple were set off and we watched anxiously as the smoke slowly curled above the top of the trees.

The tension amongst us was high as we heard the aircraft getting nearer, and then it passed over us, and we could see the Lancaster carry on its way -with its bomb doors open! It never returned, much to everyone's relief, and we thanked our lucky stars that someone had got through to the pilot or he had seen our smoke - in any event, it had all been too close for comfort.

Sid's "O" Group was usually the highlight preceding an impending patrol. He would have his Platoon gather around and give them the news of a forthcoming patrol and then to put them further in the picture he would spread out a map of the area they were to cover, and then he would start. . . . "At six tomorrow morning ding ding ding ding ding (noise indicating time) we will get on the lorry and proceed to our starting point brrrrr (noise indicating the road the lorry will take). From this point we will take this track tuck tuck tuck tuck (patrol moving up the track), go down this ridge, cross this stream shhhh (wading through stream), and up to the top of the ridge where we will follow this track tuck tuck tuck tuck. We will patrol this area (sweeping hand over map) looking for signs of recent Micky activity. As we shall be away a week we shall expect an air drop on the fourth day here brrrr (deeper noise, so as not to be confused with that of the lorry)."

And so it would go on, everyone giving him their undivided attention, whether it was to listen to where they were going, or not to miss the explicit information with the accompanying noise effects, whatever it was, it certainly brightened up an "O" Group meeting.

We spent about three months at Kairo and then moved back to Nairobi, it was now August 1954. The majority of the Company spent about two weeks in Nairobi and during this period another Advance Party was got together and moved out to Chuka, which is on the eastern side of Mount Kenya, where they were to set up "B" Company H.Q., ready for the rest of us to join them in a few days time.

NOTES FROM THE KENYA REGIMENT WEBSITE

James **Martin** <jimmyscr@hotmai.com> [25/08/2009] from UK: I am the son of Hugh Alexander David **Martin** [KR526] and nephew of Ernest **Martin** [KR3944]. Sadly, Uncle Ernest passed away two weeks ago. If anybody knew our family - James **Young** [KR77] was my grandfather - it would be really good to hear from you. The site is excellent, thank you.

Angus **McDonald** [KR67] <amcdonald@awe.co.za> [10/08/2009] from Cape Town: Pushing 89 now, but still with happy memories of KR days!

Iain **Morrison** [KR6111] <iain@sprattsend.co.uk> 04/08/2009 from England: Can anyone remember the names of the very successful Army rugby team in about May-July 1955, which included six KR members, three of whom were Bobby **Meintjes** [Ed: *was it Skattie?*], Lofty **Reynolds** and Julian **Marshall** [KR4323]?

David **Waldron** [KR4128] <waldrond@rocketmail.com> [29/07/2009] from England: Please note my new e mail address.

Eugene **Armour** [KR4446] <oojiarmour@talktalk.net> [27/07/2009] from England: Please note my new e-mail address.

John **Roberts** [KR4431] <johngorwel@hotmail.com> [24/07/2009] from England: I recently attended the KR Winchester Curry Lunch and had the privilege of meeting up with Mike **Tremlett** [KR4379], Eugene **Armour**, John **Boulle** [KR6193], John **Davis** [KR7457], Ted **Martin** [KR3944?], George **O'Mears**, Richard Waldron [KR4784], David Lichtenstein [Son of Henry and Phyllis who were my neighbours at Lessos], and Michael **Shuster** [son of Wally [KR5692] who was OC Support Company to which I was posted for a brief period before becoming a DOKG. It was a pleasure to be introduced to their wives. A fantastic lunch, and a real thrill to meet again those with whom I served some 56 or 57 years ago!

Len **Batten** [KR6789] <lenandkateinfrance@club-internet.fr> [19/07/2009] from France: Enjoying retirement in France and would love to hear from anyone who knew me.

Wilna **du Plessis** (née **de Jager**) <johan@quicksa.com> [18/06/2009] from South Africa: My dad is Lodewyk Johannes **de Jager** [KR4675] is well, but my uncles Billy **van Rooyen** [KR6615] and Horace Wessel **van Rooyen** [KR6029] have, unfortunately, passed away. I was born in Kenya, live in South Africa and am the proud owner of Billy's Kenya Regiment hat.

Ralph **Burns** [KR4347] <ralphburns@hotmail.co.uk> [18/06/2009]: Now living in England and would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of Cecil **Pilgrim** and Ernie **Nicholson** [KR4503].

Sandra **Finn** <rwfinn@australia.net> [12/06/2009] from Australia: Both my grandfather Walter **Balson** [Ed: KDF?] and his brother Reginald **Balson** [KR724] served in the Regiment. I am so proud, though I never had the privilege of meeting them am fortunate to know remaining family. Thank you for the site and for all those who served.

Murray **Sinclair** [KR7111] <m.a.sinclair@lboro.ac.uk> [08/06/2009] From England: Hope you can help; I'm emigrating to Australia soon; once I have completed their Immigration forms (a nightmare). One of their questions is about military service; do you know where I can get access to the official records of the Kenya Regiment?

Gayle **Norman** <gayleross5@hotmail.com> [03/06/2009] from USA: My Dad, the late Neil **Rossenrode** [KR6468], passed away 28 years ago today and I've been looking up information on him here. Does anyone remember him?

Max **Hutton** <huttonmax@talk21.com> [04/05/2009] from England: Can anyone help with background info about Captain Edgar **Howard-Williams** [KR200] who served during WWII, and later in the KPR during the Emergency. He died in UK in December 2008. Any information about his civilian job and where he lived in Kenya, would be very much appreciated.

Gordon **Edwards** <gordon451@westnet.net.au> [24/04/2009] from Australia: My father WO2 Lloyd **Edwards** [KR720] passed away in December 1982 in a car crash in Kununurra WA. He enlisted in January 1940 and was discharged in March 1946. He was court-martialled in India for refusing a cholera jab prior to transit from Mombasa, but was exonerated.

Andrew Robert **Gill** [KR6650] <gillandrewgill@yahoo.co.uk> [23/04/2009] temporarily in Thailand: Only found this site today and would like to hear from anyone who remembers me.

WHO WAS LT. ROBERT CAYLEY R.N.?

[Kevin Patience]

A year ago I was walking round the old Christian cemetery at Kisauni, near Mombasa, and came across three naval graves. The cemetery had been opened in the 1860s for the burial of missionaries, who died while serving the region's early churches, the first of which had been established at Rabai some twenty miles away, by the missionary explorers Ludwig **Krapf** and Johan **Rebman** in 1847. He was the first European to see Mount Kilimanjaro and bring the news back to a disbelieving audience of snow on the equator.

The graves were named to Lt. James **Erskine**, H.M.S. Boadicea, died 13 October 1888, Writer Edgar **Brown**, H.M.S. Griffon, died 7 January 1889 and Lt. Robert **Cayley**, H.M.S. Blonde, died 14 December 1896. There was nothing unusual about the graves except that all had headstones brought in from outside the region. In the case of **Erskine**, a marble slab with the name set in lead letters, as was common in Victorian times. What intrigued me was finding that **Cayley** was commemorated on a brass plaque in the nearby Emmanuel Church. This area was formerly known as Freretown, named after Sir Bartle **Frere**, the British politician who in 1873, had arrived at Zanzibar with a deputation determined to persuade the ruler, Sultan **Bargash bin Said**, to put an end to slavery on the island. He was unsuccessful, and it was left to the British Consul, Sir John **Kirk** to put pressure on **Bargash** with the threat of a naval blockade, that finally closed the infamous slave market. Slaves freed from dhows intercepted by the navy were released at Freretown, where they had built a mission church. The land had been given to the Church Missionary Society by the Arab princes of Malindi in the early 1800s. A nearby bell tower had been built in 1875 to warn the residents of impending attacks by Arabs intent on recapturing freed slaves.

Cayley's plaque read '*In memory of Lt. Robert Cayley, R.N. who died on 14 December 1896. Erected by one who lost a true friend*'. His grave inscription was similar but read '*Erected by his loving Ina*'. Who had the plaque made and who was Ina? About the same time I had a call from a friend in Nairobi saying he had found a photo in the Kenya Railways archives of the grave of a certain Lt. Robert **Cayley**, R.N. This was obviously taken shortly after his death and was an early picture of his grave since it had a wooden cross, no doubt made by the ship's carpenter and erected by his shipmates. The next stop was the Public Record Office, now the National Archives at Kew in London where I found him mentioned in the Navy List together with his service record.

Robert Edward Cornelius **Cayley** was born on 22 September 1870, the son of D. Cayley of Norton Grove, Malton. At the age of 13, he joined the Royal Navy at Britannia naval college as a cadet on 15 January 1884. Two years later on 15 May 1886, he became a Midshipman and four years later almost to the day, was promoted to Sub Lt. He joined the gunboat H.M.S. Pigeon in January 1892 and in August was promoted to Lieutenant. Three years later he joined the cruiser H.M.S. Blonde as navigating officer. The ship's logbook shows that **Cayley** had swung the compass in December 1895 in order to plot the deviation caused by the ship's magnetism. His neatly written daily entries in the log end on the 3 December 1896 and six days later he was landed and admitted to hospital in Mombasa. On the 15th the ship's log reads, '*Landed funeral party to inter the remains of Lt. Cayley who died of fever at Mombasa hospital at 8.42 on 14 December*'. He was as his service record shows an exemplary competent officer who had acted as pilot for the ship on a number of occasions. A voucher in the logbook dated 12 December 1896 records his last duty payment as pilot but whether his family received the money will never be known. A search in the Naval Pensions for next of kin details drew a blank. Who was Ina and who erected the plaque. I doubt if we shall ever know and so today after a year of researching Lt. **Cayley**, the mystery remains unsolved.

H.M.S. Blonde was one of four Barracouta third class cruisers designed in the 1880s for foreign service with the hulls sheathed in wood and copper. They had an unusual profile in that both funnels were side by side. She was laid down in May 1888 by Pembroke Dockyard and launched on 22 October 1889. She had a length of 220 ft, 35 ft beam and draft of 15 ft. Powered by four double ended boilers, driving twin triple expansion engines rated at 1,750 hp, giving a speed of 15 knots. Armament consisted of 6 - 4.7 inch quick firing guns, 4 - 3 pdr guns, 2 - machine guns and 2 - 14 inch torpedo tubes. After fifteen years of service she was withdrawn and scrapped in 1905.

OVERSEAS TRIP – OCTOBER 2008 to JANUARY 2009

[Don Rooker-Smith [KR4969]]

I write my notes, primarily because I can refresh and further enjoy these travels by doing so, to let family and friends in on the trip, and frankly, because I thoroughly enjoy rewriting the various sagas. I include individual names because they are known to some readers

With the completion of this four month trip to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Kenya, it gives a good picture of how ex-African folk are scattered about the world. For example, we were away 123 nights from home, during which time I slept in 28 separate beds, varying from one to numerous nights. During that time we only spent ten nights in paid accommodation, and of those seven were by choice – in Brisbane, Singapore and Johannesburg - the remainder were with old friends and acquaintances, mostly from our Kenya days.

Fiona **Hatfield** (née **MacDonald**) of Fort Ternan, Nakuru School and ‘Boma’, formerly married to Benjy **Hatfield** [KR4069] and now working for Protravel out of Scottsdale, Arizona, put in some very long hours, a great number of e-mails and an awful lot of understanding patience, to get our complicated itinerary ironed out. In the interests of economy we had to zigzag around to more airports and use more airlines than it would otherwise have been necessary! For example, our homeward flight from Nairobi left at midnight for Dusseldorf via Zurich on *Swissair*, and then on *Lufthansa* to Miami. We arrived back in the US with very few ‘bumps in the road’ travel-wise, and incredibly, without the loss of even one overstuffed bag during the whole trip, despite some very tight connecting flights.

To all our collective hosts and hostesses, far too many to mention individually, we offer our most sincere thanks and gratitude for your generous hospitality and time spent showing us around. We can only reciprocate by inviting you over here, and look forward with pleasure to seeing you sometime.

AUSTRALIA – OCTOBER 2008

The Kenya Regiment reunion scheduled for Perth in Western Australia, was planned well in advance, so we had plenty of time to think about it. Initially, we rallied quite a few old soldiers to the cause. My brother Bruce had said that if it were possible to get a cruise ship from Durban to Fremantle, they would consider going – but it was not to be. As Mary and I had never been to this part of the world, and with another good reason unlikely, we decided to make plans to attend the Regimental reunion plus much more!

And so at 02h30 on 1 October 2008, we set off for the two hour trip to Orlando, and a dawn flight to San Francisco on the American west coast, and onward to Los Angeles. We had planned for a long layover in Los Angeles to enable us to eventually meet up with Robert and Yvonne **Biller**. Yvonne (née **Aggett**), is a cousin whom I last saw some 50 years ago. Robert is a retired university Professor, and LA has been their home during their long married life. The ‘whenwe’ sessions started in earnest here, and were to continue unabated for the next few months!

Our very long flight westwards to Sydney took off that evening, and by the greatest good fortune, we were up graded to business class and had a very comfortable trip.

By flying into time we completely lost 2nd Oct and arrived in Australia on the 3rd! A dawn touchdown in Sydney, with that spectacular scenery was a welcome greeting indeed. We were to catch a connecting flight to Perth, so had to move from international to the domestic portion of the

airport, and this was chaos in the extreme - very unlike what we eventually knew to be Australian. All international airports world-wide, now have two separate terminals, sometimes miles apart, and the transport efficiency between the two varies greatly. Luckily, our connection to Perth was two hours late, so we eventually made it.

Alison and John **Liebenberg** ex-Zimbabwe, have a lovely home in the foothills near Perth, where we spent the night – more ‘whenwe sessions’, as Alison, originally from Tasmania, nursed in Gwelo, practically became a member of the family, and is also godmother to our youngest, Anne.

Earlier we had decided to travel the south side of WA prior to the Regimental ‘do’ and met up with Ann and Eric **Jorgenson** [KR4176] next day. Ann is Mary’s cousin. As they live at Kojunup it was decided to try meeting up half way, at Williams. The picnic lunch organized by Alison soon became a disaster, as the wind came straight out of Antarctica, and the rain fell horizontally – the picnic was blown clean out of the picnic area, and I cannot recall being momentarily so cold!

Mary and I looked at one another in amazement and consternation, as we had not brought much in the way of warm clothing. Thankfully the weather moderated somewhat.

The **Jorgensens** have been on *Twiga* Farm for over 40 years and it has been a long slog, under incredibly hard conditions. They have retired now, having sold the bulk of the farm, and retaining a few hundred acres, the house and garden, and a herd of cows. They put on a family lunch that Sunday, where the delicacy was farm and pond-raised crayfish. We met the family, and feasted on Eric’s very tasty ‘Marron and Yabbies’ – the ‘Koonacs and Gilgies’ were not available that day!

For the next week Eric and Ann very kindly drove us around the SW. The country was looking beautiful and green, the wild flowers out in profusion, and the weather very kind to us. The plough was taking over lands that had been traditionally livestock, and there were large fields of good looking wheat, barley and canola.

The indigenous trees in this part of the world were spectacular, from the tall stately Karri, to the massive Jarrah and the unique buttressing Red Tingles. They have over 500 species of Eucalyptus and the enormous forested areas were very impressive.



We visited *Matilda Downs*, where Bruce **Buswell** (left) was in the midst of a production ram sale. His mother Gill had just had a hip done, and was very lame. Her husband Richard [KR3095] died in 1998, and we visited his grave to pay our respects. The **Buswells** have done well in Australia.

Had lunch in Mount Barker with Carol and Pete **Hannath**, and later visited Miles **Chart** and family on their small farm. Miles is a major partner in the local veterinary clinic and specializes in horse dentistry. They are heavily into polorosse, and young John is a budding star, which would have really pleased his grandfather, my late cousin John **Chart** to whom Carol was married before he died

in Kenya.

We did a safari around the area via Boyup Brook, Bridgetown – shopped in Manjimup, where Eric was wooed by a good-looking sales girl, and ended up with a leather jacket; called in at Broke Inlet to see the house that Jorg built, and lunched in Walpole. Ursula and Roger **Symons** [KR7065] very hospitably put us all up for the night, at their place near Denmark – where we saw live kangaroos for the first time. Roger creates amazing woodwork out of those lovely woods.

We were a bit late for morning tea, kindly arranged by Joan and Tony **Erith** [KR4647], where we also met Merrily and Leon **Fouché** [KR4285], the **McDonald** brothers Malcolm [KR4648], and Neil [KR4090] and his wife Bidy (née **Boyt**).

Then to Albany, a very pleasant coastal town with its impressive harbor and commercial infrastructure. The large stockyards near Mount Barker are styled after the tobacco auctions, where the auctioneer actually walks around and sells by the pen.

Visited Wave Rock at Hyden, where at the evening motel meal, Mary met a couple of women off a bus tour, in the buffet line. They got talking because of her accent, and having said she had been born in Kenya, the women wondered whether she had known Denis [KR258] and Bobby **Whetham** from Kipkabus? Small world! Wave Rock and the Hippo's mouth are unique natural formations.



Left: Anne Jorgensen at Wave Rock.

On to Borden via Lake Grace and Pingrup where we stayed at the Lillie Windmill's very comfortable guest house. Had lunch with Andy and Alice **Colquhoun** on their vineyard at Narrikup, and left with some of his very own vinted wine. Andy's brother was the late Pat [KR4541].

On the evening of October 12th Eric and Ann accompanied us to the Kenya Regiment reunion which commenced with a dinner at Burswood's Holiday Inn complex on the Swan River - we all stayed at **Liebenberg**

Lodge! It was extremely well organized by Marlene and Roger **Lutkens** [KR6116], Aylwin **Halligan-Jolly** [KR6194] and their committee. Harvey **Storm** [KR4074] acted as a highly amusing MC, although wheelchair-bound after a bum knee op. [Ed: *See photos in m-S XXXIII pp74/76*]

Folk came from Canada, UK, Kenya, USA, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Spain, Jersey and most parts Australian. Just fewer than 100 souls sat down to an excellent dinner of what else, cutlets of lamb! It was a real 'blast from the past', and amusing to see all us unrecognizable old fellas, circling folk until one was near enough to read the name tag – then the incredulous greetings as the years fell away! Eric in his Manjinup leather jacket was in his element.

We did not attend all the various functions during the week, other than the dinners and picnic. Due to the late hour after the dinners, we took a taxi back to Kalamunda, the first driven by an Afghan, the second by an Iraqi. How times have changed – 50 years ago you could not get into Australia if you so much as sported a good suntan!

On Wednesday went to a Kenya picnic attended by many who were not at the dinner - Tony **Swain** [KR4238], Bob **Croxford** [KR6131], and Sid **Howitt** *et al.*

Together with the **Storms**, Paddy and Ron **Shaw**, we had a curry lunch with Pat [KR6035] and Ian **Campbell-Clause** at their very impressive home and fruit garden.

We also attended the Australian State Polo Crosse championships, which was of a very high standard. I had never before seen first class polo crosse, and was most impressed at how good a game it is. Much more complicated than field polo!

We visited Roy **Button** [KR7025] at his specialist Jarrah wood furniture Shop. Spoke to Pete **Overdyck** [KR4618] on the phone.

The closing Kenya Regiment dinner was held on 18th Oct, amidst a lot of speeches, camaraderie and farewells, whilst we danced to a 50's Band – nice and slowly! It had been a great success and the WA team needs to be congratulated. This association handed me a fistful of SA Rand to give Bruce, in back payment of mini-SITREP fees.

We returned to the **Liebenbergs** and went to Fremantle with its huge Douglas firs, commercial fishing fleets, and pearl industry of great price. They actually have pearl farms, mainly out of Broome. Then, to the impressive King's Park with its military memorials, lunch at Cotteslow followed by a visit to Sorrento Mall and a Chocolate factory

They have frequent hurricanes off the Australian west coast – they call them cyclones, and we in Florida thought we were the only ones!

On 24th October we flew out to Sydney which has some very impressive tunnels, but none as impressive as the long one we traveled on our way home, right under the Sydney Bay. Walked in Heritage Park, which was originally one of the first penal colonies.

David **Lichtenstein** [DoY] had organized a Kenya Schools picnic at Lane Cove National Park on the Sunday, attended by too many folk to recall. Remembered Tim **Wynn-Jones** and Mike **Barrett**, both DOY 49'ers, and Rob **Ryan** ex-Nakuru, John and Trudy **Cheshire**, and many more. I had no idea that Kenya had so many schools judging by the photo ops. The Blue Mountains were, unfortunately, hidden by haze.

We had a BBQ dinner with Tony and Sue **Case** and large family at Wallacia – Tony is a cousin, his mother, the late Vi Case of Malindi fame, was my aunt. It was good to eventually meet them all.

On 31st October, we flew to Brisbane. Australian security is extremely strict, and having given me a very hard time in Perth – where they completely unpacked my hand luggage – underpants, socks, toothbrush and spares, piled up ingloriously in public view - they found a long lost pair of nail scissors in my carry-on, which I might add had gone through countless other international systems. They then found Mary's beloved sewing scissors! Luckily, they allowed Mary to hand them to Cynthia, who mailed them on.

In Brisbane we were met by a rather hesitant Gill **Allerton** (née **Hucks**) - ex-Cherengani - who stated that staying with her would not be at all 'posh'. It turned out to be delightfully scruffy! Gill and Mary had been through school together and she lives in Woodenbong in northern NSW – a typical rural Australian village of some 300 souls, mostly elderly women, in Yowie country. A Yowie is part of local folk lore, similar to the Nandi Bear of Western Kenya.

Gill has an old house, a very nice garden, and yard where she raises chickens and eggs. She has three dogs that are her special companions, and live in the house. She had a white bantam rooster which always crowed at about daybreak. Sadly, she recently wrote, she did not hear the wakeup call, and upon investigation found the poor rooster had become a python's breakfast. I must admit to going out early one morning to investigate a great clamor from the hen house, and wondering if there was a snake about!

We all drove south to Grafton and spent the night with John and Pat **Edwards** (née **Revill**) – ex-Kitale. They have a very nice, large brick home, which John built entirely himself, amidst a natural wild piece of the country – kangaroos, emus, frogs and a flock of those beautiful Australian birds.

On our return we took time to admire those very spectacular Jacaranda trees in Grafton, including two pure white ones. We drove through some very nice looking country – over the Lawrence ferry, McLean, Ballina (lunch at the Prawn Shop, Tee Tree factory) Lismore, Kyogle, Grevillia and home. Had we known that Ben **Durant** [**KR3688**], and his brother Marcus and wife Anne (née **Stone-Wigg**) lived in Kyogle we would have definitely called in – however we did speak to Anne on the phone. We returned home to find that the dog had devoured both pairs of Mary's walking shoes!

Watched the Melbourne Cup on TV - the one day all Australians stop to watch - during lunch at the Woodenbong Country Club. I was one of the only two men there, amongst a bevy of older 'sheilas'. Afterwards I played the nine hole course with 82 year old Nancy, who proceeded to walk me off my feet!

These early bird wakeup calls became a part of our trip. At my brother Bruce's house the guest room is close by a large tree [*Ed: since cut down*], which is roost to the Hadedas. I swear these birds used to start clearing their throats, 'hoik' and then start screeching at 03h00 every morning!

Yet another cousin Sid **Dyer**, and wife Barbara (née **Kemp**) met us at Beaudesert in South Queensland – I believe the **White** family in Kenya White originated here? The **Dyers** and sons Andrew and Ian live at Clagiraba near Brisbane. Ian is physically disabled as a result of a motor accident years ago – he is amazingly cheerful, completely 'with it', plays slow tennis, and attends the gym every day – per an arrangement with the local taxi company. It was here that we heard that

President Obama had won the US election 51% to 47% and 3% independent. Although neither of us voted for him, we feel it is in the best interests of the country.

Drove up to nearby mountaintop Tamborine – wine, windsurfing and curio shops - where we had a curry lunch with the rest of the tourists. Had tea with Ian **Millar** [KR4805] ex-Tea Coy and his wife Barbara, a daughter of Bailey **Edmunds** of Turbo cricket fame.

We trolled the famous ‘Gold Coast’, shopped and gawked at the sea, the surf and pretty people, and lunched at the Surfers Club at Currumbin Beach.



Henry [KR3874] (left) and June **Hauschild** (née **Hendry**) – ex-Ol’Kalou - took us out to dinner at their Club buffet, and it was so very good to see them again after so many years. Henry has done very well and owns numerous petrol stations.

Spoke to John **Bristow**, who has also done well with service stations.

Our last night in Australia was spent in a motel, and we took a shuttle to the airport, as the trip from the Brisbane suburbs could be delayed.

- We were very impressed with Australia. It was clean, friendly, no trash about, good roads. No need for all the African security against the locals, crime and mayhem. However, it was expensive - petrol was US\$ 4/gal, twice the normal US price.
- They are a very inventive crowd, principally due to the lack of ‘help’. All that helpful agricultural equipment and the two-flush toilet to conserve water!
- The Vote is compulsory, and not to comply is a misdemeanor. Only about 1% own guns, under very strict control.
- They are the 6th largest country in the world, and only have 24 million population.
- I found the press refreshingly unbiased towards the US, although we had some heated discussions – as we continue to do here!
- I found all the men both in Australia (and New Zealand) spoke at the top of their voices – possibly they all speak at once, or are inherently deaf!
- We had great difficulty understanding broad ‘ozzie’, especially over the intercom at airports. This is probably a bit unkind, but we were told they never open their mouths too wide when speaking, for fear of swallowing a fly, AND an ‘Ozzie wave’ is not a show of friendliness, but the process of swatting flies! The first time I saw those hats bedangled with corks, I admit to being mystified, but they are good fly protection!

NEW ZEALAND – NOVEMBER 2008

Mary and I flew out of Brisbane, for New Zealand on November 9th and ran straight into security problems again! Mary decided to carry on a half pound jar of the Australian equivalent of Marmite, the yeast extract spread – “everyone in Australia knows about Promite”, pleaded a desperate Mary – but to no avail, as it was dumped straight into the trash can. It crossed my mind that if this stuff is a security risk, and if it had been a bomb – how about it going off right there in the middle of that security zone.

We also had trouble with our tickets in Brisbane, which took hours to eventually sort out – luckily we happened to have lots of time right then!

We flew via Auckland en route to South Island. New Zealand security a little more forgiving than Australia’s! We spent a few hours in transit and were able to utilize the duty-free at leisure.

Rod and Perena **Heard** live in Blenheim, and they were our extremely cheerful and generous host and hostess for most of our stay in South Island. They have built a lovely home and very impressive garden, whilst growing 20 acres of vines, some olive trees and fattening a few bullocks. Keeps them busy and Rod out of trouble, though he does play weekly golf with a rather colourful crowd! Perena is a **Royston** from Sotik, and she and Mary go way back. Rod came to Kenya with a shipment of NZ sheep, in the late ‘50’s – stayed on with Bob **Wilson** at Kinankop and Timau. He then worked for ADC setting up a sheep operation in Tanzania, and eventually ran the huge Ol’Pejeta Ranch

near Nanyuki, before returning to NZ. He was a keen and good rugby/cricket player whilst in Kenya.

We left next day on a safari of Rod's old haunts and favorite places. NZ is country like neither of us had ever seen before – all majestic hills, mountains, some snow capped, and with trout-filled streams every hundred yards! The hills are ribbed across by thousands of sheep trails traversing the contours, over many years. In the windy areas trees grow horizontally, once they have grown beyond shelter.

It must be one of the healthiest places in the world, but some of the iciest winds frequently blow in from Antarctica – and whilst we were there, it all looked lovely and green. The livestock all looked good and well cared for. Neither Australia nor NZ have the deadly tick-borne diseases and predators of other parts of the world.

Wine is the big new industry, and tens of thousands of acres of good farm land have been leveled, tilled and planted to grapes throughout many parts of NZ.

They had just had a national election, and a new PM. Surprisingly we heard of a movement to reclaim traditional Maori lands – not just Africa has these problems.

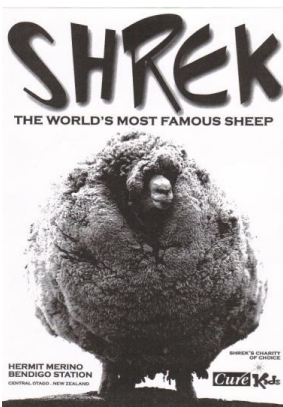
The four of us traveled SE from Blenheim to Kaikoura – famous for whale watching and seafood, and then onto Hawarden to meet up with cousin Geoff **Chart** and his wife Shirley (née **Daykin**). They have retired, having sold the farm, retaining a few acres where they have built a very nice, comfortable new house. They entertained us to a very cheerful lunch, amidst much reminiscing. Their two daughters are nearby – in fact one works on a sheep station and had been on local TV, together with her horse and dog.

Rod and Perena's son Andrew had recently bought and manages a large hill farm near Waikari, together with a couple of 'sleeping business partners'. Andrew drove us round this very steep, sometimes rocky farm, where they do cattle, sheep and fatten cull dairy bulls. We had supper with the family – delightful wife Sarah and sons Guy and Sandy. Spent the night at Amberley with a friend of Rod and Perena's, Lily who very hospitably put us up in her lovely home, surrounded by a wonderful garden, and very good farm.

On to Christchurch where we were taken around the old and impressive Christ's College - where Rod and the **Forgan** boys had been to school, and where we met young Digby **Heard**. Lydia (née **Heard**) lives there, and is a very good competitive windsurfer.

We all lunched on the beachfront, where we encountered quite aggressive, food stealing seagulls. I was heartened to see that the US seagulls were not the only 'junk food' birds on the planet - every fast-food restaurant car park in the US, is filled with these scavengers!

Southwards through the very fertile Canterbury Plains with its dairies, central pivot irrigation and intensive farming. Onward via Ashburton and Geraldine to eventually 'put up' in an apartment for the night at Lake Tekapo where we had slight problems finding accommodation! Lake Tekapo is famous amongst other things, for the statue of **Mackenzie's** dog, and the small but very old stone Church on the lakeside. Rod spun me a yarn as to how long ago, **Mackenzie** and his dog were very famous sheep rustlers, and were so good at it that they were never caught - hence the statue. In actual fact I think it is a tribute to all those truly amazing, hard working NZ sheep dogs.



We lunched at Tarras of 'Shrek' fame. Shrek is a Merino wether from nearby Bendigo Station, who reputedly evaded muster in the hills for six years. He was eventually found, having sheltered in nooks and crannies during the winters. His first shearing was a clip of 27 kg – normal is four to five kg! He has become famous in NZ and a great favorite with children – goes to all the agricultural shows as a celebrity.

I was very surprised at the large numbers of Merino sheep in NZ, having always associated them with drier country. We visited a Salmon Farm, where the delicacy could be bought in any quantity.

Deer and Wapiti (Elk) extensively farmed all over – for the ‘velvet’ off the antlers and the venison. Jerry and Leslie are very good friends of the Heards, and farm on the hills around Lake Hawea. Their home is built on the lakeshore, and must have one of the most spectacular views around. They put us up in their very comfortable guest house, and invited a large and cheerful crowd to dinner – bed was well beyond midnight! Jerry took Rod and I around the farm, more accurately described as ‘climb’, it was so steep and hazardous! These Kiwis think nothing of driving and riding close to perpendicular drops into unseen depths – they have lived and worked all their lives in steep country - whilst I tried not to close my eyes too obviously. I innocently made the comment that I assumed Jerry had a daily vehicle ‘brake check’, only to be looked at as if I were beyond contempt! I soon realized that our farm ride was partly a fishing trip, as Rod and Jerry spent time in the stream after the wily trout.

Around the world my generation is handing over to the next, and it never seems to be easy anywhere.

We visited the bank at the nearby town of Wanaka to get travelling money. Australia had all sorts of paperwork to exchange US \$, but NZ was pleasantly relaxed.

Homeward bound up the west coast, put us in some country of hills, lakes and mountains covering fertile valleys, like you would not believe.

We lunched at Haast, then north through Bruce Bay and the glacier country towns of Fox Glacier and Franz Joseph; had a brief glimpse of Mount Cook.

Trees on the seaside grew out horizontally because of the wind. We looked at the icy Tasman Sea from the cliff tops at Knights Point. The weather was very good to us, as this area has a fearsome reputation of bad storms. Lovely clear rivers everywhere, except for glacial waters, which were a milky/turquoise color.

A restaurant over the stew pond of a salmon farm, and finally slept the night at Hokitika. I walked round this small town in the cold morning, and was amazed to see a war memorial to local men lost in the Boer War.

Onwards north to Greymouth, and a good breakfast at Reefton. Passed huge forested mountains to Murchison, named after a long gone British Colonial Secretary. This part was an old coal and gold mining area. Further along route 63 we ran into thousands of dairy cows on those fertile valley floors. Rivers everywhere – no wonder every Kiwi fishes! Lovely country from Tophouse onwards, but vineyards are taking over.

After five days on the road we returned to *Shamba Heard* and all the accumulated chores, with which we were able to try and help. Supper that night was expensive ‘Whitebait’, which is an acquired taste, and wasted on me!

Neil and Storm **Forgan** are Kenya born, but we never knew them when we were all young and lovely and living in East Africa. Their middle son John married our youngest daughter Anne in 1996, and we met them at the wedding very briefly. It was with great delight that we were able to spend a few days with them, and to get to know them better. They have a small nut farm outside Blenheim, a very nice home and a separate guest house. Neil is a great reader, has a marvelous collection of books, and is a history boff. Over the next few days we seemed to talk and read, discuss hunting yarns, and never got to bed before midnight. It was a time of ease and contentment, tempered with a lot of G&Ts or good wine, and lots of very good food. All our hostesses throughout our travels, cooked the most sumptuous meals, and without a *mpishi!*

Next day to a nearby small natural forest park with magnificent Podo trees. A lunch to include Robin and Cicely **Petre**. Prior to his marriage to a Kiwi girl, Robin was in the same British Cavalry Regiment with my brother Bruce – the 17th/21st Lancers.

Played golf with Rod and his buddies. No course officials as everything is on the ‘honor’ system – you place your green fees in the wooden box – most surprisingly the bar also! Not many places on earth where this system would work well!

Had a very cheerful dinner that evening with amongst others the Andrew **Bibbys** and **McLaughlins** - polo playing friends of **Fuzz Foster**.

On 21st November, we flew to Auckland in lovely weather, and had a magnificent view of all the islands. We were met by Micky [KR6733] and Suzy **Kirkaldy** (née **Dann**), who live at Kohekohe near Waiuku, - 70 km. from the airport, across the bay from the City. Micky now retired, spent many years in Kenya, and is a cousin of Mary's. Suzy is a brilliant animal portrait painter. They have a house built on a hill, in very steep country, with an outlook to the sea – windy as heck, but very attractive. Water is collected from rainfall, and bathing was not too enforced due to water conservation!. When needed they get water brought in by tanker?

Met Phillipa **McGinty** (née **Williams**) for lunch in Clevedon. Her mother Angela had assisted at Kaptagat School at one time.

Into Auckland and gawked at the ocean-going yachts in the harbor; onto Tor Bay where we had a very pleasant catchup over lunch with Myrtle **Buswell**, widow of Micky [KR4047]. Sadly, Myrtle has since passed away.

Played golf with Micky (**Kirkaldy**) on a lovely seaside links course, with a fenced sheep 'right of way' across the middle of it – gates for the golfers! We had the course to ourselves, and once again the honor system was in play with reference to green fees. Micky, Suzy and son Jamie put us on the plane for Singapore on 27th November.

SINGAPORE

Most have heard that Singapore is very clean and law abiding – you best believe it, as we touched down to a most efficient, spotless airport decorated with thousands of magnificent orchids. We took a fairly long shuttle service to The Grand Copthorne Waterfront Hotel – one of literally hundreds of multistorey hotels in this thriving metropolis. We had arrived after dark, so looked out next morning on a very impressive city vista, from our 19th storey suite. The breakfast buffet was a lesson in oriental/Asian culture, and I am not sure we even found bacon & eggs!

Our package included various city tours, and on the first of these we had a very good English speaking Singaporean guide. Whilst on the bus to various destinations, he gave us the 'low down' - "In 1819, the Englishman Sir Stamford **Raffles** established a trading post on the present site. In 1824 Singapore was given by treaty, in perpetuity, to the East India Company. In 1867, the British Colonial Office took over the administration. In 1942, the Japanese invaded, inflicting one of the greatest disasters in British Military history, with the surrender and imprisonment of 135,000 Allied troops. 1965 - Singapore declared Independence from the Federation of Malaya."

We visited the Colonial district with its imposing Parliament House, Supreme Court and City Hall, little India, Chinatown and the uniquely built Thian Hock Keng Temple. The Botanical Gardens were a mass of every conceivable orchid, flowering in magnificent splendor. The Gem Factory was simply amazing – the craftsmanship superb.

A boat ride down the Singapore River, included amongst the passengers a group of important Tanzanian ministers - on a trip to secure knowledge and finance in airport construction Their Swahili was so *safi* that it took us awhile to realize they were conversing in that dialect!

Mary and I returned later by taxi to the bazaars and shopped. We also rode the huge ferris wheel dubbed 'the Singapore Flyer' – 530 ft at its apex with 28 capsule cars holding 28 people each, and taking half an hour to orbit. The views go without mention. Singapore is the second busiest port in the world, and we counted 180 ships in the straits awaiting attention. Some 600 shipping lines use this port, from tankers, container ships and tourist liners *et.al.* They have one of the world's largest ship building and repair industry, and one of the largest distribution and oil refineries in the Orient. Commerce/Industry is only part of Singapore's livelihood.

The population is four million consisting of 77% Chinese extraction – 14% Malay – 8% Indian and 1% Eurasian.

The name of the Englishman **Raffles** is still revered, and the world famous Raffles Hotel has been restored to its former colonial glory. Like every good tourist to this 'watering hole' we joined the queue at the renowned long bar, and paid about \$17 for the famous Singapore Sling. We departed Singapore somewhat in awe – if this is an example of how thoroughly Asia can operate, then we in

the west have a lot to worry about. We flew out on Singapore Airlines at 0230 on Nov. 30th bound for South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA - December 2008

By flying into time we were able to arrive in Cape Town, the same day we left Singapore. Johannesburg must be the worst airport in the world, especially transferring from international to domestic, but they are still working on it! We got through immigration and customs quickly with no hassles, caught our connecting flight, and were only an hour late arriving in Cape Town! Back in Africa and spoilt by the unpleasant reality of high security, automatic gates, stone walls/razor wire and guard dogs in urban areas.

Met by Hugh **Rowan**, a nephew of Mary's – Hugh's mother Neville was married to the late Simon **Rowan** - and he has been extremely successful in SA. Hugh and wife Bridget live in a very nice, spacious home they built in the Tokai area of Cape Town, and they very hospitably had us for a few days.

Simonstown had once been a British Naval Base, which goes way back historically. Interestingly enough, later talking about Simonstown to George **Murray** of Timau, he said he had been born there – and mentioned the name of the house.

This area is well known for the Jackass Penguins, which we observed nesting on the beach. Apparently their call is a 'bray' similar to that of a donkey! Lunched at St. James where the waitresses were from Zimbabwe!

Walked 18 holes of golf at the nearby Steenburg Golf Club, where Hugh and I lost money to Terry! The hundreds of Egyptian geese were a considerable problem, especially by 'mucking' up the greens.

On Wed. 3rd December, we hired a car from Avis, based in the famous SA Newlands Cricket Stadium, and drove ourselves northwards on the N1. This is spectacular mountainous country, as we skirted the renowned old wine producing town of Paarl and onward to Worcester.

For the next few days we were to travel through one huge, harsh and beautiful mountain range after another. Grapes seem to thrive on this rocky dry country, as there were thousands of acres of vineyards. There were numerous big rivers, which meant that despite the dry conditions water was available.

Lucinda **Kirkaldy** was a **Howden** from the Mombasa/Nairobi roadside ranch 'Wami', near Machakos/Konza. She owns an old and rather run down, historical corner house in Robertson in the Western Cape. Cinda happily lives amongst all her mementos, busily bottles fruit and vegetables, which she sells locally, and rents out a couple of apartments in her complex. She chugs around in an older yellow Mercedes – I can still recall from way back, her Model A Ford, 'Henry'- dickey seat and all! We spent a couple of enjoyable days with her, catching up on 40 years, and looking around this lovely part of the world. Of particular interest were the beautiful trees, flowering shrubs and gardens that each landowner cultivated along the main roads. The bougainvilleas and Jacaranda were magnificent. There was a big thoroughbred stud and miles and miles of vines.

Our next destination was Heather **Rookan-Smith** at Willowmore in the Karoo. We left early via Montagu and had breakfast at the locally well known 'Country Bumpkin' in Barrydale. This was still dry, barren mountainous country, with green fertile valleys. About mid day we started into the rather monotonous Karoo – although those that live here would never exchange it. I must admit, this might possibly be the healthiest climate in SA.

We got lost in Oudtshoorn – a very old historic town famous for its Ostrich farms. Mary was appalled at the hundreds of birds in small paddocks, although it's OK for sheep!

Heather's husband Ian **Rookan-Smith** [KR4687] died some fifteen years ago whilst running a huge ranch in Namibia. Since then Heather has lived in Greyton, Caledon and finally Willowmore in the Eastern Cape. Each time she moved on with a profit, when offered good prices for her existing homes. Along the way she briefly married Bill **Speakman** VC, of Korean War fame – she is one of the many ex's of this valorous fellow who won what is affectionately known as the beer bottle VC!

I was truly amazed to see the largest and most imposing residence in the “‘dorp’” of Willowmore, was owned until their deaths, by Sonny and Cruz **Ghoulie** – ex-Eldoret. They lived here for many years, and I was highly amused when one of the city ‘fathers’ considered Sonny one of the finest Englishmen he had ever met! Small world! Another extraordinary fact which Heather imparted, was that every wagtail hatched in that area of the Karoo, had no left foot! And hard as we looked, we never did see a Wagtail with a left foot.

A glance over the fence at the local golf course was another picture of disbelief – pure dirt/stones/dust. Smooth sanded putting surfaces, and not a blade of grass within miles! I regret not at least trying a round! We spent a couple of nice relaxing days with Heather, talked up a storm, and caught up with all our laundry.

We had booked an early flight out of George for Durban. Unfortunately the mist was too thick for us to see the views from that rather daunting escarpment, on the way to the coast. Handed our hire car in at George Airport – we had driven a VW Polo, which ran very well.

Lydia **Ward** - originally a **Royston** from Sotik, met us in Durban, and for the next few days the girls only stopped talking when absolutely necessary! Mary and Lydia go back a long way, and thereby hangs a tale – when Mary was about eight, her older **Foster** brothers started secondary school, and Mary was left at home with only her parents. The chimps were fun, but they could not giggle and tell stories ‘after lights out’ – neither could they sing or shoot a catapult! So Mama **Foster** placed an ad. in that green covered Kenya Weekly News, to the effect that she wanted a girl companion for her young daughter - to live at home and attend Kaptagat School. Avril **Royston** answered that advert which instigated Lydia’s arrival at Kaptagat. These two subsequently went through their entire schooling together, and remain the very best of friends to this day.

John **Ward** – one time MO at KRTC - had recently died after a long illness bravely born, and Lydia understandably, was sad and lonely and battling with all the closure formalities.

The South African cost of living is very much cheaper than either Australia or New Zealand. The price of petrol in Australia is US\$ 4gal; in SA is US\$ 3.27gal; in Kenya US\$ 4.50gal.

I did the driving to Howick in Lydia’s very nice diesel Kia Sorrento. We called in to see Robbie **Bastard** (son of Hector [KR223] and Jane) who Lydia had not seen for years. He and wife Lynn have worked very hard indeed, and have a successful small tile business at Merrivale – he was also from Sotik.

On Sat. 13/12/08 we attended a quarterly lunch for the KRA(KZ-N) and met up with numerous old buddies, but as we had been to these lunches fairly often over the past few years, we did not have to catch up too far! I gave a short ‘run down’ on the Perth reunion, and passed on a contribution from that body; met up with Keith **Roach** [KR6090], and Laurie **Pearse** [KR6115] whom I had also not seen since the Emergency. Won a Regimental ‘swagger stick’ in the raffle, and sat at a table of ‘old Yorkists’ including. Peter **Mouton**, last seen at school and who made a special effort to attend with his wife Nancy, as guests of Tom **Stephenson**, [KR4512] - we were later to catch up with them in Johannesburg.

It was good to see ex-Kitalians Val (née **Arnold**) and Barry **Jacob** [KR3581], the latter able to walk up and collect his raffle prize – he has had a very bad time with a hip operation, and also sadly, they recently lost a daughter after a long illness. Spike **Bulley** [KR3523] and his wife Jean were there, and I was able to pass on salaams from their two sons, who sat at the same table at the opening dinner in Perth/OZ.

We had tea in Howick, with Simon [KR3977] **Harris** and his wife Angela (née **Dawson-Curry**) (ex-Sotik. They live next door to Margaret **Lead** (née **McKenzie**) and Pete **Manger** [KR4540].

Bruce lent us his car, dubbed the ‘Red Hen’ from previous loans, to go to lunch with Tom and Corrine **Stephenson** at Umkomaas; took the south coast road at Camperdown past some very nice sugar lands around Stony Ridge, and through a large Zulu reservation. Derek [KR4553] and Trish **Rossenrode**, Tom’s sister Mary and Corrine’s sister were all there.

A very pleasant midday meal at the Yellow Wood Restaurant which is run by the daughter of *Spud* [KR6397] and Leslie (née Allan) **Murphy**.

We were all invited to have Christmas lunch with Anne and Peter **Smith** [KR7585] who live close to Bruce. Pete is a cousin, and was born/brought up on the ranch 'Ol'Moridjo' in Laikipia. Anne (née **Campbell**) was from Thomsons Falls. The Smith girls and families had made a great effort to be there for Christmas – Joan (**Bovill**) from UK and Beryl (**Matthew**) from Australia. This meant a large and cheerful gathering of some sixteen souls, sat down to a very well prepared Christmas lunch. Neither Mary nor I had met the families of the 'young' before, so it was an extra bonus to do so.

On Boxing Day, Mary and I boarded a bus at Howick for the very comfortable six hour drive to Johannesburg. It was sad saying good bye to close family, especially my mother. We had been warned that the Johannesburg railway station was not a very safe environment, and that to arrange a reliable Taxi in advance made good sense. An Asian, Mr. **Sacren** runs G.T. Travel Service and he was on time, collected and delivered us very efficiently to our hotel near the Airport. Due to the Christmas holidays there were very few people at the bus station, and even fewer on the roads, so this part of our travels was, apart from the cost of the taxi, painless!

We had decided to put up in the Birchwood Hotel for the Johannesburg leg by choice, which was part of the only ten days we spent in paid accommodation throughout our entire four month trip.

That afternoon Peter and Nancy **Mouton** took us out to their small holding near Johannesburg, for a 'braai' and a visit. I went to secondary school with Peter, and had recently reconnected with them at the Kenya Regt. lunch in Natal. Mary was amazed to learn that Peter grew up only a few miles from Kaptagat Farm – in fact she clearly recalled the plough disc sign board of 'A.J. *Mouton*', not far down the road to Eldoret. Peter is a self employed surveyor by trade and has done very well. They raise mutton sheep on the smallholding, security fenced electrically like you would not believe - twice they have been beaten up and robbed, once right at the front door of their home – scary! They also breed parrots of every variety. Nancy is amazingly clever with her arts and crafts.

Cousin Brien **Rookan-Smith** was Ian Smith's Secretary in the days of the Rhodesian UDI. He and Lise have only recently left Bulawayo – they were mugged in a retirement village - to live in a nice apartment in a good area of Joburg. Their son William is an SAA pilot and lives nearby, with wife Margy and two sons. We spent the day with them catching up on all their news, and wishing them well in their new home.

We flew out of South Africa for Kenya on 29th December 2008.

KENYA - JANUARY '09.

Mary and I landed in Nairobi on Dec.29th amidst utter chaos. To begin with South African Airways had put our Joburg/Nairobi flight back from the morning until the afternoon, which meant missing our Mombasa connection.

In flight, we sat next to a very pleasant, well spoken Kenyan, who ran his own travel agency in Nairobi and at one time had worked for Abercrombie& Kent. He was returning from a large Luo family wedding in Port Elizabeth SA!

The Kenya officials were handwriting the receipts for the visa fees, and it took literally hours getting through Immigration. Then, unbeknownst to us, the coast was in total 'lock down' for a visiting holy man or 'Mullah' from the Middle East. There were Ismailies from all over the world converging on Mombasa, and you could not beg, borrow or steal a seat on any flight to the coast! In desperation we even considered taking a taxi to Likoni, at KShs 24,000 – considering the road, cheap at the price!

After much discussion we decided to stay right there at the check-in counter, until they got us seats. We slept on those hard plastic chairs, thereby retaining our places at the front of the line, and did not get onto a plane until 10h30 next day – due entirely to Mary's friendliness with the stewardesses.

One young Moslem man from Dubai berated and loudly insulted the EAA ticketing personnel to such an extent, they eventually put him onto a Mombasa flight. Had this been me, they would have locked me up in a heartbeat.

At least four full flights departed prior to ours, and we eventually got onto the late morning flight. It was interesting to see that most of the airlines personnel also slept in their offices at the airport. Moslems kept on arriving in hoards to attend this 'Hajj' in Mombasa, which was inundated by 40,000+ that week alone.

Most Kenya folk now appear to contact a tame taxi driver for airport runs, and Phillip delivered us to the Mombasa Club through a jam packed old town. Mary's brother Francis [KR3734] was held up in traffic – the vehicles backed up to the ferry on the Likoni side, sometimes stretching back a mile or two!

The Fosters' place on the south coast is a very favorite place, especially for Mary, who has known it forever. It is a really beautiful part of the world, and has not changed much over the years. The cottages are smarter and more visitor-friendly and they have a very good efficient manager in Sheila **Wilkinson**. The same old *watu* are always delighted to see one.

Unfortunately, the reef appears fished out and the sea urchins have become a menace. Francis has done a great job on his home, and has a very good crew looking after him. His main objective in life at present is to get the **Foster** book published. Trish **Fenwick** was there fastidiously assisting in the process.

Over the years Francis has instigated a bonfire on the beach in order to see the New Year in. The cottage guests and some locals ensured a happy party, amid fireworks and good cheer. The billiards version of cricket was played on the old Kaptagat table amongst much hilarity. Francis built a very nice separate billiard room a few years ago, with air-conditioning, bathroom facilities, old family photos and pictures - the lot!

Diani has a very good, cheap Cyber Café with cable internet, which I frequently used. Anthony **Rowan** is the general manager for Sand Island Beach, and has some very constructive ideas for the development of this family property. He and wife Anthea (née **Stephen**) and family arrived from Tabora, where he works for the Tanzania Tobacco Co.

Lilian **Gardner** (née **Begg**) and Velia **Carn** (née **Tellatin**) drove up from Dar for a few days. It was a delight to meet a family from SA staying at the cottages, who had originally farmed at Ol'Kalou, and were related to the 'fighting **Enslins**' of Eldoret fame!

After a week at the coast and with Mary, Francis and Trish engrossed in the 'book', I borrowed a car from Francis and took off up-country. The vehicle was a very nice Toyota station wagon, with about 6" of clearance, and many is the time I physically winced driving over rocks/potholes and speed bumps.

Anthony had advised that the Kwale road through to Samburu was in good shape, and as we live on the south coast I duly set out on my own early one morning along this route. Now for those that live here, the state of the roads is a non issue – good or bad. I shall never be able to get used to the utter devastation of seemingly impassable, once good roads! It took me three hours to get to Samburu, all the while nursing my car along.

Then onto a new tar road to Ulu. The driving has to be seen to be believed – there are hundreds of slow moving trucks and if you slow down for safety, everything else including hundreds of '*matatus*', overtakes you without even 'blinking'. So you become like Stirling Moss 'in drag', take the most appalling risks, whilst travelling as fast as possible - in fact having just overtaken a whole line of trucks over a rise, you check yourself in the mirror in utter amazement, and think 'I can't believe I just did that!' Kenya has a very effective way of slowing traffic, and the thousands of 'sleeping policemen' (speed bumps) on all the roads are a necessary menace.

From Ulu into Nairobi was one appalling deviation after another, and I am lost for an adequate description of them. I can recall at one time thinking that I should pull over and take time out to recover from sheer fright – but the act of stopping meant being run over, so one clung to the wheel, white knuckled and red eyed, and battled on as best one could. As mentioned, I had not much

clearance, and the underneath of that car took a beating. The roundabouts along Uhuru Highway were jam-packed, and despite the color of the traffic lights, the Police directed traffic.

It took me ten hours to get to the front door of Muthaiga Country Club, dusty, dishevelled and badly in need of a large drink!

I never did get used to the Kenya roads, which the locals take in their stride - they have no option. But they do remind me of that rather inane joke – if you drive at night and see a reflection from what you think is a ‘cat’s eye’ reflector, take heed because it is the eyes of a giraffe which is standing in a pothole in the middle of the road!

As mentioned in previous correspondence, Muthaiga CC continues unspoilt and as good as ever. The present Secretary, Stuart **Veitch** (ex Nyeri) is married to Finn/Pam **Ross**’s lovely daughter June. This place has so many happy memories that it seems like a homecoming to those of us who have been away so long. Standing at the bar later that evening, I bumped into Rusty **Miller** [KR4456] and Roger **Corfield** (son of the author of the Corfield Report) - and later still, had drinks with the Larry **Sutcliffe** family.

The next day I took the quicker/safer Kiambu/Ruiru road to the Blue Posts Hotel at Thika, where I met up with Barbara and Ronnie **Boy** [KR3730] (ex Kitale). They continue to happily live in a rented house on a nearby coffee shamba, but were worried that it might be sold. I had in mind to try visiting Jill **Johnson**, and went via Nyeri town and Mweiga, but was unable to find the way.

The tar road to Doldol is now complete, so Eddie [KR6499] and Bisto (née **Dewar**) **Fernandes** have a good road most of the way home, and they very hospitably put me up for the next few days. Eddie was very lame from a 17 year old hip replacement ‘popping out’ on the golf course. I have since heard that he is as good as new again, having had it fixed in SA.

Laikipia was in the throes of a serious drought, in fact the Nanyuki River had all but stopped running at the end of their garden. Droughts are nothing new to this part of the world – I see from my mother’s notes, that during WW 2 with my father away in the Army, she had to move most of the cattle off the farm ‘Glen Avon’ for a whole year. My cousin Peter **Smith** recently wrote that in ‘54/55 they had no rain at all on the adjacent property, astraddle the Pesi River. They had cattle farmed out on **Hauschild** and **Herman** land at Ol’Kalou, in the Aberdares and Nanyuki – and this was during the Emergency.

My mother once wrote that of all the places she has lived during her long life, she thought that Laikipia had the best/healthiest climate. Despite the dry, it was gloriously clear, crisp weather. Whilst with Eddie and Bisto we met up with cousin Alick **Roberts** [KR7450], who is a neighbor and still hunting professionally.

I had not seen Sarah **Jenkins** (née **Woodall**) for ages, and was delighted to see her looking so well, after her severe health problems. She married cousin Peter **Jenkins** [KR4311] of Meru and National Parks fame. Peter sadly is no longer with us, and Sarah rents a small cottage on Guy **Grant**’s farm, part of the year.

Played golf at Nanyuki Sports Club with Brian **Allen** and sons – the ground was as hard and unyielding as any course I have ever been on – like iron! Brian’s father Nick [KR3225] and I played a lot of representative polo, in the old days – as also with his uncle Jeremy **Allen** [KR3987].

We called in on Rogue **Barkas** [KR5866], who was as cheerful as ever, and sadly recently passed away. He was surrounded by his large and loving family, and his memorial service was packed with folk from far and wide. Peggy still looks like she did 30 years ago!

Had lunch with a very gracious and equally young looking, Jane **Tatham Warter** (née **Boyd**). Her late husband Digby [Ed: *Digby was awarded the DSO at Arnhem where he led a bayonet charge wearing a bowler hat and brandishing an umbrella. When told he would be useless against German fire, he replied “What if it rains? – extract from Karl Shaw’s **Curing Hiccups with Small Fires**”] was captain of Kenya polo, when the Allens and I made up the rest of the team.*

Whilst I was in SA. I read that the highest price paid for a pedigree bull that year was US\$9,000, and it was a Boran Bull of Kenya bloodlines. I was therefore very interested to see these cattle in

their native land, and to compare them with what I used to recall. Next door is the ranch ‘Mogooni’, and Jackie **Kenyon** very kindly showed me his bull herd. I was very impressed – they breed a very good type of animal, and I think have certainly maintained or maybe even improved the quality.

Simon **Barkas** and wife Yvette (née **Yakas**) also live on a plot along the Nanyuki River, as do Johnnie **Yakas** and the **Wreford Smiths**. Andy will be remembered as growing sisal at Kampi ya Moto, whilst his wife Joan (née **Ward**) was a senior at Nakuru School with me.

On a bright sunny morning I set off for Timau. Eddie assured me that my vehicle had no hope of coping with that Ngare Ndare escarpment and very kindly lent me his Landrover. I took the short cut from the Doldol road to the Timau road, past George **Webb**’s old farm – dust, *watu* and plastic bags everywhere.

Had arranged to call in and have a ‘cuppa’ with Delulu **Upson** – daughter of Peter [KR4545] and Chou and manager of the Llewellyn’s Ol’Donyo farm at lower Timau. Security into all these establishments is strict, with guards, gates and radios. Delulu was waiting at the gate, in shorts and army style boots – with her short hair and from a distance, I thought her to be a teenage Kenya Cowboy!

In upper Timau and on the slopes of Mt. Kenya are those very good and highly productive farms, Lewa Downs, Kisima, Embori and Marania on the Meru boundary. I was to spend a couple of days at ‘Marania’ where I also met Jimmy and Rose **Caldwell** (ex-Sotik). Irralie and George **Murray** have been on ‘Marania’ for 60 odd years, and this must be one of the best and most productive farms anywhere. The view over the NFD is spectacular. The large acreage under wheat looked very good, and I understand that they expect triple the yield I was used to in bygone days. It was unfortunate that there were literally hundreds of reed buck, and even some waterbuck, feeding in the wheatfields. I even saw Thompsons Gazelle in the pastures! The Kenya game laws do not allow for control under these circumstances.

Gordon **Murray** on the lower farm ‘Loromarik’, had just had a prize Boran Bull and a horse killed by lion. Their grandson Jamie is now general manager and his wife Danni is very much into the Pirelli Horsemanship training program. I mentioned that I frequently drive by the Pirelli HQ in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. Their daughter Rowena (**Gross**) and family had recently moved back to ‘Marania’ *en famille* – after many years in Nairobi. They all play polo, and George likened the place to resembling Knightsbridge Barracks – being the HQ of the British Household Cavalry! I must admit to there being horses everywhere.

George drove me round the farm, and we inspected the intended ‘Elephant Right of Way’ through a good portion of ‘Marania’. The fence is being funded by Richard **Branson** of Virgin Atlantic, and the jury is still out as to what problems will accompany its completion! Due to intensive African settlement on the Meru side, this corridor will allow elephant to migrate from Mt. Kenya to the Ngare Ndare forest, and presumably allow everything else back up it?

My next stop was to spend a few days with Rose and Tony **Dyer** [KR7554] at Ngare Ndare in what was Will **Powys**’ home during his later years. They seem to have more guests than the nearby ‘Borana’ Lodge, due to lack of tourists! Meals on the verandah are always interesting, as the assorted resident birds are very much part of the action! ‘Borana’ Ranch is now run virtually as a tourist game area, there were elephant all over the place plus a large variety of other dry country game. Michael **Dyer** runs Borana and they specialize in game rides on horseback

We drove up to the top of ‘Kisima’ via the fairly good forest road. Charlie Dyer is the GM and they are trying to utilize every sq. inch under arable. He has over the years planted a large acreage of assorted millable timber, and they were constructing a larger sawmill on the place. Sheep which at one time were the mainstay of ‘Kisima’, are now relegated to the inaccessible parts of the farm, and act as ‘lawnmowers’ under intense rotational grazing management. Martin **Dyer** oversees the flower production, and they specialize in a particular lovely colour of rose.

I returned Eddie’s Landrover with *mingi* thanks and spent the night. Bisto originated from a nearby farm to us in the Soy area of the Uasin Guishu. Eddie and Bisto have been very good friends for a long time, and his bachelor party at Soy Club in the early 60s, nearly destroyed the Club!

Clive **Aggett** is a cousin and lives on the Laikipia plains, the Nanyuki side of Rumuruti. He inherited ‘Kifuku’ from his father, that outstanding stockman and linguist Uncle George (GC)

Aggett who spoke a number of native languages, particularly Maasai. Clive has over the years built five good large dams on the place, and a stone wall round the property. Unfortunately elephant have knocked the walls down in places, despite an electric elephant fence. Obviously at times, there have been elephant both inside and outside this fence! He has built himself an ingenious home on the dry side of the road, captures every drop of water in storage tanks and has all sorts of labour saving devices within the house.

Arap Sang must have grown up with Clive, as he worked for GC before 'Kifuku', and as '*maitre d'*' looked after us extremely well the few days I was there. Clive and I chatted for hours about past family events, some stories I had not heard, and others had a different slant to them! He was a fund of information, and I really enjoyed getting to know him better. Despite being born next door, we moved from Laikipia very early on, and never caught up.

His daughter **Mary Dodds** lives in an older home on the big dam, and is a *fundi* on aloes. Son George has given up flying, and now lives in the original homestead, where they were all brought up. It was a great pleasure to eventually meet them.

I had trouble eventually finding petrol in Nyaruru whilst on my way to Menengai. The beautiful Sabukia valley is still impressive, but rather crowded and a patch work of *shambas*. The road over the shoulder and through Bahati to Nakuru is one continuous '*jua khali*' kiosk after another – wall to wall *watu* everywhere!

Peter and Carol **Barclay** live on a large wheat farm on the slopes of Menengai, and some of the land actually is part of the crater. The **Barclays** and relations have been in this area since way back. Once again I spent a couple of very enjoyable days here. Peter was having a worrying time selling last years' wheat, which was still in his silos. The demand was there, but lack of money and corruption is an even greater and increasing factor. Son Jonti runs the place, and had recently imported six very nice polo ponies which had been flown up from SA.

I was very kindly included in a Sunday lunch invitation at Deloraine - for which I was very grateful. This was the original home of Lord Francis **Scott**, on the slopes of Londiani Mt, and often visited in the old days, by the **Duke and Duchess of Gloucester** – in fact part of the approaching track is still known as the Gloucester Road.

Cindy and Tristan **Voorspuy** lease the large house/garden and some land, from which to run their well known horse safari business. Cindy's father Brian **McIntosh** [KR7908], at one time ran the bottom Lewa Downs, which is now the conservancy. On this particular day they had just completed taking out an Australian group, who had transferred from India, after the Mumbai bombings.

The road from Nakuru to Naivasha is new, realigned and in good order. The driving is still fast and dangerous, but what the heck, one cannot have everything at one time! There is a disused toll gate on the main road a few miles on from Gilgil, around which traffic was being diverted. There was little order as traffic took to the bush in dust that must have been a foot deep. Visibility for a minute or two was zero, despite headlights and wipers, and I experienced a moment of blind panic, quite expecting to be rammed and run over front/back!

Franny **Simpson** lives on 'Marula' on the east shore of Lake Naivasha – the big Ramsden Estate later bought by the Italian **Bisleti** family. Hugh **Simpson** is presently growing vegetables in the Sudan, on a huge irrigation scheme north of Khartoum. Franny kindly had me to stay in their guest cottage, whilst visiting friends in the area. It was here we watched President **Obama**'s inauguration on TV, which impressed Franny. Her father George **Knaggs** [KR3695] was a great friend, who oddly enough took ill right there, whilst walking the dogs, and sadly died in Kijabe hospital. She is a prominent Kenya artist, and has her shop/restaurant right there in the garden. Oddly enough her shop is the old assistant manager's house, where the Dane **Brothby** shot and killed Billy **Aggett** in 1949, following an altercation about the former's girlfriend. Jean **Bristow** (née **Hawkins**) remembers the incident well, as her father was the GM of Marula at that time.

I visited Tony [KR4980] and Sarah **Seth-Smith** (née **Fielden**) in their lovely home on the shores of the lake, close to Crater Lake. Whilst Tony was waging a constant battle with poachers/snares, the wildlife on his acreage was spectacular – buffalo, zebra, giraffe, eland, impala, and warthog - all lying around/on his driveway! Of interest was the increasing number of baboon I encountered on most roads, begging along the wayside!

I used the good tarred south road round the lake, as the north one was not recommended. The *watu*, cyclists, *matatus* were out on it in force, all working on those huge flower farms. Had tea with Harry and Flip **Milbank** who lease Kitch and Mildred **Morson's** lovely old home. Harry is [KR6122] Mark's son (Machakos/DOY etc), and works for a flower company.

Called in on Francis **Erskine** [KR3599], but he was away. We later spoke on the phone – he is as well as can be expected he says, though getting pretty *poli poli*. - sounded as feisty as ever.

Edwin and Jean **Bristow** live on a very nice, treed lot off Lower Kabate Rd. During their long married life they have improved/renovated their very nice comfortable home, and kindly had me to stay. Eddie and I were together in 'O' Coy and he was bestman at our wedding 50 years ago! He has a large, older Toyota Landcruiser, which he stoically drove through the backstreets and highways to the Ruiru Golf Club, amidst some pretty horrendous traffic! We picked up Pat **Smith**, now retired at Muthaiga, and ex 'Loldeiga and Solio Ranches'. Sam **Herman-Gill** [KR4723] whom I had not seen since leaving school, kindly lent me a good set of clubs. Another golfer was Colin **Chapman** who was also at school with me, both in Kirk Housel.

Because the course was dry and the rules permitted a 'preferred lie'. Caddies duly carted bags, offered advice and politely remained silent after those 'bloody hell' shots! The old club house had volumes of recorded history on the Honours Boards, and there were a large number of African members playing. Ed and I attended the Friday curry lunch at the Kenya Regiment clubhouse where we met up with Jock **Anderson** [KR4781], Julian **Goodwin** [KR6651], Dennis [KR4094] and Jane **Leete**, and others.

On Saturday Jan. 24th I set off at dawn for the coast. Not being able to face the usual road to Mombasa again, I opted to go via Machakos. Getting to Machakos was pretty hairy, but at least there was very little traffic. The road to Makindu via Woje was good tar, scenically interesting, and although longer once again devoid of traffic. I also opted to go via Mombasa town and the ferry. Interestingly enough I took ten hours for both outward and inward bound trips, and concluded that you at least need a big vehicle and to just 'go for it'! In the 'old days', I seem to recall this trip Nairobi/Mombasa took about six hours, including a puncture!

After five days at the coast, Francis had kindly decided to drive us to Nairobi, and then continue up country on a fishing trip. We had plenty of clearance in the Landcruiser, and duly sailed over everything. Up high and as a passenger, the roads seemed much better!

We arrived back in the US on Jan. 31st. having been away four months, without a sick day, a puncture or any serious problems! Switched on the electrics, turned on the water, cranked up the vehicles and were in business. The rainguage recorded 2" during this our dry period.

We were struck during our travels how everyone had aged gracefully - except of course ourselves, who we thought had not aged at all - until presented with a larger mirror! Small wonder as some 40 years has flowed beneath that old bridge. One close woman friend, emphatically stated that she recognized Mary all right, but had no idea 'who the hell she was travelling with'!

Some of course have had numerous spare parts inserted, and most of us blokes have lost the necessity to part our hair. Some chests have slipped so far south, that kneecaps are being displaced. Baggy eyes covered by thick glasses here and there, and some were noticed invoking the sign of the Cross prior to leaving home - something to do with 'spectacles' and ending with 'wallet and watch'. Boobs are being restrained by stout belts, and some 'pearly' whites tended to 'clack'. That vague look during a conversation meant that they had not heard a word you had spoken, and still worse, you were unable to remember what you had been talking about.

Some have been thru' some incredibly hard times, and all have had their share of sadness. Some have passed on, and we remember them for the good times of sunshine and laughter. A few old 'pilots' have been grounded for reasons unknown, and have now to put up with the indignity of being flown by their middle aged sons, or God forbid, their grandchildren. Most have done well and are contentedly retired.

But despite slower moving and sometimes scruffy exteriors, we were all the same old *watu* at heart, that we always were - and thank goodness for that. God bless us all - the long, the short and the tall - the thin, the fat and the bald!

Mary and I will celebrate our '50th' in September 2009. Our oldest grandchild was 21 in February and we wonder where all those years have gone. One cannot help but question whether we perhaps could have done better - what if?

We both are so grateful to have had the opportunity on this trip, to once again meet up with each and every one of you. With thanks, gratitude and *mingi* salaams, and we wish all of you continued health, happiness and prosperity.

REUNION PHOTOS

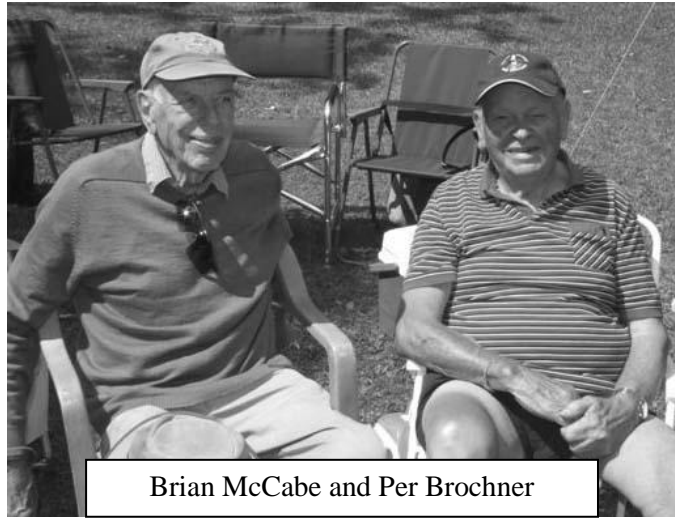
KRA(NZ)



Jane Reynolds, Stan and Chris Ulyate, Lofty Reynolds and Penny Read



Christine Schofield, Gertie Taylor, Beryl and Dale Pickford



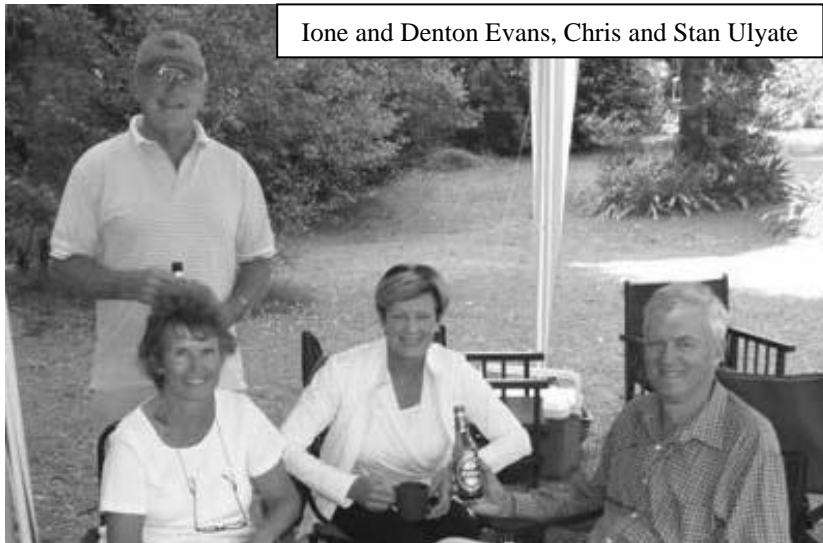
Brian McCabe and Per Brochner



Jimmy Bruce, Mike Innes Walker, Arthur Schofield



Fred Graf, Dale Pickford, Ken Elliott



LOOKING BACK



Eddie Good [KR4411] <egoode@bigpond.net.au > sent in this photo requesting names. Brian Bowyer [KR4474] added a few. If you recognize any of the others please contact Eddie.,

L/R: Ernie Nicholson [KR4503], Gordon Wood [KR4517], Dick Usher [KR4657], Brian Bowyer. Eddie Good. Extreme right is the Greek owner of the Pop-In Restaurant

KRA(WA) at Francis and Maureen Keast's home – 20/09/2009



Left to Right. Front row: Janice King, Pat Campbell-Clause, Pat martin.
2nd/3rd row sitting: Heather Hunter, Veronica Tucker, Val O'Toole, Vivienne Springer, Joan Gasson, Marlene Lutkens, Ferry Young, Elaine McFarlane, Elaine Ellis, Beryl Knowlden, Margery Eckhart



Front row: Francis Keast, Ayylwin Halligan-Jolly, Tony Tucker
2nd row: Richard Tredget, Mark Young, Joe King, Jim Landells, Ian Cambell-Claus,
3rd row: Chris Knowlden, Tony Williamson, Alan Martin, Rory O'Toole
4th row: Peter Eckhart, Roger Lutkens, John Harris

ROYAL AIR FORCE LINCOLN BOMBER CRASHES AT GITHUNGURI

[Bryan **Harris**]

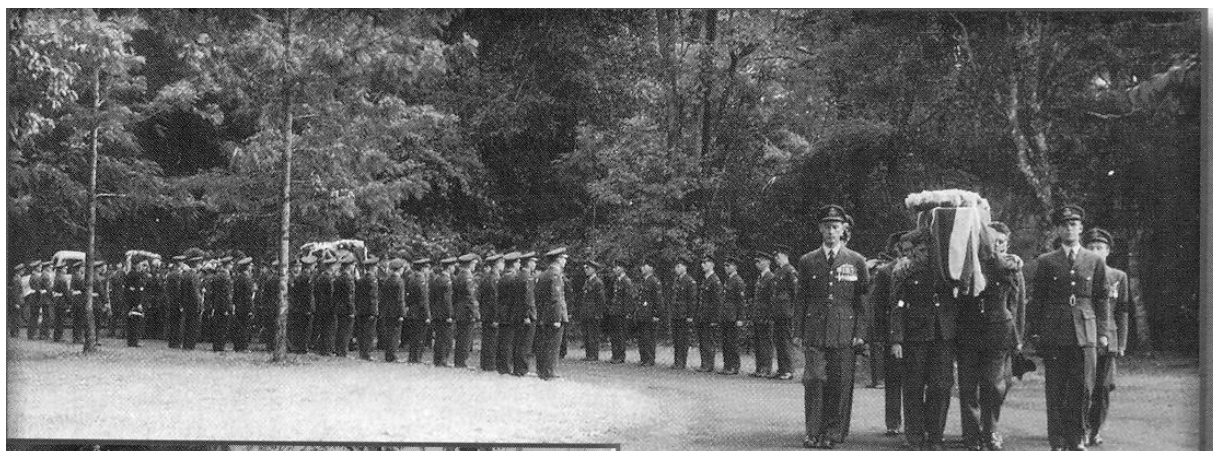
On February 19th, 1955, during the Emergency an RAF Lincoln bomber belonging to No 49 Squadron based at Eastleigh aerodrome, crashed near the town of Githunguri some fifteen kilometres northwest of Kiambu.



Crew members of SX984

The bomber, serial number SX984, with six crew members on board, was returning from a bombing and strafing mission over the Aberdares, the actual target area being the Kipipiri forest. The pilot, Flying Officer Alan **Hunt**, decided to carry out unauthorized low passes over the Police Officers' Mess at Githunguri, where he knew a number of his RAF colleagues were spending the afternoon. The Mess was situated near the top of a hill overlooking the town with the police station itself lying halfway down towards the main Uplands - Ruiru road.

On the third pass Hunt misjudged the height needed to clear the top of the hill and hit the roof of the building, tearing off parts of the starboard wing, tail plane and lower rudder. The aircraft went out of control, climbed steeply for about 100 metres, and then stalled before going into a near vertical dive and crashing 500 metres south of the police station. **Hunt** and four other crew members died instantly in the resulting inferno, but the tail-gunner, Sergeant Stanley **Bartlett**, was thrown clear still inside the rear turret and taken to Kiambu hospital, and then to the Military hospital in Nairobi where he died five hours later as a result of burns and other serious injuries. Four civilians on the ground, two of them children, also died.



Above: The six crew members were buried with full military honours in City Park Cemetery - in a section where there are perhaps twenty other military graves from the period 1952 to 1955, together with numerous civilian graves dating back many years.

I was still at school when the fateful accident occurred and I have no recollection of it, although it was comprehensively reported together with a photograph of the wreckage on the front page of the East African Standard of Monday, February 21, 1955. Two days later, the paper listed the names of the dead aircrew. Fortunately, both newspapers are available for inspection in the archives of the McMillan Memorial Library in Wabera Street where, for a fee of Ksh200, I was able to read and photograph the relevant sections of the newspaper.



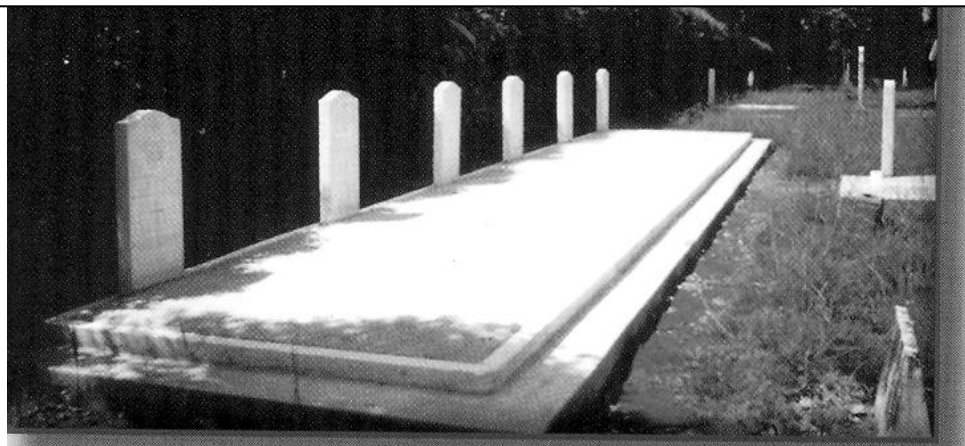
My part in the story began in June 2009 when I received a telephone call from Richard **Barlett-May** informing me that he and his wife Donna, were planning a visit Kenya and he wished to visit his father's grave and the site of the crash. Richard was an only child and eighteen months old living in England alone with his mother Bertha at the time of his father's death. His mother remarried several years later. Richard, however, maintained his father's surname, some years later adding his stepfather's name by Deed Poll. Over the years, Richard, who has been based in the USA since 1981, had been able to amass a good deal of information surrounding his father's death with differing accounts of the accident and its aftermath, but he had never been to Kenya. He hoped 'to have some form of closure' by resolving anomalies relating to the crash. Curiously, there was another matter concerning the actual grave that he wished to investigate.

Left: Photograph of the temporary wooden crosses erected soon after the funeral showed that the locations of his father's grave and that of another crew member had been transposed when the permanent Portland stone headstones were put in place.

Originally the row of six graves had progressed logically with Alan **Hunt's** on the left and ending with Stanley **Bartlett's** on the extreme right.

I spent two days in and around Nairobi with Richard and Donna. Our first call was to a section of City Park Cemetery approached from the Limuru Road entrance. We were guided straight to the right location, which is in general disrepair, due to benign neglect with some of the civilian headstones toppled through decay or perhaps vandalism. Richard had brought a stainless steel flask containing family memorabilia, which he buried beside his father's grave. I had arranged for two wreaths, which he laid on this and on the grave of another crew member, Sergeant Alan North, at the request of several surviving members of the squadron in the UK.

The row of six graves marks the final resting place of the air crew in Nairobi City Park Cemetery



The following day we drove to Githunguri, another first for me. Fifty four years ago it was probably no more than a village, but today it is a sprawling, substantial town. We found the police station identified by the Kenya Police flag fluttering on the town side of the hill and were escorted to meet the resident Chief Inspector who, while knowing nothing of the accident, willingly made a number of telephone calls to several local residents he thought likely to have lived in Githunguri in 1955, or who would know people still living today who had.

This quickly bore fruit and it was arranged for us to meet an elderly lady who had witnessed the accident from her home a mere 100 metres from the actual crash site, but first we climbed the hill to

the present day police canteen (mess), which was then reserved for officers. Githunguri hill is the highest point in any direction for probably 20 kilometres and is an almost straight line from the Aberdares to the north and Eastleigh aerodrome to the south. With good visibility the hilltop commands views on all sides but it being an overcast July day, we had to rely upon the Chief Inspector pointing out the direction of Nairobi and other landmarks.

He then took us to what is today the location of the Kiambu Accountancy College where it was arranged for us to meet the aforementioned lady. She turned out to be a sprightly 76-year-old named **Phelia**. With two of her daughters in attendance, she took us to the exact site of the crash, pointing out where she had emerged from her dwelling on hearing the Lincoln flying low overhead on the first of its three passes. She told of witnessing the aircraft when it struck the top of the hill, caught fire and crashed not far from where she was standing. She said the impact explosion and the ensuing fireball was intense and people ran away in fear. It is estimated that the Lincoln had over 1000 gallons of fuel still on board. Not only did she remember the exact date and that it was a Saturday afternoon, but the fact that the Lincoln had made three runs over the town, which we all considered remarkable after the passage of so many years.

She also confirmed that one of the crew (Richard's father) had been thrown clear and had survived in spite of his dreadful injuries. She went on to say that her brother-in-law, Paul **Karia**, who had served with the British forces in WW II, had carried Richard's father from where he was found, to the road where a police Land Rover took him to Kiambu hospital. She learned later that evening that Richard's father had died in the British Military Hospital in Nairobi. Aside from standing at Stanley **Bartlett's** grave in City Park, this was the most poignant moment of the two days.

The aftermath was that the Air Ministry controlling the Royal Air Force released cautiously guarded findings of the Board of Inquiry to the effect that the crash was caused by the irresponsibility of the pilot who had been admonished only the day before the crash by his Commanding Officer regarding low flying.

Bertha **Bartlett**, Richard's mother, was refused a widow's pension on the grounds that the Emergency was a 'Police' and not a war-time action with the result that the death of her husband, although on active duty and wearing an RAF uniform, did not entitle her to receive full benefits. This distinction also explains why the Lincoln crew, together with other British military personnel who died in Kenya between 1952 and subsequently, are not buried in a Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery.

Four Lincolns - they entered service in Kenya in 1953 - were lost during the Emergency; one of them flew into Mount Kinangop during a night mission, two crashed on take-off, and SX984 which crashed at Githunguri.

The Lincoln, a hybrid of the World War II Lancaster, was the RAF's front line bomber until superseded by the V bombers of the jet age. The Lancaster design also evolved as the York civilian airliner used by BOAC on service to Kenya and saw finality in the Shackleton maritime patrol aircraft, which was phased out of RAF service in the 1990s.

Whether the bombing and strafing of the Aberdares achieved any real military purpose apart from harming and scaring civilians and wildlife remains a moot point. Certainly the method of identifying targets whereby the Lincolns released their bombs onto flares dropped into the dense forest by spotter aircraft must have been an extremely haphazard and hazardous affair, but I've been told the powers that be at the time claimed it had a profound psychological effect and boosted morale.

What is certain is that following one such bombing mission, six RAF crew members died in a fiery crash at Githunguri and that Richard **Bartlett-May** had a chance to come to Kenya to pay his final respects to the father he never knew, Stanley **Bartlett**, the tail gunner who died from injuries suffered in the crash.

[Ed: This article, reproduced by kind permission of the author, first appeared in Issue 25 of *Old Africa* – October-November 2009. As would I, Richard **Bartlett-May** would be pleased to hear from anyone who can provide information and/or photographs relating to the crash and its aftermath <rbm1953@cox.net>]