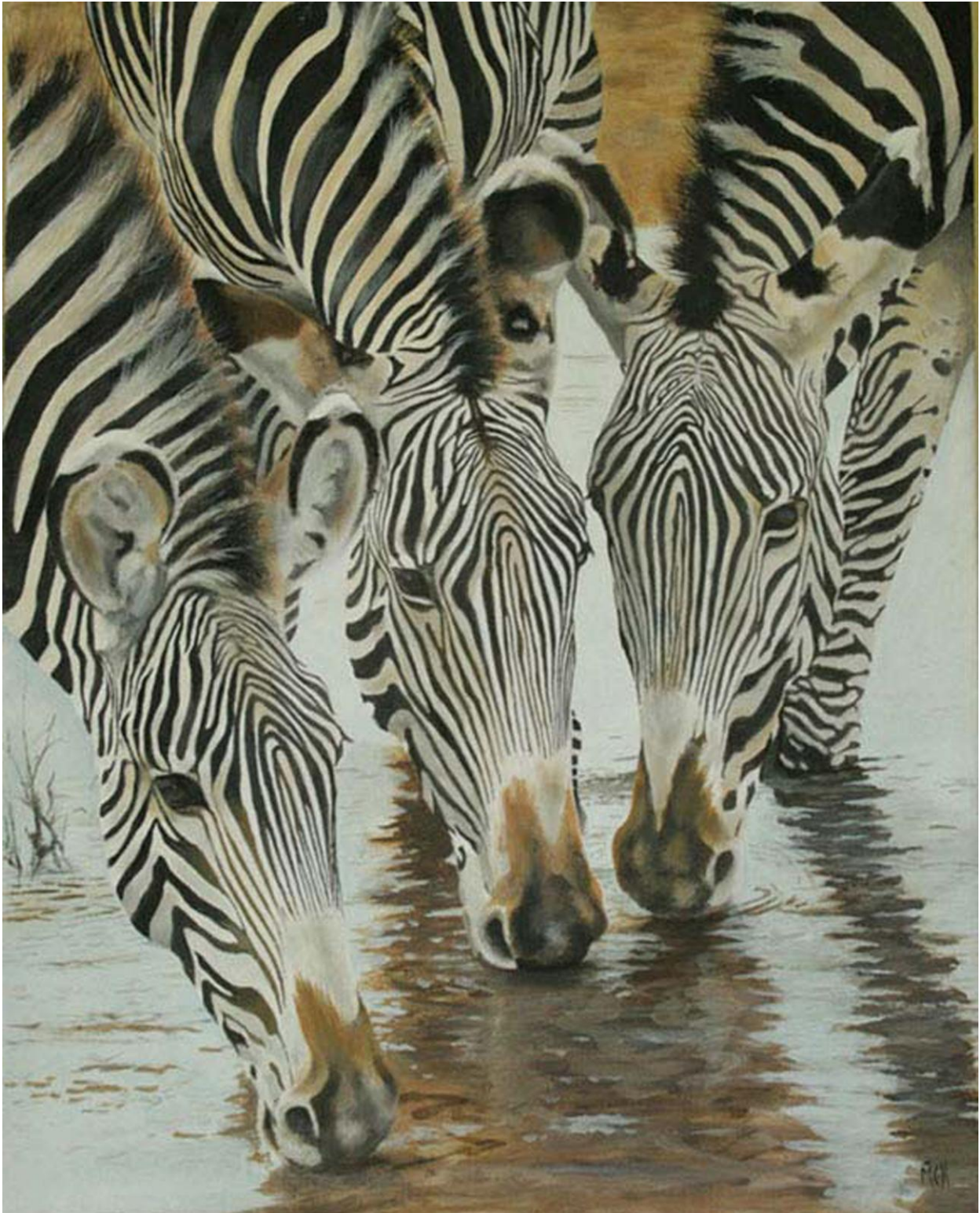


mini-SITREP XXXIX



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2012

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Sun 12th Aug
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Raj Palace, Main Beach Sun ??th Nov
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra Sun 25th Mar
Contact: Giles Shaw <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>
EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney Sun ??rd Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester Sun ? Jul
AGM and Lunch: The Rifles London Club, Davies St Wed 14th Nov
Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse 11th Nov
Contact: George McKight <george@macnaughton.co.ke>

NEW ZEALAND

Global Reunion - Rotorua, New Zealand 18/25th Feb
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz> or
Arthur Schofield <crisnrthr@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 19th Jul
Contact: Jock Boyd. Tel: 021-794 6823 <mcluckie@kingsleyemail.co.za>
Johannesburg: Lunch at Rivonia Recreation Club Apr & Oct (TBA)
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar: 18/03; 17/6; 16/9; 16/12
Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or
Jenny/Bruce Rookan-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

Editor: Bruce Rookan-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, South Africa
Tel/Fax: 033-330 4012. <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

Kenya Regiment Website. The website is presently being taken over by Graeme Morrison, Iain's son. [Ed: *On behalf of all members of KRA, I would like to thank Heather Melck, for her dedication and patience in designing, jumpstarting, fine tuning and updating the original website.*]

[Ed: *My thanks to proof reader Ayliffe Hall. Sadly, one of our longest serving proof readers, John Allen, died recently in Australia.*]

Front cover: GREVY'S ZEBRA [REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST, MICHAEL CARR-HARTLEY]
[Ed: *Since the 1970s, the number of Grevy's zebra, has decreased from 15,000 to 3,000*]

Back cover: SAND ISLAND BEACH, DIANI, KENYA SOUTH COAST. [PHOTO BY RICHARD MANGER]

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

SNIPPETS FROM THE PAST: THE TRANSLATION OF FUNGA SAFARI: AND THE VETERAN SALUTE

Funga safari, funga upesi
(Begin the journey, begin quickly)
Funga safari, funga upesi
(Begin the journey, begin quickly)
Amri ya nani?
(Whose order?)
Amri ya Bwana Kapiteni
(The Captain's order)
Amri ya KAR
(The KAR's order)

Funga safari, nenda vitani
(Begin the journey, go to war)
Funga safari, nenda vitani
(Begin the journey, go to war)
Pigana na shinda
(Fight and defeat)
Pigana na shinda maadui
(Fight and defeat the enemy)
Walale maandaki
(Who are sleeping at their trenches)

Shinda maadui, rudi kwetuni
(Beat the enemy, return home)
Watoto wanaongoja
(The children are waiting)
Wakapiga makofi
(They clap their hands)
Anza kulima shamba
(Begin to cultivate the farm)
Chunga ngombe kwetuni
(Herd cattle at home)
Chunga ishini
(Herd for life)

Readers will have noticed at any Remembrance Service, or when passing a Cenotaph, that veterans place their right hands over their medals, many believing that they are placing their 'Hands over their Hearts' in 'Respect or Remembrance of their Fallen Comrades'. This is not so.

The Veterans' Salute to their 'Fallen Comrades' originated in London on Armistice Day in 1920, during the ceremony to unveil and dedicate the Cenotaph in Whitehall. At the same time, a funeral procession accompanying the remains of the 'Unknown Soldier' halted at the Cenotaph, before proceeding to Westminster Abbey for internment. Those present included the senior sailor, soldier, airman, and many Victoria and George Cross winners. The ceremony concluded with a march past.

The RSM of the Guards Regiment conducting the ceremony, faced with a gathering of highly decorated military men, decreed that all would salute the Cenotaph as they marched past, by placing their hand over their medals, signifying that 'No matter what honours we may have been awarded, they are nothing compared with the honour due to those who paid the supreme sacrifice!'



Printed by Pmb Drawing, Pietermaritzburg, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa

LOOKING BACK

Jim **Bruce** [KR4816] <kjbruce@xtra.co.nz> [22/06/2011]: m-S XXXVII brought forth some rambling reminiscing, typical of old fogies:

The first real shock of the Emergency, for me, was the death of a bloke I'd been working right next to for a couple of years, in the same office: Joe **Baillon** [KR3774], as good and steady a guy as you could wish to be befriended by. The whole miserable saga of that event seemed to indicate that whoever was in charge hadn't yet quite got things together.



PRIORY RIDGE - 1953

A feeling that was reinforced when, shortly after the Priory Ridge disaster, KPR ordered me off to Nyeri. At 05h00 in backstreet Nairobi, the lorry driver

was drunk. It seemed a rather casual way to despatch two ignoramuses, two boxes of 36 grenades and a couple of .303's (five rounds each,) just issued that morning. However, having recently got a driver's licence (car only), we somehow at last slithered into Nyeri, with the driver fast asleep in the back. Standing the whole shambolic arrangement on its head, while the paperwork was being sorted, we were put up at the Outspan Hotel.

That night was town patrol, with a preliminary visit to the rather ripe hospital morgue. It was darkly packed with even darker bodies, small and adult, and bits thereof, burnt, drowned, hacked about and hanged, toothy white grimaces a shocking contrast. The visit seemed designed to introduce us novice city slickers to the current Kikuyu realities of Mau Mau, nearer the sharp end.



MUKURUWEINI STRIKE FORCE - GIPATTI CENTRE

Regular Kenya Policeman Vin **Ward** hauled me off to Mukuruweini, and a pleasant surprise. Tribal Police and Home Guard there, were under the guidance of Eddie **Brooks** [KR4087] and good old Neil (*Gipatti*) **Gordon** [KR3951]. They also were entangled in local Admin., working with District Officer (DO) Peter **Mariss**, Eliud **Mathu**, Chief **Bernadetto** *et al.*

Intelligence for our august assembly was being handled by Bill **Henning** [KR4055], with Pat **Mulholland**

[KR4398] in attendance. Bill, Pat, Vin, together with another newcomer, a two-year wonder, and I, occupied a large, oblong, four roomed, grass-thatched mud hut, 'Gordon's Folly.' Eddie and Neil spurned such and commandeered the only stone house for miles, the DO's place. This was situated just outside the barbed wire and rudimentary fortifications of Mukuruweini Police post. Sometime later, when Othaya, where Ernie **Day** [KR4210], then attached to the KP was OIC, was attacked, and nearly over-run [Ed: *See m-S VIII, pp32/34*], local fortifications were somewhat upgraded.

Along the road at Ichamara and Gekondi, similar but smaller defensive posts had been constructed.



A feature of the area was Kaheti Catholic Mission [LEFT], where Father **Joseph** seemed ever ready to welcome weary patrolees with pasta and a glass of vino. I can't now remember who was running the Ichamara Kikuyu Guard (KG) but he was inordinately proud of his little, black Ford *Angalia*. Lent to a mate for a forty-eight hour leave, it had been returned with a magazine worth of 9mm bullet holes through the roof. For which there were many implausible excuses, none to do with Mau Mau activity.

Mukuruweini, Ichamara and Gekondi, were regularly involved in *Gipatti's* think-big sweeps across ridge, valley, swamp and *shamba*. Keeping strict spacing between hordes of *rungu*, *panga*, spear and bow and arrow wielding *watu*, women sometimes making up numbers - quite a few with no Swahili - made for a substantial exercise in self control. If you'd been elected to man the stop line, there was every chance that increasingly bored watchers would career off noisily after *swara* scared up by the approaching sweep.



As organisation developed, with military detachments and the GSU involved, the populace confined to villages, things got a little more controlled. On forest edge operations when (a very small number of) contacts with Mau Mau were made, the row was unbelievable. What with Tribal Police firing off .303's, Greener guns and pump action Winchester 12 bores, three or four Pachelts or similar, a pistol shot or two and the odd arrow, much shouting and screaming, it was quite difficult not to get caught up in the excitement of the chase. This was quite quickly dispelled when dead and injured were rounded

up. The stoic resignation with which some, gangsters or uncertain conscriptees, caught up in the mess, bore fearsome wounds, was yet another tangle in the mixed up emotions of those, thankfully, few occasions. At the time it was the essence of what it was all about. [ABOVE: POST-MAU MAU CONTACT. L/R: *GIPATTI*, *DUNK*, *WARD*, *BRUCE*, *UNKNOWN*, *COPPINS*]

Gipatti Gordon and Eddie **Brooks**, who once rode horseback together from Nairobi up to farms in the Solai area, went onto greater things in the Administration. I think both were offered governorship of St. Helena, a traditional foothold on the rungs of the ladder leading to yet higher office in the British Empire. Neil opted out in the 1960's, and is still going. Don't recall what happened to Eddie; saw him briefly on Kunduchi beach, Dar es Salaam, about 1964.

There were (commonly experienced) compensations for involvement in the mayhem. On one Mt. Kenya forest excursion, below the bamboo line at first light, we crept past an elephant, (so what?) and then, further up on a logging road, encountered a black leopard, not quite so what. On another so what occasion buffalo careered past down the narrow game track. Nervous nights in the forest were sometimes alerted by rats scuffling about.



What with two-year wonders, continuing peacetime overseas leave commitments, promotions and organisational *snafus*, transfers between Police and KG posts were not infrequent. While at forest edge Ragati, there was a co-ordination meet with 4 KAR. Len Gill [KR4237] was discovered, just fallen out of a tree while fooling around with Willie Young [KR3890]. Another transfer to Gaikuyu, revealed John Elworthy [KR4432] and Bill Pretty [KR4453] running the show. [LEFT: BILL'S OFFICE]. That area contained a quite remarkable Police character by the name of *Fearless* Freddie Gay. Fred

finished up in NZ where he set up a security firm.

People from PoW turned up all over the place, and now, poking around in the past stirs up things like class roll call. Ours went something like: **Aagard, Archer, Berney-Ficklin, Bleazard, Brian-Boyes, Bruce, Church, Durand, Dykes, Eckhart, Edwards, Efstathiou, Fisher, Foster, Foster, Fouche, Fox, Gill, Gordon, Hewett, Howarth, Jardine, Karnezos, McCabe, Murdoch, Needham-Clarke, Newby, Papadopoulos, Sinclair, Templer, van der Merwe, Worth, Younghusband.** Len Gill [KR4237] sat right behind Stan Bleazard [KR4242], who was alongside me across the aisle, with Jeremy Needham-Clarke [KR4111] astern. *Gipatti* was far side, in front of his future brother-in-law Jim Fox [KR3716], along with the Foster brothers, Robert [KR3747] and Francis [KR3734]; Len, and others at wall-side, spent quite a lot of time making fire with a ruler on the four-by-four cedar timber that edged the classroom. Gym activities elicited comments addressing Jonke's patent knyack-cracker, a beam exercise, before ex-commando Jimmy Riddell took over and nearly had us jumping off the roof. Breakaway Scott House had Conway Plough [KR4911], and with the dispersal of stinkers' Grigg, House into boarders' houses, Nairobi-ites found themselves expected to compete much more closely with people like Mike Prettejohn [KR3975], Guy Catchpole [KR4330] and Luke Horn.

Where did they all get to, scattered through the Long Roll? All some part of growing through the convolutions of Kenyan evolution, as with many pupils of Parklands Primary, then situated opposite old St. Mary's and the Oulton's place. Nigel Bulley [KR3630], Tus Coulson, Billy Plenderleith, [KR3583] Terry Goddard [KR4958], Ernie Day, Tony and Laurie Pearce [KR6115], John Archibald [KR4234], Peter Butcher [KR4382], Kikuyu speaker Denis Kearney [KR4087], Harold Thomas [KR4404], Mike Dalley [KR6423], Gilly Ferrari [KR4466], Felix Baddeley [KR4030], Derek Hobley [KR3590], Bertie Burlo [KR4216], the Cuthberts, Clive Hollyoak [KR3607], Herd, Hewgill, Norie, Purves, Matheson, Rifkin, Slapak, Sprague, Tighe, Whittaker, McPhee, Agagliate brothers, etc. Not to mention my parents' household Kikuyu retainers (sic) of 40 years and more. This may not be the place to try and list all those (later elusive but exciting) girls, who, with the Second World War coming on at that time, were, in a decade or two, about to become part of a whole new female way of life.

In the middle of '54, as with others, I was off on overseas leave, coming back straight into the first short course at Lanet, January to March '55. No. 1 platoon, under Sgt. Miller, consisted of, among others, Howie Clarke [KR4786], Phil Roberts [KR4824], Jock Anderson [KR4781], Tony Ward, Eddie Green [KR4800], Brian Adam [KR4815], Alan Byfield [KR4740], Parry Verlaque [KR4116], Joe Forbes-Watson [KR4744], Ken Cooper [KR4819], Henry Bridgeman [KR4821],

Thomas **Klopper**, [KR4833], Gordon **Tomlinson** [KR4791], ?? **Waldron**, Michael **Doughty** [KR4790], Steve ? the haircutter].



[ABOVE L/R: STEVE THE HAIRCUTTER; ALAN BYFIELD WHO WAS LATER KIA; PREPARING FOR INSPECTION]

We won the drill trophy, which astonished me. I never did discover what wheeling and forming fours was about, on more than one occasion being left standing in the middle of the parade ground, (Sgt **Miller** doing his nut), while the rest of the platoon marched away. In rival No. 4 Platoon, who won the rather more useful shooting prize, there were uncomplimentary remarks from Ken **Oulton** [KR4771] and Roger **Whittaker** [KR4746].



[LEFT: ON THE RANGE - MAJ CLARK & SGT MILLER & NS. RIGHT: L/CPL BRUCE PRESENTED WITH THE DRILL CUP]

On occasion, Sgt **Miller** had No. 1 Platoon route marching to the pipes; this came about because of another Princo activity; Jim **Fox**, Neil **Gordon** and I, together with *Ikki* **Megson** [KR4653], *Hammie* **O'Hara** [KR3918] and a couple of others, had become learner pipers and drummers with the Kenya Caledonian Society Pipe Band. Some hung on, taking part in parades, notably at football matches on the grounds near Salisbury Bridge – when the pitch was not under water. As a corollary, re: the article on Sir Richard **Turnbull**'s biography, a last engagement in East Africa, about 1967, was to pipe Sir Richard **Turnbull** out of the (old) New Africa Hotel in Dar es Salaam.

On completion of the Lanet course, I opted for more Tribal Police and KG work, and went to posts round Karatina, where, I think, Colin **Bompas** [KR4926] was also engaged. Have probably got the

sequence of events mixed up a bit, but at Tumutumu Hill, where there was a Presbyterian missionary establishment, Bob **Polhill** [KR3916] was in evidence. I think Bob married the Rev. Mr and Mrs. **Brown**'s daughter. Tumutumu Mission, all good folk, was something of a contrast to Father **Joseph**'s Kaheti Catholic Mission. Tea and biscuits.

Released from full time duties, late '56, it was back to the very same office where I'd shared a desk with Joe **Baillon**. Who should be in charge but George **Henry** [KR4146], who pre-Emergency, had been with the North-South Survey plotting a railway line through the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika. George had the sometime nickname of *Joshua*, and, graduating from motor bikes, had acquired a Vauxhall. This he modified, so that, when passing a likely looking lass, or any female at all, he could pull a lever and thereby bypass the muffler. If you recall, in those days cars had indicators in the side pillars, a lighted arm which, if the battery proved fully functional, would click out, indicating an anticipated manoeuvre. Sometimes batteries were not so good, delighting young George, who could then, loudly, inform folk that their red thing was hanging out. Association with George, he who Mrs. **Russell** had warned her John Bertrand about, led to a renewal of acquaintance and long friendships: Rusty **Russell** [KR4147], Peter [KR4903] and Micky **Jolley** [KR4678], Harry **Macdonald**, and with Mike **Smith** and other refugees of the era to NZ, not to mention some lovely ladies become wives.

The Emergency was a fast grow-up time, founding some quite special relationships, despite, or maybe because of, all the tragedy, with a lot of ships just passing in the night. Looking back, boring non-participants with obscure and unlikely tales, as old fogies do, I think I share a general feeling, now, that most of us wouldn't have missed it for all the *ugali* in Kikuyuland. No matter a crop of works by certain half-pie American researchers. Mistakes were made, it's the human condition, from forming fours to grand economics, but at the time there was also an enormous fund of goodwill, which, I think, is not that well recognised.

Incidentally, a Duko school mate of yours, Alan **Bulleyment**, ex-Tanganyika, was talking about getting in contact. He's currently shot off to Alaska, so I can't ask him if he made it.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF KENYA REGIMENT SERVICE

[Nigel Walsh - KR5655]

I went to Kenya in March 1947, on leave from army service in India but managed to get a transfer to the Coast Battery at Mombasa to finish my last few months. I was demobbed in November, joined the Agricultural Dept. in February 1948 and attended a one year course at Egerton College. I was then posted to the Soil Conservation Unit at Njoro, which later moved to Nakuru.

In about October 1950, I volunteered to join the Kenya Regiment and was in the Nakuru Company commanded by Maj David **Gillett**, MC [KR5601], with Capt Ray **Mayers** [KR5611] as 2i/c and Lt Nev **Cooper**, MC [KR5608] a platoon commander. I was made a section leader with three other ex-service chaps in the section, Jim **Evans** [KR3692], John **Nolan-Neylan** [KR3967], and Jock **Rutherford** [KR4098].

During the next two years I attended several weekend training camps but, unfortunately, missed the annual camps because in 1951, I was on UK leave, having just got married, and in 1952, was dealing with a greenfly plague in Molo, driving a tractor wearing a gas mask!

When Operation **Jock Scott** commenced on October 20th 1952 and the Emergency was declared, I was about to go on safari to Molo in my caravan, so I merely had to move some of my safari kit into my little Fordson van, say good-bye to my wife and off to the Nakuru barracks.

Next day, we travelled to Nyeri and I was posted as a sergeant to 'C' Coy, 5KAR commanded by Capt. **Griffiths**. Ken **Levet** [KR3515] whom I was to meet again, was with us. A few days later I was posted to Kagumo School to take over the Somali Platoon from Doug **Miles** [KR3589].

In an early operation I was on patrol with Capt. **Griffiths** when an old man ran away and failed to halt when challenged. He was shot in the scrotum by a Somali, which pleased the Captain who claimed "the first blood" of the operation.

Later, a strange incident occurred when Chief **William**, who was sleeping in my kitchen for security, reported that a suspect taxi had come up from Nairobi and dropped off some passengers. We immediately went out, found the driver and taxi and persuaded the driver to take us to the other three men who we picked up and triumphantly took to the Police station in Nyeri. One of them was John **Koinange**, a schoolmaster, related to senior Chief **Koinange**. Instead of a slap on the back I received a right royal bollocking because Special Branch was watching this lot, suspected of having been sent up to deliver messages from Fenner **Brockway** (later Lord **Brockway**), a visiting Labour MP.

Some weeks later, I was commissioned [KR5655] and appointed IO in Nyeri with rather vague duties. My two assistants were, initially, *Titch* **Martindale** [KR3934] and Doug **Semini** [KR3897], who spoke Kikuyu; Francis **Erskine** [KR3599] joined us later.

Soon after my arrival, we received information that there were a lot of Mau Mau sympathizers amongst the Home Guard in the Tetu location, so we embarked on a rather risky operation which we were lucky to pull off. I drove out one night in my little van, stopped at the first Post and ordered the Home Guards to parade on the road with their weapons for an inspection. Fifteen minutes later, Francis arrived in a lorry in which police were lying flat in the back. As soon as the truck stopped in front of the parade the police stood up and covered the guards who we then ordered to throw all their weapons into the back of a lorry and to report to a centre next morning for screening and the return of their weapons. We then drove to the next post and repeated the operation. Before the night was out we had disarmed the lot! Next day the Administration undertook a massive screening exercise and a number of Mau Mau adherents were weeded out!

Sometime later, I was posted back to Nakuru as IO working with Pat **Patterson**, who I ran into several years later when he was working for Desert Locust Control in Asmara. Whilst in Nakuru, together with Brigadier **Channer**, then head of the KPR, I was involved in planning a huge screening operation of all the Kikuyu in the township location. Operation **Anvil** commenced on a terrible day when the soda dust from Lake Nakuru completely blotted out the town, adding to our difficulties. It was one of the periods when Lake Nakuru nearly dried up completely.

Another crazy incident was a dawn raid with the Black Watch, to whom James **McKillop** [KR580] was attached. It was supposed to be a surprise raid on farms at the top of the Gilgil escarpment but any Mau Mau for miles around must have heard the army trucks grinding up the escarpment long before the action.

Next, I was seconded back to the Soil Conservation for a few weeks to bulldoze an emergency road down the escarpment near Wanjohi's *Happy Valley*. Needless to say the best bulldozer driver was a Kikuyu who had to be driven back to Thompsons Falls every night. He did an amazing job and

scared me stiff at times as he pushed a platform of soil in front of him and teetered on the edge and then reversed off.

Before the road was completed, I was recalled to join a team of Wakamba trackers who were being attached to the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, then based outside Naivasha, some of whom had just come from a tough time in Korea. I remember John **Lawrence-Brown** [KR736] and Paul **Englebrecht** [KR3673?] being in the team.

We did training runs up Mount Longonot in full kit, often before breakfast! We then moved up to a village in Meru District and had an interesting time searching for hideouts on the slopes of Mount Kenya. We were doing regular night ambushes on the forest edge to either catch gangs coming out or food carriers going in.

I did a foolish thing one evening when taking a patrol out; as we were skirting a deep valley I noticed a *posho* mill at the bottom and told the sergeant to lead the patrol whilst I went down to have a look. I found nothing of interest so climbed back up the other side but there were no signs of the patrol! After waiting around for a while I decided to go on to the map reference where we were to carry out the ambush but there was still no sign of the men. By now it was dusk and I had no alternative but to settle down for the night on my own – quite scary! Next morning I walked the five to six miles back to the camp feeling very foolish and got a good roasting from the company commander.

Christmas 1953 - I was able to go home as my wife was expecting our second child, who was born on January 19th. Shortly after, I was invited to join John **Blowers**, formerly a Game Warden from Tanzania with previous experience in Burma, who had volunteered for the KPR. We were to put together a selected force of Home Guards and KPR, to be known called BLOWFORCE, and with the specific task of tracking.

The following is an extract from the Kenya Weekly News Oct. 8 1954:

A SPECIAL FORCE - AND A SPECIAL AIM – The target was Gangster **Kago**. February 1954 was a month of evil portent for Kago **Mboko**, one of the Mau Mau's top gang leaders and the most ruthless terrorist in the organisation. For a year, he and about 300 followers had left a trail of murder and arson all over the Fort Hall district of the Kikuyu Reserve.

In that month however, a new unit - the first of its type in the district - was formed with the express object of disrupting the **Kago** Gang. In less than two months that target was achieved. The unit was BLOWFORCE, named, in true military fashion after its first commander, a Kenya Police Reserve Officer named John **Blowers**, who had fought the Japanese in Burma and had followed the tracks of elephant and rhino in his work with the Tanganyika Game Department. His deputy was a young Kenya Regiment lieutenant, Nigel **Walsh** [KR5655], and under command was a combined force of African constables from Police General Service Units and handpicked men of the Kikuyu Guard.

Training and equipment difficulties were soon overcome with the help of the Army, and after three weeks hard work the unit was called to action. Forest patrols, with the object of hitting the **Kago** gang were to be BLOWFORCE's main objectives.

After several two-day patrols they embarked on an ambitious eight-day operation which involved a supply drop by air. The patrol started from the Rift Valley side of the Aberdares, working up towards the Elephant, a prominent massif of the range, in what proved to be a fruitless search for hideouts believed to be in the area.

After the airdrop the party made several probing patrols before heading east across the Aberdares back to their base at Kinyona near the forest edge in Fort Hall. The last day of the patrol brought its reward, when a patrol made contact with a large and well-armed gang a mile from the edge of the forest. Wounded, Lt **Walsh** fell and the rest of the patrol charged past him at the gang, which fled in all directions. A follow-up was hopeless, but two men who had stayed with Walsh waited until the rest of the patrol returned and then made a stretcher for the injured man. Lt **Walsh** had to be carried across one of the worst valleys in that area of the Aberdare Forest.

BLOWFORCE was now joined by a former Malayan policeman, a vigorous Irishman named Colin **O'Driscoll**, and continued its initial role of hunting **Kago**. It encountered the gang leader and inflicted severe casualties on his gang when **Kago** attacked the administrative centre at Kandara.

The unit's base in the Kigumo sub-division of Fort Hall was ideal, enabling it, from this central position, to give help in actions anywhere in the district. This area was also the home of ex-Senior Chief **Njeri**, the indomitable leader whose people of the Kinyona area were completely loyal, and supplied the Kikuyu Guards for BLOWFORCE.

The final chapter of **Kago's** life was written by BLOWFORCE at the end of March this year. On the night of the 30th, George **Hales** [KR3687], a Kenya Regiment Field Intelligence Assistant, gathered information that **Kago** was attending a terrorist meeting near Mariira School in Location 2. George rushed the information back to the administration divisional headquarters at Kigumo, where the District Officer, Donald **Clay**, and the local Police commander planned the operation which led to **Kago's** death. Police dogs were called for from Nairobi and a spotter aircraft from Nyeri. Before dawn the following day a large-scale operation was initiated

At 04h00, March 31, Police and Kikuyu Guards moved out on foot to surround the area where **Kago** was spending the night. BLOWFORCE had not yet been committed, but was standing by in readiness for results from the tracker dogs. The dogs failed, and a second plan to sweep the area began immediately

At 09h00 that morning well defined tracks were located, and BLOWFORCE went into action. The unit had just begun to pick up the trail when it found the body of an old and respected loyalist who had been abducted the previous night and later hacked to death. With this murder as a spur to their efforts, the unit began six hours of patient tracking across the steep hills and valleys of the Reserve.

Six hours later BLOWFORCE made contact. Messages flew over the VHF wireless network and all reserve army forces were moved into ambush positions. **Kago** was wounded in the initial engagement, and as the battle got under way more of his followers met a violent end. The gang leader kept moving until later in the afternoon he was sighted by a Kikuyu Guard leader and quickly dispatched. By a curious coincidence the Kikuyu Guard leader who killed **Kago** happened to be a man whose home had been attacked by the gang leader earlier in the year. Fighting continued until well after dark and next day more than 30 terrorist bodies were found. The corpse of **Kago** was guarded throughout the night to forestall any terrorist attempts to remove it and thereby disprove his death.

Not disbanded, BLOWFORCE had achieved its objective, but it was not dead. The force had proved its worth, and although John **Blowers** returned to Tanganyika, it carried on with Colin **O'Driscoll** in command. **O'Driscoll** was joined by a New Zealander, Mervyn **Matthews**, and when they left, David **Owen**, a Police General Service Unit commander took over with a Norwegian white hunter, Karl **Neilstrom**, as his deputy.

Each newcomer added to the unit's success. What had begun as an experiment had been welded into a compact unit of veteran fighters feared by Mau Mau and held in high regard by the forces engaged in Kenya's anti-terrorist campaign tracking down General **Kago**.

BACK TO EAST AFRICA

[Keith Elliot KR4289]

“Uganda, ‘The Pearl of Africa’.” It was Winston **Churchill** who coined that phrase many years ago and to a large extent it is still true in 2011. However, let me not get ahead of myself.

Why, after many years in South Africa, do I want to return to Uganda, instead of Kenya, my usual haunt? The reason is straight forward; one Patsy **Lynch** and I were married there on 2nd July 1960, and neither of us has been back since. So, after fifty years of marriage, we decided to make a pilgrimage to that ex-Protectorate, where we spent the carefree days of our youth!

South Africans need visas to get into the country, and what a battle it is! The Ugandan High Commission is on Church Street, Pretoria, but aspirants to a visa have to report to a wooden Zozo hut (truly) just inside the entrance, manned by a local, who had apparently never heard of Entebbe, Jinja etc! After paying R500 per person per visa, and returning the next day as requested, I found they had lost my passport! Now I live in Johannesburg, and each trip to Pretoria takes time and money, which did not make for a good beginning to our safari! Eventually they located the offending document, and on 11th April we embarked on our odyssey from Jan Smuts, sorry, Johannesburg International, sorry OR Tambo Airport.

Some four and a half hours later, the SAA Boeing began a gradual descent over Lake Victoria - that stretch of water is vast from the air - to the new Entebbe Airport, built on the far side of the runway from the old one, although I did catch a glimpse of the previous building, site of the successful Israeli raid on 4th July 1976.

The smiling immigration female tried to take us for \$500 each for visas, until I pointed out that we had already been done by their South African cousins, and had the stamps to prove it! This was the last occasion when we encountered any unfriendliness from Ugandan nationals; from then on, the people in the street, the hotel staff, and everyone we met were true ambassadors for Uganda, murmuring, ‘Welcome’ in the nicest way, every time we came into contact with them. Everyone speaks English, rather than Swahili; and I did remember that rather than shouting, ‘*Uhuru*’ in the 50s, the call in Kampala was for ‘Freedom’.

Now, we wanted to stay at the old Lake Victoria Hotel, which we had visited many times in the 50s, mainly for lunch on Sundays after swimming at the pool on the edge of the lake. It still existed, with some improvements, but we smelt a rat, when we found Korans next to our beds! On further investigation it transpired that it belonged to the Libyans, which meant of course, one Colonel **Gaddafi**! Ah well, this was Africa! I made discreet enquiries with the staff, who were intrigued with a tourist that spoke Swahili, as to whether the manager, an Arab, had a picture of ‘El Leader’ on the wall of his office. The answer was, “*Ndio*, until yesterday!”

The accommodation was fine and I enjoyed a tasty dinner of tilapia, for the first time in years, also an excellent Nile Lager, served, believe it or not, in a Castle Lite glass!

Next day we hired a car and driver to try and find the places we remembered in Entebbe. We went to the old Botanical Gardens on the lake, now the site of a ghastly new blue hotel of uncertain origin!

Uganda definitely has oil around Lakes Albert and Edward. The local press announced that **Tullow** Oil, a well known American outfit, had just paid the Ugandan Government \$469 million capital gains tax, from the proceeds of sales of oil concessions in Western Uganda. The locals I talked to had no idea as to where the oil was refined, but surely it can only be at refineries in Mombasa?

[Ed: *Extract from a letter [18/05/2011] from Dennis Leete [KR4094]: **Tullow** oil is Irish owned, and I have several friends working for them. They are not yet producing oil, and the refinery plans not yet resolved. The Ugandans do not want Kenya to benefit from their oil; having been screwed by Kenya for years on the import/export bottleneck through Mombasa. They are talking of putting a pipeline under Lake Vic to Mwanza, and then onto Dar. The Kenyans, in turn, are talking of a railway from Lamu to South Sudan, with a parallel pipeline to export Sudan Oil, with a spur into Ethiopia. All this is delaying the decisions of where to site a refinery, or two, in the region.*]

We drove to the sandy beach at the end of the runway, where it adjoins Lake Vic. and had to duck, when three vicious looking Hind attack helicopters flew low over us. As our driver, a Bugandan said, “Just what is President **Museveni**, going to do with these, shoot the opposition?” More of this later.

At this point, Patsy, who was worried that she could not keep in touch with our family in South Africa, on her MTN cell phone, received a reassuring message that ‘Truworths were having a sale that weekend!’

Petrol here was the equivalent of R13 a litre - stop complaining South Africans!

Next day we left Chez **Gaddaffi**, and were driven to Kampala. This 22 mile stretch of road, through swamps, plantations and bush is no longer; the whole route is lined by *dukas* and small *shambas*, talk about ribbon development.

Safely ensconced in the Sheraton Hotel, midway between the old ‘Top Club’ and the Imperial Hotel (still going strong) we looked out of our tenth floor window. Now Kampala, like Rome, was always known as the city built on seven hills; now it is more like seventy seven hills! As far as the eye could see, every slope was covered in houses, not shanties, but normal dwellings. As far as Port Bell and Lake Vic, nothing but buildings all the way!

After a good breakfast, which included jackfruit, which was new to me, we set out on foot to explore the city. With no traffic lights it was extremely difficult to cross the roads, and we took our lives in our hands each time we ventured to the other side! Apart from the Imperial, we visited the old Speke Hotel, still running under the old name, both having survived their colonial connotations! We did not encounter a single *muzungu* at all, but many locals on the streets, all very polite. Over-population is a subject of much debate in the local press, and President **Museveni** had just released 500 acres of forest land on the northern slopes of Mount Elgon, to meet demand for extra *shambas*; not a clever move; think of all the problems deforestation is bringing to Africa, but it was allegedly connected to a deal for votes, in the recent elections there.

A return visit to the Ripon Falls in Jinja was next on our programme - down a 50 mile tarmac road that used to take one hour. Not anymore! Although the surface was reasonable, the amount of villages, trucks and motor bike taxis, with up to four people on board, vying for road, made this trip very exhausting, and it took two hours! There is no passenger railway service between Kampala,

Jinja, Nairobi, Mombasa, either way; so this puts extreme pressure on the road network, and container-carrying trucks hog the highways.

Some fifty years ago, I had my photograph taken at a cairn with an inscription, stating that this is where Speke discovered the source of the Nile. The Jinja side of the river is now littered with hotels, all empty, claiming that privilege! Obviously the Ripon Falls (who was Mr. **Ripon**?) where I used to fish with George **McKnight** [KR4246] in 1949, for Nile perch which attempted to leap over the falls like salmon, are no more, and there is another hydro-electric scheme at Bujali Falls, a few miles below Ripon, with a third one under construction; lucky Uganda, with such a magnificent river inside their border!



KEITH (SPEKE) ELLIOT, TRYING TO WORK OUT, WHERE, EXACTLY, HE DISCOVERED THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. THE INSCRIPTION READS 'THIS AREA MARKS THE PLACE FROM WHERE THE NILE STARTS ITS LONG JOURNEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA THROUGH CENTRAL AND NORTHERN UGANDA, SUDAN AND EGYPT.'

In Jinja, we ran into the first signs of unrest amongst the local population, which I seem to attract every time I travel to East Africa! This time it was the local police, out with batons and water cannon, stopping a peaceful march protesting against the recent petrol price increase and subsequent rises in taxi prices, groceries etc. Our driver knew the back roads and skillfully avoided the worst bits!

On our final day in Kampala we visited the church where Patsy and I were married. The church was difficult to find, as it is over the far side of Nakasero Hill, upon which El Presidente has placed his Kampala residence, thus lots of no entry signs! It is now the Cathedral of Kampala, having split with Namirembe, but we were made very welcome by the incumbent lady priest. Next year is their centenary and we promised to send them photographs of our nuptials, to include in their celebratory issue.

Uganda was still as green as ever, and with its friendly people, truly still, "The Pearl of Africa"!

On to Nairobi, the Masai name for which, *Enkari Nyirobi* means 'Place of Cool Waters'.

Getting into Entebbe Airport from Kampala, was a drag! Everyone, but everyone, has to get out of their transport, not at the airport building, but at the perimeter, and file through a security section, where each individual is body searched. Reason being, that barely nine months ago an Al Qaeda

suicide bomber, blew himself and eighty Ugandans to death, at a large screen showing of the World Cup, near the Jinja Road.

We then flew on Kenya Airways (Uganda does not have a national airline!) across the Kavirondo Gulf, over Trans-Nzoia, towards the back of the Ngong Hills, where one Bruce **Mackenzie** met his untimely end a few years ago. He was flying in a small plane back to Nairobi, after a visit to Uganda, sometime after the afore-mentioned Israeli raid on Entebbe. You will recollect that Idi **Amin** presented him with a lion's head to take back to Kenya, carelessly forgetting to tell him that it was stuffed with explosives, which went off as his plane reached the edge of the escarpment; no doubt in retaliation for Kenya having granted the Israelis refuelling rights in Nairobi.

This was probably the first time I had actually flown from Kampala to Nairobi, as during my sojourn there in the late forties, I had always taken the train to the POW School, as did many others. I do remember once when I was a DO in Embu, driving all the way up there on a Friday, and back again on the Monday in a futile chase after a young lady called Val, who used to send me messages on the Monday evening 'Kenya Regiment ring-us-up' programme on the Cable and Wireless radio station.

On our arrival at Embakasi, our host, George **McKnight** [KR4246], whisked us off to Regimental HQ where the Friday curry lunch was in full swing. George was recently elected as Chairman KRAEA, and has put in a great deal of effort into improving facilities. For those of you who remember the set-up, at the bottom end of the garden, there is now a complete outdoor kitchen, donated by a generous local member. Thereby hangs a tale! Part of the kitchen arrangement is what the locals quaintly call a 'barbecue area'! A delightful lady at our table, who shall remain nameless, said to her husband, "There darling, take the steak and barbecue it". Obviously not a South African, he hummed and ha-ed, eventually opting for the cooked chicken!

People I met there, not including the aforementioned non-braaier, were Jock **Anderson** [KR4781], Bryan **Harris** [KR6384], Edwin **Bristow** [KR6041], and Stuart **Henderson**. Patsy noticed a giant Acacia, which had a plaque with the name H **van Rensburg** on it, and on the off chance that this was the well-known Boet [KR3586], I took a photo and brought it back with me. Sure enough Diana **van Rensburg** remembered her husband donating the tree many years ago!

I also learned that one *Samaki* **Salmon**, who was my assistant house master at Hawke House in 1949, had recently died at the grand old age of 95!

Next morning we were up bright and early (well 09h00) and headed off to Naivasha down the old road past the Italian Church, recently renovated. George pointed out the bend where Roger **Owles**, Third Course, Rhodesia, lost his life 25 years ago, when his car went over the edge. Once again we saw the dozens of container-laden lorries travelling to and from Uganda, on this stretch of road.

We stayed with Jeannie **Rodger**, widow of Ian [KR4245], who was in Hawke House with me, and also on Third Course Rhodesia. Patsy really enjoyed the champagne luncheon laid on by our hostess, on the shores of Lake Naivasha, *à la* White Mischief, and the visit to Ian **Rodger's** resting place, in a secret valley hidden away in Oserian's Game Preserve.

Back in Nairobi, I learnt that government ministers were restricted to driving VW Passats, a very commendable move, which certain governments in Southern Africa would do well to emulate! This practice could have lead to an awkward incident; mine host had asked his driver to bring his car, a silver VW Passat, around the front entrance of his office in the old Mansion House building. We came downstairs, saw an identical car with driver waiting, and the two back doors open, so we jumped in. The driver was not at all happy, as he was waiting for some VIP and not for us at all!

Nairobi CBD is in very good nick, with trees planted all over the place and orderly traffic, and modern buildings everywhere. No hawkers, beggars or rubbish anywhere.

One evening, George invited round a couple of old *rafikis* for a drink at his house in Karen, including David [KR4405] and Caro **White**, Evan **Spiropoulis**, originally from POW and Tanganyika, where he used to handle the exports of sisal for the **Horn** family whilst I was looking after a shipping line in Tanga, in the 60s. Finally, a very young looking Mike **Andrews** [KR 6508], who alternates with his music business between UK and Kenya, arrived - a real when-we occasion, with lots of liquid refreshment. Fortunately, everyone lived in the Karen area, and did not have far to drive home.

Again, like Uganda, I found the local population friendly and helpful, and we thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Nairobi.



Before I get down to Mombasa, I must record a development that will bring Nairobi much nearer to 2011! Where Ainsworth Bridge is situated, a massive (for Nairobi) flyover is being constructed by the Chinois. They have a huge banner hanging from one bridge under construction, [LEFT] but as it was in Chinese characters, I could not read a word of it! Perhaps some erudite person

(George?) could translate! I think I saw the old Ainsworth Bridge carefully preserved in the middle somewhere.

And now, finally, to the island of Mvita. We were fortunate to be met at Moi Airport in Port Reitz, by Peter **Rodwell** [KR6595], son of the iconic Coast Causerie author, Edward. Although we only knew each other vaguely when I lived in Mombasa, he was kindness itself squiring us around the town, and organising accommodation for us at the Mombasa (*Chini*) Club. I must say that I entered the Club premises with some trepidation, as on the occasion of probably my last visit, at a most enjoyable function, I let off a fire extinguisher in a rather over-exuberant display of bravado, from the top verandah, *nogal!* However, none of the staff (it was 40 odd years ago) recognised me!

The Club is well over one hundred years old, a real gracious old lady nestling between a very old pile of rocks, which badly need a touch of paint, and a modern architecturally designed Arab home. The room we had was on the top floor, with a wonderful view across the entrance to the old Dhow harbour. Mosquito nets and air conditioning provided the ancient and modern! Service was what would imagine in what is still a gentleman's club after all! The old Men's Bar, has in the last year or so, succumbed to the onslaught of the fairer sex and locals can no longer escape from their *memsahibs* in there!

Only one thing disappointed me, and that was when I repaired to the bar for a sundowner, circa 18h00, there was not the crowd that I remembered from long ago, and no one with whom to talk.

Mind you, with only 50 odd *wazungu* living on the island now, it is probably not surprising; most live on the mainland and have other watering holes.

Peter collected us the following day, and took us out over the, to us, new Nyali Bridge, to Kisauni, where we dropped Patsy off at the delightful home of Lorna **Philips**, wife of Peter, who was a colleague of hers at **Smith Mackenzie** and Company in the early sixties. The garden runs down to Tudor Creek, and is designed to catch any breeze that appears.

Peter and I drove a few yards further down to the home of Johnny **Antoni**, and his wife Audrey (née **Jennings**). Johnny had a stroke some years ago and greeted us from his wheel chair, seemingly hale and hearty. We reminisced about the old days at the Mombasa Sports Club, and rugby matches we had played in, Johnny remembered each and every person and occasion we discussed - it was absolutely shattering to get a phone call just after we returned to Johannesburg, to learn that Johnny had died just a few days later - so happy that I managed to see him again.



Next morning we summoned a trusty *tuk-tuk*, ideal for sight-seeing, and set out up the road to see the town. First big change was looking at a pile of rubble where the Szlapak's Manor Hotel used to stand! Then on down what was Kilindini Road, towards the port. The Palace [TOP LEFT] was glittering white and looking lived in, but the Carlton Hotel [TOP RIGHT] was a skeleton of its former self. Ex-residents of Mombasa will recollect the Copper Kettle on its ground floor. My former office, the African Mercantile Building looked OK and is now called Cotts House.

Under the railway bridge, and on the left the wrought iron of the old **Smith Mackenzie** Office, now just an empty shell. The port looks busy with a massive lighthouse-like tower sticking hundreds of feet out of the ground, presumably holding the traffic control for container ships *et al*.



Next day I ventured into the 'old pile of rocks' as I disparagingly described Fort Jesus [LEFT] earlier on – a most interesting voyage of discovery for me, as I toured the bastions and cannon ports. Uncovered since I was there last, was a well, with fresh water moving through the bottom, very brackish apparently, but still amazing, as it located only a hundred meters from the sea! Although it says it was dug by the Omani Arabs after they captured the Fort from the Portuguese in 1698, after an almost three year siege, I am sure it must have originally been used by the Portuguese, otherwise how

could they have held out for so long! I asked the guide about tunnels, rumoured to have been dug through the coral to various escape points, but he knew nothing of them.

Leaving the Fort I walked past a group of Arabs chewing *mira*, and having always wondered what it was all about, took a mouthful of the offered bitter tasting leaves! Did nothing for me, obviously takes much more than a mouthful to get fired up!



[ABOVE: TWO VIEWS FROM FORT JESUS]

Next day saw us fly home via Jomo Kenyatta Airport, ending an extremely hectic, but very enjoyable twelve days in East Africa. I can fully recommend a visit to that part of Africa.

WING COMMANDER LEO ALLEN DWEN, DSO (RAFVR (Kenya))

[Ed: *Leo's widow Rita (née Hissey), now living in Howick, KwaZulu-Natal, very kindly loaned me Leo's log books from which I extracted the following data. After typing these extracts, I now have some idea of what our airmen faced when in the air en route to targets and the even more frightening return to base. Leo attended the POW and after the war farmed at Kitale. Photos kindly supplied by Kevin Patience; the Lancaster is the Battle of Britain memorial flight aircraft PA474, one of only two that are airworthy; the other flies in the livery of the Royal Canadian Air Force]*

No. 9 Squadron, 3 Group Bomber Command, Honington

1941 - Wellington Mk I [BELOW, RIGHT]: Pilot P/O Robinson: Co-Pilot F/Sgt Dwen

<u>Date</u>	<u>AC No.</u>	<u>Target</u>	<u>Flying Time</u>
10 Jul	R1757V	Cologne	5 hrs
12 Jul	R1757V	Bremen	5 hrs 25 min
14 Jul	R1175A	Bremen	5 hrs 15 min
16 Jul	1455D	Hamburg	5 hrs 55 min
19 Jul	1455D	Hanover	5 hrs 55 min
23 Jul	1757V	Mannheim	6 hrs 20 min
25 Jul	1455D	Hamburg	6 hrs 50 min
2 Aug	1757V	Hamburg	6 hrs 55 min



1942 - Wellington Mk III

<u>Date</u>	<u>AC No.</u>	<u>Pilot</u>	<u>Co-Pilot</u>	<u>Target</u>	<u>Flying Time</u>
5 Jan	X3388A	P/O Hodges	F/Sgt Dwen	Brest	4 hrs 5 min
		<i>[Returned on one engine, crashed at base - one killed]</i>			
21 Jan	X3285N	P/O Roberts	F/Sgt Dwen	Schipol drome	2 hrs 35 min

8 Mar	X3359Y	P/O Taylor	F/Sgt Dwen	Essen	3 hrs 55 min
		[Target located, little opposition]			
9 Mar	X3359Y	P/O Taylor	F/Sgt Dwen	Essen	4 hrs 10 min
		[Location of target uncertain. Opposition heavy]			
12 Mar	X3606M	P/O Taylor	F/Sgt Dwen	Kiel	6 hrs 30 min
25 Mar	X3178B	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Richards	St Nazaire	7 hrs 5 min
26 Mar	X3178B	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Shaw	Le Havre	3 hrs 45 min
28 Mar	X3713J	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Lubeck	6 hrs 15 min
6 Apr	X3713J	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Essen	1 hrs 25 min
		[Forced to return, unsuitable weather]			
8 Apr	X3713J	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Hamburg	3 hrs 35 min
		[Returned engine U/S]			
10 Apr	X3713J	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Essen	5 hrs 20 min
12 Apr	X3666N	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Essen	5 hrs 45 min
14 Apr	X---V	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Dortmund	6 hrs
17 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Hamburg	6 hrs 20 min
22 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Cologne	4 hrs 25 min
23 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Rostok	6 hrs 50 min
25 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Rostok	7 hrs 15 min
27 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Cologne	4 hrs
28 Apr	X3389Y	F/Sgt Dwen	Sgt Paddison	Kiel	6 hrs 45 min
1 May	Commissioned from F/Sgt to P/O				
7 May	X3713J	P/O Dwen	Crew	Warnemunde	7 hrs 35 min
15 May	X3606M	P/O Dwen	Sgt Goalen	Mine laying in Baltic Sea	7 hrs 30
30 May	X3713J	P/O Dwen	Sgt Macdonald	Cologne	4 hrs 30 min
		[1,067 bombers]			
1 Jun	X3713J	P/O Dwen	Sgt Hannaford	Essen	4 hrs 10 min
		[1,036 bombers]			

19 Jun Posted to No. 12 O.T.U on Wellington Mk III

4 Sep Conversion to/Instructor on Oxfords [BELOW] with No. 3 F.I.S



3 Oct Back to Wellington Mk III - with No. 12 O.T.U until 15 May 1944

August 1942, No. 9 Squadron moved to WADDINGTON. Leo no longer features in these records and presumably went to Officers Training Unit.

1944

24 May Started conversion onto Avro Lancaster Mk III
 25 May Posted to Pathfinder Force N.T.U. Warboys
 15 Jun Posted to No. 156 P.F.F Sqn



[ABOVE: AVRO LANCASTER]

No. 156 Squadron, to which he was later posted was the Pathfinder Squadron of Avro Lancaster Mk III bombers. With this Squadron he led the following raids in 1944:

<u>Date</u>	<u>AC#.</u>	<u>Target</u>	<u>Flying Time</u>
15 Jun	E	Lenz	3 hrs - night raid
16 Jun	K	Renscure	2 hrs 30 min - night
23 Jun	D	Coubronne	2 hrs 25 min - night
24 Jun	D	Midel Straeter	2 hrs - night
9 Jul	B	L'Hey	1 hrs 50 min - day
10 Jul	H	Nucourt	3 hrs 20 min - day
11 Jul	H	Gapennes	3 hrs 5 min - day
14 Jul	T	Revigny	7 hrs 20 min - night
19 Jul	F	Rollez	3 hrs - day
20 Jul	J	Foret DeCorc	3 hrs - day
23 Jul	E	Donges	4 hrs 50 min - night
24 Jul	F	Stuttgart	7 hrs 10 min - night
28 Jul	E	Hamburg	4 hrs 45 min - night
30 Jul	F	Normandy battle front	3 hrs 20 min - day
3 Aug	H	Bois de Cassan [One engine failed]	3 hrs 35 min - day
5 Aug	K	Coulombieres	3 hrs 15 min - day
7 Aug	F	Normandy battle front	2 hrs 45 min - night
9 Aug	D	Fort d'Engloss	2 hrs 45 min - night
12 Aug	F	Russelsheim	4 hrs 55 min - day
26 Aug	E	Kiel	5 hrs 30 min - night
29 Aug	E	Stettin	8 hrs 45 min - night
12 Sep	J	Frankfurt	6 hrs 5 min - night
15 Sep	E	Kiel	5 hrs 25 min - night
16 Sep	E	Moedijk [Dwen's 24th flight with P.F.F]	3 hrs - night
20 Sep	E	Aiming Pt B Calais defences	2 hrs 10 min - day
14 Oct	B	Duisburg	3 hrs 50 min - day
15 Oct	E	Wilhelmshaven	4 hrs 15 min - night
19 Oct	E	Stuttgart	5 hrs 50 - night
21 Oct	E	Hanover - recalled	1 hr 30 min

23 Oct E	Essen	4 hrs 35 min - night
25 Oct E	Essen	3 hrs 50 min - day
28 Oct A	Cologne	4 hrs 5 min - day
31 Oct E	Cologne	4 hrs 30 min - night
2 Nov E	Dusseldorf	4 hrs 5 min - night
5 Dec E	Soeste	5 hrs 30 min - night

The names of the aircrews appear in all the reports, but have not been included.

The recommendation for an Immediate award of the Distinguished Service Order to Squadron Leader Leo Allen Dwen [122987] RAFVR of Pathfinder Force, No. 8 Group was made on 19 September 1944 by Wing Commander M. Bingham Hall, No. 156 Squadron. It was passed on to Air Marshal Bennett on 27 September 1944 who strongly recommended that it should be submitted to the King.

The recommendation stated that Squadron Leader Leo Allen Dwen had completed 53 Sorties with 253 hours on Operations. It reads as follows:

1. "Squadron Leader Dwen has now completed 53 operational sorties, 24 of which have been with the Pathfinder Force. The majority of his sorties have been carried out on heavily defended German targets.
2. This Officer is a dauntless and skilful Captain of one of the Squadron's best Blind Marker crews. His cool disregard for the hazards of war, and his determination in pressing home his attack in spite of heavy enemy opposition has earned him the respect of the Squadron. The Squadron Leader's infectious cheerfulness and confidence, has materially contributed to the success of his crew.
3. His loyalty, determination and devotion to duty have been of the highest order, and I strongly recommend him for the award of the Distinguished Service Order."

The Immediate Award for the Distinguished Service Order was Gazetted on 28 November 1944 and the citation reads as follows:

"The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following Award in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy:

Squadron Leader Leo Allen Dwen, RAFVR, 156 Squadron.



This officer is a fearless and skilful Captain of Aircraft. He has completed a large number of sorties, many of them against dangerous and difficult targets. He has invariably pressed home his attacks

with great skill and resolution, qualities which have brought him much success. He is a fine Captain of Aircraft, whose devotion to duty has been untiring."

Please note, that details of all the raids can be found in the Public Record Office at Kew at AIR27/1401-1404.

Information about the Immediate Award is kept at AIR2/B30 9161. This file can only be seen under supervision, because possession of both the Medal and the original Citation and Recommendation is worth a lot of money. Some unscrupulous people used to take out citations etc, photocopy them and sell them together with the medal (if it came into their possession). So the information is not available to anyone, and must be specially requested.

PASSAGE TO MOMBASA

[Bill Jackson KR3817]

[Ed: *Bill wrote: "I have recently been in contact by email with Diana **van Rensburg** (widow of the late Boet [KR3586]) - rafiki from way, way back – 1950 - in Nairobi. We exchanged gossip and as an afterthought I sent her a copy of an article I wrote some time ago when my memory was sharper than it is now. Diana had very kind words to say about it and suggested that she should forward it to you. It hasn't been published and it is just one of several jottings I have made to record events which might be of interest to my sons and grandchildren after I have toppled off the perch. As a former editor (for four years) of the Directorate of Overseas Surveys Newsletter, I am accustomed to sifting a variety of submissions from the sublime to the ridiculous. I reckon 'Passage to Mombasa' sits halfway between the extremes."*]

The Crown Agents' letter was very brief - 'Passage booked from P&O Steam Navigation Company; 'E' Class passage to Mombasa on ss Mulbera, leaving London, 31 December 1949; Berth 46B.'

In the summer of 1949, I had been part of an Ordnance Survey team which was about to complete a task in Felixstowe. On a wet August Bank Holiday we huddled in lodgings, awaiting instructions for our next job. Looking through the rain spattered window at an angry North Sea, the future looked bleak, so I wrote to the Director of Surveys in Nairobi saying that I had enjoyed working in Kenya as a military surveyor in the Royal Engineers and were there any vacancies in his department? Back came a reply saying that to be a Staff Surveyor I needed a degree and would also have to complete a course of training for the Colonial Survey Service. No degree, therefore no job. But almost as an afterthought the Director said that there was a vacancy for a Junior Staff Surveyor. No formal qualifications required, but a candidate would need to satisfy an interview board, and if successful, to undertake spare time studies for a professional surveying qualification.

I accepted by return post, and a few weeks later was summoned to the headquarters of the Directorate of Colonial Surveys in Bushy Park. The three man board questioned me on a variety of subjects with only a passing reference to land surveying. I was then asked to leave the room, and shortly after, an emissary appeared and asked me to report to an address in Harley Street, at 3.30 that afternoon. Chest X-ray, urine sample, cough, say 'ah'. 'That's fine. The Crown Agents will be in touch.'

The boat train was waiting in Liverpool Street Station; a tired old engine, hissing and wheezing, adding its quota of smog to the dank station roof; lacking the glamour of boat trains from Waterloo, but tailor-made for the slow tortuous journey through the back streets of Bethnal Green to the customs shed on King George V Dock. It was the last day of the year, and the kind of day to

encourage emigration; cold and grey, with a moaning gusting wind swirling from the east. Grim faced dock workers with dew-dropped noses grudgingly loading baggage, anxious to return to Woodbines and tea in the Customs Shed. Embarkation paperwork was very brief. No security checks in those days, but who would think of hijacking a vessel of the British India Steam Navigation Company?



Across the rusty railway track, and my first glimpse of ss Mulbera [LEFT] - black hulled, built in 1922, 9100 tons and a survivor of World War II convoys; upright, slow, reliable, shining brass and solid hardwoods and punkah louvres to capture fresh sea air. No air conditioning or fancy grey plastics - a ship that John **Masefield** would have relished.

A booklet headed 'Notes for the Guidance of Passengers' contained a list of one hundred and fifty names, mostly bound for Mombasa, the remainder going on to Tanga, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, or Beira; a mixed bag of officials returning to East Africa after home leave - a judge for Zanzibar; a police superintendent to Fort Portal in Uganda; Lord **McGowan**, Chairman of ICI, taking a restful voyage; a railway engine driver joining Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours; the Reverend **Festo Habakkuk Olang**, destined to become Archbishop of Kenya.

The booklet also mentioned that Bentley's Second Phrase Code was available on application from the Purser for use in his office. All very mysterious - who was Bentley - a sea-going MI5 man perhaps? And what was wrong with his First Phrase Code? We were also informed that the ship's Topasses were permitted to undertake passengers' laundry 'as far as circumstances allow'. What is a Topass? - must be some poor creature in the bowels of the ship who is occasionally allowed on deck clutching a bar of Sunlight soap and a scrubbing brush.

For the first meal at sea, table places were allocated by the Chief Steward, highly skilled in the instant assessment of passengers' social status. I was 22 years old, green, an innocent abroad. My table companions were a nun, the ship's Radio Officer, and a florid gentleman who looked remarkably like WC Fields, and whose right hand was permanently wrapped round a pink gin. The luncheon menu on the British India Line always includes curry, a dish unfamiliar to me at the time, and I was equally baffled by *Potage Garbure*, *Codling Duglere*, and *Entrecote Marchand de Vins*. No hesitation on the part of my table companions who were unanimous in their view that Madras Curry was a dish to be savoured, so I studied old florid face to see how one tackled this exotic dish.

Having prepared a solid foundation of rice, he delved deeply into the tureen, carefully inspecting and savouring the contents before ordering the steward to deposit a ladleful on top of the rice. Like lava dribbling down the slopes of a volcano the khaki juices merged with the rice. Onto this steaming base he added token amounts from each of the fourteen side dishes, and performed a topping-out ceremony with Bombay Duck, lime pickle, and mango chutney. He wore a monocle attached to his cream linen jacket with a black silk ribbon, and pausing for a sip of pink gin, leaned forward to contemplate the curry. As he did so, the monocle slipped from his eye and with a soft

plop fell into the morass. Undeterred, but with a shaking hand, he retrieved the monocle and screwed it back into place. Traces of Madras curry on the lens brought tears to his eye, but he was an old hand at the game and cleared his plate in less than fifteen minutes.

Sunday at sea followed traditional lines. Despite the presence on board of a future Archbishop, Divine Service was conducted by the ship's Master, Commander JL **Beatty** OBE. He was a firm believer in the robust school of worship, and nodded briefly to the Purser seated at the piano. Firmly struck chords preceded a hearty rendering of 'Eternal Father strong to save...' ending rather worryingly with 'for those in peril on the sea'. If we were to go down I am sure the newspapers would have reported that Mulbera had 'foundered with the loss of all souls', none of that modern nonsense of 'passengers struggling in shark-infested waters'.

Sports and entertainment committees were elected, with the Chairmanship going to Lt-Col H. **Cooper** TD, and a reverend father appointed to arbitrate on the finer points of the laws of deck tennis and shuffleboard. Swahili classes were organised using an old mildewed text-book compiled by a missionary. Blunt speaking in this book. On page three it announced, 'Don't groan when you see this long list of verbs. You must sit down and learn them'. After only two days study I could say 'Rebuke him lest he revile you' in Swahili, although it is hard to imagine when such a remark could be dropped into a casual conversation. On grammatical matters, we learn that district commissioners tend to favour the imperative form of the verb, whereas lesser mortals use the more polite subjunctive.

After eleven days at sea Mulbera slipped past the statue of Ferdinand **de Lesseps** at the entrance to the Suez Canal, and moored at Port Said. The ship was immediately surrounded by bumboats loaded to the gunwales with Egyptian artefacts, while assorted officials and entrepreneurs came aboard, including the gully gully man with his catch phrase 'Chicken is coming, Chicken is coming now'. Dozens of day-old chicks were produced from behind the ears of startled children, and it was remarkable to see how many chickens gully gully man could retrieve from the cleavage of the more attractive female passengers. A brief shore visit to the emporium of Simon **Arzt**, and a return to Mulbera delayed by a group of importunate Arab youths anxious to sell photographs - close inspection of the snaps revealed group poses of a somewhat ambiguous nature. Joining the south bound convoy, Mulbera made the transit of the Suez Canal, steaming slowly through the Gulf of Suez and into the Red Sea. Not a very accurate description, as it is a deep blue, with an oily swell, and disconcerting undulations. There was no swimming pool on the ship, but the crew assembled a wood and canvas contraption on the foredeck between the hatch and the rail. This was then filled with sea water of the same temperature and consistency of Scotch broth. Heat and humidity forced even the keenest athletes to abandon their deck games, flopping into deck chairs under limp canvas awnings. A brief call at Port Sudan, where we moored alongside HMS Chequers, whose crew included Lieutenant Philip **Mountbatten**.

Next port of call, Aden. Surrounded by grim forbidding mountains and bathed in a harsh blinding light, Aden is unlikely to find a place in holiday brochures, but it was well stocked with Rolex watches, binoculars, cameras, and gaudy silk Chinese dressing-gowns.

Then on into the Gulf of Aden, round Cape Guardafui on the Somali coast, and then into the Indian Ocean, and a cooling breeze. We crossed the Equator with some listless horseplay in the canvas pool, and the following morning the Kenya coast appeared on the horizon. My knowledge of the tropics was based on Hollywood's idea of Darkest Africa - steaming mangrove swamps, crocodiles slithering into the water, hostile canoes, and remittance men slowly expiring from malaria and whisky. We passed through a gap in the reef a mile offshore, pausing to pick up the pilot, and headed slowly towards a green island, fringed with coconut palms and stumpy baobab trees.

On the starboard beam, Vasco **da Gama's** Fort Jesus commanded the entrance to the old dhow harbour; a manicured golf course above the low coral cliffs, and groups of neat white houses, capped with red Mangalore tiles. Sparkling clear, clean water in Kilindini Harbour, with schools of bright tropical fish darting about just below the surface. It was hot, very hot, but infinitely preferable to a wet Bank Holiday in Felixstowe. I took a last look at the Swahili text-book for a suitable phrase on landing. How about *nichukue mabegani* (carry me on your shoulders)? Grammatically correct, but perhaps not the best way to make new friends in a strange land. However, I have another 100 words at my disposal, I have taken my Paludrine tablets, and can digest a British India Line curry. Now I am ready to take on Africa.

BELFIELD'S SCOUTS



[Ed: ABOVE PHOTO OF THE BELFIELD'S SCOUTS FROM JJ DE JAGER'S 'SETTLERS TRACKS IN EAST AFRICA'. *If any reader can supply names of those in the above photo, please contact me*]

COMMAND ORDERS

by

Major-General M.J. TIGHE, CB, CIE, DSO,
Commanding the Forces in British East Africa & Uganda.

Nairobi, Tuesday, 14th September, 1915.

768. Organization – *Belfield's Scouts*

His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief has approved of the organization of a Corps of Scouts under the Command of Captain A.F. Arnoldi, to be designated "BELFIELD'S SCOUTS".

a. The organization of the Corps will take effect from the 7th September, 1915.

b. Information regarding the Establishment, pay, equipment, etc, will be communicated to all concerned in due course.

[Ed: *The only reference I have of Belfield's Scouts is this extract from 'The Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous, DSO' [JG Millais, F.Z.S.] page 320: "Only yesterday, the Boer Force from the Uasin Gishu (Belfield's Scouts), 100 men under Major Arnoldi, went out from Maktau and meeting a German force coming from their strongly fortified position at M'buyuni, thirteen miles away, attacked them, and killed two white Germans and over 20 askaris, and took prisoner four white Germans (two wounded). The Boers had only one casualty, which was unfortunately their leader Major Arnoldi. He was only wounded in the shoulder, but fell from his saddle, and his foot unfortunately catching in his stirrup, had his brains knocked out against a tree."*]

Other extracts from Command Orders, which may be of interest:

762. Resignations. With the approval of His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, the undermentioned is permitted to resign her appointment:

East Africa Nursing Service: Nursing Sister HEY Aggett, with effect from 1st September, 1915.

669. Organization – *East Africa Transport Corps*

The following alterations in the nomenclature of the personnel of the East Africa Transport Corps are ordered, and will take effect from 1st August, 1915:-

“Serjeant Conductors” to be termed “Serjeants”.

“Corporal Conductors” to be termed “Corporals”.

“Lance-Corporal Conductors” to be termed “Lance-Corporals”.

“Sub-Conductors” to be termed “Privates”.

The rank of “Conductor” (Warrant Officer), at a rate of Rs 300 per month and rations, is hereby sanctioned.

In addition to Regimental pay, white artificers will receive extra duty pay of Rs 1 per diem. Corps pay at the rate of Rs 1 per diem for Lance-Corporal Conductors in the East Africa Transport Corps, sanctioned in Command Order No. 181, will be abolished from 1st August, 1915.

777. Corrigendum. Command Order No. 528, dated 2nd July, 1915, so far as it refers to the resignation of Nursing Sister Mrs. Ellison, is cancelled.

C.F. DOBBS, Major

DAA & QMG, Command Headquarters, BEA

[Ed: *A photostat of the above Command Order was sent in by Maj Harry Fecitt, MBE. If any reader has copies of any of the WWI BEA Command Orders, would very much appreciate sight of same*].

A DODGE WITH A PAST

[Stephen Coan reports – The Witness, Monday June22, 2011]

At the back of a house in Hayfields a 1952 Chrysler Dodge Power Wagon is being restored to

working condition. But this is no ordinary vintage vehicle; this is one of the vehicles used in the famous **Marshall** expeditions into the Kalahari in the fifties.

In her classic book *The Harmless People*, published in 1959, Elizabeth Marshall **Thomas** records leaving the village of Chikudu, "the last marked place on the map of Bechuanaland between Molepolole in the east and Ghanzi far in the west". There was no road to follow, "we took a course out over the veldt set by a Bushman, Gishe, who rode in the jeep at the head of a convoy of four trucks and, remembering the land from his childhood, pointed the way".

Thomas was accompanying her parents Laurence and Lorna **Marshall** and her brother John **Marshall** on their third expedition sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution and the Harvard University Peabody Museum "for the purpose of filming and studying the life and customs of the people of the Kalahari, who are called the Bushmen".

The **Marshalls** spent almost five years, between 1951 and 1962, with the Ju/'hoan of Nyae Nyae. Out of this came Lorna **Marshall's** landmark study *The Ju/'hoan of Nyae Nyae*, Thomas's *The Harmless People*, while John **Marshall** filmed a wide variety of Ju/'hoan activities. Their combined contribution to the field of anthropology and ethnographic filmmaking is, to say the least, remarkable.

In *The Harmless People*, **Thomas** describes how the expedition travelled "in four big trucks and a jeep" which had to "carry all our food and water, gasoline, and equipment and supplies to last us for several months". Those five vehicles were a CJ2A Willys Jeep, two GMC six-wheel drive trucks and two Dodge Power Wagons.

It is one of those Dodge Power Wagons that is now being restored in Hayfields by Alan **Price** [KR7428] [BELOW], who collects and restores vintage and military vehicles. The story of its restoration and how it was identified as one of the Marshall expedition vehicles, is an intriguing mixture of mechanics and detective work.



For **Price** it is a childhood dream come true. "I was six when I saw my first Dodge Power Wagon. It was standing outside **Ahmed Brothers** in Nairobi. After that, Power Wagons just stayed in my mind, I loved them".

Later, when **Price** was a professional hunter, they were his vehicle of choice. "I hunted all over Africa - Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika, and the Congo - all of them with Dodges."

In the late seventies, a friend of **Price's**, Witold **Walus**, who runs the Truck Farm, a truck workshop near Pretoria, found a Dodge Power Wagon on the side of a Pretoria street. "It appeared to be derelict," says Price, "No one was doing anything about it. Witold sent me photographs and asked me if I had any idea of what its history might be. He tried everything to trace the owner so he could buy it. But he couldn't. It appeared to have been abandoned, and then it disappeared."

In 1995, one of **Walus's** drivers was a garage filling up a later version of a Dodge Power Wagon when another customer said his employer had a vehicle like that on his farm in the Magaliesberg.

Walus followed up the lead and it turned out that the police had collected up derelict vehicles and auctioned them off, which was when this farmer bought it. **Walus** bought it from the farmer and last year sold it on to **Price**.

Price's curiosity was aroused by a number of features of the vehicle. A logo had been removed from the side door while the chassis and springs had been strengthened. Dents on the roof of the cab suggested there had been some kind of platform mounted on it.

Roger **Gaisford**, another local vintage car enthusiast, suggested it might be one of the **Marshall** expedition vehicles. There are several websites devoted to the **Marshall** expeditions, with photographs of the Dodge Power Wagons used on the expeditions, but was this one of them?

Price contacted Chrysler in Detroit and sent them the engine and chassis numbers of the vehicle. In response, they sent him the build card related to the vehicle, an automobile equivalent of a birth certificate. Date of birth was March 13, 1952. But the clincher was the delivery destination, Laconia, just over 96km from Harvard University. **Price** then contacted a number of institutions and individuals connected to the **Marshall** expeditions and gradually pieced together the history of the vehicle. Once delivered it was reinforced for desert conditions to enable it to carry 1,000 litre water tanks, a filming platform was constructed on the roof of the cab, chaff guards were added to stop grass seed blowing into the radiator and a logo was painted on the side doors: **Peabody Museum of Harvard University**.

The Power Wagon was then shipped to Southern Africa and used on the **Marshall** expeditions at least until the early sixties. But there remains a gap in its history. How did it get from the Kalahari to Pretoria in the seventies?

When it was found on the side of the street in Pretoria its condition precluded it having been driven there and the vehicle provided graphic evidence of its sojourn in the desert when **Price** began restoring it. "There was no mud in it, it was all sand," says **Price**, "sand, and the distinctive black rock you find in the Kalahari and Namibia. The supports were full of the stuff."

The engine provided the biggest surprise. "It had not been turned over in 50 years", says **Price**. "When we opened the sump, five litres of pure, vodka-clear water came out. That meant the end of the engine, I thought, it must have a cracked block. But no. what had happened was that in the desert, during the cold nights, condensate formed on the inside of the engine and ran down inside the block, and because oil floats, as the water level rose so did the oil. The crank shaft was preserved in oil. Inside the engine the bores are shiny, just like new".

Dry desert conditions also meant there was little surface rust or serious corrosion. "The interior paintwork is still the original coat", says **Price**. But the vehicle clearly bears evidence of the harsh driving conditions in the desert. "The continual struggle through deep sand took a particularly heavy toll on the springs and drive line," says **Price**. "The half-shafts broke and the differential bearings and gears took a beating. Very few vehicles would have survived."

In *The Harmless People*, **Marshall** gives an idea of the sort of conditions the vehicle experienced: "We crossed great drought areas, once crossing four hundred miles of the central desert of Bechuanaland where there was no water at all, and once travelling every day for two weeks into an unmapped part of the desert of South-West Africa ... where we found a waterhole and refilled our empty drums".

Of the **Marshall** family, only Elizabeth is still alive. Her father Laurence died in 1980, while her mother, Lorna, died in 2002, aged 103. Her brother John became a highly respected ethnographic

film maker. He died in 2005 and his film and video collection is on the UNESCO 'Memory of the World' register.

But the story doesn't quite end there. It is thought some of the other trucks in the **Marshall** expeditions might still be around. "In 1992, photographs were circulated in motoring restoration circles of two six-wheel drive GMC trucks abandoned in the Namib," says Price. "But no one could find out their history".

CORRESPONDENCE

Sue **Johnson** (née **White**) wife of Alan [KR4993] [13/06/2011] <ejohnson@telkomsa.net> - As usual much enjoyed yesterday's lunch at Fern Hill, food, company plus the added bonus of a lovely warm and sunny day. Found ourselves seated next to the Don & Patsy **Blacklaw**, who live in Greytown. Don't think we have met them before, what a delightful couple. Having passed the tomato/cucumber enterprise at Lanet so many times all those years ago, often wondered who the owners were, only to meet up with one of the partners today, many years later. Don has certainly led an interesting life by all accounts and then to find that Patsy and I had lived in the same area – Limuru – and attended the same school for a while – Valley Road Convent. Coincidences always amaze me, which goes to show that by attending the KRA lunches you are bound, at some point, to meet up with a connection from yesteryear.

Chris **Schermbrucker** [CCF] [11/07/2011] responds to Joachim **Kroll**'s letter: We KRA members in the UK receive copies of m-S a bit later than you do. So I have only recently read your letter on page 15 of m-S XXXVII. Yes! You are quite right, my Dad was an advocate with his Uncle W.A. **Shaw** in Eldoret in the 30s, and my brother Bill and I were both born in the Eldoret Hospital, where our mother was a nurse. Dad joined the Kenya Regiment [KR1431] during the war and was involved first at Mitubiri and Nanyuki, then later in CP&FA at Muthaiga. After the war he joined the firm of Kaplan and Stratton and we moved to Nairobi.

Our folks were lifelong friends of Mona and Robin **Stanley**. Mona had also been a nurse in Eldoret, and later Robin became farm manager on F.O'B. **Wilson**'s large ranch at Ulu. Bill and I spent many school holidays with them and their son David **Stanley** [KR4810], and at our place in Muthaiga, and later at Kiambu.

David and his wife Jane (née **Hopcraft**), now retired from farming, live in Karen; Bill and family in retirement as Prof of English at a Vancouver university, and Ann and I are in retirement as a couple of vets in *Ulaya*, but with frequent visits back to our homeland.

Hugh **Clarke** [KR4308] to John **Davis** [KR7457]: With regards to 'Stooge' **Stocker**'s [KR5757] story on page six of mini-SITREP XXXVI (June 2010), about 'me sitting on a blow hole at the Eburru camp'. I remember the incident well but would like to make it clear that it wasn't me! [Ed: *On behalf of the late Stooge, apologies for the inaccuracy – purely for the records, anyone own up to being the blow-hole sitter?*]

Don **Rookens-Smith** [KR4969] <donrookensmith@verizon.net> [20/08/2011]: Am interested to know the whereabouts of Brian Hopper [KR6841]? A nice and decent young fellow, he was an assistant on 'Merrowdown' farm (between Soy & Turbo), in the early '60's. His father *Dudu* owned the butchery in Eldoret, and his mother, Dot, a hair dressing salon. He had a sister Wendy.

I recall a photo of him receiving some award the award for being Champion Young Soldier at the EA Command Rifle Meet at Kahawa, in Oct/59. [Ed: *The article about the Command Shoot and the photo are reproduced on pp 45/48.*]



Mike **Destro** [KR7101] <m.destro@comcast.net> [29/07/2011]: Many thanks for the photo of the London reunion dinner on 18th October 1963 [m-S XXXVIII p79]. I'm the semi-intoxicated person, second from the left, with my foot under Sir Patrick **Renison's** chair. That great Governor nicknamed one of my cousins *Bongo* and the name has stuck to this day. [Ed: *Rumour has it that the gentleman on the extreme left, is none other than [KR5616] Capt James McKillop.*]



Michael **Pease** [KR4126] [LEFT] <mikepease@sapo.pt> [23/07/2011] from Portugal: Digging through my KR file it seems that I last wrote to you on September 8th 2002! My KR number may have been 4126 – but I'm not sure of that. Only you would know!

I am writing to you now because Brian **Tyrell** [KR6568], with whom I correspond frequently, sent me the latest mini-SITREP in which I note that John **Williamson** [KR3952], who I think may have been a fellow-prefect of Junior House, POW, with myself, Guy **Catchpole**, Joachim **Kroll** (what happened to him?) [Ed:

Joachim lives in Johannesburg <jkroll@telkomsa.net>] *et al.* asked about the whereabouts of Ray **Mayer's** daughter, Patricia. Pat married Sandy **Robertson** [KR3861] whom I knew well. He worked in Uganda I think and subsequently somewhere not far from Kitale. Brian and Mitzi live not far from us and we see each other periodically. I first met Pat at a Rift Valley SC dance many, many years ago.

In any event, Pat and Sandy established a small farm some km to the east of us which now focuses successfully on avocados and mangoes. Sandy died of cancer on 28th August 2005, following a leg amputation; their son, Ian, now runs the enterprise. Stimulated by the SITREP note I have just

phoned her and she is delightful as always but, sadly, confined to a wheel-chair. Jyll and I must and will visit her again soon. Off-hand she cannot recall John **Williamson** but will look through her photograph album to refresh her memory – after all, she was bridesmaid at JW's wedding! Of course I knew Ray quite well but mainly on the cricket field, not through the Regiment.

Pat would be delighted to hear from John **Williamson** and I would be most grateful if you would pass this message on to him. Her address is: Quinta Candeioas, Nora, 8375 São Bartolomeu de Messines, Algarve, Portugal. Her phone number is (351) 332 069.



I note that Sid **Moscoff** is still going strong and I imagine you will be in regular touch with him. [Ed: *Sadly Sid passed away. in August 1993 as a result of a MVA.*] If so, please send him my warmest salaams and tell him that I still retain the infamous picture of him dressed in webbing, mess-can etc and nothing else! [Ed: *After a fair amount of cajoling, Mike very kindly sent me the photo [LEFT] - I'm sure Boris would have approved!*]

It is remarkable that, in our barrack-room at Salisbury, no less than five were killed during the emergency or subsequently. Arthur **Crowther** [KR4136] and Stuart **Wortley** [Ed: *The only Wortley I have in the Long Roll is Francis Aylmer 4155 - same man?*] were particular friends of mine, and I always liked Sgt **Unsworth** of the Loyals.

When I last corresponded I mentioned that we had met with your brother Don and Mary whilst staying with John and Lorna **Clarke** [KR6205] in Florida some years ago. [Ed: *Don & Mary will be over here for a few weeks in February/March next year en route to Tiwi to celebrate Francis Foster's 80th*]. It was great to see them all. But sadly, whilst we visit Texas periodically where our daughter #1 lives, we don't get to Florida. However, we always exchange Christmas cards with John and Lorna each year and catch up with news.

We see Tony and Pat **Clifford** [KR6038] periodically. He has not been too well and had an operation on his foot recently; they live in the east-central part of the Algarve. Pat was recently honoured by The Queen at the annual Maundy Money ceremony in Westminster Abbey. Regrettably, *anno domini* has caught up with me over the past year and my long-distance walking has ground to a halt. Ah well, I suppose that at 81, I should accept these things – but I don't!

Incidentally, both Jyll and I recall many names mentioned in your mini-SITREP. Many congratulations in all that you do for the Regiment

**

[Ed: *Having responded to Mike [25/07/2011], he continues*]: Many thanks for your speedy response and answers to the various points that I raised. Much appreciated.

I will put a few photos on jpeg file and send them to you shortly. One is of our platoon under Sgts **Unsworth** and **Robertson**, when we won the cup in Salisbury, and Goalie *Rumbleguts & Dougal*



[ABOVE: CHAMPION DRILL PLATOON, BELOW: GOALIE RUMBLEGUTS & DOUGAL, AND THE LADS AT SINOIA]



Pat **Clifford**, wife of Tony [KR6038], was one of the 85 [because H.M. was 85] honoured by receiving Maundy Money from the Queen in this year's awards. You best look up the details of Maundy Money on the internet. It is historically interesting.

Essentially, Pat was nominated to receive the two purses of Maundy Money on account of her considerable charitable and social activities, from being a prison visitor to church activities etc. We watched the ceremony on TV which took place this year in Westminster Abbey. [Ed: *Pat, if ever you read this, congratulations from all members of the KRA.*]

I will send John **Williamson** [KR3952] an e-mail confirming Pat **Robertson's** postal and e-mail address.

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.*

[Laurence Binyon]

Since mini-SITREP XXXVIII was printed we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Allan, Jack (brother of Herbie Murphy's wife Leslie). 09/08/2011. Harare (Leslie Murphy)
Allen, John Baldwin Rigbye [KR3513/4357/564]. 20/08/2011. Brisbane (son Anthony)
Balabanoff, Stella (w/o the late Laurie [KR3714]). 09/06/2011. Johannesburg (Keith Elliot)
Barnard, Gert Hendrick [KR3796]. 26/11/2009. Somerset West – RSA (Anthony Rowan)
Barnard, Anna (née Cloete, w/o the late Gert). 19/08/2011. Somerset West (Anthony Rowan)
Botha, William James Hurst [KR4190]. 07/08/2011. Howick, KZ-N (daughter Alice)
Brick, Sheila (néé Powell w/o the late Frank [KAR]). 13/10/2011. Johannesburg (Keith Elliot)
Cawley, Ena (née Broach). 12/10/2011. Pietermaritzburg (Bob Simpson)
Coulson, Terence Gordon [KR3618] 24/08/2011. Nanyuki (George McKnight)
Coverdale, Miles Archibald Creighton [KR4204] 02/09/2011. Nanyuki (Giles Shaw)
Dennison, Thomas Roy Andrews [KR6665] 19/08/2011. Kalamunda, W Australia (Giles Shaw)
Graf, Edward Frederick [KR3925]. 18/06/2011. New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)
Graham, Dorothy (née Murphy, widow of the late Sandy KR4571) 27/08/2011. RSA (Alf Hall)
Hendry, Molly (w/o the late Keith MM (EAACR)). 11/08/2011. Richmond, KZ-N (Terry Griffin)
Heppes, Keith Harry [KR6644] 09/11/2011. Pietermaritzburg (Peter Scott)
Herd, David Gould [KR6136] 07/07/2011. Sydney (Iain Morrison)
Jordan, John Frederick [KR7213]. Some years ago. (Brian Jefferies)
Kilian, Cornelius Hercules [KR4262]. 01/05/2011. England (Iain Morrison)
Knowlden, Eric Claude [KR2096]. 15/04/2011. Sydney (Ted Downer)
Myburgh, Gerald Alec [KR4383]. 18/09/2011. Harare (Bob Rose)
Poppleton, Frank [KR1813]. 16/06/2011. BC, Canada (Ian Parker)
Robertson, Ian Alexander (*Sandy*) [KR3861] 28/10/2005. Spain (Michael Pease)
Scott, Thomas Julian [KR3643]. ±2009. Vancouver (Dr Kester Brown)
Stephenson, Thomas Alfred Edward [KR4512]. 20/09/2011. Amanzimtoti, RSA (wife Corinne)
Swann, Sidney Maurice [KR1049]. 21/09/2011. South Australia (Ted Downer)

FRANK POPPLETON [KR1813]

30th July 1922 – 16th June 2011

[Ian Parker]

Captain Frank **Poppleton** died in British Columbia, Canada, six weeks short of his 89th birthday on 16th June 2011. One the cadre of soldiers who became East Africa's first National Park Wardens

after the Second World War, more than any other individual, Frank was responsible for establishing the Queen Elizabeth National Park (known widely as QE Park) in south-west Uganda .

Frank, one of two brothers born in Ruiru, Kenya was educated at the Prince of Wales School, and with his brother Bill [KR1812] joined the Kenya Regiment upon the outbreak of WWII. Both saw service with the KAR; Bill was killed in Burma near Kalewa, and Frank transferred to the British Army, joining 17th/21st Lancers as a regular officer. [BELOW LEFT]



Upon retiring from the Army, Frank was recruited by the Trustees of the Uganda National Parks. His ten year tenure as Senior Park Warden [ABOVE RIGHT] running QE Park from the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s, spanned the era of independence, demanding not only getting the Park established and training a disciplined staff, but also inducting his Ugandan successors into the realm of national park management . The measure of his success in this dual role is that the QE Park survived the tribulations of the subsequent **Obote/Amin/Obote** years better than Uganda's other parks.

As a Senior Park Warden in Uganda, Frank's tenure also spanned the arrival of research scientists upon the East African conservation scene. This was not altogether smooth or universally welcomed in Kenya and Tanzania, but was successful in Uganda from the outset. As QE Park became the earliest focus of research within the Uganda Parks system, first with the American Fulbright scholars then as the base for the Nuffield Unit of Tropical Animal Ecology, the cordial relationship between Park Administrators and Research Scientists was in large measure attributable to Frank **Poppleton**. His sense of humour and easy way with people stood all concerned in good stead.

After retiring from Uganda's Parks, Frank was recruited by the UN's Food & Agriculture Organisation (FAO) to be an Instructor in the College of Wildlife Management at Mweka, above Moshi in Tanzania. Here for eight years he was popular and is well-remembered by the students who passed through his hands to become Wardens the length and breadth of Africa.

After Mweka, FAO contracted Frank for a further eight years to work with its Wildlife Project in Nepal, and then for a further short stint in Uganda. Retiring in 1985, Frank took a one year contract with WWF helping the Ethiopian Wildlife authorities. On completion he settled in Canada.

Today it is fashionable in some circles to deride the selection of military men to run the colonial era's National Parks and Game Departments. The track record of such as Frank **Poppleton** is proof that they, above others, possessed the qualities most needed. He did a good job and led a useful life.



[Left: FRANK AND INGE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY].

Frank is survived by a daughter from his first marriage, and his second wife Inge and their two sons.

EDWARD FREDERICK GRAF [KR3925]

[By one of Fred's grandsons]

Fred began his life at a time when the virtues of strength and dependability were arguably more plentiful, more vital in the world than they are today. The first white boy ever to be born in the Cote d'Ivoire, Fred was to spend much of his childhood between the unforgiving landscape of Africa and his parents' homeland, Switzerland. From an early age, this shaped Fred.

Despite the fact that he would spend much of the earlier part of his life in Africa, much like his very Swiss mother, Fred remained immensely proud of his Swiss roots, holding in high esteem the country in which he was schooled and would return to a great many times. This lifelong passion and interest for a small country with its distinctive culture which can only be described as "Swiss" also shaped Fred. If indeed it is true that the experiences we have in life shape us, Fred and his life are testament to that.

Though it is true that Fred's childhood split between Africa and Switzerland and his Swiss sincerity contributed to his strength of character, dependability and reliability, his life was one filled with a rich collection of experiences. As many of you will know, Fred had visited and worked across far flung parts of Africa, fought in the Kenya Mau Mau uprising, successfully represented Switzerland, in rifle shooting, spoke a number of languages, and just like those of us shaped by lesser experiences, remained a committed family man and worked hard at his career.

From an early age Fred knew what it was to feel the weight of responsibility and duty. When still just a young boy he lost his father, leaving him, the oldest of four children, to help his mother raise his two sisters, Marlese and Elsbeth and his younger brother, Peter. Although tragic, it was perhaps this as much as the experiences that were to come later in life that contributed to the Fred we remember; for though he was many things, those attributes of dependability, strength of character and reliability stand out. Undoubtedly, it was these attributes that allowed him to take the many experiences of life in his stride, for example, the courage to fight in the Mau Mau uprising, the conviction to relocate his young family across the world to New Zealand.

Those of us gathered here today, be they friends or family, will collectively share a wide and varied set of memories of time spent with Fred. This though reflects the diverse range of interests he had. Fred retained an interest in the world that was his time in Kenya, keeping in touch with a number of you through the Kenya Regiment Association. He had a love for the water and in particular yachting, which, on account of its wind powered propulsion being considerably noise free and requiring no payment for petrol, appealed to his Swiss sensibilities.

Former colleagues will know of the enjoyment he derived from meticulous craftsmanship and tinkering away in a garage, building (if that is the word) something with great precision and care. He was most certainly not one to cut corners, which, on balance, is probably a desirable attribute for someone with a lengthy career in aircraft engineering. Fred also remained interested and involved in Swiss affairs, voting in referendums, especially any which might have affected his pension, and maintaining close links with his Swiss roots. Unfortunately, as anyone trapped for hours behind a large yacht being towed by a Landcruiser at a careful and precise 70km/h down SH 27 will tell you, his driving was also very Swiss. A speedster he was not.

While Fred embraced the experiences of life and all the knowledge and interest that came with those experiences, he took seriously his role as a dependable husband, father, and more latterly, grandfather.



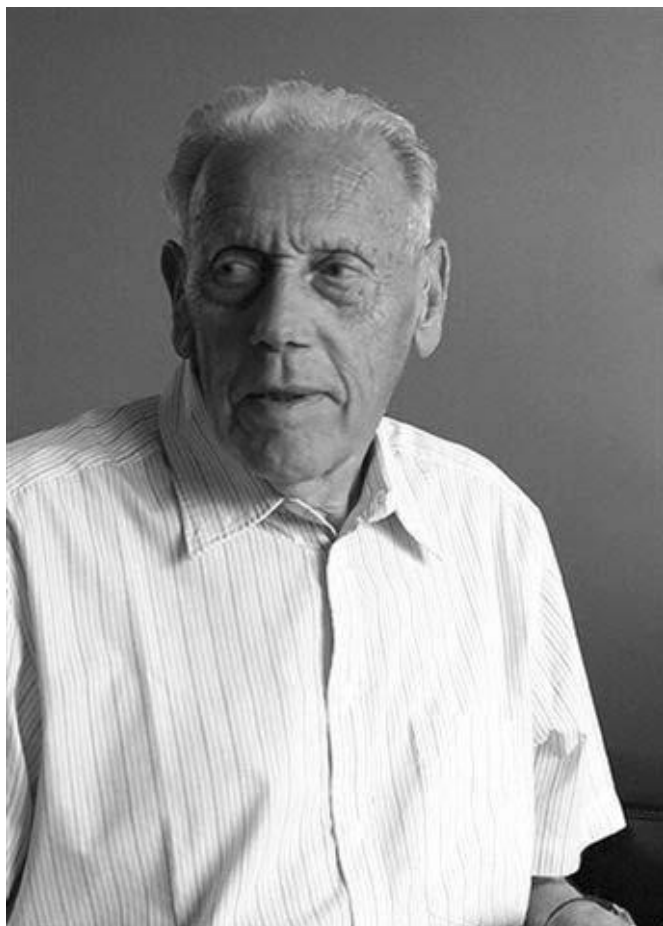
Fred was lucky enough to convince a young and beautiful Jill (née **Schwartzel**) that he would be just that and they were married in 1957 [LEFT]. His strength and dependability certainly came in handy at the Popsy Bar too, although I suspect Granny would prefer I said no more on that. But he considered his role as the breadwinner to support her, and the family they would have, very important, demonstrating once again that careful forward planning and industrious work ethic. In exchange, Jill looked after Fred very well, some might even say she spoilt him! It was a partnership that worked very well with both supporting the other in their different way; so, too, when their children, Peter and Kathy were born. Fred remained a hard working father, careful and selfless to ensure that their needs were provided for.

Typical of the reserve of his generation, and perhaps even more so, those who had lived through the experiences he had, Fred was not prone to excessive self-expression. Possibly he saw such expression as somewhat inconsistent with the strength that he felt was required of him, or perhaps it was simply difficult for him. While it therefore may not always have been immediately obvious, Fred was someone who valued his family and friends very much. Despite the fact that he may have lived half the world away from some of his family and friends, Fred was, somewhat uncharacteristically for a man of his generation, a great letter writer and eventual e-mailer (although I am not sure the hourly output ever recovered from the transition). And when his four grandchildren came along, first Chris while he

was still working, and then me, James and Matthew during his more leisurely retirement, Fred could be found sitting in the school hall watching some rather basic school production or sitting through a lengthy graduation ceremony in bottom-numbingly uncomfortable chair. He would tell you that it was because Granny made him, but despite his protests we came to realise that it was because in his own way he very much wanted to be there.

Speaking as one of Fred's grandsons, I have a great many number of memories of time spent with him; be it having a rather closely supervised target practice session with a pellet gun in the back yard, or sailing on the yacht with him and Granny, or playing blackjack with matchsticks (Fred's Swiss sensibilities meant that was about as serious as his gambling got) or just enjoying a family dinner, I like so many others here are fortunate to have such memories of time shared with Fred, or to us four boys, Granddad.

Having worked so hard, Fred was fortunate to have enjoyed his later years in life. Early retirement meant that he could pursue and indulge in those many interests he had (a favourite of which was getting under Granny's feet). There was travel with many trips back to his beloved Switzerland and equally beloved Spain – on account of it being both warmer and cheaper than Switzerland. He built a yacht that was turned out to an immaculate standard, and drawing on his love of Spain, christened *Alhambra*, I suspect with a bottle of Lindauer rather than a bottle of Dom Perignon! This led to summers spent sailing Lake Taupo and the Hauraki Gulf, two places very special to Fred and just two parts of the fondness he came to have for New Zealand, his home for the latter half of his life. It must too be said that onboard Fred embraced feminism and gender equality, liberally allowing Jill to pull up the anchor and wrestle with flapping sails whilst he carefully manned the helm. Even when the yacht became too much, Fred and Jill took to the land in their little caravan, exploring this beautiful country that they and their family came to call home.



[LEFT: FRED – CHRISTMAS 2010] To the end, Fred's intellect remained sharp and intact, even if he was constantly convinced he had been the victim of a theft of a certain pair of spectacles! Somewhat at odds with the reserve he showed in other matters, Fred was generally forthright in his views and invariably had an opinion to offer on most things. Some would say that he was a passionate advocate, others might at times have called it bloody-mindedness, but there was no denying the interest and awareness he retained of the world he lived in. He was also a great story teller and being sat next to him at Christmas dinner, particularly if there was a good bottle of red on the table, meant that you would be on the receiving end of any one of a number of stories, from fights with oil cans as a young apprentice engineer, to a certain infamous function he and Jill once attended at the Swiss embassy in Africa, to rare moments of self-indulgence whilst shopping on Jermyn Street in London, to his and Jill's latest mishaps or adventures aboard the *Alhambra*.

In many ways though this vast library of

stories reflects the varied, rich and full life that Fred lived. It was a life that was dutiful, responsible and selfless and yet at the time same time he lived it full and well. We must remember that and take comfort from that today. Even though he was taken from us before we were ready, before we had heard all the stories that we wanted to hear, before we had slowly worked out everything that we wanted to him to find the time to say, there is no denying that he made good use of his 81 years.

Now though it is time to farewell Fred. There is no denying that the last year or two had not been difficult for him. Although physically he was no longer the strong man he once was, characteristically he faced up to the fight with quiet determine and resolve. And though he fought in this way to the end, ultimately this time it just was not quite enough. Now, he is able to rest with dignity and be at peace; which, after all, is how he would have wanted it. He could not have endured to be so weak and frail, not to be able to keep on living the life he had. We will of course miss him immeasurably. The strength, the enduring calm, courage and integrity he represented will be missed. While we will miss him so very much, the pain of our loss is eased when we remember all that his life brought to him and to us. And from him, we are gifted with the reminder to live our lives both with a sense of obligation and responsibility to those we love and care for but also to live our lives, now and for each day after. Granddad - we can only hope you rest knowing that. Goodbye from all of us.

Mike Innes **Walker** [KR4426] writes: I gave the following address at Fred's funeral service which was well attended by Regimental members and wives, and many other friends.

I had known Fred since our early days together at the Prince of Wales school in Nairobi. In those early years Fred didn't say very much, mainly I understand, because after arriving with his family from Switzerland in 1945 he had to learn English which he did successfully, eventually passing all his leaving exams.

Initially, a quiet achiever; Fred suddenly became very popular when we all discovered that he had two very attractive sisters, Elsbeth and Marlese; we also discovered that Fred's mother ran a boarding house in Slaters Road, so after school days the boarding house was always the place to head for by those of us from out of town.

During the emergency Fred [KR3925] quickly made a name for himself, particularly as a member of the Regimental shooting team where he won many medals and trophies; he also represented Kenya at the Army Shooting Championships at Bisley, England.

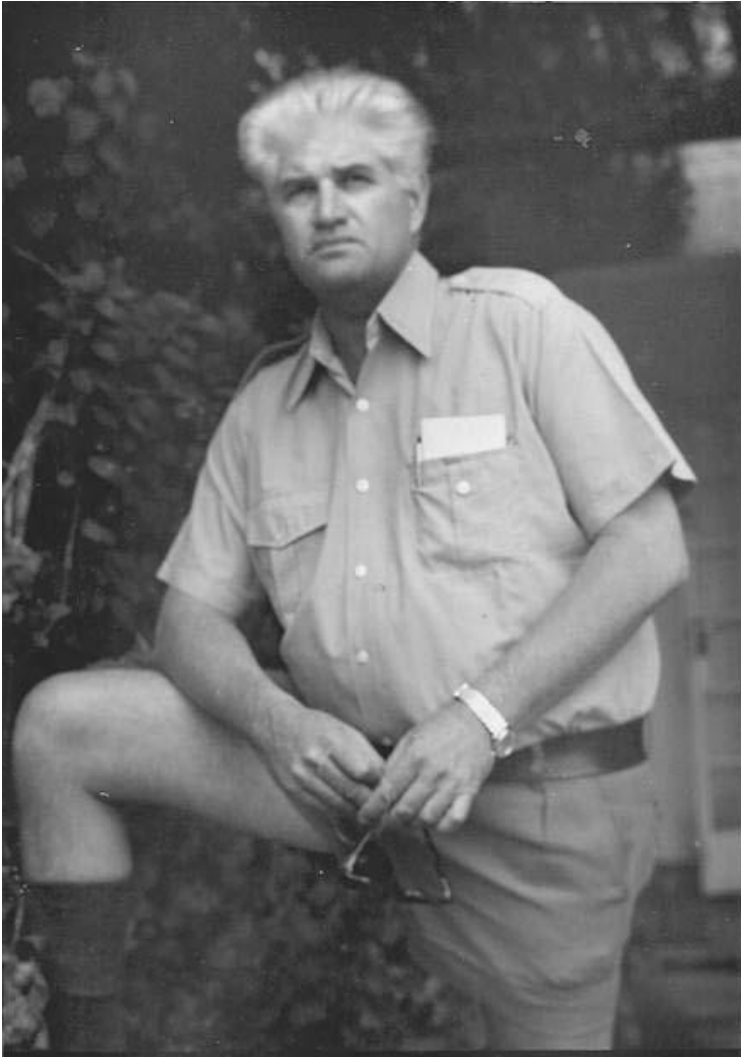
Fred worked for East African Airways for 21 years, qualifying as an aircraft engineer. With his wife Jill and young family he moved to New Zealand and worked for Air New Zealand for 22 years before retiring. With such a record, it's not surprising that their son Peter also works for Air New Zealand. A committee member of KRA(New Zealand) since its inception in 1986, Fred was always supported by Jill, who we hope will continue to be attend our functions and meetings.

Enjoying their retirement, Fred and Jill toured NZ in their caravan, making great use of their sailor/trailer

Fred leaves behind his wife Jill, their children Peter and Kathy, and four grandchildren

TERENCE GORDON COULSON [KR3618]

Dennis **Leete** [25/08/2011]. Terry **Coulson** died at home last night, from a rapid heart attack. I had coffee with him on Friday morning, and we chatted for an hour about many things – he was my Landlord! He was fit and cheerful, having just returned from a visit to see his sister in the USA. On Sunday afternoon, he attended the AGM of the Gilgil Country Club, of which he had been Chairman for many years. He was in good form. His son Billy phoned me about an hour ago, and said that he had been well, until after supper, but then told his wife Mary, that he thought he had some indigestion, and went to lie down, and died.



Needless to say the Gilgil community is in deep shock and mourning. He was a major benefactor to hundreds, if not thousands, of Kenyans, as both an employer, and a sponsor to an orphan boys', and orphan girls' boarding schools, each with 250 pupils, which he largely paid for. They followed the principles of Geoffrey Griffin's famous Starehe School in Nairobi, and held very high standards; to the point that more wealthy Africans paid to send their children to them. He contributed to Pembroke House School, the Kenya Regiment Association, and many, many others, including Fairseat Foundation for the Elderly.

Sheila **Wren** (née **Jenkins**). Terry took the photos at my wedding, so many years ago! He must have been into his 80s, so had a good innings. Sad though.

Derek **Rossenrode**. Terry was a relative of mine (2nd cousin?) through marriage. My Dad's eldest sister Emma was married to Hector **Coulson**, Terry's Uncle. [Ed: *Further tributes to Terry are to be found on pp 59/62.*]

David **Young** [KR3839] <dhpmyoung@mweb.co.za> [16/08/2011]: Am very sorry to hear of the passing of Terry **Coulson** [KR3618]. The late Bill **Harvey** [KR3642], Terry, Mick **Fernandes** [KR3949] and I were NCO's in 'B' Company (OC, Major Ray **Nightingale** [KR5713]), and the four of us had some great times.

THOMAS ALFRED EDWARD STEPHENSON [KR4512]

Robert **Stephenson**, Tom and Corinne's son, over from New Zealand, pays tribute to his father: My father, was one of those hard working fathers who always got his way. His words were the law in our house and I never realized until much later, that he was already teaching me one of the most valuable lessons in life - to stand up for what one believes in. I also discovered that he was a very compassionate and kind person and that the most important thing to him was his family. Though he may never have said it aloud, I know that he was proud of what I have become.

He rarely showed his feelings, but a look was enough to indicate whether I had done well, or not! As I grew up my father always found time to show me things, especially when it came to the great outdoors. He was very strict but only because he cared for us. To his friends he was a very kind person, always ready to help. He never had a bad word to say about anyone. He always had a solution to every problem, and his way of making things simple and humorous. A very generous man who helped simply because he wanted to and expected neither reward nor acknowledgement

He showed strength until the very end and still had some enlightening words for us all. Let us just remember everything that my father shared with us. And let's be happy that he has finally gone home.

**

Dudley **Forde** continues: Tom was an admirable man, in the sense that he made it very easy for us to admire him and love him. There was nothing that was sham or show in his lived life - what you saw was what you got. Some people call it integrity, and many will bewail that there is not enough of it around anymore - so when you find it - you revel in it and value and enjoy it. He was a man - a gentleman, a decent man, a most worthy and loved husband and father, a loyal employee, and a worthy contributing citizen of his community.

He became involved with the Boy Scout Movement, which was to be the central focus of much of his life's commitment, whilst living in Umbogintwini, when his sons Thomas and Robert started there as young Wolf Cubs. In 1979, he accepted appointment as Group Scoutmaster at the 52nd Durban Stella Group, the Scout group that functions from this hall, and continued for more than 30 years in service to the Group, indeed for the remainder of his life.

His enthusiasm for the welfare of the Cubs and Scouts under his care, and for proper scouting to be offered to them, persisted undiminished throughout all he tackled and accomplished. In many respects he was the exemplary and ideal Scout leader. He role-modelled the best that he wanted his scouts to be - he believed in no other way. The nature of his character, his personality, his relationships and his contribution were of the utmost consequence. Wealth and trappings meant little to him, but running his scout troop with the patrol system and good games, and helping young people to make progress in their lives, these were the honest issues of his life. And it was foremost that he should give his best as an honest man. Robert Burns' "A Man is a Man for a' that.

“What though on hamely fare we dine,
 wear hoddin grey an' all that?
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 for a' that, and a' that.
 Their tinsel show an' a' that;
 The honest man, tho'e'er sae poor,
 is king of men for a' that.”

Only one week before his pained and troubled body succumbed to a long struggle, he and Corrine and I were yet again lost in his world of boating, pack meetings, leader training and all that pre-occupied his joys in scouting. His every word was passionate and sincere. His devotion to the

Movement whose principles he embraced and in whose service he tirelessly toiled, were ever evident.

Tom was prepared always to take the issue on anything he truly believed; he was always a courageous man who would champion a cause and who thought little of those in authority and positions who knew no better, and whose performance he judged as mediocre.

In the years I was attached to South African headquarters in Cape Town, I would frequently get a call from that office - "Dudley, Tom Stephenson has just sent another letter on such and such an issue what do we do?" We always respected this bulldog of a man who never let go of a bone, where issues in the best interest of his boys, needed to be dealt with.

Tom lived for the fundamentals of scouting in their purity. He deplored the sloppy and second-rate he found too often around him. He anguished over good sense, the patrol system and learning by doing and the beauty of Baden Powell's concepts of Brotherhood.



Tom was ever proud of the role his beloved Corinne played in Kwa Zulu Natal Scouting. [LEFT: TOM & CORINNE 2009]. Many were the hours he accompanied her, and waited outside dusty halls while she deliberated the weighty trials and tribulations of Group, District and Provincial Scout matters. He supported her in her many roles there and loyally sustained in her many other community and organizational roles.

How does one look back on a rich and full life and measure its worth. Robert Louis Stevenson the great English poet wrote this of success:

“That person is a success, who has lived well,
laughed often, and loved much.
Who has gained the respect of intelligent people,
and the love of children.
Who has filled a niche and accomplished life's
tasks. Who leaves the world a better place.”

In that measure Tom, a foundation member of the Duke of York school, the first Head Boy of that school, head of his house and loyal Old Boy; saw service with the Kenya Regiment during the Kenya Emergency, a longstanding and loyal member of the Kenya Regiment Association; much loved friend, cheerful companion to many through the years, devoted husband and father, faithful and valued employee, committed and respected Scout leader.

Tom's life must indeed be measured a success. How will we remember him? For all of those successful attributes and for many other experiences that we each hold privately in our store of memory. He will be remembered in the hearts of many whose lives he touched so graciously and importantly. How, I wonder, would he have seen his own legacy? In my mind's eye I see a cheerful, 'leaderful' image. I see a man, a familiar friendly face, surrounded by his scouts and cubs and his family and friends.

MUKOGODO

Bill **Jackson** [KR3817] <bajers.brock@virgib.net> [22/10/2011]: Responds to Jim **Landells** [KR6139]: We haven't met, but I've just read your article on page 16 of m-S XXXVIII, and was immediately taken back to June 1953 on seeing 'Mukogodo.' Let me explain; I was part of the Kenya Regiment Mapping Unit operating from Isiolo. Our task was to establish survey control points to enable maps to be compiled from aerial photographs. Mukogodo was an old trig point which had to be identified on the relevant photos by pricking its position with a fine needle point.



Accompanied by Bob **Caukwell** [KR4372] we left the Jeep and Land Rover with our escorts and began the climb to the summit. One of the nastiest ascents in terms of heat, and every time we saw the peak ahead it turned out to be a false summit, and so we plodded onwards and upwards. Finally made it to the top where I collapsed against the cairn and was photographed by Bob [LEFT]. Dismantled the cairn and found an old small beer bottle - empty of course. We were far too tired to let out a scream, but there was something eerie about the place, and I can well understand your sense of unease. Fifty eight years ago, but still etched in the memory.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW – RHODESIA 1954

[Dr Kester Brown KR4535]

Most situations can be looked at from more than one point of view. A recent SITREP had an article entitled "Looking Back" which described some of the rough characters who trained the recruits at Lanet. Their aim was to toughen the recruits up and make them obey orders immediately as well as learn the basics of warfare. This article presents another point of view, albeit in the different circumstances of training in Rhodesia. We had some tough NCOs but our officers were reasonable men.

At the time we lived in the Kikuyu Reserve near Karatina during the Mau Mau emergency. The head dresser in my father's hospital was head of the local home guard and treasurer of the local Mau Mau. Who was who? Most of the population did not want to make the difficult choice because both ways they were threatened.

We saw how some of the terror was inflicted. We knew a man who was killed by his son because the latter had taken the oath and was ordered to do so. Another man was found alive, hanging, and was brought to the hospital. They came that night and murdered him in his bed. Although later, after independence, the leaders were hailed as heroes and freedom fighters and some people felt sorry for them, the Mau Mau carried out terrorist activities, mostly against their own people. How could one sympathize with someone who cut the tendons at the elbows and knees so that the person could not move when thrown into a fire to die? I saw such a person in the morgue. It was to counteract such terrorism that we went off for national service training, many of us having just finished school.



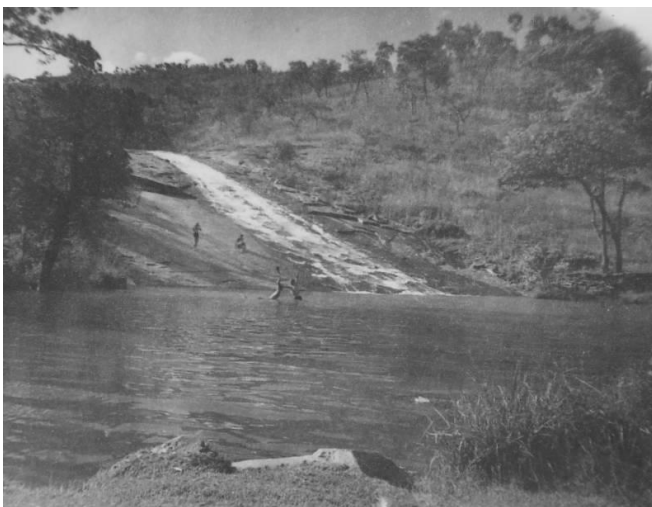
I was trained in Rhodesia (1st Intake of 1954), where we were exposed to similar training at the hands of *Rumbleguts* **Cameron**, and in our barrack room, *Wee Robbie* **Robertson** of the Black Watch [LEFT], who

lived on large quantities of beer (estimated at 20 pints a day!), and John **Bull** of the Warwickshire Regiment.



They drilled us to become the champion squad [ABOVE - *WEE ROBBIE* ON THE LEFT WITH SASH.]

Fortunately there was another side to our period in Rhodesia apart from square bashing, map reading, shooting and all the other aspects of training. It gave many of us our first opportunity to travel further afield. During my six months, we saw some of the country on map reading exercises.



A memorable one passed through some beautiful country and ended up at Mermaid's Pool [ABOVE LEFT], where we could swim and slide down the sloping falls. I often carried a camera so recorded some of these places. We had a trip to Sinoia Caves [ABOVE RIGHT] which I remember through a

photograph taken there with Pat **Colquhoun** (later killed in a pub brawl at the Stag's Head at Nakuru), Peter **Manger**, Ian **Campbell** and *Dingo* **Plenderlieth**.

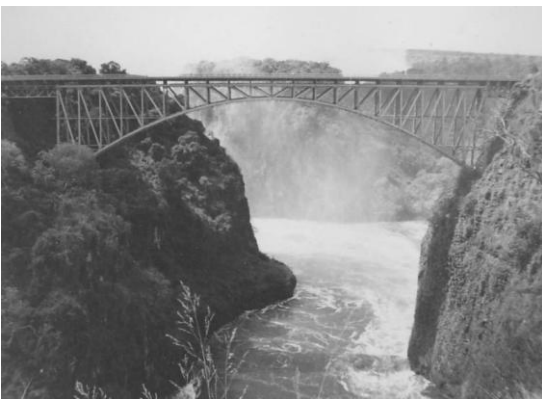


Rumbleguts deserves some credit, because he chartered a Dakota to fly 30 of us to Victoria Falls for a weekend. Our fare was £10. In those days it was safe to sleep in the bush and roam around seeing the sights. It was in May, when the Zambesi still had a large volume of water going over so the spray created a cloud which could be seen for many miles. [LEFT] We had a launch trip up the river above the falls.

At one point we landed on an island where I took a photograph of the overhanging tree's reflections shimmering in the water; it was highly commended years later in the Canadian Physicians Art Salon. [RIGHT] This would have been a trip of a lifetime for many.



I returned once in 1993, and had the pleasure of staying at the Victoria Falls Hotel – something we could not afford on our 50 shillings a week salary. The flow over Victoria Falls varies from 80 million gallons a minute in the wet season to four million in the dry in December. Then it is a series of small streams plunging over the falls (250 to 375 feet); someone attempted to jump his way across and made it three quarters of the way before he went over!



The bridge [LEFT] which carries a road, a railway and a footbridge, I regard as one of the great engineering feats – it is 220 yards across, 300 feet above the river and was built in 1902, when there was practically no European settlement, with no loss of life.

Richard **Carles** was in our barrack room. He was already farming at Timau when called up so was able to buy a motor bike. At the mid-course long weekend he took me to the Eastern Highlands. We had planned to sleep out but on arriving at Inyanga it was pouring



rain so we relented, spent some of our hard earned shillings and stayed at the hotel where we had the luxury of a hot bath. The next day we travelled around the district seeing the Pungwe Falls [LEFT] and Mtarazi Falls dropping 2000 feet into the HonDI valley. At times we were on roads which a car would not have been able to traverse.

We both had friends in Nyasaland so we flew up to visit them during Easter weekend, another experience not to be repeated until 1995. Most of my meagre salary must have been spent on travel.

I was also introduced to relatives of a nurse who worked with my father. They were very kind to me, Richard **Carles** and Tony **Cartland**, and took

us to the family farm and other sites such as the incredible balancing rocks at Epworth, just outside Salisbury.



I saw them again in 1989, and did a painting of them [LEFT]. Two features of the roads that I remember were the two narrow black tar strips for cars to travel along and the cosmos growing in profusion along the roadside.

I had the opportunity to develop photography as a lifelong interest because there was a darkroom with an enlarger in the KG VI barracks. Only Tony **Cartland** (now nut farming in New Zealand) and I used these facilities to while away some evenings, but the result is that I have a photographic record of all

these adventures as well as the barracks etc.

I also had the opportunity to play hockey and tennis. I remember playing Ricky **Lautenberg** who had come to Kenya when he was seventeen and won the Kenya Tennis Championships. He had a beautiful style, something like Ken **Rosewall**. We had a great game which I lost. I had won the Parklands Junior tournament the previous year in Nairobi. At the end of the course we had a few days off so I went to watch the Rhodesian Championships. I was coerced into umpiring because of my previous experience at the Nanyuki championships. I umpired Jean **Forbes** who later made it to the 4th round at Wimbledon but the hardest job was being service linesman in the men's final between Ian **Vermaak** and Derek **Capell**, both of South Africa.

I had one other role – barrack room barber! This entailed making sure every one's hair was trim for parade. One night **Bruce-Low** (*Mighty Mouse*) was drunk but had to have his cut before morning. He wouldn't keep his head still. Another time I had to trim Sgt Bull's head for the passing out parade. He had fine straight hair and it proved difficult to get a smooth taper. I kept going higher and higher. Eventually, he indicated that it did not matter if I cut it short right up to his beret line. I had the feeling that this final episode was inadvertently won by me!

One met all sorts of people on the course. Some had not finished school. One who had gone to work in the mines was always the first person to ask if some essential item for inspection parade was missing. His light fingers had often acquired it. I read that in later life he returned to mining after a period as a London bus driver. He has passed on.

Funny instances stand out. Who could forget the interactions between Pat **Colquhoun** and *Rumbleguts* which ended up with Pat running round the parade ground with his rifle above his head – it became more unpleasant as the blood drained from the arms; **Bruce-Low** who found his rifle heavy to carry around the parade ground for long, so rested it by switching arms while leaving the rifle on the same side or the fellow who was uncoordinated and swung his arm and leg forward on the same side together.

I enjoyed the shooting and was a first class shot with the rifle, but when it came to Bren gun I was in the butts all day marking everyone else's efforts, so was tired when we shot at the end of the day and only got second class.



So we marched the 35 miles to Inkomo, dug our “bivvies” (holes to sleep in covered by small groundsheet) and spent a week doing army exercises. [LEFT: TERRY DALLEY & J BRANSON AT THEIR BIVVY]. Michael **Crouch** and I looked similar in uniform with our berets or hats on (our hair was a different colour). *Rumbleguts* always confused us but could only remember my name so I was always yelled at if either of us did something wrong. At Inkomo, **Crouch** became ill and went to

hospital so on inspection next morning there was some confusion because they thought I was in hospital! Michael **Crouch** joined the Colonial Service in Aden and was the last DO to leave when Britain pulled out. He wrote an account of this time.

The final exercise at Inkomo was a night one with the Rhodesian Regiment which ended up with some socializing in the middle of the night. Two months later Terry **Dalley**, Jem **Holmes** and I were on our way to UK on the Dunnotter Castle via the Cape. We were in Beira for three days. One day we went to the beach and while we were waiting for a bus to return, a pick up stopped and offered us a lift. Terry **Dalley** got into the front and recognized the driver – he was one of the Rhodesians he had met on the last exercise! What a coincidence! (Terry trained at St Martin’s School of Art and the Royal College of Art and then taught at Wimbledon Art College.)

The final unusual event was when we were taking off in our Dakota DC3 to return to Kenya. We were thundering down the runway when the pilot suddenly aborted our take off. We were overloaded and had to turn round and drop a couple of fellows and some kit off to lighten the load before successful departure!



My reticence about becoming involved in Regimental affairs for many years was because I only spent about a month in ‘B’ Company before getting exemption to go to University in Scotland. ‘B’ Company were at Kairo [LEFT] in the Fort Hall district up on the edge of the Aberdares.

Because I was only to be there a short time I became the carrier of the Bren gun! I participated in one patrol which has been written about at least twice in these magazines. In fact, I had written an account of it in a chapter in my memoirs, ‘Free Spirit’, two days before it appeared in one of the regimental magazines.

We had an informer who led us on a wild goose chase up and down the mountains, past a dead Mau Mau, without success. We spent one night on a steep slope where there was only room for a few to lie on flat ground. We tied our sleeping bags to bamboo so that we would not slip down the hill. I have photographs taken on that patrol.



We also went up to Fort Warwick [LEFT], which had been abandoned, driven in a Land Rover by **Welman** who was a remarkable driver. Other Photos are the area we patrolled and shooting practice at Kairo

Our informer escaped one night and the duty guard, **Sombo**, who my brother had recruited from near the coast, shot himself. I had to accompany his body to Fort

Hall Hospital. It was a sad episode.

So ended my time with the Kenya Regiment but it was not the last I heard from them. Months later I received a letter demanding payment for my knife, fork and spoon which they claimed, had not been returned with my kit. Someone had obviously stolen them.

Sitrep and Buffalo Barua are of interest because so many people I knew at school or in my short period in the Regiment are mentioned. Thank you for the interest they provide.

My memoirs, 'Free Spirit' can be obtained from the author who can be contacted at email : <tckbrown@netspace.net.au> Cost A\$30 + postage (About \$20 outside Australia) [Ed: *See under Book Reviews – page 55.*]

[Ed: *The following Editorial and article about the Command Shoot, first appeared in The Kenya Regiment (T.F.) Newsletter, No. 9, December 1959. I asked John **Davis** about the authors and he responded: "Pretty certain that the Editorial was written by Revd John **D'Aeth** who I see was looking for someone to take over. He was the Editor of previous Newsletters. No idea who wrote the article, but I would bet a pint that it was Peter **Welsh**".*]

EDITORIAL

There are many ways of writing an editorial. An attempt at writing erudite English prose is probably not the most suitable way for a Regimental Magazine. So this one sets out merely to reflect some of the highlights of Regimental life in the last six months and thus attempt to bind together the accounts which appear later in the Newsletter and put them into some sort of perspective.

Annual Camp is always THE highlight in the year of a Territorial Regiment. This year His Excellency the Governor, **Sir Evelyn Baring**, visited the Regiment in camp and bade us farewell. He made a very nice speech thanking the Regiment for their work during the Emergency and afterwards. We all felt that what he said came from the heart.

The aims of camp were to train the Regiment first in minor tactics up to platoon level, and secondly in internal security up to battalion level. Two battalion exercises were held in co-operation with the Administration and the Police. The outstanding impression at camp was one of astonishing

keenness. The enthusiasm and the will to learn and do things well was a tremendous tonic which infected everyone who came near us.

The most remarkable event of the year was the Regiment's achievement at the East Africa Command Rifle Meeting. The Regimental and KRTC teams between them won nine out of eleven major cups of the meeting, including Champion Major Unit, Champion Minor Unit, Champion Young Soldiers, Champion Individual Young Soldier, and Champion Bren Pair in each class. The permanent staff like to think that these results have some slight connection with the Regiment's affiliation with the Green Jackets.

The Regiment is just beginning to make its name in the sporting world. A good cricket match with nine Colony players in the two sides was played in June. On February 12/13th, the Kenya Regiment is challenging a team captained by Denis **Dawson** which will probably mean virtually the rest of Kenya. The Regimental polo team won the Senior Challenge Cup at the Nairobi Tournament in August and played a very exciting match against the South African touring team in November. We were beaten 8-5½ after a hard match, and were later told that the match was the best exhibition of first class polo that Nairobi has ever seen. Has any other regimental team ever played against a national touring side and acquitted itself as well as this?

Hockey and rugger teams are also being formed and we hope to make our name in these fields also during the next season, with one or two matches in each game.

For the first time the Regiment has been honoured by being invited to provide an ADC for His Excellency the Governor. 2/Lt John **Yeldham** [KR5865] took up his post on the 24th November, though it is probable that this appointment may only last for three or four months.

Next year we are planning to have the annual Regimental ball on the Friday of Royal Show week, in order to let a far greater number of up-country members of the Regiment to attend. The date is Friday 30th September, and we very much hope that all members, past and present will make a great effort to come. There is no doubt that the ball was a tremendous success this year and has established itself as the ball of the year. It was only marred by the fact that very few members of the Regiment, past and serving, were able to be present. We hope to rectify this next year.

The present editor of this Newsletter feels that he is unable to carry on and must resign his post. We are looking for a successor for him. The requirements are: an ability to write an editorial, some time to spare to sort out (and chase up) the various contributions, and he should live in or near Nairobi. If anyone feels they can do this would they please let the Executive Officer know?

EAST AFRICA COMMAND RIFLE MEETING: OCTOBER 1959

On the 27th September, twenty four territorials, with the Adjutant (Captain Peter **Welsh**), CSMs **Greenaway** and **Howard**, and the armourer, gathered together at Kangaita Range, Nanyuki to practise for the Command Rifle Meeting. We were joined by the KRTC team (13th CMT Course), under CSM **Cardy** (IG), and the camp was run by the ever patient and uncomplaining, CSM **Evans**.

For eight days everyone shot in the sun, toiled in the butts and did their utmost to improve. The territorials were originally selected from the few who had shot well at previous meetings and from best shottists on the annual classification.

Before the KRTC left to go to the Royal Show, we had a competition against them consisting of all the matches to be fired at the meeting. We won four out of six, but the standard was not high.

On Monday the 5th October, we moved down to Kahawa, not confident, but satisfied that we could not have worked harder nor have done more to improve our shooting. Our arrival at Kahawa was hardly propitious. Two majors, apparently equally important, could not agree where we should pitch our tents. The site was finally decided by the tent erection passing the point of no return - on the car park.

The whole competition was split into four parts: major and minor units armed with the SLR, and major and minor units armed with the No. 4/5 rifle. However, the LMG-SMC and falling plate competitions were common to both FN and No. 4/5 users, all units using the No. 4/5 for the falling plates.

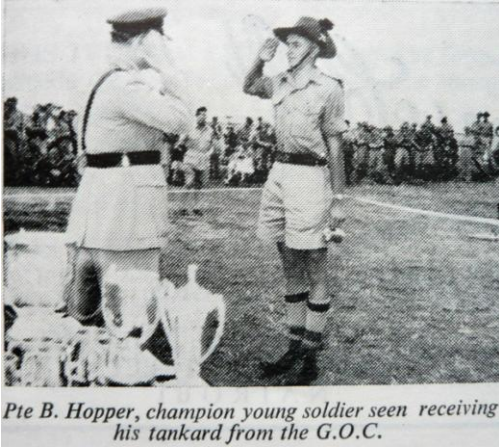
After the first competition, a rifle one, it was apparent that the standard for the meeting would not be high. We came 2nd to 3 KAR by 10 points, but had Capt **Welsh** or CSM **Howard** shot up to their normal standard we should have won easily.

The next day we fired another rifle competition with teams of eight and eight individuals competing. The individuals who had only themselves to worry about, I suppose naturally, shot better than the team, and well above practice form. Nevertheless we managed to win, undeservedly, thanks mainly to an 84/100 by Pte **Robson** of 'O' Coy. The team shot well below their practice average which was a pity, as they were all capable of reaching the 2nd stage. Those who shot well in this match qualified for the 2nd stage of the individual championship. Six of the 24 firers in the 2nd stage were Kenya Regiment and eventually they finished in the following order: 2nd: Pte **Robson** ('O'); 3rd: Pte **Cade** ('O'); 4th: WO2 **Greenaway**; 6th: Cpl **Daniel** ('C'); 11th: Pte **Van der Westhuizen** ('D'); and 18th: Cpl **Stanfield** ('O'). **Robson** and **Cade** must be congratulated on finishing so high up, especially after so little match experience.

On the Thursday we fired the Stirling/Sten match. The team for this had to include two young soldiers, and our two, Ptes **Hopper** [KR6841] and **Allison** [Stuart KR6443?] are to be commended for shooting so well. This is the first match in which we shot up to our best practice standard, and in fact from this moment we did not look back. We won by 50 points from 4 KAR and beat 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, the leading British battalion, by over 100 points. Peter **Welsh** at last pulled himself together and got the best individual score.

The next match was the first stage of the falling plate in which all units were using the No. 4/5 rifle. Our 'B' team shot extremely well and reached the semi-final comfortably, having recorded the fastest time on the way. Our 'A' team had all the luck going. In the quarter final, 5 KAR 'B' ran out of ammunition with one plate still standing, while for the last minutes our team had been firing at a plate which had been knocked sideways, and could not believe it when their opponents stopped firing. Our last round was passed to Peter **Welsh** who was at the greatest angle; and amidst roars of applause, he knocked it down.

In the afternoon we fired the LMG match, the team consisted of a pair from each class. We were not too happy about this, because members of our class 'A' team were the only two who had fired the LMG before in a competition, and we were up against the British battalions. However, we need not have worried as our class 'A' pair scored one point more than they had ever scored before to become Champion pair, and our class 'B' pair, Cpl **Muff Becker** [KR6074] and Pte Finn **Aagaard** [KR4792] shot brilliantly and scored 20 more than ever before, to become the champion class 'B' pair. The KRTC shot well throughout and captured the class 'C' pair championship to tie with us on points, 50 more than the next unit and over 100 more than the leading British battalion.



Pte B. Hopper, champion young soldier seen receiving his tankard from the G.O.C.

All that remained now was the young soldiers match and the semi-final and final of the falling plate. By this stage we could not be beaten in the Unit Championship. Our young soldiers gave us heart failure - 10 points behind after the first two rifle practices - but forged ahead on the LMG, to win by 39. Pte Brian **Hopper** shot extremely well to become Champion Young Soldier and Pte **Muller** was counted out into third place with his highest score ever. All the young soldiers shot well and their total was only just below their best practice score.

The final match was the falling plates semi-final and final, and we had both our teams in different halves of the draw. Again our 'A' team was lucky and won in a slowish time while our 'B' team was knocked out in a much faster time. Our opponents in the final appeared to be unnerved by the sight of CSM **Howard** preparing to jump the ditch and we won in our fastest time. We later went on to beat the best African team. Our team comprised **Welsh, Howard, Millar** and **Robson**.



CENTRE FOUR: CSM CARDY, MAJ VAINCOURT-STRALLEN (OC KRTC), LT COL VERNON, CAPT WELSH

And so we came to the end of the meeting, having won six of the seven team matches and coming second in the seventh. We had overwhelmed the British battalions in the only three competitions in which we met. It is the first time your correspondent has heard of a territorial unit beating regular Army units. Our triumph was due to the way everybody worked during the practice week and to the tremendous enthusiasm and team spirit they worked up. All our firers shot well but some require special mention as they contributed very largely to our success. They are **Robson, Millar, Corroyer** [KR4724] and **Hopper** who shot consistently well on the rifle; **Robson, Millar, Van der Westhuizen** and **Hopper** on the Sterling, a new weapon to most of them, and **Becker** and **Aagaard** on the LMG.

We really won because the average standard of shooting was low and because most of our teams reached their best practice score. Nobody reading this should be left with the idea that all members

of the Kenya Regiment are naturally good shots. This is very far from the case, although most of them improved considerably with practice.

This year's team has much to learn and we shall have to improve, because winning next year will not be nearly so easy. On the other hand, we now have a nucleus of a team which we can start to train at weekends, and finishing up with the shooting camp.

IT IS TRUE that Little Min's car was found outside the CO's tent at reveille one morning at Supplementary Camp.

IT IS NOT TRUE that the armourer advocates more rifle drill for the recruits at the KRTC.

IT IS TRUE that the Adjutant danced all night at the Molo Hunt Ball; drove straight from there to Kahawa range and shot brilliantly; then straight to the Wanderers' Cricket ground and took seven wickets, and then scored a duck!

THE BRIEFING

[Bill Jackson KR3817]

1974 was an eventful year for the island of Guadalcanal. A Royal Visit by **Her Majesty the Queen**, accompanied by the **Duke of Edinburgh**, **Princess Anne** and **Captain Mark Phillips**, and Earl Mountbatten. Following the visit, planning began for the forthcoming independence of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate.

The Royal Party disembarked from the comfort of the Royal Yacht to be provided with more basic transport. The Survey Department had an input to the arrangements when the departmental Land Rover was requisitioned by the Chief Secretary. Extra servicing of the vehicle was performed by the Public Works Department, and the shabby green paint covered by a dazzling white gloss.



A carpeted wooden box was placed on the floor behind the cab, and a temporary hand rail attached to the roof for the royal hand to grasp when negotiating pot-holed roads. Freshly cut palm fronds were added for local colour, and the Land Rover was deemed ready to convey Her Majesty to receive the acclaim of the citizens of Guadalcanal.

A photograph [LEFT] of the gleaming Land Rover carrying the **Queen** and the **Duke of Edinburgh**

appeared in the local press with the caption "The Queen and the Duke drive through Honiara. Minutes later the open vehicle was useless as torrential rain set in for the rest of the day."

Despite the rain, the visit was a great success, and the **Queen** must have been pleased with the Crown Surveyor's Land Rover because she appointed the Chief Secretary a Member of the Victorian Order. From now on he would cease to be referred to as Trevor **Clark**, but would be AT **Clark** MVO. When he was plain Trevor **Clark**, it was his custom to address newly arrived officers on the standard of behaviour expected of civil servants in the South Pacific. (I'd like to put you chaps in the picture.)

The highlight of his talk to my group concerned the perils of relationships with the local ladies. 'Shortly after landing here, some of you may be tempted to grab one of the local girls, drag her into the bush, and have your way with her. Now this is just not on; gives us all sorts of headaches in the Secretariat; any questions?'

Among our group was a sturdy Australian stenographer, a former midfield player with the Rockhampton Ladies Football Team in Queensland - a side which would have frightened the hard men of Leeds United. 'Would it be all right if I was to grab one of the local men and drag him into the bush, or would this make me go blind?' Trevor peered over his half-moon specs and considered the question, 'Only if you make a habit of it'.

Later in the year we were bidden to attend a briefing by AT **Clark** MVO at the Secretariat. I don't normally take notes at meetings, but with AT **Clark** MVO you never quite knew what to expect, so I decided to record the key points of his talk

'Good afternoon gentlemen. I want to talk to you today about the new ministerial system which will be introduced after the election of the Chief Minister. You may ask how the new system will affect you in your respective departments. Well, I think it will be safe to say that we shall be in for some surprises, but it will be more fun.

'Now, although I want everyone to become emotionally involved - including those at grass roots level - always remember that nothing is ever final. It will be quite wrong to carry bleeding hearts around, or indeed to mount a white charger and go galloping out, because we will all be forgotten ten minutes after we have left the Solomons.

'Like everything created by mankind, the new ministerial system is an imperfect machine, but we must make friends with our Ministers because we are not captains of our fate, and I for one am reluctant to stir the pot. Some people consider the prospect to be frankly appalling, and I know there will be screams from every direction, but with construction of new government buildings - probably in the form of an Oxford quad - there should be a great swelling of our hearts.

'Nevertheless, I think it advisable in the early stages to adopt a low profile, although constitutional changes are meat and drink to some people. Well, I think I have covered most of the points which are likely to arise - are there any questions?'

Senior Secretary, Natural Resources. 'What will happen to me under the new Ministerial system?' AT **Clark** MVO: 'You will be bloody unhappy from 28 August until you go on home leave; any more questions? I am quite prepared to go on talking until seven o'clock'.

Total silence, apart from the wind rustling the palm trees. We gathered our papers, trying to picture white chargers dashing through new government buildings in the form of an Oxford quad at latitude nine degrees south of the Equator. We were about to surrender one of the last outposts of Empire, but with AT **Clark** MVO running the show, the flag would be lowered in style.

BOOK REVIEWSBADO KIDOGO (By Ian Osborn [KR 4110])

Books have been written about Kenya's European high society in the early settler years. Readers have been beguiled by stories of the 'wife-swapping' high jinks indulged in after dinner. Entertaining memoirs have been written about childhoods spent in Kenya, but I know of no book written by a European settler describing the tragic/comic lives of the Europeans over the active Mau Mau days that started in 1952, and the years leading up to Kenyan Independence in 1963.

Many were 'soldier settlers' who had immigrated to Kenya, to take up parcels of land offered to them by the British Government. They accepted the dust, diseases, isolation, the lack of theatres or concerts, the responsibilities for house and garden staff, farm labourers and their families. Some settlers provided free dispensaries and schools on their farms for their employees. There were the livestock diseases (tick and fly borne and mineral deficiency), the wild animals – leopard (loved to kill and eat dogs), lion (would kill the cattle), hyena and jackal, elephant and giraffe which trampled down the fencing, hippo and rhino, buck and gazelle that ate the pastures and carried ticks and diseases. There were crocodiles and alligators, puff adders and other snakes, vultures, wart hogs that carried swine fever. There were the insects – flies, mosquitoes, bees, moths, sugar ants, soldier ants, white ants. There were leeches. There were the veldt sores that took months to heal and left scars for life.

Settlers had the problems of barely adequate roads, water supply, power supply, telephone, post, railway, police, and law courts. Settlers' cars were functional, rarely washed - what was the point on dusty, dirt roads? As with the farming community in UK, a car was used to carry both people and animals. Not only were there the hazards of the rocks and potholes on the roads, there were also the dangers of collision with the wild animals crossing them. When getting a new car, the first job before driving it was to check how to change the wheels.

Kenya was a British colony ruled by the British Government through its nominee The Governor, and his civil servants who were also British Government employees. The 50,000 Europeans (white people of any nationality) elected their representatives to the Legislative Council (Legco), where they debated, and made their views known to the Governor via his civil servants. There were 150,000 Asians – Indians, Pakistanis, Sikhs, Goanese and Arabs. Some had traded for many years at the coast; others had come originally to work on the building of the East African Railways & Harbours railway line from Mombasa into Uganda. Theirs was an uncomfortable position. They had no direct voice in LegCo, nor, on the whole, did they have any right to own land. They were moving into retailing, light manufacture, mechanical work, the police, hotel management and pharmacies. The five million Africans had tribal areas of land, called 'reserves', kept apart for them, and to which they alone could hold title.

Bado Kidogo [Ed: Available Through Amazon as an e-book @±US\$3.50] has been written at the request of our children, and the encouragement of our friends. It covers the period December 1951 to March 1963 and aims to describe our early days in Kenya. I had lived there for over five years before I met Jane (née Atkinson), on 10th May 1957. So, much of this book is dedicated to those young Kenya friends whose open, sincere friendships I valued, and then lost, when they were killed during the 1953-1955 Mau Mau emergency.

They had no interest in a military life, or in the killing of other human beings. They were called up by the British Government to fight for stability, in a country that the British Government was already planning to quit. As I see it, they died for nothing. And many of those who were not killed were injured in some way, physically or mentally.

The British national servicemen, posted with their regiments to Kenya, suffered similarly. At about the same time that the Inniskilling Fusiliers were receiving the Freedom of Nairobi, we heard that one of their men, on leave in Ireland, was being tarred and feathered for his sin of being prepared to fight against black men.

It took the British forces an inordinate amount of time to discover how to fight the Mau Mau. This was in part due to the fact that the Mau Mau campaign rated so lowly in the military commitments Britain had at that time. Kenya was sent military leaders who had by all accounts failed to perform well in similar terrain elsewhere.

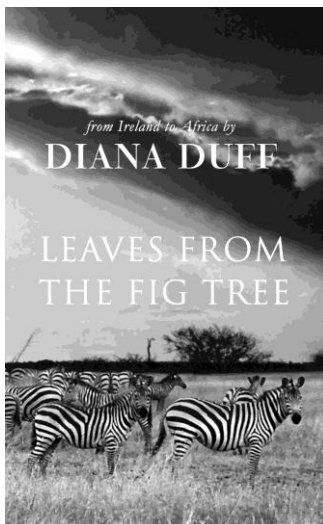
In the thought that *Bado Kidago* will be read outside the family, some names have been changed. Also, I have omitted memories that might cause embarrassment or pain. I have held to the exact timings of events, as far as research can confirm them. Swahili was the *lingua franca* for all races in Kenya. As with other languages, Swahili has words that have no equivalent in English. And so, Kenya settlers would regularly use Swahili words when talking to one another, and I would be failing to create the atmosphere of those times if I did not show this in the dialogue. So, I attach a small relevant Swahili-English Vocabulary at the end of the book. This is extracted from the Standard Swahili-English Dictionary, 1951 reprint.

In the everyday vernacular of the European, a Kyuke referred to a member of the Kikuyu tribe, a Kamba was a member of the Wakamba tribe, and a Kip was a Kipsigis.

LEAVES FROM THE FIG TREE (By Diana Duff)

An extraordinary life shared by an extraordinary raconteuse

‘The Kikuyu people ... were to me fascinating ... the descriptive way in which they spoke of things ... One spoke to me once of years passing and conjured up a picture of a great fig tree, the leaves falling, each leaf another year of his life.’



‘And at the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time
Through the unknown remembered gate
And all shall be well and
And all manner of thing shall be well...’
The Four Quartets T.S. Eliot

Born in Africa, Irish by descent, Diana Duff went to live, aged two, with her grandparents in a Georgian stately home, Annes Grove, set in world-renowned gardens. Enveloped by this rich tapestry, her world seemed magical – the Judas tree reputed to flower only on Good Friday; rare rhododendrons from Tibet; a Chinese coffin tree and blue meconopsis poppies – with talk of horses and fishing juxtaposed with

tales of banshees, *ráths* and the foxy-haired ghost, visits from Elizabeth Bowen, Vita Sackville-West, David Cecil and many others.

Aged 18, she returned to Africa to a father she scarcely knew; to Rwanda and Uganda; to crystal lakes and forest gorillas; to Kenya, where she met the legendary Ewart Grogan and Raymond Hook who raced cheetahs in Haringay; where she doubled for Grace Kelly in *Mogambo*; a transfer to Johannesburg, where she challenged the authorities at the height of apartheid – and emerged victorious. With humour, eloquence, empathy and candour, Diana shares her adventures and her arrival at a place from her childhood, where family truths are learned, along with the realisation that Africa has real magic all of its own.

Diana Duff has been a nurse, teacher, journalist, wife and mother. She lives in Johannesburg near her family, buys and sells semi-precious stones and speaks Kikuyu with a Kenyan African. She continues to entertain with her wit and astonishing recollections.

Praise for *Leaves from the Fig Tree*. ‘Diana Duff’s memoir is feisty, humorous and poignant. It’s an evocation of a lifestyle that the world will never accommodate again – particularly in Africa. More’s the pity, because somehow we don’t seem to breed such iconoclastic, fey and nonconformist characters any more. Diana has a remarkable memory for detail, and she writes with a kind of wry wit that is most engaging. I thoroughly enjoyed ‘Leaves from the Fig Tree’ and look forward to Diana’s next book.’ - **Patricia Glyn**, broadcaster, journalist, committed African and author of *Footing with Sir Richard’s Ghost* and *Off Peak*.

To arrange an interview or a review copy, please contact:
Jayne Southern <jayne@rebelepublishers.com>

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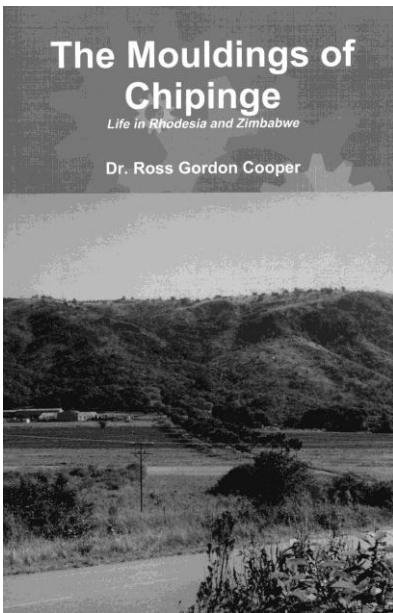
Available from Amazon, Kalahari, Kobo, iTunes, Waterstone’s Online, Barnes & Noble Online, Exclusive Books Online and on order from books stores.

THE MOULDINGS OF CHIPINGE (By Dr. Ross Gordon Cooper)

A historical and personal account of life in Rhodesia & Zimbabwe

Download: £5.00; Paperback: £12.99; ISBN: 978-0-557-11563-1 (

Description: Growing up in Rhodesia or Zimbabwe is something one will never forget. Life in the Eastern Border District particularly the Chipinga/e area imprints on the mind the sunshine, the friendly community and supportative lifestyle, the affordability of commodities despite world economic and trade sanctions on Rhodesia, and the lovely thunderstorms. This book gives one a taste of the sounds, smells and simple joys that were felt growing up as a child in Rhodesia and latterly Zimbabwe. Included in this book is a detailed section pre-history and history of the country as well as the political development from those tumultuous years as the white pioneers made their way into the region, and opened up areas that were previously scantily used, Chipinge being one of these. Despite the political turmoil that Zimbabwe has experienced and the reality of many

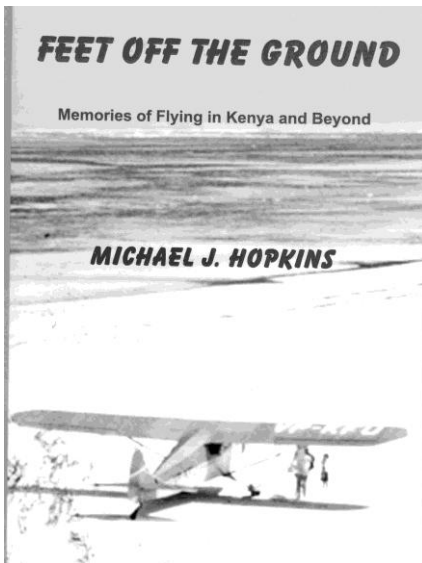


Chipinge residents leaving, one will always remember the sights and sounds of Zimbabwe. It is a Shona proverb that once one hears the cry of the fish eagle, Africa will forever live in one's heart. After reading this book you will realise just how true that is. It forms an extremely interesting read!

On-line purchase: <http://www.lulu.com/content/paperback-book/the-mouldings-of-chipinge/7659787>

[Ed: *Dr Ross Cooper wrote: "I saw your extremely interesting website in the Kenyan Old Cambrian Society link. I am Zimbabwean and in the 1970s many Kenyans emigrated to Rhodesia. Some of them became farm managers. I grew up in the Eastern border district of Rhodesia. I have cherished those memories of my country and indeed Africa and have written about them."* To view Dr Cooper's other books, visit his website.]

FEET OFF THE GROUND (By Michael John Hopkins [KR4867])



FOREWORD by Joan Wedekind

Michael J. Hopkins, more widely known, particularly in aviation circles, as Hoppy, was the son of a WWI Soldier Settler who settled in the Konza area of Kenya in the early 20s. Born in 1926, he was an only child and learnt to amuse himself and took a keen interest in everything and everyone around him.

He made aviation his career, a choice possibly influenced by, as a small child, seeing Beryl Markham's Avro Avian [BELOW - PHOTO PROVIDED BY KEVIN PATIENCE] land at Kilima Kiu - the property of their neighbours, the Joyce family.



Mike was always very aware of his surroundings and gave great attention to detail, and his reminiscences of his interesting childhood and subsequent involvement with aircraft and aviation as a career are charmingly told in the following pages.

This book cannot fail to interest and amuse anyone who knew East Africa or aircraft and flying in the 20th Century. The author's attention to detail and his dry sense of humour take the reader back to a life in East Africa, before the 'Winds of Change' swept through the continent, altering it forever.

Price £10 +P&P.

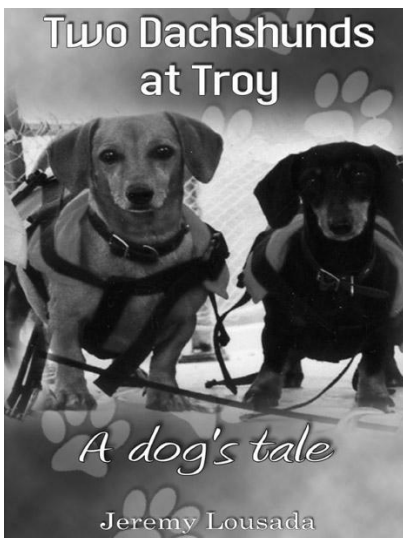
[Ed: *A must for Kenya's aviation fans.. To purchase a copy, contact Mike at: 3 Woodway Road, Teignmouth, Devon TQ14 8PT, or Tel: 0162 6773313.*



[Ed: I copied the photo [LEFT] to Michael and he responded: "Thanks for your kind words, and for an evocative photo of KFS. For an instant, before I saw the attachment, thought that you had mistaken the registration of the cover picture and was preparing to launch out on a history of KFU! Plainly you were not so daft, and it is a nice picture of a Super Cruiser in its

original factory colour scheme, which dates it to somewhere around 1950. It was recovered, and painted silver, not too long after 1951, and owned by Punch Bearcroft [KR3142]. As to location, I would have thought that it was Diani, a popular landing place in those days, but there are too many large buildings; maybe Malindi?" If any reader can ID the location, please let me know.]

TWO DACHSHUNDS AT TROY (By Jeremy Lousada)



This delightful light-hearted book is the true story of a love affair. A love affair between the author and his two miniature dachshunds, one with which anyone who has ever loved a dog will empathise. They were born in Africa and travelled widely there. They were quite possibly the first dogs ever to cross Europe, solely by water from the North Sea to the Black Sea. They swam in the great lakes of Africa, in seven seas, chased baboons in Africa, rabbits in the High Jura on the European watershed, and lizards in the ruins of Troy. Sometimes they enjoyed it, sometimes they found it confusing, sometimes, as in a Turkish winter, they distinctly disapproved. It was an adventurous life...

This is a dog's tale, a tale of two small dogs. Small dogs they may have been, and perhaps like Pooh, of small brain, but very few dogs can have been as well travelled or better loved.

The author was born in England but grew up on the continent and in Tanganyika, and attended the Duke of York School in Nairobi. He served in the British army, then the BSA Police in Rhodesia. After a career in local Government, hotels and sports clubs and finally as bursar of a group of private schools, he returned to the UK where he now runs a small convenience store.

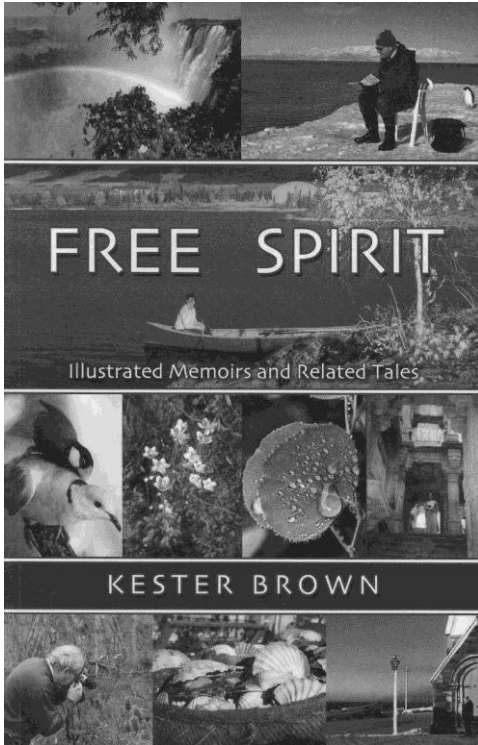
He has been married to his wife Jean for forty one years, has two married daughters and four teenage grandsons. His passion is boats of all kinds and he spends as much time as he can on his small barge in France, and after studying 'French in Three Months,' for five years, he hopes in a few more years to master the language.

A cannily delightful dog's tale ... publishedbestsellers.com

Pneuma Springs Publishing <www.pneumasprings.co.uk> ISBN 978-1-907728-20-4. ±£7.00

FREE SPIRIT (By Dr Kester Brown)

Kester Brown had been a paediatric anaesthetist at the Royal Children's Hospital, Melbourne since 1967. He was born and raised in pre-independence Kenya, studied medicine in Scotland, and worked in Canada for five years before settling in Melbourne. He spent his summer as a student on the bleak coast of Labrador and did General Practice in northern Canada, where he was exposed to the rigors of the long cold winter (minus 40°C), before training in anaesthesia.



'Free Sprit' tells about places where he lived or visited, many of them out of the way; people he has met; nature; unusual events, and stories which he is well known for recounting, related to his tales and places he has visited.

These are backed up with a large selection of photographs and painting, mostly in colour. This book will expose you to many different, unusual experiences in which you can feel like an eyewitness. Sometimes looking into the past at things that have changed forever or places which were not readily accessed.

His memoirs of his interesting career as an anaesthetist, in which he had a worldwide influence, have been published in another book, called 'Catalyst'.

[Ed: *Kester has also written 'Travels to the Ends of the Earth', a compilation of his paintings (100), poems (25), photographs (150) and six abbreviated stories. Price: A\$30 excluding postage.*]

EXTRACTS FROM HANSARD: THE KENYA DEFENCE FORCE

CROWN COLONIES (COMPULSORY SERVICE)

House of Commons Debate 16 May 1927 vol 206 c885 885

§ 13. Sir ROBERT HAMILTON asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether there is in any other Crown Colony a conscription law similar to the Conscription Bill which has received a Second Reading in the legislative council of Kenya?

§ Mr. AMERY. In several Crown Colonies provision for compulsory service exists though not exactly on the same lines as those contemplated in the Kenya Defence Force Bill. Ordinarily the enrolment of those not engaging themselves voluntarily is postponed until, owing to inadequate numbers or special emergency, the necessity should arise.

§ Sir R. HAMILTON. Can the right hon. Gentleman say whether in these cases there is an oath of allegiance?

§ Mr. AMERY. I cannot say without notice.

DEFENCE FORCE BILL.

HC Deb 23 May 1927 vol 206 cc1632-3 1632

§ 23. Sir R. HAMILTON asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether the oath of allegiance is required by law in those Crown Colonies in which compulsory service exists; and whether the Government approve of its omission, as proposed in the Kenya Defence Force Bill?

1633

§ Mr. AMERY. The answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative. The question of the omission from the Kenya Defence Force Bill of the requirement to take the oath of allegiance will be considered when the Bill is received.

§ 24. Mr. RENNIE SMITH asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies when he expects to receive a Report on the Compulsory Military Service Bill in Kenya?

§ Mr. AMERY. Probably about the middle of June.

DEFENCE FORCE BILL.

HC Deb 24 May 1927 vol 206 cc1832-3 1832

§ 54. Mr. GILLET asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he is aware that Mr. Cable, the chairman of the anti-conscription committee of Kenya, expects to be in England in July; and whether he is prepared to postpone a final decision on the question of conscription till he has had an opportunity of hearing the views of those whom Mr. Cable represents?

§ Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. The answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative. No decision in regard to the Kenya Defence Force Bill will be taken until I have received and considered the petition from the opponents of the measure which I understand is being forwarded to me by the Acting Governor.

§ Sir H. CROFT. Is it not a fact that the so-called conscription involves an 1833 training which is very much less than the Territorials have undertaken in this country?

§ Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. That is so. The object of this is to form a purely reserve force, and it is done at the request of the local community. The general details of the Bill have not yet been considered by my right hon. Friend.

§ Colonel WEDGWOOD. Does that involve the taking of the oath of allegiance?

§ Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. No! Not in the form in which it is now taken by other troops.

§ Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE. Are we to understand that the decision will be taken before Mr. Cable arrives in this country, or will it be postponed?

§ Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. As I understand it, Mr. Cable is on his way, and obviously the time for my right hon. Friend to act in regard to this matter is when he has received the petition and signatories together with the observations of the Acting Governor of Kenya.

§ Sir W. DAVISON. Can the right hon. Gentleman inform the House why the oath of allegiance has not to be taken by the members of this force? [HON. MEMBERS: "Tell us why they should!"]

KENYA (DEFENCE FORCE)

HC Deb 29 July 1927 vol 209 cc1678-9W 1678W

§ Mr. CECIL WILSON asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies (1) the nature of the original Kenya Defence Bill and in what respects it differs from the Conscription Bill; (2) under what circumstances consent was given to conscript all males from 16 to 60 in Kenya; and why the first Bill, which was described by the Governor as quite unsuitable, was introduced?

§ Mr. AMERY. As the two questions appear to relate to the same subject, it will be convenient to answer them together. I understand that "the original Kenya Defence Bill" and the "first Bill" relate to the Kenya Defence Force Bill as published locally on 20th November, 1926, and described by the Governor in a speech in the Legislative Council on the 17th of December as being "in some respects no longer suited to the circumstances of the Colony." I understand that by "the Conscription Bill" the hon. Member refers to the Kenya Defence Force Ordinance in the amended form in which it was passed by 1679W the Council. The Ordinance has been reserved for the signification of His Majesty's assent, and, as has already been stated in the House, authenticated copies of it have not yet been received.

In the circumstances, exact comparison is impossible, but the two do not differ in essentials, as each provides for enrolment, voluntary or compulsory, for calling out the Defence Force in certain circumstances, and for a certain amount of training. The principal variations are (1) the omission of the oath of allegiance, on the representation of the Secretary of State's military advisers in this country that an oath had been regarded as inappropriate in many cases of compulsory services, for example, service under the National Service Acts at home, and (2) the division of members of the Defence Force into four classes, according to age, of which the youngest class only are liable for any material period of training, and the fourth class, of members over 50, is purely voluntary. This class was added on the recommendation of a Select Committee in the Colony, no doubt owing to the desire of persons over 50 to volunteer. Other alterations concerned merely the details of organisation. The Ordinance has no relation to persons under 18, and in mentioning the age of 16 the hon. Member has been misled by the printed petition against compulsory service. The organisers of the petition corrected this mistake as long ago as the 9th May.

KENYA (DEFENCE FORCE ORDINANCE)

HC Deb 14 April 1932 vol 264 c992 992

§ 67. Mr. MANDER asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies Why it has been decided to apply the compulsion and penalty clauses of the defence force ordinance in Kenya, as from 1st May; and how many conscript soldiers are likely to be obtained in each year as a result?

§ The SECRETARY of STATE for the COLONIES (Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister). The Defence Force Ordinance of 1927 provides that members of the force in Class I shall undergo an annual period of training not exceeding 100 hours. The Governor has made a Regulation under this ordinance prescribing the period of training as 60 hours for recruits and 37 hours for others. Failure to comply with this regulation renders a member of the force liable to prosecution under the Defence Force Ordinance. I am advised that, if the efficiency of the force is to be maintained, it is necessary that

the penalty clauses should be preserved and if necessary be enforced. No change has been made in the number or classes of persons liable to service under the Ordinance of 1927 except that certain exemptions have been made.

§ Mr. MANDER. Is this the only part of the British Empire where conscription exists?

§ Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER. I think that is so. I think there are several Colonies where there is power in the Governor, in case of emergency, to create and call out a defence force, but the Defence Force Ordinance in Kenya, which was passed in 1927 and has been maintained by successive Governors since, is, I believe, in a class by itself.

KENYA (DEFENCE FORCE ORDINANCE)
HC Deb 26 April 1932 vol 265 cc215-6 215

§ 44. Mr. E. WILLIAMS (for Dr. SALTER) asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies the reason for the decision of the Government of Kenya Colony to put into force the Kenya Defence Force Ordinance of 1927?

§ Sir R. HAMILTON. I would invite reference to the reply returned by my right hon. Friend to a question on the subject from the hon. Member for Wolverhampton East (Mr. Mander) on 14th April, of which I am sending him a copy. The Kenya Defence Force 216 Ordinance has been in operation since 2nd July, 1928.

§ 63. Mr. WILLIAMS (for Dr. SALTER) asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he can give any explanation of the reason for the passing of the Kenya Defence Force Ordinance without any provision enforcing an oath of allegiance to His Majesty?

§ Sir R. HAMILTON. As stated in the reply to a question on the 28th July, 1927, provision for an oath of allegiance was omitted from the Kenya Defence Force Ordinance on the representation of the Secretary of State's military advisers in this country that an oath had been regarded as inappropriate in many cases.

KENYA (DEFENCE FORCE BILL)
HC Deb 28 July 1927 vol 209 cc1480-2W 1480W

§ Mr. RENNIE SMITH asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies (1) whether the Bill for compulsory military service in Kenya provides that a conscript may be liable to service in any part of East Africa; 1481W (2) What action, if any, the recently elected council of Kenya has taken with regard to the amended Compulsory Service Bill?

§ Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. The Kenya Defence Force Bill, which is the correct title of the Measure referred to, was passed by the Legislative Council by 33 votes to 1, the only dissentient being an Indian Member, who, while agreeing to the Measure, considered that it should have included Indians as well as Europeans. As my right hon. Friend stated on the 18th July, the authenticated copies of the Ordinance have not yet arrived. As presented to Council, the Measure was confined to service within the Colony, and this was emphasized in the explanatory memorandum presented to Council.

And finally, an extract (page 207) from CJD Duder's "An Army of One's Own: The Politics of the Kenya Defence Force".

Introduction: In the 1920s, the white settlers of Kenya made a serious, sustained, and ultimately successful attempt to establish an all-European military body in the Colony. This organization, called the Kenya Defence Force (KDF), was designed to provide the white settlers with an armed force, under effective settler control, as the ultimate safeguard for their position in Kenya. The KDF was thus both the culmination of a long standing settler ambition for a security force against the Africans of Kenya and the military arm of settler ambitions for self-government in the 1920s.

The KDF, however, had only a short and troubled existence. Planned as a universal conscript settler army, it degenerated into a series of grossly mismanaged volunteer rifle clubs which were chiefly remarkable for their ability to "lose" arms and ammunition. Perhaps fortunately, it never saw active service and when in 1936, Kenya was faced with a real military threat in the form of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, it was quickly, if noisily, disbanded.

The KDF itself was thus only a footnote to the larger footnote of white settlement in the history of Kenya. Its real importance lies in the politics which surrounded the Force and in particular on the light which the KDF sheds on two important questions in Kenya's history. How much power did the settlers exercise within the Colonial system? How much power did they wish to exercise within the system? The settlers have long been seen as the dynamic factor in the Colonial political scene (Bennett 1965). They set the agenda. They attempted to order

TERRY COULSON [KR3618]

A recollection of our Service in Kenya Regiment - Oct 1952 to Jan 1955

[By Jack Barrah OBE KR5755]

Terry **Coulson** – Who had not heard of him in The Regiment? Noone! He was highly organized, a complete natural leader of men and 'B' Company was his empire. He had a knack of appearing unexpectedly, anywhere and at anytime. Coupled with Ray **Nightingale** [KR5684], they ran by far the most effective rifle company in The Kenya Regiment at the height of the emergency.

Monty **Brown** [KR3902] and I, both private soldiers at the time, are two of the few people that ever pulled the wool over Terry's eyes, probably ever! Ray assigned us, including Terry to the role of recruiting some more Walianangulu trackers. For those who don't know, they are a small nomadic tribe who roamed the hinterland in the Mackinnon Road area and are now what is collectively called the Taita people. They were in the 1950s still living in their natural state, and renowned elephant poachers and superb trackers. Far better than the Masai, whom none of us rated, especially not Terry.

Monty provided vehicles, I provided local knowledge, Terry's role was to make sure we achieved our aim and his personal Tracker Akuta **Simba** came along as he spoke the language. What Terry was not aware of, and we failed to tell him, was that we would be caught up in a public holiday once we got to Mackinnon Road and we would therefore have to adjourn to Nyali Beach Hotel over the weekend and return to Mackinnon Road.

We packed smart civvies and Terry only had army uniform. Once we got to Mackinnon Road and spoke to the DO it transpired that we could do nothing because of the holiday, so Terry sent Akuta

off home, together with his issue .303 for the weekend. We agreed to meet him on Monday morning at a certain spot on the Mombasa road. We did adjourn to the Nyali Beach Hotel. We had a great few nights and Monty and I have never forgotten the sight of Terry dancing in uniform complete with army boots prancing up and down the dance floor stepping on some poor girl's toes!

On returning to the agreed meeting point on Monday Akuta and rifle were nowhere to be seen. By this stage even Terry, not a man to panic easily, was feeling the pressure. We had not recruited a soul; our tracker and weapon were missing, and Terry as the senior rank present was in deep trouble. We went into a British Army depot nearby to ask if they had seen Akuta. Terry had to endure a 20 minute rant from a British Army major about the lack of professionalism of the Kenya Regiment. Eventually we received word that a KR tracker was spotted at the local cop shop and there we rushed to find a completely hung over Akuta **Simba**, with rifle locked up for drunken and disorderly behavior.

One problem over now we had run out of time and had to recruit some trackers. A quick 'O' Group was held and we reached the opinion that we should just go up the road to Kitui and recruit some Wakamba. Ray **Nightingale** would never know as he was a Rhodesian! It was a great success and Ray commended Terry for a successful trip. Terry never forgave us taking him for a ride and he even mentioned it to me the last time we met.

Even as a young man Terry was a man of awesome presence. He was highly respected in the Kenya Regiment and was always confident of his own ability to do what was right and not necessarily popular. He was hugely respected within our age group and I don't know anyone who did not hold him in the highest regard as a soldier, a farmer, a businessman or a friend. His contribution to Gilgil, by way of schools and all the other charity outlets he supported, are amongst many noble acts of his life.

The following is an extract from Len Weaver's draft of the 'History of the Kenya Regiment'. [Ed: *Sadly Len died before he could complete his book. Using some of Len's material, Ian Parker wrote 'The Last Colonial Regiment', which he dedicated to Len and all who served in the Regiment.*]

Ray **Nightingale** was OC 'B' Company for the duration of The Emergency proper 1952 to 1954. Always leading from the front and often operating in an unorthodox manner, 'B' Company was a highly successful unit. Ray was a hard taskmaster, tough, demanding and uncompromising. He was

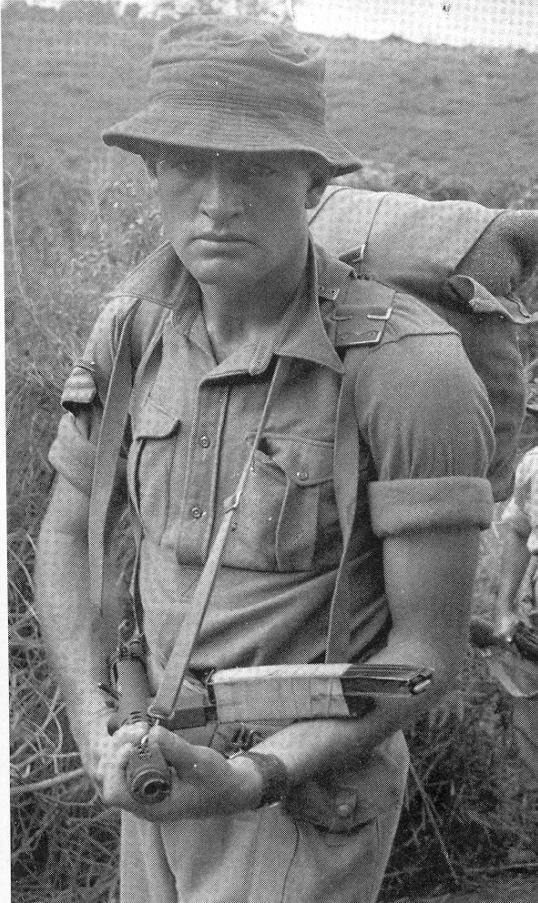


ably assisted throughout his time in 'B' Company by Terry **Coulson**, [LEFT] another exceptional man, as his CSM. Terry was equally uncompromising and highly organized. Terry had an uncanny ability to appear when you least expected or wanted him. Although younger than Ray, at only 23 Terry was a natural leader and had a wisdom way beyond his years. He was the only man Ray would listen to and at times Terry would rein him in .Ray had fought the Italians in Ethiopia and the Japanese in Malaysia and he told me he had never worked with anyone quite like Terry **Coulson**. Ray and Terry were perhaps the lowest profile but the most professional command team in the Regiment at this time.

Both went onto great success after the Regiment. At the age of 45, Ray passed selection into 22 SAS, and thereafter was both their Ops Officer and Training Officer, and Terry is still in

Kenya where he runs and owns a successful farming and property development business.

ROBERT (STOOGES) STOCKER (Submitted by Terry Coulson's son, Billy)



Robert *Stooze* **Stocker** [LEFT] was a legend in The Kenya Regiment. He joined, with Terry, in 1950 as a Territorial and was called up at the onset of the Emergency in October 1952. *Stooze* was a properly big man, somewhere in the region of 6' 4" and weighed somewhere close to 110 kg. He was superbly fit, athletic and very strong, as well as quick on his feet.

At some stage in late 1952, he and Terry were sent to Lanet on a British Army section commanders' course. The British Army's instructors were all WWII vets and specialized in giving the KR fellows a very hard time indeed. At the end of the course there was an end of course party in the mess. Terry was taking a shower and *Stooze* went straight to the bar for a drink. Suddenly a KR bloke, whom some of you will remember, **Doug Miles** came, came running into the room shouting to Terry to come to the bar quickly as *Stooze* was having an altercation with the instructors.

On arriving in the bar Terry found *Stooze* squaring up to the entire course directing staff. The latter, despite their numbers, and experiences fighting the Japanese and Germans, decided that they did not fancy their chances against *Stooze*. Instead they loaded the odds in

their favour and brought an attack dog into the mess. This animal was a cross between a Ridgeback, Great Dane and Rottweiler. The dog went for *Stooze* who managed to grapple it physically and got it in a stranglehold and started strangling the animal to death. In the end the British Army handler was on his knees in tears begging *Stooze* to spare the dog's life. This *Stooze* did, but only after direct intervention by Terry.

The second memorable incident involving *Stooze* and Terry took place at some stage in early 1953. There was a gathering of Regimental soldiers and officers at The Outspan, and as usual *Stooze* heavily inebriated started becoming obstreperous. Despite the best efforts of CSM Pat **Garner** (Rifle Brigade) and RSM *Dutch Holland* MM (60th Rifles) and various others, no one could control *Stooze*.

In a vain attempt at controlling *Stooze* at the end of the party, Terry jumped in the Land Rover with *Stooze* who insisted on driving. They then headed off at high speed towards Kiganjo. Terry attempted to remove the ignition key in order to prevent *Stooze* from killing them. At that *Stooze* and Terry started wrestling for the key and before either of them knew it they had driven over the small Nyeri Escarpment and fell some 60 feet into a ravine. *Stooze* was thrown clear, but Terry ended up pinned under the Land Rover. Terry told me he has never seen anyone sober up as quickly as *Stooze* at that moment. *Stooze* proceeded to look for Terry mumbling to himself "Forgive me God for today I have killed a man."

At one stage Terry was going in and out of consciousness and can remember *Stooge* lighting a match to try and find the vehicle despite the fact that the petrol tank had ruptured and there was petrol everywhere. When *Stooge* eventually found him, he almost lifted the Land Rover off Terry on his own but just could not manage it. Terry then convinced *Stooge* to calm down and go and get help and much to Terry's relief *Stooge* eventually appeared with Keith **Mousley** [KR3858] and the pair of them were strong enough to lift the Land Rover and get Terry out and away to hospital.

MY FASCINATION WITH STEAM POWER

[Kevin Patience CCF]

I suppose it was every boy's dream to be an engine driver. Steam that is, not diesel. I grew up in Kenya and stood on Nairobi station collecting engine numbers not realising that one day I might just become an engine driver. Time passed and in 1961 I joined the Royal Air Force at RAF Eastleigh, Nairobi and was flown to Aden to be assessed. Having passed I was flown to the UK to enlist in that happy band known as Boy Entrants at Cosford.

I had hoped to be an engine fitter but that was not to be and as I could wire a three pin plug it was deemed sufficient to mark me as a radar mech. The 44th entry at Cosford was a great start to one's adult career and after graduating I went by steam train to RAF Valley in Anglesey. As cars were in short supply, steam trains were the main means of transport to London at weekends. Over the next four years I saw less and less steam and on return from a tour in Malta in 1970 steam had disappeared.

My time in the service came to an end in 1973 and I returned to Kenya once more to discover that steam was alive and well in Mombasa. In particular, the line from Mombasa to Nairobi, although only three hundred miles long, climbed from sea level to 5,500 feet and was inhabited by Africa's mightiest articulated steam locomotives - the 59 Class Beyer Garratts, all named after the highest mountains in East Africa. They were the world's largest locomotive built for the metre gauge weighing a massive 252 tons and capable of hauling over 1,200 tons uphill to Nairobi at about 20 mph. Oil fired and crewed by two drivers and two firemen, they took turns to drive the locos for eight hours at a time and it took twenty four hours to cover the distance to Nairobi.



There were other classes of steam locos in Mombasa including large conventional tender engines named after East African tribes, 'Masai of Kenya' being one of them. I met the last European shed master in Mombasa who introduced me to the Garratt with a footplate-trip along the main line on a steam test. It was an unforgettable experience culminating in driving one of the most famous, 5918 - Mount Gelai [LEFT] - named after a volcanic peak in

Tanzania and driven by the same Sikh driver for sixteen years. [Ed: See Kevin's article *Kirpal Singh Sandlu in m-S XXXVIII pp58/60*]

In 1977, I was to have a major career change and turn a hobby into a job, becoming a commercial salvage diver working in the Middle East. Two years later while in Bahrain, the subject of steam arose with the opportunity to buy a large model steam loco. It was a Great Western tender engine large enough to sit on, being eight feet long and capable of pulling some thirty plus people. It was purchased and air freighted to the Gulf where it performed admirably at dozens of functions. This was followed by a quarter scale traction engine which complemented the train. After twelve years both were sold on and steam was relegated to the back burner while vintage cars took over.

Meanwhile, back in Kenya mainline steam ended in 1980, and '5918', and various other locos were allocated to the Nairobi Railway Museum. It was the end of an era that began in 1896 when the first tiny 'A' Class engine arrived from India to begin construction of one of the Empire's most challenging railways. Eight years later and '5918' returned to steam for a few weekly runs to the Rift Valley but that soon came to an end and the giant returned to the museum once more to languish under the tropical sun. The paintwork faded and the brass work disappeared and the once world famous engine became a shadow of its former self. I visited the museum from time to time, never thinking that one day it would all change.

In the early nineties, I had a fax from an old engineer steam friend in Dar es Salaam, giving me details of a proposal to rebuild a derelict tender engine he had obtained from Tanzania Railways. I was skeptical, but strange things happen in Africa. He recruited a bunch of retired engine fitters and began the task of rebuilding the loco from scrap. It took eighteen months on a shoe string budget, but in late 1996 I was privileged to ride and drive '2927' in Dar es Salaam. I had a small part in the restoration in that I provided a replica maker's plate as well as two tribal name plates.

In 2001, I was in the Emirates on a salvage operation when I received an e-mail stating '5918' had been moved to the workshops for overhaul. The salvage job completed, I flew to Nairobi to meet with the African steam team responsible for the restoration. It seemed an impossible task to get this monster breathing fire once more, but with sheer perseverance, it happened that November. The maroon giant was awake and under way once more. It was twenty one years since she had last ventured out on to the Mombasa mainline, and many *watu* lining the track, had never seen a steam engine, yet alone been nearly deafened by the sound of the shrieking steam whistles. What followed was my involvement in four years of safaris with the Garratt, until one day the railway was privatised and steam was quietly forgotten. In the interim, two other tender locos had also been restored to working order but there was no interest and they quickly gathered dust.

Fate has a funny way of showing itself and in 2008, I heard of four miniature steam engines not four miles from home in Poole. This I had to see and there in a garden centre railway stood four American outline steam locos and four diesels. It was sight for sore eyes and very quickly I became a week-end driver on both types. The end of the season saw these sold to Australia. The following year I was down in Poole Park talking to the owner of the railway which circles one of the lakes, to be told of a new build steam loco due to arrive in 2010 and would I like to be the driver/mechanic and teach the other diesel drivers the techniques of steam. So it came to pass in July, the new loco arrived, to be named 'George' after the railway's founder. It still runs regularly and I get to maintain and drive them both.

In 2011, steam finally made a re-appearance in Kenya, with all three locos running for a photographic safari and I was invited by the organisers to don overalls and help out. It was a great experience, working alongside the same Africans I had worked with over the past ten years. While not everyone's cup of tea, there is a certain magic about a loco in steam. The acrid smell of sulphurous coal or the burnt fuel smell of an oil fired engine all play a part in this strange mixture which we either love or hate. So did my Boy Entrant training play a part in all this, I like to think

so, it started a mechanical skill working with aircraft and later cars, ships and trains, and today fifty years later I still enjoy a challenge and getting my hands dirty..

KENYA REGIMENT GUESTBOOK

[Ed: *Total visitors to date - 6,513 visitors. Since m-S XXXVII was printed in June 2011, there have been 792 'hits'.*]

Gillian **Millis** <gillsargeant@hotmail.co.uk> [04/10/2011]: My dad, John Peter **Lategan** was in the Kenya Regiment [KR6080]. Just wondered if anyone remembered him or has any photos?

Paul **Baeyertz** <paulb@foni.net> [01/10/2011] from Hamburg: Can anybody tell me anything about Vernon Ewart **Kirkland** [KR40075], or his family? I am an interested distant relative.

Ralph **Burns** [KR4639] <ralphburns@hotmail.co.uk> [22/09/2011]: Looking for Cecil **Pilgrim** who attended the POW, was in the KPR, and worked for the Kenya Meat Commission. If anyone knows of his whereabouts please contact me.

Ian **Corroyer** <ianuplands@aol.com> [19/08/2011] from Somerset: Came across the site and had a look at the names - brought back memories of family friends. We farmed in Londiani and my dad - David **Corroyer** [KR6225], who sadly passed onto the 'Tusker Brewery' in the sky, and my Uncle Geoff **Corroyer** [KR4724] currently living in the Caymans, were proud of their service in the Regiment. My Mum, Wendy and two sisters, Lesley and Jane still live in Kenya. I am a serving officer in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and have just started my 36th year of service.

George **Thornton** <geoles2@tiscali.co.uk> [26/08/2011] from Scotland: I am trying to contact Mitch **Moon** [KR7081], who joined the Regiment in the early 1960s. Can anyone help?

Marinda **Enslin** <enslin.marinda@gmail.com> [31/07/2011] from RSA: My father-in-law was Zacharias **Enslin** [KR4293] and in the army in Kenya; that list of names I think it is wrong because it's not what my father-in-law said to us. I would appreciate it if someone who served with him in the army would please contact me. He has a medal which he received from the Queen of England.

Michael D. **Destro** [KR7101] <m.destro@comcast.net> [03/07/2011] from Atlanta: Terrific to come across this website. My last contact with the Regiment was a reunion in London, sometime around the mid-sixties. If anyone remembers me, it would be great to hear from you. [Ed: *Readers will have noted Mike's subsequent letter under correspondence on p 27!*]

Wendy **Howard** <allhowards@btinternet.com [29/06/2011] from Wales: I am seeking information regarding Peter Charles **Buckmaster** and, for family research purposes, wish to know whether his wife was Diane Joyce **Buckmaster**, and if so, if anyone has knowledge of her whereabouts.

Hilary **Colledge** <hilarycolledge@yahoo.co.uk> [24/06/2011]: Would anyone be able to help me trace Susanna Helena **Muller** (née **Knobel**) widow of Johan Andries **Muller** [KR3100]. Sadly Johan died in 1993. Hopefully, Susanna is still alive and if anyone knows of her whereabouts, please contact me.

Hilary Helen-Jane **Colledge** <hilarycolledge@yahoo.co.uk> [10/06/2011]: I am looking to make contact with Mr Johann Ludwig **Knobel** [KR3746] from Eldoret, who served with the Kenya Regiment in 1956. His wife was Lillian Doris May. Mr **Knobel** may be able to assist me with some family members who lived in Nakuru during the 1950's. I would be grateful if we could correspond by email .Thank you very much for any help you may be able to give to me.

John **Black** <john193@supanet.com> [23/05/2011] from UK: Can anyone help me with Charles Brand **Black** DFC [KR3699]. I am trying to establish whether his Mother was Elizabeth Baxter **Black**, who may have been married to my Grand Uncle Matthew Alexander **Black** who was a telegraph engineer in Nairobi. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated.

Alan **Jones** [KR7017] <alanjones@mweb.co.za> [23/05/2011]: Saw message from Peter **Blunt** [KR693] and brought back so many wonderful memories. Remember the talented rugby players we had in Mortars - Terry **Tory** [KR6339], Mike [KR6508] and John **Andrews** [KR7126], Peter himself and many others. Are there any reunions planned in South Africa?

THE LITTLE OWL SANCTUARY

Sarah Higgins (widow of the late Mike [KR4062] < kijabe@africaonline.co.ke>: I have absolutely no objection to your using my Christmas verbiage - herewith attached.



Whilst writing this I have a baby Wood Owl, *Twiglet* [LEFT], sitting on my shoulder watching in absolute fascination as the words appear on the screen. The poor little mite had fallen out of his nest (which often happens but normally they are okay and Mum birds find them and keeps feeding them) but he ended up in a garden full of Jack Russells and so his rescuer took him to the Vet and just left him there. The Vet rang me so I have taken the little fellow on. He is an absolute sweetie. Photo attached.

We have had a good year with more rain than I have ever recorded, 3” more than our previous highest recorded annual rainfall and 11” above our average, which has meant that we have more than made up for the

previous year's drought and the lake level, which had dropped to the lowest ever recorded, has risen by three meters. We had a good wheat crop too which was a bonus.

The Little Owl Sanctuary keeps expanding. I now have sixteen permanent residents and another fourteen who will be released in due course. Altogether 20 birds have been rescued, reared/repared and released this year. Of the new residents there is Drifter, a one-winged Black Headed Heron, who guards my pond from all wayward frogs and lizards, Picasso, a Lilac-breasted Roller, who is waiting for his wing feathers to re-grow having lost them to something that was trying to eat him, and Zippa, a delightful little one-winged Spotted Eagle Owl who is becoming my PR Owl as he is very good with people.

In March I was asked to take on a three year old Wahlberg's Eagle, *Storm*, who had been rescued as a fledgling and was too imprinted on humans to be releasable. Simon **Thomsett** taught her to fly to the hand and I have learnt how to fly her which is enormous fun. Then a couple of months later a young Tawny Eagle, *Tornado*, with a similar background, was brought in and so I am flying her as well. It adds a whole new dimension to what I am doing.

Then there was *Waddlesworth*, the Pelican, who has been with us since he was abandoned by his parents in the drought last year, who has given us endless amusement ... like the time he limped into the walled garden where he normally slept and announced that he could walk no further. For five days he refused to even stand up or eat his food. We had to carry him to his bed at night and into the sun in the morning and force him to eat. The only thing wrong that we could find was a tiny cut on the bottom of his paddle, so the Vet was called but couldn't find anything either. Then, on day five he could suddenly walk (albeit with a dramatic limp) and by day seven he was cured! Whoever heard of a hypochondriac pelican? But I think that was all it was!

A couple of months later Waddles excelled himself again – this time by swallowing a teaspoon that he had stolen from the breakfast table! When consulted, the Vet didn't know what to do, so I decided that the only thing for it was to stick my arm down his throat and try to retrieve the spoon myself. With Sammy holding him, I oiled my arm with cooking oil and set to work. I eventually found the spoon – under seven fish that he had eaten in the meantime – and rescued it. Amazingly he was not in the least put out by this ordeal and happily continued to try and steal things off the breakfast table!

Then in October, he finally cut the apron strings and took himself off into the big blue yonder and was last seen riding a thermal like a professional. We like to think that he has now joined up with a group of his own kind and is learning how to be a proper Pelican. We all really miss him though.

In August a couple of old buffalo found their way onto the plot and hid out in the little bit of forest that Mike planted a few years back. We had no idea they were there until the cattle herder saw them one day, just as one of them attacked and killed one of my Jersey heifers. I had to get the KWS in to shoot them both before they damaged one of us. My staff enjoyed the resultant free meat!

For my birthday this year five of us went to Ithumba in Tsavo East National Park where Daphne Sheldrick's orphaned elephants are taken once they are old enough to leave the nursery herd. There were seven little elephant in the Ithumba herd and we were allowed to give them their milk and wander with them through the bush. It was a magical time.

Oh yes and I was awarded Kenya's HSC [Ed: *Head of State Commendation*], for all the work that I do for the environment and the community. A great honour except that, in true Kenyan style, they managed to lose the award! I am still waiting for the actual presentation! [Ed: *Sarah*,

congratulations on behalf of all members of the KRA]

FUTURE OF THE SECOND (2001) KENYA REGIMENT TRUST

[Ed: *The following letter about proposals for the Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust, is self explanatory. Much as we would like the Trust to continue to be administered by the 'Regiment', we are fast running out of members who are prepared to take on the responsibilities of trustees. Having considered the two options, I prefer the Army Benevolent Fund (ABF); apparently, once our funds are depleted, members of the Regiment in need qualify to apply to the ABF for assistance. Please read the letter carefully, and if you have further suggestions, contact Justin Templer.*]



THE SECOND (2001) KENYA REGIMENT TRUST

5 October 2011

MEMORANDUM

To: All Chairmen of the Kenya Regiment Associations
All members of the Kenya Regiment Association of Europe and North America

From: Justin Templer, Chairman, The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust

Consultation on the future of The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust

Purpose of this consultation

The Trustees of The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust have been considering the future administration of the Trust and how best to ensure that over the coming years help continues to be available to former members of the Regiment and their dependents who are in need. The purpose of this consultation is to seek your views on what the Trustees are proposing.

The Trust's recent activities

Bulletin No. 4 is attached which is the latest report on the Trust's activities and shows that since the Trust was formed it has awarded 52 grants. As will be seen from the report, the total assets of the Trust stand at just over £140,000 and the average annual payments made over the period 2008-10 amounted to around £16,000 a year.

The Trustees and Secretary

The present Trustees are, Justin Templer, Gerald Angel, Stephen Thornton and John Davis. The Secretary to the Trust is Richard Weaver, son of the late Len Weaver. The Trust Deed requires at least three Trustees to serve at any one time. Further, they are required to resign after serving four years or when they reach 70 years of age. However, having reached these milestones a Trustee may be re-appointed annually at a full meeting of the Trust. Of the present Trustees, Justin, Gerald and John have been reappointed at some time; in Justin's and Gerald's case having reached the age of 70 years and in John's case having served for more than four years.

At the last meeting of the Trust held on 31 March 2011, both Justin (who has served for nine years and been reappointed six times) and Gerald (who has served for ten years and been reappointed six times) expressed their wish to resign sometime during 2012.

Appointment of two new Trustees

The priority action now is to appoint two new Trustees. They must be resident in the UK and be willing to serve for a number of years. Preferably, they will be a member of the Kenya Regiment Association but this is not an absolute requirement. The appointment is voluntary. If you live in the UK and would like to put your name forward, or if you know of anyone who might like to be approached, then please contact Justin Templer at the address shown below.

The success in identifying suitable new Trustees will determine whether the present Trustees will need to give consideration sooner rather than later to the longer-term options described below.

Proposed longer-term options for the future administration of the Trust

It is recognised that it will become increasingly difficult to appoint new Trustees for the life of the Trust which is predicted to extend to around 2020 at the present rate of expenditure. Over the past year the Trustees have therefore been looking at possible options for the future administration of the Trust. Approaches have been made separately to two British Army charities – The Rifles Benevolent Trust in Winchester and ABF The Soldiers' Charity in London – to explore the practicability of either of these two charities taking over the administration of the Trust and its assets. The Trustees' current view is that this would be best done as a phased handover of responsibilities at an appropriate time. A brief description of these charities is given in the Appendix.

We are pleased to report that following discussions with The Rifles Benevolent Trust and ABF The Soldiers' Charity they have both kindly offered, in principle, to be the eventual home of our Trust if so required. The Charity Commission for England and Wales have indicated that they would have no objection to this; in which case the Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust would be closed down and all applications for help would be dealt with by one or other of these two charities. In both cases suitable arrangements would be made for the generous private donations currently made to our Trust to continue if so desired.

Currently, the Trustees favour ABF The Soldiers' Charity as the eventual home of the Trust. Of course, further detailed considerations will be necessary before a final decision is made but it is important that you are aware of the discussions that have taken place and that you have the opportunity to comment on them at this early stage.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Justin Templer, Chairman, The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust <justin.templer@btinternet.com>

Appendix**The Rifles Benevolent Trust**

The Rifles Benevolent Trust is a charity established on 1 April 2007 resulting from the amalgamation of the four original Forming Regiments which now constitute The Rifles. The purpose of the Trust is to help financially, in kind or in any other appropriate manner, serving members of The Rifles, their wives, widows or dependents who find themselves in need. Similarly on transfer of funds from the original Forming Regiments the same assistance will be afforded to all members, wives, widows and dependents of those Regiments including, where appropriate, their Antecedent Regiments. The Trust's income comes from their capital investments, legacies, donations and Regimental subscriptions. They hold a fund of some £8 million. Any residual funds from The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust would be managed as part of this fund. If Regimental fund is deemed not appropriate to support a particular claim then an approach is made to ABF The Soldiers' Charity. They involve The Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Families

Association (SAAFA), The Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League and the Royal British Legion in their claims process.

ABF The Soldiers' Charity

ABF The Soldiers' Charity was formerly known as the Army Benevolent Fund and is the British Army's charity providing benevolence to soldiers, former soldiers and their families in need. Their Patron is HM The Queen and the Charity works closely with Regimental Associations and other service charities, such as The Rifles Benevolent Trust. They depend entirely on voluntary donations and currently raise around £7 million annually. They aim to increase this to £14 million by 2015. Any residual funds from The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust would be managed as part of this fund. As with The Rifles Benevolent Trust they involve SAAFA, The Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League and the Royal British Legion in their claims process.

LOOKING BACK

The following photo was taken from the balcony of George & Mim **McKnight**'s home, looking over the Ngong Hills, at an informal 'get together'; possibly for Rusty (**Russell**), on one of his periodic trips from Vanuatu in the South Pacific to see his bosses at Millbank, and to be offered a further two year contract; this happened a few times! Dennis reckons the photo was, possibly, taken in the late 80s, before his midriff spread!



L/R: JACK BARRAH, GORDON BELL, RUSTY RUSSELL, FELICITY PETRIE, TOMMY & KATE FJASTED, MIM MCKNIGHT, DAVID PETRIE, EVELYN BELL, HOWIE CLARKE, DAVID & JANE LEETE, PAT BARRAH, GEORGE MCKNIGHT.

George mentioned that Rusty was awarded the OBE many years ago. Perhaps he was not aware that he achieved a Bar on 18th November 2009 – i.e Over Bloody Eighty! I was unaware of this 'decoration' until **Boet de Bruin** achieved it about a year ago. There are a number of guys lining up for it!

KGVI – 1953 – 4TH COURSE (Submitted by Keith Elliot)

BACK ROW: ELVA WESTLEY (MARRIED / DIVORCED BILL BOTHA [KR4190], REUBY RANDALL [KR4412], MARGARET COSGRAVE (MARRIED EDDIE GOOD), EDDIE GOOD [KR4411] AND HARRY FELL [KR4403]

FRONT ROW: FEDOR EHRLICH [KR4389] AND GEORGE NEWBY [KR4530].

George **McKnight** mentions that Fedor **Ehrlich** was a boyhood friend from Dar. In '41/42, he attended Mbeya School and I, Arusha School. We met up again at Winchester in about 2001. Since then, Christine and I have met up with Barbara and Fedor at least once a year, at their lovely home in Kent; Fedor keeps a fine table.

ST MARYS' BANTER

Fred **Pohl** <fredpohl@netactive.co.za> [05/08/2011]. This afternoon, my wife, Linda (née Brown a Pretoria-born lass) and I decided to go to the early movies at the last minute and bought tickets for the Disney movie "The African Cats". The movie theatre was mostly empty, only about 14-15 seats occupied. Just as the show was starting, a single male came in and sat in the vacant seat next to me. He was actually in the wrong seat, should have been three along from mine, but it did not matter as there were plenty of empty places.

At the end of the show, which incidentally, was the most wonderful animal film of the Masaai Mara, he turned round to me and said "Gee that was wonderful, I used to live up there you know." to which I replied "Really, so did I. I lived in Eldoret". He said "Damn, that's a co-incidence, we used to farm up there!" I said "I don't believe it, I was at school in Nairobi at St Mary's", to which he said "So was I".

Turns out that he was John **Klynsmith**, five years junior to most of us (born 1946) and remembered Brian **Ridley** and his brother, thought he remembered John **Navetta**, I forgot to ask him about Jacques **Kirkham**, but what a co-incidence! His late father, John [KR2057] was in the Kenya Regiment. John now lives in Sea Point, Cape Town and can be contacted via e-m - <johnklynsmith@gmail.com>

My grandfather, Steyn O'Brien Smith **Pohl** and his brother, Hendrik Mader **Pohl**, went up to Kenya from Kokstad, Eastern Cape in about 1911, and were pioneer farmers in the Eldoret district when the rail head was only at Londiani. I can't remember the group with which they trekked, but think it was the **Van Deventers**. My Dad was Standard Bank Manager for many years in Eldoret, having joined the bank in 1922 under Mr. J.C. **Shaw**. He was a great friend of Rex **Kirk** [KR172] and many other early Eldoret *wallahs*.

One of the founder students of the Duke of York School, who also served in the Regiment and now living in Ceres in the Cape, is Harry **Pohl** [KR4612], grandson of Harry Mader **Pohl**.

Best regards to all old Saints, hope you are all keeping well and strong

**

Richard **Bagehot** [KR7306] <r.bagehot@btinternet.com> [05/08/2011]: Well done Fred, can you go to the flicks more often? Do you have sound and colour down there? Nowhere is safe from an old Marian!

**

Mike **Bednall** <mbednall@hotmail.com> [05/08/2011]: Amazing, isn't it? You can't keep us guys down - and we're all over the world now. I'm doing pretty well, thanks - still doing paid consultancy work in the aerospace industry - I still enjoy it and the money's handy!

**

Richard [05/08/2011]: Fred, Lad, don't be fooled by young Beddikins! With the savage Budget cuts, his aerospace consultancy has been re-directed to working out how the hell Wilbur and Orville Wright ever got off the ground...

**

Mike [06/08/2011]: My learned Badgy friend obviously doesn't realise that down here in Dor-r-rset we still have women who fly on broomsticks - which are really quite economical... and would be effective against what is left of the UK Defence Forces.

**

Richard [06/08/2011]: My next door neighbor married one of those wimmen.

**

John **Budge** <joncil@mweb.co.za> [06/08/2011]: What a pleasant co-incidence! I went to Pembroke House then to the UK to School, but you may remember Colin **Beechey** (b.1945?) with whom I am in touch, and my cousins the **Bompas** clan, all now in SA, and my second cousins, Ian

& Alistaire **Holmes** (b. 1945 & 1947) who were in an Eldoret farming family and now in New Zealand.

**

Fred **Pohl** [08/08/2011]: Old Marians, are us ex-St Mary's okes, although we answer to a number of names especially if it's an invitation for a cold Tusker! Great to hear from you again; always interested to catch up with any news on the old Kenya Cowboys and Girls, especially the Eldoret crowd.

KRA AND EA SCHOOLS REUNION, BALLARAT, VICTORIA: - 13TH OF JULY 2011



THREE LADIES IN THE FOREGROUND L/R: WITH HER ARM ON A CHAIR JOHN RICHE'S SISTER PATRICIA [K64], SUE MALING AND CLARE HALE [née PELHAM-MATHER D60]

THEREAFTER, STANDING, L/R: JOHN ORTON [KR6876 P56], KEITH TROWELL [KR6983 P57], JOHN RICHES [P62], GAY WELFORD, JOHN WELFORD [P], PAUL PRENTICE [P56], LILLA ORTON[née THOMPSON K56], CLIFF HALE [KR7356 Y60], MAUREEN BRISTOW, DON MALING [Y55], JOHN BRISTOW [KR6451 Y54].

[Ed: Photo submitted by John **Orton**. School abbreviations: D= Delemare High, P= POW, Y= DOY, K=KHS. Numbers after school abbreviation = final year]

VACANCY FOR CHIEF SAMURAI

A powerful Japanese emperor needs a new chief samurai. So he sends out a declaration throughout the entire known world, that he is searching for a chief.

A year passes and only three people apply for the very demanding position: a Japanese samurai, a Chinese samurai and a Jewish samurai.

The emperor asks the Japanese to come in and demonstrate why he should be the chief samurai. The samurai opens a matchbox and out pops a bumblebee. Whoosh, goes his sword. The bumblebee drops dead, chopped in half. The emperor exclaims: "That is very impressive!"

He then issues the same challenge to the Chinese samurai. The Chinese opens his matchbox and out buzzes a fly. Whoosh, goes his sword and the fly drops dead, chopped into four small pieces. "Very impressive", again exclaims the emperor.

Now the emperor turns to the Jewish applicant and asks him to demonstrate, and the match box opens to reveal a gnat. His flashing sword goes Whoosh! But the gnat is still alive.

The emperor, obviously disappointed, says "Very ambitious, but why is the gnat not dead?" The Jewish samurai smiles, and says, "Circumcision is not meant to kill."

[Ed: *Thanks to Ted Downer*]

VANVOUVER KRA REUNION

Reunited, after so many years, from our first meeting in Ballykinlar, Northern Ireland in 1959 whilst undergoing national service with KRRC and then journeying to Kenya and joining the Kenya Regiment in 1963. This was an epic reunion!

Planned whilst in Ballykinlar; four young men, Dave **Skillan**, Pete **Barrington**, Eddy **Matthew** and Mike **Page** decided that after demob they would seek adventure and excitement by travelling together as far as they could, aiming first for Africa, and then where ever circumstances took them.

Many interesting experiences from Tangier to Cairo, before travelling to the next major city, Nairobi, to settle and recuperate, both energy and funds. Whilst searching for work and somewhere to lay our heads, we, unexpectedly, met Capt **Leech** with whom we had served in Northern Ireland. Equally astonished at the chance meeting, he explained that he was seconded to the Kenya Regiment, where others known to us were also serving. He took us to the depot where the Adjutant, Capt **Adami**, suggested that a couple of tents, erected on the grounds would suit us until we were able to support ourselves.

We of course, joined the Regiment, being told that we were in fact the first to actually enrol from the KRRC. On 12th May 1963, as members of 'HQ' Coy, we took part in the Regiment's final parade when the Colours were laid up in the Nairobi Cathedral.

Whilst in Nairobi, Eddy **Matthew** met and married a South African girl and decided that his adventurous days were forever over. We had made good friends whilst in the Regt, in particular Gavin **Machutchin**, who wanted to accompany us when we left Kenya. It certainly helped that he had a Landover and an overland journey to Cape Town would allow us to visit interesting venues along the way. We left Nairobi in October 1963.

In 1964, we all went our separate ways, so much so that no contact was made with each other until 2009 when Mike **Page** located Pete **Barrington** and found that he and Dave **Skillan** had both

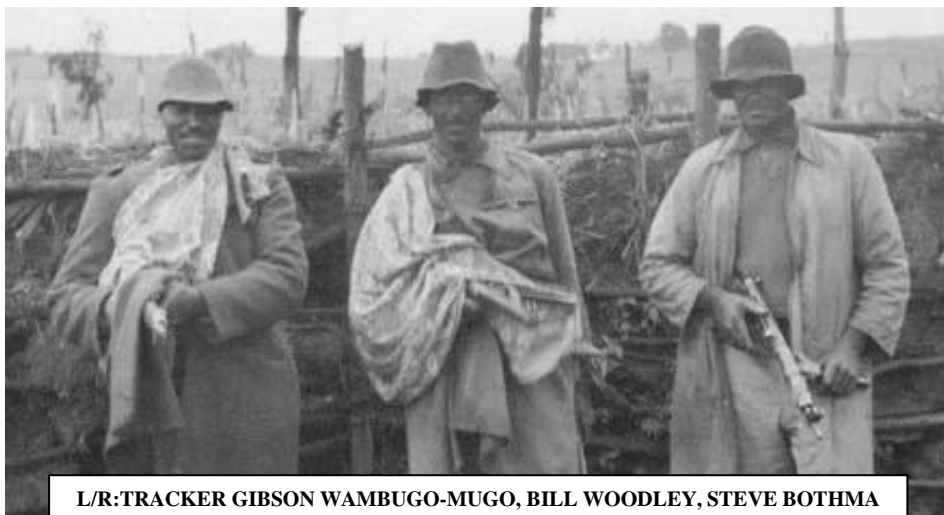
settled in Vancouver. Gavin took longer to find but he was eventually discovered in Seattle, WA only a couple of hours away from Vancouver.

The die was cast and the re-union took place in September 2011 in Vancouver between Dave **Skillan** [KR7560], Gavin **MacHutchin** [KR7490], Pete **Barrington** [KR7557] and Mike **Page** [KR7559]. Unfortunately, Eddy **Matthew** [KR7558] passed away in 1997. There was so much to catch up with and so much to enjoy that we have every intention to have another get-together in the near future.



L/R: DAVE SKILLAN, PETE BARRINGTON, MIKE PAGE and GAVIN MACHUTCHIN,

PSEUDO OPS



L/R: TRACKER GIBSON WAMBUGO-MUGO, BILL WOODLEY, STEVE BOTHMA

The Enduring Artistic Legacy of the Italian Prisoners of War

Molly Arbuthnott, completed her dissertation - The Enduring Artistic Legacy of the Italian Prisoners of War – in April 2010, using much of the material submitted by relatives of people who employed WWII Italian Prisoners' of War on farms and in industry.

Whilst Molly was completing her work, another organization was collating material about the POWs who worked in East, Central and Southern Africa, many of whom died in Africa. Their aim is to record their names, and collect personal photographs, birth certificates, death certificates, photographs of their incredible, artistic works, be they buildings, bridges, nicknacks or toys

I wrote to Eddy Norris whose website ORAFs, is very popular worldwide: 'Some years you very kindly mentioned the Italian POW story to your members and the responses were overwhelming. In today's newsletter -29th - there is mention of death notices - Rhodesian Internment Camps.

'The project is far from complete! There is a lady living in Howick, Illona Osso-Fairbrother <barillo@lantic.net>, who is part of a committee, tasked to assemble as much data as possible about Italian POWs interned in East, Central and South Africa.

'Most of the churches they built have been documented but I'm sure there are other noteworthy contributions they made about which little is known. Whilst the majority of POWs were repatriated to Italy after the War, there were those who chose to remain in Africa, and many others who returned soon after repatriation.

'Any type of record - birth/death/marriage notices, tombstones, church plaques, photos, letters etc - are invaluable pieces in this gigantic puzzle, and would be greatly appreciated'.

Eddy Norris responded: 'Few know that I spend hours searching for information on Rhodesian and more especially the Security Forces. Sadly as my quest for information continues I come across information that I either did not know about or have forgotten and this occurrence normally results in a detour for me to gather information on what I have come across. Such is the case with the Italian Internment Camps in Rhodesia. Sadly, often enough the search for information does result in me being ridiculed for not knowing or abused by others taking the information and making no mention that it originated from ORAFs. A reply I received this morning reads:-*"I know there was an Italian Internment compound in Gatooma. From my early school days I well remember a pretty little chapel and a well-tended graveyard that was cared for by one or two Italian families that stayed in the area after the war ended. I remember one family with the surname Fabiani, in the late 1950s. Old Mr Fabiani worked for the Cotton Research Board in Gatooma and was an accomplished metal smith. He made a carving knife as a wedding present for my mother which served our family for many years, still going strong when I left home to join the Mob in 1962. Aah... trivia!"*

'My honest intention was to create a list of the different camps, if there were more than one, and where they were situated and what years. I am attaching one of the certificates, please regard as confidential as it contains some private and I say personal information regarding death'.

Ed: When farming at Soy my parents had two Italian POWs working on 'Merrowdown'; Franco [POW # 35950], a fine carpenter and wood worker was apparently a rabid communist and my father returned him to the Eldoret internment camp.



The other was Joseph, a stone mason who built many of the buildings on the farm and remained until the war ended.

This 'book' on the left, was crafted by Franco, using indigenous timber. He also made a wooden chess, and draught board, with swing drawers on either side for the chess pieces and a pull drawer in the front for the draughts.

After they were repatriated, Joseph wrote asking that he be allowed to return to the farm, but my father, a stubborn man, declined. Others who requested to return were accepted by farmers and former employers who stood as guarantors. Many of those who returned to East Africa were very

successful.

Perhaps the most 'famous Italian POW building in Kenya (in my opinion!), is the small church at the bottom of the escarpment, the upkeep of which I'm told is undertaken by the Italian community.



Apparently there were eight internment camps in Rhodesia – two in Salisbury, Gatooma, Gwelo, Umvuma, Selukwe, Chipinga and Fort Victoria. There was one in Luasaka. Were there any camps in Nyasaland? There were a number in Kenya, but other than the ones in Eldoret and Nanyuki, have been unable to ascertain their exact location. There were also a number of camps in South Africa and there is a small church in Pietermaritzburg built by Italian POWs. In response to an earlier request readers sent in some outstanding photos of well kept Italian built churches and chapels in Zimbabwe. The article by George Stewart FRPSL and Jon Barry – Internment and Refugee Camps of WWII in S Rhodesia - may be of interest.

If any reader has articles, photographs, certificates, memorabilia, anecdotes etc, pertaining to Italian POWs who were interned in East and Central Africa, please contact Illona, and keep me in the loop. Any toys, nicknacks made by the Italians, which you no longer need, will be gratefully received.
