

**mini-SITREP XLI**



**THESE TUSKS WERE FOUND IN THE RAGATI FOREST  
BY A PATROL OF 'B' COY  
DURING OPERATIONS AGAINST MAU MAU  
FEB. 1954**

## KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2013

### AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Sun 18<sup>th</sup> Aug  
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Cuisine, 512 Christine Ave, Robina Sun 24<sup>th</sup> Nov (TBC)  
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra Sun 17<sup>th</sup> Mar  
Contact: Giles Shaw <giles\_shaw@aapt.net.au>  
EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney Sun 27<sup>th</sup> Oct  
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

### ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: Date and Venue to be advised Jul  
Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

### KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse 10<sup>th</sup> Nov  
Contact: George McKnight <george@macnaughton.co.ke> or  
Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

### NEW ZEALAND

Lunch at Solans Winery, Kumeu Oct  
Curry Lunch: Masala Indian Restaurant, Bucklands Beach 12<sup>th</sup> Mar  
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

### SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. Jul (TBA)  
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 Dam 17/3; 16/6; 15/9; 24/11  
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 has been taken over by Graeme Morrison, Iain's son. It can be visited at <www.Kenyaregiment.org>

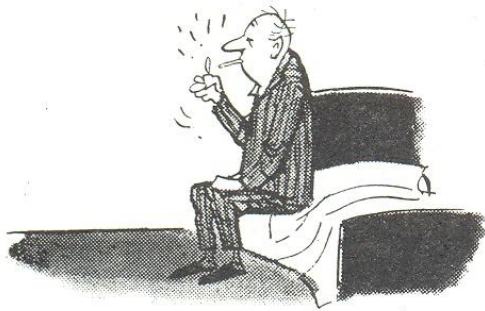
[Ed: *Unfortunately, Ayliffe Hall was unable to proof read this edition, so readers are requested to bear with me should there be any typo errors, glaring or otherwise!*]

Front cover: **REGIMENTAL GONG, NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN THE RIFLES OFFICERS' LONDON CLUB, 56 DAVIES STREET**

Back cover: **KENYA AUXILIARY AIR FORCE [KAAU] BADGE AND COLLAR EAGLES [Ed: *BADGE AND SILVER COLLAR EAGLE – JOHN DAVIS [KR7457]; BRASS COLLAR EAGLE – ANT ALLEN [S3513]*]**

<p>The views expressed in mini-SITREP XLI are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor, nor those of the Association</p>
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KENYA COWBOY



*Best cigarette of the day I say.....*[Cartoonist Graham from Punch]



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SOUTH AFRICA

## AN APPEAL FOR ARTICLES AND PHOTOGRAPHS ABOUT THE KENYA REGIMENT

Back in 1993, Ray Nightingale made an appeal for material about the Kenya Regiment by writing a 'round robin' letter to former members of the Regiment. This resulted in many articles and photographs being sent to Ray describing experiences in WWII, the Emergency and afterwards.

This material formed the nucleus of what eventually became the Kenya Regiment Archive which is now entrusted to the Imperial War Museum.

This is a further appeal to all those readers who feel that they have a story to tell or have photographs of their time in the Regiment which could be published in the *mini-SITREP* and thereby become part of the Archive.

Ray Nightingale produced a set of guidelines for the original material. These have been updated and are shown below. If you have articles and/or photographs which fit the guidelines, please send them to the Editor: Box 48, Merrivale, 3291, South Africa, or e-m them to <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>.

### GUIDELINES

(Based on Ray Nightingale's original list)

1. Typed articles covering the history of the Regiment and sent digitally by email or on CD are preferred, but articles in manuscript are also welcome.
2. Length – up to the author.
3. Contents – with names, dates, places, to describe operations which you planned or took part in which you think will be of interest.
4. Disasters and cock-ups as well as victories.
5. Do not forget the weather, exhaustion, equipment or the lack of it, and some humour.
6. Actual operations only, not piss-ups in the Outspan!
7. Photographs, **with details written on the reverse**, most welcome. Originals will not be returned, but good-quality digital scans of photographs sent by email would be particularly welcome.
8. Copyright would remain with the author, but it will be assumed that permission to publish in the *mini-SITREP* will be granted.

[Ed: I refer to John Davis's article, which follows, about the impending demise of KRAENA. Should KRAENA cease to exist in its present format, sadly, the publication of Buffalo Barua will be discontinued. This will leave *mini-SITREP* and Association Newsletters as our only regular means of communication.

*I intend to continue editing m-S for a number of years and whilst I can regurgitate ad nauseam, articles of yesteryear, would much rather print new ones. So, in keeping with Ray's original request, I would very much appreciate increased input from members, and their families.]*

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FEDERATION OF THE KENYA REGIMENT ASSOCIATION UPDATES

THE KENYA REGIMENT TRUSTS

THE SECOND (2001) KENYA REGIMENT TRUST

(Registered with the Charity Commission for England and Wales – Charity No. 1088617)

In October 2011, a consultation involving all the Kenya Regiment Associations, sought views on the trustees' recommendation that the 2001 Trust be handed over to the Army Benevolent Fund (ABF), The Soldiers' Charity based in London. A positive response was received to the consultation and since then detailed discussions have continued with the ABF which will continue to offer help to former members of the Regiment who are in need in the same way as the 2001 Trust.

What is the latest situation? The trustees held a meeting in London on 4 October 2011 and passed a resolution to formally close the 2001 Trust. A date for handing over the Trust is currently under discussion with the ABF and is expected to occur in November 2012 after which a further announcement will be made.

What if I need help from the 2001 Trust before the handover date? If you served in the Kenya Regiment, or are a dependent of someone who did, and you need financial help please contact:

John Davis; 25 Terrington Hill, Marlow, Bucks, SL7 2RE. Tel: 0044 (0) 1628 486832  
e-m: <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

What is the 2001 Trust's financial position as at October 2012? The Trust is not required by the Charity Commission to produce audited accounts because its annual income is less than £10,000, but it is required to prepare an Annual Return giving details of income from investments and expenditure on grants over the past year. The final Return was submitted in September 2012 showing an income of £9,646 and expenditure on grants of £10,491. The trustees claim no expenses.

Cash at NatWest Bank	£38,421
Equity investment portfolio (sold September 2012)	£99,594
Funds held previously by the 1963 Trust	£14,438
<b>Total assets as cash (October 2012)</b>	<b>£152,453</b>

How many grants were made by the 2001 Trust from 2001-October 2012?

<b>Country</b>	<b>Grants</b>	<b>%</b>
United Kingdom	25	41
South Africa	19	31
Kenya	10	16
Zimbabwe	1	2
Tanzania	1	2
Australia	4	6
New Zealand	1	2
<b>Total</b>	<b>61</b>	<b>100</b>

The total expenditure on the 61 grants awarded during this period was **£103,575**.

### What about the handover of the Kenya Regiment Archive to the Imperial War Museum?

Around one thousand documents and over two thousand photographs have now been reviewed by the Imperial War Museum as part of the handover process. Their Exhibits Section has confirmed that they will accept all the items of memorabilia including badges, buttons, lanyards, Regimental sticks, *simis*, medical kit, field snake-bite kit and WWII captured flags. The Photographic Section has also confirmed that they will accept all the photographic material.

It has been a long process of detailed cataloguing of all the material and discussions with the Museum. All that now remains for the handover to occur is to receive formal permission from their Collections Review Committee. No problems are envisaged and when the handover is completed the archive will be combined with the historical material sent previously to the Museum from Kenya.

### THE ORIGINAL 1963 KENYA REGIMENT TRUST

The 1963 Trust was set up originally to safeguard the Regiment's Memorial Building and Club House in Nairobi and the Regiment's chattels; and to hold certain funds which were in due course handed over to the 2001 Trust when it was first established.

The Memorial Building and Club House were sold in 2008 to the 'Regiment Company Limited' in Kenya, and the chattels are now in the ownership of several British Army Regiments. The Kenya Regiment Colours and Roll of Honour, which came into the possession of the Trust in 1963, are prominently displayed in the Chapel at the Sir John Moore Barracks, Winchester, and are in the safekeeping of The Rifles Trust.

The trustees of the 1963 Trust passed a resolution at a meeting in London on the 4 October that the Trust be formally closed. Residual funds held by the 1963 Trust amounting to £14,438 have been transferred to the 2001 Trust. The 1963 Trust is now no longer active.

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### KENYA REGIMENT ASSOCIATION OF EUROPE & NORTH AMERICA (KRAENA)

Members of the Association were invited to vote on three options for the future of their Association and we are most grateful to all those who returned their ballot papers. In all, 143 votes were received representing 41% of the membership. The results were that 16% voted to keep KRAENA going for a few more years; 18% voted to dissolve KRAENA by June 2013; and 66% voted to dissolve KRAENA by June 2013 and become part of the KRRC Association.

The Committee's recommendation is that a Resolution should be put to an Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) at the AGM in London on 14 November 2012 that KRAENA be dissolved by June 2013 and Members be invited to become Associate Members of the KRRC Association.

The result of the EGM and its implications will be reported in early 2013. If the Resolution is passed and ratified by the KRRC Association, there is the possibility of forming a Kenya Regiment Branch within the Association to maintain links with the Kenya Regiment family through reunions and attending the KRRC Association's own functions.

[Ed: *Updates reported by John Davis, trustee, and member of KRAENA Committee (October 2012)*]

CORRESPONDENCE

Peter **Goodwin** [KR49520] <maggieandpeter@gmail.com> 10/07/2012 from France: Your article in the latest mini-SITREP concerning Italian POWs in East Africa reminded me of a time when I was about nine/ten years old and living in Nyeri.

My father had been transferred there with the Agricultural Department Coffee Section to introduce coffee growing to the Kikuyu in Nyeri Division. We had been allocated a house near Nyeri Station, and on holiday from boarding at Nairobi Primary I was exploring the area on my bike when I came across what I now know was an Italian POW camp on the other side of the road to our house. Being an inquisitive youngster, I sauntered over and suddenly found I had hundreds of new friends! They didn't speak English so we conversed in Swahili, of which they knew a few words.

Over the next couple of school holidays I acted as their postman, posting literally hundreds of their letters home which they handed to me through the wire. I used to stuff 40 or 50 letters down my shirt at a time, cycle down to Nyeri Post Office and either hand them over the counter to the African Postmaster or other times put them in a sack.

When I related the story to my wife she asked if the letters had stamps on - they did! I also remember that some of the envelopes were home-made. I wonder now how many of those letters, if any reached their destination.

They were a lively bunch of young blokes, very vocal, and of course referred to me as *bambino*. They made me a wooden toy - a very basic truck, all pegged, which I unfortunately no longer have.

It was only many, many years later that I discovered that they had been prisoners of war as I never mentioned anything to my parents and forgot all about this period in my life.

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Don **Thompson** [KR4429] <sixtyfour4@bigpond.com> 27/07/2012: Thanks, and may I say that you are doing a wonderful job and like hundreds of others throughout the world I really appreciate what you are doing - mini-Sitrep and the Membership Directory must be unique magazines.

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Anthony **Allen** [s3513] <antjen.allen@gmail.com> 20/06/2012 from Qld: Walter **Scott** [KR3741], Gerald **Krauss** [477] and Spencer **Tryon** [KR276]

I know Walter died in 2009, are you in contact with Mariette and family? I have his AGS and his father's Kenya Police medals, bought years ago from a collector in Amanzimtoti (RSA), and would like to get a photo of the father plus one of Walter during the Emergency. [Ed: *Walter's children very kindly produced the photos which were forwarded to Anthony.*]

I also have medals belonging to the late Gerald **Krauss**, the famous tennis player, would very much appreciate a photo of Gerald. I have four WW2 campaign medals and the Kenya Efficiency Medal, but no AGS - presume he did not claim it?

Don't forget that if the relative of Spencer **Tryon** passes on or is prepared to relinquish the photos of Spencer that you so kindly copied for me, I'll be keen to have them to join his medals.



Ed: Gerald **Krauss** died in Durban many years ago - the late Bill **Harvey** [KR3642] coerced him to join the Association; regrettably, he was able to attend only one of our lunches. I doubt that many of his contemporaries are alive - however, family or a reader may remember him from his tennis days and have the photo; will keep digging.

Very unlikely, that Betty **Tryon** will release the original photos of Spencer, all part of an album being compiled by her daughter.

Ant: If the **Tryon** photos are staying in the family no problem. Years ago I bought some medals years from a friend of Dad's, he also gave me a couple of photos of friend - a Captain with Boer war service, killed at Delville Wood! When Dad's friend died, his widow burnt the rest of the album! AAAARRGGHHHH!

Ed: Surprising what people do in grief or rage!

Ant: I don't think it was grief or rage, more like nobody wants this stuff!

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Anthony **Allen** 07/08/2012: I have the medals awarded to R. F. **Rainsford** (KAR during WW2 and KPR during the Emergency) and Arthur Graham **Molison**, who worked from the 1940's into the late 1960s with East African Airways 1960's, and would like to acquire photos of them. Someone out there must have photos of these two distinguished gentleman!

Ed: I have obviously received mail about **Molison** [KR567], because I have a spelling change in the Long Roll - Molison, Arthur Gra~~h~~ame. Before the War he was employed at Wilson Airport; enlisted 15 May 1939; transferred to EA Light Bty 21 Sep 1939; later commissioned. I thought he might be in the EA Light Battery photo which appeared in m-S XX, but no luck.

I then wondered whether he was a pilot and had joined KAAU, and later the RAF. He doesn't get a mention in Joan **Wedekind's** book 'Keith **Campling** and the Story of Aviation in East Africa', so assume he may have been administrative or ground staff?

Anthony: I have already contacted Joan, but no luck. **Molison** ended up as Commercial Manager in EAA, so quite senior. Would there be a repository of pre-war KR photos anywhere? He may well appear there, would you know who has the stuff that Len Weaver accumulated? [Ed: *Many of Len Weaver's articles, predominantly KR-related, were used by Ian Parker in his book 'The Last Colonial Regiment'. Len's archives, presently with KRAENA, will eventually be placed in the custody of the Imperial War Museum.*]

On another topic, a number of editions of m-S carried excerpts of Capt **Von Otter's** diaries; they were being translated. I have never seen any more. Do you know what happened?

Ed: **Van Otter's** diaries, copied per kind favour of the Editor, Rhino Link, were very lengthy, and as more KR-related articles became available, I decided not to include any more excerpts in m-S. When time permits I will scan the rest and forward to you.

Anthony: Lastly, I am always keen to buy medals to East Africans (or indeed any medals).

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Rob **Faulkner** [KR4542] <robandles.faulkner@gmail.com> from Zimbabwe: I notice that Dave **Ommanney** [KR3912] is listed as living in England. Dave, who had been a professional hunter in Kenya after the emergency, moved to the UK sometime in the late seventies, I think, but still carried on with his safaris, mainly in Tanzania, and latterly Zambia. He moved with his wife Dilys to America and bought a property in the hills of North Carolina in 1983. He still did the odd photographic safaris in Zambia. The incredible thing was, with all those years spent in the bush, Dave seldom if ever wore a hat! Can you imagine hunting elephant in the lower Tana area in that heat without one –mind boggling! Unfortunately, the African sun finally took its toll and Dave died of skin cancer on the 15<sup>th</sup> September 2001.

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Eddie **Good** [KR4411] submitted this abbreviated letter and photo from Sarah **Higgins**: I am having a real problem finding any photos of Mike [KR4279] and me together because I am the photographer of the family and usually behind the camera. Herewith a picture taken a few years ago when yet again we won the big award at the Rhino Charge for the highest fund raisers. We had won the 'Sprit of the Charge' Award for helping another charger to our own detriment - but then that is what 'charging' is all about! ... having fun!



L/R: WAINAINA, KILUVA, SARAH **HIGGINS**, TRISH **COMBES** (WHO PRESENTED THE PRIZE WHICH IS IN MEMORY OF HER LATE HUSBAND, ROBIN [KR7483] THE WORLD REKNOWN KENYA-BORN ARTIST WHO STARTED THE RHINO CHARGE) AND MIKE **HIGGINS**.

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Mary **Stanley-Shepherd** (née Fryer) 24/06/2012 from New Zealand: I refer to the article about Denis **Tarr** on page 43 of m-S XXXX. I only met him a couple of times but I did know the girl he married, June **Cox**, with whom I shared a room for a short while when we boarded at the same place in Westwood Park Rd in Karen. I kept a book of newspaper cuttings of engagements, marriages and birth notices of my friends and note that June came from Royston, Yorkshire. Unfortunately, that's the only new information I have.

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REGIMENTAL POLICE

[Ted Downer 4253]

[Ed: *Ted submitted this article on 23<sup>rd</sup> August 2012, having heard that Stiffy was very unwell. Stiffy's daughter wrote: 'It started with a bad lung infection, some fungus which limited his breathing tremendously, so he ended up in hospital, where he got bronchial pneumonia! He was very ill and due to his immobility ended up with a deep vein thrombosis in his legs, but clots also appeared in his lungs. He responded well to medication and was in rehab to get some nguvu back into his large frame, and doing really well until the anti-coagulant, warfarin started to play havoc with his system and he was re-admitted on Sunday morning where medical staff are attempting to control the bleeding'.]*

I refer to the piece by Frank *Stiffy* **Mercier** [KR4211] about our Regimental Police which appeared in m-S XXII (pp 20/21), and as a member who served in the Emergency from July 1953 to February 1955, I recall the RPs very well, NOT, I may add, that I had much to do with them in their official capacity.

I was in Signals, and spent a lot of my time at 'the Blunt End', i.e. RHQ, but as I often pointed out to those at the 'Sharp End', someone had to receive their weekly messages, ordering food and beer to be assembled, to await Company transport.

Ian **Osborne** [KR4110], Peter **Gordine** [KR3862], Peter **McBrearty** [KR3910] and *Stiffy* readily spring to mind, and I see them now wandering about RHQ in their blanched Sam Whites and armbands in Regimental Colours, with 'RP' emblazoned thereon.

I also recall the quite long period of time when they had Phillipus Jacobus **Swanepoel** [KR4184] in their charge whilst awaiting court martial for damaging a sawmill. During his period of close arrest *Swanny* grew an elegant moustache, which was kept well trimmed, as required by Queen's Regulations and the Army Act, and eventually extended into a twisted and waxed effort which was not easily missed when meeting him. (No, it was not that long!)

However, as I remember the event, when it came to the court martial, the owner and/or manager, I forget his name, was asked by the *Swanny's* defence if the perpetrator of the damage at the sawmill was in court. "Yes" was the reply, whereupon said defence asked the witness to identify the individual and *Swanny*, the accused, was indicated. The next question was "How do you know that the accused is the individual that you saw at the mill?" and the answer came "He is readily recognisable by the moustache he wears!" The defence then went on to show that *Swanny* had been clean shaven at the time of the incident, and that he had grown that moustache during his period of close arrest at RHQ. Thus the prosecution case fell apart and *Swanny* was discharged. I may well have paraphrased the questions and answers, but that is the gist and result of the matter.

In my first paragraph, I said that I did not have much to do with the RPs in their official capacity, and that is true, but for one incident; each week a British Army despatch rider delivered to RHQ, specifically to the Signals Office housed in an EPIP behind the Main Building, the East African Command Codes to be used for the forthcoming week, and the envelope was delivered to the to the Adjutant's Office. By fair means or foul one week after having received them, I mislaid them and, after a lot of searching in the Signals Office and nothing coming to light, obviously had to be reported to Captain Roly **Guy**. This resulted in me being on a charge, the upshot of which I was on

CB for a week, hence my 'official' touch with the RPs, as they were responsible for ensuring I was still on the premises after our normal working hours. I was not, I should add, living on the premises.

One day, whilst on CB, RHQ received an enquiry as to whether anyone in RHQ played rugby, as there was an Army East Africa trial match at Impala Club, and some of those who should be playing were at the Sharp End, and unable to get away. I said I played, and was duly given leave to go home, grab my gear and report to Impala to "Joe Bloggs" and tell him I was the replacement. Well, I played, but was more than well overshadowed by all those around me, but I can boast that I played in an Army trial match. Being on CB, I was forbidden to enter the bar at RHQ, but did join the players after the match at Impala for a few Tuskers or Coronations or whatever.

The culmination of the above episode was that some four or five days after the end of my incarceration, Denton **Evans** [KR4043], a signaller with Support Company, at that time at Karatina, came on the air and advised me that he had found said Command Codes in amongst a batch of new message pads that I had sent up to him, but it did not expunge that small lapse from my record.

Denton is now in the Auckland area of New Zealand, whilst Peter **McBrearty**, now deceased, was in Christchurch, and not Australia as reported by *Stiffy*.

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#### SOUTH AFRICA - Feb/March 2012.

[Don Rooker-Smith KR4969]

Peter **Mackin** drove Mary and me to Tampa Airport for our departure to South Africa. A golfing buddy, Peter is a Pom domiciled in Florida, who whilst doing his National Service in the British Army, was stationed with Ordinance at MacKinnon Road in Kenya. His tales of this time, plus his erratic rendering of '*Funga Safari*' had kept several of us amused during many a dull 18 holes! He recalls that he heard of the outbreak of Mau Mau whilst on board, sailing back to UK for demob.

The Delta flight from Atlanta to Johannesburg is fifteen hours airtime, non-stop. It says something for the airlines that three separate flights and an overnight in Johannesburg later, we arrived at Pietermaritzburg's Oribi Airport five minutes behind schedule!

Natal was looking its best, lovely and green, with those wonderful trees in full splendour. Brother Bruce met us and we drove to Howick where my 96 year old mother is in the Amberfield Frail Care Facility. We stayed with Bruce and Jenny in nearby Merrivale, and cousin Pete **Smith** [KR7585] very kindly loaned us a vehicle, so we had our own wheels for the month I was there.

Whilst trying to book our tickets through Delta, which included our flights to/from the US plus internal South African flights and onward flights to Kenya, we were quoted a staggering amount! However, by simply booking our onward/inward US flights, and then booking locally after arrival in South Africa, we saved ourselves about \$7,000! Incidentally, 1Time Airlines operated a direct flight Johannesburg to Mombasa beginning of March, which really is a blessing, when you consider the exclusion of Nairobi's Jomo **Kenyatta** Airport. [Ed: *Sadly, 1Time Airlines went into liquidation in October 2012*]

Saturdays usually meant lunch at one or two of Howick's locals - '68 on Main' or the 'Red Tap' - where one met the likes of Robbie **Bastard** [KRs223] and wife Lyn, Alf and Ayliffe **Hall**, amongst

others, and watched the rugby cheerfully ~ my learned friends got very tired of explaining the new rules to me! Why the scrum-half is allowed to put the ball into his own second row, is beyond me ~ why have a hooker? But I was cautioned to be quiet and watch the game, with an air of benevolent tolerance normally reserved for the very young, very old, or very stupid!

Mary went to/from Lydia **Ward** (née **Royston**) at Westbrook on the Underberg Bus service, which she eventually caught up with after many misunderstandings. Lydia and Mary go back along way...way back into early childhood, and so when Lydia heard that Mary was going to attend her brother Francis **Foster**'s 80<sup>th</sup> birthday at Tiwi, she invited herself back to Kenya.

It was a pleasure to once again frequently walk nine holes at the nearby Sakabula Golf Course, which has changed hands since I was last in SA. The new owners have cut down all the gum trees, which has opened up the odd hole and I am not sure is an improvement....however, easier is better by far.

Met up for a drink with the brothers **Murphy** – Herbie [KR6297], wife Leslie and their family have been local for some time now, but I had not seen George since the Eldoret days. They have both done very well, and George was travelling to Kenya, where on a previous trip he had been given a plot of land at Kitengela/Ngong by the Maasai. George had worked with the Maasai over the years, well into the 1990's, and was obviously highly regarded. He was now on his way to start a house on that plot, assisted by nearby resident Jim **Faulkner** [KR6462?].

#### KENYA - March/April 2012

I arrived at **Moi** International Airport in Mombasa on 19<sup>th</sup> March, having flown in direct from Johannesburg. It has become the *dasturi* in Kenya to use taxis in Nairobi and Mombasa, particularly for arrival/departure from airports, and so Taxi driver **Phillip** once again met me and drove me out to Sand Island Beach, Tiwi [**BELOW**]. The distance is ±40 miles and cost about US\$33.00.



No number of visits to Kenya will ever get me used to the Mombasa of today; the trip from the airport to the Likoni Ferry and beyond, defies description, other than amazement and disgust at the squalor. First time visitors following the route taken by **Phillip** that day could be excused for becoming shell-shocked, and for wanting to take the first plane out of there! However, despite the chaos and filth there is a type of below-the-radar thriving *biashara* business going on in all those roadside shacks and shanties [SEE PHOTO BELOW] which is entirely run by and for the African; of every thinkable type, in every nook and cranny and everyone in these places, are ‘beavering’ away like there is no to-morrow! I know unemployment is rife, and one sees a lot of *watu* sitting around, but on the whole most seem busy or occupied in one form or another!



Before leaving Florida, I had borrowed a Kenya cell/mobile phone from Dave **Walker** [KR7267], who does a lot of overseas consulting on tea and coffee. In South Africa, using a local SIM card and buying airtime off a scratch card, I was on the air. When I went to Kenya I reinserted the original SIM card and was connected! Kenya has an excellent network ~ Vodacom pioneered the *Mpesa* system, which is very versatile indeed; you can go to a kiosk agent and put money onto the phone; this enables you to send money to someone else, send airtime, pay bills, transfer money to/from your Bank a/c etc. You can even pay your taxi driver direct from your phone to his, right there! There is a very small transfer fee depending on the amount from US\$ 30cents to \$3.00, and I think the maximum credit permissible is about \$1,200, with a maximum transfer of about \$850. You can even pay salaries on a pay bill agreement. The *Mpesa* kiosks were grotty little affairs, wide open to robbery, but I expect it is the ‘Peoples Bank’, and off limits? Not long ago, the copper telephone lines in Kenya were forever being stolen, and until WiFi, a losing proposition, so maybe out of necessity, arose *Mpesa*!

Fuzz **Foster** [KR3734] had recently turned 80, and Mary and Lydia **Ward** had flown to Kenya earlier for this event. Eric [KR4176] and Ann **Jorgenson** and their daughter and son-in-law from Australia, had combined this with a trip around Kenya. Roddy **Paterson** at Kilifi had an 80<sup>th</sup> about then as well.

Fuzz had agreed to loan us a car, so a few days after my arrival Mary and I took off up-country. Our vehicle, a Toyota saloon, did well on the good roads, but had far too low a clearance to negotiate the numerous bad/rough ones. We did just over 2000km on a ‘milk run round’, visiting old friends and familiar places, without so much as a puncture.



On our way to Nairobi from Tiwi, rather than face the Likoni Ferry and Mombasa, we decided to go through nearby Kwale [ABOVE LEFT] to join the tarmac at Samburu, which is about fifteen km shorter. The Shimba Hills Forest [ABOVE RIGHT] is still intact, with some lovely trees; sadly, all those old Colonial waterworks are in very sad state of disrepair.



The Mombasa/Nairobi road was good, but full of over loaded slow moving lorries/trucks [LEFT], which made for some very ‘hairy’ driving ~ one had to ‘put foot’ to overtake a truck or two, only to have to pull in behind another truck doing the usual crawl, and brake from 80 to 20 mph in short order, with quite possibly a couple of other cars on your tail!

Oh well! Kenya driving, without which you go nowhere fast whilst on their roads, and as for the variety/make of the millions of speed bumps [Ed: *Sleeping policemen.*], enough said, as it has become a boring

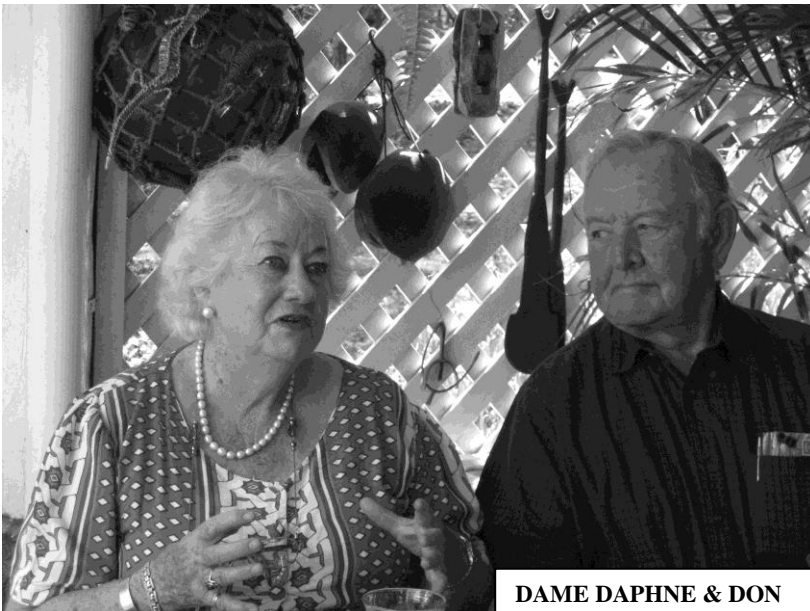
subject! However, I think everyone is driving so defensively, that one sees surprisingly few accidents, but when there is one, it is fatal.

During our trip up-country it was very dry, and I found it unusual to be able to drive from the coast to Nakuru, Laikipia, Timau and back to Nairobi, without seeing rain or green pastures anywhere ~

in retrospect we were lucky, as I believe Kenya has since had torrential rains, and we certainly would not have been able to get through the Laikipia 'black cotton' in our vehicle. I was also amazed by the cultivation and agricultural use of land once considered very marginal; like the dry plains from the foot of the old escarpment right through to Naivasha. Perhaps there is now so much pressure on arable land that they have to dig everywhere?

Our first stop was with David/Suzanne **Mead** at Langata, and rather than face the infamous Nairobi traffic, we opted to take the back road to Ngong off the Namanga highway. The road was originally tarred, but in a hell of a mess, so it took forever to get to Langata via the thriving new metropolis of Ngare Rongai. We took twelve hrs to do 358 miles that day!

David used to visit us whilst we managed the huge Akira Ranch in the Kedong in the late 1960's. He took up hunting with **Kerr and Downey**, and I think the times he stayed at Akira influenced his decision somewhat. Suzanne's family was coffee at Nyeri.



They kindly put on a very cheerful lunch and invited Sandy [KR4626] and Eba **Cameron**, Iva **Roberts** (w/o late Boyce [KR234] well into her 90's and very spry) and Daphne **Sheldrick** (w/o the late David [KR415]), whose recent book 'Love, Life and Elephants - An African Love Story' is a very good read. Daphne amused us by mentioning that her African staff did wonder why she was now being referred to as 'Dr. Damn Daphne **Sheldrick**!'

Of interest also - this was the area recently frequented by a lioness and cubs, which the Kenya Wildlife Service made such a hash of trying to dart, eventually having to kill her. Apparently whilst 'in residence' she lived on the numerous wart hog and one domestic dog ~ the chit/chat was, that during this time there was no crime whatsoever in that area!

Julia **Glenn** (née **Trench**) lives nearby and amused us by telling of her putting out a small plastic paddling pool for her grandchildren, only to have a family of warthog take it over for bathing!

It is incredible how much urbanization and building development has occurred in the last 40+ years; it seems everywhere, and especially along any major thoroughfare. We called at Karen on our Naivasha leg, and had the front wheels balanced in that good tyre shop and shopped at the new Nakumat.

From Karen to the main Escarpment road is through a very built-up Kikuyu and Dagoretti area, which used to be reserve, with so many speed bumps that we might have been astride a horse competing in a steeplechase! So many old roads have been realigned, that it was often impossible to pick out anything familiar. We had not been down the original Escarpment road on previous trips to Kenya, having heard the road was so terrible, so it was a great pleasure to be able to go 'the old way' again.





The view over the Kedong [ABOVE] is still spectacular, Suswa and Longonot still in the same places. Of interest, is that sometime in early May two parallel cracks (about 1 mile long, 20' deep and 6' wide, or so it seemed from the photos) opened up in this area between Longonot and the main road. I also recently heard that nearby Kijabe was threatened by mudslides, with torrential rain on completely deforested hillsides; the little Italian Church [BELOW] has become a tourist attraction



and the grounds added to; but there is a bludgeoning metropolis called *Mai Mahiu* (Kuke for *maji moto*) at the new Narok turn off, along the Naivasha road. .

Like all Kenya towns, lots of building development has occurred, seemingly with no sense of town planning, but what the heck! All the trucks going upcountry to Uganda and beyond, still have to traverse the main street of

Naivasha and pass 'The Bell Inn' now the 'Labelle Inn' and the many patrons drinking Tusker on the famous verandah, all African.

There is a fairly large and prosperous African middle class in Kenya, and then you have the Politicos...who some say are some of the highest paid in the world? It was recently reported in a US newspaper, that Uhuru **Kenyatta** was reputedly worth GBP550 million, and he is only one amongst a growing number apparently.

At Naivasha and subsequent towns, parking anywhere was KShs50/- (US\$1=KSh 83.00), and the receipt to be displayed on the top of the dashboard for ease of confirmation.

We lunched with Franny **Simpson** (née **Knaggs**), at their home built on the backside of Marula Estate near Naivasha. Her husband, Hugh was away in Kisumu, but his father George [KR3695] will be well known to many from the Nakuru area. Even here on very marginal land, they have recently been surrounded by irrigated vegetables. Franny keeps the coffers filled by selling her very good, rather large EA paintings.

We then moved on to Gilgil where we put up with Dennis [KR4094], and Jane **Leete** (née **Tippin**) from Kisumu who went to school at the Eldoret Convent with Mary. The **Leetes** used to run Fairseat Retirement Village, but now retired to Gilgil. Dennis' card says 'Bio Solutions, Innovative Products' ~ we discussed the failure of the Soya Bean in Kenya, and that the Equator and constant hours of daylight were problems? I promised to ask around here in the US re: Soya.



To cook her dog food, Jane was using an intriguing solar oven [LEFT] made by Tim **Hutchinson** [KR6321], formerly of Koru, now living in Gilgil.

Kipipiri and part of the Kinangkop and towards the Melewa, had been burning for days. Mt Kenya had recently been burning brightly as well, and personnel from the British Army in Nanyuki, were mustered to help firefight.

We visited nearby George [KR3731] and Julia **McCall** who were in fine form. George was from Kitale, and we knew Julia well at Soy, when married to good friend Jock **Rutherford** [KR4098].

Wendy **White** and daughter called in; Wendy not at all well and now living in Gilgil.

A lot of folk live in this area of Gilgil, which was always considered Terry **Coulson** [KR3618] country. Sunday lunch at the Gilgil Club was well attended by about 30 people. I found it amusing

that after nearly 50 years of *Uhuru* the only black face at that gathering was the cook! Pembroke House (PH) had also broken up that week end, so a lot of folk were parents or teaching staff and a generation later than us! Dan [KR6189] and June **Shaw**, Joan Yakis, Tim **Hutchinson** and Chris and Helen **Outram** were a few we knew. Helen's father Richard **Lewis** worked for Plateau Wattle at one time. Bill **Hart**'s son is a PH teacher ~ Bill being the Dalgety's Auctioneer in the olden days.

Nearby *Ndume* Ltd, is the engineering Company taken over by **Coulson/Bristow** I think in the early 1970's. and first turned out a viable *posho* mill for that time. A young Ricky **Brendan** also started with them about then. To-day, 40+ years later, *Ndume* is still going strong with **Brendan/Outram** now as owner managers. The innovative Ricky, without any formal training, is still turning out well crafted equipment ~ a type of trailer for off loading cargo/baggage from aircraft, and a simple brick making machine [**BELOW LEFT**], are the latest.



The manual brick machine costs around \$1200, but can turn out a brick a minute; depending on how fit your work gang is! These bricks [**ABOVE RIGHT**] are interlocking, so require no cement to build with ~ the mix is sixteen parts *machanga* to one of cement, and take about three weeks to shade dry; very good investment indeed. There are a lot of mixes and variations, and some add lime for quicker drying.



A short note on Kenya dogs; years ago our dogs lived outside and were encouraged to *chunga* the place; in nowadays Kenya, some but not all, of the canines have practically become humanized, live in the house, sit on the chairs, eat from the dining room table, and are on the whole large; and God forbid they actually bite a local! But what the heck, after all the British were known to take their children to the veterinarian, and their dogs to the doctor; and for those about to 'take me to task',

this is only one man's opinion of course!

On to Nakuru where we hoped to meet Kenyan Edwin **Nyiro** at the Rift Valley Sports Club; about a year ago Edwin called the Rainbow Trout Ranch in Colorado/US, from Dallas/Texas about vacation time. Daughter Jane has married into the family that own/operate the Ranch, and during the conversation they established both were Kenya born. Jane's maiden name 'rang a bell' with Edwin, who had also attended the Duke of York School, now Lenana, albeit some 30+ years after me and brothers Bruce and Rob. One thing led to another and it appears that Edwin's family own portion of our ex-Soy farm, and has the same Soy post box [Box 7]!

Edwin was now back in Nakuru, where they own a coffee cum tea Shop, but stupidly I had no means of contacting him on my person that day, so the meeting fell through. Appointments made by

e-mail months ahead of time tend to escape. However, we were able to park at the Club, and sat on the verandah for awhile, and amazingly in the Men's Bar, there are still those old Colonial photos ~ one of Friar Tuck, having won the 'Kadir Pigsticking Cup' in India, I think dated 1928? Nakuru has expanded largely, but we found our way around from memory, and lots of luck.

I would like to mention the Kenya boys' secondary schools. As a result of contact with Edwin I was invited to join the Old Yorkists Facebook page under the Laibon Society, not many *wazungu* on it but I was welcomed very warmly, with interest in all I had to offer about the School's past. I was one of the original founder members of the DOY, under George James in 1949. Now known as Lenana, a lot of the old School houses and names surprisingly, still remain the same to this day. Of particular gratification to me, was that all three Nairobi boys' senior schools have retained a very strong rugby tradition, so much so that these players have represented Kenya down through the years, in large numbers. Kenya's Rugby Sevens side is world class, and comes from these schools. The Lenana Rugby team is known as the 'Maroon Machine'! It would seem they no longer play cricket, and hockey is secondary, as is soccer.

Petre [Ed: *correct spelling*] **Barclay** welcomed us to his lovely home, on the slopes of Menengai [BELOW: VIEW FROM PETRE'S HOME]. Since we were last there Petre had lost wife Carol in a tragic airplane accident; ever the gracious host, he showed us round his large productive farm which was now managed by son, Jonti.



To Petre's dismay Jonti is in the process of levelling out all those years of putting in numerous miles of contours, in order to accommodate the huge sophisticated computerized planters of to-day ~ in fact at drinks that evening we met two of the Finish machinery salesmen.

On one end of the farm they have built an Oil Extraction Plant, and the day we visited it, was the start up day. Giles **Littlewood** was responsible for this large, expensive plant, which will extract oil from mainly Canola and Sunflower, with the resultant 'cake' going to animal feed. Like any other project the very first run hit a few snags, with vegetable oil leaking from places not meant, but I am sure they have it running well now. I hope they will be able to get enough oil seed, and this is why Soya Bean production would be such a huge boost.

We visited Carol's grave overlooking Lake Nakuru, and next door to a Catholic Mission. This will probably become a family grave site, as Petre wondered aloud as to whether to exhume his parents from the Nakuru cemetery; most Kenya Colonial cemeteries are a complete mess.

They have drilled 2 x 800' deep wells in the Menengai crater floor, which they hope to develop and produce geothermal energy ~ the escaping steam from those wells, made a very eerie sound indeed. Petre's daughter, Camila lives with him, and her young son Rowan goes to Pembroke.

We met the local *mazungu* vet Dr. Hugh **Cran**, who in December 1966, arrived in Nakuru to join the local practice. About a year later the main vet/owner did a 'bunk' one night, without informing Hugh, who was left 'holding the bag' ~ the local farmers set up a Board to run the Nakuru Veterinary Practice, which Dr **Cran** eventually took over. His book 'And Miles To Go Before I Sleep', is about his Kenya life as a vet!

On our way to Laikipia we motored via Ol'Kaou, as I had hoped to visit Gran (Daisy) **Griffin**'s grave, but we were unable to find the church, the township has expanded so much. However, after

much 'toing and froing' we did get to Barry's, now called the Falls Hotel, for lunch in what is now known officially as Nyaharuru; the Falls [LEFT] still as picturesque as ever.



We were on our way to stay with the **Aggetts** on 'Kifuku' Ranch. via Rumuruti. Clive **Aggett** died last year and is buried in the grounds of his former home. His son George and daughter Maria **Dodds** now run the property, and we stayed with the **Dodds**.

In the past Clive had built a number of large dams on the property, which meant this Ranch had good, well distributed water, and the stock were in excellent condition.

That pioneer/settler George **Aggett** had in years past, used the masses of rock/stone on the property to build yards and walls, a policy followed by his son Clive and now his grandson Geo.



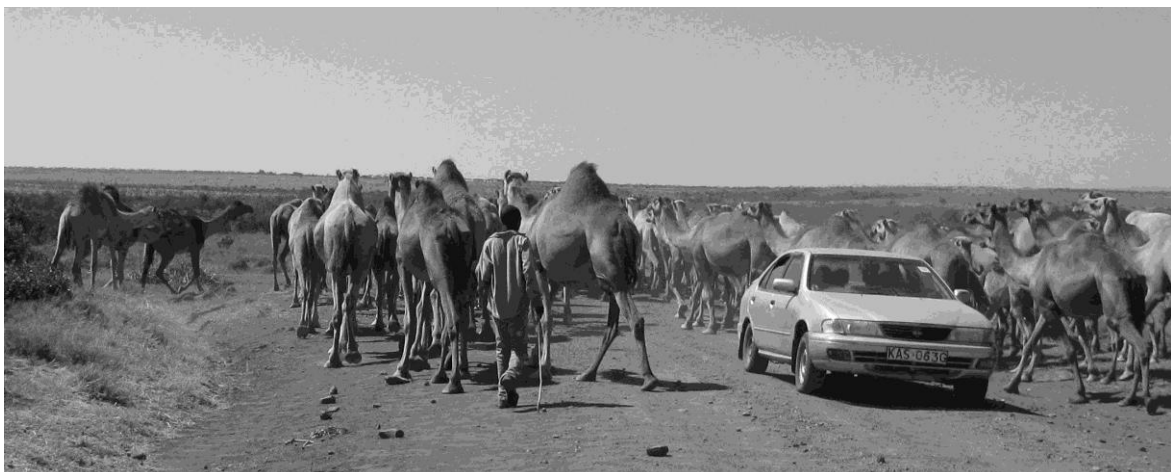
It is estimated that there are some 50 Km of ever increasing stone wall on Kifuku [LEFT], with a live electric fence/wires on top of the entire boundary walls. This is manned 24/7 by a very sophisticated solar system, with guards on radio. George told me that they would know within minutes of any breach of a main wall and that elephants are the only game able to get through. In fact, not so long ago an elephant breached the wall, and badly trampled a Kipsigis guard. George also mentioned that the walls were a good grass fire stoppage.

George is concentrating on a polled Boran Stud, with distinctive saffron-like hide colour. He also does some veggies under irrigation from the large dam. A former commercial pilot, he flies his own plane, and he and his wife Marina live in a much improved original Kifuku house.

Maria has a lovely home on the banks of the main dam, and is considered an expert on EA succulents. Her husband, Anthony **Dodds** comes from a family of avid range and target competition gunmen. He has also instigated a wild honey scheme, which keeps him travelling throughout the NFD.

Their mother Gill **Aggett** also lives there in her cottage, and her other son David **Aggett** is a Vet in the UK, but he and family were out on holiday. [Ed: *Gill had a bad turn in September, but is recuperating well*]

Early one morning I could not resist the opportunity of accompanying Maria to the morning milking ~ the cows are milked in the morning only, with the calves running with their mothers during the day. The sight of the milkers tying the cow's hind legs with a *riempie*, squatting under the cow with a bucket and milking away, and the familiar smell of cow dung dust, the bellowing of cows and calves, brought memories of bygone days flooding back.



On the road to our next stop with Eddie and Bisto **Fernandes**, were a continuous herd of camels [PAGE 18], sheep, goats and donkeys; it seems the original road reserves have been taken over by squatters, and where the fences are still intact, like Timau, there is even cultivation taking place.

Kenya's main social events are still weddings or funerals, and there was a **Llewellyn** wedding at Timau that Saturday, so the accommodations were full.

The **Fernandes** live on the Nanyuki River on one of the plots created on Mogwooni Ranch by John **Kenyon** ~ Alick [KR7450] & Dee **Roberts**, Simon **Barkas** [KR5866], Reford **Smith**, the **Browns** and **Poultons** are some of the folk living down on the Naibor Rd.

Eddie had collected Lydia **Ward** from Nanyuki airport ~ *Fuzz* **Foster** had kindly driven her up to her old home at Sotik, which, all things considered, she found pleasantly and minimally changed. *Fuzz* fished at Kericho, and both contracted some form of food poisoning. It was very amusing to hear Lydia discussing it, going on to say that she had felt so ill, that it crossed her mind that perhaps she really had come home like a salmon to the place of her birth, to die!

Pat and Sarah **Neylan** with Alan and Jo **Mayers** (Lofty **Reynolds**' daughter) were also staying, and had flown in from way south. The **Neylans** were involved in that Mara shooting about a year ago, during which both had been badly shot up, and Johnnie **d'Olier**, killed. Pat said that he now used African lawyers ~ he had been waiting fifteen odd years for title to land at Kilifi, when on the very same day recently, his Kenyan lawyer had secured title to a different land transaction, just like that! The same lawyer in a *mazungu* divorce case had insisted on basing the cost of living allowance around the locally recognized 1Kg of *posho*/day!



Eddie and Bisto very sportingly did not go to the wedding, and drove us up to a huge rock outlook on the **Kenyon**'s 'Magooni' Ranch [LEFT], where we had a very extensive view over a very dry Laikipia. A game run along the road through 'Ol Jogi' (**Wildenstein**'s personal preserve) produced sightings of elephant, giraffe, zebra and masses of plains game. Many of these old Laikipia ranches have turned to game preservation under new ownership/management, encouraged by Kenya's 'no kill' wildlife laws. Bisto and Eddie are to be congratulated as apart from the

mammoth meals, they created an atmosphere of cheerful *camaraderie* only found amongst certain *watu* ~ the 'when we' sessions were long and detailed. The Sunday breakfast of nine hosts and house guests, also included Dave **Stanley** and Sarah **Jenkins** [w/o the late Peter KR4311] and numerous avian starlings and hangers on.

Kenya towns have grown out of all proportion, along with the squalor and lack of planning, and the once pleasant Nanyuki village is no exception. However, there are a lot of *wazungu* here, along with a British Army presence.

Rose and Jimmy **Caldwell** have lived on 'Loromarik', the lower **Murray** Timau farm for some years now. Rose takes care of the horses, which includes Gordon **Murray**'s polo ponies, and Jimmy stands in where and when needed. Jimmy showed Mary and me around the new Timau Sports Complex, to where the polo club is moving, and five acre lots are being sold off as part of a residential gated community ~ a number have already been built upon. I was appalled at the

hundreds of acres under new plastic [BELOW] ~ all to do with growing roses near the Equator. 'Loromarik' also has a special team and area, devoted to a pair of Bloodhounds, which have been very successful at tracking down felons etc, and which are often flown to crime scenes.



We then stayed with George and Irralie **Murray** on their lovely farm 'Marania' ~ the last Timau farm up against the Meru Reserve, and through which passes part of the Branson elephant corridor. This corridor, established to allow elephant passage to and from Mt Kenya and the NFD, goes under the main Isiolo road, and also takes in a smaller part of 'Kisima' farm owned by the **Powys** family.

George has had some serious medical problems, which have curtailed his mobility, somewhat ~ he has a very good African 'minder', and a lift up to his upstairs bedroom. None the less, he and Irralie drove us round to their ten acre plastic water catchment area, flowing into a large dam. In one newly planted wheat field we counted 21 waterbuck! Kenya game laws allow no shooting or control, which, under circumstances such as agricultural damage, are ridiculous.

Their daughter Rowena **Gross** and family now live on 'Marania', and we were shown a stable of 28 polo ponies; the **Gross** have produced four good young polo players! Grandson Jamie **Murray** manages the farm, whilst a still fit and well looking Irralie, runs the cattle.

It amazes me that those wonderful upper Timau farms are now virtually 90% under the plough and arable, whereas some 40 years ago it was Kenya's premier Merino sheep and wool country. I think when Bob **Wilson** moved to 'Embori' just after independence, he introduced the plough big time; and the rest is history. I doubt you will find more than one or two lonely sheep up there now!

During our Kenya trip we found that spending one, and sometimes two nights was ideal, especially for our host/hostess', many of whom were fairly busy. So we next went on to stay with Delulu **Upson** on the Bryn **Llewellyn** farm 'Ol' Donyo'. Delulu is the farm manager and at the time was frantically trying to get the wheat planting finished.

Her mother, Chou **Upson** [w/o of the late Peter KR4545] was also there, awaiting the completion of her house at the new Timau Sports complex. It seemed to me that the *wazungu* were 'kibbutzing' in certain areas, more so than previously; Gilgil is very concentrated, the Eburru Heights, Naivasha, Nanyuki, pockets at the coast and now Timau. I wondered what the *watu* thought of this?

Delulu's brother, Jasper had a nearby job with the construction of a mansion being built on Borana, for an English tycoon.

Whilst here we visited Enid **Dawson**, widow of Jock, who long years ago had actually assisted on this farm, and was now back in the same house. I could not make out why Enid preferred living in a tent set up in the garden! We also met a very reticent *Chui* **Harrison**, whom I had not heard of before ~ obviously another Kenya 'character'.



Our next port of call was to Rose and Tony **Dyer** on the Ngare Ndare. This area is really the start of the NFD - although it backs onto upper Timau, the elevation is that of nearby Isiolo. It also includes the world famous Lewa Conservancy.



We braved the short route down from Timau, by using the old Escarpment road, or what used to be a very good partially tarred road [LEFT NGARE NDARE BRIDGE] ~ our vehicle was definitely not suited to these conditions!

Rose was a **Powys** and she married that consummate gentleman, Tony Dyer a well known African author in his own right. He tells me he is working on his memoirs, which are not for publication until after his

death - must have some juicy tit bits within!

The ever busy Rose has a herd of Somali horses, in an extensive breeding program, and has had problems with acquiring serum for the prevention of African Horse Sickness.

The Ngare Ndare section is part of the large 'Borana' Ranch which is managed by Michael **Dyer**. As they also run a lodge in situ and a horse safari business, the emphasis is very much on African game, of which there was plenty of everything, except rhino. Michael recently wrote a paper on the merits of running domestic stock and wildlife, in particular lions. He maintains that providing you have enough wild game, lion will not go for the cattle. The three **Dyer** boys are very much involved with the management of the once **Powys** entity; Charlie and Martin running the top 'Kisima' and *Fuzz* Dyer more involved with tourism.

That Good Friday at the Ngare Ndare was quite something, with about fifteen adults/children sitting down to breakfast, including Betsy **Rocket** from Durango, Colorado, staying at the Lodge. Charlie and a whole crowd descended from top 'Kisima', and the Easter egg hunt took place in the garden.



[ABOVE MT KENYA FROM THE DYER GARDEN]



Rose took us on a couple of game runs, where we saw eland, impala, buffalo, elephant and zebra. Lions' Pride Rock is on Borana, and was pictured by Disney in the film 'Lion King'. Tony has a great variety of Sansavera, some rare, and he is a keen fundi on them. Johnnie **Baxendale** [LEFT] dropped in, and has been a self employed tour guide for far too long, he says. I can remember this family from way back, living near Ol'Kalou/Dundori.

When Government bought our Western Kenya farm, 'Merrowdown' at Soy, I took a job down on the Ngare Ndare in 1965. We visited the house we lived in then, originally built by David **Douglas**, and were amazed at all the mature trees in and around the garden. Andy and Caragh **Roberts** are the present occupants, but Sue **Dumbolten** had

lived there for the last ten or so years, but for health reasons recently moved to the Nanyuki Cottage Hospital.

On leaving the **Dyers** we decided to not risk the shorter escarpment road to Timau, and instead we opted to take the longer route along the foothills through Lewa to the Isiolo tarmac road.

Onward to Nanyuki, where being a Saturday, we met numerous friends at the new Nakumat (Kenya's Wal-Mart).

At the Cottage Hospital we called on John **Elliot**, who has been a cottage resident for many years. John had been at Cirencester with me in 1954, and says I persuaded him to look at Kenya at that time! He first went to Sotik, hence his friendship with Lydia. He could offer us only Tusker, which to my immense surprise, the wine drinking girls, quaffed down with gusto! I later found that I also enjoyed this new version of Tusker, despite never having been a beer drinker. Walking around the garden, I met John **Fletcher** [KR6911?], now a Cottage resident, as are the Julian **Goodwins**. It took *Fletch* awhile to remember, but eventually he recalled a few of the good times!

We lunched at Barneys at the Nanyuki Airport, before motoring on to the Blue Posts at Thika, where we were met by Ronnie [KR3730] and Barbara **Boy**, ex-Endebess. They had to show us the way to their home, as the complicated instructions given over the phone, left Ronnie in no doubt whatsoever, that we might well have landed up on top of Donyo Sabuk!

The **Boys** have lived at Thika for awhile now, renting a house on a coffee shamba. Recently they have had to move into another *ex-mazungu* house, which they have restored very comfortably. They have also worked wonders on an obviously once lovely old garden, which since Uhuru had been a goat/sheep pen! They very hospitably put Mary, Lydia and I up for the night, entertained us royally, and after breakfast next day, saw us off towards Nairobi armed with a very detailed map.

The new Chinese highway linking Nairobi to Thika, has played havoc with any old familiar landmarks; for instance the roundabout to our destination, Muthaiga Country Club (MCC), at the top of the hill, is no longer. We had to creep in following Barbara's complicated map, through Ruiru to the Kiambu Road, and via back roads to MCC, eventually! The short time we spent on the new highway was a horse race, with no stewards to see fair play; although it is four lanes one way, not a single line has been painted, nor a single signboard posted ~ which being Kenya, made for some incredulous driving!

Muthaiga Club is the one constant in Kenya; it seems to have remained the same exclusive and decadent colonial/settler holdover for ever; in fact 2013 is the Centenary year for the MCC. The addition of a Taj Mahal-like complex near the swimming pool, and a well equipped gymnasium, must have caused a price increase, as it is now fairly expensive to stay. We arrived for lunch that Sunday, which coincided with the weekly buffet. There were not many people there, but we did meet up with Edward **Martin** ex-Soy, and sometimes known as ‘Giggs’, who we had not seen for nearly 40 years.

Upon arrival you are now presented with a swipe card, which has replaced the ‘chit system’ of old. The service is still impeccable, efficient and outstanding, and if anything there might have been a few more ‘stewards’ around than before!

On Easter Monday, we left for the coast, and were lucky that it was a holiday, and the traffic around Nairobi very light. By now we were accustomed to the lack of rules of the Kenya roads and made good time back to Tiwi, via Mombasa and the Likoni Ferry. There had been some good rains here and there, but the coast still dry.

The **Foster’s** Sand Island Beach (SIB) property is now being family run, with Anthony and Anthea **Rowan** in residence. Fuzz **Foster** still lives there and although a majority shareholder, has declined to become too involved with the management. [Ed: *Anthony and Anthea (daughter of the late Jimmy Stephen KR6157) have since moved to Zambia, and SIB is managed by Arty Round Turner.*]

The beach cottages do not take up much of the 125 acres, and so there are numerous plans afoot for future development. However the present economic downturn and Somali crime, does present uncertainty and a dilemma, as does the increasingly overworked and frustrating Likoni ferry.



The ferries at Kilindini [LEFT] really are organized chaos ~ they have four large German ferries and not enough docking space on either side to load and offload; plus, because Kenyatta proclaimed it

free passage, there are so many Africans now using the ferries, that at times there is only room for human traffic.

The bypass road to the South coast, known as Dongo Kundu, is slated to start in 2014 at an estimated cost of US\$ 400million, of which Kenya puts up \$100m and the World Bank the remainder; if this does come about in a timely fashion it will make a huge difference to values on the South coast.

Sadly, I saw many differences at SIB this time around; for some inexplicable reason the sea has shifted most of the sand off the well known Sand Island, and deposited it further south, thereby giving beaches to plots that previously had none, and filling all the age old coral swimming pools ~ has never done this in the 70 odd years the **Fosters** have been there. Makes one wonder whether the south neighboring Dr. **Kinangui**, might have a good witchdoctor!

Some five or six years ago, a nature conservancy was formed the width of the seafront to the property, which seems to have had the opposite effect; fishermen seem to have increased, some even taking up residence on the beach, local spear fishers and gogglesers abound at all times, and one sees very few fish inside the reef, even at low tide.

Hopefully, management will find enough to keep them occupied, as I am sure there will be a few hiccups along the way ~ just takes one good recent murder at Diani, to cause folk to cancel etc:

Mary had been persuaded to get a fitting for hearing aids, and we went in to Mombasa to collect from a Mr. **Noordin Fakrudin Tiwiwalla**. I asked him about his name and he informed me that his great Uncle had a *duka* at Tiwi years ago, and so the family adopted it; what is even more ridiculous, is that these hearing aids cost half of what they cost in the States!

We also took our loaned vehicle into Toyota for a service, which was time consuming and expensive. This meant that we had to rely on *Toktoks*, three wheel gharries with a two stroke engine, to get around, and probably the best way to get around Mombasa reasonably and quickly! The *chini* Club (Mombasa Club) looked empty, but has taken a hit because members from the North coast use a shopping mall nearer home.

The Kenya countrywide transport system has mainly been the *Matato* (three coins fare, from .30 cents, to three Shillings and upwards), but recently the millions of cheap 250cc Chinese motor cycles, known at *Bodaboda*, have taken over from the original bicycle taxi on minor roads, carrying folk from one immigration/border post to the next; in independent East Africa the border posts between Kenya and Uganda/Tanzania are a mile or two apart!

On 17<sup>th</sup> April, taxi driver **Phillip** collected us for our outward journey, and Mombasa Airport. We were stopped by the Mombasa Traffic Police who wanted *chai* money, but as **Phillip** had everything in order he declined to pay, and consequently we were deliberately kept waiting; he eventually just drove off!

**Phillip**'s father was a Luo and worked on the Railway at Mombasa, where he was born, so he considers himself a coast *muntu*. In a telling remark, he told us that he considered Kenya was granted independence 40 years too soon, and I think he was genuine!

Mary and I would like to publicly thank all those of our wonderful friends who hosted us during this African trip, without whose very generous and warm hospitality, the traveling/time would not have been any fun.

It was sad to see so many of our contemporaries all beginning to really look and feel their ages, but I am sure we looked just as aged, just don't realize it.

I left Kenya when I was 38 years of age, and this month marks the 38<sup>th</sup> year since we left.

THE MAU MAU EMERGENCY AND AFTER

[Major Jon **Wainwright**]

[Ed: *Jon's son Maurice very kindly allowed me to reprint extracts from his father's memoirs*]

As soon as volunteers were called up for the Kenya Police Reserve, I joined up under Hector **Bastard** [KR223] who had been appointed Commandant of the Sotik detachment. After a number of training exercises those of us who were horsemen went to join the Mounted Section which Major Digby **Tatham-Warter**, DSO, hero of Arnhem, had set up and was operating in the Rumuruti area.



Police Reserve (Dis)Mounted Sections!

Digby asked me to organise a second section so that he could move to the Naro Moro area where gangs of terrorists were attacking the isolated European farms. I recruited the two **Foster** brothers, Robert [KR3747] and Francis [KR3734] from Kaptagat, Micky **Buswell** [KR4047] from Kitale and Cyrus **Morrall** [KR3991] from Rongai as my permanent section and augmented them with volunteers who came for a week or two at a time when they could get away from their farms or jobs.

We provided our own horses and were given a truck to carry fodder for the horses and bedding for us. For several months we roamed the area from Thompson Falls to Nanyuki wherever reports of gangs were received. With us we had an Ndorobo tracker with an uncanny ability to track over even the driest and rockiest terrain. We had no base and rode from before dawn to dusk each day, never spending more than one night in a place so that, however good the terrorists' information might be they could never know where we would be. Whenever possible, we slept near a European farm to give the farmer and his family a chance to get a night's sleep. Normally throughout the area farmers and their wives had to take it in turn to keep watch all night for fear of attack and in the day time, the whole family had to stay together whatever the farmer had to do. Their gratitude and hospitality

was tremendous and we seldom had to worry about food. It was often an emotional problem leaving, knowing that the family would have to go back to the perpetual anxiety even though the actual number of attacks on farms was not very great.

Problems arose occasionally with farmers who were sure that their labour was loyal and untainted by Mau Mau. One such was a retired senior member of the Administration who was known to be a great snob so we promoted an ex-Shropshire farmer from Sotik to knighthood when we went to the farm to arrest the headman and were allowed to remove him without ado.



“What Mau Mau? — My labour? — **Rubbish!**”!

After we had been operating for some time, the local KPR Commander ordered me to ensure that I always had a guard on our camps at night. With only five of us usually, averaging some 40 to 50 miles a day in the saddle, we were all too tired to stay awake on sentry duty; so I overcame the problem by driving back to my farm and collecting my Hunt Terrier. I then reported truthfully that I had arranged for a permanent night guard; the Terrier always slept in the bottom of my sleeping bag.

Cyrus Morrell excelled himself one day when riding a polo pony borrowed from Digby. We were galloping after a terrorist gang which we had caught in the open when Cyrus opened fire with his Patchet gun on automatic, shooting his pony through the neck. [Ed: See Foster brothers' articles in *m-S XXX- June 2007 pp61/64*]

On a number of occasions when we caught terrorists we handed them over to a local farmer who spoke fluent Kikuyu for interrogation. With infinite patience he could get more information from them than any of the interrogators who tried using third degree.

On one occasion we took a break for a night at the Mount Kenya Safari Club, at that time operated by the **Block** brothers as Mawingo Hotel. Sitting at the bar a British army major started to run down the settlers saying that it was their mistreatment of their labour that had caused the uprising. Micky and Robert picked him up and dunked him in one of the ornamental ponds. At that moment, the local KPR Commander walked in and on enquiring what was going on and being told, seized the major, dripping as he was - and dunked him again.

After a brief spell in Nyeri under *Monkey Johnston*, the Provincial Commissioner and Nigel **Chaplin**, his Executive Officer, I was sent to Fort Hall where Frank **Loyd** was DC. At the time Fort

Hall was the district most affected by the terrorists led by one of their most active "General" **Kago**.

The local army commander, Brigadier Lord **Thurlow**, established camps in the depths of the bamboo forest and by patrolling the trails did something to deny access to the gangs but were neither trained nor equipped to track gangs. The only effective gang hunters were the Tribal Police - a remarkable body of local Kikuyu who remained loyal due to the personalities and powers of leadership of their Administration officers - and the newly set-up 'Pseudo Gangs' made up of captured terrorists who had turned coat, led by very brave white volunteers.

One night a message was received that the camp of the local senior chief was being attacked. Jimmy **Candler**, the Senior District Officer, and I set out in a landrover to drive up to the camp which was high up on the border of the forest. On the way, we found trees cut down and laid across the road on seven corners and as we reached them a few shots were fired in our direction. On each occasion Jimmy swerved off the road down what appeared in the dark to be a precipice while I sprayed the area with my Patchet gun. On arrival at the camp, which was surrounded by a barbed wire fence, we found that the gang had been driven off but had left two corpses spread-eagled on the wire through which, in their drugged state, they had been trying to force themselves.

Tragically, a few days later returning from an operation in separate vehicles Jimmy came upon a bus which was used by the local Home Guard and when he got out to inspect it, he was shot and killed unbeknownst to me as I had returned by a different route.

One day, when I had been on a patrol with Frank **Loyd**, a keen fisherman, we came to the Mathioya River, the reserve of the Fly Fishers' Association. We posted our Tribal Police escort on the high ground on either bank and spent a happy two hours fishing these exceptional waters.

As a result of my experience in Fort Hall and because my wife had found life on an isolated Sotik farm intolerable, I decided to apply for permanent admission to the Administration and put a manager in to look after my farm. At my Interview Board, the chairman expressed surprise that I should want to enter the service at an age when most people were wanting to retire, but accepted me nevertheless.

I was posted to Embu district where I served under two great District Commissioners - Roger **Wilkinson** and Dick **Wilson**.

After a brief stay at Headquarters in Embu I was sent to Kerugoya, the division bordering Nyeri District. I brought horses from my farm and did much of my travel round the division on horseback, much to the surprise of the local population, many of whom had never seen a horse. By riding, I found that I was able to have much more contact with the people than had I travelled by car like most District Officers.

Within my first week at Kerugoya, I received a report of a terrorist gang having entered a village on "Pole Pole" hill beside the main Nairobi-Nyeri road where they had been fed by the villagers. Having no idea of the powers of a DO I went to the village and imposed a 24 hour curfew until the villagers had dug a ditch round the whole village, deep enough and wide enough to deter elephant as well as terrorists from entering the village.

Next day the Colonial Secretary, **Lennox-Boyd**, accompanied by the Governor, Commander-in-Chief, Provincial Commissioner and a large entourage visited Kerugoya. On being introduced to me at the end of the line of officials in my brand new khaki "Station Master's" uniform and pith helmet,

General Bobby **Erskine**, the C-in-C, an old army friend, said to the Colonial Secretary "Doesn't Wainwright look silly in that hat! He would look much better in his old army beret". Next day, an army Despatch Rider arrived at my District Office with a parcel containing a black beret and a note saying it came with the compliments of the C-in-C. This soon became the standard uniform of the Administration in the Central Province.

As the motorcade was leaving Kerugoya, I realised that it would pass the curfew village so I drove quickly behind ready to field any questions should the convoy stop. When I arrived, the Colonial Secretary was already addressing the assembled villagers, congratulating them on their good work protecting themselves from the terrorists. As the official interpreter was about to translate the speech into Kikuyu, *Monkey* **Johnston**, the PC pushed him aside and said that 'the great white chief' had said that that was what happened to villagers who helped Mau Mau gangs. **Lennox-Boyd** was told the story by the Governor as he was leaving for London and ever after sent me a Christmas card each year reminding me of the incident.

Shortly after this, a member of a Pseudo Gang was killed in an ambush and I arranged for him to be given a military funeral in Kerugoya. I was unable to attend and told my newly arrived assistant to organise it. He instructed the Tribal Police pall bearers to go to the hospital where the body was, close the coffin and carry it to the cemetery where a Kenya Police detachment would fire the salute over the grave. All went well and the pall bearers duly arrived, but the DO noticed that the coffin seemed very light. On asking the corporal in charge of the pall bearers if he had found the body all right, the corporal replied that he had not been told anything about a body. After a delay while the body was found and put into the coffin, the ceremony went ahead and the salute was fired but with live bullets which went through the roof of my house nearby, where my wife and children were having lunch!

Under both Roger **Wilkinson** and Dick **Wilson** morale among the District staff was high and there was a great spirit of friendship and cooperation. Having been a settler for a number of years before joining the Administration, I had had the impression that most Administrative Officers were anti-settler and thought the African could do no wrong. Certainly before the Emergency, there was often friction between the Administration and the settlers. On joining the Administration, I found a better relationship between the two, due largely to the closer contact as a result of the Emergency. In my own case, I was impressed by the ability of most of the Field Officers and found them great people with whom to work.

At about the time that I went to Embu, a decision had been taken to concentrate all the Kikuyu into villages. This, in my opinion, was the most decisive action which led to the final defeat of the terrorists. Once everyone was in villages surrounded by fences or ditches and guarded by Tribal Police-led Home Guards, recruited from the villagers themselves, the people felt secure enough to report infiltrators to the Security Forces. In Embu District, when a gang approached a village, the women would set up a great ululation which would be taken up from village to village until the Security Forces came to the rescue.

At the same time, the entire population was made to turn out to dig a ditch from Karatina to the Meru border. The ditch was deep enough and wide enough, and filled with 'Panjis' - sharpened bamboo stakes - not only to stop terrorists but also elephant; the latter caused devastation to crops as far down from the forest as Kerugoya. The work was carried out with much good will despite the long distances many of the people had to walk to and from work. To encourage everyone, 45 gallon drums of maize beer were set up, competitions were organised with prizes for the villagers who did the best job and there was much singing and dancing.



Home Guard posts were built on the South side of the ditch with a motorable track connecting them. The track was so steep that the only way my Peugeot could negotiate parts of it was in reverse, to the alarm of some of the visiting dignitaries who I took to inspect the posts.

It became necessary to find ways of encouraging the population to reject terrorism and resume peaceful life. This we did by teaching better farming, soil conservation and planting cash crops. The agricultural department had found that tea, coffee and rice could all be grown profitably in the division. At the same time, while the Administration still had powers of compulsion, Land Consolidation was undertaken, surveying all holdings and consolidating them enabling families to work their holdings economically.

The Mwea came into Kerugoya Division and the Agricultural Department was experimenting with rice on a small trial plot which later became a very successful crop covering large areas. On one occasion I received a message that a large Mau Mau gang was out in the open crossing the Mwea. I informed the Kenya Police Inspector and set off with a truck load of Tribal Police. I arrived before the Kenya Police and took up a position close to the gang and opened fire in reply to the fire aimed at us by the gang.

The Police Inspector and his party took up position behind us. Shortly a message boomed over the local radio network from the Police Inspector "F---ing arseholes, a bullet has just blown my cap off". A severe female voice from H Q in Embu replied "Please do not use obscene language on the radio". Meanwhile the gang made good its escape.

Shortly after this incident I was transferred to Gatundu in Kiambu District under Douglas **Penwill**. Kiambu was a more widely spread district than Embu and took in European farmland as well as Kikuyu reserve. There was not the same sense of 'family' among the District staff. By the time I reached Gatundu, the fighting was over and the priority was rehabilitation.

We still had extraordinary powers and my first two major tasks were to build a road laterally across the division - previously all the roads West of the Nairobi-Nyeri road ran up the ridges to the forest edge. Using compulsory communal labour a road was built from Gatundu to Mangu by hand. The rivers were bridged with bridges constructed of tree trunks cut near the forest edge and manhandled down to the site. When that was finished a large arena was built at Karatu in the middle of the division, cutting into the steep hillside at one end and building up the other side. Tree trunks were cut on one side, ropes attached and pulled by ten men on each, making a sort of bulldozer. Here again the reward for each day's work was a beer drink from 45 gallon drums of maize beer.

A year after the arena was completed and grassed over, an Agricultural Show was held and the Kenya Show Jumping Association put on a competition - something the local people had never seen. There were classes for livestock and produce and a pageant put on by the Maendeleo clubs which my wife produced. The whole division turned out to watch and celebrate the ending of the Emergency as well as the coffee farmers from the neighbouring white Districts. Gatundu provided the labour for the coffee estates in the Ruiru and Thika Districts and relied economically on the earnings therefrom.

In 1959, agitators persuaded the people to strike for higher wages just as the coffee was ripening. Not only would this have been disastrous for the coffee industry and the country as a whole, but it would also have ruined the economy of Gatundu and caused widespread hardship to the families of the coffee workers. I took a chance and went to Nairobi and saw Tom Mboya, then Minister of Labour (?) and asked his help. To my delight he accepted my plea and agreed to hold a meeting to

persuade the people to disregard the strike call. He had no difficulty in persuading everyone and the coffee picking went ahead.

In Gatundu again I used horses to roam the division, often camping in the higher areas and holding *barazas* in all the villages. With the help of four DOs, Home Guard - volunteer young Kenyans who lived in Home Guard posts in each chief's sub-division - all our efforts were centred on teaching better farming and soil conservation.

Thanks to John **Golds** and his assistants the land had been consolidated and most people had viable small holdings but the land was steep and it was essential to terrace all land that was to be cultivated and holdings needed to be enclosed to keep animals from wandering. The people of Gatundu were quick learners and provided we could convince them that what we were preaching was for their own good, they were willing to work hard to achieve success. A system of self-help was introduced for projects requiring more man power than a family could provide and the DOs Home Guard were tireless in organising self-help teams building houses, terracing, improving access roads, hedging holdings and many other projects.

I attended all the meetings of the various Settler Associations in Ruiru and Thika which resulted in a better understanding on both sides. An excellent rapport was established between the people of the division and the coffee planters, resulting in assistance with a number of projects for the benefit of the people of Gatundu; so little was needed to break down the friction between the Settlers and the Administration.

In 1960, after seven fascinating and happy years in Kikuyuland, I was transferred to Malindi; Malindi is situated 70 miles North of Mombasa on the coast and the Administrative sub-district stretches inland from the sea to the border of East Tsavo National Park and from the Tana river in the North to Mida Creek, Watamu in the South. The inhabitants are Giriama, a very backward tribe though much of the land on the coastal strip was owned by Arabs and, under British rule, was part of the Sultanate of Zanzibar. The legal system was complicated as both Muslim Sharia and British Law applied.

Away from the coastal strip, the country was sparsely populated and much of it was covered in bush and forest through which a number of rivers flowed the largest of which, the Sabaki, flowed into Malindi Bay just North of the town. Malindi town was a holiday resort with four hotels, owned by Europeans, a number of European holiday homes spread along the sea front, a few Indian owned shops catering mostly to the Europeans and a native town consisting of Arab and African owned 'Dukas'.

Until 1961, the Bay was famous for its vast sweep of sandy beach and excellent board surfing.

For the first six months that I spent in Malindi, I was given an assignment as a Special Magistrate to arbitrate in a dispute which had been going on for years between the Giriama and the Arabs over the ownership of the Cashew Nut trees all over the district. Under Muslim Law - Sharia - a person can own a tree on another person's land, provided that he had planted it. In the past, the Giriama had been slaves on the Arab plantations and had been allowed by their owners to plant Cashew nuts for food. Indeed, although slavery had been abolished more than a century earlier many Giriama still persisted in continuing as slaves, for not only did that entitle them to continue to live on the Arab owner's land, but also made the Arab responsible for the wellbeing of the slave and his family.

Rather than sit in a Courthouse, unable to see the trees involved, I set up my court under the trees in

question. In most cases both Arab landlord and Giriama claimant were represented by Indian barristers which made life easier for me as the opposing barristers quoted all the legal points and precedents for me and so saved me the tedious business of researching them and all I had to do at the end of the case was to decide which barrister had told more of the truth.

There was, however, one tiresome Indian who was not only very verbose but also persisted in disputing every point of law and every precedent and so prolonging the hearings interminably. Luckily for me, there grew among the Cashew plantations a very unpleasant noxious weed known as a "Buffalo Bean". This shrub was covered in bean-like pods covered in hairs which blew in the wind and when coming in contact with the skin caused intense irritation.

Accordingly, I took great care to set up my court so that the tiresome barrister defending the Arab landlords was obliged to sit downwind of the Buffalo Beans while the plaintiff's barrister and my court staff and I sat upwind. This did much to speed up proceedings and although the man complained frequently, I always dismissed the complaints.

In many cases it is difficult to decide which party was in the right as many of the trees had been planted before either party had been born and all I could do was to try to even out my judgement between the parties and although there was an appeal procedure, only two appeals were launched out of all the many judgements - and both were dismissed.

After completing the arbitration, I took over as DO in charge of the Sub-District together with the delightful old Arab house set in a large garden on the edge of the beach. The ground floor was the District Office and the first floor was the residence, with the wide veranda all the way round overlooking the whole sweep of Malindi Bay.

I brought some of my horses from my Sotik farm and spent much of my time riding round the district camping in the rest houses at each sub-division. Once again, by riding I was able to get to meet many more of the local people than I could ever have done had I toured by car.

In the autumn of 1961, I was visiting the 'Royal' Agricultural Show in Nairobi when I received a message that the Tana river and the Sabaki had flooded and the main road from Mombasa to Lamu, North of Malindi, had been washed away.

I drove back to Malindi at once and found that the huge steel bridge on the main road had been washed 200 yards downstream by the flood and sixteen inches of rain had fallen in a matter of several hours. Lamu was cut off and many villages in the Tana valley were under water. Seventy four thousand people had lost their homes and were living on the roofs of their houses. The river, normally some 100 yards across, was 20 miles wide.

A relief organisation was quickly set up with its headquarters in Malindi, the nearest airfield to the flooded area and the road head. First to arrive was a RAF squadron of Twin Pioneer aircraft from Aden and an Army Air Corps Alouette helicopter to enable me to travel round the area assessing the local needs. These were quickly augmented by a squadron of Royal Naval Wessex helicopters and two marine landing craft with shallow enough draft to get nearly fifty miles up the Tana river.

For four months, 74,000 people were supplied entirely by air, the Twin Pioneers dropping supplies on any available dry spots with wonderful accuracy and the Wessex helicopters lowering supplies usually on to rooftops while the two landing craft from HMS HERMES plied back and forth up the Tana from their parent ship off Kipini at the river mouth.

At one place, South of the Tana mouth, a herd of elephant were cut off on sand dunes just behind the beach and on a number of occasions as we flew past, we watched the baby elephants sliding on their backsides down the sand dunes to the beach watched by the parents.

On one occasion the Air Officer Commanding flew a group of International Journalists round the area to show them the relief operations; unfortunately, he showed them a small island in the middle of the flood waters on which a number of donkeys were marooned. As a result, such an uproar was made by world PCA organisations that the two landing craft had to be diverted from ferrying supplies to the human refugees to move the donkeys to dry land.

On another occasion, the International Red Cross sent a chartered airliner with warm clothes and blankets for the refugees. As the temperature in the Tana Basin was in the high 90s, the last thing the people wanted was warm clothing and I had no alternative but to return the plane load. There was, however, a desperate need for mosquito nets as the floods had brought vast swarms of mosquitoes of the malaria carrying variety - but when I asked for nets in place of the blankets I was told that they would be too costly.

One day, when I was being flown in a Wessex by the Commander Air from HMS VICTORIOUS taking medical supplies to a Mission Hospital in the flood area and to Hola Camp, we picked up an Arab suffering from Lock Jaw and a male companion to take them to the hospital in Malindi.

It was very hot and we had been flying all day and on the way back, the Commander asked me if I would like him to show me the manoeuvres a Wessex could do. I was sitting in the co-pilot's seat on the flight deck and our two passengers were in the hold below. Because of the heat we were flying with the door of the hold open.

We proceeded to twist and turn and climb and drop until suddenly the Commander remembered about the passengers and asked me to look down to the hold to make sure that they were all right. When I looked, to my horror they were not there.

We discussed what to do and decided that we must go back to base and report what had happened before returning to try to find the bodies knowing full well that it was the end of our careers. When we got to Malindi, we climbed down and were about to talk over to the Control Tower when I put my head into the door of the hold and there lying clutching each other under the steps of the flight deck were the two Arabs - still paralysed with fright.

Two weeks later, driving through the town on my way to the airfield, I met the two, the man with Lock Jaw fully recovered. I stopped and asked if they wanted a lift back to Hola. They refused with alacrity and said that they would wait until the road was reopened and go by 'bus!

There was much unemployment in the district and in 1962, Government decided that a road was needed to connect Malindi with Tsavo National Park. I requested to be allowed to build it by hand rather than the Public Works Department building by machine.

The road was to run parallel to the Sabaki river for a distance of about 50 miles to the boundary of the park, joining up with an existing track in the park. I took on all the able bodied unemployed in the district and put my Tribal Police in charge as supervisors. We set up tented camps as we progressed and supplied food and hand tools.

With good food and hard manual work, morale quickly rose and a tremendous spirit infused

everyone. One worker wandered down alone to the river one night and was attacked and killed by a buffalo but that was the only casualty and when we reached the Park Boundary, I brought in a grader to smooth and shape the road.

When Independence came, I left Government service and bought Lawfords Hotel with three associates and took over as General Manager, bringing in the first 'package' tourists to Malindi in chartered Britannia Turbo-Prop aircraft from Frankfurt - much to the disgust of the other hoteliers.

We were able to offer very cheap packages by filling every plane and returning one package group in the plane bringing out the next. Most of the tourists were Swiss and all they wanted to do was to wallow in the swimming pool or on the beach without taking advantage of all the entertainment we had laid on for them.

I had arranged with my partners that I would be in sole charge of the actual management, but it soon became apparent that one partner was going to interfere in everything as he had nothing else to do.

At that time, I received an extraordinary telegram from the Colonial Office asking me if I would allow my name to be submitted, among others, for appointment as the first Administrator of Ascension Island.

Part of the Mid-Atlantic ridge, 1200 miles from Brazil and an equal distance from West Africa, Ascension Island had, in the past, never had a government, having been used since 1922 solely as a relay station for the cables between Cape Town and London manned by Cable & Wireless staff, until the United States Air Force had installed a base there on the Eastern Test Range.

Before the cable company took over in 1922, the island had been a convalescent station for the Royal Navy for the West African fleet for many years, since it was first occupied in 1815 to guard the shipping lane against any attempt to rescue Napoleon imprisoned on St Helena, 800 miles to the South West.

After a month in London being briefed at the Colonial Office, I sailed for Ascension in the Union Castle liner "Edinburgh Castle". I had with me two Bull Terriers and a Siamese cat which had flown with me from Kenya.

As we were nearing Ascension, the Master kindly invited me up to the Bridge. I had been warned in London that to land on Ascension, the ship anchored a mile off shore, one was then taken in a launch towards the small jetty, transferred to a dinghy from which one had to swing on a rope to the steps of the jetty. Accordingly, I had dressed in what I thought to be appropriate clothes - an open shirt and shorts.

The Master diplomatically suggested that I might find my reception more formal and suggested that I should wear a suit and hat. I duly changed and was greeted as we dropped anchor by the Manager and Assistant Manager of the Cable Company, dressed in suits and hats.

To the obvious dismay of the Manager, I was obliged to ask him to help by carrying my cat as I could only manage one Bull Terrier under each arm. Watched by the entire complement of passengers, we started on our journey to shore.

All went well and as I leant out to catch the rope on the jetty I released the two dogs and clambered up the steps on to the jetty where the senior people of the island had been assembled, all in their

best suits and the ladies in hats and gloves, headed by the American Base Commander in uniform - but on crutches due to an ankle injury.

As my head appeared over the top of the jetty, one of my dogs shot past the Base Commander, knocking him off his crutches where he lay hooting with laughter on the ground. So began a friendship which lasted throughout his tour of duty.

At first, perhaps naturally, some of the more senior employees of the Cable Station resented the influx of Ministry of Public Buildings and Works staff and particularly my tiny staff and me. They had been alone on the island for many years and lived under company regulations.

Their staff were English and St. Helenian and there was no social communication between the two. I, coming from India and Kenya, recognised no colour bar and issued invitations to our first official reception to English, American and St Helenian representatives - only to be told that the white Cable & Wireless staff had been ordered by their General Manager to boycott the function, at which I served champagne; when the news got around, there were no abstentions from future receptions.

On my first day on the island the Cable & Wireless Manager invited me to his office for the handing over of his function of Honorary Resident Magistrate. When I entered his office, I saw that there were two desks in opposite corners of the room - each with two chairs for visitors.

I went towards the table at which the Manager had been sitting only to be asked to go to the other desk as that was the "Government" desk. As soon as I had signed a document accepting responsibility for the government of the island, men were summoned to carry the desk and chairs across the road to my office next door and so 'government' was established on the island for the first time.

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#### BRIEF REPORT ON EMERGENCY SERVICE.

[John Higginson KR4241]

Pre-military. Oct/Dec 52. Whilst waiting to go to Salisbury to the KNSM training course No:3, joined KPR and was stationed at Kilimani Police Station.

Salisbury Jan/June 53. The six month's programme will have been well reported by others. For me, it was a rewarding experience - after the first couple of weeks of CSM Joe **Cameron's** tongue, he appointed me as his driver - as was Sid **Moscoff** [KR4130] on the previous course - which merited privileges in the form of a few cold Castles.

Pete **Jenkins** [KR4311] and I became the only rifle marksmen and, with a few others including Mike **Higgins** [KR4279], I was promoted to L/Cpl



Above: AFTER THE PASSING-OUT-PARADE, JUNE 1953. L/R: MIKE HIGGINS, JOHN HIGGINSON, CSM CAMERON, MIKE TETLEY [KR4277] AND DAVE ROBERTSON [KR4243]

July - October 53. On my return to Kenya, with Tony **Swain** [KR4238] and Len **Gill** [KR4237], I was seconded to 4 (U) KAR in Fort Hall, and given a forward platoon post on the cut edge by the forest in location 8, in 'A' company, commanded by John **Branson**. His 2IC was a rather sadistic captain from the Welsh Fusiliers.

After a few tentative patrols with my Uganda *askari* - for whom I soon felt admiration and affection - and meeting up with **Paddy Veakins** [KR4069].

One night, my post became the focal point for an incursion into the adjacent Aberdare forest. The whole company was to go in to accompany Davo **Davidson** who said he had information as to the locality of Dedan **Kimathi's** camp. I had first met **Davo** when he came to help my bother Peter [KR3149] and me flush out and kill a large leopard which was taking calves from our father's farm in upper Gilgil; **Davo** was last seen hurtling down the lower escarpment pursued by a swarm of angry bees!

**Davo** entertained my *askari* that evening to his formidable small arms repertoire then, having been joined by the rest of 'A' company, after dark we entered the forest. We rested up for several hours at the bamboo edge - my first experience of the eerie noises of the huge growths as they rubbed and wheezed in the wind - and then we set off before first light, **Davo** in the lead with an ex MM informer then an *askari* Bren gunner, **Paddy Veakin** and his platoon followed by mine.

Eventually, there was a short sharp heavy gunfight - I rushed forward to see **Davo** staggering around saying, in good American gangster fashion "they've got me". *Paddy* had killed the two MM sentries; one I recall, was using a silver plated revolver. We ran down the single path to find a large abandoned camp. The terrorists had disappeared and the decision was made to withdraw and get **Davo** out.

It took several hours to carry him back to my platoon post where transport was waiting to take him to Nairobi with two or three bullets in his lower abdomen.

Two weeks later *Paddy* and I visited him in hospital - I remember we stalked around Delamere Avenue, New Stanley and Torrs armed to the teeth, with multiple Patchett magazine holders, grenades on our belts, revolvers, etc. After all we'd been with the legendary **Davo**. What a couple of Kenya cowboys!

Probably mostly resulting from this action, an order came out that on future KAR patrols, the lead or point man would be an *askari*. I found it difficult to accept this completely and decided if my platoon was on a forest patrol, my Bren gunner and I would alternate.

My decision was tested a couple of weeks later, when a Mau Mau food carrier was taken prisoner, and the company 2IC persuaded him to disclose the location of a major gang camp in the forest a little further north.

Again we went in at company strength; I thought this bad tactically in that any forest action was nearly always up a narrow path, which meant little firepower could be brought to bear, and mobility was reduced. My platoon was ordered to lead the patrol. It was a bright moon, we came to a small clearing and I swapped point with my Bren gunner. We went forward, came to a black tunnel in the forest. Voices at the end of the tunnel, probably twenty yards ahead whispered to us to identify ourselves. After all these years I recall being shit scared! We whispered nonsense back, not speaking Kikuyu, advanced a few paces, then all hell broke loose behind us.

The supplying food gang had bumped into our rear-guard, I must say I was mightily relieved as I think my *askari* and I were sitting ducks to a **Davo** style ambush. I never could understand why our company commander didn't follow up that night but then I wasn't fully informed as to what it was all about.

Nov 53 - March 54. I was married 17 October - I couldn't survive on sgt's pay, I was one of the very few local chaps not subsidised by my employers, so, very reluctantly, as I really enjoyed my brief stay with 4 KAR, I organised a move to Embu District as a DO Kikuyu Home Guard (DOKHG).

As no transport was provided, I bought David **Dobie's** (he was a close golfing friend) 'D' Force small landrover, tied a spear with 'Home Guard' (HG) flag on the windscreen, so promptly I was known as *Gatumo* (Kikuyu for spear) by the locals.

I was posted to Kianyagga location

DO Peter **Johnson** (subsequently Govenor **Renison's** ADC), sundry KPR (civilians seconded: Harry **Hesketh**, a school teacher from DoY, Geoff **Cooke**; Patrick **Gaule** a mad Irishman, who looked like an advert for Players Navy Cut, was i/c mess and drove me out of the Police Post as my first mess bill was more than my nett month's pay). I got a personal servant (washing and general well being) out of remand on a murder charge (the copper i/c said he'd been framed!) and appointed





Njage, an elderly muembu as my PA.

All home guard in Embu District were issued metal arm bands as identification, I gave Njage number 0001.

[Left: OUTSIDE KIANYAGA POLICE POST. ON MY LEFT NJAGE, LATER KILLED BY MAU MAU.]

The organisation was practically non-existent. Weeks were spent building fortress home guard

posts, surrounded by castle like dry moats, embedded with sharp stakes thick soil filled abutment walls etc.

The HG units were recruited from what all assumed to be loyalists, but as none, other than the locals, in the district spoke Ki-embu, they could all have been Mau Mau sympathisers and no doubt quite a number were. Roger **Wilkinson** was the DC at the time, and he had an interpreter who I was convinced was a MM.



The HG were supplemented by TPs in their customary red long sleeved jerseys (the Police wore navy) and khaki tarbush. They were armed with old Lee Enfields and there were probably up to half dozen each location. The other firearms, single shot guns, were held by local location "headmen", or sub chiefs. The HG had spears, *simis* etc, no uniform or distinguishing badges other than the arm bands.

On leaving Kianyagga Police post, I stationed myself in a small village on the edge of the cut strip. I lived in a pup-tent and was joined for a few days by a young subaltern of 5 KAR, Mike **Williams** who remains a close friend and is the Lloyds' representative for S. Africa having been a well-known underwriter). Life was fairly static but a change was coming.

### March 54 - mid 55

One night a home guard post half a mile south of a catholic mission in Runyenjes location, was over-run, most of the occupants despatched with the "head" mans torso left but no "head" (we found it a few days later as a result of a revolting stench from the long drop outside the post) The DO Denis **Lakin**, who had been ADC to HE Sir Philip **Mitchell**, was sure treachery had led to the bridge and gate being opened, appealed for help to DC Roger **Wilkinson**, who sent for me and posted me to Runyenjes. I was introduced to the assembled headmen, home guard, TPs and various tribal elders by my local name "Gatumo"; Roger explained I was going to spear all MMs and any other baddies who existed in the area, so look out you lot!

In an endeavour to show I wasn't scared of the MM or of any treacherous insider, I spent the first night in the overrun post with the survivors and Njage, sitting up in the little mud hut which had

been owned by the now headless head man we survived. **Njage** was killed for his sten gun whilst I was out of the District - I shouldn't have let him keep it and wander off on his own. I was saddened but fortunately the gun was recovered later and as far as we could ascertain it was never used by the MM.

To replace **Njage**, helped by my friendly *askari* in 5 KAR, who were stationed in Embu I took on a retired CSM, a Mkamba.

A strange incident occurred about this time. Armand and Michaela **Denis**, the well known couple who made animal and other films on East Africa, came to film the Chuka drummers for a BBC TV film. I took them down to Chuka, a sub tribe in south Embu.

Some weeks later I learnt that two clans, one Embu the other Chuka, were squaring up for a full fight over a dispute on land and cattle, and this despite the ban on gatherings. I took my new PA and several TPs and HG guards in my land rover, we encountered twenty or so warriors on each side, armed to the teeth with spears, simis, bows and arrows shouting at each other. We diffused the situation but on the way back, rounding a corner I found a herd of *ngombe* blocking the road. As I came to a stop, with the PA in the L/H seat, a young home guard between us, the rest in the back of the open LR with the screen down, about a dozen men came out of the bush some 20 yd away and let loose with arrows. Obviously, I had heard the crack of bullets passing but never the "woosh" of arrows, quite unnerving. One struck the home guard penetrating his skin, he died in Embu hospital within 24 hours of the poison on the tip. We opened fire on the now fleeing terrorists; followed up, found nothing. Several weeks later, three bodies were found deep in the bush of this relatively unpopulated area. I never discovered if the so called clan "war" was to draw us down into the prepared ambush.

By now I had reached the conclusion that the current home guard system as its name connotes - "guarding" the headmen and some (proven?) loyalists and so on - was achieving little. 5 KAR were roughing their way around, shooting where they could find, but they were aliens, mostly Kalenjin who couldn't speak the language, neither could their officers. The same was true of the regular Police.

I felt it was time to have a strike force drawn from the people of the area in which I operated (by now mid/late 54 we could feel with reasonable certainty who was anti MM). I guess this concept had probably been thought of by others, say in Kikuyu land, but certainly I was first off the ground.



After intensive scrutiny I took on 30 locals, both ex-TP and others, put them in "borrowed" two men tents on the football field of the local RC Mission in Runyenjes location, messed with a company of 5 KAR, persuaded the Battalion to lend me a WOPC, a colour sergeant and two corporals; we went to work. [LEFT]

We put them through six weeks intensive basic infantry training, concentrating on shooting, fire and movement, PT and hygiene. Standard

drill was not overlooked to instil discipline. The next four weeks we concentrated on tracking and ambush techniques.

All this was done on a shoe string - there was little or no money. Uniforms which I considered essential for morale and identification, consisted of green cloth berets, khaki shirts dark green and khaki longs, strong *takkies*, puttees, dark green jerseys all made and supplied by the Indian *duka* owner in Runyenjes, under dire threats that this was his contribution to the war effort. I'm sure Mr **Patel** supported both sides; he was in an unhappy, unenviable position certainly in the earlier days because there was no *boma*, and his wife and many children were very vulnerable. I was given a grant by the DC for food and wages



The firearms I decided on were, for each section [LEFT], one sten gun two Winchester pump guns handled by the persons who'd shown particular aptitude, the rest having standard .303s. The pump shot guns proved their worth in short range work.

On completion of training, we moved to Embu town, the Unit was billeted in mud huts on the local

football ground.

Initially, our prime mission was to clean up the lower sections of Embu, excluding the western most location where Dave **McCabe** [KR4280] was setting up a similar unit. [Ed: *Dave was later awarded the George Medal whilst attached to the Embu HG*].

Having no transport, I "hired", at minimal cost, the local *duka* owner's beat up, open backed, lorry. We'd set off in the dark hours, I remember particularly the rainy season, de-bus before first light, walk to wherever, and start patrolling.

The concept began to bear fruit, my men were from the area, and trusted by the locals; we made contacts with satisfactory end results. I remember the appalling havoc the pump gun could wreak at close range.

The success continued until even 5 KAR thought we weren't too bad! The most encouraging aspect was that our "successes" were, on investigation, finger prints, or whatever, known MM, sympathisers, or supporters.

*Spike Powell* [KR4158] joined me and he took over the unit whilst I was to start an Embu District training centre to set up and train further similar units and generally enhance the effectiveness of the ordinary home guard.

I figured that this required experienced ex army instructors, so I decided to "raid" a division in Kitui District of Ukambani to recruit three ex KAR sergeants, with the assistance of our PA CSM. If we found the right ones they would be naturals in that the languages are very close.



So I set off with *Spike*, plus a few of my gang. We crossed the Tana by the suspension bridge [LEFT] at the south end of Embu and so in to Kitui. I was to discover that *Spike*, who was quite a "roughi", came from a gentler side. We had lunch at a mission post and it turned out the missionary and his wife were practically *Spike's* foster parents!

The safari was successful. We returned to Embu late that night with our chosen three - no question of long delays or formalities or transfer allowances in those days, and the Training Unit was established.

The DC Kitui was furious and bombarded DC Embu, Dick **Wilson**, subsequently PC, Rift Valley, with messages complaining about "piracy". I was hauled over the coals but I kept my NCOs and we started the training programmes.

The original combat unit, now led by *Spike*, became widely recognised in the District as a most efficient operating group and was included in the overall strategy of eliminating the MM from the reserve, and smashing their supply gangs.

The Unit now started operating in the Mt. Kenya forest being allocated a large area west of Embu town. They would go in for three days/two nights. Equipment other than firearms and ammo was simply, a ground-sheet, blanket, bare rations and water.

My time in the Emergency was coming to an end as my father wished me to join him in the family business in Nairobi.

This was mid '55 but I had one last patrol to do. District HQ decided on a comprehensive penetration of the forest. *Spike* had broken his hand so, though I had not patrolled for some time, I decided to take the unit in. On the second day, late afternoon, on the edge of forest/ bamboo we came on a sentry, disposed of him, rushed the camp and shot four MM of the seven or so occupants; the remainder, who certainly could travel far quicker than we, got away in the dusk.

The camp was the usual bamboo shelters, water pipes and so on but by now the cleansing of the Reserve was obviously succeeding in that there was little food, and our victims could hardly be described as overfed.

This action concluded my Emergency service but I do know that *Spike* and the unit went on to

achieve considerable success and recognition. [Ed: *Spike was later awarded the MBE for his pseudo ops*] Sadly, *Spike* died in Rhodesia whilst a member of their security forces during the Bush war. This ended my Emergency service.

In 1962, on transfer from Dar-es-Salaam to Kampala, I stopped over in Nairobi; Geoff **Keates**, owner of the Izaak Walton Inn in Embu, with whom I'd shared many scotch and sodas in earlier days, invited me to play golf for his local side versus the up and coming black golfers from Kibera.

This I did and found all now peace and quiet. The football ground which had housed the Training Unit now had permanent buildings. The furthest end of the golf course was on land we had patrolled and found MM seven years previously, many memories. (Johannesburg October 1995).

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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 XXXX (should have read XL) was printed we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In ( ) the name of the member/source whence the information came:

**Bateman**, Col Tony OBE [EAACR/17/21L] 27/04/2012. Oxford (Iain Morrison)  
**Blunden**, Maj George Frederick MBE [QM KR 58/61] 18/06/2012. UK (Iain Morrison)  
**Button**, Thomas (Tom) Buchanan [KR3542] 14/05/2012. Nakuru (John Harris)  
**Cade**, Arthur (Jim) Grattan [KR6255] 27/09/2012. Perth (Giles Shaw)  
**Caspereuthus**, John Robert [KR6986] 17/06/2012, Durban (Rosemary Todd)  
**Ehrlich**, Fedor Alexander [KR4389] 31/12/2011. UK (Iain Morrison)  
**Gordine**, Peter Edward George [KR3862] 22/06/2012. Wales (Ted Downer)  
**Gray**, Dorothy Merrick, w/o Alan [KR6421] 29/05/2012. Howick (Pete Smith)  
**Heald**, Gerald Cyril [KR4689/5776] 27/08/2012 Canada (Bill Jackson)  
**Johnson**, Peter (REAN), brother of Alan [KR4993] 10/10/2012. KZ-N (Sue Johnson)  
**Lawless**, Maj Peter [PSI RGJ] 17/08/2012. England (Iain Morrison)  
**Moore**, Anna (née Street) w/o John [KR7180] 26/03/2012 Winchester (Iain Morrison)  
**Mortimer**, John Bridges [KR2621] 09/01/2012. UK (Diana Van Rensburg)  
**Nelson**, Nicol [KR3593] 29/05/2012. Dumfries, Scotland (Iain Morrison)  
**Noland-Neylan**, John [KR3967/5714] 24/10/2012. Western Australia (Alan Martin)  
**Ommanney**, David Graeme [KR3912] 15/09/2001. USA (Robin Faulkner)  
**Purves**, John Dryden [KR4003/5641] 05/08/2012] England (Iain Morrison)  
**Rayner**, Jenny widow of Andy [KR4231] 14/07/2012. Howick, RSA (Anne Smith)  
**Simpson**, Robert James [KR3941] 09/08/2012. Pietermaritzburg (Marilyn Northmore)

**Smith**, Hugh Stewart Campbell [KR4708] 05/07/2012 Cape Town (son Rob Smith)  
**Start**, John Murray [KR634] 23/06/2012. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolley)  
**Taylor**, John Anthony [KR4436] 09/08/2012. Auckland (Michael Innes-Walker)  
**Veakins**, Brian Desmond Patrick (*Paddy*) [KR4895] 20/10/2012. Florida (Iain Morrison)  
**Winter**, Peter Wippel [KR919] 27/03/2012. Queensland (Giles Shaw)

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### BATTLE OF BRITAIN PILOT WHO BECAME INSTRUCTOR

[Ed: *Some readers may remember Robin when he lived in Kenya.*]



Robin Langley **Appleford**, the youngest pilot in the Battle of Britain, died in Henley on April 17, 2012. He was born in September 1921, raised in Castle Combe, Wiltshire, and went to school at King's College, Taunton.

In August 1939, he joined the RAF at the age of 17 and trained for eight months at Shawbury. On completion, he was transferred to active duty with 66 Squadron at Duxford in May 1940, becoming the youngest pilot in the Battle of Britain. Sixty-six was a Spitfire squadron and served as a fighter squadron throughout the war.

Robin was shot down over the Thames estuary on September 4, 1940 while engaging some Dornier Bombers. A Messerschmitt 109 attacked from out of the sun and shot the port wing off his Spitfire at 21,000 feet. Robin baled out and parachuted to safety into a field on a farm near Purleigh in Essex. This successful parachute jump made him a member of the fabled Caterpillar Club.

In December 1940, when he was 19, Robin was transferred to carry out a flying instructor's course, following which he went to Southern Rhodesia as an instructor. In mid 1942, he transferred to the aircraft delivery unit in Cairo and operated there for six months before joining 274 squadron in Benghazi (Libya), carrying out coastal patrols in Hurricanes.

Following this, in November 1943, he was moved to South Africa where he was a flying instructor at various air schools around the country. He returned to England in July 1945 and joined squadron 587 at Westonzoyland, Somerst. He left the RAF in August 1946 as a flight lieutenant.

Robin then spent time in Rhodesia and South Africa before living in Kenya for fourteen years.

He resumed flying as a hobby in Kenya and was once asked by the flying club in Nairobi to go over to France and collect a Cessna 182. It took him 10 days to fly this plane out to Nairobi from Rheims in France, stopping along the way in Nice, Crete, Cairo, Khartoum, Addis Ababa before eventually landing in Nairobi.

Robin moved to the UK in 1974 and lived in Henley until his death.

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HUGH STEWART CAMPBELL SMITH [KR4708][28<sup>th</sup> December 1930 to 5<sup>th</sup> July 2012]

[son Rob]

Good morning to you all. It is a great privilege and honour to stand here before you and represent both the **Cawood** and **Bristow** families who have known and loved Campbell since he moved to the Beitbridge farming area in the early 1970's.



CAMPBELL & MARY (NÉE ROBSON) IN DALLAS – THEY WERE MARRIED IN LONDIANI ON 10<sup>TH</sup> MAY 1957

Campbell was born with the pioneering spirit running through his veins. He built up this farm from bush to rolling fields of wheat, cotton and even soya beans He was a man who had great mechanical skills, no task was too big for him to handle! His love and vast knowledge of machinery brought about his combine harvesting enterprise, which took him and Mary to many places in and around Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, and Zambia.

Another of Campbell's passions was flying his Cessna 206 aeroplane; he was a bush pilot of note! Any excuse and he was in his plane. On many occasions he would 'hop' over the river with Mary in tow, for a cup of tea with Benjie and Mavourneen **Cawood**. How many of you can say you went to

collect your milk or took your tractor engine to town for repair by plane? In the early days that's how the **Smiths** did it!

His flying prowess, and nerves of steel made him first choice when a casevac or resupply was needed in those dark days of the Rhodesian Bush War.

His impulsiveness, after a beer or two the night before, saw a few of us heading over the horizon on our way to Kariba for a day or two's fishing and back in time for work on Monday!

Campbell was a very sociable person with many friends; he was well liked and respected; he was someone you could trust and rely on, and someone in whom you could confide and ask advice; he was that someone who we have all had the great privilege of knowing!

Being very strong willed meant Campbell also had very strong personal views; it was his way or the highway! You were also entitled to your own opinions, and he would listen with an open mind to anything interesting you might have to say, that being said, his mind was not easily changed!

He never asked too much from life; a contented man and in no way materialistic; his pleasures came from those who surrounded him, his family, his farm and his friends.

I would like us all to spend a few silent moments to remember Campbell in your own special way. Let us bow our heads and during this quiet time, let us spare a special thought and offer our sympathy, our love and our support to our Mum Mary, sisters Jeanette and Heather, brother Colin our respective families.

Campbell.....fly high ..... rest in peace.

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GEORGE CLIVE AGGETT

[07/02/1937-28/09/2011]

[George Aggett]

My Dad, was born on Feb 7th 1937 and attended Thompson Falls School, Nakuru School and finally the Prince of Wales. On his own admission he didn't like school and never did very well nor made any effort - in fact made an effort not to conform.

His mother was a school teacher and got herself a job at Thompson Falls School and Nakuru School when he was there which didn't amuse him. She also organised that teachers would come and stay on the farm during school holidays and give him extra lessons; this amused him less and he made a point of being bolshy.

After Prince of Wales he went to England to a crammer to re-sit his school exams and then joined the Royal Berkshire Regiment as a private. After a short while he went to Sandhurst, and later served with the KAR until 1959. When he left the Army he came to this farm, *Kifuku* Estate and worked for his father [George **Aggett**].



After his father died in 1971, he took over *Kifuku* and others that his dad owned, and continued living at Kifuku for the remainder of his life. He did a lot of work on the farms, and enjoyed building dams and stone-wall ‘fences’ to exacting standards. The very big dam on *Kifuku*, about 60 acres in surface and 15m deep, is really a monument to him and his creativity.

He didn’t have any long term hobbies or past-times, but liked going on safari up north which he did a lot when he was younger. He learnt to fly in 1969 and had his own plane for a few years but got bored with it.

In 1981, with friend Mickey **Fernandes** [KR3949] he walked from Nanyuki to Mombasa in eighteen days. It was a challenge and they raised money for the Nanyuki Cottage Hospital.

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### RONALD BEVAN JOLLEY

[8<sup>th</sup> February 1920-29 April 2012]

[Extract from the eulogy read by Ron’s children]

Ron was born in Nairobi on the 8<sup>th</sup> February 1920, the eldest child of Norman and Chrissie **Jolley**. He had two brothers and three sisters who have all passed on. Ron was educated at the Eldoret and Nairobi Primary Schools and the Prince of Wales High School. His father retired to the UK after 20 years of Government service and due to the family problems took all six children with him, leaving Chrissie behind. Ron was fifteen at the time and in order to support his father, he worked in a dairy, a chicken farm where he had to defeather and behead the birds, a butcher’s shop where he learnt to cut up carcasses and made deliveries, a cake and sweet shop and many an evening was an usher at the local cinema. The measly wages and long hours must have been very hard on such a young lad, trying to help his Dad with raising six small children on his small pension.



Ron returned to his Mother in Nairobi in 1936 and had several jobs before he joined the Lands Dept in 1939. His working life was interrupted with being called up on the 1st September 1939. He was already a member of the Kenya Defence Force. He was discharged in April 1945 with the rank of RSM [LEFT]. It was at his friend Katy **Lewis**’s 18<sup>th</sup> birthday party that he was introduced to Joan **Stephen**, where he was smitten and Joan became his one and only love for the rest of his life.

They were married on the 12<sup>th</sup> April 1941 when Joan was eighteen and Ron was 21. They went on to have five daughters and a son. Katy remained a friend whom they last saw in Pietermaritzburg a few years ago.

Ron returned to the Lands Dept as a 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade Clerk after the war, and by the time he left there in 1957, he was Officer IC Records, with control over 70,000 files and a staff of 30. For the rest of his life, Ron was meticulous about keeping personal records and diaries and was a prolific letter writer, banging away on his typewriter almost every day.

He wrote two journals entitled the 'Jolley Sagas' and 'Stephen Sagas'; he also wrote 'The Lion's Roar', a story of lion and other animals he encountered whilst Assistant Warden in the Nairobi National Park. Ron had been an Honorary Warden in the Park for several years before he applied for the position of Assistant Warden and so began an idyllic life for Joan and the kids, as they all lived in a house in the Park and they had quite a few young orphaned animals that became pets for a while. The family's favourite was 'Prince', a premature lion cub rescued and brought up by the warden Steve **Ellis**. He was nearly a year old when he was shipped off to the Edinburgh Zoo; a very sad day seeing him loaded into a crate and onto the lorry looking so bewildered.

Ron then moved to be an Assistant Warden in an isolated camp in Tsavo West called Murka, where Joan couldn't join him as she was working and the three youngest kids were still at school. Ron led a bachelor's existence with just the cleaner/cook who had the unfortunate name of **Bugger**, which always caused some mirth to visitors when Ron had to shout for him!

Joan eventually joined Ron in 1963 and together they spent one of the happiest periods of their married lives. In March 1966, they said farewell to a Park that they would never forget. This was due to politics affecting conditions in the Parks for the dedicated white staff, which resulted in Ron resigning with plans to move to the UK. Joan didn't want to leave Kenya, but the sad and untimely death of her brother Arthur in a car accident resulted in Ron cancelling his plans.

He took over managing the dairy and beef cattle on Kima Estate to assist the **Stephen** family, in particular Jim who was now the Manager. This Ron did very ably until 1969 when they left Kenya for South Africa and again Ron became involved with farming, being the admin manager for a fruit growing concern in Tzaneen. Ron had itchy feet; a year later they moved to Rhodesia, where Ron went back to cattle farming, loving the area outside Fort Victoria on a ranch called Cotopaxi. Ron felt very happy and fulfilled there. It was very sad towards the end of Ron's life that Cotopaxi was often on his mind, and would ask the family to take him back there.

Unfortunately, after Independence Ron wasn't happy in Zimbabwe, especially as he had to visit farms infiltrated by terrorists, and being the Senior Recoveries Inspector, his job entailed selling up the farms (100 in one year) where the farmers hadn't made the grade financially - what with trying to farm and fight the war, leaving their wives to run the farm and cope with the children, how could they be expected to? It upset him greatly, so by 1981 he had had enough and they moved back to SA.

This was a pity as Ron only had five years left before he was due to retire and their house was almost paid off, but in retrospect they had to think of their future in a country that was already unstable.

On their return to SA, Ron had to work again and preferably in farming as they needed furnished accommodation. He started off in Hibberdene on the south coast working with bananas, but the steepness of the terrain proved too much, so they moved again to an avocado farm which adjoined his sister Gwen's property in Kiepersol in the Eastern Transvaal. He worked wonders on this run down farm in the two years they were there, and the family had a wonderful Christmas reunion there in 1982, with all Ron and Joan's daughters, their spouses and children there with the exception of Angela's husband Pete and their kids (in Canada) and George and his family who'd gone to Switzerland for a holiday.

In 1984, Ron was persuaded to give up farming to look after his son-in-law John **Sheekey's** finances in his packaging business on the south coast, but before they moved, they took a long overdue

holiday visiting family in the UK, Switzerland and they also went back to Kenya, which stirred many happy memories, especially going back to Tsavo West and up to Lake Baringo with Joan's brother Jim and his wife Lala. Jim at this time was working on a tea estate near Sotik, but he died a year later; like Arthur in a car accident.

Ron worked for John part-time until he fully retired in 1987 living in Oslo Beach with Joan, then they moved into a self contained flat with Shirley and John where they were to remain until they moved to the Amberglen Care Centre just before Ron's 90th birthday in 2010.

[Ed: *Ron was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Gallantry[CPM(G)] on the 6<sup>th</sup> November 1954, when despite being unarmed, he chased a gunman by car and on foot until he captured him in one of the alleys in Nairobi. The gunman had aimed the loaded revolver at Ron, but fortunately it failed to go off and he managed to overpower him. Meantime Joan had been in the car with Ron when he took off after the gunman leaving the engine running, so she had some very anxious moments wondering if she'd see him again. He died in Pietermaritzburg]*

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MICHAEL STEPHEN KEESE [KR4563]

[13/09/1935 – 20/02/2012]

[Son Michael]

Dad was born in Eldoret, Kenya, of Christian (born in Molteno in 1908) and Kathleen (née Harper, born in Belfast, Transvaal in 1914).

One of five children, he being the 2<sup>nd</sup> of three sons Louie and Phil and two younger sisters Kay and Cleon, Mike attended Eldoret Central School before moving on to Prince of Wales as a boarder.

He enjoyed his rugby, and with elder brother Louie played for the school, Kitale District and the Kenya Regiment. Apart from his passion for rugby he was his weight division boxing champion at school, and in the Kenya Regiment. Unfortunately, there were some aspects relating to Kenya about which he rarely spoke.

After matriculating in 1953, he worked on the farm *Somasco*, with *Oupa* and brother Louie before being called up for duty with the Kenya Regiment in 1955 during the Mau Mau uprising; interestingly, having already played rugby against the infamous Idi Amin.

He was confirmed in the NG Kerk in 1957, and completed a year at Natal University (Pietermaritzburg campus) before returning to the mixed beef and dairy operation on the farm.

The family left Kenya during the 1963 political upheavals and were based in East London where Mike and brother Louie worked at Mercedes for a short while. The two brothers returned to the farm to manage it until it became too unstable to continue. Eventually leaving behind the 'largest cream producing dairy operation in East Africa' as quoted from 'Die Landbouweekblad' issue 10 Julie 1962.

On 13<sup>th</sup> March 1965, Dad married Mom, Jean Agnes **Paterson**, daughter of William **Watson** and Alice (née **Green**), on the farm *Somasco*, after which the whole family left Kenya due to the

political uncertainty. Some of the family relocated to Barberton, E Transvaal, his brothers Louie and Phil to Australia; my grandparents left for Australia much later.



Dad joined the SA government civil service and passed the Public Service Law Exam through the University of South Africa in 1974.

He retired from civil service in 1991 to Hogsback, having bought *Tree Tops* in 1987, and *River Running* shortly thereafter, and continued to run the shop in Hogsback for a few years. [LEFT: MIKE IN HOGSBACK COUNTRY SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH]

The family continued dairy operations on *River Running* and started the milk delivery service in Hogsback which continued until to 2006.

Dad will be remembered for the Koi fish he started, in the swimming pool! To quote cousin Kathleen's words 'My faint memories and experiences of Uncle Mike were of a kind, generous, gentle giant who loved the quiet of farm life. I thank you Uncle Mike for the crossroads we experienced here in life and even though they were short they were sweet.'

He was a private person and most certainly enjoyed home and the presence of his grandchildren. Christean is quoted as follows: "Grandpa was very chubby and fit, loved his rugby, fish and walking around the block".

'Unconventional' as quoted by Uncle Neil, in a lot of his ways; he did not do things to impress. He was sincere, humble and pretty much down to earth. Thanks to Dad, I had the opportunity of building up a herd of livestock, with *River Running* serving as the cornerstone. The income derived now from the livestock fill an important role in today's time and will hopefully help fulfil the long term ambition of a large scale mixed farming operation

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#### JOHN ANTHONY (TONY) TAYLOR [KR4436]

Tony **Taylor** [KR4436] died in Auckland, on 9th August 2012 after a long battle with cancer and Parkinson's disease; he was 82 years old.

He was on the 4th training course at KGVI, Salisbury until December 1953, after which he was posted to 'C' Company, commanded by Major John **Klynsmith** [KR5613].

Some months later he became a DOKG stationed at Ndumberi HG Post near Kiambu under DO Dick **Matthews**. He then transferred to Kerugoya near Embu as a FIO.



In May 1955, while on patrol in the Thunguru forest he was shot and seriously wounded. He was initially treated by Dr **Irving** at the mission hospital, given a blood transfusion, then evacuated by helicopter to the British Military Hospital in Nairobi where he stayed for a month before being flown to Kitale Hospital for recovery, near to his parents and sister.

On 2 June 1960, Tony married Jillian (née Peak ) at St Lukes, Kitale. In 1970, they moved to South Africa and lived in Johannesburg for 36 years, Tony working for BP Southern Africa until retirement in 1990.

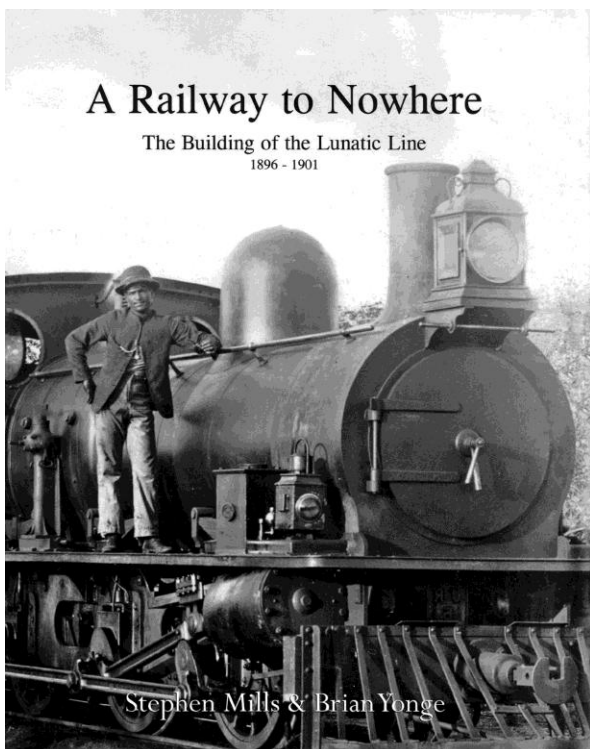
[LEFT: TONY- ±2009 - ENJOYING AN APTLY NAMED WINE!]

In 2006, Tony and Jill moved to Auckland to be near to their children and grandchildren.

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## BOOK REVIEW

RAILWAY TO NOWHERE by Steve **Mills** and Brian **Yonge**.

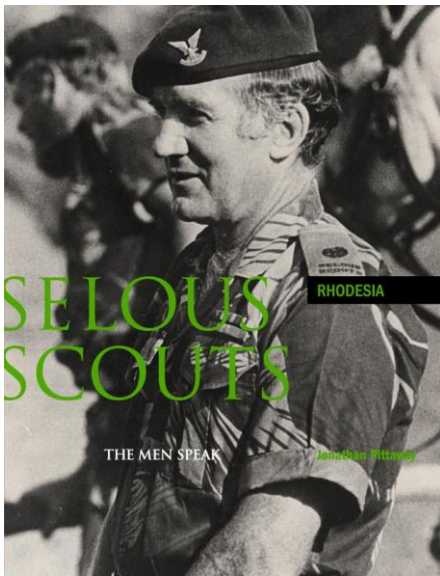


Kevin **Patience** writes: At long last Steve **Mills** latest book A RAILWAY to NOWHERE is off the press.

Four years in the making with lots of new photos and combined with the text from Brian **Yonge's** 1970s manuscript, this is the best book on the building of the Uganda Railway 1896 - 1901 to date. I was asked by Steve to help edit this tome and it proved a challenging task. 293 pages hard back with dust jacket and comes in a nice cardboard box like the previous books with important biographies, maps, diagrams and appendix.

Depending on the number of orders I may take on the UK distribution...Please circulate to other Kenya people and if you are interested let me know.

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SELOUS SCOUTS by Jonathan **Pittaway**

Whilst this book is about Rhodesia's Selous Scouts, the author, in the first three chapters - Palestine, Kenya and Malaya - takes the reader through the history of pseudo operations since WW2. The Kenya chapter, contains photos, and interviews with members of the Kenya Regiment.

It was from lessons learnt during the Kenya Emergency that the training and operations of the Scouts was primarily based. Members of the Scouts will cry 'foul', but why then was the late Spike **Powell**, MBE [KR4158] involved in the early planning of what was originally a tracker unit?

The book should be available from December 2012, and can only be obtained from:

Jonathan **Pittaway** <agencies@iafrica.com> at an approximate cost of R400.

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[Ed: Nigel **Bulley** [KR3630] submitted the following book review. He and brother Spike [KR3523] were at the POW with the author, Ian **Henderson**.]

MAN HUNT IN KENYA. By Ian **Henderson**, with Phillip **Goodhart**. (New York: Doubleday. 1958. Pp. 240. \$3.95.) Also under title THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI. (London: Hamish Hamilton. 1958. 21/-.)

*Man Hunt in Kenya* is a fascinating and well-written book about the last important operation against the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya. Its British title is more precise; Dedan **Kimathi** was the undisputed leader and guiding spirit of the largest and most dangerous Mau Mau gangs, and this story shows how he was also a master of bushcraft of the highest order. The fact that it took ten months to capture **Kimathi** even in the Mau Mau's dying days in 1956 gives some indication of the problem the security forces set for themselves when they elected to make an all-out effort to get him one way or another.

Phillip **Goodhart**, British Member of Parliament for Beckenham, who prior to his election had been covering the Mau Mau revolt for the London Daily *Telegraph*, has written a three-chapter Background for the book, and apparently collaborated with Ian **Henderson**, its principal author-and actor-throughout its preparation. But the Background does not make clear to the unfamiliar reader the origins of the mass rebellion, the character of its heyday in 1953, and its dwindling course to the end of 1955.

One might argue that the main reason the Mau Mau revolt got out of hand was a collapse of British intelligence in the Kikuyu reserve. Its system of African informants had pretty much broken down. Only a handful of Europeans-among them notably Ian Henderson of the Kenya Police - knew how to speak Kikuyu and had any meaningful contacts with the tribe. It had been known since 1950 that, in addition to the overt political resistance centred around Jomo **Kenyatta** and his Kenya African

Union, a secret society was at work among the Kikuyu; but it is doubtful that Kenya officials really had any indication of the seriousness of the Mau Mau oath or of how widespread it had become.

In 1953, after the outbreak of the Emergency, everyone was taken aback by estimates that 90 per cent of the million-odd Kikuyu had taken some kind of Mau Mau oath. The British have relied successfully for centuries on a system of indigenous informants and infiltration agents, usually supplemented, however, by officials with a firm grounding in the language and culture of the indigenous people. This combination had been allowed to deteriorate in Kenya, and the Government had lost intimate contact with what was going on in the Kikuyu Reserve.

At the height of the nightly Mau Mau raids for food and vengeance on Europeans and Africans alike, a period studded with incidents like the Lari Massacre of March 1953, when some 150 loyal Kikuyu men, women, and children were wiped out in a single night because the local chief was friendly to the Kenya Government—during this time a retired British Army colonel argued most persuasively with me that one Russian saboteur could have brought the Colony to its knees in two weeks. It certainly was true that communications, water supplies, radio stations, etc., were all woefully unguarded. Why the Mau Mau failed to strike at these vulnerable spots remains one of the mysteries in what must be counted among the strangest rebellions in the history of the British Empire.

Later in 1953 the security situation began to improve. The introduction of British troops and the strengthening of the Kenya Police and Provincial Administration began to reduce the Mau Mau gangs in number and put them on the defensive. Operation Anvil, the massive operation in April 1954 around Nairobi directed by Sir Richard **Turnbull**, now Governor of Tanganyika, led to the detention of some 30,000 Kikuyu, thus strangling a crucial Mau Mau source of money and supplies.

Most important of all, the Kenya Government organized an effective group of tribal policemen known as the Kikuyu Guard. It was the Kikuyu Guard's denial of food and support for the Mau Mau gangs that began to tell. No longer were large gangs able to run roughshod through the Kikuyu reserve stealing and plundering. The years 1953 and 1954 also saw a prodigious collection of intelligence from detainees at the various screening centres. The processing of this intelligence gave the Kenya Government details on the people involved with Mau Mau gangs, a catalog of the bestial Mau Mau oaths, and frequently step-by-step outlines of past rebel operations.

By the beginning of 1956 the movement had about run its course, and the security situation had improved so radically that a major action to eliminate **Kimathi**, the last important Mau Mau leader still at large, was all that was needed. The natural leader of this operation was Superintendent Ian **Henderson**, whose record during the Mau Mau revolt was truly outstanding. In 1954 he had made repeated unarmed trips into the forest to negotiate surrender terms with Mau Mau gangs. These talks were abortive, but they demonstrated the man's skill and bravery, and won for him the George Medal. Born and raised in Kenya, Henderson was in fact about the only British official who could have led the **Kimathi** operation.

**Henderson's** book is particularly vivid in portraying the incredible Alice-in-Wonderland world in which most of the hunt was conducted—the primitive jungle lore of tracking and survival, the thin irrational line between friend and foe, the minglings of bestiality and childish magic. In the almost impenetrable forest wild game was as much of a problem as any offensive action by terrorists, and **Henderson** suggests by indirection that the only effect of the much-vaunted RAF bombings of the forest was to make the wild beasts even more dangerous than usual. He gives us a good picture of

what life is like in the middle of a tropical rain forest: the Aberdare Range rises to over 13,000 feet and when the sun is not shining it can be extremely inhospitable.

The importance of witchcraft both to the Mau Mau and to the Government teams of ex-terrorists is well illustrated. Two puff-adders falling out of a tree on the back of a collaborator, though they glided away harmlessly, were such a bad omen that they threatened to stop one whole operation. **Kimathi's** insistence on praying to the Kikuyu god Ngai while facing Mt. Kenya under a wild fig tree meant that one could pinpoint for ambush the dozen or so fig trees to which he would go.

Ironically, **Henderson** had had to leave the jungle hunt to be presented to **Princess Margaret** at a tea party at Government House in Nairobi on the very day **Kimathi** was captured, and was called away from that elegant atmosphere to interrogate **Kimathi** at Nyeri. Contrasts like these are introduced into the story with a minimum of flamboyancy, and with the traditional British understatement which characterizes the whole account.

One aspect of the operation that still defies full comprehension is **Henderson's** success in inducing Mau Mau terrorists to change sides and go back into the forest to hunt down their one-time friends. Time and again **Henderson** converted or at least recruited individual terrorists and sent them armed and supplied with government weapons and provisions to seek out the gangs they had just left.

Although some leniency was promised them in return, there was never any suggestion that they would not still be liable to prosecution for the crimes they had committed. One of my strangest impressions from this period I got during a visit to the Athi River Detention Camp in 1954, where several Mau Mau detainees described in some detail to our party their individual roles in the terrorist movement and their participation in several murders. Their psychology is a mysterious one to the Western mind, and **Henderson's** success in handling them is fascinating and confusing.

The direction and control of the **Kimathi** operation remained in the hands of the European officers; but it is obvious that no European, not even **Henderson**, would ever have been able to live and fight in the forest with the same skill as the Mau Mau terrorists. Ultimately, therefore, success in wiping out the last remnants of the Mau Mau gangs rested in the hands of these ex-terrorist recruits. Dedan **Kimathi** emerges as one of the masters of self-preservation. **Henderson** shows how extremely knowledgeable as trackers and hunters the last few Mau Mau terrorists had become. As masters of the African bush he rates them higher than the Wanderobo, a tribe of hunters who are excellent in the forest and have traditionally been regarded the finest hunters in East Africa.

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#### THE KENYA REGIMENT (TF): 1954

[Lieutenant Colonel Sir Guy Campbell, OBE, MC KRRC (CO)]

After two years of the Mau Mau war in Kenya a short description of the activities of the Regiment may be appropriate.

During the Annual Camp which was held in the Ngong Hills in September 1952, the Commanding Officer received warning that there might be a need for an Internal Security Role. This necessitated the production of an IS scheme which the out-going Adjutant, Teddy **Phillips**, had carefully shelved. "John Peel" was written hurriedly and within a matter of days this had to be implemented.



An "O" Group was held on 11th October and on the 21st, "Jock Scott", the Colony Emergency scheme, was enforced.

Regimental Headquarters and 'A' Company were stationed in Nairobi, 'B' Company HQ was at Nakuru, 100 miles from Nairobi and 'C' Company HQ was in Kitale, 230 miles from Nairobi. Members were also living in Uganda, Tanganyika and a small number in Mombasa. "John" was sent out as a warning order on the 19th and 'B' Company immediately replied with "Peel" and acted upon it accordingly. This was premature, but showed the keenness of the Regiment.

Companies took up their battle stations and thus began a long series of moves which has been the lot of the Regiment ever since. Some Companies have had as many as 33 moves in two years, over distances of 200 miles and more.

To begin with, military measures were slow to materialise and despite the urgent appeals of the Regiment to get cracking and to emulate General **Dyer**, we were still only in support of Civil Power. We had to be content with sweeps in the locations allotted to us and patrolling of affected areas. At this stage, and for many months afterwards, the Regiment presented a hybrid appearance. We had no equipment or uniform clothing and no transport. Every variety of dress was worn; the most fashionable being check shirts and stetsons whilst, without exception, every member drove his own car and was accompanied by his African servant. Weapons varied from shot guns and sporting rifles to the correct issue of a few SMLEs and Brens. Gradually, however, we became more organized and with the arrival of Frank **Wakefield** (Rifle Brigade) as Quartermaster we began to look more soldierly.

It was not until December that we really became as active as we wished. Companies had served in the Fort Hall District, Nairobi precincts, Rift Valley, Nanyuki and one platoon of 'C' Company was guarding Jomo **Kenyatta** and his mates at Kapenguria near Mount Elgon. The first demand made upon us was to provide leaders for the KAR battalions and liaison personnel with the **Lancashire Fusiliers**. These men took up their duties at the commencement of the Emergency. Subsequently, we have had to supply an increasing demand for an enormous number of jobs, so much so, in fact that detached personnel greatly outnumber the actual number serving with the Regiment.

By January 1953, the Regiment concentrated at Mweiga, ten miles north of Nyeri and 110 miles north-east of Nairobi. A small force was formed a few miles north of Mweiga at Squair's Farm on the edge of the Aberdare range of mountains. This body was known as "I" Force and they were soon to become a household word throughout Kenya. They were the first troops to operate extensively in the forest, although 'A' Company in the Fort Hall area had carried out several offensive patrols into the Aberdares with Masai trackers. "I" Force expanded and in the Rifle tradition pioneered patrol techniques in the forest. They also worked in conjunction with the Pacer aircraft of the Kenya Police Reserve Air Wing (KPRAW); the first three planes being entirely ours with the great-hearted pilots, Punch **Bearcroft** [KR3142], Jimmy **Dodds** and Tommy **Thompson**.

Regimental Headquarters were established on the farm of Peter **Marrian** [KR2507] at Mweiga and six companies were formed. At this stage African trackers were enlisted into the Regiment, a connection we have retained ever since. All six companies concentrated on deep penetration patrols into the Forest; moving fast, lightly equipped and dependent on air drops for food. Equipment, jungle clothing and weapons began to arrive, but not without repeated representation to the authorities. As we had to buy every article out of our meagre budget from the Treasury, we had many delays and disappointments.

Before these companies were formed and trained, another demand had to be met. This was the closer administration of the Kikuyu Reserve. This called for five officers and one hundred and twenty of our men who, in pairs built small Police Posts in the heart of the Reserve and trained and lead the raw material recruited as Policemen.

As our numbers were only four hundred in October 1952, it will he realised that our companies were very small in number and seldom had more than thirty effective Europeans, but were swelled by eighty to one hundred Africans in each company, all of whom had to be trained with rifles instead of spears and bows and arrows. By January also, we were supplying Intelligence personnel for various District Headquarters and Army units.

A jungle Range which we pioneered, was made at Mweiga by RSM **Pendry** with help from Captain Mark **Fearfield** of the **4th Hussars**, attached to the East African Armoured Car Squadron. The CIGS, Sir John **Harding**, fired the first Patchett to reach Kenya on our range and we were the first unit to be equipped with this weapon. We had also bought jungle smocks and sleeping bags which were soon issued to other units. The **Bufs** and **Devons** were trained on our range and at the newly formed battle school started by us, with Major Ernie **Morgan** of the **Suffolks** as Chief Instructor. We had by now established our own patrol methods which had been improved by the pamphlet on Malayan Jungle Tactics.

Mweiga had developed into a joint RAF (Harvards), KPRAW (Pacers) and Kenya Regiment Headquarters with a Joint Operations Room enlivened by several devastatingly attractive girls and a variety of dogs. We were still very independent in thought and methods (not entirely unknown to Riflemen) but our success against forest gangs had been most encouraging. Patrols spent up to fourteen days on the forest slopes of the Aberdares, and on Mount Kenya where one company had been sent. The KPR Pacers were dropping home-made bombs and 36 grenades which nearly caused the Commanding Officer to take the next boat for home! As he had little conscience and less remorse, lethal drops continued!

Daily bombing sorties in the Harvards were an added whip to the appetite and it was rare not to find someone from the Regiment travelling as a passenger. This type of warfare continued until June with six KAR battalions and the three British battalions, Police and KPR operating in the Reserve, and the Regiment in the Forest.

Many encounters with wild game such as rhino, buffalo and elephant were normal occurrences. Two Reserve Officers of the Brigade of Guards joined us; Frank **Waldron** (SG), a former Oxford rowing blue, as Assistant IO to Peter **Marrian**, and Shaun **Plunket** (IG) as Liaison Officer.

In June, the Regiment, now only three companies strong, was moved to the Fort Hall area with the role of "cleaning up" the notorious Ruathia Ridge. General "Bobbie" Erskine had become Commander-in-Chief and due to his tremendous support, and a quick "bounce" when he was unguarded, a new Mobile Patrol Company of Landrovers was formed with Bren mountings. In a month the gangs in Ruathia were annihilated and a smoking ruin of four deep valleys was left as a warning of what the Regiment could do in "pacification".

Companies were perched on promontories on the Forest edge behind wired fortifications, strengthened by panjis. Wireless communications linked up with the Command Post and Tilley searchlights in the defences kept off any night attack. The only people to complain (except the Mau Mau) were the Pacer Pilots who could not see the ground because of the smoke from burning

houses. We lived well from the endless supply of "lifted" cattle. Life was exactly similar to the old clan warfare in the Highlands. This came as second nature to one member of the Green Jackets!

From Ruathia the Regiment moved to South Nyeri, but the opposition was tamer. Another move found us in the Ngobit-Ndaragwa area on the eastern end of the Aberdares, where actions took place at over 10,000 feet. One patrol actually reached over 14,000 feet on Mount Kenya and complained of the cold.

In each area the Mau Mau gangs operated under self-styled Generals who seldom moved far from their own sphere of control. They were variously armed and disciplined but all had one asset in common, they were excellent bush men who knew the forest, travelled fast and were cunning at concealing their hideouts. Their information service was excellent and they had the added advantage of being fed and helped by the local Kikuyu population. Although they could be graded as a fifth class enemy they were difficult to bring to battle.

In September, the Regiment moved across to the Kinangop for operations in the forest area on the west side of the Aberdares; and Sattima, the Elephant and Kipipiri became as familiar as Eland Hill and Bamboo. This month also saw the release of our men with Rayforce, officers and men who had been administering and leading the Police in the Kikuyu Reserve. They had been named after Major Ray Mayers [KR5611] of the Regiment, a cheerful warrior who only understood the most orthodox methods. "I" Force had for some time been changed to "I" Company and their intrepid and brilliant leader was still Major Neville Cooper [KR5608]. We had been promised a rest in the Rift Valley but this was changed into a training period at Naivasha. Companies by now were widely dispersed and the Regiment was taxed with further demands for manpower as the **Black Watch** had arrived from Korea and the **Fifth Fusiliers and Inniskillings** were arriving.

We had served in all the Brigades; Northern area, renamed 70 (EA) Brigade, 39 Infantry Brigade and 49 Independent Infantry Brigade. In November, CO Kenya Regiment became Commander, Rift Valley Province, with the Armoured Car Squadron under command and a parish stretching from Thomson's Falls, Western Aberdares, Eldama Ravine down to the Masai Reserve near Nairobi, over 150 miles in length. Several punitive patrols were carried out in so far untouched areas, but the main action was still on the Kinangop, and the Mau and Eburru Hills bordering Nakuru and Naivasha. This was a dull period for the Regiment who hankered after the good killing ground round Fort Hall and Nyeri.

At the end of January, we were heartened by a change of scenery; the southern slopes of Mount Kenya from Meru in the east to Ragati, North Nyeri, where the Command Post was established. Support Company, formerly the Mobile Patrol, took over the newly constructed Guard Posts round Karatina where the men acted in much the same capacity as previously carried out by 'Rayforce'. Their six 3" mortars had done great damage and this, combined with mobility in the Landrovers, enabled them to act like Motor Platoons.

For a long time companies had been equipped with 2" mortars, Patchetts, Stens, Mk. 5 Rifles, .300 Carbines, Sniper rifles and EY rifles. Everyone carried 36 and 80 grenades (Phosphorus). Several lives had been lost in action, but the Regiment had proved themselves adept at this type of warfare. Several men were skilled trackers and game scouts and all were fit and imbued with the spirit of putting an end to the emergency as quickly as possible. An added demand for manpower in the administration had seen the transfer of men as district officers (DO) and field intelligence assistants (FIA) and to other military formations and this weakened the Companies. Some of our fiercest

engagements were fought round Karatina. We had lost our private air force as the Pacer Wing had been split up in the Brigade areas.

In April, RHQ, 'B', 'C', 'I' and Support Companies moved down to Nairobi for operation "Anvil". Some consternation was caused, which reached Cabinet level, when Regimental patrols entered and searched the offices of the Indian High Commissioner, where several Kikuyu in hiding were forcibly removed. On the conclusion of "Anvil" the Regiment dispersed to South Nyeri, Embu, Meru and the worst area of all, Kiambu; all companies being charged with forming Guard Posts.

An amusing incident occurred in this last area. A young 2/Lt in 'I' Company, Jack **Barrah** [KR3627], found himself engaging a Mau Mau gang, which included a substantive "General", on the fairway of the Muthaiga golf course. Finding himself under brisk crossfire from both sides, an irate senior golfer shouts to Jackie, "What the hell is going on here? You should have warned everyone." To which our gallant soldier replied: "What do you expect me to do? shout "fore" or ask if I can "play through"?"

During these two years we have had to experiment in the best type of rations to be carried, the most suitable clothing and footwear, load carrying by donkeys and the making of home-made bombs and grenades. Special mountings for Brens and stretchers have been placed on Landrovers and even armour plating. 36 grenades were found to be the best type of 'fly' for enticing trout to the surface! We have supplied instructors at the Tracker School and the Battle School.

The rains bogged down our vehicles for long periods and the mists in the Aberdares limited visibility to a few feet. Sgt **King** of the Regiment has invented a "beam" which will give warning of anything crossing its ray up to 140 feet. This is now in the hands of the War Office. RHQ in Nairobi have been converted into the base from which all supplies, ammunition and stores are sent to the troops in the field. Lecture rooms have been turned into ration stores and showers into armouries.

Pre-war our budget was £53,000 a year; it is now over £750,000. We are our own Pay Unit and have to account to the Treasury for all expenditure. We are entirely self accounting. We are under both GHQ and the Kenya Government and if, at times, we play one off against the other who will blame us. We have no G1098 or establishment and our pay scale is our own.

In September, at the Royal Agricultural Show in Nakuru a demonstration of a ground/air contact was given by the Regiment and a KPR Tri-pacer. Those taking part had been on ambushes the night before but the display was most realistic. It showed the spectators how a small patrol made camp in the forest, then called up a plane on the 88 set. The plane dropped food parcels very accurately from less than ten feet in the centre of a small arena which thrilled all who watched. After the demonstration the performers returned to their Company in the Reserve.

At the time of writing the Regiment is in the process of reorganisation. The battle to retain ourselves as a fighting entity has been lost. Demands for manpower greatly affect the Regiment and with the rule of release after two years' service, it was found impossible to keep operational companies up to strength. The National Service Training Wing has moved to Nakuru from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia and, in future, the cadet training period is to be reduced to a ten week training course, one month with the only operational company we will have left and then a month leadership course to select leaders. The "break-up" of the Regiment has been a great blow to the pride of the officers and men but it was inevitable and only the support of General "Bobbie" (**Erskine**) has kept it in being for so long.

Apart from one company which will consist of sixty to 120 Europeans with one hundred and fifty Africans, all trained on commando lines with great mobility and fire power, there will be an Administrative Company and RHQ. For a long time now, members of the Regiment disguised as Mau Mau have sought out gangs and inflicted heavy casualties. This requires great courage and daring and a faultless disguise and knowledge of Mau Mau customs and the Kikuyu language. The future looks bright for those who like fighting and excitement.

All the way through the permanent staff instructors have performed a variety of roles as CSMs, administration and the general running and guidance of the Regiment. This is especially important as all the older and experienced officers and NCOs are released from service. It has meant long hours of extra work and little leave. After two years of the war the Regiment is the only unit which has never been pulled out of the line for a rest.

If I add one last word and single out from the PSIs it is to say what a debt the Regiment owes to Roly **Guy**, the Adjutant, Frank **Wakefield**, the Quartermaster, also RSM **Holland**. Dick **Cornell**'s courses are excellent and doing much to increase the fighting efficiency. The administration and PRI is gradually straightening, due to the arrival of the CO's twin brother David - another wangle!

We are also indebted to General "Bobbie" himself for his interest in the Regiment and the defence he puts up when we get into trouble. As GSO1 Hugh **Hope** has been known to agree with our tactics but has shuddered when he knew some of our methods!

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#### NOMINAL ROLL OF PSIs SINCE THE START OF THE EMERGENCY

Commanding Officer: Lieutenant Colonel C.T.H **Campbell**, OBE, MC (60th Rifles)

2nd in Command: Major E.F.D. **Campbell**, MC, (Black Watch)

Adjutant: Captain H.K.**Guy** (60th Rifles)

Training Officer: Captain I.R. Cornell (60th Rifles)

Quartermaster: Lieut. F. **Wakefield** (Rifle Brigade)

RSM. WO1 J.F. **Holland**, DCM, MM (60th Rifles)

ORQMS: WO2 D.R. **Truluck** (Rifle Brigade)

PSIs: CSM **Cooke** (Rifle Brigade); CSM G. **Williams** (60th Rifles); CSM R.W. **Garner** (60th Rifles); CSM E. **Eves** (60th Rifles); CSM R. **Nunn** (60th Rifles). C/Sgt. **Jones** (60th Rifles); Sgt F. **Smith** (60th Rifles)

#### DECORATIONS AWARDED [Ed: *At the time this article was written*]

OBE: Lieutenant Colonel G.T.H. **Campbell**, MC

MBE: Major N.M.C. **Cooper** [KR5608], 2/Lt M.R.M. **Tetley** [KR5746]; J. **Dodds** [KPRAW]

BEM: CSM G. **Slater** [KRRC]; Sgts N.G. **Hales** [KR3687]; J.A. **McNab** [KR3907] and N.J.P. **Hewett** [KR3942] and African tracker CSM **Hoeden**.

CPM: M.W. **Bearcroft** [KR3142] KPRAW

#### CASUALTIES (41)

Killed or Died on Active Service: Europeans: 1 Officer, 17 ORs. African ORs: 7

Wounded: Europeans: 4 Officers; 10 ORs. African ORs: 2

### NOTES ON "MAU MAU

In order to define certain terms, I propose to outline very briefly the organisation to which Mau Mau aspire but have, in fact, never established. Do not imagine from this a closely controlled and well directed Command, but bear in mind that the idea and skeleton organisation does exist.

The Kikuyu is an avid imitator and you may not be surprised to learn of the existence of a Kenya Training Centre on Mount Kenya as a parallel to our own KRTC in Nakuru. This imitative trait is the key to the explanation of their whole desired organisation and at various times they have had "shadow appointments" to cover nearly all Government Offices including chiefs and headmen. Unfortunately, in many instances these latter combine the two offices naturally so it saves Mau Mau appointing anyone.

The Mau Mau attempts direction through a loosely-named Kenya Parliament or Legco but the amount of authority acknowledged by the forest gangs is purely problematic and, as is usual with African leadership, depends directly on personality. An illustration of this is the gang commanded by Stanley **Mathenge**, a better soldier than Dedan **Kimathi**, who has been ousted and is operating entirely independently hoping for a change in opinion to carry him back to power.

The Kenya Parliament (named from suggestions made by Oliver **Lyttleton** during his visit out here) operates through an executive committee called the Central Assembly, which is the Senior Passive formation exercising nominal control over the District Passive and Militant Commanders.

Here it must be explained that the term Passive is used to mean the administrative and Q side of Mau Mau. The Mau Mau try to maintain a committee in Nairobi to represent each location and representative group, being a manifestation of the clan system which the Tribe operates on ordinarily.

A general picture of the organisation of gangs is that a gang exists opposite each location and is based in the forest. It draws its recruits from its own location and is supported by a passive group who lead an ostensibly normal life in their location. The extent to which these groups owe allegiance to Nairobi varies considerably and, as previously stated, efficient direction has not been achieved.

Distinct from the passive or administrative side of Mau Mau is the Moderate group who, realising that they have failed to achieve their aims by terrorism, are trying to effect an understanding with the Kikuyu Guard, in order to re-unite the tribe against the European. Their weapons are politics, intrigue and agitation and the picture painted is very similar to other trouble spots in the world.

This Moderate school, which is prepared to disown and condemn the extremists, is potentially more dangerous than the simple terrorists as its methods have succeeded elsewhere against antiquated administrative methods, ill-suited to cope with modern Political warfare.

The leaders of this party are in England, and two well-known politicians, not a hundred miles from Kikuyu Town, are their opposite numbers out here.

[Ed: *Col Campbell's article appeared in the Rifles' Journal*]

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RECOLLECTION OF MY YEARS WITH THE REGIMENT

[Mickey Shaw KR3606]

When the Regiment was reformed after WW2, I was working as an apprentice with EA Airways where there were several other apprentices of my age. When the announcement was gazetted we all decided to join up – Freddy **Graf** [KR3925 ], Clive **Hollyoak** [KR3607 ], Pat **Dale** [KR3587 ], Frankie **Price** [KR4000] and Cliff **Sargent**. As far as I was concerned, it was great to see how many youngsters were so keen to be amongst the first to join.

The most important event that I can remember, was when we were told to report to our temporary HQ which was situated in an ex-army camp opposite Nairobi West Airport (now Wilson Airport), to be kitted out. The uniforms were all crumpled, the boots new, the webbing had never seen any blanco, and the brass was going to need a serious amount of polishing.

Next came the parade; most of us had no idea about drill, though I had been a cadet at school so had some idea, that was until RSM **Pendrey** got hold of us! Much of our kit was either too big or too small, so we had a chance to exchange; I managed to change my boots. Afterwards, we retired to the canteen where we had a good laugh over a few beers.

My tailor redesigned my military clothing; washed and ironed, it looked smart, and I was very proud of my tailored uniform, gleaming boots and shining brass.

The next parade was some three weeks later and most of us received a ‘rocket,’ for ‘not being up to scratch’; however, we were quick learners and soon looked like soldiers. Parades were no joke and held every two weeks; once we had mastered foot drill we were issued rifles, and arms drill became the next priority.

Then on 4<sup>th</sup> November 1950, the 1<sup>st</sup> Bn The Kenya Regiment was presented with Colours by his Excellency the Governor of Kenya, at a parade in Nairobi where we were honoured with the Freedom of the City, marching through town with bayonets fixed, flags flying, and music provided by the Band of the KAR.

Then we marched all the way back to our HQ, quite a distance, and we were all clapped out!

The next big event was the annual camp in August 1951, in the Ngong Hills. I think we all enjoyed it, especially the sports day when all our girl friends were invited. The camp finished off with a fairly rowdy party, aided by the noise of numerous thunder flashes!

On 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1954, we celebrated the opening our new RHQ, just past the Nairobi Club, by HRH Princess Elizabeth, accompanied by her husband the Duke of Edinburgh, and HE Governor of Kenya and other dignitaries. On her arrival, HRH was greeted with the Royal Salute and the Royal Standard was ‘broken’. HRH inspected the guard, after which she was invited to open the RHQ. As the Royal party exited the building HRH was accorded a second Royal Salute and our CO, Lt Col Dunstan Adams (DA) called for three cheers. That evening we attended a ball in the RHQ where we wore our new No. 1s.

The next major event was the declaration of the Emergency about which we had been forewarned to expect full time call up, which occurred on 20 October 1952.

Margaret and I were due to get married on 29 October and all arrangements had been made. On my arrival at work on 20 October my boss, Frank **Venville** [KR1830] advised me that I had been called up, and had to report to RHQ immediately. My response was 'you must be joking, I'm getting married at the end of the month!'

One can imagine how I felt, what about the wedding, honeymoon etc. and would I be able to get leave? Margaret immediately approached her boss, Capt Angus **McDonald** [KR5605], but whilst it was not his top priority at that time, he said he would look into it, and try and make some arrangement. Angus later advised Margaret that I had been given four days leave, he was sorry, but that was the best he could do.

In the mean time I reported to RHQ was promoted to Sgt and posted to the **Lancashire Fusiliers** (LF) who were based at RAF, Eastleigh. Next day with several other newly promoted, and pale looking Sgts, I reported to the Adjutant, LF.

Next morning, we mustered on this huge parade ground, and told to fall in behind the LF who were all 'spit and polished.' Then their RSM appeared, called the parade to attention and inspected his men. He was far from pleased with our turn out, and gave us a right royal bollocking, 'having never seen such a scruffy lot on any parade ground!'

I should explain the LF had been flown in from the Suez where for the past year all they had been doing was 'spit and polish' and parades, so, understandably they looked very smart. With a great deal of help from the LF's we were shown many short cuts to get our kit in reasonable nick, and thus managed to avoid further dressing downs from the RSM.

The next couple of weeks were spent 'showing the flag', sitting in the back of army trucks driving around Nairobi and outlying districts, then spending half the night cleaning our equipment. I often wondered by the LF couldn't 'show the flag' without us as we were seconded to them as interpreters and guides!

We were ordered not to shoot anyone under any circumstances whatsoever, and if we fired a round we would be on orders; it was a horrible period.

After two weeks of 'showing the flag' we were given leave as the LF had nothing for us to do until all their equipment arrived by sea, after which they would be deployed to various areas.

When I reported to RHQ I was advised that the Company to which I was attached had been moved to Gilgil; but when I arrived at Gilgil they had been deployed between Ol Kalou and Thomson's Falls, with instructions to patrol areas bordering the Aberdares, Kipipiri, Ol Bolossat and Marmanet, and the T. Falls township. Coy HQ was under canvas right next to Barry's Hotel; this was good news for me as I could get the odd good meal at the hotel, with a bit of trout fishing in the evening.

All my patrols at this juncture comprised myself and two LF soldiers and sometimes a WO; all we did was call on as many farmers in the vicinity as we could, to see if all was OK; not very exciting as we never saw a terr. Transport for these patrols was my car and I was allowed to claim mileage allowance from KR RHQ.



These patrols continued for several weeks until farmers arranged guards, and communications between farms and a central HQ in T.F. were improved; sirens, lights and rockets were mandatory on all farms.

Then we began two to three day foot patrols, comprising a platoon, and self contained for the duration. Our orders were to try and locate tracks of food carriers and evidence of stock movement and to advise HQ by radio. These patrols were not arduous as they were along river lines bordered by thick forest. We made no contact with terrorists so spent part of the day fishing for trout. If hand lines proved unsuccessful, the explosion of a weighted thunderflash stunned a few fish, which I fried in butter in my mess tins; a refreshing change from bully beef and dog biscuits!

Surprisingly the LF couldn't be bothered to cook fish! The worst periods of any patrol were the freezing nights; blankets but no sleeping bags. At this stage the LF were patrolling in their once highly buffed hobnailed boots which were not intended for hopping over boulders or crossing rivers!

After some ten patrols we moved closer to the foothills of the Aberdares, where climbing up and down gullies was quite a different story. These were seven day patrols, with one airdrop in the bamboo or mountain forests, which was unsuccessful. Most of our air drops were never found or exploded when hitting a tree or fell into impenetrable bamboo thickets. Air drop rations for our African trackers consisted of *posho*, sugar, salt, tea and tinned meat, all poorly packed and unusable after hitting a tree. One thing we were never short off was meat; sheep and goats were found wandering around, so we never starved.

Adding to our discomfort were the loads each man had to carry as we were not operating from a permanent base; three days rations with an air drop on day three; weapons, ammunition, grenades, blankets and a two man bivvy, carried by one of the men sharing accommodation, and very heavy after a night's rain.

The platoon comprised nine men, four, including the radio operator, armed with stens, two with rifles, a Bren gunner and two trackers armed with shotguns. The latter carried considerably less but did assist carrying some of the equipment.

We enjoyed some success on one patrol when we killed three food carriers, one of whom was armed. On another occasion while patrolling along an elephant track we came face to face with a gang. The leading tracker fired over their heads and the gang dispersed in all directions, as did the patrol!

I saw a member of the gang running down a steep slope and fired several rounds from my Webley revolver which I carried, in addition to a rifle. I ran after him, but he vanished 'into thin air'. I suspected that he may have dived into an animal hole so I pulled the pin and rolled a grenade into a hole but have no idea if it resulted in a kill.

We had several encounters with black rhino in the forest area which improved the patrol's tree climbing ability. After the rhino had passed we would regroup and enjoy a good but nervous laugh. On one of our patrols we were accompanied by a Capt **Grover** and were bivouacked in an open glade in the middle of which were a few small overhanging trees.

Later we heard a loud snorting noise and a rhino came charging straight for the camp. I remember the Capt. jumping up and swinging a leg over a low branch, with an enraged rhino just a few yards

away; it ran right under him and seconds after disappearing into the forest the branch broke – a close encounter of a different kind!

On another occasion we were ambushing a track, which indicated heavy use, and we suspected a good food supply route for the terrorists. Round about midnight when I was on guard I heard branches being broken and rumbling noises; it turned out to be a small herd of elephant feeding and getting uncomfortably close to our position.

I quickly woke the rest of the patrol and suggested they climb into the trees under which we were camped for the night. This was done with alacrity and soon the elephant moved through our camp smelling our blankets, pots, mess tins etc. They never noticed us, nor got our scent and so passed on their way.

It was as I was climbing up a tree that my shoulder popped out, it had been dislocated before when falling off a pickup, whilst shooting rabbits at night, some months previously and had been giving me a lot of trouble. Getting down was a painful process!

On our return to camp we were given a few days leave and I decided to visit the Company doctor. X-rays indicated a damaged shoulder, necessitating an operation, after which my arm was strapped across my chest for six weeks. When the strapping was removed I was unable to move my arm.

After another six weeks sick leave, I reported to KR RHQ and was placed on light duties in the MT section, where I remained for the rest of my call up as MT Sergeant. I then took over from Frank (*Cocky*) **Price** who was released for essential services with E. A. Airways. This was great as I could sleep at home except when I was on guard duty. The MTO was Capt Pat **Molloy** [KR5703] and John **Fraser** [KR3837] later joined the section. My main responsibility was to purchase spares for KR transport which meant I was down-town Nairobi most days. It was great fun testing vehicles that had undergone major repairs; taking jeeps and Landrovers onto a piece of *bundu* which had some steep inclines and rough terrain.

Capt **Molloy**, recalled by his company Motor Mart was replaced by Lt Dave **Mathews** [KR5689], later promoted to Capt. During Dave's tenure he organized an HQ hockey team, for which I played a few times against local Nairobi sides

Then in December 1954 I was posted to the Reserve and finally completed my military commitment to the Regiment on 27<sup>th</sup> March 1958, after which I was never requested to perform any duties. It felt a bit like leaving school when I went to the QM stores to hand in all my kit and equipment, most of it first issued on my very first parade at Nairobi West.

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### LATE CORRESPONDENCE

Keith **Elliot** [KR4289]: mini-Sitrep forty! That is 20 years of reporting, editing, proof reading, publishing and distribution and money gathering [Ed: *Not quite true; the first edition of m-S was IV, following on from SITREPS 1-3.*] My sincere congratulations, I don't know how you do it! Another bonanza collections of the old and the new - if Mau-Mau days can be called new!

A couple of comments on this issue; I know you probably don't want to alter submitted articles, but I must comment on a few.

First, the photo resolution on front page is absolutely amazing! [Ed: *Great printers!*]

Ahmed of Marsabit, I remember him well. Would love to know what happened to those incredible tusks. I heard that **Jomo** got his hands on them, then that they were in the vaults of Barclays in Nairobi. I reckon their story would make a great follow up feature for next issue, and I would request Dennis, reading in copy, to let us have the facts of the matter. Dennis has replied suggesting the Coryndon Museum, I doubt it because of security fears!

In Mike **Tetley**'s article on page 10, a Fred **Gay**(?) briefly mentions the incident when Jim **Lapraik** was shot by a Devon's 2Lt during an encounter with a rhino in the forest. Jim told me that he was second in line on the forest track, having put the Lt at the back of the patrol, where he could do no damage to anyone (sic) when a rhino charged down the track from the front.

Most of the section stepped smartly to the side of the track, as was the correct drill, but the Lt opened up with his Sten at the rhino, thinking he would save the day, and hit Jim instead, not three times but five or six! Fortunately the bullets from a Sten. had very little impact power, and Jim survived them all. He would certainly not have opened up on a rhino himself with a Sten as mentioned in the article.

Still on the Sten. the Mau-Mau wore many layers of clothing, normally including a khaki overcoat, and when these were damp, there were occasions when the Sten bullets, fired at twenty yards, did not even penetrate to the man's skin! Later we were issued with Patchetts, which were a little better.

In later years, when I visited Jim in Exeter, Devon, I asked him why he chose to settle in this particular County in England. He replied, "I had so much Devon blood in me (donated by the very embarrassed Devon officers), that it seemed the right thing to do!"

On page 58, the pilot of the plane leaving Dar to Mwanza, is quoted as saying, "we are turning on to a North-East course to Mwanza" If the direction was correct, he would have ended up nearer The Seychelles, than Mwanza!

When mentioning the African Queen on page 63, he gets his Dirk **Bogard** mixed up with his Humphrey **Bogardt**. And again on page 65, he says he is going from Nairobi to Malindi via Lamu Island Airport! Not even cars are allowed on Lamu, never mind bloody great aeroplanes! [Ed: *Many thanks - will so advise the author*] Somebody has changed my print size, can't be me, I have only had three glasses of Chenin Blanc this evening.

Loved the Kenya Cowboy bit at the end! I recollect well, hitting Nairobi in my Land Rover, in my DO days, after a month on duty in Embu, leather boots, .45 on my hip an 'all, with Marlize **Graf**'s phone number, and plenty money and a weekend to spend it all, the original pseudo Kenya Cowboy! [Ed: *Having read John Higginson's earlier article, plenty of cowboys in Nairobi; surprised there were no shootouts at the OK Stanley Long Bar.*]

Bruce, there is no implied criticism above, just that I know you like folk to tell it as they see it - you do don't you? Can just see you huddled over your computer in Howick, right now, muttering "Not another bloody e- mail from Elliot!" Am I right?

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ASSOCIATION LUNCHEES

SA Branch – Gauteng – 5<sup>th</sup> November 2011



**Front row: GUEST; JANICE & RAY REID; GUEST; JIM AND COLLEEN PIRIE**

**Back row: DES BRISTOW; ELAINE & JOHN DUGMORE; MIKE ANDREWS; JEAN-ANN & DON FINDLAY; MICKEY SHAW**



**Front row: STIFFY MERCIER; KEITH ELLIOT; BOET de BRUIN; LYNETTE KOEKEMOER**

**Second: DIANA VAN RENSBURG; JAMES & VAL DANIEL; JEAN ANDREWS; PATSY ELIOT**

**Back: EILEEN KLEYNHANS; ?; KOSIE KLEYNHANS; ALAN JONES; BETTY DRURY; JACKIE McDONNELL; LISA SPARKS**

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Cape lunch at Mowbray Golf Club: 19<sup>th</sup> July 2012. [Photos by Geoff Trollope [KR6987]



Joy **Trollope** and Felix **Baddeley** [KR4030]    Mike **Armstrong** [KR4026] and Jock **Boyd** [KR6075]

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Pictured below, celebrating Brian **Carr-Hartley's** 70<sup>th</sup>: L/R: Pete **Smith** [KR7585]; John **Pembridge** [KR7429]; Alan **Price** [KR7428]; Brian [second son of Carr [KR215]; Nick **Hames** and Andrew **Cobb** [KR6799].



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MY TIME WITH THE HOME SERVICE FORCE (V), 6 LIGHT INFANTRY

[John Proctor [KR6686]

Although I am not unique in having both a Kenya Regiment number and a British Army one (24770293), as I have read in previous editions of several chaps having both on joining the British Armed Forces, I do believe I am possibly unique in having served in the Home Service Force (V), 6 Light Infantry, based in Bath. This is how it came about:

I came across an advert for this Force and went down one evening to Salisbury, Wiltshire, to see them on parade and liked what I saw. Furthermore, I was informed that 'E' Coy 6 Battalion Light Infantry (V) was based much nearer to where I lived in Bath.

So I applied and was accepted. It looks as though all our records were removed from Kenya prior to Independence as they seemed to know more about me than I knew myself; anyway sufficient proof was furnished of my service with the Kenya Regiment. [Ed – Kenya Regiment records are kept at the Army Personnel Centre in Glasgow].

I should add at this point that membership of the Home Service Force (V) was open to all former members of the three fighting services (we only had one ex-matelot) including the Territorial Army. We had a large number of ex-RAF Regiment chaps who I reckon were of the highest calibre. Our strength really lay in the fact that we had people who had worn every past or present cap badge and all different skills – admittedly in my case somewhat rusty! For instance, our CO was an ex-Tankie (Tank Corps) and his second-in-command was ex-Coldstream Guards whilst my platoon commander had seen Emergency service in Kenya with the KSLI. I do, however, believe that to the best of my knowledge I was the sole ex-Kenya Regiment man and thus an object of some interest.

Anyway, in April 1986 at the age of forty seven, I attended my first evening parade, held every first Tuesday in the month, with a commitment broadly the same as our own Regiment with weekend exercises. I attended everything that was going as I felt that I had discovered a new spiritual home. Sadly, we were disbanded under the cuts so my second three-year Run Our Date (termination of service) in 1993 was my last and like the Kenya Regiment we are struggling to keep afloat with the Grim Reaper making his inevitable depredations – 'O tempora! O mores!'

My first weekend exercise was at New Zealand Camp on Salisbury Plain. We formed in 'sticks' of three – my two companions in crime, who became firm friends, were Bill (ex-Sergeant with twelve years' regular service with the King's Liverpool and Manchester Regiment) and Merv (ex-Sergeant with twelve years' regular service with the Royal Regiment of Wales). These fellows, and many like them, had done many tours in Northern Ireland and abroad and were the salt of the Earth. If ever I had any doubts that they would have been radically different to the type of chaps we had in the Regiment and their general attitudes to life in general, they were quickly dispelled – we shared the same goals. It was June and the weather was sublime. The exercise went well and we acquitted ourselves notably causing mayhem and chaos in our enemies' ranks. It was like riding a bike and you never forgot the skills so well implanted in us by the Kenya Regiment!

The next exercise on the Isle of Wight in September 1986 was even better, though it rained all the time. My role was relevant as I was quite fluent in Russian and was able to massively disrupt our enemies' plans and communications, preventing them from landing their 'invasion forces' on the Island.



Above: SEARCHING A SUSPECT VEHICLE DURING THE ISLE OF WIGHT EXERCISE. JOHN ON THE LEFT

I should mention here that our role was firstly a defence one for key points; thus we would suddenly deploy at military bases, airfields etc. Incidentally, we always hated the tag 'Dad's Army' and I was one of the oldest members of our Company. Secondly, in the event of a Warsaw Pact strike across Northern Europe, our other role was the protection of shops, businesses and fuel supplies. Then came 'Perestroika and Glasnost' in the shape of Mikhail Gorbachev and the rest is, as they say, history.

We wore the Light Infantry Bugle cap badge with pride, were issued with the SLR (self-loading rifle) and latterly the infamous SA 80. We 'marched' at the extra Light Infantry 'gallop' putting us in excellent company with the Gurkhas no less.

Our role was UK mainland only but in 1989 a small party of us went with 6LI (V) to Cyprus to provide camp security with the resurgence of an EOKA/IRA threat on the Island. Also having trained at Tidworth Barracks as a Medic I found myself ministering to the entire Battalion's needs in the absence of our RAMC Major. This provided some hairy moments in the form of a suspect heart attack (it was actually heat stroke!), a subaltern who fell off a high building in a FIBUA (Fighting in Built Up Areas) exercise, a young man who had impaled himself on a six-inch nail (he wasn't wearing his helmet!) and finally a young WRAC (Women's Royal Army Corps) girl who had an imminent rupture of the appendix, which subsequently burst in a helicopter CASEVAC, but we didn't lose her.

Sadly, after eight years it all came to an end under 'the cuts' but they were good times, taking me through most of the UK and seeing areas not normally accessible to the public; and being paid the going rate (regular army rates for the privilege!) by a 'grateful' government.

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KENYA REGIMENT GUESTBOOK

[Ed: Total number of visitors to the guestbook: 8,597; with 1,038 'hits' since m-S XXXX was printed in June 2012.]

Robert **Evans** <rae4@kent.ac.uk> 7 May 2012, from London: Have just found this website! I am the grandson of Llewellyn Bramwell Lewis **Evans** [KR44]; POW; KDF/KR (1937-39); KAR (Capt 1939-45); KPR (District Commandant during Emergency), who passed away in 2007. Extremely interested to hear from anyone who might have known him.

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David **Hilbourne** [KR4133] <david.hilbourne3@gmail.com> 22/05/2012, from East Sussex: Reading m-S XXXIX; so many familiar names. Deidre (née **Davies**) and I moved to England in 1968, but have seen a lot of the world since then; *Jambo* to all my old mates.

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Geoff **Trollope** [KR6987] <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za> 24/05/2012 from Somerset Wes: Anybody passing by, give us a call

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Harriet **Thomson** <harbourlady99@hotmail.com> 12/06/2012 from South coast of England: Seeking any information on Michael Alastair Cort **Dunn** [KR3504], who was in the Kenya Regiment about 1945-1954; lost touch too many years ago. Don't know if he is even alive. Any help would be appreciated.

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Gavin **MacHutchin** [KR7490] <gavincarole@nventure.com> 12/06/2012 from Washington: I believe the Kenya Air Auxiliary Unit (KAAU) was established when the Regiment was called up at the beginning of WWII. It consisted of pilots who all transferred to the RAF shortly afterwards. I was told it had about 30 members. I investigated the unit when I purchased one of its cap badges.

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Peter **Humphreys** [KR4300] <kenyapag@kenyapages.net.nz> 17/06/2012: Look me up on my website <http://www.kenyapages.net.nz>

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Jodette **Pallante** <phoenixbahati@hotmail.com> 15/08/2012 from Queensland: Greetings all, I'm on the search for information of my grandfather Smart **Potgieter** b.1914 in SA. I have no idea when he relocated to Kenya but his four children were born in Nakuru between 1941-1950 to his wife Anne (**von Kaufmann**). He was a member of the KR and the KAR, served in the Northern Frontier District, and at some time was the Forester at Bahati Forest Station. Any further information about him or links to resources would be greatly appreciated. p.s. is there a way to obtain enlistment documentation? [Ed: Assuming that her g/father is KR1022 Potgieter, Smartryk Triegaardt, I sent Jodette relevant addresses etc]



David **Duncan** [KR6813] <davidrita.duncan@btinternet.com> 25/08/2012 from Wiltshire: I am hoping to contact anyone who may remember me. I did my square bashing at Lanet1958, then Nairobi with EAR&H, moving to Sydney in 1961; am looking for Peter **Russell** [KR6782].

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David **Duncan** 30/8/2012 - An amendment to the first message - Peter **Russell** located, and now contacted by John Hall, what a great site eh?

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Mike **Norris** [CCF] <norris.mikeh@gmail.com> 11/9/2012 from KZ-N: Trying to connect with Anne **Faulkner**, wife of late Mike [KR6462?] (ex-St Mary's) and mother of Kurt and Carl; ex-Mombasa now in Australia, possibly Adelaide area.

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Ralph **Burns** [KR4694 <ralphburns@hotmail.co.uk> 13/9/2012 from England: Does anyone know an address or phone number for Ernie **Nicholson** [KR4503]. Lost contact with him about five months ago; he was living in Thailand but he said he had to go to Australia to renew his visa. Have not had any contact since then.

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Jock **Boyd** [KR6075] <mcluckie@kingsleyemail.co.za> 9/11/2012 from Cape Town: Request from Felix **Baddeley** [KR4030] who is not on-line and would like to make contact with Mike **Elphick** [KR4035]; Hugo **Fjasted** [KR4042] and Richard **Titman** [KR4016]. If anyone has contact with above give us a *habari* through this web page.

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### LOOKING BACK

[Ed: *In the course of trying to bolster Stiffy's morale whilst recuperating, George McKnight sent this article. All of a sudden the surname Titman appears more than once in this edition of m-S, leading to the question, "Where is he?"*]

#### A BRIEF ENCOUNTER. [George **McKnight** KR4246]

In April 1954, the Patrol Companies of the Kenya Regiment were pulled out of the forests and moved to Nairobi to participate in Operation Anvil. The objective of Operation Anvil was to pick up all Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribesmen and send them to screening camps where their commitments to Mau Mau would be established. A considerable undertaking – it involved a number of units and lasted about a month.

One morning, Lance Corporal **McKnight** was leading his troops down what is now called Mfangano St. He beckoned a young man wearing a driver's uniform and cap, who appeared likely to be a KEM tribesman and who promptly disappeared up a flight of stairs. I followed him and found him at the top of the stairs in discussion with an elderly dark haired *mzungu*.

The gentleman questioned my desire to take the man away. However, he addressed me as “Corporal” – a bit of flattery - and asked my name. I began to think he questioned the authority of my single stripe and my nineteen years.

Elderly Gentleman: “This is very inconvenient; after all, he is the Mayor’s Driver!”

Young Lance Corporal: “Please tell the Mayor that I have taken his driver away for screening.”

Elderly Gentleman: “I am the Mayor!”

I realised then the gentleman was Mr Harold **Travis**, a well respected Nairobi businessman who had served more than one term as Mayor of Nairobi. However, I stuck to my guns and the Mayor’s Driver was handed in for screening.

That afternoon, Mr. **Travis** rang my father and asked him, “Stanley do you have a son in the Kenya Regiment?” My father’s reply was “what has he done?” They shared a few chuckles. I never heard what became of the driver.

There was an interesting sequel to this story. In 1964, when I was running a pharmaceutical agency business in Kampala, another company Howse & McGeorge Ltd was changing hands. They advertised the position of Sales Manager for East Africa. I applied and was invited to meet the two new Directors/Shareholders for lunch at Nairobi Club. Mr. Harold **Travis** said “I believe we have met.” I said “I was hoping you might have forgotten.” Sir Colin **Campbell** said “Mr **Travis** never forgets anything.” Happily I was offered the job.

I moved back to Nairobi – and have been based here ever since, and, for the past thirty years I have been running my own business.

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RICHARD TITMAN [KR4016]. In the three Patrol Companies of the Regiment it was the *dasturi* that all the guys would get a 48 hour pass every six weeks or so, with transport to Nairobi and back to the Company’s base somewhere on the forest edge; an opportunity to recharge batteries; meet up with friends from other units and let our hair down.

Prior to call-up, Richard **Titman** was a buddy of Jim **Lapraik** [KR4299], Howie **Clarke** [KR4787], Dingo **Plenderleith** [KR4551] and Jimmy **Cruickshank**. Being slightly older, he may have been a bad influence; not that they needed any! They were real tear-aways! Richard was doing time in Gilgil military detention barracks for some relatively minor atrocity, by Richard’s standards, when I joined ‘B’ Coy. This gave him some kind of celebrity status on his return - I think he had already established himself as something of a rebel!

Later, while on a 48 hour pass and after an evening in town with friends, Richard walked round the corner of Government Road and Hardinge Street near the Scotch Wool Shop around 2am. He came across a smallish gentleman trying to remove a ‘No Parking’ sign, pushing it this way and that way to loosen it. He crept up behind the smallish gentleman and said “Can I help you?” The man turned round, to Titman’s great surprise it was Col Guy **Campbell**, our CO. and the man who had sent **Titman** to Gilgil! Private **Titman** had caught him in the act of pilfering!

The Colonel was a bit taken aback; recognised **Titman** and said, “Well Titman, just pull this thing out will you, while I go to pick up my Land Rover”. **Titman** did as he was told, and put it in the

back of the Land Rover. Later that morning Richard reported to RHQ for transport back to 'B' Coy. He was crossing the drill square, with a nice piece of wrought ironwork, purloined from some shop front, over his shoulder. There was a loud shout from the access to the Colonel's office



THE TITMAN SALUTE

"Titman!" Richard turned around, and saluted,  
 "Sir".  
 "What are you doing Titman?"  
 "Nothing, Sir".  
 "Where are you going, Titman?"  
 "Nowhere, Sir".  
 "What is that over your left shoulder, Titman?"  
 "Nothing, Sir".  
 "Very good, Titman. Carry on."

I don't know what became of the 'No Parking' sign, but I would not be surprised if it reserved a parking space in RHQ for a certain gentleman.

Later 'B' Coy had a base on the forest edge near Ragati, south-west Mount Kenya. We had a canteen tent here. Richard's buddy then was Jim **Fox** [KR3716]. Kevin **Tighe** [KR4518], still a commercial artist in Tasmania, painted a beautiful sign - The Fox and Tit - featuring a Red Fox and a lady's bosom - it hung from the piece of wrought iron work acquired by Private Richard **Titman**, Prison Graduate. [Ed: *Photo from John Davis*]



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Frank (*Stiffy*) **Mercier** [KR4211] writes to Keith **Elliot** [KR4289], copied to George **McKnight**. *Jambo*, from a very tired, frustrated old man at the "Home for Old People"; frustrated because I am not very mobile, basically due to the need for extra oxygen. Daughter Helen is busy trying to organise a Travel Pack, which will then allow me a little freedom providing I can walk satisfactorily. Currently, confined to my room; suppose I must show a little patience and wait my turn!

Richard John **Titman**. What a character - a real *mokora* ; always up to mischief along the line somewhere, Yes, I did actually escort him to DB at Gilgil. He was charged with impersonating a junior officer in that he did remove the three stripes from a senior NCO's great coat, attach them to his own uniform and thereafter parade as a senior NCO. He was found guilty and sentenced to six months at Gilgil. I was then instructed that I would deliver him safely. When we got to the gates of the barracks and the duty officer ascertained who we were and whence we came, a very loud voice rang out "Prisoner and escort at the double." I got such a fright and for a moment imagined myself ending up in 'chooky' with the prisoner.

Yes! you guessed it, at the end of the six months I was sent back to Gilgil to bring **Titman** back to RHQ. All the stories around his six month incarceration were well covered by Sid **Moscoff** [KR4130] in one of the early Sitreps he put out.

## HOW THE INTERNET GOT STARTED?

[Submitted by Colin **Bompas** KR4926]

In ancient Israel, it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Com did take unto himself a young wife by the name of Dot. And Dot Com was a comely woman, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she was often called Amazon Dot Com. And she said unto Abraham, her husband, "Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?"

And Abraham did look at her as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load, but simply said, "How, dear?"

And Dot replied, "I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale, and they will reply telling you who hath the best price. And the sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by Uriah's Pony Stable (UPS)."

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success. Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever having to move from his tent.

To prevent neighbouring countries from overhearing what the drums were saying, Dot devised a system that only she and the drummers knew. It was known as Must Send Drum Over Sound (MSDOS), and she also developed a language to transmit ideas and pictures - Hebrew To The People (HTTP).

And the young men did take to Dot Com's trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Sybarites, or NERDS.

And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to that enterprising drum dealer, Brother William of Gates, who bought off every drum maker in the land. And indeed did insist on drums to be made that would work only with Brother Gates' drumheads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say, "Oh, Abraham, what we have started is being taken over by others." And Abraham looked out over the Bay of Ezekiel, or eBay as it came to be known. He said, "We need a name that reflects what we are."

And Dot replied, "Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators." "YAHOO," said Abraham. And because it was Dot's idea, they named it YAHOO Dot Com.

Abraham's cousin, Joshua, being the young Gregarious Energetic Educated Kid (GEEK) that he was, soon started using Dot's drums to locate things around the countryside.

It soon became known as God's Own Official Guide to Locating Everything (GOOGLE).

That is how it all began. And that's the truth.

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## KENYA REGIMENT – SOME ITEMS OF UNIFORM

[Michael Schuster]

I thought it worth recording for posterity a few pieces of Regimental uniform with professional photography, for they are not easy objects to photograph successfully. The photographer in this case was Jan **Starnes** of the specialist numismatic/military auctioneers **Dix Noonan Webb**, and the illustrations which form the centre fold of mini-SITREP XLI, are the result. Thus, everyone who receives a copy will have a decent record of some of the Regiment's best known items. If you have additional observations or corrections please send them to the Editor. From the onset, I would like to thank John **Davis** [KR7457] for his help and suggestions.

Cap badges, collar dogs and shoulder titles. The original brass cap badge and collar dogs are at the top showing the earlier collar dogs without the T & F (Territorial Force) scroll. Brass shoulder titles and buttons are shown at the bottom of the photograph with the officers' flat-topped dress button in the centre. Following a review by the Dress Committee when Lt Col Dick **Vernon** was CO, the silver cap badge and collar dogs were introduced in 1960, acknowledging the formal alliance with the King's Royal Rifle Corps (60<sup>th</sup> Rifles) (KRRC) in 1956; from its earliest days, in the eighteenth century, the 60<sup>th</sup> Rifles cap badge has always been silver. At this time certain other changes were made, such as the introduction of black buttons with an embossed buffalo on the parade uniform.

Slouch hat, side hat, lanyard and officer's and NCO's swagger stick.

The slouch hat is probably the Regiment's most iconic item of uniform. This was adopted in the early 1940s as formal field-dress head gear instead of the old fashioned, heavier pith helmet or 'topee'.

The regimental flash with its brown, red and green colours represented respectively: brown for the African *askari*, red for the permanent staff, largely made up of British Army Guardsmen who ran the Regiment when it was first formed and who trained its soldiers, and green for the country Kenya where the young men who made up the Regiment lived.

The regimental badge of a charging cape buffalo was chosen by some of the Regiment's very first members. The suggestion of the African bee, by the unit's first CO, Lt Col Alfred **Dunstan Adams** [KR1], was rejected in favour of the buffalo, a decision described as follows by Lt Col John **Garvey** [KR 49] in an article in *Buffalo Barua* No. 3:

*'Cyril **Redhead** [KR4], Cecil Valentine [KR5] and others, didn't think much of DA's suggestion. Finally, so Cyril (who did all the designs) told me, Brigadier Jackie **Campbell**, commanding Northern Brigade, suggested the buffalo. Cyril, (at the time art master at the Prince of Wales School) drew the designs from the buffalo statuette in the Nairobi club which had been made in memory of Frederick Courtney Selous, (the hunter).'*

The hackle, made from black ostrich feathers, was adopted when the slouch hat came into use and was that of the King's African Rifles (KAR). It represented the particularly close ties that the Kenya Regiment had with the KAR – a reminder indeed that the original, fundamental concept for the Regiment had been 'to supply officers, non-commissioned officers, and instructors for the expansion of the King's African Rifles' in the event of war. The black hackle, which dates from 1919, was initially worn by 1 KAR (**Moyse Bartlett's** 'The King's African Rifles'), and adopted by all KAR battalions following their uniform reorganisation in 1930.

The *pagri* (Hindi for turban) a turban-derived, multi-fold hat band, was a requirement for the original pith helmet, and part of the wartime slouch hats which replaced it, with or without the



KENYA REGIMENT



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narrow regimental colour ribbons. The lower slouch hat pictured is from the early 1940s with the broad *pagri* and colours. It is perhaps the Regiment's most famous head-dress, that of Col **Dunstan Adams**, now in the Royal Green Jackets' (RGJ) Museum in Winchester. The upper slouch hat, with the plain, narrow khaki linen hat band, was standard issue during the 1950s, although the slouch hat with the regimental colours included in the *pagri* was used as standard parade uniform from the late 1950s until the Regiment was suspended.

The side cap, shown upper right, also known as a *field service cap* or *fore-and-aft cap*, was worn as being particularly practical, like the subsequent beret, with battledress, though it was by no means limited to the 'field'. Initially the colour was dark blue and the 'blue cloth field service cap with regimental badge' is indicated in the original 1937 Kenya Regiment Ordinance and Regulations as the head dress for 'Officer's mess uniform in camp'. Clearly there were also variations, like the one pictured here in the regimental colours, available to order if you could afford them, as was the case with many regiments of the period. The side cap was eventually replaced, first in the early to mid-1950s by a dark blue beret, and then in 1956 by the dark green beret following the formal alliance with the KRRC.

The officer's and NCO's swagger stick is silver tipped and silver topped, with the buffalo motif proud on the ball-cap. This one was my father's, Major WRF **Schuster** [KR 1840/3838/5692].

The lanyard pictured, also my father's, is made up of black, red and green strands and must have been standard issue. One might have expected that it would have had a brown strand rather than a black one to match the colours of the regimental flash, but I have not come across such an example. All the other lanyards I have seen are also made up of black, red and green strands including the two in the regimental archive, the one belonging to Michael **Tremlett** [KR4379], those belonging to Col **Dunstan Adams** and those in archive photographs. A significant piece of additional evidence giving the reason why the black, red and green strands were chosen comes from John **Garvey's** article in *Buffalo Barua* No. 2, where he writes:

*'...the original Kenya Regiment lanyard was a bit of brown cordage, so when we reformed I was given a new lanyard, which I still have, which, I think, was designed by Edward de las Casas [Rifle Brigade (RB) and second-in-command to Lt Col C. J. Valentine when the Regiment was reformed in March 1950]. He had incorporated the green and black of the Rifle Brigade(\*) with the regimental colours of the KRRC to make a new Kenya Regiment lanyard. I believe this to be true but I have nothing with which to substantiate what I have written. If supporting evidence is required, I believe that only two people may be able to provide it; one is Capt Teddy Phillips, MC (60<sup>th</sup>) former adjutant, and the other is Kathleen Dobson [DA's daughter].'* (\* The green and black lanyard of the KRRC/ RGJ can clearly be seen in the photograph of Maj Gen Peter Welsh on the cover of mini-SITREP XXXX.)

Most of the Permanent Staff Instructors (PSIs) appointed on the reformation of the regiment were from either the RB or the KRRC, which adds weight to what John **Garvey** wrote. There is no mention of a lanyard in the original 1937 Kenya Regiment Ordinance and Regulations about uniforms, though it is very detailed about practically everything else uniform-related. It seems that prior to the reforming of the Regiment in 1950 there was no 'multi-coloured' lanyard, but only a 'bit of brown cordage' as John **Garvey** puts it, and that Kenya Regiment men were only issued with a lanyard around the time of the Second World War when they were seconded to other units; if, for example, the KAR, then they adopted a KAR lanyard.

[Ed: *If you would like copies of the centre fold photograph, please contact me and I will e-m them.*]

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