# mini-SITREP XLIII


**Edited by the Kenya Regiment Association (KwaZulu-Natal) – December 2013**

KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2014

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane — Sun 17th Aug
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Cuisine, 512 Christine Ave, Robina — Sun 23rd Nov
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Caloundra Power Boat Club — Sun 4th May
Contact: Giles Shaw <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>
Perth: Bayswater Hotel (?) — Sep/Oct (TBA)
Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolley <a.jolley38@optusnet.com.au>
EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney — Sun 26th Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: Royal Logistic Corps Officers Mess, Camberley — Jul (TBA)
Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse — 9th Nov
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Lunch at Soljans Winery, Kumeu, Auckland — Oct (TBA)
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@kingsleymail.co.za>
Johannesburg: Lunch at German Club, Johannesburg — Apr & Oct (TBA)
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam — 16/3; 15/6; 14/9; 23/11
Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or
Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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

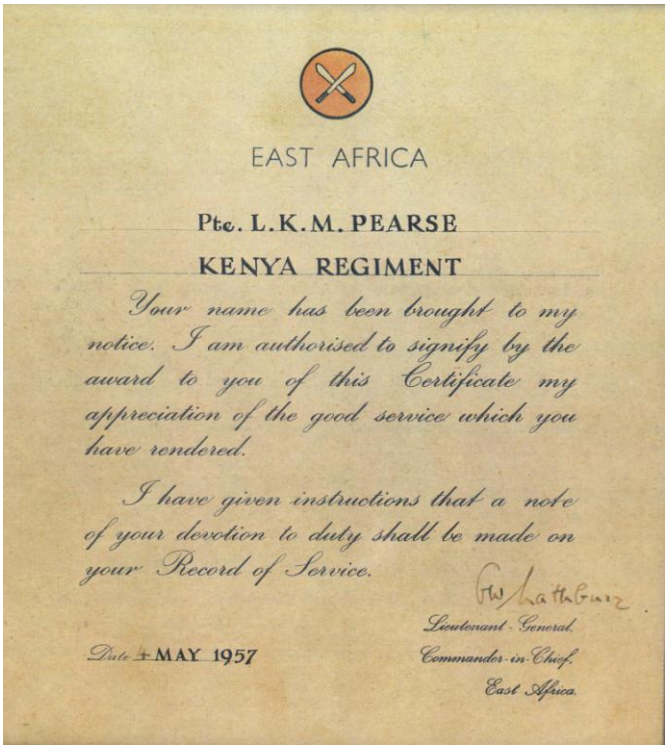
Kenya Regiment Website <www.Kenyaregiment.org> is now run by Iain Morrison's, son Iain.

[Ed: *I would like to thank John Davis [KR7457] for ongoing editorial advice, John Catton, Editor of Rhino Link for allowing me to use his articles in m-S, and Betty Bales (née Jenkins) wife of Graham [KR6563], for proof-reading*]

Front cover: **Painting by local artist, Mike Norris (CCF) of the Lead/Cardwell Mercedes 220SE in the 1964 EA Safari Rally, and registered Tanganyika Dar es Salaam – (pp 38/40). Over the years, members of the Regiment have taken part in the Safari, as drivers and co-drivers/navigators, others on the ground as controllers (pp29/30) and sweepers. As school children we used to listen to the broadcasts and periodic up-dates on the radio**

Back cover: **Glass window in Pembroke House Chapel, and material whence the colours came (see pp 18/24). Over the years the window has been replaced but the brilliant colours have not been replicated**.

Following the last committee meeting of KRAENA, the above photo was taken in the dining room of the The Rifles Club, London. L/R: **JOHN DAVIS, EUGENE ARMOUR, STEPHEN THORNTON, IAIN MORRISON, CAROL GURNEY, MICHAEL SCHUSTER AND JUSTIN TEMPLER.**



EAST AFRICA

Pte. L.K.M. PEARSE

KENYA REGIMENT

*Your name has been brought to my notice. I am authorised to signify by the award to you of this Certificate my appreciation of the good service which you have rendered.*

*I have given instructions that a note of your devotion to duty shall be made on your Record of Service.*

*Lieutenant-General*
*Commander-in-Chief,*
*East Africa.*

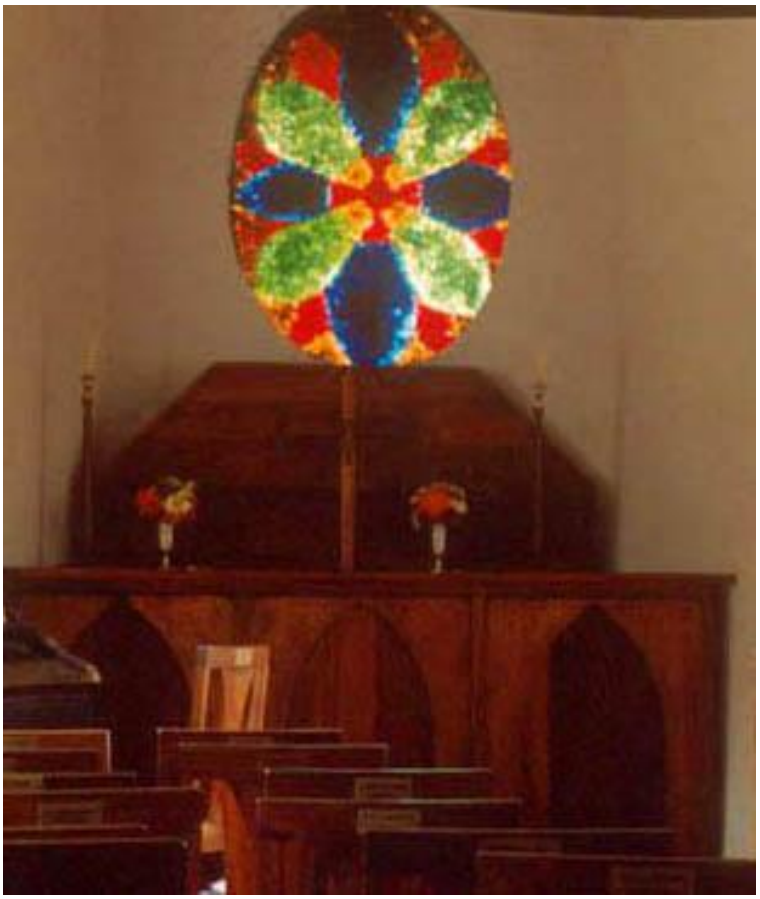
*Date* 4 MAY 1957

[Ed: *Few readers will have seen the Commander-in-Chief's Commendation,* [**LEFT**] *awarded to members of the Military Forces during the Mau Mau Emergency.*

*After much coercion and bullying, Laurie Pearse very kindly sent me a copy of his, signed by Lt Gen Sir Gerald Lathbury.*

*I'm not sure where the Commendation ranks in order of seniority of awards, but assume it follows the mention in despatches? I am unable to find any reference – help!*

*It certainly is an oddity, very much like the East African Forces Badge, introduced, during the East African campaign in WW2, by Lt Gen D.P. Dickinson, one-time Inspector General of the KAR – see m-S XXXVI - page 50.*]




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

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR COLONEL SIR GUY CAMPBELL. 5TH BT. OBE MC

[January 18th, 1910 - July 19th, 1993]

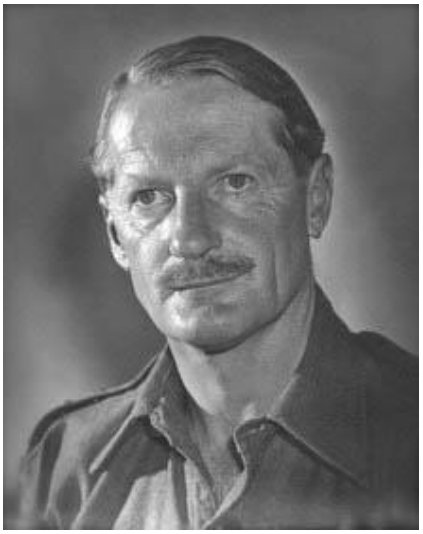
[Ed: *Sixty years ago, in April 1952, Guy Campbell assumed command of the Kenya Regiment and I thought it appropriate to include this address at his memorial service given by the late General Sir Roland Guy, GCB CBE DSO, who many readers will remember when he was Adjutant of the Regiment.*]

"As we give thanks today for the life of Guy Campbell, our hearts go out first to you Liz, Lachlan and Rory on having lost a devoted husband, father and friend. [Ed: *Lady Campbell died January 1st, 2013; her obituary was carried in m-S XLII.*]

"Most of us here will already have read the lengthy obituaries of Colonel Sir Guy Campbell in the Times and Telegraph in which were described his great courage during the 2nd World War, and also his many achievements as an artist, author and outstanding soldier. Now all of you will have your own very special memories of Guy and I would just like to say a few words about how I personally shall remember him as a man and about those splendid human qualities he possessed which I and many others here will miss so much.

"Guy Campbell was an eccentric character of great charm and courtesy with a wild streak to his nature - someone who loved adventure and always soldiered for the fun of it - a man of high principles who never minced his words but also a very affectionate and generous person.

"I will always remember him as an extremely passionate man; passionate in every sense of the word - in his enthusiasm, his beliefs, his love and sometimes in his rage. He was passionately proud of his family, of the achievements of Liz and the two boys, and of his twin brother David. Despite the fact that the two brothers squabbled and shouted at each other incessantly, they were as we all know inseparable. He was also immensely proud of his family traditions and especially its link of four generations with the 60th Rifles.



"I had particularly close contact with Guy Campbell in Kenya during the Mau Mau Emergency when, as his Adjutant, saw what an outstanding leader he was - not only in the way he handled the difficult military situation he faced but also in the way he gained the respect and affection of his men. His earlier experience in the Sudan had taught him the importance of surprise and deception which he applied with great skill in Kenya. His whole approach to the Mau Mau operation was robust, unorthodox, and relentless. Always determined to do what he believed to be right, he frequently clashed with authority. This never deterred him and in outspoken and sometimes fruity language he would say what he thought should be done and then got on with it. His maxim was to act first and argue afterwards. This nearly led to his downfall on several occasions when he was on the point of resigning but thankfully he was persuaded not to do so. His men were devoted to him and he never failed to back them whatever the circumstances. His stature with them was such that his unorthodox wish to be called by his Christian name - off parade - never eroded his authority over them. Behind that sometimes rather fierce looking countenance was a kind and lovable centre which generated the affection his soldiers had for him. One of his Company Commanders wrote about him, 'It was always a pleasure when Guy arrived at our Company position even when he was coming to deliver a reprimand. He made our lives happier and easier by his presence and I could always count on his support'.

“Throughout his life Guy loved young people and he went out of his way to help young officers and soldiers, encouraging them, teaching them and giving guidance over every aspect of their lives - whether it was about how and where to enjoy themselves in Hamburg, or to one young man who was having trouble with his girl friend he advised -"Give her a good lunch and she'll be OK." And the young man did and she was.

“In his letters to me he used to be particularly critical of senior officers for failing to inspire the young enough, adding on one occasion a little advice to me personally in that abbreviated writing of his - 'don't get too fat - all Generals seem to be - all thin when I joined - not being rude - just observant'. The point was taken.

“Guy was meticulous over everything he did whether it was over the accuracy of the detail and colour in his splendid paintings of the Sudanese soldier or in his absolute insistence on getting people's initials and decorations right. He had a prodigious memory for names, places and events, keeping a record of everything he did and everyone he met. He wrote up his diary daily for most of his life and was a prolific writer and correspondent.

“But I suppose I shall remember him best for his humour and irrepressible sense of the ridiculous. That wild streak in his nature was always apparent but more marked I'm told as a younger man when he got up to all kinds of pranks and practical jokes, usually in conjunction with his brother David, an identical twin.

“Stories are told of how at Eton one brother used to answer for his twin at Roll call allowing the other to be absent or of how they used to confuse and mesmerise the traffic at roadworks when they volunteered to take over the Stop/Go signs.

“Guy loved a party - loved having fun - sometimes perhaps overdoing it a bit like when he put Enos in a girl's champagne at the Chelsea Arts Hall or when he used to pelt buns across the dining room at the Muthaiga Club or in those wild Sennelager days when he changed all the shoes round outside the bedroom doors on all six floors of a German Hotel. Anything for a laugh - preferably at the expense of pomposity which he deplored. He once wrote to me to say 'bring the humour back to the Army. If young officers lack it, it is the fault of their elders. I beg you as Military Secretary only to promote officers with a sense of humour'.

“In the last few years of his life, after publishing his excellent book on the Kenya Regiment, Guy spent much of his time writing - though sadly never quite completing, several books, one about his youth including, he told me, his links with the Cavendish Hotel, Bag of Nails et al - another about his father and their sometimes stormy relationship - and another to be titled "Close to the sun in lonely lands" - describing all the funny incidents of his misspent life - as he put it - in strange places and even stranger lands. What fascinating reading these books would have been. But as his memory deteriorated, so his frustration grew and he wrote less.

“So little done, so much to do he would angrily say.

“Misspent or not he had a wonderful life. Every day was an adventure for him which he loved to share with his family and his countless friends - he could field two cricket teams of godchildren.

“But my final memory of him, a week before he died, will always remain with me - of a frail old man who, having got up and dressed specially for my benefit and despite being very weak and in great pain, insisted on rising to his feet to welcome me in his extremely courteous way, shouting fiercely at his dogs to get out of my way - and then bursting out laughing. At the end of his book he wrote 'When I

leave this earth I want to believe that I will find in the hereafter a certain place where we shall all be young again and laughter will fill the air'.

And so as we launch ourselves into the final hymn let us remember Guy as he would wish to be remembered - laughing - and let us not grieve that he has died but rejoice that he has lived.

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THE SECOND (2001) KENYA REGIMENT TRUST

(Registered Charity No. 1088617)

[John Davis October 2013]

The latest situation

The Trustees are pleased to announce that the administration of The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust is in the final stages of being transferred to The Army Benevolent Fund (ABF) The Soldiers' Charity (**www.soldierscharity.org**) who have kindly undertaken to continue to provide benevolence to former members of the Kenya Regiment, or their dependants, in need of financial assistance. The Trust's remaining assets of £148,000 will be passed over to The ABF The Soldiers' Charity and the Trustees would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who so generously donated funds to the Trust.

Since The Kenya Regiment Trust was formed in 2001 a total of £108,456 has been allocated in awards worldwide. The table below provides a summary of the number of awards made over this period by country, amounting to sixty six in total.

| | **UK** | **South Africa** | **Kenya** | **Australia** | **New Zealand** | **Zimbabwe** | **Tanzania** | **Total** |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **No. of awards** | 27 | 21 | 11 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 66 |
| **%** | 40.9 | 31.8 | 16.7 | 6.1 | 1.5 | 1.5 | 1.5 | 100 |

The Trust is not required by the Charity Commission to produce audited accounts but a financial summary is reported annually to the Commission and can be viewed on their website (**www.charitycommission.gov.uk)** for Charity No. 1088617. The Trustees claim no expenses.

What should you do if you want to apply for financial assistance?

Former members of the Kenya Regiment, or their dependants, in need of financial assistance should write or send an email in confidence to Colonel Paul Cummings, Director of Grants and Welfare, The ABF The Soldiers' Charity, Mountbarrow House, 6-20 Elizabeth Street, London SW1W 9RB (email: pcummings@soldierscharity.org) setting out the reasons for needing help. Or, contact John Davis in confidence by email at johnmdavis@btinternet.com who will be pleased to provide advice on making an application to The ABF The Soldiers' Charity.

The Kenya Regiment Archive

The Archive was collected by the Imperial War Museum in February 2013 and is now safely housed with them. Anthony Richards, Head of Documents and Sound, wrote: 'Thank you again for your

generosity in donating this most important collection which I am confident will prove of considerable historical value to the many researchers who are likely to consult the material here.'

What will happen to The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust?

When everything is finally in place with The ABF The Soldiers' Charity, the Charity Commission will be informed and The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust will close. The Trustees (Justin Templer, Gerald Angel, Stephen Thornton and John Davis) and Secretary (Richard Weaver) will resign.

[Ed: *I would like to thank the Trustees for all their hard work and the efficiency with which applications were processed. The fact that John Davis will be available to assist applicants is much appreciated*.]

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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 contemn.*
*At the going down of the sun and in the morning*
*We will remember them.*

[Laurence Binyon]

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

**Adams**, Prof Laurence Pentecost [KR3158/4376/5705]. ??.??.??. UK (Bill Jackson)
**Alcorn**, Walter Ernest [KR3850/5638] 23/06/2013. Western Australia (Giles Shaw)
**Baillon**, Leon [KR4027] 02/08/2013. Howick, KwaZulu-Natal (Keith Elliot)
**Barnes**, Peter Bruce Roberts [KR6159] 27/07/2013. Eburru, Kenya (sister-in-law, Ros Watson)
**Barrah**, Jack MBE [KR3627/5755]. 15/06/2013. Karen, Nairobi (Iain Morrison)
**Bompas**, Jeffrey Frederick Gwinnett [KR3900]. 16/07/2013. Durban (brother, Colin Bompas)
**Carberry**, Juanita (FANY) 27/07/2013. London (Di Van Rensburg)
**Duffey**, Redvers Noel [KR3842] 16/04/2013. New South Wales (Ted Downer)
**Erskine**, Francis David Monteith MC [KR3599/5630] 12/08/2013. Naivasha (Dennis Leete)
**Forbes-Watson**, Alexander David [KR4547] 16/09/2013. Nanyuki. (Dennis Leete)
**Grigor**, John Alasdair [KR4029] 14/08/2013. Victoria, BC, Canada (Giles Shaw)
**Gurner**, Derek Frank Thomas [KR3843/5707]. 05/10/2013. Essex (Iain Morrison)
**Jacob**, John Barry [KR3581] 11/06/2013. Durban (Rita Dwen)
**Kaps**, George Stanley Colin [KR6108]. 17/05/2013. Eastern Cape (Oliver Long)
**Lovatt Smith**, Frederick David [KR4232] 24/07/2013. East Sussex (Iain Morrison)
**McClure-Fisher**, David Anthony [KR6572] 20/07/2013. England (Quin Thomas/Keith Elliot)
**Mercier**, Charles Frank St Vincent [KR4211] 06/09/2013. Johannesburg (Keith Elliot)
**Morton**, William [KR4180/6708/5779]. 28/04/2008. Potchefstroom, OFS (Danny McCleary)
**Nye-Chart**, Marjorie Aggett (née Eeles/Griffin) formerly Rooken-Smith (*Harold 750).
21/08/2013. Howick, South Africa. (The Natal Witness)

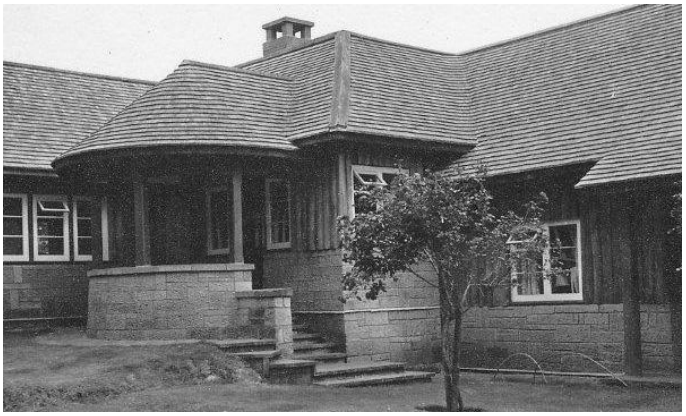
**Nicholl**, Andrew Ferguson [KR7047] 29/08/2013. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)
**Palmer**, Edwin (*Eddie*) Victor William [KR6320] 30/05/2013. NSW (Ted Downer)
**Tate**, Alan James [KR3652] 26/08/2013 Leigh on Sea, Essex (Iain Morrison
**Warrack**, Neil Francis [KR4178] 03/06/2013. Howick, Natal (Pete Smith)

## PROFFESSOR LAURENCE PENTECOST ADAMS [KR3158/4376/5705]

[Bill Jackson KR3817]

Sadly, but inevitably, one more for the Obit. list. I had an e-mail from John Dixon [KR4185?] telling me that Laurie Adams had died. I asked him the source, and he told me it was in the Overseas Pensioners magazine. [Ed: *Born Nairobi 10/02/1925*.]

Laurie and I were colleagues in Survey of Kenya, and for a while Laurie was Provincial Surveyor, Nyeri. While stationed there he was very active on and off duty. He surveyed the plot for the Royal Lodge Sagana [**LEFT**], and I attach a rather poor photo of mine which I took when working in the area with The Regiment's Mapping Unit.



Laurie played golf at Nyeri and on several occasions playing against Test cricketers, relaxing after their matches in Nairobi. He joined the Mapping Unit in 1953 and has the distinction of three Regimental numbers - 3158, 4376, 5705. Why? [Ed: *WW2, Kenya Emergency, Commissioned numbers*].

After the Emergency he returned to Survey of Kenya before leaving to lecture in Land Surveying at Nairobi University. He continued his own education by attending the International Training Centre for Aerial Survey in Delft, which specialised in Photogrammetry - for the layman, making maps from aerial photographs.

He left Kenya for South Africa and became a Professor at Cape Town University, and published several papers, the subject of one of them being 'Biostereometrics' - way over my head. I tracked down the UK address of Kathy, Laurie's widow, and wrote to her a couple of weeks ago, but have had no reply.

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## ALEXANDER DAVID FORBES-WATSON [KR4547]

[Dennis Leete KR4094]

Alex David Forbes-Watson [KR4547], born 26nd February 1935, died in Nanyuki Cottage Hospital on 16th September.

A colourful character who held a degree in Zoology from the University of Cape Town, he became a Game Warden in Kenya and for a few years in the late fifties and early sixties, covered the arid western side of the Great Rift Valley, bordering Uganda and Southern Sudan, including Lake Turkana; he was also a curator at the National Museum of Kenya in Nairobi.

He was a noted ornithologist and has several species named after him; such as the Socotra Swift (*Apus Berliozi*), [**BELOW**] endemic on that island, in the Gulf of Aden.

[Ed: *For the birdwatcher, various websites mention Alec having spent time in Liberia where he discovered, amongst other species, Indicator eisentrauti (honey guide) and Melaenornis annamarulae (fly catcher). He was engaged by the Nimba Research Committee to carry out a detailed study of the birds of Mount Nimba (Liberia) and to make a representative collection of bird skins. He was unable to write up the results of his research and this was subsequently done by PR Colston and K Curry-Lindahl as 'The Birds of Mount Nimba, Liberia' (1986). Most of the birds collected by Alec and others were presented to the British History Museum, London.*]

At some stage in his life, he suffered a known but curious ailment, which inhibited his ability to swallow food at mealtimes. His doctor suggested that it might be psychological in origin, and suggested he drank a bottle of beer before the meal, which would provide some nutrition, while relaxing his throat muscles. He claimed he never visited another doctor for 25 years, for fear that this remedy might be overturned; and from then on he drank a bottle of beer for breakfast, and at least six or seven during the day. It must have worked; (though his job did not ), and he spent most of his life as an itinerant wildlife guide.

He is remembered fondly by the many wildlife personalities, wardens and professional hunters from that era, for his knowledge of wildlife, and dreadful puns.

His two brothers; equally zany, Nick [KR4822] and Joey [KR4744], also served in the Kenya Regiment, and were known affectionately, and respectively, as '22' and '44' after the last two digits of their regimental numbers.

Nick died early in a car accident; while Joey who loved the open road, travelled the world as a motor bike mechanic, writing songs, and playing the guitar. These talents took him to Australia, where he lived happily, and died a few years ago, with the enviable title of being an Honorary member of the 'Women's Chapter of Hells Angels, Australia'; few Regimental members have earned such notoriety!

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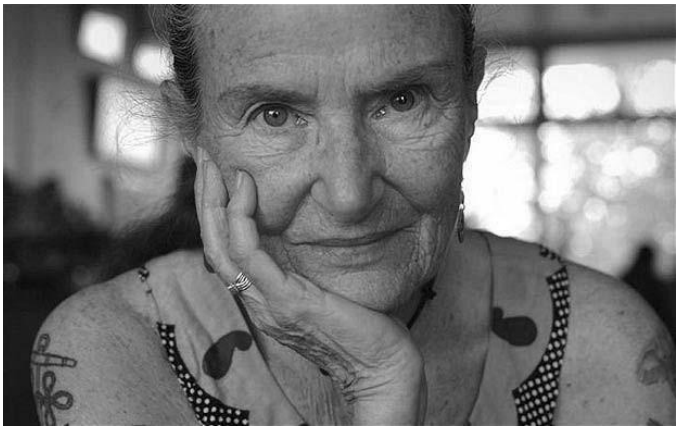
## JUNITA CARBERRY

*Peer's daughter who was told the secret of the Happy Valley murder case but kept it for 40 years*.

The Daily Telegraph Tuesday July 30, 2013

JUANITA CARBERRY, who has died aged 88, played a role in one of the most celebrated murder cases of the 20th century - the sensational shooting in 1941 of the philandering 22nd Earl of Erroll, a prominent figure in the *louche* Happy Valley set in wartime Kenya that inspired the Hollywood film 'White Mischief'(1987).



She maintained that, although she was just a 15-year-old schoolgirl at the time of the killing, the chief suspect Sir Jock Delves Broughton (whose wife, Diana, was Erroll's mistress and a friend of Juanita's stepmother) had confessed his guilt to her shortly after the murder.

"By the way, Juanita, I don't want you to be afraid, but the police are following me," the world-weary Broughton allegedly told her. When she asked why, Broughton explained that they believed he had been responsible for murdering Erroll. "Well, actually I did," he added. Furthermore, according to Juanita Carberry, Broughton went on to tell her how he shot Erroll and disposed of the gun.

Juanita Carberry said the police wanted her to testify at Broughton's trial for murder, but she pretended to "act as a stupid child" because she disagreed with the way such cases were conducted. Eventually, they branded her an "unreliable witness" and she was not called.

According to Juanita, Broughton had confided in her only hours after Erroll's murder, at a lunch party he hosted at his house in Karen, a suburb of Nairobi, attended by Juanita, her stepmother, June, and her governess.

Knowing that the teenager liked horses, Broughton invited Juanita to look at his stables. As they walked out, she was surprised to see a pair of gym shoes with white rubber soles in the smouldering embers of a bonfire in the garden. This struck her as odd, because it was not usual in Kenya to burn even worn-out gym shoes; they would have been given to a servant. Marks made by white pipe clay, used in the manufacture of such shoes, were found on the back seat of the crashed Buick car in which Erroll's body was found. He had been shot in the head.

Nearly a year later, after a jury in Nairobi had acquitted Broughton, he committed suicide at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool.

Juanita Carberry believed that Broughton probably also told her stepmother about the murder because the gun - having been recovered by her stepmother's servants - was found many years later in a shoebox at Malindi, on the coast north of Mombasa, in a workshop owned by her father.

Juanita Carberry revealed none of this until 1971, when she gave an interview to the journalist Cyril Connolly, who had been at Eton with Lord Erroll and who, with a young reporter, James Fox, had written an article about the case for The Sunday Times. But she withheld Broughton's confession from Connolly, telling him that she did not want anything she said to be used against him. Only when James Fox interviewed her in 1980, after Connolly's death, did she blurt out: "There is no mystery. He [Broughton] did it. I can tell you that now. He told me himself the following day.

"We walked down to the stables," she recalled. "He told me then that he had shot Erroll. He told me not to be frightened when the police came, and he told me about the gun, which he said he had thrown into the Thika Falls. He thought the police had followed him and had seen him stop there."

She told Fox that Broughton had been provoked into murdering Erroll because of his affair with Diana. Although Broughton knew that his wife was planning to divorce him, something finally snapped after

she and Erroll had dined and danced together on the night of the murder. "They had gone too far," Juanita told Fox. "That last dinner was too much and brought home to him that he had really lost. And the fact is that he was in love with Diana."

The Erroll murder was a gripping and glamorous scandal that shook the decadent Happy Valley *coterie* and marked the beginning of the end for Kenya's hedonistic colonial elite, with its heavy drinking and cocaine-fuelled adulterous liaisons. In his bestselling book about the Erroll affair, 'White Mischief' (1982), Fox ascribed Juanita Carberry's four decades of reticence to her protective feelings for Broughton, "the only adult who had taken her side in the midst of a host of hard drinking grown-ups, who were constantly pushing her aside and sending her away".

The daughter of the 10th Lord Carbery of Castle Freke, a renegade Irish peer, and his second wife MaïaAnderson, a noted beauty, Juanita Virginia Sistare Carberry was born on May 7, 1925 at Nyeri, about 100 miles from Nairobi, and grew up on her father's coffee farm. [Ed: *In 1920, Lord Carbery renounced his title, and in Nairobi changed his name by deed poll to John Evans Carberry*.]

When she was three, her mother, a pioneering aviatrix, was killed when her plane crashed at Nairobi airfield, and Juanita was brought up by her promiscuous stepmother, June, and a series of nannies; she was sent to eight boarding schools, attending - from the age of eleven - various Swiss finishing schools, and finally Roedean, a sister school to the one in Sussex, in the Parktown area of Johannesburg.

Her childhood was harsh; her sadistic father, who had dropped his title out of a violent hatred of Britain and had embraced pro-Nazi views, disliked children, especially girls. Juanita recalled: "I was an unwanted brat." She was dressed and treated as a boy, and confined to a separate wing of the house. Her governess, Isabel Rutt (whom she - called "the Rutt"), was often ordered by Juanita's father to strip her naked and beat her; aged fifteen, and after one particularly frenzied beating, Juanita left home to live with an uncle, saying she had no wish to grow up "like the rest of that Happy Valley lot".

In the early 1950s, she discovered that her father had been impotent and that her biological parent was probably Maxwell Trench, a white Jamaican who managed her father's coffee estate, although DNA tests proved inconclusive.

According to Fox's account, Juanita's South African stepmother, June Weir Mosley, a "terrifyingly unnatural blonde with a deep bass voice", as someone once described her, and "a drinker and fornicator in a championship class", often passed her stepdaughter off as her sister, and liked to 'boast that Juanita could out-drink any man in Kenya - even though she drank only milk.

In 1943, when she was seventeen, Juanita joined the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY), part of the Women's Territorials, as a despatch rider, and after the war, in 1946, became one of only a handful of women to join the Merchant Navy, serving as a captain's steward in the cargo ships Langley Scot and Langley Clyde and various Norwegian cargo vessels. On leaving the service after seventeen years, she became active in animal welfare and was an inspector of livestock transportation in ships that called at ports in Kenya.

"I travelled the world alone," she once recalled. "I went to Yemen, and lived with bush people in the Amazon. I think I was the original hitchhiker." Finally settling in Mombasa, during the 1960s she drove clients on photographic safaris in Uganda, Tanzania, the Congo, Rwanda and Burundi.

Her story of Broughton's confession to the Erroll murder was validated in 2007 when a tape recording surfaced featuring the voice of Dan Trench, the son of Maxwell Trench. It had been recorded in 1987, when Dan Trench was an old man, but had been withheld until some years after his death.

Dan Trench, who had regarded Juanita as a sister, explained that Broughton had slipped into the back of Erroll's car while Erroll was seeing Diana Broughton safely home after their evening out. When Erroll drove off, Broughton shot him. He was picked up further along the road at a pre-arranged spot by Broughton's neighbour, a doctor.

For many years, Juanita Carberry lived in a modern house overlooking Mombasa harbour. In later life she moved to London, and occupied a former council flat in Chelsea. On Remembrance Sunday she invariably marched in the Cenotaph parade wearing her FANY slouch hat. Her memoir of her early years, 'Child of Happy Valley', was published in 1999.

Feisty, opinionated, tough and loyal, she was, above all, a great and inventive survivor. "The only beatings I remember were the unjustified ones. The others I've forgotten," she said.

Juanita Carberry was twice married There were no children.

Born Nyeri May 7th, 1925, died London July 27th, 2013

[Ed: *Ms. Carberry was an associate member of KRAENA. As mentioned, a number of books have been written about the demise of Josslyn Hay (Lord Erroll) and various permutations, some mind-boggling, put forward. The articles carried in m-S XVII, XIX, XVIII and lastly Mike Somen's letter in XLII (pp43/45), all point to the villain being the cuckolded husband, Lord Broughton, who was found not guilty, and later committed suicide. Wonder whether the truth will out*?]

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JACK BARRAH OBE [KR3627/5755]

[The Telegrpah Monday 28th October 2013]

Jack Barrah, who has died aged 84, was a well-known game warden in Kenya and a key figure in preserving the Maasai Mara, the internationally famous wildlife sanctuary.

The Mara, now one of Kenya's most important sources of tourist revenue, is on the Serengeti plains and home to lions, cheetahs, elephants, leopards, black rhinos and hippos; for about three months of the year its northern range supports a famous wildebeest and zebra migration, often described as one of the wonders of the natural world.

It opened as a national park in 1964 after Barrah had spent many years helping in negotiations with the indigenous Maasai people. He also successfully opposed a massive wheat-farming project by the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the UN (FAO), which would have involved ploughing up two-thirds of the entire area; and he helped to create the Shaba and Samburu game reserves as well as the development of Amboseli as a national park.

Jack Barrah was born on April 4 1929 and brought up on the family cattle farm at Nakuru in the Rift Valley. His father, who was Australian, had been mustard-gassed at Gallipoli and bet his war pension on the winner of the Epsom Derby. With the proceeds, he bought two farms in Kenya, which he kept

until the Second World War. He then started buying cattle to provide bully beef for the Allied troops in North Africa.

After being sent as a boarder to Pembroke House in Kenya at the age of four, Jack went on to Michaelhouse in Natal, South Africa. During his summer holidays he bought cattle from the Maasai for his father and drove them back across the Rift Valley to Nairobi.

In 1948, he went to work for the Kenya Veterinary Department, and two years later joined the Kenya Regiment.

Barrah served during the Mau Mau rebellion, which broke out in 1952, rising to the rank of lieutenant, and was involved in a number of encounters with insurgents. He was one of the first soldiers to arrive at the scene of the Lari Massacre of March 26 1953, in which around 75 loyalist Kikuyu followers were slaughtered by more than 600 Mau Mau.

On one occasion, having captured and interrogated a terrorist near Maguga, Barrah knew that there was a Mau Mau gang holed up in the rough of Muthaiga Golf Club preparing to attack the clubhouse. Without informing his superior officers, he drove to Muthaiga police station where he collected a couple of Bren gunners before flushing the gang out of the rough. Eight insurgents were killed, including General Mwangi Toto, commander of the Mau Mau in Nairobi. This incident took place on a Saturday afternoon - much to the disapproval of the club secretary, who complained that there had been golfers on the course at the time of the battle. Barrah, feeling somewhat under-appreciated by this reaction, replied: “Don’t worry - next time I’ll shout 'Fore!’ before firing the first shot.”

In 1955, Barrah was seconded from the Regiment to become District Officer at Narosurua and the colonial officer in charge of Moran (Maasai warriors). He cleared up pockets of remaining Mau Mau with the help of the Moran, whom he armed with shotguns.

The following year he joined Kenya’s Game Department, one of only two men selected from 800 applicants, and served as an apprentice under George Adamson (husband of Joy Adamson, the author of Born Free) and JA Hunter. Among his roles was game control in settled areas, and he accounted for more than 5,000 buffalo, primarily in the area around the Mt Kenya wheat fields, and alongside Hunter, some 700 black rhino on potential farmland to be occupied by the Wakamba people.

By 1972, Barrah was Chief Game Warden; but the post was then “Africanised”, and at the request of the Kenyan government he was retained as special adviser to his successor. What was intended to be a two-year appointment lasted twenty!

Barrah acted as the official hunting and photographic guide for the government’s guests in Kenya. Among those he escorted on safari were President Tito of Yugoslavia, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and members of the British Royal family.

In 1977, he accompanied Prince Bernhard on a two-week safari with the aim of hunting a buffalo with a horn-spread of more than 50in. In the event, the Prince shot only a single Coke’s hartebeest to keep the camp supplied with fresh meat.

The expedition was chiefly memorable for Bernhard’s prodigious consumption of garlic, the smell of which he insisted was a deterrent to insects, particularly ticks. The stench in the safari vehicle, when the windows were closed against the early morning chill, was not pleasant for his companions.

During this safari Barrah persuaded Prince Bernhard, then head of the World Wildlife Fund, to purchase for the Kenya government a farm at the south end of Lake Nakuru, which became a game park and a productive breeding area for both Black and White Rhino.

After his retirement in 1992, Barrah continued to lead photographic safaris, and as an honorary game warden sat on many committees helping to secure the future of Kenya's wildlife. He was the Dulverton Trust's adviser in East Africa until his death.

Jack Barrah was appointed OBE for services to conservation in 1976.

He married, in 1957, Patricia Patterson, who died in January 2013; they had two sons (one of whom died in childhood) and a daughter.

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JOHN HEWLETT NUNNELEY

[Telegraph, UK - Thursday 26 September 2013]

John Nunneley, who has died aged 90, had an adventurous wartime career in the Far East; in the post-war years, he campaigned for reconciliation with the Japanese.

John Hewlett Nunneley, the son of an officer in the South Australian Mounted Infantry, was born in Sydney on November 22 1922 and educated at Lawrence Sheriff School, Rugby. He enlisted in the Royal East Kent Regiment (the Buffs) and, in May 1941, as a lance-corporal, was at Lympne airfield when 12 Me 109s attacked. One of them, almost at ground level, fired a long burst with its 20mm cannons, kicking up the earth on the edge of Nunneley's gun pit, but just missing him.

After OCTU on the Isle of Man, he was commissioned into the Somerset Light Infantry and, having volunteered for service overseas, was posted to the 3/6 (Tanganyika Territory) Battalion of the King's African Rifles (KAR). The battalion, later renamed 36 (TT) KAR, was based at Berbera, British Somaliland, where it was responsible for guarding many thousands of Italian soldiers who had been taken prisoner in the East African Campaign.

Nunneley had several narrow escapes from poisonous snakes and one from a hyena; but he faced a different kind of threat when he accused an Italian of being a PoW trying to escape disguised as a woman. He had "him" stripped, but she turned out to be a woman and lodged a protest at the highest level. In the nick of time, however, Nunneley unmasked a real impostor dressed as a woman and was spared a court martial.

In August 1943, he moved to Ceylon on attachment to 25 (East African) Brigade HQ, where he avoided the murderous attentions of a soldier under the influence of narcotics. At the end of the year, 36 KAR moved to Ceylon and Nunneley rejoined them.

In 1944 they arrived by multi-deck paddle steamer at Gauhati in Assam, India, with the monsoon at its height. Two weeks later they were on the road to Mandalay, spearheading the Fourteenth Army's pursuit of the retreating Japanese down the Kabaw Valley. Infested with malaria and scrub typhus, the Kabaw was a steaming teak forest drenched by torrential rain.

Nunneley became Intelligence Officer and was attached to fighting patrols. As a white man among black soldiers he was a prime target for Japanese snipers, and so removed his rank badges and coated his face and hands in black cream before going out.

The Japanese fought delaying battles with great stubbornness, and the battalion had some heavy losses. One night, a sentry fell asleep and allowed the enemy to slip into battalion HQ. Normally the sentry would have been court martialled and shot. In the middle of a battle, however, witnesses could not be spared, and the man was sentenced to be flogged instead. As soon as he heard his sentence, the private broke away from his escort, ran to a trench, picked up a Mills grenade, pulled out the pin and drew back his arm.

At that range, Nunneley, the colonel, the adjutant and the RSMs stood no hope of surviving the blast. The colonel, in a quiet voice, ordered Nunneley to shoot the man. Nunneley aimed to miss, in the hope that the retort would bring the man to his senses. In fact, the private simply took a step forward. Nunneley fired again and shattered the man's femur. With a scream of agony, he fell, still clutching the grenade tightly in his hand. The grenade was made safe and the man was taken to the regimental aid post.

Nunneley's Intelligence Section and a platoon of 36 (TT) KAR were then attached to a company of the Ugandan battalion, 4 (U) KAR. On one disastrous occasion, the platoon walked into an ambush, and 30 askaris lost their nerve, threw down their weapons and ran headlong back to base. To re-establish the unit's reputation, Nunneley led a counter-attack. Wading thigh-deep into a stream, he and two scouts came under a hail of fire. Charging on, they exchanged grenades at close range with the enemy before returning back across the stream under covering fire. Nunneley was wounded, but had been given up for dead.

As he rejoined his section, Tomasi, his servant, who had begged for months - and, at last, successfully - to be allowed to join the askari fighters, ran across a jungle track to greet him, only to be picked off by an enemy machine-gunner.

Nunneley was mentioned in despatches. Tomasi, meanwhile, was buried under a wooden cross by the side of the road to Mandalay. Years later, flying over Burma on his way to Japan, Nunneley persuaded the captain of the British Airways 747 to dip a wing in tribute.

After resigning from the Army in 1946, Nunneley worked for a number of different businesses. Meanwhile he also set himself the task of persuading Burma veterans on both sides to move towards reconciliation. He was appointed MBE for these services. As chairman of the Burma Campaign Fellowship Group, he edited 'Tales from the Burma Campaign 1942-45', published in 1998; it tells the story of that war through the eyes of ordinary Japanese soldiers. He also published 'Tales from the King's African Rifles' (2000), an account of his own adventures.

John Nunneley married, first in 1945, Lucia Ceruti. They separated in the mid-1970s and she died in 2011. He married, secondly, Carolyn Oxton, who survives him with a son and a daughter of his first marriage. John Nunneley, born November 22 1922, died July 27.

[Ed*: John Nunneley, a member of KRAENA, was responsible for initiating the campaign which saw Gillian Norbury, widow of Bill Norbury MC, eventually being granted a War Widow's Pension. The following correspondence which was included in earlier editions of m-S and BB, illustrates John's tenacity, and audacity*!)

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'ALL WAR-DISABLED PENSIONERS ARE EQUAL EXCEPT THOSE WHO ENLISTED IN A UNIT OF THE BRITISH ARMY WHICH WAS NOT BASED IN BRITAIN OR THE ISLE OF MAN'.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ('BILLY') NORBURY MC GENERAL LIST ATT. KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

HIS CASE FOR JUSTICE, REDRESS AND RESTITUTION

[Captain John Nunneley MBE, 3/6 KAR]

Earlier this year, Mrs. Gillian Norbury contacted me. She had stumbled across my book, 'Tales from the King's African Rifles', and asked if I could help her build a picture of her late husband's KAR war service. She was in luck. In 1942, Lieutenant Billy Norbury and I served as platoon commanders in 'D' Company, 11 (Kenya) Battalion. He was a 'Colonial' born in Kenya, and I was an 'Imperial', although born in Australia!

Norbury was awarded an immediate Military Cross on 18 August 1944, the first of the campaign, when "whilst commanding 16 Platoon, led his askaris against a heavily defended, strongly wired and well entrenched Japanese position, codenamed 'Jambo Hill'. Displaying great courage and leadership, Lt Norbury, launched the attack up a very steep hill, in thick jungle country. When, about 50 yards from the top of the position, at the steepest part, he was wounded in the leg whilst crossing the enemy wire.

His platoon paused, and for a moment looked as though they were pinned down. Lt Norbury dashed up to the front of his men, who immediately followed him. At the top, he was again wounded, but inspired by his example and courage his platoon swept on and took the position". His wounds, to both legs and his stomach, were very serious and he was evacuated, first to Kenya and then to hospitals in Britain.

I was pleased to be able to offer Gillian some scraps of information that I thought might be helpful. But in the weeks that followed I learned from her of the devastating, lifelong consequences that his wounds had on Billy and his family. I began to realise that he and others of our war-disabled former comrades were victims of a gross injustice, simply because they enlisted in East Africa. I saw it as my duty to expose it and press his case for redress and restitution. I did not know what I was letting myself in for.....

Norbury underwent 27 operations between 1944 and 1958. In October 1945, he relinquished his Emergency Commission due to disability, and was awarded a 30% War Disability Pension (WDP) of £230 annually. However, as he had enlisted in the Kenya Regiment [KR1088] as a private soldier, he was classified a 'Colonial', with the Colonial Office responsible for paying his WDP, and because he was not resident in the UK, his WDP was frozen, i.e., no cost of living increases or other financial enhancements for the rest of his life, come what may!

Political legerdemain ensured that on Kenya's independence in 1963, the new Kenya Government assumed responsibility for WDPs of Africans and white 'Colonials'. Soon, though, payments became occasional and in odd, irreconcilable amounts of a few pounds here and there.

No use appealing to the MoD, who can always be relied on to have a beautifully crafted reply in Civil Service speak! 'We know it to be the case that there are many other victims of former colonies' refusal to pay war pensions; we sympathise with these unfortunates but their plight is outside the concern of the British Government.' Accompanied by washing of officialdom's hands.

Unable to walk except in great pain, Norbury's mobility, and with it his earning capacity, was severely limited in scope. His appeals to Kenya for payment of pension arrears were answered with 'There is no money in the Kenya Treasury'.

Applications he made to the Veterans Agency in Britain were mislaid, lost, ignored, bandied from one department to another. The years passed, more than fifty of them, his situation worsening all the time. Because mortgage payments could not be maintained the house was sold to pay for rented accommodation and to meet increasing medical bills and household expenses. His physical condition declined to the point where he was confined to a wheelchair.

Billy Norbury died, penniless, in a Cape Town hospital in November 1998, worn out by those unimaginably long years of pain and suffering, a hero abandoned by the British Government and the Kenya Government, and all because he was a 'Colonial'.

It seemed a good idea to ask the Veterans' Agency to release Norbury's File to Gillian, so that we could try to make head or tail of it. Drawing teeth! Blood out of stone! Point blank refusal, then reluctant agreement, followed by refusal; finally, the File arrived.....

My weeks spent intensively studying the File, piled revelation on revelation: 53 years of slipshod administration, a catalogue of lost letters and questionnaires, unanswered correspondence, offhand scribbles, carelessness, contradictions, wrongly applied definitions, irrelevant criteria, compounded by inexcusable delays, stretching across the years: two years, 27 years, six months, four years, seven months, and more besides.

Far from living up to the high-flown words of the Veterans' Agency's 'Service First Charter' - of pledges and promises and assurances - the tenor of the internal and interdepartmental correspondence in the File is one of grim determination to declare Norbury ineligible on every count. A representative gem:

'I think we can investigate the position and deal with it on that basis. Please note that no formal rejection should be sent until/unless we have a formal claim'.

So, on the one hand, the position to be investigated - and on the other hand, the claim to be rejected if it is a formal one! Above all, DO NOT HELP THIS MAN.

AND THEN I MADE A CRUCIAL DISCOVERY!

I find that Billy Norbury was a victim of maladministration in 1945, which has been perpetrated to this day. He was NOT a 'Colonial'! His East Africa Command Emergency Commission wef 25 October 1941, was superseded on 6 April 1945, retrospectively to 25 October 1941, with the grant of a British Emergency Commission in the General List. His EA Command Personal Number 333957 was changed to British Army Personal Number 254196.

**This was never recorded on his file, and Norbury never knew of his amended commission due to hospitalisation and subsequent discharge from the army**.

He was all along entitled to a British War Disability Pension, and eligible for the allowances and

supplements and cost of living increases provided under the War Pensions Order.

How many of our former comrades, Africans and white 'Colonials' awarded War Disability Pensions, have been penalised by Britain's War Pensions Order legislation for no better reason than that they enlisted in East Africa? I have requested an urgent meeting in November with the Minister for Veterans' Affairs.

[Ed*: This Special Report was published in Rhino Link printed in December 2003. How many other Kenya-born soldiers, black and white, were treated with such disdain? There are many of our KAR askari living in dreadful poverty but thankfully due to the work of The Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League and their members, such as The British Legion Kenya, The Legion Zimbabwe and Ex-Servicemen's League of Zambia, help is provided to ex-Servicemen and women who served the Crown and are in need, The Askari Appeal fund now stands at £338,000 (February 2013) and if you wish to make a donation please visit the website 'britishlegionkenya.org' where details can be found on how to do this.*

*Readers are advised that the administration of The Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust is in the final stages of being transferred to the Army Benevolent Fund The Soldiers' Charity which is based in London. Any member who at any stage was badged Kenya Regiment, or his dependant, who may be in need can apply for assistance directly to Colonel Paul Cummings, Director of Grants and Welfare, The ABF The Soldiers' Charity, Mountbarrow House, 6-20 Elizabeth Street, London SW1W 9RB (pcummings@soldierscharity.org). Alternatively, contact John Davis (johnmdavis@btinternet.com) who has agreed to be our LO with the ABF Charity*.]

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John Nunneley writes: 'I am still fighting the good fight with the Minister for Veterans and hope that I have brought this shocking business to something of a head. I have accused a senior civil servant of intimidation intended to discourage my further enquiries into the Norbury case and I hope this may be the required blue touch paper.'

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John Nunneley gives an update on the Gillian Norbury Campaign...

## THE NORBURY CASE

## 'I ACCUSE'

By way of introduction, two definitions from the Oxford English Dictionary:

CASUISTRY: A quibbling or evasive way of dealing with difficult cases of duty;
SOPHISTRY: Specious but fallacious reasoning; employment of arguments which are intentionally deceptive. Cunning; trickery.

Members need no reminding that the one-man 'JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' campaign opened in March 2003. Now, more than three years later, it is a national campaign whose many hundreds of supporters deluge the Veterans Minister and his boss, Des Browne, Defence Secretary, with a demand for an honourable resolution of the Case. Constituency MPs in great numbers, angered by the continuing injustice seemingly without end, have thrown their weight behind the Early Day Motion tabled by Richard Benyon, Gillian Norbury's constituency MP.

Throughout 2003, 2004, 2005, and 2006 to date, the Veterans Agency's standard reply to supporters' letters has been a positive assurance that officials are examining the case carefully and sympathetically. How can this period be credible?

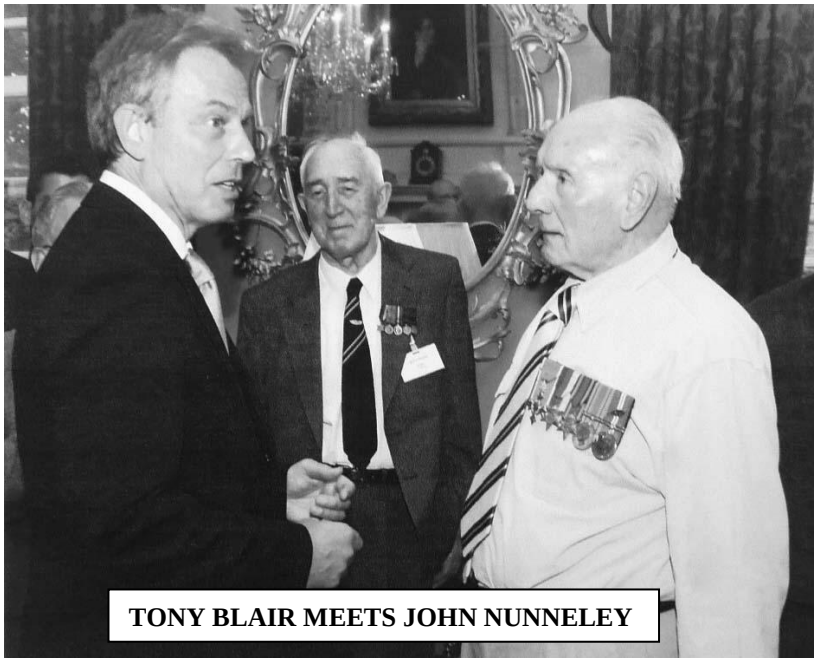
As one brought up to share the nation's pride in the integrity of our Civil Service I now accuse successive Veterans Ministers and officials of casuistry and sophistry in their dishonest handling of 'The Norbury Case'. This most serious charge I make publicly and challenge the Defence Secretary to answer it.

On May 23, Richard Benyon and I met Tom Watson; this followed our meeting on February 16 with his predecessor, Don Touhig, when we were given very positive reassurances that the case was being considered 'carefully and sympathetically'. Touhig did not honour his promise to respond 'within two weeks'.

Watson merely repeated Touhig's reassurances; we did not hear from him again. (He has since resigned and his place has been taken by Derek Twigg, MP). In my letter to Watson of May 31, I reminded him of the ever-lengthening chronology. I concluded, 'Such is supporters' frustration and anger at the continuing delays in resolving 'THE NORBURY CASE' that there is a very real possibility of this first Veterans Day (June 27) being marred by a spectacular public protest.'

From out of the blue, a unique opportunity! Mike Tetley [KR4277] invited me to act as his carer at the 10 Downing Street Reception on Veterans Day given by 'Tony and Cherie Blair to celebrate the contribution of veterans of all ages, and as an opportunity to highlight the help and assistance available to those veterans and their families who may need it'. Help? Assistance? Reader, Try not to choke!

On the day, Mike and I were admitted to No 10 and joined about 100 other guests. I was dressed in blazer, pale khaki shirt and trousers, and medals on shirt. A smallish poster was concealed beneath my shirt. Unobtrusively, I hinted to the photographers present that something unusual may occur. I was most anxious not to compromise Mike in any way at all, and did not tell him of my intention.



**TONY BLAIR MEETS JOHN NUNNELEY**

As the Prime Minister moved through the room I swiftly removed my blazer and took out the 'DEMAND JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' poster. Standing before him I displayed the poster and declared, 'Prime Minister, I must protest most strongly against the injustice suffered by Lieutenant William Norbury, Military Cross, King's African Rifles, and his widow, at the hands of the Veterans' Minister.'

Although taken aback, Mr Blair was most courteous, and invited me to write to him. I replied, 'Here is my letter!' [Ed: *The above photograph of this unique, historic Protest inside No. 10, is superb.*]

I received a reply, dated July 10, telling me that Watson was to discuss the Case with his opposite

number at the Department for International Development, and that officials were examining ways in which Mrs Norbury might receive an award. Watson's resignation and the Summer Recess may, just may, be the reason I have heard nothing further.

Minutes before I made the Protest, the Defence Secretary, addressing me by my Christian name, invited me to have a chat with him a few days later. Committed to my plan, I gave an evasive answer.

In yet another drive to bring 'The Norbury Case' to a satisfactory conclusion I wrote a personal letter to Des Browne on September 14, accepting his invitation. A date has now been agreed (18th October 2006) for me to meet the new Veterans Minister, Derek Twigg.

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STOP PRESS The King's African Rifles & East African Forces Association: John Nunneley's Report-March 2008

The 'JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' Campaign
"GILLIAN NORBURY AWARDED A WAR WIDOW'S PENSION "

THE NORBURY CASE

THE LATE LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ('Billy') NORBURY MC
11 (Kenya) Battalion, King's African Rifles

The 'Justice for Gillian' campaign was launched in March 2003.

Five years later to the month, the Veteran's Minister, Derek Twigg, MP, has conceded that Billy Norbury's death in November 1998
'was caused by his war injuries'.

The Minister has therefore
awarded Gillian Norbury a War Widow's Pension
and a sum of money in compensation for the Veterans Agency's

'Administrative Failures'.
(officialese for "maladministration")

Because Gillian existed on State Benefits, any improvement
in her income created a situation where
The Veterans' Minister giveth, and the Pensions' Minister taketh away.

So negotiations are proceeding, therefore, to establish the period that her
'Widow's Pension will be backdated'
without financial disadvantage to her,
and for the same reason the amount of
'compensation for maladministration'.

John Nunneley writes: "A degree of justice has been done. It has been a long, relentless struggle to extract this admission, and Gillian and I have been fortified by the sustained support given by theKAR & EAF Association and its individual members. Please accept our grateful thanks."

To: The Editor, Rhino Link

Dear Mr Catton,

The Veterans Minister's decision to award me a War Widow's Pension came when, at long last, he accepted medical evidence proving beyond any doubt that Billy died of his wounds sustained at the Battle of Jambo Hill in Burma's Kabaw Valley on 18 August 1944.

Of the four, successive Veterans Ministers whom John Nunneley and Richard Benyon, my indefatigable constituency MP, have dealt with since the 'Justice for Gillian Campaign' was launched in March 2003, only the present one, Derek Twigg, has shown that he is his own man, not a marionette obedient to the strings pulled by his officials.

What a campaign for justice and redress it has been! Your members' hundreds of letters to Members of Parliament; two Protests at Field Marshal Slim's statue in Whitehall by members and their wives coming from far and wide; letters to the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, handed in with three supportive MPs in person: Richard Benyon, Mark Harper, Shadow Minister for the Disabled, and Dr Julian Lewis, Shadow Defence.

John Nunneley's Protest inside No. 10 Downing Street in June 2006, with the moral support of Mike Tetley, MBE, must surely be the first in its history; and Mark Harper's Norbury Case at Prime Minister's Question the following day was reported in Hansard.

I cannot begin to express adequately the depth of my gratitude to the Association and the huge number of members who have supported me since my circumstances became known five years ago. I am immensely grateful also for similar, strong support given me by the Kenya Regiment Association and its members. The enduring spirit of comradeship which inspired your sympathy and practical support is a wonderful memorial to Billy, which I and my family will treasure.

Yours sincerely, Gillian Norbury.

[Ed: *Belatedly, our thanks to John Nunneley and all involved in sorting out this administrative blunder. Such a shame that Bill Norbury died in penury, 'denied that to which he was entitled'. Sound familiar*?]

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PEMBROKE HOUSE SCHOOL - GILGIL, KENYA - A CHAPEL IS BUILT

[Jitze Couperus POW CCF]

[Ed: *Before his death [4/5/2013], Alan Price [KR7428] spoke about his time at Pembroke House (PH), then a boys' school, and John Pembridge [KR7429] in his speech at Alan's memorial service, mentioned the building of the chapel. Intrigued, I contacted Jitze Couperous, who very kindly allowed me to print this article. Many members of the Regiment attended this little school, as did their children, grandchildren and gg/children. PH thrives today*.]

Many years ago, when Kenya was still a British Colony - an outpost of a mighty empire - a preparatory school for boys was founded at the bottom of The Great Rift Valley. Here you see the main building - the centre-piece of the front was a magnificent massive Zanzibar door graced by louvered-glass windows on either side.

Here the sons of the settlers were sent to get a decent education with emphasis on the classics, self-reliance, and sports of all kinds. Besides cricket (**note the slip-catch cradle on the lawn to the left of the above photo - a practice aid for aspiring slip catchers**), there was riding to hounds with a pack of bassets, moon-light cross-country runs, fly-fishing in trout streams in the Aberdare Mountains, and all manner of educational experiences as befitting the sons of Lords, Earls, Prospectors, Farmers, Mining Engineers, Game Wardens, Veterinarians, and sundry flotsam and jetsam of adventurers who washed up in this magical spot in Africa, and opted to stay there.

In the 1950's, there were around 60 or 70 boys who lived there for three terms per year, each of three months. Between the ages of seven and twelve years old, they had to be kept occupied beyond the eight hours of schooling a day.

Besides informal play time and organised sports, it was felt that they also needed a project. A challenge that would contribute to their education beyond that which Latin, French, Geometry or History could achieve.

Such projects could last for years. One was to build a yacht pond, another was to build a large pavilion with storage rooms (for athletic equipment like cricket pads, stumps and slip-catch cradle, pommel horse and archery targets - just to name a few); another was to build a chapel.

Not just a little wooden chapel, but one with stained glass windows and a tower, made with two-foot thick walls of tamped murram and clay, with concrete window frames and a steel-trussed roof - one that would last the ages.

These are some pictures of that endeavour, kindly provided by former pupils of the school.

**LEFT: ALFREDA HAZARD (WIFE OF THE HEADMASTER, IN GREY COAT AND SKIRT) CAN BE SEEN WITH THE MOTHER OF A PUPIL IN FRONT OF THE CHAPEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION.**

Pupils are using a hand-cranked cement mixer to prepare concrete for use in the chapel. Note the crudely erected shade, and pupils wearing felt hats. The latter were a school-required item to protect against an equatorial sun at 6,600ft altitude. We probably didn't know it at the time, but this combination means high doses of UV radiation, not good for Anglo-saxon or Celtic skins in terms of DNA damage leading to eventual higher risk for cancer problems.

To mix concrete, you first need to obtain the ingredients. Cement and sand were acquired by direct parental donation as well as purchase with monies donated to the chapel fund. But the rock aggregate was 'scavenged' from a supposedly abandoned quarry across the road from the school. This quarry, originally established to provide ballast rock for railway line construction, including the line that ran from Gilgil to Thompson's Falls, was not completely abandoned and was still occasionally used as a source of rock for permanent way maintenance by the authorities, which meant there were piles of rock lying around ready for the taking.

This was an opportunity that could not be missed - it was just a matter of arranging collection and transport - ideal work for a gang of pre-teen youths. A sturdy cart [**LEFT**] was built, named the '*Punda* Cart' and whenever a fresh supply of rock was needed, sufficient youth-power was assembled before breakfast (while the temperature was still cool before the sun rose too high) and the cart man-handled (youth-handled?) across the road to the quarry. It was filled with rock gathered piece-by-piece off the ground and then dragged back (but now heavily laden) to the construction site using the same source of motive power.

The most important member of the team was the brake man, **seen above to the right of the wheel**, with his left hand on the brake lever. Returning down the hill, fully laden, the cart might overpower the combined muscle-power of its drivers.

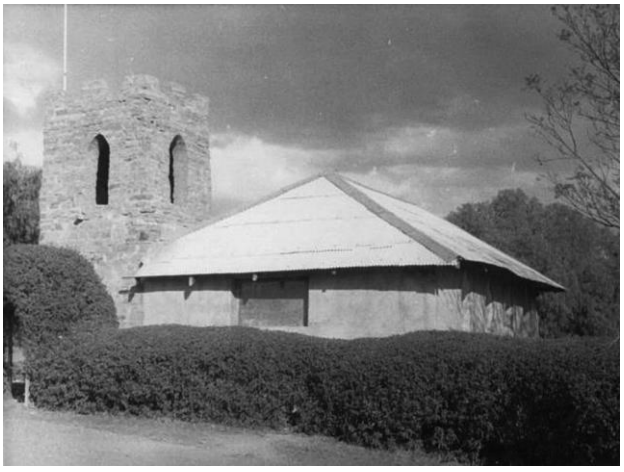
It was the solemn responsibility of the brake man to always be ready and in position to stop a runaway *punda* cart laden with aggregate rock careening down the road out of control in the general direction of Gilgil.

Note the standard workaday uniform - khaki shorts, khaki bush jacket (many pockets), a grey cardigan if temperature warranted, and the mandatory-at-all-times felt hat which it was claimed was necessary given our equatorial location at 6000ft above sea level - the UV rays from the sun might fry our brains.

Given what we know today about skin cancer, this rule was very appropriate but not for the reasons given.

Access to higher levels of the building construction was gained by spanning two oil drums with a plank to form a scaffold [**LEFT**], or even wooden towers built out of sturdy tree limbs as shown here. Today the inspectors from Industrial Health & Safety might have some opinions on the matter - leaving aside the question of underage construction workers...

The roof had three main structural supports constructed as steel box-girders to span the width of the chapel [**RIGHT**]. These were designed by Colonel Randall, a maths teacher and formerly of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME). Construction of the box-girders was handled by the pupils themselves under his supervision accompanied by stories of Bailey Bridge construction in the war. (See notes further below for more about Colonel Randall) Construction has started on the separate tower.



The chairs in the chapel had their origins in the dining room. Traditionally, when a pupil left the school, some parents would pay for a memorial chair with a little brass plaque on the back recording the pupil's name and years of attendance. I never saw the completed chapel myself, but this photo [**ABOVE RIGHT**] would seem to show that those chairs (or similar ones) became repurposed to ecclesiastical duties.

The oval stained glass window behind the altar was also constructed by the pupils, under guidance from the same Colonel Randall. Colonel Randall was a maths teacher who had served with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME) in WWII.

In fact he was much more than just the maths master, his REME background made him one of the most important people on staff. He functioned in fact as the Chief Engineer of Pembroke House, and with the aid of a few acolytes, kept the whole ship running.

Let me explain... besides the formal academic curriculum - Latin, History, French - and the formal sports activities - soccer, cricket, cross-country hare-and-hounds with real Bassett hounds, an ill-fated attempt by Col. Pratley to start a boxing program - we also had a few other semi-organized activities.

I remember there was a wood-working program where one could learn basic carpentry, how to sharpen a chisel and use it safely, how to set the blade in a plane without too much blood loss, or make a mitred joint. One had the opportunity not only to build rudimentary things, but also repair furniture, put a new shelf in the kitchen and so forth.

Another regular organized activity was called 'Randallising', named after the aforementioned Colonel. Its activities occurred in the afternoons before supper and members of the group did all the things that Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are wont to do, in maintaining the smooth functioning of Pembroke House, which I'm sure had a huge impact on the future career paths of a number of pupils, including myself, who comprised the labour force.

For example, in those days the wires from East African Power & Light had not reached Pembroke House, so we did not have electricity in the normal sense. But we did enjoy a modicum of electric light. This was provided by the *tinga-tinga* - an onomatopoeic Swahili name for the in-house generator. This was a large single-cylinder (aka one-lung) Lister diesel engine connected to a generator, all mounted on a wooden chassis-platform laid over some old tyres as a shock-absorbing and sound-deadening measure.

The engine at Pemroke House drove a twelve volt generator, or maybe it was six volt, memory is vague on that detail, via a large belt, and powered a number of automotive headlight bulbs strategically located in passageways, dorms and staff living quarters. It was up to the Randallizers not only to maintain this system, but it fell to one of us to start the *tinga-tinga* at 6 p.m. sharp every evening, or at 1800 hours in Colonel Randall's terminology. This involved holding a lever which held the valves open so there was no compression, while the lucky pupil cranked the flywheel to get it spinning as fast as he could.

Then on command, he was to disengage the crank handle from the main shaft before the lever was released thus allowing the valves to engage, cylinder compression became effective and the while contraption *tinga-tingaed* gloriously into life. Flipping the compression lever before disengaging the crank-handle we were assured would result in minimally a broken arm and possibly even manned flight in some random direction.

Another duty of the Randallizers was maintenance of the Rolls, the Bentley, and the Willys Jeep, which mainly consisted of changing the oil, greasing the grease points, adjusting the brakes, topping up the radiator, checking the pressure of the tyres, and so forth. When changing oil, I remember we were threatened with having last rites read over us if we cross-threaded the sump plug. I can also remember putting a new condenser into the ignition system of the Rolls and re-gapping the plugs.

The Chapel was also the beneficiary of Randallizers efforts. The beams for the roof were box trusses constructed out of angle iron and cross-braces and assembled by cutting, drilling and riveting the raw materials. Cutting was with a hacksaw, holes were made using a manually cranked drill press, and the

rivets were heated to glowing in the charcoal forge to soften them before they were hammered into place.

The large oval stained-glass window in the Chapel was also the work of the Randallisers. Parents were solicited to provide coloured glass bottles and old car batteries. The coloured bottles were smashed into little pieces, the size of a pea was ideal, and the colours kept in separate piles.

From what I can remember, deep blue came from Milk of Magnesia, light green and light brown came from Nile Lager and Tusker, and medium red from Iron Jelloids, bottles. [Ed: *See Cover*]

The old car batteries first had their acid decanted in a large glass carboy, and were then broken open with a sledge hammer to get at the lead plates. These were fed, still wet with acid, into a cauldron of molten lead, resulting in much sizzle and splatter of hot acid.

Our uniform khaki jackets and shorts inevitably developed little holes over time whose mysterious origins drove Miss Farrant (School Matron) crazy until she eventually tracked down the cause and read us the riot act. The fact that we didn't even wear safety goggles still gives me the shudders today.

The cauldron was a old massive iron brake drum from a lorry and shaped like one of those cake tins with a large chimney hole in the middle. This was placed on a bed of glowing charcoal in the forge which had a manually cranked blower to keep the coals glowing fiercely.

When we had a gallon or two of molten lead, it was poured into a mould made out of two pieces of angle-iron clamped together - resulting in a lead rod of rectangular cross-section about a centimeter square and a few feet long. These rods were then bent to the shape of the patterns in the stained glass window and arc-welded together to form the overall design.

Arc welding was done with any electric power that could still be derived from the donated car batteries. An attempt would be made to charge the batteries on arrival to see if they still worked, and the better ones were retained to provide the power source for welding. Charging was accomplished via the windmill charger mounted high above the pigeon loft.

Electrodes were made by recovering the central carbon rod from torch batteries. These were removed from the dead batteries and then sharpened to a point in a pencil sharpener. One terminal of the battery was connected via a thick copper cable to the lead to be welded, the electrode was held in a clamp connected to another copper cable in contact with the other battery terminal, and so the deed was done.

Welding was great fun with sparks and blobs of molten lead flying in all directions. More holes in uniforms ensued, bringing Miss Farrant ever closer to the brink of nervous breakdown.

When the design of the pattern had been realized in lead rods welded together, it was placed flat on a sheet of clear glass. The granules of coloured crushed glass were then poured into the intervening spaces between the lead outlines, and when complete the whole thing was to be covered with another sheet of clear glass to make the finished window.

I never saw the final step because I left school before it was completed, but I see from the cover that it finally made it, up in pride of place behind the altar.

Thank you Colonel Randall - you surely shaped a number of pupils to a love of technology, tinkering, and inventing. Some of them made this direction their career.

**ABOVE LEFT: MR HANBURY (OR "SIR") AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS HARPIC - "CLEAN ROUND THE BEND" AS CLAIMED BY THE OLD ADVERTISING JINGLE FOR THE EPONYMOUS TOILET-CLEANING PRODUCT.**

**ABOVE RIGHT: THE HEADMASTER, CHRIS HAZARD, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS *QUELCH* BY THE PUPILS, HIS WIFE ALFREDA AND A PUPIL'S MOTHER.**

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## I WORE THE BADGE BUT WAS I OR WASN'T I IN THE REGIMENT?

[Jitze Couperus]

You may be interested in some background as to why I never made it on to the Kenya Regiment Long Roll; I was basically, a Uganda boy and while Uganda boys did CCF at Prince of Wales, they were never actually called-up on leaving school.

However, Murphy's Law struck. During my last term at POW two things happened, my parents moved to Nairobi (thus I was in transition to becoming a Kenya resident), and the Congo blew up within hours of independence. So my last term at school was cut short; the other boys were sent home early because the dorms were needed to house Belgian refugees, but I had to stay on as one of a few senior prefects to help receive and settle the refugees.

During this exercise it was discovered that I spoke Dutch - my parents were Hollanders - which was very useful in communicating with some of the Belgians - Dutch more-or-less equals Flemish. Also I was conversant in the vicinal Swahili spoken in Western Uganda and across the border, which was useful in communicating with Greek refugees whom the Belgians had originally imported to work as *fundis* in the mines at *Union Minière.* We didn't speak Greek, they didn't speak English, so my rudimentary command of

this flavor of Swahili was vital to conducting any kind of interaction with the majority of the refugees in the POW dorms.

The chief-in-charge of the refugee camp was Mr. Goldsmith, more usually Assistant Headmaster of POW, and OIC CCF which was actually run by Capt Fyfe I think was his name; and Goldsmith decided my skills would be invaluable in assisting the Kenya Regiment to deal with the problems they were facing in confronting the Congo situation. So he decided to have me called up and put me on the train to Lanet to collect my uniform and formally enlist.

On arrival at Lanet, there was a hasty conference where it was decided I was still a Uganda resident, and thus not eligible for the Regiment, but already under Her Majesty's Command and that I should therefore continue my train journey to Jinja and join 4th (Uganda) KAR.

This I did, but it was a tricky situation. Whereas the Kenya Regiment was a Territorial Force geared up for two year conscripts, the KAR were regulars with white Officers, who after training at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, were posted to British infantry battalions and then attached to the KAR, and native WOs, NCO's and other ranks. Here I was, a pimply, white eighteen-year-old, with a few years of CCF under my belt, and only committed to eighteen months I think it was. So I certainly didn't qualify as an officer or senior NCO, nor did I have the complexion to fit in with the other ranks

This disparity seemed to bother nobody – things were getting urgent in the Congo. They assigned me a three ton Bedford, two LMG's, and 20 askaris, each with a ·303 and two magazines of ammunition. Together with three more similarly equipped lorries, I was ordered to proceed across the border to Bukavu (the word invasion was not used) and rescue/retrieve/evacuate people who were under siege from rebels.

During this trip, my particular lorry was diverted to proceed instead to Butiaba on Lake Albert in Western Uganda, with instructions to takeover an EAR&H steamship (SS Robert Coryndon) and commandeer it in the name of HM. The Captain, a permanently sozzled Scot, and his crew were already government employees and happily took their orders from a new but very young *Bwana Mkubwa* who carried a swagger stick under his left arm, and was too naïve to know what he was doing.

We made three or four voyages in as many days across the Lake, visiting various spots on the Belgian side collecting women and children and shipping them back to Butiaba, where buses had been assembled to transport them on to Kampala.

After a few days, our job was done, my askaris had liberated a trove of Nile Lager found in the hold of the Coryndon and got to sleep it off before we were once again sent to join the rest of our "forward expedition" near Bukavu.

That whole expedition probably lasted less than a month, until proper "United Nations Forces in the Congo" took over and the four Bedford lorries with battle-hardened troops (ahem!) could return to Jinja. Now that the panic was over, the question of my anomalous status in the regular KAR could no longer be ignored.

In conversation it transpired that I knew how to fly (learned by the side of friends of my Dad over the years, but no license as yet – there was no pilot licensing infrastructure in Uganda at the time – just a "*Barua kwa peleka ndege*" signed by an Assistant Commissioner of Police sufficed). At the same time, it was anticipated that *Uhuru* was to come to Uganda in the not too distant future, and that a cadre should be formed within the KAR in preparation as the nucleus of a future Uganda Airforce.

To this end a small squadron, Scottish Aviation Pioneer aircraft, I think there were nine, had been assigned to Jinja by the RAF to help in this endeavor. These planes had originally seen service in Borneo, then Aden, and came with a squadron leader, a handful of pilot officers and mechanics/fitters – none of whom knew the first word of Swahili, which wasn't really necessary, for just about all of the NCO's were reasonably conversant in English; but it was apparent to all that I was the perfect round peg to fit this round hole - flying and Swahili - what a perfect fit.

So once again, my actual status (and rank) was carefully ignored (the KAR paymaster had me as a WO2) and I became both pupil and instructor at the birth of the Air Wing of the 4th Bn KAR. I received a brief but quite extensive training in the profession of reconnaissance pilot before the bureaucracy could no longer be avoided, and as a conscripted Territorial, I was to be sent back whence I came – namely to the Kenya Regiment to which I had never officially belonged in the first place!


This was referred to at the time as a real bugger's muddle by the authorities in Lanet, because I was on the hook apparently for eighteen months, being now a Kenya resident and already on HM paymaster's books, but no way could I (re-)join that year's call up which was already well into its training program. So the authorities decided instead, that I would make a fine police constable and I was sent on to Nairobi to finish my time with the Kenya Police.

This accounts for my motley collection of buckles and badges which my family recently had mounted and framed as a father's day present – a picture [**LEFT**] is attached for your amusement. Note that the KAR cap badge is for the 2nd rather than the 4th Bn. This is because (so the Indian quartermaster who issued it informed me) they had run out of badges for the 4th because of the sudden influx of new personnel, and were using some old ones from a now-defunct battalion for the duration. Gives some idea of the shambolic situation at the time

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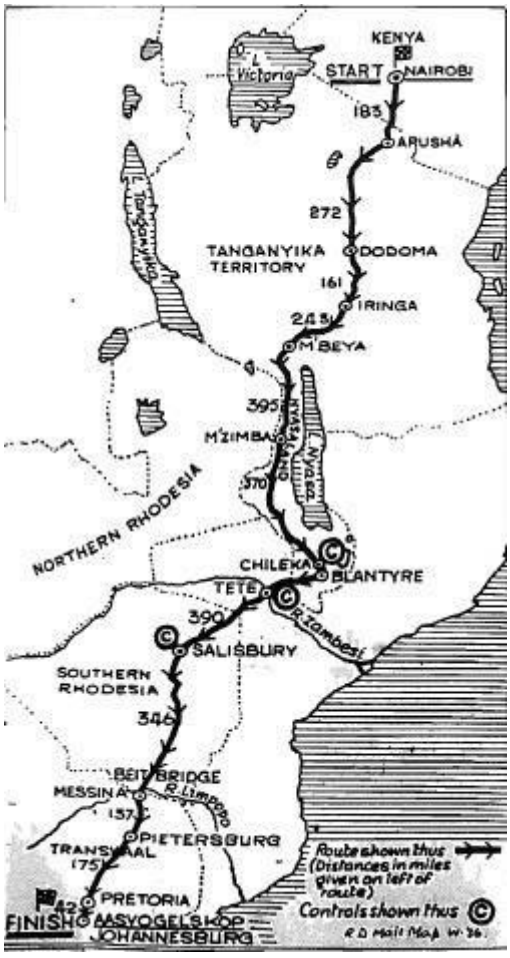
THE GREAT ROAD RACE - NAIROBI TO JOHANNESBURG - 1936

[*Ed: Stan Bleazard, who very kindly suggested that readers of m-S may enjoy reading about this pre-war race, writes: Herewith the article and other attachments for you to consider. Sorry for the delay - Xmas and all. Not long after our last communication I was disappointed to discover the event had already been published in "Old Africa" magazine. So this is a different take on the event, including attachments from newspaper cuttings of the 'Rand Daily Mail'. I had hoped to get some photos from Alan Westcob which he may have saved from his father but his latest email address that he sent to me does not function. The pictures are the best I can get and may not be suitable.* A*cknowledgement of newspaper records provided by the British Library in preparation of this article In June/July 2009, a more general account of the race, by John Wroe, was published in 'Old Africa' Magazine*]

On 15th September 1936, the Empire Exhibition opened in Johannesburg. One and a half million people passed through its turnstiles during the four months it was open. Celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Johannesburg's founding and the discovery of gold on the Witswatersrand, the Exhibition presented a narrative of civilization and technology. It displayed various marvels, including exhibits of minerals, diamonds, and postage stamps valued at over £1 million; a rock garden; a replica of Victoria Falls; an animal zoo; and a model of the Rand.

Other attractions included a Jubilee parade, an ice rink, a cinema, musical performances, a pageant presenting South African history and of course, preparations for the great road race sponsored by the Rand Daily Mail and Sunday Times newspapers.

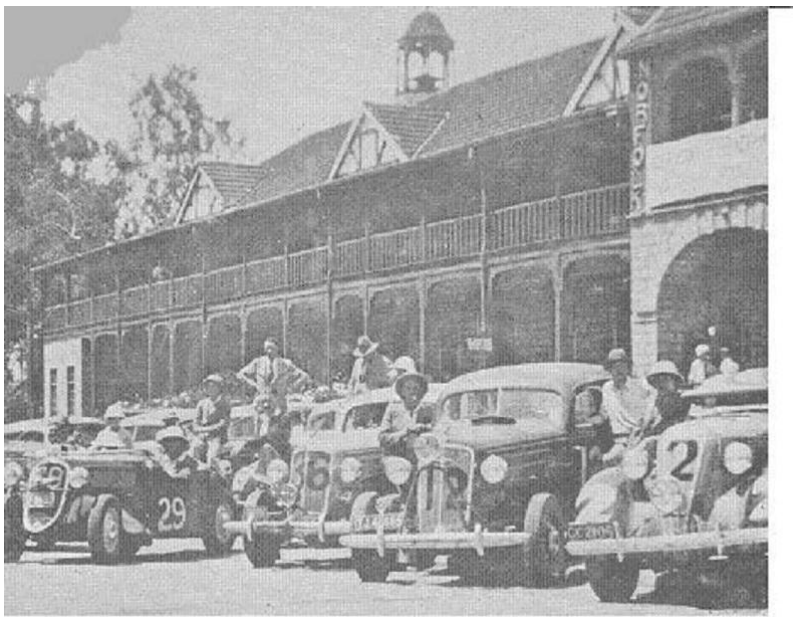
With prize money of over £1000, the race was due to start from Nairobi on Monday 26th October, 2,732 miles to the north [**ROUTE TAKEN BELOW**].




The Automobile Association of South Africa (AASA), together with the Royal East Africa Automobile Association (REAAA), took on all the preparations for the race. The route from Nairobi started at the 11 mile peg on the Athi River road, through Kajiado to Arusha, and Dodoma to Mbeya and was organised by REAAA, which provided food baskets for competitors along the way. Lionel Galton-Fenzie had pioneered long sections of this part of the route in previous years by driving across the veldt, and some parts were still hardly more than tracks.

AASA made all arrangements from Mbeya to the finish at Assvogel Kop on Muldersdrift Road in Johannesburg. The event attracted 42 entrants, the majority enthusiasts from South Africa, who perhaps had some advantage of route familiarity as they had had to cover it on the long journey to the start. Unfortunately, car No.35 retired on the way north after an accident in which one of its crew died. With the East African economy stuck in the doldrums, post the great depression, the event became a catalyst for great interest and much voluntary activity.

During their stay in Nairobi all drivers were hospitably accommodated without charge at the Norfolk Hotel, courtesy of the owner Mr A. Block and they visited Kibubuti coffee estate and the Kiambu club. They were invited to Sunday afternoon tea at Government House and afterwards as guests of members of the South African Society of East Africa, whose President Lt Col A Dunstan Adams, addressed the gathering.




East Africa provided only five entrants: Bentley & Martin of Kitale driving a Dodge [No.21]; Hopley & Englebrecht of Lumbwa/Kericho driving a Terraplane [No.22] whose leaf springs were bound up with Kongoni hide; Jennings & Jennings of Rumuruti in a Ford V8 box body [No.37], McIvor & Frank of Nairobi (entered by Madame Babault of Karen Estates) driving a Ford V8 [No.40] and from Tanga, Leigh & Bauerle in an Essex Terraplane [No.16].

Car No. 17, a Ford V8 driven by Locke & Dowling of Johannesburg, crashed so badly in trials in Nairobi that a substitution of a new car was allowed, generously donated by a group of local businessmen. Almost all cars were standard road vehicles of American origin. The exceptions were car No.4, a supercharged Bentley capable of exceeding 100 mph, and car No.29, a small Skoda sports car powered by a one litre motor.

Competitors began arriving at the start enclosure shortly after dawn on the Monday and all were provided with a complimentary breakfast on site, courtesy of Queens Hotel. However, a mist delayed the start for over an hour before the British Colonial Secretary flagged off car No.1 to the cheers of the assembled crowd.

Thereafter, Galton-Fenzie dropped the flag at minute intervals as cars sped off in numerical order. Spectators and officials alike observed a minute's silence for the deceased entrant of car No.35 and when the last car shot off, everyone present knew a remarkable event of motoring history was in the making. A long and dangerous challenge lay ahead, particularly the road conditions of the first 200 miles. Abundant wildlife along the way were a continuous potential hazard.

The EA Standard newspaper maintained reports of progress and failures by their airborne correspondent, H J van Buskirk in a Waco aeroplane that followed the event up to Mbeya. Several embankment collisions and mechanical failures occurred and most drivers experienced trouble of some sort. Ford V8 car No.42 (Woodhead & Egan of Johannesburg) came to the fore with a characteristically explosive if brief outing in the race; starting last, they had picked up eight places before reaching Kajiado and led on handicap at Dodoma, 455 miles from Nairobi. The media speculated that if they continued at that pace they could set a world long-distance record by the time they reached the finish. But they were not to reach the finish. With only one headlight working and blinded by the dust of a car they were following, they veered off road and struck a tree stump 65 miles north of Mbeya.

Ford V8 car No.3 (Whitehead & McNicol of Johannesburg) stopped and loaned them their spare front-axle assembly and went on their way. Woodhead & Egan were listed as missing and only arrived back in Johannesburg a month after the race.

The race sponsors offered a special prize for the fastest time to reach Chileka from Nairobi and the Governor of Nyasaland attended the control to welcome the first few competitors. Chrysler car No.5 (Du Toit & Rosen of Johannesburg) arrived first, 36 hours after leaving Nairobi, almost an hour ahead of the next car.

For crossing the great Zambezi River by pontoon, the second control at Tete took careful time of each transit for its deduction from that competitor's overall net time. Passing through Salisbury next morning, Du Toit & Rosen still led the field but Hopley & Englebrecht [Terraplane No. 22] had caught up and were only 40 minutes behind.

Maintaining very high speed in Wednesday's daylight dash through the bush of Northern Transvaal, misfortune struck the Chrysler; a cracked cylinder head forced them to slow down and affect repairs. At Potgeitersrust, Du Toit very sportingly left a note for car Hopley & Englebrecht, advising them of the Chrysler's predicament and suggesting they slow down.

Knowing they had the lead, Englebrecht drove the Terraplane cautiously on to Pretoria, where Hopley took the wheel for the final stretch to Johannesburg. They covered the last half mile at a crawl through a gathering of an estimated 40,000 spectators who the Police were unable to control.

The Kenya entry crossed the finish line first at 10.14pm, followed twelve minutes later by Westcob &

Broderick [Ford V8 No.11]. Amazingly, just seven minutes later, the crippled Chrysler car [No.5] crossed the line; all three vehicles had covered the distance in under 60 hours!

Twenty nine cars completed the course before the final control closed at 9pm Thursday. At a press interview, Englebrecht said he drove most of the way from Nairobi and was proud to have won the race for Kenya. And so ended what must have been the toughest and most gruelling production saloon car race ever staged in Africa.

Prize money awarded by the sponsors:

1st Prize - £850: Hopley & Englebrecht, Kenya - Terraplane [No.22]
2nd Prize - £300: Westcob & Broderick, Kenya/South Africa - Ford V8 [No.11]
3rd Prize - £200: Du Toit & Rosen, South Africa - Chrysler [No.5]
Special Prize - £100 - Awarded for the fastest time from Nairobi to Chileka control: Du Toit & Rosen, South Africa - Chrysler [No.5]
In addition, two consolation prizes:
£150: Marcus & Bower, South Africa - Chevrolet [No.1]
£100: McNichol & Whitehead, South Africa - Ford V8 [No.3]

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## THE KENYA REGIMENT'S CLAIM TO FAME WITH THE EA CORONATION SAFARI

[Arthur Schofield KR4511]

The East African Coronation Safari was inaugurated in late May/early June 1953 and organised by Eric Cecil to commemorate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. In subsequent years it was held over the Easter weekend.

I cannot remember the specific year but it would probably have been coming up to the next event at Easter in either 1956 or 1957 when the EA Safari organisers asked whether members of the Regiment could assist with communications.

Having recently been released from active service with the Regiment and during which time both Ted Downer [KR4253] and I had been involved with signals at various times, we accepted the assignment for this next Safari rally. We took the back seat out of my Morris Minor and installed one of the Regiment's rather large wireless sets, with a couple of batteries placed in the boot to power it.

The rally route that year would eventually take the Safari cars right around Mt Kenya and mean they would pass along the Embu/Meru road so Ted and I drove up to Embu and stayed over-night in the Izaak Walton Hotel so we could radio back to Rally Headquarters in Nairobi with the progress of the cars as they passed our position.

The following morning we were setting up the equipment when we received a call that due to very heavy rain, the Mt Kenya section of the rally had been taken out. It didn't really surprise us too much as we had heard torrential rain falling all night. The cars would now be coming straight down through Fort Hall and on to Nairobi.

We packed up in double quick time and drove like hell in the mud, slipping and sliding everywhere in atrocious conditions, eventually getting back near to Sagana on the Fort Hall road where we erected an aerial between some tree branches and were set up by the time the first car came through, duly reporting

back to rally HQ in Mitchell Park the time it passed and the car number.

It seems our efforts were appreciated as we subsequently did get some degree of recognition from a small write-up in the East African Standard some days later acknowledging the efforts of Kenya Regiment personnel. [Ed: *The cutting from the EA Standard was almost indecipherable for clear reproduction in m-S.*], We knew the reference made in the write up relating to the Embu part referred to Ted and myself even though they didn't specifically mention us by name.

'Coronation Safari. I was rather surprised that no mention was made of the part played by the Signals Section of the Kenya regiment in the recent publicity given to the Safari.

The Regiment had been asked to assist by providing two radio points, one at Narok and the other at Thika. Owing to the lack of manpower in the Signals Section, half of whom were already assisting in various ways at Mitchell Park, this was eventually changed to a radio point at Embu, contact being maintained with a central point at Mitchell Park manned by the Signals Section, who, in turn, passed on information to the main control.

When the lads at Embu were advised of the cancellation of the mountain leg, they immediately packed up and made full pelt for Sagana where they set up and were soon in contact with Mitchell Park, passing on times and details of cars passing the point. This, I consider, was in the spirit and tradition of what we have come to expect from the Kenya Regiment

It is hoped that in the next Safari the Regiment will be able to participate to a much greater extent; I'm sure they will be able to eliminate the difficulties which occurred in obtaining accurate and up-to-date progress reports.'

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## CORRESPONDENCE

Robin **Stobbs** [KR4458] <r.stobbs@telkmosa.net> 25/05/2013 from Grahamstown: I am in the throes of trying to write my memoirs - not because I did anything famous or extreme, but just so that my grandchildren and their children can read what it was like growing up in Kenya pre-takeaways, cell phones, computers and such.

Now, the biggest problems I have are these ruddy great blank spaces in my forgettory! Certain events, though important at the time, have now vanished into my cerebral archives never to be retrieved unless I discover trigger events or photographs among my meagre collection.

So, with that preamble - do you know whether anyone has recorded the history of Support Company; what Guard Posts were occupied by whom and when? I can remember being at Ruthagati with Mike Tremlett [KR4379] and *Swanny* Swanepoel [KR4148], thence to Kiawamaruru, Githunguri and Tambaya - then another up near the Aberdare forest edge! But I can't remember who with nor when!

I notice the one photo I have of Tambaya post I have the triangle hat flash! I know it sounds crazy but I can't even remember how or why our company hat flash changed from the 'O' to the triangle!

Other things that bug me, include the tragic event when John Luckes [KR4554] died climbing off the 15cwt truck bringing us back from a forest patrol and who it was had enough belief in my account of the incident that John's rifle was eventually sent to the UK to see whether it would fire with the safety catch in the 'on' position - the name Stooge Stocker [KR3794] comes to mind but I can't be sure.

Dammit, I can't even remember who the other members of our training squad were at Thika after some of us were seconded to the Prisons Dept there - I remember only Mike Tucker [KR4248] and Brian Jeffries [KP] and ?? Nils Andersson [KR4061].

So, what I'm asking is, were there any official Regimental records detailed enough to show who did what, when and where?

If not, looks like I'm flogging the proverbial dead horse here! I have been in contact with Mike Tremlett but after we parted company when moving from Ruthagati Post Mike went one way and I another! I do have KR4232 David Lovatt Smith's book, 'Kenya, the Kikuyu and Mau Mau', and KR4086 Jock Rutherford's 'History of the Kikuyu Guard'. Sadly, however, it seems the sort of detail I'm searching for has been lost within the bigger picture.

Perhaps some surviving member of that Home Guard era may have a better memory than I do. I think all of us have our little personal tales to tell - what we did, how we felt, and so on - all we need is someone who was there (and found the elixir of life) to begin the task of putting it all together! [Ed: *Any reader who served in Support Company and can help 'jumpstart Robin's flagging memory board', ideally with documents, photos maps etc, please contact Robin*.]

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Anthony **Allen** [KRs3513] <antjen.allen@gmail.com> a keen collector of medals to East Africans, asks whether members can assist by letting him have photographs of Richard Frederick Rainsford, Gerald Lewis Krauss [KR477], and Ernest Gare, a farmer from Kiambu and who worked at the British High commission in Nairobi.

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Peter **Filmer** [KR2078] <pnfilmer@btinternet.com> 22/10/2013: I refer to Mike Somen's comments on the Erroll murder case [XLII pg43]. Whilst I accept that Mike was not making any accusations, but merely repeating the names of some suspects who have been mentioned over many years, I would like to put on record the fact that my mother, Phyllis Filmer, was never a suspect, as she had been in South Africa at the time. My father, Percy Filmer, was cleared of any involvement in the early stages of the investigation.

May I take this opportunity of congratulating and thanking you and others in Kwa-Zulu Natal for your efforts in producing the mini-Sitreps over many years. They have been an invaluable medium for keeping people in touch and recording stories that would otherwise have been lost.

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Jim **Bruce** [KR4816]: Much enjoyed mini SITREP XLII. Your editing's a lot better than some professionals. There was a book put out about twenty years ago by Robert Ardrey (I think) in which he stated that giraffes had long necks because they ate grass.

I wrote to him saying that they didn't seem to behave that way where we were, and he very kindly took the trouble to write back saying that things had somehow got mixed up, hyenas or something, so you're doing well.

Five things:

1. The Othaya raid. Patchy radio news next day at Mukuruweini, about twenty miles east, was that if it hadn't been for the KAR firepower they'd have been over-run, which sounds about right, but there was also a later hint that as things got themselves more disciplined, somebody came out from under his bed where he'd been letting off his sten - I think Patchetts appeared a bit later - through his mattress. Glad I was not at Othaya that day, but how the hell did he wangle a mattress?

2. Round about Othaya raid time, the name of a wild sounding regiment character was heard round the Mt Kenya/ northern Aberdares area - Davo Davidson**.** Some said he'd done a stint as Al Capone's body guard and apparently he carried two ·45 six-shooters [Ed: *I think they were ·38s*] with which he could plug playing cards at thirty feet while rolling about on the ground. Anybody got any facts? (Caroline Elkin's opinion not required.)

3. List of staff: In the early 1960's, I had risen to the not very highly esteemed position of Port Accountant, Mtwara, the deep water port built for Tanganyika's Southern Province's leap to fame and fortune with the Great Ground Nut Fiasco. By 1960, Mtwara was generally considered to be a punishment station, but I thought it was bloody marvellous – here they filmed a version of Blue Lagoon; there were lots of real characters about, the skin diving was fantastic and raw green chillies were *de rigeur* with Lindi Hotel curries. Also fantastic were the skills of the Asians in hooking sticks and ankles on the coral outcrop hockey field and, soon after Independence when every man and his dog came calling, we achieved international status by beating the Indian Navy in a rugger match on the same ground - the heavy weights in the scrum, who hadn't run a step since school fortunately did not quite expire.

Anyway, the pub owner at Mtwara, mine host of the Southern Cross Hotel right on the waterfront, was Vic **Bobbet,** a Welshman with a big pot and moustache which hid the smiles that nobody ever saw. He'd have been in his fifties about then I suppose, but his back was straight as a ramrod, he had a thousand mile glare and he claimed to have been a sometime sergeant instructor to the Kenya Regiment, Welsh Guards I think. Anybody heard of him?

Whatever, Vic certainly had the right regimental attitude; we had our wedding reception in his Hotel and he kept the bar going well into the small hours, sending a couple of bottles of bubbly to the flight deck of our get-away EA Airways DC3, a diversion which resulted in JUST MARRIED being lipsticked in letters two foot high all over the fuselage. The in-laws went through the roof when they got the booze bill, which was a considerable achievement with only about 40 Europeans in the town and the Mtwara Club the only other watering hole, and didn't speak to Vic for at least six months.

The wedding being at New Year, there'd been a few foreigners about, sisal plantation managers, Peace Corps strays and agricultural people from Newala, Mikindani and Lindi to whom the in-laws could not recall having sent invitations; besides which they were under the impression that Vic had agreed to close the bar when the party went to the airport to farewell the happy couple - also the other mother in law who had to get back to Nairobi.

4. I seem to remember hearing, from the son of one of the policemen quite closely involved in the Broughton case, that, soon after he'd had been acquitted, Sir Delves Broughton casually remarked to the inspector "You know I did it, don't you?' confirming that a policeman's lot is not a happy one, perhaps made less onerous when Broughton shot himself.

5. Regards to ex-Parklands types, Felix Baddeley [KR4030] and Derek Lindeman [KR4034]. Whilst hurriedly tidying up yesterday in anticipation of visitors, I came across a photo of a Parklands School line up (maybe 1943?) but apart from Mrs. Coleman (headmistress), Miss. Rawe (*kali* Latin teacher), Mrs. Moody who sometimes took what passed for PT, Tony Pearse, Bertie Burlo [KR4216] and maybe

Oslo McPhee [KR4217]; couldn't place anybody else out of the 150 odd in the picture, though Ernie Day [KR4210] of Othaya fame, his sister May, Ken Clark [KR4177] and Denis Tarr [KR3999] may be in there.

I hope you can keep up the good work for a bit yet.

[Ed: *Jim's mention of Davo brought to mind the following photos taken when Davo visited the Eastleigh and had a trip in a Lincoln over the Aberdares*.]

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AMBUSH

[Chester Roy Livingstone KR4360]

We called it "Ambush" then, because the climax was a not uncommon feature of life at the time - the jungle ambush, in wait for Mau Mau terrorists. By "we" I mean that little group of us at Kenya Regiment Headquarters, Nairobi, in mid-1954, mainly old sweats who, by virtue of length of tooth and shortness of wind, had been withdrawn from some of the more active jobs among the forward units to carry out the usual HQ duties and act as a small garrison in the event of trouble in the Nairobi area.

The idea of the film grew as the result of experiments at recording accompaniments to silent films by means of a tape recorder; and expanded into a half-hour script for a semi-documentary film on the adventures of a patrol in action against the Mau Mau. With a spoken commentary on tape, musical background and liberal sound effects, it should have been quite impressive and indeed, with a large section of the Regiment and sympathetic local audiences, it went down very well. There were criticisms, of course, but we expected and hoped for them.

Shooting was scheduled to take at the most four weekends and our Commanding Officer gave us free use of transport, firearms and most of the African guard platoon, plus our pick of captured Mau Mau home-made weapons. In addition, 1340 Flight of the RAF, flying Harvards armed with machine guns and carrying 20 pound bombs, allowed us unrestricted facilities for filming both on the ground and from the air.

Briefly, our story told of three men called up at the outbreak of the Emergency in 1952, their training, camp life and amusements until one of them, played by Terry Holmes [KR4201], the "baby" of our group who was then in his early twenties, was ambushed and killed while escorting a supply lorry. An immediate operation with air force support was planned to drive the terrorists out of their hide. RAF

bombing and machine-gunning was to start the gang moving, heading them into a jungle path at the other end of which was a small machine-gun post.

Volunteering for this part of the mission were the Sergeant, played by Pete McBrearty [KR3910], a typical old sweat, and the third member of the trio, played by Dave Munn [KR3767]. Supporting them as a rifleman was the African tracker who had accompanied them on their patrols. In the course of the ensuing battle, Dave is wounded, Pete's Bren gun jams and the African tracker saves the day.

As our ambush was scheduled for dawn, we trusted to the fact that filming commenced in the African winter, two months of cold, damp, cloudy weather which should have given us a remarkable grey dawn effect. On the day we started, we had a heat wave. The script was hurriedly altered to suit, and the final battle was staged in brilliant sunshine. The guard platoon, acting as temporary Mau Mau, enjoyed themselves more than they had done for months. They opined it was better than a football match.

In the weeks that followed, we were dogged by misfortune. Each time, one of the three main characters got himself attached to another unit, put on duty or sent on leave. At no time, it seemed, were we able to get all three of them together, and it became a fascinating, if maddening game, to re-script each scene so that two of the three necessary characters could be filmed at a time and the third one's shots added later when he became available. Then, at the last moment, our African tracker went on leave and didn't bother to come back.

An unexpected bonus came our way in the shape of about 200 feet of film of our mortar company in action, together with various other shots of life on active service.

With the main scenes more or less safely in the bag, we set about taking all the hundred and one filling in shots which were needed to maintain continuity. Extra shots were needed of the actual ambush and of the forest surrounding the valley we had chosen for our Mau Mau hide.

Sticklers for realism, a few of us went out one Sunday morning with the cameras and the guns to take these remaining shots. By some miracle, we avoided contact with a gang whose presence in that locality had been notified earlier that morning. Somehow, the message had not been passed on in time. Even more remarkable, of course, was the fact that we also completely missed the large number of security forces who were scouting that same area. Flying shots were taken by the writer from the back seat of a Harvard in the course of three different raids over the forest areas. Beyond the loss of my lunch during a particularly vicious manoeuvre, I suffered no ill effects.

So it went on, operations interrupting more serious business, film being lost in transit, shots ruined by a faulty camera pressure-plate, actors whipped away at the psychological moment. Pete was sent away urgently to join a KAR battalion, Terry Holmes went into hospital with a relapse from injuries suffered in an air crash on operations. So, for six months, we battled on until, believably, we were ready for the premiere.

The Drill Hall was equipped with chairs, a projection table was put together and screened from the audience; everything was organised to the last detail, including the despatch on the morning of the show of the unit's screen to another camp! Our backstage boffins worked wonders with a sheet of Americani cloth, timber, rope stretchers and gallons of whitewash.

Alas for their efforts, it was not until the first film of the programme was projected that we discovered the whitewash had caused the fibres of the cloth to shrink. Most of the light, I think, went on to the wall behind the screen.

Still, our bad luck ended that night. The film was shown later at various camp cinemas and local clubs and, in general, had an enthusiastic reception.

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## PATROLLING WITH THE REGIMENT

[Rusty Russell KR4147]

### ANVIL ANTICS

I was still in ‘C’ Company then, based at Rourke's farm near Mweiga from where we were expected to patrol half the Aberdare ranges. Months and months of foot slogging - "Up hill and down ale" see mini-SITREP XLII - so the news of a move to Nairobi was joyously received.

I understand that it was Ian Henderson's brilliant idea. It was he who decided that most of the enemy lived in the city, not in the mountains. This fact was later confirmed by one of our more discerning scholars, who, whilst gazing out of the truck during our triumphal entry into Nairobi, was heard to remark "Yrr onse it's jist like a bleddy game park!" And this we were able to establish, especially on the disastrous but nevertheless very eventful and exciting first day of Operation Anvil.

### ONE FOR THE WOAD

Each company of the Regiment was allocated a part of the city or its environs to be covered on a sweep-and-search basis with enemy suspects being taken into custody. I don't know who got Karen and Muthaiga, but I do know that 'C' Company was allocated a salubrious area near the Nairobi swamp which included River and Grogan Roads, where we assembled at dawn.

We were divided into sections and each given an area. My section was graciously accorded a portion of Grogan Road, a regular beehive of Indian dukas and dwellings filled with furtive characters, an impressive range of insects and a lot of strange and evil smells. That was only our first impression; what we found later was much, much worse; it was certainly in sharp contrast to patrolling the Aberdares.

Our orders were very clear, we were to search all premises and apprehend all suspects. Each section was also given two sticks of pig dye, one blue to mark suspects found to be in hiding and the other red to mark those found to be in possession of firearms. What we weren't told was that the Indian Embassy was situated in Grogan Road.

It was mid-morning before we arrived on that doorstep, having already taken a substantial number of suspects into custody en route. We were met by a short dapper Indian gentleman who was in a very agitated state. He insisted that we had no right of entry, in fact he became very voluble on the subject and also quite insulting. Eventually one of our number, a tall smart chap, stepped forward and with commendable patience, set out to carefully explain the finer points of army discipline as they related to the particular problem in hand. Orders were orders. In so doing, and in order to ensure that he had the Indian gentleman's full attention, he picked him up by his shirt front so that his feet were barely touching the ground. In the meantime the rest of the section entered the building and a few minutes later emerged with three suspects who were found hiding in the toilet.

The search therefore, was accordingly justified, or so we thought, but in fact a major breach of diplomatic immunity had been committed which caused the Governor some considerable embarrassment. I believe that he had to formally apologise to India.

Anyway after that little incident, we continued on our merry way down Grogan Road, steadily adding to our collection of suspects and headed for the point where we were to rendezvous with the rest of the Company. This was in Victoria Street. We arrived after most of the others and were met by a sight which could perhaps be likened to the evacuation of Dunkirk or Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. There were people everywhere, many of whom were onlookers, but the overall total of suspects apprehended during the course of the day, was formidable.

It was then that we realised that in the excitement of the day's patrol, we had been so engrossed in the search, that no-one had remembered the pig dye. Other sections had made the same omission. So we pooled the sticks, ignoring the red ones because no-one had been caught with a firearm, and distributed these among the suspects. We then instructed the proud new owners to apply the blue dye to the person or persons next to them, after which, being Kenya Regiment we were naturally sensitive to the principles of equal opportunity, we suggested that the dye sticks should change hands so that those who had been on the receiving end were able to practise their artistic talents on the former artists. This they did with great enthusiasm and in no time at all, lo and behold, we had before us a whole tribe of ancient Britons elaborately daubed with blue woad. These we gleefully marched down Victoria Street to the luxury transport which was waiting to take them on a scenic drive to the screening centre.

By this time we had a Police escort in the form of a vehicle with its loud hailer blaring: "Kenya Regiment will apply pig dye to the backs of the hands only". What a pity, - if only they had told us sooner!

Swapping yarns that evening in the mess, it became apparent that the other Kenya Regiment companies had experienced similar mishaps and incidents during the course of the day. Generally, the population of Nairobi had enjoyed our exploits and had shown their appreciation, but not so the men at the top. We were in disgrace. This was confirmed next morning when it was announced that no further patrols would be undertaken by the Kenya Regiment, instead we would man road blocks and carry out cordon duties. And therein lies another tale.

THE LION CLUB

In our demotion to cordon duties, 'C' Company was once again, allocated a salubrious area of town, the furthermost edge of the industrial area, down near the old bone factory. It also bordered on the Nairobi Game Park.

We did road blocks during the day, cordon duty at night and still found time to play sport and drink beer at the Old Cambrians Club. So no-one complained, in fact we regarded ourselves very lucky indeed, because the wide open spaces of the game park gave us excellent visibility, therefore, we could spread out a bit and just take things easy. Semi-permanent bivouacs were built using bits of *mabati* found on the plains and home comforts were the order of the day.

We entertained each other and it was quite common for chaps still wearing sports gear to drive up in private cars to report for duty on the cordon line. Our lords and masters drew a line at female company but I have no doubt that it was attempted.

Then one very bright soldier, who couldn't have been an officer, had a stroke of genius and suggested that if we laid trip flares across the most open parts of our cordon line, a lot of us would get more sleep. The suggestion was enthusiastically supported by all ranks and duly implemented. But we lived to regret it.

Very sadly our lifestyle had to come to an end, for one dark night we had intruders. The peace and quiet

of the night suddenly erupted in a blaze of light when a herd of zebra stampeded through the trip flares. Sleepy sentries were suddenly wide awake and there was hopeless disorder along the line as soldiers, still wearing rugby jerseys, tried to remember where they had left their firearms. The galloping herd of course passed through very quickly, so once again the night was still and silent - but not for long. The reason for the stampede soon became evident.

Michael Bennett [KR4270], a dedicated soldier with long and exemplary service behind him, was on sentry duty on the cordon line. Alert, as always, he suddenly became aware of a crouching form very close to his position. He froze, instinctively realising that it was something rather different to the accepted enemy. Very slowly, he raised his torch and flashed it. The crouching form sprang sideways and quickly disappeared. The light of the torch, however, was sufficient to reveal that it was a rather large and mature lion.

By nature Michael was a quiet, deep thinking individual who was totally reliable. Decisions were never taken hastily or lightly, but that night saw a sudden change in his character. Rolling up his sleeping bag and ground sheet and gathering his bits and pieces, he made his way to his platoon commander's tent. There he explained that he had just made the irrevocable decision that he was totally unsuited to army life and that his military career should, with immediate effect, be terminated.

Brushes with wild life in the Aberdare forests was one thing, but a face to face encounter with a lion on the outskirts of the city of Nairobi, was just too much. A lengthy discussion obviously occurred, details of which are unknown, but Michael continued to remain with us, so I suppose he lost the argument.

News quickly spread that we had more visitors and suddenly everyone was wide awake. The war was forgotten, army trucks, Land Rovers and private cars were lined up and headlights switched on. There in the glare stood a magnificent pride of no less than ten lion which slowly wandered off.

The excitement kept most of us awake and we were yarning away when someone in our group remembered that he had a bottle of rum. I am not sure who it was, it may have been Brian Thomas [KR3740] or Hugh Clarke [KR4308] but I do recall that Ronald Boy [KR3730] and I think Gordon Brown [KR3728], were there and one of them came up with the suggestion that: "Wouldn't it be nice if we had some hot tea to lace with the rum" and "Wouldn't it be a good idea if Rusty went and got it".

It was dark outside, there were lions around and the mess tent was over 100 yards away, so I didn't think that it was a good idea at all. "Gowan Rusty man, the tent is only 30 yards away, we'll look after your rifle because you'll need two hands to carry the tea" and "Don't worry man we'll cover you and of course there are no lions, Michael scared them all away".

They were a very persuasive pair those two and, in addition, they both wore ill-deserved corporal stripes, so inevitably I found myself outside in the pitch dark wandering down the cordon line with terror in my heart and a feeling that perhaps the Aberdare ranges were rather nice after all.

The outward journey was made safely and I successfully conned a large billy of tea from a very surprised cook who claimed "*Kwanini unatembea nje saa ya usiku? Simba watakula wewe*". I nodded, but didn't reply because I had been asking myself that same question for the past fifteen minutes and I hadn't come up with an answer.

Anyway I set out on the return journey and I was well into the home straight, when disaster struck. I triggered off the only trip flare the zebra hadn't found. I froze knowing that every gun in the company was pointing at me. However, my plaintive wails of "Don't shoot" quickly changed to blasphemous oaths when I heard them all creasing themselves with laughter. But of course the rest of the journey held

no fears, it was beautifully illuminated and I made very sure that I got a generous share of that rum.

THE CATS CAME BACK

It wasn't long before the lions decided to pay us another call. On this occasion it was Edward Letcher [KR3720] who played host. He actually was not at home at the time but he roared up in his old Ford V8 shortly afterwards. As usual, he was late for duty and as usual still wearing rugby gear.

His first observation was that his partner, an African tracker, wasn't there. Then he saw him sitting in a tree. "*Namnabludigani*?" enquired Edward in his usual dulcet tones. "*Simba*!" came the croaked reply. This prompted Edward to do an instantaneous 360 degree pirouette which for a man of his size and girth was a remarkable feat.

However, during the course of it he was able to satisfy himself that there were no lions in the immediate vicinity, though he did observe that his comfortable home-from-home bivouac was a shambles and also that his groundsheet was missing.

By this time his nervous partner had returned to earth and was able to explain that a family of lions had come to call and that the playful cubs had enjoyed themselves by romping around and through the bivouac, one of them taking a special liking to Edward's groundsheet. Then, disappointed at finding the only occupant tree-borne, the lions went away with the one cub still fondly carrying the groundsheet.

Next morning Edward spent an anxious and frustrating time at HQ Stores trying to convince a suspicious and totally disbelieving CQMS that he must have a new groundsheet because his original issue was stolen by a lion. I never heard whether or not he succeeded.

We learned to live with those lions, in fact with the notable exception of Michael and possibly Edward, we became very fond of them. They gave an atmosphere of excitement to our camp and increased our social status. It became known as 'The Lion Club' and would have competed favourably with the Muthaiga Club if only our narrow minded platoon commanders had allowed us to invite members of the fairer sex around for sundowners and dinner.

Yet again, all good things had to come to an end, for some character in GHQ suffered a rush of blood to the head and decided that whatever it was that we went to Nairobi to do, had been achieved and that we should now all go away.

'C' Company's destination was to be Fort Hall, which sparked off several protests from us for as we painstakingly explained, we had been there the previous year, the locals were not at all friendly and we would really prefer not to go. Besides the girls in Nairobi would miss us.

As usual nobody listened.

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THE RESTORATION OF A SAFARI (RALLY) CAR

[Chris Carlisle-Kitz]

I was born in Nairobi, later moved to Tanganyika and schooled at Lushoto School in the Usambara Mountains, then at St. Michael’s and St. George’s School in Iringa. I lived in East Africa until I went to university in the UK in 1964.

As a youngster, like many others I was both passionate and fanatical about the East African Safari, its competitors, cars and hype – from its advent as the *Coronation Safari* in 1953, then from 1960 as the *East African Safari* right up to 1972 when with massive factory support – not to negate the superb standard of competition driving – the event was eventually won by an international crew.

My father too was a rally man and *fundi* navigator, and although he won the Tanganyika 1000 with Jimmy Feeney one year, he never competed in the Safari. Living in Nairobi, then Dar es Salaam, our family were friends with many of the Safari competitors and associated rally fraternity who we often entertained in our home or were invited to theirs.

Inevitably and sadly, with the passing of time many of the early pioneers of those halcyon Safari days are no longer with us.

During the last few years a number of incredible circumstances have convinced me to place some effort in keeping the memories of this golden era of East African motor sport alive – not merely by writing about them, but by creating a "mini-museum" of sorts in my large workshop on the outskirts of Pietermaritzburg in KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa.

I will start at the beginning: As a lifelong Mercedes Benz enthusiast and "old car" fanatic, I began wondering how I could liven up the appearance of my *maradadi* 1960's Mercedes "fintail" which I regularly take to shows and club events but where it seemed to be "just another Merc," attracting only passing interest. Then I had a rare flash of genius! "I will turn this car into a 'Safari Car' replica!"

To my mind, one of the most famous Mercedes fintails of the Safari was the red 220SE driven by David Lead and Jim Cardwell (No.: 70) in the notorious 1963 event which saw only seven finishers, with their deserved title "The Magnificent Seven". The same car (now No: 64) was driven the next year by David and Jim, and subsequently bought by Bill Parkinson I believe. [Ed: *See cover*]

So I set to work to research as best I could the appearance of this car. From my memory of the rally car in 1963, it was red – mine was black, but with the only monochrome photos I believed (then) to exist, I reckoned that no one would be any the wiser!

How wrong I was! Having replicated the external appearance of the car with copies of all the original decals and adorned the radiator grill with the "lion" AA badge, the boot full with the obligatory *debi*, sisal tow rope, tools and spares, the ash tray packed with old East African currency and maps on the rear parcel shelf, I proceeded to show the car at the 2011 "Cars In The Park "event in Pietermaritzburg. There, on the Mercedes-Benz Club stand together with a short story and safari pictures, this display attracted a huge amount of interest and attention.

The highlight of the show for me was when a lady approached me excitedly and said "That's my car!" She introduced herself as Margaret Lead, widow of the late David, and herself very much a "safari" girl still involved to this day! The next amazing bit of information Margaret told me was that the actual car was in South Africa – and she knew who had brought it down from Kenya! But that's another story and if anyone is interested I'll narrate it in due course. [Ed: *Mike Norris, Howick-based artist of the painting on the front cover, also 'nuts about the Safari', relates that the Merc, now owned by Bernard and Sheila Prior (née Cook) was shipped to South Africa. Chris eventually tracked it down near Pinetown*.]

The purpose of this initial part of this story is firstly to tell you that after eight months of searching I have found the complete but rather tired remains of No.: 70/64, with some of its safari fittings still attached, and have embarked on the long and expensive process of restoring it to its 1963 starting ramp condition – and trying to be as faithful as I can down to the last minute detail.

Secondly, I am inquiring if anyone out there has any unwanted memorabilia of any description from any Safari that they are willing to donate and have displayed in the "Safari corner" of my workshop – hopefully one day to be transformed into a museum of sorts to preserve that marvellous event and the characters who made it into such an appealing adventure. Photos, route maps and notes, rally plates, badges, decals, equipment, whole cars (just joking!), stories and anecdotes, even autographs, - anything that can survive the fate of landing up in a cheap junk shop, or worse being chucked down the *choo* in the belief that " no-one's interested in this stuff!"

A very big thank you to those who have already donated items for the car and "museum." To date, the car has original 1963 plates both front and back with only the numbers changed to the original '70' which David and Jim drove with in 1963. I think we have a Halda coming too; badges, Coronation Safari Finishers' award, to go with my many East African club badges. I have lots of old (but need more!) press cuttings and photographs and a couple of original oil paintings too. We have made a start!

Who knows where the old safari drivers and folk are now? Are there even perhaps any other cars which have survived from the early years? There are many questions I would love to find the answers to!

If there is anything you feel you can help with – or any chat you would like to have, I would be delighted to hear from you and look forward to some exciting feedback.

Kind regards,

Chris Carlisle-Kitz , Mob: 082-966 3463 <christopherck@telkomsa.net>
Pietermaritzburg, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa

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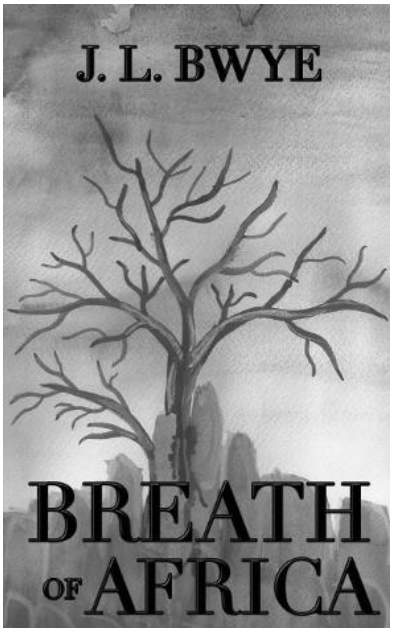
BOOK REVIEW

BREATH OF AFRICA by J.L Bwye




Dedicated to the people of Kenya, is a novel by Jane Bwye <http://jbwye.com>, retired businesswoman and intermittent freelance journalist who lived over half a century in Africa.

The 2013 Kenya elections took place without much-feared violence and reprisals, and the country moves on in hope.

This hope is epitomised in the book, which means different things to different people; it can be read as a love story, a psychological thriller, or more deeply as an exploration into the interactions of people of different races. Superstition and Christian faith clash. And the stunning beauty of the country is a major character in itself.

It traces the stories of Caroline, a privileged woman from the highlands, and Charles Ondiek, a farm labourer with dreams of Oxford. A drama of psychological terror is fuelled by Mau Mau oath administrator, Mwangi, but against the backdrop of Kenya's beautiful but hostile desert, the curse is finally broken.

[Ed: *Sadly, Nairobi's Westgate shopping centre incident 9/13, highlights just how volatile life is/can be,*

*in democratic Africa*.]

The book is available in Kindle and Paperback formats through <http://www.amazon.com>. ISBN No. 9781908910790

The E-book can be purchased the Publishers, Crooked Cat: <http://www.crookedcatbooks.com/>

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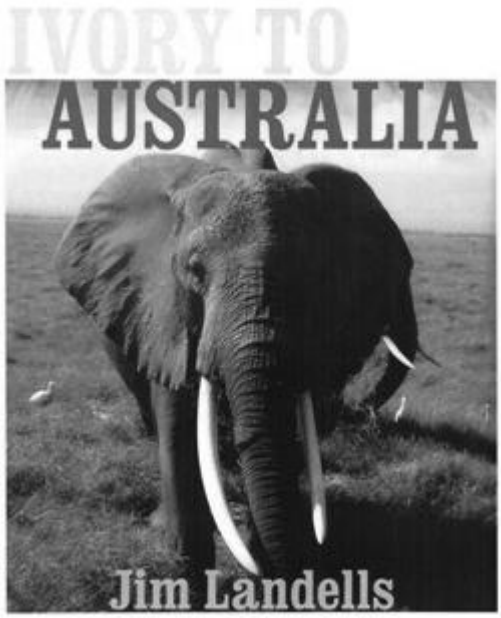
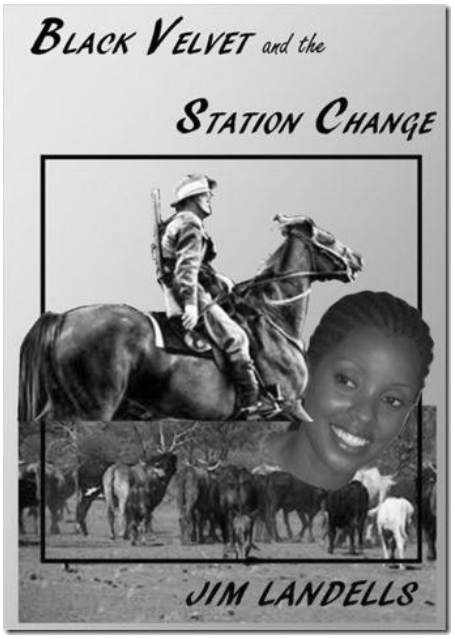
IVORY TO AUSTRALIA by Jim Landells [KR6439]




Jason Conway, a Kenyan-born Australian resident of North Western Australia's Kimberley region, is fanatical about wildlife preservation—particularly that of his native Kenya. When a game conservation idea that has been simmering in his mind for years, finally demands recognition, Jason takes action. He decides to import some African elephants, from Kenya, to North West Australia, where they should be safe from wildlife poachers. But unscrupulous ivory traders have different ideas. And, they will stop at nothing, murder and torture included, to get their prize. Only Jason and his small band of volunteers stand in their way….

This book was recommended by both 'The Australian Book Review,' and John Morrow's 'Pick of the Week.'

BLACK VELVET AND THE STATION CHANGE by Jim Landells




When, in 1981 South African, Luther Crandall, quits his South African cattle farm and migrates to Western Australia his son Conrad stays behind to fight those forces that want to rid South Africa of its Apartheid regime.

On reaching Western Australia Luther buys a Pilbara cattle station; Logan's Run, from Russell Skuthorpe, who is father to Diana, a most attractive girl. Meanwhile, in South Africa Conrad, who disgraces himself by compromising a black servant girl, has to flee the country. Eventually, he ends up on his father's cattle station where he meets Russell and Diana.

There is mutual attraction between Conrad and Diana and they embark on a roller coaster ride of high emotion and adventure. Yet, notwithstanding his jubilation of meeting up with Diana, Conrad cannot bring himself to tell her of the dark secrets from his immediate past. The story's climax, fraught with tension, involves cattle musters and a major run in with cattle duffers (rustlers).

This story has been critiqued by several readers. All of them have been intrigued by the unusual story

plot and the way the tale changes between South Africa and the Western Australian pastoral areas. A word of warning - this novel has some explicit love and violence scenes, and may not be to everybody's tastes. However, life generally has a fair slice of those ingredients anyway.

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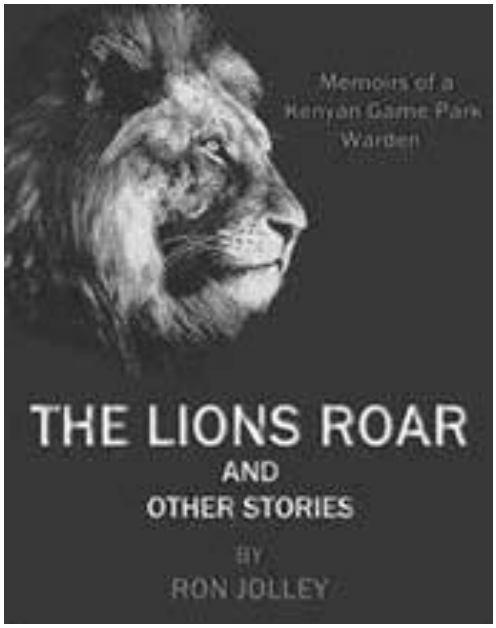
THE LIONS ROAR by Ron Jolley [KDF89]




Ron's daughter, Rose Slater, has managed to get her late father's book - 30 short stories (101 pages) of Ron's experiences in the Game Department - accepted by Smashwords, who published it *gratis.*

Ron was born in Nairobi on the 8th February 1920 and educated at the Eldoret and Nairobi Primary Schools, and the Prince of Wales High School. In 1935, after 20 years with the Government, the family retired to England. Ron was fifteen at the time and to supplement the family income, worked in a dairy, a chicken farm, a butchery, a cake and sweet shop, and many an evening as an usher at the local cinema.

Ron returned to Nairobi in 1936, eventually joining the Lands Department in 1939. He was called up on the 1st September 1939 and discharged in April 1945. On 12th April 1941, Ron and Joan Stephen were married; they had five daughters and a son, and in 2011, celebrated 70 years of marriage[Ed: *see m-S XXXVIII – page 23 - Ron and Joan with a photo of HM*.]

After the war, Ron returned to the Lands Department during which time he was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Gallantry. On 6th November 1954, despite being unarmed, he chased a gunman by car and on foot until he captured him in one of the alleys in Nairobi.

Ron was an Honorary Park Warden for several years before he applied for the position of Assistant Warden in the Nairobi National Park, and so began an idyllic life for the family.

Ron then moved to an isolated camp in Tsavo West called Murka, where he 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 and they spent one of the happiest periods of their married lives. In March 1966, they said farewell to a Park that they would never forgot.

Ron was meticulous over keeping personal records and diaries and was a prolific letter writer, banging away on his typewriter almost every day. He later wrote two limited edition, family journals – the Jolley and Stephen Sagas – and finally, 'The Lions Roar', which can be downloaded to an E-reader through <www.smashwords.com> ISBN 9781301213535.

[Ed: *Many who identify with Ron's stories and era, are not into e-books/kindle etc and would rather read from a soft cover book! Rose is quite happy for me to run off a number of copies @ R25 ±. If you are interested please contact me, and if there are sufficient numbers will print a few*.]

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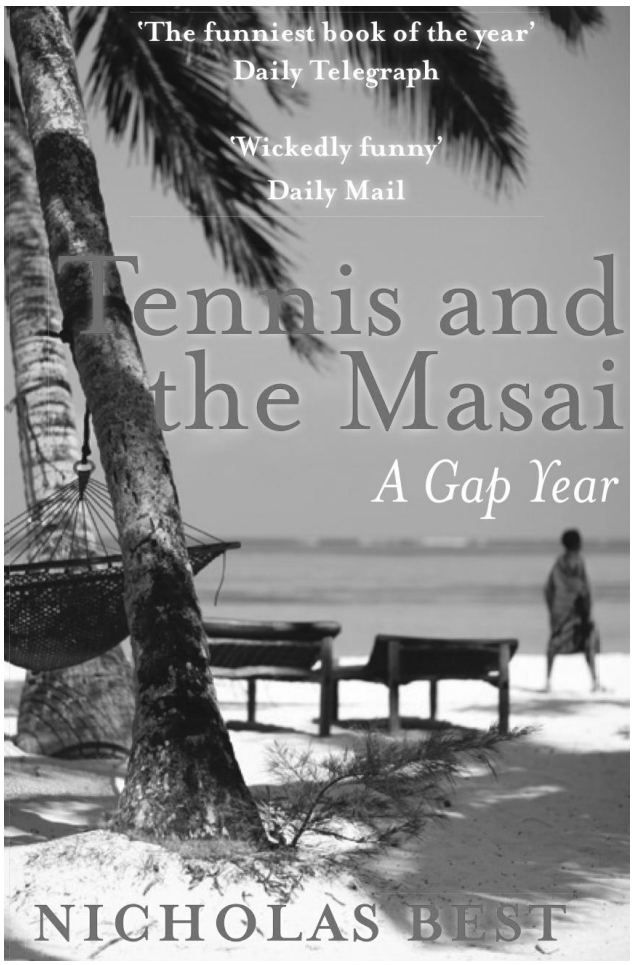
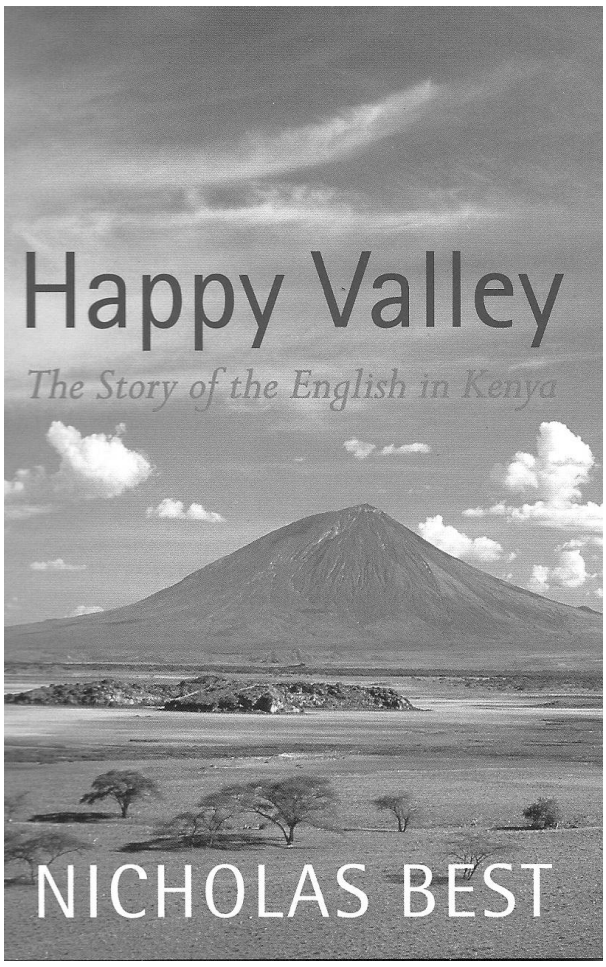
TENNIS AND THE MASAI and HAPPY VALLEY – The Story of the English in Kenya
by Nicholas Best




Tennis and the Masai: Take a nervous young Englishman on his gap year. Drop him into a ghastly prep school in the middle of Rider Haggard country. A school where cricketing news comes by carrier pigeon, leopards are assaulted with a red-hot poker and runaway boys are hunted down with spearmen and a pack of foxhounds...

For Martin Riddle, the experience is unforgettable. For the riding mistress, Lady Bullivant, it is all part of a day's work; and for the headmaster, a disreputable ex-Guards officer, it is simply a means of staving off bankruptcy for a few more weeks.

As for the Masai, tennis may be on the curriculum at Haggard Hall, but midnight meetings with naked warriors definitely are not! Sunday Times - the funniest book I have read since David Lodge's 'Small World.'

Nicholas Best's books have been translated into many languages, He was the Financial Time's fiction critic for ten years and was long-listed in 2010 for the Sunday Times-EFG £30,000 award, the biggest short story prize in the world.

For more details of his books see <www.nicholasbest.co.uk>

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# A LETTER FROM THE FRONT LINE

[2Lt Keith Hendry (KACR)]

No. 1 Troop
'A' Squadron KACR
c/o APS E African Forces

9/9/41

Dearest Mother

I have several letters of yours to thank you for, they are in actual fact just arriving, letters sent by you in February, that is seven months ago: the reason is that I have been in such 'out of the way' places, and although I went to the School all my letters went on to my squadron and have been addressed and re-addressed all over Africa. I am back with my unit again having received a commission, so am now an Officer, in fact, a very humble 2Lt. I am very glad though, to have started this war as a trooper. I could have had a commission two years ago if I had joined some other unit. Now that this campaign is virtually over I am allowed to tell you what I have done and where I have been up to date, so I propose to get down to it and give you a short history of what has happened to us.

We started off by going to the EA Reconnaissance Squadron. We were sixty strong and all of us Kenya settlers, or rather 'Bloody Kenya Settlers"' as the regular soldiers used to call us at the beginning. Our average age was 33 years. We had several Captains and Majors from the last war serving with us in the ranks, many of them with three and four decorations.

When Italy declared war we were at Wajir, equipped with ordinary motor cars, no armour at all. The cars were exactly the same as could be bought in any shop in Nairobi. We had one Bren gun mounted on the cab of the car. Three men to a car - a driver, a car commander and a gunner, the last two stood on the back. We were known throughout East Africa as the 'Suicide Squad'. Anyway, war came and off we went. The first taste I had was within a week. I was on patrol with my three cars (I was a Cpl then). We had been sent 80 miles ahead of our troops into no man's land, desert and thorn bush, not a hill nor valley anywhere, thorn so thick you could only see 30 yards each side of the track.

We completed our patrol and on the way home one of our own aeroplanes flew over us and without warning singled out my car, dived on it and machine gunned hell into it. We drove straight into the bush and lay low as we could not fire back knowing it was our own plane. Luckily no one was hurt though our car was hit. After this we were bombed a day or so later by the Italians, but no damage done. Then we went to Moyale and patrolled the Abyssinian frontier for 100 miles each way. The next real excitement was the day before our troops evacuated Moyale Fort.

The wireless communications with the garrison broke down and I was chosen to go into the Fort on foot to see what was happening. I was told to take four of my men and get in at all costs. The Fort was entirely surrounded by 9,000 Italian troops, so as you may imagine, it was a ticklish job, especially as we had to go in during daylight. Well, off we went, the five of us.

We had about five miles to do, and managed to slip up a dry river bed until we had passed through the

Italian lines and got to the wire which surrounded the Fort. The trouble then was to let the garrison know that we were British and not Italian as, of course, they were not expecting us. So, I as leader of the party walked on ahead waving a white flag. I was extremely frightened, I may tell you, as I had to walk straight up to a pill box out of which projected the muzzles of several very wicked looking machine guns. Thank God they had the sense not to fire and we all managed to get into the Fort.

We had been in less than a quarter of an hour when the Italians began shelling. They had seen us and thought we were the advance party of a large force. They shelled the river bed up which we had come, then shelled and machine gunned the Fort. This went on from 11 a.m. until dark except for an hour in the afternoon when four bombers and three fighters came over and bombed and machine gunned us. When darkness came I told the garrison commander I thought we ought to get back with his messages, but he would not let us go as he wanted us to strengthen up the morale of his men. So we spent the night with them. Italians all night long trying to cut the wire, we didn't sleep at all, spent the night machine gunning and mending the trenches which had been smashed by the shelling.

In the morning at 08h00, the wireless was made to work again and a message came to say that I had to get out with my four men and bring back the messages. So out we went and as we were getting through the gate in the wire the Italians saw us and opened up with machine guns. Not one of us was hit and we got through their lines again and back to our Brigade. Reported in, gave the Brigadier all the messages, written and verbal, and went off to sleep.

I had slept half an hour when I was called again to the Brigadier. He asked me to take up two Officers immediately to make a reconnaissance of the fort and surroundings. Well, I had to go although I was certain I would not get away with it again. Anyway, off we went and I got the two Officers up to within 100 yards of the wire and then we came back having been sniped at quite a lot, also mortared. We got back safely and I thought that would be the end of it and I could sleep. But at 04h00, the Brigadier sent for me again and told me, or rather asked me, whether I would guide up to 180 men that night to help evacuate the garrison. I told him I would do so, but only if I had a free hand. He agreed to this, so I got the 180 askaris, took off all their equipment and boots, armed them with rifles, ammo and a few machine guns.

We had to be at the Fort at 22h30 that night, the garrison to be warned that we were coming.

We arrived outside the Fort at 22h15 and waited for them to come out. Nothing happened except that I heard all sorts of suspicious noises around us. I advised the Officer-in-Charge who had halted about 500 yards behind the four of us, but he refused to take any notice of what I said, so I went back again to within 100 yards of the wire. We waited an hour and a quarter, then suddenly the Italians opened fire on us at about 20 yards range, they had us completely surrounded! The garrison in the Fort thought that a big attack was coming and opened up on us with machine guns and mortars.

How we got out of that mess I do not know, but we did, somehow, and without losing a man. The Fort never received the message that we were coming to help them out. They evacuated the next night by themselves without a shot being fired! After all this we retreated and eventually took up our positions at Buna. From Buna, we went on patrol daily in our cars and were continually ambushed. We had incredible luck, bullets through the windscreens, the ignition key shot off the dashboard, petrol tanks punctured, and not a man in my section hit.

One night we received a message from one of our other sections to say they had been shot up on another road, so we went off to help them. We found them fifteen miles from Buna, it was dark by then and they had been involved in a running fight all afternoon.

Five minutes after we arrived the Italians came down the road. We opened fire at once and had a fight for about two hours, the Italians then retreated. We lost a friend of mine killed, and several wounded. The fight took place at a range of 40 yards. We killed eight of them.

Whilst at Buna we were bombed repeatedly. In 31 days we performed 27 patrols, always by ourselves - three cars and nine men only - and were ambushed about a dozen times.

After three months of this we were allowed ten days leave, after which we were then issued our first armoured cars. These were very amateur machines. With nine of the twelve cars we attacked El Wak. The infantry came with us but did nothing. We drove into El Wak where we met the Italians in very large numbers, and in very strong positions. We managed to get through their positions, circled round and attacked them from the rear at a range of about 20 yards. We made three separate attacks in about three quarters of an hour, killing 90 of the enemy before we returned to our base 100 miles away at Wajir.

Three weeks later we went to El Wak again with a large force of infantry, artillery etc and recaptured the place. We were then issued new armoured cars, good ones, and took part in the big advance into Somaliland. I am proud to say my troop, which I commanded as a Sgt, were the first cars of the whole Army to cross the Juba River. My three cars crossed the Juba River before any sort of bridge was built. We selected a place where there was a sand bar and simply drove down the bank, through the water and up the other side. For 24 hours we were the only British troops on the Italian side of the Juba River.

Three days later we went eighteen miles downstream and had a big battle at Gelib, my troop leading the attack. Two of my three cars were blown up on landmines, my squadron leader was blown up a moment later and I was left alone. We machine-gunned the enemy positions from ten yards range and were hit ourselves 21 times. Another troop (three cars) came rushing to my assistance. One of its cars blew up on a mine, another turned upside down in a tank trap and the third car came to help me. Some Italians rushed out and threw a petrol bomb on to the turret of my car, luckily it did not catch fire. The Italians who did this did not survive.

Then about five minutes later the Gold Coast Regiment arrived and the Italians fled. We went on another four miles into the town of Gelib itself which we captured with over 1,000 prisoners. From there the Squadron continued and captured the towns of Bardera, Iscia, Baidoa., Dinser, Lugh Ferrandi, and Dolo, where I left them to go to the School of Instruction.

Whilst I was away my car was hit by a shell and the crew burnt alive; another of my cars was hit and everyone killed.

On my return, I was given No 1 Troop and am presently in an Italian town on the Red Sea. The heat is terrific - 130 degrees inside the car. The water is bad (socia) and we have had no fresh vegetables for over two months and are breaking out in sores and are covered in prickly heat. But we get good fish to eat.

A terrible tragedy occurred a week after I arrived. The men, seventeen of them, were in a big naval barracks and doing fine. I was in the Officers' Mess about 500 yards from them. They had just received the first mail for months and were reading their letters when there was a most colossal explosion. When the dust and smoke had cleared I dashed over to them to find the whole barracks blown to pieces. 15,000 lbs of cordite had exploded. Whether accidentally or by sabotage, I don't know.

I rushed upstairs to their quarters and found dead and wounded all over the place. Five men were killed, five were very seriously injured, four slightly so, and six askaris very badly injured. Two of my men

died in my arms, two were buried under rubble; and one was blown 20 feet off the verandah and died later after I had had to help the doctors operate on a terrible wound in his skull. The wounded were in a fearful state, smashed by rocks and falling masonry and burnt by the flash of the explosion, but not one man uttered a sound or made a single complaint of any sort whatsoever. One, whose right shoulder and arm was smashed in several places, the bones sticking through the skin said "That's all right I use my left arm for drinking with anyway". He is a Finnish Baron and one of the best men I have, he has already won the MM.

So, of my 20 wonderful men, and they were wonderful and utterly reliable, I have only six left. We must be the most unique unit in the whole British Army - privates in this unit are all educated men, mostly from Public Schools - in peace time, men holding down important jobs.

Well, I must stop now. Thought you might like to know what we have been up to. Write me as often as you can. Am sure letters are lost as I have written to you frequently. I'm sure I don't get all your letters either.

Lots and lots of love, look after yourself.

Your ever loving son

Keith

[Ed: Keith was awarded the MM whilst with the KACR.]

[Ed: *I came across this newspaper cutting, and photograph (below) in a photo album belonging to Neville Griffin, who was initially with the Kenya Independent Squadron (Drought's Scouts) before serving with EAASC. I'm sure Captain von Hartmann is the Finnish Baron to whom Keith Hendry refers*.]

Captain von Hartmann, an officer in the East Africa Command, received fatal injuries when he was struck by a motor lorry in the dip on Limuru Road, just below the High Ridge golf course, at about 10.15 p.m. on Monday. He died on the spot.

The lorry involved is believed to be a civilian one driven by an African, and the Police are anxious to get in touch with the driver.

Von Hartmann, who was a Finn, enlisted in the Army Service Corps in March 1940 and was commissioned in 1943. He enlisted in East Africa, leaving, it is thought, a job as farm manager at Arusha to do so. He won the Military Medal in June 1942.

He was 33 years' old and was a Finnish baron.

Above: Tprs Allen, Von Hartmann and Taminsky(?)

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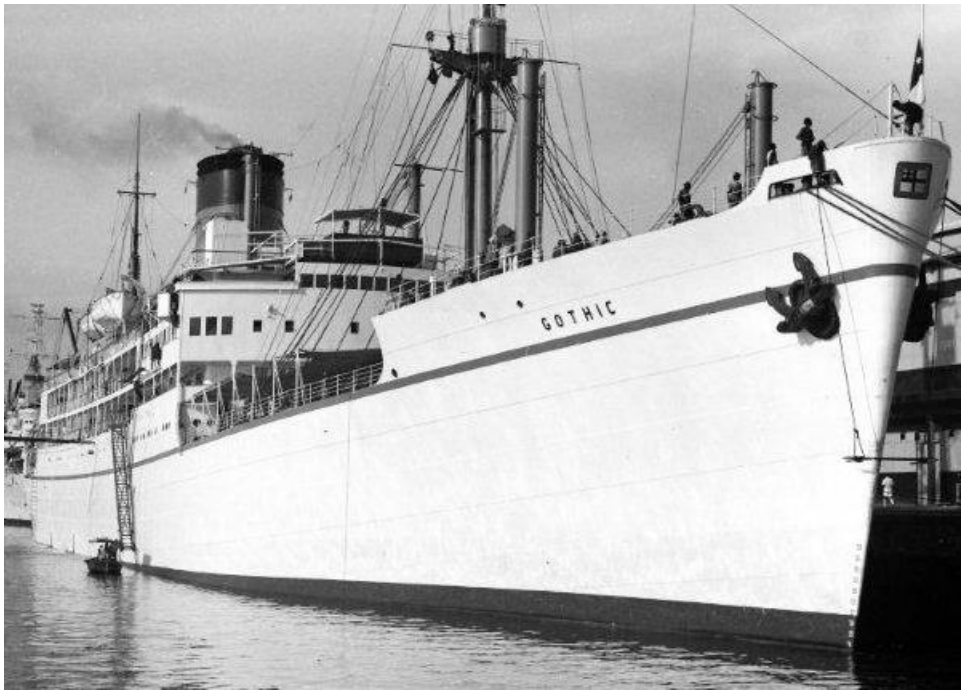
## THE ROYAL YACHT

[Bill Jackson KR3817]

Just received m-S XXXX - superb issue! Very pleased to see contribution from Bob Finnimore re: Royal Yacht. I also attach a photo of the temporary Royal Yacht at Kilindini. From a historical point of view, this is the story.




Gothic was due to take Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia after their visit to Kenya. I took the photo on the day King George VI died. You may be able to see the ship's flag at half mast. Berthed behind Gothic was the cruiser HMS Kenya.

Following the death of the King, the Royal Marine bands from the two ships paraded on the football pitch at Mombasa Sports Club, slow marching to Chopin's Funeral March, drums draped with black cloth; a most moving and unforgettable sight, watched by a crowd of all races, totally silent.

On a lighter note, Britannia visited Mombasa again in 1956, with Princess Margaret aboard. I played football for the Sports Club against a team from Britannia. They rushed at us straight from the kick-off, scoring an early goal, but were totally exhausted after ten minutes. Final score Mombasa Sports Club 8, Britannia 1. Helped them to recover in the bar afterwards.

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## TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

[Bill Jackson]

James Bond was licensed to kill, but we have no knowledge of the form of examination he undertook before being designated 007. Presumably he had to pass several written papers, and then performed practical tasks to demonstrate his skill in eliminating the opposition. Having cleared these hurdles there would have been a successful Viva with M, followed by the presentation of licence no. 007.

To become a licensed surveyor in colonial Kenya there were similar tests, although you were not expected to kill anyone as part of the examination. On passing a dozen written papers, candidates for the licence were then faced with the Trial Survey, designed to see whether theoretical knowledge could be successfully demonstrated in the field in a tight time limit.

The Survey Ordinance requirement for the Trial Survey reads 'Field determination of local time, latitude, longitude, and azimuth. Measurement of a base and its extension by triangulation to cover a rural area, the subject of further survey. Survey of a natural boundary and the re-establishment of a lost beacon. The natural boundary may be required to be determined from air photographs supplied. Survey of a small township area with buildings thereon, which may include the restoration of an old survey.'

Opening the packet containing my instructions for the Trial Survey, I saw that the test area was Tsavo, where the Mombasa-Nairobi railway crossed the Tsavo River. Sixty years earlier the construction of the railway was halted for three weeks until Lt. Col. JH Patterson had shot the lions which had been dining on the work force

James Bond drew his stores from 'Q', a rather tetchy character, but giving the impression of efficiency and a limitless budget. Survey of Kenya operated on a more frugal scale, with a storeman who considered it his duty to keep all the best equipment on the shelf. After much haggling I signed for a Wild T2 theodolite, a chronometer, 700ft steel band, calculating machine, book of trig functions, Star Almanac, and stop watch. A short wave radio is necessary for the reception of time signals, but was not provided, the assumption being that everyone owned a set and therefore it could be used for work as well as entertainment on safari.

Travelling by road from Nairobi I reached Tsavo around 17h00, giving about an hour and a half before sundown, and the chance to select a camp site about a hundred yards from the river. The descendants of Patterson's lions were no longer around, their place being taken by quietly moving elephants coming to the river for an evening drink.

The following day the first task was to begin recording the chronometer rate by checking against radio time signals. My radio was a Bush, with the short wave bands listed as 19, 25, and 31 metre bands. Very unimaginative compared with the old medium and long wave wireless sets at home, with dials reading Luxembourg, Hilversum, Kalundborg, Beromunster, Sottens etc. Turning the dial to catch the strains of Lilliburlero and the Greenwich time signal I skipped the music from Brazzaville and Lourenço Marques, and then found the BBC; caught the six pips, started the stop watch, and noted the chronometer time. The requirement to determine latitude and longitude allows the candidate to choose any method, so I decided on a position line fix. This is a refinement of the Marcq St. Hilaire Method, named after the French naval officer who introduced it in 1875. At sea the navigator measures the altitude of heavenly bodies with a hand held sextant, whereas the land surveyor has the advantage of using a tripod-mounted theodolite as a firm base for the instrument.

Both methods require the observer to measure the vertical angle of the star and record the time at the instant of observation. A further requirement is to assume the latitude and longitude as a starting point for the computations.

With clear tropical nights there is a huge range of stars capable of giving a good fix, but I limited the choice to observing times between 19h00 and 21h30, and stars at an angle of about 30º.

Without a diagonal eyepiece a greater angle results in a stiff neck. Stars with magnitudes between two and four are the ideal size when viewed through the theodolite. Pick a star that is too big and it is more difficult to bisect with the cross-hairs. Too small, and there are problems of identification. I drew up a short list of sixteen stars, and being close to the Equator I chose eight with north declination, eight south declination, and spent one evening studying the star chart and identifying individual stars within their constellations.

From the sixteen, priority was given to one star in each quadrant; Persei in the north-east, Eridani south-

east, Sagittarii south-west, and Lyrae north-west

Astro observations demand concentration, the patience of Job, and the dexterity of a juggler. You are on your own as far as the observing and booking are concerned. You need a camp table for the chronometer and a hissing Tilley lamp to see the pages of the field book.

Hundreds of flying bugs and stink beetles become attracted to the light; buzzing, flitting, and being cremated, while singed bodies of the walking wounded fall in heaps around the lamp.

The observing sequence is to set up the theodolite ensuring instrument bubbles centred and cross-hairs properly illuminated. Correctly identify the star, wait until it appears to hit the cross-hairs, start the stop watch, walk to the table. Wait for chronometer to click round to an even second, press the stop watch. Brush away corpses of insects from field book. Record vertical angle of star. Note temperature and pressure to correct for refraction.

Repeat for a couple of hours until reasonably satisfied the programme has been completed.

The beauty of the position line fix is that the results of the computations can be plotted on graph paper to represent observations to individual stars. A circle can then be superimposed so that the lines are as near as possible tangential to the circle. Then the centre of the circle shows how far away you are from the estimated position.

In crime stories it is usual for the detective to ask the suspect 'Where were you on the night of...?' I can say that on 8 November 1958 I was pretty close to:

Latitude 03º 00' 27" South Longitude 38º 28' 23" East

The examiners of the Trial Survey agreed with my findings, and although I had shot a few stars, I did not merit a double 0 prefix. I became Licensed Surveyor no. 89.

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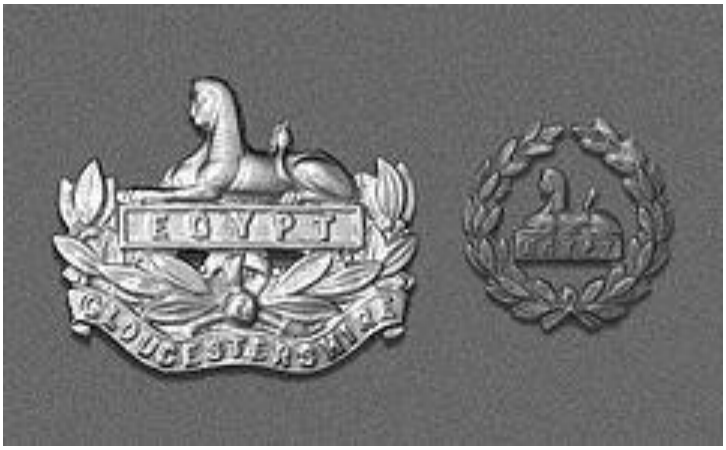
1ST BN THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT: KENYA 1955-1956




[Ed: *The Back Badge. For their gallantry in fighting back to back during the Battle of Alexandria 1801, the Regiment was given the unique honour of wearing two badges, the smaller one at the back of their caps. This honour has prevailed and is celebrated annually on 21st March.*

*In 1801, battles were fought by forming up into what is often referred to as the 'Thin Red Line' engaging the enemy from the front. The infantry, in their bright red tunics, would line up in columns of three. The front rank would lie in the prone position, the middle rank would kneel and fire over the heads of those in front and the rear rank would be standing and firing over the heads of their comrades.*

*Some of the French cavalry broke through and formed up to charge the 28th in the rear. With no reserves available at this critical point in the battle, Lt. Col. Chambers, who had taken over command following the serious wounding of the C.O. Col. Paget, gave the historic order "Rear rank, 28th! Right about face!"*

*The rear ranks turned and with exemplary discipline waited until the French cavalry were a few horse lengths away. They then fired one devastating volley, causing heavy casualties amongst the cavalry and forcing them to withdraw*.]

[Ed: *I have not over-edited this article because readers may have been attached to the Gloucesters as LOs, or met their soldiers socially or in the field. I note a number of their officers settled in Kenya*.]

The Battalion sent two advance parties to Kenya by air as far as Fayid (Egypt) and then by sea; the first party was an operations one, consisting of eight officers and Cpl Godwin under Maj "Lakri" Wood, and the second was the normal administrative one under Maj Peter Varwell. The Battalion finally left the snowy wastes of Barnard Castle (County Durham, UK) on two special trains during the early hours of the 8th March 1955.

On arrival at Liverpool they boarded the ex-German vessel 'SS Empire Halladale.' Also on board were 90 RAF personnel, who were going to Aden, and a number of families, about half of whom were destined for Kenya. The Battalion had been refused permission for their families go to out to Kenya.

Training facilities on the ship were extremely limited due to lack of deck space, but everyone had daily PT and trained in the mornings. Back Badge Day (21st March) was celebrated with deck sports and various sideshows and inter-company shooting at balloons off the stern of the ship. In the evening the officers gave a cocktail party which was followed by the Sergeants' Mess ball.

They arrived at Kilindini, Kenya at 0600 hrs on 31st March. The C-in-C, General Sir George Erskine, came on board and addressed the Battalion over the ship's tannoy system. After disembarking, the Battalion left Mombasa by train at 1330 hrs for the 380 mile journey to Nairobi. The Battalion arrived at Nairobi at 0900 hrs on the 1st April. After breakfast at the station they set off for Gilgil, arriving at 1630 hrs, where they relieved the Black Watch. The Gloucesters were part of 49 Independent Infantry Brigade, operating side by side with the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Three weeks of training began.

"Gilgil is a small untidy town in rolling plains 60 miles north of Nairobi and fifteen miles west of the Aberdares. Much of the country is very like the Mendip Hills in Somerset, and we have not so far found our altitude depressing (6,500 ft). It has been raining in sheets each afternoon for the past week but, despite the mud, training continues with great enthusiasm and some success. The main camp has undergone a transformation since our flag was hoisted at the main gate. The majority of the Battalion are sleeping under canvas, but the cookhouse, ablutions, arms stores, NAAFI and most offices are in permanent buildings. We fortunately have electric light and running water installed."

"At present the Mau Mau are trying to get food and to reorganise after the large scale forest operations – ‘Hammer’ (Aberdares) and ‘First Flute’ (Mount. Kenya). Because of our intensive patrolling in the forest areas many gangs are living in gullies on the plains, killing cattle on the large farms and forcing the native population to give them food at night. To stop this, all cattle are driven into compounds at night and guards placed over them, whilst villages and farm labour lines are often fenced in and always protected by African guards. Thus the Mau Mau are forced to create incidents in order to get food, and life is becoming a very hungry business for them.

We and the police send patrols and ambushes out each night. The only tribes really affected by the Mau

Mau are the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru - low-type tribes. The finer tribes, such as the Samburu, Wakamba and Masai, are unaffected and are recruited for the police force out here."

Company reports - June 1955

'A' Company: OC Maj F. Thorpe; 2i/c Capt C.S. Rawlins; CSM WO2 Hall. 'A' Company have been patrolling the gullies around Gilgil and have found hides and fires. When camped out one night they were approached by two people but the sentries did not open fire. The figures were too far away. The Company now had plans afoot to take the Band into the forest. Cpl Duckett led a most successful patrol recently and Capt Rawlins tells us that the fishing in the gorges is very good.'

'B' Company: OC Capt J.W. Ellis; 2i/c Lt M.M.A. Gilmore; CSM WO2 Smythe. Heavy patrolling has been carried out in the aptly named 'badlands' west of Gilgil. The Company met with some success, Lt Rudgard's patrol finding some terrorist equipment including a medical haversack which contained, amongst other things, a tin of Eno's Fruit Salts! Lt Brasington's patrol found a hide with the fire still smoking, but in both cases the Mau Mau were not tracked. The badlands are floored with volcanic lava and tracking is all but impossible.

Cpl Lyall, who has the distinction of being the first Gloucester to wound a Mau Mau whilst in the advance party, shot a large buck which was cooked on return to the Company camp, and Cpl Mellor scared the wits out of a herd boy who was in a place forbidden to all Africans. At the time of writing Lt Rudgard's platoon has gone to the West Kipipiri to help farmers wire their labour in and Capt Ellis is busy planning another operation.'

'C' Company: OC Maj P.G.H. Varwell; 2i/c Lt P.H. Fisher; CSM WO2 Withey. To 'C' Company falls the distinction of being the 'Forest' Company - they will live on their own, far from the Battalion, and will operate in the forests until further notice. At present they have done no patrolling as there is some confusion between the Irish Fusiliers' boundaries and our own, but they are moving to a more spacious area next week. Life has not been without incident however. C/Sgt Masters came under fire from an Irish patrol whilst driving to draw water. We hear that the truck was driven 'blind' for some 30 yards. CSM Withey goes out after buck each night with great regularity, but little success, and Cpls Simmance and Lines are trying out their new FN rifles - also on buck. The Company is fifteen miles from the Battalion and thus preserves its somewhat revolutionary tradition.'

'D' Company: OC Maj A.W. Hardwick; 2i/c Lt R.A.F. Jarman; CSM WO2 Baldwyn. 'D' Company is also happily installed, on the southern slopes of Kipipiri, but enjoys freedom of movement. At present they have four four-day patrols in the forest after a gang of 50 and stand a good chance of success. They are situated in a paddock next to a most hospitable farmer, whose wife has six men to tea each day and who runs baths for the Company as well [Ed: *Lap of luxury*!] CSM Baldwyn has instilled a noticeable spirit of savagery into his men; a spirit which redoubled overnight when a terrorist had the cheek to fire a shotgun at a sentry from a copse on the edge of the paddock. Unfortunately, he got away. They will stay in their present position until the 10th May, when they rejoin the Battalion.'

Support Company: OC Maj P.W. Weller, MBE; MMG's Lt G.F.B. Temple, MC; Anti-tank Lt J.B. Henderson; Mortars Lt R.M. Lewis; CSM WO2 Morgan. Support Company is at present tramping through the Eburru Forest after a fortnight's training. The Mortars are finding plenty of targets but put up a major 'black' last week when they bombed Lady Coles' pastures and are now looking for alternative targets. The Assault Pioneers and Anti-Tanks are now combined under Lt J.B. Henderson, whilst the MMG's are still under the command of Lt Temple, who is shortly to go as IO to 39 Brigade.'

'HQ' Company: OC. Capt H.W.P. Gallop; RSO Capt J.W. Allison; MTO Capt P.R. Barker; QM Lt C.W. Phillips; CSM WO2 Munro. 'HQ' Company is having a trying time due to the vast distances involved. The Battalion ration truck does 200 miles each day and most drivers have at least 100 miles of jolting and juddering each day too. These conditions have made the transport situation quite impossible and, despite the heroic efforts of Capt Barker and Sgt Sexton, the odds on obtaining a truck are long. Signals, too, present a difficulty but are now functioning well. If our own system breaks down we can always fall back on police sets, whose performances are phenomenal.

The QM claims that the Command supplies are the worst ever, which is probably true as the Kenya Government is not free with expenditure. CSM Munro has great difficulty in raising enough men for parades and C/Sgt Havelock Allen has been spending a hectic period in the Orderly Room during the absence of the ORQMS.'

Trojan Team: A four-man party stationed at Thomson's Falls. This is a small party of men under Sgt Wateridge MM. It operates in cloak and dagger fashion 45 miles from Gilgil and has obtained the first kill for the Battalion. On patrol they met four terrorists, one of whom is now very dead.

1st Battalion News (December 1955)

The Battalion was engaged in four major operations since the last report: A two Company operation in the Badlands in May, 'Operation Gimlet' in the Aberdares in May and June, 'Operation Dante' in the 'Bamboo Forest' in July and August and 'Operation Rhino Lookout' on Kipipiri and adjacent ranges of the Aberdares in September. There were also constant patrols.

The Nyali Leave Camp on the coast was very popular with the men. The decision was also made, that wives could now go out and join their husbands in Kenya. The Battalion was to stay in the Rift Valley, based on Gilgil, as part of 49 Independent Infantry Brigade, which included 1st Bn King's Shropshire Light Infantry and 1st Bn Rifle Brigade. The other British battalions in Kenya were due to return to the UK shortly, even though an estimated 3-4,000 Mau Mau were left in the forest in small groups.

Operations

During surrender talks the Mau Mau were allowed sanctuary in an area of forest in the Eastern Aberdares. When the talks broke down in May, 'Operation Gimlet' was mounted to attack these gangs. The Gloucesters were to search east of Gilgil, with patrols operating at heights up to 13,000 ft. supplied by air drops. The Battalion's area was quiet. However, in early June a force of Mau Mau was located in a forested area near Gilgil. An operation was mounted using air support and the 3-inch Mortar Platoon, with 'B' Company as the follow-up company, supported by the Assault Pioneer Platoon. The area was very difficult to operate in, but the gang was dispersed and some terrorist captured. More were rounded up by the Police and African Home Guards who had cordoned off the area.

15th July. 'Operation Dante' was launched against a force of terrorists in the Bamboo Forest, an area of thick bamboo on the southern end of the Aberdares. 'A' Company took part in the operation, but the nights were moonless and the bamboo so thick that it made locating targets very difficult. On 9th August the Battalion returned to Gilgil.

30th August. 'Operation Rhino Lookout' was mounted on Kipipiri. A patrol from 'A' Company, led by Cpl Parker, made contact with a gang at night and killed and wounded several of them.

Meanwhile, 'C' Company continued to operate in the forests. They accounted for several notorious gang-leaders. The worst of the gang-leaders, 'General' Ngome, who was responsible for several murders

was killed by a patrol from 'S' Company, led by Cpl Dowler. An ambush by a patrol from 'D' Company, led by 2Lt Boyce, was set up on a bridge. They hit a gang there and killed the leader and guide, wounded another and scattered the gang. Over the next few days the gang was rounded up. 'D' Company was to go to Nairobi for a month's duties in October.

Company Reports (December 1955)

'A' Company: The Company has undergone many changes since we arrived in Kenya, and will soon be unrecognisable from the white-kneed band of heroes that came to Gilgil on April Fool's Day. Upon arrival amongst the dust-devils of Gilgil we settled down to training. We soon left the Battalion to keep the peace at Ol Kalou, where, with long pauses for operations, we lived in luxury for two months. Time was found to patrol and wire cattle pens in between cinema shows and visits to local farmers. At Ol Kalou we were very sorry to lose C/Sgt Stephens, who was replaced by C/Sgt Argyll. We now have the pleasure of congratulating both on their promotion to CSM, and CSM Stephens is on his way to Company HQ. Also at Ol Kalou we welcomed Lt Rebbeck, 2Lt Howarth, Sgts Harper and Franklin. At the same time we parted company with Lt Hurford Jones and 2Lt Hallward, who now devotes much of his time to the Battalion film record and is shortly to go home on release. We are now back in Gilgil, but spend more time on operations than in camp.

'B' Company: Since the last report 'B' Company has once again had a change of commander; we welcome back Maj Wood. We have also welcomed Sgt Bassett from the QM Stores. We have said goodbye to Sgt Russell, who goes as PSI to 5th Battalion at Gloucester. The Company left Gilgil at the beginning of June to take part in operations in the Aberdares. At the beginning of July we moved down to Ol Kalou, a small town about 20 miles north of Battalion HQ at Gilgil. One platoon remained in the Malewa Gorge until the end of the month.

We live in the grounds of the Ol Kalou Country Club which sounds more luxurious than it is in fact; most of the accommodation is tented although there are buildings used as a canteen and arms store. Every afternoon without fail there is a rain storm which turns the camp into a muddy mess. Our main task is to support the Civil Administration. A good deal of time has been spent in night ambushes, with two patrols accounting for killed and wounded terrorists, led by Lt Brasington and Cpl Hadrell. A Battalion sports meeting was held at Gilgil in June and the Company did well to come second to 'HQ' Company.

'C' Company: Since the last report 'C' Company has killed many more terrorists than the rest of the Battalion put together. Admittedly, we have had more opportunity than any other company. The Company has moved several times, but we have been camped since June on a farm on the southern end of Mount Kipipiri. The owners, Maj and Mrs. Reynard, have been extremely kind in providing baths and teas to members of the Company every day. C/Sgt Stephens is now with us, we congratulate him on his promotion to CSM and will be sorry to lose him to 'A' Company in October.

Cpl Middleton was seriously wounded when his patrol was mistaken for a Mau Mau by a farmer. He is now in England where we wish him a quick recovery and a speedy return. Pte Collins was accidentally wounded in the foot by a member of his patrol. He is now on the coast recovering and we shall be welcoming him back soon. We welcomed Lt. Hurford-Jones from the R.A.R. but he is soon to go on a mortar course in England. 2Lt Shaw joined us from Eaton Hall. Lt Fisher is going home in December to the Boy's Battalion at Plymouth, and 2Lt Rudd is leaving for Johannesburg on finishing his NS.

The Company took part in Operation 'Gimlet' and had to climb to the summit plateau of the Aberdares, 12,400 ft high, and to operate there for three weeks in a wet and chilly climate. The only enemy seen were herds of elephant, rhino and buffalo, which were far more dangerous than the elusive Mau Mau.

2Lt Rudd and some of No.7 Platoon formed a reserve back at base and had all the fun, killing a number of terrorists not far from Company HQ. We also took part in Operations 'Royal Flush', 'Dante and 'Rhino Lookout.' No.7 Platoon was detached from June to August. Conditions have been very trying at our Company base, with four or five hours of rain every afternoon, the whole place has turned into a swamp. But as we write, the sun has appeared for the first time in some days and looks like staying for a bit.'

'D' Company: It was with regret that we said goodbye to Maj A.W. Hardwick and CSM Baldwyn. Maj Hardwick takes over 'HQ' Company and CSM Baldwyn goes to the Depot, Gloucester as Training CSM. In their place we welcome Capt A.D. Lennard and CSM Argyll. Lt Jarman and 2Lt Lefroy-Owen have also left us. 2Lts MacKean and Evans join us from Eaton Hall as commanders of No. 12 and 10 Platoons. We have now embarked on another operation entailing an initial march up the escarpment, eastward of Ol Kalou, a rise of some 3,500 ft.

'H.Q.' Company: Most of the Company remains at Gilgil, but there are detachments from the Signal Platoon and MT out with the rifle companies. Maj Gallop handed over the Company to Maj A.W. Harwicke, and took up the duties of Training Major. On the sporting side, we won the Inter-Company Athletic Cup. Since the ban on families joining us has been lifted, there has been great activity of harassed husbands hunting for houses.

Intelligence Section: Our duties range from interrogation of Mau Mau prisoners to convincing company commanders that the maps they want are out of print. The enemy is extremely cunning yet ridiculously comic in many ways. They keep diaries, recording their raids and crimes, including lists of gangs and promotions. Mau Mau is a religion, a foul and perverted fanaticism based on superstition. Some captured terrorists will actually lead a patrol back to their own gang and watch their former comrades being attacked with relish. Others show extraordinary courage. The end of the Emergency seems to be in sight, but there will be an awful mess to be cleaned up afterwards. The political scene is fraught with economic difficulties, racial controversy, and a wealth of conflicting opinions, even among the Europeans.

Signal Platoon: At the end of our first month in Kenya we were firmly of the opinion that we should hand over our wireless equipment and concentrate on Smoke Signals. Now, at the end of six months, we can get Radio Nairobi loud and clear even if we can't get the companies. The part of Gilgil camp allotted to us is named Alexandra Palace. One of the techniques to minimise noise has been to sink all company wireless sets and operators in immense pits. This is not popular with the operators; however they are fortified with the hope that they may one day strike oil.

MT Platoon: The Platoon has worked very hard since it has been in Kenya. Each vehicle averages 2,500 miles per month. The road surfaces are very bad, varying from tarmac and murram to mere jungle tracks.

Support Company: Lt Henderson leaves us soon to attend a Signal Course in the UK. In his place we welcome 2Lt L.A. Crush, who has just arrived from England.

MMG Platoon: We continue to operate in an Infantry role. We relieved the Assault Pioneer Platoon in the Eburru Forest in April but we had no success. We took part in Operation 'Dante' and on the first day a small gang approached our platoon base. However, someone clicked a rifle bolt and in a flash the gang was gone. Capt Temple left us in early May, he is now IO 39 Brigade. Capt Matson arrived from the UK and is now OC.

3-inch Mortar Platoon: We took part in Operation 'Dante' and are now back in Gilgil. We were sorry to lose Pte Gardiner as the result of an accident while firing on Kipipiri, when he lost his right hand. He is back in England now and we wish him the very best of luck.'

Assault Pioneer Platoon: After three weeks training at Gilgil, on 20th April we moved to the Eburru Forest by night and started operating the next morning at first light. We had no success while we were there, but we learned a lot. After a period back at Gilgil we repaired bridges on the Kipipiri road. Another task given to us was transporting poles and wire to farms in the Gilgil district and the erecting of farm fences. During this task a most regrettable accident occurred when a lorry loaded with heavy poles, overturned and Private Lanchbury was killed. He was buried with full military honours at Nairobi. Acting as a rifle platoon we took part in Operation 'Dante.' We welcome to the platoon Sgt Clayden, MM, an ex-machine gunner who served in Korea. '

1st Battalion News (June 1956)

At the end of January all companies, except 'C' Company, were based at Gilgil. Duties were confined mainly to patrolling in the forest on Kipipiri. The two largest clubs in Nairobi and Nakuru offered military membership to the officers and the East African Women's League ran a club in Nakuru for the other ranks; they also provided a Christmas parcel for the men. Touring parties staged shows for the troops, including Terry Thomas and Jimmy Edwards.

Company Reports (June 1956)

'A' Company: Our first move was to Forest Gate, wedged between the towering and rugged heights of the Aberdares and the tangled slopes of Kipipiri. The country was more open than other parts of the forest and gangs had plenty of observation points from which they could not fail to see a patrol coming in daylight. All too often we found a hide evacuated the same day with tracks leading miles away. Night patrols were sent out, but they were only profitable when the moon was bright. The next move took us to the other side of Kipipiri, to Forest Department buildings. A patrol under 2L Hazell returned with a captured terrorist.

Back to Gilgil for Christmas. But the New Year was rudely interrupted by a large gang of terrorists who had established themselves in a papyrus swamp near Naivasha. This was an uncomfortable place, men standing soaked in the swamp among leeches, rain and mud. Each man had a sector to guard and before him was a wall of thick, silent papyrus, which may have contained Mau Mau.

After four weeks in the papyrus a tired but cheerful Company returned to Gilgil and patrols went back into the Aberdares. A patrol disturbed a gang and all six were captured.

On 12th March the tragic deaths occurred of Lts Hazell and Gordon in a car accident. A strong contingent of 'A' Company attended the funeral and every man in the Company mourned the loss of two popular officers. [Ed: *2Lt W.J. Gordon [KR5823] who was attached to the Gloucesters, died in this accident. Rumour has it that it took some time to locate where the car had left the road, and when the car was found in the riverbed, watu had stripped the bodies of watches etc, but never bothered to report the accident.*]

**Our commander, Maj Thorp, has retired to farm in Kenya and his successor, Capt Rawlins, is also retiring to take up law in Kenya. Lt Lewis is staying in Kenya to finish his service and then to become a local farmer**. We were told in April that we would be going to Nairobi, but news came through to be ready to move to Aden.

'B' Company: 'B' Company joins the rest of the Battalion in extending sympathy to the families of the officers who died in the fatal car accident. One of the officers, 2Lt Chris Brasington, had until December served with the Company. We left our base at Ol Kalou in November and made camp at the foot of Kipipiri, a forest covered mountain rising to over 10,900 ft. Despite extensive patrolling we made very few contacts.

On New Year's Day we were involved in Operation 'Bulrush' in the swamps around Lake Naivasha. Of the numerous terrorists killed and captured, No.6 Platoon had a success when they accounted for a Mau Mau who hit a trip-flare in the early hours of the morning. The Platoon Commander, 2Lt Rudgard, quickly felled him with a burst from his Patchett, Since January the Company has been operating from Gilgil.

'C' Company: In the third week of November the Company left Reynard's Farm to rejoin the Battalion. The tedium of life at Gilgil was broken when we were called back for a week to sweep the cornfields of the Kinangop, where some pilot was supposed to have seen some bandits lying up. We found nothing.

We were supposed to go to Nairobi for the month in January to do a tour of duty guarding the C-in-C and escorting children to school in buses. However, on 30th December the Company was called out to cordon off a section of the Naivasha swamp. We only stayed there two days and then thankfully we returned to Gilgil and then to Nairobi to do guard and bus duties. But after only three days we went back to the swamp for a further three weeks.

After these efforts in the swamp, the Company had an extra fortnight in Nairobi. In mid-February we returned to the forest, taking over Pencil Slats Camp from Support Company. In the first week, a patrol under Capt Barker managed to eliminate four terrorists.

We have welcomed 2Lts Yeaman and Logie to the Company, though the former has already gone to the mysteries of the Intelligence Section, the latter now commands Platoon No.7. Now we are returning to Gilgil. We are quite sorry to leave the forest and the heat of Aden does not sound nearly as attractive.

'D' Company: On the 12th March 2Lt Evans was killed in a motorcar accident between Nakuru and Gilgil. He was one of our most popular officers and a great loss to the Company. 2Lt Lapage-Norris, who had only recently joined us, was badly injured in the same accident, but is making a good recovery.

In addition we wish L/Cpl Caines a speedy recovery from his accidental wound received during Operation 'Full Stop.' Maj Radice has joined the Company as Commander. We welcome 2Lt Tayler to No. 11 Platoon, Lt Istead (Queen's on attachment) and 2Lt Mackenzie Ross (Royal Hampshires); the latter two will only have a short stay. We also welcome Capt Lennard as 2i/c.

During October we were in Nairobi on guard duties at the C-in-C's residence. This entailed a ceremonial guard mounted daily. We also escorted school buses, which was a most popular duty. In early November we moved back to the foot of the Aberdares in the Wanjohi Valley below Forest Gate. Here two platoons lived in a barn and the rest in tents. Our task was to patrol a large area of the Aberdares. In December we took part in Operation 'Wheatsheaf' which was designed to search all standing crops for terrorists. Day after day we tramped out to a selected area of wheat, swept in and discharged our stens into the crops. Just before Christmas news came that we were to move to Gilgil in the New Year.

But on 2nd January the Company was rushed down to Operation 'Bulrush' in the swamps around Lake Naivasha. The area was cordoned off, with three-men posts about 50 yards apart. Trip-flares were laid along the whole front and the cordon maintained for three weeks. Slowly the cordon was tightened and eventually 200 Watu tribesmen joined us to sweep the area and we found nothing at all. Although the

Company had no luck, about half of the terrorists in the swamp were accounted for. We left the swamp on January 22nd and moved to Gilgil.

Then in March came our last operation in Kenya. Operation 'Full Stop' was designed to throw a stop line round a large portion of the bamboo forest, into which then plunged large numbers of bushwhacking *watu* with yellow headbands to stir up the terrorists and drive them into the stops. The Company held eight and a half miles of front with 2,300 *watu*, in white head bands, under command. There had been heavy rain and the Matara track was very muddy. As a result, two platoons had to march into position, leaving their stores by the side of the track until mules and vehicles could bring them up. The men were again split into three.

The *watu* were in groups of five every 30 yards or so. Each soldier post controlled about 50 *watu*. Company HQ was established just outside Fort North, an old police patrol base. At each platoon HQ, palaces of bamboo sprang up which became known as Taylerville, Fort Knox, etc. The *watu* were set to cutting back the forest and erecting an obstacle. Hadrian's Wall had nothing on 'D' Company's in the end. Officers, NCOs and men walked miles by day and night in rain and sun, in dust and mud, prodding, pushing and cajoling the *watu*. Eventually they got the form and some posts were every bit as alert as our own and also indulged in mammoth salutes or presenting of spears. News of our move to Aden arrived and we were halfway through handing over our line to the KSLI when the Operation ended. We packed everything up and moved back to Gilgil.

HQ Company:During the past six months the Company have continued to maintain and staff the Battalion base at Gilgil. For a period in January a large part of the Company was committed to Operation 'Bulrush' and the remainder carried out guards and tracker patrols. Maj A.L.W. Soames has been posted to command the Depot and Maj W.A. Wood will take over.

The Band leaves for the UK about the same time as we leave for Aden and we wish them every success for the summer home and plenty of recruits. The Drums come with us to Aden.

MT Platoon: As we are well on with packing our cases, it is with regret that we say goodbye to many old faces, including our MTO, Maj A.E. Strange, who is going to command 'A' Company, and Sgt Sexton who is leaving for a tour with the 'Jambo Boys' (KAR).'

Support Company: Since the arrival of machine guns in the Company we have attempted to operate in the dual role of rifle and specialist company. In November we were in the forest on the Western Aberdares for three months. We will be sorry to leave Kenya, but preparations for the move to Aden are at an advanced stage.

Machine Gun Platoon: We have become the proud possessors of two very old but workable machine guns; they have no dial sights and we have been doing indirect shooting in the old style with direction dials and clinometers. We spent several months at Pencil Slats, at the foot of the Aberdares. Cpl Bishop commanded an ambush that accounted for a notorious gang leader, one General Kababei, and his second-in-command. We took part in Operation 'Bulrush' and our two guns fired over 70,000 rounds into that swamp. Now we are back at Gilgil and shortly to leave Kenya.

Assault Pioneer Platoon: The Platoon left for Pencil Slats in early November. A patrol under Lt Crush wounded and captured two terrorists, with the help of the police. We returned to Gilgil to pack for Aden.

3-inch Mortar Platoon: After Operation 'Dante' we had a rest up in the Geta Hills to show the Assault Pioneers how to build roads and bridges. We returned to Gilgil. In November we moved to Pencil Slats

and took part in Operation 'Atlas' on top of the Aberdares. We took part in Operation 'Bulrush' and loosed off 15,000 bombs and killed one Mau Mau [Ed: *Over kill?*].

1st Battalion News (December 1956)

The journey from Kenya to Aden was made by air. The last night in Kenya was spent in an RAF aircraft hangar at Eastleigh. Brig C.H.P. Harrington, DSO, OBE, MC, our Bde Comd, was there to bid the Battalion farewell. The Battalion flew to Khormasksar, Aden and went under canvas at the RAF camp.

The Regiment had no battle casualties, however the following died during our Kenya deployment:
Roll of Honour

22988102 Private Lanchbury - 9th May 1955 (Assault Pioneer Platoon - lorry accident)
23225496 Private K. Clifford - 22nd September 1955
23006085 Private K. Mullineux - 25th October 1955

2Lt. A.M.B. Evans - 12th March 1956 (vehicle accident between Nakuru and Gilgil accident)
2Lt. M.A. Hazell - 12th March 1956 (see above).
2/Lt. W.J. Gordon - 12th March 1956 (see above. Kenya Regiment [KR5823, attached Gloucesters)
2Lt. C.C.G. Brassington - 12th March 1956 (see above, died at Nakuru Memorial Hospital)

Awards for Kenya:

2Lt C. W .E. Coppen-Gardner, Gloucestershire Regiment - Military Cross. '2Lt Coppen-Gardner has operated consistently against the terrorists, displaying the greatest determination, bravery and skill since 9th May 1954. His cheerfulness and indomitable leadership have led to many successful contacts, often under the most arduous conditions. He has accounted for several terrorists personally.

On 5th February 1955, on information of a raid on Kagio village he, with three Askaris, tracked the gang that night and most of the following day over extremely rough and broken country. He made contact in a well concealed and defended 'hide' to which there was one approach through a tunnel. Under fire from a precision weapon he led his men into the 'hide'. The gang had dispersed leaving all the articles stolen from Kagio and numerous blood stains.

On 12th February 1955, he received information of the theft of 20 cattle from Kagomo in the Embu Division. He tracked the gang in a most determined manner over approximately nine miles of reserve and then some seven miles of forest, over most difficult country. He brought his patrol to successful contact, killing two terrorists, recovering two precision rifles, 28 rounds of ammunition and all the cattle.

Through his complete disregard of adverse conditions, his boldness and extremely skilful handling of his Askaris, he has inflicted heavy casualties on the terrorists. He has constantly displayed the highest qualities as an officer and has become an inspiration to all with whom he comes into contact.'

MBE - Capt (QM) C.W. Phillips

MiD: Maj P.J.H. Varwell; 2Lt J.R. Shaw; Sgt D. Simmance.

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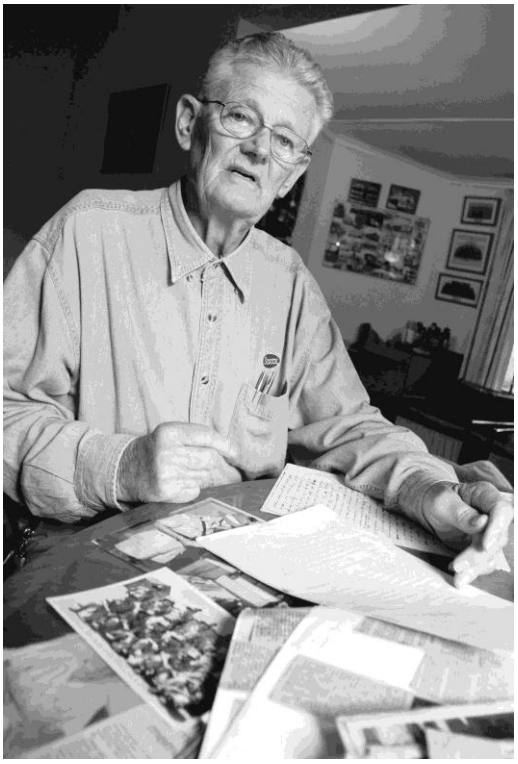
A PETROL JOCKEY WHO SERVED IN THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ALONGSIDE IDI AMIN HAS ONE MORE WISH IN LIFE, writes Colleen Dardagan in The Mercury, Wednesday 31 July 2013

VINCENT Champion, 73, of Amanzimtoti once escorted former Kenyan president Jomo Kenyatta out of prison, served as a cadet under Idi Amin and drank beer with Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, but his greatest wish, to meet Nelson Mandela, is unfulfilled.



Champion [**LEFT**], who was a member of the British colonial government's King's African Rifles (KAR) in Kenya and now works as a petrol jockey in Amanzimtoti, contacted The Mercury to applaud Ryan Roberts, 40, who was reportedly setting off to climb Kilimanjaro in six days to raise funds for the Rainbow and Smiles charity. Roberts's mission is not for the faint-hearted; Champion should know, for before he went to Sandhurst, he and other potential officers had to climb the mountain in two days and descend in one.

When we met Champion we discovered a colourful veteran who respected the notorious Amin for his military prowess and enjoyed the songs Nyerere would sing sitting astride a wall-mounted trophy of a giraffe while downing a tankard of beer.

"Nyerere would come into the officers' mess once-a-month for supper," says Champion, who was born in Nairobi in 1940. "The tradition was for first-timers in the mess to climb up a ladder, sit on the giraffe, sing a song and then down a beer. Julius did it every time he visited."

"My [*Australian-born*] mother, Peggy, and my father, Neville farmed at Ol Kalou." He recalls how he was sent to school in Nairobi at the age of three. "My mother was a cartographer and I would sit on the back of her bicycle on the way to school. I never did my 'A' levels. After 'O' levels I went back to the farm. I learned to plough, thatch and plant." [Ed: *Vincent's father, Neville Griffin [KR264] saw service in Abyssinia, first with Drought's Scouts and then with EAASC, KPR during the Emergency, and later with Mike Hoare in the Congo. Neville's brother, Terry [KR938] served with EAACR in Abyssinia and EAASC in Burma, where he died of tick typhus; he is buried in Imphal War Cemetery - 2.D.13; youngest brother, Ken [KR3151] saw service with EAASC in Burma, and KPR during the Emergency. After Neville and Peggy's divorce in 1947, Vincent assumed his mother's maiden name, Champion*.]

Vincent Champion, who now lives in Amanzimtoti on the South Coast, looks through photographs and documents that tell his story in one of Britain's colonial military units in Kenya. They also describe how he came to meet Tanzania's first president Julius Nyerere, Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta and Uganda's dictator, Idi Amin.

But for his mother, whose family was steeped in military tradition dating back hundreds of years this was as good as doing nothing. "She saw this advertisement in the newspaper for a commission in the King's African Rifles," he says. The faded advertisement dated 1957 which he still has among a pile of military documents and photographs, called on men of all races between 17 and 25 to sign up for the unit. If they succeeded in passing the stringent military training they were assured of entry into the elite

Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in England. "About 27,000 signed up. They selected just nine – and I was one of them," says Champion.

Once these chosen men – who, according to the advertisement, needed unswerving loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen, the highest standard of honour, conduct and courage, initiative beyond the ordinary and a high standard of fitness – had sworn allegiance to the Queen, they were sent off to Loitokitok Outward Bound School in the foothills of Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika.

Daily showers were taken in a nearby icy waterfall. Each day started with an eight kilometre flat run, followed by breakfast and then running in full military kit carrying a Lee Enfield rifle and a 40lb backpack in the foothills. The aim was to reach the reach the 19,340ft summit. "We had to sing all the time to increase our lung capacity. Smoking was not allowed." He says.

Within three weeks all nine made it to the top in two days and descended in one. "We did it because of the strength inside." He says.

The young soldiers were transferred to Jinja in Uganda where they were place under command of Sgt Idi Amin who Champion describes as a fine soldier standing 6feet 4inches in the socks, with a wicked and often dark sense of humour, but his military knowledge was good. He would take us for drill, tactics and general training.

"I had a lot of time and respect for him. He was a great soldier; a massive man, he wore size 17 boots. Our drill boots were studded so, in order not to scratch the highly buffed floors, he would inspect our barrack room wearing sheepskin slippers turned inside out! He was a very likeable person."

Champion believes Amin's tyrannical rule of the country was not the dictator's fault but the result of poor education, rising through the ranks of the British Army (4(U) KAR) and having leadership foisted on him too soon.

"He was so good that they pushed him through the system. Others forced him to take over the leadership. All he wanted to be was a soldier and they made him president; it couldn't work."

So it was as a Queen's officer cadet that Champion left the shores of East Africa to take his place at Sandhurst. Tucked in his pocket was a list on how to behave in English society: 'At a cocktail party don't monopolise an attractive girl; be polite and converse with the elderly; leave only after those more senior than yourself have left; don't be swept out with the empties. It's a serviette not a napkin; 'going to the theatre' rather than 'taking in a show'.

Today, the silver-haired soldier, once a business man is now a petrol jockey. Regret weighs heavily in his voice "I should never have left the army, I would have had a really good pension and my life would have been so different had I stayed. I went to Cape Town to visit my mother and then life took over."

"I really wanted to meet Nelson Mandela; guess I never will."

[Ed: *Vincent obviously saw the better side of Amin's nature whilst he was serving with the KAR. Most readers are aware of Idi Amin's brutality and megalomania – if not, check out the internet! Born in Uganda ~1925, died in Jeddah 16/08/2003. Contrary to his claims, records indicate he did not serve in Burma, but joined the KAR in 1946 as an assistant cook; in 1959 he was promoted WO2. He served with 21(K) KAR when the Bn was involved in trying to stop cattle rustling into the Karamojo area. In 1961, he was one of the first two Ugandans to be commissioned into 4(U) KAR. During his service with the KAR he was light/heavy weight boxing champion from 1951 to 1960.*

*'A swimmer and formidable rugby forward,' one officer said, 'Idi Amin is a splendid type and a good rugby player but virtually bone from the neck up, and needed things explained in words of one letter.'*

*After Uganda's independence in 1962, 4 KAR gave way to form the Uganda Rifles; Amin was promoted Captain, Major in 1963 and appointed Deputy Commander of the Uganda Army in 1964*.]

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SUING THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

[Ian Parker. October 2013]

[Ed: *When I was newly commissioned, I was told that there were three things one never discussed in the Mess – Women, Politics and Religion - and I heed that advice when editing mini-SITREP. However, having read various newspapers articles about Mau Mau seeking reparation, and being bombarded with e-mails expressing anger, dismay, disgust, betrayal, I asked Ian Parker, author of 'The Last Colonial Regiment The History of the Kenya Regiment (T.F.)', to set the record straight*.]

Four Kenyans (Ndiku Mutua – Kamba, Paulo Nzili – Kamba, Wambugu Nyingi – Kikuyu, Jane Muthoni Mara – Kikuyu) won the right to sue HMG for torture and mistreatment they allegedly suffered while prisoners during the Mau Mau uprising more than 50 years ago. Their right to bring a civil action against the Government arose out of two judgements made by Mr Justice McCombe – in 2011 and in 2012. The Foreign Office lodged an Appeal against the latter judgement to have been heard in 2013. This was dropped and instead, the British Government agreed to compensate the claimants out of court.

Ground for the Appeal was to have been that at a distance of between 50 and 60 years, when the majority of witnesses had died, age had eroded memories and because evidence had been destroyed or was beyond access, a fair hearing had been impossible. This, surely, should not have appeared in appeal, but as the original main defence? In the light of how that defence was made is curious.

The absence of Expert Witnesses for the Defence was not because there were none. Though most senior British Officials who made policy during the Mau Mau Emergency are dead, there are still some alive who could have been called as witnesses, but were not. The Defence simply accepted the claimants' statements that they had been tortured and mistreated. It accepted the medical opinion provided by a Kenyan Doctor that this had indeed happened. While one claimant had been castrated, a state not difficult to mistake, the medical evidence was unsupported by any confirmatory second opinion. Yet even incontestable presence of the evidence of past torture trauma and/or mistreatment (scars etc.), the Defence did not seek corroboration. So, too, did it fail to establish where torture was inflicted, when and by whom. It just accepted the claimant's assertions.

The chronologies of some claims were at odds with well documented parallel chronologies from the Emergency era. This was not touched upon. Claimants' statements contain some material so obviously anomalous, that it called for careful scrutiny. Of particular note was that two claimants were not Kikuyu, but Akamba. There were a few – very few – Kamba members of Mau Mau, but so few that, that alone, was *prima facie* ground to doubt the allegation. It was not tested. They said that they had provided food for Mau Mau guerrillas in the vicinity of their employment (Lukenya) – a non-Kikuyu area where MM gangs were very rarely present and then only briefly. The intelligence records will have recorded such presence and should have been used to corroborate whether they supported or disproved the claimants' statements. Yet, the Defence took no such logical steps. Instead, in a vestigial case it acknowledged HMG's guilt that its client had indeed tortured and mistreated the claimants, and did so as **part of routine policy**.

There are two components of this admission: (i) the fact of torture and mistreatment by the defendant which only stood as proven because the Defence did not contest it (failing to consider that the party responsible for routine torture was Mau Mau itself) and (ii) the introduction of an altogether separate element of these being 'part of routine policy'. Was this second element even part of the claimants' case? In respect of it, the most obvious lacuna in the Court proceedings, was total failure to introduce HMG's prosecutions of those in its own security forces who did torture Mau Mau prisoners Let us be under no illusion that through the Emergency some prisoners were tortured and others treated roughly. Denying that this ever happened is not what this essay is about. Yet, outside the final detention centres where force was sanctioned on some of the most recalcitrant detainees, violence was never part of routine policy.

HMG was afraid of being accused of not treating prisoners humanely. Members of the Press were ever on the lookout for such abuse. In November 1952, the left wing editor of the New Statesman – no friend of white presence in Kenya – specifically flew to Kenya to report on the subject, and, contrary to what had been expected of him, said senior officials were trying to prevent this happening.

In April 1953, reacting to reports in the London Press of suspects being shot resisting arrest, the Colonial Secretary ordered an immediate overhaul of the Kenya police and security services. In 1954, Parliament sent a Delegation to Kenya that found there had been 130 prosecutions for brutality among the Police forces, ending in 73 convictions. Lord Lloyd told the House of Lords between the beginning of the emergency and May, 1954, 26 persons had been convicted of killing or maltreating Mau Mau suspects, three Europeans were convicted by civil courts for assault, a KG leader and five KGs were convicted of murder, or of being accessories after the fact for shooting two suspects who were probably innocent. The totals in these two sources do not tally, but make the point of intense interest and supervision from Parliament.

Through his network of Anglican Ministers and Missionaries, the Archbishop of Canterbury, amongst the better informed of the British Establishment about what was taking place in Kenya, said in the House of Lords :-

"We cannot be surprised if there were breakdowns under such a strain [e.g. that of the Emergency]. The Government, two years ago, recognised that there was the greatest possible reason for anxiety and that there were many horrible things which were being done by the forces of law and order. Ever since then they have been trying to correct them."

Fenner Brockway, long-term critic of British Colonialism, had this to say in the House of Commons on 5 June 1956:-

"I admit at once that, in the emergency conditions of the last four years in Kenya, incidents have occurred in the atmosphere of violence for which we cannot make the Government or the Administration in Kenya responsible."

Not only were there many Government directives on how prisoners should be treated, but there was no shortage of independent observers to report such abuse of power. The court records of the cases concerning members of the Security Forces who were prosecuted still exist. Overlooking them, then admitting torture was routine was so fundamentally wrong as to be virtual perjury.

In Judge McCombe's second judgement he noted the Defence's admission of routine torture and mistreatment. This made it improbable that the Appeal planned for 2013 could have succeeded. How could such a travesty have taken place? It is worth reviewing the general background.

What first comes to mind is how times have changed since we fought Mau Mau. In those days, and as many of us had learned at school, beating happened if you broke the rules. The majority of us were none the worse for it. A beating was the risk you ran for doing what society deemed was wrong. Thus corporal punishment elsewhere in society, in the Prison system, or in the Army – for example – was lawful. By the 1950s, flogging was certainly a less-applied punishment than it had been in the Navy and the Army before 1900, yet in our youth it was still lawful and not considered torture. Today it is. Even giving a child a well-deserved smack verges on criminality in many western societies.

Yet another illustration of how times have changed: when we were young, abortion, which is technically the termination of a life, was wrong. At the same time murder warranted the death penalty. Today, a mother-to-be has the right to decide about abortion, while inflicting the death penalty for murder is wrong. The world is full of these switches in policies, outlooks and attitudes. Then, Britain was still (almost) Great. True, the Empire was about to break up piecemeal, but who then foresaw Britain becoming a satrap of Brussels?

Times change and no doubt it has always been thus and no doubt they influence justice and its application. However it becomes socially dangerous when the mores of yesterday are judged by the different perceptions of today. This is why most judicial systems have statutes of limitation: prosecutions must take place within a stated period of the event they seek to redress. Under British law and in certain circumstances, such limitations can be set aside or extended by a judge – which is what Mr Justice McCombe did with the Mau Mau seeking to sue HMG for events in the 1950s. Yet, when primary witnesses are dead, evidence has been lost, and old memories are notoriously unreliable, this is exactly what statutes of limitation are designed to prevent and no arcane language or clever legal argument can mend this.

Of the officials conducting the case, it is unlikely that any, including the judge were more than toddlers during Mau Mau, and perhaps most were not yet born. By the time they were adult, the Empire was gone, legal beating proscribed, their outlooks likely to be in keeping with the liberal Britain in which they had grown up, and unfamiliar with the political and social circumstances of the 1950s. This, again, is not criticism, just probability. In keeping with the changed outlooks in Britain, where it is now broadly accepted that the Empire was morally bad, they would be strange creatures indeed if they had not been influenced in this direction – at least to a degree. The whole legal apparatus – judge, claimants' representatives and the team defending HMG were likely to be at least subconsciously anti-colonial.

The Mau Mau rebellion and its circumstances dropped out of current general knowledge about the time of Kenya's independence. There is no reason in the 21st century why the Judge, and lawyers for both claimants and defence should have had more than a passing grasp of the subject. That, again, is no criticism, just fact. Yet, while it may be unmeasured or even unmeasurable, the role current general knowledge plays in the mind-sets of judges, lawyers, juries and legal processes must again be an element in the logic bringing need for statutes of limitation.

Two academics – Caroline Elkins and David Anderson – have written treatises on how the British handled the Mau Mau rebellion. Both are highly critical and neither wrote with the impartiality academic historians are supposed to exercise. Both are inaccurate, the former so excessively so, that her thesis does not warrant serious review. In academic circles, however, David Anderson is a respected historian. The detail he includes in his text on Mau Mau imparts a sense of impressive authority – at least to the uninitiated. Familiarity with the times, the people and the location reveals that the seeming blanket of erudition is shot through with errors of fact and nuance. It is done cleverly, to make a political judgement. In a nutshell, it is not a factual blanket, but a knotwork: like a net, strands are woven around empty space. Yet my assessment of the man and his work is of no account here. What

matters, is that there are historians of equal or greater gravitas than Anderson who could have given the Court different and equally impressive views of how Britain handled the Mau Mau rebellion.

The defective Defence failed to call anyone who could have contradicted Elkins and Anderson. Consequently Mr Justice McCombe was not only impressed by Elkins and Anderson's uncontested views, but felt them central to the case before him. So, too, was he impressed by the material Elkins and Anderson extracted from the Hanslope archive. When the British left Kenya, they took over 1,000 sensitive files from Kenya which ended in a facility at Hanslope and were forgotten.

There is nothing odd about this. With the Empire folding, many such documents will have received the same treatment. A case in point was finding the records of the Africa General Service Medal (AGSM) awarded to Kenya Regiment Africans. With time, where such records are lodged may fade in official minds. They are not deliberately lost (if disappearance was wanted they could have been burned). Overseen by staff a generation or more removed from the Empire's dissolution, it is not surprising that papers 'disappear.' The AGSM records took a great deal of perseverance to locate. It so happens that when the Hanslope archive surfaced, Elkins and Anderson found material in it supporting their contention that the Authorities in Kenya had routinely sanctioned torture and prisoner ill-treatment. Naturally they extracted what suited them, and ignored material diluting their politics.

Reasonably it can be claimed that if such contradictory material existed, it was up to HMG's Defence Attorneys to dig it out. So they should have, but didn't. The two historians supporting the claimants' case (a) had specialised historical knowledge as part of their profession and (b) worked up their stories over years, with no dead lines to meet. HMG's Defence team lacked specialised historical knowledge, did not call anyone who had it to testify, had to meet deadlines and, all in all, it was no contest.

Kenya became independent at the end of 1963, and its Government was dominated by Kikuyu, the tribe that produced Mau Mau. Many expected they might seek vengeance on the 'colonialists' once in power. They didn't – a fact that historians now digging up past events ignore or attribute to the corruption for which Kenyan politicians have become famous. They overlook that it took years for high levels of corruption to become so entrenched that they may have blocked redressing pre-Independence wrongs. They overlook this because the general situation was never as described by Elkins & Anderson. Was what they have claimed right, white Kenyans would not have been able to live on in Kenya after Independence as they have.

Before corruption had become widely established, Kenyatta, for some the putative leader of Mau Mau (a contention strongly challenged), set policy when he stated that both sides in the Mau Mau rebellion had committed dreadful crimes. He advised them not to forget, but to forgive and put the past behind them. This was statesmanship uniting the people after a period of deep division. While there were certainly some who did not approve his decision, it received general approval from both black and white people inside and outside Kenya. A comparable situation that earned even greater general praise arose out of Nelson Mandela's parallel attitude of forgiveness for atrocities committed by both sides in the struggle against apartheid.

Kenyatta's advice was accepted and consequently Kenya prospered. This is why the Kenya Government and its people generally have been reluctant to dig up old Mau Mau bones. Those who were alive when he established this policy, recalled that whatever atrocities individuals in Government Forces committed (and indubitably there were some), Mau Mau routinely committed many against those who opposed them. Kenyatta's (and Mandela's) solution may not have been perfect, but it was practical, realistic and worked – at least for a while.

In due course, sustaining Kenya's internal unity proved difficult, Kenyan society developed many inter-

tribal divisions and became very corrupt, but all this for reasons that had little to do with Mau Mau. Somehow it seems wrong that unelected academics like Elkins and Anderson are able to reintroduce division among a country's people two generations after it had been contained. Somehow it seems wrong that they and lawyers working for profit can drive wedges into old scars and reignite the disunity that Kenyatta actually did heal – albeit briefly. That they can do so without the societies they disrupt being able to prevent or punish them for it, also seems wrong.

Yet it is not a perfect world. Some of those who served against Mau Mau feel that Britain admitting general guilt and paying claimant damages reflects badly on their personal honour. My advice, forget it! If Britain was the Britain of yore that they served, their honour would indeed have been impugned. However, what it has become is different from that we knew. Pretending that trials over 50 years after an event, in which the findings of academics with no experience of reality take the place of real witnesses, well, call it what you want, but it isn't justice.

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## LESSONS IN GRIEF - THE AFRICAN WAY

[Captain Harry Egdell RAMC RMO 4 KAR, 1957-60]

I have no memory of teachings about grief from my undergraduate days in the early fifties. Perhaps we were not yet ready for such a difficult topic.

My first lesson about grief was in meeting the young wife of an askari, who presented her small baby suffering from pneumonia complicating measles against a background of chronic malnutrition.

The effects of a three hundred mile journey by lorry and bus had been the final straw and I was unable to resuscitate him. I gave the mother a night sedative. After leaving me she enquired of the nursing orderly on duty the reason for being given the tablet. On learning the purpose, the wife asked to see me again and, with characteristic African courtesy, politely returned the tablet saying that she would be grieving in the traditional African manner.

My second lesson was when the wife of an askari discovered that her husband was "grazing", an African expression for being unfaithful. She then hanged herself- bringing great shame on him and their quarter. The moribund wife was brought into my care and died soon after. The response of approximately two hundred other wives was to surround the Medical Reception Station with deafening ululations in a rather frightening fashion. The camp guard was called out but refused (or were too fearful) to intervene. Under orders to resolve the disorder at my unit I arranged a discreet removal of the body to the local civilian mortuary. This was my first experience of group grief.

On another occasion I was ordered by the CO, Colonel Peddie, to go to the guardroom and "sort out" an askari who had "gone mad". The askari had suddenly packed his belongings and said he was going home and refused to say why. The Duty Sergeant was called who pointed out that the askari had only recently returned from his annual leave in Northern Uganda and could not go home again until the following year.

The askar*i* still would not discuss his behaviour and the Duty Officer was called. The subaltern ordered the man to unpack - he refused, and was placed under arrest.

The problem then came back to me. I sought the aid of my nursing orderly, Pte Reno, who as it happened came from the same Northern Uganda district. He was a thoughtful, sensitive man who was able to reassure the askari that neither he nor the bwana MO would divulge any of the details that he

might reveal. With this reassurance, the askari began to talk.

It appeared that towards the end of his last annual home leave, the askari and his father had had a flaming row, which ended with him placing a curse on his father. Now, he had just heard that his father had died. In shame he could not tell anyone of the dreadful thing that he had done and just wanted to go back to his homelands.

I asked him how he would have dealt with this situation if he were at home. He replied that, in the presence of his large extended family and elders, he would slaughter a goat whilst asking forgiveness of his father's spirit.

I gave the askari an immediate one month's sick leave and a pass to make the journey home - some three days' travelling. I did not see this askari again but much later noticed that he was back once again in the camp. Not wishing to shame the man by a direct approach, I quietly asked his company commander how he was since his return. The reply was that he was resettled back into the company and that his conduct was entirely normal.

I reflected ruefully at our own culture, and wished that we had a similar mechanism to handle so simply such unhappy matters surrounding loved one's deaths.

[RL V2 #7 2007/11]

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THE KENYA INDEPENDENT SQUADRON (DROUGHT'S SCOUTS)

[Ed: *In m-S XXXX (should have been XL!) (June 2012), there were a number of combined articles about Major JJ Drought (pp32-41) and one about Neville Griffin [KR264] (pp52/53) whose first posting was to the Kenya Independent Squadron (KIS). I include the following extract from correspondence between Ray Nightingale and Eric Lanning, where mention is made of the Kenya Independent Squadron and its badge. Well, thanks to Anthony Allen, son of the late John Allen [KR3513/4357/5664], I have at last seen, albeit via e-mail, the KIS badge, in brass*.]


Of the many units to which Kenya Regiment men were posted, these Scouts must be the least known. They have never been mentioned in any document that I have seen. Surely, somewhere out there in the wide world, there must be someone who joined Droughts Scouts on that day in July 1940 who can tell us about their adventures and that Kenya pioneer, Major Drought, who founded them? I believe, but I may be wrong, that the Scouts had rescued a South African Air Force pilot who had force landed.

Does anyone know what operations the Scouts undertook? We should not allow the unit and those who served in it to be forgotten. Their dress consisted of slouch hats, khaki bush shirts and shorts or slacks.

The unit had a badge of which only one hundred were struck. It was made up of a laurel wreath surmounted by the letter "D" - for Drought - enclosing a diagrammatic representation of the cardinal points of the compass, and below the motto of the unit, "Quod Age Agis" - "Do what has to be done". It was not worn while on patrol. Due to the small number of badges that were struck, this is surely a great prize for collectors of regimental insignia.

Thank you for your letter regarding my note on Drought's Scouts. It has added more flesh to the skeleton and I hope others will come forward with their recollections. You are lucky to have known Jack Drought personally. I only saw him on that one day in Eldoret but heard and read about him on many occasions since then. It was this lack of knowledge of a great Kenyan that prompted me to put something on record for our archives.

You are quite correct in saying that the official title of the unit was the 'Kenya Independent Squadron.' Your letter reminded me. I think that the unit was generally known as 'Scouts' among my contemporaries as that was how Drought described the unit when seeking to recruit from the Kenya Regiment. Perhaps the more military title of Horse evolved from the regular officers at Brigade.

Yes, they did operate too far back when the advance into Abyssinia started. There was no possibility that they could keep up with the speed of the attack. I did meet some mule pack units but they were working off the roads and with the Irregulars. As you say the Ethiopian Irregulars did a fine job under their British Officers.

Alastair McCalman [KR174] wrote an admirable article about their operations for our archives. He was with them from early in the campaign until the Gold Coast battle at Uadara, north of Neghelli, in which he was awarded an immediate MC. The Irregulars were used to search out the Italian flanks and push in outposts. Alastair was then transferred to other operations.

David McCalman [KR81] was with the same unit for a while until he was transferred. Other well known East Africans also served with them, Karl Nurk, Kametz, Aubrey Aggett [KR222] and Maurice Randall [KR630]. Alastair writes that their Intelligence Officer was an old man of seventy years of age who served without pay. He referred to him as Captain 'S' as he could not recall his name. During the attack on EI Yibo he was hit in the knee by a stray bullet. He turned to Nurk who was beside him and said, "You know Karl, this is my ninth war wound, two in the Boer War, six in the Great War and now". Men are not made like that anymore.

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## DROUGHT'S SCOUTS

[Ray Nightingale KR1342]

[Ed: *Whilst various articles about Major JJ Drought have appeared in earlier editions of m-S, I include this edited version to tie in with the above article about the KIS, and to request readers to pass historical material to archives instead of adding them to the bonfire*.]

One chilly early morning in July 1940 The Kenya Regiment was formed up on its early morning parade on the Race Course at Eldoret. After the usual terrifying warm up under RSM Charlie Broomfield, Colonel DA appeared accompanied by a tough looking elderly Major we had never seen before. DA announced that volunteers were required for hazardous operations which would be explained to us. As you can imagine we immediately saw ourselves as bemedalled heroes.

We were told to gather round the Major and his words were as follows. "What I am going to tell you is highly secret. When you leave this parade ground you are to forget that you ever heard what I am about to tell you. If the enemy learns of this it will cost the lives of your friends. I repeat, do not discuss this matter even amongst yourselves when you leave this parade. I need twenty volunteers for this hazardous duty. I am forming a special scouting unit which will work close to the enemy and possibly even behind enemy lines. The men I need must be able to shoot well, ride and care for horses, and speak good Swahili, Boran or Somali. I will interview volunteers now and I remind you, once again, do not talk about this matter to anyone."

Derek Green (Ken Green's brother) was standing next to me and said, "This is for me". I could shoot well but could not ride or speak any of the required languages, but with arrogance of youth decided that it would not take me long to learn these skills so joined the queue behind Derek. When it was my turn to be interviewed I don't think that I was longer than ten seconds in the office before I found myself back on parade. To my disgust Derek was accepted and disappeared later that day. The nature of this hazardous duty remained a mystery for the time being.

Some months later I passed through Isiolo on my way to Wajir and there, in the sparse shade of an acacia, I saw Derek Green. He was grooming a sad looking mule and dispersed among the trees were other horses and mules being groomed by sad looking soldiers. Convoys on their way to Wajir passed on one side of the Scouts and convoys on their way to Marsabit passed on the other. Dust covered man and beast in never-ending clouds which made grooming a never-ending task.

Derek told me that Drought's Scouts, for that was the name of the Major, had been formed to rescue any pilots who might be shot down near or over the Abyssinia border and at the same time they were to keep an eye out for any enemy incursions. He had been on several patrols but had no idea what would be their next operation.

The next time I saw Derek was on Nairobi station. He was dressed in the spotless white uniform of a sailor. "Funny uniform for a Scout" I said. "Stuff the army, I'm off to join the Navy", was Derek's reply. He was eventually commissioned and reached high naval rank.

Later I learned that soon after I had seen Derek at Isiolo the Scouts were disbanded as the advance into Abyssinia had started, and the role for which they were raised no longer existed. Major Drought had previously raised a scout unit in the Great War from Masai tribesmen. This was known as the 'Skin Corps" because their uniforms were those with which they were issued by the Almighty on the day of their birth, easy for the Quartermaster too. Major Drought was awarded the Distinguished Service Order in that war.

Does anyone know what operations the Scouts undertook? We should not allow the unit and those who served in it to be forgotten. I recall that their cap badge was a simple compass finished in black. If anyone has such a badge they do not want I would appreciate it for the small collection of badges of the East African Forces I am assembling. When complete I will mount and pass the collection to the archives.

During the Anglo-Boer War my father served in Montmorency’s Scouts which was one hundred strong. I see from his Service papers that the qualifications to join were almost word for word those required for Droughts Scouts forty years later. Only the languages were different. Trooper Roberts was awarded the DCM for saving Winston Churchill's life when his horse bolted during one sharp action against the Boers.

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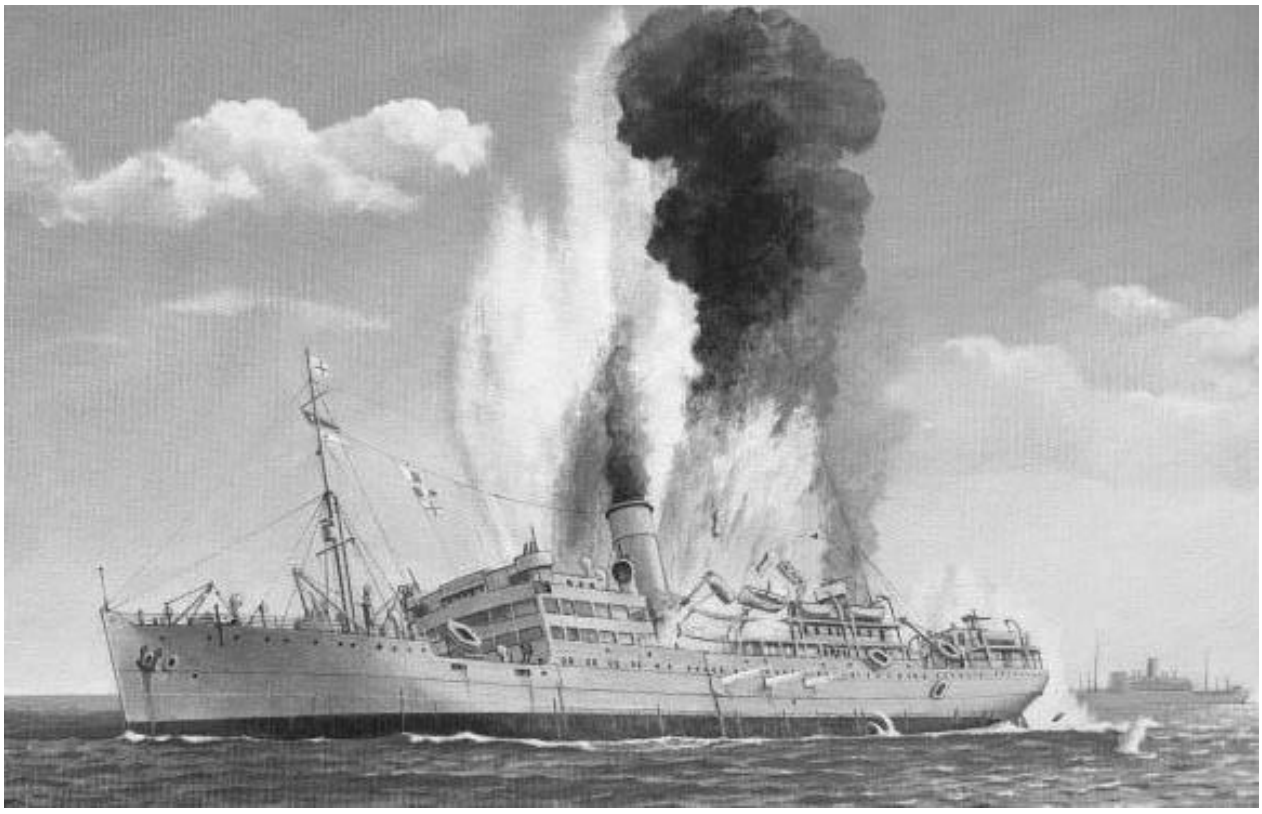
# THE LOSS OF THE SS KHEDIVE ISMAIL

[Captain E.A Yeoman, East African Artillery]

[Ed: *Wednesday 12th February 2014, marks the 70th anniversary of the sinking of SS Khedive Ismail. To commemorate those 1,297 people who perished, of whom 675 were East Africans, I have included this article, the author of which was aboard SS Ekma and barely had time to witness the incident; the KI sank within two minutes*.]



Readers of The Times of 12 February 1994 and The Sunday Telegraph of the next day may have noted short items marking the 50th anniversary of the sinking, on 12th February 1944, of the troop transport SS Khedive Ismail (KI) in the Indian Ocean. With only 214 survivors out of a complement of some 1,500, the incident is certainly a candidate for the worst maritime disaster of the Second World War [Ed: *Certainly the worst Allied disaster involving servicewomen*.] Winston Churchill in his "The Second World War", Vol. V, notes this "serious disaster", and asks how it was that more could not be rescued. As an eye witness who had further researched the incident at the Naval Historical Branch in 1971, I responded to the article with a letter in The Times of 24 February 1994, which brought me a remarkable post-bag, greatly increasing my information.

On 5 February 1944, my Regiment 301 Field Regiment, East African Artillery commanded by Lt Col John Stevens, RA, embarked at Kilindini on KI (7,513 tons). We comprised about 850 men - British Officers and NCOs and African askaris. Junior Officers (below the rank of Captain) had previously been told that they would separate from the main body at Kilindini and embark on another transport, the SS EKMA. I was a Lieutenant, Gun Position Officer of Dog Troop, 57 (Dar es Salaam) Battery, but in my case an exception was made as my Troop Commander, Captain Phil Preston, was temporarily incapacitated, so our CO had instructed me to stay with the Troop for the voyage.

As we embarked, the reason for the embargo became clear; a contingent, of 83 servicewomen - QAs, WTS and WRNS - were sailing in the KI, so there was a shortage of cabin accommodation. However,

after I had settled my 75 Askaris on their troop deck, the Ship's Adjutant refused to countenance my presence on board and I was sent ashore ignominiously, to join my brother subalterns on SS Ekma, which was alongside.

Our convoy consisted of five transports conveying much of 25 Brigade to Ceylon, to complete the 11th (East African) Division for the coming monsoon campaign in central Burma. The vessels were arranged in three columns, of which the forward port position was taken by the old cruiser HMS Hawkins, followed by SS City of Paris; the KI led the centre column, followed by the Ekma, whilst the starboard column consisted of the SS Varsova (forward) and SS Ellenga (astern). Lineal and horizontal spacing was three cables (600 yards). At the outset we had two anti-submarine cutters ahead but later these were changed for the 'P' class destroyers HMS Petard and HMS Paladin, both combat-hardened from the Mediterranean.

On 12 February, we were approaching the 1½° Channel in the Maldive Islands, with a dead calm sea. At a little after 1400 hours, my companions and I were sitting on the promenade deck of SS Ekma reading after lunch when we heard two dull, reverberating explosions. Standing up and looking forward I saw an immense orange-brown mushroom cloud, raining debris, rising from where SS KI, already listing sharply, was disintegrating before our eyes. By the time I had crossed the deck to my port side boat station she had disappeared. Naval records state that she was gone in less than two minutes. The SS Ekma, alarms ringing and turning as hard as possible to starboard, barely avoided sailing right through the scattered survivors and flotsam, which included a few carley floats and upturned lifeboats.

A Japanese submarine of the giant 'I' class - the 127- had approached the convoy from ahead, undetected and raised her periscope in the wake of SS Varsova (alongside the KI), firing a staggered fan of four torpedoes; first her forward tubes, registering the two nearly simultaneous hits on the KI, and then her bow starboard and port tubes. I saw the wake of the bow starboard torpedo, skipping the waves towards HMS Hawkins; it passed, safely under her bow. Others saw the bow port torpedo run safely under our own stern. Paladin sighted the periscope at the moment of firing and both destroyers raced back to where the submarine had sounded, soon picked her up by Asdic and commenced a furious pattern of depth charges, while the rest of the convoy, led by HMS Hawkins, (cravenly) starshelled.

The submarine was brought to the surface, where she tried to man her 5·5" deck gun (against the destroyers' 4") but was prevented by Oerlikon fire. However, the destroyers' 4" shells proved totally ineffective. Numerous hits made no impression.

When the destroyers had replenished at Trincomalee a few days earlier, no armour piercing ammunition had been available, and the semi armour piercing substitute proved useless.

Faced with this *impasse*, HMS Petard continued to engage the enemy to prevent the use of her gun, while HMS Paladin hove to and picked up such survivors as there were. They had been in the water for over an hour. Then, rejoining the action, the destroyers tried to sink the submarine by dropping depth charges alongside. This was only slightly effective, the submarine being left circling, with its periscope carried away. In a confusing sequence of order, counter order, disorder, HMS Paladin attempted to ram, but only succeeded in ripping her own hull open on the submarine's hydroplane, thereby flooding her own engine and gear rooms.

The wretched survivors, having first endured "Stand by to ram!", now heard "Stand by to abandon ship!" At this juncture, some three hours after the sinking of SS Khedive Ismail, the Petard succeeded in torpedoing and sinking the submarine. One Japanese seaman was rescued. Most of HMS Paladin's complement were now transferred to HMS Petard. In due course HMS Hawkins, recalled to the scene, took HMS Paladin in tow and beached her next day on Addu Atoll in the Maldives.

Of the 75 *askaris* of my Dog Troop, I greeted nine survivors in Ceylon - more than those of any other troop. These splendid Tanganyikas - Wanyamwezi, Wasukuma, Wahehe, Yao, Ngoni, so on - bore their misadventure with the utmost stoicism. Numbers of the survivors including myself, were posted to our sister 303 Regiment (Lt Col John Anderson, RA) and in due course took part in the advance down the Kabaw Valley and Myttha Gorge to the Chindwin. There was no time to replace 301 Regiment with an African unit, and so for the campaign 302 and 303 Regiments were joined by an Indian 25 pounder Regiment to complete the Divisional Artillery.

[Ed: *Readers will note a disparity in totals of personnel. The following numbers are extracted from 'Passage to Destiny - the sinking of the SS Khedive Ismail', with kind permission of the author, Brian James Crabb, whose father was one of the survivors. The names of all those aboard SS Khedive Ismail, are contained as appendices. If you would like to purchase a copy please contact Brian at 24 Exeter Road, Portishead, Bristol, North Somerset BS20 6YF, England.*

*Of the official complement of 1,511 on board SS Khedive Ismail, only 214 survived (figures shown in brackets): Army personnel- 996 (143) officers and men, primarily 301st EA Field Regiment where most of the officers and senior NCOs were Royal Artillery; Ship's crew - 178 (22); RN - 252 (43). The servicewomen consisted of WRNS - 19 (2) WRNS, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service 54 (3), and Women's Territorial Service (Ex-FANY (EA)) 9 (1*).*

*Also aboard were three civilians: Lt Cmdr Merrill's wife and baby son, and Mr. K.C. Gandar-Dower, well-known war correspondent and authority on East Africa, who had been assigned to cover the campaign; none survived.*

** An article by survivor, Gloria West who settled in Kenya after the war and married Elgar Smith, a civil engineer, can be found in m-S XXII (May 2003) pp 106.*]

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## DAVID LOVATT SMITH : WARDEN, CONSERVATIONIST, HISTORIAN

[28th March 1930-24th July 2013]

[son Paul Lovatt Smith]

David Lovatt Smith can have had little idea of the influence that Kenya would have on the rest of his life when as a young man of 20 he arrived by ship in Mombasa in 1950 in order to work on a dairy farm at Limuru.

After eighteen months, the job fell through and he found himself looking for work in Nairobi. Having a natural attraction to wildlife, he walked in to the Head Office of Kenya National Parks. The Director, Mervyn Cowie, happened to come out of his office just as his Secretary was preparing to give David the brush-off.

On being told by Mr Cowie that he would have to join the queue of applicants and that anyway there was no money for more salaries, David on the spur of the moment offered to work for free until he was called up for National Service in a few months' time. This quick-thinking and his enthusiasm and politeness impressed Mr Cowie, who needed help at Amboseli National Reserve. Rather amazingly in a couple of weeks David found himself employed as a Junior Assistant Warden and being driven down to Amboseli by Mr Cowie himself.

Due to an injury suffered in a car accident, his call-up was delayed and he spent the next eleven months working under the Warden, "Tabs" Taberer, on the magnificent game-filled Amboseli plains at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. It was a steep learning curve for such a novice, much of it concerned with dealing with the landowners, the Kisongo Maasai people.

[**LEFT: DAVID LOVATT SMITH, 1959**] One evening while covering for the Warden who was on leave, two elders came to his door and demanded that he come and shoot a lion which had killed two of their cattle. As his job was to conserve, he decided there was nothing for it but to deliberately miss. After several cramped hours in the dark by the carcasses, with the lions roaring close by, a shape appeared but he could not see the gun sight and when he asked his Ranger to shine a torch, the shape turned out to be a hyena which ran off. The disappointed Maasai allowed him to go home at that point.

He joined the Kenya Regiment [KR4232] in January 1953 and after training in Rhodesia, saw action with 'C' and 'B' Companies patrolling against Mau Mau gangs in the Aberdare Forest of Kikuyuland.

In August 1954, due to his knowledge of Swahili and Kikuyu languages, he was appointed as one of several Field Intelligence Officers (FIOs), whose job was to help set up and run unofficial pseudo-gangs. By providing nothing more than reasoned argument and creature comforts, the FIOs persuaded former Mau Mau gang members to change sides. Once turned, these men were totally loyal and were even trusted with weapons.

When a new deserter or captive gave up the location of their gang's hide-out, the FIO and his pseudo-gang would walk in to the forest at night pretending to be a visiting Mau Mau party and then try to persuade the real gang to give themselves up. One night, guided to the gang's hideout by a deserter whose arms had a few hours earlier been broken with an iron bar as a punishment by the leader of the gang, gunfire started from the back of David's party.

As the inhabitants woke up and scattered into the forest he opened fire in the pitch dark with his Sten gun, later discovering that the only casualty was the tyrannical leader, shot straight through the head, much to the delight of the deserter. This violent episode was exceptional and in most instances the desired result was achieved without a fight. The success of the pseudo-gangs was instrumental in the eventual disintegration of the forest gangs and the end of the conflict.

In later years, in response to what he considered to be a lack of accurate historical information, he wrote and published two books about Mau Mau. 'My Enemy, My Friend', published in 2000 is a novel about a young Kikuyu man who gets caught up in a gang -the character is based on one of the members of his pseudo-gang. 'Kenya, Kikuyu and Mau Mau', published in 2005, is a history of the conflict based on his and others personal experience as well as extensive research.

As someone who did not excel at school he was particularly pleased that this book became recognised as a key reference by academic historians. Towards the end of his life he advised the UK Government during the 2012-13 High Court case concerning claims of torture and abuse of Mau Mau detainees. Like most of his colleagues, he was bitterly disappointed by the Government's refusal to defend these

claims, most of which he regarded as false, and the shadow this has cast on the reputation of all, like him, who served their country properly and loyally.

At the end of his military service in March 1955, he returned to Amboseli and spent most of the next five years there, apart from a nine month secondment to Tsavo West National Park in 1958. By this time, Amboseli had developed a bad reputation with visitors due to the large herds of Maasai livestock competing for water with the wildlife. The sudden appearance of new spring water created an opportunity to remove the cattle by creating a separate watering area. David was instrumental in cutting a long canal over several months which eventually achieved this goal to the satisfaction of all parties and, many said, saved Amboseli as a reserve. This story was the subject of his first book 'Amboseli, Nothing Short of a Miracle' which was published in 1986.

David met and married Jean Whitestone in 1959. His final years with the Royal National Parks of Kenya were spent as acting Warden in the Aberdares and Nairobi Parks. At independence in 1962, with a young family and somewhat reluctantly, he returned to farming in East Sussex. But Kenya was in his blood and in 1987, as soon as the children had left school, he took up work as a safari guide in order to participate in the conservation of Amboseli again.

In 1974, the 39,000 hectare Ol Tukai area of Amboseli had become a National Park and was now generating significant income from tourist revenues. The trouble was that the Maasai owners of the surrounding land into which the wildlife dispersed were not receiving the benefits which they had been promised when they relinquished the Park to the Government. In retaliation they were killing wildlife including most of the famous rhinos. In 1988 a low point was reached when seven lions and their cubs were poisoned. Reasoning with the Parks and Government authorities came to nothing and he and other conservationists became convinced that wildlife conservation in Amboseli would only succeed if the Maasai created their own reserves and tourist businesses in the area around the National Park.

Over the next few years, in collaboration with other conservationists, conservation bodies and tourist businesses, he spent a great deal of time with the Maasai, gradually winning the trust of the key people in the area - respected elders and educated young men and women. In the process he gained a deep understanding of their culture, beliefs and system of land tenure.

He organised several sponsored visits to the UK for individuals in order that they could see UK conservation projects in action. This dedication helped convince them that they could carry out such projects. By 1994, new Group Ranch (land-owning cooperatives) Committees had been elected and work on the ground started. Community-owned conservancies now exist at Kitirua (12,000 hectares), Kimana (4,000 hectares), Eselenkei (7,000 hectares) and Satao Elerie (2,000 hectares). All of these have lodges or campsites and are generating income from wildlife tourism to the benefit of both people and wildlife. The story of this is told in his final book published in 2008: 'Amboseli, A Miracle Too Far?'

Dame Daphne Sheldrick, wife of one of his former National Park colleagues and a renowned Kenya conservationist, described him as "an extremely dedicated conservationist and a very dear friend who has been a role model in this respect". He retired from active conservation work in 2001 and lived in East Sussex, becoming a recognised expert in the construction of riding surfaces. He is survived by his wife, Jean and their son and daughter.

David Lovatt Smith. Born 28th March 1930 Purley, UK. Died 24th July 2013, St Wilfrid's Hospice, Eastbourne.

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## THE FINAL KRAENA CURRY LUNCH

[John Davis]

Ninety five of us gathered on Wednesday 10th July at The Royal Logistic Corps Officers' Mess near Camberley for our final Association curry lunch. It was great fun and the curry was excellent – and the Mess silver was on display too. Thanks are due to Stephen Thornton, who served with The Royal Logistic Corps, for kindly arranging for his Mess to be made available. So with mixed feelings I have come to the end of organising our curry lunches.

However, on a brighter note several people have contacted me saying that there was much interest in continuing the curry lunch reunions, albeit on an informal basis. Some even volunteered to organise such an event, so it looks like we will continue to meet in the summer. This is good news and if it proves feasible for next year then an announcement will be made on the Kenya Regiment website (www.kenyaregiment.org).

We have had a long tradition of summer curry lunches which have attracted many overseas visitors who planned their trip to the UK to coincide with the event. The first one, organised by Iain Morrison, was held at 4 RGJ, Davies Street, London on Saturday 19th July 1986 when fifty five people attended followed by a visit to the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. The venue then moved to Sir John Moore Barracks, Winchester where the staff of the Light Division arranged a curry lunch for us on Sunday 19th July 1987 at a cost of £1.50 per head – which was excellent value even in those days.

The curry lunches were then held every summer at the Barracks organised by Justin Templer in the 1990s and I took over some fourteen years ago. In 2008 the venue moved to St. Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester. In 1997 we celebrated the 60th Anniversary with a reunion at the Barracks which included a Service for the Kenya Regiment in the Chapel where our Colours and the Roll of Honour are displayed – now in the care of The Rifles Trust. The largest curry-lunch attendance at the Barracks was in 2000 when 235 people came (not forgetting the 200 who attended the 70th Anniversary at Davies Street in London in 2007).

It is certainly true to say that both the curry lunches and the AGM/lunches at Davies Street each year have been very well supported, even though over the years we have lost many of our colleagues and many others are now too *mzee* to travel. I am most grateful for all the support shown over the years which made these gatherings so enjoyable.

A selection of photographs taken at the final KRAENA curry lunch is available on the Kenya Regiment website (www.kenyaregiment.org).

### ATTENDANCE

Anderson, Charles & Jenny
Andrews, Mike & Jean
Armour, Eugene & Eileen
Bamford, Laurie & Jill
Bates, Anne & Mike
Betts, David & Jill
Boulle, John
Breed, Derek
Burton, Tony & Pamela
Butcher, Jean
Catchpole, Guy & Erika
Chester, David & Beverley
Cunningham, Geoff & Alison
Cuthbert, Norman
Davis, John & Jan
de Bromhead, David & Jackie
Duncan, David
Durward-Brown, Philip
Fletcher, Audrey
Gurner, Derek

Hamill, Brigid
Hart-Bamford, Freda
Higginson, Mabel
Leete, Neville
Main, Peter & Nan
Marley, Chris & Mitzi
Milbank, Mark
Morrison, Iain & Liz
Nightingale, Pam
Osborne, Bridget
Patience, Kevin
Perkins, Tony
Purves, Brian & Sylvia
Ross, Iain
Schermbrucker, Chris & Anne
Simonian, Jack & Clare
Smith, Ian
Tetley, Mike
Thornton, Stephen & Vivienne
Udall, Philip
Waddell, Annie
Watt, Penny

Harman, John & Carol
Hayes, Tony & Gill
Knowles, Ray
Lipscomb, Francis & Shirley
Male, Val
Marshall, Julian & Philippa
Mockridge, Rick & Jenny
Nicholls, David & Jill
O'Meara, George & Davina
Outram, Doug & Sally
Pelling, Geoff
Plumridge, Tim & Elizabeth
Purves, Michael & sister Diana
Scally, John
Schuster, Michael & Monika
Simpson, Jock
Spence, Mac
Thompson, Bev & Leigh
Tucker, John
Vaughan, Reg
Waldron, Richard
Waugh, David

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[Ed: *Sydney Baillon, younger brother of Joe [KR3774] and Leon [KR4027] sent me this sketch of Joe by Colin Merrill [KR3749]. Sydney is keen to contact Colin, as am I.*

*Eric Holyoak [KR4230] who very kindly 'pruned' our wayward pecan nut tree, mentioned at 'tea break', that whenever the patrol took a 'smoke break', Colin would pull out his pad and pencil and sketch members of the patrol, and the fauna in the area. Eric remembered an album of Colin's sketches being put together, by, he thinks, Nev Cooper [KR385], then OC.*

*If anyone knows of the whereabouts of a) Colin and b) the album, please contact me.*

*It is understood that late last year Nev's unique set awards [MBE, MC, GM, MiD, EM] and medals [39/45, Africa, Burma Stars, Defence and War Medals, AGSM (Kenya)], was sold in Johannesburg for a hefty but undisclosed sum.*

*Hopefully, the album is still with Nev's family.* ***Stop Press*** *- John Davis sent me two newspaper articles with sketches by Colin Merrill*]