

mini-SITREP XLV



Published by the Kenya Regiment Association (KwaZulu-Natal) – December 2014

DIARY OF EVENTS: 2015

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Aug (TBA)
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Cuisine, 512 Christine Ave, Robina Nov (TBA)
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Caloundra Power Boat Club Sun 3rd 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 25th Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: Royal Logistic Corps Officers Mess, Camberley Wed 22nd Jul
Contact: John Harman <J_Harman@msn.com> Tel: (0044) 1635 551182.
Mob: 078-032 81357. 47 Enborne Road, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6AG

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse Sun 8th Nov
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Lunch at Masala Restaurant, Bucklands Beach, Auckland Wed 15th Mar
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Club Jul (TBA)
Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>
Gauteng: Venue(s) and dates to be advised May & Oct
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 15/3, 14/6; 13/9; 15/11
Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or
Jenny/Bruce Rookan-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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

[Ed. *Of late I have used photos of well known Kenya geographical features on the covers, but sadly the data bank is running on empty, and I appeal to readers to let me have such photos, in colour, which can be used in future editions of mini-SITREP. My thanks, to Editors, John Catton (Rhino Link- RL) and Shel Arensen (Old Africa - OA) for allowing me to reproduce articles which first appeared in their magazine, to contributors, and Graham & Betty Bales for proofreading.*]

Front cover: Lake Naivasha - 2008 [Photo by Deb Snell].

Back cover: Thomson's Falls - 2013 [Photo by Mary Rookan-Smith (née Foster)]

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| <p>The views expressed in mini-SITREP XLV are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor, nor those of the Association</p> |
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THE LAST RHINO

(John Mc Crae)

Like an ironstone boulder, the old rhino stands,
On the fertile red sand of his birth;
With slow, heavy footsteps, he wanders alone;
A trail worn deep in the earth.

Be wary old rhino, be vigilant too,
For others now rule your domain;
And high wire fences encircle a world,
Where once there was wide open plain.

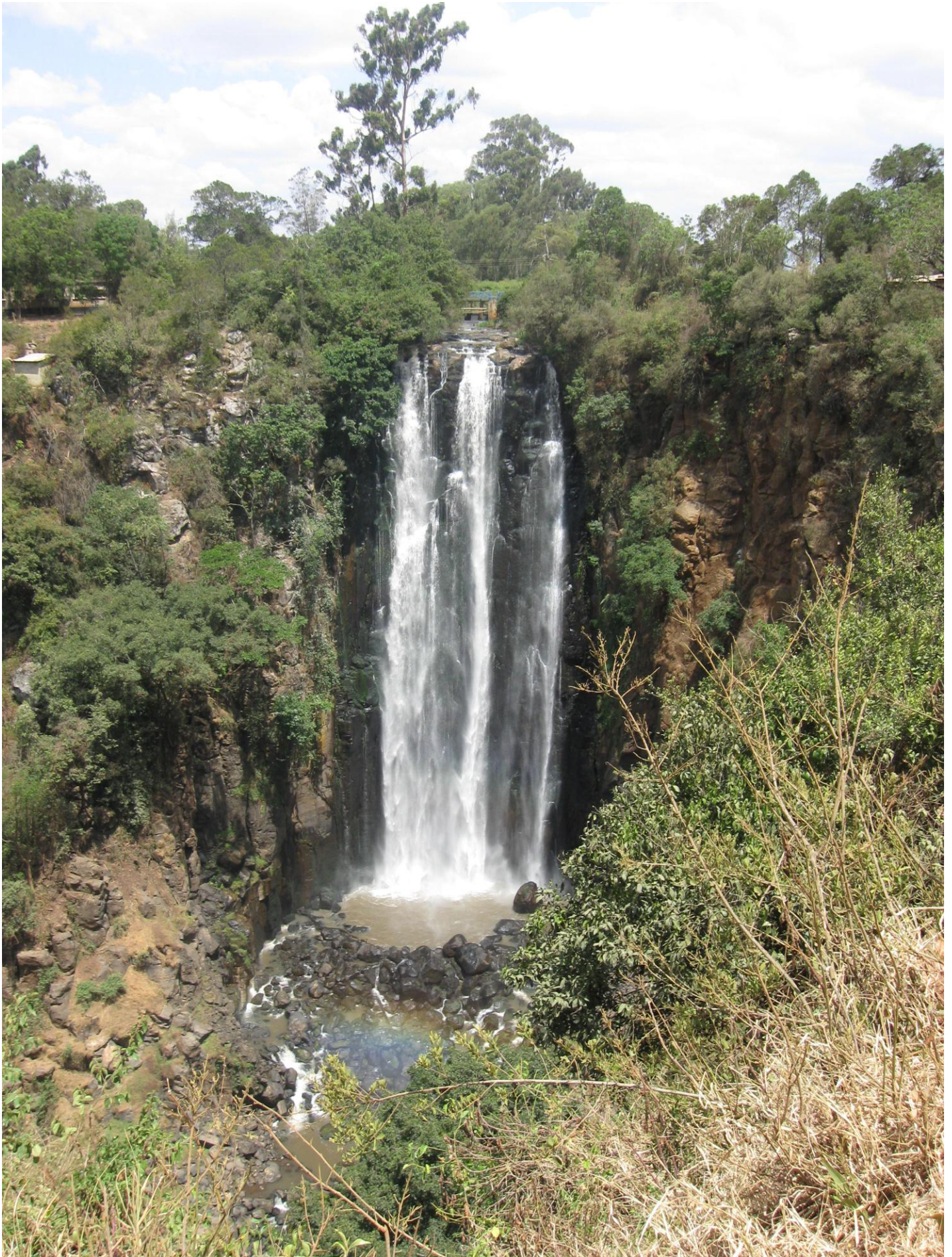
And you bear a trophy they prize in the East
For daggers and potions of lust;
They say it adds spark to a Yemeni's eye
And steel to a Chinaman's thrust.

And who would deny there is wisdom,
In murder if murder doth please;
For the Yemeni worship their daggers,
And the world has a dearth of Chinese.

And as for the lumbering giant without
The redoubtable spirit within;
This flaming red land is a canvas,
Imbrued with the blood of your kin.

Beset by a savage marauder;
Beset by the forces of change;
A fugitive searching for shelter;
An ever diminishing range.

Like an ironstone statue, the last rhino stands;
A rubicon long ago crossed;
With slow, heavy footsteps he wanders alone;
A symbol of Africa lost.



PRINTED BY PMB DRAWING, PIETERMARITZBURG, KWAZULU-NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA

FORT JERICHO – SEPTEMBER 1953



Billy Coulson <sales@nini ltd.com> requests readers to put names to the thirteen members of the Kenya Regiment in the above photograph taken at Fort Jericho by his father Terry [KR3618]. George McKnight supplied following names: 1 – GEORGE [KR4246]; 5 – CHARLES HUMMER [KR4115]; 6 – NIGEL BULLEY [KR3630]; 8 – JOHN HUDSON [KR4236]; 7 – TONY PRICHARD [KR4263]

CORRESPONDENCE

Diana Van Rensburg (widow of Boet [3586]) 13/04/2014: Always sad to read the obituaries. One I was unaware of was Guy Catchpole [4330].

His wife Erika played the organ when my daughter, Katrina and Andy Goodall were married at St Francis Church in Karen. They had advised me (from UK), at very short notice that they intended to get married when they came to us on holiday over Christmas and New Year. For some unknown reason they chose Boxing Day 1981! It was a frantic period making arrangements - I was still working - printers had closed, cake makers were only into Christmas cakes, marquees all leased out, and so it went. Yours truly had to make the invitation cards, the church service booklet etc.

Erika she was so very kind and agreed to play on that day only because it was "us". I was nearly dead from mental and physical exhaustion when THE day arrived, but it went off beautifully - so many hands to help with the food too.



L/R: DIANA, ANDY, THE PASTOR, KATRINA AND BOET

As half of the would-be invitees were already at the coast, we arranged a second reception at Malindi, thanks to the Shepherds; dress very informal, a super curry lunch, and a good time was had by all - those were the days. That's what came to mind when I read of Guy's demise.

Tony Shepherd rang this morning on various mutual matters and I remarked to him that one knows when one is getting old when one keeps thinking of old friends and events of yesteryear!

Don Rookens-Smith <donrookensmith@verizon.net> referring to Mary's photo of Menegai on the back cover of m-S XLIV: The light coloured object down in the crater, I think is a water trough? When the Rothschild giraffe trans-located from Alec Douglas' ranch at Leseru (near Soy) some were moved into the crater. Petre Barclay said they never bred, and eventually died out. Others were released around Lake Nakuru, where they proliferated, and where there is now a National Park; don't recall where else they were taken. Looking at that photo again, I think Petre's farm goes all the way around the top of Menengai to include those flat-top thorn trees in the distance, on the right.

Brian Carr-Hartley [13/06/2014]: Looking through m-S XLIV, I noticed a photo of Tree Tops. The first one, built by Sherbrooke-Walker was destroyed by fire; the one in the photo was rebuilt for Sherbrooke-Walker by my uncle Lionel Hartley and his wife, Diana between October 1944 and 1945, later to be burnt down by the Mau Mau.

Also of interest is Mary Rooker-Smith's photo of Menengai Crater on the back cover taken from Petre Barclay's farm. In ±1963, my brother Mike and I captured Jackson's Hartebeest in Lambwe Valley and released them in the Crater; I wonder whether any of them are still there today?

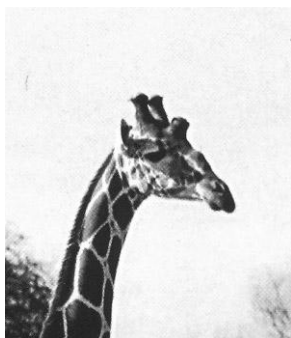
I have watched animal programs on TV where game rangers in the Nanyuki area incorrectly refer to the Kenya Hartebeest (Newman's) as Jackson's Hartebeest!

The following extracts are from a book Lionel was writing before he died; his son, also Lionel completed the book, 'Hunter's Heartbeat'.

Lionel Hartley joined the Railways in 1933. He became a fireman and owing to the lack of trained staff at the time was allowed to drive much sooner than usual. After passing some exams he was given his driver's ticket, at 19 years of age. Len Taylor was also said to be one of the youngest train drivers in Kenya.

Lionel was killed in a flying accident - at the time he was Honorary Game Warden at Tsavo. During his time at Mac's Inn, he 'discovered' Mzima Springs and opened the area up to tourism.

Petre Barclay, responds through my brother Don, to Brian Carr-Hartley's query about the Jackson's Hartebeeste: Yes we did have some (four or so) Jackson's Kongoni put in our Crater back in 53/54, I think.



I can find a dated photo somewhere of the Rothschild Giraffe from Soy being unloaded there and the Jacksons weren't long after I think, but I note Bruce says ± 63 so I'm probably wrong there.. The giraffe were organized by the Eden Trust and were brought from Daniel Craig's farm at Soy, also called Lewa, I think. Jock Rutherford was in convoy with them, organising telephone wires etc to be pushed up to clear their necks! [Ed: LEFT - Apparently, the Rothschild is the only species with three 'horns' in a triangular formation.]

I don't know who was involved with the Kongoni but it could have been Brian and Mike C-H. The Kongoni didn't last very long and never bred. I was away at Cambridge or in the Argentine most of the time we had them, but I think they just disappeared one by one, almost certainly snared and killed.

The Giraffe did much better. I think we started with 8 x 2 lorries of four each and they soon adapted to feeding on Protea leaves as not many Acacia down there. They built up to seventeen at one time and we had a few dramas - a leopard got one by the neck while drinking and killed her, and one or two fell in volcanic fissures and couldn't get out before we found them. A few died of some deficiency we thought, but what finally fixed them was that they only bred males; around 1995, the old matriarch who was mother/grandmother to them all, died.

We tried to get some immature females from Lewa and Lake Nakuru Park, but that all failed and the last male, I called him Evelyn, died after being on his own for several years, in 2009. I have Evelyn's skull here at my house, to remind me of them all. In about 1985, David Coulsen, a very well known local photographer, took some excellent photos, which I now can't find!

Evelyn de Roshchild, one of the rich banking family was at Cambridge with me. His family had a mass of excellent polo ponies, but he was very loath to lend any of them to us, even though we put him in the University team! But I've got my own back now when I see his head nailed to our tree house!

I've just noticed your copy letter to Bruce about those Kongoni at Ngata. They were a different species called Nakuru Hartebeest and were a true hybrid of Coke's crossed with Jacksons, I think.

There used to be literally thousands on the slopes of the Crater when I was young and I used to go out with John [KR3517] and Frank [KR4171] Sutton (whose father George was a manager here) with my ex-WW1 303 rifle that Dad brought back with him, to shoot dozens of Kongoni and Zebra to feed the Italian POWs and our *watu*! How little did we think then that they would become extinct. They were a sub-species confined to the Nakuru area only. Different horns to the Cokes but same colour coat. Jacksons was very much darker. There was an old bull left of all those thousands, and he used to stand by the road to Njoro, near that Bridge on Ngata, until one day he died (about '64 I think), or was clobbered.

Billy Coulson is interested in locating Paul David Brown, one-time manager of a coffee farm in the Thika area. He was a good tennis player and member of Nairobi Club; probably left Kenya ±1962.

Anthony Allen <antjen.allen@gmail.com> son of the late John [KR3513] is seeking to buy medals and decorations to East Africans. He is also after photographs of Major Oliver Henry Waring MC [KR5618] who served with KAR in Burma and the Kenya Regiment during the Emergency, and Lt Col Richard Frederick Rainsford [5KAR and later Kenya Police].

Stan Bleazard [KR4242] <stanbleazard@hotmail.com>: This is a long shot but I wonder if you know anything about Phil Myburgh and the circumstances surrounding his death. He was a Chief Inspector in the KP when he was ambushed and murdered by the Mau Mau in the Kiambu area - 1953 I think. I was saddened by his death. His father was a retired Brigadier who lived, I believe, in the Eldoret area. Hence you might just know something about him.

J Branson [KR4524] <jsbranson10@gmail.com>. Enjoyed m-S XLIV and found the Driftwood photograph on page 8 particularly interesting - I was with Hans and Annette Salwegter on the Ambangulu Tea Estate in Northern Tanzania for five years. Hans was never in the Kenya Regiment but so enjoyed reading m-S that he wrote and asked to be placed on the distribution list.

Barbara Summers: My father emigrated to Kenya in 1951. We joined him February 1952. He worked as an Agriculture Officer in Nakuru, which I hated, probably because it was a strange country and I was missing my school friends. Fortunately my father was transferred to an Agricultural Experimental Farm in Eldoret, which to me was life-saving. We enjoyed a very good social life there and I was sorry to leave when my father was transferred to Mombasa.

He had transferred from the Agricultural Department to the Co-operative Society and three months later was transferred to Wundani in the Teita Hills. Because my sister was completing a secretarial course and I was working, we stayed in Mombasa at the YWCA down Cliff Avenue.

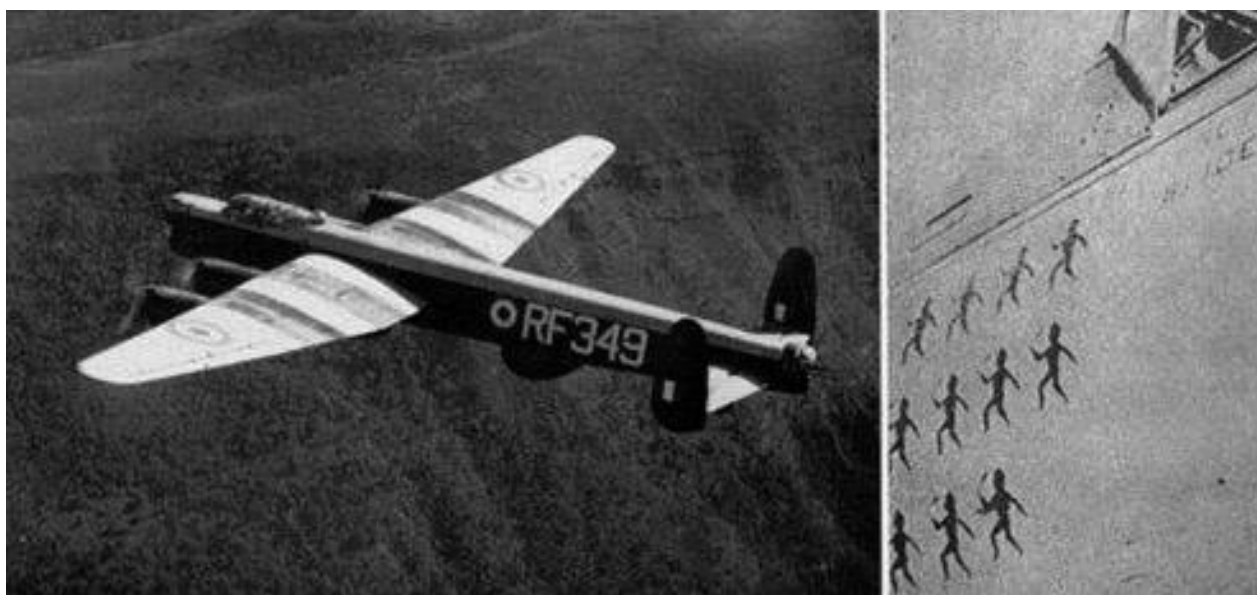
I married John [KR4661] [Ed: *John was awarded the MM during the Emergency.*] and was delighted when he was transferred to Eldoret, where he worked for the KCC and we lived in a Swiss chalet-type house overlooking the golf course. Six months later we transferred to Kisumu for

a few months, and then back to Nairobi, where John decided to join EAP&L. A few years later he was involved with the Seven Forks Hydro-Electricity Scheme.

I am still waiting for my son to let me know when it is convenient for me to go out to Mauritius for a couple of months so that I can sort out my belongings, including photos. It seems his company is making changes which involve him in extra work and a great deal of travel.

Thank you very much for sending me the form for the Bomber Command Service, it may open doors, I hope, to tracking my father down. Will let you know as soon I have any information.

Terry Griffin, having read Tom Lawrence' article about RAF planes in m-S XLIV, sent me this photo of a Lincoln over the Aberdares. Of interest are the 'kills' [RIGHT]. As there was little chance of ever confirming kills on the ground can only assume that each figure represents a bombing sortie?



Diana van Rensburg <vanrensburgd@mweb.co.za>. Just had a call from Tony Shepherd in Kenya - whenever we speak we always have such a laugh - he really is a tonic! First, he asked me to tell you that he received his Sitrep a week ago and thought it one of the best ever! Thank you very much, I said it was good because I had two or three mentions!

Tony also mentioned that when he talked to Tom Lawrence about going into the forest to that plane crash, he actually went with Denis (Kearney) but notes that Tom doesn't mention Denis. Perhaps I should ask Tony to be a bit more precise so that you can make a correction in the next m-S; better still, ask Denis for his version. I think Tony doesn't want anyone to think he was omitting Denis' name - just wants to put the record straight.

Tony asked if I knew Adrian Luckhurst - I know the name but don't remember him as there were several Luckhursts - apparently he was attacked in Karen the other day and wounded - luckily the bullets went through non-vital parts of the body - what on earth goes on in Kenya these days?

Another question put to me was, did I know Perry Mason - well I met him a couple of times and perhaps the last time was when he was living in Karen and at the time of our visit to his (?) house

we met Juanita Carberry - was it her house; did they live together? In fact she was said to be married twice - to whom? Does anyone know?

Anyway the main point of Tony's question was that Perry had told him he was a pseudo during the Emergency - was he in the Regiment? [Ed: *No.*] I couldn't answer that so said I would ask you for some if any of Perry's background. Perhaps Eric Holyoak or Denis can shed some light on the subject?

Dennis Leete <dleete1@gmail.com>. It's as cold as the South Pole here, and I note you also feel it in Natal. But, it's the longest day in England today, and then the sun starts its movement south; so soon you'll start to feel warm again. Actually there seems to be a time lag on this process, and it gets colder for another month, before it is noticeably warmer. We are warned that there will be an El Nino phenomenon later this year, and the manure will hit the fan in November when there will be huge floods, and roads cut off, and much loss of life?

But this is not Global Warming, as the activists will have us believe, but the natural cycle of weather, that comes around every five to seven years. We are told that the average temperature of the Earth has risen 0.08°C in the past 100 years, but then this is just a continuum of temperature rising, since the last Ice Age retreated 20,000 years ago. And we do not need to feel guilty about it, and reduce our CO2 emissions, since their increase improves plant growth, and in any case it's all happened before, during the carboniferous age which lasted 200 million years, and all the plants and forests sucked all the CO2 out of the air, when there were no humans around, and buried it into the ground as oil and coal, and caused the Ice Age, which dried up the planet, in the first place. [Ed: *Now you know!*]

The activists, and the industrialists who thrive on kit to make renewable energy, are making hay from our fears; so go back to your living room, light up a big log fire and sit back with a nice drink and enjoy the rugby on the TV, without having to wrap up and watch from the stands.

Tony Eve [KR4097] <tonyjeve@gmail.com>. I have just received [KR4472] Tony Bannister's e-mail re the photo of 'B' Coy bods at Fort Jericho in September '53 in which he says that he thought that I am included in the photo. I was never at Fort Jericho, in fact at that time I was still in Rayforce in Fort Hall. I can only positively identify Charlie Hummer [KR4115].

When I left Rayforce I was sent to Embu to join Don Thomson [KR4429] to help train Home Guards; Don and I are still in regular contact.

I volunteered for the Regiment in 1951 and, having missed the annual camp in 1952, I was sent on a two-week OCTU course at Lanet which ended on, I think, Sunday 20th. October. It was only on the Saturday before that we learnt that a state of Emergency was to be declared on the Monday and so I started my two years full-time service.

In 2002, Len Weaver [KR4910] asked me to write up my reminiscences of my time in the regiment, as I had been one of the early volunteers, which I did and, while I only have my rough draft of this, John Davis [KR7457] has it on record. I don't feel this is of any great general interest, but if you feel it might be then could you please contact him. [Ed: *As mentioned in an earlier m-S the Regimental archives have been placed with the Imperial War Museum.*]

I would like to say how much I enjoy receiving m-S and I am most grateful to you for keeping it going. I always went to the Winchester Curry lunches and, while I quite understand the reasons John Davis had to stop organizing them, I do miss them. [Ed: *John Harman <J_Harman@msn.com> has very kindly taken over the organization of the annual lunch in UK – there are some photos on pp69/70 of the July 2014 lunch.*]

I was at the P.O.W. (1946 to 1950) with Keith Elliot [KR4289] in Scott House, so please give him my salaams - assuming he remembers me!

Tony Bannister [KR4472]: m-S XLIV - a quick note about the list of civilians killed during the Emergency. Chris Pedley was a Ruiru coffee farmer, and member of the KPR. I was away in the Regiment at the time, but the story I heard, was that the local Police were embussing in the early hours to take part in a big sweep when a sten gun was accidentally dropped. Unfortunately, the gun discharged, killing Chris.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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

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

[Laurence Binyon]

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

Broadbent, Graham Frank [KR4603]. 10/07/2014 Parys, OFS (Keith Elliot)
Campbell, Robert Ian Martin [KR4239/5742]. 12/06/2014] Karen (George McKnight)
Cowie, Hugh Richard Mervyn [KR4475/5805 P] 2014. Chichester (John Davis)
Durward-Brown, Philip [KR6793] 26/10/2014. Surrey (son Damian)
Ferguson, Eion Kenneth (Jock) [DoY CCF]. 06/08/2014. Wells, Somerset (daughter Jane)
Finegan, John Brian (Mike) [KR3866/5615]. 15/05/2014. Sydney (Ted Downer)
Harris, Simon John [KR3977]. 05/08/2014. Howick, RSA (Anne Smith)
Hollyoak, Clive Frederick Norton [KR3607/5853] 29/07/2014. Boksburg (Wynne Critchell)
Hollyoak, Isobel [widow of Clive] 13/10/2014. Boksburg (Dave Critchell)
Jansen, Michael William [KR6717]. 09/05/2014. Durban. (wife Helen (née Woodruff))
Johnson, Alan Edward (*Cactus*) [KR4993]. 21/08/2014. Durban (wife Sue (née White))
Lovemore, Cuyler Holland (Bill) [KR1364] 28/07/2014. Cape Town (son Phillip Lovemore)
Macadam, Pauline (née Herniman) wife of Dave [KR5870]. 07/06/2014. Warwick (Dave)
Monkhouse, Anthony [KR6870]. 30/05/2014. Nairobi (John Elliot)
Moorwood, Bryan (*Benjy*) MC [DoY CCF] 17/07/2014. UK (Telegraph 31.08.2014)
Newman, Paul Robert [KR6105]. 13/05/2014. Adelaide (Giles Shaw/Keith Trowell)
Newton, Paula widow of Peter [KR3206]. 25/06/2014. Johannesburg (Diana Van Rensburg)

Pilmer, Angus Claymore [sKR1019]. 24/07/2014. Perth, Western Australia (Jack Collier)
Reynolds, Peter John [KR3963]. 12/05/2014. N Queensland (Ian Parker)
Sinclair, Andrew Brian James [KR4975]. 21/04/2012. Sydney (John Hayes)
Smith, Peter Donald [KR7585]. 22/10/2014. Howick, Natal (wife Anne)
Wisdom, Hilary (née Gerrish), widow of Dennis. 09/05/2014. Pietermaritzburg (Nola Price)
Wolff, Michael Emanuel [KR7048 P]. 04/06/2014. Liverpool (John Davis)

LAURENCE PENTECOST ADAMS [KR3158/4376/5705]

15/03/1925-10/12/2012

Laurence (*Laurie*) Pentecost Adams, BSc (Eng.), PhD, FRICS died in a nursing home in Sherborne, Dorset on 10th December 2012 at the age of 87, just six weeks after his wife's death; they had been married for 56 years.

Highly respected, Adams had a long and varied career in both photogrammetry and surveying. [Ed: *Photogrammetry is the science of making measurements from photographs. The output is typically a map, drawing, measurement, or a 3D model of some real-world object or scene. Many of the maps we use today are created with photogrammetry and photographs taken from aircraft. In Aerial Photogrammetry the camera is mounted in an aircraft and usually pointed vertically towards the ground. Multiple overlapping photos of the ground are taken as the aircraft flies along a flight path. These photos are processed in a stereo-plotter, an instrument that allows an operator see two photos at once in a stereo view.*]

Born in Nairobi on 16th March 1925, he was educated on his father's Koru farm until the age of ten, then as a boarder at Nakuru School, and later at the Prince of School in Nairobi. He left school at the end of 1942 and volunteered for army service, joining the Kenya Regiment [KR3158]. On completion of basic training he was attached to EA Artillery and drafted overseas to 11 (EA) Division, part of 4th Army in Burma. He returned to Kenya for officer training just before the end of the Second World War and was demobbed in 1947 as a 2Lt.

His army duties involved the survey of gun positions which led to an interest in land surveying. Eligible for a university course paid by the Colonial Government of Kenya, Adams decided to read the subject at the University of Witwatersrand, South Africa whence he graduated with a BSc in 1961.

He joined the Survey of Kenya as a staff surveyor and rose to the position of Provincial Surveyor before leaving in 1963. During this period, he undertook surveys in many parts of the country with great care and attention to detail. These were the days of the last 'real' land surveyors with month-long field campaigns in the African bush, living under canvas and hunting for the pot along the way.

There was also the Mau Mau uprising and the resulting state of emergency to contend with and for a time he was called up by the Kenya Regiment [KR5705] where he worked in the Survey and Mapping Section. During this time he met Kath, an English nurse working at Nyeri hospital; they were married in 1956.

In 1964, Adams gained a graduate Diploma in Photogrammetry at University College London. After a brief spell as Lecturer in Surveying at Nottingham Regional College of Technology, he returned to an independent Kenya as a lecturer in the Department of Land Surveying at University

College, Nairobi (a constituent college of the University of East Africa) to teach mainly photogrammetry and astronomy.

He was promoted to senior lecturer in 1966; professor in 1970 and served as Head of Department from 1966 to 1972. The academic staff at this time was mainly expatriate and included a young Paul Cross, the late Bill Barnes [KR6763] and the late Robin Fursdon.

As well as running the department, Adams found time to complete a doctoral thesis on 'The computation of aerial triangulation for the control of cadastral mapping in a high density agricultural area.' His PhD was awarded by the University of East Africa in 1969.

Adams left Kenya for South Africa in 1972 on his appointment as Professor Photogrammetry and Surveying at the University of Cape Town (UCT); he retired in 1990.

An excellent teacher, Adams could always hold the interest of his students and such was the depth of his knowledge, that he was able to make difficult concepts easy to understand. His knowledge of stereoscopy, and its history was second to none. He could pick up any stereopair of photographs, whether aerial or close range, hold them apart and his trained eyes could, unaided, see the image stereoscopically.

Adams's main research interests now were in close range photogrammetry and particularly its application in medicine (biostereometrics). He soon made contact with members of the medical profession inside and outside the university and started interdisciplinary research projects with them. He continued to work in retirement on such projects and was appointed Head of the Biostereometrics Unit in the Department of Biomedical Engineering at UCT. He was always working on new ideas to apply his knowledge, and measuring talents to unsolved problems and to new areas in medicine. Applications included the measurement of palatal casts using non-metric imagery, the wear and tear and movement of hip replacement joints, and body surface motion during the breathing cycle of babies.

Perhaps his greatest achievement involved his application of two dimensional and three dimensional surveying transformations to medical images such as brain scans. He devised some ingenious equipment which allowed neurosurgeons to accurately position and align drilling and operating equipment into the heads of patients. His calculations allowed for the correspondence between brain scans which showed reference targets placed around the heads of patients and the surveyed positions of those targets. The device was then fitted to the head of the patient and aligned such that the position and direction required for the surgeons to enter the skull could be accurately determined.

The fact that his techniques were widely accepted by the medical profession was a personal triumph for someone with what he himself would call 'a humble surveying background'. The device, known as the Cape Town Stereotactic Pointer won a South African Bureau of Standard/Design Institute Award in 1997, has been patented and is manufactured by a commercial firm. It is currently used in hospitals in Africa, India and Colombia. There are not many surveyors who can truly claim that their ideas and the application of basic principles have led to the saving of lives; many of those operated on for brain tumours using these techniques have been children.

Adams was active in several professional organisations and learned societies. He was a member of the Surveying Board in Kenya for many years and President of the Kenya Branch of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors in 1970. He was a member of the Photogrammetric Society (and subsequently of the Remote Sensing and Photogrammetry Society) for 44 years from 1964, and served as President of the South African Society for Photogrammetry Remote Sensing and Cartography in 1980, and chaired the Commission 'Photogrammetry for Industrial Construction and Mensuration' from 1982 to 1984.

He and his wife Kath were marvellous hosts, whether at their own home or at the University. Many who read this tribute will have enjoyed their generous hospitality. He had a keen interest in sport, especially golf, cricket and rugby; he loved to travel and to solve the cryptic crossword every day until a few days before his death! Keeping in touch with a family spread around the world was also very important to him. He was very disappointed when he had to leave his native Africa, late in life, to re-settle in England in 1999, initially in Nettleham, Lincolnshire but later in Yeovil, Somerset to be closer to family. He used to say how he missed the sunshine and the wonderful scenery of the Cape.

Laurie Adams had a life well lived, full of rich experiences and justified rewards. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him and all who share a love of the magic of photography and the science of using photogrammetry to extract useful information and turn it into knowledge. He is survived by his daughter, two sons and six grandchildren.

PAUL ROBERT NEWMAN [KR6105]

Keith Trowell [KR6983] <ktrowell@hitkey.net.au>. Paul passed away peacefully on 13th May 2014 at The Daw Park General Repatriation Hospital in Adelaide, South Australia. He is survived by his wife Moira (née Wise), daughters Kathy, and Rosie and grandson Otis.

It was by accident, over 25 years ago that a small group of us Kenreg fellows discovered that at one stage, we all had been working in the same area of Adelaide. Paul and Mickey Houareau [KR6739] were working at Chrysler, Australia and I worked at The Bank of Adelaide in Clovelly Park. I must have regularly passed them as I went about bank agency duties in the factory lunch rooms.



L/R: KEITH TROWELL, MICKEY HOUAREAU AND PAUL NEWMAN

Since that time, we have regularly held mini-reunions at each others' homes. Our wives put on fabulous banquets and all had little specialties - Astrid (Mickey's wife) made a terrific curry, Moira (Paul's wife) a delightful smorgasbord, and my Margaret's dishes revolving around avocados which we grew.

A photo of what we call 'the good looking guys' at an earlier mini-reunion at Mickey's house at Port Noarlunga.

THE 3 INCH MORTAR PLATOON - A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

[John Orton KR6876]

Before I was inducted into the Regiment at KRTC in early 1959, I was advised by a friend to select mortar training as a preference. I had no idea what he was talking about so, with nothing to lose, or

so I thought, when filling out the various forms at the beginning of the course, I ticked mortar training.

After some three months the course was split into four groups:

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Advanced Training 1 & 2 | (AT 1 & 2) |
| Signals | (Sigs) |
| 3" Mortar | (Mortars) |

How or what criteria was used in the selection of people in each of the above categories appeared to be a mystery to all concerned! However, I soon found myself together with 20 other hapless recruits learning about 'Mortars, Vickers, 3"', one for the use of'!

Our Instructor just happened to be my Squad 2 NCO, Sgt. Hughes (Welsh Fusiliers). At one time in his career he had undergone very specialized training on the 3" mortar and his enthusiasm soon rubbed off onto me, and perhaps onto some of the others. The mortar was described as an infantry close support weapon.

The main components of this cumbersome killing apparatus, were:

| | | |
|-----------|--------|---|
| Gun-Sight | 2 lbs | Carried by the No 1. |
| Barrel | 40 lbs | Carried by the No 1. |
| Tripod | 42 lbs | Carried by the No. 2. |
| Baseplate | 44 lbs | Carried by the No 3. |
| Bombs | 10 lbs | Each packed in a tubular canister - when "in action" Nos. 4 & 5 were used to ferry the bombs up to the firing line. |

Three types of bombs were used:

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| High Explosive | HE |
| Smoke (4 Colours) | SMK |
| White Phosphorous | WP |

Our first week of training took place in the lecture room, where Sgt Hughes bombarded us with all sorts of facts and figures about bomb use, types of explosive, charges 1 or 2 to increase range, killing area, safety measures, first aid, and a plethora of other stuff which we were supposed to promptly assimilate. I did my best, but I guess only about 10% stuck.

At some stage I remember glancing out of the lecture room window and seeing the two AT groups doing more square bashing. At this point I told myself I would rather be listening to Sgt Hughes bang on about his beloved mortars than join the mob on the square!

However, we soon moved on to the more serious business of setting up our mortars for action. We were selected in groups of three to form mortar crews, each given a crew task. For whatever reason, I was appointed the No. 1 crewman on the No. 1 Mortar.

At KRTC we usually used four mortars at a time, which then constituted two sections; battalion mortar platoons comprised three or four sections.

The first step of going into action was receiving orders for 'sighting' and 'bedding-in' each mortar. The initial order was given as a compass bearing and range, once received, the order was given (read roared or screamed) "Mortar Platoon All Cases Action, Charge One". The platoon sergeant took the bearing holding a compass, with the No 1 crewman holding a marker stick about 25 feet

away. Once the marker stick was showing the correct bearing, 'On' was shouted, and the task of setting up the mortar commenced.

At the spot on the ground where the platoon sergeant had taken the bearing, the base plate was physically rammed into the ground, hurling it down with as much force as possible. This task was the job of the No 3. By this time the No 1 was ready to slide the ball shaped connector on the lower end of the barrel, and place into the hole in the centre of the base plate. Next, the No 3 placed the tripod stand in front of the barrel and slipped the coupling over the open front end of the barrel and the recoil spring was attached to the tripod. Finally the gun-sight was placed on the holder on the top of the tripod. A well drilled crew will set up a mortar in some 60 seconds!

Once the gun-sight was in place, the No 1 aimed the sight at the marker stick by means of a traversing winder handle. Next, the range was set on the sight and this was also adjusted by the elevation winder handle. The barrel elevation was set by a bubble-level built into the sight. If the range was given as 1,000 yards, this was set on the sight calibrator and the elevator winder was used to move the barrel up or down until the bubble was centred. Sighting and ranging the gun took about 10 seconds.

While the No 1 concentrated on aiming and ranging the mortar, the No 3 was busy unpacking bombs from their canisters, removing the safety pins, and handing the first two bombs to the No 2, ready to commence firing. The Nos. 2 & 3 then knelt down next to each other on the right side of the gun, with the No 1 kneeling on the left side. At this stage the No 1 put his arm up in the air and holding it steady, shouted/screamed 'READY!'

With all the noise and activity on the firing line, all commands etc needed plenty of volume!

Once the platoon commander could see the arm up of each crew No 1, his next command was 'Bedding in, Charge One, two Rounds Rapid...Fire!'

On the command 'Fire' the No 3 handed the first bomb to No 2 who in turn 'threw' the bomb down the barrel, which, on striking the firing pin at the bottom of the barrel, detonated the main cartridge and propelled the bomb up, up and away with a colossal ear-splitting bang! The concussion of each bomb being fired took some getting used to! The recoil drove the base plate further into the ground, creating a stable platform. During 'bedding-in' the No 1 had to hold on to the tripod to prevent the recoil disengaging the barrel from the tripod. (Not as easy as it sounds.)

After two rounds were fired, the range and bearing settings were adjusted if necessary and the weapon was ready to engage targets. Bedding-in took about 20 seconds.

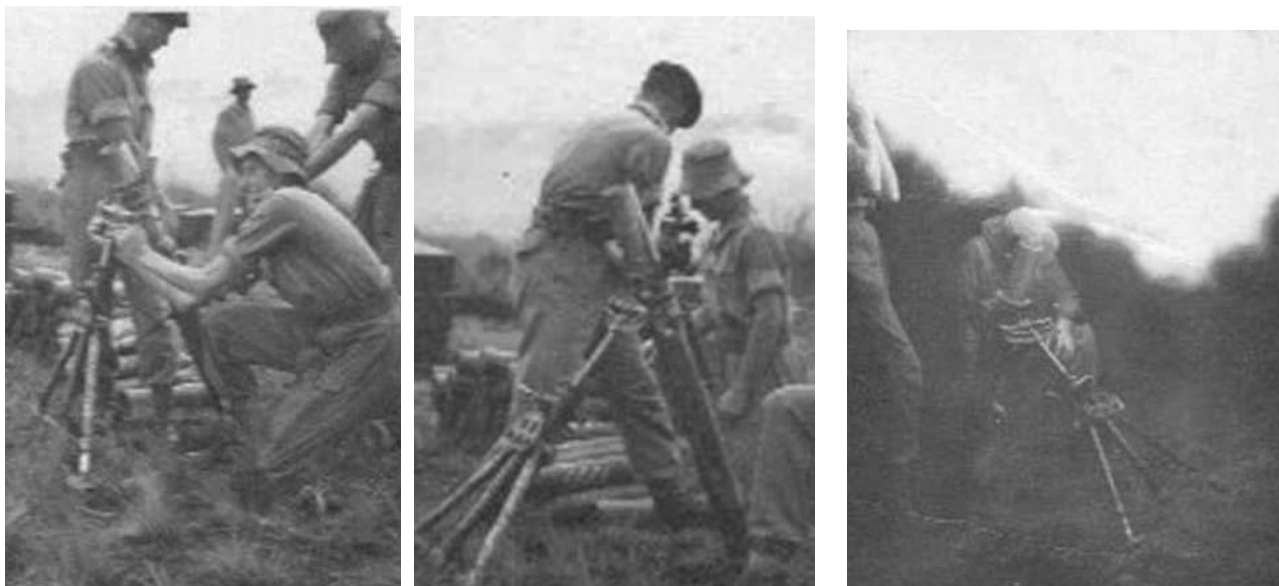
The 3" Mortar had a maximum range of 2,750 yards using Charge 2, and a minimum of 600 yards using Charge 1.

I must say Sgt Hughes got us working as a team of great proficiency after two weeks of training and we were all starting to enjoy ourselves. At this time I realized that the mortar platoon was in fact operating separately from the rest of the course, and the constant repetition of square bashing was a thing of the past. Certainly we still did drill with our Squads, but only occasionally.

Hughes took us out to the NFD, Rumuruti and Menengai Crater on live shoots; the longest being a week. Mortar exercises outside Lanet were popular with other staff instructors and Sgt Hobson (Para), C/Sgt Miller (Seaforth) and Sgt Naisbitt (RAOC) among others, came along for the ride and a bit of a 'skive'

I remember happily loading mortars, bombs, supplies, tents and other paraphernalia into the old bull-nosed 3 Ton Bedfords and hitching up the water cart behind a LWB Land-Rover. Then our little convoy would head off for 'points north'. I am sure many who read this will recall these mini-safaris we enjoyed so much. A sergeant cook with some mess staff came along to ensure we did not starve!

Mortar Platoon pictures, again reproduced from 3 X 3 inch original prints, taken during live shoots up in the NFD.



L/R: [1] BEDDING IN. CREW; NO. 1 ORTON, NO. 2 HENDRICKS, NO. 3 HANNA - ALL 2 SQUAD; [2] SGT. HUGHES TAKES OVER AS NO. 2 SO HE COULD 'CHUCK A FEW DOWN THE TUBE' TO KEEP HIS HAND IN; ORTON READY WITH THE NEXT TWO BOMBS CLUTCHED IN HIS HOT LITTLE HANDS.; AND [3] NIGHT FIRING - ORTON DUCKING, HENDRICKS COVERING EARS. Roger Carmen was the unofficial photographer with my camera.

At the end of training we had four Mortar Crews fully trained and approved by Hughes. The crew of the No 1 Mortar were: No 1 - John Orton [KR6876], No 2 - Ian Hendriks [KR6874] and No 3 - Pete Luies [KR6839]. By happy coincidence we were all in the same barrack room in 2 Squad.

I am afraid I have no recollection of the names of the other three crews! For all you mortar boys who read this, I hope this brings back a few memories, you may have been one of the other crews I mention!

On the day of our 'Passing-Out' Parade, a mortar demonstration was arranged for the guests about an hour before the parade. Two mortars went into action on the grassed area in front of 1 Platoon Barrack Block.

Using Dummy Bombs we loosed off two lots of five rounds RAPID FIRE which flew over the barrack building, landing about two hundred yards away in the vacant field area out back.

My elder sister, who with her husband, were my guests for the day, was most impressed with all the noise and activity, having the presence of mind to use her Kodak Box camera, taking a couple of pictures of this 'heroic' event.

After the demo we had to double round to the back field and retrieve the dummy bombs, return the mortars to the armoury, before taking a shower and donning our Number One Dress Uniforms!

Finally, about half an hour later, our last parade, with the CO Kenya Regiment, Lt. Col. H.R.W Vernon MBE taking the salute.

27th June 1959 was the last I saw of KRTC.

BRYAN (BENJY) MORWOOD

[22nd December 1922 to 17th July 2014]



Bryan Morwood was an officer who held onto a Greek prison as British troops were caught in a civil war.

Bryan Morwood, who has died aged 91, won a Military Cross in Greece in late 1944, when British troops found themselves embroiled in a civil war involving, among others, the Greek communist forces known as ELAS.

Morwood, then a lieutenant with the Royal Artillery, was attached to the 2nd Independent Parachute Brigade, which had been deployed from Italy to Greece to harass the withdrawing German army and assist in stabilising the confused situation on the ground. Hundreds of members of ELAS were being held in the Averoff prison in Athens, and during the early hours of December 18 the prison was attacked by a large force of communists determined to rescue their comrades.

Using explosives and the cover of heavy small arms and mortar fire, ELAS managed to breach the outer wall and enter the compound between the widely spaced perimeter guard posts.

The guard force consisted of British Airborne troops who had already been isolated for a number of days and were short of supplies and ammunition. Morwood was responsible for the outer defence of the prison. Throughout the attack despite having suffered multiple shrapnel wounds he continued to visit the guard posts, resupplying them with ammunition, and giving encouragement and direction. Eventually the ELAS pressure became irresistible, but Morwood successfully withdrew his troops into the main prison building and reorganised the defence.

Only after this had been achieved did he agree to having his wounds dressed. He then continued to supervise the defence for a further two hours, until he was shot in the leg and could no longer move. The citation for his MC stated: "Not only did this officer save the lives of his men, but it was also largely due to him that the small garrison managed to hold out."

Bryan Morwood was born at Larne, Co Antrim, on December 22 1922, the son of a sergeant in the Royal Ulster Constabulary who had transferred from the recently disbanded Royal Irish Constabulary. Bryan's mother died when he was an infant and he was brought up by an aunt.

After attending Larne Grammar School he was commissioned into the RA, serving with an anti-aircraft unit before seeing action as a field gunner in North Africa and Italy before being deployed to Greece.

Morwood's leg wound sustained in the prison battle was so severe that he had to be repatriated. In 1946 he was able to rejoin 64 Air Landing Battery, by now part of 6 Airborne Division in Palestine. After completing parachute training, he became a Forward Observation Officer, but his operational duties centred around dealing with Jewish and Arab terrorists and the preservation of public order.

In 1947 Morwood left the Army and went up to St John's College, Cambridge, to read Natural Sciences. After graduating, in 1950 he married Muriel Davison, who had been head girl at Larne Grammar when he had been head boy; she had served throughout the war with Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and they had managed to meet up in Egypt.

The couple moved to Kenya, where Morwood began his career as a schoolmaster at the Duke of York School near Nairobi, taking the opportunity to share with his pupils his enthusiasm for zoology and botany.



He led the CCF and also trained the cross-country teams, observing in the school magazine: "It avails a team little to gain the first three places if the next three in the team are far to the rear." This was a mark of his belief that while there was always a place for individual excellence it was through the strength of the team that real change was achieved.

ABOVE: CAPT MORWOOD MC AND TILMAN MCROBERTS [KR4799] LEAD A DUKE OF YORK CCF MARCH-PAST.

In 1964, Morwood returned to Northern Ireland, where he was a housemaster and first master at Portora Royal School until he retired in 1986. For a number of years he served as an officer in the Ulster Defence Regiment . Bryan Morwood is survived by his three sons. [The Telegraph 31 August 2014]

THE KENYA REGIMENT' EXERCISE SIMBA

[Graham Dowey KR7301]

[Ed: *Graham <grahamdowey@wanadoo.fr> 07/11/2013 forwarded this article to John Davis <johnmdavis@btinternet.com> who passed it on to me; John's comments at the end.*]



Two days after the end of the Compulsory Military Training Course No.: 16 - from 16 January to 17 June 1961, twenty one volunteers from the Kenya Regiment co-operated with the Kenya Game Department in an anti-poaching drive; this was to be known as Exercise Simba.

[LEFT] The men arrived at the RHQ at 09h00 but due to an

old army tradition known as “Hurry up and wait“, they did not leave until 11h00 hrs. The cause of this delay was actually due to a leaking water trailer, which had to be repaired. Then when departure seemed imminent, the fan belt on one of the 3 tonners broke, and a further delay resulted.

Major Athill, Commandant, KRTC, went on ahead to meet a Game Department warden, who advised that the exercise had been moved from Simba to the Mackuaine area.

Meanwhile, the men had finally left RHQ and met Major Athill and the warden at Makindu. The Major led the convoy driving his landrover, and were soon in the bush, where the Major’s landrover became stuck in deep mud. After much pushing and shouting the vehicle was freed and the trucks prepared to cross the same place, which they did, surprisingly, with hardly a skid. Perhaps the Major was too used to tarmac!

Due to the delays the exercise location was not reached until late evening; camp was struck beside the Athi River, and the cooks made a sterling effort in producing a first class meal at short notice.

Two miles downstream, Messrs Hunters Safaris Limited had a camp, and throughout the exercise Mr. Boyce Roberts of Hunters supplied us with venison; everyone was extremely grateful for his help.

Day 1. Next morning, rifles and ammunition were issued, and the men split into three patrols, each with three game department scouts.

The first patrol went upstream but had no luck. The second patrol went down-stream and on the far side of the river found a deserted hideout, which they decided to place under observation.



The third patrol also went down stream, on the far side of the river then crossed the river and struck out at right angles; they saw a group of poachers and started to out flank them, but in so doing disturbed two rhino which decided to attack the patrol. The game scouts drove them away with stones, but unfortunately the poachers

spotted the rhino and took off.

Day 2. The second patrol noticed signs of habitation in the hide out they had previously found, and circled it. Three poachers ran out and attempted to escape, but stopped and surrendered when the game scouts fired above their heads.

Day 3. The first patrol came across an elephant that had an apparently broken leg. A runner was sent back down stream to fetch the game warden, who, after studying it through a pair of binoculars, decided to shoot it. Closer inspection of the elephant’s leg revealed that it was septic, probably as a result of a poacher’s poisoned arrow.

On the same day the second patrol caught four more poachers, who with the three captured earlier were taken to Makindu the following day by members of the Regiment.

Day 4. The rest of the force divided into patrols and swept the Athi River, downstream on both sides; and whilst they saw masses of buffalo and other game, no poachers.

Day 5. Being a Sunday, the men relaxed, swam in the river and drank beer from Makindu.

Day 6. Three poachers were caught in an upstream hideout, they said they were “honey hunters”, but could not explain the very unsweet smelling meat hanging up to dry, neither could they account for the arrows in their possession which were coated with a very poisonous “honey”. They were ultimately sentenced to nine months imprisonment each.

Day 7. Also had its lighter moment, when a poacher was caught carrying two guinea fowl. His story was that he found them lying on the path, plucked and ready for the pot.

Day 8. Unsuccessful; no doubt the poachers had become aware of the Regiment’s presence and moved away. The warden thought the area had been effectively cleared, and didn’t expect the poachers would return for a long time.

Day 9. Early in the morning, we broke camp and moved to within twenty miles of Hunter’s Lodge. At the Major’s insistence the men swept the area from here to the Lodge, although the warden said no poachers would operate so near to civilization. But the Major, however, thought it would be good exercise for the men.

At Hunter’s Lodge, after lunch, weapons were cleaned and handed in before returning to Nairobi, where they slept the night.

Thus ending one more chapter of the perpetual struggle against poachers and poaching in East Africa.

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John Davis: Thanks very much for the photographs and article – some excellent photographs and the one of the rhino is particularly good.

You describe an interesting exercise in June 1961 (I think) which made a nice change from the usual activities. Major Athill [LEFT] was my Commandant at KRTC too and some years ago I visited him at his home in Norfolk where in his eighties he was still very active.

Thanks for these latest photographs which I haven’t seen before – shame about the beautiful animal shot by the Major, who died on 17 August 2005. I went to his funeral on the wettest and windiest day ever. There was a huge crowd there many who had served in the 1st East Anglian and Norfolk Regiments.

I think your first photo shows Sgt P. Martin (Somerset LI) on the left and on the far right Sgt Ken Young (Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry). He was my Squad Sgt (along with Sgt Phelps Grenadier Guards) and I reckon one of the best PSIs we had at KRTC.



I also knew Boyce Roberts and his son Alick. I stayed on Boyce's farm with the rifle team from the Prince of Wales School and eventually he invited me to shoot with the Nanyuki team at Bisley - great fun.

[LEFT: ALICK, BOYCE AND IVA ROBERTS WITH SHOOTING TROPHIES WON OVER THE YEARS]

[Ed: In 1958, Boyce won the Bisley Championship, Iva was the Lady Champion and Alick at 15, the Junior Champion.]

D-DAY LANDINGS - GOLD BEACH NORMANDY - 6TH JUNE 1944

[Major J.F Millard, OBE]

What follows is a fair copy of a wad of seawater-stained notes written during the final days and hours leading up to the landing on the Normandy beaches D-Day and D+1 - 6th & 7th June 1944.

The overhanging bulkhead and the armour-plated bows of the tank landing craft in which I am travelling gives some protection against the cold wind and flying spray, but not much. The tank crews shelter in or under their tanks and my men distribute themselves as best they can among the crates of ammunition, rations and other clobber on deck. It is a miserable grey, wet day and we are just one of a vast fleet of invasion craft, large and small, heading in a south-westerly direction down the English Channel. Our destination is 'Gold Beach', Normandy and tomorrow is 6th June 1944 - D-Day.

All things being equal we will hit 'Gold Beach' with the second tide tomorrow. A great deal could happen between now and tomorrow and it is a mistake on occasions such as this to brood upon what could or could not happen! The big thing is that we are on our way at last, and this is a relief. The party is finally on.

Frankly, I am glad to be here, and I am not unduly apprehensive. I have travelled a long way since the outbreak of this war, made wonderful friends, had adventures, excitement and experiences the memory of which I shall cherish for as long as I live.

The war has led me through the deserts of Jubaland and Somaliland, the highlands of Abyssinia, Madagascar, the Western Desert, Sicily, Italy and finally to England where I have spent about three months on the planning staff of Second Army, preparing for this invasion of Normandy. And now, as I have said, I am glad to be here and to be playing a small part in what could be the greatest battle of all, and the end to this long war.

To go back a bit: At last we move to our concentration areas; me to a big barbed wire encircled security encampment near Ipswich in the estuary of the Orwell River. We await orders to embark. The excitement grows as the days, glorious sunny days, slip by and we lie about under the trees near our tents relaxing and waiting - training a thing of the past - ready now for the real thing. Officers are briefed and everyone is in the picture, only the vital 'place' and the 'day' still unknown to all except a few, who have been involved in the planning phase.

At last, one night (on 2nd June to be exact) my ship's party is called upon to embark. We leave camp near midnight and on 3rd June at 01h00 I ride aboard an LCT (Landing Craft Tank) on a Sherman tank and we slide off down the Orwell River with a host of similarly loaded craft to await orders to move on. And now as I write, on the evening of our third night of waiting, we are lying, one of a vast mass of invasion craft, in the channel of the Orwell. Our craft loaded to the last square foot of space with tanks and men.

Continual high winds have kept us congested and pinned down to the shelter of the river and we presume there will be no move until the weather shows some improvement. We were to have been off this morning, but that was cancelled at the last moment. Life is far from comfortable - these craft are not built for pleasure cruising. The men are sleeping on and under the tanks. Officers do likewise, or like me rig up some sort of a bunk on tarpaulins in the lee of the bows. There is absolutely nothing to do except read, smoke, gamble, and eat.

Eating seems to take up a lot of our time and the food is fairly good and plentiful. An endless source of amusement, are the antics of the barrage balloons. In the gale which is blowing continually they behave in a crazy manner, many breaking loose daily and zooming heavenward to collapse eventually when the pressure within them becomes too great. Some with damaged fins dive and plunge around like enormous crazy tadpoles till they bash themselves to death or explode against the mast or superstructure of a ship.

The day drags by, punctuated by endless brews of tea and large meals cooked on primus stoves between the tightly-packed tanks. Language becomes worse hourly, but spirits are high and, as usual, rumour is rife.

Everyone now, including the embarked troops has been briefed. Strangely enough, they thought we were heading for Norway (why Norway?) or Belgium, but these hardened old tank men, many of them from the North African desert and Italy, don't really give a damn - 'one bloody country is much the same as another, and there ain't much difference between Krauts, Wops, Wogs and Frogs!' They have all drawn £1 in French money and gambling debts are paid for in francs as if they had been doing this for months.

I am the senior officer on the craft but the OC ship is one of the tank officers, which is as it should be as mine is a comparatively small unit. The ship's officers are hospitable and friendly and I spend some of my time in their tiny ward room, but not much, as I know how easy it is to offend junior officers if one exploits one's rank; especially on occasions like this when everyone is a bit keyed-up.

This evening the gale is stronger than ever and shows no sign of letting up. My bunk is perched up on three large bins of rockets and explosive material, and below that are the ship's fuel tanks of 100% octane fuel, so if we get hit I'll disintegrate quite rapidly!

Monday 5th June 10h10 hours. Well, this is it. At last there is a fairly clear sky and the sea after yesterday's gale, is rough, but nothing really to worry about. We are stretched out in an endless line of shipping following in a lane cleared of mines through the muddy Channel sea. Our craft is second in line of the LCTs, but ahead of us are some big LSTs (Landing Ship Tank) and a few escort vessels. We have been going since 08h00 hours and so far no problems.

News of the fall of Rome came through last night. We are beginning to roll and plunge a bit as we hit the more exposed seas, but the tanks are lashed down and riding well. Everyone is glad to be on the move after all the waiting and preparation. All this now seems very unreal but in my experience it is always like that before an attack.

12 Noon. Now we are ploughing through a very nasty sea. Gone is the blue sky and sunshine; instead it is drizzling and exactly every eight seconds a sheet of yellow salty water washes over our bows and the spray is whisked back by the wind along the whole length of the open barge-like craft. As I write I am huddled into a corner of my home-made bunk covered to some extent by a waterproof fabric salvaged from a wrecked barrage balloon.

Some of the tank men look very green and unhappy, others have gone to ground in their tanks; looks as if this is going to be a rough ride. However, it could be worse I suppose.

Still no enemy action, no E-boats and no Luftwaffe attack; it seems too good to be true as we are a sitting target - a vast fleet of slow-moving not very seaworthy craft wallowing along on a fixed bearing in the mine-swept lanes. However, we are riding the sea OK and the tanks continue to stay firm,

We hear that H hour off the beaches for us is 07h35 tomorrow (6th June) and we are due to beach on the next tide - sometime tomorrow evening, I guess. I am reading Arnold Lunn's 'Mountain Jubilee' so spend much of my time in the high Alps or on some fantastic ski run; something to look forward to after all this, will be another expedition to Austria or Switzerland. I am not seasick funnily enough, but so far as I can see I am on my own in this respect!

13h45 hours. The sea is getting wetter and wetter, but somehow the tank crew with whom I feed managed to get a brew of tea going. This was good, but sometime later they heated up some soup which was 10% paraffin, and that was not so good! There is speculation as to whether we will be shelled by enemy long-range guns shortly as we are entering that part of the Channel where we will be well within range from the French coast. The weather shows slight signs of improvement with occasional patches of blue sky appearing between scudding low cloud. The sea is as lively as ever.

21h00. There is a really nasty sea getting up. The bows are plunging into the waves and sheets of water and spray are showering us continually. My bunk in the rocket bins is still fairly dry, but if we change course I am in for a bit of trouble.

Still no enemy action, though we are well into the straits of Dover. Maybe they are waiting for darkness.

I wouldn't call this the best sort of invasion weather, but it's all we've got! Black clouds hang low on the sea and it's bitterly cold. I have been trying to skip but there is not much room for deck games - only six feet by four to be exact.

Had tea with the young RNVR skipper in his tiny ward room and now, after a final mess-tin of soup and a mug of cocoa I'm for a kip while the going's good.

6th June, Tuesday 'D-Day', 08h00. The landings on our beach, 'Gold', started less than an hour ago. We ourselves are still ploughing through heavy seas under leaden skies, waves breaking over us every minute and it's impossible to keep dry. The night wasn't too bad and the wind seemed to drop a bit towards midnight. All the same, it wasn't exactly calm and I decided to keep my Mae West firmly secured. I don't know how Mae West herself copes in bed, but perhaps after years of practice has developed a technique for stowing her bosoms and can find a comfortable lying position, but I failed miserably! All the same I slept pretty well and am feeling fine this lovely morning!

10h00, and all's well. Weather improving, patches of vivid sunshine, but the sea has taken a turn for the worse if that is possible, and this tub is bucking about like a two-year-old in a sea which would have ranked as very rough on a normal Channel crossing in a luxury Channel steamer. Many of the men and some of the officers are having a really bad time, but at last we have turned SE and now we are running straight for the Normandy beaches.

News from ahead is good but very sketchy - we have got a footing and it remains now for us to pile manpower and equipment into the bridgehead. As for our section of the convoy, we are still unmolested, but it is becoming too good to be true.

We are the leading LCT and the flotilla leader is with us. The LCTs and other craft stretch away behind as far as the eye can see in an endless line, and ahead are about thirty LSTs and big transport, but I gather we are to move past them shortly and 'C' squadron of the City of London Yeomanry with whom I am travelling, are to go into action immediately on arrival. My old friend Bob Crisp, DSO (South African) is in command and I am able to bum a ride with him, as Tac HQ 30 Corps main party are I believe, on one of the big transports and are more than likely to be delayed.

My plan is to ride in on one of Bob's tanks together with my sergeant and as soon as possible on landing to gather together my personnel who are distributed on three different landing craft. One section, or detachment as it is called, assisted by a detachment of 31 men from 218 POW unit and some doctors, is to set up a Refugee Camp and POW cage immediately on landing.

The other detachment takes over Bayeux town if it is already in our hands. I shall see them all into position and then set up shop myself with Tac HQ 30 Corps when they arrive and can be found.

If we get in later I may locate Corps about noon tomorrow, but of course everything depends on how this little party develops and it would be most unwise to make too cut and dried a plan. All I have in the way of transport at this stage is one motor cycle, and my sergeant and I carry all we have in the world on our backs! When our heavy vehicles get ashore, plus the rest of our equipment is anyone's guess.

10h00 - 6th June: We are lying just off the beach and have been for what seems like a very long time. It's dusk, and the general confusion is as it always is on these occasions. The congestion on the beaches is fantastic and we are all standing by awaiting our turn.

Lots of bangs, smoke, noise and shouting, the Luftwaffe is being troublesome and the sky is laced with tracer. An enemy plane was brought down a moment ago in the sea nearby, in fact it's becoming quite exciting; plenty of flashes, smoke, flares and explosions and with our hats well down over our ears we are having a ringside view from a little way out. It's getting very cold and the sea is as rough as ever.

I'm off now to try to snatch some sleep if I can find a dry patch and if the racket permits.

Our 'Gold Beach' does not seem too awful but on our right is Omaha Beach in the American sector and the Yanks are having a bad time.

05h00 - 7th June: We are pulling in toward the beach. It's cold and grey and Gerry is still overhead bombing this vast armada of ships and strafing the beaches, but now some Spits are on the job and he appears to be pulling out in no ordinary hurry.

We are edging in closer towards the shore but the crush is terrific and vehicles are disembarking in five to six feet of water - this is not good.

Here and there are drowned tanks and trucks, some with their crews perched on the highest points and even then up to their waists in water - waiting to be picked up; others try to swim ashore.

This is an amazing spectacle. One of the most unforgettable things I have ever seen. We are not supposed to waste time pulling half-drowned guys out of the water, but of course one does when one can.

Later: After several attempts we eventually got near enough to the beach to have a go at a landing. I rode in on the turret of a Sherman. The waterproofed tank was submerged and waves were breaking over us, but we made it. One of our nine tanks got drowned and four of my men and the tank crew had a near shave but got ashore, having been picked up by another landing craft closer in.

Then there was the rush for the inshore sand dunes along the white-taped mine-cleared lanes. Sniping from somewhere and the occasional shell bursts. Wonderful feeling to be on land, but after six days on the landing craft the world continued to roll and sway.

We assembled about three quarters of a mile inland in some dead ground and brewed up tea. Naval shells from the battle-wagons offshore, ripping up the air as they scream inland just over our heads; dead Germans fairly thick on the ground, dead horses, dead cows, much smoke and much noise.

I confess that 'Gold Beach' itself was quite an unpleasant piece of real estate. However, when you come to think of it, a most fortunate and interesting trip, if a little uncomfortable. That same evening (7th June), towards sunset I decided to push forward cautiously to assess the chances of getting the unit into Bayeux. As usual, no-one seemed to have a clue as to what was happening ahead, but the battle was clearly in full swing and very close.

Anyway, my sergeant and I eased forward slowly on the motor cycle through the close *bocage* country. Troops moving slowly forward, others digging in, but so far no actual combat. Then suddenly, we find ourselves on the perimeter of Bayeux itself - fighting in progress on the outskirts and at the railway station end, and such noise. Mortars on the go on the left flank and the familiar sound of Schmeissers mixed up with the slower and louder beat of our Brens.

It was now obvious that we had arrived at the sharp end and at last we were able to get firsthand information from troops who were actually in contact with Rommel's men. It seems that the Germans are easing out round Bayeux that our chaps intended to by-pass the town and press on if possible. Keeping our heads down we moved forward a couple of hundred yards to find a mob of townspeople including the mayor huddled under and around a small bridge on the outskirts of the town.

I explained to them briefly that I was in command of a small detachment of specialists in military government and that we were coming to assist them during the initial invasion period. They then gave us a welcome which was all rather embarrassing and completely out of step with what was

going on all around us. We, who had done nothing except bumble ahead where we really should not have been in view of the activity all around us, were welcomed like conquering heroes!

I was presented with an engraved sword and we were led by back streets and alleys to a pub where there was much drinking of Calvados, back-slapping and handshaking. The fighting seemed to die down as darkness fell and my sergeant and I, on the principle of "where we dines, we sleep" accepted the invitation of the hotel keeper to doss down in the hotel.

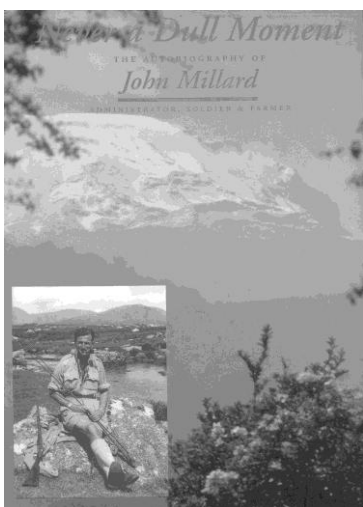
We lay down together on a big double bed upstairs fully clothed. At about 01h00 we were woken by our host who announced in a hoarse whisper, that the Huns were back in town, and on looking out of the window I was horrified to find a half track fighting vehicle full of Germans drawn up in the street below. There was nothing we could do other than lie very doggo and soon, by the grace of God, they moved on.

At dawn all seemed to be quiet so we crept out, collected the motor bike and wheeled it through the deserted streets to the bridge along the route by which we had entered, and then scurried like a couple of scared rabbits back towards our bivouac. The Germans moved out of Bayeux entirely that day (8th June) and I was able to bring my detachment into the town.



On this occasion a war correspondent came with us - and [LEFT] a picture of me standing on the right of the cab of a lorry (which had been rigged up in the market place with red, white and blue bunting) receiving a bouquet of flowers from a little girl while I was addressing the assembled populace through an interpreter, appeared the next day (9th June) in England in the Evening Standard! What a war, what a caper!

My sergeant meanwhile had collapsed from fatigue and strain (and possibly too much Calvados) and was moved to a field hospital. One is apt to forget that about 85% of the troops involved in this invasion had never heard a shot fired in anger and no doubt for them it is all rather disconcerting. Personally, I am scared stiff the whole time, but I have got used to it I guess!



That evening I located Tac HQ 30 Corps who had landed the previous afternoon and I set up shop with them in an apple orchard; quite a nice place except for the occasional shelling by day and the bombing by night.

We sleep in slit trenches which are really quite comfortable once you get used to them. A soldier with whom I spoke today said that he always slept in his slit trench with a tin plate over his face and his steel hat over his private parts - he was convinced he had got his priorities right.

[Ed: *These notes of John Millard's landing on the Normandy Beaches were given by him to his friend Michael McCoun who passed them on to his (Michael's) son Brian. Years later they were*

used almost verbatim in John's book 'Never A Dull Moment' (pages 143-149). I am grateful to both Brian McCoun and John's daughter Pippa Stuart-Hunter for allowing me to publish them in m-S.] ISBN 1-85183-096-0

JOHN FOSTER MILLARD: 1911-2004

(The Man Who Was and Was Not a Member of the Kenya Regiment)

[Ian Parker [KR4602]]

John Millard was blessed with intellect, athletic ability, a high sense of humour, good looks, means, and was interested in everyone and everything around him. Irresistible to the fair sex and given to seeing the best in people, he was born with all the dice falling in his favour. It would have been easy for him to have sat back and enjoyed life with a minimum of effort. Yet he was an achiever who put all his assets to good use. He did things, like climbing mountains, for the simple pleasure of doing them and not for the fame of having done so.

John was born at Herschel on the edge of Basutoland - as it was then - the son of an English doctor who had come to South Africa as a military doctor in the last Boer War, and an Australian mother. He grew up completely bilingual in Afrikaans and English and in an environment that was strongly coloured by his father ministering to all races. Schooled at St Andrews in Grahamstown, John went to Cambridge in 1930 where he studied archaeology under a youthful Louis Leakey, but took a far greater interest in playing rugby and the Cambridge social life.

What John never commented on in later years, was that this was the Cambridge of Philby and the 'Apostles' who, driven by misplaced idealism, were to serve the Soviet Union by penetrating the British Intelligence fraternity so successfully.

Leaving Cambridge, John was a member of the ill-fated Cambridge Expedition to Lake Rudolf in northern Kenya. His role was to seek evidence of stoneage man in that region, but the loss of the doctor Bill Dyson and surveyor *Snaffles* Martin cast a pall over its results. Millard initiated the first use of aircraft in search and rescue, when he persuaded Sir Piers Mostyn to fly the shores and islands of the lake, looking for the two men. His experiences on the expedition gave him a fascination for Lake Rudolf that lasted him till the end of his days.

Next, John was posted to the Basutoland Administrative Service. After only a short spell there he was appointed Private Secretary and ADC to Sir William Clark, then High Commissioner in the Union of South Africa. His inexperience notwithstanding, he was thrown into the world of *realpolitik*, personally getting to know all the period's major actors on the stage of South African politics. He became particularly well acquainted with General Smuts, the two sharing a passion for hiking.

After a couple of years in the stratosphere of high politics, Millard returned to Cambridge for a brief administrative course before being posted to Mbeya in Southern Tanganyika as a DO. Again, this was remarkably brief, before he was sent to be DC responsible for the Lupa goldfields - where Afrikaners formed the bulk of the mining community - and he made the acquaintance of such characters as *Snake Juice* Wilson in an atmosphere that recalled the Wild West of legend.

As the Second World War broke out, Millard was detailed to round up Germans and Nazi sympathisers. Shortly thereafter, he resigned from the administration and drove to Nairobi where he volunteered for the Kenya Regiment and was sent to train as a private at Eldoret.

Half way through his course, his past caught up with him when it was found out that he was already a reserve officer in the Royal Artillery by virtue of his service in the OTC at Cambridge, and, in addition, was on the roll of reserve officers for the KAR. The powers-that-be tried to transfer him to an officers' course at Nakuru, but he resisted and left Eldoret as a private.

Yet, though John Millard enlisted and trained in the Regiment and allocated the number 10144, his name does not appear in the Long Roll, as it was felt he did not qualify because he already had other prior and active status in the British military system; though Millard, by virtue of actual service, was a member of the Kenya Regiment, he was not recognised as such because he already held a British Army commission!

As soon as John's course was over, he assumed the rank of Lieutenant, was posted to an Indian Army Mountain Battery at Garissa, fought with it through Somalia and on to Addis Ababa where he was seconded to a political job. He was supposed to go behind the Italian lines and bring some unity and cohesion among the Ethiopians on the Guraghe Plateau.

He did far more - he organised them into a military force some 3,000 strong that became Millard's Scouts or Milforce and routed the Italians off the plateau. This period of swashbuckling freedom was, in his eyes, the most exciting and satisfying of his life. It ended with his direction of Ethiopian patriot forces at the battles of Kulkabar Ridge and Gondar which ended the Italian campaign.

In the pattern of unexpected switches that was now becoming characteristic of John's career, he next turns up as a member of SOE in the run-up to the British invasion of Madagascar to oust the Vichy French. During the actual invasion he was hit by 'friendly fire' and his left arm permanently weakened and disformed. The injury was sufficient to have gained him retirement from military service - had he wanted it. He did not take it and served briefly in North Africa before taking part in the invasions of Sicily and Italy as a member of the Allied Military Government.

From Italy he was posted as a Lt. Col. to Britain where in succession, he was involved in the D-Day planning, the invasion, and the Allied progress through Europe where he was present at Montgomery's taking the German surrender on Lüneberg Heath.

His role in military government never quite explained his presence in many aspects of the campaign, nor his brief detention behind the Russian lines where he had arrived as a passenger in an army light aircraft that lost its way.



As soon as the war ended Millard was extracted and entered immediate service in the colonial office, where he headed a very small team that vetted new entrants for the colonial administrative service for the next two and half years. In this period he met and married Corinne Odlum. [LEFT 22ND SEPTEMBER 1945]

Then came another of the career breaks, now typical. From a position of considerable influence in the colonial office at the centre of the Empire, John returned to be a DC in Tanganyika. Stationed at Handeni, Nzega and Moshi, it seemed that from now on he was headed down a conventional track.

Yet another unexpected shift occurred and he was transferred on promotion to be Divisional Commissioner for Northern Botswana. He went with a specific mission - to unravel a mess that surrounded the marriage of Sir Seretse Khama, traditional ruler of the Bamangwato, to an English girl, Ruth Williams. The

perceived situation was that this marriage of a black chieftain to a white girl was so bitterly opposed by a large proportion of the tribe that it would cause civil war. To avoid this, the British Government ordered that Seretse be exiled to London and that his uncle, Tshekedi, should rule as regent in his stead. In doing this, the Labour Government had contradicted all its liberal tenets about multiracialism and acted in a manner embarrassingly at odds with its principles.

Yet why should Millard have been the man best suited to clearing up the confusion and reconciling the two factions of the Bamangwato? The clue lies perhaps in a sentence in his autobiography: "Perhaps the fact that I was the only DC in the Colonial Service who spoke Afrikaans had something to do with it."

I think it not only was the clue, but it also explained much in his astonishing career. The marriage of Seretse to Ruth Williams may have offended some Bamangwato, but that was nothing to the offence it gave Dr Malan's new nationalist apartheid government in neighbouring South Africa. It was a government that controlled Britain's supply of uranium - a lever of exceptional importance as the cold war set in and the UK desperately wanted to control its own atomic deterrent.

None of this has ever entered the public eye, though the background is clear enough in, for example, Sir Evelyn Baring's biography. He, as Britain's High Commissioner to South Africa, was far closer to the real reasons behind Seretse Khama's exile. And that John Millard was the man pulled out of the hat to try and sort things out, was proof enough that he was no ordinary DC. [Ed: *For this diplomacy, John was awarded the OBE (Civil).*]

Speculating: Millard's postings up and down the scale - Basutoland DO for a short while, then to the heights as Private Secretary to one of the most important officers in the imperial hierarchy, then back down to DO at Mbeya, then within months to DC in the Lupa, then a private in the Regiment, then into an Indian artillery unit, from there to political agent and guerrilla leader, then briefly as a member of SOE - a top intelligence and subversion organ - then through the European campaign, to the Colonial Office, back down the scale to the field, finally ending with a very unusual political situation to unravel.

The career makes sense if, in fact, there was another unmentioned base from which he operated. The fluency in Afrikaans no doubt was extremely useful in South Africa when ADC to the High Commissioner. And when war was about to break out and Germany had focussed on developing links with Afrikaners sympathetic to them, Millard's insertion into the Lupa gold fields and as a private in the Kenya Regiment, would have placed him well to pick up feelings and information in this respect. If he was serving a hidden intelligence purpose, it would make many of his subsequent career moves understandable. Yet, whether this is so or not, he led an extraordinary career as an official.

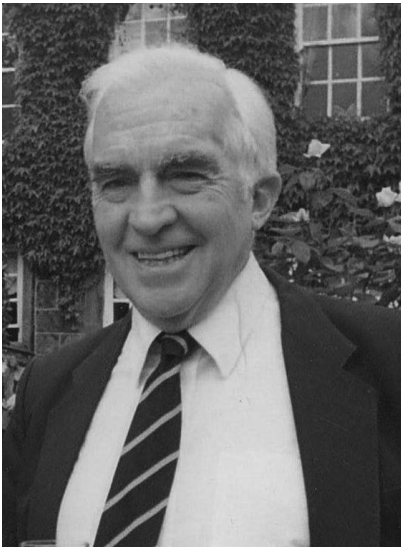
His second career commenced when he retired from the Colonial Service and bought a farm on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. He was exceptionally successful with wheat and pyrethrum, threw himself into flying, conservation and all things adventurous.

When Nyerere took the Ol Molog farms on West Kilimanjaro, he and Corinne moved to Momella under the shadow of Mt Meru and formed a safari company.

The negative pressures caused by Nyerere falling out with the Kenya government and closing the border for a few years, were so intolerable that they sold the safari company and bought on the outskirts of Nairobi.

HUGH RICHARD MERVYN COWIE M.A. (Oxon) [KR4475]

[14th October 1935-27th June 2014]



Hugh was born on the 14th October 1935 in the Eskotene Nursing Home in Nairobi and was the first child of Mervyn [KR399] and Mollie Cowie. The family lived in Langata on the edge of the Nairobi Park, and much time was spent on safari. Young Hugh performed throughout his childhood in Mollie's many children's productions in theatres in Nairobi.

Hugh's primary education was at Kenton College, Kileleshwa. After being placed first in the Kenya Preliminary Examination he became a pupil at the Prince of Wales School from January 1949 to December 1953 and was a school prefect and Head of Clive House in his final year. He enlisted in the Kenya Regiment on 5th January 1954 and undertook basic training in Salisbury, Rhodesia, from January to June 1954 as part of the Fifth Contingent of Kenya National Servicemen. In 1955, following

service in the Regiment, he went to Brasenose College, Oxford, for four years where he read Modern Languages.

After university Hugh returned to Kenya and worked in the tea industry for a time. From 1961 for three and a half years he taught French at the Prince of Wales School. According to the school magazine for 1961 he also did 'sterling work on the games field as master in charge of athletics'. He was highly thought of and during his time at the school initiated 'assaults on Kilimanjaro' and was variously Assistant Housemaster to several Houses and Housemaster to Rhodes House. In 1965 he was appointed Second Master at Kenton College and in due course Headmaster of Pembroke House, Gilgil.

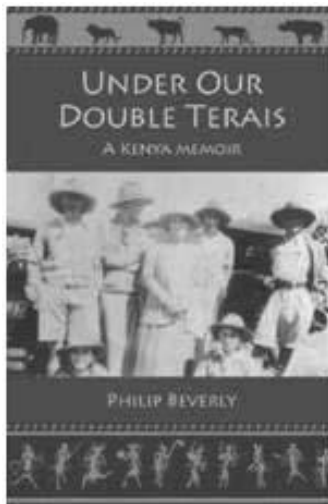
He married Jo Storey in 1968 and they had two daughters, Fiona and Alison. He moved back to Nairobi from Gilgil and worked in the motor trade with Westlands Motors for many years. He continued to love amateur dramatics and performed with the Nairobi City Players in many of their productions.

In 1991, he and his family left Kenya and lived in Pagham, near Chichester where he worked as an accountant until he suffered a brain haemorrhage in 2000, but he made a good recovery. He was a member of several Masonic lodges in and around Chichester, and also very much enjoyed singing with a small Barber's Shop choir in Bognor Regis.

Hugh was diagnosed with bowel cancer in 2013 and died on 27th June 2014. He is survived by Jo, Fiona, Alison and granddaughter Mitzi Marley

BOOK REVIEWS

Readers will be interested to know that Pip Beverly's '*Under Our Double Terais – a Kenya Memoir*' has just been published as an eBook on the Internet. Pip was a founder member in 1937 of the Kenya Regiment [KR238] and some humorous extracts of his recollections of it can be seen on the reverse of this page. Net proceeds will be donated to the David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust, an organisation established in memory of the founder Warden of Tsavo East National Park and



dedicated to the protection and preservation of endangered species in Kenya - particularly elephants and black rhinos.

Published February 2014 by Palmer Higgs Publishers, Melbourne, Australia, ISBN: 9791925112481 ePUB, AUD 9.95

Book Description. Pip Beverly left school in England when he was fourteen and went with his family to Kenya in 1924. 'Under our Double Terais' is his account of the struggles to make a living on a coffee farm surrounded by large wild animals at Nyeri, 100 miles to the north of Nairobi. His sense of humour is evident in the descriptions of the colourful characters he met and his own adventures and attempts to support himself and his family as a professional hunter before becoming, later in life, a dedicated animal conservationist.

The formation of the Kenya Regiment, farming near Nakuru in the Rift Valley after the war, the horrors of the Mau Mau movement and the repercussions of independence are littered with witty anecdotes told by a man, described in the foreword to the book, as having a most delightful sense of the ridiculous.

Review. "I have the great good fortune of being born in Kenya and any account of those early days brings back wonderful memories which Pip Beverly has done very amusingly in 'Under Our Double Terais'. He has recounted with perception the sad and the funny, the grim and the beautiful and put his own stamp on experiences of people, beasts and surroundings which made up one man's life in those days of a dearth in material wealth but a fortune in 'life'." John Cheshire [KR3664]

The book synopsis above, plus a brief author biography and the five reviews so far sent in (all 5 star ones) plus ONE sample chapter can be viewed before deciding whether or not to purchase. If the shopping cart is filled in an email will be automatically sent by the publishers as to the steps required to download the electronic book onto a computer, iPad or Iphone. Net proceeds for the David Sheldrick Wild Life Trust = A\$7.75 approx.

The EBook is also now available on Amazon at www.amazon.com by entering the details into their search box. With Amazon five sample chapters can be viewed before making the decision whether or not to proceed. However, due to their much higher commission rates, net proceeds for the David Sheldrick Wild Life Trust will be reduced from \$7.75 to \$2.70 approx.

At this stage there are no plans for hard copies to be made available, it's just too expensive!

With either publisher it takes a few minutes to download after following the prompts to register and fill in an email address. Although it is quite easy some '*senior citizens*' have found this process a little confusing and frustrating. However, our computer-savvy children/grandchildren can usually help us out in less than five minutes.



[LEFT] – PIP BEVERLY

An extract from Chapter 37 – 'The Kenya Regiment prepares for war', reads:

The first Kenya Regiment camp was held at Nanyuki, which, with the surrounding districts of Nyeri, Thomson's Falls and Rumuruti, mustered enough men to form one company. About half of these were cattle ranchers

or farm managers, living a long way apart and accustomed to a fairly rough sort of life.

One was an Afrikaner who spoke no word of English and who appeared to live much as his forefathers had done as they drove their flocks and herds across the South African veldt. He habitually wore no shoes or boots and his clothes were either somebody's cast-offs or home-made. I doubt if he could read or write but he was an amazing shot and, although he had never held a service rifle in his life, as soon as he got on the range he began scoring at a far higher rate than anybody else.

This strangely assorted collection of not very serious minded young men, who thought the whole thing was rather a waste of time, even though it might have some amusing moments, was about to be confronted by Company Sergeant Major Cummins of the Irish Guards. He had been seconded especially to teach us matters of a military nature, which nobody was really very interested in learning. However, we were soon to realise he held other views on the matter and his intention was that his wishes should prevail. Cummins was immensely square and immensely strong and was once described as looking as though he might have been hewn from something left over from Stonehenge and given human form. His voice was loud and commanding and his personality exuded power and determination.

Our first morning in camp was given to being fitted out with our uniforms and that antiquated form of headgear, known as the Wolseley helmet, a product of the Victorian age still in daily use by the army in East Africa. We were also issued with a very large number of brass buttons and shoulder badges, with the regimental buffalo superimposed, along with cleaning items that would be needed to keep them all in a state of permanent eye-dazzling brightness.

After that we fell in, dressed from the right, and were brought to what some of us thought was attention. Cummins, however, thought otherwise and proceeded to demonstrate how the hands should point straight down with the thumb in line with the seam of the trousers. Few of us are perfect, and Cummins' one slight imperfection was that he could not pronounce the "th" sound and "things" therefore became "tings" and so on. We would, he announced, now try again and this time we were to try and keep our "tums" to the front. Somebody in the rear rank was foolish enough to giggle. For the next hour we doubled round and round the parade ground and we poured with sweat and panted for breath. At last he ordered us to halt and fall in again. We would now, he said, start again where we had left off and this time we were to remember to keep our 'tums' to the front. There was not a sound, except of laboured breathing; first round to Cummins!

On the whole these camps were enormous fun, and we enjoyed almost everything about them except, at the first camp, the latrines. A rough gum pole, with its bark intact, was supported by a couple of forked sticks over a 20 foot long trench and, for the sake of decency, surrounded by a hessian screen. I cannot remember what time the first parade took place, probably at about 06h30, followed by breakfast.

Afterwards there was a fairly restricted period during which those of us who, by force of habit, liked to attend to our own affairs were permitted to do so. This meant that, for a short time each morning, the gum pole had something in common with a telegraph line on which swallows gather before migrating.

Before dispersal took place on the final day of the camp, all ranks were addressed by the Company commander and asked the usual routine question as to whether anybody had any complaints. The officer was not a popular one, being of a sombre nature and given to taking a jaundiced view of much that went on around him. But even he must have been a little concerned when he heard of our dissatisfaction with the facilities provided, the attendant flies, the acute discomfort of the gum pole and its tendency to implant splinters. As a result, he gave an undertaking to see what could be done.

POINT LENANA



NICHOLAS BEST

Author Nicholas Best <www.nicholasbest.co.uk> writes: I'd like your help again with a new Kenya book, 'Point Lenana' which won a prize at a literary festival some time ago, but has never been published before because of its awkward novella length. It has just come out as a Kindle Single. You can read an extract by clicking on the link below:

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/b/ref=amb_link_176635847_5?ie=UTF8&node=2445826031>

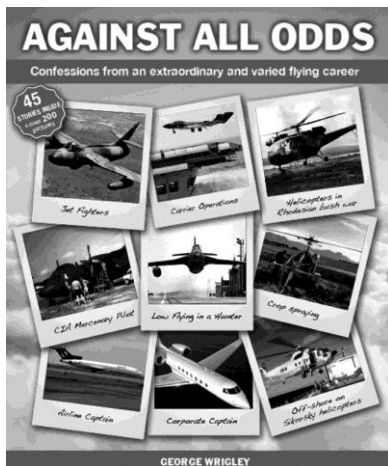
I think 'Point Lenana' will appeal to old Kenya hands, certainly anyone who enjoyed 'Happy Valley' or 'Tennis and the Masai'.

This is what Kindle's copy editor told Amazon about it after he had finished work: 'That one was a joy! Such a beautifully written story with a neat twist; it has inspired me to read Best's other work.'

Authors have to do their own promotion nowadays, so I'd be most grateful if you could help draw Point Lenana to your readers' attention. The best way is to review the

book on Amazon, but you could also forward this email to anyone who might be interested, or tweet about it, or mention it in Kenya chat rooms. Any help gratefully received. It's a good story.

AGAINST ALL ODDS by George Wrigley



I saw your name when browsing through the Rhodesians Worldwide web site. We have moved back to Zimbabwe and now live in Troutbeck but find it very emotional to see so many names that used to be part of this beautiful country. I think most of us yearn for the life we used to enjoy but much has changed.

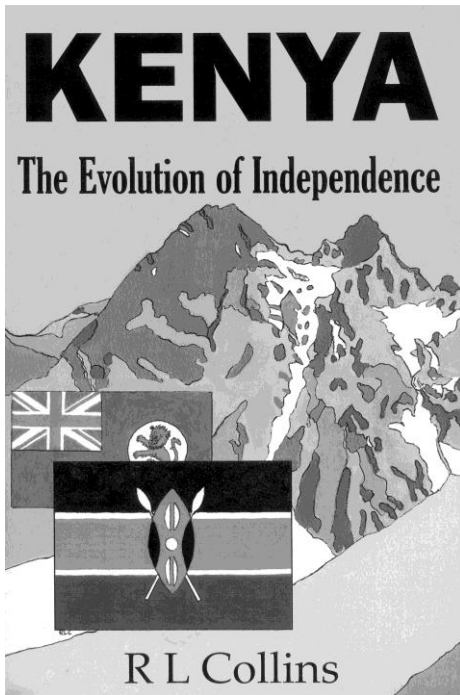
I hope you don't mind that I have sent you the promotion of this book of stories, which I have launched. I have had some very encouraging feedback from previous friends and colleagues and hope your readers will be interested too.

For all enthusiasts interested in exciting aviation and military stories, you will enjoy reading the book, 'Against All Odds'.

It contains forty-five stories and over 200 pictures, which give snapshots of a fun filled and adventurous flying career. They describe heart-stopping episodes, narrow escapes from disaster, aircraft accidents, foolhardy escapades and vivid descriptions of fascinating characters along the way.

You can download this book via Kindle onto your device or order a paperback copy from Amazon,

If you have any problems downloading the book please contact me via email or call me on +263778180045. George Wrigley, Troutbeck, Nyanga, Zimbabwe



PREFACE

What follows is an attempted narrative of European and Arab involvement in East Africa - pre-eminently Kenya - and a chronological description of its intertwined themes: the slave trade of eastern Africa; missionaries; explorers; the Scramble for Africa; colonialism; Mau Mau, and political independence. Inevitably, there is a degree of overlapping, thematically and chronologically.

I have drawn heavily on Sir Reginald Coupland's seminal work 'East Africa and Its Invaders'; on Mervyn Hill's official history of the Kenya and Uganda Railway and Harbours; on Edward Paice's 'Tip and Run' and Charles Miller's 'Battle for the Bundu' in respect of the First World War; and on the Corfield report on the Mau Mau Emergency.

Other important sources were Fred Majdalany's 'State of Emergency', George Bennett's 'Kenya: A Political History',

Elsbeth Huxley's biography of Lord Delamere, Jomo Kenyatta's 'Facing Mount Kenya', F. McLynn's volumes on H.M. Stanley, and Richard Meinertzhagen's diaries.

For information on air services I am indebted to Peter Davis's 'East African' and Graham Coster's 'Corsairville'.

The biographies of Livingstone by Tim Jeal and Jomo Kenyatta by Jeremy Murray-Brown were invaluable.

R L Collins December 2011

ISBN 978-0-7223-4248-0 607pp UK£13

[Ed: *I could find nothing on the internet about the author and Iain Morrison very kindly contacted Reg who mentioned that he travelled to East Africa in 1925 with his mother to join his father, who was working for the Old East African Trading Company in Mombasa. He left for schooling in the UK in 1928 and returned to East Africa in 1939. He was called up to the KDF in May 1940 and thereafter joined the Kenya Regiment [KR1403] in Eldoret, after which he transferred to the RAF for pilot training at Eastleigh and Iraq.*]

Unfortunately, he failed to complete the training and returned to his reserved occupation with Kenya and Uganda Customs which he had joined in 1940. In 1948, the department amalgamated with the Tanganyika Customs to form EA Customs and Excise, from which Reg retired in 1963 as a Regional Commissioner.

On returning to the UK he worked for the Home Civil Service and now retired lives in Surrey with his wife who he met in Mombasa where she was in the WRNS; they married in the UK in 1945.

[Ed: *Hopefully, I will have a review of the book by Ian Parker for m-S XLVI. I found it a good read and from my perception, factual and well researched, but then I am on Reg's side. Readers may be interested in the following review from the other side, by Mbugua Ngunjiri which appeared in the Kenya Standard.]*

Author's poor bid to revise Kenyan liberation history.

Reading through RL Collins' book, *Kenya: The Evolution of Independence*, one gets the disturbing feeling that the author had a particular audience in mind. This is especially so when it comes to his treatment of the topic of the Mau Mau and the run-up to Kenya's independence.

While he cannot be faulted for his coverage of other topics like slave trade, the construction of the Kenya/Uganda Railway, and the two world wars (these were largely one-dimensional as the participation of the African was negligible), the author falls woefully short when it comes to the contested chapter of Mau Mau, where the contribution of Africans was massive. Here it was not just a colonial/settler affair.

On the issue of Mau Mau and the struggle for independence the author throws away any pretenses of objectivity. His biases come out clear; it would not come as a surprise if he were accused of revising history. While selectively using records compiled by colonial officials, he holds an extremely dim view of the Mau Mau Movement.

It is his considered view that Mau Mau did not have grievances worth being listened to or acted upon; to him the rebels existed to be destroyed at any cost. He goes ahead to cheer the colonial government's efforts to exterminate them. The fact that throughout the narrative he refers to Mau Mau as terrorists is proof of a prejudiced mind.

He, for example, cannot countenance how a 'terrorist' like Dedan Kimathi is today celebrated as a hero. "Reviled, with good reason, as a terrorist guilty of unspeakable crimes, Kimathi came to be transmuted into a hero," writes the author. "In independent Kenya, he has been given recognition as a freedom fighter, and his name is commemorated by one of modern Nairobi's most prominent streets."

On the issue of the Mau Mau it would appear the author was not interested in examining other literature, especially that which would hold contrary views to the official colonial/settlers records he quotes throughout his book. His mind was made up.

He makes great play of the fact that Jomo Kenyatta was the "leader" of Mau Mau in spite of evidence showing that Kenyatta was not in the best of terms with Mau Mau leaders prior to his arrest in 1952. And while Kenyatta went around Central Kenya denouncing the Mau Mau with the blessings of British authorities, the author reads double entendre in his statements. "His powerful oratory contained subtleties conveying a subversive meaning with innocuous phrases," he writes. "Aware that his very action was monitored by the authorities, Kenyatta displayed a caution equalled only by his cunning."

In his book, *History of Resistance in Kenya: 1884-2002*, historian Maina wa Kinyatti holds a different view. He quotes an instance where in August 1952 the Mau Mau Central Committee (MMCC) summoned Kenyatta to their Kiburi House headquarters for censure. "... Before Kenyatta was escorted to the door by General Mathenge he was ominously warned that the MMCC would have no other choice but to order his liquidation if he continued to collaborate with the British in their effort to extinguish the flame of revolution..." writes Kinyatti.

Hola massacre. While it is a well-known fact that Kenyatta was subjected to a sham trial in Kapenguria, the author still defends the tactics used to convict him. "Even if the Crown Case (against Kenyatta) had not been proved, arguably justice was in fact done," he writes. "Legal niceties aside, there is little doubt that Kenyatta was the mainspring and guiding light of the Mau Mau movement, for unrest followed in his wake as he moved from one public or private meeting to another, surely as night follows day."

The author is long on the atrocities perpetrated by the Mau Mau but short on those committed by the colonial forces. He in fact appears to justify the unspeakable violence meted out on Mau Mau detainees. “There were a few shameful acts by the police and the soldiers, especially those who were locally born and therefore more committed...” he quotes an unnamed source.

While what transpired in Hola is generally agreed to be a case of massacre, the author simply calls it ‘a notorious case of abuse’. He adds “Hola was the worst of several cases of abuse, which provided ammunition for those who attacked colonialism.” To him everything was a conspiracy against colonialism.

And in an apparent attack on authors Caroline Elkins (Britain’s Gulag: The Brutal End of Empire in Kenya) and David Anderson (Histories of the Hanged: Britain’s Dirty War in Kenya and the End of Empire), Collins is angry that Westerners dared to uncover evidence of torture by the British: “In the USA, anti-colonialism had been a proper and moral cause since the mid-1800s doubtless inspired by their own history, and this was given tacit approval by successive governments,” he says not without some sarcasm. “...It is therefore unsurprising that American academics should be to the fore in books using aspects of Emergency to attack colonialism. These books are too often poorly researched and lack objectivity.”

Given such open disregard for research one wonders whether the author is aware that in June last year William Haig, the British Foreign Secretary, apologised to Kenyans for the Mau Mau torture. “The British government sincerely regrets that these abuses took place and that they marred Kenya’s progress to independence. Torture and ill-treatment are abhorrent violations of human dignity which we unreservedly condemn,” Haig told the British Parliament.

Apart from a picture where the author is shown in a British delegation to Jomo Kenyatta’s State House, there is absolutely no biographical data on him, even an Internet search of his name does not yield much. It is likely though that he could have been a colonial officer; the kind of anger and bitterness displayed in the book can only come from a colonial/settler sympathiser.

By Mbugua Ngunjiri, The Standard

JIMMY DODDS (RAF and KPR Air Wing)

[22nd July 1921, died 17th July 2014]



Jimmy Dodds [LEFT] was a Hurricane fighter pilot who cut a swath through enemy aircraft during the campaign in North Africa.

He was the RAF’s most successful Hurricane fighter pilot during the North African desert campaign and went on to have a distinguished flying career in East Africa.

In the summer of 1941 Dodds joined No 274 Squadron, as a teenage sergeant pilot, to fly Hurricanes. On November 18 that year a major Allied offensive against Rommel and his Panzers was launched with extensive air support. Dodds was in the thick of “Operation Crusader” from the outset, and over the next few months flew 143 operational sorties over the desert.

His first success came on December 1, when he shot down a Messerschmitt Bf 109. Over the next six months he was credited with shooting down fourteen enemy aircraft, with a further six “probables”. Most of his victims were German and Italian fighters; these had a superior performance to the Hurricane, and to offset this Dodds, when encountering hostile formations, would climb as high as possible before picking out a target well below him, then diving on it.

On one occasion he was escorting a reconnaissance aircraft when his aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire and he was forced to land in the desert. He had his final success on June 17 1942, when he shot down two Italian fighters during the same engagement. His squadron then carried out a number of low-level bombing operations, Dodds completing seven sorties. He left the squadron in July, and a few months later was awarded a DFM.

James Dodds was born in Glasgow on July 22 1921 and educated at Hyndland Secondary School, where he developed a lifelong love of literature. He joined the RAF (where he was known as “Hamish”) in May 1940 and trained as a fighter pilot.

Shortly after leaving No 274 Squadron in 1942 he was commissioned and remained in Egypt flying communications and training aircraft. On his return to Britain in April 1945 he joined No 56 Squadron, flying the Tempest and then the Meteor jet fighter. He left the RAF in early 1947 as a flight lieutenant but continued to fly with the RAF Reserve from Perth.

In the aftermath of war Dodds worked for several years for the King Aircraft Corporation of Glasgow, makers of aircraft components and fittings. He then went to Nairobi, where he joined Campling & Vanderwal as a charter pilot. Operating sixteen aircraft, this was the largest air charter company in East Africa carrying mail and making Red Cross flights between cities throughout the region.



During the Kenyan Emergency, Dodds was seconded, in 1953, to the Kenya Police Reserve Air Wing. Flying a single-engine Piper Pacer, he worked closely in support of Army operations, particularly those of the Devonshire Regiment in the Aberdare Forest. Known to the ground forces by his call sign ‘Eagle Green’, he dropped supplies to isolated patrols and transported reinforcements to remote airstrips. To provide additional flexibility in the area, the Devons levelled out an airstrip at Kihuri which they named ‘Dodds Field’ [LEFT].

Sometimes it was Dodds who provided the only radio link between ground patrols, meaning that he would have to coordinate an operation himself. His command of one such operation, involving the

Devons and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, was described in the regimental history as “masterly”, and in May 1954 he was appointed MBE for his “outstanding services during the Emergency”. His farewell visit to the Devons involved his landing, to the consternation of motorists, on the main Nairobi-Naivasha road - “because it was the nearest suitable strip to the Officers’ Mess”.

In 1955, Dodds left Kenya for New Zealand, where he joined Fieldair in Gisborne spraying a top dressing on numerous sheep stations in the area. He met his future wife, Robin, in New Zealand, and in 1956 she accompanied him back to Nairobi, where he rejoined Campling & Vanderwal.

On June 30 1960, the former Belgian Congo became independent, and ten days later Congolese soldiers mutinied against their European officers. There was widespread panic among the 97,000 whites, and Dodds immediately volunteered to join an airlift to evacuate those in the east of the country. On July 10, he flew a single-engine Comanche aircraft to the town of Bunia in the Congo, starting a shuttle between Bunia and Kasase in western Uganda, flying out to safety nuns, missionaries and civilians. Over the next four days he flew for six or seven hours a day, making nine round trips during which his small aircraft was often overloaded and the target of rifle fire.

He then made four more evacuation flights from other Congo towns, making his last on July 16, when he picked up refugees from Paulis (now Isiro) and took them to Entebbe, in Uganda. In November 1960 Dodds left for Mwanza in Tanzania, establishing his own air charter business flying a Cessna 206. His wife did the bookings and paperwork while he traversed East Africa on both business and tourist charter flights. These included frequent visits to game parks, providing him with opportunities to indulge his keen interest in both wildlife and photography.

Dodds returned to his native Scotland in 1970, building a marina on the banks of the Caledonian Canal in Inverness. He also designed the superstructure of a cabin cruiser based on a 23ft fibreglass hull; she was hired out on the canal for some years, and chandlery, moorings, and small boat hire and sales gradually augmented the business.

Finally settled in East Berwickshire, Jimmy Dodds passed his time gardening, reading and listening to classical music. He is survived by his wife, whom he married in 1956, and by their two sons and one daughter. [Daily Telegraph 15 September 2014]

**

Joan Wedekind writes: Brooke Bond sold their (Cessna) 180 to Jimmy Dodds. Easy going and popular, Jimmy Dodds was a Scot and an ex-RAF fighter pilot, and was another of CBV's pilots who had worked for Keith Campling for some time. He took the 180 to Mwanza where he started a charter service with it and later purchased a Cessna 205. He was back and forth in Nairobi for some time and then, all of a sudden packed up and went back to Scotland, where he inherited a canal boat business on Braemar in Inverness.

MY LIFE AS A DISTRICT OFFICER (KIKUYU GUARD)

[Mike Prettejohn KR3975]

1953. I found myself lined up with several others for an interview with Colonel Morcombe about being seconded from the Kenya Regiment to the Administration as a District Officer, Kikuyu Guard (DOKG).

I was behind *Nyani* Bond [KR4463] and as he went in the door was still ajar, and I heard the words, "Well, Bond, you think you will do a better job as a DO rather than staying in the Regiment, do you?" The door slammed and I didn't hear Bond's answer, but the gist of it I learned later was that Bond would certainly do a better job than someone pushing a pen behind a desk!

So in I went to a very angry Colonel. I started to announce that I was keen to become a DO and if possible I had a preference for Embu or Meru District where I had chums working for the same cause. Morcombe said nothing but handed me a piece of paper delegating me to report to an Arnold Hoff stationed in Kigumu division of Fort Hall.

Thus I found myself as a DOKG at the very 'sharp end' as we called it, up against the forest of the southern Aberdares. The job, under Arnold, was to support and help protect Senior Chief Njiri who had been threatened by General Kago who commanded a force of up to 1000 men and was probably the best soldier in the Mau Mau movement.



I was assigned my own locations; Location 6 under Chief Philip and Location 17 under Chief Erastus. Location 17 had the only flat land in Fort Hall District and they asked me to build the District airstrip. While building the airstrip I suggested to my superior DO Alan Simmance that I might as well build myself a house at the same time.

Up to then I had been living in an abandoned duka and I could never get rid of the stench of bat dung. Alan dug into the 'Goat bag' and gave me 2,000/- for the job. We built the airstrip by hand and constructed a mud and wattle house with a thatched roof. I bought Boxer-Bulldog-Bullterrier-Ridgeback cross for one shilling from the Mitchells in Makuyu. Simba was a superb hunting dog and companion, and travelled with me wherever I went. [ABOVE: THE HOUSE,

SELF AND SIMBA]. However, I made the span a bit too wide and the pitch wasn't steep enough for the thatch. When it rained I might as well have had no roof at all!



I built a number of Home Guard posts around my two locations. They had bulletproof walls, a moat full of *panjis* (pointed stakes) and a drawbridge that could be raised overnight. [LEFT]

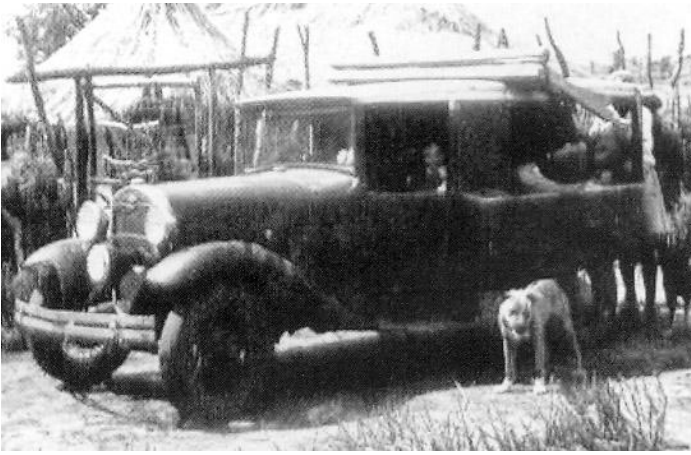
We selected volunteers to serve as Home Guards. We trained them and gave each a rifle when they proved competent. Villagers who wanted to be protected built houses around our guard posts.

My locations were in the lower part of Fort Hall, now Murang'a, and the area then was sparsely populated. We had a lot of wildlife. The present main tarmac road between Nyeri and Nairobi had

not been built at that time and I had to build a number of tracks to get around the area. A number of European farms on my boundary that bordered Makuyu had trouble from time to time with marauding animals. Thus I also became an honorary warden to deal with problem animals - elephant, buffalo and even crocodile in the Tana River that would take the odd sheep and goat from the few people living near the riverbanks.

. On one buffalo hunt Simba caught a wounded buffalo by the nose, dragged it into the river and held its head underwater until it drowned. When I caught up with them, I only saw the stump of Simba's tail wagging above the water. I thought he would drown too, but he eventually emerged gasping and puking up water. He was perfectly all right and very full of himself with his achievement!

One day I received a message that Colonel Morcombe was to fly in with the Police Air Wing to try out the strip I'd built and see the development of Home Guard posts and observe the general security in the area. They asked me to take him around and deliver him for a luncheon with the District Commissioner, John Pinney.



In those early days we didn't have enough Land Rovers to go around and I opted to run my own vehicle, a 1931 Model 'A' Ford [LEFT]. This vehicle could go anywhere a Land Rover could go, but I suggested it was not an appropriate vehicle in which to drive the Colonel around. My DO Alan Simmance promised to let me have a new Land Rover for the day and would have it delivered by 10h00 when the Colonel's plane was due to land. The plane arrived at 08h30 and no Land Rover! I rushed to the airstrip with Simba aboard in

my Model 'A' to meet them. However, as the plane was taxiing back up the strip, Simba leapt out of the car and chased the aircraft stopping it short. Simba would not allow the occupants to disembark until I arrived and pulled him away.

Luckily the pilot was a good friend, Punch Bearcraft [KR3142], in charge of the Police Air Wing. Punch, with his one hand and squiff cap, alighted with his usual gusto and great laugh, gave me a wink and said, "I hope you don't get fired and sent home." He climbed back into the craft leaving in a huge cloud of dust. [Ed: *In m-S XXV (December 2004)*, Tom Palmer [KR4001], who was on the first Rhodesian course writes: *Some years later, as an apprentice with Campling Brothers our paths crossed from time to time, but it was during the Emergency that I was, for a short time Punch's Air Liason Officer (ALO) and with him undertook various airdrops in the old Piper Tri-Pacer. Punch made no bones about telling me and others that he preferred to do this on his own and didn't like carrying an ALO. He was quite happy with just the one hand to do this low level work on his own, but he was overruled by authority and was obliged to carry us.*

On one occasion, we flew into a cleared bush strip near the village of 'Ingibeni', and on approach I could see telegraph poles and said "I hope there are no wires on them". To which he replied "They take down the wires on the approach of any Airstrip, so don't worry." Seconds later we hit telephone wires, which frightened the hell out of us both, but luckily they were cut by the prop, and all was well. The Catholic priest who met us when we taxied to a stop said "I thought I was to be a witness to a BBQ!" After such a hair-aising experience we were in no mood for mirth! Fortunately, we were able to take off again, the prop having sustained no damage".]

I was alone with a once-again very irate Colonel in the middle of nowhere. Colonel Morcombe muttered about sending reports of conduct to the DC, but he had no other option but to board the Ford with Simba and me. I suggested a cup of coffee at my house, but Morcombe announced he had not come to drink coffee but to inspect the Home Guards and posts.

We set off on a round of inspection with my two askaris, who always travelled with me, sitting with guns at the ready and legs hanging over the side of the box-body in case of an ambush. Colonel Morcombe suggested leaving the dog behind. I said Simba always went wherever I did as he could sense a hidden ambush well in advance.

It seemed to worry the Colonel that I would even consider taking him to any area where we may be ambushed, but he never said a word and accepted my explanation. All went well until we arrived at a post on the river. By arriving early we had taken the men by surprise and they were still polishing equipment and cleaning their weapons.

Morcombe looked around and noticed one askari was missing a couple of rounds. "What did you use those bullets for?" he asked. "I shot a crocodile because the Bwana wanted the skin," the askari

answered. I let the Home Guard askaris shoot the odd croc if it was a known taker-of-goats or prevented people from collecting water. But I also insisted that if they shot a crocodile they had to salt the skin and give me a full report to verify how the bullet had been used.

Little was said on the way back to Fort Hall and lunch with the DC, only some mutterings about policy and conduct. I thought it might be amusing to arrange a mock ambush but decided against it. It was still all too possible to have the real thing, and several Officers had already been killed that way; Candler, Wood-White, Patterson and others.

On arrival, the DC, John Pinney, waited with his chubby face showing more or less a permanent smile. He obviously expected a spate of words from the Colonel embarrassed by his mode of transport. John had forgotten to check with Alan Simmance about sending down a Land Rover. The smile stayed on as he explained he thought the Colonel would like to see the situation in the field, and how we coped with insufficient transport!

Before the Colonel could reply, John went on, "Of course these local boys know so much more than us about the people and the country. It will be them and the Kikuyu people themselves who will win this war. They are an independent lot and really love this country where most of them were born and see it as their home. We rather let them get on with the way they do things and it seems to work."

By then Julia, John's wife had produced a sumptuous lunch, including the best of wines, which mellowed the Colonel. He said he was impressed with what he had seen and hoped we would continue the good work. Simba looked up at him and wagged his stumpy tail in approval.

[Old Africa Issue 16 – April/May 2007]

JOGINDER SINGH BHACHU

[9th February 1932 to 20th August 2014]

Joginder Singh Bhachu, who has died aged 81, was known as 'The Flying Sikh' for his achievements as an endurance rally driver in the 1960s and 1970s.

Born and brought up in Kenya, he made the East African Safari Rally his principal theatre, winning the event three times (1965, 1974 and 1976). Others have since won it more often - Shekhar Mehta

(five times) and Björn Waldegaard (four) - but in a race in which up to 90 per cent of the competitors fail to finish, Joginder's thirteen Top Ten finishes and only three retirements in 22 years, suggest that he may be the greatest driver the event has seen.



[LEFT: WINNERS OF THE 1965 EA SAFARI. L/R: NAVIGATOR/CO-DRIVER JASWANT SINGH, AND BROTHER JOHINDER BEING CONGRATULATED ON THEIR SUCCESS. I COUNT EIGHT PIECES OF SILVERWARE AND HOPEFULLY MIKE NORRIS OR MARGARET LEAD CAN IDENTIFY THEM. MIKE RECKONS THE CAR WAS A VOLVO PV544.]

Having begun in 1953 as the Coronation Rally (in honour of the Queen), the race was renamed the East African Safari Rally in 1960, and became the Safari Rally in 1973. In the early years the length

of the course varied between 3,100 and 4,000 miles, originally taking in Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda; from 1974 it was confined to Kenya on account of political unrest. Joginder and his fellow drivers faced hazards such as roaming wildlife and farm animals, blinding dust clouds and random boulders; worse than any of these, however, was the rain.

With the event coinciding with the start of the rainy season, flash flooding and mud were a major hazard. In 1981, in the space of 24 hours, the equivalent of ten years' rain drenched the Cherangani Hills section of the course; to make things worse, 30 cars received speeding tickets from the Kenyan police.

In 1968 only seven of the 93 cars finished. Joginder got stuck in the mud, but eventually came in fifth. [Mike Norris: *There were indeed seven finishers in 1968 and were known as the 'Unsinkable Seven'. 1963 also saw seven finishers, called the 'Magnificent Seven'. In both these years, the winners were Nick Nowicki and Paddy Cliff.*]

It was his performance in the 1971 event however, that shows the measure of the man. Early on in the race Joginder's Ford Escort had a gearbox problem which left him able to use only reverse. Deciding to return to his service crew, he drove backwards for three miles. "All this time about 70 more Safari cars were coming flat out towards me as I was reversing," he later recalled. "On reaching the service point, we found the crew had gone. Only two mechanics remained. We just opened up the gearbox and stripped it to bits. The gear selector had broken. There were no spare parts... We bent the levers in the gears so as to stick them in and put it all back into place. It took a lot of hammering." Eventually he set off again, having lost a lot of time. "We were the 100th car at one stage and we just kept overtaking them."

Joginder turned up at the finishing line at number three on the road, having overtaken more than 100 cars. It was only the loss of time that consigned him to 16th place on points. Joginder had won the 1965 Safari in a PV544 left behind by Volvo after the previous year's race. He and his brother, Jaswant, bought the car from the local Volvo dealer, rebuilt it themselves, and entered it privately - managing to beat all the works teams.



[LEFT: LEADER OF SAFARI RALLY REPORTING TEAM, KUL BHUSHAN, INTERVIEWS KENYA'S FLYING SIKH, JOGINDER SINGH, AT THE START OF THE SAFARI RALLY, A WORLD RALLY CHAMPIONSHIP EVENT, IN NAIROBI

Singh continued to compete in this event year after year, while at the same time clocking up victories in more than 60 local rallies in East Africa.

For the 1974 Safari Rally he was partnered by David Doig [KR6645] in the works Mitsubishi Colt Lancer which was regarded with its 1,600cc engine as being rather underpowered compared

with the formidable opposition.

Wet conditions for the event, combined with Singh's roadcraft and guile, left the more powerful opposition at sixes and sevens, and Singh claimed his second Safari victory.

It was an experience he was to repeat in 1976, again partnering Doig in a Mitsubishi, in conditions that were again, on the 'wet' side, favouring skill over sheer engine muscle.

The eldest of ten children, Joginder Singh Bhachu was born at Kericho in Kenya. After retiring from rallying in 1980, he pursued various business interests in London.

[Telegraph - 22nd September 2013]

Following on from the article about Pembroke House [m-S XLIII – December 2013] I received these photos.



L/R: PEMBROKE HOUSE. PUPILS ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE GILGIL/THOMSON'S FALLS RAILWAY LINE (1920s) AND THE BRIDGE TO THE PLAYING FIELDS (1950s).

[Ed: Understand this line no longer exists. Would appreciate any photos taken along this line – Gilgil, Oleolondo, Ol Kalou, Ol Joro Orok and T/Falls.]

ABF THE SOLDIERS' CHARITY

Did you serve in the Kenya Regiment and are your circumstances such that you are in need of financial help?

If so, ABF The Soldiers' Charity, who have kindly taken over the administration of the former Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust, may be able to provide assistance to you or your dependants. Assistance is typically designed to provide for medical expenses and relief of short-term financial difficulties.

If you are in need of financial assistance you should write or send an email in confidence, setting out the reasons for needing help, to:

Colonel Barney Haugh CBE
Director of Grants and Welfare
ABF The Soldiers' Charity
Mountbarrow House
6-20 Elizabeth Street
London
SW1W 9RB

Email: bhaugh@soldierscharity.org

AROUND AND ABOUT

[James Pirie KR7428]

Scotland

It all began in 1946, after my dad came back from the war in Europe and decided that Britain was not a good place to stay. He knew John. L. Riddoch who had timber estates near my Grandfather's farm, but also had the Ford agency in Tanganyika.

Next thing I knew, at four years old, I was on a former troop ship heading for Africa! We were one of the first passenger ships through the Suez Canal after it reopened; I was to go through the canal three more times in my life.

Tanganyika

Once we were settled in Arusha, I was off to primary school; nothing exciting except I discovered I did not like teachers. At about ten or eleven, I was sent to Kongwa Secondary School as a boarder, what an eye opener! Two terms a year, each of five months, always short of food, the *kiboko* being the weapon of choice for the slightest reason. Most of the teachers were sadistic bastards and the biggest and toughest boys were the prefects, mostly German and Italians, who pretty much did as they pleased.

Kenya

Once I had finished school, I moved to Kenya where my Father had bought a farm in Londiani; I did not get on with him, so got a job on a farm in Timboroa as a farm assistant, though most of the time I was running the place as the owners were in RSA. While there I received call up papers for the Kenya Regiment. What the hell? Coming from Tanganyika, I had never heard of the Kenya Regiment.

I duly pitched up at Lanet and took an immediate dislike to the British Army NCO's and Officers. I thought 'here we go; boarding school all over again!' Military life was not for me, but I was a good shot and about the only thing I enjoyed was being on the range; anyway I survived.



On completion of my training I returned to the Timboroa farm, but my Father was attacked and his skull cracked, so I looked after his farm. When he came back it was time to move on and I was employed to run a farm which had been sold and the previous owners had left; I remained until the new owners moved in.

I should mention at this stage, that I am very compulsive and restless (itchy feet), but I am also a very lucky person - I won a car in Germiston, and nearly always win at raffles. I have driven to work in one car and come home in another. During my married life I have bought eleven houses and sold nine.

[LEFT: PHOTO FROM POLICE ID.] During this time I had joined the KPR, and one day I found out that a GSU was chasing a gang and that they were still looking for two of them; my farm boys had seen two strangers running into the bush, so I took one of my workers, tracked and caught them. I was heading for the Police Station to hand them over, when I met the GSU with Ian Henderson in

charge; they were most impressed and Ian shook my hand. That kept me in beers for a few days at the Londiani Hotel!

I was getting restless with my life, so one morning I packed all my belongings into my car, drove to Nakuru, sold the lot to a second hand dealer, bought a back-pack and I was off on my way South!

Along the way I met a young Italian called John, also on his way South, so we teamed up. We travelled through Tanzania with a few incidents, and into Northern Rhodesia just before independence. One day we were walking along the road through the bush when the Rhodesian army caught up with us, and told us we were walking through an area where there was a religious war of some kind going on amongst the tribes in the area. We went along with them and the WO's and Sgt's Mess made us very welcome, my first taste of Lion Lager.

We travelled with the soldiers and parted company at Kipiri Mposhe, they went North and we continued South, eventually arriving at the Zambezi River and the Southern Rhodesian border at Chirundu, where we came horribly unstuck! They took away our passports and made us camp on the banks of the river for several days; the only way to keep clean was to swim in the river every day; guess the crocs weren't hungry as we survived.

A few days later our passports were returned and we were told to return whence we came! So, off we went, going north; along the way we met a lot of back-packers, both male and female, including a young German guy who teamed up with us.

After some ups and downs we made it to the Tanzanian border; unstuck again! The Indian in charge at the border post would not let us back into Tanzania as we did not have re-entry permits, nobody had told us about them. Such a minor requirement was not going to stop us, so back into the bush where we waited for nightfall and crossed the border. After a few miles found the main road and some Indians very kindly gave us a lift to Dar es Salaam.

In Dar we were sleeping on the beach and I had a bad go of malaria - my first bout had been at Kongwa School - and I was in a pretty bad way, so my two mates managed to get me to an Indian doctor at night who fixed me up, and booked us into a cheap Indian hotel. After a few days when I was feeling better, the three of us headed for Tanga. The next problem was how to get into Kenya with 'invalid' passports.

One night I was sitting in a local bar and met a young Arab who told me he was going to Kenya the next day. I enquired about border posts and it turned out there were none on the back road along the coast, so for a few quid we were in Mombasa the next day. After a couple of days I decided to go back to Londiani and stay with my folks until I could sort out my life; my Father did not speak to me for a long time, but that was not unusual.

Kenya

I was employed by a Government agency which was overseeing abandoned farms and ranches, and employing young men to run them until they were sold. My first posting was on a ranch in Nanyuki but I was soon redeployed to a 30,000 acre ranch in the hills behind Lake Naivasha, right up against the Masai reserve.

When I arrived I found a few cattle and a young Italian who was working for the absentee owner; he left and I started getting the place in order. The house was huge - seven bedrooms and four bathrooms; there were also about five hundred black families who it was planned, would move onto the place when it was sold. The ranch teemed with all types of wild game and I often arranged for

hunting parties to come and stay. I had to acquire some horses as a lot of the ranch had no roads. I bought two from Lord Delamere and others from various places until I had about ten in all.

We now had to stock the ranch, and I remember the one lot of cattle came by train to Naivasha station, one thousand in all. I now had to get them to the ranch some forty miles away; I unloaded them about midday and started the trek. None of the ranchers along the way would let me stop and water them as there was a foot and mouth outbreak in the area; it took about twenty four hours to get them to the ranch, and I did not lose an animal.

Another time, two hundred full grown bulls from the NFD were brought in by truck, they might as well have been buffaloes, all horns, humps and balls, never been dipped or handled in any way. I now had to brand, castrate, cut the points of their horns and dip them - that was a wild couple of weeks.

In the end I had more than three thousand head of stock, which took a lot of herding, especially as the Masai kept raiding to steal cattle and women, and the local Police, twenty odd miles away, weren't interested in my problems as the Masai were involved; I was really enjoying myself; kept life interesting, also lots of hunting.

About this time I decided do something about my passport, which indicated I should not have been in Kenya. So I went to the British High Commission in Nairobi, and managed to convince them that my passport had been stolen and was issued with a new one - lucky streak again!

After a few months my boss who was the area manager based in Nakuru, was replaced by a black who knew nothing about anything, so I left.

My next job was managing a very rundown ranch for an East African Airways pilot, one Nobby Clarkson who planned to retire there. The ranch was at the back-end of Songhor, surrounded by forest. I was warned by ranchers in the area to be very careful, as getting round would be on horseback as it was very rough country and the local population were none too friendly and inclined to throw spears at one. Nobby used to think it very funny that I always had a gun on me when riding; sadly, about a year after I left he was murdered on the ranch.

While at Songhor, I had to find a new route to move cattle to railhead, the nearest one by road was Kericho, a fair distance away. I rode up through the forest and came out on the hills at Timboroa not far from the station. It was a climb of six thousand feet from the valley in Songhor, but I thought it would be an ideal route. With six or so black riders I made this trip several times, having to stop in the forest overnight in a clearing I had located earlier; no sleep; had to watch the cattle, but it worked!

My Father was more or less forced to sell his farm, so he returned to Fords in Dar es Salaam, and asked me to close down the farm and get the last crops in, which I did. I started dating a girl in Nakuru at that time and like a fool got married (biggest mistake of my life). Early in 1969 we moved to Benoni in South Africa.

South Africa

My lucky streak worked for me once again. I had only been in SA a few weeks when I landed a job at Rand Airport with a company called Field Aviation. They were looking for people with a mechanical ability, willing to attend technical college at night, where they would train us to maintain aircraft and overhaul of their engines. Well, I took to it like a duck to water, I qualified and made inspector in four years.

On the way down from Kenya I had to book tickets to Swaziland and back to Kenya as my travellers cheques were stamped 'Not negotiable in RSA', and this was the only way I could get any money out; my Dad lost all his the moment he crossed the Tanzanian border; they froze his accounts and it is still the same to this day!

Along the way a son, Shane, was born and a few years later a daughter, Shilo. Married life was not going well and about eight years later I got divorced (great move on my part). Most of the guys I worked with at Rand were divorced having suffered from AIDS (aircraft induced divorce syndrome).

I joined a large motor bike club and started to enjoy life! I think I was enjoying it too much, and after a wild year it was time to get back on the straight and narrow before I got into real trouble and lost my job. One night I was at what I would call a civilized party and I saw this very pretty young blonde called Colleen.



As my luck would have it a guy who worked with me knew her dad, so I got her phone number. She was a divorcee with a young son, George, who I later adopted. We were married four months later - I said I was impulsive - that was thirty five years ago and we're still going strong!

Our wedding was not conventional in any sense, apart from the church service. I rode from Germiston to the church at Benoni on a 1000cc Kawasaki, followed by some fifty bikers; we had a great party afterwards. [LEFT: CUTTING THE CAKE WITH A MACHETE?]

After some fourteen years at Rand Airport the 'feet started itching' and I decided to move to the coast, so got a job in quality control with a company that was moving to East London from Jo-burg.

The company supplied all the engine blocks for Mercedes Benz cars which were assembled in East London, plus other components for Mercs, and other motor companies.

I bought a house in Gonubie - a great place to live. I also bought a ski-boat and got my skipper's ticket to take a boat out to sea. I also took music lessons, learnt to read music and play a guitar. I joined a folk-music club and enjoyed attending music festivals around the country.

Around 1990, a lot of civil unrest occurred, and companies, including the one I worked for, were going under because of strikes, so what to do now? Not much around East London.

I saw an ad for estate agents, studied, passed the exams, and started to sell houses. I did very well - sold three one Saturday morning alone and was really enjoying it, money was good, until everybody decided to go to Australia and then you couldn't give a house away.

Then my lucky streak kicked in again - I received a phone call from the aircraft company I had left ten years ago, they wanted me back, urgently. So, I put the house on the market and headed for Jo-burg.

For the first year and a half everything was dandy; then, early 1993 the work just stopped and staff were retrenched; I did not wait for my turn; I resigned, sold the house and headed for the UK.

Scotland

We arrived in the north of Scotland in winter, fifty miles from Aberdeen; not impressed. I found the towns dirty and the people did not like what they called 'incomers', even though I had a lot of relatives in the area. Jobs were difficult to come by, so Colleen and I 'went back to school' for a year and sat with the kids to learn how to use a computer; a wise move.

Colleen got a good job; she is a lot younger than me and can also type very fast. I struggled as I was in my fifties, and as a result took a lot of short term, crappy jobs just to bring in some money, the kind of jobs I never dreamt I would do, but in Scotland you do what you can to survive.

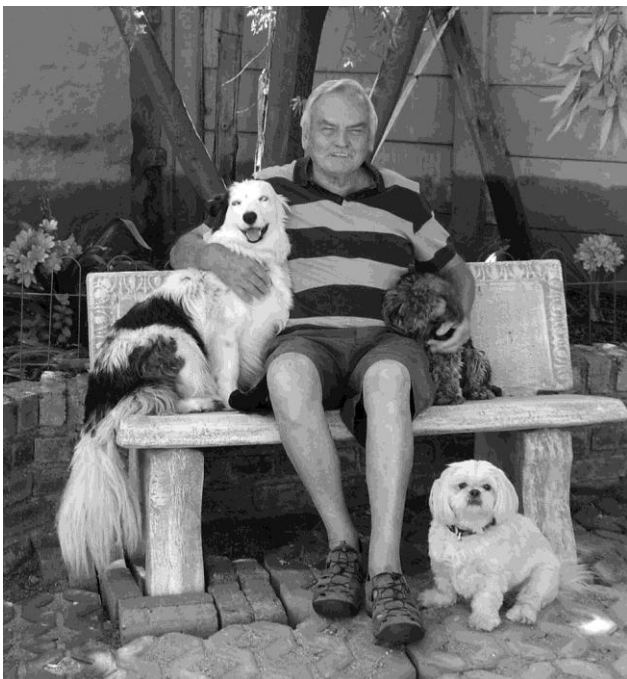
One day, I saw an ad for a quality assurance engineer at a large fabrication factory; I applied and got the job, and from then on things improved. I was there for some eight years and retirement age loomed.

One good thing about living in the UK is that it is easy to travel; we went on holiday to many different countries - Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Greek Islands (several times, great places) Albania (not recommended), Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Key West, Bahamas, Ireland, England, Holland, Tunisia and Egypt, and Tenerife where we had a time-share. We also visited RSA several times.

While in UK I attended a KR luncheon at Winchester, most enjoyable even though it entailed a six hundred mile drive to get there.

South Africa

We moved back to South Africa and when some of the guys I had worked with at Rand Airport heard I was back, the next thing I knew I was working on aircraft again. I stuck it for about a year and a half and then decided it was time to retire, which I found very difficult at first. Anyway I am now settled, even though I was asked if I wanted to come back a few months ago.



We had been back here for nearly three years when we got word one Sunday from the police in Scotland, that they had found our son George dead in his flat from a heart attack, at the age of 35.

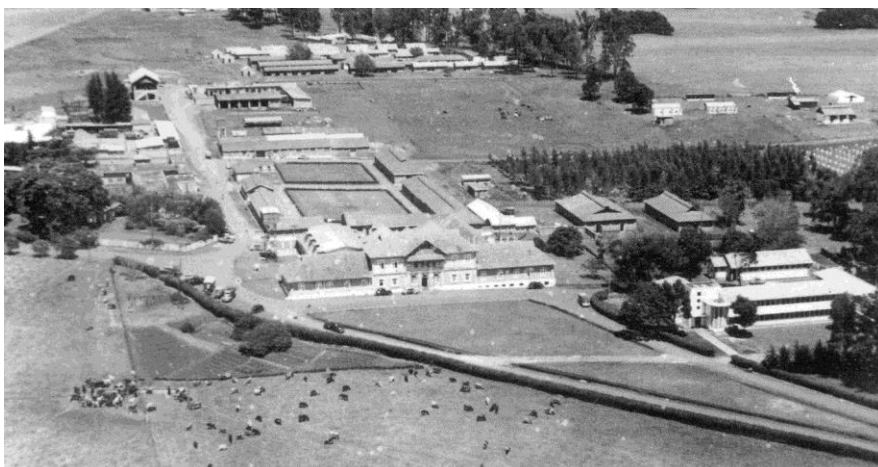
We live in a large house in Benoni, which with our five dogs, keep me busy. I weld security gates, palisades etc, do woodwork, cook, garden, play one of my five guitars. I also convert records and tapes onto CD, and VHS tapes onto DVD.

[LEFT: JIM IN RETIREMENT WITH THREE OF THE FIVE DOGS.]

Colleen has a very good job as a store's manager and has some years to go before retirement. We recently bought a retirement home which we have no intention of occupying for at least ten years, if I live that long; but will rent it out, and such is my life up till now.

JAMES BURTON 1880 - 1952

[Lawrence Burton KR3445]



James Burton, an early pioneer in Kenya, was closely connected with the Veterinary Laboratories at Kabete. [LEFT: 1950s - OA5]

Son, Lawrence Burton, fills in the details of the interesting life of one who had much to contribute to agricultural progress in Kenya and whose activities should not be forgotten.

My father's initial connection with Kenya started when he was recruited by the British Government in Scotland, in 1903, to collect and ship out a selection of farm stock to Kenya. This was accomplished under the direction of a Major Linton, of whom I knew little other than his name. The collection included most farm animals from heavy draught horses to a pair of Angora goats.

Unfortunately the Angora male jumped overboard on the sea journey. A farm was established on the site of the Muthaiga Golf Club and my father was installed as manager. During the time he was there he undertook to align and build the section of road between Forest Road (cemetery end) and the junction of Fort Hall and Ruiru roads, using convict labour.

He left the Service in 1906, and married my mother Catherine Jane Stevens in St Stephens Church, which originally stood on Whitehouse Road at the Railway crossing. As I said earlier, I knew nothing of the background or history of Major Linton, and can only assume that he left the Service at the time as my father, as they formed a partnership to farm in the area of the Lukenia Hills. The objective was to cross the imported Merino with the local sheep. This was doomed to failure due entirely to the inadequacy of dipping solutions at that time to penetrate the heavy fleece of the Merino. The problem was, of course, the ticks.

I was born on the farm, certainly without the aid of a midwife, but the doctor did arrive shortly after my birth. The hardships of the time can be judged by the fact that mother spent the early stages of labour on her own, while my father rode as fast as a mule could carry him to Athi River Station to call the Doctor; I arrived just before him.

My father left Lukenia and in the period up to 1912 tried to farm on his own in Lumbwa, and then in the Masongalene - Kibwezi area. He decided he could not accept the health risks involved and in 1912, rejoined the Agriculture Department, which had by this time moved from the original farm at Muthaiga to Kabete, the Laboratories at Upper Kabete (Animal Husbandry) and Plant Industries at Lower Kabete.

He served with the Laboratories until his retirement in 1930. During this time at Kabete, my parents were well known, particularly in the large farming community in the Nakuru area. They were always in the forefront in raising funds for charity by organising one-day and weekend tennis tournaments.

As my father was unable to join the forces in the 1914-18 War mother undertook to establish and run the officers' mess of the Indian Mounted Artillery Battery encamped near their house

After my father's death in 1952, my mother remained in Kenya until 1962 when, as there was some doubt about her welfare, I sent her home to Scotland. She died in 1973 at the age of 93.

[Jambo Number 42 - East African Group Letter - Autumn 1985]

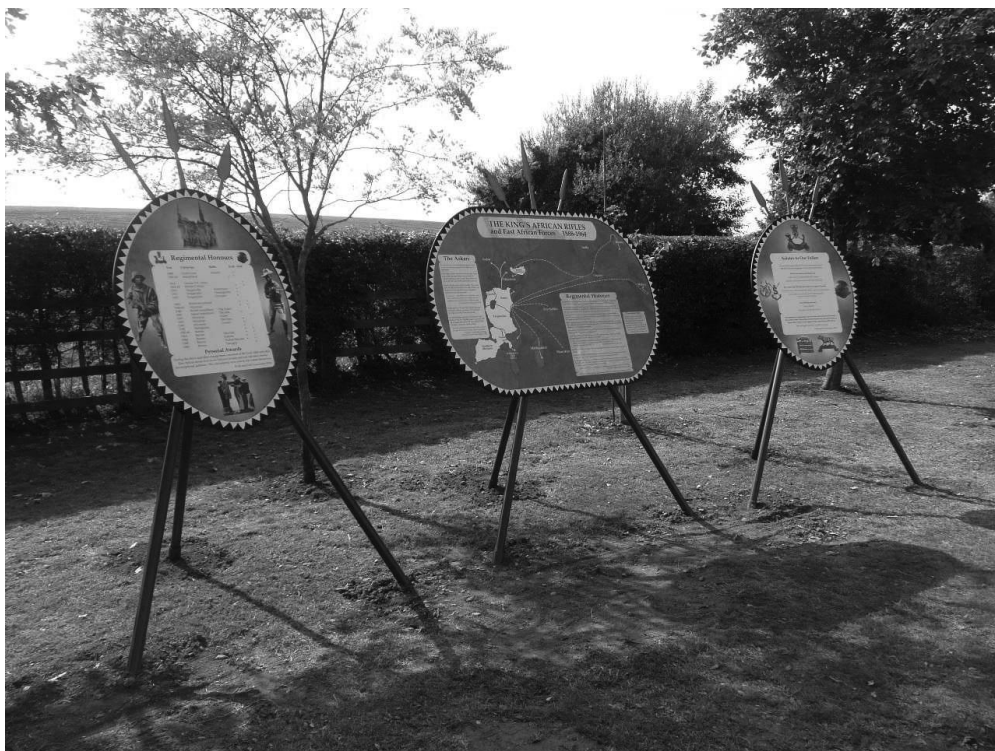
KAR & EAF MEMORIAL PLOT – CEREMONY OF RE-DEDICATION

[John Davis KR7457]

A Ceremony of Re-Dedication of the King's African Rifles & East African Forces Association's Memorial Plot was held on Tuesday 9th September 2014 at the National Memorial Arboretum, Staffordshire.

The National Memorial Arboretum is the UK's Centre of Remembrance to honour the men and women who have served the Nation in many different ways (www.thenma.org.uk). There are many memorials throughout the site which remember those who lost their lives serving their country. The Arboretum is also home to the Armed Forces Memorial which commemorates those who have been killed on duty, or as a result of terrorism, from the end of the Second World War.

The eye-catching KAR & EAF Memorial Plot [BELOW] consists of three shield-shaped silica-enamel display boards showing respectively 'Regimental Honours', 'The Askari, Regimental Histories and the Campaigns 1888-1964' and a 'Salute to Our Fallen' where our Buffalo badge is prominently displayed.



Some eighty official and invited guests attended the Ceremony which was conducted by the Rt Rev'd John Kirkham MA, former Bishop to HM Forces and Honorary Chaplain to the Association. Prayers were followed by the Binyon Poem spoken by Brigadier David Williams (1 KAR/ 1Malawi Rifles), President of the Association, and then spoken in *Chichewa* by

Michael Lavery (1KAR). This was followed by the Kohima Epitaph spoken by Major-General Patrick Stone CB CBE (6 KAR), Patron, and then in *Ki-Swahili* by Captain David Nickol MBE (Kenya Regiment and 6 KAR). The Last Post and Reveille were followed by the singing of 'Tufunga Safari'.

[RIGHT: A SPRITELY 94 YEAR OLD CAPTAIN DAVID NICKOL MBE [KR564] WHO SERVED WITH 6 KAR IN ABYSSINIA, SOMALILAND, MADAGASCAR AND BURMA']



The Kenya Regiment Association was represented at the Ceremony by Major Carol Gurney and his guests John and Jan Davis. Our Association had made a donation of £1,000 towards the Memorial Plot and this was gratefully acknowledged by Brigadier David Williams in his speech following an excellent lunch held in a marquee close by the Memorial Plot.

For those who might not know, the Kenya Regiment Roll of Honour listing one hundred and fifty one names from the Second World War and thirty one names from the Emergency is displayed behind glass alongside our Colours in the Chapel at the Sir John Moore Barracks, Winchester, where they are in the safe keeping of the Chaplain and The Rifles Trust.

LEST WE FORGET

MAU MAU MURDER : 22nd NOVEMBER 1952

[Margery Mumford – The Spectator 5 December 1952]

The Meiklejohns were the third Europeans to settle, in 1921 [Ed: *I think this could be incorrect?*], in Thomson's Falls, their farm being one of the first of the Settlement Board Farms to be allocated after the 1918 war.

Commander Meiklejohn served in the Royal Navy. His wife is a doctor of medicine, and had practised in the district; latterly she had looked after the cattle on the farm whilst her husband was responsible for the wheat and pyrethrum. She ran the farm during his absence in the war, as did so many wives.

You turn off the main road and drive for a mile or more along the usual rough Kenya farm-track, across the grassy plain with its fringe of cedar and olive forest, between a field of barley and a field of silvery pyrethrum. First you see some most attractive weathered-brick stables—nostalgic, English stables. Then you see the house, of the same brick, Queen Anne flavour; a gracious, friendly home built out of the farm-profits; set in a clearing in the forest which stretches to the Aberdares, twenty miles distant, where young Kikuyu men who have taken an oath, dedicating themselves, in blood and entrails, to an anti-European war, are in hiding in the thick extensive forest.

You know what happened last night, and you note the cars pulled up in the long grass at the side of the drive, the policeman on guard at the gate with fixed bayonet, the crowd of women on the one hand and the crowd of men on the other, the farm-labourers and squatters waiting to be questioned. There are police everywhere. For last night the Meiklejohns were attacked by six Africans armed with *pangas*.

Yesterday afternoon the Meiklejohns left the farm and went and played golf with their near neighbours and friends, the Lewises. Commander Meiklejohn and Mr. Lewis were in an Italian POW camp together in the last war, Commander Meiklejohn having been captured when his ship was sunk on the Malta Convoy.

Lewis is a younger man, with an attractive, fair-haired, blue-eyed wife and an enchanting little son of two-and-a-half, who was in a frenzy when we called because the Meiklejohns' spaniel was playing somewhat roughly with 'Lily', the Lewises' Irish setter. He stuttered with rage in a mixture of Swahili, Lumbwa and English.

Mrs. Meiklejohn and Mrs. Lewis had discussed the child last evening on their way home from golf; ought he not to be sent back to England? How bad was the situation in Thomson's Falls? Mrs. Meiklejohn said that she simply could not believe that her servants would betray her; her cook had been with her over twenty years, and he was her friend. Mr. Lewis agreed.

The two women doctored the sick; the men would drive the dangerously ill to hospital. They gave advice; adjudicated in small quarrels. "Anybody who does not like Africans should not live in this country," they said. Now the Lewises are wondering whether they and the Meiklejohns are not the ones who were wrong and those farmers who believe in tougher treatment were not right.

When the Meiklejohns arrived home they changed, had dinner and were sipping coffee in the sitting-room whilst a Kikuyu servant put some more logs on the fire. Mrs. Meiklejohn had a pistol in her bag, and Commander Meiklejohn had his on the table in front of him. For violence had come to the homes of three of their neighbours in the past fortnight, and, although they trusted their own servants, it would be unintelligent to deny the threat to security.

Mrs. Meiklejohn first saw the intruders, who had locked up the other servants in the back quarters. She called to her husband, but he had not time to release the safety-catch of his pistol before his arm was slashed with a *panga*. Mrs. Meiklejohn was slashed before she could open her bag. They are still unconscious today, so that you can only deduce what happened, but it is clear that there was a struggle; there is blood all over the pretty pale green sofa-cover, blood on the floor, blood spattered over the mirror behind the sofa. On the table are the Spectator and the British Medical Journal.

Commander Meiklejohn's pistol was found under the carpet. It looks as if they collapsed and the gang left them for dead or were interrupted, for they apparently took nothing. Commander Meiklejohn managed to get upstairs where he had left his shotgun, but he collapsed over it, and it is now stained with his blood.

Mrs. Meiklejohn somehow or other managed to get her car out of the garage, and drive-with her wrist cut to the bone-that bumpy mile-and-a-half to the main road, then seven miles to the police station. Arrived there, she gasped out "My husband" and collapsed.

They are now both in Nakuru Hospital, dangerously ill (Commander Meiklejohn died the next day) The servant who had been making up the fire when the Meiklejohns were attacked, fled. Mrs. Meiklejohn's trust seems to have been misplaced there. Preliminary investigation shows that at least one of the other servants knew of the attack, and the cook, that friend of twenty years, admitted that he knew it was planned. Even faithful servants may be intimidated, and the fear of the witch doctor is greater than the daylight fear of bullets or imprisonment.

So what, we asked the Lewises, are you going to do about it? Their servants, they said, are Jaluo and not Kikuyu, and express themselves deeply shocked that the Kikuyu could have attacked such a good Bwana and Memsahib. "But," said Mr. Lewis, "this has shaken us considerably, and we feel very differently about the situation since yesterday." He said that he had had no trouble on his farm,

where the labourers and squatters are eighty per cent Kikuyu and the remainder Lumbwa. In two years the Lewises have built a charming house with cedar cut from their own forest, and the garden, lawn and flower-beds under spreading cedar-trees, was an English foreground to the dam which they had built and the now menacing forest stretching beyond.

The farm, mixed like the Meiklejohn's, is just beginning to pay. "We definitely like our Africans here," said its owner, "I don't want to be driven off this farm. My wife and I love it-and I hope to die here and to hand it on to my son."

It would not appear that these attacks on isolated farm have, so far, been organised by Mau Mau, but have rather been the acts of individual criminals inspired by Mau Mau. Or are we making a vital psychological error in looking for a Mau Mau "organisation? [Ed: *Dr. Miekjohn was awarded the MBE.*]

THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN IN KENYA 1914-16

[Kevin Patience]

The outbreak of the First World War was declared in Britain on 4 August 1914 but the first the settlers in the colony of British East Africa, now Kenya, knew about it was the following day when the Governor Sir Henry Belfield made a proclamation in the local newspaper, stating '*I do hereby declare that war has broken out between England and Germany*'. The news spread rapidly around the colony and it wasn't long before dozens of settlers arrived in Nairobi anxious to take on the '*Hun next door*' as German East Africa was the neighbouring colony sharing a common border running from Lake Victoria to the east African coast.

Nairobi was ill-prepared for war and a state of chaos existed in the capital and settlers resorted to raising the roof at various well known watering holes. However in this state of gung ho euphoria it was decided that the Uganda Railway, lifeline of the colony, needed protection and settlers formed themselves into groups with interesting names such as Bowker's Horse and Cole's Scouts. Despite the disorganisation these groups of men performed admirably and were later amalgamated to become the East African Mounted Rifles.

Nothing war-like occurred until the early hours of the 15 August 1914 when a German patrol of around 200 *Schutztruppe* (Colonial Protection Force) composed of European and African troops crossed the border heading for the small township of Taveta. Shots fired during the initial skirmish at the border post alerted the British commissioner La Fontaine who leaned out of the police post window and fired the opening shots of the war in East Africa wounding the first German European soldier, Friedrich Boeker; Boeker died later that day and his grave lies in the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery at Taveta.

La Fontaine hurriedly evacuated the township with his small force and marched twenty miles through the bush back to Maktau, a small British outpost. With the abandonment of Taveta a substantial amount of British territory was lost to the Germans who under the command of Colonel Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck began to dig in and reinforce their gains and it was not long before they began to attack the main railway from Mombasa to Nairobi. They were extremely successful and attacked the line fifty-six times in six months, derailing trains and causing serious delays.

Following the disastrous seaborne landing at the port of Tanga in German East Africa in November 1914, the Allied command drew up plans for a land invasion of the enemy colony. In February 1915 Lord Kitchener sanctioned construction of a metre gauge railway from Voi towards Taveta. Voi

was a major town a hundred miles inland from Mombasa and here thousands of tons of railway material and military supplies were stock piled for the thrust towards the German border.

One of the main reasons for a railway was the monsoon rains which quickly turned a dry dusty track into a virtually impassable morass. The line progressed slowly eventually reaching Maktau in June 1915. The small outpost rapidly grew to be one of the largest military camps in East Africa.

The Germans had meanwhile advanced further into British territory from Taveta and established a major vantage point on top of Salaita Hill and further on at Mbuyuni, where they dug hundreds of yards of trenches and defences. They were now less than a day's ride from Maktau. A pitched battle occurred here in July 1915, which the Allies lost.



To help patrol the line, four Rolls Royce armoured cars [LEFT] were brought to the railhead; their tactics of rushing through the bush with Vickers machine gun blazing unnerved the German askari who nicknamed them *Kifaru* (Rhinoceros in Swahili).

The Germans continued their attacks on the railway and one of these incursions led to an action in which Lt. Dartnell was subsequently awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross. [Ed: See *m-S XXIX pp40-42*]

RIGHT: SUPPORT VEHICLES

The campaign moved into German East Africa in March 1916 and later into Portuguese East Africa and dragged on until November 1918 when Lettow-Vorbeck surrendered on the 25 November, fourteen days after the Armistice. He had been unaware of the wars ending until notified by letter from the commanding officer of the Allied force.



After the war the military line from Voi to Taveta fell into disuse and it wasn't until the 1920s that the line became part of the railway system. Over the years the site of the camps and battles were overgrown and forgotten.

In the 1970s and 80s the author made a number of trips to the area and located large amounts of battlefield debris and fortifications. Others followed including long term friend James Willson, who explored and recorded the military sites. His findings produced an excellent book published this year entitled '*Guerillas of Tsavo*'.



It was through James's efforts that the local Taita-Taveta district council members realised the potential of attracting visitors to the area to see the sites of conflicts long ago. To mark the First World War centenary a number of events were planned in the area including a commemoration of the first shots fired in the campaign on 15 August 2014.

LEFT. A cemetery information plaque provided by the War Graves Commission, was unveiled by the Deputy Governor of the Taita-Taveta region Her Excellency Mary Ndigho assisted by Mr Rod Carkett, the CWGC regional manager; gentlemen on the left and right, unknown.

The Taveta ceremony was well attended by local dignitaries, tribal elders, the town's people and the Kenya Regiment Association members. The latter was the last colonial regiment formed in 1937 and disbanded on Kenya's independence in 1963.

The members held an initial remembrance at Voi CWG cemetery where a wreath was laid at the Cross of Sacrifice and the grave of Lt. Wilbur Dartnell VC. Also in attendance was the cemetery curator Wanchira who at 93 is the longest serving employee of this illustrious organisation who still tends the graves of the fallen.

[Ed: *Photos supplied by the author.*]

LIONS BLUFF LODGE, LUMI WILDLIFE CONSERVANCY, VOI, KENYA

[Dennis Leete KR4094 - 15th August, 2014]

Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Thank you all for attending this gathering tonight, on the centenary of the first shots fired in BEA at the start of the Great War.

When we look back, through the dim window of time, I wonder what those men were thinking on this night 100 years ago. War had been declared in Europe twelve days previously, and some still hoped that somehow it would not start in Africa. Agreements had been signed between Nations in Europe, in the 1890's that any disputes would not spread to their African possessions. Others, with the optimism of youth, thought it would all be over by Christmas.

Some six of you here tonight, had fathers who fought in this campaign, and may have been camped within a few miles from here. But one thing is as sure as Hell; they could never have imagined, in their wildest dreams, that one hundred years later, their sons would be sitting here tonight, eating and drinking together in a comfortable Lodge to commemorate that event.

We have had the privilege of having three noted historians with us:—

Prof. Ann Samson, Chairman of the Great War in Africa Association.
Mr. Kevin Patience, author of several books on WW1 and WW2.

Mr. James Willson, author of 'Guerrillas of Tsavo', and noted battlefield tour guide and lecturer.

They are, arguably, amongst the top ten in the World; and they have vividly described some of the actions, and problems, confronting these protagonists, and the hardships they endured, and the casualties inflicted upon them, both by nature, and the confusion of some of their leaders.

Prof. Ann Samson has given us insights into the incredible endurance of the thousands of African porters who carried the supplies including water, on their heads to the soldiers on the front line, over 50 kms per day, with just a litre bottle of water for themselves to get there and back; and how many died of diseases such as malaria and dysentery, or thirst in terrible heat; let alone being shot.

But as we listen to those stories, and the actions of the men who lived and died unsung, amongst the volcanic rocks and scrub; one name is repeated, again and again and again. It is spoken of, in terms of leadership, discipline and determination, which is somehow tinged with admiration, for his survival for four years as an underdog, against overwhelming odds. Though an enemy, the name invokes respect, and I believe we can fittingly raise a Toast to him.



Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to stand and drink to the memory of Paul von Lettow Vorbeck [LEFT – COURTESY OF UMBC.EDN WEBSITE.]

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WWI COMMEMORATION SAFARI –
TAVETA – AUGUST 2014

Just back from the Commemoration Safari to Voi and Taveta.. A really great trip for some eighteen of us (not all KRA) with three top historians/authors who each gave a presentation over the three nights we were at Lions Bluff Lodge.

I doubt you could collect three better authorities, out of the World's top ten on this campaign, in one place, so we were very privileged listening to them discuss the politics, strategy, battles, cock ups, and the incompetence of the leadership, from different perspectives.

Ann Samson is a very interesting personality, with a PhD on the subject. A non-drinking, South African, German-speaker, who lives in UK on a research grant from both British and German sources, but spends a couple of months a year in Arusha involved with an NGO on teacher training; at the same time researching the War in various archives and records, and visiting the sites. You might say rather left-wing intelligentsia, paying attention to the cause and plight of the African porters and soldiers, on both sides, and their attitude to the combatants. But very pleasant and knowledgeable, and no chips about our ignorance on her subject, and actually expressing a great deal of interest in the material presented by James Willson and Kevin Patience.

Kevin is a machinery buff, so followed the equipment side; such as the fate of the Pegasus and Konisburg guns after their sinking, as well as Uganda Railways saga , that the Germans were trying to destroy.



LEFT: DENNIS WHO ARRANGED THE KRA SAFARI. AND ON THE RIGHT - AT THE BOTTOM OF SALAITA HILL, NO DOUBT WONDERING WHETHER HE SHOULD HAVE USED THE LANDROVER. [Photos by Rob Harte]

Over two days we visited some six sites, including the legendary baobab tree in which a German woman was supposed to have taken refuge, when overrun, and lived in it for several days, even weeks behind British Lines, taking out British troops, who had no idea where this sniper was firing from; shades of the Priory



Ridge incident 40 years later in the Abedares.



[LEFT] MWASHOTI. L/R: - KEVIN NEYLAN (OBSCURED); DAVE STANLEY [KR4810]; JOHN GOODWIN; DAVID BETTS, JANE LEETE AND JAMES WILLSON [Photo by Rob Harte]

James was televised on BBC World on Monday night, on site with an African reporter, for about five minutes, but none of us were shown, so it must have been on a

separate occasion.

We laid Wreaths at both Voi and Taveta CWGC cemeteries; the latter, as part of the Government ceremony with the Deputy Governor of the Province and dozens of Officials. I suspect they saw it as a dress rehearsal for the 28th August, when the UK High Commissioner and the German Ambassador will be there, to lay wreaths together at the graves of both British and German soldiers, who are both present, in that particular cemetery.

I must say I am very glad we will not be there, among the masses, and have had the freedom to do our own thing in our own time.

I will start working on an account of the safari shortly [Ed: *Still waiting!*], as well as my unscripted speech at the Dinner on the Centenary evening, when I took the opportunity to Toast the memory of a certain Paul von Lettow Vorbeck. Apart from the Toast, I cannot remember a word I said! So you will know that it's all made up! [Ed: *Dennis addressed this article to Maj Harry Fecitt MBE, well known author and military researcher.*]

PRO PATRIA – 1939 to 1945 – PRINCE of WALES SCHOOL,



Name(s), awards, age, rank, number, unit, date of death, memorial, additional information

AGGETT, Hudson Boyce, Major, 322300, Gen List, [KR404], 12/02/44, East Africa Memorial, Nairobi [Went down with SS Khedive Ismail]

BAILLIE, William Frank Allen, 19, Sgt (A/G), 700739, 223 Sqn (RAFVR), 15/10/1943, Cassino.

BASSO, Victor David, Sgt (pilot), 700911, 43 Sqn (RAFVR), 03/01/1945, Faenze, Italy

BRETTELL, William Anthony McDuff, 20, Flt Sgt (pilot), 791198, 98 Sqn (RAFVR), 23/06/1943 Eastham, UK

CAMERON, Robert Dyce, 25, Flt Sgt, 776154 5 Sqn (RAFVR), 18/05/1942 Singapore memorial

CATTELL, Edwin Annesley, 20, Flt Sgt, 700912, 146 Sqn (RAFVR), 17/03/1945, Imphal War Cemetery, India

COWAN JA, Tpr, KR2839, Kenya Regiment, 22/08/1941, Asmara War Cemetery, Eritrea

COWEN, Geoffrey Brian, DFM, 20, Sgt (pilot), 776058, RAFVR, 04/01/1942, Cirencester, UK

DANBY, Alastair George Grogan, 25, 2/Lt, 218832, EAASC, 28/08/1940, Nanyuki

DAVIDSON, Malcolm Stuart, 22, P/O, 65981, 42 Sqn (RAFVR), 21/03/1942, Darlington West Cemetery, UK

DE HAAFF, Nathan Coleman Alexander, 19, Serjeant, KR1086, Kenya Regiment, 29/04/1940, Nairobi War Cemetery

DYER, Michael Rossiter Cotton, P/O (pilot), 84992, RAFVR, 27/03/1941, Keren War Cemetery, Eritrea

FINCH, Arthur John Heneage, DFC, Flt/Lt, 39937, 217 Sqn (RAFVR), 12/02/1942, Runnymede Memorial

FITTALL-LAW, Serjeant, B/407, EAE&ME, 12/02/1944, East Africa Memorial, Nairobi, [Went down with SS Khedive Ismail]

GENOWER, John Albert, 25, Signalmán, KR1444, EAACSigns, 15/07/1943, Mombasa (Mbaraki) Cemetery

GRIFFIN, Terence Oliver, Serjeant, KR938, 11 KAR, 07/09/1944, Imphal War Cemetery, India

HARRIES, James Allen, 23, F/Lt, 334680, 55 Sqn (RAFVR), 1/10/1941, Alamein Memorial, Egypt

HELBERG, Fritjov, 24, LAC, 776096, RAF, 16/06/1941, Ismalia War Memorial Cemetery, Egypt

HIGGS, Roy Boteville, 22, L/Cpl, 689, EA Recon Regt, 14/05/1941 Nairobi (Forest Rd) Cemetery

JARRETT, Stanley Leonard, CSM, KR421. Kenya Regiment Att KAR., 06/04/1941. Addis Ababa War Cemetery, Ethiopia

KETTLES-ROY, Peter, 20, P/O (pilot), 174614, 158 Sqn (RAFVR), 18/04/1944, Meharicourt Communal Cemetery, France. Son of Maj. H. and Mrs A.B. Kettles-Roy, of Nairobi, Kenya

LUCKHAM, Edward Hillam Clayton, MiD, 33, Major, KR73, att EA Int Corps, 04/07/1943. East Africa Memorial, Nairobi,

MACGREGOR, Robert Butler (Bobbie), 19, P/O (pilot), 41856, 77 Sqn RAF, 15/08/1940, Fawley (All Saints) Churchyard, Hampshire

MASON, Scot Leeming, Sgt (pilot u/t), 700712, RAFVR, 28/05/42, Gwelo Cemetery . S Rhodesia

MATTHIAS, Maurice Neville, 25, F/Lt (pilot), 119867, 112 Sqn (RAFVR), 02/04/1945 Klagenfurt War Cemetery, Austria

McCLELLAND, William Robert David, Bdr, East African Artillery, 15/08/1940,. Hargeisa Memorial, Somalia

MILLAR Jo, Captain, 85663, Northants Regt, 18/02/45, Taiukkyan War Cemetery, Burma. Son of Walter and Isabel Millar (née Beattie), of Ruiru, Kenya. His brother Walter also died on service

MONTAGUE, CSB, DFC RAF

MULCAHY-MORGAN, JA, RAF

NEWMARK, Brian Louis, Serjeant, KR620, Kenya Regiment att. Somaliland Camel Corps, 04/04/1942, Addis Ababa War Cemetery Ethiopia

PERCIVAL Peter Blaney, Serjeant, KR3103. Kenya Regiment att. EA Artillery, 12/02/1944, East Africa Memorial, Nairobi. [Went down with SS Khedive Ismail]

PELLING, Geoffrey, 20, F/Lt. 85004, 55 Sqn (RAFVR), 13/12/1941. Alamein Memorial, Egypt. Son of Colonel A. J. and Margery E. Pelling, of Nairobi.

POPPLETON, William, MiD, 23, Lt. 348475, Army General List, 01/12/1944. Imphal War Cemetery, India. Son of William James and Mary Dorothea Poppleton, of Nairobi.

RAWLINS ,Henry Eric, 21, F/Sgt (pilot), 776183, 14 Sqn (RAFVR), 03/06/1943, Malta Memorial, Son of Charles Victor and Catherine Martha Rawlins, of Nairobi.

ROETS, Johannes Nicolaas Jacobus, 20, Tpr, KR1001,. Kenya Regiment att EA Recce Regt, 30/07/1940, Nairobi War Cemetery. Son of Christoffel Jacobus and Susanna Lucia Roets, of Eldoret.

TURNER, ST, RA

WEEKES, Norman Lennox, 21, F/O, 173310, 207 Sqn (RAFVR), 19/07/1944, Marigny Communal Cemetery, France. Son of Constantine William and Gertrude Morris; adopted son of Lionel W. Weekes, of Nairobi.

WHITE, David Conway, 26, F/O (Nav), 133725, 61 Sqn (RAFVR), 26/11/1943, Sage War Cemetery, Germany. Son of Charles Victor and Marjory Woodbourn White, of Nairobi.

WHITE, GM, Serjeant, KR3058, Kenya Regt att. East African Artillery, 12/02/1944. East Africa Memorial, Nairobi [Went down with SS Khedive Ismail]

WHITTENBURY, John, 21, Sgt, 1805467, 640 Sqn (RAFVR), 18/04/1945, Runnymede Memorial UK. Son of Joseph Henry and Ethel Agnes Whittenbury, of Nairobi.

WOOD, JM, RAF

WYNNE, Owen William, 20, LAC, 1800503, RAF, 19/09/1942, Innisfail Cemetery, Alberta, Canada. Son of William and A. H. Wynne, of Tabora, Tanganyika.

[Ed: *SS Khedive Ismail, en route from Mombasa to Ceylon, was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine and sank within two minutes. Out of a complement of 1,511, only 214 survived. My thanks to John Davis who submitted this article*]

LOST HARVARDS

Ron Newton [KR4010] <randg31@btinternet.com> 03/08/2014: Reference the article in mini-SITREP XLIV - Loss of RAF aircraft during the emergency.

The story I heard about three Harvards flying into the Aberdare Forest was, that when they did not return to base, a patrol was sent out by the Kenya Regiment to rescue and salvage what they could from the wreckage. As the patrol made its way up through the forest they met the three pilots walking down! Apparently all three aircraft had flown in formation into a valley but the pilots had managed to land with damage to their aircraft but no serious injury to themselves.

This is something I remember 60 years on because of an incident whilst serving with 'C' Company in the Fort Hall locations in July 1953. At the time we were numerically under strength.

Having returned in the morning from a two-day patrol, four of us were quite annoyed when we were sent out again in the afternoon to act as a stop on the forest edge. This was whilst Harvards bombed and strafed a valley close to the forest edge that supposedly harboured terrorists. In this operation my regard for fighter pilots went up by leaps and bounds.

Our patrol, consisting of section leader Ronnie Boy [KR3730], Barry Jacob [KR3581], 'Sten-gun Stan' John Stanfield [KR4088], and myself, could only radio communicate with the RAF pilot leading the sortie via a police air wing aircraft. We had settled down to our stop at the bases of large trees where we could observe the valley. When the flight leader heard where we were, the message was relayed - "Better keep your heads down chaps, we'll be firing through the trees just above your heads". As each swoop was made the trees above us appeared to be pulverised; the air was full of wood and rounds from the Harvard machine guns. What must it be like in another aircraft being fired at?

On return from this patrol to our camp at Mioro we walked into a booby trap. Ronnie being first in line and Barry second, caught most of the rising shrapnel up to about mid-thigh, and me and Stan caught it higher on our bodies, fortunately missing the vital parts!

The explosion had been heard in our camp so aid was soon to hand, and we were all picked up and sent to the Regimental Aid Post (RAP). Ronnie, the most seriously injured, had to be casevaced to the BMH in Nairobi; Barry was kept in the RAP for a few days; Stan and I were patched up and returned to our unit.

The difficulty of finding the graves of the airmen may be because there are none!

THE BRAVERY OF KENYA WOMEN DURING THE EMERGENCY

[Lesley Clay]

Initiative in emergencies that routed Mau Mau

Gallantry in Lonely Homes.

After the incidents concerning the Grimwoods and Miss Joan Cleland Scott, the terrorists turned their attention nearer Nairobi, and the Thika district was the centre of several raids [Ed: *Extract from Russel J. Maloch's 'Kenya: Honours & Awards (1952-1958)': Included among those appointed Members of the Order of the British Empire is Philip Grimwood, whose wife, Nancy, received a Queen's Commendation for her bravery during a Mau Mau attack. The official notification stated 'Mr Grimwood was with his wife on his lonely farm in the South Kinangop area of Naivasha when it was attacked by Mau Mau gangsters (Gen. Kago Mboko). The African quarters were set on fire and soon afterwards the gang, estimated to be 50 strong, attacked the farmhouse. They used automatic weapons, rifles and hand grenades, and they were well commanded and controlled by bugle and whistle calls. One hand grenade was thrown in to the kitchen and others were thrown on to the roof, while windows and doors were broken. Mr Grimwood remained cool and prepared to defend his farm. Armed with a .303 rifle, he moved from window to window firing at the attackers. He killed two terrorists and probably wounded others and kept the gang at bay until a relief party arrived. As the gang retreated Grimwood attacked and succeeded in killing a third man. By his courageous, calm and intelligent actions he saved the occupants of the farm, and the Africans in his labour lines, from being brutally murdered.'*]

Farms near Mitubiri and Ruiru were attacked and at the former a middle-aged European woman escaped in night attire from her blazing farmhouse. She did, however, empty her automatic at the terrorists before running to a farm some distance away to raise the alarm.

Preparedness was again rewarded when the lonely farmhouse of Mrs. Ragna Gumoes, near Thika, was attacked by gangsters armed with *simis* and spears. When it happened, Mrs. Gumoes (who was 52 years old), her 10-year-old daughter Sonja and their farm manager Mr. Chris Blixencrone, were finishing dinner. An African entered the room and lunged at Mr. Blixencrone with a *simi*, but the manager's pistol was on the table and he grabbed it and shot the terrorist twice.

The Pattern of Attacks on Farms

Mrs. Gumoes saw another African, armed with a spear, peering round the edge of the door and she fired at him while the first intruder made another assault on the farm manager. Both Mr. Blixencrone and Mrs. Gumoes fired at him and he fell dead. They then chased the terrorist with the spear and saw him disappear into the coffee plantation with one of the servants. Had not the occupants of the farm had their revolvers handy, there might have been a very different ending to the story.

MR. AND MRS W. GEORGE BRUXNER-RANDALL

Amid the horror and the grief which accompanied the news of the hacking to death of Mr. and Mrs. W.G Bruxner-Randall on their coffee farm eight miles north of Thika in March of this year, was a

feeling of pride and satisfaction at the conduct of their farm manager Mr. Gino Lusso [KR422 and 5KAR] and his wife.



[LEFT: GEORGE BRUXNER-RANDALL] The raid on the Bruxner-Randalls was planned in much the same way as other attacks on isolated farmhouses. The gang waited until dinner time when the houseboys were about to serve food and the doors were open. They burst in, slashed Mr. and Mrs. Bruxner-Randall with *pangas* and ransacked the house. Then they turned their attention to Mr. and Mrs. Gino Lusso who had already retired for the night in their own house.

Rushed from Room to Room

Their three-year-old son, Eric, was asleep in his bedroom. Mr. Lusso, 34-year-old son of a pioneer settler, lay reading in bed when a shot smacked into the wall a foot above his head. Bullets also came through the verandah door aimed at the chair where he normally sat in the evening. More bullets whipped round the bedroom, so he grabbed his gun and fired back, rushing from room to room firing through doors and windows to make the gang believe there were more people in the house than two adults and a child.



[LEFT: MRS. GHISLAINE LUSSO AND SON ERIC.]

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lusso dashed into Eric's room, pulled him out of bed and still holding him, picked up her own weapon – a .410 shotgun, and joined her husband in the battle. Mr. Lusso was able to fire his Verrey pistol and six alarm rockets before rejoining his wife who was keeping the terrorists at bay. By the time a European police inspector and four askaris arrived from Githumbwini police post, Mr. and Mrs. Lusso had repelled the attack.

[RIGHT: COMPOL MR. M.S. O'RORKE, COMPLIMENTS MR. GINO LUSSO ON HIS PART IN DRIVING OFF THE TERRORIST GANG NEAR THIKA.]



MR. AND MRS. H. TRAVIS : SAVED BY 'BUNTY'

Prompt action by the ex-Mayoress of Nairobi, Mrs. Harold Travis, probably saved her life and her husband's on the eve of their departure for Britain at the end of their term of office. [Ed: *Harold Travis was twice Mayor of Nairobi – 1953-54 and 1961-62*]

Mr. and Mrs. Travis had just sat down to dinner when Mrs. Travis noticed their spaniel, 'Bunty' was standing in the hall facing the door leading from the kitchen passage. The dog was growling and the hair on its back bristling. Mrs. Travis ran into the hall and saw that someone behind the passage door was trying to prop it open with a small bucket. She slammed and locked the door while her husband phoned the police.

Just then the driver of the mayoral car saw the four houseboys followed by three strange Africans, run down the garden, cross the small stream and disappear into the Karura Forest. This incident was believed to be the second attempt to break into the house. The previous gang had fled after being accosted, but marks on the door where they had tried to gain entry were plainly visible.



[LEFT: MRS. TRAVIS AND 'BUNTY'.] "Only two things saved us," said Mrs. Travis."One was the dog and the other the strong swing door leading into the hall." Her friends might have added that her presence of mind also had a great deal to do with it.

MRS. G. SPENCER, KIAMBU

When a raid was made on the home of Mrs. G. Spencer in the Garden Estate, Kiambu, her neighbor, Miss Joyce Dumville Lees, although only just out of hospital and clad in her night attire, went immediately to the rescue.

Miss Lees heard whistles being blown in Mrs. Spencer's house and ran across to find the two houseboys had been locked in a storeroom. With these boys and two of her own servants she drove down a track in her car towards the main Thika road and caught a glimpse of two Africans hiding at the roadside. She passed them before she could stop and when she returned to the spot they had disappeared, but she found a rifle and a cycle which had been reported stolen.

There was a sequel to this story when her neighbor, Mrs. Spencer, was the victim of a second attack less than a month later when she was returning home with her groceries. She was held up by some cattle at a crossing when two Africans came up to her on bicycles and called out that they would get the cattle off the road if she would wait.

Suddenly one of them produced a gun and told her to put her hands up. Then, as Mrs. Spencer described: "I lost my temper and rebuked the man as I would a pickpocket."

He pulled the trigger three times and nothing happened. The plucky Mrs. Spencer grabbed a tin of milk from her bag and threw it at the two men, hitting the one without a gun.

The other African kept clicking the trigger vainly so she struck him with a bag of *posho*; the bag split open on his face.

"Then I had nothing else to throw," she explained, "so I shied my bag of vegetables."

This assault routed the Africans who ran off, leaving their cycles behind them.

Mrs. Spencer, who works in the armourer's stores at Nairobi KPR Headquarters, has been in Kenya for 30 years. She formerly lived in Burma where her husband was a conservator for the Forestry Department.

MRS. PHILLIPA JOLLEY : FOUR-HOUR WAIT FOR ASSISTANCE

Yet another woman on whose life two attempts were made, put up a successful resistance. She is Mrs. Phillipa Jolley, who lived on the Limuru 'B' route, and she saved her husband's life when he was grappling with a gangster who had burst into the house.

The usual time had been chosen by the gangsters for the attack, just in the middle of dinner. There was a scuffling noise outside and a gangster burst in held by two of the servants. Shaking them off, he made straight for Mr. Jolley who was unable to draw his gun, but, while they struggled, Mrs. Jolley emptied her revolver at the African at point-blank range. He sagged and she pushed him until he let go.

Then she and her husband ran into the passage and saw a second terrorist leaving through the kitchen door. Mrs. Jolley's gun was empty but her husband fired without, however, hitting the man. After the excitement was over, they noticed for the first time that Mr. Jolley had been wounded. Their ordeal was not over. They had no telephone and although they fired shots into the air and banged on a gong, no one came to their aid for four hours. Mr. Jolley was taken to hospital where he was joined a short time later by his wife, now suffering from delayed shock and reaction after the attack.

This was hardly to be wondered at, for, in addition to the night attack, she had been shot at a fortnight previously while pruning a bush in the garden.

BEASTIE & THE BEAUT (KRA Pantomine – 1963)

[John Orton KR6876]

Chris [KR3962] and Bill Younge, and me and others in a very minor role, brought this production together; Chris and Bill did all heavy lifting with the creative stuff etc, me the programmes, flyers and tickets.

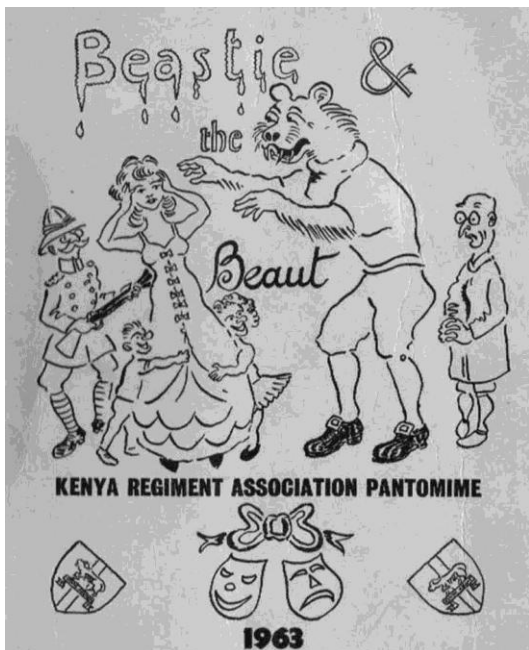
Working for the EA Standard I was able to access everything involved in pre-press, printing plates, paper and actual production of the programmes, flyers and tickets. Consequently it cost the KRA nothing to produce said programmes and tickets etc! Amazing what can be accomplished with a few friends in the right places. While the end result was modest it did the job. Sadly, we ran out of programmes during each performance due to demand, and the requests for signatures were most embarrassing. I did manage to produce more programmes but these went very quickly. I wonder if you have seen a copy?

Each performance was booked-out well in advance, the auditorium bursting at the seams with people standing two deep down the side aisles and at the back. I doubt the Duke of York School Hall has held so many people before, or since. I dread to think what may have happened in the event of a fire!

As we were working on a budget of practically zero, some of the 'props' were very imaginative! Each member of the cast had to produce whatever was required for his/her part, with a little adjustment from the props department!

I played the part of 'Cuthbert', a White Hunter of dubious repute. I had to acquire, manufacture, procure a weapon of gigantic proportions, i.e. a huge Blunderbuss. I obtained the core of a newsprint reel for the barrel, an aluminium funnel for the front of the gun and a large cap gun at the

other end. When assembled and painted black it was quite a formidable looking piece! During rehearsals the cap gun rarely worked properly at the given time, but worked perfectly during performances, but with a couple of second time delays) which almost brought the house down with laughter.



The five 'Fairies' had to be seen to be believed, and were for me, the highlight of the show. The cast members names are in the programme.

My wife, Lilla (Elizabeth) played Fifi Wigflora, and also contributed making various apparel and costumes.

So many people did so much both on the stage and behind the scenes. I don't remember how much money we made, but it was considerable. I think we donated it to the Edelvale Children's Home.

But the kudos must go to Chris and Bill Younge for their great entrepreneurial spirit and imagination.

Such happy memories for this old man.

[Ed: When we moved to SA in 1983, Bill Younge lived on a farm in Boston (Natal). Sadly, his cottage burnt down and he lost years's of family memorabilia and history. Bill then moved to UK. Unfortunately, the typed programme was too faded for me to use in m-S but it read like this:]

THE KENYA REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

presents

“THE BEASTIE AND THE BEAUT”

A potted Panto-Parody (in 6½ spasms)

by

C.R. Cook

but – irreparably tampered with by CHRIS & BILL YONGE

“Alright Dunstan, no offence meant,
We've still got the Association and
the Regimental tent!”

| | |
|-------------|---|
| Produced by | NIGEL SLADE |
| Assisted by | BARABARA DEACON (Childrens' sequences) and ANGELA JOHNSON (Dances) |
| Pianist | ANNE BEHRENS |
| Double Bass | MIKE ANDREWS |
| Drums | LESLIE DUXBURY |

THE CAST (in order of appearance we hope)

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| THE NARRATOR | DOUGLAS BRIGHT |
| CUTHBERT (who burns for Beaut and biltong) | JOHN ORTON |
| BELINDA (the Beaut) | OLWEN OWLES |
| CASCARA (her vile sister) | DESMOND HAMILL |
| CHLORODINE (her even viler sister) | CHRIS YONGE |
| LOLITA BORSTAL (of doubtful antecedents) | BARBARA DEACON |
| COUNT ESSOPHOGAS (alias ‘Rickety Jim’, the girl’s father) | BILL YONGE |
| COLONEL CLANGER CLEWSUF retired (mentally) | TERRY TORY |
| RUBY BORSTAL (daughter of “La Lolito”) | MAUREEN DEACON |
| FIFI WIGFLORA (of “looking Glass fame”) | ELIZABETH ORTON |
| TUBBY TUBTHUMPER) | DESMOND KENNY |
| MAUDIE MESS-TIN) (a publically disowned lot of kids) | EILEEN KENNY |
| CLARA CLOBBER) | ELIZABETH DEACON |
| PORTOBELLO JAKE) | ALAN TODD |
| FAIRY MFUTA) | HAM O’HARA |
| FAIRY PIKKI-PIKKI) | MAC SPENCE |
| FAIRY POSHO) (a privately dissolute lot of adults) | BEV SMITH |
| FAIRY KIBRITI) | STEVEN THORNTON |
| FAIRY KENYA BUS) | PAUL VAN DEN WEYDEN |
| FAIRY BRIGHT EYES (quite a different cup of tea) | SUSAN ELEXANDER |
| DUNSTAN (a bovine miscalculation) | AUSTEN DE VOTE & PETER SCOTT |
| BASIL BELCHER (a wreck) | PETER FINNE |
| CHARLIE CHEESCAKE (another “disowned kid”) | ERICA YONGE |
| THE BEASTIE ITSELF (any resemblance intentional) | ROGER OWLES |
| CLARISSA (Beaut’s old school chum) | ANTHEA D’AETH |

SCENES

| | | |
|-------|----------|--|
| ACT 1 | Scene I | The Count’s apartment in Lolita Borstal’s boarding house |
| | Scene II | The same |

INTERVAL OF TWELVE MINUTES

| | | |
|--------|-----------|---|
| ACT II | Scene III | A courtyard in the rear of Beastie’s castle |
| | Scene IV | The same (worse luck) |

INTERVAL OF TWELVE MINUTES

| | | |
|----------|-----------|---|
| ACCT III | Scene V | A living room in Beastie’s castle |
| | Scene VI | A dressing room in Mrs. Borstal’s house |
| | Scene VII | A ‘dying’ room in Beastie’s castle |

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Costumes by | Olwen Owles |
| assisted by | Margaret Smith, Jane Smith, Biddy Hamill, Elizabeth Orton & Marion Slade |
| Wardrobe Mistress | Anne de Vote |

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Stage Manager | Graham Dowey |
| Assistant Stage Manager | Marion Slade |
| Lighting Director | Mac Spence |
| Stage Assistants | Adrian Connor, Atholl Kinnear, Robert Lunn, John Lavelle, Tom Lavelle & Roy Irwin |
| Set Designer | Graham Dowey |
| Stage Carpenters | Phillip Kakui and David Makanzi |
| Set painted by | Adrian Connor & Atholl Kinnear |
| Business Manager | Paddy Deacon |
| Publicity Manager | Desmond Hamhill |
| House Manager | Ian Francombe |
| Pantomime Secretary | Anthea D'Aeth |
| Bar Managers | Les Eveson, Lou Fee & Quin Thomas |
| Ticket Sales | EA Music Stores Ltd |
| Tickets & Programme designed by | John Orton & Bill Yonge |

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We most heartily thank the many people who have worked, lent mind and muscle, given advice and encouragement and in any way cheered on the course of this production; we touch our hats (slouch of course) to them all and in particular to:-

The Headmaster of the Duke of York School for the loan of the School Hall, stage equipment and clothes, as well as those members of the School Staff who have given such valuable co-operation.

The Principal of Kilimani School for the loan of the School Hall for rehearsals.

Caltex (EA) Ltd for giving us the posters.

Mrs. Wright of EA Music Stores Ltd for kindly taking charge of ticket sales, and

Mr. Les Eveson for sacrificing his time so often to supply the cast, and others, with liquid 'inspiration' during rehearsals.

KRA LUNCHES

QUEENSLAND LUNCH: CALOUNDRA POWER BOAT CLUB: 3rd MAY 2014



Standing: STEPHEN DYKES, CHARLES MOORE [KR4891], GEORGE BLOWERS [KR6931], IAN LINDSAY [KPA]

Seated: JOHN DYKES [KR3852], BARBARA DYKES (NÉE MOSELEY), ALISON PARKER (NÉE DYKES, W/O JOHN 3629), GILL BLOWERS, SUE MOORE



Standing: PETER WESTLAKE [KR4913], HANS SALWEGTER, NORMA COLLINS (NÉE MILLAR W/O CLIVE), IAN MILLAR [KR4805]

Seated: ELEANOR WESTLAKE (NÉE THOMPSON), ANNEKE SALWEGTER (NÉE DE LEEUW), SALLY BROWN (NÉE BROOKS, W/O DAVE 6475), HAZEL COLLINS, BARBARA MILLAR (NÉE EDMUNDS)



Standing: RICHARD MANSFIELD [KR4625], HENRY HAUSCHILD [KR3874], DON THOMPSON [KR4429], RUDI HASSLER
Seated: BETH MANSFIELD (NÉE MUIR), JUNE HAUSCHILD (NÉE HENDRY), MARIE RAE [KPA], SHEILA THOMPSON, EIRLYS HASSLER



Standing: OLIVER BEVERLY [KR7303], GLYN DAVIES, GRAHAM DAVIES, ROBIN SWIFT
Seated: CATHERINE BEVERLY (NÉE WATSON), BETTY CROWTHER, PAT TATE, RUTH DAVIES (NÉE SLINSBY), JINX SWIFT



Standing: DENIS BOWER, GILES WOLLEN [KR4004], CHRIS TRENCH, JOHN CHANNER [KR6341]

Seated: ANNE BOWER, LIZ WOLLEN (NÉE SHAW), LAVINIA RYAN (NÉE ALLEN), ANNE STAFFORD (NÉE FOCKS), ROBIN CHANNER (NÉE CECIL). [ED: DENIS RECOVERING FROM AN OP ON HIS FACE.]



Standing: JOHN BRIERLEY [KR7191], RICHARD BRIERLEY, TONY OXLEY, EARLE JENNINGS

Seated: MICHAEL JENNINGS, ANNE OXLEY, LAUREEN JENNINGS (NÉE FINNISS)



Standing: ANTHONY ALLEN [SKR3513], ALEX HAMLIN [KR6868], ALEX CAMBRA [KR7028], GILES SHAW [KR4785]
 Seated: JENNY ALLEN, LIZI HAMLIN (NÉE JENSEN), JOY LINDSAY (NÉE PARKER), VIRGINIA SHAW (NÉE CLIFFORD-GATES)

CAPE LUNCH; MOWBRAY GOLF COURSE: 24TH JULY 2014

Organised by Geoff Trollope.

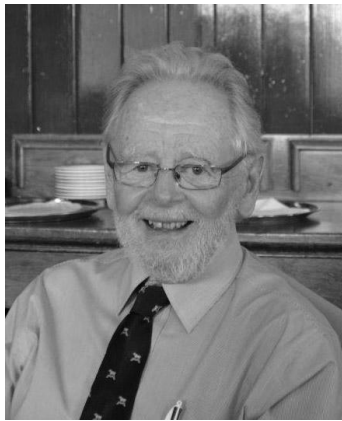
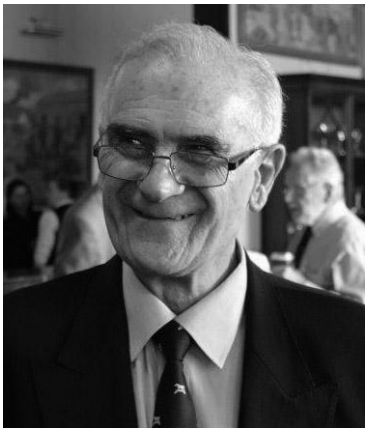


L/R: JANE COBB; GEOFF TROLLOPE [KR6987], FELIX BADDELEY [KR4030], CHERIEN ARMSTRONG, MIKE ARMSTRONG, [KR7096], JACK ESNOUF [KR6395], ANDY COBB [KR6799], JOY TROLLOPE, ROB ROOKEN-SMITH [KR7427], NIGEL [KR7291] & CAMILLA SHAW

KRA LUNCH : ROYAL LOGISTICS CORPS OFFICERS' MESS, CAMBERLEY : 16TH JULY 2014



Left: JOHN HARMAN [KR7227] WHO ORGANISED THE LUNCHEON, AND JOHN [KR7457] AND JAN DAVIS



L/R: JACK SIMONIAN [KR6054], MAC SPENCE [KR4640] AND OOJIE ARMOUR [KR4446]



MIKE BATES AND ERICA CATCHPOLE W/O GUY [KR4330]



L/R: PETER GOODWIN [KR4952] AND MAC ROBERTS



L/R: JOHN BIND,[KR6875], DAVID WALDRON [KR4128], CHRIS SCHERMBRUCKER [CCF], DAVE CHESTER [KR7093] AND MIKE ANDREWS [KR6508]

KRAWA – BAYSWATER HOTEL - 2013



L/R: FRANCIS KEAST [KR7045], PAT MARTIN, ALAN MARTIN [KR4198], ERNEST IRWIN [KR4187], ROB HOULDING [KR7008], JOHN GLEDHILL [KR7350] & [FAR RIGHT] TONY SWAIN MC [KR4238]

ALASTAIR MCCALMAN : GS(R) MIDDLE EAST

[Ed: *Alastair joined General Service (Research), the East African/Middle East equivalent of Special Operations Executive (SOE) and at the beginning of WWII was posted to 2 Ethiopian Irregulars, where he was to meet up with the likes of Aubrey Aggett [KR222], Noel (Shorty) King [KR228], Maurice Randal [KR630] et al. I will include extracts (13pp) from that period of Alastair's book in m-S XLVI.*]

Whilst in Abyssinia, I received orders to return to Kenya at once and that I was to be sent to some destination overseas together with Karl Nurk, who I would join at Yavello.

I made my way back to Neghelli and then to Yavello. I was sorry to bid farewell to my Ethiopians. They had looked after me extremely well. I heard later from Brooksbank, that not long after I left they were handed to Ethiopian officers appointed by Haile Selassie. The officer who took over his company asked him "How much do you get for each soldier?" "Thirty dollars a month" replied Brookie. "Yes and what do you give them?" "Thirty dollars." The officer looked puzzled. "I don't understand you don't make anything?" "No" replied Brookie. "Well we are raising their pay to thirty six dollars but I don't intend to hand over more than five."

I joined Karl Nurk at Yavello. We were to go as far as Marsabit in one of our own lorries with a Djibouti driver. It was OK but had neither hand nor foot brakes. This was not too bad as the driver could change into low gear on slopes. When we got to the Mega Escarpment we found the low gear only just sufficient. When half way down, to our dismay, we met a long convoy of SA lorries coming up. We were on the outside and there was only just enough room to pass. In fact once I saw our wheels dislodge earth and send it rolling down the side. Still our driver was first rate and we got down safely.

Half way to Marsabit the fan belt broke and we abandoned the driver to make his way as best he could and got a lift to Marsabit and on to Nanyuki, where we took the train to Nairobi and stayed the night.

We continued next day to Mombasa where I found I had only a few shillings left, so I called in to see the Manager of the Standard Bank of SA and asked him if they would cash a cheque. He asked me where I was stationed, so I told him I was leaving the country next day. "Where are you going?" "I honestly don't know and even if I did I could not tell you." I must have looked honest as he straight away allowed me to cash a cheque for £40, quite a lot in those days.

Later Karl and I boarded our ship, whose name I forget though I remember it was the Holt Line. Almost all the passengers belonged to the 1 (SA) Division bound for Egypt, so we thought that unless we were taken off that is where we were bound. On board we met Pat O'Brien who had been with me in 5 KAR scout platoon, and in the EARS. He was now in GS(R) and under the same orders as Karl & me.

We had an uneventful trip to Aden accompanied by a corvette as escort. In the Red Sea, however, we were unescorted. On approaching Suez we met, I think the MAURITANIA which was leaving port for the night to avoid bombing; on entering the harbour we saw why, the White Star liner GEORGIE was lying partly submerged but still on fire, having been bombed a night or so before.

At Suez we received orders to go to Cairo where we were billeted at the famous Shepherd's Hotel - only the best was good enough for GS(R). In theory this may have been so but we three 2Lts found we were the only officers below field rank in the place. This was noted by the waiters etc and was reflected in their service or lack of. O'Brien had stayed there as a civilian and was rather put out.

We were there three days and then went by an extremely crowded train to Jerusalem where we reported to GS(R) in the King David Hotel. Here we were given transport to our destination, the Dominican Monastery at Imwas, near Latroun. The Monastery was a substantial building, the monks 'cells' being large with high ceilings and the refectory a spacious hall with stained glass windows.

Inwas is the modern name of Emaus of the New Testament and the story of the Monastery is interesting. Sometime in the 1920s, a nun was walking along the road from Latroun to Inwas when she decided to rest by the wayside and fell asleep. She had a most vivid dream that where she lay, once stood a little Roman Church. It seemed so real to her that on returning to her convent she mentioned it to the Mother Superior, who, with an archaeologist, accompanied her to the spot. Digging around revealed Roman tiles etc and the Dominicans started excavations which were to show that there was in fact a second century Christian Church. The Dominicans believe that this was the spot where Jesus first appeared after the crucifixion, and built a monastery on the hill behind the ruined church.

This story was told to me by Brother James, a lay brother who had been left in charge when the monastery had been taken over by the Army. He had been in Palestine since before the Great War and although from Birmingham had only spoken English two or three times until we arrived and had almost forgotten it; though he spoke French, Spanish and Arabic.

On arrival we received a great welcome from the East African GS(R) officers who were already there; Capts. Felix Porter (Kenya Forest Service), Alex Doig [KR240] from Nanyuki, F.H. Howard a KAR regular from the Buffs, and 2Lts. George Alexander [KR259], George Darby and Hudson Aggett [KR404] all from Molo.

I had not met any of them before though I knew Hudson's brother Aubrey and his cousins Maurice Randall and Boyce Roberts well. Other officers were Maj. Timothy Michael Foley MC, Serge De Lavison and a young chap called Shorten all from Cairo, Laurens Van Der Post the South African author who was later a Japanese POW in Java, and a Royal Marine officer by the name of Littledale whose father was a senior manager in the Iraq Petroleum Coy and whose mother was a Kurd. He had been brought up in the Middle East and spoke English, French, Arabic and Kurdish and could certainly pass as a national of any of the four. He also spoke Greek fluently. There were also about 20 officers from the UK but I never got to know any of them well and cannot remember their names. There were about 20 ORs almost all from the Guards, mostly drivers.

I can't be sure of the exact designation of the course but if one referred to it as 'Guerrilla Warfare and Sabotage' one would not be far out. Again, I'm not sure of our instructor's name but think it was Capt. Frost. It was a most practical course as I will illustrate.

The first subject was explosives. "Explosives are dangerous, never smoke when handling them. This is gelignite." Capt Frost then took out his pipe and lit it, continuing "These white slabs with a hole in them are gun cotton. This stiff one, rather like putty, is plastic HE. In case any of you wonder why I am smoking, it's just that I've got two weeks to teach you what should take six months and don't want you to be so scared that you blow yourselves up, and what's more important, me too!

"These are detonators. Always crimp them onto a fuse with pliers, never with your teeth like this". We were all soon very familiar with safety and instantaneous detonating fuses, electric detonators, pull, pressure and release switches, fog signals and any number of booby traps.

We were given sticks of gelignite etc and encouraged to set booby traps on doors, beds, tables and WCs. I wonder none of us was ever blown up. We could draw Mauser automatic pistols and

unlimited ammunition to practice snap shooting behind the monastery. I suppose on the assumption that if one could hit something with a Mauser pistol you could do so with any other as it was about the worst balanced weapon I have ever handled.

We were given instruction in derailing trains, how to drive a locomotive, how to switch labels on freight cars, put explosives in coal; also many ideas for demolition of culverts and bridges. Our nights were largely spent on exercise against the Palestine Police where we were the terrorists.

One such exercise stands out in my memory. Many of the officers from UK were Commandos and I was detailed to act as umpire with a party of six of them under a young Lt. who said "We will have to travel light, only one water bottle between the party." This struck me as madness after serving eighteen months in the NFD but these being Commandos I said nothing.

We were taken at sunset to a point about eight miles from our objective which was through the hilly country east of Imwas. It was in mid-summer and the nights were very warm. After about an hour of very rough going the water bottle was passed round. As umpire I was following the patrol and on noticing numerous sandstone *kopjies* I had decided to climb one and as I suspected, found a rock pool full of water, though there cannot have been any rain for months. I took a good drink and when offered the bottle declined with some expression as "No thanks! In the NFD one learns to go without water."

The same happened an hour later. When we were a little over half way they had finished the water and were starting to be really thirsty. I let them go on for a bit and then took pity on them and said "I can't do without water any more than you. I just know where to find it." They all knew I had only been in Palestine about a week compared to their six months. The next *kopjie* we came to had a couple of beautiful rain water pools which I was able to show them. They were most impressed and I hope had learned something worth knowing.

On another occasion, Littledale showed his worth. We were given the task of setting dummy explosives on a wireless mast in the country near Jerusalem. It was surrounded with a barbed wire and an electric fence. Littledale was detailed to study the layout. He disguised himself as an Arab and drove a small herd of goats to graze alongside the barbed wire. He found that there was a gap in the electric fence where there was a huge boulder or rather an outcrop. Our people were able to climb this and place the dummy explosives.

Messing was very good and we could buy excellent red wine from the Trappist Monastery of Latroun at 9d a bottle.

One Sunday, Hudson, Serge and I went on a coach trip to the Garden of Gethsemane, Good Samaritan Inn, Dead Sea, the Allenby bridge over the Jordan, and the city of Jericho.

At the end of the course we were all allocated areas of Lebanon and Syria in which we were to remain and carry out guerrilla warfare, should the Germans pass through Turkey and invade those countries. Serge De Laveson and I were allocated Northern Lebanon. I was senior in rank and Maj. Jenkins said "You will be in command with the rank of Captain". This seemed quite absurd to me. Serge had lived most of his life in the Middle East and spoke fluent French and Arabic, as well as Spanish and Greek. He had been an officer on the Western Front in 1918. I told the Major that army rank meant little or nothing to me and pay not much more; by leaving EA Command my pay was reduced from £1-2-0 a day to Shs 10/6.

The Major was astounded but as I said it would be ridiculous if everything I said or asked had to be translated, he agreed. Serge and I got on extremely well as it turned out. He and his younger brother had a French father and Russian mother but had both been educated in England, and talked of it as

home. They had both fought in France in 1917-18, the brother in the Royal Flying Corps in which he lost his leg. After the war they had set up a small air line in the Argentine, the brother being one of the pilots. The venture failed and they had returned to the ME, Serge to run a gold mine and his brother to act as an RAF Intelligence Office in Palestine.

Serge and I then left for our area, with our HQ in Tripoli in a rather second rate hotel, the owner of which had been and probably still was a British Intelligence Agent, whose name had been given us by Serge's brother as someone we could trust.

We spent the next month or so getting to know our area, visiting a number of very interesting sites - the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, the great Crusader castle called the *Krak de Chevaliers*, and the wonderful ancient water wheels lifting the water of the Orontes River for irrigation, as well as the famous Cedars of Lebanon which had been reduced to a small grove of some 400 trees.

The people of the mountains, either Druses or Christians, were a delightful lot, and I think would have been reliable to a limited extent, but those near the coast, largely Muslims we found if anything, pro-German.

Almost all of our area was in the 'Lebanon Box', which was to be held to the last, so did not offer much scope for our type of warfare. We sent in a report and Maj. Jenkins agreed to close down our area.

I was posted to work in the area next to the Turkish frontier NW of Aleppo under Maj. Tim Foley, where I was to meet up with Hudson Aggett. He and I had become close friends at Latroun and thereafter did things together as far as possible. Felix, Alex, the two Georges and Littledale formed the rest of our group.

Our HQ was at Afrine but we always had a couple of officers at Aleppo and one at Maidan Ekbes on the Frontier where the railway crosses into Turkey. The latter was a most interesting place and as I took my turn there I will describe it.

The Baghdad to Hydar-Passa (Stamboul) line runs through extremely broken hill country with huge viaducts over deep gorges, guarded by a company of Czechs, extremely fine soldiers I would say.

Maidan Ekbes was a village of about two or three thousand Armenians who had taken refuge on the Syrian side of the Frontier. They lived in square mud-brick houses with roofs made of beaten out paraffin tins and externally looked similar to those in the Bondeni and Kampi-ya-Somali at Nakuru. Inside, however, they were very different, the floors and walls covered with beautiful Persian and Turkish carpets.

One's job here was to blow up as much of the railway installations, water tanks, points etc., in the event of a German invasion. We had a room above the station and a suitcase full of the necessary explosives under our beds.

We were able to get our meals at the little Turkish Cafe on the station. The Turkish cooking was superb, and though goat was the only meat, it was always cooked with sultanas, apricots, aubergines and other vegetables. The cost which included as much arak and cherry brandy as one wanted, was 10 Syrian £ (Sy£), or one Palestine £ (P£) a week.

I had a couple of ex-French cavalry horses and a BSA motor cycle on which to get away if need be. I sometimes went on patrol with the local gendarmes through the hills. The houses in the villages were all yellow with apricots drying on the flat roofs. Once when riding alone I was thrilled to see a lone wolf.

At Afrine we had rented a small house where we were catered for by a couple of Armenian servants; all our provisions were bought in the village. The Armenians appeared to be wonderful cooks.

We had a good friend in Habib Effendi, the Greek chief of the Gendarmes. He let us buy arak at the same price that his men were supplied, which was one P£ for a four gallon tin; as it was over 70 proof it was not expensive, being cheaper than petrol!

Before I had moved to Syria I had been issued with the Army motor cycle. The roads in Syria, Lebanon and Palestine were very good and I found it extremely useful. At intervals we used to send reports down to our HQ in Jerusalem. Often they contained plans and documents which had been 'borrowed' and had to be returned to their owners so I had to wait two or three days for them to be copied or perused.

I was always billeted for some unknown reason in a German family-run *pensione* in the German colony near the railway station. It seemed a queer choice, though the family had been in Jerusalem far back into Turkish days. There were always a number of British officers staying there, though we were forbidden to converse with them except to pass the time of day. It was extremely well run and the meals excellent.

Going to Jerusalem had another advantage. One was able to draw cash from the field cashier in P£. The official rate of exchange was being P£1 to Sy£10; in Aleppo one could get up to Sy£13!

On one occasion I brought down a document showing details of the Turkish railway through the Taurus Mountains; I'm sure we must have had these years before. When copying them the idiots had cut one sheet and repaired it with a patch on which there were some words in English. I showed this to our Maj. Jenkins who nearly threw a fit; he was a maniac about secrecy and at Latroun we used to say all his messages were marked MOST SECRET – BURN BEFORE READING.

The more direct road was through Homs and Hammar, but a more pleasant route was along the coast to Latakia and then through the forest to Aleppo. On this road I was once stopped at a Police road block and asked if anyone had shot at me on the way. I replied 'not that I was aware of'. They then showed me a car which had come the same way a few minutes before with a couple of bullet holes. I don't think that it was anything except tribesmen having a bit of fun or target practice.

One day towards the end of November, I arrived at Afrine to find our house shut up, and no signs of our Armenian servants. I went along to Habib Effendi but all he could tell me was they had all left suddenly the day before, and he had no idea where they had gone.

I returned to Aleppo but the *concierge* there had no knowledge either. I managed to find some Syrian friends who told me they had passed through on their way back to Palestine. I stayed the night at our flat, and next day found them all back at Imwas Monastery.

Apparently General Catreaux of the Free French, had found out that we had some GS(R) men in Damascus, and perhaps too friendly with the men. He was furious and demanded that all GS(R) personnel be out of Syria in 24 hours. Maj. Jenkins had of course no means of letting me know, but we all then repeated the course we had done before, which was a very good idea.

At the end of the course I asked if I could have some local leave and if I could take my motor cycle. This was granted on the condition I visited parts I had not previously been to. As I wished to visit Petra in Jordan this was fine and I was given a letter to Col. Glubb Pasha.

When I arrived at Amman to seek permission I found he was away and the Arab officer in charge said he did not have the authority to do so. I considered a visit to Damascus but the arctic wind straight from South Russia which met me soon changed my mind and I turned back to Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee and spent a day there and then went over the Golan Heights to Damascus. It was still so cold I decided to head for Beirut.

I was very interested to see that the ancient Albana and Phafha Rivers of Damascus were beautifully clear streams, and can quite see why Namaan the Syrian was most disinclined to bath in the Jordan which even in those days, by this I mean 1941, was quite filthy.

I spent the rest of my leave at the St George Hotel in Beirut. The best hotel I have ever stayed in anywhere. Here as I mentioned earlier I met up with Oliver Baldwin.

On my return to Imwas I discovered that there had been some sort of row between the East African Officers and the CO at Imwas, and all the former were being returned to Egypt. The CO sent for me and said as I was away at the time I was not included but as my only close friend among those remaining was De Lavisson, I requested to go as well.

We travelled down in an extremely packed train, during the way someone stole my little VPK camera, a left shoe and a left boot from my kit bag. As both the latter had been made by Ramji at Nakuru and were nearly new, I knew I could replace them.

In Egypt we were quartered at our base camp at Fayed on the Suez Canal. Here I was interviewed by an officer from Cairo. The first thing he asked me was if I spoke Serbo-Croat. As I had never heard of the language I replied "No." He said, however, if I volunteered to go to Yugoslavia they would billet me for several months with a Croat family in Alexandria to learn the language. I told him I had already attempted to learn Amharic and Arabic without much success and the thought of a third language appalled me so I turned it down.

Alex Doig and Hudson then suggested we go up to Cairo and get transferred to the VIII Army; Alex wished to join the Royal Armoured Corps and Hudson also agreed, but I said nothing would induce me to be shut up in a tank or armoured car and suggested an anti-tank regiment of the Royal Artillery. Hudson agreed to this and we were both interviewed and accepted and sent on a training course on two-pounder anti-tank guns at Heliopolis, about eight miles from Cairo.

LEFT: BOB SIMPSON [KR3941] BEING PRESENTED THE BELLINGHAM TROPHY [BEST PROGRESSIVE 'YOUNG FARMER' UNDER THE AGE OF 45] AT THE 1962 NAKURU SHOW BY HIGH LLOYD [KR320]. THE TROPHY WAS PRESENTED BY MAJOR WILLIAM BELLINGHAM IN MEMORY OF HIS ADOPTED SON DONALD [KR4814] KIA – BLUE ON BLUE – 20TH OCTOBER 1955; AND [RIGHT] EDDIE [KR6502] AND MICHELLE DAYKIN WHO LIVE IN IXOPO, KWAZULU-NATAL.

