

mini-SITREP XLVII



DIARY OF EVENTS: 2016

AUSTRALIA

Sunshine Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Caloundra Power Boat Club 20.03.2016

Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Restaurant, Robina 14.07.2016

Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club 13.11.2016

Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al_bax@bigpond.com>

Perth: Bayswater Hotel (?) ???.09.2016

Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolley <a.jolley38@optusnet.com.au>

EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney 23.10.2016

Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Officers' Mess, Royal Logistic Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. Curry lunch Wed 20.07.2016

Contact: John Harman <J_Harman@msn.com> Tel: (0044) 1635 551182.

Mob: 078-032 81357. 47 Enborne Road, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6AG

KENYA

Nairobi Clubhouse: Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch 06.11.2016

Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland: Lunch at Soljans Winery, Kumeu TBA

Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Club Jul 2016 (TBA)

Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>

Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch, German Club, Paulshof ???.10.2016

Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 13/3; 19/6;
18/9; 13/11

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

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

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

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

[Ed. *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 magazines, to contributors, and my Jenny for helping me proof; Betty & Graham Bales busy packing and moving to Amber Lee.*]

Front cover: Hobo Swift's painting of Takaungu Creek entrance, South of Kilifi - 1987; reproduced with kind permission of Hobo's nephew, Robin Swift.

Back cover: Satao, The Tsavo Bull. (source unknown)

The views expressed in mini-SITREP XLVII are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor, nor those of the Association – E & OE

THE RETURN OF THE COHORT

[Written in 1918 by Owen Letcher, who fought with the KAR out of Nyasaland into GEA]

We're a very tiny army as armies go today;
Just an army of the Tropics, and beginning to decay;
We thought you had forgotten us, so long we've been away.

We've most of us had fever or a tropical inside;
And we've foot-slogged half the continent; we're not supposed to ride;
And lots of us have lost the trail and crossed the Great Divide.

Perhaps the blokes in Flanders our little bit will scorn,
'Cos we've never had an order that gas masks must be worn,
And never heard a "nine point five", or a Hymn of Hate at morn.

But how'd you like to tramp it so a solid month on end,
And then go another month till your knees begin to bend,
Or when you're out on piquet hear a lion answer "Friend"?

And what about scraping up a mountain three miles high,
A-swearing and a-panting till you thought your end was nigh
And then bump a Maxim gun that's dug in on the sky?

And would you like anopheles and jigger-fleas and snakes
To 'chivvy' you from dusk to dawn, and fill you with aches
And then go on fatigues all day in a heat that fairly bakes?

There wasn't any Blighty, no, nor mails in twice a week:
We had no concerts behind the lines; we got too bored to speak,
And there's no change of rations, and our water bottles leak.

So don't despise our efforts, for we've done our level best,
For it wasn't beer and skittles, those two years without a rest,
And though the world forgot us, we think we stood the test.

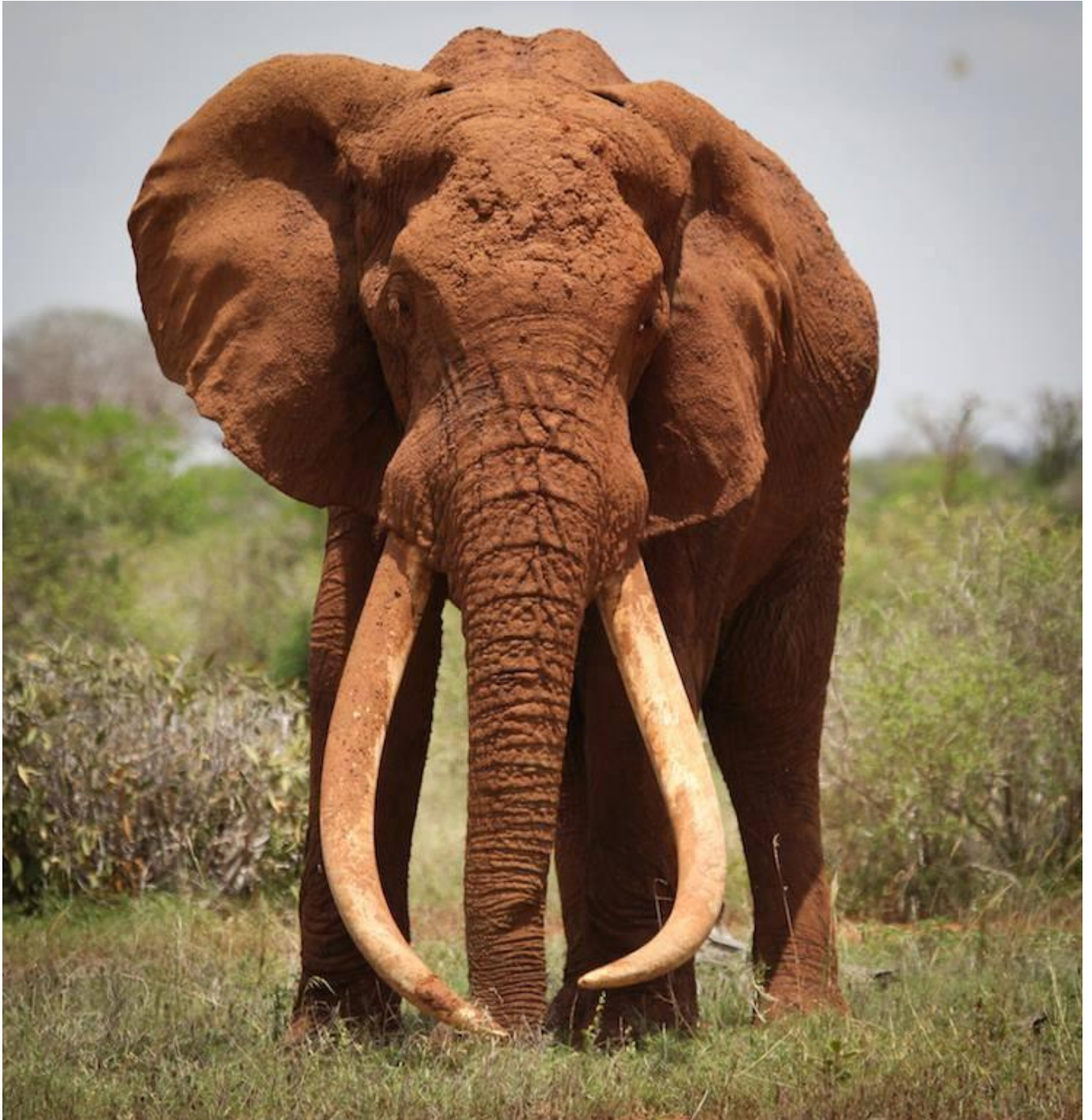
We're a cohort from the Tropics and we've come from far away.
Just an unremembered legion, fret with fever and decay,
And all of us are weary and lots have lost the way.

We're a tiny little cohort and we're glad to have a spell,
From fever and from marching and sun that burns like hell,
And now we're back amongst you, we'll very soon get well.

Just a tiny army, as armies go today
Just a handful from the tropics and beginning to decay;
Just a Legion of the Lost Ones - who have wandered far away.

Just a remnant who've been fighting for you and for your race,
Just a cohort from the northward, where we'd worse than Huns to face.

We thank you for your welcome and we think you are very kind
But we'd ask you to remember - all our mates we left behind.



CORRESPONDENCE

John Davis [KR7457] <johnmdavis@btinternet.com> 28.05.2015 to John Pembridge [KR7429] <pembridgejg@gmail.com>: I read your excellent tribute to our ex-KRTC colleague, Bill Williams [KR7430] in the latest mini-SITREP (XLVI). I was very sorry to hear of his passing.

One of the things that caught my eye was mention of Hamish Irving Bell [KR7360] being a true *makora*. We grew up together and were like brothers. He was on the KRTC course before ours and I remember when he got his call up he pleaded with me to join him, but my boss at the time refused to let me volunteer. I seem to recall that after Kenya he went to India and was chucked out there too, ending up in Sydney where he passed away many years ago. I often spoke to him on the phone and he told me how he had lost an eye in a motor accident. He was a good rifle shot and we both spent a lot of time together on the small and full bore rifle ranges; what a guy and a great friend. His father was a WWII RAF pilot who lost both legs in a flying accident and Hamish and I spent a lot of time listening to his stories. Happy memories...

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John Pembridge responds: I haven't seen what Bruce put into m-S; presume he is going to hand out the latest edition at our next lunch to save on postage. I sent him some reminiscences and anecdotes and left him to select what to use and what to leave out. You will recall Bill was a party animal of note, and absolutely lethal in a motor vehicle; I could recount endless stories of amusing incidents where he pranged his various cars over the years.

Yes, Hamish was amongst the many young bachelors working in the Sotik/Kericho area in the early 60's; most of us were working on tea estates and certainly knew how to party. Over the past 30-odd years, I have been to Australia several times where my sister lives, and a brother in New Zealand. Some years ago, when we visited Townsville on our way up to Cairns, we met Honor Stephenson who told us that Hamish had died of, I believe, stomach cancer. Mike, her former husband used to work for Sasini Tea and Coffee in Sotik, and before she got married, Honor worked at the Tea Hotel in Kericho with Hamish's mother, and they had kept in touch.

Hamish worked for African Highlands in Kericho, and after he was deported the managing agent, James Finlay transferred him to Assam where I believe he upset someone after a New Year's Eve party in what was then East Pakistan, by signing himself across the border as Ayub Khan or something of the sort. Anyway that resulted in another 24 hour-exit but this time I was told on a ship; I assume James Finlay gave up on him and decided the penal colony Australia was a suitable destination!

A strange coincidence occurred recently when Gill and I were invited to lunch by an old Kenya friend, Mike Shelly [KR7054], and guess who was there? - Bessie Madsen - Hamish's girl friend at the time of his deportation from Kenya. She has been married to a South African dairy farmer called Chip Turner for many years, but we talked about Hamish and had some laughs about those days in Sotik.

I unfortunately lost touch with Bill (Williams) after we moved to South Africa in 1973, and gather that life did not treat him too kindly in the last years of his life. I meet Al Gledhill [KR7437] occasionally and used to have lunch with him and Alan Price [KR7428] every once in a while before Alan died; I must motivate him to start doing it again! Al keeps in touch with Jay Roffey [KR7426] and has been up to Kenya to stay with him at Naivasha where he manages a flower farm.

Gill and I still farm with our son doing broiler chickens at a place called Umlaas Road - between Pietermaritzburg and Durban - but wanting to retire. I am in partnership with four others on a cane

farming operation; we have sold three of the farms and managed to rezone the remaining farm for development as it adjoins the main highway to Durban. It's now up for sale and developers seem to be showing quite a bit of interest. So hold thumbs, we may hit the jackpot, in which case Gill and I are going to do some serious holidaying.

Editor. In m-S XLVI, the extract - '3 KAR relieving 4KAR' - from Len Gill's Military Musing, makes mention on page 34, of General Templar's farewell speech and the interpretation thereof into Swahili. The following is an extract from a letter by one John Bromley-Davenport, to a UK weekly:

'Bastard is a perfectly respectable word ("BBC digs itself into a ditch over Titchmarsh and "bastard trenching.")

'As a term of abuse, it was gloriously misinterpreted when General Templar berated a battalion of Chinese troops during the Malayan Emergency.

'Templar: "You are a lot of bastards!"

'Interpreter: "His Excellency informs you he knows that none of your mothers and fathers were married when you were born."

'Templar: "Now tell them that I can be an even bigger bastard!"

'Interpreter: "He does, however, admit that his own mother and father were not married also.'"

Dennis Leete [KR4094] <dleete2@gmail.com>, in response to a query about the late-Mickey Fernandes [KR3949]: Mickey and I, in conjunction with Pete Reynolds [KR3963], set up a business on the North Coast, selling aluminium insulation foil imported from New Zealand.

Mickey had purchased a couple of rolls from me to insulate a new wing under corrugated iron on his house at Watamu, and found it to be very effective in reducing the afternoon temperature in the bedroom. We then decided it would be useful under a *makuti* roof, as a fire retardant, since many coast houses burned down as a result of accidents in the kitchen, or bush fires.

Mickey phoned me from Watamu to say that the Mayor of Malindi was holding an exhibition of fire control products for Malindi residents at the old Sinbad Hotel ruin, opposite the main shopping centre, and inviting companies to demonstrate their various products, such as fire extinguishers. We decided that it was a good opportunity to sell our insulation foil. Mickey prefabricated a small *makuti* roof on a frame, about two meters by four meters, and I flew down to Malindi for the exhibition.

We erected the roof on a small wooden structure about six foot tall, with a layer of foil directly underneath the *makuti*; the intention was to light the roof from above and prove that the fire would not ignite the structure underneath. Our stand was on a sand-base among some half dozen other exhibitors, in front of a taped-off audience of about 50 visitors, and our Malindi dignitaries seated some 30 feet away.

The show kicked off with a demonstration by the Malindi Fire Brigade putting out a kerosene-soaked fire. The fire was started, and within seconds, the fire-truck, sirens blaring, arrived and a couple of impressively clothed firemen in full kit, goggles, helmets and all, jumped off. With their

hoses they doused the fire in a cloud of fog, to much clapping by the Mayor, Councillors, and distinguished guests, many of them old ladies from the *mzungu* community.

Next, it was our turn. With a microphone in hand, in front of the audience, I introduced our product, and the purpose of the demonstration. But I had a tinge of nervousness a few seconds before, while the firemen were receiving their accolades, and had borrowed the can of kerosene and sprinkled it liberally on the *makuti*, just in case we could not start the fire on a somewhat damp roof.

With a flourish I lit a cigarette lighter, and touched it to the *makuti*. It went off like a napalm bomb; a huge flame engulfed the structure, as the audience, and I, recoiled from the heat. The whole lot, including the foil which melted, burned to ground in seconds, while I gabbled inanely along the lines of 'the foil having delayed the inferno, and given any inhabitants enough time to escape with their lives.'

Needless to say, we sold no foil in Malindi, from that day on, but it was a good idea.

Brian Bowyer [KR4474] <brylyn@telkomsa.net>: Ernie Nicholson [KR4503] who died in Thailand earlier this year, was with East African Tanning Company (EATC) in Nairobi as an Accountant when I joined the Company after leaving the Prince of Wales in January 1953. We became immediate friends as we had much in common. Ernie had a younger brother and an older sister and lived with his Mum and Dad.

We both joined the Regiment with other friends, in order to take the opportunity to undertake training in King George VI Barracks in Salisbury, Rhodesia. This was to be the fifth and last course in Rhodesia. When we returned to Kenya we both were assigned to 'B' Company in the Aberdares. Ernie later was transferred to the Mau Mau Detention Barracks at Mackinnon Road, guarding prisoners with other Regimental personnel.

On completion of his service he returned to EATC and ultimately attended the wedding of Helen and me in 1956. We lost contact when he emigrated to Australia in, I believe, 1960, but many years later, I met him in Sydney and also in Queensland, Gold Coast; it was then I discovered that he had spent much of his time in Thailand.

He had previously been married in Australia but had divorced. He has a son in Australia whom I never met. I do know that he loved Thailand and in his later years spent six months of the year in Thailand and six months in Australia. [Ed: *It's a great pity that little is known of Ernie's demise; anyone with more information please pass on to me. Perhaps someone is in contact with his son?*]

Chris Minter (ex-KAR, ex-DO) <cjwminter@lyndaminter.com> responds to letters from Stan Bleazard [KR4242] and Robin Stobbs [KR4458] (mS XLVI p4): I was with the KAR in Kiambu for most of 1953; I certainly knew Dick Matthews and met Phil Myburgh. We've just had a Provincial Administration get-together and next week there's the KAR dinner. Phil's father was the late Brigadier P H Myburgh, who had a most distinguished army career in the Royal Artillery. Born in 1893, he was awarded the DSO and MC (+ three MiDs) in WW1, and in WW2 he won a Bar to the DSO in East Africa (+ two more MiDs), and was appointed CBE at the end of the war. He was never Indian Army nor Gurkhas; if he was, I doubt if he would have been appointed Hon. Colonel or Colonel Commandant of one of the KAR battalions.

Eugene Armour [KR4446] <eugenearmour1@gmail.com> 04/09/2015. Much saddened to read in mini-SITREP XLVI of the passing of another Kenya stalwart, Rusty Millar [KR4456]. We crossed swords in the sporting sense many times from Kisumu days, where I remember he particularly excelled in the swimming pool. Nairobi followed, he at the Duke of York and me at St Mary's between 1948 and 1952.

The Dukos were top dogs at a lot of the inter school sport, due in many ways to Rusty. St Mary's still held their own, if I remember rightly, at boxing and at rugby; I think the priests taught us a few dirty tricks on the quiet!

Come 1953, Rusty and I joined the 4th course in Rhodesia and on our return both joined 'C' Coy for the rest of our service. We were, at last, on the same side in the 'C' Coy rugby XV and although the emergency was still at its height we managed during R & R to play about ten games, and remained undefeated all season. Rusty and Lofty Reynolds [KR4461] from this team were selected to represent East Africa and later toured N Rhodesia.

John Pembridge: Colin Billowes' letter in m-S XLVI, about having a ride in a 1926 Hispano Suiza, brought to mind the Hispano Suiza owned by Finlay Campbell [KR1044], who with his wife Bunty used to farm to the west of Lessos, going towards Nandi.

I have no idea what model it was but I should imagine pre WW2 and known in the district as the 'Hapana weza'. Finlay's son Donald [KR4287] restored it and I remember seeing him driving it in Eldoret in, I think, the early 60's.

I heard that it was purchased by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu for his museum and that they had a mission on their hands getting it loaded onto a railway wagon at Plateau station. It would be interesting to know if it is still in his museum.

Kevin Patience <saburi@hotmail.com> June 2015: Further to John Harris' article - Lincolns in Kenya - m-S XLVI pp22/23. Two other Lincoln crashes at Eastleigh on takeoff, were RF335 and RF349, both destroyed by fire. Sgt L.J. Pinn, flight engineer on SX976, who died shortly after the stricken aircraft landed at Eastleigh on two engines, is buried in City Park cemetery

Shirley, widow of Robert Semple-Fisher writes [October 2015] to Keith Elliot who forwarded it to Dennis Leete for comment: Thank you for all your very interesting information and updates. I was unable to open your last e-mail as it was not on a .pdf file, or maybe others had the same problem; some of us have old systems!

I have been reading the book 'Ghosts of Happy Valley' by Juliet Barnes, lent to me recently while I was getting a new hip. I also read about her visit to the Gibb's estate, which Bob's father brought from him in about 1938. I have the brochure on 'Amboni Falls Estate previously Gibbs Estate' in Nyeri. After reading about the desecration and burning of the Aberdare Forests, and the existence of shanty towns where once lovely estates existed, it makes one realise that one 'should never go back'.

We stayed at 'Amboni in 1957 when the RAF released Bob after the Suez Crisis at the end of his five years flying Hunters. It was during a particularly active time during the Mau Mau. After losing his elder brother (at age 20 yrs) in a Mau Mau ambush, Robert's mother contracted cancer and went

back to England where she died. His father left an Italian farm manager called Barbagallo in charge of Amboni Falls, and went to Rhodesia where he also had farms. I was just 21 years, newly married, and left on my own there whilst Bob visited all his old school mates, and went to look for flying opportunities in the area - with Punch Bearcroft. I had not learned much Swahili but my instincts told me that Barbagallo was up to no good. He was very active with the locals at the back of the house, and didn't appear to be doing much 'management'.

Twenty five years later, while I was running academic conferences at Wits University, two ex-Kenyans (I cannot recall their names) delivered direction signs they had made for me, and when we talked 'Kenya', one said 'I shot that fellow Barbagallo, he was gun running to the Mau Mau on your farm!' [Ed: *Have Juliet Barnes's book, the latest edition of Tim Hutchinson's Upcountry book and Ian Parker's 'The Last Colonial Regiment', to hand. The Gibb farm that features in Juliet's book belonged to Lt Col Alistair Gibb and was on the slopes of the Aberdares, facing Ol Kalou. Under Nyeri in Tim's tome, there is mention of HT Gibbs, Amboni Falls Est - this was the farm Bob's father bought. Barbagallo does not get a mention in any of the afore-mentioned books, nor does he feature as a civilian casualty in William de Villiers' list – see m-S XLIV page 70.*]

As I am involved as an Executor in Bob's estate, I came across a cc of a letter he wrote to the Kenya Regiment, to which it would appear he never received a reply. He was rather bitter in the end. Ted arrived on our doorstep from Botswana having had several strokes, destitute. Robert said in the letter the family never received any acknowledgement for the loss of James at Fort Hall. His father, sister, and particularly, his younger brother were all active in the Kenya Police Reserve. Bob also flew sorties from Marrian's Farm at Mweiga in 1953. He said none of the family ever received any compensation, any recognition, pension or medals. [Ed: *Ted died in Johannesburg 14th February 2011; prior to that he owned a very successful engineering business in Botswana, before moving in with Bob & Shirley ±2005. The Kenya Regiment held its last parade on 12th May 1963, possibly the reason there was no response to Bob's correspondence. Of interest to our Regimental bretheren in Kenya, according to the late John Garvey MBE KR49, the Regiment was not Disbanded; legislation states 'Temporary Discontinuation of Service.' So, the Kenya Government could, at any time, call upon Dennis et al to take up arms!*]

I don't know if one can do anything about any of these matters at this late stage, but I would be happy to write to the Regiment if you could give me the contact email or address. Also, is there anything about the family in the 'Kenya Upcountry Directory'. It is now too expensive in UK money to get a copy.

Keith: I was in Hawke House at P.O.W with the three Fisher boys, and knew them quite well. Their surname is/was actually Semple-Fisher. I can ask Shirley if you could publish if you deem it fit.

Dennis Leete: A good letter with a number of unanswered queries - with more research and clearance from Shirley, I think we should publish in m-S; it appears to be historical fact and hopefully there are readers out there who can add to, and/or provide different perspectives I have spoken with Tim Hutchinson [KR6321] about this, but it's all so long ago and neither of us, can add any details. I knew one Semple-Fisher vaguely from POW, but never knew him after school, or in the Regiment. I spoke to Dick Knight about Bob's service in the RAF, as Dick himself did a short service commission between 1954 and 1959, but he did not know him. I never heard of Barbagallo or his murder (either by Mau Mau or a Mzungu!) [Ed: *According to the Long Roll, only one Semple Fisher, Ted [KR6060], served in the Regiment. Of interest, there is a Reserve Police Officer G.J.O Semple-Fisher, buried in the Nyeri cemetery - KIA 7th August 1953.*]

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 XLVI was printed in June 2015, we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Baronet, Michael John [KR6073] 02/10/2015. Telford, UK (Iain Morrison)
Baxendell, Patricia (née Hallowes), wife of Peter [KR6046] 04/05/2013. N Qld (Guy Hallowes)
Begg, Sheila [ex-KCC] 29/08/2015. Durban (sister Janie)
Bessler, Heather (née Trennery), widow of Quentin [KR3681] 09/09/2015. Scottburgh, KZ-N
(Mabel Higginson)
Boothway, John Gary [KR6072] 27/07/2015. Port Edward, RSA (wife Sue (née Worrall))
Campbell, Maj John Davies CVO, CBE MC* [KR5861/6272] 30/07/2015. UK (Bill Jackson)
Carr-Hartley Judith Mary wife of Roy [KR6843] 07/10/2015. Nairobi (Sheila Carr-Hartley)
Etherington, Geoffrey Field [KR6042] 05/06/2015. New Zealand (Tony Shepherd)
Hodgson, Dick, DSM*, husband of Susan Mary. 31/07/2015. Howick (The Natal Witness)
Hodgson, Susan Mary (née Sherbrooke Walker). 1/08/2015. Howick (The Natal Witness)
Holmberg, Anders Tor [KR542/913] 12/07/2015. Sweden (Tommy Fjastad)
Hopkins, Michael John [KR4867] 14/09/2015. Devon (Joan Wedekind)
Howard, Sue (née Cowie), wife of Ron [KR6747]. 17/09/2015. Howick (Graham Bales)
Howarth, Richard Thomas [KR670] 18/08/2015. UK (Pam Molloy)
Hutchinson, Timothy Heap [KR6321] 16/11/2015. Nairobi (Dennis Leete)
Karnezos, Dr. Nicolas Theodore (POW). 05/08/2015. Pietermaritzburg (The Natal Witness)
Lusso, Gino Peter [KR422] 08/11/2015. Pietermaritzburg (daughter Francine Garratt)
McCabe, Val (née Stanley), wife of Brian [KPR] 20/07/2015. New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)
McCabe, Brian (KPR), husband of the late Val. 22/07/2015. New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)
McCall, George Stuart Gadesden [KR3731] 18/10/2015. Gilgil (Dennis Leete)
McCleary, June, wife of Danny [KR4384] 13/07/2015. Howick (Danny)
Napier Bax, Peter Lawrence [KR6494] 16/07/2015. Johannesburg (Quin Thomas)
Plough, Andrew John Bruce [KR4954] ??/07/2015. British Columbia (Don Rookan-Smith)
Pohl, Harry O'Brien Erasmus [KR4612] 02/08/2015. Western Cape (James Daniel)
Read, David William Lister [KR1148] 02/07/2015. Arusha (Tom Lawrence)
Roberts, Iva (née Harries), widow of Boyce [KR234] 24/06/2015. Nanyuki (son Alick)
Shaw, Daniel Havergal [KR6189] 11/07/2015. Kenya (Al Napier Bax)
Strachan, Anne, wife of Duncan [KR3624]. 03/09/2015. MVA in UK (Iain Morrison)
Walker, David Thomas [KR7267] 13/08/2015. Florida (Don Rookan-Smith)

BOOK REVIEWS

KENYA: THE EVOLUTION OF INDEPENDENCE

By Reginald Leonard Collins [KR1403]

[Ed: *First reviewed in m-S XLV pp31-33, by The Standard's Mbugua Nunjiri; I thought it bit one-sided, so forwarded my copy to Ian Parker but it never arrived. The publishers then forwarded another copy to Ian for comment, and this is his response – August 2015.*]

The title is slightly misleading because the book covers rather more than Kenya. It is 606 pages of history and not as light reading as, for example, Miller's 'Battle for the Bundu.'

I see history as falling into two classes: 'popular' or 'academic.' The former aims to be a good read while the latter puts emphasis on actual sources of information and factual accuracy. Reginald Collins' book, falls somewhat between these two stools. Frustratingly, original sources for much of it are not given. Where attributed, most derive from the fifteen authors listed in the book's Preface. In turn, too much of the data in those are second hand and taken from earlier works. Consequently the basic pattern of history that Collins puts over is one that is familiar to many with an East African background.

The opening chapter about the slave trade is somewhat obsolete, portraying a Livingstonian perception of an Africa awaiting rescue from slavers and in an altogether benighted condition. The situation was more complicated than that. Its many facets did include forms of slavery that were endemic within Africa, but the tsunami of Arab slaving recorded by Livingstone and which Collins attributes to Arabs was neither ancient nor wholly of Muslim making.

The academic historian Alpers traces its roots to collapsing Portuguese fortunes in the 17th century, which led them to abandon a previously successful policy of not interfering with long established commerce from the interior. In favour of short term gain to meet, among others, French demand for slaves in their Mauritius sugar plantations, the Portuguese disrupted the political stability essential to long distance trade. It created an environment that stimulated Arab traders to go inland to get the ivory that Africans had previously carried to the coast. Where they could no longer get willing porters, the Arabs simply seized all too weak to resist them, as slaves to carry ivory back to the coast. Chaos and general destabilisation followed in cycles of increasing violence in which the Industrial Revolution's rising demand for ivory had great influence. In large part, the slave business Livingstone reported was a by-product of demand for ivory. Paraphrasing his own words, "control the ivory trade and slavery will be ended."

Collins has not kept up with more modern analyses of this topic and has overlooked an era of greater technological competence and political organisation that existed in Eastern/Central Africa centuries before the colonial era. Evidence is not just in Greater Zimbabwe and the associated terracing in that country's eastern highlands, but in East Africa too. Examples are the remnant town of Engaruka (over 20,000 people) on the Rift wall south of Lake Natron, the terraced hills north of Kisumu and the manner water was brought down the Rift wall (some Marakwet still manage vestiges of this sophisticated irrigation system). All imply widely lost competences. The question not yet answered is, with the evidence so stark, why Africans themselves have not explained what caused so much to disappear before the European colonial era commenced?

Once into the age of exploration that immediately preceded the colonial era, Collins' text contains much data of interest. These range from *minutae* of Royal Navy activity along the African East coast to an account of the contretemps between Burton and Speke. Here the author tends to dispel perceptions that favoured Speke against bully-boy Burton, indicating that Speke's behaviour was

not blameless. Every chapter concludes with a series of notes expanding points in its text. I found them fascinating and learned much of which I had been unaware. Overall the book presents a solid Eurocentric record of colonial Kenya.

However, in casting so wide a net as he has, there are many small errors: too many to give but a sample here. The author states that “there was no recognisable Portuguese/indigenous mixed-race community by the twentieth century.” I think there was and that they were referred to as “sertenajos” and for several centuries they commanded much trade in the interior of Mozambique.

Butiaba, altitude c, 2,000 ft above sea level (asl) on Lake Albert was not submerged by the Aswan dam some 2,000 miles downstream, 1,000 ft lower and only 340 miles long (Butiaba port was submerged when Lake Albert and all East African Lakes rose after the exceptionally heavy rains of 1961/62). Kikuyu country was not all over 8,000 ft asl. Lower Muranga (Fort Hall) is below 5,000 ft. Such irritating little mistakes are not so much errors of history as much as a bad editing. A good editor familiar with the subject should have picked up most, and an author going it alone - as I think Collins must have - always risks missing mistakes in a text with which he has become too familiar.

Yet do not let my criticisms deter readers from buying Collins’ book. He has put a huge effort into producing it and on that count alone I congratulate him. At £12.99 it is not overly expensive. It will provide many hours entertainment to all with more than a passing interest in East Africa’s history. I think myself moderately versed in that subject, yet throughout was picking up new facts.

While perhaps not a book that, as with an exciting thriller, the reader will complete it in a sitting, it is one to dip into repeatedly and give years of enjoyable reading and speculation.

Published in 2014 by Arthur Stockwell Ltd, Torrs Park, Ilfracombe, Devon EX34 8BA, UK
ISBN 978-0-7223-4248-0, Paperback, Perfect Bound, Price £12.99

THE COOPER FAMILY IN AFRICA - MEMOIR OF THE LATE MAJOR NEVILLE
MAYNARD CHARLES COOPER MBE, MC, GM [KR385/3881/5608]

[Edited by Jenny Els]

THE COOPER FAMILY IN AFRICA

THE MEMOIR OF THE LATE
Neville Maynard Charles Cooper



MAJOR NMC COOPER - MBE - MC - GM
(KENYA REGIMENT 5608)

Mike Muse writes: This memoir is the account of one family's life as colonial settlers, in what is now Kenya, during the period 1911, up to 1963, when the family finally left Kenya for a new life in South Africa.

The memoir is a labour of love, love of family and of country, an odyssey of life's ups and downs, written by Neville Cooper, a modest yet remarkable second-generation family member.

This is an intimate glimpse of a now-forgotten period of history, seen through the eyes of one of those involved in the making of that history, rather than as a spectator. This is a tale of adventure, of hardship and endeavour, a family saga illuminated by good humour and fortitude, whose actors’ courage, integrity, camaraderie and patriotism burn brightly throughout the book.

In an age of historical revisionism, of political correctness, these qualities are seen as anachronisms, quaint even and we are all the poorer for it. This memoir is a very necessary corrective: history as it happened, as it was made; how it was made.

The legacy of the Coopers and others like them was to provide a solid foundation for the establishment of today's Kenya, testament indeed to what can be accomplished by relatively few people with vision and a capacity for hard work.

One comes away from this book enormously enriched, informed and indeed hugely entertained."

Two hundred and six pages, with 86 photos.

Various options are available for distribution, and it would be appreciated if you indicated your interest to Anne de Jong on <coopermemoir@gmail.com> as soon as possible."

DAISY'S DAUGHTER, OUR LIVES FOR AFRICA

[Heather Rookan-Smith]

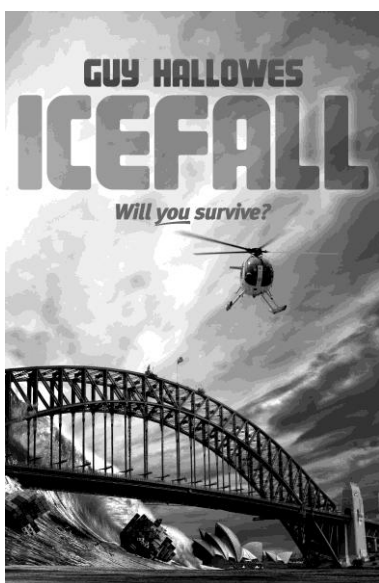
After many years of blood, sweat and tears, Heather (née Griffin), aided by her daughter Lindsay, has completed her book 'Daisy's Daughter, Our Lives for Africa.'

On 23rd October 2015, it 'went on line' <<http://www.daisysdaughterbook.com/index.php>>

A recommended read for those in whom the 'spirit' and love of Africa still lives.

ICEFALL

[Guy Hallowes KR7100]



This is the way the world ends - not with a bang... but a 15 metre WAVE!

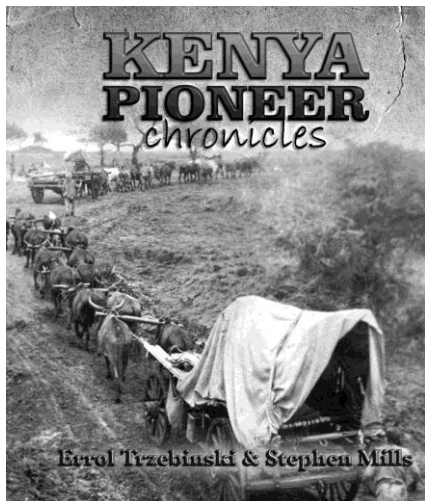
Antarctic's Ross Ice Shelf - a lump of Ice about the size of France - is about to collapse into the sea, creating a massive Tsunami that will destroy much of the world as we know it.

Predicted by the British Antarctic Survey, New Zealand Scientists, and the Pentagon, yet ignored by politicians and citizens alike, the threat is taken seriously by the beautiful, smart Tanya who has worked her way up from poverty to the top of Sydney society, and, to her surprise, by her father-in-law, David Bower. Escaping to the Blue Mountains with other family members, they set about creating a whole new society.

Fast-paced and enthralling, ICEFALL demands of each one of us, what will you do when the Tsunami hits? web-site: www.guyhallowes.com

KENYA PIONEER CHRONICLES

[Errol Trzebinski and Stephen Mills]



Before the turn of the nineteenth century, the white man's destination in Africa was more often fixed in his mind than on a map; his route was unlikely to be charted; the land mass was known in Europe by three words... 'The Dark Continent'...

Every pioneering family in Kenya had equally fascinating tales to tell and each member of the family many unique anecdotes. Some pioneers were barely in their twenties, holding a common conviction of exchanging an old way life for something new brim-full with promise and opportunity.

Their departures from 'home' were filled with bustle, panic and a sense of finality; mothers, fiancée's and wives mopped their swollen eyes believing that the 'dark continent' would swallow their beloveds whole. A few men did disappear but Africa was honed again and again by those survivors with technical knowhow, who made British East Africa their home. They strove daily for the dream and once achieved, the dream did not last for as long as they had hoped.

This book is not for the oldest generation of Kenyans but to show their grandchildren (black and white) and in turn their great, great grandchildren that their forbears took on raw canvas and broke virgin soil.

The book is now with the printers and will be ready for dispatch, by courier from mid October. We need a physical address for delivery plus telephone number please.

Cost approx Ksh 4,500 + VAT; Shipping world-wide: Ksh 2,500; Payments can be made by International credit card, or Mpesa locally.

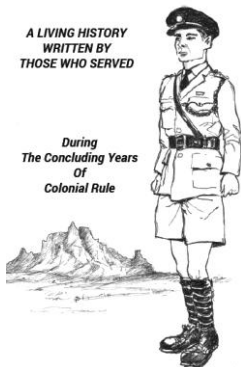
THE KENYA POLICE – A LIVING HISTORY

[Compiled by John Newton]

THE KENYA POLICE

A LIVING HISTORY
WRITTEN BY
THOSE WHO SERVED

During
The Concluding Years
Of
Colonial Rule



Last year I asked all ex-KP for whom I at that time had addresses, to send me their stories and experiences for a Living History of our time in The Kenya Police. I received a series of really interesting and absorbing stories that I turned into a book with photographs and excellent line drawings based on many of the stories

I published the result in April and it has been so well received in UK and those who bought it in America and Australia, that I have been asked to produce a Second Edition with a new set of stories, that are already coming in.

Of course the first book is still available and you may already have it. It is almost sold out so I am planning a second print run as the first

If you do not have it, the best way to buy is through a British company called Wordery who ship post free all round the world and even discount the book. You can buy it in your own currency completely post free, which is a great deal and makes it cheaper than the £13.00 price in Britain; ridiculous, but true.

It is very easy to obtain. Simply go to Wordery.com and in the search box enter either the ISBN 9780957583856, or the words The Kenya Police - A Living History, then follow through in the normal way of Internet purchasing. Or, contact John <nbi.john@gmail.com>.

When you have read the first book, please send me your stories and experiences for the Second Edition. Any subject, any length. Wives, widows, sons and daughters are also part of our life in Kenya, so please send me your stories too.

JOHN DAVIES CAMPBELL [KR5861/6272]

[11th November 1921 to 30th July 2015]

[Daily Telegraph]

Major John Campbell, who has died aged 93, was awarded two Military Crosses while serving with Popski's Private Army (PPA) and subsequently worked in the Colonial Service and as a diplomat.

In 1944, he joined No 1 Demolition Squadron in Italy. This irregular unit, better known as Popski's Private Army, was commanded by Major Vladimir Peniakoff, born in Belgium to Russian parents. PPA had become operational two years earlier in the Western Desert when it undertook raiding and reconnaissance missions behind enemy lines. It was equipped with heavily armed jeeps and was trained in parachuting, mountain warfare, demolition and intelligence gathering. Patrol members carried a tommy gun or a rifle, a semi-automatic pistol and a fighting knife.

Peniakoff had misgivings about recruiting Campbell and set him a test of finding his way across 60 miles of rough, mountainous country carrying 40 lbs of equipment and getting back in record time. Campbell passed the test and, having been made adjutant, impressed 'Popski' with his ability to scrounge kit, equipment and stores from niggardly quartermasters.

September 1944 - as the 8th Army pushed up the Adriatic Coast to try to liberate Ravenna before the winter set in, Campbell took command of 'S' Patrol. By winter, British and Canadian forces, much reduced in strength by losses suffered on their push northwards, were overstretched. Campbell's small force drove up and down the pine forests on the Adriatic coast leaving tracks in the hope that enemy spotter planes would report that there was a much larger formation there than was the case.

One night in November - it was Campbell's 23rd birthday - he had only driven a few yards from the farmhouse where they were based when the wheel of his jeep was blown off by a mine. After an hour spent putting on a spare, he travelled only another 100 yards before the vehicle struck another mine. Campbell went back to the farmhouse on foot. The following day, when he returned to repair the damage, he saw his footprint just one inch away from a third anti-personnel mine.

The patrol moved to another house but they were soon spotted. A German 88 mm gun opened fire and one of the shells came in through an upper window, flew down the stairs, burst through a door

and smashed into Campbell's jeep at the back of the building. After being blown up three times within 24 hours and emerging unscathed, he acquired the nickname 'Bulldozer'.

A few days later, an order was given to attack and capture an enemy outpost in a farmhouse near Ravenna which was holding up the Allied advance. It was reported that there might be as many as ten Germans in the house, but the operation had to take place without weapons being fired in order to conceal from the enemy the fact that they had lost an important strong-point.

Campbell's patrol crept into an empty house behind the outpost during the night and waited for daybreak. Then, as soon as they saw smoke rising from the chimney, which meant that the Germans were preparing their breakfast, they rushed the farmhouse. Four terrified Germans were on the bottom floor. They cried out, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" before being captured. Bill O'Leary, Campbell's troop sergeant, led the onslaught up the stairs. He met a soldier with an automatic weapon in his hand, charged him and knocked it from his grasp. He then ran into a room in which there were four more Germans. Three were in bed, but the other reached for an automatic weapon. O'Leary overcame him and the remainder surrendered.

Early in December, Campbell was ordered to capture a German unit based in a fortified tower and customs house at the mouth of the Fiume Uniti, south of Ravenna. During a six-mile night reconnaissance, wading across a marsh, he stepped into a swamp and sank until he was up to his neck in water. The following night, he and six men set out along the canal in two rubber boats.

Shortly after midnight, they disembarked and hid until a German patrol had passed. At three o'clock in the morning, they set off again, treading in the footprints left by the patrol because the area was mined. They crawled the last 100 yards until they reached a cowshed which was about 25 yards from the fort. They climbed in through a window but no sooner had they concealed themselves and were preparing their attack than all of them had a fit of coughing. Campbell said afterwards that he was terrified that the Germans would hear them and that, for him, it was probably the most frightening moment that he had experienced during the whole war.

At dawn, a door in the fort opened and an Alsatian was let out. When it started to take an interest in the cowshed, Campbell threw out a tin of bully beef but its suspicions were not wholly allayed and it was a great relief when, ten minutes later, its master whistled for it and it ran back inside.

They watched for the smoke to appear from the chimney and then formed up outside the front door. They broke down the door, rushed in with tommy guns and, without a shot being fired, captured eleven enemy soldiers with all their equipment, including three machine guns. Campbell then evacuated his prisoners without attracting the attention of the enemy in another strongpoint nearby. On the way back to his base, he ambushed two parties which were bringing up reinforcements, killing six and capturing four others.

After another of PPA's patrols took over the fort, a succession of German soldiers, numbering about 50, arrived to find out what had happened to their comrades. They, too, were taken prisoner. Campbell was awarded the first of his MCs. The citation stated that his feat of arms was one of the best examples of courage, leadership and self-control.

John Davies Campbell, the son of Hastings Campbell and Eugenie Campbell, daughter of the 14th Baron Louth, was born at Monasterevin, County Kildare, on November 11 1921 and was educated at Cheltenham College. At the outbreak of the Second World War, he was studying at St Andrews University but was called up in 1940. Commissioned into the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders the following year, he was posted to the 7th Battalion. Arriving at the Allied front line, the 8th Army's perimeter at El Alamein, in autumn 1942, he saw action as a platoon commander in the Western Desert.

After the action in which he was awarded his first MC, Campbell's patrol pushed northwards. In April 1945, he learnt that about 40 Germans, equipped with machine guns and panzerfausts, were dug in at a farm at Massa Fiscaglia, north-east of Bologna.

Fearing that a frontal attack with his whole patrol would result in many casualties, he decided to use only two jeeps. The two vehicles charged up the road, and the speed and ferocity of the assault overwhelmed the enemy who were taken completely by surprise. A few days afterwards, the same all-out tactic resulted in the capture of guns, crews, ammunition and three truck loads of petrol. Campbell was awarded an immediate Bar to his Military Cross.



Campbell (standing - 5th from left) and 'S' Patrol – PADUA – 4th May 1945

PPA was disbanded in September and Campbell was demobilised in 1946. In 1949, he emigrated to Kenya where he joined the Colonial Service and, in 1953, volunteered to serve as a District Officer during the Mau Mau emergency. Fluent in Kikuyu and Swahili, in 1956 he enlisted as a territorial officer in the Kenya Regiment and received a Mention in Despatches the following year.

In 1961, he joined the Foreign Office (subsequently the Foreign & Commonwealth Office) as one of four candidates selected by open competition out of a large entry. Two postings to the delegation to the United Nations in New York were interspersed with a spell at the FO in London, during which time he lived on a Thames sailing barge.

Campbell added Serbo-Croat to his languages while serving as First Secretary at the British Embassy, Belgrade, Yugoslavia. This was followed by a move to the British Embassy in Bonn, again as First Secretary, and, in 1972, he was seconded to the Olympic Games at Munich as the British adviser.



RAVENNA 2005 – CAMPBELL (RIGHT) WITH UCCIO VENTIMIGLIA WHO SERVED WITH ‘S’ PATROL

He was Counsellor at the British High Commission, Ottawa, from 1972 to 1977 before returning to Italy, where he was British Consul-General at Naples. After the earthquake in Southern Italy in November 1980, he played a prominent part in the British government’s relief operation. He was made a Commander of the Order of Merit of the Italian Republic (OM). [*Ed: John is wearing the OM in the above photograph.*]

After retiring from the FCO, he lived in Herefordshire and built up a business treating potentially dangerous surfaces on roads, airfields and the hard-standings in farmyards to prevent skidding. Settled at Leominster, he enjoyed travel, listening to music and going to the theatre. He was appointed MBE in 1957, CVO in 1980 and was advanced to CBE in 1981.

John Campbell married, in 1959, Shirley Bouch who survives him with their son and two daughters. Major John Campbell, born November 11 1921, died July 30 2015

BRIAN ‘BING’ EDWARD McCARTNEY [KR3323]

[10th April 1923-1st January 2015]

Fergus McCartney [KR3609] has written to say that his brother Brian ‘Bing’ McCartney died on New Year’s Day 2015. Brian was born on 10th April 1923 and would have been 92 this year. His widow Elizabeth survives him as do his two sons John and Nigel; a third son Kevin died in 1961. ‘Bing’, as he was always known, was educated at Parklands Primary School, Nairobi and then at the Prince of Wales School. On the outbreak of the War in 1939 he volunteered to be a dispatch rider. The young men were issued with commandeered German motorcycles and he had a Zundapp. He enlisted in the Kenya Regiment and as he had had some engineering experience before the war with

Messrs Gailey and Roberts Ltd., he opted for the East African Engineers. His service took him into Somalia and Abyssinia (the Italians had entered the War in 1940 and had immediately entered the NFD districts of Moyale, Manderu and Wajir); in all he served for about seven years.

Having completed his army service he returned to his pre-war employers working in East Africa. The family moved to Australia for about twenty years and then returned to the UK.

HAMISH GORDON CAMPBELL-GILLIES

[daughter Heather]

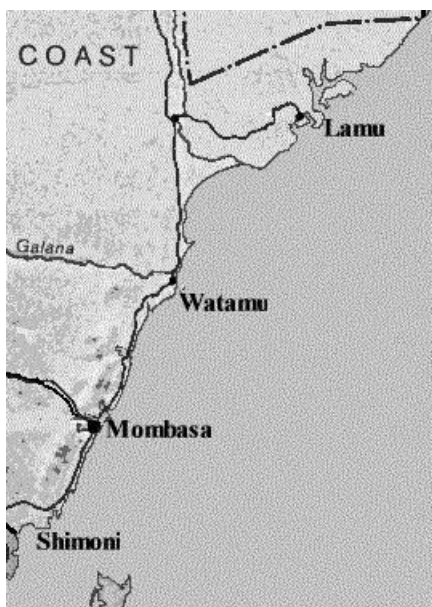
Hamish Gordon Campbell-Gillies, born in Kenya 15th September 1934, completed NS in Salisbury 1953 [KR4441], passed away in his home in Hawaii 1st February 2015, seven years after a successful kidney transplant.

Hamish grew up in Kenya where he married Jane Ferguson in 1959; they had two sons, James and Gordon. In 1962, they emigrated to Canada where their third child, Heather was born. In 1980, they moved to Southern California, becoming American citizens in 1995. He faced many challenges in his third Country where he and Jane opened, and for many years ran, a dry cleaning business.

In 2000, they retired to Maui, Hawaii. During his retirement they visited his beloved Kenya and went on many cruises, trips and adventures.

Hamish is survived by his wife Jane, son James and Gordon, daughter Heather, son-in-law William, grandchildren Jamie Rose and Michael Hamish, and their extended family in England, Scotland, Australia and Africa, and all his 'Ohana' on Maui.

PASSAGE TO THE PAST by Robert F. Jones



From Shimoni to Lamu (shown here), the author travels up the Coral Coast of Kenya, and evokes the ancient Arabs, Vasco da Gama and Papa Hemingway

The old order changeth, but the ghosts linger on. Eighteen years ago, when I first drove down the tarmac from Nairobi to Kenya's Coral Coast, great angry elephants 'glowing ruby-red from the ochre they had rolled in,' prowled the Tsavo region and lazed in the shade of giant baobabs along the road. Now, the elephants are few; the majority were killed by poachers or died during the long drought in the early 1970s. Along the road in those days, one would also see Africans in tribal dress, red *shukas* over their shoulders, spears and war clubs carried for defence. As one neared the coast, the costumes changed:

The women wore Muslim-black *buibuis* or brightly colored *kangas*, the men pinstriped *kikois*.

Not so today.

When, in December, I and my companions, photographer Bill Eppridge and Bill Winter, an old friend and hunting guide, stopped at a Total station in Mariakani to refuel our safari wagon, parked near us at the pumps was a shiny bronze-coloured Audi 2000. At the refreshment kiosk or 'key-ox,' as many New Africans pronounce it, stood the car's occupants. Mama wore bright red hot-pants and a frilly blouse. Junior, in his shorts and T-shirt, was plugged to his Sony Walkman, diddybopping to a rock beat from Dar es Salaam. And the *mzee* sported reflector shades and a T-shirt no European would have dared wear. It was emblazoned with a chimpanzee in a business suit holding a telephone and saying brightly, JAMBO! BOSS SPEAKING.

To reach the coast, one drives through the Taru Desert, a belt of nyika (thorn scrub) some 200 miles wide. At one point there is a long, dry hill called the Kilima Kiu - the Hill of Thirst. A century ago, coffles of slaves taken in the interior marched down the Hill of Thirst, each carrying a 60-pound load, usually elephant tusks or rhino horns, heading for the Arab slaving ports on the Indian Ocean. The infamous last stop on this trail of tears was the town of Bagamoyo in what is now Tanzania. Translated from the Swahili, Bagamoyo means 'lay down your heart' - along with your burden, I guess, and your last hope of freedom.

We passed places along the route called The Bumping Bar and The Cozy Boy Hotel and debouched finally onto the Coral Coast, near a place called Shimoni.

Over the eons, the Indian Ocean has eaten great caves into the coralline rock lining the beach there. *Shimo* is Swahili for hole, and Shimoni means 'in the hole.' Slaves were kept chained in the caves of Shimoni while awaiting the Arab dhows that would carry them to Zanzibar, Aden, Yemen and points north.

One evening at Shimoni, hunting for ghosts, I walked at dusk down the dirt road from the Pemba Channel Fishing Club, where we were staying, to the nearest of these *shimos*. There were said to be bones down there still, and rusting iron shackles. Pale green stalactites glowed eerily in the fading light; a leathery rustling sound echoed up from the cave mouth, underscored by an almost electronic chitter, as of an Atari game gone berserk. Just at dark the authors of this alary alarum emerged - wave upon wave of bug-hungry bats flew up into the jade-green night like a whirlwind in reverse. *Mdudu* means bug in Swahili. I bugged-out with the *mdudus*.

We had come to Shimoni for the fishing, as had Ernest Hemingway some 27 years earlier. That was just after his two plane crashes in Uganda in 1954, and he was still suffering from injuries incurred in those mishaps - ruptured liver and kidney, a skull fracture and severe burns - so he did very little fishing, even though he had arranged for his son, Patrick, to bring down a boat called the 'Lady Faye' from Mombasa, 50 miles to the north.

"It was not a happy camp," we had been told by Denis Zaphiro, the game warden Hemingway had befriended earlier in the safari. "Mary, Pat and I fished a bit but with very little luck; a few red snapper, dolphin and jacks, a yellowfin tuna and a wahoo, but no billfish which were what we had come for.

"Papa, for the most part, stayed in his tent, licking his wounds and drinking - three bottles of whiskey a day. The only sign that it was affecting him was that, in the afternoons, he would lapse into his telegraphic mode of speech, his Indian talk as he called it.

Then one day a bushfire blew up. Papa went off with the lads to fight the fire. When they came back, he wasn't with them. We followed them out where he'd last been seen and found him, face down in the blackened stubble, covered with third-degree burns. I remember him later, sitting there, pouring bottles of Gordon's gin over his seared head. Probably did him a lot of good, actually.

Killed the pain and served as an antiseptic as well. He'd walked straight into the fire, he told me; deliberately.

During the second plane crash in Uganda, he said, when the plane had caught fire and he'd had to batter his way out with his head, he'd feared that Mary had thought him a coward. Walking into the fire here at Shimoni was his way of disproving that."

So there was another ghost to contend with. Our stay at Shimoni, however, proved far more productive than Hemingway's. Since his day, the Pemba Channel Fishing Club has come into being. The channel is a natural fish funnel, a deepwater gut separating the clove islands of Zanzibar and Pemba from the mainland. All three varieties of Indo-Pacific marlin - blue, black and striped - run the gut in season, along with sailfish, wahoo, great schools of yellowfin (called 'tunny' by the British) and tiger sharks weighing as much as 1,000 pounds. Along the reefs live huge, slab-sided crevalles known as giant trevally or, locally, karambesi (the record thereabouts is 116¼ pounds), which were recently recognized as worthy prey by the International Game Fish Association.

The club, a sprawl of comfortable *bandas* thatched in the plaited coconut fronds called *makuti*, is situated on a coralline promontory. Its grounds are covered with brilliantly flamboyant trees and frangipani, desert rose and the inevitable giant baobabs, leafless in this season and hung with their huge, cream-of-tartar seedpods. It was opened in late 1962 by Patrick [KR3876] and Maia Hemphill, who knew virtually nothing about deep-sea fishing.

"We'd been upcountry farmers all our lives," says Maia, a plump, jolly lady who oversees an excellent kitchen. "But with independence coming and our farm slated for Native Resettlement, we were looking for something new, something that could keep us in Kenya. Commander David Blunt had been running a sport-fishing operation near Mombasa since before the war, and he owned some land down Shimoni-way, where he knew the fishing to be first-rate. He offered us a partnership and Pat said yes. I'd been praying he would. People told us we were bonkers to go into this at that time. Still, it's good to go bonkers every now and then." [Ed: '*Gone Fishing*' by Pat and friends was reviewed in *m-S XLIV pp60-63*.]

Just keeping his tackle in shape and his three sport-fishing boats running has kept Pat mildly bonkers ever since. Spare parts, if available at all, are worth their weight in gold in Kenya today. Plain wood screws can cost 80¢ apiece (American) when you can find them, and often they come with no slots in their heads. Hemphill isn't the chattiest of charter-boat skippers, but his African crews are as well trained and skillful as any I have trolled with, from Key West to the Kona Coast of Hawaii. Hemphill personally 'shifts his flag' from day to day around his fleet - one day in 'Pingusi,' a 30-foot catamaran; the next in 'Broadbill', his new single-hulled 46-footer; and then to 'White Otter', another single-hulled sport-fisherman.

In that way, he ensures all engines are working properly, and all crews as well. His son, Simon, 21, a marine zoologist, serves as his second-in-command. Simon, in profile, actually looks like an adolescent marlin; while his father is merely taciturn, Simon is downright mute: He resolutely refuses to tell his fishing clients what he is up to or why he is using whichever lures are out; when he does answer a question, his voice drips with youthful scorn at the questioner's ignorance. As Joseph Conrad wrote, "Ah, Youth..."

Our first day out in the Pemba Channel we had neither Pat nor Simon to contend with, but rather one of Hemphill's African skippers, a chatty young Vumba, named Saidi Ahmed, the son of a fisherman, from nearby Wasini Island. Within minutes we were into fish, sharp-spined five-fingered jacks, mainly, which we would use for marlin bait. The sea was calm, with a greasy swell rolling down from India on the gentle push of the *kaskazi* (the northeast monsoon), and the sun had an

equatorial weight to it that should have pushed the big billfish down into the cooler depths. Yet, at straight-up noon we got into marlin.

"*Samaki!*" yelled Saidi from the flying bridge. He clapped his hands to alert us. Two of our five trolling rods bent and our reels squealed to the strikes. I dropped my bait back with the fish, the reel in free-spool, thumbing the spool to maintain tension, and when Saidi reckoned the marlin had turned the bait to swallow it, I locked up the drag even as Saidi two-blocked the throttles. Winter, on the other working rod, did the same; simultaneously, the two marlin jumped far out and heading in opposite directions. It's one of the most thrilling sights in fishing: that great silver, black and electric blue spearhead powering up out of the sea, the maniacal scream of the drag, and then the fish pounding back into the water, 'like a horse thrown from a cliff," as Hemingway described it.

I counted a dozen jumps before my fish settled down for the fight. Though I would have preferred to fight the fish California style - i.e., standing up the whole way, from a dead boat, using only a rod belt to socket the tackle - Saidi insisted I take the fighting chair. With the weight of the sun in those latitudes, a sun far hotter than that off Baja or even Hawaii, he was probably right. I would never know. After ten minutes, and still running deep with no slack on the line, my fish pulled out.

But Winter's marlin, the first of his life, was still on. Winter, 50, is a hunter, not an angler. Since 1971, I've made many safaris with him, all upcountry, with gun and camera, and in either situation he's as fine a guide as you can hope to find in Kenya. At deep-sea fishing, though, he's a rank neophyte. Still, he proved a quick study. The fish, we could see, was foul-hooked just above its left pectoral fin, and Bill had it on 50-pound test line, which made for a dangerous fight. Hooked as it was in the side, the fish could go virtually wherever it wanted. Bill had to keep the line taut and yet not pump so hard as to pull the hook through the thin layer of skin that held it. Five times he brought the marlin in close enough for us to count its stripes, and five times it sounded again, stripping off all the hard-gained line Bill had reeled in.

It struck me, as I coached him, that our usual safari situation was reversed. Hunting dangerous big game, he backed me up with his skill and his big rifle. As the marlin came in the sixth time, I asked him the question: "Do you want me to go in after him with the .458?" He laughed through the rolling sweat. Moments later Saidi gaffed the fish and brought it in - a 133½-pound striped marlin on light line, not bad for a first effort.

We fished another day, with Surly Simon, but caught only three bonito. Of far more interest was the snorkeling at Kisiti Island's Marine National Park, ten miles off Shimoni. Visibility wasn't as good as it might have been - the monsoon rains had clouded the water a bit - but the reef itself was vast and variegated. Squirrelfish, damsels, sergeant majors and rock lobsters abounded. Spear-fishing isn't permitted in the Marine Park waters, but the fish were so wary that I suspect poachers must come in anyway.

Toward noon a junk pulled up and disgorged a horde of German tourists and soon the water was full of bulbous pink bodies in scanty bikinis. So we cleared out to avoid the suntan-oil slick.

We lunched that same day at the Wasini Restaurant, an open-air, thatched-roof establishment on the island of the same name. It has a fine view of nearby Tanzania, and we ate excellent mangrove crabs (*Squilla serrata*), which are every bit as good as Florida stone crab, but bigger. One monster had a carapace the size of a serving platter and a dominant claw that must have weighed three pounds.

After lunch we visited Wasini village, an Arab town with the oldest still-functioning mosque in the area. The town is coastal Arab - the thick-walled buildings have arched windows that encourage a venturi effect on the air and provide a form of rudimentary air conditioning; there are ancient graves

beneath the baobabs, some marked with the typical Arab phallic monuments. In a vast tidal flat beyond the village *birika* (water catchment), strange coral heads stood like an oddly eroded Stonehenge.

From Shimoni we pushed along the coast road to Mombasa. The coastal strip, about ten miles deep, is a different world from the rest of Kenya. At least a thousand years of Arab influence shows in everything from agriculture to architecture - even in the faces of the people. Members of the dominant Swahili tribe are paler than their inland Bantu cousins, with the hawk noses and high cheekbones of their Semitic ancestors, commonplace. The word Swahili derives from the Arabic *sawahil*, meaning coasts or shorelines.

Swahili is a coastal language made up predominantly of Bantu, with strong Arabic influence. Ethnographers believe that traders from Persia and the Arabian peninsula have been visiting the East African coast for 2,000 years. The first reference to the region in classical literature comes in a book called Periplus of the Erythrean Sea, written by an Alexandrian Greek in the 2nd century A.D.

"There is evidence that the Egyptians were here as well," says Edward Rodwell, 74, a Kenyan journalist and an enthusiastic amateur historian whose column, "Coastal Causerie," has been appearing in the African paper The Standard since 1940. "A painting dating from about the 23rd century B.C. depicting the Land of Punt in one of the tombs along the Nile shows Egyptians catching sailfish. Punt may come from *pwani*, a Swahili word for this coast, and certainly sailfish do not occur north of present-day Somalia."

The first European to visit these shores, in 1498, was Vasco da Gama. Meeting a hostile reception from the Sultan of Mombasa, the Portuguese established their first East African 'factory' at Malindi, some 75 miles north. Not until the late 16th century did the Portuguese capture Mombasa from the Sultan and begin building their great red edifice, Fort Jesus.

"Apart from the fort, you don't see much Portuguese influence left on the coast," says Rodwell. "Before World War II, though, they still held bullfights on the island of Pemba. I photographed one once. They would bring out the bull, on a rope, throw it down and shout obscenities in its ear; quite colourful! That's about the extent of my sporting knowledge of the coast, except in the other sense of the word.

Some years ago that fellow S.J. Perelman came through here. He had heard that there was a brothel on the coast called 'Eskimo Nell', and he was determined to find it. I assured him there was no such place in Mombasa. Later he cadged a flight to Lamu, a town way up the coast, to continue his research. I doubt that he found 'Eskimo Nell' there, either."

One highly evident influence on the coast is that of the *jinis*, those malicious spirits that accompany Arab culture wherever it goes. No sane African or Arab will remain in Fort Jesus after sundown. The people at Diani, a resort area south of Mombasa, warn Europeans not to venture too far offshore in their boats. "There are *jinis* out there," an old man told me in all seriousness, "Little men with hooked noses and big *tumbos* who live in the mud. They will lure you into the mud. All the evil of the world comes from those mud-banks." He looked around conspiratorially. "They have rockets," he whispered.

Farther north, Winter bumped into one of his old game scouts from his days as a warden. The man was now stationed on the coast.

"Must be nice down here," Bill suggested.

"Oh yes, very beautiful, Bwana," the man said. "But it's so damned expensive. All those goats and chickens."

"What do you mean?" Bill asked.

"Because of the *jinis*," the man said. "Every day my wife tells me something else they've done. So I have to make sacrifices." He shook his head wearily, "Too expensive!"

The hulking presence of Fort Jesus at the entrance to the old dhow harbour in Mombasa is enough to convince even the most sceptical Westerner that some powerful evil influence is at work here. Now a national monument, the fort was begun by the Portuguese in 1593 and completed 30 years later. Its 50-foot-high walls, built of coral blocks cut from the reef, limed over and then daubed red with ochre, appear bloodstained in low light. And indeed they are. The fort has changed hands many times over the centuries, usually by treachery. From 1696 to '98 it underwent siege by Omani Arabs that only ended when plague got loose among the garrison. Portuguese and Arab graffiti overlay one another in the gloomy man-made grottoes within the fortress; at one corner is a deep pit into which prisoners were dropped - sometimes Arab, sometimes European. Blue and yellow agama lizards live in the mouths of old cast-iron cannons, flicking their forked tongues from shadow into harsh sunlight. Hooded crows circle raucously over the twisting, narrow streets of surrounding Mombasa, as if in search of carrion. One expects to see Peter Lorre or Sidney Greenstreet [*Ed: Film actors of yesteryear.*], ducking down a shaded alley.

If Fort Jesus represents the Coast's glamorous - if bloodstained - past, the Baobab Cement Factory at Bamburi, just north of Mombasa, symbolizes the present. From the highway it would appear to be just a huge hole in the ground, wreathed in white dust and grumbling with the engines of giant dump trucks. But within the fringe of feathery-needled casuarina trees that masks the 60-acre factory from the beach hotels, a fascinating ecological experiment is taking place. The coral bedrock left after the cement miners have finished is being turned into a game park and fish farm.

Already a small mixed herd of eland and fringe-eared oryx has been established in the casuarina grove. A pond upon which swim Egyptian geese, white pelicans and fulvous tree ducks, also sports a six-year-old hippo named Sally, who guzzles milk from a gigantic baby bottle. "She's been fed on milk since she was a baby," says Tony Armitage, an assistant to Rene Haller, the Swiss agronomist who developed the park and farm. Armitage scooped a handful of rich brown loam from beneath the casuarinas. "This is the key to it all. The casuarina can root in just a few inches of coral." Then he pointed to an eight-inch-long millipede, black with orange legs, crawling through the casuarina duff.

"That chappie turns the needles into humus at the rate of as much as an inch a year. Already in some places we have eight inches of topsoil, so we can grow other trees as well, like the conocarpus and the algarroba, which are salt-tolerant. The algarroba comes from South America. It produces a sweet, very edible pod. Our monkey population has considerably increased since we put the algarroba in. Goats, sheep, eland, even hippos thrive on it." We sampled a pod, which tastes like carob.

The black and orange millipede, omnipresent along the coast, is known locally by many names: bongololo, chongololo, jongoo, the Tanganyika train, the Mombasa bus. For a while the casuarinas were threatened by an insect, the longicorn beetle which was killing the trees. Haller solved the problem by introducing a squadron of eagle owls that quickly scooped up the beetles. Similarly, an invasion of biting wasps, to which some people are intensely allergic, was countered by bringing in a variety of spider that weaves tough webs. "That took the sting out of the situation," says Armitage.

Farther along in the park is a family of spotted serval cats, aloof and suspicious, intermixed with large tortoises from the island of Aldabra in the Seychelles. "The servals have been breeding like mad," Armitage says, "but we can't get to the kittens quickly enough. The male eats them." The servals are fed with culls from a chicken farm, also on the cement factory property. Nearby is a pond full of crocodiles, somnolent and vacant-eyed in the heat.

"A very valuable product, the old croc," Armitage explains. "We feed them with tilapia guts from our fish farm, which is the real centre and *raison d'être* of the whole operation."

A series of ponds, all kept at 29° Celsius, contain tilapia of every size up to six pounds, although those bred for commercial use generally weigh less than a pound. The tilapia, an excellent food fish, looks like a cross between a bluegill and a crappie, and thrives in captivity. It's known among East African epicures as Bamburi trout. The local water isn't right for true trout; they will die if the oxygen level in the water falls below 35%. "Tilapia can live with only 15 to 20% oxygen," says Armitage.

During our tour of the tilapia tanks, we passed Armitage's Honda MT-5 motorcycle. A peacock was preening on the seat, admiring himself in the rear-view mirror; just beneath his gorgeous tail stood a mound of green droppings. "Makes for a bit of a mess when you dash out after work and leap onto the bike for the ride home," Armitage said, "Got to think ahead in this business."

North of Mombasa's sprawl the country turns agricultural again: miles of coconut groves and sugarcane interspersed with stands of cashew, mango and papaya trees and vast hillsides spiky with pineapples. A food-lover could lead an ecstatic life here existing only on fruit, nuts and the abundant seafood - tiny and slightly metallic-tasting oysters, langouste and especially the huge prawns done in a spicy style called *piri-piri*. The fragrant mangoes, ripened on the tree and a rich orange in colour, are alone worth the price of the visit.

Now we come to the Snake Park. Anyone suffering from herpetophobia had best skip ahead. Ever since my son insisted on keeping a rosy-tailed boa constrictor as a pet for two years - or until it graduated from a diet of mice to hamsters - I've been fascinated with snakes. Bill Winter's friend, Peter Bramwell, is a snake catcher and we had arranged a visit to his serpentarium at Mnarani, on the south side of the Kilifi ferry crossing, an hour north of Mombasa. Tucked in among the key-oxes that clutter the ferry slip, selling everything from wood carvings to cashews, the serpentarium is a bit scruffy in appearance, but the snakes are in excellent shape: big-eyed boomslange and slate-gray spitting cobras; a racy, whip-tailed green mamba the colour of a lime Popsicle; squatty, swollen puff adders and a tangle of pythons thicker than fire hoses.

Bramwell, 53, is a wiry man with a graying spade beard and thick spectacles - the result of too many encounters with the spitting cobra (*Naja Nigricollis*).

"His first line of defense is to shoot for the eyes," Bramwell says. "It's a neurotoxic venom, of course, and strongly acidic. I've tested these snakes and they can spit 19 to 21 times before they run dry. At eighteen feet, they'll spray you from head to foot, but at twelve feet they'll hit you dead in both eyes every time. Because they're nocturnal hunters, you have no warning of their presence. Within four seconds after a hit, you're reeling out of the way with pain. I always carry eye-drops - adrenaline, one in 2,000 parts -and with that you can stop the pain in ten minutes. Untreated, it will last five days. Unsweetened milk is the next best treatment - the sugar in sweet milk will stick the venom to your eyeballs. Water is less effective, but often the only recourse, and in a real pinch, ugly as it sounds, you could have a companion urinate in your eyes - anything to wash out the venom. It's also a good idea, when going after spitting cobras, not to shave. That's why I have the beard. A drop of that toxin in a shaving nick and you've had it." In deference to his wife, Jan, Bramwell hasn't caught any poisonous snakes since 1977. That was the year he was bitten by a black mamba, one of the most dangerous snakes in the world. "Until then no one had survived the bite of a black mamba," he says. "I'd been bitten by boomslangs, puff adders and a green mamba and pulled through, but when the black hit me, I thought I'd had it. It happened on a Sunday, and I should have known better. All my bites have come on a Sunday."

Bramwell was at home that day, near Kilifi, when one of his staff reported a snake lurking near the rabbit hutches. "It was up on the rafters and I could see it was a black," he recalls. "I got the tongs - they're rather like the device grocery clerks use to remove packages from high shelves, but padded so as not to injure the snake -and got the leather-necked catching bag ready. Then I grabbed him; too far back. About eighteen inches of his neck and head were forward of the tongs. As I went to close the bag, my hand was too near the lip. The snake was still on the tongs but he got his head over the edge and hit me on the hand, twice. I whipped him out of the bag and killed him. I recall shouting, 'I've killed you, you bastard, but you're not killing me.' "

That was about 9:30 a.m. There was no pain - Neurotoxic venom doesn't hurt," Bramwell says, "but the bite of a puff adder, which is hemotoxic, makes you feel like you've got a toothache from the top of your head to the soles of your feet."

Within 20 minutes, Bramwell was feeling 'pins and needles' in his extremities. Neurotoxic venom attacks the autonomic nervous system, ultimately shutting off the victim's ability to breathe and sometimes even stopping the heart. Realizing that their Toyota Land Cruiser was too slow for the emergency run to the nearest hospital, Jan borrowed a neighbour's car and drove Peter to Mombasa at 85 mph. Fortunately, a snake-bite expert from Europe was at the hospital when Bramwell arrived. "He pulled me through," says Peter. "Three days later, I learned that a chap in South Africa had also survived a mamba bite. We were the first to do so." But the after effects have left him weak, lethargic and without much zest for the hard physical work he used to enjoy.

"The effect of these poisons is cumulative," he says. "My uncle, Alan Tarlton [KR3014], was a snake catcher here for years. During World War II, when the demand for antivenin was very high, he never had fewer than 400 puff adders in his cages. He was bitten 45 times by old Bid - that's the puffer's generic name. He claimed that after the 43rd bite he was immune, but the 45th bite finished him."

Peter took up full-time catching - 'this silly business' - as he calls it, in 1964 after a varied career in the bush as a hunter, game warden and police officer, mainly in what was then Tanganyika. While stationed near Kisumu, on the north shore of Lake Victoria, where the Kenya government had a prison, he witnessed a massacre by snakebite that still leaves him chilled. He spins the yarn in a deep voice, as hypnotic as a cobra's sway, with the cadence of a story in the Boy's Own Paper.

"In those days," he says, "a lake steamer called the Rusinga served the town periodically. One week it was long overdue and everyone worried, when finally we saw a plume of smoke slowly approaching through the channel. It was Rusinga, all right, but embedded in a huge floating island of papyrus she had collided with *en route*. Unable to back out, the skipper pushed the island into Kisumu. It was a proper island, complete with thorn trees growing on the thick, matted reeds. The prison warden deputed a work party of the hardest cases in jail to cut the steamer free.

The prisoners went over the side with their *pangas* and began chopping. Suddenly there came a hideous scream - then another and another. Snakes? No! Crocodiles! The snakes came later; scads of them, in the trees, the reeds, living on the island like the crocs, cobras mainly. More than a dozen men died before one side of the ship was cut free. Then the survivors went over the other side. They were back in a flash, shivering with fear; under one of the thorn trees lay three lions."

The lions, more fortunate than the prisoners, were shooed ashore and their lives spared. Over the years, Bramwell figures he has caught more than 1,000 snakes. His best single day came on a 60-acre plot along the coast in Kilifi, when he caught 15 - mainly green and black mambas - in one morning. The poisonous snakes were sold to producers of antivenin, black mambas in those days bringing Bramwell about \$25 apiece. "Pythons are the most expensive," he says. "In the '60s and early '70s, they brought 100 bob - about \$14 - a foot. Now the skin alone is worth more."

What becomes of the pythons? "A lot of them end up in zoos, others become purses and footwear. I'm told the Chinese eat them, but I've never had an order." Bramwell pauses, then grins. "Maybe the Chinese don't order out."

Before leaving the serpentarium, I was presented with a necklace by Bramwell's African assistant, George. The necklace consisted of two live pythons, together weighing 130 pounds. They coiled cool and smooth around my neck, distributing their heft so evenly over my arms, back and shoulders that I had no sense of their weight. As one python stared into my eyes and tested my nose with his tongue, a small African boy stared with popping eyes. "That *mzee*," he said to his companion, "is not a coward."

Little did he know!

After a day of bird watching in Kilifi Creek - we saw thousands of egrets, ibis, white pelicans and kites leaving their roosts - we pushed the 25 miles north to Watamu, a fishing and diving resort.

Watamu is around the corner from the famed Blue Lagoon, where the original film of that name, with Jean Simmons and Donald Houston, was shot, and the snorkeling is excellent. It's a strange sensation to pop up for air after watching barracuda feed along the reef and see a man in a turban leading a camel up the beach. Old colonial types stroll the sand in the cooler hours, sometimes coming into conflict with the ubiquitous German tourists who throng to the Malindi area in midwinter.

Not long ago an elderly lady who had spent most of her life farming in the Kenyan upcountry was walking primly along the beach at sunrise when she came upon a nude and brazen German. Recoiling in horror, she wielded her rubber-knobbed cane like a cavalry sabre, striking at the man's most vulnerable (and evident) parts. "When I made contact," she told her friends, "there was a most disgusting thump."

Winter and I spent a day light-tackle fishing aboard the 'Honeylulu' with David and Jeni Slater, accomplished charter boaters who put us into wahoo, kingfish, yellowfin and dolphin. Known elsewhere as *dorado* and *mahimahi*, the dolphin here is called *felusi*, from the Arab word *flus*, for gold. Though we saw two blue marlin and a sailfish, they wouldn't take. Marlin run larger than the billfish at Shimoni, with the Watamu record for blues being 754 pounds.

It's possible to drive from Malindi to Lamu, the northernmost town of consequence - possible but not recommended. The road threads the delta of the great brown Tana River, and the slightest spit of rain can turn the roadway into an impassable morass. *Shifita* - heavily armed irredentist raiders from Somalia - still interdict the road, and while we were there stopped a bus near Witu and robbed the passengers. So we flew to Lamu.

Founded as far back as the 10th century A.D., Lamu is the purest of the old Arab towns on the Kenya coast. The people for the most part are pale-skinned, be-turbaned Omani types, and the streets resound to the clangour of Arab cottage industries. Door carvers chip and saw like a nest of carpenter ants; metal-smiths pound out gold and silver ornaments; great piles of mangrove poles - used in construction up and down the coast - stand along the quays awaiting the dhows that will carry them as far north as the Red Sea.

The smell of charcoal and open drains pervades the narrow winding streets around the old fort, built in 1821 and now serving as a prison. Down the quay from Petley's Inn and the Lamu Museum, shipwrights are putting the finishing touches on the hull of a new dhow - a giant of a ship, fully 100 feet long. The whole town will take part in its launching, which will entail hauling the ship by hand down to the water. Smaller dhows and *jahazis* cruise the harbour, day and night. No motor vehicles

are allowed in Lamu, which is situated on an island of the same name; all traffic is either by boat or on foot.

My accommodation at the Peponi Hotel, a short dhow ride from the town of Lamu, was called The Palace - an old, renovated suite of rooms that was once the home of an Arab merchant. From the back window I could see the minaret of the Friday Mosque, one of the oldest on the island. Each morning before dawn I would be awakened at the sound of the muezzin climbing the steps to the minaret. He suffered greatly from catarrh, and his hawking and spitting echoed out over the sleeping town like the voice of a sick raven. But then, miraculously, would come his call to morning-prayer - "*Allahu akbar, Allahu akbar*;" pure and clear and as old as Islam.

One morning, as if in answer to the muezzin's call, I heard a howl - faint and distant - coming from the island of Manda, just across the channel. Oooo-WEEP! Oooo-WEEP! I recognized it at once from my time in safari camps upcountry: It was the call of a hyena. That day I asked one of the boat boys about it, and he told me, yes, there was a lone hyena on Manda. There had been two, but one died. Now the survivor called each night, and got no answer.

That evening I heard the hyena again as I lay in the coffee-scented dark. Suddenly, I felt a wave of nostalgia for the cold, high country of the interior, the camps and the smell of raw meat and gunpowder, the chill of rain and the pounding of the high, dry sun of the Northern Frontier District. Yes, the coast was fine for a change; hot and humid, bright and rich with exotic foods, glamorous with its Arab past and its tourist present.

But for me, Africa will always be the up-country, the night cry of the hyena.

[Ed: *This article was submitted by Chris Schermbrucker, who wrote to Tony Chetham: Many thanks for sending this treasure trove of Kenya habari and also your earlier message with the Ocean Sports story. I had returned to Kenya and worked in the Vet. Dept. from 1967 - 1980 and we knew Chris [KR4630?] and Mary Nicholas of Ocean Sports, as he had been a Livestock Officer. We used to spend holidays at Ocean Sports in its early days. Ann and I still funga our annual safaris from here in Hampshire to Kenya, and to Tanzania where one daughter is a teacher.*



[LEFT: CHRIS'S FUNGA SAFARI KOFIA?]

Re: the coastal ramble article, do you happen to know anything about the author or its origin? I ask because Bruce Rooker-Smith has asked whether he may include it in mini-SITREP, the biannual Kenya Regiment Association magazine, which is distributed to sister association around the Commonwealth.

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In response to my request for an approximate date of the ramble, Dennis Leete responded: I say your guess is right - about 1981. I was living in Juba by that time, but used to travel to the coast for an annual holiday, but the big game had gone between Marsabit and Isiolo; no Grevy zebra or Elephant along the road side, as it was when we used to drive down from Addis Ababa, ten years earlier.

It was still an adventure then, for rich Americans, and the flavour comes through the article. I liked the bit about Perelman looking for the brothel called 'Eskimo Nell' in Lamu. That has all changed,

with the rise of Fundamental Islam along the Coast. It is difficult now to find a spot, even inland, where you are not woken at 0400 hrs, by a loudspeaker calling the Faithful to prayers.

By 1990, the beachfront had changed into package tourism for thousands of German and middle class Brits into tourist hotels. The rich and exclusive had gone, except in personal safaris with ex-big Game hunter friends , now safari guides, and they remained in the bush, and came through Nairobi, only to catch their planes, and were gone.

There are still rich American or Swiss owners of big ranches in Laikipia, like Mugie, Solio, Ol Pejeta, Lewa; but they are exclusive wildlife sanctuaries, and no doubt eligible for big tax credits, Statesides. Martha Gelhorn's cottage (Ernest Hemingway's girl friend) on Jack Block's Longonot Ranch was sold the other day, so Tony Church tells me.]

BRIAN McCABE [KPR]

[7th November 1928 - 22nd July 2015]

[son-in-law Wolfgang Sperlich]

Brian was born and bred in Kenya, a land famous for its huge significance for the evolution of mankind. We all have heard of the Leakeys and the Rift Valley. Brian always had a keen interest in popular science and just before his heart attack some three months ago he purchased a book on quantum-biology, 'On the Edge of Life.' Now that Brian has crossed that edge we can reminisce.

He was always an immensely practical man, building, renovating, wiring-up electrical circuits, maintaining cars and motorcycles. He had a fascination with vintage bikes and rode an Ariel for many years. His work in Kenya as a telegraph technician took him and his young family all across East-Africa, what is now Kenya and Tanzania. Apart from Nairobi and Mombasa, he told many stories from being stationed at places like Mwanza and Morogoro.

With his family, Elso, Margaret and Susan, he traversed Eastern Africa by car all the way down to South Africa. Being a keen photographer and cinematographer, such memories are passed down to us on many reels that now have been digitalised. Given the turbulences of world history and the many twists and turns of the British Empire, Brian and his family were eventually forced to abandon their home in Kenya and in the first instance settled in South Africa for a year or so before making the long journey to New Zealand, where he worked as a lab technician in the Chemistry Department of the University of Auckland until his retirement. From West Auckland he rode his bike to work every day, rain or shine.

Life in New Zealand was never as adventurous as that in Africa, keeping alive his African dreams via the Kenya Regiment meetings and contact with many Kenya expatriates scattered all over the world.

Further milestones included the birth of a son, Umar, and eventually the death of his first wife, Elso in 1993.

Keeping in touch with the Kenya expatriates he married Val who, sadly, is here with him today, having passed away only two days before. Val was also born and bred in Kenya, as we have heard in Val's eulogy. Brian and Val lived a happy life in Titirangi until three months ago when Brian suffered a heart attack and then Val contracted shingles.

Life as they knew it unravelled, both in and out of hospitals and then briefly moving into a rest home as they could not manage to live in their house anymore. Neither of them would recover from the shocks sustained and after a long battle on the Edge of Life, Brian succumbed last Wednesday in the presence of his daughters.

As Brian's son-in-law, I have had many interesting talks with him, ranging from politics, economics, history and linguistics, to cars, aeroplanes and of course the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance. For the latter I refer to the famous 60s book 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance' by Robert Pirsig, who like Brian found solace in the inner workings of the motor, gearbox and transmission, tuning the machine to perfection.

Brian demonstrated with his long life, that as long as everything is well maintained and well-oiled, the motor and the heart keep ticking over nicely; woe betide when a spanner is thrown into the works. Paraphrasing Shakespeare:

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

**

Arthur Schofield: The combined funeral's for Val and Brian were very well attended and included several KR members. Val's coffin was carried by some of her relatives while Michael Innes-Walker, Brian Roper, Ken Elliott, Wolfgang Sperlich, I and another friend were pall bearers for Brian.

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Mike Innes Walker: I had known the McCabe brothers since early days at the POW school in Nairobi. Raymond, the youngest son was my contemporary and with whom I was particularly close. David the second son [KR4280] was awarded the George Medal during the Emergency and went farming in Rhodesia where he died, and now, finally Brian.

Brian was a couple of years ahead of me at school and as a junior also known as a bit of a rebel. However, I did get to know him well when we met regularly at the Army salvage dump outside Nairobi where Brian was always looking for bits and pieces for his *pikipiki* which was a great hobby of his. He was an excellent motor mechanic, so much so that he kept his same car on the road from the time he landed in New Zealand. [Ed: *To quote from the Standard Swahili-English dictionary – 'a pikipiki is a stick used for throwing into a tree to knock down fruit; in some places it refers to a motor cycle because of the sound it makes.'*]

As a member of our Regimental committee he was our first secretary and was always available to be involved. His contribution and presence will be sadly missed.

Valerie was always busy with community involvement, meals on wheels, her bridge club, etc. She was a teacher in Kenya before coming to New Zealand and it seemed particularly appropriate that she and Brian should be together at the end, after 21 very happy years together.

KENTON

[Venn Féy MC KR393]

[Ed. *From his book 'Wide Horizon.'*] In retrospect, I marvel at the good fortune that my contemporaries and I enjoyed in those comparatively early days in Kenya, wild life of every species being represented in countless hundreds.



In due course I was sent to school. Kenton College was situated in grand isolation on the eastern confines of the Great Rift Valley. From the playing fields the ground literally fell away to the valley floor, with Kijabe Hill and the lava-serrated volcano, Longonot [LEFT – BY BETH FÉY], in the middle distance, backed by the blue outlines of the Mau escarpment in the far west.

The school building had once been a German owned hotel, built in the pattern of a Schloss, and commanded one of the finest views in East Africa. It was ten miles from railhead, twenty miles from the nearest village and almost inaccessible during the rainy season.

It so happened that when I was due to make my first appearance at Kenton, the long rains had started and normal road transport across our inundated plains was impossible. So my brown Somali pony ‘Chania’ was saddled up and I rode to school, escorted by an uncle, a matter of some twenty odd miles along waterlogged footpaths and game trails, across swollen streams and down an escarpment to the school.

I was a very small boy for my seven years of age, and my pony seemed to me to represent all that was left of an otherwise shattered security. It was put into a rough kraal for the night; the following morning at first light I sneaked from my dormitory to the kraal only to find that my pony, my beloved ‘Chania’ had jumped the gate and gone! And I wept for all the wondrous life that was now past and done with.

Frank Cramb, the headmaster-founder of Kenton College was a remarkable man. An ex-Regular Army officer and one-time adjutant of the Black Watch; he was a martinet but a great leader. Perhaps by present day standards his methods were harsh. His pupils were kept under a form of military discipline, and no part of our days were unorganised, which doesn't mean that during break time we couldn't just go and sit in the sun or catch butterflies, or sneak a Jacky Hangman with a catty, to roast over a fire in the woods sometime later if opportunity offered.

No boy was allowed to miss games or any other form of organised sport; a roll call was taken before every event, both after games and in the locker room after evening showers. Boxing was compulsory twice weekly, genuine cripples excepted, and there never were genuine cripples at Kenton.

Apart from academic studies - you were caned for saying '*de le*' instead of '*du*' in French, so you learned to write '*du*' and not '*de le*' pretty smartly if you wished to avoid too much fruit salad on your backside. We were encouraged to climb cliffs and trees and crawl through tunnels, and the study of natural history took pride of place. Every facility was afforded to boys interested in entomology. Once a term, Dr. van Someren, then a dentist in Nairobi - later to become Curator of the Coryndon Museum - visited Kenton to examine our teeth. He had a drill that was driven by a

foot pedal and I defy anybody to think up a worse form of torture than that which V.G. van Someren meted out via his foot pedal and hand manipulated drill on a decayed back tooth!

In the evening, van Someren gave himself entirely and generously to the examination and classification of our butterfly collections, giving constructive criticism and advice, and he never failed to make you feel proud of your achievements. "This is a lovely specimen of *Nobilis*, as good as I have ever seen, but relax it and put it back on the setting board, then just bring the front wings up so the undersides are at right angles to the body, and lift the lower wings accordingly, and you will have a specimen as good as any in the Coryndon."

Captain Cramb, or Crambo, as we called him, administered to all our necessities, spiritual and physical. He conducted the church services on Sundays and his sermons often contained stirring and exciting true stories to illustrate his point. He said grace at meal times from his place at the head of the central table, and a left-handed boy had to sit right next to him at table and learn to become right-handed. This happened to me because I arrived at the school left-handed. It was a terrible ordeal, but I became ambidextrous and have often blessed Crambo for his cruelty because I can use my trout rod with either hand, an advantage if you are confined to one bank of the river. Downstream right-handed, upstream left-handed!

The locker room and shower rooms were in the basement, which must have been store rooms and wine cellars in the previous hotel period. The lockers lined both sides of a long corridor, which in the vision of a small boy seemed a mile long, but at that time Kenton accommodated forty boys so there were only twenty or so lockers on each wall.

In these lockers we kept our sports kit, mackintoshes and blazers and an assortment of legal and illegal whatnots, such as dormice and baby birds that inevitably died of too much love and attention. Three-horned chameleons (Jackson's), leaden-hued and pining for sun and warmth, and the first flies that came to the gum on the wattle trees where they lived before we took a hand in their lives. We also imprisoned fighting spiders and praying mantis and all the other bric-a-brac collected by small boys since the beginning of time.

In those far off days, petrol supplies mainly came in four-gallon, tin-encased containers, packed two-at-a-time in pinewood boxes. If you were lucky enough to acquire one of these petrol boxes you could be in big business. A little wooden propeller attached to a handle by a one inch nail or even a pin and held facing the wind, rotated with a fine hum. The owner could imagine himself piloting a Sopwith and flying right across the Great Rift Valley. If you had a box you could carve propellers and earn yourself free tuck on tuck day at the Tuck Shop, which opened on Wednesdays and Saturdays after lunch.

These were half days, and we played games like hockey or cricket or football after the tuck shop was closed. There was a young Scot called McCalman who had a secret store of pine wood and made good "props" and enjoyed free sweets at Kenton for at least two years that I knew him.

The craze that never died and in fact continued through the holidays was the collection of bugs and butterflies. Kenton was on the fringe of the Kijabe Forest, perhaps one of the most prolific parts for entomological variety in Kenya. There were butterflies there that would arouse a gasp of wonder from the normally disinterested and uninitiated.

There were swallow-tails the size of saucers, *Phorcas*, black with a broad green band down the middle of each set of wings; *MacKinnoni*, black with a gold band; *Jacksoni*, black with a white band; and loveliest of all, *Nobilis*, pastel gold, the colour of a tinned peach, with pale brown edging to its wings and brown club-shaped tails, closely followed by *Dardanus*, creamy white with black edgings.

As with stamp collecting, you learned to look for variants and mimics as you would look for misprints. These were true collector's items and commanded top prices on tuck day.

Butterflies and bugs took us to much more interesting places than stamps ever could. Every Sunday after morning service, we were taken for a whole day's walk and picnic. As often as not our venue was the Kijabe Forest. At about noon we would arrive at our destination, a small forest stream where wild bananas grew and the butterflies in all their swallow-tail glory floated from the treetops down, down, down and up again in lazy, languorous flight; charaxes of several varieties, flashed by as swift and colourful as kingfishers. We cut toboggans from the base ends of banana leaves and careened down a wonderful wet, glassy smooth rock slide of black lava into a pool. For lunch we ate jam sandwiches washed down with lemonade made from fresh lemons.

At the end of the day, we showered and changed into pyjamas and dressing gowns and went to the Common Room for Evensong, and sang, "Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh, shadows of the evening steal across the sky." I shall forever love that hymn for the memory it evokes of being bone-tired, saturated with sunshine, the shadows of the evening stealing across the indescribable beauty of the Great Rift Valley.

F.R. Cramb was no tyrant; he was a disciplinarian. He was a brilliant scholar and a notable athlete of White City standard, and held the British record for pole-vault. He was always on the playing field as full back, football and hockey, and you had to be wily to get past him. He was not a lovable character from a small boy's point of view, but he was a hero; his word was law. If he had said "Go, jump in the lake," you would have done just that.

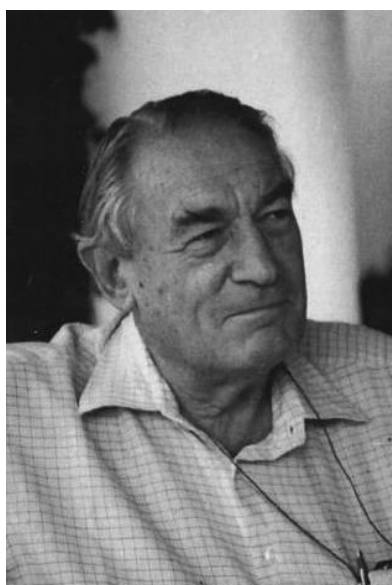
He administered the cane with impartiality; I took my share of his summary justice without rancour. The punishment always fitted the crime. We were taught to 'play the game,' something that seems to be sadly lacking in this modern age, even on the sports field.

And we small boys had all of Africa on our doorstep; again, the Wide Horizon.

DAVID WILLIAM LISTER READ [KR1148]

[23rd April 1922 – 2nd July 2015]

[Wikipedia]



David William Lister Read was an author of autobiographical works which reveal a profound knowledge of Maasai history. He lived the life of a "white Maasai" and could speak their language before his own native English. Born in Nairobi, Read spent his formative years in what is now Tanzania, a country to which he would always return. Read spent his twilight years lives in Momella near Arusha in northern Tanzania, where he continued to work on his writing until his death

Read was born to British parents in Kenya, on 23 April 1922. Left on her own with young David, his mother eventually sought a living in Maasailand when Read was seven, there she ran a small hotel and traded with the Maasai. Here too, Read spent the next seven years of childhood, a period during which his playmates

were the Maasai children. Maasai became his first language, followed by Swahili before English, and he ran wild with his friends learning a lot about the Maasai way of life and associating closely with nature and the wildlife. Totally accepted as a Maasai by the tribe, he took part in meat festivals and other tribal gatherings and ceremonies.

At the age of fourteen, Read was sent to school in Arusha. His schooling was completed by Correspondence Course when he was employed as an apprentice metallurgist by the Tanganyika Department of Geological Survey.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, he joined the Kenya Regiment and later trained with the Royal Air Force and served with the King's African Rifles in Abyssinia, Madagascar and Burma.

After the War, he commanded the Uganda contingent in the Victory Parade in London and joined the Tanganyika Veterinary Department, where he spent the next six years. During this time, he covered areas that included parts of Maasailand when he was able to renew his former close association with that tribe.

Having eventually acquired a farm of his own on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, also in Maasailand, he went on to become a leading farming figure and prominent landowner in Tanganyika and was Chairman of the Tanganyika Farmers Association from 1973 to 1975. However, after Independence was granted to Tanganyika in 1961, his properties began to be gradually eroded, during which period he was employed part-time by the Anglo American Corporation in Zambia as an Agricultural Consultant. By 1975 the Tanzania Government had acquired the last of his properties and he left Tanzania for Zambia, and then South Africa, where he again tried his hand at farming, an interlude in his life that proved far from happy or satisfactory.

Finally in 1979, he returned to Kenya to join Lima Limited as their Agricultural Consultant. Read is married and has one daughter. He was unquestionably a leading authority on the people of Eastern Africa, speaking several African dialects, but it was with the Maasai that he spent his formative years, and with whom he has been most closely associated ever since.

[Ed: *David was the author of 'Barefoot over the Serengeti' and 'Waters of the Sanjan.'*]

LAMURIA

[Elsbeth Huxley]

A CLEAN, cedary smell is what I principally remember: the splitlog shack was lined with strips of cedar cut from the surrounding forest, and cedar logs spat and crackled in an open fireplace. I think the shack had two rooms separated by a weatherboard partition, and a narrow veranda facing the plain. We had slept in tents pitched in a clearing amid rough-barked junipers whose sharp scented foliage was hung with drooping, grey-green lichen beards. Among them grew tall podocarpus and the knotted olives, and shrubs like lamuria, whose clusters of creamy pink flowers drenched the air with the scent of jasmine. The dew-soaked, sunny morning quivered with the song of birds.

That was over forty years ago. I was a child then, we had ridden our tough little Somali ponies across the plains to look at land high up on Mount Kenya's moorlands, over 9000 feet - good for sheep, people said. We stayed the night with Berkeley Cole. He had built this shack beside a mountain stream which rippled down so limpidly that you could see every pebble on the bed, except where the water was rock-curdled into foam. It came from the glaciers and was ice cold. Thick bush

choked the banks and there were no trout in those days: the stream was stocked later. Anyway, an angler would probably have hooked a rhino or flicked the muddied hide of a dozing buffalo.

Berkeley Cole was one of the old Kenya's legends, impossible now to pin down; a man whose brilliant colours faded when he died, like those of a tropical fish or a blue-and-orange lizard. He had fine looks, supple conversation, grey eyes and a gay Irish wit. He never made money, entered politics, took life seriously or got married. People bracketed him with the even more legendary Denys Finch-Hatton, a man never forgotten or explained by his friends, who left nothing behind but affection, a memory of gaiety and grace, a kind of melody or aroma, like a trace of the lamuria scent on the air. Karen Blixen wrote of him in 'Out of Africa' and described how, in the Ngong hills, lions haunted his grave.

It was Berkeley Cole, I think, who started the fashion for cobalt-blue or tomato-red Somali shawls flung over the shoulders, and for tall, proud, fierce Somali attendants, or squires. Like his brother-in-law Lord Delamere, he loved the Masai and would listen to their talk of war and cattle round a campfire in whose spark-fountained light, their ochre-satin skins would glow like polished bronze. Perhaps nothing was as romantic as it now seems in retrospect, but it was a free, sun-filled, unhurried life full of hope and laughter, even if you died young.

In the early morning, I remember, after a veranda breakfast off unleavened bread and dark brown honey from wild bees, I followed a narrow path down to the river and met a bushbuck standing stock still, his dewy coat dark chestnut, with creamy spots over the withers and faint white stripes over the loins. His neat twisted horns were erect, his tarn-like eyes deep and innocent; all sinew and grace he melted gently as a ghost into his dappled element. Then we rode on our way.

That was my first visit. I have just made my last. Some things are still the same. Behind Mount Kenya's sloping black shoulder the sun still leaps into a gold and saffron sky to tinge flamingo-pink the pure, smooth glaciers under peaks so immemorial that they look like the charred bones of weary, indestructible old men. Yet the swelling mountain with its twin nipples stands as if lightly pencilled against the sky. Very soon after sunrise long, wispy clouds gather round the peak to shield it for the rest of the day. The sun floods the enormous plain below, lion-coloured and windswept and stretching to the dark ranges of Sattima and Kinangop. Your eye dazzles, and reaches out towards the end of the world. A pair of francolins dart between two bushes, a martial eagle circles overhead, a flight of crested cranes goes honking by, and the scent of lamuria brushes the mountain air.

But the rhino and the bushbuck have gone, and next month John, the owner, his wife Molly and their three sons are going too. John came out when he was barely twenty, after the First World War, and worked hard for others - the pay was £10 a month in those days - until he saved enough to make a shoe-string start on his own. He never bought the farm, he only leased it, and friends put up nine-tenths of the working capital. But he farmed Lamuria for twenty five years.

When he took it over he found the old cedar shack half tumbled down and lately occupied by pigs. There was a mud and wattle shed or two and that was all - no fences, water, buildings, cultivation, human beings, anything. The timber had been worked out, the place abandoned; rhinos and buffaloes, forest-hog and buck had it all to themselves.

Berkeley Cole had sold it and the land had changed hands several times. Much of it is poorish, time-eroded soil, badly drained, with a good deal of so called black cotton, a sticky clay that turns into bog in the rains. Nights are cold, there is a risk of hail, buffalo poach the crops and for years the nearest railway was a hundred miles away. Then a branch line approached and finally went by near at hand, and you could get a crop to market for the first time.

It was about then that John moved in. He added to the cedar shack, ploughed the coarse tufty turf with teams of sixteen small humped oxen; planted wheat and barley; bought some half bred ewes and cows and started to breed up with Corriedale rams and pure bred Ayrshire bulls. He had to clear and stump a lot of bush and forest - hard, expensive work; to fence against buffalo, build dips to keep the cattle free of disease-carrying ticks, make roads of a sort, and do all the other things you do when you turn a slice of raw Africa into a farm. Later he planted pyrethrum, lucerne and grass leys, sank a borehole and made dams, and built a homemade factory to manufacture dried milk powder and cheese. 'Lamuria' was the brand name of his cheese. Altogether he kept busy and managed with a minimum of capital, ploughing all the profits back into the land.

I stayed several times with John and Molly over the years. On each occasion there was something new to see: a caterpillar tractor, the first combine harvester, a pedigree bull, a milking bail, paddocks where the coarse natural pasture had done well, when John first came, to carry one beast to ten acres: last year, on sixty-five acres of a lush Rhodes Setaria grass ley, he fattened sixty five good, cross bred steers.

There were other things to see besides the farming. Mount Kenya's rose-pink and violet peak at sunrise and dusk, rainbow trout in the stream, young plantations, a garden full of scent and colour, a tame oryx, francolins and turacos and sunbirds, and, at last, a stone built living room for Molly. I was sorry when they had to abandon the veranda where we had often breakfasted on pawpaw, yoghurt and honey in the sunshine, with bougainvillea blaring at us from the rotting posts. But jasmine-scented lamuria still drenched the crisp air, and Molly made an excellent, rather tart jelly from its scarlet fruit.

Alan, the youngest of their three sons, trained for the Merchant Navy but changed his mind and took an agricultural diploma instead. Desmond, the middle one, entertained no doubts; he went to the local farming college and then helped his father. The eldest took up part-time 'white hunting' to earn the cash to lease a farm of his own. They are large, energetic, self-reliant young men and born farmers, every one.

John started to export his milk powder and his cheeses to the Congo, Aden and the Persian Gulf, and to win prizes with his Ayrshires at local shows. By that time, he knew as much as most and sat on committees to advise other farmers, but he still took advice himself from experts who sowed experimental plots of grass, tested fertiliser rates, analysed soil and helped in other practical ways. Then they mapped out a farm plan for the next six or seven years.

John was to work up to seven hundred acres of wheat and barley, and double the acreage of grass leys. A milking herd of three hundred cows plus followers, a thousand breeding ewes, a hundred steers fattened annually, and to consume the skim, fifty breeding sows turning out every year seven hundred and fifty baconers. And so on. Quite an output on land that had not supported a single domestic animal, blade of corn or human being a quarter of a century ago.

John was about half-way through his farm plan, and had worked up the value of his annual output to nearly twenty thousand pounds, when the first Lancaster House conference was held. He has never seen that handsome building in St James's with its gilded cornices, its chandeliers and big reception rooms, but those two words ring in his ears.

The bell tolled for Lamuria as it was, but rang out for the Lamuria that is to be. The decision was taken to buy from its white owners rather more than one million acres of their mixed farming land and split it into small holdings for black settlers of the land-hungry, overcrowded tribes.

The Government made John a fair offer - just enough for the down payment on a South African farm. At sixty, he sails this month with Molly to make a new start in a new land. With them go the

car, five dogs, an arthritic cat, a couple of rams and an assortment of farm implements. Desmond has gone on ahead to start things going in the Cape.

Alan remains behind for the time being as a Settlement Officer employed by the Government. His job will be to parcel out the farms, including his father's, into plots varying in size from eight acres to fifty or sixty, depending on the nature of the land.

On Alan's section of the scheme there are now half a dozen empty farm houses whose owners have been bought out and gone away. Already the gardens are overgrown; leaks have started in the roofs and termites are getting in. An irrigated market garden, about twenty acres, is going to seed; onions and feathery asparagus are waist-high. Everywhere you hear the crack of axes as trees come down, and smell the aromatic scent of fires burning bush and branches as land is cleared. The last wheat has been harvested, the combine harvesters have rumbled off, the fences are coming down, the grass leys disappearing.

Everywhere are springing up irregular little pocket-handkerchief-like patches of cultivation as Kikuyu settlers move in, with their peasant persistence and women's toil, to hoe up clods of pasture and stubble. Mud and wattle shacks with bright roofs of corrugated iron shine like pools of water dotted up the slopes.

From combine harvesters to hand hoes, a strange reversal of history, like winding back a film. One thinks of kibbutz and collective farming, of manless tractors, of the worldwide trend away from muscle to machine, feet to aircraft, pickaxe to bulldozer, quill pens to computer; here is Alice through the looking glass indeed. Does social justice equal economic lunacy, or has the equation gone wrong?

In place of wheat and grass leys, the Kikuyu are planting maize and potatoes. John's ex-tractor driver has a ten acre plot on his ex-employer's farm. Alan said to him: "You know we tried maize here and it failed, the same with potatoes. But you've seen our wheat, eight bags to the acre. You've helped to harvest it. You know it thrives. So why maize?"

Gichau, the tractor driver, rested on his hoe while his wife, the latest baby slung on her back, went on pecking at the stubble. He said: "How can I plant wheat in a plot of one acre? Wouldn't all the birds in the forest come to eat it? And what should we eat, without maize?" He was half right, anyway; the birds would defeat him. And, like an ancient Egyptian, he would have to thresh the wheat by hand. So he is planting maize doomed to failure and potatoes that may get the wilt, and are anyway almost impossible to sell. With borrowed money he will buy a cow. He might grow some cabbages and keep a goat. He feels his own soil under his feet and his wife cooks on her own three stones and they are content - for the time being.

Before breakfast, I found a spike-choked, overgrown path to Berkeley Cole's grave. The path had been partially re-opened by new settlers going down to take trout from the river and hang honey barrels in trees. The stone slab had vanished under a tangle of undergrowth, among whose branches was entwined a rambler rose. I heard the river's gurgle and the falling, melancholy cadence of a wood dove, and smelt the jasmine-scented lamuria. Soon hoes will be tapping here like woodpeckers; maize plants, sickly from the chill and misty mornings, will sprout among the rocks; and goats, like Bahram's wild asses, will trample the stones but will not break the sleep of Berkeley Cole.

John wants to start another cheese factory in South Africa - he says you cannot buy a really good local cheese down there - but he shook his head when I asked him whether he would keep 'Lamuria' as the brand name. His cattle, sheep and pigs have gone to auction, most of the implements have

been sold, his last crop of wheat has been railed. All around the hoes are breaking up the leys, the trout have vanished from the river, the plantations are down.

Molly has packed the glass and china and draws on scraps of paper ground plans for the new house, which is to have a modern kitchen. At some time during a strenuous life John strained his heart and she thinks he will feel younger, and she hopes live longer, at a lower altitude, almost by the sea. The new farm will grow pineapples and sheep, an odd combination.

John isn't bitter, but he doesn't talk about it much. When I was leaving after breakfast I handed him back his old farm plan. "Keep it," he said. "I never want to see it again."

[Blackwood's Magazine : Number 1773 - July 1963]

GEOFFREY FIELD ETHERINTON [KR6042]

[20th February 1935 – 5th June 2015]

Daughter Féy Cottar: Our dad, Geoffrey Field Etherington was born in his grandmother's house on the Kinangop. He arrived while his father was out trying to get a doctor. Born with a crooked spine he spent six months in a cast to straighten it out.

Dad's father, John Etherington, died aged 91 and his ashes are buried in this garden that Dad created. His mother, Eleanor Féy, died in Kenya aged 48 of polio when Dad was 23.

Dad has a younger brother, Dan; their elder sister, Nancy, who married Victor Inggs, a SAA pilot in 1955, passed away in South Africa in the late 1990s. Dan lives in Canberra and was to have read the eulogy today, but unfortunately he is in hospital with cellulitis, the same affliction that claimed Dad just one month ago.

Dad went to school in Kenya and boarded from the age of six. After a couple of years of doing very badly at school, he was moved to another school where he didn't do much better. For his last two years of school he was moved to England, firstly for a 'cramming' year to catch up, and then to another school for his last year. All of dad's school years were unhappy years as he was bullied by pupils and teachers, and because of the long separations from his parents, which were some times of up to eighteen months.

One of the few things that we know of Dad's childhood is that he and his brother Dan used to get up to mischief at times. Picture a large field of hay, freshly hand-cut and dried ready to collect into haystacks. Now picture two small boys building a little fire in that large field of hay. They thought that because the grass was cut, and the stubble was short it would be a very safe thing to do. Now picture that little fire turning into a large inferno, as the whole field caught fire! Needless to say, they were not popular boys that day. We like to think that any trouble making we have got up to, can be traced back to dad's genes.

After school he studied agriculture in South Africa and then at Egerton in Kenya, and for the first time excelled in his studies. Early in 1955, he was called up and saw active service patrolling the jungles of Kenya as a Field Intelligence Officer during the Mau Mau emergency. He was known as a marksman, but used to say that it was because the person next to him on the rifle range shot at his target accidentally.

From 1959 to 1963, he worked on the family farm 'Ndiara', and in 1960, on his 25th birthday, married Gillian Mary Florence Hale. In 1963, the British government, as part of a nationalisation programme, bought the farm. Even then, living on the Kinangop was not safe, and he slept with a pistol under his pillow.

They decided to emigrate, tossing-up between Australia, Canada and New Zealand; but figured that Australia was too hot, Canada was too cold, and New Zealand was just right. So, in 1963, Mum & Dad, my brother Martin and I moved to New Zealand, and one of dad's most satisfying moments was to drop his pistol down the long-drop the day he left Kenya.

In New Zealand, Dad was an orchardist in Tasman for six years, before moving to this property where they lived for some 40 years. Initially, Dad grew apples, and then later, kiwifruit. He also began growing his own kiwifruit plants in a small greenhouse to sell, but it wasn't long before this developed into the plant nursery, and then two Garden Centres.

During his orcharding years he was involved in many things - Jaycee's, Fruit Growers Federation, golf, working bees, a scout leader, Waimea Growers association and toastmasters. He developed new hobbies, such as making resin jewellery, and growing plants, and latterly growing and collecting aloes.

At 43 he had a bit of a personal crisis, and was discouraged about the direction of his life. A turning point for him was completing the 'crinkly course' at Outward Bound. He then took to rafting the Buller River in a rubber boat and we think he, along with some friends, were the first to raft the entire length of the Buller? He did this each year for a number of years, but gave up after two years of accidents in which people nearly lost their lives.

Much of the land was planted with apple trees, most of which he pulled out in 1990 to develop the Gardens of the World. Many, including ourselves, thought he was nuts; I thought he was squandering our inheritance. But look at it today - this Garden is a lot more than a monetary inheritance; it is something that his family loves to visit. We are very proud of Dad, for not only was he a visionary, he also had the ability to put his visions into reality.



L/R: PAUL, JOHN, GEOFF, GILLIAN, MARTIN and FÉY

Apart from his family (three sons and a daughter), Dad left two lasting legacies - the Garden's of the World, and his aloe collection from around the world, soon to be moved to the Auckland Botanical Gardens; this collection is one of the best in the Southern Hemisphere, if not the world.

Two years ago dad was diagnosed with leukaemia, and he started to regularly visit other men who he considered were physically worse off than himself, and made some good friends.

Dan Etherington: My big brother, Geoffrey Field, was just eighteen months ahead of me and always called 'Field' by the family. I have only happy memories of our times together on 'Ndiara', the family farm in Kenya. Along with our sister Nancy, we shared the tribulations of boarding school from prep-school onwards. School was tolerated but neither embraced nor looked forward to. We took for granted the superb climate on the farm (at 8,500ft on the Kinangop plateau) which allowed the ever beautiful garden that our mother Féy developed around our small 'cottage' farm house, to thrive.

We enjoyed watching Mum record the birth of each Friesian calf, when she carefully painted their unique black patches on the silhouette forms in the pedigree register.

We enjoyed the company of Italian POWs (1943-1945) who worked on the farm. They taught us how to greet and count in Italian. We were fascinated as they built us a very large mansion out of local stone and timber; they were master craftsmen - stone-masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.

Mum enjoyed the local Kikuyu women, still in traditional dress with large earrings, bringing in their baskets of white pyrethrum flowers. We were constantly amazed when columns of vicious safari ants were stopped in their tracks and killed by the dried powder that came out of our 'py-drier'. I can still remember that strong pungent aroma.

Our extended family met often for dances, dinners and celebrations. We relished these occasions as they moved between the Rays, the Féys, the Nightingales, the Polhills, and the Etheringtons; all hardworking, innovative farming families. In the wings were the Administrators: the Brooke-Andersons, Symes-Thompsons *et al.* For as long as I can remember, family and hospitality were central to our lives.

The four-day Solent flying boat flight to the UK (Lake Naivasha, Juba, Khartoum, Alexandria, Augusta and Portsmouth) was a great adventure that Field and I shared, and often recalled with delight - but that is another story! Boarding school in England was a great shock with post-WWII rationing still strictly adhered to and a miserable climate to boot! Oh for home! We looked forward to Mum's food parcels with home-made tomato jam and other delicacies.

During the holidays we were cared for by lovely host families (Marjory & Hugh); holiday homes and SU camps. The happiest summer was when Mum came over for a real rest from the ongoing stress of attacks on the farm by Mau Mau.

Schooldays eventually passed, but just as new opportunities seemed to be opening up, tragedy struck: our beautiful Mum contracted polio in July 1957. It was so sudden, so complete, so devastating. Her death the following February after an amazing struggle to survive was also a time of bonding for Field and me as we drove the van from Nairobi back to the Kinangop with her coffin for her burial next to the original pioneers, her grandparents.

Two years later I was Field's best man when he married Gillian Hale at Dodoma Anglican Cathedral; a very happy occasion. The rest is current life, not history!

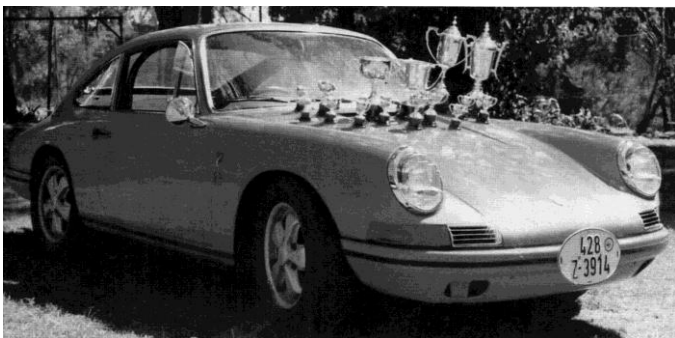
The most beautiful Ndiara celebration – Nancy's wedding to Victor Innings, a South African Airways Captain, in 1955

I was privileged to share my youth with a generous, caring, unassuming and supportive brother - Geoffrey Field Etherington.

PORSCHE 911

[Ed: *This letter from Tim Barker <timbarker911@btinternet.com> appeared in Issue 59 of Old Africa, June/July 2015.*]

A friend pointed me in the direction of your magazine. I am currently restoring a 1968 Porsche 911 [BELOW] in the UK and have undertaken extensive research into its early life in Kenya (approximately 1968-1970), and then in Uganda.



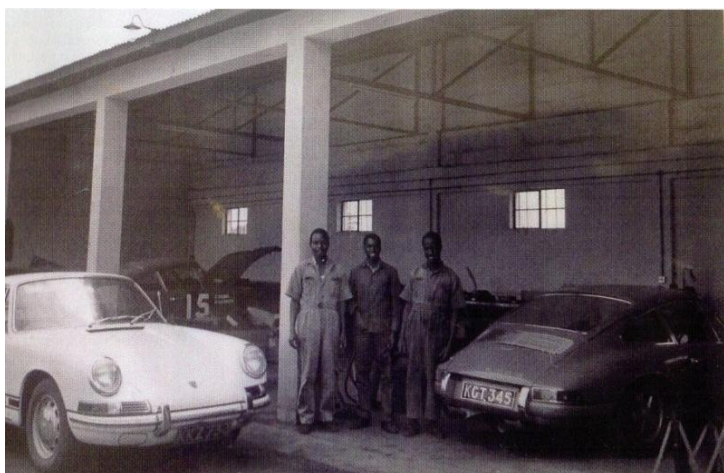
'The first owner was an English ex-pat called Peter Sargeantson who raced the car at both Embakasi and Nakuru circuits in 1968 and 1969, sometimes sharing the drive with Gordon Crow [KR6033], the then East Africa Porsche distributor.

I am in contact with Peter Sargeantson's widow, Ann, who now lives in Western Australia and who has kindly shared some wonderful stories of their times in Kenya. Subsequently the car passed to a Robbie Taylor [KR6857?] who worked for Coopers. He took the car to Uganda when he moved there with his work. However, I believe the car was not used competitively at this time.

I am in contact with Peter Sargeantson's widow, Ann, who now lives in Western Australia and who has kindly shared some

The plates on the car are called 'Zoll' plates and are issued in Germany to cars that are being exported but will use the roads there first for a short period. The original owner collected the car from the Porsche factory in Stuttgart and travelled back to the UK for the summer of '68 where he competed at a number of race circuits (with the plates on) before the car was shipped to Kenya around September '68, again still with the Zoll plates on; Peter Sargeantson retained the plates on the car even in Kenya, hence their appearance with the trophies.

A recent article in *Classic Porsche* magazine covered both the Sargeantson's time in Kenya and my subsequent involvement with the car.



'I am convinced there will be period photographs in dusty boxes in peoples' attics of this high profile car. There weren't too many bright tangerine Porsche 911s racing in those days! Or perhaps there are still people who remember the car's racing exploits. Gordon Crow used the car for his marketing in the Kenyan press to promote his Porsche dealership. Could you put out a request to your readership to see if any more can be added to the story of this car?'

After he sold the car it received the Kenya registration KGT 345 (see photo of the car in the Crow workshop [ABOVE]). Later, in Uganda, it had the registration UYU 215.

OA Editor's Note: *If you have photos of this car or remember stories of this Porsche in racing competitions in Kenya from, please contact Tim Barker at <timbarker911@btinternet.com>*

GREVILLE RICHARD GUNSON

[17th November 1928 – 8th January 2015]



Grev Gunson was a big man. This was so in a literal sense, but much more importantly in a figurative sense and it is in this sense that he will be so well remembered.

Born in Nakuru on 17 November 1928, Grev spent his early days on the family's Eldama Ravine farm, Tonyok. He did his primary education at Kenton College and completed his secondary education at Prince of Wales School. He went on to read agriculture at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge University. His degree in agriculture, and the practical

experiences gained in attaining it, provided the basis for all he achieved in the farming field.

Many remember Grev's sporting prowess. He captained the 1st XI cricket and hockey teams whilst at school, and also played for his college at Cambridge. Later he played cricket for the Kenya Kongonis, and he was always an active golf-playing member of the various social clubs to which he belonged throughout his life. During his retirement years he made major contributions to golf at Karen Country Club in course enhancement and green keeping. Grev was also an active and greatly admired senior golfer both in Kenya and overseas.

Grev will be fondly remembered and greatly missed as a family man. His first wife, Sheelagh Bellhouse, and mother of his three children (Vanessa, Colin and Rosemary), died of cancer at far too early an age. Grev later married Katharine Toplis and for 32 years they have both been involved with a keen interest in the lives of seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.



Grev had a very genuine concern for, and interest in those around him - friends, acquaintances, employees, colleagues, service providers, or under-privileged members of society. He was involved in community affairs ranging from the building of St Swithun's Church [LEFT] in Eldama Ravine; the design and construction of a small golf course; the organisation of social events at the Eldama Ravine/Sabatia club, sited in a corner of the family farm,

Tonyok; and involvement in a rural school near Kakamega.

Grev, not in conceit but with great humility, attributed many of the qualities he possessed to his parents. He described his father as, “an exceptional man in every way and the greatest mentor I could have wished for,” and his mother as, “kind and patient in so many ways, looking after aged relations and relatives of others. She was always attending sick farm workers and did much charity work.”

One story demonstrates that Grev was destined for important involvement in agriculture. As a maturing young man, roaming the countryside between the Prince of Wales school and Loreto Convent in order to ‘check out’ the fairer sex, he observed not that the Convent girls were pretty but that the nuns were growing superb coffee and had an excellent herd of Ayrshires!

After graduating from Cambridge in 1951, Grev had planned to join the Commonwealth Agricultural Service to gain practical experience prior to returning to Kenya. However, his mother persuaded him that his father, who had been looking after many farms during World War II in addition to chairing the Kenya Coffee Board, needed urgent assistance. Grev returned home to Kenya to assume responsibility for Tuniyok.

After some eleven odd years of consolidating Tuniyok as a highly productive mixed farm, with coffee, maize and cattle, the ‘winds of change’ brought some disappointment into Grev’s life. Their farm was identified as part of a settlement scheme involving the redistribution of what Grev perceived as often being agriculturally uneconomical parcels of land.

Despite this, Grev remained committed to making his contribution to the development of agriculture in Kenya. After short stints farming at Lanet and Ruiru, Grev joined the Agricultural Development Corporation (ADC) as a complex manager. The ADC was established by independent Kenya’s first Minister for Agriculture, Bruce Mackenzie, with British Government support through ODA, in order to foster excellence in agriculture with establishment and provision of genetically superior livestock and cultivars. Despite many challenges, mainly trying to prevent ‘the powers that be’ from plundering ADC assets, Grev’s practical knowledge and capabilities were recognised by General Manager, Ben Gikonyo. Grev went on to become senior technical manager, based in Nairobi and universally respected by ADC complex managers.

Chris Chirchir, a former ADC manager said of Grev: “All people who served ADC in one way or another knew Grev as ADC and ADC as Grev. Why? Because he put his whole heart into ADC and was the greatest bridge for farm managers to the Admin and the rest of the world.”

However, Grev was perceived in some quarters as being an obstacle to individual aspirations, and on the pretext of ‘undesirable political affiliations,’ he was pushed out of ADC whilst on an overseas trip with his wife. This was a major disappointment for Grev as he had a clear vision of what ADC should have been to Kenyan agriculture. Let us hope that as a tribute to Grev, what remains of ADC will be protected and guarded as a national treasure.

After a couple of short-lived farming jobs in Zambia, Grev became an agriculturalist with the World Bank’s IFC. He relocated to Washington. The job took him to many corners of the world, but as the popular song by Roger Whittaker says: “Everybody has one place where he was born,” and Grev’s was Kenya.

Grev came home where he remained until his death, always involved in agricultural matters ranging from the Commercial Farmers Committee, set up as an advisory body to the second president of the Republic of Kenya, to being the senior member of the Boran Cattle Breeders’ Society

Finally, Grev was big on integrity. He loved the country of his birth, and always kept abreast with what was going on in the political arena, culturally, and most importantly agriculturally. He

abhorred corruption and often came close to despair for the impediment this placed on sustainable development in Kenya.

“The world is richer for his contributions and much poorer for his passing.

”Kwa heri Shujaa wa Wakulima. Good-bye Big Man.

[Much of the material in this article is taken from Peter Low's tribute to Grev Gunson, read by Peter at the celebration of Grev's life, which was held on 31st March 2015. Additional details have been provided by Gev's family.]

ROD FROM THE SKY

[Venn Féy, MC KR393]

During the Mau Mau troubles I did a bit of a forest job, but it was in the country I knew. After one lengthy military operation I was stranded high up on the ridge between the Mathioya and the Maragua Rivers, on the eastern side of the Aberdare mountains. Our Mau Mau adversaries had temporarily departed. There was 'A' Coy of the 4th Battalion King's African Rifles, and me and my tracker group, and we had orders to hold our position for a month.

A good deal of the time it rained a consistent wetness through a consistent fog. There was a creature, creatures, that called "whooooweeee" from late evening and through the night. I asked Gichimu about it. He said, "That is the call of the chameleon with three horns on its head, and it calls thus when it is pregnant and is about to give birth." In fact, it was the call of the 'Buff-spotted fluff tail,' a small and delicate little bird, a rail, that lurks in damp wild and tangled places. Buff-spotted fluff tail, can you beat that?

My rations came from the sky, dropped by the Kenya Police Air Wing every three days or so. We were on pretty good terms, and I knew chaps like Punch Bearcroft [KR3142].

"Punch," I said over the radio, "When you next come over bring all the makings for catching trout. I'm on the southern Mathioya." When next he came, Punch dropped me a long, floppy package containing a one piece rod, reel and line, and some flies; and I had a month of the most delightful trout-fishing imaginable.

Every morning I arose, had breakfast, and walked down the elephant trails to the Mathioya, a good thousand feet. I caught the most lovely fish; not very big, but they were beautiful; lovely red-speckled brownies with golden tummies, and a big red blob on their adipose-fins. And they tasted very good, straight from the pan.

I fed 'A' Company and ourselves for a month. I can't imagine what Pieter McMaster would have said about it. He was, at that time, President of the Kenya Fly Fishers' Club and the Southern Mathioya was fly fisher's water.

I had some memorable days on the Thika River, which was in my operational territory and not so very far from home. The upper reaches were full of nice, easy-to-catch little quarter pounders, and whenever I took a patrol to that area I camped near the river. Then I went to patrol the bottom end of the Thika River a mile or so in from the Kiambu Forest line. My word! I caught nothing under a

couple of pounds; mostly three and four-pounders, not very many, but one or two every evening. The enemy very kindly left us alone.

One day I was fishing a pool in which was submerged the trunk of a cedar tree. No branches, no snags, just this old log. I cast my Coachman as near to the log as possible, and the most enormous trout in my life rose lazily, inspected the fly and just as lazily returned to his position beneath the log. A tenpounder? Easily! Obviously he was a founder member of the Fly Fishers' Club. What a thrill that was!

The Lower-Chania, my old stomping ground, gave occasional relief from the eternal army rations and produced many a fresh fish meal, the taste of which, cooked on the embers of a fire, restored faith in life.

I was leading a patrol deep into the Bamboo Forest in pursuit of a large gang of terrorists. They played tip and run with us for a couple of weeks. Once we surprised some of them attempting to remove the tusks of an elephant that had been killed some months previously by an RAF bomb. We took over the job of extraction and removed a pair of the most beautiful short, very symmetrical tusks of great weight, which we carried back to a jeep track where we buried them beneath a Podo tree. When we had finished our game of tip and run with the 'freedom fighters' we arrived one morning on the banks of the Chania where I called a halt for a cleanup and a meal.

Upstream there was a grand pool which I had often fished in the past. This time I had no rod, but we had some grenades and with one of these we secured our breakfast. Never has anything tasted so sweet and succulent as the several half-pounders that I ate with my fingers off the coals of the fire that morning.

Once out of the forest I asked Bill Nightingale [KR3667] to help me retrieve the elephant tusks. On the scale they weighed a hundred and eight, and a hundred and ten pounds respectively. I would have loved to have kept them as a memento but I was obliged to hand them in to the Game Department, who paid me the miserly sum of fifteen pounds for what they called 'portorage.' This led me to speculate on the profit of honesty! The market value of those tusks was in the region of two hundred and twenty pounds, in those days, a useful sum of money.

Oh, well! The trout were grand to catch and grand to eat, and let's face it, if you cannot have something you want, it is best forgotten.

ANDERS TOR HOLMBERG [KR913]

[9th May 1918 - 12th July 2015]

[Extract from Anders' book 'Out of Africa.]

One of my first hunting experiences remains etched in memory. I was about seven years old. My older brother, aged nine, and sister, aged eleven, came along with me and my friend. We were in the Masai Mara area with my parents and family friends. While cleaning his gun late in the evening and by poor light, the friend removed all the cartridges save one from the magazine. Then, unmindful of this oversight, he closed the bolt and pulled the trigger. The result was a loud bang.

After recovering from the sudden surprise it was noted that the bullet went right through the radiator of his car and through the old-fashioned feeder vacuum petrol tank. This presented a further problem for the group. How would we get back to Nairobi? Everyone learned a lesson.

The truck's vacuum tank was shattered by a soft-nosed bullet but we solved the problem brilliantly by hanging an inner tyre tube over a large spotlight on the windscreen support near the steering wheel. This, when filled with petrol through a slit at the top of the tube, (and the foot pump lead securely fastened) was able to gravity-feed directly into the carburettor. One of the camp staff was ensconced on the mudguard nearest the driver so as to keep a close watch on both ends of the foot pump leads that were out of the driver's line of sight. The radiator presented a more serious problem to the man sitting on the mudguard. The frequent jolting of the vehicle loosened the plug inserted into the radiator (that had been padded with cloth and bound together with a rubber bandage from a piece of tube). As a result the driver was always being told to stop for adjustments. Fortunately, the second safari car (normally one always travelled with two supply vehicles) was able to carry enough water so that we could resupply the radiator as necessary. This journey back to Nairobi, a distance of only 150 miles, took two full days.

I was brought up with many of the great pioneer hunters. Naturally, when attending the Prince of Wales School in Nairobi, I showed great interest in target shooting. Later, I participated in a number of rifle range competitions both at school and in clubs. Eventually, I won the Challenge Cup for timed snap-shooting of five rounds from a prone position at 300 yards, 200 yards and 100 yards, kneeling at 200 yards, and standing at 100 yards. To this day I retain photos of our winning team posed beneath the scoreboard. Such snap shooting training undoubtedly saved me, clients and gun bearer/trackers on a number of occasions.

Back to hunting. Eventually I saved enough money to purchase an old Model T Ford. Now I would be able to join Eric on safaris. Our combined forest hunting excursions yielded much valued experience for events that would follow in future years. Eric subsequently snapped up an offer to join the Kenya Game Department and his first posting was to the then fantastic, large area known as the Laikipia Plateau. It was here that extensive game cropping by rangers was demanded by local farmers.

Later, just before the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, I was a member of the Kenya Rifle Association and am the proud owner of a miniature replica of another snap-shooting competition - the Kampf Cup - which I won using a .303 army service rifle. Shortly, thereafter I joined the Kenya Regiment.

Serving in the Kenya Regiment was not that simple. I had been allocated service number KR913, and told that on reaching the age of 21, I could drop my interim Swedish passport and register for a British one. However, when the time came and I tried to do that I was shocked to learn that I had to leave the Kenya Regiment until becoming a naturalised British citizen. It turned out that the Kenya Regiment at the time was open only to white British subjects.

To cut a long story short, while waiting for these papers (which cost £10) I was fortunate to meet two influential people - they had high ranking army posts - who speeded-up formalities; they were Lord Errol and Colonel E.S. Grogan of Cape to Cairo fame).

My first military training was in the CCF at school. After leaving, it was obligatory to join either the Kenya Regiment or Kenya Defence Force (KDF). I selected the former. At the outbreak of the war, I volunteered to join the East African Reconnaissance Squadron, an all white unit with special training, and remained in active service for two years until being medically boarded. This was about the same time that the Abyssinian army was defeated and Addis Ababa fell to the Allies.

During two years of active service I saw action in the battle of El Wak. This little known battle, although never acknowledged as such, was probably the first Allied victory of the war. Prior to that time, the Allies had suffered defeat after defeat both in Europe and the Far East. The battle of El

Wak took place on the eastern border of Kenya Colony - the border she shared with Italian Somaliland, as it was then called.

I was in an open pickup leading our squadron by moonlight. This open vehicle had a Bren gun mounted on top of the driver's cab. Suddenly the three of us - driver, gunner and I as car commander - were ambushed in the middle of a dry, sandy riverbed as we crossed the road. Because driving in the dark was tiring, we took turns relieving the official driver and when we were ambushed, I was driving. Apparently we had disturbed some sleeping enemy soldiers. When they were suddenly awakened from a comfortable sleep, but still in somewhat of a state of shock they commenced some very ineffective rifle shooting, accompanied by throwing some equally ineffective hand grenades (called pepper pots). The only person slightly wounded was me!

Fortunately my instinctive reaction was to go full throttle out of that riverbed and up on to a semi-open plain strewn with large rocks. These I luckily dodged in an effort to find my way back and join the infantry convoy coming up from the rear. By sheer fortune, and experience gained while hunting and driving hunting vehicles across the country over roadless areas, I recognised a cattle or game trail leading down from a sloping area to the same dry riverbed that we had just crossed. Soon I was able to re-cross the riverbed, drive back to the infantry vehicles and return to our lines. The squadron leader then ordered me to go out again. This was frightening because of the possibility of being blown up by a land mine. Nevertheless, a major Italian border defence was successfully destroyed and our side suffered relatively few casualties. This victory over the Italians was the beginning of a changeover:

Allied armies progressed from continuous defeats to a series of victories.

After this operation we returned to Wajir headquarters. My entire face was swollen and I was in great pain. I was sent to the military hospital in Nanyuki where they extracted a .6.5mm Italian rifle bullet from my cheek bone. This spent bullet had passed through the side of the car door, cut through several Bren gun ammunition magazines, and ricocheted up from the floor to lodge in my cheek bone. More to the right or left and it could have been worse. Meanwhile it had caused only some dizziness but had not hampered my ability to drive full throttle ahead.

I previously mentioned the generally ineffective Italian grenades. I should also state that their land mines were also not especially effective. I struck one of them after a successful crossing of the Juba River, during our main advance while pursuing part of the retreating Italian army. By that time, 'A' Squadron had been issued domestically manufactured armoured vehicles. They were made in Kenya-Uganda Railways workshops in Nairobi. These vehicles had boiler plate fittings on a five ton lorry chassis. This extra protection was effective against rifle fire. Fortunately, there was also a floor plate made of similar material. This saved the lives of me and my crew when one front tyre was blown off by a mine. The resulting explosion left us choking from the dust and smoke, and gave us headaches, but no other ill effects followed.

By way of contrast, I witnessed the effect of a British land mine which was 'accidentally' detonated when one of our original 'A' Squadron light, open pickup vehicles drove into a mine-field. This vehicle was in the lead, only slightly ahead of the one I was in. We passed through forward defences manned by the Gold Coast Regiment and stopped to learn their password in case we were challenged on the return trip. This password was 'Bian Gidder' (meaning a 'long-drop'). On the return we were stopped and after giving the password, the leading vehicle moved on and hit the land mine; the car commander, his driver and gunner were killed instantly. A Gold Coast private then appeared and pointed out positions of unexploded land mines, while the rest of us sat in our vehicles in shock.

The driver of the vehicle killed in the blast, Tpr Reynolds, is listed as having been bombed between Gigga and Marar, but the truth is different.

There followed a period of continued, repeated reconnaissance into enemy defence lines in preparation for our main attack against Mussolini's Abyssinian army. During the successful crossing of the Juba River, the Italians facing our advancing armies were in constant retreat until the heavy rains held up our supply transport in the mountainous country short of Addis Ababa.

About this time we were issued South African manufactured armoured vehicles known as 'Susies,' a great improvement, mainly due to their revolving turrets. During this period we were often bogged down and under bombardment by the retreating Italian artillery, hidden in forest country below our forward positions.

On 3rd May 1941, in order to pinpoint enemy artillery positions, I was chosen, along with my crew, to deliver a written message to our forward infantry commander who was holding onto a position below a winding mountain road. This had to be accomplished by driving along the road to their position in the forest below. However, the retreating Italian artillery were extremely accurate in their bombardment; shells constantly exploded on the sloping ground above us, as well as in front, behind and at every hairpin turn in the bend when we were obviously in full view. I can only describe it as an absolute miracle that they never scored a direct hit, either while we were on our way down or on our way back. After that it was decided to alternate the Italian 'baiting' duty.

The next morning, therefore, in order to divert artillery fire away from our infantry, 'A' Squadron of armoured cars was placed in full view of the enemy, but with different crews. My place was taken by a Sergeant Hasluck, MM. The following day a major battle raged. All three of the troops' armoured cars received direct hits, leaving me and one other reservist as the only survivors of our original troop. (A full account of this battle, known as the Battle of Uadara, appears in R. Duffield's 'History of the Kenya Armoured Car Regiment.' 'A' Squadron was later replaced by 'C' Squadron and after Mussolini's army surrendered, went on to Burma with other units from Kenya.

My army days came to an end. In 1941, I was boarded out due to a recurrence of acute nephritis which I last experienced when I was seventeen. This resulted in kidney problems and subsequent swelling of my feet. It was assumed that this had nothing to do with army service, even though I was boarded; I had endured exposure to cold and dampness in the high mountains during the heavy rainy season and was with the service when we advanced on Addis Ababa. In any event, I received no compensation whatsoever from the army, nor was I ever issued any war medals, or even a 'wound' stripe. My sole memento was a buttonhole badge inscribed 'For Loyal Service.'

After the war, there followed several years as a ranch and farm manager for the retired Brigadier General A.R. Wainright, on his farm, 'Four Winds.' This lovely farm was situated on the northern slopes of the Aberdare Mountains at an altitude of 9,000 feet.

Needless to say, working so close to the forest afforded further opportunity for frequent big game hunting excursions. Remember that we were still within easy driving distance to the Laikipia Plateau, near the village of Rumuruti, and only 22 miles from Thomson's Falls.

I then started farming on my own and enjoyed any opportunity to combine farming with professional big game hunting.

Finally, in 1946, I went to work for Ker & Downey, then owned by Jack Block, a managing director of the firm. I eventually left because it seemed unlikely he would ever allow professional hunters to own stock in the hunting company; I wanted to be my own boss.



In 1953, along with Harry Selby, we formed Selby & Holmberg Safaris Ltd. It went well, but like most professionals, I was a loner and by 1961 was back hunting on my own, having formed Andrew Holmberg Tours & Safaris Ltd, Kenya. Soon after this I was fortunate in seeing the potential of the foot safari blocks and was the first to take advantage of booking in these areas. In fact, for most of the remainder of my career I would hunt actively, and successfully, throughout these famous areas. At the same time, my brother and I started professional hunting in Bechuanaland, now Botswana; Andrew Holmberg Tours & Safaris, Bechuanaland Pty Ltd had great success. As news of our success spread, soon other hunting companies followed us. **[LEFT: ERIC IN HIS HOME IN SWEDEN; RECORD BUFFALO HEAD?]**

After several hunting seasons in specially allocated concession areas we gave up our concession. The closure of the Tanganyika/Kenya border cut off passage of our hunting vehicles and trained safari staff and

prevented our travelling by road from Kenya to Bechuanaland.

I was the first to train four Africans who in turn were the first to be granted restricted Kenya Professional Hunters' licences after passing their oral examinations.

In 1974, I went to Sudan and tried a few hunts in 1975-1976.

THE KENYA FLY FISHERS' CLUB

Aidan Hartley - Nairobi - 23 May 2015

'The Kenya Fly Fishers' club makes the Bullingdon look rather left-wing.

But it's a great example of how forgiving Africa can be and how we can all rub along.'

Trout were first introduced into Kenya's highland streams in 1905. Men like Ewart Grogan, 'baddest and boldest of a bad, bold gang', shipped Loch Leven fingerlings in ice-packed chests to Mombasa and then up to the Rift Valley on the Lunatic Express. From there, porters carried them up into the misty, forested Aberdare and Mount Kenya slopes. Rivers with now legendary names such as Amboni, Gichugi and the two Mathioyas, were stocked, and our fly fishers' paradise was born.

Last week in Nairobi, the Kenya Fly Fishers' - the oldest club of its kind in all of Africa - held its 95th annual dinner. It was a strictly male affair, more than 100 members and their guests. Visually it was pure H.M. Bateman. In terms of atmosphere it would make the Bullingdon seem rather left-wing. [Ed: *Wikipedia - Bullingdon, established c1780, is an exclusive but unofficial all-male student's dining club, based in Oxford.*]

'Only one lady has ever dared to break the taboo,' KFFC chairman Chris Harrison had explained to me. 'The late Jane Froome, mother of the Tour de France cyclist Chris, attended a dinner in the 1980s dressed in black tie. Nobody made a fuss, but she decided by dessert, that it was not for her, and left...'

My friend Chris Foot was one of the speakers and he rose by saying, 'The last time I saw this many *Wazungu* in one room was in 1963 - when you lost!' Some 52 years after Uhuru, Foot is from among the more indigenous members, but also a Molo wheat farmer and head of our national movie commission. He's an accomplished piscator and his speech was all double-entendres about rivers that were like past loves: the Laerdal in Norway, the Vatnsdala in Iceland, the Kennet in Britain, the Kericho in our western tea estates, and the river that took his virginity, the Kiptiget in Kenya's Mau forest.

After a very ebullient dinner I had to give a speech too. I'm not a member of the KFFC, even though I'm a fanatical fly fisherman. Clubs tend not to let me in. I spoke about how I've spent almost every episode of my life trying to fly fish, even in sundry war zones like the Balkans. How, since childhood, fishing has given me my happiest of memories - and how, even as we become more decrepit with age, we become better fishermen.

From what I can recall it went down OK. I didn't get scragged. Just before dawn we were racking up billiards but not one of us could hit a ball, not even at a corner pocket when the chairman was lying on the table with his legs in the air.

I think it's truly wonderful that a club such as the Kenya Fly Fishers' has thrived for nearly a century. After the First World War, veterans - many of them badly maimed - came out to help build Kenya. As Harrison says, 'Men seeking peace after the war found solace on the many rivers and streams they found here.' [Ed: See *m-S XLVI p17 - Tim Hutchinson's book on the 'British East Africa's Disabled Officers' Colony' and Beyond (BEADOC)*]

By 1928, trout were being protected by law and Kenya's colonial rulers took fishing so seriously that one lawmaker said, 'No right-minded individual will underestimate the importance to any country of trout...'

It's always been some of the most exciting trout fishing in the world, as my 90-year-old mother Doreen reminded me. In 1936, my father Brian bought a 3,000 acre farm on the Aberdares - solely because the Amboni river ran through it. My mother recalls how once a female neighbour hooked up a handsome trout, only to have a leopard jump out of a tree and try to steal the fish as she played it. The lady's two Alsatian dogs had to fight the leopard for the fish before she could land her trout.



The KFFC, founded in 1919, stocked the Northern and Southern Mathioya rivers where members have fished ever since. Last year they caught 984 fish, killing 140. The record fish in 2014 was 31lb, which at the dinner earned the winner a trophy called the Harrison Horn [LEFT. (TWO MEN UNKNOWN)], made from an elaborate hunting contraption that the chairman 'liberated' from a German house of ill repute in 1983.

By the 1930s Kenya had more than 3,000 miles of pristine trout waters. Harrison reckons there are just 30 miles today, though I think it's much more - with some excellent tarns and dams too. It's true

that many of Kenya's streams have been destroyed, by deforestation and other kinds of environmental degradation. But still, it's incredible that the club's two huts on the Mathioya rivers have been going for so long, with generations of trained ghillies working along defined beats.



To this day the club stocks its rivers twice annually, employs dozens of people and uses the top-level skills of several of its agronomist members to advise local tea farmers on alternative crops that boost horticulture exports such as passion fruit and tree tomatoes. The club sponsors local schools and supplies them with science and computer labs and libraries.

[LEFT: FIREPLACE IN THE LOUNGE]. [Ed: Various translations - 'Fishing Temple' or 'Sacred to Fisherman'. One wag inferred that some wives would probably see it as 'Fishing? My Ass!']

Harrison says, 'It's ironic that the camps and rivers lie in the heart of Kikuyu land, where conflict was fiercest during the Emergency (in the 1950s, before independence). Perhaps it's a great example of how forgiving Africa can be and how we can all rub along...'

And the fishing is still very good.

NIGEL MURRAY WALSH [KR3836/5655]

[10th September 1925 - 13th April 2015]

[son Adrian]



As a family we have many reasons to be thankful. Starting with his birth, I and my siblings are grateful that his mother chose to return to her native Scotland to give birth. Otherwise Dad might have been born in what was then British Somaliland, where his father was a District Commissioner. We might then have had real problems trying to get British Passports, as his father was born in Bombay, his g/father in Calcutta and his gg/father in Aden.

In fact Dad traced records of the family back to 1815 when they arrived in India, and he himself as we shall see was among the last troops to leave India in 1947. [LEFT: NIGEL IN HIS LATTER YEARS.]

At a few months old Dad was taken to Somaliland. Now I am sure most of you grew up in a house with either a dog or cat and perhaps had a pet rabbit or hamster. Not dad, he had two pet cheetahs! Somewhere we have a photo of Dad in the sea with the cheetahs, which sadly I have not been able to find in the last few days, or that's what you would have on the back cover of your service sheets.

I am not certain at what age he came back to the UK to attend preparatory school in Surrey, but in the autumn of 1938, he attended Merchant Taylors' School (MTS) [Ed: *A private school for boys established in the City of London in 1561; relocated in 1933 to Sandy Lodge, Herts.*] At MTS he excelled in rugby, hockey, fives and fencing. He was; however, very short sighted and had to play contact sports without his glasses. On at least one occasion he was known to have tackled a team-mate! One of his school friends who sadly can't be with us today recalls that when it came to cricket, "If Walsh managed to make contact with the ball, it was a six!"

This was during the War years, and Dad used to recall how the central heating ducts, under the school corridors were used as air raid shelters. When it came to my turn; of course these ducts needed to be investigated. So one Sunday, after Chapel, a group of us let ourselves in through one of the trap doors and spent a couple of hours exploring the passages, all awhile listening out for some unsuspecting Master who might choose that moment to plod the corridor above us!

In his last year at school, as a senior prefect, one of his duties, was to take turns spending the night on the roof of the Great Hall, looking out for incendiary bombs. Fortunately, none landed closer than a mile away, despite the fact that the Coastal Command HQ was, and to the best of my knowledge still is, only half a mile away. So the Nazi spies obviously were not very good.

When Dad left school in the summer of 1943, he was conscripted into the Royal Artillery and sent to Aberdeen University to study the mathematics and physics of ballistics. Early in 1945, he and most of his fellow trainees volunteered to go to India to complete their training. Ironically they arrived in India on VE Day! Had the atomic bombs not achieved their objectives three months later, they most certainly would have been among the troops who had to fight their way through the Burmese jungle and on down into Malaya, which certainly would have been no Sunday afternoon picnic.

On VE Day, they were given a day off and went off swimming in a local lake. Suddenly someone notice one of their party was missing. He was found floating in water and hauled out, at which point dad, the only one with first aid training began to give him artificial respiration. Eventually the chap came round and was taken to hospital; but by this time Dad also needed to be taken to hospital with severe sunburn! For a British soldier to get sunburn in India was considered an offence, for which he was hauled before his CO. Fortunately, when the circumstances were fully explained he was let off!

As independence approached, Dad was detached with a small platoon to act as bodyguard to The Maharajah of Hyderabad. Hyderabad at that time was a large, notionally independent state, completely surrounded by British India, and there was a big debate as to whether or not it would join the new Independent India.

After Independence Dad managed to negotiate that he could jump ship at Mombasa to serve out the last three months of his conscription in Kenya; where his father had recently retired and bought a farm. Dad then went on to the Egerton Agricultural College near Nakuru, before joining the Soil Conservation Department.

He also became a stalwart member of the local rugby scene, graduating to become a member of the East African international side. On one occasion after an earlier tackle he felt a crack in his shoulder; but carried on playing. By the end of the match he had to be carried off in agony and was taken to hospital, where a broken collar bone was diagnosed! How he managed to effectively play a whole game with a broken collar bone, defies believe, particularly as a prop forward.



[LEFT: NIGEL AND SHEILA RYLANDS – NAKURU CHURCH – 3rd FEBRUARY 1951]

[Ed: Note from Adrian: My Mum was born in Nakuru, May 10th, 1926. Her father died when she was five and she spent the War years with her grandmother in London, returning to Kenya in 1946, where her mother had married Ivan Costello. Ivan's father was one of the chief engineers who built the Uganda railway in the 1890s, and the only one to capture one of the 'man-eaters of Tsavo'; he was the first mayor of Nakuru.]

The stamina and fitness he showed that day, almost certainly saved his life some months later, when as a member of the Kenya Regiment, he was sent with a patrol into the Aberdare Forest, to hunt down one of the most notorious of the Mau Mau rebel commanders. Unfortunately, the patrol was ambushed and Dad was shot in the left thigh and all his spare ammunition exploded.

It took some time to get him to the military hospital in Nairobi, by which time he had lost a lot of blood and as he was a rare blood group appeals had to be put out for blood donors. Once the doctors had stopped the bleeding they put him in plaster from head to toe; but in that heat he could not stand it, so the plaster was taken off and the only other

thing the doctors could do, was put a safety pin under his femur and his leg elevated in a sling where it remained for six months. As a result the knee joint ceased to function, leaving him with the stiff leg we all knew.

Dad was at least three weeks in intensive care and for many years after was in and out of hospital while attempts were made to remove more of the lead shot from his wound. It is; however a miracle that his survived at all. At that time I was only eighteen months old and Brenda only two weeks. Mum had lost her own father when she was only five, so for her it was like a feeling of *deja vu*; the fact that for another 61 years we had a loving, caring, kind father/husband is something that we can only look upwards and say, "Thank you Lord."

In writing down his memories of this time some year ago Dad concluded with the following paragraph:- "*Incidentally, since then I have had my fill of African revolutions -I was in the Sudan when Nimieri took power in 1969, in Ethiopia when Haile Selassie was overthrown in 1974 and on the way to Nigeria in 1976 when President Murtalla Mohammed was assassinated. I have also been involved with upheaval, famines and refugee problems in Ethiopia, Somalia and the Sudan over ten years while working for Oxfam, but am now retired - sort of!*" We will come back to the 'sort of' in a moment.

Dad never allowed his disability to get in his way. In addition to his beloved rugger, he part took in almost every sport. I can remember him as a keen member of the local hockey team. When it came to the fathers against sons football match, he always managed to organise it that he and a chap with a tin leg; were the backs with a one-eyed goalie behind them!

When it came to cricket they tried to ensure that both men with stiff legs were batting together, both needing runners to add to the confusion on the pitch. Eighteen months ago he was still playing golf and over the years had to search for new partners as one by one they disappeared in a heavenly direction. So as we sit here he is probably out on the links with some of his mates?

One of the challenges Dad faced was driving. I remember him with the first generation Land Rovers, where he would use his walking stick on the clutch to get started and then careful gauge the revs to change gear without using the clutch. Engaging the four wheel drive to go through some flood river or up some muddy embankment was also an interesting exercise.

As children, Dad would read us bed time stories; but more often than not he would tell us stories, inventing all sorts of wonderful characters and we would lie in bed mesmerised. In some ways it is sad that these stories were never committed to paper, as I am sure they would have been best sellers.

Early in 1963, Ramsey MacDonald's son Malcolm arrived in Kenya as Governor General; as he stepped off the plane, having never set foot in Africa before, he announced 'this place will have Independence in six months. This left my parents and many others with a dilemma, to stay or to go.

Sadly; but probably wisely they decided to leave, especially as Dad was coming up 40 and I was coming up to secondary school age. So it was a now or never decision; but there was little future for a white civil servant, in post-colonial Africa. Equally he found that there was not much call in Britain for someone with tropical agricultural experience, so when three years later one of his old bosses call and offered him a job in a new specialist agricultural division of the World Bank (WB), it was a offer he could not refuse, even though it involved him and Mum in having to make many difficult choices.

He then worked for the WB in The Sudan, Ethiopia and lastly in Nigeria. Ethiopia in particular, was a fascinating place to be in the early 70s. At that time there were effectively no maps of the place, and I can remember spending a summer holiday helping Dad produce maps of the area where he was working. The only reference point was a sign on the local runway claiming that it was 3865m above sea level; but as there was a considerable slope on the runway, this was not a great deal of help.

Flying in Ethiopia was also an experience not to be missed. They were using old wartime Dakotas with canvas benches down the side. When the passengers had boarded, the sheep, goats and chickens were then loaded on. When it came to landing the pilot would have to circle several times while the herd-boys drove their cattle off the runway!

In 1979, Dad retired from WB and after a tour round the world, visiting various friends, here, there and everywhere, he and Mum returned to the UK and he joined Oxfam, running their East African desk. When working for Oxfam, Mum and Dad moved to Charlbury; first to a rented house in Nine Acres Close and then to their present house in Stonesfield Lane. Whilst with Oxfam and more so afterward, he was heavily involved in all sorts of local activities and organisations - Anglo- Somali Association, Conservative Association, Wychwood Forest Project, Probus, CPRE (Ed: *Council for the Protection of Rural England*), Neighbourhood Watch and Crime Prevention Committee, the Library, WRVS, and well into his 80s, delivering 'meals on wheels' to *old people!*

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:

Lieutenant Colonel (Retd) Alan Crawford MBE
Head of Grants
ABF The Soldiers' Charity
Mountbarrow House
6-20 Elizabeth Street
London
SW1W 9RB

Email: acrawford@soldierscharity.org
Tel: (0044) 0207 8113966
Fax: (0044) 0845 2414821
Website: www.soldierscharity.org

THE KENYA REGIMENT COLLECT

“O eternal God, in whom we live and move, quicken we pray thee, thy servants of the Kenya Regiment in thy way, and give us boldness to seek thy grace in every time of need; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

[Ed: *Many of us are perhaps, unaware of the meaning of the word Collect? and that the Regiment had its own short prayer. Both the Collect, and ABF update, kindly submitted by John Davis KR7457.*]

DAVID THOMAS WALKER [KR7267]

2nd December 1042 – 13th August 2015]

[Barry P.W. Cooper]

I lost a good friend a week ago. David Walker was three years ahead of me as a schoolboy in Kenya, and at that age it is the widest gulf possible. As we grew older the gap narrowed...a lot.

He was big, even as a boy. His red hair made him stand out more than most and he played second row in the school rugby XV [POW – Clive]. For those of you who do not know rugby that is the powerhouse of the scrum. These are the guys who bind themselves into a tight bunch and then push

the front row through the opposing team. They lead the way. At least that is the plan. Sometimes it did not work out that way.

In the mid 60's after training in London, I was posted to Mombasa as a tea taster. My first social call was to the Sports Club and there on the rugby field was David and a life-long friendship began as we found out that we were both in the tea business. I was then sent up to Uganda and David and I hooked up on some trips into the Ruwenzori Mountains and across the border into the Congo; I now shudder to think about the risks that we took. But we were immortal, as are all young men.



[LEFT: ANN AND DAVID]

David was managing the logistics for moving coffee and tea down to the Mombasa port and I was in charge of trying to buy and sell tea that he could move. We would travel up to the remote tea estates persuading their managers to sell their tea and trust David with its shipments.

There were many nights when 'Waragi' the local Uganda gin (actually not a bad drink) would flow freely and after a while the planters came to welcome the visits, but did not always appreciate the prices we got for their teas!

David had a gift of the gab and a wonderful ability to turn any situation into a moment of humour. He could mesmerise the room with his tales, and even when stopped at road blocks with machine guns pointing at us he would chat away as if this was just an everyday event.

David was fluent in Swahili, French, Arabic and had smatterings Urdu...he would say that if I can't talk our way out of a situation, then you run like hell for it because you are faster than me.

He had served time in the Kenya Regiment (1961), an elite group of settler's sons who were trained by the British Army to be recon groups, who knew the language and the country and its customs.

It never came to the point where I had to run like hell, but it came close a couple of times.

When Idi Amin took over Uganda in 1971, I left and in 1972 found myself in the USA working in a Lipton Tea Plant. Amazingly David arrived the same year and once again we hooked up

I was mainstream Lipton, whereas David walked on the wild side. In 1973, he formed Walker Tea in New York and was successful for a number of years. He kept coffee close to his heart however and had a bazaar trader's ability to see what he thought was a good deal. He started and ran a number of business ventures with friends and family including mail order, tea shops and coffee trading. He eventually took on serious consulting roles in tea and coffee for the USAID programme and ventured far and wide where his language skills all came into play. It was a role that satisfied a lot of his adventurous spirit and his extraordinary ability to mix with folks from all walks of life.

He ended up living in Florida, 20 minutes from my home. We would meet for curry lunches and regale ourselves and our long-suffering wives, with stories they had heard many times. But that's what friends are for.

He was big hearted, strong shouldered, a great granddad, a good father and a loving husband to Ann who shared his life for over 50 years.

He went too soon. Cancer took him. I like to think that he is out there reconnoitring what lays ahead for all of us and telling jokes to whomever will listen to him, and waiting for the rest of us to show up.

A poem composed and read for a party to celebrate his life, sums things up well.

David, the man we knew and loved is gone.
Ever a good friend, he passes on to realms uncharted.
There to meet once more, with old friends from bye-gone days,
whilst we who linger here, lament his loss and hold his memory dear.
Kwaheri Bwana - let our voices swell on this, your last safari.

David Walker, tea and coffee expert, entrepreneur, linguist and adventurer. Born Bombay 2nd December 1942, died 13th August 2015, Sarasota, Florida. He is survived by his wife Ann, their son Carl, daughter Lara, and two granddaughters, Andrea and Nicole, and many, many friends.

BORAN HORSEMEN

[Charles Chenevix Trench]

AMONG the horsemen of the world must be numbered the Boran. Within fairly recent times, driving inland from the Horn of Africa, they overran the southern Ethiopian plateau; eighty years ago, descending with relish upon the Masai, they gave those boastful bullies the biggest hiding in their history; in the troubled times between the eviction of the Italians and the full establishment of Ethiopian authority, Boran moss - troopers raided a hundred miles south of the Kenya border. Nowadays, reduced to more peaceful pursuits, they ride down and spear the beautiful reticulated giraffe whose skin, alas, makes the best water-buckets.

The Boran has the curious habit of mounting from the offside, gripping the cantle of the saddle with his left hand and helping himself up with his spear held, butt to the ground, in his right. With a fidgety horse, this procedure must have its drawbacks.

Once in the saddle, he shows himself to be a product of the flapping - reins - and - waving - arms school of equitation: his horse, indeed, responds far more readily to these aids than to less exuberant methods of propulsion. You would class his riding as beneath contempt until you followed him hunting a giraffe, galloping over the broken ground, jinking like a snipe between the thorn-bushes, chancing his neck among cracks and pot-holes in the black cotton plain. For giraffe hunting, deplorable though the killing of a beautiful and harmless animal may be, is not a sport to be despised: the giraffe gives as good a run as any boar, and his flying hooves, less lethal than a boar's tusks, must yet be treated with respect.

The Boran is, in his way, undeniably a sportsman. He does not hunt, like other Africans, simply for the meat and hides. I have seen one, inhibited no doubt by my presence beside him, hunt a giraffe

for two miles, only to give it a triumphant prod in the ribs with a blunt stick. He did this just for sport.

His veterinary knowledge is crude and his horsemastership, lamentable. His bridle and saddle are, to horse and rider respectively, instruments of torture. A staring coat he ignores, a ghastly sore back he treats with drastic firing, and lameness with indifference so long as his mount can still achieve a staggering canter. When the unhappy animal can no longer set foot to ground, the rider simply diagnoses a thorn or a snake-bite and leaves it for nature to cure. It is fortunate, indeed, that Boran ponies are exceptionally sound little beasts.

On the Melbana plains of southern Ethiopia herds of fifty or a hundred horses can be seen running halfwild; short-backed, stocky beasts measuring mostly between 13 and 14 hands, with greys predominating, bays and roans fairly common and chestnuts curiously absent. The good ones are clean-legged, big in the bone and carry good quarters, but are marred by common heads and rather straight shoulders. Many of the best have unusually high withers, which make them difficult to saddle. The riff-raff resemble the worst type of Bombay tongapony, narrow, cow-hocked and goose-rumped. Colts are generally backed at about three years old and cut at four. Stallions are often ridden, mares never.

It is from these Melbana herds that we obtain, by capture from raiders or by purchase, the horses for our Tribal Police. Having lived a life as free and as perilous as the zebra's, these ponies display some interesting characteristics. The lion being their main enemy, it is difficult to ride them past any low, yellowish rock; but they treat with disdain such alarming manifestations as a tractor roaring and belching smoke, or a Bren-gun in action. They approach with the utmost caution the dangerous vicinity of a water-hole, and remain on the alert while they drink; but they trot with more confidence than their riders over rough ground in the dark. They are very herd-minded, need a lot of training before they will readily leave the ranks, and are inclined always to 'follow my leader.' They all accept Dima, the bay stallion, as the leader of the herd, even the other stallions giving way to him in matrimonial and other causes. On more than one occasion when they have been stampeded by lions at night, Dima has collected and brought them all back to camp in the morning.

Despite their straight shoulders they seem to be natural jumpers, clearing a three-foot wall within a few days of first being taught to jump, and sliding with confidence down almost perpendicular banks. They are steady on parade, and bear with equanimity the scurry of men mounting in haste and the crack of near misses in field training.

Such ponies are ideal for patrolling country which is generally impassable even by Land-Rovers, and where the potential raider is most unlikely to be armed with an automatic weapon.

In the district of Moyale, bordering upon Ethiopia, we have a troop of Boran and Ajuran Tribal Police (known as *Dubas*, Red Turbans), which must be one of the few remaining mounted units in the Empire. We can turn out a tolerably smart escort, fluttering lance-pennants and all, for visiting V.I.P.s, but the real job of the mounted *Dubas* is long patrols over these hilly, arid wastes.

Looking over the records of the past year, I find that the mounted patrols have averaged 28 miles a day for between two and three thousand miles: the longest day's safari was 53 miles, and marches of 45 miles are commonplace. Real cavalry may not be impressed by these marches, but recollect that they are carried out within three degrees of the equator, on tiny ponies not markedly assisted by the absence of an official scale of rations. Our two sections which went down-country to fight the Mau Mau, covered, under the spur of active service, longer distances, but killed two ponies (as well as a satisfactory bag of Mau Mau) in the process. Our more modest performances have cost no more than an occasional sore back and girth-gall.

Boran tribal ponies, used for raids and poaching only during those months when there is plenty of green grass, are trained to go without grain, and for long periods without water. Our ponies, however, must work even in the dry months; a grain ration is therefore essential, and somehow I manage to find it. To maintain their natural hardiness, I water them only once a day. When the wells and pans are dry, a safari must be based on a lorry which carries water and rations for men and horses, camp-kit and a bottle of whisky for myself. At pleasanter times of year we ride self-contained, carrying on the saddle or on a pack-pony our needs for several days, sleeping rolled up in a horse-blanket, our heads, *more majorum*, resting uneasily on the saddle.

When they are not patrolling the wide but far from open spaces of this district, pushing through the thorn-scrub or threading their way gingerly through the sansevieria spikes, the horses add immeasurably to our pleasure and, I like to think, our efficiency at headquarters. An inspection of the township refuse pits or the Ethiopian boundary cut, the new Primary School or the Re-forestation Scheme, is a bore on foot, a pleasure on Golocha, my 14.2 grey gelding. There is nothing more tedious than drilling the Dubas on foot, but never a dull moment drilling them on horseback.

See that neat line of cantering ponies disintegrate into chaos at my suggestion that it "Form Troop Column!" Hear the powerful voice of Sergeant-Major Yusuf Abdullah inquire with laboured sarcasm, "Who told you to form a mob of bolting camels?"

Every now and then these absurd ponies and amateur cavalry leave a notable landmark on the memory, as on the occasion of the Governor's visit when Mousie, tired of his inactive part on the parade and no doubt critical of the Police bugler's rendering of the Royal Salute, suddenly lay down. His rider, ill-prepared for such an emergency, was paralysed with shame and dismay, and only saved from utter disaster by Mousie as suddenly getting up again, with him still miraculously in the saddle. It was, I feel, a mishap which might have disconcerted, if not unseated, a Life Guardsman.

A parade usually ends with tent-pegging, follow my leader, bending races or some other game; and our Christmas sports were enlivened by a point-to-point in which a score of wildly excited Dubas careered over a rough hill course, sixteen finishing in the right place and only one in the hospital, which was conveniently adjacent to the sixth fence. On this occasion we drew lots for horses, and it was with marked displeasure that, from the labouring back of our pack-pony, I observed, far ahead, my orderly win on my own Golocha.

However agreeable these diversions, it is by safari that the Boran pony earns his keep, by ceaseless patrols in this remote region, chasing poachers who, if they get away with it too often, will soon revert to raiders; collecting taxes from elusive nomads who study fiscal evasion as zealously as any week-end 'farmer'; checking, above all, the steady pressure southwards and westwards which has carried first the Boran, then the Somali, from the Horn of Africa well into Kenya, and was reduced only a generation ago from a flood to a trickle, which would soon be washing against the suburbs of Nairobi if the existing strict grazing controls were relaxed.

Most safaris start with a cup of tea before dawn. I dress to the sleepy sound of horses munching their morning feed, and drag on my leather chaps just as the Dubas are hounded by Sergeant Major Yusuf from their comfortable fires and straggle over to saddle up the horses.

I check my own kit: mosquito-net, shaving-kit and clean shirt in the wallets; mackintosh tied on in front; *chupattis*, bully-beef, tea, sugar, kettle, lemons, something to read, snake-bite outfit, mepacrine, insect-repellent in the saddle-bags; water-bottle and bulging nose-bag tied to the saddle; mug hung onto my belt; camera, field-glasses, protractor, compass, map, tax-receipt book, notebook and pencil distributed about my person. The Dubas carry rifles or Sten-guns, but fewer knick-

knacks and gadgets than I. We are going to be only two nights away from the lorry, so there is no need for a pack-pony; but one spare horse is taken, ready to be mounted should any other meet with a mishap; he need not be led, but trots along contentedly with the rest.

Not more than twenty minutes overdue, we 'Stand to our horses,' 'Prepare to mount' and 'Mount.' One section is sent off to patrol the Somali boundary and make sure no miscreants are grazing their camels to the west of it; the other trots along a path which winds through thick scrub towards the Ethiopian border. Time and again we must force our way through the snatching, tearing claws of 'wait-a-bit' thorn, but stout leather chaparejos (chaps) save our legs from laceration, and the ponies do not seem to feel the thorns. With chaps and picketing-ropes the Dubas have a vaguely Wild West air, belied only by the black faces under red turbans. The accompanying *syce* should, I feel, be called the 'horse-wrangler.'

After a couple of hours we come to a clearing occupied by a police lorry, half a dozen Somali constables, the prosecuting Inspector and, handcuffed to a policeman, a stout, respectable gentleman who is charged with being in illegal possession of a rifle. It is to try the case on the site of his (alleged) crime that we are here assembled. The horses are unsaddled and driven off to graze, my orderly lights a fire for a brew-up, someone produces a camp-table, and the Court is in session.

The accused passionately asserts that he was arrested not here but half a mile away in Ethiopia; but after hearing all the witnesses I am convinced that it was a fair cop. The lorry departs trailing a plume of red dust, the police askaris all smiles and the stout, respectable gentleman contemplating with disgust the prospect of a year's hard labour.

Our shadows are short by the time the last defence witness has perjured himself, and it is beastly hot; but we have another twenty miles to ride, so we bring in the horses from grazing, saddle up and set off with somewhat less dash than before. Soon the path peters out in a waste of treacherous black cotton soil, sansevieria, spikes and thorn; the horses straggle along at a slow walk, and we load with reproaches the Dubas who said he knew the way.

"I haven't been here," he protests, "since I was a *toto* herding goats. How can I remember the exact path?" "It's always the same," observes the Sergeant Major sourly, cramming his pony through a thicket of wicked hooked thorns, "back at headquarters everyone knows the way, out in the bush no one knows it." Evidently someone is in for extra guard-duty tonight.

However, even black cotton soil comes to an end, and at last we find ourselves trotting briskly over firm red gravel, and then through a pass between low hills where the unshod ponies clatter sure-footed over the rocks till we encounter three buxom Ajuran lassies, on their way to a well. They do not hide their displeasure at seeing us, and give grudging answer to our searching inquiries. Having ascertained where their *manyatta* lies, we follow the winding path till we come within sight of the round grass huts, then separate and gallop quickly round them before the inmates can disappear into the bush. As we do so, the three lassies burst out of the jungle, skirts tucked up, hair awry, puffing and panting from racing us by a short cut to warn their lords and masters of our arrival. Clearly the latter have been up to something which has no relish of salvation in it.

Tax-receipts are cheerfully produced; a search of the huts discloses neither firearms nor elephant tusks, nor fugitives from justice; their tribal credentials are impeccable, so they cannot be interlopers from Ethiopia or Somalia. A *manyatta* so redolent of rectitude must contain some very bad characters, but we cannot find them; so, accepting huge bowls of camels' milk from our complacently smiling hosts, we set off again, pursued by the badinage of the three lassies.

Now, half-way through a blazing afternoon, it is borne in on me that Boran ponies are really only cheap imitations of a horse, lazy little rats that have to be pushed every yard of the way. They are

tired, bored, sulky, and insistent on snatching at every tuft of grass within their reach. The backs of our shirts are black with flies, which settle also on every exposed part of our persons. It is all very dull, and my thoughts linger with longing on the comforts of a lorry safari, the tent under a shady tree, the canvas bath and *chaguls* of cold water.

Suddenly the two scouts check and, leaning down, examine closely the ground. Plain even to my eyes are the fairly fresh tracks of two men, superimposed on the footprints of a giraffe, The Dubas decide they are yesterday's, but we follow them for a while, and are soon rewarded by a brown stain on the red earth, a dried splash of blood.

At once the safari comes to life; even the ponies seem to prick up their ears and step out, for if the giraffe has been killed, the poachers must spend two or three days preparing the hide, and we have a good chance of catching them at it.

Now the brown stains are more frequent, and here is a place where the poor beast stood in pain, panting, watching anxiously for its pursuers. So much blood must have been produced by a bullet, and the Dubas slide their weapons out of the rifle-buckets, peering dramatically right and left as they gently ease forward the bolts.

We follow the tracks for a couple of miles before Sergeant Major Yusuf gives a low whistle and points to a tall tree ahead of us, on which perch a dozen vultures. We break into a gallop, spreading out to right and left, and burst out of the bush upon two very surprised young men who are dozing beneath a bush festooned with strips of giraffe-meat, with rectangular slabs of thick giraffe-hide.

Each man has a long, stiff bow and a quiver of poisoned arrows, but though we search for a long time we can find no rifle, nor of course will they tell us where they have hidden it: it may be anywhere within five miles. So tying our prisoners together with one of their own bow-strings, we file slowly through the bush to the water-hole where we shall spend the night.

The other section is there before us, together with a herd of camels they have caught trespassing. The disconsolate owners are making, under the critical eye of a sentry, a thorn *boma* to hold them during the night. Since these gentlemen are passionately desirous that their stock shall escape in the darkness, their labours require constant, not to say nagging, supervision.

Under the ambitious Corporal Tari Sasura, the other section have already watered and fed their horses, and a row of filled buckets stands beside the well for ours. We unsaddle, let the ponies have a drink and a roll, and measure out the feeds. Corporal Tari drapes my horse blanket over a bush to dry out the sweat. Corporal Tari has even made tea for us. Corporal Tari is sweating on his promotion.

We have seen a lot of fresh lion tracks about, so after evening stables we arrange the camp with some care: the camels packed into their *boma* with the most restive bulls hobbled; the horses tethered to trees; the Dubas sleeping in pairs, disposed down-wind of the horses so as to frustrate any lion which may be stalking them. One grumbles, half in jest, that I have placed him in too exposed a position. "Never mind," I console him, "there are plenty of Boran." He is not consoled.

After supper I kick a hole for my hip, spread my chaps as a sleeping-mat, arrange the saddle as a pillow, fix the mosquito-net, take off my boots and wrap myself in the reeking blanket. A horse paws the ground before lying down and one of the bull camels starts roaring. Somewhere in the distance there is the grunt of a lion; a sentry clears his throat and spits.

KENYA IMPRESSIONS

[Alec and Alison Abel]

We have now been back home four days from a most wonderful seven week holiday in Kenya. The hospitality and kindness from our many friends who have 'stayed on' was truly exceptional. The purpose of the visit was to celebrate my 80th birthday and daughter Nicky and Ben's Silver Wedding Anniversary, both of which we did continuously in fine style.

Much had changed since we were last in Kenya two years ago, much of it not for the good but with the help of blinkers and rose-tinted specs it did not spoil our visit. We found the *wanaanchi* as cheerful and friendly as ever and a knowledge of Swahili undoubtedly helps, even though I unintentionally, occasionally slipped in the odd Spanish word.

We took a daylight flight on Swiss Air, Malaga - Zurich - Nairobi. The Jomo Kenyatta International Airport (JKIA) was efficient even though the new Arrivals' Terminal to replace the burnt-out one was still not complete. Tourist Visas cost US\$50, or EU40 or £30, though there is talk that visas are to be abandoned to encourage tourism. There were no delays as experienced on our last visit when we queued for nearly an hour to get our visas. The airport precincts were vehicle chaos.

The drive into the city despite the three lane dual carriageway was a traffic nightmare. Many *wazungu* now use a 'tame' taxi driver and our hosts had sent their taxi man to collect us. We spent our first two days with our friends Tony and Wendy Griffiths in the peace and quiet of their Karen home reminiscing, Tony and I had served in neighbouring forest Police Posts in South Nyeri during the Emergency.

We next flew down to Mombasa on Kenya Airways which was punctual and efficient. We were met by our hosts tame taxi chap who drove us to their Mtwapa Creek home. Another two days chatting about shared safari experiences. Then a mammoth shop at the Mtwapa Nakumat Supermarket. These Nakumat S/Mkts are now widespread throughout Kenya with well stocked shelves, very different from the little Hindi *dukas* we all knew formerly. We then travelled with another tame taxi driver up to Takaungu, just south of Kilifi, to a rather up-market beach house we had rented for twelve days; we found this on the Internet. [Ed: *See front cover. I never knew Takaungu creek existed!*]

Here we were joined by our son Alistair up from South Africa and our daughter Nicky and hubby plus three grandchildren out from the UK. We had four double bedrooms all en suite. We had the most wonderful *mpishi*, a Machakos Mkamba, who had been properly trained. He really enjoyed cooking and produced some excellent fresh seafood meals, baked fresh bread rolls daily, cakes and biscuits. We were thoroughly spoiled. In addition we had two girls, one a Giriama and the other a Mluhya for the washing, ironing and cleaning. They all seemed well educated and spoke very good English though we were keen to practice our Swahili. The house was situated on a coral cliff overlooking the sea and we could only get down to the sea at low tide. At high tide we watched *mingi* turtles feeding. However, we did have a nice swimming pool.

The huge population growth has been matched by the large number of vehicles on the road. When we lived in Kenya the vehicle of choice had been the Peugeot and we had over the years owned a 403, a 404, a 204 and a 504 but now there appear to be very few Peugeots. Japanese cars, dominated by Toyota 4X4's which are all imported 2nd hand from Japan, are the majority. 'Matatus' although now more tightly controlled, are still a menace on the road. The transport phenomenon is the incredible number of *piki-pikis* country wide. These are imported mainly from China and India and ply for hire. In the local slang they are called 'Boda-Boda'. They frequently carry two pillion passengers plus a suitcase and of course the 'drivers' seldom wear helmets. They are a dangerous

nuisance and shoot in and out between traffic but surprisingly we never saw any involved in accidents. They fulfil a useful transport need I suppose and to a large extent have replaced pedal cycles.

Tourism has suffered badly in Kenya recently and especially along the coast. Several hotels have had to close and most of the others are having a difficult time. This has caused a lot of unemployment. The world economic recession, political uncertainty in the country, acts of terrorism by Somali Al Shabaab, disorder by Muslim radicals in Mombasa are all given as the reason. Scaremongering reporting by the press has not helped. Diplomatic missions in the country have also contributed by issuing negative travel advice to would-be tourists. A fear of Ebola is also given as a reason despite the virus being confined to West African states thousands of miles away. One interesting fact is that over Christmas and New Year many of the smarter beach hotels were full of Kenya Africans and their families; a sure indication of new found wealth amongst the middle class *wanaanchi*.

On Christmas Eve we flew back to Nairobi from the smart new airport at Malindi; comfortable and on time. We were met by our hire cars and their drivers at JKIA who skilfully negotiated the traffic to the Muthaiga Country Club. I had taken out life membership of the club when we left Kenya in 1990. We had booked two, two bed-roomed cottages which took all eight of us in comfort. The club somehow retains an OLD Kenya atmosphere but is obviously completely multi-racial.

Inevitably we bumped into old friends there. The club has developed to encourage the younger generation to join with a gym and 'Pinks Restaurant' providing a more casual and fast food approach to eating. It has of course some very large flat screen TVs permanently showing sport. We ate breakfast in Pinks every morning and it was very good. For the older generation the formal dining room and cocktail bar still exist. The 'Men Only' bar still functions but was pretty dead when I visited it on a Saturday lunch time. Many wives are said to approve of this bar as they say they always know where to find their wayward husbands!

That evening we all went out for a curry. Nothing beats a Kenya curry and we have eaten them worldwide.

A traditional Christmas lunch we celebrated with friends at Ruiru. There were fourteen of us, mixed generations fourteen to 80 years. Opening presents under the tree with eggnog accompanied by carols. roast turkey with all the trimmings and an enormous homemade Xmas pudding ablaze with brandy. A good SA Nederberg 'reserve' red, flowed. Afterwards we played charades and other silly party games. We think Christmas is much more fun with the young around. It seems to make us *wazee* feel younger and behave in a more juvenile manner. We eventually made it safely back to the Muthaiga Club along the so called 'Super Highway' which runs from Nairobi to Thika.

Nairobi is now bursting with people and vehicles. It is huge and the city limits virtually extend to Thika, Ngong and Athi River. Recently I read in the 'Economist' that the population of greater Nairobi is now larger than that of Johannesburg. Many friends never venture to downtown Nairobi where the volume of traffic is made more confusing by the number of new Chinese built roads and by-passes. We were strongly advised to always carry our passports and a valid driving licence as the Traffic Police are very active, and allegedly very corrupt, demanding *chai* (a bribe). Fortunately, at no time were we stopped during our travels at the many road blocks we passed through, but simply waved on.

The tarmac roads were greatly improved, and there seemed to be more of them, since our last visit in 2013. There were a few pot holes but these were easily avoided. By far the greatest annoyance, were the countless speed bumps, though humps would be a better description. There were no warning signs so we adopted a policy of following at a distance behind another vehicle and when

we saw it take off up into the air we were warned. The vehicle a good friend had lent us had very low clearance and we had to slow down to almost a walking pace to avoid scrapping the underneath. The few murram roads we travelled on did not seem to have been well maintained. Overall we thought the standard of driving had deteriorated in the two years since we were last in Kenya. Especially the buses and heavy vehicles, many destined for Uganda and beyond, which tried to overtake at the most ridiculous points.

After four days at Muthaiga Club we travelled up to the Kenya Fly Fishers Club, Tuso Camp on the South Mathioya river in Muranga District (Fort Hall to the uneducated). We were joined by three friends making us now a party of eleven. Apart from the last three miles it was a good tarmac road via Kangema to the camp. As a former chairman of the club I am a life member. The camp and facilities have been much improved since we were last there some 25 years back. Mains electricity for instance but the long-drop and tin bath had been retained. The main club house was well equipped and comfortable with a huge log fire every evening for we were now close to the Aberdare forest at 7000ft and it turned quite chilly after dark. We were well looked after by the old *mpishi* and his helpers and we had a huge cooked breakfast every morning which went down well after a couple of early hours on the river.

Sadly the fishing was very poor and we can only attribute this to wide scale poaching. Several tiddlers were caught and released and only one half-pounder was taken, cooked and a mouthful each shared between us all. However, the camp is beautifully located, next to the lovely fast flowing Mathioya river, amidst the greenery of enormous Kikuyu-owned tea plantations and surrounded by gardens. Excellent bird watching for the 'twitchers' amongst us; altogether a most peaceful and relaxing spot; just a pity about the fishing!

Our next destination was to stay with friends at Timau, north of Nanyuki in the shadow of Mt Kenya. We travelled on an excellent tarmac road to Nyeri via Othaya, where I had been stationed in 1956/57, but it had grown enormously and I could not find the house where I had lived nor even the police station. Again Nyeri had grown beyond recognition. On past the Police Training School at Kiganjo where we noted a large mosque; these have sprung up all over Kenya, financed by Saudia Arabia we were told.

On past Naru Moru to Nanyuki which was packed with people and 'boda bodas'. We called in at the Nanyuki Sports Club where we thought we might stay after Timau. I am still on their books as an absentee member. It had not changed much and Patrick whom we had known more than 25 years ago, is still the Club Secretary.

The British army still use Nanyuki as a base for the various battalions which visit Kenya regularly for training exercises. We saw a number of 'squaddies' in town. Nanyuki has also become popular as a place for elderly Kenya *wazungu* to come and retire. There was NO petrol to be found in Nanyuki, so crossing fingers we pushed on to Timau, where as luck would have it, a tanker was just filling up the tanks at the only petrol station in this small trading centre.

Eventually we arrived at the home of our hostess near Timau at 7200 ft. Mt. Kenya was out much of the time and each day we had our early morning cuppa on the verandah, looking at fresh fallen snow on the mountain. All very beautiful, but quite chilly, so we each wrapped ourselves in a *blanketi*. Here also, in the Timau area, a few Kenya Europeans have purchased a plot of land and built themselves a retirement home.

We were able to use our iPad and iPhone through WiFi, as indeed we could from most places we visited/stayed during our Kenya holiday. Kenyans are right up to date with modern communication technology. Most young seem to be computer literate, and everyone, your cook, house-girl, gardener, Masai herdsman, *et al*, has a mobile phone. And the reception network is excellent.

MPesa, a Kenya invented system of being able to transfer money and pay bills using one's mobile phone is widespread and seems very secure; our grandchildren used it.

New Year's Eve we celebrated having a *braai* around a huge camp fire and after we had a sing-song and played charades. We could not last until mid-night, however, and the *wazee* retired to bed slightly before, leaving the young to see the New Year in.

On 4th January, we drove up to Isiolo where we had lived from 1963-65 at the start of the Somali *Shifita* insurrection and were curious to see it after so many years. The road there was excellent tarmac and boasted a traffic light! The town had grown enormously, with many multi-storey buildings but still as scruffy and dusty as we remember it. We could not find the house where we had lived, but did find the old Isiolo Bath Club, basically the same but a bit run down.

The swimming pool was a disgrace, no water but full of rubbish and plastic bottles. We called in for a lunchtime beer. There were only a couple at the bar - bought them a beer each and had a long chat. There was a TV blaring away announcing the death of Raila Odinga's son Fidel Castro Odinga. My two friends at the bar told me he had a very serious drink problem. They, one a Kiambu 'Kuke' and the other a M'Meru were obviously not Odinga supporters. I was told that the new large airport being built there was nearing completion. They told me also that a huge new abattoir is being built at Isiolo to deal with NFD livestock. They were both very upbeat about all this development in the NFD.

We then drove up to Archers post and then some 20 or so kilometres beyond, on the newly built Chinese tarmac road, almost to Mt. Ololokwe. There was little traffic - perhaps another vehicle every ten minutes. This new highway has now reached Lugh Merille, about 90km beyond Isiolo, and was progressing fast. I do not know the target date for reaching Moyale and Ethiopia, some 520km from Isiolo, with the dreaded Diida Galgallo lava desert to cross.

Before leaving Timau we visited the Ngare Ndare Forest Reserve on the old road down to Isiolo. There was an amazing 'Canopy Walk', high in the tree tops suspended on steel hawsers stretching 500 metres between huge magnificent huge cedar and podo trees; perfectly safe - about 60 feet or so above the ground - following a small stream to a large water hole frequented by elephant. The bird life was fantastic and Haurtlabs's Turaco, normally a shy bird, visited us just a few feet away.

A visit is strongly recommended by any holiday makers in the area. Whilst the *wazee* were in the tree tops the young went on a five mile hike to a small river with a water fall into a large and deep pool of crystal clear and blue water where they all had a swim. The photos they took are amazing. This Forest Reserve is an important corridor used by elephants migrating from Mt. Kenya to Laikipia and the north.

The next leg of our EA safari took us to stay with an old *Heifer Boma* friend of Alison's. Recently widowed, she farms between Naru Moru and Nanyuki on the Burgeret river; a lovely old Kenya farmhouse with wonderful views of the mountain, a beautiful garden full of interesting birds with many sunbirds sipping nectar. Each morning whilst lying in bed we were able to watch colobus monkeys feeding in the nearby cedar trees; and at night, the blood curdling screams of tree hyrax kept us awake.

Scrummy food, mostly produced on the *shamba*; porridge for breakfast with jagari and Jersey cream; roast farm lamb for dinner. Thoroughly spoiled and it was no surprise we put on a few pounds for we were fed regally where ever we went in Kenya, that land of plenty. We had a thorough relaxing few days and I spent hours catching up reading back issues of the 'Old Africa' magazine.

By this stage our son had flown back to South Africa and daughter, son-in-law and youngest grand daughter had winged back to the UK to work and school. Our eldest grand children Max (21) and Eleanor (19) were still with us.

We then drove from the farm to Lake Naivasha which, with breaks, took us nine hours. Grandson Max shared the driving thank goodness. Our small car could not possibly carry our two adult grand children with their huge back packs - they were later planning to climb Mt. Kilimanjaro. So we hired a small *matatu* and driver to accompany us and to carry all the luggage. The murram road across Coles Plain from Naru Moru to Mweiga was dreadfully rocky, so the *matatu* driver whom we followed, took the so called *panya* routes which we had to negotiate slowly and carefully. Once we were across Coles Plain we hit the recently resurfaced and excellent tarmac road from Nyeri to Thomsons Falls (T/F - now Nyaharuru) via Ngobit. We called in at Barry's Hotel now the T/F Lodge. It looked spic and span and there were a few tourists about. One had to pay to view the falls so we did not bother though from a distance there seemed to be a fair amount of water flowing.

There seemed to be a very large number of young men around in T/Falls, all well dressed but what do they do? There is a scarcity of jobs and I suspect most of them are too grand to wield a *jembe*. I understand many young Kenyans now work overseas, up the Gulf and Middle East, in Europe, North America, South Africa. The amount of money remitted back home to families in Kenya runs into millions of dollars and seems vitally important to the economy. As a result, the Kenya Govt. has recently allowed its citizens to hold dual nationality. So where ever they find work overseas, if it is necessary to apply for citizenship of that country, they can do so without forfeiting their Kenya nationality.

We now took the excellent tarmac road from T/Falls to Gilgil via Ol Kalou; good, apart from numerous speed humps! We stopped a couple of miles before Ol Kalou for lunch at a recommended, upmarket, African owned *Nyama Choma* restaurant; chicken, shoulder of young goat, posho, cabbage and carrot salad, chapaties and chips. We ate in the garden under shade-umbrellas, the service was first class and the whole place extremely clean and efficient. There was far more than we could eat, and at a little over £5 each, with a couple of beers and fruit juice thrown in; amazing value.

We then travelled on past Pembroke School which still goes strong. To scruffy Gilgil and here we joined the main Nakuru to Nairobi road. The traffic was bumper to bumper, much of it heavy lorries and buses, drivers of the latter being the worst of all. Many were from and to Uganda and beyond. The two lane road can hardly cope and one just had to be patient. We called in at Marula Estate, just before Naivasha, to drop off our two grandchildren who were to attend a one-week cookery course run by the two daughters of the late Ian Barrett. Ian and I were the last two *wazungu* still serving in Special Branch (then called The Directorate of Security Intelligence) up until 1990 when we both retired.

We motored on through a busy and crowded Naivasha town dodging 'boda bodas'. We did notice that the Bell Inn still functioned and is, we gathered, run by a French lady. Taking the South Lake tarmac road we passed several enormous plastic tunnels where export flowers, mainly roses, are grown. There are several of these farms growing intensively flowers and vegetables for export along the southern shores of the Lake. They are labour intensive and seem to work in shifts around the clock 24/7. This has resulted in a huge population increase with employees from all over Kenya. A figure quoted to us was, with wives and children, close on a million; an astounding figure.

We had been warned that we might not be able to get through on this road due to disruption caused by large crowds of Jaluo fishermen demonstrating and burning tyres thereby blocking the road. The reason was that they had been denied access to the lake through private land. We are not certain whether it was the land owners or the Government Fisheries Dept behind this move. Most likely the

latter as we gathered after a massive restocking with *Tilapia* fingerlings ALL fishing in the Lake had been temporarily banned. However, as is so often the case in Africa, the ban had been totally ignored and illegal fishing continued wholesale. A few riot police were seen and we passed several still burning tyres which had been cleared off the road. There were large crowds of *watu* around but thankfully we were not interfered with.

We soon arrived at our hosts house after passing the very large barbed wire surrounded camp, at Kongoni, housing three or four hundred Chinese workers employed on the Geothermal project for KEN GEN at Ol Karia. They are said to have drilled as many as 400 wells to a depth of 3000 metres a number of which are hitched to steam electricity generators. Their input into the national electricity grid is reported to be of growing importance.

One disturbing piece of news we gathered is that the Hells Gate National Park, between the lake and Longonot is to be de-gazetted to allow for more geothermal drilling. Rumour has it that many of the Chinese labourers are actually criminal convicts who are allowed to be employed on such overseas projects for the final year or two of their sentences. Additional rumour suggests - Kenya is still the land of rumour! - that on completion of their employment/sentence many illegally stay on in Kenya and neighbouring countries. Certainly the Chinese presence is enormous on most of the major civil engineering projects throughout East Africa, which are also financed by the Chinese. What annoys the locals is that they do not create much employment opportunity for them as the Chinese bring in truck drivers and their own unskilled workers, not just the technicians.

The Chinese Vice-President recently visited EA and issued a statement to the effect that China would 'protect' the security of investments it had made in the region. In line with this he added that China would be stationing troops in the new State of Southern Sudan in the near future. Presumably to protect the oil which will eventually come into Kenya via the planned pipelines to a new deep water port, which they (the Chinese) are to build at Lamu, and thence shipped to China. So the widespread 'economic' colonisation of Africa by the Chinese continues apace.

Our hosts have built themselves a really nice home overlooking the smaller Crater Lake which adjoins the main lake. He and I served together in Special Branch before he set up his own very successful company specializing in birding safaris. He co-authored the 'Birds of Kenya and Northern Tanzania,' considered by many to be the best field guide. Forty yards from their verandah they have established a watering point which day and night attracts masses of game. We saw zebra, impala, giraffe, buffalo, hippo, hyena, bat eared fox and one night an armadillo. Occasionally a large male leopard comes for a drink but unfortunately not whilst we were staying. All wonderful but for how much longer, as there is a growing demand for so called 'bush meat' which I believe is being sold fairly openly countrywide.

Lake Naivasha, we were reliably told, had risen three metres in the last year; this, despite poor rainfall in the Rift Valley Province (RVP), with feeder-rivers into the Lake running low. Similar level increases are reported to have affected all RVP lakes and this was very obvious when later we visited the Lake Nakuru National Park. No satisfactory explanation has been given, nor, it is said, has any scientific investigation taken place to study the possible cause. One theory is that the deep geothermal drilling has penetrated several water tables which are now feeding the lakes from below. All the additional fresh water has affected the salinity of the lakes and whereas formerly there were numerous flamingo at the small Crater Lake, there are now very few. It was the same at Lake Nakuru where the flamingo had previously been a showpiece but we saw only a few.

We next moved to stay with another former work colleague who has built a great retirement home east of Naivasha just off the road up to the Aberdares National Park. They overlook a large tract of land owned by the Kenya Wild-Life Services (KWS) (formerly the Game Dept) which is used as a training ground. Through binoculars we were able to spot herds of zebra, impala and eland from

their verandah, and in the distance to the east, Lake Naivasha with the Mau Escarpment beyond; we were treated to some spectacular sunsets. Our hosts are fanatical safari buffs and they took us camping to one of the private camp sites in Lake Nakuru National Park. We, as foreign tourists had to pay for two days park entry fees and one night's camping fee, a total of US\$200 each in cash; rather steep we thought and must deter many foreign visitors. Kenya residents pay considerably less using a KWS pre-charged card.

Our friends were very well equipped and experienced campers and it was wonderful sleeping under canvas again. It was luxurious - we were thoroughly spoiled. Being frequent visitors, they knew the park extremely well, and we saw masses of game. There were few other visitors/vehicles and it seemed we had the park to ourselves. The road which formerly skirted round the lake was now under water as were the original park HQ buildings. We saw many buffalo and were told a recent survey suggested there were 5,000 in the park, whilst the wildlife *fundis* say the park can only support 1,500 of those beasts! We saw several rhino, both black and white, which seemed remarkably tame. The highlight was perhaps the two prides of lion we spotted thanks to our sharp eyed grandchildren. One lot with cubs and the other on a zebra kill. We watched them for a long time and clicked away on our digital cameras. The usual plains game of course - Tommies, Grants, impala, wildebeeste, zebra, waterbuck and giraffe. There are no elephant in the park. We kept a bird list and identified 70 plus during our short visit; altogether a wonderful experience.

I must mention we also spotted two game scouts patrols which was good to see, especially as the park is surrounded on all sides by people and buildings.

The final leg of our safari was back to Nairobi, via the top road whilst the heavy traffic HAS to travel on the lower old escarpment road passing the little chapel Italian war prisoners built which we heard had recently been renovated. Ours was a busy road and we passed literally hundreds of road-side Kikuyu vendors selling fruit and vegetables. We passed through a crowded Limuru town and noticed, as we had everywhere in Kenya, dozens of chemist shops. Whether these are operated by qualified dispensing chemists we doubt but more likely by unqualified people selling generic drugs imported wholesale from India and China.

We passed the Bata Shoe factory which still operates at Limuru, then on past the vast green tea estates, passing UNEP HQ and into Muthaiga to collect luggage we had left at the club.

Finally, it took us 1 hr 45 min to drive from Muthaiga Club to our friends in Karen. There were no road signs on a number of new roads and the result was we ended up in central Nairobi where the traffic was horrendous. Mad bus and pirate taxi drivers who totally disregard traffic rules. That I avoided being bumped and banged I put down to luck rather than my driving skills. I felt quite shattered by the time we eventually arrived at our destination.



The problem is, Nairobi and most of Kenya is bursting at the seams with simply too many people and vehicles. The population is said now to be 44 million plus; it was 12 million at *Uhuru* in 1963, and estimated 3.5 million a hundred years ago. I read it is estimated there will be one million vehicles in Nairobi and environs by the end of this year. The infrastructure is quite unable to cope.

[LEFT: OUR GRANDCHILDREN, MAX AND ELEANOR, MADE IT TO THE TOP OF KILIMANJARO.]

One final comment I would make is that for the first time ever we heard from some long term Kenya resident *wazungu*, some Kenya-born, expressing slight doubts about their future in the

country. I should emphasise this was a tiny minority whereas the majority seem quite content and confident about their future. It might be an age factor, as *wazee* do not seem to have the same optimistic expectations and view on life as the young. Lucky them!

Providing we have the necessary wherewithal, health and finance, we hope to return to our beloved Kenya before too long.

Kwaherini ya kuonana. Alec and Alison.

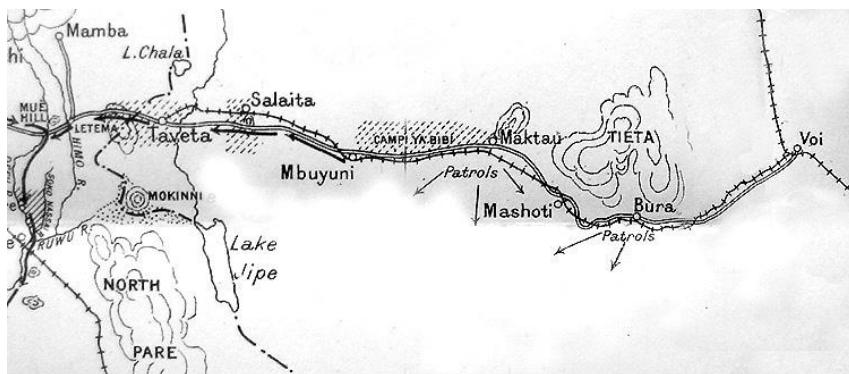
THE ROLLS ROYCE ARMoured CAR IN EAST AFRICA 1915 - 1917

[Kevin Patience]

[Ed: In *m-s XLV p51*, Kevin briefly mentioned the use of armoured cars in GEA. This is a more detailed account]

The First World War campaign in the colonies of British and German East Africa now Kenya and Tanzania, was considered by many to be a back water action and referred to as 'The Ice Cream War' when compared to the Western Front, Gallipoli and Mesopotamia. However a look at the casualties on both sides shows this to be otherwise. The campaign dragged on from 1914 through to the Armistice in November 1918 and the Allied troops covered thousands of miles chasing the enemy in the tropical bush.

The formation of the two colonies dates back to the 1880s, when both Germany and Great Britain were key players in the regions politics. Each was determined to take the upper hand in an area then ruled by the Sultan of Zanzibar. The political wrangling was eventually settled by the Treaty of Berlin signed between the two powers in July 1890. This saw the Sultan's territory carved up into British and German East Africa and Uganda, leaving the Sultan with the 'Ten Mile Coastal Strip' running from the Somali border in the north to Mozambique in the south. The two colonies shared a common border running from Lake Victoria around the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro to the Indian Ocean. The first settlers arrived from their respective countries in the 1890s, and in the years that followed, both colonies flourished with the British constructing the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, and the Germans with their line from Tanga to Moshi at the foot of Kilimanjaro, and later the Dar es Salaam line to Lake Tanganyika. The region's capitals were based in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam respectively.



[LEFT: VOI-TAVETA AREA OF MILITARY OPERATIONS 1914-16]

The outbreak of the Great War on 4 August 1914, saw many of the British settler farmers ride into Nairobi anxious to take on the 'Hun' next door, but with a lack of military control at the time, many formed their

own bands of mounted troops with names such as 'Bowker's Horse' and 'Wessels Scouts,' and set off to patrol the railway. The Germans meanwhile under the leadership of Colonel Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck had established a first class fighting force of Africans led by a few European Officers and N.C.O.s, and on 14 August captured the border town of Taveta. The Uganda Railway, lifeline of the

colony was less than sixty miles away, and it was not long before the line became the subject of guerrilla attacks by mounted Schutztruppe patrols.

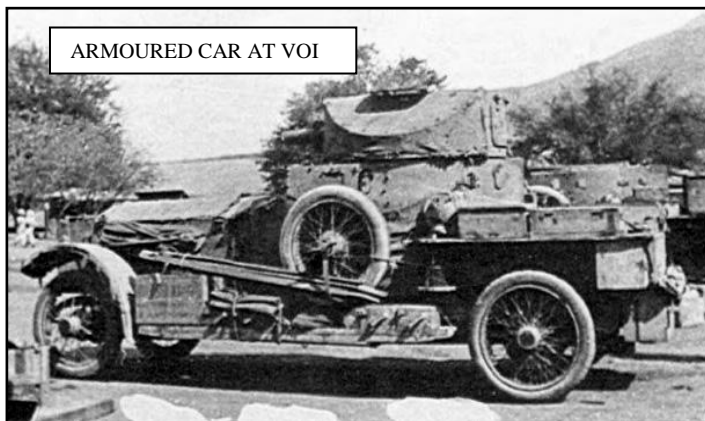
Despite counter patrols, armoured trains and whitewashing the stone ballast, the Germans succeeded in attacking the railway at least fifty times, derailing trains and destroying many bridges. Although a planned attack on the Tsavo bridge was foiled. The enemy placed mines under the track to be detonated by the weight of an engine and to combat this, a disposable wagon was placed in front, but the Germans countered this by using delayed action mines. Additional wagons were added until the situation became ludicrous when there were more wagons in front than behind.

The British then painted miles of track ballast with whitewash and oil to indicate any disturbance but the Germans quickly responded by bringing their own paint or oil to cover their handiwork. Many years later during a survey of the area, the remains of a German camp was discovered in the bush less than a mile from the railway. To deal with this dangerous situation which would otherwise quickly cripple the country, large numbers of Allied and Indian troops were hurriedly brought in to secure the line and many were based at Voi. To help with patrolling the line a detachment of four Rolls Royce armoured cars from No 1 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Service arrived at Mombasa in August 1915.



These were standard Silver Ghost chassis fitted with a steel body made from Beardmore armour plate with stronger springs and Rudge Whitworth rear wheels. The armoured cars came about as a result of successful early trials in August 1914 using a Ghost by Commander Samson at Dunkirk. Such was their reliability that all Ghost chassis were requisitioned and became ambulances, staff cars or armoured cars. [LEFT: TRIUMPH MOTOR BIKES SCOUTING FOR ARMoured CARS]

The secret behind the reliability was a rugged chassis and a 7.4 litre, 6 cylinder side valve engine developing 60 hp at 1,200 rpm, The cylinders were cast in two blocks of three with a 4 ¼ inch bore and a 4 ¾ inch stroke and a compression ratio of 3.2 - 1. External inlet and exhaust valves springs and tappets made adjustment straight forward. The engine had tremendous torque due in part to a well balanced carburettor that would see the car accelerate from 3 to 60 mph in top gear.



Design of the turreted pattern armoured cars commenced in October 1914, carried out by a small committee with the first mock up made from plywood. Three cars, each weighing 4.2 tons, were ready by December having been fitted with thirteen leaves on the front springs and fifteen on the rear with a heavy duty rear axle. The starting handle was left in position and held by a leather strap, the radiator was shielded by shutters, closing to a 'V', and the engine protected by side plates and hinged top plates. Butting on to this was a square section that formed the driver's 'Battle Shutters'.

When closed, visibility was restricted to a slit a mere 1.5 inches x 9 inches for driving forward, and a small square by the driver's head at the side, needed when executing battle formations. The body sides were five feet long, curving at the rear to meet the curve of the turret, again with shutters closing to a 'V'. Over the rear wheels were tool boxes that also served as seats when on non-combat duties. Initially fitted with a Maxim machine gun, later cars were fitted with a water cooled Vickers .303 belt fed machine gun.

In March 1915, twelve Ghosts were sent to South West Africa and after the short campaign, four were shipped to Mombasa under the command of Lt. Cmdr. Nalder and known as 10 (R.N.) Armoured Motor Battery. The crew was normally three men, the driver sitting on the floor on a cushion, with supporting back straps and the other two standing and operating the gun. Other duties included being responsible for the air pressure in the petrol tank; in event of the mechanical air pump failure a hand air pump was operated. The engine and tropical heat made it necessary to run with the top hatch open for much of the time.

Batteries were removed from cars and charged in the workshops as no dynamo or starter motors were fitted. When starting, drivers would complain if the cars would not start by simply turning the switch on top of the steering column to MAG or BATT. All drivers considered the starting handle should only be used for charging the combustion chambers and for maintenance. When priming the combustion chambers, to get a very rich mixture a penny was placed under the control arm which was clamped to the mixture jet. The jet was thus lifted out of its tube by the thickness of the penny, giving the richness required. The high-speed jet was adjusted on the road at speed. The fitter used to lie on the front mudguard with legs on running board and lash himself with rope to the armoured body. Tools required were hanging from the engine by lengths of string.

When required the clutch pedal was depressed and propped out with a piece of wood in order to soak the cone clutch lining with castor oil and usually left depressed all night. The steering geometry, or as much as was known about it in those days, had to be really accurate. If not the car developed the most alarming 'wobble' and the turret was known to have been thrown off. Dismantling the rear axle was a problem as the bolts were so close together it was impossible to use an open-jaw spanner. As sockets had not been thought of, the only thing to use was a tubular box spanner, and as the nuts were tight, the unfortunate fitter often ended with no skin on his knuckles.

On arrival the cars were railed to Voi and designated to patrol the new line under construction towards Taveta. A railway seemed the best solution when it was found that the dry bushland rapidly became a muddy morass during the monsoon rains that immobilised vehicles, pack animals and men, and brought the mosquitoes out in force. Construction commenced in February 1915 with every drop of drinking water railed in from the wells at Voi and later piped from the hills at Bura.

Despite stringent precautions casualties from water and food poisoning were high. It was said that for every man who died in action at least five died of Blackwater Fever, dysentery, enteritis or malaria.

The Germans had meanwhile advanced further into British territory from Taveta and established a second outpost at Mbuyuni. Here they dug hundreds of yards of trenches and defences. They were now less than a day's ride from Maktau. The area commander, Brigadier-General Malleon, while out on a reconnaissance near Mbuyuni, was attacked by a German patrol and only escaped through the devotion to duty of his escort of 130th Baluchis. One of whom covering the retreat of Malleon's car, fell while attacking the oncoming Germans and was recommended for a posthumous Victoria Cross.



It was not long after the arrival of the cars that the Germans began to realize that raiding the railway was a lost cause. Several times they ran into a Ghost and were driven off with losses. The German askaris began to fear the cars calling them *Kifaru* (rhinoceros) and declared they were *Pepo* (evil spirits). Determined to counter them, mines were laid in the tracks and game pits dug in the hope that they would fall in, and on the road to Taveta trenches were dug in echelon every few yards to slow them down [LEFT]. On several occasions

when delays occurred the enemy attacked them but retired with losses.

By the time the line reached Maktau on 23 June, the attacks had eased and the cars were employed scouting in front of the railhead construction towards Mbuyuni. Occasional accidents including one car over turning after hitting an ant bear hole did little to affect their overall performance. The cars played an important part in over running the German trenches at Mbuyuni before going on to assist the South African brigade in covering their ignominious retreat at Salaita Hill in February 1916

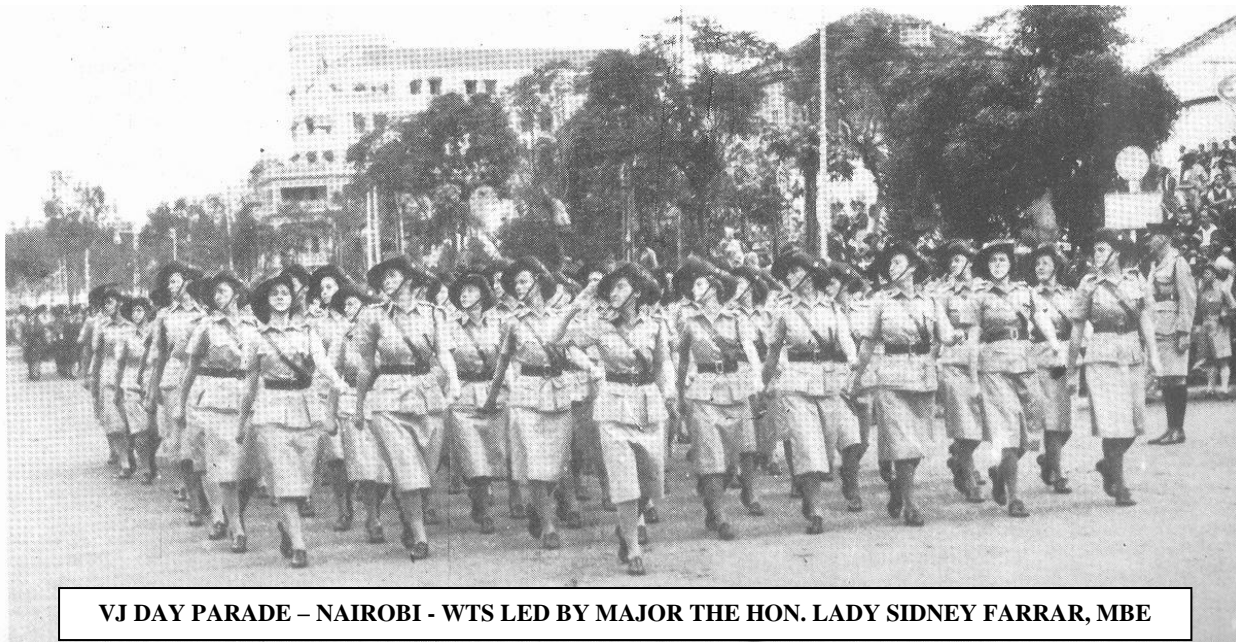
In March two more Rolls Royce batteries arrived, together with the privately raised No 1 (Willoughby's) Armoured Motor Battery consisting of four Leyland trucks converted into armoured cars together with a number of supporting trucks and Douglas motor bikes. The 3 ton standard chassis was fitted with a four cylinder 30-40 hp engine and four speed gearbox with steel disc wheels and solid rubber tyres. The armoured hull was built from Beardmore plate and the armament comprised twin Vickers .303 machine guns, one in the turret and the other in an aperture in the hull rear.

The crew was six including a second driver to operate the duplicate steering for driving in reverse in an emergency. It was soon apparent that the heavily laden vehicles were useless outside Mombasa, sinking into the ground despite the fitting of wide wheel flanges and rarely encountered the enemy. The unit eventually departed in mid 1917 to Egypt where the armour was removed and they reverted to standard trucks.

Once the monsoon rains fell all the vehicles were bogged down in the black cotton soil and experienced great difficulty in covering the sixty miles from Moshi to Arusha. Even the twin wheels of the Ghosts did not save them and they quickly settled up to their axles. Teams of oxen were brought in to drag each vehicle out of the clinging mire. The diary of one Ghost driver recalls the trials and tribulations of going to war in the bush. *'Day and night the rain teemed down. Our bell tents were awash. We stood, sat and lay wet through. Our mosquito nets sagged with the water and the high pitched buzz of the female mossies became a nerve wracking horror that meant further trouble. After a week with no hot food, little sleep and our bodies completely water logged, dysentery and malaria set in. Men who could hardly crawl because of the pain stumbled out half naked into the mud to relieve themselves. All of us had malaria but large doses of quinine and laudanum helped ease the debilitating experience'*.

A month after it started the rain ceased and the cars were once again pushing their way through the bush. Both the Ghosts and motor cycles had been stripped down to save weight. The latter had been reduced to an engine, two wheels, a saddle and handle bars. One of the few cars to survive the rigours of the bush was the Model T Ford that became a maid of all work. The transverse suspension made driving over rough country easier than the longitudinal springing of the Ghost. Driving a Ghost across a dried up sandy river bed was also hazardous. The secret was to drive flat out in first gear with enough momentum to carry one across and up the other side. However too big a bump at the bottom resulted in the turret coming adrift. They made good progress despite rarely

getting into top gear spending most of the campaign in second or third. On the outskirts of Kondoia Irangi they were surprised by some heavy shelling from a long range gun, a legacy of the cruiser Königsberg that had been salvaged and dragged inland. Two months later the advancing troops reached Dodoma on the Central Line from Dar es Salaam to Kigoma, where they rested before heading south to the Ruaha river in pursuit of Lettow Vorbeck, who was now heading for the Portuguese East African border. A change in plan led to the four Ghosts returning to Dodoma and eventually being railed to Dar es Salaam after its capture in September 1916. Early in the New Year the four original Ghosts were shipped to Egypt where for the first time the cars used top gear on a long run. The latter two R/R cars were shipped out in mid 1917 to the Middle East thus closing the part the armoured car played in the East African campaign.



ROLL OF HONOUR

PRESUMED KILLED IN ACTION AT SEA 12 FEB, 1944

- K541 Sgt. Barbara Mary Austin (South Africa)*
- K180 Sgt. Hildegarde Constance Camerer (South Africa)*
- K570 Cpl. Anne Callisber (South Africa)*
- K233 Sgt. Beatrice Dunbar Thomson (Tanganyika)*
- K113 Sgt. Sonia Hook (Kenya)*
- K200 Sgt. Barbara Kenish (U.K.)*
- K253 Cpl. Florence Fairburn Moojen (U.K.)*
- K188 Sgt. Patricia Helen Trench (Kenya)*

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

- K183 Dvr. Ruth Southbey (Kenya) 12 Feb 1941*
- K395 Cpl. Wynne Grey (U.K.) 29 March 1943*
- K111 Sgt. Margaret (Peggy) Sykes (Kenya) 13 May 1944*

ASSOCIATION NEWS

KRA (GAUTENG) LUNCH: 10th MAY 2015

Attended by John Bind [KR6875]; Boet de Bruin [KR4296] & Lynette Koekemour; James [KR4848] & Val Daniel; Keith Elliot [KR4289]; Lance Halligan-jolly [KR6881]; Kosie [KR4292] & Eileen Kleynhans; Jim [KR7248] & Colleen Pirie & Diana van Rensburg

KRA (GAUTENG) LUNCH: 18th OCTOBER 2015



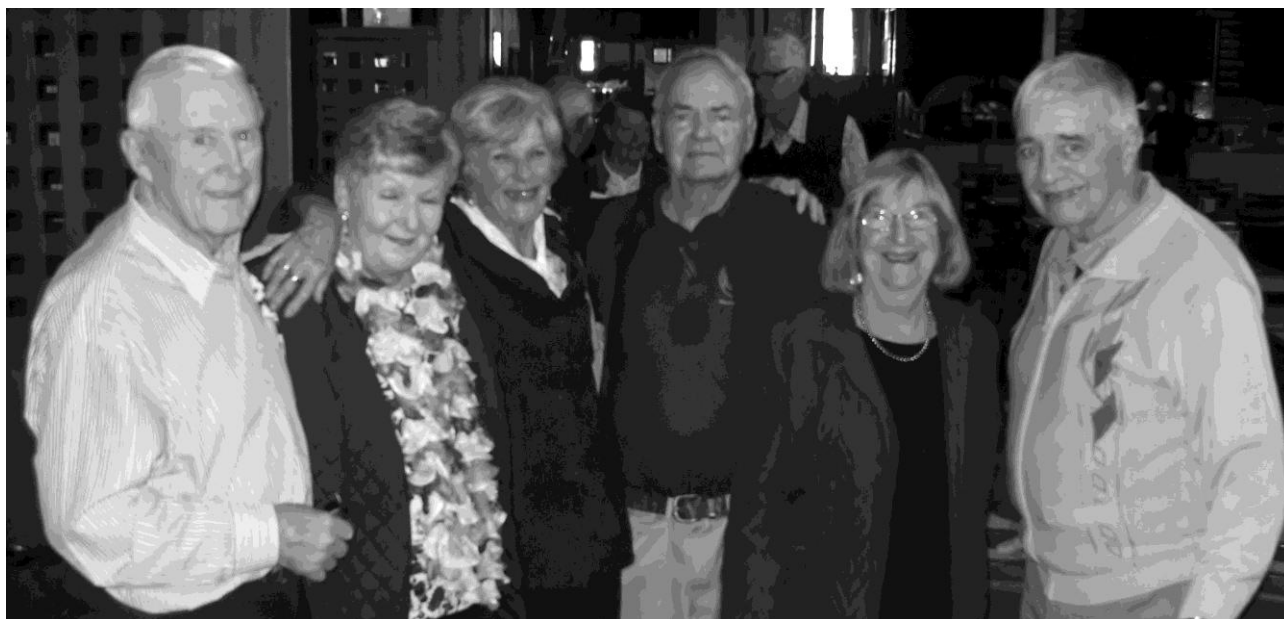
**LADIES L/R: LYNETTE KOEKEMOUR; COLLEEN PIRIE; VAL DANIEL; MERLE BLOWERS
MEN L/R: MICKEY SHAW [KR3606]; BOET DE BRUIN [KR4296]; LANCE HALLIGAN-JOLLY [KR6881];
JAMES DANIEL [KR4848]; KEITH ELLIOT [KR4289]; JIM PIRIE [7248]; BERNARD BLOWERS
[KR4609]; DANIE STEYN [CCF POW & CHAIRMAN, 'FRIENDS OF EAST AFRICA.']**

KRA(WA) - LUNCH BAYSWATER HOTEL 11/9/2015

Those attending:-Anne Banting & Sheilah Cairns; Stan Bleazard [KR4242]; Ian [KR6035] & Pat Campbell-Clause; Jack Collier [KR6976]; Tony Drynan; Aylwin [KR6194] & Marion Halligan-Jolly; Rob [KR7008] & Margaret Houlding; Tony [KR4842] & Marny Howe; Francis [KR7045] & Mauteen Keast; Chris [KR6053] & Beryl Knowlden; Jim Landells [KR6439]; Roger [KR6116] & Marlene Lutkens; Alan [KR4198] & Pat Martin; Hector [CCF] & Elaine Munro; George [KR6808]

& Gillian Perry; Sandy [KR6352] & Nancy Scade; Jenny Storm; Richard Tredget; Tony [KR6202] & Veronica Tucker and Mark [KR7043] & Ferry Young

Apologies: John [KR4485] & Wendy Harris, and Gilly [KR4622] & Anne Stanley



L/R: TONY DRYNAN, ANNE BANTING, VERONICA & TONY TUCKER [KR6202]. FERRY & MARK YOUNG [KR7043]



MARION & AYLWIN [KR6194] HALLIGAN-JOLLY, JIM LANDELLS [KR6439], MARGARET HOULDING, GEORGE [KR6808] & GILLIAN PARRY

THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS ASSOCIATION REUNION LUNCH

[John Davis KR7457]

On Saturday 12 September nine former members of KRAENA attended the annual King's Royal Rifle Corps Association Reunion Lunch at Davies Street, London. As new members of the KRRCA we were made very welcome and had our own 'Kenya Regiment' table.

It was good to meet up with several former KRRC PSIs who served with us during the 1950s and to discover that they still remembered a few words of Swahili. We were particularly pleased that Lt. General Sir Christopher Wallace KBE DL, President of the KRRCA, welcomed us in his excellent speech and we were pleasantly taken aback by the applause this gave rise to from the others present. All in all this was a most enjoyable event.



L/R: JOHN CLEMENCE [KR6215], JOHN BOULLE [KR6193], EUGENE ARMOUR [KR4446], GERALD ANGEL [KR6066], JOHN DAVIS [KR7457], IAIN MORRISON [KR6111], STEPHEN THORNTON [KR7537 AND JOHN SCALLY [KR3992]. Missing is Eileen Armour who kindly took the photograph'

KENREG RAFIKIS CURRY LUNCH - RLC OFFICERS' MESS, DEEPCUT, SURREY

[John Harman KR7227]

Following the well supported 'KenReg *Rafikis*' Curry Lunch on Wednesday, 22nd 2015 held at the RLC Officers Mess, Deepcut, Surrey, UK, there is a keen interest to continue staging an annual curry lunch in the UK. The venue of choice is still the RLC Officers Mess, as it offers fantastic value for money, great service and they produce an excellent curry, plus there is convenient access and parking. The organisation involves John Harman, Chris Schermbrucker, John Davis, Eugene Armour and Iain Morrison.

Next year's event is already booked for **Wednesday, 20th. July, 2016**, and the aim remains the same, to have as many 'rafikis' attend, at a reasonable cost and in comfortable surroundings. Overseas members planning to visit UK may like to make a note of the date and include the 'KenReg *Rafikis*' curry lunch in their itineraries.

It was good to welcome overseas friends including from South Africa, Jeananne Findlay and John Bind; from France, Graham Dowey; from Spain, *Dingo* Plenderleith and Lesley & Peter Finne. It was great that Mac Spence's daughter, Fiona was able to attend - something Mac (who sadly passed away earlier this year) and her mother Jannett did for many years when we had our curry lunches at Winchester. A selection of photographs taken at the event can be seen on the website 'www.kenyaregiment.org'.

Those attending the 2015 lunch were: Euan [KR6069] & Althea Anderson; Mike [KR6508] & Jean Andrews; John [CCF] & Anita Appleby; Eugene [KR4446] & Eileen Armour; Audrey Backhouse; Laurie [KR4670] & Jill Bamford; Mike & Anne Bates; David & Jill Betts; John Bind [KR6875]; John Boule [KR6193]; Derek Breed [CCF]; Rod Bridle [KR7299]; David [KR7093] & Bev Chester; John Clemence [KR6215]; James & Bryony Colyer; Norman Cuthbert [KR4776]; John [KR7457] & Jan Davis; Ann Dennis; Richard [KR7132] & Flora Dewar; Graham Dowey [KR7301]; Jeananne Findlay; Petter [KR7128] & Lesley; Pam Francombe; Nick Gandon; Peter Gerrard [KR6847]; Brigid Hamill; John [KR7227] & Carol Harman; Simon & Nicky Hunn; Tricia Kennedy; Ray Knowles [KR6541]; Val Male; Chris [KR6937] & Mitzi Marley (née Cowie); Julian [PSI] & Philippa Marshall; Mark Milbank [KR6122]; Rick [KR6835] & Jenny Mockridge; Iain [KR6111] & Elizabeth Morrison; Pam Nightingale; Bridget Osborne; Doug [CCF] & Sally Outram; Barbara Parr; Kevin Patience [CCF]; Jules [KR7220] & Jackie Pelissier; Tony Perkins [KR7029]; Robin Plenderleith [KR4551]; Iain Ross [CCF]; Gillian Ryan; John Scally [KR3982]; Chris [CCF] & Ann Schermbrucker; Jack [KR6054] & Clare Simonian; Fiona Spence; Mike Tetley [KR4277]; Leigh & Bev Thompson; Stephen Thornton [KR7537]; John Tucker [CCF]; Annie Waddell; David Waugh [KR6204], and Beau Younghusband [KR4644]

Apologies: Norman Adams [KR4254]; Sara Bongard; Joan Considine (EAWL); John Chesterman [KR4040]; Hugh Clarke [KR4308]; David De Bromhead [KR6687]; Sam Fripp [KR3722]; Peter [KR4952] & Maggie Goodwin; Neil Gordon [KR3951]; Michael Jacob [KR3514]; David Klein [KR5015]; Val Letham; Francis [KR4273] & Shirley Lipscomb; Martin Molony [KR4896]; David Nicolls [KR6021]; Jenny Storm; Reg Vaughan [KR4949], and Joy Wakefield



L/R: FLORA DEWAR; CHRIS & ANNE SCHERMBRUCKER



MIKE ANDREWS [KR 6508] AND JULES PELISSIER [KR7220]



L/R: IAIN MORRISON [KR6111], STEPHEN THORNTON [KR7537]; JOHN HARMAN [KR7227], CHRIS SCHERMBRUCKER; AUDREY HARDY; EUGENE ARMOUR [KR4446], NORMAN CUTHBERT [4776] (NEXT TO EUGENE), KEVIN PATIENCE (AT REAR), BRIDGET BREED; AUDREY BOULLE; JACK SIMONIAN [KR6054], JOHN BOULLE [KR6193], PAM NIGHTINGALE.

KRA (WESTERN CAPE) – LUNCH 23RD JULY 2015

[Geoff Trollope KR6987]

To get together, eighteen of our rapidly diminishing ex-Regiment personnel and wives, was a feat in itself and great to see. However, a great time was had by all.

I have to tell you that all the hard *kazi* was done by my dear wife Joy, and yesterday's success was largely due to her.

Below: 'Yesterday's *Makoros* who attended the Lunch at the Mowbray Golf Club.



STANDING L/R: DENYS ROBERTS [KR6542], GILLY ROBERTS, IAN JAFFRAY [KR6353], JOY TROLLOPE, MIKE ARMSTRONG [KR4026], GEOFF TROLLOPE, ANDREW ROSS-MUNRO [KR7130], FELIX BADDELEY [KR4030], ROSE JAFFRAY, JEN JEFFRIES, BRIAN JEFFRIES [KPR].

SEATED L/R: JACK ESNOUF [KR6395], FRANKIE ESNOUF, JANE COBB, CAMILLA SHAW, ANDY COBB [KR6799], NIGEL SHAW [KR7291. INSERT: ROB ROOKEN-SMITH [KR7427]

KRA(KZ-N) COMBINED 80TH BIRTHDAY/KRA LUNCH – 15TH SEPTEMBER 2015

Peter Manger, Gary & Dingo Plenderleith were considering a combined 80th birthday lunch in South Africa in September, and because more than 50% of those invited were KRA members it was decided to combine the 80th lunch with the KRA lunch scheduled for 15th September. Also involved with the 80th celebration was Heather Davidson. [Ed: Others who turned 80 this year were Danny McCleary and Bernard Blowers; the late-Pete Smith would also have reached four score.]

Among those attending were: Blacklaw, Don & Patsy; Blowers, Bernard [KR4609] & Merle; Bohmer, Mary (née Cade); Bompas, Colin [KR4926]; Bulley, Jean; Collinge Clare (née Cook); Campton, John [KR6083], 'Lena & son Dennis; Cullen, Sarah; Davidson, Heather; Dickinson, Meriel (née McCaldin); Elliot, John [KR7069]; Engelbrecht, Paul & Bridget; Gledhill, Al [KR7437]; Gray, Allen [KR6421]; Harris, Angela (née Dawson-Curry); Higginson, Mabel (née Croxford); Holyoak, Eric [KR4230] & Shirley (née Brown); Jacob, Val (née Arnold); Jansen, Helen (née Woodruff); Johnson, Sue (née White); Kearney, Denis [KR4087]; Kensington, Ivor & Judy; Lead, Margaret (née McKenzie, formerly Stephen); Lester, June (née Phillips); Letcher, Ray [KR7118] & Sally (née Randall); MacGregor, Isobel (née Smith); Manger, Richard (s4540) & Fiona and Christopher; Manger, Peter [KR4540]; McCleary, Danny [KR4384]; Moody, Dave [KR6879]; Moore, Ceila (née Falck); Moore, John & Ros; Mordecai-Jones, Irene (née Dawson-Curry); Murphy, Leslie (née Allan); Pembridge, John [KR7429] & Gill (née Salmon); Plenderleith, Robin (Dingo) [KR4551]; Plenderleith, Gary [KR4642] & Audrie Ryan; Prior, Bernard (KP) &

Sheila (née Cook); Roach, Keith [KR6090] & Maureen (née Boyd); Rooker-Smith, Bruce [KR6290] & Jenny (née Gait-Smith); Rooker-Smith, Rob [KR7427]; Simpson, Nev [KR4806] & Carol van Rensburg; Smith, Anne (née Campbell); Stephen, Tina; Stephenson, Corrine & sister Linda Moerdijk; Thompson, Beryl; Tory, Terry [KR6339]; Ward, Lydia (née Royston); Watson, Ros (née Platt).



L/R: GARY PLENDERLEITH

PETER MANGER

HEATHER DAVIDSON

DINGO PLENDERLEITH

And from earlier KRA(KZ-N) lunches:



L/R: KEITH ELLIOT [KR4289] AND JOHN DUGMORE [KR3751]

SALLY & RAY LETCHER [KR7118]

TO ALL READERS AND THEIR FAMILIES,
 A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
 AND
 MAY 2016 BE A BETTER, WETTER YEAR.
