

SITREP LV



June 2020

DIARY OF EVENTS: PROPOSED DATES FOR 2020/21

AUSTRALIA

- Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Punjab Curry Club, Jindalee TBA
Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Punjab Curry Club, Jindalee TBA
Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al_bax@bigpond.com>
- EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney TBA
Contact: TBA
- Perth: Bayswater Hotel – KRA and EA Schools curry lunch 23/02/2021
Contacts: KRA – Aylwin Halligan-Jolly kisigulu@hotmail.com
DOY Richard Tredget <richpam.1@bigpond.com>
KHS Patricia Dunn <dun1822@gmail.com>

ENGLAND

- The KenReg Rafikis 2020 Curry Lunch at The Victory Services Club, TBA
63-79 Seymour St, London, W2 2HF.
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 08/11/2020
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

- Auckland: Soljans Winery & Restaurant, Kumeu, Auckland TBA
Contact: Arthur Schofoeld <crisnrthr@gmail.com>

SOUTH AFRICA

- Cape Town: 'Sweetwell' restaurant, Stellenbosch off R44 to Somerset West TBA
Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>

- Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch - TBA
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>

- KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 13/09/2020
Contact: Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>; or
Ray/Sally Letcher. <sallyletcher@gmail.com>

Kenya Regiment Website <www.Kenyaregiment.org> administered by Graeme Morrison

SITREP Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, P.O. Box 1329, Howick, 3290, RSA.

Front cover: Mt Ol Olokwe (Ol Donyo Sabache) by Pilly Turner – The Samburu's Sacred Mountain (reprinted by kind permission Mike Nicholson). First appeared in Old Africa Issue 86.

Back cover: American redwood forest [just a reminder that we have over 30 KRA members and their families living in the USA]

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

ARE YOU A KEEPER?

[Unknown]

I grew up with practical parents. A mother, God love her, who washed aluminium foil after she cooked in it, then re-used it. She was the original recycle queen before they had a name for it.

A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed rather than buying new ones.

Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat and Mom in a house dress, lawn mower in one hand, and dish-towel in the other.

It was the time for fixing things; a curtain rod, the kitchen radio, a screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress - things we keep.

It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that re-fixing, eating, re-newing, I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence; throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more.

But then my mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any more.

Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away...never to return. So, while we have it, it's best we love and care for it, fix it when it's broken, heal it when it's sick.

This is true for marriage, old cars, children with bad report cards, dogs with bad hips, aging parents and grandparents. We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it.

Some things we keep, like a best friend who moved away, or a classmate with whom we grew up. There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special, and so, we keep them close!

I received this from someone who thinks I am a 'keeper', so I've sent it to the people I think of in the same way.

Now it's your turn to send this to those people that are "keepers" in your life.

Good friends are like stars; you don't always see them, but you know they are always there. Keep them close!



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

CORRESPONDENCE

John Davis [KR7457] writes: SITREP LIV [pp22/24]: You may have heard that Gillian Norbury died in December 2019. Her memorial service was held last Wednesday 15 January. I couldn't make it but Hugh Stott [KR6866] was there along with many others and he has kindly arranged for Gillian's son's tribute to be sent to you from John Catton for the SITREP. It will be the one that John publishes in Rhino Link.

I was at Iain Morrison's [KR6111] funeral service last Tuesday 14 January along with Gerald Angel [KR6066], Eugene [KR446] and Eileen Armour and John Harman [KR7227]. It was a very good service and the church was packed - Iain will be missed by many people. I spoke to Graeme Morrison afterwards and he said he will send his tribute to you for the SITREP.

I have received good feedback on your latest SITREP - another excellent read as usual. A small correction - the cleric in the photo on page 14 is The Provost of All Saints' Cathedral, The Very Reverend R.J. Harries not John D'Aeth. [Ed: *John – Thank you.*]

Talking of the Colours they are still in the Chapel at the Sir John Moore Barracks which we hear may close now sometime after 2021. The Barracks are still actively used as a training centre. I have provided below a summary which gives the latest situation with the Colours and Roll of Honour

KENYA REGIMENT COLOURS AND ROLL OF HONOUR

The Regimental Colours and Roll of Honour are currently displayed under glass in the Chapel at the Sir John Moore Barracks, Winchester. The Barracks and Chapel are due to close but there is uncertainty about when this will happen. It was to be at the end of this year but is now more likely to be after 2021. Our contact in The Rifles, who care for the Colours and Roll of Honour, suggests it might be later still.

When the day comes a new home will need to be found. One possibility, which I have explored informally, is the National Army Museum which has responded favourably. This has been mentioned to The Rifles by way of keeping the option on file. It will, of course, ultimately be a decision for The Rifles.

One consideration is that the Colours are consecrated items and any future home would need to be sanctioned by the Army's Chaplain General and it may well be that a Chapel somewhere will be found as a suitable location.

Val Letham" <valletham@hotmail.com> 24 February 2020: SITREP LIV pp70-72. Reading about the Madaraka Express reminded me of the Nairobi/Mombasa overnight journey we took in the late 1960s with our three youngsters; all went well until just after Maji ya Chumvi, when there was a sharp braking and bumping and we came to a shuddering stop; we were derailed but the carriage remained upright! The engine, dining car and two to three carriages had separated and were heading off towards Mombasa!

With no news of a rescue, a number of passengers decided to walk along the railway line towards Mariakani. We opted for the shorter distance to Maji Ya Chumvi; luckily we only had small cases and a pushchair which was loaded up and we set off. Shortly afterwards we saw the inspection

trolley heading back our way, so hoped for a lift, but no, on it was a senior EAR& H official who had been a passenger; it just passed us by! Luckily, the Mombasa Times had sent out a reporter to cover the derailment; he very kindly gave the boys and me a lift to the Oceanic Hotel, whence transport was sent out to collect Tom and Debbie.

An amusing episode I recall was when a rugby team was heading for a coast match and during a very slow section two of them jumped down, ran along to the engine and told the driver to get a move on! You can imagine the reaction of the driver and fortunately the two players managed to board again in time.

Good memories of the good old EAR&H as Roger Whittaker's song reminds me.

THE GOOD OLD EAR&H

Roger introduces the song with a monologue. *"When I was a boy, the railway meant so much more to me than the abolition of the slave trade or the opening up of the country, because it was the train that took us up the hills to school and brought us home again or down the hills to the coast and then brought us home again. They were the East African Railways and Harbours or for short the good old E A R and H. No boy ever had a railway quite as fine as mine."*

The song has an up-tempo country and western sound with banjo and steel guitar.

1st Verse/Chorus

Oh, the good old E A R and H would get me there on time
Those mighty engines rolling down the line
And no boy ever had a railway quite as fine as mine
Oh the good old E A R and H, (oh) the good old E A R and H

Now when I was a kid I used to play
While the train would rock and roll and swing and sway
And as she pulled us up the grade slowing all the way
Oh, this is what the wheels would have to sing
We would sing along with what they had to sing
And they'd sing, no I can't, no I can't,
Again they'd sing, no I can't, no I can't,
That train, oh that train.

Chorus

Now when I was a kid I'd ride a train
That took me up to school and home again
At the end of school aboard that train, our only joy would reign
As down the grades the wheels would keep on saying
They'd say yes I can, yes I can,
And they'd say yes I can, yes I can.

Chorus

Now somehow it just don't seem the same
They're using diesel fuel to pull that train
The old wood burners sitting down in a museum

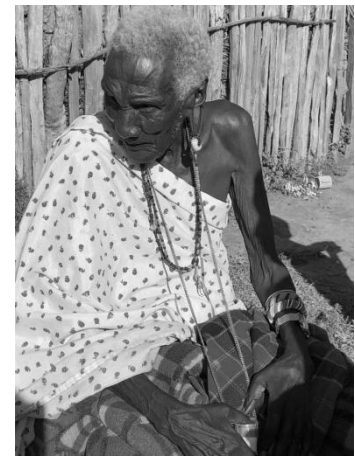
You don't ride on 'em, just go down and see 'em
Oh it's sad to see them standing in a museum

Chorus

[Ed: *The above extract of Roger Whittaker's song was carried in mini-SITREP XXXV together with a very interesting article compiled by Martin Langley (pp1-19) with input from other boys who travelled to school behind a Garratt. Our school train started in Kampala with the coach from Kitale linking up at Eldoret, and the coach from Thomsons Falls, at Gilgil. The suppression of the slave trade has been cited as one of the main reasons for opening East Africa by road & rail.*]

[Ed: *The mention of Kampala brings to mind June Lester's letter in SITREP LIV (page 15) in response to the book review of John Steed's book 'Cowboys Don't Fly' in SITREP LIII (pp35-49) where mention is made of The Tank Hill Party (pp42-44). Only when I googled 'The Tank Hill Party' did I realise what a political storm it caused, with the Uganda Youth Party calling for those involved to be hanged!*]

[Ed: *In edition 68 of Old Africa were some photos submitted by Charles Chenvix Trench's daughter Georgia, one of which 'tied' up with her father's article 'Friends, Romans and Countrymen – SITREP LIV pp46—54'. I contacted her and this is her response: I certainly have more photos from my father's time in Kenya - the most remarkable is attached, remarkable because I recently met the mounted policeman on the right, he is now 105, still lives in Samburu, and is totally *compos mentis*. [Ed: *See photos below*].*



If you are looking for my articles that my father wrote about Kenya for Blackwoods, I might have some because I have a copy of many of those issues but I'd have to look through them. I presume there would no longer be a copyright issue in republishing them, but I am cc'ing my sister who will know, and might also have some.

I've just been to Maralal and Nanyuki – for the first time in 45 years. Fantastic; not changed as much as I feared!

THE GARISSA CANNON



[Ed: Recently Ian Ross contacted me about the Garissa cannon, mentioned in two earlier SITREPS. Because the period between the three articles spans some 20 years I have included all three. The first article by Simon Combes appeared in mini-SITREP XVI – November 2000, the second by Dave McCabe in m-S XXIII – November 2003 and Ian’s article in this edition]

INCIDENT IN THE N.E. PROVINCE SHIFTA WAR

[Simon Combes KR6826]

In early 1964, I was based in Garissa as Intelligence Officer of 3KAR. This was just a few months after Kenya's independence and the start of the so-called ‘Shifita War’. The Battalion also had bases at Wajir and Mandera and social rivalry between the three locations was fierce.

Although there was an Officer's mess in each camp, most of the serious partying took place in the local club in each location, namely, the Wajir Yacht Club (actually the Royal Wajir Yacht Club after it received patronage from the Prince of Wales during his visit to Kenya in 1928), the Mandera Whaling Club and the Garissa Curling Club where officers from the Army, Police and Administration congregated.



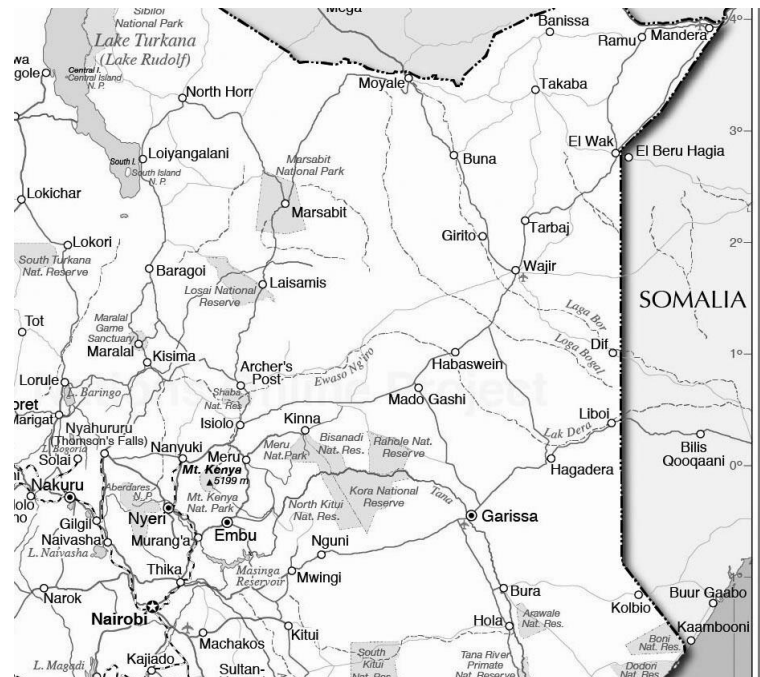
Some years previously, the PC, I believe, had acquired a small, very-ancient, Arab cannon from Lamu and given it pride of place in the Garissa Curling Club [LEFT]. One day, some visiting officers from Wajir evidently imbibed more than somewhat and, in the dead of night, removed the cannon, spirited it away to Wajir and placed it proudly on the prow of the Yacht Club.

Over the ensuing years, I understand that various, increasingly daring and imaginative cannon raids took place, each one progressively increasing the pride and prestige to the current holders of that diminutive weapon.

So it was that one sultry evening on the banks of the Tana, three of us sat morosely drinking our Tuskers and bemoaning the fact that the cannon resided at Wajir and had done so for far too many years. Idris, an RAF Twin Pioneer pilot (of Welsh descent), Paddy Mair, Special Branch inspector (of Irish descent) and myself (of multi-tribal descent) hatched the beginnings of an operation to recover the cannon to its rightful place at our Curling Club.

I was delegated to obtain clearance from the PC and my own CO; both wished us well. Our intelligence revealed that the cannon was indeed positioned on the prow of the club (which was shaped like a boat), sunk in concrete and further reinforced by several chains which were bolted to the 'deck'.

[Ed: For those not familiar with the NFD, locations of the three clubs can be seen on this map, with Mandera at the top-right, moving SE to Wajir, south to Garissa; with Marsabit NNE of Mt. Kenya.]



We loaded onto the Twin Pioneer one morning a large wooden crate, inside which were pick-axes and crowbars. The operation had to be done by air because the *shifita* had ruined the roads. Idris flew us to Wajir and as we taxied towards the camp, a sergeant in the Military Police strode out to meet us.

Twin Pioneer aircraft were common and used extensively for resupply of Wajir and Mandera. As I climbed out of the cabin, I returned the Sergeant's smart salute and told him to find me a Land Rover because we had to get to the Police Station in Wajir town to collect a generator.

The vehicle soon materialized and we loaded our crate on the back. I dismissed the driver, saying to the Sergeant that this was very secret co-operation between army and police intelligence, so the fewer people who knew about it the better. The sergeant nodded conspiratorially and sent the driver packing.

We drove up to the Royal Wajir Yacht Club [RIGHT] noticing with relief that no other vehicles were there; still too early in the morning for a lunch-time session. Then in broad daylight, we set to digging the cannon out of its base. It was surprisingly easy but not so funny loading such a solid chunk of iron into the crate, rather like lifting a pair of blacksmith's anvils. Finally, we heaved it in, nailed down the lid and drove fast back to the airstrip.



The same sergeant assembled a squad of soldiers to hump the crate into the aircraft and after another flurry of salutes and ‘*Mazuri Effendi!*’ and ‘*Kwaheri sana, Effendi!*’” we flew back to Garissa yelling, shouting and singing various Celtic rebel songs.

The party was the mother of all parties, attended by all the town's dignitaries. The Officer's mess ‘*impishi*’ was directed to bake a large number of his infamous, rock-hard rolls and the Quartermaster authorized the issue of a couple of cases of thunder-flashes. The rolls matched exactly the bore of the cannon. Light a thunder-flash, pop it quickly down the barrel, even more quickly ram in a bread roll, then stand to attention and salute. Refuel with another Tusker and repeat the whole procedure.

We fired a 21 gun salute ... or was it 30? ... or maybe 40?

Dennis Leete: I have recently seen the visitor's book of the Royal Wajir Yacht Club - owned by another of our Fairest Residents. Among the signatures of guests are the late Dick Turnbull (later Governor of Tanganyika), Isak Dinesan (Karen Blixon), and Profumo (U.K. Minister of War) on a visit to the N.F.D. - before he met Christine Keeler!

[Ed: *The following letter appeared in mini-SITREP XXIII – November 2003*]. Dave McCabe GM [KR4280] writes from his farm in Zimbabwe: I was interested to read about the Garissa cannon thefts [mini-SITREP XVI – November 2000 - pp40/41] by Simon Combes [KR6826]. I was unaware that the cannon had been stolen and recovered twice.

If my memory, admittedly now rather hazy, serves me correctly, the cannon was part of the Garissa Curling Club garden furniture in 1956 or 1957 when I first made the acquaintance of the club. Although by then I was too late to witness the phenomenon personally I believe that on celebratory occasions, e.g. Ramadan, new moons, Christmas, etc., the cannon was charged with a handful (or two or three, depending on bar sales) of black blasting powder before being loaded with a suitable projectile. In the latter context old car pistons were mentioned.

These jollities had recently become officially *verboden* after some visitor who knew about such things pointed out the likelihood of a burst and its possible consequences for the gunner at the touch-hole and assembled spectators. During my time the thunder-flash method was used; rather tame, although it usually provoked a thunderous response from the Tana Bridge engineers' camp across the river, presumably the detonation of a stick of gelignite.

One evening in 1962 (1963?) a more observant member of the gathering at the bar noticed that the cannon, together with its carriage, was absent. It had been known for years that the Royal Wajir Yacht Club coveted our cannon. Somebody recalled that the Provincial MO, Jimmy Clarkin, had visited this Garissa facility the previous day and had in fact departed for Wajir that very morning. Further enquiries revealed that the good doctor, immediately prior to departing for Wajir, had simply driven down to the Club, deserted at that time of the day, and instructed a nearby working party of prisoners to load the cannon and carriage onto his landrover.

A few days later it was established that the cannon now graced the quarterdeck of the Royal Wajir Yacht Club. To counter efforts at its removal it was secured with a heavy chain the end of which was concreted into the deck. All were agreed that Wajir could not be allowed to get away with the robbery and that recovery of the cannon a.s.a.p. was imperative.

Basic plans for the recovery to be successful indicated that, on the day of the raid, some distraction must take place to remove as many Wajir crew members as possible from the vicinity and that recovery of the cannon would have to take place on a quick 'in and out' basis. This latter desideratum gave rise to the problem of cutting the chain. Dummy runs with a hacksaw to cut through both sides of a handheld thick chain link showed that there could be nothing of the 'quick' about the business. This problem continued to occupy our minds until I stopped one day to talk to Andrew Hitch [KR 4564], one of the engineers involved in the construction of a new bridge across the Tana. Nearby, one of Andrew's fitters was lighting up an oxyacetylene torch with which he then set about cutting a section of steel. Bingo! Andrew was quite happy to lend us equipment and operator.

Geoff Hill, the Garissa DC and a great guy, set up and fixed a day for a meeting and picnic lunch with the DC, and his Wajir staff at Muddogashe, a police outpost on the road between Garissa and Wajir. The Wajir DC himself was invited for an overnight stay at Garissa after the meeting.

Geoff and I, accompanied by Andrew's fitter and his oxyacetylene equipment, set off for Wajir on the appointed morning. Travelling in my Game Dept landrover we passed through Muddogashe where we could see no sign of the Wajir chaps. Shortly after, two landrovers were sighted approaching the Wajir crew. Geoff sank down out of sight below windscreen level while I held a handkerchief over my face as if to keep off the dust. Either I was not recognised or was thought to be going about my normal business.

Having reached Wajir we stopped short of the *boma* and went forward on foot to have a recce. There was a prison working party scratching around not far from the club whom we dared not trust not to investigate or report us messing about with the cannon. However, Geoff pointed out that the prison detail would be returning to the gaol any minute for lunch. This happened almost immediately. We returned to the landrover and had the fitter fire up his equipment before backing the landrover up to the club. The fitter was shown what to do and had the chain free in no time at all.

We had rather overlooked the weight of the cannon as I can recall that we had quite a job wrestling it into the landrover. The carriage, being wooden, was no problem. The return trip was uneventful; we passed through Muddogashe where the Wajir chaps were still waiting for Geoff Hill to arrive. We did not stop. On arrival in Garissa the cannon was quickly returned to its home outside the clubhouse. I have always wondered how long the Wajir contingent waited at Muddogashe for the non-meeting before giving up and going home.

Later that evening, the DC Wajir John Golds (formerly a farmer at Njoro noted for his rather excellent variety of cheeses) arrived at the Club with Geoff Hill with whom he was spending the night. It had been agreed that it would be left to John Golds to notice the cannon without prompting. Surprisingly he took some time to do so and actually started to say something about us stealing the cannon from Lamu before realising the reason for the mirth. It was later reported that MO, Jimmy Clarkin had been the first member to visit the Wajir Yacht Club that evening and had failed to see that the cannon had become AWOL until he noticed the bits of chain and scraps of burnt steel lying on the quarter deck.

I still have the tampion for this cannon. This was presented to me sometime after Geoff Hill had left. Carved from a hardwood, the face is concave, with carved in relief, a crowned camel below which, is also carved, RWYC; all very skilfully done. On the reverse is written 'Hill & McCabe'.

Whether before or after this event, I cannot remember but the Wajir Club visited Lamu with the intention of acquiring their own cannon from among the many lying about on Manda Island. They

succeeded in lifting one and got as far as Hindi on the mainland before being caught-up with by irate Lamu Arabs while trans-shipping the cannon from boat to landrover. They were obliged to return the cannon and return home empty handed.

I am pleased to read that the Wajir Yacht Club's visitors book has survived as per Dennis Leete's footnote to Simon Combes's story. I recall also that there was a net over the Club bar into which hats belonging to visiting VIP's were thrown after being 'acquired' from their owners. One of these hats belonged to Profumo; later removed and discarded when its owner became revealed as a non-gentleman. For some time after the scandal, NFD guys down country on leave or R & R were said to have gone "profumating".

Finally, Simon Combes. Your name rings a bell. Should I know why, where and when? Apologies for my poor memory!

[Ed: *In a later newsletter, Mike Hudson who edits the Kenya Police magazine "Habari", mentioned that he had been advised that the Wajir Yacht Club had been renamed the Ngamia Club!*]

Ian Ross <ekapalon@btinternet.com> 01/03/2020. Herewith my account of the theft and recovery of the Garissa cannon, extracted from an edited letter of mine to Peter Fullerton, one-time DC Wajir: 'The Garissa cannon was originally 'acquired' by Tony Savage, DC Garissa, whilst on a visit to Lamu. Tony, a one-time naval officer, formed and trained-up a Dubas gun-crew according to best naval practice.

Sited by the saluting base on the parade ground, the cannon's sole role took place on Id-ul-Fitr when it was loaded with packets of sweets which were then fired out on to the parade ground where a horde of Somali children were gathered in eager anticipation!

I was DO Garissa at the time the Royal Wajir Yacht Club helped themselves to the cannon in an early dawn raid. We were mortified, the more so when we learned that they had enlisted the services of some of our Dubas to load it in to their Land Rover!

We, Insp. Lyn Burt [KP], Dave McCabe [Parks Board], Andy Hitch [contractor rebuilding the bridge across the Tans destroyed in floods of 1961] and I, managed to retrieve the cannon several weeks later. We drove to Wajir overnight, arriving there at first light. There was not a soul to be seen in the vicinity of the clubhouse, which was just as well because it took us some time to actually recover the cannon, the RWYC having rather un-sportingly chained it down to the clubhouse's quarterdeck.

Fortunately, we had advanced knowledge of this and hence the presence of Andrew Hitch, armed with an oxy-acetylene cutter, in our recovery team. He severed the chains, we loaded the cannon on to our Land Rover and then, by way of retaliation, helped ourselves the RWYC burgee hanging behind the clubhouse bar before setting off on our return journey. Back in Garissa, we re-sited the cannon outside the Garissa Curling Club clubhouse, and as an additional security measure, set the gun carriage wheels in to the concrete of a purpose-built plinth.

The cannon was still in Garissa when I left at independence. What happened to it thereafter, I do not know for certain, but I believe the RWYC purloined it for a second time. I seem to recall reading an article by Simon Coombs – fellow Old Yorkist, artist and ex-Kenya Army – in which he mentions an excursion from Wajir to Garissa to steal the cannon.

Club Liquor Licences

Asian Civil Service Club, P.O. Isiolo.
Garissa Curling Club, Garissa.
Mandera Whaling Club, P.O. Mandera.
Wajir Yatch Club, P.O. Wajir.
Moyale Club, P.O. Moyale.

Isiolo,
13th October, 1961.

M. G. POWER,
President,
Northern Province Liquor
Licensing Court.

[Ed: *Extract from 13th November 1961 Kenya Gazette where Club Liquor Licences were approved for the three clubs.*]

[Ed: [RIGHT]. *The RWYC burgee, comprising an inward-facing white camel, surmounted by an Admiralty crown, on a navy blue background, remains in Ian's possession. To the landlubber, a burgee is a triangular or swallow-tailed flag bearing colours or emblem of yacht- or sailing club.*]



Left: Mandera Whaling Club.

[Ed: *Photos supplied by Ian Ross*]

SNIPPETS

John Golda MBE writes from Watamu to the Editor of Rhino Link [RL18 – April 2013]

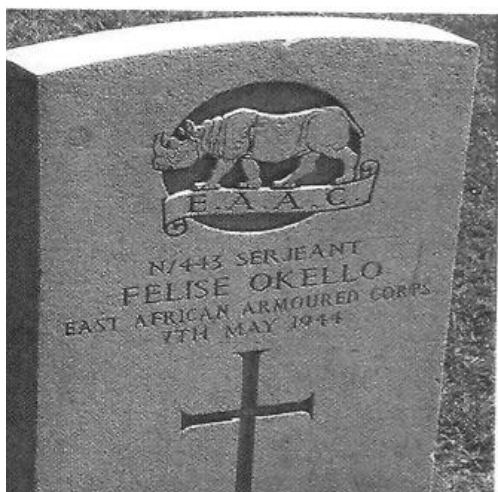
DEAR EDITOR, I am fortunate in having a friend who allows me to read his copy of your most excellent Journal.

For five years I was DC Wajir (Kenya NFD) and although I had many contacts in the KAR who had a training camp in the District, I was never a serving officer in the KAR.

I recently saw an article in the excellent magazine OLD AFRICA, edited by Shel Arensen, about the Gilgil War Cemetery, maintained by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

The article explains that whilst walking around the well-manicured plots one could discern whether a soldier had died in battle or from accident or illness.

The headstone of a soldier killed in battle would be curved at the top.



**N/443 SERJEANT
FELISE OKELLO
E A ARMoured CORPS
DIED IN BATTLE 17th MAY 1944**

A headstone with two corners cut in a small shaped right angle showed an accidental death.



The Gilgil War Cemetery was originally for those killed in WWII when Kenya was an important base for operations against Italian East Africa, but later for East African troops heading for war campaigns in Burma and Madagascar. The War Cemetery has 223 graves: 197 East African, sixteen British, seven South African and three Australians.

OBITUARIES

Since SITREP LIV was distributed in December 2019, I have been advised of the demise of the following; in () the person whence the information came.

Archer, Antony Lucian Archer [KR4024/6501]. 23/02/2020. Kenya (Dennis Leete KR4094).
Ayre, Peter John [CCF]. 12/06/2018. Greenham, Somerset (Somerset County Gazette)
Bompas, Colin Stephen Gwinnet [KR4926]. 12/06/2020. Pietermaritzburg (Heather Davidson)
Bowers, Anthony Lindsay [KR6961]. 31/01/2020. Howick, RAS (Ray Letcher KR7118)
Bruce, James Philip [KR4816]. 02/05/2019. Auckland (Brian Roper 6712)
Collins, Molly (née Munday, w/o the late Harold KR3935). Mid April 2019. KZ-N (son Brian)
Dansie, Rinske ('Pickles') (née Pietersma). 18/05.2019. w/o the late Brandon [KR4915]. Alberta, Canada (Arthur Schofeld KR4511)
Gordon, Neil Stuart (*Chipatti*) [KR3951]. 201/01/2020. England(s-i-l Hugh Shercliff)
Greathead, John Edward [KR7212]. 09/05/2019. Western Australia (Dave Lichtenstein)
Harnett, Jack Norton [KR3701/5633]. 02/02/2020. Grahamstown (son Rait)
Hughes, Ellis Newton [KR4905]. 13/02/2020. Tasmania. (Al Napier Bax KR4967)
Innes-Walker, Michael [KR4426]. 07/02/2020. New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)
Johnson, Sue [née White - w/o the late *Cactus* KR4993]. 06/05/2020. RSA (daughter Penny Saville)
Lichtenstein, David [DoY CCF]. 07/05/2020. Australia (JohnTucker)
Ling, Richard Thomas [KR6486] 09/11/2019. Devon (Marilyn Northmore)
Morrison, Iain William [KR6111]. 25/12/2019. Suffolk (son Graeme)
Nineham Michael, husband of Diana (née Ulyate). 26/12/2019 (The Witness)
Rossenrode, Derek Barry [KR4553]. 17/04/2020. Banbury, UK (daughter Eleanor)

Sands, James Alexander [KR6444]. 09/12/2019. Herefordshire (Diana van Rensburg)
 Schofield, Robert James [KR6960]. 19/11/2019. New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)
 Simonian, John (Jack) Levon [KR6054]. 23/12/2019. Sydney; whilst on a visit from England to attend a family wedding (John Davis KR7457)
 Temple-Boreham, Ernest Morrice Wood [KR680]. 01/06/2020. Hillcrest, RSA (Wynne Critchell)
 Tudor, Graham [KPA]. 28/02/2020. England (Diana van Rensburg)

PAST DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS OF GARISSA

Tom Lawrence provided the following photo of the two boards which hang in the current County Commissioner's office. County Commissioner (CC) is equivalent to the old Provincial Commissioner (PC). DCs of yesteryear are now referred to as Assistant CCs.



JAMES ALEXANDER SANDS [KR6444]

[19th February 1934 – 9th December 2019]



[son Jack]

Jim Sands [LEFT] was born 19/02/1934 in Nairobi, youngest of seven. Prince of Wales School followed by service with the Kenya Regiment and then Roseworthy Agricultural College, South Australia.

He returned to Kenya to work briefly for Rick Holme at Kiambu before moving to FO'B Wilson at Kiu. It was there that he met Maureen: they married in Feb 1961. He took over the family farms in the early 60's but was forced to sell the top farm at Embakasi to pay out his siblings for the inheritance.

Around 1966 the family, by now including Jack, Shelagh and Meryll, moved to the bottom farm at Athi River where he concentrated on dairy farming. The government-controlled milk price forced him to sell again, and the family moved to Kilima

Kiu, working for Anne Joyce.

The family then moved to North Yorkshire in 1974 where he started work for Robert Stavely. He worked as a farm hand but decided to take a course to become a coded welder, which he did for a few years, before Robert persuaded him to come back and help him develop Light Water Valley theme park in North Stainley, near Ripon. This included a lake, a light railway, a carvery restaurant and eventually a roller coaster or three.

He and Maureen left Lightwater in 1988 to go in search of a suitable pub to start their own carvery; in 1990, just outside Hereford, The Crozen opened for business. Eight years later they decided to retire, and closed the pub but retained the building as their home. Jim spent his time tending his orchard and wood, as well as the extensive vegetable garden. [RIGHT: JIM AND MAUREEN]



WHO WAS JIM SANDS

[Granddaughter Megan]

As a boy he was wild and free
Spear fishing out in the sea

He was a sportsman in his youth
Playing rugby for South Australia
He learnt all the songs that are uncouth
Water-polo too, he won best and fairest for the year
A principle he has always held dear

He was a farmer defending his stock
From rustling Masai and lions prowling by

He was a man who built roller-coasters
He loved the swoop and dive, a huge grin on his face
As they rattled apace

He was a publican serving good beer
Greeting all comers with a smile
Happy to lend a listening ear
He once downed tools to help birth a calf
And was back to serving with a laugh

He was a fixer and a DIYer
Clever hands as quick as his wit
Bringing to life things well designed
Products of his wonderful mind
It might not be pretty
But a cleverer strawberry bed you'll not find
It waters itself at the appropriate time

He was a gardener building his veggie cage
Tending his orchard, nurturing the roses, growing a wood

Most important of all he was a man of big heart
A husband who helped, a Dad who was always there
A man who would make you laugh.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

[Ian Wallace 5KAR]

By accident of last workplace (or subaltern's fate) I live within ten miles of the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) at Alrewas, Staffordshire.



Plot 302 is a small grove of twelve trees planted to commemorate the KAR & East African Forces. Its central feature [LEFT] is a 2½ foot high brick block supporting on the top a map of our homelands and on the three sides the badges of the KAR, Somaliland Scouts and the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, a list of battle honours and the figure of an askari.

By each tree there are small signs identifying the battalions surviving at the time of Independence. Last summer I watched over the refurbishment of the plot as requested by Fergus Mackain-Bremner and also discussed with the NMA curators how other members' wishes for the plot to have a greater impact might be met.

A report on the Plot's state and the NMA's views of ideas for its redevelopment was presented to the Association's committee in October 2012. The two core issues were the likelihood that foliage growth would soon obscure the central block and small signs and the opportunity in a change of layout to increase the interpretation of our unique history. The NMA urged the latter initiative given that visitor traffic is expected to grow to 400,000 a year.

In November the committee asked for further investigation. It was also to include clarification of why the names of the fallen Commonwealth soldiers (post WWII) do not feature on the plinth of the Armed Forces' Memorial (AFM).

Dealing first with the last sore point, I discovered that the inclusion of only United Kingdom Armed Forces' names on the AFM was integral to the original Project Manager's brief. The resultant exclusion of Commonwealth casualties is recognised as "grating" by the NMA curators. Ours is not the first complaint over the injustice, particularly as the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) has never made such a distinction. I cannot, however, see any way at this "late hour" to change the protocol, let alone undertake the huge task (and cost?) of defining which names should have been inscribed. What could be done is to add to the KAR plot a new general salute to our fallen and a note that many are fully commemorated where they fell.

As for the rest, I went back to the NMA and looked at all the other NMA plot motifs and historical texts. These vary widely in content but when my eye fell on a huge plan of the Canal Zone, the mist cleared. Surely a similar large map of East Africa, India and its Ocean and near South East Asia could show both our homelands and most of our farthest flung campaigns. Also "within" the ocean there would be room for new illustrated texts on our histories and the askari. Thus our story would be told much more boldly and fully than it is at present.

The concept of a much larger pictorial display of our story "where our nation remembers" has been welcomed by the President and his successor. It will soon have the attention of a sub-group of the committee and hopefully there will be both firm intent and costing in time for the AGM in June.

[RL18-April 2013]

ANTONY LUCIEN ARCHER, CPM [KR4024]

[16th February 1933 – 23rd February 2020]

[Ian Parker KR4602]



Tony Archer, 'To' or 'Arch' as he was known to friends, chucked in the towel on the 23rd February after several years of decline and indifferent health, ending a long, interesting and well-lived life. As a particularly close personal friend for more than 64 years, the many memories make it difficult to select which exemplify the man.

His father was Kenneth Archer, lawyer, the founder of the firm Archer & Wilcock and a behind-the-scenes force in Kenya politics in the 1920s. Few were aware that he wrote many of Lord Delamere's speeches. He and his wife Ruth epitomised Edwardian manners and senses of probity, which they passed on to their two sons, David and, particularly the younger, Antony. To the end of his days Tony Archer was basically a courteous Edwardian gentleman in the very best sense of that term.

He did not like horses and it took me years to find out why. Our company had a contract with the Tanzania Game Division to cull and manage wildlife in Tanzania's Loliondo District along the eastern border of the Serengeti National Park. Few motorable tracks and much black cotton soil caused endless difficulties and I felt we should perhaps use horses. They didn't get stuck in black cotton and could go places no Land Rover could reach. The more I sold my idea, the gloomier Arch became. Eventually I asked why?

"I hate horses," he had replied, "and so would you if you had had the experience that I had."

Aged five he had been put on a mare and was being led by a *syce* when they passed a stallion's box. The mare was in oestrus which drove the stallion into a frenzy. With a great splintering of wood and before anyone could do anything about it, the *syce* fell over and was trodden on and little Archer found himself crushed between stallion and mare. In terror, staring into the flaring nostrils and huge teeth on his shoulder made an impression from which he had never recovered.

Only years later did a horse make Arch laugh. In the early 1960s and to channels funds into the Samburu District Council, Game Warden Rodney Elliott stipulated that hunters could no longer use vehicles when hunting in that district. Instead they had to hire horses from the Council. Forced to comply Tony and his client were using horses. They wanted a leopard and were applying the usual technique of placing a bait in a tree, building a hide close by and waiting for the cat to feed on it. Routinely they laid a scent trail by first dragging the bait behind a vehicle for a mile so before hanging it in the chosen tree. On this occasion the bait was a large baboon. Not allowed to use vehicles, Arch attached it by a long rope to one of the horses. As it moved forward, so the bait came after it. Seeing this strange thing out of the corner of its eye, the horse moved faster and the baboon increased its speed. The last thing Tony and client saw of their horse and bait was disappearing over the horizon at full gallop with the bait now flying along behind it.

Tony was registered as Pembroke House's pupil 265 on the 15th January 1942. His claim to fame was that his father had seen an unidentifiable animal and there was speculation that it may have been the mythical Nandi Bear. Thus Tony was known as Nandi. He was a proficient boxer and though short of stature, was immensely strong. However, he was also possessed of a physical awkwardness that ensured he would never be a graceful ballroom dancer.

This gained wide attention when, in 1952, as recruit KR 4024 he was in the first contingent of national servicemen to undergo the six-month Kenya Regiment officer training course in Salisbury Rhodesia as it then was. The parade ground slow march brought his awkwardness to the fore. For reasons beyond his control the order "Slow March" changed not only the pace of his gait, but co-ordination between arms and legs. Instead of right arm swinging forward in synchrony with his left leg, it now moved forward with the right leg so that, like a camel, both limbs on one side moved together. The harder he tried to correct this the worse it got. Intrigued as much as enraged the legendary CSM 'Rumblguts' minced over to the struggling Arch and to the rest of the course's amusement asked in dulcet tones:-

"Can I carry your hand bag Dearie?" before roaring at the top of his voice "Archer stop walking like a Piccadilly prostitute!"

Inherited from his parents, Arch believed in justice and fair play. The law would have been too bookish for him so his career ambition had been to join the Kenya Police. When his father, asked the then Commissioner of Police how his son might achieve this ambition, the reply had been that as a first step he could do no better than do the six month Kenya Regiment National Service course, which is what he did.

However, on returning to Nairobi, he transferred out of Kenya Regiment into the Kenya Police and was a recruit at the Kenya Police Training College at Kiganjo near Nyeri. With his military training just completed and his ability to speak Kikuyu, Tony saw little of the Police curriculum. Within days in July 1952 he had been sent to Karatina to help the Police staff there in what was a rapidly deteriorating situation where Mau Mau was very active.

When the Emergency was declared in October 1952, Arch had already been 'in action' for the previous four months. By December he had become the Intelligence Officer to 'I' Force – a Police unit run by the Kenya Regiment's Nev Cooper [KR5608] on secondment. It was soon a crack force with many successes against the enemy. Early in 1953 'I' Force was 'captured' by the Kenya Regiment and changed its name to 'I' Company.

As a regular policeman, Archer withdrew from 'I' Coy. Within six months of returning from Rhodesia he stood out from his contemporaries as one of the reasons why 'I' Force had been so successful. This led to him being posted as Officer i/c Special Branch in Embu District, a post he held until resigning from the Police in 1956. Few people recognised at the time or subsequently what an unusual promotion this was for a *kijana* 20 year-old of Settler stock.

It was also unusual for a Kenya settler to be in this post as, British Authorities unsure of Settlers' loyalty at the time, were fearful of them taking the initiative against Mau Mau into their own hands. Such was this unease that, for example, when whites marched on Government House in protest at the Government's failure to act decisively, the Regiment in Nairobi was temporarily disarmed lest members joined the protesters. In that same vein, Special Branch recruited some members of the Regiment too recently arrived in Kenya to be considered Settlers, to inform on their comrades' loyalties (and where possible, their comrades' families).

As a District Head and the nexus of intelligence of what was one of the 'hot' Emergency areas, Arch had many successes. He was among the earliest to develop pseudo-gangs, persuading captured Mau Mau guerrillas or surrenderees, to switch sides and join them hunting down their erstwhile comrades. He talked little about this, but those who worked under him - Dave McCabe, GM [KR4280], Ben Hatfield, MM [KR4169], Eddie Bruce-Low, BEM [KR4567] and Jim Gore, BEM [KR4783] - were fulsome in their praise of Archer's leadership and personal bravery in this cloak and dagger realm.

A major Archer coup was, with DOKG Dennis Lakin, inducing 603 Mau Mau men to surrender and come out of the Mount Kenya forests. It was part of Operation Wedgewood to induce guerrillas to surrender *en masse*. It failed through lack of communication, and its only success was Archer's and Lakin's.

Illustrating Tony's principles, having given the Mau Mau men his word that they would not be ill-treated, when hearing that Prisons Staff were not honouring this commitment he went out of his way and district to rebuke older, more senior men, demanding they enforce acceptable behaviour.

By itself Archer's and Lakin's success in getting 603 Mau Mau to surrender out of the Mount Kenya forest above Embu was worthy of formal recognition. Together with his achievements in action against the rebels, it put him on a par, in their view, with Dave McCabe and Ian Prichard KR3670, both of whom themselves were awarded the GM.

To the astonishment of those who served with and under him, in 1956 Anton Lucien Archer, Police Inspector, was awarded the Colonial Police Medal CPM (for Meritorious Service) – almost the lowest award he could possibly have been given.

There were 139 such awards made during the Emergency – mostly for long service – against the 33 CPM for Gallantry which is the very least he had earned. If not a calculated insult, it was an act of extreme spitefulness on the part of one or some of his superiors. Those in the know were outraged, producing heated confidential correspondence in high Government circles. That it came to nothing was largely because Tony himself down-played the issue. Self-effacing and shunning publicity, in a quiet moment years later he had admitted some disappointment. Thus, through the rest of his life, one of the most successful white policemen against the Mau Mau rebels went unrecognised.

From boyhood Arch had a deep interest in natural history in general and birds in particular. Coached and stimulated by the bird man at the then Coryndon Museum – the irrepressible John George Williams – he was introduced to scientific ornithology. As a boy he was already collecting specimens for the Museum.

In later years he mounted expeditions for, among others, the Los Angeles Museum. He collected all over East Africa, particularly in the Bwamba and Impenetrable Forests of westernmost Uganda. He also went on an extended trip to Angola on which he organised the logistics for his mentor John Williams and Gerald Lathbury (an equally keen ornithologist and lately C-in-C of in Kenya during the latter half of the Emergency). He was prominent in the East African Natural History's Bird Committee and by mid-life he was among the most knowledgeable ornithologists in Eastern Africa.

Tony's interest in natural history led him to leave the Police and become a Professional Hunter. Joining the prestigious firm of Kerr and Downey he rose rapidly, becoming one of the firm's Directors as well as an influential member of the East African Professional Hunters' Association. Many of his clients and their families became friends for life illustrating yet another facet of his personality: the friendships he formed, not just with his millionaire clientele, but with his African servants.



One such special friendship was three cornered between himself, a client Neil MacLanahan and Abakuna Gumundi, the great Watic bowman who acted as Tony's gunbearer. Such was this unusual threesome that when Neil turned the tables and invited Tony to be his hunting guest in India, he insisted that Abakuna come as a guest too. The humble man from the bush experiencing room service in the very poshest of India's hotels was a

source of huge merriment to him. [ABOVE: TONY AND ABAKUNA]

Archer and Abakuna spent much time together and consequently Tony was perhaps better informed on Wata hunting traditions, techniques and general lore than any white man. It exposed one of Arch's few weaknesses, that of writing it down for posterity. He had every intention to do this: his incredible archive of Mau Mau knowledge, letters that only he knew how to interpret, his information on the Wata and, less expectedly, his insight in to native hunting on Zanzibar, all this he was going to write 'kesho'. But kesho never came!

In parallel to professional hunting, Arch also became a founding shareholder and Director of Wildlife Services Ltd – the company we formed jointly with Chris my wife, Alistair Graham and Alan Root [KR4992]. We undertook both research and management in the broad wildlife field.

The Company had a chequered twelve year career with great successes counter-balanced by equally great failures. One cause of the latter was undertaking contracts in socialist Tanzania from capitalist Kenya. Yet another swirled about an issue of principle that Arch felt (and I agreed with) could not

be ignored. A Permanent Secretary pocketed money that was owed to our Company, counting on us not being willing to do anything about it in the rising environment of corruption. During his police years in Embu Arch had made many valuable contacts – one became Secretary to the Cabinet, the country’s most senior Civil Servant. Against the flow of acquiescence, we went to this worthy and lodged our charge. There was immediate redress. Principles still counted. From then on however, we were kept at distance by all government departments. Acting on principle had come at cost! Yet as Tony said: “We did the right thing!”

This charitable man’s many accomplishments, among which was owning a Travel Agency, stretch beyond listing here. What then stood out for me most about Antony Lucien Archer? It has to be his sheer humanity and pleasure his presence imparted to others. Vignettes stand out: his iconic double-fingered gesture when making an emphatic point, not wagging a fore finger conventionally, but fore-finger and little finger together.



[LEFT: ARCH AND BETTY]

Arch had a serious mien, but a great sense of humour. Since 1968 it has been difficult to think of Arch without Betty. Seeming opposites, he conservative and seemingly stiff, she liberal and very laid back, the way they joshed one another was wonderful, betraying the fact that though seeming opposites they were in fact extraordinarily close.

Nothing exposed this more than Betty’s oft said “if

he’d give me the money I’d leave him.” They were married in 1967 while on a trip to the USA and we their friends, accused them of doing so to avoid the cost of a Kenya reception. Yet as fact one could never accuse them of parsimony. They were the most generous of hosts and as gourmets their table was always a treat to sit at.

In due course they produced Alexandra and Nigel in what is a very close family. While all of us inevitably have to depart this life, the family’s strength has been demonstrated in the way it lovingly handled Tony’s rising ill-health over the last few years.

When he departed he was no longer the man we all knew. The decline excepted, he was a ‘dume!’

He stood for principle but laughed a lot. His friendships spread across races. His life covered wide interests and he achieved enviable results.

He left a tight family. Pole sana Betty, Alex, Nige, Richard and the grand-children. Vale Antony Lucien. Well done Mate!

WORLD WAR I IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

[Major Harry Feccitt, MBE]

You may be interested in a new website that the Willson family of Diani Beach (James is the author of the book *Guerrillas of Tsavo*) are very kindly running for me:

<https://www.heroes.guerrillasoftsavo.com/all-news>

I am putting up short interesting World War I in East Africa articles, illustrated with the hundreds of photographs that I have taken on the ground.

If you have any friends who might be interested please let them know about the site.

My aim is to raise public awareness, particularly in East Africa, about what the Askari and their European colleagues achieved during World War I.

In June this year a two-volume book of mine will be launched in the London National Army Museum describing the war efforts of East Africa and listing (with citations where available) all awards made to the King's African Rifles and East African Forces in both World Wars.

Let us get the public more aware of the East African military heritage, and let us present positive information to improve knowledge of the sacrifices made in the fight against attempted world domination by the Central European Powers.

EUROPEANS IN EAST AFRICA – 1880-1939



The late Peter Ayre, had for years been compiling this data base which his widow Caro has 'put onto' the internet. She writes: "I am so happy that Christine (Nicholls) has made it possible for people like yourself to access the data that Peter had collected.

Christine had done such a fantastic job, and is happily adding information as it comes in. Peter had always enjoyed helping others find information and would be delighted that his work is out there. It had always been his plan, but he was too busy adding to it, to work out how to make it easily accessible."

www.europeansineastafrica.co.uk

Introduction to the Website

The database holds information on people of European origin who lived and worked in East Africa from about 1880 to 1939.

It concentrates mainly on Kenya, but there are a some entries for Uganda and Tanzania.

It was compiled by Peter Ayre, who began work on it in 1993. His interest in East African history and its participants had developed from his business as a dealer in second-hand books about East

Africa. He continued to accumulate information gleaned from thousands of books, journals, newspapers, magazines, private papers and emails, until his death. Club records, cemeteries, schools, baptismal and marriage registers, and recorded interviews, were further sources of information. Following Peter's demise [12/06/2018], Christine Nicholls took over the database, editing it and adding new information.

The database is searchable. If you have any corrections or additional information, please contact Christine Nicholls at cs.nicholls@tiscali.co.uk, and she will amend the database. She also has a website at <http://www.christinenicholls.co.uk>

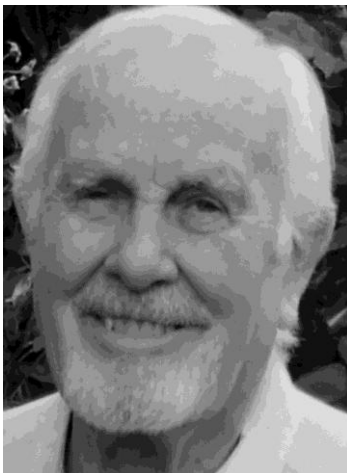
Peter Ayre's wife Caro holds the documents used in the database, so queries about sources should be directed to her at caro25ayre@gmail.com. She also has a vast collection of the database source books, which are for sale see <https://caroayre.co.uk> and <https://www.abebooks.co.uk/peter-j-ayre-books-somerset/92468/sf>

Christine Nicholls

IAIN WILLIAM MORRISON [KR6111] – A LIFE WELL LIVED

[20th December 1937 – 25th December 2020]

[son Graeme]



Thank you all for coming this morning to help say farewell to my father, Iain. It would have made him very happy to see so many friends and family gathered here today in his favourite church.

I count myself as lucky, Dad was a simple, straight forward *jamani*, 'what you saw was what you got', he could be a man of few words but he could also be gregarious, making people feel at ease and was well regarded and liked by most who met him; it was easy to tell if you were getting on with him because he was generally rude to you!

But I'm getting ahead of myself, let me tell you a bit about Dad.

He was born in Nakuru, Kenya in December 1937 to Evelyn and William Morrison, both of true pioneering stock, indeed when Dad's mother arrived with her parents in Mombasa in the very early 1900s, their the trek to Nakuru, over 400 hundred miles, was by ox cart.

Dad grew up speaking Swahili and was still fluent 'til the end; he still used it extensively to chat with his old Regimental chums and I can't begin to tell you how many useful words and phrases he wrote out for Tamsin and I to use on our Kenyan safari last year. AND his special glee in using it to befuddle the many spam telephone calls we get these days much to their annoyance.

As a youngster he boarded at St. Mary's School in Nairobi where he made some lifelong friendships, I have spoken to a number of his friends in the last few weeks who still remember him fondly from that time.

Following school he went to work as a shipping clerk in Mombasa before he was called for national service in the Kenya Regiment, where he spent over four years, also serving as a field intelligent officer (FIO) which entailed going undercover as a pseudo 'Mau Mau gangster' in the jungle.

After the army his thoughts turned further afield and he moved to the UK in 1959 and joined the Metropolitan Police, where a couple of years later, following an altercation with a tramp, he ended up in Charing Cross hospital with a squashed nose. It was here he met my mother, Elizabeth Gilbert and the rest is, as they say, history – it was love at first sight for my father although he had been heard to say 'the tramp got six months, I got life!'



Following their marriage on 12th October 1963 at Llanthewy Road Baptist Church, Newport, Gwent, Wales [LEFT], came two little boys, me and my younger brother Richard, sent to try his patience, a role both of us excelled at!

His main role in the Met was spent in Traffic Division, where Dad connected with his long term beat partner, Brian Durke who sadly also passed away earlier last year.

As far as I can remember they seemed to have had a lot of fun chasing cars and riding motorbikes, or so it seemed to me at the time, although I'm not sure how reliable my young

memories are but I can say their colleagues did nickname them 'Starsky and Hutch' for their various shenanigans, so maybe not too far from the mark!

After he retired in 1990, he moved to Eyke in Suffolk, took a little time to adjust to the slower pace of Suffolk life and then looked around for something to do, soon finding a role as a driving examiner in Ipswich until he finally retired properly, this time in 2003.

Dad loved living in Spratt's End, their home in Eyke, he engaged fully in the local community, even becoming chairman of the parish council at one point; he loved pottering around the garden mowing the lawn, building wood sheds, painting fences and all the other necessary maintenance that comes with a rural idyll.

As I meet more and more of his friends from all these walks of his life, some I've known for a lifetime, some I've only just met, one theme is constant, Dad was well liked and regarded, he was cheerful, he was kind, he was funny, he was helpful and he was charming.

I think it's a testament to his good nature that we see so many of his friends from all these walks of his life here today to pay their respects

During all this time he also became 'Grampy', in 1988 for Taryn, quickly followed by Laan, Daniel, Darcey, and finally Evan in 2004; he loved spending time with all of them, teaching them to drive the tractor, taking them crabbing to Bawdsey or Warbleswick, teaching them crib and chess, regaling them with tales of Kenya and his antics in the police

Here are a few snippets of their and our memories of him, I hope you can find some fond memories of him here too:

He loved animals, especially cats.

The giant loud sneezes and the full bodied yawns.

He embraced technology - computers, photography, group emails, ipads, dashcam. Was before his time as not many 80 year olds were so tech-savvy and intrigued by it all.

How much butter he would put on thick doorstops of bread.

His extensive spoon and stamp collections.

His joy of watching rugby (and Star Trek).

Taking him to watch the 2015 Rugby world cup in Twickenham; a great day out.

How proud he was to walk his granddaughter Taryn down the aisle at her wedding.

How much he adored his wife and how proud he was of her.

Our parents enduring love and their life together has been an inspiration to me, the way my mother supported him through the early years building his career and then later how he supported her by holding down the fort as she fulfilled her dreams of travelling the world. Although secretly I think he enjoyed the peace and sole access to the remote control!

When Dad was diagnosed with cancer in August of last year, Tamsin and I were days away from flying to Kenya to go on safari, he absolutely insisted we go and return with stories and photos to share with him.

I can only say I was so glad to have visited his old country and it really allowed us to understand so much more about his feelings and love of Kenya, it truly is a magical place. He was thrilled to see photos of some of his old haunts like the Stanley Hotel in Nairobi where he used to dance as a teenager, and his old boarding school St Mary's.

He loved seeing our photographs of the lush landscapes and the amazing animals we were able to see, telling us lots of stories of his youth of his interactions with those animals.

I have often felt that one of the finest things anyone can say of someone is that they are loved and they will be missed, and without reservation, I think I can wholeheartedly say that of my Dad, he was a very special man.

I think I would like to finish with a quote from one of Dad's old regimental officers; Colonel Sir Guy Campbell in his book, 'A History of the Kenya Regiment':

"I want to believe that when I leave this earth I will find in the hereafter a Branch of our Regimental Association who will welcome me into their midst and that from the open veranda I will have a view of the old Rift Valley road overlooking Lake Naivasha and in the distant haze the hills beyond Nakuru. We shall all be young again and laughter will fill the air."

Well Dad, I hope you're enjoying the view from that veranda, relaxing with a cold Tusker in hand, regaling all your regimental *rafikis* with stories of a life well lived and remembering together all your youthful adventures

So *Kwaheri Baba*, I hope one day to visit that veranda and share a beer with you.

JENNIFER HITCH (née Baxter)

[11/04/1938-14/02/2018]

[son David]

“We all lose someone at some-time; it is not an easy burden to bear when you were very close.”

Born to Edward and Betty Baxter in Hampstead, London; Jenny’s father worked for the Bank of England and was an accomplished sportsman with a great sense of humour. Her mother was shy and quiet and attended the London Royal Academy of Art.

During the War, her father was posted to East Africa, whilst she and her mother remained in UK, where Jenny attended a convent school from a very early age. After the war, Edward, by now a colonel, arranged for Betty and Jenny, now eight, to join him in Kenya, the country he now called home. He was very involved in politics and the Mau Mau uprising against the British colony; he became the editor of the then national newspaper – The EA Standard, still in circulation today.

After writing her senior certificate at Loreto Convent in Nairobi, Jenny completed a diploma in Commercial Art. She did not enjoy an easy childhood as both her parents spent much time at the local golf club and were not attentive to her needs. This led to a very strained marriage and financial challenges.



Jenny met my father, Andrew (*Andy*) Hitch [Ed: *KR4564 – a Duke of York 49er*] at the age of nineteen, became engaged and was married just after her 20th birthday [LEFT]. Andrew was an engineer who worked for his step-father Rames, a cockney who at the age of twelve had stowed away on a cargo ship bound for Cape Town. A very tough character who made Andy work seven days a week for the family business, building roads and bridges in remote parts of Uganda and Kenya’s Northern Frontier District (NFD) – one of the more remote areas in the world, where distances were enormous, temperatures often exceed 40 degrees Celsius and a four-wheel-drive vehicle (or camels) was and still is, a must.

This meant weeks on end under canvas; when Andy and Rames were away on some project in some remote place, Jenny stayed at home with her mother-in-law and Andy’s younger brother, Hamish, then eleven years old and whom she absolutely adored. When I was born some four years into their marriage, my father was away and unaware of my birth for a fortnight! This is when my mother stood up to Rames and insisted that she was not going to be left behind and would join my Dad in the camps near his work. She was soon to realise that this was a different, tougher world, living in metal rondavels, with paraffin lamps and fridges, long drops, spiders, scorpions, snakes, crocodiles, and malaria-carrying mosquitoes.

For four years, my mother endured this life and many were the exciting stories she shared with us whenever we were together; many funny and many sad. One such story was how, during an uprising between two tribal factions I went missing and Mum discovered later that our loyal man servant had been fighting the enemy under some half-built bridge, using a Somali sword - with me

in one arm and sword in the other; another, of my father crossing crocodile-infested rivers in flood, with me on his shoulders and holding Mum's hand - and many more.

Rames, unfortunately did not deliver on many promises, so my parents decided to leave the family business and go farming in Kitale. Here, with the help and input of neighbours they started mixed farming including various grass seed, maize, coffee and their pride and joy a dairy with a prize-winning Guernsey herd.

Mum thoroughly enjoyed farm life; hand-rearing calves, overseeing the milking and dressing the cattle for the local shows. I remember her preparing cows for the show and clipping their tails and wrapping them in bags with elastic bands to keep them pristine for the show. Once, a little too enthusiastic - the elastic band was too tight and one of our prize cows lost the end of its tail a fortnight after the show! The very same clippers used for clipping their tails were used to cut my hair. They pinched, cut my ears, and pulled my hair and I was always told to sit still and stop being a wet – today I am happy that I still have two ears and blame Mum for my baldness!

I remember too, the early morning milk-runs, rattling down the road with Mum in the pickup loaded with the milk cans to meet the co-op truck bound for Eldoret creamery. Mum was always making butter, cottage cheese, cream and ice-cream. She hated cooking inside, so Dad built her an open air kitchen - four poles holding up a tin roof covering her *kuni* stove. I can still see her standing there surrounded by cats, dogs, ducks, chickens and geese.

Mum was a natural and made a beautiful and comfortable home and garden. I still can see her painting, with her easel next to her mother, who now lived with us, chatting away and giggling. I remember her also doing remarkable sign writing on the panel vans for the local tradesman and in particular for the bakery, painting sheaves of wheat and grain, bread and rolls.

Mother made many friends and played badminton and tennis at the Endeless Club, whilst I played with dinky toys with other kids in the sand on the side of the courts. Many friends she made in these years she remained in touch with all her life. She was a great letter writer and loved sending and receiving Christmas cards.

1971. After some trouble on our farm and being unfairly deported, we left Kenya via the UK and then travelled by Union Castle to Cape Town on our way to Rhodesia where my Uncle Hamish and many ex-Kenyans had settled. *En route* we stayed with friends farming in Seven Oaks outside Greytown (Natal) and they persuaded my parents to settle in Pietermaritzburg, where I was sent to Cordwalles School. My Mum painted and my Dad worked for an Engineering firm called Canac.

In time, my parents bought a small engineering business in Port Shepstone. Mum worked in the office and whilst good with customers and staff, hated the admin. This was a hard time for them and for whatever reason, their relationship became strained and they decided to separate. I was devastated as I had never seen them argue or fight. Mum moved out to a small one bedroom flat in Port Shepstone with very little furniture. I recall how she bought two bean bags to sit on and an electric frying pan for cooking. We had guests for Christmas and unbelievably, she cooked a delicious traditional turkey in that same frying pan. Mum worked for the local vet before moving to be closer to my school, opting to work as a House Mistress at St Anne's College in Hilton. Our picnic lunches were not like other kids but simply marmite and cucumber, with orange cordial – the best she could do.

This worked well for her, no admin or being cooped up in an office. She now had free accommodation in which she negotiated a room for me as part of the deal. It was close for her to pop over to see me; we enjoyed the same holidays, and of course she had time to paint to

supplement her income. Mum was a very popular matron, for which she took all the credit, but I am sure the girls were actually buttering her up as they were keen on her dashing son!

During our holidays we played tennis every afternoon, squash when it rained, ran around the hockey pitch together, spent time painting or basking in the sun at the pool, or visiting or entertaining her large circle of friends. Mum always encouraged me to have friends to stay and my friends loved her. During school she would pop across with something she had baked. This was not a good thing. My mother never followed a recipe and invariably the biscuits shattered teeth. I nicknamed her biscuits 'corrobricks'. One simply had to suck them. When I became a prefect, I told Mum, they were really useful as I literally handed them out for punishments. I suspect those camping days caused her to improvise when something missing in a recipe required substitution - often a poor choice. Later on her grandchildren learnt to avoid her baking!

When I left Hilton, Mum moved from St Anne's to become a Matron at Hilton College where she remained for over 20 years. On leaving St Anne's she received the most beautiful and heart wrenching letter from her girls. She was well loved.

At Hilton, Mum loved the boys and looked after those who struggled to adapt to life at a boarding school. It is amazing how boys, many years later, still kept in touch and as recently as a month back an old boy out from Singapore popped in to see her on his way to the airport. Another phoned her from Johannesburg and promised to visit as he was coming down to a wedding. My Mum was a mother to many boys over the years.

She was sentimental and kept many letters, visitor books or cards from family or friends. She had newspaper clipping or articles about her, me, Jen, Thomas, Rebecca and Elijah. She kept drawings that they did as children which we found amongst her things. She would not lose Marmaduke her mother's childhood teddy that in turn became hers and then mine. Marmaduke had changes of clothes for winter and summer. She was sentimental about family, friends and animals, particularly loved cats.

An amazing daughter, who supported her mother for many years, visiting her regularly, taking her shopping and filling her needs. Mum loved my family, loved visiting us and never came empty handed. She brought groceries, lemons and always flowers from her garden and sweets for her grandchildren, at last realising this was better received than her baking!

If we were in any difficulty, she was there. If we needed something and she could provide it, she did. She would take the shirt off her back to help us. Mum was always in my corner and I just knew how deep her love was us. She enabled us to secure our small farm, which we love as did she. I have regrets as we all do, I wish I had visited her more, I wish I had phoned more, I wish I had been more patient, but I cannot dwell on these things. I can only encourage others to give more time if you can to those you love, you just do not know what tomorrow will bring.

In conclusion I want to summarise as follows:

1. What I admired. How good you were with money; how you sacrificed for those you cared for; your loyalty to family and friends; your generosity, always giving and never arriving anywhere empty handed; your strength yet compassion; how you treated and respected all people; how you made your home and garden beautiful; your beauty and unique flare in dress
2. What I found endearing. Your laugh and giggle; your vanity; how you loved me teasing you; the way you always wanted to show me your garden
3. What I will miss. How you always wanted to pay; knowing you were always there; teasing you; your naughty, fun humour; your phone calls; your laugh; your smile; your wave.

4. What I won't miss. Your baking; seeing your pain and struggle
5. What I am grateful for. The fact that you had a full and exciting life. That your life was not like a blank canvas or left with blank spots, but full of detail and vibrant colours filling every corner. That I was able to share a large part of your colourful journey. That out of every mother, past, present or to come, God specifically chose you to be my mine and for that I am honoured, privileged and blessed.

[Ed: *Readers may ask why have I included this article now? Reason – having used Mount Elgon on the front cover of SITREP LIV, I thought the time was right because Jenny was the artist for many of the sketches in the 1969 EAWL 110-page scrap book on the Trans Nzoia, the least mentioned of all the Provinces.*]

THE TRANS NZOIA

[Extract from the Trans Nzoia Scrap book]

The Trans Nzoia, an area of some 1,500 square miles, lies in the North West corner of Kenya. It is dominated in the West by Mount Elgon, whose highest peak in Kenya is Wagagai, 14,178 ft. The Uganda border runs along the top of the Mountain and down the Suam Gorge. The North side borders West Pokot (the former Suk Reserve) and the Cherangani Hills with the famous 'Flat Top' (Kaisungor, 10,380 ft.) form the Eastern edge, while the Nzoia River, running roughly South and then West, divides it from the Uasin Gishu; The Southern boundary is the Kama Koiwa River. The average annual rainfall is 48 inches and the altitude of agricultural land varies from approximately 6,000 to 8,000 feet.

Kitale itself, 250 miles from Nairobi, is almost IN the centre of the district which includes small trading areas such as Endebess and Kiminini, and Hoey's Bridge which, although Julius Caesar would have described it as being in the 'Cis-Nzoia part', is only fourteen miles away and is, to all intents and purposes, part of the Trans Nzoia.

Spelt Qitale on the old maps, Kitale was on the route of the early slave-traders as they took their long line of chained captives from Uganda to the Coast. Colonel Richard Meinhertzhausen wrote in his book 'Kenya Diary' that the land on which Kitale Club now stands was used as a resting-place on the journey, and in the drive where the cars park nowadays there is a circle of stones which he thought had a ring in the centre to which the slaves were fastened during the night'.

Mount Elgon, so called from the Ol Konye, an offshoot of the Masai who inhabit the higher slopes, has the largest base of any single mountain in the world, the diameter at this base is 80 miles, while the crater at its summit is four miles across. Although below the line of the permanent snow, snow can sometimes be seen lying on the peaks and crater rim until 10 o'clock in the morning. It has plenty to offer in the way of interests: elephant, buffalo and leopard are common, birds, butterflies and flowers abound and it has an unsurpassable natural forest. There are good trout streams and exciting caves which were used as shelters by the slave traders. Thanks to the Moorland Road, which has been made up to 10,000 feet, it can be climbed in a day, but it still remains a formidable mountain for the climber who loses his way.

The Cherangani Hills are equally fascinating with even more varied scenery accessible from the road, which runs above the top of the ridge: they are famous too for being the habitat of the rare Bongo, and the nesting place of the Lammergeyer.

Between these two mountains lies some of the best agricultural land in Kenya; maize and cattle do excellently and on the slopes of Elgon and the fertile plains at its foot first-class wheat can be grown. Pyrethrum, coffee and tea are all grown at suitable altitudes, and fruit is now being flown to overseas markets. All this had been achieved in a little over fifty years, and we feel that a history of the Trans Nzoia could begin in no better way than the verbatim report of the late Abu Bakr, who first saw it in 1901 and whose descendants are still in business in Kitale. Although the first part of Abu Bakr's statement is not concerned with Trans Nzoia, we reproduce it in full for the sheer interest of an eye-witness's account of East Africa which begins before the dawn of the twentieth century. [Ed: *Abu Bakr's article will appear in SITREP LVI (December 2020).*]

HACKLE WORN BY KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES AND KENYA REGIMENT

[Editor]

Only recently did I read of the story behind the tradition as to why all ranks of the King's African Rifles wear a hackle on their slouch hats above a regimental flash and badge. An article by David Williams in Rhino Link No. 18 (April 2013) together with a photo of Prime Minister Harold MacMillan inspecting a Guard of Honour provided by 2 (Ny) KAR at Lusaka airport on 26th January 1960, mentions: '2KAR are identified by their hackle made of crow feathers. This dates back to the Battle of Daratoleh (March 1903 - 'Mad Mullah' Somaliland Campaign) when legend has it that crows descended on the dead after the battle and were subsequently chased away and shot at. Some soldiers plucked the feathers and put them in their hats'.

From Wikipedia: Not all KAR battalions viewed with favour the standardisation of insignia throughout the Regiment and many variations in details of dress survived or were introduced later. Among them may be mentioned the ostrich-feather hackle worn by the two Nyasaland battalions which dates from 1919 and was allowed to continue after several attempts to abolish it in the mid-1930s (and eventually adopted by all Battalions following standardisation); and the practice of wearing the battalion numeral above the shoulder title, of wearing it on the front of fez instead of the left side and of wearing lanyards on the right shoulder instead of the left (4(U) KAR).

<u>Unit</u>	<u>Flash</u>	<u>Insignia</u>
RHQ	Red	Bugle & Crown
Signals	Red	Bugle & Crown and Crossed flags
Supply & Transport	Red	Bugle & Crown and 'S&T'
1 (Ny) KAR	Black	Bugle & Crown and English '1'
2 (Ny) KAR	Black	Bugle & Crown and English '2'
3 (K) KAR	Red	Arabic numeral '3'
4 (U) KAR	Green	Arabic numeral '4'
5 (K) KAR	Dark Blue	Arabic numeral '5'
6 (TT) KAR	Brown	Bugle & Crown and Arabic '6'
7 (U) KAR	Dark Green	Arabic numeral '7'
	edged with Red	
11 (K) KAR	Black \diamond on yellow	Arabic '11' surmounted by crown



ABOVE BADGES L/R: KAR; 1 (Ny) KAR; 2 (Ny) KAR; 3 (K) KAR; 4 (U) KAR; 5 (K) KAR; 6 (TT) KAR; 7 (K) KAR; 11 (K) KAR; KAR SUPPLY & TRANSPORT; KAR SIGNALS.

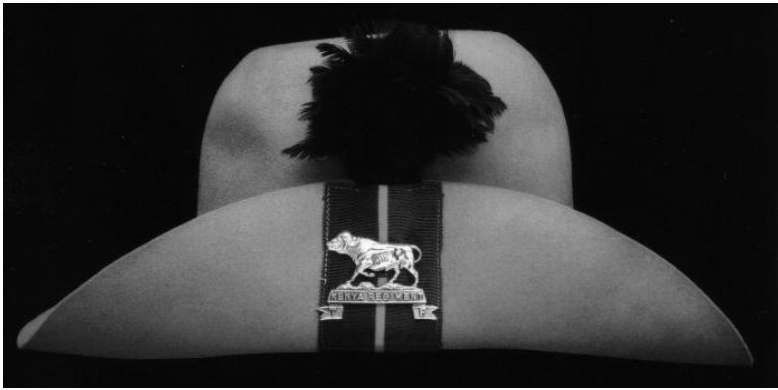
Distinctive flashes were authorised for new KAR battalions and East African units raised during WWII:

There were three Regimental bands - 3 KAR, 4 KAR (Kilts) and 6 KAR. Of interest there is mention of 5 (Indian) KAR and 6 (Somali) KAR, the latter disbanded in 1910

Members will have read that Kenya Regiment officers, WOs and senior NCOs were attached to the KAR during WWII and I believe in recognition for their services, the honour of wearing the hackle was bestowed upon the Kenya Regiment.



In 1941, the Northern Rhodesia Regiment (NRR) adopted the hackle - 'a fan of green-dyed ostrich feathers with a red flash to the fore. The badge is a Crested Crane above the motto '*Diversi Genere Fide Pares*' (Different in Race, Equal in Fidelity)'. During WWII the NRR mustered eight battalions; with a white population of approximately 20,000, it is said to have been the greatest contribution statistically, than any other colony.



Regimental Colours which were awarded in 1953.

[LEFT] Photo from Mike Schuster's pull-out centre fold which was included with mini-SITREP XLI, distributed December 2012.

Lastly, the Rhodesian African Rifles (RAR), formed in 1940 from the Rhodesian Native Regiment (RNR) (1916-18) and whose battle honours 'The Great War' and 'East Africa 1916-18' are included on the RAR

The RAR green slouch hat was one item of uniform that set the Regiment apart. In 1960, the commanding officer, Lt Col S.B. Comberbach, suggested that the RAR slouch hat as worn by officers and warrant officers should be embellished in some way. The following year, a proposal was submitted to Army HQ for the Regiment to wear a three ostrich feather hackle in their slouch hats.



The CO 1 (Ny) KAR immediately objected, since his unit wore an ostrich feather hackle. The objection, of course, was upheld.



One member of the Dress Committee then unkindly suggested that the RAR hackle should consist of Somabula bird feathers.

The next sensible proposal, made by Maj G. A. D. Rawlins, the battalion 2IC, (later Maj Genl) was that the hackle should be made up of black ox-hair [ABOVE RIGHT], the colour worn by Lobengula's Mbizo Regiment whose former military kraal had been near the present-day Methuen Barracks. This Matabele impi, which had retained a strong Zulu strain, had worn black trimmings on their arms and legs.

A MAU MAU GUN IN MY POSSESSION

[Jean Boullé KR6193]

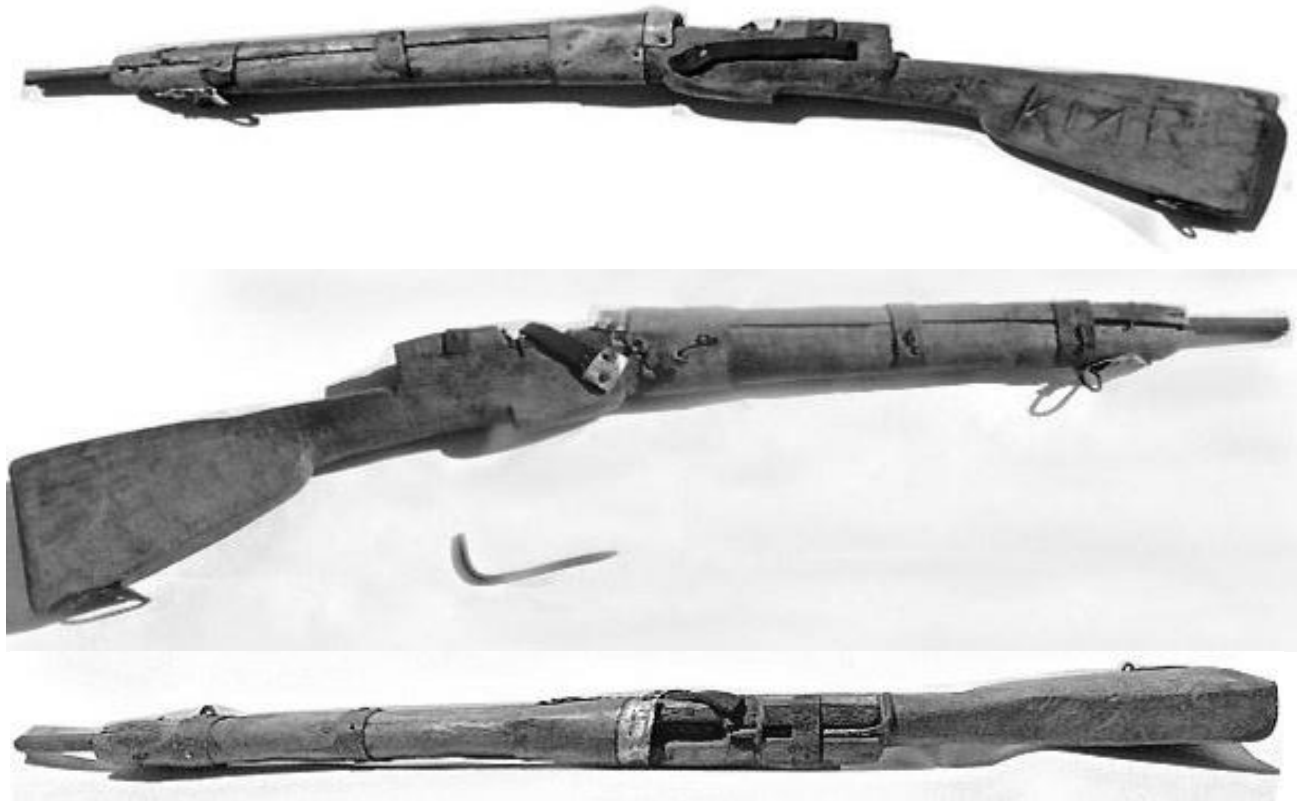
In 1956-57, I was a DOKG carrying out Land Consolidation in Location 12, Fort Hall, when George Grimmett of the Colonial Service decided to clear out the armoury attached to the Boma Offices before he went on 'home leave' at the end of his contract. I happened to be in George's office at the time and he invited me to take what I wanted. I selected the home-made gun shown in the photographs which has been in my possession ever since.

The gun was probably captured between 1953-1955 during operations in the Kangema Division of Fort Hall, Locations, 12, 13, 14 and 19. It weighs 3.5 lbs (somewhat less than our Lee Enfields at a little over 9 lbs) and is just under three feet long from the end of the barrel to the butt.

The barrel is made from a 3/8 inch diameter curtain rail with a bore of 1/4 inch. It is fixed to the wooden part of the gun, which is probably made from *mvuli*, by a series of thin metal strips. The

stock is inscribed with the letters KMR possibly signifying the maker although the meaning of the letters is unknown. The 1/8 inch diameter firing pin is 4 ¼ inches long with a 1¼ inch section bent vertically made from what may have been a car wheel spoke which has been hardened and pointed at one end [BELOW CENTRE PHOTO]. A 3/16 inch thick rubber band (now partly broken), which could have been cut from a tractor tyre inner tube, is attached to the sides of the gun allowing the upright part of the firing pin to be pulled back and released to strike the cap of a bullet.

Considering the bore of the barrel one wonders if the maker had some 0.22 inch bullets which he hoped would fit. However, there is no evidence that the gun was ever fired which, had it been, might well have had dire consequences for the person releasing the firing pin.



MEMORIES

[Colin Bompas KR4926]

When the emergency in Kenya was declared I was allowed by the powers that be, to go to varsity in Cape Town. But when I came back for my first leave, I joined the KPR in Nairobi and was given the opportunity to be placed with the '999' Emergency Services driving a Peugeot 203 station wagon around Nairobi. There were normally two officers in the front and two askari in the rear seat.

We just drove around town and the suburbs trying to ensure that there was peace and quiet, then attending to the occasional call, which usually occurred during the night shift and could be of excitement; one night we were called to drop an officer off at King George VI hospital to act as an extra guard to a 'high ranking' Mau Mau general who had been wounded and captured and the authorities were anticipating a release attempt. I was taken into the hospital and given a chair to sit on by special branch outside the room in which the wounded General China was held. Armed with

an ancient Sten gun, I was told to prevent any access and if things got out of hand I was to terminate the prisoner! So I sat there for most of the night feeling rather insecure. Eventually I was relieved of my duties and handed over to the special branch (SB) boys.

A short while later we were called to provide extra protection at Nairobi prison as they were about to execute seven Mau Mau . We were told that we were required to witness the incident. To my relief I was told to remain outside in the car together with the askari. This was a highly emotional and horrible time; an experience from which it was not easy to recover.

After this I was interviewed by some recruitment officers and asked if I had ever ridden a horse; as a youth I had owned a Somali pony by the name of Bully Beef, so named by the Somali herdsmen who had driven him all the way from Somalia to the meat commission at Athi River and saved by my purchase of him. As I had a little experience I was sent up to Nyeri to join 3 Kenya Police Mounted Section. I was really in my element then. I was introduced to the gallant Major Massey who loved his posting and he drove me to my new post 'way out in the sticks' on the Coles estate.

The first evening was marked by an attack by Mau Mau on a sheep kraal, where these brave freedom fighters had most cruelly hacked the tendons on a lot of sheep. Our team had to spend most of the night putting the sheep down. Meanwhile I sat in the camp with our camp cook who was shaking in fear and I had no fire arm, I managed to find a box of 36 grenades and went down the valley to attempt to cut off the enemy. We could hear their excited shouts as they found their way through thick bush. Fortunately for them I never made contact, these were real baddies and I was longing to lob a few grenades their way.

The Police Mounted Section was for a youngster an absolute dream. We rode all day and set many night ambushes. We were super fit from the riding and exercise and loved being in that section. An example is how our horses had been donated by Raymond Hook (a game catcher) and had been well trained to run flat-split across the veldt. One day when patrolling in extended formation my horse 'Brown Hook' kept pulling towards a bush filled donga. I gave him his head as I hoped he would lead me to some enemy, he stuck his nose into the bush and snorted – WELL - the bush snorted back and 'Brown Hook' jumped in the air with surprise and shied, as did I, as out of the undergrowth appeared a very short sighted black rhino blinking in bewilderment and in a moment we were yards away beating a hasty retreat before he could understand; a close call indeed.

Our ambush routine was to grab the newest member of the unit and send him off with a few home guards to sit in ambush. When it was my turn I had taken careful stock of the lie of the land and selected a position by some heavy bush by which there was a convergence of tracks leading to an irrigation furrow that ran alongside a cattle boma. That evening we moved into position and I had my men to lie in a semi-circle with our feet close enough to tap a warning to the next.

It could only have been 20 minutes when we heard movement and sure enough we could hear the twanging of the fence wires and feet splashing in the furrow. It was a moonless night and very dark, so we crept cautiously in extended line to the fence - my own personal feelings at the time were that my heart was in my mouth and pounding furiously and I wondered if we should rather all just go home! At the fence one of the Mau Mau held the wires open for me saying *narua* (in Kikuyu meant "hurry up") at which, to get light on the subject, I fired an illuminating very flare into the air.

Horrors, it appeared as if the entire Mau Mau were sitting there. So now we could see them more clearly, I ordered our men to open fire. My first magazine had emptied and I paused to fire another flare revealing total turmoil of the micks scrambling to get away. We carried on firing until there was no movement - a flare was still fizzing on the immediate horizon, we saw a man silhouetted

running past it, who then dropped when we all opened fire. At that point the Land Rover from our camp came roaring up crammed with askari firing at anything and everything they saw. We had to take cover as their firing was a little indiscriminate and erratic. The gang who we had ambushed were coming to slash cattle and invade the farmhouse. It was estimated that they were about 100 strong.

A few days after this experience, we woke in the morning to find that they had invaded the cattle in the same boma in which we were camped. The poor creatures were down on their rears no longer able to move and obviously in great pain; we checked to see where the enemies tracks were leading and noted they had rustled a couple of steers. We split up our section, one section on horseback in an attempt to cut the enemy off, and I left on foot with a group of trackers (some Masai and Turkana).

We jogged after them and found we were heading for the Uaso Nyiro river and heavy forest. After an hour or so we entered a clearing where one of the steers had been butchered. The Mau Mau adopted a technique where they tied the steers tail in a loop then ran after it tugging its tail to make it run like anything. The beast was well butchered and all the meat taken, but the carcass was still warm. Whilst checking the immediate area, the trackers suddenly became very agitated and warned me that there was a very large gang observing us. I had my men take up defensive positions on a small hillock from where we could repel an attack. To our relief we heard our mounted section cantering back; the spooky observers in the forest simply melted away.

The Kenya Police Mounted section was an excellent unit and we had a very pleasant but hard life. One of my duties was to keep our camp supplied with meat. Every second day I would go with a couple of trackers and a Boran who insisted on coming as he was a Muslim to make sure that he was available to cut the throats of any game I shot; this to ensure that the meat was 'halal'.

Most of us liked to own a dog and one day a farm labourer came up to me with a little squirming woolly puppy. 'Only Ksh10/-', he said. I thought that was too much, we weren't well paid, but when he said he would have to throw it away I relented and ended up with man's very best friend, a cross Spaniel/German shepherd who I named 'Major'; an animal I really loved and who became my most loyal and brave protector. After I married he was renamed 'Major Humphrey Bompas' by my beloved wife Rosemary (née Crow).

Sometime later, we had to ride from Nanyuki up into the NFD where a large gang was known to be operating. We were joined by another mounted section in order to more efficiently patrol the bush. I cannot remember the name of the area, however it was a very hot and steamy swamp area fed by the same Uasio Nyiro river. We lived off the land, our main diet being an antelope called Gerunuk with a long giraffe like neck, but good eating. The local population were very pleased with our presence as it would soon drive the Mau Mau out of that area.

One day I woke feeling very unwell and with a temperature. I remained in camp for about three days lying under a shade tree; our beds (a horse blanket), and pillow (my saddle) were not comfortable. I was then driven into Nanyuki to the Nanyuki Cottage Hospital where they diagnosed Tick bite fever; was bathed and given a very comfortable bed while I recuperated for two weeks.

On release I was instructed to report to the Kenya Regiment Training centre [KRTC] at Lanet where it took me about a week to regain my strength and commence my military training, reduced to ten weeks as the 'powers that be' urgently required more men in the field. Before the passing-out' parade we were interviewed with the idea of optimising our individual skills (?) I had two options, becoming a Field Intelligence Officer (FIO) or a District Officer Kikuyu Guard (DOKG). Having

no idea what either entailed, I volunteered for both! Next moment I was told to report to the DO in Karatina; I was to become a DOKG. So off I went, accompanied by ‘Major Humphrey’.

I arrived in Karatina, somewhat bemused and a little confused; a dusty little town; I had not quite expected this; a collection of corrugated-iron-clad dukas, one of which housed DV Patel who very helpfully directed me to the DO’s offices; a thriving, bustling place, including the police station, a motor vehicle workshop, the local prison, and a very busy medical clinic; amazingly, all very orderly.

I was warmly received by the DO, who kindly put me up in a spare room in his house, and welcomed ‘Major Humphrey’. A few days later I was allocated a Land Rover and a personal askari. From there I was moved to a HG post adjoining a large Kikuyu village called ‘Gaikuyu’ – the post was also known as Gaikuyu. Gaikuyu was on the slopes of Mount Kenya, and in Kikuyu folklore was afforded a rather special spiritual significance. It was believed that ‘Mumbi and Thumbi’ (an Adam and Eve type) had come down out of the mountain and commenced the Kikuyu nation.

At first it seemed that I was to be given an admin type job as a DOKG, where we were initially allocated a area to administer, which included a few large villages, each surrounded by a deep ditch and fortified by *panjs* - sharpened wattle stakes; woe betide anyone who fell in and was impaled on these grubby stakes. Each village was ‘dominated’ by a Home Guard (HG) post, also protected by a similar ditch with *panjs*, access over the ditch usually by a draw bridge. All this extra protection was necessary, for within the villages dwelt the loyalist HG, the headman and followers, men and women who were likely to be cruelly executed by the Mau Mau if captured.

My initial task was to supervise the punishment of Kianjogu village residents for aiding the terrorists. This was done by putting the entire village under ‘lockdown’ - no one allowed in or out. Working from my tent which was pitched in the village square, and together with some 20 Tribal Police (TP), I oversaw that various tasks were carried out. Daily, the residents would be marched up to the forest edge where they set to digging the ‘forest ditch’, 15 feet wide by 12 feet deep, lined with the aforementioned *panjs*. This was a mammoth task, intended to deny the Mau Mau access to the *shambas* for food. In turn the villagers who existed on the crops they planted had much less access to their *shambas*; this was an indirect method of rationing, and in turn a punishment for assisting the enemy.

Every evening, before returning to their homes they were made to sit through boring speeches given by various chiefs and leaders about their intransigence. I felt very sorry for them as they were exhausted and hungry and could only cook their meals after the nightly baraza ended. I was OK as I wasn’t involved and my meals were prepared by my “batman” Githingi. I don’t know how he did it but I was well fed.

My faithful ‘Major’ was constantly by my side and an excellent sentry to my tent. Nearby, about five miles away, was the famous Tumutumu Church of Scotland Mission Station, whence an excellent lady missionary dispensed care to the hordes of children. Some of my men assisted her in marching the kids to the river to bathe, ably accompanied by ‘Major’, who was an excellent ‘shepherder’ of children. After ablutions the children were given a daily meal organised by older women in the village. All in all, the children were well cared for.

During my first week in Kianjogu, a TP called Kiperenge, who had had been out on a personal recce came rushing back, carrying his rifle. He was very excited, saying that ‘he had just ambushed a small Mau Mau gang and killed all five!’ Great excitement whilst the local Kenya Police member collected the bodies.

Whilst at Kianjogu, I took out patrols into the Ragati and Hombe forests, a gratifying experience; I really loved that part of the Mt Kenya forests. It was rather hazardous at times when we ran into some very 'shirty' buffalo, made so by the bombing and strafing by the RAF aircraft: a most illogical exercise, carried out to train the RAF rather than destroy the enemy. All that was achieved was the indiscriminate wounding of wild life, including the previously mentioned buffalo.

Once we had completed overseeing 'operation ditch' in Kianjogu, the DO for Mathira division told me that the illustrious Jimmy Bruce [KR4816] was about to be transferred out and that the TP combat unit would require a DOKG to lead them. I had always envied this group and jumped at the opportunity.

This meant I would have to transfer to a home guard post at Gaikuyu and live with a DOKG called Charles Wayne and have a Kenya Regiment sergeant to back me up. Before this occurred, in an attempt to flush the area of Mau Mau, Jimmy and I, together with the Gaikuyu TP, resided in an old duka down in the Sagana Valley; the long rains had started and it was miserable in our shabby little duka with incessant rain.

At this stage in history, the Russians had just launched the first Sputnik and not to be outdone Jimmy had a brain wave. We had a stock of 2" mortar shells and a number of boxes of thunder-flashes (for driving off big game). After a bit of experimentation we found that a 2" mortar solid cardboard container could become a suitable vehicle for launching our Karatina sputnik. The fearsome device, lovingly engineered by Jim was placed outside next to some rocks for our protection. Jim then lit the fuse whilst I cowered behind the chosen cover. Well, after a while the spluttering fuse appeared to go out and Jim then bravely(?) leant over it and blew on it; an incredible, ear splitting shattering explosion went off. There under a mushroom cloud of thick white smoke lay our Jim. He could barely move due to his hysterical laughter. When my ears ceased ringing and I could see Jim, he wiped his face – half his beard and eyebrows disappeared and he had some long lasting powder burns on his face. An experiment never to be repeated!

Jim used to enjoy playing his bagpipes and would often fill the Sagana Valley with stirring renderings, while poor 'Major' would take to the nearest cover.

One day, I was interviewed by our DO and told that Jimmy was about to be de-mobbed and that I should now take over the TPU and move into Gaikuyu HG post. This was my dream come true; a sergeant from the Kenya Regiment would be seconded to work with me. The first was John Campbell-Gillies [KR4923], followed by Chris Shayler [KR4677]. We carried out intensive patrolling of the the Mathira Division, together with the Hombe, Ragati and Chehe forests; some areas heavily 'bushed' and difficult to negotiate.

Apart from an ongoing caution of stumbling into buffalo which could be very unpredictable, we had huge Mt Kenya stinging nettles to contend with. These dammed things could easily pierce our clothing and were the cause of great discomfort. In spite of this, I found that these forest areas were very beautiful, and places of exceptional solace. High up the mountain, up the Gunya track was a special valley with a salt-lick and water. We found that we could pitch our bivvies in this area overlooking a spot where a herd of some 50 forest elephants would congregate and besport themselves. These guys are a little smaller than the Tsavo breed and we became quite enamoured with them.

Regarding elephant; I had set up a camp next to Kiamariga village, just below Nyana Hill police post. There had been reports of Mau Mau activity and we camped in some old burnt-out stone dukas. The locals had been complaining about my elephant raiding their *shambas* for bananas and young mealies. Much to my dismay, the Game department had undertaken to shoot one in the hope

that the herd would move to another area. It had become my custom to drive up Nyana Hill in the evening to have a drink and a chat with Steve the police inspector. On the way I would allow 'Major' to run ahead of the Landrover so he could chase the March hares that bobbed along the road; sadly, far too quick for him. One very overcast evening, on my return, a very anxious 'Major' was indicating that he wanted to get back into the Landrover. I opened the door, he leapt in and was staring fixedly through the windscreen. I peered out carefully and there all around me as silently as ghosts were my elephant, on their way to raid the *shambas*. I arrived at my camp, off loaded 'Major', assembled a number of askari's to whom I handed out thunder-flashes, loaded them into the landrover and drove back up to Nyana hill.

The idea was to 'persuade' the herd to return to the forest. We came round a corner and there they were, straight ahead of us. I fired a verey flare, intending to place the flare ahead of them, but unfortunately it landed behind them and we were now about to be charged down. Panic! We shouted and yelled and beat on the vehicle's bodywork and hurled thunder-flashes. The herd then swung round, trampling the *shambas*. The villagers were now shouting and banging on pots and my dear elephants swung round again and stampeded through our camp.

Gulp! we tentatively drove back, to find that 'Major' had disappeared; obviously too much to have elephant thundering through one's home. The men who had remained in camp were looking a bit shell-shocked but fortunately no one was injured, thanks to the stone buildings. One man was convulsed with laughter as he related how one animal had galloped through my kitchen area placing his foot into one of my cooking pots which seemed to have remained attached. That night, when I retired, I noticed a large lump stuck under my camp-bed – it was 'Major' and still very agitated.

In spite of the hilarious life style, we worked very hard, all-night ambushes and very active patrolling. This resulted in our capturing a much wanted terrorist – self styled general 'Shinda Gun' and a kill. 'Shinda Gun', had previously been a house servant for a police inspector and was greatly trusted. One day, he took some of his employer's clothing down to the river to wash. Within the bundle of clothes were two Patchett sub-machine guns plus quite a lot of extra ammo. He was highly acclaimed by his colleagues for his achievement and allowed to take on the rank of general.

One sunny morning, whilst parading the platoon outside the Gaikuyu post, the gate sentry called out "Halt who goes there" and then marched our visitor in to us. A quite smartly dressed Kikuyu male walked up to me and introduced himself to me "*Effendi mimi ana taka surrender. Jina yangu Field Marshal Kanji*". We all nearly fell over, the top terrorist in the Mt Kenya area was surrendering to us. 5th KAR had concentrated manpower in the Ragati and Hombe forests and obviously the Mau Mau were in big trouble.

I contacted Central Control and told them what had happened and within a short while a KAR Landrover arrived in a dust cloud driven by a very eager young 2nd Lieutenant who leapt out and demanded I hand over the prisoner. Within a day Kanji was being flown over the Mt Kenya forests, broadcasting surrender terms and calling on those in the forests to come in; a most successful operation as many heeded his call.

Only some weeks earlier we, in conjunction with the police and peasant villagers were called upon to do a sweep in the Nanyuki area just adjoining Mathira division. This area was grassland with plenty of dongas. I was separated from my men and jumped down into a donga where five very surprised Mau Mau were staring at me, and to my relief, immediately surrendered. Here was a situation where I could have easily mown them down but I saw these were frightened men not sure as to what to do. Just then one of the drivers came sliding into the donga to join me. His eyes were popping out of his head and with his support we marched the prisoners out of the donga and into screaming mob of villagers wanting to chop our prisoners up. I had to intervene, fire shots into the

ground to keep the villagers back, meanwhile I now had the Mau Mau actually clutching onto me for protection.

In the time that I had been with the TPU, many Kikuyu had been badly oppressed by the Mau Mau or had been professional TP prior to emergency being declared; some having lost relatives to the Mau Mau. I found that these men were very courageous and loyal to the British crown; alternatively many of the turned Mau Mau were also heroic and after capture quite prepared to change sides and actively served.

As the years go by, I often think about the five men who I could have so easily despatched, and thanked God that I did not. I have, from other incidents, had to wrestle with my conscience afterwards. To take another's life, no matter the circumstances, is no small event.

[Ed: Colin very kindly gave me a home-made, oval-shaped rubber stamp [BELOW] which read

MAJER KAMWETI
Mt Kenya with Flag
DATE.....
B 125 T KUMORIA NO2]



Anthony Ross writes from Hobart, Australia: My late father John Percival Ross (JPR) was born in Kenya. He served in the Kenya Defence Force [KDF57206] and then in the Kenya Regiment [KR328] during WWII. He enrolled on 28th June 1937, was posted to 3 Coy and then on 1st September 1939 transferred to 4 KAR. [RIGHT: JPR IN LATER LIFE]



He spent some time with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and was released on 8 March 1946.

In 1954 he joined the Kenya Police and rose to Senior Inspector of Transport, a position he held during the Emergency.

He left Kenya for Australia with his family in February 1964.

I thought that readers would be interested to see the model brass cap he made with Kenya Regiment insignia [LEFT]. It is about three inches in diameter and surely must be unique.

WAKING THE MAROON GIANT

[Kevin Patience]

[Ed: *Unless otherwise stated all photos courtesy of the author*]



[ABOVE; CLASS 57 GARRATT NO. 5705 HEADS A TRAIN FOR KISUMU ON LAKE VICTORIA IN THE 1960s]

At the end of the Second World War, the back log of freight at the port of Mombasa was proving a major headache for the then Kenya Uganda Railways and Harbours. The three hundred mile dirt road to the capital Nairobi was impassable in the rainy season and the railway had been the prime mover for passengers and freight upcountry since the line opened via Nairobi to Kisumu on Lake Victoria in 1901, and on to Uganda in the thirties.

With the opening of the Magadi soda works in 1912, the railway ordered eighteen Mallett articulated locomotives to help with heavier loads and increased traffic but they proved not to have been the best buy. After the First World War the railway rebuilt many of the worn out engines and imported new standard tender ones as the demand for traffic increased.

In 1926, in an unprecedented step the railway ordered a new type of locomotive, the Beyer Garratt. These were articulated locomotives consisting of two sets of driving wheels with a separate boiler supplying steam to what in effect were two engines. Four wood burning Garratts arrived and proved successful and were later converted to coal firing and proved the concept of two engines in one. Others followed and became the mainstay of heavy motive power on the railway.

1939 saw the arrival of the first 57 Class Garratts 4-8-2 x 2-8-4 which were the most powerful to date, with a weight of 186 tons, axle loading of under twelve tons and a tractive effort of 47,200 lbs.

In 1944, another seven Garratts arrived which became the 54 Class and a welcome addition to the fleet. Although powerful locomotives with a tractive effort of over 58,000 lbs, wartime restrictions saw them built with bar as opposed to plate frames and small driving wheels and they soon began to self destruct with the heavy workload, and were later withdrawn.

A year after the 54s another pair of wartime Garratts arrived becoming the 55 Class, lighter and with a tractive effort of 43,000 lbs, they and five others purchased after the war proved to be an excellent design on which others were based.



[ABOVE: A PAIR OF 54 GARRATTS HEAD UP-COUNTRY WITH MIXED FREIGHT, NO. 5406 LEADING – 1960s]

In 1949, a new class of locomotive arrived, the 58's which were similar to the 57s. They also weighed in at 186 tons but with a higher tractive effort of 50,200 lbs. That same year saw the amalgamation of Kenya Uganda Railways and Tanganyika Railways and Port Services into East African Railways and Harbours (EAR&H) with its headquarters in Nairobi and a program of converting all locos to oil firing.



[ABOVE: 55 CLASS GARRATT NO. 5509 AT MOSHI, TANGANYIKA – 1960S]

EAR&H inherited an overworked, worn out fleet of engines and stock from the war, and with the rapid growth of the economy an ever increasing build up of goods at Mombasa. The possibility of doubling the single track to Nairobi was considered but rejected both in time and expense. What was needed was a new more powerful locomotive and so in 1950 the Nairobi headquarters submitted a design to Messrs Beyer Peacock in Manchester for a Garratt with a tractive effort of over 70,000 lbs and an axle loading of twenty tons.



[ABOVE: 59 CLASS NO. 5913 – MOUNT DEBASIEN, OUTSHOPPED AT NAIROBI WITH A GIESL INJECTOR]

However, the enormous back log of post war locomotive orders saw the first deliveries of this new 59 Class Garratt delayed until 1955. Thirty four of these 252 ton, 83,000lb tractive effort giants were delivered and within a year had cleared the backlog at Mombasa, hauling 1,100 ton-trains up the 1 in 66 gradients to Nairobi. There were a number of teething troubles with the engines but eventually they were equally at home on passenger or freight trains. All the 59s were named after mountains in East Africa and were the most powerful ever built for the metre gauge.

The 1960s saw a regional program of installing Giesl ejectors to all steam locomotives which replaced the circular chimney with an oblong one and a new multi port blast pipe in the smoke box and all the 59s were modified improving the water and fuel consumption and increasing the load to 1,200 tons. They remained the mainstay of freight haulage until the demise of steam in 1979, by which time diesel traction had taken over.

Having grown up in Kenya, I learnt Swahili the local language common throughout East Africa, little realising at the time how useful it would become in the years to follow. I had taken a keen interest in the railways as the main line from Nairobi up country ran past our house and we travelled on the trains from time to time, the overnight passenger train from Nairobi to Mombasa being a firm favourite with thousands of residents and visitors alike.

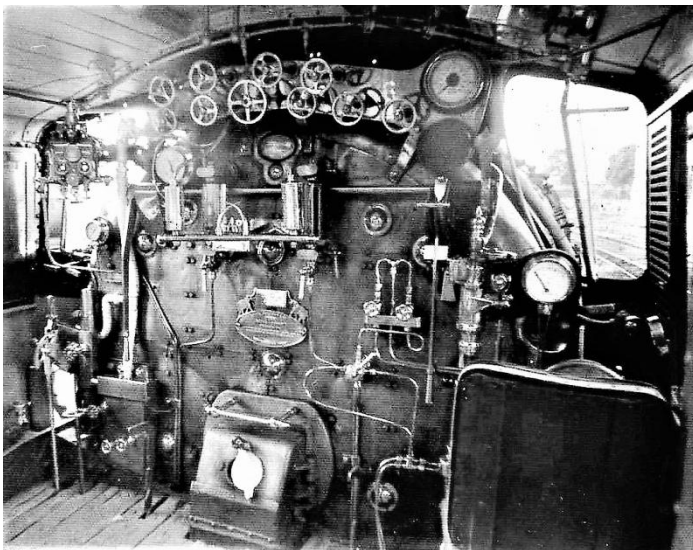
I left Kenya in 1961 for a career in the Royal Air Force and it was twelve years before I returned to Mombasa and joined a ship repair company. Within days I was down at the loco sheds where the last European shed master Jim Field showed me round and introduced me to Kirpal Singh, driver of 5918, a Beyer Garratt named Mount Gelai after a volcano in Tanzania.

Together with co-driver Walter Pinto and their two African firemen they had driven this engine for over ten years and averaged 100,000 miles between major overhauls. They would leave Mombasa with around 1,100 tons of freight and change drivers three times in the twenty three hour run to Nairobi, taking it in turns to sleep in the caboose at the rear.



[ABOVE: 5918 ON ITS LAST REVENUE RUN TO NAIROBI – MAY 1980]

It wasn't long before Kirpal invited me for my first trip on 5918. The foot plate was enormous, but what was overwhelming was the boiler back-plate with all its polished copper and brass piping and gauges. It was spectacular and Kirpal and his engine were world renowned. We set off from Mombasa towards Nairobi stopping to take on water and running through the spiral at Miritini where the line gains height.



Eventually I changed trains at Voi some hours later and returned to Mombasa on another 59 driven by an African driver and fireman. The following year with the help of the railways Public Relations Officer Tom Matsalia, I began writing 'Steam in East Africa', a pictorial history of the regions railways and lake steamers. Jim Field, Kirpal Singh and many others in the railway were extremely helpful and the book was published in 1976. In the meantime I continued to ride and occasionally drive 5918 until 1977 when a change of employment took me to the Arabian Gulf as a commercial diver.

[ABOVE: THE MAGNIFICENT FOOTPLATE OF 5918 – MOUNT GELAI – 1975]

In 1979, steam was withdrawn in Kenya and in May 1980 Kirpal Singh drove 5918 into the railway museum in Nairobi and brought an end to steam on the railway. A few years later, 5930, Mount Shengena also joined the museum after a failed attempt to ship it to the UK. However, in 1988 there was a steam revival when both Garratts were resurrected to work tourist passenger trains from Nairobi to Naivasha in the Rift Valley. They were in service for a few months before being returned once more to the museum.

In 1996, I wrote an article on the railway for an airline journal stating it was unlikely there would ever be a Garratt in steam again. How wrong I was...

Five years later while working in the Gulf, I received news of a Garratt being overhauled in Nairobi for a trip advertised on the internet by Eco Farm Safaris as the ultimate African steam experience. I flew to Nairobi and in the workshops under the supervision of Joe Kamau, the first African shed master was 5918 being worked on by a number of retired African steam fitters. I volunteered to help and was soon repacking steam glands, overhauling injectors and restoring the name and number plates on the sides and front of the engine. The name plates reading 'Mount Gelai - 9,652 feet' on both sides of the boiler were particularly difficult to remove given the available tools as the corrosion of the steel back plate had bowed the two bronze name plates. However, they were eventually cut free and straightened under a press and the dozens of coats of paint burnt out to reveal the castings as they were in 1955.

[RIGHT: 5918 UNDER RESTORATION IN NBI WKSPS - 2001]



Suitably repainted and polished they were refitted and another job completed. Meanwhile the boiler had been inspected and tested and pistons and rods removed checked and refitted. The steam valves and sight glasses on the footplate were all repacked and the entire engine was rubbed down and repainted and lined and slowly the maroon giant began to look like the locomotive I remembered in the 70s.

One afternoon with the loco resplendent in its new paint, Joe announced it was time to fire the loco and conduct a trial run to Athi River, a station down the line towards Mombasa. The two water tanks were filled taking on around 8,000 gallons and the oil topped up with about a thousand gallons. With compressed air connected to the oil feed line the fire was lit and the burners spluttered into life. Filthy black smoke poured out of the workshop roof vents into the cloudless sky and over the next few hours the engine returned to life for the first time in thirteen years.



[LEFT: 5918 ON THE TRIAL RUN NAIROBI TO ATHI - 2001]

By four in the afternoon we had steam up to 180 psi and it was time to move. With driver Ben Muoki and fireman James Gilo we reversed out of the shed and the double chime whistle rang out for the first time in years over the workshops as Ben gave me the signal to give it a blast. We collected a

caboose and set off in reverse out of Nairobi on the main line which hadn't seen a steam engine on it since Kirpal had last driven 5918 in 1980.

We cleared the outer Nairobi suburbs then encountered the line-side traders who had built their shops to the very edge of the track. Suddenly round the corner appeared this maroon monster belching black smoke and whistling like a banshee. The result was pandemonium as the canvas roofs and chairs were pulled back for this entirely unexpected arrival. We roared through with hundreds pointing to the flickering fire visible in the firebox. Very few of those had seen a steam engine on this line before. At Athi River we hitched the caboose to the back end and returned to Nairobi ecstatic with the day's results.

Shortly afterwards Kenya Railways began assembling the train of coaches for what was the planned safari. I contacted long time friend and camera man Nick Lera to get the next plane out to film what might be the one and only time a resurrected 5918 hauled a train to Mombasa. However it didn't quite go as planned, because of delays, the original passengers had returned home. Instead there was an interesting group consisting of Kirpal Singh and his wife and his cousin Charan Singh, an ex-Garratt driver Vic Allen and his wife, Nick Lera, Graham Kelsey and myself. We had the entire train to ourselves with all the trimmings, including silver service meals co-ordinated by Thomas, the chief steward.

Graham and I, having spent the previous week installing the steel pipes and hoses connecting the two large water tankers to fill the loco and overhauling the portable pump, took over the task of watering the giant while running. As there were only two stations with water on the entire route to Mombasa we had asked for two 10,000 gallon tankers for the train, not knowing how much water we would use on the run to Kibwezi, the first stop, about 120 miles down the track.

With the train of coaches and restaurant cars assembled at Nairobi station, 5918 steamed across from the workshops and shortly after was waved off by the railway's general manager. All went well until we reached Stony Athi where we were advised of a derailment and unable to proceed. It was at this point while checking on the water level I noticed the oil fuel level was around 4,000 litres instead of at least 11,000. Checking with Kirpal revealed we would not get past Makindu another station on the line. It appeared that Eco Farm Safaris had failed to top up before departure.

A decision was made to contact railway control and request the train be dragged back to Athi River for fuel, and shortly afterwards a diesel loco took the entire train backwards to the station we had left earlier.

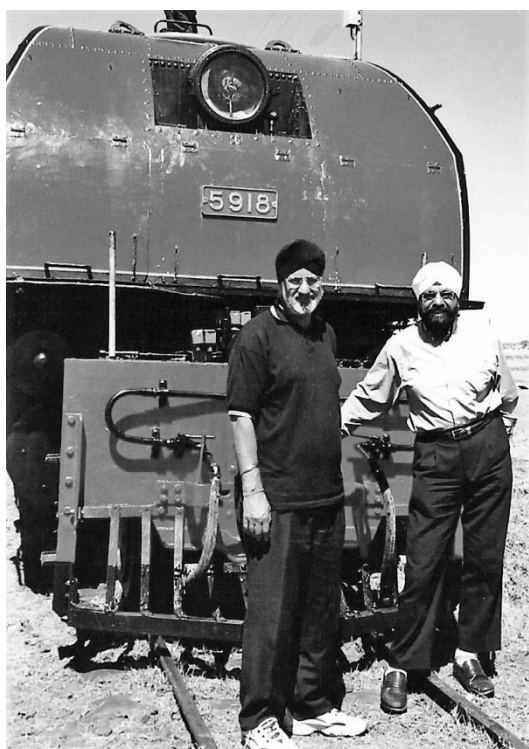
[RIGHT: 5918 AND GENERAL ELECTRIC CLASS 93 (9315) ON THE RUN BACK TO ATHI RIVER 2011]

The carriages were shunted on to a siding clear of the main line and 5918 moved very slowly on to some light gauge track alongside a goods shed to be refuelled.



Graham and I took a taxi into Nairobi and contacted a fuel oil supply company whose first question after our request for bunker oil, was which hotel. We explained it was for a steam locomotive at Athi River and could we buy 12,000 litres. Having debited both our credit cards for a few hundred dollars the fuel was delivered the following morning topping up the oil tank to its capacity of 12,000 litres while the balance went in forty gallon drums in the caboose.

As the burners had been switched off at Stony Athi, the engine was stone cold and we needed to wood fire it back into steam. No one had ever wood fired a 59 Class Garratt before but now was the time. It has a sizeable grate of seventy two square feet and with ready access through the firebox door, wood was carefully laid out in the bottom and lit. More wood including tree branches and old sleepers arrived and were shoved into the blazing inferno and slowly the pressure crept back up the dial. On reaching forty pounds the steam oil heater was switched on and the burners sprung into life again.



Now we had steam I approached Ben and James explaining that as Graham and I had bought the fuel we felt that Kirpal and his cousin Charan should drive 5918 to obtain the best fuel consumption. They readily agreed and we departed for Kibwezi to night stop and top up the water tanks. A number of run pasts took place on this stretch with the late afternoon sun providing Nick with some first class footage. Nick's video 'Steam to Mombasa' was well received.

[LEFT: CHARAN SINGH AND COUSIN KIRPAL SINGH – 2001] (Photo by Charan Singh) [Ed: *m-S XXXVIII* carried an article about Kirpal and 5918 – pp58/60]

That evening we steamed into Kibwezi where the loco was uncoupled with the tankers and refilled from the track-side water crane. Next morning we set off for Voi passing through some spectacular country not usually seen by passengers as this trip was normally overnight. We stopped briefly at Mtito Andei to allow a freight train to overtake, and again at Tsavo

to take on water before heading for Voi. Here we topped up with the remaining fuel and set off for Mombasa.

With Kirpal driving and Charan firing we had made good progress when suddenly the burners stopped, we had run out of fuel. With the skill of many years Kirpal closed the regulator and with the down-hill gradient we coasted for two miles before rolling to a halt in Mackinnon Road station yard; a brilliant piece of driving.

I then had to leave the train to fly to Tanzania but not before I ordered and paid for the second tanker of fuel. 5918 arrived in Mombasa to a huge welcome and then spent some weeks stabled in Mombasa before returning to Nairobi.

The following year long term Nairobi resident and friend Roger Tanner and I with two other partners formed East African Steam Safaris, a company to conduct business with Kenya Railways, with a proposal to run the same safari to Mombasa with 5918 but with paying passengers. A contract was drawn up and Roger began marketing the trip while I went back to work on 5918. Steam leaks were repaired and the Westinghouse compressed air pumps overhauled and within weeks we were ready this time with a full fuel tank and an oil tanker as well.

The trip was well subscribed and we had a successful run to Mombasa with an overnight stop at Kibwezi. On arrival 5918 was turned round on the triangle and headed back to Nairobi with freight.

With the success of the 2002 safari there was pressure to run another trip to Mombasa but this time Kenya Railways decided it would only allow 5918 to run to Kibwezi and back and in 2003 we ran the Garratt backwards from Nairobi and forwards on the return trip. After which Kenya Railways lost interest in running steam trips.



[LEFT: 2927 AT DAR ES SALAAM READY TO HAUL THE STEAM SAFARI TO SOGA – 2005]

It wasn't until late 2004 that I had a call from Nigel Dobbing, managing director of the Railway Touring Company in Kings Lynn, to ask if I could assist with the proposed running of a steam safari within two countries in East Africa the following year. The plan called for a group of forty eight railway enthusiasts to fly out to Dar es Salaam in Tanzania and ride behind 2927, a Tribal Class 2-8-2 tender engine preserved in Dar es

Salaam, to Soga, a station on the Central Line, and return, then fly to Mombasa and take 5918 to Nairobi, before taking 3020 another Tribal Class tender engine from Nairobi to Kisumu, and after a two day game safari ride the train back to Nairobi.

It was, to say the least, an extremely ambitious program which had its roots in the safari Roger and I had run in 2002. After absorbing the diversity of the safari I agreed to organise the East African end and flew out to Nairobi to organise transport, accommodation and flights within the country. The contract with Tanzania Railways in Dar es Salaam was quite extraordinary, in that I hired a steam-hauled special, except it did not mention 2927 the main point of the exercise. That I was told would be included in as an extra in the price. In fact the locomotive wasn't strictly speaking on their books as it had been restored by private individuals led by a friend of mine, Mike Dean and gifted back to the railway.

When the day arrived, I was at Dar es Salaam airport with my helpers and met the intrepid enthusiasts headed by Cedric the tour manager. We set off the following day to Soga behind 2927 which performed faultlessly and after a silver service lunch in the bush we returned to our hotel.

The following day we had a night stop in Zanzibar before flying on to Mombasa to rendezvous with 5918 which had just arrived from Nairobi under Roger Tanner's control. After a nights stop we set off for Nairobi and all went well until we reached Mtito Andei. As we were running late the station master asked if we would permit a freight train to pass ahead of us. After consulting the tour manager we agreed and the diesel passed us on the loop line and headed for Nairobi. Forty minutes later three container low bogies derailed blocking the line. We were stuck with nowhere to go.

I borrowed a truck and drove to the scene to find a permanent-way gang hard at work slewing the track away from the wagons. Asked how long it would take to move the track to clear the Garratt, the foreman answered sixteen hours. We did not have that time frame so it was time to call the cavalry. I had made arrangements with a car hire company in Nairobi to have mini buses available at various stops and now we had an emergency. They responded by sending eight vehicles to collect the now weary travellers and get them to Nairobi before sundown. The Nairobi - Mombasa road is no place to be after dark.



[RIGHT: 3020 – NYATURU -- ON THE RAIL TOUR TO KISUMU - 2005]

After a day's rest we boarded the next train hauled by 3020, the ex-Tanganyika Railways 2-8-4 locomotive with an enormous 7,000 gallon tender heading for Nakuru in the Rift Valley for a nights stop. Shortly after leaving Nairobi I was having breakfast when the train slowed to a halt in the middle of Kibera slum. As technical coordinator I headed for the engine via the edge of

the track which was also a very convenient toilet for the residents. Climbing on to the foot plate I noticed the steam blower was not working. Apparently there was a hole in the steam feed pipe. With the help of the fireman and a *fundi* we opened the smoke box door on the front of the loco and discovered a small hole in the pipe leading to the Giesl ejector. With a bolt, asbestos tape and fencing wire we were in business and headed for Nakuru.

It was here Roger and I decided to have a good look at the smoke box and found that time had taken its toll and there were a few small holes that required filling if we were to haul ourselves over the highest point on the railway at over 8,000 feet. A tiny car spares duka in Nakuru provided the answer, a tin of exhaust paste. With the holes blocked we climbed up the other side of the Rift Valley, crossing twenty seven steel viaducts before a second stop at tea country Kericho.

But the climb to the summit wasn't without its problems. 3020 ground to a halt on a particularly steep section. We rolled back down the hill and tried again without quite making it to the top. It was then the driver suggested sanding the track from the sand boxes on the loco, and so the passengers who had paid a large sum for the privilege of riding steam in East Africa volunteered to help and walked up the parallel lines spreading sand on top of the rails.

That afternoon we steamed into Kisumu and down to the jetty, where alongside was the rusting remains of the lake steamer USOGA I had last seen it shortly after it was laid up in the 70s. The next afternoon an Air Kenya Dash 7 charter plane flew us all to a dirt strip in the Masai Mara. Here a two night break at a lodge took in the wild life of the plains before heading to Naivasha and the final leg back to Nairobi behind 3020 which had returned from Kisumu. It had been a hectic fourteen day trip which proved so popular that I was asked to repeat it a fortnight later for those who couldn't travel on the first trip.

Kenya Railways were meantime in crisis and the organisation was privatised in 2006 and all efforts to run another safari came to nought, although the railways occasionally ran day trips to Naivasha from Nairobi with 3020.

In 2011, I received a call from Geoff Cook, a railway tour operator, who was planning a mixed train photographic safari out of Nairobi using 5918, 3020 and a newly restored 2409, the 4-8-0 tender engine, star of the film 'Out of Africa' as well as photographing various diesel locomotives up country. Arriving in Nairobi I contacted the steam fitters and we set about getting all three engines cleaned and serviced. The program entailed taking 3020 to Naivasha to be met by the photographers

for the run up the Rift back to Nairobi. It was not all plain sailing as we had firing problems with the fuel.



[ABOVE: 5918 AND 2409 IN STEAM IN NAIROBI – 2011]

We eventually arrived back and the following day 5918 ran together with 2409 on various runs around Nairobi which was going to culminate in the former running to Athi River and back. Unfortunately the run came to an abrupt stop when a super heater element failed and enveloped the foot plate in steam. The safari ended and 5918 was towed back to the workshop and although there are spares available it is unlikely the maroon giant will steam again. The passage of time and lack of resources together with the opening of the new standard gauge railway to Mombasa has relegated all three locomotives to gather dust in the workshops for the foreseeable future.

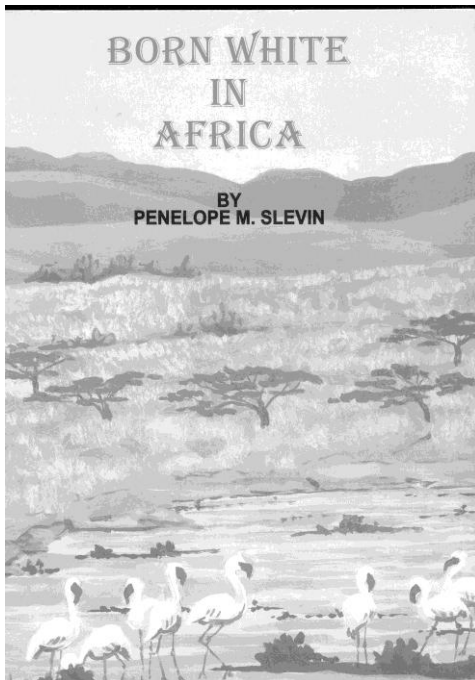


[ABOVE: 5918 IN THE EVENING SUNLIGHT AFTER THE SUPERHEATER FAILURE – 21 MAY 2011]

Acknowledgements: Kenya Railways, Joe Kamau, Ben Muoki, James Gilo and the retired steam team, Kirpal Singh, Charan Singh, Vic Allen, Geoff Cook, Mike Dean, Graham Kelsey, Nick Lera, Roger Tanner

BOOK REVIEWS

BORN WHITE IN AFRICA by Penelope Mary Slevin (née Pierson)



I was born of British parents in Africa, in Kenya Colony, on the shores of the beautiful volcanic Lake Nakuru in the heart of the Great Rift Valley on the 7th September 1921. Does that make me an African?

In 1943, at the age of about 22, I was travelling in a flying boat from Durban to Mombasa. As we approached Mombasa the steward brought us Immigration forms. One of the questions to be answered was: 'what are you, African or European?' I was flawed. What was I?

Surely both. It was wartime and the flying boat was loaded to capacity with khaki clad soldiers *en route* to the Western Desert. A very proper British Colonel had taken me and my eighteen-month old daughter, Jennifer, under his wing. I turned to him for help, and asked "Am I African or European?" He sat bolt upright and looked at me and my daughter very intensely. "Well, my dear ", he said" What was your Father?" "He is English ", I said. The Colonel

looked relieved. "And your Mother?" he questioned. "She is English too ", I replied. The Colonel relaxed visibly. "Then," he said "you are European" But it is a question I still ponder over. What constitutes an African?

Despite what might be called indoctrination, in my childhood years in Kenya, in patriotism and loyalty to the British Empire, now in old age I regard myself as African, yet the indigenous African does not accept this. I did not know England until I was 33. I felt totally at home there when I first visited it. All that my parents had told me of their lives in England was coming true before my eyes.

I visited the homes of my grandparents and revelled in the beauty and history of the British Isles. But I yearned for Africa, its great grass plains and snow-capped mountains and the herds of wild animals and the voices of the Africans as they shouted across the hilltops, the beat of drums at night and the scream of the hyrax in the forests.

It was only then when I left its shores, did I realize how much Africa was a part of me and yet - I hear, in Africa today the pronouncement all around me that, because of my white skin I am not African, and because of this I feel victimized as I think do many other white Africans.

My children were born in South Africa, as were my eight grandchildren and my seventeen great-grandchildren. My son speaks the Zulu language like one of his indigenous brothers. They are, thank goodness, all still here in South Africa. None of them has chosen to leave Africa in its struggle for democracy. But what will their future hold? Will they be discriminated against because of the colour of their skin?

In the new South Africa I hear stories of the suffering of indigenous people to free themselves from the tyranny of Colonial oppression. This is of course absolutely understandable - but was there no good at all in the previous regime? Surely in the spirit of Mandela's magnanimous reconciliation, after years of the new South Africa, should not a little acknowledgement and credit be given to the 'Oppressors' for the Health System and the hospitals, the road and railway systems, the education and schools and universities, the towns with the many beautiful buildings which the new government has inherited.

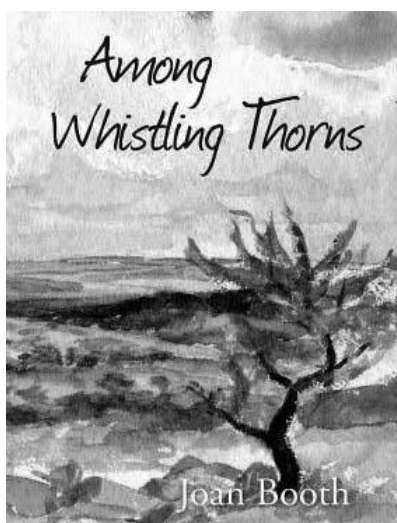
A few public words of praise for the whole agricultural system inherited would go a long way to ease racial tensions. Is that too much to expect? It does appear to me that the white Africans in South Africa have fallen over backwards to make the new South Africa work. An acknowledgement of these facts would, I no doubt, produce an amazing spirit of cooperation with the white Africans who now feel unwanted.

At 91 and categorised as 'blind', the thought occurs to me why do I want to write my life story? I think much has changed and soon the time will be forgotten and nobody will know what it was like to have been alive in Africa between the years of 1921 and say 2012.

I have enjoyed my life - nearly every day of it. It has been wonderful, from my early childhood in the wilds of that most glorious country in all Africa - Kenya Colony - to what will probably be the last days of life in a beautiful retirement village in the Midlands.

Of course there have been ups and downs - good and bad times - such as there are in all lives - but in my case - mostly good. Looking back I realize that I was probably the greatest mistake of my parents' lives! That I did not realize this - that the thought never even crossed my mind - says a great deal for my parents' attitude towards me, for my Mother was 45 when I was born! I obviously escaped being a complete moron by the fact that my Father was twelve years younger than my Mother - a very unusual situation.

AMONG WHISTLING THORNS by Joan Booth

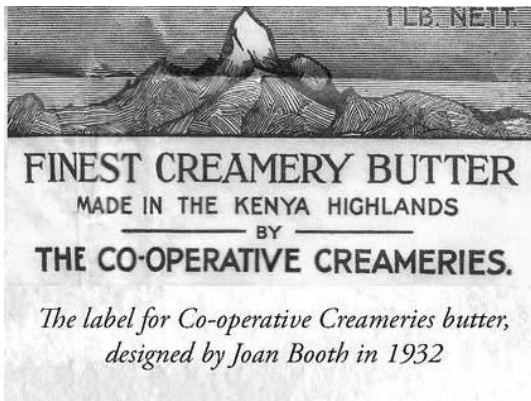


When Joan Booth and her sister Cicely came to Kenya in 1922 to help their brother Eric with his new ranch in Rumuruti, they had no idea the adventures they would encounter.

Travelling by ox cart from the railway station at Gilgil to Eric's farm on the edge of the Pesi Swamp, they soon found themselves building houses and nursing livestock. In the midst of her new and challenging life, Joan still had time for her painting and illustrating.

Her watercolour of the Rumuruti landscape graces the cover of this book, and she created the first elephant head logo for Tusker lager in the late 1920s.

The original Tusker label showed an elephant's face head-on with large tusks and ears back. Joan's version lasted until the early 1960s when it was replaced by the silhouette of an elephant's head.



Joan also drew the Mount Kenya image in 1932 that became the logo printed on the paper wrapping for Co-operative Creameries butter.

When her brother Eric married Phyllis Armitage, Joan returned to England, but after Phyllis died she returned to Kenya to care for their young daughter Celia. She took Celia back to England where they lived for several years; whilst in England Joan had a deep spiritual encounter and devoted much of her time to working with the Oxford Group.

After Eric remarried, Joan sailed back to Kenya in the autumn of 1952 with her sister-in-law Violet Armitage and found her adventures weren't over yet. The ship they were travelling in sank off the coast of Mozambique and on arriving in Kenya they found the Emergency had just been declared; Joan had some harrowing experiences during those unsettled times.

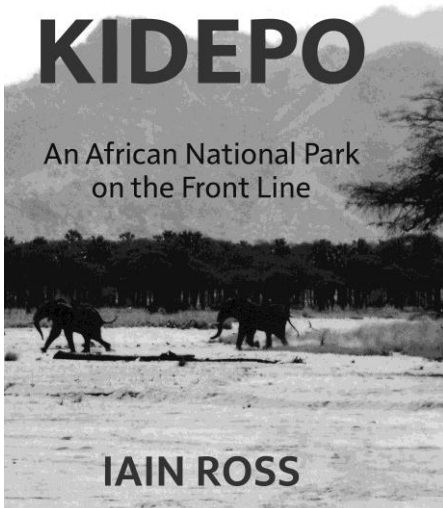
The book tells Joan's story in her own words. She understated the experiences she went through and would not think of herself as a heroine. However, by persevering and working hard in difficult circumstances Joan made a great difference in the lives of many.

**

Deborah Boyd Moss, former headmistress of Pembroke House, Gilgil writes: An illuminating and candid insight into life in Kenya when an eight-span and wagon were used, topics protected one from the sun and there was little sign of a telephone line let alone a tablet The book is written with such thought and feeling and it brings a shadow of self-reflection as the chapters go by – a delight to read.

ISBN 978-9966-757-41-8

KEDEPO by Ian Ross



Anthony Ziegler writes: This is the story of the Kidepo Valley National Park in its prime and of the people responsible for its welfare and development.

It is, first and foremost, an honest personal account of what was involved in the management of the National Park, with particular emphasis on law enforcement in a very hostile environment and on research.

Anyone interested in or concerned with the management of protected areas in Africa will find much of interest and usefulness in these pages.

There is no doubt that the Park was one of the best-run protected areas of its day.

[RIGHT]: The author, some 20 years later, after a (third!) career in HM Diplomatic Service in which he served in Zambia, South Africa, Malaysia, Sudan and Singapore.



The Kidepo Valley National Park in Uganda is one of the smallest Parks in East Africa, covering some 500 square miles. Nevertheless, in its prime it boasted an impressive variety of animal and bird species as well as a broad biological diversity of great interest to visitors and academics alike.

Ian Ross took up his appointment as Warden in charge of the Park at the beginning of 1966. Apart from managing its routine day-to-day activities, there was the by no means small matter of coping with the adverse effects on the Park of a civil war in immediately neighbouring Sudan: poaching forays by the well armed Sudanese armed forces and Anya-nya rebels, and cattle raids by Sudanese tribesmen through the Park.

Probably more importantly for the long-term well being of the Park, there were the twin problems of an increasing elephant population and uncontrolled bush fires, both of which were severely damaging its woodland areas. Neither problem was resolved during Iain's seven-year tenure, but a research programme initiated by him made considerable progress in understanding the problem and how to deal with it.

Idi Amin's rise to power in January 1971 proved to be the beginning of the end for Ian. As the situation in Uganda deteriorated, so it became increasingly fraught and tense, until the survival of the Park, not to mention Ian himself, was threatened. It became time to go and with the greatest of regret Iain left Kidepo in 1973.

The author has made a valuable contribution to the history of wildlife conservation in East Africa by recording in some detail the life and work of the staff of an African National Park and the problems the latter faces.

Orders for this book should be addressed to the author, Ian Ross, who is also responsible for its marketing. Mail orders: The Cottage, Queen Street, Yetminster, Sherborne, Dorset DT9 6LL.
E-mail orders: ekapalon@btinternet.com
Telephone orders: 01935 872058

[Ed: *Ian, with whom I was at school (Duke of York) was formerly a DO (Garissa).*]

REPATRIATING ITALIAN POWS FROM TABORA, TANGANYIKA

[George Olliver]

News that repatriation would really start in December was viewed with a certain amount of scepticism by the evacuees of this camp. They had heard the same thing too often, and, they said, there must be a snag somewhere.

And so it was: The promised allocation of 1,000 for the SS Bloemfontein was whittled down to a few hundred because there was insufficient 'boatage', a contingency which had not been foreseen. No such provision is considered necessary for Prisoners of War, or even our own troops, who according to the Board of Trade Regulations, do not require such safeguards, but may safely be left to drown.

Once it was realized that there really would be a Hospital Ship coming in, the number of men who found themselves suffering from chronic maladies rose to astonishing proportions. To select 115 genuine cases was a major problem, in which the Italian doctors were as much use as a sick headache; the one point on which they were unanimous was the inclusion of themselves on the list. They were open to listen to any plausible hard luck story, and a roster submitted by them contained names of young and husky loafers whose only complaint was a marked aversion to work. By judicious weeding the list was whittled down to the required number, the final choice was about as fair as human effort could make it.

The first contingent of 300, including the 115 hospital cases, left for Dar es Salaam on November 29th. One violent mental case, who should have gone with this party, escaped on November 19th and was still at large. He was captured by an askari on November 30th and was sent off to Dar es Salaam next day by goods train in time to catch the hospital ship.

There was less excitement than might have been expected over this final departure, coming as it did after so many delays and disappointments. It now appears that at least a thousand men in this camp have suffered a recent family bereavement, whose parents, wives, or children are dying: who are the sole support of a widowed mother, in short, whose immediate presence in Italy is absolutely essential. To all those hard luck stories it is necessary to turn a sceptical and unsympathetic ear. Apart from the few who have some good reason for not wishing to return to Italy, nearly every man can advance some urgent reason which would entitle him to priority. From now on departures will be strictly in accordance with age.

Notwithstanding announcements in the Press that all Italians must be repatriated, employers are sending in a stream of applications to be allowed to retain their employees; for them it is sufficient that their Italians are willing to stay, and each one is convinced that his work is so vitally important that an exception should be made in his particular case. There are still over 500 men out at work, and it is hoped that ample notice will be given so that they may be withdrawn in good time when final repatriation takes place. Cases have occurred of employers actively obstructing the return of certain men to camp, messages recalling them have been ignored, and delays also occur through transport difficulties and congestion on the railways. These matters must be borne in mind when these men are required to return to Tabora.

The catering arrangements during November may be regarded as satisfactory, the only unobtainable items on the ration scale having been butter and cheese in lieu of which an increased meat ration has been issued. Milk supplies to the Camp Hospital have virtually ceased, and milk powder was issued to make up the shortfall. The issue of potatoes for mixing with bread flour had to be suspended when the rains broke as the increased moisture content of the potato tended to make the mixture



sour. Anticipating a surplus of flour due to early repatriation and the resulting reduction in the number of men, the flour ration has been increased, and has been greatly appreciated by the men.

The departure of 300 men gave the camp [ABOVE] a somewhat empty appearance, and it has now been possible to take over two dormitories as extra stores to accommodate the beds and other gear handed in. There has been an exceptionally heavy rainfall, but the buildings are standing up to it

very well considering their age. The soil being sandy even after the storm an hour's sunshine soon dries up the roads. Camp Commandant Major George Olliver said the dormitories at the camp were holding up well even with heavy rains.

Canteen sales revived, and with more cash in circulation, a good deal of buying from local shops has taken place. Care has been necessary to prevent serious inroads upon the attenuated stocks of foodstuffs, though a certain amount of trafficking in these items goes on surreptitiously.



[ABOVE: THE SOCCER TEAM AND TRAINERS]

Division 'B' leader, Signorino Saitta, has left, and with the incorporation of this section into Division 'A' it has not been necessary to appoint a successor. As a Camp Officer has to accompany each draft entraining for Dar es Salaam, a certain amount of extra responsibility has fallen upon the remaining two leaders, Cesare Di Sabatino and Felice Vanni.

When the next two contingents have left, the remaining few hundred men will be concentrated in one group near the centre of the camp.

Much good work is being done by those men who have volunteered for deferred repatriation, and who are engaged upon essential services, such as police, firemen, cooks, clerks, sanitation, gangs and the like.

Fourteen cases of crime were dealt with in November. One was convicted of assaulting a native orderly. Another, who was charged before the Resident Magistrate with indecent assault of a native girl, was acquitted. A camp policeman, Rocco Esposito, was fined and severely reprimanded for allowing a prisoner to escape. The rest were petty cases, such as being out of bounds, purchasing prohibited articles and going out through the fence.

There was none of the sullenness and discontent so noticeable during October, which, though it never got to the point of open insubordination, might have done so had repatriation been deferred any longer. Extract from report reads:

Despatched from Camp on employment 15 men.
Received in Camp (back from employment) 111 men.
Repatriated 300 men.

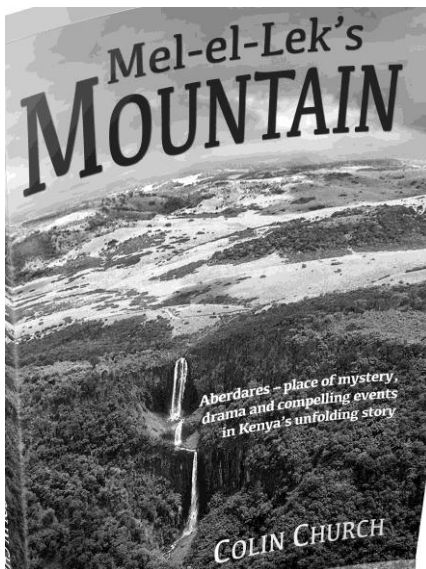


Tools, lathes and materials have been sold, workshops closed and camp industries as such are virtually non-existent. Such tailors and shoemakers as remained were kept fully occupied in turning out clothing and shoes, and their task is practically complete. [LEFT]

[Ed: *John Olliver of England sent us this report written by his father when he was Camp Commandant of a POW camp in Tabora, Tanganyika. The report, which first appeared in Old Africa, is printed as written so our readers can get the feel of the pressure on George Olliver in closing down the camp after World War II and repatriating the Italian prisoners back to Italy.*]

MEL-EL-LEK'S MOUNTAIN by Colin Church

[Reviewed by Old Africa]



Colin Church has combined history and the burning need to conserve Kenya's 'water towers' in this well-written book about the Aberdare mountain range.

Starting in pre-history, Church describes how the mountains were formed on the edge of the Gregorian Rift Valley and then goes on to show how central the mountains have been throughout Kenya's history.

Church uses a Dorobo hunter as an enigmatic onlooker to Kenya's unfolding story, giving a very different perspective from a group of people who have lived in Kenya's highland forests longer than anyone else. The hunter's name Mel-el-Lek, meaning 'it is not easy' in Maasai, serves as a motif for the book, symbolising the difficulty of living in the forest as

well as the difficulty faced by those who in recent days have fenced the Aberdares to preserve the area.

The author tells of Joseph Thomson's exploration of central Kenya in 1883 and his first sighting of the long ridge of peaks that Thomson chose to name after Lord Aberdare, who had sponsored his expedition. Church draws on Thomson's book 'Through Masailand' to give us the first written description of the mountains.

The story goes on to show Johnny Boyes starting a trading route with the Kikuyu on the southern end of the Aberdares and moves on to some of the British settlers who farmed on the Kinangop plateau.

When the Kenyans began pushing for independence in the late 1940s and into the 1950s, the Aberdares became the hiding place for the Mau Mau. Church gives a balanced view of this period, including some never-before-published information from his father, who worked in the Athi River detention camp and had concerns about the treatment of prisoners.

Church moves from the highly-charged political issues of the 1950s to the animals that made the Aberdares their home - from the black rhino and elephant to the shy and elusive bongo.

This leads to the concluding section of the book - how a group of people interested in conserving the animals and forests of the Aberdares joined together to build Africa's longest fence around the whole mountain range.

The author spent 12 years from 2000 to 2012 as the operations committee chairman of the Rhino Ark, the charity formed to build the fence, raising money through the highly popular Rhino Charge off-road race. So from his unique position in charge of finishing the fence during those crucial years, the author gives a rare insider story. He shows the difficulties facing the project and the perseverance needed to push the project to its completion.

Part of the success came through showing the country of Kenya how valuable the forest eco-system was and how much Kenya depended on this 'water tower' in so many ways.

Richly illustrated with beautiful photographs from the author and from Nigel Pavitt, the book portrays the Aberdares and its forest cover and wildlife. The photos also show clearly how the fence has made a difference to the forest-edge farmers who used to fear for their children's lives and for their crops.

Colin Church is to be commended for this very readable account of how Kenya and its citizens acted to preserve the Aberdares. There are still very real threats to the eco-system, even with the completed fence, and the author also provides a road map for what still needs to be done.

Published by Old Africa Books, 2019. Available from December 2019 in leading Nairobi bookshops or from Old Africa or directly from the author, Colin Church. Price: Ksh 3000/-

FIGHTING LIONS WITH LOO ROLLS by Kathleen Rigby

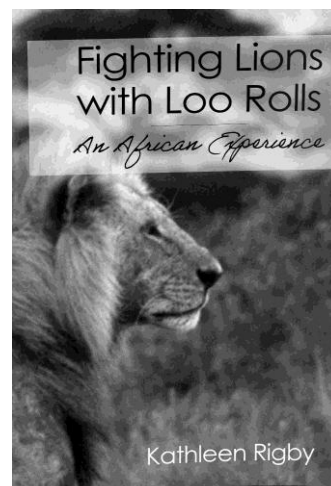
[Reviewed by Old Africa]

When Kathy Rigby, an American, arrived in Kenya in 1979 with her British husband and two children in tow, she had little idea what to expect. After a harrowing first night with sleep interrupted by the blood-curdling screeching rattle of tree hyrax, Kathy and her family began to settle into life in Africa.

Her husband Hugh had been hired to teach at the Banda School and they lived on the edge of Nairobi National Park. The roar of lions regularly filled the evening air. Kathy was fascinated by her new home and wrote descriptive letters home to her mother, which became the basis for many of the stories in this book.

The family made friends and soon found themselves joining others on safaris – to the Mara for research, to western Kenya for archaeological exploration, to the coast, to Tanzania, to Lamu and Amboseli. And when they weren't on safari, they'd spend weekends in the Nairobi National Park.

This book is packed with short anecdotes, most from Kathy, but others from her husband Hugh and their children. The stories run the gamut from animal encounters to strange bugs to snakes and scorpions. Even as the author moves from one adventure to another, she also paints a vivid picture of expat life in Nairobi and Kenya during the 1980s. She captures the fear and uncertainty following the failed 1982 coup. She tells of the vibrant night life, when she becomes the lead singer for the band Cactus that often performed at the Carnivore.

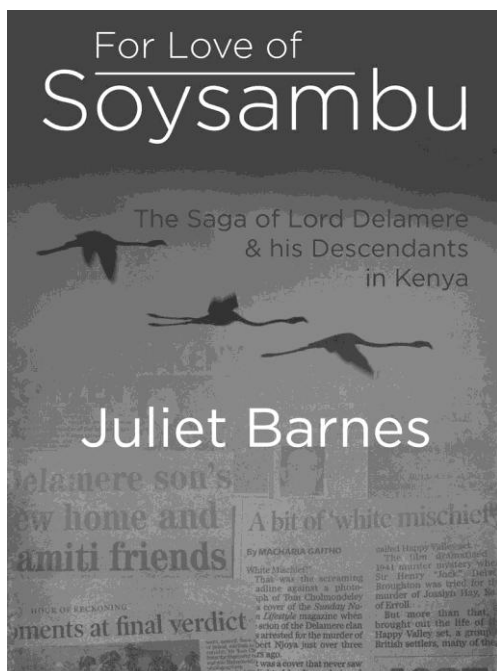


Hugh and Kathy both ended up working for the UN in different units, so she also tells about the ups and downs of development work as well. After ten years in Kenya, the family reluctantly left and went to the United States. But their sojourn in Kenya left a profound mark on the Rigby family and even now, 30 years after leaving, you can feel their fondness for Kenya, their adopted home.

Illustrated by photos taken during their trips around Kenya, the book is a compendium of one family's encounter with Kenya, its people, its wildlife and its beauty.

Bill Campbell, a former photographer for Time Magazine who knew Kathy and her family during their time in Kenya, had this to say about the book: "Reading Kathleen Rigby's memoir of her time in Kenya brought back a lot of memories. Those were interesting times for expats living in Kenya. Kathy, Hugh, and little Rachel and Zak experienced the warmth of the Kenyans and the heartbreak that was often mixed with the magic of Africa."

Published by Old Africa Books, 2019. Available from December 2019 in leading Nairobi bookshops or directly from Old Africa. Price: Ksh 1500/-. Also available from amazon.com and amazon.co.uk



FOR LOVE OF SOYSAMBO by Juliet Barnes

This gripping family saga spans 122 years and highlights challenges faced by four generations of the Delamere family in Kenya, with Soysambu in the Great Rift Valley as central focus. Initially a refuge for dying sheep, but more recently a Wildlife Conservancy and part of a UNESCO World Heritage Site, today Soysambu protects many rare and endangered species in a rapidly changing world. This saga begins in 1897 with the arrival of the Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, who became 3rd Baron Delamere, moving to East Africa in the early 20th Century, where he built up a formidable reputation as leading politician and pioneer.

The story continues after his death, as 4th Baron Delamere, manages to turn a bankrupt Soysambu into a highly successful cattle ranch after the Second World War.

The 5th Baron Delamere then takes over, but the Delamere name suffers when his son, Hon. Tom Cholmondeley, is charged with murder – twice, his story ending unexpectedly in 2016.

Available in Kenya from Old Africa books and leading bookshops in Nairobi. Also available soon on Amazon.com <<http://amazon.com/>> and amazon.co.uk <<http://amazon.co.uk/>>

RED STRANGERS: THE WHITE TRIBE OF KENYA by Christine Nicholls



With the stately lowering of the Union flag on 12th December 1963, seventy years of British rule in Kenya came to an abrupt end. The effect of independence on white society was devastating; thousands of second and third-generation settlers abandoned their homes and livelihoods, never to return,

But what had attracted the European pioneers to settle in Kenya in the first place? And how, within little more than half a century, did white society develop from its early days of mud-floored shacks of corrugated iron to the sophisticated cities of Nairobi and Mombasa?

For decades attention has focused on the shenanigans of the *louche* denizens of the Happy Valley set, while the creators of one of Britain's most flourishing colonies have languished in obscurity.

C.S. Nicholls redresses the balance, revealing Kenya's forgotten history, from its early explorers and the creation of the Imperial British East Africa Company, through two World Wars, to the demise of colonial rule and Kenyan African ascendancy.

Incisive, absorbing and entertaining, *Red Strangers: the White Tribe of Kenya* is one of the world's great untold stories.

Paperback available from amazon and lulu.com. Electronic book (Kindle) available from amazon.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christine Stephanie Nicholls, (née Metcalfe) was born in England on 23rd January 1943 and accompanied her parents to Kenya in 1947. She moved around Kenya as her father took a series of teaching posts, firstly at Eldoret's Central (later Highlands) School, then Nyeri Primary School (1950), moving to Mombasa Primary School in 1954, at which time Christine was a boarder at the Kenya Girls' High School in Nairobi.

In 1961, Christine went to Oxford University (Lady Margaret Hall) where she received her MA. She then attended St Antony's College and received her D.Phil.



Following her university education Christine [LEFT] was employed at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at London University as a research fellow. She later worked as a freelance researcher for the BBC Arabic department.

In 1977, Christine joined Oxford University Press as Assistant Editor of the Dictionary of National Biography (later the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography). She became editor and produced five volumes from 1981 to 1986, and has written a number of other factual books under the name of C.S. Nicholls.

Retired in Oxford, Christine is now editing and adding information to the website europeansineastafrica.co.uk [Ed: *As previously mentioned on page 19 of this edition.*]

Her works are:

- 1971. The Swahili Coast, Politics, Diplomacy and Trade on the East African Littoral, (Allen & Unwin) ISBN 978-0841900998
- 1981. Dictionary of Biography 1961-1970, with E.T. Williams (Oxford University Press) ISBN 9780198652076
- 1985. Cataract, (with Philip Awdry) (Faber & Faber) ISBN 978-0571134786
- 1986. Dictionary of Biography 1971-1980, with Lord Blake (Oxford University Press) ISBN 978-0198652083
- 1990. Dictionary of Biography 1981-1985, with Lord Blake (Oxford University Press) ISBN 978-0198652106
- 1990. Power, A Political History, (Harrup, OUP and various) ISBN 978-0195207934
- 1993. Dictionary of National Biography-Missing Persons, (Oxford University Press) ISBN 978-0198652113
- 1996. Dictionary of Biography 1986-1990, (Oxford University Press) ISBN 978-0198652120
- 1996. Hutchinson Encyclopedia of Biography (Helicon) ISBN 978-1859861578
- 1998. David Livingstone, (Sutton Publications) ISBN 978-0750915915 Written as part of a biographical series which Nicholls edited.
- 2000. A History of St Antony's College 1950-2000, (Macmillan) ISBN 978-0333791837
- 2002. Elspeth Huxley, A Biography, (Harper Collins) (Thomas Dunne Books in USA). ISBN 978-0007292042
- 2005. Red Strangers: the White Tribes of Kenya, (Timewell Press) ISBN 978-1857252064
- 2011. A Kenya Childhood, (amazon and blurb.com)

[Ed: the aforementioned from Wikipedia; last edited 1st May 2020]

ADDIS ABABA DURING WWII, AND A RAY DETECTOR FOR FOREST PATROLS

[Ray King]

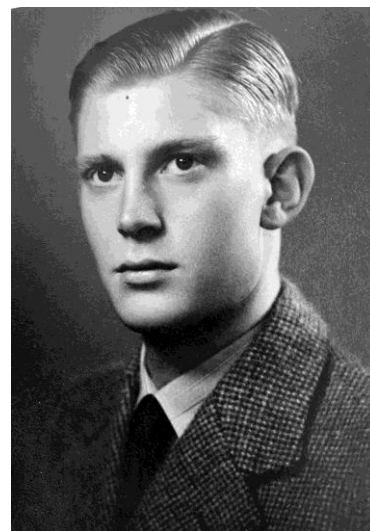


My father and grandfather both served in the Kenya Regiment. My grandfather Philip King [LEFT] was a mechanical engineer and served in the Regiment [KR1408] during WWII. He enlisted on 5th July 1940 and transferred to the East African Signals on 23rd July. He was commissioned on 30th August 1941, and in January 1942 was in Addis Ababa at the end of the

East African Campaign against the Italians in Abyssinia. This was at the time of signing the initial Anglo-Ethiopian Agreement on the 31st January 1942.

For readers who may be interested I have placed on YouTube at https://youtu.be/_uichZa0hJM, a short film which my grandfather took of people arriving to take part in the ceremony. John Davis [KR7457] believes that the officer climbing out of the Blenheim bomber at the beginning of the film is Brigadier William Dimoline OBE MC, who commanded the East African Brigade during the Campaign. He is seen later in the film with moustache, together with British officers who were part of the delegation led by Major General Sir Philip Mitchell KCMG MC, later Governor of Kenya Colony. Emperor Haile Selassie is shown arriving and getting out of his car wearing a pith helmet and cape. The African soldiers formed up in the background are Ethiopian with the Ethiopian flag flying. My grandfather died in Mombasa on 19th March 1954.

My father Graham Farmington King [RIGHT] was an electrical engineer and enlisted in the Kenya Regiment [KR3938] in Nairobi on 20th January 1951. He was promoted Sgt on 5th February 1953, released in 1954 and awarded the AGSM with 'KENYA' clasp.



He was part of the Guard of Honour when HRH Princess Elizabeth opened the new Kenya Regiment HQ on the Ngong Road on 2nd February 1952, a few days before she became Queen.

John Davis brought to my attention that my father is mentioned in Colonel Guy Campbell's book 'The Charging Buffalo'. Guy writes: 'In order to take a gang by surprise, the patrols needed a combination of patience, skill and luck...but luck was not something the patrols relied on...' 'Kiko' (Swahili for tobacco pipe) King of the Regiment invented a 'ray' which could detect gangsters passing through it up to a length of half a cricket pitch away. Although the War Office expressed no interest in the invention, it did work in the forest'.



I wonder if any former member of the Regiment serving at this time remembers my father [LEFT] and his 'ray' detector. My brother Alan thinks that the detector was an infrared detector similar to those used in security systems and TV remotes. My father's home-made device possibly included a diode valve which would have been influenced by light which includes the infrared spectrum. Early semiconductor diodes in the 1950s were also affected by infrared which is why they were painted black. In the field it would be possible to turn on such a device and reset the sensitivity to eliminate background infrared radiation from trees and bushes.

As soon as the infrared level was altered by a person or animal passing through the beam, an alarm of some sort, or flashing light, would trigger. This surely was ground-breaking technology for the time but certainly achievable by using either valve or early semiconductor technology which were the modern thing in the 1950s.

After living on the Lower Kabete Road, Westlands, my father moved to Nandi Hills as deputy manager of the Kapchoura tea estate until 1960. With a growing family he left Kenya for the UK and worked initially as an engineer at a local Tube investments company, before qualifying as a teacher and working at Edgbaston College, teaching electrical engineering until he retired.

He continued inventing things, developing a greenhouse heating system as well and making a hand-built metal detector, model radio gliders and ham radio. When he retired he built himself a workshop where he continued to spend most of his time tinkering. He died suddenly in his workshop at the young age of 60.

MICHAEL (MIKE) INNES-WALKER [KR4426]

[17th April 1931-7th February 2020]

[Ed: *Extracts from Mike's memoirs 'Out of Africa' submitted by son Allan*]

Mike's mother, Peggy (née Priest) and father, Roland met at an exposition held in Dunedin in the late 1920s, after which he left for Kenya, Peggy joining him later. They were married at the Cathedral in Mombasa and then returned to Roland's coffee farm, Chelemet, in Songhor's M'teitei Valley in central Kenya. Brother David [KR4079] was born on 20th November 1929 at the Mia Carberry Hospital in Nairobi. In 1930, Peggy then pregnant with Mike, and baby David returned to Dunedin to visit her parents. Unfortunately, the Depression of the 30s took its toll and Roland was unable to afford their return fares until much later. So, Mike was born in Dunedin, New Zealand on 17th April 1931.

Following the Depression, Roland was forced to give up the farm when mortgagees, Dalgety and Co, foreclosed. Fortunately, he obtained work with the electrical firm Pegrume and Parker for several years, before moving to EAP&T where he retired as a senior Postmaster in Mombasa (circa 1960).

Mike's first school in Nairobi was the Kilimani Road School, then the Nairobi Primary School, before completing his education at the Prince of Wales School.

In 1949, Roland was obliged to take a twelve-month vacation leave (accumulated during WWII) and the whole family spent a year in New Zealand. The only ship available was an ex-liberty ship, the SS MISR, a WWII lend-lease, carrying refugees from Europe to Australia. The ship was not exactly equipped for passengers and included six to a cabin, unisex bathrooms and toilets, and terrible food. In Durban, a South African football team embarked and soon threatened to throw the Captain overboard unless there was an improvement in the food department. The threat worked and things rapidly improved. Shortly after this, the Egyptian crew mutinied and the Captain and officers had to restore order at gunpoint.

The family reached Melbourne where major ship repairs were required, so they flew to Sydney and then on to Auckland in a Sunderland flying boat, which boasted separate cabins and plenty of room. It was an eight-hour flight but it was very comfortable.

They returned to Kenya via Cape Town on the DOMINION MONARCH and then to Mombasa on an American freighter. The latter was a memorable experience particularly as they were fed waffles and maple syrup, hot dogs and Coca Cola, things the children had only heard about or seen in the movies.

Mike planned to join an oil company as a career. However, his parents were now living in Nakuru and as he had a gap-year to fill before joining the oil company, his father arranged a job for him with the Nakuru Post Office. He was subsequently transferred to Eldoret, and then decided to remain with the Postal Services. He and Pamela Anne Silvester were married in 1953, shortly

before being notified by Kenya Manpower, that he was required to undergo national service training.



Because of the lack of training facilities in Kenya, recruits were flown in companies of 100 to King George VI Barracks in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where they were trained by British Army officers Warrant Officers and senior NCOs for six months.

Mike [LEFT] enjoyed his time in Rhodesia and found that his father's 'back garden' drill gave him a great advantage and he managed to survive the fearsome WOII Cameron of the Scots Guards. 'Rumbleguts' as he was known, who was to become a legend in his own time, his reputation and the stories about him still abound whenever groups of ex-Regiment members meet.

Whilst in Rhodesia, Princess Margaret arrived in the country on a Royal Visit, and several recruits were selected to attend a ball at Government House. This, of course, was the highlight of the social season and a very grand affair. The Princess was dancing and Mike was nominated by his cronies to ask her for a dance. He first approached her ADC, who in a rather officious but quiet manner told him to 'piss off', which he did!

Mike and the rest of the course returned to Kenya in December 1953 and after two weeks leave they were deployed to various units. In Mike's case, his brother David [KR4079], now MTO with the 5KAR, had pulled a few strings and he was posted from the Kenya Regiment to 'D' Coy as a sergeant in 5KAR, where his platoon commander was Wally Young [KR3919], whose family had lived not far from Mike's in Nairobi.

[Ed: *While undergoing NS training in Rhodesia, David, and others, had been given the opportunity to switch to the six-month course at Eaton Hall OCTU in England for a short service commission in the regular British Army. On receiving his commission he was posted to 5KAR.*]

The Company was based at Kiawarigi in Embu. Before his detachment Mike bumped into Hammy O'Hara [KR3918], another lifelong friend; Hammy had joined the Kenya Regiment much earlier and by this time had been commissioned and, for the first time in real life, Mike had to salute him and his brother and call them 'Sir'!

After several months at Kiawarigi, the company moved to Kimachumbi where Mike recalls two incidents rather vividly. The first was a night mass attack by the Mau Mau. There were bugles blowing and guns firing in all directions. His section was in a perimeter trench and a 3" mortar was firing flares overhead. Suddenly there was a loud shouting and swearing from the NCO IC of the mortar crew who had just caught a panic-stricken askari loading a high explosive bomb into the mortar instead of a flare. If it had been fired it would have come down almost on top of us.

The second event was when the Government declared a green-branch amnesty, where Mau Mau were given the opportunity to surrender by coming in carrying a green branch. However, instead of surrendering, they surrounded the camp waving, blowing bugles and generally tempting the askari to open fire, which they were dissuaded from doing; the green-branch offer was unsuccessful and operations resumed.

Other incidents he recalled was Mike's section being called out to deal with a rhino that had gone berserk and had charged a PWD Land Rover and then proceeded to smash it to bits. Despatched by the Bren gunner, piece of bomb shrapnel was found embedded in its shoulder. The wound had become infected and was full of maggots and had obviously driven the animal mad.

One night Mike was having a drink in the mess when there were a lot of animal noises coming from a clump of trees nearby. He grabbed his rifle and a torch and went to investigate. At first he could see nothing, until something made him look up; just above his head was a black leopard. He can't recall who got the bigger fright! Anyway, it jumped out of the tree and took off.

As the weeks wore on there were many routine patrols into the Aberdare Forest. It was on one of these that Mike came very close to being shot. The patrol was moving through thick undergrowth and he was immediately behind his tracker when he heard a loud click. He turned to find himself facing a Mau Mau terrorist approximately ten paces away, aiming his home-made rifle straight at Mike. Luckily it misfired. The patrol opened fire but due to the dense undergrowth it was impossible to give chase. There was no doubt he had been hit and although they followed his bloody spoor, they lost him.

On this same patrol Mike walked off his map and had no idea where they were! Fortunately a Police Air Wing Piper Tri-Pacer flown by the well-known one-armed pilot Punch Bearcroft [KR3142] flew overhead and Mike contacted him on our radio, explained his situation and requested map of the area. Punch returned about an hour later and dropped a package; a bottle of Tusker well wrapped in sacking and the relevant map with their location clearly 'ringed'.

Towards the end of 1954, Pam became ill and Mike was granted compassionate leave to take her to England for a complete break. On their return to Kenya and due to Pam's health, he did not return to the KAR but was seconded to the Prison Service and posted to Kamiti Prison; situated some 20 kilometres from Nairobi on the Kiambu road, and holding approximately 1,000 male and 2,000 female Mau Mau detainees.

On 12th May 1955, Anthony Michael was born in Nairobi; Mike was then transferred to Kisumu. As his compulsory two year stint of Emergency service was now ending he had to think of a regular career and formally transferred to the Kenya Prison Service.

He and Pam were subsequently divorced and baby Tony left in Mike's custody. He was posted to Shimo-le-Tewa Prison at Mtwapa where his parents came to live with him to help look after Tony. In 1960, Mike was transferred to Nairobi and stationed at Langata Detention Camp. During this deployment he met Joanna Niblock, a nursing sister at Gertrudes Gardens Childrens' Hospital. They were married at the Lavington Church, Nairobi on 2nd August 1961.

Mike was posted back to Kisumu, where, on 22nd August 1962 Alistair Ronald was born at the European Hospital. In January 1963, Mike completed his career with the Kenya Prison Service and decided to move to New Zealand. With Joanna, Tony and Alistair they were booked on the SS CANBERRA. Unfortunately, the ship had mechanical trouble in Aden and the family had to fly via Sydney to Auckland.

From 1963 to 1966, Mike worked as a sales administrator for LJ Fisher and Co in Panmure. In 1966, he joined the Auckland Master Builders Association as Executive Officer and worked in that capacity until retiring in 1991.

On the 4th of June 1969, Allan David was born at the Howick Obstetric Hospital. In 1994, Joanna and Mike were legally separated.

Always a keen traveller Mike visited Britain and the Continent on several occasions. He was Chairman of the Kenya Regiment Association (New Zealand) for many years and in addition to arranging NZ reunions he attended reunions in Australia, Kenya and South Africa. By now he was finding long flights tiresome, and became a regular once-a-year-cruise enthusiast.



[ABOVE TONY, MIKE JOANNA, ALLAN & ALISTAIR]

LIFE ON THE MOUNTAIN

[Peta Le Breton]

My father was an author, naturalist and explorer. He studied the flora and fauna of various parts of the world on behalf of the Natural History, Royal Geographical and other Societies. These expeditions took him to many interesting places: he spent an enforced winter on Kolguev Island within the Arctic Circle, visited Nepal and climbed Kachenjunga, made a survey of the wildflowers of Crete and travelled about South Africa collecting animals for the Zoo. This journey made the first impression of his exploits on my childhood and, when grown-ups asked what I wanted to do when I was bigger, I invariably replied, "I am going to live in Africa". So when, after leaving Oxford in 1927 the opportunity came, it was perhaps not surprising that I took it. I came straight to a Soldier Settler farm in the Trans Nzoia and have been in the district ever since as bride, mother and grandmother.

I must admit to some early disillusionment, though it is hard to say now what I had expected. Some vague idea of the romantic life certainly, but serious farming does not leave much time for romance, and novelties such as a message from a neighbour being actually brought to you in a forked stick and crossing the turbulent Nzoia River on all fours by a precarious tree trunk to visit a favourite family of children on the next farm, began to pall after a time. I tried gardening but there was not enough water and no trees to help with their shade.

About a year after my arrival there came a revelation. Some friends had recently left their farm near ours and moved to one on Mount Elgon. They invited us for a never-to-be-forgotten weekend. Situated on the slopes of the mountain, with a breath-taking view, huge trees close at hand and, best of all, water running through the garden and every possible - and as I then thought - impossible kind of flower in bloom, it opened my eyes as to how one could live in Africa. From that moment my poor husband had no peace. "I must have a plot on Elgon", I said. "Even if we can't live there now, we could use it for weekends and perhaps one day we could afford a manager and go and live there for good".

So for the next few months our week-ends were spent exploring the mountain. We must have visited every acre that was for sale. It was all very exhausting. Then, (as now) there were no bridges across the many rivers that rise on Elgon, and so we bumped as far as we could in our Galloping Bedstead (GB - box body Rugby) and walked the rest of the way. After several weekends of finding nothing suitable, I struggled up yet another hill on a certain Sunday morning and, tired and despairing, sat down under a tree saying I was going no further.

My husband, who does not give up easily, pushed his way on through the shoulder high grass and Artemisia and came back half an hour later and said I had better come and see. Reluctantly I followed him and we came out on an open hillside with a number of excitingly-shaped "umbrella" thorns dotted about and some really enormous Podos, and beyond them the view of views - beyond belief. It stretched Northwards across Karamoja to the Suk Hills with Mount Sekerr behind them visible to the East, and the top of Mt. Elgon could be seen above the forest to the west. I just said, "We'll put the house here", and that was that.

So, a small wooden house was built and at every available weekend we camped in it and made plans for the future. In 1932, my hopes were realised and we moved on to the mountain for good. The move itself was an adventure. Seven wagons were sent on ahead and two days later we followed in the GB. with the baby. The road was only a rough track cleared by our neighbour, Sinclair Anderson, regardless of rocks and gradient. A 1,000-gallon tank on one of the wagons took a bashing from some overhanging trees. The first night I couldn't sleep for excitement and for a curious and rather frightening noise which sounded much like the proverbial ghost clanking his chains as he walked. I got up to investigate and found that the 112 oxen out-spanned around the house were periodically knocking their horns against the battered tank.

In those days of course Messrs. Peck and Barber were not on the scene to help those who wished to move house, but in spite of my amateur packing and the two days journey by wagon across country, the sum total of breakages was one wine glass.

And so, the years went by. The house was enlarged and so was the family with the arrival of a baby daughter in 1934. This event took place in somewhat different surroundings from the London nursing home where I had produced my first born.

There was no hospital in Kitale, but Sister Lousada ran a nursing home with four rooms and no mod. cons. Fortunately my daughter obligingly concurred with the expressed wishes of the staff and made her appearance by daylight, as the one pressure lamp was always in use in the Sisters' room.

By now the bush was cleared, the garden grew with - joy of joy - water running through it. The FURROW has played a major part in our existence up here. Our whole being is cantered round it; it is our lifeline, our only water supply except for rain water carefully preserved in the battered tank's successor, and it is the basis of my garden plan. As long as it is running it is heaven, but when it stops - well, I prefer to forget those periods.

One of the many mountain streams, the Mbere, forms the boundary on the North side of my farm, so the Andersons and ourselves decided that it would not be impossible to tap this river and bring the water down by gravity. A kind friend did the initial surveying for us through the almost impenetrable forest and bamboo, and the result was a furrow four miles long; after the first three miles the water was carefully divided to serve our two houses.

Elephants were the biggest menace. Each elephant has four large feet, multiply that by fifty or so and the furrow can be wrecked in five minutes and, if they decide to spend the day there - as well as the night - repairs become difficult if not impossible. Fallen trees, landslides, and now, alas, re-

afforestation, all play their part in causing me to say in the morning, "The FURROW'S stopped". But with it I can grow primroses, narcissus, mimulus, marsh marigolds and the scarlet cardinalis.

The second great influence on our life on the mountain is THE ROAD. Since those early days it has been realigned and the worst gradients avoided but the rocks remain. Some in fact are known to us by name, the narrow passage between Scylla and Charybdis in particular requires careful navigation after rain. Seven miles of road depending for upkeep on the spare labour of five farms means that its standard, unlike the rocks, cannot be very high, but one adapts oneself, and you just took your boots and your torch, if you were returning late, you drove until you got stuck and then walked. I usually left my party dress in the car and plodded up the hill in a clammy mackintosh.

I was surprise when I was asked during the war by a worried parent what I did when the road became impassable and replied unhesitatingly that I never allowed myself to consider it impassable. Of course, it presented problems: should one lie down in the mud and put on chains before one got stuck, or should one hope for the best and probably have to walk home? Now with a Land Rover life is transformed, and though THE ROAD remains much the same, I never, touch wood, have to walk.

By 1939, the farm was well established. Pyrethrum is the ideal crop for this altitude, 7500 ft. the house had been further added to, and there was now internal plumbing. On the outbreak of war, my husband, a Gunner by profession, volunteered for service and was posted to the Coast Defence Battery at Mombasa and eventually to Egypt and then Palestine, with, perhaps I had better mention, an occasional period of leave.

I had to think quickly of something that would justifiably enable me to remain with good conscience on the mountain, to run the farm and keep the home going for my children. The eldest was by then in school in Nairobi and another boy to whom, though I did not know it then, I was to be Guardian for seven years, at Gilgil. His father, at home on leave in England was called up from the Reserve of Officers and he was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1940. My daughter was then five and a half was ready for a more formal education than I had been giving her, so I decided to start my own school; petrol was rationed so the pupils would all have to be boarded.

I was most fortunate in meeting Betty Webster who was looking for a job. She was Irish, wild and horsey but had a gift for teaching and entertaining young children. They all adored 'Web' as we called her and as a result of her skill and enthusiasm three pupils who went on from here to Kitale School became Head Scholar in turn. Our numbers grew and the school became my life for seven years. I remember one day getting into a conversation with a stranger who asked me how many children I had. I answered automatically "ten and a baby" and only realized afterwards why she was staring at my stringy figure with incredulity. My own family had now been added to; a second son arrived in the middle of a term in 1941. None of the imported baby essentials for him - he took his milk from a Worcester sauce bottle and grew up largely on *mtama*.

At this time there was considerable fear that the Italians might advance into Kenya through Karamoja and Kitale, so I was told to be ready for instant evacuation. I kept a box of food and blankets ready packed for an unknown destination, though I never discovered how I was supposed to transport my large household and connect up with two boys away at school. Luckily none of this took place and I can still see an indentation in the shrubbery where petrol was buried for this emergency.

One morning I was visited by the DC and the Police who told me that it was reported to them that I had been signalling to the enemy the night before. I was hard put to it to think where the nearest enemy was, but I confessed that I had indeed been signalling. One of the children was taken

seriously ill in the night and I had been shining my torch around as we carried her to the car en route for the hospital. I managed to escape internment!

So passed the war years; in body we were here but in spirit with our kin in England, feeling guilty that we were living at ease and in safety while they were suffering untold tragedies. Of course, there were minor inconveniences: there was the local pottery with handles that wouldn't stay on the jugs or cups; there was the harsh knobbly knitting wool that one spun oneself and dyed from plants collected on school walks; one enterprising farmer's wife outfitted her family with pullovers spun from the coats of their own donkeys. It was said that at night these "woollies" stood on the floor beside their owners' beds!

We had our share of the natural hazards which make life on the mountain so exciting. One day when the furrow had stopped, I sent some labourers up to try and bring the water down. Hearing that it was elephant trouble and knowing that they liked a little moral support, I hurried over my French lesson and went up into the forest. The reason for the stoppage this time was that a month-old elephant calf had fallen into the furrow in one of its deepest places, its mother and relations had tried to dig it out but had only succeeded in drowning the poor baby.

On another occasion breakfast was brought in by my very sober and respectable servant with his *kanzu* literally in ribbons. He said an animal had attacked it where it hung on the back verandah at night. I expressed doubt and when he enquired that evening where he should put its replacement I said shortly; "In its usual place of course, that animal is not likely to come again". But I was wrong. The next morning, not only was the second *kanzu* a ruin but so were some of the baby's clothes that had been hanging on the line and a shawl was missing altogether.

By making a thorough search for spoor I found that we had been visited by a leopard. In ordinary circumstances, provided that our dogs are safe, I like having a leopard or two around but this one seemed to have unusual ways. If it liked shawls it might come and borrow a blanket off a child's bed or take a fancy to the baby who woke early to be fed and was put outside, under my window, before it was light. The wire netting was hurriedly fastened over the "dormitory" windows and the baby was to be kept inside and I set up a few objects which might attract this enterprising animal and also arouse me when it came. I lay fully clothed in the dark and soon after midnight I heard the unmistakable sawing noise a leopard makes. I waited until I heard one of my empty cans being knocked over on the verandah and dashed out in time to see a young leopardess disappearing around the corner with a small rug!

In the morning the smell of leopard was so strong that the dogs would hardly come out of their kennels and sadly, I decided that as I was responsible to many parents for the safety of their children, I would have to take steps to get my leopard removed. So, one of the fathers came up and built a trap. In the evening I loaded and cocked the rifle and just after dusk this unusual but much-regretted visitor was dead.

Later on, there was the unidentified animal which raided the meat safe several nights in succession, strewing *sufurias* around the garden. As with the leopard, I set up contraptions with tins that would make a noise, prepared a bait of meat and strychnine, and sprinkled flour on the floor to get an impression of its footprints. When I heard the tin fall over, I went out, gun in hand, and saw the marauder clearly in the moonlight. It was about the size of a hyena, but with long pale grey shaggy hair and it walked with a gait like a bear. I wish now that I had shot it and kept the skin but, at the time I remember thinking "poor thing, after that strychnine you've eaten, you'll be dead soon anyway", and I couldn't bring myself to kill it twice as it were. Drawings of the spoor, which was quite unlike that of a hyena or a dog, were sent to the game warden but he was unable to identify them. [Ed: *Could this have been a Nandi Bear? – see m-S XI pp30-33; XXII pp 8-11.*]

Though the days of having exciting animals near at hand are over - once I saw a man innocently mowing the lawn knocked for six by two fighting waterbuck - the birds are not diminished. Ross's Turaco, the white-headed Hoopoe, double toothed barbet, parrots and the blue-eyed flycatcher are a delight to the eyes, and the robins, thrushes and bulbuls fill the air with song. I get a bit cross at times with the red-chested cuckoo when he arrives early in March and tells me that the rain is near and I have to wait at least another month. Of all the birds it is the black and white trumpeter Hornbill with its most unmusical voice that typifies for me the mystery that I associate with the forest that is so near my garden.

And the mountain is still there. It is the background to my life and its moods are my moods. In the dry weather it becomes aloof and indifferent, waiting for the rain to bring it to life again. After a storm it wears an exciting air, it is bursting with life, capable of anything, at times it is sinister but never dull. Sometimes its peaks and the crater rim are covered with snow, a sight that never ceases to thrill me; I can only tear myself away at dusk by promising that I will see it again at dawn.

The time to climb Mt Elgon is when it is in one of its distant moods, preferably in October when the rains are just over and it is not fully asleep. Thirty years ago, this was the equivalent of a full-scale safari, with tents, food, porters and more porters to carry their food. One forgathered at one of the sawmills and spent the first night on the moorland. It was possible to get quite high up in the day but somehow one of the older (and wiser) porters would be stricken with a sudden illness and declare himself unable to go any further. On such occasions, an ideal campsite was always found around the corner or over the next rise! The second night would be spent in the shelter of some rocks at the crater's edge, very cold at nearly 14,000 ft. The following morning you could either climb Koitobos peak or go down and paddle in the hot springs in the crater.

Nowadays it is all much easier, a mere one-day trip. If you get up in the dark you can drive up to the Moorland Road and have breakfast where it ends above the forest. From there to the edge of the crater is a stiffish walk (four hours for Grandmothers!) and there is still time to climb to the peak and back to the car by daylight. The solitude and grandeur of the mountain at close quarters make humans seem infinitesimally small, and sitting up there in a world of beauty I find it hard to imagine that all over this glorious earth man is striving against man and nation against nation for greed and lust for power.

I am filled with a kind of Exaltation, but all the same the dinky -sized Land Rover waiting far below becomes an object of desire and my mind returns to normal, but a few clouds of glory still trail behind. And on the morrow, I look up at my mountain from below and say it wonderingly, "Was I really up there?" "I'll come again one day."

[Ed: I forwarded Peta's article to Dennis Leete for comment: I never met any Le Bretons, but it is a lovely story; her farm must have been on the northern side of Elgon, high up on the mountain road past the Anderson's farm, near the River Suam and Uganda border. But there was also a middle road somewhere I recall, past Pinky Jackson, ending with Andrew Hitch's place. The river Nzioa is the boundary line between Trans Nzioa and Uashin Gishu, so is only fourteen miles from Kitale.

There was an Asian duka at Hoey's Bridge called Ghani's Bar (must have been an Afghan!). George Pyeman was the first man in Kenya who owned a Jaguar XK 120 coupe, and he gave Mikey Bennett, Tom Coomber and myself a lift once, sometime in 1949, when we were about fifteen years old, from somewhere near Soy, when we were hitchhiking home to Kitale, from the POW. We crammed onto the spare seat, with one of us astride the gear box. It had been raining, and he drove like the wind, but the Trans Nzioa roads were always immaculately graded by old man Van

Ennemis of the PWD. We slowly realised he had been drinking, and became very nervous. He kept saying, "Mind your Dissel Boom" to the middle passenger, when he changed gear. Within ten minutes he had reached Hoey's Bridge and slowed down. But our relief was short lived, as he pulled into Ghani Bar, and invited us all in for a beer. We flew onto Kitale at 90 mph on those wet murrum roads, but arrived safely and he dropped us at the Kitale Bakery, whence we were picked up and taken to our destinations. It was a fantastic experience for a school boy, as the XK 120 was the fastest car in Kenya, superbly designed, and looked like a Spitfire fighter, and he drove it to the limit. Poor George killed himself a few months later, in a race on the Langa Langa race track at Gilgil, and in so doing, wrote-off his beautiful XK 120.]

ROBERT JAMES SCHOFIELD [KR6960]

[23/09/1938 – 19/11/2019]

[Grandson Cody]



23rd September, 1938, Robert Schofield was born in Yorkshire, England, where he was later to complete a year at an agricultural college before gaining farming experience on local farms.

In his early 20's, he was in the process of emigrating to Kenya when he was called upon by the Crown to undergo two years of national service. He hurriedly packed his bags, knowing that soon after his arrival in Kenya he would be expected to complete a six-month NS training course at the Kenya Regiment Training Centre (KRTC) at Lanet, just outside Nakuru; a smart move!

On completion of his service commitment, he was employed as a game warden on a privately owned ranch, where he looked after the wildlife, including elephants, zebras, giraffes, lions, etc. At times it also entailed culling some of these beautiful creatures. Robert had many extraordinary stories about his hunting trips, including a few near death experiences, courtesy of charging elephants. These stories are memories that we can all cherish forever.

Whilst still competing his national service, Robert, being the gentleman he was, was called upon to help escort a group of young ladies to a local dance, where he met the lady who would become his wife, Diana Cranswick, whose parents were coffee farmers. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to put on his Schofield charm and Diana headed back to England to continue her nursing career, leaving him high and dry in Kenya.

Fast forward five years, and like a cheesy rom-com, their paths crossed again. Diana was in Kenya visiting her parents and happened to 'bump' into Robert, who in the intervening years had worked on his charm, and this time managed to really WOW her over. Their love blossomed and they became engaged. However, Diana being the stubborn lady she is, though born in Kenya, didn't want to live there so headed back to England after her holiday.

Determined not to let her get away a second time, Robert packed-up his life in Kenya and followed her a few months later. Walking down the main streets of London with a thick sheepskin coat and a rifle on his back, he was a man on a mission; he located Diana, and the rest is history.

A few months after Martin was born, the young family emigrated to New Zealand as \$50 Poms. Robert landed a job managing a farm in the Hawkes Bay area and it was during this twelve-year period that Fiona and Justin were born.

They shifted to another farm for a three-year period, before moving to the Taupo region. Robert's addiction to fishing was perhaps the reason for the latter relocation. He fished the local lake and rivers at every opportunity, and also undertook guided tours, allowing others to share his passion, for the right price of course!

Family holidays always revolved around being able to fish. Whether it was camping by the lake, or staying in shearers' quarters by the sea, fish were always close. He never lost his love of nature and hunting, and was very keen on duck shooting. Many weekends were spent with the kids, possum hunting and eeling, selling the possum fur to help fund motorbikes.

Robert was also lucky enough to travel to Alaska on a couple of occasions to fulfil his lifelong goal of catching the almighty - Salmon and Halibut. Many of his most prized catches can be seen in his garage, hanging proudly on the wall as proof that 'this one didn't get away'. While in Alaska, he witnessed grizzly bears in their natural habitat, catching fish off the rocks in the middle of waterfalls, much like you see on Animal Planet.

Robert and Diana enjoyed travelling together, visiting China and Australia, with regular trips to England to visit family and friends.

In his latter years his health began to deteriorate, so he turned his focus to wood-turning, and stone-and shell- carving, at which he was a natural; his beautiful creations can be seen all through the house and garage, as well as in the homes of the lucky ones who managed to nab a piece or two.

Robert enjoyed many eventful moments; one that Diana and Justin recall fondly, was during a fishing trip in Te Kaha, where Robert had just winched the boat up onto the trailer after a tough day's ocean fishing. Diana and Justin hopped into the boat, and Robert jumped onto the tractor and drove up to the beach, where he looked round to find an empty trailer. He retraced his steps and found all three stranded on the sand just above the boat ramp. In his rush to get back and file the days' catch, he had forgotten to tie-down the boat!

He lived a very colourful life, one that most can only dream of. Today, I have shared only a pin-prick of his life, and his (mis)adventures and antics. There was never a dull moment when he was around, for he had a story for every occasion. His humour was infectious and his knowledge extensive. Robert had a loving family and friends, all of whom have very fond memories of the times spent together. In years to come, we will look back and enjoy a chuckle or two.

**

I'm just a farmer, plain and simple
Not of privileged birth, rather a worker of the earth
No scholar, nor a silver spoon to ease the way,
a dream to chase and make it pay.
I know of floods and wind and rain, of pleasure and of pain
I know of the good and the bad, the happy and the sad

I am a man who loves his land and the feel of soil in my hand
Lean of limb and sure of foot, on these fair hills I was put

I know of the spring's fresh flow and autumn's golden glow
Of newborn calves first breath and ungainly gait

I know of axes, mauls and wedges, horses, dogs, wire and sledges
Of a billy on a camp fire, and fog in the valley
I am a man who loves outdoor life, not for me the city strife

‘Just a farmer’ I say with a laugh ‘cause I know
‘bout all the skills that come with learning.
Study the land and watch the sky
Decide when the time is right, and why.
To slash, to burn, to shear, to dock
And complete different tasks entailed with stock.

To plant and nurture, pick and prune
And hope the storm will pass by soon
To me the earth is not a chore, for I, like my father before,
enjoy being ‘just a farmer’.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S EAST AFRICAN REUNION : 25TH FEBRUARY 2020

[Richard Tredget]

A very successful reunion was held the Bayswater Hotel Perth, for all ex-Kenyans living in West Australia,; attendance (52) mostly from Kenya Schools, the Kenya Regiment, and one from Kenya Police. We welcomed another single attendee, Robin Hutton, ex-Coldhams a new school in Nairobi which opened after Independence.

Those in attendance: Mary Billings [née Coulson, KHS]; Stan Bleazard [KR4242]; Brandon Brooksbank [DoY]; Jack Collier [KR6976]; Patrick & Aileen Connington [DoY]; Elaine Ellis [Loreto Valley Road]; Mike Goble-Garratt [DoY]; Alan Griggspall [PoW]; Aylwin Halligan-Jolly [St. Marys, KR6194]; Trish Hewson [née Wilson, KHS]; Andrew [DoY] and Gail Hillier [née Macleod, KHS]; Sue Hindmarsh [Delamere & KHS]; Marny Howe [née MacHutchin, Limuru, w/o the late Tony KR4842]; Alan Howitt [KR6418]; Robin Hutton [Coldhams]; Francis [KR7045] and Maureen Keast [née Ellis, Highlands]; Beryl Knowlden [née Hindmarsh, KHS, w/o the late Chris KR6033]; Jim Landells [KR6439]; Henk and Anne Lippinkhof [née Reynolds]; Viv Loughmiller [née Springer, KHS]; Helen Magius [KHS]; Marianne Magius [KHS]; Alan [KR4198] & Pat Martin [née Reynolds]; Bob McAllister [DoY]; Dave [PoW] and Kaye McFarnell; Derek Milton [PoW]; Viv Murray (née Yowell, Highlands); Michael Parry [PoW] and Val Parry [Delamere]; George [DoY] & Gillian Perry [née Bradshaw]; Julia Roffey [née Robinson, KHS]; Jim [Nairobi Primary] & Dot Salmon; Sandy [KR6532] & Nancy Scade [née Hindmarsh KHS]; Christina Steel [née Smart, KHS]; Richard [DoY] & Pam Tredget [née Littlewood]; Stephen Tucker; Tony [DoY] & Veronica Tucker [née Springer, KHS]; Andy [DoY] and Eleanor Williams [née Nightingale, KHS]; Mark & Ferry Young [née Searles]

Apologies: Sheila Ball [KHS]; Jeanann Barbour [w/o the late Richard KR7046]; Dick Berry [PoW]; Richard Cade; Pat Dunn [née Kovaks, KHS]; David Forrester [DoY]; Brian Galton-Fenzi [PoW]; John Gledhill [DoY]; Al Greenly [DoY]; Peter Hughes [DoY]; Charles [DoY] & Vicki Kerfoot [née Bell, Loreto Eldoret]; Barbara Jones; Roger [KR6116] & Marlene Lutkens [née Weinstein, KHS]; Jane Matthews [née Mytton-Watson, Highlands]; Conal [St. Marys] & Marion O'Toole; Bill Radford [DoY]; Cherry Renton [Highlands] and sister ?? [Hill School]; Nigel Sinclair; Kathy Smith; Ruth Slingsby-Davis [KHS]; John [KP] & Betty Standring [née Hernon, Loreto Eldoret, Kitale]; Jonny [DoY] & Marion Stols [KHS]; Jenny Storm [w/o the late Harvey KR4074]; Trish Treharne [KHS]; Gill Vaughan [Highlands]. [Ed: DoY=Duke of York School, KHS=Kenya High School and PoW=Prince of Wales School, all in Nairobi.]

The Smorgasbord, at \$20 a head was excellent value; soup, a variety of eight main courses, including curry which seems an essential dish at most Kenya get-togethers, desserts, cheese & biscuits, bread rolls, tea & coffee.

Some years back Aylwin and I discussed the dwindling numbers and decided to combine lunches, starting with the Regiment and the Duke of York; still not enough hence the open invitation. I met Aylwin some five weeks after Pam and I arrived in Perth in November 1979 at a tennis club which we were invited to join; a large club then with ±750 members and eighteen grass courts. I think our reunions started at a concert around 1981, when Roger Whittaker [KR4746] was touring Australia and Chris Banting [KR4881] suggested curry lunches; sadly Chris died some years ago. Since the first function Aylwin has been chairman of KRA (WA).

Sadly, numbers were down from last year (100) which has to be expected due to our increasing years and ailments. However, everyone appeared to have enjoyed the occasion, so much so, that the organisers have set the date for next year - Tuesday 23rd February 2021 at 11h30, at the same venue, Perth's Bayswater Hotel, a mere a stroll from the railway station; no rail charge for pensioners.

The Regiment took the honours with the biggest attendance. David Hewson's wife Trish (née Wilson, KHS) represented the Kenya Police; John Standring (KP co-ordinator in Perth) and wife Betty were stymied by the Mandurah Train Stations lack of adequate parking facilities. John was in the KP during and post Emergency, and one of his claims to fame was providing protection for Sidney Poitier, Dana Wynter, and Rock Hudson during the filming of 'Something of Value.'



ABOVE: OLD YORKISTS. BACK ROW L/R. JIM LANDELLS, FRANCIS KEAST, GEORGE PERRY, TONY TUCKER, RICHARD TREDGET, BOB MCALLISTER, ANDREW HILLIER,, BRANDON BROOKSBANK, MIKE GOBLE-GARRATT.

SEATED, PAM TREDGET, MAUREEN KEAST, VERONICA TUCKER, GAIL HILLIER



ABOVE: KENYA HIGH SCHOOL. STANDING L/R. NANCY SCADE, JULIA ROBINSON, MARY BILLINGS, TRISH HEWSON, BERYL KNOWLDEN, CHRISTINA STEEL, SUE HINDMARSH.

SEATED: ELEANOR WILLIAMS, VIVIENNE LOUGHMILLER, VERONICA TUCKER, GAIL HILLIER,



ABOVE: ST MARY'S & HIGHLANDS, ELDORET L/R: PAT CONNINGTON, JACK COLLIER, DAVID MCFARNELL, MAUREEN KEAST, AYLWIN HALLIGAN-JOLLY. SUE HINDMARSH, VIV MURRAY



ABOVE: PRINCE OF WALES: STANDING L/R: DEREK MILTON, DAVE MCFARNELL, HENK LIPPENKHOF, ALAN HOWITT, JACK COLMIER, ALAN MARTIN, MARK YOUNG, ALAN GRIGGSPALL.
SEATED: MIKE PARRY, ANNE LIPPENKHOF, PAT MARTIN, FERRY YOUNG



ABOVE: KENYA REGIMENT: L/ R FRANCIS KEAST (holding flag), NANCY SCADE, BERYL KNOWLDEN, MARY BILLINGS GEORGE PERRY, GILLIAN PERRY (holding flag), JIM LANDELLS, AYLWIN HALLIGAN-JOLLY, MIKE PARRY, JACK COLLIER, ELAINE ELLIS, ALAN HOWITT, ALAN MARTIN , TONY TUCKER, FERRY YOUNG, MARK YOUNG, RICHARD TREDGET.

SEATED: MAUREEN KEAST, PAT MARTIN AND VERONICA TUCKER

Our thanks to:

Pat Dunn who organises Kenya High School functions but was unable to attend. However, she got the ball rolling for this function;

Francis and Maureen Keast, for rounding up St. Maryites & Highlanders, and identifying members in the photos.

Dave Mc Farnell (Prince of Wales) who also put names to faces and motivated old Cambrians to attend.

Mike Goble-Garratt - my saviour when it comes to computers! He very kindly compiled the attendance list, printed name-tags and distributed them on the day, and also took the photos.

Finally, Andrew Hillier, compiler of the Old Yorkist Web page who coerced Tony Addison from the UK to assist him in the distribution of all e-mails. Our collaboration over the years has been fun and most rewarding.

HILL SCHOOL REUNION : 26 JULY 2019 : CRICKLADE, WILTSHIRE

Because of UK's Data Protection Act, the organising committee was unable to provide names of members who attended the lunch without their written permission! However, the late-Dave Lichtenstein, wearing a tie, was quite happy for his name to be published



ABOVE: LEFT HALF OF THE OFFICIAL PHOTO. BELOW: RIGHT HALF OF OFFICIAL PHOTO



ERNEST MORRICE WOOD TEMPLE-BOREHAM [KR680]

[04/02.1942-01/06/2020]

[daughter Linda Scott-Wilson]

Life started in Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight. As a one year-old he moves to Kenya with his parents. He had a colourful life as a youngster, having to ride his bicycle for twelve miles one way, to and from school through a forested hilltop, home of a leopard. Often when riding back in the dark as he reached the top of the long steep hill, he would hear a noise, 'leopard!' came to mind and he would turn around and shoot back through the trees, down the hill.

Morris (as he liked to spell his name) was educated at Nairobi Primary School and then at the Prince of Wales. War broke out as he finished school, and fabricating his age joined the army, was commissioned and served with the 1st Battalion Gold Coast Regiment in the Abyssinian Campaign. He found an amazing St. Christopher **[RIGHT]** on one of the Italian trucks which he carried on his person everywhere.



With the Royal Engineers he was posted to El Alamein, Egypt, where he assisted the Americans in building a runway that would take B-25 bombers, the pilots of which he befriended, and who took him on a night raid over Sicily

[LEFT: RCAF B-25 MITCHELL BOMBER, BRISTLING WITH FIREPOWER.]

After the war he married Freda Collinge **[RIGHT]**, and they had two daughters; Linda and Louise (later Garnett). Morris and Freda took part in the East African Safari Rally from 1953-64, winning their class four times, runners-up twice, and an overall runners-up.



They moved to Johannesburg where he started his long and happy working career with Murray and Robert's, which took him all over the country, at all hours of the day and night. When he retired he was presented with a lovely gold watch, which he wore until a couple of weeks ago. Morris and Freda then moved to Howick, to be closer to their daughters and grandchildren.

Freda died in Howick on 26th January 2015; and in December 2018 Morris moved in with Linda in Hillcrest, where he lived happily, surrounded by great-grandchildren; always laughing and joking. **[RIGHT: MORRIS WITH LINDA'S DAUGHTER CANDICE]**



[Ed: *Claire Collinge and Helen Jansen very kindly drove a very spry Morris to the Kenya Regiment Association lunch at Fern Hill on 17th November 2019, where he was pictured with Ray Letcher [KR7118] – see SITREP LIV page 73.*]

[Ed: *Extracts from Mike Norris's 'Artist Round the Bend' – A Look at the Golden Years of The East African Safari Rally – The World's Greatest Motor Rally – pp38-39. Published in 2016.*]

At this juncture I would like to break away for a moment from the format of this book and say a few words about Morris Temple-Boreham, and by doing so I do not intend to place him on a pedestal above any of the other fine drivers and wonderful sportsmen and women in this great event - all of whom deserve complete books written about them. He would hate that anyway.

Rather look at him, as I did, as an example of one of the inspiring pioneers of the event, who competed in all those 'golden' Safaris from 1953 to 1964 (except 1955 when he was in England buying a Triumph TR2 for hill-climbing events in Kenya), and who consistently performed well in whatever car he drove. There are a few of these men and women still around today.

As I got to know Morris better during 2015, many of the unresolved questions as to 'what makes a Safari-man tick' were answered, and I discovered that those qualities are still alive and strong in him.

The following track record may be of interest:

1953	M. Temple-Boreham/R.P. Pretty	Humber Hawk	2nd in class
1954	J.D. Airth/M. Temple-Boreham	Standard Vanguard	1st in class
1956	L.Migdoll/M. Temple-Boreham	Borgward Isabella	Finisher
1957	Mike Armstrong/M. Temple-Boreham	Fiat 1100TV	1st in class B
1958	Mike Armstrong/M. Temple-Boreham	Auto Union 1000	1st in Leopard Class
1959	M. Temple-Boreham/Des Bohmer	DKW	2nd in Class B
1960	Morris & Freda Temple-Boreham	Citroen 1019	2nd overall, 1st in Class D
1961	Morris & Freda Temple-Boreham	Volkswagen	retired with gearbox problems*
1962	Morris & Freda Temple-Boreham	Humber Super Snipe	Front suspension collapsed just after crossing a bridge!
1963	Morris & Freda Temple-Boreham	Fiat 2300	retired with gearbox problems
1964	M. Temple-Boreham/Cliff Collinge	Lincoln Mercury Comet	retireddue to mechanical problems

* In 1961, all Volkswagens had to retire with cracked gear selector housings. This was caused by the new softer, bonded rubber mountings having sheared due to the combination of the new 34 bhp engine and rough conditions. "For much of the event, until we retired, Freda had to hold the gear lever in while I drove!" Morris declined the offer of a VW drive in 1962, unaware that the earlier, harder mountings were to be fitted to prevent a recurrence. A cruel twist of fate for him as Tommy Fjastad went on to win the event in 1962 in a VW!

For his achievements with DKW in the rally world, the Auto Union company in Germany, presented Morris with appropriate recognition, [RIGHT] in addition to a brand-new factory-tuned DKW engine for his own car

Aside from the East African Safaris listed, the Temple-Borehams also successfully competed in many national events, and twice in



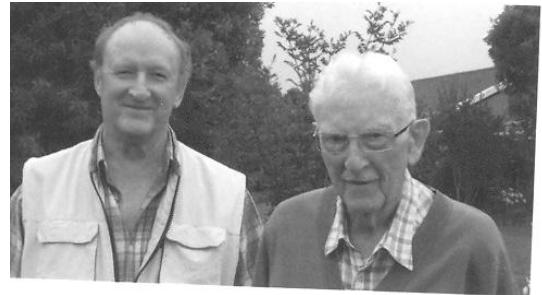
the Belgian Congo Kivu Rally, winning their class in 1957 and outright in 1959.

Morris, whose first job was as a Caterpillar-grader operator with the PWD, was to drive with Freda's brother Cliff Collinge, a well-known competitor, in the 1964 Safari. He recalls: "Returning to camp from the site, on a particularly steep downhill I would knock it out of gear and build up a hell of a speed, slowing by gradually lowering the scarifier assembly! Thank goodness Major Moore, the PWD boss, never found out!"

He advanced rapidly within the department and soon found himself on the "bench" testing the big diesel engines. He became a 'plant agent', supervising the road-maintenance machinery in Kenya's eight provinces - a huge responsibility and one that involved driving long distances on untarred 'roads' in the country's many varying climatic conditions - an experience that would stand him in good stead in the competitive world of rallying.



The 1960 BOAC Runners-Up Award



Mike Norris and Morris - 2015

Another of Kenya's military successes – extract from Rhino Link

The following report taken from the MOD website:

**“Lieutenant General Sir Christopher Deverell
KCB MBE
is to be promoted General and appointed
Commander Joint Forces Command,
in succession to
General Sir Richard Barons
KCB CBE ADC Gen
in April 2016.”**

Born in Kenya and from a Kenya family
whose father served with 5 KAR.
We offer our congratulations to Sir Christopher.



Many members will recall that he was guest speaker at our 65th Annual Dinner in 2012.

Above L to R:
General Christopher, Brigadier John Hemsley, Tim Tawney.
