

mini-SITREP XXXIV



Eldoret Agricultural Show - February 1959. HM The Queen Mother inspecting Guard of Honour provided by 'C' Company commanded by Maj Jock Rutherford [KR5659]. Carrying the Queen Mother's Colour Lt Don Rookens-Smith [KR5836]. Third from right wearing the Colorado Beetle, Richard Pembridge [KR6381]



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2009KRA (Australia)Sunshine Coast

Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club

Sun 16th Aug (TBC)

Contact: Giles Shaw. 07-3800 6619 <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>

Sydney's Gold Coast. Ted Downer. 02-9769 1236 <Kenreg4253@aol.com>Sat 28th Nov (TBC)East Africa Schools - Australia10th Annual Picnic. Lane Cove River National Park, SydneySun 25th Oct

Contact: Dave Lichtenstein 01-9427 1220 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

KRAEA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch at Nairobi Clubhouse

Sun 8th Nov

Contact: Dennis Leete <leete@wananchi.com>

KRAENA - England

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester

Thu 2nd Jul

AGM and Lunch: The Rifles London Club, Davies St

Wed 18th Nov

Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

SOUTH AFRICACape Town: KRA Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 12h30 for 13h00Thu 18th Jun

Contact: Jock Boyd. Tel: 021-794 6823 <mcluckie@kingsleyemail.co.za>

Johannesburg: KRA LunchSun 25th Oct

Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <keithe@xsinet.co.za>

KwaZulu-Natal: KRA Saturday quarterly lunches: Hilton Hotel - 13 Jun, 12 Sep and 12 Dec

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

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

East Africa Schools' Lunch. Stonehaven Castle, ShongweniSun 4th Oct

Contact: David Leslie. Mob: 084-544 0419 <pes01@dbn.stormnet.co.za>

KRA (New Zealand)

Lunch at an Auckland Winery

Sat 19th Sep

Contact Brian McCabe. 09-817 7666 <brival@xtra.co.nz>

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Kenya Regiment Website - <http://home.comcast.net/~kenyaregiment/>

My thanks to proof readers John Allen [KR3513], Spike Bulley [KR3523] and Ayliffe Hall.

The views expressed in mini-SITREP are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor nor those of the Association

THE KENYA COAST – HAPPY HOTELS

[Douglas K. Coupar - East African Annual 1955-56]

It was a very hot morning. The heat hung over Mombasa in a heavy veil. The sun simmered in a cloudless sky scorching anyone who ventured out with rays of white-hot fury.

I had been invited to Mombasa Club for lunch. My car had succumbed. A wheeze, a kick, a cough, and it surrendered to an attack of the vapours. Ruefully I decided to walk. Before I had gone a hundred yards up Fort Jesus Road perspiration was coursing down my back. When I reached Treasury Square I knew what crossing the Sahara was like.

Seconds later, however, I was camped in the oasis of the Club. "This," I opined to all and sundry, "is as hot as I've been," adding for atmosphere that I had been on the Red Sea shores when thermometers were popping like champagne corks.

A gentleman with a walnut complexion fixed me with a gimlet eye. "This is not hot, laddie," he thundered. "You should have been here 30 years ago!" This thrust started a spirited discussion all around me. The veterans, the lads who, with a little aid from gentlemen of the kin of Walker and Haig, can almost believe they were on the quay to welcome Lieutenant **Reitz**, were off on a very fast tack.

Points I did manage to pick out from the verbal thrusts and parries were that the mosquitoes had lost their cunning, the coast was getting cooler, and the good old maladies like blackwater fever and dysentery were just not what they used to be.

"Perhaps that's why," suggested a youngster of some 40 summers, "the coast resorts are becoming more popular every year." It's a point of view, but the main reason, I think, why the coastal spas are attracting more and more custom is the ever developing amenities. The day is past when you could slap up a *banda* on the beach, bring in a few bottles of hooch and shout from the nearest hilltop that you were running a hotel. Today people want comfort and they want entertainment ... they also want their money's worth.

In this year of 1955 the whole undulating coastline of Kenya is dotted with hotels from the Tanganyika border right up to Lamu. Some are pretentious palaces where they frown on an open-neck shirt, others are happy-go-lucky resorts where no one frowns if you come in to lunch in your swimming trunks.

These hotels have been born of many a whim or fancy. One man came to Kenya to farm. He built a hotel instead. The luxury Nyalí Beach Hotel was once part of a sisal estate, another was a former W.R.N.S. camp.

Perhaps the most famous resort today is Malindi. It has been called the playground of East Africa, and not without reason, for here is everything that the holidaymaker desires. Yet a hundred years ago when the Rev Charles **New** went there, the sounds which stilled all others were the clanking of the slaves' chains and the groans of those being beaten.

Go back another 200 years from then and you get a different setting. Off shore was a Portuguese ship and in the town a great feast was taking place, given by the King of Malindi to the captain and his crew. The ship fired a *feu de joie* and with the dexterity of a magician the captain produced a silver dish of preserved peaches which he handed to the King. In return he got a pot of marmalade.

Today Malindi is a peaceful, fast-developing resort. From up-country come the farmer and the jaded business man to bathe in the translucent seas, to surf in the rolling breakers charging in from the Indian Ocean on to golden sands. It is a favourite spot for the tourist who comes to try his luck with the big-game fishing and to goggle to his heart's content in the dozens of pools and caves.

The hoteliers are a friendly group. There is no cut-throat policy at Malindi. Often you will see composite advertisements extolling the virtues of the Blue Marlin, the Eden Roc, Hotel Sinbad and Lawford's Hotel. Good places, all of them. There is little formality and the service and cuisine are among the best in Kenya.

They will tell that it is Malindi which records spear-fishing catches to gladden the heart of any goggler, and that in the town can be seen a pillar in honour of Vasco **da Gama** who came there early in the fifteenth century. Ten miles from Malindi stands the ancient Arab city of Gedi, overgrown with tropical forest until a few years ago. It is an interesting, mysterious spot. Archaeologists today still probe and search among these imposing ruins.

But back to modern Malindi. An airstrip now connects with Nairobi and Mombasa and it is hoped that soon it will be ready to receive large planes besides those of the charter services. Every hotel is modern and comfortable. The majority of them have around 20 rooms, and the Sinbad over 40.

Let's just look at one of them. I'm picking Hotel Sinbad because I have stayed there. Back in the early 'twenties young Philip **Mumford** served a tour in Kenya as an Administrative Officer. He left to join the army, came back as a soldier in 1940 and finally returned again with his wife in 1948. They intended taking up farming, but the boom in land was on by that time, so they turned their attention to the Coast and bought the New Malindi Hotel (built in 1946 by Mrs Margaret Bowker Douglass). Peter **Mumford** and his wife came out to join in the new venture.

Philip **Mumford** had always been interested in Arab architecture and with the idea of making the hotel unusual he roughed out some plans, inspired by the arches of a ruined Arab mosque in Malindi. These were turned over to a Nairobi architect and the present imposing frontage was the result. The name? "This was Sinbad's coast," Philip **Mumford** once told me, "and the name sounded good for publicity."



The **Mumford** family admit with a smile that they had a lot to learn in the early days. Terrible things happened. At the first big dinner and dance the kitchen *toto*, just as the gong sounded, threw the iced sherry consomme down the sink thinking it was dirty water!

But, "Give a guest a comfortable bed, good food and cleanliness and he will forgive you much," has been the **Mumford** motto. They have done much more, though. The service is impeccable, the bonhomie infectious. From the Poona Club

they brought head chef Joseph **Menezes**, who is now famed throughout Kenya for his curry lunches, particularly crayfish. Also from India, from the Royal Yacht Club, Bombay, came head barman Anthony **de Souza**. Like the other Malindi hotels, the Sinbad offers the best in accommodation and a fantastic variety of sports and entertainment.



Eden Roc Hotel

It is strange to think that only 30 years ago there wasn't a single hotel there. Then came Mr Pat **O'Hara Brady** who built the Palm Beach, Commander Leo **Lawford** who put up the hotel which bears his name, and, as demand increased, so came others - the Blue Marlin, Eden Roc and Sinbad.

Away to the north of Malindi lies Lamu, until recently almost a forgotten spot. It is not so long ago that air charters began to serve the island and its single hotel - Petley's, a nine-roomed, homely sort of place run by **Petley** himself, a well-known character along the Coast. In the harbour during the dhow season the craft from Arabia and India huddle together, waiting to take on their homeward cargoes of mangrove poles. Lamu is steeped in history. A walk through the old town with its quaint old houses almost meeting over narrow streets, the promenade lit with oil lamps, the sound of muezzin calling from the mosques, the bearded Arabs and Somalis, repays one with a romantic scene.



Perhaps the most famed of all coast hotels is Nyali Beach, some fifteen minutes by car from Mombasa. Here, to this luxurious hostelry, gleaming white on a rise above the beach, come the film stars and the tourists, and the up-country folks who don't mind paying a little more for extra service and comfort. There on a black marble floor, with the surf pounding on the reef less than a mile away, people dance in a setting under a tropical moon which would send a Hollywood cameraman into ecstasies.

After the first world war, Nyali was a sisal *shamba*, and a motor-propelled ferry was the only contact with Mombasa for traffic. Then, in the late 'twenties, a company built a bridge. By this time the sisal *shamba* had fizzled out and the place became derelict. Nyali Limited owned a large tract of land which they thought had possibilities. They made tracks to the beach and cleared away part of the bush for a car park where the present hotel stands. In 1938 there was an attempt to start a Nyali Club but nothing came of the venture.

When war broke out the estate was used for gun posts and other military purposes. Then development really began. Buildings began to spring up and the hotel was constructed. It is now one of the best on the coast, catering for a quality trade. New roads have been cut and bituminised and all the houses on the estate are of an approved design. Nyali, from a broken-down sisal *shamba* has blossomed into a suburb of which Mombasa is justly proud.

Also on the mainland near Mombasa is Port Reitz, a suburb which grew up around a hotel. It started in an odd way. In 1935, Mr William M. **Robertson** was running the Regal Theatre. Business was bad so he, a registered architect, designed and built Port Reitz Hotel, which from that day has always had a name for service and excellent cuisine. There is a very pleasant little beach below the hotel and before long, houses began to spring up with the hotel as a focal point. When the airport moved from Shimanzi to a site about a mile from the hotel, Port Reitz developed even more quickly.

Along the road to Malindi are dotted a number of resorts with Bamburi first then Shanzu, Shimanzi and Kikambala. Bamburi, about five or six miles from Mombasa, boasts a cluster of pleasant little hotels nestling in the palms a few yards from the beach. Some 20 years ago Bamburi was a beach with a few grass huts built by Mr **Couthino**, a Goanese photographer. There were no services in those days and anyone wishing to get to Bamburi had to push their way through a bush track. Mr **Couthino** sold out and the first hotel was built. Then a tea *banda* sprang up, and from this humble beginning has sprung a series of hotels and a much-sought-after residential district as beautiful as any along the Kenya Coast.

The new road to Malindi at present under construction will open up the area for greater development. Mostly they are family hotels in this neighbourhood - such as Coraldene, Bamburi and Ocean View -

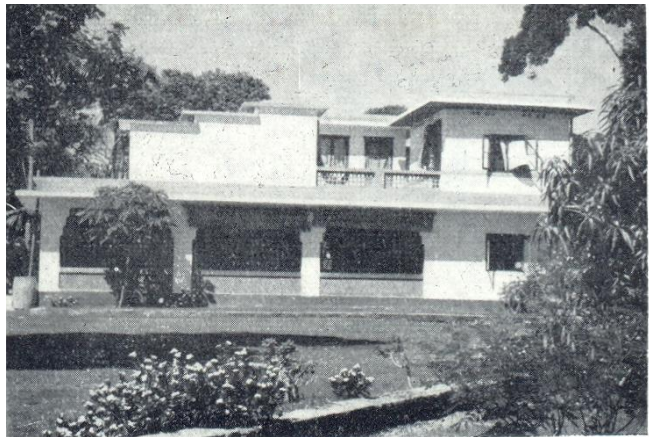
catering for the tourist or up-country visitor alike with pleasant rooms in ideal settings and presenting bills at the end of your stay which are guaranteed not to cause hysterics - either to you or your bank manager.

Typical is Whitesands. It began as a hotel, became a W.R.N.S's camp during the war for a short time and was derelict when Mr David **Durward-Brown** arrived in Mombasa in 1948. "I stumbled on the old Whitesands plot and fell in love with it," he said, "Then followed frenzied calculations, signing of deeds and so on." Buildings shot up quickly and by Christmas 1949 the bar and dining room were open, the **Durward-Browns** having sold their last Saving Certificate to stock the bar. But shoe-string or not, they fought to make it pay. Two *bandas* were ready for occupation that Easter and since then 29 bedrooms have been built. This couple have made Whitesands one of the most popular spots in the Mombasa area and their bar, built from the prow of a boat, is one of the most pleasant I know.

Further north is Shanzu. The hotel there was started during the war mainly to net the traffic from Mombasa, but so popular did it become that before long it became one of the most attractive family hotels on the Coast. Over Mtwapa Creek is Kikambala, quiet, serene and overlooking the sea. It began as a private house. Paying guests were then accommodated and the hotel started. Mr R.M. **Cubison** and his wife took it over recently and the Arab style premises are gradually being built up into a hotel renowned for its good and quiet atmosphere.

South of Mombasa, many people maintain, you find the finest beaches. The hotels there are pleasant spots, all with their own particular attractions.

Jadini, 20 miles south of Mombasa, is very much the home of the **Trench** family. In 1933 Maxwell **Trench** and his brother spent a holiday at Diani. He was so struck with the beauty of the neighbourhood that he immediately purchased two plots which he called Jadini, being the place of J(ohn), A(nne) and D(an), his three children, to whom he gave the plots and which are still owned by the family. In 1934, the Trench family built a small cottage there (**pictured right**) - the usual type of coast bungalow, of two bedrooms, a lounge and open verandah.



But they discovered that the open verandah was useless as every time there was a storm the water just poured in. They closed the verandah and while doing this added another storey. To find cash was a problem - so they collected several parties of friends to pay a small rent and share living expenses. This worked so well that by 1938 they had to build two extra cottages to take care of enthusiastic guests. So began Jadini Hotel, which has since flourished into ten cottages, catering for upwards of 80 guests. In the same area is Sandibay, another popular haunt of the up-country visitor.

Nearer to Mombasa is the Twiga Hotel on the lovely Tiwi beaches. Here proprietor Mr E. **Hughes** has a pleasant group of coral cottages well shaded by trees, one of which is a giant baobab 82 feet in circumference.

Along the South Coast is Diani Beach Hotel where children are specially catered for, and the Shelley Beach Hotel, a mere three miles from the centre of Mombasa.

There, then, you have the main resorts of the Kenya Coast; they grow more popular every year as people learn of their varied attractions.

Some months ago I remember talking to Professor J.L.B. **Smith**, the South African ichthyologist and authority on African marine life. "Big game fishing," he told me, "could become a flourishing business in East Africa, and believe me there is plenty of money in it. I believe that in these waters are fish which could break world records."

With this jet propelled world of ours, as speeds become fantastic and supersonic bangs commonplace, a jaunt to East Africa from America or Britain will be a mere nothing. Then, perhaps, the world will come to appreciate the glories of the Kenya Coast.

MEN AGAINST MAU MAU

[Ken Meadows - East African Annual/1953-54]

Official Incident Report - November 26th 1952: *In Location 15, Fort Hall, Chief Petersen and three headman yesterday became anxious about their security and asked for protection.*

By October, 1953, the present State of Emergency will have been in operation for a year. During this period the Security Forces have put in a great deal of hard work - but much remains still to be done. If this State of Emergency is to be ended quickly there must be no relaxation of effort. Everyone must do his part - and just that extra bit. For what you have done in the past I say: "Well done... and thank you. For the future - see if you can finish the job!"

GENERAL SIR GEORGE **ERSKINE**, Commander in Chief, East Africa.

Kenya's State of Emergency had been declared just over a month earlier. There was deep anxiety. The conversation wherever people met - in clubs, in village halls and in the street - was centred on two words - security and protection.

There was tension. The long, menacing shadow of the raised *panga* stretched deeper, more audaciously, over town-ships and settlements where hitherto the world and his wife had walked freely and without fear. And while the evil legions of the Mau Mau plotted and planned in forest lairs, and recruited new dupes at secret ceremonies - closely guarded haunts, and even in the quarters occupied by trusted servants of unsuspecting farmers and house holders - the icy fingers of terror and intimidation sealed the lips of men, women and children who had stumbled crazily into the twilight of a great and unknown dread.

In Nairobi the pressure and the uneasiness had been felt for some months. Extra African police, in the main Somalis from the remote Northern Frontier District, had been drafted into the city to form what was known as the Special Effort Force. They were given the task of combing out the African locations and the adjoining areas. A year later, their successors, African police volunteers from Tanganyika, were doing the same sort of job.

In the recently created Operations Room at one of the city's main police stations, a small handful of Regular Police, ably supported by a few members of the Kenya Police Reserve - men and women - toiled day and night. There was a feverish rush to complete maps and install new equipment, including radio links and telephones.

Yes... Kenya's Security Forces were then thin on the ground. The Few - the surprisingly few - worked eighteen hours a day. But what a magnificent job they did in heart-breaking circumstances!

You got the feeling that anything might happen anywhere. There was a world scoop for any enterprising reporter, like the day someone at the railway station dialled "999." Nervously, a voice said: "We've lost a train." That was the sort of atmosphere.

I took my revolver to the airport that restless night of October 20. And I remember the feeling of relief when the first planes of the R.A.F. Transport Command slid through the darkness to be silhouetted in the arc lamps bordering the runway. A confident little corporal from Manchester queried: "Do they make hot-pot here?"

We laughed. The men of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, were with us. They were the first British troops to come to Kenya's aid.

Ten months later when they were to be relieved by the 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, fresh from Korea, the Fusiliers were to hear the Governor, Sir Evelyn **Baring**, praise the success of their campaign against 'an elusive and savage enemy'.

Patrols in the clammy bamboo forests on the slopes of the Aberdares.... But let 22783547 Fusilier Joseph **Wavering**, of HQ Company, 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, continue the narrative: "The same routine goes on for days - the evening camp, the morning ambush and our bag of prisoners.... "If Mrs Smith could see her Sammy at the moment, huddled beneath a sopping blanket with the ground turning into a quagmire, she would most probably faint. Hour after hour we trudge through the clinging mud.... We find a cleverly concealed tunnel, and, after an hour's hard digging, we come across an ingeniously built room directly under the base of an old fig tree....

"There was the most terrible stench from the carcasses of three porcupines which the Mau Mau had evidently stored for food.... We made the hideout untenable...."

Joe **Wavering** wasn't exaggerating about the conditions. This signal from a British subaltern, who had been ordered to move quickly to a new post, is on the file at GHQ: "My present rate of progress is 100 yards per hour."

But progress in other directions was not so tardy. In April, 1st Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, 1st Battalion, The Buffs (The Royal East Kent Regiment) and Headquarters 39 Infantry Brigade were flown out from England. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John **Harding**, who had made a tour of the danger zones, had decreed: "Mau Mau must not be allowed to spread further."

Very soon the newcomers were fighting alongside the battalions of the King's African Rifles - later to be reinforced by 3rd (Kenya) Battalion who had earned an enviable reputation in the jungles of Malaya - and the Colony's own European force, The Kenya Regiment, which, in a very special sense, had borne the brunt of the struggle since the Emergency was declared.



These sons of settlers had left their shops and offices and farms to man new posts in the heart of the Kikuyu Reserve. They were on the enemy's doorstep. Their knowledge of the African and his language, their courage and discipline, brought new hope to the timid. They laid the foundations of a growing army of African loyalists, the Kikuyu, Meru and Embu Guard, who were later to kindle faith and fortitude among their faint-hearted kinsfolk. Pictured above is Ihururu Home Guard post in the South Nyeri Reserve, which has been subjected to a number of terrorist attacks

Prominent among these loyalists were a number of chiefs and headmen whose deeds of heroism were to echo around the world. Their strongholds in the Reserves became the main targets of the terrorists' fury. For many hundreds the stand cost them their lives. Hundreds more became marked men. But thousands were convinced and converted by their example.

*Press message from Nanyuki: Further Mau Mau incident occurred at Timau. Dead dog found at junction of Isiolo/Marania roads with notice affixed threatening lives of Chiefs **Muhoyo** and **Eliud**.*

In June, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief, East Africa, General Sir George **Erskine**, broadcast these words: "I must give you quite clearly my conception of the role of the Kikuyu Guard. First of all they are rallying points for loyal members of the Kikuyu. They are not a private army and they are not a tribal dictatorship.... For the time being some of them are armed and ready to defend their idea of

democracy with a bullet.... I don't want any sloppy sentiment put over in my name, but people should know that loyal behaviour and respect for the law will bring its own reward in a happier and more stable Kenya."

Not a private army because this was not a private war. Even the men of 'D' Force, once called "a private army", wouldn't dispute that. This group of Nairobi businessmen just felt that something more was required, and that, perhaps, their wartime experience as chindits, paratroopers, commandos and special service men, might plug a few gaps. They placed their services at the disposal of the authorities. All who joined were not even from East Africa. Records show volunteers from Britain, South Africa and Europe - among them men who were only visiting Kenya. [Ed: John Allen [KR3513] was with 'D' Force KPR from its inception in October 1952, serving for several months before moving to the KR Survey Section when it was formed]

They made their headquarters in the foothills of the Aberdares. They brought security to lonely dwellers in the threatened valleys. They operated in close liaison with the men and machines of the Kenya Police Air Wing. The latter was a small force, but it achieved remarkable results in its "spotter" role, and in providing ground forces with food and supplies which it would have been virtually impossible to deliver by road.

"Not a bad road for Kenya." A phlegmatic British Tommy made this comment to his chum as he hacked his way along a choked forest path. His words were picked up by the bush telegraph and sent back to GHQ where they are preserved as a monument to the philosophy of an unknown, uncomplaining soldier in the face of adversity - and lurking danger.



Patrolling a bush-covered hill-side

Military observer reporting: "*They'll never get through,*" said the Platoon Commander gloomily. He was watching African soldiers of the East African Army Service Corps loading supply trucks for a trip through the rain-soaked jungles of Mount Kenya. The roads around the Kikuyu Reserve have, even in good weather, a claim to being the worst in the world. During the rainy season the narrow jungle tracks curling down precipitous valleys, turn into liquid paths of mud.

But the officer was wrong. Those trucks did get through. His men were fed, and his ammunition stores replenished.

Trucks and vehicles of a different kind have been used to bring succour to men in the front line. The posters read: "Volunteers wanted for duty as Farm Guards." At the weekends - and often during the week - scores of town dwellers forgot their golf clubs, buckled on their pistol holsters, and made haste to give a few days' relief to some hard-pressed farmer who was finding the defence of his livelihood and his property against the roaming gangs of marauders more than two pairs of hands (of course his wife was there!) could reasonably manage.

They didn't wear uniforms, these volunteers, but like many hundreds of others they played a generous part in the efforts of a heterogeneous army that is known simply as - the Security Forces. They were among 'the other ranks' - the citizens' force that kept watch and guard over hearth and home.

The idea of Home Guards for Nairobi was suggested months before the Governor proclaimed the State of Emergency. Crime in the city had increased alarmingly, and it became obvious that some system of home defence must be evolved if Regular Police and Police Reservists were to meet the sterner demands that loomed ahead. The response was remarkable. Thousands of citizens of all races were enrolled as vigilantes, and, organising themselves in groups with their own section leaders, they carried out nightly patrols in the areas of their own homes. Some were armed; others had sticks and batons.

So conscientious were these wardens, so closely integrated their plans for mutual protection that crime slumped in an extraordinary fashion.

Press report: *Action taken by two Home Guards - a butcher and his partner - while patrolling their area near Kibera village at night resulted in the arrest of two Africans, one of whom is stated to have figured prominently on police black lists.*

Then there were the armoured cars of the Kenya Police Reserve Emergency Company which roamed far and wide in support of the forces of law and order. On one occasion they even negotiated the narrow, rock-strewn tracks on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro to help in a round-up of Mau Mau sympathisers in the Northern Province of Tanganyika.



A mine-detector used to search for hidden weapons

Operating elsewhere in the Colony, and often under the most trying conditions, were the East African Independent Armoured Car Squadron and the gunners of 156 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery. Over the tangled forests, on bombing missions which struck terror into the hearts of terrorists, Harvard aircraft of the Royal Air Force have played a notable part. And even the Royal Navy had a role to play, for in the earliest days of the unrest the Marines were standing by at the coast in case their services might be required.

In truth, Kenya's Security Forces might be described as an International Brigade - men and women of all races welded together in many distinct units, but all inspired by the determination to end the disorders that have done so much to retard the peaceful progress of the Colony.

And among them, place high on the list the members of the Kenya Regular Police - men who by some miracle have drawn on reserves of energy that have made sustained efforts possible. For, as the official pronouncements from time to time have reminded us, this has been essentially "a police action".

London Gazette, August 12, 1953: *Seven members of the Kenya Police Force - three European officers and four African Other Ranks - have been awarded the Colonial Police Medal. One award to an African was posthumous. The citations in each award record outstanding bravery in actions against the Mau Mau since the start of the Emergency.*

The day was fine for 22-year-old Lance Corporal George **Mills**, of 1st Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment. His battle dress had been newly pressed. His beret sat jauntily on his head. He was kicking his heels outside the RSM's office at Buller Camp, Nairobi - waiting for the plane that was to take him back to England - and 49 Avebury Road, Stirchley, Birmingham.

His five years in the Regular Army were over. So were his days hunting Mau Mau terrorists in the clammy bamboo forests of the Aberdares. George was returning to a far pleasanter pastime - catching butterflies along the hedgerows of quiet English country lanes. George is a member of the local Natural History and Philosophical Society. He has a collection of 150 butterflies already. "I was a little bit scared on those patrols sometimes," he confessed. "I remember when twelve of us were walking along a small track when all of a sudden I saw the bushes moving - and two black heads popping up and down. We opened up with Brens, rifles and Stens. One man was killed." And then: "I like Kenya. The weather's grand. And the people have been very hospitable. I enjoyed that four days' stay on a farm in the Molo district."

East African Standard, August 24, 1953: *Surrender terms are to be offered from today to Mau Mau adherents. Meanwhile, as the psychological offensive is mounted, there will be no let-up or slackening of action by police, troops and other SF against terrorist gangs. This kind of action will be intensified.*

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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

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

[Laurence Binyon]

Since m-S XXXIII was posted in December 2008, we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Adam, Brian Eric [KR4815] 03/02/2009. Melbourne (Giles Shaw)
Aimable, David Paul [KR4556] 16/09/2008 Cornwall (Ellis Hughes/Giles Shaw)
Balabanoff, Jeanette w/o Willie [KR3724] 18/11/2008 Gauteng, South Africa (Keith Elliot)
Barkas, Anthony Charles Kingston (*Rogue*), MBE [KR5866]. 03/02/2009 Nanyuki (Iain Morrison)
Barrett, Robert Jusse [KR3512] 02/02/2006 Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)
Collier-Wright, Christopher John [KR7066] 08/02/2009. London (John Davis/Iain Morrison)
Evans, Kenneth [PSI] 2008 England (Iain Morrison)
Griffiths, David [KR7233] 22/12/2008. Kenya (Pete Smith)
Heller, Robert Rudolph [KR4976] 08/09/2009. Australia (Dave Lichtenstein)
Jacobs, Otto Erich [KR7095] 02/01/2009. Queenstown, South Africa (Rex Jordan)
McPherson, Alan Donald [KR432]. 05/2007(?) England (Iain Morrison)
Peatling, Hugh Graham [KR6891] 07/12/2008. Somerset West, South Africa (Geoff Trollope)
Ragg, Peter Goodwin [KR296/3789/5610] 01/04/2009. Durban (The Witness)
Seaborn, Richard Anthony [KR4200/5796] 16/1/2008 England (Iain Morrison)
Thomas, Brian Leonard [KR3740/5774] 28/02/2009 Nanyuki (Dennis Leete)
Trustram Eve, Major Roy, OBE, DL [KR Adj1] 20/05/2009. England (Justin Templer)
Turton, Robert [KR7281] 23/03/2009. Western Australia {Alan Turton)
Vorster, Pierre [KR3745/5765] 01/03/2009 Pretoria (Tom Stephenson)
Wilson, Lt Col Eric, VC [11 KAR] 23/12/2008. England (Iain Morrison)

NOEL SIMON

Noel **Simon**, who has died aged 86, was a pioneer of conservation in East Africa; as founder, in 1955, of the Kenya Wildlife Society he helped to shape the ethical framework of conservation that was to make Kenya one of the leaders in the field.

Simon was one of a small minority of Europeans and Africans in the late 1940s and 1950s who worked unselfishly for the welfare of the African terrain and the wild animals that called it home.

But Simon's contribution to wildlife conservation extended beyond Kenya itself. Whilst still in its early stages, his Kenya Wildlife Society became deeply involved with the Tanganyika government's controversial proposal to excise the Ngorongoro Crater from the Serengeti National Park.

Although this matter was nothing to do with the Kenyans, the Tanganyika National Park authorities respected and welcomed the society's initiative; and when it became clear that the government was determined to excise the Crater, it was Simon who proposed that the loss to the Park should be compensated for by an award of land reaching northwards to link up with the Kenya Masai Mara. His proposal was adopted, and some 2,000 square miles were added to Serengeti to embrace the full migratory range of the wildebeest, something that has since been of great benefit to Kenya's tourism industry.

By now Simon had the reputation of a man who could get things done, and he was invited to join the Royal National Parks of Kenya, where he rose rapidly to the post of deputy director under the first director, Col Mervyn **Cowie**.

Simon was largely responsible for persuading the colonial government to recognise the seriousness of the threat from poaching to the country's most important National Park, Tsavo, and to provide the means to counter it. Working closely with David **Sheldrick**, the founder warden of Tsavo East National Park, Simon arranged a series of meetings with the governor, the commissioner of police, the provincial administration and others, which led to the effective anti-poaching campaign of the 1950s. This initiative, under the overall command of **Sheldrick**, cleared the Tsavo National Park of poachers for the next decade.

Noel Murray **Simon** was born at Cliftonville, Kent, on Christmas Day 1921. He married twice and is survived by a daughter of his first marriage and the son of his second.

MAJOR ROGUE BARKAS, MBE

[8th October 1920 to 3rd February 2009]

[Robin Davis]

Rogue was born on 8th October 1920 in England and was the only son of Brigadier Thomas and Phyllis **Barkas**. He was looked after mostly by his grandparents as his father and mother were in the army and subject to postings all over the world.

He went to Prep School at Winton House and then on to Cheltenham College B a tradition that has been followed by two of his grandchildren: Simon, who finished two years ago and Olivia, who is in her final year. He excelled at sports there and, during his time, played for England Schoolboy Colts at Lords. He was also Captain of Racquets and Hockey.

From there he went to Sandhurst in 1939 until War broke out, when he served in the Durham Light Infantry (DLI). At this time his father was commanding the Garrison at Mombasa and he persuaded his son to come out to Kenya and join the 5th Kings Africa Rifles (KAR), which Rogue duly did. During the War he served in Somalia and Ethiopia, after which he was posted to Madagascar to remove the Vichy French. Then there was Burma.

Whilst still serving in the KAR he met and married Peggy (**Boyd**) in this very church (Nanyuki) in 1946. Peg=s brother, Robin and I were the ushers. This began a wonderful partnership and they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary two years ago. This is an amazing achievement and all five of their children with their families were present, together with some of you, to celebrate.

Soon after he was married he was posted back to Bourden in Hampshire, where they spent two years with the Somerset Light Infantry, before returning to the DLI in Dortmund, followed by Berlin. This was a wonderful time for him, with no war to fight and a great opportunity to enjoy all the sport that he must have sorely missed. Once again he excelled, becoming Army Squash Champion; he represented Combined Services in cricket and hockey as well as playing polo. He was also a great gymnast, boxer, javelin thrower and shot-putter, and skied as often as he could.

Rogue=s words were AI was a soldier for 20 years, but I think the best posting I ever had was when I was told I was going to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia to train young Kenya National Servicemen". Back in 1951 in Kenya there was a revival of the Kenya Regiment going on now that the War was over. A team of professional soldiers was being put together to provide a six month training course for future members of the Regiment as a form of National Service. With Rogue=s experience in the KAR it was felt that he would be very suitable and he joined the team setting up a training school. There were no facilities at that time in Kenya. These courses were to provide a valuable base from which the Kenya Regiment was later able to operate in the emergency. Dennis **Leete** and I attended the first course in Southern Rhodesia and a small story emerges. On the course was a very *kali* Scots Guardsman, CSM

Cameron, known for ever after in the Regiment as *Rumbleguts*. To quote Rogue: AWhen King George VI died, CSM **Cameron** walked into the barrack room during a rest period after lunch and ordered all the cadets out on parade. When we had fallen in, he addressed us as follows: AHave you heard the news, very sad news? His gracious majesty King George VI has died.@ A pause and then: AI don=t blame him B he probably heard he=d got you horrible lot in his army. Parade Dismiss. Back to your Egyptian PT. Move!@

Some two years later Rogue was posted to Lanet, where new training facilities had been set up in Kenya. He continued to train the young entrants for another 2 years until he decided to leave the Army and come back to Nanyuki to run the farm at Umande.

Rogue was selected to join the Kenya Hockey Team to go to the Melbourne Olympics, but sadly he had an accident in his car, broke his arm and was unable to go. At about this time he was appointed a representative for Pfizer and used to drive all over East Africa with his great friend, Ted **Martin**, selling their products.

When he moved to Nanyuki he was able to resurrect the polo as well as to stir up the squash, tennis and later, when polo came to an end, supervise the making of a new golf course inside the perimeter of the old Race Course. He was elected on to the Nanyuki Sports Club Committee and was Chairman for a great many years. In due course Independence came along and Rogue became a Kenya citizen very early and was totally committed to the new Kenya. His foresight and understanding of the importance of racial integration was an example to everybody and he was greatly admired by the multi-racial community. When the farm at Umande was sold they moved to their house in Nanyuki.

Rogue was appointed as Liaison Officer for the British Army. As he had been a regular soldier he was ideal for negotiations for training bases, when the various regiments came over to Kenya for training. It appears that Nanyuki is unique in being able to provide a large variety of training grounds, all readily available, within a short distance from the base camp in the ASK Grounds. His knowledge of the various types of country was invaluable to the British Army and, it appears that this part of the world cannot be bettered anywhere else in Africa. For this work and advice he was subsequently awarded the MBE.

In his younger days he was also a great climber of Mount Kenya. He once took a bet of Shs 1,000/- that he would not be able to go up and down Lenana in one day, which of course he won easily as he went up and down the mountain a lot! He also loved deep sea fishing and in 1965 caught an all Africa record sailfish at Kilifi, a record which we believe still stands. So you can see that he was very active, right up to the last year or so, when his health deteriorated. He gave his support for so many years, in so many ways, in particular with the Nanyuki Sports Club, as well as being the local representative for Unga and Heritage Insurance.

DAVID PAUL AIMABLE [KR4556]

David Paul **Aimable** was born in 1935 in Dar as Salaam, in the old British colony of Tanganyika. His father had gone to East Africa to help run the East African Railways, which served Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. David was brought up among expats who were employed in the colonial service, worked on the railways or were miners. David became involved in the latter as a young teenager, bluffing his way into jobs about which he knew virtually nothing - but he soon learned, gaining experience and skill in the tough mining camps of East and Central Africa.

During the Mau Mau Emergency in the early to middle 1950s, he served in the local defence forces, and saw regular action against the insurgents. Once the troubles were over, and the British granted independence to those former colonies, David felt it expedient to decamp to England, and he fetched up in London, where he drove double-decker buses. However, the call of mining was too much for him, and in 1962 he moved to Cornwall and got a job at South Crofty Mine. Early on he was appointed shift boss, but he soon reverted to his favourite position of machine man.

RON McDONELL [KR3923]

[21.06.1932 to 19.10.2008]

Ron came from Kenya pioneer stock, as the **McDonells** were part of the original settlers in Kenya. His parents were both born in England and were strongly loyal to their heritage. They went to Kenya as farmers, architects and missionaries. They had a propensity to produce daughters, replicated by Ron with his three girls!. Thus they built the Limuru Girls' High school to ensure their offspring would be well educated.

They designed and built churches, and as farmers introduced tea into Kenya - A.B. **McDonell** was accredited as the first tea planter. Ron's aunt was greatly loved by the community and was said to be the first nursing sister in Nairobi. The Cecily McDonell Training Hospital was named in her honour. His aunt Louis ran the Royal Sagana Lodge and as a young man Ron danced with **Princess Margaret**, and often commented on the remarkable colour of her eyes, which were a deep purple.

He grew up in Kenya and even in those days things were quite wild and rural. Probably after watching one of the early films, he and his cousin Don **Drury**, riding their horses and dressed as a cowboy and a drummer boy, greased the railway line between Limuru and Kabete at its steepest point. They watched from the vantage point of a nearby tree, and when they saw the results of their exploits climbed higher and higher to ensure they were not detected. The railway carriages had concertinaed and the train came to a shuddering halt. One of the guardsmen lost his false teeth and the language that followed was not repeatable. It took many spades of sand on the line for the train to continue. The brave pair remained up the tree for a considerable time contemplating the magnitude of their wicked deed.

After school Ron volunteered to enlist with the Kenya Regiment during the Mau Mau uprising. He was a very fine shot and represented Kenya at Bisley. He went into farming and soon realized that it was not for him and he joined the film industry, which was to become his life-long career. He made films such as Tarzan's Greatest Adventure, and Tarzan the Magnificent, in which he starred in a minor role as Sean **Connery's** wicked brother. This came about as he was the only person who could drive the jeep, an essential prop in an important scene. During his work he came into contact with stars such as Gordon **Scott**, Grace **Kelly**, Katherine **Hepburn**, Clark **Gable**, Harry **Belafonte** and James **Stuart**.

From there he went into television, when it was introduced into Kenya. He was a cameraman covering news and documentaries and was often in the news himself, when he was imprisoned while covering wars and revolutions throughout Africa. He worked on this continent during its most turbulent years and managed to get the only film coverage out of Zanzibar during the revolution. He covered the Tanganyika uprising, where he also spent some time in prison. He met the Heads of State in many African countries and also those in Britain, Europe and America. His documentary on the Turkhana won him an international award.

In 1964, he was offered a position with Visnews and Reuters to cover the Rhodesian situation. He was once more imprisoned in Zambia during the Non-Aligned Conference. This incident was recorded in the book 'Banana Sunday' written by Chris **Munnion** of the Daily Telegraph. At the Lancaster Conference in London, he and **Mugabe** had a serious confrontation and he was asked to leave Zimbabwe. He was then offered a position with S.A.B.C. running and training their film crews. He retired in 1992.

In retirement he went to Mtunzini and ran his own safari company called ECO PEEKO. He also volunteered to open and run the Richards Bay Tourist Office. Thus he fulfilled his life-long love of wild life and the bush.

Later in his retirement, Ron and Jackie lived in the UK and when Jackie ended her teaching contract they went across to Canada and America and bought an RV, which Ron valiantly drove across the length and breadth of the continent. The trip had an inauspicious start with 9-11 almost scuppering it entirely. Fortunately it went ahead and they had a ball and really travelled, as modern day gypsies, in their modern RV for a caravan, meeting interesting people along the way. When Jackie was offered a teaching post in Zambia, they moved there for five years and became a significant part of the Mkushi community. Ron, in keeping with his family tradition of building churches and founding schools, supervised the building of South Church in Mkushi. He assisted Jackie and her employers, when they

built the school at Falcon Farm. He was dearly loved by all the children and parents and he enjoyed participating in all the school activities. He also taught the handwork and computer lessons.

At this year's Prize Giving, the school stood for a minute's silence in his honour and I am told that there was not a dry eye amongst the whole gathering. He and Jackie both loved their Zambian experience and were often the life and soul of the party, including a most memorable geriatrics' trip on Lake Kariba.

Ron fought cancer and diabetes for many years, but he still managed to live life to the full. He will be sadly missed by all his family and friends.

Comments made by the family at his funeral:

His granddaughter, Kirsty: "Grandpa was my hero. He had such an exciting life and went to so many interesting places. He loved Nana in great huge, dollops and always enjoyed teasing her. There is not another man I know who would wear brightly coloured kikois and be completely unselfconscious about how he looked".

Lauren his granddaughter: "Not many people I know have had such an interesting and fulfilling life as he had. He was also a very loving and caring man and would always take time to be with us and fix all our toys".

Karen his daughter: "Mom and dad came as a pair, and if you got one you always got the other. Recently I asked Mom to help with a trust that I support to assist Aids' Orphans in Soweto. Dad came as well and could be relied upon to assist, where it was needed. There is a photo of him cutting up meat for the children's lunch that has been placed in the trust's magazine. As a family we named them 'Pooh and Piglet' with Dad always on an 'explore' with Mom tagging valiantly at his side, in typical Piglet style, never knowing what to expect next and trying to be brave".

Jackie his wife: "Life with Ron was never boring, as he always seemed in the centre of some revolution, uprising, war or human tragedy. He was marched around at gun point, shot at, imprisoned, dangled from a helicopter by his camera strap, when he was flown in to cover a story; and many times lived under the threat of deportation. Only twice he received visible evidence of the rigours of his profession. In both cases it came in the form of a shiny black eye.

"The first occurred when he was making a film on fashion and had to 'shoot' models swaying down the ramp at RTV. Ron always enjoyed the sight of a pretty girl and was thoroughly absorbed in the shot when the dolly - a platform on wheels to ensure there were no uneven movements of the camera - he was using came to an abrupt halt and he and his camera met with some force. Thought this explanation of a dolly was necessary knowing some of his fellow members of the Regiment might just have misinterpreted the word in question! He valiantly continued shooting, what man wouldn't in these circumstances. The next day his accident was written up in the "Look and Listen" magazine of RTV. Where the writer said it was lucky for him that his wife attended the event or who knows what other injury he might have received!

"The second occurrence occurred deep in the bush at Chimoio, where he was covering the Rhodesian advance into Mozambique to destroy the camps from which terrorists were infiltrating across the border into Rhodesia. He and some other pressmen were left at the base, together with the army doctor, while the troops went out to reconnoitre the situation. They had a SAS fellow with them to make sure they did not make any false moves that would alert the enemy of their intentions. Night came and they lay down to sleep and Ron, in usual style, started to snore. The SAS man could not call out to stop him so he aimed at rock at him to keep him quiet. Thus his second black eye all in the call of duty!"

LT COL ERIC CHARLES TWELVES WILSON, VC

[The Times December 30, 2008]

Eric **Wilson** won the first Victoria Cross to be awarded in the campaigns in Africa during the Second World War. His story is one of persistent yet seemingly nonchalant gallantry as, by his lights, he was simply doing what he was trained to do. He stuck to his precious guns to the bitter end and so certain was the brigade staff that he had been killed in the enemy's final attack he was awarded a posthumous VC. But he survived to fight in two more campaigns.

Mussolini's declaration of war on June 10, 1940, two weeks before the fall of France, found him with no enemy immediately to hand. He therefore ordered his forces in Abyssinia to attack the nearby British colonial garrisons. In August, three columns each of brigade strength with tanks and supported by bomber and fighter aircraft crossed into British Somaliland south of Hargeisa and headed for the Tug Argan pass leading to the seaport capital, Berbera, on the Gulf of Aden. The Somaliland Camel Corps delayed the advance from the frontier, covering as best it could preparation of the main defensive position astride the Tug Argan pass.

Wilson, then a captain, commanded the Camel Corps machine gun company. His task was to provide fire support for the Northern Rhodesia Regiment manning the central sector of the front across the enemy's path. So far as the terrain allowed, he positioned his water-cooled Vickers medium machine guns where they could strike the enemy in the flanks when they moved forward. But, because of the width of the front, several had to be sited frontally with wide arcs of fire. Having briefed all his gun crews, he joined the most forward pillbox on Observation Hill overlooking the enemy's main approach.

The Italian attack opened on the morning of August 11 with an artillery bombardment of **Wilson's** positions. A shell of the first salvo exploded immediately outside the embrasure of his pillbox, blowing the Vickers off its tripod and wounding one of the crew. To **Wilson's** surprise the weapon was undamaged and he had it in action again within minutes, but the next salvo killed the corporal in charge of the gun, wounded **Wilson** in the right shoulder and left eye and smashed his spectacles.

During the afternoon he detected an Italian mountain artillery battery working its way up from the road to the pass. He had its range and opened fire, only to receive an immediate retaliation from the enemy's fixed-charge high-explosive shells. Counter-battery fire from his own artillery and a tropical downpour brought action to a halt for the day.

Next morning the Italians began to push forward small groups of infantry and artillery that worked their way along the sides of the Tug Argan gap to attack the British positions at close quarters. Then, on August 13, the enemy launched a large scale assault, overran the British artillery position and renewed their fire on **Wilson's** machinegun posts. On the 15th two of his guns were blown to pieces but he continued to man his own gun until the position was overrun. The citation for his VC, gazetted on October 11, 1940, opened with the words, "For most conspicuous gallantry on active service in Somaliland" and ended with, "The enemy finally overran the post at 5pm when Captain **Wilson**, fighting to the last, was killed."

He had been taken prisoner, however, not just wounded but suffering from malaria. This only became known in April 1941 when the 5th Indian Division captured the prisoner of war camp at Adi Ugri in Eritrea, where **Wilson** was being held. Together with other prisoners, he had almost completed a tunnel for a mass escape attempt when they awoke one morning to find all their guards had gone. By then he had learnt of his award from an RAF officer who had been shot down and taken to the same camp.

Eric Charles Twelves **Wilson** was born in Sandown, Isle of Wight, the son of the Rev C.C.C. **Wilson**. He was educated at Marlborough and Royal Military College Sandhurst from where he was commissioned into the East Surrey Regiment in 1933. He had been attracted to Africa since boyhood through stories told by his grandfather, who had founded the Church Missionary Society station in Buganda in 1876. So, after four years with the East Surreys, he volunteered for secondment to the KAR and served in Tanganyika with the 2nd (Nyasaland) Battalion until he secured a second secondment to the Somaliland Camel Corps in 1939. On release from the Italian P.O.W. camp he volunteered to join the LRDG Group operating round the flanks of **Rommel's** Afrika Korps in the Western Desert.

His knowledge of desert conditions proved a useful asset but, at the end of the North African campaign, he went to Burma as second-in-command 11th Battalion King's African Rifles. He took part in the advance of the 11th East African Division down the notoriously disease-ridden Kabaw Valley to establish a bridgehead over the Chindwin at Kelawa. He then contracted scrub typhus and spent two months in hospital before being medically downgraded and returned to East Africa. He spent the final months of the war commanding the Infantry Training Centre at Jinja in Uganda.

Wilson left the Army in 1949 to join the Overseas Civil Service in Tanganyika, where he served until independence of the British East African countries led to his retirement in 1961.

He joined the staff of the London Goodenough Trust for Overseas Students, where his fluency in Kiswahili, Gikuria and Chinyakusa stood him in good stead. He was the honorary secretary of the Anglo-Somali Society, 1972-77, and again from 1988 to 1990.

He married Anne **Pleydell-Bouverie** in 1943. The marriage was dissolved in 1953, and in that year he married Angela Joy, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. **McK Gordon**. He is survived by his second wife, one of the two sons of his first marriage and one son of his second. His death leaves nine surviving holders of the Victoria Cross.

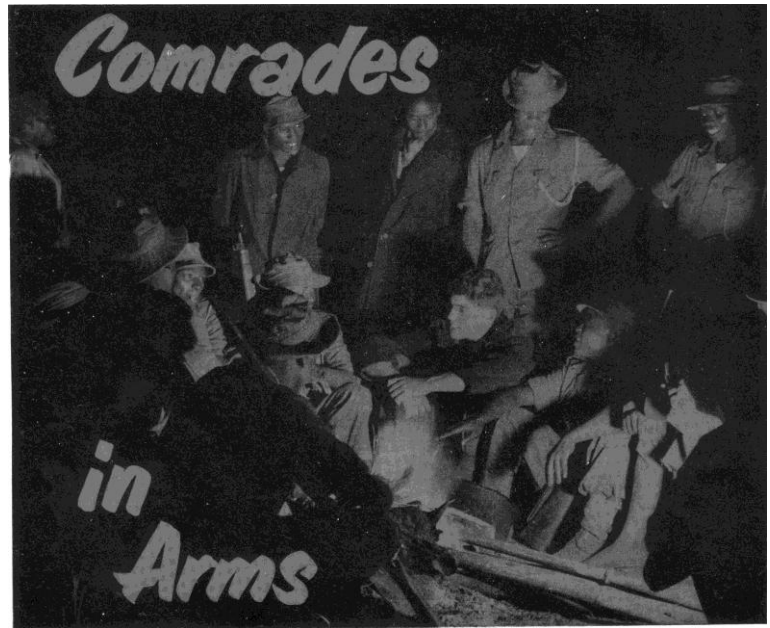
Lieutenant-Colonel Eric **Wilson**, VC, was born on October 2, 1912. He died on December 23, 2008, aged 96.



*Rag Jones asks readers to identify the teams and players; and what was the occasion, when and where?
[Ed: Centre in striped shirt, standing: Gordon Gobie?]*

COMRADES IN ARMS

[Anthony Lavers - East African Annual 1955-56]



Forest fort commander David Petrie [KR4507] talks over the day's patrol work with his men around a camp-fire

Photos: Duncan **Whitfield**

*Although only a few are mentioned, this article is intended as a tribute to all the brave young men serving as officers with the Kikuyu, Meru and Embu Guards. Among those the author, Anthony **Lavers**, visited when gathering material was District Officer Peter **Nicholas** [KR4326] who shortly afterwards was awarded the George Medal.*

Taking the struggle against Mau Mau terrorism into enemy territory is a rapidly increasing number of fighting units whose individual records would provide good material for a Hollywood war epic. They are the Tribal Police Combat Units which are led by young Europeans. The units garrison a chain of forts stretching from Kiambu to Nyeri deep inside the terrorist-infested Aberdare and Mount Kenya forests.

The forts are part of the Government's policy of demonstrating that the rain-soaked mountain jungles are no longer a safe refuge to the bands of murderers whose hopes of putting Kenya's clock back to the days of tribal barbarism were shattered by the Army, the Police and the 22,000-strong band of steadfast loyalists known as the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru Guards.

Forest outposts are the latest development in the evolution of the Kikuyu loyalist movement. What began as persecuted groups of tribesmen living in constant fear, passed through the stage of co-ordination into unpaid bands of volunteer fighters, and was finally incorporated into the uniformed and disciplined Tribal Police organisation. It is today one of the most valuable weapons against Mau Mau in the Colony's armoury.

Much of this metamorphosis was the result of the loyalists' own courage and devotion to duty. But another cardinal factor was the decision to recruit local European youths to train and lead the Guards. Untrained, and equipped with only the poorest of native weapons, the Kikuyu loyalists in the early months of 1953 must have seemed most unpromising material to a casual observer. But they had two great war-winning virtues - unflinching courage and the determination to stand and, if necessary, die for their faith in Christ or, in the case of thousands of pagan tribesmen, their belief in the Government and their adherence to tribal customs violated by Mau Mau.

Major General Robert **Hinde**, then Director of Operations, recognised these vital points. He asked an

Australian officer, Colonel Philip **Morcombe**, to take on the task of welding the nondescript levies of Home Guards into an effective fighting force. Colonel **Morcombe** toured the Reserves, gained first-hand information and decided that European leadership was essential for his purpose. For the leadership he looked to the young men, most of them born and bred in Kenya, who had spent all their lives among Africans and knew them best.

The Kenya Regiment's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Guy **Campbell**, needed every man he had in those difficult days, but the Kenya Government decided to allow some to be drafted to the Administration. Others came from the Kenya Police Reserve, and later there were volunteers who came straight from civil life into the thick of guerrilla warfare against a cruel, vicious and elusive enemy.

Terrorism had the upper hand in the Reserves. Gangs of up to 200 armed terrorists, supplied with food and information by the mass of Kikuyu, were able to launch large-scale raids against posts such as an attack on Othaya Police Station in April 1953, in which 80 terrorists were killed or seriously wounded in an effort to breach the defences of the post. [*Ed: Ernie Day [KR4210] was post commander - see m-S VIII pp32-34*]

Poorly fortified Guard posts were over-run almost daily and every living thing inside them destroyed. At Kiriaini Guard post, defended only by a single barbed-wire fence, blood lay two inches deep on the floor of a shop used as a slaughter pen for the wives and children of the Guards who died fighting at their stations.

But terrorist attacks usually failed where there was a young European officer in the post. The Guard officers had little time for organised training programmes, but they ensured that each post had its simple but effective defences of sharpened bamboo stakes, drawbridge and earthworks, and they could control their men's fire and direct it to its best use. Later, as more officers were drafted to the Guards, the loyalists began to come out of their posts and attack.



Outpost of law and order in once dominated Mau Mau forest has outer defences of thousands of panji bayonet-like bamboo stakes

The battle against Mau Mau had no set fields. It surged across the Reserves from one isolated ridge to another. Today a Guard post might be attacked, tomorrow a trading centre burned out or a gang located on a food foraging expedition. Wherever terrorists could be found they were chased and hammered. Mobility was nine points of a battle with an enemy who would not stand and fight. The Guards, with a thorough knowledge of the country and only their weapons to carry, were the best men for the task.

The battle for the Reserves was not easily won, and could not have been won without the fine work of the Army and the Police. But the Guards bore a heavy share of the fighting. Blunting the terrorist knife cost them dearly. By March 31,

1955, a total of 56 Tribal Policemen and 653 Kikuyu Guards had been killed, and 40 Tribal Policemen and 354 Guards seriously wounded. But they had dealt far worse blows to the gangs. The Tribal Police and Kikuyu Guard had, by the end of March this year, killed 3,827 terrorists out of the total of 8,400 accounted for by all branches of the Security Forces operating in the Central Province of Kenya.

Loneliness and discomfort, mingled with spells of acute danger, are the lot of the Kikuyu Guard officer in the field. Each of the 128 officers now serving in the Central Province has about five posts to control. He moves from one post to another, organising patrols and ambushes and arranging combined operations with the Army and Police. He maintains close liaison with other branches of the Security Forces, though in this fluid war much is left to his own initiative. If a gang comes into his area he notifies the nearest Police or Army base, but he must go out after the terrorists himself.

In the early days of the Guards organisation the young officers - often barely out of their 'teens - had to contend with a formidable test of nerves. Often the only European in an area seething with Mau Mau

one of the cardinal aims of whose secret oaths was to kill white people - he daily, hourly had to expect an attack on his stronghold. And when it came he had not only to contend with the enemy outside but to wonder whether there would be treachery within - for the terrorists sometimes filtered into the loyalist movement - and Kikuyus frankly admitted that it was impossible for a man to be certain that his own brother had not taken the Mau Mau oaths. Only in action could a man give proof that he was a true loyalist.

The young officer's job is one which has called for the highest courage as he lives remote from his own people, a bravery tested minute by minute, day by day, month by month.

Several Guard officers lost their lives, and many others were wounded, during the fighting in the Reserves. But the build-up of Army and Police units and the strengthening of the loyalist organisation has achieved its object. Today the Reserves are almost free of large gangs, and the fight has switched to the forests.

Big military drives, such as Operations "Hammer" in the Aberdares and "First Flute" on Mount Kenya, have paid dividends. To reinforce these operations and to maintain a constant threat to the enemy inside the forests, the Administration began in the early months of 1955 to build its chain of forest forts.



Jungle patrols led by Peter Nicholas (left) and George Price (right) not only have to move through the dense, silent bamboo forests, always alert for an enemy specialising in ambush, but also have to fight their way down and up densely clad slopes of precipitous ravines

Typical of Kikuyu Guard leaders, and one of the first to enter a permanent forest base, is District Officer Peter **Nicholas**. **Nicholas**, a former Police Air Wing pilot, entered the Kikuyu Guard as a District Officer in the Lari area of Kiambu in January, 1954. He had just recovered from a serious accidental shooting injury, but it was not long before his men, most of whom had relatives among the 200 slaughtered in the Lari massacre, began to make a name for themselves.

Nicholas led his Guards in an action in March, 1954, in the Kikuyu Escarpment forest in which nineteen terrorists were killed. When the Lari area was under control he formed a Kikuyu Guard Combat Unit out of 30 picked loyalists.

It was the second to be brought into being. These men, now paid and uniformed Tribal Policemen under the scheme brought into force late in 1954, have killed 70 terrorists and captured seven precision weapons in six months - an outstanding feat against an elusive enemy.

The unit divides its time between spells in one of the five forts in the Escarpment forest and camps on the forest edge. In April this year part of this unit fought a night-long pitched battle in a terrorist hideout located in the Gachera area of Kiambu. Peter **Nicholas**, with only six of his tribal police, attacked the gang at 1.30 a.m., occupied the hideout and killed nine men. For the next four hours the terrorists tried to dislodge the loyalists.

A final burst of automatic fire from the Combat Unit dispersed the gang, but in the morning, when **Nicholas** began a detailed search of the hideout area, he and his men ran into an ambush of eleven terrorists. They fought their way out killing another three. The total accounted for in this action was twelve, with three precision weapons and ten home-made guns captured.

Nicholas' camp on the edge of the Escarpment forest radiates enthusiasm, energy and the best kind of discipline that which stems from mutual confidence and a determination to win. Most of his Tribal Policemen, who wear jungle green combat dress and rubber soled canvas boots for silent movement, had relatives murdered by Mau Mau.

"I can send any of my section leaders on patrol with the certain knowledge that they will complete the job, however long or hard it may be," Peter says. "If they find tracks, they will trail the gang until they lose them or make contact."

Top: Back in camp, and the first job is to see the men get a good meal; Centre: In the rain soaked forests weapons must have daily care. Bottom: Peter Nicholas and Wilson Karera Chege, his sergeant-major, map out a route for the next patrol. WOII Chege was the first civilian Kikuyu to offer to fight for the Government when the Emergency was declared in 1952.

Five miles inside the bamboo forest lies Fort North, one of the five jungle strongholds in this area. The approach is along an elephant-track which even the hardy jeeps find difficult going in wet weather. The fort - an enclosure of bamboo stakes and earthworks ringing a row of tents - stands in a bamboo glade surrounded by the myriad stems of giant grass.

Here, David **Petrie**, 19-year-old son of a retired Kenya Treasury official. commands another 25 Tribal Policemen. Recently he was joined by a second Guard officer who had served 18 months in the Kenya Police. During the first month these two young men spent in Fort North they had only one day's rest from patrolling. For the rest of the time they had each taken out a section every day for a ten-hour patrol covering, on an average, no less than 20 miles of some of the most difficult country in Africa.

A little local geography shows just how difficult this country is. Within the five miles between the camp and the Sasamua dam on the South Kinangop plateau are fifteen streams and their tributaries, each with its own precipitous, bamboo clad valley. Movement through bamboo jungle gives human beings all the emotions of ants struggling through the close knit stems of a turf lawn.

Fort North's bitter cold and all pervading dampness - clothes left uncovered inside a tent are soaked by morning - do not encourage late nights. "As soon as we've finished supper, unless we're on night operations, we go to bed," said David. "It's the only warm place in camp."

The green and yellow monotony of the bamboo is another telling factor in the life of these forest fighters. They move from one fort to another at regular intervals - the change affords a marked psychological relief. With 40 square miles of bamboo to police, the unit finds constant patrolling essential. "If we stayed in camp too often," they say, "we would start to get browned off. It's much better to keep doing something."



In addition to their energy they have to have monumental patience, for contacts with the gangsters are few. In the first month the team's three sections covered some 1,200 miles on patrol, but had only two contacts.

"But it keeps the gangs moving," the young officers say. "They can't take it easy when they know we are here in the forest." In other parts of the Reserves, Kikuyu Guard District Officers find themselves doing a variety of jobs. Arnold **Hopf**, a Fort Hall Guard officer who has fought his way out of seven terrorist ambushes, now helps to administer a division of the district.

In Kiambu, Guard Officer R. **Giffard** runs a confessions team which has yielded valuable information about the terrorist passive wing, and another young Kenyan, John **Lloyd Davies** [KR4391], has organised a series of Guard posts in the European settled area of the same district.

The gallantry of individual Guard officers has been recognised by civilian decoration such as the MBEs awarded to District Officers Neville (*Spike*) **Powell** [KR4158] and Paul **Berry** [KR3863]. (Although most Guard officers are members of the Kenya Regiment, they are not eligible for military decorations.)

Guard officers, other than those seconded from the Kenya Regiment, or Kenya Police Reserve for limited periods, serve on either monthly or two-year contracts. Many have done so well on the administrative side of their work that they have been encouraged to apply for permanent Administration posts.

But the Guard officer's main duty is, and always has been, to lead the loyal Kikuyu against the groups of fanatical murderers who have brought disaster on their tribe. The fight will not cease until they have banished the fear which seeps through Kikuyuland.

But living, leading and fighting with the Kikuyu loyalists, the Kikuyu Guard officers have built a comradeship between black and white which augurs well for the future of Kenya.

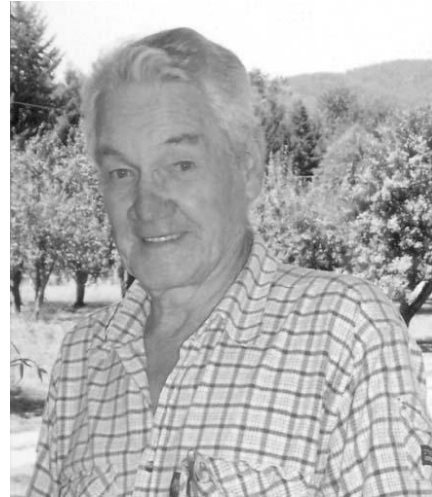
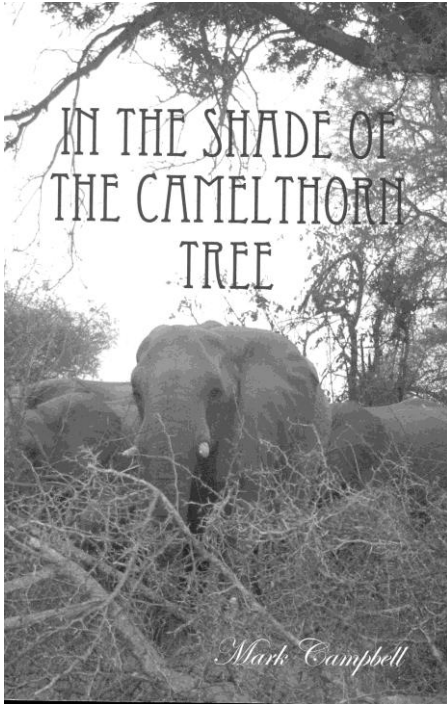


(Punch – February 2, 1916)

FIRST LADY: "That's one of them Australian soldiers".

SECOND LADY: "How do you know?"

FIRST LADY: Why, can't you see the kangaroo feathers in his hat?"

BOOK REVIEWIN THE SHADE OF THE CAMELTHORN TREE

Author, Mark **Campbell**, was born in Nairobi and is the eldest of four siblings. During his early years his father, Ewan, made his living from hunting. When Mark was ten his family moved to Uganda where his father worked as an engineer and supplemented his income by hunting. Mark and his two younger brothers attended boarding school in Nairobi.

They would travel by train at the beginning of every school term, then travel back to Kampala for the holidays. His sister, the youngest, was born in Kampala.

When Mark was in his early teens his father said to him “It’s about time you started to earn your keep, my boy, you are going to be my chief stooge and camp bottle washer.” In other words, he had to make himself useful when he was out hunting. Mark shot his first buffalo at fourteen and his first elephant at fifteen. He grew up hearing about his parents’ past experiences and promised his mother that one day he would write a book about their safari life. This is it.

[Ed: *Following the death of his wife Shelley, Mark (Chum) **Campbell Gillies** [KR6275] spent six months in USA where he completed his book. He mentions that his full name, Malcolm Vivian **Campbell Gillies**, was too big a mouthful, so he opted for Mark **Campbell**!]*

Titled *In the Shade of the Camelthorn Tree*, the book is published by Lulu under the name Mark **Campbell**. ISBN 978-0-557-02349-3

Mark writes: “Each chapter is a short story on its own, all factual experiences of my parents when they later hunted in the Kenya of old. I tried to make it light, and feedback from US readers indicates it to be a ‘delightful publication’, with amusing incidents and anecdotes.

“Obtainable online from the publishers www.lulu.com - search under Mark **Campbell** or Camelthorn. The specific page is: <http://www.lulu.com/content/4691351>.

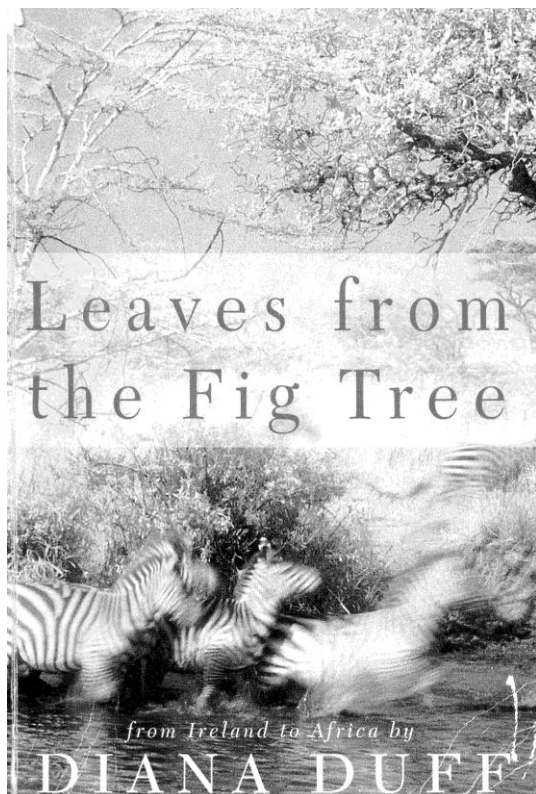
“**Lulu** will ship to anywhere in Africa excluding Nigeria and Ghana. I’m unlikely to become rich or famous but at least I have managed to have a book published.

“**Amazon**, from whom the book can also be obtained, is reluctant to use the South African postal system”.

LEAVES FROM THE FIGTREE

[Diana Duff]

A beguiling memoir of both the lost world of the Anglo-Irish gentry, and the allure and beauty of Africa.



Raised by eccentric grandparents at Annesgrove, an Irish stately home, Diana **Duff** grew up surrounded by family ghosts, banshees and buried treasure. At the age of 18 Diana entered the glamorous world of fifties' Kenya, where she married a young officer in the Colonial Service [Ed: Robin Duff [KR4096/5701]].

Later, during the heady period of African independence, she and her husband moved southwards, first to Dar es Salaam, and finally in the 1960s to South Africa, then at the height of apartheid.

Leaves from the Fig Tree combines the Irish charm of Angela's Ashes with the appeal of Karen **Blixen's** *Out of Africa*, to make for an enthralling and delightful memoir.

Robin died 27th July 2007 in Johannesburg where Diana now lives.

Leaves from the Fig Tree is printed by Double Storey ISBN 1-919930-14-0.

CORRESPONDENCE

Roger **Bond** [KR7231] <rogerandelspeith@eject.co.za> [20/01/2009] from Durban: I was attending the partial eclipse of the sun event at the Botanic Gardens today and realising I would probably need to cover my bald patch, grabbed my KRA cap. At the gardens I was busy doing what stargazers do when suddenly there was a *Jambo Habari* from one of the other viewers - it was Andy **Cobb** [KR6799] and his wife Jane, who had recognised the cap. Our paths did not cross during school and KR years but vaguely remembered playing rugby against Andy. Anyway, it was great to meet up again and hope we can make one of this year=s lunches.

Ball-bearings and a Lancaster. John **Harris** (KR4485) <nairobi012@bigpond.com>. The article by Frances **Nicolaisen**, "The Ball-Bearing Run" (mini-SITREP XXXIII, pp. 30), and the runs made by the Mosquitos, of which I had read over 50 years, awakened my memory about ball-bearings made in Sweden during the war.

Last year I came to a temporary halt (the Douglas C-47 needs attention) on the restoration to museum standard of an Avro Lancaster B.Mk.VII (FE) after working on it for 29 years, the first few years with my wife, Wendy, but with three others who joined about 20 years ago. This aeroplane was in poor condition as it had sat outside the Perth Domestic Airport Terminal beside the car park protected only by a simple mesh wire fence. Vandalism was rife, entry was gained by smashing in the cockpit roof and when this was fixed to bar entry they broke in through the escape hatch. Anything that was removable was stolen, radio gear, fuses from the electrical panel and even the glass covers over the interior lights!

Instruments that, luckily, could not be unscrewed were wantonly smashed with the handle of a screwdriver. The aeroplane also had extensive surface corrosion on its skinning which had to be cleaned off and treated before painting.

After some seven years we managed to raise enough money together to add to a grant received from the WAY 1979 Committee (to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of settlement in WA), to build the first building to house the few aircraft we had and a vast array of power plants. The poor Lancaster was destined once again to stay in the rain and heat for another six years, after moving it from Perth Airport to the RAAF Association complex in 1979, before another huge building was erected in 1983 to house it, the Douglas C-47, Avro Anson, CAC Wirraway, CAC Canberra, Supermarine Spitfire F.Mk. 22, DH Vampire T.Mk.35 and an Aermacchi M.B.326H A7B025, camouflaged as used by 25 (City of Perth) Squadron plus a whole lot of associated bits and pieces.

But I digress. One of the areas I worked on was down at the aft area by the tailplane. Two items there are a chute for small pyrotechnics and another larger one called a pyrotechnic ejector (from which I know the photo-flash was dropped), both of which required a minor amount of work after I had manufactured and replaced the missing floor of the fuselage. Part of the ejector has a slipstream protector that is wound out to protect whatever was dropped out of it from being jammed by the slipstream forcing the first part out against the mounting. This 'flap', for want of a better word, is wound in and out on a threaded spindle that is driven by an electric motor; slipstream forces were great and so the flap has four ball-bearings to assist its deployment. On taking this flap out to clean and repair as necessary, lo and behold, the bearings were stamped "MADE IN SWEDEN".

Were these bearings some of the ones brought over on these daring trips cited in the article or were they just imported towards the end of the war as this Lancaster was not finished by Austin Motors, part of their wartime contract, until June 1945? I think they would have a very interesting story to tell.

Jeannie **Chandler** writes: My Dad, John **Black** (aka as 'Ian' **Black**) was born, in Nairobi, on 6th March, 1912. The booklet, entitled "EAST AFRICAN FORCES - Officer's Release Book" has the Number WD 943 at the top of the document. Dad's Regimental Number was 345283. His rank was War Substantive Lt. His Unit was 56 (T.T.) K.A.R. More detail of his service would be appreciated. [Ed: *I forwarded to Jeannie the Glasgow address where KR and KAR records are held.*]

Bruce **Mellor** <brucemellor@hotmail.com> [19/02/2009] from UK: Have just received from the National Archives UK, the following full copy of **Penhallurick's** citation:

"Unit: King's African Rifles, attached 2nd Ethiopian Battalion B.M.M.E.
Rank: Lieutenant [Local/Captain] **Penhallurick**, Percival Murray.
Previous awards, nil.
Action for which commended:

"For conspicuous gallantry in action: - On 11th Nov. 1941 this officer was commanding 'B' Company of 2nd Ethiopian Battalion during the attack on GENDA Fort. He led his company with outstanding courage, ability and dash.

"For three hours after the outer defences of the fort had been captured he attacked the main building which was strongly fortified, from a range of less than 100 yards. He led several assaults on this building with hand grenades and his sub-machine gun. He set a magnificent example to his Ethiopian Officers and men, showing a complete and utter disregard for his own safety in face of the grenades and heavy rifle fire and light automatic weapons which concentrated their fire on his position. His personal example of courage was largely responsible for the capture of the outer defences of the fort and his conduct throughout the four hours of the attack was beyond all praise.

"Recommended by Geoffrey **Benson** Lt Col Commanding 2nd Ethiopian Battalion

“Recommended by Charles **Fowkes**, Major-General Commanding 12th [African] Division and British Troops in Ethiopia. L.G. 8-7-1943.”

Any info regarding **Penhallurick**'s service would be much appreciated

Robert (*Stooge*) **Stocker** [KR3794] <bahati@shaw.ca> [14/01/2009] from Canada: Thank you for sending mini-SITREP XXXIII, which as usual was well done and a very good magazine to remind us all about our roots and friends.

Yes! I remember the fight with the **Enslin** family. They were a bad bunch and all, mother and sisters included, joined in the fighting. I think there were four or five boys. John was the eldest son and fairly powerful. It was slightly different from the **Mike Innes Walker** [KR4426] version. Mind you this happened about 60 years ago, one's memory gets a bit disorientated as one gets older. My version of what actually happened was that **Gordon Goby** [KR312] was involved in an altercation with one of them outside the club. The rest of the **Enslins** then went outside and when I heard my good friend **Barney North Lewis** yelling **AStooge!**@

I rushed out to find two oafs on top of him, so I piled into them and fought as hard as I could. They eventually left. **Gerry Adam** [KR4159] took me to his home and his mother patched me up, black eye, swollen lip, bleeding nose, etc. As I was meeting a girlfriend at the dance I had a bath, and did not look too bad.

I was a bit worried about repercussions as I lived on my own near **Nel**'s bridge, a long way from the nearest neighbour. So I got hold of a trek chain - we used oxen for ploughing and collecting water, etc - and practised whipping the abundant, stunted thorn trees. I became quite accomplished and could cut through and drop a thorn tree in one swipe. Lucky for the **Enslins** as they never came near my place - I would have used the trek chain on them!

I remember the rugby game. It was against Old Cambrians, and even though it was some 60 years ago I can, with a few exceptions, remember our side and their positions:-

Backs: 15. **John Tweedie** [KR581]; 14. **Tom Meintjies**; 13. **Mike Innes Walker** [KR4426]; 12. **Jim Hindle**; 11. **Flossie Fliess** [KR3615]

Half backs: 10. ??? (I can see his face but can't remember his name! His wife used to breed bull-mastiffs, and I met their daughter in Australia); 9. **Stompie Jones** [KR316] - at 42, the oldest man in our side.

Forwards: 1. ???; 2. **Johnnie Schultz** [REAN]; 3. **Jaapie Kruger**; 4. **Gert Barnard** [KR3796]; 5. **Robert Stocker**; 6. **Gordon Goby** (Capt); 7. ???; 8. **Derek de Haaf** [KR3043]

Only three names elude me - too many punches to the head? [*Ed: If anyone can supply the missing names, better still a photo of the team, please let me have them*]

Stan Bleazard [KR4242] <stanbleazard@hotmail.com> from Western Australia: Just had the pleasure of reading cover to cover the latest bumper edition (m-S XXXIII), for which many thanks. The publication just gets better each edition. 'Legion of Frontiersmen' article (pp53-56) is very interesting. I hope it will provoke responses that will bring to light further information. Here's a snippet that you may find of interest: As a young man I was friendly with **Gordon Ross**, who grew up on the family farm at Sabatia, established by his father, Major Charles Joseph **Ross** DSO. Gordon told me that his father had been a member of the Legion. This is confirmed to some extent in a book about the Major entitled 'Born to Fight', Page 180 (ISBN 0 9581356 0 6). After the Boer War, Charles **Ross** moved to East Africa where he became an inveterate ivory poacher, not just in the Lado enclave. All attempts in Kenya and Tanganyika to catch him failed, though the Germans jailed him for a spell when they caught

him attempting to rustle cattle across the border. Perhaps on the basis 'set a thief to catch a thief', **Ross** was appointed Game Ranger by the Kenya Government in 1907, I think very likely on the recommendation of Game Ranger Blaney **Percival** and W Robert **Foran**, Assistant Commissioner of Police. For the next fifteen years Major **Ross** gave exemplary service, serving with **Ross's** Scouts in the East African Mounted Rifles 1914 B 1918.

**

Stan continues: If you need a filler, thought the following topical extract from Count Zsigmond Szechenyi=s >Land of Elephants= [Putnam, London 1935], may be of interest.

“Nairobi 1932. A deal has changed since I was last here. Things have been moving. Three years ago there were exactly two hotels, one worse than the other, and only one solitary desolate-looking, little bank. Since then three brand-new, four-storeyed hotels have shot up from among the rows of unambitious bungalows, and two mighty modern bank buildings, complete with marble halls and money into the bargain, and plenty of it. For here in East Africa, however improbable it sounds nowadays, people still have money. Liquidations, even bankruptcies proper are no longer the unknown quantities they were three years ago. And even here may now and again be heard sighs of regret for those eternal "good old days", and here too the axing of labour is beginning.

“But for all that, this is still another world - a better one. And those sighs going up on all sides are, so to speak, for the most part crocodile sighs B at present. For the people here complain more for form's sake than for anything else. There is so much misery and trouble all over the world, think they to themselves, that it would be sheer tactlessness on our part to say we're still all right. Everybody who is anybody in Europe and America has gone bankrupt, or is going bankrupt, or will be bankrupt: going bankrupt is almost on a level with being "well brought up". People might say we're uncivilised savages: none of us even goes bankrupt. Even if we do live in Africa we know how to behave. That is the impression which the complaints of hereabouts make on me.”

Mules and myths - using mules against the Mau Mau.

[Letter to the Daily Telegraph by JOHN WARD April 22, 1988. Newcastle upon Tyne]

SIR-I have followed with interest your learned correspondence about **Hannibal**, elephants and the Alps (April 12, 14, 15, 16). It calls vividly to mind, a more modern (1955) epic involving mules in Kenya. As a National Service second lieutenant in the King's African Rifles it is true I was not yet the equivalent of GOC, Carthaginian Forces. However, being younger than **Hannibal**, I felt time was on my side.

We were ordered to cross the Aberdare Mountains (height 9,000ft) in one night and take the Mau Mau silently in the rear. Mules were to carry our supplies. We were almost shot by, I think, the Gloucesters because nobody had told them we were coming. The mules were frightened of the dark and bolted. The mountains were so steep the loads fell off and the mules had to be both pulled and shoved.

They were too fat to squeeze between the bamboo which had to be cut down. Eventually on to the plateau, their hooves sank into the peat. We had to dig them out, without spades, and carry them. Then we had to go back and carry the loads. What was meant to take one night took five days. We went so slowly that, between mule carrying, I read two paperbacks on the march. What was meant to take place silently took place amid a cacophony of noise, oaths in Swahili, the sound of falling trees and noises from elephant, rhino and buffalo as they crashed in fright through the forest ahead of us. Only **MacNamara's** band could have added to the pandemonium. A Mau Mau informer told me later he had heard us two days before we arrived!

If this was the best army in the world, what, we reflected, could the worst be like? **Hannibal** probably felt the same, only more so. Carrying those elephants must have been no joke.

Roger **Dracup** - one-time Kenya cop - <rojun@alumni.ecu.edu.au> [14/01/2009] from Australia: In response to the article - Mau Mau murders of Kenya Settlers - by William **de Villiers** in m-S XXXIII

(pp5and6), I was involved in some of these cases when I was a Kenya Police officer. I served in the operational area for the whole of the Emergency, and was stationed at various times at Nanyuki, Naro Moru, Nyeri, Thika, Naivasha and Molo. In 1952/3 I was a member of the six-man team led by Ian **Henderson**, which investigated, prepared and presented at Kapenguria, the case against Jomo **Kenyatta et al.** I have a few anecdotes which might help you fill in some of the gaps in his research.

I think that both Joan **Hook** and Percy **de Batard** were murdered by the Mau Mau at Nanyuki. Joan was the wife of Raymond **Hook**, the well known authority on Mt Kenya. Her twin daughters were Amber and Hazel (named after the colours of their eyes). She was, therefore, sister-in-law to Commander Logan **Hook** RN, who ran the Legion of Frontiersmen, and the Silverbeck Hotel. I believe she was murdered in her bed at her farm just outside Nanyuki, but I don't know the date.

Percy **de Batard** was a member of the (large) **Bastard** family, but changed his name early on. He was a bachelor living down the road to Rumuruti. I believe he was also murdered by the MM but I have no details [*Ed: Percy was attacked on his farm by local watu and as a result hospitalised in Nairobi. However, he died at home in 1965. Percy did not get on with his father and after a serious disagreement changed his name and moved to Canada. Born in ±1890, he was small in stature but lion-hearted in every sense of the word. In WWI he served in the trenches with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, was wounded, hospitalised in UK, returned to France, was wounded again and finally repatriated to Canada to convalesce. After his father died his mother implored Percy to return to Kenya. He did so, apparently reluctantly, and settled down to farming near Nanyuki, remaining a bachelor for the rest of his life and firmly resisted his mother's cajoling to change his name back to Bastard!*]

While I was at Molo two settlers were murdered, as was the Indian *duka* owner at Mau Summit. I cannot now remember their names but the name of **Mason** seems to ring a bell. I am not sure now whether or not the Emergency had been officially declared to be over at that time. I know that I was convinced that MM was alive and well, and functioning in my area at that time, though I could not persuade any officers further up the ladder that this was the case. They had decided that MM was dead and gone, and that was that. I thought otherwise, but that did not fit their agenda. They did not want to know about it.

Starting at the top of your list, Peter **Dene**, DFC KPM, was an ASP in the KPR when he was killed at Thika in The Battle of Xmas Eve on 24.12.53 - in which Major **The Lord Wavell**, Black Watch, and others were also killed. After his demise I rented his (**Dene**=s) house on his coffee *shamba* from Peter's brother, who also farmed coffee nearby. I was terrified one night when I woke in the small hours to sounds of 'General' **Kago** and his gang marching through 'my= coffee blowing bugles, whistles and banging drums and shouting imprecations about the Security Forces. They could not have known that I was there. Peter is buried at Thika, and I visited his grave on a later return to the country.

Tony **Gibson** was a nice fellow, and I counted him a friend. I was greatly saddened by his murder. He had been a RN officer during the war. He is buried at Naro Moru, where I was present when **Princess Elizabeth** and **Prince Philip** attended evensong there on the night that **King George VI** died. Next day we had to close down Nanyuki in a hurry so that we could get our new **Queen Elizabeth** onto a Dakota at Nanyuki Airstrip, and fly her to Entebbe where a larger plane was waiting to take her to London.

James **MacDougall** was a grand old man whom I also counted as a friend. I was an investigating officer into his murder, and appeared on UK TV as a result. He is buried at Nyeri.

Jim **Candler** was known to me, he was a DO and not a settler. He was ambushed in the Fort Hall area when on duty as a member of the Security Forces. He should therefore not appear in your list. There was also a settler's son, **Semple-Fisher**, who was murdered and buried at Nyeri; he was a member of the KPR at the time and therefore should not appear in your list.

I was the Investigating Officer into the murders of Mr and Mrs **Bruxner-Randall** at Thika. We became friends as a result of this case. They are buried side by side at Thika. Their farm manager was a member of the Kenya Regiment and currently lives in Natal.

JR **Stephens** was the well respected Nairobi tailor who also had a farm at Nyeri, where he spent his weekends. He was Worshipful Master of the Mount Kenya Lodge of Freemasons of which I was also a member. He made me an officer in his Lodge. When the Emergency started we changed our meeting

time to Saturday afternoons so that we could all regain the safety of our homes in daylight after our meetings. I think I am right in saying that JR **Stephens** was ambushed and killed on his way to Lodge. I still proudly own a coat hanger bearing his business motif, which came to me with a suit he made for me.

I knew both the **Leakeys** quite well and, in 1952, rented a house from them. In 1948, I was out walking with three friends, **Ozzard**, **Camps** and **Sardisty** and when passing a farm house the owner came out and invited us in. This was Dr **Leakey** and his wife Mary. We stayed quite some time and were royally treated to drinks and sumptuous lunch. I then spotted something on their mantelpiece. "Is that a VC?" I asked. A Yes!@ It was the VC, awarded posthumously to their son Nigel in the Abyssinian Campaign. The **Leakeys** were delightful people. He was a 'blood brother' of the Kikuyu tribe and I was greatly saddened at the manner of their passing, buried alive no less.

There was also an army doctor who had been on leave down to the coast when he was ambushed on the way back - somewhere near Sultan Hamud I think. He was sitting in the back of the car as a passenger when he was slashed through the rear window. His name was **O'Reagan**.

Colin **Billowes** [KR4385] <billowes@magma.ca> [10/12/2008] from Florida: Greetings and the compliments of the season to you all. This was a relatively uneventful year apart from the investment losses which so many of us incurred. Fortunately I took some evasive actions so have not had to sell the Rolls [*Ed: Some guys have all the luck!*] yet but the losses were not inconsequential. What makes me so angry is that the incompetents who ran the banks so badly are all still walking off with large fortunes in compensation while we, the taxpayers, are bailing them out. I become more convinced, the older I get, that we have passed the reins of power to a younger generation, many of whom are semi-literate idiots with the attention span of butterflies.

Health wise I think I am in better shape than last year when I was still recovering from a bad reaction to Lipitor, the cholesterol drug. The old body is creaking and groaning a bit more each year but I'm still whacking tennis and golf balls around with some assertion but relying more and more on experience and treachery to beat the youngsters (that's the 60-year-olds). One of my playing buddies is now 90 and still hitting them good and moving well so I hope there are a few more miles in me yet.

Just got back from a trip to UK where I attended council meetings of the Institution of Engineering and Technology (formerly the Inst. of Electrical Engineers). Happily, these took place within a few days of the annual meeting and lunch of the Kenya Regiment where I was able to meet some old friends from nearly 60 years ago, when I served in that body. I found that my anger at some of the recent revisionist history books about the 1950s Mau Mau rebellion, which look at those events through modern norms and attitudes, was shared by my old friends. I wrote to one of the authors of one such book telling him that both whites and blacks were being viciously slaughtered by the terrorists at that time and we had little option but to defend ourselves. Needless to say, he did not reply.

Talking of the Regiment, I learned they now have an archive where any memorabilia can be safely deposited as it is intended that they will be left to something like the War Museum when we are all gone. I have a collection of about 75 books and documents about Kenya in the 30s, 40s and 50s but most of it is not about the Regiment so I am still looking for a place for it, so that it is not thrown out when I go. Apparently there is a newish body being formed in UK to collect the history of the colonial period which looks a promising depository.

I also learned that Len **Weaver's** History of the Kenya Regiment, which was being completed after his recent death, has hit all sorts of problems apparently connected with his collaborator claiming copyright over parts of it. It now seems likely that there will be two books but who knows when?

Last May I had to attend an earlier set of engineering meetings in London and by chance, the new QUEEN MARY 2 was sailing the day after they finished, so I was able to claim a berth - brought back happy memories of sailing to Kenya in 1951 and returning to UK in 1956. The big difference was that the QM2 is about eight times heavier than the old SS KENYA CASTLE on which I sailed to UK, and has stabilizers which meant that even in the gale we hit, the boat barely moved.

The most expensive cabin (suite) on board the QM2 cost \$28,000 for which one also got a balcony and a small, real garden. Needless to say, I had the cheapest inside cabin, but it was still very comfortable. I think the most impressive thing on board was a full blown planetarium. It's still the best way to travel. In 2010, I'm hoping to go on another cruise, organised by KRA(Qld) around the Great Barrier Reef.

Last Spring, my Florida car *1987 Olds wagon* was showing signs of wanting to retire so I looked around for something nice and cheap to replace it. I was fortunate to come across a beautiful 92 Cadillac, in almost mint condition at a give-away price which I added to my classic collection. I really believe it was only driven by a little old lady to church on Sundays.

I have returned to writing down my life story after a break of several years. It is well on the way to completion but it won't be a best-seller as I have no intention of having it published!

I'm also trying to make a pictorial history but I'm being driven crazy by the software which explodes at regular intervals as I try and insert or move something. It's more evidence to support my view of the younger generations.

So dear friends, these are just a few of the publishable bits about my antics this year. As usual, I'll be doing the Post Office and the card makers out of their ill gotten gains by emailing those of you who have it. Last year I only had to send six by post. I'll give the savings to a worthwhile charity.

Spike **Bulley** [KR 3523] recalls, somewhat sketchily [*Ed: Spike's words*], his time with the Prince of Wales School O.T.C. 1940-1944. How could I have overlooked, or even worse, forgotten the photograph on the back page of the No.3 Millennium edition of *Buffalo Barua?* Captioned "The First Officers - 1937", two names are immediately familiar, **Gledhill** and Jack Raymond **Forrest** [KR3](OTC).

In 1940, my first year at the P.O.W., *Ginger Gledhill* taught at the school (he also played rugby for Nondescripts), as did Major **Forrest**, nicknamed *Bush*. More importantly, *Bush* controlled and commanded the Officer Training Corps (OTC). *Bush* was passionate about the OTC and his enthusiasm infectious. He was one of those rare characters who could maintain discipline and yet remain popular with the boys. In short, he was a good guy and a fine man.

The OTC at this time was structured to feed officer material to the Kenya Regiment, but as the war progressed, it became apparent that OTC training was inadequate for this purpose, and the OTC became the Junior Training Corps (JTC).

Subsequently, and I'm hazy on dates here, St Mary's raised a platoon and this became affiliated to the POW Cadet force. The Duke of York, on its formation in the late forties, also affiliated and the JTC became the Combined Cadet Force (CCF).

Much of the training was confined to the parade ground, and the result was a company of well drilled cadets. Drill rifles, with bayonets, were .303 Lee Enfields of WWI vintage, with filed- down firing pins.

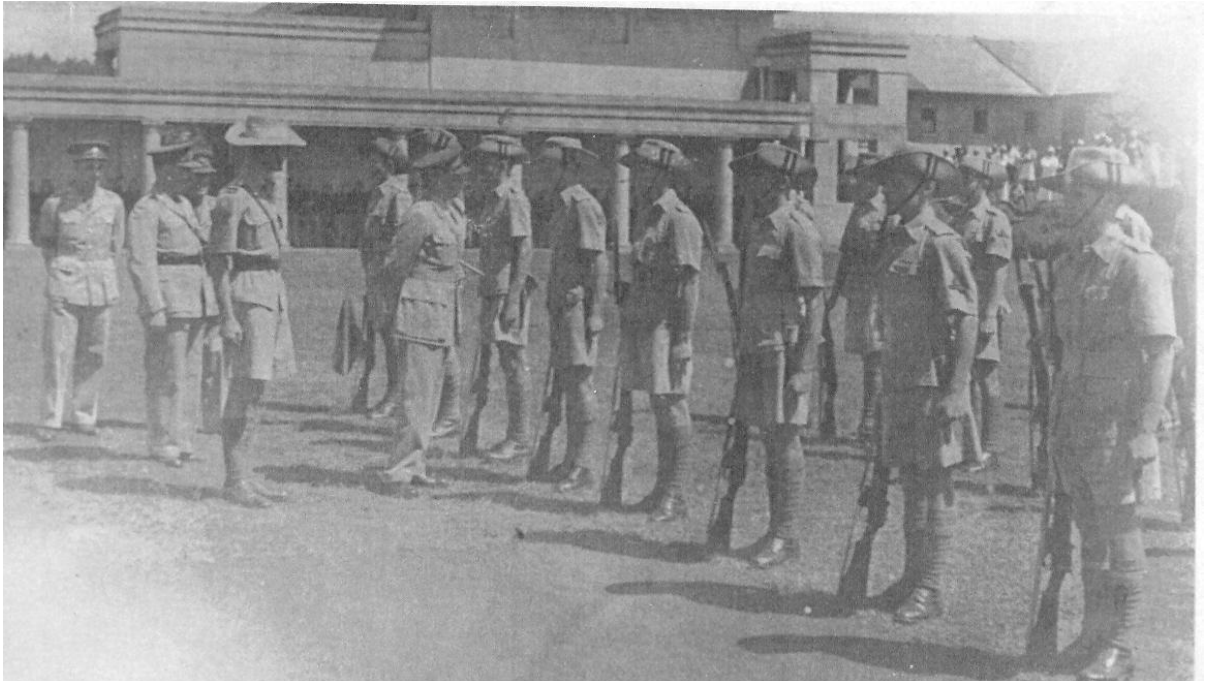
Parade ground drill was supplemented by map reading, compass and rifle instruction, and somewhat limited infantry field manoeuvres. Before leaving school, cadets were examined for the Certificate 'A' award. The tests set for Cert. 'A' were both practical and oral, and each cadet was required to run a mile in under six minutes to prove physical fitness. The run was the last of the tests for Cert. 'A'.

Cadet uniform consisted of black ammunition boots, knee-length khaki puttees, khaki shorts and tunic, slouch hats with flash, khaki web belt, and brass OTC shoulder insignia and buttons. The senior ranked cadet was given the rank of Cadet Under-Officer and was privileged to wear a Sam Browne belt. I cannot recall his insignia of rank; it wasn't a conventional pip, but a shoulder lapel flash of some sort.

The big event of each year was the parade of the Guard of Honour on Empire Day, the 24th May, or was it Remembrance Day in November? The parade was a march past with band, and a high ranking official, usually military, taking the salute. A fine spectacle!

I'm covering a period that goes back more than 60 years, my memory falters, and I am uncertain on the OTC shoulder insignia. Was this a flash or a brass letter OTC, or nothing at all. The slouch hat emblem, from the photos seems to have been a flash in the school colours of blue and gold. John **Allen** [KR 3513] who kindly gave me a couple of photos remembers rifle range instruction and wearing a marksman's badge on his right sleeve above his corporal's stripes.

Happy days, but I am fast losing track of names and events. Perhaps these few words will bring back some memories to those of you still living. Which of you can still run a mile in under six minutes?



Top: 1943 - Maj Gen Dimoline, GOC EA Command inspects OTC cadets accompanied by Head of Cadets, John Elmer. Front row: L/R: Joe Trafford, Bill Hindley (obscured), John Allen, Peter Katzler, Michael Jacob, Michael Cooke, Dennis Hunter and John Sutton. **Bottom:** Marching off – James Hearle extreme left, Two girls standing in front of a pillar are Diana and Valerie Harris. Some years later, Diana married Arthur Mortimer and Valerie married Rory O'Toole



CHUKA HOME GUARD POSTS

[Don Thompson [KR 4429]]

Towards the end of August 1954 'B' Company moved out of RHQ Nairobi and once again headed towards Mount Kenya, except that this time we were to go on the eastern side of the mountain to Chuka, which is about half way between Embu and Meru.

The advance party had done a good job in setting up our new HQ, where we were only to spend a couple of days before being sent out in "batches" of three to man various Home Guard Posts dotted around the area. I think the furthest was Itukururu, which was somewhere in the River Tana direction and was manned by Anton **Allen** (?) and A.N. Other (can't remember who). I was on a post at Kiereni with Tony 'Tiny' **Eve** and Dave **Petrie**.

I believe the idea of Kenya Regiment personnel being sent to live on HG Posts was to train the local Home Guard in the use of weapons, to accompany the Home Guard in carrying out patrols in their area and improve the general structure of the Posts. A big advantage in using the Home Guard whilst patrolling was that they knew most of the people living in their area and any stranger could be easily identified and questioned. Our 'home' for the next three months was enclosed in a single perimeter of barbed wire and was in need of a fair amount of restoration. The 'moat' around the Post, into which hundreds of sharp pointed bamboo sticks, known as *panjis*, were stuck, should ideally have been four or five feet deep. But was in actual fact only about eighteen inches deep with the majority of the *panjis* having been eaten by white ants; the draw-bridge was not too secure and wobbled precariously when you walked over it, and anyhow if you had fallen into the ditch of *panjis* I don't think you would have come to much harm!

For the first few nights I must admit I had certain amount of uneasiness with only three KenReg blokes sleeping amongst unknown and uncertain Embu Home Guard, in a none too secure Home Guard Post, in the middle of Mau Mau country. In the event we were probably more secure than if we had been living in the "settled areas", and eventually, over the weeks, a certain amount of trust developed between ourselves and the Home Guard.

The refurbishment of the HG Post started with dozens of local *watu* being recruited, which mainly consisted of women and girls from the local *shambas*. The outer perimeter of barbed wire was strengthened; the old *panjis* removed so that the moat could be deepened and new *panjis* stuck in the moat; the draw-bridge was made less wobbly and the inner wall of mud and wattle, which was about four to five feet high and two feet thick was patched up. There was a radio link between each HG Post and Coy HQ and we had to report each day to give a Sitrep.

We carried out a number of patrols in our area and occasionally linked up with the Kenya Police, but I always had a feeling that these combined efforts were not very successful and suspected the Police were not too keen on patrolling the prohibited 'mile strip' along the forest edge - this feeling was confirmed during one of these combined patrols. I had a squad, made up of about six Home Guard and four Police Askaris, and we were patrolling along the forest edge and had stopped for a ten minute break. During the course of conversation one of the Askaris said, "It's all very well patrolling in the *mistuni* but if the Mau Mau attacked we shall scatter". I advised him that it wasn't a very good idea; I did not like people running away as they might get caught in the firing!

The scale of Mau Mau activities by the second half of 1954 had diminished slightly and the Government and Military Authorities of the day decided that a revised method of campaign was required to combat the Mau Mau.

The whole structure of the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru Reserves had been changed from pre Emergency days. Where dwellings that had once been scattered all over the Reserves occupying their own land (or *shambas*), which favoured the Mau Mau gang movements throughout the Reserves, the population was moved into large collective "townships", and guarded by HG Posts, which were manned by local men.

It was while we were on HG Posts that the Military Authorities in Nairobi decided the Kenya Regiment should consist of only one company, known as 'O' Company. For those of us in 'A', 'B' and 'C' Coys"

it was indeed a sad occasion, since we would be broken up and separated from many friends with whom we had lived and experienced many memorable incidents. From these companies a number would be transferred to the new 'O' Company, others, who had completed two or more years full time military service, would be discharged and the remainder given the option of volunteering to join the Administration as a District Officer or as a Field Intelligence Officer - I chose the latter.

NANYUKI RECOLLECTIONS

[C L Wightman]

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Towards the end of 1980 the Air Force of Zimbabwe purchased five ex-Kenya Air Force Hawker Hunters which were stationed at Nanyuki in the shadow of Mount Kenya. A small team of mostly 1 Squadron or ex-1 Squadron personnel was sent to recover these aircraft to Thornhill, Gwelo in February, 1981. This paper records a few memories of that exercise, as accurate as can be expected from the addled brain of a seventy year old has been.

Following is an edited extract from Keith **Thurman's** email of November 2008 :-

In 1980, a treasury official, John **Gurney** and I proceeded to the UK to finalise the contract for the Hawk Aircraft. We had meetings with the British Government and BAe and after much discussion got a very reasonable deal on the Hawks; however we wanted the Kenyan Hunters (especially the twin seater). Unfortunately I did not have the money in my budget and the Treasury could not help. So I prevailed on the Brits, BAe etc to include them in the total Hawk deal. On returning to Salisbury we found out that the Kenyans had sold the Hunters to a commercial company in the UK, Staravia Limited, and were no longer the owners. So we commenced negotiating with Staravia who had no interest at all in letting us have the aircraft. I found out from my friend in the Kenyan Ministry of Defence that Staravia was applying to fly them out to the UK - but with the collaboration of the Kenyans and their influence with their neighbours, Staravia could not get any permission to overfly any of the relevant countries, especially with military aircraft, and Staravia at last agreed to let us have them. Part of the deal concluded with the owner, a Mr **Goldberg**, was that the ADEN Gun packs, could not be part of the purchase as he had already sold them! However, we could not fly the aircraft to New Sarum without them - a compromise was reached and we agreed to ship the packs to Britain as soon as we had got the aircraft safely home.

The aircraft: These were among the very last Hunters to be refurbished and updated by Hawker Syddeley Aviation, being three F Mark 4s, an F Mark 6 and a T Mark 8 (a T7 modified for the Royal Navy), all but the last being brought up to FGA Mark 9 standard for delivery to Kenya in 1974 and designated FGA Mark 80 and T Mark 81 respectively. They were in service for only a short time before succumbing to inept maintenance. By the time we started our programme they had been grounded for 4 years, not in hangars but out in the blazing sun, the rain, wind and dust.

Personnel: The technical officer chosen was Mike **Faint** who offered a formidable CV. On top of his professional expertise he came with the added advantage of having served on detachment from the RAF to the Kenyan Air Force and thus claimed acquaintance with some key officers and, equally importantly, he had an intimate knowledge of how business is conducted and how relationships work in Kenya.

In charge of the ground crew and the day to day running of the programme was Ron **Jarman** whose current post was Warrant Officer i/c 1 Squadron. His team consisted of Bill **Kerfoot**, Taff **Lewis**, Brian **Grogan**, Hugh **MacDulling**, Rich **van Rooyen**, Tino **Mogantale**, Rich **Purdon**, Keith **Jones**, Steve **Stevens**, Percy **Bradfield**, and Peter **Loots**.

In February 1981, I had just completed a shortened tour as OC Admin at Thornhill, a humiliating but relatively useful post, and what I came to was not only humiliating but a non-job rejoicing in the grandiose title of TAC1 which required occupation of a broom cupboard in the back of Milton Buildings ops room and precious little besides. The only thing tactical about it was the need to find ever

more creative ways to avoid disagreeable bridge partners at the lunch time sessions. So it was a relief to be offered the chance to go to Kenya. My specific tasks were to carry a huge sack of *shillingi* to pay for fuel in cash as we used it and to supply subsistence and beer for the team; and to do the air tests.



Hunters out in the open

Nanyuki: Duncan **Fraser**, a long serving BAe representative in Nairobi, had made most admin arrangements before our arrival, including our accommodation which was at the Naro Moru River Lodge, a tourist favourite on the Naro Moru river flowing westwards from Mount Kenya where melted snow supplies the chilly water. We were billeted in wooden chalets, slightly primitive with no electricity in the early mornings, forcing the use of candles and torches for ablutions. But the setting was delightful with Mount Kenya clearly visible 30 km to the east. Mount Kenya, the second highest peak in Africa at 17,000 ft, is sacred to many Kenyans, some of whom, including senior air force officers believe that a yeti-style guardian patrols the top peak and disallows certain climbers their ultimate goal.

Naro Moru lies between Nanyuki 18 km to the north and Nyeri, 35 km to the south. Nyeri is surrounded by tea and coffee farms on pretty rolling hills. On a rare day off we visited the grave of Lord Robert **Baden-Powell** whose gravestone is engraved with a circle and dot, being the boy scout symbol for I have gone home. Olave Lady **Baden-Powell** survived Robert by 35 years. Her remains were cremated in England and laid to rest beside her husband in 1977. Despite this site in Nyeri being a national monument, the area is dotted with little crosses made of tomato boxes and sticks.

Nanyuki town and airfield are two km north of the equator, at 7,000 ft above sea level, in clear sight of Mount Kenya. Work accommodation consisted of a canvas tent near the hard standing. It was a long working day, the only respite being a sandwich break at midday. Whoever was least busy at the time would grab some *shillingi* from me and run into town to a cafe for pies and buns etc.

Programme: We arrived at the military airfield of Eastleigh, to the east of Nairobi during the last week of February, in one of Jack **Malloch**'s piston-engined *groanmeisters* piloted by George **Alexander**. During engine shut-down about 44 gallons of used engine oil poured out onto the hardstanding, occasioning not only some irritation among our hosts but the need to top up with new oil and pay in cash. There was also a problem with the octane rating of the avgas such that on the subsequent take off maximum boost was not available and Mike **Faint** remembers just scraping off the ground and missing some houses by a narrow margin.

While everyone else continued to Nanyuki I stayed on in Nairobi with Duncan **Fraser** in order to fill my bag with *shillingi* and pick up three hire cars which Duncan and I ferried up to Nanyuki. An emotional scene awaited Mike at Nanyuki because word of his arrival had gone out ahead and many of his old acquaintances from his days of attachment to the Kenya Air Force had assembled to greet him.

Once we had settled in at Naro Moru the technicians set about assessing, testing and fixing the aeroplanes.

By 4th March two were ready for their first flights. It had been planned to do three flights of 30 minutes each per aircraft, progressively testing the systems and expanding the envelope. Remarkably, only one required a fourth flight, making a total of sixteen flights. Considering that these aircraft had been baking

in the sun for four years and considering the primitive working conditions, it is astonishing that the first three had completed all their flights by 6th March in just three days, and the remaining two were finished by the 26th. This is surely a testament to the expertise, resourcefulness and determination of those who made up the technical branch of the Rhodesian Air Force.

There was a most surprising by-product of our first air test. Kenya was in the grip of a long lasting drought and the Kikuyu people believed it was because one of their gods, *Ngai*, who was responsible for the rain and lived up on Mount Kenya, was asleep on the job. Not 30 minutes after completing the flight the heavens opened and a huge downpour flooded the airfield. Our tent near the hard standing was ankle deep in muddy water. But we were all hailed as very great heroes for awakening *Ngai* and were accorded an undeserved esteem.

After the T80's first flight the right hand seat was made available to two lucky passengers for the remaining two flights. Those hoping for a flight held a lottery, and amid cries of 'fix and fiddle', Ron **Jarman** and Pete **Loots** drew the short straws and were able to see at first-hand what a simple and pleasant job it is being a Hunter jockey. Or, perhaps, they were terrified out of their wits. And then Rich **Culpan** and his 1 Squadron pilots came and took the aeroplanes home.

Hunter spares: Another character from Rhodesia involved at Nanyuki was John **Whiddett**, who had been an air force supplier but had recently joined a company in London called Loveau Engineering which was involved in aircraft spares etc. John was in and out of Nanyuki negotiating the purchase of those spares that Staravia did not want. During his rounds of the hangars Mike **Faint** came upon a huge pile of spares. Having spent enough time in Kenya to notice the appallingly low salaries of air force personnel and the disparity between the rich and the poor, he knew that the environment was conducive to outbreaks of Egyptian cramp. This term has largely disappeared from the English lexicon since the advent of political correctness and refers to a painful condition in which the body assumes the shape of a question mark with rounded shoulders, slightly bent knees and one arm twisted and bent round so that the hand protrudes out from behind the buttock at right angles with the palm up. Luckily, temporary relief from pain can be afforded by placing a coin or old fashioned folding money in the palm. This causes the hand to close and the body and arm to straighten up as if by magic. Mike's sharing of this information led to a miracle.

On the day of our departure we found to our surprise that Jack **Malloch's** aeroplane which was to be our transport, was loaded to the gunwales with Hunter flaps, ailerons, undercarriage legs, canopies and drop tanks which would otherwise have ended up gathering dust in either Staravia's or Loveau's warehouses.

Addendum

_Very nearly 2000 Hunters were produced between 1951 and 1963. In addition to the RAF, Hunters were supplied to the air forces of Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Chile, Peru, India, Singapore, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Lebanon, Qatar, Kuwait, Oman, Iraq, Abu Dhabi, Rhodesia and Kenya. One aeroplane served with no less than seven air forces and one air force had Hunters in operational use for five decades. No other front line fighter has ever come close to this.

In his book 'Hawker Hunter Biography of a Thoroughbred', Francis K **Mason** points out that following the embargo placed upon trade with Rhodesia, no follow-up servicing of its Hunters nor delivery of spare parts were permissible.

All the more remarkable therefore was the fact that nine of the original twelve Hunters were still flying with the Zimbabwe-Rhodesian Air Force at the end of the 1970s with only local facilities available for maintenance and repair; the aircraft had moreover been continuously engaged throughout their life in rigorous ground attack flying.

Under a photo of RRAF 116 the caption reads: "Despite years of constant use under most difficult conditions, almost entirely without external support and spares back-up, the Rhodesian Hunters maintained an extraordinarily high serviceability rate."

TROOPER A.F. MANDY - B" SQUADRON, EAST AFRICAN MOUNTED RIFLES

Trooper A.F. **Mandy** – ‘B’ Squadron, East African Mounted Rifles, killed in action Soko River, German East Africa - 21 March 1916.

When General Smuts invaded GEA, General **Tighe**'s 2 Division won the Battle of Latema B Reata Nek, General **Stewart**'s 1 Division advanced successfully south from Longido (but not fast enough for Smuts who sacked Stewart) and General **van Deventer**'s South African Mounted Force successfully penetrated rough terrain to capture Moshi.

But the main body of German troops was not destroyed and it re-formed at Kahe. General **Smuts** again tried to encircle and destroy the Schutztruppe.

On 20 March 1916 **van Deventer**'s four mounted regiments successfully moved to just west of the Pangani River, southwest of the main German position.

129 Baluchi, newly arrived from France and battle-hardened, were in 2 (EA) Brigade in 1 Division and as that formation advanced towards Kahe, the Baluchi, undeterred by bullets were stopped by that equally effective and impartial weapon B bees. 2 (EA) Bde dug in at Store, just north of the enemy.

3 (SA) Infantry Brigade had a fight with 9 and 24 Feldkompagnie (FK) just south of Euphorbien Hill which was northeast of the main German position.

On the bright moonlit night of 20 March around 500 German troops attacked Store, charging it five times, but the British position held and the Schutztruppe withdrew to their position on the swampy banks of the Soko River. The Germans had suffered about 85 casualties including two FK commanders who died of wounds.

For reasons unknown, **Van Deventer**'s wireless transmitter sets had been left in Moshi and the British HQ could only obtain information on the South African encircling movement from reports made by observers in British aircraft.

On 21 March 1916, **van Deventer** got two squadrons across the swollen Pangani and took Kahe Hill, southwest of his objective, the Usambara Railway line. The German artillery, which included a **Konigsberg** gun, shelled the dust clouds made by **van Deventer**'s forces. The South African Horse held Kahe Hill against German counter-attacks and **van Deventer** moved north to occupy Kahe Station on the railway line.

The German troops in the Station withdrew south, demolished the railway bridge over the Pangani and occupied a line facing van Deventer's force. **Van Deventer** considered his forces insufficient to attack the railway line further south.

Meanwhile, the British infantry advanced towards the Soko River. As usual the Schutztruppe made best use of the ground and to the West rested the left of their line on the Defa River which joined the Soko. The Germans had a good field of fire over open grassland and the rivers were full of crocodile. Inadequate British reconnaissance work had let them think that the Germans were on the Ruvu River just a little to the south.

The British took casualties from the German defensive fire and were unable to cross the open ground. With three rifle companies from 29 Punjabi and 129 Baluchi they successfully tried a left flanking move across the Soko, despite crocodiles, but were then withdrawn as daylight hours were running out. The British field artillery was targeting enemy positions on the Ruvu River, and the howitzers the **Konigsberg** gun. This was of little assistance to the infantry, so General **Shepherd**, now Commander 1 Division, brought forward from his reserve, 25 Royal Fusiliers and 5 (SA) Infantry Brigade, and dug-in.

To the northeast 3 (SA) Infantry Brigade were Euphorbean Hill and 2 Rhodesia Regiment and 130 Baluch of 1 (EA) Brigade at Unterer Himo, were not deployed against the five FK in their vicinity.

During the night the British brought in their casualties, nearly all from 1 Division B 37 dead, 221 wounded and three missing - and sat tight under sporadic sniping. The bright moonlight was a disincentive to patrol.

General **Shepherd** planned to attack on 22 March using the 2 (EA) Brigade on his left, but the Schutztruppe had used the night to break clean and withdraw fifteen miles down the railway line to Lembeni, where they dug in.

Van Deventer, playing the critical role by encircling from the west, had lost one man killed, twelve wounded and four missing. He could have pushed harder, taken greater risks and probably achieved much more, but the South Africans were in charge now and they had their own learning curve to experience.

Lettow stayed ahead of **Smuts** and **van Deventer**, as he did for the remainder of the war.

The East African Mounted Rifles spent a quiet 21 March as a 1 Division reserve unit. A few shells from the **Konigsberg** gun dropped nearby but did no damage. Some troopers rode with despatches. The unit suffered only one casualty, a stray un-aimed bullet killed a trooper B Aidan Frank **Mandy**.

Sources:

Official History: -‘The Story of the East African Mounted Rifles’, by C.J. **Wilson**
 ‘Tip and Run’ by Edward **Paice** [Limited information about the Kahe action but good for background].

A Chimp Named Stephen



[Don Rooken-Smith]

Whenever I need to ‘yank my wife’s chain’ I bring up the fact that she was brought up amongst a ‘bunch of apes’ – the resulting flak can be spectacular. But at the end of it all, Mary cannot but admit that she was indeed brought up next to a chimp. Ever since she can recall, right up to her early teens, the **Fosters** of Kaptagat had chimps around the house.

In that era in the British East Africa colony of Kenya, most of us grew up with wild animals around and about – mainly orphans. My own father caught cheetah from horseback, in the mid 30’s, to sell to the Maharajas of India. One or two ranchers had tried crossing the Cape buffalo with the common cow, for increased hybrid vigour and disease resistance. Raymond Hook had successfully crossed the Grevy zebra with the horse, producing the zebroid. And numerous folk had lion and leopard cubs –

unfortunately when fully grown these cats tended to eat people! And more recently of course my cousin Daphne **Sheldrick** (née **Jenkins**), has been awarded an MBE, later promoted to DBE, for her work with orphan elephants.

Back to Mary and her childhood. The first chimp was Big Andy, who was not all that tame, then 'Little Andy' and finally Stephen and Sarah. This is Stephen's story, told through the eyes of a child growing up in Kenya in the 1940's - and related to me over numerous storied dinner parties, and nearly 50 years of marriage.

As the song goes 'let's start at the very beginning, a very good place to start'. The four **Foster** brothers, of whom my wife's father Hugh was the youngest, went out to the East African country of Uganda in 1913, to grow coffee and make their fortunes. They fought in various branches of the military in the East African theatre during WW 1, and eventually ended up owning and operating cotton ginneries in the Teso district of Uganda. In between times they shot a great many elephant for their ivory, which helped pay for the farm expenses. Robert **Foster** was killed by a lion in the Belgian Congo in 1919, whilst he and Hugh were after ivory. Hugh married Zoë in 1928, having met during a rather raucous party at the Imperial Hotel in Kampala - she had walked in from the Congo to see the dentist. Due to malaria and young children, the **Fosters** bought a farm in the high country of Western Kenya, and called it Kaptagat Farm. Life at Kaptagat started about 1934. The ginneries were eventually sold in 1954, and for the first time in 40 years there were no **Foster** brothers in Uganda.

Mary's mother Zoë was a Yorkshire lass who in 1919, lost her doctor father and older sister to the Spanish Flu epidemic of that time. She and her mother decided on a boat trip to Africa and to get away from it all. On that boat she met the very handsome hunter 'Congo' **Parker**, was swept off her feet and married him. Together with her mother, the **Parkers** now trekked into the Congo, possibly from the port of Dar es Salaam. Like most ship board romances this was a mistake, however, Zoë stuck it out in the Congo and had a girl named Neville in 1926. At some stage Zoë left, met Hugh, never to return to the Congo. Her mother married Hugh's elder brother Fronny, to become known ever after as Aunt Lil.

Zoë **Foster** was an extraordinary woman. Possessed of unlimited drive and will power, she was instrumental in starting the Kaptagat Preparatory School, the Kaptagat Arms Hotel and the Kaptagat Sports Club – all on the original home farm. It was she who started the 'Stephen' saga.

The **Foster** family made the annual pilgrimage to the seaside during school holidays every August. In those days all the rural roads were dirt, so the 500 miles from Kaptagat to Mombasa, was quite a safari, and involved perhaps three days. Sometime in the mid 40's, Zoë **Foster** bought a young chimp from an Asian trader, off the streets of Mombasa, This was Stephen, and he was in a pitiful state of health and malnutrition. Undaunted, Zoë took him back to the seaside cottages, cleaned him up and lavished him with TLC.

Amongst other ailments it was discovered that Stephen had serious dental pyorrhea – indicating the need for a trip to the vet. Not Mrs. Foster. She drove into Mombasa and walked into a dentist, demanding attention. The horrified man stammered that he certainly did not attend to monkeys – to which she replied that now was his chance to start, and start he did!

Stephen was a 'Black Faced' chimp, and highly intelligent as witnessed by the fact that over the years Zoë taught him to wear clothes, eat at table, ride a tricycle, sweep the floor, get into/out of bed, unlock a padlocked brass container for a glass of milk which he duly drank - he loved milk! She would light him a cigarette which he would sit back and puff, all the while blowing perfect smoke rings, and lastly, the most difficult, because of inherent fear of fire, to light and then blow out a candle! Stephen regularly sat down and had meals at the table with the family, sharing the same fare. The younger chimp Sarah, partook in these shows merely as a prop to the main star, who became so good at his routine that Zoë gave shows around the country, and with the proceeds travelled around East Africa, adding also, to her children's education.

I first saw this show whilst staying on the farm of a friend, when aged about eleven. Zoë, Neville and Stephen were overnight guests, and put on a show in the garden. Upon arrival after a long, dusty journey Stephen was walked around the large garden, and scampered off at high speed. To our astonishment Neville, a lovely 20 year old, picked up a rock and threatened the chimp with it! Stephen slowed down

and rather contritely returned to her call. We were told that on a previous occasion, when Stephen had bolted out of control, a harassed Neville picked up a rock and hurled it in frustration. She hit the chimp smack between the eyes, and much to her horrified astonishment, laid him out cold! No actual permanent harm was done, but Stephen never disobeyed again, when threatened by the rock-throwing posture!

At our actual show, Stephen performed his impressive routine, until he got to the part of sweeping the floor with his broom. The farm workers were fascinated by this performance, and pressed around in rather a small circle, for like us they had never seen anything like this. Well – as Stephen swept the floor in ever increasing circles, he suddenly upped his broom, and ‘beaned’ some unfortunate bystander. There was chaos and a stampede, with the broom waving chimp in hot pursuit of anything he could hit! Mary said that he never did like the Africans, possibly due to his capture and the fact that when he was tied up they could not help but taunt him.

Stephen lived with the **Fosters** for perhaps 6/7 years and some of the chimp stories are hilarious. Zoë took Stephen on tour to numerous cinema houses, schools and private shows all over Kenya and Tanganyika. Mary’s father, Hugh, very wisely stayed at home and ran the farm - her brothers Robert and Francis went along for the ‘lark’, and ten year old Mary loved the crowds and attention the chimp generated at every stop along the way. Neville meanwhile, at 20 would far rather have stayed at home attending the weekly club dances, and having fun with her own crowd!

One particular story that Mary has frequently dined out upon, portrays the **Fosters** on one of their annual migrations to the seaside. The whole lot of them put up at the Muthaiga Country Club in Nairobi, which did not really encourage under aged children in the dining room. You have to know the Muthaiga Country Club to appreciate this story.

Established in 1913 as a settlers’ club, and still going strong, there was a period when it was the height of colonial decadence. Amongst the illustrious founding members were Lord **Delamere**, Ewart **Grogan**, the American Northrup **McMillan**, Denys **Finch-Hatten** and more of that ilk. It featured in the Karen **Blixen** movie, and hosted such characters as the **Earl of Errol**, Beryl **Markham** and **Edward Prince of Wales**, to name but a few. In times more tame, most of us were members. However, it was steeped in typical British tradition and tended towards older members and stuffiness.

This particular scene plays out in the dining room, where all the **Fosters**, and Stephen, were having breakfast. Normally not a word was spoken, as everyone had their noses firmly behind a newspaper. However, every single waiter in the place was jockeying to serve the **Foster** table and view this chimp in pants, sitting at table and eating with knife and fork. It took awhile, but eventually the members behind the newspapers awakened to the fact they were getting no service, whilst one upstart table was getting it all.

The Club Secretary duly summoned, strode through to the offending table, and was rendered practically speechless to observe amongst the scruffy children eating breakfast, a chimp consuming eggs and bacon! The English are renowned for keeping a stiff upper lip, and never letting their emotions get the better of them, and the Secretary was a good, quietly efficient Englishman. After swallowing hard a couple of times, and unavoidably becoming red-faced, he informed Mrs. **Foster** that the Club certainly did not allow monkeys and small children in the dining room. ‘Why’ retorted the good lady, ‘this is no common monkey. Stephen is much better mannered than any of my children’.

To which I am sure the diplomatic Secretary, under his breath, probably wished them all in a zoo - an impasse, a very strong willed lady and a deteriorating situation. The Club Secretary wisely chose to sidestep the problem, and instead saw to it that the waiters went back to their assigned tables. Breakfast was served, the members went back to reading their papers, and the **Fosters** evacuated the dining room. However, I am sure Zoë Foster’s membership came up for review before the Committee at the next meeting. I also read in the Muthaiga notes that in years past, the “Club Secretary became so irritated by members’ pets, that he had notices posted in every bedroom threatening members with grim retribution, if caught bringing any animal, furred, feathered or scaled, thru’ the Club doors!”

Another interesting aspect of the Club is the “Muthaiga Lion”. Well over 100 years old, it was shot in 1905. Stuffed and mounted it was presented to the Club upon opening, it still resides in its glass case. It

stands in the same corner of the passage to the west wing, and over the years must have terrorized hundreds of Kenya children whilst passing on their way to bed. Also of interest was the club ballroom, the floor of which we always assumed was specially sprung as a dance floor. Many of the dances held there were particularly lively, and always consisted of a good many energetic Scottish reels, when the floor really did 'bounce'. After one of these wild dances I heard with dismay and I might add gratitude that the roof had fallen in, thankfully during the week whilst empty. They never did rebuild the ballroom.

In later years Stephen and Sarah became too large and unruly, and delighted in escaping to the nearby Kaptagat School, much to the consternation of the teachers. Sadly, they were eventually sold and shipped to a zoo in Ceylon, where one hopes that Stephen was able to put on his pants, drink his milk, sweep his room and blow smoke rings for many a year.

KENYA REGIMENT - SECOND WORLD WAR ROLL OF HONOUR

Researchers may not have received the issue of Buffalo Barua in which this list first appeared.

Nairobi War Cemetery, Kenya

NAME	RANK	SERVICE NUMBER	REGIMEN T	DATE OF DEATH	AGE
Alexander, D	Signalman	LF1778	KR	11/12/41	20
Ayre, W H	Serjeant	KR841	KR	16/8/40	31
Ball R S	L/Cpl	LF553	KR	30/7/40	31
Clifford, R G	Lt	348840 KR726	RAC	4/5/41	36
Copland, C M R	2 nd Lt	KR1422	KAR	18/8/42	39
Davis, R W	2 nd Lt	KR649	KAR	17/1/42	U/K
De Haaff, N C A	Serjeant	LF1086	KR	29/4/41	19
Gille, L A *	Trooper	RB10197	KR	4/5/41	U/K
Greensted, D P	Corporal	LF1816	KR	5/2/41	18
Harford, S R	WO1	LF1440	KR	19/10/44	24
Hasluck, H M	Corporal	LF523	KR	4/5/41	U/K
Hitchcock, H A *	Trooper	RB10188	KR	21/1/41	23
MacDermott, C	Sergeant	LF282	KR	6/2/41	35
Mackenzie, A	Trooper	LF2511	KR	3/4/42	U/K
Migeot, A E	Trooper	LF2553	KR	4/5/41	U/K
Milward, B W C	Private	KR1712	KR/EAASC	15/7/45	U/K
Paterson, H M	Lt	31841 KR1463	Gen List	24/3/44	42
Pollock, S R	Sergeant	LF2579	KR	14/2/42	U/K
Roets, J N J	Trooper	LF1001	KR	30/7/41	20
Spiers, C R	Captain	317128 KR107	RASC	2/5/43	U/K
Steenkamp, R C M	Trooper	LF1147	KR	6/5/41	U/K
Townsley, G	Trooper	LF1074	KR	4/5/41	U/K

East African Memorial, Nairobi, Kenya

Aggett, H B	Major	322300 KR404	General List	12/2/44	U/K
Fittal, L A W	Serjeant	B/407 KR48	EA Elec/Mech Engrs	12/2/44	U/K
Leakey, N G vc	Serjeant	LF145	KAR	19/5/41	28
Luckham, E H C	Major	KR73	KR (EA Int Corps)	4/7/43	33
Percival, P B	Lance Sgt	LF3103	KR	12/2/44	U/K
White, G H	Sergeant	LF3058	KR	12/2/44	U/K

Nairobi Forest Road Cemetery, Kenya

Higgs R B	L/Cpl	LF689	EA Recce Regt	14/5/41	22
Jones, J B *	Sergeant	FB1009	KR	4/6/40	41
Lang, J D	Sergeant	LF69	KR	17/10/39	U/K
Ross, A P	2nd Lt	LF2584	KR/E A Mil Labour Corps	29/5/41	45

Nanyuki War Cemetery, Kenya

Danby, A G G	2 nd Lt	218832 KR738	RASC	28/8/40	25
Jacobus, L A	Sergeant	LF947	E A ASC	11/6/42	U/K

Nakuru North Cemetery, Kenya

Chinneck, H S	Lt (QM)	257684 KR25	General List	1/11/42	U/K
Tickell, M L	Sergeant	LF559	KR	25/5/41	U/K

Mombasa (Mbaraki) Cemetery, Kenya

Genower, J A	Signalman	LF1444	EA A Corps of Signals	15/7/43	25
Millar, W	Lt	322575 KR1499	General List	12/4/42	26
Rhys-Maitland, K *	Lt	317325	EAA Service Corps	5/2/43	U/K

Gilgil War Cemetery, Kenya

Willbourn, C	Sergeant	LF2678	KR	21/12/42	45
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Thika War Cemetery, Kenya

Gordon, D R	Private	LF2899	KR	24/3/41	U/K
Nell, L	Sergeant	LF3049	KR	1/8/43	31

Kisumu Cemetery, Kenya

Kirk, F E	Lt	317318 KR1225	RASC	12/5/43	U/K
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Moshi Cemetery, Tanzania

Coulson, R H	Serjeant	LF1931	EAA Elec. and Mech. Engrs	14/3/43	23
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Tanga European Cemetery, Tanzania

Charalambous, A	Cpl	KR2808	KR	18/1/45	U/K
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Asmara War Cemetery, Eritrea

Cowen, J A	Trooper	LF2839	KR	22/8/41	U/K
Foster, J P	Trooper	LF2918	KR	22/8/41	U/K
Girdlestone, C H N	Sergeant	LF2827	KR	27/11/41	U/K
Hudson-Jones, C T	Private	LF2909	KAR	31/12/41	U/K
Jacquemier, P	Trooper	LF2892	KR	22/8/41	U/K
Macintyre, A C *	Gunner	1095531	Royal Artillery	24/8/41	U/K
Wheeler, G T	Captain	218790 KR746	General List	22/11/41	35

Addis Ababa War Cemetery, Ethiopia

Allen, S J	Trooper	LF937	KR	23/3/41	23
Archer, R L	Trooper	LF474	KR	10/5/41	U/K
Chapman, A S MC *	Sergeant	RB10145	KR	10/5/41	U/K
Jarrett, S L	WO II	LF421	KR	6/4/41	U/K
Maclean, J P **	Sergeant	LF1290	EAASC	21/5/41	U/K
Measures, H T	2 nd Lt	328638 KR1374	Gen List	27/7/41	26

Newmark, B L	Sergeant	LF620	KR	4/4/42	U/K
Reynolds-Ball, R C	Trooper	LF840	KR	25/3/41	U/K
Suckling, E W	WO II	LF843	KR	17/2/41	U/K
Wilton, R N	Sergeant	LF515	EAA Arty	17/8/40	U/K

* Not shown on Roll of Honour. ** He may be J A or J D Maclean shown on the Roll

Hargeisa War Cemetery, Somalia

Human, J A	Serjeant	LF3046	Somaliland Camel Corps	20/11/42	U/K
Locke, J	Sergeant	LF2516	KR	24/12/42	U/K
Phillips, K	Lance Cp;	LF3257	KR	9/12/42	U/K
Smurthwaite, A *	Staff Serj	KR3232	KR	19/6/46	U/K

* Died after World War 2 and hence not shown on Roll

Hargeisa Memorial, Somalia

McClelland, W R D	Bombardier	KR612	EAA Arty	15/8/40	U/K
Symons, D J	2 nd Lt	218819 KR329	Gen List /NRR	13/8/40	U/K

Sokoto Cemetery, Nigeria

Miller, A W D	Captain	49892 KR1003	Gen List	18/8/42	32
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Ibadan Military Cemetery, Nigeria

Woods, L B	Lt	246162 KR1335	Gen List	1/9/43	26
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Diego Suarez War Cemetery, Madagascar

Cooke, D M	Serjeant	LF1762	EAA SC	24/5/43	23
Corbett-Ward, R	2 nd Lt	333178 KR1452	Gen List	13/10/42	U/K
West, J M MM	2 nd Lt	336207 KR651	KAR	30/9/42	21

Johannesburg (West Park) Cemetery, South Africa

Brickwell, W A	Serjeant	KR190	KR	26/10/45	U/K
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Limbe Township Cemetery, Malawi

Copland, J H	Serjeant	LF1420	KR	19/4/43	U/K
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Blantyre Prebyterian Cemetery, Malawi

Gardner, D M	Serjeant	LF2961	KAR	23/5/41	U/K
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Ndola (Kansenshi) Cemetery, Zambia

Coryndon, J	Captain	236689 KR384	Gen List	13/5/42	U/K
Freeman, M H	WO2	KR2929	KR	8/4/45	25

Imphal War Cemetery, India

Broughton, D H MC	Lt	325655 KR868	Gen List /KAR	19/12/44	28
Griffin, T O	Serjeant	KR938	KR	7/9/44	U/K
Poppleton, W	Lt	348475 KR1812	General List	1/12/44	23
Widdows, J	WOII	LF1926	KR	3/11/44	U/K
Williamson, T McD	Captain	322603 KR752	General List	22/8/44	36

Kirkee War Cemetery, India

Denchfield, J E	Serjeant	KR1972	KR/EA Recce Regt	3/4/45	22
Joubert, L S	Serjeant	KR1818	EAA Recce Regt	1/2/45	22

Williams, W H W	Sergeant	KR863	EAA Recce Regt	12/2/45	U/K
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Rangoon Memorial, Myanmar

Booth, H P	Lt	KR1748	KR	7/4/45	23
Brown, J S	Serjeant	KR1791	KR	1/1/45	U/K
Firth, J F	Major	328372 KR968	General List	2/10/44	U/K
Sladen, E C	Captain	322588 KR552	General List	22/4/44	U/K
Sossen, P	Serjeant	KR2047	EAA Scouts	1/3/44	U/K
Van Plaster, J	Sergeant	LF1865	KR	6/11/44	U/K
Wright, L	Sergeant	LF2931	KAR	27/8/44	U/K

Taukkyan War Cemetery, Myanmar

Robertson, L	Lt	329407 KR953	General List	7/12/44	38
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Chittagong War Cemetery, Bangladesh

Hinds, D P	Lt	297270 KR1276	General List	31/7/44	27
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Trincomalee War Cemetery, Sri Lanka

Izzard, J L	Lt	318173 KR835	Gen List/EAA Engrs	26/4/43	38
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Ramleh War Cemetery, Israel

Swift, J H E	Major	961902 KR855	Pioneer Corps	3/6/43	U/K
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Brookwood Memorial, U K

Findlay, G R	Serjeant	LF722	KAR	16/7/40	U/K
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RAF Volunteer Reserve

NAME	RANK	SERVICE NO.	BURIAL SITE or MEMORIAL	DIED	AGE
Bingham, K R DFC	Fl Lt	120950 KR1417	Runnymede Memorial, UK	8/2/45	U/K
Boon, D M	Flt Sgt	776086 KR1761	Alamein, Egypt	10/1/43	24
Brent, T M	Flt Sjt	776117 KR1426	Gibraltar	5/5/42	U/K
Brown, S J	Flight Sjt	747994 KR2786	Runnymede	9/3/42	29
Confait, A E	Serjeant	776150 KR1696	Heverlee, Belgium	17/9/42	27
Cotton, P T DFC	Wing Cmdr	89762 KR1262	Runnymede	3/6/43	U/K
Daly, A T	Pilot	115408 KR780	Runnymede	22/2/42	U/K
Docker, F A M	Serjeant	776062 KR611	Alamein, Egypt	25/11/41	26
Evans, G A	Serjeant	776179 KR2033	Alamein	6/2/42	U/K
Garland, T B	P/O	79565 KR165	Malta Memorial	22/3/41	26
Hand, J R	Serjeant	776131 KR2010	Runnymede	12/3/42	U/K
Harvey, L	F/O	101473 KR1218	Alamein	28/7/42	29
Haslett, F S	P/O	80143 KR1869	Dunkirk Town, France	27/4/42	30
Helberg, F	LAC	776096 KR1653	Ismailia WMC, Egypt	16/6/41	24
Hilton, J R	P/O	139815 KR1233	Taukkyan, Myanmar	22/1/43	U/K
Hirst, R F W	Serjeant	776076 KR1292	Runnymede	21/2/42	34
Horrocks, D W	P/O	74653 KR1915	Runnymede	27/6/41	23
Hullneck, G R	Sjt Pilot	776085 KR1281	Gauhati WC, India	29/12/41	22
Keel, P U	Flt Lt	101474 KR1329	Golders Green Cem. UK	4/6/44	U/K
Leach, S J	P/O	65510 KR1221	Halfaya Sollum Cem, Egypt	8/7/41	25
Litchfield, E G	Serjeant	776126 KR1768	Borne RC Churchyard, Netherlands	27/4/43	U/K
Lloyd, R M DFC	Sqn Ldr	106157 KR1113	Alamein Memorial	27/10/42	U/K
Luck, R C DFC	Flt Lt	112349 KR859	Singapore Memorial	28/10/44	31

Maclean, J B L *	WO Pilot	743034	Nairobi W C	13/1/43	27
Marsh, R	Flt Sjt	776127 KR936	Runnymede	6/12/42	27
Matthias, M N	Fl Lt	119867 KR1123	Klagenfurt W C, Austria	2/4/45	25
Meyer, J H	P/O	172977 KR2522	Ranville W C, France	19/7/44	23
Mole, A H	LAC	776021 KR1223	Nairobi, Forest Road Cemetery	12/8/40	24
Montagu, C S B	Flt Lt	86433 KR208	Alamein	24/7/42	U/K
Moodie, B S H CH	F/O	155115 KR1978	Runnymede	27/12/43	25
Naper, M O L	P/O	136171 KR430	Sfax W C, Tunisia	2/4/43	30
Nash, R	P/O	136021 KR1280	Catania W C, Italy	18/2/43	22
Padkin, G C	Sergeant	776139 KR1737	Rheinberg W C, Germany	1/8/42	27
Park, D S	Flt Lt	130676 KR672	Rangoon W C	29/8/45	25
Pilling, H G DFC	Flt Lt	65540 KR1302	Heverlee W C	20/5/42	29
Pitkin, R L	Flt Sgt	776091 KR1566	Runnymede	21/2/41	22
Reynolds, H G	P/O	65511 KR1222	Alamein	19/7/41	24
Robson, D U	LAC	791116 KR1919	Heliopolis W C, Egypt	12/2/46	34
Shillitoe, P G	P/O	65542 KR1236	Runnymede	30/7/41	U/K
Skelton, R S	LAC	776153 KR1093	Habbaniya W C, Iraq	2/5/41	U/K
Smith, A W	Sergeant	776136 KR1744	Runnymede	28/3/42	U/K
Smith, L O	Sergeant	776147 KR1238	Alamein	22/11/41	26
Smithyman, W R	P/O	120870 KR1282	Abbeville C C., France	19/8/42	20
Stohr, O M	Sergeant	776165 KR1313	Alamein	22/3/42	22
White, R W K	P/O	65512 KR1137	Alamein	7/7/41	26
Worthington, R B	WO Pilot	776087 KR1868	Suez W C, Egypt	26/4/43	
Young, T D	F/O	148182 KR1793	Bath (Haycombe)	8/6/44	29

South African Air Force

Davie, C	Lt Pilot	328545V KR1318	Belgrade W C, Serbia	4/4/44	Unknown
Pretorius, M M	Air Mechanic	313600V KR1487	Phaleron W C, Greece	24/6/45	20

Royal New Zealand Air Force

Aitken, C C	Sjt Pilot	413006 KR3031	Medjez-el-Bab, Tunisia	1/3/43	21
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* indicates name not found on KR list.

Names on Roll of Honour which remain unaccounted for: Biddle, N R (not on KR or CWGC lists), Jackson F [KR1398] (RAFVR?) and Williams, L [KR1275] (RAFVR?) [Ed. *Abbreviations: P/O Pilot Officer; F/O Flying Officer; Cem Cemetery; CC Communal Cemetery; W C War Cemetery; WMC War Memorial Cemetery; LAC Leading Aircraftsman; WO Pilot Warrant Officer Pilot; U/K Unknown*). Should any member know the location of other graves, or can supply additional information, please contact me]

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVES OF TWO ROYAL MARINES

[Kevin Patience]

In July 1890 following the signing of the Treaty of Berlin by the British and German Governments, a large section of East Africa formerly ruled by the **Sultan of Zanzibar** was divided between the two countries into the colonies of British and German East Africa. The imposition of colonial rule on the coastal Arabs living on the British East African coast led to a few uprisings that involved the Royal Navy meting out justice with the despatch of a number of punitive expeditions. One of the most well known occurred in October 1890 when **Simba Bakari**, the Arab ruler of Witu, a stockaded village some

ninety miles north of Mombasa, incurred the displeasure of the German government when he murdered a number of their people engaged in a logging franchise. Diplomatic negotiations between Britain and Germany came to a head with Rear Admiral **Freemantle**, Commander in Chief of the East Indies Squadron being ordered to take appropriate action to bring the culprit to justice. Eleven warships and transports were involved in taking 800 British sailors and Royal Marines and 150 Zanzibari troops on a two-day expedition that destroyed the village. It was a little overkill on the part of the navy and when **Bakari**'s cousin led another uprising three years later, the navy only sent three ships with 183 sailors and Marines. Both these expeditions merited the award of the East and West Africa medal with the bars Witu 1890 and Witu August 1893. Two years later another uprising involved a major expedition led by Rear-Admiral **Rawson** with 300 personnel, 50 Zanzibaris and 700 porters to carry supplies and ammunition for the 7 pounder field guns to attack Mwele, a stockaded village in the Shimba Hills, south of Mombasa. This also resulted in the award of the same medal, only this time the medal was inscribed Mwele 1895 around the rim. Minor incidents continued up and down the coast until the following year when construction of the Uganda Railway commenced at Mombasa and Indian troops arrived to police the area.

While in Mombasa recently researching the Royal Navy's activities on the East African coast in the late 1800s, I came across a faded photograph of an unusual large steel cross grave marker with the barely legible name **Chowne R.M.L.I. 2 Nov 1895**. From previous visits to local cemeteries in Mombasa looking for naval casualties this was not a local burial. A check in the records for the Mwele expedition to the south of Mombasa showed no R.M. casualties, which meant the casualty probably occurred during an expedition to the north of Mombasa. A likely possibility was the cemetery at the mission station of Rabai some ten miles inland. Rabai was the site of the first Christian church in East Africa established by the Rev. Ludwig **Krapf** of the Church Missionary Society in 1847 and the first European to see Mount Kilimanjaro. A visit to this cemetery showed only graves of missionaries who had succumbed to malaria and other fevers over a century ago. However the local parish priest recognised the cross and indicated its location a mile away in the bush at an abandoned cemetery of an earlier mission now in ruins. A brisk walk armed with a machete, water and a guide soon located the partly overgrown site. The cross was the largest marker in the small plot and was made from two pieces of steel plate back to back with the name cut in the front piece. It read '*In memory of C Chowne, R.M.L.I. H.M.S. Phoebe, Killed at Chengoni, 2 November 1895*'. This called for further investigation and a visit to the Public Record Office now the National Archives in London, for the relative documents on naval activities in East Africa. The Admiralty file for operations in the East Indies, as this area was known in the 19th century, showed an interesting little story about a minor insurrection on the coast at Bomani, a small village north of Mombasa.

In mid 1895 a local Arab, **Hamisi Kombo**, the chief of the local district was disobeying British Government directives and had gathered a crowd of followers at the village of Bomani between Mombasa and Kilifi. The Royal Navy was summoned and the cruiser H.M.S. Phoebe arrived in Mombasa from Zanzibar. On 31 October a punitive expedition of sixty sailors and Royal Marines armed with a 7 pounder gun, rockets and maxim guns sailed up the old harbour to the top of Tudor Creek then marched to the village of Ribe, arriving shortly before midnight. Early next morning a force of fifty Zanzibari troops under Captain **Harrison** arrived to supplement the naval force. That afternoon they all set off for Bomani and camped four miles from the village. At midnight they were joined by Lt **Wake** and twenty-five men from the gunboat H.M.S. Swallow that had also arrived in Mombasa that day. At four in the morning, the rebels attacked, firing briskly and Lance Corporal Charles Henry **Chowne** CH4813 was shot in the head. Chowne was carried back to the mission cemetery where he was buried with full military honours shortly after dawn. The remainder continued on to Bomani with some opposition before attacking the stockaded village and burning it to the ground. By mid morning it was all over and the party returned to Rabai, where they learnt the mission had come under attack from another rebel group. The missionaries and followers had defended the place with bows and arrows and killed twenty-five attackers before they withdrew. The party returned to the ship on the evening of 3 November having used four 7 pounder shells and five-hundred rounds of ammunition.

Chowne's enlistment papers also in the Archives, showed he had been born in London on 6 June 1870 and enlisted into the Royal Marines at Walmer on his eighteenth birthday. He went on to serve at Chatham and Pembroke before joining his first ship H.M.S. Mohawk on 16 December 1890. After a further spell ashore he joined H.M.S. Phoebe on 26 November 1894 and was discharged dead on 4 November 1895.

The East Indies correspondence file also contained another little hand written note that just happened to ring a bell. It stated that Private Thomas **Allen**, PO3635, R.M.L.I. of the gunboat H.M.S. Reindeer had shot himself on 28 April 1889 and was buried on Funzi Island. Funzi and Misali Island had been naval bases for some years supplying the needs of the patrolling sailing and steam cutters engaged in stopping and searching dhows for slaves. I had recently visited Funzi off the west coast of Pemba north of Zanzibar to look for the graves of four Royal Navy casualties that had been buried there between 1887 and 1890.

Visiting the island and locating the graves had been quite an undertaking with a forty mile round trip in a dhow and a major search with local villagers in dense tropical undergrowth in soaring temperatures and high humidity. What came to light were four graves, and Allen was not amongst them. The chances are that because he had committed suicide he had been buried in an unmarked grave and there the matter ended, except that his enlistment papers were also available in the Archives. So who was Thomas **Allen** who had ended his life tragically at the age of twenty two and was laid to rest on a tropical isle.

His service record showed he was born in Hunslet, Leeds on 15 November 1866 and had been a warehouseman before enlisting on 15 September 1886 in London. Posted to Walmer for training, he served there until 4 May 1887 when he was transferred to Portsmouth before joining H.M.S. Reindeer on 22 February 1888. Just over a year later he ended his life on the sailing cutter Olga while on patrol for slave dhows and was buried the following day. The Olga had been one of two sailing cutters that had belonged to H.M.S. London, the old wooden battleship, flagship of the East African squadron based at Zanzibar from 1874 until 1884. When the ship was sold for breaking, the Olga and its sister cutter Helena had also been condemned but reprieved and refitted in Zanzibar. They were eventually disposed of in 1890 when anti-slavery patrols came to an end.

Acknowledgements :

Kenya : Judy Aldrick, Friends of Fort Jesus - Mombasa, St. Paul's Church – Rabai.

United Kingdom : Roger Fryer, MoD casualties R.N, William Spencer of the National Archives - Kew, Matthew Little and John Ambler of The Royal Marine Museum, Portsmouth

KENYA REGIMENT WEBSITE

Alan **Westcob** [KR7260] <chaljud@islc.net> [02/04/2009] from South Carolina: I wonder how many Kenya Regiment Association members live in the US? I am in regular contact with Dave **Walker** [KR7267] who lives in Sarasota, Florida. [*Ed: I am sure there are more than the 23 listed in the Membership Directory*]

Graham **Dowey** [KR7301] <grahamdowey@wanadoo.fr> [30/03/2009] from France: I was in the regiment in 1961.

Peter **Blunt** [KR6993] <pblunt@andes-res.com> [29/03/2009] from Canada: Best wishes to all.

Deryck **Jordan** [KR6846] <dbj@iafrica.com> [17/03/2009] from South Africa: Colour Party final parade! Any contact with Bev **Smith** [KR6633] and Mac **Spence** [KR4640]? Still the best time of my life. Any old *rafiki*'s out there still kicking, drop me an e-mail.

Iain **Morrison** [KR6111] <iain@sprattsend.co.uk> [19/02/2009] from England: A reminder of KRAENA events this year. Thursday 2nd July - curry lunch Winchester and the AGM and luncheon on Wednesday 18th November in London. For further details contact me. Look forward to seeing some of you there.

Harry **Schello** [KR4681] <hschello1@optusnet.com.au> [15/02/2009] from Australia: Any members of first Lanet intake who will remember this old reprobate now have the opportunity to contact same for reminiscence - any respondents?

Mike **Innes Walker** [KR4426] <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz> [13/02/2009] from New Zealand : Advising friends of my new e-mail address.

John **Roberts** [KR4431] <johngorwel@hotmail.com> [06/02/2009] from England: Just a note to let my old mates know that I am still alive and kicking, living in happy retirement, enduring UK weather, corrupt government and financial cock ups. Still have a hankering for Kenya, and if I can endure living in the UK today I am sure I could do the same in Kenya, enjoying a much better climate!

Don *Thompy* **Thompson** [KR4429] <sixtyfour4@bigpond.com> [24/01/2009] from Australia: First time on this website - great. Great reading in m-S XXXIII and Buffalo Barua 11, couldn't put them down - congrats to the Editors and Staff.

Eric **Watson** [KR6065] <jambotof@hotmail.com> [21/01/2009] from Canada: Jambo to one and all, I and my wife will be visiting Watamu from Feb 16th till Mar 3rd 2009. Is there anything going on re: the association during this time? Whilst there would like to contact old Regimental colleagues.

Max **Hutton** [Capt (retd)] <Huttonmax@talk21.com> [19/01/2009] from England: I am carrying out research on the following KR members and would like to hear from anybody who knew them: Sgt Hubert Peter **Feltham** [KR4057], Sgt John **Neild** [KR4134] and Robert Blanford **Cheetham** [KR6052].

Alastair Napier **Bax** [KR4967] <al_bax@bigpond.com> [17/01/2009] from Australia: Does anyone know the whereabouts of Robert Nesham **Bax** [KR7326]? Greetings to all, and all the best for *elfeen na tisa!*

Bernard **Kleynhans** [KR7057] <bernrossie@usgo.net> [08/01/2009] from USA: Our new address: 848 Dodd Rd, Apartment 2, St. Paul, Minnesota, USA 55118. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Rodney **Pickering** [KR6914] and Edwin **Smith** [KR7076], please let me have their contact details.

Mick **Houareau** [KR6739] <mickh@esc.net.au> [06/01/2009] from South Australia: Making a correction to my e-mail address

Basil **Soundy** [KR7399] <soundy@seychelles.net> [05/01/2009] from Seychelles: Happy New Year to you all....hope things are still good for you guys. Drop me a line any time.

Michael **Wakeling** <mikewin1@btinternet.com> [02/01/2009] from Scotland: My great uncle was William *Billy Mackrory* [KR252] Does anyone have any information as to when and where he served?
 Bob **Bulgen** [KR4616] <robert.bulgen@btopenworld.com> [31/12/2008] from England: To all my friends and all members of Kenya Regiment Association, a very happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

Roger **Pittock** [KR6680] <kathleen.pittock@blueyonder.co.uk> [21/12/2008] from England: Festive greetings to all, if any, who remember me. Served 1957 January intake.

John Francis **Hall** [KR7369] <susie.john@xtra.co.nz> [12/12/2008] from New Zealand: Still looking for Dick **Rowe** [KR7382] and James *Jock Begg* [KR7261] - would love to catch up with these guys.

Rob **Alp** [KR7330] <robalp@gotadsl.co.uk> [28/11/2008] from Scotland: *Jambo sana* to all any old rafikis from our 1961 course at Nakuru. I wonder if anyone is in touch with Sgt Jack **Phelps** (Grenadier Guards) our Number 2 Platoon drill sergeant - great bloke!

Richard J G **Waldron** [KR4784] <lwaldron552@btinternet.com> [25/11/2008] from England: Am interested in hearing from anybody who served in and around Nyeri '55-'57, I was DOKG Thegengi and Tetu.

David **Randall** <randalldavid27@yahoo.com> [19/11/2008] from Kenya: I am the son of Patrick Paul **Randall** [KR6899] and would love to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of his relatives. They left Kenya early 60s for South Africa and Australia. My grandparents were John Leslie and Susan Sophie **Randall**.

Dingo **Plenderleith** [KR4551/5806] <dingo_plenderleith@yahoo.co.uk> [09/11/2008] from Spain: Have just returned after attending WA World reunion in Perth. Wonderful time with old friends. Met up with chaps who were on my intake Jan 1954, last course in Salisbury. Thanks to the organisers for all the hard work that went into making the event such a success.

Beau **Younghusband**, [KR5644] <younghusbandb@aol.com> [05/11/2008] from Isle of Wight: Change of email address

SALVAGING THE PEGASUS GUNS

[Kevin Patience]

H.M.S. **Pegasus** an elderly 2,000 ton Third Class cruiser sank on the afternoon of 20 September 1914 off Malindi Spit in Zanzibar harbour. **Pegasus** commanded by Commander John **Ingles** was one of three warships that comprised the East Indies Squadron under Rear Admiral **King-Hall** based at Simons Town, South Africa in the years leading up to the First World War. The other two out dated cruisers were H.M.S. **Astraea** and the flagship H.M.S. **Hyacinth**. Their prime role had been to patrol the coastline and show the flag at distant ports and islands as far afield as Ascension in the South Atlantic and Zanzibar on the east coast of Africa and in time of war to look after shipping on the Empire's trade routes. Wherever they went they were well received by the local populace and **Pegasus** or *Peggy* the smallest was a favourite of the residents of Durban. While other foreign stations had more modern ships, this quiet backwater was largely forgotten and all three ships were nearly twenty years old and as the saying goes '*well past their sell by date*'.

All would have been well except that at the beginning of June 1914, a rather fast modern well armed interloper arrived at Dar es Salaam in German East Africa in the shape of the 3,000 ton cruiser S.M.S. **Königsberg**. Commanded by Fregattenkapitan Max **Looff**, she represented a threat to the otherwise halcyon days of pre war colonial life. A month later it was obvious that the political scene in Europe was building up for war, it was just a question of when. **King-Hall**, aware of his opponent's faster speed and Krupp high velocity 4 inch guns, was ordered to keep an eye on the situation in German East Africa and on 31 July was inbound for coal at Zanzibar when they crossed paths with the **Königsberg** leaving Dar es Salaam. Since they were not at war there was little **King-Hall** could do and the ship disappeared into the night. Four days later war was declared.

King-Hall's ships burnt an enormous quantity of coal in their forays around Africa and numerous coaling stops were the order of the day. One of the strangest directives from their Lords of the Admiralty was the burning of highly sulphurous coal from the Natal collieries instead of good quality Welsh steam coal. This poor quality coal produced a filthy yellow black smoke with a noxious smell that furred up the water tube boilers and created numerous problems for the engineering staff, a point noted in the local newspapers of the time.

Continual steaming for weeks on end meant that **Pegasus** was in dire need of maintenance to both boilers and engines and anchored at Zanzibar on the 19 September, shutting down all but two of her boilers. That night the gun crews slept on deck with the 4 inch Lyddite ammunition to hand in the ready use lockers, while the stokers had the unenviable task of shovelling soot and ash.

At 05.10 the following morning the ship awoke to the scream and crash of five shells exploding alongside. **Königsberg** had arrived and opened fire at 9,000 yards. Seconds later the ship received a savage blow as the second salvo struck home destroying one 4 inch gun and killing the crew. A third salvo arrived, tearing holes in the hull and deck and killing the stokers who had just come off watch. **Pegasus** gunners replied but their shells exploded harmlessly short of the enemy.

Lyddite was a now obsolete propellant. More shells crashed home leaving the ship and crew reeling under the onslaught. Eight minutes into the action and the gun crews ceased firing, most had either been killed or severely wounded. Ingles took the unprecedented action of striking the colours. A white sheet was raised and **Königsberg** departed into the early morning haze leaving **Pegasus** on fire and sinking.

As the sun rose lifeboats from other ships ferried the wounded and dead ashore and a tug was procured to move the ship into shallow water. By mid morning the anchor had been slipped and the slow tow up the harbour began. Water was pouring into the ship through holes in the hull and it was only a matter of time before she sank. North of the harbour entrance the ship was turned and pointed into the muddy shallows but the combination of tide and wind defeated the small tug and at two thirty that afternoon **Pegasus** sank in thirty feet, leaving the masts above the surface.

Königsberg's luck ran out a few hours after leaving Zanzibar when one engine failed and she limped into the Rufiji river delta on the African coast. The damaged machinery was repaired but by the time she

was ready for sea the Royal Navy had discovered her whereabouts and blockaded the river entrance. Ten months later **Königsberg** was destroyed by a combined naval aerial and ship bombardment.

The loss of the **Pegasus** made headlines and the Admiralty went to great lengths to cover the 'striking of the colours'. **Ingles** was ordered to take command of the Zanzibar forces as senior officer on the island, and set about organising the troops and available artillery. Having written to the Admiralty explaining the loss of his ship and striking the colours, he waited for weeks for the outcome and was eventually admonished. In the meantime he realised that the **Pegasus** armament would be worth salvaging and with the arrival of diving equipment set about recovering the guns with the help of the Zanzibar Port Engineer Mr **Dyer-Melville**.

A floating crane was used to retrieve the eight 4 inch guns from the deck together with eight 3 pdr guns, and all were transported to the Zanzibar railway workshops situated in the Arab fort on the seafront. There the barrels were slipped out of their mountings and overhauled, while steel for the first gun carriage was cut and riveted together from boiler plate. Two of the 4 inch guns damaged in the bombardment were used for spares. The first gun was mounted on wooden artillery wheels and towed out of town to the grounds of the ruined Marahubi Palace. Here it was pointed out to sea and test fired a number of times until it was realised the shock of the recoil was splintering the spokes. The gun was returned to the workshop and new steel wheels riveted and fitted with bronze bushes held on to the axle by large tapered locking pins. A second test firing was more successful and the six guns were overhauled ready for service and named *Peggy I – VI*.

Two of the guns were allocated to the Zanzibar Defence Force under Ingles and mounted on the seafront in case the enemy should invade, while a third was mounted in an emplacement on the seafront at Mombasa. Two others *Peggy III* and *IV* were railed to Maktau, a military camp in British East Africa, in preparation for the planned invasion of German East Africa. They became No. 10 Battery under the command of Captain **Orde-Brown** manned by South African and Royal Navy gun crews and were first used in anger at Salaita Hill on 12 February 1916.

The last gun railed from Mombasa to Kisumu on Lake Victoria was mounted on the foredeck of the lake steamer *Winifred* also manned by a naval gun crew. The eight smaller three pounders were mounted on carriages and went on to see action on the mainland.

Peggy III and *IV* were dragged through the bush by motor lorries, and oxen when the former bogged down. The next rounds were fired at Kondoa Irangi, where a **Königsberg** 4 inch gun salvaged from the sunken cruiser replied. A possibly, unique situation where two guns that had fought each other at sea now duelled on land. As the campaign dragged on through the German East African bush the **Pegasus** gun crews were pronounced unfit and both guns and crews recalled to Dar es Salaam.

The situation on Lake Victoria was now under control and the **Winifred** gun was removed and railed to Mombasa and together with the two guns from Dar es Salaam were returned to naval stores at Zanzibar. They were subsequently shipped to Simons Town where they were probably scrapped. The Mombasa gun was presented to the town and now stands outside Fort Jesus museum while the two Zanzibar guns were left on the seafront.

On the outbreak of the Second World War both guns were examined to see if they could be used. After a survey and some lengthy correspondence with Simons Town, it was discovered that all stocks of suitable 4 inch ammunition had been disposed of some years previously. The guns remained on the seafront until after the revolution in 1964 when they disappeared and all attempts to trace their whereabouts have been in vain.

In 1955 the remains of the **Pegasus** were sold by the Zanzibar Government to an Italian salvage firm for £500 who broke open the wreck with explosives and removed the machinery, boilers, propellers and anything else of value. Twenty years later the wreck was rediscovered by a friend of mine working in Zanzibar and we began diving the remains. What was left was not recognisable as a ship, more a large pile of scrap on the seabed. However we found numerous small items of interest including the wardroom silver serving dishes which incidentally were EPNS. However, one interesting find was huge quantities of stick Lyddite which on drying was still lethal after sixty years underwater. Sometime later I met up with an ex-salvage diver in Mombasa who had worked the wreck in 1955 and the story was

explained. After the wreck had been blown open, the divers discovered large quantities of 4 inch shells which were brought to the surface where the heads were removed and the brass cases emptied. The Lyddite and shell heads were then thrown over the side, a process not to be recommended.

Many years later **Dyer-Melville's** son Alec contacted me to ask about the white flag incident his father had mentioned some years earlier. I was able to tell him the entire story and in exchange he gave me copies of the gun recovery photographs taken by his father. Quite recently I received a call from an ex-Uganda resident asking for help in identifying some lake steamer photographs from the early 1900s. This was straight forward, but amongst the collection was a picture I had been told did not exist, that of the steamer Winifred with the Pegasus gun on the foredeck. It was the culmination of years of searching and at long last I could finally close the chapter on the Pegasus gun saga.

Acknowledgements: Alec **Dyer-Melville**, Fort Jesus Museum, Mombasa and Zanzibar Archives



Roger Lutkens [6116], Laurie Pearse [6115]; Muff Becker [6074]; John Crampton [6083], Jock Boyd [6075] and Keith Roach [6090] – same KRTC course – 1955/56?

Young heroes of Kenya's war with terrorists

They staked their lives on Mau Mau disguise

R. V. GILLMAN

East African Annual 1956/57

COOL COURAGE AND THE CALM acceptance of the most appalling risks has won the admiration of the world for a handful of young white men in Kenya who disguised themselves as Mau Mau and deliberately mingled with terrorist gangs.

Even now, only part of their story can be told. "Pseudo gang" operations, as they are called officially, are still going on. A highly skilled organisation, under police control, is remorselessly hunting down the remaining terrorist leaders. Not until the last criminal has been eliminated will it be possible to abandon the need for security.

Mau Mau bestiality was at its worst; murder followed brutal murder and there was despair in the hearts of decent people when the first whisper of these activities was heard in Nairobi.



White Mau Mau: Gary Plenderleith, fur blanket under one arm and weapon partly concealed under the other, in his forest terrorist rig-out and (left) back in his 'civvy street' job – on a railway engine footplate.

Massive military operations, though effective as a long-term policy, seemed at the time to be but scratching the surface of a savage rebellion; brave men had tried - and failed - to bring about a mass surrender of terrorists. Troops and police clashed with large, well-armed gangs, killed perhaps one or two terrorists and, more often than not, the rest got away.

The second week of October, 1954, brought news which demonstrated the bitterness of the battle. Terrorists raided a lonely farmhouse in the Nyeri area, murdered Mrs. Mary **Leakey** and her Kikuyu cook and abducted her husband, the 70 year-old Mr. Arundel Gray **Leakey**. Weeks later Mr. **Leakey**'s body was found in a shallow forest grave with indications that he had been buried alive as a Mau Mau sacrifice.

At Dundora, on the outskirts of Nairobi, a terrorist gang was brought to daylight battle by police. Eight gangsters and one European police officer were killed. Then, on October 14, the East African Standard reported: "In one of the biggest single successes by security forces for several months, men of the Kenya

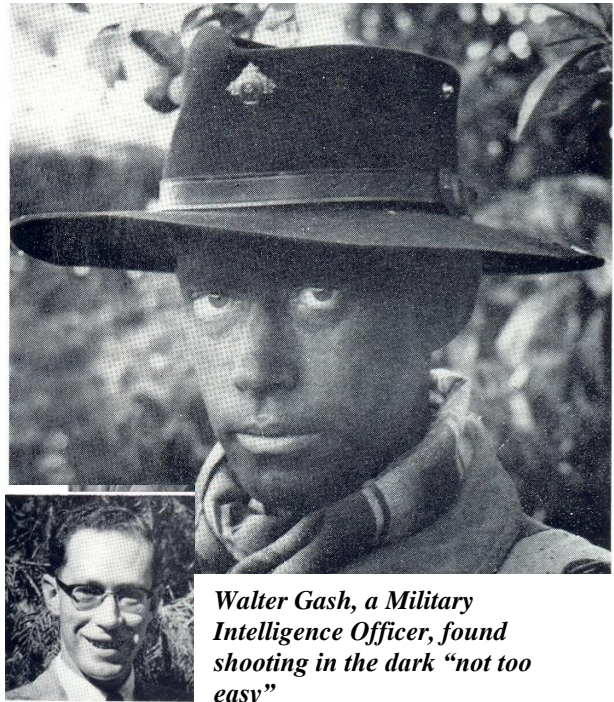
Regiment killed 13 terrorists in an ambush at Kabete The gang was wiped out except for one terrorist who escapedAfter the engagement the security forces collected three Service rifles, a sporting rifle, a home-made gun, a home-made pistol, 253 rounds of ammunition, a hand grenade and three Patchett gun magazines."

"An ambush", the official communique had said. But behind the scenes, there was anxiety about the one terrorist who had escaped. Would he realize what had happened - that Mau Mau had been tricked by disguised white men and loyal Africans pretending to be gangsters?

Communiqués, giving but the briefest of details of actions in which "Security Forces patrols" wiped out entire gangs, later became commonplace.

The pseudo gangsters were at work. Cunning was being matched by cunning and Mau Mau leaders feared for their lives.

The real story of that October night, two years ago, began in a banana plantation in the Kikuyu Reserve not far from Nairobi city boundary. Shortly before dusk a private car drew up on the murram road and young white men, carrying bundles, dismounted. The car drove off. They chatted quietly, glanced round to make sure they were unobserved, and slipped in among the trees.



Walter Gash, a Military Intelligence Officer, found shooting in the dark "not too easy"

Half an hour later a "Mau Mau gang" walked from the plantation. The Europeans wore tattered terrorist clothes and had blacked their faces and hands. Under ragged overcoats they carried loaded sub-machine guns.

They met up with their loyal Africans and set off for the climax of months of careful preparation and intelligence work.

The local passive supporters of Mau Mau, convinced they were genuine terrorists, were taking them to meet a big gang. For seven miles they walked, their Mau Mau guide carefully inspecting the lie of the land before they crossed a road or approached a group of huts.

A shadowy figure challenged from beneath a tree. A call sign - the whistle of the night jar - was exchanged and they were directed to a second sentry, and then a third. The gangsters were expecting them, but they had to stick rigidly to the proper route. An approach from the wrong direction would have aroused immediate suspicion and caused the terrorists to melt away into the night.

The Mau Mau guide held up a wire fence for the disguised white men to climb through. The moon was up and for a moment they feared that at close quarters he would see white patches on their necks as they bent down. The leader of the loyal Africans sensed the danger and called to the man to get on and not waste time.

Figures materialised from a small plantation of wattle trees. Some of them carried guns. There were cries of welcome and the terrorists rushed forward to meet their new-found comrades. "Stand back. Wait for the big General" shouted the loyal leader.

The Mau Mau obeyed. There was a muttered word of command. The pseudo gangsters went down on one knee, pulled their guns from beneath their coats and opened fire. The gang had been successfully 'ambushed'.

The commander of these "men of the Kenya Regiment" was Captain Francis **Erskine** (later awarded the Military Cross, with a secret citation). He is an old Etonian, son of Mr. Derek **Erskine** who is a former member of the Kenya Legislative Council, and grandson of a British M.P.

Among his companions was a friend of schooldays in Nairobi, a temporary Kikuyu Guard District Officer, named **Peter Nicholas**. At 26, he was two years older than Erskine, and he has since received the George Medal for "tenacity, ingenuity, daring and outstanding leadership".



Both Kenya-born, these two are typical of the men who tricked Mau Mau and gambled their lives on a disguise.

The Kikuyu called Captain **Erskine** 'Karuku' - the foolhardy or fearless one.

An old Etonian, Francis Erskine, M.C., was an originator of the pseudo-gangster technique. But his dog is not fooled by his tatters, dented home-made rifle and blackened skin

One night an armed Mau Mau gang turned up for their food at the hut of a passive supporter. But someone else had got there first and eaten the lot. The hungry terrorists raised their guns when they saw a group of strangers resting under a tree. They ordered someone to come forward to be identified. One man in tattered old clothes climbed wearily to his feet and limped towards them, leaning heavily on a stick. The threatening guns were lowered. But suddenly the lame man dropped his walking stick and pulled a sub-machine gun from under his coat. A spray of bullets hit the terrorists. Five managed to get away in the darkness, but two died later from their wounds. The sixth, a woman, was taken prisoner. The lame old man was "Karuku".

The George Medal citation for Peter **Nicholas** described how, with eight Africans, he attacked a 30-strong Mau Mau gang. Disguised as a terrorist, he got right inside the gang's hideout and opened fire on them as they slept.

Two of the loyal Africans were wounded as the startled gangsters grabbed their guns and fired back.

But **Nicholas** chased all the terrorists outside into the bush and remained in the hide-out all night. He drove off several counter-attacks, and at dawn found twelve dead terrorists, thirteen rifles, ammunition and supplies.

In all this, the key men were former terrorists who had thrown in their lot with the pseudo gangs; men who knew the Mau Mau terminology, the completely illogical answers to set questions, the current bird call and the snapping of fingers in answer to their signs. Neither **Nicholas**, **Erskine**, nor any other white man ever spoke to the gangsters unless they were forced into it. And even then they tried to get away with a few inaudible mutters. They knew their accents would give them away at once, and always at their side there had to be a trusted Kikuyu to "cover" for them.

Many of those decorated for their bravery in pseudo gang operations are still in the Forces. Their stories are among those which must remain untold, apart from the few facts already public knowledge through the publication of citations for awards.

There is John Austin **Miller**, who was a Kenya Regiment Warrant Officer when he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal: "Disguised as a terrorist, he attended with his mock gangsters several meetings of the top Mau Mau committee in the Thika area. He also managed to eliminate some active terrorists, including one well-known leader. . .

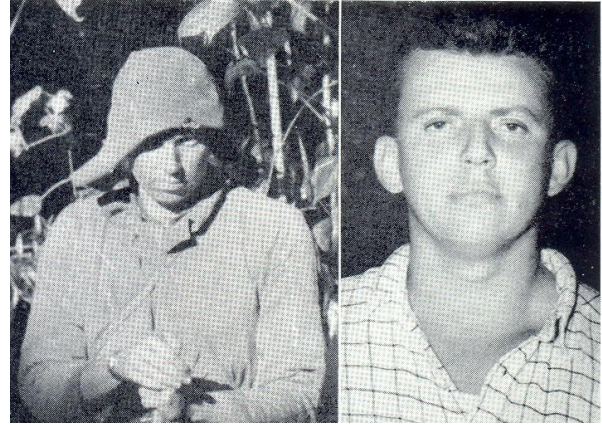
"He again attended a meeting with all the senior Mau Mau office-holders, in the course of which he successfully directed a police patrol on the scene so that all fifteen Mau Mau members were killed or arrested."

The Military Cross went to Captain Rupert Ian **Field**, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry:

"He led a mixed European and African patrol deep into the Mount Kenya forest. They were all disguised as Mau Mau gangsters.... In another patrol the party eluded guards and entered a Mau Mau camp where a meeting was being held The European part of the patrol was able to advance to within ten yards of the meeting before opening fire, killing three Mau Mau and severely wounding six others."

The citation neatly concludes: "The slightest mistake by this small force would have meant instant death for all concerned."

Many others - soldiers, field intelligence officers, regular and part-time policemen - have figured in the honours lists. Doubtless there will be more.



Valentine John Summers M.M. as he is today, working as an engineer at Mombasa and (left) on a forest operation

The present pseudo gang organisation is known as Police Special Force. Its European volunteers and ex-terrorist members have inflicted as many as half the recent terrorist casualties. The first member of Special Force to complete his service and return to civilian life was Sergeant Gary **Plenderleith**, a railway fireman and son of a British engine driver. He is a fair-haired young giant of a man who, at the age of 20, had memories of the fight against Mau Mau which would cause many an older man sleepless nights.

Soon after dawn in the bamboo forest of the Kinangop he led his pseudo gang against 27 well armed terrorists. He crept right to the feet of a sleeping Mau Mau "general" before giving the order to open fire. Eleven gangsters died and one was wounded and captured. The terrorists were cold-blooded murderers, with whom no chances could be taken. It would have needed many more men to try and capture them, and a bigger party would probably have been detected and the whole gang would have got away.

One of the most difficult things about such an operation is to organise the attack so that there is no danger of shooting one's own men; yet, at the same time, to be able to open fire with maximum effect on the Mau Mau. Gary **Plenderleith** gave his men strict orders - "Once the shooting starts, don't move a foot".

Another whose name appeared in an honours list with the words "secret citation" was Captain Walter **Gash**, M.B.E. In his mid-twenties, he was District Military Intelligence Officer at Kiambu, near Nairobi. He knew better than most that the essence of the job was painstaking, often monotonous intelligence work - questioning, checking and cross-checking and the laborious translation and interpretation of captured documents. Didn't the danger make you uneasy?" He was once asked. "Well I suppose it was a bit dangerous if you think about it", he answered. "But to be honest, the only thing that really worried me was that after months of investigation we might meet a gang and then make a botch of it. It's not so easy, you know, shooting in the dark with a gun with its butt folded so that it will fit under your coat."

Not the least of the dangers of a disguise was that of being mistaken for a real terrorist by members of the Security Forces. Elaborate arrangements are made to clear specific areas of normal patrols so that the pseudo gangs can work, but in the early days this was not always possible.

Three white pseudo gangsters have been killed in action. A series of tragic coincidences caused young Donald Bellingham - he was only nineteen - to be shot and killed by loyal Africans who spotted him in his disguise in daylight.

Sergeant Neil **Purves** threw a hand grenade into a hut where terrorist leaders had refused to surrender. The explosion was delayed, Sergeant Purves looked up and he was fatally wounded when the grenade went off unexpectedly.



Lieutenant James **McNab** was killed as he led an assault on a heavily armed gang who fired back with an automatic weapon. In 1954, he had won the British Empire Medal for service with the Kenya Regiment.

Lieut. James McNab, invested by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, with the B.E.M., in 1954, was later killed leading an assault on a big Mau Mau gang

When he gave his life he was on secondment to the police as a Field Intelligence Officer, and this year it was announced that he had been posthumously awarded the Queen's Police Medal for gallantry.

"He displayed outstanding courage as he was fully aware that the party would encounter determined resistance from a well armed and resolute enemy" said the citation.

Some of these heroes, although they are now back at their normal jobs, want to remain anonymous. Let's call one of them "Sgt. X".

Three villainous looking characters climbed stealthily over the twelve foot high gate which formed part of the fortifications around a Kikuyu village. They crept quietly to the hut of the leader of the local passive cell of Mau Mau. The terrorist password was exchanged and the three strangers were admitted. They accused the leader of failing to maintain supplies of food and money to their gang in the forest. Meanwhile an African woman cowered nervously in the corner of the hut, terrified of the savage looking intruders with their knives and home-made guns. Suddenly her nerves gave way and she screamed at the top of her voice.

The whole village was roused and the three ruffians ran for their lives. Down the main "street" they went, back to the twelve foot gate. But by now the moon was up. Kikuyu Guards, in their little stockade a hundred yards from the village, heard the uproar, saw the three figures clambering over the gate, and opened fire.

Tracer bullets whistled round the three men as they jumped down outside the gate and fled for the nearest cover - an overgrown plantation 150 yards away. They dived in among the trees and lay for a few moments to get their breath. Their leader absent-mindedly wiped perspiration from his face. Some of the blackness came off and white skin showed through.

"Sergeant X" was leading two of his men on a night's routine work to get information about the local Mau Mau.



Peter Nicholas was decorated with the George Medal as a reward for courageous work over months in terrorist-infested forests

CHINESE BUILD NEW HIGHWAY TO "LOST" KENYA

[C. Bryson Hull - near Isiolo, Kenya (Thomson Reuters) - Fri Aug 22 2008 2:26pm BST]

After a century of broken promises, a paved road linking Kenya to Ethiopia is no longer a mirage for a desert region choked by remoteness. Hurling up a cloud of blinding white dust, Chinese road engineers are helping to lay down the first kilometres of tarmac to replace a 530km (330mile) forbidding rock track that joins Kenya's farms and port to landlocked Ethiopia.

The stretch of road from Isiolo to Moyale on the border is one of the last unpaved sections of the Great North Road, a British colonial dream to connect Cape Town to Cairo. But where Britain and the post independence Kenyan governments failed, China is leading the way - helping to build a major trade route that will open up the northern half of Kenya, a region that has been effectively sealed off for 100 years.

In what is a now familiar sight across Africa, China's drive to secure minerals, oil, and a place for its workers and industries to thrive is converging with Kenyan government plans to tap the potential of undeveloped regions. The road could turn promises of oil into reality and increase tourism and trade in a starkly beautiful land where, until now, only banditry, desolation and poverty had flourished.

"This progress is going to benefit the whole area for tourism. Once it is finished, we can already see more trade," said Wu Vi Bao, project manager for the state-owned construction company China Wu Vi (Kenya) Co which is building the road with 4.3 billion Kenya shillings from the African Development Bank (AfDB) and the Kenyan government.

According to AfDB estimates, paving the road between Isiolo, 211 miles north of Nairobi, and Moyale could boost trade between Kenya and Ethiopia along that corridor fivefold to US\$175 million from the present \$35 million annually. Trade between China and Kenya last year was worth \$959 million, a 48 percent rise over 2006, according to the Chinese embassy in Kenya.

Not part of Kenya

The tarmac of the Cape to Cairo road ends at the squared off edge of pavement at the end of Isiolo where one finds all the restless bustle of a quintessential border town because residents say it's the frontier between "Kenya *Mbili*".

"People in the north feel as if they are not part of the country," said Hussein **Sasura**, assistant minister for Development of Northern Kenya and other Arid Lands. "When someone leaves for Nairobi, people say he has gone to Kenya."

Hopes are high that the revamped road will draw more tourists and create more revenue for the people living here. But some people are suspicious of China's motives, mirroring the ambivalence towards the Asian giant's investment push felt by many Africans.

Residents of some African nations, like Zambia, complain that China is undertaking a second colonisation by focusing on Africa's resources and dumping its cheapest goods here. China denies this, and has a 50-year history of bilateral trade and cooperation with Kenya.

The Chinese have an immediate interest in rebuilding the first stretch of the Isiolo-Moyale road, so that it can move heavy equipment into Merti, roughly 50 miles east of the end of the 84.5 miles it has committed to build.

China National Offshore Oil Corporation (CNOOC) and Sweden's Lundin Petroleum AB are carrying out seismic tests for oil in Merti in preparation for drilling next year. Residents in Isiolo have been suspicious of oil exploration since a 1980s venture yielded nothing amid murky circumstances.

There are other signs of simmering resentment. One Chinese engineer was shot and killed near the Merille River by shifta - or bandits - on April 21. Tribal elders say he was targeted because of a feeling that not enough men from the area had been employed by the Chinese. Wu said at least 150 of the

nearly 200 people on the project were Kenyans and all the day labourers were locals.

After the shooting, the Kenyan government sent its elite paramilitary General Service Unit to the Merille River area to disarm youths and provide a security presence.

Hidden gems

There is little doubt the road will offer a lifeline to northern Kenya and could signal an end to years of neglect. Under colonial rule, Isiolo was an outpost at the edge of the closed Northern Frontier District, which spanned the top half of Kenya from Uganda and Sudan in the west, across Ethiopia to Somalia in the east.

"In those days, Europeans were not allowed to stay there because it was too dangerous and the climate was too harsh. You had to have a permit," said George **Cardovillis**, a Kenyan descended from Greek traders who wanted to set up shop at the Ethiopia-Kenya border in 1914. The government ordered them to keep going more than 373 miles south to Maralal.

North of Isiolo to Ethiopia, not much has changed across desolate stretches of black volcanic stones and reddish sands since **Cardovillis'** forebears trekked south in a donkey train. The sun still blasts shimmering heat waves down from an enveloping sky. Mountains loom in a gunmetal haze across the plains. Water is scarce. Electricity, telephone lines and most other services barely exist.

Amid this desolate beauty are some of Kenya's most unspoiled national parks, rarely visited because of their remoteness. Barely 31 miles past Isiolo, lie three game reserves that rival the famed Masai Mara for the volume and variety of animals. This is where 'Born Free' author and naturalist Joy **Adamson** settled to raise leopards until her murder.

"We think our occupancies will double when the road is finished," said Jayne **Nguatah**, manager of the Sarova Shaba lodge in Shaba park. "It will be a Christmas gift to us." The Sarova Shaba is built on the banks of the Ewaso Nyiro River, where crocodiles feed and Samburu and Borana herdsman water their animals. Baboons and monkeys roam the main lodge, which is built like a treehouse and straddles a natural spring.

But infrastructure is not the only problem for those seeking to build a viable tourism industry in northern Kenya. Banditry and tribal clashes are common here, thanks to weapons flowing in from past and present conflicts in Ethiopia, Somalia, Sudan and Uganda. And security forces are spread thin. Nomadic herders roam for pasture and water for their sheep, cows, goats and camels, as they have for centuries. But today, some carry AK-47 assault rifles, while others brandish Sterling Enfield rifles from colonial times.

And despite the Chinese engineers' industry near Isiolo, far to the north in Moyale, some people doubt the road will ever reach them. Plans to extend the tarmac beyond the stretch being reworked by the Chinese are still on the drawing board. "For 45 years they have been promising us that road," trader Gumucha **Gisiko** said, waving his hand dismissively as a frown rose above his red henna beard. "Seeing is believing!"

[Article submitted by Gino Lusso [KR422]]

'B' COMPANY THE 2ND BATTALION THE 6TH KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES - 1939/41

[Pierse Harley [KR243]]

In October 1939, forty two members of the Kenya Regiment were sent down by boat to the King's African Rifles Depot at Dar es Salaam where the 1st Battalion 6th (Tanganyika) King's African Rifles (1/6 KAR) was then stationed, but left a couple of months later for the Northern Frontier District (NFD) of Kenya. Some members of the Kenya Regiment joined 1st Battalion (Nyasaland) KAR, and others joined 1/6th KAR.

Cresswell **George**, better known as *CG*, and eight from the Kenya Regiment, including myself, remained behind at the Depot and started to train recruits.

The 2/6th was formed at Dar es Salaam early in 1940, as far as I can remember and *CG* became my Coy Comd. He had an Australian, *Ossie Brown*, ex-Irish Guards, as his 2IC and who must have been transferred elsewhere a little later. Lieutenant Colonel G.G. **Johnstone** was CO with as his 2IC, Jock **Minnery**, ex-Tanganyika Game Department. Jock later left us in the Sudan and Gilbert **Collins** took over as Bn 2IC.

John *Willie E. McKenzie* was Adjutant, and Frank **Gillman**, who, as a child was interned during the First World War, was one of *CG*'s platoon commanders, remaining with 'B' Coy throughout the War.

After a couple of months we were transferred to Moshi where a number of Tanganyika District Officers, who had been commissioned, joined us and we were dubbed "The DO's Own". Most of them were transferred elsewhere when we left Moshi, amongst them was Capt **Duncan**, an ex-Regular who had joined the Tanganyika Administration and became OC 'B' Coy with *CG* as his 2IC.

Capt **Duncan** and *Willie McKenzie* could not stand one another and when the former was transferred John ordered *CG* not to give Capt **Duncan** an official send-off. *CG* ignored the order, fell in the whole Coy, marched us three miles to the station and gave him a good send off. *CG* then became OC 'B' Coy again.

The 1st Northern Rhodesia Regiment (NRR) was at Moshi when we arrived but were moved northwards after a few months. In March or April 1940, *CG* and some NCOs from 2/6 KAR, including me, were sent as part of the second course at the Officer Cadet Training Unit (OCTU) at Nakuru.

During a weekend from there I took *CG* up to the farm in the Aberdares where I was in partnership in pyrethrum with Capt **Thorpe**. I asked *CG* if the air up there was not marvellous and he said "Yes, if only you weren't so mean with it!" - my house was at 9000ft. I had not completed the house when war came and I told *CG* it would be quite cold at night. He woke up in the night, frozen, and found that his clothes had fallen through the floorboards where they had not been completed.

In June 1940, the Italians came into the war and the OCTU course ceased abruptly and we were returned to our units. I returned to the same platoon of 'B' Coy as an officer; Pat **Low** was another 'B' Coy platoon commander.

A few months later we were transferred to Nairobi. Every night for six weeks was supposed to be our last night, so we had six weeks of parties. I was exhausted.

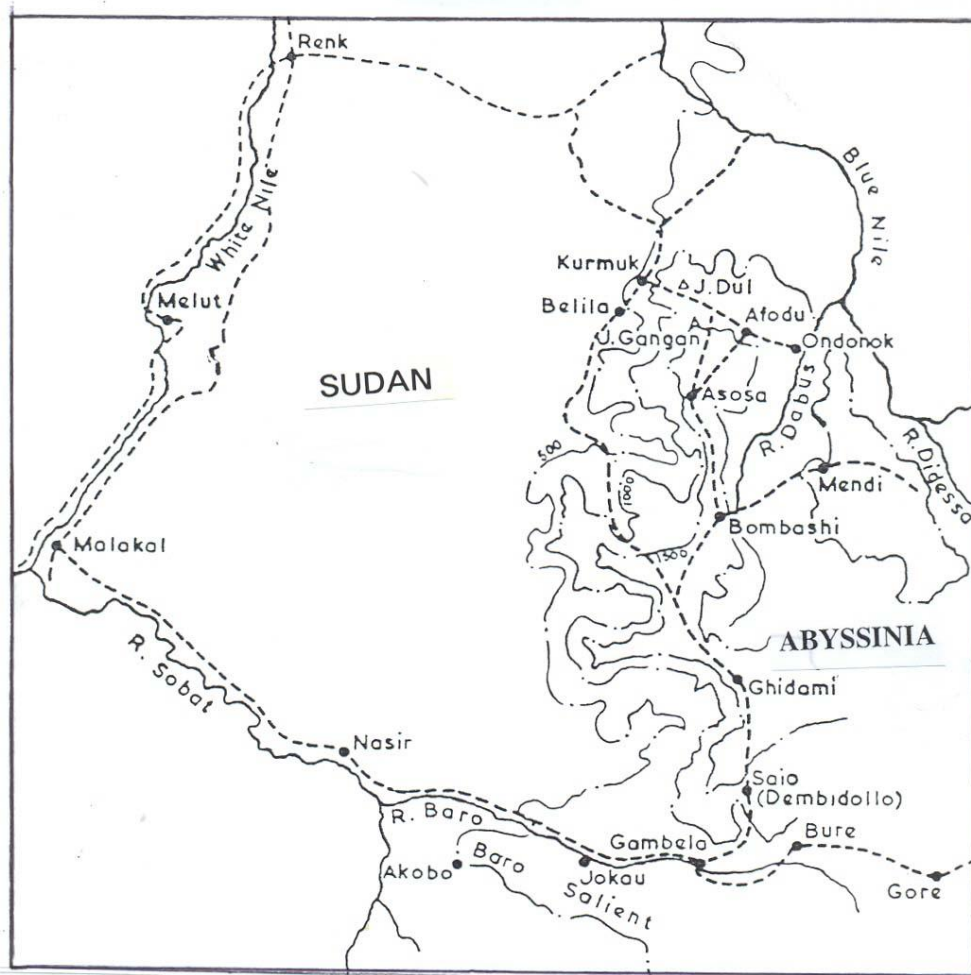
Finally we were sent off by train to Gulu in Uganda. There the Coy discovered Nubian Gin. We had a weekend there and half the Coy was drunk. There was a football match with the askaris trying to kick the ball and falling on their backs! I was inspecting my Platoon's front rank when an askari in the rear rank burst into song and sang all the way to the guard room.

After the weekend we were picked up by a Cape Coloured convoy and driven to Juba on the Nile River where each Coy boarded a steamer and set off down the Nile for five days. The first night we hit a bank, bounced off and hit another one, and did this back and forth. I thought the pilot was drunk, but this was, apparently, standard procedure during the first night.

We travelled for two days through the Sudd with floating islands of papyrus passing us day and night. Mosquitoes were very numerous and voracious. In this area the Nile is very shallow, about four or five feet deep but during the rains can become a hundred miles wide. There were barges on the sides and front of the boat to stop it from being blown over.

Most of the Bn disembarked at Malakal, but 'B' Coy went a 100 miles further north to Melut where we were quartered in thatched huts on a back water of the Nile. We bought ambash canoes from the locals and had great fun boating on the Nile. The boats, consisting of reed tied with string must be the most primitive in the world. Provided the boats are pulled out of the water when not in use, these boats would float, albeit with water 3" from the gunwales. We also found that they turned over very easily!

It was said that a crocodile would not attack you when in an ambash canoe. I think this is true as I went fishing and was never attacked; I did, however, feel very nervous! I think the ambash canoes are similar to those on Lake Baringo.



At that time we were the only British troops 1000 miles south of Khartoum. When writing home, it was a court martial offence to say that we were in the Sudan, yet we used Sudanese stamps on the envelopes!

At Melut we were joined by Frank **Corfield**, an ex-Palestinian policeman who had joined the Sudanese Administration. He was in the Sudan Auxiliary Police with the rank of Bimbashi, an Egyptian Army title, equivalent to a Lieutenant, and he wore a crown with a five-pointed star, which he removed when he was promoted Major. As he was not in the Army he was allowed a camera and took photographs of the campaign and gave each officer in 'B' Coy a set of photos. I don't know whether CG still has his set. [Ed: Frank was the last Governor-General of the Sudan. At the request of the Kenya Government, he compiled the Corfield Report on the Kenya Emergency. In 1942, Frank married Joy Bastard, daughter of Segar and Ethel Bastard from Nanyuki.]

Whilst at Melut there was an inter-village fight - the one headman asked us to intervene so we took up a position between the two warring sides. I sent someone to phone the local District Officer, some 200 miles away. His reply was "So there was a fight on - if it is still going on in two days time I will come down" We pulled out and let them get on with it, and patched up the wounded from both sides. It was quite interesting - each side had an advance guard of about 200 spearmen with one man singing and making mock spear thrusts working them up to charge. Then there was the main body of 600 men and behind them a platoon of old women armed with rough clubs.

We were also joined by two Officers ex-British Army - Jim **Breckenridge**, originally ex-Kenya, had joined a British regiment in England, and James **Gascoigne**, later wounded by the Japanese in Burma.

Bill **Elsam**, a pipe smoking veteran from the First World War, was my PI Sgt and Barney **Cruickshanks** was another 'B' Coy NCO.

Tim **Fryer** was our CSM and **Howard**, who had been in Tanganyika in the PWD and never lost his Devonshire accent, was our CQMS.

The local inhabitants, Dinka and Shilluk, were the tallest people I have ever seen. The women were 7' and the men 7' 6", of which 2/3rds was leg. The men were stark naked and the women had a belt round the waist with a piece of leather between the legs tucked in at the back. Both men and women covered themselves with wood ash to keep off the mosquitoes.

Two South African Medical Officers joined us at Malakal - Drs Sidney **Sacks** and **Paletz**, the latter joined 'B' Coy.

After two or three months we were ordered to move towards the Abyssinian Border, about 400 miles away, where we came across the Wataweet, Arabs who over the centuries had moved down from Arabia and had the local Berta as their slaves, and clothed both themselves and the Berta.

The country was extremely dry and until we reached the border of Abyssinia we only came across one river, apart from the Nile, which had water in it, the Dabus. This had a lot of mica in the water and we all got mica tummy! Everywhere else we had to dig for water in the sandy river beds. We once dug down 6' before we found damp soil. It took a very long time to fill a four gallon tin with water. It was, however, crystal clear, pure, lovely water.

The month of February 1941 was a very busy month. We knocked out our first Italian outpost. The CO told CG that "we must not have any casualties on our side, and to use as little ammunition as possible". We used 50 rounds to take the post!

We had a division of Italians opposing us. To make out that we were a large force, we kept knocking out various outposts, withdrawing, marching twenty miles and knocking out another one. The Italians thought we were a brigade, and so we called ourselves 'B' Brigade.

We were joined by six battalions of Belgian Congo troops - their hygiene was appalling and a large number of them went down with dysentery.

Later, a detachment of the Sudan Auxiliary Defence Force (SADF) with a battery of 25pdrs enabled us to take the escarpment and capture Asosa. The Belgian Congo troops left, and the Sudan Defence Force detachment departed for Egypt.

'B' Coy was sent 100 miles further north to Ghidami, where we were joined by Harry **Allen**, the QM. Harry, originally with the Scots Guards, had been a PSI with the Kenya Regiment. From Ghidami we did daily patrols to the Dabus river - the Italians held the other side of the river. The rains came, we were completely cut off from Malakal, the start of our supply line. The last that was seen of one of our trucks was the cab sinking into the black cotton soil.

We were a bit short of rations and very short of petrol - only 50 gallons left for the Battalion which was covering 100 miles of front. The Italians could easily have wiped us out, but surrendered instead.

We then had rations and petrol and drove through to Addis Ababa, taking a Czech woman, who was farming at Ghidami, with us. A short while before our arrival, Wingate's Irregulars, I think they were called *shiftas*, had shot her husband and seized her, marched her naked for 40 miles before she was returned to the farm. We also took with us one of her pigs in a cabin trunk with holes in the side. At one halt it escaped with half the Coy in pursuit. She had a brother living in Addis but arrived too late to see him. A few nights before, the *shifta* broke into his house and shot him and his wife whilst they were asleep in bed.

Addis Ababa was supposed to be under British control but there were shots and machine gun fire every night. The *shifta* attacked a British ammunition dump but were repulsed! They also, at night, shot Italian POWs through the wire.

The Abyssinian Highlands were beautiful, very like Kenya, lots of streams, virgin forests and good arable land, but had a cut throat population, rotten with syphilis!

There was an area near the Abyssinia/Sudan border that had plenty of alluvial gold which the locals panned in cracked wooden pans. *CG* said that if he had his equipment he could make , 60 000 but he would have to have a platoon of askaris to look after him.

We were stationed at Addis Alen close to Addis Ababa. Eventually we were sent, a platoon at a time, with 400 POWs, to Diredawa by train and then on to Mandera, about 20 miles from Berbera, where we waited for several weeks for a boat to take us back to Kenya. Eventually one arrived and the whole Battalion embarked at night. The temperature outside was 110EF. What the temperature was on board the blacked-out boat I don't know, but I have never been so hot. It was a pleasure to get out to sea, remove the bulbs from the cabin and put a scoop in the porthole.

We disembarked at Mombasa and proceeded to Yatta near Thika, not far from Ol'Donyo Sabuk.

CG was sick, and I went off on a Gas Warfare course, and when I eventually rejoined the Battalion in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, *CG* had left the 2/6th.

After I came out of Burma and got married in India, we both embarked in a boat ahead of the Battalion back to Mombasa. When I reported to Nairobi Transit Camp (NTC) *CG* was CO. He very kindly went to GHQ and asked to have me posted to the NTC and I became his Administration Officer until I was discharged in 1946.

We moved down to Southern Rhodesia for 15 months. We met *CG* and Esmé again in Salisbury and he very kindly moved our furniture on his Red Lion Transport from Salisbury South to Sinoia, where I had a job as a tobacco assistant.

CG told me that at the end of the First World War he was in Russia with British troops fighting for the White Russians against the Bolsheviks. Years later I met *CG* and Esmé with John and Vera **Garvey**, twice before his death. He was a great friend and very kind to me, and an excellent Company Commander.

THE HORSE MARINES (source unknown)

Not all of the British in East Africa seemed to have the right attitude toward the first world war. Many settlers resented it openly. Although they were certain that it could not last more than a few months, that was quite enough time, they felt, for their farms to revert to bush. Others looked on it as something of a joke. Not atypical was the inebriated farmer volunteer who celebrated his short tour of army duty by standing everyone to drinks at the bar in Nairobi's New Stanley Hotel, proudly waving a discharge paper which read: "Length of service: two days... Reason for discharge - hopeless and incorrigible." No one dreamed of sending him a white feather.

But large numbers also joined up eagerly, even though they tended to think of the war as a great lark. Bands of settlers cantered into Nairobi on horses and mules and formed themselves into mini-regiments of irregular cavalry. Their weapons were fowling pieces and elephant guns, their uniforms tattered bush jackets and broad-brimmed *terai* hats with fish-eagle feathers protruding from leopard-skin puggarees. They went by such names as **Bowker's** Horse and **Wessell's** Scouts, after the fellow-colonists who more or less commanded them. One called itself the Lancer squadron ('Lady Monica's Own,' for the governor's daughter) and galloped through the streets of Nairobi brandishing steel-tipped bamboo spears that had been hastily fashioned by a local blacksmith. It was as if Nairobi had been overrun by vigilantes.

The members of this aristocratic rabble were expert riders, crack shots, wise in the ways of the bush. They also knew little and cared less about formal soldiering, and were somewhat taken aback when they found themselves being issued regulation uniforms and organised into what was grandiosely called the East Africa Mounted Rifles (EAMR). But they quickly recovered, and enjoyed their training to the hilt

by disregarding it. Hardly a night went by that did not see at least half the force absent over leave from its camp on the racetrack outside Nairobi. Privates and lance corporals often escaped fatigue details by pleading invitations to dinner at Government House. No one ever paid any attention to the challenges of the sentries, since no one (least of all the sentries) troubled to remember passwords or countersigns. If the men learned anything about drill they were at pains not to show it. Their pride and joy was the regular army sergeant major who was supposed to whip them into a crack outfit and did not. He spent most of his time with his troopers in Nairobi, performing the manual of arms and bayonet exercises with a broom, in front of applauding customers in the New Stanley or Norfolk Hotel bars.

Then, one day, the East Africa Mounted Rifles went to war.

About two hundred miles from Nairobi, on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, was the British port of Kisumu. To the Germans it was an important although not quite vital strategic objective. The port itself had the facilities of a miniature naval base and would be useful to the German fleet on the lake - which consisted of a tugboat named MUANSA, armed with two 1pdr pom-poms and a brace of machine guns. Kisumu, moreover, was the western terminus of the Uganda Railway; as such it could give a sort of back-door access to British East Africa and threaten communications with Uganda. Therefore it came as no surprise when, early in September, a Schutztruppe column of about six hundred men was reported to have crossed the border near the lake and to have occupied a village called Kisii, only about forty miles south of Kisumu.

To meet this threat, three KAR companies and a few police, totalling about half the German strength, were rushed down from Kisumu. They were to be supported by a detachment of about one hundred troopers of the East Africa Mounted Rifles. This force would move by train from Nairobi to Kisumu and then board a steamer for a small lakeshore village called Karungu, some forty miles west of Kisii; their horses and mules would make the voyage in a separate steamer. At Karungu, the troops were to disembark and launch a flanking cavalry attack on the German column. For the pub crawling trainees in Nairobi, the fun and games had ended. Or should have!

As their transport, a shallow draft steamer named WINIFRED approached Karungu, a detail of troops took up battle stations at the twenty six year-old Hotchkiss gun mounted in the vessel's bow. The commander of the unauthorised gun crew impersonated Lord Nelson. He found a cocked hat somewhere, improvised a row of medals from cigarette tins and peered through an empty ginger beer bottle while giving the commands to sink an imaginary German fleet. When the gun 'missed,' he ordered the gunners court-martialled and flogged. It was still a grand lark.

Then a shell screamed overhead, only inches from the wooden upper deck awning, as MUANSA steamed out from concealment in the papyrus along the shore and began blasting WINIFRED with her pom-poms. A metallic thunderclap rang out when one shell tore a four inch hole in the steamer's funnel. Within seconds, MUANSA's machine guns were also in range, stitching WINIFRED's upper works. Taking precarious cover behind lifeboats and ventilators, the EAMR troopers returned the German fire with their rifles, temporarily deflecting the enemy gunners' aim as WINIFRED's captain changed course and headed for open water.

At this moment, the Hotchkiss gun also came into action with a single round. Then it had to cease firing as the change of course put WINIFRED's bridge directly in its line of fire. Hastily, the gun crew hauled it over the bridge and mounted it aft, only to find the stern railing blocking its muzzle. After being elevated on some whisky cases and biscuit tins it was ready to fire again. Then the makeshift mount collapsed, the gun blasted a few rounds into the sky, and an exasperated lance corporal swiftly cut away a section of the stern railing with a hacksaw. Now the Hotchkiss could zero in on MUANSA. But MUANSA was no longer in sight. Having kept the British force from a daylight landing, she had vanished once more into the papyrus.

Night fell. A blacked-out WINIFRED anchored near the shore. Presently a huge shape loomed out of the darkness: MUANSA again. One of the German officers hailed WINIFRED in English. He said his ship was the British steamer KAVIRONDO and requested that WINIFRED identify herself. WINIFRED's captain refused to take the bait.

A long exchange of challenges ensued. The British troopers put aside their rifles and prepared to repel

boarders with unfixed bayonets, meat cleavers, pocket knives and the machete-like bush cutters called *pangas*. Presently the captains agreed to lower ships' boats and inspect one another under flags of truce. MUANSA turned out to be KAVIRONDO!

Next morning the EAMR finally went ashore. But they were no longer needed. On the previous day, two KAR companies had deployed on high ground overlooking Kisii and launched a surprise attack while the Schutztruppe askaris were drilling in the village market square. The Germans bounced back quickly and raked the small British force with a 1.5pdr field piece and several machine guns that kept firing all day and far into the night. But the smoke puffs of the old Model 71 rifles provided the KAR with perfect targets and the Germans sustained heavy casualties. Shortly before dawn, with 25 percent of its officers killed, the force withdrew from Kisii and re-crossed the border.

So there was nothing for the East Africa Mounted Rifles to do but return to Nairobi, where they marched directly into the New Stanley, stacked arms in the lounge and sat down to breakfast while an Italian string orchestra played "Tipperary".

The fighting at Kisii was the first major action in the East African theatre - although "major" is perhaps too strong a word. Despite the proportionately high casualties and the ferocity with which both sides went at each other, the battle could only have been minor because it took place in the wrong part of the arena. Neither the Allies nor the Germans were concentrated heavily in the west.

At about the time of the Kisii action, some KAR units made a not very significant thrust across the Kagera river, which separated German East Africa and Uganda. Occasional skirmishes took place between handfuls of Schutztruppe and Belgian askaris in several spots on the Congo border. A small German force exchanged a few shots with an even smaller mixed bag of KAR and colonial police near Karonga in Nyasaland, far to the southwest. None of these fights had any bearing on the outcome of the campaign.

And for all its potential strategic value, the port of Kisumu was far less important in the overall planning of both commands than control of the rock and thorn wasteland that lay in the shadow of Kilimanjaro between Moshi in German East Africa and Voi on the Uganda Railway. Until and unless the Schutztruppe could be dislodged from that area, the Germans were in a position to launch seriously damaging raids on the line. Indeed, small guerrilla parties had already started to blow up sections of track and ambush British detachments. Furthermore, since this same area offered the least difficult land access to German East Africa and control of its northern railway, it was natural that the British should also concentrate there.

By late October, the four thousand troops of Brigadier General James **Stewart's** Indian Expeditionary Force "C" were poised just north of Kilimanjaro for a swift drive on the Moshi positions. Their objective was to squeeze the Schutztruppe in the upper end of a two hundred mile pincer. The southern prong consisted of eight thousand men in two brigades. It was called Indian Expeditionary Force 'B' and it was then about to land at Tanga. After capturing the port, Force 'B' would advance north rapidly, join with **Stewart's** troops at Moshi and mop up what remained of **von Lettow's** broken command. To all practical purposes, this would end German resistance in East Africa.

The strategy was faultless, on paper!

LOOKING BACK

Bill Lovemore [KR1364] writes:

"I think I can claim the doubtful distinction of being the second white East African, but first 'Buffalo', to have been court-martialled in World War II (Lt Cornish of 6 KAR in Dar was the first - he committed some indiscretion whilst censoring German Internment Camp mail) and I have been cajoled by our Hon. Secretary, a fellow Uasin-Gishuan, to record it for the Regimental archives - and no doubt to act as filler for his next Sitrep. [Ed: *Bill's article first appeared in m-S VI.*]

My crime was that, at the ripe old age of 18, I was guilty of 'Giving away information useful to the enemy'. The circumstances were as follows:

At dawn on the morning after Italy entered the war in June 1940 I, and many other able bodied Mombasa citizens, were aroused from our slumbers and carted off to KDF HQ, sworn in and kitted out where applicable, then despatched to various sites on the Island to establish Ack-Ack posts comprising three men, a Lewis gun with tripod and a few drum magazines of ammunition - all this to defend Mombasa's vital installations from possible air attack by Italian aircraft based in Mogadishu or Kismayu.

As far as I can recall our posts were situated on the Island end of Nyali pontoon bridge, at the Lighthouse, a-top a mango tree (**Biggs Tree**) overlooking Kilindini docks, on the roof of Magadi House immediately adjacent to Shimanzi oil installations, on a platform a-top another mango tree next to Chamgamwe reservoir, and on the little island in Tudor Creek alongside Macupa Causeway.

We were reinforced by Nairobi KDF and for a start had to feed ourselves; wives and mothers brought us our meals until *mpishis*, primus stoves and other utensils were made available.

Gerry **Coventry** [KR1351] and his buddies, based on the Tudor Creek island, had their meals from the Mombasa Club delivered by his driver who rowed them over in a dingy three times a day!

I was based at Magadi House where none of us fancied standing on the exposed roof firing at Italian planes if Shimanzi went up in flames. One of my fellow-gunners, Derrick **Green** [KR1352] (later Posho Navy) who had been a class-mate at Central School, Eldoret, in the early thirties had, like me, never fired a Lewis gun before. We tried a couple of bursts up Port Reitz but the gun kept jamming from misfires - not surprising as the ammunition was circa 1928. This made us even less keen on being on the roof during an air raid.

It was a farcical situation - no wonder we were known as the Kenya Damned Fools!

I put this all down in a jocular fashion in a letter to an uncle in Port Elizabeth and had it mailed at the Post Office - no one with anything private to say in a letter passed it through the KDF censor as, Mombasa being a small community, it would soon have been all round town.

We were soon relieved by 2nd (South Africa) Anti-Aircraft Brigade and sent up to Eldoret to join the Regiment for our basic training. Based on the race course, we were billeted in the stables, two to a horse-box, and slept on three bedboards - if one was of a different thickness to the other two getting comfortable was a problem - you awoke with two ridges down your back.

Halfway through our training, the CMP in Nairobi decided to expand in order to cope with the increase in troops, mainly South African, who roamed the streets at night with little regard for the 'off limits' regulations. Volunteers were called for but the response was poor even though it meant immediate promotion to Lance Corporal with an increase in pay from Sh 4/- to Sh 4/92 per day plus the usual 20 King Stork or Three Spears cigarettes per week! So what was the result? Our CSM, who else but dear old *Davo*, volunteered the front rank of our squad and off we trooped to Mbagathi!

At Mbagathi those of us who had never ridden a *piki-piki* were given a quick lesson on the basics then spent two days playing follow my leader across the Athi Plains, learning not to apply the front and rear brakes at the same time when you meant to use the clutch and gear pedal! There were no doors to our billets, only hessian curtains, and scavenging hyenas which regularly raided our dustbins would occasionally poke their noses through the doorway in the hope of finding the odd boot.

It was here, in October 1940, that my letter caught up with me.

It had been selected at random by censors in Durban who contacted my uncle in PE to find out who 'Bill' was and then passed it to EA Command in Nairobi who in turn traced me to Mbagathi.

I was immediately placed under open arrest which in fact meant that when the lads went to town at night I was left in charge of the Mess! My Court Martial soon followed with Sgt Paddy **Primrose**

[KR1377] (*ya Gailey na Loberts*) as my escort and Maj Hewitt VC, a Kitale coffee farmer, acting as 'Prisoner's Friend'.

My sentence was 28 days detention in Kelly's Home, Kabete, (run by the South African Military Police), after which I was to return to the Regiment for another full training course and, finally, no recommendation for a commission for at least two years. Life in DB tough - you did everything at the double, even double marking time whilst queuing for the choo. Fortunately for me my sentence was reviewed and after two weeks I was released and sent back to Eldoret.

The Regiment, on my return in November, had undergone a few changes, including the provision of beds and barrack rooms. Most of the Kenya guys had departed and there was an influx of Northern Rhodesians from the Copper Belt, Belgians from Katanga in the Congo who spoke little English and with whom we communicated mainly in Ki-Swahili, and finally a platoon of sergeants from the Southern Rhodesia Regiment who, after a month or so, were posted to the KAR, Gold Coast and Nigeria Regiments.



THE K.A.R.



THE WEST COASTER



THE SOUTH AFRICAN



THE IMPERIAL
(FRESH FROM HOME).

Types of the E. African Campaign

I was in Garua squad, comprising of a mixed bag of district officers and magistrates from Tanganyika, Nyasalanders, copper beltters and a batch of five brand new Kenya district assistants straight off the boat from Mombasa, including P G Tait [KR2503] who arrived complete with golf clubs!

In March 1941, training complete, six of us were posted as sergeants to 4/4th KAR which was being recruited and trained in Bombo, Uganda. On arrival at Kampala we were taken instead to Kazi, the Kampala Yacht Club site on Lake Victoria - our CO, Lt Col *Mad Mullah McCulloch*, having moved bases without bothering to advise anyone. He had also decided that the 4/4th hat insignia would not be the inverted green triangle flash with Arabic 4 but the 1/4th green diamond flash with a four-leaf clover! When we were brigaded at Mitubiri this created quite a stir - and the sudden demise of the Uganda Irish!

Almost none of our Acholi and Teso recruits had ever owned western footwear and, as could be expected, invariably insisted that the nicest looking pair of boots was a perfect fit. The *Mad Mullah's* answer to this was a twenty mile route march to Entebbe and anyone still wearing his boots at the end of the march could keep them.

The two year 'no commission' part of my sentence never bothered me. By the time I was twenty I was a WO2 on thirty quid a month 'all found', with a cushy job as an instructor in the Regimental Signal Training Wing attached to 101 EA Holding Battalion, Gilgil, where one of the most difficult tasks was teaching semi-literate trainees the 24-hour clock - they invariably added 12 to the Swahili time. Their command of English was such that sending phonograms over the radio entailed spelling out each word in the phonetic alphabet - hence "Advance Now" was signalled "Able Dog Victor Able Nan Charlie Easy group Nan Oboe William group. . ." - it was quicker to use a runner with a cleft stick. [Ed: *The phonetic alphabet has changed somewhat!*]

September 1943 saw the end of my military career when I was recalled by HM Customs, Mombasa, with whom I had served one month before being called up.

**

Rex Kirk [KRI72] writes:

My military career began in 1933 at Kitale, at a Kenya Defence Force camp run by redoubtable Jimmy **Cummins**. After nearly sixty years all I can remember was he admonished us to "Stand closer to our razors" - some of us hadn't shaved at all. At a later camp in Nairobi, on reporting in to the same Jimmy **Cummins**, in front of me was a chap called 'Eve'. Jimmy turns to me and says "and I suppose you're Adam?"

Then came the war and joining the East African Light Battery. But prior to that, I seemed to remain permanently in the "awkward" squad. It was a relief to join an outfit that more or less ran itself where there wasn't a guardsman RSM and square bashing wasn't part of our training. Soon, attached to us was a Swahili teacher who we christened *Tu li piga* because his job was to teach us "*safi*" Swahili as opposed to our brand of ki-settler. Come examination time an African gunner was brought in and a specific subject was set for discussion. I had a whale of a time with my ki-settler version - the verdict "well you certainly both understood each other pretty well" and after all that was the object of the exercise, being understood even if the grammar was non-existent. We all passed.

A man whom I shall call 'Smith' (not his proper name), came to us from the Regiment some time later having hitch-hiked his way up from South Africa. He was soon christened "Reuter" as he claimed to have been a newspaper reporter. He enjoyed life, not least in Nairobi and was very often late back in barracks in a taxi and worse for wear. Very soon taxi drivers were appearing at the camp asking for 'Jones' or 'Brown' who had promised to pay them when next in town, but never seemed to do so. It took a little while for us to tumble as to who it was that they were looking for. How 'Smith' had managed to bluff the drivers to run him to Embakasi without paying was quite an achievement. One morning on early parade (we still had no kit) Smith appeared in football boots, very unsteady on his feet having crept in at 4 a.m. in his usual state.

Sergeant major - "Smith, stand still"; 'Smith' - "I can't sir I am wearing football boots."

He got away with it. I can't remember what happened finally, suffice it to say that 'Smith' was returned to the Kenya Regiment as being unsuitable material to be a gunner. I next ran into 'Smith' after the War when I had a telephone call from the Eldoret Police Station saying that a Mr 'Smith', whose car had

broken down and who was pretty well under the weather wanted to sleep at the station. This was refused, and on being asked whether he knew anyone in Eldoret my name had come up. Same old 'Smith' - rather reluctantly I collected him, gave him a shakedown for the night and set him on his way to Kitale where he was farming.

Unfortunately when the battery went to Somaliland I was in hospital with dysentery. On recovery I was transferred to the Army Services Corps and became sergeant major discipline at the heavy repair shops in Nairobi where armoured cars, lorries, staff cars and what-have you were being repaired and new vehicles being adapted for military use. My main job seemed to be sorting out bribery and corruption amongst the Indian *fundis* working in the body shops.

Fortunately as the push to Somaliland and Abyssinia began to be planned and our forces had been augmented by the South Africans and West Coast units, I was called back to join the Nigerian Battery as an artificer sergeant to service their 3.7" howitzers - the same as the ones on which the East African Light Battery had been trained and taught to service. Rather disappointingly soon after crossing the Juba river a regular gunner artificer appeared so I became somewhat of a supernumerary - as far as the artillerymen were concerned the campaign was something of a "Cook's tour" - the Italian artillery were not very effective as an enemy. Several incidents stick in my mind. First when waiting to enter Harar after the town had surrendered a lion came wandering up the road - a mascot of one of the South African units. Second when we were at Lekemti west of Addis Ababa there was trouble with an Abyssinian irregular. One of their officers came along and asked what was the matter. He was told that he was troublesome and without further ado the officer shot him - trouble over, short and sweet.

Finally, on boarding the ship at Berbera to return to Kenya, and the Nigerians to carry on to the West Coast, Eddie **Dolier** (ex-Kitale) loaded up his 'loot' - electric generators, machine guns and what-have-you. Eddie had been an artillery officer in WWI and like me was attached as an officer to the Nigerians. As we approached Mombasa Eddie said to me "What am I going to do with all this equipment?" to which I replied by asking him who he knew in Mombasa. He said that he thought he knew the Rail Transport Officer who was also ex-Kitale. "Easy" said I "ask him to organise a lorry to transport the equipment to the station and then book it through by goods train to Kitale", which he did, no trouble at all. In due course he and his pal Norman **Tweedie** [KR581] went baboon shooting on Mount Elgon with an Italian machine gun. The upshot was that a General Regimental Order was published, stating that units should not book transport for five tons of kit and stores and then bring 50 tons.

Also attached to the Nigerian Battery was a Northern Rhodesia Transport Officer whose 'loot' consisted of a statue of Jesus Christ. No doubt a sop to his wife for some of his antics whilst in Abyssinia. Eddie said it would be a lark to pinch the statue and take it to his pal Norman **Tweedie** whose great expression was "Christ man" etc and of course he would say "Christ man what have you got in that box?" and it would be - such is humour.

After Abyssinia I went up to Njoro to go to OCTU to be turned into an officer and a gentleman. Fortunately only for three weeks as the main course for a gunner was back at Larkhill, the Gunners' depot right by the "Splash", that stream at the bottom of the old escarpment, where a special camp had been established. After doing this further batteries were brought into being and I joined 54 Battery.

After training we were brigaded in Northern Rhodesia and went through by road to Lusaka. I was appointed Transport Officer which proved to be somewhat of a trial with ill-trained African drivers. One managed to put a lorry over the side of the escarpment just before Iringa. He was never seen again especially as most of our gunners were from Tanganyika. After arriving in Lusaka the Brigade went on manoeuvres just outside Salisbury. Again I was unfortunate, being Transport Officer I had to bring up the rear of the convoy with the usual concertina trouble; this was too much for my driver when we got onto the tarmac strips and over we went. I ended up with a broken collar bone in Salisbury hospital. In some ways, much pleasanter than being on manoeuvres. In fact, to get back to Lusaka a very pleasant train trip via Victoria Falls where I wangled a few days leave - most enjoyable.

Our next move was to do garrison duty in Madagascar. This meant entraining at Lusaka and proceeding via Mafeking and Johannesburg to a camp outside Pietermaritzburg, before embarking for Madagascar. The native troops were very much restricted, but for the rest of us a pleasant interlude. Then on board

ship to Diego Suarez where we took over from an English battery, and believe it or not one of the officers in the English battery was Rory **McCleod**, brother of Ian **McCleod** whom MacMillan put in charge of the Colonial Office and gave him the job of liquidating the British Empire. Rory married a Kenya girl, daughter of Roy **Tweedie**, brother to Norman **Tweedie**, and took over the **Tweedie** farm at Elgon.

Soon after arriving in Madagascar I went back to Kenya on a course at Larkhill. In due course 54 Battery returned from Madagascar and I rejoined it at Gilgil. By this time we were getting ready to go to Ceylon. However, by then Kenya farmers had been ordered to produce more food and many in the Services had been released back to their farms. In addition Lease-Lend Agricultural machinery was arriving from America. Pre-war I was with the Massey Harris Company and so I was called back to my old job to help with the distribution of the lease-lend implements. And so on 1 January 1943 my military career came to an end. [Ed: *What Tom Chettle was to Nakuru, Rex Kirk was to Eldoret.*]

BRITISH LATIN AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS : WORLD WAR TWO

John **Donaldson** enlisted as a gunner and was commissioned in 1941 in Royal Signals. Saw service in East Africa with the Royal Artillery, EAA Intelligence Corps and 21 (EA) Bde, with RSigs in Burma (14th Army) and Royal Australian Sigs in Korea (1951-56). Before the War he was employed in cold storage in Brazil, and so the story unfolds. Herewith a sundry document re: B.L.A. V. (British Latin American Volunteers) the only group to leave Rio for Durban, thence to Nairobi via Mombasa on the M.V. Nieuw Holland.

BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL,
RIO DE JANEIRO.

18th December, 1940.

Sir,

I hereby appoint you to take charge of the party of fifty-^{three}~~four~~ volunteers proceeding in the Dutch s.s. "Crijnssen" to South Africa.

You are charged with maintaining good order among them and with making arrangements for them to continue, insofar as this is feasible, with the course of training, particularly signalling, which was begun ashore some months ago. All members of the party should take part in organized drill, games, etc., to ensure keeping fit.

I have selected as your immediate assistants the following three gentlemen, though you may, if you deem it necessary, add to this number:-

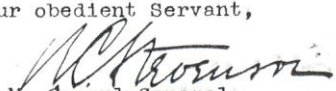
F. H. FEATHERSTON

N. K. ROWE

L. L. SMITH

I enclose a Notice to be posted on board.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,


H.M. Consul-General.

J. H. Donaldson, Esq.,
Rio de Janeiro.

In Durban, all fifty three of us enlisted into the Royal Artillery on 3 January 1941, embarked 4 January on the NIEUW HOLLAND for Mombasa. Arrived 9 Jan, disembarked 10th, entrained 10h30, arriving in Nairobi next morning 11h00. The least said about the accommodation the better, I barely fitted the hat racks!

'Water Works' Camp at Nairobi did us proud - palliasses and good food, rounded off with a thunder storm 21h00 which did not help sleep as torrents of water flowed through the tents! A major and captain visited us next morning and discussed our 'employment', there being no artillery at all in use in Somalia and Eritrea.

The major took me aside as 'Leader' and asked very kindly - "Do all these men speak English?". Having been assured that we did, he was greatly relieved! I felt like asking whether they could speak Portuguese and break into a samba!

On 14 January, seven of the group were transferred to East African Army Pay Corps (EAAPC) in Nairobi, whilst the remainder were distributed to other units - see the attached roll. But first for general training to Eldoret. We had a final 'Despedida' party at New Stanley Hotel and then spread around to Torrs Hotel and "various places" as the night passed away.

Our stay in Eldoret was from 15 Jan to March, when the group started to break-up for new horizons. Fifteen of us volunteered for Cypher Group and left Eldoret on 10 March for Nairobi and Command HQ. Others volunteered to look after the horses on the race course and ended up with 'Remingtons' Mule Train' better known as the Pack Animal Transport Coy, others to Kenya Armoured Car Regiment (KACR), etc.

John makes mention of the following incident that occurred whilst training in Eldoret:

Training battalion in three-sided square around water tank; CO introduces MO to talk on water control and discipline". MO, very young, small of stature and a stutterer. "You may not drink water unless it is boiled, or doctored by pills, etc., etc." ad lib. At end CO states that "the only water permitted to be drunk is that passed by the medical officer". (noises "orf, orf" and NCOs bellowing 'O-R-D-E-R!')

My friend Freddy **Young** and I were notified that we were posted to Berbera with 24hrs notice and promoted to Sgt. Left Nairobi on 2 April for Mombasa and sailed on 3 April with Lt Bobby Thorpe i/c Troops on the Holland, arrived Berbera 10 April. A very battered town after the re-occupation and we moved to Hargeisa five days later to set up Military HQ, for the Governor - Brigadier **Chater**.

From April to December 1941 the Cypher Group moved between Berbera, Hargeisa and Harar, ensuring all personnel received the same treatment - heat, cool and cold to keep our 'boils' to a minimum of sanity. The humidity of Berbera, sand/heat of 104E each day for two to three months was bad, coolness of Hargeisa and cold of Harar did wonders for us. Finally, on 1 Jan 1942 we left Berbera for good and returned to Nairobi, via Aden on NIEUW HOLLAND. An Australian civilian who was barber, entertainments officer and bar caterer on NIEUW HOLLAND, is now living about five miles from me. I assisted him in getting the Defence Medal by stating that due to his travelling on board, his name could not be found on the Ship's "Roll Call", small world ain't it?

On return to Nairobi back to Command HQ and on 19 Jan advised that I was to join 21 (EA) Brigade which was forming to go overseas; this was good news. Bde cypher establishment was two sergeants, one of whom was a Sgt. **Jackson** from Rhodesia, unfortunately I don't have his Christian name in my diary; he was later promoted S/Sgt.

On 8 March, Bde moved out of Yatta Camp just outside Nairobi for Mombasa and boarded a ship called ELIZABETHVILLE with five other ships in our convoy. Sailed 10 March and found we were due to go to Colombo! Later our convoy was increased to nine ships but ELIZABETHVILLE, with Bde HQ aboard was always last! Due to flu and VD our stokers were reduced to three so troops shovelled day and night, but we were still last. 20 March we disembarked and left for Anarajabura, a town near Kandy in the middle of Ceylon and took over the post office as a Signals Office'. On 27 March, cholera hit the whole Bde and everyone injected!

On 5 April, Easter Sunday, Jap air raid on Colombo and we shot down 25 planes. Colombo area and one or two ships in the harbour were hit.

On 9th April, air raid over Trincomalee and two aircraft carriers sunk. We started Bde exercises but otherwise very little doing.

I saw no future with 21 (EA) Bde and applied for a direct commission into the Royal Corps of Signals, as B.L.A.V. were only attached to EA Bde. I was born in Colombo where my parents were tea planters and my brother likewise; he was serving in the Ceylon Planters Rifle Corps in the south of Ceylon. 1 July started paper work and on 19 August was advised that a Lieutenant was required for 20 (Indian) Division Signals. Commissioned 2Lt on 14 September 1942 and posted to HQ Ceylon Army Command until 7 October 1942. On 8 October 1942 posted to 20 (Indian) Div Sigs as Div Cypher Officer. 14 November to A/Lt and 14 March 1943 to W/S Lt. T/Capt 1 November 1943, 14 September S/Capt and on 1 January 1949 Capt (Cypher).

After all this it was Burma, Malta Command, War Office and then the Australian Army in Korea.

B.L.A.V. came and went and all good luck to the survivors. My promised 'job-on-return' with Frigorifico Anglo - no bloody good - company nationalised Brazilian!"

B.L.A.V. NOMINAL ROLL : KENYA 1941

1095500 BIDDELL, N.R. KACR ?. Killed 1 October 1941 (French Somalia (?))
 1095501 BACKER, E.F.L. Tpr - KACR
 1095502 BAXENDALE, G.G. Tpr - KACR
 1095503 not known
 1095504 COOPER, A.A. Sgt - EA Cipher Corps, Command HQ, Nairobi
 1095505 COLSON, W.T. Sgt - Chief Paymaster, Financial Adviser
 1095506 CONOLLY, E.G. 2/Lt - commissioned number U/K. (No. 359 POW Camp)
 1095507 CONOLLY, E.H. S/Sgt - EA Pay Corps
 1095508 CONOLLY, E.H. ?
 1095509 CRAIG, P.J.S. Sgt - 3 Road Maintenance Unit, B.A.E. (RE?)
 1095510 DAWSON, E.S. Tpr - 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095511 DEIGHTON, R.T. Sgt - 'A' Sec, Pack Animal Tpt Coy, EAASC
 1095512 DODD, E.M. Cpl - XI 2 Group, EAMLS
 1095513 DONALDSON, J.H. Sgt - Military Governor's Staff, Hargeisa, Br. Somaliland
 1095514 DRAPER, D. Cpl - AFV School and Depot, Gilgil
 1095515 FEATHERSTON, F.H. Tpr - 'B' Sqn, KACR
 1095516 FIELDING, K.C. Sgt - E.A. Cipher Corps, Command HQ, Nairobi
 1095517 FOX, M.P. Tpr - 1 Tp, 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095518 FOX, M.P. Tpr - 1 Tp, 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095519 HALCROW, E.J. Tpr - 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095520 HAZEL, E.R. Sgt - 'B' Sec, Pack Animal Tpt Coy, EAASC
 1095521 HOWEY, R. Sgt - 3rd Bn NRR
 1095522 HOLLAND, D. Tpr - 1 Tp, 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095523 HOLLAND, R.G. Tpr - 'B' Sqn, KACR
 1095524 HOPKINS, N.J.J. Tpr - Armoured Fighting Vehicle (AFV) School and Depot, Gilgil
 1095525 JOHNSTON, G.A.B. Sgt - HQ 2nd Echelon, GHQ, Middle East
 1095526 KERR, R.M. Tpr - 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095527 KIRBY, J.E. Tpr - 4 Tp, 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095528 LEE, K.S. Sgt - EA Pay Corps, Nairobi
 1095529 MACKIE, J. Tpr - 'B' Sqn, KACR
 1095530 MATHIESON, B.M. Tpr - 8 Tp, 'C' Sqn, KACR
 1095531 not known
 1095532 McCRINDLE, J.R.P. Sgt - AFV School and Depot, Gilgil
 1095533 McINNES, CA. Pte - HQ 2nd Echelon, GHQ, Middle East
 1095534 McLEAN, R. Cpl - Imperial Forces Cipher, 12th 'A' Div HQ
 1095535 McLEAN, J. Tpr - 'B' Sqn, KACR

1095536 McMURTRIE, M.H. Sgt – att. Chief Paymaster and Financial Adviser
 1095537 NARES, J.S. Tpr - B' Sqn, KACR
 1095538 PATERSON, G.M. Tpr - 9 Tp, 'C' Sqn, KACR
 1095539 REE, A. Tpr - SHQ, 'C' Sqn, KACR
 1095540 RALD, J.H. Sgt - 'A' Sec, Pack Animal Tpt Coy, EAASC
 1095541 REID, J.A. Sgt - EA Cipher Corps, Command HQ.
 1095542 ROWE, N.K. Sgt - EA Pay Corps
 1095543 SHEPHERD, D.A. Sgt - Movement Control, Berbera, Br. Somaliland
 1095544 SMITH, L.L. S/Sgt - Paymaster and Financial Adviser
 1095545 SMITH, M.J. Tpr - 'C' Sqn, KACR
 1095546 SKEY, G.A.E. Sgt - HQ Tp, Somalia Area, Mogadishu
 1095547 SULLIVAN, W.J. Cpl: EA Int Corps, 26th EA Inf Bde
 1095548 THOMAS, G.E. Tpr - 'A' Sqn, KACR
 1095549 TROTMAN, E.J. Cpl - DCPO, Addis Ababa
 1095550 TULK, A.D.H. Sgt - Pack Tpt Coy, EAASC
 1095551 WOODROW, C.A.W. Sgt - EA Pay Corps
 1095552 YOUNG, A.E. Sgt - EA Cipher Corps, CMD HQ, Nairobi
 791190 COMBER, H.T. LAC - 27 EFTS, RAF, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia
 GOING, T.H. L/Stoker - Naval Base, Mombasa
 TALBOT, R.J. Rank u/k - Hillside Camp, Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia

[Ed: The Regimental numbers shown are the Royal Artillery ones issued when they enlisted in Durban. Assume they were issued new numbers when posted to other units? Can anyone assist?]

A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN (OR 'WE HEARD A RUMBLE')

[George McKnight [KR4246]]

"We had all heard about 'Rumbleguts' but we thought it was overstated. Well, it had to be, didn't it? Of course, there came the moment of truth, for every one of us.

A hundred young 'hairybacks' got out of East African Airways Dakotas at Salisbury Airport on 6 January 1953. An unseen body shouted, "Double!" Nobody understood - nobody moved. The summons was repeated much louder, with some words of kindly advice added on. As 'one man' we shot off towards the airport buildings.

There I got off to my flying start. Ninety nine young heroes had their health documents in order. I was put in a small room with a white coated health official while people in authority pondered my future. Suddenly the open doorway was filled by a large figure in khaki, with a peaked cap obscuring his eyes and part of his nose. The large figure took, from under his arm, a large stick, which we were all soon to know quite well, and jabbed it in my direction. From somewhere near his bowels the figure growled, "And what's the matter with this f... monkey?" After brief discussion, I was admitted into Rhodesia. The figure growled again, something like, "Get out you bloody imbecile".

I left hastily and came to a place where four corridors met. There was only a 25% chance of choosing the right one. "Not that way you... ..! that way!" The stick whirled again and I made another hasty departure, followed by a torrent of what seemed like abuse - I later discovered it was normal conversation. In twenty five seconds, or so, my life had been enriched - I had learned a few new expressions and I had also learned a lot about my ancestry that my parents had never disclosed. Being a bright young lad, I had guessed that the figure had something to do with the military, but I had no idea whether or not he was a Lance Corporal or a Major General - and I would not have known the difference.

At the end of the corridor, I met up with the other 'cowboys', including my little friend Iain **Rodger** - also just eighteen years old and fresh from school. I said to Iain, "I don't think I'm going to enjoy it in the Army. Somebody has just been quite unpleasant to me. " Iain told me that I had, in fact, met Sergeant Major Joseph Gordon **Cameron** of the Scots Guards.

We embarked into trucks and, on our way to KGVI Barracks, Iain expounded his philosophy on how to get on in the army. The expression 'low profile' had not then been coined - but that was what it amounted to. We were in the middle row for everything - Left Turn; Right Turn; About Turn - we were still in the middle.

We never asked questions - we weren't interested! We never answered questions - we did not know the answers. *Rumbleguts* ran us ragged on the parade ground, and he taught us the meaning of fear - I have never been in such awe of anyone. He could move quickly for such a large man, and when he moved we trembled. But he made us smart. Off parade and off duty, he was kind to us - without ever letting it show or failing to remind us of our inherent shortcomings. He always accompanied the sports teams to matches - and knew how to congratulate anyone who missed a goal or dropped a critical pass.



L-R: Mike Higgins [KR4279], John Higginson [KR4241], CSM Cameron, Mike Tetley [KR4277] and Dave Robertson [KR4243]

After a few weeks, when we were beginning to learn left from right and how to put one foot in front of the other, we were treated to a cine of our first days on the parade ground. He called it 'The Empire's Last hope'! Mr Chaplin could not have done better! 'Joe' also organised outings to Sinoia Caves and even to Victoria Falls. 'Low profile' worked. One morning on parade, towards the end of the course, I was taken aback when *Rumbleguts* shouted, "McKnight you stupid baboon, move your bloody butt to the left!" I cursed that I had been identified, and did as requested. The instruction was repeated. I obliged again - but not enough. There was a furious bellow - and I moved my butt a bit more. By then the barrel was round the back of my neck and I felt uncomfortable. I chanced the slightest glimpse to the source of the noise - *Rumbleguts* marched up to Julian **McKeand** [KR4802], jabbed him in the gut with the celebrated stick, and bellowed, "McKnight, you'll go on a bloody fizzer"!

'Hawkeye' [Brian Hawkins [KR3962] tells a story of some Kenya Regiment Rifle Club guys at a meeting in New Zealand perhaps twenty years ago. They did well in the competition and were mentioned on the sports' pages of a local paper. One of them received a telephone call, at their hotel, and the discussion went something like:

CALLER: I saw your name in the paper - were you trained at KGVI?

KRRC man: Yes I was. I was on the second (or third or fourth) course. Were you there?

CALLER: Yes I was. My name is Cameron.

KRRC man: No, I don't think I remember a Cameron. Which course were you on?

CALLER: (in a deep growl) You may remember the name 'Rumbleguts'!

Everyone remembers *Rumbleguts*. I don't think any of us can ever forget him, or what he did for us - as well as to us! I regret that our paths never crossed after Rhodesia - I would like to have said:

Thank you, Sir?

SERGEANT NIGEL GRAY LEAKEY, VC

[Ed: *Earlier under Correspondence, Roger **Dracup** mentions Sgt Leakey's VC. I thought it appropriate to include the action and citation*]

Only one member of the Regiment has ever won the VC and that was Sergeant Nigel Gray **Leakey** (KR145) whilst attached to 1/6 Kings African Rifles in Abyssinia in 1941. Had he lived, Nigel **Leakey** would, when the article was written, now be 80 years old. As details of the Battle of Colito are not widely known, it is reproduced per kind favour of KRAENA, and Peter **Hays** [KR4948] who supplied the information.

"Patrols from all four companies of 1/6 KAR went out on 18 May to reconnoitre in preparation for the attack next day. Meanwhile 5 KAR on their way to join the main column at the road junction near Colito, had struggled across the flooded Gidu once more and discovered that the Italians had evacuated their position at Bubissa.

Near Colito the enemy were holding a position in some strength across the road. Owing to the thickness of the bush, the flanks and gun positions were hard to locate. In the afternoon of 18 May the artillery went forward to the left of the covering position held by 1/6 KAR, and registered before dark. 2 Nigerian Rifles followed the artillery and made a flank attack at dawn on the 19th, but the enemy had withdrawn during the night, leaving only a few stragglers behind.

The pursuit was immediately taken up by 1/6 KAR. Colito village was occupied at 8.30 a.m. and the junction of the track leading to Bubissa was secured. A short distance beyond the village the Soddu road crossed the River Billate, at this point about forty feet wide, with the banks well covered by trees and bush. The bridge had been blown, and enemy artillery and infantry emplacements could be seen on the far side, less well hidden than usual. The river was low and fordable in several places.

Action at Colito 19th May 1941. While artillery and mortars came into action, 'A' and 'C' Coys 1/6 KAR, advanced to a covering position about 400 yards short of the river. At 11 a.m. 'A' Coy moved off to the right, to strike the river and reconnoitre a crossing. With one platoon on the far bank, 'A' Coy worked downstream towards the bridge. At 12.30 p.m. the advance was halted by machine-gun and small arms fire. 'A' Coy was now about 800 yards from the bridge, with 'C' Coy moving forward in support. The artillery had silenced the enemy guns, but the mortars were still in action.

'C' Coy crossed the river and began to storm the enemy trenches in the face of heavy fire. 'A' Coy followed and came up on 'C' Coy's left. Both Coys then began to advance across the comparatively open country overlooking the ford, charging one position after another and capturing a large number of prisoners. The broken bridge was reached and the advance continued towards the enemy's transport park, which lay concealed among the trees. At 4 p.m. the right flank of the position was reached, about 1,200 yards south of the bridge. The attack had been carried out with great dash and vigour; the enemy had reacted in his usual manner, and all was apparently over.

The rest of 1/6 KAR had moved with 13 Pl, 1/3 KAR to the forward slope of the river fronting the enemy, to support the attack with small arms fire. As 'A' and 'C' Coys were making their final charge, 'D' Coy dashed down the slope and crossed the river near the smouldering bridge. 13 Pl clambered over a fallen tree, carrying their machine guns and equipment. Before the bridgehead could be consolidated, however, the enemy counter-attacked with half a dozen medium tanks that had lain concealed in the bush close behind the forward position. Taken by surprise in a situation where it was difficult for support to reach them from across the river, and unable to check the attack with their anti-tank rifles, the askaris took cover in the surrounding bush. This was a signal for an act of gallantry that was later rewarded by the second Victoria Cross to be gained by the East African forces during World War II.

Sergeant N.G Leakey of the mortar platoon, having used all his bombs, had joined the infantry in the last phase of the attack. As the leading tank approached he leaped upon it, shot one of the crew by firing his revolver through the crack of a badly fastened lid, climbed inside and forced the tank to stop. Failing to bring the gun into action against the other tanks, he went after them on foot, and as they withdrew was last seen attempting to force open the lid of another tank as it bore him away into the bush. Leakey's subsequent fate was never ascertained, but his courageous example had done its work. He had killed the commander of the tanks at his first assault, and this action coupled with concentrated fire from the artillery, rallied the askaris and prevented the enemy tanks from exploiting a situation initially all in their favour. The citation for his VC ended with the words: "There is no doubt that by his self sacrifice and devotion to duty Sergeant Leakey singlehandedly, halted a most dangerous counter-attack which threatened to destroy all our infantry who had crossed the river."

Colito, coupled as it is with the memory of Nigel Leakey's heroism, was for 1/6 KAR the highlight of the war. Those who watched the flank attack from the east bank of the river described the line of cheering infantry that swept the position from end to end, as an inspiring sight. On that day the battalion captured 489 Italian and 31 African prisoners of war, ten field guns, 13 heavy and 25 light machine guns, three tanks, 15 diesel lorries, and 300 rifles. Between 50 and 100 enemy dead were buried on the battlefield and many wounded were captured later at Soddu. 1/6 KAR suffered 21 casualties in all, three European and eighteen African. Colito set the seal to the Battle of the Lakes and began the rout that sent the enemy flying in haste to the west, in search of safety behind the deep gorge of the Omo. On 19th May, 1950, the practice was inaugurated in 6 KAR of observing 'Colito Day' in honour of the battle and the part played by Sergeant Leakey.

Nigel Gray Leakey was born in Kenya on 1st January 1913 and educated at Nairobi High School and at Bromsgrove School, Worcestershire. He returned to Kenya to work on various coffee and sisal estates before buying a place of his own at Londiani. He was posted to 1/6 KAR from the Kenya Regiment.

Further to this article, the UK Branch received a letter from Nigel's brother, Major General A.R. **Leakey**, who wrote "It was a very interesting article and I am very glad to have it because it gives such a detailed account of the Colito battle. In 1941, I managed to fly to Kenya and by good luck met my father in Nairobi. He told me that two weeks or so previously he had received a telegram saying that Nigel was missing, presumed killed. I then asked him as to why he was in Nairobi (his farm was near Nyeri) and he replied that he had just received a second telegram saying that I was missing, believed killed at Tobruk."

WHO ARE THEY?

If you can identify anyone in these photos please let me know



Buna 1942 – on the right 2Lt Hector Bastard KAR



The photo below is from a slide found in a second hand shop in Pietermaritzburg



[Ed: *Mum and Dad were both smokers!*]

THE LAST COLONIAL REGIMENT: THE HISTORY OF THE KENYA REGIMENT (T.F.)

[Ian Parker [KR4602]]

At last the long-awaited history of our Regiment is in press. Ian Parker's *The Last Colonial Regiment: The History of the Kenya Regiment (T.F.)* is completed and its publication is being arranged and financed by the Kenya Regiment Association of East Africa to whom Parker has donated the book.

The book is 432 pages (19 x 25 cm), with a hard cover and laminated jacket. It contains 71 black and white photographs, and as appendices it presents the most up-to-date version of the full Long Roll from the Regiment's inception in 1937 to its suspension in 1963; a partial Roll of the Regiment's Trackers from the Emergency, and a table of 265 Mau Mau gang leaders and, where known, their fates.



The book is arranged in three parts. Part I covers Kenya from 1887 to the end of World War II, tracing the Regiment's evolution. Part II describes the Kikuyu, the Mau Mau rebellion, the reasons for it and Government's overall strategy for the movement's containment and defeat. While this part hardly involves the Regiment, it creates a backcloth against which Part III, which presents the Regiment activities from 1950 until its suspension, can be seen in context. Hitherto, most tales from the Mau Mau days have lacked such overview.

The Foreword to the book has been written by John Lonsdale, ex-KAR officer who ended his career as Professor of Modern African History at Cambridge. Extracts from this Foreword give an idea of what to expect:-

"Ian Parker, working in part on material left by the late Len Weaver, has given us a regimental history. It is not the usual sort of regimental history. It is much more interesting than that, and for two reasons. First, the Kenya Regiment was an unusual regiment. Second, Kenya was an African

colony unlike almost any other, possessed as it was of a resident White, largely British, officer class with the habit of command....

"The Kenya Regiment was certainly not a conventional British army unit. As Parker shows on a number of occasions, its members could show a robustly colonial contempt for the red tape, and red tabs that hobbled the manly initiative of more typical regiments posted overseas from 'home'. More fundamentally, the KR was formed as a territorial force to train the sons of Kenya settlers, of both British and Afrikaner descent, to go to war not as a unit but to act, individually, as officers to the black other ranks in the King's African Rifles (KAR) in the event of external war.

"So, this is a fascinating story, of great military interest, and of more than military interest. Ian Parker has given us much to think about, thanks largely to the reflections of his old comrades."

That last comment refers to the extensive use of the written memoirs left by Regiment members, largely at the instigation of Ray Nightingale

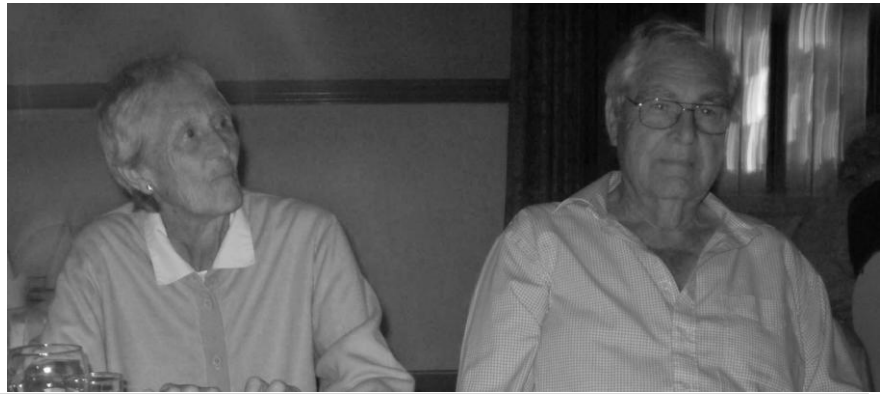
This book's evolution has not been without problems. In large part these arose in different perceptions of the Kenya Regiment. There are those, principally now in the UK, who wanted a conventional British Regimental history, strongly influenced by the Regiment's association with the British Army's Green Jackets. There are others, particularly in East Africa, and of whom Parker is an exemplar, who see the Regiment as extraordinarily different from any British Army formation. Acknowledging the cordial and wholly admirable role that the Green Jackets played in the Kenya Regiment's administration, he nonetheless sees it in a lesser light, with the individualism of KR members and their connections with the KAR being of greater historical importance. After all, KR and KAR went to war together in Abyssinia, Madagascar, Burma and during the Mau Mau years and it is being comrades in arms that

forms the deeper bonds. The Regiment was an outfit in which privates one day could be officers the next. In reverse, they might be seconded for months as temporary District Officers responsible for between 11,000 and 30,000 people yet revert with equanimity to being privates or very junior NCOs back in the Regiment when the job was done.

Rank was a tool to be used and not an arbiter of status. This is the basis of Parker's final reflection: that the most lasting influence of the Kenya Regiment's brief day in the sun will be on the British Army of the future, rather than on any aspect of African history.

The publisher is Librario Publishing Ltd, Brough House, Milton Brodie, Kinloss, Moray IV36 2UA, Scotland (email <amlawson@librario.com> and www.librario.com). Six hundred copies will constitute the first edition with 200 being taken by the KRAEA for distribution in East Africa and Librario handling distribution for the rest of the world. The retail price will be twenty five pounds Sterling plus postage. Librario accepts all main-line credit cards except Amex. If any regional Regiment Association wishes to buy wholesale and take advantage of Librario's book distributors' discount that should be arranged directly between the Association and Mark Lawson at Librario. This would allow Associations to make block purchases and either benefit their own funds by the difference between wholesale and retail prices or pass on a price advantage to their members. The book is expected to be available in September 2009.

ROUND AND ABOUT

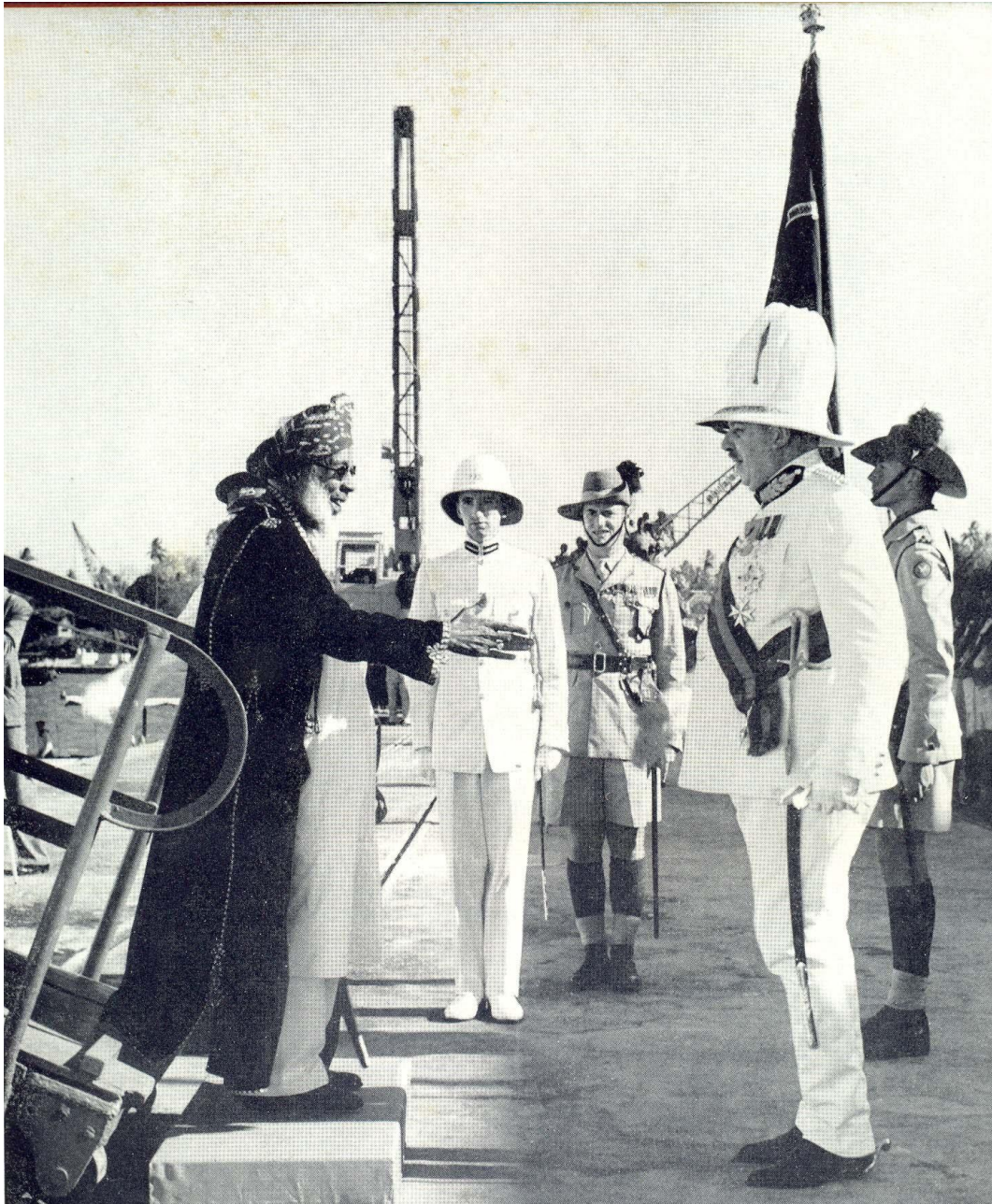


Left: Di Van Rensburg at last year's Gauteng lunch.

Right Gerrie and Bryan Salm, Hilton lunch 2008

Below: Danny McCleary, Keith Watson and Bob Simpson, Hilton lunch 2008





H.E. The Governor of Tanganyika, Sir Edward Twining GCMG, MBE greeting the Sultan of Zanzibar. Guard of Honour provided by 6th (T) Battalion, King's African Rifles, commanded by Lt Col Claville Spanton, in the centre of the photo. 1956/57?

In m-S XXXV and XXXVI, will be included, in two parts, Martin Langley's very readable article 'To School behind a Garratt – School Trains and the Locomotive that hauled them'. I'm sure most East African school children at some time of our lives, enjoyed a train journey, be it to/from school or at the start/end of a holiday. When we first went to the DoYS, we would entrain at Ol Kalou and our coach would be unhitched at Gilgil to wait for the Uganda train bound for Nairobi. Because of sharp corners Garratts could not be used on the Gilgil to Thompsons Falls line – Kevin Patience suggests that our loco may have been a Class 24 or 31. Later, when we moved to Soy, we would either catch the Uganda train at Turbo, or the Kitale train at Soy. If the latter, the coach was unhitched in Eldoret to await the Uganda train.

Photos on back cover: Garratt 5918 on the **2005** safari – courtesy Kevin Patience; and below, second from right, Richard Caspareuthus [KR6844] and others about to depart Nairobi station for a training camp – Nanyuki?

