

**mini-SITREP XXXVI**



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2010/2011

KRA (Australia)

Sunshine Coast

Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club

Sun 22<sup>nd</sup> Aug

Gold Coast

Sun 28<sup>th</sup> Nov (TBC)

Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra

Sun 27<sup>th</sup> Mar 2011

Western Australia

Curry Lunch, Agni Restaraunt, 17 Wotan, Rd, Innaloo

Sun 27<sup>th</sup> Jun

Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolly Tel: 994 1630 or Tony Tucker Tel: 94053752

East Africa Schools - Australia

Annual Picnic. Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney

Sun 24<sup>th</sup> Oct

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

KRAEA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch at Nairobi Clubhouse

Nov (TBA)

Contact: Dennis Leete <leete@wananchi.com>

KRAENA - England

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester

Thu 1 Jul

AGM and Lunch: The Rifles London Club, Davies St

Wed 17 Nov

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

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 12h30 for 13h00

Thu 18<sup>th</sup> Jun

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

Johannesburg: Lunch at Rivonia Recreation Club

Oct & Apr (TBA)

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

KwaZulu-Natal: Saturday quarterly lunches: Venue: Fern Hill, nr Midmar -

Sun 12 Sep; 12 Dec

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

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

EA Schools' Lunch: Stonehaven Castle, Shongweni

Oct (TBA)

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

KRA (New Zealand)

Spring Lunch at Soljans Winery, Auckland

Sep/Oct (TBA)

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

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

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

[Ed: *Because of ill health prior to, and our overseas trip, I had only a few days to put m-S together, and am indebted to Ayliffe Hall who very kindly took on the proofreading duties.*]

**Front cover: Moyale Fort – June 1940. Taken by Capt Ian Dewar [KR36], ‘C’ Coy 1/1 KAR. Man in picture Capt du Toit – may be Johannes [KR894]. Photo submitted by John Davis [KR7457]**

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

CORREPENDENCE

John **Scally** <johnd@wscally.fsworld.co.uk> [28/10/2009]: Re: EA cemeteries and memorials: This is beginning to feel like a case of *deja-vu* all over again!

I see that in mini-Sitrep XXXIV Norman **Biddell**'s name crops up again - twice. The first is on page 43, where it is incorrectly spelt as Biddle.

The second is on page 70 where his name heads the list of names on the British Latin American Volunteers (BLAV) Nominal Roll. I am also sending you a copy of Bob **Barnes**' email of 01/09/08 (which you should already have received).

When I visited his old school in England, Theresa **Yates-Round** told me that his parents lived in Brazil, so it would seem that he went or returned there after leaving school in 1935, and subsequently became part of the BLAV group which found its way to Kenya, as described in John **Donaldson**'s piece.

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On 31<sup>st</sup> August 2008, John **Scally** wrote to **Bob Barnes** [31/08/2008]: I read your item on page 55 of SITREP XXXII with interest. You list several names which you have been unable to identify in the CWGC records. One of them is **Biddle**, N.R.

This may turn out to be a fruitless question to ask you, but I wonder if there is a link between that name and one Norman **Bidell**, mentioned on page 9 of the same SITREP. I am certain that the spelling as I gave it is correct, because I checked his details with the girl in the School office at the time.

Incidentally, I learned then that the girl's name is Theresa **Yates-Round** and that her mother's name is Elizabeth **Britneff** - and this really is odd - who lives near us in Tunbridge Wells. I already knew Elizabeth but I did not know that her daughter worked at the school. Elizabeth's maiden name was Hurst and it was her father who, with his brother, started East African Breweries. The brother lost his life a year or two later when he was killed by an elephant.

It's a strange old world sometimes!

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Bob **Barnes** <jandb@wananchi.com> [01/09/2008] responded: I have searched the CWGC records again and came up with the following.

BIDDELL, NORMAN RICHARD, Gunner 1095503  
Died: 22/08/1941. Age: 19  
Royal Artillery, United Kingdom. 4. E. 2. ASMARA WAR CEMETERY

BIDDELL, NORMAN RICHARD  
Initials: N R  
Nationality: United Kingdom  
Rank: Gunner  
Regiment/Service: Royal Artillery  
Age: 19  
Date of Death: 22/08/1941

Service No: 1095503

Additional information: Son of Norman and Mary Nona **Biddell**, of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Casualty Type: Commonwealth War Dead

Grave/Memorial Reference: 4. E. 2.

Cemetery: ASMARA WAR CEMETERY

This could be the person we are looking for. The initials are correct although the name is yet a different spelling. Asmara Cemetery shows he died in East Africa.

However, I don't know what the chances were of someone from East Africa enlisting in the Royal Artillery and then being posted back to East Africa.

Also, his parents appear to be resident in South America so how did he get to East Africa on his own at a relatively young age?

This is the best lead so far.

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Fiona **Caspers** <[flysouth@global.co.za](mailto:flysouth@global.co.za)> [15/06/2009] from South Africa: Just recently I came across a pamphlet of the Kenya Regiment with a list of Kenyans & their present addresses & as I recognized names in the pamphlet including my mother's cousin, I wondered if I could somehow get a copy of this pamphlet for my mother.

I hope you will excuse the presumption. One never knows perhaps there is a family connection to the Kenya Regiment as my mother's cousin Jenny O'Toole is listed in the pamphlet and my Great Grandfather, Mr **Fryer** & his son, Denis Fryer, both served in the military in Kenya & Tanganyika.

To give you a little background information on my family: My mother, Linare **Mcdermott**, grew up in East Africa. Her father, Garreck McDermott, was killed fighting in the 2nd World War against **Rommel** in North Africa & there is a plaque to his memory in Nairobi Cathedral - I am not sure if he fought for the Kenya Regiment as he was living in Tanganyika at the time of the War & may well have fought for the King's African Rifles - but there is obviously a connection to Kenya. My mother, who was born in East Africa, lived in Dar for a time & then moved across to Nairobi, Mombasa & Malindi. I was born in Nairobi, Fiona **Wilcockson** - my father Peter **Wilcockson** worked for the Standard Bank for many years in East Africa & is now living in America.

If you could forward me information on your organization - the Kenya Regiment & its members - I would be most grateful. Does one have to have been in the regiment to be a member of this organization?

I look forward to hearing from you & hope you will excuse the presumption, but I felt that it would be so nice for my mother if she discovers the addresses of old friends.

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Lynda Evelyn **Walton** (née **Bresler**) <[lynda.walton@hotmail.com](mailto:lynda.walton@hotmail.com)> [21/12/2009]: I was looking on facebook for my cousin Colin **Bresler**, when the Kenya Regiment came up in a search and was delighted to see my father's name, Colin Arthur **Bresler** [KR3511]. He passed away in 2002. I am interested to know if you are able to find out if my Dad had any active service in the Regiment and to what extent. He was born in 1926 in Durban South Africa. His father was Clarence Ivan **Bresler**. My Dad worked for the EAR&H as a land surveyor. I was born in Tabora.



Andrew **McKenzie** [17/11/2009]: I am researching my family tree. My Great Uncle, Trooper Alastair **McKenzie**, [KR2511] was killed in Kenya on 3 April 1942, although I believe he died from his injuries. He is buried at the Nairobi War Cemetery. I came across your webpage and wondered if you had any other information relating to the regiment, and how I might go about obtaining my Great Uncle's death certificate?

If you know of any photos that exist of the Regiment between 1939 to 1942 then I would love to see them to see if I could pick him out.

I look forward to hearing from you soon and offer thanks in advance for any information you might be able to give me.

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Bob **Barnes** <[jandb@wananchi.com](mailto:jandb@wananchi.com)> from Kenya [21/11/2009]: Attached a photograph [left] of the grave. This is all I have.

Trying to get a death certificate will be a fairly futile exercise as it would take several personal visits to Sheria House. These days they will only deal with relatives of the deceased. I have heard that people using solicitors seem to have some success but it is expensive of course.

I have recently put the Kenya Regiment Roll of Honour on the web site [www.eamemorials.co.uk](http://www.eamemorials.co.uk)

If anyone has photographs of headstones or memorials that I don't have I will be pleased to add them. Even photographs of the person themselves.

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Anthony **Allen** [s3513] <[aallen@groupfive.co.za](mailto:aallen@groupfive.co.za)> [21/01/2010]: Any further success with the **Le Blanc Smith** (LBS) photos? I am also desperately looking for a photo of R F **Rainsford**, KAR and E.A. Police - he would have been in Turkanaland with LBS as he had AGS with clasp EA1915.

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Barry **Jacob** [KR3581] <[bjacob@venturenet.co.za](mailto:bjacob@venturenet.co.za)> [22/12/2009]: Neville **Simpson** [KR4806] told me that he had sent you some photos of the P.O.W. I was at the school 1944 – 47 and we had an excellent cricket side, unbeaten for the last two years of my time there.

I want to write a brief history of the school cricket, and if you, or any reader have any photos of the following I would could use them: The main entrance to the school; the cricket oval; cricket grounds; the school cricket coach, Ginger **Gledhill**, and any other photos of the school.

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Bernard **Kleynhans** [KR7057]: I have been trying to make contact with Rodney **Pickering** [KR6911] and Edwin **Smith** [KR7076], both friends of mine from Prince of Wales and Kenya Regiment days but without any success. I last had contact with them in Kenya in 1963 and would appreciate any info.

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Keith **Elliot** [KR4289] <[keithe@xsinet.co.za](mailto:keithe@xsinet.co.za)> [15/12/2009] responds: The only **Pickering** I can find in my Regiment Directory, is Alan, in Queensland Australia; wonder if he is related to Rodney?

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Douglas **Gledhill** [KR4212] writes from Perth about a Kenya Regiment Memorial Plaque at the National Memorial Arboretum in the UK: I wish to applaud the efforts made by the late Major Roy **Trustram Eve** OBE in endeavouring to have the Regiment recognised by the placing of a plaque at the Memorial. It must be very frustrating.

I see that the cost of a Regimental plaque would be approximately £10,000-00 (approximately AUS\$20,000-00) and that this would not include the names of the 31 members of the Regiment who lost their lives.

Roy also went on to say that it would be pointless to launch a world wide appeal for the necessary funds for the project.

It seems to me that the above would not be the wish of the majority of the surviving members of the Regiment's world-wide Associations. Action must be taken now, especially as members are fading away, to have a memorial to the Regiment and a record of the 31 members who died. I'm sure members would not wish to have the Regiment fade away into obscurity as if it had never existed, something which appears to have already happened to other units.

I feel sure that if a suitable round robin letter explaining the situation regarding the funding for the project, world-wide if necessary, and certainly here in Australia and in South Africa, the funds would be forthcoming. The letter could also mention that provision would be made for the names of the 31 dead to be included on the plaque.

There would also have to be arrangements made for the establishment of Bank Trust accounts into which funds received could be deposited and audited. Any surplus of funds due to over subscription could be utilized by donations to Regimental charitable trust funds as necessary.

If the project were to go ahead the UK branch would have to become responsible for any works to be carried out.

I hope that I have interpreted Roy's letter, dated 13th August 2008, correctly. These are, for what they are worth, my thoughts on the subject. Please feel free to edit and make any amendments you deem necessary,

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Harry **Schello** <[harry.schello@three.com.au](mailto:harry.schello@three.com.au)> [23/05/2010]: I notice after reading Ian Parker's History, and perusing the rolls that a certain member whom I knew at Narok is not on the roll, Peter **Marks** is not mentioned. There may be a reason?

I also notice in the History that *Skattie Meintjies* does not get a mention in the Pseudo Arm. To my knowledge he earned an MM with this branch. I may be in error, but it would be nice to know if I have been misled here also.

Dennis **Lakin** in Runyenjis DOKG was my boss when I served time up there, knocking some shape into his Tribal Police, with boot camp drills/weapons/target practice and eventually driver instruction. A passing out parade, arranged for the Nyeri DC, ended up with General **Latham** taking the salute!

I was billeted with DO/FIO Mike **Watts** [KR4966] later Chris **Orme-Smith** [KR4893] and Tony **Seth-Smith** [KR4980].

**Parker's** mention of Spike **Powell's** 'bunch of ruffians' raised my hackles a bit because Spike's small rapid deployment strike force was extremely effective, down to the orphan boy whom he took care of after the slaughter of that boy's family. The boy's role was to carry the verey pistol which he used to great effect on a terrorist making a break for it during one of Powell's many skirmishes, by shooting him in the midriff with great results; a very efficient little team in my estimation.

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Harry continues: [26/04/20010] In my internet travels I came across the burial site of a member of the Regiment in Addis Ababa War Cemetery Ethiopia. The listing is for :-

Serjeant Arthur Sutherland **Chapman**. Inscription. Kenya Regiment. Note: RB/10145

Burial: Addis Ababa War Cemetery; Addis Ababa, Addis Ababa Chartered City, Ethiopia.  
Plot: 2. B. 9.

The roll does not appear to list this person, can you assist at all?

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Editor responds: VMT 4 yours. Re: Peter **Marks** -could he have been Peter Andrew Hercules **Marx**? If so, his Regimental No: was KR4726.

Whilst I have Ian Parker's book I have yet to read it. I knew Spike well in Rhodesia - we both served in the RLI before I was posted to Armoured Cars. If Spike was ineffective why then was he awarded the MBE? Had he not been attached to the KP he would have received the MC!

As far as I can recall, *Skattie* was not awarded the MM nor was he MiD.

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Harry responds: I must have had the wrong spelling for **Marx**. Assume you had no luck with A.S.**Chapman** (Sgt) buried in Addis War Cemetery? **Parker's** reference to Spike's unit as being a bunch of 'ruffians' upset me somewhat, perhaps, because of my knowledge of them and their successes at the time. Parker & I did our training with the first Lanet intake.

I had been with KPR North Kinangop since '52 after the Eldoret Farmers Commando left, so annoyingly missed out on the Salisbury/Nkomo stuff but still had the pleasure of Rumbleguts & Co. I had a lot of interaction with 'C' Coy when they were stationed at Forest Station Area Pencil Slats, Major **Klynsmith** [KR5613] gave KPR many demonstrations & instruction with weapons. I

particularly remember the hand grenade launcher (seven second fuse 'EY' rifle) with a challenge to fire it from the shoulder, but having seen it in use, rifle butt to ground was not willing to risk a broken shoulder!

Editor writes [24/05/2010] to John **Davis** [KR7457] and Robert **Stocker** [KR5757]: Robin **Faulkner** [KR4542] sent me an interesting photo of 'T' Coy's annual camp at Eburru in October 1957. Included in the photo are Nev **Cooper** [KR5608], James **McKillop** [KR5616], Guy **Catchpole** [KR5847], John **Bamber** [KR5649]; Robert (Stooge) **Stocker** *et al.* Unfortunately, the photocopy is not clear enough for publication. Do you perchance have a copy in archives and if so could you forward to <longonot@telkomsa.net>? If not, wonder if Guy has a copy?

Will also ring Stan **Engelbrecht** [KR4464] and Nev **Simpson** [KR4806], both of whom appear in the photo and ask them whether they have a copy [Ed: *Stan remembers the camp – he was CQMS – but unfortunately, does not have the photo.*]

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Robert Stocker <bahati@shaw.ca> responds: I am afraid I do not have any photographs of this camp. I do remember the camp and even though this was a long time ago I will give you a couple of stories which come to mind:-

The battalion doctor was Myles **Dunstan Adams** [KR5844] and the padre John **D'aeth** [KR5843]. Anyway, these two drove past in an open landrover when some wag sitting amongst a group said loudly "Look! There goes Life and Death".

Another story at this camp was about Hugh **Clarke** [KR4308] who was sitting on a rock amongst a few of us when he started to feel very warm. His face was red and he began to perspire, and sure enough he did not look well. When told to move over to a flat bit of ground and lie down, it was then noticed he had been sitting over a blow hole. There were many such blow holes all around us 'letting off steam'.

I had rejoined the Regiment and went to two 'T' Coy camps, the one mentioned above and the other one in the Dol Dol range where Bill **Hindley** [KR5846] was O.C. and I the 2 IC. I would like to hear some more stories of these two camps. Any chance?

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### KENYA FARM MAPS

Dave **Lichtenstein** <lichtend@ozemail.com.au> writes to Peter **Rosa** <prosa@staffmail.ed.ac.uk> George **Perry**, Hugh **Smith** and Dennis **Leete**, about EA Colonial Maps - Scanning Project - Early Days

Essentially we are considering the possibility of scanning colonial maps which show *Wazungu shambas* and who lived on them. It is very early days yet but obviously the first thing that we would have to do is acquire such maps. I know that some of these maps are available in the UK whence I have sourced my collection. As indicated below I am happy to throw my collection into the mix for scanning and indeed I have already had a number scanned.

I note that you Peter, have original maps which cover the Trans Nzoia district and part of the northern Uasin Gishu district. These are Endebess, Kitale, Hoeys Bridge and Moiben. I understand that you Hugh would at least have Londiani and you George have Songhor. Would you three

gentlemen [Peter, George & Hugh] agree in principle to having your personal collection of maps scanned?

I have the following maps:

Sheet 88/4 : Ed.3, (1959)	Lugari
Sheet 89/3 : Ed.2, (1958)	Soy
Sheet 89/4 : Ed.2, (1960)	Eldoret
Sheet 102/2: Ed.4, (1958)	Kakamega
Sheet 103/1: Ed.3, (1956)	Kabiyet
Sheet 103/2: Ed. 3 (1957)	Kaptagat
Sheet 103/4: Ed. 3 (1953)	North Tinderet
Sheet 104/1: Ed. 3 (1955)	Kipkabus
Sheet 104/3: Ed. 3 (1954)	Timboroa

I have had all the above maps scanned. Additionally I have the following hard copy maps which have yet to be scanned as a whole:

Sheet 118/4: Ed.2, (1953)	Njoro
Sheet 105/3: Ed.3, (1958)	Solai
Sheet 105/4: Ed.4, (1955)	Thomson's Falls
Sheet 119/1: Ed.4, (1955)	Menengai
Sheet 119/2: Ed.6, (1956)	Ol Joro Orok
Sheet 119/4: Ed.4, (1956)	Gigil
Sheet 120/3: Ed.6, (1955)	Kipipiri

The commercial printer uses a scanner which can scan up to A0 in size charged me \$A10 per sheet. They were scanned at 400 dpi in tif format which they claim will allow re-printing as close as possible to the original.

However, before this project can take the next step, in addition to your in principle agreement to the use of your maps (if they can be scanned locally commercially - we will have to work out how costs can be reimbursed) I am also interested in your views on this project and how is the best way to proceed with it both logistically, technically and financially.

David continues: Ol Kalou Map. Henry Hauschild tells me that my old man was quite reckless in riding his horse "Billy" at night through all the forests in the Ol Kalou and surrounding areas. (Presumably as he was working during the day, the nights were the only free times that he had and the horse was his only means of transport if he wanted to get around.)

But back to the maps: It is interesting that while I am getting map requests from you, I am also getting similar ones from someone who attended the recent Hill School reunion in the UK. I provided the organisers with all the Uasin Gishu maps which I previously had scanned (except for two of them - one which I have not yet had scanned - and another one which someone had provided me scanned in bits and pieces like what I have done for you for Ol Kalou etc.) One of the organisers then did a superb job in having them printed out and set out in a display. (You could check this out with Rosemary Todd and Mabel Higginson who were attendees from your neck of the woods.)

Regrettably, all most of us have is, a scanner which can only cover an A4 area at a time. However, professional printing firms have scanners which can scan whole maps. Of course this is going to cost a few bob. But I was really thinking that there may be many folk out there who would like

maps of the area in which they lived in the good, old country. This being the case would they be prepared to:

1. Obtain the remaining maps (I am happy to assist in tracking them down and to throw in my scanned lot gratis);
2. Have them professionally scanned;
3. Have them saved to a number of DVD's for distribution including postage;
4. And of course pay for all this

Just a thought.

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Peter **Rosa**; I am really pleased that you are taking this project further. I have the Trans Nzoia maps you mentioned as well as Soy, Lugari, and Eldoret. The only map missing is Cherangani.

I have scanned these maps in sections and joined them back together using software stitch facilities. The joins are not perfect in some cases. I could send you all the scanned maps. (I do not remember which I sent you last time, but assume it was Soy, Lugari and Eldoret.)

If you could examine the scanned maps and report back on whether the quality is acceptable it would be helpful. If the quality is fine, there are no problems. If not I might have to send you the maps by post for you to professionally scan. Unfortunately I have met with annoying responses from the two firms I approached originally to get a quote. They refused to scan a copyrighted map without getting permission from the source, and they were also expensive.

I also compiled an index for the farms on my Kitale School website. I have not been in it recently and will need to check if it is still working. [The University of Edinburgh is a charitable body, registered in Scotland, with registration number SC005336.]

[Ed: *This project is being driven by Dave so if any readers can assist by lending maps please contact him <[lichtend@ozemail.com.au](mailto:lichtend@ozemail.com.au)>*]

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Roger **Dracup** – onetime Kenya Cop - <[rojun@alumni.ecu.edu.au](mailto:rojun@alumni.ecu.edu.au)> [02/03/2010] : mini-SITREP XXXV - page 24, I can confirm that Peter **Rundgren** was indeed the brother of Eric, the White Hunter. Peter was with the Forest Dept and was stationed at Nanyuki

Their sister, Brita, was married to Bernard **Ruck**, GM\*, CPM. Bernard and I were both stationed at Nanyuki, in the Kenya Police, 1949-52, so I saw quite a lot of the **Rundgrens** who were frequent visitors. Their father, when visiting town, would go to **Osman Allu's** store and payoff all their *duka* debts prior to visiting their homes.

Yes, Eric used to take Stewart **Granger** out hunting in our area. Stewart would take aim at a beast but Eric was always "riding shotgun" with his rifle aimed at the same animal. While the end of Stewart's barrel would be waving around all over the place, Eric took good care to pull his trigger at precisely the same moment as Stewart pulled his, ensuring that the beast was killed, and the credit for the kill went to Stewart.

Eric's right arm was a terrible mess of scars. He had been hunting with a Mexican who had wounded a leopard, which then attacked Eric. Eric had a flash of memory about sticking your hand

down the throat of an attacking beast, in order to persuade it to let go; he did this and his arm was horribly mangled, but they escaped with their lives.

Di, (**Nineham**) I see that your maiden name was **Ulyate**. I wonder if Lionel **Ulyate** was a relation? I knew him well, and considered him a good friend. On night ambush in the Nyeri area in 1953, he was shot through the head by friendly cross-fire and spent quite a long time in Nyeri hospital in a coma, with a bullet in his head. He would sometimes sit bolt upright in bed, and then collapse. We had to keep a permanent watch beside his bed in order to catch him when this occurred, so that he did not crash back down and cause further damage to his head. I was one of those rostered to keep a 24-hour vigil. I was transferred to Thika before Lionel was discharged from hospital and I never met him again. I believe he made a full recovery, and resumed a normal life.

Bernard and Brita went to live at Kilifi after Uhuru. Bernard died some years ago, but I have no news of Brita.

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John **Harris** [KR4485] <[nairobi012@bigpond.com](mailto:nairobi012@bigpond.com)> [14/01/2010] from Australia: Reading the article in mini-SITREP XXXV "To School behind a Garratt", brought back a few memories.

My first trip on a train (a Tuesday, 4<sup>th</sup> August 1945 [two days after VJ Day]) was after the family departed Nairobi on Sunday by road, in the wee hours of the morning, to head for our annual two week sojourn at Mombasa. All went well until we just passed Kibwezi and the first puncture. No problem, just change it for the spare, which was duly done. A bit further on another puncture, this time no spare, so we had to patch the tube of the previous flat. Now the crunch, the tube, both spare and the original, were made of synthetic rubber, consequently a patch was not too keen to stick, no such thing as a vulcanizing type of repair existed in those days. We did manage to get a patch to stick, slapped the tube back in and pumped like hell to get the tube into contact with the tyre before the patch came off. Phew, we succeeded!

Off we went, but for only a couple of miles, and, with the patch moving inside the tyre, down it went again. This process continued nth number of times until we arrived at Mac's Inn after sunset. We were put up for the night in unfinished rooms by the manager who took pity on us. Off again at the scratch of dawn and arrived at Voi by late afternoon, after following the same procedure of the previous day. It was here that my parents gave up the unequal struggle and decided to put the car on the train and we would continue on the Mombasa Down Mail, sleeping in the dining car, which arrived at Voi at 03h00. Needless to say that when the car did arrive in Mombasa it had two flat tyres! I only did three other trips by train, one from Nakuru to Nairobi, one to Mombasa on holiday, returning by car, and the third when I drove my Morris Minor 1000 to the coast to ship it to Perth, Western Australia, this time returning by train to Nairobi.

The main reason for writing this was that I was given a VCR tape of a trip a train made from Nairobi to Mombasa called "Steam to Mombasa", the story of the resurrection of a Class 59 Garratt 5918 "Mount Gelai", after 20 years in Nairobi's Railway Museum, and the trials and tribulations it took to get it down to Mombasa. There is some very nostalgic scenery in it.

I believe it was intended to use it as a tourist train between Mombasa and Voi, wonder if it is still running. I checked the web today (14/1/2010) and found that the tape is still available at £19.95. Here are the details: Distributor: SIGNAL BOX, 1 Albion Street, Anstey, Leics LE7 7DD.

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Johnnie **Berkley-Matthews** writes from Wiltshire to Keith **Elliot** [22/02/2010]: You don't know me! Jen **Whittall**, my sister-in-law, sent your notes to my daughter; she is called Mara, as in Masai, and married to a Zimbabwean - James **Nyawo** – a delightful man currently doing his PhD at Galway University, S Ireland. Mara, a UK nurse originally, has worked for an NGO called GOAL for many years; Guyana, Angola, N Uganda, Niger, Mozambique, Sudan, that's how they met. Like John **Whittall** [KR6129?], I am also a Kenya boy, from Kikuyu - just too young to have served in the Mau Mau - and was schooled in England. Do you know Robin **Bryan**, living in Harare, was married to Sue (née **Dumbelton**)? Small world.

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Keith **Elliot** to Dennis **Leete**: Johnnie was apparently too young to serve in the Mau Mau. Surname sounds familiar - ring any bells?

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Dennis responds: Very much so! I found his father sitting at his desk at Sigona Golf Club, next door to the Njogu Inn, at 20h30 hrs in June 1954 with his neck split open by a *panga* after an attack by General **Kargo**'s gang. Sigona was in my parish after Operation Anvil, and 'I' Company moved up to **Baxendale's** Farm, and set up Home Guard posts throughout the Kikuyu reserve surrounding Nairobi, with the objective of cutting off supply routes to the forest gangs from Nairobi. My post was at Ngecha, under Lt Jack **Barrah** [KR5755], who had about five other posts covering some 50 square miles in this area, and it ran from the Main road at Njogu Inn back toward the area behind the Veterinary Research Station at Kabete. I was leading a night patrol with about ten of my home guard, and stopped at the Golf Club to see **B-M**, where he would sometimes stand me a drink, while the Home Guard waited outside. I would often take my weekly bath at Njogu Inn which he also owned, Got to know him quite well. I was half an hour too late this time. Boet **van Rensburg** [KR2586], then KP, turned up as well with his tracker dogs but the gang had disappeared into the night.

Lofty **Reynolds** [KR3963] accounted for General **Kargo** some three months later on the lip of the Escarpment around Nderu. I seem to recall it was a brilliant shot from about 400 yards; but my memory is woolly, as to the details. Amazing how these descendants turn up.

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Roger **Dracup** <[rojun@alumni.ecu.edu.au](mailto:rojun@alumni.ecu.edu.au)> [25/05/2010] to Richard **Bartlett-May**: Re mini-SITREP XXXV of Dec 2009, I am forwarding this very interesting piece of research by Max Hutton, into the death of your father in the Lincoln bomber crash. I am sure will also find it very useful and interesting: Hello, Roger: I will start by going back to an earlier E mail, when you were talking to the son of the pilot killed in Kenya when his Lincoln crashed. I found this snip of information in a Kenya gazette 18th February 1955. If the RAF lost only four Lincolns then this must be about one of them.

Award of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, Silver Medal to Constable William Ashlanga **Mapesa** in view of the outstanding courage and perseverance displayed. On Saturday 19th Feb 1955, near Githunguri Police Station in the Kiambu Division, an RAF Lincoln bomber crashed and burst into flames. Constable 3437 William **Mapesa**, with two Europeans (RAF guests of the Officer in Charge, Githunguri Police Station) dragged the rear gunner from the burning aircraft. Despite the intense heat and constant explosions caused by oxygen tanks and ammunition, Constable William, with the two Air Force men, dragged the injured rear gunner for fifty yards. William then cut the burning clothes from the injured man and took off his own shirt and wrapped it



round the rear gunner in an attempt to protect him from shock. Constable William acted with complete disregard for his own safety and during the entire operation was in grave danger from explosions.

I am not sure this is the same Police Station you were talking about, do you remember this Constable, and who was the officer-in-charge; I am sure you must have known him.

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James **McKillop**. Philippa **Corse** to Dennis **Leete** re: James McKillop [25/02/2010]: Looking through my correspondence I reread your letter about James **McKillop**. I couldn't tell whether I actually replied to you but I apologise if not. He was a great character and would always help someone who needed it. He must have been well off maybe coal mines in Scotland?

He used to walk from his farm wearing his kilt and taking his staff every weekend to the Old Club in Sotik where he had his stool in the bar which no-one else ever took. There I think he had an ale or more.

He would always host a yearly luncheon for most of the Sotik Settlers. His housekeeper had a physically disabled son whom he helped to get a job and gave him a Volkswagon which was specially altered for him to be able to drive. He used to go on bicycling trips in France and had a schloss in Switzerland.

In fact, I good friend of mine, Lydia **Ward** (née **Royston**) was also contacted about James. Lydia must have known him well as the **Roystons** lived much closer, and may even have gone to Switzerland and stayed with James and his wife.

Another story was about his large Rover car, which, when he wanted to sell it, he was offered far less than he thought it was worth in Nairobi, so he turned round, drove back to Sotik and gave it to our Doctor, Dr Dennis **Burn** who much needed a better car!

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Dennis **Leete**" <[dleete2@gmail.com](mailto:dleete2@gmail.com)> to Philippa **Corse** <[philippa.georgecorse@gmail.com](mailto:philippa.georgecorse@gmail.com)> [01/03/2010] referring to the article in m-S XXV about James **McKillop**: I remember Lydia Ward (née Royston) well, and her *makora* brother, Toby! Her close friend is Angela Harris (née **Dawson-Curry**) who was at Egerton College with us in the mid fifties.

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Lydia **Ward** (née **Royston** and w/o the late Dr John **Ward**, one time RMO at KRTC) writes: James **McKillop** was a loner in a way, I think his money came from Fife coal mines. He enjoyed entertaining things like hunt breakfasts on his lovely farm in Sotik, we all enjoyed going there but the behaviour would always be up market; good breakfast and plenty to drink.

He had a huge row with Col Reggie **Walker**, the Master of Hounds at that time in Sotik. He was so incensed that he went and bought the old club which was where the hounds used to meet on Wednesdays and Sundays and then banned Reggie from entering the clubhouse, until he got an apology and then let him back in. I don't know what the row was about.

He liked to walk the seven miles or so to the club on Sundays and it would be in his kilt with sporran and cap always with his cane under his arm. Then the Rolls and driver would arrive to

collect him late in the afternoon to take him home



**Left/Right: Toby Royston, Chris Burn, Jimmy Onslow, James McKillop, ?? Phelps, Ted Onslow, Bridget Pakenham-Walsh, Cecil Walker. Taken at the old Sotik Club, about 1950.**

He had a good friend in Mombasa called Mrs. **Jolly** and he enjoyed going to Shelly Beach for holidays, calling it Smelly Beach.

His heart was broken when we were all bought out by the British Government for very little and he had to leave his farm. He bought a farm on the Isle of Man, which his Kenya manager (**Hanson**) came over and ran. James loathed it there. The story goes he opened the barn door when there was a strong wind and the roof blew off! When James took his own life he left enough to **Hanson** to buy the farm – he is presently living in Australia.

After losing the Sotik Farm James went to Alpbach in Austria, bought a plot and built a very nice Austrian-style house and called it the "Barhaus." This was after Major Billy **Patterson**, who had retired from the British Army, bought a farm in Sotik not far from James. Billy went over to stay with James in Austria and they came to an agreement that whoever died first would leave the house to the other. History does not relate whether Billy put any money towards this. I'm sure Billy's widow Dinny will be able to enlighten you

This was really the start of Alpbach becoming a charming and very good ski resort. When John was over in Austria he stayed in the Barhaus with James and was very worried about James as he was so lonely and seemed very depressed, this was soon before he died.

My parents were away in the U.K. when it was my 21st birthday and the best surprise on the day was when a huge box of chocolates arrived from James - made my day. He also always took a crate of Carlsberg to any wedding or party he attended so he knew that the drink he liked would be available - the crate was usually sent over the day before the occasion. I have a friend in Kenya who

knew James well and will try to get more info from him.

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### REGIMENTAL NUMBERS

[Ian Parker [KR4602]]

In an attempt to place Regimental Numbers in rough date order, Ian Parker submitted [21/04/2009] the following. Obviously there will be exceptions and he would be grateful if members could e-mail suggestions etc to him at <ipap@africaonline.co.ke>.

This may assist you moving towards an improved version of what appears in the book, "The Last Colonial Regiment". It is compiled using the numbering system as a general guide and from what I have learned while researching the history.

In general terms though, numbers 1-3000 are safe bets to have seen military service during WWII.

Numbers greater than 3500 are unlikely to have seen war service, but almost certainly had up to two years of conscription that took them this side of WWII.

Numbers between 3000 & 3500 - a bit iffy - some nearer 3000 might have got in on the tail end of the war, those nearer 3500 much less likely. John Allen saw service in the REs, but after hostilities had ceased.

Numbers 3600 to 4000 are all volunteers who were the first in action during Mau Mau.

After that the National Service course took batches of 100 men which, while not fool-proof, has proved quite a good guide to when a man served. The national service courses were the main route into the Regiment once they had started. There were always a few volunteers coming in irregularly, but they didn't seem to skew things greatly.

Bob **Bulgen** volunteered when I did along with perhaps five others. He was 4600 and I was 4602 and the highest of us volunteers was RAG **Jones** with 4607. **Bulgen** and **Parker** were brats and quickly packed off to get in six months straightening out, he as 4616 and me as 4617. The others went into the active Regiment, or were seconded to Prisons etc.

Test your own first number and see if, from the list below it places you in the right course. My guess is that you were on the Jan-Jun 1959 course [*near enough - June-Dec 1959*] and that subsequently you picked up another commission number 6290. Am I right or, if wrong, how wrong? [Ed: *Wrong! I was allocated 6290 when in 1956, I pitched up at a 'C' Coy weekend parade at Kitale as a volunteer, Having been in the CCF I was used to 37 pattern webbing and luckily Henry **Poolman** [KR6212] was on hand to show me how to assemble the 44 pattern I was issued*]

I am pretty confident about 5000 numbers indicating a commission awarded between 1950 and 31<sup>st</sup> Dec 1956; that is men who have OR numbers between 3600 and 6500. However, those who were commissioned before Dec 31st 1956 but who stayed active in the TF after that date seem to have got another number in the 6200 range or thereabouts. Take your brother Don - first number 4969 so he served on the 3rd ten week course in 1955, was commissioned with 5836, still had time to do in the TF and retained his commission but with 6303.

It is these later 6200+ numbers going to Officers that seem to lack a basic system, particularly as they had not used up all their 5000 numbers.

A further point: after 7000 it looks as though they didn't award any commissions or, if they did, they went back to WWII when you stuck with your number regardless of whether you were commissioned or not.

Year	Number
1937-1939	1 – 1500 - Volunteers
1939-1941	1500-3000 - Mainly volunteers - majority infantry officers with KAR
1941-1946+	3000-3599 - Members did not serve as KR and were posted to other Army units for two years compulsory service
1950-Jan 1952	3600-4000 - All Volunteers

National Service six month courses KGVI Barracks, Salisbury, Rhodesia

Jan-Jun 1952	4100-4200 - 1 <sup>st</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1952	4200-4300 - 2 <sup>nd</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1953	4300-4400 - 3 <sup>rd</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1953	4400-4500 - 4 <sup>th</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1954	4500-4600 - 5 <sup>th</sup> course

National Service six month/ten week courses KRTC Barracks, Lanet

Jul-Dec 1954	4600-4700 - 1 <sup>st</sup> six month course
Jan-Mar 1955	4700-4800 - 1 <sup>st</sup> ten week course
Apr-Jun 1955	4800-4900 - 2 <sup>nd</sup> ten week course
Jul-Sep 1955	4900-4999 - 3 <sup>rd</sup> ten week course
	5000-5999 - Reserved for all commissioned between 1950 and Dec 31 <sup>st</sup> 1956
Oct-Dec 1955	6000-6099 - 4 <sup>th</sup> ten week course [Members commissioned in this numerical range would have been allocated 5000 range Officers' numbers]
Jan-Mar 1956	6100-6199 - 5 <sup>th</sup> ten week course
Apr-Jun 1956	6200-6299 - 6 <sup>th</sup> ten week course
Jul-Sep 1956	6300-6399 - 7 <sup>th</sup> ten week course
Oct Dec 1956	6400-6499 - 8 <sup>th</sup> ten week course

Post-Emergency National Service six month training at KRTC

Jan-Jun 1957	6500-6599 - 1 <sup>st</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1957	6600-6699 - 2 <sup>nd</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1958	6700-6799 - 3 <sup>rd</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1958	6800-6899 - 4 <sup>th</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1959	6900-6999 - 5 <sup>th</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1959	7000-7099 - 6 <sup>th</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1960	7100-7199 - 7 <sup>th</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1960	7200-7299 - 8 <sup>th</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1961	7300-7399 - 9 <sup>th</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1961	7400-7499 - 10 <sup>th</sup> course
Jan-Jun 1962	7500-7599 - 11 <sup>th</sup> course
Jul-Dec 1962	????????

[Ed: Confusion reigns about the numbers 40000 to 40152. Alf Hall who lives in Howick, indicates that he volunteered for NS after Independence, wore the Buffalo and was allocated the number 40069. Any further information and photos would be much appreciated.]

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### TRAGEDY ON MT KINANGOP – 1944

[Monty Brown [KR3902]]

Prompted by an article which appeared in mini-SITREP XXVIII~ page 33, on the discovery of a Bristol Blenheim bomber high up in the forest on the southern slopes of Mt Kenya, I was reminded of another wartime incident which occurred on the Aberdares. It also revived a memory of a Kenya Regiment association which took place many years later. With this in mind and feeling that the story might be of interest to some readers I decided to recount the event. The article was written, but other matters intervened to postpone its presentation for m-S.

One of these was the decision to research the story more intensely. This took me to the British Airways Museum at Heathrow, which held four fat files, plus photographs of the scene of the aircraft accident. It took a year to put together a full report of my amateur investigation of the affair, and a copy was duly presented to the Museum for their archive.

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This story tells of an episode which occurred many decades ago; over six to be exact, at the time I was at the Prince of Wales School during the war. There will be a few surviving ex-Kenya Regiment members who also attended that fine school then, who may recall those years. Clearly I remember being one of those who decorated the endpapers of their textbooks with pen sketches of Spitfires blasting Me109s out of the sky! How dashing and exciting it all seemed at that stage in our lives. Sadly a number of former pupils met their end in those air battles. In 1942, my first year at the school, I remember some of them as seniors. Vic **Basso**, John **Kirk**, 'Gombe' **Cattell**, John **Spence** and John **Poulton** left in 1943 to train in Rhodesia as fighter pilots; the first three never came back.

In 1944, when the event I write about took place, there was a daily incident which a few may possibly recall. Almost precisely, every day during the noonday hours a transport plane flew over the school on its final approach to Eastleigh airfield, then Nairobi's air force base. The machine was more often than not a Lockheed Lodestar arriving from Juba at the end of its long haul from Cairo via Khartoum. These B.O.A.C. planes, in camouflage, which continued to ply the route during the war for the transport of mail and military goods, also carried passengers, and were crewed by staff from the civil airline.

Towards the close of 1944, one of these machines, pursuing its scheduled flight from Juba, radioed Eastleigh in Nairobi that it was on final approach and about fifteen minutes from arrival. That was the last signal received from the ill-fated machine, and a long silence of four weeks ensued, during which all searches failed to locate the plane. Bearing in mind that November and December are the months of the short rains, when of times poor conditions of visibility exist on the mountain tops, it was no wonder attempts to find the wreckage were to no avail. Too, there was a huge belt of forest in which it could have come down while on its approach line and it should also be noted that these were the days before helicopters existed in Kenya.

The public first received notice of the missing plane in the East African Standard of late November 1944. The item of news was brief, appearing in 'Under the Standard Clock', the corner of the

Standard where condensed snippets of news informed readers of events past and to come. And there the matter rested. A full scale war was on, and this was just one of the many air crashes and mysterious disappearances of aircraft which occurred regularly.

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During the war years it was our family custom immediately after Christmas celebrations were over to pack our car with camping equipment for a two week safari on the Aberdare moorlands. There were no roads up there in those days, so we relied on Kikuyu porters to haul our kit up the ancient trading track from Nyeri to Naivasha. Starting from the forest edge at Kiandongoro, the twelve mile hike took us up to our camp on the Magura river. There the porters were paid off, receiving happily the princely sum of 1/- each for their effort. They were instructed to return in two weeks for our return journey. Our time in that glorious, secluded place was mostly spent in walking and fishing for trout in the numerous streams; a sport which then was pristine and rewarding.

In late December 1944, we undertook a minor digression. My father decided we should ascend Kinangop peak. This would not be a great mountaineering feat, and I certainly had no inkling then that our base camp was sited close to the spot where in August 1953, nine years later, 'B' Company would create Fort Jericho. From this camp we tramped up the long ridge towards our target, over an open, mostly moorland terrain. About a mile short of our goal I spotted on its eastern flank what appeared at a distance to be water glinting in the sunshine. On closer approach I saw the supposed water was in fact shining metal, and soon discerned the remains of a substantial aircraft. On clambering down to examine the wreckage I found myself in the middle of an awful shambles of wings, fuselage, mailbags, some of which were ripped open, and human bodies strewn around. The latter, due to the high chilling altitude of 12,000 feet, were well preserved and just as they had fallen; crumpled, pathetic figures.

An overall view of the scene showed a long scar up the slope where the aircraft had skidded over the tussock grass in a north to south line. It started well down the hill, with fragments of the aircraft scattered along the way as it ground its way uphill, ending with the main body lying at the base of a small rock cliff in a jumbled disarray of twisted aluminium wreckage comprising wings, engines and fuselage.

The tragedy was compounded by the knowledge that had the machine been 200 feet higher it would have safely cleared the ridge ahead. Moreover, from the long skid mark furrowed over the ground it could be deduced that the pilot must have clearly seen approaching disaster through the cloud in the last moments of his life, pulled back hard on the stick, and skidded up the mountain side with his machine breaking up under him before it came to a final halt and disintegration. For me, then a teenage boy, it was indeed a sombre sight, enhanced by the faint odour of decaying bodies, burst open mail bags and letters scattered in the grass, together with the poignancy of the victims' personal effects lying jumbled around. The loneliness of the spot added to the distressing atmosphere of this tragic waste of life. As far as we knew right then, we were the first persons to see the stricken machine, some four weeks after its fall, so no time was wasted in sending a runner to report our discovery to Douglas **Leakey**, then Divisional Forest Officer in Nyeri. Our claim to have been the first to find the crash was never given recognition. We had located it on 29 December, and only two days later a couple of enthusiastic hill walkers, Humphrey **Slade** and Harry **Sherwen**, were up on a New Year's hike from South Kinangop. They spotted the wreck from a distance through their telescope, and curious, they diverted their route and arrived at the wreck. On the next day they reported their discovery to the authorities in Nairobi. Details of this appeared in the East African Standard on 5 January 1945, headed 'Missing Plane found'.

The pair must have been singularly fit, for their intended route would have been a long circuit over

the moorlands in the course of one day. The Standard reported that: 'about 11.30am, with the Kinangop peak some seven miles behind them, the walkers looked back toward the peak and their attention was attracted by something light and shimmering a few hundred feet below the summit'.

**Sherwen** put his telescope to his eye and discovered something of which 'the sight was sufficiently out of the ordinary' to encourage them to abandon their plan and make an investigation. Up to this point the Standard reporter was doing well with his written rendition, adding that **Sherwen** had previously 'found a wrecked aircraft on the Aberdares....being a Service Bleinheim which had crashed into the other peak, Satimma'. This machine probably came from either the Lanet training station near Nakuru, or the Nanyuki airbase.

The newspaper went on to tell of the walkers finding that: 'a good deal of mail was scattered about bearing the Cairo postmark of between November 14 and 16 .... The letters AGBW were also clearly seen on the wreckage ... nine or ten bodies were scattered about ... they were untouched by hyena or other vermin. Death in every instance appeared to have been instantaneous.'

Death for at least one unfortunate man on board the fated machine was not instant. I cannot recall seeing what my father described to my mother afterwards. She and my younger brother Kester [KR4535] had not descended to the crash site, but what Kester overheard and registered in his young brain was repeated to me 62 years later, when he heard I was writing this article. My father had found one body lying next to a flat rock, on which were spread a wallet and several coins. It appeared that in one last gesture the unfortunate man had left this pathetic signal that he had lived briefly after the crash. Who he was will never be known.

This ended the first part of the Lodestar story. The years passed, we all left school and in various ways progressed to the next stage in our lives. The lonely aircraft body on the Aberdares became a memory in my mind. The eleven corpses, which had been buried on the ridge top above the plane were later exhumed and moved down to the Ngong War Cemetery.

Nine years later Kenya was embroiled in a battle of its own, and the Kenya Regiment actively played its many parts while the Emergency toiled on. In August 1953, 'B' Company was detailed to station itself on the moorlands of the Aberdares. This was a new experiment, and from it rose Fort Jericho, perched on the ridge above South Kinangop at 10,000 feet. The walled fort, all constructed by our muscle power, of bamboo and earth walls, became our monastic barracks for nearly six weeks, with Ray **Nightingale** [KR5713] as our leader.

From this base we patrolled extensively, received our rum ration by airdrop, our *posho* by donkey power from below, and our orders by 88 set (Keith **Cairns** [KR4045] was our wireless man!). Our literature was probably in the form of the magazines 'Wide World' or 'Men Only'! Nigel **Bulley** [KR3603] doubled his ration by consuming my daily tot, and a young KR chap called **Archibald** [KR4234?] was in charge of the kitchen. How tedious bully beef and baked bean goulash became after six weeks!

The day came when we were ordered out in full force to form a stop line on the crest of the ridge running from the Kinangop peak to the Elephant. A huge sweep was planned from the Fort Hall side, and we were expected to deal with the driven birds. On the way up to our position I once more marched on the route our family had taken years earlier in 1944, so I promised to point out the wreckage of the Lodestar to my chums.

There it lay [see page 18], all signs of the long scar in the ground grown over. but the pieces of the plane exactly as they had lain for nine years. We clambered down and inspected the twisted metal fragments, noting such things as someone's shoe, somewhat gnarled after all the years out in the

elements, and pieces of unsalvaged machinery. Keith **Cairns** found a small electric motor, which he



took away with him as a memento. Amazingly, it started without hesitation on being hooked up to the battery in camp; a testimony to its robust construction.

Many years later, 52 to be exact, the article appeared in mini-SITREP describing the discovery of a Bristol Blenheim in the forest of Mt Kenya. It prompted an idea in my mind. Why not tell the story of the ill-fated Lodestar: it does have a Kenya Regiment angle to it.

Bruce Rooker-Smith expressed interest in the story, so, aided in part by the article in the East African Standard, I was ready to start, except for one last thought. Why not visit the wreck on the Kinangop peak for another look: it would make a fitting end to the tale. So cap in hand I approached Jamie **Roberts**, the leading light in Tropic Air at Nanyuki airfield, to find out whether he could assist in this tall request and provide a helicopter to raise us up to the scene of the wreck.

Willingly, and with great generosity, he agreed, and one fine March morning, piloted by Ben **Simpson**, we soared up over Fort Jericho's former site (now overgrown and not discernible) to the tragic spot. Nothing was found! We landed close to the site and I trudged around on the familiar ground, hardly believing that from this remote spot such a substantial aircraft could have totally disappeared. What I hadn't considered was the fact that the white South Kinangop farming community had left in the early 1960s, and since then only Kikuyu smallholdings lay below. The new owners had opportunistically clambered up the steep slopes and scavenged every visible piece of that aircraft, leaving a landscape completely devoid of any evidence of the disaster!

It was a great disappointment for me, who had hoped to write a suitable concluding paragraph to this story. But, I have not been totally denied, for there is a twist to the end, which in another way attaches me to the event of 1944.



In 1955, I married Barbara **Joffe**. The only child of David **Joffe** (of fame in Kenya's pre-war rugby world), she had grown up a Nairobi girl. Her parents were good friends of the **Muter** family. Some will remember the successful auctioneering business in Nairobi, **Muter** and **Oswald**. David **Muter**, an early pioneer in Kenya's business world, was one of the proprietors of the company. He too, had one child, a daughter named Juliette (*Juju*). During the war she married and the wedding reception was held in the **Joffe** garden. Photos in their family album show her with her husband; Captain V.P. **Hayes-Gratz** of the Royal Artillery attached to the East African Artillery in India, and it was he who some time after was one of those lying crumpled on the lonely slopes of Kinangop. His young wife had only recently lost her mother; then, to compound her sadness, she had a miscarriage of their first child. Her husband had presumably been granted compassionate leave to be with her, but he never arrived. Fifteen minutes out of Nairobi he died. One can only guess at the grief she had to bear from this third and final blow.

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MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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

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

[Laurence Binyon]

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

**Broadbent**, Shirley (née Norman) w/o Graham [KR4603]. 18/05/2010. Parys, OFS (Keith Elliot)  
**Butcher**, Peter John [KR4382]. 15/05/2010. Winchester (Ted Downer)  
**Cordell**, Roy Ernest [KR7265] 04/06/2010. New South Wales (Ted Downer)  
**Clarke**, Humphrey [[KPR] 29/05/2010. Gladstone, W Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Doenhoff**, Paul (Peter) [KR6345]. 18/04/2010. Mombasa (Bridget Walton & Dave Lichtenstein)  
**Emery**, Christopher Richard (*Jazz*) [KR4478]. 29/11/2009. Durban (Iain Morrison)  
**Gash**, Walter Stuart, OBE [KR3634/5750. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Georgiadis**, Byron. 1st week Jan 2010. Nairobi (Di van Rensburg)  
**Hossen**, Raymond Guy Meril [KR4968]. ??/09/2009. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Jones**, Ronald Anthony George [KR4607]. 28/04/2010. UK (Iain Morrison)  
**Muirhead**, Marge w/o the late Wynne [KR4574]. 13/03/2010. Pietermaritzburg (The Witness)  
**Munn**, David John [KR3767]. 28/03/2010. Nairobi (George McKnight/Keith Elliot)  
**Munro**, Sandy (KP). 28/04/2010. Harare (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Plenderleith**, William Kenneth (*Toto*) [KR3583]. 17/12/2009 England (Ted Downer)  
**Salm**, Bryan (KP). 15/01/2010. Pietermaritzburg (wife Gerrie Salm)  
**Scott**, Alistair Peter [KR4707]. 29/11/2009. Port Elizabeth (Sue Johnson/Campbell Smith)  
**Titmuss**, Jack [KR985]. 23/12/2009. In his 101st year! Suffolk. (Susan Greenwood)  
**Van Aardt**, Lodewyk [KR2053]. 7/11/2009. ????? (Robert Stocker)  
**Watson**, Charles Edward Patrick [KR4221/5751]. 15/01/2010. England (Justin Templer)

Charles Edward Patrick Watson [KR4221/5751]

Justin **Templer** [KR6019] <justin.templer@btinternet.com> [19/01/2010]: Charles Edward Patrick **Watson**. I have just been telephoned by Pat's wife to say that he died last Friday 15th January. He had been ill for some time.

I knew Pat quite well as, after the Emergency he joined the Tanganyika Agriculture Department as a Fisheries Officer, and became a Special Constable in Mwanza where I was also based. The Special Constables had their own Club, which I often frequented. In fact I had my pre-wedding stag party in the Club, which was not a good idea the day before a wedding!

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William Kenneth (*Toto*) Plenderleith [KR3583]

(1929 - 2009)

[Bill Stephen [KR4073] <wstephen@ozemail.com.au> 25/01/2010]

I was in the UK in August last year and was fortunate enough to spend some time with Bill. Over a jar or two, we agreed that we had known each other for some sixty years; a friendship which began on the cricket oval at the Prince of Wales School.



Bill was born in Nairobi in June 1929, attended the Prince of Wales School and was a member of the Old Cambrians Sports Club (later Impala Club). He worked for the Nairobi firm of Kettles Roy & Tyson or, as Bill was fond of calling them, "Kettles Roy & 7 for 27", a reference to the bowling figures of the great England fast bowler, Frank **Tyson**, whose performance at the Melbourne Cricket Ground in 1954 won that Test match.

Years on, at a time when people were leaving Kenya to resettle in other parts of the world, many friendships faltered and died. Happily, circumstances allowed ours to remain strong and lasting. I was best man at Bill's wedding and he was godfather to my eldest son.

His connection with Australia, brought about by his inclusion in the Kenya Olympic squad for the Melbourne Games in 1956, ultimately influenced my family and me to resettle in Victoria after two restless years in Britain. Bill had a knack of making good friends wherever he went and Melbourne was no exception. My family and I were quickly taken in by a group which made us most welcome in our new home. Needless to say most of them were connected in some way, to hockey.

Bill was an avid race-goer and a talented performer in a number of sports. He was selected to play cricket for Tanzania, hockey for Kenya against the touring sides of India, Tata Sports, Great Britain and South Africa, and excelled on the squash court; a genuine all-rounder.

But hockey was his first love. He was one of many top players who emerged from Prince of Wales School in the forties and fifties. In a game, which at the time was rightfully dominated by Indian players in Kenya, he stood out together with fellow Old Cambrians, Dudley **Coulson** [KR3632] and Ron **Frank**, to be obvious choices for Kenya's Olympic Hockey Team of 1956.

He returned to live and work in Australia for a number of years after the Olympics, playing first league hockey in Melbourne and representing Victoria in the Australian Hockey Championships.

The game that he loved however, took its toll. His total physical commitment was legend and his sorties into the circle in search of goal were brave (some said suicidal) and caused injuries which in later years, required a number of operations on his legs. He was small in stature, which prompted a close friend of his in Melbourne to joke that without those operations, he would have been 6'3"!

Sadly it was a complication which arose after one of these operations that caused the pulmonary embolism which took his life.

As those of us from that era move through our seventies and into our eighties, inevitably, our number will dwindle. I welcome the Kenya Regiment sitreps and newsletters but I always dread turning to the obituary page. Sadly, the name of Bill **Plenderleith** will feature in this issue. He was a kind and generous man and will be mourned and missed by a host of friends.

I now recall the good times we enjoyed together and thank God, there were plenty of them.

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Bob **Rose** [KR6166 <rose@zol.co.zw> [24/11/2009]: Brian **Norman** [KR631]: In January 1952, when I moved up to Nicholson senior house (POW), Brian was the assistant housemaster under Fritz **Goldsmith** and then taught Religious Knowledge and Afrikaans. In 1953, he began stints of police reserve duties during the Mau Mau and later in 1954, gave a long talk in the assembly hall to school leavers who were all likely to be called up for emergency duties, on the need for us to treat the indigenous people with respect and fairness. He followed this up with several observations about African customs and traditions which have remained with me to this day. I always found him to be a 'distant' man, not at all gregarious, hard to fathom, but clearly very fair and honest.

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#### Jack Titmuss [KR985]

[Nigel Aris/Susan Greenwood [12/01/2010]

Jack **Titmuss**, former Superintendent of Technical Education in Uganda and keen yachtsman, who died on December 23 aged 100, worked for the Government of the Uganda Protectorate in various teaching roles from 1938 until his forced retirement in 1962 when Uganda gained its independence. He spent the final eight years as Superintendent of Technical Education, a job that took him all over the country, and was renowned for always arriving immaculately dressed after long journeys over dirt roads. He was a long-term member of the Victoria Nyanza Sailing Club, serving as Commodore in 1956-57 and receiving Honorary Life Membership.

Jack was born on 30th June 1909 in a small cottage overlooking the River Lea in Harpenden although his family came from the nearby hamlet of Peters Green where the **Titmuss** family had long been in business as wheelwrights. Not surprisingly, Jack had a practical bent and after serving his apprenticeship as a joiner, moved into craft teaching in 1932, first in Norfolk and then back in his native Hertfordshire, gaining the necessary qualifications by evening study along the way.

In 1938, he took up an appointment with the Crown Agents and emigrated to Uganda where he continued his career as a carpentry instructor at the Kampala Government Technical School. In May

1940, he enlisted in the Kenya Regiment [KR985] and saw active service in Abyssinia and Somalia reaching the rank of sergeant. Commissioned 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant in 1942, he returned to Kampala as an instructor in the newly formed East African Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, before demobilisation in 1944.

With his passion for sailing and his background of practical skills it was not surprising to find that Jack was capable of building his own yacht, which he regularly sailed on Lake Victoria, often recruiting friends and the children of friends as his crew, many of whom kept in contact with him after his return to England. Jack was a quiet, modest and generous man and devoted much of his retirement income to supporting a wide range of charities that numbered over 100 in the years before his death. He married, in 1940, Mary **Bennett**, a nurse in Uganda, who predeceased him in 1983. There were no children.

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Susan **Greenwood** [pictured below with Jack] writes: Further to my email of 11th January, I have now had time to look through some more of Jack's collection of papers.



My knowledge of his service with the Kenya Regiment is very sparse, apart from knowing his dates of service from his pay book and other documents – yes! he actually kept them. These show that he enlisted at Eldoret 31st May 1940, aged 30, and was discharged with the rank of sergeant on 31st May 1942 on being granted an Emergency Commission in the rank of 2/Lt in the East African Electrical and Mechanical Engineers based at Kampala Technical School. He returned to civilian life at KTS on 31st March 1944. We have been told that he

saw service in Abyssinia and Somalia and have found a note that he was awarded the Africa Star for his service in the Kenya Regiment.

I have copied this email to Mr. Nigel **Aris** who is Jack's first cousin once removed and plans to do more research on his family history. I was Jack's god-daughter and have been looking after his affairs over the past few months.

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Malcolm Rex (Mike) Higgins [KR4279/5736/6235]

[Dennis Leete [KR4094]]

The *Kwaheri* was a magic day at the Higgins homestead; beautiful blue skies over the extensive green lawns, under the huge yellow fever trees, looking towards Lake Naivasha; with wildebeest, impala and other wildlife grazing beyond the garden fence. Philip **Coulson** compered the show and the guests were seated at tables under a giant marquee; must have been 200 *mzungus*, and a hundred

*watu*, including the Mayor of Naivasha. Open bar before we started, so I sank a couple of Pilsner swifties for Dutch courage. It was a mistake!

We were each given five minutes to speak and there were four speakers; Billy **Coulson**, now the CEO of Terry and Mike's Empire, Colin **Church**, Chairman of the Rhino Ark Charity, Charles **Njonjo**, Kenya's former Attorney General and contender for the Presidency, and myself.

I spoke first, from my scribbled, crossed out, notes, highlighted in yellow, over the salient points and words. There was so much to say. **Parker** [KR4602] had earlier warned me to be brief, and only concentrate on Mike's life; as I tend to wander, and talk about my own experiences. But I got lost, then confused, and missed out much of my written speech and had to improvise. Your combined jokes went down well, but I cannot remember anything of it. Philip **Coulson** says I spoke for seventeen minutes! And Billy spoke almost as long. Sarah thanked me afterwards, so it could not have been too bad..They served a terrific lunch, with cold meats, salads, baked potatoes in foil, and hot steak and kidney pielets. The bar was closing but still active at 1700 hours as we left, dozily, to drive back to Gilgil. I went to sleep twice en route home, but Jane was by now highly alarmed and awake, to yell at me. We got home safely.

Terry was very moved, and could hardly speak. I will try to make sense of my notes and write something for Sitrep.

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#### THE OTHER SIDE OF INDEPENDENCE COIN - WHAT UK WAS PLANNING FOR RHODESIA

[Bill Teague]

*[Ed: This article, reprinted per kind favour of Eddy Norris <orafs11@gmail.com> who runs the ORAFS website, is of great historical interest. Had the plan been put into operation, I doubt that UDI could have lasted long.]*

British military intervention post UDI. This information released in 1998 following the 30 year rule (1968).

Initial deployment was by No 51 (Rifle) Squadron, RAF Regiment to secure the airfield at Ndola, in November 1965. This was then established as a logistics 'air head', and joint force HQ. 29 Squadron RAF with sixteen Javelin all weather fighters, subsequently arrived, along with L/70 40mm Bofors guns and Tigercat missiles.

The role of 29 Squadron was to protect Zambian airspace, specifically the oil air bridge into the country. They frequently flew parallel flights along the Zambian border with RRAF Canberra's on the other.

It was not a happy venture, two Gunners of 51 Squadron deserted to Rhodesia. They were subsequently recruited as trainee firemen on the Railways. There were a number of disciplinary incidents involving Army and RAF personnel in Zambia, these concerning their doubts about the potential of active service against 'their kith and kin'.

In December 1965, a company group of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment was airlifted to Bechuanaland to guard the BBC broadcasting station. This station commenced a propaganda campaign against the Salisbury regime, an old friend who was serving in the revamped 'C' Squadron at the time has stated that the unit did 'war game' operations to role play the

destruction of the transmitter and towers. This small garrison was reinforced by a logistical element that had war stocks of vehicles and ammunition, and necessary stores and spares for two infantry battalions brought from the British stores depots in Kenya. This commitment ceased in August 1967 on the creation of the nation of Botswana, all stores, vehicles (including Ferret scout cars) and equipment were handed over to the new Botswana Defence Force. The RAF finally left Zambia in 1967.

An invasion of Rhodesia, at a very high level of planning in 1966, was to involve the use of 3rd Division (the army's Strategic Reserve) as the main part of the invasion force, using 16th Parachute Brigade, 5th and 19th Airborne Infantry Brigades, and the Parachute Battalion Group from Bahrain (1Para).

The Royal Navy was to provide a task force in the Beira Straits using the aircraft carriers HMS Eagle and Centaur, with Buccaneer strike aircraft and Sea Vixen fighters, with Scimitar aircraft supplying air-refuelling (both vessels' air squadrons had been reinforced), HMS Bulwark and Albion (both commando carriers) were to deploy each a Royal Marine Commando and its support Wessex helicopter squadron (total of 28 aircraft) ashore at Mtwara in Tanzania, with the troops and their vehicles then being airlifted by RAF Argosy and Beverley transports to Livingstone in Zambia, the helicopters then self deploying through Malawi and Zambia.

The intention being to deploy the three parachute battalions and support units, four infantry battalions (19th Brigade, and the third infantry battalion in 16th Brigade) and a armoured reconnaissance regiment (with Saladin armoured cars and Ferret Scout Cars) by air into Zambia using RAF VC10, Belfast (both brand new), Comet and Britannia aircraft, also civil Britannia and Boeing 707 aircraft from BOAC and British Caledonia airways. The USAF (32 C130 Hercules, eight Globemaster and eight military versions of the 707) and Royal Canadian Air Force (which was involved in the oil airlift) (with four C130 and seven Canadian variants of the Britannia) would also give major support.

RAF Victor bombers of Nos 100 and 139 Squadrons, operating from Eastleigh in Kenya, were to bomb the RRAF bases of New Sarum and Thornhill runways - each having four aircraft carrying 35 x 1,000 pound bombs. At the same time troops of 22nd SAS Regiment were to seize the civil airports at Salisbury and Bulawayo by a coup de main, this followed by parachute insertion of a battalion group into both locations from Beverley and Argosy transports (the third Para battalion to remain as a mobile reserve), the four infantry battalions then to be flown into both cities. Centres of government were to be taken over, along with important utilities. With the first objective in Salisbury being the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation studios, with a Royal Signals team specially trained by the BBC to operate the broadcasting facilities and a PSYOPS team to broadcast a constant message to the population; part of the messages being in Shona and Sindebele as well as English for people to tune into the broadcasts from Bechuanaland.

Kariba was to be seized by *coup de main* based on The Guards Parachute Company, with heli-born elements of 40 Commando seizing the airfield, bridge and power generators. The Armoured Reconnaissance regiment was to cross over the Kariba Dam wall making a road advance to Salisbury, 42 Commando and elements of 40 were to leap frog down the road using the Wessex helicopters and RAF Andover and Twin Pioneer aircraft. The Fleet Air Arm strike aircraft were to act as a cab rank close air support over the two main operational sites.

5th Brigade was to be flown in direct from staging areas in Malta, and the RAF base at El Adem in Libya, and the USAF Idris base in the same. They then to be followed by the artillery, armoured and engineer units of 3rd Division in an infantry role. These units were to act as holding units in

Salisbury and Bulawayo. The initial strike units from Zambia and Bechuanaland were then to spread out throughout the country.

The garrison in Bechuanaland was to be reinforced to two battalions (not from 3rd Division) was to advance up the road to Plumtree then to Bulawayo; this to be a BETA Force.

The plan required the use of all RAF air transports available (even a squadron of obsolete Hastings aircraft was to be used as freighters bringing in supplies from Eastleigh) with maintenance being a major concern. At this time there was still a substantial logistic support system in place in Kenya - all gone by 1967.

The rationale behind the operation was for large numbers of lightly armed infantry to be on the ground, saturating the urban areas, to maintain control of the population, disarm military and police, as well as the civilian population. Apart from the armoured cars and some 120mm WOMBAT recoilless anti-tank guns, no heavy weapons were to be taken. A colonial administration would then assume power backed up by some 1500 British civil police.

At the time we had large scale maps issued showing Rhodesia, all the names changed to that of British garrison towns, Winchester, Aldershot, Colchester, Portsmouth, Munster, Berlin, Singapore etc. Fooled no one!

There was much opposition to any attempt to bring Rhodesia under control; within 16th Para at the time there was tremendous ill feeling. An example of the dislike in the operation was a Fleet Air Arm Lt Commander commanding a Scimitar aircraft air-refuelling flight; he was married to a lady from Gwelo, and refused to take part in the build up to the operation.

It took the arrival of Major General Tony **Deane-Drummond** as GOC 3rd Division in the autumn of 1966 to bring the invasion's plans to a halt when he confronted the Labour Prime Minister and Minister for Defence with the concerns of the officers and men, as well as the logistical problems confronting the operation.

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### KENYA 2010 - THE CHINESE ARE COMING!

[Keith Elliot [KR4289]]

Early in January 2010, I flew off to Kenya on good old SAA for a ten day visit. The flight was fine. I am still amazed at the length of Lake Malawi, we flew right up the centre of this body of water, and it seemed to last forever. The date was the 1st of January, and the plane was full of Wa-Kikuyu returning to their homeland, including old ladies with the full extended earring regalia.

My host was George **McKnight** [KR4246], whom I first met in 1948, at the Prince of Wales School. His house in Karen is surrounded by a garden of exotic and indigenous plants, which has to be seen to be believed. When we had our first sundowners on his verandah, and the Ngong Hills appeared through the driving rain, I knew I was "home".

No sooner had I arrived, than George and Christine (**Hart** née **Johnston**) whisked me off to Jeannie **Rodger's** house, on the shore of Lake Naivasha in the Rift Valley. Jeannie is the widow of the late Ian **Rodger** [KR4245], a fellow classmate of George and I, in Hawke House, Prince of Wales. The house is in the lee of the infamous "Djinn Palace" and one cannot imagine a more tranquil setting than the view from Jeannie's verandah through the yellow fever trees, to the lake.



When I visited Kenya four years ago, the "new road", down to the Rift was via Uplands and Kijabe. The old road down the Escarpment via the Italian church [left] was closed for repairs. This time we went down the "old road", which was in excellent condition, having recently been re habilitated (by the Chinese?).

The Italian Church, built some 68 years ago in 1942, has obviously been neglected for years; however since the old road has now been re-furbished, the local Council? has taken it upon itself to repair the damage to the Church walls, and cut down the intruding bush.

[Ed: *I understand that an Italian Society has assumed responsibility, and provides finance for the care and maintenance of the Church. Co-incidentally, a lady in Howick is collating documentation and photos of all churches/chapels built by Italian POWs in Africa during WWII. I know of similar churches in Zimbabwe and South Africa, articles and photos of which have been provided by Zimbabweans, and the Editor of The Witness in Pietermaritzburg. If anyone knows of others in, say Zambia and Malawi, please let me have details, articles and if possible. good photos.*]

At the bottom of the road where it hits the Rift Valley, is a recently established town, called, Maai Mahiu. This is the Kikuyu name for "Hot Springs" and is the forefront of Kikuyu "creep" into the Rift Valley. Just a few miles further on, there is still a tented camp, which housed, and still does, refugees from the conflict which occurred after the last elections in Kenya between the Kalenjin tribes and the K.E.M.

A definite rift (pun intended!) exists between the Prime Minister, one Raila Odinga (remember his dad, Oginga Odinga?) and the President, Mwai Kibaki, which will take until the next election to sort out.

The road is heavily populated by huge trucks and trailers from Uganda, as I am led to believe the railway stops at Tororo, the line to Kampala no longer in operation!

Recent welcome rains in the Rift have covered Longonot and its surrounds in a green mantle, which has not been seen for years.

Once ensconced in Jeannie's house on Oserian Estate, we had a picnic lunch on Lake Naivasha, near the site where *White Mischief* was filmed. Although the water level in the lake was low, it is hoped that recent rains will top it up. A lot of the fully grown fever trees are dying, whether from the lowering of the water table or from chemicals from the countless flower and vegetable farms surrounding the area, leeching into their roots, is unknown; there are far too many falling down at the same time, for it just to be old age.

This part of the Rift Valley near Hell's Gate, has many active fumaroles which have been harnessed to contribute power to East African Power and Lighting, or whatever it is called these days! Whilst on the subject of alternative power sources, four or five wind turbines are visible on the northern slopes of the Ngong Hills. These were erected by a Belgian firm some years ago at a cost of 10 million Euros. They provide 5.1 Megawatts to the national grid and have been so successful that the Spanish government is providing 20 million Euros to add more wind turbines and thus double the supply to the Grid. Wake up South Africa!



Whilst in Kenya I borrowed from George's bookcase a book called "An Impossible Dream". Edited by Ian **Parker** [KR4602] and Stan **Bleazard** [KR4242], it is about game rangers' exploits in Kenya in the old days, and posed a question that I have always wondered about; what was the weight of the heaviest African elephant tusks? Apparently a tusker was shot by an unknown hunter on the North-Western slopes of Kilimanjaro in the late 1800's, and the weight of one tusk was an incredible 226 lbs; the other a mere 214 lbs! These are presently in the Natural History Museum in London.



Back in Nairobi we lunched at the Tamambo Karen **Blixen** Restaurant. This is not in the grounds of her well known house, but nearby, on another property she owned. Tuskers were R14 each, gin and tonics R16 and an excellent tilapia main course was only R43.

The Kenya Shilling exchanged at 10 to the Rand whilst I was there. Strolling around the grounds afterwards, I discovered Ewart **Grogan's** grey Nairobi stone house had been uprooted from its original venue and re-erected here in Karen! There was a Kenya Regiment Shield prominent on one wall, but none of the staff could tell me why! [Ed: *I note a Grogan in the Long Roll – Ewart's son?*]

Next on the agenda was a flight to Malindi from Jomo Kenyatta Airport. I wonder how many travelers using this very efficient service, know that the latter's runways were levelled, not by the ubiquitous grader, but by the labour of thousands of detainees during the Emergency? The plane was a fifty seater Saab - I thought this was a car driven by **Carlson** in the Safari? - and apart from the fact that I saw neither Kili nor Kirinyaga, it was a good flight.

Old Malindi town has hardly changed in fifty years. Four years ago I bought a pair of flip-flops from an Arab *fundi* for R40, and after repeated entreaties from my wife, "traded them in" for a new pair at the same little cobbler for R50. Yes! Malindi is still home to *mingi* Italians. They can be seen on the beach, burnt to a mahogany colour, quite distinctive.

We stayed at the Driftwood Club, owned by Jenny and Julian **Larby**. The main clientele are still upcountry *wazungu* with the odd overseas tourist. A great venue with very reasonable bed and breakfast rates - R700 in the top season time.

Whilst we were there, the Sabaki was in flood, with banana trees and other dead trees being dumped on the beach at high tide - memories of the floods in the eighties that destroyed the financial viability of the Sindbad, the site of which is more like the Gedi ruins of 500 year ago, than the 50 year old prime holiday resort.

On my last visit in 2005, no one had ventured to build on the "new" land reclaimed from the sea. However, flats and dwelling houses are now being built on this land towards the sea on the left of the old Sindbad. When I asked the locals "Who was responsible?" they replied, "Italiano", with the hands up gesture, which tells it all!

Walking down the beach one evening I noticed that all tourists promenading along the beachfront had at least one local in tow, no doubt trying to sell them everything from *dagga*, to 'you know what!' But they seemed to scent upcountry *wazungu* and left us alone.

Anyway, we met a venerable resident of Muthaiga on our trek, who invited us back to his holiday home for a drink. The conversation turned to the Lord Errol murder and he was of the opinion that Lady D. 'was the one who done him in'. I guess we will never know!

Oh! Talking of beach touts, when I strolled outside on my own from the Driftwood one evening, I was offered *Mpango wa Kando*. Work that one out you Swahili *fundis*! The ladies in George's office fell about - it means a "bit on the side"!

One of the local guests at the hotel mentioned that she had recently ventured into Malindi to shop with her sister, and was bothered by a local, to the extent that he eventually told them that 'if they did not give him money, he would be forced to rob them!' Luckily, they escaped unscathed!

North of Malindi is Lamu, a place I have never visited; with its Petley's Hotel, haunt of Bunny **Allen** [KR??] *et al.* There is talk that a port might be constructed in the Lamu archipelago, perish the thought, and a railway built through Northern Kenya to Southern Sudan, to export their oil. It would be a massive undertaking however, allegedly backed by Chinese money, and we know they are in the Sudan already, who knows, it might happen.

Not many people know that Kenya shares a border with the Sudan.

Back in the big city, I took time to wander round Delamere Avenue, Government Road etc. Yes, they are the old names but for how much longer? Nairobi is probably the cleanest city I have seen in Africa! Littering is forbidden, you cannot even smoke and drop *stompies* in the streets, and it works! I only saw one cigarette end in my whole patrol of the inner streets! There are no beggars or street-traders, nor pimps or street children - most impressive for a third world country. *Sommer* compare this with the Johannesburg CBD and guess which comes off worse?

The New Stanley is now called the "Sarova Stanley" and apparently owned by a Sikh family from Nakuru. The Thorn Tree is still blossoming, and the photographs of old Nairobi still adorn the walls in the foyer.



Come out of the Stanley, turn right, and at the end of the road, just in front of the Hilton Hotel, is a statue of one Dedan **Kimathi** [left]. Now, this was not there four years ago, and I asked a Kikuyu friend 'why it had taken over forty years to erect this monument?' His answer amazed me! Apparently there was a great deal of opposition against it being erected at all! Eventually, a compromise was reached and a slightly smaller-than-life statue was commissioned. In business generally, the descendants of the Home Guard or loyalist Kikuyu, hold more powerful positions than children

of our opposition of yester year!

A visit to the old Regiment HQ for a curry luncheon on a Friday is *de rigeur* for all of us who return to Nairobi, and I attended such an occasion. Jock **Anderson** [KR4781] and Edwin **Bristow** [KR6041] were propping up the bar, and I met Sam **Chebi**, a regular, and Arnold **Rennie**. The rest of the attendees were locals from various military and police outfits, numbering about twenty in total. The bar area has recently had the pictures on the wall revamped, and the committee is looking for a photograph of the 1st Rhodesia Course to complete their set. Can any reader assist?

Next day, I visited the home of Paul M, my Kikuyu *rafiki* who has built a magnificent house in the new Muthaiga. We drove via the old road past Ainsworth Bridge and the Coryndon Museum, up to the Muthaiga roundabout that leads on to the Mathari come Ruiru/Thika road.

After years of promises, like politicians everywhere, the new ring road freeway-type road has started to take shape. Trees are being chopped down; electricity poles are being re-located, and blocks of flats with their walls built on municipal roadside land have been forced to move the walls backwards!

And who is paying for this? - China! Apart from basic manual labourers, all the skilled expertise - grader drivers, surveyors, etc will be Chinese. So Kenyans will not get a lot out of it, except the finished product – Africa's new colonialists?

A very popular annual function at the **McKnight** household in Karen, is the 'Class of '46, P.O.W. Reunion.' I so timed my visit that George and Christine just had to invite me!



The guest list included such luminaries as Tony **Archer** [KR4024] and his wife Betty, Bob **Dewar** [KR4247], Wallis **Hime** the veteran car expert, Pat **Cottar** widow of Glen [KR3684], Charles **Szlapak**, David [KR4405] and Carol **White**, Jeremy **Watkins-Pitchford** who was Head of Junior House in 1946; Gail **Paul**, long time lady of Geoff. **Thompson**, Evan and Elizabeth **Spyropoulos**, Dennis [KR4094] and Jane **Leete**, Jean **Gilchrist**, Gordon (*Kengele*) **Bell** [KR4550] and his wife Evelyn, John [KR6783] and Heather **Silvester**,

and of course George's lovely sister Sheila and her husband Mike **Barker**.

Lots of Pimms consumed, plus gin and tonics - yes, the *wazungu* in Kenya really do drink these concoctions!

Of some interest to South Africans, we had difficulty in getting Castle Lager in Kenya. There is an SAB brewery in Dar but there appears to be lots of *fitina*, between Tanzania and Kenya.

Whilst in Nairobi, the local *matatu* drivers staged a strike. Not because their taxi owner bosses paid them too little, but because the police at road blocks were asking too much *chai* money to let them through! Our taxi drivers in South Africa have something to learn!

During this trip Byron **Georgiadis** died. Four years ago when I visited, Sir Charles **Markham** passed away. It was suggested that I did not return during the next ten years!

All in all a very worthwhile visit, seeing old friends (both in time I have known them, and age-wise!), and I can recommend Kenya to anyone who is thinking of going there.

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FAMILY PRIDE

[Robert Evans]

I will always fondly remember, as a young man, listening avidly to my grandfather as he told me great stories of his adventures and experiences in colonial Africa – especially Kenya, a country in which he lived for most of his life. As the years have gone by I have become more and more interested in military history, and in particular the parts several members of my family played in the major conflicts of the late 19th and early to mid 20th centuries, with a particular connection to Africa. The legacy of their superb groups of medals have helped to fuel this interest

The story actually begins with Lewis Ruben **Evans**, my great great-grandfather. Sadly, we know virtually nothing about his military career, indeed, it is only his Queen's South Africa (QSA) medal that tells us anything about him as a military man. He was for many years involved in the gold mining trade in South Africa and India - after the Boer War he became the manager of both the New Modderfontein and Robinson Deep Gold Mine Companies.



7, At the outbreak of the Boer War he joined the locally raised Railway Pioneer Regiment, a large proportion of whose soldiers were involved in the local mining industries. Lewis Ruben was commissioned a Captain in this regiment.

His QSA [left] has four clasps frequently encountered with this medal – namely Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal and South Africa 1901, all verified as his entitlement. The naming around the edge reads CAPT: L. R. EVANS, RLY: PNR: RGT:

A Boer War medal to an officer in a not often encountered regiment leads on to the medals of his son, Lewis Frederick **Evans**, in an equally not often encountered regiment. Born in India in 1890 Lewis Frederick attended school in England, including Haileybury College, where he was captain of the shooting team. Going out to Africa in about 1911, like most white settlers in Africa at that time he became a farmer and dealt principally in coffee and sisal. Following the outbreak of WWI, Lewis

signed-up with the East African Mounted Rifles on August 7, 1914 and was posted to "C" Squadron. The EAMR was a unit comprised almost wholly of white settler-farmers and residents of East Africa, all eager to do their bit to defeat the German forces under Paul Von **Lettow-Vorbeck**.



191415 Star is named: 182 PTE. L. F. EVANS E. AFR. MTD. RIF., and I believe that such a low-

It is only recently that I have become interested in British World War I medals - my chief interest and area collecting being Third Reich medals and militaria - and Lewis Frederick's trio [left] appears to be both an interesting and rare set. This is because the

numbered Star to an unusual regiment must be quite rare, and certainly cannot be common to families or collectors outside of Africa today!

His War and Victory medals are named to him as a Captain - both read CAPT. L. F. EVANS along the edge. By this time he was an officer in the Loyal North Lancashire Regt.-which he joined after a period of recovery in hospital, following a rather nasty bullet wound received during a skirmish, the bullet severing all the fingers of his left hand.

He remained with the Loyal Regiment throughout the rest of the war, and on several occasions participated in actions involving armoured trains.

At the end of the war he went back to farming, but on the outbreak of World War II he was asked to rejoin the Loyal Regiment, which he did, and assumed the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a position he retained throughout the war, primarily on staff appointments around East Africa. For the first half of the war he commanded a base depot in Nairobi, and for the second half (c. 1942-45) he was commandant of an Italian prisoner of war camp, and of course in the process of his service he added the 1939-45 Star, Africa Star, Defence Medal and War Medal to his "trio". At the end of the war he resumed his peacetime job of farming, and continued this until his death on his farm, in 1952, from cancer.

His son, with an equally, if not more impressive and unusual set of medals, was my grandfather, Llewellyn Bramwell Lewis **Evans**. Born on January 22, 1917 in the first two storey house in Nairobi, Llewellyn like his father was schooled in England, but also in East Africa, where he attended the Prince of Wales school in Nairobi. During which time the Headmaster at the school was Captain B. W. L. **Nicholson**, who was Captain of the cruiser HMS HOGUE when it was torpedoed and sunk in the opening months of World War I by the U-9, commanded by Kapitän-Leutnant Otto **Weddigen**.

After his schooling Llewellyn joined his father in running the coffee half of his father's coffee and sisal estate, but in 1937 he joined the Kenya Regiment (TF) [KR44] and by 1939 had reached the rank of sergeant.

Upon the outbreak of World War II in September 1939, he was one of a class of sergeants all of whom were commissioned as second lieutenants and sent to officer various regiments and battalions, principally the King's African Rifles. My grandfather went to the 1/1 KAR, but also served in other regiments, and by the war's end he had reached the rank of captain.

At the cessation of hostilities he returned to farming - he owned a 300-acre farm on the slopes of Mt Kenya, and also became an agricultural officer. At the outbreak of the Mau Mau Emergency, however, he joined the Kenya Police Reserve and attained the rank of District Commandant. He set up a police training school on his farm with the objective of training new recruits to combat the terrorist threat, both to white settlers and the black community.

It was due to his excellent work during this terrible period, in setting up the training school, overseeing the area around Nyeri and Mount Kenya and even designing a rocket to alert the police to Mau-Mau attacks on isolated farmhouses, for which he was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Meritorious Service, now proudly added to his 39/45 and Africa Stars, Defence and War Medals and the Africa General Service Medal with **Kenya** clasp. The naming around the edge of the AGSM reads: M. 1229 A.S.P. (R). L. B. LEWIS-EVANS and that on the CPM reads: DIST. COMMDT. LLEWELLYN B. L. EVANS. KENYA POLICE RES. [see page 32]

I will always feel incredibly privileged to have known and enjoyed so many happy times and



memories with my grandfather, who sadly passed away last year. His medals, together with those of his father and grandfather, tell an amazing story of what life was like for three direct generations who fought bravely and gallantly for their country in times of great peril. My family medals will always have prominence and pride of place in my collection.

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### THE PRINCE OF WALES SCHOOL

Rynie **van Emmenis** submitted the following list of Staff members, many of whom will be affectionately (?) remembered by readers!

Headmaster: P Fletcher

Teachers: JR Forrest, D Anderson, JH Stewart, EGA Atkinson, HE Watson, WR Salmon. Mrs MA Forrest, Mrs CA Watson, WJH Liversidge, EM Cobb, AR Fyfe, FH Goldsmith. CM Taylor. GC Knight, EJ Boase, NA Horley, HP Lamont, JWH Riddell, R McLellan-Sim, NRM Chadwick. RM Walmsley, C Hurst, DS Gammie, DWA Minette, CR Burton, PG Nel, H Taberner, J Seldon. D McCallum, CJ Lockhart, WD Wright, Mrs DM Cooke, RS Earl, Canon MG Capon, WE Westwell

PSI: JR Hopkin

Bursar: AD Wardrop

Matrons: Mrs Aberdien, Miss Cochrane, Mrs Crease. Mrs Dalwood, Mrs Jessop. Mrs MalcolmSmith, Mrs McNaughton, Mrs Minette, Mrs Megson. Mrs Poppleton. Miss Wilson.

Headmaster's administration staff: Mrs Lamont, Mrs Luger

Bursar's Office staff: Mr Almeida, Mrs Boase

Rhodes House prefects: MP Ghikas, R van Emmenis, JW Winter, MD Bramson, RM Hudson. R Outram

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Danie **Steyn** sent in this article - [PRINCE OF WALES 2008](#) - It is still there!

"I had the good fortune to see the "Cabbage Patch" on my trip to Kenya in October 2008. The entrance is on the main road to the interior and it is a very busy road so the turn off is rather hazardous and I could not get a photo of the entrance board. The school itself was so well designed and built that it would take a war to remove it. A coat of paint would do wonders to restore its aesthetics. I would never start a paint factory in Kenya as our successors to the infrastructure do not seem to specialise in renovation and maintenance.



Above, the main entrance with the tower. I did not check if the time keeping was still correct. The Principal's office is under the tower in the passage to the quadrangle. They are still not allowed to walk on the grass - even I was told to keep to the path. The lawn is immaculately trimmed.



Above, is the quadrangle with the pillars and passages, and "Scott" in the middle to right. The picture is taken from the Scott/Clive dining hall with the chapel on the left out of the picture. Those



who saw the film *Out of Africa* will remember the scene where Karen **Blixen** kneels before the governor at a garden tea party; well it was filmed here.



The Memorial Chapel, [Left], on the north side and looking very stately was open and we could have a look inside. Two little boys came to play the piano for us; one could hardly see them behind the piano. They were obviously beginners but made a great effort to please.

We had a look at the hostels but did not go inside the dormitories; I could have but had no desire to bring back too many memories. Boarding school was not my favourite system of education. The dining hall, kitchen are still the same with the same tables. A coat of

paint outside and especially in the kitchen and you would hardly know the difference except that all the names of the houses have changed. They do not go for personalities and famous people from colonial times. They go for the mountains, rivers and territories of Kenya. House Name changes: Clive now Elgon; Scott now Marsabit; Hawke now Baringo; Rhodes now Athi; Nicholson now Serengeti; Grigg now Kirinyaga; and Junior now Naivasha



The gym [Left] brought back memories of Mr. **Riddell's** antics in his so called gym classes. It was never a favourite of mine as my talents did not lie in the physical activities, I was too clumsy. I also remember that the playing fields were extensive; they looked smaller so I assume some of it has been sold off. I know they were big as I always played for the lowest team in the rankings and

which were relegated to the furthest fields! As the gym was furnished with tables and chairs, assume it is now a classroom, or is being used as an exam centre as was the case in our time.





Some of the wooden classrooms have been replaced by brick structures and are looking very good. Some of them are still standing [Left] and in good condition, where, if I remember correctly, Colonel **Loftus** taught history in the end classroom.

Commander **Chadwick** taught the senior classes in the main building. On the right is one of the brick replacements under the tree that has grown since I was there. Kenya has a policy that the community must provide the buildings and the government would provide the teacher and

the books, so all the schools that we saw looked tatty and neglected. In fact some of them were mud and sticks with a thatch roof but the children wore uniforms.

The most memorable moment of the tour of the school was when I went into the Headmaster's office. I remember Mr **Fletcher** had the good fortune to have me in his office only once for disciplinary matters. He gave me one major blow and that is all that I remember, what I had



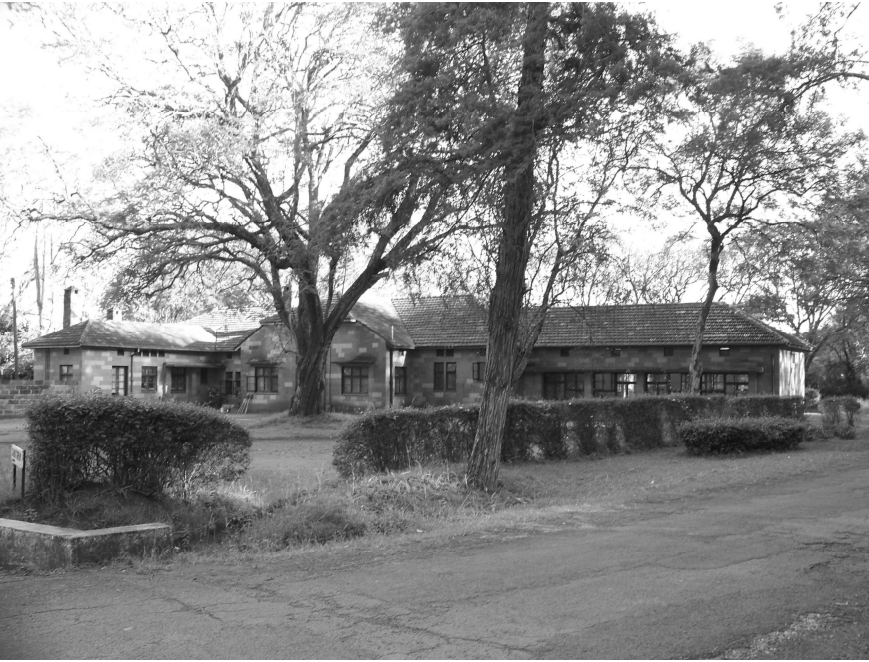
transgressed has flown from my memory and to this day I cannot remember the cause of my visit. The blow was not too bad but the humiliation of the occasion was worse than the visit to the prefects for three cuts for talking in prep on a previous occasion.

We all remember the Cock House dinners and the excitement that went with the presentations at the assembly. A three course dinner with all the trimmings for a "*koshuis brak*" was phenomenal. Well, I had the Principal present me with the Cock [left] and my ambition has now been fulfilled, albeit 48 years later.

There was no dinner to go with it but the emotion was well worth the trip to Kenya. I do believe the Cock is solid silver - the craftsmanship is outstanding so it must be worth a small fortune. I could not persuade him to sell it to me for a consideration. The School has published a book with the names of all the children who have ever registered at Prince of Wales. I could not remember when I arrived but found the relevant entry in the book. If you want a copy you can contact the school.



Left, formerly Grigg, now Kirinyaga, the new name for Mount Kenya; in fact, this is what the Kikuyu have always known it as - look on the web site. I lost my bearings with all the name changes of the hostels and the trees. Between the hostels, across from Kirinyaga, is a *boma* with dairy cattle, so it appears they also teach agriculture, and/or supply the hostels with milk.



The sanatorium [Above] is still there. It looked quiet and alone on the side. I did not go inside because time became my enemy and we had to complete the tour American-style - "I saw it. I was there!" - and move on. The trees round the grounds are enormous which gave the complex a pleasant atmosphere.

To see the grass trimmed and looking a lot better that I expected was good for the soul. It is not as we left it, which is to be expected, but

if the school is being used so effectively and has developed so far, it is heartening. The badge is still the same but it is now Nairobi High School. The Prince of Wales icon is still on the badge. They have kept some of the traditions.

All the children were neatly dressed in school uniform with the badge on the jersey. Everyone wore a jersey. I did not find it cold but it seems to be the rule.



Junior and Intermediate Houses were both wooden barracks used during the World War. It is amazing how well the wood has stood the test of time. I did not see Junior House but Inter [Left] still exists, albeit as a store room.

I would have had to stay some time and have had friends from the same period to assist me in finding my bearings to identify the buildings so if anyone can assist me or point out errors please feel free to do so.

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### 1 MOBILE SURVEY ECHELON, RE

Bill **Jackson** [KR3817] <bajers.brock@virgin.net [10/11/2009] from UK: Congratulations on another splendid m-S - a bumper edition of 79 pages.

As a small token of thanks I thought you may be interested to hear of the activities of a small detachment of Royal Engineers, who disembarked from the troopship M.V. GEORGIC in Mombasa, January 1947.

I was a member of the splendidly named No. 1 Mobile Survey Echelon RE, part of 512 Field Survey Company RE, based in Cairo. 30-strong, we had been surveying in southern Palestine, and

after spending Christmas in Cairo were delighted to learn that we were to board GEORGIC in Port Said, bound for Kenya.

On arrival at Kilindini we were told there was a dock strike so we were temporarily employed as stevedores, and in the evening would be providing an armed guard on fuel tanks. Between these tasks we trundled across Nyali Bridge to our new quarters - a collection of *bandas* almost on the beach, a few hundred yards north of Nyali Beach Hotel; fairly basic accommodation but what a location - a fifty yard sprint and a leap into the Indian Ocean.

Our survey task was to establish trig stations inland from Mombasa, towards Mazaras, Ribe, Mariakani and Mackinnon Road. The Mobile part of the unit's title was provided by four Jeeps which gave splendid service. Mackinnon Road had been earmarked as a possible base if the Army's Egyptian bases became untenable. On completion of this task our unit was then moved to a vacant camp at Morendat, near Naivasha. More survey observations round Lake Naivasha and South Kinangop, but we were never able to find out the purpose of this work. However, we did receive a visit to our camp by a rather elderly officer who arrived unannounced. He sported two cap badges - the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal **Montgomery**

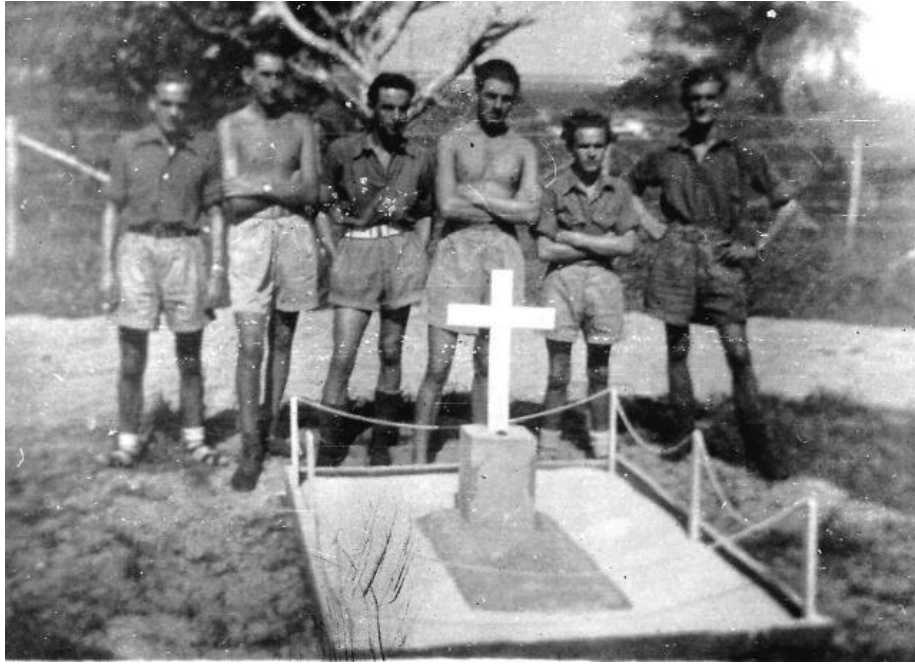
Why had he visited us? – possibly to take a break from conferences in Nairobi and to see some of Kenya's best scenery. The whole unit assembled to be addressed by the CIGS, who expressed his admiration for the Royal Engineers, and completed his speech with the words, 'Now chaps, you should always start the day with a glass of Andrews Liver Salts'. So that's how we won the war.



The photo [left] shows our OC, Lieutenant Joe **Holden** on the Mtwapa ferry. On leaving the Army he eventually became Professor of Land Surveying at the University of New South Wales.



Right - Orgaria, a trig point south of Naivasha, the summit being reached by Jeep



Percy was our *shenzi* wire-haired terrier mascot at Nyali, who met an untimely end when attempting to play with a puff adder. Poor photo, but you may be able to discern the RE badge below the cross. I should add that the mourners are the MT section - the surveyors were much more smartly dressed!

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Ed **Strong** [KR3864] <strongejs@inet.net.au> [17/01/2010] from Australia: G'Day Bruce just finished reading mini-Sitrep XXXV, again a great and entertaining read. The article about the Garratt engines and EAR&H, reminded me that I had some photo's (enclosed, quality not great) taken at Kima station.





At the time I was working for Jock **Stanley** at Kima Estates. Two goods trains crashed head on in the early hours of the morning, the 'up' train was stationery waiting for the 'down' train to pass-- somebody forgot to change the points. I don't recollect casualties. Hope they are of some use.

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### KRTC 1957

[Jim Landells [KR6439]]

I guess we're old men now but our memories of early life are still sharp enough. We were full of zing then and things, generally, were a ball. I was too young to be part of operations against the Mau Mau but like most other people I did my time at the KRTC, of which I have startling memories, as I do of the PSIs, in particular Sergeant Dave **Humber**, Coldstream Guards.

How did one judge those PSIs? I suppose you would call them amiable bullies, who nevertheless possessed that indefinable something that demanded our grudging respect. I met up with some of them later and was pleasantly surprised to learn that several were heavily involved working with African children. Even CSM **Cardy**, Irish Guards, whom we all detested, showed real compassion the day I needed treatment after having been injured in a basketball tournament.

There was one occasion I would rather forget. It happened during a 'stand easy' period during square bashing. It was during these periods that Dave **Humber** would ask us general knowledge questions and on this occasion he enquired of the squad, 'What activity do you associate with the Calcutta Cup?' Very smartly I came to attention, drew myself up to my full height and confidently replied 'Pig sticking, Sergeant'. For an awful moment there was complete silence. Then Dave **Humber** came striding towards me, a wild look in his eye, his hands reaching forward and for one terrible moment I really thought he would strangle me. He then began berating me, asking me from under which stone I had crawled and did I enjoy taking the Mickey out of him, because if I did I would find myself on company orders very quickly. Of course he used all the right expletives while expressing this point of view. I was horrified. What had I done wrong? "The Calcutta Cup," thundered Dave **Humber**, almost climbing into my ear, "is a cup presented to the winning team in the England versus Scotland rugby competition. Now, do you understand?"

Then enlightenment dawned. As a teenager, while living in Sotik, I had seen a picture on a neighbour's lounge room wall of scenes from Imperial India where men on horseback had pursued wild boars before skewering them with lances. This activity was known as pigsticking and the winner's reward was the Kadir cup. In my defence I suppose you could say that Calcutta and Kadir sound similar and that both had originated in India.

We didn't see our KRTC officers very often. During this time my mother worked for the European Agricultural Settlement Board in Nakuru. She was once visited by the captain in charge of both KRTC's 3 and 4 squads, David **Ward** who was thinking of buying a local farm. My mother, hearing that he was from the KRTC immediately wanted to know, "and how is my son James getting on?" To which the captain replied, "Well, he's a pleasant enough lad but sometimes he's a bit gormless". When this conversation was first reported to me I tried to recall an incident that justified his remark.

Then I remembered. That first time we had a live grenade throwing exercise Captain **Ward** and Dave **Humber** had been in a nearby bunker, priming the grenades. My turn to throw a live grenade arrived. I had stepped up to the throwing platform, removed the safety pin and then lobbed the grenade into the cleared area in front of the trench. I then ducked down behind cover as the officiating sergeant, Sgt. Jones, had told me to do. The grenade exploded and from the captain came a howl of protest. "Who threw that bloody grenade?"

"**Landells**, Sir."

"Well put him on a charge, the damn thing nearly landed down here amongst all the other grenades."

What had happened was that in my anxiety to get rid of the live grenade I had thrown it with less caution than zeal. The grenade had slipped out of my hand and had gone sideways, instead of forward. It had exploded on the lip of the ravine where the Captain and Dave **Humber** were arming grenades for the other recruits. Had my grenade exploded amongst these grenades there could have been a massive conflagration - the captain was understandably unimpressed.

Sergeant **Humber** was convinced that World War Three would be against the Russians. Indeed, he told us, with some passion, that when it did happen we were to remember that any Russian soldier we encountered would already be convinced that it was only because of us that he was not at home in Vladivostok, cuddling his *bibi*. Russians in that frame of mind were, so **Humber** told us, very dangerous people and we had to shoot them before they killed us.

During our daily drill parades Dave **Humber** would pass scathing comment on what he thought of our collective abilities. Of course, we were all generally lumped into the category of Kenya Cowboys and Dozy Little Gnomes but on one occasion, when he was particularly exasperated with

us, Dave opined that 'We had as much sense as a French letter filled with Licorice Allsorts that had spent too bloody long on our Daddy's yacht'.

After our passing out parade my mother wanted to meet Dave **Humber**. When I made the introduction he snapped to attention and called her 'Maam'. I was astounded. Where was the recruit hating drill sergeant now? A year later I wrote to a friend of mine who was doing NS training at KRTC and asked him to remember me to Dave **Humber**. When my friend did this Dave seemed to be quite pleased but in the very next breath he said "Tell the bastard to get a bloody move on."

Dave was subject to fits and I believe he had to leave the army. For him that would have been a huge tragedy. I heard of him two years ago and was given his Email address in Canada but alas he failed to respond. Does this mean he has passed away? Maybe - because he would be looking at eighty one right now. If anybody can tell me what happened to him I would like to know.

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#### ENTRIES FROM THE REGIMENTAL GUEST BOOK

Gordon **Crossley** <d\_d-cros@tiscali.co.uk> [19/05/2010]: My Dad, Gordon Rowland **Crossley** served in 2 KAR during WWII which was raised in Nyasaland (now Malawi) yet a person with exactly the same name appears in your Roll for the Kenya Regiment. I know he went to OCTU in Nairobi. Would it be possible that he was attached to the KR for this? He later served in Somaliland, Abyssinia and Burma. Any old comrades out there? He was a 2nd Lt in the Artillery. [Ed: *Assume that your father attested into the Kenya Regiment [KR1792] and after OCTU was posted to 2KAR where he would have been allocated another regimental number*]

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John **Collier** <jcollier4@bigpond.com.au> [03/04/2010] from Yanchep, Western Australia: I didn't serve in the Regiment, but knew many who did. Among those with whom I'd like to get in touch, is Colin **Gibson** [KR6472] whom I last met in Paris in the late 60s when he was working for Reuters. [Ed: *Colin is not listed in the KRA Membership Directory. If anyone knows of his whereabouts please contact John.*]

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Neil **McDonald** [KR4090] <possum202@bigpond.com> [18/03/2010] from Western Australia My e-mail address has changed to the above. Look forward to getting some gossip!  
Stephen **Lewis** <redcoat@btinternet.com> [10/03/2010] from Cheltenham, England. Does anyone have a photo or any info about Andrew Cooper **Facherty** [KR4860]? I was recently shown a cardboard medal box on which were his details. Is it possible to say when he would have joined the Regiment by his number? [Ed: *According to Ian **Parker's** permutations **Facherty** would have trained at KRTC between Apr/June 1955.*]

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Harry **Schello** [KR4681] <Email: harryschello@three.com.au [09/03/2010] from Australia: To whom it may interest! Please note change of address.

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David **Randall** <randalldavid27@yahoo.com > [17/02/2010] from Kenya: My father Patrick Paul **Randall** [KR6899] passed away on 6th February 2004 at the age of 65, and was buried at his farm near Thomsons Falls.

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Peter **Humphreys** [KR4300] <peter\_humphreys@vodafone.co.nz> [13/02/2010] from New Zealand: Change of address - My web page is <<http://www.gardeningaids.co.nz/Kenya/kenya.html>>

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Brian **Heater** <blheater@msn.com> [08/02/2010] from Virginia, USA: Not a member of Kenya Regiment, but an American old boy of Prince Of Wales School in Nairobi Interested in all things Kenyan, especially 1960's and previous.

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Beau **Younghusband** [KR4644] <beau.younghusband@zen.co.uk> [03/02/2010] from Shanklin, Isle of Wight : Please note change of email address.

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John/Chess [KR4040] & Pat **Chesterman** <patchess@shawca> [15/01/2010] from North Vancouver, Canada: A Very Happy and Healthy 2010 to all ex-Kenya Reg guys and their families and my thanks to all you volunteers who produce the magazines and run the associations which keeps us in touch with each other

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Chris **Kerr** <lizkerr99@yahoo.com.au> [06/01/2010] from Western Australia: I am looking for a old mate of mine from the KR - Jonathan "Jono" **Bidwell** - who attended Egerton Agricultural College. Unfortunately, we drifted apart when I moved to South Africa and I believe he went to the UK It would be appreciated if anyone would respond with any info so that I can re-establish comms. [Ed: *Can't locate a Bidwell in the Long Roll – missing number or CCF?*]

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Roy [PSI] & Eva **Davies** <whitts@ntlworld.com> [23/12/2009] from Bramhall, Cheshire, UK: Eva & I wish you all, a very Happy Christmas & a Prosperous New Year We also thank you for the marvellous three years we spent at Lanet.

David **Waldron** [KR4128] <waldrond@rocketmail.com> 22/12/2009] from Sutton Coldfield, UK: A merry Xmas and a happy healthy New Year to all.

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Iain **Morrison** [KR6111] <iain@sprattsend.co.uk> [21/12/2009] from Suffolk, England: Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and all the very best for 2010.

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John **Wheeler** <john@hummel.plus.com> [10/11/2009] from Yorkshire: I'm trying to contact David Robertson. He served in the Regiment [KR4243] during the Emergency, worked for EAR&H in



Nairobi and was married to Vera. Dave and I were very good pals '59 to '62. I'd love to get in touch after all these years.

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Mike **Buck** <mbuck@cceinc.com> [03/11/2009] from Dubai: It is with sadness that I wish to report the death of my father Martin Frederick **Buck** [KR3800] on the 18th October 2009 He passed away peacefully following a stroke in Aldergrove, BC Canada He was born in Eldoret in 1922 and lived for many years in Kitale, farming and running the family business Buck's Garage. During this period he was elected Chairman of the town council. Throughout the Emergency he served with the Armored Car Squadron He is sadly missed by our family. [Ed: *Martin's obituary appeared in m-S XXXV, p30.*]

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John Roberts [KR4431] <johngorwel@hotmail.com> [27/10/2009] from UK: Just a note to say a big thank you to all those who were involved in the production of the recent Barua, mini-SITREP and various documents. I know how much work went in to producing these, and to do so with such professionalism is much appreciated. On Page 59 in the Barua there is a photograph with the name **Alsworthy** with? This should be John **Elworthy** [KR4432], a good mate of mine Unfortunately I lost touch with him a long time ago, but if anyone knows of his whereabouts please let me know

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Katie **Cottell** <katiecakes\_123@yahoo.co.uk> [24/10/2009] from Lincolnshire: It is with great sadness that I must report my grandad Anthony Thomas **Cottell** [KR4258] passed away on 2nd October in hospital. He was a wonderful man and he will be sadly missed by many I have found this site fantastic and I know the Kenya Regiment was very close to his heart. I would love to hear from anyone who knew him.

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Bernard **Kleynhans** [KR7057] <bernrossie@usgo.net> [14/10/2009] from St Paul, Minnesota, USA: I am still trying to make contact with Rodney **Pickering** [KR6914] and Edwin **Smith** [KR7076]. I would appreciate any clues as to their whereabouts.

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Peter **Russell** [KR6782] <peter.russell2@uk.bp.com> [08/10/2009] from Milton Keynes, UK: My brother Ted Russell [KR6040] and I would like to contact Andrew Brian James **Sinclair** [KR4975] ex-Mombasa and Nairobi. Brian moved to Australia in about 1963; maybe Sydney. If a reader knows of his whereabouts please contact me.

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Mary **Alexander** <namkob@gmail.com> [15/09/2009] from UK: I'm looking for my grandfather, James **Gillis**, who was a Sergeant & Aeronautical Engineer in the RAF based at Eastleigh, Section 3 in Nairobi from 1954 to 1956. He was a son of Alexander **Gillis** and friend of Jack **Ian**, a Cpl at the same base. My father was taken by his mother and taken to Uganda. On her dying bed, she told my father about his dad. Now my father is very ill and has spent most of his life looking for a father he never knew. If James **Gillis** (I think that's the correct spelling) reads this, please know you would be proud of your son. He raised four kids on his own when our mother left. Any help in finding my

grandfather would be greatly appreciated. [Ed: *Perhaps someone who lived in Uganda came across Gillis?*]

[Ed: *To date: A total of 4,387 visitors to our website <http://home.comcast.net/~kenyaregiment/>*]

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### THE OLD VOI GUARD: 1939

[J.R. Dunkley [KR704]]

In pre-war times my Nairobi employers did not allow staff to join the Kenya Regiment but they could not avoid being conscripted into the Kenya Defence Force (KDF). I think we had to do a week's camp at Kabete Showground in May 1939.

When war was declared against Germany at the beginning of September 1939 Command HQ was a little worried that if all the Germans in Tanganyika were not promptly rounded up they might try to cut the Mombasa/Nairobi railway near Voi as they had done at the beginning of the 1914-18 War. Those operations were described in admirable detail in mini-SITREP VII.

East Africa Command therefore decided to send a formidable force of one platoon of the KDF to Voi, to be deployed to various points on the railway on the advice of the DC at Voi. We took the normal afternoon train from Nairobi Station and made such good use of the bar in the dining car that by the time we detrained at Voi early the following morning, one soldier had already lost his rifle, allegedly falling out of a door which he had opened when answering the call of nature during the night.

There was a good rest house at Voi and we went there to try and get some breakfast, but I don't think we succeeded. Later we marched up to the DC's office to report for duty and were very impressed to find a considerable herd of elephant quietly grazing nearby. The DC (I think his name was **Rimington**) recommended that units should be spread around Taveta, Maktau, Tsavo and Maungu, with HQ remaining at Voi. My section got Maungu.

Maungu hardly seemed to be a place at all but the reason for its choice was that a track, which the Germans had used in the First World War, came in from across the Tanganyika border to Kisigayo, a large prominent rocky feature of nearly 5400 feet and on to the railway at Maungu.

The Army had only issued us with two blankets and basic rations; no such things as tents or camp beds. Maungu seemed to be only a railway halt with a few very basic buildings to house a Sikh station master and a water point to fill the large tanks of those old wood-burning engines.

We found a very small unoccupied building at the station and slept on the concrete floor. We also acquired some wooden sleepers and made a sort of road-block on what was a very sandy and pot-holed main Nairobi to Mombasa road.

The DC sent us one of his tribal policemen up to Kisigayo to see if anyone was using the track. He came back in the most incredibly short time with nothing to report. We did not really think that he hadn't been to Kisigayo but we were terribly impressed with the speed at which these excellent *askari* could cover the countryside on foot. The area in those days was, incidentally, very full of rhino.

We only had a section of half a dozen or so men and we could not spare anyone to go out patrolling

if we were to keep our road-block manned around the clock.

The mail trains were running perfectly normally, the 'down' train came through very early in the morning at about first light and the 'up' train about eight o'clock in the evening.

To supplement our meagre bully and biscuits we sent a chit down on the train to the Mombasa station master with Ksh 30/- or so in notes, and asked him to send us up a *kikapu* of fresh goodies by the evening train. These duly arrived as requested and we were very thankful to him for his efforts. We suspect that the EAWL did most of the work. Subsequently on a brief leave I made a special effort to take him a bottle of whiskey and found him to be a very dull dog indeed.

We survived for a while and really had very little to do except chat to chums on the trains, and in the very few cars that came through; people returning home early after a coast holiday, now that war had been declared. In fact, of course we had no possible means of stopping anybody with a grain of sense and a little determination, from cutting the line at anytime and anywhere they liked. We were inadequately armed; I don't remember that we were even issued with ammunition. We had no means of communication with anybody, except by the station master's inter station signalling system. The easiest way for any saboteur to bring the railway to a standstill would have been to blow a hole in the water pipeline and let it leak into the scrub. And this he need not have done anywhere near us. The bush was fairly thick and a bit thorny but by no means impenetrable. The water pressure was very good as we found to our cost when we tried to take a shower.

The mighty Voi Guard 1939 was withdrawn after a week or ten days and we all returned to Nairobi, covered in glory and smiles and those dreadful coal-scuttle helmets that we had to wear in those days. All the German males in Tanganyika had been quite promptly rounded up and their wives left to run the farms and businesses.

### THE KENYA REGIMENT

As there was obviously not going to be much glory and action if we stayed with the KDF we asked Lt Col **Dunstan Adams** [KR1] whether he could wangle a transfer to the Kenya Regiment, and this he managed to do very promptly.

The Regiment had already drafted a large number of men to the KAR battalions, both as NCOs and Officers, but was still encamped at Kabete Showground training newly joined recruits like us.

The amount of PT involved plus other unaccustomed physical exercise, route marches and so on, caused those who were normally desk-bound, a lot of grief, but we soon adjusted. Most of us who had been in an OTC at school had a good working knowledge of drill, the rifle and how to strip and assemble a Lewis Gun. The rifling in the barrels of both of these was usually so worn that the bullet hardly fell out of the spout, but there wasn't anything newer available.

Nearly everyone had their own cars with them and it was very easy to get home or to the flesh pots in the City any time one had a pass, especially at the weekends. Command HQ very soon decided that this was not a good thing and the Regiment should be moved elsewhere; but where to find accommodation for about 300 men?

There was a newly built, just completed, as yet unoccupied barracks on the outskirts of Kampala, designed to house about 150 police *askari*, and this was where the Regiment, numbering 300 all ranks, was sent. At least this time we had camp beds.

We went up by a very slow train, in cattle trucks, and we were at least two nights en route. We sat

on our kitbags or our bedrolls, about 10 or a dozen of us to each truck, and rolled our beds out at night to get what sleep we could - the noise whilst we were underway was quite appalling. We got out the first evening at Nakuru for a meal at the old hotel by the railway station, and I think next day we had a meal at Eldoret, but I can't remember where else, before arriving at Kampala on the third day.

One vivid memory of that journey is my first sight of a large number of locusts. At Limuru station the air was thick with them and somewhere over the Uganda border I remember seeing what I took to be a huge, very black cloud of smoke from the engine, but it turned out to be locusts *en masse*, a really terrifying sight.

Conditions in the overcrowded barracks at Kampala were pretty bad, the area seemed to be very swampy and we were made to take quite a large daily dose of quinine, which made me personally rather deaf.

I was one of the lucky ones who escaped quite soon, being selected amongst around 100 others for the first OCTU at Nakuru.

The Regiment stayed on for a while at Kampala but it really wasn't a suitable place and the following year moved to the show grounds at Eldoret. We moved by train back to Nakuru show grounds in early October 1939. There had been the annual show there in the month of August and about the only improvements that had been made were the concreting of the various covered stalls and whitewashing where essential. Serjeant Humphrey **Slade** [KR656], in peace time a Nairobi lawyer, took one look at the sumptuous accommodation offered to the gentlemen cadets and observed in his dry pontifical manner:- 'But for a very high precedent, I should take exception to sleeping in a manger'. Within a week or two he was promoted Major in a senior post at Command HQ in the Advocate General's Office. His final job in life was of course Speaker at LegCo in Nairobi after Independence. [Ed: *In the early days of the Regiment serjeant was spelt serjeant*]

The PSI at Nakuru was about the most unpopular of that collection of them then attached to the Kenya Regiment and had a voice like the Bull of Bashan. Occasionally we managed to score points off him. In the traditional manner he was supposed to address cadets as Mr Blank and add a respectful, though reluctant 'Sir'. But it just about gave him apoplexy to handle 'Mr Sir James **Kirkpatrick**, Sir!' Alec **Kirkpatrick** [KR 144] later transferred to the Royal Air Force.

He (the PSI) was forever yelling at nervous cadets who were trying to drill the whole contingent, that he couldn't hear their commands. On a morning of high winds Cadet P. was about to fail to prevent the whole squad from marching straight through the ring fence, and the PSI was bawling instructions at him. Calmly Cadet P. shouted 'I canna hear you Serjeant Major'.

To celebrate the engagement of one of our chums we had a very rowdy party one night at the Rift Valley Club and disrupted the upstairs slumbers of a newly arrived instructor. He reported us to the CO and we were all on a charge the next day. Standing in a line outside the office, one simple cadet walked up and asked whether 'the queue was for petrol coupons?' Someone said 'Yes, just stand on the end'. The next moment the Bull roared and we were all marched in to receive a sermon and a reprimand, including Cadet Simple who hadn't even been at the party.

The OCTU course lasted about three months until January 1940, and I don't recall that anyone was reckoned to have failed it, so up went the first pip and we were all very interested to find out to which units we were to be posted - we weren't given much choice.

Those due to go to infantry battalions were first required to do an attachment to one of the units

involved in the inter-brigade manoeuvres taking place in Isiolo in February 1940. I was nominated to join 1 KAR; I had at that stage very little Swahili and still less Chinanja, the language spoken by 1 KAR.

The manoeuvres were a typical example of no-one even knowing what was happening, certainly not at platoon level. We spent days stumbling across rocky outcrops in the NFD, getting chewed by pepper ticks, stung by scorpions, quite apart from being bawled out by the famous *Fluffy Fowkes*, then a Brigadier. The heat was intense.

The schemes ended in a tropical downpour as we marched back to bivouac on the banks of the Uaso Nyiro River. The rain came down in flood that night and 4 KAR, camped in the river bed, lost a man killed and a whole lot of gear never recovered. A salutary lesson which I for one never forgot and had good reason to remember later in Burma.

My posting was to 2/6 KAR then forming up in Moshi and we arrived there in March 1940. The Italians came into the War in May 1940 and in July 2/6 KAR moved up to Nairobi. Out of the blue and for no reason that I could discover, I received a posting to 1/4 KAR, then at Kitui in the NFD.

My reminiscences thereafter concern my time with the KAR rather than the Kenya Regiment, and have yet to be written.

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### AMBUSHED

[Tpr O.S. Wakeford [KR11 06] 4 Troop EARS]

[Ed: *This article first appeared in m-S VIII in April 1996, at which time most of today's readers did not receive m-S*]

A recent letter from a friend in England referred to an extract from the Police Magazine 'Habari 1990' headed 'The El Wak Patrol'. I was the driver of the 'recce' car in which Police Constable **Idris** was wounded and I remember him with admiration.

A fair description of the Recces is given in the introduction to Len Weaver's article on the East African Armoured Car Regiment, later renamed Kenya Armoured Car Regiment, but I will not bore you with that lengthy epistle which, unfortunately, does not cover those early days when the 'Recces' functioned as commandos in their ½ ton D-2 International open backed trucks. Instead, I will attempt to describe the event which involved **Idris** and it will be seen that his version differs from mine, but there can be no doubt that it was the same patrol.

On July 14th, 1940, No 4 Troop East African Reconnaissance Squadron comprising cars under 2/Lt H.B. **Swann** [KR574] moved out from Buna on the track to Takaaba, presumably to follow up reports from Kenya Police that the Italians were active in that area. I cannot recall whether or not **Idris** escorted us in that particular recce. However, about two miles short of the Takaaba hills we bumped the enemy, shots were fired and being the first time, my tummy turned a small somersault. Owing to the thick bush on each side of the track **Swann** decided to pull out and we moved back to a more defensive position about fifteen miles from Buna where we dug gun pits for our Brens. These pits came in very handy later.

On July 18th, No 4 Troop carried out another patrol on the Takaaba track, leap frogging in the usual manner so that, apart from HQ Section (three cars) which always remained in the centre, there were

six cars to take the lead at five mile intervals. Sergeant **van der Westhuizen** was car commander, Tpr Jackie **Hamman** gunner, these two standing at the back of the cab manning the Bren. I was driver with **Idris** seated beside me hanging on to his rifle and anything else, there being no doors. It was our turn to take the lead and I distinctly remember that each time we approached a likely spot for an ambush I was ready to put my foot down on the throttle and get clear.

This is exactly what happened, there was a burst of fire and I put my foot down hard. **Idris** was hit, the bullet splitting his left kneecap. Another shot took off the ignition key making it somewhat difficult later on to switch off the engine. Another hit was the left front tyre which immediately went flat. To the right there was fairly level ground and open bush so I left the track and drove clear for about three hundred yards. After putting a field dressing on the wounded knee we held conference and decided to take up position on a small *kopje*. We managed to get the Bren, our ammo box plus **Idris** up into the rocks and awaited results. We felt confident that the Troop would send the enemy packing and we would be able to get out. Unfortunately, the Italians turned out to be quite a substantial force who arrived on the scene shortly after we left the track. The ambush we had run into was their advance party.

The Troop soon realised that they were heavily outnumbered and outgunned and had no alternative but to move back looking for a defensive position. From our *kopje* we could see their dust as they withdrew in the direction of Buna. They withdrew for about half a mile and when the enemy reached this position a mighty battle took place. We could hear all this from our *kopje* and it was not long before the Troop backed off once again. In the meantime, we realised that it was up to us to arrange our own escape.

**Idris** was prepared to fend for himself while we made our way back through the bush on foot but needless to say, this idea was totally unacceptable to the rest of us. Another conference took place and the unanimous decision was to change the wheel and try to work our way back through the bush and rejoin the track beyond the enemy.

Having loaded our gear and our wounded man we set off full of hope but after a very short distance we got stuck in a dry river bed. After much digging and heaving we got the thing out but to our dismay, in the process of forcing the vehicle out of the sand we damaged the back axle. **Van**, who was a first class mechanic, reckoned a tooth had stripped off the crown wheel. However, why it was not stripped will always remain a mystery. Anyway this meant a change of plan.

The track being quite near, we decided to try to get on to it and 'run the gauntlet'; there was no other course open to us. In *Banda* country it is preferable not to be taken prisoner.

**Van**, an Afrikaner and very keen hunter, had been a frequent visitor to the NFD, driving cross country, and I had the feeling that he would make a better job of it than I would. He agreed to take over the driving and I climbed up on the back with Jackie. Throughout all these activities there was never a bleat out of **Idris**, I suppose it helps when one is convinced that Allah the All Merciful is just waiting to open the Doors of Paradise. Anyway, Van handled the damaged truck with great skill and coaxed the broken axle through numerous *dongas* until we reached the track.

The NFD is harsh country but it has a special appeal to some people, me included, not that I was paying much attention to it that day but I do recall numerous large thorn trees, patches of fairly thick cover, very rough broken ground with small, dry river beds, a total absence or even sign of human habitation, and we were soaked with sweat. There must have been locals around because we were later informed that the force we had clashed with on that day totalled about 400 Somali infantry with Italian Officers and NCOs, the latter being Black Shirts, good soldiers by any standards. They were on foot and their heavy stuff was carried by mules.

Having reached the track we braced ourselves for a rough passage, at least that is what I did, even so I can clearly remember feeling confident that we would be successful in getting through. Compared with our cross country run the track was comparatively smooth and **Van** eased the truck along gaining speed until he was able to get into top gear and then he really stepped on it. The back axle made a terrific din and gave the opposition plenty of warning that we were on our way!

The rear guard were the first to let us have it! A bit further on the main body threw everything they had at us including hand grenades and I remember seeing blue flashes passing very close to my nose, presumably tracer. Jackie emptied his Bren into them and I managed to get off a couple of shots from my rifle but with the bouncing truck it was quite a problem to avoid falling out. Despite there being no doors to the cab **Idris** somehow managed to stay on board.

The third and final instalment came from their advance party who were rapidly approaching the new position taken up by our Troop. It must have been very frustrating for the enemy force Commander to watch us get away with it. **Van** was pushing the truck so hard I reckon all they could aim at was a blur.

2/Lt **Swann**, fondly known to all as **HB**, had positioned the Troop so that four Brens covered the track. As I mentioned earlier, the back axle was making a racket and our chaps thought we were some sort of AFV coming at them. **HB** spotted us just in time and they held fire, otherwise we would have been ripped to pieces. You need not believe this if you don't want to but we had only just drawn level with our chaps when the back axle made a loud note of protest and the truck came to a grinding halt. We were busy congratulating ourselves and slapping each other on the back when more bullets started to fly and **HB** decided to withdraw to the gun pits we had prepared several days earlier. Having arrived there with the damaged truck in tow we prepared for a serious scrap.

What we needed at that moment was, of course, reinforcements, but it must be remembered that we had no radio contact with Buna, such luxuries did not exist in the Recces at that time. It was getting dark by the time the enemy arrived and opened up. We had a slight advantage firing from our gun pits but what amazed me was that so much shit can fly around without chaps being hit. We later heard that the opposition had suffered quite a few casualties because, I believe, our gunners were trained to fire low, whereas the Somalis appeared to fire high. They obviously used a lot of tracer making it easy to pick out their machine gun positions, which Jackie concentrated on and I am convinced that he silenced more than one of them.

Around about this stage my memory seems to fail me a bit. I recall being given the password and ordered to proceed to Buna, make a report to Brigade HQ and ask for reinforcements in the shape of some infantry. Given a sound truck I was told to drive without lights but there was a bit of a moon and I eventually arrived at the outer defences of the Buna perimeter where I was challenged by KAR. I wasted no time in assuring him that I was a *rafiki*. I cannot remember whether **Idris** came with me, all I can say is that I never saw him again.

Once through the perimeter I was taken to see Brigadier *Tiger Tim* **Blackton**, who, together with his fellow officers, was enjoying a sundowner. Their camp was situated amongst those lovely big trees that made Buna an attractive watering place; I wonder if the trees are still there? Having made my report I was offered a very welcome whisky. In those early days of the war Recce troopers were welcome guests in any Officer's Mess in the East African Command.

The decision making over 'noggins' sounded something like this: 'I say chaps, bit of a bore chasing Wops this time of night, we'll give 'em a bash tomorrow, what. Better tell **Swann** to retire to Buna.'

I have no idea who was given the task of informing **Swann** of this decision, all I can remember is that having downed my whisky I was allowed to dismiss and return to the Recce base camp in Buna looking for something to eat.

Back at the battle ground, I gathered later that the Troop was gradually being surrounded. There were few serious casualties until **Bill Coe** was hit in the head and died instantly. By this stage **HB** must surely have become disheartened by the lack of response from Buna, anyway the arrival of the message to retire put an end to the affair.

The next day, or it might have been two days later, the Brigade embussed in their hundreds with everything but the kitchen sink and with a Troop of Recces in the lead, proceeded north along the Takaaba track. Needless to say they found nothing, the Italians had returned across the border into Abyssinia, no doubt feeling very proud of themselves.

One thing I realised that day was that those two sons of Boer farmers were splendid fellows to be with in such a situation. Jackie **Hamman** had a grin on his face the entire time, **Van** was as steady as a rock (no pun intended!) as for me, all I can say is that I was not exactly amused.

There were many more tense moments during the next nine months before we were presented with our home-made armoured cars but nothing quite as hectic as 'The El Wak Patrol'. We all four received the East Africa Force Badge. I think Jackie deserved something better.



[Ed: *The East Africa Force Badge, made of brass, comprised crossed pangas in a laurel wreath and was instituted by the Commander EA Forces Lt Gen D.P. Dickinson, one time Inspector General of the KAR, who felt that a visual sign of bravery was needed to honour gallantry rather than a GOC Commendation. Accordingly, he designed the award and at his own expense had 100 made by a Nairobi jeweller. The badge was worn on the right breast above medal ribbons. The awards were presented for the early fighting in Somaliland. When Gen Dickinson suffered a heart attack and was replaced by Gen Cunningham, the award fell into disuse. It is understood that one badge was*

*later replaced with a DCM and another by the MM, thus indicating that the EAFB appears to fall between these two awards. This photo courtesy of Anthony Allen, son of John Allen [KR3513/4357/5664]*



RAY FORCE

[Dennis Leete [KR4094]]

(An account of a unit set up to support the Kenya Police during the Mau Mau insurrection 1952-55)

In the aftermath of the declaration of a State of Emergency by the Governor of Kenya in October 1952, the relaxed colonial lifestyle of the European settlers was shattered by the grisly murders of some isolated white families, hacked to death with *pangas* and axes. But this was nothing compared to the terror and panic in the African Kikuyu Reserves, as murdering gangs slashed and burned their way across the landscape at night, attacking church missions, administrative outposts, or anyone who did not submit to their ideology or bestial oath-taking ceremonies. They called themselves Mau Mau, though the meaning of this name is obscure.

The Administration and police were totally unprepared for the viciousness and rapid spread of the savagery, in which many joined to save their own lives or to revenge personal grudges, or simply to loot and satisfy a blood lust. The King's African Rifles (KAR) were mobilised, but there were inherent fears of black troop loyalty, should they be called upon to fire upon their brethren, although they were led by white officers. A British Regiment, The Lancashire Fusiliers, was flown from Egypt to protect key establishments. Naturally these men did not have the ability to root out the insurgents, who simply disappeared into their huts during the daytime amongst their victims who were too terrified to expose them. This left the only effective armed unit that the Government had at its disposal, the Kenya Regiment Territorial Force, a 500 strong European group of volunteer weekend soldiers, some of them World War II veterans, but recently strengthened by 100 conscripted youngsters who had just completed a six month basic training course in Rhodesia.

The Government desperately needed to strengthen the police force and re-establish authority and control in the Kikuyu countryside so that loyal men could obtain protection and then expose the terrorists. Since the Kenya Police did not have enough staff to perform this function, nor could they recruit and train them effectively within a year, one hundred men of the Kenya Regiment were selected to undertake this task. The man appointed to head this unit was Raymond H. **Mayers** [KR488/3877/5611].

**Mayers** was a case of the right man in the right place. Son of an Australian sugar baron (**Mayers** Street is the main thoroughfare through Cairns in Queensland), Ray's father left Australia when labour unions were formed, and settled in Kenya before the First World War to grow sugar near Kisumu. Ray was the youngest of a large family, who were wealthy enough to allow him a privileged upbringing, and he enjoyed an extravagant lifestyle in the 1930's until, whilst an undergraduate at Cambridge University, he was informed that the family business was bankrupt and he would have to get a job.

For the next five years Ray worked, farmed, hunted and panned for gold in Tanganyika and Kenya. He married Helen **Douglas** who bore his only child, Patricia.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Ray joined the Army and when Italy entered the war he was part of Brig *Fluffy Fowkes'* E.A. Division that advanced, moving north to Hargeissa, then hooking westward into Ethiopia. As the Italians collapsed, anarchy reigned, and weapons fell into the hands of the aggressive tribesmen who attacked convoys as well as each other. **Mayers** got the job of bringing peace and order to this situation, and was appointed Military District Commissioner, then later Military Governor in the Ogaden, a vast arid area of Somalia, which he governed for almost ten years.

Unlike most Europeans, Ray loved Somalis, and got on well with them, respecting their toughness, and understanding and manipulating their deviousness to his own advantage. In turn, they reciprocated, with dedication and loyalty and he retained Somalis on his personal staff until he died. In 1950, the area was ceded to Ethiopia under a United Nations mandate. This incredibly unjust and arbitrary decision incensed Ray and he resigned his post rather than lower the British Flag at El Carre, his post where the handover took place. The subsequent turmoil and bitter fighting over this territory cost thousands of lives, and indirectly led to the eventual collapse of Somalia.

**Mayers** returned to Kenya to farm at Mau Narok. He joined the Kenya Regiment as a weekend soldier, resuming the settler life which was hard work and financially risky, but attracted men and women who were tough and independent, and knew how to enjoy themselves. They were investing their life and savings into the land they loved, for a future for their children and grandchildren, not realising that their ideals were totally unrealistic, and the dream would shortly collapse.

On the declaration of a State of Emergency, the Kenya Regiment was called to arms and Ray was charged with establishing 50 new police posts throughout Kikuyu land under the name, Ray Force. Each post was to be manned by two Kenya Regiment personnel appointed as Assistant Inspectors, with ten African policemen from other tribal origins. These stations were built of mud, and thatched with grass by indentured labour supplied by the local chief. At night after they returned to base, the local Mau Mau destroyed whatever was constructed, so they had to start again the next day. Each post was surrounded by an eight foot multi-strand barbed wire fence which was surrounded by a moat or ditch, eight foot wide and six foot deep. The bottom of the ditch was embedded with two foot long sharpened bamboo spikes called *panjies*, angled toward the outside, a trick learned in Burma against the Japanese. A draw bridge, which could be raised at night, crossed the moat, and sand-bagged firing positions were constructed in opposite corners. A fifteen foot lookout post was built from local eucalyptus poles in the centre of the Post.

The whole affair consisted of about ten huts on half an acre of land, well sited on a hill, and giving a clear field of fire. On completion, they were occupied before the mud was dry. The new policemen received one week's training in Nairobi on police procedures, which consisted of learning to maintain an Occurrence Book, taking fingerprints, learning the Riot Act, and how to operate a radio transmitter. Their average age was about 20 years old, but they could all speak the language, could shoot, and had total confidence in themselves.

Although **Mayers** was the commanding officer, each Ray Force outpost reported to the local district police station manned by a professional chief inspector. There were usually three to four posts reporting to one Kenya Police station.

Ray Force HQ was in Fort Hall, the main town in the District and centre of Kikuyu country, between Nyeri and Kiambu - the other two major centres. Ray Force men wore Kenya Regiment uniforms, with a single star in their epaulettes denoting the rank of Assistant Inspector. They were armed with .38 Webley & Scott revolvers and six rounds of ammunition. Later they were issued Patchett 9 mm sub-machine guns for patrols. It was all disjointed to begin with, while the men 'bedded in'. Incredibly, during this initial period no ambushes occurred nor were any police posts attacked. Had they been, they would likely have been overrun, given the lack of experience. Patrols started but had little impact in the first weeks. Intelligence gathering began, and the loyalists and administrative organs felt safer with their presence nearby.

However, the killings increased and reached a crescendo with the Lari Massacre, when, one night in an orgy of bloodletting and hate, Mau Mau attacked the base of an outspoken chief and brutally slew 80 men, women and children.

Shortly afterward the Ray Force post at Othaya was attacked at midnight by a chanting, hyped-up mob, who threw themselves at the barbed wire fence, despite being mown down by machine guns manned by a platoon of KAR which, by pure chance, had billeted at the post for the night. In daylight, over 150 bodies were found surrounding the post, some still hanging on the wire.

This was the turning point. Further British Regiments were arriving, and the KAR, their loyalty to the Crown proven, were given more responsibility. The Kenya Regiment's own patrols from 'A', 'B' & 'C' Companies were enforcing night curfews by 'shoot to kill' ambushes, and these cut back the Mau Mau attacks. By mid 1953, the gangs had retreated into the heavy forests surrounding Mt Kenya and the Aberdare Mountains, from where they continued to raid the villages and homesteads, but with decreasing effectiveness as their paths became known. A new Kenya Regiment unit 'I' Force, (later 'I' Company) led by Major Neville **Cooper**, MC [KR385/3881/5608], with jungle warfare experience against the Japanese in Burma, began penetrative patrols and harassed the gangs in their lairs.

A mile wide, scorched earth, no-go zone was cleared around the forest boundaries. By early 1954, newly trained police officers were arriving to take over the Ray Force posts and the operation regained its civil function. Later, 'O' Company was formed, amalgamating 'A', 'B', 'C' and 'I' Companies, as they released men to return to their jobs and farms. This surviving Company took over the patrol work in 1955 until it was stood down when the Regiment and Colours were laid in Nairobi Cathedral in 1962.

These historical facts do not flesh out the soul of Ray Force. The operation was an outstanding success due to a high standard of initiative and duty, but was interspersed by incidents, accidents, happenings and relationships of an astonishing and often bizarre nature. Ray **Mayers** was an extrovert and chose his men accordingly. Formalities were dispensed with and everyone was on first name terms.

**Filos** bar in Fort Hall was the popular meeting place, and impromptu parties developed whenever the chance occurred. Ray would perform "the Muffin Man" - a tricky contortion - by balancing a pint of beer on his forehead, while singing the Muffin song and slowly lying down on the floor, then standing up without spilling a drop. At other times he might show off his fire blowing act. He would take a mouthful of kerosene, and blow it in a spray through a lighted wad of methylated spirit - producing a long fiery jet, singeing curtains, furnishings and the eyebrows of onlookers. He is reputed to have once burned a house down, when the thatch caught fire.

He dispensed with military vehicles, using his own new Vauxhall Velox, a very smooth saloon car. His driver, Peter **Reynolds** [KR3963], was a lanky youngster who had worked on his farm and drove his Bedford truck as an escort. He was regularly dispatched to buy more beer in town. Ray carried a fancy leather brief case which I saw open one day - it was velvet lined, with indentations for carrying a bottle of Gordons Gin, bitters, olives and crystal glasses.

Peter **Reynolds** was the only man in the Army to tell the Commanding Officer, Lt Col Sir Guy **Campbell**, to f--- off; which he did! He had arrived at the camp unexpectedly at night, and dosed down in one of the tents. Peter had returned late from **Filos**, and found his bed missing, and was making a lot of noise searching for it, which woke the Colonel who confronted him. Peter was in no mood to be told to go to bed by some prissy little squirt dressed in striped pyjamas and told him so, but when the guard appeared and shone his torch, Peter got the message and shot off, to sleep in his Bedford truck! Fortunately the Colonel took it well and Peter was not charged with conduct prejudicial to military discipline and good order!

Each post was equipped with a simple radio transceiver powered by a twelve volt battery. There

was a morning and evening roll call to HQ, to alert everyone in case of ambushes, attacks or incidents. HQ Signals kept their station open 24 hours. One wag became a disc jockey by holding the mike against his wind-up gramophone and cracked atrocious jokes in falsetto, pseudo African English, driving HQ into screams of fury and threats of arrest. The rest of the network was convulsed in laughter. No one knew who the culprit was, as he kept his mouth shut, and was never caught.

Dave **Allen** [KR3974] burned his hut to the ground one night when refuelling his Landrover which was parked beside his hut. The vehicle had to be close so that the leads from the battery terminals could be connected to the radio transmitter inside the hut. Unfortunately, Dave not being able to see what he was doing, and consequently unaware that he had spilt a fair amount of fuel, called for a Dietz lamp!

**Clutsom** [KR3839] and **Duffey** [KR3842] were the jokers; a Laurel and Hardy act. **Clutsom** was small, although witty and tough, with a bent nose that signalled caution was advisable when pulling his leg. **Duffey** was big but got flattened in a fight one night against another Kenya opponent's partner, and said to him, "Oh well, I suppose I better take you on now". It was a dreadful decision. **Stooge Stocker** [KR3794] hammered **Clutsom** across the floor. They all repaired to the bar for another drink, big pals; remarking what a good evening they'd had!

Everyone had a story to tell and some of them became legend. There was no formal list of the Ray Force members and the unit gradually handed over their duties and stations to the newly qualified policemen and returned to "the Regiment", or joined the Kenya Administration as District Officers. Others were released to return to their farms, jobs, or go to college.

After Independence, eight years later, many left Kenya. Ray **Mayers** returned to his farm, but it was not a financial success and he joined another group, farming at Donyo Sabuk. Eventually he formed a partnership with the Teita tribe on 90 000 acres of arid rangeland near Voi, running 5 000 head of cattle, helped by his grandson. He ran an open house, made of poles and hessian cloth painted with a cement wash, and a thatched coconut frond roof on the side of Rukinga Hill. He proudly announced that the walls were sewn in one day by his wife Helen. Here he looked over the Tsavo National Park from his verandah, watching the magnificent panorama of wildlife, as he entertained his numerous guests with gin and tonics and beers, summoning his Somali staff with a long string attached to a wooden camel bell in the kitchen. He died there in January 1993 in his 85th year.

Of the 100 original Ray Force members, some seven still live in Kenya, but they don't meet very often to reminisce about those days. [August 1995]

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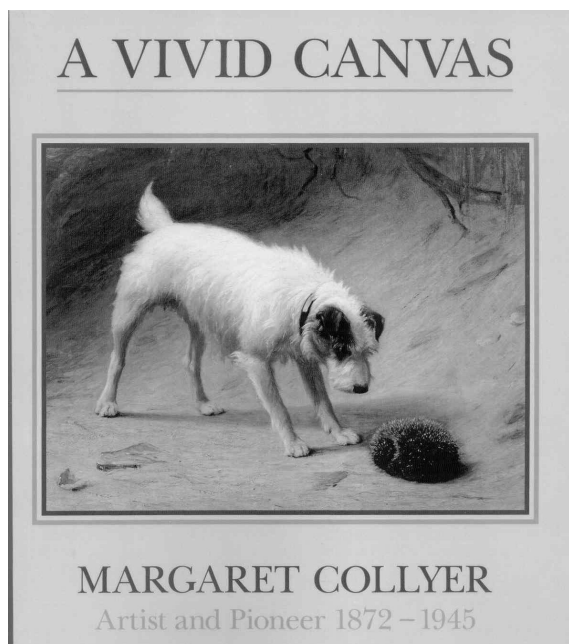
### SMILE A WHILE

At the Doctors Rooms, a gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office, complaining that her body hurt wherever she touched it.

'Impossible!' says the doctor. 'Show me.' The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, then, she pushed her elbow and screamed even louder. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed. Everywhere she touched made her scream.

The doctor said, 'You're not really a redhead, are you? 'Well, no' she said, 'I'm actually a blonde.'

'I thought so,' the doctor said. 'Your finger is broken.'

BOOK REVIEWSA VIVID CANVAS by Margaret Collyer

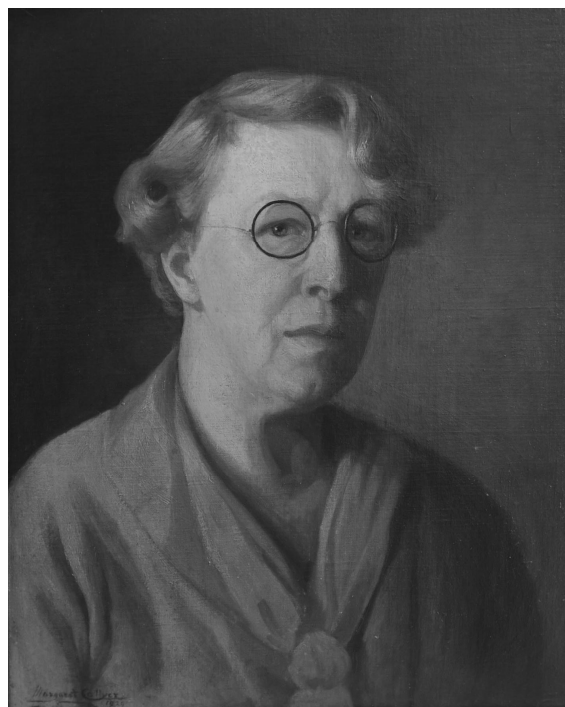
Margaret Collyer's "descriptions of surviving amid a menagerie of wilful animals" and of the execution of some of her commissions are hilarious. A beautifully illustrated memoir....*Country Life Magazine* - 2009.

Anecdotes and incidents abound in these entertaining extracts from the colourful life of an artist and pioneer. Collyer mixes an unflinching Victorian attitude with charming eccentricity...*Scottish Field* - 2009.

"This new book provides not only an insight into Margaret Collyer's character, but also the breadth of her work as a painter of dogs, horses and people in her day; and the life of a student artist in the early part of the Twentieth Century. A marvellous read."...*British Sporting Arts Trust*- 2009

Although she had little of her own money during her early years in late Victorian/Edwardian London, she had relatives and friends who did and they lived the social life to the full. Margaret was introduced to many of the artistic set, Lord Leighton, Oscar Wilde, Briton Riviere, Ellen Terry, Bram Stoker and she moved freely among them and a host of others...*Dog World* - 2009

"I couldn't put it down."... David Routledge - Fine Art



Margaret Collyer's beautifully written autobiography describes her life as an artist in pre-First World War Britain and a pioneer farmer in Kenya from 1915.

This determined woman graduated from the Royal Academy Schools in 1898 and her description of life as an art student in the 1890s is an illuminating one. She mixed with the great artists of her day, amongst them Singer Sargent, Walter Oules and David Murray, and earned her living painting on commission. She frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy as she built up a considerable reputation as an accomplished painter, mainly of dogs and horses. She moved socially in the salons of artistic London and collected a small zoo of animals at her studio, amongst them an Australian piping crow which she taught to sing "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and her toad, Mr. Jorrocks. Her descriptions of pursuing dog thieves into the city's seedier streets, or leading an unbroken Arab mare through the streets of London, or even persuading a highland ewe to climb her stairs to pose for her, are unforgettable. Her accounts of the eccentric houses she stayed in while painting dogs and horses are a delight. She loved Scotland and describes a world on Skye and at Loch Ahline that is now long gone.

In 1915, Margaret visited her sister, Olive, a coffee farmer in East Africa, a visit which changed the course of her life. Captivated by the country, she bought land near the Aberdare Mountains and never returned to England. A fearless horsewoman and armed with "saw, wedges, and a hammer" she set to and built a house needing all of her resourceful nature to make a life for herself on isolated and untamed land. She experienced fire, earthquake and flood while this gently born artist from the Home Counties of England learnt to be a farmer with the support of her loyal farm workers. She kept bonfires going all night to keep the lion off her small herd of cattle, and kept her cool when armed Abyssinians came out of the night demanding food. This was a life for the courageous and resourceful, and Margaret Collyer was both, but there is also a touching vulnerability which becomes apparent in her story.

Margaret Collyer died in Mombasa in 1945 leaving a remarkable number of paintings and drawings now scattered worldwide. This is the first time that a large proportion of her work has been collected into a book.

The book has been edited by Margaret Collyer's great nieces, Veronica Bellers and Susan Duke.

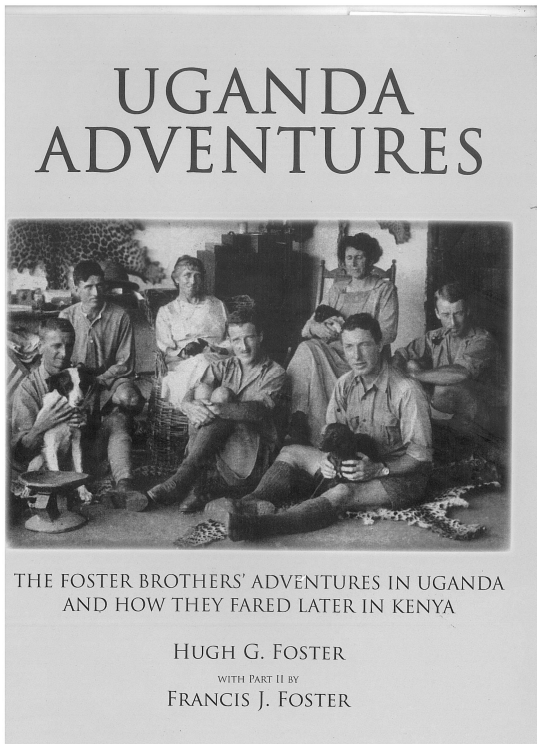


**Margaret Collyer on her farm in Kenya – circa. 1925**

Publisher: LIBRARIO – [www.librario.com](http://www.librario.com). ISBN 978-1-906775-07-0. Cost in UK £25.00

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UGANDA ADVENTURES BY HUGH AND FRANCIS FOSTER



In 'Uganda Adventures', Hugh Foster's extra-ordinary life in Africa during the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, are told with sincerity, humour and a delightful sense of realism.

It was in 1913 that Hugh's grandmother gave him a .375 rifle, 300 rounds of ammunition and his fare to sail from Britain, to join three of his brothers in East Africa. Hugh was only nineteen years of age.

His book relates tales of endurance and courage, as the young brothers adapt to the rugged realities of pioneer life in farming and hunting, predominantly in Uganda but later in Kenya

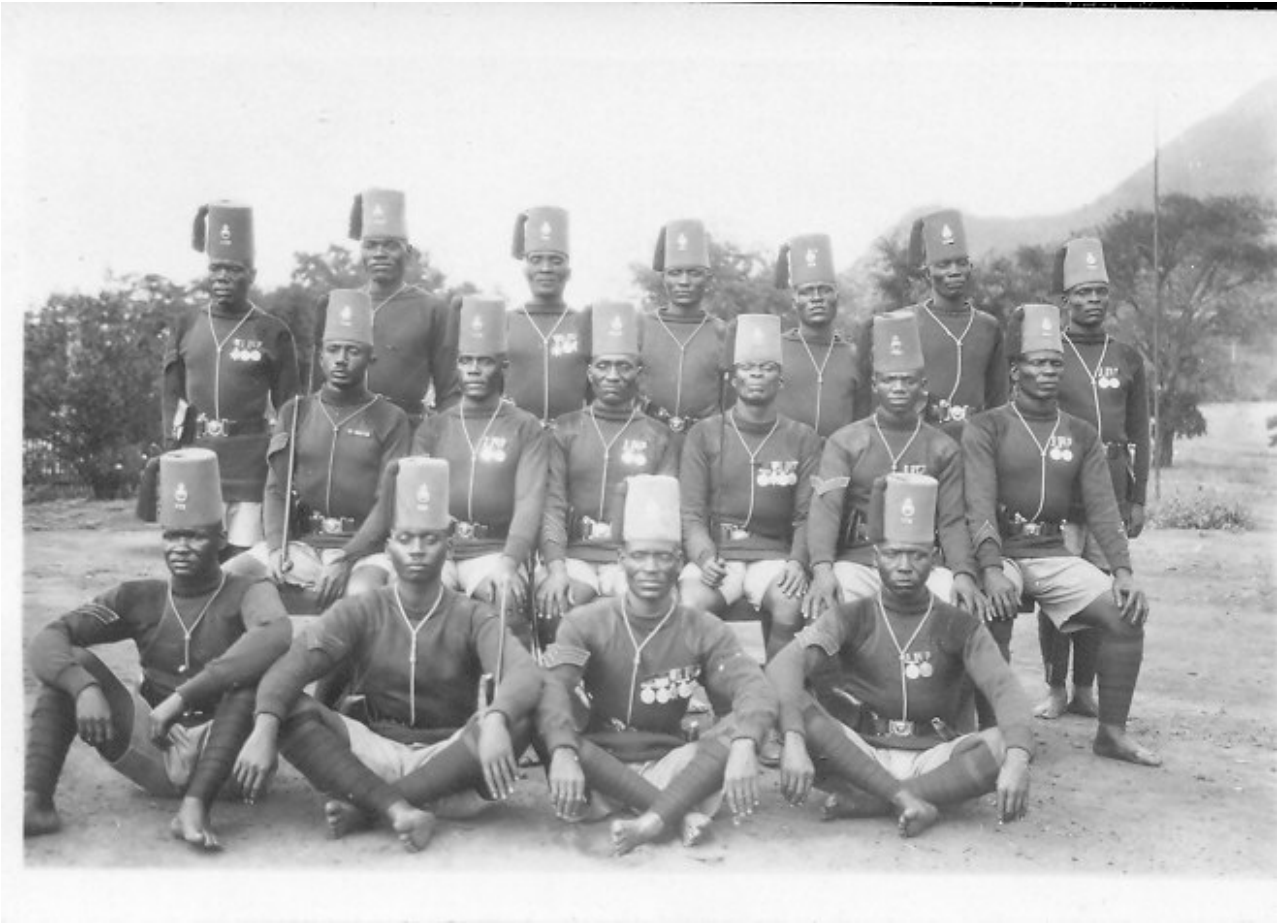
Enterprising adventures, the Fosters tackled new challenges with resourcefulness and a great sense of humour; hunting buffalo in their pyjamas; trying to trade bicycles for African sheep and goats... With its wonderful photographs, this book paints an authentic and memorable picture of a special part of history.

South African members may place orders through Carol MacDougall (née Odendaal) at the White Cottage Bookshop, Shop 11, Howick Falls Hotel, Howick, 3290. Tel; 033-330 8120. Approx cost R300 plus P&P.

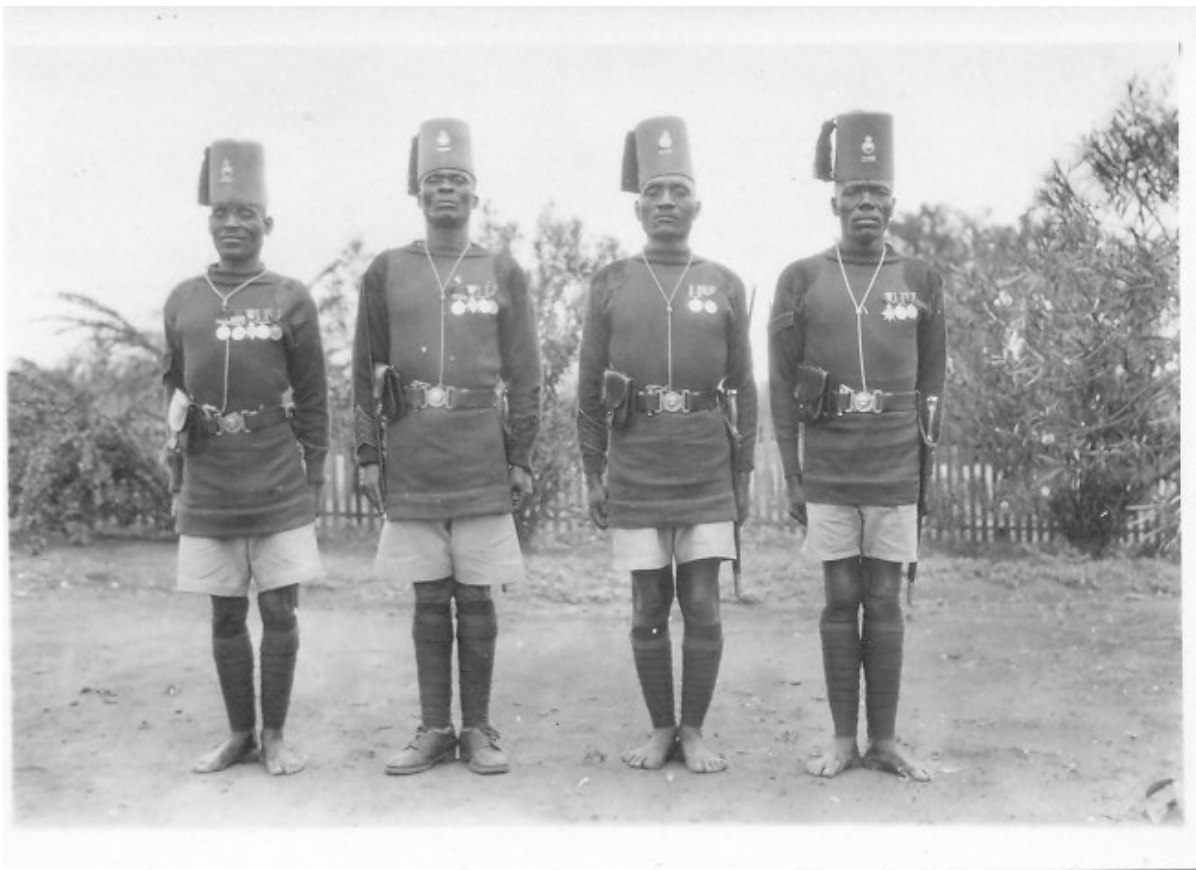
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PHOTOS FROM THE PAST





BEMEDALLED TRIBAL POLICE







### OLD CAMBRIANS XV

Insets: L. DEWER, W.I.T DEWAR (Trainer), J. SHAW, V. MAURICE

Back Row: B. PURVES, D. ELIOT, H. ULYATE, D. DESTRO

3<sup>rd</sup> Row: E. SANDS, P. HOLNESS, P. SMITH, R. FLEISS, P. DAVIS, C. CAMPBELL-GILLIES, H. O'HARA

2<sup>nd</sup> Row: Q. BESSLER, P. WEST, D. MACGREGOR (Capt), F. PICKWELL (V/Capt), G. LUCKHURTS

Front Row: J. BARRAH, C. CONNELL, W. PLENDERLEITH, N. BULLEY, G. EDWARDS

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Parks Board Official finds man fishing off a Durban beach with ten shad in his basket.

“That’s over the limit,” he says. “You’re under arrest.”

“But Officer, please.” The man says, “These are my pet fish from home which I bring down once a week to let them swim free. When I whistle, they all come back and get into the bucket to go home.”

“I don’t believe you.” says the Warden

“OK, I will show you.”

The fisherman promptly dumps the shad into the sea and gazes after them as they swim away.

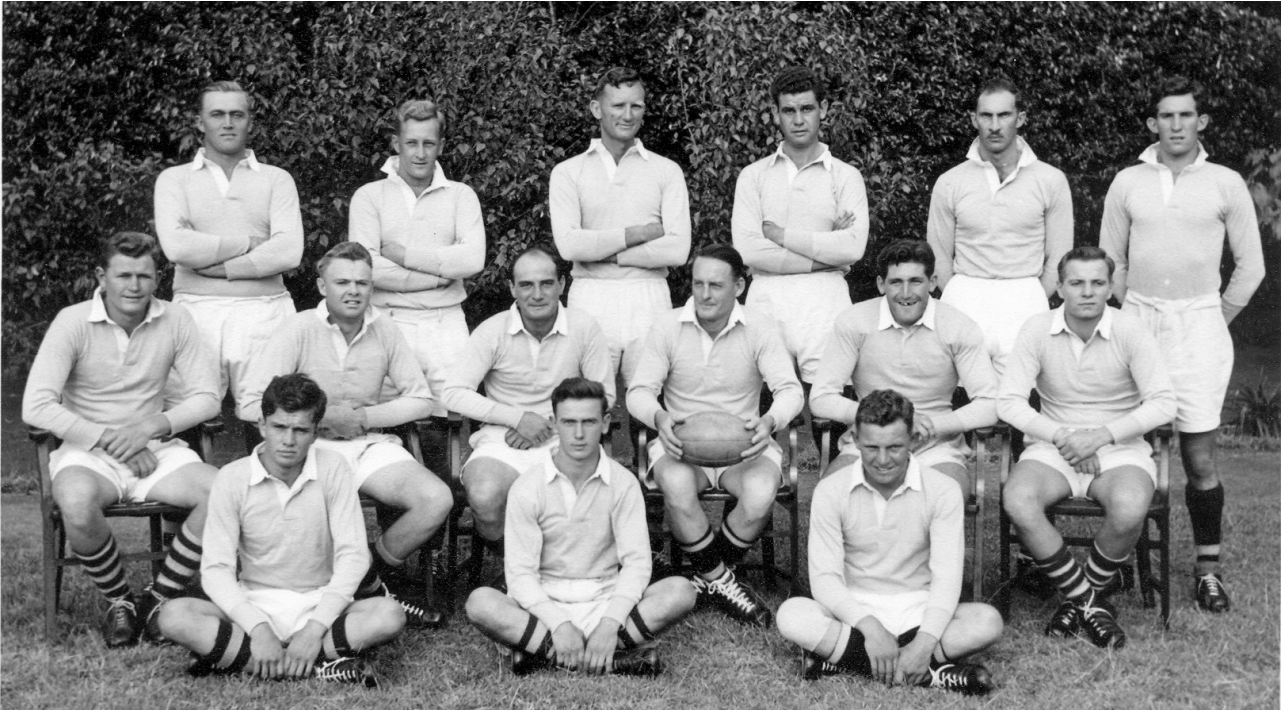
After a few minutes the Warden says “OK, so how long?”

“How long what?” asks the man

“How long before you whistle for the fish to return?”

“What fish?”

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Enterprise Cup 1955: Eldoret XV – losing finalists

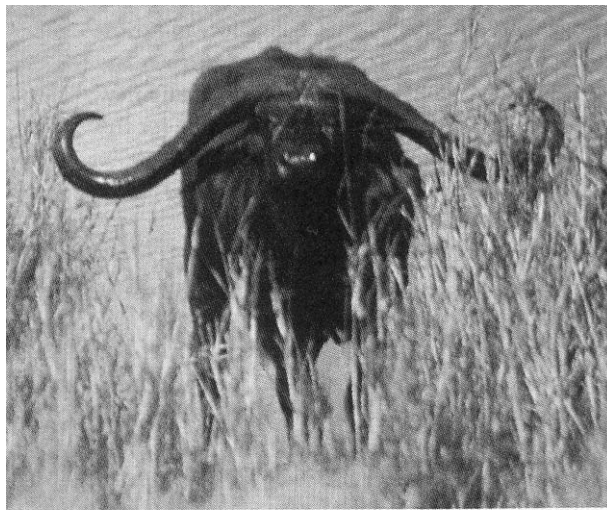
Back row L/R: ?? Engelbrecht; Johnnie Shultz; Sonnie Goulie; Non Kruger; ? du Toit; Ted Darrell  
 Middle row: Hendrick Kruger; Pirie Vorster; Skattie Mentjies; Gordon Gobie; Tom Thorpe, Bobby Mentjies  
 Front row: Bruce Rookan-Smith; Kosie Kleyhans, Don Rookan-Smith



POW Polo Team: 1947 [Ed: *if anyone knows the names of the above players please contact me*]



Above - photo of Keith Elliot and the Sinbad today



Taken in 1999, photo of two bulls from the article Manyara Monsters by John Beddoes, which first appeared in manMAGNUM, March 2002.



Mount Kenya, [From an album of the late Andy Rayner [KR4231]]



Mount Kilimanjaro – 1940 [From an album of the late Hector Bastard [KR223]]