



Elizabeth II



This scroll commemorates

*Sergeant J H Baillon
Kenya Regiment*

who gave his life for Queen and Country

on the 14th day of April 1953

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This scroll commemorates

*Private M C Cantounias
Kenya Regiment*

who gave his life for Queen and Country

on the 13th day of April 1953



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2011/2012**AUSTRALIA**

Brisbane: Curry lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Sun 14th Aug
 Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Raj Palace, Main Beach Sun 27th Nov (TBC)
 2012 Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra Sun 25th Mar
 Contact: Giles Shaw <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>
 EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney Sun 23rd Oct
 Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester Wed 6th Jul
 AGM and Lunch: e Ri es London Club, Davies St Fri 16th Nov
 Contact: John Davis. 01628 486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch at Nairobi Clubhouse Nov (TBC)
 Contact: Dennis Leete <leete@wananchi.com>

NEW ZEALAND

2011 - Rugby World Cup – Annual lunch - Soljans Winery, Auckland 26th Oct
 2012 - Global Reunion - Rotorua, New Zealand 18/25 Feb
 Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz> or
 Arthur Scho eld <crisnrthr@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 12h30 for 13h00 7th Jul
 Contact: Jock Boyd. Tel: 021-794 6823 <mcluckie@kingsleymail.co.za>
 Johannesburg: Lunch at Rivonia Recreation Club 23rd Oct
 Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
 KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday carveries: Venue: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar: 12/6; 11/9; 11/12
 Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033 330 7614 <smith@nitroso .co.za> or
 Jenny/Bruce Rookan Smith. Tel: 033 330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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

[Ed: My thanks to proof reader Ayli e Hall, and John Gardiner for preparing the layout. Unfortunately, I was running out of time and unable to use expert input from John Allen and Spike Bulley, so, any errors of fact may be attributed to me!]

Front cover: Copies of two of the rst four Scrolls, and Elizabeth Cross awarded to NOK.

Back cover: Mount Kenya from Segar & Ethel Bastard's Nanyuki farm – homestead in the foreground.

e views expressed in mini-SITREP XXXVIII are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily re ect the opinions of the Editor, nor those of the Association

LOOKING BACK

Excerpt from “yesterday is but a dream - a life well lived in Kenya”

[Brian **Wakeford** 7072]

KENYA REGIMENT

“I want to believe that, when I leave this earth, I will find in the hereafter a Branch of our Regimental Association who will welcome me into their midst and that, from the open verandah, I will have a view of the old Rift Valley road overlooking Lake Naivasha and, in the distant haze, the hills beyond Nakuru. We shall all be young again and laughter will fill the air.” The Charging Bull by Colonel Sir Guy **Campbell**, Bt, OBE, M.C. (1910 - 1993)

On 15th November 1957, at the Prince of Wales School, when I was sixteen, all the boys in my age group were rounded up and herded into the Scott House common room. There, an elderly woman, called Mrs. **McKean**, had been sent by the Kenya Government to register our details and take our thumbprints. It wasn't exactly clear why, but life at school was generally made easier by not asking questions. She fussed us into an untidy queue with those whose names were at the beginning of the alphabet at the front. As usual, **Wakeford**, **Yolland** and **Zola** were at the end of the line and had a long wait to be registered, missing our tea.

At school, our lives were regulated solely through our surnames. First names were considered effete, although, for some curious reason, they were used if a boy was in serious trouble and about to be caned! Going home for the holidays, it came as rather a shock to be reminded that you were actually known to your mother as Brian. (Unless your mother was as vague as mine, who often called me by the name of some other member of the family!) Talking to friends' parents usually resulted in irrepressible guffaws as it was revealed that boys you knew as **Smith**, **Jones** and **Brown** at school were actually Cecil, Cuthbert and Cedric to their devoted families!

Mrs. **McKean** was finally ready to write down my details in a spidery hand. She copied down my date of birth - 11 January 1941; my place of birth - Nairobi; my national status - British (rather to my surprise, as I thought I was Kenyan); but misspelt my third name - Macklin. My thumb made a clear print. She took the slip of paper and glued it into a blue, hardbound booklet. Inscribed on the cover was “Colony and Protectorate of Kenya - Identity Card”. Then it became clear what this was all about. I had been registered to be called up into the Kenya Regiment when I reached eighteen. My ID number was 118273/NBI.

The Kenya Regiment was the shortest-lived regiment in the British Empire. It dated from 1937 until it was disbanded in 1963. It was active during the Second World War when my father, Ray **Wakeford**, was in the first group of volunteers. Three of my uncles, Jim (Owen) [KR1386] and Norman **Wakeford** [KR1386] and Donald **Ker** [KR679], had also served in the Regiment during the War. It provided officers and NCOs mainly for the King's African Rifles. Then, during the Mau Mau Emergency from 1952 to 1959, it was operative again. Several members of the Kenya Regiment were killed in active service during the Emergency. It continued to train the sons of white settlers until Independence in 1963.

Time passed. I left school and went to work at the McMillan Memorial Library in Nairobi for almost a year. Then, with something of a shock, I received a letter dated 9th October 1959, headed “Colony and Protectorate of Kenya - Compulsory Military Training Ordinance, 1951”. This was my enlistment notice. It instructed me to arrange to have a medical examination and to report to the Kenya Regiment Training Centre by 09h00 on the 11th January 1960 - my birthday, for heaven's sake! It said I was to undergo full-time military training for six months. This would be followed by four years of regular

courses and camps as a member of the Territorial Force. The letter added that any person failing to comply with this would be convicted of a serious offence and imprisoned. In 1957, when I was given my ID number, the Mau Mau Emergency was still raging. Older brothers in the Regiment came back to visit the school, battle weary and full of gruesome tales. By 1960, however, the insurrection was all over and we knew that all we would have to fight against would be the discipline and restrictions of training camp sergeants. We were not going to become battle-hardened fighting men, just lads waiting to go on to employment in Kenya or university overseas.

A further letter dated 23rd October, informed me I had passed the medical and was fit to be called up.

The pay during training was to be six shillings a day. Recruits were to be given railway warrants, second class, from Mombasa, Nairobi and up-country stations. Luckily, in anticipation of this indignity, I had spent £160 on an old 1954 Vauxhall Velox, six-cylinder car. It was dark green with lots of chrome, and somewhat battered after a life on Kenya's rough, earth roads. However, it was strong and speedy. I had no intention of being stranded in some god-forsaken barracks for half a year without transport.

The Vauxhall had a bench seat in the front and a gear lever on the steering wheel. This meant it could seat three on the rear seat and two on the front in addition to the driver. On the fateful day, I packed a toothbrush, shaving gear, a *kikoi* to sleep in and one or two other essentials and set off to pick up two schoolmates, David **Burn** and Brian **Wilson** from Nairobi.

The road west from Nairobi led to the edge of the Great Rift Valley, then plunged down the escarpment to the flat valley floor where freshwater lakes gushed pink with flamingo and dormant volcanoes poked above. Passing through Naivasha, the road was long and straight. As we drew closer to Nakuru, our conversation became quieter while we considered the withdrawal of freedom and comfort that lay ahead. I turned north up the road to Ol Joro Orok and Thompson's Falls, passing Lanet Railway Station where other nervous recruits were being loaded into Bedford army lorries. Two miles further, at Lanet, we entered the gates of Sergeant **Leakey** Barracks. This soldier had won the Victoria Cross for bravery, posthumously, in 1941, during World War II. I felt I should be awarded a medal for just turning up. I thought I was the only one to be feeling decidedly apprehensive until Dave piped up, "B, man, I don't need this!" (I was known as "B" in those days.)

A few recruits had come in their cars with friends. Groups were disembarking from the Bedfords. Some were swaggering about, looking cocky and confident. Others, pasty faced and disorientated, looked as though they might be sick any minute. The teenage revolution was barely under way in 1960, although a few sophisticated types had heard of Elvis **Presley** and James **Dean** and tried to copy the look with jeans and brothel-creeper shoes. Mostly, we were dressed in our normal attire of cotton shirt with shorts or greyannel trousers. The trend was to have longish hair, plastered with Brylcreem and combed back at the sides to form a "duck's arse" at the back. Over the forehead, it was combed into



CSM Yeo

a quiff, which sometimes fell over the eyes and could be flicked back with a toss of the head. It was the style of the day, and we thought we looked dapper. Some of us had even perfected Elvis's curled lip. I had heard that we would all be given a haircut, so, to pre-empt this, I had gone to Nairobi and had a two-shilling haircut, in the hope of retaining some sort of trendy style.

As we milled about aimlessly, the immaculate, starched, fearful figure we were soon to know as Company Sergeant-Major **Yeo** emerged from the guardhouse screaming and ranting.

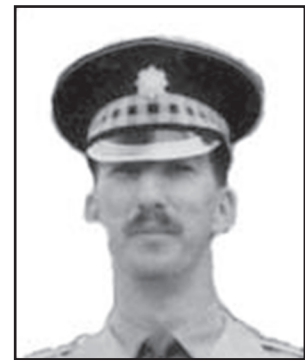
"Get bloody fell in over there, you're in the f***n' army now! We're goin' to get you bloody shambles into f***n' shape! Get f***n' movin'!" he yelled, his face becoming purple with the strain.

I decided I'd better "get fell in" alongside the rest of the "shambles". I didn't want to be got "into shape", but was resigned to the knowledge that this was how we were going to be addressed for the next six months. It was not considered necessary for any NCO in the army to have a vocabulary, and most didn't. What they did have was the ability to use unprintable adjectives in every sentence. Their commands were shrieked at a volume that could shatter glass, usually a few inches from the wretched soldier's face, splashing him all over with spit! Those of us who had been in the cadet force at school and had already passed our CCF Certificates Parts 1 and 2 were used to abusive drill sergeants, but no hell-creamer monster such as CSM **Yeo** had been encountered before. The unfortunate boys that had come from England or a school without cadets were completely demoralized and looked as though they were about to wet their pants in fear.

CSM **Yeo** had been seconded to the Kenya Regiment from the Coldstream Guards in London. His task was to turn arrogant, over-confident colonial boys into obedient, disciplined fighting men. He was supported by two drill sergeants from the Scots Guards, Sergeant **Jones** and Sergeant **Powell**, who were equally immaculate and equally abusive. We learnt to address them as "Sar'nt". Between them, they shepherded the rabble into a room where we all had to hold a Bible and swear the oath of allegiance to **Her Majesty the Queen**. We were given our Regiment numbers. Mine was 7072. (My father's had been 121 in 1938.) Brian **Wilson** was 7071 and Dave **Burn** was 7074. These numbers would govern our lives in the Regiment. Without them, no administrative function could be completed. Everyone was given two "dog-tags" with their number stamped on them. We had to hang them round our necks and they would not come off until that distant day of demob.



*Sergeant Jones (above)
and Sergeant Powell*



Major Andrew Athill

When we were confronted by the Commandant of the Kenya Regiment Training Centre, Major **Athill**, who gave us a quick pep talk.

Those of us who had driven up in our own cars were told to park them on a distant field, whereupon they took the keys from us and broke the news that we should not be allowed out of the training camp for three weeks. That was the worst news of the day. The next bad news was that we were all to be given haircuts. I ventured that I'd just had mine done, but only got shouted at some more.

We were put into three ragged ranks and marched with our assorted luggage to the Platoon barracks that were to be our accommodation. They comprised two long, brick buildings. Number One Platoon contained Squads 1 and 2. I was in Number Two Platoon, which contained Squads 3 and 4. By the entrance to each Platoon's billets was an arch, topped with a fully-horned Cape Buffalo skull. I was one of twenty-six lads in Three Squad with Dave **Burn**, Barry **Rowe** [KR7123], Chris **Collier-Wright** [KR7066], "Mitch" **Moon** [KR7081], Alistair **McKinlay** [KR7050] and others I had known at school. My cousin, Richard **Ker** [KR7133], was in another Squad as were Alistair **Chartres** [KR7091], Graham **Thompson** [7089], Peter **Sprosson** [KR7049], Alan **Jenkins** [KR7115], George **Innes** [KR7135], Robin **Dine** [KR7097], Derek **Colclough** [KR7090], Mark **Young** [KR7080], Mike **Destro**, [KR7101] James **Hewgill** [KR7108] and others that I knew. We discovered that Number Two Platoon had Sergeant **Jones** and Sergeant **Seward** (Royal Welch Regiment) in charge of us. We did not know at that moment how fervently we would come to hate them both!



Sergeant Seward

ere were several barrack rooms, each with about eight beds. e oors were cement (which we soon would be polishing constantly) and between the two squads were showers and ablutions with water for the evening heated by a wood re. e beds were narrow and made of iron with wire springs that must have been jumped on because they sagged in the middle. ere was a wooden locker where we put our few belongings. Dave, Barry and I bagged beds adjacent to each other.

We were not to be allowed a minute to rest or think, so o we were marched to the next indignity. All individuality and self-importance had to be removed from these raw recruits as quickly as possible. is was achieved by parading us at the medical orderlies' room where we had to

strip and stand nakedly while a doctor poked us in usually invisible places and told us to cough before declaring us t. is was followed by the dreaded haircut. Any protest that both these processes had been done previously in Nairobi fell upon deaf ears.

A visit to the Quartermaster's Store was next on the agenda. Colour Sergeant **Rimmer** [Ri e Brigade] was in charge of issuing us with all the clothes and kit we would use during the next six months. From the shelves our main working garment,



Colour Sergeant Rimmer

known as denims, was thrust forward. is was a jacket and a pair of voluminous trousers, made of a tough, scratchy, brown material. Unfortunately, the army knows only two sizes - small and large - and we had to accept what was chucked at us. ese sizes were based on one's height and bore no relation to the waist. I was six feet two inches, about h tallest in the squad. However, I had a thin waist, nothing like the vast size of the denims I was presented with. Protest was not advisable and they wouldn't change anything once it had been allocated, so I was stuck with them. When I put them on, there was no part of my skinny frame they could cling to and they slipped down to the oor. I had to bunch up each side of the waist and sew it all together to make it t. For the remainder of my time in the Regiment, I undertook my tasks, looking as though I had some serious deformity growing out of each hip!

Next, we were given some green/brown shirts, made of a woollen material that was going to be hell to iron smoothly. Green cotton trousers went with these and were to be used for drill and other clean activities. Mine tted well and were comfortable to wear. We had a green/brown jersey, a camou age jacket, socks and regimental stockings with the red, green and brown bands at the top. Next, two pairs of boots were issued. ese were made of black leather with metal studs on the soles. e leather was rough with all kinds of bumps and wrinkles. We were soon to learn that these had to be smoothed out before the boots could be polished. PT shorts and a red PT shirt followed, with a pair of black *takkies* for our feet.

It was a legend that the brown, red and green colours of parts of our uniform meant " rough mud and blood to the green elds beyond", but I have heard alternative explanations.

e army has a curious way of describing items. "Shorts, cotton, blue, PT for the use of" was one description. "Boots, leather, black, studded" was another. e nal item of clothing on the list we were given read, "Underpants, green, cellular, men for the use of". ese turned out to be voluminous knee-length garments with open fronts that le everything exposed and caused much merriment when handed out.

Some Indian *fundis* had been brought in from Nakuru to measure us for our Number One Uniform.

is was a cotton shirt, tie, khaki drill jacket with pockets and long sleeves, and khaki drill shorts and longs. The tailors wrote our measurements on scraps of paper, went away and, not many days later, presented us with a uniform that would look very smart and well-tended when starched and ironed. Brass shoulder flashes and large brass buttons with the buckle on them were issued to be polished and put on the jacket.

Next to be issued were green puttees. These were long strips of material that had to be wound round the ankles, covering the tops of our boots. I could never get mine on straight and was always being sworn at for this. We had a belt, haversack and rifle strap, all made of webbing. These, we remembered from school CCF, would have to be cleaned daily with Blanco. You had to make a watery paste of this khaki substance and smear it over the webbing. Too much would result in a hardened, chalky covering. Too little would look patchy. Either way, you knew you would get a drubbing. Webbing had small, brass buckles attached. These had to be polished with Brasso. When this foul-smelling liquid fell on the webbing, it made an indelible stain that took all night to remove. Although we had to have these cleaning materials, as well as boot polish, we were required to acquire them at our own expense from the canteen.

Finally, we were given our headgear. The khaki hat with a floppy brim was so soft and comfortable and to be used for general activity outdoors. The green, felt beret was for smarter use. Round its base, it had a leather drawstring. If tied too tight, you got a headache; if too loose, the beret would easily be dislodged. To be in uniform without headgear, except indoors, we were told was a terrible crime. Our splendid Number One hats with polished chin strap, brim fastened up on the left, hat band and black ostrich feather plume with brass regimental badge were to be delivered later.

With our berets on our heads and our new uniform tucked under our arms, we were marched back to the barracks. The berets, naturally, didn't sit and sat on our heads like green cabbages. They had to be dampened, squashed into shape, and made to sit just one inch above the eyebrow. A piece of red felt had to be cut precisely to shape to sit under the brass buckle badge that would be pinned exactly above the left eye. Sorting out the new uniforms took most of our first evening. Even Sar'nts **Jones** and **Seward** had to assist these helpless and, by now confused, recruits.

On the list of equipment was something we were told every soldier should have. It was a housewife, pronounced "hussif", which sounded promising. It turned out to be a small pack containing a needle and some khaki sewing thread. I used most of the thread to sew up my oversized denims.

We were then issued with blankets, towels, a pillow and a mattress. Other items were an aluminium water bottle, mess tins, knife, fork and spoon and a tin mug. These all had to be polished daily with Brasso, which made all food and drink taste foul when we used them on field exercises.

It was a day or two before the final item was issued - the Lee Enfield .303 rifle. This design had been in use since the 1914-1918 War and was still the Army's main weapon in 1960. Sar'nt **Jones** told us that to lose it was a crime punishable by court martial and imprisonment. Months later, one of the chaps dropped his rifle into a deep pool at Rumuruti where we had been swimming when at camp. It was impossible to recover it. I don't think he was court martialled, so perhaps this was all bluff. Anyhow, when we were out on exercises, we had to sleep with our rifles inside our sleeping bags. This was rather uncomfortable every time one turned over in the night. "Your rifle is your friend and your wife", Sar'nt **Seward** told us. Known to us as "Seeweed", he didn't swear so much, but was renowned for his shrill call, "Untwist yerrrr knickerrrs!"

We had to spend much time polishing and oiling our rifles. This was done with something called a "pull-through", but they were never clean enough to pass inspection, which meant a lot more shouting and swearing. When returning from weapons exercises, there was a strict drill to unload rifles and ensure no one had left a round up the barrel. Once, as we disembarked from one of the Bedfords, there

was a loud shot. Someone from Platoon One had not done the drill properly. The bullet went through the back of the vehicle, entered the cab and wounded a sergeant in the foot. There was an almighty fuss and panic. The wretched soldier immediately was arrested and locked in the guardhouse cells. He was court martialled, but later returned to his squad to complete his training.

The .303 was good to fire at the rifle range. Mine turned out to be quite accurate, although some of them seemed better at shooting round corners! There was a sighting device at the end of the barrel and another just above the safety catch. These had to be twirled and doddled with to hit the mark on the target. I became quite proficient with my rifle. The magazine had to be properly loaded with six rounds, otherwise it would jam, resulting in the usual shouting and abuse. One of the ways they found to waste our time was to take us on to the parade ground with our rifles. We would be made to do "pokey drill". This involved holding the weapon round, under control, with one hand. Dropping it resulted in a ranting, spitting sergeant an inch from one's face. The purpose of "pokey drill", like most activities in the army, was unclear.

Those of us who had been at boarding school found the food at Lanet Barracks nourishing and plentiful. The cook-house sergeant, "Cookie", was in charge. Even when meals had to be brought out in containers to the field when we were on exercise they were quite palatable. In the Mess, we sat on benches at long tables, rather like at school. An officer would come round during the meal and enquire if there were any complaints. There were never any, so I'm not sure why he bothered. We were told that, if any recruit dared to complain, he would be put on jankers for a very long time. Jankers meant that the small amount of free time a soldier had would be spent doing useless tasks like moving stones from one end of the compound, then taking them back, or cutting grass with nail scissors, or running round the drill square endlessly in full kit.

Our first full day as soldiers began early. We were bundled out of our beds and told to wear shorts and *takkies*. This was for our daily mile run to the perimeter and back. Then we had to shave, shine and shower in time for breakfast. After that, the whole barrack had to be scrubbed, dusted, swept and polished. All metal items like switches, taps and doorknobs had to be burnished with Brasso. The cement floor had to be waxed. Everything was competitive and we quickly discovered that any other squad being better than Squad Three would produce an outburst of venom and fury from Sar'nt **Jones** and we would suffer awful jankers.

The most capable recruits were soon singled out and promoted to Junior Sergeants. Ours was a gigantic, muscular Afrikaaner, called Jan **van der Westhuizen** [KR7040]. We called him "Van" and gave him much respect. Van decided we needed sheepskins to polish our floor. He did not have a vehicle, so I managed to get my car keys back and we got a leave pass to drive to his parents' farm to get some. This meant an afternoon excused from training, much to everyone else's envy, and we made the most of it, doing some shopping and having a wonderful lunch cooked by his *moeder*.



Captain Wetherall

The sheepskins were trimmed and strapped to our feet so that we could slide up and down, polishing the cement floor. It was to no avail. When Captain **Wetherall** [2nd East Anglian Regiment] our Platoon Commander, came for inspection next day, he declared it was not good enough. "This Squad is IDLE, Sar'n-Majaargh!" he declared.

We were devastated after all our labour, but it was just their way of breaking our spirits. To be accused of idleness was the worst thing that could happen to a soldier. You could be idle on parade by failing to concentrate for a moment, or idle in the washroom by failing to notice a smudge on your chin. It was possible to be declared idle anywhere, perhaps even when sleeping.

Officers had a rather languid way of speaking as though dealing with these raw recruits was below their dignity.

“Cawwy orn, Sar-Majaagh”, said the Captain, giving a limp salute. “Sah!” bellowed Sergeant-Major **Yeo**, coming to attention with a stamp that made the room and us tremble.

Being declared idle resulted in another session of shouting and swearing while the exhausted soldiers stood to attention, taking it on the chin.

“You’re f****n’ idle! What are you?”

“We’re f****n’ idle, Sar’n-Major!”

“I can’t hear you! What are you?”

“WE’RE F****N’ IDLE, SAR’N-MAJOR!”

His total admission of guilt would usually satisfy the Sergeant-Major, and he would turn his attention to Four Squad next door, leaving his victims depressed and miserable.

Our first drill parade with Sergeant Fred **Jones** was a farce. Some of the squad knew the movements, while others hadn’t a clue. They couldn’t work out left from right and waddled like ducks because both right arm and leg went forward together. After a while, we learnt to decipher Sar’nt **Jones’s** shrieked commands. We found that “Hay, hi”, meant “Left, right”, “Claaw soda mye” meant “Close order march”, “Sleeow pums” meant “Slope arms” and “Ay hout hun” meant “About turn”.

After we had left the Regiment, Chris **Collier-Wright** reminded me in a letter of one of Sar’nt **Jones’s** typical refrains, “You’d better be in bloody good nick or I’ll ‘ave you on Comp’ny Orders at ten ‘undred hours in drill order!” That meant being marched in double quick time into the presence of the Commandant. It was through threats like this, that our fearsome sergeant had us alert and drilling in close order, perfectly in step, within a few days. Van was the tallest in the squad and was left marker. I was put in the position of left marker in the rear rank. With Jim **Lockhart-Mure** [KR7106] between us, we had to maintain the pace and keep the formation. The PT Sergeant came and took photos on this first day. They showed that Three Squad’s drill was severely lacking in essence.

Our days began to form a routine. Summoned from our beds by Van’s call, “Gerrup, gerrup, gerrup!” we did our mile run, shaved and shined, and were inspected in minute detail. Beds had to be laid out to a certain formula. Bedding had to be folded into a perfect square within a given measurement. The bottom blanket had to be smooth with a ridge along its edge. This was difficult because of the sagging bedsprings, but could best be achieved by inserting strips of cardboard. Perfectly polished boots were laid on top, with eating implements and polishing kit all lined up. We scrubbed, dusted and polished anything that stood still. Once the bed had been arranged to perfection it seemed too much to wreck it all by lying on it, so some people kept it in inspection order and slept beneath it on the cement floor. When found out, we were told we were cheating the system and had to sleep in our beds again.

Inspection was usually followed by an hour on the drill square. Then there might be a lecture or a training film. This might be followed by a PT session, bayonet practice, target shooting, or sport. Bayonet practice involved running full tilt at stuffed sacks representing the enemy, shouting obscenities and thrusting the blade into where his guts would be. Anyone who showed amusement at this, instead of bloodthirsty enthusiasm, received the accustomed shouting and ranting. Sport involved all the heroes training for rugby, soccer or hockey teams to represent the Regiment, while incompetent weeds, like me, were shunted between other activities. A boxing ring was erected for a tournament and the whole company was paired up for three two-minute rounds to hammer each other bloodily.

Evenings were spent polishing those ruddy boots. One of mine was taking shape, but the other must have come from a cow with a skin disease because it was covered in blisters and bumps. These had to

be covered thickly with black polish, then rubbed smooth with a heated metal implement. A spoon would do the trick, but you would still have to use it for eating afterwards. We sat beside the embers of the fire that had been lit for our showers. It was quite a convivial time. Dave helped me with my boots, but they were never as good as some people's. One poor chap heated his boot so enthusiastically that the leather burned away, leaving a hole, and he had to go and pay for a new pair. It was very satisfying when the boots were finished and shining like mirrors. Unfortunately, you knew that the following day you would probably be told to put them on and be marched first through a swamp, then along the dustiest road in the area. Then the polishing would have to start all over again.

It was usually dark by the time all the kit had been cleaned and polished. That left little time to visit the canteen before lights out. It was operated by an Indian who screwed every last cent from us, but it was worth it for those ice-cold Tusker Beers that were mother's milk to us. Every time you gave an order, the Indian would greedily reply, "And vat else, vat else?" I believe earlier intakes had debagged him and thrown him out on several occasions, but our lot were more tolerant.

The canteen was regularly trashed, however. Saturday nights were pretty wild down there, as there was nowhere else to go while we were still confined to barracks. I liked my beer, but I restricted myself to a couple of bottles and so did my friends. I remember songs like, "Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness ..." with words too lengthy to record here. By throwing-out time, a few of the chaps were completely blotto. Unfortunately, to get back to our barracks, it was necessary to cross a dark field through which some trenches had been dug. Into the trenches they fell and had to be carried back. If they were half-drunk they could be shoved into a cold shower to sober up. Fully drunk meant dragging them into bed and hoping they were still breathing in the morning.

The end of our first few weeks in the Kenya Regiment found all of us fitter, leaner, more alert and more tanned than when we arrived. The 3rd Squadron was ordered to plan a demonstration for the rest of the Company. It was to show how a night patrol would attack an enemy guard post and capture a soldier for questioning. The lads blackened their faces and armed themselves with rifles, sub-machine guns and *rungus* to subdue the prisoner. The "enemy" consisted of David **Burn** with a rifle, Alistair **McKinlay** with a light machine gun, myself with a mortar gun to throw smoke bombs, and Barry **Rowe** to load it. The patrol approached us cheering enthusiastically (blanks, of course). They managed to capture Dave and dragged him off for "interrogation". That was the end of the demonstration, but we received praise from the Commandant for our efforts.

My turn for night-time guard duties regularly came round. This was not a popular assignment because a full day's activities were followed by guard duty, then another full day to follow. That involved a long period without sleep. Each guard was given an army greatcoat and six live rounds. We had to patrol round the perimeter, reporting to the guardhouse at intervals. Anyone seen had to be challenged. "Halt who goes there?" we would call, nervously. The given reply was either "Friend" or "Foe". I was never convinced that an enemy would actually give himself away by shouting, "Foe", and I never learned whether I should shoot him if he did. Anyhow, all we ever challenged were officers and NCOs returning with their wives from the bright lights of Nakuru. If any soldier was in the cells, we were supposed to guard him. As he was probably a mate, we let him out for a while and chatted.

After about a month of basic training, we were allowed to apply for weekend leave passes. That meant the promise of late Saturday nights in Nairobi, unless we had fallen foul of one of the Sar'nts and been given CB (Confined to Barracks). Those who, like me, had a car, namely Al **McKinlay** (Austin A70 Hereford), Mike **Ornton** [KR7086] (Humber Hawk) and Bryan **Tattersall** [KR7147] (Vauxhall Velox like mine) would cram their cars with those willing to pay five shillings each and off we would go to the city. Before we left, just to make life difficult, the Sar'nts required us to attend blanket-shaking parade. This useless activity involved stripping one's bed, taking it all on to the drill square with a mate, and shaking every carefully folded blanket and sheet. This delayed things rather as

it all had to be re-folded and shaped back into a perfect square again.

We drove like happy hooligans to get to Nairobi as quickly as possible. A good meal at home, a blind date at the pubs, drinks at some nightclub, like the Flamingo Bar, and a midnight roar round the city was the usual routine. On Sunday we would congregate at the “Garden Tree Café”, Nairobi’s meeting place for teenagers, leave as late as possible, gather our passengers, then speed back to Nakuru, touching eighty miles an hour, racing each other in our old bangers. Bryan **Tattersall** managed to roll his Vauxhall near Nakuru, but no one was hurt.

One day, for our PT session, the Green Squad was marched out to a twenty-foot high structure of tall gum-tree poles with vertical and horizontal ropes strung from them. Of course, the agile and muscular types climbed easily to the top, then swung down and along the ropes to land lightly on the ground.

Those of us not built for Tarzan-type athleticism climbed half way, slipped, burnt our hands and thighs with the friction, tumbled on the horizontal ropes like kippers hung up for drying, and were sworn at for our trouble. The stronger helped the weaker in friendly comradeship, but that seemed only to drive the sergeant more demented. He announced that this was to prepare us for the dreaded Battle Assault Course.

The day arrived. We were ordered to wear our denims, boots with puttees, and shirts. We were to fill our webbing packs and ammunition pouches with items up to a regulation weight, and also carry a full water bottle and rolled-up poncho-cape. We clambered into the Bedford lorries and were taken off to some unknown place. It was never possible to have the faintest idea of a destination because the canvas covers were tightly pulled over the back. It was possible to look out of the rear of the lorry, but all you saw was where you had been, not where you were going. When we disembarked, we found ourselves in an undulating, area of thorn-bush where small rivers ran at the bottom of steep canyons. As we stood in orderly ranks, we were told what a dangerous exercise this would be. Carrying all that weight, we would have to run down the slope, using ropes where it was steep and to get across the rivers, then run up the next slope in the same way and repeat the circular route. They had marked our path with lengths of white material. To stray from that would be fatal, because they were going to aim rifles at any point outside the path. They said they would be doing that with live rounds! We believed the sergeants and approached the exercise with some trepidation. Looking back through the years, I think they were probably bluffing, but no one wanted to test it!

Anyone who wore glasses had them strapped to the side of his face with black sticky tape. Then we were ordered to remove our jungle hats and stuff them in our packs, “Because if you bastards drop your f***in’ hats down there, I’ll bloody make you run down and get ‘em!”

So we prepared to hurl ourselves over the precipice into the oblivion caused by the smoke bombs that were exploding all around the “battle assault” site as gunfire burst out in all directions. The photographs show rather nervous expressions on our faces. The noise was horrendous as we ran blindly downwards, water bottles banging on our behinds, and heavy backpacks knocking us off balance. Then we swung on ropes across rivers and ran up the next slope, our boots slipping on the scree and dislodging small stones into the path of the man following.

It quickly became clear why each of us had been given a small length of rope. The final activity was a long *foe* slide right down to the bottom and the rope was to loop over the tightened cable. Having done that, you held tightly to both ends and were launched into empty space, high above the ground, with an enthusiastic thump between the shoulder blades if the sergeant suspected hesitation. Letting go of the rope meant a long drop on to the rocky ground below. Someone did that and was in hospital with a broken back. Holding on too long, on the other hand, meant colliding face first into the tree trunk where the cable was fastened. A few held on and had red faces for a while. I managed to let go in time to drop a few feet to the ground before hitting the tree.

Quite frequently we were sent on five mile PT runs in the equipment we had worn for the Battle Assault Course. Dave **Burn**, Barry **Rowe**, Pete **Friman** [KR7110] and I would often run in a four-some. However, the next lung-bursting activity the sergeants had lined up for us was a ten-mile run-and-shoot



Five-mile PT run

before breakfast at Lion Hill Range. In fact, led by Van, we ran and marched alternately between telegraph poles along the road. This time, we carried our trusty rifles and ammunition, which weighed us down even more. As soon as we arrived at the range, and before we could catch our breath, the four Squads were shooting competitively at the targets. Even Colonel **Vernon**, Commanding Officer of the Regiment, turned out with officers and NCOs (by vehicle, of course) to observe the exercise. Then they took us back in the Bedfords to Lanet for breakfast and further exhausting activities.



Standing: Extreme left, CO Kenya Regiment Lt Col Vernon, 3rd from right platoon officer Capt Wetherall

One of the less onerous activities was map reading and compass use. This was taught in a lecture room and I found it more agreeable than boot bulling, rope climbing, boxing, drilling and being sworn

at by Sar'nt **Jones**. Together with this, we learnt camouflage, bush craft, tracking and ways of avoiding the enemy, like the leopard and monkey crawls. To practice map reading and compass skills, we were put into the Bedfords at night with even the canvas rear covered and sealed so that we couldn't see out. Then they drove us to some unknown place, deposited us at intervals in small groups, gave us map references and said we had to find our way in the dark back to barracks.

The purpose of all this was to prepare the lads for a few days of fielding at Mugie. Once again, we were transported to some unrecognisable place out in the *bundu*. The first thing that had to be done on arrival was the digging of latrines. Over the trenches, some long poles were laid as rudimentary seats, creating communal lavatories not unlike those that the Roman legionaries used. While a mess tent was being erected and a field kitchen set up, we had to form pairs, cut long branches for a frame, and use our poncho capes to make a bivouac. I shared with Dave **Burn**, who was handy with knots, and we laid our sleeping bags on the earth inside the shelter. Wherever this place was, it was hot, thorny scrubland. We trained all day in various attacking or defensive formations, firing our rifles and a variety of other weapons, such as Light Machine Guns, sten guns, mortars and grenades. We were issued with live ammo, which made it all more entertaining. Surprisingly, no one was shot! We had, of course, spent much time weapon training back at the barracks. The LMG/Bren Gun was damned heavy to lug around, but fun with its rapid fire, until it jammed, then all hell broke loose. The soldier, never the weapon, was always to blame. We had to learn how to dismantle the bloody thing in double quick time and then put it all back together again. Then all the names of the constituent parts had to be memorised and repeated.

The time arrived when specialized training was to be given. With a few others, I was detailed to join the signals section. We were given lectures and demonstrations. It was necessary to learn Morse code and how to transmit and receive messages with curious, tap-tapping instruments. The ideal was twelve words per minute. Then, we were taught how to send and receive radio messages. We had to learn call signs and the signaller's alphabet (Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo, Foxtrot, etc.) We were issued with the radio sets that were later to be used on exercises in the field. This was before the invention of miniature, hand-held devices that work from tiny transistors. Ours were metal-boxed radios, heavy with wiring, radio valves, condensers and batteries made of lead. The radios had to be strapped to our backs, along with all our other equipment. Each had a long, swaying aerial that always became tangled in the nearest thorn bush, and was operated with a Bakelite microphone attached to a box, and a pair of headphones. We still had to carry our rifles and ammunition.

Once we had become proficient, the signals group was sent out on an exercise, called "Operation Skywave". We had a couple of Land Rovers equipped with large radio sets. As I had been driving a "Landie" down on the ranch at Athi River since I was a boy, I got to drive one of the vehicles. The cookhouse allocated us a supply of food to last three days, some cooking pans and a paraffin cooker. Our map references told us to set up our first position near Molo, high up on the Rift Valley. Our tasks were to erect a tall aerial, tune in, then transmit messages to headquarters at Lanet. A photograph shows the cooker being lighted dangerously near the petrol tank of one of the "Landies", but we survived. We slept in the open or in the vehicles.

Next, we had to move northwards, near Eldoret, on the Uasin-Gishu Plateau. Here, the radios stopped working and no transmissions could be made. We could, however, receive broadcasts from the Nairobi Radio Station, so we listened to some music. We decided to go on to a nearby farm. Here we were well received by the farmer and his wife who cooked us a filling meal and gave us some beers. When we returned to our position, we found an irate Sergeant Powell who had driven all the way from Lanet to find out why we weren't transmitting. We all got the usual drubbing. He fixed the radio and we continued the exercise.

"Operation Minnie" followed. This required the signals group to accompany the Kenya Regiment

Territorials on one of their regular camps. We were in the company of real soldiers, not incompetent recruits, and this was a serious exercise on the edge of the Eburru Forest, north of Lake Naivasha, on the Mau Escarpment. Colonel **Vernon** was masterminding the operation, and I was allocated to be the radio operator in his Land Rover. All the battle plans were centralised there and orders had to be relayed to other radio operators on the ground, using the codes we had been taught. It was my job to do this accurately.

Using the Commanding Officer's code name, I would call down the microphone, "Sunray, this is Sunray. Come in Whisky Oscar Foxtrot. Are you reading me? This is Sunray, over!" Then I had to relay map references and coded orders for troop movements. I think I must have been reasonably efficient, because the Colonel talked to me from time to time and passed his unwanted sandwiches to me in the back of the Land Rover.

In May, arrangements were being made for the most important event in our training course. This was a fourteen-day camp at Rumuruti, on the Laikipia Plains. It was a hot, arid area, north of Nanyuki and Mount Kenya. All available Bedfords were brought into use to transport troops, tents, food and equipment. We packed our kit bags and rucksacks. The journey took all day. On arrival, we had to erect tents (in perfect straight lines, of course) and construct ablutions. We were issued with sleeping bags and canvas camp beds.

During the two weeks at Rumuruti, the KRTC Commandant, Major **Athill** and the officers commanding the two platoons, directed us in various bush warfare exercises. There were vast tracks of empty land available for this, as we found ourselves many miles from farms or villages or any kind of civilization. We were divided into small patrols and sent to advance on supposed enemy bases. This had to be done in camouflage, so we decorated our hats with all kinds of colourful vegetation. We practised what we had been taught about using the structure of the land to move across country unseen. We were carrying live ammunition.

I still had to carry my radio equipment as well as my rifle and ammo. The area is thick with low thorn trees, which caught my aerial as I ran through them. It is also full of *Wag 'n bietjie* (Wait a bit) thorn, which catches clothing and is impossible to get through. There was plenty of wild life in the area. Giraffe, Buffalo and Kudu were abundant. Guinea Fowl were common and went up cackling to give away our positions. Bucks were shot for the pot. Rhinos were in the area and we had to be wary of them. The only rhino I saw was a dead one. I was running through the thorn towards what I thought was an anthill that I could use for cover. As I approached, it turned out to be a rhino, lying there. If it had been alive, I might not have survived to tell the tale.

We spent our days out on exercise in the bush, eating in the mess tent, cleaning our equipment or sleeping. There was some recreation in the form of competitive sport and a slippery pole contest. When we were given some free time, we walked to a river near the camp that had a waterfall and two deep pools. Although the water was muddy brown and there were reputed to be crocodiles there, we were able to strip off and swim, or laze on the warm rocks. This is where one poor fellow dropped his rifle into the water. Helpful chaps who were good divers went down to try to locate it, but the pool was so deep they were unable to reach its bottom.

On the evening of the last day at Rumuruti, we were told to strike camp so that we could have an early start back to Nakuru. It had been hot and dry during our time there and we were told we would have to sleep out in the open. We packed everything into the Bedfords. That night it rained heavily. Everyone rushed about trying to find shelter. People crammed under the lorries. I managed to get into the cab of one of them and kept dry there through the night.

Back at Lanet the course was just about over. We were beginning to get demob happy when Sar'nt **Jones** announced we would be having extra drill on the square in preparation for the passing out pa-

rade on 15th June. We had undergone something similar half way through the course when the Regiment had the honour of parading through Nairobi. The shouting and screaming and jankers that had preceded that parade were about to be repeated. We knew what to expect and the drill Sar'nts did not disappoint us. They drilled us to exhaustion, but we weren't half good by the end of it.

We also knew that bulling, cleaning and polishing every inch of our number one uniforms would be required. When we had paraded in Nairobi, we travelled with our Number Ones starched, ironed and folded carefully. Once we had arrived and put them on, we had to stand because sitting down spoiled the creases. It gave a sense of great pride to be marching through the streets of our city with bayonets fixed. Only one other regiment, an English one, had been given the honour to do this.

The last day of our training course arrived and we were as disciplined and smart in our drill as Sar'nt **Jones** could have hoped for. He even praised the 3rd Squad for their efforts. Parents, relatives and girlfriends arrived and were shown to their seats. When the Passing Out Parade took place. We even had a marching band. It was a splendid occasion.

We handed back our equipment, rifles and uniform at the QM Stores. Sergeant **Rimmer** checked every item. I managed to steal two brass buttons as a souvenir and was not found out. We were told that the uniforms would be stored until we needed them for our four years in the Kenya Regiment Territorial Force. I regret not being allowed to keep some of it, because many of us were going to the UK to University or College, and, by the time we returned to Kenya, Independence would have been granted, the Kenya Regiment would have been disbanded, and the uniforms probably would have been burnt.

Dave **Burn**, Brian **Wilson**, Mike **Destro** and I headed immediately for Malindi for ten days on the coast. There, we planned to sleep out on the beach under the palms, wear scrubby clothes and avoid washing or shaving or polishing anything. We spent the days boating, snorkelling and harpoon fishing, and visited the Destros' beach house where Mike's mother turned our catch into delicious curries. During the months that followed, the members of No 14 Training Course dispersed to further education or employment all over the world. It would be fascinating to find out what they have achieved in the intervening years.

Our brief sojourn with the Kenya Regiment was a time I'm sure none of us have forgotten, if we have survived the half-century since 1960. We worked hard and suffered many indignities, but the comradeship we experienced was probably never found again. The discipline we learnt was to serve us well in our future lives. Although we would not have thought so at the time, it was a privilege to serve in the Regiment, even though we were never active soldiers who had to draw their swords in anger.

[Ed: *I noted six Wakefords in the Long Roll and asked Brian <brianwakeford@netfocus.co.za> to elaborate.*]

Frederick William **Wakeford** (born in Southampton 7th September 1876; died in Mombasa 7th April 1960 aged 84), was my great-uncle. He went out to Kenya in 1905 or earlier. I don't see where his name is on the manpower roll you attached. I have no knowledge of the KDF and must try to get some information. Possibly it featured in an earlier SITREP. I assume it predated the Kenya Regiment. Fred was aged 62 when WWII broke out and 38 in 1914, so I'm not sure if and where he served. He lived in Mombasa so I suppose that must be the one you mention. If you have any further information about him I should be interested. And, no, I'm afraid I don't have anything relating to KDF records among my books.

His sons (my father's cousins) were: Frederick Arthur Gibbons **Wakeford** (known as "Eric") (born Nairobi 3rd May 1906) I think he must have been in a reserved occupation during WWII and Jack Aubrey Stevens **Wakeford** [KR4094] (born Nakuru 20th December 1914).

Frederick Gordon Monro **Wakeford** [KR6767] (born ?) was the son of Frederick Arthur Gibbons **Wakeford** (see above). He lives in UK, but I'm not in touch with him.

The other Wakefords (three brothers) are my father Louis William Ray **Wakeford** (known as "Ray") [KR121] and uncles Owen Sydney **Wakeford** (known as "Jim") [KR1106] and Norman **Wakeford** [KR1386].

I was the last of the family to serve in the Regiment - Brian Allan Macklin **Wakeford** [KR7072]

My brother Hugh Gordon **Wakeford** was in the CCF at Prince of Wales School

My other uncles - John Kenneth **Ker**, Allan Scott **Ker**, Denis Eric **Ker** were all in reserved occupations during WWII. Donald Ian **Ker** [KR679] was the only one of the brothers to serve.

John David **Ker** [KR7036] (known as "David", lives in New Zealand) and the late Arthur Richard (Dick) **Ker** [KR7133], were my cousins.

The two other Kers listed [KR216 and KR 217] were no relation to any of the above.

Ref: mini-SITREP XXXVI - I was most interested to read the article about a recent visit to POWS by Danie **Steyn** on page 32. I was in Scott House at the same time as him and visited him on their farm at Eldoret, where I was thrown from his horse and dragged through a mealie field! He was in the school brass band and CCF, but presumably left Kenya before joining the Regiment.

I was also most interested to read "Ambushed" by Tpr O. S. **Wakeford** (Uncle Jim) on page 47. I had never heard any of that. Do you have the article saved on a computer? I would be interested in being able to transfer it into my family history, and also to e-mail it to his son, Jeremy James **Wakeford**, who is my cousin living on the island of Minorca, and just missed being in the Regiment.

REFLECTIONS

[Jim **Landells** KR6439]

I did my KRTC training at Lanet, in mid 1957 and thereafter was a territorial in 'I' Coy. During my whole Kenya Regiment career I never heard a shot fired in anger, range shoots on the Lion Hill range excepted, and was therefore very much a peace time soldier. Yet it is strange how that relatively short time period refuses to quit my mind. Is it the memories, possibly? And yet we all came from school systems that were virtually the same with a discipline that was uniform. Was it the camaraderie, perhaps? Yet there again as there were only three secondary European boys' schools in the whole country, we all had some idea of who everybody else was. So what was the mystique that held us all together? I would like to think it was the terrain in which we operated and of being face to face with the African bush that made the Kenya Regiment experience different from many other military force.

Two particular experiences come to mind. The first happened during annual camp in the Mukogodo on Sam Small's place. Picture the scene; it's about 02h00, the night is dark and I'm on guard duty, supposedly. Everything is dead quiet, when from the foot of the ridge on which we are camped, comes the most horrific scream. It is ghastly. Something is getting killed surely? The scream continues before dying away to a despairing gurgle. The hair on the back of my neck is tingling. Something seriously sinister has just happened.

Next morning as we rub the sleep from our eyes I ask my *compadres* whether they heard last night's din. But apparently nobody has. Some people suggested it was a hyrax but it wasn't that. I've heard hyraxes screaming before. We moved down from the ridge and I was still trying to fathom out the noise when we came across elephant tracks, maybe twenty of them. Huge soup plates marked the ground and

enormous piles of dung, still steaming, were nearby. Some of the stools were as big as footballs. There were big puddles of urine too. We never saw the elephants and I never found an explanation for the agonising scream but the memory is indelible.

The other time was when we were on exercise in the NFD with KAR units. The country was semi-desert and hot. Attached to our section were two Samburu trackers and we were trying to catch up with elements of the KAR who were the 'enemy'. We never sighted the KAR but saw plenty of animal sign and we were given an insight into how the Samburu trackers could tell, from marks in the ground and the condition of the foliage, what had occurred in the previous twelve hours. Camping at night with the reames ticking and the stars bright overhead, with the trackers murmuring softly nearby remains a second, very positive Kenya Regiment memory.

I have worked in mustering camps on cattle stations in Australia's north so have had plenty of experience sleeping out on the ground and in the open, but those two Kenya Regiment incidents, described above remain branded on my soul. Of course, there were other things, too numerous and possibly insignificant to other people to describe how it was then. Perhaps, when most of us left Kenya and departed overseas, we needed a life line to cling to until we became integrated citizens of our adopted country, in my case Australia. That life line could be the KRA network.

Location of a friend from long ago. Can anybody tell me the whereabouts of Harry (Percy) **Nicholson** [KR7214?]. He attended both Nakuru Primary and the Prince of Wales secondary school. His father Percy had a farm in Subukia/Solai and Harry had two step brothers, Gerald and Brian **Dickenson**. I recall that Brian was a senior game warden in the Tanganyika game department. Harry would be 72 now. Last heard, some 40 years ago, he was working on a farm in Victoria. If anybody knows of his whereabouts or if he is indeed alive I would like to know. Harry was married to an English girl, Yvonne



HOW WE LOOK TODAY!

Here's a photo of Sally & J. Branson [KR4524] on a Christmas hike in 2010

CORRESPONDENCE

John **Davis** [KR7457] <johnmdavis@btinternet.com> [15/10/2010]:

1. The three-week Voluntary Training Courses. Having spoken with Stephen **Ornton** [KR7537], who was on one of these courses, and Ray **Nelson**, the Training Officer at the time, plus other research, I came up with the attached summary of what they were all about. I am certain that the KR40000 numbers were not issued to the volunteers on these courses, who were predominantly Asian and African as can be seen from the Long Roll numbers KR7485-KR7584 (allowing for the allocation of KR7585 to your relative). The number of people in this range roughly matches four courses of 25 people so I think it all makes sense. I was on the last course at KRTC so I know that KR7484 (**Barnsley**) was a KRTC number.

2. The KR40000 numbers are a puzzle [Ed: see Ian **Parker's** *'From the Regimental Attic.'*]. They are all white blokes with predominantly European names but with some Afrikaners, so probably during/after WWII as IP says also particularly, as you mentioned, duplicates with early WWII-era numbers (**Buckley** KR1287, Reynolds KR1782 and **Wright** KR1274) - but I don't think father/son as the names are identical. I have searched the WWII Roll of Honour and couldn't find any of these names there.

3. My latest table attached is an attempt to update IP's earlier version published in the SITREP. My table has the correct number of courses and where I have been able to borrow/copy or get hold of course photographs I have worked through the names to get the number range. There will always be anomalies (such as your C Coy case) but I feel my table is getting closer to what actually happened - all bar the KR40000 numbers. I test it out now and then with members here and so far it fits what they tell me - but there will always be one that doesn't.

4. I don't think Coys were allocated KR numbers for volunteers. Certainly people like Julian **Marshall** and Tony **Eve** volunteered at RHQ and were issued a number there and then. One later anomaly was Desmond **Hamill** who was among the last officers and he had KR5878/7242 and as far as I know the only re-appointed Emergency officer to be given a KR7000 number.

Ron **Newton** [KR4010] <Ronald@daniel25.plus.com> [14/10/2010]: On page 28 of the mini-SITREP XXXVI, Keith **Elliot** [KR4289] appeals for a photograph of the first Rhodesia course. Although I think I have one of all those on the course, the only photos I can turn up at the moment are those of barrack rooms 1 and 2.

Keith <keithe@xsinet.co.za> [17/10/2010] responds. Many thanks for your offer to seek out a copy of photo of the first course in Rhodesia. His request came about after I visited RHQ in Nairobi, in January this year, and noticed they did not have a copy of the photo on the wall - dozey lot! My mate, Neil **McDonald** [KR4090] in Western Australia, who you may remember, came up with a photograph, which he posted to the Chairman in Nairobi, one George **McKnight**. I have not actually heard if it got there, perhaps George could confirm. Glad to see Sitrep is read far and wide, and thanks for the offer.

P.S. Like you I was in Barrack No. 1, but on the third course. Can't say I have particularly pleasant memories of it, as I had just got used to "freedom" after four years of discipline boarding at the POW, when it all suddenly got worse! Sergeant **Young**, and some erk from the Guards with an elongated peak to his cap - although our squad did have those little blue attachments to the epaulettes on our shoulders! - were our instructors. Ah! Well. I am sure it did me some good in the end - no sarcastic

comments, please, G.M!

'Sa Swahili - *maradadi*. I must be one of the last to know! I have always used the word *maridadi* to indicate something pretty, attractive, colourful etc, yet was unable to find the word in my copy of the Oxford Standard Swahili/English Dictionary (Founded on Madan's Swahili-English Directory). Assuming the word to be of Arabic origin, I asked my UK-based colleague, Tony **Hazeldine**, a former Royal Marine officer who served in the Oman, where he met Spike **Powell** [KR4158], whether he knew the answer. His reply: - "The word you are looking for is spelt *malidadi*."

Thus enlightened, I consulted my dictionary and note that *maladadi* (noun) means (1) one who dresses neatly, cleanly: also (2) a showily dressed person, fop, dandy, coxcomb. *Umalidadi* (noun) (1) display of dress or ornaments, fine, neat dressing, and (2) overdressing, dandyism, foppery. (Arabic – freshness. Persian – rub, polish, furbish). *Maradadi* sounds so much better!

John **Lane** [KR4491] [24/12/2010] writes from Queensland: I would like to comment briefly on the passing of *Stooge Stocker* [m-S XXXVII pp29/30] - I was deeply saddened to read the account. *Stooge* was my platoon commander in Support Company, where I found myself, fresh from the last course in Salisbury. Under his command I was soon initiated into the rigours of patrols in the Aberdeens, and it was on one of these patrols that I first encountered the Mau Mau. We hit a gang in a deep valley and accounted for a number of them. My memory does not serve me well these days but I do recall the mud, the cold, constant drizzle, fog and leeches, but overall the continual good humour of *Stooge*, whose leadership and personality made it all seem worthwhile – he was a giant amongst men.

Stiely **Mercier** [KR4211] <mfrank@xsinet.co.za> [10/12/2010] in response to a query: My Dad was conscripted in Southern Tanganyika (Mbeya) and then transferred to Dar es Salaam as a Captain. Later Nairobi, then Nanyuki, then Mauritius as DAA & QMG East Africa Command where he ended as A/Colonel with a Mention in Dispatches. End of war rank – Major. He came originally from the Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry after WW1, and served with the West African Frontier Force in Nigeria until his release in 1924. He then joined Lever Brothers in the Congo before moving to Arusha in 1928. Married my mom in 1930 and the rest is history.

Anyone who knows the whereabouts of Trevor **Steven/Stephen** [KR??], is requested to contact Tony **Goodyear** [KR4962] [Box 1279, Strand, Western Cape 7139. Tel: 021-853 7195. Mob: 076-809 0356]

Sheila **Carr-Hartley** <carrh@mweb.co.za> writes from Amanzintoti: Many thanks for m-S XXXVII and BB arrival today - how speedy is our postal system - impressive! Except when some armative shopper stole the vuvuzela that I'd sent for Lionel (youngest son) in UK before the Soccer World Cup!

Great *habari* in the KRA mag, but methinks there was a wee bit of anger trouble in the footnote on page 58. First line should read Southern White Rhino.; line two – Mike, known as Mikey, is my nephew! He and his wife, Tanya (née **Church**), own Solio Lodge. Solio Game Reserve is owned by **Parfait** - he bought the White Rhino from SA years ago, whereas, Ol Pejeta has only the Northern White Rhino which arrived from a Polish zoo some months ago.

Maj Harry **Fecitt**, MBE <harryfecitt@googlemail.com> [11/02/2011]: Your membership and friends may enjoy perusing the following website which contains many East African photos with no annotations. [Ed: *Hopefully, readers will recognize some of the photos and let me have the details*]

<http://www.ickr.com/photos/nationalarchives/collections/72157625827328771/>

Editor to Ian **Parker** [KR4602] who is presently 'Packing for Perth' [13/02/2011]: Just had lunch with Peter **Manger** [KR4540] and Margaret **Lead** (née **McKenzie**), and met up with Denis **Kearney**, who sends his regards. Denis mentioned some of the wild parties which took place in the Voi Hotel, and wonders whether you remember being rolled up in a carpet, or your arm used as dart board a er one such session?

Ian responded [14/02/2011] and your editor commented: "You really were a mad bunch! What chance of my using your response in m-S?"

Ian [15/02/2011]: "If you really want to OK, but I would prefer you use the following, amended version".

e Emergency and active service in the Kenya Regiment, introduced many of us to drinking. Inevitably, there was a carry over and nowhere more than in the Voi Hotel where between 1955-1962, the parties were legendary. ey had a core of National Park wardens; regular game wardens, and anti-poaching wardens who were on contract, the local Police member-in-charge, A/Supt Jock **Findlay**, Wally and Sheila **Lamb** (from Taita Concessions), and Boet **Muller** of the PWD. Personalities were David **Sheldrick** [KR415], Bill **Woodley**, MC [KR5688], Denis **Kearney**, MBE [KR4087], Dave **McCabe**, GM [KR4280] Alex **Forbes-Watson** [KR4547], *DB* (David **Brown**) the **Lambs**, Jock and myself - all but the **Lambs**, *DB* and Jock - were ex-Kenya Regiment.

However, once a party got going - and occasionally they went a full four days without let - others got sucked into the vortices. Certain professional hunters passing through and who were friends of the hard core, would always give the Voi Hotel a glancing blow hoping for some action. e parties were never planned. ey just happened. Wives tended to view them in an unfriendly light - but occasionally got swept along whether they wanted to or not. Some aspects were downright bizarre: as I recall the **Lambs'** youngest child was always brought along and slept in a foetal position in a large guitar case that was propped upright in a corner. I wonder how he turned out as an adult? He must be must be in his ies now.

Absolutely central to the whole show, was the proprietor, Henry **Hayes**, a 400lb, ex-policeman from Yorkshire who was also an operatic tenor claiming he could shatter wine glasses with his voice. He o en tried, but I cannot recall whether he succeeded. His role was ambivalent: when he wasn't egg-ing us on and partaking, he was trying to get us to leave, which only made us more determined to stay.

As to Koes **Kearney's** recollections: it wasn't my arm that was stabbed - it was my whole corpus. e Black Major (he was very sunburned - a.k.a *Callotis* - 'cos he had hairs sticking out his ears like a fringe eared oryx), was attached to one of the anti-poaching units and was present at the Hotel one night, not being a hooligan he kept himself to himself in the lounge. He was bending over a table reading *e Field* or some such Pom magazine, when David **Sheldrick** launched a dart, hitting him in the back of his thigh below his le buttock. With a yell he leapt forward knocking the table over. Everyone in the bar except yours truly quickly turned back to the bar feigning innocence. I, fool, remained in the doorway between bar and lounge, laughing immoderately. *Callotis* assumed I had thrown the dart and plucking it from his person he set about me furiously, stabbing me everywhere - head, neck, back,

front, legs, arms – everywhere! Blood flowed like from a watering can, with the party wildly applauding this excellent cabaret. They plied me with endless rounds which acted as an immediate anaesthetic, but for the next week I was badly crippled.

As to my being wrapped in a carpet: it could have happened. It was not a rare occurrence and when Henry **Hayes** tried to close down one night, we tried hard to get him into one of his fridges. When that failed we rolled him in one of his carpets. I recall that, and a great deal more besides.

Euline **Carnelly** took a job at the Voi Hotel and soon had Denis **Kearney** hog-tied in matrimony. Once she had the cuffs on him, he was forbidden to attend any more Voi Hotel parties, so it became a point of honour to get him to disobey, and occasionally succeeded. Thus, one midday she turned up to recover him - *kali sana*. The call went out “roll her in a carpet” and she bolted for the ladies. As we couldn’t get her out, it was decided to keep her in, so we piled all the lounge furniture - chairs, tables, the lot - against the door and kept her prisoner until we ran out of steam many hours later. It was a long time before Denis attended another party. Those were certainly the days!

Alec **Abell** [KP] <alecalison@gmail.com> [18/03/2011]. We much enjoyed lunch last Sunday with the KRA crowd; excellent food and ambiance, and what wonderful Kenya memories were brought back.

My wife Alison [née **Arthur**] and Shirley **Holyoak** [née **Brown**] discovered they had both been *Heifer Boma* girls and had travelled together to and from school by *gari la moshi* from Tanganyika to Nairobi; and what a journey! First overnight on the up-train from Tanga to Moshi where they spent the whole day before catching the evening train across the border to Voi. Here, in the middle of the night, their carriage was hooked onto the up-train from Mombasa to Nairobi. The journey, door to door, taking some 30 hours. There were usually half a dozen of them and what fun they seemed to have had, most of which centred round a wind-up gramophone and some scratched 78 rpm records. Modern technology then.

I had an enjoyable chat with Terry **Tory** [KR6339] much of which centred round rugby, ancient and modern. We decided that perhaps we had last met on the rugby field when he played for Nondies and I for the Kenya Police.

We met countless other friendly folk with whom we could without guilt engage in “When We” talk. Amongst these was Lydia **Ward** [née **Royston**], sister of Perena **Heard** w/o Rod who are great friends whom we have visited in New Zealand, and they us in Spain. Small world!

Our thanks again to all who helped organise such a great day. Sorry we will not be here in S.A. to attend your next bash on June 12th. Incidentally, I did not hear a single criticism of the Kenya Police, which shows great restraint!

John **Bradish** [KR4747] writes [13/12/2010] from Lady Grey in the Cape: Thanks to you and your contributors for another splendid (m-S XXXVII) entertaining read. Re: Mike **Tremlett**’s letter about Hoppy **Marshall**, page 17, I’ll throw another “tuppence in the pot”. My father knew Hoppy well and recounted this story: Hoppy was trying to raise the fares for a trip to England and decided to raise his car. He took a ticket in his own name and, much to the chagrin of other ticket holders, he won his own car! And it was all above board!

Hoppy had the Ngong Inn or Tavern way out on the Ngong road on the way to the Ngong Village. I believe it had quite a reputation. He was very down-to-earth, kindly and he loved kids. Children who happened to be in the old Karen duka (across the road from the old Police Station), when Hoppy

stopped in for groceries or petrol, were each given a packet of sweets. My sister and I enjoyed his generosity on one occasion but we got in the neck for taking sweets from a stranger!

Hoppy was no stranger; he was the Nairobi hangman for many years and he got his name from his hopping gait, the result of the prosthetic leg he wore.

On another topic; did anyone come up with anything on Richard **Caspareuthus** and do you have any follow up on John in the Cheshire Home?

Ever pick up on Roger **Whittaker's** number [KR4746] and mine? We signed in together at Lanet when his father dropped us off in the middle of the parade square.

John **Channer** [KR6341] <shushuchan@gotalk.net.au> [01/0/2011] Queensland: Reference the attached photograph (Left) which first appeared at the bottom of page 78 (m-S XXXVII). I think the photo was taken on 26th September 1941, after the Wolche t Pass was captured by 25 (EA) Inf Bde. Wolche t was on one of the four access roads to Gondar and had to be taken before the ultimate attack on Gondar could be launched. Or it could be the surrender at Dembidollo 7th July 1941. It is my opinion that the Italian Gen. could be **Gazzera** because he had already surrendered earlier that day to the Belgian Congo Rifle Coy. The two Officers were possibly discussing the details of the surrender.



L/R: Italian Officer/interpreter, Col. Gonella (Italian Comd), Brig W.A.L. James, Comd 25 (EA) Inf Bde, ADC and Lt Col V.K.H. Channer, CO 2/4 KAR



L/R: ADC, askaris at the present, Lt Col Channer, askaris at the present; Brig James and Col Gonella exchanging salutes, and the interpreter carrying the flag, leading the Italian troops who were permitted to carry their weapons, later to be disarmed

[Ed: The photo on the right was taken after Wolche t Pass was captured, and shows the same five men in the photo on the left.]

Brief details of Col **Channer's** further involvement:-

Report of the surrender of Gen. **Gazzera** - Dembidollo 7th July 1941. Supplied by Major-Gen. C.C. **Fowkes**, Commander 22nd East Africa Infantry Brigade [FOWCOL. "In the course of less than two months the East African Brigade had marched 400 miles, fought three major actions, two limited actions and numerous advance guard and patrol engagements. We have captured 25,000 prisoners, 85 guns, eleven tanks, innumerable machine guns, rifles etc. twelve generals & staff plus many other senior officers. Enemy casualties - 1000. "FOWCOL" never more than 6,000 troops, casualties under 100."

Surrender of Addis. Although fighting of a kind continued until the fall of Gondar, the Italian Empire in East Africa virtually ended in April 1941 with the entry of the British Forces into Aswara (Eritrea) and Addis in Ethiopia. The surrender document was signed on April 6th 1941 at the Duke of Aoss-

ta's Palace in Addis by General **Wetherall** (British) and General **Mambrini** (Italian). On 5th May 1941, Emperor **Haille Selassie** entered Addis Ababa with big ceremony, his return happened to be ve years to the day of his expulsion. From that year on 5th May was observed as Liberation Day, a national holiday in Ethiopia.

Surrender of Kulkabar 21st November 1941. 2/4th KAR involved in fourth attack and capture. I can find no more details unfortunately. (This is important to me as my father was involved.) Kulkabar was another outpost on the road to Gondar.

Surrender of the Garrison of Gondar 27th November 1941. Italian Army: 18,000 white troops, 14,000 African. 60 guns and many machine guns, light and heavy. East African Brigade: 20,000 regular troops, 6000 Patriots and 24 guns. Gondar was the last stronghold of the Italian army. Captain **Pilkington** (Douglas Irregulars) was very active in the attack of Gondar and nearby hills. **Pilkington** entered Gondar and discussed surrender terms with General **Nasi**. At dusk General **Nasi** surrendered personally to our armoured cars (EAACR). The Union Jack was hoisted over the town.



Le : KAR soldiers collecting Italian weapons following the capture of Wolche t Pass by 25 (EA) Inf Bde

Di **Nineham** (née **Ulyate**) <di9ham@live.co.za> writes: Am truly grateful for that photograph of the Nakuru School hockey team [Ed: *Photo supplied by James Daniel*].

I recognise, I think, Tim **Wailles** at back left but cannot think of the names of all the others - do you know them - if so please help me out. [Ed: L/R: Standing: Tim Wailles, James Daniel, Don Rookan-Smith, Bertie Luies(?); Godfrey Joubert, Peter Hallows. Kneeling: Anne Wallace, Di Ulyate, Marthie Botha, Margaret Begg, Lying: Adams.]



I went on to play hockey for the Kenya High School and then for Kenya against All England (they beat us 2-1) and the SA Proteas (1-0 to them). Hockey was in the family because you no doubt know that both Ronnie and David **Frank** played in goal for Kenya at the Melbourne and Rome Olympics.

I eventually played for the Seniors in the Pietermaritzburg league until knocked out one night by a chap built like Idi **Amin** - they had to carry me off to the doctor on a door taken off one of the toilets at the Alex grounds where we played. Our team was also arrested one evening by the constables for playing against an Indian team (also arrested) - us meisies in our short skirts mixing with the *coolies* - sies!

All of us had to sit on the pavement outside Longmarket Police Station to be given a dressing down by the Station Commander - after which we went on to the Stables Pub, bought a stack of beers and sat outside drinking!

James (Cricket) **Daniel** has made contact with me since reading my details in mini-SITREP and calls me about once a month for a long chat. He was my serious boyfriend at junior school! My serious boyfriend at high school was Andrew **Yakas**. I was very sad to get an e-mail from Sharon (John **Bristow's** daughter) telling me of his death. He was my serious man friend after leaving school and we maintained contact throughout the years. So there you are, you know all about me.

I must congratulate the editors and their teams on the latest BB/m-S which are really very interesting. I would like to buy SPEAK SWAHILI, DAMMIT! - are any of the books reviewed going to be available in SA, or should I go through the laborious process of ordering from printers? I would also like to order the calendar for my brother.

Di [27/12/2010]. Thank you so much for giving me the names of the hockey players in 1948 - where on earth did you get this amazing photograph? Now that I know the names again I can see all in my mind's eye. I know where James and Don are but I wonder where the others are. And I can't for the life of me remember playing in a mixed hockey team at Nakuru.

If you are going to print the photo in m-S I don't mind you using my experiences regarding hockey, but not about my serious boyfriends please. I value their friendship these days.

I played hockey for the Railway Club after leaving the Boma and our great enemies were those who played for Impala Club. I think it was the one game when families and friends galore came to watch. My captain at the Railway side was Kathy **O'Shea** (who subsequently married Tanya **de la Hay**), and our goalie was Una **O'Shea**. Many of the Railway side played in the Kenya team which was captained by Sylvia **Cooper** of Parklands. Sylvia was also responsible for getting a movement going to amalgamate ALL the ladies' hockey teams in Nairobi and she had some very vociferous opponents at the general meeting to approve the amalgamation. The proposal went through and we then started playing against the Muslim, Indian, Goan ladies and a couple of black teams. And the world did not come to an end!

This amalgamation opened the door for international hockey tours and the Association was affiliated to international bodies. A delegation was sent over to America and given a wonderful reception. I still have the spoon with the English rose on it which was presented to all of us who played against the All-England women's hockey team.

It was a great sadness for me to give up playing hockey but I had to bow to my son's common sense when he told me I was too old to get out of the way of danger! As mentioned earlier, when I was knocked out by Idi Amin's twin, it was because he came tearing down the centre of the field, through the defence and the goalie moved right out to try and stop him. I played right half, and immediately ran back to cover the goal - what a mistake I made - it was a full frontal assault!

Both my sons played hockey - Andrew for Maritzburg College, then Selborne Club (East London) and Border. Richard played for Dale College and Border and then Inter-Districts. Much later my husband Mike played goalie for Swaziland against Southern Transvaal - having never held a hockey stick before!

Di [29/12/2010]. I have been thinking - yes, that process still works! My only ties to Kenya Regiment are that many of my family were members, and I pay a membership fee each year. I wondered whether my memories were really of any interest to other members. It was always my aim to live an

interesting life - presumably because I am inquisitive and pro-active, my life has been interesting and because of the KR ties (and also Police where family and friends were members) I saw a lot of the other side of the Emergency. I found myself looking at some of the articles in m-S and BB and finding them very interesting because I saw another side.

The attack at Othaya Police Station for instance - with three other female friends we went to that PS at the invitation of Bob **Laing** who was in charge, as far as we were aware, not too long after that attack and I think I told you that the women were put to work typing all the reports, filing and generally working as skivvies on the Saturday. I am sure I have told you about this episode. I am so sorry I destroyed the photograph of me carrying a sten gun when I was at the agricultural place at Karatina and a terrorist was brought in on a litter. On the back of that photo was the name of the terrorist which I cannot remember as this stage but I think he was General **Chui**, or some such. A note of interest: in this day when women wear shorts and slacks, we had no such thing in my day and many photographs showed us in dresses or skirts. Have we women lost our femininity?

Denys **Roberts** [KR6542] <peponitz@gmail.com> [13/05/2001]: "Am trying to contact any descendants of Pat **Townsend**, owner of Townsend's Garage in Arusha. I understand he moved to Howick, Natal years ago, but recent enquiries have failed to trace Pat or his descendants.

I am a member of the Series One Land Rover Club of UK, which has 2000 members in many parts of the world. I also have a 1951 Land Rover which I have rebuilt into original condition.

The club is trying to trace the five pre-production prototype Land Rovers sent to the Tanganyika groundnut scheme in 1948. So far two have been located. Of the remaining three, we think Pat purchased two, eventually taking them to SA. The Club would appreciate any information which may lead to their current whereabouts.

If any reader has interesting photos or stories to tell about early Land Rovers, please forward to our email address and I will pass them onto the Club magazine.

Congratulations to Ron & Joan Jolley on reaching the 70 year (Platinum) milestone of married life. This special occasion was celebrated with family and friends on 12th April 2011, in Howick, Natal. No doubt the 'icing on the cake' was receiving a card from HM.





Bill **Jackson** [KR3817] <bajers.brock@virgin.net> [13/02/2011]: Recently bought a new scanner, and have scanned some old black and white photos from late 1952. For a short time I was attached to 23KAR in Fort Hall District, and attended a cleansing ceremony - see attached photos - where it was hoped that a *mganga* would 'cleanses' anyone who had taken Mau Mau oaths by having them pass through a short tunnel of branches followed by having their heads daubed with some kind of potion.

Ceremony was attended by DO Fort Hall.



Stan **Bleazard** [KR4242] sent in this photo Keith **Cairns** [KR4050] with his prized Bertram shing boat taken August 2010 at Coral Bay, Western Australia.

Keith achieved a deservedly brief notoriety a while back when he flew his little Luscombe aircraft from Nairobi to Johannesburg and back, using only a school atlas to navigate! The plane had only limited range so he had the cockpit stacked with containers, and pumped petrol by hand to the overhead fuel tank.

No longer in good shape, Keith can barely walk and uses a quad bike to go everywhere. Everyone in town knows him and gives him a cheery wave as he passes.



Some years ago Des **Bristow** [KR4444] wrote: With reference to *Stooge* [KR3794] Stocker's rugby XV, [Ed: *see m-S XXXIV, June 2009 page 26*] the stando [No. 10] was Cyril **Owens** (Lt Col) whose wife Babs loved bull mastiffs. Cyril had been in Changi prison as a guest of the Japanese for four years. He came to Eldoret where he played rugby and cricket and was resident referee for a number of years. He was my boss in the KMC. The cover photo of the Guard of Honour for HM the Queen Mother – the left marker is Alan **Wood** [KR6390] from Kitale. His family owned and ran the Kitale Bakery and Alan completed his training in the UK. He was CQMS of 'C' Coy at this time. I was promoted to branch manager KMC, Nanyuki and so missed this parade.

I was CQMS at the first camp at Elementeita, shortly after which I was appointed CSM and Alan took over as CQMS. All my Ken Reg service was with 'C' Coy, mainly 7 Platoon from January 1954 until the breakup of the patrol coys and formation of 'O' Coy. I was on a course at Lanet and opted for Special Branch. I was appointed an FIO and after a course at Kiambu under Maj Frank **Kitson** (now Gen Sir Frank); the instructor was George **Hales** [KR3687?] from Kitale. I was posted to Meru together with Hamish **Campbell-Gillies** [KR4441]. Fergus **McCartney** [KR3609] was then FIA Meru but left shortly afterwards for the administration. I was posted to Nyambene Hills where Ian **Campbell** was the DO. Soon after my arrival we were joined by Tony **Bond** [KR4463] and [KR4098] Jock **Rutherford's** brother Hugh. Shortly afterwards I left the Regiment at the expiry of my five years.

Do you remember driving down to play for the Eldoret XV against Tomson's fall at the Van Riebeck School? It rained for most of the game and Davo **Davidson**, hooking for T/Falls knocked Stephanus **Engelbrecht** [KR3538] out cold! The game was pretty rough! You and I returned in Bill [KR1364] **Lovemore's** Shell Landrover which had a hard top, weld mesh sides but no side canvas. It rained continuously from T/Falls to about Timboroa. We got back to Eldoret at dawn and then went to the Moody's farm for breakfast and spent the morning driving through the wattle plantations in Henry [KR6212] **Poolman's** jeep. [Ed: *the trip is back in the mists of time but I seem to remember Davo attending both our props! There was some skullduggery going on between the front rows and understand Davo first requested the guys 'play the ball and not the man'. It appears his request fell on deaf ears, hence Davo's discipline! Be that as it may, I think we won the game and ended the season losing to Nondies in the final. Or was that another year?*]



THOSE WERE THE DAYS...

*Dave Lester
[KR4131] FIO
Narosua with
"Whisky."*

*Photo: James
Daniel*

THE ELIZABETH CROSS

[Ed: Further to pp 34/35 of m-S XXXVIII, John Davis has supplied the attached table of the Kenya Regiment Roll of Honour – Kenya Emergency 1952-56, and included an additional column with the names of possible NOK. Details of the four soldiers whose NOK have already received the Cross and Scroll, are also mentioned.



If any reader knows the whereabouts of any of the next of kin of the remaining 27 soldiers, please ask them to contact: John Davis <johnmdavis@btinternet.com> or me <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>.]

Kenya Regiment Roll of Honour 1952-56

Surname	Forenames	KR No	Next of Kin/Possible NOK
Baillon	Joseph Herman	KR3774	EC awarded - Sydney Baillon (brother) RSA
Beckley	Verey Robert Sidley	KR3108/4316	
Bellingham	Donald	KR4814	
Bianchi	John Ventura	KR3968	
Bingley	Richard Roy	KR3753	
Boyce	Raymond Ernest	KR4366	Gerry Boyce?
By eld	Alan Martin David	KR4740	
Cantounias	Michael Constantine	KR4125	EC awarded - Sisters – UK/ RSA
Chapman	Gerald Edward	KR4575/4669	Bill, Roger, Barry and Pat Chapman?
Crowther	Arthur Fredrick	KR4136	
Dowey	John Michael	KR4137	EC awarded - Graham Dowey (brother) France
Edwards	Derek Reginald	KR4152	John and Anthony Edwards?
Fell	Harry Sproat	KR4403	Miss Nan Fell?
Gordon	William John	KR4880/5823	Neil Gordon?
Lukes	John William	KR4554	
McNab BEM	James Arthur	KR3907	
Mouton	Cornelius Jansen	KR6027	
Norie	Donald Anthony	KR3849	EC awarded - Rodney Norie (brother) Australia
Parke	Robert Cran eld	KR3945	
Paterson	Ian Frank Scrymgeour	KR3993	Dan, Nick, Peter and Jenny Paterson?
Pearson	John Malcolm	KR3886	Barbara Pearson?
Pitt-Moore	Michael Alan	KR6175	
Purves	Neil Holgate	KR4114	Brian and John (brothers)
Robinson	Anthony Andrew	KR3719	Guy, Anthony and Sally Robinson?
Symons	Clive James	KR4089	Marian and Roger Symons?
Tomlinson	Gordon Arthur Edwin	KR4791	Barry and Guy Tomlinson?
Webster	John Michael	KR3650/5648	
White	David Arthur Joseph	KR3855	Many similar names?
Wood-Whyte	Richard Barnaby	KR3992	
Wortley	Francis Aylmer	KR4155	
Wright	Jospeh	KR4825	Tim and John Wright?

FROM THE REGIMENTAL ATTIC

[Ian Parker KR4602]

Every now and then the well-known BBC programme *Antiques Road Show* brings into the light some heirloom dug out of an attic, that is worth a huge sum of money. The owners, hitherto of modest means, suddenly find they are wealthy. What they never show on the program is that they probably become of considerable interest to Income Tax Authorities. I know that my own attic contains no more of value than bats, geckoes and an odd rat, but even so, there is always a faint hope that I might get lucky one day.

Well, occasionally it does happen. In April 2011, hearing that there was a box of old books in the Club House in Nairobi, I took a look. There was indeed a 'jua kali' box, unfastened, full of books. There were five volumes of Churchill's Second World War, a book titled Russell Pasha Egyptian Service 1902-1946, an Elspeth Huxley novel and a couple of Alan Moorhead's early volumes, several more on the Rifle Brigade and the KRRC and many popular paperback thrillers. None were of particular value, but as disappointment set in my eye fell on a large padlock in the gloom under a low shelf. Jock Anderson and I got down on our knees and peering into the shadows saw it was attached to a well-made wooden box. Looking harder, we saw there was another and we hauled them both into the light.

To cut a long story short, they contained a veritable treasure trove. Just as in the *Antiques Road Show* we had found something priceless in the attic. The first box held the three original Kenya Regiment (T.F.) Long Rolls from the first member enlisted in 1937 - D.A's number 1 - to the last in 1963 - Ravinder Singh Gydee's 7584. These were the **original** registers of everyone who had served in the Regiment. As with all the Regiment's paperwork, they are not perfect. But the information gives not just names and numbers, but dates of birth, religions, addresses, next of kin, occupations and a lot of information on individuals' progressions through the Regiment - ranks, secondments etc. etc. As if that was not enough, there were three other Rolls: one is the Officer's Roll post 1950, another the Death Register - East African Forces- Europeans, the third a Death Register - East African Forces- Europeans - Extra Territorial. The last two appear to cover WWII. Again, the wealth of information contained is vast (Lord Errol's cause of death is a nonchalant "revolver shot, wound in head" - he may or may not have been shot by a lady, but he was on active service at the time). The second box was not quite so exciting, but held treasure nonetheless. There were registers of all War Graves in Eastern Africa of all races, files relating to the formation of the Kenya Regiment Association, the acquisition of the Regiment's assets by the Association, the formation of a Trust in Britain to safeguard these assets, and the return of the assets to the Kenya Regiment in the event of it being recalled (stressing the point that the KR was never closed down - merely suspended).

In the way of coincidences, at the same time as the treasures in the attic came to light, Dr Michael Gwynne returned what had been referred to as the KDF Long Roll, after a long period of study. This, it turns out is an altogether greater volume: it is a Non-Native Long Roll. While laid out and printed for military purposes, the people listed seem to span all white males of military age, whether or not they were suitable or liable for military service. Thus they include missionaries, doctors, and members of the Colonial Administration who were unlikely to have been called up, as well as nationalities other than British, including Germans who were interned who most certainly would not have been conscripted. One can only assume that this will have been compiled for an organisation - such as the Directorate of Man Power or its forerunner.

It will take many long hours (years?) for a diligent historian to sift through all this new Regimental material. It contains far more than military history: indeed I doubt if there is anything approaching it as a source of information on Kenya's white settler community. That it exists is wonderful for the historical record. However, it has not appeared without a little disappointment. For nigh on twenty years or so Bruce **Rookan-Smith** [KR636290] has beavered away at putting together the Regimental Long Roll, constantly asking, probing, checking - and always wondering where the original documents had gone. The wonder is that he produced something as accurate as has without access to them. Then, albeit for a far shorter period, I too sweated for information in assembling the regimental history [Ed: *the Last Colonial Regiment*] and would have relished access to the Rolls. Well, we can mumble and mutter about what might have been had we had access to the KRAEA treasure trove, but to what end? At's the way the cookie crumbled and to mix metaphors, it is all water under the bridge.

However, one query that bugged us is that matter of the 40000 series of KR numbers about which m-S readers were asked for help in our last issue. It is solved. The title on the first volume of the Long Roll of the 1st Battalion of the Kenya Regiment (T.F.) contains numbers 1-3574 **AND** 40000-40152.

The 40000ers were men who joined the Regiment from Northern Rhodesia. Not that it will change world affairs, but it is satisfying to have put it to rest.



Nairobi XV versus University of Cape Town - 1950

Back row L/R: Arthur Bryant (Referee); John Webster (Railways); Dave Anderson (Railways); Alf Drummond (Railways); John Molloy (Nondies); Dave Lester (Railways); Keith Savage (Nondies); Joe Taylor (Nondies); John Humphreys (Nondies); Ross Munroe (Touch judge)

Centre row: Johnnie Rollo (Railways); ??? played for Ruiru, name forgotten; Hughie Steele (C Nondies); ??? played for Ruiru, name forgotten; Hudson Louw (Nondies)

Front: Boet van Rensburg (Railways) and Geo Luckhurst (Old Cambrians)

THE KENYA DEFENCE FORCE

[Ian **Parker** [KR4602] and others]

The Kenya Defence Force [KDF], into which all white men between the ages of 18 and 60 were conscripted, came into being in 1928. In effect it was a militia that could be called upon for service within Kenya Colony. It was the precursor to the Kenya Regiment (TF) [KR] which was formed in 1937 and, unlike the KDF, was a volunteer force, modelled on the British Army's Territorial Forces, and liable for service anywhere - in Kenya or overseas. Its primary role was to form a reserve of officers and senior NCOs for the King's African Rifles [KAR] in time of war and differed in having a more extensive annual training commitment than the KDF.

When the Regiment was formed 1937, many transferred into it directly from the KDF. From then on there were two local whites-only units in Kenya - the KR and the KDF - but because so many of the KDF volunteered for the KR, the former has often been seen as the Regiment's founding unit. This relationship was further cemented during WWII by the numerous transfers from the KR into the KDF. However, while the Regiment was perpetuated in history, the formation of the Kenya Regiment Associations and then its divisions into regionally separate organisations, the KDF was not. Nevertheless, the close bond between the two units, has always made us conscious of and interested in the KDF's record.



KDF badge [Kenya lion surmounting initials KDF] and Shoulder title

In the 1990s, our ex-Honorary Colonel James **Hamilton** [KR 419] handed over some documents to Dennis **Leete** [KR4094] and Jack **Barrah**, OBE [KR3627]. One of these was the KR Long Roll, a copy of which went via Sid **Mosco** [KR4130] to Bruce **Rookan-Smith** and became our current 'living Long Roll' that Bruce updates constantly as relevant information reaches him, the other to Dr Michael **Gwynne** who has been researching the Regiment for many years.



Another document Dennis lent to Mike **Gwynne** was always referred to as the 'KDF Long Roll'. Recently Mike has been taken ill and unable to complete his research, and this book was collected [March 2011] by Ian **Parker** and returned to the KRAEA archive. Ian digitally photographed its 317 completed pages and forwarded them to Bruce for analysis. The first thing found is that while the top left of the first page did have 'KDF Long Roll' written on the front page, the name printed on the leather spine and printed on the top of every page was **LONG ROLL NON-NATIVES**. That it was designed with military purpose is obvious from the following columns & headings under which information was requested:-

Regimental number	Rank	Battalion or Unit	Address	Next of Kin	Address of Next of Kin	Date of Enlistment	Transfer to other Unit A Date	Date of Discharge & Reason	Remarks
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As the names also involve the names of people who were not likely to have been in military service - missionaries, doctors, essential members of the administration, judges, conscientious objectors, interned Germans and some far too elderly - the record appears to be an attempt to list all non-white males. At this point the only organization likely to have compiled such records would have been the Directorate of Manpower. We believe (but need confirmation) that in the late 1930s and the early days of WWII, the only such roll in existence would have been initially derived from the Kenya Defence

Force Ordinance that had logged all white males once they became liable for compulsory service in the KDF. No such roll existed for other non-natives such as Indians and Arabs because they had not been liable for conscription.

Each name has a sequential number in the Regimental Number column, starting at 55925. From references in the pages we know that there were other earlier volumes with lower numbers - e.g. in the 54,000 series. However, we do not believe that these are actually regimental numbers, but possibly Directorate of Manpower numbers, or even numbers ascribed by whoever it was who compiled the register. We lean towards this interpretation because the sequence in which people are entered does not seem to marry in any way with their ages or the dates where we know they will have enlisted for military service. Thus, the elderly Blaney **Percival**, who retired from the Game Department in the early 1920s, appears in the register as a man who was 18 in 1940 (our own KR Long Roll gives us a rough base for broadly estimating ages).

In places, attempts were made to enter names alphabetically, at others by region - e.g. the Coast or Eldoret. The columns for rank, military unit, transfers to other units, dates and reasons for discharge are overwhelmingly blank. This hints that the record was not kept for the purpose for which it was printed. Overall, for the most part the entries were made in the writing of not more than two people.

The origin of the information does not seem consistent. On enrolling in the local military forces, one was given a form to fill in, of which originals and duplicates are likely to have been filed. Yet even access to such as these would surely have shown sequential dates in an order of enlistment?

One way or another, this one volume out of several of the Long Roll Non-Natives, appears to have been put together in an amateur way, by someone who did not have a military mind, but who had access to 'Directorate of Manpower' information and got hold of spare blank volumes printed for such a military organisation.

Getting access to this Long Roll is rather like getting only a few pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and from them trying to predict what the final picture will be. Yet the frustrations aside, there is much of historical relevance. Scattered through the remarks column are the dates on which men were commissioned. From these we are now aware that men commissioned in the KR, did not take their rank with them if they transferred across to the KDF, but were re-commissioned. Presumably these data will be logged in archival copies of the Kenya Government Gazette? Of particular interest are the military numbers that also appear against names. Those given the prefix LF (which stands for Local Force) to their number had identical numbers in our own Regiment Long Roll. Somewhere down the line LF became transposed for KR (or vice versa). We know that Ron **Jolley** who was always KDF had the number B89 and from this single example, think that the basic KDF prefix was 'B'. However, the following names present a range of different numerical prefixes:-

<u>Manpower #</u>	<u>Names</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Enrolled</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
55963	Worrall, Ralph Hastings Clemson,	Nanyuki	27.04.39	RB10174
55970	Wright, Edwin	Shell Co.	20.09.37	EB7506
55999	Young, Reuben Leonard	Ngong	28.09.37	B238
56012	Zundler, Isidor	Kiambu	14.06.37	NB321
56324	Macritchie, David James	Rongai	16.09.37	PB9544
56330	Warwick, Arthur Frederick Stanley	Mombasa	13.06.38	FB10003
56333	Highton, Ross Digby Charles	Nairobi	30.08.37	M909
56339	Saaiman, William Johannes	Nairobi	03.11.39	SC44
56413	Callow, George Alexander	Mombasa	27.09.37	C7640
56997	Adams, Rex William	Nanyuki		LB6002

Can anyone help us with these pre x letters? It would greatly help us make sense of the KDF numbering.



KENYA DEFENCE FORCE

OFFICIAL LIST

JULY, 1931

PRINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT PRINTERS, NAIROBI

[Ed: *e following is extracted om the o cial pamphlet loaned to me by John Davis [KR7457].*]

Governor and Commander-in-Chief: Brig Gen Sir Joseph A. Byrne, KCMG, KBE, CB

SENIORITY LIST

DISTRICT COMMANDANTS (Lt Cols)

	Date of Seniority in Force
Lt Col G.A. Swinton-Home DSO, OBE (Uashin Gishu)	24-07-1928
Col S. Paterson, CBE (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Lt Col C.G. Durham, DSO (Nairobi Rural)	25-01-1929
Brig Gen A.G. Arbuthnot, CMG, DSO (North East)	29-01-1929
Brig Gen A.C. Lewin, CB, CMG, DSO, ADC (Nyanza)	15-02-1929
Lt Col C.M. Boys-Hinderer, MC (Coast)	16-04-1929
Lt Col D.P. Driscoll, CMG, DSO (Nairobi Town)	08-05-1929
Brig Gen G.D. Rhodes, CBE, DSO, RE (retd) (Railways & Harbours)	27-12-1929
Lt Col C.B.P. Fitzgerald (Nakuru)	22-05-1930
Lt Col H.F. Stoneham, OBE (Trans Nzoia)	20-11-1930
Lt Col E.H.J. Nicolls, DSO, MC (Naivasha) (Actg)	31-03-1931

DISTRICT STAFF OFFICERS (Capts)

Capt S. Carlin, MC, DFC, DCM (Nyanza)	09-01-1930
Capt F.L. Megson (Trans Nzoia)	30-08-1930

Lt Col G.C. Gri ths, CMG (Nakuru)	31-08-1930
Lt Col E.M. Ley, DSO (Nairobi Town)	15-09-1930
Capt J. Mcnab Mundell, JP (Uasin Gishu)	21-09-1930
Maj H.R. Lodge, MC (Naivasha)	01-04-1931
Maj C.K. Forbes (Nairobi Rural)	30-04-1931

BATTALION COMMANDERS (Majs)

Lt Col J.A. Crump, DSO (1st Nairobi Battalion)	26-05-1930
Lt Col F.S. Modera, DSO, MC (2nd Nairobi Battalion)	27-10-1930

SECOND-IN-COMMAND (Majs)

Maj A.D. Adams, MC (1st Nairobi Battalion)	09-10-1930
Maj R.F.W. Echlin (Trans Nzoia)	20-11-1930

SECTION COMMANDERS AND COMPANY OFFICERS (Capts)

Col G.H. Henderson (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Maj C.T.C. Beecro , DSO (Naivasha)	09-01-1929
Maj F.D. Boyce (Nakuru)	09-01-1929
Capt J.H.L. Judge (Naivasha)	09-01-1929
Capt E.C. Long (Nakuru)	09-01-1929
Capt D.P. Petrie, DSO (Nakuru)	09-01-1929
District Commissioner, Kajiado (Nairobi Rural)	19-01-1929
District Commissioner, Narok (Nairobi Rural)	16-02-1929
Maj C.E. Stuart-Prince (Trans Nzoia)	22-02-1929
Capt H. Wreford-Smith (Trans Nzoia)	22-02-1929
Capt J.L. Gi ard, MC (Nairobi Rural)	01-03-1929
Capt (Hon/Maj) C.L. Bolton (Trans Nzoia)	01-03-1929
Capt F.C. Gorringe, MC, DFC (Trans Nzoia)	01-03-1929
Maj C. Steele (Nairobi Rural)	16-03-1929
Capt W.H. Ritchie (Nairobi Rural)	16-03-1929
Maj A.C. Hill, DSO (Nairobi Rural)	30-03-1929
District Commissioner, Kitui (Nairobi Rural)	30-03-1929
Capt A. Rattray (North East)	11-04-1929
District Commissioner, Ki ni (Coast)	16-04-1929
Maj F. Turney, OBE (Coast)	16-04-1929
Capt H.O. Jones, MC (Coast)	16-04-1929
Capt G.M. Wrentmore (Coast)	16-04-1929
Lt Col M.G.B. Copeman (Nyanza)	23-04-1929

Maj A.J. Smith (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt R. Andrew (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt C.C. Dawson (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt W. Evans (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt R. Gethin (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt G.Q. Orchardson (Nyanza)	23-04-1929
Capt A.C. Anstey (North East)	01-05-1929
Maj J. Kingdon (North East)	01-06-1929
Capt A.H.W. Sheldrick (North East)	10-06-1929
Capt J.G.P. Browne (North East)	16-06-1929
Col C.M. Neumann (Nakuru)	08-07-1929
Capt R.L.V. Flemming (Nairobi Town)	21-08-1929
Capt W. Gri ths (Nairobi Town)	21-08-1929
Maj C. Luxford, MC (North East)	01-09-1929
Maj H.A.D White, DSO (North East)	01-09-1929
Capt E.R. Cowan (Nairobi Rural)	05-10-1929
Maj R.W. Munro (Nairobi Rural)	23-10-1929
Maj E.H. Ward (Naivasha)	25-10-1929
Capt T.G. Duncan, MC (Trans Nzoia)	29-11-1929
Capt W.W. Mackinley (Nyanza)	09-01-1930
Capt B.D. Wakeford (Nairobi Rural)	08-02-1930
Maj e Hon F. Carnegie (North East)	03-03-1930
Capt A. Watts Williams (Nakuru)	05-04-1930
Maj A.F. Dudgeon (Nakuru)	10-04-1930
Maj H.B. Hill (Uasin Gishu)	05-05-1930
Lt Comdr A. Ferguson (Nairobi Rural)	19-05-1930
Capt W.J. Godley, MC (Trans Nzoia)	02-08-1930
Capt W.S.J. Oates, MC (Uasin Gishu)	10-08-1930
Capt F.G. Turton (Uasin Gishu)	14-03-1930
Capt K. Rawson Shaw (Uasin Gishu)	30-08-1930
Capt A.A. Lawrie (Nakuru)	31-08-1930
Capt S.G. Ghersi (Uasin Gishu)	21-09-1930
Capt I. Dansie (Nyanza)	10-10-1930
Capt T. Anderson, MC (Nyanza)	11-11-1930
Capt H.E.D. TownSeniord (Trans Nzoia)	20-11-1930
Capt G.W. Rowland (Nairobi Town)	23-12-1930
Capt F.K. Campling (Nairobi Town)	01-01-1931
Capt H.K. Fell (Trans Nzoia)	27-02-1931

Capt R.W. Schole eld (Nakuru)	01-03-1931
Maj S.C. Layzell, MC (Coast)	16-03-1931
Capt B.H. Ryder (Railways & Harbours)	20-03-1931
Maj M.W. Whitridge (Nakuru)	20-04-1931
Lt Col C.W. Watney (Uasin Gishu)	08-05-1931
Capt C.W. Steer (Uasin Gishu)	15-05-1931

SUB-SECTION COMMANDERS and COMPANY OFFICERS (Lts & 2Lts)

LIEUTENANTS

Maj E.R. Reynard (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Capt C.G. Anderson (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Capt F.L. Jones (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Lt H. Harvey (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Lt A.R. McCrae (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Capt E. Walker (Nairobi Rural)	04-03-1929
Lt B.N. Adams (Nairobi Rural)	21-05-1929
Capt J.C. Cornforth (Nairobi Rural)	23-10-1929
Maj G. le Blanc Smith MC, DCM (Naivasha)	14-11-1929
Capt e Hon D. Leslie Melville (Naivasha)	14-11-1929
Lt H.C. Nightingale (Naivasha)	14-11-1929
Lt A. Broadley (Trans Nzoia)	20-12-1929
Lt W.M. Hunter (Trans Nzoia)	23-01-1930
Lt D.L. Anderson (North East)	01-02-1930
Maj E.C.B. Elliot (North East)	12-02-1930
Lt A.V. Nash (Trans Nzoia)	14-02-1930
Lt J.D. Chater, DSC (North East)	01-04-1930
Maj S. Burrell (Nairobi Rural)	09-05-1930
Capt J.F. Dyer (Nairobi Rural)	09-05-1930
Capt K. Findlay, MC (Nairobi Rural)	09-05-1930
Capt H.T. Wells (Nairobi Rural)	09-05-1930
Capt W.R. Kidd, MC (North East)	29-05-1930
Capt H.C. de la Poer (North East)	29-05-1930
Lt J.R. Forrest (Nairobi Town)	12-06-1930
Maj E. Barry-Johnstone, MC (Nairobi Rural)	24-07-1930
Maj H.V. Pirie (Nairobi Rural)	01-08-1930
Lt C. Heath (Nairobi Rural)	01-08-1930
Lt A.H. Upton (Trans Nzoia)	17-08-1930
Lt D.J. Leonard (Trans Nzoia)	17-08-1930

Lt R. Hartley (Trans Nzoia)	17-08-1930
Lt G.W. Reynolds (Trans Nzoia)	17-08-1930
Lt A.C. Prichard (Nairobi Town)	27-09-1930
Lt C.J. Valentine (Nairobi Town)	01-01-1931
Lt G.R. Thomas (Nairobi Town)	01-01-1931
Lt R.H. Forbes (Trans Nzoia)	12-01-1931
Lt P. Jennings (Trans Nzoia)	12-01-1931
Lt A.E. Twelree (Trans Nzoia)	12-01-1931
Lt L.S. Drayton (Trans Nzoia)	12-01-1931
Lt L.T. Kingsford (Naivasha)	01-02-1931
Lt F.R. Fear (Nairobi Town)	28-02-1931
Maj P.M. McMaster, OBE (Nairobi Rural)	01-04-1931
Capt L. Sykes (Naivasha)	01-04-1931
Capt W.H. Dickens (Nairobi Rural)	30-04-1931
Capt J.R.B. Armstrong (Nairobi Rural)	30-04-1931
Maj F. de Vere Joyce, MC (Nairobi Rural)	02-05-1931

SECOND-LIEUTENANTS

2Lt R.N. Moore (Nairobi Town)	10-12-1929
2Lt S.R. Boyd (Nairobi Town)	20-06-1930
2Lt H. Manning (Nairobi Town)	09-10-1930
2Lt S.J. Meehan (Railways & Harbours)	28-03-1931
2Lt J.E. Davis (Nairobi Town)	01-06-1931
2Lt S.F. Green, MM (Nairobi Town)	01-06-1931
2Lt D.V. Wanostrocht (Nairobi Town)	01-06-1931
2Lt L.S. Sutton (Nairobi Town)	01-06-1931
2Lt H.J. Hogan (Nairobi)	01-06-1931

DISTRICT SUPPLY & TRANSPORT OFFICERS, & QUARTERMASTERS (Captains)

Maj J.B. Tomson (Trans Nzoia)	22-02-1929
Capt R.K. Frost (Nyanza)	04-04-1929
Maj C. Younghusband (North East)	19-04-1929
Capt A.L. Gladwell, MBE (Nairobi Town)	21-08-1929
Maj J.B.F. Adams, DSO (Uasin Gishu)	10-02-1930
Capt J.B. Sinclair (Nakuru)	27-03-1930
Capt W.B. Tompson (Nairobi Rural)	01-05-1930
Capt J. Burns (Nairobi Town, 1st Nairobi Battalion)	20-08-1930
Lt Comdr L.H. Barradell (Naivasha)	20-04-1931

SECTION SUPPLY AND TRANSPORT OFFICERS (Lieutenants)

Capt J.H.D. Beales (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Capt F. Woodmore (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Lt H. Attenborough (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Lt C.F.C. Clause (ika)	04-03-1929
Lt A.D. Impey (Kiambu)	16-03-1929
Maj F.F. Blatherwick (North East)	01-08-1929
Lt M. Joseph (Naivasha)	14-11-1929
Lt L. Howe (Trans Nzoia)	22-12-1929
Lt A. Boy (Trans Nzoia)	11-03-1930
Capt H.F. Murrell, MBE (Uasin Gishu)	04-04-1930
Maj A. Armstrong (North East)	11-11-1930
Lt A.H. Ulyate (Trans Nzoia)	20-11-1930
Lt J. Gilson (Trans Nzoia)	12-01-1931
Lt D. Pedley (Nairobi Rural)	30-04-1931
Capt E. Hanmer (Uasin Gishu)	08-05-1931
Lt J.F.F. Barnes (Uasin Gishu)	08-05-1931

DISTRICT MEDICAL OFFICERS (Captains)

Col M.C. Wetherell (Naivasha)	09-11-1928
Capt F.L. Henderson (Nakuru)	18-12-1928
Capt Drury (Trans Nzoia)	22-02-1929
Maj E.S. Marshall, CBE, MC (Uasin Gishu)	04-04-1930
Capt W.H. Kauntze, MBE (Nairobi Town, 1st Nairobi Battalion)	12-06-1930
Capt K.T.K. Wallington (Railways and Harbours Services)	20-03-1931

SECTION MEDICAL OFFICERS (Lieutenants)

Maj S.J. Higgins (Trans Nzoia)	22-02-1929
Medical Officer (Fort Hall)	21-05-1929

DISTRICT VETERINARY OFFICER (Captain)

Capt R. Edmondson (Nakuru)	18-12-1928
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SIGNALLING OFFICERS

Capt W. Gri ths (Headquarters Station, Actg)	21-08-1929
Capt S.G. Ghersi (Uasin Gishu)	21-09-1930
Capt F.S. Mackrell, DCM, MM (Nairobi Town)	01-06-1931

ABBREVIATIONS: MILITARY AWARDS

CB	Companion,	the Most Honourable Order of the Bath
CBE	Commander,	the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
CIE	Companion,	the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire
CMG	Companion,	the Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St George
DCM	Distinguished Conduct Medal	
DFC	Distinguished Flying Cross	
DSC	Distinguished Service Cross	
DSO	Distinguished Service Order	
KBE	Knight Commander,	the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
KCMG	Knight Commander,	the Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St George
OBE	Officer,	the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
MBE	Member,	the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire
MC	Military Cross	
MM	Military Medal	
MSM	Meritorious Service Medal	
TD	Territorial Decoration	



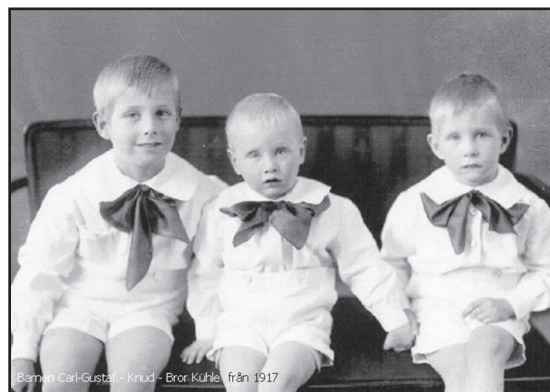
[Ed: *Would appreciate any information about this photo of the KDF – the occasion, where, date, identity of anyone.*]

DANISH WW2 PILOTS WITH KENYA REGIMENT CONNECTIONS

[Ed.: My thanks to Mikkel Plannthin <plannthin@hotmail.co> for these three abbreviated records. Any reader who has more information, photographs etc is requested to contact him.

*e van der Aa **Kühle** brothers, Carl-Gustav Claus Gunnar (DOB 28/08/1910), Bror Knud Fleming and Svend Erik. (DOB 19/12/1918), were born in Sweden. Their parents were Carl Gustav van der Aa **Kühle** (1882-1939) and his wife Eli (1884-1979). Their grandfather, Søren Anthon van der Aa **Kühle**, was managing director of Carlsberg Breweries. In 1918, the family moved to Denmark. The brothers emigrated to Kenya before the outbreak of WWII.*

Kühle, Carl-Gustav van der Aa, married Peggy Elise **omsen**. Whilst Carl Gustav volunteered for service with the Royal Air Force [776088], there is little information of his postings. However, a Carl Gustav Claus Gunnar **Kuhle**, who attested into the Kenya Regiment [KR1052], is mentioned several times in the London Gazette during the war years and I am almost positive that the two are one and the same person.



L/R: CARL-GUSTAF, KNUD & BROR KÜHLE – Barnen, 1917

The following information is based on this assumption. On 17th June 1940, he is promoted Pilot Officer on probation in the Administrative and Special Duties Branch of the Royal Air Force. Exactly a year later, he is confirmed in this appointment and promoted to the war substantive rank of Flying Officer.

For reasons unknown, on 15th October 1941, he relinquished the rank of Flying Officer and is transferred to the General Duties Branch in the rank of Pilot Officer. He was further promoted to Flying Officer on 1st January 1943 and to Flight Lieutenant on 15th January 1944.

He was Mentioned in Despatches (Supplement to London Gazette No. 36866 published 1st January 1945), but I, unfortunately, have no information as to how the award was earned. He retained his rank as at 5th July 1946.

Kühle, Svend Erik van der Aa (1918 - 1942) was one of three brothers in British service. A trained pilot, Svend first attested into the Kenya Regiment [KR1671] before volunteering for service with the RAF. Promoted from Sergeant to Pilot Officer-on-probation on 11 June 1941, he was posted to 274 Squadron (Hawker Hurricanes) during the North Africa campaign.

He had one aerial victory, before being killed in action in February 1942. On 9th December 1941 two Hurricanes of 274 Squadron were scrambled at 09h00 - P/O **Kuhle**, in MkIIB (Z5064) and Sergeant **Hendersen** in MkII (Z2835). Their mission was to carry out a routine patrol, but shortly after take-off a German JU88 of 2(F)/123 is sighted at 15,000 feet, flying in a westerly direction. The Hurricanes set off in that direction and **Kühle** manages to put a number of bursts into it, before two aircraft of 73 Squadron join in. The port engine of the JU88 caught fire and the aircraft went into a shallow dive.

Three members of the crew bailed out before the aircraft exploded and crashed seven miles south of Sollum, leaving a large column of smoke (AIR 27/1589). In the Operational Record Book **Kühle** is credited with the victory.

In the following weeks, P/O **Kühle** participates in more than 25 missions as Rommel's forces ad-

vance.

the Final Mission. On 12th February 1942, as part of a force of Hurricanes from 73 and 274 Squadrons, they met a force of JU87's of 1/St.G 3, escorted by Bf.109's of JG 27, and Italian MC 200's. The legendary German fighter ace Lieutenant Hans-Joachim **Marseille** attacked the British fighters, claiming four victories in eight minutes.

Sgt. **Hendersen** crash-landed south of Tobruk believing that he had been hit by **Jack**, and Sgt. **Parbury**, under the same misapprehension, baled out, neither pilot having spotted their attacker. PO **Kuhle's** Hurricane was seen diving, inverted, into the sea, and that of Flt Lt. **Smith**, who had just shot down a MC 200, was seen to follow it into the sea (Shores and Ring, 1969).

Sven Erik van der Aa **Kühle** was killed in this incident. He is buried at the Tobruk War Cemetery.

Keel, Poul Ulrik Axel (1912 - 1944). Because of his death at an Operational Training Unit, I initially thought that Poul Ulrik Axel **Keel** was killed during his flying training, but the London Gazette confirms that he was commissioned as early as in 1941 and served in North Africa with 45 Squadron. Born 23rd December 1912 in Copenhagen, Denmark; he was the son of managing director, engineer Hans Oluf and Hilma Olivia Mathilde Victoria **Keel** (née **Hansen**).

At the time of the German occupation of Denmark, he was working in Tanganyika and consequently cut off from his family in Europe. At the outbreak of WWII he attested into the Kenya Regiment [KR1329]. Other Danes on the nominal roll of this Regiment are Svend Erik van der Aa **Kühle**, who is killed in action on 12 February 1942, while in service in the Royal Air Force, and his brother Carl Gustav van der Aa **Kühle**. I have no information on a link between **Keel** and the **Kühle** brothers other than their having attested into the Kenya Regiment.

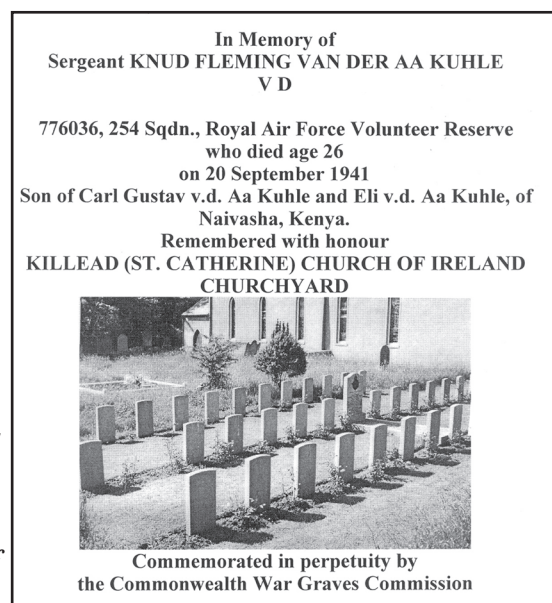
After attesting into the Kenya Regiment, Poul Ulrik Axel **Keel** volunteered for service with the Royal Air Force, most likely during 1940. On 2nd April 1941, he is commissioned (101474, RAFVR) for the duration of hostilities as P/O on probation. In 1942, his appointment as P/O is confirmed, and later promoted to F/O (war substantive). He served with 45 Squadron as a pilot, from 8th December 1941 to 16th August 1943 and was promoted to Flt Lt on 2nd April 1943.

In what must have been one of his first missions, on 12th December 1941 his wireless operator and aerial gunner Sgt. J. F. **Jennings** was slightly injured in the buttock as an anti aircraft bullet pierced the floor of the aircraft while over target near Derna Road in Tunisia.

On 4 June 1944, Poul Ulrik Axel **Keel** was killed in a training accident on take-off at 03h42. The Wellington Mk. III (BK470) of 16 Operational Training Unit, Barford, St. John, failed to become properly airborne and ended up crashed into at Lovells Farm. Two other crew members are injured.

Poul Ulrik Axel **Keel** was cremated at Golders Green and his remains later repatriated to Denmark.

[Ed: Sadly, the efforts to extract any relevant material from the Kuhle descendants proved fruitless. Ken Kuhle's son, Col Christopher Kuhle sent me the photograph of the three boys and my daughter June tracked down details of Knud Fleming's final resting place



MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

*ey went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,
 ey were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
 ey fell with their faces to the foe.
 ey shall grow not old, as we that are le 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 XXXVII was printed we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Aniere, John Joseph Francis [KR4655]. 04/02/2011. Malindi (Iain Morrison)

Belcher, Humprey Edward [KR4473]. 25/04/2011. Nairobi (Dennis Leete)

Blowers, Judith w/o Bernard [4609].21/04/2011. Harrismith Corinne Stephenson)

Bridgman, Henry Martyn [4821].20/03/2011. Canada (daughter Margaret Neely)

Brimelow, Geo rey Morgan [KR4301].24/03/2011. UK (Iain Morrison)

Cottar, Pat w/o Glen [KR3684]. 25/11/2010. Nairobi (Di van Rensburg)

Davis, Robert Daniel [KR4710]. 12/03/2011. Gauteng (Brian Je ries)

Davies, Roy [PSI KRTC]. 25/04/2011. England (daughter Christine Sharples)

Fisher, Mickey [DoY CCF]. 29/01/2010. Johannesburg (brother-in-law Gordon Alp)

Hipsey, Leslie Christopher [KR7438]. 20/12/2010] UK (Iain Morrison)

Macdonald, Wendy Jean (née Norris). 02/02/2011. Howick, RSA (brother Mike)

Marshall, Frank Robert Woodnew [KR619]. 02/01/2010. Underberg, KZ-N (Joan van Biljon)

McDonald, Angus Morris [KR3657/5605]. 10/04/2011. Cape Town (Jock Boyd)

Noad, Timothy Cranswick [KR7131]. 12/12/2010. Nairobi (Dave Lichtenstein)

Reynolds, Maureen w/o Peter [KR3963]. 23/03/2011. Queensland (Ted Downer)

Simple-Fisher, Edward (Ted) Horace [KR6060]. 14/02/2011. Gauteng (Keith Elliot)

Shaw, omas Howard [KR7460]. 01/12/2010. England (brother Giles)

Silvester, John Darragh Mostyn [KR5874/6783]. 09/02/2011. Nanyuki (Dennis Leete)

Warren, Gilly (née Veitch). 29/01/2011. Nairobi (brother Alan)

Watson, Eric Wilfred Clapton [KR6065]. 05/02/2011. Nova Scotia (wife Darlene)

Welsh, Maj Gen Peter CBE, MC [Adj 58/60]. 16/04/2011. N Ireland (Iain Morrison)

MICHAEL FISHER

Penny **Fisher** (née **Baerlein**) < sherp@tiscali.co.za> [16/02/2011] responding to a query from Dave **Lichtenstein**: Yes, Mike did attend the Hill School though am not sure of exactly when. Born in

1936, he matriculated from the Duke of York and went to work P & T in Uganda. He continued with them in Kenya – again not sure of dates – before opening his own 4x4-wheel drive business, which was not a success, as overseas clients did not really know how to drive these vehicles and there were a couple of horrendous accidents.

What with this, and no tertiary prospects for the boys, we decided to leave Kenya and join family in South Africa in 1981, where Penny's sister Liz and husband Gordon Alp, very kindly found him work in a friend's electrical engineering concern, where he was until his illness.

In 1970, we were married in Kenya, where our boys were born, Robin in 1972 and Mark in 1974. Robin is in Johannesburg in the recycling business, and Mark has just been transferred from London's Credit Suisse office to their Sydney branch. He has two daughters and a third child on the way.

Our little surprise package, Katherine, arrived in 1985 and is a qualified doctor working at some horrendous state hospital - Chris Hani Baragwanath Hospital – the largest in the southern hemisphere, I believe - doing her internship.

The way Mike fought his illness over the years with such courage and strength astounded everyone and he always managed to come back from impossible odds, but this hurdle was just one too many. He never thought he would be around to celebrate Katherine's graduation as a doctor, which he did a week before his final admittance to hospital, where he was on life support for six weeks. His strong faith was such a comfort to him and us, and we know that one day we shall all be together.

ERIC WILFRED CLAYTON WATSON [KR6065]

Eric passed from this world at the Cape Breton Regional Hospital. He had been cared for there for the past month by the wonderful staff of the An Cala Palliative Care Unit.

Eric was born in Aberdeen, Scotland in 1936. When he was eleven, he immigrated to Africa with his family, where he raised his two beloved children, Susan-Anne and David Myles. He stayed there until 1977. Eric felt a great love and connection with Africa, the people and the wild life. He always considered it his real home until he found his "Love" in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.



*Eric & Darlene Watson, taken in
Brooks, 2002*

Eric was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was a fine man of great dignity who earned the respect and friendship of all who came to know him. He would always lend a helping hand to those who needed it and he truly wished the best for all his friends and family. Eric had a deep love and respect for nature and always enjoyed the outdoors and watching the wildlife. One of the highlights of his summer was the cottage at Orangedale, the beach at Lake Ainslie and watching the many birds, especially the hummingbirds. Eric was an avid traveller and traveled much of the world both with work and for pleasure. He worked for many airlines including East African, Air Malawi and Kuwait Airlines.

In later years, he shared his love of travel with Darlene. Eric was a keen Mason and was twice Worshipful Master of MacKay Lodge #113, Sydney. He belonged to the Prince of Wales Chapter #10 and the Cape Breton Preceptory #43. He first began his devotion to Freemasonry in Blantyre, Malawi in 1973 and continued in Bedfordshire, England before moving to Cape Breton.

Eric is predeceased by his parents, Phyllis Evelyn and Robert Watson. They are buried near Perth, Australia.

ANGUS MORRIS MCDONALD [KR3657/5605]

[Son Alasdair]

*Jane & Angus 12th September 1953*

Dad was from 1820 Eastern Cape Settler Stock; his father grew up and farmed in the Queenstown area before moving to Eldoret as a frontier farmer just before Dad was born in 1921. It was a tough life - probably even more so for him, being the last of seven brothers and sisters.

Dad joined Old Mutual in Kenya, before signing up with the Kenya Regiment during World War II. He returned to Old Mutual after the war, taking a severe drop in pay, but the colonials had a good life in Kenya. Jane Dunn and Dad were from the same suburb just outside Nairobi, fell in love and were married on 12th September 1953.

I was born in 1956, and my sister Flora Jane in 1959. 1960 was a time of new adventure as we emigrated to Durban when Dad was promoted within Old Mutual. He completed a stint in Johannesburg before being moved to head office in Cape Town in 1968, where he remained until he retired about 100 years ago!

I am reminded of one of my favourite stories about Dad and his very, very dry sense of humour. When I asked him what he intended to do now that he had retired at the sprightly age of fifty something, he replied, "Well my Boy" he replied "I intend to live long enough to break Old Mutual's Pension Fund" Didn't he do a fine job of trying to accomplish that. And if there is anyone here from Old Mutual - don't think you guys are out of the woods yet - Mom is still here and has a long way to go!

Another one of Dad's quirks was to tell Mom on a Friday evening that he was off to choir practice, which rather pleased Jane, as Dad was not overly demonstrative of his feelings, but maybe she thought that he was now going to take a more active role in the Church. That was until he arrived home a little more talkative than usual - and the true identity of Choir Practice was revealed - Dad and his mates would meet at the pub for a few beers and some fellowship, and maybe a few beers more.

Mom and Dad are one of the more caring couples I know - and Dad was always helping out one of the neighbours or friends with an electrical problem here, or repair job there. I suppose there would be no one more capable of attesting to this fact than our longtime neighbours in Newlands, Martie and Louis, or more recently Helen and Rob in Constantia. By the way - I have to tell Martie and Helen, that you were both his favourite girlfriends!

Dad loved tinkering away, and he certainly had a lot to tinker with - he hoarded away more screws and electrical components than the most fastidious squirrel ever hoarded nuts for winter.

Dad was always busy with some project or other - when I was a youngster he built a yacht which gave us many happy hours of sailing at Sandvlei. Then, there were his Ham Radio sets, with which he spent many happy hours chatting to his mates around the world. They used to send each other cards, confirming their contact and these would be plotted on a world map. I think the reason he eventually gave up on this hobby, was when he received a confirmation postcard from a contact in Russia, which read - "Dear Anus"!

en there's Flora-Jane. Flora brought Tony into our lives, and he and Dad shared so many hobbies and I know how much Dad loved working on and discussing various projects with him - or asking him to research some or other possible purchase, as he so valued Tony's opinion. Of course, baby Mathew put in an appearance in the late eighties and has been Mom and Dad's joy and pleasure to watch grow up in front of them, into the young man he is today.



Angus & Jane – December 2001

It's been close to twenty years since Flora passed away, and that broke Dad's heart. But this loss was tempered when Tony brought Gill into our lives. Gill has been magnificent, and I know how much she means to Mom and Dad - and all the love and care that she and Tony show to them. She really is a Star.

Of course, in true colonial style, I was shipped off to boarding school - Queenstown it was and Queenstown it has remained. Maybe, the McDonalds have come full circle. Whilst we have a lifestyle second to none, and by this I mean that it in rush hour it takes me at least two minutes to get to my office, instead of the usual 30 seconds - But we have certainly missed being able to see and interact with Mom and Dad on a more regular basis. And of course they have missed out watching their Queenstown grandchildren grow up.

I would just like to thank my bride, Dot, and the kids, and my boys Ryan and Niall for everything they mean to Mom and Dad. I know you will all miss Angus as well.

Mom - what can one say - you have been Dad's pillar of strength throughout your married life. Dad looked after you just the way any man is expected to in the eyes of God. He loves you and cherishes you - you are his best friend, his lover, his confidante. If anyone wants to know how a marriage should be - then look no further than that of Jane and Angus. You are both an inspiration to all who make friends with you - young and old alike - Bless you Mom for what you did and meant to Dad. He is with Flora again and they are safe and watching over us.

[Ed: The following two extracts from Guy Campbell's 'The Charging Buffalo' indicate the high esteem in which Angus was held during his time with the Regiment.]

"It says much for our young Adjutant, Captain Roly Guy and the older Assistant Adjutant, Captain Angus McDonald who was Kenya-born and wise beyond his years, that between them they kept the peace and yet catered for all demands upon our manpower".

"Soon after we had set up a Tactical HQ, we found it essential to appoint an Assistant Adjutant who could swap over duties with the Adjutant, but whose task was to be in charge of the Rear HQ with the Quartermaster. In fact, he was virtually Second-in-Command. Captain Angus McDonald of the Regiment was chosen, and for three years he handled all types of problems, acting directly with GHQ and the Secretariat. He never flinched, was calm, steady, humorous and very determined, and the very fact that he was either in the field or in Nairobi, allowed the Colonel to always have one officer with him. He took over the responsibility of a Second-in-Command without any qualms and after a week or so felt he had been there for years. He also possessed the rare attribute of tact and, being a Kenyan, he knew how to get the best out of them - they had all been to school together.

He never pushed his position or trod on tender toes, but he had a strong will, an inexhaustible constitution and a tongue that could bite. He was one of the few of the Regiment who received the Queen's Coronation Medal. The choice was made of one man of different rank in each company. British and KAR received a much more generous allotment".

MEMORIES OF AN ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

[K.L. Hunter, OBE]

1914-1918

The first I heard of the outbreak of war in 1914 was when a party of Boers, rifles slung across pom-poms, rode through my mother's farm in the Transvaal. They passed the time of day with us and went on their way - to join up with **de la Rey** and **de Wet** who were staging an abortive rebellion against the South African Government's decision to come in on the side of Britain against Germany! **de la Rey** and **de Wet** were two of the Boer leaders who had led the British forces such a dance in the closing stages of the Anglo-Boer War which had ended 12 years earlier.

Soon afterwards I left the farm for Johannesburg where I volunteered for service in the campaign about to be launched against what was then German South West Africa. I was only 17, but no questions were asked and I found myself posted as a machine gunner in BRITZCOL, a mounted commando unit. It was not long before we were at Durban, along with our horses, and embarked for Walvis Bay. On arrival we had to off-load the horses by first lowering them in slings into barges alongside the ship, as there was no wharf.

After a sojourn of a month or more at Walvis Bay, we set forth for Swakopmund and beyond on horseback, until finally reaching the Etosha Pan on the Angola border. Etosha at that time had literally hundreds and thousands of game animals, particularly wildebeest which swarmed onto the Pan every night to obtain the natural salt. This was the German Crown Prince's private game park.

We had seen no Germans, nor do I recollect hearing a shot fired, but this was the end of the campaign for our column. The only real hardship we had suffered was scarcity of water due to the wells being deliberately fouled by the enemy - the country through which we were riding being arid desert.

While retracing our steps to Walvis Bay, we captured a German supply convoy consisting largely of rum which was much enjoyed - to such an extent that there was a mock battle with the morning star which had been mistaken for an aeroplane!

We re-embarked and sailed to Cape Town where we were demobilised, I having meanwhile attained the exalted rank of corporal. My officer decided to re-enlist for the German East African campaign and suggested that I join him. After a short spell on the farm, I arranged to meet him in Johannesburg and again volunteer for service. In due course I presented myself to the recruiting sergeant and this time was asked my age. I was then rising eighteen and when I informed him of this, he replied that they were only recruiting men of 21 years or more and that I should "go back to Mum". I told Major **Frere** that he should have known my age and not enticed me to volunteer when only "MEN" were required. He told me not to be so childish and advised me to return to the enlisting sergeant and inform him that I had grown up - I was always a big lad - and that I was in fact 21 years of age! He smiled and accepted me.

It was 1915, and I was once again a soldier in the machine-gun section attached to the 2nd South African Rifles destined for Nyasaland and General **Northey's** Command.

We embarked at Durban in a very small ship, the IPU and sailed to Beira and then onwards to Chindi at the mouth of the Zambesi, where we were transferred to stern-wheeler paddle boats which had two steel barges lashed on either side, and we steamed up-stream, quite an adventurous trip as the Zambesi was rather low and the heat intense. More than once we stuck on sand banks and the whole contingent was ordered overboard to push the boat off. We tied up at night and eventually reached Chindi,

the terminus of the Shire Highland Railway which in due course delivered us to Limbe where we were encamped under canvas for about a month.

It was extremely cold and in the morning our washing water was frozen over, which is rare in Central Africa. We were then route marched to Zomba some 50 miles, where we were again under canvas for a period and eventually marched on to Fort Johnston, another 80 miles, where we embarked on the gunboat GWEN and sailed on to Karonga at the north west end of Lake Nyasa. After a short period in camp we moved onward to Fife on the German East and Northern Rhodesia border - here we prepared for our advance into enemy territory. We



took the German post at Wembe which was about ten or eleven miles away, the Germans having evacuated the fort without firing a shot. We followed them, going ENE towards Iringa and passing through Tandala Mission.

When nearing Iringa, we occupied various German farms, one in particular was run by a woman who surrendered to us and was taken into custody. Within a day or two a German doctor also surrendered, and it appeared that he had knowledge of the death of the lady's husband in some engagement to the north and he had deserted in order to join his lady-love, now a widow, and said he wished to marry her forthwith. We had no padre and our immediate column commander, a Major **Fife**, suggested that the only way we could join them in matrimony was by the old Scottish custom of jumping over a broomstick and declaring themselves to be man and wife. They accepted this suggestion and the ceremony was duly performed in the orderly room and they were evacuated as POW man and wife!

From Iringa we turned south into the mountain range overlooking the vast Rujiji swamps - terrible country. At this stage we had one considerable engagement with the enemy at Malangale. We were halted, the enemy having got completely out of range and we then reversed our direction making for Tukuyu at the north end of Lake Nyasa. Embarking once more on the GWEN, we landed at Wiedhaven the lake port for Songea, eventually arriving at that town. We camped there for about a month without seeing the enemy at all. It was a notoriously bad locality for blackwater fever. My brother contracted it and was eventually invalided back to South Africa. We returned to Fort Johnston and marched east and south encountering the enemy periodically, and having run out of supplies we had to live off the land. After a number of skirmishes, we eventually arrived at Quelimane on the Indian Ocean coast, not far north of Chindi. By this time the Germans under **von Lettow Vorbeck** had turned north and we were destined to follow, but we never caught up with them.

The 2nd South African Rifles were so depleted by disease that there were only two or three of us left. I was then drafted to the Motor Cycle Corps for a short period under Major **McMillan** but they also were decimated by disease and disbanded, though Sergeant **Kirsten** and I were still fit. By this time I had been promoted to 2/Lt but I did not even possess a shirt at the time and my one pip was inscribed on my singlet shoulder in indelible pencil! I was then drafted to Blantyre to train a machine-gun unit for the new 3/1 Battalion of the King's African Rifles.

I was quartered in the old Government House, a delightful home after a couple of years in the *bundu*.

Two months after arriving, I was visited by the GOC, General **Northey**, who inspected the house and grounds with a view to their use as an Officers' convalescent home. Before his departure about noon, I suggested that a drop of gin might be acceptable. The General readily agreed and as we sipped the drinks, he asked whether I had had any leave. I had not and he instructed me to join the next leave draught to South Africa.

Whilst there, I received orders to recruit Yao Nyasa Africans in the Johannesburg area to augment the new 3/1 KAR. Another officer and I assembled a train-load, about 600 men, and in due course arrived back in Zomba with the draught. Here I was instructed to report to the General. After hearing about my leave, he asked me whether I would like to join his staff. I was then about 20, had a very limited military background, and felt that I would inadequately fulfil such an appointment; I informed the General accordingly.

He replied that I should make my own choice and I answered that I would give better service by rejoining my battalion.

I did so, but shortly afterwards the General was appointed Governor-Designate of Kenya (then British East Africa) and consequently relinquished his Command and returned to Britain. Before leaving, he wrote to me, a mere 2/Lt., and said that as a youngster I had probably done nothing between school and joining the Forces and if, on discharge, he could help me take up a career, he would be pleased to do so. He left us, the War ended and I was demobilized in Pretoria. I had covered some 6,000 miles on my feet since enlisting!

While on demobilization leave I read in the press that the Governor-Designate was on a ship calling at Cape Town and I wrote and asked for his help in deciding on a career. Within a few months I received a cable from him inviting me to join the Kenya Administrative Service as an Assistant District Commissioner (ADC), as District Officers (DO) were called in those days. Naturally I accepted but was faced with the financing of my passage to Mombasa. I was in Cape Town at the time and had only sufficient funds to pay my passage as far as Durban.

1919-1950

On arriving in Durban, I went to a modest boarding house and there met a junior naval officer who told me that as a discharged officer, I could claim an indulgence passage to any country of employment, which entailed my paying only the cost of messing on the ship. He helped me to arrange this and in due course I embarked on the **CARISBROOKE CASTLE**, my messing costing Shs 6/6d a day.

At Mombasa I had a little trouble with the Immigration Officer who required a deposit of £50 before allowing me to land. As I had not got, but I produced the Governor's cable and of course was allowed to land at once. I was then faced with the cost of the rail fare from Mombasa to Nairobi, but while considering the subject, I met a Treasury official in the Manor Hotel, who, on learning my circumstances and the nature of my coming appointment, arranged for the Treasury to issue a rail warrant for the journey. When I got to Nairobi I was told the Governor wanted to see me on his return from a tour he was on. While awaiting his arrival I met another helpful Government officer who told me that, as an appointee to Government service, I was entitled to a refund of all my out of pocket expenses on reaching Nairobi. He arranged this and I became the possessor of what was to me a vast sum!

I duly called on the Governor when he returned to Nairobi and was appointed as an ADC and posted to Eldoret. The salary at the time was £240 a year and free quarters. I spent more than my recently acquired wealth on stores, bedding etc. to take to my new post. To reach Eldoret one took a train to Londiani and thence by the Royal Mail Service - a trotting ox-cart - 64 miles to Eldoret. I reported to my District Commissioner (DC) a Mr 'S', an elderly gentleman who had previous service in Bechuanaland. An early remark to me was that I was very young and would not be much of a companion to

him, as he was rather fond of his liquor. And so it proved to be. On one occasion I rescued him from drowning in his soup when I was dining with him - he had over-balanced with his face in his soup plate, and was struggling to recover!

On another occasion he arrived at the office with only one gum boot and when I pointed this out, he remarked that he had stuck in the mud while walking to the office and must have withdrawn his foot and left the boot. Would I recover it please? The roads in Eldoret at that time were just bare earth and the passage of a cart hauled by a span of oxen soon churned them into a morass during the rains.

Another time he arrived without his false teeth and his speech was almost inaudible. He related that the evening before he had had rather a thick night at the Pioneer Hotel and had retired to the long-drop to vomit and unfortunately his denture had gone down the pit. Would I arrange to recover it? A gang of prisoners was summoned from the gaol, one lowered on a rope, and the next morning my master's speech was audible again!

I also learned that once prior to my arrival, my friend the Governor, General **Northey** had visited Eldoret with his lady. Due to bad roads they were late in arriving and the DC whilst awaiting them had fortified himself with a little gin. When the party arrived, the DC gallantly bent to kiss Lady **Northey's** hand, over-balanced and fell flat on the ground at her feet. The dear old gentleman was a "character" and used to send a Cape boy convict in prison clothes to drive a wagon to Londiani to bring his consignment of liquor back to Eldoret. The prisoner never betrayed this trust.

On another occasion when his cook deserted, he instructed the police to find him another. They did so by trumping up a charge against a well known cook working for the Bank Manager's wife. He was remanded to prison and while there, automatically became the DC's cook! I remember sitting on the Bench with 'S' one day, when he was hearing a Somali debt dispute; he told a young Somali witness that he was lying. The witness replied that he was not. The DC was furious and remarked, "You dare to contradict me, take him out of the witness box and give him six, and then he will probably tell the truth." It has been said, may be apocryphally, a Somali tells the truth only when he calls his brother a liar!

'S' taught me a lot; he was for instance an amazing bird shot, so much so that he shot duck with a 20 bore shot gun, as larger bores made it too easy. I learned that after he had retired he was enjoying a beer in a village pub in England when a yokel challenged him to ride a bicycle up a certain hill. The challenge was accepted, a bike was provided and my dear old master is said to have reached the summit and died of heart failure.

Up to 1920, the Trans Nzoia District was administered from Eldoret and towards the close of 1919, came the first Legislative Council elections. I was detailed to conduct the polling in the South West of the Trans Nzoia constituency. This polling station had 24 registered voters and the count of votes at the end of the day disclosed seventeen in favour of Bert **Kirk**, who was declared elected. For the next 40 years he was to remain a respected member of the Trans Nzoia community, running an auctioneer and estate agent's business. His son, Rex became Mayor of Eldoret. **Daddy Muirhead**, one of the voters from the slopes of Mount Elgon, declared he had never seen a motor-car and was most interested in the Model T Ford I was using.

About now I was transferred to the West Suk district with HQ at Kacheleba. It was subsequently discovered that this district headquarters, built by a DC called **Crampton**, had in error been located across the Suam river and was in fact on Ugandan territory. The station was later moved to Kapenguria. In Kacheleba was a collection of erstwhile elephant poachers who claimed to have a lot of buried ivory. They persuaded me to ask Government to grant an amnesty and allow them to dispose of their treasure. This was granted and I was authorized to pay two rupees a pound for it. I eventually exported a five ton ox wagon load.

Sitting in my office one day, it was reported that a lion was trying to attack a gang of convicts working on a road about a mile away. I went with a couple of regular African policemen armed with rifles and two Tribal Police (TP) carrying spears. The alleged lion turned out to be a leopard and was located hiding in long grass. I approached with a TP at my side. He led me to the top of a hillock saying the leopard was just in front. Expecting it to be 50 or 60 yards away, I was turning to the TP to ask him to point it out, when my eyes met those of the leopard crouching about six to eight yards from me. At this moment, the animal sprang at me and by some lucky instinct I dropped forward onto all fours and it landed on my back.

During the moment or two he was on me I felt with one hand the soft fur of his belly. Whilst the leopard was poised thus, both *askaris* fired at it but missed. The leopard then took purchase on my shoulders and sprang at the TP who was just behind me. In a flash the TP had the whole of his scalp torn away which hung over his face and the leopard departed. I returned the TP's scalp as one would a cap and we hastened to the *boma*. We had no doctor so I removed the scalp once more and bathed the skull with copper sulphate until the bleeding ceased and then returned the scalp and sewed it in place with needle and cotton. In less than a month the man was back on duty.

Leopards were numerous in the district and when on safari, sleeping in a tent with my two fox terriers tied to the tent pole, beside my bed, a leopard entered and tore one from its leash and bounded away. On another occasion when on foot safari following the Turkwell river, I saw a lot of vultures circling and heard bellowing. On investigating I found an elephant flat out on the ground obviously in labour. I watched her for a couple of hours until the calf was born and mother arose to clean it up, and immediately the vultures descended to feast on the afterbirth. The babe could not stand when I led to set up camp, but on returning in the evening, I found that both mother and child had departed. I have read that when a Burmese elephant gives birth, she is guarded by a host of others, or has at least one "aunty" elephant with her, but in my case the lady was quite unaccompanied.

When returning to look for the elephant in the evening, I came upon a lone buffalo lying down chewing the cud. I only carried a .303 rifle but took careful aim resting the rifle in a fork of a tree. I fired and the buffalo rolled over. As I approached to cut its throat, for we needed the meat, it rose and charged. I had re-loaded, and when the beast was only a few yards from me I fired point blank at its head. The ball was too small to penetrate. The animal was checked only a moment, it snorted and shook its head and continued the charge but had lost its direction and I was able to side-step a yard or two, and as he passed, I gave him a shot from behind to speed him on his way!

The district was teeming with game and on the plains near Kolosia, I would walk amongst the herds seeking a good head of horns. One morning, about dawn when I was having breakfast at a camp table set under a tree, a guinea fowl planed down and settled for a moment on my table. I relate these instances to illustrate how tame and unmolested was the game at the time.

The Suk in this district had a very efficient system of irrigation trenches in the hills on the upper reaches of the Wei Wei river, these had been installed without any skilled advice.

From Suk, I went on leave and was married in Johannesburg in November 1921.

On my return I was posted to Eldoret again and later to Naivasha. The interest in this latter district was the 'Happy Valley'! This was the rendezvous of what might now be called the 'jet set'. A crowd of fast living socialites whose photographs were more likely to appear in *The Tatler* than in a farming journal! The Hon. Jocelyn and Lady Idina **Hay** resided there and once when invited to a picnic with them, we were given nothing to eat and all sustenance for the day was from bottles.

Then it was on to Nairobi as ADC where my duties consisted almost entirely of settling disputes between servants and *memsahibs*. One morning, an African arrived with two fried eggs nicely bal-

anced on his head, which for the purpose was carefully tilted. He related how he had been cooking the breakfast when the irate *memsahib* entered the kitchen and snatched the frying pan from the stove and cracked him on the head, and here he was with the evidence of the assault!

Another lady, some days later, arrived with her cook and sought to charge him with the . She alleged that he had stolen part of her oxtail stew the previous evening. As evidence, she produced from a paper bag the vertebrae of the said ox-tail and proceeded to t the pieces into order on my table, and drew my attention to the fact that one piece was missing from the tapering sequence of bones. is she alleged proved conclusively that the cook had had his share!

My next posting was as DC, Nandi, the rst time I had been in sole charge of an African district. e Nandi tribesmen were recalcitrant and I found a challenge before me. e Laibon Talai clan was in virtual control and to break their authority was my rst task. e rst clash came shortly a er I took over the district. e Laibon clan has a leader known as the Orkoiyot who at that time was **Barserion arap Manyi** - he exercised the supreme power of the clan and in fact over the whole Nandi tribe. He was the son of **Kimanyi** who "ruled" at the time of the Nandi punitive expedition, led by **Meinertzhagen** in 1907. **Kimanyi** was shot by that o cer during the expedition when his son **Barserion** was a youngster. His mother declared that she would bring up her son to avenge his father's death.

Some years prior to my arrival, **Barserion** had embarrassed the Administration to such an extent that he was deported to reside at Meru. He had been permitted to return to Nandi, however, shortly before I took over.

A few months a er my arrival there was evidence of considerable disorder, the *moran* (young warriors) were strutting around in a provocative manner, armed with spears and shields by day, and at night they congregated in the *boma* and made the night hideous with their dancing and screaming. A er enquiry I decided that this was a disorder directed by the Orkoiyot and decided to order him to live in the Police lines and challenged him to stop the disorderly antics of the young men. Matters improved and I represented to my PC that the deportation order against **Barserion** should be revived. e PC's view was that he would experience little difficulty in arranging this, but put it to me that I would be in a far stronger position if I retained and controlled **Barserion**.

I accepted the advice, and ordered **Barserion** to move his home from his location and take up residence in the district headquarters. I had a hut built for him at a prominent and public spot in the station and he moved in with his wife and family. **Barserion** was ordered to sit all day in front of my o ce and glue his eyes on me, when I was present, with a tribal policeman near him, and at night he was under curfew. is daylight restriction was withdrawn in due course, but the night curfew was maintained. is order continued throughout my tenure in Nandi. I learned that a er I had le , my successor allowed **Barserion** to return to his location and that he caused further disturbances. Law and order improved immediately following his restriction in the boma.

About this time I was visited by a Major **Drought** who told me that he was a blood brother of the tribe and had therefore knowledge of many of their secrets. He said that in restricting **Barserion**, I had undoubtedly frustrated a serious movement which was in process. **Barserion**, he said, had told the Nandi that the European farmers were unhappy in Kenya and wanted to leave and were planning an escape route. He, **Barserion**, had said that the rst idea was to build the railway and get out that way, but they were defeated because the railway struck the Lake at Kisumu and could go no further! Nothing daunted, they had gone back on their tracks and started another branch of the railway at Nakuru, intending to circumvent the Lake and get out that way.

is new railway struck the Nile at Jinja and they were again defeated, so they decided to tunnel under the Lake and river and escape. e evidence to support this was to be found in the Kakamega district where they were sinking the shafts of the tunnel; this of course referred to the gold mining

operations in progress in that district at the time. **Barserion** claimed that he would know when the tunnel was complete and the day when the Europeans would be leaving and abandoning all their stock on the farms. On that day the Nandi should be ready to go forth and collect all the stock for their own benefit. The preparation for this, **Drought** said, was what I had quelled when I took **Barserion** into restriction.

Leading members of the Laibon clan had divided the district into personal parishes from which they exacted toll on the threat of disease, pestilence and crop failure. The young men enjoyed an inherent power which allowed them to "name" any maiden of their choice but would not necessarily take her to wife immediately. She would not marry elsewhere however, and if forgotten by the young Talai, would remain a spinster for life.

Another example of the Laibon power is illustrated in the following. An old man and his wife lived in the dense Kapwaren forest. They had no children or stock and existed by cultivating a small patch. The bongo antelope were in the habit of devastating their shamba so they erected a fence of brushwood and left one low section where the bongo could jump in. Inside where they estimated the animal would land, they erected a series of sharp stakes. They were successful and a bongo was impaled and died. The old couple were delighted, but not for long, as a *mauti* or messenger arrived from the Laibon ruling their parish saying they had killed his property and that they must compensate him with ten heifers, under pain of death. They possessed no stock, and so strong was the influence of the Laibon that they started to waste away.

They reported to me in a sadly emaciated condition and related their story. They said that if I would send for the Laibon, who they named, and order him to remove the spell, he could do so, otherwise they would die. The Laibon duly appeared and denied all knowledge of the allegation, however he agreed to carry out any ritual I demanded. Consulting with the elders, it was decided that a shallow grave be dug and filled with grass, and that the two old people should lie therein; then an elder would dictate what the Laibon should say to remove the spell. He consented and the ceremony was duly performed ending with the Laibon spitting in their faces and striking them with a bundle of grass. The two 'culprits' were satisfied and grateful and stayed under my care for a period and regained their health and strength rapidly. This Laibon power was steadily broken down by very close administration; for instance, the Talai were required to obtain a pass from me before they could leave their location.

Stock theft in Nandi is a national sport. In the course of court trials for this offence it became apparent to me that the majority of the thefts were by the Kapchepkendi Clan, and it was no coincidence that the majority of squatters on the neighbouring European farms were also members of this clan. Having arrived at this conclusion, I attended a public meeting with the neighbouring European farmers and asked if they would co-operate if I put it to the squatters that, in my opinion, they could stop stock theft, and that I would warn the squatters that unless they did so, I would arrange for their squatter contracts to be cancelled and the family and stock forthwith returned to the reserve. The farmers readily gave their consent. I then arranged a *baraza* with the squatters and put my proposed threat to them.

Their first reaction was that they could not stop stock theft. I replied that I was convinced that they could. After a long discussion, they asked for a week to consider the matter. I agreed, assuring them that after that I proposed to carry out my threat and return the families to the reserve from any area where stock was stolen.

When I met them at the end of the week, they said they agreed to my proposal and would make every effort to stop the crime. We parted good friends. Unfortunately, this arrangement was made only towards the end of my tenure in the District, otherwise many earlier stock thefts might have been frustrated. During the ensuing months there were only isolated cases of stock theft and when the thieves

were caught, one or two squatter families were returned with their stock to the tribal area. Before I left the district, stock thieving had virtually ceased.

The northern part of the Nandi reserve was devoid of timber and I proposed that I should plant wattle and gum plantations for fuel and building poles. The proposal was favourably received, but the elders said any man who was permitted to plant a tree in their land would establish undisputed title to the area. They would not accept my assurance that this was not my intention, and before I could proceed with the project, I had to obtain from the Chief Native Commissioner a written assurance that the land would remain Nandi property even though I planted trees. This document was accepted. In similar manner, when we wished to demarcate the forest area for protection as a local Native Council forest, I had to obtain a document signed by the Governor.

It was in Nandi that I learned that public ridicule is a very effective punishment for unsophisticated Africans. The witch doctors were causing a lot of embarrassment, and I decided to extract them from their secretive corners and make them live on the main footpaths, and gave them a personal name board at their huts advertising their alleged supernatural powers. The embarrassment soon waned.

Later in my career, when in Central Nyanza, I was charged with carrying out conscription for the armed forces during the 1939/45 War. One day at a large *baraza* at which young men who had been summoned were invited to show cause, if any, as to why they should not proceed to military service, one young man simply said he would not go and gave no reason. This was a challenge as I had to obtain many hundreds of recruits. I questioned him as to his sex, stating that he was behaving like a girl. He maintained his objection so I told him that if he behaved like a woman, he would be treated as one.

There were women present at the *baraza* and I saw one who could obviously dispense with a garment and asked her to lend it to me so that I could clothe our young recalcitrant appropriately. She obliged and as the garment was brought, my young friend withdrew his objection and said he would join the other recruits. I retaliated by refusing to accept his services, saying that the Army could not tolerate such weak heartedness. He was duly attired in the woman's garment, and amidst roars of laughter and ridicule, was made to take his seat amongst the women. I recruited many hundreds thereafter without incident. Even the very critical Archdeacon Owen thoroughly approved of my action.

Mentioning the Archdeacon calls to mind another incident - at one time he inundated the Administration with cases of bigamy, i.e. baptised and married Christian converts who had taken a second wife by native law and custom. The Administrative Officers of the district conferred and decided that the uniform penalty would be a fine of Shs40/-. Having paid the fine, there was nothing to prevent the offender from continuing to live with his newly-wed wife in open wedlock. After a short period of time Shs40/- became known as the price of a licence to take a second wife, and many presented the sum hoping to obtain the "licence".

From Nandi I proceeded on overseas leave and on my return, was posted to South Kavirondo, the boma being Kisii, the name of one of the tribes in the district. When first administered the boma was at Karungu, a very unhealthy locality on the shores of Lake Victoria and had been moved to Kisii by **Northcote**, later to become Sir George **Northcote**, Governor of Northern Rhodesia. I took over the *boma* from Jack **Dawson** who had died there from enteric.

One of the early DC's at Karungu was **Campbell**, named by the Africans *Kombo Kichwa* - the perverse or difficult one. He disliked travelling long distances on foot in the blazing sun - there were no motor cars in these days and he issued orders that all the roads and paths he frequently travelled should be planted with avenues of gum trees. When I arrived in 1936, these were mature and very attractive.

On arrival I learned that a major agricultural show was to be staged and I had a very keen and energetic Agricultural Officer in Peter **Hobbs**. The venue of the Show was to be the magnificent stadium

which had been constructed by one of my predecessors, Clarence **Buxton**, taking advantage of famine relief labour. The same DC had also constructed many miles of what became known as the elephant trench, designed to prevent marauding elephant herds entering the district from trans-Mara district to the east. The trench was six feet deep and four feet wide. It would have done much to deter the marauders, but where it crossed the numerous rivers and streams, the elephant merely entered the stream and walked up the water course!

The Agricultural Show was a great success. In addition to the show exhibition sheds, Hobbs and I built an elaborate camp for the Governor, Sir Joseph **Byrne**, and heads of departments. Sir Joseph was with us in camp for some days and brought with him the KAR band, which in addition to performing at the show, played in the evenings when the Governor and others gave sundowner parties in the light of huge wood fires.

The tribes of the district comprise the Bantu Kisii of the highlands and Nilotic Luo on the Lake shores, with the Watende in the south along the Tanganyika border. Included in the district are two considerable islands offshore in Lake Victoria, namely Mfwangano and Rusinga. They are populated by a Bantu tribe, an offshoot of the Baganda. It is alleged that many years ago one of the young princes of the ruling Kabaka family was banished from Uganda, and collecting a set of followers he set off in a fleet of canoes over the Lake to find a new home. In due course they arrived at Rusinga and found it denuded of human population, but all the domestic animals wandering unattended.

Legend has it that the humans had succumbed, to a man, to some unidentified disease, which was referred to as "sleepy disease" and was said to claim its victims in a matter of moments, individuals dying in the course of a meal. Some proof of the legend was to be found in the fact that even during my tenure of office in 1936-38, wild cattle and goats were to be found in the mountainous parts of the island and were on occasion hunted and killed for meat.

It is of interest to record that Tom **Mboya** who became an important figure in Kenya politics and who was finally assassinated, was of this island Bantu tribe, though he posed as a Luo, having a Luo name. One Chief Paul **Mboya** of the Luo Karachwanyo location related to me that before his appointment as a Chief, he was a Seventh Day Adventist Mission evangelist. As such he visited Rusinga and found a host in the person of Tom's father. The two men became very close friends, and before Paul left, his host averred that he was so impressed by the evangelist, that if and when he had a son, he would name him **Mboya**.

So it was that Tom of Bantu origin acquired a Nilotic Luo name, and possibly the aristocratic background of the Royal family of Buganda accounted for his brilliance. Some years later when Tom was posing as a Luo in politics, I taxed him with this story, and he confirmed that it was correct.

In the course of administration, I became appalled by the malpractices of bribery and corruption in the African Tribunal Courts. I conferred with the same Chief Paul **Mboya**, and he advised that there existed in the old days a very binding oath, and suggested that I should introduce it in the Tribunals. It was called the '*Mbira*' oath. He explained that at each tribunal we should dig a symbolic grave and by it we should have all the paraphernalia used at normal funerals including a clay pot of water and a small grass broom. The man required to attest is brought from the court to the grave and required by the judge to declare that he is speaking the truth, and if not he will be accursed and in a short time will die and be buried.

I introduced this oath and the measure of its success can be judged by the fact that within months I received a communication from the Chief Native Commissioner that would have reached him from African sources that I was killing people at my African Courts! I left the district about this time so have had no knowledge as to whether the '*mbira*' was continued.

the Kisii tribe already referred to, had an astonishing practice which came to light on several occasions when an action was brought for the recovery of the custody of children born to another man and woman. In the course of hearing, it transpired that a rich man having sufficient wives for his own purposes would buy or pay bride price for an additional woman who he would lend or farm out to a poor man on condition that all progeny of the union belonged to the rich man.

In Kisii I had another occasion to use ridicule as a punishment. One of my servants was grossly disobedient and I gave him the option of being prosecuted before a DO or of apologising to me. He chose the latter. Next day when an assembly of men and women were gathered outside my office, I formed them into a ring, and in the centre was my recalcitrant servant. I advised the assembly that he wished to apologise for his misdemeanour the previous day and ordered him to kneel before me and ask for forgiveness. Greatly embarrassed he did so, accompanied by murmurs of derision from the crowd. It was declared as a just and fitting punishment and went down in Kisii as an historic event.

My next posting after Kisii was to Kapenguria early in 1939 as Officer-in-Charge, Turkana. At the beginning of that year a major raid by the Merille of Southern Abyssinia into Turkana took place. It was reported that 10,000 head of camel and cattle had been driven off, many Turkana tribesmen butchered and a number of girls taken hostage.

Sir Robert **Brooke-Popham [Right]**, the Governor at the time, despatched to Turkana three Wellesley bombers of the RAF under Squadron leader **Taa e**, with instructions to me to endeavour to intercept the raiders. To reach Turkana the raiders had crossed the Ilembi triangle, a tapering strip of the Sudan territory which culminated at a point on Lake Rudolph forming a common boundary point with Turkana, Abyssinia and Kenya at Todenyang.



On reconnaissance, it was found that the raiders were lying up in Sudanese territory, and it was decided that ground troops were essential to dislodge them. A company of KAR under Captain **Douglas** duly arrived to engage the raiders. As they were in the Sudan, there had to be rather drawn out political negotiations before Captain **Douglas** could enter the territory. When he did eventually proceed to the attack, the raiders and the stock had largely dispersed and the expedition proved practically abortive. In the course of the negotiations, I had occasion to meet the Italian Officer-in-Charge of the Southern Province of Kalam; the Italians had colonised Abyssinia it will be remembered.

The meeting was arranged to be held at the afore-mentioned common boundary point at Todenyang. We all arrived at about 16h00 and as that part of Lake Rudolph, at the mouth of the Omo river abounds in wild duck, we decided to shoot until dark and carry out our negotiations after sundown. My European interpreter and I returned with 30 brace of duck and the Italian Officer had only one! We drank and dined to the light of a full moon and by mid-night had settled all the affairs of state. We returned to our respective districts the next morning having obtained promises from the Italian of severe punitive measures against his subjects, the Merille, and hoping to make some restitution to the Turkana. Hitler's War broke out within a few days and we heard no more.

A month or so later I was posted as DC Central Kavirondo and was stationed at Kisumu. Serving there only a few months, I was transferred to North Kavirondo and stationed at Kakamega.

During my stay in that district I visited Paramount Chief Mumia on several occasions. It was he who had held in custody the bones of Bishop **Hanington**, murdered in Uganda in 1885. When I met him he was quite blind and spent his days in a deck chair in the sun. He lived entirely on native beer and had a *matungi* (clay pot), full permanently by his side, with a long *marija* (drinking tube) always in his hand. A fixed to the mouthpiece was a safety pin and when he became drowsy, he would hook the pin

into his coat to be available again when he awoke! Occasionally, I would pour a bottle of brandy into his *matungi* - “*tamu*” (sweet), he would say.

The old man was reputed to be over 90 and he died during my term of office. He was buried in his hut shrouded in white sheets, sitting up in the grave, with his head above ground. A clay *matungi*, not, I suspect, the one he drank out of, was placed over his head. I was advised that the body would be left in this position until the skeleton was cleaned by ants and other insects, when it would be disinterred and removed to its permanent resting place known as the Place of the Kings - Matungu by name. The final burial had not taken place when I left the area.

During the early months of the War the PC, Mr S.H. **Fazan** had raised two battalions of Pioneers and when he accompanied them to the Middle East, I was appointed PC, Nyanza Province.

As a war effort, I persuaded the Central Nyanza Luo to allow Government to use their swamp-lands on the Kano Plains to grow rice. This was conceded and some bumper crops resulted. After the War, the land was to be vacated and handed back. I felt that the very indolent Luo would not maintain the rice paddies as such and I proposed to Government that they should be planted to gum trees which would improve the health of the area by drying up the swamps and, moreover, provide fuel and building poles for the reserve. The Government agreed and all financial and other details were arranged; when mature, the plantations would be handed over to the Local Native Council (LNC) as a communal asset. The day came for the scheme to be explained to the LNC in detail and the formal approval of the tribe obtained for the planting of trees.

Imagine my astonishment when the proposition was turned down and approval refused! Discreet enquiry later elicited the information that the elders considered that had I been confident of the success of the scheme, I would have proceeded without consulting them. The fact that I had consulted them was simply because I wished them to shoulder the blame if the scheme was a failure! So much for democratic administration in Africa! The whole area subsequently reverted to malarial swamp.

Life as PC Kisumu was extremely strenuous but interesting during the war years; recruiting for the armed forces and the pioneer battalions, together with food production and the requisitioning of stock for meat, entailed constant endeavour.



The South African Air Force used Kisumu as a night-stop on their journey to the desert war by flying boat and wheeled aircraft. One catastrophe is vivid in my recollection. A full plane of personnel proceeding south for Christmas had stopped overnight and next morning when it took off, the man responsible had forgotten to remove the wedges from the wing gaps which had been inserted to stop the wind damaging the plane during the night. The result was that when the pilot pulled his joy stick to ascend, there was no response and the plane dived into Lake Victoria. The entire complement including General Dan **Pienaar** (Le) was drowned and I conducted the funeral of 35 persons in a communal grave as there was no padre available.



I had the privilege of entertaining numerous VIPs passing through and one particularly delightful visitor was General **Smuts** (Le), Prime Minister of South Africa. He flew in from the North, arriving about dawn and my wife and I gave a small breakfast party for people of the town to meet him. My wife had baked some scones for breakfast made of pure white flour. Our guest said he had not had any real white bread for ages and enjoyed them to the full. He was quite delighted when my wife gave him about a dozen of these scones wrapped in a table napkin to take home with him for



Smuts visiting troops in North Africa

OuMa (Right). His ADC stepped forward and offered to carry them for him but he replied that he would not trust them to anyone and proposed to carry them personally until he presented them to his wife. I drove him to the airport and the great man mounted his plane still carrying the precious white scones!

Another famous guest was the old **Aga Khan** who had come to Kenya to be weighed in diamonds. He was accompanied by his latest beautiful Begum. They stayed with us and before his arrival I approached the Kisumu Club for permission to introduce him as an honorary member. It should be remembered that he was a Privy Councillor. After long debate, the Committee agreed to my request and I took him to the Club one evening. To my surprise he asked for a whisky and soda remarking that all alcohol turned to water as soon as it touched his lips!



That evening we attended a big reception and the Begum, who could speak only a few words of English, was called on to reply to a toast. She was sitting next to me and would not rise until I challenged her to do so, saying if she did not I would tell the assembly that she was a funk. She responded very sweetly in broken English.

Next morning they were to depart for Nairobi, he by car and he asked me to book her by air. I took her to the plane about 07h00, and when I returned to my house, the **Aga Khan** was sitting on my veranda in his dressing gown. He thanked me for looking after her and remarked "I am a great fool to allow such a beautiful woman to travel alone!"

Finally in 1950, I retired and built a home in Karen, eleven miles outside Nairobi, where I intended to live for the rest of my life. However, circumstances caused me to leave my beloved Kenya in 1971

Kirpal Singh Sandlu

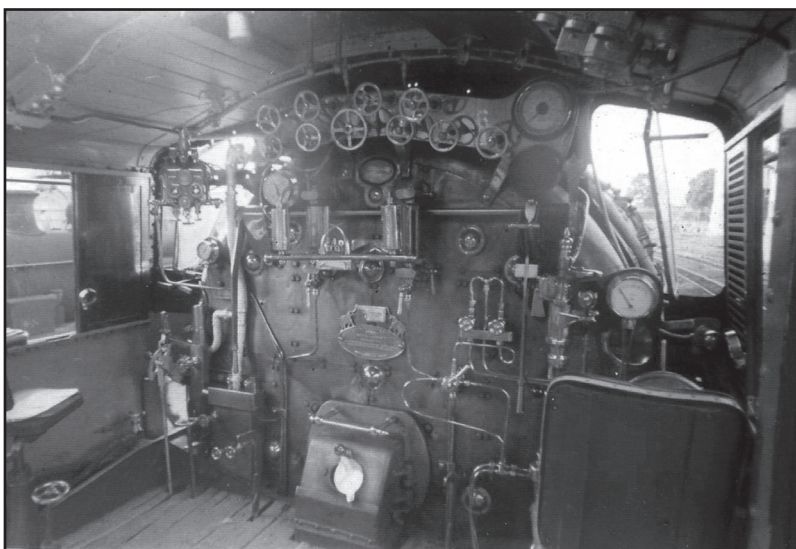
[Kevin **Patience**]

I first met Kirpal in 1974 at the Mombasa loco shed, he was busy oiling his pride and joy, a rather large maroon articulated steam locomotive in preparation for a run to Nairobi. Kirpal's fame together with that of his internationally known engine 5918 had gone before him. I had heard tales of the legendary immaculate footplate of polished brass and copper. On clambering up to the footplate of this 252 ton giant, I was met by Walter **Pinto**, Kirpal's co driver. They each had an African man and the crews drove the loco for an eight hour shift leaving Mombasa for Nairobi and arriving the following day having covered the 300 miles in around 24 hours hauling 1,100 tons of freight. There was no mistaking the engine, not only were the name and number plates highly polished but it was the only one fitted with twin whistles, giving it a very distinctive sound.

5918 was one of a class of 34 Beyer Garratt locomotives ordered for the then East African Railways and Harbours in the early 1950's and saw service hauling both passenger and latterly freight trains until the end of steam in 1980. They were a unique class of engine in that they were the largest ever built for the metre gauge railway. Measuring 104 feet long and carrying 8,000 gallons of water and 2,000 gals of oil they needed a regular top up of both on their journeys to and from the coast. All were named after the highest mountains in Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania, and 5918 was named Mount Gelai after an extinct volcano in Tanzania rising to 3,000 metres.

Kirpal joined the railways in January 1950 as a seventeen year old man, but it was not until 1964 that he was allocated 5918 and forged a sixteen year relationship. From then on, they took works overhauls and holidays at the same time and remained together until they both retired in 1980. His lavish attention to detail in the running and maintenance of the engine ensured it never had a failure while in service and completed very high mileages between overhauls. I had a number of memorable trips on the foot plate and was allowed to drive the loco out of Kilindini Docks on more than one occasion. Kirpal's 'in flight meals' as they were sometimes called, were delicious curries prepared by his wife and kept hot on the rebox door around which was a special brass rail. Sitting in the caboose or sleeping carriage with Kirpal and sharing his lunch and drinking tea was a great privilege.

In 1980, 5918 was allocated to the railway museum in Nairobi and was delivered by Kirpal under its own power from Mombasa, hauling what was thought to be its last load. The oil burners were turned



Kirpal and, Right, his 'O ce'.



Kevin's brother Colin talking to Kirpal at Mtito Andei in 1976

o and the re went out for the last time. But eight years later the railway took 5918 and its sister engine 5930 and ran a number of steam safaris to Naivasha for a few months and then returned them to the museum. at really was the end and eight years later I wrote a small book entitled Steam Twilight – e last years of steam on Kenya Railways.

In it I made the profound statement that it was highly unlikely there would ever be a Garratt in steam again. Well not quite, fate has an extraordinary way of overturning events. In 2001 I heard of plans to resurrect 5918 and ew into Nairobi to nd out. e loco had been moved into the workshop and there it lay with its faded paintwork and dirty tarnished footplate, a far cry from its heyday. A er some delays 5918 under the guiding hands of Joe **Kamau** and his team of skilled artisans was red up once more, thirteen years almost to the day since it last ran.

A memorable trip to Mombasa was organized with Kenya Railways excelling themselves in what was a totally unique experience. is extraordinary trip resulted in an invitation being extended to Kirpal, his wife and Charan **Singh Kundi**, his cousin, also an ex-Garratt driver, who joined Graham **Kelsey**, Nick **Lera** and I. It was soon obvious that the master was needed in the driving seat and Kirpal once again took the controls. He did not miss a trick, twenty one years a er he had last driven his favourite engine he skillfully read the track and brought us into Mombasa; without doubt a triumph in his autumn years. e trip was beautifully captured on lm by Nick while Graham and I helped with the running maintenance. 5918 now stands dust-covered and in need of attention in the engine shed while Kirpal has taken his nal farewell.

He passed away in Nairobi on 4 February aged 76, a true gentleman of the rails.

[Ed: Kevin writes [03/05/2011] that he is o to Nairobi next week, to help get three locos back in steam for a mini safari. e three are: 5918 - 'Kirpal's Garratt, 3020 - ex-Tanganyika and 2409 - the one om 'Out of A ica'. I am having a brass plate engraved to commemorate Kirpal, which will be tted to the re-

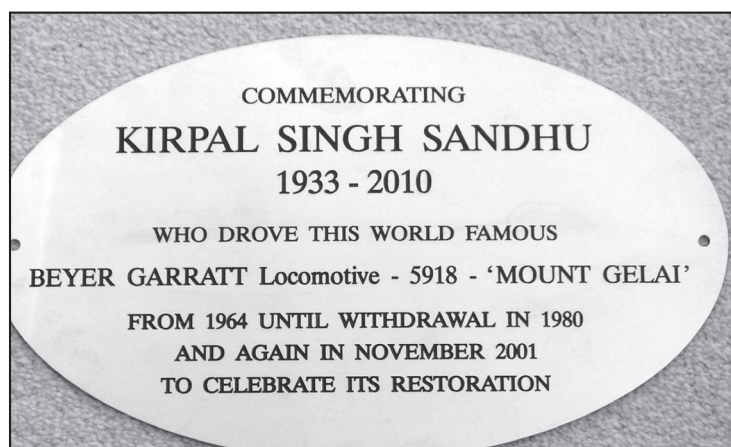
box backplate in the cab, hopefully, with his family in attendance. See Geo Cooke's trains website for all the details.]

Stop Press from Kevin: A recent update on behalf of Geo Cooke's May Steam Rail Tour in Kenya.

Some time back it was proposed to have a brass plate cut and engraved along the lines of a Beyer Peacock works plate and fitted in the cab of the Beyer Garratt 5918 to commemorate Kirpal Singh and the fact he had driven the loco for 16 years and again in 2001 as featured in Nick Lera's superb documentary Steam to Mombasa.

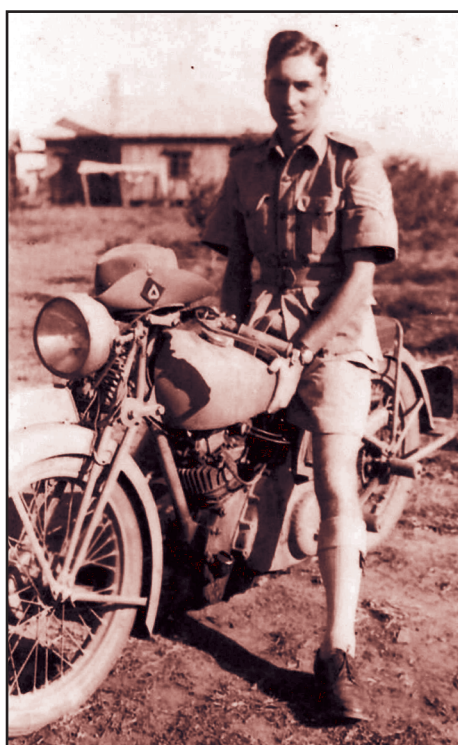
To this end, Maurice in the Nairobi Railway Museum and Kirpal's family in Mombasa were contacted to ensure they had no objections. On the contrary all parties were extremely pleased and I had the plate cut and engraved in Poole.

The finished result was collected yesterday and will hopefully be fitted together with a short ceremony on 5918 outside the museum at about 14h00, Saturday 21st May.



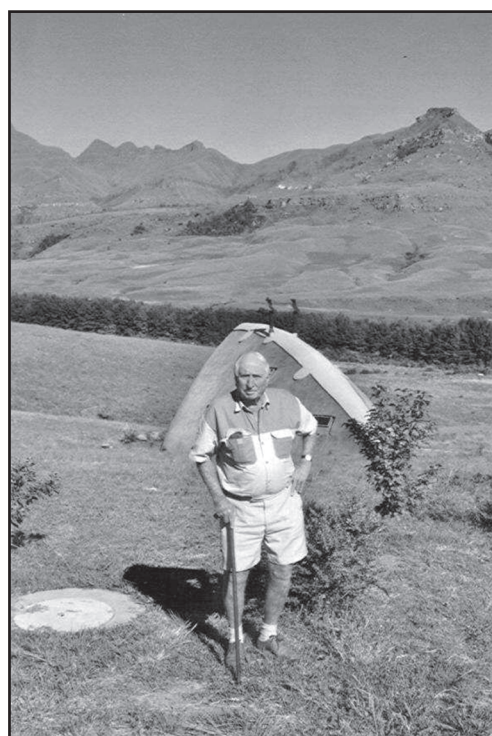
Unfortunately, members of Kirpal's family are unable to attend but a suitable record of events will be sent to them. We look forward to updating the site with pix of the ceremony, not to mention the three locos in steam over the 18th – 21st of this month.

The DVD with footage of the last run of 5918 in 1979, is now edited and I should have DVD copies shortly.



THEN & NOW

Sergeant Gino Lusso in the Abyssinian campaign - 1940s, and a recent photo taken in the Drakensburg.



JOHN (JACK) HERBERT EMERSON SWIFT [KR855]

Robin Swi <rojinika@optusnet.com.au> [03/11/2010]: You can only use my material and the attached photos, if you unconditionally and sincerely apologise for shouting, kicking and whipping me when I was unsuccessfully trying to chura-hop 300 yards in the 30 second time limit stipulated by yourself at 06h33 on the morning of 23rd October 1954, outside Kirk House while I was in the "Book" at the tender age of 14! Hey, feel free to use the snippets from my father's wartime letters. I attach photos of him. [Ed: *Unreserved apologies. As a 73 year old wrinkly, I shudder to think I was that nasty*]

Jack Swi went up for basic training with the Kenya Regiment at Eldoret with six colleagues on 27th March 1940. Later, he appears to have moved to Gilgil as my mother stayed with him there for a much reminisced weekend! In July 1940, he wrote to my mother from "B" Company, 1st Battalion, Kenya Regiment, probably at Gilgil.

On 2nd Oct 1942, he was on board a troopship with *askaris* en route to Suez. They stopped at Berbera, Aden and Masawa. I've always understood the *askaris* were from the 3rd Battalion KAR.

On 31st Oct 42, they moved to somewhere near Jerusalem and in early November he wrote enthusiastically to mum titling himself "Major J.H.E. Swi", No 1838 Company, A.A.P.C (EA), M.E.F (Middle East Forces)

In November, their Group HQ was close to Haifa and he started a bit of socializing there much to my mother's concern! In November, he got a 2IC in the form of a young oxford accented Englishman, Capt Bill Peachey. On Christmas Day in 1942, they went together to Communion in Nazareth.

Robin and his sister Gillian, traced Bill Peachey through the UK War Office in the seventies. Gillian met him in the UK later, but unfortunately after I had returned to Africa. She said he was a bit dull and not very forthcoming! I would have liked to have met him.



In January 1943, Jack sent a photo to my mother of him with his Group Commander, Col Rice, 2IC Capt Peachey, and a Lt Jeaves, near Haifa. He went on to say Col Rice is "frightfully full of beans these days and says '1838 Company' is his pet Company". A Col & Mrs Rice lived in our cottage at Selous Road after the war; wonder whether it was the same Col Rice?

In Feb 1943, he wrote to my mother that he had been discussing women generally in the mess and a chap called Ferguson had said "You've got a lovely, attractive wife Sir". He must have been from Kenya and there is a Malcolm Ferguson in your Long Roll.

On 24th Feb 43, he moved to a camp rather nearer Haifa and said "It's a much nicer camp and we shall actually be living in proper huts.....I'm so tired of tents...I participated in a mammoth parade in Haifa last Sunday. Thousands of troops marched through Haifa to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the Russian Army. We came behind a crack foreign regiment, Col Rice leading and I about ten yards further behind, leading the black pioneers."

At about this time he said, "I've got a Wakamba and a Luo chief visiting the *askaris* tomorrow, they've come up especially from Kenya, and all are very thrilled."

On the 10th April 1943, he wrote "My Darling Darling Wife.. a week ago today I collided into a military one ton truck riding a motorcycle and I have broken my right leg I two placesI'm afraid it's going to mean I shall probably be in hospital from two to two and a half months. I was following behind it and it stopped quickly and I couldn't get out of the way in time. It's shaken me up a bit but I am in a First Class Hospital." (No 12 General Hospital, Middle East Forces)

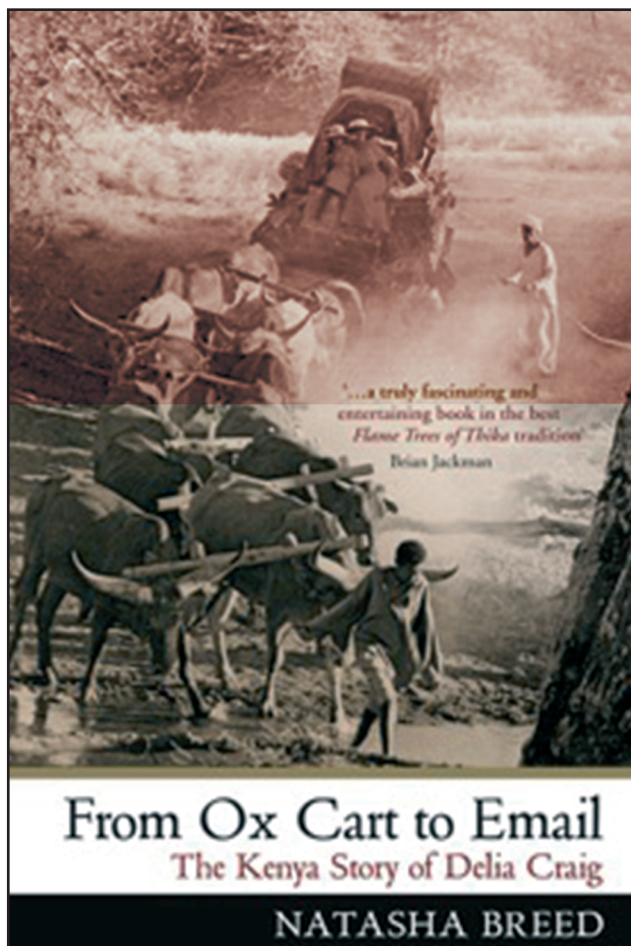
He died on 3rd Jun 1943, probably from Deep Vein thrombosis. Unthoughtfully, my mother's last letter to him, written the day he died, was posted back "RETURN TO SENDER – Undelivered for reasons stated" written on the envelope. The reasons were "Deceased 3.6.43 - DCC 589". The letter got back to Kiambu on 18 Sept 1943.

In the Commonwealth War Graves Commission web site he is shown as being buried at Ramleh War Cemetery, Service No 291902, Major, Pioneer Corps.

BOOK REVIEW

FROM OX CART TO EMAIL – The Kenya Story of Delia Craig

By *Natasha Breed*



Today a thriving wildlife sanctuary and safari destination, the Lewa Wildlife Conservancy, in the heart of Kenya, began life almost 100 years ago as a plot of black cotton soil and tangled savannah parcelled out to a British immigrant from South Africa. This is the compelling true story of life at Lewa from its early days as a family ranch to its current success as a globally recognised wildlife conservancy.

Two remarkable women are at the heart of this book: Elizabeth **Cross** and her daughter **Delia Craig**. Their story spans the past century, from early pioneering days, through two World Wars, the Mau Mau rebellion during the last days of colonial administration and through to Kenya's independence. Beautifully evocative of a unique piece of land on the northern slopes of Mount Kenya, and of the indomitable women who made Africa their home, *From Oxcart to Email* is the true saga of a family, a nation and a wonderful tract of wilderness.

Back of Jacket Quote

As the sun was shining as David and Delia stood waiting to wave her father off. David – his worldly goods loaded into the back of his trusty old box-body – was all set to begin the next chapter in his

life, and leave his beloved Lewa behind him. There was little ceremony to him going; nothing in the way of small talk, nor any protracted farewells. He heaved himself into the driver's seat of the vehicle and slammed the door shut. Holding the steering wheel with both hands he looked slowly about him – at the yards, and beyond to the wilderness that stretched away into the blue day. Starting the engine, he stuck his head out of the window and – directing his gaze piercingly at them both while the car slowly pulled away – called out:

“Remember! Make sure there's always room for wildlife...”

A Review by author/naturalist Jonathan **Scott**

“What is it about Africa that captures our imagination? Is it the clarity of the sky and the intensity of the colours, or the sight of all those animals scattered across the tree-speckled savanna that makes our heart beat quicker? There is a sense of adventure, a touch of the Wild West, of life lived at the edge. Natasha Breed draws together all these elements in her powerful portrait of Delia Craig, the hardy and resourceful matriarch of Lewa Downs, a cattle ranch turned wildlife sanctuary set among the rugged bush country of Kenya's Laikipia Plateau. This is a story of hardship and joy, of love and tragedy. But more than anything it leaves you with a deep sense of longing for times past – and of hope too. Hope, that with the help of remarkable people like the Craig family, there may still be a chance to preserve a fragment of Africa's wild

places.” - Jonathan Scott

About the Author

Natasha **Breed** was born and raised in Kenya. Having completed her schooling at Loreto Msongari, she spent a brief period working in London, but soon returned home to work as camp hostess (*Cottar’s Camp*, Masai Mara; *Island Camp*, Lake Baringo) and safari guide (for safari operators: **Cheli & Peacock**, **Grant & Cameron**, **Patrick Pape**, **Willy Roberts**, **Richard Bonham**, and for both Helen **Douglas-Dufresne** and Charlie **Wheeler** running camel safaris). From 1992 she worked at Lewa for four years, before being recruited as a field assistant by the BBC’s Natural History Unit. Since then, her work with wildlife film crews has taken her around Kenya, Ethiopia and Namibia. She writes articles on conservation and travel for the Kenyan press, and in 2004 won the BBC Travel Writer of the Year award.



The book can be ordered online from Amazon. If you don’t find it in your local bookshop, please write to <natasha.breed@gmail.com> for information.



WARTIME FARMER [Sketch by C. Cripps - 1944]

Officers 23rd Battalion (Kenya) King's African Rifles - 1954

[Alan Liddle]



Back row: 2Lt PC Quine, Lt A Gledhill [KR5724], 2Lt JG Hutchinson, 2Lt HP de Bruin [KR5753], 2Lt JYellis.

Middle row: 2Lt MV Facey [KR5733], 2Lt DK Simpson, 2Lt DR Pettit, Capt GWL Pryer [KR5625], Lt RIM Campbell [KR5742], 2Lt DH Jones, 2Lt ALK Liddle, 2Lt PR Upton [KR5722], Capt B R Ham, Capt PE Clark, Capt R Manders, Lt GTS O'Coey, 2Lt RDL Onslow [KR5723].

Front row: Lt HJ Jennings (QM), Major WAF Maynard ('C' Coy), Major HF Rawkins ('A' Coy),

Major AM Hlawaty OBE (2IC), Lt Col JC Bartlett (CO), Capt JOD French (Adjt), Major HN Clemas (HQ Coy), Major AW Gay ('B' Coy), Capt G Withey MBE ('D' Coy), Lt D Walker (RMO).

Life in Nyeri with 23 KAR in 1954

In March 1954, 23 KAR Bn HQ was at Nyeri in a tented camp, having been there since September 1953. Apart from HQ Coy all the Companies were out on detachment in various parts of the Nyeri Kikuyu reserve on anti-Mau Mau operations.

I had arrived on the same day as Capt Ronnie **Manders**, RA, some three weeks before the above photograph was taken. I spent my first day with the battalion at Bn HQ, and remember there was a full blown Dinner in the Officers' Mess tent that night.

The CO had required all available officers to be present as there were to be guests from neighbouring units, the District Commissioner, and so on, so it was a full house. Amongst those present was Leo Cooper whom I knew a bit from past occasions, and John Ellis whom I recognised as a cricketer against whom I had played school cricket matches from the ages of thirteen to eighteen. The former who 'messed' with us, was a National Service subaltern in the RASC running a unit on the outskirts of Nyeri which catered for the Battalion's needs. The latter was a platoon commander in 'D' Coy. We wore blue patrols, sat at a highly polished dining room table laden with gleaming regimental silver.

At the head of the table sat the Colonel, John **Bartlett**, known as 'Jamaica Joe' in his parent regiment - the Gloucestershire Regiment - because he had done a tour on the station in Jamaica, and around him he had his guests and his 2IC: the distinguished Polish cavalryman, Major Andrew **Hlawaty**, OBE, resplendent in his 3rd Hussar blue patrols, chain mail on his shoulders.

I remember our orderlies, in their long white *kanzus* and scarlet cummerbunds who stood behind our chairs and helped out. That is particularly clear in my mind because towards the end of dinner, but before the port and 'The Queen', I was aware of the urgent need to answer the call of nature, and had to do something pretty quickly; desperate situations call for desperate measures! Sliding out of my

chair onto the ground, I crawled past a row of some horri ed looking (and some amused) orderlies, and escaped under the side of the tent to the open air and relief. A minute or so later I returned by the same tactical route and resumed my seat unobserved by anyone other than my two neighbours. Most fortunately I was just in time for the formalities.

[Ed: *is article rst appeared in the Rhino Link, Volume II, No. 9 – November 2008 and is reproduced with permission of its Editor, John Catton*]

THE TWENTY-THIRDS MEET AGAIN



Seated above

Simon Hill	Tony Williams [55/56]
Bill Bentley [51/52]	Mark omas [51/52]
Chris Minter [52/53]	Jeremy Hutchinson [51/52]
Alan Liddle (obscured) [54/55]	John Williams [52/53]
Bishop John Kirkham [55/56]	Robin Arliss [KR4459 54/55]

Perhaps the quality of the photograph, taken at the port and co ee stage, captures the mood of the company rather well!

Eleven former subalterns [Mike **Johnes** [55] not in the photo] of the 23rd (Kenya) Battalion the King's African Ri es, met for lunch at the Ri es London Club, Davies Street, London on rursday 17th. April 2008.

he gathering was by the kind invitation of Ian **Senior**, a member of the Ri es Club.

An advance patrol of 23rd veterans, waiting for the clock to strike the thirty minutes past noon so as to gain access, was met by an "Advance and be Recognised" challenge by the Duty Field O cer who appeared and demanded to know who we were, and why we were trying to enter by the wrong door? But he was soon put to ight by Bill **Bentley's** threat of a "re-mustering of the 23rd Battalion at Goodge Street Deep Shelter, on a War Footing!"

he lunch and company were both excellent, and a group of Ri es' o cers also lunching were suitably impressed by our obvious seniority - not to mention our rendition of *Tafunge Safari*.

We hope it may be possible to repeat the lunch next year.

STANLEY (*DAVO*) DAVIDSON of MARR

[Colonel Ray **Nightingale** OBE KR5713]

I heard, with great sadness, that Davo had died [24/11/1996]. He was 94, but may have been 95 or even 96. Although he was a great talker he rarely spoke about personal matters. I know that he celebrated his 92nd birthday in 1994. What month I do not know but in such a long and adventurous life I do not think that a year or two either way matters very much. Most people will remember Davo by his uncanny skill with his .45 Colt revolvers and Beretta submachine gun. Endless stories are told about his proficiency with these weapons and as the beer flows, many fancy tricks are credited to him.

The truth is that Davo knew his weapons and their capabilities from long hours of study and practice. When he demonstrated these it was not to display his skill but to show his audience what could be done, and so encourage them to improve their own weapon handling.

Davo was, first and foremost a great patriot. He revered Scotland where he was born, and he loved Kenya to the end of his days. He was kind, gentle, generous and totally loyal and in the many years I knew him I never heard him swear, saw him smoke tobacco or drink alcohol. He was chivalrous to the ladies but a little uncomfortable in their presence. He was extraordinarily fit, tough and fearless and could be absolutely ruthless when the situation demanded it.

Together with others from Northern Rhodesia I joined the Kenya Regiment at Eldoret in June 1940. Charlie **Broomfield**, the RSM, and David **Gillett** [KR769], CSM of 'A' Coy, frightened all of us. During the first weeks, waiting for uniform, our only contact with authority was Davo, the CSM of 'B' Coy, and under him we did fatigues and drill every day. He never raised his voice and



he was quick to praise us when he thought that we had done well. On daily Battalion parades the RSM's words of command were a mystery to us. Davo would station himself so that we could see him and he would indicate which way we had to turn by pointing with his forefingers.

His kindly action often resulted in us being dismissed early while 'A' Coy continued to experience the RSM's and David **Gillett's** displeasure.

Davo wore the uniform of the 4th (Uganda) King's African Rifles, to which he had been posted, pre-war, before moving to the Kenya Regiment. After my recruit training I did not see him again until 1946 when the war time Uganda battalions were being formed into the post war regular unit under Vivian **Channer**. I was Adjutant, Davo the RSM and Charlie **Broomfield** the Weapon Training Officer. I learned nothing of Davo's war experiences except that he had served in South East Asia. Soon after, we both left the army, Davo to be a Labour Officer and I to work in Mombasa.

Davo worked in the Nakuru/Naivasha area

and it was not long before he reported unrest among the Kikuyu labour and the formation of secret cells. These he said were called 'Mau Mau'. His reports were disregarded by his superiors and we all know what came to pass.

In early 1953, I was commanding 'B' Coy which was based at Priory Forest station when a Landrover drove into the camp. From it stepped a bearded Davo, now in the Kenya Police Reserve with a roving commission. He was accompanied by Hank **Toluzzi** and two scruffy Kikuyu. Davo said that he was hunting **Kimathi** - weren't we all? - and that he knew him to be in our area. He went on to say that Guy **Campbell** had said that if it was acceptable to me they could base themselves with us. Hank **Toluzzi** was an American CBS reporter who claimed to be writing the 'Davo story'. What this was I never found out but he became a life-long friend of mine and we corresponded until his death in Australia a few years ago. Hank was a fine shot, both with his 9mm automatic pistol and his camera.

Davo and Hank spent some time with us and joined 'B' Company on a number of operations. During our last meeting Davo recalled taking a pull at Mickey **Fernandes**' [KR3949] water bottle only to find that it contained kerosene! On another occasion we found a note in a clestick on the Aberdare Park track addressed to the Government and signed by **Kimathi**. Davo penned a reply challenging **Kimathi** to single combat but as I expected nothing came of it.

From Davo we learned safe ways of clearing huts and the thirty-four year old fellow always beat us in the hard slog from the Mathiyoia River up to our base on top of Priory Ridge. Davo was present with Alan **Wisdom** [KR 3669], and other members of the Regiment at the sharp action at Othaya when the Mau Mau attempted to overrun the Kikuyu Guard Post.

Davo and his Kikuyu Special Branch constables would frequently disappear for the day in his clapped out Land Rover and return to our camp in the evening. One day he took me aside and said that he had information that **Kimathi** was in a hide in the forest further south and he wanted 'B' Coy to accompany him to attack **Kimathi** and his gang. As this was in 4 KAR's area I explained that it was their responsibility and furthermore I could not abandon my area without permission from my Commanding Officer. Davo was unyielding in his opinion that he would only attack **Kimathi** with Kenya Regiment support so we agreed that he should discuss this with Guy **Campbell**. Davo and his party left us and I heard no more until some days later.

Davo had gone into the forest opposite Fort Hall with a company of 4 KAR and bumped the sentries of a well armed gang. Davo was shot several times in the stomach, the fighting was hand-to-hand for he broke the butt of his Beretta machine carbine over the head of one of the sentries. A number of terrorists were killed and the large hideout evacuated. Davo was carried out to the forest edge and it was eighteen hours before he arrived in hospital. Jock **Rutherford** [KR 4098] and others of the Regiment serving with the KAR were with him, and Laurie **Balabano** [KR3714] then with Rayforce, helped arrange transport at the forest edge.

Three months after this action Davo was teaching the police to shoot and I saw him playing rugby at Simpson's Falls. He was then put to body-guarding Michael **Blundell** [KR 160], the Minister of Defence under whom he had served in the Far East. (See Blundell's 'So Rough a Wind' - pages 109 and 110).

I lost touch with Davo until one day in 1959 he arrived at my quarters in 5 KAR at Nakuru greeting me with his usual 'Hello Cobber' and bone-damaging handshake. He told me that he had been body-guard to Moise **Tshombe** in Katanga until he was deposed by the United Nations and **Mobutu**. He described **Tshombe** as a real gentleman and a fine leader but he had no kind words for the United Nations.

It was about this time that he married an Afrikaans widow, a Mrs. **van der Merwe** who farmed at Ol'Kalou. Here he taught the neighbour's children to ride horseback and demonstrated his skill

with his pistols for their amusement until the farm was sequestered under the Compulsory Purchase Scheme. Sadly he and his wife were divorced because she would not follow him to where he wished to live when he left Kenya to make a new life in South Africa and I lost touch once more.

Davo, with ex-Kenya Police Superintendent **Ken Akker**, opened an anti-guerrilla and survival school in Johannesburg at which they taught unarmed combat and small arms skills to white housewives and other local residents. Davo claimed to have a Black Belt in some obscure martial art, what it was I do not know, but he certainly knew some very nasty tricks. In 1963, I came across a Johannesburg newspaper article showing his picture and stating that he had been taught to handle the revolver by **Wyatt Earp**.

Davo married again and after his second wife died he married a German lady a year later. We remained out of touch until Sid brought him back into the Regimental fold. We started to correspond once more, Davo in his old-fashioned copperplate manuscript. Under Sid's guidance Davo sent me a tape telling how, in April 1954, he discovered, in Naivasha, that a certain **Njuguna** intended to assassinate Her Majesty when she would be presenting new colours to 4 KAR in Jinja. Davo did not think that the civil authorities would pay any attention to his discovery so he went direct to General **Erskine** who took the problem in hand.

Davo went off to Jinja and made his presence felt by the authorities. A few days later **Njuguna** was arrested and found to be in possession of a revolver and six rounds of ammunition; he readily admitted that he intended to try to assassinate Her Majesty. Davo was furious when **Njuguna** was given only eighteen months hard labour for possessing an unlicensed firearm and ammunition. There are too many names and too much detail in Davo's tapes for this story not to be true.

As I wrote earlier, Davo did not talk much about his private affairs but during our chats over the many years I knew him I gathered snippets here and there so can put together an outline of his early life. Perhaps others can fill it out.

He was born to a large family in Scotland. In his later years he claimed kinship with General **Bobby Erskine** and so began to call himself Stanley Davidson of Marr. He was intensely proud of this link. When he was still very small the family moved to Queensland where they had a large sheep and cattle run but many years of drought bankrupted them and he had to seek other work. Davo had always wanted to join the British Army so he set to work his passage home. He obtained employment barrowing coal to the crewmen on a ship, hard and exhausting work for a very young man. A particular crewman took a dislike to Davo which resulted in struggles during which Davo collected his hat, scarred nose. On reaching San Francisco Davo took a coal shovel to his tormentor and then jumped ship.

Davo started to bum his way across the United States and he told me that he slept in and escaped from more gaols than he cared to remember. Somewhere in the US he was arrested once more for vagrancy but this time the Sheriff and his wife took him into their home. Sheriff **Earp** taught Davo to ride, western style, and how to use the Colt revolver. Davo described **Wyatt Earp** as 'a fine, quiet, kindly man, a teetotaller. His shooting was deadly and unhurried.' Earp had a superb pupil.

In 1924, in Idaho, Davo entered and won a six-gun shooting competition, the first prize being the pair of walnut handled .45 Colts which became his trademark and with which we are all familiar. Davo also boxed in fairs where he did well. I have seen a photo of him in the old fashioned boxing stance and long shorts of that time.

Davo moved to Chicago where **Blundell** says he became a G-man. I do not think that this is so, for even in those days Hoover insisted that his staff held university degrees. Davo told me that he became involved with **Al Capone** but he did not reveal in what capacity. He did say that it became necessary for him to shoot a gentleman by the name of **Dapper Dan Durea**, adding that when in action I would be sensible to wear my belt buckle to the side otherwise it made an excellent aiming mark. He now had to move on quickly and eventually arrived in UK.

Davo joined the Cheshire Regiment, not because of family connections, but because of their fine record in Army athletics which still holds true. Davo boxed for the Regiment and served with it in India and then volunteered for the King's African Rifles.

When Davo retired from his anti-guerrilla school in Johannesburg he and his wife went to live in Cathcart in the Eastern Cape where the South African Government had earmarked railway cottages for elderly ex-Kenyans and which were known as the Kenya Cottages. Here his third wife died. Davo continued to live in the cottage, travel a little, and make friends in the community.

Once he wrote to say that his dog had snatched his false teeth from the dining room table and had buried them somewhere in his little garden!

It was in this cottage that Davo was mugged and quite badly hurt so he was moved to a large residential lodge for the elderly. I visited him in October 1994 and even though we had not seen each other for thirty years he greeted me with his usual 'Hello Cobber' and crushing handshake.

It was clear that while Davo was physically very active and interested in the political affairs of the country he was not particularly happy in the lodge. The elderly ladies far outnumbered the men and he considered them to be a pest. In 1996 he moved to the Transvaal to stay on the farm of the son of old Kenya friends, the **Mullers**, where he happily spent his last days; all blessings to the **Mullers** for giving him a loving family home and devoted attention.

In one of his last letters he wrote 'Here is a poem I wrote sitting on a rock when I left Kenya.'

*Goodbye Kenya. Goodbye.
I part with a tear in my eye.
My stay it was swell,
You treated me well,
Goodbye Kenya. Goodbye.
Enough others upbraid you.
Curse and degrade you.
Right at the back of my mind,
There's a picture so charming,
So sweet and alluring.
You People of Kenya,
YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST FINE.*

I would like to reply to my old cobber with William **Cory's** words.

*'They told me Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed,
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
And now that thou are lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy Pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take I.*

[Ed: This tribute previously appeared in *m-S XI*, which most of today's members would not have received.]

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

KR 4072 WO 2 John Austen Miller, Kenya Regiment – London Gazette 19.07.55

By the beginning of February 1955, it had been discovered that a large Mau Mau organization existed on certain farms in the Kiika Settled Area. It was decided to establish a mock gang in the area with a view to obtaining the enemy's secrets and breaking up his organization. The execution of this plan was left for the most part to Miller. During the period 1 Feb-21 March, Miller, disguised as a terrorist, attended with his mock gang, a number of night-time meetings of the top Mau Mau Committee. He also managed to eliminate some active terrorists, including one well-known leader. In addition, he was responsible for the recovery of two precision weapons. On 21 March, he again attended a meeting with all the senior Mau Mau office holders in the course of which he successfully directed a police patrol onto the scene so that all fifteen Mau Mau members were killed or arrested. For the whole period Miller showed immense courage, combined with careful planning and resource. One slip at any meeting would have resulted not only in the failure of the scheme but obviously in the death of Miller and his party which was always very weak in numbers. In addition the danger of directing a Police party onto a meeting in which he was taking part should not be underestimated. It is felt that Miller's conduct was of the highest order throughout, and rivals in cold-courage anything achieved by the Security Forces during the Emergency. These incidents, moreover, crown a highly successful career as an FIO and are by no means the first occasion on which his courage has been noted.

[Ed: The query started when we were writing about medals, their value and the recent price paid for Jackie's medals [£67,200]]. Mike White who was at Githunguri as a two year contract Police-man at the time, says: "I always thought that he had been awarded the DSO but as you say he had the DCM they are about equal. He was constantly involved in some hairy "do's".

But what happened to him? Sales of medals of this kind happen when the man has died or is in financial difficulties. To answer your question, about with whom he served, it was Special Branch KP. I know that he spent quite a bit of his time in Kiika, his house being, as far as I can remember, at the junction of the Kiika/Fort Hall roads. There was a bit of action right there too involving his houseboy I seem to recall. "



FRIENDS OF NAIROBI SOUTH CEMETERY

[Monty **Brown** KR3902]

Nairobi South Cemetery, a hallowed historical corner of ground, was the original burial ground for many of Nairobi's pioneers. Late in 2006, Bob **Barnes**, Duncan **Thomas** (regional manager in East Africa for the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, but acting in a personal capacity) and I met to inspect the old cemetery with the graves of pioneers, Uganda Railway staff and others who lived in the embryonic town of Nairobi. The earliest grave is that of a young District Officer, dated April 1900.

The cemetery is partitioned into three rectangular strips of ground, surrounded by a stone wall. The top section was for Christian burials, the middle part was used for the Jewish community, and the bottom strip was reserved for the WWI Commonwealth War Graves burials. The whole site is located on the edge of Uhuru Highway and bordering the eastern end of the Railway Club Golf Course.



When our little team inspected the cemetery, we found the Commonwealth War Graves section in customarily immaculate condition. The Jewish part was well maintained, but the top burial ground was a disaster. Part of the neatly crafted surrounding wall had been broken down, exposing the graveyard to any passing vandal. Deep grass and smothering weeds covered the headstones and grave markers. Many headstones had been pushed over and broken. The place looked like a small battlefield. Every trace of dignity had disappeared.

A brief look at the headstones revealed many names and epitaphs of interest to the historically minded. There is the grave of one Commissioner, Sir Donald **Stewart**: six gravestones tell of those who died of lion maulings; several pioneer business folk are buried here. A group has been formed called Friends of Nairobi South Cemetery. The aim of the group is to bring the ground back into a semblance of good order. Later they would like to produce a small pamphlet, which will describe the layout of the cemetery and highlight the more interesting graves with brief resumes of the lives of the people buried there. It is hoped sufficient funds will be raised to employ someone to act as the groundsman and guard; even possibly as a guide. It will require much determination and optimism to achieve these aims. We hope to recruit more Friends of Nairobi South Cemetery to enable us to raise funds and help maintain enthusiasm for the project. Much has already been done. The long grass has been cleared and sprayed. Plans are underway to plant the ground with Maadi River grass, repair the broken wall, and then mend the damaged headstones.

Friends of Nairobi South Cemetery welcome any suggestions, advice or assistance in any form - whether physical or financial - in their efforts to rehabilitate, maintain, and then sustain this important corner of Kenya's history. Details and contacts for Friends South Cemetery can be found on the internet at www.eamemorials.co.uk. [Ed: This article first appeared in *Old Africa's Issue 11* (June-July 2007)]

Monty adds - Thomas Aggett's grave now headed by a big frangipani tree!

The Last Post

[Ellicombe]

[*Ed: We have all heard 'The Last Post' – that haunting call usually sounded at funerals, causing a lump in the throat and bringing tears to the eyes. But, are we aware of the story behind the song? If not, I am sure readers will be interested to know about its humble beginnings. Submitted by Stan Ulyate who lives in New Zealand*]

Reportedly, it all began in 1862, during the American Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia; on the other side of this narrow strip of land was the Confederate Army.

During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing whether it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment.

When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier - it was his son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy had enlisted into the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father requested permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members to play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral.

The request was refused because the soldier was a Confederate. But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician.

The Captain chose a bugler and asked him to play a series of musical notes which he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of his dead son's uniform.

His wish was granted, and the haunting melody, we now know as 'The Last Post' used at military funerals was born. The words are:

*Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the lakes
From the hills,
From the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.
Fading light,
Dims the sight,
And a star
Gems the sky;
Gleaming bright*

*From afar
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night.
Anks and praise
For our days
Neath the sun,
Neath the stars,
Neath the sky.
As we go
is we know,
God is nigh*

[Ed: *This article first appeared on the inside of the back cover of the 2010/11 Membership Directory. During my service in the Rhodesian Army [1968-1980] it was a call I heard, unfortunately, too often. Let us remember those lost and harmed while serving their Country; those who served and returned safely, and those presently serving in the Armed Forces.*]

A reader writes: I would take issue with your item – The Last Post – on Page 50 of the 2010/2011 Membership Directory – [Ed: *Because of the UK Data Protection Act, only a few KRAENA members receive the Membership directory, and then only after requesting one from John Davis.*].

The Last Post was not “invented” by the Americans (or Hollywood). The Last Post was a bugle call used at the end of the day, by the British army. This was apparently started with the practice of inspecting each sentry post around the camp at the end of the day and the bugle was sounded after each inspection. The Last Post was thus the last inspection and the bugle call signalled that this post had been inspected and marked the end of the military day. This dates back at least to the 17th century.

In the 19th century the Last Post was played at military funerals as a final farewell symbolising the fact that the duty of the dead soldier is over and that he can rest in peace.

The Last Post was used by British Forces in North America but was taken over by the US Forces during the Civil war by “Taps”. The American version was used in 1862 to replace a French bugle call used to signal “lights out”.

There are several urban legends concerning the origin of Taps. The most widely circulated one states that a Union Army infantry officer, whose name is often given as Captain Robert Ellicombe, first ordered the Taps performed at the funeral of his son, a Confederate soldier killed during the Peninsula Campaign. This apocryphal story claims that Ellicombe found the tune in the pocket of his son’s clothing and performed it to honour his memory. But there is no record of any man named Robert Ellicombe holding a commission as captain in the Army of the Potomac during the Peninsula Campaign.

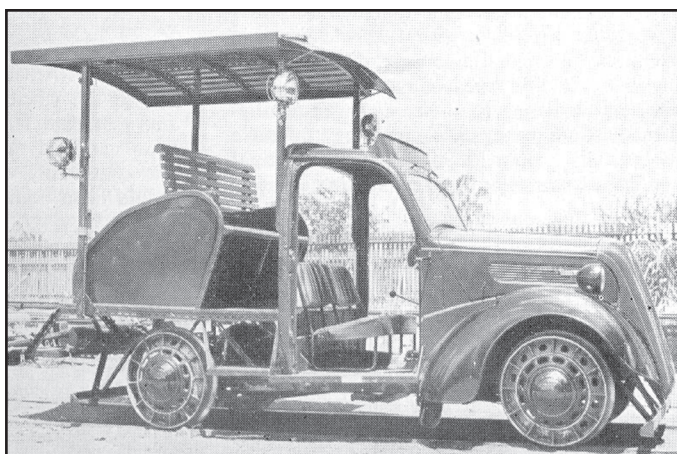
That Daniel Butterfield composed Taps has been sworn to by numerous reputable witnesses including Oliver Norton, the bugler who first performed the tune. While scholars continue to debate whether or not the tune was original or based on an earlier melody, few researchers doubt that Butterfield is responsible for the current tune.

In the 19th century the Last Post was incorporated into military funerals and played as a final farewell symbolising the fact that the duty of the dead soldier is over and that he can rest in peace.

The words given is one of several versions attributed to the tune of the Last Post – could be American and written by one Horace Lorenzo Trim. [Ed: *Comments from readers gratefully received – no offence taken!*]

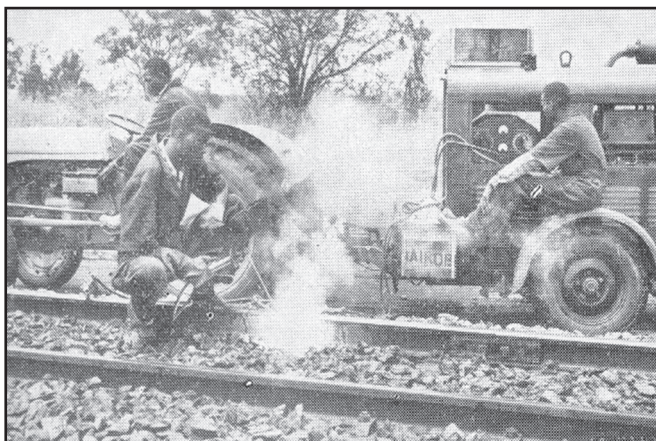
THE EMERGENCY AND THE RAILWAYS

In the last issue of the Magazine details were given of the extensive movement of Kikuyu back to the reserves in the early stages of the Emergency, the unsettling effect of restrictions upon the movements of certain Railway employees, the necessity of altering the Working Time Tables and the general effect of the Emergency on passenger travel and freight revenue. In this article we tell you of the rail-car patrols, the issue of passbooks and the assistance given in the carrying out of "Operation Anvil", together with other matters such as the welding of the track.



This type of patrol car was specially adapted from Ford 5cwt vans in the Railway Workshops. In spite of their strange appearance, they have proved to be most effective, though a little draughty and uncomfortable during the rainy season

The sides of the vans have been replaced by an open sided structure which gives a good all round view of the surrounding countryside. These rail-cars with their volunteer Railway European staff crews - nearly 200 personnel are on the roster, over 100 of whom were trained and passed as competent to use a .303 rifle - escorts and African drivers, patrol vulnerable areas at night. The Northumberland Fusiliers, the Buffs, the Kenya Police Reserve and African police of the General Service Unit have each provided



Welders at work with their mobile equipment

The system of rail-car patrols was brought into operation during the week ended 13th February, 1954, when 32 patrols of five hours each were run. Thereafter until the end of May, six patrols were run every night from Nairobi and in addition about three patrols a week were operated from Nakuru from 18th March. Up to the end of June, over 800 patrols had been carried out.

There are two main types of rail-cars in use - the normal "Wickham" rail-car which has been called in from routine work in outlying districts and those which, at first glance, look rather like ice cream carts. This latter type has been specially adapted in the Railway Workshops from Ford 5cwt vans.

The existing road wheels have been modified to run on railway lines and the roof and sides of the vans have been replaced by an open sided structure which gives a good all round view of the surrounding countryside. These rail-cars with their volunteer Railway European staff crews - nearly 200 personnel are on the roster, over 100 of whom were trained and passed as competent to use a .303 rifle - escorts and African drivers, patrol vulnerable areas at night. The Northumberland Fusiliers, the Buffs, the Kenya Police Reserve and African police of the General Service Unit have each provided escorts since the scheme began.

When early in February two derailments were caused by the removal of rails, steps were taken to weld the track so that it could not be taken to pieces. This action, of course, makes track maintenance a more onerous and expensive task but, in the interests of the public, it was a step that had of necessity to be taken.

Then came "Operation Anvil", when all Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribesmen living in the city were screened. It started early in the morning of 24th April 1954. Trains with specially prepared coaches, stood by to take

those who were detained as Mau Mau suspects for further screening to the Mackinnon Road and Manyani camps, whilst other coaches were made ready for the repatriation of their wives and children to the reserves. The first of these train movements started before “D” Day and removed from Langata, those detainees arrested by the police before the start of “Anvil” proper. The Administration was ready to work an extensive service with two sets of fitted coaches with fast running schedules and minimum turn round times. This would have given thirteen trains, each carrying 1,000 detainees, during the first nine days of “Anvil”, but in the event, this speed of movement was not necessary and one train per day met requirements. These were so planned as to create as little dislocation as possible to the normal running of passenger and goods trains.

Prior to “Anvil” there was a heavy demand for rolling stock to move stores and equipment, and in particular timber, to Manyani and Mackinnon Road. This movement was coded as “Operation Blacksmith” and went on for some time after “Anvil” had begun.

It is of interest that whereas Mackinnon Road is large enough to handle the extra traffic - it served military requirements on previous occasions - Manyani Station has had to be specially enlarged to deal with the food and other supplies passing regularly to the camp.



Mau Mau suspects boarding one of the specially prepared coaches in Nairobi

The issue of passbooks to Kikuyu, Embu and Meru working and living in Nairobi began a week after the commencement of “Operation Anvil”. It was decided to issue these identity documents to Railway employees first as in the words of the Passbook Control Officer “... their station organization is good. We are treating the railways as a ‘guineapig’ to give us experience for when we start on other employers.” Over 2,400 Railway personnel had been issued with passbooks by 5th May, when all employees concerned had been before the issuing teams.

“Anvil”, however, had other effects on the day-to-day running of the Railways. During the early part of May, very few transporters or consignees were in a position to collect goods arriving at the Nairobi goods sheds, the greater proportion of lorry drivers and porters being Kikuyu. However, by the imposition of a temporary embargo at Mombasa and strenuous efforts all round, the crisis was surmounted.

The Minister for Defence, whilst writing to the General Manager, said of the Administration’s assistance in “Operation Anvil” :”Now that we have dealt with the initial rush of ‘Anvil’ and have got more than two thirds of our detainees safely down the line I should like to take the opportunity of thanking you most warmly for the help that you and your staff have given to the operation.

I have no hesitation in saying that the success of ‘Anvil’ was in a large measure due to the efficient transport arrangements and that, had it not been for the skill of your staff and their patience in sorting out our continually changing requirements, we should have been completely lost.”

[Ed: Mike Nineham very kindly loaned me copies of the EAR&H Magazine - this article is from the June 1954 edition.]

KENYA REGIMENT GUESTBOOK

Mick **Houareau** [KR6737] <mickastrid@virginbroadband.com.au> [03/05/2011]: *Jambo* to anyone out there who may remember me. Please note my new email address [Ed: *Noted*].

Graham M. **Flemming** [KR4539] <emm39@tadaust.org.au> [18/04/2011]: Please does anyone out there have an address where one can purchase Ken Reg items of memorabilia, such as ties, cap badges, lapel badges and wall plaques. A big hello to anyone who remembers me .Asanti sana! [Ed: *Info passed on*]

J.E. **Lapraik** [KR4229] Exeter [08/03/2011]: I require an e-mail address or telephone contact for John **Hvass** and Hugo **Fjastad**. [Ed: *Info passed on*]

Iain **Morrison** [KR6111] <iain@sprattsend.co.uk> [08/03/2011]: Kenya Regiment Association Europe & N. America Family Day Curry Lunch this year will be on Wednesday 6th July 2011 at St. Cross, Winchester. The AGM and luncheon will take place on Wednesday 16th November 2011 at Davies Street, London.

Dave **Ball** [KR7454] <david.ball@moretonbay.qld.gov.au> [28/01/2011]: Interesting viewing - good to see names from the old days. Hope all future readers get the same pleasure.

David **Waldron** [KR4128] <waldrond@rocketmail.com> [21/12/2010]: Wishing all ex Regiment guys and their families a very merry Xmas and a happy, prosperous and healthy New Year.

Eugene **Armour** [KR4446] <oojiarmour@talktalk.net> [10/12/2010]: Responding to a query from Matt **Van Aardt** – see following message. I did my six month's training on the 4th course in Rhodesia June/ Nov 1953. Your Dad, Peter, was in the same No 1 squad as me and on our return to Kenya we served through the Emergency but not always in the same Coy. I have some pictures of our time together, will dig them out and send them on to you

Matt **Van Aardt** <live.project.dev@gmail.com> [06/12/2010] Hi folks! I write this as the son of Peter Van Aardt [KR4439], who passed away last year of cancer. Unfortunately I was not aware of his illness or even that he had passed as my then estranged family never told me. I am returning my mom and family to Kenya to buy our old farm and invest in Kenya, the place of my birth. As an old soldier myself (Mozambique, Rhodesia, Ireland, Maliland) I would like to create a memorial for the Regiment, in honor of my dad, to whom I never bade farewell. If anyone has pictures or stories about either my dad or the Regiment would you please send all you have to my email. God bless and may us old soldiers meet in heaven one day, as warriors of the Lord.

[Ed: *Total visitors to our website to date – 5,701. When m-S XXXVII was printed in December 2010, there had been 5,020 'hits.'*]

A FACTUAL ACCOUNT

[Wilbur Smith]

The plight of the Black Rhinoceros is, of course, due mostly to the value of its horn and the ferocious poaching that this engenders. However, a contributory factor to the declining rhino population is the animals disorganized mating habits. It seems that the female rhino only becomes receptive to the male's attentions every three years or so, while the male only becomes interested in her at the same intervals; a condition known quite appropriately as 'Must'. The problem is one of synchronization, for their amorous inclinations do not always coincide.

In the early Sixties, I was invited, along with a host of journalists and other luminaries, to be present at an attempt by the Rhodesian Game and Tsetse Department to solve this problem of poor timing. The idea was to capture a male rhino and induce him to deliver up that which could be stored until that day in the distant future when his mate's fancy turned lightly to thoughts of love. We departed from the Zambezi Valley in an impressive convoy of trucks and landrovers, counting in our midst non-other than the Director of the game department in person, together with his minions, a veterinary surgeon, an electrician and sundry other technicians, all deemed necessary to make the harvest. The local game scouts had been sent out to scout the bush for the largest, most virile rhino they could find. They had done their job to perfection and led us to a beast at least the size of a small granite koppie with a horn on his nose considerably longer than my arm. The trick was to get this monster into a robust mobile pen which had been constructed to accommodate him.

With the Director of the Game Department shouting frantic orders from the safety of the largest truck, the pursuit was on. The tumult and the shouting were apocalyptic. Clouds of dust flew in all directions, trees, and vegetation were destroyed, game scouts scattered like chaff, but finally the Rhino had about a litre of narcotics shot into his rump and his mood became dreamy and benign. With forty game guards heaving and shoving, and the Director still shouting orders from the truck, the rhino was wedged into his cage, and stood there with a happy grin on his face. At this stage, the Director deemed it safe to emerge from the cab of his truck and he came amongst us resplendent in starched and immaculately ironed bush jacket with a colourful silk scarf at his throat. With an imperial gesture, he ordered the portable electric generator to be brought forward and positioned behind the captured animal. This was a machine which was capable of lighting up a small city, and it was equipped with two wheels that made it resemble a roman chariot.

The Director climbed up on the generator to better address us. We gathered around attentively while he explained what was to happen next. It seemed that the only way to get what we had come for was to introduce an electrode into the rhino's rear end, and to deliver a mild electric shock, no more than a few volts, which would be enough to pull his trigger for him. The Director gave another order and the veterinary surgeon greased something that looked like an acoustic torpedo and which was attached to the generator with sturdy insulated wires. He then went up behind the somnolent beast and thrust it up him to a full arms length, at which the Rhino opened his eyes very wide indeed. The veterinary and his two assistants now moved into position with a large bucket and assumed expectant expressions. We, the audience, crowded closer so as not to miss a single detail of the drama. The Director still mounted on the generator trailer, nodded to the electrician who threw the switch and chaos reigned. In the subsequent departmental enquiry the blame was placed squarely on the shoulders of the electrician. It seems that in the heat of the moment his wits had deserted him and instead of connecting up his apparatus to deliver a gentle five volts, he had crossed his wires and the Rhino received a full 500 volts up his rear end.

His reaction was spectacular. Four tons of Rhinoceros shot six feet straight up in the air. The cage, made of great timber baulks, exploded into its separate pieces and the Rhinoceros now very much awake, took off at a gallop. We, the audience, were no less spritely. We took to the trees with alacrity.

This was the only occasion on which I have ever been passed by two journalist half way up a mopane tree. From the top branches we beheld an amazing sight, for the chariot was still connected to the Rhinoceros per rectum, and the director of the game department was still mounted upon it, very much like Ben Hur, the charioteer. As they disappeared from view, the Rhinoceros was snorting and blowing

like a steam locomotive and the Director was clinging to the front rail of his chariot and howling like the north wind which only encouraged the beast to greater speed.

The story has a happy ending for the following day after the director had returned hurriedly to his office in Salisbury, another male Rhinoceros was captured and caged and this time the electrician got his wiring right. I can still see the Rhinoceros's expression of surprised gratification as the switch was thrown. You could almost hear him think to himself. "Oh Boy! I didn't think this was going to happen to me for at least another three years"

[Ed: Forwarded by Don Rookens-Smith <donrookensmith@verizon.net> [16/11/2010] who writes: 'I think this might very well be reasonably factual ~ I thoroughly enjoyed it, and presumably, by **the** Wilbur no less!']

MEMBERS DINNER

LONDON - 18 OCTOBER 1963

The following is a list, submitted by John Davis, of members who attended the Regimental dinner on 18th October 1963 - Guests of Honour were Sir Patrick Renison GCMG, Lt Col KN Loudon Shand TD and Maj LE Grout.

Adami, Capt Chris	Dowler, Lt Gen Sir Arthur KCB, KBE, DL
Adams, M	Downer, EJ
Angel, GN	Elphick, MP
Arthurs, RQMS G	Evans, RQMS K
Beazley, RA	Fellows, GJ
Boulle, J	Gale, Capt BMR
Branston, GH	Gibson, C
Brooks, A	Gilbert, WRW
Bulgen, RA	Grant, D
Burns, R	Grigor, ABC
Burton, A	Guy, Maj RC MBE
Campbell, Capt Colin	Harman, GWE
Campbell, Maj David	Harman, JV
Campbell, Col Sir Guy Bt OBE MC	Hidden, Sgt E
Cardy, RSM RS	Holland, RSM J DCM, MM
Carney, T	Howard, CSM W
Catchpole, G St G	Hunting, HF
Clemence, JWH	Jordan, J
Comerford, PF	Kemp, MR
Conner, WO2 WH	Lee, Maj FB TD
Cope, DE	Lennox, CSM J
Coram, CSM L	MacPherson, AD
Coutts, KM	Massingham, RSM F
Crosher, RH	McGrady, CSM J
Cummins, Lt Col J	McKillop, Maj J
Davies, Sgt Roy	Madden, Col CS
Destro, MD	

Marshall, J
 Mathers, PWJ
 Miller, BD
 Miller, SH
 Miller, WGB
 Mosco, Sid Boris
 Murton, CSM J
 Nelson, Capt JRE
 Neville, MF
 Peacop, AW
 Petra, RSM FA
 Piercy, SE
 Pilkington, EWB
 Powell, D
 Powell, CQMS M
 Rickards, GL
 Rowe, JPW

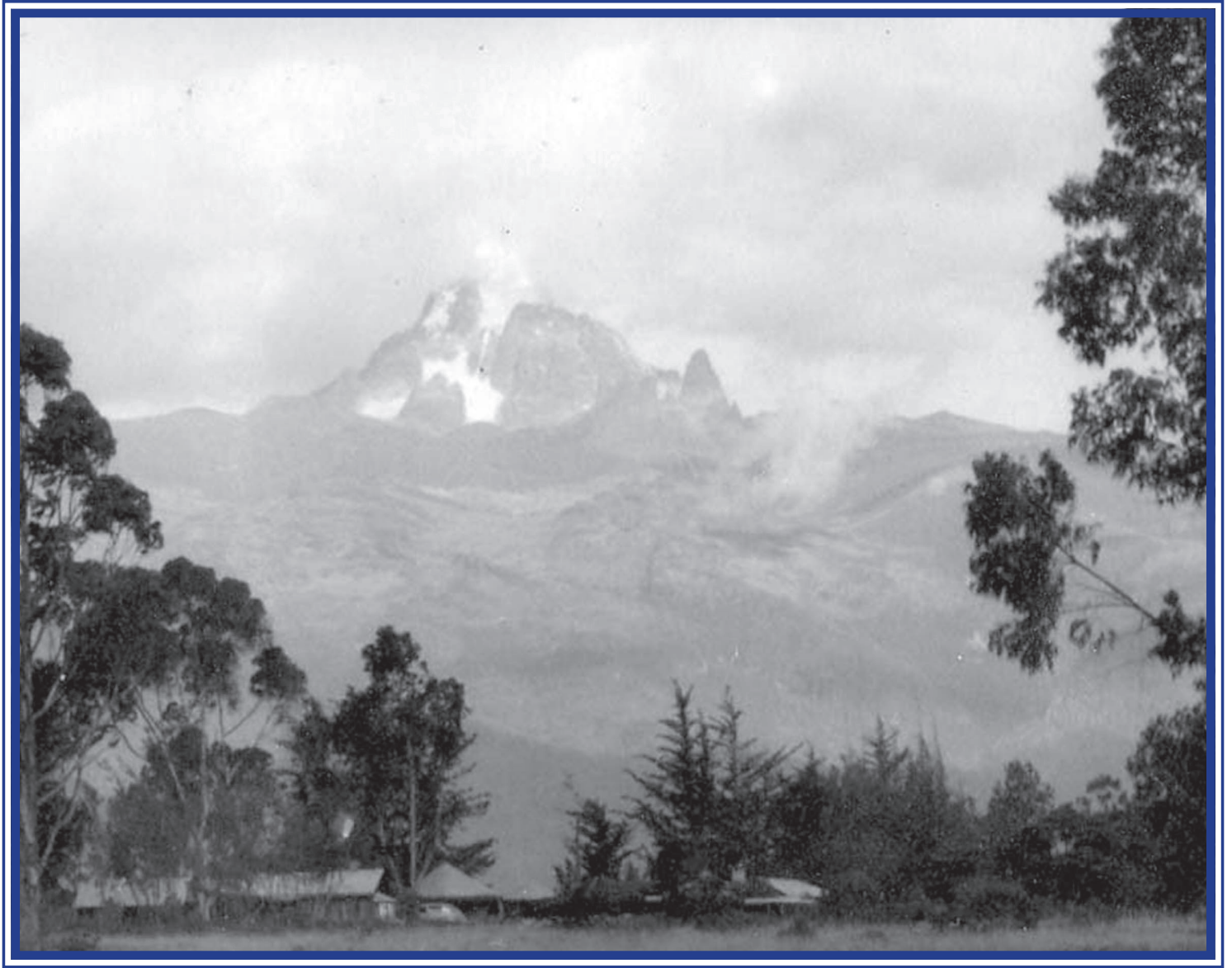
Swann, Sir Anthony Bt, CMG, CBE
 Shelburne, the Duke of
 Smith, Sgt D
 Solomon, CSM S
 Sullivan, ORQMS VFJ
 Symes, ME
 Tetley, MR MBE
 Trustram Eve, Maj JRT
 Vernon, Brig HRW MBE
 Weaver, LJ
 Welsh, Maj PM
 Williamson, B
 Wiseman, RGH
 Yeldham, RJB
 Yeo, CSM N
 Wolfe, ME
 Vincent, RL



John Boule [KR6193], Gerald Angel [KR6066] and John Davis [KR7457] suggested the following names:

Seated front: Sir Patrick Renison, Col. Guy Campbell and Sid Mosco [KR4130]. David Campbell [one time 2IC and Sir Guy's twin brother] has his hand on Sid's shoulder, and Ted Downer [KR4253] is at the rear behind David. Pat Mathers [KR7112] is on Ted's right. Roy Trustram Eve is two rows directly behind Guy looking to his left and Colin Campbell [KR134] is on Roy's left. RSM 'Dutch' Holland is standing just in front of Roy to Roy's right and Ronald Yeldham [KR6648] maybe to the left and in front of 'Dutch' Holland. Len Weaver [KR4910] stands behind 'Dutch' Holland. Gerald Angel is seated far right and behind him far right it may be CSM Norman Yeo. John Boule is slightly hidden at the rear behind Gerald Angel. John Chesterman [KR4040] (wearing glasses and strangely not listed as attending) is in front of John Boule. Chris Adami is just behind John Chesterman. Michael Elphick [KR4035] is at the extreme rear on the left standing behind the man holding his glass up and John Clemence [KR6215] is standing on Michael's right.

Are there any other others?



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