

mini-SITREP XL



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2012/13

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Sun 12th Aug 12
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Cuisine, 512 Christine Ave, Robina Sun 11th Nov 12
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Power Boat Club, Caloundra Sun 25th Mar 13
Contact: Giles Shaw <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>
EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney Sun 28th Oct 12
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: St Cross Cricket Ground, Winchester Fri 6th Jul 12
AGM and Lunch: The Rifles London Club, Davies St Wed 14th Nov 12
Contact: John Davis. 01628-486832 <johnmdavis@btinternet.com>

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse 11th Nov 12
Contact: George McKnight <george@macnaughton.co.ke> or
Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Lunch at Solans Winery, Kumeu 24th Oct 12
Curry Lunch (Venue and date still to be decided) Feb/Mar 13
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Mowbray Golf Course. 19th Jul 12
Contact: Jock Boyd. Tel: 021-794 6823 <mcluckie@kingsleyemail.co.za>
Johannesburg: Lunch at Rivonia Recreation Club Apr & Oct (TBA)
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
KwaZulu-Natal: 2012 Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam: 17/6; 16/9; 25/11
Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or
Jenny/Bruce Rookan-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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Kenya Regiment Website. The website is presently being taken over by Graeme Morrison, Iain's son.

[Ed: *My thanks to proof reader Ayliffe Hall*]

Front cover: Major General Peter **Welsh** CBE, MC (Late 60th) Commandant, Regular Commissioning Board Westbury, 1985/86. From 1958/60, Peter was Adjutant, Kenya Regiment.

Back cover: *Ahmed* – Marsabit 1972, died of natural causes 1974. Jomo Kenyatta gave *Ahmed* Presidential Protection, so he had an attendant game scout for about ten years. There is a life-size statue of *Ahmed* outside the Coryndon Natural Museum in Nairobi.

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

TODAY'S KENYA COWBOY

Found on someone's Facebook wall...

"Jack is a 'Kenya Cowboy'; his family has been in Kenya for three generations and he holds a Kenya passport (making him therefore a 'Kenya citizen', or 'KC'). He's a single chap, having previously been out with all the eligible girls in his social set at some time or another and he's currently living in a guest cottage in his parent's garden, though that arrangement is only temporary.

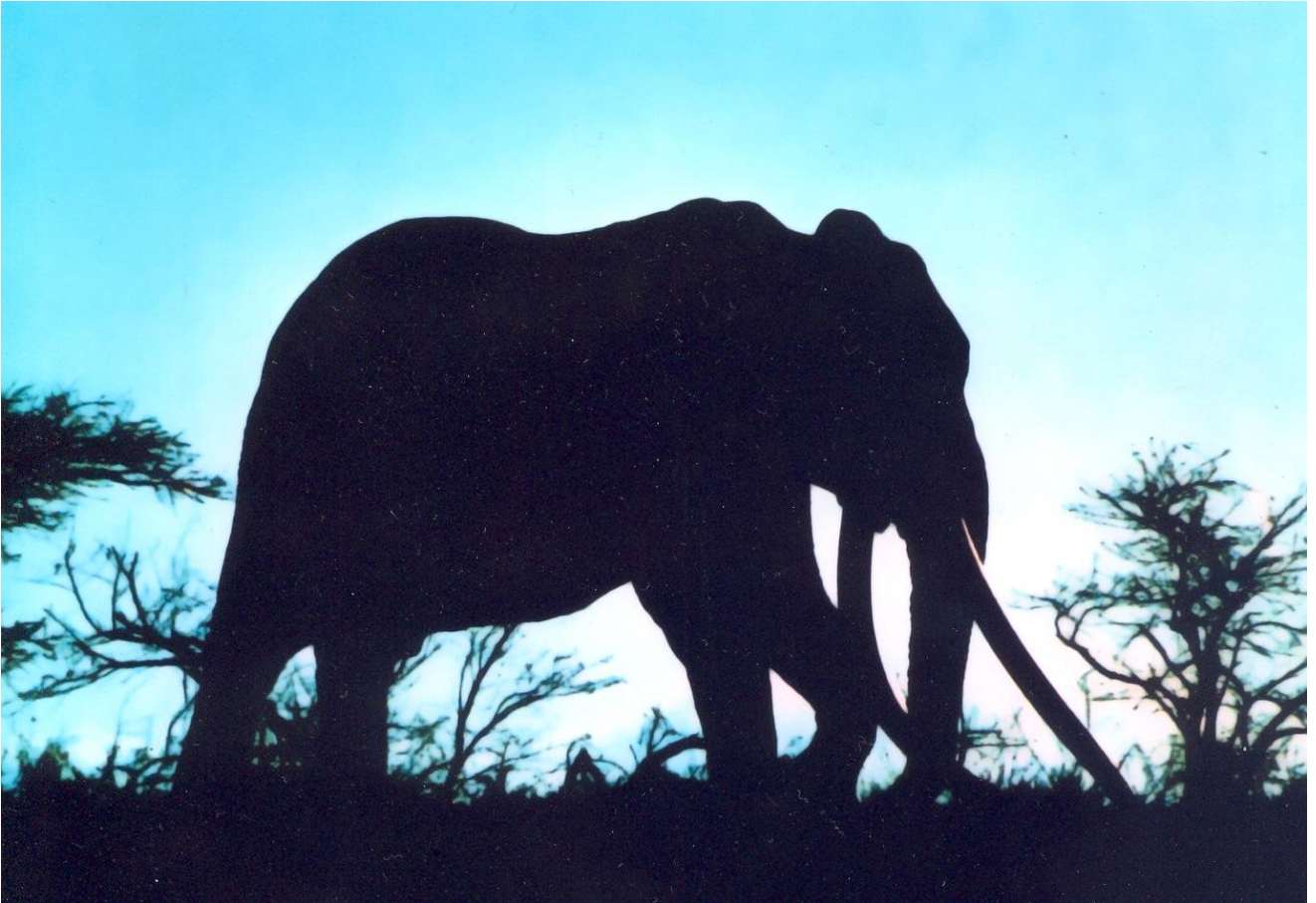
"Now that he is approaching his late thirties the need to meet the right girl (ideally an 'outsider') who is game enough to commit herself to Kenya *ad infinitum* is getting more pressing. With any luck he'll eventually find a visiting prep school teacher or an air hostess to marry, but until then he's happy to regularly prop up his local bar in Karen with the tight knit circle of friends whom he has known since childhood. He enjoys Sunday lunch with his parents every week and often joins them for sundowners mid week. He is extremely fond of his old school friends and sees no reason to get to know or talk to any of these transient 'expat' couples that pepper the neighbourhood. If he's introduced to somebody who has been in the area for more than ten years then he'll consider entering into conversation but overall, he's happy with his existing social life thank you very much as they are friends you can rely on. 'Two year wonders' are so tiresome.

"Jack is a handy man, knowledgeable of his surroundings (birds, flora, fauna) and self reliant, he even holds a pilot's licence that he got in Florida some years back. He helps out in his cousin's 'top end' mobile safari business when they are busy, but has more recently diversified into rustic furniture making and has a hand in project managing the construction of a new 'exclusive' lodge that is currently being built upcountry. His father wanted him to farm, but the prospect meant an isolated existence that didn't appeal. Game conservation was another option but sadly his parents sold their ranch years ago to help fund his schooling overseas. Anyway, he's happier to dabble in this and that and remain a 'free' self employed man.

"You'll easily spot Jack around town driving a long wheel base dark green 4x4 landcruiser with multiple game viewing roof hatches, a roof rack, two spare tyres and a high lift jack. Without fail, he will be wearing a short sleeved shirt, leather hat or baseball cap, rather battered short shorts (or 'stubbies') a beaded belt with mobile phone and 'leatherman' attached, short socks and 'Bata' safari boots (whose strap line is 'the boots that say you know Africa'). In the evening he dons his faded blue jeans that were bought circa 1987 and a fleece jumper. He has cleverly fashioned a box for his ipod from an ice cream container lined with foam, which prevents the device being damaged when driving in the bush.

"He can make a very loud cattle whistle without even having to put his fingers in his mouth, can remove a beer bottle top without an opener and can make a clicking noise with his fingers by rapidly shaking his loose hand up and down whilst sucking air through his teeth to emphasize a point. Many sentences are preceded by the word 'Man' or 'I tell you' and there is a lilt in his voice that he and his friends cannot detect but which is typical of the 'KC'. His Swahili is excellent, a vast improvement on the 'kitchen' Swahili still spoken by his parents, he also knows Kikuyu and some Maa. In Kenya he is in his element though he has no idea what the long term future holds, however, he will be ready to ride any storm that the local government throws at him because this for him is home."

Couldn't describe half the men in Karen/Kenya any better!



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SOUTH AFRICA

LOOKING BACK

Many years ago Ray **Nightingale** [KR5713] called for articles for Regimental archives; the late Robert **Stocker** [KR3794] responded:

Your letter of 24th March to hand, so thought I would respond, now. Actually, I started this letter three days ago on this #% and * + # computer, and have now 'lost' it three times because I keep forgetting to 'save' it. Let's try again! Pat asks me "why, if I get so fed up with this machine, do I still keep at it". My answer is, "We paid for it and it will, therefore, do as I want it to do". I'm using a different program now; pity, because the previous one incorporated a spelling check, and my spelling is AWFUL. You may well ask why I don't read the relevant computer manuals - I do - bought two huge books, each over 900 pages, and have been studying like mad for the past three months, Have only reached page 36 and don't really know what I have read about! Pat has this machine for use in her job; she looks for clients whom she can assist with their finances. Her computer is connected to her headquarters in Winnipeg, and she gets the low down on investments and the stock market, first hand. It can also send faxes and is called a thinkpad, and boy, does it think. When I sit down to write a letter it is one fight after another, my thoughts against the machine's.

You requested articles for the archives. WELL, I remember a number of stories but how do I put them on paper? Everything of this nature occurred over 40 years ago. Funny, whilst I am a bit hazy as to what happened yesterday, I clearly remember what happened some time ago. The incident I am about to relate took place about March/April 1953. I doubt if there are any records about it, as it is NOT really a story that makes one proud of one's fellow men. I will not mention any names that matter.

At the time, I was in 'C' Company and we were stationed at Mweiga. There was a Mau Mau leader called General **Kago** at large and there was a reward for his capture, dead or alive. Our Company Commander, John **Klynsmith** [KR2057 and 3707], called an 'O' Group and we were told that a reliable informer, ex-Mau Mau under General **Kago**, was going to lead us to his camp in the Aberdare forest.

The information we had, was that some 300 yards from the camp was a large fig tree, under which a guard was posted every day, from first light to 6 p.m. (*saa kumi na mbile*). No Mau Mau was allowed to leave the area without first reporting to the guard, and NO-ONE was to use the same track more than once after passing the fig tree. From the tree to the camp was a well worn path, some twelve feet wide. The informer told us that he would lead us to the tree, after which it was up to us. Could we believe him? We couldn't not take action as the informer was very explicit about everything; there was definitely some truth in what he had told us. He would get us to the tree after 6 p.m.

After collecting rations, and our things, such as ammunition, hand grenades etc. ready, we were taken to the forest edge near the Gura River. There were about twenty of us involved in this operation. The Gura River was a very pretty river at the bottom of a very steep gorge, and we had to climb up the side of this gorge, in places, perpendicular. The tropical growth through which we had to pass, and the tough, steep climb, was enough to make the weakest pass out and the strongest, stronger. I must say I was extremely fit in those days.

The forest changed the higher we got; from dense jungle with huge deciduous trees and undergrowth, to bamboo which was so thick in places that one could hardly squeeze through. The bamboo grows in a belt from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level. In the centre of this belt, the bamboo is some 5" in diameter and about 75' tall. Imagine an ant on your front lawn, that's how I felt, struggling up the side of the gorge. The bamboo started to thin out and we were called to halt.

This would be our main camp; no smoking, or fires. It was cold and a wet fog hung over us like a thick grey blanket, and water, dropping from the leaves, tip, tip, tip, sounded ghostly; this incessant tip, tip, tip made one want to scream.

At night we each stood guard for an hour and if you were unlucky to be on guard at 2 a.m. it felt like being in a haunted castle, tip, tip, tip. The bamboo had a lot of phosphorus in the rotting vegetation and one could see figures in the dark, and boy, it sure did get dark. Your eyes would get wider and wider and staring into the undergrowth you could see these figures moving, tip, tip, tip, and just as you were about to call out, the colobus monkeys would start calling to one another - a sort of deep gurgled gargle, starting at one side of the forest, coming closer and closer, then overhead and then away on the other side.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the calls would cease, and it was again very quiet, except, tip, tip, tip. After a brief period of silence, the birds would start singing - what they had to sing about I don't know, it was awful! On the way up we crossed many game tracks, of huge animals, buffalo, rhino and elephant. These tracks, if going in the direction we wanted to go, were a great help. We never saw any of these animals although we often heard them, at times, very close.

I'm digressing.

At 18h00 about twelve of us set off to look for the camp, the informer leading and John Klynsmith just behind him. I was fifth in line. We wandered about, at times not really knowing where we were going. The little informer would stop and look around as if he, too, was lost, and we were beginning to think that he had no idea as to where we were. There were no tracks or anything like that to follow, and we were thinking it was time TO CUT OUR LOSSES. Apart from anything else it was getting dark. In Kenya, though nightfall approaches very slowly, we felt we had very little chance of success against the Mau Mau in the dark. We then saw in front of us, this huge fig tree, and yes, leading away from it, a well worn path, as if all those that had used the path, had just dropped down from the sky. Uncanny! We saw where the guard(s) had sat during the day. The informer then retired to the rear of our patrol.

We all knew what we had to do. We were to descend down the path, until we got to the bank; we had been told that the path went round the camp and there was a deep bank of about twelve feet, from the path to the edge of the camp. We were to get to the one edge and throw as many grenades into the unsuspecting Mau Mau and then open fire with all the weapons we had: IF we captured General **Kago** alive, well and good. We were already getting very excited.

We started off, weapons ready and hand grenades in our hands, and had proceeded some 250 yards down the path when the Bren gunner started to fire his weapon. "Stop!" We heard a single shot which came from the direction in which we were going, then some shouting and a whistle blew. The Bren gunner said, "He thought he had seen someone with a bow and arrow, and the arrow was aimed at him." IDIOT!" **Klynsmith** didn't want me to strangle the bastard which I could have done quite easily, and enjoyed it.

We rushed down the remaining few yards to the edge of the camp. There was not a sign of the enemy, but there were indications of many people having left camp very hurriedly.

We didn't want to remain in the camp for too long, so we set some booby traps. There were three great big pots on a rough stove consisting of three stones, cooking away with a very nice smell of *Irio*, a ground maize flour made from dried beans, maize and *posho*. We had three African trackers with us and they wanted to eat all that they could of this nice smelling food. We couldn't let them but they DID get quite a bit. We were pretty sure that we were being watched, and that these Mau Mau would not return to their camp that night.

I have just read a book written by a Mau Mau and this futile excursion was mentioned, they couldn't make out why the Bren gunner had opened fire!

We were tired when we got back to our main camp. We slept in two's, in a bivi made from our ponchos slung over a frame of bamboo sticks. They could be quite comfortable, but as we were so tired, ours weren't very good, and leaked. We had just been issued with some very good sleeping bags which were light weight and very warm. All we wanted to do was go to sleep. So, after posting our guard I went to "bed". I shared a bivi with John "Cocka" Faull [KR3679]. Next morning he said, so that everyone could hear, "This is the first time I have heard my farts [Ed: *It's in the dictionary*] blow bubbles in bed".

After some cold beans and orange juice, we returned to the Mau Mau camp, cautiously. The Mau Mau had not returned.

I will now try and describe this camp as accurately as one can after 41 years, please excuse me if I exaggerate.

The camp site was in a bowl, at the top end, where the entrance path was situated, was a drop of some 12 foot, the other three sides were more or less level with the surrounding terrain. The size was more or less the size of half a football pitch, maybe a little smaller. It was built where the bamboo was at its thickest and there were also many very large trees. This gave very good cover from the air and the camp could not be seen until one was actually on the ground, adjacent to the camp. There were about 20 small, square buildings made of split bamboo. The roofs were very well constructed. Using bamboo split in half, each piece was laid one up and one down, the one facing down would rest in the hollows of two facing upwards making them remarkably waterproof; in size, about 10' by 10', each capable of housing fifteen people (very snug). There was cut, dry grass on the floor and some blankets, but very little else.

One of these buildings was a little larger, presumably THE General's office and living quarters. In it, a small table, two or three small chairs made from bamboo, and nailed together, and a rough bed, the frame being wood with woven cattle hide covered with straw and about three blankets. Some hollowed bamboo brought a constant flow of fresh water, right to his bedstead. The Aberdares abound with little streams, with very clear, pure water, flowing in them. The camp was laid out in three sides like a horse shoe, the centre was the parade ground and mess area.

What was impressive was how clean everything was. Discipline had obviously been very strict. One could see this in the nature of the whole camp, and the manner in which they left the camp when there was an alarm. We would have had difficulty in accounting for any of the Mau Mau, but we would certainly have scared the living daylights out of them. As it was, they must have been very upset at our having located one of their largest camps.

Come to think of it, how did they get cattle into the camp? We could see the remains and droppings of many beasts in the camp, but no sign of tracks before the large path. We looked all over to try and get to the bottom of this.

Below the camp, on the side opposite from the entrance path, and about fifty yards beyond, we found a cave covered with grass and bamboo. We very nearly missed it. Inside were medicines, syringes, and medical equipment; also a large reference book and a sick register. We destroyed the medicine. I cannot remember what we did with the remainder of the camp.

We returned to the Main Camp at Mweiga but would not discuss the operation. Needless to say, we were not very proud of our results.

I had been on many patrols in the Aberdares and on Mt Kenya. I will briefly mention a few things of interest. In the Aberdare range we seldom heard the tree hyrax, which is the size of a small rabbit, and one of the elephant's closest relations. They are to be found in the Aberdares but prefer the deciduous tree to bamboo. They are plentiful on Mt. Kenya. If you have never heard a tree hyrax it is difficult to describe the sound that it makes. All I can say when you first hear it you have no idea what it is - they are nocturnal - it will frighten the daylights out of you. Imagine winding up a huge clock four or five revolutions and then, as it unwinds, it lets off a hideous screaming noise which runs out at the end of its shriek. This shriek is repeated three or four times, getting progressively quieter - a very loud noise for such a small animal. Another animal heard at night is the bush buck which sounds very like a dog barking. Noises from elephant, buffalo (kind of cough as well as a growling roar), frogs and the animals I have already mentioned; it is almost deafening and then, as if there was a conductor in front of an orchestra, everything would go very, very quiet.



I mentioned earlier that the Aberdare Range has small springs, everywhere, which run into others and form small rivers, full of trout. When going on patrol we would take much butter and many hand grenades (36 fly). When a grenade explodes in a pool with fish, it stuns the fish, which float to the surface and you can take what is needed for a delicious meal. The others come to, and swim away. The grenades wouldn't be heard a great distance away. [Ed: *This photo by Nigel Bulley [KR3630], of Robin Duff [KR4096] using a 36 fly on the Chania River, is unrelated to Stooze's article*]

What were ridiculous were the air drops. When a patrol was out for more than two days it would have an air drop of food, and even one's mail. The Mau Mau could see these drops from miles away; one may just as well have broadcast one's whereabouts over a loud speaker.

Actually, I should think the Mau Mau had quite a few laughs. I remember coming across a lookout, half way up the Aberdares, overlooking the Kikuyu

reserve all the way to Mt Kenya. The Mau Mau would sit there and see us coming, puffing and blowing, up the mountain side. Rumour has it that the Mau Mau had more respect for us than the *Wajoni* (English) soldier.

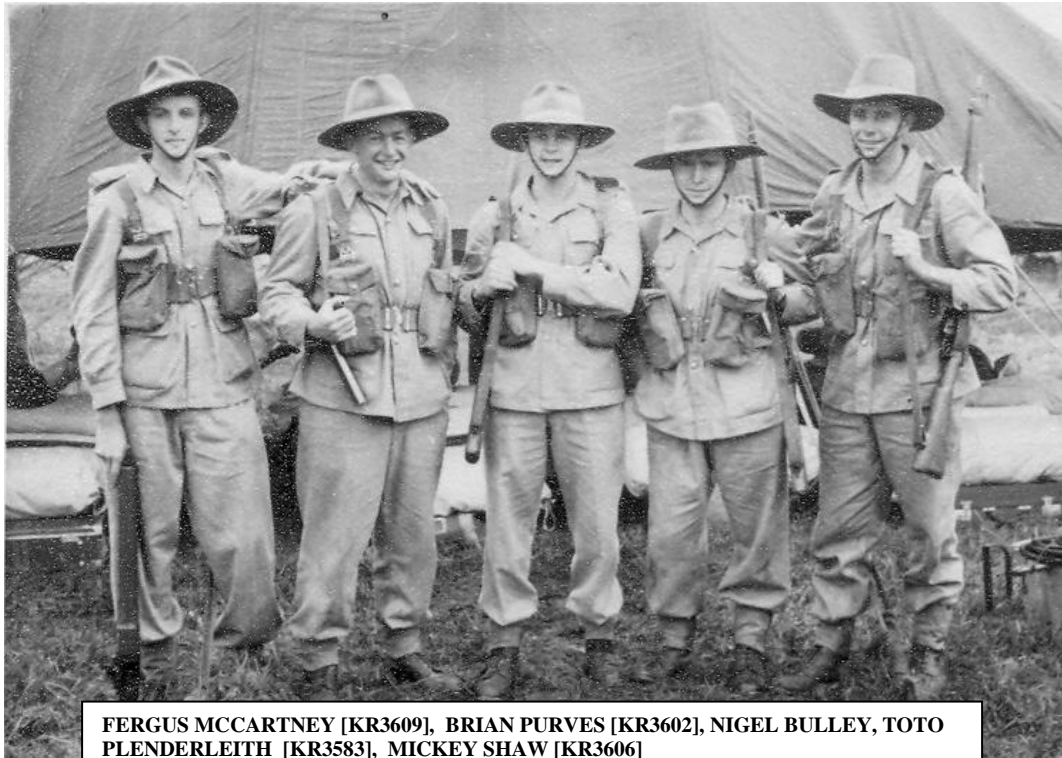
If everyone recorded about four pages of their experiences, you would have quite a bit to put in the archives. Before closing, however, I want to tell you another, very brief story, about which I would be surprised if you know anything.

I had an ex Mau Mau, **Thumbe**, as my batman. He was first class and looked after me very well. In fact we became quite good friends and he wanted to come with me when I left the Regiment. I was going to Sotik which had no Kikuyu at the time, so thought it better not to take him. I wish I had.

Anyhow, I was checking my kit when leaving the Regiment and found that I was short of one camouflage jacket. I told **Thumbe** to get me one. Sure enough he turned up with one before the day was up, but I couldn't keep it and told Thumbe to return it, immediately. I hope he did, he said he did. You are the only one who can tell me if he returned it because the jacket was **YOURS**.

Well Ray, keep in touch and let me know if what I have written is any help to you. There has been a lot written about camp life and how stupid we guys could be. I have tried to be a little different".

Nigel **Bulley** [KR3523] very kindly sent in some photos but no article!



FERGUS MCCARTNEY [KR3609], BRIAN PURVES [KR3602], NIGEL BULLEY, TOTO PLENDERLEITH [KR3583], MICKEY SHAW [KR3606]



MONTY BROWN [KR3902], DG HUNTER [KR3204], NIGEL BULLEY, JACK BARRAH [KR3627] at Naivasha.

Willie **Balabanoff** [KR3724] submitted a newspaper article by the "Standard" Staff reporter, Fort Hall, which read:

Ambushed patrol kills nearly 40

Drove into village - 150 terrorists were there

Faced by a terrorist gang 150 strong and armed with Sten guns and rifles, four Europeans and 14 African police and military askaris, ambushed at Kanderendu in location 2 of the Fort Hall Reserve, held them at bay for 20 minutes and in a fighting withdrawal killed nearly 40 of the terrorists.

Their sole casualty in the action - briefly reported in yesterday's East African Standard - was a police *askari* who had a finger shot off by the terrorists. Despite his wound, he continued firing his rifle into the attacking mob.

Some of the officers with the patrol have stated in their opinion that many of the gang, which included women and men dressed in police and army clothing, were under the influence of some drug. "Even when Bren gun fire was pouring into them at a range of fifteen yards," said one, "they did not waver but came straight for us."

Leading the patrol was Second Lieutenant Peter **Herbert**, a National Serviceman from Sussex, who is serving with 'C' Company of the 4th (Uganda) Battalion of The King's African Rifles. With him were Assistant Inspectors Dennis **Bouden** from Penzance and William **Balabanoff** [KR3724] and George **Hales** [KR3687] who both came from Kisumu and are serving with the Kenya Regiment attached to the Kenya Police.

STEN GUNS TOO

With their small force they were making a routine patrol to Kanderendu, a tiny trading centre 45 miles from Fort Hall and a mile from the forest fringe of the Aberdares. They were travelling in a Land Rover and a police truck.

In the village, when the force was pulling up alongside a row of dukas, the gang opened fire from positions under the shops, which are built on stilts and places around them. Said Inspector **Balabanoff**: "I had just switched off the truck engine - I was driving - when a shot hit the seat underneath my leg. Sten and rifle bullets were whistling all round us. We got out quick and took cover at the other side of the road."

The patrol at once returned the fire from their Brens, Stens and rifles, but the gang, obeying orders from its leader on a whistle, left their positions and began to fan out to outflank the patrol and get to its rear.

Spotting the move one of the *askaris* sprang to his feet and with his Bren at hip level sprayed burst after burst into the gang's ranks. He is said to have personally accounted for at least 10 terrorists by his action.

30 BODIES

Deciding that they would be overwhelmed if they stayed in their position, the patrol began to pull out down the road still firing.

In the withdrawal, Inspector **Bouden** and two *askaris* were separated from their comrades, but gaining a vantage point saw the terrorists and other Kikuyus evacuating the dead and wounded of

the gang. Inspector **Bouden** counted 30 bodies being taken away before he joined up with the rest of the patrol.

Other terrorists fired the Land Rover's petrol tank and watched the vehicle burn to destruction.

After the patrol had fought its way out for about a mile, the gang broke off contact and made off towards the forest.

Following reorganisation at Ndakaini and the arrival of re-enforcements from Fort Hall, the patrol went back to Kanderendu combing the area as they went. They shot and killed another five terrorists.

HURLED GRENADE

Spotter planes and a Harvard bomber came up in support and the pilot of a K.P.R. Air Wing plane killed two gangsters when he swooped low over them and hurled a grenade at them. The Harvard dropped bombs and strafed the area where groups of the gang were seen hiding.

Back in Kanderendu, the patrol found that the police truck had been badly damaged and hacked about with pangas. Its seats were covered in blood and officers think that before the gang damaged it they had used the vehicle to move some of their casualties.

In the same area about a week ago, a small military patrol was ambushed in the forest by the same gang. The patrol went to ground and hid from the gang which stayed in position and then an African corporal Bren gunner from the 4th K.A.R. jumped to his feet and fired two magazines into the terrorists. He is thought to have killed 25 out of the gang.

NOT RAZED

A Government statement last night pointed out that in the diversionary attack staged by the gang at the new Government Secondary School Mathanjini, the terrorists did not attack the building itself.

The earlier reports that the school, which is in course of completion, was razed were incorrect. Education Department officials visited the site on Sunday.

ATTACK ON OTHAYA POLICE STATION: TWO SIDES OF THE STORY

The following story, which is an account of a proposal by the "Kikuyu Brave Warriors" to attack Othaya Police Station in South Nyeri, came into the hands of the Security Forces after the attack from Location 13 Fort Hall dated 5/5/53 and was submitted through Dave **Lester** [KR4131] by Mrs. Allison **Hook** (née **Day**) who lives in England. On coming across a KRA Sitrep she was reminded of the handwritten copies taken from her father's scrap book, who as Serjeant E. **Day** [KR4210] was seconded to the Kenya Police and as an Assistant Inspector was in charge of the station when the attack took place.

As the Mau Mau saw it:

"We, the Brave Kikuyu Warriors, received orders whilst camped near the Mathioya River, that we should prepare for an attack, previously we had successfully attacked Naivasha Police Station where the armoury was cleaned out and were encamped in Location 13 and numbered 400 men. The leaders chose 160 of their best men for this attack, the remainder were ordered to stay behind

but decided to follow the leading party detailed for the attack. A Nyeri man, General Kihara **Kagomo** was in charge of the Othaya attack.

Our forces were split into three groups of 160 men to attack the Police, 140 to attack Jesse Kamau's timber yard. Our guide for this group absconded and presumably this group joined the Othaya attack force. Seventy men, in group three successfully attacked Kairuthi village, killing everyone there. It was difficult to tread anywhere because of the bloodshed and corpses.

Everyone was slashed, all the *dukas* ransacked and a great number of cattle were taken. We had two wounded, Gacuku **Mirangu** and Maingi **Waweru**.

The Othaya attack was stronger and more better than Naivasha, Uplands or the Lari Massacre. We attacked when all the Europeans were taking liquor.

When they heard the shooting they shouted "John, the Mau Mau are here" and stood to their Brens and Stens and collected ammunition in *debes*. The grenade thrower was very active throwing grenades and firing his Very pistol. There were 300 Europeans, 400 Police and KAR and more than 180 Kikuyu Guards. We divided into eight groups. God is the Mightiest because we were only 160 strong and armed only with *pangas*. We were ordered to fight and enter the Police Station.

It was then prophesied that if a European surrenders to us he was not to be killed because that would be the sign that we had won. The Europeans signalled Nyeri and many askaris and lorries came and we shot at them until the last round. The attack started at midnight and lasted until 8 a.m. It rained so hard that no one could recognize his neighbour.

After the fight we returned to the camp at Kiriani where we learned that we had lost our Bren gun [this Bren was apparently taken from a 5 KAR patrol which a Mau Mau gang had successfully attacked and put to flight], other guns and some men who had drowned in the river. We did not fulfil what had been prophesied and lost a lot of equipment. We were ordered to release all prisoners but our bad luck prevented us from doing so. [Ed.: *Presumably referring to prisoners in the Police Station?*].

It is interesting to take note of any attack and learn from our mistakes

Written by Brigadier Maingi **Waweru**.

The above report gives an insight into the ways and nature of the Kikuyu and particularly a Mau Mau leader's, a mixture of fact, wishful thinking, a bit of magic and some misuse of unconnected events.

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As OC Othaya Police Station reported it:

On Friday 8th May 1953 at approximately 0145 hours a KAR sentry stationed in the lower watch tower saw movement approximately 100 yards from the perimeter fence on the Western side of the Police Station. He climbed down immediately and on seeing more movement approximately 1520 yards from the wire he took up position near a field kitchen situated five to six yards from the base of the tower. The alarm was raised when a member of the Mau Mau gang blew a bugle. Soon afterwards fire was directed into the enclosure from an LMG. The KAR sentry fired several shots in the direction of the LMG and then took up a position in a nearby sangar.

Fire was returned by a few rifles and the LMG. The attack came in three waves. The first, from a Westerly direction, lasted approximately 15 minutes. The attackers, supported by Bren fire on their left flank reached the wire but were beaten off with Bren, rifle and Sten gun fire. The second wave, some 40 minutes later, was much more determined. Orders were heard by the Security Forces from a person who was probably the leader of the attack. He was heard to say in Kiswahili "pick up your cartridges and not the empty cases". This order was answered by Bren fire from the nearest *sangar*. The Mau Mau, in some strength advanced on the wire on an approximate 30 yard front. Some managed to climb the outer apron and started to pull the main fence posts outwards. Orders were also heard to this affect and answered by the terrorists. This attack was also supported by LMG and Lanchester fire. It was successfully beaten off with hand grenades, supported by Bren and automatic fire.

The third and final attack was rather half-hearted and probably, primarily planned to recover lost arms and ammunition, and any dead or wounded. It was mounted at approximately 0345 hours and beaten off with more grenades, supported by Bren and rifle fire. Occasional shots were exchanged until 0500 hours.

Casualties to the Mau Mau amounted to 14 killed and five wounded. Security Force casualties were CSM **Rushworth** (6 KAR) wounded with shotgun shot and WOPC **Eleuterc** superficial flesh wound in his thigh. Weaponry recovered from the Mau Mau were a Bren with three magazines, a .303 rifle, a .22 rifle, approximately 30 rounds of miscellaneous calibre and some spears, *simis* and *pangas*. During the following seven days, a further 13 bodies were found within a mile radius of the Police Station.

Operating in the area at that time was 6th KAR whose HQ Coy was helping with the defence of the Police Station and camped in the compound. Also present was Sjt Alan **Wisdom** [KR3669] who was with the Kikuyu Guard and by chance happened to be visiting Othaya Police Station.

Message from Commissioner of Police:

From: VIGILANCE, NRB To: ASCOMPOL, NYI

"Please convey my appreciation and congratulations to all Police and troops on their successful and resolute defence of Othaya Police Station on 8th May against a greatly numerically-superior force of terrorists. This most successful action reflects great credit on the whole force and will have a most heartening affect"

I RETURN TO THE ROOF OF AFRICA - Reflections of an Anti-Terrorist

[Mike **Tetley** KR4277]

In July last year (1994) I returned to Kenya where I was born, where I served with the Kenya Regiment and The Kings African Rifles as I can speak Swahili and where I was blinded in action by the Mau Mau in 1954. I returned to climb Mount Kenya over 17,000 ft and Mount Kilimanjaro 19,342 ft. The social and climatic changes are immense and can best be illustrated by accompanying me on patrol in 1954, and again in 1994.

Let's go back in time to 1954. Notice the tremendous difference in tension generated by the Mau Mau uprising, the attacks from wild animals and the effect of global warming. No. 3 platoon has just walked into Gikoro Police Post which comprises four rectangular mud huts, a watch tower, four

tents to house our platoon, surrounded by barbed wire and a six foot deep pit twenty foot wide filled with sharp stakes to impale anyone rash enough to try and jump it.

The Police Station lies at 8,000 ft on a ridge on the lower slopes of Mount Kenya, an old extinct volcano rising in a huge snow capped cone right on the equator. I shout to Fred **Gay**, the Police inspector and the only other European within ten miles. "You remember **Karanja's** little twelve year old girl? We found her yesterday lying in a field with her throat cut and disembowelled with a note signed by **Kamwamba**, saying that 'we are not frightened of the K.A.R. or the Police'. Well I went out on ambush this morning and thought that I had been seen, so crept back the same way but two hundred yards to the left of the path to the forest and came up behind the bastards who were lying in wait for me."

"Any prisoners?" Fred enquired. 'What are they?' 'The gang were trying to kill me and if I had surrendered they would have either cut me to pieces or pegged me to the ground face upwards. They then would force my mouth open with a piece of wood and invite everyone to p... into my mouth until I drowned in urine as they did to one of our chaps some time ago. I do not put myself into a position to take prisoners. The twits that drew up the Geneva Conventions were probably lawyers who have never been in action and can always make the correct decision from an arm chair when they are not tired, have not been without food or sleep for several days and have hind sight. We have eleven bodies including **Kamwamba** and the gang moll."

"Well" said Fred. "Get some food into your Askaris, re-issue ammunition and go back into the forest as the Police at Karatina have just radioed that the two Italian nuns at the mission station have been held down, subjected to female circumcision, raped and murdered by a gang of about 30 and the tracks are leading up the Ragati and to the upper slopes of Mount Kenya." "I will have to give the chaps a rest soon, we have been in action every day except one for six months and we are getting bloody tired." "Did you hear that Jim took out a patrol last night with a new subaltern just out from the U.K., and after taking a left bend in the forest path a ruddy rhino charged, knocked the leading scout over, gored the second and Jim jumped to one side and opened up on the rhino. The perishing subaltern thought they were getting ambushed, opened up on Jim and shot him three times. When they got to him he gave a big cough and the bullet that entered his chest came out of his mouth."

"That saved an operation but is he OK? That is the third patrol this month to get broken up by either a rhino, elephant or buffalo. The forest round here is thick with wild animals."

The above was a typical day in my life in 1954 where every foot along the forest paths you could expect to be ambushed or run across a wild animal. This made for a great deal of tension but it also cemented great friendships within the platoon which have lasted to the present day. I met my old batman last month when I was in Kenya. I was alone with him when I was shot and seven terrorists tried to cut me to pieces from 25 yards and he killed all seven. He told me that everyone was still alive except Sergeant **Mbubi**.

Now to 1994, where a party of fourteen people made up of six blind or partially sighted with eight guides and 30 porters organised by the Guide Dog Adventure Group, trekked 40 miles across Mount Kenya from East to West in five days hoping to climb Point Lenana en route, but it was mainly an acclimatisation exercise to enable us to climb Kilimanjaro the following week ascending via the Machambe route and down again via the Mweika route, a distance of 60 miles.

After arriving in Nairobi we spent a day sightseeing. The crowds in the street reflected the huge increase in population in 40 years from five to thirty seven million. Most houses now had large eight foot high steel gates across their drives and security guards were much in evidence indicating an increase in crime where long ago no one even shut the front door, except at night.

The 150 mile trip to the East side of Mount Kenya necessitated a watchful eye for 'sleeping policemen' [Ed: *Humps across the road which are absolute hell to the speedsters' suspension, sumps and diffs*] even on the main roads as they were unmarked.

We transferred into Land rovers to climb up the muddy forest tracks to 10,000 feet but one broke a half shaft and one ran out of petrol. Even with chains on all four wheels they could not get up the muddy path so we started walking sooner than expected. We slept in two main tents which most people zipped up to protect themselves from the cold. Sleeping in a room without an open window can produce a headache due to oxygen depletion and at altitude predisposes you to mountain sickness which in our case affected half the party. I shared a tent with someone who insisted on zipping up the tent flaps so I took my sleeping bag outside and slept under the stars even when the temperature was well below zero.

We, the locally recruited troops, never got or heard of altitude sickness because we never had tents or sleeping bags issued to us, but slept under the stars when on forest patrol. It was so cold in 1954 that the condensation from our breath on the inside of the poncho with which we had covered ourselves turned to ice. The British troops had sleeping bags and they got altitude sickness if they slept in a tent or hut as they were more likely to shut everything up and as a result start climbing with an oxygen deficiency. In 1954 some of us got a fright on waking up one morning at 14,000 feet to find that an elephant had walked between us as we slept and we had heard nothing, nor were we disturbed.

We slowly climbed from the Bandas to Lake Ellis, to Minto's hut then over Tooth Col to Austrian hut where we arrived and had lunch. This is only 800 feet below Lenana. My daughter Mary and I were the only two who had crampons and it started to snow heavily. Our leader would not let us climb saying "All up or none" - this brassed me off as I had told them to carry crampons.

We descended to Rangers camp saying they would try again in the morning but they did not. The next day we descended the Vertical Bog which was very, very slippery, and so to the Met Station camp where some Sykes monkeys unzipped some tents and rifled through our rucksacks looking for food. I could not help rejoicing in the lack of tensions after forty years. It was wonderful to be without fear among the giant lobelias and fresh air.

All the Africans were friendly but the biggest change was that we saw no animals. Later we drove from Nairobi to the Tanzanian border 180 kilometres and saw no game. Forty years ago we would have seen several hundred thousand head of zebra, wildebeest, buck, elephant or lion. They had been wiped out and replaced by Masai cattle which were overgrazing the land until there were no roots to keep the top soil together and the soil would then be washed into the rivers and thence to the sea. The top soil is only six inches deep over lava and when this is exposed they will expect Europe to feed an exploding local population which has no idea of husbandry.

Kilimanjaro was climbed via the Machambe route through a very muddy forest on to the Shirer plateau to Brenco hut and Barafu hut. A steady, uneventful climb on which we saw not a living soul for five days and while passing near a glacier there was a tremendous crack followed by a long rumble as an avalanche hurtled down the slope in the next valley.

From Baranco hut which we left at 8 a.m. we walked until 7 at night, had a meal and two hours sleep getting up at 10 p.m., climbing through the night up a very steep scree slope; the idea being that if there is moisture on the scree it will freeze and bind it together causing less slip. We arrived on the crater lip at dawn to meet about two hundred people who had climbed from Kibo Hotel via the Marangu route. The last few thousand feet were climbed by taking 20 paces and stopping for breath. My daughter was down to five paces. Three of the party turned back on the scree slope suffering from exhaustion. I was shocked at the green house effect. There was no snow on the top

except in a few crags. Forty years ago when I climbed it the snow was 10 feet deep and cut into queer shapes, Nevis Penitentes, by the wind. We slithered down 4,000 feet of scree getting into camp at 2 p.m. only to be told that there was no water and no food so we would have to do another days march immediately.

By the time we got into camp that night we had walked for 35 hours with a two hour rest.

The British wiped out slavery and the Arab slave traders in 1900 but the inability to control breeding is hurting more people and destroying the land.

Why do I climb when I cannot see! Climbing concentrates the mind and there is no room for thinking about politics or sex but you can re-establish a true sense of values and feel at one with nature.

Seventeen years ago I took my family to Treetops Hotel to view the wild animals. I had fought the gang that burnt down the original Treetops. I wanted to walk back through the forest to show my daughters what Africa really was like.

The Game Warden lent me two rangers whom he said were former terrorists.

Back in civilisation I offered the ex-terrorists coffee and discussed what they had done during the Mau Mau. One was ex-General **Chui**, (Leopard), and we discovered that I had fought his gang when I was blinded and one of his men had shot me. I myself had shot him in the leg and he let me feel the flesh wound. Here twenty years later I was giving him coffee. There was no bitterness between us. We both wished that our political leaders could be trusted to remain honest, not become devious and feed those of us who fought for their ideals with false information.

The ex-terrorist and I wanted the same things. Language and religion could divide us. Language and tradition were exploited by the politician and religious denomination was exploited by the priests. We decided to look upon politicians and priests as trade union officials touting to increase the membership of their party and so divide us. Both had forgotten the basic tenet: "To love one another".

Two hundred years ago a St Albans doctor, Nathaniel **Cotton**, wrote in "Vision and Verse":

You ask what party I pursue
Or perhaps you mean whose fool are you!
The names of parties I detest,
Badges of slavery at best, I've too much grace to play the knave
And too much pride to turn a slave.
I love my country from my soul
And grieve when knaves or fools control.

MOON RISE

Last night I saw the moon arise
A massive orb of flaming gold
Emerged from out the darkened seas
Its fire unquenched by waters gold
As I looked on it seemed to shrink
And slowly glided up on high

Its fiery hue was muted 'til
 A pale gold disc hung in the sky.
 Suspended there amongst the stars
 Her light cast silvery beams below
 Now countless diamonds shimmer there
 Upon the wavelets as they flow.

Lucie Good 1971

FROM PARIS TO NAIVASHA - WITH LOVE

[Babette Bennett]

The Constellation, after many hours of flying from Paris, arrived at Eastleigh Airport one hot morning in 1957. As a young matriculant, dressed in the latest Parisian winter fashion, with at least three net petticoats (one of which fell around my ankles while in transit at Athens Airport), I felt tired, hot, flushed with apprehension and excitement at arriving in "wild Kenya", to be met by my father and step-mother. I somehow managed to get through immigration and customs, with my very limited "school English", and was mercifully greeted by my father and my "new" family.

They whisked me off in their old jalopy, and during the drive to Nairobi and the New Stanley Hotel for brunch, I was in awe at the shimmering heat, dust, so many black people dressed in colourful garments, and driving on the left hand side of the road. I still felt in civilisation in the New Stanley dining room where I was introduced to avocado pear (yuk at the time, but grew to love it), full scale breakfast, and coffee which tasted different - I was not to have French *cafe au lait* and croissants for many years to come.

Then came the last leg of the trip to Naivasha which was going to be my home for some time to come. The wonderful view of the Rift Valley coming down the escarpment, the little Italian church on the side of the road, Longonot in the distance and the long stretch to Naivasha, were sights that I never tired of on the many subsequent trips I was to take on that road. I fell in love with Kenya there and then, and was quite happy to say *au revoir Paris!*

Settling down to such a different life had its pitfalls, advantages, big mistakes, and language barriers. I had to learn both English and Swahili as soon as possible. I also found out that English here was spoken together with Swahili. I used to frantically look in my English/French dictionary for *kuni*, *bumbafoo*, *banduki*, *cuppa-chai*, and *takkatakka* until my father told me they were Swahili words commonly used in the English language - so I bought a Swahili dictionary and translated from Swahili to English, and English to French before I could answer anyone's questions.

Imagine my confusion when I was told that *wewe kuni, kuni wewe* meant "you would, would you". Not fair.

Soon came the day when I was introduced to "Le Naivasha Club". This and the "Bell Inn" were the two places where all the action took place; where the young, virile, Kenya male talent was found, particularly after hockey, rugby, tennis or whatever practices in the evening, and all day and night from Saturday afternoon to late Sunday night.

As I was used to budding imitations of James Dean in Paris, the Kenya male looked, spoke, dressed and acted more like something out of "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers", and I felt totally out of my depth. At first, until I mastered the "Englishili" language, there were two kinds; those who ignored

me, but would stare at a safe distance from the bar, and those who would insist on "teaching me" English. The latter introduced me to a very pleasant drink called "John Collins", with gin, lemonade, bitters, and sugar around the rim of the glass.

Sitting in a wide circle at the club, someone took everyone's order, and when it came to me, I tried to explain what I wanted and someone whispered in my ear what I should order. "A beeg John Thomass, pleeze". The more words I was "taught", the more laughter there would be when I opened my mouth to speak. I soon acquired a very colourful vocabulary.

I quickly discovered that the Kenya male was not at all like the suave, charming, sweet talking, devious Frenchman but instead had beautiful manners, stood up when a woman came into the room, stood aside to let her through a door, opened the car door for her etc., which no self respecting French youth would have done at the time. Kenya males made women feel special. Bear in mind, however, around and about Naivasha at the time, there were only about half a dozen eligible females to several dozen males! This little band of girls became my good friends, some of whom, 35 years later are still my friends.

I found out very quickly, that my Parisian style of dressing was definitely not appropriate for the Naivasha life style. My very short, very above-the-knee pleated tennis skirt gave me a wide choice of male tennis partners, but the "mother grundies" soon made it obvious that this was not acceptable on the tennis courts. My stiletto heels were put into retirement when on several occasions while on the way to a dance at the Lake Hotel or South Kinangop Club, the car - all cars - in which I was taken never failed to break down, or get stuck in the mud, which meant having to walk the rest of the way, or trying to push the vehicle to get it going again. My numerous petticoats had to be reduced, as it appears that most Kenya males wanted to be taught how to rock 'n roll in order to make me twirl as much as possible, so I learnt the quick step instead.

Slowly but surely, I became de-tribalised.

Every young girl who had a Kenya male as a boyfriend, husband, or brother, was closely associated, be it at a distance, with the Kenya Regiment. It seemed to me, listening to the after camp talk, that a lot of these guys had a love/hate relationship with the Kenya Regiment.

Some could not wait for a camp to come up and did them all, some did everything possible to avoid doing one, but had a great time when forced to do it, some did it as a duty, and others (plenty) did it for the extra money and the booze ups; then there were those who just moaned anyway.

As a woman, you could learn a lot about the Kenya male, just by listening carefully to the various stories they told about each other. They were all "characters" for one reason or another. Pete **Westlake** [KR4913] was known for making himself the most comfortable by sewing a blanket inside his sleeping bag and carrying a camping stretcher with him, and devising ways of keeping dry when everyone else was soaked to the skin. Grant (*Titch*) **Middleton** [KR4897] was known for his ability to get someone else to carry his Bren gun for him, and anything else he could get rid of, by hook or by crook. Mike **Williams** [KR4772] had the ability to drink vast amounts at night, pass out, and would be first up in the freezing morning, walk around in underpants and try to get everyone else up. Denys **Roberts** [KR6542] and a few others had permanent hangovers

Jeremy **Lee** [KR4420] would start a Sh 10/- kitty in the tent to which everyone contributed, and the winnings would go to the one who was LAST out of bed in the morning before First Parade. Jeremy would win every time, cutting it extremely fine, and still manage to appear on parade, spick and span.

Mike **Ensor** [KR6941] and Dave **Ensor** [KR6043] were known for their spectacular fist fights with one another, usually for the right to sleep nearest to the tent opening.

After a couple of years, I was very fortunate to marry Mick **Bennett** [KR4956], also a typical Kenya male.

On the night that our son was born, at the Nakuru War Memorial Hospital, Mick visited me and was then persuaded by Denys **Roberts** to join the gang at the Hospital dance that night to celebrate.

The next morning, as I looked through the window I saw an unusual sight in Kenya. Two guys walking up the driveway of the hospital, shirts hanging out, looking the worse for wear (nothing unusual about that), but HOLDING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS! Denys **Roberts** and Jerry **Ellis** came to visit and congratulate me. I felt very good about that!

Last year (1995), after 28 years' absence, Mick and I went back to Kenya for a holiday to visit family in Naivasha. Yes, many things have changed. The roads are terrible, the standards have dropped, and Mick particularly was disappointed. Naivasha is a dirty, 4th world "town", with overloaded carts (cartage contractors), old *matatu* buses inches off the ground, meandering from one huge pothole to another, chickens and goats roaming around. Most of the old *dukas* are there, run down and dilapidated, but the Bell Inn is still there, looking exactly the same, only it is called "La Belle Inn" and is owned by a French lady and her Indian husband... I can tell you truthfully, the curry there beats any Natal curry, and I could have sworn the croissants came direct from Paris!

However, warm and happy memories never change.

[Ed: *Babette, thanks for a very humorous and enlightening article. Hope those mentioned therein don't take us to court*]

JOHN MURRELL BOWMAN JONES [KR4709]

Conscription date: September 1954; short training course at Lanet as we were all ex-servicemen on this course. Names that spring to mind are David **de la Hey** [KR4721], George **Cuthbert** [KR4716], Paddy **O'Shea** [KR4713] and Peter **Marx** [KR4726].

Did a short spell at KR HQ; David **de la Hey** and I had been selected to represent the Kenya Regiment at the Cenotaph in Nairobi on Remembrance Day, November 1954. This entailed a 'crash course' in arms drill to learn the complicated "Rest on your arms, reverse order." It was a proud moment, indeed, for both of us on that great day!

The next posting was to 'O' Coy, where I was eventually sent off with Hennie **Willemse** [KR4717], Bernie **Edwards** [KR4720] and Peter **Marx**, to take up tented residence at Tigoni Police Station. This was, I think late 1954. From here we carried out patrols and together with others from 'O' Coy took part in sweeps, ambushes, house searches etc.

From Tigoni, our section was next posted to a Home Guard post at Githunguchu (spelling) early 1955. Here I spent a lot of time weapons training with Home Guards as well as carrying out long patrols into the Kedong Valley, ambushes, responding to village attacks by Mau Mau gangs etc, all with African KR personnel whose names unfortunately I cannot remember. Brian **Verlaque** [KR4515] was there when we arrived and I believe, responsible for intelligence through informers. Hennie **Willemse**, Peter **Marx**, and Bernie **Edwards** - all responsible for patrols, ambushes, house

to house searches and weapons training etc. No particular attributes, Hennie was always immaculately turned out, while Barnie was a 'clown'.

I think it was at the end of January 1955. when I was seconded to the 7th (U) Bn KAR, where I served as a platoon commander, with 'C' Coy under Major *Rusty* Russell [Ed: Not our *Rusty*] until November 1955. At various times, I was based at Nanyuki, Karatina and Meru from where we carried out patrols etc. onto Mt. Kenya and the Aberdares. KR personnel were withdrawn from the 7th KAR in November 1955. With 4 KAR were Clive **Catania** [KR4737], Alex **Forbes-Watson** [KR4547], and I believe Leonard **Gill** [KR4237], at one stage, - once again there were others whose names I've forgotten!

My next and final posting was as a Tracker Master to 'B' Coy 1st Bn. Rifle Brigade, under Capt. **Sinclair** in North Kinangop. Here I set up and trained what amounted to a tracker combat unit and had a fair amount of success in the Aberdares against gangs stealing from farms in the North Kinangop. Shame to tell I can't remember the names of the any of trackers with whom I served - sorry! Denis **Alcorn** [KR 4994] took over from me upon my demob in September 1956.

In January 1956, a large scale op name "Operation Bullrush" in which we and many other units were involved was mounted around Lake Naivasha. This was an absolute fiasco and the less said the better! The Hierarchy refused to believe that when taken up in a helicopter, I had seen the tracks of a large gang leading out of the papyrus and heading towards Longonot; the birds had flown the nest! The op however continued to an unsuccessful conclusion.

Finally demobbed in September 1956 and resumed my duties as Livestock Officer with the Veterinary Dept. and posted to Thika.

JOHN BARRY JACOB [KR3581]

Barry **Jacob** [KR3581] <jbjacob@venturenet.co.za> South Africa: I volunteered when the Kenya Regiment was reformed in Nairobi (I don't know the exact date). Shortly after that, the company I was working for transferred me to Uganda and I only rejoined the Kenya Regiment, 'C'. Company - OC Maj John **Klynsmith** [KR5613]; CSM Martin **Nel** [KR3736] - at Kapenguria in February 1953.

We guarded Jomo **Kenyatta** and others on trial for several months. As our camp was close to the courthouse we invited Mr. **Pritt** QC, who was defending Jomo **Kenyatta** to our mess for evening drinks. He was a brilliant man, liberal minded, but very amiable.

The Company was then transferred to Square's farm in Nyeri and joined up with 'B' Company and others. We were given a jungle course, and then taken on our first patrol in the forest in the Tree Tops Hotel vicinity. Whilst we were keen to contact the Mau Mau we spent most of our time avoiding, or being chased by black rhino.

'C' Company then moved to the Embu area and camped in an old disused forest officer's house in the forest. It was double storey and built of wood and creaked when the wind blew. It has a reputation of being haunted as the last forest officer had committed suicide by hanging himself.

We then moved to Mioro, on the edge of the Abedare forest, location 19, Fort Hall. Here we stayed for many months as the Mau Mau were very active under the leadership of Generals **Kago** and **Martingaoa**. We had many contacts with the terrorists, one day we killed several terrorists in an

ambush and recovered twelve semi automatic guns, all stolen from the Naivash Police Station raid a few months previously.

At this time we were known as No. 7 Platoon 'C' Company.

Lt. Jack **Harnett** [KR5633] platoon commander

Sgt. Peter **Valentine** [KR4101]

Cpl. Guy **Robinson** [KR6555]

John **Northmore** [KR4082]

Rusty **Russell** [KR4147]

John **Stanfield** [KR4088]

Barry **Jacob** (carried the Bren Gun!)

We then combined with another platoon made up mostly of people from Eldoret. After this we spent some time on the Kinangop and Kipipiri area near a sawmill.



We were then sent to Fort Jericho to relieve 'B' Company. This fort was built in the Beau Geste style and positioned on the top of the Abedare Mountains on the moorlands and it was very, very cold. [Photo from Nigel Bulley]

I did not serve with any other military units (e.g. K.A.R. etc).

When with 'C' Company I had an offer to join Special Branch as an F.I.O. and was posted to Karatina district, Nyeri. The previous incumbent had done very little; I first had to build a camp for my *askaris*

and a house for myself. I built this in the Ngandu area near Karatina.

Little did I know that I had built the camp very close to General **China**'s old home. General **China** was a colourful character and had a reputation amongst the locals of robbing the rich to give to the poor. I seemed to spend most of my time looking for General **China**, however, he was wounded in the neck by a Home Guard patrol; he thought he was bleeding to death so he surrendered to a 23rd K.A.R. patrol which was led by Willy **Young** [KR5720].

The terrorist that took over from General **China** was soon caught hiding in a cave and in his possession he had clothes stolen from Dr. **Leakey** who had been murdered the previous month.

The camp was attacked several times by General **China** and his gangs. We exchanged fire many times but nothing of great significance came of these skirmishes.

The Mau Mau had broken up into small gangs by this time and there was very little activity.

Shortly after this I had completed my time and in April 1956 returned to my farm in Kitale.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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

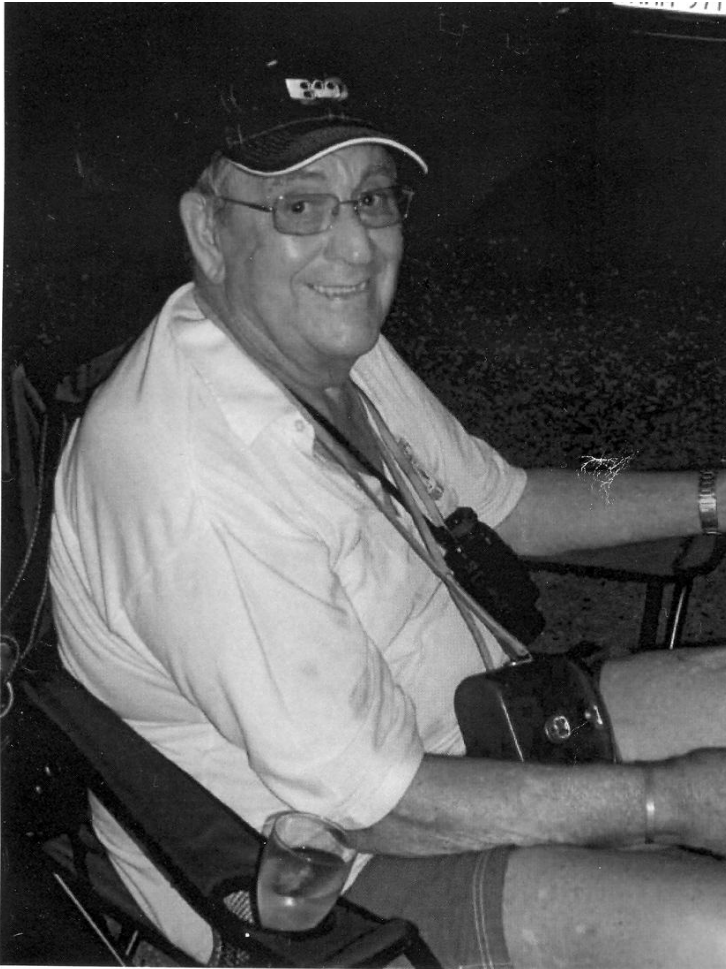
*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

[Laurence Binyon]

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

Bartlett, Fred [KPR] 27/04/2012 Botswana (John Dugmore)
Bond, Sapper Elijah 08/12/2011 Afghanistan (grandmother, Kathy Bond née O'Hara))
Boyce, Gerald Eagar [KR3727/5635] 28/02/2012 Plymouth (Heather Davidson)
Brown, John Monteith (*Monty*) [KR3902/5782] 15/02/2012 Nairobi (Dr Kester Brown)
Cuthbert, Gil (wife of Norman [KR4776]. UK 30/03/2012 (Nick Karnezos)
Dando, Kenneth Seale [KR4135/5710] 24/03/2012. UK (Bill Jackson)
Engelbrecht, Stanley Hermanus Lowrens [KR4464] 25/03/2012 Pietermaritzburg (son Gerrie)
Isaac, Arthur Francis Swinton (*Frank*) [KR4526] 29/02/2012 Balgowan, KZ-N (Pete Smith)
Gore, James Michael (*Jim*) BEM [KR4783] 01/03/2012 Cape, RSA (Jock Boyd)
Gwynne, Michael Douglas [KDF/KR researcher] 09/2/2012. UK (John Davis)
Hay, Colin Jeffrey [KR7183] 15/04/2012. UK (Arthur Schofield)
Heppes, Keith Henry [KR6644] 09/11/2011. Hilton, RSA (The Witness)
Humphreys, John David [KR3598/5718] 04/01/2012. UK [Iain Morrison]
Ingram, Bill [Nondies] 16/12/2011. UK (Di van Rensburg)
Johnston, Michael Carruthers [KR7030] ??/12/2011. Perth (Giles Shaw)
Jolley, Ron CPMG(G) [KDF/KPR] 29/04/2012. Pietermaritzburg (daughter Angela Scott)
Keese, Michael Stephen [KR4563] 29/02/2012. East London, RSA (brother Lou Keese)
Lanning, Maj Eric [KDF] 20/03/2012. UK (Iain Morrison)
Le Poer Trench, Brian Hugh [KR6985]. 11/04/2012. Nairobi (bro-in-law Jake Francis-Jones)
Lee, Jeremy Wilfred Dominic [KR4420] 27/04/2012 Queensland (Giles Shaw)
Lindeman, Derek William [KR4034] 03/03/2011. UK (Iain Morrison)
Miles, Douglas William (*Doug*) [KR3589] Durban. 11/04/2012. Durban (son Allister)
Muir, Ivan Kenneth [KR4175/5708] 27/04/2012. Queensland (Giles Shaw)
Pickford, Sterndale Todd Matthew [KR4145] 05/05/2012 NZ (Arthur Schofield)
Prettejohn, Richard Gwynne [KR4380] 01/05/2012 Swaziland (Nev Simpson/Pete Smith)
Semini, Albert Frank (*Bert*) [KR579] 07/02/2012. Auckland (Arthur Schofield)
Shankland, Bert [Rally driver] 26/01/2012. Glasgow (Gordon Alp)
Storm, Hendrick Willem (*Harvey*) [KR4074] 20/11/2011. West Australia (Giles Shaw)
Swann, Sidney Maurice [KR1049] 21/09/2011. South Australia (Ted Downer)
Tilney, Robin Stenhouse [CCF] 05/01/2012. Murdered in Botswana (Sarah Ward)
Vernon, James Marcus [KR7171] 10/11/2011. MVA, Kenya (Al Gledhill)
Vernon, Paul Rodney [KR7464] 10/11/2011. MVA, Kenya (Al Gledhill)

HENDRICK WILLEM (HARVEY) STORM [KR 4074]
(10.9.1933 – 20.11.2011)



In Perth, Western Australia, a crowded Memorial Service for Harvey was held at the Norfolk Chapel on 25th November 2011. Music into Chapel: Roger **Whittaker** – ‘My land is Kenya’. His son Simon and three daughters, Carol, Judy and Sandra each presented a Eulogy. People attending came from as far away as Sydney and Brisbane. Several old comrades of Kenya Regiment Association were present.

Simon: Along with his two sisters, Hettie and Lynn, Harvey was born on a farm at Eldoret, but at just three years old, he lost his father, which must have made growing up during the great slump a very difficult time for the family. However, such strained circumstance must have engendered an early independent spirit, exemplified by the farm truck being driven in unorthodox fashion in town that attracted the attention of the local Police. ‘How old are you?’ asked the Inspector, ‘I am nine,’ replied Harvey!

Carol: Dad played a good game of hockey – and that is where he met our mother, Jenny. It was a good thing that mum’s grandfather offered to pay for dad’s flight over to England, then a 22 hour flight, if he wanted to marry mum. A short time later a telegram arrived in England asking mum to marry him! That was 51 years ago! I am not sure how impressed the Englishmen were with this “Kenya Cowboy” who arrived from Africa and who promptly drank them all under the table and was the last man standing at his buck’s night! Watching sport on the TV with Dad was always an amusing affair and I don’t think we will ever watch another rugby match without hearing Dad shouting at the Springboks (and latterly the Ozzies) to “pass it out man; get it out aargh now they’ve lost it by kicking”. We will also never forget the sight of coming into the sitting room and finding Dad watching the TV with his headphones on because he was deaf, and his binoculars glued to his eyes watching the TV as he had lost his glasses and couldn’t see the score without them!

Judy: Everything Dad did he did well and to his very best ability. I think this is evident in the fact that he was awarded one of the highest awards in Rotary - the Paul Harris award. He was invited to become a Mason and eventually became Grand Master of his Lodge in Namibia. He was Captain and later President of the Windhoek Golf Club. Africa was in Dad’s blood – he loved the continent. He loved bird watching and game parks, and for 26 years he spent every July in Etosha National Park.

Sandra: Dad loved to pun and there would be a collective groan in the house if someone mentioned one of Dad’s favourite punning words – like if you talked about trees you would then get “leaf it alone”, “he must be a branch manager”; or “he is barking up the wrong tree.” Dad, Mike **Schubach**

and Francis **Lipscomb** were the Pun Kings. Dad had a hard time in Australia. His health has not been great and he has stoically endured five knee operations and now recently lymphoma. But wherever Dad has been or whatever he has done, he has always done it with humour. The nursing staff at the Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital must have often wondered what was happening around Dad's bed sometimes, as there would suddenly be raucous laughter; like when Dad suddenly threw his arms in the air and sang the words "Show me the way to go home". Dad did not go down without a fight but in the end even he realised it was all over, to the extent that he bravely asked Simon to call the family round to say his goodbyes; once all assembled, he said, "I have lived a good life for 78 years and I want you to look after each other. Now please pull out the plug!"

Stan **Bleazard** [KR4242] read this letter from Dennis **Leete** [KR4094] <dleete2@gmail.com> 22/11/2011]: 'Am deeply saddened by this news; Harvey **Storm** [KR4074] was my *alter ego*.

We were both born in Eldoret, in 1933, delivered by the same midwife; a Mrs. **Dreyer**, a few weeks apart. But I first met him on the hockey pitch when I was twelve years old, and I was captaining Kitale School and he Eldoret Central - they won!

Then we arrived together at Prince of Wales School in Nairobi on Jan 1947 in Junior House. He went on to Grigg House and I to Nicholson. But we were in the same class, throughout our secondary school life, with George **McKnight** [KR4246], and I think, Keith **Elliot** [KR4289]. We left school, were drafted into the Kenya Regiment and arrived in Rhodesia on the same flight, and, on the first course in January 1952, were in the same platoon. His bunk was right opposite mine.

At the end of the six month course, we returned to Kenya, Harvey joining the Survey Dept and I apprenticed as a farm pupil in Kitale, prior to attending Egerton College in Jan 1953. But that was not to be, and the Emergency was declared on Oct 20th 1952, and both Harvey and I found ourselves back in the Regiment. I did not see much of him at that time, as he in a different Company ('B'?) while I was in 'C' Company to start with, then Ray Force, then attached to various British regiments for some time, then back to 'I' Company, under Lt Jack **Barrah** [KR5755], during Operation Anvil.

I was released from Service in September 1954, a month early, to attend Egerton for a two year diploma course. Harvey became a District Officer, Kikuyu Guard (KG) as did George **McKnight**, and many others such as *Rusty* **Russell** [KR4147], Dick **Pearce** [KR4189], and Fergus **McCartney** [KR3609].

Upon leaving Egerton College in July 1956, I responded to an advert in the Standard newspaper for a job as a sales rep for Shell Chemical Company. I was accepted, and reported for duty in Nairobi, on 1st September at 08h00. As usual, I was ten minutes late, and ushered into the General Manager's waiting room, where I found Harvey **Storm**, who had also joined the Company, on that day. He was always one step ahead of me, and became my boss, after I moved to Ethiopia in 1967 and then to Sudan in 1974. He had taken a correspondence course in Business Administration and was indeed a brilliant manager.

Harvey was told that he was destined to be the next general manager of the company, based out of Nairobi, and became a Kenya citizen to meet the new criteria of the Company, as expats were made redundant, and replaced by African graduates, in the new independent Africa. He was to manage eight countries from the Nairobi regional hub. But London HQ pulled a fast one on him. Though he had four expats working under him in peripheral countries, he discovered that those subordinates had extra benefits, such as annual home leave to UK, and overseas school fees paid, which he, now a citizen, was denied. He was forced to resign, and eventually joined BP in South Africa, ending up as Managing Director in Namibia.

It was so stupid on their part to lose such an accomplished and effective manager, over political correctness. After his departure and the new policy was implemented, the Company performance fell away dramatically, and eventually it was broken up, and hived off to the oil side of Shell in the different countries.

But to continue our astonishingly parallel lives; as Harvey himself pointed out to me, that we both had four children; each with three girls and one boy; and both boys attended Pembroke House School in Gilgil.

Harvey was a great sportsman, excelling at hockey; and an extrovert, enjoying many social activities, such the Round Table charitable organization, and raising thousands of shillings for the Red Cross on the Nairobi radio "Ring Us Up" programme in the sixties and seventies, auctioning donated items, by radio. He loved *ad libbing* and puns, and was very quick to think them up.

Sadly, after leaving Kenya in 1975, with a broken heart, he never returned. I only met him once more; for a brief couple of hours, at the Kenya Regiment Association annual Winchester Lunch, in July 2010.

He lived a full life, and I mourn his passing.'

[Ed: *Jenny and their children broke away from traditional hymns for memorial services, thus turning what is normally a sombre service, into a joyous occasion:*

Music Into Chapel: 'My Land is Kenya' (Roger Whittaker)

Reflection Time Music: 'The Last Farewell' (Roger Whittaker)

'He Is Gone' - Ian Rogers

Music leaving the Chapel: Na Mito ya Babeli.]

Jenny **Storm** [02/03/2012] All my lovely visitors have gone and my life is about to hit normality again, so I am finally able to write a very general letter to you all to say a huge THANK YOU. I would like to write individually and, over the months, I will try as you have all been so kind since Harvey died way back in November. Since then I haven't stopped; we were headlong into Christmas, then the whole family in Perth went over for a week to Rottnest Island. Back from Rottnest and I had a wonderful Christmas present of a two week holiday with Simon and family to Melbourne, which ended with six amazing days at the Australian Open Tennis. Back from Melbourne and my brother, Roger, and Anthea arrived for ten days. In the middle of that an old friend from England days, Tim **Gudgin**, arrived and stayed for a few days. Then it was off to Bali with Judy and Sandra - I had never been before and we had such fun. Back from Bali and Roger and Anthea returned from their stay down south and Judy and Robbie **Robinson** from England came to stay for a week and it was back to my little mattress on the floor (I hasten to add I slept like a log!) and Judy and Ian, round the corner, offered us all beds but we declined! This week Roger and I met our cousin Valerie and her husband, George **Andre** off a cruise liner, so lots of catching up to do there; they were with us for the day, and a second cousin arrives on her cruise liner in the middle of March.

So after all that with one more visitor in March, Shirley **Lipscomb**, my life will sort itself out. I need to get back to golf and tennis which I haven't played for months. I had a cataract operation a week ago and my visitors have been fully employed putting three lots of drops in my eye four times a day - now I have to do it all by myself! But not long to go now as the wretched stuff is nearly all finished. Then it will be eye tests and new glasses and more medical aid claims and, and, and; Harvey, bless him, used to do all that and I am having to learn fast.

But the main purpose of this email is to say such a big thank you to you all for all the wonderful emails, letters, cards and phone calls that I have received since Harvey died. For all the lovely things you said about him and all the kind thoughts. I sat and read through a lot of them again yesterday as, at the time, it was all rush and I couldn't take it all in. We are all learning slowly to cope without him but I think the family especially find it very hard to come up here to visit me and he is not here. But we also have lots of laughs and so many things remind us of him and we are forever saying 'Dad used to say this' or 'Dad used to say that'! The family are being so good and helping me - I have my 'financial' adviser in Simon and my 'medical aid' helper in Judy. Kevin and Sandra sold Harvey's car and Sheena gives me a lovely dinner most Wednesdays. Ian is round the corner for lifting this or helping with that and just generally, including all the grandchildren and friends, everyone has been wonderful.

JOHN MONTEITH (*MONTY*) BROWN [KR3902/5782]

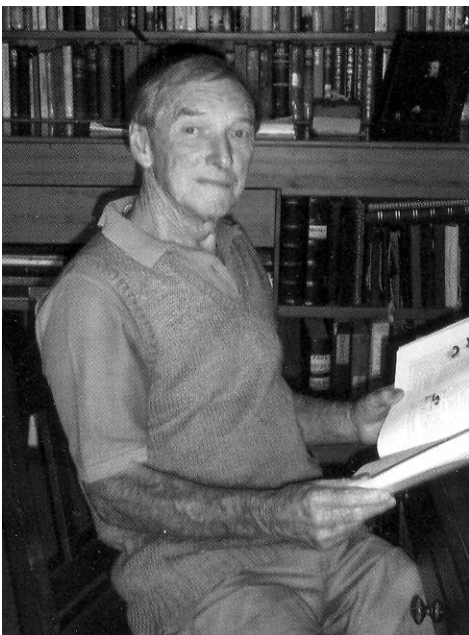
[17.7.1929 - 15.2.2012]

Monty passed away on 15 February having suffered a heart attack.

He was born in Scotland when his parents were on home leave from Tumulumu, where his father was the Doctor. The family returned to Kenya soon after, where Monty spent most of his just on 83 years of a full and interesting life. His schooling was first at the Primary School in Nairobi followed at the Prince of Wales from 1942 – 46. There he played hockey for the school, was a fine marksman in the shooting team and a great short distance runner, becoming the 100 yards champion.

He went up to St Andrew's university in Scotland, graduating with a BSc in Geology and Zoology.

On return to Kenya he joined a civil engineering firm in Nairobi, Stirling and Scott, spending his time on safaris in Tanganyika and Kenya sighting boreholes. In 1951 Monty joined the Game Department as Superintendent of the Fish Culture Farm at Sagana and Honorary game Warden of the area. He undertook research into the breeding and sexing of tilapia and had a paper published with Dr. Vernon van Someren in the prestigious scientific journal, 'Nature'.



When the Emergency was declared, he immediately reported to the Kenya Regiment in Nairobi and was soon on active service, initially with 'B' Company, mostly in action in the Aberdares and Mt. Kenya. In 1953 he was transferred to Nanyuki to become an Instructor of the newly formed Tracking School and it was then he met Barbara who was to become his wife.

They were married at St. George's Church, Nanyuki, by Reverend Gerald Knight in April 1955, thereafter returning to work at Sagana for the next four years. They had two children, Trish who was born in Nyeri and Ken in Nairobi.

Monty had a deep love of fishing and the idea of leaving government service and starting a new life at the coast was discussed. He had built a number of small patrol boats for the Fishery Department's inland stations, two ski boats and a 22 foot sport fishing boat named 'Jeuri' which was a successful craft in her years at the coast. A decision was then reached to move and they bought a plot at the

southern end of Silversands beach Malindi, where Monty built their home and then set to work and constructed an American designed Custom Craft 32 foot sport fishing boat named 'Johari'. She was a very successful and well known boat in her years of service.

Malindi in 1959 was a quiet and peaceful place where upcountry folk came to spend their holidays and no thought of overseas tourists had arisen. This was also the year the Malindi Sea Fishing Club was started at Lawfords Hotel, as a Proprietary Club, and Monty and Barbara were early members, and for many years were very involved in the Fishing Club. Monty was a Committee member and was instrumental in the planning of the new club house when it moved from Lawfords and became a Members' Club, then he supervised the building. He was Chairman twice and was a very successful light tackle fisherman of marlin and sailfish, holding a number of Kenya and Africa records. He was awarded the Game Fish union of Africa merit award in 1974 – only the second plaque to be presented.

As well as managing his fishing business, Monty also conducted hunting Safaris, which he took to the Northern Frontier of Kenya and into Tanganyika. Eleven of these safaris were for the Los Angeles County Museum, California, when specimens of birds and mammals were collected.

Whilst Monty was upcountry in 1974, 'Johari' had misfortune and sank at anchor in Malindi harbour on a rough and stormy night. This was a great sadness and loss. The year also coincided with the hunting profession as he had known it, becoming less attractive for various reasons, so a decision was made to try another new beginning. Two and a half years were then spent "in the wilderness"; first in Australia which proved unsuccessful, then South Africa. However, the call of Kenya and home was strong, so the family returned.

Monty worked at Solio for the Parfets, managing the game on the farm and in the reserve for just over a year and then moved to "Carissa", near Naromoru, a lovely old home which had belonged to the Sherbroke-Walkers of the Outspan Hotel, Nyeri and Treetops fame. Over the next eight years Monty and his son Ken took out photographic safaris and in between times, the next project began – the research and writing of historical books on Kenya and articles for various magazines. This kept him interested and busy for the rest of life.

His first major book "Where Giants Trod", the exploration of Lake Rudolf between the years 1880 – 1920, took seven years of research and photography, travelling widely to meet relatives of the hunters and explorers he was writing about. Numerous safaris were made to the NFD following in these intrepid men's footsteps.

The second book "Hunter Away" the life and times of Arthur Henry Neumann 1850 – 1907 was written, telling of the life of that great elephant hunter.

At about this time, a move was made, having purchased land 20 miles west of Nanyuki in Laikipia. Monty then built their home "Maskan", where for the last 20 years he shared many of his life's experiences and love of Kenya with numerous friends from all over the world.

Monty was then requested to write the story of the Aberdare Country Club and the Ark, which resulted in the book "Haven under the Hill" – a delightful story and beautifully illustrated with his photographs.

His last great work covered a number of years on interesting research about a man Monty thought highly of and felt deserved recognition, as he had not himself written a book – Richard John Cunninghame, so "R. J.", was produced. He was a Naturalist, Hunter and Gentleman and lived from 1871 – 1925, spending over 25 years in Kenya. Monty felt by writing RJ's story it would be a fitting tribute to one of East Africa's Great pioneers of wildlife and big game hunting.

A memoir of Arthur Sydney Waller was written and produced in 2008. He was a hunter of note in Kenya between WW I and WW II and as a professional hunter, he was one of the founding members of the East African Professional Hunters Association in 1934.

There were a number of other writings in hand but will now sadly not be completed, except for one he had been requested to write, which is the story of the Malindi Sea Fishing Club from its beginning in 1959 to 1974 – the first 15 important years when Monty was very involved in the Club.

On Monty's last morning, he had managed to complete the actual writing of this book, had made various notes and compiled a list of photographs he wished included – and Barbara will in time put this work together.

Monty was also instrumental over many years in assisting with numerous Nanyuki Cottage Hospital fundraising and building projects, in a voluntary capacity. He organised the Scottish Group of musicians, who travelled the world at their own expense, in order to raise funds for worthy causes, to come to Kenya and perform concerts at eight different venues around the country, including the Mt. Kenya Safari Club and the Aberdare Country Club. They were a great success and were able to donate funds to the Cottage Hospital, which enabled it to purchase much needed laboratory equipment.

In between his research work, an annual safari to the NFD and keeping things at home in good order, he had over the past six years undertaken to restore the oldest cemetery in Nairobi, the Nairobi South Cemetery, in which the first burial took place in 1900. This sacred area had fallen into a tragic state of disorder, overgrown and unsafe to visit. With his interest in Kenya's history, he decided to try and raise funds from friends and relatives who had family members buried there, restore the broken graves and turn the place into a safe and peaceful area. This he accomplished, as with funding from those he approached, together with generous donations from a former safari client and friend of numerous years, Donald Dickey from California, whom Monty had shown the Cemetery when it was still in fair order, being interested in seeing the graves of the six unfortunate men killed by lions. The work has carried on and it is now gazetted as an Historic Site in Kenya under the National Museums.

Monty was indeed a man of many varied interests, ranging from hunting, fishing, photography, mountaineering and hurricane aeroplane; making three violins whilst on his holidays from University, to the building of boats and houses, researching and writing books and articles on a wide variety of subjects and historical events relative to the Boer War and Kenya history. He was able to engage friends in conversations on many topics from a well informed and human perspective.

Monty held to four mottoes as best as possible throughout his life:

“*Je Suis prêt*”. ‘I am ready’: Fraser Clan to which his maternal gran belonged and the Lovat Scouts.

“To the Uttermost”: Prince of Wales School

“Ever to be the best”: St. Andrew's University

“In Quietness and Confidence shall be your strength”: from the Bible – Isaiah 30 v. 15

Monty will be remembered by friends and family members worldwide; especially by his wife Barbara, daughter Trish and husband Harry, his son Ken and grandchildren, Larissa, David and Ciaran.

Anyone wishing to support his work at the Nairobi South Cemetery, please be in touch with Barbara – P. O. Box 178 Nanyuki 10400 - Kenya

SAPPER ELIJAH COOPER BOND

[Ed: *Elijah was the grandson of Kathy Bond (KRAKZ-N), and sister of the late Major Hammy O'Hara [KR3918/5686]. I included his obituary not only as a mark of respect to his family, but to remind members that our children and their children are still 'Carrying the Flag'.]*

[Kathy: *He was given a full military funeral in Truro Cathedral, Cornwall and has been laid to rest in Mevagissey, a little fishing village on the south coast. The support from the BDF was first class; they pulled out all the stops. He was popular and well liked around the village of Meva. Wreaths were laid at the village war memorial and his many young friends and associates held a lantern lighting night the weekend after he died. Photograph via MOD]*

Extracts from Defence News article 9th December 2011: It is with great sadness that the MOD must confirm the death of Sapper Elijah Cooper **Bond** (35 Engineer Regiment) at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Birmingham on Thursday 8th December 2011, as a result of wounds sustained in

Afghanistan.

Serving with the Task Force Helmand Engineer Group, he was a member of a team that was conducting an engineer reconnaissance task in the Deh Adham Khan region of Nahr-e Saraj (North) in central Helmand, on 6 December 2011, when he was injured in a blast from an improvised explosive device.

Sapper Elijah Cooper Bond, 24, was born on 10 June 1987 in Havant, Hampshire, and grew up in St Austell, Cornwall. He joined the Corps of Royal Engineers in August 2008 and after completing his Phase One training he moved to Gibraltar Barracks to complete his Combat Engineer training. In 2009 he moved to Brompton Barracks in Chatham where he qualified as an electrical and mechanical draughtsman after a complex and academically demanding course.

After two years of extensive training he arrived in Germany in September 2010 to join 37 Armoured Engineer Squadron, a part of 35 Engineer Regiment based in Paderborn. He arrived at an incredibly busy time for the Regiment and was launched straight into Afghanistan pre-deployment training which included a series of exercises and training packages. Not content with this he volunteered for, and excelled at, the General Purpose Machine Gunners' course and showed considerable intellect by completing the Pashtu patrol language course.

With a vibrant personality, he enthusiastically joined in with the lively Squadron social scene; quickly making friends and establishing himself as a character across the ranks. In quieter moments he proved to be an excellent chess player, as many a more senior member of his Squadron found out to their detriment.

Sapper Bond deployed to Helmand province, Afghanistan, with his Squadron which became known as Engineer Field Squadron 1, part of the Task Force Helmand Engineer Group. He was deployed as a Combat Engineer in 8 Troop and based at Patrol Base Clifton in the Deh Adam Kahn area of Nahr-e Saraj district.

He leaves behind his mother Lizz, father Mark, sisters Kimberley and Bethany, and brothers Isaac

and Jose.

The family of Sapper Bond have made the following statement:

"Elijah Cooper Bond left the world in the way he chose to live his life. He was a beautiful son, amazing brother, a proud uncle and our best friend. From a wicked grin to a righteous smile he could light up a room as much as he lit up our lives, so mischievous and fun yet grounded and down to earth. He will forever be a piece of us and remain in our hearts.

"We are thankful for the memories we have been given and the precious time we spent with him. We have faith in the sure and certain knowledge that we will be reunited together again. I hope that we can make him as proud as he has made us, we will remember him with every streak we see in the sky."

Lieutenant Colonel Kevin **Copsey** (CO, 35 Engr Regt): "His lively and outgoing nature was founded on an inner confidence that saw him excel during his time in the Royal Engineers. He was a rising star within his Squadron and he had a bright future ahead of him. Regarded as a first rate soldier he was notable for his complete reliability, enthusiasm and commitment. It was whilst in Afghanistan that he displayed his true ability, supporting the remainder of his Troop by working selflessly and without complaint; characteristics for which he will be forever remembered.

"Sapper Elijah Bond's friendly exterior belied a soldier who was physically robust, mentally tough, and always intent on doing the utmost for his team mates. It was whilst on an engineer reconnaissance patrol helping to plan vital infrastructure for the local population that he paid the ultimate price. Tragically he gave his life in order to improve the lives of others.

Major Guy **Boxall**, (OC 37 Armd Engr Sqn, 35 Engr Regt): "Sapper Bond was one of my most effective and promising young soldiers. He epitomised the Royal Engineer Spirit in so many ways - he was bright, strong, intelligent, caring and always a volunteer, whatever the task. I remember meeting him shortly after he arrived in the Squadron last year - he was polite and respectful, finding his feet in the wide world of regimental life in Germany.

"In a few short months, I saw his confidence grow, his charisma shine through and so quickly become an inspiration to his peers. He was exceptionally popular and possessed that rare gift of never being down and always managing to find a way to lift the spirits of those around him, even in the toughest of circumstances. He was a trusted and reliable member of a close knit team and lived out the Squadron mantra - 'always say yes, unless the answer absolutely has to be no'.

Lieutenant William **Abbott** (OC 8 Tp, 37 Armd Engr Sqn, 35 Engr Regt): "The loss of Sapper Bond, one of the most enthusiastic, loyal and charismatic men I have ever had the privilege of meeting, has hit everyone who knew him very hard. He was a pleasure to command. His energy and verve for life were clear to see and rubbed off on whoever he met.

"He loved his job and was thoroughly professional, epitomising what being a Sapper is all about. *Bondy* as he was known in the Troop, was one of the most charismatic people I have met. Since taking over the Troop, I have witnessed him go from strength to strength and quickly become a firm favourite amongst his peers and seniors.

"He was always to be found with a smile on his face, laughing about something. I spent many a journey around Afghanistan listening to 'Bond FM' whilst he chatted away in the vehicle. The happiest I saw him was when he beat me at chess in four moves and in true Sapper Bond style I never lived it down. He was the life and soul of the party and has left a massive void behind."

WO2 Steve **Driver**, (SSM, 37 Armd Engr Sqn, 35 Engr Regt): "I always remember the professional

attitude with which he conducted himself. He was one of the characters in the Squadron who always had a smile on his face. He had a real lust for life and was at the centre of everything; you would always know if he was in the room. He was an outgoing man and he would always engage in conversation and was easy to talk to. The Corps has lost a great bloke and professional soldier."

Defence Secretary Philip **Hammond**: "I was deeply saddened to learn of the death of Sapper Elijah Cooper Bond who has given his life protecting our national security. His colleagues in 35 Engineer Regiment praise his confidence, his professionalism and his charisma."

DR TONI HARTHOORN

Dr Toni **Harthoorn**, a pioneering wildlife veterinarian who helped to develop a 'miracle drug to immobilise and ultimately rescue Africa's white rhinos from extinction, died in Pretoria this week at the age of 89.

During Operation Noah in the late 1950s, he helped to save thousands of wild animals from drowning in the rising waters of the new Kariba Dam in Southern Rhodesia.

In South Africa, **Harthoorn** played a central role in Operation Rhino in the early 1960s by helping to capture hundreds of rhinos in Imfolozi game reserve to repopulate other wildlife areas in SA, Africa and to zoos worldwide.

He worked closely with Dr Ian **Player** and other members of the Natal Parks Board to develop a safe method of capturing rhino at a time when animals were caught manually rather than with the use of immobilising drugs.



Toni was without any doubt a great hero in the struggle to protect the rhino. It was his genius in developing the immobilising drugs that made it possible for Operation Rhino to be the success that it proved to be, Player said in a tribute last night.

In 1961, he worked tirelessly with the Operation Rhino team, and his visionary skills saved the lives of many rhino during the experiential use of the first drug Gallamine triethiodide. Harthoorn

then used morphine which was successful in the capture of the first rhinos, and later morphine was synthesised into M99 (etorphine hydrochloride) which became the miracle drug that enabled the capture and translocation of rhino all over Southern Africa.

'He was a scientist, who befriended the rangers, and helped them to understand how to care for the rhino after they had been captured. Without him, Operation Rhino and subsequent game capture operations with big game, in other parts of South Africa could never have succeeded,' Player said.

Ironically, dozens of rhinos have been killed by poachers over the past few years by criminal syndicates who obtained M99 stocks illegally to kill rhinos silently and avoid the risk of detection by firing loud gunshots.

Harthoorn was born in The Netherlands in 1922 and grew up in England. He studied veterinary science in London and during World War II he trained as an officer at Sandhurst and Aldershot. He became a commando and was among the first to parachute into Arnhem during the relief of the Netherlands by Allied troops.

After the war he moved to East Africa and studied the effects of various sedative drugs on wild animals. He also helped to invent the M99 capture drug and refined the 'capture gun', for darting animals. [Ed: Carr **Hartley** [KR215] was very involved with Harthoorn in the early stages of developing sedatives, indeed many animals on his ranch, wild and domestic, were used in the trials.]

This was an enormous breakthrough in animal transport and enabled the safe movement of many rare animals. The research effort and its eventual triumph is recorded in Dr **Harthoorn's** first book: *The Flying Syringe*.

He and his Austria-born wife Sue (née **Hart**) built up a wildlife orphanage in Nairobi which became noteworthy for its pioneering operations on cheetahs and lions, including eye surgery on George **Adamson's** lion, *Ugas*.

Hungarian-born American television producer Ivan **Tors** was so impressed by the work of the **Harthoorns** that he used it as inspiration for the television film *Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion* and the long-running TV series *Daktari*.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM MILES [KR3589]



[Ed: Doug's son, Allister advised friends: *For those who have not yet heard my beloved father Doug left us yesterday 11th of April at 7:30 am.*

He had been feeling unwell on and off since December last year with an irregular heart beat for which he was receiving medicine.

LEFT: ALLISTER, DOUG and 'WILLY'

This year his ulcers started playing up and he was having trouble swallowing his food which lead to a great loss of appetite and subsequently low energy levels which didn't help his diabetes either. Dad often said that he couldn't believe he was still going with the smarty box of pills he had to take every day for all his different ills! Over Easter he developed severe stomach cramps and we rushed him to Umhlanga Rocks Hospital on Monday. He was discharged and I took him to the GP the following day who sent him to the specialist heart hospital immediately. He walked in to Ethekewini Hospital on

Tuesday on his own two feet, I am proud to say. He died peacefully in his sleep the next morning.]

KR4356 John **Tucker**'s response was read at the memorial service by Keith **Elliot** [KR4289]: 'Many thanks for letting me know your very sad news. You had a great Dad, and I know you'll miss him tremendously. I shall miss him too. He was a truly great friend, and he and I downed many an ale in each other's company in years gone by.

I first met your Dad in Kampala towards the end of January 1964 when Ted **Downer** [KR4253] brought him round to the Speke Road branch of the Standard Bank where I worked. This was to introduce your Dad as a replacement signatory to the Dalgety (EA) Ltd account, since Ted, whom your Dad was replacing, was about to be transferred to Dar es Salaam once your Dad had returned from some overseas leave still due from his time with the Kenya civil service. Your Dad, along with most other white civil servants in Kenya, had been retired early from Government service, and he had been offered a position with Dalgety's whose terms of engagement allowed for the leave. I guess your Dad's father being the company's Staff Controller for East Africa, or whatever the head of human resources there was called at the time, must have helped. Just as well, since otherwise I might never have met your Dad.

In the course of our first meeting we discovered we had many mutual friends in common, mostly in Kenya, but including my brother-in-law and my sister who were stationed with Dalgety's in Tanga, then the second largest sea port in Tanganyika, now Tanzania.

We were both new to Kampala and joined the Kampala Sports Club at much the same time. We played a lot of tennis there together, and drank copiously with an ever widening circle of friends, and these sessions would not infrequently degenerate into jousting matches in the men's bar. These were accomplished by using bar stools as steeds, broomsticks as lances, and the shoulder of a chum to provide impetus to one's barstool. Needless to say the noise was phenomenal, the general mayhem hilarious, and the after-effects when waking up the next morning quite disastrous. Need I say more?

I remember one Sunday, possibly the first since your Dad's arrival, I having arrived only as recently as 10 January but a week or so ahead of your Dad, that we were having a quiet drink together in the club with Alec **Stanton** [KR6965] (also Dalgety's and now living near Port Elizabeth, as I recall your Dad telling me; it should be in your Dad's address book) when we were joined by a foursome who had been playing squash. This comprised Jack **Stephenson** (a divorcee who was another Dalgety's colleague and former school chum of your Dad's), Tony **Egan** (who worked with some government institution in Kampala), his girlfriend of a year or so, Avril **Baxter**, and another girl, Wendy **Bollard**. Both girls were blonde and drop dead gorgeous to look at. But for the fact I was trying at the time to extricate myself from an unfortunate relationship with a super girl in Kenya to whom I was not suited, I might have tried my luck with Wendy, but I don't think I would have stood a chance since, suffice it to say, she and Alec took an instant liking to each other and were an item for the best part of a year. I wish it had been more permanent. They seemed such a well-matched couple, but it wasn't to be.

Your Dad became pretty closely linked to this group, not least because he, Alec and Jack worked in the same office and lived in the company's bachelors' mess together with another colleague, Bobby **Fernandes** [KR6922] (like Alec he also emigrated to SA), and David **Wright** who was a tea-taster and buyer with a company called C J **Valentine** (Uganda) Limited. David was as wild as hell, but nevertheless was invited to move into the mess a month or so after your Dad. The mess was Spartan, but ideal for a bunch of bachelors. It was conveniently situated on Kololo Hill, overlooked part of the golf course, and wasn't far from the sports club or where they all worked.

Not long after that Sunday your Dad took off to the UK for his overdue overseas leave and, whilst staying at the OVC (Overseas Visitors Club) in Earls Court, London, he met up with an attractive

brunette called Jill **Nicholls**, whom he invited to Uganda, all expenses paid. Jill was a good tennis player, and a really nice person, so was readily accepted into the sports club where she quickly made a lot of friends. Unfortunately, your Dad got cold feet almost immediately after Gill arrived, so she was left to fend entirely for herself. However, she managed to get a job and accommodation and remained in Uganda for about a year. I met her at breakfast on the boat train from Nairobi to Mombasa in April 1965. She was returning to the UK on a Lloyd-Triestino ship, the 'Africa' I think, whilst I was returning on BI's 'Uganda'.

I was ten years younger than your Dad, so couldn't afford to move in his elevated circles. Nevertheless, we continued to meet at the sports club and played the odd game of tennis together and, at Entebbe, the very occasional game of golf. As a result, when in August 1964 I said I was driving down to Tanganyika via Nairobi, your Dad asked if I could take your half-sister, Jo-Anne, back to Nairobi with me. She was up staying with her Dad for a week or so. Whatever, we got down to Nairobi around 7.00 p.m. and Jo-Anne's Mum, Pam, and step-father, David **Musgrove**, invited me to stay on for supper. Then, after a few more drinks during which I learnt that Pam's maiden name was Rose-Innes and that her brother had been at school with me, I was invited to stop the night. Before leaving next morning I discovered David's work entailed trips to Kampala so I said he was always welcome to stay with me whenever he drove to Uganda. I'm glad to say he took me up on this on three or four occasions, since he was a charming and most interesting man, always great fun.

I think your Dad missed female companionship, in spite of his acrimonious bust-up with Pamela, so quickly fell into any group which included lady members. Because of this he was vulnerable, hence his mistake with Gill **Nicholls** and, not long after I returned from my travels, I learnt that your Dad had met a Janet **Capstick** who worked in the British High Commission, as indeed had Avril **Baxter**, that is until her tour of duty in Kampala ended in September 1964 and she returned to the UK together with another British High Commission colleague, Les **Owen**. Not long later I learnt that wedding bells were in the offing, and was invited to both the wedding and reception which followed. It was a typical boozy EA affair, I recall, with lots of speeches from colleagues and friends of both bride and groom. All I recollect is my wedding present which comprised a potty with a duck's head for the toddler to grasp, and also a rolling pin. I saw quite a bit of your Mum and Dad between the date of their wedding, which I think was in January or February 1965, and my departure in April, since they occupied one of the two top floor flats in the very newly constructed and recently opened Standard Bank building in Speke Road. This afforded panoramic views of city, hills, rolling countryside and lake, and no nicer vista in which to slake one's thirst as the evening sun set and the city's numerous and vast swarms of fruit bats started flying to different pastures only to return at crack of dawn each following day.

I headed off on overseas leave that April, first driving down to Nairobi for a few days before catching the boat train to Mombasa. As a result contact with your parents was minimal during the months that followed, but I recall receiving a letter from your Dad to say he and your Mum would be on leave in the UK in August/September and was there any chance of us meeting up and taking in a show or something. Then, when I got back to London from a month in Wales there was a letter, quite out of the blue, amongst other mail that had accumulated at the bank pending my return. This was from someone signing herself off as Avril **Baxter**. I hadn't a clue who she was, but she said we had met in Kampala and that she and your parents had met by pure chance whilst shopping in Lilly and Skinnars in Piccadilly. From them she understood I was at a loose end (false!) and, if so, would I like to call round for tea one day. Apparently your Dad had suggested we went to see Jeremy **Taylor** in a show called 'Wait a Minim' which had been favourably reviewed and playing to packed crowds at the time. I was intrigued, so accepted the invitation to tea and not too long after meeting her realised that she was the same person I had met in Kampala over a year and a half before. She and Tony **Egan** had bust up not long afterwards, and for a while she had gone out with Jack **Stephenson**, but nothing came of that and she had been footloose and fancy free ever since. I met

up with other flat-mates of hers, and learnt that one of these was Gill **Nicholls** who, by this time, was going out with Les **Owen** (they have been married for 45 years now). Unfortunately, your Mum and Dad were so tied up with Scotland that they never made it back to London, so Avril and I went to see 'Wait a Minim' on our own. By then I was seeing a lot of Avril who was working in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and, as her work entailed a lot of different shifts, it was possible for her rearrange her work hours to spend as much time with me as possible.

I returned to Nairobi in September having been posted there on a two months relief assignment. As a result I was able to catch up with your parents again since they, too, had been posted to Nairobi following their leave. In fact I saw quite a lot of them, both at their house and at Impala Club to which your Dad would sometimes invite me (I tended to use Parklands Club, having joined 1963). I recall you were beginning to make your own presence known by this time, even if only as a slight bump in your Mum's waistline.

Meanwhile, even though they hadn't managed to meet up with me in London (they didn't meet up with Avril again there either), they were responsible for the fact that she and I had seen a lot of each other, and so I took the opportunity to tell them that, in my last weeks in England, Avril and I discovered we had much in common, not least our backgrounds, since our respective parents had been great friends in the late 30's when my father was commanding a battalion of the KAR in Tabora and Avril's father was DC there. Also we had both grown up and been educated largely in East Africa, and enjoyed the life it offered. As a result we had become unofficially engaged.

Your parents were the first to know, since I didn't tell another soul, not even colleagues or members of my own family, until after the engagement became official. Your Mum and Dad were tickled pink and really very chuffed and supportive. Anyway, suffice it to say that Avril and I were married on 23 July 1966 and your Dad flew up especially to Kampala to officiate as my Best Man. Your Mum couldn't come, however, either due to your pending arrival or because you were too small to make the trip. Not long afterwards your Dad was posted to Dar es Salaam where you all lived until Dalgety's in Tanzania was nationalised in February or March 1967, and your Dad was reassigned to Head Office in London.



After that I would meet up with your Dad during overseas leaves when we would go out for a beer and a bite up in London. We even met up at Cardiff Arms Park in January 1971 to see Wales thrash England very convincingly at rugby. Sadly the only times Avril and I saw your mother again were in 1973 at your parents house in Ingatestone when we and our two girls visited for the day, and again (just Avril and me) in November 1984 just before you all sailed for South Africa.

Since then it has been great to have your Dad stop off with us during his infrequent visits to England, both whilst Avril was still alive and afterwards. It was also great to have been able to stay with him in Durban in April 2000 when we met you for the first time since you were a nipper.

Your Dad couldn't have been kinder. He met us at the airport, took us to Umhlanga Rocks Hotel where he had booked us in for a couple of nights, and then the next day he drove us to collect a hire

car he had arranged for us. We went to Swaziland the following day, and after that stayed with friends in Pinetown and Umhlanga before descending on you and your father in the afternoon of 12 April, almost exactly 12 years to the day before he died. I remember well the days we spent with you and your Dad before he drove us to the airport on 17 April to catch our flight to Cape Town. We treated him and Alan **Webb** to a curry lunch at the Oyster Box on 13 April, Avril's birthday.

The next day we spent quietly, but in the evening your Dad and I met up with Terry **Tory** [KR6339] and Dave **Sweeney** at your usual local. Clwyd **Griffiths** should have joined us, but failed to turn up; he had a girlfriend in town, or something. Then the day after, a Saturday, we went round to Bob and Judy **Ashmole** for a superb curry lunch. The Ashmoles were ex-Barclays, mostly Kenya and Uganda. The next day, Sunday, your Dad drove us to Hillcrest to pick up a KRA pal of his before taking us all to Crossways Country Inn, Hilton, to meet up with Bruce **Rookan-Smith** [KR6290] and his wife, Jenny, as well as several other KRA members. Your Dad couldn't have been a better or more attentive host. It was just great to see him again, and to have time with him.

Seeing you both at Jenny **O'Toole's** in Perth, Western Australia, in 2007 was a bonus. It was just good to catch up, albeit very briefly but sadly never without masses of people around. As a result we had really very little opportunity for a private catch-up, but I have 'phoned your Dad several times, the last being after the New Year just past when he said he hadn't been too fit.

The great thing is that your Dad always seemed to enjoy life, and I'm sure having you around to share the years following your Mum's untimely death is largely responsible for his longevity. I guess your Dad must have been 82 when he died. Wasn't his birthday on Xmas Day?

I cannot for the life of me see your Dad enjoying a life of popping pills, or not being able to enjoy what he had always been able to enjoy before, so his death must be a happy release for him, though a very sad ending of a long chapter for you. As I look back over the years I have known him, I can only be grateful that fate brought us together, not least because, unintentional though it was, he was the greatest single influence on my life. But for your Dad it is highly doubtful I would ever have met Avril in London in 1965, and the chance meeting between your parents and Avril was the best thing that could have happened from my perspective.

I have written at length since your Dad was more, much more, than just a great friend.

I can well imagine what your Dad's passing will mean to you, and my thoughts are very much with you at this time of great loss.

DROUGHT'S SCOUTS

[Ed: *This article compiled from correspondence to/from Ray Nightingale [KR1342] which appeared in m-S XIII, XIV and XVII, has been compiled into one article and reproduced in m-S XXXX because many of our current readers may not have read one or all of these m-S, and could, perhaps, provide us with more information about this amazing soldier, even a photo or two.*]

One chilly early morning in July 1940, The Kenya Regiment was formed up on its early morning parade on the Race Course at Eldoret. After the usual terrifying warm up under RSM Charlie **Broomfield**, Colonel **Dunstan Adams (DA)** appeared accompanied by a tough looking elderly Major we had never seen before. **DA** announced that volunteers were required for hazardous operations which would be explained to us. As you can imagine we immediately saw ourselves as be-medalled heroes. We were told to gather round the Major and his words were as follows.

"What I am going to tell you is highly secret. When you leave this parade ground you are to forget that you ever heard what I am about to tell you. If the enemy learns of this, it will cost the lives of your friends. I repeat, do not discuss this matter even amongst yourselves when you leave this parade. I need twenty volunteers for this hazardous duty. I am forming a special scouting unit which will work close to the enemy and possibly even behind enemy lines. The men I need must be able to shoot well, ride and care for horses, and speak good Swahili, Boran or Somali. I will interview volunteers now and I remind you, once again, do not talk about this matter to anyone."

Ken **Green**'s brother, Derek, was standing next to me and said, "This is for me". I could shoot well but could not ride or speak any of the required languages, but with arrogance of youth decided that it would not take me long to learn these skills, so joined the queue behind Derek. When it was my turn to be interviewed I don't think that I was longer than ten seconds in the office before I found myself back on parade. To my disgust, Derek was accepted and disappeared later that day. The nature of this hazardous duty remained a mystery for the time being.

Some months later I passed through Isiolo on my way to Wajir and there, in the sparse shade of an acacia, I saw Derek **Green**. He was grooming a sad looking mule and dispersed among the trees were other horses and mules being groomed by sad looking soldiers. Convoys on their way to Wajir passed on one side of the Scouts, and convoys on their way to Marsabet passed on the other. Dust covered man and beast in never ending clouds which made grooming an almost impossible task.

Derek told me that Drought's Scouts, for that was the name of the Major, had been formed to rescue any pilots who might be shot down near or over the Abyssinia border and at the same time they were to keep an eye out for any enemy incursions. He had been on several patrols but had no idea what would be their next operation. The next time I saw Derek was on Nairobi station. He was dressed in the spotless white uniform of a sailor. "Funny uniform for a Scout" I said. "Stuff the army, I'm off to join the Navy", was Derek's reply. He was eventually commissioned and reached high naval rank.

Later, I learned soon after I had seen Derek at Isiolo, that the Scouts were disbanded as the advance into Abyssinia had started, and the role for which they were raised no longer existed. Major **Drought** had previously raised a scout unit, in the Great War from Masai tribesmen. This was known as the 'Skin Corps' because their uniforms were those with which they were issued by the Almighty on the day of their birth; easy for the Quartermaster too. Major **Drought** was awarded the Distinguished Service Order in that war. [Ed: According to Nigel **Braye**'s letter towards the end of this article, Maj **Drought** was awarded the MC and not DSO]

Of the many units to which Kenya Regiment men were posted, these Scouts must be the least known. They have never been mentioned in any document that I have seen. Surely, somewhere out there in the wide world, there must be someone who joined Drought's Scouts on that day in July 1940 who can tell us about their adventures and that Kenya pioneer, Major **Drought**, who founded them? I believe, but I may be wrong, that the Scouts had rescued a South African Air Force pilot who had force landed.

Does anyone know what operations the Scouts undertook? We should not allow the unit and those who served in it to be forgotten. I recall that their cap badge was a simple compass finished in black. If anyone has such a badge they do not want I would appreciate it for the small collection of badges of the East African Forces I am assembling. When complete I will mount and pass the collection to the archives. During the Anglo Boer War my father served in **Montmorency**'s Scouts which was one hundred strong. I see from his Service papers that the qualifications to join were almost word for word those required for Drought's Scouts forty years later. Only the languages were different. Trooper **Roberts** was awarded the DCM for saving Winston **Churchill**'s life when his horse bolted during one sharp action against the Boers.

Come on all you old Scouts, dust off your pens and memories and get writing. We are waiting.

**

Eric **Lanning** responds: I much enjoyed reading your note in the KRA (UK) Newsletter of this May on Drought's Scouts, and I'm sure this will already have attracted numerous comments. May I add a few observations of my own, as far as my memory still serves me!

I first met Jack **Drought** in the Kakamega Goldfields in 1926 where he had some 'mining' interest. He lived in a neat mud and wattle abode along the road leading from the township to Piccadilly Circus. I knew him as an absorbing raconteur as well as an interesting source of information on the progress of the Italian invasion of Abyssinia which he followed in detail on large scale maps. I lost touch with him (on my departure to West Africa) but caught up with him again in 1941, after my return to East Africa.

As for his Independent Unit, raised in 1940, I always thought this was known as 'Drought's Horse' although the name was soon changed to the Kenya Independent Squadron (KIS). Reference to this appears in Ted **Crosskill**'s (1980) excellent book 'The Two Thousand Mile War', at page 83, "The Kenya Independent Squadron, known as Drought's Horse, was a volunteer cavalry unit mounted on polo ponies and mules".

Your friend Derek **Green** [KR1352] who served with Drought's Unit, might have known my friend, also a member of the unit, Barry **Craig** [KR866].

Barry had farmed on the Cherangani Road, Kitale, did the usual stint at Kakamega then, after the war (1951) grew pyrethrum at Ainabkoi. In Nairobi in 1941, Barry told me that as a member of the KIS he had spent a boring time, astride a mule, wandering around Isiolo until the unit folded up.

I understood a reason for the disbandment of Drought's KIS was that they operated too far back. The irregular lot did a far more worthwhile job during those early days, patrolling the considerable unoccupied areas between our static posts and the equally static positions of the Italians.

I last enjoyed **Drought**'s company in No.2 General Hospital (Rhodesia) in Nairobi, round about July/August 1941, when he was admitted to my ward. There is a brief note about him in 'Pioneers' Scrapbook' (1980) - Elspeth **Huxley** and Arnold **Curtis**, at pages 87 and 89, I quote: "Major Jack **Drought**, a colourful Irishman, bought large tracts of land before the First World War at sixpence an acre, and traded in cattle, hides and skins. In spite of a leg badly damaged in the First War he took part in the Second when the same leg was again wounded and he spent over a year in Mombasa Hospital. He lived to a ripe old age and is buried at Malindi. (I see that Ken **Green** [KR3620] resides in Malindi. Maybe he could check the local cemetery for **Drought**'s resting place!). All I can say is I enjoyed the old boy's stories of the Great War in East Africa.

Delighted to have read your 'Drought's Scouts' to stir bygone memories.

Best wishes, yours sincerely,

Eric **Lanning**", Kenya Defence Force, 1932 - 1936 Royal West African frontier Force, 1939 - 1947

P.S. There are other short references to Major J.J. Drought, MC (born 1904), formerly of Mau Summit of which I have to hand a couple:

"Tribute to Pioneers" by Mary Gillett (1986) (Her reference to his being murdered by the Turkana must be wrong. It was his brother, E.B. **Drought**, who was murdered in 1918). "Memories of Kenya" by Arnold **Curtis** (1986), refers to **Drought** in the Great War serving with '**Ross**'s Scouts.'.

Col Ray responds: Thank you for your letter regarding my note on Drought's Scouts. It has added more flesh to the skeleton and I hope others will come forward with their recollections. You are lucky to have known Jack **Drought** personally. I only saw him on that one day in Eldoret but heard and read about him on many occasions since then. It was this lack of knowledge of a great Kenyan that prompted me to put something on record for our archives.

You are quite correct in saying that the official title of the unit was the 'Kenya Independent Squadron.' Your letter reminded me. I think that the unit was generally known as 'Scouts' among my contemporaries as that was how **Drought** described the unit when seeking to recruit from the Kenya Regiment. Perhaps the more military title of Horse evolved from the regular officers at Brigade.

Yes, they did operate too far back when the advance into Abyssinia started. There was no possibility that they could keep up with the speed of the attack. I did meet some mule pack units but they were working off the roads and with the Irregulars. As you say the Ethiopian Irregulars did a fine job under their British Officers. Alastair **McCalman** [KR174] wrote an admirable article about their operations for our archives. He was with them from early in the campaign until the Gold Coast battle at Uadara, north of Neghelli, in which he was awarded an immediate MC. The Irregulars were used to search out the Italian flanks and push in outposts. Alastair was then transferred to other operations. David **McCalman** was with the same unit for a while until he was transferred.

Other well known East Africans also served with them, Karl **Nurk**, **Kametz**, Aubrey **Aggett** [KR222] and Maurice **Randall** [KR630].

Alastair writes that their Intelligence Officer was an old man of seventy years of age who served without pay. He referred to him as Captain 'S' as he could not recall his name. During the attack on EI Yibo he was hit in the knee by a stray bullet. He turned to **Nurk** who was beside him and said, "You know Karl, this is my ninth war wound, two in the Boer War, six in the Great War and now". Men are not made like that anymore.

I note that you served in the RWAFF. I served with a West African unit, the 24th Gold Coast Infantry Brigade Group Company, from August 1940 until we reached Gondar a year later.

Justin **Templer** asked whether I had any objections to him publishing your letter to me in the next Newsletter. I have none, and will send him a copy of my reply to you. If you do not want this correspondence published please advise Justin.

**

Further responses:

Nigel **Braye** [KR4859]: My brother Ken married Veronica **Maslovska** who was one of Jack **Drought's** two adopted daughters. Jack 'adopted' the mother and two daughters some time during the second world war when they came out of Poland via Persia as refugees. They lived most of their lives at Kikambala until the girls grew up. Ken met Veronica in Mombasa and married in about 1952. Her sister Alex married Mike **Hughes** who had a farm in Mau Narok, well into the 1960s. Veronica died of alleged liver failure when she was about 40 and Alex was widowed and bought a cattle ranch near Baringo I believe. Jack had moved to Malindi as he was very ill and lived with Ken and Veronica until he died but I cannot recall the year.

The two girls inherited most of Jack's fortune but it was frittered away on bad businesses and high living. The only son of Ken and Veronica, Garth **Braye**, inherited what little there was left and has settled in South Africa. Ken died in the UK some years ago.

I have two antique items that belonged to Jack **Drought** which were given to me by Ken. They are a Georgian wine filter and funnel engraved with the Drought family crest, and an oak military chest compartmentalised for a silver tea service, and trays in the lid for cutlery.

If any of the above is of interest please pass it on. I may be able to recall a few dates, etc., with more thought. Sadly, I believe all Jack's memoirs and books were stolen when Veronica died because she was alone in a house in Nakuru and was not found for several days, by which time the house had been ransacked. Even the rings had been taken from her fingers. Foul play was suspected but Kenya police never made any effort to investigate.

Monty **Brown** [KR3902], in a letter to Ray **Nightingale**: Now to **Drought**; I am adding a bit more to the tale which will probably interest you, but first of all, have you ever come across a book entitled 'Germany's claim to Colonies', written by F Stephen **Joelson**, who was a great friend of both the **Drought** brothers? In it he makes reference to **Drought's** 'Skin Corps'.

Because of my interest in the Battle of El Yibo and my research there (the only serious one in fact ever done of the battle), I accumulated quite a bit of correspondence, etc., from men who had participated. The research also uncovered a most interesting little book written by Major 'Chooks' **Blarney**, OC 'C' Company, Natal Mounted Rifles, who fought at El Yibo. The book is entitled 'A Company Commander Remembers,' and was sent to me by a former member of the Regiment in South Africa. A very precious possession it is. In it is a reference to Drought:

"Due to intense heat and thirst it had been a gruelling baptism of fire for all those who had been in it. Many men were extremely exhausted. Donald and his men had much to tell me about their experience with vivid accounts of the bullets which had whizzed past them. For some unknown reason our elderly friend, Major J.J. **Drought**, had accompanied them. When they suddenly came under the first burst of heavy fire, Donald deployed his sections, but feeling agitated he wondered what his next move should be.

"He looked round to see Major **Drought** calmly standing next to a tree sweeping the area ahead of them through his binoculars. Obviously he thought the Major should be taking cover, so he ran towards him to ask what he was doing. Quite unconcerned, he replied 'I am searching for their machine gun nests.' Donald said the old veteran's coolness under fire came not only as a tonic to him but inspired him with the confidence he felt he needed. Soon after this the gallant old gentleman was wounded in the hip to be evacuated later in an armoured car."

My story now resumes. Out of the blue I had an enthusiastic letter from an old soldier who lives in a 'home for the retired', in South Africa. His name is J.T. **Herselman** and he served with the 12th Field Ambulance in the NFD in 1941. Amongst his opening words were these: 'I simply cannot help it, but the word, or name, Kenya, stirs me in no uncertain terms: I loved every minute of it. I believe you live in the most beautiful country'. Then he rambled on with his memories, but this one applies to the **Drought** story:

"We were on the move going forward, when we came to a stop. Why? I wouldn't know, but these things happen. I got out of the ambulance and walked forward - there was an open space, and there I found a man on a stretcher, carefully bundled up on the ground. This I could not understand - why not in an ambulance? On closer investigation I realised he was of the East African forces and he was being brought in to us. I spoke to him - just a couple of words. He was much older than I, I think a Major or Colonel I can't remember. I left him then, in an attempt to find him a mug of tea, as it was obvious he had come a long way, and I can assure you an ambulance is by no means the most comfortable way to get anywhere.

"He was on his way to Nairobi. I did not have time to fix him a cup of tea, but he called me back and addressed me as 'Sonny.' No man had ever addressed me so in the Army, and what is more he gave me two camel hair blankets, insisting that I take them. I thought it so much nonsense, but months later, in winter, in the desert, I discovered he was right. I wondered if he was aware of the favour he showed me - and no - dammit - I do not remember his surname."

So there you are, Ray, **Drought** was the only one wounded at El Yibo, so this is who it had to be. Fascinating isn't it? - for those who are interested in such things!"

**

A note from Ray, reads: Herewith some more on 'Drought' from Alistair **McCalman's** [KR174] paper in the Archive about the 'Ethiopian Irregulars': "Our other casualty was our Intelligence Officer. He was an old man of over seventy, I'm not sure now of his name and will call him Captain 'S.' He looked just like Colonel **Sanders** in the Kentucky Fried Chicken adverts. He was from England but had fought in the Matabele Rebellion, Boer War and Great War. Everyone said he was too old but he said he would serve without pay and make no claim if wounded. He was the finest Intelligence Officer I have ever met. He had a particularly gentle kindly voice and the tribesmen who I heard him interrogating would be quite taken in by his friendly manner. Suddenly when he knew they were lying he would, in a flash, bark out an accusation and could look quite terrifying.

"Well, during the attack on El Yibo Captain 'S' and Karl **Nurk**, whose company was in reserve were watching from about a mile away when a stray bullet hit Captain 'S' on the knee. He put his hand on his knee saying "You know Karl, this is my ninth war wound: two in the Boer War, six in the Great War and now". That at last took him out of the Army for keeps. The British forces then pushed on and took the towns of Mega and Yavello. **Brooksbank** and his company retaking Moyale and hoisting a Union Jack and Ethiopian flag for which, as I have told, he was given the OBE."

Nigel **Braye**: "I enclose some basic information on Major J.J. **Drought** from the War Office records. Strangely, his war record does not mention WW2 and his part in it.

"Information from Officers Papers (WO 37420803): J J Drought. Lieutenant 15 August 1915, Temporary Major 23 October 1918, Retired 19 April 1919. MC - no citation. London Gazette 26 June 1916 (ZJ1/633 P.6316). MID 30 April 1916, whilst in Intelligence. General Smut's Despatch. Order of Chevalier de Leopold (Belgium) 25 June 1918. MID (Belgium) 20 January 1919. Wounded three times. Also served in Boer War, East Africa 1895 and Nandi 1895-96. Another extract reads:

Drought
James Justinian
T/Lieut
General List
M.C.....Gazetted 26 Jun 1916
M.I.D.....Gazetted 30 Apr 1916
M.I.D.....Gazetted 5 Jun 1919
Order of Leopold 5th class [Belgium]..Gazetted 29 Nov 1918
MC Gaz/Page 16/6316
MC Gazette reads 'to be dated 3 Jun 1916'
MiD [5 Jun] Gaz/Page 19/
MiD [5 Jun] as [-]
MiD [5 Jun] Gazette gives name as [-]

MiD [5 Jun] 'for East Africa'
 MiD Correction [5 Jun] Gaz/Page 20/7445
 MiD Correction [5 Jun] 13 Jul 1920
 MiD Correction [5 Jun] [-]
 MiD Correction [5 Jun] as Capt East African Unattached List
 Leopold [B] Gaz/Page 18/14102
 Leopold [B] as Capt East African Forces [late O C East Lake Border Police]
 Note Army Long No. [348745]
 Served WW2 as 2/Lieut ACF

There are nineteen pages in his Officers papers. Most seem to deal with the date of his promotion to Captain (probably to do with a pension). There is a hand written letter from him describing his military service during WW1 which makes interesting reading."

**

Lieutenant Colonel Eric **Wilson** VC, who was DC at North Mara in the early 1950s, writes: "In your May issue (referring to Buffalo Barua I) you had a note on Major **Drought**. I do not know whether it is of interest but I am enclosing an extract from the account which, for family records, I wrote of my time as district officer in Tanganyika. In the early stages of World War I the British organised Intelligence Scouts recruited from natives of German East Africa; they proved of great value to troops who had little experience of bush warfare. In North Mara I met an old Mkuria who had joined the British forces as a scout and had done daring work. By 1916, he had gathered tribesmen about him, eventually numbering two hundred, who operated in the Lake area. They were known as the 'Skin Corps' because they wore little clothing, save a lion skin headdress, and they had armed themselves by stalking German *askaris*. According to von Lettow, the German commander, they also used poisoned arrows during fighting near Shirati."

Henry **Clark**, who served as district officer in North Mara, has most kindly passed on to me the result of his research on ex chief **Mageta**: "I got to know Mageta bin **Mageta** DCM quite well. The old man claimed to be in his eighties and to have 93 children. At the beginning of the Kaiser's war the Germans in Musoma tried to recruit **Mageta**, already a Kuria warrior or cattle raider of some repute, but on the advice of his old mother he refused and went to Kish to join the British. He was present at the Battle of Kisii when the Germans raided into Kenya, and at that time or soon after, became leader of the Skin Corps Scouts which had been formed by Major **Drought** (**Mageta** called him *Bwana Darat*) and his 2IC *Bwana Postma*."

"As a first step of the advance, taking advantage of superior British naval forces on the Lake, an amphibious operation was mounted against Ukerewe Island, with the initial aim of silencing the German gun position on the island which commanded the channel or boat passage between Ukerewe and the mainland, and the ferry which crossed it. I gather from other sources that the control of this passage had allowed the German ship or ships on Lake Victoria to use it as a bolt hole and so escape from heavier British forces on the Lake."

"**Mageta**, with the Skin Corps and some KAR, were landed at night on the south western shore of Ukerewe, aiming to cross the island and take this gun position in the rear. According to **Mageta**, the British officer (not **Drought**) got cold feet and held back his small force, but on his own initiative **Mageta** went ahead alone. Approaching the gun position at dawn he observed the gun crew unaware of any danger. Then from a ditch beside the road he systematically picked off the gunners one by one with his rifle. Finally, he charged in on his own to take the last of the gunners prisoner, forcing them to tie up each other at gun point."

"He was then able to signal back to the British force who had heard the dawn shooting and advanced to occupy the gun position - just in time, as a strong German force was about to cross on the ferry from the mainland. Taking a gun position, and securing the ferry single handed must have fully justified the DCM though this was not specified in the citation, as far as I remember.

"The advance on Mwanza continued with another landing on the mainland to the east of the town. **Mageta** claimed that he and his 'Skin Corps' led the final advance into the town to find the Germans had withdrawn. Then followed a further advance or chase down the railway line to Tabora, with von Lettow's forces fighting their usual economical rearguard actions. It was also a race with the Belgians who were advancing on Tabora up the line from Kigoma and Lake Tanganyika. The Skin Corps again distinguished themselves by capturing a big German gun on this advance and were highly complimented by the Bwana Generali!

"After this **Mageta** was called back to North Mara to help establish British rule, travelling in the back of a motorcar, he told me. As a result he was not with the Skin Corps at their last rather bloody battle at the old German boma at Ikoma.

"Probably even more remarkable than **Mageta's** DCM was the fact that he was commissioned as an Effendi, in good Indian Army tradition - something like that did not happen again as far as I know until Africans like Idi **Amin** were commissioned in the KAR in the late 1950s. **Mageta** used to turn out in a well fitting and tropical service dress with two pips at Remembrance parades at Tarime, together with four retired Kuria RSMs. The official history of the military operations confirms the background to **Mageta's** account and he had remembered the unusual name of **Postma**."

Also, the following references to **Drought** appear in Official History of the War Military Operations East Africa Volume 1: "Early in November 1914 a troop of the East Africa Mounted Rifles known as "Ross's Scouts" 40 strong, under Major C.J. **Ross** DSO, was sent as an independent force to reinforce the border. Major Ross, not a regular officer, resigned his commission in December 1914. Some of the European volunteers of his troop followed suit and subsequently the remains of it, under Lieutenant (afterwards Major) J.J. **Drought**, evolved into what became known as Drought's Scouts or the 'Skin Corps'.

For February 1915, there is reference to "the remains of Ross's scouts, sixteen in all, under Lieutenant **Drought**".

East of the Lake there was a brief period of activity in March 1916. "On the 12th, some sixty enemy guerrillas who had crossed the border, occupying Guribe and attempting to raid the adjoining villages, were driven off with loss by Intelligence Scouts of the 'Skin Corps'.

In June 1916, the 'Skin Corps', now said to number 140, were part of a force of 826 deployed to attack Ukerewe Island: "Making their way through rocky hills and then thick papyrus swamp, Drought's men encountered on the Isthmus a German party some 50 strong. The moment the Germans opened fire the "Skin Corps" without waiting for orders, charged with the bayonet and drove them headlong back into the bush, capturing a 1.5 Krupp gun and 400 rounds of ammunition, at a cost of one man killed."

This particular detachment of Intelligence Scouts, under Captain J J **Drought**, was a troop of warlike local natives who had fled from German territory, all fiercely and with good reason hostile to the Germans. Wearing little clothing beyond a lions skin head-dress, they came to be known as the "Skin Corps". At their head was a young chief of great influence, dispossessed by the Germans. He had previously done daring work for Captain **Drought** in the EAMR and had since gathered tribesmen about him, eventually totalling some 200, most of whom had armed themselves by stalking German *askari*, and whose attitude was shown by their eagerness to serve against the

Germans for two years without pay. These men were both skilled scouts and fine fighters, and had a variety of successes to their credit.

**

Ken **Green** [KR3620] from Malindi: "Referring to **Drought's** Scouts, earlier this month (October 1998) I paid a visit to the old cemetery on the Malindi south sea front, in an effort to trace his name on any of the graves. No such luck - but I found the cemetery itself well worth a visit. It is a walled-in area, about 30' wide by 120' long, with exotic palm trees planted at regular intervals. There are about two dozen unmarked graves and those with names on them are mostly unreadable. There is a caretaker on site, and a small Catholic chapel included in the area. I managed to get the names of those recorded as being buried there, but Major **Drought** was not included. I am told there are several Wazungu buried on various house plots. He may have been buried on one of those."

**

Monty **Brown**: "I have just written Ray **Nightingale** a long letter, mainly about J.J. **Drought**, a man I am interested in and have quite a bit of stuff on. If he wants to pass it on to you, or if you ever want to print the contents, it throws a little more anecdotal light on the man. A true mercenary! Incidentally, a couple of years ago I checked in Malindi cemetery to see if his grave marker was still there. It used to be in the '60s when I lived there, but it is now no longer, and so it is an unmarked grave, and I am uncertain which it is."

**

Spike **Bulley** [KR3523] submits this extract from Colonel Richard **Meinertzhagen's** book 'ARMY DIARY 1800 - 1926'. **Meinertzhagen** was Smut's Intelligence Officer and this is his only reference to **Drought**, who is listed in the book's index as 'MAJOR, J.J.'

"28 December 1915: *Karungu, Victoria Nyanza*

"I arrived in Karungu on the 22nd, where I found the garrison rather jumpy. There have been several patrol collisions during the last few days and rumours are afloat that a strong enemy column is approaching Kisumu from Shirati on the Lake shore. I doubt this information and think it is merely patrol activity with the object of drawing troops up from the Voi area. Since going out and seeing some of these patrols and their methods, I am now sure that it is simply a demonstration.

"On the 23rd I left Karungu with **Drought** and fifteen Intelligence scouts. We carried nothing except what we could take in our ruck-sacks and we each had 150 rounds of .303 ammunition. We crossed the border on the 25th and soon got news from natives of an enemy patrol at Kitambi Hill, so we continued our march and at 5 p.m. we located four tents, fires burning and by the mercy of God, no precautions, no sentries and men lounging about.

"We could count fourteen *askaris*. The country was good for stalking and we were well in position for a rush at dusk. In fact, the men having left their rifles in their tents and there being no sentry, we rushed them silently from not more than a few paces. We used bayonets only and I think we each got our man. **Drought** got three, a great effort. I rushed into the officer's tent where I found a stout German on a camp bed. On a table was a most excellent Xmas dinner. I covered him with my rifle and shouted to him to hold his hands up. He at once groped under his pillow and I had to shoot, killing him at once. My shot was the only one fired.

"We now found we had seven unwounded prisoners, two wounded and fifteen killed, a great haul. I at once tied up the prisoners whilst **Drought** did what he could for the wounded. We covered the dead with bushes and I placed the sentries round the camp, and sent out a patrol of three men.

Drought said he was hungry, so was I, and why waste that good dinner? So we set to and had one of the best though most gruesome dinners I have ever had, including an excellent Xmas pudding. The fat German, dead in bed, did not disturb us in the least nor restrain our appetites, but looking back on it now I wonder we could manage it. After that excellent meal, I searched the German's kit. He was a reserve officer and apparently by name, a letter on his person being addressed to Graf So I must have shot a Duke, the first Duke I have killed. His luncheon basket was a most elaborate arrangement, with plated dishes and cutlery, all marked with a coronet; these **Drought** and I purloined, thinking it a pity to leave them to be looted by natives.

"We cleared out after dark, but were unable to bury the bodies, having no tools with which to dig. With our prisoners we marched till midnight and then slept with sentries out and we were off again on the 26th and reached here without incident yesterday afternoon.

"Many years later when I was in Amsterdam I was introduced to the Duke's brother who, on hearing I had been in East Africa during the war, asked if I could tell him the circumstances under which his brother was killed. I felt an utter brute and was unable to tell him the truth; it revealed the revolting and cruel nature of war."

Extract from M.F. Hill's 'Permanent Way' Volume II – page 150:

At long last it was decided to put in train a considerable expansion of the K.A.R. and the raising of three new battalions was approved in April. A considerable increase of irregular auxiliaries was also sanctioned. The organisation of 'Intelligence Scouts,' built up by Major R. **Meinertzhagen**, had proved of great value during the Kilimanjaro operations, and the subsequent advance through country unknown to the invaders, would have been exceedingly difficult without them. These Scouts never lost their way and their value to troops with little experience of bush warfare was inestimable. There were eventually more than 3,000 of them, and their exploits, under such leaders as Pretorius and Captain J. J. **Drought**, became legendary. Captain **Drought's** detachment, which operated in the Lake area in 1916, was known as the 'Skin Corps', as they wore little clothing, save a lion's skin headdress. A footnote in 'Military Operations, East Africa' states:

"At their head was a young chief of great influence, dispossessed by the Germans. He had previously done daring work for Captain **Drought** in the E.A.M.R. and had since gathered tribesmen about him, eventually totalling some 200, most of whom had armed themselves by stalking German askari, and whose attitude was shown by their eagerness to serve against the Germans for two years without pay. These men were both skilled scouts and fine fighters, and had a variety of successes to their credit "

CORRESPONDENCE

Gill **Becker** [09/12/2011]. In mini-SITREP XXXIX (page 54) there is a small picture of *Punch Bearcroft's* plane on an unidentified Kenya beach. *Muff* [KR6074] says it was taken in front of Ocean Sports, Watamu, where *Punch* [KR3142] landed regularly in the old days. *Muff* said he used to mark out the hard sand to allow *Punch* a firm landing! Not sure when – maybe late fifties or early sixties.

Bob **Finnimore** CBE [KR3528] [27/12/2011] from the KwaZulu-Natal south coast: Enjoyed your last sitrep – in particular the ‘St. Mary’s Banter’ – I owe that school plenty and was its first Head Boy shortly after it opened in 1942! Michael, *Hoppy Hopkins* was quite besotted with aircraft in those days and recalls the crash at the air show – he made contact, after all these years, by phone from UK a few years ago.

‘Passage to Mombasa’ rang many bells – I came back from Cambridge on her, *SS Mulbera*, and on board were Air Commodore **Howard-Williams**, Mike **Kennedy** and John **Williams** setting out for Kenya the first time – many parties were had! The author, Bill **Jackson**, I met up with in the Solomons and well remember the Royal visit to which he refers as I dined on board ‘*Britannia*’!

Off to Oz next month for the tennis at Melbourne, and hope to do a Serengeti safari in November – my swan song I should imagine!

Ed: Of late, Ted **Alleyne** has been forwarding a Kenya news bulletin which I’m sure most members appreciate, because they know the place names and at some time either served in, or frequented a particular area. Some members indicated that they ‘have met Ted, know the name **Alleyne**, but can’t remember from where’, so I asked Ted for a potted history.

"On 9th May 1949, I joined the Kenya Police as a Learner Assistant Inspector, aged 19, and on completion of training was posted to Eldoret. After that I had a few months relieving at Njoro, then moved to Eldama Ravine where I spent over two years. When the Emergency was declared I moved to Nakuru and spent time in SB, then to SBHQ in Nairobi.

"Later, I spent some years setting up and running SB in the NFD when the shifta war was breaking out. Then I transferred to the Administration as a DO, first at Karatina, then Kilifi and Mandera whence I went on long leave, only to find out that my post was Africanised.

"After that I flew for the Flying Doctor Service, moved to EAA and then Kenya Airways, retiring from them on age limit in 1990."

In response to a query, Ted said that he ‘got to know Dr. Anne **Spoerry** quite well in AMREF’ (African Medical and Research Foundation).

"Was John **Clayton** in Kilifi in my time? 1962/3 I think. It seems to ring a bell." [Ed: *John was indeed Forestry Officer, Kilifi, responsible for the coast from Lamu, south to near Mombasa; He is presently recuperating after a back op and sends his regards*]

Bill **Jackson** [KR3817] 21/12/2011 writes to Di van Rensburg: Today's Daily Telegraph has the Death Notice of Bill **Ingram**, and the funeral takes place at West Bay (near Bridport) on Friday 30th December. I managed to find a copy of the programme of the rugby match EA v British Lions, and it shows Bill as playing for Londiani.

Turning to your last email I can well understand how difficult life must have been for you in the early days of the Emergency, with the constant fear of Mau Mau attacks. All the places you mentioned are familiar to me. In October 1952, I was attached to 23 KAR as a platoon commander and we were stationed at Gatundu. I think the Kenya Police officer i/c Gatundu was Graham Leslie. We did several patrols between Gatundu and Thika, and I'm fairly sure I met up with Van during one of those patrols. New Year's Eve 52/53 - I had to set up a road block near Thika to stop vehicles and ask where they were heading; general response from *wazungu* being ‘get lost’. On the bright

side, on Christmas Day a KPR plane piloted by Punch **Bearcroft** [KR3142] flew low over my tent near Thika and dropped a food parcel of Christmas goodies from the ladies of EAWL.

DENIS GORDON TARR [KR3999]

[Ed: *Earlier this year Leszek (Willy) Wielopolski contacted me from Gauteng and later sent me a box of photos which belonged to the late Denis Gordon Tarr*] Willy's e-m reads: "The family photos were included because it is hoped that some of his army colleagues/acquaintances may recognise them, backgrounds, places, etc.

"Denis worked as a storeman with VW in Port Elizabeth (or is it East London?) for quite a while and then he was transferred to Johannesburg to open a new store/depot. Dates unknown.

"I met Denis in 1986/7. We both worked with the Golden Dumps Mining Group and he opened the new stores for them at their then new Lefkochrysos Platinum Refinery at Brakpan.

"Denis was married. He had met and married a lady in Kenya and he came to South Africa with her. They were separated before I met Denis. As far as I am aware they did not have any children. I never met his former wife and understand that she went to England and is thought to have remarried.

"Denis did not re-marry; he had his own house at 17, Cedar Street, Northmead, Benoni, where he died five or six years ago on 17th January; I cannot recall the year but it is thought to have been his 70th birthday. Denis was suffering badly with Platinosis and cancer. He had retired from work about the mid 90's."



[Ed: *Amongst the photos was an invite to the 14th June 1952 Passing Out Parade and a letter to Mrs Railton-Tarr, from a Duke of Gloucester's charity thanking her for donations. Never having met him I contacted Dennis Leete, Keith Elliot and George McKnight in the hope that I could track down NOK - was Denis on your NS course in Rhodesia? If so, what can you tell me about him, other than he was a tall, thin lad and wore glasses and could have worked for Coopers Motors and VW. If you knew him, who did he marry? I would like to get these photos which cover WWI in GEA (SA Army and 3rd KAR), WWII and the Emergency, to his family.*

There is a photo of him in a hospital bed with his eyes bandaged - accident during training, the emergency or when?]

Dennis Leete: I remember him from Nicholson House, and vaguely on the 1st KRTC course in January 1952. I think he was a day boy at POW. I had no contact with him thereafter. How come he was KR3999? I thought all the KRTC conscripts began at KR4000. Perhaps he was the last volunteer, and they decided he should go to Rhodesia. [Ed: *Interestingly there appears to be no Long Roll documentation for KR3999!*]

George McKnight: I have been in touch with Dennis – we both remember him well as he was in our year at PoW. He was a good guy and I think he remained a day boy while at PoW. In fact I have often thought about him – having not heard of him since school. Dennis and he were in Nicholson House together and also together on the 1st KNSM Course in Salisbury, Jan-June 1952. However Dennis also has no knowledge of him after that.

Dennis suggested that I contact Martin **Forster** until recently CEO of Cooper Motors to see if he can shed any light. However, on mature reflection I think Martin's connection, which has now ceased on his retirement from Cooper Motors, is only in the past thirty years or so. And I suspect that Denis **Tarr** must have left Kenya sometime before that – had he been here from 64 onwards, i.e after I returned from Uganda, I would surely have heard of him.



Keith **Elliot** very kindly sent my request to John **Hayes** who forwarded this wedding photo: Taken at a Church (I think All Saints) on June and Denis' big day. On extreme right Anne (now **Sinclair**) was maid of honour.

[Ed: *If any reader knows any of Denis Tarr's relations, please give me their contact details*]



After much nagging Bernard **Blowers** [KR4609] submitted the following: Herewith the long delayed photo taken in Dubai, January 2007, of me skydiving in tandem with my son in law JJ at 12000 ft.. I was then 71yrs and regrettably I was not able to repeat the jump last Christmas 2011, as there were too many bookings

FRANK THOMAS ROGERS BOYAGIAN [KR1385]

Philip **Baldock** [31 January 2012] writes: "I am researching military and military related graves in East Sussex and found the enclosed grave to Frank **Boyagian** and wondered if perhaps you might be able to provide any information on him or his service.

"As I am not a family member I would understand if the answer is no and would not in any case ask you to go to lorry loads of effort on my behalf but if there is anything that you might be able to tell me then I would be most grateful and will look forward to hearing from you with interest.

"Frank Thomas Rogers **Boyagian** [KR1385] would have enlisted into the Kenya Regiment for WWII, but, because we were never deployed as a Regiment, he would have been seconded to the KAR or another EA unit.

The following data is from the record sheets that Ian **Parker** arranged for Nigel **Pavitt** to photograph in Nairobi before the records were sent to UK:

LF1385 Frank Thomas Rogers Boyagian. Rank: Private. Date of Enlistment: 4.7.1940

Religion: C of E. Military Category: A. DOB/Place: 19.8.1920, Chittagong, India

Nationality: British. Home Address EA: Nil. Marital status: Single

NOK: H.S.R. Boyagian, Sutton Road, Seaport. Profession: Sailor, planter

Record of service: Enrolled, taken on strength 4.7.40. Attached CMP? 25.7.40. Ceases to be CMP, taken on strength 1st Bn KR 27.8.40. Tfr to EAASC wef 30.8.40. Tfr from EAASC 5.9.40 . Tfr to EAAC Regt 12.11.40.

Discharged in Kenya Class A 26.3.46. Comand Order 317/1/46



[Ed: *The UK Data Protection Act is a complete pain in the butt to researchers, and there is no way either of us will ever get to know more about him.*

Should you find out more about FTRB, or indeed any member of the Kenya Regiment, please keep us in the loop.]

Philip: "Thanks for your reply regarding Frank Boyagian. I'll see if there is an obituary for him locally.

I agree that the data protection is a pain in the rear - it's not as if I'm after anything scandalous, just a few basic dates, units served etc. Anyway that's the way it is for the time being I suppose.

If I find anything on him or anybody else that might be of interest to you then I'll keep in touch."

DISABILITY PENSIONS

Justin **Templer** [KR6019] <justin.templer@btinternet.com> :We are increasingly concerned about the number of reports about former members of the Regiment who served and were wounded during the Emergency in Kenya, and who are no longer receiving from the Kenya government the disability pensions that they were awarded.

We are contemplating mounting a publicity campaign to draw attention of the British government to the situation, and hopefully shame them into taking effective action to persuade the Kenya government to have these payments restored.

However, we need to know the names of those concerned, and we wondered whether you would be good enough to circulate all your members and establish whether or not any of them are amongst those who are no longer receiving their payments.

At this stage we only need names and contact details (preferably e-mail addresses) as we will then follow up with them individually and obtain the necessary detailed information we will need to support the campaign.

[Ed: *Readers may remember the dedicated few, led by John **Nunneley**, who forced Tony **Blair**'s Government to pay **Bill Norbury**'s disability pension to his widow, backdated to the date that the Kenya Government refused to accept responsibility.*].

MILITARY MAPPING

PO Nyeri Station
14 Sept. 1953

Director of Surveys
PO Box 1766 Nairobi.

Revision of Sheet 121/3

Forest Reserve

Preliminary information about forest tracks was provided by Mr. **Howarth**, Forest Officer, who has a sound knowledge of the area.

Before starting ground survey I contacted KPR Air Wing at Mweiga, and carried out an air reconnaissance of the area in order to obtain a general view of the nature of the ground. Survey was found to be difficult because of continual terrorist activity in the area. For four successive days permission to enter the forest was refused by local military commanders. When a start was made, the survey of tracks between Ragati and Chehe had to be postponed as the Jeep broke down near the forest boundary.

While attempting to repair the vehicle shots were heard in the forest, and it was learned that a KAR patrol had been ambushed and an *askari* killed on the track which was to have been surveyed. This is the one occasion on which I was pleased to have an unreliable vehicle.

The dotted blue line indicates a route taken by Major CEV **Buxton**, but apart from the first two miles does not follow a clearly defined track. Game tracks follow many ridges, but it would be a long and difficult task to carry out a comprehensive survey. The perambulator wheel as a means of survey is impracticable owing to rough going, and the muddy conditions which prevail at present.

Native Reserve

Officers of the Kikuyu Guard pointed out a number of corrections and additions – these have been checked on the ground. Ndunduine School was found to be incorrectly plotted on the original survey, and the road from Kabiruini to Gaikuyu amended. The location boundary between Konyu and Ruguru has been changed. I have plotted a new Police Post at map reference 548594, but unfortunately the Post was burned down by terrorists the same evening. However, I understand that the Post will be rebuilt.

Incidents in the area.

The following figures show the scale of terrorist activity during the course of survey.

22 Kikuyu killed, 4 wounded, 2 abducted. Mutira Mission raided, and Niana Police Post burned down.

22 Mau Mau killed, 2 wounded, 27 captured, 61 arrested. One oath taking ceremony was held.

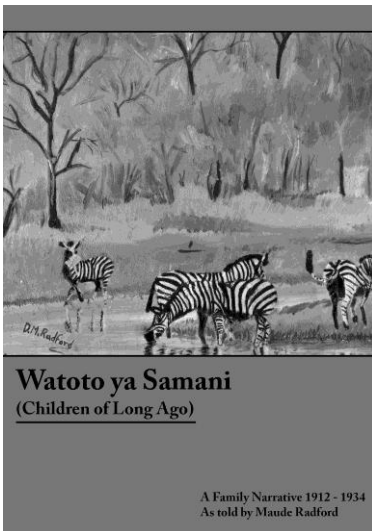
RAF carried out bombing raids on the forest area.

2/Lt BA **Jackson** [KR5672]

2/Lt RA **Caukwell** [KR5667]

BOOK REVIEWSWATOTO YA SAMANI

[By Maude Radford]



Maude **Radford**, aged 94 (née **Stocker** – *Stooge*'s eldest sister) has written her youthful memoirs of life in Kenya during the period 1912 – 1934. Although the story principally covers the adventures of the Stocker Family (Ted and May, and their seven surviving children), there are many stories of the occasions when the extended family gathered together and a background to the early history of Kenya.

For those not in Perth, who would like to receive a copy of the book, contact Veronica **Tucker** by email on <tusker@4u.com.au> - Cost per book is \$30.00 + post and packing)

'WINDS OF CHANGE TRILOGY' by Guy Hallowes [KR7100]

The author, Kenya-born Guy Hallowes, writes with intimate knowledge of the country and sympathy for all its people, and understands well the pressures of tribalism and poverty which turn good men to bad deeds.

Book one. *No Happy Valley*: A story of struggle, conflict and passion set in 1950's Kenya during the Mau Mau insurrection. Peter Lawrence battles to build a place of his own in the raw African bush, but the Kikuyu men who work for him are secret members of the Mau Mau determined to take back their country. When Peter's wife Jenny dies in an accident he falls in love with Rafiki, a beautiful Kikuyu woman, and finds himself ostracised by his own people.

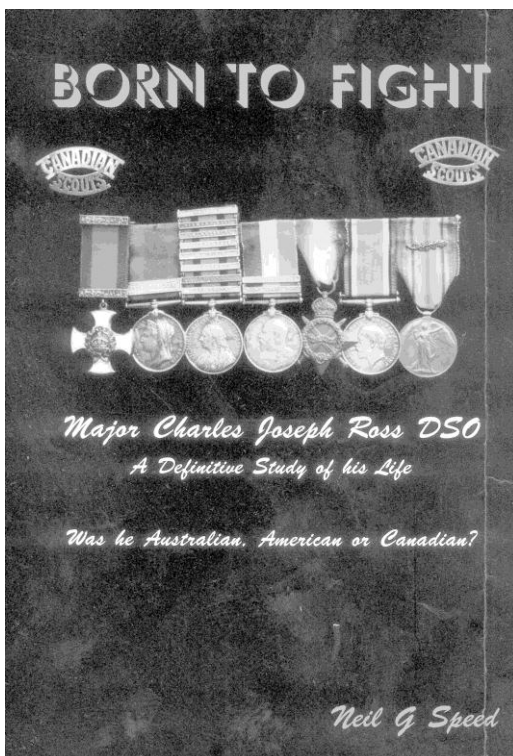
Book two. *What the Crocodiles don't Eat.* A story of intrigue, corruption and violence in newly independent Kenya. Peter Lawrence and Rafiki, happy and hopeful, play leading roles in establishing their fledgling country. A growing culture of greed and corruption within the Government and the Police undermines their efforts and they find themselves dragged into a dangerous underworld.

Book three. *No Peace for the Wicked.* Kamau, son of Peter Lawrence and Rafiki, is half black, half white. His academic and sporting ability take him from school in Nairobi to Oxford University and the England Rugby team. But his African heritage draws him back to take part in the struggle against Apartheid in South Africa. Working under cover, Kamau knows that a wrong move will mean a brutal death at the hands of the ruthless security forces. He soon realises that he is working for a group of criminals who will stop at nothing and hold his life cheap.

The author's firsthand knowledge of all the locales creates a sense of authenticity in the places described and the characters introduced. If you would like to purchase these books either hit the internet or contact <guy@guyhallowes.com>

BORN TO FIGHT

[Neil G. Speed]



Ross's Scouts was a white, mounted unit formed in British East Africa (BEA) after the declaration of the First World War.

Charles Joseph **Ross**, born in Australia in 1857, ran away as a child to America where he lived with Indians, and later scouted for the US Army in three Indian wars. He then served with the Canadian North West Mounted Police for six years, and was chief scout during the Riel Rebellion. During the South African War he was awarded a DSO whilst riding with Roberts Horse; he later commanded the Canadian Scouts.

After the Anglo Boer war, he remained in Africa, trading in Bukoba and buying land in German East Africa (GEA). He poached in the wilder parts of BEA and GEA, and when the German authorities seized his land in retaliation, he moved to the Kisii region of BEA, continuing his activities and selling his ivory to an Asian trader in Shirati, just inside the GEA border, across from

Karungu. Angry about the loss of his land, **Ross** would sometimes raid across the border and seize herds of native cattle, infuriating the German authorities.

To curtail these activities, the BEA Government appointed him as an Assistant Game Ranger in 1907, and he gradually became quite respectable, guiding Theodore **Roosevelt's** Smithsonian Institute safari in 1909. A year later, he guided another safari, this time for **Buffalo Jones**, a famous USA wild-life conservationist who wished to lasso animals and photograph them rather than shoot them. On this safari the photographer was Cherry **Kearton** who later served in East Africa with the 25th Royal Fusiliers before moving to photographic duties with flying units.

Charles **Ross** knew the bush on both sides of the border and he was a proven military leader. On the declaration of war he was appointed to form his own unit of scouts and in November 1914, the 40 men of Ross's Scouts were sent to secure the western end of the BEA-GEA border area.

Back on the ground he knew well, Major **Ross** wasted no time in settling old scores. He is believed to have sent the male organs from a slaughtered goat across the border to his old adversary District Commissioner **Schultz**, along with a note explaining that this was what the DC could look forward to.

'E' Company, 4 KAR established defended posts on the border south of Karungu and with **Ross**, raided southwards towards Musoma. The opposition was minimal, as the Schutztruppe (weak detachments of 7 and 14 Feldkompagnies), were south of the Mara River.

Probably now, things started to get out of hand, Ross's Scouts were a rough bunch of lads even by African frontier standards, and the looting and killing may have been "over the top" to spectators in Nairobi. Also, as was to happen elsewhere during the war, the temptation of seeing cash in the form of ivory ambling around the bush, may not have been resisted.

On 28th November 1914, **Ross** and his men rode into Shirati to find the Germans gone, but they had to ride out quickly when a passing British steamer shelled the town!

However, **Ross** and 4 KAR did not always win without loss. On 1st December, a KAR and BEA police patrol about 50 strong, engaged with the enemy at Susini, during which the British lost Police Lieutenant C.E.L. **Bowen** and two *askari*. This border area quietened down in December, but flared up again in January 1915, resulting in the deployment into the Lake area, of a company of 2nd Loyal North Lancashires.

On 13 January 1914, at Kisumu, General **Stewart** interviewed Major **Ross** and Lieutenant **Paysant** of Ross's Scouts and as a result it was decided to disband Ross's Scouts.

Ross's 40 men chose where next to go and some went on intelligence duties. Lieutenant J.J. **Drought** and eighteen other officers, NCOs and men were posted to the East African Mounted Rifles on 15 January. Known as 'Drought's Troop', they stayed in the eastern Lake area where they raised a force of tribesmen for cross border patrolling, known as the 'Skin Corps' because of their aversion to wearing clothing.

On the disbandment of Ross's Scouts, **Ross** dropped out of sight. The Official History states that he resigned his commission in December 1914, but his unit wasn't disbanded until mid-January 1915.

He qualified for the 1914/15 Star, and for the War and Victory medals and his medal card lists him as a Major in Ross's Scouts, East African Mounted Rifles and East African Service Corps. The History of The East African Mounted Rifles does not list him as ever being on strength.

Neil **Speed** who wrote Ross's biography, *Born to Fight*, believes that he may have joined his old pals Paddy **Driscoll** and Frederick **Selous** in 25th Royal Fusiliers (The Legion of Frontiersmen) and become involved in intelligence duties. Certainly he was convalescing back in UK in 1917, where the remnants of 25th Royal Fusiliers also were.

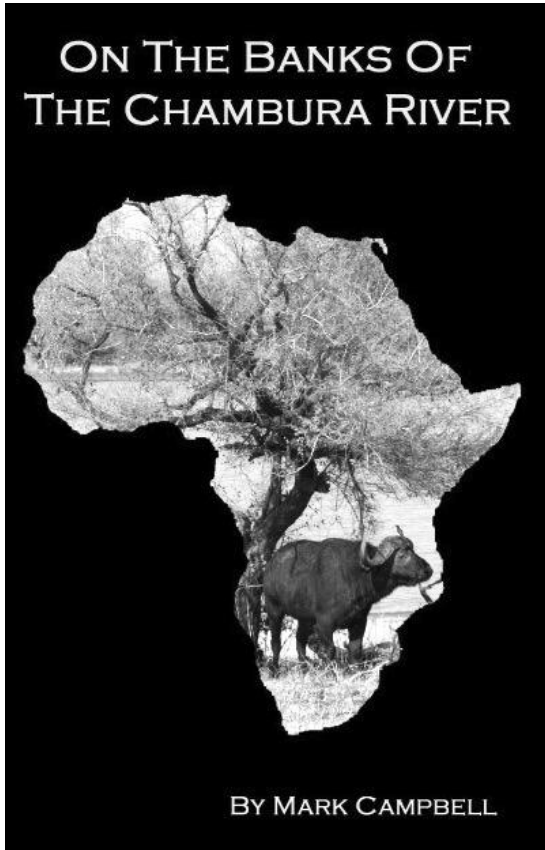
After the war **Ross** re-joined the BEA Game Department, working from his home in Eldama Ravine, Rift Valley Province in what is now Kenya.

On 19 June 1922, just fifteen days short of his 65th birthday, he died of double pneumonia caused by exposure after a fall whilst out on patrol.

Anyone wishing to purchase a copy of this excellent book printed by The Caps and Flint's Press, Melbourne, 2002, should email Neil at <speedng@bigpond.com>

**

ON THE BANKS OF THE CHAMBURA RIVER by Mark Campbell



"This book is the result of the enthusiastic reception from my many friends who enjoyed reading about the safari exploits of my parents in the *Shade of the Camelthorn Tree* and suggested that they wanted to know about me and the things he got up to in Africa.

"As a lot of our growing up years took place in Uganda during my father's working in the wilds, building roads through the bush and doing the odd bit of safari work.

"I have attempted to put down on paper some of the things that happened to us during this time. By us I refer to my two brothers and myself. Growing up in the wilds of Uganda is certainly a lot different from growing up in the towns and cities of today.

"I really hope readers will find this as enjoyable as the first book. Many years have gone by since those days but just to be on the safe side some names have been changed."

Download from Lulu @ \$3.00

KENYA REGIMENT GUESTBOOK

[Ed: Total 7,559 visitors. Since m-S XXXIX was printed in December 2011, there have been 1,046 'hits']

Iain **Morrison** [KR6111] <iain@sprattsend.co.uk> 12/04/12: Advance notices: Curry Lunch at St Cross Cricket Club, Winchester on Friday 6th July. AGM and Lunch at The Rifles Club, Davies Street, London on Wednesday 14th November.

Ian **Ballance** <libbyballance@hotmail.com> 22/02/2012, UK: I was born in Dar es Salaam in 1948, my Father worked for EAA and moved back to Nairobi soon after I was born. I have a lapel badge from the Kenya Regiment Auxillary Air Unit which I suspect was formed in 39 I myself was a member of the Prince of Wales School CCF 1961 to 1963, when I left to join the British Army. My father's name was John Crawford **Ballance**, and he was Station Manager of Wilson Airport at that time. Does anyone have any knowledge of the Auxillary Air Unit?

Neville **Child** [s4387] <Neville.child@theiet.org> 20/03/2012 UK: Would love to hear from anyone who knew my dad, Ralph Martin **Child** [KR4387], born in Nakuru in 1933. According to

this website Dad died in 1978 and the family know little of his Kenya days; also Cyril James (Joe) **Child** who was in the Kenya Railway Police, retiring in Mombasa in the late 1950's/early 1960's.

Basil JW **Soundy** [KR7399] <soundy@seychelles.net> 29/01/2012: Just discovered this site, great idea and good to stay in touch with everyone! Was on the 17th CMT course at Lanet from 17/07/61 to 16/12/61, after which I was posted to 'D' Coy; I was a member of the Regt Shooting Team and took part in the final parade in Nairobi when the Colours were "Laid-Up" at the Cathedral. I would like to contact course mates.

Sue **Cairns** <sue.cairns@bigpond.com> 28/01/12 W Australia: I am the daughter of Keith Arthur **Cairns** [KR4045], now 79, who served in the Kenya Regiment in the fifties. He is computer-challenged so would not even know this site exists. He is living in a place called Coral Bay (reminds him of Kenya), 1000km north of Perth, where he now spends most of his time on his boat – Safari2 - fishing. He regularly tells us a lot of Kenya Regiment stories over and over again! He obviously had some fun times back then. I have a few photos of him in uniform and long long socks!

Mary **Stanley-Shepherd** <marystanley-shepherd@xtra.co.nz> 24/01/12 Christchurch: Anyone interested in purchasing a Kenya Regiment webbing belt and/or two collar buffaloes, one silver one brass? Can email photos if required.

Derek Percival **Smith** <appleheart@btinternet.com> 20/01/12: Glasgow: I wonder if anyone can help me trace Edwin Russell Ardagh **Smith** [KR7076] who served with the Kenya Regiment, born in Kenya 15/11/1940.. If anyone can forward me any information they have it would be much appreciated

Elizabeth **Valentine** <liz.valentine@yahoo.co.uk> 13/01/2012 England: I am wondering if anyone knows or knew my father Rodney Guy **Valentine** [KR6477]? I lost touch with him some time ago, Unfortunately I do not even know if he is living or not. Any information would be gratefully received, or if you are in touch, please pass on my details?

David **Lightfoot** <buzzpipaluk@gmail.com> 30/12/2011 UK: I have just found photos (mostly family but a few in uniform) of a previously unknown relative of mine, Capt Frank **Wakefield** who was the Kenya Regt QM in 1953. If interested, I can e-mail scans. If anyone knows any further information let me know as all I have are photos and a few names of other family members

David **Waldron** [KR4128] <waldrond@rocketmail.com> 20/12/2011 UK: Wishing all ex-Regiment guys and families, a very merry Xmas and a happy, prosperous and healthy NewYear.

[Ed: *Similar letters were received from Iain Morrison and Ralph Burns [KR4694].*]

David Ellison **Waugh** [KR6204] <dewaugh06@gmail.com> 27/11/2011 England: I attended Mbeya School, Prince of Wales and the Kenya Regiment. Some of us attended all three – Jeremy Cox [KR6082, Brian **Vaughan** [KR6378] *et al.* Give me a call and if you are in UK come and stay

Felicity **Bennett** (née Andrews [d4671] <flissinmajorca@yahoo.co.uk> 9/11/2011 England: Am looking for Michael Francis **Jolley** [KR4678] and Gerald Edward **Chapman** [KR4669]; my father, Graham, who turns 80 this year, served with them 1954-1956.

Charles **Anderson** [KR7482] 04/11/2011:Montreal: Beware of message offering jobs at Omni Hotel – address is nearly correct, but phone numbers and email address are suspect.

[Ed: *Charles was responding to a letter on our website purportedly from the Manager, Omni Hotels International Canada, offering employment.*]

THE KENYA INDEPENDENT SQUADRON



During the Second World War this was the smallest fighting unit in the British Empire. It consisted of only eighteen selected volunteers. The Commanding Officer of this unique unit was Captain E. Mc K. **Nicholl** and he had as his Second-in-Command Corporal A. **Dugand**. The Squadron was divided into four sections, each consisting of a lance-corporal and three troopers.

The Kenya Independent Squadron (K.I.S.) was originally founded by Major J.J. **Drought** and on formation consisted of 85 men. It was later disbanded; the troopers being absorbed into other units. Captain **Nicholl** advocated that the K.I.S. should be reformed on a small scale to act as special scouts and the unit again came into being.

[LEFT: NEVILLE GRIFFIN [KR264] – AS A MEMBER OF KIS, BEFORE BEING COMMISSIONED INTO THE EAASC]

The men were from all walks of life and all parts of Africa, and were of the type who made frontiersmen. They could ride, knew animals, were at home in tough country and ready to live hard and dangerously.

Their dress consisted of slouch hats, khaki bush shirts and shorts or slacks. The unit had a badge of which only one hundred were struck. It was not worn while on patrol.

It was made up of a laurel wreath surmounted by the letter "D" - for Drought - enclosing a diagrammatic representation of the cardinal points of the compass, and below the motto of the unit,

"Quod Age Agis" - "Do what has to be done".

Due to the small number of badges that were struck, this is surely a great prize for collectors of regimental insignia.

[Ed: *Should any reader own one of these badges, he/she is requested to scan/photograph it and send me a copy. Should any reader have a photo of Major J.J. Drought please send me a copy. This article is an extract from the South African Military Historical Society, Publication No. 5; Newsletter No. 3; Issued March 1967.*]

AN UPDATE ON THE STEAM SCENE IN NAIROBI – FEBRUARY 2012

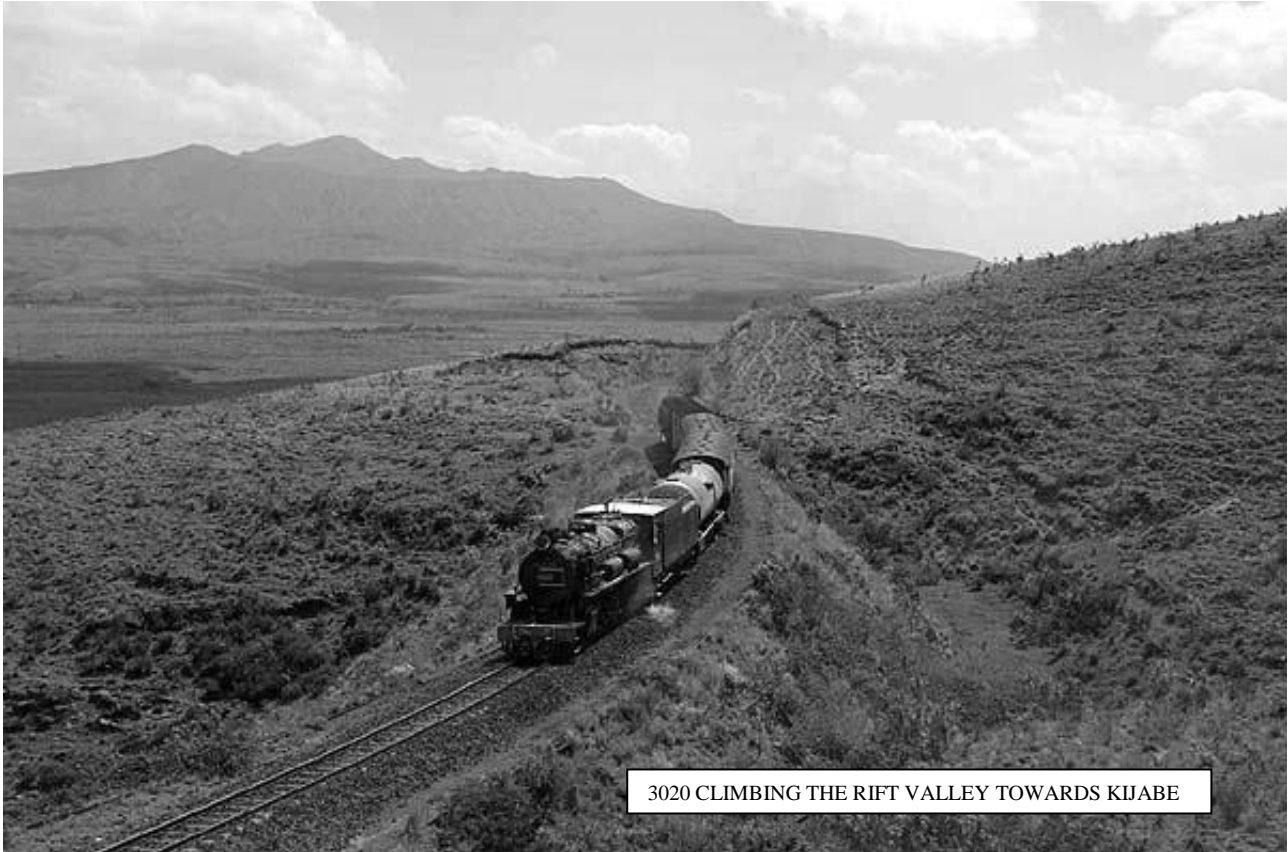
[Kevin **Patience**; photos by John **Ashworth**]

In May last year three steam locomotives were fired up for a special five day photographic safari, which included a return trip to Naivasha behind 3020 'Nyaturu' the ex Tanganyika loco.

The other two engines were the Beyer Garratt 5918, *Mount Gelai* and 2409, the little tender engine that featured in the opening sequences of the film 'Out of Africa' The Garratt unfortunately failed on a trip to Athi River and was hauled back to the workshop and left. A suspected super heater tube was the possible cause and it was hoped to locate the fault in August following a second steam trip with 3020, unfortunately this did not happen.



After a number of conversations with Maurice **Barasa**, the Nairobi Railway Museum Curator, I decided we needed to do something about 5918 or it was likely to sit there *ad infinitum*. The Garratt is without doubt the largest and most iconic of Kenya's steam locomotives, having been in service from 1955 to 1980 and later returned to steam in 2001. It has a huge potential when it comes to marketing steam trips in Kenya as it one of the largest operational articulated steam engines in the world.



3020 CLIMBING THE RIFT VALLEY TOWARDS KIJABE

So a plan was drawn up to see if we could find the steam leak on 5918 as well as stop water leaks on 3020 which were apparent on the Naivasha trip. A while back ex Kenya steam *aficionado*, Henry Gunston kindly gave me a number of 59 class Garratt drawings, and through Nick **Lera**, who filmed the first 5918 run to Mombasa in 2001, I learnt that the British Overseas Historic Railways Trust had acquired a massive set of 59 drawings from Nick who bought them on line. After a visit to BOHRT in London I bought a dozen of the most important drawings to take with me.

At the beginning of February, five of us including four *wazee* who are part of the steam team, began working on 59 and 30 in the Nairobi workshops. We began with the brake cylinders from under the front and rear driving units of 5918 and dismantled them. They both appeared to be in good order so were cleaned and lubricated and refitted, a difficult task as they are bulky and almost inaccessible. The other item which was causing problems on both locos was the slack in the oil firing rods resulting in erratic firing and unnecessary black smoke. This was found to be worn link pins and holes on the rods and also a worn corner bracket on 5918. We got the rods and bracket off and had them re-drilled and welded by a local Sikh *fundi*.

Meantime the water in 3020 tender was drained and the manhole opened to access the three water valves to the boiler injectors, all three of which were leaking gently and aggravated when in steam.

The operating rods were so badly corroded that they were not closing the valves and were subsequently renewed.



The bronze valve seats were then ground in to get a water tight seal, a rather unpleasant job inside a rather odorous rusty tender with not much headroom; I think they had dwarfs working at the North British works in 1955.

Also every gate valve on both locos, some of which were seized, were removed, serviced and replaced. We stripped the driver's injector on 3020 and discovered the bronze internal cones were showing signs of old age and corrosion. Meanwhile Maurice had succeeded in obtaining the necessary clearances to access the steam spares in the stores of which there are tons although not necessarily for our locos. My visit showed items for locos that have long since gone to the torch!

However William, the head man, located a selection of cones for the injectors for 3020 and 5918 which was a great relief. The injectors on 2409 were also examined and found to be serviceable.

While repairs were in hand with the injectors, William and I [RIGHT - KEVIN, AND I ASSUME WILLIAM ON THE RIGHT?] spent some time in the Garratt smoke box and after a check of each of the fifty super heater tubes we found three small holes. We now had conclusive proof of the cause of the failure. There is a large collection of spare tubes in the stores, but time and finances are a problem.



There is a light at the end of the tunnel however, in that a UK Rail Tour operator has a proposal to finance the repair in order to get this magnificent machine back on track...

[Ed: When I mentioned this article to Gary **Plenderleith** MM [KR4642] at our last lunch, he asked me to mention to Kevin that if invited, he would fly to Kenya to assist when the team next visited Nairobi. He reckons he could operate a Garratt of yesteryear, blindfolded]

MY TIME-TRAVEL DAWA - RETURN TO TANZANIA AFTER 44 YEARS - 15.10.2010

[James **Penhaligon**]

I recently returned from my first visit to Tanzania since I left in May 1966, 44, getting on for 45 years ago. I wrote about my first magical sixteen years, growing up in Geita near Lake Victoria, in my book, "*Speak Swahili, Dammit!*" [Ed: See m-S XXXVIII pp18/19].

Now, at last I returned to the land of my childhood. It was something I had longed to do for decades, yet life, my busy medical profession in South Africa, New Zealand and then Britain, children and their education, and a profusion of problems, or things which "had to be done", always got in the way. Yet, after all this time, I had not lost my Swahili language, my constant urge to speak it, or the fact that most of my thoughts, and nearly all of my dreams, were still in Swahili.

One day I came across a saying which seemed to have been written with me in mind. The author, Count Antonio Texeira **D'Souza**, a 20th Century Portuguese doctor, politician, and Prime Minister in 1910, wrote "*All through my life, there has been a never-ending list of tasks to perform,*

problems to solve, before I could consider the pursuit of what I really wanted in my life. Too late, I came to realise those endless tasks or problems, are my life!”

With our three children grown up and established in their careers, or well on the way in the case of the youngest, my lovely wife of 37 years (who has encouraged me for the most unselfish of reasons) and I decided to sweep away all remaining tasks or problems, and finally go to Tanzania. So we went. This brings me back to the beginning. We returned from the trip two days ago. I am overcome with mixed emotions.

On the flight over northwestern Tanzania we see dry tundra, and occasional patches of forest. Then we fly over Mount Kilimanjaro. This is my first shock. There's hardly any snow on it at all. A tiny blimp of white on the top at one side only, that looks as small as a thumbnail from 35,000 feet. There it stands, emerging above the cumulonimbus cloud, the great mountain, granite-grey and stark, like a huge volcano on a planet without an atmosphere. If that's climate change, it's worse, far worse than I imagined!

It's more than wonderful to see the familiar land approaching as our plane descends towards Dar es Salaam in the early morning after a flight from Heathrow. When we step out into the sunshine and warmth, and I re-experience the mixture of tropical smells I remember so well, I think I am in yet another homesick dream. The traffic (and driving styles) from the airport to our hotel at Jangwani Beach is heavy, unpredictable and entertaining, but nothing you wouldn't expect in any city with the rapid population growth Dar has undergone in recent years.

The industrious and creative spirit of the *watu*, which I remember so well, is everywhere to be seen, with finely crafted furniture, fabrics, ornaments, raw and processed timber, dried fish, electrical goods, toys, fruit, including wonderful pawpaws, mangoes, bananas, oranges and coconuts, vegetables of every type, and even livestock, being sold in makeshift stalls, or in the open, at almost any available roadside space. In between these are myriad car or bicycle repair shops in crumbling premises, corrugated iron and wood stores, many with plastic chairs and tables outside for customers, selling iced cold-drinks, and the ubiquitous Kilimanjaro or Tusker beers - *Hakuna Beer Bora Kuliko!*

It's delightful to see that the same old *joie de vivre*, or happiness with life, plus irrepressible sense of humour I remember so well, is undiminished among the *watu*, despite the obvious and grinding poverty of many. I'm thrilled and delighted that, from the outset after landing, I understand everything said to me in Swahili, and that the responses I get for replying in kind are of equal delight. Here and there are impressive new glass-fronted, or otherwise modern-looking, buildings, built, our driver tells us (in Swahili), by this or that organization or bank, by the government or international aid agency, or as a new five star hotel. But apart from that, and the obvious great growth in population, the mood, or essence, the smells and feelings, and the unrivalled sense of kind and warm humanity which Dar generates, is unchanged, to me, after all the 44 years I've been away.

Our hotel, the White Sands, stands right on a splendid, open Indian Ocean beach. Starved of sun and warm sea for so long in Europe, we plunge into the almost tepid, yet still refreshing, blue water like children, soaking up the visceral pleasure of our senses. We eat, drink ice-cold drinks brought by smiling, joking waiters, lie in the sun, and swim again and again. A good *mSwahili* friend who I'd met on the internet visits us, and acts as a perfect host and guide. He takes us to see a living museum of lifestyles and housing of the many tribes who inhabit Tanzania, and many other sights, explaining everything in eloquent Swahili, while gently, and kindly, correcting me when I mispronounced or misused a word.

Ingrid, unphased, as ever unselfish, and delighted to see me enjoying myself so much, has to be satisfied with occasional and brief English explanations! But she soon picks up some important words. Like “*Embe, machungwa, chaai, nyumba*”, and “*asante sana!*” Our friend spends most of three days answering our many questions. Too soon, our four days in Dar are over, and it’s time to catch our flight to Mwanza on Lake Victoria. After all, it was on Lake Victoria I grew up, not in Dar es Salaam. I am not prepared for what I will find in Mwanza, or on Lake Victoria.

DAR ES SALAAM TO MWANZA, 19.10.2010



Morning of 19th October 2010. Precision Air runs a service from Dar to Mwanza, on Lake Victoria. Our plane is an ageing Boeing 737, and embarkation reminds me of long-ago boardings of multi-coloured ragtag Tanzanian buses. A delightful re-visit to my youth. Thin and fat and in-between, young and old, black, white, *watu, muAfrica, Wazungu, Wahindi and Warabu,*

boisterously scramble to claim their seats. Not so different to anywhere else, when seats are unassigned. What impresses about this exuberant and unrestrained rush up the aircraft corridor is the sheer joyfulness, eagerness and humour of the participants. Absent is aggression, irritation, impatience or rancour. In Tanzania the rush for a seat, on a bus, a boat or a plane, is a sport, not an unpleasantness. In the pell-mell of grope and push and hurl of bag on vacant seat or in overhead locker, in the nick of time to beat another, the *watu* grin widely, chuckle and laugh out loud. High sport indeed. Why not? This is, after all, the start of a great and exciting journey, and enthusiasm for such things still lives in East Africa.

Bums on seats, bags stowed, breathless, chuckling and caught up in the infectious *bonhomie* and humour, we survey the plane interior. Once upon a time it was a new Boeing 737, sporting who-knows-what European, American or other airline livery. Now it’s a hard-working, tired-but-still-determined bus of the scorching East African skies, plying the open air high above the aching beauty of the Tanzanian countryside. Our seats are window and middle, too far back in the fuselage to see more than the tip of a wing, and affording no view of the engines.

Proud mothers photograph kids posing in the aisle, flight attendants instruct old, young or never-flew-before how to fasten seatbelts, excited Swahili conversations overlap, then jet-engines explode into life. Without ado, as if at a dusty bus-stop, and as stragglers and *watoto*-picture-posers leap to sit, the plane trundles bumpily and business-like onto the runway, engine noise vying with crackling flight attendant’s safety announcements in Swahili, and delightfully accented *Kiingereza*.

We’ve barely reached holding point. Jet cacophony drowns out chatter, brakes release, and we jerk into our take-off run. Tarmac flashes ever faster by. Sheds and hangars of brick and corrugated iron, old and rusting, new and rainbow-painted, shimmer and bend in the sun’s rays. Take off speed. We angle noisily into the scorching sky. The ground recedes. Below, a patchwork quilt of multi-coloured buildings in green and brown plots recede, ahead a crescent-shape of white beach kisses the great expanse of turquoise-blue. Climbing, we bank left, our wing pointing skywards. Below, *terra firma* gives out. As if drawn by children, islands beckon, big, small and in-between, and every shape. Each sports a necklace of white sand and surf. Near, shallow water is green; further out, deep, azure blue. The plane levels out.

“Drink?” asks the pretty, smiling flight attendant.

“*Tafadhali*,” I say. She raises her eyebrows.

“*Tafadhali tuletea Coca-Cola light mbili.*” - That’s what they call Diet Coke here. She beams.

“*Karibu*,” she says when I thank her.

“Good morning passengers,” crackles the captain’s accented voice. I saw him on the tarmac. A smiling round-bellied *Mhindi*, “We are flying at 35,000 feet, and are turning onto a northeast course to Mwanza. Flying time is approximately one hour and twenty minutes.....” He repeats his announcement in *kiSwahili*. I stare down to where land is approaching again, and another white beach gives way to a green-canopied forest. There still are trees in Tanzania! We’ve made a wide climbing turn over the water, but now head inland, northeast towards Lake Victoria. How is the lake these days? The “Great Blue Pearl of Africa”, which the explorer John Speke first spied in 1858, on his intrepid search for the source of the Nile. I’ve heard all is not well, that the giant waterway is sick.

Is it true? Will I find the Lake no longer the wondrous thing of my youth? What has happened to the great blue pearl of Africa.

ARRIVAL AT MWANZA 19th October 2010

As the engine cut back and we descend, the trademark Mwanza rocks appear in the patchwork of green and brown earth. Igneous rock, washed smooth over thousands of years by the waters of a younger, juvenile, and much higher Lake Victoria. I’m no expert, but I believe the lake formed as a great shallow depression between two forks of a rift between the ‘Nubian’, or African Tectonic plate, and the ‘Somalian’ plate in the newly torn (geologically speaking) great rift valley, one branch forming Lake Tanganyika to the west, the other the much-loved rift valley in Kenya. The same rift, it is said, will one day shear the horn of Africa from the continent, creating an Ethiopian-Somalian island. The politics don’t bear contemplation!

Lake Victoria? Well, they say the heavens opened and it rained constantly for ‘many years’, filling the depression, and creating great rivers, some which would continue to flow today. The lake grew deeper and bigger. Finally, after more years, the waters broke through near modern Jinja in Uganda to the north, to help source the River Nile, making ancient Egyptian history possible. The outflows dropped the lake level, revealing the rocks I love so much. It’s a fascinating story, who knows how true? But for hundreds of square miles around the lake, there are water-polished rocks of every size and shape, cheese-like smoothness and great beauty.

Beneath the right wingtip, the first sight of Lake Victoria kissing the land. Not as blue as I remember. There’s a *makuti*-roofed hut, then another. A square building with painted corrugated iron roof, here called *bati*. A cluster of buildings, some *bati*, others *makuti*. Dirt roads linking them. Can see people now; some in little fields, some walking on dirt roads, some on bicycles; children waving up at us; an old lorry winding towards the lake, closely followed by a *tuk-tuk*, or three-wheeled scooter, a plume of red dust behind them; clusters of buildings, most *bati*-roofed. To our right the lake is dusky green.

The pregnant scimitar-shaped sail of a traditional *jahazi*, or open dhow, propels its slim craft away from the shore, leaving a glassy wake astern. The helmsman, holding the tiller, stares up at us. I think he’s smiling. Fasten seat belts, fold up tables. Loud buzz of conversation from excited passengers. “*Tuna fika!*” an excited overweight matron in a kaleidoscopic *kanzu* laughs. I share her enthusiasm and happiness. Indeed, we have arrived, and it’s Mwanza down there. After 44 years!

“*Nyumbani!*” laughs the matron, grinning to reveal two missing teeth, and clapping her hands. Home! I can’t restrain myself, and clap too. Others join. This is Africa, show your total and complete joy and excitement! It’s been a long time...

“*Mzungu na furahi!*” a deep voice laughs. Too right, I agree. This *Mzungu* is very happy to be home! There’s a loud rumble and the wheels bang out from their hiding places in the wings. Are they already spinning, in the heated African air? It certainly does appear to be so. We’re low. The built-up area’s behind, now there’s only grass and small trees. Then the trees are gone and it’s cut grass. Tarmac, a white line down the side. We skim the interface between air and land for many seconds. Gentle bump, harder bump, we’re down. Reverse thrust, engines screech in protest. Giant hand pulls backwards. We’re trundling, slowing. Turning left. Less than a minute - stop. This isn’t Heathrow, nor even Dar es Salaam. Mwanza International Airport hasn’t changed much over the years.

We’ve come from the hot and steamy coast, but still it feels warm and humid as we exit the plane. “*Asante*”, we say to the steward. Thank you. “*Karibu!*” the genial, friendly steward replies with a smile. Welcome.

Smells carried on the cool lake breeze assail me, like they used to long ago. Drying fish, water lilies, mangoes, guavas, hemp, human sweat. It’s a heady, intoxicating mix. At last, I’m back where it all began for me. Luggage collection at Mwanza airport is functional and simple. The passengers file into a very crowded, and totally inadequate room in the single-storey arrivals-cum-departures department. There’s a big rectangular hole in the wall to the outside, with strips of rubber hanging as a screen. Cases begin to appear, as the offloading-crew carry them from the plane, to push them through the hole. Passengers mill around, crushing each other laughingly, and wrestling their way to the front when they spot their own or a relative’s *mzigo*. Carousel? None!

Ingrid spots her case. Rather, her case flies through the rubber-strip curtain, and lands with a thump on the concrete platform before her. A second later mine flies in. Struggling against the weight of people and their *mzigo*, we pull ours behind us on their little wheels. This is an internal flight, so there’s no customs. We emerge into a little arrivals area, where, from among the overheated crowd we are immediately greeted in Australian!

“Hi, Dr and Mrs. **Eva?**” says the pretty lady with the strong Australian accent. She could have said “Dr Eva, I presume?” crosses my romantic mind. This is Tanzania, after all. Imagine if Stanley had greeted Dr Livingstone with “Hi!”

MWANZA 19.10.2010

The parking area outside the single-storey, corrugated-iron-roofed, airport terminal is just yards from the exit, which banishes my last residual suspicion that Mwanza International is Heathrow in disguise. Here, with no more than six other vehicles, stands a dated, but venerable, dark-blue Nissan four by four, into which we chuck our *mzigo*, before driving the couple of miles into town. Our attractive and friendly Australian hostess, Robyn, came to Mwanza ten years ago, to get married, she says. With practised ease she weaves the heavy Nissan between oncoming cars, graffiti-covered trucks and lorries, powered rickshaws, known as *tuk-tuks*, rangy hump-backed cattle whimsically and diagonally meandering across the road, un-hassled *kanzu*-clad, stick-bearing *mutu* bringing up the rear, ragged *totos* undifferentiating in play between road and dusty verge, a solitary donkey-drawn cart loaded ten foot high with sugarcane, still green with outer leaves, and ramshackle stalls of irregular wood and rusting *bati*, piled high with cheap, gaudy and nasty Chinese merchandise.

Here or there, between the chaos, incongruously rises a modern building of steel and glass, straight from any western, or eastern, city. Then the other side of it there’s a dusty patch of earth, maybe

with a rust *bati*-shack, or maybe not. *Tuk-tuk* city. Another one overtakes us, four passengers laughingly clinging on, on the narrow ‘there is one now’, concrete pavement, while ahead a kaleidoscopic lorry loaded 20 feet high ploughs straight at us, on our side of the road.

“Welcome to Mwanza!” Robyn laughs. We’re in the town centre. I don’t recognise it. It’s bigger, busier, more chaotic than in the 1960’s. That building, Robyn tells us, is where the old Mwanza Hotel used to be. There’ve been many changes. The old hotel was demolished in the 70’s, to make way for the “New Mwanza Hotel”. In the 80’s it was extended, and again in the 90’s. When will it stop? Gone to make room-space is the old, wide, portico’d verandah, with its cool, polished red cement floor. Gone, through construction, the tranquil vista beyond, where, between low buildings, down uncluttered, palm-lined roads, the seductive blue of Lake Victoria used to wink as we drank ice-cold Cokes through long, thin straws. Gone, I muse, not just my childhood, but so much of its furniture.

Was it wise to come back, to allow this truth into my head? Be sensible, I chide myself. Development is everywhere, and always. Even the old hotel was once brand new. And, though at first glance this place looks so changed, something else, something much bigger, strangely and delightfully overwhelms me. What is it? What is bringing me this euphoria, this feeling drunk with happiness? I’ve thought about this a long time ever since we came back to the UK, and still don’t know.

You can dress a friend in different clothes, but is he or she not still your friend? You can rearrange, change, the decoration and furnishings of your home, but is it not still your home? You can repaint your car, your boat, or anything, but does that change ownership? It does not. There’s only one thing which can change the vital meaning of ownership, proprietorship, or meaningful connection to anyone or anything. Love; if you ask yourself “do I still love him, her, this or that?”, and the answer is no, then he, she, or it, no longer resides in your heart. It’s simple. A marriage gone stale is over. All that intervenes before separation is theatre, waste and agony. Once you decide to sell your house, moral and future ownership takes wings.

Mwanza can dress up if it likes, but look there, at those *kanzu*-wearing *watu* walking past, laughing like they always do, those modern suit-clad *mSwahili* gentlemen nonchalantly risking all in crossing the chaotically trafficked road, that elderly *Mhindi* lady in a full-length pale-blue sari, holding the hand of a prettily dressed 3 year old girl, those skimpily clad ‘modern’ *mSwahili* teenage girls being chatted up by a suave, huge-shade-wearing, youth in fashionable jeans and a fantastic Tanzanian shirt of many colours. An elderly *mzee* walks past carrying a flapping *kuku* suspended by its feet. He waves at us with a gnarled free hand, teeth glinting in the sun. What does all this say?

Our brains rule, don’t they? The ‘superior’ organ! I have to purloin a memorable phrase from that strange and amazing London Mayor, Boris **Johnson**, who, accused of having an extramarital affair, told the press they spoke ‘an inverted pyramid of piffle’. That, to me, sums up the notion of cerebral dominance over human motivation. Piffle.

Philosophically speaking, of course for nobody can deny the connections of brain to every other part, nor its multiple executive and administrative roles. What I’m saying is that some things are not the product of process thinking, logic, intellectual determinism, or anything else. If love for a woman by a man was such a product, then the same cold, unfeeling, logic deriving that conclusion could not escape the inevitable. The calculation would conclude that one, only one, woman, in any place, at any time, is ‘best’, and all the men would be in love with her. No, love is not just a logical thing. If it’s there, it’s there, and the brain, not the heart, had better get used to the idea.

I believe the brain is an organ meant to facilitate and advance the achievement of matters much, much bigger and more important than itself. What is causing this feeling of delight is realisation.

One, Tanzania, the place, and two, Tanzania, the *watu*, may wear different clothes, but they have not shunned me, or turned away. And neither have I rejected them. No, to my rising delight, I know my love is as strong as it was when I left 44 years ago. It's undiminished, if anything enhanced, by distance and longing during my prolonged, though voluntary, banishment. And now, on this sheepish mission to discover if I am still in love, I have found I am. And I know, I can see, I can smell, I can hear, in the warm sunshine on my face I can feel, in the beat of my heart I am sure, Tanzania still loves me!

MWANZA TO WAG HILL LODGE 19/10/2010

Robyn needs supplies, so in town we pull off onto a short dirt road, to park on dusty, pot-holed ground. Care is needed not to collide with milling, unhurried pedestrians, supremely oblivious to danger. The Nissan is surrounded by *watu* going this way or that, some in colourful *kanzus*, others in casual western garb, here a smartly suited, briefcase-clutching *mwananchi*, or citizen, walking determinedly to somewhere important, treading a hurried and sinuous path in front, behind or to one side with hardly a casual glance.

Traffic-respect doesn't live here! Gaining a parking space requires inching determinedly at a knot of people, clearing space like the bow-wave of a ship pushing flotsam. Accepted way here, no unpleasantness, just "you win" grins and waves as happy people give way. If you do this in England you'll get a very different, much less tolerant or even patient response from a crowd over there. They're just different!

The 'supermarket' is just a big *duka*, or shop, with the atmosphere and interior of Indian-owned stores of times gone by. There's a scent of incense. On shelves are packets of sliced, dried mango, hot curried peas, and real home-made-looking potato crisps, which my friends and I long-ago called 'chips', and consumed with passion. Chips and Coke! - our rallying cry at Lone Cone Club in Geita, only seventy miles from where I am standing, gazing whimsically at this evocative display of edibles. No matter it was really Pepsi in Geita, or our 'chips' were crisps, we loved them!

I'm amazed at the variety of goods on sale. It isn't a very big shop. Yet over there is a fridge, there a lawnmower, there a hairdryer, there a row of gleaming childrens' bicycles, and, on that shelf, of all things, only feet from a row of golden-labelled bottles of Tusker "*Hakuna Bora Kuliko*" beer, a full-on aluminium Zimmer-Frame! You have to laugh. Reminds me of a business card a friend used to give out: "*Carpentry, plumbing, bakers, florist, dental, electrical, mechanical, translations, body-building, horoscopes, estate agency, brain surgery, gynaecology, tap-dancing, card-sharking, double-glazing, virgins deflowered, lesbians converted, assassinations arranged, burglaries commissioned, undertakers.... Our Motto: 'we'll bury you so gently, you won't even know you're dead!'*" This is my old, fondly remembered, Tanzania, and I still love it!

"Let's go!" Robyn says, handing me a bagful of food for Wag Hill Lodge. Personal service for our two days there – Robyn and husband Bill are staying with us! Where else than Mwanza do hotel-owners stay with their guests?

The road from town follows the lake shore on our right. The few tall, glass-fronted modern buildings punctuating long rows of older constructions with *bati* roofs, with chaotically milling *watu* and traffic in never-ending attendance, are behind. We pass the yacht club. Don't see much from the road, except wire fence, big green *bati* roof, and a glimpse of lake behind. The bar here was famed as favourite 'watering hole' for local *Wazungu*, but the honour has transferred to Tilapia Hotel, passing on our left. In there, Robyn says, you get the news, scandals and rumours of the restless expatriate population. We veer lakewards, away again, only scattered low buildings now breaking the vista of water, multi-coloured wooden boats of varying decay pulled on shore, designer rocks, hardy trees and scrub, each clinging for life to paradoxically parched, yet long water-eroded, deeply gouged, washed-away and gulleyed earth and rock.

The road, pitted and runnelled, rock-strewn, broken and discontinuous, winds up into low hills, guarded by outcrops of sentinel rock thrown by a mighty but careless hand. Clinging precariously to a steep slope is a village of mud and thatch, then another. Footpaths ascend. Old and new. Behind, air-conditioned, glass-fronted offices pierce the dazzling sky. Here still lives antiquity, things are plain but robust, unchanged over time, still beautiful!

A *mzee* leads a small, critically loaded donkey with a broken soul, a brightly clad bicycle youth wobbles the other way. Two *kanzu*-wearing *wanawake* carry bundles of firewood balanced on heads, nonchalant arms swinging free. A *piki-piki* weaves slowly between potholes, two big-bellied men straining every bolt. This road is not for the timid. Only bits exist, the passing of the rest commemorated in deep serpentine gouges which could lose the Nissan's wheels and balance us on the lip. Wind left to avoid that one, right for this, back, centre, straighten, pull onto verge to allow towering sugarcane-loaded donkey-cart to pass. The poor old donkey's sad eyes say that he, alas, has long given up hope.

More water-carved rocks. Too many, even. A few would make a spectacle. These make a statement. Can't nature dream up some shapes? Road goes up, down, around. Clang goes the suspension. How much can it take? The engine growls angrily. *Watu* pass, old, young, laden, empty-handed. Road straightens. There, to the left, is the university. Doesn't look much. Low, rectangular, *bati*-roofed buildings, separated by dry, dusty ground. It's break-time! Students, modern-looking *wakijana* or young people, milling around, satchels on backs, briefcases in hand, walking with intent, some just chatting and laughing in the sun. One's carrying a radio, an upbeat Swahili song is playing. Not like universities in Britain. The road outside, under those feet, is unmetalled, eroded, dusty, uneven, broken. Do they care? No, not judging from the smiles, laughter and friendly waves. How *do* the *watu* stay so happy? Is it something they eat? Is it in the water? Happiness is a natural state here, doesn't require an external cause. My heart swells. I'm catching it again. Watch out, there's a contagious epidemic of joy about. If you're not careful, you could catch it!

Fifteen miles from Mwanza, we thread through a village of old and new. Thatch and mud, concrete block and *bati*. Here live several of Bill and Robyn's employees. Helping the village develop is an on-going joy to the kindly and compassionate couple who own and manage Wag Hill Lodge.

Wag Hill Lodge. We're at a high steel gate, the other side is a uniformed security guard. He approaches to let us in. At his heel, prancing with excitement, is a stout little black dog. She's also got the happiness-bug.

"Hello *Tatu*," says Robyn, opening her door. *Tatu* jumps on her lap, delightedly and determinedly licking her face. Down the path we spy Bill.

"He came by boat," Robyn explains. Now there's an idea, I muse, beats the hell out of this once-*barabara*, or road! Down a thickly wooded, windy path, I can see the back end of a motorboat, with two large outboard motors. That, Robyn tells me, is *Konokono*, or snail, the name of their boat.

WAG HILL LODGE

We park under one of several big leafy trees. The shade's welcome. We're now on the property of Wag Hill Lodge, but only just. This is the road entrance, and one of two boat-jetty entrances, to a private lakeside nature reserve which extends for many hundreds of yards along the shore, and a long way up and over several heavily wooded, ubiquitously bouldered, tree-clinging hillsides.

Because it's a long walk along a winding lakeside footpath to the lodge, our luggage is ferried onto *Konokono* for a mini-cruise from this jetty to the closer one. Bill, accompanied by *Tatu* and her 14 year-old adopted mother, Kali, also a Staffordshire Bull Terrier, has motored *Konokono* across

especially from his mooring at Mwanza Yacht Club, there where the *Wazungu* still boat but no longer drink. Usually he collects his guests there, and brings them to Wag Hill the water-route.

Unfortunately, our shopping trip with Robyn completely altered and sabotaged his well-made plans for the day.

Konokono is an amazing old boat. She's 28 foot long, snub-nosed, and has to be one of the earliest fibre-glass hulled boats on Lake Victoria. They built 'em strong then! About an inch thick. Osmosis? *What* osmosis? When Bill won her in a long-ago and drunken card game at Mwanza Yacht club, she was powered by a huge inboard diesel. Eventually he tired of the old engine's sicknesses, ripped it out, and replaced it with two 115 horse-power Yamaha outboards. Sometime later, an elderly, Russian-crewed Boeing 707, overloaded with Nile perch and bananas, opened its throttles wide, wobbled skywards, lacked corrugated-iron perimeter height, tried to lift its nose, hit stalling speed, and flopped into the waiting lake. Bill got involved in the salvage operation – his reward five of the old plane's seats, and bits from her dashboard. To drive *Konokono* he sits on one of the 707's pilot seats. Passengers sit on two pairs of joined aisle ones; very comfortable, still in original blue vinyl upholstery. I'm relieved to hear nobody died in the 707 crash! I cannot think of a better new name for this venerable old boat than the Modern African Queen! Bill isn't forthcoming about being Dirk Bogard, and Robyn's definitely not too keen on being Katherine Hepburn!

Bill was, however, Robyn tells us with a wry grin, made famous in Mwanza, by *Konokono*. Every time he found a new girlfriend, usually a passing nurse or aide-worker in Tanzania, *Konokono* suddenly got a facelift! I take a look around. You don't really need a toilet with all those bushes and rocks ashore. A fridge, well there's a small rusty paraffin one in the corner of the cabin. Cold wine and beer. Food? There's shelves for cans, fresh fruit is always around, there's plastic plates, some cutlery. What else? Oh, a bed. Yup, one of those, convertible to a double by joining the long cabin seats. Cruise in moonlight, food, cold wine, peace, and a double bed. What else could a paramour offer a lonesome lady?

"Does he still fix her up nicely for you these days, Robyn?" I ask.

"Nah, he reckons he doesn't really need to, now he's got me!" she laughs.

Mzigo aboard, cavorting *Tatu* showing her sealegs by galloping at speed along the four inch coach roof side-deck, and a more cautious *Kali* boarding and taking a place on an old Boeing seat. Bill taking his wheel, Robyn, Ingrid and I sitting next to *Kali*, and Bill fires up the big Yamahas. We cruise at barely one knot just a stone's throw offshore, a distance of five to six hundred yards to the next pier. Short as it is, it's a spectacular mini-cruise.



The rocks, the rocks! What can be said about these huge, magnificent, multi-shaped, smooth boulders, which cluster together in arrangements of pure poetry, lean out over the water like ancient sentinels from a different epoch, as indeed they are, and fill the soul with naked awe? Why is it when nature decides to put on a spectacle, it does it in

such overdose? Just one tenth of this, and I'd be impressed.

Then there's the plants. Wherever the majestic boulders allow, diverse bushes of every hue and shape cling to the thin strips of exposed earth. In some places, though how they do it I don't know, fully grown trees have forced their way skywards, to bathe their olive-green leaves in the dazzling sunlight. On the rocks and between the shade-throwing foliage, purple-headed *igama* lizards hunt for insects. On a broad expanse of smooth rock, a four-foot monitor lizard watches us carefully. He's an old resident here, Bill says, and he's used to *Kali* and *Tatu* tormenting him. Here I have to give way to the beautiful on-line brochure of Wag Hill prepared with such love and care by Bill and Robyn (or Robyn and Bill?), because I can't hope to compete with the prose or the photography. The link is <<http://www.waghill.com>>, and, take my word for it, it's as described!

I can't even keep up with the list of the bird varieties to be spotted on this blessed piece of lake shore, but, quoting just part of their list, there are pied kingfishers, grey headed kingfishers, malachite kingfishers, ibises, groups of untroubled small white egrets poking about in rock crevices with narrow bills, cormorants, storks, *bui-bui*'s, an occasional sunbird, several wagtails, shrikes darting from branch to branch, monarch birds, flycatchers and fish eagles. It's fortunate we don't see them all at once, or we'd be overwhelmed. The joy here is in seeing just one, or maybe two, specimens, going about his or her daily business, noting us, but knowing we're no danger. I'd advise any bird-lover or "twitcher" visiting here to take a good book for East African bird-identification with them. And, if they are really keen, possibly even a good pair of binoculars. German, perhaps!

For a proper description of Wag Hill Lodge, I defer again to the brochure (not a thing I'd normally do, but Wag Hill is special, and not the 'commercial' type of enterprise I'd shy away from promoting myself).

My description from here on is existential, meaning what I saw and experienced, not necessarily with much insight or understanding. How humbling! After thinking of myself all these years as a native of these very parts, I find I remain ignorant of so, so much of the natural world which gave me succour as a child, and with which I am still so much in love. What does this say to me? That I've cut a narrow course in experience, seen only what was vital at the time, ignored, sublimated, blocked out the rest? Suppose you don't focus on a honeysucker when a hyena's getting close! But can that change now? Can I revisit, re-see some of what I omitted to prioritise? There's a lovely old Swahili proverb which goes '*Mlimbua nchi ni mwananchi!*' It means 'he who enjoys the first fruit of a country is son of that country'. Am I then still able to say I am a truly a son, even a prodigal one? I really hope so!

Here we go, being shown the lodge. It's spectacular. There's a huge thatch-covered verandah overlooking a generous blue swimming pool, carved out of native rock, creating an horizon-pool effect. Natural rocky outcrops have been left in place, making it feel very natural. Sitting at a huge table overlooking the pool, and beyond to the lake, Bill announces it's "that time of day" and snaps the top off a bottle of *Tusker* Lager for me, and, to my surprise, off two bottles of Heineken for Robyn and himself. Must be too much sun! Here I am, after travelling all day, tongue hanging out to pour my remembered and long-missed African nectar down my dry throat, and these two crazy and misguided *mzungus* only drink these inferior (and MORE expensive) imported Dutch beers!

Bill begins to tell me about the problems on Lake Victoria. There are many, he says. Where to start? Well, to begin with, the Nile perch.....

Unfortunately, my health was very poor after we returned from Tanzania and Kenya at the end of October 2010, so my blog stopped here. I have recovered somewhat, and we even managed three weeks in Malindi, in February this year. I'm going to re-start the blog, with a description of the

many terrible problems assailing Dear Lake Victoria, and the watu who live near it. Then I'll record our onward flight, in October 2010, from Mwanza to Nairobi, and from there, landing en-route at Lamu Island, to Malindi, Kenya.

STORIES FROM MEMBERS AROUND THE WORLD

COWBOYOGRAPHY from SOUTH FLORIDA

[Don Rooker-Smith KR4969]

In the mid 80's the very hard freezes wiped out the citrus in the central parts of Florida, and the industry moved further south in order to re-establish citrus, in a less harsh environment. This meant all the ranchers in south Florida were now offered very lucrative prices for their land. I had been given the job of disposing of all the cattle on the large Turner Corporation, to make way for the expanding citrus development about to take place.

Turner Corp. was headed by John **Clarke** [KR6205], whose parents had farmed at Dundori, prior to the million acre buy out of European farms at Independence. With the prices of good livestock at rock bottom, the Clarkes decided to buy at Londiani and transfer their livestock. They later again sold Londiani and moved to what was then Rhodesia, buying a farm in the Umvukwes area. After a couple of years, they decided to sell up once again, and were headed to New Zealand, when they called in to visit friends at Boston, USA. At that stage John was firmly convinced his only worry now, was as to which side of the river he intended to fish from, in New Zealand. However, whilst at Boston he met a couple of big American financiers, who talked him into setting up an agricultural operation in south Florida.....and the rest as they say, is history.

C.J.A **Clarke** ~ born in Kenya, ex Kenton, DOYS and Cambridge University. He worked for Coopers in Kenya before assisting on the family farms. Whilst heading up Turner Corp in Florida, he was responsible for "importing a number of ex Afs" to assist him ~ notably Clive and Nigel **Morris** and Rob de **Villiers**, all Rhodesian and innumerable young colonials, who worked part time on those Florida farms over the years.

All of us owe John a huge debt of gratitude for his foresight and leadership, and for making it possible for us and our families to relocate to a successful life in the States. Turner Corp. was eventually sold to King Ranch, who I continued to work for in the citrus industry, having previously worked for them in Brazil. John went on to head up the very successful development of Lakewood Ranch in central Florida, and retired having amassed many accolades, becoming a highly respected member of that community, and also having done extremely well indeed.

However, I digress from the main thrust of these notes! Whilst associated with the cattle industry in that part of the world, one heard numerous tales of derring-do and the hilarious, some of which I am sure are improved by embellishment~ so here goes!

A nearby rancher to us had recently sold out to the huge citrus company, A. Duda and Sons. He had rounded up all his stock and disposed of them ~ except one canny old bull! In this part of Florida the system is that when extra cattle work is required, you are able to hire day cowboys - paid by the day, they provide their own horses and transport and are known as Florida Crackers, by virtue of "cracking" whips to drive cattle; they also use dogs to flush cattle out of the unbelievably thick/difficult Palmetto Palm patches.

After years of this treatment older cattle literally “go to ground”, at the first sound of a barking dog or cracking whip, and the old lone bull mentioned previously, was a past master at concealment! They pushed him out of the Palmettos with a bull dozer, and eventually got him to the cattle pens. Old Alton, the one remaining cowboy on the place, was ordered to load him up in the gooseneck trailer, and take him to the Okeechobee Livestock Auctions, some 80 miles north.

Lakeport is half way to the Auction, and Alton decided to stop for a “snort” at the local bar. Being from the Immokalee area, he was ragged unmercifully by the Lakeport locals at the Bar ~ his parentage insulted, and they would not serve him a drink. Seething, old Alton plotted his revenge as he walked back to his truck. He then proceeded to reverse the trailer to the bar door, where he encouraged the bull to exit ~ straight into the bar!

Well you can imagine the pandemonium ~ amidst the flying bullsh*t, smashed furniture and broken glass could be heard the bellows of rage and fright both human and bovine. Some cowboy from atop the bar eventually shot that old bull ~ what a mess! Meanwhile Alton had rapidly exited the scene without even doing up the trailer gates. History does not relate what the final outcome was!

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Bill **Wilkerson** was a very experienced day cowboy, and he and his horse ‘Blue’ were well known locally. At some rowdy cowboy drinking session, Bill, in his cups had bragged that he and old Blue could rope anything, and he would put money on it ~ “anything?” the others asked ~ “yep! you name it and Blue and I will rope it!”

So the cowboys got together and came up with a ridiculous suggestion ~ “OK Bill we bet you cannot rope the short, slow local Immokalee TRAIN!! Still in his cups and in no way able to back down, Bill had to perform, or eat his words and lose his wager ~ pride comes before a fall and all that.

A couple of days later, in front of a large crowd of noisy spectators, Bill and Blue awaited the slow moving train, as it pulled into Immokalee Station. As the last truck past him by, Bill did in fact throw a loop around the empty coupling, dallied his rope/lasso around the saddle horn, and he and Blue sat back to take up the slack!

Well as you can imagine, as the slack of that rope came up. Bill/Blue were literally jerked forward with a huge jolt, off came Bill’s Stetson, and the look of “what now” on his weathered countenance, had the onlookers in hysterics. At this stage Bill must have thought that any minute now, the girth would snap, and that he would join the illustrious band of American astronauts, and fast become airborne, riding only his trusty old saddle into space! The thought of being dragged into the station only on his saddle was beyond contemplating ~ he would be a laughing stock forever more!

Meanwhile Blue was being dragged along on his haunches, with sparks flying from his shod hooves, on the hard stony ground ~ wild eyed, blowing steam and farting staccato, like only a terrified horse can! Snorting and puffing old Blue was dragged forward, until there was no skin left on the backs of his legs, between fetlock and hock ~ and he probably lost all four shoes to boot!

Mercifully they were saved when the saddle horn suddenly snapped off, with a pistol like crack and flew past the startled station master, turning end over end at great speed, like a boomerang.

Old Blue, stove up and lame all round, can be forgiven for refusing to go anywhere near another train thereafter, but at least old Bill won his wager and the salvation of their pride!

WHITE NILE

Dennis **Leete**, writing to John **Morley**, the Tullow Oil troubleshooter in Kenya at the moment, who was their country manager on Lake Albert last year, and married to Gilfrid **Powys**' niece, Patricia: I am re reading Alan **Moorhead**'s, "The White Nile"; definitely the best book on the 19th century exploration of Central Africa; written over 50 years ago.

He offers an excellent account of **Emin**'s dilemma, after **Stanley**'s expedition came to 'rescue' him. **Emin** had his headquarters at Lado, a couple of miles south of present day Juba. But when Khartoum fell to the Mahdists, the Arabs dispatched **Gordon**'s steamer with a well armed force upriver, and demanded he surrender to them. **Emin** was tempted to do this - he was a Muslim anyway, and had been in South Sudan for twelve years - and had a large population of some 12,000 soldiers, administrators and followers, to think about. But he had also collected a \$250,000 personal haul of ivory; and he had been offered posts by both William **McKinnon** of the BEA Company, to open up Buganda, and King **Leopold** (via **Stanley**) to annexe Equatoria to the Congo.

His solution was to leave Lado, leaving a small Egyptian garrison behind; and another one at Dufile, (present day Nimule) and move to Wadelai, where he had two steamers, and access to Lake Albert. He already knew that **Stanley** was on his way up the Congo River to meet him, but he had no intentions of being 'rescued', which would entail his being repatriated to Cairo, and a minor job with the Khedive's Government. He was manoeuvring himself to take up one of the two offers, from a position of strength.

But then his garrison at Dufile revolted, while he was visiting them, and took him as a hostage, with the intention of grabbing **Stanley** later as well, after his arrival. The reasons and detail for this action are not clear now, and were probably not, even then. Perhaps they wanted his ivory haul. Egyptians!

And then panic ensued, when the northern Arab force from Khartoum approached Lado. The Egyptians released **Emin**, and fled with him back to Wadelai. At this moment, **Stanley** arrived in total disarray, sick, without any supplies or equipment, and asked **Emin** to return to Zanzibar with him. You have to sympathise with **Emin**. It took several weeks, while he prevaricated between his options. Here, he was a King; being rescued by a pauper. Once he left Wadelai, he was in the hands of the pauper; and what about the ivory and the balance of his 12,000 men? **Stanley** refused to travel with more than a few hundred; mainly his trained, armed soldiers. In the end, **Emin** capitulated, and left with **Stanley**, presumably still fearing the Arab force approaching from the North, and his recent capture, by his unreliable and untrustworthy Egyptians.

He left a well established administration in a sizable town, a trained and armed military force, his steamers, and presumably his stash of ivory. For some reason, the Arabs abandoned their invasion and returned to Khartoum. **Emin** must have reassured his remaining men that he would return as soon as possible, and lead them to safety, and must have had every intention to do so, if only to recover his ivory. But here they remained for the next ten years, until finally rescued by Capt **Lugard**, **Emin**'s replacement with the BEA Company, at the turn of the 20th century. The steamers, *Khedive* and *Nyanza* had supposedly foundered; and had not been scuppered by **Emin**, at the mouth of the Semiliki River, to avoid their falling into the hands of the **Mahdi** forces, as I had supposed, in earlier conversations with you.

They could be anywhere. I imagine they were used by the remaining administration left behind, for some time, and, as is usual, might well have been overloaded on a journey across the lake, and sunk in a storm. The chances of you finding them, even by an aerial survey, in the pristine water of Lake Albert, are sadly, pretty remote now. It would be a miracle discovery to find them, but you never

know, it might still happen. You saw what happened to the *Robert Coryndon*, at Butiaba, in less than 40 years!

As for poor old **Emin**; he fell off a balcony on his arrival at Bagamoyo, (probably pissed), cracked his skull, and was unconscious for days, and recovered slowly over months. By this stage, some five months after leaving Equatoria, **Stanley** could not stand the sight of him, so the offer to annexe Equatoria on behalf of King **Leopold** was withdrawn. But there is a small graveyard at Lado, which I have personally seen, with Belgian names on enamelled head plaques, so something must have happened, after **Emin** left.

No further mention is made of **Mckinnon**'s offer. Later he was awarded a medal by the **Kaiser**, and fell under German influence. He bought a shamba in Bagamoyo, and then six months later in 1891, headed a German expedition back towards Equatoria, via south of Lake Victoria, then Bukoba, and finally actually made contact with his old soldiers, who by now, were living in skins, and rejected his authority. (Idi **Amin** is descended from these remnants). So he proceeded into the Congo, without any authority from the Germans, and died there, two and a half years after leaving Bagamoyo, in 1894. It was thought that he was trying to get to the Cameroons.

I wonder what happened to his ivory haul, probably worth \$10 million at today's prices?

And so it goes,

REMEMBRANCE SERVICE: REICHSWALD WAR CEMETERY 11 NOVEMBER 2011

[Francine Garratt]

"Yesterday, I had the honour and privilege of laying a wreath at Reichswald War Cemetery. Growing up as the daughter of Gino **Lusso** [KR422], who served in East Africa in the King's African Rifles, I have heard many stories of my father's experiences during the war.

"Like most children, I did not pay the attention that I should have. However, now as my Dad is in his 90s I am finally able to pay the respect and gratitude to him and all those who served in East and Central Africa during the wars.

"My husband and I have been living here in Germany for the last eleven years and I have now become a member of The Royal British Legion and am the Secretary for our Branch here in Rheindahlen where we have just over 300 members. This year the Remembrance Service was focused on Reichswald, being the largest Commonwealth War Cemetery in terms of area. There are 7,654 graves and it was designed by Philip **Hepworth**. In 1945, at the end of the War soldiers and airmen were brought from burial places in Western Germany and laid to rest in Reichswald. Many of these brave souls perished in the grim battle of the Rhineland.

"To lay a wreath on behalf of the East and Central Africa Military Forces gave me the opportunity to honour our brave men and women. It is thanks to The Royal British Legion and Sergeant Major **O'Hanlon** from the Rhine Garrison that I was able to join senior military officers and dignitaries from the area, including the British Consul based in Dusseldorf, in the wreath laying ceremony.

"In total there were some 300 military personnel and members of the public who came together on a bright but chilly autumn day to pay their respects. For me this was a personal tribute to my father who fought for King and Country and a mark of respect to those that did not come home".



FRANCINE IN THE REICHSWALD WAR CEMETERY, GERMANY

DESTINATION ALASKA

Jeremy **Randall**, son the the late Maurice [KR630] and Nancy **Randall** from his yacht SY *Jervon*, somewhere in the Caribbean: "I am sorry if this reply has taken too long but in this part of the modern world, comms are not so easy to come by.

"The internet is a strange affair here where the Americans will pay any amount to have it. It's an absolute drug to them, worse than cocaine, so prices are incredible.(US\$10 or more per day) We poor *yachties* of the other currency cannot afford that so we have to rely on unreliable, doubtful wi-fi from weak sources, moving anchor to where its obtainable and when another boat moves.

"To answer your questions, our steel, centre cockpit ketch is called *Jervon* a combination of our names; JERemy and yVONne. Our plan is to truck *Jervon* from Duluth in Lake Superior to Vancouver, relaunch her there then head north to Alaska. This may change for many reasons, not least being the American politician and visas.

"At present we are headed to Florida, after New Year and then on up to Nova Scotia, all being well. The other alternative is to retrace our path and enter the Pacific via the Beagle Channel and Cape Horn. We visited Ushuaia when in Argentina and that southern area and the Chilean channels are absolutely stunning. I would very much like to spend some time down there. The wine and crab is good too".



SY JERVON, AND JEREMY WITH DINNER

"We have a small problem with our engine---- a broken oil ring, so we fill the oil and top up diesel, and sail the distance. We only use the engine for heaving and dropping anchor and emergencies. We are slower and sailing around crowded anchorages makes for interesting (read tense) times and often strong language may be heard between skipper and crew!! but in the end all is good fun.

"When I have a chance I will write a summary of our trip to date and get that off to you, hopefully in the next couple of weeks. We are about to head off up to the Grenadan Island of Carriacou in the next day or so. Please pass on my very best *salaams, habari's* to all".

82 SECTION KENYA POLICE RESERVE : MARMANET

Author unknown - submitted by the late Jim Wakeford [KR1106/KPR]

T' Mau Mau was worryin' Sekshun, with 'acking and murder an' rape. So sez SRPO " Lads, let's fix 'em, let not one single gangster 'scape".

Just then in comes postman with letter from Erskine and Fowkes an O' Rorke, saying " Chaps, you must stop being crool it's makin' 't Socialists talk."

T'Sekshun was 'orrible worried. To think that such things could 'ave been, an' decided, at all costs, they should make no mistakes, they must keep t'Sekshun's name clean.

So patrol were sent off to Sipili, to give Mau Mau there notice to quit. T'were all done quite reg'lar in writin', wiv lorry to 'elp them to flit.

They found Mau Mau 'ad called in at boma, just lookin' for somethin' to maim, an' 'ad carved up three cows an' some Masai. T'were not really playin' t'game.

They sets off on t' spoor into forest, with trackers t'show them t'course; determined, if they should meet Mau Mau to keep up t'good name of t'Force.

They comes on three Kiuks Iyin' sleepin', a-dreamin' of 'eaven to come.

Sez Roger to Norman "Give order now, Lad".

Sez Roger "Three lemon and rum".

Then Jabby three times sez "Simama", but Kiuks, they just snored louder still.

Sez Norman, "Ee, lads we can't shoot them, or is there a 'Sleeping Kiuks Bill'?"

They argues an' argues an' argues, on 'ow they should treat sleepin' men an' decide, since there was nowt in t'book, that they'd better go up an' ask Ken.

Sez Ken, "If they're sleepin or wakin' an' you gives them order to 'ALT, an' they don't obey, well you shoot them" Sez Jabby " Nay lad, that were fault.

It sez in these 'ere regilations on page nine one four, para five, that it's duty of Pleece, if they don't kill 'em dead to bring in t'buggers alive".

Sez Ken " Well, one way to decide it is to ring up Nairobi HQ, an' if you'll excuse me, I'll 'ave to go off, I 'ave urgent date with a few".

So Jabby rings 999 Nairobi an' asks for Michael Sylvester O'Rorke.

But 'e's told e's just 'ad 'is 'air cut an' is still suffering badly from shock.

He then gets Sir Evelyn Barin', oo sez " A'm glad to 'ear from you chums, ah just can't decide on your query a'll ask Oliver next time 'e comes".

Then voice on t'phone sez "'Lo Sekshun, this is Crawford 'ere, Deputy Gov.

Why don't you wait 'til t'Mau Mau wakes up, an' then give t'baskets my love".

They meets Ken on t'way back to Sipili with three stiffs in t'back of 'is bus 'E sez "Chums you can all go to bed now these 'ere lot'il cause no more fuss'.

They were all sittin' up drinkin' 'heir tay, but they saw me an' started to run.

I shouted out" 'ALT, but they failed to obey, An' that's 'nother three notches for gun".

Sez Channer next day in 'is broadcast, "New order 'as just come to 'and W'en you find Kiuks Iyin' down you sing GOD SAVE T'QUEEN an' you can shoot if t'buggers don't stand".

Interviewed by the East African Standard Mr John **Wyatt** the member for Law without Order, said,

"It was the duty of the Police Patrol to touch the Kiuks on the shoulder and warn them that anything they said in their sleep might be used in evidence against them."

PHOTOGRAPHS : PAST AND PRESENT

Members who underwent training at KGVI Barracks in Salisbury, Rhodesia will remember this training team.



Back Row: SGT J. CAMERON (BW); SGT E. DARGUL (GORDONS); SGT C.G. PRIOR (RNF)

2nd row: SGT UNSWOTH (LOYALS); SGT BULL (RWR); SGT TURNER (RHR); SGT ROBERTSON (BW)

Seated: CAPT A.C.K. BARKAS (DLI); MAJ A.D. LEWIS DSO (DORSETS); CSM CAMERON (SG); CAP H. BELL (Y&L)

KRA (NATAL) LUNCH 14 MARCH 2012: FERN HILL HOTEL

For our three overseas visitors – Alec Abell and Dingo Plenderleith from Spain and Don Rook-Smith from Florida – to be able to attend we switched from a Sunday to a Wednesday, resulting in a smaller turnout than usual. However, that didn't prevent Des Bristow, James Daniel and Boet de Bruin, all Gautengers, from attending. Others who managed to make it were: Bernard Blowers from Harrismith, Nigel and Spike Bulley from Durban, Heather Davidson (née Munro), Meryl Dickenson (née Mccaldin), Stan Engelbrecht, Bob & Connie Gray, Simon & Angela (née Dawson-Curry) Harris, Mabel Higginson (née Croxford) from Pennington; Eric & Shirley (née Brown) Holyoak, Barry & Val (née Arnold) Jacob, Nick & Noreen Karnezos, Denis Kearney, Dave & June Lester,

Margaret Lead (née Mckenzie), Peter Manger, Doug & son Allister Miles from Durban, John & Ros Moore, Irene Mordecai-Jones (née Dawson-Curry), Diana Nineham (née Ulyate); Gary Plenderleith & Audrie Ryan from Durban, Jenny & Bruce Rookan-Smith, Pete Smith (Anne (née Campbell) in hospital suffering from very swollen knee), Neil & Jean Warrack, and Keith Watson.



L/R: SHIRLEY HOLYOAK; MABEL HIGGINSON, ERIC HOLYOAK AND DOUG MILES



L/R: NIGEL BULLEY, DOUG MILES AND SPIKE BULLEY

KENYA REGIMENT ASSOCIATION LUNCH AT SPIKE & JEAN BULLEY'S HOUSE,
KLOOF 7th JUNE 1987. [Ed: *Photo split in two to allow easier identification of members*]

The KRA in Natal 'got off the ground' when Spike & Jean Bulley very kindly hosted two lunches at their home in Kloof. After the second lunch, much to the Bulley's relief, it was obvious that a bigger venue was required and so a committee under the guidance of the late Doug Miles was formed; thereafter lunches and annual reunions were held at hotels.



LEFT HALF OF THE PHOTO

Back row: Doug Crochart; *Porky* Moore; Ben Wyatt; ????; *Ossie* McPhee; *Gordie* Crow;
Mainwaring Dawson Curry

Middle row: Stan Engelbrecht; *Pinky* Muirhead; Laurie Slade(?); Bill Harvey; Leon Baillon, Pete
Smith, Chum Campbell-Gilles; Don MacIntosh

Front Row: David Innes-Walker; Sid Moscoff; Doug Miles; *Spike* Bulley



RIGHT HALF OF THE PHOTO

Back row: ????; Mike Shelly; John Pembridge; Pete Ellson; Dave Lester; Johnnie Northmore; Andy Rayner; partially hidden Brian Carr-Hartley

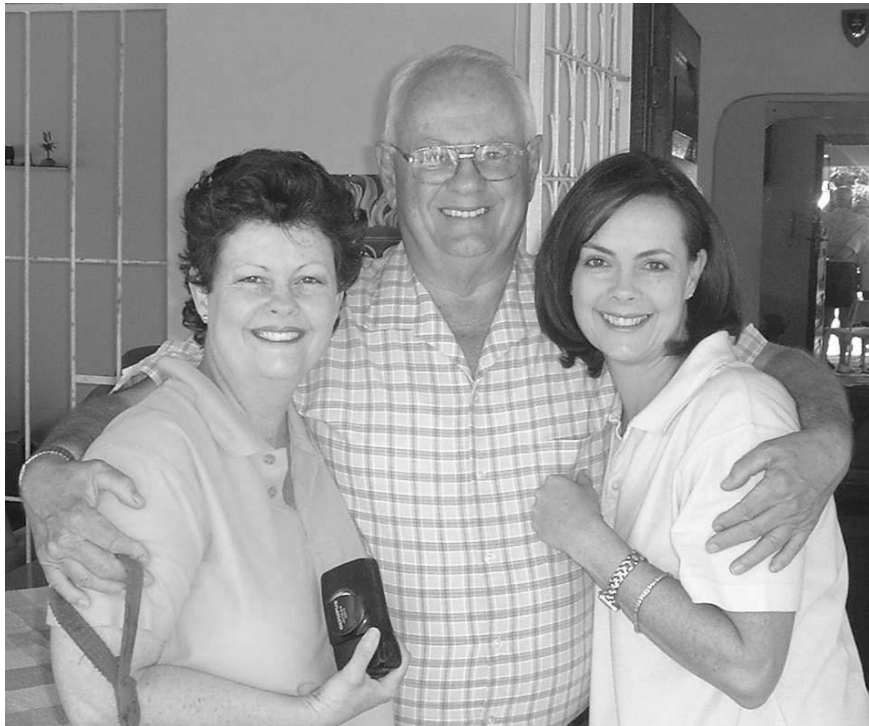
Middle row: John Robson (?); ?????; Laurie Pearse; Nigel Bulley;

Front row: Tony Bond; Brian Edmondson; Harold Thomas; Bob Simpson; Eric Holyoak

Since these photos were taken, the late Walter Scott arranged a number of coastal reunion weekends – Umhlanga Sands Hotel when Sid Moscoff and *Davo* attended, Umhlanga Rocks Hotel (shades of the old Kenya coastal hotels and the Blue Marlin Hotel, Scottburgh where the 2004 KRA reunion was held in 2004.

Upcountry lunches were initially held at Crossways Country Inn in Hilton, which, over a period of four years, changed hands three times, each time resulting in a shrinkage of the space required for members to enjoy meals in comfort. So, we moved closer to the N3 highway to the Hilton Hotel, an ideal venue where members met at the *Mist & Drizzle* pub for a few pre-lunch drinks. When the Hilton changed hands and a twelve month revamp was envisaged, we moved to Fern Hill Hotel, just outside Howick where we were warmly welcomed and well looked after. The Hilton came back on line as the very upmarket, Hilton Protea Hotel and whilst they were more than happy to host our lunches were unable to guarantee booking even if pre-booked a year ahead!

James **Daniel** sent in this undated photo of girls at the Kenya High School inside an old RAF building. Names would be appreciated



Indirectly, this issue is a tribute to the late Doug Miles seen with daughters Mandy and Jo-Ann, and members of the Regiment who tramped through the forests during the Emergency.
