

mini-SITREP XLIV



KRA/EAST AFRICA SCHOOLS DIARY OF EVENTS: 2014/2015

AUSTRALIA

Brisbane: Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club, Brisbane Sun 17th Aug
Gold Coast: Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Cuisine, 512 Christine Ave, Robina Sun 23rd Nov
Sunshine Coast: Curry Lunch, Caloundra Power Boat Club Sun 3rd May 2015
Contact: Giles Shaw <giles_shaw@aapt.net.au>
Perth: Bayswater Hotel (?) Sep/Oct (TBA)
Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolley <a.jolley38@optusnet.com.au>
EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney Sun 26th Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. Mob: 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Curry Lunch: Royal Logistic Corps Officers Mess, Camberley Wed 16th Jul
Contact: John Harman <J_Harman@msn.com> Tel: (0044) 1635 551182.
Mob: 078-032 81357. 47 Enborne Road, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6AG

KENYA

Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch: Nairobi Clubhouse 9th Nov
Commemoration of the Centenary of the start of WW1 14/17 Aug 2014
Three day tour of cemeteries and battle sites in the Taveta/Taita/Voi area
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Lunch at Soljans Winery, Kumeu, Auckland Oct (TBA)
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at ?? Jul (TBA)
Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>
Johannesburg: Lunch at German Club, Johannesburg Oct & April (TBA)
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>
KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 15/6; 14/9; 23/11
Contact: Anne/Pete Smith. Tel: 033-330 7614 <smith@nitrosoft.co.za> or
Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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Kenya Regiment Website <www.Kenyaregiment.org> is now run by Iain Morrison's son Graeme.

[Ed: *m-S XLIV is dedicated to members of the KRA who have passed on, and to their families, in particular the late Bill Botha [4557] and the family of the late Don Findlay [3617/5644], who very generously donated funds so that those less fortunate could continue receiving mini-SITREP. I would also like to thank Betty Bales (née Jenkins), aided by husband Graham [6563] for proof-reading.*]

Front cover: Launching a *ngalawa* in front of the Driftwood Hotel, Malindi (Photo by Keith Elliot)

Back cover: Menengai Crater from Petre Barclay's farm. In the foreground, land he leases in the crater (Photo by Mary Rooken-Smith (née Foster)).

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

MYSTERY OF EAST AFRICA

[Muhaimin Khamisa]

Princess Elizabeth was in Kenya in 1952 at the Tree Tops lodge in Nyeri. While there, she heard the sad news that her father, King George VI, had passed away. She descended to the forest floor as Queen Elizabeth II. This event affected me as a coin collector because East African coins that had featured King George VI were changed to show Queen Elizabeth II.

I grew up in the ancient city of Mombasa and started collecting East African colonial coins and it developed into a great hobby. I used to hear fascinating stories of a Queen Elizabeth 10-cent coin from East Africa dated 1957. Most of the Queen Elizabeth coins were minted in 1956 and I never saw one dated 1957. But the rumours of this rare coin kept circulating.



At first I thought these old folks were just taking me for a ride. I always thought this coin was a myth that old coin collectors enjoyed talking about. I checked the world coin catalogue and there is no 1957 10-cent coin listed. I wondered why these collectors kept talking about this mysterious coin. I heard that a British coin collector had come to Kenya as a tourist and was willing to buy this coin at any price.

Some of these old coin collectors were: Winston Wouketch from Mombasa; the late Omar Zamzam from Malindi; the late Omar Naji from Mamburi; the late Orema Mohamedali from Lamu; the late Arif Rashid from Nairobi; and my mentor Kassam Noorani of Mombasa. Noorani collected coins from the 1970s. Even he had not seen the mystery coin.

One morning I received a call from Kassam Noorani. He told me he had hunted down the mystery 1957 coin. A chill ran down my spine. Noorani said the coin was found in the safe of a deceased person who lived near old town in Mombasa. The relatives sold all the coins in the safe and among them was this great joy - a 1957 Queen Elizabeth 10-cent coin. Finally Noorani sold me the coin. As far as I know, this coin is unique and I have the only known example.

I contacted some coin dealers in the UK who replied that because of the coin's extreme rarity, it would be hard to give the value it might fetch if it were auctioned, but the beginning price would probably start at about £500.

My 1957 coin is in good condition but it is used. It's a mystery how one coin dated 1957 slipped circulation with the other coins of the day. Perhaps someone in the mint secretly made their own die for the coin, or maybe, someone put the wrong date on the die and when the first coin was minted, they found it had the wrong date and they destroyed the die. I may never know the answer as to how the coin came into being, but I was very happy to find the coin was not a myth and the quest for the 1957 10-cent coin ended with the coin in my collection.

[Ed: *This article first appeared in Old Africa – Issue 50 December 2013 - January 2014; hopefully, one or more readers will find other 1957 Ten-Centis hidden amongst their boxes of coins and EA memorabilia.*]



KENYA REUNION – NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2013

Pre-reunion banter

Denis Leete [4094] <dleete2@gmail.com> 25/09/2013: Kenya is recovering from the harrowing attack on the Westgate Centre ; and is both stronger and more united as a result; it will make no difference to our reunion plans, and I am proud to say, no one has written to me, cancelling their bookings.

Living is dangerous, wherever you are; earthquakes, tsunamis, fires, 9/11, 7/7, Locherbie, Madrid, Philippines etc. The trick is to avoid being in the wrong place, at the wrong time! And you'll never know until it happens! Such is life. You can't avoid risk, if you want to enjoy life.

This letter is copied to all who have made reservations, and I will shortly be sending you the Bank address of all the hosts - Soysambu, The Muthaiga Club, Lions Bluff and the Driftwood Club - so that you can remit some funds to them, to cover your stay.

I will give you a suggested figure for each, if you wish to take up this method, though I notice from the deposits, that remittances from Australia are charged an exorbitant bank charge of over A\$25 for each transaction. You are welcome to use any other methods if you wish.

I have taken out an Air Medivac insurance policy with the Flying Doctor Service, covering each of you, by name, for the period you are in Kenya i.e. from 1st November (except George Perry, who is arriving late Oct). It cost US\$10 each, which I have deducted from your cumulative deposits. Wherever you are, should you have an accident or heart attack, they will collect you from the nearest airstrip or road, with a doctor on board, and all the kit you might need to survive. Actually, God forbid anything happens, but I have a sneaking hope, to see how it works in action. So maybe one of you might simulate something, and we can all enjoy the rescue!

So on this note, start packing your pith helmet, brookies, tackies , swimmers (budgie smugglers, as they are called in Australia) and sun tan lotion. Don't worry about anti-malarials, which your doctor will entreat you to bring, or flu shots and any other medicaments for local *lurgis*. except perhaps your favourite insect repellent and anti-diarrhoea *dawa*, to take until your intestinal flora adapts to the local wogs (another innocent Australian expression.)

Our resident pharmacist, the Famous Dr. George Mcknight, who practically owns the pharmaceutical industry in East Africa, will tell us exactly what you need, and we can get it locally, after you arrive. *Safari Njema*, and *Karibu* to Kenya.

George McKnight [4246] <george@macnaughton.co.ke> responds: I received Dennis' email of this morning. Not surprisingly, the final paragraph contains another monstrous legpull! I am not a Dr of anything – Dennis is a Professor of B/S! I have been in the pharmaceutical agency business for the past fifty years, without ever learning anything about pharmacology. I am just a bean counter. Fortunately, I have two very capable lieutenants, who cover up my shortcomings, and whilst we operate in four East African countries, we are not one of the top players.

I must ask you not to buy any beer for Dennis while you are out here, it obviously goes to his head! But please do feel encouraged to lavish hospitality on Jane.
P.S We should be able to recommend Malaria prophylactics.

HOW OTHERS SAW IT

[Ed: *My thanks to members who submitted articles and numerous photos, sadly space is limited; have tried to minimise repetition so some articles may appear disjointed.*]

Jack Collier [6976] <jackcollier@oceanbroadband.net>: What a blast it was, from start to finish. I didn't go to Lions Bluff or the Driftwood, as I had organised a trip to Eldoret, Kisumu, Sotik (my old stamping ground), and the Mara.

The reunion started when the overseas visitors descended on the Muthaiga Club on 5th November, where we caught up with Dennis Leete, the organiser; the tour was done Kenya-style but each and every one of us had a wonderful time and enjoyed every minute of it. Dennis and his team are to be congratulated for what they achieved.

We left the club on the 6th, late, as the Halligan-Jolly lot were late getting onto our special transport, a 30-seater school bus (Pembroke House), and a smaller twelve-seater. A bit cramped in the former, known 'as a knees-up Mother Brown'; a few with lanky legs fared worse - never mind, we managed.



We did not go to Soysambu, but to Malewa Bush Venture Camp run by Christopher and Christine Campbell Clause on the opposite side of Gigil; we had our first taste of roads and rail crossings, sore bums and bumped heads; boulders on the road which we had to miss or destroy the chassis; a few we hit in the small bus, where I happened to be sitting on top of the engine with no padding - enough said. The distance was only fifteen km but felt like 300.

Left: DENNIS LEETE GREETES GUESTS; IN THE BACKGROUND L/R: VAIRY TATTON G/DAUGHTER OF CHRIS NICOLAS [4630] AND KERRY STEWART.

We arrived at tent city, supplied by Jock Anderson, set up under the trees, with long-drops and the best bush showers I have ever used; plenty of hot water supplied from the constantly replenished, overhead, thirteen gallon *matungis*. [Right – photo by AH-J]

Now for the best, the food was something to behold, fit for a king; every meal was fantastic, cooked, I think on wood-fired stoves; better than many up-market restaurants. The alcohol department operated smoothly and efficiently, as only Kenyans can deliver.



On to the now infamous bus trip to Naivasha to visit Billy Coulson's rose farm; some 35 of us hardy adventurers looking for some wild times, and we got it. The driver needs a medal for his driving ability, if he was taught at Pembroke House I would gladly offer a student a job in Australia! It had been raining during the night, and on leaving camp the driver, as instructed, turned right as we were supposed to be taking a short-cut. Gradually, the road narrowed down to a grass track, became steeper, with massive big ruts, and yes, we got stuck!



Abandoning ship, we pushed, put light shrub under the wheels; instructions were flying left, right and centre; The driver must have wondered where all these mad *wazungu* had come from, telling him to ‘put the wheels up a two foot bank to get out of the ruts when the diff was sitting on a rock, with one wheel spinning with no traction.’ We found some rocks, and with a fair amount of huffing and puffing, managed to place them under the wheels. More pushing and we eventually got to the top of the hill. [Photo by Stan Bleazard]

The wheel tracks were so deep we nearly rolled the bus onto its side three times. I guesstimate we pushed the bus some two to three km through black cotton soil which stuck to our shoes, increasing our height by some two inches; the gap between the two rear tyres was solid with this black, glutinous soil.

The two land rovers which had left camp after us, had obviously taken a different route or they would have caught up with us - they should have sent out May Day call, where the hell were they?

We endeavoured to get our esteemed leader on the phone with no success; apparently he had contacted the school using somebody else’s mobile, (a) to find out where we were and (b) told them to expect a call from someone on the bus. After some time we were able to get a phone number via the school to establish what phone he was using. When we eventually communicated he told me he had left his mobile at the camp with a flat battery!



ELAINE & JOHN DUGMORE, STAN BLEAZARD



CHRIS CAMPBELL-CLAUSE AND JOCK ANDERSON

We had left the camp site at 08h15, and arrived at Naivasha at about 13h00, for a picnic lunch at Crater Lake; guess what? It rained like mad, so we ended up in the ranger’s house - belatedly many thanks to the ranger’s family.

As us bus-recovery ‘experts’ missed visiting Bill Coulson’s rose farm that day, we were offered a second chance and certainly appreciated Billy’s hospitality, and entrepreneurship.

Jock’s tents were great except for the occasional river which rose through the floor in some tents as the rain belted down.

In conclusion to this part of the adventure, some of us were pondering how best to ensure Dennis always carried his mobile! All in all, we had a great time, a never to be forgotten experience - thanks Dennis.

On the day of departure, we left camp on the correct route led by a Land Rover; up a steep hill and the mini bus got stuck; Land Rover did not have a tow point on the rear but one in the front, so it had to tow the bus up the hill in reverse!

We arrived at Muthaiga in good shape; the Remembrance Day service was well conducted and emotive; the lunch and fellowship very special, and I caught up with old friends I hadn't seen for 60 years.

Stan Bleazard [4242]: Departing Perth 27th October, we flew Emirates via Dubai to Nairobi, more than fifteen hours airborne and three hours shopping Dubai, very expensive and hardly duty free as advertised. We spent the next few days staying with old friends in Nairobi and Nanyuki below Mt Kenya; then back to Nairobi where we made a courtesy call on Dame Daphne Sheldrick, who is still busy at her elephant orphanage.

Despite some mishaps, we thought overall the Kenya Regiment reunion starting 6th November went off very well. Our camp under canvas was well set out on lawn beneath stands of mature green fever trees with individual tents overlooking the fast flowing Malewa river which I once fished for trout.



The the mess tent and bar [LEFT: PHOTO BY GILLIAN PROSSER], attended by three bright young popies attracted the attention of thirsty old comrades, while continuous light rain fell for the better part of the first night.

Breakfast in the clear light of a new day was muted; some gents with hangovers and others somewhat distraught, having woken beneath sodden blankets from leaking tents. Luckily, ours and most others were dry.

However, the fine fare, provided by Jules Tatton, daughter of Chris Nicholas [4630] soon got folk into more agreeable demeanour; which was just as well because we spent the next couple of hours pushing our hired bus up a sticky farm road. It was good exercise for us all, but it ruined our city shoes, delayed our scheduled visits to Tony Seth Smith's ranch at the west end of Lake Naivasha, and Billy Coulson's flower farms, both trips unfortunately cut very short.

Dennis Leete produced an excellent itinerary at very reasonable cost and he and his aides should be congratulated for their input.

Keith Elliot [4289] <kje@telkomsa.net>: On Saturday the 9th of November 2013, as the SAA Boeing 727 thundered down the runway at Jan Smuts, sorry Jo'burg International, I mean Oliver Tambo Airport, I wondered what memories would unfold on my final safari to Kenya.

I knew I would never be bored, and this was proved true immediately, as I recognized a fellow passenger as Kingsley Amis, the modern day South African Explorer, TV Producer and writer, who had just completed a safari through Kenya following in the footsteps of Joseph Thomson, the Scottish Explorer, which will shortly be the subject of a book. (Note to Ed - there is no 'P' in Thomsons Falls - see current Sitrep, Page 20). Amis was currently on his way to the Serengeti to make a wild life conservation film; a truly inspirational man.

Then the usual question from the flight attendant, 'Chicken or Beef', and I settled down to enjoy the three hour, forty minute flight. Kilimanjaro eventually appeared on our right, and was absolutely covered in snow, a most unusual sight, given the de-forestation on its slopes, and we soon landed smoothly at Jomo Kenyatta Airport in Nairobi, to be met by a taxi driver, kindly organised by the Muthaiga Club where we were night-stopping. [Ed: *Following three photos supplied by MCC*]

I had lunched at Muthaiga Country Club, to give it its full name, in the past, but never stayed in its hallowed accommodation.



My large room boasted a huge mosquito net around the bed (in Nairobi?) and as I lay there I wondered whether the ghosts of Lady Idina, Alice de Janze, Kiki Preston, Lord Delamere, Denys Finch Hatton, Karen von Blixen, and of course Diana, and Lord Errol himself, were on top of the wardrobe, looking down, and thinking goodness knows what?

The Club celebrates its Centenary this year, and the party on New Year's Eve on December 31st 2013, would have been a far cry from the fourteen members who sat down for the inaugural festivities on 31st December 1913!

A book could be written about the Club, and in fact one has. It is, 'Muthaiga, Volume One, 1913 to 1963', by Stephen Mills, a fascinating story of old Kenya's history.

Talking of White Hunters; there is a rather moth-eaten lion's head, in a glass case in one corridor. The story goes that the lion was shot by a Freddie Ward, whilst on safari with Donald Seth Smith, and F.O.'B Wilson, and the whole stuffed beast was kept in the men's bar, which still exists! But over the years inebriated gentlemen took pot-shots at the poor animal so frequently, that it was eventually reduced to the head only!

Suffice to say that the MCC was everything one had imagined it would be; reprimands for members of our party who wore caps in the Reception Area, bans on taking photographs, dress rules etc.

Sunday 10th November. We dressed in jacket and tie, with medals where available, and were *matatu-ed* to RHQ; an excellent turnout of local members, High Commissioners and military attachés from various Commonwealth countries.



Rev. Mike Harries [7363] [LEFT] gave an interesting sermon, and the Kenya Defence Force provided two buglers who sounded The Last Post.

There were some forty-four Regimental members in attendance, and we all stood up, and identified ourselves, by name and number.



ABOVE: L/R: FRANCIS GICHENJE [7367] & MEMBERS OF THE FLAG PARTY AND BUGLERS OF THE KENYA ARMY

[Ed: *Francis Gichenje serves on the KRAEA Committee.*]

Afterwards came an excellent curry lunch, lots of Tusker and when-we talk.

At this stage I must mention that I missed the first three days of the re-union, and will leave it to Jack Collier to relate the happenings therein !

On the Monday we embarked in half a dozen Kombi's for the trip to our next destination, Lion's Bluff in the Taita Conservancy.

The road to Mombasa has been recently resurfaced and although single lanes each way, was in excellent condition, BUT, this did not mean we had a smooth ride, for the road is the main conduit to Mombasa for containers of coffee from Rwanda, Uganda, and all sorts of other produce from up-country Kenya! We must have passed dozens of these lorries, and with the same number coming towards us at high speed made the journey exciting to say the least! I was in the front passenger seat and spent the trip hanging on for dear life, and must have aged a few years!

Our intrepid leader Dennis Leete was leading from the front in his own Kombi, but suffered an engine failure short of Voi, and had to be towed into that town, and joined us in our transport.

We made a hard right at Voi and took off up the Taveta road until eventually turning left, into the Taita Hills Conservatory, wherein is situated Lion's Bluff Lodge. This has an ideal position, on top of a hill, with a stunning 360 degree vista, including Kilimanjaro, which obligingly appeared on the first night of our stay!

The highlight, for me, was a lecture, and field trip, headed up by James G Willson, a local historian who specializes in the Von Lettow Vorbeck campaign in GEA during the 14/18 War. We then went out into the bush and trekked through an almost forgotten mini fortification, just off the Taveta Road. It was there that Jane Leete, found a mule shoe, which surely dated back to the Battle of the Bush!

Willson has written a fascinating coffee table book, 'Guerrillas of Tsavo', an account of the whole campaign in German and British East Africa; I was fortunate to be gifted with a copy, and am thoroughly enjoying the story of how Von Lettow lead Jan Smuts and Company, a merry dance through the bush!

Another enjoyable occasion was a champagne breakfast in the *msitu/pori*. The five Kombis first went on a game drive and were then supposed to meet up at Lone Tree for *chakula*, which four of us did. One truck apparently pitched, but long after we had left; possibly because George McKnight was on board, and with his sense of direction, they could have ended, up the Sabaki, without a paddle! [Ed: *George and Keith are actually very good friends, or they were.*]

Then onward and coastward to Malindi !

Because of massive daily delays/disruptions on the Mazaras/Changamwe/Mombasa Island route, due to container trucks; we turned left at Mariakani, and headed north to join the main coast road at Kilifi, on a good tarred road. However, it only lasted for a few kilometers, and then we had to detour, onto a wet dirt road meandering along, with no sign boards at all! We were all very relieved to eventually hit the tar again and have a trouble free run to Malindi. No trucks to speak of, thank goodness.

The Driftwood, and mine Host, Roger Sylvester, what an oasis of rest and recuperation! There were around 30 of us and we virtually took over the Hotel, which was great. Roger organised something each evening; from general knowledge quizzes (Roger, if you ever read this, I still don't think that

the Son of God was born in Jordan!), to a Mongolian braai around the pool, with a local singer performing, more of that later!



ABOVE: AT THE DRIFTWOOD: L/R STANDING: GEORGE PERRY, ROB & MARGARET HOULDING, VIV THORNTON.
SITTING: GILLIAN PERRY, HANS & ANNETTE SALWEGER, STEPHEN THORNTON

Peter Gerrard [6847], went deep sea fishing, and caught a fish, or so he says, I never actually saw it.

There were small dhow excursions up and down the coast; a trip to Gede, my first, believe it or not; shopping in town for the *kikoi* crowd, and just relaxing around the pool.

The food was excellent, I dined on local fish every day, which I could never do in Jo'Burg, and the Tusker flowed like, well, Tusker. I even asked for a Castle Lite, my normal tippie, one evening by mistake, and they served one!

As a matter of interest, virtually all the hotels and boarding places on the beach were empty, as Italy is suffering from financial woes. There are now houses built on the land below the ruins of the Sindbad, that appeared after the floods in the eighties; Italian owned I heard.

And to crown everything, our esteemed organiser, Dennis Leete, had arranged a Resident's rate for us of circa \$70 a day, dinner/bed/breakfast - 'Give that man a Bell's'! Tourists pay about \$166.

On the drive to the coast, and later on when I went to Naivasha, I only saw one train the whole time, and that was stationary in the veldt! What a waste!

Challenges: There were a few, but there again, too few to mention (with apologies to Sinatra.)

Amusing incidents:

The chap at the Lion's Bluff Bar, trying to explain to the learner barman, that he wanted THREE DROPS of Angastura Bitters in his pink gin!

The Jolly Halligan brothers, who kept losing one another!

At the Mongolian Braai plus cabaret, one of the *manne*, dressed from top to toe in *kikois*, leapt on the stage, to try and get the singer to liven up the beat. Fortunately he did not try to take over the mic.

We all dispersed in different directions, mainly up-country for a few days, and will all take home wonderful memories, of the FINAL(?) Kenya Regiment re-union.

I flew back to Jo'burg wearing my Blazer, which still had my poppy attached; and an American of about 60 asked me what it represented - some people! I explained, and told him that The Regiment saw action in Kenya. He then said, "Oh yes, you fought against them Germans in Tanganyika!"

Do I look that old?

Gillian Prosser <gillianprosser@optusnet.com.au> [28/01/2014]: My photos might not be good enough to be used but they are a record of sorts. The lunch after the Remembrance Service was superb although I only had the delectable curry. I enjoyed chatting to Luigi Francescon. [Dennis Leete: *Luigi was a great friend of the late Harry Hoareau [4143] and a regular at RHQ. He spends much time at the Coast at Watamu now, where he has a house. He must have attended the last Remembrance Service, but I did not see him.*] Tony Frere [4658] was wonderful. We had lunch at



Queen Elizabeth II - Treetops Kenya 1952
"Overnight, She climbed up a Princess and Climbed down a Queen"

The Outspan, spent one night at Tree Tops (which I had never seen) and he took us for a tour of The Ark and a day drive.

At Paradise Point in the Aberdares, we dispersed the ashes of my late-brother, Reg Finnis [4138]; a beautiful, green, lush hill overlooking Mt Kenya and the three (Colonels) buffaloes looking on; he is truly back in Africa and Kenya was his favourite place.

We stayed at the Naru Moro River Lodge; very attractive surrounds; Tony lives almost next door. We also had a nice meal at the Trout Tree Restaurant with the Colobus monkeys looking for pickings.

It was pleasant staying at the Muthaiga Club and the old New Stanley, now Sarova Stanley Hotel; sadly THE thorn tree has been replaced with a pathetic replica.

All the places we visited were super, each unique in its own way; loved Malindi and swimming in the sea; *samoosas* and Tusker were just *tamutamu sana*.

Mostly, I hated the bumpy roads and it was disheartening to note the deterioration of the roads generally.

It is not easy organising a large venture and I did not have a chance to congratulate you. I did find the Halligan-Jollys very jolly.

Norman Cuthbert [4776]: Was supposed to be met at JKIA, but wasn't! Using initiative learned during my three months at KRTC, and elsewhere in the world (81 years+), I hired a taxi to take me to Muthaiga Club, by way of some extremely dense and hairy traffic through the city.

The Club was as good as ever, but may have had half a dozen new buildings added within its precincts since I was last there. It was also surrounded by more'n a hundred buildings of various sorts, and even Jennifer Johnson (née Johnston) was not able to find her grandmother's house on the corner. There were however, two fairly well stocked shopping malls nearby, offering ATM facilities.

Our first African Adventure was in a Pembroke House School bus via the Escarpment to Naivasha, where the road was lined with *dukas*, many *shenzily* built, but there were a few more substantial ones further back from the road. So many churches of a myriad religions that Barbara Bleazard was collecting their names in a notebook - Miraculous Joy of Heaven, Good Luck in Jesus Church, and *mingi* others.



The itinerary mentioned 'Soysambu' but we arrived at a campsite on the Malewa River, in the aforementioned school bus, over roads bad enough to tear the heart out of an empty wheel-barrow. How that bus, and others, stood up to the pounding from the very potholed roads, rutted and full of small rocks, I do not know! [LEFT: NORMAN KNOWS WHERE HE IS]

The Malewa Bush Venture Camp was a sloping green grass site on the banks of the Malewa, with canvas tents, except for the main building, the bar and ablution blocks. The showers near my tent had cold water the first day, and you whistled while you were in the loo (kept the lions away). A jug of hot water was placed outside the tent to cool while you were showering, but it was welcome for shaving with.

We visited a huge rose-growing project called NINI Ltd., owned by Billy Coulson, who set most of our company on a tour of the vast premises while he nabbed Stan Bleazard and me to identify people in his Dad's old photo albums, which was most interesting in itself. Both Stan and I had been at St Mary's School at the same time as Billy's Dad, Terry [3618].

Most of the party are now based in Australia or New Zealand, and were intrigued by the absence of scent in the roses. Billy did say how many blooms were exported each day, and it was a phenomenal number (forgotten since, in my forgetory). [Ed: *Understand scent-less roses last longer, which makes sense considering the vast distance they have to travel to Europe and look freshly cut when markets open. Frankly, I miss the fragrance of home grown roses; OK they don't last long but then our Mother grew them in her garden and they were replaced daily.*]

On the Saturday, we set out for Muthaiga again, up a vile road, rutted, full of rocks, and potholed to the extent of sticking the bus in the mud. The stalwarts among us pushed; I feared getting a broken leg, and took photos instead. We eventually reached our destination, this time via Kijabe, Lari, etc.

We attended a Remembrance Day service at RHQ, where we met a few folk we knew, including Tony [4476] and Lorraine Cruickshank. The service was well attended, and the Kenya Army Band blew trumpets and things. They looked very smart.

The new Nairobi-Mombasa road was abominable. It paralleled the old one which had been abandoned, but was no improvement on it. Sure, it had been tarred, but the tarmac was perforated like a Swiss cheese - full of holes - and singularly unfit for traffic. *Lakini*, it was popular.

The Kenya Meat Commission's factory at Athi River, known as Liebigs during the war, was still there and presumably still functioning.

Lions Bluff, somewhere in the Taita Hills, I think, was super. All furniture was made from local tree branches of whatever shape nature had designed. Water was hot from individual solar heating devices. Each rondavel, some double-storied, had a view towards Kilimanjaro away to the West, too far to be of much photographic interest, *maar die bier was baie smaaklik*.

We left Lions Bluff, still in the School Bus, and disintegrated again on the track to the main Nairobi to Mombasa. After visiting Sarova Game Lodge, a museumish place, we carried on towards Mombasa road, but sought to avoid Mombasa itself by cutting off the corner and making for Kilifi.

Wonderful to relate - the road was tarred and unbelievably smooth. A few miles along it, our driver received a phone message saying that the other bus had taken another route and suggested we join them. Nothing loath, we turned back and made our way to it. Our changing was a mistake: we were back to typical modern Kenya roads again: potholes, rocks etc.

We survived, went through Kilifi and on to Malindi, which looked very crowded, and some of the old hotel names peeked out from behind gateway'd walls and jungly growth - Sindbad, Lawfords, Eden Roc.

Anyway, we found our watering place, and beheld its beauty; I was captivated immediately. The beach; the reef; the palms; the *koggemanders*; the *askari* who kept the beach-vendors off the hotel premises; the curio shop in town next to which there was a huge long banda full of Wakamba wood-carvers, resettled where there is now more tourist trade than in Nairobi.

We had a pleasant trip to Gedi - unchanged it seems, after centuries. There, we were 'guided' by one Rebecca, a highly knowledgeable person, and took many a picture that had been taken many a time already!

Overall, I noticed that motorbikes had replaced bicycles throughout, outnumbered only by *matatus* and three-wheeled Vespa scooter things. The traffic was unchecked as to road-rules or direction; or to numbers, but we never saw any accident.

On our departure from Malindi airport, I was provided with three boarding passes, and told that my baggage-reclaim voucher was on the back of the third ticket (the Malindi-Manchester one). I had repacked my suitcase that morning with, on top, all my warm gear into which I intended changing at Nairobi. Ha! Ha! The main building(s) at JK airport had been burnt to a cinder, so I had a few hours roaming around the car parks, and eating a sandwich, actually a lot better than I expected, from a scruffy cafe, before boarding in shorts and open-necked shirt for the flight to Heathrow.

POST-REUNION: Dennis writes: To all who attended one, some or all of the functions, thank you all for coming to the Kenya Regiment Reunion, or helping in its operations.

I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have; notwithstanding the occasional hiccups which we did not deliberately include, but expected them to happen; they are a part of our living in Kenya, and we get nervous when things go too smoothly or quietly, for a while. It's like sitting on a dormant volcano!

I am glad that you shared them with us, so patiently too, to bring some perspectives, and tolerance to your understanding of Africa; and sorry if your tents leaked and your clothes got wet. We charge for running water here, a scarce commodity these days! And I am so impressed, that you got out of the stuck bus, and pushed it out of the black cotton soil, while lost somewhere at the foot of the Rift, while we waited in vain for you, at Billy Coulson's Farm. I gather that Dingo Plenderlieth's rendition of "Onward Christian Soldiers" whilst you did this, brought tears to your eyes, and fortitude to your bodies - a fine body of men and women, I'm sure.

Next time your car breaks down in UK or Australia, you'll know what to do; no need to call the AA or RAC to rescue you.

And so it goes, and all good things come to an end.

To all our helpers, caterers, bar tenders, drivers, lecturers, hosts, *et al* at Malewa Bush Venture Camp - Christopher and Christine Campbell Clause, and Jules Tatton, daughter of Chris Nicholas [4630] a brilliant and professional caterer; Remembrance Sunday, Lions Bluff (Iain Leckie) and James Willson, and finally, the Driftwood (Roger Sylvester), a big hand and thanks.

A special thank-you to Colin Church, Chairman of Muthaiga Country Club, the Secretary, Graham Nicholls and the Committee, for their generosity in allowing us to stay with them; special mention of David, the front desk manager who was superb at organising, and remembering minute details, to assist guests during their stay.

Finally, a big hand to you who came all this way to see us and share one another's company – the *esprit de corps* for which the Regiment is renowned, lives on.

List of those who attended: Bernard [4609] and Merle Blowers; Rusty and Jan Marita Bowker-Douglas; Norman Cuthbert [4776]; John [3751] and Elaine Dugmore; Keith Elliot [4289]; Kathy Frazer (daughter of Jill and the late Fred Graf [3825]); Peter Gerrard [6847]; Jill Graf (née Schwartzel, Fred's widow); Peter and Kay Graf; brothers Lance [6881] and Aylwin [6194] Halligan-Jolley; Rob [7008] and Margaret Houlding; Michael and Laureen Jennings (daughter of the late Reg Finnis [4138]); John and Jen Johnson; George McKnight [4246] and Christine Harte; George [5808] and Gillian Perry; Dingo Plenderlieth [4551]; Gillian Prosser (Reg Finnis's sister); Jeannie Rodger (widow of Ian [4245]); Peter Rodwell [6595]; Hans and Anneke Salweger; and Stephen [7537] and Vivienne Thornton.

Malewa only: Gwynne Morson (son of Kitch [149]); Doug and Sally Outram; Niel Outram and Sarah Grant; Ted [6040] and Andy Russell.

Malewa & Remembrance Sunday: Jack Collier [6976] and Jennifer Hopley; Denys [6542] and Gilly Roberts and son Keith.

Driftwood only: Jennie Paterson (née Franklin-Adams), widow of John [6422]

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 XLIII was printed, we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Berrie, Noel Thomas William (Bill) [KR5660]. 17/10/2000. Durban (s-i-l George Dyer)
Berrie, Elizabeth Joice (née Hubble) widow of Bill. 02/01/2002. Durban (George Dyer)
Black, Dawn (née Dore) widow of Charles DFC [KR3699]. 15/11/2013. KZN (Charles Black)
Bohmer, Des [KPR], husband of Mary (née Cade). 28/12/2013. Howick, RSA (Anne Smith)
Catchpole, Guy St George [KR4330/5847/6309]. 14/02/2014. Kent (John Davis)
Cunningham-Reid, Michael Duncan Alex [KR4703]. 10/02/2014. Karen (Keith Elliot)
Dudley, Barbara (née Manger). 12/04/2014. At her home in Westville, RSA (Peter Manger)
Elliot, Patsy (née Lynch) wife of Keith [4289]. 26/04/2014. Gauteng (Keith Elliot)
Findlay, Donald Leslie [KR3617/5644]. 13/01/2014. Johannesburg (Keith Elliot)
Gibberson, Michael John [KR6086]. 10/01/2014. Ocala, Florida (Don Rookan-Smith)
Harvey, Ena, widow of Bill [KR3642/5839]. 08/08/2013. Scottburgh, RSA (Lifestyle Frail Care)
Jolley, Peter Conrad [KR4093]. 12/01/2014. Wellington, New Zealand (Angela Scott (née Jolley))
Lawrence-Brown, Nora, widow of John [KR736]. 30/10/2013. Kent (Lt Col D. Lawrence-Brown)
Letham, Thomas William [KR3976]. 08/02/2014. Kent (John Davis)
MacPherson, Win, wife of Mike [KR206 & 2/6 KAR). 13/03/2014. Howick, KZ-N. (The Witness)
Medicks, Stanley [KR3207]. 10/06/2013. London. (Spike Bulley)
Odendaal, Thelma (née Ulyate) widow of Chris [KR760] 22/01/2014, RSA. (Carol MacDougall)
Ringrose, Derek Walter [KR4914]. 25/04/2014. Western Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolley)
Sauvage, Sandy, wife of Graham [6464]. 24/04/2014. Western Australia (Sid Dyer)
Scudder, John Anthony [KR6682]. 24/12/2013. England (John Tucker)
Young, David Hugh Fligg [KR3893]. 23/11/2013. Knysna, Eastern Cape (son Martin)

PETER CONRAD JOLLEY [4093]

Iain Morrison [6111] responding to a query: ‘Yes! It was Peter Jolley [4093] who passed away earlier this year. He was one of the first on the scene after the Lari massacre and it affected him deeply. The Jolleys lived next door to us on Sclater's Road and Peter was one of Robin Randall's

best buddies. They, together with Peter's younger brother Mickey [4678], grew up together. I believe Peter turned 84 this past December. As I mentioned, it's goodbye to another member of the "gang" - Peter Jolley, Harry MacDonald, Rusty Russell [4147], George Henry [4146], Robin Randall [4148] all gone now. Harry was never in the Regiment; he was declared unfit; I never knew what the problem was, but I think it was always a bone of contention with him since all his buddies went into the Regiment at various times; Peter was on the 1st Rhodesia course (03/01-19/06/1952); Robin, Rusty and George were on the 2nd Rhodesia course (01/07-19/12/1952); and Micky was on the 1st course at KRTC, Lanet (22/07-17/12/1954).

DEREK FRANK THOMAS GURNER [3743]

[son Kevin Gurner]

[23 May 1931-5th October 2103]



Derek, although born in Southampton, grew up in Jersey until the break out of war in 1940, when he was evacuated to England in the last but one boat from the island.

Due to some judicious bribery with a carton of fags on Gran's part, Derek spent the crossing underneath the chart table in the wheel house. He then spent some time with relatives in north London, before going to a boarding school in Shropshire, where he sang in the church choir.

Family had said that he would either be a vicar or a draftsman! Upon

leaving school, Derek promptly boarded a boat for a 31 day voyage to Mombasa, followed by a two day journey by train to Jinja in Uganda to where his parents had been posted. Derek commented on more than one occasion "Boy did I grow up on that voyage!"

Derek's move into the realms of construction started in 1949, when he joined Nairobi council as an apprentice.

In 1950, Derek joined the Kenya Regiment Territorial Force [3843] and at the outbreak of the Emergency was commissioned [5707] and posted as a platoon commander to 7 KAR, where he undertook regular patrols tracking down the terrorists. The only time he ever admitted to getting sloshed was the day he was commissioned.

Derek had one close shave, when a colleague was cleaning his rifle with one up the spout; he duly discharged his rifle just missing Derek.

During his time in the army he undertook patrols in full kit up Mt Kenya, and I took great joy in reminding him that I had summited higher than he, only to be quickly remind that he (Derek) had been to the top of Kilimanjaro. I had no answer to that, but considered it to be a minor foray, undertaken on a whim with a couple of mates one weekend, as they did in those days. Demobbed as a captain, Derek returned to work with the Nairobi city council.

Moving to UK in 1964, Derek joined W&C French, was duly issued with gum boots and a donkey jacket for his site visits. Quite often these would be on a Saturday and I would tag along and had the opportunity to drive a caterpillar D8 and box; I was only little at the time, so could not reach the pedals, but I could operate the steering levers and the grading box; this was of course in the days before health and safety got in on the act.

So, yes, I helped build the Brentwood bypass and am the proud owner of a donkey jacket with that distinctive W & C French white diamond on the back.

Derek always threw himself into his work and often the kitchen table on a Sunday would be covered in papers and he working with his slide rule; what he could not calculate with a slide rule was not worth knowing.

His hard graft and diligence paid dividends as in the late 60`s and 70`s Dad was often working overseas for the company in Africa, Seychelles and India. On one occasion he flew from Mombasa on a Sunderland flying boat and was invited to sit in the engineer`s seat for the approach and landing in the Seychelles, how jealous am I, his passport for that period is a kaleidoscope of colour from his travels.

During my time at cubs and scouts Dad got involved with the supporters` committee and threw himself at his tasks with his usual aplomb. I followed in his footsteps and went to boarding school, and he was soon involved with fund raising, and became a school governor.

One of his many achievements was arranging flood lighting for the tennis courts for virtually next to nothing, much to everybody`s amazement, by simply using his famous powers of persuasion and generally blagging favours.

As time rolled by, I was still living at the flat and Thursday nights became `drink and take away night`, when Dad and I put the world to rights over a pint or four. We would each argue our case, but in a nice way; my partner, Sue Champion once remarked that the regulars would line up for ringside seats on a Thursday night when Dad and I got going. I would often regale my exploits of the previous weekend spent down at my caving club in the Mendip Hills, needless to say it involved copious quantities of alcohol consumption. Dad would sometime voice his disapproval at such antics, until I reminded him of a particular story which goes something like this.....

‘Back in those days you have to remember that they were only murrum roads and the only thing you would be likely to hit was an elephant or a cow. On this particular occasion, Mum and Dad had driven to the local club for a beer and G&T and en route collected up the Sunday lunch, namely one frozen *kuku*. The pre-lunch session progressed into the afternoon, as it did in those days, and drink was flowing freely, to which end somebody came up with the idea of playing rugby with our Sunday lunch; much to Mum's chagrin!

‘The other trick in which Dad and his buddies would indulge was when they, again after a well lubricated session at the club, would go to one of the friend's houses to continue where they had left off, and whose garden backed onto the river. The upshot of this was at night the hippo would come out to graze on the back lawn, and this is where the fun started; the trick was to creep up behind said hippo without being smelt or heard, and give the poor individual a hearty slap on the rump. The now startled hippo would make a beeline for the water, as this was their defence mechanism whenever they felt they were in danger; the name of the game being not to get yourself between the water and your chosen hippo.

However, more fun was had if your chosen target had its rump to the water which made for some deft footwork to avoid being trampled underfoot!’

Dad retired in 1994, and in 2001 moved down to Frinton. Around this time Dad learnt of the existence of the Kenya Regiment Association (KRAENA), and true to form, was elected onto the committee and took over the running of the association shop, which he renamed 'Derek's *Duka*, injecting a little light heartedness into the proceedings. Association members were soon subjected to Dad's excellent salesmanship and persuasive powers, resulting in an additional £3,000 for the association funds.

It was said to me that he was one of those people to whom you could give a task and know it would be done to perfection.

The cards and e-mails Sue, her daughter Amanda and I received are a testament to what a grand chap he was. He was described as an old-school English gentleman, and by some friends in Norway, the English gentleman with a moustache.

Dad had a true zest for life and was a larger than life character. He had developed a love of classical music; his favorite being Andre Rieu of which Dad a wide collection of his DVDs. After an evening meal out we would relax, he with a large Grouse, and proceed to conduct the orchestra from the comfort of his chair; often we would retire to bed at gone one in the morning, I somehow got the blame.

In closing I would like to say this,

Never say in grief you're sorry that he is gone;
Rather say in thankfulness, you are grateful he was here.

Now for the difficult bit, I will now finish as my Dad did for his Dad; the phrase that I use best describes what Dad and I were all about - Night mate!

CORRESPONDENCE

John Pembridge [7429] <PembridgeJG@gmail.com> [04/12/2013]: I note in m-S XLIII, you and others would like to locate Colin Merrill. Colin was I think from Hoey's Bridge originally, and interestingly, married [4048] Peter Ellson's half sister.

Peter's father was killed at the railway crossing somewhere near where Ainsworth bridge was later constructed; I think he was on a motorbike and was hit by a train. His mother remarried, and his half sister was from this union.

However, Peter was brought up by his grandparents who lived in Uganda. His grandfather had tin mining concessions in south western Uganda near the Congo border, so Peter spent a considerable part of his early life under canvas although they also had a property near Kampala.

A couple of years before Peter was murdered [03/09/1997] he asked me to help him find his sister who he knew was in Australia but had not had contact with since leaving Kenya. Through people we know over there and with the help of The Salvation Army we eventually found her living in Melany, Queensland, north of Brisbane quite close to the Glass House Mountains. She and Colin had parted and she was living in a caravan park; they had I think four children who are all in Australia as far as I know. Peter paid for her to come out to South Africa on a holiday, and also went to visit her in Australia. One of the children also came out here with her husband/partner for a holiday.

Your best bet would be to contact Peter's daughter Kathleen <kathleen@explorescotland.net> , married to James Rattray and lives in Scotland; I'm sure she is still in contact with her cousins in Australia who presumably would know where their father is, if he is still alive.

Editor to John: [04/12/2014] Many thanks about Colin Merrill - makes my day when 'posers' in m-S evoke responses - he was born in Dalhousie, India on 12th September 1930 and his father, Colonel Merrill, gave his address as the Eldoret Club. Will try Kathleen though my message may end up in her spam bin!

Re: m-S XLIII – Brian Carr-Hartley has already advised me that Davo's revolvers were .45s and not .38s! Again an interesting point - I too thought they were .45s having seen a lot of Davo as a *toto* at Ol Kalou when he was with the Labour Dept; but Sid Moscoff [4130] once mentioned that when Davo was in Cathcart's Kenya Cottages, his brief case was stolen and with it a brace of S&W long barrel .38s. A newspaper article clearly mentions .45s. Wonder whether we will ever find out?

Occasionally, Davo used to nightstop with us at Ol Kalou; he was a wow with his revolvers, unarmed combat, and card tricks. I remember him and brother Don at an Ol Kalou Polo Club fete, both on horseback, Don towing balloons on a string and Davo riding alongside shooting them. Don stopped at the end of the polo field but Davo and mount continued into the mealies, returning sometime later with a somewhat dishevelled Davo; gather his horse wasn't fully attuned to the noise of gunshots. The making of a good cartoon!

Many thanks for putting me on the trail about the Pembroke House chapel, which led to the inclusion of Jitze Couperus' most enjoyable article - the colours of original glass window looked more vibrant than the colours of the current one!

I contacted Kathleen who in turn must have contacted one cousin Melanie, because earlier this year I received the following:

'Hello Bruce, Colin Merrill speaking. Kathleen has been in touch with my daughter, Melanie who lives in Queensland, Australia and I have read the email you sent to Kathleen. Yes, Bruce, I am still very much alive. You are absolutely right, I am in my eighty fourth year and still going strong. I draw and paint - specialising in portraits - and immensely enjoying life in Australia.

Your mention of the 'I' Force scrap book from circa nineteen fifty two brought back a few nostalgic memories of the Mau Mau Emergency. I would very much liked to have met you, had a beer and talked of old times. Have you any idea of the whereabouts of that scrapbook right now. I have three Christmas cards which I designed in Nairobi as well as a few photographs. I would be happy to pass these on to whoever has the scrapbook now and would like to include these.

My address is: Flat 1, 10 Patricia Street, Moorooka, 4105, Queensland, Australia.

Please get in touch with me and give me your thoughts. I am terrified of computers and have no email address.

**

John Pembridge: Further to my email with regard to Colin Merrill. I can remember his father Col. Merrill giving a speech at the Eldoret Sports club when he retired as the chairman of I think the Western Kenya cricket association in 1961. I played cricket for Eldoret and had played for a team selected from the western Kenya clubs at the Nairobi cricket festival that year but the reason I remember his farewell speech has nothing to do with what he had to say, but rather what happened during the speech.

A very drunk British soldier, I think from the Cameron Highlanders was making a nuisance of himself trying to chat up one of the Howitt girls during the speech, her parents owned the Blue Star Milk Bar in the main street of Eldoret below Eggletons. When all friendly requests to leave her alone were ignored, Sid Dikes [7055] took matters in hand with a quick left and right which knocked him out, where upon Skattie Meintjies [4688] got hold of him by his tie and dragged him out of the back door leaving him comatose on the path to the gents in the rain.

I have memories of some tremendous parties at the Sports Club at that time, the aftermath of which on some occasions ended up with a bent car much to the disgust of my father as it was the farm Peugeot 403 bakkie that I was wrecking.

[Ed: Geoff Trollope [6987] tracked down Nev Cooper's son, Rob, in Cape Town; he in turn gave Geoff his sister, Anne de Jong's contact details in Johannesburg. On 29th January, I contacted Anne, but sadly, it would appear that the scrap book no longer exists, though she has a couple of copies of Colin's original sketches. Also sad, is the fact that the family recently disposed of Nev's medals and awards including the MBE, MC and GM. Because the group is unique I have included a photo of Nev's medals.



I sent Colin a copy of m-S XLIII and the 2014/2015 Membership Directory but to date no indication that they arrived; SA postal services were on strike at the time; hopefully, the envelope will arrive at its destination!]

LIFE WITH WALLY



Henry Hauschild [3874] 29/12/2013 from Queensland: I have belatedly decided to come out of hibernation. Greetings for old time's sake, and congratulations for publishing the best Kenya Regiment publication in the world! We have read every single issue. May June and I take this opportunity to thank you for including Keith Hendry's 'Letter from the Front Line' in your latest edition. Keith was June's father and she still has the original letter. [Ed: My thanks to Giles Shaw, Aylwin Halligan-Jolley and Ted Downer for very kindly reprinting and distributing m-S in Queensland, Western Australia and the Rest of Australia, respectively.]

As you know Neville [Griffin [264]] was best man at our wedding. We have now been here over fifty two years and have established our little tribe with two married daughters and six grand children. It is indeed a lifetime but the memories come flooding in with every mini-SITREP of bygones, mates, comrades who crossed our lives in Kenya. Thank you for making this periodically possible.

After absorbing your latest contribution into my 'memory bank', I have been motivated to make a small contribution for your perusal of 'Life with Wally' in the Regiment.

It was Wally who was a late attendant for morning rifle drill with 303s and fixed bayonets; after a night out at the Travellers Club, Wally 'fell in' fully attired in DJ, bow tie and all!

It was Wally, who was quite a bit older than the rest of us, determinedly huffed and puffed with the best of us on our numerous ascents on Mt Kenya to the snow line.

It was Wally who ordered me to break down the door of a hut half way up Mt Kenya so that he could inspect the place. He had the torch and shone it onto a slowly rising blanket which eventually dropped off a frail old man, who had evidently been left there to die, in accordance with Kikuyu Custom. After we had recovered, Wally asked 'Why didn't you shoot?' I replied that 'I was completely mesmerized by the slow moving apparition'. Wally approved and mumbled 'So was I'.

It was Wally who called out the guard whilst stationed at the AA Battery in Nanyuki, despite the fact that they had their own guards beyond the perimeter. I was absent with Hamish O'Hara [3918] at the Mt. Kenya Club imbibing with none other than Clark Gable and Grace Kelly of 'Mogambo Fame', who were staying at the Club. The only way serious repercussions were avoided, was to arrange an introduction and a drink with Clark Gable, to prove the episode!

It was Wally who rushed up and ordered me to 'Go to the guard tent immediately, with your belt and hat'. I hastily proceeded to the tent to find another chap there, without a belt and hat, whereupon I took mine off too. Wally followed close behind and ordered 'Guard attention, left turn' and then noticed that I was without hat and belt. 'Put your belt and hat on; what the bloody hell do you think you're doing?' he admonished. I hurriedly obliged and the routine started again and we were marched into the OC's presence. Only then did I realize that the other chap was on a charge and I was supposed to be the escort!

Who was Wally? It was Wally Schuster [KR1840], platoon serjeant of number 4 Platoon 'B' Company KR; with Lt Peter Anderson MC [KR7] our platoon commander, Capt Neville Cooper MC [KR569] our 2IC, Maj David Gillett MC [KR769] our OC, and Hugh Salmon [KR3193] our platoon corporal. They were all very experienced Second World War veterans.

[Ed: *Henry's rush to put pen to paper, totally unexpected I might add, was no doubt prompted by Wally's son, Mike's centrefold of KR insignia (m-S XLI – Dec 2012), and the article about Keith Hendry (XLIII – Dec 2013). In days gone by, Henry's parents farmed at Ol Kalou.*]

Ken Payet responded to Ian Parker's article - Suing the British Government (p62, m-S XLIII): I was moved to write a note to Ian Parker whom I know well and lives just up north of me in the Atherton Tablelands (almost next door by Australian standards) as a result of his article in the mini-SITREP you recently sent out, for which many thanks. I admire and thank you for the dedication and sterling effort you exercise in compiling this very informative magazine.

Dear Ian: Thanks for your response and good wishes. Funnily enough I was only thinking of you yesterday after reading your very well presented article setting the record straight on the issue of "Suing the British Government" in the recent KRA mini-SITREP, for so called torture of Mau Mau detainees.

As with all of the guys who served in the Kenya Regiment and other service units at that time I am proud of the restraint we all exercised as young men who's natural inclination was to exact harsh treatment on the perpetrators of some of the worst and disgusting excesses of these Mau Mau terrorists. I feel the honest and mostly well ordered often sympathetic endeavours of our proud service to HMG is being impugned by the people who have dishonestly supported these mendacious, spurious claims.

I suppose we have no redress but with heavy hearts to accept the level of political correctness which strips us of our proudest moments, move on as these despicable money grubbers are rewarded for what passes for justice in this modern era.

Thanks for your measured and well argued rebuttal which had effectively made me somewhat less angered than previously.

Certainly please call on us any time you're down this way. We recently moved to a house at 15 Barwin Court, Douglas 4814. phone numbers remain the same as does the amber liquid in our fridge. We are not planning to be up your way any time soon. If we ever do a trip up to Cairns we'll plan a detour to visit you. Cheers.

Ian Parker 04/01/2014: Thanks Ken. However, we are not stripped of our knowledge. We know what happened and that is what counts. There are three levels where things have gone wrong. The first concerns the academic historians who see the world through bright pink glasses. Where we are at fault is that they have been publishing basically anti-colonial views since the Emergency itself - and no one from **our** side presented an academically acceptable rebuttal.

Then there are the accident chasing lawyers who saw an opportunity and went for it, telling the Kikuyu that they could make them millions. The Kikuyu bought it - and if I was a Kikuyu I would have said "give it a go!" After all, it is not often that the opportunity to get a windfall of cash comes their way - particularly if it involves no input - other than lies. These lawyers are the bad guys.

The English judiciary - quite why they took the line that they did is unclear. Certainly the Solicitor who put the case together did not want to call witnesses to rebut what the Court was being told. I can only interpret that as a political decision to lose the case. I was peripherally involved via David Lovatt Smith who was in contact with him. The Solicitor listened to David and actually had him on standby as a witness, but did not call him. Why, I don't know.

The real issue is, matters which happened 60 years previously cannot really be subject to judicial process. But there you are: you should not let the matter spoil your sleep.

Chris Minter (23 (K) KAR) 28/03/2014 <cjwminter@lyndaminter.com>. I was very pleased to receive m-S XLIII, and in particular Ian Parker's comments on 'Suing the British Government'.

But I have a comment - on p59 at the end of the long article on the Gloucestershire Regt in Kenya - I think mention should have been made that the award of the MC was made to 2 Lt Bill Coppen-

Gardner for his determination, bravery and skill whilst seconded to 23 (K) KAR; he was not serving with his parent Regiment at the time! [Ed: *Chris, many thanks.*]

REGIMENTAL/SCHOOL/CLUB TIES, BLAZER BADGES (AND CUFF LINKS)

Editor: Recently, Keith Elliot mentioned he had been given a couple of ties which he wanted to pass on to the KAR Association. This got me to thinking; although EA only 'came into being' in the late 19th century, members, their wives, children, grandparents attended many schools, served with many units - EA Units, KAR Bns; worked for many corporations - EAR&H, EAPTC, KCC, KMC - joined many associations - EAWL, Pioneer Association, Hunter Associations, school associations, KRA - joined clubs - OC, Nondies, NAC, Mombasa Club etc; almost all of which had ties, most had blazer badges, and a few, lapel badges and cuff links.

Since I started editing mini-SITREP, members/widows have sent me ties, the odd blazer badge, unit buttons etc. I'm not a collector but together with Dad's ties I have more than 60. When I die, I'm sure my children will Hospice them; after all, how often does one wear a tie, especially one to which one is not entitled? What a waste of a little bit of history! I attended four schools - Cottam on the slopes of Mt Elgon; the old Hill School, Nakuru School and the DOY; sadly, I have none of the school badges and only an OY tie!

If any reader is a grabatologist, and keen to add to his/her collection and preserve some small part of EA's history, please contact me <rookenjb@mweb.co.za> and I'll ensure my ties end up with you.

[Ed: *Keith Elliot forwarded the following letter from Pam Molloy, widow of John [3226]: Thought you might enjoy this newsy and amusing letter from one of the old stalwarts from Kenreg luncheons in the Transvaal. Note the U.K. group of EIGHT widows, how come the Kenya Girls outlive us? Answers on a post card to KJE!*]

Pam <pamela.molloy@yahoo.co.uk> writes: Not doing too badly, despite increasing years - 84 in August - but count my blessings when I look at some of the residents at my new address who are decidedly more decrepit than I! Whatever one hears about the NHS, they have looked after me marvellously from major heart surgery last year to every investigation and follow up thereafter, plus a regular check on BP which can be erratic.

Having said that, I trot about, albeit rather slower than before, as I don't seem to have the same sprint in my stride and cannot claim therefore to be in "peak physical condition"! I declined the notice to attend KR Luncheon in London, as couldn't make suitable arrangements to get there, but they are very good about keeping me abreast of what is going on.

Diana (van Rensburg, widow of Boet [3586]) keeps me up to date with all your news, which I appreciate. Despite feeling settled in the UK, I always regard my time in Africa, and especially Kenya, being the best in my life. Thank God for good memories. The *wazungu* here are a bit 'different', but I have met some nice people, though on the 'entertainment' side, they don't spontaneously open their doors for a pop-in, except for my remaining Kenya *rafikis* here - 'girls' I was at school with in Kenya, starting at St Andrew's Turi from age seven, onto St George's and thereafter continuing contact, though we all went our own ways.

We are still a group of eight widows, but meet once a year for a *when-we* gathering at the Army and Navy club in Pall Mall (one of the girls was married to a big shot in the Army and has kept on her membership). We feel quite grand when we dine amongst the rich and famous! Last time there was an Army group with medals etc. and wives in hats and gloves. Our waiter told just us they were having 'luncheon before trotting off to Buck House to the Queen's Garden Party'. We felt quite privileged to be that close to HM.

Please pass on my greetings to anybody who remembers me. Mabel Higginson (widow of John [4241]) is on one of her annual visits to the UK, and I hope to be able to meet up in London for a day and a chat.

Mike Norris <norris.mikeh@gmail.com> 19/04/2014: Responses have been encouraging to Chris Carlisle-Kitz's article 'The Restoration of a Safari (Rally) Car' [Ed: *m-S XLIII pp38-40 – Mike's painting of the car appeared on the cover.*]

One of them was from Eric Cecil's (*Bwana Safari*) daughter in New Zealand. I am in the process of putting together a newsletter which will be fairly regular, advising interested parties of progress. The restoration on the Merc is ongoing, but a bit slow only due to the fact that working for the money that the project requires (plenty!) is severely time-consuming! Parts have had to be sourced from all over the world, including the Virgin Islands!

The car sits on blocks in its red primer paint and is at the point when all bits and pieces like bumpers etc are 'fitted' to see if holes need to be drilled etc. Once this is done, and dis-assembled again, the car will be sprayed and then everything fitted back again - we can't do this after it has been painted.

Meanwhile the engine and gearbox are being rebuilt on the side. Unfortunately, it will not be ready for this year's 'Cars in the Park' (Pietermaritzburg). But, Chris has bought a Merc. 219 of 1959 vintage and this will be at the show in all the 'make-up' of the car that Bill Fritschy and Jack Ellis won the 1960 Safari! It is in first class condition and requires no work other than a few bits of make-up.

I am currently doing a painting of it in action to be displayed there as well. The maps you mentioned will indeed be welcome in our museum. [Ed: *Courtesy of Margaret Lead.*]

Denys Roberts [6542] <info@peponiresort.com> [April 2014]: We are hoping to sell our lodge/camp site in the near future - two lots of Kenya *wazungu* keen on purchasing Peponi - and will retire in the Western Cape where we have family and friends; we bought a house last year in Napier, near Cape Aghullas, some two hours from Cape Town. Will keep you informed about our move so you can update the Membership Directory.

We attended the KR gathering in November in Kenya. We could only do the Naivasha/Gilgil section because we are unable to be away for too long. Despite the rain it was an excellent three days. Dennis Leete and team really put on a very good show, and there was much catching up with old friends from overseas; only three from SA! [Ed: *Bernard & Merle Blowers, and Lance Halligan-Jolley*]



L/R: AYLWIN HALLIGAN-JOLLEY, DENYS ROBERTS, GEORGE PERRY, KEITH ROBERTS, GILLIE ROBERTS

We also attended the Remembrance Day service at RHQ, followed by an excellent lunch organised by the wives. Much beer was imbibed before, during and after the service!

Gilgil town is awful but Naivasha was a pleasant surprise. Other than Karen I did not recognise anything in Nairobi!

Tanzania still has a great deal of bush whereas the Kenya Highlands is totally overpopulated!

We hope to see you guys in Natal sometime in the future.

GENTLEMEN WHO SUFFERED UNDER RUMBLEGUTS

George McKnight <george@macnaughton.co.ke>: I believe that when I spoke with Keith recently I was only aware of two guys from the 3rd Course still in Kenya. However, when I looked at my 3rd Course photo on Thursday night I noticed Terry Ryan. He was the crack distance runner on 3rd Course and has spent his life as a financial guru, most of it here in Kenya; I learned that he is still here; is very clued-up, and is a Financial adviser to Central Bank of Kenya.

I had gone to KRA clubhouse Friday lunchtime to look at all the photos of Courses 1 to 5 inclusive. The guys still in Kenya are:-

1st: Tony Archer [4024], Dennis Leete [4094]

2nd: Nobody

3rd: Bob Campbell [4239], Bob Dewar [4247], George McKnight [4246], Terry Ryan [4290]

4th: John Lloyd Davis [4391], Ted Martin [4378]

5th: Gordon Bell [4550], Thomas Fjasted [4481], David Petrie [4507]

Perhaps Keith and Bruce together could compile a similar list of guys in RSA? And if you do, how about asking the relevant guys in Australia, N.A and U.K to carry out the same exercise? I am aware of only one guy in USA - Anton Allen [4056]. He was on the 1st Course. [Ed: *I referred George to the Membership Directory and hopefully, he has completed the exercise.*]

THE KENYA REGIMENT MEMORIAL

Ann Humphreys <ann.humphreys@hotmail.co.uk> to Dennis Leete: Any idea of what is happening to the Monument at the Kenya Regiment? [3598] John's Ashes are still waiting for a resting place.

Dennis: The Kenya Regiment Memorial site is still at the RHQ and we observe the Remembrance Sunday Service there, with full military protocols every November; with the British High Commissioner in attendance and other diplomats and dignitaries, such as the British Legion, EAWL, defence attachés from South Africa, Australia, USA and other Nations, and Kenya Army buglers.

You are welcome to place John's Ashes there if you wish, and we will have a little ceremony. Bernard Kampf's ashes are also there, together with [3586] Boet van Rensburg's fever tree, now massive [BELOW].



But we are never sure about its long term future. Eventually, we will all be gone, and who will look after it then? The grounds will probably be sold off in the next five years, and the Memorial relocated to another site, maybe Pembroke House School Chapel, or Muthaiga Club, where they will be better protected than All Saints Cathedral, where the Regimental Colours were officially Laid-up at Independence. They were immediately removed by some radical provost, and thrown into the basement. Fortunately, they were found by Paddy Deacon [5831] six months later, mouldy and damp; he rescued them and sent them to UK, where they now lie in St John Moore's Barracks Chapel, under glass.

A thought - [4138] Reg Finnis's family brought his ashes back from Australia last November, and after the Reunion, Tony Frere [4658] who was his good friend, took them all up to the Aberdares National Park, above Mweiga, to a beautiful clearing looking across the Laikipia plateau to Mt Kenya on the horizon. There, the family spread the ashes in the clearing, and toasted his Memory, so that he would always be overlooking Mt. Kenya.

I know that the Combes family ashes, both Simon [6826] and Robin [7483], are also on the Aberdares.

Dennis responds to Diana van Rensburg when enquiring about Boet's tree: Members don't lean on Boet's tree, they irrigate it! No disrespect, but when we laid the brick path which divides at the foot of the tree, our inebriated members looking for the Gents, were flummoxed by the fork, and undid their fly on the spot, and let rip; part of our roots so to speak.

We all like to pee on a tyre, or a tree; marking our territory, I guess; it's instinctive. Watch any little boy, and see the same behaviour. That's why Boet's tree is in such good shape! A *Xanthophloe* has a normal life span of about 40 years, but ours are already at that age, and still going strong.

Bernard Kampf's Ashes were buried in front of the tree, and a Cycad planted over them. But it died. We didn't get the message at first; and planted another one, it died too. Then we figured it out. Bernard's Ashes are long gone. And so is our members' water, absorbed into Boet's tree, as they should be; as part of the Cycle of Life. Something poetic about that - Ashes to Ashes; Dust to dust".

Diana's daughter Annette: Nothing will grow under a fever tree. The roots release a toxin? So nothing grows near the roots. I have planted a few, and normally soak them for a few days before hand. They give off a terrible smell. Must be the toxin, so other plants can't compete?

JOHN MARTIN THERON FOCKS [KR749]

8th June 1906-27th August 1987

[Daughter Anne Stafford]



Dad was born in Pretoria and in December 1906, moved with his parents to Kenya where, in 1902, his grandparents had taken up land in Thika and Nanyuki. He went to Nairobi Primary School and then Nairobi High (later POW).

After leaving school he managed the farm at Thika. After his marriage (4th June 1932) his parents, grandparents and siblings all moved to Nanyuki, and the Thika farm, with some 240 acres of coffee and a dairy herd, was given to him.

At the outbreak of WW2 he volunteered with many others and started in the Kenya Regiment [Ed: *Commissioned 1941*]. I am not sure of dates, but he served in Abyssinia and was I think then with KAR. After returning he was seconded to British Army in RASC and went to North Africa (Tobruk and Egypt) and later to Palestine. He finished as acting Lieutenant Colonel (not gazetted as the war ended) so officially was a Major. Never was much interested in farming and generally preferred politics and joined the Nairobi County Council eventually becoming Chairman. He sold the farm and left Kenya in 1964 and settled in Australia.

COMMONWEALTH GRAVES COMMISSION AND MOD RECORDS

Ian Parker: I last fished on Sasamua dam thirty years ago. That was less than twenty years after Kenya became independent. To get to where I wished to fish I walked through the small graveyard that attached to the church at the South Kinangop dorp of Njabini.

The graves had not been looked after. Head stones lay flat or awry in a tangle of sodom apple and other weeds. Most of the names were British and most of those interred there had been born in Britain. The thought passed through my mind, that centuries hence some archaeologist coming upon them might ponder the anachronism of grave stones more representative of a rural village in England's Shropshire, in Africa.

Rejaf hill lies a few miles south of Juba in the Sudan. In the bush at its base is a small walled graveyard. The headstones were all inscribed with seemingly French names with French military ranks, but no dates. I was puzzled and asked a passerby who had been buried there? He didn't know. I asked in Juba and no one knew. I assumed that perhaps a French military transport aircraft had crashed on its way to Madagascar.

Years later I mentioned the matter to my 85 year-old step-father Dr Hugh Woodman, who had been in the Sudan Medical service back in the 1930s. He knew. The graves were those who died, mostly of black-water fever, in the service of King Leopold when this area was part of the Congo Free State. The area, which was within the Lado Enclave, came under British rule when King Leopold died and the boundaries of what became the Belgian Congo retreated to the divide between the western Nile watershed. Now, forty years on, I bet that knowledge is lost.

And so it goes. When Britain was Great and owned an Empire on which the sun never set, military war graves were scattered the length and breadth of that once-Empire. From the First World War onwards they are looked after by the Imperial War Graves Commission. In Kenya there are such grave yards in Nyeri, Nanyuki, Gilgil, Nairobi, Voi, Taveta, Mombasa, and I am sure there are more.

The Commission does a sterling job, keeping them well tended and as a gesture of respect to those who died on military service its work seems the least that the living can do. The problem arising is that there is now no Empire.

The needs of the present always have greater priority over those of the past and in the Britain of today and the future, funding the dole and propping up the Welfare State will in due course rank above paying respect to those who fell in yesteryear on Imperial service.

How long will it be before the War Graves Commission starts to 'wind in its horns' and Africa gets rid of such history before it is written. How long will it be before the graves are in the same state as those on the Kinangop at Njabini, or those at Rejaf Hill on the banks of the Nile? Thus it was with the Romans: they too had military graves.

The same predicament faces the vast archives the British military accumulated. Every man or woman who served has a service sheet logged and kept somewhere. Recently my brother and I wished to see our father's RAF records.

It was not straight forward! After several widely spaced letters and phone calls, my brother, who lives in the UK, was told first you pay. He sent the requisite fee. Then he had to establish his *bona fides* as only next of kin would be granted access. When it transpired that he had an older brother, he was told that I had to give my permission. When that was received, the process now having taken several months, a letter with PROTECT PERSONAL DATA printed in bold as both a header and footer, in which the following paragraph said it all:- *Your payment will be processed within the next 4 week period, but I regret to advise that the processing of your enquiry against the MOD FOIA [Ministry of Defence Freedom of Information Act] Publication Scheme may, as a consequence of diminishing resource and public demand for our services take up to 20 weeks.*

The letter ended with the scarcely veiled threat: *If you could keep any hastening activity with us to a minimum then that will aid us in expediting your enquiry.* In a nutshell, hassle us and you will go to the back of the queue!

We did eventually get what we wanted, and learned that our parent had entered the RAF via the Kenya Regiment. Yet the message was clear enough: the MOD simply hasn't got the resources to provide quick access to the vast record system that they hold. The Latin phrase *sic transit gloria mundi* captures the situation. In Kiswahili *Hamna fetha Bwana* puts it equally well. Thus do old soldiers just fade away!

Editor: I asked John Davis for further info re: MOD records: Thanks for the interesting exchange on MoD records. I was very surprised that information judged to be embarrassing was blacked out, sounds odd to me as they surely have no right to do this without some formal request from the person himself. Incidentally, I have advised quite a few people on how to go about getting access to their records and haven't come across any problems at all. But as we know, there would be no chance of getting general access to our records as these are covered by the Data Protection Act and the Records Office would be in breach of this legislation if they allowed this.

I don't think we need be too pessimistic about the future maintenance of our records as the MoD has a legal 'duty of care and responsibility.' They are short staffed but then this country was taken to the brink of bankruptcy by the last socialist government so cut backs have been inevitable.

Just on the war graves issue I see that the War Graves Commission gets £40million annually from the UK Government (plus about another £15million from Commonwealth countries such as Australia) against a total MoD budget of £40billion (some 0.1%) which I reckon is very good value. The Commission also restored and look after the Priory graves in Nairobi and look after some other, but not all, KR Emergency graves.

ABERDARE NATIONAL PARK VISIT

[Andy Ker]

Brian Wakeford [KR7072] <brianwakeford@iuncapped.co.za> 25/07/2013, very kindly forwarded his cousin Andy Ker's article following a visit to the Aberdare National Park. "Andy (ex-St Mary's) stayed on in Kenya to farm on the old family property above Lake Naivasha, founded about 1906. His children and grandchildren are all in Kenya, too. They appear to have had a great safari; enjoy the Swahili"!

In the latter part of May, Lindsay and I were invited to join some of our old *rafiki* for a few nights at Rhino Retreat, built and run by 'Rhino Charge', a vehicle challenge to raise money. The challenge takes place over a weekend; driving over boulders, through *dongas*, down cliffs etc. in places like Laikipia, Mara or Magadi. The overall winner is the team who clocks in at all the checkpoints in the shortest time and the shortest distance! The finance pulled in is considerable, and has been used to complete the electric fence in the Aberdare Park, particularly the Eastern side (Nyeri), as this is lower in altitude and local farmers border the Park boundary. Elephant and other animals damage the *shambas* and the farmers in turn poach wildlife. Both sides profit from the fence and rhino in particular are reasonably well protected.

We joined Gail Paul (Deputy Chairman Muthagia Country Club, ex-Limuru Girls' School and Kitale farmer's daughter), Rob and Sue Ashworth, and Adrian and Sue Luckhurst, who drove from

Nairobi via Thika and Nyeri and in by the main gate near Treetops and the Ark. We took the Kinangop route, turning into the Park near 'Clouds' the "Happy Valley" retreat near Kipipiri.

We (Lindsay and I) drove up the Karati escarpment near the farm and took the road to Njabini, where cheese was made in days gone by. What a revelation, a new tarmac road all the way from Njabini to Ol'Kalou and onto Lanet near Nakuru. This will help link Nakuru to Thika and Nairobi when completed. The new road is fast, so we overshot the park entrance! Back we drove for 20km. Then up into the forest where we encountered a lot of old tusk work - elephant digging for minerals - on the left as we climbed to the park gates at 10,000ft.

Here we produced our Kenya Wildlife Service smart cards; one pays cash at the large KWS centres such as Nairobi, Nakuru, Mweiga, Voi and Mtitio Andei which is credited to the smart card. The cash is then withdrawn by KWS staff at park gates according to the number of days, people (charges vary depending on citizenship, resident or foreigner) and vehicle size.

The road at the top was good and the scenery remarkable as we drove northwards to Satima Peak rather than eastwards to 'Treetops'. On we drove through moorland and isolated montane forests, up valleys; through muddy tracks and vales and over crystal clear trout streams. Satima became clearer with a few towering rocky teeth-like structures created by weathering over thousands of years.

Eventually we came to the small Wandera exit gate going down to Mweiga. Seen on our map, the road from there to the Treetops, the Ark and our Rhino Retreat was shown as large, without any warning of difficulties to be expected! The park *askari* said it was only 12km to Rhino Retreat so we thought OK only a fifteen minute drive! Mobile-phoned our friends to say we would be there shortly. We drove down into a deep valley on a rough track 400m down and 400m up, but the "angle of dangle" about 55°, so we had a good look at the snout of the *gari*!

Then came another valley, then another with rougher and deeper erosions. So we reversed out in 4WD and found another track alongside the electric fence. Nearby the fence were some 'new farmers' who knew the park well! They said *hakuna njia hapa!! Rudi na pita yule njia wewe anatoka nyuma sa hi!* "Hapana hi baya zaidi!!" (for those who can't remember, basically 'no road here,' 'go back to the road you were on;' 'no, this one very bad'). "Endelia tu! Hakuna shinda gari kama yako anapita jana"! (Keep going. Can't beat us, a car like yours (landcruiser) passed through yesterday.)

Okay I thought that is a challenge, so round we went and back down the steep track in 1st gear low ratio hand throttle only, ever so slowly wobbling from side to side and the trout river at the bottom looming up as the *gari* tilted towards the 60° drop. Then there were branches across the road so pulled those out. Soon we came across British Army concrete slabs on the steeper inclines to help ascent. Fortunately, we were going down so had more even tracks each side.

Well, the riverine valleys continued but the roads improved. We, eventually, arrived at the Rhino Retreat after one hour fifteen minutes to much relieved *rafikis*; the Retreat Supervisor said that the track had not been repaired by British Army for a couple of years; the British Army help a lot in the park, building bridges and roads but this was one of their service roads for caterpillar tractors!

Well, we were lucky it had been a dry day and had not rained for two weeks. If rain had arrived we'd have still been there sleeping in the *gari*! If anyone one wants to make a test of a 4WD à la Top Gear's Jeremy Clarkson, then I would recommend this as a challenge as well as a test. I certainly rate my *gari* more than before in terms of stability and road holding. Lindsay found the trip an experience of a lifetime. She learnt to hold her breath for long periods, such as goggling, and the dashboard has finger nail markings to show the level of challenge.

We enjoyed seeing elephant and buffalo along the road to the retreat (once on the main park road!). Then enjoyed a much appreciated tea provided by relieved friends. Strange they did not take us up on driving the route with us. As it got darker we changed to more relaxing drinks and ‘bitings’ on the verandah.

Shortly after 18h30, elephant appeared in front of the lodge (sleeps 6 to 7) to enjoy the mineral lick –about 25m away. They were replaced by buffalo, and then a herd of fifteen giant forest hogs, young and old which was most rewarding as they remained a good half hour taking salt; usually you are lucky to see a disappearing hog.

The following day we took two vehicles. We went with Adrian and Vicky in their Range Rover across the top to Guru Falls and others to see pristine views of bamboo valleys and moorland in the thin, crisp mountain air. Lots of buffalo with enormous horns lower down, reed buck, bush buck as well as eland on the top.

After two delightful days and nights we had to return to the *shamba*, which took us 2½ hours on the good, solid eastern park road and the new tarmac – moral of the story keep to main roads and leave tracks to *ndume*!

The Aberdare National Park is pristine as ever and unspoilt.

NB: The finance generated by Rhino Charge is considerable; in 2012, Ksh90.3m. Having completed ringing the Aberdare Park they are now going to ring-fence Mt. Kenya and Mau Eburu, areas which Rhino Ark refers to as the ‘water towers of Kenya’. In addition to protecting wildlife; the important task is to protect the decreasing forests of Kenya.

MICHAEL DOUGLAS ALEX CUNNINGHAM-REID [KR4703]

[July 17, 1928 to February 10, 2014]



[Aiden Hartley - The Spectator magazine, dated 29 March 2014]

When I first knew Michael Cunningham-Reid he was such a strict teetotaler that he would not eat trifle for pudding in case there was sherry in it. For years, not drinking was his *leitmotif*, along with big cigars and a thirst for gambling, racehorses and catching marlin with just two lines out on the Indian Ocean.

At Michael’s funeral at his Lake Naivasha farm, my wife Claire was the first to reveal she had secretly given him a glass of wine. Julian then confessed he had done the same and said over the microphone, ‘Own up, who else?’ Mourners under the fever trees wriggled on their hay-bale seats and the giggles rose to a roar of laughter. It turns out that we had all been helping Michael to fall off the wagon for a decade, keeping it a secret from his beloved German wife Dodo, known as the Panzer.

I was in on it, too. Michael had been writing his autobiography and wanted our thoughts on a draft. I said, 'It's all about your mother, isn't it?' 'Everything,' he said with a sigh, demanding a large glass of red, which he downed in one.

All his incredible life, what Michael wanted was the love he did not get from his mother, who makes her mark in his memoirs by her strange absence, apart from the times she set fire to the curtains in an attempt to burn down the family pile and tried to flush her diamonds and pearls down the lavatory.

When he was a boy, it was Doris Duke who took him under her wing and he found himself in Pearl Harbour on the day the Japanese attacked. As young Michael watched, a kamikaze Zero flew so low he could see the pilot wave at him before cutting his engines to dive into the USS Arizona.

Michael told me he'd blown about £50 million in his life, all I guess in the search for love. Buried in some newspaper library there's a headline about the Twins of Le Touquet, sisters who Michael took a bath with on a French holiday (one of them was married and the story came out in a divorce case).

He found real affection in Kenya with his stepfather Lord Delamere, who told Michael, 'Just because you've been sick in your hat, it doesn't mean you have to put it on your head.' His first job in East Africa was to cull rhinos on the Laikipia plateau, because in the 1950s there was a rhino behind every bush and it was dangerous even to take a walk. He told me he shot hundreds. It was a different world then, as one mourner at the funeral reminded us while relating a story about hunting elephant with Michael in the old days.

More than with anyone, Michael found love with Dodo the Panzer, and also with his son-in-law Tonio Trzebinski, who, before he was murdered in 2001, used to take him on frequent fishing and shooting safaris. And Michael adored Kenya, too, urging me never to abandon the country we had made our home, even during the toughest times.

After the bloodbath that followed Kenya's elections in 2007, when many had no hope for the future, Michael wrote: 'I have come to know that those who love Kenya recognise, tolerate and embrace the fact that its struggles are human; that its special lessons for living are spelled out in often mad acts of daring, humility and hope; that it's in a way that no other country can be, God's own country...its intrinsic and old greatness powers its life and those of its people.'

When Michael came to stay on the farm after our years of toiling to build it up in the wilderness, he took his cigar out of his mouth and said, 'Look. When I first met you I thought you were a wanker capable of not very much. I said Claire was mad to marry you. But you've done well here. I've altered my view of you.'

Michael was cremated on a large pyre of fever-tree logs. When the Panzer and Michael's children Dominic and Anna lit the fire, a zebra cantered around the pyre along the lakeside and there was a flock of pelicans circling into the sky over the lake, with Rift Valley volcanoes in the distance. We left long before the fire burned down but Dominic sat up over it.

If you cremate a man in this way - and we've burned a number of friends like this in Kenya over the years - the ash of the wood settles into a darker colour than the ash of the human remains. When it is all consumed you can literally see the ghostly outline of the person, and reach into the embers and recover what is left of a man.

The day after the fire, Dominic wrote to say that he had collected what he could of Michael's bones to be scattered on the waves, down where his marlin are swimming - and that his remains fit neatly into a cigar box.

LOST BALL

[Rusty Russell KR4147]

The last four months of my Kenya Regiment service, prior to being seconded to become a District Officer (KiKuyu Guard), were spent with 'I' Company. There I joined No. 4 Platoon which was based in the Limuru location of Kiambu District; platoon personnel being divided into sections to man the four guard posts covering the area. My immediate contacts were Jim McNab [3907] and Boet Muller [4177?], both gentlemen and scholars.

We knew that there was regular enemy movement from the forest into the European settled area but so far the platoon, despite frequent patrols and numerous ambushes, had failed to make contact; the situation was not under control and the morale of the men was a little low. This prompted Jim, Boet and me to hold an 'O' Group.

We pooled all the information that had been gathered during recent months covering enemy activities and movements. To this we added similar information obtained from outside intelligence sources and we looked for a common denominator.



We found it - the Brackenhurst Hotel. [LEFT - photo: OA].

This was a popular country club-type establishment in a highland situation which provided a wide range of sporting facilities in a bracing climate. Comfortable accommodation and log fires in the evenings made it attractive and in normal times it was well patronised. Trade of course had suffered

because of the war but nevertheless the hotel had not closed down. It was situated in the European settled area of Limuru, outside our platoon's jurisdiction. All the evidence before us, however, indicated that enemy gangs were being fed and sheltered by hotel staff.

This settled area in fact came under the control of a British Army Battalion from UK, who's Officers and men didn't really approve of Kenya Regiment attitudes, style and methods; they couldn't understand us, so as a result we didn't liaise too closely. Because of this, we made the unanimous decision that we would not approach the problem through the British Army.

Whilst the hotel was out of bounds for us in terms of military exercises there was no reason at all why we should not go along for a drink. Without further ado, the three of us jumped into a vehicle and headed off in the direction of the Brackenhurst Hotel. Our timing was perfect; the sun was just slipping below the horizon, a lovely sight to watch through the bottom of a glass.

The vehicle we chose to use was Jim's private car which in fact wasn't really a car; it was a small Ford van, one of those commonly seen delivering groceries in suburbia. It was totally unsuited to

country roads, especially Kenya district roads and it was old and horribly uncomfortable, but with its closed-in back, it was ideal for the purpose of the dastardly plan we had in mind.

As Mohammed wasn't allowed to go to the mountain, the mountain was going to pay a call on Mohammed. We intended to abduct one of the hotel staff and bring him back to the guard post for a little chat. We figured that once in the van our captive would be out of sight and we agreed that providing someone sat on his head, his cries for help would be adequately muffled.

The van we parked in a quiet, inconspicuous corner near the golf course and crossing spacious lawns, we swaggered into the bar, Patchett machine carbines hanging ostentatiously from our shoulders. We were however, rather disappointed by the impact of our dramatic entrance, we expected a deadly silence to fall over the room with not a word being spoken until we had ordered our drinks. Instead there was a very brief lull in the conversation around the bar, a few heads were raised then everybody went back to their gins and whiskies. Machine gun toting soldiers were obviously two-a-penny!

However, we didn't allow ourselves to be too disheartened; we secured three bar stools and perched in a corner where we could overlook the whole room. It was then that we detected a certain uneasiness among the bar staff which cheered us up a lot. So we just sat back enjoying our drinks and watched. The bar was situated in a different building from the main dining room and consequently there was frequent movement of stewards, toing and froing with drink orders. Watching this, the method of executing our plan began to take shape. We would ambush and kidnap one of them outside, on his way back from the dining room to the bar.

To create the illusion that we were coming back at great sacrifice we left our drinks unfinished and casually sauntered out of the bar. Outside we found a dark corner near a flower bed from where we could observe the exit from the dining room and be within easy reach. We had already identified our target who was of course the smallest bar steward on the staff, a real *ndaruru* of a chap, and sure enough we didn't have to wait long for him to appear carrying his empty tray.

We caught him completely by surprise. There wasn't another soul in sight, so everything was perfect. Hemming him in on three sides we quickly hustled him to the back of the van muttering terrible threats of what would happen to him if he opened his mouth to call for help.

We were very pleased with ourselves, our clandestine operation was being executed to perfection - but as usual things started to go wrong.

When Jim tried to open the back door of the bread van, it wouldn't budge, it was jammed solid. Boet then moved forward to help him but still, between them, they could not get that door open. The unexpected had happened.

By now of course we were making rather a lot of noise and I was anxiously peering around to see if anyone else had noticed. This provided an ideal opportunity for our diminutive captive to take his leave, which he did. In a flash he had hitched his *kanzu* up round his waist and he was off sprinting furiously down the 9th fairway of the golf course with the three of us galloping behind.

He may have been small but when it came to running, that bar steward was Olympic material; he completely outstripped us. Jim and I, who had been pacing each other as fast as we could go, suddenly saw the comedy of the situation and collapsed on the fairway roaring with laughter. The last sight of *ndaruru* was when he sprinted over the 9th green, leapt over two sand traps and disappeared, his drinks tray still proudly held at the high port.

Jim and I eventually recovered from our mirth, picked ourselves up and looked around for Boet. Where was Boet?

Boet had never ever really come to terms with the cold, wet climate of Limuru. He was a thin blooded animal, hated the cold and consequently wherever he went he always wore his thick, heavy army great coat. In keeping him warm, it served its purpose admirably but when it came to running its disadvantages became all too evident. He soon found this out when he tried to keep up with us in our mad chase down the steeply sloping fairway. His coat was flapping around his legs, he was losing his temper, he wasn't watching where he was going and he blundered into a deep bunker, falling flat on his face in the damp, heavy sand.

There must be some sort of chemical attraction between damp bunker sand and damp army great coats because their combined clinging promiscuous qualities appear to make them inseparable. When Jim and I eventually found Boet he looked as if he had emerged from an Egyptian tomb. He was covered in sand, front and back, and he wasn't in a very happy frame of mind. Jim and I found that out when we started dusting him down rather too enthusiastically. He growled at us, so we let him finish the rest himself.

Then someone suggested that we go back to the bar to finish our drinks and perhaps have one or two more. This time our entrance into the bar had a much more satisfying impact.

Heads that were raised stayed raised, there were surprised gasps followed by a stunned silence as all present stared at Boet with mouths agape. No one said anything however, because he was still wearing his mean expression but in the well lit bar, it was evident that he hadn't done a very good job at getting rid of the sand. It wasn't only on his greatcoat, it was also on his person, in his ears and even in his eyebrows. He looked an incredibly funny sight. It was difficult, but Jim and I were very careful not to laugh.

Again we quickly became aware of a distinct wariness on the part of the bar staff; they obviously had wind of what we had been up to and didn't quite know how to handle the situation. When we ordered fresh drinks we were served with remarkable alacrity and when we continued to reorder, the tense atmosphere eased.

Even Boet began to mellow, not only that but the warm temperature in the bar was causing the sand and his greatcoat, which he was still wearing, to dry, so that every time he moved, the coat shed copious quantities of bunker sand all over the nice clean carpet.

None of the staff complained. They didn't dare.

We finally left much later than intended and motored home in Jim's horrible bread van, singing lustily to drown the rattles. The British Army camp was given a toot on the horn as we passed and we vowed that we hadn't yet finished with the Brackenhurst Hotel.

The thought did cross our minds though, was *ndaruru* still running?

Sadly, Jim was soon to leave us. He was commissioned and seconded to Intelligence where, in a field operation some months later, he was killed on the battlefield. A fine soldier who had already been awarded a BEM for distinguished conduct, he maintained his high standards to the last and his deeds in this final encounter won him a posthumous Queen's Police Medal for Gallantry. A fine soldier in the best tradition of the Regiment, he was also a fine friend to me and many others.

THE RUNDGRENS OF KENYA

[Pat Rundgren]

My grandfather, Ture Waldemar Rundgren, was born on 27 June 1879 at Odensvei, Sweden, the son of Ture Albert and Ida Elizabeth Rundgren (née Svendson).

I distantly remember him, mainly for keeping two cheetahs as pets, rather than the conventional dogs. A noted white hunter and coffee planter at Nyeri, family legend has it that he allegedly lost his farm in a card game to Lord Delamere, which forced him to turn to professional hunting. A colourful and resourceful man, he kept his family going during the Great Depression through the proceeds of a fruit-machine (one-armed bandit) at the local club!

My grandmother, Emily Elizabeth Roberts was born on 28 July 1878 in Hackney, Middlesex, England. She was the daughter of Diana Smith and her second husband, James Roberts (1854 – 1890). She married Leonard, a younger son of Hugh Gorringe, the Lord of the Manor of Kingston Buci, Sussex. One of Leonard's older brothers, General Sir George Gorringe, served in the Great War.

Leonard and Emily went to Kenya sometime before World War I, where Leonard was employed as the Head of the Southern Sudanese anti-slavery patrol. However, their marriage appears to have been an unhappy one, and Emily then met my grandfather, Ture who had also immigrated to Kenya via China and was a partner with Baron Bror von Blixen-Finecke in the "Swedo-American Coffee Company". Emily and Ture appear to have had a passionate affair, the result of which was the out-of-wedlock birth of a son, Eric, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, England, on 26 June 1918.

The couple's other children were Peter Olaf; Britta Elizabeth and my father, John Michael Valdemar.

ERIC TURE RUNDGREN (1918 – 1992)

Eric arrived in Kenya when only seven months old. His godfather, Baron von Blixen, and his father steered him from the beginning into a life of professional hunting, and he went on his first professional hunt before he turned sixteen.

Successively employed by the Government Forestry Department and the Kenya Game Department, he shot buffalo, elephant and lion on control work in the Aberdare Mountains.

Enrolling into the Kenya Regiment 14 July 1939 [635/1166] he saw service in Abyssinia with 5th Battalion King's African Rifles and EA Recce Squadron, attached to the 11th Indian Division. However, the restrictions and regulation of army life were not to his liking, so he offered his "immediate" services to Kenya's Chief Game Warden, Archie Ritchie. For whatever reason, Ritchie exercised his considerable influence and Eric became a warden at Nanyuki before the end of the war.

Eric became one of the most experienced hunters of all time, having shot more dangerous game than anyone else on earth. According to Brian Herne in his book "White Hunters, the Golden Age of African Safaris" (Henry Holt and Company, New York 1999), Eric's nickname was "Mchang'i", small coloured beads favoured by the local tribesmen to embellish necklaces, belts and ornaments. If dropped, they roll everywhere - just like Eric.

"The nickname did not bother Eric Rundgren in fact, very little bothered him. He unhesitatingly trampled on anybody if he felt like it, and not necessarily for good reason, or any reason at all.

'Mchangi' made no attempt to rein in his explosive nature. He cynically gazed out at the world from heavily hooded Nordic blue eyes. Reddish-haired and fair skinned, Rundgren had a square jaw with lips that could easily snarl as smile. In his prime he was well muscled and big-boned, standing just under six feet in his socks, and weighing in at around 225 pounds. For his size Rundgren moved easily on the balls of his feet, his shoulders hunched like a prizefighter, often with a cigarette in his pudgy fist.

At the height of his volcanic career as a white hunter in the mid 1950s and 1960s, Eric Rundgren was the most controversial professional of his day. People loved him or hated him. He was unpredictable, volatile and to some people he was nothing but a loud, rude and irresponsible.

On one occasion Rundgren was instructed by Ritchie to shoot five hundred crop-raiding buffalo on Mount Kenya. To meet the challenge, Rundgren developed a specialized dog pack, which became his most important tool for buffalo control. The chances of escaping death or permanent injury from continuous buffalo hunting in thick forests, day after day, is slim at best. Rundgren was tossed, horned and savaged on seven occasions by buffalo.

During one pursuit, a wounded buffalo charged, slammed hard into Rundgren, and tossed him over a riverbank. He landed in the gravel stream but held onto his .450 rifle. Above him on the bank was the buffalo looking down at him. Lying in the shallow river Rundgren shot the buffalo in the throat and it collapsed.

By the time Rundgren had personally shot over 3 000 buffalo he had no taste left for control work. This staggering number of buffalo taken on behalf of Government is a greater number than any one man has ever shot. He was not proud of these statistics, and avoided discussing it. In just seven years of control hunting Rundgren also personally shot 434 lion, easily another record, if one's counting".

In 1945, he married his first wife, Patricia Borwick (1918 - 1988), who claimed distant royal bloodlines. Their children were:

Donald Eric, born 1940 - followed his father into the professional hunting game.

Carl David, born 1951. PhD (Otago 2006) - presently living in New Zealand.

Brian Robert, born 1955. I'm not too sure where Brian is - he spent most of his life doing unusual things like taking part in polar expeditions to Antarctica.

Late in 1952, at the age of thirty-four, Eric Rundgren resigned from the Game Department after a heated argument with a colleague and joined 'Safariland' for his first professional safari. As it turned out, he was charged by an elephant and almost mauled to death by a leopard that he was following up after one of his Mexican clients had wounded it.

Instead of playing dead, Rundgren fought back and tried to strangle the leopard. This is akin to wrestling a chain saw that has run amok. In the blood-soaked battle Rundgren kicked, swore and fought back as the big cat shredded him". The beast was finally shot by one of his clients and he spent the next two weeks in hospital being stitched back together.

During the Kenya Emergency he was an inspector [E862] in the Kenya Police Reserve and qualified for the Africa General Service Medal with 'Kenya' clasp to add to his WWII campaign medals.

He bought a farm at Naro Moru, on the eastern side of Mount Kenya, but sold it and moved to my grandmother's plot at Kikambala on the Kenya coast, north of Mombasa. His commercial fishing venture failed, and he returned to hunting. Unfortunately, his marriage fell apart, and he later married Harriet, one of his well-heeled female clients.

He once followed a huge elephant tusker over the Kenya border into Tanganyika and illegally shot it. The tusks weighed in at a magnificent 178 and 174 pounds. However, in order to avoid prosecution for poaching the tusks had to be cut up into smaller pieces!

There would always be sportsmen who would come to Africa to hunt with Rundgren - for his daredevil tactics and incredible hunting ability. One loyal client said "At least he was a great bad ass! You never knew what he would do next. Every moment was a surprise!"

Rundgren will be remembered for many things, not least because he helped a number of young hunters in the early stages of their careers. Back in 1952, one of those hunters was Mike Prettejohn, [3975] who accompanied Rundgren on a private rhino hunt on Mount Kenya. During the hunt Rundgren shot the 5th world record rhino. Prettejohn commented, "Eric had the instincts of a wild animal, and could outwit them all. He was a brilliant bushman, and gave me invaluable experience and advice that no one will ever have the opportunity to repeat. He was, as fellow hunter Bill Ryan said, "A bloody fine hunter; a legend in his own time".

In 1964, Eric Rundgren left Kenya and moved to the then Bechuanaland (now Botswana), where he started his own hunting company, Bechuanaland Safaris, in partnership with the Henderson brothers, Ian and Alan, of Doddieburn Ranch, Colleen Bawn, Southern Rhodesia. The Hendersons were also from famous stock, their father having won the Victoria Cross during the native uprisings in 1896 in Rhodesia.

My father was employed as their agent in Victoria Falls, and I spent much of my youth growing up amongst the hunting camps in Linyati, Panda ma Tenga, Nunga and the Okavango swamps. I clearly remember Eric once asking me, in front of all his clients, if I was playing pocket billiards (I was about ten years old and had my hands in my pockets at the time). There was a roar of laughter, although I didn't understand why, and had to have the joke explained to me.

When the Rhodesian bush war intensified and it was no longer safe to transport his clients by road from Victoria Falls into the hunting camps in Botswana, Eric moved to South Africa and started 'Wilderness Safaris' operating photographic safaris out of the Pilansberg north of Pretoria. He finally immigrated to Australia, where he died, if I remember rightly, of a heart attack (although I would guess that his liver would have ultimately exploded as well).

Eric still holds the world record for sitatunga and features prominently some 50 years later in other categories of 'Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game'.

His autobiography was written by Dennis Holman in 1969, entitled 'Inside Safari Hunting with Eric Rundgren'.

PETER OLAF RUNDGREN (1919 – 2004)

Born 1919. Died Pietermaritzburg some years ago.

Peter married Rosaly Dorothy Ulyate, daughter of Herbert George and Lydia Oitilia Ulyate (née Schoch). They had four sons:

Mervyn Wilfred (born 1943), [7451];

Dennis Peter (1945 - 2001), also a professional hunter. Married Frances Grainger-Brown (1949 – 1990);

Nigel, born 1947;

Roger, born 1949.

I believe only Roger is still alive - he was a bank manager in Johannesburg the last time I saw him at my brother's funeral in 1993.

I have distinct recollections of Peter and Rosaly's farmhouse, built on stilts and overlooking a dam and orchard. Unfortunately, I cannot recall where it was, but bear a scar on my face from the time their Alsatian attempted to chew my ear off when I was a three-year-old toddler.

Peter joined the Kenya Regiment [1017] and received an emergency commission as 291040 Second Lieutenant (London Gazette dated 26 November 1943).

BRITTA ELIZABETH RUNDGREN (1920 – 2009)

Born 1920. Died three years ago at the family plot at Kikambala, north of Mombasa. A tough old bird, she was still game fishing well into her 70's. Married Superintendent Bernard Edward Ruck, Kenya Police, George Medal and bar (1922 to 1994).

The couple had three children:

Vanessa Ann. Born 1944. Married David Anthony Fleming. The couple emigrated from Rhodesia to Australia in the mid 1970's.

Peter Bernard. Born 1947. Married Pauline Louise Grobler. Pauline's father was a noted professional hunter, and Peter worked for him for a time. However, he and my brother Ken had joined the B.S.A. Police at the same time and Peter eventually returned to the Police, where he was a Section Officer and Member-in-Charge, Fort Rixon. On leaving the force after Zimbabwe's Independence he became General Manager of Rhodesia (later Zimbabwe) Milling in Bulawayo.

My brother Ken and he were life-long friends and rivals, especially when it came to vying for the affections of various girls, Pauline among them. I remember her well, a vivacious woman who complained of and was treated for influenza but was dead a couple of days later of cerebral malaria.

Peter later re-married, this time to Jennifer Ann Scarr (born 1962), of Marandellas. His third wife was Hele Harkema-Lewis (born 1949).

Suzanne Ingrid Britta (born 1948). Married William Arthur Carruthers (born 1949). The couple operated a pizza parlour in Cape Town until they accumulated enough money to purchase a yacht and they then sailed around the world, finally settling in the Cook Islands where Suzanne runs a successful restaurant.

JOHN MICHAEL VALDEMAR RUNDGREN (1923 – 1992)

Born on 06 June 1923 at Fort Smith, Kabete. My father attended Prince of Wales High School in Nairobi and then went on to farm coffee at Makuyu and later mixed crops and beef at Mau Narok in the so-called 'White Highlands' of Kenya north of Nakuru.

He enrolled into the Kenya Regiment [3363] during WWII in Abyssinia before being seconded to the King's African Rifles and serving with them in the 22nd. East African Brigade, XV Indian Corps, in Burma. He often told me that he had held the rank of 'Acting Major, Temporary Captain and War-Substantive Lieutenant'.

He was also an Inspector in the Kenya Police Reserve (E598) and operated as such during the Mau Mau uprising. I am led to believe that he served in the pseudo Mau Mau gangs in the Aberdares alongside my uncle, Bernard Ruck, who was awarded the George Medal and bar for his services. This service won him the Africa General Service Medal with 'Kenya' clasp to add to his WWII campaign medals.

He married Diana Patricia Daphne Mackrell (born 26 May 1924, the daughter of Ferdinand Stanley Mackrell DCM, MM and Eva Rose Daintree) in Mombasa in June 1946. The couple had three children:

Kenneth Michael - born 1947; attended the Prince of Wales School; married Norma Jane Smart; joined the British South Africa Police, finally retiring as 7398 Inspector to open up his own security company, Reinor Security, in Johannesburg. He was murdered on 22 May 1993 by a group of protesters who were marching past one of the premises he was tasked to guard;

Patrick Keith [Ed: *the author of this article*] - born 09 December 1953 in Nairobi; attended Nairobi Primary School, Riverside School (Gwelo); Selborne-Routledge School (Salisbury) and Milton High School, Bulawayo. Served 1 (Independent Company), Rhodesia Regiment and as Assistant District Commissioner in the Rhodesian Ministry of Internal Affairs. Immigrated to South Africa 1981 and now a registered professional battlefields tour guide for KwaZulu Natal, and Human Resources Manager for a colliery in Dundee. He has written half a dozen books, mainly on military history, as well as an autobiographical account of his service in Internal Affairs. Married Cheryl Ann Olivier (born 24 October 1958), of Sinoia, Rhodesia, in 1977. Two children, Charmaine Ashleigh and Neale Ashton Ture; and

Diana Elizabeth Lynn - born 1961; married Martin van de Meeburg; emigrated to Australia mid 1990's; two children, Michael and Ashleigh.

At Kenya's Independence in 1963, my father deemed that it might be imprudent to continue living in the country, particularly in view of his participation in those pseudo terrorist gangs during the Mau Mau Emergency. The whole family therefore immigrated to Australia.

In those days, my family was fairly well off, so as I recall we sailed majestically and luxuriously on the Shaw-Saville Line's Southern Cross' from Durban to Perth. It was a magical journey, with sparkling days and millpond seas. On arrival, the family was consigned to the Perth beaches, in itself not too much of a hardship, especially as I was missing school, while my father travelled extensively, looking to purchase a suitable farm.

He didn't find one. He found instead resentment, aggression and downright uncouth behaviour on the part of most of the Australians he met. However, I believe it was the gender apartheid practised at the time in Australia that influenced my mother to put her foot down and yearn for home.

So back we went, this time under financial constraints, which forced us to travel on a Lloyd Triestino ship aptly known as the 'Neptunia'. The ship encountered atrocious weather and seemed to spend most of the journey attempting to end up on the bottom of the ocean. My father had brought his hunting rifles, which caused a flurry of excitement and a charge of gun running when we reached Aden. Six months after our departure, we found ourselves back home in Kenya, considerably the poorer in all respects for the experience.

However, my father was determined to try again. Suffice to say, we eventually ended up in Southern Rhodesia in 1964. My father was employed as a Security Manager with Fawcett's Security, firstly in Gwelo and then in Southerton, Salisbury. That ended when my uncle, Eric, offered my father a place in a hunting venture in the old Bechuanaland (now Botswana) in conjunction with Ian and Allen Henderson.

The family moved to Victoria Falls, where my father set up an office on behalf of Bechuanaland Hunters. Once the Rhodesia bush war escalated and the hunting business was shut down, my father started his own business, known as 'Falls Agencies'. He then went very successfully into sanctions busting and retailing bulk commodities such as maize meal, paraffin, soft drinks, stock feed and the like. He was the first Mayor of Victoria Falls and had his own 'corner' at the local club - woe betide anyone who tried to encroach on his space!

Situated alongside the great Zambezi River, it was inevitable that the whole family took part in fishing. Not that I was particularly good at it, though. On reflection, I have become convinced that my father took me with him on his fishing trips mainly so I could act as a retriever whenever his spoon or lure became hooked up. Such items of fishing tackle were expensive and in short supply in sanctions-strapped Rhodesia, so whenever the damn thing stuck in some underwater obstacle I was duly despatched overboard to free it, regardless of the fact that the river was infested with crocodiles.

During the Rhodesian war my father signed up as a Special Reservist in the B.S.A. Police. These gentlemen, usually elderly and rather rotund and wearing a very conspicuous blue boiler suit, were tasked with guarding strategic buildings. They were affectionately known as the 'Wombles', after the cartoon characters of the period. He was awarded the Zimbabwe Independence Medal number 02605.

My brother and I both left the country in 1981 after Rhodesia collapsed. Sadly, my father took my mother's death on 24 January 1984 very badly. His business suffered and he moved in with my sister and her husband. Unfortunately, they subsequently lost their farm at Beatrice and he died of a heart attack shortly afterwards in an old age home in Harare on 04 March 1992.

DON LESLIE FINDLAY [3617]

[21st June 1928-13th January 2014]

[Alan van Riet]



I have been asked to say a few words about Don Findlay who I have known for 50 years. These events are always emotional but I try to remember what my Italian friends said - "South African men need to show their feelings and emotions".

So I hope that I keep my composure but still show my feelings and emotions.

The definition of eulogy is a "Speech that praises someone highly"; this makes my task so much easier, as so many good things can be said about Don.

At many funeral services, eulogies are often akin to Fish Stories - mean people are suddenly remembered as good-

natured, self-centered people as generous, sinners as saints; positive traits are exaggerated and negative ones swept under the carpet.

Don has not been well for some time but today we celebrate his life and what he meant to all of us, Not for a minute am I alluding that he was a saint, but he was a fine human being

Don was born in Kenya 21st June 1928, one of ten siblings - six boys and four girls. After primary school Don attended the Prince of Wales School where he was a prefect.

Two of his friends who knew him in Nairobi are here today; Micky Shaw [3606] who went to school with Don, and Marion Gardener who went to school with Jean Anne in 1947.

Don started in Bata's cutting department, but left when they would not confirm his appointment, in writing.

He worked for the Kenya Government in the Public Trustees Department, and Immigration. When the Emergency was declared he joined the Kenya Regiment and was seconded to the Kings African Rifles. After the Emergency Don played an active part in the Regiment as a territorial and was promoted Captain. He was always proud of his military service and remained a member of the Kenya Regiment Association (South Africa) where he was Chairman.

On 11th September 1954, Jean Anne Mitchell and Don were married in Nairobi, which means they were married for 59 years.



L/R: DON, JEAN ANNE, ANNE STEPHENSON AND COLIN BECK. IN THE BACKGROUND L/R: JOHN BIND, MIKE STEPHENSON AND PETER GRAF

They have two daughters, Margaret, born in 1959 and married to Lloyd Ashwin, and Elizabeth born in 1963 and married to Tommy Berdanis; Don always blossomed when his grandchildren Victoria and Raymond Ashwin and Michael and Samantha Berdanis were around.

In 1964, Don, Jean Anne and family emigrated to South Africa where he started work with Edgars in their credit department at area level, later moving to division before concentrating on Personnel where he progressed to Group Head of HR. Though he retired in 1992 after 28 years of extremely dedicated and successful service, he continued to serve Edcon, as a trustee of the Pension and Medical Aid Fund.

Started in retail and ended in retail!

Accolades have been received from numerous former colleagues all over the world, of the high esteem he was held by everyone with whom he worked; too many to mention but the common thread was, a 'true gentleman and an example to everyone.'

I first met Don, shortly after I joined Edgars in 1964, he was in Johannesburg and I in Cape Town. When I transferred to Johannesburg a few years later, we became colleagues and good friends and over the years the Findlays and van Riets have become more of a family as opposed to just friends.

Those of you who remember the Readers Digest and their regular article of the “Most unforgettable character I have known” highlights how fortunate I have been to have come across two such characters in my life - Bernie Hall who was tragically killed in a cycling accident ten years ago and Don Findlay.

Again the common thread - they were perfect gentlemen, outstanding friends, sociable characters, and we were fortunate in that we were family friends.

I would like to say a few words of tribute to this unforgettable character and special friend.

Over the years we have spent many holidays together and would like to mention some highlights.

Swaziland. We used to go to Swaziland a few times a year and spend weekends at the royal Swazi Hotel. Part of our entertainment was going to the local cinema in Mbabane, at lunch time, to watch an uncensored movie. After the first time Don could not wait to say something to me and later that day when we were on our own he said ‘that was the best R5 I have ever spent!

Sabie River Sun. Bought time-share together

Sun City. Left his suit behind and the ladies blamed me and not Don; family were joining us so he was saved.

Kruger Park - Red Combi. Ten years ago, whilst travelling in the Kruger Park, Don experienced severe pains in his leg (thrombosis) and after being rushed to a doctor in the park we were advised to get him to Nelspruit ASAP. I was travelling in excess of the speed limit when we came over a hill to see a number of cars held up by an elephant herd meandering across the road. I waited for 20 odd minutes and then, with much hooting and shouting, overtook the cars and drove through the herd! I am sure there are elephant in the Park today who have not forgotten the red combi.

Prawns - Only ate with a knife and fork

Newspapers - bought one every day for last few months and Don insisted in paying me R6/7 every day.

Don Findlay - what do we remember when we think of Don, for we all have our different thoughts and memories:

No negatives when we think of Don, other than he was very stubborn!

Highly intelligent, pedantic – he wrote everything down. Had a little note book next to the phone.; only became involved in computers recently but mastering it was not a priority.

Loved by all, particularly the ladies - he was the consummate gentleman with impeccable manners and totally disciplined.

Good sense of humour, although very dry.

Extremely well groomed and in his retirement he dressed as if he was going to the office.

He enjoyed the good things in life, but was not materialistic.

The perfect host and always made sure that he stocked visitors’ drinks – ‘Allan I thought you had left the country or the Vodka has evaporated’.

Until a few years ago he played golf at his Club in Bryanston, where after many years he finally won the monthly cash prize late last year - we must have spent more than he won on the drinks!

Whilst Don added something special to my life, as he did to many others, I think we also need to remember the happiness that family and various friendships gave to him.

Our condolences to Jean Anne, Margaret, Liz and their families, all of whom supported Don over the years, but more so over the last few months; a truly caring and loving family.

**

Keith Elliot, Secretary Gauteng Branch: The above is an excellent and comprehensive account of Don Findlay's life. I can only add that he has been Chairman of the Gauteng Branch of the Association, for twenty years, and a better person for this position would be hard to find; always generous with his praise, a friend to all, and a true gentleman.



ABOVE: AT DON'S MEMORIAL SERVICE: JOHN BIND, KEITH ELLIOT, BOET DE BRUIN, PATSY ELLIOT, DIANA VAN RENSBURG, MICKEY SHAW

KENYA AUXILIARY AIR UNIT

[Ed: *Extract from Joan Wedekind's 'Keith Campling and the Story of Aviation in East Africa', and Dix, Noon and Webb's medal magazine.*]

In September 1939, Keith Campling [531] left Nyeri and reported to Kenya Regiment Headquarters in Nairobi, which at that time was on the hill near Government House. He was initially given guard duties at the gate, armed with a rifle and fixed bayonet, but a week later the Commanding Officer, Col Alfred Dunstan Adams [KR1], called him to his office to tell him that he had been seconded to the Kenya Auxiliary Air Unit (KAAU).

The Unit had already taken over most of the civil aircraft and pilots in Kenya and they were in need of engineers. He was told to report to Squadron Leader Bob Lovemore, the officer commanding the Kenya Auxiliary Air Unit, Elementary Flying Training Squadron at Nairobi Aerodrome (today's Wilson Airport) where the embryo unit was formed.

Bob (Robert Baillie) Lovemore, born in Swaziland in 1893, and educated at Michaelhouse, Natal, served with the Imperial Light Horse at the outbreak of war in 1914 and served in German South West Africa where he was severely wounded, and mentioned in despatches.

Proceeding to England he joined the Inns of Court OTC in July 1915 and was commissioned 2Lt in the 3rd Bn Royal Fusiliers. He volunteered for Royal Flying Corps and learned to fly at Salisbury Plain, completing his first solo after 2¼ hours of instruction. He started his operational flying career on BE2Cs in German East Africa from December 1916 to September 1917, but having contracted malaria was invalided out and hospitalised in Cairo.

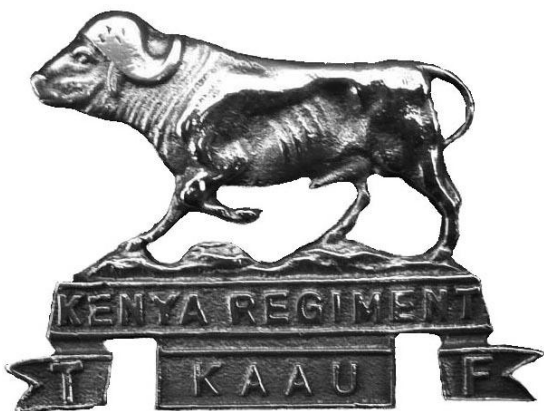
Returning to UK he converted to the new SE5 fighter and was posted to 29 Sqn in France, where after being awarded the DSO he was shot down. Lovemore flew a special SE5, his plane having been donated by the Chief regent and chiefs of Swaziland, and suitably inscribed.

In 1919, Lovemore returned to Port Elizabeth (PE) where he started farming. In about 1932, he was approached to join a small air service company in PE called Union Airways, the only air service in existence in South Africa. After a series of high profile crashes and severe financial difficulties it was taken over by the State in February 1934, to become South African Airways. In or around 1936 he accepted an offer to join Wilson Airways, initially as a pilot and then as chief flying instructor. After WWII Wilson Airways became East African Airways.

At the outset of WWII he was called up and given command of the Kenya Auxiliary Air Unit [KAAU], which on the 21st August 1940 was absorbed into the RAF and renamed Royal Air Force, 30 Elementary Flying Training Squadron [RAF 30 EFTS.]

It was in 1933, that the idea of Kenya having an air force unit was first considered; this was to be a unit of the KDF (Kenya Defence Force) under Squadron Leader S. Wynne-Eaton, with J.C. Green as Flight Lieutenant and Adjutant, and other officers included Major Mansfield DSO, Mr. M.C. Mostert, Sir Piers Mostyn and Mr. M.C. Wheeler. Among the pilot officers were Messrs. J. Appleby, R. Graham-Bell, George Blowers, John Carberry, A.H. Dunkerley, R. Fiddian-Green, S.M. Hannan, H.W. Sear, Norman Turner, Capt. Roy Usher and S.E. Vines.

The KDF was disbanded in 1936 and the concept remained only on paper, but on September 6th 1939 the KAAU was activated - also being known as the Kenya Regiment Auxiliary Air Unit. The officers of the KAAU were in the main ex-RFC or RAF personnel already resident in Kenya, and the ranks were mostly from the Kenya Regiment;



They wore the Kenya Regiment Buffalo with the letters KAAU beneath. [PHOTO OF BADGE COURTESY JOHN DAVIS] Later on 30 EFTS also had some RAF officers attached to it.

Nairobi Aerodrome, later Nairobi West and now Wilson Airport, had been established in the early thirties after the closure of the Ngong Airfield at Dagoretti Corner.

The RAF had first based units there in 1935, during the time of Mussolini's adventures in Abyssinia, with about five Fairey 111Fs and two Vickers Victorias detached from No. 47 Squadron in Khartoum and No. 216 in Heliopolis. Mike Hopkins, a child at the time with a keen interest in aircraft, recalled that when they first arrived the crews were living in tents pitched near the parked aircraft. The 111Fs were replaced with Fairey Gordons and the Victorias with Valencias; then in about 1936/37

223 Squadron was formed in Nairobi with Vickers Vincent biplanes, although these were replaced a year later with Wellesley monoplanes.

By 1938, three large hangars had been built to the east of Runway 14 for the RAF, and at about that time the Shell Company built the top hangar which was used by Keith Campling after the war.

The RAF and the KAAU took over the aerodrome at the outbreak of the war while they were awaiting the completion of the new RAF base then under construction at Eastleigh, three miles to the east of Nairobi.

Wing Commander Nicholas (of Belvedere Farm) - now with the RAF - was the Station Commander and Roy Usher the Station Warrant Officer. After they vacated Nairobi West for the new Eastleigh aerodrome at the end of October 1940, Nairobi West was taken over by the Navy and became a Royal Naval Air Station, becoming a naval 'vessel,' variously known as HMS Korongo and HMS Ostrich.

The KAAU also established a Communications Unit for reconnaissance flights at Port Reitz Airport in Mombasa under the command of Wing Commander Francombe, who had been a Captain with Wilson Airways and had also seen RAF service during the twenties. The Mombasa Unit's main task was anti-submarine patrols along the East African coast, as there was a possible threat from U-boats, but this unit was disbanded in April 1940 despite the threat, and after the disbandment of the KAAU in Mombasa, the South African Air Force was stationed there to patrol with Wapitis and Junkers 86s, as there was still thought to be danger of invasion from Japanese submarines off the coast.

When KAAU was absorbed into the RAF, Lovemore was transferred, as second-in-command, of a transport squadron based at Khartoum in the Sudan. After some months with 117 Squadron, he returned to South Africa to take command of 7 EFTS at Kroonstad, and then 6 E.F.T.S. at Potchefstroom.

After the war, despite an offer of the command of an R.A.F. installation in Singapore and promotion to Group Captain, Lovemore returned to farming in Port Elizabeth. He died there on 26 July 1978, aged 84.

Lovemore's citation for the DSO was published in the London Gazette 8 February 1919, reads:

'On 28th October [1918] this officer, attacked by two Fokkers, was driven down and compelled to land on marshy ground the enemy side of a river [the river Scheldt]. Having extricated himself from his machine, he saw another of our machines land a short distance away, the pilot being thrown out; proceeding to the spot, Lieutenant Lovemore found the pilot insensible, his head and shoulders under water, and the fuselage over his legs. Releasing him from the fuselage, he dragged him out of the water, and in a few minutes the pilot recovered his senses. Lieutenant Lovemore then proceeded towards the river, and seeing a corporal of ours on the other side he directed him to go and get help, he himself returning to the pilot, whom he carried to the river bank. On arriving there he saw an Infantry Officer on the opposite bank, who swam across to join him, and between them they carried the pilot down to the river and swam across, holding him up. The enemy by this time had brought up machine guns, so that they were under fire when swimming across; they, however, got across in safety, and, a stretcher party arriving, the pilot was carried back to our lines. The cool courage and disregard of danger displayed by Lieutenant Lovemore is deserving of very high praise.'

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG CROUCH [KR4520]

[5th May 1935 – 13th July 2013]

Michael Armstrong Crouch, who has died aged 78, joined the Aden Political Service in 1958 just as Britain's control of the world's second largest port was being shaken by a general strike and Arab nationalism.

Michael Crouch was born in London on May 5 1935. As the son of a doctor in the Sudan Civil Service and the grandson of an Indian Civil officer he was brought up first in Sudan and went to Prince of Wales School, Nairobi. He did National Service with the Kenya Regiment in Southern Rhodesia. After Downing College, Cambridge, he was sent to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he failed his exams for the Colonial Service but had a valuable secondment to Horley rural district council in preparation for Aden.

Crouch began in the Eastern protectorate capital Mukalla, where boys were already shouting "Long live Nasser" in the streets and his clerk preferred being in the office to being at home with four pregnant wives. Having learned Arabic and how to eat a goat's heart, Crouch set out to tour the Northern Deserts, a sparsely populated frontier area where every man had a rifle and borders were disputed. Accompanied by a cook, driver and orderly, plus a platoon of Hadhrami Bedouin soldiers with poor shooting skills, he had two major tasks: to call on local sultans to ensure that they did not deal in slaves or make war on each other; and to protect the oil exploration company Petroleum Concessions and, after it left, to keep the water wells working for the local population.



LEFT: ON PATROL IN THE DESERT - CROUCH CENTRE, WEARING DARK GLASSES.

The job was not that dangerous, which suited a man who liked to regard himself as a professional coward. When a company convoy was fired on, Crouch summoned the miscreants, and when that failed and the roar of RAF Meteors overhead proved no more effective, he solved the problem by ordering three deserted forts to be blown up.

He successfully dispatched a patrol which captured seventeen camel raiders from Yemen, and later, when 30 others were cornered with their loot sheltering behind their camels, he had to shoot the wounded beasts after the skirmish.

On transferring to the Western protectorate's capital at Al Ittihad, he found that the peace was being kept by *keeni-meeni* (jiggery pokery), which meant giving tribesmen rifles and ammunition. A welcome change came with his appointment as deputy leader of a six-week expedition to capture oryx, the antelope once familiar throughout the Arabian peninsula but which was in danger of extinction.

On leave in Britain, Crouch bought an MGA Mk2 sports coupe which reached 117mph on the newly opened M1 motorway. He also met his future wife, Lynette Waudby. But growing hostility encouraged by anti-colonial pressure in the United Nations caused support for Britain to continue to ebb away.

Desert patrols became increasingly large affairs with federal troops and Royal Marines (who could shoot straight). Crouch had to use his negotiating skills to remove some men who had been wounded when lost on the Yemen side of the border.

By 1967, Crouch was accompanied everywhere by an SAS bodyguard, and his residences were regularly subjected to rifle or machine-gun fire - though turning off the lights and taking cover was usually sufficient. But he had one particularly narrow shave when an anti-tank missile destroyed the telephone he had just been using, catapulting him on to his wife and baby son; the boy (who had been given a Kalashnikov as a christening present by an Arab friend of the family) suffered only minor injuries. As soldiers helped to douse the flames, a BBC correspondent rang to say: "I hear there's been a bit of a to-do over your way."

By now Crouch was exasperated by the Labour government at home, and appalled at being asked to sit in on an interrogation where two staff sergeants systematically beat a suspect in the kidneys to get a confession. Saying he felt sick, Crouch left the room and refused to return.

In 1967, he was Resident Adviser (the senior civilian) in Mukalla when he received a telegram at 02h00 instructing him to evacuate all British personnel.

Suspecting that any indication of a withdrawal would precipitate a general uprising, he carried on as usual, ordering dinner that night and sending two shirts to the laundry. The pretence was maintained until he and the others stepped into the helicopter. But no provision had been made for local Arabs employed by the British. "Her Majesty's Government and I had behaved with a mixture of incompetence and immorality," he wrote bitterly in his autobiography, *An Element of Luck* (1993).

On retiring from the service at 32, Crouch was determined to move as far away as possible from anyone trying to shoot him, and settled in Western Australia as a good place to bring up three children. Turning down approaches from both the British and Australian governments to work "on the security side of the house", he became a personnel manager for a mining company and a teacher before managing a conservation foundation. After his marriage broke down he married Jenny Tyrwhitt, a friend he had not seen for 27 years.

As well as his memoir, Crouch wrote a novel called *Terrorist* (2003); *A Literary Larrikin*, a biography of the soldier and author Tom Hungerford (2005); and completed a PhD on feminist history at the University of Western Australia, based on his grandmother's life as a colonial wife in India. [Ed: *Also wrote 'An Element of Luck: To South Arabia and Return; with foreword by FM Lord Guthrie'.*]

In the early 1990s he started returning to Arabia when the newly established Yemen Arab Republic invited him back with other former civil servants; the Yemenis were keen to mine the recollections of colonial officers on the exact location of the Saudi border. On one stop an elderly Bedouin with a Kalashnikov across his shoulders asked the party why the British had left. "You tried to shoot us," he was told.

At an official reception in Mukalla, a Colonel Aburahim Atik admitted to having tried to assassinate Crouch by throwing a grenade over a hospital wall which narrowly failed to kill him and his colleague John Shipman, as well as the future Field Marshal Lord Guthrie. "Old enemies make good friends," said the colonel, later adding that God had made his aim bad.

Telegraph Tuesday 31 December 2013

A SUBALTERN'S LOT IS [NOT ALWAYS] A HAPPY ONE

LIVING UNDER SEAGULL by Major Bob Smith, 3 KAR

For forty years or so from the start of World War Two to 1984 the British Army had a code of procedure in which wireless operators were obliged to use when transmitting official messages:

A Commanding Officer, be he a top army commander or a platoon commander was to be known as 'Sunray'; the Quartermaster-General down to the battalion QM was to be known as 'Molar'; while adjutants, through their various levels, from top-brass Adjutant-General in Whitehall to an infantry battalion in the field, were to be known as 'Seagull'.

I was never convinced that the enemy could be so stupid to think that a request for a hundred packets of fly-paper and twenty latrine buckets could come from Whitehall and not from some poor dispirited unit camped on the edge of a swamp. The origin of these code words always puzzled me and it wasn't until I looked up "seagull" in a wild life book that I found a clue.

'Seagull sīgûl - A bird that seeks the company of others of its kind, but is quite likely to attack them with its beak or flail them with its wings; always in immaculate condition and its rasping cries are heard first thing in the morning, throughout the day and well into the night. Its eyesight and hearing are pin-sharp and it is aware of everything that goes on around it'.

The book might have added: 'Possessed of an ability to propel its waste matter with unerring accuracy at any recipient of its choice'.

The most appropriate code name for adjutants the world over has to be without doubt - 'Seagull'.

As a subaltern I could never understand why adjutants changed their personalities when they were appointed to that particular office. Before their appointment they were ordinary decent fellows - they reverted to their natural state when they moved on. It was the bit in the middle when they became so bloodthirsty that mystified me.

As an officer cadet I was led to believe that on being commissioned into an infantry regiment I would be joining a good club. What a rude awakening I received when, as a newly pipped second lieutenant, I was gripped hard by the adjutant; also the Senior Subaltern and the Regimental Sergeant Major as well! But that's another story.

The first time I felt the sharp prick of the adjutant's fangs was when he came into the local hostelry one evening and saw me standing at the bar. He made no comment at the time but when summoned to appear before him the following morning, I was told there had been a button of my service dress undone - I had to take his word for it. For that offence I was awarded three extra orderly officer duties.

The receiving of 'three extras' was the cue for some hearty back-slapping from one's contemporaries who were delighted to hear that someone else would be inspecting meals, mounting the guard and checking that sentries were doing their job properly in the early hours of the night. I have known some officers, totally lacking in charm, suddenly become the most popular chaps in the mess after an award of 'several extras'.

After three years service with 1st Bn SWB, I had hoped to join the Sudan Defence Force, but although accepted, a vacancy in the near future seemed unlikely to appear. My CO, Lt Col 'Milo' Campbell-Miles and my company commander, Major Ken Taylor, had both served with the KAR and both advised me to follow their example. "You'll love it," said Ken, "things are more relaxed in

the colonies and you'll get more freedom and responsibility sooner than in a British infantry battalion". Within a few weeks I was on my way to Mombasa aboard the SS EMPIRE KEN.

My posting was to 3 KAR in Nanyuki, where the equator runs through the bar of the Silverbeck Hotel, or so the proprietor led his customers to believe, but he lost his credibility when he moved the bar, together with the brass rod marked: "N" and "S", two yards to the north.

I quickly made friends with some ex-pats. 'What about joining me for a night at Cloud Cottage next Friday?' said one of the white hunters based at Mawingo Hotel (later renamed Mount Kenya Safari Club). He said he would be most grateful if I could help him look after some tourists who would be spending the night watching game from a tree house in the forest below Mount Kenya.

As the following Friday was a National Holiday I accepted. This was the 'more freedom' that my erstwhile company commander had been talking about, I thought.

That Friday, the white hunter called for me at the Officers' Mess and took me to the Mawingo Hotel where he introduced me to the tourists. We set off in two vehicles, walking the last half mile through the forest to Cloud Cottage.

Our leader briefed the group about the abundance of game in the area. He assured them that they would see elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo. 'Of all these animals, the buffalo is the most dangerous and for that reason we have footholds in the trees from here to Cloud Cottage.' Nothing much happened before 20h00 and then we were treated to an unforgettable spectacle of African wild life.

The following morning early, after off loading the tourists, I was driven back to the 3 KAR Officers' Mess. A quick bath and change into khaki drill for the Saturday half day morning duties.

'Buck up,' the orderly officer stuck his head round my door, 'the adjutant wants to see you.' I took my time; after all, this was Kenya where I had been assured it was a far more relaxed life.

'You've been absent without leave,' 'Seagull' said icily. 'I want an explanation.' 'I was sleeping in the forest.' He didn't give me a chance to explain further.

'What were you doing up there?' he snorted as if he thought I had been visiting a brothel. I told him I had been doing nothing more illicit than watching animals, and furthermore, on a public holiday.

'Seagull' had a book on his desk. He opened it, took his time inspecting the pages and said: 'There's no application by you to spend a night in the forest.' I realised that nothing had changed and that the best thing to do was to keep my mouth shut.

'Three extra orderly officer duties, and in future, obey the rules!' [RL]

WHERE VULTURES FLY by Neil Reid, 6 KAR.

Shortly after my arrival at Colito Barracks, Dar es Salaam in 1957 I was kitted out with at least two sets of everything at the QM Stores; everything, that is, except a black vulture neck feathers hackle, which, I was told by the QM Staff Sergeant, I had to catch for myself!

Gillham, my 'D' Coy CSM offered to help; I should have noticed his sudden eagerness to assist; didn't old soldiers eat new subalterns for breakfast?

We took off into the bush in a spare gari and a .303 rifle. It was not long before we saw them high in the sky circling a dead animal, with some already on the ground fighting for a meal. Gillham, standing well back I noticed, suggested that I 'leopard crawl' as close as possible and then shoot to kill.

Suddenly, I could feel them all over me! Not vultures, but large ants. I had crawled across a line of safari ants and they were having the time of their lives making a meal of me.

Instantly, I was on my feet, the vultures all clambered away from their meal and flew off, meanwhile I was yelling to Gillham that I needed help. It didn't improve the situation to see my CSM standing there, laughing and taking out a packet of cigarettes to light one. I was hardly amused at his obvious enjoyment of my predicament, but he shouted at me to strip off and to not try to scrape off the ants, he would come over and do that with the cigarette.

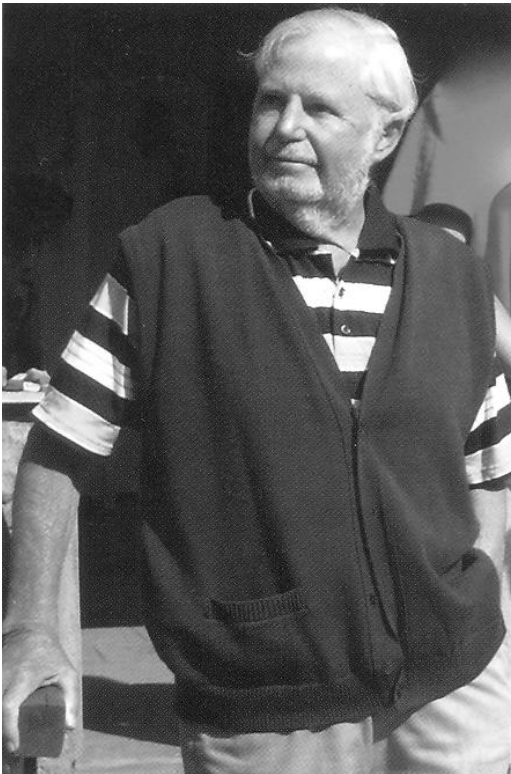
So there I stood, a new arrival in Africa, stark naked in the middle of the bush with my CSM doing little to hide his amusement, puffing on his cigarette and with the lighted end burning off hundreds of the ants as they clung on to my body. No prizes for guessing what would be the topic of conversation in the Sergeants' Mess that evening.

Later that evening I discovered that even 'Marwa', my orderly, knew all about the day's events, but he said that he would find a suitable cockerel from the local village and make a fine hackle for me, and no one would know the difference. My respect for my new orderly grew from that moment. [RL]

PETER BRUCE ROBERT BARNES [6159]

[10th June 1937 to 28th July 2013]

[Juliet Barnes]



Peter, a stalwart of motor racing in Kenya, began his life in Georgetown in former British Guiana. He spent his early months on a ship heading for Zanzibar with his parents. According to family stories, Peter was almost left behind in Trinidad! [LEFT: PETER IN HIS RETIREMENT YEARS]

Peter spent his childhood in Zanzibar, where his father ran the power station and he became good friends with the Sultan's son. Peter excelled at playing truant from school, playing on the fire engines. When Peter and his wife Marjorie made a visit to Zanzibar many years later, they found there was still a fire engine called Peter.

Peter's parents parted when he was nine and he moved to Kenya with his mother, a teacher. Peter attended Prince of Wales school, only occasionally visiting his father in Zanzibar, where he acquired his love of sailing.

In 1954, Peter went to the Royal Technical College of East Africa (now University of Nairobi) to study Engineering Science, but his studies were interrupted by a desert trip in 1955 that marked his life.

In early 1955, Alan Cooper, a British farmer in Kenya, placed an advertisement in the local papers, for passengers on an overland trip to England traversing the Sahara. Peter Barnes, then seventeen years old, joined zoologist Barbara Duthy and teacher Freda Taylor (none of whom knew each other) and set off with Alan Cooper on Friday 5th April 1955 in an overloaded Morris Minor Traveller. Incredibly, Alan didn't pack the necessary spares, tools and traction aids. In Cameroon a rock damaged the sump. Alan had no spare oil so he carried on and damaged the engine. They limped on to Nigeria where a poor temporary repair job was done.

350 miles north of Kano, the engine started knocking again. They limped in to Agadès in French Equatorial Africa where a French military mechanic installed replacement bearings. Unbelievably Alan was still not carrying engine oil!

The French Foreign Legion had strict requirements for travellers crossing the Sahara, which included carrying sufficient petrol, oil and water, and sand channels. Aware that the overloaded Morris would not be approved for the desert crossing because of limited ground clearance Alan slipped away from Agadès late on Sunday 8th May without registering with the authorities.

The following day they began to get stuck in the sand. After unloading the car and pushing it out of the sand again and again in the searing heat, they were exhausted and only had ten pints of water left. Stuck again, Peter suggested he walk the 60 miles to the next oasis at In Guezzam but Alan insisted on going himself at dusk.

Peter managed to free the car after five hours of jacking it up and placing mattresses under the wheels. Peter and the two ladies carried on, but became stuck in the soft sand repeatedly until they had only two pints of water left and they were still 30 miles from the oasis.

Suddenly a three-ton Citroen lorry and a Volkswagen approached from the north. They had found Alan collapsed on the sand, half delirious from heat exhaustion. Alan reluctantly agreed to return southwards in convoy. Peter drove the Morris, with Alan and Freda, while Barbara rode in the lorry. The Morris led, with strict instructions to stop if the Volkswagen stopped. The Citroen lorry brought up the rear. With all the luggage in the rear of the Morris, Peter could not see behind, so it was up to Freda to keep the following cars in sight. Alan was slipping in and out of consciousness, and Freda, herself suffering from dehydration, could not minister to Alan and look behind at the same time.

After a while Freda noticed the other vehicles were not behind them. Peter stopped the Morris but Alan insisted they continue. The Morris immediately sank in soft sand up to the axles. Now they were lost and stuck. With no water remaining, Peter drained the radiator and flashed the car lights. On Friday 13th May, at 20h30, Alan died.

Peter, only strong enough to crawl, worked to free the car. It took eight hours. They dragged Alan's body into the rear of the Morris and drove on, the engine knocking violently and overheating because of the lack of radiator water. They had to stop every three miles to let it cool. After twelve miles, it refused to start.

As dawn broke, they realised the end was in sight. Alan's body began to decompose, so Peter placed it in the shade on one side of the car. Freda became delirious and ripped off all her clothes in a futile attempt to cool down. By 13h30 she was dead. Peter got out of the car and with shaking hands took

one last, blurred photo with his Brownie Box camera. At about 14h00 he lay down in the shade next to the Morris and drifted in and out of consciousness.

At 17h30 on 15th May, Barbara Duthy and the remains of the convoy reached Agadès, 240 miles away, and a search party was dispatched. Thanks to Peter's final efforts to flash the lights, some Tuareg nomads had pointed the French Foreign Legion in the direction of some 'evil spirits' lighting up the sky at night. They found the Morris. Peter was barely alive.

Peter recovered slowly in a desert hospital. The severe dehydration he suffered with his vital organs shutting down took a toll on his health in later years, especially his heart.

When Peter finally returned to Kenya he was called up to serve in the Kenya Regiment during the Emergency. He trained at Lanet and ran a Tribal Police Unit in the Mount Kenya Forest. When he was the Emergency District Officer in Nyeri he met Marjorie Platt, Scottish dancing at the Outspan Hotel; they were married at Naro Moru Church in 1958.

Peter was District Assistant and Land Consolidation Officer in Meru District until 1962, when he was appointed lecturer at the Kenya Institute of Administration (KIA) in Lower Kabete. They had mistakenly called the wrong Peter Barnes, but hung onto him anyway when they realised his value. He was Executive Officer at KIA until 1968 when his position was Africanised.

From 1968 he worked for Factual Films Ltd, then Coca Cola Bottling Company, before becoming involved in the motor trade first with Westlands Motors, and then at D.T. Dobie. He retired as Managing Director of D T Dobie, Nakuru in 1995.



In addition to his professional career, Peter was heavily involved in motor sports for 52 years. He founded the Kenya Motor Sports Club in 1963 and was its Chief Executive until 1980. He organised more national championship events in 27 years than any other person in Kenya, as well as competing.

[LEFT: PETER AT A CHECK POINT]

He planned the route for the Safari Rally for five years and ran the Coca Cola International rally for eighteen years. He also served as Secretary/Treasurer for the Institute of Advanced Motorists, was Motorsport correspondent for Kenya Weekly News and The Nation, and was the voice on VOK's Radio Sports Club from 1974-1983. And all this as a part-timer!

Peter became a Kenya citizen in 1973 and voted every year including 2013. He spent his retirement years in Green Park, Naivasha where his organisational skills contributed to its development.

Peter's Sahara experience had weakened his heart. He had heart surgery in South Africa in 1995 but his heart finally stopped on 28th July 2013. He was 76.

This article was compiled from material provided by Peter's only daughter, Juliet. The details of his life came from notes she used in her eulogy at Peter's memorial service in Naivasha. The Sahara desert story was shortened from a manuscript about the event written by Juliet.

[Ed: *This article first appeared in Old Africa, Issue No. 51 February-March 2014 and is reprinted with the approval of the Editor, Shel Arensen.*]

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND (ABF) THE SOLDIERS' CHARITY

Did you serve in the Kenya Regiment and are your circumstances such that you are in need of financial help?

If so, ABF The Soldiers' Charity, who have kindly taken over the administration of the former Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust, may be able to provide assistance to you or your dependants. Assistance is typically designed to provide for medical expenses and relief of short-term financial difficulties.

If you are in need of financial assistance you should write or send an e-mail in confidence, setting out the reasons for needing help, to:

Colonel Paul Cummings
Director of Grants and Welfare
ABF The Soldiers' Charity
Mountbarrow House
6-20 Elizabeth Street
London
SW1W 9RB

Email: <pcummings@soldierscharity.org>

Or, contact John Davis (former trustee of the Second (2001) Kenya Regiment Trust) in confidence by e-mail to <johnmdavis@btinternet.com> who will be pleased to provide advice on making an application to the Charity.

THE KAMBA AND THE KAR

[Allan Liddle, 23 KAR]

I was interested to see Paul Whitcher's name popping up in print in the Autumn 1993 edition of Rhino Link. We met in 1953 as Officer Cadets at Eaton Hall, and subsequently during the Mau Mau emergency on a cold dawn on the edge of the Aberdares, when he was in 3 KAR and me in 23 KAR.

Hearing of him again evoked vivid memories of Mwingi in the Kitui District of Ukamba, Kenya, where I was Divisional District Officer in 1959 and 1960. The Northern Division of Kitui was run from Mwingi, some 150 miles east of Thika, on the road to Garissa in the NFD.

In December 1960, I handed over my Division to Paul, who had joined the Colonial Service at the same time as I.

The whole of Kitui District was great KAR territory. Probably more Kamba askari served in the Kenya battalions of the KAR than any other tribe, and these stocky, tough and rather bibulous tribesmen were steeped in KAR lore, with several third generation men serving in the Kenya battalions by the time I was there.

Large numbers of young men aspired to join the KAR, and on safari, three weeks out of four, old men would appear from the bush in khaki drill and campaign medals, stamp to attention and salute,

and engage one in '*habari-ing*' and reminiscences. Bush telegraph had advertised the presence of an ex-KAR District Officer.

In my Division, I had eight chiefs, four of whom were former KAR WOs or senior NCOs of note: Senior Chief Kasini Ndoe MBE of Migwani served in 3 KAR for eleven years, retiring as RSM in 1924; Chief Mwangani Mwenga MM (Burma) of Katse, a Sergeant Major in 5 KAR; Chief Mwangani Nyaga MM (Jambo Hill, Burma) of Tharaka, a Sergeant in 11 KAR; and Chief Mwangani Syengo, an 11 KAR Sergeant Major of more recent vintage.

These men were excellent company in camp in the evenings, and two in particular were marvellous raconteurs. One night in camp near the Tana River, Chief Kathuru regaled me with a vivid and noisy exposition of the attack on Jambo Hill, with Tusker beer bottles, bottle tops and cigarette packets illustrating KAR and Japanese positions. He concluded by leaning back, wiping beer froth from his lips, and with a dig in my ribs, saying "the young today know nothing of what we went through. We were bulls in the KAR in those days".

Chief Kasini was a fund of detailed knowledge of the 1914/18 battles through Tanganyika with von Lettow Vorbeck's colonial forces. I have a memoir dictated by him in Kiswahili on all the engagements in which he took part.

Law was administered and justice dispensed on two levels in Kenya's districts. The DO held a magistrate's court, and at a more local level, there were African courts. The latter, presided over by panels of dignified elders in robes, were expert in dealing with matters of local lore and custom, complex issues arising from disputes over bride price, land *shauris* and so on, and they also dealt with petty offences. The President of one of my two African Courts in Kitui's Northern Division, was Kuma Mukinga, who was awarded the MM in Burma, and retired from 5 KAR as a Sergeant.

Each tribal district had a force of Tribal Police (TP), or Dubas as they were known in the NFD. They were 'eyes and ears' on the ground and could be an invaluable body of men in a district such as Kitui, where they included numbers of ex-KAR askari. The Provincial Sergeant Major for Southern Province's TP, responsible for smartening up the TP from Kenya's two Masai districts and two Kamba districts was ex-RSM Mulandi of 23 KAR (retired in 1959) and he made an impressive impact on our force on his arrival in early 1960.

The core of my safari team included my TP Sergeant, Ndinda Kitonga (ex-Sgt in 11 KAR) and my safari cook Kabubu Musanga (formerly my orderly in 23 KAR), whose home was just north of Mwingi. These two, in a rapid and apparently well-drilled flurry on arrival in camp in the evening, had one in a camp chair with whisky and water sundowner in hand and the bath water warming up before one could say 'Jack Robinson'!

Every other year, Kitui District had a KAR recruiting safari, sometimes accompanied by the Corps of Drums for evening entertainment. These drew mile-long queues of would-be recruits, watched keenly by the local old and bold in their starched khaki drill and medals. Keeping an eye on the latter, or those who had fallen on hard times was the East African British Legion, run sensitively and efficiently from Nairobi, by Lt Col Ninian Robertson-Glasgow, a welcome visitor at Mwingi. He had long KAR service - 24 KAR in Turkana in 1940, 16 KAR in Northern Abyssinia, and 36 KAR in Burma. I believe he commanded 16 KAR as a Major and 36 KAR as a Lieutenant Colonel, and I doubt if his parent Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers saw much of him after the war broke out.

The KAR influence on my Division, therefore, was considerable, and in a variety of ways. Many retired askari relaxed, sent their wives out to work the *shamba*, patted their children and grandchildren on the head and lifted their elbows, always a favourite Kamba pastime. The more active of them, as I hope I have shown, played as distinguished a role in their home district as

civilians, as they had previously as KAR askari in wars and lesser skirmishes. They will always be to me, the finest example of Servants of the Crown, and they did it all with some spirit and great, good humour. [RL]

BOMBO'S VOICE

[Major Peter Johnson]

The Abyssinian campaign drew to its close at Gondar in the North near the shores of Lake Tana. General Nasi was the last Italian to offer resistance. So, in November 1941 the East African Forces were withdrawn. 25 (EA) Bde, which included 3/4 KAR, was transported back to Axum and Aduwa with the intention of trans-shipment back to Kenya.

The askaris were looking forward to visiting their wives for a well-earned rest, and the opportunity to increase their families. This intention had been passed to the troops unwittingly by one of the commanding officers. When at Aduwa they were told they were to go straight to Rangoon, askaris of one unit lay down their arms, saying 'they would go to Burma after they had been to Kenya'.

So, plans were changed and the Brigade was transported in lorries, the 1,100 miles back to Kenya, the guilty unit being made to march part of the way. 3/4 KAR, in which I was commissioned, was posted to Turkana for the purpose of protecting the people from the marauding Merrille from over the Abyssinian border, an activity that had been going on since before the outbreak of war.

Lt Col *Bombo* Trimmer had been posted to command 3/4 KAR after having commanded 23 KAR at the very courageous attack on Kulkaber Mountain which guarded the southern approach to Gondar. I was transferred from Platoon Commander to Battalion Intelligence Officer, so, was with *Bombo* in Battalion Headquarters, and messed with him.

Our Mess was one of those wonderful PI marquees, pitched beside the Turkwell River, under the Acacia-Commiphora and Doum Palm trees just south west of Lodwar. One company was stationed at the North end of Lake Rudolph, at a small police post called Todenyang, about 200 miles away.

At this time *Bombo* had a very able orderly who had an unfortunate penchant for changing his religion whenever a new padre of a different denomination was attached to the battalion. So he started as Matthew, then became Bonifacio when we had a Roman Catholic padre, then Ibrahim when he took on the Islamic faith. Eventually *Bombo* said to him "I am tired of changing your name in your AB64; from now on you'll be known as Todenyang".

One bibulous Saturday evening in the Mess, (not an infrequent occurrence with *Bombo*), a figure stepped out of the surrounding darkness. It was the diminutive Kikuyu signals corporal who had been trying to contact the company at Todenyang. He saluted smartly and said "*Siwezi kusikia Todenyang. Najaribu, najaribu, sana sana*".

Bombo replied "*Huwezi kusikia Todenyang? Ngoja kidogo*".

He went outside in the darkness and yelled "*Todenyang!*" "*Ndio Bwana*", came from the outer darkness.

The little signals corporal staggered outside, wondering at the powerful voices of the *wazungu*. [RL]

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS FROM WAY BACK

Kenya Shots Compete in New Zealand [23.03.1963]: Two members of the Kenya Regiment, Brian Hawkins [3926] and Jim (A.G) Cade [6255], who are holidaying in New Zealand, have timed their visit to coincide with the Wellington rifle championships, for which they entered as Kenya Regiment.

Of the 312 riflemen who went to the mound for the two short range matches, six came from New South Wales and two from Kenya

Cade has tied for first place in the 'Wallingford', a standing SR (a) snap at 300 yards with a 'possible' and has done well in the Service championship. In the SR (b) match Cade got a 49 at 800 yards, and Hawkins a 49 at 900 yards; Cade coming second in 'B' Grade.

The general standard in New Zealand seems even higher than at the English Bisley; 52 ten-round 'possibles' being scored on the first day of the meeting and 46 on another day.

Cade and Hawkins have presented the NZNRA with a Kenya Regiment wall plaque to mark the occasion, in return for which the NZNRA organized a reception and presented the two of them with New Zealand badges.

The publicity they received in the New Zealand press caused a well-known Kenya Regiment character, now in New Zealand, to contact them - CSM Joe Cameron or 'Rumbleguts' as he was known in the early emergency Regiment intakes in Rhodesia.

**

Sporting Act Cost Him Money: Riflemen at Trentham for the National Rifle Association 102nd meeting were surprised yesterday by the sportsmanship of one of the two Kenya entrants.

After shooting a series of bulls over one of the long ranges in the morning Mr. B.H. Hawkins challenged the marking of one of them; the shot was re-marked from 5 to 4.

Had he said nothing - challenges are usually made only when there is a possibility of a higher score - he would have finished with a possible 50. Instead he finished with a 49 and out of the money!

BOOK REVIEW

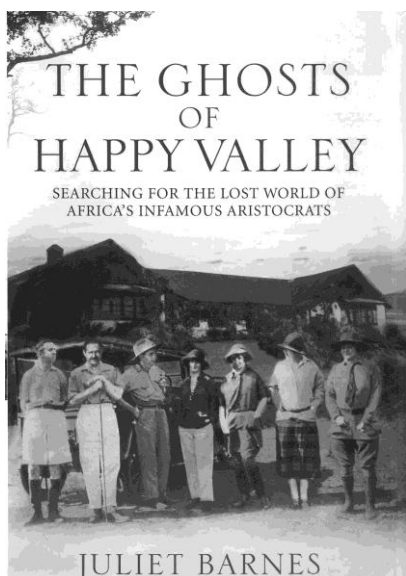
THE GHOSTS OF HAPPY VALLEY by Juliet Barnes

Aurum Press, pp.320, £17.00, ISBN: 9781781310854

Review comments by Aidan Hartley 3 August 2013 Rift valley, Kenya

The other day when I told the headmaster of a top British public school that I came from Kenya, he quipped, 'Ah, still living in Happy Valley?'

We will never shake it off, this idea of a Happy Valley in the equatorial highlands where aristocrats supposedly indulged in orgies and drugs - what Cyril Connolly dubbed the three A's: Altitude, Alcohol and Adultery. It culminated in Joss Erroll's 1941 murder. 'Perhaps Africa was to blame,' Connolly wrote. 'It insinuates violence.'



It is 30 years ago that James Fox, inspired by Connolly, resurrected these tawdry events in his book *White Mischief*. It has never been out of print since. And who can blame readers, when you have characters like the nymphomaniac Idina Hay, or the smacked-up sex-bomb Alice de Janze and the husband she shot at the Gare du Nord, Raymond de Trafford, whom Evelyn Waugh when he visited Kenya thought was 'very nice but so BAD and he fights and and gambles and gets disgustingly drunk all the time'.

A problem with the depiction of Happy Valley arises when you encounter stories like that of Mary Miller, to whom I am very distantly related. Juliet Barnes hears that Mary 'lived off lorry-loads of champagne and booze before shooting herself...'

Also that she and her husband were on the edge of the notorious party set, in their home near the Wanjohi or 'Happy' Valley, a chilly cleft in the Aberdare highlands.

The gossip is entirely untrue, as Barnes, a white Kenyan whose book thankfully begins to debunk the Happy Valley silliness, discovers.

Mary's true story was even better: at 19, in Edwardian England, she was married *in absentia* to an old colonial in Uganda; on the ship out to British East Africa she fell in love with the Wanjohi settler David Leslie-Melville. In Mombasa they parted and she took the train inland with her grand piano. Later, she abandoned her elderly spouse and, transporting her piano by ox cart, trekked across Africa until she found David, whom she adored until he died. The poignancy of the tale is that on her long journey she got malaria and the quinine cure made her so deaf she could never again hear her piano - which today stands in my sister's living room.

If there was a Happy valley set, it probably numbered no more than ten - this is the estimate of the present Baron Delamere, who is Barnes's landlord in the Rift valley. He should know. His father took Diana, once Erroll's girlfriend, as his wife.

Five years ago an important photographic book by Nigel Pavitt appeared - *Kenya: A country in the Making, 1880-1940* - in which you see visual proof of a completely different British East Africa story. The images are of hard toil, ox carts and ploughs, thatched huts with cow-dung walls - all in an almost empty landscape, since in 1900 Kenya had a population that was 30 times smaller than it is today.

This is the world pictured in the books of Elspeth Huxley, Gerald Hanley and other writers of Kenya's colonial period. Erroll may have been a keen swordsman but he was also a farmer. He imported Kenya's first Guernsey dairy cattle, while the Leslie-Melvilles introduced the first Ayrshires. And this is the picture of Kenya Barnes revives. For many years I have admired her articles about old churches and buildings across Kenya - and I recommend this beautifully written but somewhat strange and sad book.

Barnes exercises a morbid nostalgia I find rather attractive, and her story is about her visits to the farmhouses of Happy Valley. They have names like Clouds, Slains and Airdrie, and here in Africa she finds pear trees and climbing roses gone wild. The homes themselves are bat-haunted and derelict. One or two are now schools, while others were demolished, their tiles and fittings carried off to furnish huts as if this were a story of survivors looting a crashed aircraft.

Her guide through the Wanjohi is Solomon Gitau, an eccentric peasant who is ostracised by his Kikuyu neighbours because he wants to conserve the forest and the Colobus monkeys that live in it, which they seem intent on destroying. Gitau is much given to nightmares in which he feels he is communing with the spirits of the dead aristocrats - hence the ghosts of the book's title. He also observes: 'As I read the book *White Mischief* I saw that there is no big difference between these white people and the modern African living in Happy Valley.'

I think Gitau and Evelyn Waugh would have got on famously, since they share the same moral irony. For on this journey Gitau helps Barnes interview African polygamists about their memories of white people who supposedly couldn't stay monogamous. They find that Happy Valley's 'civilisation' was such a thin veneer that it tore away as easily as the parquet floors of the old houses where the new peasant occupants put livestock in the bathrooms while they move into the kitchen larders. And when Barnes visits the one Happy Valley house that remains in a proper state, a female lunatic wielding a machete opens the door. Barnes has brought along an eccentric white woman who uses a pendulum to discover the authenticity of household items like a chandelier, which causes the machete woman to start shrieking.

What replaces the one-time paradise Happy Valley is a version of hell. Mobs of Christians sway to hysterical music, plastic bags clog the roads and hordes of the unemployed cluster around Barnes looking at her as if she is a freak because they have never seen a white person - all this against a backdrop of the last forests 'fiercely burning'.

For the African Gitau and the European Kenyan Barnes, Kenya's modern landscape is a slideshow of memories turned sad. Solomon recalls how Colobus monkeys were once abundant among the trees, while Barnes has a flashback *to my own angry tears as a teenager, when I'd visited my grandparents' former farm... hoping to relive happy childhood memories. The farm had been reduced to a barren, treeless waste, with no sign of the lovely old house, nor even the many varieties of fruit trees.*

Aidan Hartley was born in Nairobi. He is the author of *The Zanzibar Chest: A Memoir of Love and War*, and *The Spectator's* 'wild life' columnist. [Ed: *A most enjoyable and recommended read. Juliet brings to life the Ol Kalou/Wanjohi area of old, and has confirmed many a tale that my mother mentions in her book of life. The area which I best remember, embraces Gilgil, Oleolondo, Ol Kalou, Ol Joro Orok, Thomsons Falls, Ol Bolossat, the West Road, along the Aberdares to Wanjohi and Kipipiri, where so many colourful characters lived, many of them farmers, and whilst they might get a mention in Juliet's book, were not part of the 'Happy Valley 'set'.*]

THE RED PELICAN by Jon Arensen

Eric Calonius writes: I just finished *The Red Pelican*-and what a great read it is! There's not a memoir in my recent memory that I enjoyed more. I couldn't wait to pick it up and plunge into the next chapter.

What fascinated me most about the book is that it's a glimpse into the final, glorious years of the British Colonial Empire. In this case, we have a dashing 21-year-old Oxford graduate, heading down a hippopotamus choked river aboard a creaky, wood-burning steamboat to the most remote colonial outpost in Africa.



What he finds are tall, willowy, stark-naked tribesmen that he whips into a proper British contingent, one that he soon leads into battle against the Italian army on the Sudan-Ethiopian border. That's just the beginning of a series of stories that unfold against the magnificent natural beauty of East Africa-all based on 1800 pages of diary notes that Lyth had inscribed during those years, in perfect, tight script, and, it is apparent, with a great sense of poetry and style.

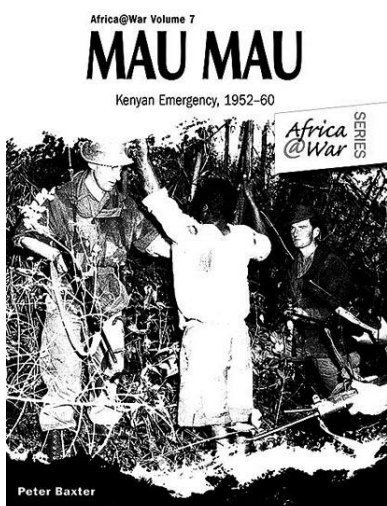
It's amazing that Jon Arensen, the author, spent a great deal of time with Dick Lyth before Dick died in 2005. Dick lived for years with the tribesmen of East Africa, who had not changed in thousands of years. So this is a telescoping of history into a couple of generations. It's all passed now-the British pulled out in 1955 and the Africans' lives have changed completely since then. But here is a picture of the final days.

Anyhow, cheers to author Jon Arensen for a great job!

[Shel Arensen writes: *Dick Lyth was an officer in the Sudan Defence Force in World War II. They gave him the job of training raw recruits in southeast Sudan then sent him up to protect the rugged border area against the Italians who wanted to come across and cut off the Nile. Lyth went on to be a District Commissioner in that part of Sudan after the war until Sudan's independence.*]

The Red Pelican, published by Old Africa books, is available from amazon.co.uk for £9.99 plus shipping (kindle version £5.09) or from amazon.com for \$15.99 plus shipping (kindle version \$7.99).

MAU MAU KENYAN EMERGENCY 1952 - 1960 by Peter Baxter



Gregor Woods writes: This is Volume 7 of the series, Africa at War, the first five of which we introduced to Magnum readers in our December 2012 edition. It comprises 58 magazine-sized pages in soft cover, but printed on very good quality paper with excellent reproduction of the black & white photos taken in those times.

Very well written by established military historians and authors, these are not in-depth studies, but are nevertheless serious works, not light reading. Mau Mau is written by Peter Baxter, a Kenya-born, Rhodesia-educated author and amateur historian who now lives in the USA.

The Mau Mau 'uprising', as it was then called, was an expression of dissent against colonialism, but manifested itself largely as a Kikuyu rebellion over land, or rather the inequity of land distribution, given the demographics of Kenya's total population and the fact that many Kikuyu had fought with the Allied forces in WWII and felt they deserved better.

The purpose of the Mau Mau movement was simple: terrify the whites into leaving Kenya and take back the land. In 1952, the sudden and horrific violence of it certainly shocked Kenya and Britain,

who responded with like violence. Many books have been written on the subject, and more recently, perceptions of the rebellion, and the British response to it, have changed somewhat.

Baxter notes that when General George Erskine arrived in Kenya to deal with the situation, he held deeply-rooted prejudices against the white settler community, and his letters home indicate that he retained these sentiments throughout his service there. He recognised that the Mau Mau rebellion was political and would have to be dealt with politically, though his job was to put it down militarily.

However, 'Mau Mau' was not merely a band of political rebels; it was also a sect led by local 'witch-doctors', which played on the beliefs and fears of the Kikuyu in terms of the spirits of dead ancestors. Initiates had to swear unfailing loyalty and unquestioning obedience to the movement, any breach of which would result in the oath bringing death to them. The official hangman's noose was the less fearful prospect.

Trusted servants and nannies who had served families for decades and cared for two generations of their children, unlocked the doors of their houses at night, letting in the Mau Mau who murdered those very children and their parents. Magnum contributor, Roger Hissey, then a child on a Kenya farm, was narrowly saved from being murdered along with his parents and siblings. The security forces whisked them away on receiving intelligence that the Hissey's long-employed head mechanic was the local Mau Mau oath administrator who had organized an imminent attack on the farmstead.

The book gives some historical background to the colonising of British East Africa and the inevitable politics of confrontation. Most writers on the subject agree that in the end, it was largely the work of covert operators who broke the Mau Mau. Captured Mau Mau terrorists were persuaded to guide these operators to their remote hide-outs. Dressed as the Mau Mau gangs they pretended to be, these men virtually destroyed the Mau Mau's security and created much mistrust. Baxter names British Intelligence officer Frank Kitson as pioneering the pseudo-terrorist idea (actually the British first employed the tactic during uprisings in Palestine and Malaya).

However, a name which cannot go unmentioned here is that of Kenyan Bill Woodley [3997], a white hunter and game warden who had already employed the tactic of 'turning' poachers, who then led his own men - 'pseudo' poachers - to the real gangs. Woodley used these tactics very successfully to hunt Mau Mau terrorists. It was extremely dangerous work and the operators had to be highly experienced 'bush men' who knew how to track, and were fluent in the Kikuyu language.

Naturally, the best qualified were those born and raised on farms who had become game rangers and professional hunters. Such men were responsible for most of this work. Baxter feels that the role of these operators has been overblown by writers like Robert Ruark and Ian Henderson (many would disagree), but he does devote much space and credit to Ian Henderson who spearheaded the successful hunt for the Mau Mau leader Dedan Kimathi.

Today the Mau Mau affair seems almost trifling compared to the conflicts that followed elsewhere in Africa. However, Mau Mau is regarded as historically important as the catalyst which inspired Africans in other colonies to rise against European domination. Mau Mau also focussed world attention on the political plight of Africans under colonial rule, and this became the new cause of liberal politics universally. In conjunction with the near bankrupt state in which WWII had left Britain and much of Europe, Mau Mau released the 'winds of change' to blow in Africa. As with all such conflicts, it ultimately proved a futile waste of lives and money. Britain handed Kenya independence; a Mau Mau leader, Jomo Kenyatta, became the first Prime Minister, and most of the white settlers left Kenya.

Baxter has endeavoured to write an objective overview, and I think he has succeeded, but for those interested, further reading is required. Mau Mau costs R185, try the bookshops, or contact <www.30degreessouth.co.za>.

GONE FISHIN' by Pat Hemphill [3876] & Friends

GONE FISHIN'

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES AND
STRANGE THINGS THAT CAN AND DO
HAPPEN AT SEA



Over the many years that I have been involved with the sport, fishing has become not just a job, but is a way of life, and I have therefore been incredibly lucky to have made my favourite pastime into a means of earning a living.

Nowhere in this World do charter captains make megabucks out of sport-fishing, and Kenya is no different from any other place.

The costs of owning and running a boat and of keeping it in tip-top order see to that, but I have to say that over my nearly half a century as a charter skipper I have had so much fun and met so many very interesting people, that it has all been worthwhile, and so long as one can earn enough to get by, it is probably the best job in the World!

The thrills of this sport coupled with the wonderful sea itself, in all its moods, is an abiding wonder to me. The very fact that you can never predict anything in advance, means that things happen suddenly out of nowhere, taking you by surprise, so that every single day is different from every other.

The anticipation of every trip is always fresh, like starting a new page. What happened yesterday is history, and you must concentrate on today, so it never becomes tedious. There's always that feeling, even on the dullest day, that something is just about to happen!

On so many occasions, I have encountered a really good fish, when the boat is almost back home, on the edge of the banks, with the clients all asleep after an uneventful day out. A huge splash in the wake and the reel screaming, sends everyone into a panic, completely turning a dull day into a day that they will remember for the rest of their lives!

True, when the alarm goes off at some ungodly hour, one would rather stay in bed, but once you are up, the anticipation takes over once more.



For me at least, the excitement of this sport, whilst being the main attraction, is enhanced by my love of the sea. The fantastic dawn skies as you set off for a day's fishing, the unpredictable sea itself, which can go from flat calm to a raging maelstrom in the space of an hour, and the beautiful translucent blue water that is the hallmark of the Kenyan Coast, all contribute to my respect for the sea and my appreciation and love of just being out on the Ocean. [LEFT: PAT],

Add to all that, the other denizens of the deep blue oceans, the frolicking dolphins that seem to love riding the bow wave ahead of the boat, and seem to have such a zest for life; the enormous whales; the delicate terns that are forever searching but seldom finding; the skittering flying fish bursting out from under the bows. All these things I find endlessly fascinating.

Yet the sea is something that demands respect. At times it can be a formidable adversary, and at others, calm and welcoming. But at no time can you treat it lightly. Even in its most benign mood it is still a hostile environment, and you forget that at your peril.

You never know what the day will bring you. You could come home with absolutely nothing, wet, cold and shivering, or you could have a wonderful day that leads to a good celebration with a different kind of wetting. It's a toss-up!

The sense of anticipation as you step aboard in the early dawn, decks still wet with overnight dew, never fails to lift my spirits, even after several days of poor returns. Each day is a clean fresh start. What went before is forgotten in the expectation of what may become.

Fishing can be enormous fun, and I really hope that when you do go out, you will have as much fun as I have had over so many wonderful years. Even now I still get a huge adrenaline 'rush' every time a marlin fin appears behind my lures, and if you have never seen a marlin in its natural element, you are in for one of the most awe-inspiring experiences when one of these big, beautiful creatures comes in with a flash of electric blue fins to grab your bait! This little booklet aims to show you the joys and fun of fishing, as well as some of the truly amazing things that can, and do happen from time to time, and remember, there are bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it!

Acknowledgements: I would like to sincerely thank my daughter-in-law, Tina Hemphill, for her collection of exquisite pen and ink drawings, which have made this little book much more attractive. Her attention to detail and her painstaking artistry are indeed impressive and I am truly grateful.

I'd also like to thank Henry Henley for his amusing anecdotes; of the many people I asked for stories, he was the only person to send me any!

My wife, Maia, has been an inspiration, and I'm sure I would never have been able to finish this work without her active, loving support. She also proofread the stories and corrected my spelling mistakes!

My son, Simon has been a great help to me in providing the photos and getting his computer-illiterate Dad to somehow get this all set up for publication!

My thanks to my sister-in-law, Sue Deverell, for compiling this booklet in the correct format and liaising with the printers.

Credits for photos: John Carr-Hartley, Mark Lempriere, Dinand Rouwenhorst and Albertus van Brackel.

**

Editor to Pat Hemphill 23/04/2014: Margaret Lead (née McKenzie) formerly Stephen, was up in Kenya the other day and bought your book 'Gone Fishin' - last one in the shop - which I have just read, and enjoyed. Ian Rooker-Smith [4687], who gets a mention, was my uncle though only 8 years separated us; he was from the third litter, Dad was from the second.

If OK with you, would like to review 'GF 'in mini-SITREP XLIV (out in June); will use your preamble; assume interested parties can order via you; in which case all I need is a price.

**

Pat <pat_maia@bigame.com> 24/04/2014, copied to Dennis Leete from whom I got Pat's e-m: I do of course remember Margaret, way back when she was Margaret Stephen, in the Kedong and at Kima. I'm glad you enjoyed some of my little anecdotes in GF, and if any of your readers would like a copy, I have some here and can get more. I charge K Shs 1000 per copy, but I would also need to charge for packing and postage.

You can certainly review the book in m-S, and let's see if there is any response. Ian was based in Malindi [Ed: *121km north of Mombasa*], so we, fishing from Shimoni [Ed: *81km south of Mombasa*], did not see him often, but of course we went up there for various camps and I also knew him in Kenya Regiment days. We came into Malindi from Lamu the day that Apple Pie sank, and the tips of her outrigger were the only things showing above the water - not a good sight

**

Dennis <dleete2@gmail.com>: Thanks for copying me into this message. I remember you from early days before you moved down to the Coast, and farmed at Mau Summit or environs, somewhere near Dick Barker's 'Tall Trees Farm', I think. I have an idea that David Kingsford [4807] then bought it. I had just joined Shell Chemicals as a rep. based in Nakuru, circa 1957 or 58.

My folks had moved to Bamburi, in 1947, from Turbo, where we had farmed for many years; and sold an adjacent plot to an ex-Colonel, whose name escapes me. In 1962, the Colonel commissioned Commander Blunt, at Mtwapa, to build them a substantial boat, with which they might escape the impending European slaughter at Independence, by sailing it to South Africa; quite a substantial undertaking for an elderly couple, I would think. I recall seeing it, during its construction.

At the final sea trials, the Colonel and his good wife accompanied the Commander through the Mtwapa *mlango* into open seas, where she became violently sea sick. On return to base they cancelled the plan, and I think sold the boat, there and then, to Lady Delamere. They had named it 'White Otter' for some curious reason, and it eventually came into your hands at Shimoni, where it served you well for many years.

Thankfully, the impending slaughter did not happen, and the good Colonel and his lady lived on happily at Bamburi after Independence. But I wonder if you were ever told why they chose that unusual name, for their escape vessel?

PS There are always various friends and visitors travelling to and from RSA from Kenya, so if you can append a note to your review, Bruce, maybe they can pay Pat directly ex-stock, and we can find a safe hand to carry them to you for distribution in RSA. But there would have to be several copies say half a dozen, to make it a worthwhile exercise, I guess.

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Pat responds: We had a farm at Mau Summit, but not the one David Kingsford bought; we were some six miles further on towards Maji Mazuri on the right hand side.

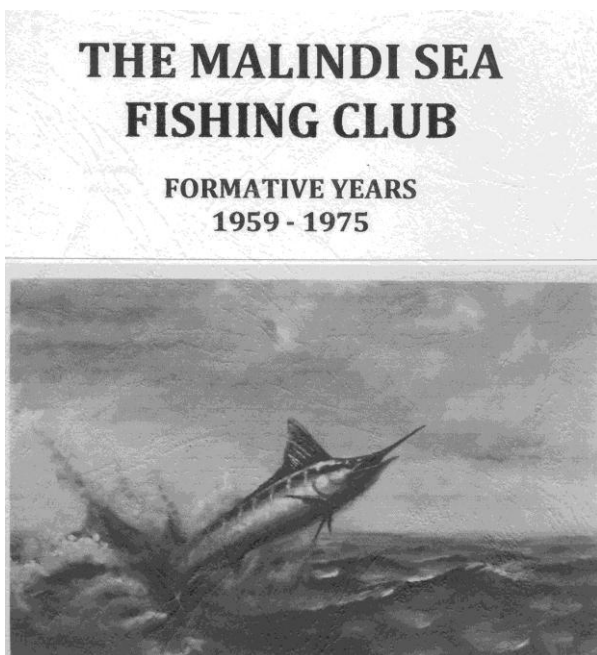
'White Otter' was built by Ed Horne at Mtwapa for a Col Sibley and when I bought her she had only gone from Mtwapa to Mombasa, so was virtually unused! In fact, the colonel never knew how to even 'drive' her, and got the Harbour Pilot to take her round to Mombasa! I discovered they had cross wired the controls, so reverse was where forward should have been; quite dangerous.

Mrs. Sibley was asthmatic and there was a special locker built to take an oxygen cylinder, so can't see they'd ever have got very far had they tried to flee!

Lady D had nothing to do with this boat, as she had a boat already called 'Buzzer', which never caught a fish for some reason. She sold it and bought a new boat from UK which she called 'White Bear', and this one did catch fish, and is now at Hemingways.

Dennis: Another piece of the jigsaw into place, I mixed up 'White Bear' and 'White Otter'. We knew Blunt at Mtwapa and I have always associated his name with the boat; but I did once go with Col Sibley to look at it, whilst under construction. Look forward to reading your book, and perhaps catching up with you one day; occasionally visit the South Coast to stay with Dick Knight in the Shimba hills.

THE MALINDI SEA FISHING CLUB by Monty Brown [3902]



Barbara writes: Monty devoted many hours to this little history he had been requested to put together, on the first fifteen years of the Malindi Sea Fishing Club, and I am so pleased he was able to complete the actual writing on his last morning at home.

[PHOTO ON THE COVER OF A STRIPED BLACK MARLIN, IS FROM THE MOUTH-PAINTING BY IAN PRICHARD GM [3670].]

As he mentioned in the Introduction, the project was a challenge, owing to lack of material from the club's archives, but in his usual way, he persevered and together with the vital file containing Club Minutes from its inception in 1959 up until 1974, my personal diaries over those years, his immaculately kept fishing log book and album of 'Johari' with photos, newspaper cuttings etc and his remarkable memory,

I think he succeeded satisfactorily. He had made a list of the photographs he wished to include and I have done the best I can to place them correctly.

It gave us both much pleasure putting this history together, for it brought back wonderful memories of those early years in Malindi, of fishing expeditions, friends from upcountry Kenya and other parts of the world, of being young and energetic, and I hope it will do the same for anyone reading this book.

My grateful thanks to Dee Roberts and David Hanegraaf who assisted in scanning some of the photos.

To Nicholas Habala who helped Monty learn to use a laptop and so generously lent him his; he also assisted me in the final stages of this work and to him I owe my gratitude.

Barbara Brown, 'Maskan', Box 178, Nanyuki 10400 Kenya – 2013

[Ed: Copies of the book can be obtained from Barbara @ £23 inclusive of P&P.]

A TRIBUTE TO MONTY BROWN AND FADHILI MBWANA by Ken Brown, Lamu 2013

Those great fishermen have not gone; for as one watches the terns leave the shore and head into the distance until they disappear, they have only disappeared from one's sight, but they fly on to hunt the seas.

Several years ago I badgered my father, Monty, about writing a short history of sport fishing in Kenya and as an already industrious writer, he found this an interesting idea. He came up with several early accounts, but we both felt there was insufficient material to warrant a book.

Shortly after, he received a request to write a history of the Malindi Sea Fishing Club's early years, which thankfully inspired him, for those of us who grew up and knew Malindi then, this was a relief, but sadly it was to be his last writing.

Many pioneers are not mentioned, although they were fishermen who enjoyed those early years. Fadhili Mbwana, my father's boat Captain, was a highly skilled pelagic fisherman as well as a diver, so knew the waters of the deep; he and Monty spent many years fishing together in 'Johari'. They were the greatest inspiration and companions to me as a child and a growing young man and I seek no further.

Like the birds that fly far beyond the sight of men, still hunting great fish, these two men go on.

A salute to the seafaring traditions of the Bajun, their skills and craft.

And to Monty, a man of many parts, a wonderful father and friend. Tutaonana!



COMMITTEE MEMBERS 1968: H.B. SWANN, DUKE OF MANCHESTER, BARBARA BROWN (SECRETARY), PIP BEVERLY, KITCH MORSON, IAN ROOKEN-SMITH, MONTY BROWN

STATE OF VICTORIA KENYA REGIMENT & E.A. SCHOOLS REUNION : 19th October 2013.

Early in 2013, during a phone conversation between John Orton and Keith Trowell, it was decided to hold another reunion for those of us living in Victoria. However, on this occasion we felt it would be a good idea to invite anyone with connections to East Africa.

We chose to arrange a luncheon at a venue with a pleasant indoor-outdoor environment, and selected The Witchmount Winery at Rockbank, the outer Melbourne suburb, an easy hour's drive

north-west of the city and easily accessible for both country area and metro residents. Witchmount offers an extensive *a la Carte menu* at reasonable prices, with a wide selection of ‘house’ wines.

At around 12h00, people started to arrive and eventually we managed to get everyone seated and lunch ordered. Conversation was loud and intense and I doubt whether anyone present could remember what they had for lunch! A rather shaky rendition of “Funga Safari” was “sung” with much amusement, followed by a toast to the old Regiment. After dessert we moved outside to the lawns area for photos.

Unfortunately, due to the lunch taking far, far too long, some of us with long distances to drive home, had to leave before all could be assembled for a group photo.

The general overall opinion was that a similar event should be held (next year?), again in October with its mild, sunny weather.

Our thanks to Keith, who very generously presented some of us with Old Cambrian ties. As it transpired all but two, Rodney Willard and John Bristow were ex-POW; also by happy coincidence, Keith and John Orton were members of the CCF band at school.

Those in attendance: Rodney Willard [6647] KRTC Course 10, Kenton College; Lorraine & Les Dikes [7418] Course 18, POW; Jenny & Anthony Disney [6376] Scott House, POW; Lynden & Olaf Rodseth [6363] Course 8, POW; .Keith Trowell [6983], Course 13, Westlands Primary & POW; Alan Grigor [6117], Hill School and POW; John Orton [6876] Course 12, Kongwa School & POW and Lilla Orton, Westlands Primary and Kenya High School 1952-1956; Gaye and John Welford, POW & Rhodes 1960-1964; John Bristow [6451] DOY; John Stevens [4788] Hawke House POW 1949-1954; Ken Burr [3633] POW and Fiona Burr Kenya High School; Patsy Morrison, Kongwa School 1950-1956.



L/R: JOHN STEVENS; LES DIKES, JOHN ORTON, ANTHONY DISNEY, OLAF RODSETH, KEITH TROWELL, ALAN GRIGOR, RODNEY WILLARD, KEN BURR

KRA (NATAL): FERN HILL HOTEL: SUNDAY 24th NOVEMBER 2013

In attendance: Bales, Graham [6563] & Betty (née Jenkins) and g/son Struan Byron, Blowers, Bernard [4609] & Merle; Bohmer, Mary (née Cade), Bompas, Colin [4926], Bowser, Di, Carr-Hartley, Brian & Sheila (née Griffiths) and Sheila’s mother Joan Griffiths; Collinge, Clare (née Cook), Crampton, John [6083] & ‘Lena and ‘lena’s son Dennis Kavalenka, Daykin, Eddie [6502] & Michelle, Gledhill, Al [7437], Gray, Alan [6421], Harris, Simon [3977] & Angela (née Dawson-Curry), Higginson, Mabel (née Croxford), Holyoak, Eric P4230], Howard, Sue (née Cowie);

Jansen, Mike [6717] & Helen (née Woodruff), Karnezos, Nick & Noreen, Lead, Margaret Lead (née McKenzie), Lester, Dave [4131] & June, Letcher, Ray [7118] & Sally (née Randall), Manger, Peter [4540], McCleary, Danny [4384], Moore, John & Ros, Mordecai-Jones, Irene (née Dawson-Curry), Norris, Mike, Northmore, Marilyn (née Hickman), O'Halloran, Barbara (née Arkell), Pavely, Derek [4636], Pembroke, John [7429] & Gill (née Salmon), Plenderleith, Gary [4642] & Audrie Ryan, Price, Nola & Peter Hood, Prior, Bernard & Sheila (née Cook), Rookan-Smith, Bruce [6290] & Jenny, Shelly, Mike [7054] & Elva Bowles, Simpson, Nev [4806] and Carol van Rensburg, Smith, Pete [7585] & Anne, Tory, Terry [6339], Watson, Keith [4676] & Ros (née Platt) and their son Jeremy, out from England.



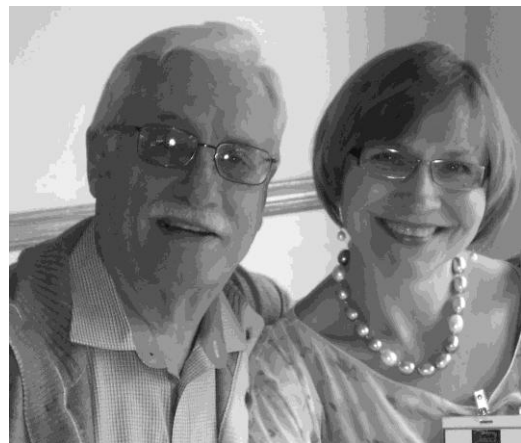
JEREMY, ROS AND KEITH WATSON



DEREK PAVELY, AL GLEDHILL, JOHN PEMBROKE



DI BOWSER AND SALLY LETCHER



JOHN & LENA CRAMPTON

KRAWA BUFFET LUNCH: BAYSWATER HOTEL:

The following members attended: Bleazard, Stan [4242] & Barbara, Campbell-Clause, Ian [6035] & Pat, Collier, Jack [6976], Gledhill, John [7350], Halligan-Jolly, Aylwin [6194] & Marion, Houlding, Rob [7008] & Margaret, Howe, Tony [4842] & Marny, Irwin, Ernest [4187], Keast, Francis [7045] & Maureen, Landells, James [6439], Lippinkhof, Henk & Anne, Lutkens, Roger [6116] & Marlene, Markwell, Brian [6552], Martin, Alan [4198] & Pat, Matthews, Richard [2117] & Jane, O'Toole, Rory [1119], Stanley, Gil [4622] & Anne, Swain, Tony [4238] & Angela, Tucker, Tony [6202]. [Ed: *Photos by Ernest Irwin will appear m-S XLV.*]

LOSS OF RAF AIRCRAFT DURING THE EMERGENCY

Tom Lawrence <tom@equinoxflowers.com> 29.03/2014 to Kevin Patience, Bruce Rookan-Smith and Juliet Barnes:

Lincoln Crash - RE297: I was down in Nairobi yesterday and asked around a couple of old *wazee*, namely Tony Archer [4024] and Tony Shepherd [6058], about the Lincoln crashes.

Tony went to go and have a look at the Githunguri crash [Ed: *Lincoln bomber SX984 19/02/1955 – see m-S XXXV*] the day after, and said that the memorial for those guys is in the City Park Cemetery in Nairobi. He was not aware of any Lincoln crashing into the Kinangop at all - he lived at Njabini, not too far from South Kinangop, the Brown Trout Hotel and Sasamua Dam.

What he did know about was three Harvards that were in formation and flew into the mountain instead –apparently the age old problem, of getting into a valley and not having the power at that altitude to pull up or out! Tony, without hesitation, said that the memorials to the Harvard crews, as far as he knew were in City Park as well. [Ed: *An extract of Steve Taylor's article which appeared in m-S XVI, states: To recap, it started when reading the 'Habari', the Kenya Police Association Magazine edited by Mike Hudson. I came across a book review on the Pied Cloak by Derek Franklin which covers his service in the Kenya and other police forces from the 1950's to the 70's. On page 82 of his book, is a brief statement, "We would return to the site of the three RAF Harvard light bombers, that followed the leader in a swoop over the bamboo area of the Aberdares above Nyeri, all three failing to pull out"]*

I had a quick look on <www.eamemorials.co.uk> and there is a Stanley Owen there who died in 1952, but he was 78 years old, so unlikely! If it was a military death, then surely the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) would know.

The website sadly only covers those up to the end of WWII, but I am sure there would be other ways of finding out?

On the second question - there was a church in South Kinangop. Coming in from the Nairobi side, as you reach the town there was a road off to your right that leads past the old *duka*, and post office, and then the church - Tony and Maggie Shepherd got married there in 1961, and he thought they were the last *wazungu* couple to be married there; the road then carried on towards the Brown Trout and eventually to Sasamua Dam.

Tony Archer was of a similar opinion. He knew of the Githunguri crash but nothing on the Kinangop except for the Harvards!

I have a couple of leads from Tony which I will try to follow up in Naivasha - another *mzee* who was with the RAF in the 1950s in Kenya. Tony couldn't remember his name but told me where he lived.

Kevin Patience 29/03/2014: The CWGC doesn't get involved if it's outside WWI and II. However, in recent years they now look after the military graves worldwide and debit MoD for this service, hence the reason why all the Mau Mau period graves in City Park have been cemented over to keep maintenance low.

You no doubt remember finding the Blenheim crew on Mount Kenya not so long ago, they were SAAF crew if I remember correctly [Ed: SAAF Blenheim Z-7763 was discovered by a logger in 2002 - see *m-S XXVIII*.] It may be a case of accessibility to the crash site at the time. Not knowing this area, what's it like today still forested? I will chase up my end again and find out if the relative of Owen has been in touch with MoD

This is the crew list for RE297:

Flight Lieutenant Michael Waight - 27 - Pilot
Flying Officer Michael William Humphrey Owen - Navigator Plotter
Flying Officer Robert Joseph Robinson - Navigator Observer
Master Engineer William Joseph Beesley DFM - Flight Engineer
Sergeant James Keith Atkinson - Air Gunner

Tom Lawrence 29/03/2014: That's interesting as there are quite a few CWGC graves in Nyeri Cemetery that are very well looked after. I live in Nanyuki, and you could accuse me of slobbiness but have not had a look specifically in either of the two Nanyuki graveyards.

I also notice that Njabini (which is South Kinangop) is on the list of graveyards on Bob Barnes' <eamemorials.co.uk>, perhaps there is a plaque still inside the church? Next time I head Naivasha way, I will see if I can find the church, and check whether there is a plaque there; and perhaps liaise with Juliet to meet there?

I do remember the finding of the Blenheim. I was living in Naivasha at the time, and was much less involved in matters historical at the time. It must have been around 2004/5. I will ask my girlfriend as she runs the Bill Woodley Mount Kenya Trust and so has a fairly good handle of things that have happened on the mountain.

My memory was that a honey-hunter was found with some artifacts which could only have come from that site, and so took in various people to see it and do what was needed with the crews' remains etc.

Kevin Patience <saburi@hotmail.com> 30/03/2014: Bruce, thanks for articles about the Harvard by Denton Evans [4043] from m-S XV and Steve Taylor from m-S XVI - I met one of the pilots a while back.

From my contact in the UK re: the Lincoln crash: "The names of the crew are on the National Aforementioned Memorial. I contacted the MOD Records Office as I know them quite well and the names are from the aircraft record card. However, alas, no details about where the bodies are buried and indeed, whether anybody ever bothered to go and retrieve them, and for that matter anything else on board. I can't imagine the Military authorities at the time would have been happy to leave the aircraft in the jungle for the Mau Mau to come and find especially as it had ammunition, and the 50

cal which the rear gunner used would have probably still been intact, so I can't imagine they were happy for this to fall into enemy hands. I would bet an army patrol was tasked to go and find it but clearly it could be anyone's guess which one actually did."



ABOVE PHOTO OF A LINCOLN AT EASTLEIGH CC 1954 BY KEVIN PATIENCE

Tom Lawrence 03/04/2014 to Kevin and Andrew Challoner [6863]: I have asked around a little bit on the various crashes, and there generally seems to be some confusion over the different crashes on The Aberdares and Mt. Kenya.

However, within that confusion I have had a little bit of luck - I had been told that Andrew, whilst working with the Forestry Department, had found the Blenheim bomber on Mt. Kenya before independence and had reported it, but nothing was done.

I have just spoken with Andrew and his discovery was the Lincoln bomber on the Aberdares! In either late 1959 or early 1960, he was on a trip with Peter Westlake [4913] looking for seed on the upper end of the Mathioya River. They ended up on a knife edged ridge where Fort Warwick (he thinks) was, and were headed off up to what he called The Black Craggs, where they found the crashed Lincoln.

They came down and reported everything to Kangema Police Station who, in turn passed the information to the top bod in RAF at the time, who got all very huffy and dismissive, which made Andy quite angry.

Andrew was then posted in 1960 to Nyeri, and when he got there, met a bunch of 'aircraftsmen' who were fresh out from the UK, and had been dispatched to collect bodies off the Aberdares. It was the last he saw of them, and assumes that is where they were headed, although they didn't (couldn't?) tell him. However, the whole thing has rather bothered him ever since, and he has been doing some rummaging himself, but to no avail thus far.

I have copied Andrew in on this email, although, and to use his words, he is 'technologically challenged' but will be re-united with his wife, Sally, on Monday and will then get the email! (Andrew -I hope I have the details correct, but am sure you will put me right if I haven't).

EUROPEAN CIVILIANS KILLED DURING THE EMERGENCY : 1952-1956

[William de Villiers s3199]

1. 1952, 27 Oct. Eric Joseph Neale Bowyer [KR2700]. Farmer. North Kinangop.
2. 1952, 22 Nov. Commander IH Meiklejohn. Farmer Thomson's Falls.
3. 1953, 01 Jan. CH Ferguson. Farmer. Wanjohi Valley.
4. 1953, 01 Jan. Richard Bingley [KR3753]. See above.
5. 1953, 24 Jan. Roger E. G. Ruck [KR3324]. Farmer. North Kinangop.
6. 1953, 24 Jan. Dr. Esmee Ruck. See above
7. 1953, 24 Jan. Master Michael Ruck (aged 6). See above.
8. 1953, 7 Feb. Anthony Gibson. Captain Morice's farm manager.Nyeri.
- 9.1953, 21 Apr. Geoffrey Le Mesurier Lavers [KR1032]. Horticulturist, Nairobi Parks Department.
10. 1953, 25 Apr. Mrs Nerena Meloncelli. Karatina.
11. 1953, 25 Apr. Miss Maria Meloncelli. See above.
12. 1953, 25 Apr. Master Mario Meloncelli. See above.
- 13.1953, 21 Jul. James MacDougall. Farmer. 4 miles outside Nyeri.
14. 1953, 18 Nov. George Lisle Gordon Shaw [KR286]. Coffee farmer, Thika.
15. 1954, 5 Mar. Jim H Candler, DO.
16. 1954, 15 Mar. Walter George Bruxner-Randall. Coffee farmer. Thika.
17. 1954, 15 Mar. Dorothy Marguerite Bruxner-Randall. See above.
18. 1954, 4 Apr. Master Andrew Stephens (aged 4). Atwell's estate, Kiambu.
19. 1954, 19 May. Dr Charles HR Pentreath (aged 83).Kiambu.
20. 1954, 5 Jun. JR Stephens. Ambushed. Nyeri District.
21. 1954, 5 Jun. Miss Rita Dorothy Violet Critchley. Nyeri District.
22. 1954, 18 Aug. Berkeley Matthews. Sigona Golf Club on the Nairobi-Nakuru road.
- 23.1954, 13 Oct. Mrs Mary Leakey. Farmer. Nyeri.
24. c1954, 13 Oct. Arundell Gray Leakey. See above. Kidnapped and buried alive.
25. 1954, 28 Dec. Harold Gillespie Shotton. Fort Smith.
- 26.1955, 20 Apr. Master Geoffrey Danby (aged 15). Ruaraka near Nairobi.
27. 1955, 20 Apr. Master Christopher Robin Twohey (aged 13) See above
28. c1955, 30 Apr. Walter James Weaver. Farmer. Naivasha. On patrol with Royal Irish Fusiliers.
29. 1955, 2 Nov. Mrs Helen Milton. Police stated "No signs to suggest that Mau Mau involved."
30. 1955, 2 Nov. Miss Margaret Milton. See Above
31. Mrs. Marie Chapman. c 23 Sep 1952, before State of Emergency declared.
32. Mrs. Margaret Wright. On 3 Oct 1952, before State of Emergency declared.
33. Mrs Wyn Medcalfe. On 4 Mar 1956, after officials statistics published on 1 Jan 1956.

I have been unable to identify the following cases:

1. Edmonds, Charlie
2. Giffard, Robin
3. Hall, Robert
4. Judge, Neville
5. Osbourne, Nora Mrs
6. Osbourne, Scotty
7. Parfitt, Master
8. Pedler, G R
9. Pedley, Chris
10. Semini, Alex
11. Seton, Mrs

CENTRAL CHANCERY OF THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD; St. James's Palace, S.W.1.

The QUEEN has been graciously pleased to give orders for the under-mentioned appointments to the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, for the following awards of the George Medal and of the British Empire Medal, and for the publication in the London Gazette of the names of those specially shown below as having received an expression of Commendation for their brave conduct.

To be Additional Members of the Civil Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire:-

Mrs. Kitty Anna Hesselberger, Farmer, Kenya and Mrs. Rhoda Raynes-Simpson, Farmer, Kenya.

One night, at about 9 o'clock, Mrs. Hesselberger and Mrs. Raynes-Simpson were attacked by a Mau Mau gang armed with knives (*pangas*). The two ladies were sitting alone in their isolated farm house when four or five attackers entered. A larger number are known to have been outside the house. Mrs. Hesselberger was walking towards the table with her back to the door through which the gang entered. Mrs. Raynes-Simpson saw the gang enter and sprang to her feet, picking up her revolver which was in readiness on the seat of her chair, and at the same time warning Mrs. Hesselberger.

A member of the gang armed with a knife came towards Mrs. Raynes-Simpson. She fired at him and he fell dead. Another member of the gang had thrown Mrs. Hesselberger into a chair, had a grip on her neck and was just raising a knife when Mrs. Raynes-Simpson fired at him. He ran out of the room. Mrs. Hesselberger jumped up, grabbed her automatic and followed him. Mrs. Raynes-Simpson picked up another revolver and followed her. From the next room they heard sounds in the corridor which was in darkness. They fired down the corridor and by this action stemmed a determined attack by the gang which broke up and fled in disorder. Later, an African was found lying dead in the corridor with a knife by one hand and some rope in the other. The two ladies re-loaded their guns and fired off the warning signal to their neighbours.

Mrs. Hesselberger and Mrs. Raynes-Simpson showed great determination and courage in taking the offensive against a savage gang and set a great and much needed example of alertness and preparedness to the people of all races of the Colony.

Their gallant action gave much heart to the community.

Sarah Higgins, widow of Mike [4062] from Naivasha: We have had 33 birds through our hands this year - sixteen owls, eleven raptors and six 'others'.

A beautiful, young Black Sparrow Hawk, 'Boeing', lost a leg, so Simon Thomsett (who works with me) made a false leg for her which works very well even though it does occasionally fall off after a bath! We are now looking for a titanium screw of the right size so that we can fix the leg on permanently.

A tiny baby dove, brought in after his nest tree was felled, was reared on a diet of Cerelac baby food (later mixed with chick mash). He has grown up and left home now, but he comes back occasionally to visit. He was called 'Silo' because I couldn't believe how you could feed him so that

he had a big fat tummy, then the next time you looked he had actually grown round the tummy rather than the other way round. I just kept pouring food into him and he just kept on expanding, it was amazing!

We have three big Verreaux's Eagle Owls in at present. 'Tai' came from Kilifi where he had been found on the beach, just six inches old; probably stolen from his nest by a crow. He was reared by a kind couple but unfortunately wasn't given enough calcium so his bones were weak and he broke a wing whilst learning to fly. It was partially healed but infected by the time they brought him here. We put him on antibiotics and a week later operated to re-break the badly set bones so that we could straighten them. No sooner was his wing mended and his bandages removed than he managed to break the wing again! All is now mended and he is flying well. The only problem is that he is thoroughly imprinted on humans and thinks that he is a 'people'. This means that we won't be able to release him fully into the wild, so we are going to have to do some thinking about his future. He is a delightful owl to have around.

The other two VEOs came in two weeks apart but both from the same place, one possibly poisoned and the other with a major wing injury. As they were found in the same location we suspect that they might be a pair, so as soon as 'Cleopatra' is fit enough we will introduce her to 'Anthony' (now mended) to see if this is the case. (Cue: romantic music, slow-mo camera and tissues - or a First Aid kit!)



Our most amusing inmate has been a young Ruppell's Vulture called 'Gollum' [LEFT]. Simon was working with Charlie Hamilton-James and a BBC film crew, making a film about vultures on the Kwenia cliffs, when they saw a big black Verreaux Eagle take out a young vulture that was flying along behind its Mum. The eagle crashed this poor baby into the scree at the bottom of the cliffs, breaking its wing and damaging its pelvis. Simon, who was half way up the cliffs at the time, abseiled down to the bird, strapped it up and radioed the man at the top to phone me to come and meet the bird in Nairobi.

He then sent the vulture with their driver on a major safari through the bush to meet me. Our wonderful Vet then carried out a difficult but brilliant repair job on 'Gollum', who has made a full recovery. He will now have to be taught how to be a 'proper' vulture so that he can be released but in the meantime, being a sociable bird, he is on 'meet and greet' duty by the back door. I just love the look on people's faces when they walk past this amazingly life-like 'vulture statue' only to have it turn round and lollop along after them! Charlie H-J even came and interviewed 'Gollum' - so he might just become famous once the film is aired. Luckily he was on his best behaviour during the interview and didn't bite Charlie!

In February, I felt increasingly rough over a five-day period so went to the Doc who said that my heart wasn't 'sparking' properly and that I should maybe go to hospital the next day for a check-up. But by 10 that night I decided that actually I wasn't going to make tomorrow! I called my lovely neighbour, Jane, who whizzed round and rushed me off to hospital in Nairobi, and before I knew what had happened I was the proud owner of a Pacemaker!

What a fantastic gadget – there is **NO** stopping me now, particularly as the battery has an eleven-year life span before I'll need to replace it! I'm now 100% fit again

[23rd April 1930-14th February 2014]

[Compiled by John Davis, with thanks to Erika Catchpole, Fergus McCartney, David Chester, David Stanley, Mike Ford and Dick Winney]



Reverend Guy St George Catchpole described himself as a colonial relic, having been born at Nakuru War Memorial Hospital, Kenya, on St George's Day 1930, and was immediately claimed and named by the local branch of the Royal Society of St George!

The slopes of the volcano Menengai rose up behind the family's house and Guy's father used to take him and his younger brother Tony up there for target practice with a .22 rifle where he learnt the first rudiments of shooting.

While growing up in Kenya he moved with the family to different tribal areas each time his father, who served with the Kenya Police, was promoted. Guy's father was in charge of the Nairobi area at the time of the Lord Errol murder. The peripatetic nature of family life meant boarding school was essential, first at Pembroke House Preparatory School, Gilgil, and then secondary education at the Prince of Wales School, Nairobi.

The experiences of his early years gave him knowledge and insight into many areas of local culture, customs and language, which were to prove most useful when he joined the Kenya Regiment on 25th March 1953. Guy was attached to 1st Battalion Black Watch on 16th July 1953, promoted to Captain and on 24th March 1954 was appointed District Officer (Meru Guard). He was released from the Regiment on 24th March 1955.

Fergus McCartney [3609] recalls: 'I first met Guy through our association with the Regiment during the Emergency. We found ourselves both serving in Meru District on the eastern slopes of Mt Kenya at a little village called Egoji. I was a Field Intelligence Officer and Guy was a District Officer (Meru Guard). I was accommodated in a tent, as was Guy initially. Guy soon decided to improve his accommodation by having a thatched mud and wattle house built to replace his meagre tent.



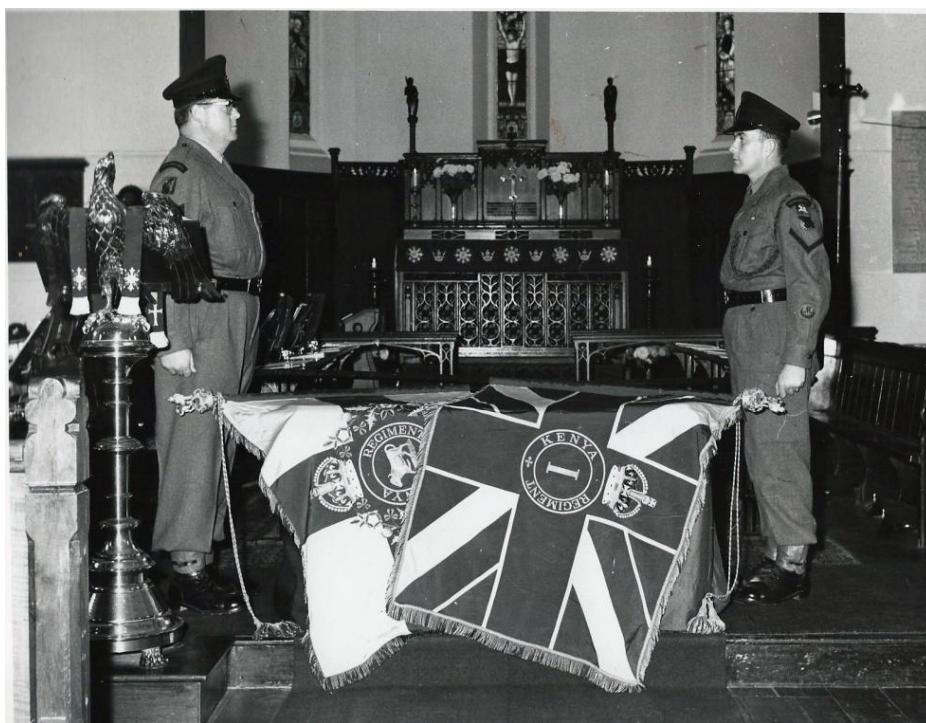
[RIGHT]

Once completed by local artisans, Guy thought it would be nice to have a house-warming party. Officers from far and wide attended and the party got under way with much merriment. Then disaster struck. One of the partygoers, having consumed too much Tusker, fired a signal rocket into the roof, which being made of grass thatch caught fire almost immediately, helped somewhat by the well-intentioned friend who clambered onto the roof and started to pull the thatching off. That was

the end of poor Guy's house. The district Commissioner was not too pleased, I believe. It was a good party!

We did not meet again for some years when my wife Angela and I heard that Guy, Erika and their daughters were looking for accommodation in the Nairobi area. At the time I was coffee farming in Lower Kiambu, with a house available to rent right next door to us, not too far from Nairobi. They took the house and thus started a friendship which still endures. We went on many expeditions and safaris during our remaining years in Kenya, and had lots of fun with their family and ours, our boys being the same age as Jane and Emma. The girls often accompanied us on our evening walks on the farm with our dogs, sometimes having adventures with the wildlife that still remained in those days.'

After Independence in 1963, Guy came to Teacher Training College in England where 'St George' met and finally married his 'Dragon' Erika and began a new teaching career in Harlow. On 6th February 1964, along with six former members of the Kenya Regiment, Guy joined the newly-formed Kenya Regiment Platoon, Queen's Royal Rifles TA, based at Buckingham Gate, London. Guy had already been serving with the Honourable Artillery Company and transferred to the new Platoon. He later transferred to the 4th (V) Battalion Royal Green Jackets, when the Queen's Royal Rifles amalgamated with the London Rifle Brigade and the Oxfordshire & Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and stayed with them until 1968.



While serving with the Queen's Royal Rifles, Guy took part in the laying-up of the Kenya Regiment's Colours on 24th October 1965 in the Garrison Church, Winchester. The Colours were later permanently housed in the Chapel at Sir John Moore Barracks, Winchester.

LEFT: CPL GUY CATCHPOLE ON THE LEFT AND L/CPL IAIN MORRISON [6111] BOTH QUEEN'S ROYAL RIFLES, GARRISON CHURCH, WINCHESTER.

Two daughters later, the call of Africa took the Catchpole family to Zambia on an Overseas Aid scheme, first to a secondary school in a remote northern area, and then as Headmaster of a primary school a bit nearer the Congo border. While there Guy's brother Tony was killed in Kenya by buffalo in December 1970. This led him back to Kenya at the end of 1971, raising his young family while working as senior master at a Nairobi Preparatory School and worshipping at St Paul's Kiambu - a small church surrounded by four hundred acres of coffee.

It was around this time that Guy became a member of the Kenya Regiment Association Committee in Nairobi and in September 1972 started as Editor of the excellent Association Newsletter which was mailed worldwide to former members of the Regiment. In the June 1973 edition of the Newsletter, Guy was referred to as the 'wine and cheese King' noted for organising popular parties!

When Guy became the first principal of the newly-established Nairobi Academy on the other side of town the family became involved in the local St Francis Church, Karen, where Guy became Warden and then Lay Reader. In due course Guy was invited to appear before an Electoral College prior to entering ordained Anglican ministry. After ordination he continued to serve at St Francis as honorary curate and continued his Christian broadcasting.

On his return from theological studies at St John's, Nottingham, Guy established ARK Ministries (Anglican Renewal Kenya) encouraged and supported by visiting teams from UK churches. Guy was also involved in organising International Christian Conferences in Kenya, as well as attending them in UK, USA, Seoul, Singapore and Berne, and joining ministry teams in Tanzania, Uganda and South Africa.

After a month in Uruguay and Brazil, Guy and his family returned to the UK and parish ministry as Curate in Charge of St Andrews in the lively charismatic parish of Woodford Wells, on the edge of Epping Forest. On retirement the family moved to Maidstone where Guy assisted at St Faith's for four years before finally settling for a quiet life in Allington and St Nicholas Church. And Guy always made sure that he attended the two annual Kenya Regiment Association lunches.

Guy was an excellent rifle shot and was an active member of the Kenya Regiment Rifle Club. He did very well at the Regiment's Shooting Camp in August 1961 and was a member of the Kenya team which successfully took part in a British Commonwealth Rifle Club event in the UK at Bisley in 1974.



L/R: DAVID PAINTING (COACH), MIKE FORD, GUY CATCHPOLE AND DICK WINNEY

TROPHIES: L/R: THE 'JUNIOR OVERSEAS', THE 'JUNIOR KOLAPORE', THE 'NOBEL CUP' AND THE 'SUDAN'. THE NOBEL CUP WAS AWARDED TO THE TEAM WITH THE HIGHEST AGGREGATE IN THE THREE JUNIOR MATCHES.

Guy wrote the following poem while on safari in 1962.

THE N.F.D.

The escarpment, called by the Masai Ngare Ndare, Steep River
Descending from the Uplands and Kenya's glaciers
To the dusty, arid plain - The Northern Frontier.

The land of the wandering Somali,
With his camels, scrawny cattle, fat sheep and women
Here the people most devout among Muslims
Live the simple life
Ruled by but a single Governor, Water.

A tawny, thorny land.
Man is alone, but not lonely.
Elephants there are, giraffe, antelope;
The obscene, gorged vulture;
The vulturine guinea fowl, plump and blue breasted;
And comic black and white hornbills
Called Toucans elsewhere.

Yet all is not plain;
Adamantine outcrops,
Cruel, craggy hills:
The home of the leopard and python
And the treacherous, dog-faced baboon.

But there is one mountain –
Marsabit; a miracle, an oasis of cool green forest
Rising from the shimmering dust-bowl;
A place of rest for men.

But for Marsabit mountain
This is an arid land,
A parched, baking void.
But many have journeyed there (and I am one of them)
Over whom a spell is cast:
We can never forget,
Sometime
We will return.
