

**mini-SITREP XLVIII**



**June 2016**

## DIARY OF EVENTS: 2016

### AUSTRALIA

Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Restaurant, Robina 14.07.2016

Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Oxley Golf Club 13.11.2016

Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al\_bax@bigpond.com>

Perth: Bayswater Hotel (?) ??.09.2016

Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolley <a.jolley38@optusnet.com.au>

EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney 23.10.2016

Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

### ENGLAND

Officers' Mess, Royal Logistic Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. Curry lunch Wed 20.07.2016

Contact: John Harman <J\_Harman@msn.com> Tel: (0044) 1635 551182.

Mob: 078-032 81357. 47 Enborne Road, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6AG

### KENYA

Nairobi Clubhouse: Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch 06.11.2016

Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

### NEW ZEALAND

Auckland: Lunch at Soljans Winery, Kumeu TBA

Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

### SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch at Foresters Arms, Newlands 14 Jul 2016

Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>

Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch, German Club, Paulshof (Joburg) ??.10.2016

Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 19/6; 18/9; 13/11

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

Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, South Africa

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

[Ed. *My thanks, to Editors, John Catton (Rhino Link- RL) and Shel Arensen (Old Africa - OA) for allowing me to reproduce articles which first appeared in their magazines, to contributors, and Jenny for proofreading.*]

Front cover: Ngorongoro's Lake Magadi by Brian Wakeford

Back cover: Tanzania's Rift Valley Sunrise by Brian Wakeford

The views expressed in mini-SITREP XLVIII are solely those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor, nor those of the Association – E&OE

## WINSTON CHURCHILL ON WHISKY

Sir Winston Churchill was once asked about his position on whisky. Here's how he answered:

"If you mean whisky, the devil's brew, the poison scourge, the bloody monster that defiles innocence, dethrones reason, destroys the home, creates misery and poverty, yea, literally takes the bread from the mouths of little children; if you mean that evil drink that topples men and women from the pinnacles of righteous and gracious living into the bottomless pit of degradation, shame, despair, helplessness and hopelessness, then, my friend, I am opposed to it with every fibre of my being.

"However, if by whisky you mean the oil of conversation, the philosophic wine, the elixir of life, the ale that is consumed when good fellows get together, that puts a song in their hearts and the warm glow of contentment in their eyes; if you mean good cheer, the stimulating sip that puts a little spring in the step of an elderly gentleman on a frosty morning; if you mean that drink that enables man to magnify his joy, and to forget life's great tragedies and heartbreaks and sorrow; if you mean that drink the sale of which pours into our treasuries untold millions of pounds each year, that provides tender care for our little crippled children, our blind, our deaf, our dumb, our pitifully aged and infirm, to build the finest highways, hospitals, universities, and community colleges in this nation... then my friend, I am absolutely, unequivocally in favour of it!

"This is my position, and as always, I refuse to compromise on matters of principle!"

His vocabulary and command of the English language was unparalleled.

How I wish we had politicians and statesmen of his calibre around today.

## CORRESPONDENCE

[Ed: *I refer to Venn Féy's article about Kenton College in m-S XLVII pp27/29. Whilst proofreading XLVII for the umpteenth time, and still finding errors, I noticed that Grev Gunson also went to Kenton - see Grev's obituary pp38-40*].

Venn mentioned a 'Scots boy called McCalman' - the following is an extract from KR174 Alistair McCalman's memoirs leading up to his admittance to Kenton College.

'It so happened that shortly after this a Capt. L.M.R. Gordon, a former regular Army Officer from the Gordon Highlanders, had decided to open a preparatory school for boys, to be known as Kenya Grange, seven miles from Lumbwa railway station. It was more expensive than Nairobi but my parents decided to send me there.

'The School which was at slightly less than 7,000 feet was in beautiful green countryside adjoining the Mau Forest. It had been a large farm house to which a new building for class rooms had been added, all stone and modern. There were not many more than 30 boys the first term, but numbers increased later.

'The staff consisted of the headmaster and three masters all who had served as front line officers on the Western Front in France. They were Mr. Cramb, a Scot who had been a Maj. in the Royal Engineers and had been blown up by a German counter mine and all of him but one arm was buried, and was pulled out by his men. He was deaf as a consequence in one ear; Mr. Davis, who had been badly wounded in one knee and was fairly lame, and Mr. Gear who had sustained stomach wounds.

'Mr. Davis was the only one without a University degree. He had left Cambridge after two years to join Kitchener's Army in 1915 and had served three years in France.

'All the assistant masters had come out to BEA as members of the "British East Africa Disabled Officers Company" (BEADOC). Its object was to grow flax for linen, the price of which had gone sky high as it was used both in aeroplanes and balloons, and still high in 1919. Unfortunately, it required expensive machinery and in 1920 the price slumped and BEADOC as well as scores of other flax growers went bust. This left the officers almost penniless, far from home and they were only too glad to get a job teaching, at which they all proved excellent.

'One can imagine there can be no greater contrast to Nairobi School. Discipline was extremely strict, backed up by fairly liberal use of the cane by Capt. Gordon. Except for him all the other officers were popular; Mr. Davis in particular, being very well loved. The Matron was a little lame woman called Miss. Bacon, she also was very strict, but very good at her job, an excellent caterer and very well thought of by all. The food was always plentiful and first class. We played football four days a week and cricket on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

'Capt. Gordon once decided to introduce rugby and lectured us on the rules. He decided to take part himself and in a scrum found himself covered with small boys when the scrum collapsed. Only his bottom was showing. I noticed my friend Geoffrey Caddick glance at the scrum, take a good look to see if any masters were watching, take three paces backwards and make a running kick followed by three or four more at the exposed behind!

'Geoffrey had often been a victim of Gordon's vile temper and it was sweet revenge. Gordon never found out who it was but we never played rugby after that.

‘For the first two months of one term we had a new master in place of Mr. Gear who had gone on leave to England. His name was Oliver Baldwin, the son of Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister. He had also fought on the Western Front but had later served in Armenia, Georgia and Russia against the Bolsheviks. He was an extraordinarily fine linguist speaking English, French and Russian with equal fluency; Armenian and German well, as well as Arabic, Spanish and Italian. He spoke Swahili quite well after only three months. He taught us French, English and Latin and was an exceptionally good teacher.

‘We boys, with our vast experience of other ex-soldiers were quite expert, soon found that it was not too difficult to get him away from Latin verbs to tales of the Civil War in which he had been twice captured by the Bolsheviks but rescued by the White Russians. He was very kind hearted and I think at times we must have appeared rather little savages.

‘One Sunday we were on a school walk along a path through the forest in single file, Mr. Baldwin bringing up the rear. The leading boy suddenly came on the body of a dead Kikuyu lying across the path. He only commented "mind the dead man" and walked round the body and was followed by the rest of us.

‘The Kikuyu, away from their Reserves, owing to tribal taboos at that time, never buried a dead body unless compelled to do so and the sight of a corpse was not too strange. One little Turk, however, just stepped over the body. This, even we considered was disrespectful. Mr. Baldwin was, I'm afraid, most shocked. He was a wonderful person and I think all the boys were devoted to him. I well remember being almost in tears when he left. It was raining very heavily and I remember him wearing a greenish yellow macintosh, mounting his horse and riding away into the storm.

‘Some 20 years later I was a Subaltern in G(R)\* in Beirut, Lebanon. One evening I went into the "Dugout", a popular spot in the basement of the Normandie Hotel and saw Mr. Baldwin standing at the bar. He had aged a lot and was now a Maj., but I recognised him at once and went up to him and said "I don't suppose you remember me Sir, but I remember you very well, my name is McCalman". No" he replied, "I'm afraid I don't remember you at all." "I was a boy at Kenya Grange, Lumbwa, when you were a master there". He looked at me more closely and I think noticed my ears. He smiled and replied "Yes, you were known as Rabbit". "That's right Sir, we boys were all most upset when you left. I was watching you get on your horse. It was raining hard". He looked at me with astonishment. "Yes indeed it was, and you still remember that"!

*[\* Ed: I requested of the Royal Intelligence Corps the meaning of the designation 'G(R)': Mr. AV Church responded: 'I rather suspect that the abbreviation 'G(R)' is incorrect; it should read 'GS(R)', 'General Staff (Research)'. GS(R) was set up before the war to study the tactics of guerrilla forces. It was later renamed 'MI(R)', Military Intelligence (Research). It was, indeed, one of the roots from which the Special Operations Executive (SOE) was formed. Whether GS(R) continued under another umbrella I really cannot say.]*

‘Later he said "It intrigues me. Why if you were so concerned did you never write to me?" "Oh" I replied "I was and still am a very shy person I could never have done that. I don't suppose you ever realised how well loved you were by us all". He seemed very taken aback and was always very nice to me when I met him from time to time.

‘Some months later when I was to return to Kenya I went to see him in Cairo to say goodbye, he told me "I have a villa in Tunis. After the war, if you are ever there come and stay as long as you like and this time, don't forget to write". Needless to say I never did.

‘To return to Kenya Grange. One day we were playing a game called "Highcockalorem". Our side collapsed and in the scrimmage my left arm got caught in a hook on another boy's belt. This made a deep jagged cut across the arm, severing veins, tendons and nerves. Very fortunately Mr. Davis was watching and in a flash seized my arm in an iron grip stopping the flow of blood; with his free hand pulled out a handkerchief and pencil and in a trice had a tourniquet on my arm; three years in the trenches had made him expert in first aid.

‘It was a bad wound and medical aid was imperative. The school doctor was my friend Geoffrey's father, who lived at Sotik some 20 miles the other side of Lumbwa. There was a telephone line from Lumbwa to Sotik and Dr. Caddick was on the phone but when Mr. Davis, who had ridden down to Lumbwa telephoned, his wife replied "The doctor is away on safari visiting a very sick patient down towards the Masai Mara and I don't know when he will be back". There was no other doctor nearer than Nakuru, some 60 or so miles away. Mr. Davis therefore telephoned the Police at Nakuru and explained the situation.

‘The Police contacted Dr. Yvonne Petrie, a lady doctor, one of the only two doctors in Nakuru. She said she was willing to go and was told there would be a horse and guide to meet her at Lumbwa station. Though not much over 60 miles the passenger train took almost three hours. However, the passenger train had already left and there would not be another till next day. The only solution was to travel in the guards van of a goods train which might take up to five hours, often more. However, after a trying journey Dr. Petrie arrived at the school about breakfast time. She speedily, with the help of Miss. Bacon, gave me chloroform and repaired the wound and stitched up my arm. She then had a quick breakfast and rode back to Lumbwa to catch the passenger train on its return from Kisumu. I was ever grateful to her.

‘Many years later I was running a dairy and milk round in Nakuru. Dr. Petrie was one of our customers. She had a very large family and took one gallon of milk a day. She was several months in arrears with her milk bill. She used to say "nobody ever bothers to pay doctors on time so I never bother to pay tradesmen on time". She was very well off from her practice, and her husband was the owner of the largest flour mill in the country.

‘My boss, however, told me to see her about settling the bill. I told him "Not on your life!" That woman once travelled up to Lumbwa by goods train rode, seven miles to and from the school and returned to Nakuru. Nothing in this world will make me ask her for money".

‘Capt. Gordon was a cruel and ill tempered man and turned out to be a crook into the bargain as I will relate later.

‘To get back to our family, shortly after I went to Kenya Grange, J.D. Hopcraft had sold Manera Farm to Lord Delamere and it was agreed that Dad would continue to manage Manera for a further year until Lord Delamere could get someone to do so. At the end of the year he moved back to Loldia as manager.

‘Loldia was a beautiful farm and we liked it very much. There were lots of zebra, impala, kongoni, warthog, Thompsons and Grants gazelles as well as hippo in the lake and an occasional rhino. There were also baboons, a few leopards and cheetahs. From time to time lions visited. On one occasion the main herd of cows, together with a pure-bred shorthorn bull under the charge of two Masai herdsmen, was grazing on the plain about half a mile from the house. Suddenly two lionesses appeared and started to approach the cattle. The two Masai who were armed with spears prepared to defend them when the bull rushed out towards the lionesses, bellowing and pawing up the earth. The lionesses took one look at him, turned tail and fled. On two occasions lions were shot at night from a trench covering a kill.

‘One day Dad took me up to the top of Mt Eburru with a couple of the farm pupils. We left Loldia house well before sunrise in order to get to the top before the clouds came up. It was a walk of about six miles and a climb of about 2,000 feet. When we got there it was beautifully clear and we could see Mount Kilimanjaro about 200 miles to the south and Mount Kenya about 70 miles to the East. We had taken about a dozen eggs which we boiled in the hot mud of a steam jet. We looked down into the crater which was covered in dense forest. One had to be careful to keep to the track as the slopes of the mountain were full of cracks and blowholes hundreds of feet deep. I was quite a tired little boy when we got back.

‘Most of the lake shore was covered with papyrus but there was one small beach, unfortunately difficult to get to, composed of jet black sand, being powdered obsidian.

‘Once Dad shot a hippo as they created a lot of damage in the lucerne; it produced over 20 gallons of lard; the flesh tastes very similar to pork.

‘On another occasion a cock ostrich started attacking the Africans. They can be very dangerous but were protected, but Dad shot it and handed in the feathers to the Game Dept.

‘Sometime later, my Mother's mental health began to deteriorate and Dad took her to England for treatment where he left her. On his return he left Loldia to manage a property that J.D. Hopcraft, his half brother, Roy Homewood and several others had bought at Solai, about 20 miles from Nakuru, to be known as Tindaress Ltd; a little over 1,000 acres on the eastern slope of the Solai Valley, the greater part being covered with dense flat-topped thorn trees.

‘There were no buildings and until Dad had built a mud and wattle thatched house he lived under a tarpaulin rigged up as a tent. During the holidays my brother David and I went to stay with Aunt Val and Uncle Elliot at Ruaraka, about seven miles from Nairobi on the Thika road and about the same distance from Kiwanda our original East African home. They had quite a large plot of land with a frontage on the Ruaraka stream where they had a very good vegetable garden and some fruit trees including many pawpaws. They had a very nice bungalow. Uncle Leslie and Aunt Jessie had the next door plot.

‘David at that time was attending a small school mainly for girls but which admitted a few very small boys. It was run by a Miss. Rosevere, who I had never met her but heard a great deal about. I was most surprised when some forty years later when we came to live in Madeira Road, Bournemouth that she was living next door!

‘Once Dad had built the mud and wattle house on Tindaress we both returned to him for our holidays. Dad had sold our Model T Ford to help pay for the passages to England. Our only transport was an ox wagon. Sometimes Dad was able to hire a car from old Frank Watkins on the next farm to take us to and from Nakuru at each end of the holidays. Otherwise it was a tedious journey of about six hours.

‘Dad also had a mule, a most savage brute. If one went near its head it would try to bite you and near its tail, to kick you. It was also a brute to ride. It never managed to throw my Dad who was an exceptional rider but twice knocked him off by bolting under a tree branch. The post boy used to take it to Nakuru each Saturday for the mail, if he managed to stay on that far. Once at Nakuru he had no problem. The mule would head for home and make the whole journey at a very fast canter without a stop.

‘Dad was always very busy clearing land and planting coffee. Tindaress eventually had 200 acres under coffee, and the same under maize. However, the coffee at the lower end of the farm where there was much less rain did not do too well and was taken out, leaving only 100 acres.

‘Solai was a wonderful place for a boy in those days. It was rather rough, only chicken wire on the doors and windows of the house, no running water, beds made from gunny bags between two poles, only paraffin hurricane lamps for light. Anglo-Saxon sanitation of course. Snakes were very plentiful - Solai means place of snakes in Masai; these included, black spitting cobras, puff adders, night adders, all poisonous, as well as pythons and mole snakes.

‘The grass roof and mud walls formed a lovely refuge for all sorts of insects. Fortunately, from time to time, it was invaded by "safari" also known as "driver" and "army" ants. While these caused us to evacuate the house for two or three hours they cleaned out all the other vermin. It was, none-the-less, all a boy could wish for.

‘I had a BSA .177 air rifle, and we also had a Remington .22 repeating rifle.

‘We had an excellent vegetable garden, though not as good as Naivasha, and latterly a fine orchard with oranges, lemons, tangerines, grapefruit, guavas, pawpaws, loquats, avocado pears, peaches, custard-apples, grenadillas, cape gooseberries, figs, mulberries and Himalayan blackberries. For meat there were plenty of reedbuck, bushbuck and duikers as well as guinea fowl, francolin, doves, green and blue pigeons.

‘I loved the place most of all because it was our home. I loved to listen to the harsh squawk and soft crooning of the tree hyrax, the sharp bark of the bushbuck and the cough or call of the leopards; all these sounds meant home to me.

‘Years later, during the war when sleeping in the "sal" jungle near Ranchi in India I heard a leopard cough quite close by and suddenly my mind was back in Solai and I felt quite homesick.

‘To get back to Kenya Grange. At the end of one holiday Dad had taken me to catch the train at Nakuru when we met Mr. Pedraza, the District Commissioner (DC), "What brings you here?" he enquired "I'm sending my son up to school at Lumbwa" Dad replied. "Haven't you heard? Gordon has borrowed right and left, invested the money in a stamp collection and done a bunk out of the country!" It was of course most fortunate that we had met the DC as otherwise I might have found myself all alone at Lumbwa with no money or no easy way to get in touch with my father; we returned to Tindaress.

‘Dad learnt that Mr. Cramb had gone into partnership with a retired schoolmaster, who had been the head of Meerut College in India, and was now living in Nakuru. They had bought a very large building three miles from Kijabe station and opened a new boys' school known as Kenton.

‘Mr. Davis and Miss. Bacon had joined Mr. Cramb, as had a further master, a Mr. Turner. A large number of the boys at Lumbwa had moved to Kenton. The term had started three weeks before Dad managed to arrange for me to go there. Mr. Cramb himself met me at Kijabe with two porters to carry my trunk. The path lay over a steep pass between Kijabe Hill, which was almost 2,000 feet above the floor of the Rift Valley (might be called a mountain in England) and the eastern wall of the Rift Valley. All boys, both from Nairobi and up-country used Kijabe station but their luggage went to Longonot from where there was a wagon track for seven miles up to the school. As more than half the boys had been at Lumbwa it was not like going to a new school.

“The main building was a large stone edifice on two floors; the top floor having a long open air verandah the length of the building. It had been constructed just before the Great War by some Austrians who proposed to use it as a convalescent home for tubercular patients, as it had a very dry climate, and as a hunting lodge from which to organise safaris. The two largest rooms, were used as the dining room and school hall; their walls hung, one with European stag's and chamois heads including a magnificent stag's head, which later made its way to the Hotel of that name at Nakuru, while the other was of African game, included a rare mounted bongo head.

“The upper floor was almost all dormitories, including the verandah. Class rooms were on the ground; in the cellar were the showers, and an indoor .22 rifle range. There were also smaller dormitories in Mr. Turner's house and a long Nissan-type building. A playing field had been excavated out of the slope of the hill in front of the school.

“For all but my last two terms I slept in the last bed at the North end of the verandah as the prevailing wind was from the North East and Kijabe (Place of the Winds) it was somewhat fresh. When it rained one could lower a length of Kavirondo matting. The sky was almost always free from clouds and at almost 7,000 feet the air was very clean. From our beds we could look down on the floor of the Great Rift Valley about 600 feet below and the two extinct volcanoes, Longonot and Suswa, and up at the brilliant star-filled sky. We loved to count the number of shooting stars until we fell off to sleep.

“The first two terms Mr. Jesse taught at the school. He was a nice old gentleman; among his prize possessions was a letter with an English postal stamp bearing the following: W. JESSE Esq, INDIA. India at that time included Pakistan and Bangladesh and had a population of three hundred and fifty million but it got to him.

“I think he found us boys a lot of little barbarians after his well mannered Indian students by whom he was very greatly respected as the following incident will show:- An important Indian delegation including several Kashmir pundits was visiting Nakuru and proceeding along the pavement of the main street when they saw Mr. Jesse approaching. The chief delegate ran forward dropped on one knee and kissed his feet! He had been a former student. As you can imagine Mr. Jesse's standing, always high among the local Indians, was even more enhanced. However, after two terms he retired leaving Mr. Cramb as sole headmaster.

“Games were much as at Lumbwa but in addition we had boxing two or three times a week and rifle shooting once a week.

“One year, someone donated a .22 Remington rifle as a prize for the best rifle shot. I had dearly wished to win it as our own .22 was worn out. However, I was beaten by Ken Cunningham [KR203] by only one point, which I thought was a little hard as he was one of the four older boys, who would normally have been at a secondary school if there had been a decent one in Kenya at that time.

“Kenton was by far the best school I ever attended and I was very happy, and think learned more there than at any other school. Later, my brother David [KR81] also accompanied me to Kenton where he did very well and excelled in boxing.”

[Ed: Both McCalmans were awarded the MC during WWII; Alistair's was gazetted 12/10/1941, and David's 15/11/1945; David was also twice MiD. Their memoirs are archived with the Imperial War Museum in London.]

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In m-S XLVII (page 4), John Pembridge mentioned Finlay Campbell's Hispano Suiza, which eventually ended up in Beaulieu.

Francine Garrett, Gino [KR422] and Ghislaine Lusso's daughter, contacted the museum: I write to ask whether the museum has a 1926 Hispano Suiza pre-WW2 in the collection. The reason I ask this question is that I have read that this car was purchased by Lord Montagu from someone in Kenya, although I do not know the year this happened. If you could let me know I would be most grateful.

Patrick Collins on behalf of Motoring Library responded: Thank you for your recent email. There is relatively little information about this car in the vehicle files. The file suggests that it was a 1928 car (but this may well have been amended at a later date) and that Lord Montagu acquired it from Kenya in 1958. However, the arrival date in the UK is shown as November 1960. As far as I can see from the file, the car left the museum in 1974.

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[Ed: *Before m-S XLVII went to the printers I had asked Dennis Leete whether he could provide more info about 'Lamuria' and the last owners before independence – see pp30-34. He wrote to [KR6189] Dan Shaw's widow, June.*]: The name Lamuria is derived from the Maasai name 'Olamuriaki', for *Carissa edulis*, a thorny, shiny-leafed shrub which grows to about 10 ft high, with clusters of small sweet scented white flowers, which mature into small purple edible fruits..It is a common enough plant in Laikipia, and rangelands in the Rift Valley, the Mara, and the Athi plains.

I suspect the Maasai called many areas where this plant was common, by that name, which accounts for the confusion with the names of the Shaw Farm at Ngobit, and Elspeth Huxleys article describing a visit to the place where Berkeley Cole is buried .But where was that?

I asked Tobina Cole, who was married to Arthur Cole, but she had no idea, having been a Rift Valley girl and lived on Kekopey, next to the Delamere's Elementieta farm at Soysambu. Berkeley was a bachelor with no kin, and when he died circa early 1920's, David Cole, Arthur's brother took it over. But I think they had two ranches, one on the way to Rumuruti, called Lariak, and the other at Solio, which they bought with the proceeds of a very good wool clip at Kekopey one year - according to Tobina.

Andrew Cole, David's son, will probably know. Coles Plains is a well known name but I do not know where it is. We will have to try David who now lives in Nanyuki /Timau?

Alternatively, can you suggest anyone else who might know? [Ed: *No response from June who, following Dan's death, was in the process of relocating to Nanyuki.*]

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Alix Prettejohn <alix@ngwenyaglass.biz> 19/01/2016: First of all, congratulations on your m-S XLVII. It really is most enjoyable and so much easier to read in this larger format. Why I am writing is because most, if not all your readers, will be unaware that the 'John and Molly' in Elspeth Huxley's 'Lamuria' article (pp30/34), are actually Joe and Constance Prettejohn. Obviously she had to give them fictitious names but everything else is true.

Joe and Constance farmed there from 1937 and left in 1963, Joe having been instrumental in getting the British Government to buy out all the Naro Moru farmers in the area between the main Nyeri/Nanyuki road and Mt. Kenya. Like Joe, those farmers (with the exception of Pat Kenealy

who refused to be part of the scheme) felt they had been sold down the river after the famous Lancaster House conference and did not want to remain in Kenya after Independence.

He and Constance and their assorted animals left for South Africa where he bought a farm outside East London. Of their three sons the eldest is Mike who still lives in Kenya on his farm at Mweiga. Richard [KR4380] (my late husband, and 'Desmond' in the article) accompanied his parents to South Africa where they farmed for several years before Joe and Constance retired to Grahamstown, where they died happily of old age some 25 years ago.

Richard moved to Swaziland to resuscitate the Ngwenya Glass factory and died four years ago. The youngest son Tim (Alan in the article) farmed briefly in South Africa before moving to Cairns in Australia where he still lives.

Joe and Constance were lifelong friends of Elspeth - having known each other since the 1920's in Njoro - and she often visited them in South Africa.

Interestingly Richard and I did a recce of that area in Naro Moru in 2010 - the first time we had been back there although we have returned to Kenya many times since 1963. The old farms are now a patchwork of small holdings, as Elspeth Huxley describes, but surprisingly they are not as unviable as everyone thought and livestock and cash crops abound.

The old road, still murrum, was clogged with cars and carts and many hundreds, possibly thousands, of people call it 'home'. And very happy they all seemed to be. We stopped a group of smartly dressed old men on their way to church and had a chat. "Oh yes, Bwana Joe, I remember him. He was a good man."

The buildings, even more surprisingly, were still standing - Joe and Constance's 'new' double storey stone house tacked on to Berkely Cole's old wooden one, the manager's houses, the stone cattle sheds and workshops, and the old 'Lamura' cheese factory, which is now a thriving 'school' for artisans making artificial limbs. Run by an Italian organization (Catholic missionaries possibly) a Venetian nun showed us around and one of the managers' houses is used by Italian doctors who come out periodically to operate on disabled patients. The house is of cedar slats, well maintained and much tidier than when Richard lived there nearly 60 years ago. The large lawns, unmown admittedly, still surround the houses, and the only difference is that instead of a pile of old Tusker bottles being the focal point (as in Richard's and the other managers' days) there is a comely statue of the Virgin Mary!

All in all, a happy, thriving community live on those once windswept, rather barren old wheat and pyrethrum lands. The little St Phillip's church, which Joe built of round river boulders, is still standing and much in use though the length of blue carpet it was given (from the one used for the Queen's coronation) was rolled up in the vestry. That was the church where Princess Elizabeth attended her last service before becoming Queen at 'Treetops' a couple of days later and we have a photo of her being greeted there by Joe.

The name of the farm in Elspeth Huxley's article, "Lamura", is also fictitious. That shrub was indeed plentiful there and two of the cheeses manufactured at the factory, which also manufactured canned milk and dried milk powder (called 'Golden Ngombe'), were 'Lamura' and 'Carissa'. In 1937 Joe Prettejohn purchased this portion of the old Cole farm, as a minor shareholder, James Mackillop being the major shareholder. James lived at Sotik and had little to do with the running of the farm. Together they started the milk/cheese factory which was called MP Products. The farm's name was 'Naro Moru House Farm'.

The Coles did indeed own the vast ranch of 'Solio' which was run (and presumably owned) by David before he inherited the title of Earl of Enniskillen and retired to Ireland, selling 'Solio' in the 1960's. (Can this be the same David who is living in Nanyuki? A son surely?) It was this ranch that gave the name to Cole's Plain. Motoring from Nairobi to Nanyuki, by-passing Nyeri, it was on the left stretching from the road to the foothills of the Aberdares.

On the right, as one reached the little village of Naro Moru, and stretching into the forested foothills of Mt. Kenya, were much smaller farms owned by Chico Basto, Pat Kenealy, Joe Prettejohn, Icky Morris, Bror Kuhle, John Dennis and a few others whose names I have forgotten.

There were also small holdings on the Naro Moru River owned by, amongst others, Juliana Burton, Beryl Markham and Charles Norman.

For any more info on this I suggest you contact Mike Prettejohn (Joe's eldest son) who still lives at Mweiga - down the road! - and his address is in your directory. He might also have the photo of his father greeting Princess Elizabeth at the church, as some years ago someone was researching the history of the churches in Kenya and wanted his input on this church. I am afraid I don't have any photos for you. Sorry. [Ed: *Attempts to contact Mike have been unsuccessful, but will persevere.*]

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Dennis Leete writes: Berkeley Cole is buried on the banks of the Naro Moru River flowing off Mt Kenya, up stream of Naro Moru Town, and the tarmac road, about 20 miles from Nanyuki. This is according to Sarah Cole, wife of Andrew, the current Earl of Enniskillen, who lives on Sangare Ranch, owned by Mike Prettejohn. She told me a few days ago, that Mike took them to Berkeley's grave, about five years ago when they first moved to Laikipia from Naivasha. The area has been settled by small holders, and it is difficult to find; and the slab has been broken up by them; and no doubt they exhumed his bones looking for treasure, as they did in Lady Delamere's case at Ndabibi a few years ago.

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Bill Jackson [KR3817] <bajers.brock@virgin.net> writes: Thoroughly enjoyed the latest Sitrep; was intrigued by the typo in David Walker's eulogy on page 51, - 2 December 1042 - 13 August 2015 - inferring he died at the age of 973; surely a worthy recipient of a Long Service Medal?

Reminds me of the occasion when a review of British Army pay was spotted by a junior officer whose birth date was similar to that of David Walker's. He wrote to the appropriate pay division at the War Office, claiming back pay for 900 years. He was astonished to receive a reply saying that he was due to receive x million pounds, but as the sole surviving member of the forces from the Battle of Hastings he was financially responsible for the costs of matériel, which amounted to x million pounds; a neat way of balancing the books.

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[Ed: In Kevin Patience's article on The Rolls Royce Armoured Car in East Africa 1915-1917 - m-S XLVII pp 65-68 - is a photograph of a truck and two men sitting on the side of trenches dug in the Taveta road (pg 68). On closer examination, one can see four letters - FRPM? - between the two men. The photo [PAGE 10] is reproduced with the area in question enlarged



I asked Dr. (not Prof) Anne Samson, the *fundi* on the German West and East African wars who attended the EA celebrations of GEA [Ed: see Dennis Leete's article in *m-S XLVpp52-54*] what they possibly stood for. She responded: I wonder if instead of FRPM, the lettering isn't ERPM? I think there is the bottom line of the E if you look carefully and this to me fits. They've written it on the curve of a ditch and ERPM (if you/Kevin don't know - apologies if you do) stands for East Rand Proprietary Mines - in my hometown of Boksburg. Men from the mine would likely have served with 8SAI, commanded by Colonel Frederick Creswell, leader of the SA Labour Party at the time, which had been set up by the mineworkers.

If you/Kevin can check whether this would fit with whatever other info Kevin has, I can dig a bit deeper. I have some info on the mine involvement as I wrote a paper on the mining magnates in which ERPM features quite a bit and am trying to source what I can on the mine's involvement - the proprietor, George Farrar was killed on duty in SWA in 1915.



In response to a query as to the make of the truck, Kevin sent in the photo of a Leyland [RIGHT].

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Chris Minter: You asked me to comment on the document "94 Officers and Men of the British Forces are listed as having lost their lives in Kenya - 1952 - 1956", which was included in the last issue of SITREP (XLVI pp 74/76). This is what I have to say: feel free to publish what you wish in the next issue.

The first point I would like to make is that the document is NOT quite what most of your readers would expect. Apart from the omission of the names of several of the units which fought the Mau Mau (the Kenya Regiment, the KAR, the Kenya Police and the KPR Air Wing were a very important part of the security forces but were NOT part of the British forces), one would expect the names to be limited to those who died on operations against Mau Mau.

While there are obvious borderline cases many deaths are included which I have reason to believe are NOT related to operational service, but which are certainly the consequence of illness. We do possess figures for deaths which are linked to Mau Mau action and I will go into this later in this email.

The 94 servicemen are divided as follows:

Officers - 21.

Army 11 - King's Own Hussars 1; Queen's Own Buffs 1; Devonshire & Dorset Regiment 1; Gloucestershire Regiment 3; Royal Welch Fusiliers 1; Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers 1; Black Watch 1; Royal Engineers 1; General Staff 1.

RAF - 10.

Other Ranks - 73.

Army 58 - Royal Scots 1; Queens Royal Surrey Regiment 1; Queen's Own Buffs 4; Royal Northumberland Fusiliers 3; Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers 1; Devonshire & Dorset Regiment 10; Lancashire Fusiliers 1; Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers 2; Gloucestershire Regiment 3; Black Watch 3; Sherwood Foresters 1; King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry 1; Royal Berkshire Regiment 1; King's Shropshire Light Infantry 1; Middlesex Regiment 1; Royal Irish Fusiliers 2; Rifle Brigade 4; Corps - 18.

RAF - 15.

Army Officers. The earliest named death is of Brigadier 'Tank' Western (General Staff). He was OC Northern Area, which in 1953 became 70 EA Inf Bde, and suffered from ill health. He was hospitalised before the emergency and died at the Coast in Dec 1952, aged only 51; absolutely nothing to do with Mau Mau.

Major the Earl Wavell of the Black Watch was shot by the MM on Christmas Eve 1953 aged 37.

2Lt Christopher Nunn was attached to 3 (K) KAR when he was KIA (aged 20) in Jan 1954. He had previously served in Malaya with 3 KAR and had applied to become a regular officer. He is still much remembered by two living 3 KAR Officers, Dai Curtis and John Jessop.

Lieut David Gibbs (King's Own Hussars) was attached to the EA Armoured Car Squadron when he was KIA (aged 24) on a Nanyuki farm in June 1954. We travelled to Kenya on the same troopship.

Lt Col Cuthbert Brooke-Smith, CO of the KSLI, walked into an ambush set by his own Battalion in July 1955, aged 39.

The three NS subalterns of the Gloucestershire Regt - 2Lts Brasington, Evans and Hazell died in a vehicle accident in March 1956, aged 19 or 20.

Last but by no means least, there is the extraordinary record of the RAF in Kenya. Flying conditions over the Aberdares were often extremely difficult. Most RAF flights were in Lincolns or Harvards and crashes usually meant the death of all crew. Nearly all the 25 (over one fifth of the total 94 deaths) were young men. None of course were shot down by the MM! All deaths occurred in 1954 or 1955.

I should have included the comments made by Gregory Blaxland in his "The Regiments Depart; a history of the British Army 1945-1970". Major Blaxland of the Buffs "was laid low by polio in Kenya, and has since made writing his career."

This book is an authoritative source on (among other COIN campaigns), the British Army's participation in the Kenya emergency. Blaxland admits that he does not cover the performance of the KAR but says "the askaris of the latter had won a great reputation as forest fighters and had made an immense contribution to the Mau Mau's defeat.

But the War Office listed only five British officers and seven soldiers killed in action, which means by the Mau Mau. They were not the only soldiers killed."

We know that the Kenya Regt kept full records of their casualties, but what a pity the KAR did not do the same.

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### MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

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

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

[Laurence Binyon]

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

**Abell**, Alistair, son of Alec [KP] and Alison. 19/01/2016. Durban (Alison)  
**Beer**, Brien Michael [KR4049]. 07/11/2015. Manjimup, W Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Bradish**, John James [KR4747] Murdered between 31 Jan to 2 Feb 2016, Lady Grey, Eastern Cape. (Peter Scott)  
**Carr-Hartley**, Kenneth Patrick [KR4855]. 15/02/2016. Kasane, Botswana (Angela Carr-Hartley)  
**Chester**, David Anthony [KR7093]. 02/12/2015. Somerset (John Harman)  
**Dugmore**, John Henry Hare [KR3751/5725]. 14/03/2016. Maun, Botswana (Elaine Dugmoe)  
**Dykes**, John Alison [KR3852]. 27/11/2015. Queensland. (Sheila Carr-Hartley/Hugh Smith)  
**Engelbrecht**, Bubbles, w/o the late Stan [KR4464]. 04/02/2016. Pietermaritzburg (Peter Manger)  
**Foster**, Francis (*Fuzz*) John [KR3734/5763]. 30/12/2015. Mombasa (niece Anne Forgan)  
**Gledhill**, Alastair Garvie [KR7437]. 27/11/2015. Jersey (Terry Tory)  
**Harlow**, Alan Joseph [KR6655]. 16/11/2015. Durban (John Devine)  
**Howe**, Anthony Robert [KR4842]. 16/04/2016. W Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)  
**Innes-Walker**, David [KR4079]. 23/11/2015. Queensland (brother Michael)  
**Jennings**, Alan William [KR4192]. 24/11/2014. Kenya (Dennis Leete)  
**Kirkaldy**, Michael (*Mickey*) David [KR6733]. 14/01/2016. Sydney (Arthur Schofield)  
**Maxwell**, Betty (née Thompson) wife of David [KR3595]. 25/03/2016. Durban (Pam Molloy)  
**Maxwell**, David Robert [KR3595] husband of the late Betty. 17/05/2016. Durban (daughter Linda)  
**Molony**, Martin Walter [KR4895]. 23/11/2015. Kent (Dave Lichtenstein)  
**Shelly**, Michael Frank [KR7054]. 24/12/2015. Howick, KZ-N (Brian Carr-Hartley/John Pembridge)  
**Simpson**, Douglas Kennedy (*Jock*). [KR4223]. 09/01/2016. Lincolnshire (Iain Morrison)

GINO PETER LUSSO [KR418]

[son-in-law Mike Garratt]

From my side I would like to start just over 100 years ago when his father arrived in Africa. Gino, born in 1920 in Kenya, some seventeen years after his father's arrival, was someone born into this continent and then lived a full and eventful life relishing and appreciating the many wonders of the lands he lived in.

During his time with us, he achieved much with great modesty and unpretentiousness, but seldom quietly.

Having been brought up in Kenya and attended Kenton College, where, I am told, he and his friend ordered ten bicycles from the Indian Dukka Wallah but when he was found out, the Headmaster was not amused. He moved on to further education at Taunton College in England where he achieved the distinction of being the runner-up in a County Junior Tennis Championship at a young age. Many will be aware that these talents remained with him throughout his life here in Eston where he was an active member of the tennis club.

Upon completion of his education he returned to Kenya and enjoyed many hours of hunting; I believe his greatest desire was to be out in the bush camping and shooting for the pot.

During the war he enlisted into the Kenya Regiment and served with 5<sup>th</sup> KAR with great distinction, apart from the time when he blocked a road with transport trucks much to the Brigadier's displeasure who then declared that Gino caused him more headaches than the whole of the Italian Army put together. Listed amongst his other triumphs during this period of his life was the lengthy process of rescuing a donkey from a well, which took several hours and attempts and was always a favourite story which he used to recount.

Having been discharged from the Army he returned to his love of hunting and the need to earn a living. He helped his father on a coffee farm and then having met Ghislane in 1947, married in March 1948, and settled down to married life and the task of providing for his growing family.

Gino was never the type of person to spend his hard earned remuneration frivolously, a trait he has passed on to the next generation, it is however rumoured that he did on one occasion splash out on a whole bar of soap for his new bride.

In 1950 his family expanded, the first of which was Eric, then in 1959 Francine appeared.

With life becoming demanding and dangerous in Kenya, the family looked for alternative pastures and eventually decided upon Natal as a place to renew and rebuild their lives. From an uncertain and precarious start near Pietermaritzburg, they all eventually settled in Eston in 1963. Times were not easy in the early years and it was not until Gino had the opportunity to start with sugar cane and rearrange the farm that life started to improve. As pointed out earlier, this improved wealth did not lead him astray as far as his spending activities were concerned.

One aspect that Gino did not skimp on was the education he provided for his children whether this was in the form of schools or college, or in the skills of life he felt they would need as they grew up and started their own independent way through this world.

Today, everyone can see that the solid foundations he laid have progressed and expanded. I know that he was immensely proud that he was able to pass on what he had established to Eric. From the

time he gave up day to day active farming, he never lost his love of farming and took great interest and pride in all aspects of the continued development under Eric's excellent stewardship. Until leaving Eston for Howick he continued to do what he could around the farm.



[LEFT: GHISLAINE, GINO AND THE GRAND CHILDREN]

One thing is clear to me and that is the contribution Ghislane has made to the 95 years Gino achieved. This started in 1948 and continued with her support, backing and guidance throughout their lives together. Each supported the other and clearly Ghislane has contributed immensely in recent years as Gino found life more difficult. There is no doubt

in my mind that her efforts allowed us all to have Gino amongst us for a greater length of time than might otherwise have been the case. For this I know that both Eric and Francine will forever be thankful to her.

I started this story just over 100 years ago and would like to conclude with a recent event that took place. Francine researched Gino's father's life and activities and eventually found that he actually wrote a diary of his thoughts, travel adventures and early days in Kenya. A copy was obtained, in the original Italian dialect from his origins in Turin. She arranged translations and I know that the pleasure and enjoyment she got in being able to give this to Gino as he did not know it existed.

I personally feel extremely proud and privileged to have known Gino for the last 30 or so years, just a short part of his life. I am sure all of you here today, remembering this great man and his contribution to all our lives, will have similar thoughts.

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### FELIX

[Charles Chenevix Trench]

The letter seemed to be signed, Felix Barton. Rather badly typed, it asked for permission to visit the District. I read it again. 'Free lance journalist looking for material.' Immediately I was conscious of that faint revulsion with which most District Commissioners view the Gentlemen of the Press.

My recent experiences of journalists had not been happy. The last one to visit, or rather to inspect the District, had been keener on imparting information than on garnering it. He would insist on passing round the room his own press articles, and described at tedious length, the humble and, indeed, unseemly nature of the hotels at which he stayed on his travels.

"In Lamu," he would say, his clipped, authoritative words ruthlessly chopping down some conversation on another subject, "I stayed at an hotel for sixpence a day. Of course there were no other Europeans there, but I made good friends among the Arabs and Africans." "Do you know

Arabic or Swahili?" "The hotel turned out to be a brothel. At Hargeisa my native hotel cost ninepence a day. That was a brothel, too. At Aden . . . But one goes to so many strange countries one gets very bored with them." "Yes," said my wife, stung into making a retort, "and one meets so many strange people, one gets very bored with *them*."

Felix was not a bit like that. A hefty young man with horn-rimmed glasses and a wide smile, he gave one the impression of dividing his time between writing and rowing, as, indeed, he did. On the former, he was reticent. Cross examined about the papers for which he wrote, he admitted disarmingly that he had 'not yet arrived,' but his agent, 'a charming woman was very encouraging.' He was now spending a couple of years travelling round the world to collect material.

This I approved. "Good show. Stoking in tramp steamers, I suppose." "Well, as a matter of fact," Felix giggled, "I came out by BOAC. It's not so easy to get a job in a tramp steamer unless you have a Union card." He arrived just in time for our Armistice Day Parade and, by virtue of his national service in Malaya, took his place among the ex-servicemen between Effendi Farah Rageh who won the DCM in Jubaland fifty years ago, and Corporal Lekolol who had fought the Mau Mau. After the parade, I invited him to accompany me on a week's foot safari. He jumped at the chance.

It was impossible not to like him, he was so friendly, and enjoyed everything so much. I soon fell into the habit of calling him Felix, though I deprecate the indiscriminate use of Christian names, preferring the more restrained approach of an earlier generation. (I once did a short journey with two men who had travelled together for fifteen years in Central Asia, from the Pamirs to the Gobi, from the Karakorum to the Tien Shan. "Good morning, Harris." "Good morning, Grover," was their invariable morning greeting, and for the fortnight I knew them, I never heard their Christian names.) But to call Felix coldly by his surname would have been like rebuffing a friendly spaniel.

He was not equipped for a safari, and though I was able to lend him blankets, my clothes would not fit him, and his suede shoes and gabardine trousers were hardly suitable for the stony tracks over which we walked for the first fifteen miles. But Felix was on his mettle; he strode along chattering incessantly, stopping from time to time to note down a phrase of vivid description as it occurred to him, a well turned sentence or some local colour.

He talked chiefly about himself and his friends, who lived a sort of post-war P.G. Wodehouse life in Knightsbridge and Chelsea. Having completed their national service in the Footguards or Household Cavalry and perhaps a year or two at a university, most of them were content to do no work whatsoever, save an occasional month or two in an antique shop or Espresso Coffee Bar. And yet they were able, whenever they wished, to take a holiday in Spain and generally to lead a life uninhibited by poverty. It was fascinating: I had not realised that such a world still existed.

"Don't any of them do any work?" I asked, in mingled envy and disapproval.

"Oh, yes." Felix's broad smile suggested that he enjoyed baiting me. "My friend with a flat in the King's Road."

"The one who writes contemporary poetry?"

"No, the one who designs contemporary beer-mugs; well, he answered an advertisement for a crew for a yacht sailing to South Africa; it sounded rather fun. But when he signed on, he found that he was expected to be co-respondent in a divorce, which wasn't his cup of tea at all."

"That larned him."

"Yes, he never looked for another job. I say, shouldn't you get that hill on your map? The charming one shaped like a top-hat."

It was almost unmapped country, and I often stopped to take compass bearings, which Felix noted down for me, accompanied by such *aides mémoire* as 'place where the camel cast his load,' or 'where we saw the elephant's child.'

Walking down a rocky sided ravine (the heavy sand of the river bed slid easily in and out of my sandals, but must have played havoc with Felix's natty footwear) I heard at length about his love life, which centred on a platonic devotion for a lady whose two sons had served with him in the army. If Felix, thought I, can write as well as he can talk, he will 'arrive' one day; but conversation is that product of leisure, and I doubted if he had the application to be a writer. In which I was wrong.

At eleven o'clock we settled down under a shady tree while my Dubas orderly unpacked my haversack and took out a kettle and a packet of tea. The matches had been forgotten, so he cut two dry sticks, sharpened one to a point and gouged a socket in the other. While Felix's busy pencil recorded the scene, and I held one stick steady, Lewarteen rapidly twirled between his hands the other, pressing its smoking point into the socket until little burning flakes fell into a heap of dry elephant dung and were then puffed gently into flame.

The water had just come to the boil when the camels arrived and were unloaded. I started to shave, and Felix remarked with approval the shaving cream from Duke Street, St James's. Out came pencil and notebook, while with eyes gleaming mischievously behind his glasses, he contrasted the sybaritic shaving cream with the firesticks.

An elder accompanying us had his stock grazing nearby, and his son carried down, pick-a-back, a live sheep for our party. He was a strapping lad, with a straight nose and lean, keen features. His long braided hair, reddened with ochre, was dressed over his forehead in a sort of eyeshade resembling a cricket cap, and he looked absurdly like a nice public school boy in fancy dress. Felix named him The House Prefect.

The Dubas soon flayed and quartered the ram, and while it roasted above the fire on a grill made of green branches, Felix and I bathed under a waterfall. The water ran for only twenty yards before disappearing in the sand, but while it ran, it was clean and cold. We drank pints of it as we bathed.

Soon luncheon was ready. Having eaten nothing that day, we were ravenous, and made short work of the sheep's ribs which were laid, piping hot, on piles of leafy twigs beside us. Felix displayed an unexpected expertise with sheaf knife and fingers, soon mastering the technique of cutting off each mouthful, close to the lips, as it is held by one's teeth. Having wiped the grease from his face, he recorded his impressions of the meal. I should have liked to see what he was writing, but his expression suggested that it included comments which might have embarrassed both of us.

We walked another ten miles that afternoon, making a good day's march for a man whose exercise for the past three years had been confined to racing shells and pavements. But whatever Felix may have felt, he gave nothing away. His feet might be in agony, his trousers might cling at every step to his sweat soaked calves, but he walked on, cheerful, chatty and uncomplaining, until I suggested that we had gone far enough for the day and had better wait for the camels to arrive with the camp kit.

Africa spared Felix nothing. While our Dubas escort slept in the smoke filled huts of a nearby manyatta, we lay in the open under a thorn tree, all too conscious of a pair of lions that called to one

another across our beds for half the night. Of course one knows lions are quite harmless to men sleeping in the open - hyenas are far more dangerous - but I defy anyone to sleep peacefully in their proximity. They probably thought Felix pretty noisy. When they moved away and I fell into a half-and half sleep, he was still conducting a one-sided discussion on Henley and co-education.

I planned next day to leave the camp where it was and to climb a mountain to see if stock were being grazed illegally within the forest boundary. We could find no guide to the ridge, but the map suggested that we could reach the top and return by early afternoon. Without burdening ourselves with food, we drank tea and set off before dawn.

For three hours we walked up a thickly bushed valley, the path crossing and re-crossing a stream. Whenever it did so, I waded through easily, bare-legged and in sandals; but Felix must take off shoes and socks, roll up gabardine trousers and cross barefoot, a repeated annoyance that would soon have bored a less sunny disposition.

Half-way through the morning we saw across the valley a herd of buffaloes, and stalked them for Felix to take photographs. No one can feel calm and unafraid approaching buffalo through thick bush; certainly I could not, as I led the way with thumb on safety-catch, finger on trigger. There was the usual dead silence as we came close to them, then a snort and an explosion of noise as they crashed away, showing only glimpses of black bodies, and the head and shoulders of the rearguard bull, glowering at us from the bushes ten yards ahead, daring us to follow up faster. We declined his challenge.

"You're getting your material," I said, "full measure, pressed down and running over. But not really contemporary."

"Not contemporary. I should be writing about Social Welfare and Racial Discrimination, but all you show me is wild animals and fire-sticks."

"Wild World Magazine?" I suggested. "

"Boy's Own Paper," he corrected me firmly. "None of my friends will believe this."

By the time we started to climb steeply, it was apparent that our rudimentary map had misled us. We should certainly not be back by early afternoon; and as we toiled up a crumbly path under the midday sun, Felix making apposite references to mad dogs and Englishmen, we regretted bringing no food.

Inevitably the spirit of competition speeded the climb, but the contest was no more fair than a rowing-race between us; for though Felix was twenty years the younger, he was not in training for this sort of thing. Besides, his shoes were disintegrating, and his slacks were a cruel handicap. However, he toiled on, smiling broadly whenever he caught my eye, and only occasionally stopping to record his sensations.

At lunch time (but where, oh where, was our lunch?) we rested while the Dubas investigated a ravine over which some vultures circled, hoping to find, perhaps, an elephant killed by poachers, or a party of cattle thieves cooking their booty. But there was only a pig half eaten by a leopard, so on and up we went.

It was clouding over now, with a promise of rain. The path had petered out; and the slope was so steep that we had to haul ourselves up by tufts of grass. Every fifty yards or so we waited for Felix, who was feeling the altitude - some 8000 feet higher than his favourite Espresso Bar. When he

came up to us he would flop down, green in the face, puffing like a landed fish. I was afraid lest he have a heart attack, but he insisted that he was perfectly well and could carry on, but not too fast. It was an impressive display of guts: perhaps rowing was not so bad a preparation after all.

A Dubas picked some leafy twigs and handed them to me to chew.

"What's that?" Felix gasped.

"Khat," I said. "It's supposed to give you great endurance. Arabs and Somalis always use it on journeys."

"A sort of blackamoor's Benzedrine-that's the stuff for me." His face twisted at the bitter taste of the drug.

"If you take too much," I warned him, "it makes you first impotent, then mad."

"Now that is material, contemporary too." Out came the notebook. "My friend in Hans Place drugs madly. Now we shall be able to compare experiences."

With a warning patter on the leaves, the rain came down in sudden deluge. At first it was refreshing, but soon we were soaked and chilled. In this my sandals were as bad as Felix's shoes. Mud got packed between my foot and the leather, the heel strap stretched; and eventually I could no longer keep them on, and went barefoot. For every yard we climbed we slid back a couple of feet; our rests grew longer and more frequent; even Felix had nothing to say, or no breath with which to say it. Toiling up through the cloud, we could see neither our route nor our destination. Far from being illegally grazed, the grass was so long and matted that we had to tear our way through it.

Then suddenly we came onto the ridge. The cloud blew away in shreds, and below us, like a red, brown and green carpet, the Northern Frontier Province stretched away to the hazy horizon.

We should have liked to stay and enjoy our achievement, but the wind cut through our soaked clothes, and black clouds still hid the afternoon sun. So, after a short rest, we turned down another ridge which seemed to lead towards camp.

After the hell of the climb, it was heaven to be going downhill, though the muddy path was slippery and our knees soon began to ache with the strain of holding back. Then the sun came out, blessed relief, and we dried off. In the evening we came to a manyatta of Wanderobo, authorised forest dwellers, who gave us milk and honey. The milk was curdled and lumpy, tasting of the wood ash with which they clean out the gourds; but it was the first food we had had that day, and we drank it greedily. The honey was in jagged lumps of pale, dripping comb. If you are hungry enough, you can eat a lot of raw honey without being sick.

We felt better after the milk and honey, but were still a long way from camp. Now we could see that our ridge was leading us in the wrong direction, and we had either to cross a deep forested valley, full probably of elephant and buffalo, or submit to being taken by the ridge well out of our course. We decided to keep to the ridge.

It was a moonless night; the path was rough; twice, hearing elephant in front, we had to leave it and make weary detours. At nine o'clock we limped into camp after fifteen hours of walking and climbing with hardly a break, Felix still animatedly discussing the modern cinema and the Liberal revival.

Although clouds were massing over the mountain, the Dubas who had remained in camp had taken no precautions against rain, except to express the hope that it would not reach us. They felt injured at being made to pitch the tent so late at night, but hardly had they got it up when the rain started; and they all came crowding in like the camp followers of one of John Company's officers. They were lulled to sleep by Felix's views on Picasso.

The rest of the safari was routine, a rather boring walk through rather dull country until we reached home five days later.

"Well," said my wife, "did you enjoy yourselves?"

"Madly," said Felix. "Thank you so much for letting me go." His cheerful acceptance of an unusually tough safari silenced the comments on it that I was about to make.

Next day, signing illegibly our visitors' book before his departure, he said "You know, my first name is Foster. Why do you always call me Felix?" It was an awkward question. "Well," I prevaricated, "you kept on walking, didn't you?" He was delighted.

[Blackwood's Magazine: Number 1716 - October 1958]

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JOHN HENRY HARE DUGMORE [KR3751/5725]

[08/03/1929 Mombasa - 14/03/2015 Maun, Botswana]



Described by many as a true African legend, John had a spirit for adventure. He was humble, charismatic and had a wicked sense of humour. His kind but fearless nature will be remembered by all who knew him

[LEFT: JOHN AND ELAINE AT MAUN]

Gallant Action by Mounted K.P.R.

[Kenya Weekly or Sunday Post - June 1954]

A patrol of the KPR Mounted Section under the command of Lt John Dugmore, of the Kenya Regiment [KR5725], was camped with four horses at Akira Ranch. On the night of June 8/9th, at 2 a.m. a Masai came into the camp with the news that a large gang had entered his manyatta near Suswa where they had demanded food.

At 3 a.m. Dugmore, Assistant Inspector Derek Bentley, SRPO Christopher Douglas Sykes and a Samburu askari, caught and saddled their horses and left with a Masai guide for the manyatta. They arrived at about 5 a.m. but found the gang had left.

At first light Dugmore sent Bentley back to the camp to fetch a VHF set, and Sykes to alert Suswa Police Post, having previously arranged a rendezvous in a northerly direction following the gang's tracks. Dugmore and his askari then followed the tracks which were clear in the long grass, for about five miles to the base of a low hill. Here they were joined by Sykes and Bentley.

As Dugmore considered that the gang could not have travelled much further, he arranged for the Suswa Police (two Europeans and seven askaris) to cover one side of the hill whilst the Mounted Section rode up from the other side, The Mounted Section then galloped up the hill and came upon the gang, estimated to be about 150 strong, resting at the top.

They were heavily armed with about 60 weapons. The horsemen then charged the gang firing their one Patchett, a sporting rifle, a .303 and a Beretta carbine.

The gang split up, mostly making for a deep gully on one side of the hill. An armed battle ensued whilst the mounted men tried to cut the gang off from the gully. Every few strides the gang stopped to fire at their attackers. It is estimated that about 50 rounds were fired by the gang.

During this action seven terrorists were killed and one wounded. Later, air contact was established and further security forces were brought in. They and the Masai accounted for a further seven terrorists.

On June 19, the Mounted Section again contacted a gang of eight, killing two and wounding one. This action took place in the Ndibibi area. All the horses in the KPR Mounted Section are gifts or loans from their owners.

John Dugmore, who staged this gallant attack, was born in Kenya in 1929 and educated at The Prince of Wales School. After serving for some time in the Kenya Regiment, he joined the KPR Mounted Section in April 1953, and took command of his patrol in January this year.

[Ed: *Below is another newspaper report on the same action for which John was Mentioned in Despatches – gazetted 1<sup>st</sup> January 1955.*]

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## FORCES IN BATTLE WITH GANG

### Planes used for combined hunt

[East African Standard - June 1954]

Aircraft, armoured cars and mounted KPR are in action with security forces against a gang of terrorists, 100 to 150 strong, at Ol Oserian, ten miles south-west of Lake Naivasha. There have been reports for several days of a large gang active in this Masai country. A General Service Unit platoon was sent to assist other troops and police after incidents last week.

Tracks found. Prelude to the present battle was the discovery of tracks at dawn yesterday, by a KPR mounted patrol commanded by Mr John Dugmore. These led over the Narok-Kijabe road a few miles from Suswa and it was discovered that the gang had fed in a Masai village. The patrol followed the tracks and summoned assistance. A large security force was soon on the ground, including armoured cars, assisted by the KPR and an Air Wing from Nakuru. RAF Harvards were also called for. Latest reports are that the gang has been found at Ol Oserian and so far seven terrorists have been killed and one captured.

Mr Michael Blundell, a member of the War Council, said this week that as many pure-Kikuyu as possible had been removed from the Masai country where it impinged on the Rift Valley, but there remained a large number of half-bred Kikuyu-Masai. Measures already taken, he added, included firmer administration and the deployment of troops.

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### A REQUEST FOR INFO

[Ian Parker KR4602]

Those of us who were deployed against Mau Mau before 1957, are now few and soon there will be none left to recount hands-on experience. Over the years we, who were there, have been disappointed again and again by the way that era has been reported in the media and by academic historians. Epitomising crass journalism was the American Caroline Elkins who acquired academic gravitas from her stories. One pities an intellectual cripple like Elkins, but criticism should not fall on her, as much as upon the flawed system that accepted her thesis.

David Anderson, the Oxford historian is a different kettle of fish. Intellectually respected, he nonetheless generated considerable angst with his *History of the Hanged*. This was factually strong as far as it went. There were two sources for the anger he generated. Let me explain the first by simile: it was as though Anderson set out to describe a chicken through a very detailed examination of its cloaca. No matter how incredibly accurate and detailed his account may have been, describing an animal's anus doesn't give one an idea of what the whole animal looked like! Anderson's focus on hangings was a poor description of the Emergency overall.

Years ago I had a sub-species of bat named after me "*Platymops barbatogularis parkerii*." In describing it the specialist Harrison said that, amongst other features, it had a rugose (wrinkled) anus. I took his word for it, but never checked. At the time it made me one up on David Sheldrick who was the only one among us to have something named after him: it was a small red louse, common on Tsavo's red soils after rain. But I digress.

Anderson's second cause of concern is the tenor of moral condemnation. This was more apparent in his testimony before the McCombe court trial, when putative ex-Mau Mau brought a case against the British Government. His historian's supposed commitment to impartiality was clouded by moral judgement, again more by what he didn't say rather than what he said. In the liberal West it is a rising fashion to condemn the ethics and rules of earlier generations in the light of modern attitudes. Morals change. Take the cases of abortion and capital punishment. When we were young, abortion was prohibited and hanging was the 'right' way to deal with murderers. Now abortion is a woman's right and hanging is wrong.

Yet to some degree, media and academics have got away with avoiding holistic descriptions of the Mau Mau Emergency because we did not react or present counter-views. There have been many reasons for this - among them most of us were too busy making a living to collect and analyse data. Further, we had few academics within our own ranks. To be fair, liberal academe had only its own research and imagination to work on and fed upon itself, which brings me to the point of this brief article.

The detention (concentration) camps were pretty unpleasant institutions. Yet the strategy worked. It had worked in South Africa in the Boer War, it worked in Malaya, and it worked in Kenya. Guerrilla movements do not last long when divorced from their supporters (but are hugely enhanced when modern AID organisations intervene feeding their women and children). The Mau Mau

militants rapidly ran out of steam when a large sector of their passive wing was detained. While strategically very effective, life in the camps must have been unpleasant. However, a substantial quotient of those held in the camps, were anything but passive. Angry, aggressive and disciplined, they took every opportunity to defy those responsible for running the camps. In pursuing such tactics they invited the strong-arm methods to enforce their camp rules. It seems that at last some researchers are recognising that force applied by Government was in reaction to what MM detainees had initiated in the first instance.

I am trying to get good, first hand descriptions of the Mau Mau 'Howl' in which members of a shrieking mob of prisoners threw themselves one atop another to form a pyramid. If any reader witnessed this, I would greatly appreciate a description of what you actually saw. So too, would I appreciate description from anyone who heard first hand from someone who had seen this tactic. However I am trying to avoid recalls that were not seen by the recaller or one-on-one recollections with someone who had.

All such info to me at my email address: <ipap@activ8.net.au> and all will be held confidentially as the sender wishes.

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MICHAEL FRANK SHELLY [KR7054]

[John Pembridge KR7429]



I have been asked by Mike's son Ken to say a few words which I do with a heavy heart. Gill and I are deeply saddened that there will be no more camping trips with Mike to out-of-the-way places and stories and laughter round the camp fire.

Michael Frank Shelly, Mike to his friends was born in Nairobi in August 1941 and shares a common background with many of us here today, who were born and brought up in Kenya.

He went to primary school at the Convent in Eldoret. To my astonishment I recently found out that I was there with him for a couple of terms in about 1950 when the small school I was at on the slopes of Mount Elgon (Cottams), was temporarily closed while the owners were overseas.

By the time he went to high school at St Mary's in Nairobi his family had moved to Tanganyika, and going to school necessitated a trip on a lake steamer from Mwanza at the southern end of Lake Victoria to Kisumu in Kenya on the north eastern shores of the lake. On arrival at Kisumu the boys had to catch a train to Nairobi where they would be met at the station by representatives of the school. If one believes the stories surrounding Mike's time at St Mary's all he learned was the art of boxing and an appreciation of the merits of red wine. The former was to stand him in good stead in the future but the latter got him into immediate trouble when it was discovered that the stocks of communion wine had mysteriously been depleted, not by divine intervention I may add. On completion of his schooling Mike got his call up papers and did his military service with the Kenya Regiment at Lanet in 1960.

I first met Mike in the early 1960's when his reputation as a free spirit who walked on the wild side was legend amongst our generation who were all in our 20's at the time. I will relate to you a story

from his wild youth which indicates the character of the man when the odds were stacked against him. As the story has been told many times over the years I cannot vouch for the detail but the general facts are true. Mike was working at the time on a farm at Mau Summit in the highlands west of the Rift Valley. The owner also operated a hunting business, so employed two managers to run his dairy farm, Mike looking after one dairy and Peter Raynes-Thorne who was a small man always full of mischief, the other.

One Saturday, the two of them decided to go to the local pub in Londiani for a beer or two. At that time an Italian construction firm was working on the Molo/Kericho road and several of their crew were in the pub. I don't know who insulted who but one thing led to another, resulting in an all out brawl with Mike and Pete being outnumbered. When use of fists and bar stools didn't seem to be making any headway, Pete jumped up on the bar and picked up a tall water jug with a thick solid glass base, and called on Mike to 'lay them up against the bar' where Pete was able to knock them cold with one tap of the jug. The police had been called and on arrival immediately arrested the only two men standing in the wreckage. On the Sunday morning, the farm owner found his dairies unsupervised and on enquiry discovered his managers had spent the night at the police station where he negotiated their release in time for the afternoon milking.

The last time I saw Mike in Kenya was in 1964 when he met me and my brother for a drink at the Eldoret Sports Club, telling us that he was serving out his notice with Kaptagat sawmills where he worked for his future father-in-law, and leaving for South Africa. Little did I realise at the time, that it would be nearly 20 years before I saw him again, by which time we were both here in Natal.

Mike and Wendy now married, settled in Durban and lived on the Bluff, but in 1968 moved to Rhodesia where Mike worked for a large agricultural consortium near Raffingora, managing and maintaining all their equipment. He subsequently opened his own successful transport business, moving tobacco and maize, and purchased a farm in the Raffingora area which Wendy had to manage during the war when Mike was on a rotation of two weeks military service and two weeks off. At independence in 1980 after listening to a speech by Mugabe at Banket, Mike and Wendy decided to sell up and move their family back to South Africa to start again. Mike kept one of his trucks which he drove down to South Africa loaded with their belongings.

In trying to define Mike in one word, I decided on the word 'Courage', not only physical courage which Mike had in spades but courage in the face of adversity of which he had more than his fair share; the courage to follow his convictions, put setbacks behind him and start again. When one considers that he left Kenya when our way of life was disintegrating, and in many cases our means of making a living were being expropriated, to start again in a new country, with the added responsibility of a young wife, took courage.

Sixteen years later Mike and Wendy faced a similar decision, the difference being that they now had children, a successful business and were closing in on the age of 40, again it took courage. The greatest tragedy Mike faced was the untimely death in 1998, of his soul mate, Wendy who had stood by him through the good and the bad times, but again Mike had the courage to turn his face to the wind and look to the future, which is exactly the reaction Wendy would have expected and wished from him. Finally the stoic and uncomplaining courage he exhibited in facing his terminal illness. While on this subject I should like to take the liberty on behalf of Mike, his family and his many friends to express our gratitude to Elva for her dedication, love and courage in nursing Mike in the comfort of their home until the last few days when hospital care became absolutely necessary.

As for physical courage the following incident during the Rhodesian war while Mike was serving with PATU exhibits courage of the highest order. Mike was driving his 'stick' of seven men in a mine protected vehicle in response to a call-out, where two young RLI soldiers were under attack

by approximately 40 terrorists at a farm homestead. Mike's vehicle was ambushed and hit by an RPG 7 rocket which penetrated the 'armour', scattering shrapnel inside the vehicle. Mike was hit at the base of his head and passed out as the vehicle veered off into the bush. He regained consciousness to find five men seriously injured, with wounds to their faces, necks, throats and chests with the man sitting next to him having lost both eyes. The radio operator was the only man unscathed but was hiding under the radio table frozen in terror. Mike evacuated all the wounded men dragging them to safety in the bush while urging the radio operator to unfreeze and call for assistance.

Keep in mind this was all done under fire and Mike now proceeded to return fire using his own and all the ammunition and hand grenades carried by the wounded men. The radio operator had by now called for assistance but the vehicle coming in to assist was blown up by a land mine. Thereafter several terrorists managed to blow themselves up trying to set further mines on the road. The two RLI soldiers successfully held off the gang until help finally arrived and the wounded were evacuated to hospital.

Mike was a gregarious man, made friends easily, had a great sense of humour and never ignored a request for help. I salute you and it was a privilege to call you my friend. I will meet you again one day around a camp fire in the bush with the smell of rain on African dust and we will be laughing about the things we did when we were young.

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MICHAEL SHELLY

[Elva Bowles]

Leonard Levinson said:

“A pessimist sees only the dark side of the clouds, and mopes.  
The philosopher sees both sides, and shrugs.  
An optimist doesn't see the clouds at all, he walks on through them”.

Michael's life was cloudless. He lived within the best reserves of patience and courage, always to a clustered plan, asking no approval or praise and never tiring or complaining. He went forward steadfastly, creating only good and happy Karma.

As a little chap he was sent off to boarding school - St Mary's, run by the Holy Ghost Brothers. It took two days by train, two days by steamer across Lake Victoria and a day by road to reach school or return home for holidays. So a three week holiday, was two weeks travelling and one week at home. Difficult to say which he enjoyed most, travelling or the precious week at home.

All this made Mike a great chap to be with. But it wasn't only the fun. Mike had the most amazing social ability. He chatted and interacted with genuine interest and pleasure with everyone - from the little girl in the booth at the toll gate, to the Oxford Don. All were equal to him. He gave them of his best; a rare and fine quality.

The main purpose of his life was the well being of his fellowmen, to do as much to assist others when they needed it and discouragement was not allowed to stand in the way of its accomplishment.

A source of great amusement and pleasure to us all was when recounting a tale and mentioning names, Michael, would inevitably know him, but *genuinely* so. It even got to the point where he met up with a man who had purchased his seven ton truck and trailer, originally brought out from Rhodesia, who had purchased it from another, who in turn had purchased it from another man and so on. 35 years later he was sitting next to the man who now owned it. The truck was still in use.

This small and simple incident epitomized what Michael meant to others. At one of the places we lived, well ... *all* the places we have lived, he loved to chat to our neighbours over the fence – always, farming, gardening, weather, mechanics and the endless Governmental antics. Often I would see Michael racing back to his workshop... “I am just going to get a number 7 flat, or number 12 socket, or some such spanner – to help Tom with that pipe that’s giving him trouble” Over the fence he would hop, do the job. A little while later, after one of these many occasions, a bearer would arrive at the back door with a chocolate cake and a note saying “How lovely it is to have your friendship, Michael. Thank you”.

I quote from a beautiful letter written to me from one of his nephews, when Mike first became ill, from Rudyard Kipling - ‘You have met triumph and disaster and treated those imposters just the same, walked with Kings nor lost the common touch, and, for sure, you have filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds of distance well run’. He goes on further to say ‘You should be rightly proud of who you are, what you stand for, the achievements made and the happiness you have brought to so many people’.

Mike had two great passions in life. The first and only material indulgence was motor vehicles. I asked him one day to try and remember how many cars he had owned during his lifetime. When it got to 243... I said “OK, I don’t think I could absorb any more than that”.

Often we would be travelling around and enthusiastically wave at a friend passing by, who totally ignored us. When we next saw the friend Mike told him we had seen him and waved, without response – to which always the retort ... “Sorry Mike, I didn’t see you because I didn’t recognize the car”. I am so pleased he was able to fulfil this passion in being able to purchase as many cars as he did – one at a time though – not as a collector!

The second great love was camping in the bush. Our style of camping was to take the barest minimum of necessities. With his skill and ingenuity Mike devised all sorts of “ ‘n boer maak a plan ideas”, so that every undertaking was comfortable, pleasurable and often very amusing. We always seemed to go with like-minded campers, where we seemed to land up doing nothing much more than laugh. During one of our camping expeditions, after a few days of much merriment, the next door campers, unknown to us, came over in the evening to ask if they could please join us, as they, too, wanted to laugh as much as we did! His love of the bush and wild animals was unsurpassable.

The Shelly Coat of Arms has red Gules on either side of a *Fleur de Lis*, denoting ‘Military fortitude, valour and magnanimity’. John’s recounting of the vehicle ambush during the Rhodesian Bush war illustrates this. Michael was exemplary in all these virtues.

As Mike was during the bush war and, in fact, all his life, so he handled this terrible disease with stoicism, never moaning or complaining. He was totally selfless, free of self pity and introspection.

Greater, courageous bravery I have never witnessed and throughout it all, he never omitted to thank everyone who did the slightest little thing for him. He retained his dignity and gentlemanliness to the very end. A valiant warrior. For me, it has been the greatest privilege to have been part of Mike’s life these last, short six years.

It will take a long time to come to terms with Mike no longer being with us but the memories of his abilities, his quick wit and humour, his capacity to work so incredibly hard and the magnanimous kindness at all times, will never fade. You all also knew him as a fine, moral and worthy man.

The old adage of “ What you are, is God’s gift to you. What you become, is your gift to God”, Mike achieved, became, and gave that gift, supremely.

Phillipa Norman’s words are a true and fitting testimony to Michael:.....

‘Virtue is that perfect good which is the crown of a happy life, the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality, not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill fortune. It is sociable and gentle, free, steady and fearless, content within itself and full of inexhaustible delights’.

So we say Goodbye to you Michael, happy in the knowledge that, firstly, you will be reunited with Wendy, your workshop will be fully stocked and all the car dealerships open and waiting.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

### BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES

[A.T. Culwick]

Biographical note, for which the author, not the publisher, is responsible.



The Author [LEFT] has led a life of varied experience. Born in Dublin in 1905 into a clergyman's family, he spent a good part of his early life in wild places, such as India, Ireland and the University of Oxford where he was a Hulme Exhibitioner in Natural Science, reading Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics. Thus qualifying as an expert in the social sciences, he joined the British Colonial Service as an Administrative Officer, and was posted to one of the wilder parts of that wild country of Tanganyika Territory.

He soon found, however, that the successful accomplishment of his mission required a greater knowledge of savagery, so he returned to Oxford and passed out top of his year in the School of

Anthropology.

In Tanganyika, he helped build up that short period of semi-civilisation the country enjoyed during the first half of the Century, undertaking any job which he thought sufficiently interesting - political administration, Secretary of the Medical Department, nutrition survey, anthropological investigations, protozoological research in sleeping sickness, etc. - until the day came when he retired, so he thought, and went to farm in Kenya.

There he ran slap into the Mau Mau Rebellion, during which he was a District Officer and First Class Magistrate doling out sentences he considered totally inadequate as a deterrent, which has since proved correct.

When the position of the Whites, who were encouraged to settle by the British Government, and on whom the economy rested, was imperilled by British policy dictated from Westminster, he entered politics and became the Chairman of the Kenya United Party, attending the Lancaster House Conference of 1960 on the constitution of Kenya as a Special Adviser, where he shared the disgust of true friends of Africa and the African.

Because events in East Africa fully came up to his expectations, and circumstances prevented him from influencing them further, he and his wife, the painter Rowena Bush, and their two sons, left Kenya and landed in South Africa on 1st May, 1962, where friendly treatment by a friendly people turned them into South Africans - *de facto* if not *de jure* - in a remarkably short time. There, the author is engaged in helping others scrape themselves out of the mess which is modern East Africa and resettle themselves in South Africa - a varied, interesting, amusing and rewarding occupation.

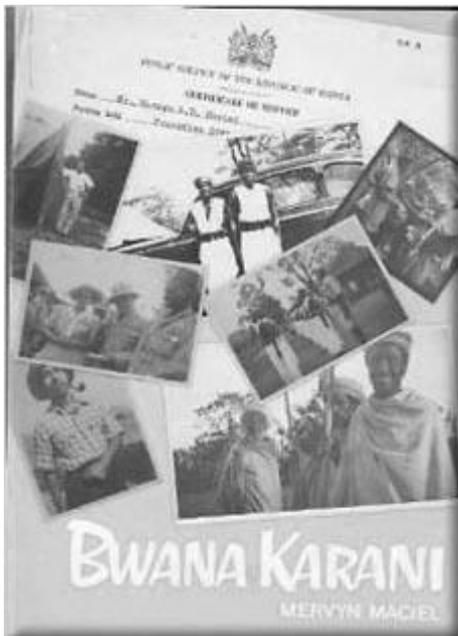
He is, therefore, well qualified by experience to write this book on imperial folly, which he can do without bitterness because the rough and tumble of life has left him with what one of his superiors in the Colonial Service once described as "a deplorably exaggerated sense of humour"!

Added interest is given to this book by the fact that the manuscript was finished in January, 1962, and has been printed here (South Africa) unaltered after being rejected in England as "absurd" and "neo-blimpish" and "unlikely to command much support in England outside Cheltenham," which can now, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, be considered as the repository of Britain's wisdom and foresight; a pleasing thought since both the author and his wife were educated there!

[Ed: *An interesting read; probably out of print, but copies could be found in book stalls around the country.*]

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### BWANA KARANI by Mervyn Maciel



Review by Elspeth Huxley, writer on Africa, with many books to her credit, including 'The Flame Trees of Thika'.

Like other countries, Kenya has its unsung heroes and heroines who served their country well when the foundations for independence were being laid. One such was Mervyn Maciel, who in telling his personal story in 'Bwana Karani', also puts on record the part played by members of the Goan community, whose industry and integrity underpinned so much of the development of their adopted land. As District clerks, cashiers, secretaries and in many other capacities, they did much of the nitty-gritty work of nation building in colonial days.

Born in Nairobi, Mervyn joined the Secretariat in 1947 straight from school. Two years later, he moved to Lodwar in Turkana, a posting most Asians disliked for its isolation, heat and general discomfort. Mervyn lost his heart to these parched and pitiless deserts of Turkana and the former NFD (Northern Frontier District), and to the peoples who wrung a meagre living from this harsh environment.

He also lost his heart to a young lady in Kitale, and after their marriage moved from Marsabit to Kisii, then Machakos, ending his career as Office Superintendent at the well-known Plant Breeding Station at Njoro. Then came independence followed by Africanisation, and the Maciel family retired to live in the U.K., in a house called 'Manyatta'.

"This is a book that is going to appeal to a wide range of readers", wrote Sir Richard Turnbull in his introduction. He was right. Informally and pleasingly written, Mervyn Maciel chronicles a slice of Kenya's history from an unfamiliar angle. He loved his job, got on famously with almost everyone from Boran cattle-herds to British Provincial Commissioners, had a happy marriage and was a happy man - a nice change in this so often troubled and acrimonious world.



[LEFT: ELSPETH HUXLEY AND MERVYN OUTSIDE ELSPETH'S COTTAGE IN MALMESBURY] Review from Royal African Society. Bwana Karani is the Swahili title and term of address given to government clerks and cashiers. This memoir of life in Kenya in the 'fifties and 'sixties is based on what must have been carefully kept diaries. It records daily Boma life as it appeared through the eyes of a sensitive, enterprising and active Goan who was eager to expose himself to all that life could offer, rough or smooth.

The author's open nature is apparent in the style and in the narrative; the book hardly contains a harsh word though a few of the people he mentions probably deserved them. The book is not just a nostalgic read for old timers from what the locals still call the N.F.D., but also a useful account of colonial life from a point of view which I do not think has been recorded before. The Foreword succinctly describes what a District Administration did. Bwana Karani has also been included in the 'Africa Bibliography' edited by Dr. Hector Blackhurst.

Published 1985; Pages 264; Publisher Merlin Books; ISBN 0863032613  
Availability - out of print - Try Abe Books or Amazon

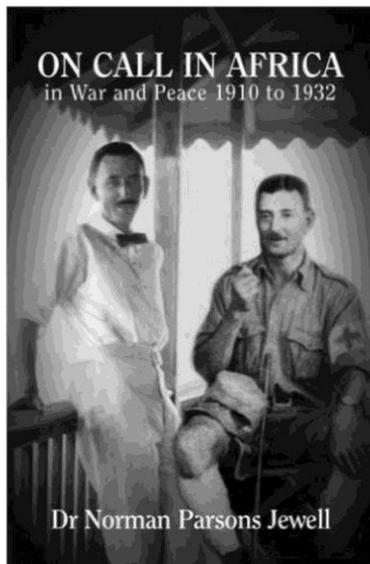
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ON CALL IN AFRICA IN WAR AND PEACE, 1910-1932 by Dr Norman Parsons Jewell

[Reviewed by Christine Nicholls]

Norman Jewell's memoirs give us the best eyewitness account of medical conditions among the troops fighting in East Africa that have been published so far. It is a riveting story of the horrors of warfare in the heat, mud, flies and dust of Kenya and Tanganyika.

Jewell was a medical officer in the Colonial Medical Service and as a captain served in German East Africa with the 3rd East African Field Ambulance Unit. Before he died he wrote his memoirs, which have been amalgamated in this book with his unique daily diary written in the field during the war. The book also contains a preface by World War I historian Edward Paice and a section written by the author's granddaughter about the Jewell family. The book has been professionally edited and has wonderful explanatory footnotes.



It begins with a splendid account of life in the Seychelles in 1912, where Jewell was first posted for four years. He was then sent to Kisumu to take charge of the Native Hospital as well as a temporary hospital for European troops. He cannot have made himself popular when he ordered all the European patients out of the nearby local bar and back to bed, forbidding further excursions!

Jewell tells interesting stories about the disbandment of Ross's Scouts after an enquiry [Ed: *See m-S XL pp 48-50, a review of Neil Speed's 'Born to Fight – Ross's Scouts'*], the success of Drought's 'Skin Corps' [See *m-S XL pp 32-41*] and the composition of the Legion of Frontiersmen [Ed: *See m-S XXXIII pp 53-56*]. He always describes the tribes of the region and the ailments they suffered – for example, he dealt successfully with bubonic and pneumonic plague in Kisumu.

Later Jewell was posted to Tsavo to join the Field Unit, and he travelled to Bura at the foot of the Taita Hills and to Maktau, where he befriended Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer. He also met the renowned hunter Selous. Jewell gives excellent descriptions of the battles of Salaita and Taveta, before he takes over a German hospital, making full use of the German doctor and staff still there.

Meanwhile, he does not spare the reader the ghastly conditions under which the troops fought, often with no water or food, endlessly pursuing the enemy through mud and in rags because of lack of supplies. Huge numbers of patients were admitted to his unit on a daily basis – there were 1096 in toto for October 1917. Like so many of the troops, Jewell also came down with malaria. He lost many friends during the war and the book gives a personal touch to the sad loss of life.

After the war Jewell went to the Nakuru Memorial Hospital, presiding at its opening. He often travelled miles to see patients, riding on the front of the engines of goods trains, or in a cart to Eldoret (where there was no doctor at the time), or on a bicycle for 60 miles or more.

In 1920, he was posted to take charge of the European Hospital at Mombasa – which meant trips to Malindi and Kismayu. The book tells a lot about Mombasa during this period of history. While there, Jewell successfully treated an outbreak of smallpox and paid personally for the peglegs and post-cataract glasses of his patients.

Finally in 1925, he was sent to Nairobi, where he gives us a vivid picture of social and medical life in the 1920s. After he retired in 1932 Jewell moved to England where he worked from rooms in Harley Street and as a general surgeon in Harrow-on-the-Hill.

I highly recommend this book to all who wish to know more about East Africa from 1910 to 1932 and the people who lived there, African and European. The book mentions many familiar names from Kenya's early days and provides interesting vignettes of various characters.

On Call in Africa is scheduled to be released in April 2016. It is available from [amazon.co.uk](http://amazon.co.uk) for £35 in the UK and £45 for shipping worldwide. For more information on this book, you can visit the book's website online at [www.oncallinafrica.com](http://www.oncallinafrica.com).

[This review was printed in Old Africa, Edition 64 April-May 2016]

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## NO HAPPY VALLEY by Guy Hallowes



[LEFT: GEOFFREY WHITE [KR6142] AND GUY HALLOWES [KR7100] AT THE BOOK LAUNCH - 16<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 2015.]

*Jambo sana, sana watu wote. Mimi na furahi ko angalia watu mingi hapa leyo.*

Firstly, thank you all for making the effort to come here tonight. In particular, I would like to thank Geoffrey White who has agreed to say a few words in support of the book launch of No Happy Valley.

Geoffrey was born in Australia but grew up in Kenya where his grandfather, an Australian who moved to Kenya after service in the First World War, had a cattle ranch in the Laikipia district.

After schooling [Duke of York - Head of Kirk 1955] and national service with the Kenya Regiment [KR6142] Geoffrey completed tertiary studies in Law at the University of Cambridge and Gray's Inn of Court in London. He then worked on a Canadian cattle farm before applying to join the Department of External Affairs in Canberra. He served in the Foreign Service for thirty years, with five overseas postings including as High Commissioner in Nairobi from 1982 to 1986.

Since retirement from the public service he has been engaged in a range of legal, philanthropic and rural activities. He was CEO of the Vincent Fairfax Family Foundation until 2010 and has been active in the Braidwood district in landcare and catchment management work. In 1999, Geoffrey was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM). He is married to Sally and they have four married children and fifteen grandchildren.

In view of his experiences in Kenya, firstly as a child growing up, and then as the Senior Australian Diplomat in Kenya, Geoffrey is uniquely placed to make this presentation.

Geoffrey White responds.

Guy Hallowes is an impressive resilient fellow who writes about what he knows. He has covered an important part of Kenya's colonial history using the structure of a novel - an engaging account of the Mau-Mau period in Kenya.

With some poetic license Guy has written about the tension, the crimes, the politics, the courage, mixed racial partnerships and the glories of the Kenyan countryside.

I agree with my sister Penelope Peel who works in a Woollahra bookshop - the book is a ripping yarn.

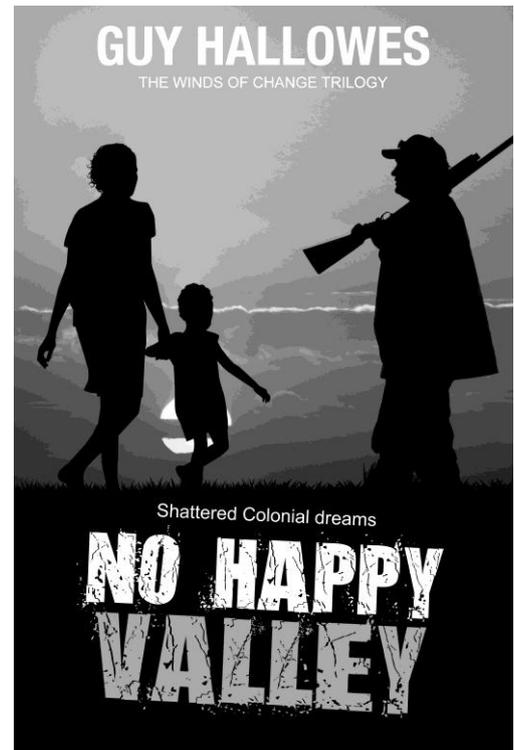
For me there are words in this book that are a flash-back to the past: the two year wonders or what we call blow-ins, the car-tyre sandals, the rooineks, the Kikuyu women struggling with loads of kuni on their backs held with long leather straps around their foreheads and the description of a Kenyan prison as hoteli ya Kingi Georgie. Even our old school the Duke of York gets some mention.

The book gives the reader a front row seat to what life was like for farming enterprises in the Mau-Mau time. I felt the injustice associated with the treatment of Peter Lawrence and Rafiki.

Sixty years after the Kenya Emergency this book is timely. Most of the main players in that period are either dead or long since retired. The passing of time makes it easier to read a book, unshackled from the emotions of the time.

The Mau-Mau period was a dominant feature for those living in Kenya at that time. Guy's book helps the reader understand the complexities of a movement which helped speed up moves to independence; and how it damaged itself through the violence of its militant wing.

Reading the book made me reflect back to the time span of the book, roughly from the end of the Second World War to the approach of independence in 1963. As someone who lived in Kenya in that period I am fascinated with the colourful way Guy has handled those times in 'No Happy Valley'.



Memories came flooding back - the Declaration of the Emergency on 20 October 1952; the ghastly oath-taking ceremonies undertaken by the Mau-Mau; the dreadful murders of both Africans and Whites, or Europeans as they were then known.

'No Happy Valley' takes the reader through some of the worst of the Mau-Mau terror - the Ruck murders in January 1953, followed in the same year by the Lari massacre and the raid on the Naivasha police armoury.

Further, the book describes the cruel way the Mau-Mau cut the tendons in the back legs of cattle owned by European farmers.

Even as schoolboys we were caught up in the drama. Our school adjoined a Kikuyu reserve and we had to take it in turn to do night duty at our boarding houses armed with .303 rifles. When we turned 18, we were called up to serve with the Kenya Regiment as national servicemen.

Guy has given a reasonably balanced account of these times. The Africans, especially the Kikuyu, had a real grievance about the loss of land. At the same time the British were still encouraging White settlement.

He also shows how some of the settlers, like the pompous George Athill were totally unacceptable for Kenya. It was not hard to feel for Peter Lawrence, a liberal person who was ahead of his times. It shocked me to read how the primary school he built on his farm was burnt down; a senseless action by some of his White enemies.

The story of Rafiki is very compelling. But I am not here to unfold the twists and turns of her story.

Of course we need to remember just how brief was the British Colonial intervention, less than 70 years. It began in 1895 with the Protectorate over British East Africa and ended with Independence in December 1963.

Only a small percentage of the 50 million Kenyans today will have memories of the British rule and the Mau-Mau rebellion. And in any case with a few exceptions the Mau-Mau was largely confined to three of Kenya's 40 tribes, the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru.

The book asks the question whether in 100 years' time anyone will remember the colonial interlude.

In passing, I think the reports that President Obama's father, a Luo, was a Mau-Mau freedom fighter, might be dubious.

Kenya was fortunate that, when Jomo Kenyatta was released from seven years' confinement to a house in Lodwar in north western Kenya, he did not seek revenge. Indeed, when he addressed a gathering of European farmers at Nakuru before Independence he held out the hand of friendship. He told the farmers that he could not forget the fight for independence but he could forgive.

His words as recorded by the famous settler writer, Elspeth Huxley were:

"If I have done a mistake to you in the past, it is for you to forgive me. If you have done a mistake to me, it is for me to forgive you. The Africans cannot say the Europeans have done all the wrong and the Europeans cannot say the Africans have done all the wrong. Let bygones be bygones."

He urged the farmers to stay on in an Independent Kenya (a contrast to Mugabe in Zimbabwe). The European farmers were upstanding and shouted out the catchword at the time *Harambee* - We pull together.

Kenyatta was right to encourage the farmers to stay. Among those present here tonight is Peter White whose father Harold developed one of Kenya's finest farming operations in the Ol Kalou district. Harold was present at that Nakuru meeting.

After the memorial service at the Nairobi cathedral for Harold, one of the senior Africans present wrote to me about my eulogy. He thought highly of the contribution of the serious white farmers. His words: "God has made the jungle but the white farmers made the development".

Guy's book helps bring some reality to what it was like to be a settler farmer in colonial days. Too many people seem to rest their view of Kenya in the colonial era as one dominated by the likes of Karen Blixen and 'Out of Africa', the feckless Happy Valley set in Wanjohi Valley and the social life excesses of a particular group of aimless English settlers.

Even our politicians who visited Kenya in my time in Foreign Affairs were absorbed by the so called White Mischief lot. They wished to see the billiard table in the Muthaiga Club where the wife of a leading Lord of the Realm was pleased by another Lord of the realm (who was eventually murdered).

Then there was that well known cliché - Are you married or do you live in Kenya?

Certainly Kenya had its fair share of colourful characters. Here I think of Colonel Ewart Grogan who walked from the South African Cape to Cairo in 1897-1900. He did this to gain the respect of his future father-in-law to prove his adequacy as a suitor for his step daughter.

Beryl Markham: horse breeder, adventurer, pilot and farmer. In 1938, she became the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic from east to west. She was in the early days the only professional female pilot in Africa.

The Leakey family of course in several generations have contributed so much to Kenya; palaeontology, wildlife, heroism, museum and politics

Guy reminds the reader about the contribution of the European farmers to Kenya. His hero in the book, Peter Lawrence was a hardworking farmer without much money. He and many others were serious farmers, quite unlike the socialites of the Happy Valley type.

From the very start of the British colonial rule serious efforts were made by settler farmers to build a viable agricultural sector. They were also caring about the people they employed and helped with schooling and basic health care. Most of them lived simple and frugal lives. Great risks were often taken as farmers experimented with various crops, fruit, tea and coffee and breeds of livestock. While most of the farmers were from the United Kingdom there were some notable South African and Australian pioneers.

My grandfather was one of them. He imported purebred Ayrshire cattle from Australia after the First World War. He helped Lord Delamere set up the Kenya Cooperative Creameries. This was at a time when the dairy industry in Kenya was seen as the rock and foundation on which European settlement would be built.

Another person with Australian links was the Rev. Stuart Watt a missionary and pioneer who in the 1890s imported eucalypts, acacias and fruit trees from Australia.

Charles Anderson whose family farmed in Kenya won an MC in the First War in the campaign in German East Africa. Later he emigrated to Australia and in World War Two won a VC in the Malaya campaign. He served as the Country Party Member for Hume for many years

When Independence came, Kenya had a thriving agricultural base as well as quality tea and coffee estates.

Nor should we forget the British administrators. They were committed officials who learnt the local languages and carried out their duties faithfully. So did the missionaries who played a key role in education and rural health for their flocks. None of them retired wealthy.

So what is the balance sheet of the colonial era? In *Colony to Nation*, Sir John Johnson who served in the Colonial administration and later as British High Commissioner to Kenya concluded that the most outstanding failure was preventing the Mau-Mau rebellion.

'No Happy Valley' targets the sleepy response of the British Government and particularly the Governor until June 1952, Sir Philip Mitchell.

The book describes how the British turned a blind eye to the warnings in the years between the end of World War Two and the Emergency, and the impact of the return of African servicemen from the Far East, and emerging political awareness.

Peter Lawrence described his farm as God's own country. It is. But the White Highlands concept was a colonial fantasy. The Europeans were but temporary stewards of the land.

Guy, well done. *No Happy Valley* will interest anyone who wants to read an engaging novel based on Africa. And it will not just appeal to old Kenyan hands. I have pleasure in launching: *No Happy Valley*.

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## **GUY'S INTRODUCTION TO 'NO HAPPY VALLEY'.**

I have always thought that my own and a very few others experiences in Kenya harboured a story that needed to be told, hence this book 'No Happy Valley'.

Many will have heard of Kenya's Happy Valley of the 1930's. This particular Valley was in the area described in the book.

I believe and I think have succeeded in creating a balance between the various racial groups in the country; I have certainly tried to present more than just one point of view.

At its most basic 'No Happy Valley' is just an easy read adventure story set in Kenya, between 1946 and 1963. As far as I am concerned the history and geography of the time I have described are accurate. I have read many books on the period, to try to ensure this, including the lengthy and tedious British Government sponsored Corfield report on the origins of the Mau-Mau.

The characters in the book are of course wholly imaginary.

Also I was there, so lived through the whole period which led up to what I have described as the transition to majority rule.

Although the book is a novel there are a number of incidents in the book that actually occurred. There is an elephant charge in the early part of the book. I know that happened since I was one of the people being charged. In the book the elephant died, since I needed the tusks for another part of the story. Readers will be glad to hear that in real life we did the elephant no harm. We blasted fifty or so shots over the animal's head and he turned tail.

One of the book's main characters attended a Mau-Mau meeting in 1949. They obviously didn't know he was there. The same thing happened to my father, who spoke fluent Kikuyu, so clearly understood what was being said. In the fictional and real situation, the reports to the police went nowhere; they were told to keep their mouths shut.

After the Second World War, The British Government had a policy of settling thousands of British ex-servicemen in the colony and were determined that nothing was going to interfere with that. The Mau-Mau emergency was declared in 1952 and Kenya gained its independence in 1963.

Our immediate neighbour was murdered in much the same way as I describe in No Happy Valley. The general image of the Kenya farmer encouraged by the Happy Valley set was that of hard drinking, idle wastrels living a life of luxury and being waited on hand and foot by the local Africans.

I will read you a short passage from No Happy Valley which describes the house we actually lived in: (P 62)

The cottage had been thoroughly cleaned and the walls whitewashed. And since there were no ceilings, Jenny had gunny bags (grain sacks) cut up and then sewn together and put in as ceilings; they were also whitewashed. Jenny had found a way of adding red and green dye to the whitewash; the effect of this was sometimes rather garish but it did break the monotony of the harsh white.

The bath was Peter's idea; he cut a 44-gallon oil drum down the middle lengthwise, then cut out two ends and welded the remaining two pieces together. The effect was like a boat with two blunt ends. The major difficulty was keeping the bath upright, which was achieved by placing a length of

four by two timber against one side of the bath, the other being against the wall. The family managed this quite well, but visitors sometimes ended up on the floor with the contents of the bath.

The toilet was a “long drop” about 100 yards from the house. Running water was only available from the outside storage tank so flush toilets were unknown; probably not that different to many places in Outback Australia at the time, but nevertheless not a life of idleness and luxury.

Certainly Geoffrey’s uncle Harold and his family, who lived in the same district as us, lived much as we did and were as hard working as anyone- although I don’t remember them having the luxury of a bath made from a 44-gallon drum.

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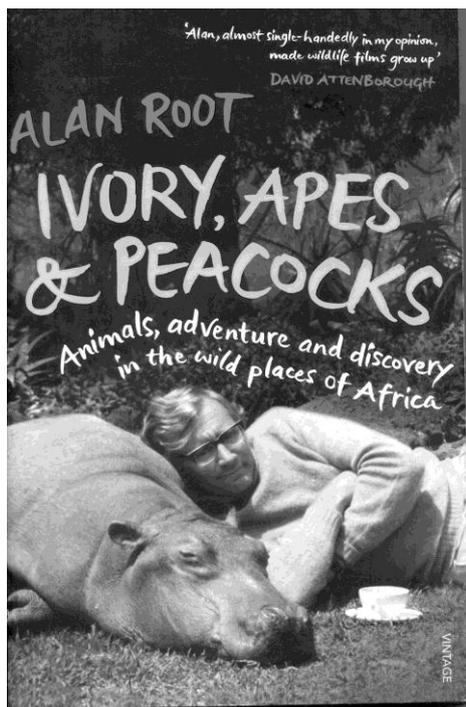
Britain - Amazon.co.uk: book £17.15. e-book ±£6. Australia: Amazon.com.au: e-book: \$8.34.

Dymocks: Book: \$25

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### IVORY, APES AND PEACOCKS by Alan Root

[Brian Jackman - Telegraph UK 23<sup>rd</sup> August 2012]



Written by a consummate wordsmith, Alan Root’s enthralling memoir is the best true-life adventure story to come out of Africa for years. Born in London in 1937, Root moved to Kenya while still a boy but dropped out of school at sixteen and soon found himself behind a camera.

Having discovered himself to be a natural with what he calls “the grammar of film”, there followed a life you could not make up, packed with drama, humour and heartache as he followed a career of wildlife moviemaking that would bring him more than 60 awards, including three lifetime achievement awards, an Oscar and an OBE.

Filming wild animals in the African bush is not without risk, and over the years he was savaged by a variety of animals. In the Serengeti he was bitten on the backside by a leopard – only to be reproached by the warden for feeding an animal in a national park. In Rwanda, while shooting some footage for *Gorillas in the Mist*, a chest-beating

silverback came out of the forest “like a Doberman on steroids” and took a lump out of his thigh.

On another occasion he was attacked by a hippo while filming underwater in Kenya’s Tsavo National Park. Afterwards, recovering in a Nairobi hospital, he entertained visitors by pushing a Coke bottle through the hole in his calf.

But that was nothing compared to being bitten by a puff adder. This time he was within 30 minutes of dying, but ended up losing nothing more than a finger.

In spite of these hair-raising encounters, the family home on the shores of Lake Naivasha welcomed a never-ending cavalcade of pets, including a crowned crane that fell in love with a garden standpipe, a tame hippo that regularly wandered about the Root household, and an anteater called Million (from the line in the song, “Aardvark a million miles for one of your smiles”). Perhaps it was Million who inspired Root to write the most succinct line ever to grace a wildlife movie commentary: “The aardvark – first word in the dictionary, last word in anteater design.”

During the Sixties, a chance meeting with the English adventurer Alan Smith (then the Telegraph’s science correspondent) led to Root pioneering balloon safaris with Richard Leakey. This episode gave rise to a whole string of tenterhook moments, as when Jackie Kennedy was a client and the balloon he was flying crashed into a cat’s cradle of telephone wires, depositing him and the former US president’s widow in a maize field.

But it was his camera work, inspired by a passion for Africa’s wildlife and wildest places, that set him apart from the rest and his inquisitive mind came up with all kinds of extraordinary ideas to capture the scenes that would portray his subjects as never before. Hence the close-ups of thundering hooves in ‘The Year of the Wildebeest’ - shot with a camera Root had hidden inside the shell of a tortoise.

The Serengeti, where he filmed the migrating wildebeest, is where he is happiest, where dust devils move across the land “like a gathering of ghosts”, and where, having spent much of his life, he still becomes wet-eyed from just knowing that such a place still exists.

It seems all the more perverse, then, to find him forsaking the Serengeti’s open plains for what he calls ‘the Big Broccoli’ - the fathomless forests of the Congo basin that shut out the sun and hide some of the rarest creatures on the planet. Among them the peacock that gave Root the title for his book. After filming elephants and Africa’s greatest apes, the almost mythical Congo peacock became a grail to him, luring him into Africa’s Heart of Darkness.

It was at this time that his private life began to fall apart. He left Joan, the wife who had shared his adventures since their marriage in 1961, only to discover that Jenny Hammond, the new woman in his life, had been diagnosed with leukaemia and had only two years to live.

The final chapter, which describes Root’s last moments with Joan, I found almost too painful to read, ending as it does with her murder, gunned down alone in her Naivasha home by criminals whose racketeering was destroying the lake she loved and had fought so hard to protect.

As Alan said at her memorial service, “She was the wind beneath my wings.”

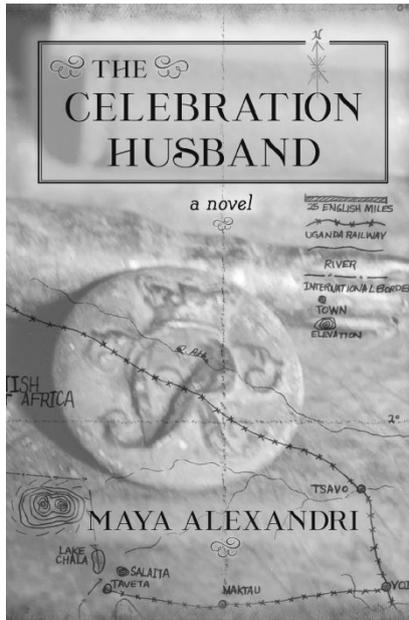
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks – first published in 2012 by Chatto & Windus ISBN 678-0-09-955588-09

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THE CELEBRATION HUSBAND by Maya Alexandri

Dr. Anne Samson writes: Apologies for the general email but I thought you might be interested to know about a novel which came out in October on the first days of the Great War in East Africa.

*The Celebration Husband* by Maya Alexandri is based on research she undertook in Kenya with James Willson (*Guerrillas of Tsavo*) and the ‘Karen Blixen Association’ amongst others. I thought you might be interested in the novel based on our various communications in the past:



Topics/aspects of interest include:

The timing of the novel is significant - it came out around the anniversary of the first military-related flight in Kenya, near Maktau. An aeroplane features.

It broadly covers the opening months of the war in Kenya with some links to Moshi.

The role of intelligence gathering especially around the making of maps, is another strong feature.

It offers an insight to the co-operation and relations between civilians, settlers, local population and the military including the role of farm labour and carriers.

This is the fourth novel of the entire campaign by a woman.

There are a total of 44 novels on East Africa of which five are by women - Gertrude Page – two (pre-1920); Elspeth Huxley (1960); Marguerite Poland (2009); and now Maya Alexandri (2015).

Copies of the book may be obtained at full price (paper back and ebook) through Lulu ([www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com)) or by emailing <[thesamsonsltd@gmail.com](mailto:thesamsonsltd@gmail.com)> for a discounted paperback copy.

There is also an additional discount price for residents in Africa - to make use of this, please email <[thesamsonsltd@gmail.com](mailto:thesamsonsltd@gmail.com)>

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### ARTIST ROUND THE BEND by Mike Norris

The book is dedicated to those who are still with us,  
and to the memory of those who aren't – the men and women – competitors,  
officials, service crews, spectators, media and supporters – who gave up their  
Easter weekends, and the comfort of their homes, to make this annual event  
the greatest-ever motoring adventure in the world

Mike Norris was born in Mombasa, Kenya in 1949 and grew up in the Nandi Hills district, going to school first in Eldoret and then at the Duke of York in Nairobi. As a young boy he accompanied his family every Easter, bundled into the back of the car with a basket of food, coffee, and no doubt a crate of 'Tusker' to perhaps an even more remote area than home, and there to spend hours of the night or day at the roadside watching the 'Safari' come tearing past!

He grew up with the rally in his blood – ultimately working at various control points around the route.

He had no formal art training but 'messed around' with those Disney character tins of watercolours that all kids seemed to have. To his surprise he won a painting competition in 1966 – a set of oil paints which he hadn't a clue how to use! He was however always interested in art and recalls his

bedroom walls plastered with prints of the work of Michael Turner (*In Norris's opinion the best motor sport artist ever, closely followed more recently by his son*”).

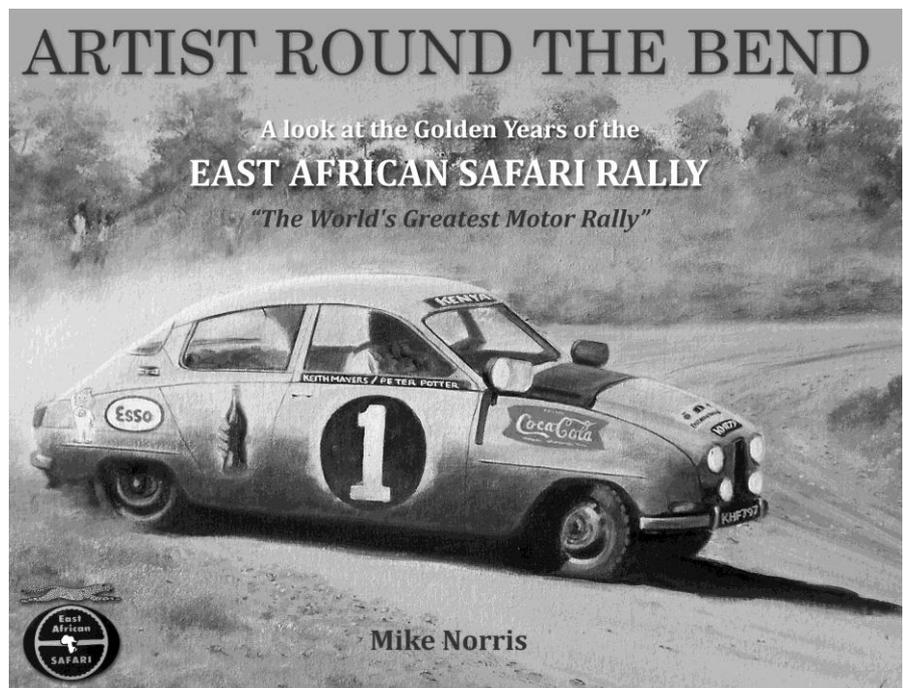
He moved with his parents to South Africa in 1967 but a restless energy took him overseas to experience a number of different occupations including seafaring and North Sea oil rigs, and eventually ended up back in South Africa in wildlife conservation and tourism where he spent many years. He only took up painting seriously again in 2007 where he found a niche in painting aircraft and vintage tractors. The latter subject took him to what he considers the most exciting project of all – that of painting a series of large murals in the little town of Richmond in the vast Karoo region of the Northern Cape Province.

He is retired (*“whatever that means!”*) and lives with his wife Maryanne in Howick in the KwaZulu-Natal Midlands, South Africa. He paints full time – mostly seascapes and landscapes, and Safari cars!

East African Safari Museum. This project began in 2014 when he met a fellow East African, Chris Carlisle-Kitz who was as much of a Safari ‘nutter’ as Mike - both of them having left Kenya and Tanganyika respectively in the late sixties and at an age slightly too young to have been able to have participated in this great event - everything else being equal! Chris acquired the remains of the original Mercedes-Benz 220SEb which had been driven by Jim Cardwell and David Lead in the 1963 and 1964 Safaris, by Bill Parkinson in 1965, and brought to South Africa by Bernard and Sheila Prior (née Allen). He is restoring it to its ‘starting ramp’ condition, a mammoth undertaking as fifty years had taken its toll on the vehicle.

Chris came up with the idea of creating a ‘museum’ of sorts to celebrate those magnificent years - the first twenty of them anyway - of the ‘world’s greatest rally’ and to preserve what memorabilia they could find before it became trashed by well-meaning folks who believed simply ‘that no-one’s interested in that stuff!’ Chris and Mike believe strongly that there **are** people out there who are interested, and if not, would become so with a little enlightenment!

The Safari was a great event - there will never be another like it – and it was followed by thousands with a passion that few have matched in the sports arena. It deserves to survive in the annals of motor sport history. And so the museum continues to evolve as more and more treasures are discovered and donated. As Chris is a nuts-and-bolts sort of chap, Mike’s contribution was in providing a series of oil paintings to accompany the various exhibits. Then a suggestion was made: “Why not write a book?” “No, that’s been done before!” “So why not paint a book? A car per year story?” “Why not?” A kind of museum-in-a-book thing.” And so ‘Artist Round the Bend’ was born.



And so this is not another history of this famous rally – there are at least four excellent and detailed publications on this subject and Mike has no desire to duplicate the fine work done by these authors. Roger Barnard's informative and most readable book 'Safari Rally - the First 40 Years' (ISBN 0 9519781 01) covers a great deal, as does Richard Klein's magnificent 'Safari', and Vivien Mitchell's 'History of the Safari Rally'. This is an artist's tribute and something that is unique and sincere in its wish to ensure that the memories of the Safari will linger on for a great distance into the future and to provide a window for other generations to peer into a world now past.

Like Chris's museum, Mike has windowed only the first twenty years, but by no means is it suggested that the Safari ended then. It is a book about ordinary cars and ordinary people (or were they?), not exclusively the preserve of the winners and superstars although some are included. The first reaction of some readers may be "But so-and-so isn't in it!" There simply is not enough space or sometimes available reference material, and the idea was really only to do one car per year although Mike has broken that rule on a couple of occasions for reasons which are apparent. All distances are noted in miles as they were originally recorded. If the reader is more conversant with kilometres just divide the number by 0.62.

If there is one difficulty Mike faced it was in restricting himself to an economical amount of 'script' and he has been consciously aware of the danger of overloading the text with facts, figures and anecdotes as interesting as they may be (and they have mostly been covered before anyway) to the point where it dominates the paintings, and not the other way around.

Much has been written and in detail on the origins of the 'Safari' and it probably would not be pertinent or economical to cover the same ground again. Essentially it began with the arrival in Kenya in 1945 of a man called Enzo Cecil Tanfani (Eric Cecil) of Italian nationality and resident in Australia since 1929, and his wife Patricia (Toni). A dynamic man of enormous energy and passion, Eric quickly established himself as an astute businessman and in addition cultivated a keen interest in the fledgling motor sport industry, both as a competitor and as an organiser.

He was an enthusiastic and successful participant on the race track at Langa Langa near Gilgil and when he wasn't behind the wheel took over the commentary microphone, exercising his skills as the broadcaster he had been in Australia. At the beginning of 1953, Cecil was enjoying an after lunch drink in Limuru, with his cousin Neil Vincent and Eric Tromp discussing the subject of motor sport. Vincent was a keen sportsman but could not be persuaded by Cecil to become involved with the racing at Langa Langa, claiming "I can't be bothered driving round in circles but if you would like to organise an event where we can get into our cars, slam the door, and go halfway across Africa and back, and the first car home is the winner, I'm in!" And that was the start of it.

Eric, then as Chairman of the Competitions Committee of the Royal East African Automobile Association (REAAA) immediately put his thinking cap on, pondering with other enthusiasts the idea and the problem of getting "buy-in" and administrative co-operation from the neighbouring East African territories Uganda and Tanganyika, as well as the all-powerful REAAA. He decided to appeal to the colonial establishment's strong ties with the home country and the monarchy by making the event a tribute from the motoring public of East Africa to the young Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her forthcoming Coronation scheduled for June 2nd 1953. And so the first "Coronation Safari" took off with the newspaper's words of 24th April 1953:

**"CORONATION SAFARI FOR EAST AFRICAN MOTORISTS: SMALL CAR RELIABILITY TEST – Sponsored by the East African Standard, a 'Coronation Safari' covering nearly 2,000 miles of EA roads, and starting from three territorial centres, will be staged by the REAAA from 30th May 1953 to 1st June - Intended for absolute standard, off-the-peg saloon cars, it will be the most strenuous ever held in East Africa." Prophetic words indeed!**

The event was instantly embraced by the East African public – for several reasons. It demonstrated a recognisable sense of adventure – the same that many settlers had displayed, when after the war many had chosen to start a new life in a strange but exciting country far from the monochromatic existence that they had left behind in a drab and dark Britain. The ‘Safari’ as it quickly became known, brought a competitive sport to their doorstep. It didn’t require getting to a stadium hundreds of miles away; and it was open to all - doctors, dentists, farmers, accountants, bank managers, policemen, soldiers, garage owners, and ladies! Everybody knew someone who participated.

An excellent local publicity and marketing campaign ensured that the word was spread out far and wide before, during, and after the event. Whole families were to be found clustered around a hissing and popping valve-set radio at intervals during the day and night, diligently filling in the information read by an announcer, on a brown fold-out score card: “*Car number 32, Ford Cortina GT, Smith and Jones, Morogoro 68 points lost . . .*” and so on. and on! Whoops of delight when the name of a friend or family member was read with a favourable score, and howls of anguish if the news was “*. . . retired Handeni . . .*”! ‘Safari Fever’ infected everyone.

One of the greatest appeals of the fledgling events was that they were restricted to standard series production Category ‘A’ Group 1 touring cars, and in the earliest of them, classification was by retail showroom prices, and not the more internationally acceptable engine capacity - that was to come later.

It meant that the average motorist took a keen interest in the event for, as likely as not, he owned the replica of a competing vehicle. For many years the cars still remained pretty much standard, although to become more attractive to the international competitors, additional modifications such as auxiliary fuel tanks, lighting, and under-body protection, were permitted. Motor manufacturers came to regard the event as the best testing ground in the world for their product. Only in 1967 were cars of Group 2, still fairly standard, allowed entry.

With Queen Elizabeth’s Coronation and its calendar being a one-off affair, an alternative long-weekend had to be sought for future events and ‘Empire Day’ (24 May), so celebrated, was the chosen time for the next three years. When the Coronation Safari was awarded International Status in 1957, the period of the Easter weekend was selected to enable competitors from Europe to enter. Thus, the start of the rally was on Good Friday evening (from 1962 on the Thursday) and the finish on Monday.

There were many facets of this rally that distinguished it and made it quite different from other events around the world. One of them was the matter of ‘luck’, too often and easily rejected as pure conjecture, but in the ‘Safari’ the Lady played an ever-present role. An equatorial downpour could turn a dry road which had allowed early runners a fast and trouble-free passage, into a quagmire within minutes, effectively imprisoning cars unfortunate to be in that place for some hours. Half an hour of African sunshine would dry the road again to the point that later crews would wonder what the fuss was about!

And the animals! Who could foresee what manner of creature was about to leap into the path of a speeding oncoming car, with half a dozen powerful halogen lights to mesmerise it? Everything from an aardvark which put the Saab of Erik Carlsson out of the running in 1963, to the zebra which took out the Fiat 2100 of Ken Gilbert and Bob Syder eight miles from the start in 1961. More than one very non-reflective nocturnally ambling elephant was gently (fortunately!) bumped from behind!

The ever-energetic Eric Cecil, who had been bestowed the title of ‘Bwana Safari’ by President Jomo Kenyatta, and his team of enormously talented and dedicated officials, continued to steer the Safari through its faltering infancy to its acceptance into the international calendar, with it ultimately achieving qualification in 1970 for the *International Rally Championship of Makes*, a forerunner of the *FIA World Championship of Makes*. And a new era commenced. This now opened the entries to cars of Groups 1, 2, 3, and 4 – a far cry from the concepts of the original Safari. Vivien Mitchell in her ‘History of the Safari Rally’ describes the changes this ‘award’ created: “It is somewhat ironic to think that, in their quest for adventure, the overseas visitors have unwittingly contributed to the event becoming more sophisticated, more commercialised and more professional, and thereby partially deprived of the very qualities which brought them here in the first place.”



[LEFT: ERIC CECIL, PRESIDENT JOMO KENYATTA AND JOGINDER SINGH – 1970s.]

Toni and Eric Cecil left Kenya in 1987 to start a new life in Australia - though according to their daughter Robin: “Dad never really

left.” In 2001, his beloved wife Toni passed away, a devastating blow that Eric would never quite recover from. [Ed: *Eric returned to Kenya and lived in Fairseat Retirement Village until his death on 22 September 2010, aged 91.*]

In 2002, the world’s most glamorous sporting event, the East African Safari Rally, which Eric Cecil had conceived and nurtured for so many years and which had taken the motoring world by storm, reached its ‘sell-by’ date, for numerous reasons. It went the way of many of the famous international rallies of the past and is now just a memory in the minds of the people who knew it – and in the confines of motor sport history, and in this book.

The book can be purchased from Mike direct @ R300.00, excl. postage by mailing <norris.mikeh@gmail.com>. Payment from overseas may be done through PayPal which has been set up and is running smoothly, by EFT and other methods locally. Bank details will be supplied when requested.

Currently only available in South Africa - ISBN 978-0-620-70246-1 - through some book stores @R350.

[Ed: *Many drivers who served in the Regiment get a mention - Stiffy Mercier; Leon Baillon, Morris (and wife Freda) Temple-Boreham, Tommy Fjastad; Lofty Pretty; Mike Armstrong; Ian Jaffray; Mike Carr-Hartley; Peter Huth; Derek Pavely; Chris Little; Robin Hillyar et al.*]

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P.S. Mike writes 12/05/2015: It was very much a Kenya Reg.era wasn't it? Last year Tommy Fjastad asked me for a canvas print of his 1962 winning VW, the one in the book. I sent it to him and he recently e-mailed me a photo [BELOW] of it framed and hanging on the wall of his house in Naivasha and himself standing in front wearing his KR beret which he wore when driving that car - you can see it in the painting [Ed: *In the book, page 43.*]



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ERNEST NICHOLSON [KR4503]

1934 - 2015

[brother-in-law Gordon Bartley <gordonbartley@hotmail.co.uk>]

Ernie was born in Low Westwood, Durham County and spent an idyllic childhood in the beautiful Derwent Valley until the outbreak of WW2 when his father, Erie Nicholson Snr, was transferred to the London area. As an Electrical Engineer, he was exempt from military service but worked on the then very secret project, radar detection.

After the war food rationing continued in the UK and the shortage of consumer items, combined with one of the worst winters ever in 1947, led many Brits to consider emigrating. Ernie's dad responded to an advert for electrical engineers required to work in Nairobi for the EA Post & Telegraphs (EAP&T); Ernie Snr had visited Mombasa as a young man while serving as a radio operator on a cargo ship and had no hesitation in accepting a post.

In 1949, the whole family - Ernie, his father, mother Nancy, sister June and brother Raymond - left for Nairobi, enjoying the taste of a new life aboard the Dunnottar Castle which hinted of the good things to come in East Africa.

Whilst his father worked for EAP&T, Ernie took up a job with the EA Tanning & Extract (EAT&E) as a trainee accounts clerk in Nairobi. His training must have been very good for within a few years he was holding down two jobs; EAT&E had allowed their staff to start work at 07h00 and finish at 14h00 in order for the younger employees to be active in sport during the week. Ernie was a member of the EAT&E hockey team and also had a part-time job as bookkeeper for a Nairobi travel agent.



I know little of Ernie's time in the Kenya Regiment as I had been a volunteer prior to the Emergency whereas Ernie [LEFT] had been in one of the batches trained in Salisbury. When he returned to Kenya he joined 'B' Company in the Aberdares.

The family was distressed when Ernie was sent to the Military Detention Centre in Gilgil for leaving his rifle in the toilet; the rifle was recovered minutes later by another member of his Company, so the punishment seemed quite harsh at the time.

Later, he was drafted to Mackinnon Road to assist the Kenya Police with the detention of Mau Mau prisoners. His experience in book keeping resulted in him becoming an office wallah, ordering materials and supplies for the prison. [Ed: *In April 1954, June and Gordon were*

*married in Nairobi.*]

On release from the Regiment Ernie was joined Unga Flour Millers in Nairobi where he honed his skills in accountancy. Following a home leave in the UK in 1957/58 he returned to Kenya with itchy feet and a desire to see more of the world, so he left Unga and took up a job with a flour miller in Melbourne and eventually moved on to Sidney where he met an Australian girl, Jan, who he married and had a son, Michael and a daughter Susan.

In an era before the internet, it was easy to lose contact with members of the family who had left Kenya but over the years we learnt that was working as an accountant with Eric Portman Film Studios Australia. He had divorced Jan and married another Australian girl, Elvie and had a son, Stuart.

During the mid 1970s, Ernie was promoted to financial manager of Burbank Studios in Manila, a studio that produced animated cartoons. There he, Elvie and Stuart enjoyed a luxurious life where a company house and car were provided as perks.

In 1980, Ernie flew to Durban to see his father who was dying of colon cancer. After his father death, Ernie paid for his mother, Nancy, to fly out to Manila to spend a long holiday in the Philippines.

Some years later Ernie thought there was an opportunity to start a profitable business owning a 5 star restaurant in the Philippines but this proved to be a failure and he lost a great deal of his savings in the venture.

When his marriage to Elvie broke down he decided to retire on the Gold Coast, Brisbane, Australia, where he married for the third time and had a further two daughters, Christina and Diana and a son, Richard.

At about that time, 1964, June and I returned to the UK and bought a house near Newcastle where one of our neighbours approached us and said "I am Danny McCleary [KR4384]. Ernie and I were members of the Kenya Regiment Rifle Club." Amazing, that we ended up four doors away in the same street in a small village in UK!

In 2000, we met up with Ernie for a family reunion, where eight of us toured Britain in two cars and a camper van. In a country that preaches tolerance we were turned away from two camp sites on the suspicion that we were members of the 'travelling community', otherwise we had a very enjoyable month sightseeing the best of Britain.

On his return to Australia Ernie re-located from Brisbane to a smaller town further north in Queensland, but after a few years he decided that he would enjoy a much better life style on his pension if he lived in Thailand, where he spent many happy years living in Chiang Rai, and quickly built up a circle of expatriate friends. However, he was required to return to Australia every six months in order to obtain a visa to allow him to live in Thailand for a further six months.

Although Ernie lived far away from his family and friends he was keen to keep in touch and was prolific in sending e-mails with interesting entertaining attachments.

In 2013, Ernie suffering from cancer of the colon was admitted to hospital in Thailand, where following an operation he remained for many months due to various setbacks, including contracting pneumonia and a super bug. He was very fortunate that his son Stuart gave up his job in Australia to help rehabilitate Ernie back to normal health.

Upon his recovery it was agreed that Ernie, now very frail should return to Australia and live in an old age home. This was not to Ernie's liking and he returned to Thailand determined to reach his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday in his chosen life style.

In 2014, Ernie celebrated his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday with his friends in Chiang Rai but shortly after was admitted to hospital with pneumonia where he died in January 2015.

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#### POLICING IN KENYA - A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT . .

[Dr Tony Clayton KP 1953/56]

As a very junior, newly arrived government officer I was at my desk in Nairobi when a red-fezzed orderly appeared with a "Jambo. Barua kwako, bwana."

It was 1953, the year of Mau Mau at its height, and the note informed me that I had been called up to be a private soldier in the Kenya Regiment. I was not pleased, as it was not what I had come to Africa to do!

I set off to the Regiment's headquarters and saw the Adjutant (it must have been Capt. Roly Guy) and pointed out that I held a commission in the Territorial Army; he confirmed that I could not be called up in this way. I was referred back to the Kenya Manpower Directorate who said in words to

the effect that 'if I was going to be a blessed nuisance I would have to be a part-time Kenya Police Reserve officer'.

I was given a peaked cap, khaki jacket and long trousers, but no training whatsoever. My first 'posting' was to the '999' patrol car service, two nights a week. A car crew comprised a driver in the front seat, with him the wireless operator and in the back of the rather smelly old grey Peugeot, myself and one other, both of us armed with a Greener gun which neither of us had ever fired. The drill uniform was not ideal for chilly Nairobi nights.

One saw life, and death, first at the scene of two murders, with for my 'education,' a visit to the 'Mau Mau Cemetery' where gangs had buried their victims, not very deeply. The car in which I was posted often visited the Somali area in Eastleigh where certain houses had mixed reputations but had to be visited. Attractive Somali girls would emerge protesting "Mimi najua Bwana X sana" ["I know (a certain Nairobi figure) very well indeed."]

After a while I was transferred to Kingsway Police Station in the centre of Nairobi as a night duty officer. In the course of this duty I had to visit holding areas and cells, which were some way below the standards of penal reform that I held at that time, and I wrote a highly critical letter to the Station's senior police officer.

For this insolence I received a penal posting - alternative weeks, day or night, over two weeks for two days, or night duty in Nairobi's dirtiest, most tumble-down and odoriferous slum, Pumwani. Housing was limited to large mud-walled huts with thatched roofs. When these were raided and searched a surprising number of people emerged from what was known in the jargon of the time as 'bed spaces', sardine-tin conditions. A strong smell of *pombe* (locally brewed African beer) was the most marked and least offensive of the air around the huts.

I was to be Police Officer in charge while the Station's regular police officer was on leave. Pumwani was a raw life, but in retrospect I am glad that I received the penal posting. One saw, and was shocked by grinding African urban poverty at its very worst. The whole area was one of tension and fear, used continually by Mau Mau, and the station a base for C.I.D. and other special unit raids.

My official role, often monotonous was to be station-based, minding the shop. Most men who called for one reason or another, had had their fill of *pombe*. Almost all women, as a matter of routine, alleged rape by a police askari. Others called in to report, protest or simply to pass the time of day; one's job was just to listen.

But a few were unforgettable. One such 'unforgettable' was a very old man indeed, still at work as a doorman at the Army Records Office. He introduced himself as 'Popo'. He had visited Britain as an askari from Nyasaland for the Coronation of King Edward VII. When the Coronation had to be postponed because of the King's appendicitis Popo's detachment was sent on a tour of Britain. One day Popo asked me where I had been to university. I replied "St Andrews". "Young man," said Popo with great dignity, "I visited St Andrews when you were under the gooseberry bush."

Another frequent but not very welcome visitor was the Chief Commissioner of the Consulate of a certain foreign country, a splendidly uniformed, medal-ribboned figure. His private business life was, however, less picturesque. He owned one or two houses of doubtful repute in Pumwani and seemed to have some arrangement with the Station Sergeant Major for their administration. I left well alone. The Consul of the country concerned was known to be a shady character himself and I did not want a diplomatic incident.

One evening two 'Tribal Policemen', orderlies of the provincial administration staggered into the Station like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, both smelling strongly of Chateau Pumwani. Dee leant unsteadily over my desk and pointing at Dum said: "That man, he is a very bad man, piga'd (beat) me and stole my food." Dum then leaned forward and with an air of a serious responsible officer giving evidence in court replied: "Bwana, take no notice of him, he is a very bad man indeed, he broke into my hut, hit me on the head and took my food." I invited both to be the guests of Her Majesty for the night and discharged them both the next morning. They pattered off together, quite happily.

One evening there was serious trouble at the Station. A senior and supposedly responsible senior constable who rejoiced in the self-explanatory title of 'Charge Office Literate' became very drunk and threatening, and I had to place him in the detainee holding. From there, to enthusiastic applause and on the shoulders of one or two of the other detainees, he attempted a gaol break by bashing the roof from the inside, with more noise than result. As usual in moments of crisis the police wireless system failed to work and we had to surround the Station walls with the few other askari under the Sergeant-Major. Fortunately, some form of 'bush telegraph' came to my help in the form of a '999' car and we were able to open up and remove the 'Literate'.

Unfortunately, riding home later on my Lambretta motor-scooter I skidded and spent three days in hospital. When I returned to the Station later, much sympathy was extended to "Bwana Piki Piki" as I was known from the sound of the motor scooter.

In the city at the time were the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, whose efficiency and Irish good humour, plus the magic of their pipers, made a great impression in the slums, reducing tension. One night when I was on duty, the Station came under fire, evidently from a rifle or rifles. As if by magic a section of Fusiliers arrived and the Mau Mau riflemen quickly disappeared into the night. So I shall end the tale with a 'thank you' to the Inniskillings, or at least, two of them.

One Christmas Day when I was still in the '999' car posting, we picked up two Fusiliers looking rather the worse for wear. They asked for a lift back to the military hospital, on the other side of the city. My colleague and I agreed (there were just the two of us, and it was Christmas) and off we went. As we drew near to the hospital the two Fusiliers became agitated in the back of the car. One of them said, in a strong Belfast accent, "Sir, it's like this. We should not really have been out today. Could you just stop a little way before you reach the Gate?" Two Police officers finished their duties that Christmas Day by pushing two soldiers through a hole in the hedge in its wire perimeter.

My African General Service Medal, clasp 'Kenya' has "B5235 Insp (R) A. H. Clayton" inscribed on its rim. It was all an interesting experience; I value my medal.

RL23 - November 2015

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FRANCIS JOHN FOSTER [KR3734/5763]

[Don Rooken-Smith]

Francis John Foster was born to Hugh and Zoë Foster in Uganda, on March 6<sup>th</sup> 1932. He died at Diani Hospital on Dec 30<sup>th</sup> 2015 a few months short of his 84<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Born into the Foster family of colonial Kaptagat, he was the last of his line and definitely the end of an era.

He attended Kaptagat School and went on to Rhodes House at the Prince of Wales School where he excelled in cross country running. Upon leaving the POW he attended the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

During the Emergency, he was commissioned and served time with that fine body of men, the Police Mounted Section, known as the Mau Mounties .



Francis [LEFT] and brother Robert farmed the family farm at Kaptagat for many years, before selling and moving to the coast at Tiwi in 1976.

Unwed and unencumbered by children, he certainly travelled the world many times over the years, visiting family and friends. His was a good life, lived to the full in perhaps one of the best eras of life in Kenya. A keen wing-shot he enjoyed those bird safaris for well over forty years, and fly-fished at every opportunity.

As honest as the day is long, straight as a die and loyal to a fault, Fuzz possessed a very unpredictable disposition, to which most of us have been the focus at times. Even in our youth we recall that one never spoke to Fuzz before breakfast, or rather, one did so at one's peril.

He played good polo worldwide, and it was a pleasant surprise to receive condolences from the Blenheim Polo Club/NZ.

A member of many Clubs, he joined Muthaiga CC in 1956, and was a Life Member.

His Kwaheri at his home Sand Island Beach on Jan 30<sup>th</sup> was attended by well over a hundred from far and wide , and went off extremely well. He would have approved.

Fuzz had some very loyal, long serving Staff whom he took adequate care of in his Will.

His ashes are buried near his beloved Billiard Room overlooking the Sand Island and the sea. A plaque will be placed in his memory on his Fathers' grave at the Foster family Cemetery at Kaptagat.

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Dennis Leete writes: It is sad to think of all those years and generations of Fosters, gone; but at least the legacy and memories remain. It was a bitter sweet occasion, with over 150 guests from all over East Africa, and even South Africa, in attendance.

A variation of a snooker competition called "Tiger" I think, was held, ahead of the proceedings, on his home table, which was won by Angelo, a young member of the Diani Team.

A bar, and coffee and tea were available, on the lawns under the palm trees, above the beach, with lots of sandwiches, savories and cakes, served to the arriving guests.

A cooling Kuskuzi breeze ruffling the palm leaves above, so it was not uncomfortably hot, as it can be in January.

Don called the guests together for a minute silence in Memory of Fuzz, and then the bar was opened.

So many stories are told about Fuzz Foster, who was an eccentric of note, throughout his life; devoted mainly to hunting, shooting and fishing. He never married, nor did his brother Robert, who predeceased him by about five years. They were not unlike Tweedledum and Tweedledee, mostly together, and arguing about some detail or other.

Fuzz was the owner of a superb collection of Africana books which he inherited from his Father, with early editions of African exploration by Burton, Speke, Emin Pasha, Joseph Thomson, Stigand, Livingstone *et al*; many of them now very valuable. He edited his Father's diaries of hunting and farming in the Congo and Uganda, and then his own adventures as a young man which he combined into a book 'Uganda Adventures'.

They both volunteered for service in The Kenya Regiment, before conscription started in January 1952, and were selected to join a mounted section when the Emergency was declared in October. Not too much is known about that unit, but there were about a dozen of them, and they tore around the country on horseback. I recall an article about them in m-S a couple of years ago .

I suddenly realise that what started as a brief description of an afternoon function, has strayed into a history, and my apologies. There are more qualified authors to write about him in SITREP than me. I expect Don for one will write his obituary for you.

I will close on this note. I have been asked to take an engraved stone tablet detailing his details, to lay on his mother's grave at Kaptagat, as his Will requested.

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### REMEMBRANCE SERVICE AT THE CENOTAPH – SUNDAY 8<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER 2015

John Davis [KR7457] forwarded this photo taken on Horse Guards Parade by Val Male, of Mike Tetley MBE [KR4277] and the delegation of KAR veterans who had taken part in the Remembrance Service. Mike also took part with the St. Dunstan's contingent.



## EAST AFRICA ARTILLERY

The East Africa Artillery was formed in 1936, expanded in World War 2 and served in Somaliland, Abyssinia, Madagascar and Burma. The last surviving unit, 156 Battery took part in the Mau Mau campaign and was disbanded in October 1955.

### OPERATIONS IN KENYA 1952-1955 - 156 (EA) INDEPENDENT HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY, EAST AFRICA ARTILLERY

[Lt Col Pat Stacpoole & Lt Col Bill Stanford RA]

In October 1952 a State of Emergency was declared in Kenya. From then until the end of 1955, 156 (EA) Independent Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery, East Africa Artillery was the only artillery unit engaged in operations in Kenya.

At the start of the campaign, terrorist activity concentrated in the Kikuyu Reserve north of Nairobi where leaders of the Mau Mau movement had found fertile ground for fomenting unrest among the relatively sophisticated and educated Kikuyu tribesmen. Nursing real or imagined grievances against the Government and bound by primitive oath-taking ceremonies, the Mau Mau dominated the Reserve and their influence extended from Nairobi in the south, up into the Embu and Meru Reserves and the settled Highlands in the north.

156 Battery was stationed on the western slopes of Mount Kenya near Nanyuki, a hundred miles north of Nairobi. In common with other EA units the officers and the SNCOs and specialist appointments were filled by British ranks. A parallel structure of African Warrant Officers, NCOs and askari came from a number of tribes of which the Acholi from Uganda and the Kamba and Kipsigis from Kenya predominated.

The Battery was equipped with 3.7 inch guns and their associated radars, fire control equipment and radios; to man these, the Battery was established with a higher ratio of British to the more intelligent African askari than were to be found in other EA units. Consequently, junior leadership, so essential in internal security operations, was of a high relative standard and the gunners readily adapted to unfamiliar field artillery procedures and to the skills required of the infantryman.

On the initiative of the Battery Commander, Major D.C.B.L. Esmonde-White, the Battery had already taken precautions before the Emergency was declared. Working from their peace-time station at Nanyuki they had established alarm warning systems for isolated farms, given small arms training to settlers, and 'shown the flag' around the area. The harmonious relations established with the settlers and the civil authorities during this pre-Emergency period stood the Battery in good stead throughout their later operations in the area.

During the early months of the Emergency, 156 Battery, now commanded by Major P.E. Langford, was tasked to support the Nanyuki Police Division, and joint patrols fought a number of actions against terrorist gangs in the settled area around Nanyuki. In order to free more police for operations in the hard-pressed Reserves, a troop was detached to the Ethiopian frontier to protect staff of the Boundary Commission from raiding tribesmen. The troop returned in June to join the rest of the Battery on internal security operations and a mobile column was formed to patrol the Nanyuki area and the northern parts of the Kikuyu Reserve.

The column consisted of eight self-contained infantry sections mounted in one-ton 4 x 4 trucks; each section was commanded by a British officer or NCO. Initially the sections formed part of Mobile Column 'A' based on 1 (EA) Independent Armoured Car Squadron, also stationed in Nanyuki. From June onwards, the Column was almost continuously in action throughout the settled

area. In September, it moved to the Reserve where in operations during that month the Column accounted for over 100 terrorists killed, wounded or captured. The askari quickly adapted to the infantry role and their resourcefulness and dash during that period was exemplified in one action against a well armed gang, for which Sgt Samwire was awarded a C-in-C's commendation.

The success of the Column's small, well-armed, mobile and British-led sections was recognised in October when the Battery was ordered to form its own Mobile Column under command of 70 (EA) Infantry Brigade. Improvising from the vehicles and equipment available, an HQ troop was formed and the two gun troops reorganised, each producing a troop HQ and four mobile infantry sections.

Conversion and training in the new organisations was completed in December and the Battery Column deployed to Mweiga in open farmland at the foot of the Aberdare Mountains, with the task of preventing the cattle thefts that supplied the Mau Mau gangs. Constant patrolling and ambushing neutralised this activity and a number of terrorists were killed. In January, this task was abruptly interrupted when the Column moved at short notice to the Reserve near Thika where the terrorists were powerfully established. At this time the Mau Mau were at the peak of their strength with an estimated militant wing of 12,000 men, and large gangs moved freely through the Reserve, killing and terrorising loyalists and attacking police and home-guard posts.

On 16 February, the Battery fought its biggest action since the start of the Emergency, when sections commanded by Lt R.H.Young and Lt D.J. Budd engaged a gang which was attacking a police post near Kandara. In the ensuing, running battle 40 Mau Mau were killed, eight of them personally by Lt Budd, who was subsequently awarded the MBE for his brave conduct. This action and an aggressive policy of patrolling and ambushing established the ascendancy of the security forces in Thika, where the Column remained until the beginning of April.

Some idea of the diversity of life can be gathered from the Battery diary for February when, in addition to the action described above, the Battery fired a salute for the Sultan of Zanzibar in Nairobi, carried out its annual rifle classification, had two officers in the money at a local race meeting, had an askari nominated for the Empire Games, and took part in bombing raids on the Aberdare forests with the RAF.

It was at this time that the emphasis of operations shifted from the Kikuyu Reserves, initially to a cleaning-up operation in Nairobi (Operation Anvil) and then to the forests where many of the terrorist gangs had regrouped. The forests of Mount Kenya and the Aberdares are thickly wooded, rising from pastureland at about 7,000ft to mountainous moorland at over 11,000ft. Although some motorable tracks existed and more were cut, Security Forces, particularly British Army units, could only move slowly through them, and Mau Mau gangs could evade them with little difficulty.

The need to dominate this steep forest land gave the Battery its chance to revert to a Gunner role and deploy the guns. In April, 'A' Troop (Capt B Tindill) brought two 3.7 in guns into action north east of the Aberdares; these were later augmented by two more. Known terrorist routes and hides were engaged by ground observation and by using aircraft of the Kenya Police Air Wing as Air Ops. The guns were considered instrumental in denying large areas of Aberdare forests to the gangs.

Some ingenuity was required to adopt 3.7 in HAA guns to the field role in the remote and in some ways unique conditions of the Kenya Highlands. The guns were not fitted with dial sights, so line was passed to the guns by aligning cross wires in the barrel on to the director; the angle was then set on the gun's bearing dial. Elevation was set using a sight clinometer. No meteorological information was available but experience soon indicated the considerable allowances that had to be made for the fast changing atmospheric conditions.

Gun positions varied between 4,000 and 9,000ft above sea level with (ground!) target heights up to 13,000ft; this increased the 3.7's normal maximum range of 19,000yds to a respectable 22,000yds for some targets. 1/50,000 map boards were used and command post arcs and scales were improvised. The maximum ranges and wide arcs of fire, sometimes as much as 270 degrees, could not be accommodated on the artillery boards available and so 1/50,000 map boards were made up and plotting scales improvised.

Although the guns were used to engage targets by day and night a full programme of patrolling and ambushing was maintained, and both troops ('A' Troop - Captain B.R.W. Barber, 'B' Troop - Captain J.E. Coxall) successfully engaged Mau Mau gangs in the foothills and forest east and north of the Aberdares.

In October, Major Langford handed over command of the Battery to Major P.E. Barnett, the Battery Captain; he in turn handed over to Major R.A.R.B. Pearson in December. Major Langford's tour of command was recognised by a Mention in Despatches in the 1955 New Year's Honours; his vigorous approach to work and play had made a major contribution to the high reputation which the Battery had build up with the Security Forces and the settlers.

In the same Honours List, WOII (BSM) Hughes was Mentioned in Despatches and the redoubtable Sgt Samwire was awarded the Military Medal for a series of gallant actions during the previous months.

The battery was now reorganised with 'A' Troop consisting of four guns and three infantry sections deployed south of Nanyuki, and 'B' Troop with six infantry sections near Timau. The infantry sections supported two major sweeps of the forests, Operation Hammer in the Aberdares, followed by Operation First Flute through the forests of Mount Kenya. The guns harassed the flanks of the forest areas being swept until their programme was interrupted in January when 'A' Troop guns were ordered at short notice to redeploy near Mweiga in support of Operation Nutcracker, an attack on a major terrorist HQ, the site of the so-called Kenya Parliament of the Mau Mau.

Three guns fired a barrage totalling 525 rounds in 25 minutes to start the operation. A measure of the accuracy of the improvised drills and plotting equipment can be ascertained from the fact that the first round at 18,000 yds range was within 200yds of the target. Targets were switched every ten rounds and the target area was devastated.

In June, 'B' Troop returned to Nanyuki to convert to guns, and for the first time for sixteen months the Battery was concentrated in one place. During the next four months the gun troops fired from ten different gun positions ranging from the Meru Reserve east of Mount Kenya to the Rift Valley west of the Aberdares, a spread of over 200 miles. The one and only battery gun position of the campaign was occupied in July, when 'A' Troop joined 'B' Troop to support 49 (Independent) Infantry Brigade in Operation Dante on the Kikuyu Escarpment.

In addition to the harassing fire in support of operations in the Aberdares and Mount Kenya, the Battery's infantry expertise and reputation were maintained with a full programme of patrols and ambushes; this culminated in an action at Ndare Ngare, near Timau, where the last of the large gangs in the area was broken up, with an *ad hoc* section of the Battery accounting for eleven terrorists killed or captured.

By mid 1955, in the Reserves and Settled Area, responsibility for law and order had been handed back to the Police and Administration. In the forests the remnants of uncoordinated gangs were stalked by small specialist tracker teams and pseudo gangs. Large scale operations were no longer necessary and it became possible to reduce the strength of the Security Forces.

Plans were announced in August for British units to leave Kenya and for African units including 156 Battery to be disbanded. The final disbandment parade was taken by the Commander-in-Chief Lieutenant General G.W. Lathbury CB DSO MBE at Nanyuki on 3rd November.

Thus ended, in the final stages of the successful campaign against the Mau Mau, the Royal Regiment's close association with the stout-hearted and willing askari of East Africa.

On 6 May 2015, Lt Col Pat Stacpoole organised a lunch at his home to present 156 Battery Commander's Pennant to the KAR & East African Forces Association for safe keeping. It was received by Maj George Correa, Hon. Sec, on behalf of the President and Members.



**156 BATTERY COMMANDER'S PENNANT**

**L/R: LT COL PAT STACPOOLE, MAJ GEORGE CORREA; COL DAVID BUDD; LT COL BILL STANFORD**

RL - Vol 2 No: 23 – November 2015

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**WHAT A WAY TO TRAVEL - Cape Town an 11 day itinerary - Handley Page H.P. 42**

[Edited by David Barth 2<sup>nd</sup> December 2013 - submitted by Kevin Patience]

The Handley-Page (HP) 42 'Heracles' and 'Hannibal' class of airliners were the world's first practical four-engined airliners and for a decade made an outstanding contribution to commercial aviation.

'Hannibal', the prototype of the series flew, for the first time in November 1930 and the complete fleet of eight went into service with Imperial Airways the following year, replacing the ageing HP W 8's.

Tony Potter [18/05/2010]: Handley-Page built eight of these aircraft and each had a name starting with the letter 'H'. They flew for Imperial Airways in all sorts of weather in Europe, Africa and India from 1931 until 1940, when they were pressed into service with the RAF. In that time, Imperial Airways never lost a passenger, a record thought to be unique in commercial aviation history, although Qantas might argue the point!

Two types of HP 42 were constructed; four of them the 42E (Eastern Class), the flagship 'Hannibal' (G-AAG), and 'Horsa' (G-AAUC), 'Hanno' (G-AUUD) and 'Hadrian' (G-AAVE); and four of them 42W (Western Class) - 'Heracles' (G-AAXC), 'Horatius' (G-AAXD), 'Hengis' later 'Hesperides' (G-AAXE), and 'Helena' (G-AAXF).



Externally all eight aircraft were virtually identical but the Western Class which operated mainly in Europe and on part of the India service, carried 38 passengers whereas the Eastern Class operating from Alexandria to Karachi and Lake Victoria carried 24 passengers but had provision for a large quantity of mail.

In service the HP 42's proved completely successful and were probably more popular with their passengers than any airliner in the world. Never a fast aircraft, the HP 42 was said to have a built in headwind, was exceptionally comfortable and was the only airliner capable of offering a full catering service, with four or seven course meals and drinks served from a trolley. The cabin was quiet, and as it was slung beneath the wings all the occupants had good visibility; the low fuselage also meant that high steps were not required for entry.

Outstanding among the HP 42's virtues was the safety record, the aircraft was absolutely reliable and in their years of service with Imperial Airways they each flew over 12,000 hours and reached an aggregate of ten million miles without injuring a single passenger.

Don Struke [13/09/2012]: Supposedly it was the brilliant designer Anthony Fokker who said that the HP 42 had a built-in headwind, and that it was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and just about as fast! With a cruising speed of 100 mph it was a bit faster than the Big Rock. Its stout construction made it the place to be in the 1930s if the airliner you were in was about to crash.

At the outbreak of war, seven HP 42's were impressed into the RAF as active service transport but within two years they had all been broken up, two of them after being blown over in a gale. [Ed: assume this could be because the HP, with a wing span of 130', weighed only 8,000kg; today's Boeing 767 has a wingspan of 156' and weighs 80,000kg.]



ABOVE: KHARTOUM, SUDAN. BOARDING FOR THE FLIGHT SOUTH. ONLY ONE MORE OVERNIGHT AND THEN THEY WILL BE TAKING IN THE SIGHTS OF LAKE VICTORIA.

Below is a sample of what was given to the passengers as they debark(sic) the aircraft at a station, containing information for the next day's flight.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS - STATION – KHARTOUM – ARRANGEMENTS – NORTHBOUND AIRCRAFT

You will be called at **04h00** and your baggage should be outside your room at **04h50**.

Breakfast will be served at **05h00**

Currency coupons will be cashed **at the current rate**.

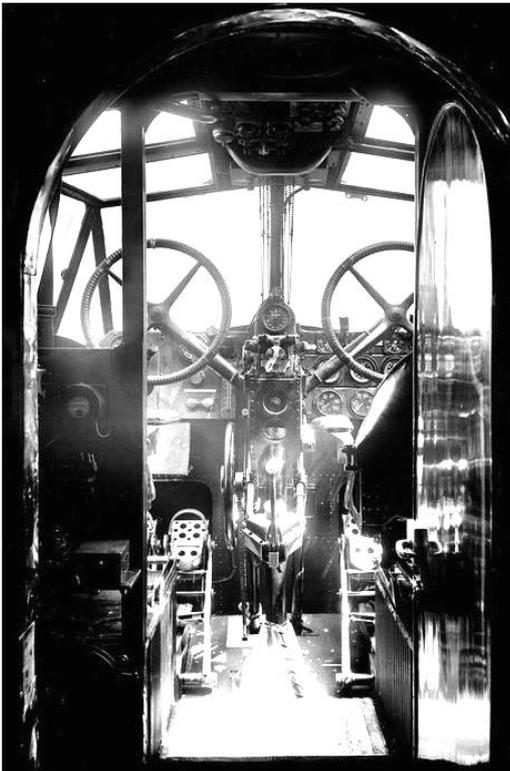
The car will leave the hotel at **05h30**

The airliner will leave the airport at **05h45** tomorrow and stops will be made at **Karema, Wadi Halfa and Luxor (nightstop)**

Meals on tomorrow's journey will be served as shown:

Breakfast: **Khartoum**; Tea: **Luxor**; Lunch: **Wadi Halfa**; Dinner: **Wadi Halfa**

**Mr W.H. Whelan**, the Company's representative will give you any further information or assistance you may need during your stay at this station.



LEFT: here's the cockpit, and my limited time on single-engine small aircraft, tells me those big control wheels were needed to apply the muscle required to fly the HP 42.



There was only one class - First Class. Above is the forward saloon. Airspeed indicator and altitude displays are on the bulkhead. [Ed: *All the flight attendants were male!*]

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS TIMETABLE - CAIRO TO CAPE TOWN - 1932

CAIRO-ASSIUT-ASSUAN-WADI HALFA-ATBARA-KHARTOUM

Your Captain speaking: Ladies and gentlemen, after take-off from Cairo, we will fly a heading of 205° to give you a view of the Pyramids at Giza and the Sphinx. Our journey then takes us south along the Nile River and we shall cruise at an altitude of 3,500 ft stopping at Assiut, Assuan, and Wadi Halfa where we will spend the night. Tomorrow, we fly on to Atbara, and Khartoum which is located at the confluence of the Blue and White Nile Rivers.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – HP42
HEEM Cairo	07h30		Depart Sunday
HEAT Assiut	09h30	09h45	
HESN Assuan	11h55	14h35	Lunch at airport
HSSW Wadi Halfa	16h15	08h00	Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Monday.
HEAT Atbara	11h00	14h00	
HSSS Khartoum	15h45		Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Tuesday

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Your Captain speaking: After take-off from Khartoum, We will be flying at an altitude of 4,500ft to Kosti, Malakal and Juba where we will spend the night. We will again be following the Nile, which after Malakal, wanders off to our right where it passes through the Sudd, a large swamp area covering 12,000 sq miles, before we see it again on our way to Juba where we spend the night.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – HP42
HSSS Khartoum		05h00	Depart Tuesday
HSRN Kosti (Renk)	07h45	08h05	Fuel stop
HSSM Malakal	09h50	12h20	Lunch at airport
HSSJ Juba	15h30		Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Wednesday.

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### JUBA-ENTEBBE-KISUMU-NAIROBI

Your Captain speaking: After we leave Juba, we will be climbing to an altitude of 7,500 ft as the landmass of Africa from here southwards rises between 4,000 to 6,000ft above sea level. We follow the Nile for a short while then across land to Entebbe and Kisumu on the Northern shores of Lake Victoria. We then climb to 9,500ft for a short while to cross the mountains on your left, and across the smaller Rift Valley to Nairobi.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – HP42
HSSJ Juba		06h00	Depart Wednesday
HUEN Entebbe	09h15	11h15	
HKKI Kisumu	12h45	14h15	Lunch at airport. Change to AW15 Atalanta
HKJK Nairobi	16h00		Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Thursday

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[Ed: *The Armstrong Whitworth AW15 Atalanta was designed to meet a 1930 Imperial Airways requirement for an airliner for its African lines, in particular between Kisumu and Cape Town; a high-wing monoplane with four Armstrong Siddley Serval 3 ten-cylinder radial engines; designed to carry a crew of three, nine passengers and freight.*]

### NAIROBI-MOSHI-DODOMA-MBEYA

Your Captain speaking: Today we fly most of the way at 8,500ft. Our route to Moshi takes us between Mt Kilimanjaro (19,500ft) on your left and Mt Meru (14,800ft) on your right. Then across the Serengeti Plains to Dodoma and finally to Mbeya where will spend the night.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – AW15 Atalanta
HKJK Nairobi		06h30	Depart Thursday
HTMS Moshi	08h10	09h50	
HTDO Dodoma	11h50	13h35	Lunch at airport
HTMB Mbeya	16h15		Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Friday

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[ABOVE: THE AW15 ATALANTA]

MBEYA-MPIKA-BROKEN HILL-SALISBURY

Your Captain speaking: Leaving here, we climb to 8,500ft and on a clear day one can see Lake Niassa on the left. In the event of overcast weather, we may have to detour west to Kasama, then to Mpika to avoid the Mountains south of Mbeya. Our route to Broken Hill is over relatively flat country, and from there we cross over the Zambezi River to Salisbury where we will spend the night.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – AW15 Atalanta
HTMB Mbeya		07h00	Depart Friday
FLMP Mpika	09h25	09h55	Refuel stop
FLKW Broken Hill	12h25	14h00	Lunch at Milliken airport
FVHA Salisbury	16h45		Overnight stop at hotel. Depart Saturday.

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SALISBURY-BULAWAYO-PIETERSBURG-JOHANNESBURG

Your Captain speaking: Our route today takes us across the ancient Kingdom of Monomatapa to Bulawayo and we will be flying at 8,500ft. From there we fly to Pietersburg, and then to Johannesburg where we will spend the night.

ICAO Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – AW15 Atalanta
FVHA Salisbury		06h00	Depart Saturday
FVBU Bulawayo	08h10	09h55	
FAPI Pietersburg	12h25	14h10	
FAGMRand Airport	15h55		Overnight at Johannesburg hotel. Depart Sunday.

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## JOHANNESBURG-KIMBERLEY-VICTORIA WEST-CAPE TOWN

Your Captain speaking: We will be flying at 8,500ft and our route today takes us to Kimberley, then across the Great Karoo to Victoria West. We then fly over the Southern Cape mountains and after passing over Wolseley, commence our descent to Cape Town.

ICAO	Airport	Arrive	Depart	Notes: Aircraft – AW15 Atalanta
FAGM	Rand Airport		06h00	Depart Sunday
FAKM	Kimberley	09h25	10h05	Refuel stop
FAVW	Victoria West	12h25	13h30	Lunch at airport
FACT	Cape Town	17h40		Termination of flight

We trust that you have enjoyed your journey with Imperial Airways and look forward to seeing you again. Captains Bill Odell, Norm Holman and Alan Lawson

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Brief history of the eight Handley Page airliners:

G-AAGX – Hannibal. First flight - 14th November 1930; Sqn Ldr Thomas Harold England at the controls. 8<sup>th</sup> August 1931 – flight Croydon to Paris - lower port engine failed; forced landing at Five Oaks Green, Kent; tail ripped off; dismantled and rebuilt at Croydon. Impressed into RAF; lost over Gulf of Oman on 1<sup>st</sup> March 1940 with eight aboard, including Gp Capt Harold Whistler and Indian politician, Sir A.T. Pannirselvam. No trace of aircraft, air mail or its occupants; cause of loss remains unknown.

G-AAUC – Horsa. First flight – 11<sup>th</sup> September 1931. Impressed into No. 271 Sqn RAF as AS981. Forced landing at Moresby Parks, nr Whitehaven, Cumberland; uneven ground; aircraft burned.

G-AAUD – Hanno. First flight - 19<sup>th</sup> July 1931. Impressed into No. 271 Sqn RAF, and on 19<sup>th</sup> March 1940 destroyed in a gale at Whitchurch Airport when it was blown over together with ‘Heracles’; damaged beyond repair.

G-AAUE – Hadrian. First flight - 24<sup>th</sup> June 1931. Impressed into 261 Sqn at RAF Odiham as AS982. On 6<sup>th</sup> December 1940, tore loose from moorings at Doncaster Airport in a gale, cart-wheeled and ended up, inverted, on a railway track next to the airport; too badly damaged to be worth repairing.

G-AAXC – Heracles. First flight - 8<sup>th</sup> August 1931. Impressed into No/ 271 Sqn RAF, and on 19<sup>th</sup> March 1940 destroyed in a gale at Whitchurch Airport when it was blown over together with ‘Hanno’; damaged beyond repair.

G-AAXD – Horatius. First flight - 6<sup>th</sup> November 1931. 9<sup>th</sup> December 1937 struck by lightning on Paris to Croydon flight. Precautionary landing at Lympne; minor damage to wing caused by lightning. Impressed into RAF; returning from France to Exeter on transport mission on 7<sup>th</sup> November 1939; bad weather; emergency landing at Tiverton Golf Course; hit two trees and destroyed; four-bladed wooden propeller salvaged and on display at Croydon Airport Visitor Centre.

G-AAXE – Hengist. First flight - 8<sup>th</sup> December 1931. 31<sup>st</sup> May 1937, caught in an airship-hangar fire at Karachi and destroyed. Only HP42 not to survive until WW2.

G-AAXF – Helena. First flight - 30<sup>th</sup> December 1931. Impressed into No. 271 Sqn RAF May 1940. After a hard landing later that year was grounded. Post-accident inspection – airframe condemned due to corrosion; scrapped 1941, front fuselage section was used as a RN office for several years.

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### COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION CEMETERY - IMPHAL

Anthony Perkins [KR7029] <anthonyperkins691@gmail.com> 10/02/2016: I was in Imphal, Assam on holiday a couple of weeks ago, and came across this Memorial in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) Cemetery.



I just happened to walk past this one by chance, having absolutely no idea that any Kenya Regiment guys had been in that Battle.

[Ed: By coincidence, the one gravestone Anthony snapped - 2.D.13 - happens to be that of my uncle, Terry Griffin [KR938] who died at Imphal on 7<sup>th</sup> September 1944.]

The cemetery [BELOW] is very well cared for, and the gravestones clean and well preserved.

I have to say that Imphal today is a pretty dead than alive town; it's even 'Dry' which doesn't commend itself to the beer swilling traveller!

We had planned to drive on to Kohima, but the road was blocked-off because of some 'insurgent' activity in the area, so sadly we had to give it a miss.

A CWGC scroll behind glass reads:

'Imphal was a crucial stronghold during the Second World War and the objective of the Japanese offensive of March 1944. Located on an important route between Burma and India, Imphal was served by road, rail and river routes and several airfields. As a base for IV Corps of the Fourteenth Army, the town became crucial to the defence of India.'



‘This is the final resting place of more than 1,600 Commonwealth soldiers and airmen of whom some 220 served with Indian Regiments, and three Chinese soldiers. Close to 140 of those buried here remain unidentified. More than 700 lost their lives between March and July 1944.

‘A short distance to the south east is Imphal Indian Army War Cemetery, the final resting place of 820 Indian and African soldiers. It also contains the Imphal Cremation Memorial which commemorates 826 Hindu and Sikh servicemen who were committed to fire in accordance with their religion.

### The Battle for Imphal

‘In early 1942, Japanese forces swept through south-east Asia reaching the border between Burma and India. While the Japanese consolidated their positions the new British-Indian Fourteenth Army was formed to defend India’s eastern border.

‘In March 1944, the Japanese launched an offensive into Manipur State. Code-named ‘U-Go’, it was intended to pre-empt an allied advance into Burma by capturing the strategic stronghold of Imphal. Japanese forces surrounded Kohima which stood on the road connecting Imphal and the key supply base at Dimapur; on 30 March they severed the Imphal-Kohima road.

‘Over the following weeks the encircled Commonwealth forces defended the plains and hills never knowing where or when the next attack would come from.

‘Although supported by artillery, aircraft and tanks the Commonwealth infantry troops carried the burden of manning the defences and resisting the Japanese attacks. Sleep-deprived by constant artillery fire and night attacks they fought with resolute enemies at close quarters.

‘Battling to hold and recapture positions in the ‘Shenam Saddle’ to the south-east, the 20<sup>th</sup> Indian Division suffered heavy casualties. The 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment alone buried more than 80 men here.

‘Airpower was vital to Allied resistance; reinforcements were brought to the battlefield and casualties lifted out; supplies and munitions were dropped for isolated units; soldiers were supported by air attacks and mail delivered to raise their spirits. Among those laid to rest here are more than 80 members of the Commonwealth air forces.

‘By May, the Japanese attack had stalled and Commonwealth forces began to drive them from their positions. Shellfire smashed the forests, while the monsoon rains helped turn the battlefield into a quagmire. Each enemy bunker was staunchly defended and often could only be cleared by intense hand-to-hand combat with grenades and bayonets.

‘In these gruelling conditions casualties on both sides was high. Fighting their way up the Imphal-Kohima road the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalions West Yorkshire Regiment (Prince of Wales Own) suffered heavy casualties and over 80 of their number are buried here.

‘Increasingly isolated and with dwindling supplies the Japanese began to withdraw from Kohima at the end of May 1944. Commonwealth forces advance along the Imphal-Kohima road from both directions, meeting at Milestone 109 on 22 June. It marked the turning point in the campaign and the beginning of the end of Japanese resistance in the region. Of the 85,000 Japanese soldiers who fought here some 30,000 were killed.

‘Pursuing the Japanese through Burma the Commonwealth forces entered Mandalay in March 1945 and captured Rangoon in May, three days after the fall of Berlin.’

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### THE THREE McCABES

[Ed: *m-S XLVII*, pp25/26, contained a brief review of Brian McCabe’s life, and a few lines from Mike Innes Walker, in which mention is made of having been at school with the three brothers, all, sadly, departed. Brian (1928) was KPR, and his younger brothers David Hill [KR4280] and Raymond John [KR4122] were both members of the Kenya Regiment. Having never met the McCabes, I decided to ask the widows of the younger two for brief pen-pictures.]

#### DAVID HILL McCABE [KR4280] GM

[widow Brunie]



After the Emergency, David joined the Game Dept where he worked until his post was ‘Africanised’ in 1972. We then moved to Rhodesia where Dave worked for approximately two years as an accountant.

After that he worked on various farms to gain experience and when he felt confident to go on his own, we leased a farm for about some nine years before buying his own land which he farmed very successfully until the day he died.

Sadly, in 2008, a violent change of ownership occurred, for which there was to be no compensation.

**[LEFT: DAVID RECEIVING THE GEORGE MEDAL FROM THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING KG, GCMG, KCVO]**

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#### RAYMOND JOHN MCCABE [KR4132] BEM, QPM

[widow Thea McCabe]

Ray's police career, spanning 35 years, gave him an immensely varied life. It began in January 1953 when he left Kenya Regiment and joined the Kenya Police as a regular. After initial training, he worked in the Criminal Investigations Department in Nairobi and in country stations. This period included most of the Mau Mau campaign and he qualified for the AGSM with Kenya clasp; he was also Mentioned in Despatches for distinguished service in 1957.

Ray had considerable language skills, having passed exams in Swahili and Luo. I believe he was also an examiner in the Luo language?

In 1957, he undertook advanced detective training at New Scotland Yard and reached the rank of Assistant Superintendent.

With the approach of Kenya's independence, he decided to retire from the Kenya Police and in November 1963 migrated to Australia where he applied to join the Commonwealth Police of Australia.

While waiting to be 'called up' by Compol, Ray worked at Walton's Department Store in Sydney, in the crockery department. Years after, he would gleefully relate how he and others would drop large cartons of broken china on the floor, thereby making a huge din and startling the manager who, not surprisingly, believed that they were smashing the new crockery.

In February 1964, Ray joined Compol, starting once again at the rank of Constable. He served first in Sydney, briefly on security duties at the Australian Atomic Energy Commission at Lucas Heights; then on fraud investigations in Compol's Sydney office.

In 1965, he was transferred to the Melbourne office where he worked on industrial intelligence. Later that year, he was transferred to the Australian Embassy, Saigon, South Vietnam, as security and intelligence officer, liaising with Vietnamese and other foreign security agencies. At that time, the Vietnam War was escalating, to the extent that terrorism, and the war itself, were part of daily life. He served in Vietnam for three years, during which time the Communist Tet Offensive occurred, and for his work in protecting the Australians, he was awarded the British Empire Medal for Bravery.

Returning to Australia he became deputy officer-in-charge (OIC) of the Queensland office, and later he instructed at the Commonwealth Police Training School at Manly, New South Wales.

In December 1969, he was appointed OIC of the Australian police contingent at Expo 70, in Osaka, Japan. This was the first World Exhibition ever held in Asia, it opened in March 1970 and closed in September of that year. One of the roles of the police was to control crowds at the Australian pavilion, where attendances averaged 50,000 per day, and on some days 80,000!

In 1970, English was rarely spoken in Japan and Ray did a crash course in Japanese. Thereafter, he would often break into his own version of the language. The Japanese were highly amused by this and it made him many friends, especially among the Japanese police.

On return to Australia, Ray was appointed OIC of the Criminal Investigation Branch in Melbourne, before being posted to the Australian Embassy in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, to set up a security and liaison function similar to the one in Saigon.

In 1972, he was promoted to head of the Compol Counterfeit Currency Branch in Melbourne. One of their major investigations was into a criminal organisation which had counterfeited some \$US10 million. It resulted in the Branch being awarded a Certificate of Merit by the US Secret Service.

In 1974, Ray was appointed Australia's first liaison officer at the General Secretariat of ICPO Interpol in Paris for two years. He brushed up on his French, and loved the work and the access it provided into Europe.

In May 1976, he was promoted to Superintendent in Charge of Compol's Western Australia Branch in Perth.

In 1978, he was transferred to HQ Canberra and promoted to Senior Superintendent in Charge, Diplomatic and Consular Protection (Policy and Operations) Branch and in November, he was transferred to the Australian Crime Intelligence Centre, responsible for intelligence regarding politically motivated violence, organised crime and drug trafficking. Ray was awarded the Queen's Police Medal "for long and distinguished service with the Commonwealth Police Force".

In October 1979, other organisations were annexed to Compol to form the Australian Federal Police. Ray was promoted and appointed Chief Superintendent in Charge, AFP Central Crime Intelligence Unit (1980-81), AFP Executive Services Division (1981-82) and Internal Investigations Division (1982-83).



In 1983, he became Chief of Staff to the Commissioner. In November 1983 he was promoted to Assistant Commissioner in charge of Eastern Region, and Northern Command which embodied three States - NSW, Queensland and Northern Territory. He was responsible for all general administration and for operations, e.g. major investigation into drug importations, and all aspects of organised crime, fraud and corruption.

He attended many police conferences - Asia, UK, France, Tonga, Samoa (both Western and American), Fiji, New Zealand, etc.

After 35 years as a policeman, Ray [LEFT] decided to take early retirement so that we could travel. On his final day in the job in August 1988, a ceremonial passing-out parade of AFP recruits was held in Canberra. Ray was honoured by being invited to be the reviewing officer, and to give the address.

Ray always enjoyed quoting from a report by his Headmaster at the Prince of Wales School – “McCabe found it difficult to attend to school work and was in consequence rather troublesome!” However, the Head did go on to say that he believed Ray to be a "late developer, and that any improvement would be maintained and extended once he found an occupation really congenial to him."

I hope you won't feel swamped by all the detail on Ray's career. I felt it better to send too much rather than too little, so that you could edit it as you see fit.

Thank you for the piece you are preparing on the three ‘boys’. It will be greatly appreciated by the younger generations, Brunie and me.

I don't have any first-hand information on their young days as I didn't meet Ray until he was in Canberra in the 60s. But have been told by others that the house in Nairobi was one of endless laughter and activity, music and pets. As a grownup Ray was great company and a great party man - both giving and attending - which would bear this out. And family folk lore has it that Brian was always dismantling his motor bikes, often in the sitting room. Their poor Mother!

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## SAFARI TO COMMEMORATE THE END OF WW1

On 6 May 2016, David Betts <bwanabetts@btinternet.com> wrote from UK to Dennis Leete: During that marvellous WWI safari to Voi, Lions Bluff and Taveta in 2014 [Ed: *See m-S XLV pp52-54*] we spoke about gathering again at Abercorn to mark the centenary of the end of WW1 at 11.00 on 25 November 1918, exactly two weeks after the Armistice in Europe.

Recently I have been in touch with Dr. Anne Samson, the South African WWI historian who was with us in 2014. She is still active with the Great War in Africa Association and has recently been in contact with George [KR4917] and Minnie Woodley who have a fine conference centre on their Fringilla Farm at Chisamba on Zambia's Great North Road. The idea is to explore the possibility of a WW1 conference at Fringilla and some commemorative event/s at Abercorn (now Mbala) in 2018. [Ed: *Why Abercorn (Mbala)? On learning of the Armistice, Colonel von Lettow Vorbeck agreed to surrender and it was near Abercorn that he and his undefeated troops handed over their weapons.*]

It's early days yet and who knows how we *wazee* might be two years hence, but the idea of a WW1 safari visiting battlefields in Tanzania and ending up in Abercorn and Chisamba is appealing. Perhaps colleagues from South Africa might be interested in meeting at Chisamba for a last stand of the Kenya Regiment?

[Ed: *As David says, early days yet - a far as wazee, I think the last members to complete their NS are in their late 60s, early 70s? Anyone interested in attending is requested to contact David.*]

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James Willson OBE responds: We met David Stanley at the ANZAC Day commemoration in Nairobi the other day and this subject came up. In the meantime, I have been on the email to several operators who could provide a comfortable coach/bus for about 20 pax out of Nairobi, for a fourteen day trip down to Kasama in NE Zambia.

It seems a bit of a problem getting the Carnet Travel Docs for such vehicles across the borders. Alan Dixon of Lets Go is assisting with contacts but not interested in providing coach or booking facilities as it is not his line of business.

I am awaiting responses from Guerba Travel and Contiki Travel who have overland trucks which may be suitable. Starting point does not necessarily have to be out of Nairobi, Arusha or Dar es Salaam. Nairobi or Arusha is of more interest to me as we could travel down the Great North Road through several places of WW1 interest.

First we have to explore how to get there in what sort of transport and suitable overnight stops, (not necessarily tourist class accommodation).

Let's get the ball rolling and ideas flowing, I am sure we should be able to interest at least 20 people if not more.

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## KENYA REGIMENT BUFFALO

John Whittall [KR6129] 06/01/2016 to Keith Elliot [KR4289]: I have been doing some research into the KR buffalo insignia.

The African hunter/painter Edmund G. Caldwell (1852 - 1930) was well known for his African paintings, not least the colour illustration of 'Jock' used as the frontispiece in the book 'Jock of the Bushveld'. I have a collection of Caldwell prints which includes an illustration of an exquisite sculpture of a charging buffalo crafted in the exact pose of the KR badge.



I attach a copy of the picture and wonder if this is the possible source. A solid silver edition of the same sculpture was sold in Johannesburg in 1981 for R8,000. Caldwell's work would have been known in Kenya and there is a possibility that he was commissioned for the work.

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Keith copied the above to Dennis Leete who responds: Indeed, Correct. The original sculpture resides in the main lounge at Nairobi Club, and was commissioned by the Officers and Men of the East African Mounted Rifles, in Memory of Fredrick Courtney Selous, who was killed in conflict in 1916, and crafted by E. Caldwell in 1921.

Next time I pass through, I will confirm exactly what it says on the plaque on the base. I see it about once a year, when I am invited to the Club, for a drink or two, but my memory is blurred by the time I pass it by, on the way, to the toilets.

The founding Committee of the Kenya Regiment TF was so taken by the Sculpture, that they obtained permission to use it for the Regiment Badge, in 1937.

But it raises an interesting question - from whom did they obtain this permission?

EAMR had been disbanded. Both Selous and Caldwell had died. Selous had a daughter living in Njoro who died about 1965 whom we knew vaguely. Maybe she gave them permission?

A replica, in silver (about quarter size) is part of the Regimental Silver, that the Trustees donated to the Rifle Brigade about 1970, (much to my dismay). We asked if they would loan it to us, for our 60th Anniversary reunion in Kenya, in 1997, together with our Colours; now housed under glass at the Chapel at the St John Moore Barracks at Winchester. They declined; understandably, but unfortunately.

We requested permission from Sir Roly Guy, to have duplicate Colours made, an unusual request, but in the unique circumstances, the British Army Establishment agreed, and Roly, shortly before

he died, kindly took the agent who had them made in Pakistan, to the Chapel where measurements and photographs were taken.

It took some 200 women from twelve villages, working over three months to delicately embroider the individual pieces and then sew them together onto the two Colour Flags; we received them in time for the Anniversary. They are magnificent. Better than the original, in my opinion

I also asked Rob Glen [KR 7352] the famous wildlife sculptor, if he would model a smaller version of Caldwell's original; that we might cast in silver, to replace the one donated to the RB, as well as to sell in bronze copies, to members of the Regiment as a memento; but that idea came to nought, sadly. John Davis, who kindly bought the Colours to Kenya, after they had been made in 1997, might be able to add a comment, so I have copied to him.

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John Davis [KR7457] responds: Interesting to read about the original sculpture still in the Nairobi Club. I recall Kathleen Dobson (DA's daughter) writing a piece about the choice for the badge being between the African Bee and a reproduction of the Buffalo statue. But as to who gave permission for the drawing to be made – maybe a letter in the Nairobi Club archives?

Our silver buffalo is in the safe hands of 2 Rifles in Northern Ireland. They kindly brought the trophy to London for our 70<sup>th</sup> and it arrived protected by an armed guard of Riflemen!

Looking back at the original 1963 trust documents it is clear that the trustees at the time had a great fear that all the silver would be stolen after independence, so the British Army was seen as a safe home. Maybe these fears were unfounded?

I agree the reproduction Colours I bought out to Kenya in 2002 were superbly made. I remember meeting Mr Choudhry, who led the team, at my local rail station when he brought the Colours from London for me to see. He saluted me smartly - the only time I have ever been saluted!

As you say various pieces were made in different villages in Pakistan and he only had copies of photographs of the original Colours and a few key measurements. He told me that he did a lot of work for the Brigade of Guards, and it was a pleasure to meet him.

The original Colours cost £162.1.0 in October 1940, and it is good to know that they are now looked after by The Rifles Trust.

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Dennis continues: It's an intricate story, and getting more so. But I am not intending to take it any further, as I can see it absorbing many hundreds of hours!

Or getting into arguments with my old mate, Ian Parker, who can get fractious!

Personally, I do not think that Caldwell made any copies of the original Bronze; and once permission was given to allow the Kenya Regiment, to use that model for its design of the badge, this was done by photographic means and/or drawings. Nor do I think that Caldwell had a hand in the design, or sculpted the Regimental silver buffalo, which looks quite different proportionally, to the bronze, apart from being a quarter its size.

And I doubt that the silver model was ever copied either . But it would be interesting if John Davis could ask the CO 2nd Rifles, (is it still Col Nick Thornton, son of Stephen Thornton [KR 7537]?) if someone could check it, for any signature, or inscription, or date, it might clarify a possible connection.

And I doubt we would ever get permission to inspect the Nairobi Club Minutes, over this period in time. The current committee would be alarmed at this suggestion, and assume we were about to challenge their rights to hold it!

\*\*

John Whittall: An interesting point regarding copyright.

Only Caldwell could have granted permission for a duplicate since he was still alive at the time that the KR was commissioned. (1937) he died in 1930.

As a matter of interest my grandfather Hugh Whittall hunted with Selous in the late 1800's along the Shashe river (Rhodesia). In 1961, I visited Selous's nephew at Gruyere, Switzerland. His entire attic housed one of the finest Africana libraries, African artifacts, and his 4-bore elephant gun.

My grandfather later hosted Selous in Asia Minor where Selous shot a record red deer.(see Rowland Ward)

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Ian Parker joins the fray! 'G'dai Gentlemen'. Page 48 in the History gives some data that suggests more information is in the Foreword to The Story of the East African Mounted Rifles.

On p 51 there is further info from DA's daughter. Reading the combined pp 48 & 51 passages, there is no doubt that the Regiment's (smaller) silver buffalo was modelled on the Nairobi Club's bronze sculpture.

Seemingly, this work was either commissioned by/for Nairobi Club as a one-off and is the only cast of the original clay(?) model. If more than one casting was made, this will be apparent on the bronze with both number and the sculptor's signature.

Original sculptures made *extempore* so to speak are often (usually) cast in limited, signed, numbered editions. Sculptures specifically commissioned are usually cast as one-off editions before the original clay model and moulds are broken.

If Caldwell sculpted the Nairobi Club's buffalo bronze, was it on commission, or did the Club through the EAMR buy one of a limited edition?

In either case did he keep the original clay (other material might have been used) after casting? It is very unlikely. Yet if he or his heirs did have the original model which could be re-cast in silver or any other material, then an issue of copy right would exist.

My recollection (which is very dim) is that the Regiment's buffalo was an original but smaller work, modelled on Caldwell's Nairobi Club Bronze and then cast in silver. If this was so, no issue of copyright involving Caldwell ever arose.

For a sculptor to copy another's work does not invoke copyright – unless he/she tries to pass it off as made by the person being copied. Of different but greater interest to us is the provenance of a new sculpture inspired by Caldwell and which was cast in silver.

How many castings were made in silver?

Who commissioned the work?

Did our silver buff have the sculptor's signature and a number indicating its rank in a limited number cast?

What evidence is there of any relationship between a silver buff sold in Jo'burg and that once owned by the KR? That the Johannesburg buff was solid silver is unlikely if it was the same size as the Regiment's and only sold for R8,000.

Given that Caldwell was dead when the Nairobi Club bronze was copied, who was the copier? Again the Nairobi Club's Minute Book for 1937 must have some info and there will also be earlier entries regarding the acquisition of the original Caldwell bronze. So too, must the Johannesburg Gallery that sold the silver buffalo there in 1981.

Where are we? Nairobi Club's Minute Books have many answers. It will require the patience and diligence to gain access to and work one's way through them. Of course it is far easier for ancient bakkies to email between themselves and sit on their behinds. That's the way it is today!

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John Davis to Dennis Leete: Just to confirm a couple of things. DA's papers in the archive at the Imperial War Museum were donated by his son Myles and I am certain that there is no correspondence among these pertaining to the badge, other than a memo from the Secretary of State in 1949 agreeing to the Regiment using the buffalo badge on reformation.

Kathleen Dobson writes about the badge in Buffalo Barua No 2 saying that 'she was fascinated by the many lovely drawings by Cyril Redhead (Art master at the POW school) who laid them out all over the dining room table.' These were of the African bee and the buffalo. She goes on to say that 'the buffalo was to be modelled on the large bronze buffalo adorning the men's lounge in the Nairobi Club'.

She wonders what became of all the artwork and accompanying notes concerning the choice of the buffalo. She knew that DA kept a few but 'sadly I do not know what became of them'. John Garvey in Buffalo Barua No 3 said that Cyril told him that Brigadier Jackie Campbell, commanding Northern Brigade, suggested the buffalo and Cyril drew the design from the bronze in the Nairobi Club. The Club surely must have given permission for these drawings to be made.

Col. Nick Thornton left the army last year so we no longer have a 'friendly' contact in The Rifles to look for any marks on the silver buffalo in their possession. So with Nick not there it becomes rather more involved I am afraid, but I will give Stephen Thornton a call to see what he advises.

\*\*

Dennis: As usual John, well done. Like all good vignettes it sheds light on happenings at a personal level, but leaves tantalizing gaps.

It seems probable that the drawings were made by Cyril Redhead, with the Club's permission, but without any reference to Caldwell or his successors, at all! I feel we have gone as far as we can, without further serious investigation, unless anyone else wants to take it further.

I saw an original Caldwell painting in Ian McKenzie's house, in a secluded, leafy, suburb in the heart of Johannesburg in 1992, showing the landing of the Napier Expedition from India, at Ziela on the Red Sea Coast (in 1885?) to rescue the British Consul at Magdala, where he was held hostage by the Ethiopian Emperor, Theodore.

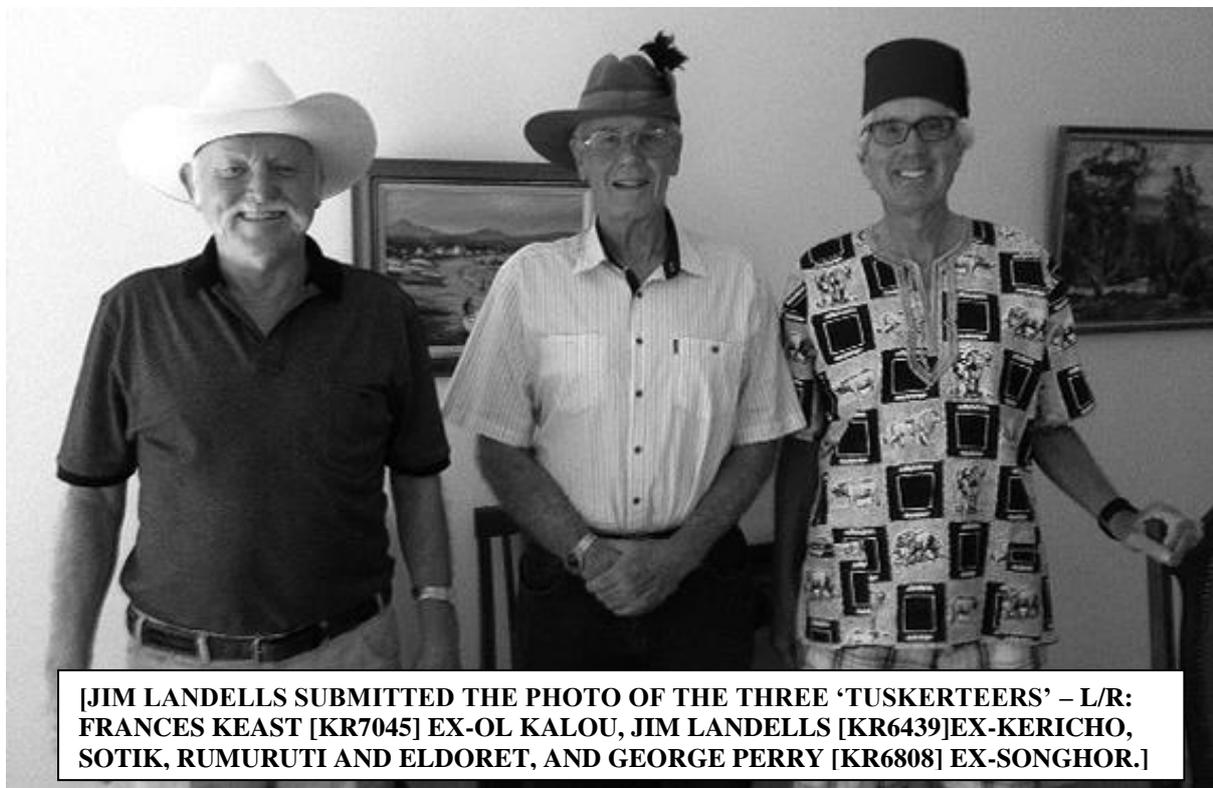
Ian was the Chairman of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and on the Board of the IMF, and it was not within my normal social sphere. But I was able to explain to my host, that Caldwell had been retained by the Indian Army as the official artist, on this expedition, which Ian did not know, nor do many others.

I should add that that I was only there, because McKenzie had been at Cambridge, with my old fishing mate John Millard, and they were lifelong pals, and I had taken them on a trout fishing safari to Ethiopia a few months earlier, so knew all about the Napier expedition.

It was a tricky business, as South Africa was blackballed at that, time by the OAU, with headquarters in Addis Ababa, and he had to fly into Nairobi first, on a British passport before we proceeded to Ethiopia. But that's another story.

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### THE THREE TUSKERTEERS



The occasion was a recent luncheon [15/01/2016] at George's home in Perth, Western Australia where they had lots of fun and much idiotic conversation

## KRA (KWAZULU-NATAL)



For the last 25 odd years, Anne Smith (née Campbell) widow of the late Pete Smith [KR7585], has handled the finances at our quarterly lunches, first at Crossways, then the Hilton Hotel and latterly at Fern Hill.

After Pete's death Anne moved into Elizabeth Gardens but was beset with health problems and sadly, by the time you read this Anne will have moved to Shropshire to be near daughter Joan.

We wish her well and hope she will find many bridge partners in Shrewsbury. Who knows, there may be an SPCA nearby that has a plant section that needs revitalising!

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## DAISY'S DAUGHTER, OUR LIVES FOR AFRICA by Heather Rookan-Smith

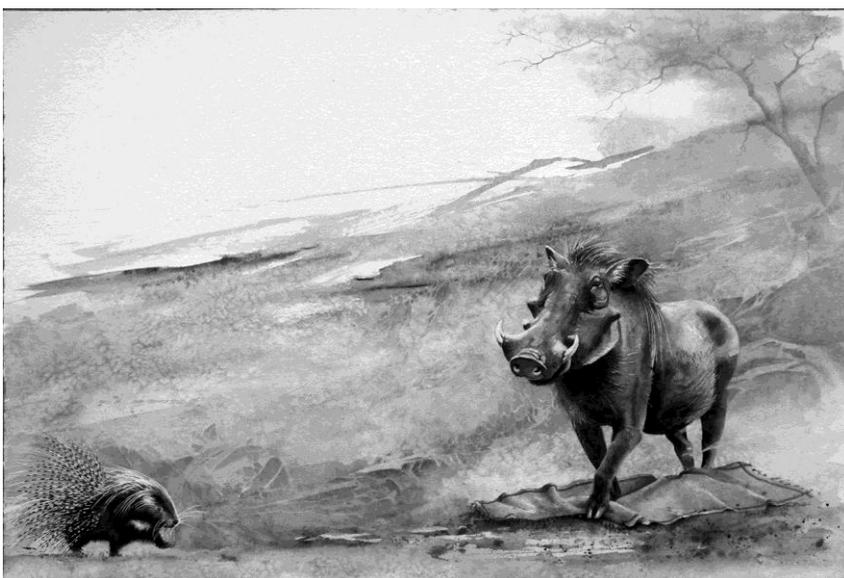
Heather will now be self-publishing her autobiography, 'Daisy's Daughter, Our Lives for Africa'.

At present, she is re-formatting her manuscript for the printers.

Her book will also be sold at a far more reasonable price making it affordable to many more readers in Africa.

Heather sincerely appreciates the support and encouragement she has received from all around the world.

ISBN No. - 978-0-620-68543-6



The cover came about when Heather remembered the artistic talent of her good friend from Malindi days, the renowned Kenya wildlife artist, Karen Laurence-Rowe, and her beautiful paintings. Heather contacted Karen who was only too happy to paint her a water colour, and after exchanging photos of the pets in Namibia and amusing anecdotes, she produced this stunning picture of Wally and his blanket before he was returned to the wild, and the baby porcupine

Tootsie-Wootsie, which will be used as a wrap-around cover for 'Daisy's Daughter - Our Lives for Africa'.

To keep up-to-date about availability, costs etc, please visit Heather's website <[www.daisysdaughterbook.com](http://www.daisysdaughterbook.com)>.

[Ed: *Some comments from readers before Heather decided to self-publish.*]

The role and contribution of the white African is yet to be recognised. Often misrepresented, demonised, denigrated unfairly by self acclaimed so called expert followers of the likes of Mugabe, Amin and Lumumba. How do they now answer the mass exodus to the white enclaves from their post-Colonial paradise? What happened to Utopia once the whites were kicked out? As Clinton said 'It is the economy, Stupid'; Africa should say 'It is exploitation, corruption, incompetence, Stupid.'

The contribution of white Africans to bring some modernisation and cohesion to a continent bereft of any inventiveness, with feuding tribes constantly in conflict, has not been recognised by a biased Media ,a futile UN and a global political inertia. Balanced representation of facts has been replaced by one-sided rhetoric of oft fabricated negatives against a white minority without also mentioning the positives. Colonialism was certainly not perfect. After four decades, post colonialism has been an unfortunate disaster proving once again that extremist movements amongst others have been very disappointing in Government. Your book is a depiction of a truly pioneering white African family who can stand tall for their involvement in all walks of African life.

No-one should dispute that the people who understood the African best was the resident white Colonial, including the Afrikaner. I believe the first president of democratic South Africa understood this. Pity the others have left it too late without extending inclusive cohesion. On a personal finale, it has been a privilege living alongside and growing up with the Griffin clan in Kenya.

\*\*

Heather Rooker-Smith is a true child of Africa, her life well-spent from Kenya to Cape Town via Angola and Namibia, where she now, at 82, lives in the Caprivi Strip. This remarkable book, written over many years, is as much a personal history of her family as it is a true record of the upheavals, wars and change - much of it bloody, lots of it heart-rending - through which her mother, Daisy, and she lived and loved, farmed and travelled. As Heather did recently, in her little Toyota, from Cape Town to the Caprivi, which nestles between Botswana, Zambia and Namibia... after all, it's only 2500 kilometres. 'Daisy's Daughter' is an amazing story written by an amazing woman.

\*\*

Thank you for sending me the Angolan extracts from your book. What wonderful, image-filled, writing. Pathos, humour, bravery wrapped in text that I don't recall the news items of the time conveying. I look forward to the printed version.

\*\*

I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed your book, two more chapters to read. I have really look forward to the end of each day when I can sit down and read it. I have cried and laughed and as I knew you all so well, it has been a wonderful read, and so much like the life I led as a child, growing up and getting married here in Kenya. David now wants to read it and keeps telling me to hurry up! Thank you so much for making it available on your website, just loved every minute of it.

\*\*

I have never been much of a reader, and the only books I enjoy are true stories and autobiographies, so it's a real treat to read yours, more so as we are related. You have had a very interesting life with all your adventures and ups and downs. Being one of the last remaining members of our big family left in Kenya it is very interesting to know where everyone went and what they did, for over the years there have been some very interesting, capable and colourful family members, who have done all sorts of things. We remained in Laikipia, and had a relatively tame life compared to yours!

\*\*

I have been absolutely enthralled reading your book, chapter by chapter as it wings its way magically to me over the internet. What an amazing work - and how much of you has gone into it - you must be very proud. It reads so easily and for me it is a magical recall of my childhood - all those names of people and farms that were buried so deep in my memory, return so vividly as I read.

\*\*

I have been reading and enjoying the chapters as you sent them through over the past weeks and have now dipped into some of the chapters again yesterday via your excellent website facility. What a wonderful achievement on your part - you deserve great credit. I may have said it before but I am so pleased that you have written about your family in Africa, the struggles to make ends meet, the joyous times, the sad times, the people, the wildlife and the challenges faced living and surviving in a rapidly changing Africa. Your book deserves to be widely read, not only by those of us who lived there, but by people who have simply no idea of what life was like in Africa in those days.

Beautifully and sympathetically written, I look forward to buying a copy of 'Daisy's Daughter' and reading it again, at my leisure.

\*\*

I have just finished reading your book on the internet, which I thoroughly enjoyed and was really sorry to come to the end. What an interesting and varied life you have led, but so sad a life as well. I am so pleased that you are now settled with your son and able to enjoy the well earned life in the peaceful surrounds of the Zambezi River, with no more problems other than the monkeys who obviously do give you a bit of a hard time on occasions.

The Vervets at Amboseli were a perfect menace at the camping grounds, caused untold damage, and even learnt how to unzip the tents and re-sort the food! Although Australia doesn't have monkeys, the possums can be a bit of a nuisance and will pinch 'tucker' from under your nose.

\*\*

Congratulations on your e-book. As I finished it, I realised that it was your birthday on Friday; I hope you had a lovely day. I thoroughly enjoyed every chapter; it was an unusual experience reading an autobiography of someone I know relatively well. What a lovely gift for your children, grandchildren and great grandchildren! Not only will your family appreciate reading your memories of your life in Africa, so will anyone who knows you or even those who have never met you but have lived in Africa.

I loved all your animal tales; you certainly have fostered an interesting, unusual and entertaining lot of African creatures! The chapters that had me stunned were the ones about your time in Angola and SWA. I had no idea you had such a torrid time! The way you all coped was incredible,

especially Mary arriving in Angola with no prior experience of Africa, what a trooper! So sad, that you lost two of your children so young.

Mum and Dad were very fond of the Griffin and Rookan-Smith Clan, and credited 'Mum' Griffin with introducing them. I also have fond memories of 'Gran' Griffin, the nearest I had to a granny as a child. The best holiday memory I have as a youngster was the time you took us to Malindi (1960?) in your Chev panel van, and we all stayed with Vi and Bertie Case; what a magical time. I remember you making very tasty rusks, and even here in Australia I buy Ouma's rusks and think of you and Ian every time I have one. Thank you for such a lovely adventure providing lifetime memories for me!

A special thank you for the privilege of reading your memories, you certainly have had an interesting life and have been remarkably adaptable and resilient. Your book helps me and others to recall our lives in Africa.

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DAVID INNES-WALKER [KR4079]

[Joy and younger daughter, Julia Oxley, Auckland]



David passed away in Queensland on 23<sup>rd</sup> November 2015. He completed his primary education at Nakuru School when his parents were farming at Songhor, and when they moved to Nairobi he attended the Prince of Wales School.

David [LEFT] was on the second(?) NS course at KGVI Barracks, Salisbury, and one of four selected for officer cadet training in England at Eaton Hall. [Ed: Assume he first joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment for basic training before moving to Eaton Hall.]

After he was commissioned he was posted to Kenya and attached to 5<sup>th</sup> (Kenya) Battalion King's African Rifles, then stationed at Nanyuki.



On November 1957 David and Joy White were married at the Anglican Cathedral in Nairobi.

[ABOVE: L/R - MICHAEL INNES-WALKER, RONALD INNES-WALKER (DAVID & MICHAEL'S FATHER), NITA WHITE (JOY'S MOTHER), DAVID AND JOY, BERRY BERESFORD (FRIEND OF JOY'S), PEGGY INNES-WALKER (DAVID & MICHAEL'S MOTHER), FLOWERGIRL - PATRICIA BERESFORD.]

Joy remembers David entering the Fifth East African Coronation Safari in his Blue VW (K12) with Harry Bausch who worked at Cooper's Motors. David was also in charge of a big prison camp, I think near Machakos - he took me there one Easter week-end and we listened to the Coronation Safari all night - the next day when we wanted to go home the battery was flat! Being all alone in the bush we just had to push start the car!

In September 1958, with a three- month old baby girl, Vanessa, we left Nairobi in our Ford and drove through Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia. We stayed happily in that lovely country until we left in 1981, in convoy, to South Africa. We had a few more moves to the Cape but had to return to Hilton on doctor's advice as David became ill with asthma. So once again we were on the move and this time also with a new baby, Julia plus a cat and two dogs. Shortly after arriving he was offered a position in Malawi where we stayed for a year and enjoyed boating on the Lake. Once again we returned to Hilton where I had a brother and my dear Mother. We enjoyed a few years before leaving in 1998 for New Zealand, and later Australia in 2001.

\*\*

Katie Cullingworth (Grand-daughter): My memories of Grandad are plentiful; he taught me how to fish, how to be adventurous and how to listen to stories. He taught me later on in life the importance of keeping strict management on money, and how to always get the best deal on an item. I remember when I collected him from the hospital in 2013, he was absolutely disgusted that they charged \$10 for parking; the next time he somehow managed to get hold of a free parking voucher!

He taught us all about punctuality, to be ten minutes early and if not, then you are late. I got into trouble many times for being five minutes after the stated time of coming over for tea. So I learnt its best to not say the time but rather "I'll be there when I can."

Grandad also taught me to be honest and to speak my mind. Many times he told me 'my hair was too straight; pants too tight; tummy getting big' etc ... but always spoken out of love. Last year while boarding the plane to go to a wedding I had the privilege of escorting my grandparents on the plane trip. We were taking photos at the gate and I said "Oh I look fat" and Grandad not realising his volume of voice said loudly. ."No dear you just have a big bum like your mother!" Astounded and slightly embarrassed we all just laughed... but that was Grandad.

It's only now that he has left us that I see just how much he cared for people, especially his family.

Memories upon memories have flooded my mind this week, to the point that I can conclude, Grandad has always been present in my life. From birth in South Africa to moving to NZ and then to Australia, my grandparents made it a priority to be there for us, be it school events, birthday's, Christmas, Easter, singing concerts, swimming galas, school formals, new jobs, visiting me at work, which I loved, graduation and much, much more. I have been so blessed to have holidays and sleep-overs and just 'pop in' visits with them for almost 27 years!

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Arnold Peck: Gail and I met David and Joy some eight years ago and within weeks of meeting we had struck up a strong and genuine bond of friendship. Over the many years I was able to spend many enjoyable hours with David discussing each of our journeys through life.

David's passion for motor cars was quite unique in that he lived by the memory of all the cars he had purchased, modified and sold. He also told stories of many car events in which he participated.

I in turn battled to get him to appreciate my own stories of my sporting achievements as sport had always been my life's interest.

In recent times we finally fully appreciated each other's interests, with me asking more questions about motor cars and he discussing in greater depth the rugby and cricket games that took place during the week.

David was an extremely strong character with moments of stubbornness but under this outward facade he was the most caring, genuine and giving gentleman with all the old school morals and ethics.

The most formidable attribute was his obvious strong love for his entire family and particularly his beloved Joy. He was most happy when being able to guide, advise and spend time with the family. Joy was the love of his life. This was so prominently borne out when during the most difficult time in his life, he achieved his final goal by giving Joy the best party possible for her 90th birthday.

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Trevor Hoines. I first met David when he joined a company I worked for dealing in butchers' requisites in Salisbury in the late 60s. After some months he said the job didn't suit and we lost touch for some time.

I opened my first jewellery shop in the ESC building, where unbeknown to me David worked for the Electricity Supply Commission in the same building. David, Joy and their daughters joined us for long weekends on our boat on Lake Kariba; we also made trips to Inyanga and the Vumba.

When they decided to move to South Africa, they bought an old Chevrolet but in good condition. About a week after they left David phoned to say the car had broken down across the Limpopo. He was back in Salisbury sourcing some parts for the engine he had acquired, and asked me if I could help him get back to the border. We made the 1000 mile round trip with twelve jerry cans of petrol in the back of my car - we had petrol rationing in those days!

We lost touch again until 2003, when we met up on the Australian Gold Coast and from time to time would get together and reminisce about our duties in the BSAP Reserve during the terrorist incursions into Rhodesia.

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ALAN JENNINGS [KR4192]

[19.9.1933 - 24.11.2014]

[Dennis Leete KR4094]

Alan attended the second Kenya Regiment six month training course at the King George VI Barracks in Salisbury, Rhodesia, from July to December 1952. On his return to Kenya, the Emergency had already been declared, and after Christmas, he was assigned to join Rayforce, a group of 100 Kenya Regiment men, seconded to the Kenya Police, with the rank of Assistant Inspector, commanded by Major Ray Mayers [KR5611], who had just returned from serving for ten years with the Somali Gendarmerie, as Governor of the Ogaden, before Independence.

Rayforce was given the task of setting up 50 temporary Police Posts in the heart of the Kikuyu Reserve along the edge of Aberdare Forests, between Kiambu, Muranga (Fort Hall) and Nyeri, to establish safe havens for missionaries, administration centres, chiefs, and headmen, and loyalists against attacks by Mau Mau gangs, rampaging in those areas.

Two Kenya Regiment men were assigned to each post, and to build them with conscripted labour from the local area, following a one week Police procedure course in Nairobi, where they learned how to keep an Occurrence Book, and read the Riot Act. The Post consisted of eight to ten mud huts with grass thatched roofs, on about a quarter of an acre of cleared land, surrounded by a deep moat, some three metres wide and three metres deep, in which hundreds of sharpened bamboo spikes (*panjis*) were sited, upright. Behind which was a three meter high barbed wire fence, with a sand-bagged gun emplacement in each corner, and a watch tower erected in the middle. Access to the post, was by a wooden drawbridge which was raised at night, by a rope, to deny entry to hostile attacks.

Such was the Post, at Muhuti, near the Northern Mathioya River, in Muranga district, which Ian Prichard [KR3670] and Alan Jennings built during the day, while based in camp at Fort Hall; and which was also partly dismantled at night by Mau Mau sympathisers, and had to be rebuilt the next morning. But it was eventually finished, and Alan and Ian moved in, with ten Luo policeman, to bring Pax Britannica to the area.

This they did; with remarkable effect, given the hairy situation they were in. It is quite remarkable that over a period of six months, only one Post of the 50, Othaya, commanded by Sjt Ernie Day [KR4210], was attacked; a large force of over 200 attacked in three waves [8<sup>th</sup> May 1953], but was held off, without loss. Operating in the area was 6 KAR whose HQ Coy was helping with the defence of Othaya and camped in the compound, and had machine guns with them.

Casualties to the Mau Mau were fourteen killed and five wounded. SF casualties were two wounded - CSM Rushworth and WOPC Eleuterc. Weaponry recovered were a Bren gun with three magazines, a .303 rifle and a 22 rifle. During the following week a further thirteen bodies were found within a mile radius of the Police. Also present when the attack occurred was Sjt Alan Wisdom [KR3669] who was with the Kikuyu Guard and by chance happened to be visiting Othaya Post. [Ed: See m-X VIII pp32-34]

But two Rayforce men were killed, during this period in separate incidents, either ambushed in their vehicles, or while on patrol. The Exercise lasted some six months until new Police recruits, known as two year wonders, arrived from UK to replace them. Rayforce was then wound up, and the men returned to their own Companies, were assigned to other units or joined the Government Administration as District Officers.

It is hard today, to imagine how these kids, eighteen or nineteen years old, performed these tasks, without any fears or doubt. And it was their very demeanour of personal self confidence that allowed them to succeed. For recreation, I recall that Alan's favourite pastime was to take a some beers, and with his mates, often from another nearby Rayforce post, go down to the Mathioya river, famous for its trout, for an evening of drinking, and 'fishing', which consisted of throwing a few hand grenades into the river, between beers and collecting the stunned fish for supper. To add some spice to the occasion he would use seven second-delay fuses, instead of the standard four second ones. This required pulling the pin, and releasing the handle, to initiate the burn, while holding the grenade in the other hand, and counting to three or four, before throwing it into the river, so that it exploded just under the water. Amazing just how long three seconds lasts, in these circumstances.

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