

SITREP L



June 2017

DIARY OF EVENTS: 2017/2018

AUSTRALIA

Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Restaurant, Robina 23 Jul
Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Tandoori Mahal, Forest Lake 19 Nov
Sunshine Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Caloundra Boat Club ??/Mar TBA
Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al_bax@bigpond.com>

Perth: Bayswater Hotel ?? Feb TBA
Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolly <kisugulu@hotmail.com>

EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney 28 Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND

Officers' Mess, Royal Logistic Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. Curry lunch Wed 19 Jul
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 12 Nov
Contact: Dennis Leete <dletee2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland: Soljans, Winery, Kumeu, Auckland 8 Oct
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Lunch, Foresters Arms, Newlands Thu 13 Jul
Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>

Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch, German Club, Paulshof (Joburg) 22 Oct; 25 Feb
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomsa.net>

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 18 Jun, 17 Sep, 19 Nov
Contact: Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, RSA. [*My thanks to members who continue to send in articles and photos, and to my Jenny for proofreading.*]

Kenya Regiment Website <www.Kenyaregiment.org> administered by Graeme Morrison
<grae@gtmorrison.net>

Front cover: Collage very kindly compiled by good friend, John Gardiner, Editor of 'Prepare the Way' magazine in Merrivale. [Ed: *Please refer to my note on the inside of the back cover.*]

Back cover: A resident of the Mara (Photographer unknown)

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

NOTE

The collage represents some of the 34 countries, states, provinces where, according to the Membership Directory, most of us and our families live today. I hope the dedicated chairmen and their committees, and John Harman in UK, will continue to 'hold us together' by arranging lunches and distributing newsletters. I understand SITREP plays its part, and I would like to thank the overseas teams who arrange for it to be reprinted and distributed. For the foreseeable future I will continue as editor, but I do, however, request that readers take some of the load, and 'dig' through their parents', grandparents' old notes, albums, memoirs and supply me with articles and photos.

Anne Paton's quote from Alan Paton's 'Cry, the Beloved Country'.

"Cry, the beloved country,

for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fear;

Let him not love the earth too deeply.

Let him not laugh too gladly when the water runs through his fingers,

nor stand too silent when the setting sun makes red the veld with fire.

Let him not be too moved when the birds of his land are singing,

nor give too much of his heart to a mountain or a valley.

For fear will rob him of all if he gives too much."

I have one great fear in my heart,

that one day when they are turned to loving,

they will find we are turned to hating.



CORRESPONDENCE

Errata: Inside the front cover of m-S XLIX, the description of the photograph on the back cover should have read: 'Yamanyani, November 1958' taken from close to the entrance to Manyani Detention Camp, about six miles south of Tsavo on the road to Voi. (Photo by Bill Jackson).'

My apologies to Bill, who added: 'Yamanyani is the name of the trig point on top of the hill.'

Dennis Leete [KR4094] <dleete2@gmail.com> 21/03/2017: I finished reading Heather's bitter/sweet, poignant book, at 01h00 this morning; left numb with emotion, and admiration at her story; and the telling of it. I could smell the dust, and feel the heat. I choked on her anguish and pain. [Ed: *The book to which Dennis refers is 'Daisy's Daughter – Our lives for Africa', by Heather Rookan-Smith (née Griffin)*]

"Cometh the hour, cometh the man", flashed through my mind, and I cannot believe that I never met Heather or her husband, Ian [KR4687] (to my knowledge), all the time we shared our space in Kenya, crisscrossing paths, and the many mutual friends, she mentions in the story. I must have been at Prince of Wales School while Ian was still there [Ed: *Though born in Kenya, Ian was educated in South Africa, returning to Kenya after matriculating at Selborne College, East London.*], then probably just missed him in the Kenya Regiment as I left school in Dec 1951 and was conscripted into the first course to Rhodesia in January 1952, together with Harvey Storm [KR4074]. After completing NS training in July, I immediately started my farming apprenticeship in Kitale, intending to go to Egerton College in January 1953.

I was called to arms on 20 October 1952, and spent the next two years in the forests, before being released in September 1954 to attend the two year Egerton course at Njoro, finishing in July 1956, during which time Ian would have been on a Kenya Regiment course, at Lanet [Ed: *Ian was on the 6th Course, - 22July-17 December 1954*]. At the start I was attached to 'C' Coy (Kitale/Eldoret) with, amongst others, Jock Rutherford [KR4098]; within a week we were camped at Ol Kalou Club for a couple of weeks, which I gather from Heather's story was next to Daisy's *shamba*. [Ed: *The land on which the Club, manager's house, polo field and tennis courts were later built, was part of Daisy's farm 'Anchorage' which she donated to the community.*]

Harvey Storm was my alter ego. We were born within a month of each other in Eldoret, delivered by the same midwife. He went to Eldoret school, I went to Kitale school, as my parents farmed at Turbo; my mother's family came from Eastern Cape in 1908, and my father came in 1919 as a wounded British Officer in the Beadoc syndicate, to Kericho to grow flax.

I first met Harvey on the hockey pitch in 1946 when he captained the Eldoret School side, and I captained the Kitale School side - they won. Then we went to POW school in 1947, and were in different Houses, but the same class. In January 1952, we were conscripted into the Kenya Regiment and sent to Rhodesia together. We were in the same barrack room, and the same squad.

We went our ways after the course, but were called back together on 20th October, though we served in different Companies. He became a District Officer Kikuyu Guard (DOKG) in 1954, and served in the Administration for two years while I was at Egerton College.

I then applied to join Shell Chemicals as a rep in 1957, and on 1st September at 08h05, I walked into their offices in Nairobi, to see Harvey Storm already sitting there - he was always one step ahead of me! I spent the next 23 years working for Shell Chemicals and much of that time, Harvey was my boss. Initially I was a rep. visiting customers and farmers in Kitale, Eldoret, Kisumu and

Uganda, and playing rugby for Kitale. In 1961, I took over from Harvey in Nakuru covering the Rift Valley and Mt Kenya. Harvey started to develop the potential in the African zones.

By 1964, I was transferred to Nairobi as the Development Manager under Harvey, who was by then the Sales Manager of the Company, now covering the whole of East Africa, including Sudan and Ethiopia. In 1967, as they started to Africanize within East Africa, they asked me if I wished to go to Ethiopia, still reporting to Harvey in Nairobi. Being the only white Kenyan citizen, in the Company, Harvey was quietly selected to become the next General Manager, in due course.

But, by a cruel twist of fate, under the international Shell employment terms, I became an expatriate, when I went to Ethiopia, while Harvey, being a citizen, continued to receive a local salary, with terms far inferior to mine. I was supplied a free house, free overseas education for my children at British Public schools, annual overseas leave, and part of my salary paid overseas, tax free. Harvey did not receive any of these conditions, albeit he was my boss. It was untenable for him, as he now had four children ready for secondary education, which was by now, no longer available in Kenya. for aspiring white kids. The Company then offered Harvey the job as Manager in the Sudan, which meant demotion in status, but on expat terms, similar to mine. Harvey accepted the offer and a new expat manager, was sent out from UK to Kenya, to take over his job.

Ironically, the Sudanese refused to give him a work permit, because he was a Kenyan. He was left trapped by stupid bureaucracy, and the Company lost a brilliant manager. However, he had good contacts in London, and was offered a brand new job in BP as a director covering Botswana, Leshoto, and SW Africa (now Namibia), and was able to transfer his pension rights out of Kenya, in spite of strict exchange control. He ended up in Windhoek where Heather and Ian caught up with him.

To complete our amazingly shared fortunes, both Harvey and I have four children each; of whom three were girls, and one was a boy. We parted in 1974, when I took over the Sudan job, and he left for Southern Africa. I only saw him once again, for a few minutes at a Kenya Regiment reunion lunch held near Winchester in 2011, while we were both in UK. I knew he was unwell as he was using crutches following a botched knee replacement that became infected by a MRSA bug, and he died in Australia shortly afterward. I'll never forget him.

Interestingly, similar to the tides of fate that took Heather and Ian through the turmoil of countries in Southern Africa, so mine took me through the perils of *coups* and wars in Ethiopia, Uganda, Somalia, and Northern and Southern Sudan, over the next 20 years. We had the same experiences of civil war erupting around us, on four occasions; in Somalia, in a military coup, then Ethiopia when the Emperor was overthrown; again in Northern and Southern Sudan. But never at the pitch nor terrors faced in Angola.

We had wonderful adventures, and saw amazing places, as I had my small aeroplane, and was able to land in the desert in Northern Sudan, among empty Pharonic ruins, 3000 years old, and camp under the wing of my little Cessna in the moonlight, imagining all the years of history gone by, since these magnificent buildings were constructed, and what was the reason for their existence, and demise, in that lonely place? We also visit Axum, the seat of the mighty Axumite Empire of the Queen of Sheba, which stretched from the Nile across the Red sea through Yemen and southward from Egypt into East Africa; founded by the Kushites and Sabateans from Asia Minor 4000 years ago. We learned of the ancient history and culture of these beautiful people, which as a Colonialist blew my mind.

I also landed on the empty beaches along the Red Sea Coast, where there is no tide, or any vegetation, and dived into virgin seas among manta rays and whale sharks, and millions of coral

fish, along reefs that disappeared into the depths to 7,000 ft, just some 30 to 100 meters from the shoreline.

I am blessed to have had Jane with me, now coming up to nearly 60 years together, to share these adventures; Jane and I met at Egerton College and Pete Reynolds [KR3963] who was at Egerton with us, and farmed on the Kinangop, was my Best man. Jane was the daughter of a marine engineer working on Lake steamers on Lake Victoria, and the Nile in Uganda. She knew how to set the points, adjust the tappet clearance, and do the timing, on my 1936 Ford V 8 side valve, so that it could lick any other car at Egerton; I knew nothing about these things. But I could tell good Dracula stories, and scare the girls at night, and she was too good to miss. Jane was the best animal health student on the course, and merely by looking at a cow, could tell if it was off colour, a day before any vet could say so. And Mary Foster (now married to Don Rooker-Smith [KR4969] and living in Florida, was, and still is, her best friend, since they were together at Loreto Convent in Eldoret.



In April we are heading to Sand Island Beach [LEFT], the Fosters old home, for a few days, though sadly no Fosters will greet us. P.S. Just back from the Coast, watching the full moon rise over the receding tide, while the thump of the breakers on the reef, provides the background chorus; always so, so good.

Henry Hauschild [KR3874] <hhauschi@bigpond.net.au> 05/04/3017: No one as yet has enlightened me as to why our luncheons globally have to be curry. I am all ears! Not that I have anything against curry dishes. In fact I am very partial to a good curry with all the trimmings. June when she is so inclined makes a good dish; I am definitely no expert!

I did at one time, associate with two fellows who certainly qualified - Alan Yarrow and Kurt Land – both of whom even ventured to India together to taste authentic curries. I vividly recall going to an Indian restaurant with them. We ordered our dishes, they ordered the hot variety and I the mild version. The two of them turned vivid red, chameleon-like, tears streaming from their eyes, sweat pouring from their foreheads and grinning in sheer delight and enjoyment!

Another was my late father who could not resist the elevenes at the *duka* of Kanji Virji Unia at Ol'Kalou. I remember on one trip to the Gilgil farm, he partook of some delicacies served by Unia's wife, with hot milk tea drunk from saucers. We were barely into the trip when my father started to turn all shades of red and headed for the nearest stream and started sipping water from cupped hands. I said something to the effect of the dangers of Bilharzia. To which he replied 'Do you want me to die?'

The Kenya curry places of note were the Norfolk in Nairobi and the Tudor House Hotel in Mombasa. The variety and side dishes were superb and many people opted to stay at these hotels because of their curries

Australia was a different kettle of fish. In the late 1960s, curry eateries were rare. There was a reasonable one in Sydney which we patronised whilst at seminars at Wahroonga. Years ago June and I went to the first curry place at Surfers Paradise. I think it was called the Maharajah. The food

was swimming in oil and inedible; we paid the bill and asked the owner where he was from. He replied 'Tanzania' and that he had been a Stationmaster. I could hardly contain myself from mentioning that perhaps he was probably a better whistle-blower/flag-waver than a curry maker! However, I am sure all of us place more importance on the socialising aspect with our comrades.

But it always a bonus to enjoy a good Curry. Our last venue at the Caloundra Power Boat Club was great and the fare well worth the trip north. It met all our expectations.

Jean Boullé [KR6193] <yewtree.jb@virgin.net> 06/04/2017 from UK: I was recently looking through 'back-copies' of mini-SITREP and noticed on page 2 of XLII, a letter from John Davis [KR7457] with a photo, and can confirm that the man in the front row, on the right, marked 'unknown', is in fact James Blake. [Ed: *John's letter stated: As luck would have it, the photos taken by Richard Titman [KR4016] included a copy of the 'Fox and Tit' sign and a group photo taken at Ragati [BELOW]. Tony Eve, who put names to all but two, told me that the sign was painted by Kevin Tighe [KR4252]].*



BACK: TONY EVE [KR4097]

CENTRE ROW: NEVILLE MILLICAN [KR4268], SID MOSCOFF [KR4130], JIMMY MATHESON [KR4224]

FRONT ROW: UNKNOWN, DEREK BRUNNER [KR3954], BOB MUIR [KR4581], JAMES BLAKE [KR4393]

Brian Jeffries <kibo@mweb.co.za> 16/12/2016: Firstly, many thanks for the latest mini-SITREP, which as always gives so much pleasure and revives many memories.

Secondly, a very brief account of my latter days at the Prince of Wales and then my time with the KPR full time. At school one of the activities I enjoyed most was being in the CCF, especially when I was awarded my Marksman's Badge. I have always had an interest in firearms (following in my father's footsteps), and was looking forward to my National Service training after I left school.

However, as a youngster in England, I had a mastoid ear and a fairly serious operation was necessary to remove a diseased bone. To my dismay, the Kenya Manpower Examinations Board deemed this a good enough reason to rule, 'that under the provisions of Section 14 of the Compulsory Military Training Ordinance 1951, I was exempt from any further liability of military training.

All school leavers from the POW (and St Mary's and Duke of York) had been called-up and most completed their training either in KGVI Barracks, Salisbury, Rhodesia or at KRTC, Lanet. I wanted to be involved in 'the Emergency' and so volunteered for the KPR, where I was accepted, medical report and all.



[LEFT: BRIAN AT POW]. I did basic training with the GSU in Nairobi, and because I excelled in the handling of firearms, I was transferred to a training section at Thika Special Camp as a fire-arms instructor. Here I came in contact with two school friends who were in the Kenya Regiment - Robin Stobbs [KR4458] and Nils Andersson [KR4061] - and together we trained tribal police and prison warders to use different firearms.

I was then transferred to Narok where I was involved in terrorist-related duties, patrols etc and liaison with the Masai on security matters. Later, I was transferred to the Police Post at Namanga, where I had approx 2700 sq miles to 'keep an eye on.'

That in a nutshell covered my volunteer service during the emergency, enjoyable but sadly not with the Kenya Regiment and my mates.



John Davis [KR7457] <jojnmdavis@btinternet.com> 15/01/2017: Richard Frost, Hon. Sec. Kings Royal Rifles Corps Association, advised that sadly Jack (Jacky) Murton KRRC had passed away. CSM Murton served with us as PSI in 'C' Company, I believe, from May 1958 to June 1960.

L/R: SGT FRED JONES, SCOTS GUARDS (PSI, KRTC), WOII JACK MURTON AND WOII RON CARDY, IRISH GUARDS (CSM, KRTC).

Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com> 04/04/2017, writes: It has been suggested I write an account of my life but regrettably, I am far too undisciplined and disorganised to sit down, and write every day. I cannot imagine the effort it must have taken Heather

Rookan-Smith to write her book. As she said, the invention of computers has opened up a new world for the likes of us.

Until ten years ago, I could not use a typewriter, let alone a computer; and it was in sheer desperation, when I needed to write some Kenya Regiment correspondence, and had drafted the letter by hand, but Jane, now the manager of the Old Folks home at Fairseat, was simply too busy to

do it, so that I asked her how to switch it on, and then tentatively poked a key, with my finger; and *Kumbe*, a letter appeared on the screen! But it is still a one finger job, to this day.

We spent last Sunday up on the moorlands of the Abedares, having a picnic with some Dutch friends, looking down over Laikipia from a site somewhere between the Amboni and Upper Pesi river valleys.

There is the old road from Ol Kalou, where you can drive straight toward the escarpment, between Lake Ol Bolosset, and the Wanjohi valley, somewhere near Morgan Grenfell's farm, then climb, zigzagging up the steep side to the top, on a rough dirt track, to a village called Shamata, which must have once been someone's farm. This road goes over the top, and descends down toward Laikipia, beside the new electrified National Park fence, separating *shambas* from the forest, and comes out at Ndaragwa, not far from where the Pesi crosses under the new tarmac road to Ngobit and Mweiga, near Major Sharpe's old farm.

It was a beautiful, sunny day and they have opened a new Park gate, near Shamata somewhere near Tony Dyer's old farm, into the Northern Abedares, where the EU has donated a lot of money, re-aligning and surfacing a murrum road into the Park; up through the superb old, virgin forest of giant Cedars, Hagenias Olives and Podo trees, for some three miles until one suddenly breaks onto the Moorlands.

This gate has opened up the Northern Abedares, which I never knew in the Kenya Regiment days. It vividly refreshed my mind, however, of humping the heavy Bren gun on patrol, accompanying some six to eight other mates, up those steep slopes, at 11,000 ft, and lying in a sleeping bag, under a poncho, in the freezing drizzle and mist; maybe in an ambush position, or merely camped for the night by a small trickle of water, listening to the screaming, hysterical hyraxes overhead, which terrified the young British soldiers. I was attached to the Devonshire Regiment for a few months, as a tracker, guide and interpreter, and having never been to England, couldn't understand what they were saying!

This road does not yet connect to the network from Nyeri to Treetops, and the Ark lodge, so is almost unused. I suppose they have about three visitors a week. A lot of elephant droppings along the road, but no sightings during the day, as they descend into the forested valleys each side. We did see two leopard yearling cubs which slunk into the forest as we passed by; shy but unafraid; an unexpected treat for our visitors.

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

Allen, Jeremy Brian Stafford [KR3987]. 01/05/2017. New York State (Don Rookan-Smith)
Ashworth, Robert Philip Kingsley [KR6467]. 25/02/2017. Karen, Kenya (brother Roy)
Barbour, Richard Andrew [KR7046]. 07/01/2016. Albany, W Australia (Dave Lichtenstein)
Bond, Anthony Heyward (*Nyani*) [KR4463]. 03/12/2016. Barkly West, N Cape (brother Roger)
Branford, John Ralph Trevor [KR4354/4423]. 24/04/2017. Durban (Iain Morrison)
Braye, Nigel Ayres [KR4859]. 04/04/2017. Sussex (Jimmy Cruickshank)
Channer, John Kendall [KR6341]. 12/04/2017. Queensland (wife Robin)
Christie, Benjamin Kariako [KR4804]. 28/12/2016. NSW (Al Napier Bax/Ian Millar)
De Haaf, Maureen, widow of Dereck [KR3043]. 08/01/2017. Durban (Mickey Shaw/Keith Elliot)
Hutchinson, Thomas Heap [KR3947]. 26/12/2015. Tzaneen (Keith Elliot)
Lane, William John [KR4491]. 10/09/2016. Queensland (Iain Morrison)
O'Hara, Willa (née Brockie), widow of Hammy [KR3918]. 28/01/2017. UK (Peter Hays)
Purves, Brian William [KR3602]. 13/01/2017. Nr Banbury, Oxon, UK (John Davis)
Russell, Jacqueline (née Pells), formerly Manger. 22/07/2016. Witbank, RSA (Peter Manger)
Schermbrucker, Dr Chris [CCF]. 27/01/2017. Hampshire (Tony Chetham)
Shepherd, Robert Anthony (Tony) [KR6058]. 07/12/2016. Nairobi (Diana van Rensburg)
Warrack, Jean, widow of Neil [KR4178]. 07/03/2017. Hillcrest, KZ-N (Marilyn Northmore)
Watson, Agnes Una (née Stewart) w/o Colin [KR3585]. 10/04/2017. Hilton, KZ-N (The Witness)

CHRISTOPHER SCHERMBRUCKER

(13/01/1935 – 27/01/2017)

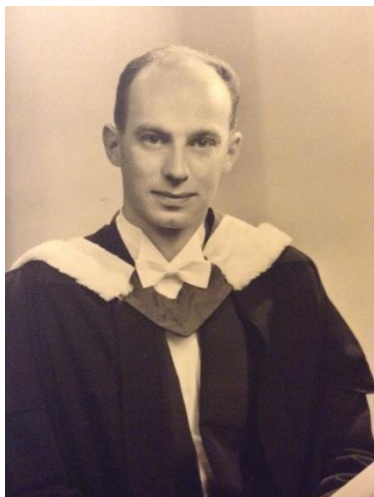
[daughter Kate]

Chris Schermbrucker was born in 1935 in Eldoret, Kenya. His mother Mavis was a nurse in the Eldoret hospital, and his father, Fred was a lawyer who played rugby. The lawyer broke his ankle on the rugby field, and the nurse took good care of him, so pretty soon there was a wedding, and later Chris was born, followed by his little brother Billy. WWII brought the Schermbrucker family south to Nairobi, where Fred moved into the law firm of Kaplan and Stratton.

Chris was interested in wildlife and animals from a young age. He was great friends with the Stanleys - Mona, Robin and David (his best friend since childhood) and he spent many holidays on their farm and at the Kenya coast.

He attended boarding school at St Mary's, Nairobi, and in 1950, the year he wrote the Cambridge School Certificate exams, his mother Mavis died. Later, his dad remarried; Helen providing Chris and Billy with two more brothers, Geoff (now deceased) and John who lives in New Zealand.

At the age of 21 Chris climbed Mount Kilimanjaro with David Stanley, and again later with his wife Ann. He climbed Mt Kenya when Jennifer was a baby. He was always energetic and a sportsman, playing golf, rugby, hockey, and squash. There was mountain climbing in Scotland and the Lake District, skiing in Norway, duck shooting in the Mara, Tilapia fishing at Lake Naivasha, and snorkelling in the Indian Ocean.



In 1951, Chris [LEFT] began his university studies in South Africa at the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Witwatersrand; he continued in pure sciences at the University of Cape Town, and then went to the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College, Edinburgh University, during which time he met fellow student of veterinary medicine, Ann Horne. Chris and Ann were married in 1963 in St Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh.

After graduating, Ann joined Chris, who was then working at a mixed animal practice in Garstang, Lancashire. After a few more years, Chris found he enjoyed veterinary research work so returned to Edinburgh with a scholarship to study for the Diploma in Tropical Veterinary Medicine.

He then joined The Wellcome Foundation, a highly regarded British, multinational company in the field of pharmaceuticals and biologicals. He trained at their Pirbright Laboratory (Surrey) in the development, manufacture and quality control of veterinary vaccines. This was the start of a professional lifetime, dedicated to a large extent, to the global control of foot-and-mouth disease (FMD).

In 1967, Chris was posted to Kenya as Head of the Vaccine Laboratory at the Wellcome Institute for Research on Foot-and-Mouth Disease at Embakasi, on the outskirts of Nairobi. This was a joint venture between the Wellcome Foundation (responsible for vaccine development and manufacture) and the Kenya Government's Veterinary Department (responsible for diagnosis and vaccine testing).

During his fourteen years at Embakasi the collaboration proved to be very successful and the vaccines played a vital part in the control of diseases throughout East Africa. During this period, Chris and Ann's children Jenny, Bruce (now deceased), Kate and Ian, were born.

Chris and Ann lived in a friendly compound close to the laboratory, where the sociable families all lived, played, did the school run and went on safaris together, and several generations of the families are still in touch, though living around the world.

The Embakasi location gave the vets and their families, access to Kenya's magnificent wildlife and lent itself to frequent weekend camping safaris. The laboratory itself was situated a mile from the Nairobi Game Park with its dense population of wildlife, a favourite place to visit, but less favoured when lion repeatedly escaped to attack the experimental cattle which were pastured around the laboratory. Chris used to tell the story of lions coming in across the unfenced road during the night, and how the watchmen would frantically call the scientists to chase them away.

Returning on promotion to Britain in 1980, Chris was appointed Head of Quality Control at the Wellcome's Pirbright Laboratory, where he continued his career for 23 years. His capabilities were well recognised and he rose to the position of Head of Quality Assurance. He was also appointed Qualified Person, a critical position legally required by the UK Government for premises engaged in the manufacture of biological products.

He represented the company in relationships with the adjacent UK Government's Pirbright Laboratory, one of the UK Research Council's principal establishments and also an International Reference Laboratory for FMD and other viral diseases.

His other duties included liaison with the UK Government's Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Foods (MAAF), its successor, the Department of the Environment, Fisheries and Food (DEFRA),

and also with the Veterinary Medicines Directorate, an executive arm of DEFRA dealing with the registration of vaccines.

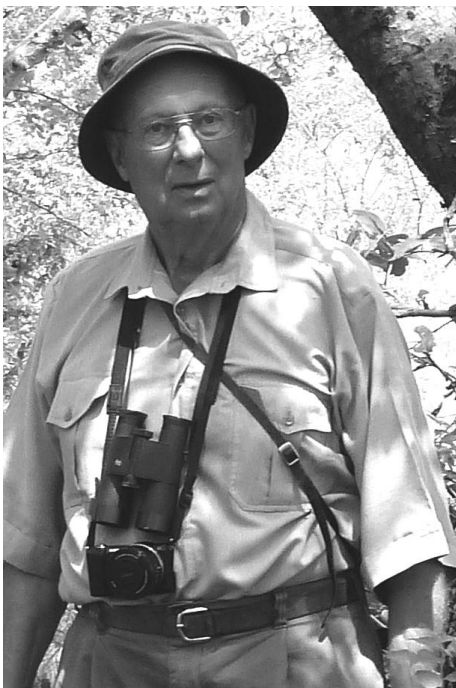
He also served as the Qualified Person for the International Vaccine Bank for FMD and later, after its replacement in 2003, for the UK Vaccine Bank, both located at Pirbright. These facilities store the constituents for the rapid formulation of thousands of doses of vaccine for use in times of emergency. During Chris' era the bank was massively expanded after the catastrophic FMD pandemic of 2001/2002. [Ed: *The source was a pig farm in Northumberland and by the end of the emergency, over ten million head of cattle, sheep and pigs had been culled.*]

Chris' work led him to travel widely, not only to the company's vaccine laboratories in Germany, France, Spain, Kenya, Botswana, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina but also to technology transfer partners in Colombia and India. He also frequently travelled to countries where the vaccines were deployed, to liaise with Governments and farmers in the supply of appropriate vaccines, and in the organisation and assessment of schemes for the control of FMD, particularly in The Near, Middle and Far East and indeed, as far afield as Japan.

Retiring from the company in 2003, he took over as Head of Disease Security at the UK Government's Pirbright Institute where, until 2004, he was responsible for the biological safety of the staff and the secure containment of the many dangerous infectious disease agents of farm animals which are studied there - FMD, Swine Vesicular Disease, Bluetongue, African Swine Fever, Avian and Swine Influenza *et al.*

Some of these diseases are also transmissible to humans. Chris also continued as the Qualified Person for the UK Vaccine Bank until he finally retired from professional work in 2007.

During his career, Chris was author or co-author of numerous scientific papers. He was also an enthusiastic member of both The Association of Veterinary Teachers and Research Workers and The Veterinary Research Club, serving as a committee member and then as President of the club between 2005 and 2006.



Throughout his time in the UK, Chris [LEFT] regularly visited his beloved Kenya, and later Tanzania, on holiday. On his final African adventure, he enjoyed some wonderful sights of the big cats in the Serengeti and coral reefs off Zanzibar. Chris had a seemingly encyclopaedic knowledge of all the different African animals, birds and Indian Ocean fish.

Chris and Ann retired to the friendly village of Upper Farringdon in Hampshire where they lived happily for 10½ years. Chris enjoyed playing weekly tennis and going for walks with other villagers.

He also enjoyed getting together with old friends from the Kenya Regiment Association at their regular curry lunches. Many readers will remember Chris fondly for the stories he told – many times and often at great length! Was there anyone better to go to an Indian restaurant with? He enjoyed the food and wine and he loved to tell jokes and stories; no-one was ever bored and everyone's spirits were lifted.

MAP-MAKERS HELP IN FIGHT AGAINST TERRORISTS

[Bill Jackson KR3817]

Covering 150,000 miles in seven months, a team of ten young Europeans in Kenya Regiment uniform completed an important Emergency assignment last year - the preparation of maps of the troubled areas of the Colony. This was the first part of the work facing the Survey Department, which is still working on the second task of plotting the contours of the Aberdares and Mount Kenya. From its inception in 1903, the Survey of Kenya had been exclusively engaged on cadastral work, providing deed plans for safeguarding of title to land. This work had always absorbed all the resources of the Department, and as a result of staff shortages during WWII, and with rapid post-war development of the Colony, there are many title surveys awaiting attention.

When a State of Emergency was declared few topographical maps of the affected areas were available. Small-scale maps prepared during the war were then out of date; they could be used in general planning, but were of little use to the man on the ground because the scale was one inch to four miles. A small number of large-scale maps, one and a quarter inches to one mile, covered wartime training areas in the Rift Valley and around the Ngong Hills and Ol Donyo Sabuk, but there were none for Kikuyuland, the Aberdares or Mount Kenya.

In the early months of the Emergency the need for good maps was not apparent, for the local Administration and Police Force knew their areas of responsibility, but with the build-up of the Security Forces by Army and RAF units from the United Kingdom, the rapid expansion in the police force by recruits from overseas and the closer administration of the Kikuyu Native Land Unit, good large-scale maps became of importance in operations against Mau Mau. The problem was to make them without too much interruption to title surveys, for delays caused in the issue of title would materially affect the development and economic wealth of the Colony.

In April 1953, an Emergency Mapping Unit was formed, having a field staff of six young Departmental surveyors, and four private surveyors, called to the colours in the Kenya Regiment, and a drawing staff of eight, with the Survey Field Headquarters near Nairobi as its headquarters, and under command of an assistant director. Other members of the Department were already serving with the Kenya Regiment and the Police, and this now brought the total of members of the Department on Emergency duties to 40 of its total strength. The unit was later strengthened by the attachment of draughtsmen from 89 Field Survey Squadron, Royal Engineers, and printers to the Government Printer where the maps were printed.

The Directorate of Colonial Surveys had published preliminary plots on a scale of 1:50,000 (1¼ inches to one mile), covering the Rift Valley, Aberdares and Thika-Nairobi-Machakos areas. These preliminary plots were prepared from air photos and were printed in black only. They were to be the basis of the mapping, but without names, road classification, forest boundaries etc, they had only a limited value in their preliminary plot form.

Ken Burr is the unsung hero who suggested the formation of the Unit having discussed the benefits with the then Adjutant, Capt Roly Guy (later Gen Sir Roly Guy, GCB, CBE, DSO). Ken moved to Australia, studied town planning and went on to be chief of planning for Melbourne, and then the state of Victoria. We swap occasional emails and enquire about our health. He has had some nasty surgery but remains the old well balanced and imperturbable Kiwi who surveyed most of the Kipipiri and Happy Valley area. Condra Hamilton, our escort during fieldwork, was always cheerful, but now long gone.

The first task was, therefore, to improve these base maps by the addition of any information likely to be of value to the Security Forces. The field staff was formed into sections of two - a surveyor

and a Kenya Regiment non-surveyor – mounted in a Jeep or Land Rover, and these sections traveled over every road and track on the maps, classifying the roads and ‘jeepable’ tracks, collecting names of trading centres, markets, missions, police posts, rivers and hills. New roads and tracks made since 1948, when the photos from which the map was prepared were taken, had to be surveyed and added to the map. In the farming areas, the homestead and occupier’s name were added to assist Security Forces in reaching the farm quickly in an emergency. With the help of District Commissioners, boundaries of locations and their names were added to the maps.



[ABOVE: EARLY DAYS OF THE MAPPING UNIT - 1953 - SOMEWHERE IN FORT HALL DISTRICT -

L/R: BILL JACKSON; KEN BURR [KR3633] AND CONDR A HAMILTON [KR3929]. PHOTO - JOHN ALLEN.]

A request had been made to the Directorate of Colonial Surveys in November 1952 for the urgent preparation of 18 preliminary plots covering the Mount Kenya area, and covering Limuru and Ngong. These began to arrive in March 1953, and were checked in the field. In June 1953 a further request was made to the Directorate of Colonial Surveys, this time for nine preliminary plots, extending from Isiolo westwards, through Laikipia to Lake Hannington, and for twelve preliminary plots covering southern Uasin Gishu and part of North and Central Nyanza.

The ground control existed for most of this area, and the Mapping Unit provided the balance. All these plots had been received by January 1954, and have been published without the addition of field information. By October 1953, the field sections had travelled a total of 150,000 miles, and completed their first task of a block of 75 sheets in Central Kenya, extending from Kericho to east of Mount Kenya, and south of Mount Kenya to Sultan Hamud. The drawing office were preparing fair drawings for printing the maps in four colours, and the Government Printer was giving priority to this work. The surveyors in private practice were released to return to their practices, and the Department surveyors continued on their next task.

To publish the maps over as wide an area as possible, as quickly as possible, no work had been done in the Aberdare and Mount Kenya forests. Field sections returned to these areas and, with infantry escort, surveyed and sketched where the terrain and forests were too difficult, the ‘jeepable’ tracks and main foot-tracks in the forests, and new editions of these maps were published. By

November 1953, the work had been completed but the maps still lacked one very important item - contours. It had been possible to add contours on a few maps in the Rift Valley, around Ol Donyo Sabuk and Ngong Hills, by using wartime training maps for compilation.

The Directorate of Colonial Surveys had produced contours for three maps, stretching from Ngobit through Naro Moru, to the summit of Mount Kenya, but no surveys had been made which would enable contours to be added to maps covering the Aberdares and the rest of Mount Kenya. The Mapping Unit was now to provide height control in and around the Aberdares and Mount Kenya, to enable maps in these areas to be contoured from air photos, using stereo-plotting machines. This contouring is being done partly at War Office and partly in the Middle East.

About 250 points whose heights are determined by sensitive altimeters and whose positions are accurately identified on air photos, are required for each map which covers an area of approximately 300 square miles. With the onset of the rains in April, when reliable results cannot be obtained from altimeters, field sections were withdrawn to Headquarters. Four maps had been fully controlled and the heights sent off, and one of these had been contoured by the War Office. Early last month, the rains were lessening and sections returned to the field, but progress is being slowed by continued rain on the higher ground, making movement difficult. Two maps in the Aberdares and four on the southern and eastern slopes of Mount Kenya have still to be heightened in this programme, and it is not expected that this can be completed before the end of November.

From April 1953 to the end of May 1954, 198 maps were published, of which 210,450 copies were printed. Some of these are available to the public. The emphasis throughout the work has been, and still is, on speed of production.

Inevitably, quality in drawing and printing has suffered, but it is hoped that this new activity of the Department will continue after the Emergency when improved editions of these maps will be compiled and new areas will be mapped to assist in the proper development and administration of the Colony.

Friday, September 3, 1954.

NORMAN WAKEFORD [KR1386]

(10/07/22 - 26/10/16)

[An appreciation of his life by his daughter and son-in-law, Deidre and Michael Oakley, transcribed, with additions from the family history, by his nephew, Brian Wakeford [KR7072]].

Norman Wakeford was born on 10th July 1922 at Westcliff, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, England.

His father, Captain Louis Wakeford, was a professional soldier who had risen through the ranks and had previously served with the 7th (Meerut) Division, 5th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 73rd Battery. This was the Lahore Division of the Indian Army. At the beginning of the First World War, he embarked for France with his troops, to participate in the deadliest war ever fought.

The Royal Field Artillery was equipped with medium calibre guns and 4.5 inch Howitzers. Their role was to be deployed close to the front line in France and Belgium. The troops must have suffered tremendous hardship. Horses were used to pull the heavy guns, and must have suffered

also in the mud and gunfire. Many great acts of heroism were recorded, and many men died or were wounded.



[LEFT: CAP BADGE OF THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY]

Louis Wakeford was granted a Commission in the field of battle, and survived the Great War. After the 1918 Armistice, the Times Newspaper had an article on 10th July 1919, listing men of the Royal Field Artillery whose names had been submitted by Sir Douglas Haig for special mention. One of them was 'Wakeford, Lt (A/Capt) L., attached 52nd (Low) D.A.C., R.F.A. (T.F.)'.

Louis Wakeford was Mentioned in Despatches; his citation, dated 1st July 1919, reads: "*for gallant and distinguished services in the field. I have it in command from the King to record His Majesty's high appreciation of the services rendered.*" It is signed "*Winston S. Churchill, Secretary of State for War*".

Louis Wakeford retired from the army in England with the rank of Captain and, at the age of forty-six, decided to move to Kenya Colony where the warmer climate was expected to improve his health. In 1926, he and his wife Di, and their three sons, Ray (aged fifteen), Owen (known as Jim - aged thirteen) and Norman (aged four) embarked in London on the S.S. Mulberra, bound for Mombasa They would join his brother Frederick William who had been there since about 1906.

The three Wakeford boys were educated as boarders at Nairobi School, which by the time Norman attended, had become the Prince of Wales School. In 1928, Ray Wakeford was seventeen and had completed his education at Nairobi School.

After completing his education, Norman worked as an apprentice in a department of the "East African Standard" newspaper. Upon reaching the age of eighteen in 1940, he enlisted in the Kenya Regiment.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, the main concern of the settlers in Kenya Colony was that the Italians had conquered north-east Africa (Abyssinia and Somaliland) and threatened to invade across the border into Kenya and other British possessions in East Africa.

The Kenya Regiment was formed to train officers to command the askaris of the King's African Rifles, and Ray was in the first group of a hundred and twenty-eight settlers to volunteer. His cousin, Jack [KR1094] followed, and then brothers Owen "Jim" [KR1106] and Norman [KR1386]. Two of the next generation of Wakefords to serve in the Regiment were Gordon [KR6767], and the writer of this article, Brian [KR7072].

Initially, Norman saw service in the Reconnaissance and Topographical Intelligence unit in Abyssinia, known as the 'Rekkies'. An interesting narrative about the unit entitled 'Ambushed' by Owen 'Jim', first appeared in m-S VIII in April 1996 and was reprinted in m-S XXXVI in June 2010. In it, he describes 'those early days when the 'Rekkies' functioned as commandos in their half-ton D-2 International open-backed trucks'. [Ed: 'Jim' was awarded the East African Forces Badge (see Page 43), instituted by the commander of East Africa Force, Lieutenant General D. P. Dickinson, DSO, OBE, MC. Prior to his appointment he had been the Inspector General of the King's African Rifles and the Royal West African Frontier Force, and had great knowledge and insight into African soldiers. Further to this he had strong feelings as to the scale of awards and the control that Treasury had over their awards. Furthermore, he disliked the awarding of General Officer Commanding Commendations which he considered were just a 'scrap of paper' of which the African soldier would have no comprehension. He decided that a visual sign was needed to honour

gallantry in place of the commendation, and that it would be recorded on the soldier's records. It would be awarded both to Europeans and Africans of all ranks.]

After Addis Ababa fell to the British Army in April 1944, Norman saw further service in Madagascar, Ceylon and India in tanks.

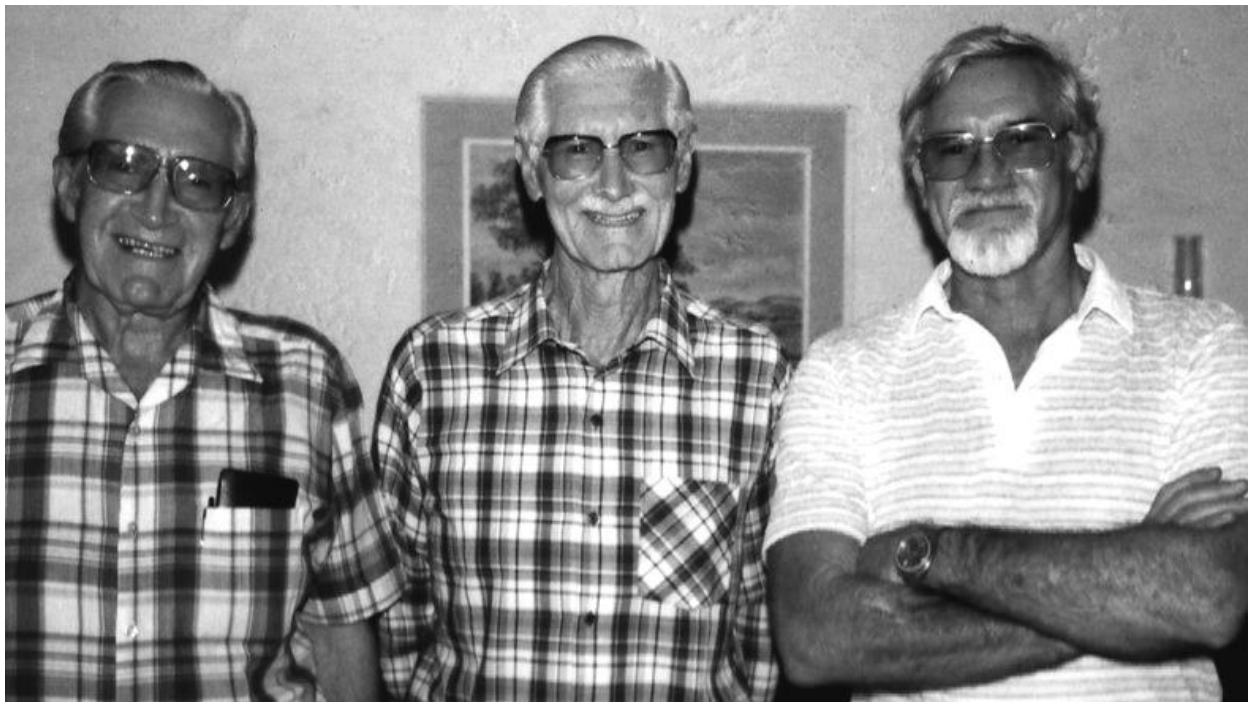
[RIGHT: PHOTO TAKEN IN DABET ON THE WAY TO GONDOR. THE REKKIES - NORMAN WAKEFORD STANDING THIRD FROM RIGHT]



During 1947/8, Norman was hired as a camp manager by the American, Attilio Gatti, for his photographic expedition to the Ruwenzori 'Mountains of the Moon'. Norman was one of five men from the expedition to climb Mt Kilimanjaro from Marangu.

Later, Norman was invited to the United States by Gatti where he met Ann who had just finished school. They dated for a year. Ann travelled to Milwaukee, Chicago and New York, but they continued dating for four years. Eventually, they eloped across the border into Canada where they married. Six years later, Norman became a naturalised American citizen.

The pair decided to emigrate to Kenya and settled at a Colonial Development Corporation gold and copper mine in the bush. Within a year, Norman had built up his own transport business with a fleet of five transport trucks, carrying oil from the ships to the various outlying mines. Next, he started another transport business in Musoma, Tanganyika.



L/R: OWEN 'JIM', RAY AND NORMAN WAKEFORD AT RICHMOND, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA IN 1984

During those years, Deidre and Leslie were born. In 1961, when the girls were six and four years old, Norman and Ann decided to emigrate to South Africa. Norman joined Island Storage in Durban and worked there for twenty-five years. After retirement, he helped his son-in-law, John Skater, in a supermarket and also on a golf driving range.

His final years were spent with Ann at Mount Edgecombe's Richwood Retirement Village on the KwaZulu-Natal north coast, until his death at the age of ninety-four on 26th October 2016.

His daughter, Deidre, describes him as 'a man of great dignity, great integrity and good morals. He was ambitious, responsible and hard working. He was also a sensitive, emotional and creative man who had an interest in everything around him. The outdoors was his passion. His early years in Kenya, in the bush, were a very special time of his life. He also loved the ocean – fishing, yachting and water skiing, and loved a good game of golf. He was an amazing father, grandfather and great-grandfather who lived life to the full."

BLENHEIM Z-7633 EXPEDITION

[Monet Eliastam]

I am back off the mountain!

The expedition was extremely challenging and incredible beyond belief. The hike up took over seven hours, most of which following animal tracks through thick bamboo forest that the rangers had to hack through with machetes.

We set up camp nearish to where the army believed the plane to be, for there are several conflicting reported locations; ate a quick meal and went to bed.

On the second day, we woke up at 5am, packed up camp as quickly as possible, and set off for the supposed plane location. We had a cut-off time of 11h00, by which time if we hadn't found the plane and/or a water source, we would need to head back down the mountain for water.

At 11h00 there was still no sight of the plane. The leaders of the expedition started to think that it must actually be on the other side of an adjacent valley, much too far and too uncertain for us to try to reach it that day, especially since we hadn't found a water source. The only option was to call it a day and head back down the mountain, and to send up another team later.



So, with a heavy sense of disappointment all round, we started walking. Now, there are no known tracks up there, so the Captain essentially just picked a southerly direction (there would have been several different ways we could hack our way back down the mountain) and off we went. After dejectedly walking for about five minutes, there was commotion at the front of the line...we had literally stumbled onto the plane wreckage.

[LEFT – PHOTO FROM WHEN Z-7663 WAS FIRST VISITED IN 2002]

When I think back to that moment, it was all a blur of excitement and disbelief. In one second, the pall of disappointment had lifted and there was a surge of energy. People dropped their packs wherever they stood and we started finding bits of wreckage all around us. I immediately pulled out my camera, which I had placed back in my pack for the trek down, and started filming.

Soon, the Captain got on his walkie-talkie to inform the ops team at the base that instead of returning, we would be staying another night on the hill.

Someone called my name from a bit further away, and I hurried down a slope to see the main body of the plane lying underneath 75 years of forest growth. The soldier who had called me, said, "Your great-uncle is buried here." I felt such a surge of emotions, exacerbated by the swing from utter disappointment, to elated disbelief, that tears started pouring down my cheeks.

Danie, the journalist from SABC TV was close behind me, and immediately started filming, asking "Monet, how do you feel about this, eh?" (imagine the South African accent), so this emotional moment may even make it onto national TV in South Africa.

In this fury of excitement, we located where we believed the remains of the crewmen to have been buried by a team who first visited the wreck in 2002, and immediately got to work digging. Three hours later, with holes now all over the site, we still had not recovered the remains. In a moment out of a movie (but, really, it all felt cinematic, ranging from dark comedy to adventure disaster to sentimental drama), I called my father on my cell phone from the middle of the wreckage, where surprisingly I could get service, surrounded by the entire expedition team as we waited with bated breath to get the number of the Blenheim Bomber expert in the UK who had been there when the remains were buried. But even though John Romain (the expert) confirmed where the remains were meant to be, we could not find anything. [side note: you may remember that one reason we couldn't stay another night was a lack of water. This was taken care of by a dramatic helicopter drop]

Next morning, in another cinematic moment, we placed soil (from the area where we believe the remains to have been buried) in plastic bags, erected a metal cross at the site of the airplane's cabin, had a moment of silence and then set off back down the mountain.



We recovered one of the Browning machine guns [LEFT]. [Ed: *Considering the circumstances looks in remarkably good condition*]

I thought the hardest part was over. WRONG! The journey down the mountain was incredibly difficult. We had mostly run out of food, so except for a light breakfast, we were without sustenance for the rest of the day. At the worst moment, we were slowly hacking our way through thick bamboo forest, standing on layers of matted rotten plant life that was infested with red ants.

Now imagine twelve people, standing in line, unable to move because of the dense forest on either side, waiting for a man at the front to cut a path through the undergrowth, as red ants crawled up ones legs, giving painful, sharp bites closer and to closer to ones groin!

Eventually, it became dark and we were walking with headlamps for the last 500 meters, all of us utterly exhausted from twelve hours of trekking. We made it back to the vehicles at 20h00, tore into the spare rations, loaded up the vehicles, and started the three hour journey back to the army base. By 01h00, I was in bed after a welcome shower, though I believe it will take quite a few more rinses before I am close to what one might call clean.

Tom Lawrence <Tom@equinoxflowers.com> 17/12/2016 provided the itinerary and composition of the party:

23/10/2016. 06h00 - ETD Nanyuki Sports Club; arrived campsite at ±18h00.

24/10/2016. 05h30 start and reached grid ref at ± 09h00. Searched until 10h00, then took 30 mins to recce the next grid ref and decided we could not make it, as it was a very steep sided valley and deep too. 10h30, shouldered packs, walked 30-40 meters and started finding scraps of aluminium and the plane.

25/10/2016. Held a small ceremony at about 07h30, and departed camp at about 08h30; walked until 19h30, the last bit by torch. Personally, I felt there was too much taking of compass bearings and not enough following existing game trails. Some of the bamboo we went through was incredible. We eventually got back to Nanyuki at 00h15.

The team comprised:

Captain Martin (Tomo) Thompson, Royal Engineers - Expedition leader.

Air Sergeant Will Moule (Army Air Corps) - Helicopter Ground Crew

Alex ?? (RAMC -I think) - Medic.

Major General (retd) Gert Opperman (SAAF) - (Chairman, Ebo Trust)

Danie Hefers (SABC) - Cameraman

Miss Monet Eliastam (News reporter from US) - Great niece of one of the crew, Simon Eliastam,

Tom Gregory (African Ascents) - Support and Professional Porterage

Tom Lawrence - Support

Victor Mutaki – KWS Ranger

John Shiroya - KWS Ranger

Jacob Muthe - (African Ascents) - Porter

Davis Wachira - (African Ascents) - Porter

On 23rd March 2017, the Memorial/dedication ceremony for the four crewmen of the ill-fated Blenheim Z-7763 - 2Lt CH Allen, 2Lt HJP Lemmer, Sgt S Eliastam and Sgt Lloyd Murray - took place at the Nanyuki War Cemetery.

The whole 'operation' was driven by retired General Gert Opperman SAAF (Chairman Ebo Trust), in co-operation with the British Army Team Unit Kenya (BATUK), the Kenya and South African Governments and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) who provided the headstones [OVERLEAF] and assumed responsibility for their upkeep.

Now that the crash site has been established, the names of the four airmen will be removed from the Alamein Memorial, where the names of servicemen and women who were 'missing in action in the East and North African campaigns, but their whereabouts unknown', are listed



ANOTHER BLENHEIM CRASH SITE

Tom Lawrence <atomlaw50@gmail.com> 31st March 2017

We also returned to the crash site of the Satima Blenheim. On our first trip, all we found were the remains of the two under-carriage assemblies, and I, initially, thought it was a case of them being caught in one of the valleys of the Malewa tributaries, and simply running out of space.

There was a big fire up there in January which left everything well exposed, and we found a lot of debris that had been hidden by grass and the undergrowth, including another Browning, and both engines which we originally thought must have been dismantled.

If we have the right plane, and I am 95% certain we do, then it is V-6192 which crashed on 4th July 1942; the crew - Lt F.J. Rusk, 2Lt J. Tzamtzis and Acting/Sgt S.L. Geyer - were all killed. The plane was found on 4th January 1943 and for whatever reason, their mortal remains were never collected, and their names were included on the Alamein Memorial.

Because of the fire, the true extent of the crash site was visible, an area of about 500m by 200m. In my amateur opinion, they appear to have been flying southwards and clipped the top of a hill, and cart-wheeled down into the valley. The hope is that we will get John Romain back here, and with the British Army, return to the site and comb the area. We need to do it quite soon before the grass grows back -so it might be quite interesting in April/May!

[Ed: *Once confirmed, I assume General Opperman will arrange a similar memorial/dedication service for the three crew-men, and that their names will also be removed from the Alamein Memorial.*]

TONY (NYANI) BOND (KR4463)

(13/5/30 – 3/12/16)

Tony died suddenly after having an accident on his quad-bike, while doing his farms rounds on Saturday 3rd December 2016.

Words from Tony's wife Anita. "Dear Tony I will always treasure the special bond we had. The unbelievable lessons in life you taught me. Your great love for all creatures from the tiniest ant in the sugar bowl to the most poisonous snake on the lawn".

Nyani's early life – Roger Bond [KR 7231]



Tony has lived here in the Northern Cape (with brief excursions to the Eastern Cape and elsewhere) for such a long time, that it is hard to believe that he did a lot of living before he came here. As his brother I can fill in some, but not all, the gaps.

Tony was born in 1930 in London as my father was entitled to 'Home Leave' every three years, from the Company that he worked for. This meant that mum could have first world treatment for child birth. My dad got his timing right for my two eldest brothers, John and Tony, but somehow got his calendar wrong as his next two sons, David and I, were born in Uganda where my father worked.

Tony was christened Anthony Hayward after Hayward Heath in London. By 1937 the family had grown to four sons, and my father decided that his boys should get a proper education in England. So my mother and four boys were sent off to England to be educated. However, Hitler had a different idea and by 1940 Churchill was trying to evacuate as many children as possible from UK.

With a father in Uganda we were an obvious choice for evacuation and the week before the Battle of Britain we found ourselves on the SS CAPE TOWN CASTLE bound for Africa again. As shipping was seriously disrupted by the Germans and Japanese submarines, we were disembarked at Port Elizabeth and my dad had to drive down from Uganda to pick us up.

Tony continued his schooling in Kenya ending up at the Prince of Wales School in Nairobi. He left school at the end of 1947. Some excerpts, in his own words, from his Prince of Wales Alumnus bring us up to date.

Memories of School:

Cross country and the Scott Labs where I remember Robby Boyd trying to ride a Giraffe which was in a quarantine boma there.

We were very proud of our school, and inter-house rivalry was intense.

Honesty of the boarders - no need for locks on lockers, I am sure that one's wallet would have been returned intact if one dropped it.

The discipline was strict, but we had plenty of freedom over weekends to wander far from school. Towns were out of bounds.

I think the recommended amount of money for a boarder for a four months term was KShgs 25/-.

On leaving school

I worked on various farms and then went to Egerton Agriculture College. After that I worked on a ranch, dairy and pig farm. I think the owner had had twenty three managers and assistants in two years. I was in the Office one day when he fired his wife.

At the beginning of the Mau Mau emergency in 1952, I was called up for the Kenya Regiment, and having completed my training in Rhodesia, there came some serious forest patrols before I was posted as a DO (Home Guard) near Fort Hall.

After the emergency I transferred to the Veterinary Dept as a livestock officer - these were marvellous postings. My duties on disease control took me into all the best game areas in Masai and Masai Mara. The locals used to look forward to my visits as I always carried a cure for trypanosomiasis (Tsetse fly infections) and I and my veterinary scouts had many a sheep barbecue at the Masai manyattas; then to Kitui, where I met so many great people.

I was then transferred to Malindi in charge of the stock route to Lamu and Mombasa, with a big holding ground at Karawa. My duties were not too strenuous and my skills at squash and deep sea fishing improved greatly.

Then to the NFD, stationed at Isiolo, mostly ALMO [Ed: *African Livestock Marketing Organisation.*] duties. Unfortunately, the Shifta were very active and trekking cattle from as far as Moyale, Wajir, Marsabit was a hard task for the herders.

In 1964, I went into partnership with Peter Stonier and bought a small plot of land near Kameelput, Northern Cape.

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Eugene Armour [KR4446]: Much saddened to hear of *Nyani*'s passing. He and I were in the same squad on the 4th course in Rhodesia in 1953, and on return to Kenya were posted to 'C' Coy. The Home Guard posts were being set up at that time to protect the loyal Kikuyu from the forest gangs and *Nyani* and I got posted to run a post on the reserve in the Fort Hall area. It was 'watch your back' most of the time as some of the so called loyalists were not so, and being remote from the rest of the Coy one depended a great deal on one's *rafiki*, and a very dodgy wireless set. You soon learned to grow-up in that situation, and he and I came through OK to see out the rest of the Emergency. We met up again at the Scotsburgh reunion and it was great to remember old times

**

Message from son Matt: Tony's life can be divided into two chapters. First was Uganda and Kenya where he grew up with his brothers, John, David and Roger. The countless stories of the adventures they had in wild Kenya, many of these stories were told to my friends over a cup of tea or a beer on occasions. Many of whom have contacted me since his passing wanting to express their gratitude for the time that they had spent with him.

The second part was his life in South Africa. Farming was always in his blood and together with Peter Stonier they were one of the pioneer onion farmers in the Northern Cape. Tony also had a few years of drilling for water and drilled some of the first boreholes for Bert van Zyl the now famous ZZ2 tomatoes in the Northern Transvaal. He drilled all over the country and met Anita while drilling in the Eastern Cape. When asked how they met he would say that she had nice legs.

I remember him telling me about moving to 'Onverwag' the farm on the Vaal River. He referred to it as his paradise where water was a plenty.

There were some tough times, but I think the hardest thing for any parent to say goodbye to Colin when he was only 25. He also lost his farming partner Peter Stonier in 1997. He managed to pick himself up and had a new zest for life when I came home to the farm.

Tony taught me so much, and I think the one thing that stands out was “Work hard, play hard”. He did this to the end of his life and I am so proud of him.

DUFFER'S POOL-THE MALEWA

[Venn Féy, MC KR393]

Way up on the Aberdare moorlands between the high ridges of Niandarawa and Sattima there are the beginnings of rivers. Visibly they seem to flow eastwards towards the Nyeri and Nanyuki and Rumuruti plains, but some of the water seeps through bogs and giant heather and bamboo forests, down and down on to the undulating farmlands of the North Kinangop, today known as Niandarawa North.

On its way down, the water cascades through the deep shade of mountain forests. Apart from the incessant noise of falling water there is little sound other than the wind playing a creaking tune in the bamboo, and the most lovely of all sounds, forest silence; a cicada squeezing out its midday cacophony and the occasional trill of an Apalis or cinnamon warbler. Just think of all this tumbling cascading mountain water, ice cold and charged with oxygen, and its effect upon the ecology of the river. It certainly produced big trout, and the lower reaches of the Tarasha and the Malewa gave fishermen plenty to think about, and talk about, and dream about over all the years.

My first introduction to Duffer's Pool on the Malewa was memorable. I was ten years old, John Taylor was nine. His father and my uncle, both keen anglers, decided to give us boys the fishing thrill of our young lives.

In those days, to get to Duffer's Pool you drove to Gilgil on the main Kenya-Uganda highway and then turned off on what would now be described as a wagon track. This went past koppies and rocky outcrops, and through Leleshwa scrub, the haunt of Impala and Dik-dik and Dassies. For us boys the scene was made for magic. Gilgil, Dik-dik, Impala, Dassie. The essence of bushveld, and promise of a big trout on a river we had not yet seen, but of which we had heard fabulous tales.

Duffer's Pool. To this day I can hardly believe it is true. It is wildly beautiful in its setting of heavy riverine forest. There is a bit of a waterfall, parted by a rock projection, below which is a ledge, fairly accessible, half way down the fall. John and I were placed on this ledge, John on the left and me on the right. We both had on a Durham Ranger, or was it a Silver Doctor? And we were both on at our first cast. John eventually landed a fine four pound rainbow. My fish wrapped my line around a rock. He was all of ten pounds and the memory of our brief encounter will stay with me always.

I fished Duffer's Pool occasionally over the years, and it was always the same story. I was broken, smashed up by a monster, almost on my first cast. I have never taken a fish out of it. I shall never have another opportunity, but I'll bet you anything that there is a ten-pounder in Duffer's Pool at this moment just waiting for a Durham Ranger to be let into the white water below that ledge. And if you can hook him the best of luck to you!

The Malewa was notable for big fish, and I expect that it still yields its seven-pounders. Over all the years I knew it there were big fish to be taken on Big Fish Days. And there really is such a thing as a Big Fish Day. There are days, blank days, when you try everything in the book and don't get a touch. This could be due to atmospheric pressure or a change of weather. I have thought that perhaps the fish, sensing the oncome of flood, have dashed to their chosen place of refuge behind stones and boulders. There must be tremendous competition to secure a good berth and then hold it

against all contestants. Fancy being caught in a flood with no stone to cling to! Hopeless! So, with impending flood say wise fish, 'leave that Durham Ranger alone'.

But the Big Fish Day - why and wherefore? If we knew the answer to this riddle it would ruin our hope and spoil our sport. I remember the day when Jock, my old school buddy, came round the bend dangling a seven-pounder on his thumb, and I had just lost a monster that straightened the shank of my hook and left me with that awful empty feeling. I remember this far better than the day that I caught my seven-pounder, though that was also a day to remember.

Harry and Jock and I were fishing the Malewa below the Creamery and Jock introduced me to a great grand pool with a lot of turbulence at the head. Slightly to the right of the turbulence there was a sunken tree, deposited by some previous flood beneath which there just had to be a big fish. There was! I eased my fly with skill and baited breath down through the white water to the sunken tree and Wham! I was on. My fish took off like an express train away out to the middle of that great pool and leapt, and the sight of it was utterly startling. Then it remembered its tree, which it came back to like a torpedo.

I knew for certain that if it got in amongst those branches we would be parted. As the fish arrived I lifted with all my might - make or break. It was just enough lift for my fish to cannon into a stout branch. It rose to the surface flapping feebly, stunned, and Harry, who was beside me slid a landing net beneath it and lifted it to the bank.

The entire encounter may have stretched to one minute. Arthur Mitten of the Coryndon Museum, made a plaster cast for me which hangs on my wall and you can feel the dent in the cast, just above the eye, which substantiates my story.

Jock had a nine-pounder and many six- and seven-pounders, but the ones that got away!

There was a pub at Naivasha called the Bell Inn. It was founded and owned by an ardent angler. On the walls round the bar were tracings on brown paper of all the fine trout that had come out of the Malewa. There was also a tracing of Kent's record thirteen-pounder from the Tulaga, caught on the Wagtail, of which I have written. There was an extraordinary shaped seven-pounder which had swallowed a dab chick.

Then there was the seven-pounder that swallowed a wedding ring that was inadvertently dropped into a pool by a newlywed lady. A week later the fish was captured, and its stomach contents were examined on the bar-counter of the Bell Inn and lo and behold, the wedding ring! And by the grace of God the lady and her squire were still in residence, and laid just claim to this treasure trove.

Nigel Chaplin came to us from India, British Army, retired. Talking of Big Fish Days, I know of nothing to size up to Nigel's only day on the lower Malewa. Uninvited, he was poaching.

At about eight o'clock at night we had a telephone call from Nigel at the Bell Inn and his message went thus, "Today I fished that bit of river below the Creamery, with the following results:

- 1st fish - seven and three quarters pounds
- 2nd fish - seven pounds
- 3rd fish - six and a half pounds
- 4th fish - six pounds
- 5th fish - six pounds
- 6th fish - four pounds
- 7th fish - three pounds", and so on!

My word, they were something to look at. Nigel said that he lost as many as he landed. A Big Fish Day! But yes. It has never happened before or since. A Big Fish Day if ever there was one. A Red Letter Day.

Jock Dawson had a punt and one Sunday he invited me to join him, his plan being to drift down the Malewa to the Government Experimental Station and fish an otherwise inaccessible stretch of slow moving deep water. It was in the month of February, the dry weather, with a cloudless sky and the water low and very clear.

To begin with, our passage was uneventful. I don't enthuse about these long canally stretches of deep water. I like the tumbling thrust of a river pushing purposefully between big boulders and cascading its white froth into the heads of cliff-encompassed pools.

We drifted along, more or less in the centre of the stream down a long straight stretch of the most uninteresting water imaginable. The banks were hemmed in by tall rushes. There was sparse riverine forest, and a giant kingfisher sped past us with clarion call. Then I spotted it. The most gigantic trout I have ever seen.

"Jock," I whispered, "drop your anchor, look at that!"

It was an old Cock brownie, and it was on the feed. It rose upwards, turned a little to the side to investigate some passing object, in fact it displayed the lively quest of a hungry fish, and for about a minute we looked in wonder. It was fabulous.

I had a coin in my pocket which I placed on my thumbnail. "Heads or tails?" I said to Jock.



I won the toss and I set about Leviathan. I put on a Kenya bug and dropped it neatly about two yards above the fish, let it sink, and started a slow retrieve. As it passed him he nonchalantly turned and sucked it in

The Great Fish tore downstream, stripping off my line as fast as you can think. "Up anchor, Jock, and row like hell!" I shouted and away we went, down the long straight and round the bend.

I woke up. It was three o'clock in the morning. I was on the floor and I was in a muck sweat. I had hold of one end of the sheet and as I pulled my wife pulled at the other end, and I daren't repeat what she had to say about it.

[Ed: Printed with Beth's permission - from 'Wide Horizon - Tales of a Kenya that has Passed into History, a limited edition by Venn Féy, illustrated by Beth & Keith Féy and printed in 1982.]

DOUGLAS KENNEDY SIMPSON [KR4223]

Douglas Kennedy (*Jock*) Simpson passed away Saturday 9th January 2016 at home in Lincolnshire.

[Daughter Tracey Simpson]:

I have thought for many, many weeks about how to start this email, knowing that the day was approaching when I would need to write it. The truth is, I still have no idea. I think I'll just begin.

In July 2015, my dad; Jock, Douglas, or Dougal, depending on how well you knew him, was told he possibly had cancer in his left lung. In mid September cancer was confirmed but was still very much in the early stages and treatable. I decided to fly to the UK from Australia, which is where I live with my family, for three weeks, to visit and help support him as he decided what path of treatment he would take.

Within those three weeks, whilst he was undergoing a scan for the four weeks of radiotherapy he decided to undergo, we were told that the tumour had almost tripled in size in two months. In the space of an afternoon, everything changed. After much soul searching and questioning, he decided, due to his age, general health and the now unrealistic likelihood of a successful cure, that he would not proceed. I extended my stay and sister Sharon and her family started the search for a new home that could accommodate our dad and his likely needs as he neared the end of his life.

From that day on, he was never alone again, for more than a few hours. Perhaps we could have been accused of smothering him with love. He may well have wished for less enthusiastically committed daughters but, tough, you can't always have what you'd like!!

Whilst he understood that as we did not have a crystal ball and could not know exactly when things would happen, he was adamant that he wanted to remain in his own home for as long as possible. He got his wish and he and I did not move to Sharon's new home until the beginning of December. Shortly after arriving, he had a stay in hospital. He was able to come home for Christmas day. My family also came up from Australia and, along with his long term partner and latterly very close friend, Helen, we all had a beautiful Christmas day together. None of us wanted him to remain in hospital and so, soon after New Year's Day, he came home for the final time.

Whilst it didn't often seem it, when you put things into the perspective of a lifetime spanning over 81 and a half years, after what was, in reality, a very short illness, our beautiful dad passed away at home, on 9 January, in a place full of love. Helen was here, too, from her home in Rugby. I must say, that Sharon and I felt an enormous sense of privilege to be allowed to share what is probably the most personal journey after birth that anyone makes, with our funny, somewhat odd, highly principled and generous father. We love him beyond words.

As has often been the case, our dad did things his way. He was adamant that he did not want to tell people that he was ill. He did not want a fuss and rather chose to wait until he had passed for people to know. He cared enormously about people's feelings and genuinely didn't want anyone to feel sad. Equally, he wanted no pity or for people to feel sorry for him. Instead, he gave me a list of people that he wished me to contact once he had passed. I believe, also, he had no idea what he would say, which I empathise with!

Never having written to tell anyone that a parent of mine has died, I imagine that this is not the way that convention would have me do it. I'm sure something like, "after a short illness, I am sorry to inform you that Jock has died" is the way to do it. However, it seems very clinical and impersonal to me. Besides, I don't often follow convention. Wonder who I get that from....

As a little anecdote, minutes after he had died, Sharon sat with him, quietly and alone. She asked if he would come back and see her at some stage as an owl, so that she knew he was around and still with us. The day after his death, she and I went for a long forest walk, followed by lunch, where she shared with me, the request she had made of him. Being quite a realist, I gave no further thought to it. Driving home, as large as life, I saw a huge owl sitting in a tree. I got her to turn the car around at the earliest opportunity. He was still there, sitting in the tree, presumably surveying the countryside around. In our combined 89 years, neither she nor I have ever seen an owl in the wild. Could it possibly have been him? Who knows.... I wouldn't put it past the old bugger!

Geoff Trollope [KR6987] writes: Jock was a next door neighbour of ours for many years in Nairobi and was godfather to our son. He was also a regular charter passenger with me during my year at Bosky's. We always enjoyed Jock's company over a couple of beers; he was a great character.

[Ed: *My attempts to get a photo of Jock were in vain. I never met him, but he sounds to have been great company. Hopefully, a reader will provide me with a photo for the next SITREP?*]

BOOK REVIEW

WILDFLOWER by Mark Seal

[Carol Wallace]

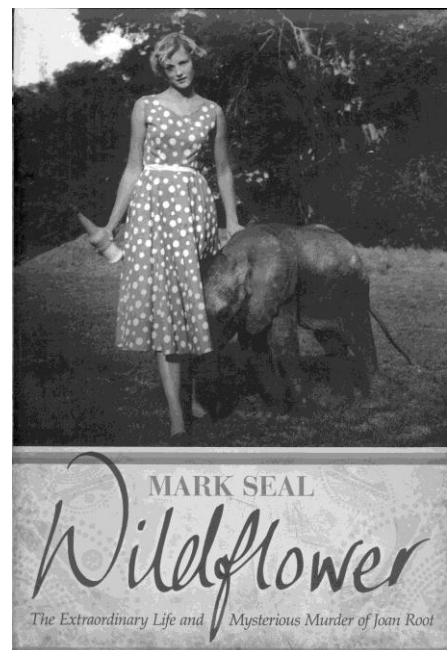
Lake Naivasha, February 2013. Yes, another Africa book, but a more contemporary one. When I was in the Kenyan town of Naivasha about a month ago, we drove past a long stretch of sturdy iron fencing that had the initials 'JR' worked into the panels. I was told that this had been the property of Joan Root (née Thorpe), a conservationist who had been murdered a few years earlier under very murky circumstances.

That, it turns out, was putting things mildly; *Wildflower* originated as a Vanity Fair profile, researched and published shortly after Root's death in 2006. The reporter/author, Mark Seal, found a lot of great sources, including Joan's letters and diaries provided by her former husband Alan Root, a pioneering nature filmmaker.

Wildflower doesn't aspire to literature but it's thorough, fast-paced and apparently even-handed, though the more I read, the less I suppose I understand about anything in Africa.

[ISBN 978-0-297-86015-0. Printed in 2010 by Orion Publishing Group.]

Joan Root was, as one source says, 'a real Kenya girl', which is to say, pretty, smart, practical, and adventurous. She was married to the charismatic, risk-taking Alan Root, whose wildlife movies introduced thousands of viewers in the 1960s to the spectacles offered by Africa. [Ed: *Alan's book, 'Ivory, Apes and Peacocks' is a great read - see m-S XLVIII pp 35/36*].



Seal spends a lot of time in *Wildflower* discussing the Kenya of those days, and the Roots' intense love of the country and its animals, as well as the strenuous process of producing their films. Joan served as a *de facto* producer, organizing the staff, providing the meals, and patching Alan together when he crashed the hot-air balloon or got mauled by a hippo. The two worked together seamlessly and very productively, but Alan's eye eventually strayed and they ended up divorcing in 1981.



Joan settled in a property on the shore of Lake Naivasha [LEFT], west of Nairobi, and was soon involved in attempts to preserve the lake itself. One threat came from poachers who decimated fish stocks; another from the massive international flower farms which were reputed to pollute the lake with their chemical fertilizers.

Finally, the entire area surrounding the lake became a magnet for black Kenyans looking for work at the flower farms. Population rose, slums grew, and so did criminal behaviour.

Joan Root became involved in funding and organizing an anti-poaching group made up of former poachers. Meanwhile, as an older white woman living alone on a big tract of lakeside land, she was more and more vulnerable. The wild animals she nurtured on the land were under threat and soon, so was she.

The gun of choice for criminals in Naivasha, Seal tells us, is the AK-47 and Root was finally killed by a storm of bullets in her steel-lined bedroom. The men who were charged with her murder were acquitted. Naivasha was one of the flashpoints for violence following Kenya's 2007 election. I'm hoping we don't see it in the news soon.

Preface to *Wildflower*

She always knew he would come back to her.

He would climb into his helicopter at first light one Nairobi morning and rise above the screaming madhouse of the city, tilting west over East Africa's largest slum, and flying out into wonder: out over the Great Rift Valley, the cradle of civilisation, a three-thousand-mile-long seam in the earth that stretches from Syria to Mozambique, but is at its most glorious here in Kenya. As the floor of the world dropped away, opening into endless sky and a breathtaking vista, he would follow this corridor straight back to her.

There were things she longed to tell him, things only he would understand. Everything she'd been too shy and self-effacing to say before would now come pouring out, just as it had in all of the letters she had written him, letters she never sent:

A lifetime has passed since we split, and yet some memories of things we did together seem as if they happened only the other day. There is so much I would like to say and share with you-now I know I am not inferior to you.

She waited for him in her blue house beside the lake, which looked so perfect and placid from the air. But this was merely another extreme in a country where great beauty coexists with unimaginable brutality, where the border between life and death is the thinnest of lines, where nothing is ever as it seems.

Now in contact with others, I realise how knowledgeable I am about the natural world. . . . People respect me nowadays. But the only love of my life is one of the few people I cannot communicate with, even as a friend.

She could leave all that pain behind as soon as he came back into her life. Flying over the mountains and dormant volcanoes that form a natural amphitheatre around the lake, he would hover over the emerald green water, taking in its wide, verdant, wildlife-infested expanse.

When you flew over and saw the blue house you were probably happy you didn't live here anymore, but I am really such a different person, I hardly know myself I have written you so many letters in my head, but when I try to write I go to pieces.

She imagined him buzzing the house, as playfully as he always had, then touching down on the grass landing strip and stepping out, as if returning from only a brief safari instead of half a lifetime.

Then at last she would impress him with her independence and accomplishments and show him the abiding endurance of her love.

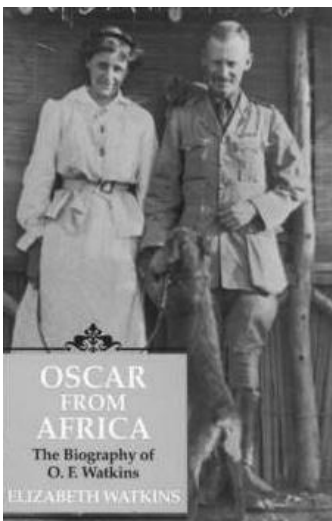
Finally, he did come back to her, flying in with the dawn on January 13, 2006. It was not, however, as she had dreamed for so long. He hadn't come to reunite with the woman who had once been his wife, partner, and best friend, the woman he'd left to live alone in Africa for sixteen years.

He had come to collect her remains.

WHISPERS OF LONG AGO - OSCAR FROM AFRICA

[Elizabeth Watkins (The Radcliffe Press)]

The tenants of Wispers Farm, Kiambu wanted to break their tenancy agreement at whatever cost. But why on earth ... ?



" ... it is the-man in grey. Every night he appears at exactly ten o'clock." There was no doubt that the ghost in grey was Oscar Ferris Watkins. "When our hall clock struck ten," wrote his daughter, Elizabeth, "my father, who was always dressed in grey, would put aside whatever he was reading, and go to the door, open it, and pause for the crowd of dogs to precede him. He followed them for a fifteen minute walk. When he came back he would turn down the wicks of the hurricane lanterns, which were left on all night, place them at strategic points in the passage.

Then, with his reading lamp in his hand, he would take each dog to its own basket, at least one dog to each daughter's room ... "

Colonel Watkins had been dead four years or more when those tenants of Wispers Farm beat a hasty retreat from his ethereal self.

All his life he was strangely psychic. On 23 December 1943, his 66th birthday, he told his wife and daughters, "You know, I never thought to see this day, since I had a dream more than 20 years ago, when we first came to 'Wispers', and saw my grave under the big tree. It had a Celtic cross on it and was carved the date of my death, 1943. I must have been mistaken, it must have been 1945 or 1948"

None of his family could look at him because they knew better than he how desperately ill he was and four days later, before the old year turned into the new, he was dead.

But Elizabeth Watkins' book about her father [Hardback - ISBN: 9781850439486. Publication Date: 31 Dec 1995 Number of Pages: 256] is more meaty than ghostly for it tells the story of his life, his work and his contribution to Kenya as an official in the Colonial Administration. From the days of the Imperial East Africa Company before the turn of the century, "it was the officials who organized the inoculation and vaccination programmes that changed the mortality statistics, who pioneered the roads, welcomed missionaries in some areas and excluded them from others, encouraged traders of cloth and tools, banned sellers of alcohol and firearms. Most of the men employed to make these decisions were professional or university men and a sense of fair play loomed large in their reports".

As Winston Churchill reported in 'My African Journey' in 1908, 'they regarded themselves as guardians of native interests and natives' rights against those who only care about exploiting the country and its people'.

Oscar began his work in Takaungu in 1908, an area 'entirely unsurveyed, the roads are native tracks, often running for 30 miles at a time through bush or forest without a break or village ... '

Twenty five years later, when he reached the official retirement age for the Colonial Service, there was a network of roads throughout the country, even if cars did sink into them up to the axles in the rains. Schools, a judicial system and a medical service were established and developing fast. It always staggers me how much was achieved in the span of sixty six years of Colonial administration; a period which saw two world wars and the greatest economic depression the world has ever known.

During those years the British officials nurtured the people of Kenya. They worked hard, they cared greatly for the men and women they served. It was something of a joke that a DC in, say, Narok would fight tooth and nail against, say, the DC in Machakos; that is, until he was posted to Machakos where his passionate allegiance would be reversed. Their integrity was without question. Many were ambitious, and Watkins was one of them, but self-enrichment was unthinkable.

But in 1933, Oscar reached the Colonial Office retirement age. There was still so much to be done and he hated to bow out. His wife wrote glumly of "the dinner at which they told us what jolly good fellows we were, and we wondered vaguely if we would ever feel jolly again."

For anyone who is interested in the history of Kenya this book is both instructive and fascinating. It is well researched and well written. And for those who doubt the contribution of the British DC there might well be some food for thought, as well as an enjoyable read. Colonel Watkins and his wife were energetic champions of the African, often to the detriment of their popularity amongst their colleagues.

By writing the story of her father Elizabeth Watkins has left a hurricane lamp in Kenya's historical corridor, along which have passed the ghosts of all those men (and women) in the first half of the

century who ensured harmony, justice and security while the young country gathered itself up to take its place among the world of nations.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia: Lt Col Oscar Ferris Watkins CMG CBE DSO (1877-1943) was a British colonial administrator, and Commandant of the East African Carrier Corps in the First World War. After the war he was acting Kenya Chief Native Commissioner and a Provincial Commissioner, and first editor of a Swahili newspaper Baraza.

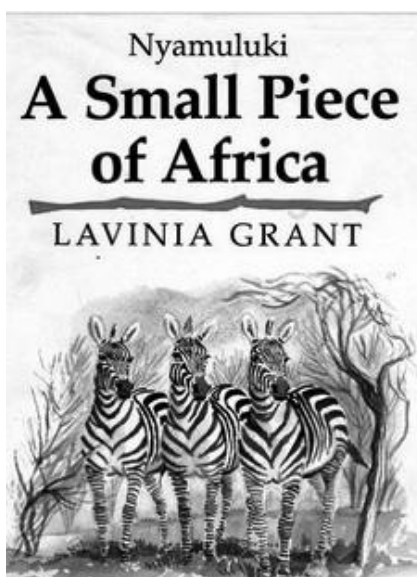
He was the son of Rev Oscar Dan Watkins (1848-1926) - Archdeacon of Lucknow, and Elizabeth Martha (née Ferris (1846-1928) born in Allahabad.

Educated at Marlborough and a postgraduate at All Souls College, Oxford, by virtue of being a Founder's Kin; he was a hockey Blue, and a Bisley shottist. Watkins enlisted in ranks of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry in the Second Boer War, subsequently joining the South African Police.

In 1907, he moved to Kenya and as a junior District Commissioner. He was a magistrate in the Kenya Slave courts, freeing slaves from Arab slavers on the East African coast and developing a lasting interest in Swahili culture.

Commandant of the 400,000-strong Carrier Corps in the East Africa Campaign in World War I Watkins strove to organise an effective force while at the same time protecting the hundreds of thousands of African porters conscripted into the force from the excessive demands of the British Military. After the war, as acting Kenya Chief Native Commissioner, and Provincial Commissioner; and the first editor of Baraza, a Swahili newspaper which, under his editorship, gained the largest circulation of any paper in Africa. He strove unceasingly to protect the interests of the African peoples. Resisting the pressures from European settlers for more labour to be made available to work on their farms, and for more land to be made available for European settlement, he found himself on a collision course with the settlers and their fiery leader Lord Delamere, and a Governor [Sir Edward Denham] who was inclined to take their part.

NYAMULUKI - A SMALL PIECE OF AFRICA



[Lavinia Grant]

If Africa - its bush, animals and plants, space, noise and silence - holds you in thrall, then this book will complete the enchantment. Lavinia Grant has both, described in lyrical English and painted with vivid and yet sensitive clarity, the life around the ranch where she lives. Nothing escapes Mrs. Grant's eye, whether it be the stately elephants or the smallest insect, or even the ancient hand-axes she has found. Mrs. Grant is an artist, and a multi-talented one as the huge variety of illustrations show, but it would be a mistake to think that this is purely a pictorial book of the coffee table genre, albeit with outstanding artistry. The text is as high a quality as the paintings, deceptively simple at times. As with her paintings, sometimes with scientific accuracy and sometimes with a relaxed freedom.

Mrs. Grant writes of her observations during the 20 odd years she has lived at "Nyamuluki". Those years have not been wasted. The result is a book full of integrity with no jarring note; a happy book with odd glimpses of Mrs. Grant's family and pets - brief intimacies that add greatly to her narrative. It has been a work of love, as well as enormous talent.

Credit also to Mr Ian Parker [KR4602] who was responsible for publishing this very well printed book, and who had the insight and wisdom to allow Mrs Grant's paintings to speak for themselves.

EXTRACT FROM 'A SLIGHT TOUCH OF SAFARI'



[Alastair Gordon]

THE SIAFU

But it is not the rats which are the resident plague of the farm. By no means at all do they approach the unparalleled bloodiness and persistent nuisance-value of the safari ants.

Safari ants are the cross that I have to bear wherever I go. Where I go, there appear ants. Millions of them. Really millions, not just plain honest hundreds of thousands but whole nestfuls come streaming across the farm straight at me.

These *siafu* (Swahili for ant), live in underground nests and come out foraging at all hours and every day. They form a brown rippling river, sometimes hundreds of yards long, across the grass, and the pattering of millions of feet wears a path where they have been. Sometimes this endless stream has tributaries that branch out and converge again. But always they are directed by the warrior ants to the objective, be it sugar icing on a cake in the larder, or a newly hatched chick.

The warrior ants are very big, anyway big for ants, and they have great square heads with nippers on them like a crab. They direct and supervise the traffic on the ant-paths, and send messages down the line giving warning of danger. They are also in charge of engineering should it become necessary to tunnel under an obstacle or build a bridge over water, and when on duty at the nest they act as sentries. In fact they are the SS, the Civil Service, the police and the executive all in one. There appears to be one warrior to every few hundred of the ordinary sort.

Frank and I play a game called 'Doing a Stalingrad On The Siafu', and for this we wear gumboots.

Gumboots are necessary, because a siafu stream is not in the least deterred by a human foot placed inadvertently in its path. It just keeps on running, and in this case it has to be not along the path, but up the shoe, up the sock, and up the leg.

To facilitate this vertical progress the ant digs in its nippers to get a good purchase, and when twenty or thirty of them do this at once it is very painful; if they are allowed to climb to a height of, say, three feet, it can become downright dangerous whichever sex you are. In fact, it becomes very necessary to strip straightway from the waist downwards and pick off



ants with haste and urgency.

But with gumboots on it is safe, for they cannot get a grip on smooth rubber, and tumble off back on to their footpath. So with gumboots and a tin or two of DDT we launch out.

It is simple: we just walk down the ant trail spraying it thickly with the powder until we have sprayed about fifteen Army Groups of ants. Then we build a barricade of powder all round the trail and sit back to watch. The confusion is got under control unbelievably quickly by the warriors, who fling about amongst the maddened and stricken insects; often stricken themselves, they strive vainly to find a way out of the trap back to the nest. Many of them do manage to crawl back, but the terrible burning powder goes with them, and in the close-packed confines of the nest they infect many others, so in all we do a pretty heavy killing.

Outside the ring of powder, the ants are frankly bewildered, and bunch up in a great heap until a few warriors come along and sort out the traffic jam, leading the survivors back to the nest by a detour. In a quarter of an hour there is not an ant in sight. In that time the feat of evacuating several hundred thousand ants has been organized and completed.

Frank offers twenty shillings to any boy who finds an ant nest. This is very difficult as they do not make a mound above ground, and the numerous entrances to the nest are concealed in long grass; but the cook becomes so good at finding them that Frank has to tell him to stop finding as he is so expensive.

We burn out several nests with hay soaked in paraffin. First of all we uncover the top layer of soil with shovels, revealing hundreds of vast warrior ants tearing about trying to cope with the sudden and violent disappearance of the roof from over their heads. We cover about as much space as a table top, quickly spread straw over this and throw in a match. When it has burnt out we dig down again, and this time we meet a truly horrible sight. The ground is alive and solid with ants to a depth of several feet. They are in such violent movement that they heave and foam and bubble in brown, treacly upheavals of silent energy. 'What for God made these?' moans Vincent: 'Are they come to destroy us?'

The next dose of straw and paraffin wipes out several million in a few seconds, and we shovel out the shrivelled remains and dig down further. The walls of the hole we have dug are honeycombed with hundreds of tunnels and passages, and into these the ants are evacuating with frantic haste the myriad white eggs laid by the queen ant. The queen ant is the last word in egg machines: she is a slug-like creature, and she churns out tens of thousands of eggs a day. Compared with one queen ant, all the rabbits of the world are but monks and nuns. She has the same ideas about childbearing as locusts have about eating, and the point of our digging and burning is to search out and destroy this profligate mother and her sinister brood.

We dig on deeper and wider, burning as we go, and sweating vastly under the hot sun. But the ants are quicker, and once more their amazing organization defeats us. After an hour's work, in which we visit holocaust upon holocaust on the nest, we suddenly realize there are no more ants: they have vanished into the earth. A vast, silent army has disappeared under our noses.

But we are well content. We destroy the bulk of three nests in three days.

And then comes the avenging horde.

I am wakened a few nights later by Jill's puppies yelling at the front door. I think 'Blast them!' but they keep on with the yelling, so I have to drag myself out of bed. I put on my dressing-gown and slippers and rush out saying tut-tut, and damn you, you little beasts. They are pleased to see me, but

I gather them up with much brusqueness and carry them round the side of the house to their kennel. It is a dark night and I stumble through the grass until I reach their home, but no sooner do I fling them in than they leap out again and dance all round me. I get very cross.

Then in a moment my crossness turns to terror. I have ants. In fact, I am all ants.

I understand: the puppies had been attacked. They were covered with ants, and so was their kennel, and now all over me there is a pricking, nipping, biting battalion of *siafu*. I drop the puppies like hot coals and scamper back to the house. The sump pit is being repaired and I fall into this on the way.

It stinks. And it is also full of ants.

I am now in a state and baying like a wolf. The electric light machine is switched off at night, my torch is broken and I can't find any matches for my candle. I go thundering into Frank and Tatiana's room gabbling like an ape; they are startled into instant wakefulness and they light a candle which I take into the bathroom. I strip my clothes off and set to work picking ants off my trembling and stinking corpse, starting with the vital areas and working outwards.

Meanwhile the puppies, which have come lolloping into the house after me, are writhing about in the dining-room and yelping. Mother Jill, hearing the commotion, comes trotting into the house too, and sets to work with her great jaws nibbling ants off her children. Frank, who is now up, is an interested spectator. He comes to see how I am getting on, and then he goes to see how Jill is getting on.

He then states in a very loud voice that he also has ants.

Simultaneously, Tatiana announces that she is crouching marooned on the bed, and that their bedroom is swarming with ants.

So now we are all in it.

The attack is on in earnest, and we realize that we must go into action immediately. Several Army Groups encircle the perimeter of the bedroom and are spreading out into the passage. There are large fighting patrols in the dining room, a huge foraging expedition in the larder, a reconnaissance in strength is swarming up from the bath plug and the lavatory pan. These last are some sort of naval commandos, for they must have negotiated the drains by midget submarine.

It is all very perplexing to know where to start on them, and we wander round, each armed with a tin of DDT, pyjama'd and gumbooted, damming the advancing tide. We fight them back to water-level in the bathroom, but certainly no further, and set to work on the larder and bedroom. Much in the former must be sacrificed, and the latter looks as though a snowstorm has hit it by the time the powder has reduced the hordes to full retreat.

By now we are on top and shouting stirring battle cries to egg ourselves on. We become ruthless and savage and really unkind to the *siafu* - we try to muddle up their headlong retreat by pursuing them in the garden with torches and more tins. Spring, looking as if he has been in an air raid, creeps out of his hide-out and snuffles half-heartedly at the heaps of ant corpses; reassured, he crawls under Frank's bed and resumes his interrupted snoring. We decide to do the same, for it is now three o'clock in the morning. We circle round the house and discourage further attacks by laying a thick trail of powder round the walls.

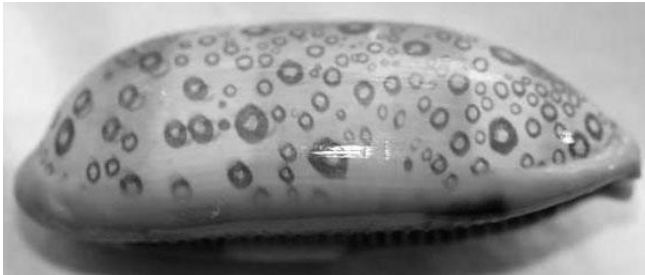
Then at last we sink back on our beds, secure and yet beleaguered behind our chemical battlements.

What a business it all is, this Africa.

EAST AFRICAN COWRY SHELLS

[Shaun Metcalfe and Tim O'Hare]

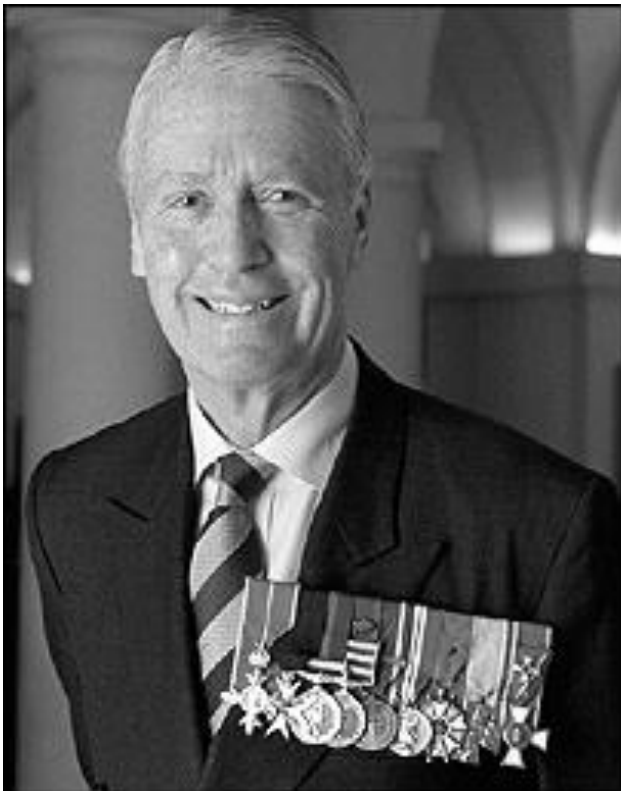
This field guide, details of over 70 species and sub-species of cowry shell found on the Kenya and Tanzania coasts, Pemba and Zanzibar. Also covered, are cowry relatives from the area.



[ISBN 9781911113515 from Amazon Books]

GENERAL SIR JEREMY JOHN GEORGE MACKENZIE GCB, OBE, DL

Jeremy John Mackenzie was born in Nairobi on 11th February 1941, educated at the Duke of York School (Speke House 1955-58), entered the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in 1959 and was commissioned into the 1st Bn Queens Own Highlanders in 1961.



In his 40 years in the British Army, he commanded at every level, and in many of the most prestigious posts in the British Military, including GOC 1st British Corps, forming and commanding NATO's Allied Command Europe Rapid Reaction Corps, and culminating with his appointment as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Europe, where he served three different SACEUR combatant commanders. [Ed: *All American Army Generals.*]

Whilst Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, he was responsible for the Partnership for Peace Program involving 27 countries in Central and Eastern Europe, and the building of forces for the NATO operations in Bosnia and Kosovo.

Sir Jeremy [LEFT]

He has served as an Advisor to the governments of Slovenia and Bulgaria, and for the Department of International Development to Uganda. He served as the Governor of the Royal Hospital Chelsea from 1999 to October 2006.

He serves as a Deputy Lord Lieutenant (DL) of Greater London.

He serves as Chairman of the Board of Blue Hackle Group Limited; a Director of SELEX Communications Limited and Blue Hackle Group Limited; a Director of Sirva Inc. since June 2003; is a Strategic Partner at Torch Hill Investment Partners, L.L.C.

General Mackenzie was made Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath (GCB) in 1999, and Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE) - 1981.

His other awards are:

United States of America: Legion of Merit (1997 and 1999),

Czech Republic: - Cross of Merit First Class,;

Republic of Hungary: Officers Cross of the Order of Merit;

Bulgaria: Order of the Madara Horseman first Class;

Slovenia: Officers' Gold Medal of Merit.

Mentioned in Despatches - 1979

Sir Mackenzie is currently the chief military advisor to the Beretta Holding Group and principal military advisor to Benteler Defense.

He was aide-de-camp to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II from 1992 to 1996.

He has an in-service Fellowship from Kings College London University.

After Sandhurst Military Academy:

1961: Commissioned into 1st Bn Queen's Own Highlanders (QOH)
1974: Canadian Forces Staff College
1974: Canadian Forces Staff College
1975-76: Brigade Major, 24 Airportable Brigade
1979-82: CO 1st. Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders - Northern Ireland and Hong Kong
1982-83: Instructor at Staff College, Camberley
1983-84: Colonel, Army Staff Duties 2, MOD
1984-86: Brigadier, Commander 12th Armoured Brigade
1987: Service Fellowship, King's College, University of London
1987-89: Deputy Commandant, Staff College, Camberley
1989: Major General, Commandant, Staff College, Camberley
1989-91: GOC 4th Armoured Division, BAOR
1991-92: Lt General, Commander 1st (British) Corps.
1992-94: Commander NATO's Allied Command Europe Rapid Reaction Corps (ARRC)
1994-98: General, Deputy Supreme Commander, Allied Forces Europe, Brussels

1997-98: Aide-de-Camp General to the Queen
1990-92: Colonel Commandant WRAC
1994: Colonel, Highland Regiment
1999-2006: Governor, Royal Chelsea Hospital

Member of the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, Royal Company of Archers

President, Services Branch of the British Deer Society
President, Combined Services Winter Sports Association

Publications: The British Army and the Operational Level of War (1989)

Recreations: Fishing, shooting, and water colour painting

[Ed: *General Sir Jeremy MacKenzie is the first Kenya-born Old Yorkist to attain the rank of full General, and as mentioned in my Foreword to m-S XLIX, it is my intention to include in SITREP, pen-pictures of Kenya-born/educated men who enjoyed very successful careers in the military and the public service. His is the first. Having read the eulogy (pp7-9) for Chris Schermbrucker who was educated at St. Mary's, he certainly qualifies in my book, as a top achiever, in the veterinary world.*]

DAVID HUGHES FRANK [KR4443]

[04/03/1935-13/09/2016]

[Jean Woodhouse (née Bews)]

David was on the fourth, six-month NS course at KGVI Barracks, Salisbury, from 8th July to 22 December 1953, and on his return to Kenya was posted to 'A' Company - he went a boy and came back a man.

He was a goalkeeper for Kenya Men's Hockey Team and selected for the Rome Olympics, but he did not accept because his mother had been threatened in her kitchen and they were 'advised' to leave Kenya. He even received threatening letters which he had filed.

His brother, Ronald was the goalie for the Kenya squad at the Melbourne Olympic in 1956.

David's daughter Linda was a goal keeper when she was younger and lived in SA. Her son Steven also plays goal keeper, however, he plays ice hockey (in Australia). Her youngest son, Dylan plays field and ice hockey and plays in defence in field hockey, also in Australia. David's other grandson Brandon plays hockey as a goal keeper in England, so the tradition continues.

Family details: Wife - Sheena (née Valentine). Daughters: Linda Penhall, Pauline de Witt and Mellaney Colenbrander, and son, Glen.



L/R: DAVID, MELLANEY, GLEN, PAULINE, LINDA, SHEENA

THE KENYA ARMoured CAR REGIMENT

[Ed: Apart from [KR1680] Mervyn Carnelly's compilation, 'The History of the Kenya Armoured Car Regiment during the Abyssinian Campaign 1939-41', and copies of EAACR/KACR battle logs which included names of Officers, the Roll of Honour and Military awards, and which were provided for all members of the Regiment, the backbone was missing, for very few names of the NCOs and soldiers were recorded. From these publications I have extracted some of their names and hope readers will sift through their father's, g/father's and g/gfather's military collections and documentation, and provide me with more names, ranks etc. Of course, if one could somehow bypass the UK Data Protection Act, a researcher could, possibly, be permitted access to all the WWII records of East African units - KACR, EAA, EAE, KAR, EAEME, EAASC etc, presently stored in UK, and compile complete lists!]

INTRODUCTION

As information about what was happening on the Italian frontier was required, a Scout Platoon was formed, consisting of fourteen Kenya Settlers, mostly farmers and white hunters who had a comprehensive knowledge of the area. During those first days in September 1939, the Scout Platoon did invaluable work patrolling the frontier and making road reconnaissance. [Ed: I have been unable to locate a list of the fourteen, but assume Aubrey Aggett [KR222], Noel King [KR228], Maurice Randall [KR630], and Bill Ryan [KR2910], were among them.]

The original fourteen Scouts were then transferred to Nairobi and formed the nucleus of the East African Reconnaissance Squadron (EARS), known from its birth as the 'Rekkies'. The Squadron comprised Squadron Headquarters (SHQ) and four troops, each with nine fighting vehicles. These reconnaissance vehicles were half-ton International trucks, each fitted with a Bren gun mounted on the roof of the cab. With a range of over 400 miles, they were capable of a fair cross-country performance in the sandy wastes of the Northern Frontier District (NFD), but were entirely 'unarmoured'.



[LEFT: EARS BADGE – COURTESY ANTHONY ALLEN]

When Italy declared war, SHQ and three troops were sent to patrol the NFD and were based at Wajir and Garissa. Within a month, the fourth troop had joined the Squadron and for the next three months the 'Rekkies' had little rest.

It soon became obvious that armour of some sort was essential if heavy casualties were to be avoided. No armoured cars were at that time available in East Africa, but Nairobi engineers tackled the problem. Using a Chevrolet chassis and constructing a body of boiler plating, the 'Susie' was created. She had no turret but carried an anti-tank rifle and a Bren gun, fitted on the left of the driver's seat, with alternative mountings in the rear. On each side were loop holes through which a Bren gun could be fired; a wireless set was fitted in every third vehicle.

In 1940, manpower was increased and EARS became known as the East African Armoured Car Regiment (EAACR), with an RHQ and three squadrons, the first of which, 'A' Squadron, equipped with 'Susies', went into action at El Wak on 16th December 1940.



The remaining two squadrons were equipped with 'Fortress' and 'Edge' vehicles, also built in Nairobi, had turrets which gave them a better field of fire, and protection afforded by the 'Susies'. They took part in the subsequent advance to Addis Ababa; the 'Fortress' and 'Edge' being replaced by South African built Marmon-Herrington B armoured car [LEFT], as they became available.

During the Abyssinian campaign, 'A' Squadron co-operated with the 12th (African) Division in the advance from Garissa to Gimma. RHQ, 'B' and 'C' Squadrons formed part of 11th (EA) Division which advanced from Jubaland to Addis Ababa.

On 30th June 1941, the Regiment was renamed the Kenya Armoured Car Regiment (KACR).

It may be of interest to add that although formed in Kenya, Regimental personnel included many farmers and men with a mechanical knowledge from the Kenya Regiment, men from Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Northern & Southern Rhodesia, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Belgium, France, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Whilst 90% came from British stock, the Foreign legionnaires played their part manfully, and are just as proud as the original Scout Platoon, of being referred to as 'Rekkies'.



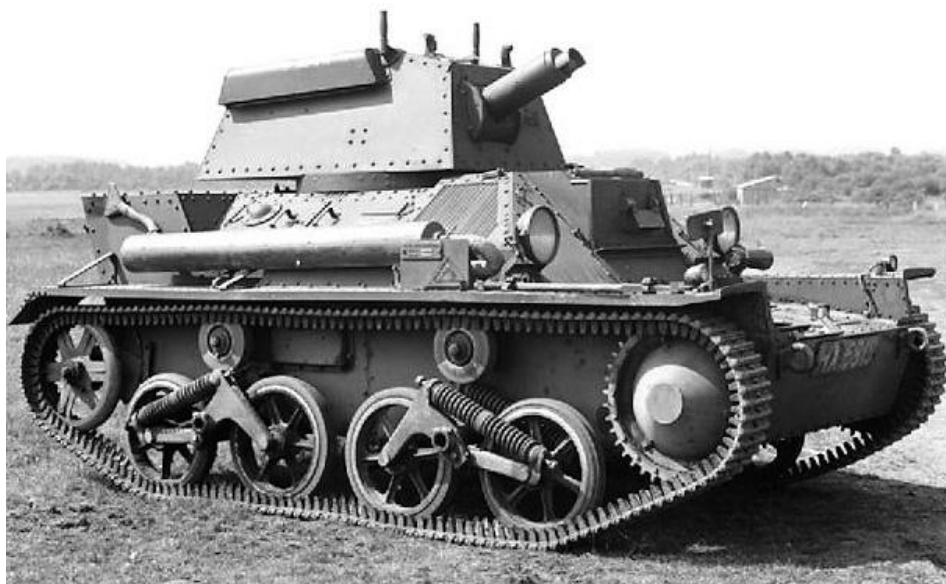
CARTOON BY MERVYN CARNELLY OF A KAR OFFICER AND A 'REKKIE'

KACR IS AFRICANISED - GILGIL 1942

When the KACR (less 'C' Sqn) returned to Kenya after the Abyssinian Campaign, they were based at Langa Langa Barracks, Gilgil in preparation for Africanisation.

3rd ARMoured RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON

A newly formed squadron, the 3rd Armoured Reconnaissance Squadron (OC - Maj. H.B. Swann), moved across to the other side of Langa Langa, and was equipped with South African Mk.III Light



Tanks (1932) with Rolls Royce engines, and Vickers machine guns [LEFT], that had survived Abyssinia; also equipped with Ford V8 tank transporters, and 3-tonners to teach the new African crews to drive before putting them into the tanks; of course, we first had to teach ourselves to drive and maintain the tanks, and how to operate the Vickers.

In May 1942, the squadron moved to Kaloleni near Mariakani at the Coast for, we were told, a cover-up for the invasion of Madagascar on 3rd June. There we stayed, manoeuvring and training until the end of the year when we returned to Gilgil, prior to taking over from 'C' Squadron KACR in Abyssinia as part of the Occupied Enemy Territories Force on 19th February 1943.

We abandoned our tanks at Gilgil and travelled by GMC 6x6WD trucks, via Nanyuki, Wajir, Bardera, Mogadiscio, Scillave, Hargeisa, Giggiga, Harar to Lake Aramaia, 30 miles short of Dire Dawa; 1,584 miles in eighteen days. Arriving on 9th March, we were there until 24th April when we moved to Giggiga until the end of the year.

During that time, apart from endless exercises in the Armoured Cars and innumerable games of hockey, mostly lost, I flew by Dragon Rapide to Nairobi and back by truck in July and again to Gilgil by truck where I was rather badly burnt by an exploding pressure lamp. From Gilgil I went with many other arrivals, to OCTU at Njoro, where we were subsequently commissioned, and via Ceylon and Ranchi (India), posted to 1/4th KAR in Burma.

Those whom I remember in 3ARS were:

Maj. H.B. Swann [KR574] of Kitale and later famous for his deep-sea fishing fleet at Malindi;

Lt. Johnny Brown [KR668] who farmed near Ngare Ndare;

Capt. Mason (UK);

Lt. Frank Poppleton [KR1813] from Thika; later Game Warden of Uganda's Murchison Falls and

Queen Elizabeth NP; also, I believe, of Tiger Tops in India and later South America's parks;

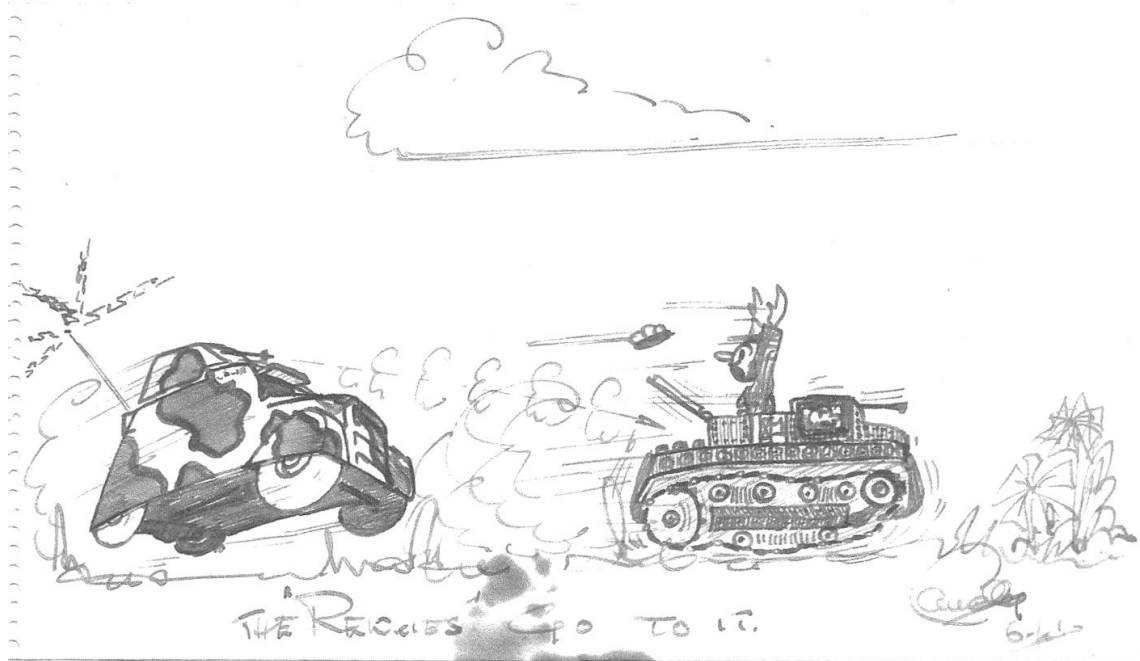
Myles Turner [KR884] of Nanyuki and later Game Warden of the Serengeti National Park;

Ron Groves (Devon Regiment) who won the Sword of Honour at our OCTU;

Johnny Wellmans from Eldoret;

David Draper, chief mechanic, from Brazil;
 John B.T. Reilly Cowan MBE, of Kisumu who became No.2 in the Kenya Prison Service;
 Taffy Trenfield (Royal Tank Corps) who later joined Johnny Brown at Ngare Ndare;
 Frank Stratton, ex-Pembroke House (Kaplan & Stratton), later Crown Prosecutor, Hong Kong;
 Jack Suffield, Nairobi, Standard Vacuum Oil Co. Brother was Secretary, Muthaiga Club;
 Ian Walmsley, ex-Pembroke House and later went to U.K. Engineering (?); and
 Solly Sullivan (Royal Tank Corps), our Orderly Room Clerk.

KACR subsequently sailed for India and were stationed at Goluti near Ranchi, but never saw action again, for the north of Burma where the KAR operated so efficiently, was not tank country.



CARTOON BY MERVYN CARNELLY – THE RECCIES GO TO IT

[Ed: On page 37, mention is made of the Regiment being equipped with Edye, Fortress and Susie 'armoured' cars; from its shape, the one in the above cartoon, is an Edye?]

KENYA ARMoured CAR SQUADRON – 1952-56



[Ed: I have no documentation about this squadron which, according to the internet, was equipped with Dingo scout cars and Daimler armoured cars. I know that my former squadron leader when I served with the 17/21 Lancers in Hong Kong and Aden, Tony Bateman, was either a troop leader, 2IC or the squadron leader. Ian Parker [KR4602] mentioned that he remembers Peter Jenkins [KR4311] wearing a beret with the Rhino badge [LEFT].

As Peter was commissioned, I assume he was posted to the squadron as IO, and interpreter; I understand all the officers

and some WOs and senior NCOS, were attached from British regiments, the remainder and all ORs being 'drawn' from KAR battalions.

The only names I have of personnel who served with the squadron, are:

Bateman, Tony (17th/21st Lancers)
Higginson, Peter [KR3149]
Jenkins, Peter

[BELOW: LEFT - A DINGO SCOUT CAR AND RIGHT: A DAIMLER ARMoured CAR]

Any information and photos pertaining to this unit, would be appreciated



The following are names (and some other data) extracted from Mervyn Carnelly's book. Again, any further information would be appreciated.

THE KENYA ARMoured CAR REGIMENT

THE FOLLOWING OFFICERS SERVED WITH THE REGIMENT DURING THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN:

Lt. Col. J.B. Pemberton (CO) - 14th/20th King's Hussars
Maj. C.R.P. Walker (2IC) - 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards
Maj. J.M. Dodington (Adjnt)
Maj. D.M. Geddes, MC (OC 'A' Sqn) - Cameron Highlanders
Maj. J.L. Yeatman (OC ' ' Sqn - Royal Fusiliers
Maj. H.M. Keith Murray (OC ' ' Sqn)
Capt. B.J. Pullibank - (OC 'C' Sqn) - Royal Tank Regiment
Capt. E. Steptoe (Tech. Adjnt)
Capt. J.C. Pringle, MC (2IC 'A' Sqn) - 8th Royal Irish Hussars
Capt. J.C. Cornforth, MC (OC 'A' Sqn viz Maj Geddes)
Capt. E. Barry, OBE (OC 'C' Sqn)
Capt. L.R. Duirs, MC (OC 1 Tp)
Capt. H.B. Swann
Capt. O.O. Coryton - Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry
Capt. M. Oshry (RMO) - South African Medical Corps
Lt. G.H. Swynnerton (OC 9 Tp) (2IC 'C' Sqn)

Lt D.I. Ker (QM) (OC 3 Tp)
Lt. D.C.S. Fisher (OC 7 Tp)
Lt. J.J. Fitzpatrick, MC (OC 8 Tp)
Lt. W.N. Blain, MC
Lt. A.W. Symes (OC 2 Tp)
Lt. J. Barnett
Lt. E. Chetwynd-Stapylton
Lt. J. Woodcock (OC 7 Tp)
Lt. F.R. Nimmo-Smith - Royal Scots
Lt. H.B. Strickland
Lt. A. Montague
Lt. R.G. Clifford
Lt. G.K. Richardson
Lt. E.S. Williams, MM
Lt. H.C. Middelboe (Asst. Tech. Adjt)
Lt. R.K.S, Hendry, MM
Lt. L.G.E. Llewelyn, MM
Lt. C.A.A. Manning, MM
Lt. C.N.L. Fernandes
Lt. R.W. Mason - Manchester Regiment
Lt. G.A.H. Millard

ATTACHED

Lt. E.H. Hutchings - South Africa Light Tank Coy
Lt. C.D.F. Osmond - South Africa Light Tank Coy
Lt. G.Mcl. Yuill - OC No. 6 Mobile Workshop

OTHER NAMES

Allen, Tpr S.J
Archer, Tpr R.L.
Ayre, Sgt W.H.
Balfour, Tpr
Ball, L/Cpl R.S.
Barborton, L/Cpl
Bastard, Cpl
Bekker, Peter
Bester, Rocky
Biddell, Tpr N.G.
Bird, Dickie
Bousfield, Jack
Boyagain
Bramwell, SSM
Brent, Tim
Case, Bertie
Case, Charlie
Chapman, Sgt A.S. MC
Coe, L/Cpl W.C.
Compton, Sid
Copland, Tpr

Cowan, Tpr J.A.
Curwen, S/Sgr R.E
Cuthill, Cpl
Davies, Tpr T.
De Sopra, Bruno
Drane, RQMS
Duffield, RSM
Gille, Tpr L.A.
Fenwick, Tpr MM
Fremlin, L/Cpl
Fisher, dereck
Foster, Tpr J.P.
Gretahead, Ken
Hamman, Tpr EAFB
Hasluck, Sgt H.M. MM, EAFB
Hayes, Brian
Howard-Williams, Mark
Hendry, Sgt R.K.S. MM
Higgs, L/Cpl R.B.
Hitchcock, Tpr H.A.
Hoff
Holland-Smith, Lt
Jacquemier, Tpr P.
Jones, Sgt
Katzler, Ted
Kilian, Panda
Koren, Dan
Llewelyn, Sgt MM, EAFB
Manning, L/Cpl C.A.A. MM, EAFB
MacDermott, Sgt G.
MacIntrye, Tpr A.C.
McDonell, SSM
Migeot, Tpr A.E.
Odendaal, M.D.C.
Pickering,
Pollard, Cpl
Randall, Jack
Ransome, Cpl Roger
Rawson, Cpl
Reynolds-Ball, Tpr R.C.
Rintaul, Robert
Robinson, L/Cpl MM
Roets, Tpr J.N.J.
Steenkamp, Tpr R.C.M.
Symes, Sgt A.W. EAFB
Thompson, S/Sgt
Townesley, Tpr G.
Trench, L/Cpl
Van der Merwe
Van Rensburg, Tpr W.H.
Venville, Frank
Wakeford, Norman
Wakeford, Tpr O.S. EAFB

Williams, Bill
Williams, Sgt Edward Spencer, MM
Williams, Tpr K.G.
Woodcock, Timber
Woodley, Bud
Worrall, Cpl MM



[LEFT: EAFB (EAST AFRICAN FORCES BADGE)]. [Ed: According to a Mr Lungley, who was awarded the EAFB, in correspondence with Mr E.G.F. Johnson, 'a 2Lt in the 2 King's African Rifles was awarded the badge but the CO insisted on it being returned, with the result that the 2Lt was awarded an MC. Similar action was taken in the case of Sgt Carroll who received the MM'.. A Northern Rhodesia newspaper cutting, annotated in manuscript Northern News - 1940:

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT

The award has been announced of the East Africa Force Badge for distinguished conduct in the field to the following in respect of the Somaliland Campaign:

*2Lt Davison Lungley, Northern Rhodesia Regiment
Sgt E.F. Carroll, Northern Rhodesia Regiment]*

OTHER UNITS/FORMATIONS MENTIONED IN M.D. CARNELLY'S BOOK

Curle's Irregulars
Habash Irregulars – CO Lt Col Henfrey
Pilkington's Patriots

SAAF. A Hurricane flown by Capt. Frost DFC was shot down; he was rescued by Lt Kershaw who landed nearby and the two took off with Frost sitting in Kershaw's lap and landed at Dagabur - Kershaw awarded DSO – youngest at 20yr and 3 months

VEHICLE NAMES

Annabelle
Bodicea
Sasparilla – Tech Offr's veh fitted with loud hailers

LEGEND OF THE PANSY SHELL

[Editor]

The emblem of South Africa's Plettenberg Bay, is the Pansy Shell, with a perfectly 'carved' flower on its back.

In February this year, our son and family, on a visit from Surrey, found a couple of Pansy shells whilst walking on the beach at Ballito, on KwaZulu-Natal's north coast.



The internet indicates, that although it's called a 'shell', it is in fact the skeleton of a small burrowing, purple-coloured sea urchin, covered in short furry bristles, which feeds just under the surface of the sand in shallow pools.

Pansy shells have the best of both worlds; they are born male and later become female in order to lay the eggs already fertile inside them. The tides wash the eggs out to sea, where they turn into larvae and are washed back and deposited in the sand. They then hatch into small sea urchins, and when they die they are bleached by seawater and the sun, and washed onto beaches. [LEFT]

One of the reasons I included this article, is the comment that 'the Garden Route is the **only** place in the world where these shells are found. A similar species is found in California where they are known as sand dollars. They differ from their South African cousins in that they have no perforation and have a rounder disc-like shape.

Two years ago, Mr. Edgar Cooke of Plettenberg Bay kept two pansy shells as pets and it looked as if 'pet pansies' might take over from the 'pet rock' craze of the time. He kept his pansies in a plastic bowl filled with sea sand and water, and every second day he took them for a walk on the beach. It didn't mean much walking for Mr. Cooke as his pansies moved at the rate of only about a metre an hour. Apparently, pansy shells have been found on Mozambique beaches. Does any reader remember seeing them on our East African beaches?



[RIGHT: SKELETON OF A 'BIG BROTHER', NORMALLY FOUND ON THE REEF OR ATTACHED TO CORAL – SAND ISLAND BEACH – 1981]

LIFE IN THE OLDEN DAYS

[Keith Elliot KR4289]

Sometime in November 1953, I awoke in the Cottage Hospital Nyeri, with a bloody sore leg, in a ward filled with British soldiers, and it took a few minutes before I remembered how I got there!

It all started on the 20th of October 1952, when Sir Evelyn Baring signed a document declaring a State of Emergency in Kenya Colony; three months later, I found myself on a plane bound for Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, in company with ninety nine others, including George McKnight [KR4246], and Jim Lapraik [KR4229] whom I had known ever since we were rabble together in Hawke House, Prince of Wales School; and whose life continued to be intertwined with mine until the sad demise of Jim some years ago.



The custom dictated that, as I was in a different barrack room at KGVI, we did not socialise at all during our stay under CSM Cameron's regime, as we were all drilled with an intense competitive attitude, to end up as Champion Squad. With Boet de Bruin [KR4296], and Koos Kleynhans [KR4292] in our squad - they still attend our Transvaal Luncheons - how could our squad lose! [LEFT: KEITH]

After six months of doing exciting things, like marching for thirty miles overnight, which is about the same as marching from Johannesburg to

Pretoria, down a two strip tarmac road, then digging a trench the next morning (really useful preparation to face the adversary we were to be up against on our return to Kenya) we flew back to Nairobi.



[ABOVE: PASSING OUT PARADE 13/12/1952: KGVI BKS. L/R: COL DUNSTAN ADAMS MBE, MC (HON COL KR), LADY KENNEDY, MAJ GEN SIR JOHN KENNEDY (GOVERNOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA – 1947-53), MAJ TONY LEWIS DSO (PARADE COMD), LT COL GUY CAMPBELL OBE (CO, KR).]

Although I was working for the KCC in Nanyuki when I was called up, I cunningly put down my parent's address in Tanga, as my, 'home', and Her Majesty's Government kindly flew me there and back for our pre-posting leave.

On my return to Nairobi HQ, I was pleasantly surprised to find I had been posted back to Nanyuki as a Sergeant, to join 5th Battalion Kings African Rifles. Surprised because having been in Kenya for only few years, my Swahili was very rudimentary (why did they not teach Swahili as a subject at the P.O.W.?) We were based at Embu, and our OC was an Irishman, Major Mike O'Connor [RIGHT], commonly known as Mad Mike!



We were fortunate to have two really *lekker* British National Service second Lieutenants in 'C' Company, unlike some (of this more later!) and I was soon on Christian names terms with both of them; much to the shock and horror of the British CSM who was a regular, and called me 'Sergeant Elliot' until I left! Unlike the two Lts, he never did a single patrol.

Whilst the Embu area was not exactly the sharp end of things, we had our share of the action, and a couple of instances stood out.

At some stage Mad Mike learnt that I owned two Alsations in Nanyuki, and insisted that I brought them to our encampment. After an adventurous journey in a supply lorry, the driver stopped (for a cup of tea?) on the road near Karatina, and both dogs (they were brothers) slipped their leash, and disappeared into the heart of Kikuyu land. Of all the different places they could have ended up, they eventually arrived at a Scottish Mission Station, and via devious ways the news got to us, and Mike sent a Landrover to collect them!

We were camped about seven miles from the edge of the forest, when the *Serikali* (Government) embarked on one of its, 'surrender' campaigns, and we were tasked with posting surrender notices on trees all the way up to the bamboo. As this was a non-active fighting patrol, I was accompanied by my dogs for the exercise. We took the truck for 10km up to the forest edge, from whence it returned to base, and we set forth up Mount Kenya, hammering as we went, the two hounds having a wonderful time chasing Colobus monkeys amongst the trees.

After about an hour, we came under quite heavy gunfire from a concealed enemy. This was returned with interest, and we successfully put the attackers to flight, with no casualties on our side. Follow-up took place with some success, and silence eventually returned to the forest, not jungle as some members of the Security Forces termed it!

However, there was no sign of the Alsatians!

The noise of rifle fire from both sides and the Bren gun and Stens chattering away, must have been extremely loud and upsetting for them. We called for them with no success, then trekked back to the forest edge, radioed for the trucks, and with one last look around, drove back to our camp.

Second time unlucky I thought.



However, around 03h00 the next morning, two thirsty, tired but otherwise unharmed animals [LEFT] arrived safely in my tent, much to my relief. Just how can animals do it!

Some months later, we were on a routine patrol through the many *shambas* in our area, and, as we approached a thick banana grove, we discerned movement therein, and gunfire was opened in our direction. The modus operandi for an ambush in a relatively open area, was to yell, *Shambalia* (Attack!), and go straight for the source of the problem. I managed a couple of steps before my left leg gave way under me, and I fell to the ground with a .38 bullet lodged in

my thigh. My corporal took over the chase, and hours later I was on the operating table in the Nyeri Hospital.

It was interesting being in a ward with National Service 'squaddies', who, when the MO made his morning inspections, moaned and groaned as if they were about to pass away; then as soon as he finished his rounds, were out of bed, and playing football up and down the ward!

After a year with the 5th KAR I moved to the *Serikali* as a District Officer, Home Guard (DOHG), again in the hilly area of Embu, but with my own Landrover [RIGHT], and a private army! This was a much better way of getting close to what was going on, and at the end of my twenty four months of National service, I signed on for another year!



My CO, Colonel Hugh Hardy, had a delightful daughter, who lived in Limuru, whom I used to date, it was now easy to drive to Nairobi, as I had my own transport; I don't think he ever found out !

My two *rafikis* (Jim Lapraik and George McKnight) followed similar paths to mine.

Jim became a Sergeant with the Devons, and when leading a patrol through the bamboo in the Aberdares, encountered a rhino on the narrow path. From behind him, his British Officer opened up on the animal with his Patchett, and succeeded only in putting some six rounds into Jim! Amazingly, they did not hit anything vital, and after a stay in hospital, Jim returned to civvy life as fit as ever. He eventually left Kenya, and after a spell in Rhodesia and South Africa, retired to Exeter, Devon. Many years later when visiting UK, I asked Jim's wife, Thelma, 'why they had chosen to settle in Devon. She responded, "Jim had so much Devon Officer's blood pumped into him after he was shot, that he felt like a native Devonian!"



George had, as a child, been a haemophiliac. His mother felt that the Regiment examining MO should be made aware of this. There was, in those days, a widespread belief that, 'once a bleeder, always a bleeder'. The MO was not bothered- he said - 'You look okay to me, in you go'. George became a DOKG.

[Ed: Thought this Punch cartoon of a persevering MO, or the recruit who passed at the thirteenth examination, to be appropriate!]

He was based on the lip of the Escarpment, and was blessed by the fact he did not suffer from a bullet wound; he still lives in Karen, with a fabulous view of the Ngongs from his verandah, and has put up with me every time I have been back.

I have enjoyed my return visits to Kenya, which I have managed to do regularly over the past forty seven years, and will always look back with great affection to the twenty three years I spent there.



[LEFT] Keith also sent this photo of a Lincoln bomber on its way to bomb the forest. "Phew! Near miss? Only casualties were the animals".

WARTIME LOSSES ON BLENHEIMS WERE HEAVY, NOT ONLY FROM ENEMY ACTION BUT ALSO FROM CREW TRAINING. ONE OTU THAT CONTRIBUTED TO THE FIGURES WAS BASED IN KENYA, A BASE THAT WAS JUDGED UNSUITABLE FROM THE START

[J.E. Fail]

[Ed: Readers may ask 'Why so many articles about the Blenheims?' Well, it was the closest most of us readers came to WWII, with fighter bombers stationed at Nakuru and Nanyuki flying all over the Rift Valley; during the Emergency, Lincolns and Harvards operating from Eastleigh and Nanyuki. I'm sure most Kenya youngsters dreamt of being pilots?]

When the Empire Air Training Scheme (EATS) in South Africa and Rhodesia began to produce pilots in reasonable numbers, it was decided to establish a base in Kenya for an Operational Training Unit (OTU). This was decided as the situation in Egypt was no longer safe for training units and a base in Kenya, as well as being safer, meant the newly trained aircrew did not need to be sent back to the UK for their OTU courses; especially as these crews were destined for the Desert Air Force where casualties were to become high in the daylight bomber squadrons due to the arrival of the German *Afrika Korps*.

The airfield in Kenya (RAF Nakuru) was chosen and No 70 OTU moved in during the late summer of 1941. However, the airfield turned out to be a poor choice as it was an uneven grass field and Blenheims, the type used by the unit, were not all that easy to land even under ideal conditions.

The RAF had a policy of deploying obsolescent aircraft with its overseas units at this early stage of the Second World War and although this had worked against the Italian *Regia Aeronautica*, the arrival of the *Luftwaffe* was a different story.

The Blenheims were flown to Africa via the Gibraltar and Dakar route. 70 OTU received a few Blenheim 1s but mostly Blenheim IVs. The ground crew and some of the Wireless/Air Gunners (WAGs) were shipped by sea, but not all arrived as one troopship was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean by a German U-boat. Among those rescued was Sgt Leslie Mew who became the chief clerk in the 70 OTU, SHQ orderly room and recorded the events at the airfield.

Flying began at Nakuru in October 1941 and 70 OTU was in trouble from the outset. On October 22, Blenheim IV V6141 (coded 43) and flown by Pilot Officer (P/O) Guy on a night cross-country navigation exercise became lost and ran out of fuel, crashing well off course at Thomson's Falls.

On the same exercise, P/O Archer crash-landed on the airfield in Blenheim IV V6326. Two down in one day but many more were to follow. On November 17, Sergeant (Sgt) Mitchell flying Blenheim IV V7505 crashed on landing at Nakuru and the aircraft was burnt out. The next aircraft to crash-land on the airfield was Blenheim IV Z6450 (32) flown by P/O Chalmers on November 21, 1941. He was followed by Sgt Nichols on November 24, who 'pranged' Z6158.

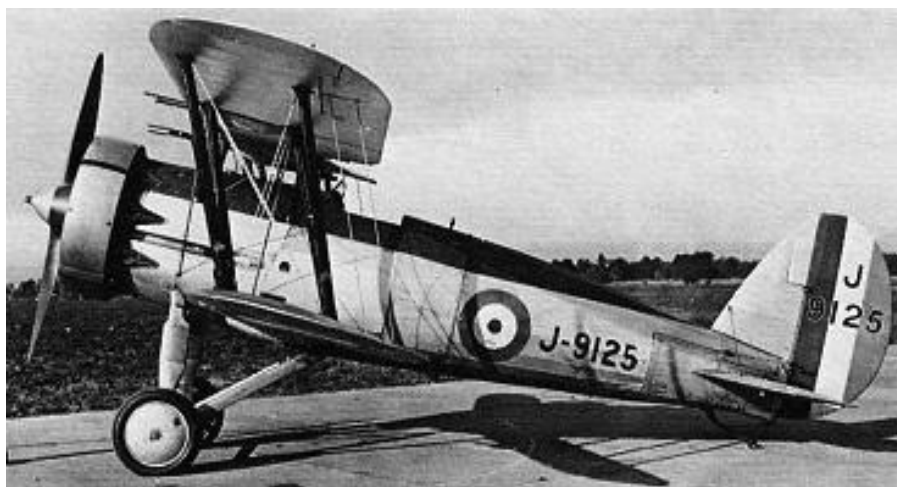
Engo Shura Tembuki (nine miles from Solai) was the next site for a crash when, on a night cross-country flight, Sgt Campbell became lost and ran out of fuel, piling up Blenheim IV V6494 (36) on December 6, 1941.

Between December 15 and New Year's Eve, seven Blenheim IVs and one Gauntlet II were to crash on the airfield at Nakuru. They were:

V6468 (42) piloted by P/O Johnson on December 15;
V6190 (27) piloted by Sgt Alcock on December 16;
Z6152 'Liz' (47) piloted by P/O Philips on December 21;

Z6453 (71) piloted by Flight Lieutenant (Flt Lt) Booker on December 21;
Z5884 piloted by Sgt Hamilton on December 22.
Z7621 (66) piloted by Sgt Robinson on December 30; and
Z9610 December 30, possibly in the lake - no details given.

The Gauntlet II K5292 piloted by a 70 OTU instructor, P/O King, crashed on December 28, and was one of three in the Met Flight, It had been a survivor of the Abyssinian Campaign but Nakuru airfield proved too much for it and its starboard wheel collapsed on landing. P/O King was unhurt and comes into the story again later. [RIGHT - A GAUNTLET]



By this time the Commanding Officer (CO) of 70 OTU, a Wing Commander, was becoming desperate and his New Year's message, pinned up in the Aircrew Mess and the crew room, read:

"To All Pilots

A Blenheim costs £10,000, and in just over two months you have managed to damage and, in some cases, completely destroy, at least £120,000 worth of aircraft without the enemy firing one single shot, or without even being in action.

I wish you a Happy New Year and appeal for better airmanship in 1942."

Signed etc.

Note: The author feels that although the CO's message was true, he could have made some allowance for the surface of the airfield.

The CO's hopes were soon dashed when on January 6, 1942, no less than the Chief Flying Instructor (CFI), Squadron Leader (Sqn Ldr) Mills, crash-landed Blenheim IV V5539 on the airfield, and seven days later Sqn Ldr Ferguson crashed onto the airfield in Blenheim IV T2392 (70), making it two in one week. These were two experienced, ex-operational pilots, which speaks for itself.

On January 19 and 20, Sgt Milne had the dubious honour of damaging two Blenheims in two days. The first was V6362 which suffered a collapsed undercarriage, and the second was when he flew into a flock of flamingos, badly damaging the front of Z7765 which forced him to return to base.

During the 1950s, Tony Powell was a charter pilot in East Africa and at times flew from Nakuru (the British Forces had reactivated it as a base against the Mau Mau). In the dry season a Blenheim could be clearly seen in nearby Lake Nakuru and he last saw it in 1957, before he left Kenya. Making enquiries, he found out that the aircraft had force-landed 'on' the lake during a night exercise during the war (the author thinks it was Z9610). The pilot was unhurt and sat patiently on top of the 'plane waiting for rescue, but when dawn came he realised that the aircraft was down in

only twelve inches of water so he walked ashore. Before preservationists dash to seek the wreck, Lake Nakuru is a soda lake and the aircraft will by now be in poor condition.

Between February 9, 1942, and February 25, four more accidents occurred, involving Blenheims V6234, V6241, Z7762 and V5879. Then, on February 28, P/O King, who earlier had crashed the Met Gauntlet, crashed Blenheim I L6659 (15) onto the airfield after a night exercise with Sgt MacDonald as student pilot, well and truly 'bending' it. On March 23, Sgt Viellard (SAAF) crash-landed Z7850 (58), also on the airfield.

The next crash was a bad one which occurred nine miles north of Nakuru, the pilot was Lt Ballard (SAAF) flying V6191 on April 2, 1942.

A lull takes place at this stage in No 70 OTU's story while new types began to arrive - they were Blenheim Vs and Baltimore IIs. The Blenheim V or Bisley, was derived from the Mk IV and meant to replace it, but it was not a success and the *Luftwaffe* found them easy meat. The Baltimore [RIGHT] on the other hand was highly successful and did extremely well with the Desert Air Force and also later in Italy and Yugoslavia.



It fell to P/O Clarke to 'bend' the first of the new types when Blenheim V BA303 (42) crashed north-east of Elmenteita on October 9, 1942. The first Baltimore II which crashed was piloted by Sgt Forbes and had swung on take-off, causing the port undercarriage to collapse right in the middle of the airfield. The aircraft was AG818 (52) on October 11, 1942. The second Blenheim V BA240 (44) piloted by Sgt Viellard, crashed north of Elmenteita after a formation collision the previous



day, and on December 18, 1942, one of the last Blenheim IVs, Z6158 (46), also crashed at Elmenteita, the wreckage being scattered over half a mile. [LEFT: **BLENHEIM V**]

The first accident of 1943 was on January 12, when Blenheim V BA385 (14), piloted by P/O Roberts crash-landed on the airfield. This was followed by P/O Watkins-Baker on January 27, 1943, in Baltimore II AG792 (53) which crashed south-east of

Nakuru. Finally, again in the Elmenteita region, Blenheim V BA666 went down on May 21.

At last, it was realised that Nakuru was unsuitable as an airfield for the training of aircrews, Egypt now being considered safe for that task following the ousting of the *Afrika Korps* and the *Luftwaffe* from North Africa. No 70 OTU was therefore moved to Shandur in Egypt.

It is impossible to finish this article without stating the admiration held by the author for those who flew at Nakuru, 'game triers' on a poorly surfaced airfield who went on to fly in the Desert Air

Force. They suffered very high casualties with a low survival rate, especially on the Blenheim IV and V squadrons.

However, the Blenheim V did have one VC, this being awarded to Acting Wing Commander Hugh Gordon Malcolm of No 18 Sqn who carried out unescorted daylight attacks at low level against Bizerta and Chougui. He and his squadron were intercepted by a large force of *FW 190s* and *Me 109s* and his colleagues were shot down one by one until only his aircraft was left. In the end he too was shot down in flames and the crew killed. .

[Ed: *Attempts to contact the author of this article were unsuccessful, and it is understood that the magazine in which it first appeared, is no longer. Statistics indicate that 155 Blenheims crashed in Kenya whilst on training exercises. Brian Carr-Hartley mentions a bomber crashing on Ken Randall's farm at Rumuruti; there were no survivors. In her story of her life, my mother mentions a bomber crashing at Ol Kalou on 'Anchorage', owned on her mother Daisy Griffin. Mum drove the survivors to the CCP at Gilgil. In both cases, I have been unable to identify the crash sites, the aircraft numbers, nor the names of the crews, and this despite tremendous input from Kevin Patience and Tom Lawrence. Hopefully, readers can shed some light on some of these crashes.*]

MOUNT KILIMANJARO

Keith Elliot <kje@telkomsa.net>: For years I have been brought up to believe, that the reason for the kink in the border twixt Kenya and Tanganyika, where the demarcation line hits Kili, was 'cos Good Queen Victoria, gave the mountain to her grandson Kaiser Wilhelm, as she already had a snow covered peak on the equator.

Try as I may, Google an' all, plus asking, in person, James Willson, an expert on the 14/18 war in GEA, I have not found a likely explanation until now.

Before giving giving you the answer, plus source (a very good book on the life of German Settlers on Mount Meru, in the early 1900's), I would like to ask; does anyone have a legit answer?

**

Steve Pawl responds: I've heard of the story that Queen Victoria gave Mt Kilimanjaro to the Kaiser. It appears to be a myth, though I thought it was true for a long time after having read it in Kenneth Bolton's book 'The Lion and the Lily'.

It seems that the truth is more mundane, the border around the mountain was decided by a German-British-French boundary commission in 1886, and took note of the fact that the 'last' treaty concluded on the mountain gave the Germans influence over Kilimanjaro. From what I read in Kenneth Ingham's 'A History of East Africa' and Thomas Pakenham's 'The Scramble for Africa' (a super book!), in the 1880's a number of expeditions made treaties with the Chagga, who lived on the slopes of the mountain.

The prime mover was a rather villainous German adventurer called Carl Peters. To forestall his plans to annex Kilimanjaro, the Sultan of Zanzibar sent an expedition in 1885 under General Lloyd Mathews (for whom the Mathews Range in Northern Kenya is named) to Kilimanjaro. Mathews got a group of Chagga chiefs under their leader, Mandara, to sign treaties of loyalty to the Sultan of Zanzibar who was beholden to the British and administered an empire on the East African coast.

A few days later, after Mathews' expedition had left, one of Peters companions, Carl Juhlke, arrived, (Peters was in Berlin, trying to get Bismarck to support his actions) and Mandara then signed another treaty; that placed him and his fellow Chagga chiefs (and thus Kilimanjaro) under the protection of the German East Africa company! And thus it remained, and the boundary commission took that final treaty into consideration.

Some background stuff; Peters antics were being followed by Lord Salisbury, Foreign Secretary, and Sir Percy Anderson, Africa expert at the Foreign Office. Worried about the spread of German influence, and by some sabre-rattling by the Germans, who sailed warships into Zanzibar, they decided to partition 'the East African Mainland' between Germany (influence mainly to the south) and Britain (influence mainly to the north).

They simply abandoned the Sultan of Zanzibar and forced him to accept the German Protectorate over part of his mainland empire. Salisbury then negotiated the formation of a three-country - Britain, Germany and France - boundary commission in late 1885, and this led to an Anglo-German agreement in late 1886 that agreed the Kenya-German East Africa border (as it now stands Kenya-Tanzania) between the Indian Ocean and Lake Victoria, and limited the empire of the Sultan of Zanzibar to a small strip of coastline.

The border curved around Kilimanjaro, but it seems that the draughtsmen on the Commission just drew it that way, recognising that the last treaty signed gave the Germans control!

**

Dennis Leete: This myth persists today, but it is wrong. The alignment was due to the establishment of a British Missionary Station in the Teita hills in the 1880s before the boundary was drawn. It is surprising that the protagonists should have accepted this small outpost of God as a valid reason for the alignment, but there you are.

The Word of God carried weight in those days.

OPERATION LINE - THE ROAD FROM MAJUNGA TO TANANARIVE

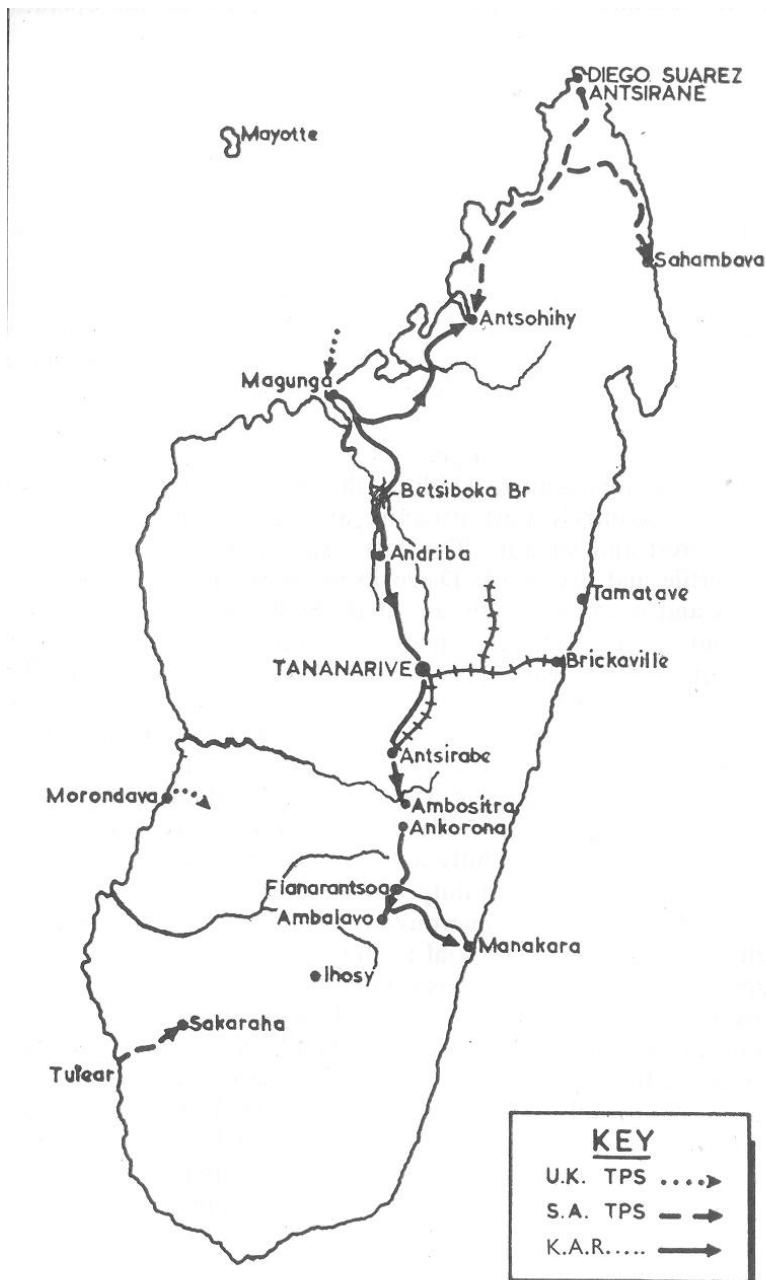
1/1st King's African Rifles in Madagascar, September 1942

[Major Harry Fecitt MBE]

Background

In 1942, the large island of Madagascar that lies off the East African coast was controlled by a Vichy French government more friendly towards the Axis powers than the Allies. After some argument and debate, but prompted by Japanese advances in the Indian Ocean, the Allies decided to seize the northern tip of the island; the aim of this military action, named OPERATION IRONCLAD, was to deny naval facilities to the Japanese.

The operation was mounted on 5th May 1942 using three British infantry brigades, an Army Commando and a substantial Allied naval force; after some serious and brisk fighting the country around Diego Suarez was seized. The British casualty figures were 109 men killed or missing in action and 283 wounded; French figures were around 150 killed and 500 wounded. French West African troops, collectively named Senegalese, were the best infantry in the Vichy force.



The Japanese riposted with a midget submarine attack into Diego Suarez Bay on 30 May which sank the tanker *S.S. British Loyalty* and damaged the battleship *Ramillies* which had to be towed to Durban. The French Governor General of the island, Armand Annet, continued resisting the Allied presence with the troops that he had south of the Diego Suarez area, and with his small air force. [LEFT: MADAGASCAR]

General Smuts in South Africa pressed for the occupation of the whole island, arguing that the Japanese could use other ports on the island as bases. Although two of the three British brigades used on OPERATION IRONCLAD had moved on to India they had been replaced by an East African brigade group and a Northern Rhodesian brigade, also the South Africans provided a motorized brigade.

With these new formations, the decision was taken to occupy the remaining Vichy-controlled area of Madagascar. The 27th (Northern Rhodesia) Brigade would garrison the Diego Suarez area whilst the other formations fought further south.

The landing at Majunga

Three consecutive operations were planned under the name OPERATION STREAM LINE JANE.

STREAM would see the remaining British 29 Independent Infantry Brigade and 5 Army Commando assault from the sea and seize Majunga on the west coast of the island.

LINE would see the 22 (EA) Infantry Brigade Group and 'A' Squadron, 1 (SA) Armoured Car Commando land at Majunga and quickly fight its way the 360 miles to Tananarive, the inland capital of Madagascar.

JANE would see the re-embarkation of 29 Brigade from Majunga to mount a new assault on Tamatave, a port on the eastern coast of the island.

Concurrently as part of STREAM, a small diversionary Commando group of 40 men was to land at Morondava, 280 miles south of Majunga.

22 (EA) Brigade Group was commanded by Brig W.A. Dimoline OBE MC, and he was the commander of OPERATION LINE. His Bde Gp consisted of:

1/1 (Ny) KAR (Lt Col J.F. McNab);
5 (K) KAR (Lt Col P.A. Morcombe);
1/6 (TT) KAR (Lt Col R.G.T. Collins);
56 (U) Fd Bty EA Artillery;
9 Fd Regt, Royal Artillery;
60 Fd Coy EA Engineers;
5 (K) Fd Ambulance.

The 145 Light AA Tp, Royal Artillery, was also in direct support for OPERATION LINE.



[LEFT: LANDING AT MAJUNGA].

Because of the narrow frontage on the winding mountain road to Tananarive the Brigade had trained to operate in three Fighting Groups (FG) based on the three battalions.

1 FG was 1/1 KAR and a bty 9 Fd Regt
2 FG was 5 KAR and 56 Fd Bty; and
3 FG was 1/6 KAR and a bty 9 Fd Regt

Armoured car and engineer detachments were to move in direct support of the leading FG as it was anticipated that the Vichy enemy would demolish bridges and defend the demolitions. Each FG was led by the Forward Body which was the rifle company tasked to lead the advance at that moment plus mortars, armoured cars, engineers and artillery forward observation parties. The most effective direct fire weapons in the Brigade were the Vickers machine guns mounted on the armoured cars.

OPERATION LINE COMMENCES

On 10 September 1942 OPERATION STREAM went as planned; 29 Brigade and the Commandos landed and captured Majunga for the loss of five men killed and nine wounded, all from 29 Brigade.

Brig Dimoline's brigade then started to land but ran into problems on the beach as the South African Marmon-Herrington armoured cars became bogged-in; eventually a bulldozer was landed to tow vehicles away from the sand. It took over eight hours before the Forward Body of 1 FG was clear of the beach with a few armoured cars.

Lt Col J.F. McNab (Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) commanded 1 FG which was spearheading the advance to Tananarive. His Forward Body was commanded by OC 'B' Coy 1/1 KAR, Maj G. McC. Y. Dawson (Lancashire Fusiliers).

Dawson had prepared an advance guard led by Lt A.E.T. King [Ed: *Could this have been A.G.T King KR2871? A qualified engineer, he was commissioned in 1942*] to speed ahead of the Forward Body in an attempt to prevent the French from blowing bridges over the Kamoro River at Mile 99 and over the Betsiboka River at Mile 131. King finally got away with his carrier-mounted Askari, one and a half troops of armoured cars and engineer and mortar detachments, reaching the Kamoro

bridge at 16h00 to find it intact and guarded by a few Malagache *gardes indigines* who were quickly dispersed.

Dawson and his command post caught up with King and one platoon was detailed to guard the bridge whilst the advance continued to Betsiboka. But the Forward Body soon ran into a series of obstacles caused by the French felling palm trees and dropping them across the road. Clearing these took time as the armoured cars were used to drag the trees off the road, and this delay prevented the Forward Body from reaching Betsiboka before last light. As the armoured cars could not advance in the dark without using lights, which would provide the enemy with targets, Dawson halted for the night. Meanwhile back at Majunga the remainder of McNab's FG was slowly getting off the beach.



Dawson got moving before dawn on 11th September, still meeting obstacles on the road, and he reached Betsiboka at 06h30 to find the centre span of the bridge lying in the river; however the dropped span could be accessed by vehicles and used as a roadway, so the demolition was not a serious obstacle. Realising this, the French sent a Potez 63 bomber [LEFT] to wreck the bridge but the six bombs it dropped missed

both the bridge and Dawson's Forward Body. Whilst the sappers worked on cutting vehicle tracks in the 30-foot high banks of the river to join up with the dropped bridge span, King crossed on foot with a platoon to establish a bridgehead. He soon ran into enemy machine gun and rifle fire from a steep wooded ridge and so immediately attacked that feature. As King neared the top of the ridge he came under grenade attack from the enemy and six Askari were wounded.

Dawson sent Lt M.L. Hignett and a platoon across the river to assist King, plus a mortar detachment under Lt M.S. Fearn. Together the three subalterns cleared the French position, killing ten of the enemy, wounding four and taking 37 prisoners. At dusk that day, the first armoured car was across the river, and 24 hours later all of the Forward Body vehicles were over the obstacle and ready to advance.

During the fighting at Betsiboka, Pte Joseph [DN12609] of 1/1 KAR had shown conspicuous gallantry and ingenuity in action which led to the award of the Military Medal with the citation: *On 11.9.42 Private Joseph's platoon had occupied high ground held by the enemy east of the river BETSIBOKA. Although prisoners had been taken and the enemy had run away there were still a few enemy remaining in trenches who fired at anyone approaching the entrance to the trenches. Private Joseph during these mopping up operations found out how these trenches were connected up and entering a trench some 30 yards distance from a batch of enemy, crawled through their communication trenches and took them completely by surprise thereby forcing them into the open where they were dealt with by others of the platoon. Through this Private's daring and cunning it is conceivable that he saved the lives of a number of his comrades.*

The action at Anjiajia

Dawson's Forward Body continued the advance on 13th September with Hignett's platoon and the armoured cars leading; again obstacles were a problem. The SAAF was now operating from Majunga airfield and air reconnaissance showed that the French were destroying bridges and building road blocks all the way to Tananarive.

At dawn the next day. 'C' Company under Capt J.D.I. Robertson formed the infantry element of the Forward Body and resumed the advance with speed being the priority.

The following day, 15th September, Robertson reached the Kamolandy bridge where the bridge decking had been removed. McNab was quickly on the scene, ordering a diversion to be cut through the bush and the river forded; by 13h00 this had been achieved and two hours later the advance reached Andriba. South of the village a large demolition blocked the road, followed by another two miles further on. Whilst the engineers made the road passable McNab concentrated his Fighting Group south of Andriba.



[LEFT: LAYING A BRIDGE ACROSS A RIVER NEAR ANDRIBA]

At 10h30 on the 16th September, Robertson's Forward Body reached Anjiajia where a dropped bridge span lay in the shallow River Mamokamita; the surrounding countryside appeared to be peaceful, although enemy positions were seen beyond the far bank they looked to be deserted.

Whilst Robertson and his sapper officer inspected the demolition, 2Lt A.P. Palmer was ordered across the river with a section from his platoon. As he moved uphill on the far bank Palmer came under fire that wounded two Askari; the remaining two sections of the platoon were sent across and Palmer continued advancing up a ridge until he came under fire from higher ground to his left and right.

Robertson realised that he had more than a minor contact on his hands and he got his mortars into action and sent Lt R.K.J. Fraser and his platoon across the river to work around the enemy's left flank. But the enemy position was deep and heavy machine gun and rifle fire killed Fraser and wounded several Askari. Sergeant Odilo, Fraser's Pl Sgt, took over command of the platoon continuing the line of advance and capturing a European manned machine gun post; Odilo then mopped up the enemy left flank in fierce close-quarter fighting.

For his conspicuous gallantry and leadership in action Sgt Odilo [11636] was put forward for a Distinguished Conduct Medal but this was reduced to the award of a Military Medal with the citation: *At the crossing of the MAMOKOMITA RIVER on 16th September 1942 Sergeant Odilo's platoon was ordered to cut the road behind the enemy position. His platoon came up a ridge in the face of machine gun fire and was pinned down. The Platoon Commander being killed and two corporals wounded, Sergeant Odilo who was with the rear section led it up the ridge behind the enemy machine gun position and destroyed it. He then reorganised his platoon and with hand to hand fighting cleared up the enemy position. Sergeant Odilo's bravery and coolness under fire was outstanding and by his action he saved his platoon from a difficult position.*

Meanwhile, Palmer had been wounded in the arm, but under cover of mortar fire he advanced against the second enemy-held ridge and captured it after fierce fighting, where many of the Nyasaland Askari discarded their rifles, using grenades and *pangas* to kill the French troops who opposed them from concealed rifle pits. 2Lt Palmer's dedication and composure was rewarded with a Military Cross: *2nd Lieutenant Anthony Phillip Palmer was under constant fire for two hours and showed outstanding coolness in the face of the enemy. His platoon suffered several casualties but owing to 2nd Lieutenant Palmer's gallantry and devotion to duty his platoon annihilated two enemy positions.*

KAR losses in this action were Lt R.K.J. Fraser and four Askari killed, and 2Lt Palmer and seven Askari wounded. The French lost four Europeans and eighteen Senegalese killed plus eighteen men who were taken as prisoners. An advanced dressing station was set up at Andriba, where the dead were buried. Interestingly, the wounded Askari got on well with the wounded Senegalese - both sides had been prepared to fight to the death and mutual respect had been established. In contrast later during the campaign wounded Askari would refuse to be bedded alongside wounded Malagache prisoners, whose appetite for battle was minimal.

The road to Ankazobe

McNab's men assisted the engineers throughout the night in constructing a deviation around the dropped bridge and the next morning Maj R.N. Cooper (Royal Norfolk Regiment) commanded the Forward Body, having under command both 'A' and 'B' Companies. By late afternoon the airfield at Marotsipoy was in Cooper's hands, and Allied aircraft were using it the following day to provide Brig Dimoline with air support.



The road now led through rocky outcrops that had provided the enemy with the stones to build 70 road blocks that had to be moved by hand. [LEFT; CLEARING A ROAD BLOCK] The river just before Ankazobe was reached at 09h00 on 19 September, and as usual the bridge had been dropped. McNab brought artillery, mortar and machine gun fire down onto enemy positions across the river, plus the fire of the Bofors guns of 145th Light AA Troop; this concentration of fire caused the defenders to retreat.

A bridgehead was secured whilst a difficult deviation was built, but the first attempt failed when an artillery quad vehicle got bogged in the river clay; a second deviation was built and lined with a firm base of stones and all McNab's vehicles crossed without further incident. But this had been a tough day for the troops working up to their wastes in the river. Meanwhile the Forward Body moved ahead to Fihaonana, being halted at a bridge, the decking of which had been removed, but Cooper's men were resourceful and timber was cut to provide new decking.

Brigade Headquarters moved up to Ankazobe followed by 3 FG who were nominated as Bde Reserve.

The Battle of Mahitsy

On 21 September the Forward Body was moving again and practising its by now familiar drill of deviating around undefended obstacles when at 12h30 the leading armoured car came under fire from a 75-mm gun and several machine guns; the strong French defences at Mahitsy had been reached. The French had deployed three infantry companies, six artillery pieces plus mortars and machine guns to defend Mahitsy.

Capt J. Mulholland's 'D' Company advanced but was soon pinned down by cross-fire from enemy artillery, mortars and machine guns. Despite this Lt J. Willey's platoon advanced 50 yards and silenced a machine gun post for the cost of three Askari wounded. Cpl Rabson was prominent in exercising leadership and moving his men tactically into better fire positions.

McNab moved forward to make an appreciation of the situation but as he could not contact 'D' Company nor accurately locate the enemy positions, he moved back to higher ground and a good viewing point at Ampanotokana. At 16h00 firing broke out again allowing McNab to plot enemy positions on both sides of the road. Despite having only two hours of daylight left McNab ordered an attack with 'A' Company supporting 'D' Company on the right and 'B' Company attacking on the left.

Capt J.E.S. Clarkson's 'A' Company detoured around the enemy's left and made contact with the enemy who retired along a ridge, but 'A' Company was halted when tracer caused large grass fires from behind which the French lobbed grenades; Clarkson then withdrew to reorganise.

On the opposite flank Dawson's 'B' Company detoured left to clear a small village from where the muzzle-flash of a 75-mm gun had been observed. The village was taken and the enemy gun was located and neutralised by British artillery fire. 'B' Company then occupied and secured its objective, its personal little battle being over.

Maj Dawson later received a Military Cross for his gallantry: *Major Geoffrey McCloughlin Dawson throughout the advance from MAJUNGA to TANANARIVE from 10th September 1942 handled his Company in four separate actions with gallantry, dash and resource. By his personal example of pugnacious gallantry on the night of 21/22 September 1942 at MAHITSY this officer not only gained the enemy position overlooking MAHITSY causeway, but he was able to direct the fire of our own artillery so successfully as to force the enemy 75mm which was harassing our troops to cease fire and withdraw.*

On the morning of 22 September, Brig Dimoline appeared, urging speed and aggression as he had been doing throughout the advance. During the previous day's fighting McNab had lost one Askari killed and five wounded; French casualties could not be ascertained because of the wall of fire that burned in front of the enemy positions.

Clarkson's 'A' Company advanced along its ridge on the right of the road, taking two prisoners and two old 80-mm guns. The causeway that the road ran over was seen to have been blown in three places. McNab moved his command post up onto the Mahitsy end of this ridge and planned a new attack.

Dawson with 'B' and 'C' Coys was ordered to swing around the French left and enter Mahitsy from the rear, clearing villages on the way.

'A' Coy 1/6 KAR was ordered forward to clear the blocks on the road covered by a platoon of 'D' Coy 1/1 KAR; 'A' Coy 1/1 KAR was placed in reserve.

Before these movements could start two French 65mm guns sited near Mahitsy engaged McNab's command post, the armoured cars and the roadblocks. Eleven Askari were wounded before these guns were silenced by counter-battery and Vickers machine gun fire.

Concurrent British activity then prevailed on the battlefield. 'B' and 'C' Coys set off at 11h15; 'A' Coy 1/6 KAR continued to remove roadblocks under cover of Allied artillery and air support; and at 13h15 Lt Willey's 'D' Coy platoon attacked the French machine gun posts covering the causeway.

Willey, assisted by fire from the armoured cars and from an artillery battery completed his task in two hours.

12669 Cpl Rabson [12669] 1/1 KAR, continued his excellent work on the battlefield and was recommended for a Distinguished Conduct Medal but received a Military Medal: *During the actions at MAHITSY on 21.9.42 and 22.9.42 this Non-Commissioned Officer showed courage, excellent leadership and devotion to duty. During the first day when his platoon was pinned down by heavy small arms ammunition cross fire from light machine guns, rifles and mortars, he advanced and gained an excellent position 50 yards nearer to the enemy positions and immediately and accurately engaged the enemy light machine guns and mortars and allowed the remainder of the platoon to gain reasonable cover and fire positions. During the action of the second day Corporal Rabson was detached from the rest of his platoon to cover the right of the road and the right front. He had little chance to get cover at any time and was under continuous small arms ammunition fire and in the early stages from the French (65s or 75s) for nearly four and a half hours. This Acting Non-Commissioned Officer handled his section most skilfully and pugnaciously and for the greater part of both actions during the two days was on his own divorced from his platoon.*

After all the demolitions on the road had been cleared, 'A' Coy 1/6 KAR advanced into Mahitsy where it met a platoon of 'C' Coy from Dawson's command that was coming back through the town to make contact with the FG. Dawson had met negligible opposition. 'A' Coy 1/1 KAR and 'A' Coy 1/6 KAR both moved through the town to occupy the high ground to the south. The battle of Mahitsy was over.

The action at Ambohidratrimo

The last action fought by McNab's 1/1 KAR FG on the road from Majunga was at Ambohidratimo where the Ivato aerodrome was located, just short of Tananarive. 'D' Coy 1/6 KAR worked throughout the night of 22nd/23rd September to clear a demolition south of Mahitsy, allowing McNab to send his Forward Body ('A' Coy 1/1 KAR) forward at dawn on 23rd September. Light enemy forces were encountered at Alakamisy, eleven miles from Tananarive, but mortar and Vickers machine gun fire dispersed them.

Anticipating trouble at Ambohidratimo, McNab sent 'B' Coy forward to support 'A' Coy. 'A' Coy attacked French defensive positions that could be seen on the forward slopes of hills either side of the route; one platoon attacked frontally whilst two other platoons attacked up each side of the flanking hills.

Sgt Walasi [11947] commanded one of the platoons and he won the battle for McNab by capturing two French field guns. Walasi was recommended for a Distinguished Conduct Medal but this was reduced by higher authority to a Military Medal. His citation read: *Sergeant Walasi was in command of his platoon in three separate engagements with the enemy during the advance from MAJUNGA to TANANARIVE. He at all times showed the greatest skill and determination in leadership and his personal courage was an inspiration to those under his command. At AMBODATRIMO (sic) on 23 September 1942 Sergeant Walasi's platoon became heavily engaged by enemy machine gun fire, without hesitation or thought of his personal safety he led his platoon in an attack and rushed two field guns and stampeded the gun crews before they could fire a shot from the guns. He then proceeded to further positions, all the time under heavy fire, and forced the enemy to abandon positions and flee in all directions. During this encounter he accounted for some 20 prisoners.*

Lt B. Darvill's [KR136?] reserve platoon then went into action on Walasi's right, using mortars for support whilst the enemy were cleared off the ridge in hand to hand fighting. The French position

at Ambohidratimo was taken for the loss of one Askari killed and three wounded. Tananarive surrendered as Annet had withdrawn southwards to continue the fight.

1 FG was disbanded; McNab became Commander of the Tananarive Area and soon received promotion to A/Brig. His FG had achieved its mission for the loss of one officer and seven Askari killed, and one officer and 31 Askari wounded.

Senior awards

OPERATION LINE had been concluded in just under two weeks. Lt Col McNab had used his men professionally and kept them both motivated and moving forward, whilst Brig Dimoline had kept inspiring McNab with the requirement for speed as well as providing the necessary support and guidance. Both men received honours.

Lt Col McNab was appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE): *Lieutenant Colonel John Francis McNab commanded the leading "battalion group" consisting of an English Field Battery and South African Armoured Cars throughout the advance of British Forces from MAJUNGA to TANANARIVE IN MADAGASCAR in September 1942. It was largely due to his enterprise, offensive spirit, energy and example that the distance of 360 miles was covered, and the capital captured, in thirteen days from first landing, despite numerous broken bridges, road blocks, felled trees and other obstacles. On each occasion when hostile opposition was encountered (there were two occasions when the battalions had to be deployed) Lieutenant Colonel McNab launched his troops to the attack with promptitude, skill and gallantry and with well-co-ordinated covering fire by his supporting arms, thus quickly overcoming opposition with minimum losses to his own force.*

Brig Dimoline OBE MC was promoted to Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE). His citation first described his merits before and during the Abyssinian campaign, and then the Madagascar part stated: *Brigadier William Alfred Dimonline commanded 22 Infantry Brigade Group in Madagascar from the time of its landing at Majunga to the cessation of hostilities with great ability. His control of operations was skilful and determined, and it was largely due to his organizing and administrative powers that the momentum of the advance was maintained in the face of very great difficulties.*

But Governor General Annet and his die-hard Vichy soldiers were still resisting in the south of Madagascar, and it now was the turn of the Askari of 5 (K) KAR and 1/6 (TT) KAR FG to display their mettle. 1/1 KAR had led the way to Tananarive and had performed its task splendidly.



THE KAR MARCHING THROUGH TANANARIVE

SOURCES:

Christopher Buckley. *Five Ventures*. (Her Majesty's Stationery Office 1954).

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John Grehan. *The Forgotten Invasion*. (Historic Military Press 2007).

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KISETTLA



[Ed: *This article by J.W., illustrated by D.S.W. was originally printed in the EA Standard in 1932, and later published as a booklet.*]

This text book on a most interesting language was prepared ten years ago but withheld from publication in order that further research might correct, or vindicate, its tenets. In a decade, more idioms have been registered but only a few exceptions to the grammar, and they only such as prove its immutable rules.

Of native languages there are, or should be, on every office table, grammars, text books and dictionaries. With a little diligence you may call your servant a fool in his own tongue, be it Dholuo, Nandi, Kiswahili or a dozen other languages: you will more probably lapse into Kisetlla.

Kisetlla is the language spoken to the native and it is with this language, which prevails throughout Kenya and Uganda, if not in Tanganyika also, that this work deals.

A superficial scrutiny might lead one to suppose that Kisetlla was unformed, varying with the wit, or lackwit, of the speaker. This is erroneous; years of study have proved it to be constant; following definite rules of grammar and syntax, with an idiom peculiarly its own. True, it has its diverse dialects, but then do not a Scot, an American and a Yorkshireman, all speak English? Their English varies; so does their Kisetlla.

It is a strange and hitherto unexplained fact that Kisettla is found in its purest form where coffee and wheat flourish in preference to coconuts, sweet potatoes or 'wimbe.' A close study of migrations may ultimately solve this problem.

I must acknowledge with gratitude the assistance given me in the compilation of this work by many friends who have so readily, and often unconsciously, made valuable contributions. Space, and certain sections of the penal code, alone prevent me from mentioning them all by name.

HISTORY

Kisettla or 'mimi-kupiga-wewe' Swahili, is believed to be derived from Kiswahili or 'watu-wale-wawili-walipokuja' Swahili. It is allied to Kibabu or 'watu-mojo-jundu-leta' Swahili which is another parallel derivative, not yet fully explored.

Kisettla shews distinct traces of the impact of a higher civilisation both in its vocabulary and syntax, and owes these riches probably to immigration from the North West. It has practically no literature.

A few gems, occur occasionally in novels purporting to deal with life in Kenya and in letters written to the local press. Continental spelling appears to be loyally avoided though it is used below, for this is a work for all ages and all peoples.

J.W

GRAMMAR

THE ARTICLE

If any, as in English. e.g. 'hapana sahu the viazi.'

THE NOUN

Common in gender, same in singular and plural, BUT either singular OR plural, invariable. e.g. "Boy yake Wakamba, iko macho moja tu." "Your Mkamba boy has only one eye." Some nouns appear in the locative only, such as 'mtoni', 'njiani', 'milimani' and 'jikoni.'

THE ADJECTIVE

Few in number and invariable in form. Generally 'minge', 'mbaya', 'mizuri', 'kubwa', 'yote' and 'kidogo' can be eked out with British profanity.

ADVERBS

'Sana', 'kabisa', 'polepole', 'tu'

PERSONAL PRONOUNS

'Mimi', 'wewe', and (rare) 'sisi'. These are worked to a standstill; the use of others is skilfully avoided.

POSSESSIVES

In the purest dialect, only 'yake', meaning invariable 'your' except in the phrase 'peke yake' when it means 'by yourself,' 'by myself,' 'by his, her, its, their, our or yourself or selves.'

DEMONSTRATIVES

'Hii'.

NUMERALS

Surprisingly like those in Kiswahili, but of course all invariable and distinctly rocky after 50. It is this resemblance to Kiswahili that confounds the critics who maintain that Kisetla and Kiswahili are unrelated, or even mutually antagonistic.

CONJUNCTIONS

'kama', for all conjunctions, conditional tenses etc. The interrogatives 'lini?', 'wapi?', 'nani?' and 'nini?' are used without question temporarily, relatively and eternally.

VERBS

- (a) Positive. Found in infinitive, imperative and 1st person singular, present indicative only. Past tenses can be formed by prefixing 'kwisha' to the infinitive, but this is rather pedantic to be deprecated.
- (b) Negative. Two instances only. 'sijui' and 'hapana' and very adequate too. e.g.
'Sijui wewe iko chai?' 'Hapana.' 'Nataka ingine?' 'Hapana'.
Meaning: 'I can't see from here whether your cup is full.' 'I have just this minute emptied it.'
'May I give you some more?' 'No, thank you.'

IDIOMS

A few phrases must be classified as idioms as there is no other possible explanation for them.

"Nipo" means "give him" or "give" (anyone but me).

"Iko" is "have,"

"hapana" is "have not."

"Tembea" means "run": failure of natives to grasp this has often led to painful misunderstandings. There is only one authentic instance of its being taken to mean "drink tembo". The cook beaten on this misapprehension was freely forgiven.

The use of "yake" for 'your' has already been noted.

"Tengeneza" means to do anything to anything.

"Shauri" means anything. Thus, "tengeneza shauri" will run your farm, your business and your car and will solve all problems of domestic life.

The idioms may best be illustrated by quotations from the mouths of experts.

"Kama kiboko, hapana kiboko, kama hapana kiboko, kiboko." (Keen huntsman after many cries of 'Wolf'.)

Meaning: "If there is a hippo you won't be beaten; if there isn't you will."

"Tia scones ndani oven and lete chai pot." (Does not need translating)

"Kamata mpira wapi sisi cheka." Meaning: "Take the tennis balls to the tennis court."

"Wewe hapana kujua mimi! Mimi town clerki." (Doesn't)

"Kuenda kitanda, leta saa." Meaning: "Go to the flower bed and bring some thyme."



[LEFT]: "Mimi hapana kuzaa jana." "I wasn't born yesterday." (Lady warning her boy that she cannot be easily deceived)

"Wewe bado sana njiani, wewe kula loadi moja daysi tatu." Meaning: "You dallied a long time on the road and ate a load of posho in three days."

"Hii hii but hii hii." "You will observe that screw is right-handed while that is left-handed."

[RIGHT] "Wewe hapana appreciate kindness yangu, wewe napata mbuzi yangu." (?) "You are both ungrateful and provoking."

Gharri moja hapana hapana moja back rudisha." (?Kibabu) "Shunt back wagon No. 1001."

"If wewe aren't mizuri to mimi, I won't be mizuri to wewe." Meaning: "Do as you would be done by."

"Piga bacon mingi sana, lakini hapana piga mingi sana." Meaning: "Cook a lot of bacon but don't burn it to a cinder."



It will be noted that the rules are few in number and very simple, but the language based on them is amply sufficient for all the needs of daily life. Its adequacy, its terseness and its extraordinary simplicity may perhaps best be illustrated by the portion of a speech translated here below into good Kisettla.



[LEFT] A Distinguished Visitor (DV) is saying a few words to the labour assembled on a large estate. The Manager has kindly consented to interpret.

The D.V.: "...and in conclusion I would reiterate the pleasure that it has afforded me to observe the happy relations existing between the employers and the employed on this estate. I can only hope, however, that cultivation in the native reserves is advancing *pari passu* with European development and that before long we may see the natives contributing to the export of the colony in the same ratio as they consume its imports."

The Manager: "... Bwana Tumbu sasa nachoka nasema mizuri wewe rafiki mimi rafiki and he hopes wewe kufanya kazi hapa shambani until killa kitu is mizuri kabisa."

HINT TO BEGINNERS

1. Study the rules carefully;
2. Make take the idioms your own, not your own idioms;
3. Never hesitate, You are the Big Noise. It's wonderful how the missing word will spring to your lips.

KRA (NEW ZEALAND) LUNCH: 19TH APRIL 2017

Our curry lunch at Darbar Indian Restaurant, Bucklands Beach, was well attended, with 24 members and their guests catching up with old friends. From out of town were Brian Roper's son and partner Gill Morley from UK, Frances and Roger Phipps from Cambridge, and Sue and Tim Wright from Pirongia. [Photos by Arthur Schofield]



ANNE FRANCIS, BRIAN ROPER, JO TRENT



JIMMY BRUCE, JILL GRAF, CHRISTINE SCHOFIELD



JOY JENSEN, MICHAEL INNES-WALKER, BETTY CONDON



LIZ HOLMES, MARY HENRY



ARTHUR SCHOFIELD & JILL GRAF



KEN & MARION ELLIOTT

GAUTENG: FEBRUARY & MAY 2017

Enjoyable occasions, great raffle prizes [Ed: *Member each brings something e.g. book, memorabilia etc, which are then raffled.*]. The German Club in Paulshof is proving to be a popular venue, providing good fare, and like the drinks, reasonably priced. Overleaf are two photos from the February and May lunches.



L/R: MERLE & BERNARD BLOWERS, MICKEY SHAW, DANIE STEYN, KEITH ELLIOT



L/R: LYNETTE KOEKEMOER, BOET DE BRUIN, ANNETTE VAN RENSBURG

KWAZULU (NATAL) LUNCHES

Our quarterly lunches at Fern Hill Hotel (close to Midmar Dam, just outside Howick) continue to be well supported locally and by members living on the coast.

At the March 2017 lunch, were: Graham [KR6563] & Betty (née Jenkins) Bales, Mary Bohmer (née Cade), Colin Bompas [KR4962], Roger [KR7231] & Elspeth Bond, Tony [KR6961] & Mary Bowers, Heather Davidson (née Munro), John Elliot [KR7069], Paul & Bridget Engelbrecht, Angela Harris (née Dawson-Curry), Eric [KR4230] & Shirley (née Brown) Holyoak, Ron Howard [KR6747], June Lester, (née Matthews), Pat [KR6691] & Marion Long, Peter Manger [KR4540] and Margaret Lead (née McKenzie), Celia Moore (née Falck), John & Ros Moore, Derek Pavely [KR4636], Gary Plenderleith [KR4642] & Audrie Ryan, Jenny & Bruce Rookan-Smith [KR6290] and Terry Tory [KR6339]

Apologies: Gordon [KR6873] & Liz Alp, Claire Collinge (née Cook), Elaine Dugmore, Ray [KR7118] & Sally (née Randall) Letcher, Mike Norris (CCF), John [KR7429] & Gill (née Salmon) Pembridge, Morris Temple-Boreham [KR680] and Ros Watson (née Platt).

HENRY JOHN (JACK) INNES WALKER

[Submitted by Arthur Schofield KR4511]

During a recent 40 day project in the Ypres area, Belgian archaeologists have found the bodies of 45 WW1 soldiers, mostly British but some German.

They have been able to identify only one of them. They are a 99% sure that this person is Henry John Innes Walker, a captain in the British Army but originally from New Zealand. They could identify him because his cap, with the badge of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment was still with the body. Furthermore, they found his officer's whistle, some coins, his pair of binoculars and a medallion; on these two last items were the initials 'HJIW'.

There were nine officers of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment that went 'missing presumed killed' during the attack in the village of Langemark (north west of Ypres) on 25th April 1915. Only one of them had the initials 'HJIW':



Henry Innes Walker, who was from Auckland, was the paternal uncle of Mike [KR4426] and the late David [KR4079] Innes-Walker. Over the years Mike has spoken a lot about 'Uncle Jack' after whom one of his grandchildren is named.

Jack went to King's College, Auckland, where a stained glass window in the school chapel [LEFT] is dedicated to him. He, like so many of my Innes Walker cousins, was a great sportsman & athlete.

Jack joined the British Army in 1911, in India to start with. There he served as a subaltern along with Monty of WW2 fame - returning to England at the same time as Monty. Jack was 25 years old when he died.

The link - <https://livesofthefirstworldwar.org/lifestory/7186019> - gives some details of letters to home & his life in the trenches - including a first-hand account of the famous Christmas Truce.

His description of trying to drain the trenches with a troublesome pump makes hilarious reading. Humour under those atrocious conditions would have been important.

With the current interest in WW1, the finding of Jack's remains after 101 years is well timed, and extraordinary. It has been an emotional rollercoaster for Mike. [Ed: *Mike is Chairman, KRA(NZ)*].

'B' COMPANY - CHRISTMAS 1952/54?

[Ed: Photo from KR3518 Terry Coulson's albums, courtesy son, Billy. Names to faces would be appreciated.]



ABOVE: THE OUTGOING (HUGH WALKER) AND INCOMING (TED ALLEYNE) DISTRICT COMMISSIONERS, MANDERA DISTRICT IN NORTH-EAST KENYA, MEET SOMALI DEGODIA AND GURREH TRIBAL CHIEFS AND HEADMEN AT RHAMU ON THE DAUA RIVER, LATE 1964/EARLY 1965.
