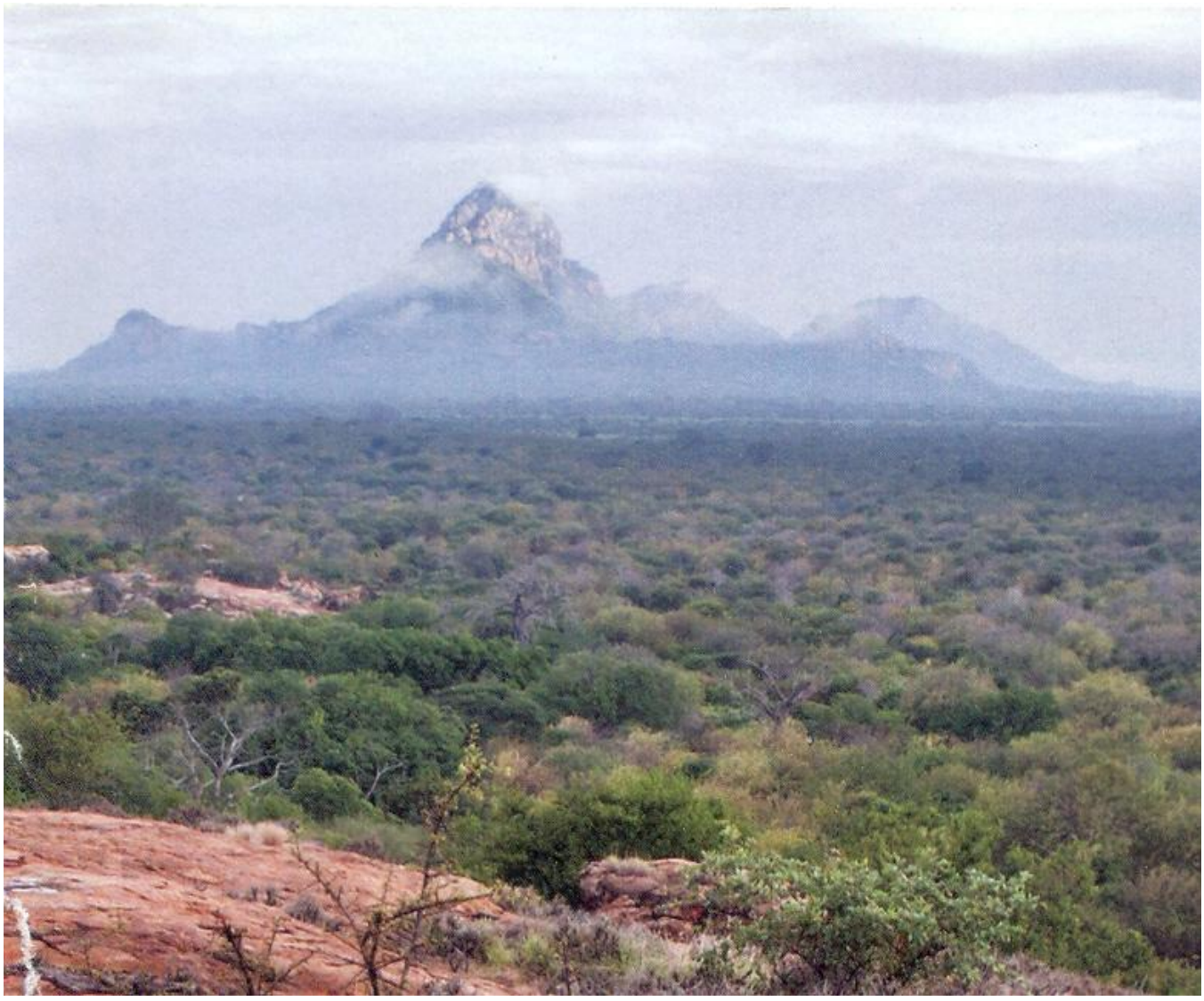
SITREP LII



June 2018

DIARY OF EVENTS: 2018/2019

AUSTRALIA

Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Restaurant, Robina	23 Jul
Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Punjab Curry Club, Forest Lake	19 Nov
Sunshine Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Caloundra Boat Club	29 Mar 2019

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

Perth: Venue yet to be decided	TBA

Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolly <kisugulu@hotmail.com>

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

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

ENGLAND

Officers' Mess, Royal Logistic Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. Curry lunch	Wed 18 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	11 Nov

Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland: Soljans Winery & Restaurant, Kumeu, Auckland	09 Sep

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

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: Somerbosch Wine & Bistro - Stellenbosch	05 Jul

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

Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch, German Club, Paulshof (Joburg)	Dates TBA

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

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam	17 Jun, 16 Sep, 18 Nov

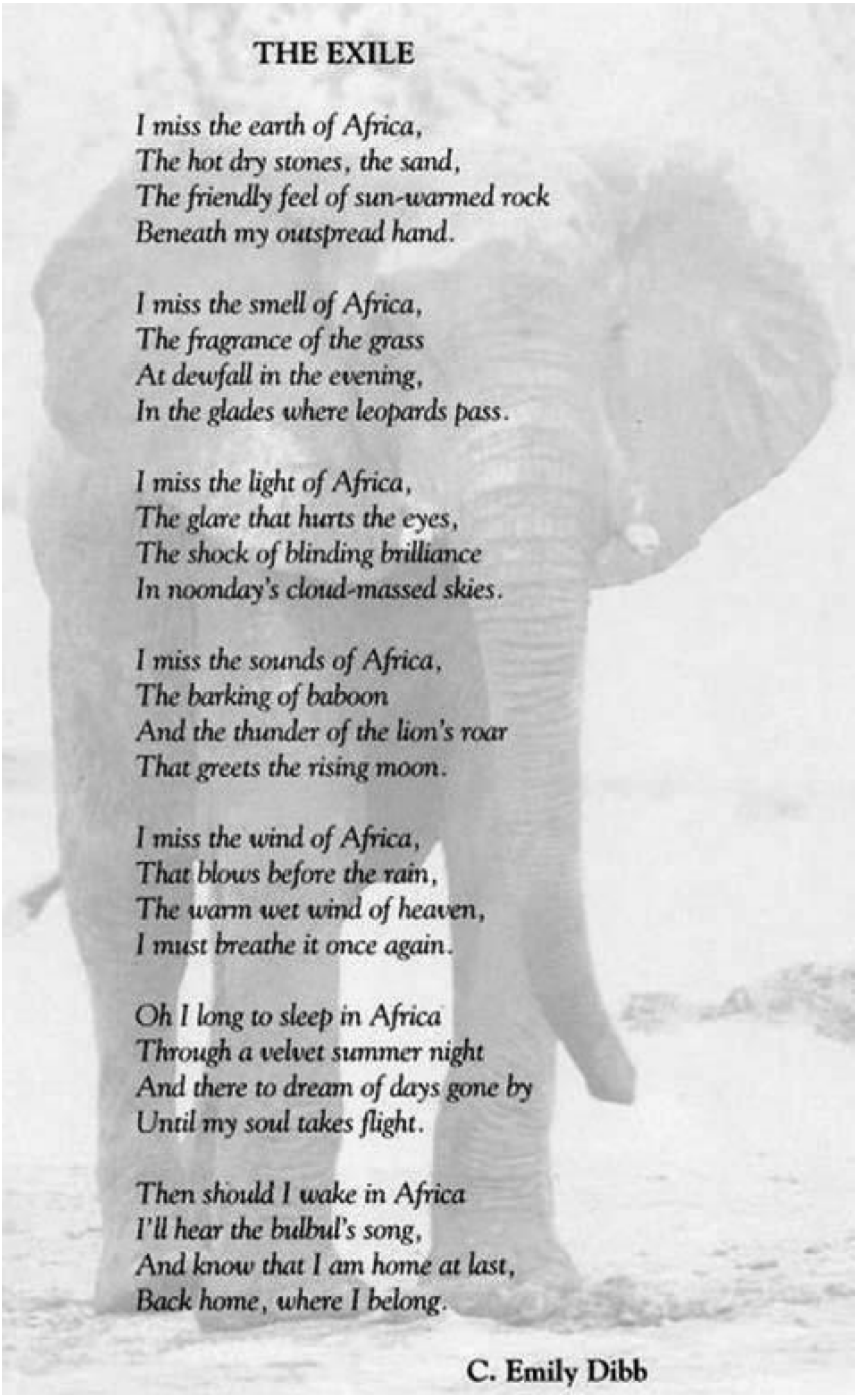
Contact: Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

SITREP Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, RSA.

Kenya Regiment Website <www.Kenyaregiment.org> administered by Graeme Morrison

Front cover: *Ithumba Mountain (Tsavo East National Park) - from the article 'Orphan Elephants' by Charles Seibert – how do you heal a traumatised orphan elephant? - a tribute to Daphne Sheldrick and her teams. Photo by Michael Nichols*

Back cover: *Ol Doinyo Lengai (Maa - Mountain of God), Tanzania nr Lake Natron (Wikipedia)*



THE EXILE

I miss the earth of Africa,
The hot dry stones, the sand,
The friendly feel of sun-warmed rock
Beneath my outspread hand.

I miss the smell of Africa,
The fragrance of the grass
At dewfall in the evening,
In the glades where leopards pass.

I miss the light of Africa,
The glare that hurts the eyes,
The shock of blinding brilliance
In noonday's cloud-massed skies.

I miss the sounds of Africa,
The barking of baboon
And the thunder of the lion's roar
That greets the rising moon.

I miss the wind of Africa,
That blows before the rain,
The warm wet wind of heaven,
I must breathe it once again.

Oh I long to sleep in Africa
Through a velvet summer night
And there to dream of days gone by
Until my soul takes flight.

Then should I wake in Africa
I'll hear the bulbul's song,
And know that I am home at last,
Back home, where I belong.

C. Emily Dibb

Printed by Pmb Drawing, Pietermaritzburg, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa

EDITORIAL NOTE

I spent a great deal of time trying to contact, Mark Nichols, who took the photograph on the front cover, for permission to use it in SITREP LII, but to no avail. Hopefully, he won't take offence?

The front cover is of Ithumba 'mountains', situated in the north of Tsavo East National Park. Taken by Michael Nichols, it is one of a number of photos included in Charles Sieberts article 'Orphan Elephants' (National Geographic - September 2011 - Volume 230 No.: 3.) The 'orphans' were at The David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust's (DSWT) nursery, located just outside Nairobi, on the edge of the national park. The 30-bed exclusive Ithumba Hill Camp is owned by the DSWT, and is adjacent to the Elephant Re-Intergration Unit.

Ol Doinyo Lengai – Maa for 'Mountain of God' – features on the rear cover and is an active Tanzanian volcano, which lies 70 miles from Arusha and less than 70 miles from Olduvai Gorge. On 4th September 2007, the 7,650 tall peak erupted and lava, running down the north and west sides, ignited 'burn scars' that were visible from space. In 2017, data from one of the monitoring stations, indicated that Ol Doinyo Lengai was 'rumbling', indicating the build-up for another eruption.

Two East African features, which I assume, only a few of our readers have ever seen? Hopefully, their inclusion in SITREP will encourage old-timers to delve through long-forgotten albums/records, searching for out-of-the-ordinary photos/articles for use in future editions of our magazine.

Quite coincidentally, some of our members who have recently passed on, get a mention in one or more of the other articles

*****

CORRESPONDENCE

Danny McCleary [KR4384] 24/12/2017 <danny@iuncapped.co.za>, referring to SITREP LI, and the photo of the Kenya Shooting Team on page 40. Ex-Prince of Wales, I attended the 4th course in Rhodesia, and then served with 'I' Company, the Kikuyu Home Guard and 23 KAR.

With Brian Hawkins [KR3926] I represented the Kenya Rifle Association in Uganda in 1957, where we claimed eleven of the thirteen trophies.

Brian and I borrowed two Pachett Sub-Machine Guns where we achieved equal scores and had a shoot-out for 2nd and 3rd place. Our scores in the shootout were higher than the shottist who took first place!

Have a few war stories, perhaps now better kept in the past?

For your records, I have a new mobile - 082-722 7797.

[Ed: *Hopefully, Danny will put pen to paper for the next SITREP*.]

*****

Felx Baddeley [KR4030] 10/2017 writes: Not from Kripton as was Superman, but he was born in Nairobi on 4th February 1933, to be a superman. Ken Clark [KR4117], as all Clarks are known as

Nobby (as Hammonds are called Wally...etc) was my closest friend through school days and then in the Regiment. I preferred calling him Ken, and tragically, posthumously named our first child, Ken.

His older sister married John Pickwell of motor bike racing fame, who was a land surveyor. Ken lived adjacent to the City Park and would cycle to my house for our journey to school. Whenever he arrived with a kettle tied to his pillion I knew we weren't destined for school but the learning of life - somewhere on a *shamba*, for a (stolen!) mealie, tea and bullchat.

I got my driver's licence in Nairobi; to get his, Ken borrowed his father's Model 'T' and drove to Kiambu where the police station was on a slight hill. The policeman placed a matchbox six inches behind the rear wheel, 'not to be crushed!' It was, but Ken still got his licence. Now that he had a licence he would get to me in the Model 'T', this time with surveying equipment. Destination - a coffee plantation to be sub-divided.

It so happened that the boundary was established by felling one tree, and the next to be trimmed on one side. We took it in turns holding the tree to the side - it was my turn but with the tree slightly out of line I suggested a cut. Ken disagreed and down went the *panga* exposing the bone of one finger! Shaken I was offered a cigarette (Ken was already addicted) and so started sixteen years of my addiction. Off to Nairobi - a Charles Laughton film.

I would wish all this to have been just a background but the tragedy is now to come, during the Emergency, and finally, post Emergency. Whilst on patrol, Ken emerged from a tunnel/cave when he saw John Sprague [KR6510] who was known to strain his eyes to focus. "Don't shoot!" - too late, a bullet in one lung, and a leg that had to be in traction for six months resulting in it being shorter than the other.

This disability didn't stop Ken from becoming a game ranger, having always been keen on the outdoors and animal conservation.

At the age of 44, in 1977, Ken was killed by poachers. I lament his death to this day and will always have an *agapé* love for him. A lovely, super man. A most deserving eulogy, Ken, your friend forever.

*****

Eric Bridge [KR6727] writes from Johannesburg [10/06/2018]: 'Have you any info. about old comrades from 'HQ' Company of whom I have heard no news recently: Sgt Peter Torkington, WOII Peter Petra (PSI), Sgt Wilf Evershed [KR6585], Peter Buckmaster and John ? who was promoted to Capt and appointed ADC to the Governor. This would have been late 1962.

*****

Val Letham <valletham@hotmail.com>, widow of Tom [KR3976] writes 04/01/2018 from England: Many thanks Bruce for the work you put into the publication of the recent SITREP LI. I read it cover to cover yesterday and enjoyed every page. With reference to your article on Lt Col David Dobie DSO, WMO (pp20-22), coincidentally my brother-in-law, Kenneth Mayhew (Royal Suffolk Regiment), is also the recipient of the Militaire Willemsorde Knight (WMO) 4th class. An interesting account of Col Dobie's life, which I have forwarded to Ken who is 101 on 18th January, and until last year, attended all the commemoration ceremonies in France and Holland.

*****

Rose Jaffray, widow of Ian [KR6363] 08/02/2018, writes from the Western Cape: Thank you for the two copies of the Kenya Regiment magazine [Ed: *SITREP LI – see pp 14-16*]. I have read quite a few articles which have proved most interesting. There certainly were many 'characters' when I arrived in Kenya! I met quite a few, such as Nelly Grant, Elspeth Huxley (Nelly's daughter), Hugh Cholomondly, Kay Spears, to name just a few, all resident in or near Njoro.

It was quite by accident that we learned of the arrival of Denys [KR6542] and Gilly Roberts in Napier [Ed: *From Tanzania*]. Denys had mentioned to the lady who runs the local bottle-store, that he came from Kenya, to which she replied that there was another Kenya couple living in Napier. She later told us about Denys and where he had bought a property, which it turned out, was on the road below ours. So we looked them up and both Ian and Denys were quite overcome with the reunion. Apparently, Denys had visited our farm in Wartburg [Ed: *Some 33km NE of Pietermaritzburg*] many years ago, but unfortunately, I wasn't there as I was teaching full time in Pietermaritzburg. I must admit it is great to have Kenya friends just on my doorstep; Gilly and Denys have been such a support to me over the last few months.

*****

Frederick G.M. Wakeford [KR6767] 18/12/2017 writes from Berksire, UK. Still breathing, if only just! Give my regards to your brother Don when next you're in touch.

Remember Nakuru School? Embedded in my mind is Headmaster Harry Whiddett's advice when drinking hot soup – 'tip the bowl away or else!'

Referring to the Norman Wakeford's eulogy which was printed in SITREP L pp 12-15, Louis's brother, Frederick may have been my grandfather, who joined the Meerut Battery, RHA whilst in India. Alas, his long and distinguished military career only lasted a year and a day before 'buying himself out' - from the amount shown in his records, I assume it had much to do with his family.

Granddad (F.W. Wakeford) went to Kenya in 1901 with the Uganda Railways, and a horde of Indian workers – he spoke three Indian dialects and was stationed at Mtito Andei – he met and married Gran in Kisumu where I assume he was working on lake steamers. I remember Gran telling me about the weird noises emanating from the kitchen – she thought it was the servants, and went to the back door to investigate – only to discover a few lion attempting to remove meat from the 'safe'! Happy days! Also about my uncle Jack being born during WWI as she had to travel to Nairobi by train and von Lettow Vorbeck kept 'blowing' up the lines.

I didn't know Uncle Jack had such a low KR number – 1094. I know he was an MP, also a fireman on KUR who indicated that the most dangerous thing he faced were Australian troops playing 'Ring-a-Roses' on the Nakuru station platform! Grandad served in Mombasa's censor's office and my father was the Station Master at Nakuru.

Apparently my Dad was in the Kenya Defence Force (KDF) but when war was declared 'A' Company returned to pre-war duty – to run the railways; so much for Dad's military career.

I arrived at Lanet and was claimed by Sgt Jones (SG) [Ed: *See SITREP LI page 13*]. Then Sgt Millar asked for my initials "You're mine. Stand over there." (I stood! "From the frying pan into the fire.") We became best mates after a few months [Ed: ?]. I thought I would be funny one time on parade when he asked about a book called 'No Mean City', which was about the Glasgow slums. So I mentioned Inverness whereupon he stuck his Glengarry in my eye "So we have a comedian, do we?" He growled, "I come from there boy, be careful." I was, very. Who the other Wakeford was I never found out but I'm glad it wasn't me. [Ed: *Can only assume it was Brian [KR7272] but he would have been on a later course.*]

In passing, through Jim Campbell-Clause [KR6035] (DoY and KR) I knew 'Wamuge - The Wise One - Bill Ryan. [Ed: *See Book Review m-S XLIX page 29 of 'Wamuge' by Bill's son Rob*.]

Lastly, I am on the Poppy Committee of the local Royal British Legion and place a cross in their garden every year to commemorate the life of John Luckes I don't know his number [Ed: *KR4554*] but remember his name appearing in an earlier m-S. John was Nakuru School and Duke of York, and a great pal, who wanted to be a sergeant in the British Army like his Dad.

*****

J Tennant" <jjtennant@rogers.com> 30/01/2018. Hello from Canada! I've noted your name on the Kenya Regiment website, and thought I'd again reach out to you for assistance. I have been researching the service of WOII Stephen Leo Knox [KR6063], who served in the Kenya Regiment during the Mau Mau period. He passed away in the year 2000, in Australia. I would appreciate your printing my request for information re: Knox in SITREP. A previous posting, about ten years back, led to correspondence with one of Knox's colleagues. Perhaps another post would bring further responses?

*****

John Proctor [KR6686] 04/01/2018. Writes from Wiltshire: 'What a delight, when my copy of SITREP LI plopped through the letterbox this morning and I just managed to reach it before my dog, Lola! Many thanks for your fine work – I'm sure we survivors really appreciate it. [Ed: *My thanks to the UK team – John Davis [KR7457] and Eugene Armour [KR4446] - who reprint and distribute SITREP in Europe, and Iain Morrison [KR6111] who maintains contact details*.] As I recall you and your brother Don were contemporaries at the Duke of York (Kirk) of my cousin Peter Goodwin [KR4952]. I was in Delamare (1953-57), and after NS training at Lanet, served with 'I' and 'C' Companies. I'm sure I remember on that distant day, Don carrying the Queen's colour **[LEFT]** when 60 men from 'C' Company and 29 from 'I' Company, under command OC 'C' Company, Major Jock Rutherford [KR4098], mounted a Guard of Honour for Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother outside Eldoret's new Council Building, on 14th February 1959. [Ed: *John Davis very kindly provided a copy of HM's EA itinerary which follows this letter*.]

'I noticed the sad demise of two Old Yorkists - Ian Jaffray [KR6353] and John Channer [KR6341] - both of whom I knew; especially the latter – what a lovely lady he married in Robin. Talking of lovely ladies, I wonder what became of his gorgeous sister whom I remember well from when I was at Egerton? I recall her dancing abilities, and yes, she always had pretty friends aplenty!

'I used to enjoy the annual get-together at Winchester with my little gang of Kitale folk, especially Tom Shaw[KR7460], the youngest of the three brothers who lived near us and are now all gone, Also John Lucke. At one of the last lunches I attended was Lofty Reynolds [KR4451] who hadn't

appeared to have changed from the days he used to drive us around the Nakuru race course many times before Tuesday evening rugby training at NAC! [Ed: *See photo on page 68.]*

'Another name I noticed as having attended the 2016 Rafiki's lunch, is that of my old buddy Peter Armstrong [KR6343], who lives in Canada, but not the 2017 lunch - hope all is well.

'Finally, the two Kavirondo cranes on the back cover [Ed: *Both cover photos supplied off Facebook by my brother Don*.] remind me of the two cranes, 'Persi' and 'Rinso' on our farm; they became quite tame.

'Good to see that Fred Jones (Scots Guards) from KRTC days is still going strong - some years ago at a Winchester lunch, I renewed acquaintance with Sgt Powell (also Scots Guards and drill instructor at KRTC).

'I enjoy retirement fully, spending a great deal of time pheasant beating, and rough shooting on a nearby estate owned by the powerful South African Endhoven family, sea fishing and hunting for fossils and minerals on the Jurassic coast; as well as language teaching – mainly French, Spanish, Italian and Russian; sadly, there's little demand for 'Swahili!'

*****

VISIT TO KENYA BY HM QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

5TH-18TH FEBRUARY 1959

[Summary by John Davis [KR7457] based on the official programme]

Thursday 5th

HM arrives Nairobi Airport p.m.
Guard of Honour mounted by the 11th (Kenya) Battalion, King's Africa Rifles, with the Kenya Military Band, King's African Rifles.
Ceremonial drive through Nairobi accompanied by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, via Parliament Buildings to City Hall and arrival at Government House

Friday 6th

Late p.m. Press and State Reception at Government House

Saturday 7th

To Mitchell Park a.m. and rally of school children.
Attends Garden Party at Government House p.m. Receives the President and Representatives of the Aga Khan Supreme Council at Government House late p.m.

Sunday 8th

Attends Divine Service at All Saints' Cathedral, Nairobi.
Informal visit to Muthaiga Camp to 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).
Returns to Government House early p.m.

Monday 9th

Departs from Nairobi Airport to Narok airstrip; by car to Narok Township to attend a Baraza with Guard of Honour by Kenya Police, with the Kenya Police Band.
Then on to the District Commissioner's house for luncheon in the garden.
Fly from Narok to Mombasa arriving at Port Reitz Airport late p.m.
Guard of Honour by Royal East African Navy with Kenya Military Band, The King's African Rifles.
Leave Port Reitz late p.m. for Government House

Tuesday 10th

Leaves Government House a.m. with the Governor for the Old Port and Presentation of Arab notables.
Embarks on the pilot cutter Malkia for cruise among the dhows in the Old Harbour and thence round Ras Serani into Kilindini Harbour;
Disembarks and proceeds to Diamond Jubilee Hall to attend Reception by women of all races in Mombasa.
Ceremonial Drive through Mombasa via Makupa Circus with tree planting.
Returns to Government House late p.m. followed by evening Reception

Wednesday 11th

Departs Port Reitz Airport a.m. for Nairobi and on by car to the County Hall for a Reception.
On to Government House and thence to City Park and a Reception by the Asian community,
Returning to Government House late p.m.

Thursday 12th

Departs Nairobi Airport for Nakuru airfield
On to Community Centre, Bondeni, and then to the Kenya Farmers' Association Head Office;
Luncheon at the Stag's Head Hotel.
Mid p.m. boards the Royal Train at Nakuru Railway Station.
Late p.m. Royal Train halts at Maji Mazuri Station and then Equator Station

Friday 13th

Arrives by Royal Train at Hoey's Bridge Station;
Departs by car to Mr A.A. Symes's house.
Then by car to Kitale Town Hall, followed by a visit to the Show Ground and drive past ranks of school children.
Afternoon Reception at District Commissioner's house.
On to Endebess Club and to Kitale rejoining the Royal Train at Kitale Station late p.m.

Saturday 14th

Leaves the Royal Train at Soy Station where HM spent the night - guarded by the Regiment;
Arrives by car at Mrs Kruger's home late a.m. and on to Eldoret Town Hall arriving at 12 noon.
Guard of Honour mounted by The Kenya Regiment (T.F.), with the Band of the 1st Battalion The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).
Early p.m. arrives at the Royal Agricultural Society of Kenya's Eldoret Showground; and
late p.m. arrives at Mrs Ridley's house at Kapsiliat

Sunday 15th

Divine Service a.m. followed by arrival at Kamarin mid p.m.
Rejoins the Royal Train late p.m. at Eldoret

Monday 16th

HM leaves the Royal Train mid a.m. at Naivasha Station;
By road via the Aberdares National Park Road to Treetops Hotel, Nyeri

Tuesday 17th

Attends morning Reception in the Provincial Commissioner's garden, Nyeri.
Flight from Nyeri airfield to Nairobi Airport;
By road to Government House, arriving early p.m.
Visit to King George VI Hospital - Guard of Honour mounted by Queen Elizabeth's Colonial Nursing Service.
In the evening HM attends Civic Reception at the City Hall, Nairobi and returns to Government House

Wednesday 18th

HM arrives at Nairobi Airport mid a.m.
Guard of Honour mounted by The Royal Air Force with the Band of the 1st Battalion King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster).
HM departs by air for Kisumu Aerodrome accompanied by the Governor.
Drives through Kisumu town arriving at the Town Hall;
Followed by a visit to the Coronation Gardens where she attends a Reception.
Early p.m. HM leaves the Coronation Gardens for the Yacht Club and on to Kisumu Aerodrome
Guard of Honour is mounted by the Kenya Police and the Kenya Police Band.
Mid p.m. HM takes off for Entebbe for flight to the UK

*****

OBITUARIES

Since SITREP LI was distributed (December 2017), we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In ( ) the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Berning, John Francis [KR3831]. 01/04/2018. Mt. Edgecombe, KZ-N, RSA (The Witness)
Bohmer, Mary (née Cade) w/o the late Des (KPR). 30/03/2018. Hobart, Tasmania (son Paul)
Boy, Ronald Clifford [KR3730]. 20/05/2018. Nairobi. (Dennis Leete KR4094)
Cairns, Keith Arthur [KR4045]. 05/06/2017. Perth, WA. (Patrick Connett KR7221)
Dyer, Rose (née Powys) w/o Tony. 07/02/2018. Isiolo. (Dennis Leete)
Eckhart, Peter [☻]. 06/02/2013. S Perth, W Australia (brother Klaus KR4651)
Faull, John William [KR3679]. 29/05/2018. Kenya (Dennis Leete)
Fjastad, Thomas Thorgney [KR4481]. 22/03/2018. Nairobi. (Iain Morrison KR6111)
Fouché, Aubrey [KR6197] ??/??/?? (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly KR6194)
Fouché, Leon [KR4285]. 07/05/2018. W Australia (Aylwin Halligan-Jolly)
Granville-Ross, Bunty w/o Brian [KR6104]. 11/03/2018. Italy (Terry Tory KR6339]
Hatfield, Benjamin Richard MM [KR4169]. 25/03/2018. Nanyuki Cottage Hospital (Dennis Leete)
*Hooper, Brian [CCF Hawke House POW]. 12/02/2018. Kent (Keith Elliot KR4289)
Innes-Walker, Joy (née White) w/o the late David [KR4079]. 11/12/2017. Qld. (daughter Vanessa)

Manuel, George Jnr [s/o the late George KR2964]. 22/03/2018 (Dennis Leete)
Marshall, Julian Claude [KR4323/5696]. 09/01/2018. UK (John Davis KR7457)
Payet, Pauline, w/o Ken [KR4505]. 14/03/2018. Sydney (Arthur Schofield KR4511)
Pearse, Patsy (née Riley) w/o Laurie [KR6115]. 17/12/2017. Qld (Ray Letcher KR7118)
Plough, Henry Conway [KR4911/5833]. 31/03/2018. Nairobi (Ursula Brenneisen)
Powys, John Gilfrid Llwellyn [KR6264/5885]. 27/12/2017. Liakipia. (Robin Channer)
Sheldrick, Dame Daphne Marjorie DBE, MBS (née Jenkins). 12/04/2018. Nairobi (Graham Bales KR6563)
Schello, Harry Victor [KR4681] ??/08/2015. Victoria, Australia (Iain Morrison)
Waller, Robin Lea [KR4151] 28/01/2018. Perth, WA (Iain Morrison)
Watson, James Archibald [KR4363/4424]. 22/05/2016. Qld (cousin Colin Watson KR3585)
[Ed: * G*randfather of Michael Hooper, former Captain of the Wallabies.*]

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 contemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

[Laurence Binyon]

*****

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION – NONDESCRIPTS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Nondescripts R.F.C. is writing a book to celebrate its upcoming 100th anniversary. Many of its members served with the Kenya Regiment. This oldest of Kenya rugby clubs would like to reach out to its former players and members to share the book with them when it is done, but just as importantly, to make contact with old playing members, non-playing members and their family members for information that can be included in the book.

If you can assist and would like to be (or your family member) included in the book, please contact William Cherry on <wcherry@mile327.com>

*****

JOHN GILFRID LLEWELLYN POWYS [KR6263]

[15/01/1938-27/12/2018]

Kenyan rancher, conservationist and botanist who combined an astute business sense with altruism.

Gilfrid Powys, who has died aged 79 after being trampled to death by an elephant, was director of the 43,000 acre Suyian Ranch in northwest Laikipia, Kenya, and a leading conservationist.

His family ties with Laikipia went back more than 100 years to 1914 when his father, William Powys, the tenth of eleven talented children of the Reverend Charles Powys and his wife, Mary (his siblings included the authors John Cowper Powys, Theodore Powys and Llewelyn Powys), moved from the farm where he was working in Somerset, to Kenya, where he found employment as a farm

manager on Kekopey Ranch, bordering Lake Elementaita in the Rift Valley, 80 kilometres southwest of Laikipia.

The ranch's owners then leased Suyian from the Kenya colonial government to provide alternative grazing for their sheep, which were suffering from tick-borne diseases at Kekopey. In 1920, William herded the sheep from Kekopey to Suyian and remained there for five years. He also took advantage of a soldier-settler scheme and got his own first parcel of land, Kisima Farm on the eastern slopes of Mount Kenya.

In the latter half of the 1920s he married Elizabeth (née Cross), a Viscount's granddaughter who had served as an ambulance driver and nurse in Europe in the First World War. She won the Military Medal for rescuing scores of people after a bomb scored a direct hit on the hospital in which she was working, blowing off the soles of her feet. After the war she had taken advantage of a settlement scheme to become a cattle rancher in Kenya, where she entered a short-lived marriage to another cattle rancher, Alec Douglas.

She met William Powys while out hunting a rogue baboon that had been terrorising local livestock. She had lost her pistol scrambling after the animal and had no idea where it was until Powys, touring the area on horseback, came across it in a ravine and, spotting her in the distance, returned it to her. They started talking and ended up married.

Eventually William was able to buy his own land on the northwest slopes of Mount Kenya, where he and Elizabeth lived happily with Delia, her daughter by her previous marriage, and their three children, Charles, Rose and Gilfrid.

In later life, Gilfrid would tell stories of how, as a twelve-year-old boy, he would ride round the ranch on horseback, rifle in hand, to round the sheep and cattle, or hunt lion or buffalo. As a young man he served in the Kenya Regiment during the Mau Mau uprising. In 1963, William purchased Suyian Ranch, and shortly afterwards Gilfrid moved to the property to manage it.

Over time the ranch farmed cattle, some camels and a small flock of sheep and goats. Suyian also became known for its honey production, yielding an annual harvest of two tonnes of organic honey, harvested traditionally from locally made log hives just before the rains when the Acacia trees bloom.

As well as being an expert in Boran cattle, a popular Kenyan Zebu beef breed, Gilfrid **[LEFT]** was also a keen conservationist, serving as a founding chairman of the Laikipia Wildlife Forum, a conservation body founded in 1992 which grew rapidly under his inspired leadership and now includes 6,000 members.

As head of his family's various enterprises - Kisima Farm at Timau, at Borana and Ngare Ndare (now mainly a tourist destination), and on his own ranch, he combined an astute business sense with altruism, working with local people whom he sought to enrich through the protection of wildlife and environmental sustainability initiatives, and providing schools, health clinics and skills training.

A keen botanist, Gilfrid Powys would sometimes spend weeks searching for and discovering new plant species and recognised no borders to this quest. In 1984, he was arrested by the Ethiopian

Mengistu regime when he strayed over the border while collecting plants in northern Kenya. He was a lone white man with a camel, two locals, a rifle and a flower press and a bag of *posho* (maize meal). For several weeks he languished in jail in Addis Ababa. His release was secured after the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew provided evidence that he collected and plants for them.

Powys was in the forefront of efforts by Laikipia's 48 large ranches to re-establish a population of elephants in the region. The animals had disappeared completely from Laikipia in the 1920s, but careful husbandry lured them back; Laikipia now boasts Kenya's largest concentration of big mammals outside the Masai Mara national reserve.

Powys often flew his own aeroplane and on one occasion, when asked by his mother to get some sausages on his way to Ngare Ndare, he forgot, so he landed his plane on the main street in Timau and went to the butcher.

He had many close shaves, surviving at least one brush with death when he ended up on crutches in his 70s after smashing his hip diving out of the way of a charging buffalo. On another occasion he became involved in a lengthy gun battle involving a party of heavily armed *shifta* (bandits) on his farm. Luckily, he was entertaining the local police chief to lunch at the time.

In recent years Powys had spoken out against local politicians who were inciting armed Samburu herders and their cattle to force their way onto white-owned ranches in Laikipia, damaging property and devastating pasture, killing elephant and buffalo and threatening the future of one of Africa's most important areas of wildlife conservation.

In 2016, herdsmen began invading his Suyian ranch, and last year they attacked properties on the farm, burned down a tourist lodge run by his daughter, Anne and pillaged her house and her son's cottage. Farmers and local officials in Laikipia claimed that the attacks were politically motivated, driven by powerful, local political leaders stirring up their kinsmen in order to mount a land grab and drive out other tribes.

"It is Pokot-Samburu expansionism," Powys told The Daily Telegraph. "It is political, 100 per cent political, no question." Although ranch owners had always given grazing rights to the herders, there are fears that the farm invasions are an ecological disaster in the making.

Powys was killed near a dam which serves as a watering point for wild animals. According to local police, an elephant charged and trampled him to death.

In 1963, he married Patricia Holyoak, who survives him with their two daughters. Daily Telegraph 15/01/2018.

[Ed: *The above is as the Daily Telegraph reporter saw Gilfrid. Ray Letcher [KR7118] who gave me the article, however, saw Gilfrid in another light! The year the Regiment was camped in Laikipia, on the slopes of the Aberdares fairly close to KR7585 Pete Smith's farm, for annual training, both Gilfrid and Ray were on 'sick' leave. With nothing better to do, they took to the air with Gilfrid at the controls and Ray as the 'bombardier'. Flying low over the camp, Ray released a 5lb packet of posho which landed right in the middle of the Officers' Mess table all set for lunch! Luckily, no-one was injured but after landing at a nearby airstrip Gilfrid and Ray had to remove thorn tree twigs from the undercarriage! Gilfrid was a larger than life makora and I'm sure readers would like to read more about his antics*!]

**

Dennis Leete [KR4094] <dleete2@gmail.com> 08/02/2018. February 2018 18:45: I knew Gilfrid well and attended his farewell *kwaheri* on the home farm 'Kisima': in Timau. two weeks ago, amongst some 1,000 other mourners.

Gilfrid's father, Will, married The Hon. Elsie Douglas, (née Cross), a WWI ambulance driver, after she divorced Alexander S. Douglas, circa 1926, a veteran officer in the East African Mounted Rifles; a scruffy but wealthy rancher, who, at one stage, owned Lewa Ranch near Isiolo.

Will and Elsie raised the children, Charlie, Rose and Gilfrid in that order. The two boys served in the Kenya Regiment during the Mau Mau campaign, but Charlie [KR6264] was killed in an accident while shooting buffalo at night on their wheat fields

Rose married hunter Tony Dyer [KR7554?] who wrote the well known book 'Men of all Seasons', describing the lives of some 20 to 30 famous East African hunters, over a 70 year period, from Blaney Percival and Fredrick Selous DSO, to Bill Ryan [KR2910] and Tony Archer [KR4024]. They had three children Michael, Charlie, Martin who together today run a successful agricultural enterprise including export floriculture, cereal production (5,000 acres), an edible, oil processing operation, an abattoir marketing Aberdeen Angus beef, and a property development unit in Nairobi.

Gilfrid married Patricia Holyoak, sister of KR4230 Eric Holyoak MM (who was at POW with us), who bore two girls, Anne and Marian. Patricia became a recluse, though still lives on his ranch Suyian, where Gilfrid was killed on 27th December, trying to move a small herd of elephant away from a dam, on which there was to be a fishing competition shortly by his three grandchildren. A cow elephant with a calf, which was behind him unnoticed in the bush, gored him through the chest, killing him instantly. Anne married Ken Brown, but left him shortly after, though bore a son Ciaren now a philosophy graduate at Exeter.

Marian married Ken Wreford Smith, son of John [KR3678], who was at Kitale School when I first arrived there in 1940, and also at POW with us. They have daughters studying veterinary medicine in USA. Ken is the grandson of the Eldoret Herbert Wreford-Smith who also came from the Eastern Cape, on the first Afrikaner trek in 1904. He first settled in Turbo, but later joined up with Denys Finch Hatton and for a while ran several trading stores in Trans Nzioa/Uasin Gishu. Later, he became a livestock officer in Karamoja during WWII, buying cattle from the Karamajong for the Uganda Meat Commission, which he supplemented by elephant hunting. He was once attacked by a Karamajong tribesman and badly speared over a cattle dispute at Kitedo, but survived and settled down in Kitale after WWII.

Gilfrid did work for the Game Department for a short time after leaving school, but took up ranching, rather than farming, as he preferred the hot country of Rumuruti. At one stage in the early sixties he, together with Mike Prettejohn [KR3975] and an American, owned 1.5 million acres north of the Galana river, bordering Somali country, running 27,000 head of boran cattle, but that became a political hot potato, and it was purchased by the Moi Government, and given to a Somali general in the Kenya Army as a sop to Somali ambitions in the early 1980's.

Gilfrid was a noted breeder of Boran cattle, and sold embyos for IVF implants which were exported to South Africa, Australia and Argentina.

His love life was complex, as he attracted women like flies There were probably a dozen in his life, including Kuki Gallman, and Crystal, whom I met several times in the past three months; a charming, elegant Austrian/Argentinian, who wished he would retire with her in South America. But he remained loyal to Patricia, and always had lunch with her on a Sunday, whenever he was on the ranch.

He lived life to the full, was a perfect gentleman, and died as he would have wished, and is buried in his Welsh rugby jersey, on a small hill on Suyian, overlooking the vast Laikipia plateau,.

Whilst married to Alexander Douglas, Elsie had a daughter, before she left him for Will Powys; a half sister to Gilfrid, called Delia. She later married a nieghbouring rancher, David Craig, and is mother to the Craig family of Lewa Downs, which she inherited from her father, Alexander; why he left Lewa, and settled in Soy, I don't know.

I want to add an extra para to Gilfrid's story, about the time he flew into the Elemi triangle on the Kenya/Ethiopian/Sudan border searching for new aloes, some fifteen years ago, with an Italian priest, and landed his Cessna 185 'tail-dragger' in the semi desert near a low hill that looked a promising habitat for aloes. This was not on their official flight plan, hence was illegal. They walked up the hill leaving the aircraft about 500 meters away, then watched as a ragtag group of well armed, scruffy rebel SPLA soldiers emerged from the surrounding scrub and cautiously approached the empty aircraft. After checking it out and opening the doors, they stepped back and proceeded to blast it with AK47 assault rifles, smashing all the windscreen, instrument panels, doors (which they ripped off) and shot dozens of holes into the fuselage.

Aghast, Gilfrid came down the hill with his arms outstretched to shake their hands, but was smashed to the ground and threatened with death. They had no common language but were forced to strip naked, and part with their water supply. Gilfrid kept his cool, and showed no fear, and gesticulated to the rebels to return his shoes, at least, which they did, before departing into the bush, with all their clothes, food supplies and kit.

After a tense hour waiting; expecting the gang to return and kill them, they inspected the aircraft, and were surprised to note that the wing fuel tanks had not been punctured, the battery was undamaged, and the tyres were still fully inflated. The engine was untouched, no wiring was damaged, even though the main instruments on the panel were all smashed and broken.

They carefully lifted the tail, and manoeuvred the aircraft around to line up along the incoming landing path, then cleared any major obstructions before clambering aboard, only in their shoes, and fired up the engine. Without a windscreen, or doors or any instruments, except the magnetic compass mounted overhead, they took off, and set a course back to Kenya to an isolated Catholic mission station about 150 miles away. It was very breezy, and they could not monitor any engine settings, nor speeds or altitude, but they flew along, until they picked up signs of habitation and roads, and safely landed at the Mission station, where the aircraft was swiftly hidden from prying eyes. It was later dismantled by an aircraft engineer friend, and trucked back to Nairobi on a lorry, and rebuilt.

It was an extraordinary story and they were very lucky to survive. I gather Gilfrid has collected several aloe species over the years, new to science, which are named after him, and are growing in his garden in Laikipia.

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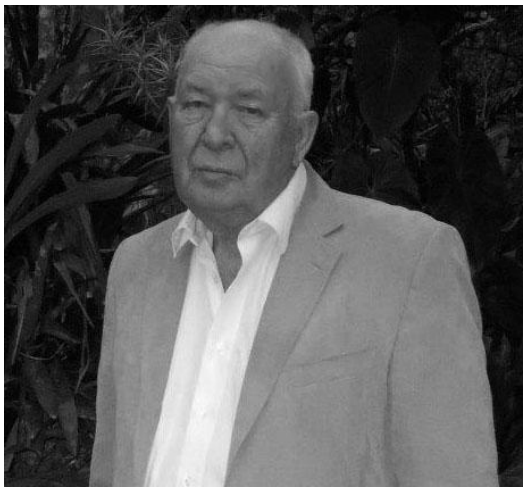
GEORGE McKNIGHT : THE KIKUYU ELDER FROM THE P.O.W!

[Ed: *Keith Elliot forwarded this article 30/01/2018, the story behind Mzee McKnight ascending to Kikuyu Eldership*.]

My appointment as an elder of the Kikuyu tribe, is something seldom extended to non-Kikuyus; in fact I can only think of two or three likely recipients (ever!) who were of Caucasian origin. It is a considerable honour for me!

How did it come about? I was at the Church wedding about six weeks ago of a long standing Kikuyu staff member, Steve, and his lady Lydia. They had been married for twenty five years but not in church. At the reception afterwards I got into bad company and was introduced to Muratina, the Kikuyu beer!



We chatted for a while and they learned a bit about my background - born in Nairobi; educated in Tanzania and Kenya [POW]; served in Kenya Regiment [KR4246] during the Kenya Emergency; then two years' service as District Officer (Kikuyu Guard). **[RIGHT: GEORGE IN HIS GARDEN]**

A few days later Steve came to my office and told me that those chaps had suggested strongly that I should be made a Kikuyu elder.

We thought, and discussed. Paul Mbugua, whom you know, suggested that the ceremony take place in Ndeiya, the location in which I served and was well remembered. I made a list of people who I remembered, all of whom were older than I. Paul and his older brother, the Chief of Ndeiya Location, set about checking my list and confirmed that almost all of them had passed on - of course their sons, grandsons and younger brothers were still around.

So a ceremony was scheduled for last Friday, in the garden of Paul's father who worked with me sixty plus years ago. It was an all-male affair, attended by over seventy people - I was introduced one by one to all of them.

It was also a party! Four sheep were slaughtered and roasted. The procedure involving my introduction to Kikuyu elder status required the consumption of certain parts of the sheep - including intestines (no after effects!), kidney, liver and the roast meat. Also for me drinking Muratina, served in a cow horn. Then the entire gathering stood up, faced Mount Kenya, raised both hands and prayed - in Kikuyu. Of course, I did not understand the prayers.

That ended the ceremony, but the socialising and drinking continued! I excused myself; was taken by Paul to meet his Mum and several sisters, all in their finery, at the parent's home just fifty yards away. Good chats! Then into the Jeep, and Bernard drove me on the new tarmac road, which runs roughly north/south through Ndeiya towards Kikuyu town and the main Nairobi/Nakuru road. [

Sadly it has been a season of poor rainfall and the maize crops have largely failed. [Ed: *Years ago, agriculturists could almost rely on two rainy seasons a year. It would appear climatic changes have decided otherwise?*]

[LEFT: FLOOD-TIME – NAIROBI – 2018. PHOTO VIA MIKE FORD, NZ]

Besides family, I will just be telling a few friends of long standing - but it is a pleasing development.

**

Some correspondence from George: 21/02/2018: Chris and I are back from a splendid holiday in South Africa and I have received emails from a number of old(!) team mates. We are greatly looking forward to the Re-Union in the summer.

Good to see Whispering Bill Sawyer in the team photo for the match against Frankfurt 1980. I think he later scored the winning try when we beat Hayle (then the top Cornish Club) in the final match of the 1970 Tour.

Replying to a query from Keith Elliot, George indicates that "CCF was introduced at PoW at the beginning of my final year, 1952. It was compulsory. I had no enthusiasm for it".

P.S. I played for Impala Rugby Club (IRC), perhaps for too long - I now have a dodgy knee! – IRC were very enterprising when it came to overseas tours. The first tour, in 1948 took in matches in Germany, Denmark and North of England. In July 2018, those old guys who are still alive will meet for two or three days, with ladies, to celebrate 50 years since our first tour.

Another tour followed two years later. I still recall that I suffered a serious disability and that I was persuaded to play in the final match, which, incidentally, was the worst eighty minutes of my life! I missed the previous match because of a bad injury to my left foot. We had no other hooker - I think David Cox was drafted in. We also did not get much line-out ball and we lost a tight game. I was seen by various doctors/physicians, whoever, but nobody could identify or remedy the problem. Come the final match, against Hayle, Gordon the Tour Manager, said to me, inter alia "George, I hate to ask you, but we must get some set scrum ball in this final match. Will you play?" Getting the boot on was extreme agony and I suffered for days afterwards - the other guys were living it up in London while I sulked in our hotel. Even the flight back to Nairobi was agonizing.

As soon as I could, in Nairobi, I went to see Dr Gellert who identified the problem immediately - confirmed with a blood slide. GOUT! He gave me an appropriate injection and soon all was well I think the other guys found the diagnosis most amusing. However, Gordon thanked me effusively, for having taken the field. Since then I have been very careful about what I eat and drink! Heredity can be a factor. My father and his two brothers - a very temperate family - all suffered from gout periodically.

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DAME DAPHNE MARJORIE SHELDRICK DBE, MBS

[4th June 1934-12th April 2018]

[Fiona Harvey-The Guardian 24th April 2018]

Renowned conservationist dedicated to saving orphaned elephants and releasing them back into the wild

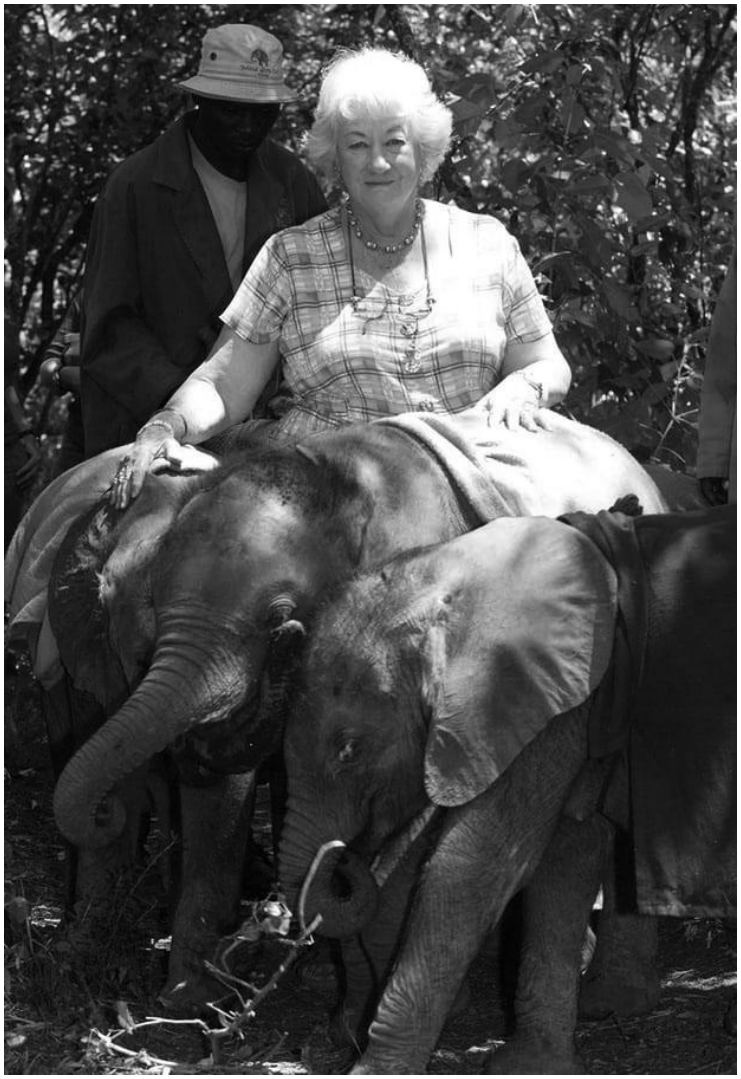
Elephant babies like coconut oil. This discovery has saved the life of hundreds of orphaned, unweaned elephants, left behind when their mothers were killed, victims of the ivory wars that have catastrophically reduced elephant populations across Africa.

The discovery came after two decades of efforts by the renowned conservationist Daphne Sheldrick **[LEFT]**, who has died aged 83. She devoted most of her life to rescuing young elephants and releasing them back into the wild.

When she first made attempts to keep the orphaned babies alive, often at one or two years old, with other milk sources, they remained malnourished and faded into death. It was only after trying every combination she could find, that she hit on one baby milk formula from Europe that seemed to work, which contained coconut oil. She and the elephants never looked back, and now more than 230 elephants in Kenya, and many others in Asia and other parts of Africa, are alive, and mostly in the wild, thanks to her hand-rearing.

[RIGHT. DAPHNE SHELDRICK IN 2007, WITH SOME ORPHANED ELEPHANTS. DRAPED IN COMFORT BLANKETS.

PHOTOGRAPH: GARY ROBERTS/REX SHUTTERSTOCK]



Her work grew from her care of orphaned elephants found by her husband, David Sheldrick, chief warden at the Tsavo National Park in Kenya in the 1960s. By the time her sanctuary was well-established, in the late 70s and 80s, each elephant had its own stall, as otherwise they would disturb one another, was bottle-fed every three hours, and given blankets, raincoats and sunscreen as needed. A keeper slept with each animal under a year old, alternating lest the babies grow too dependent.

Often, the elephants arrived traumatised, having experienced the lethal violence and cruelty of poaching. It was crucial, in her view, to recognise their grief and help them to overcome it. "They are emotionally human animals;' she told journalists "You have to think in human terms. How does a child feel when it has lost its whole family and is suddenly in the hands of the enemy?"

Throughout her life, Sheldrick championed the ability of elephants to communicate and their capacity for feeling. Once, she recounted, a female wrenched the tusks from a newly killed bull elephant and threw them into the jungle, before the eyes of the poachers. On another occasion, an elephant she approached in the wild, mistaking it for one of her former charges, ran at her and hurled her into the air. When she landed, leg broken, the elephant approached again and she feared a fatal blow. But instead it carefully examined her with its trunk, nuzzling and testing to see if she could stand. She wrote afterwards she believed it was because she had been recognised as a friend.

Scientists began to understand in the ‘60s that elephants could use infrasonic frequencies, from about 1Hz to 20Hz, heard by humans as ‘rumbling’, to communicate over long distances, but only gradually has the full extent of this powerful form of communication been understood. In 2012, for example, researchers found that elephants produce and use their sounds in a similar way to human speech or singing.

Sheldrick was one of the earliest advocates of a total global ban on ivory, as against the halfway house solutions proposed by some, of allowing sales of ivory captured from poachers to be sold to benefit the countries that had caught them. And she was forthright about where the problem lay: China, with its rampant demand for ivory trinkets as status symbols. "The world has got to drive China to ban all sales of ivory;" she said.

She was born the third of four children, in Kenya's Rift Valley, where her parents Marjorie (née Webb) and Brian Jenkins farmed. Her family (Aggett), originally from Britain, had come to Kenya after settling in South Africa in the late 19th century. From an early age, Daphne was fascinated by wildlife: aged three, her first pet was a young bush buck

She was educated at the Kenya High School but instead of taking up an offered place at university, at nineteen she married Bill Woodley, a game warden in Nairobi National Park, with whom she had a daughter, Jill.

The Mau Mau insurrection followed, during which Bill was engaged on the government side, and later they went to live in Tsavo National Park. There, Daphne had a life-changing encounter with the charismatic Sheldrick, the first chief warden of Tsavo and one of the main figures who shaped it as an international beacon of conservation. He too was married, but recently separated. Soon after, recognising that her marriage to Bill was over, in 1960 Daphne married David.

Tsavo was one of the first extensive wildlife parks in the world, and a model for many to follow. Sheldrick gloried in the opportunities it offered, making her home a haven for orphaned and abandoned wild creatures from dikdiks to rhinos, and increasingly with baby elephants whose mothers had been killed by poachers.

In 1976, the idyll ended as David was recalled to Nairobi. A year later, he died aged 58 of a heart attack. Bereft, Daphne took solace from the elephants she looked after, later writing:

"I thought about the elephants and felt humbled, knowing how stoically they deal with the loss of loved ones on an almost daily basis, how deeply they grieve but how they do so with courage, never forgetting the needs of the living. Their example gave me the strength I needed."

She set up the David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust in her husband's memory, and operated her elephant orphanage from Nairobi National Park with outposts in Tsavo.

Sheldrick was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire (DBE) in 2006. She also received one of Kenya's highest honours, the Moran of the Burning Spear (MBS), was named in the UN environment programme's global 500 roll of honour, recognising outstanding environmental achievers, and was an honorary doctor of Glasgow university. **[ABOVE: 'ELEANOR', DAPHNE & ANGELA, WHO IS NOW CEO THE DAVID SHELDRICK WILDLIFE TRUST]**

She is survived by her daughters, Jill, from her first marriage to Bill Woodley, and Angela, from her second marriage, to David Sheldrick, and by four grandchildren.

Her autobiography, 'Love, Life and Elephants: An African Love Story', was published in 2012.

[Ed: *Thomas Edward and Mary Ann (neé Chick) Aggett had nine children - (1) Mary Ann who died aged nine months; (2) Margaret Ellen (Aunt Nellie) whose first husband, Thomas Jenkins was killed in the Boer War; they had two sons, Stanley & Bryan; she then married Ernest Nye-Chart; they had two sons, Fred & Harry. (3) Thomas Edward who married Claire Ogilvie Hudson; their second son, Hudson was 'killed in action, presumed drowned' when the SS Khedive Ismail was torpedoed on its way to Ceylon on 12th February 1944; (4) Emma Jane (Tarchie) who married Dr Bedward-Williams; (5) Boyce who owned the Kijabe Hotel and married Elsie Gray; (6) May who married Alick Roberts; Alick, their son Boyce and grandson Alick were Bisley shottists; (7) George who married Preto Shepherd; their grandson George died as a result of burns sustained whilst trying to rescue a passenger when the aircraft he was piloting crashed on take-off at Lake Naivasha in 2017; (8) Daisy who first married Frederick Eeles and later Lionel Griffin; and lastly (9) Ethel who married Segar Bastard; their daughter Joy married Frank Corfield, one-time Governor of the Sudan and author of the Corfield Report.*

Achievement-wise, the Jenkins family is notable. Daphne, her first husband, Bill Woodley, her second husband, David Sheldrick and older brother, Peter were all awarded the MBE for their dedication to conversation of wildlife. Bill was awarded the MC during the Emergency and later, when Warden of the Mt Kenya NP, was awarded the Silver Decoration of Honour of the Republic of Austria for his involvement in the rescue of an Austrian mountaineer, injured whilst climbing Mt Kenya. In 2001, Daphne was awarded the MBS by the Kenya Government, and in 2006 she was promoted by the British Government, to DBE).]

[ABOVE. THE JENKINS CHILDREN WITH THEIR MOTHER, MARGE, FOLLOWING THE 1987 MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THEIR FATHER, BRYAN. L/R: BETTY (BALES), PETER, DAPHNE, MARGE & SHEILA (WREN)]

Daphne's Legacy. The David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust (DSWT), now in its 41st year and led by daughter Angela, has four fully equipped mobile veterinary units and a rapid response 'Sky Vet' initiative headed by KWS vets. The veterinary units operate in no less than eight national parks. There are ten anti-poaching teams, nine of which operate in the Tsavo Conservation Area (60,000 sq km). Aerial survey, with the Field HQ in Tsavo, comprises five fixed wing aircraft and a Hughes 500 helicopter. DSWT supports conservation initiatives in the Kibwezi Forest area (2011) and the Lamu Consevation Trust (2012).

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KENYA COWBOYS

Tom Lawrence <atomlaw50@gmail.com> and Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com> converse:

Dear Dennis,

I have been corresponding with a guy in the UK - that PhD student from Leeds who has become very interested in the whole concept of Kenya Cowboys (KC) and what the name means for different generations and different groups of people, black Kenyans, expatriates, and us - the 47th tribe of Kenya. To expatriates for example, any *mzungu* who has lived here for a significant while is a KC. Whilst to me, at least, there were really three fundamental groups - the Up-Country Cowboy - all the farming lot, the Nairobi Cowboy, and the Coast Cowboy… and I never really knew much about the last group, as they kept to themselves and were disparaging when the coast was invaded from up-country three times a year.

The other thing for me, is that they change from generation to generation… the ones that my general generation looked up to, were the likes of Barney Gasston, Martin Evans, Johnny Yakas, Tony & Groper Hughes, Brian Allen, Alan Mayers… they were the *ndumes*! For me the funny thing is that in some ways it is a badge of honour' but at the same time it has disparaging undertones.

But when it comes to your generation… did you have the same thing? I remember Edmund Hemsted saying that Pat Hemphill apparently regarded my Old Man as the original KC… but that would have been a very different era, and a very different KC-ness.

I also remember Dad saying that in the '50s the favoured car for all the young was the VW Beetle, and whilst he never used the word Kenya Cowboy, the description of them burning around the countryside and 'driving hard' was of that ilk - and so much so, a guy that he rallied with (a mad Irishman called Stafford) hated VW Beetles with a vengeance, and exploited the weakness of the VW Beetle and its inability to brake hard on corners. If Stafford had a KC burning past him in a Beetle he would get in front and find a corner, get through it, and then brake hard so the Beetle driver would have to do the same, but on the corner itself. Obviously in later years, the Datsun 1200 pick-up, aka the '*Debe*', was the car of choice.

But from your generation… what then epitomized a KC? That is assuming they existed, either by nature or by name?

And whilst on the same - the only real reference to KCs in the big wide world is that fellow Peter Hewitt and his book 'Kenya Cowboy' about his time during the Mau Mau… what was that all about? Was it the British Army's disparaging terminology for the Kenya boys and the Regiment?

Any thoughts - long or short would be most appreciated.

Regards

Tom

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Dennis replies: In truth, I never heard the term KC until the late sixties/early seventies. Possibly Peter Hewitt started the name with his book, 'Kenya Cowboy', and it gradually spread; but I never met him during the Emergency, and regarded his book, with a pinch of salt, and self glorification. The British Army may well have tagged that name to the Kenya Regiment men seconded to their ranks, as it was Regimental *dasturi* for ranks to address their officer's by their first name, from the

earliest days. Everyone joined as privates, and new candidate officers were recommended to the Commanding Officer and Permanent Staff, by the men themselves. I was attached to a British Battalion (The Devonshire Regiment) as a sergeant for six months as a tracker/guide, and they were very scathing of our familiarity towards their officers!

In my youth, in the thirties and forties, the division was between the Afrikaners, who were the 'Boets' (farmers) or 'Boereji' (little boers), and the rest of us. Many of them, I recall, could not even speak English.

I was raised in Uasin Gishu district of Western Kenya, and went to school in Kitale in the Trans Nzioa in 1940, aged seven; where probably half the settler population were from South Africa; (until the influx of new Europeans from Europe after the Second World War) . The Afrikaners called us ' Rooineks". (rednecks, from sunburn) At that stage I reckon the total white population of children under twelve in Western Kenya, was probably less than 500 .Later in the Emergency, the word 'boet' became a term of affection in the ranks of the Kenya Regiment meaning 'one of us' which could also include city kids if they were good at sports, or good shots. I still use that term today, at the Gilgil Club when I meet an old friend, or his son, who might be engaged in agricultural pursuits , and I cannot remember his name!

I do not recall any division between Coast or up-country kids, because there was only one government secondary school, the Prince of Wales, which we all attended, and amalgamated; including the Greek 'tribe' from Tanganyika, children of sisal barons, probably a year older per head, at the same academic level, hence stronger and bigger; and they came to school with huge budgets, and even their own cars, which they parked nearby, with friendly residents.

By the time puberty was kicking in, at say fourteen years, they were dating High School or Convent girls, and taking them out in their cars at weekends. You had to pal up with one of them, to get a chance! Many did very well, and went on to Oxford or Cambridge, and became doctors, lawyers, or wealthy businessmen in UK, like Lucas Horn, or Byron Georgiadis in Kenya, or Samaras, Georgulis, Fieros, Monas, Gramaticus, Zagoritis, Ghikas, Spiropoulus, *et al*, all successful, well educated, men, and mostly married to English girls !

'Kenya Cowboys' today, tend to be fourth/fifth generation, white, unmarried, Kenyan males aged between eighteen and 35, who spend most of their time in the bush as tour guides, ranchers, farmers, pilots, or project supervisors, and speak *kiswahili*, or other local languages, fluently and, in general, are non-university graduates, who come to town infrequently, and gang up together for a big 'thrash'. They are usually very knowledgeable about wildlife and birds. But the definition is loose. It does not mean they are irresponsible or piss-heads. They can come from respectable families, but they prefer an open, free life. And of course, they can eventually 'graduate" and settle down, marry and raise their own families, and loose the KC acronym.

I would not label you as a KC; but someone from England might do so; and you might well be! At least, that's my interpretation.

**

Tom responds: Thank you for putting your thoughts down on paper.

I would agree with you about my generation - I certainly was an aspiring KC in my early teens, and I think achieved a reasonable Kenya Cowboy-ness in my time, and was thrown out of the country by my Old Man for my aspirations - probably the best thing that ever happened to me. Also, much to my chagrin I never was the proud owner of a Datsun '*Debe*' - but we did hare around the country in a Mini - fishing in the Aberdares and all over the country. I even started putting a book together

on the same, complete with a set of cartoons… it was rather in a similar vein to one that came out about 'Sloane Rangers' in London… the London, ex-public schoolboy set. Bruce - I would imagine you probably came across them in the 17th/21st Lancers? Needless to say, I have the draft, but never got to finishing it. One bit for it was a poem written by Johnny Onslow's cousin, when he came out to Kenya for a year between school and university - it is called 'The Ode to a Kenya Cowboy (or The Pom's Lament)'

But, for me, what is very interesting is the point in time when the term 'Kenya Cowboy' came into common parlance… Ian Parker reckons it was certainly post-emergency, and cites a party at Muthaiga when Gilfrid Powys was part of a crowd 'horse racing' through the club, using dining room trolleys, and his jockey was Betty Archer… and there was much muttering about Kenya Cowboys at that escapade - he hasn't yet clarified when that incident happened…

I agree whole heartedly about it being a phase of life, but rather than going out the window with marriage and the responsibility that comes with that and the advent of kids. I would say that, rather like owning, driving and having your head under the bonnet of a Land Rover - it is a phase of life… and one simply moves on from it in most cases, and whilst in others, they never do!

I do think that the 'spirit of the Kenya Cowboy' existed way back to time immemorial, but were never known by that particular name. Depending on whether one terms it 'loutish-ness', 'over exuberance', 'high spirits' or 'simply having a bloody good time', it is a luxury that we have here from growing up in Kenya.

One of the interesting things that came from Josh Doble, was the propensity of Kenya *mzungus* to fall into one of four categories of work…

1. Agriculture (horticulture being the more contemporary version thereof)
2. Tourism (which in the old days included hunting)
3. Conservation (again the old days included National Parks and the Game Department)
4. Aviation

A 21st Century category that has perhaps been omitted is the world of security. However, there are very few office *wallahs* with a conventional bit of *biashara* (with all due respect to you George (McKnight?)! - unless I am maligning your good character?). I think, as you intimated in your email, that it was more about the freedom and the space.

The bottom line is that there isn't much point in living in Kenya if you don't exploit such autonomy, and being an office wallah automatically precludes that. But also, as a *mzungu* in *biashara,* we have the Indians and the Kikuyu to compete with, and therein lies some stiff competition!

Like all generalisations there are exceptions, and the group that appears to be the main one is the legal fraternity. The intimation for the reason behind this niche is that the *mzungu* is still perceived as being 'honest' (whether deserved or not), and so the opportunity for *mzungu* lawyers remains.

…and on that note I had better stop rambling! But thank you for your thoughts… all very interesting.

Tom

*****

KEITH ARTHUR CAIRNS [KR 4045]

[2nd April 1933 - 5th June 2017]

[Daughter Sue]

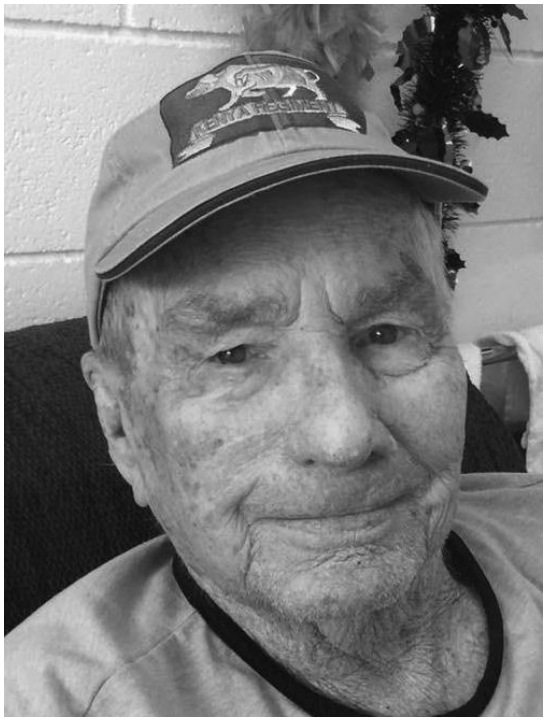
By his own admission, Keith had enjoyed a full and wonderful life. It difficult to put an entire life into words which accurately reflect all that one may have achieved during a lifetime., but it would be fair to say that Keith made his life count; he enjoyed it and experienced much during his years.

He was the only son born to Jimmy (an Engineer) and Elsie Cairns, on a coffee farm in Nyeri, Kenya, East Africa on the 2nd of April 1933. His older sister, Daphne, was later to marry Peter Johnson.

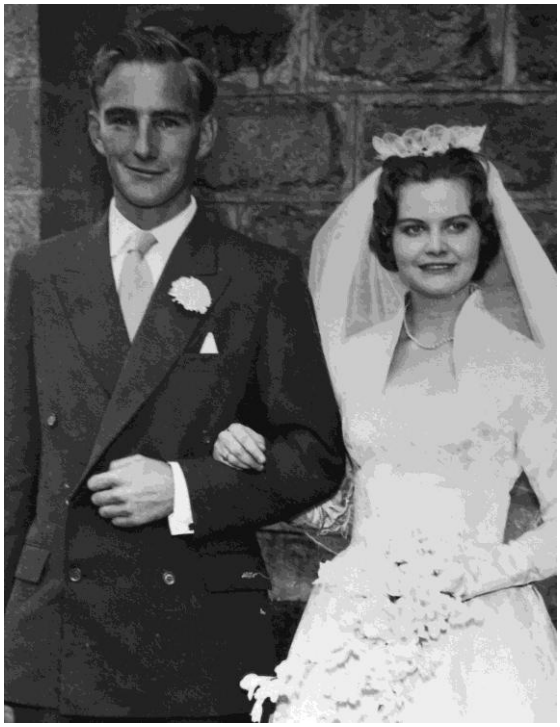
The two siblings enjoyed a carefree and happy childhood, swimming in the ocean, water skiing, boating, even if Keith was mischievous and naughty a lot of the time. Kenya was a wonderful, magical place for Keith, and he would continue to speak of his time there as being some of the happiest of his life - his *nirvana*.

He attended All Hallows Boarding School in Devon, before spending some time at St. Mary's School, Nairobi. School was not his thing, he absolutely hated it! As a very young child, away at boarding school he wrote letters home to his mother every week that highlighted an incense of misery - rules were too much for him to comply with and he was regularly in trouble with the school heads. His focus, even back then was more on his love for mechanics, his toy engines, pocket knives and boats rather than the curriculum. His poor mother regularly was informed of Keith's non-conformance at school and referred to her son as a 'naughty little boy'!

After leaving school, Keith completed National service training [KR4045] in Salisbury, S Rhodesia, served with 23 KAR, after which he was posted to 'B' Coy KR. He was an A/Sgt when he was released in 1954. He rarely spoke of his experiences during the Emergency, for there were incidents about which he felt the family didn't needed to know. He saw things at times that were very confronting and his placement during the Mau-Mau Emergency were notably one of his sad times. All his military badges, medals and militaria collected during his time with the KR were 'thrown away'. However, in his later years he reminisced heaps of the good times he had with his comrades traipsing around the Aberdare's, saying he made many wonderful friends and even proudly adorned a KR cap recently sent to him by fellow KR member, Patrick Connett [KR7221] **[RIGHT].**



There were so many interesting stories told around this time of his life. He worked for the Nairobi Government in the Customs Department Kenya and encountered many strange items that travellers attempted to take out of the country – weapons, ivory, elephant feet and other weird artefacts. He had recently admitted that working for Customs was great fun and he formed lasting friendships with many of his colleagues.



Having been friends throughout their youth, Keith married Sheilagh Meehan in Nairobi on 5th November 1960. **[RIGHT]**

Ever interested in planes, he learnt to fly small aircraft and purchased a 1939 Luscombe Silvaire. One of his longer flights was from Nairobi to Pretoria, South Africa, some 2000 miles, cramped in the tiny cockpit with a friend who was hitchhiking to Durban. Without a map or radio he completed the trip in 'small hops', following where possible, the railway line to get his sense of direction. He said it sounded easy, but it wasn't, and he had difficulty in locating Wonderboom Airport in Pretoria. Sadly, Keith never attained his gaol, that of becoming a commercial pilot.

His sister, Daphne, so proud of her brother's achievement of flight, wrote an article for a local Kenyan magazine, 'Old Africa' – and here is an extract of the letter Keith wrote back to Daphne in 2008, after she asked him for details for the article.

Dear Daph

This will be the first time I have put pen to paper since I was in school, so here goes. I bought the little Luscombe Silvaire for £800 pounds, with the idea of getting my hours up for my commercial licence. You will recall, I failed because of colour blindness.

I flew it all over Kenya, but still needed to increase my flying time, hence the trip to Pretoria and back. I realised refuelling would be a problem as the plane didn't have the range between most airfields, so installed a hand wobble pump behind the back seat. When the fuel guage indicated I was getting low on fuel, I would manually pump petrol from a four-gallon *debe*, into the wing tanks whilst flying. The smell of petrol was so strong – how the hell it never caught fire I do not know. The Department of Aviation would have grounded me had they found out.

On one flight to Mombasa I encountered a very strong head wind and was getting short of petrol, so landed and refuelled. On take-off, I was just about airborne when a rhino came across the runway. I just missed it. p.s. I had to change my underwear!"

Another story highlighting his warped sense of humour, lack of flying safety and carefree ways is related by an old Kenyan friend of Keith's, Jimmy Cruickshank. "I was in the Thorn Tree having coffee one morning, when an old friend, Keith Cairns came over.

"Do you fancy a trip to Magadi?"

"How and when", I asked?

"In my plane, and now!

"I didn't know he had a plane (or a licence to fly one), but I love flying, so said yes.

We drove out to Nairobi West Airport, to find his plane had already been wheeled out, and was ready to go. I don't remember the make. It was a shiny aluminium Italian monoplane, made in 1939, and looked good.

Keith filed his flight plan, and we took off. He had previously explained that he was going to Magadi to pick up some important papers. We had been in the air for about half an hour, when Keith asked me to check the fuel gauge which he said was just behind my head.

I looked and nearly passed out. The gauge had what appeared to be a small metal cylinder floating in some sort of fluid. It had markings on it - Full, 3/4, 1/2, 1/4, and empty. It was showing EMPTY!

I tapped the glass but it remained at empty. I told Keith the reading, and he looked at me with disbelief.

"My God," he said. "They told me when I phoned asking them to get the plane ready that it would be fuelled up, I should have bloody checked"! "Start looking for somewhere I can put her down".

I opened the side window and looked desperately for a clear space, but there just seemed to be thorn bush everywhere.

"Nothing Keith". All sorts of things were going through my mind. I hadn't told anyone where I was going. Jimmy Cruickshank's disappearance would be a mystery forever.

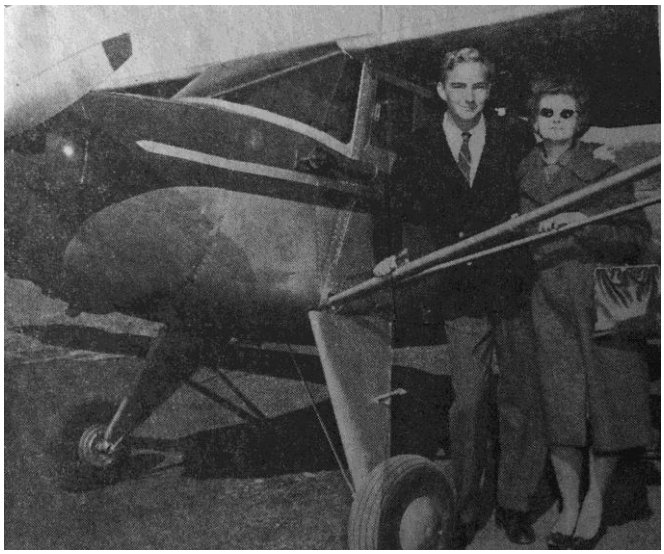
We flew on for a few minutes, then Keith began to laugh

“That's all we need now”. I thought. “A hysterical pilot”!

"Don't worry!" He said. "That's not the original gauge, it's from an old model T Ford, and for some reason it works backwards".

If we hadn't been about 5000 feet above ground I think I would have strangled him.

We completed the trip without any further 'problems’ and went into the Planter's Punch for a greatly appreciated cold Tusker.”



Although his love for flying, Keith was unable to realise his dream of becoming a commercial pilot due to colour blindness. This was one of Keith’s biggest disappointments – it hurt him deeply - and rather than pursuing flying, he stopped and didn’t return to the skies as a pilot again.

Rumour has it that the aircraft was eventually sold, and sadly crashed-landed, killing the pilot. The plane was then refurbished and reused as a climbing aid in a children’s playground.

[LEFT: KEITH & SHEILAGH AND THE LUSCOMBE SILVAIRE. PRIOR TO THE PRETORIA FLIGHT.]

Keith and Sheilagh moved to Nigeria for a short time where he worked in refrigeration for a cosmetic company. The couple moved to South Africa in 1967 where they purchased and operated

the Bryanston Ferndale Kennel and Cattery. Both their children, Susan and Richard, who were born in South Africa, remember their father as being kind, generous, and very protective of his little girl; his son became his best friend. They say that their father was very funny, mischievous, sensitive, kind and very loving. He loved his kids and always told them at every opportunity.

In 1974, the family emigrated to Australia – the decision to move to Perth in Western Australia, was taken because Sheilagh's brother and family were already living there. The family settled in well, living in rented accommodation in Duncraig in the northern suburbs for a short time before purchasing a family home in Craigie, where they lived for many years.

Keith was self-employed as a 'fibre-glasser' in Perth for a brief time, making canopies for utilities, before returning to his profession as a refrigeration mechanic and starting his own business, Cairns Refrigeration and Air-conditioning Services.

You would think the new family's first major purchase in Australia would be a house, but no, Keith decided to buy a 20-foot fibreglass Bertram boat, called Safari II. The name was a drawcard – a connection to his homeland - the boat enabled him to be close to the water – one of his greatest loves in life.

Keith came from a long line of inventors – his interest sparked early in his life by his father who was also mechanically minded – both having the ability to fix anything. While patient with most inanimate objects, his patience was lost if things didn't work the first time around, or if he couldn't fix something, which happened rarely.

Some years later, Keith met and moved in with Lena where they continued to run the refrigeration business from their home. The inventor streak came to fruition when Keith became one of the first in Perth to develop and fabricate portable cool rooms – a refrigeration unit that could be hired out and moved from location to location on the back of a trailer. His idea - but Rick, who worked with Keith, was tasked with helping to build them. Keith operated the business until retirement when he turned 65.

Those cool-room units would be far from being Occupational Health and Safety compliant by today's standards, but they were a hit when they were first available for hire.

Keith would regularly be found pottering around in his shed, working on projects he had on the go, or just tinkering with engines or other machinery lying about.

Over the years, Keith continued to skipper Safari II, never venturing further south than Perth, but exploring the very far north of the State of Western Australia – preferring the heat and the exceptional fishing the area offers.

During his travels, Keith came across Coral Bay, a tiny remote fishing hamlet about 1200km north of Perth, to which he was instantly drawn. He described Coral Bay as being 'his Kenya' – it was so similar to what he remembered from his childhood, that he decided to move and live there permanently - on his own. His new nirvana.

In Coral Bay, Keith's (affectionately known by the residents as Keithy) popularity grew and he was known as the 'Old Salt', 'Go-to-Man', or 'Tractor Man'; he was the Coral Bay local legend and icon.

He was the man with the 'plum in his mouth' accent which made radio-listeners chuckle when they heard his co-sign, "Coral Bay, Coral Bay, this is Safari II, do you read, over?"

Keith was a fantastic raconteur – so good, that sometimes you didn't know whether he was telling the truth or not - and you never let the truth get in the way of a good story!

His life in Coral Bay was simple, but he wanted for nothing. To Keith, life's luxuries surrounded him – he had a roof over his head, lived by the sea, had his beloved boat, and could go fishing whenever he chose to. His four-wheeler quad bike was equipped with an umbrella, a drink holder for his coffee and an ashtray for his cigarettes.

His morning ritual was a coffee and a cigarette, sitting on his chair outside of his home, looking at his boat. Keith's essentials.

He could support and provide for himself by operating the large blue tractor launching and pulling boats in and out from the Coral Bay beach. He also found pleasure in fixing the treasures he found at the local rubbish tip. He could and did, re-purpose what he found to furnish his home – making someone else's trash his treasure. He had a fabulous community of friends, both local and transient, and lived a life many of us would envy - uncomplicated and free.

In more recent years, Rick rebuilt the 48-year-old boat, Safari II the same boat Keith purchased after immigrating to Australia and took Keith out for one last ride on the ocean.

It was the only time Keith wasn't the skipper of his beloved boat, and he knew his days on the water were coming to an end.

With his health deteriorating, and after much coercion and discussion, and a little cyclone that decimated his homestead, Keith moved back to Perth to be closer to Sue and the medical care he needed.

Sue described the last two-three years as being a most difficult and heartfelt time. She cared for him during his long battle with Prostate and Skin Cancer, such was her love for her Dad.

Keith's charm and people skills made him a favourite patient with his medical team, building wonderful relationships that extended past that of patient care-provider to that more of friendships.

His final months were spent at the Sunshine Park care home, in Lesmurdie who provided him with wonderful care and kindness.

Keith's life was multi-layered – he was an intelligent and driven man, a man who set himself goals and achieved them. He believed that rules were made to be broken, so long as you didn't get caught – and took great delight in doing just that.

Keith was a man's man, and he was his own man, who liked things his way. Keith didn't follow what everyone else was doing, or what was popular, he always did what he wanted to do.

To the people who crossed Keith's path during his life, he was unique, friendly, charming and at times, stubborn and impatient, but he loved a chat and his kind and generous spirit made an impact on everyone he met.

Days before Keith passed, he reaffirmed to everyone that he had enjoyed a full and wonderful life. His passing will leave a huge hole in the lives of his family and friends – but Keith has also created a legacy that will live on well past today.

He appreciated his life, he made the best of it. We can all learn from Keith – stripping away the pretence, the material things, and the greed - getting back to doing what makes us truly happy – that is the secret of life.

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CAPTAIN HENRY JOHN INNES WALKER

[From an article in The Times, London -23 April 2018]

[Ed: *Following on from Arthur Schofield's article – SITREP L page 67, we now read that Capt. Henry John Innes Walker is finally laid to rest*.]

A NZ military attaché from London was there, as was the headmaster of Kings College, Auckland, but it was a British Army ceremony.

During WWI, Captain Henry John Innes Walker was interred at New Irish Farm Cemetery in Belgium with six unknown soldiers.

A First World War soldier whose remains lay undiscovered for more than 100 years has been given a full military burial **[LEFT]** after gas engineers uncovered his final resting place.

Captain Innes Walker, 25, a New Zealander who fought with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was shot in the stomach and killed on April 25, 1915, after leading an attack during the second battle of Ypres in Belgium.

The celebrated athlete, known to his family as Jack, was buried today with five unknown soldiers of unknown regiments at the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's New Irish Farm Cemetery, in Belgium.

Their remains were discovered in 2016 when gas engineers began excavating ground where the battle took place.

Archaeologists were brought in and discovered the remains of 38 soldiers but Captain Innes Walker has so far been the only one identified, largely thanks to his regimental cap badge surviving and a metal medallion bearing the initials H.J.I.W.

His great-nephew Alistair Innes Walker, 55, attended the military burial service with his son Jack, 20, and described the ceremony as 'overwhelming'.

"It was a wonderful service and for the family it brings a sense of closure," he told The Times. "It's not an end to the story but it's certainly somewhere where we can come back to. My brother Alan

and I both brought our families - my son Jack was named after great uncle Jack - and now I know that in future our children will come back and visit and their kids will come back.

“As a family we are most pleased for my father, Michael [KR4426], now 88 and too frail to travel here, who kept Jack’s memory burning.”

He said it was “essential that soldiers continued to receive burials once their remains were discovered“. There are so many clichés, that they gave up their today for our tomorrow, but it’s so true. I am standing now looking over thousands of headstones and it’s overwhelming to think that these guys, who were 23, 22, 26 years of age, gave their lives for us. Even though it is over 100 years ago we should never forget.”

Captain Innes Walker, an Aucklander who had joined the British Army in 1911 and served in India before moving to England, was shot in the stomach at about 3.30am on April 25 as his company advanced to take a defended wooded area.

Official UK war documents from the time of his death state that his body was last seen lying in a large shell crater, about 45 metres from a German trench.

His comrades reported that they believed the Germans would ‘probably’ have buried him in the ‘natural grave’ of the shell crater.

Objects found with his body include a whistle, which he would have used to signal the attack, and a pair of binoculars.

Capt Innes Walker had been recorded as having no known grave and his name was listed on the Menin Gate Memorial in Ypres, Belgium, and at Auckland War Memorial Museum’s World War I Hall of Memories.

After war was declared, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment arrived in France on August 23, and a few days later the then Lieutenant Innes Walker saw active service on the Belgian frontier.

He was promoted to the rank of captain in January 1915 and in the next month was mentioned in despatches for “gallantry and distinguished service in the field”.

The letters he sent home to Auckland were regularly published in the local Herald newspaper.

On September 9, 1914, a message was received in Auckland from the War Office to the effect that Lieutenant Walker was missing. Within the next few days, however, word was received that he was safe and well and had been separated for a few days from his regiment in a battle.

In a letter home, he wrote: “The Germans tried to attack once, but our guns absolutely swept them off the face of the earth. The German guns tried to put our guns out of action, to stop our gun-fire on their infantry, which was in massed formation. Their casualties were enormous, but it was no use, because, for every man we knocked out, they sent up three or four, so we had to withdraw. Though our Regiment was scattered, we were not disorganised, and it was our ‘hanging on’ in this position, that upset the Germans.”

He also wrote home about experiencing a Christmas truce at the end of 1914,“Most German soldiers can speak English fairly well,” he wrote. “During the morning, an impromptu soccer match, England v Germany, with an old cup, ended with one of the Germans being pushed into their own barbwire entanglements and getting rather cut about.

"About 4 p.m. I was in our trench having tea, in fact we were all back in our trenches with sentries posted, when I heard a shout. "Muster Walker, vilt you spare me 'n moment?" I looked over the trench, and saw a German officer about 60 yards away - I suppose the men had told him my name. He wanted, to know when 'peace was to be over'. I said we did not care, so he suggested 4.30 today (26th), as they had a holiday up to then. At 4.30 p.m., we were all well down, but nothing happened, and not a round has been fired for the last 48 hours. It is absolutely absurd to my mind."

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BOOK REVIEWS

SPEAK TO THE EARTH, WANDERINGS AND REFLECTIONS AMONG ELEPHANTS AND MOUNTAINS by Vivienne de Watteville (1902-1958)

[Reviewed in 'Old Africa' by Isabel Nanton]

When I was about to climb Mt Kenya four years ago (2013), some good pals lent me Vivienne de Watteville's book as a precursor and what a wonderful scene it set. Not being aware of her work until then, I have since added her three lyrical yet not cloying books to my re-read list.

After losing her mother when she was nine, de Watteville lived an adventurous life with her painter father Bernard, travelling to remote parts of Norway and the Swiss Alps learning resiliency and self-sufficiency while milking cows, carrying pails of water and enjoying her father's warm companionship.

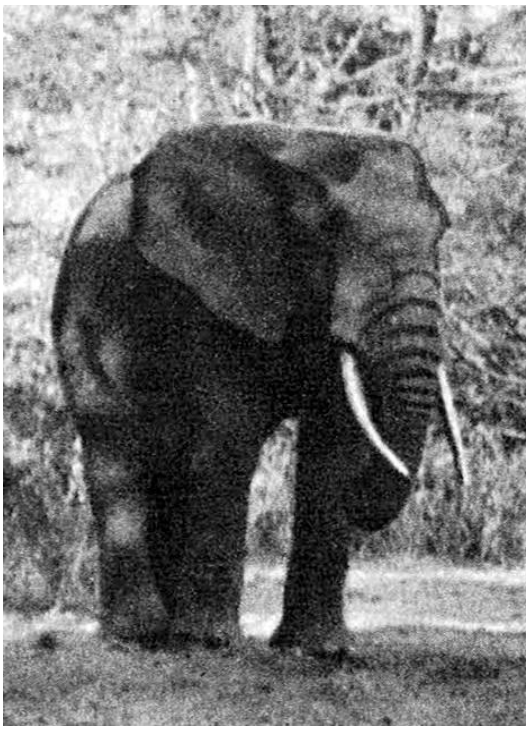
Together, they had always dreamed of Africa. So, at the age of 22, de Watteville was Bernard's natural safari companion choice when a commission came up to provide skins and bones of animals for the Berne Museum. Off they marched for eighteen months on foot with 60 African bearers, roving and collecting specimens throughout Kenya, Uganda and Congo. When Bernard was killed by a lion [01/10/1924], de Watteville took over the expedition while intermittently suffering herself from spirillum fever (which can cause blindness or death). As one of her editors wrote, "she came to think of nature as the source of spiritual inspiration, civilization as something threatening and to be feared." Her classic book about that expedition, 'Out in the Blue', was published in 1927.

'Speak to the Earth' was written about her second safari to East Africa where she spent some months studying and photographing mainly elephants on the border of what was then Tanganyika. In the book, she encounters man-eating lions and twice has narrow escapes from rhinos. In the second part of the book she spends two months with two porters above the cloud-belt in an alpine hut at 10,000 feet on Mt Kenya. The same editor wrote that de Watteville looked at the world "with the eyes of a man." Masculine or not, I appreciated her lyrical descriptions of even such dire incidents as her whole camp going down with malaria, and in her fever, dreaming of casting the perfect fly to make herself feel better.

In enchanting, exact language she chronicles her return to East Africa behind the camera (she had to get close to the animals as she did not carry a telephoto lens, often resting one of her four cameras on a stump to frame an elephant) with the aim of gaining solitude: "why it's the finest thing in the world, it's the only time we learn anything." Her book title comes from the Biblical book of Job, "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." The resulting work is rich with spiritual insights and sharp observances of the continent beloved by so many.

"Africa had taught me that only in primitive vastness can one find oneself and grasp the meaning of the word unity," she writes of her halcyon times spent in Namanga near Kajiado, then "a paradise of wild animals." Her writing style is low-key and decidedly not chest-thumping; rather, she uses the

artist's ability to zero in on selected detail to make her point. Music and hand-rolled cigarettes provide relaxation, a tin of peaches after a close encounter with a rhino, Beethoven's Fifth symphony, a coda to her climb of Ol Doinyo Orok.



From de Watteville I learned much I did not know. "Every native in Africa believes that to see elephants playing (with a stick) **[RIGHT]** is the luckiest omen that can befall him," and "elephants have surprisingly green eyes." Her writing reflects a reverence for all life, a unity with nature. Indeed, in her book de Watteville lays out her creed for living: "The world is full of hundreds of beautiful things we can never possibly have time to discover, and there is no time to waste in regrets over tiny individual dilemmas.

"Life is too short and too wonderful. There is no time to be unkind or envious or ungenerous, and no sense in enslaving the mind to the trivialities of the moment. For you can be equal to the greatness of life only by marching with it; not by seeking for love but by giving it, not seeking to be understood but learning to understand."

On Mt Kenya from December to March, botanical interest replaces her beloved elephants. She sets off from Chogoria Mission with 27 porters, loads on their heads, bringing up the rear to encourage the discouraged. After the nineteen-mile trek to the hut, porters Hezekiah and Magadi remain to help her up above that magic cloud belt "that severed the mountain from the earth." Here the exaltation of altitude courses through her under the "rollicking blue" of the sky in an ode of joy, a paean if you will to Mt Kenya's mountains, lakes, giant lobelia, groundsel, birds and creatures.

Christianised Magadi, his tartan blanket looped over his shoulder, reads constantly to Hezekiah from the Bible, while the latter lies "propped on elbows, drinking in every word with rapt attention." De Watteville joins some European climbers "in nature where nothing false can exist" and "looking under the hackles of the lobelia, I found that they were in full flower, they had a sweet pungent smell that went to the back of one's throat like the cry of a bat."

Evening concerts of Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Haydn, Mozart, Bach and Beethoven resound up to the peaks. When the great fire of 1928 rips through the mountain, she and the two men wrestle their 'Noah's Ark half-acre from the jaws of fire so that it became a refuge to all the animals and birds on 'my side of the mountain.'

In the last two weeks of her stay, she gets a bad toothache, initially attempting to pull out the offending molar with fishing line tied to a beam, holding onto her jaw so it does not dislocate. Finally she takes out the tooth with pliers, taking three hours and 40 minutes to extricate the tooth. "Time flew; yet I waylaid eternity."

"Life," de Watteville concludes, "is the glorious experiment, and death the great adventure."

Isabel Nanton found her copy of Speak to the Earth published by Methuen & Co. Ltd 1935, in a library. The book is also available from used bookshops and can be found on amazon.com.

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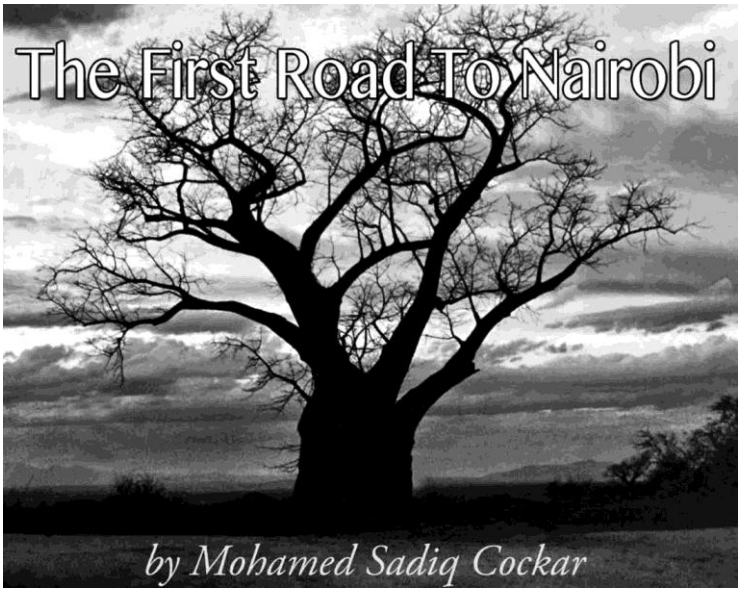
THE FIRST ROAD TO NAIROBI by Mohamed Sadiq Cockar

[Reviewed in 'Old Africa' by Neera Kapur-Dromsom]



My father was a car enthusiast, and had the greatest pleasure in driving us over the long stretch of over 480 kilometres from Nairobi to Mombasa during our December vacations. This took him less than seven hours at a leisurely pace. Others boasted of five-and-a-half hours, while Kenyan safari rally drivers swore that they could do it in four-and-a-half hours or less. Over the years, however, huge potholes dug deep into the road, traffic jams became a nightmare, and accidents were not infrequent. Driving time could extend to ten hours or more. The road got its bad reputation that survives to this day.

Driving on the Mombasa Road has not been a joy ride for many years. We curse the road as we sit endless hours waiting for the traffic to move. However, little do we realise that before this road came into being, there were people who worked days and nights, weeks and months, through hardships and hazards, at the risk of their lives to make the road a reality The Mombasa to Nairobi road has a history filled with danger and much sacrifice by those who worked on it - the labourers, the porters, the surveyors, the cooks, the water carriers, the engineers and the administrators.

One such testimony, now documented in a book form, 'The First Road to Nairobi', was launched in Mombasa at Fort Jesus in November 2017. It is the personal account of the author, Mohamed Sadiq Cockar, one of the first surveyors of the road that would link the port of Mombasa to the city of Nairobi in the interior. Mohamed Sadiq writes of the road and his journey to survey it with much affection.

The Uganda Railway, which ran from the coast to the interior and began operating at the turn of the 20th century, had been running for 26 years by the time Sadiq started surveying the road for vehicles. It is common knowledge that the construction of the railway led to the loss of many lives due to the harsh territory. What is less known is that the construction of the road for cars was equally challenging. The map to the interior was not complicated, but the environment was not forgiving. Penetrating the bush presented many forbidding sections. In the foreword to the book, Parvez Cockar, Sadiq's son who took on the project to have his father's story published, tells us how his father meticulously picked and selected the best possible route as he toiled and struggled through the thick jungle with courage and dedication.

The author's journey begins at the field office at Tsavo Railway Station where for the first two months he was initiated into the use of the survey instruments, preparation of drawings and recording the levels. His familiarisation period over, Mohamed Sadiq and his party comprising of porters, cooks, labourers and other staff moved to Manyani, an unmanned station where lions abounded. The survey continued as they pitched camps at Mtito Andei, Kima, Kenani, and Kibwezi. Lions continue to frequent Makindu, but they had a short respite due to the marketplace, shops and fresh vegetables. Then on to Kiboko Station, Simba Station, Emali and Sultan Hamud; to Konza, Thiki Hill and finally the completion at Machakos Junction.

“The survey party porters gave a long loud clapping and some jumped with raised *pangas* and axes in a state of high glee. One of them lifted me up and they shook hands with me to express their happiness...Our survey was finally finished on the Nairobi-Mombasa Road because there was already an existing motorable track from Nairobi to Machakos...I finished this work by the end of 1926, bringing this exciting chapter of my life to a close,” writes Mohamed Sadiq.

“They had been through heat, desert and jungles, encountering snakes, lions, cheetahs, scorpions, rhino charges, stinging bees, snakes that could stretch up to fourteen feet and enter into your bedding in the tents and giant monitor lizards that bit.” But even when he writes, “Wherever one looked, one would see the jungle extending for miles and miles. The more we tried to quit from this jungle, the deeper we seemed to get stuck,” the author seems challenged rather than frustrated. His positive attitude is infectious, euphoric, even passionate. And he was only fifteen when he started.

The year was 1926. At an age when young adolescents have other priorities, Mohamed Sadiq eagerly took up the challenge with diligence, with adventure, with determination and with maturity. He had inherited his history and the Sufi traditional beliefs of his parents. Equally importantly, he created history, and he wrote his story. He writes, “I was very particular about my work. Before surveying, I made a thorough study by going ahead through the forest and bush for miles to find nice hard suitable ground where our road could run straight for miles and avoid any obstacles...the porters had to cut many kinds of trees but we didn’t want to cut the thick baobab trees, so this caused delays while selecting suitable alignment to preserve the baobabs.”

The writing is simple, factual, yet punched with emotion, humanity and some humour. About his boss, for example, the Chief Engineer of the project, Mohamed Sadiq says, “Mr Birch came with a flywhisk in his hand...in shorts and jumper of gabardine silk...khaki puttees over field boots and an old fashioned khaki, police cork helmet with a lion’s badge fixed at the front of the khaki *pugaree*.” With that detailed description, one can almost visualize Mr Birch! In fact, what further enhances the reader’s imagination to the already comprehensive notes, are the elaborate sketches of the various camps, the people, the locations, the animals, the bird life, the trees. This in itself is a treasure, an absolute work of art.

Mohamed Sadiq Cockar’s meticulous notes, and carefully crafted, detailed sketches of the Mombasa-Nairobi Road have great historical value. That he could recall these stories and make the drawings 50 years later, when, after retirement, he decided to leave behind his memoirs. In the introduction, Pheroze Nowrojee writes, “We are caught by surprise by that detail moving effortlessly as it does between topography, bird life, the dangers of the bush and the idiosyncrasies of his colleague.”

The Mombasa Nairobi road gradually became crucial for linking motorised traffic from the port of Mombasa to Nairobi and on to landlocked countries like Uganda, Rwanda and Burundi. With the construction of the Nairobi-Mombasa high-speed expressway to start in 2018, this book is a good opportunity to recall the efforts of those who carved out the original road alignment.

It has taken over 90 years for the story of the construction of the road from Mombasa to Nairobi to be told. Mohamed Sadiq Cockar may have died in 1987, but his legacy will live on through these memoirs. And through the road that lives on. The book is yet another testimony to the rich Asian African history and heritage in Kenya.

‘The First Road to Nairobi’, published by Old Africa Books, 2017 is available from select bookshops for Ksh 2500/-, or directly from Old Africa <editorial@oldafricamagazine.com>

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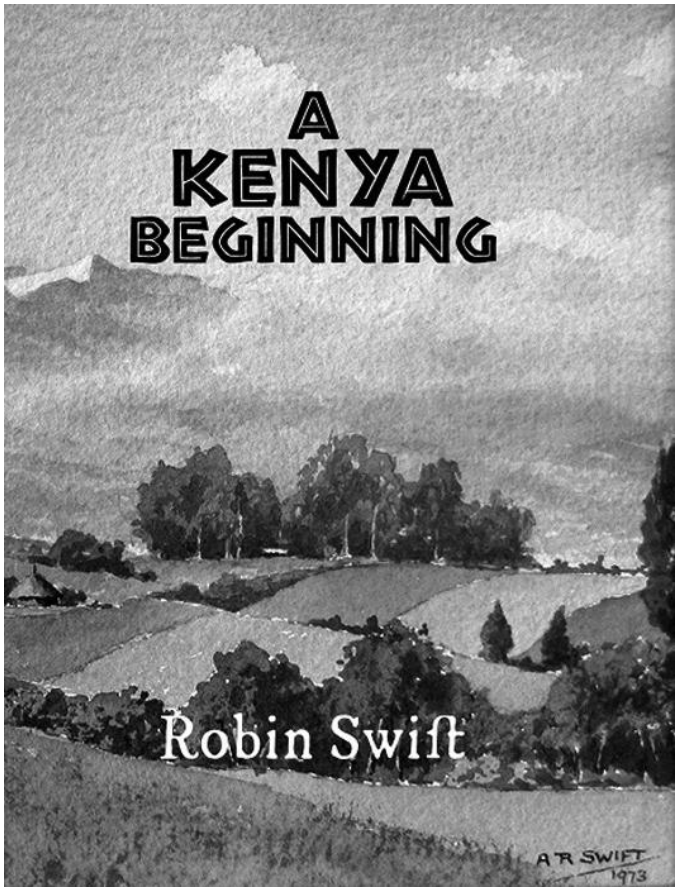
A KENYA BEGINNING by Robin Swift

[Reviewed in 'Old Africa']



The first part of this book tells of Robin Swift's story of growing up in Nairobi in the 1940s and 1950s. His family had a long history in Kenya with Robin's great-uncle Randall Swift settling in Kenya in 1904. Robin's mother, Yolande was born in Kenya in 1916, and Robin's father Jack Swift [KR855], and uncle, the well-known farmer-painter Arthur Randall (Hobo) Swift [KR453], went out to Kenya in the 1930s

Sadly, Robin's father Jack died in 1943 from complications after a motorcycle accident while serving with the Kenya Regiment in the Middle East [Ed: *T/Maj EAAPC*]. His mother Yolande later remarried Gordon Smith, a Senior Superintendent in the Kenya Police.

Robin started his education at the Nairobi Primary school as a five year old and he went on from there to the Duke of York School. The author has a keen memory of his school days as well as biking around Nairobi on his Raleigh bicycle with his friend Mark Steed.

He also writes fondly of visits to his uncle Hobo and aunt Marian's farm in Thomsons Falls during the school holidays and tells of hitchhiking to Naro Moru to climb Mt Kenya. These schoolboy memories are delightful and echo similar memories in readers who grew up or have lived in Kenya.

The book carries on with Robin's college education in the UK and the subsequent years as a coffee farm manager in Kenya followed by a career in farm and earthmoving machinery across Africa from Zambia to Rhodesia to Botswana. The author and his wife Jinx, who he married in Rhodesia, moved back to the now-Zimbabwe in the 1990s before migrating to Australia in 2004.

The book ends with Robin telling about his not so easy transition to life in Australia. In his retirement he took up the project of telling his life story and this book is the commendable result.

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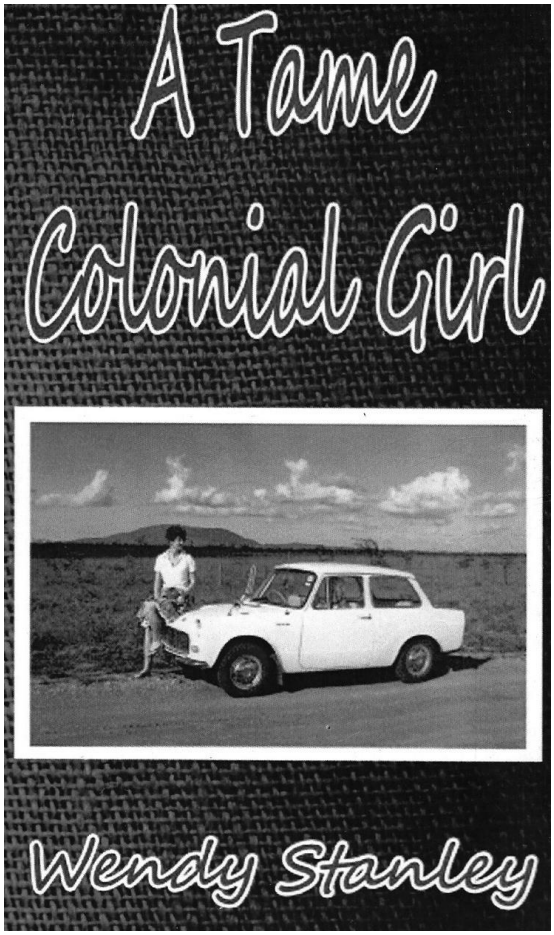
A TAME COLONIAL GIRL by Wendy Stanley

[Reviewed by Old Africa]

Wendy Stanley has grappled with her past and written down her thoughts and feelings and memories as a way of dealing with some of the hard things she has faced in her life. In the process she has produced an honest and gritty account of growing up in East Africa and her life as an adult. She recounts her career starting as a secretary to a politician in newly independent Kenya, on to doing logistics in the horn of Africa, operating a beach resort on the Kenya coast and then running a

safari tour company out of Nanyuki. Through heartbreaks and joy, one thread stands out in this story - Wendy loves Kenya, which has been her home for over 60 years.



Here are selected testimonials from people who have read the book.

Caren Tankard: Having had a few wet and cold days and lying on the veranda couch with a blanket (with cats and dogs) and finally finishing Wendy Stanley's book, 'A Tame Colonial Girl', I enjoyed reading her adventures, her struggles and endeavours. I would recommend anyone who, like Wendy, was brought up in Kenya, to read of her amazing ventures and telling her personal highs and lows.

It must have been not easy writing such a book, but I thank her for letting me into her life through her book.

Penny Yeeles: I thoroughly enjoyed reading Wendy's book. I downloaded it for my holiday read but took a sneaky peek and before I knew it I was at the end, so had to find another read! Wendy writes well and I would thoroughly recommend the book.

Nicki Coope: I have just finished reading an excellent biography by a fellow member of KFR (Kenya Friends Re-united?). Do yourselves a favour and get a copy of Wendy Stanley's book; beautifully written, full of unbelievable experiences. I got my copy on Kindle via Amazon. Another great Kenyan writer!

Anna Murray: This book is so good and really worth reading and having sleepless nights, as I did, because I couldn't put it down.

Anne Moore: I felt like I was still a young girl living in Nairobi as I could relate to so much that Wendy wrote. It made me want to go back to Kenya

Helen R Williams: I'm reading 'A Tame Colonial Girl at the moment; some hair-raising stories by Wendy Stanley; so brave.

AN Other: Brutally honest. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Patricia Carrington: Oh! Just look at this book! Wendy Stanley, *Rafiki yangu*! This book is my book! It's one of the most humane books I've ever read. Beautifully written, and I've cried a lot with you and had so much fun with you in your journey. Until the very end, it's a wonderful read. I congratulate you. I totally and absolutely loved it.

'A Tame Colonial Girl' was self-published by Wendy Stanley in 2017. Copies are available directly from the author in Kenya, (contact her by email at <wendy@stanleyoriginal.com>, or you can order from amazon.com - paperback @ $9.99; Kindle @ $3.73.

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RECOLLECTIONS BY DAVID BEGG

[as told to Loretta Tremlett]

[Ed: *The following recollections have been transcribed by Loretta Tremlett in ±1975, from interviews made with the late-David Begg, an early European settler, who came out to Kenya more than fifty years ago. He farmed near Gilgil, where his hospitality to polo players and show riders was legendary*].

'Bwana' Begg expresses here in his own words what life was like for a settler in the early days, presenting a settler's viewpoint on many of the problems facing the farming and ranching communities from the middle 1920s to the present'.

I came to Kenya in 1925 to be the sheep Manager for Dr. During, a German/Canadian dentist who owned Waterloo; this was the name given to 25,000 acres of land around Ilkek station. I met Dr. During when he was on holiday in Scotland, visiting another dentist who had retired there after his rooms over the East African Standard building in Nairobi, were destroyed in a fire.

Dr. During had been given the land by the Government on condition that he put 10,000 sheep on it. He actually imported 5,000 sheep from the Orange Free State but they did not do well so the Government allowed him to keep the land for 5,000 sheep only. These sheep were brought up from South Africa on a ship by a Mr. Brenner and his family who then stayed on in Kenya.

I came out second class on a German East Africa Line ship and went from Mombasa to Gilgil by train. My salary was £12.10 (Ksh-250) a month, and after three months' trial I was put up to £15, and £20 after a year, a high salary in those days. I arrived just before my twenty-first birthday and Christmas, which I spent alone as the Manager, an Australian called Davis, who had selected the original land for Dr. During, had gone on safari. I had learnt hardly any Swahili, but I had an old cook who had been in the War and he spoke a bit of English here and there. Between the two of us we managed to understand when I wanted anything to eat He was paid a pound a month.

Latterly, I looked after as many as 23,000 sheep on Waterloo, with one assistant. Our neighbours, the Coles at Keekopey and the Delameres at Soysambu, had 30,000 sheep. The Cole's manager was Will Powys, and Delamere's was H.M. Dempster. All the sheep were folded and perpetually guarded against predators. I thought that sheep folded up for two-thirds of their lives would mean that they couldn't do well but that was not so, although they never grew the wool that Scotland's sheep do; they were quite a different type. I think the sheep did well because there was always land available for grazing.

We could move up to Kipipiri which was all East African Syndicate Land. All the Maasai had been moved from this area in 1911 but Ole Masikonde still had his own *manyatta* on Kipipiri and kept stock. We employed mostly Uasin Gishu Maasai as herders, with a few Kipsigis and Kikuyu. One fellow reminded me the other day that he once herded 3,000 sheep for me in one flock. He counted them morning and evening and at the end of the month he might be one short A man in Scotland with his dogs would work up two to five hundred sheep. No one worked with dogs here as the sheep were handled as lambs and got very used to people. Shepherds back in Scotland thought I was pulling their legs when I told them the size of a Maasai shepherd's flock, but you could tell them any tall story about the dangerous lions and they believed every word.

The sheep were all Merinos when I came to Kenya; later on, Molo farmers went in for Corriedales. We were the last people to import Merinos from Australia before the ban in 1929. By then the farm had been sold to Sir John Ramsden, but he did not change things. After the ban we imported rams from South Africa and crossed them with native ewes; in 1926 I bought 500 ewes from the Maasai

for upgrading. The sheep were kept for their wool which was sold in London. Shearing was a great annual event; the shearers, mostly Kikuyu, were squatters on the Estate and had *shambas* on the lake front where they grew very good maize. They would walk between three and five miles to work every day and still be on duty by 7 a.m., and then return home in the evening. They would each shear between 35 and 50 sheep a day, using hand shears and when there was no shearing they did other jobs on the farm. Only men were employed, never women.

There was a small market for mutton to butchers and hotels in Nairobi; the sale was by weight and the sheep were weighed five at a time on the farm and railed from Gilgil to Nairobi. It was all mutton; the lamb business did not start until the Second World War.

An auctioneer called A.B. Sands held a sheep and cattle auction at Naivasha once a month. We kept more sheep than we do now as the price for wool dropped and it is not presently worth keeping so many. However, as the oil-based synthetics are getting so expensive now, the price of wool may improve.

In the beginning, most of the diseases we encountered were unknown to us; the sheep died and we did not know why. The native sheep did not suffer to the same extent as they had a lot of natural immunity, although they did get Enterotoxaemia. In 1930, we lost 5,000 sheep to Rift Valley Fever (RVF) alone. We had to be our own vets, but we had some very clever research chaps - Robert Daubney at Kabete and Richard Hudson at the Government Farm, who were most helpful. They diagnosed RFV after three months. We had plunge dips for the sheep and cattle; sheep were dipped with lime and sulphur, and cattle with arsenate of soda, one pound to one hundred gallons of water.

We had problems with intestinal worms, but not too bad as we always had fresh pastures to move onto after we had dosed them and we could burn the pastures left behind. We dosed with copper sulphate and arsenate of soda.

Water was a problem, and you arranged your own supply. We tried the first borehole on Waterloo in 1930, but it was a failure, as were all the boreholes on Waterloo; they were all right on the lake front, but no success in the higher country. I put in a permanent water supply from the Gilgil River to Waterloo in 1935 and it included three tanks which supplied 10,000 acres.

There was every kind of game animal you could think of; I never considered that they spread any stock diseases other than Rinderpest, and no one tried to exterminate them. They were controlled by a little shooting, and there was just as much game around then as there is today when everyone is complaining; the game hasn't increased such a lot despite the ban on hunting. The game in this area was practically wiped out during the last war to feed the Italian prisoners of war, but those were exceptional circumstances.. There were no commercial outlets for the game; you could not sell the meat, and the skins were not valuable, just useful for your own ‘carpets’.

I had half a dozen shot guns lying in the farm office and a couple of old ·303 Lee Enfield rifles and about 4,000 rounds of army reject ammunition, - some went off and some didn't. The guns weren't very accurate either, and you had to get quite close to knock anything down.

We poisoned hyenas that killed quite a lot of sheep. Jackals were no trouble in those days, but they have increased a lot and become a nuisance recently. Leopards were gentlemen as far as sheep killing was concerned; they just killed one or two for themselves. The wild dogs were very bad and they would attack the sheep in the daytime. The herder would let the sheep out in the morning and later find fifty ripped to pieces by wild dogs.

The herdsmen were armed only with spears and killed a leopard from time to time but left the lions alone. It was to protect the cattle from wild animals that they were kept in *bomas* of fifteen foot

high barbed wire; when the lions were not so bad we made them lower. For the sheep we made a *boma* from ol leleshwa hurdles; the sticks were held close and upright and woven together with wire; they were all four feet high and moved when the flocks were moved.

We did not have much trouble with theft; a few were taken but nothing to speak of. If the labour killed a sheep it was because they could do with a sheep to eat, so they killed one and ate it; not a regular occurrence. They were not in the stealing for business, taking them away by the lorry load like they do today. Latterly young Moran came in from the Maasai Reserve and started killing, but up until then we had hardly any trouble. People were much more honest than they are today.

I was in charge of Law and Order and was a law unto myself really, but we did not have much trouble. There was strict discipline in the families, and the fathers of the young fellows dealt with them themselves. We didn't take them to court and the young people accepted this discipline but I don't think they accept discipline from their elders these days. There was a Police Post in Gilgil which was very good, but I don't remember having to call on them because of some lawlessness.

I met my wife, Lily, here in Gilgil and we were married in 1928 at the little old St. Andrew's Church in Nairobi. Lily had come out in 1923 to help an aunt and uncle who ran the Gilgil hotel, the centre of my social life in the district, especially on monthly Sale Days, which took place in front of the hotel. All the local farmers arrived on horseback or in buckboards pulled by anything up to eight mules, and afterwards a party would develop and people would make music, as there were number of talented 'musicians' in the area. We danced to a piano, and later a saxophone appeared,

It wasn't until 1930, that Lily and I saw our first picture at a cinema run by Vic Preston's father in Nakuru; this was a very sad film and there was a pathetic scene where Charlie Chaplin was showing a child the grave of his father when the gramophone which supplied the background music played 'Stop Your Tickling, Jock'; we laughed so much we had to leave.

We didn't worry about the outside things much in those days as there were so many things here to keep us busy. We didn't have a radio but we read the Weekly Standard and the Kenya Weekly News. You must remember that we didn't expect leave and days-off like all the young chaps these days; and we didn't get about much. At one time we had not been to Nairobi for two and a half years.

You could get anything from an anchor to an anvil in Gilgil; the *dukas* were very good and the best was Khurji Jesani who later moved to Naivasha; two of his grandchildren are still running businesses in Nairobi. There was a dress maker called da Sousa, a tailor, a boot maker, everything you needed, including money as the *dukas* also acted as bankers and gave you all the cash you needed for things like wages which they added to your bill.

[RIGHT] FARRIER, ARAP BOIN, REPAIRS BWANA BEGG'S BOOT HEEL AT A POLO MATCH.]

All Gilgil lacked was a doctor and a dentist. The farmers provided basic medical care for the labour; and I was the local dentist after Dr. During left, as he had shown me how to extract teeth and had given me his instruments. In case of an accident or the need for special care, you were allowed to flag down the train and the patient would be taken to the nearest government dispensary in Nakuru.

The train was very important, and to begin with we went everywhere by train. People would ride into the station and leave their horses or mules to be cared for by the hotel while they went off on the train.

Things changed a bit when the box-body motor came in, but the roads were so awful that you certainly did not go to Nairobi and back in one day.

In 1930, when I was recovering from RVF, Lily and I had a fortnight's leave and went to the Maasai Reserve, to a hotel on the Uaso Nyiro run by the mother of that chap who has just written a book called 'Barefoot Across the Serengeti' [Ed: *David Read*]. Mrs. Fischer's Hotel was built for the filming of 'Trader Horn' and consisted of rondavels. The road to Narok went on the South side of Suswa and we got stuck there in our box-body without any water. Lily was so thirsty that she couldn't sleep and I woke up just in time to stop her drinking what she thought was water dripping from under the car, but it was all mixed up with oil.

There was a big settlement of traders living in the Uasin Nyiro ten miles beyond Narok, which is where the hotel was situated, and we were its only residents at the time. People did not go game watching as much in those days.

Lion hunting was the in thing, but I was never very interested in hunting.

After five years at Waterloo, I got a return passage paid to Scotland, no leave-pay, just your passage. It was in 1930, when Lily and I went back for a holiday. I just could not stick Scotland at all and could not wait to get back to Gilgil. In fact, I stayed only four months instead of six, leaving Lily in England to have Sheila, our first child.

It was the time of the Depression and things were really bad in Scotland; here in Kenya there was always some work that needed doing, but all the men hanging about in Scotland with no work at all was very depressing. Things were bad here too, and it was difficult; sheep fetched only Ksh10/- or 12/- each and a wether might bring £1; if you got Khs80/- for a bullock, you were lucky. Costs had to be cut drastically, and still you could not make ends meet. The labourers' wages were cut and they couldn't go elsewhere to make a living, but at least they had their *shambas* and we issued them blankets.

My wages were paid half in cash and half in stock. I had already leased this farm I now live on, so I put the stock here. It was a pleasant surprise and a relief to get a bonus of twenty-five pounds one Christmas. The Asian shopkeepers carried most of the settlers through this time.

My first job in Scotland had been with horses and cattle, and horses have played an important part in my life in Kenya. A lot of horses were confiscated during the Great War, and after the War a fellow was bringing horses from the Argentine, just broken, and I was helping him to re-break them for sale to farmers.

I was quite young and with not too much imagination. I would get hold of these horses' heads while they were put into a breaking cart. I would be told to hang on while this fellow climbed into the cart and then we would be off galloping across what is now the famous Glen Eagles Golf Course; it started in 1914 and this was 1920.

When I first came to Dr. During he had a lot of horses from Somalia and we bred these Somali mares with the local Grade South African type stallion bred at the Government Farm. We rode everywhere, and bred mules for buckboards. A lot of horses had come up from South Africa, and Dr. During had bought five of these.

There was a small polo club in Gilgil with the Hickman brothers, the Bingleys, Barberdale and Col. Patterson and his daughter, Diana Ewen, who became the Champion Show Jumper of Kenya and eventually came back and played polo here at Manyatta. I didn't play polo until Major Buxton started in Naivasha in 1932. Then we walked our ponies from here to Naivasha on Saturday, played

all over the week-end and walked them back again on Sunday afternoon; they were the fittest horses on the ground. We held our first Tournament in Naivasha in 1935 and about ten teams came from Molo, Moiben, Nanyuki, Nairobi and Njoro. The Naivasha team included the Earl of Errol, Hugh (Fergie) Ferguson, Major Reynard and Tony Buxton.

Quite a few people brought ponies and *syces* from India; Major Reynard had an Indian *syce* who schooled and looked after all his ponies. Major Conduit imported a lot of English thoroughbred polo ponies, but all the rest were grade Somali ponies which formed the nucleus of the polo ponies in Kenya today.

[LEFT]. 1950 NAIVASHA POLO TEAM – 'FERGIE', DIGBY TATHAM-WATER DSO, DAVID BEGG, RAY SCHOLES [KR743]

We had a very good life here and didn't make too much of the problems. Lily had two children while we were still carting water every day in ox carts to our house on the top of the hill at Waterloo. Our three daughters grew up here. Sheila went to a PNEU (Parents' National Educational Union) school, run by Mrs. Albrechtson in Naivasha. Margaret went to the Government School in Nakuru, and Janie was taught by Lily with the help of the local correspondence course until she went to St. Andrew's in Turi.

The children of the labour did not go to school until just before WWII, when the farm schools started. These were initiated by the Government who ran them, and the farmers put up the school buildings.

I've built up quite a nice farm here, but with the theft these days, it can mean that the work of years can be undone in just one day. I have played a lot of polo and have helped other people to play polo. I've bred a lot of good ponies and good horses in general. I love my sheep, but one of the things that has given me the most satisfaction in my life, has been my involvement with Boran cattle.

I think Borans are good cattle and most suited to the drier areas of Kenya. I had a very good herd started when I bought some old cows from Gilbert Colville in 1930; he had one of the best herds in Kenya. I am a founder member of the Boran Breeders' Society, and I feel very sad that the breed has been neglected in the last ten years.

[LEFT: THE LATE-GEORGE AGGETT SNR WITH HIS BORANS. PHOTO-MARY ROOKEN-SMITH]

Good herds which have been run down or bred to imported bulls can never be replaced as the stock is no longer available from the north, and there are not the stockmen like Douglas Hinde and old Colville to do it. Mine was one of the finest herds in a small way and it gave me immense pleasure and satisfaction to build that herd. I was very sad when I had to sell it off.

As I intimated earlier, we have had a very full and busy life here. Lily and I can now look back on nearly sixty very happy years in Gilgil.

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A NEW HABARI

[compiled by John Newton KP]

The success of the Living Histories in bringing people together has been of great encouragement. Not wishing to lose this spirit now the Histories Trilogy is complete, Paddy Kearney asked me to take up production of a new Habari Magazine. Since Mike Hudson recently passed away. I agreed with enthusiasm.

I plan sections such as The Inspectors Mess in which people can chat and pass news to each other; The Police Post, for letters to friends; The Photo Memory Board, on which anyone can place pictures, old or new and current; Lost and Found, where we can search for old friends; the News Bulletin, where individual Associations can post details of Meetings, Reunions, Family Parties or Picnics to keep us up to date with modern doings, as well as our history. Please send anything you think may be of interest to our wider Membership around the world.

Just over thirty stories remain from the wonderful library of tales sent for the Living Histories. In the end, I could not include them in Volume 3 **[ABOVE]**, as the book would have been commercially too large in size to publish and too heavy and expensive to post. But in our new Habari, I plan a Living History Library, into which they will fit well, along with any other stories that you meant to write and send for the Histories, but did not. Poems also welcome.

I plan to include sections from brother forces, in The View from The Kenya Regiment, The View from Hong Kong and The View from Palestine. I already have contributors lined up from our brother organisations.

The first edition is planned for around late December and will be dedicated to Mike Hudson, originator of Habari in the form we know so well.

I may have to increase to A4, if I get the same enthusiastic response as for Living Histories 1&2. The cover is taken from our granite Memorial at the National Arboretum. You can see the slightly rough granite surface around the Badge [Ed: *Not shown above*].

Incidentally, so many of you enjoyed the Living Histories, to help increase sales, can as many as possible, place a Review on Amazon. Perhaps it is easiest to review Volume 3 and give reasonable mention to the Volumes 1 and 2, to stress the books belong to a Trilogy.

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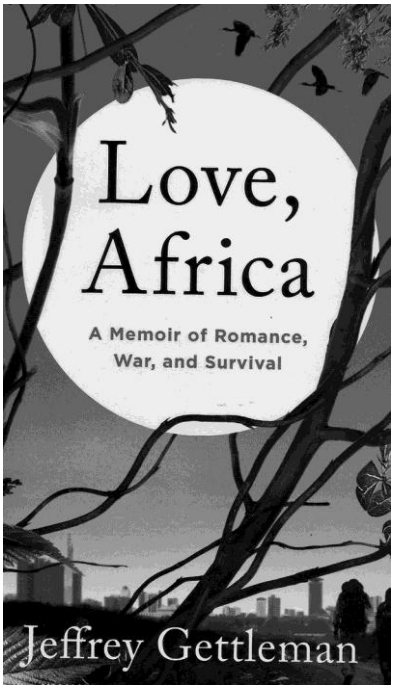
LOVE, AFRICA by Jeffrey Gettleman

[Reviewed by Julia Lawrence]



Jeffrey Gettleman won the 2012 Pulitzer Prize for international reporting, but lest there be any confusion, he did not receive the prize for this book, which tells of his early life, his work, how he first 'fell in love with Africa' and much more. The 1990s were travel times – young people from many countries wanted to see the world and no continent was more popular than this one. It was then that Gettleman visited Kenya and he was hooked.

Back in the USA after various adventures, his sole purpose was to return to Africa. He soon realised his best 'ticket back' was by becoming an international journalist. He achieved this by hard work in the channels that most aspirants follow. He knew he must aim to work for a 'big' paper, and could hardly believe his luck when he was appointed to the *New York Times*. Eventually, after stints in a number of war-torn countries, alone or with Courtenay, later to become his wife, they were sent to Nairobi, where he became responsible for covering twelve East African countries. Often working as a team, they were incredibly brave, and between them survived many life-threatening situations, including being held up at gunpoint, a kidnapping and tear-gassing. What he and Courteney experienced in Congo and Ogaden remains mind-boggling. Afghanistan, Iraq and Somalia were equally as hazardous, but Gettleman was never one to shirk from obtaining the story he needed and wanted.

His first Kenyan assignment was to attend Tom Delamere's trial to which he adopted a rather 'holier than thou' attitude. This marks the beginning of his delight in Brit-bashing, when he echoed many other US correspondents. Are all American journalists who come to Kenya given the same hand-out about the 'British Gulag?' Every one of them trots out the same stuff, with just enough truth in it to make it fully plausible. Gettleman lumps white farmers together as Kenya Cowboys, has little or no idea of the colony's history, let alone what went on during the Mau Mau rebellion. No one can understand the present if they ignore the past. Moreover, there are almost always two sides to every story.

Long before Gettleman arrived, Kenya achieved independence in 1963. Britain left a solid foundation on which to build its future, inclusive of a flourishing agricultural industry with great potential, an education system, medical services and more. It all gave Kenya a head start to survive better than many other African countries. Should we therefore also doubt the validity of Gettleman's judgement in other places?

During the course of his book, Gettleman mellows from a sometimes-brash young man to a more humane personality. As he grows older, he becomes less anxious to risk all for the sake of a story; he now has a wife and two much-loved sons to consider. Nonetheless, and often against his better judgement, we still find him covering ebola in West Africa, nor does he shy away from his responsibilities in continuing to cover the horrific situation in Somalia.

During his times in war-ravaged places, Gettleman often stopped to wonder how he should interpret the journalist's mission; was he there to "bear witness" or to "propagate change?" He states categorically that he never wants to "misrepresent (any) part of the world (he) cared for so deeply." Although Kenya was his first love, Somalia moved him profoundly – perhaps he suffered from a touch from what used to be known as 'Somali-itis.' Today he and his wife still live in Kenya as

their boys grow up. He has written a full and fascinating story of what it is to be an international journalist - not a life for the faint-hearted. He and Courtenay managed between them to combine the roles of partners and parents in the face of dangerous undertakings and the necessity of long times apart with worry on both sides, a supreme achievement in itself.

'Love, Africa', published by HarperCollins in 2017, is available in Nairobi at Bookstop, Yaya Centre. In the USA the list price is $27.99 but it can be found on amazon.com for $16.77 and on amazon.co.uk for £15.90.

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JULIAN CLAUDE MARSHALL [KR4323/5696]

[31/07/1928-09/01/2018]

[Tribute by daughters Bryony Colyer and Nicky Hunn at St. Peter and St. Paul Little Gaddesden Church, England on 1st February 2018]

Julian Claude Marshall was born in Calcutta, India on the 31st July 1928. He was the second son born to Edward Hanniford Marshall and Madeleine Ada (née Shuttleworth). He was one of four boys, John, Julian, Jeremy, and Peter who is here today.

As his father was also born in India, he had to be naturalised to prove he was a British Citizen. In our eyes nobody could epitomise that title more than our father. This is also the one comment that has come across in all our condolence letters, text messages and emails 'what a wonderful gentleman he was'.

On returning to England as a young boy he had a traditional upbringing and education, going off to boarding school at seven years old. He attended Sunningdale Prep School, followed by Wellington College, where he excelled at sport, playing in the first teams in rugby, cricket, hockey and football. His name lives on in the placards in Stanley House at Wellington College. He left school to carry out his National Service from 1946 to 1948. He completed basic training with the Berkshire Regiment, followed by a stint in Northern Ireland before being commissioned and posted to the 5th Regiment, The Royal Horse Artillery.

Having been released from the army in 1949, he went to Kenya to join Smith McKenzie as a shipping agent in Mombasa. He then transferred to Zanzibar and Tanga. In 1953, he enlisted into the Kenya Regiment for a period of 2½ years. Because of his previous army experience, he was soon commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, ending up as a Major. He served as tracker commander with the Devonshire Regiment fighting the Mau Mau. He had a few harrowing experiences. He was once sent in to a village to retrieve three dead bodies of fellow Regiment soldiers [Ed: *Priory Ridge*?]. Another time when he came under fire a bullet passed through his shirt sleeve leaving a hole in his uniform, fortunately missing his heart by inches.

It was during this time with the Kenya Regiment that he played the most sport. He was hugely successful and ended up playing rugby for the Army and the Nondescripts (Nondies). He also played hockey for Zanzibar and cricket for Tanganyika where he once opened the batting.

He returned to England on six months leave and fell in love with his cousin Philippa Shuttleworth. She happened to be staying at his family home to amuse his brothers during the summer holidays, and much to his parents' horror, he announced he wanted to marry her. A year later Philippa followed him out to East Africa and they were married in Mombasa Cathedral on 3rd October 1953. **[RIGHT: JULIAN & PHILIPPA]**

Within a year they had their first daughter Melanie Anne who tragically died at eight months old whilst sailing home on leave. She is buried in Gibraltar. Bryony followed four months later and Nicky arrived 2½ years after that.

In 1960, they decided to return home and leave East Africa as it was becoming an impossible place to live as independence was looming. They returned to Farnham, Surrey to a family house and Dad started a new career in publishing with Thompson Newspapers. Our early memories of him are leaving at crack of dawn in the morning with starched studded collars, bowler hat and umbrella and returning home late at night. He received rapid promotion, and in 1968 we moved to Wigginton as he was asked by Lord Thompson to help launch two evening start-up papers based in Hemel Hempstead. These were called the *Evening Echo* and the *Evening Post*.

This was the first time that he got given a company car. I remember one fated car was stolen twice in a year; the first time was in London, when we all walked around for hours arguing where and which floor of the car park we parked it on. Eventually we had to trail home on a train with all our Christmas shopping. Shortly after he got the car back it was stolen again – this time from the station car park and used as a getaway car in high profile robbery. After that he decided not to have any more Triumph 2000s as they were obviously very popular!

It was around this time that we all became heavily involved in horses, travelling around to shows every week end. As usual, despite being 'unhorsey', it wasn't long before he became involved and soon was elected Chairman and Treasurer of the local Tring and District Horse Association!

In 1976, we moved to Meadow Farm in Hudnall to acquire more land for our ever-expanding horsey activities. Mum gave him two Aberdeen Angus heifers as lawn mowers for his birthday, which soon expanded into the Hudnall Herd of Aberdeen Angus. He was very long suffering on the animal stakes as Mum collected a menagerie of animals. By this time, Nicky was eventing fairly seriously and he would accompany her around the country doing most of the driving.

Bryony remembered when his newspapers came in very handy after a flood at her first cottage: 'I came downstairs to find six inches of floodwater in my living room caused by a blocked drain in the road outside after a heavy night's rainfall. But all was not lost as Dad turned up to the rescue with bundles of the previous days' *Evening Post* which so successfully absorbed the water that the insurance assessor said I didn't need a new carpet just a good carpet clean!'

Around 1980, he was asked by Thompsons to go to Manchester as Managing Director to head up some of their magazines and trade and technical journals. We made a family decision not to leave Meadow Farm, so he ended up renting a flat in Manchester and commuting Monday to Friday. Here he had to become more domesticated as he had to fend for himself, for he had never cooked a meal in his life before.

A couple of years later he returned to London as Publishing Director of the food and farming division running some of the company's most important titles such as *Big Farm Weekly* and Meat Trade Journals. These were challenging days with the trade unions in full flow causing havoc and frustrating management every time something new was suggested.

In 1984, he was made a Liveryman with the Worshipful Company of Butchers and had the Freedom of the City of London. He retired early at the age of 57 as he was found to have an irregular heart-beat during a director's annual BUPA check up. He had the option of taking another directorship within the company, which Mum decided was too much for his health, so he chose the early retirement option.

Meadow Farm was a brilliant alternative to the publishing world as it provided him with a much healthier life style, and an opportunity to rekindle his love of golf. He joined Whipsnade Golf Club and within a short period of time became senior captain. We remember one amusing incident whilst he was serving as captain. He turned up one day to play to be met by an angry green keeper. A rider-less horse had galloped across several of the greens the day before, tearing them up and leaving large hoof prints embedded in the turf. At this point he kept quiet as he knew full well what had happened. One of our horses had taken fright in a field at home, jumped over the post and rails and galloped down the hill, along the Leighton Buzzard road, before heading up to Whipsnade Golf course! The horse was found eventually in Studham woods!

After golf he switched to bowls; he developed a back problem which affected his swing, so he decided that bowls would be a good substitute. In a relatively short period of time, he became one of Little Gaddesden Bowls Club top players One year he even became individual, pairs and triple champion.

He has always been a really supportive father and grandfather and whenever he could, he would support our interests. He loved coming to watch any sporting activities and loved large family gatherings. He spent hours outside cutting hedges by hand, mowing the field, digging up docks and nettles and cultivating his vegetable garden. Even as recently as last summer Nicky received an urgent call saying that her father had collapsed in the field by the footpath. I calmly asked was he by any chance lying beside the green tractor mower. 'Yes' they said. 'Don't worry', I replied, 'I suspect he is lying on the ground with his hand up the chute, clearing out the grass.' Sure enough when I went to investigate he was complaining that the grass was too long and too wet and had clogged-up the mower.

Much to our mother's annoyance he couldn't determine a weed from a plant. When armed with secateurs or loppers she would have to rush out and check what he was doing. He had a good eye for hedge cutting which were all laboriously hand cut. He loved his vegetable garden and was particularly proud of his raspberries. Once on a project he hated to be interrupted and on one occasion he shut our mother in the stable without realising and went into the house. It was about an hour and a half later he realised that she was missing, I think his stomach was calling for his supper. He eventually went out to look for her and found a rather irate Philippa banging on the door!

To sum up our father, he was a true gentleman. He never had a bad word to say about anyone. My father never swore, he had endless patience, was very encouraging and very supportive. We were immensely proud of him and were honoured to be his daughters. He always made us laugh with his

telephone manner. To some, he could be very formal and appear to be the quintessential English gentleman. He would always answer the telephone with the words 'Marshall here'. He kept his conversations short and to the point. He never said goodbye; he simply put the phone down, leaving many people bewildered. On one occasion Simon [Nicky's husband] rang and asked if Nicky was there. 'Yes', he said, and simply hung up.

We would just like to say a large thank you for all the lovely letters, emails and text messages that we have received. They have meant so much. We would also like to make a special 'thank you' to our cousins Ros and Bridgette who have flown down from Scotland to be here with us today, and Jill, Sue, Anna and Nicola who have travelled down from Yorkshire.

Finally, Nicky gave a very special 'thank you' to her dear friend Jo, who not only answered her call for help at 4.30 a.m. in the morning, but within ten minutes she arrived at Meadow Farm and found a bed for my father in the Hospice of St Francis.

Sadly, our father was only in the hospice for two days. In that short period of time we saw and experienced the tremendous care and compassion of the staff there. We must extend our thanks to the hospice for all their kindness. We would also like to say a special 'thank you' to Reverend John Russell, who conducted the Service and broke an appointment in order to bless and anoint our father shortly before he passed on.

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WAY BACK WHEN……..

[Jim Bruce KR4816]

The British Empire and the Railway Century peaked about the same time as the Imperial British East Africa Company faded, and developments directly connected with the Uganda Railway, begun in 1896, allowed advanced Victorians who were not above exposing their ankles to go adventuring over the smelly, spiky, muddy mangrove flats of Mombasa's Kilindini inlet. **[LEFT. PHOTO FROM JIM'S ALBUM BUT NO CAPTION. WHO IS BEING CARRIED – JIM'S DAD?]**

The big wide world was getting close to the limits of territorial expansion as would-be political emperors and related titular rulers of Europe scrambled, civilisation penetrating more central parts of Africa. More than a thousand years of Indian Ocean trading had modified language, religion and building custom on Eastern coasts, an area subject to occasional raids by southern Ngoni tribes, and the odd cyclone. Beyond, no written rules bounded local philosophies, religions and spheres of influence, practically an open invitation to pin down the source of the Nile and save lost souls, patches turning up where recognisable Royalty reigned without a clue about *habeas corpus*, but somehow, treaties with rulers must be seen to be made.

When Europe ended its creation of artificial nations, the Lado Enclave and the Caprivi Strip looked like leftover jig-saw pieces. Way of the times, like a later generation overwhelmed by I-Pods.

[Ed: *The Lado Enclave was an enclave of the Congo Free State, and later Belgian Congo, that existed from1894-1910 and situated on the west bank of the navigable Upper Nile in what was then South Sudan, and northwest Uganda. The Caprivi Strip is a narrow Namibian enclave between Botswana to the south and Angola and Zambia to the north and is bordered by the navigable Okavango, Kwando, Chobe and Zambesi rivers - Wikipedia*]

Dr Livingstone's writings and lectures gave anti-slave enthusiasts a mighty boost, activities of the Kaiser's people in South West Africa raising a few eyebrows. Nobody seemed to know, or care, about wealth extraction methods in the Belgian Congo of King Leopold, Queen Victoria's favourite uncle. What distressed Queen Victoria – not quite yet Empress of India – was the untimely demise of blue-eyed General Gordon. However, there was good news; a slightly suspect Empire Builder by the name of Cecil Rhodes was well on the way to getting diamond and gold resources under control.

Minor concerns were expressed over a growing scarcity of game and alluvial gold in high Mashonaland – Selous, shooting the last two southern white rhinoceros in the district in 1887, recorded that twenty years earlier they had been plentiful throughout Matabele/Zambezi lands.

At Fashoda on the Upper Nile, Colonel Kitchener was about to elbow French contestants aside, and another, less well known Empire Builder, Sir George Dashwood Taubmann Goldie was well into West Africa, Chief Kaswa near Lake Rukwa, predicting that his people would not even be allowed to cough as invaders over-ran the land. [Ed: *Lake Rukwa* - i*n Tanganyika, between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasaland, now Malaw*i.]

Railways were booming and the great Laibon Mbatian could see 'an iron snake crossing their land'; Mugo wa Kibiru, a Kikuyu sage, phophesised the advent of the white man on African soil long before British missionaries set foot in Kenya; he likened them to a 'small pale coloured frog that lives in water (*kiengere*), and one would be able to see their blood flowing under their skin, just like a frog'.

In 1896, along with a couple of hundred others, one of my mother's uncles, George William Shutt, otherwise Uncle Bill, joined the Uganda Railway as a guard,. In 'Beyond Mombasa', Frank Coates has driver Shutt as a rather thick, cheroot-smoking South African, but Uncle Bill came from Staffordshire, and after some thirty years - by which time the Uganda Railway had become the Kenya and Uganda Railways with Garratt engines **[ABOVE]** - the biggest steam locomotives ever on any metre gauge line, anywhere - he'd risen to the dizzy heights of Engine Driver 1st Class.

Letters trickled back and forth, and in 1923, Bill's brother Ted, whose wife seemed non-existent, came to have a look at this, the most wonderful country in the whole world. Ted, ex-Vickers Armstrong in Barrow in Furness, got a job as an artisan in the Uganda Railway's Nairobi Workshops along with others whose lives had been disrupted by the Great War. Godzone [Ed: *NZ.*] had not yet generated politicians of comparable clout to their European brethren.

During that Great War, many an ex-pat farm-wife came to realise just how lucky they all were, hanging in and supported almost entirely by loyal servants, but history could not stand still. In German East Africa right next door, von Lettow Vorbeck had made sure that his indigenous Tanganyikan Schutzetroop were familiar with machine guns.

Ted's only daughter accompanied him, keeping house for Papa out in Parklands where a Railway housing estate had been created. Having had the requisite training, she took up teaching at Parklands Primary, complaining in later years that that wretched Roger Whittaker [KR4746] wouldn't stop whistling in class. [Ed: *Roger was to become a famous singer-songwriter, especially popular in Germany. His biography 'So Far, So Good', was published in 1986]*

Nairobi town was pretty up-to-date by the 1920's, public transport conveying people from the station, where a section of massive elephant tusk hung unguarded above the platform, to popular Norfolk Hotel and into the hillier suburbs. Businesses other than *dukahs* were well established, Mr Ewart Dobbie starting a watchmaking business on Government road **[LEFT].** Ex-Artillery men joined the Kenya Police Force and Posts and Telegraphs, and my dad who'd been one of them and since become second King's Watchmaker of Scotland - whatever that means – found employment as watchmaker, optician and jeweller with Mr. Dobbie.

Like many others, my parents married in Mombasa Cathedral. That was 1926 and they then bought an acre in Parklands, just off the ancient inland trail that became Sclaters Road, on the crest of the hill just above the Three Gables Hotel which, together with many other such establishments became an Italian prisoner of war camp in the Second World War.

Settling in and furthering Dobbie's business, Pa, taller, and "Brum" Harris (Dobbie's silversmith), shorter **[LEFT],** took the car **[RIGHT]** and drove to Luo lands touting for business.

In progressing to Engine Driver First Class, Uncle Bill had become involved in the Kikuyu escarpment problem, the solving of which encouraged R.O. Preston, the nuts and bolts man of the whole project, to compile a little booklet entitled 'The Descent of the Great Rift Valley' - packed with adverts for Kalele and Robbers, (aka Gailey & Roberts), Hugh Jones' Garage, Anglo-Baltic Timber, Elephant Soap, Shankar Dass, The Diamond Mineral Water and Ice Factory, Ahmed Brothers Outfitters - (by Appointment to the Prince of Wales). and the Nakuru, Eldoret, Kisumu, Kakamega and Kitale Theatres managed by R.O.Preston Jnr.

Getting down the side of the Great Rift Valley took a long time as the second Boer War interfered with specialist supplies, so railway construction went ahead along the valley bottom **[PHOTO: PREVIOUS PAGE]** towards Nakuru, while the way down the valley side was being dug out. Materials and rolling stock were sent down the hill on one line, simultaneously pulling up empties on the other, fingers crossed that winding engine, cable, drum brake and foundations wouldn't fail.

[LEFT: CAPTION READS: MR GALLAGHER, WITH THE FIRST THREE INCLINE DRIVERS-MESSRS SHUTT, SMART SNR, SMART JNR. JOHN HUDSON, WHO ARRIVEDIN OCTOBER 1897, SHOULD HAVE FEATURED IN THE PHOTO]

Uncle Bill was sitting in his little shack near where Italian prisoners of the Second World War later built their chapel, when he heard a scratching at the door. Thinking one of his dogs had somehow got out, he flung open the door and scared off a leopard who was after some game he'd shot earlier that day. Just as he was going back inside he caught a glimpse of the cat crouching on the roof.

First World War, flu and depression over, by the 1930's life proceeded happily along with appalling inattention to health and safety, jiggers dug out with kei apple thorns, kids wandering about unsupervised with sheath knives and catapults and occasionally taking a dip in rivers chock-a-bloc with biharzia, Primary School to Cabbage Patch, Heifer Boma, assorted Colleges and Religious Institutions. An aimless drift took me into the Accounts Department of the now East African Railways and Harbours in 1950, George Henry **[LEFT]** already installed, though he was currently down in Tanganyika on a North/South Survey, keeping the books for an expedition sussing out the lie of the land for a railway to the copper mines of Rhodesia.

Back in the 1940's Dr. Louis Leakey's close relationship with the Wa-Kikuyu had convinced him that trouble was brewing, but, like troubles in Ireland, while things were relatively peaceful there was a tendency for the hierarchy to use the 'pending' file and the 'too difficult' basket; besides which there was another World War on, soldiers all over the place from MacKinnon Road to Addis Ababa, Madagascar, Burma, the Solomon Islands.

George [KR4146] had been through Parklands Primary and the Prince of Wales chain of education and was very soon to be one of the lucky recruits who benefited from six months in Salisbury and the attentions of Sgt.Maj. *Rumbleguts* Cameron.

The East African Community's great leap forward, education, familiarisation with machine guns and all that had awakened political dissatisfaction, and by 1954, security deteriorating and money tight, eighteen/twenty year olds were having to make do with three months' military training at Lanet. The Duke of York School was in operation under Pansy James, ex-history master at PoW

where back-row idlers diverted well turned out ex-Navy Mr James from the Cambridge curriculum with enquiries about navigating Atlantic and Arctic convoys.

At the Prince of Wales Cabbage Patch, Percy Fetcher followed Jimmy Gillette as Headmaster, and fortunate indeed were pupils who experienced the teaching methods of Pink P who tended to splutter a bit when worked up. When he wasn't tearing out what little hair he had left trying to instil "Pole over Base = Tan," Mr. Fletcher **[LEFT]** would enthusiastically leap from the Science Lecture Hall desk to demonstrate the inexorable Law: For Every Action There Is An Equal and Opposite Reaction Let That Be Engraved On Your Miserable Little Hearts In Letters Of Gold Six Inches High.

By 1951, school Officers Training Courses had been overtaken by Kenya Regiment training, but very soon "they" were scraping the barrel, grabbing folk green as grass for permanent Police Reserve duty at places like Mukuruweini and Ichamara. Shaky strongholds like these had sprung up all over the place, many of them built under difficult circumstances, obstacles overcome by determined Kenya Regiment personnel of superior ingenuity and drive. Some, like Eddie Brookes [KR4067] and *Gippatti* Gordon - discovered organising Tribal Police and mud huts at Mukuruweini - proved to have the kind of administrative expertise that the British Colonial Office was looking for, and, within two or three years, off they went, government sponsored, to Cambridge and Oxford, along with others of like superior quality.

Eddie Brookes rose to the heights – Governor of Trinidad? – while Gippatti was of particularly practical bent, dropping lighted thunder flashes down a tube and dropping other lighted ones on top. The result was as series of highly satisfactory far-echoing and feelable thumps, resounding high in the heavens, raising the welkin and making all and sundry fairly jumpy. He went on to high international management and, last seen, was still driving a venerable Citroen, warning folk not to leave woollens lying about putting temptation in the way of his voracious Siamese cats.

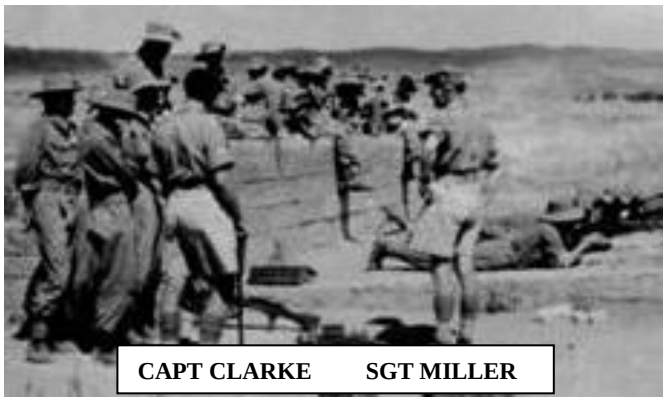
Bill Henning, an engine driver like Uncle Bill, was the Mukuruweini Intelligence man under Major Buxton, good at collecting rumours and facts. Whatever he was up to, he gave the impression of being extremely well informed about girls.

Mukuruweini **[RIGHT]** had been something of an administrative centre before the Emergency, and, like other such Police Posts, there were bodies of Kikuyu Tribal Police quartered nearby, with the Home Guard, Dad's Army, volunteering their services from all around. Patrols consisted of a rather mixed bag of expertise and when the Bwana Mkubwa decided that an area should be swept clear of terrorists, the whole populace was involved, hundreds in a parade-ground straight line over hill and valley, through stream, maize *shamba*, banana plantation and forest thicket, a mighty force of villagers, Home Guard, Tribal Police and regular Police diligently searching for suspects, all the way to a similarly manned stop line miles away.

Three or four white faces ensured diligent searching and an evenly spaced line, resolutely restoring order if anybody got distracted by an opportunity to settle a personal *fetina* with a *shenzi* from

another ridge. Most white faces and regular Police askari weren't too familiar with the Kikuyu language, all adding to the difficulties of discovering terrorists when everybody went tearing off in pursuit of a bushbuck.

There were other interruptions. When higher authority in the shape of the all-powerful East African High Commission decided that Conditions of Employment over-rode Emergency requirements, the information loop faltered. Overseas leaves took valuable servicemen away and parents got quite righteously indignant when Security Representatives came banging on the door wanting to know where offspring had got to



CAPT CLARKE SGT MILLER

On return from an overseas leave, call up papers awaited, so it was off to Nakuru where Captain N. Clarke [Essex Regt] was looking after the Training School and Sergeant Dusty Miller [Seaforths] was looking after No. I Platoon. **[LEFT: AT THE FIRING RANGE]**

Alan Byfield [KR4740] was one who did not survive the hazards of the Emergency - hazards which too often included inattention to ensuring there was nothing up the spout when commencing weapons' cleaning operations. But with spit and polish enthusiasts like Phil Roberts [KR4824], No 1 platoon won that most useful of awards, the Drill Cup, while No 3 platoon, with untidier blokes like Ken Oulton [KR4771] and whistler Whittaker [KR4746], could only manage the shooting prize.

Other handsome No 1 Platooners like Jock Anderson [KR4781] and Howie Clark [KR4786] took advantage of opportunities to further possible longer term interests, setting an enviable example.

Trained up, everyone then departed to get stuck into Emergency business, most staying with the Regiment, some attaching to British Regiments, some to Intelligence Units and Counter Gangs, some to DO-ing.

DO'ing landed me back in the South Tetu area, HQ Karatina, with Tribal Police recruits to be instructed in the management of rather ancient ·303 Rifles, twelve bore Greener shot guns with suspect firing pins and Winchester pump actions that caught some learners by surprise. Ammunition being in chronic short supply, spraying buckshot all about was not to be encouraged. On rare occasions when contact was made, fire discipline proved disappointing.

Just beyond the operational fringes of our area a particularly wild character was in charge, ex south British light middleweight boxer turned policeman Fearless Freddie Gay. Rumour had it that he took to disciplining his askari by ordering them into the ring he'd put up and teaching them how to box, and he certainly had considerable competitive drive, initiating an evening indoor target shooting event on one occasion which seemed to cause his askari no alarm whatsoever. Mr Gay started a security firm in New Zealand a couple of decades later, Securitas I think.

Digging a trench round gang-infested Mt Kenya forests was thought to be a good idea, everyone to be confined in new built villages, fragmented land holdings to be consolidated under legal title, (possession being nine tenths of civilised law) roads and accompanying ditches and culverts continuously improved; organising all this required lots of barazas, sweeps consuming many daylight hours. Local housewives were particularly stressed with disruptions to ongoing domestic routine, child care, maintenance of food and water supplies, ailing young livestock, opportunities for gossip, and the rest.

British Army Regiments, national servicemen in there along with experienced ex-Malaysian veterans, were not very visible in South Tetu though there was sometimes a useful KAR presence. Othaya Police Post might otherwise have been over-run by a remarkably well-armed gang spaced out on *bangh*. Othaya was a bit down the road from Ichamara where, unusually, Police presence included a Masaii police constable by the name of Tutai and a Kenya Regiment man who had holes in the roof of his little black Ford Angalia due to inattention to the safety device on his Patchett.

While start and stop lines in the reserve were usually quite clearly demarcated and locals usually had a pretty good of where they were, forests were more difficult. A red-hot Tribal Police Corporal in our lot, a ton of energy and always pushing to get out and catch offenders, inadvertently crossed into a British Regiment forest patrol area and was fatally shot.

Jimmy Lapraik [KR4229] survived something similar I believe, and there were certainly other incidences where there'd been misunderstandings and near misses.

In 'our' bit of the Kikuyu Reserve, Kaheti Mission was a popular stop for picking up the goss because Italian Father Joseph always produced wine. At Scots Presbyterian Tumutumu, Mr and Mrs Brown only provided tea and biscuits, but missionaries all over Kikuyuland were in an extremely challenging situation, secret oathing adding to moral hazard, one or two deranged folk wandering about in odd places, a tattered blanket keeping in fleas and pestilences, treated by the Home Guard as a bit special: these folk might well be familiars of the Great Spirit on the heights of Kirinyaga. There can be no doubt, that missionaries not only brought a great deal of spiritual comfort, their medical expertise was highly valued, and their education arrangements opened up immense new horizons.

In the forest, visibility was not very extensive when creeping about in between the trees and pushing through dripping undergrowth below the impenetrable bamboo line. In the Ragati area after a couple of nights infested with rats but no detectable sign of Mau Mau, we'd crawled far enough to reach the logging road boundary of the patrol area and just as we got there something dropped out of the tangle opposite, took one look at us and high tailed it up the road: black leopard. Bombing and thunderflashes had done their bit to make all wild life even more wary than before of the human species.

In more civilised parts Policemen were using converted Ford Prefects to patrol the railway lines, **[RIGHT]** and by the time Ian Henderson had tracked down Field Marshal Kimathi and General China had been caught along with other elevated Commanders, things began to settle down, so it was back to Nairobi and annual camps. Before long villains were turning into heroes and vice versa.

East Africa was still a Community without currency or passport complications, and 1958 took me to EAR&H HQ in Dar es Salaam, a thick walled Arab style kind of building not far from Kariokor market commemorating the long suffering Carrier Corps. Just what was required actually because, returning on the Rhodesia Castle from another overseas leave, I'd been smitten by an Irish girl going to visit a Dar friend who'd also attended Dublin University; could have put up a black by failing to take advantage of the occasion when the lady got upset and smote her brow: "Gawd give me the strength to keep me hands off yer." I bet Bill Henning could have handled the dire situation.

At the time I was a bit mind boggled by coral panoramas and spear fishing, fairly primitive stuff. **[LEFT]** High-tech Conway Plough [KR4911] and Alan Jennings [KR4192] Mombasa-style aqualung salvaging had not yet arrived in Dar es Salaam harbour, though the narrow-necked lagoon contains one or two First World War wrecks; along quite a lot of the Kenya coast there's a channel separating the beaches from the coral reef barrier, but around Dar the coral is patchier, coastal shallows dotted with islands and coral heads before the quite sudden big blue drop off.

Even distracted by colleens and natural wonders, it was becoming fairly obvious that political revolution was all about. Palestine, Ireland and India split by religion and new nations created, Berlin split by a wall, China withdrawing into Mao-led sterility like the waters retreating before the arrival of a tidal wave, Tibet annexed, Japanese aggression subdued but with her motor vehicles slithering about in Coronation Safaris; Malaya and Korea showing signs of recovery, Vietnam about to erupt, Aden gone. The little learnings initiated by missionaries hadn't done much to modify primeval urges, everyone else's hearts and minds to be confined in rules and ditches, every hongo deprived chief on the planet under the stress of no end of extra-ordinarily cussed peasantry, rain gods ignoring the portent of chicken entrails, *harambee* gone daft.

Tanganyikan connections with Kenya Regiment beginnings had faded after the First World War, but in the context of the East African Community, Tanganyika was a leader to Independence. There'd been a much more intense connection here with ancient Afro/Arab trade in ivory and slaves and way out west of Dar, in tsetse infested miombo country, Tabora in the middle of Tanganyikan nowhere, ancient Kazeh, had been the place where trails divided north to Lake Victoria and Uganda, west to Lake Tanganyika and the Congo, through Sukumaland and over the Mountains of the Moon. Wa Nyamwezi folk of these parts were reputed to be at least as great travellers as the Wa Swahili porters who carried the 60 to 80 pound head-load *mizigo* of so many East African explorers into parts unknown to mapmakers.

In 1960, Williamson's diamond mine near Shinyanga had not yet been absorbed into the De Beers cartel and the Urewera lead mine was still operating near Mpanda, a no-horse dorp beyond Malagarasi swamps. On Lake Tanganyika, the SS LIEMBA, aka the twice sunk German GROS VON GOTCHEN laid down before the First World War, still carried passengers and the trade of central Africa, home port being Kigoma, not far from famous 1871 "Dr Livingstone I presume?" Ujiji.

During the First World War, this deep Rift Valley lake, Liemba before Tanganyika was decreed, was the scene of one of the daftest naval expeditions ever mounted, but it was just about the only one from which every man returned alive, a great British victory, the whole German lake flotilla, all four vessels, including the GROS VON GOTCHEN, sunk or captured.

Throughout Flanders, trench warfare had been noisily static, muddy, gas, rat and lice infested, while the side-show of the East African campaign fought mainly in German East Africa, had been much quieter, highly mobile, dry, pong, pestilence and mosquito infested, von Lettow Vorbeck dragging the 4.1 inch guns from the light cruiser KÖENIGSBERG all over the countryside, mounting one on the GROS VON GOTCHEN and putting the others on wheels, cast in the Dar es Salaam Zentralbahn workshops.

The rusted remains of the wreck of the KÖENIGSBERG, whose demise was largely due to the bush-craft of jungle man PJ Pretorius, are probably still cluttering up the Salali estuary of the Rufiji River, just opposite Mafia Island, south of Zanzibar; Zeng-Bar where black folk of the sea coast had been trading with the far east for centuries, where a bit south of Mafia Island, Kilwa, Milton's Quiloa, had been a great island city in the 14th Century, a gold market, palace walls embedded with Chinese porcelain, now just another ruin, like Gedhi.

PJ Pretorius, whose immediate ancestor gave his name to the Voortrekker town, was a companion of Frederick Courtney Selous, hunter, specimen collector, naturalist and author, after whom the biggest game Park in the world was named, a great chunk of Tanganyika where human survival had proved difficult. Selous, scouting for a succession of frustrated Allied commanders who went chasing after von Lettow for four weary years, including General Jan Smuts, was killed where the game reserve came into being. General Smuts became known as Slim Janie, a compliment to his appreciation of matters politic.

In the Big Picture of the mid-20th century, the mighty EAR&H had stations, ports and halts from Nimule on the Sudan border to Mbeya in southern Tanganyika, Fort Portal in the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon to the Haven of Peace, Dar es Salaam and Nansio port on Lake Victoria's Ukerewe Island, all to be regularly inspected for operational rectitude, efficiency and accounting integrity. In Pretorius's time Ukerewe Island had been utterly deserted but now, cleared of tsetse, it was producing exportable cotton.

HQ liked to be assured that fiddling of books or anything else in any of these places would be of relatively short duration; the efficiency with which rather a lot of shillingis had disappeared within piles of interleaved computerised bumf that flooded HQ in the middle 1950's proved just how vigilant one had to be. EAR&H Accounts office at Tabora was a four wheeled coach for conducting inspections, one result of which was an 18 hole beer-a-hole golf round on the Mwanza course with Mick Jansen [KR6717], ex-PoW; Regimental members scattered far and wide.

Mwanza countryside is a lethal pin-ball range, with or without beer, though reptiles seem to like it, crocodiles providing alligator shoes and handbags for Parisian catwalks, their sacrifice in the cause of fashion resulting in a proliferation of catfish whose main sustenance consists of tilapia eggs. Civilised needs made fishermen's lives even more of an exciting challenge, the many pythons and puff adders of the locality doing their bit to keep local human populations within reasonable limits, Bayeye snake charmers cashing in.

Tanganyika seemed to have a lot of reptiles, species identification improving with Ogden Nash introducing Professor Twist and Bill Haley and the Comets hitting the charts with "See Ya Later Alligator."

Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said," a crocodile."

The frustrations of trying to mislead jungle drums and grapevine that had informed Mbatian - the current object being a surreptitious sneak up on unsuspecting station masters - were relieved with a transfer to unheard of Mtwara, about the farthest outpost ever of the EAR&H, out of sight, out of mind, a punishment station whose torments I could have withstood for many a long year. Right on Tanganyika's southernmost border, Mtwara Port had come into being as a result of the Groundnut Scheme. During World War II, the Colonial Development Corporation and Lever Brothers, worried

about future availability of vegetable oils, had come up with £50,000,000 quid. At that time UK was pretty nearly broke with saving the world and most of the world's gold reserves were now stashed in Wall Street bankers' vaults and Fort Knox, money itself already a bit funny.

[LEFT; LIGHTER OFFLOADING AT MTWARA 1948 – PHOTO SUBMITTED BY KEVIN PATIENCE]

Towards the end of the First World War, world bankers had become concerned that extraction of gold and silver was no longer keeping pace with demand for finance, convincing some that the Gold Standard was the brake on the velocity of money. In getting things back on an even keel German printing presses brought several thousand per cent inflation to a devastated nation, but with Quantitative Easing becoming more acceptable, the legal profession did very well out of litigation attempting to identify who actually owned the bullion represented by multiplying masses of paper. What the paper was actually worth became more and more of a mystery.

Half a century earlier a reluctantly voted £3,000,000 had been sufficient to push the Uganda Railway six hundred miles to Lake Victoria, and together with the German Zentralbahn next door, hundreds of thousands of square miles of marvellous country had been opened up. A great chunk of these marvellous miles was now going to produce squillions of tons of peanuts and a hundred and twenty miles of railway would carry the produce from Nachingwea to a narrow-necked deep water lagoon just south of Mikindani where all that was needed was a suitable wharf **[RIGHT]**

Along with wharf facilities, all these peanuts were going to need office and business premises, housing estates, workshops, *dukah wallahs* organised into a tidy township, a proper city with library, cathedral, swimming pool and University. Preliminary clearing and airfield expansion flattened sisal plantations for miles around, but there'd been a hiccup in the planning. Few people lived in the area where military tanks adapted as bulldozers were ripping up the landscape to plant groundnuts, mainly because rain didn't fall there very often.

By 1960, Mtwara city with its wide, central and practically deserted Broadway thoroughfare was trying to survive by shipping cashew nuts, an established local crop. The palm fringed white sand beaches edging the inlet had been the location for a version of "Blue Lagoon," and being fairly isolated, there were some rather odd bachelor types about. By appointment to Her Majesty Rose's Lime Juice, the marmalade people, had a lime plantation down by the Ruvuma river mouth, managed by reclusive John Russell with a side business in African blackwood, Makonde carvings, jagged stark representations of local life; then there were enterprising individualists like Ionides the Snake Man and Latham Leslie Moore, the latter now publicly acknowledged as a royal wild oat sprout.

As Sultan of Msimbati Island, Latham petitioned the United Nations to have his (high tide) island declared independent of Tanganyika, and Ma, now working behind the counter at Dobbie's the Rolex agents, found that servicing Latham's Rolex also involved producing a flag for his new country.

[LEFT] Latham, on the right, called his mansion on the sandbank that he wanted to nationalise 'Wind's Whisper', and as Terry Griffiths, middle, ex-Cabbage Patch and Kilimani - big mate of Rex Pegrume whose Dad had an electrical business on Delamere Avenue - had recently bought the aging Sultan of Zanzibar's yacht Al Malika, it was sometimes possible to call in on Latham. People wore proper shorts in those days!

During a varied career in Nairobi, Terry's dad Griff had been a policeman; a man was observed drinking in the Long Bar of the New Stanley hotel, an individual wanted for questioning, so Griff arrested him, the crook's forty-five revolver failing to function. Griff, turned Dar es Salaam building contractor and Commodore of the Dar es Salaam Yacht Club, took his family to Mtwara in the boom of the Groundnut scheme.

King George V had gifted Al Malika (the Queen) to the Sultan of Zanzibar back in the 1930's, it being the thing to recognise lesser sovereignty; a hundred years previously King George IV had presented King Kamehameha of the Hawaiian surfing islands with a yacht, so King Kamehameha and his Queen sailed to UK where they caught the measles and expired; Mr Dole then taking over one of King Kamehameha's islands and importing lots of people from China and the Philippines to work his pine-apple plantations, civilisation expanding in the Pacific. Al Malika, and the GROS VON GOTCHEN/LIEMBA, both twice sunk, were still going strong five or six years ago.

Up country a bit, alongside the Ruvuma River that has been a recognised international boundary since at least the Scramble for Africa, there's a little village called Newala, and Ionides lived there in a mud shack, an up-to-date rectangular model with two rooms: his bedroom/office and a combined lounge and goods store. A little way off in a neatly swept dusty compound were the *choo* and kitchen and some sort of washing facilities, all surrounded by neat little Christ-thorn hedges.

'Iodine' lived there because of the reptile presence, his business being the supply of venom for the manufacture of snake-bite serum. The walls of his lounge were lined with rickety wooden wire meshed boxes and old beer crates accommodating his goods-in-transit - chameleons with and without horns, lizards, boomslangs, mambas black and green, vine snakes, cobras, puff adders and the rest, plus smaller constrictors.

My wife to be, Kay (née Poxon) and I drove up to see him one Saturday and, like Latham, the presence of a young lady seemed to please the old man - not really old, just long-service-in-hard-stations white haired middle sixties. Anyway he offered tea and let loose his gaboon viper for us to admire, a handsome two-horned brown, maroon, purple and yellow sausage about three and half feet long, thick as a Swiss Roll, capable, we were informed, of striking quicker than a puff-adder and injecting both neuro- and haemo-toxic venoms. Only half grown it needed exercise and on this occasion chose to wriggle across the hot dusty yard towards the nervous photographer who backed into a Christ-thorn hedge and shot twenty feet into the sky. Gaboon vipers are not commonly found in higher, cooler places I believe.

The fashion of the moment was coloured slides, a whole pile of which plus hundreds of feet of edited film suffered from a rainstorm, rather discouraging.

Mtwara city's' European population was about fifty when everyone wasn't off on safari somewhere, the Southern Cross pub run by ex-Welsh Guards Sgt. Major Vic Bobbett, of

magnificent moustache and a bit of a pot, sometime instructor to Second World War Kenya Regiment lads, maybe even mature Sgt. Nigel Leakey [KR145], awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross for the daring despatch of an Italian tank crew during the Abyssinian campaign.

Vic was still well capable of producing the thousand mile parade ground stare that, together with the City of London's grip on a stable Gold Standard (supported mainly by African gold) had won an Empire, another in the series built on the enslavement of energy in one form or another. The thousand mile glare was very much in evidence as Vic ripped off my mother-in-law by keeping the bar at the wedding reception [02/01/1961] open till the small hours, she having had the temerity to personally import her preferred brand of wedding champagne from Dar es Salaam. This lead to minor social dislocations for some months, the Mtwara Club experiencing a spurt of popularity, all Tanganyika working itself up into a state of some excitement, but only because of impending Independence.

On 9th December 1961, nearly a year after the reception at Vic's pub, the Irish District Commissioner's all African Irish Pipe Band celebrated Southern Province Independence at Mtwara Stadium and Mtwara started to really fall to bits, with talk of pulling up the railway line. Latham was deported to South Africa and Ionides, an inveterate smoker of kali cigarettes and the Game Ranger who had been instrumental in expanding the Selous National Game Reserve, had died of thrombosis. With sisal and kapok overtaken by plastics, cashew nuts and limes proved incapable of producing a return on capital expended.

Political negotiations connected with Independence and the divvying up of entities controlled by the East African High Commission resulted in dismemberment of the EA Railways and Harbours monster. An E.A. Harbours Corporation was to be headquartered in Dar es Salaam, though in terms of access and facilities, as a commercial harbour it was much inferior to the busy concreted industrial sprawl that had arisen from smelly, spiky mangrove flats on the southern Kilindini shores of the Island of War, Kisiwa ya Mvita.

The powers that be saw fit to put me in the Harbours Corp., Port Revenue Office in Dar, and thanks to some greater power even than the powers that be, maybe the one who until quite recently had inhabited the heights of Kirinyaga, cheerful descendants of people who for a few hundred years had been Indians and were now Indians, Pakistanis and Bangladeshis, very nearly the same Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Khojas and Goans as before, saw to it that all the interlocking details of creating the new entity of a Harbours Corporation were assembled in working order, more or less.

In 1961, out of some seven millions indigenous Tanganyikans, less than one hundred and fifty had received tertiary education, though some, by mighty efforts, had attained professional qualifications. Where but very recently there'd been hundreds of square miles where the wheel had never been heard of, there was now a nation getting to grips with computerisation, offices, a port, a government, a political entity in a globalising world.

By 1994, Dar es Salaam road maintenance and traffic discipline were superior by a country mile to the matatu/WaBenzi mayhem of Nairobi's pot-holed highways, but in the interim Mr Metzger's venerable old New Africa Hotel with its spacious forecourt had come under pressure from an Israeli-backed high rise Kilimanjaro Hotel, an institution with a posh Africana annexe on Kunduchi creek, the malarial waterway trickling into Msasani Bay, favoured spear-fishing expanse.

An Agip petrol station had also squeezed in on the water front and in 1964 newly independent Tanganyikans found themselves involved with uprising Zanzibaris, President Julius Nyerere faced

with anarchy. At a ramshackle road block manned by scruffy soldiers an Asian lady was shot in the gluteus maximus and the whole town just about closed down for a week, people hoarding groceries, old timer Don Stanley distributing little paper twists of salt.

The Royal Navy in the shape of the aircraft carrier HMS Bulwark **[RIGHT]** loaded with commandos nosed into shallow Msasani Bay, the Tanganyika Rifles were persuaded back to their Colito barracks, and on Africa's ancient Azanian Coast and far into the interior, Tanzania came into being.

Early on in the Leakey family's anthropological investigations, Dr Louis Leakey had concluded from the evolving shape of Homo's skull that the species' brain development must be accelerating, and maybe he was on to something.

The man in charge of the Locomotive Shed at Mtwara, Norman Hedges, was a keen hunter and spear-fisherman – "dicing with death" he liked to call it - and he had a hunting tale.

In the real world a great big kifaru was indeed *a-kuja-ing* in the shape of bigger better nuclear devices, reds under the bed, space races, algorithms, automation of everything, avalanches of advertising and excessive packaging with billions of tons of paper and hard to digest plastic being thrown into someone else's back yard, pop idols and twangy-bangy noise, surveillance from on high, brand new toxins, globalisation and 3D printing, tweeting and twittering populations exploding, coral reefs wilting.

All timed to the last fraction of a femtosecond, though still not quite as exact as any decent watchmaker might desire. By the 21st century there were still sectors within Islam aggressively determined not to be subverted by aggressive infidels and more fortunate ladies of China, freed from drudgery though not the pea soup smog that had plagued Londoners until the coming of the 1956 Clean Air Act, were now into coveting shiny, towering Four Wheel Drives with several dozen horses under the bonnet, undeniable evidence of arrival.

Before 1950's, there'd been miserable old naggers going on about the way things were headed, but sixty years later more people seemed to be thinking that enthusiasm for favoured species – not excluding fossil fuels – might not be the best way to go, a bit of alarm here and there about diminishing variety. Was it really true that over-crowded lemmings jumped off cliffs?

Whatever the incomprehensibility of great powers driving the known universes, some on this little watery speck are stuck with hearts embossed with golden letters six inches high, not all yet engulfed in Pink P imputed misery.

With all this funny money spread as unevenly as badly made jam, not to mention plastic discard gyring about in the greatest expanse of water on the globe, maybe, somewhere, there's an interest charge in non-negotiable currency accumulating, unfixable by off-balance-sheet-fiddling and generating an inevitable and growing balancing reaction. By some accounts, the graph's already in the foothills of an exponentially rising curve.

On the other hand, if homo's brains are still accelerating, they're on an exponential curve as well, a cunningly hidden component of Pink P's fundamental Law.

REUNIONS

KENYA GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL REUNION:2018

Date: 29th September 2018
Venue: Holiday Inn, Guildford, Surrey
Contact: Anne Green <khsboma@gmail.com>

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DUKE OF YORK – KIRK HOUSE REUNION – 10 SEPTEMBER 2017

[Robin Crosher]

[Ed: *This letter was forwarded to me by Dave Lichtenstein CCF]*. I know that you like to keep abreast of school reunions etc for your annual *barua* which I, and I am sure many others, enjoy reading. Keep up the good work on behalf of all those like me who remember our school days with even greater affection as we grow older.

Attached is a photo taken during a gathering that I recently arranged at my golf club, Bushey Hall GC, near Watford in Hertfordshire, just north of London. You will note that some *wazee* were not residents of Kirk, but they were willing to become 'honorary' Kirkites for the day. After a round in the morning, the golfers joined the non-golfers for a meal and a few Tuskers in the club house.

From the smiling faces, I think all enjoyed the event. [Ed: *All were members of the CCF*.]

Back row L/R: Robin Russell, John O'Grady, Nigel Gaymer, Rodney Bridle [KR7299], Neil Morison, Robin Crosher [KR6869]

Front row L/R: John Crosher, Mike Harrington, Alan May, John Tucker, Rob Rowland

John O'Grady gave a brief introduction and update on the Optimum Kenya Trust. During the day and subsequently, £265 was raised and donated to the trust.

Autumn is setting in here as the trees are turning into their various colours. I trust you are enjoying your spring and that summer doesn't become unbearably hot.

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KITALE PRIMARY SCHOOL REUNION: VIPINGO : 1 to 4 FEBRUARY 2018

Attendance: Bairstow, Rob & Anne (née Barnley); Brooksbank, Brandon; Brooksbank, Don & Polly; Clarke, Sue (née Horsfall); Dale, Alan; Davidson, Terry & Gayle; Davidson, Oliver & Rosemary; Doyle, Aiden & Lesley; Eaton, Jenny (née Woods); Field, John & Jenny (née Duirs); Gerrard, Peter; Hellier, Jenny (née Northcote); Horsey, Horace & Mandy; Horsey, David & Vicky; Horsfall, Michael & Odile; Jensen, Robin & Jessica; Leete, Dennis & Jane; Liechti, Alex; Liechti, Margrit; Liechti, Peter; McMichael, Else (née Sunde); Meyer, Eric & Marilyn; Meyer, Michael & Maria; Moore, Celia (née Falck); Mukulu, Cliff; Mills, Tony; Northmore, Richard; Pont, Jenny (née Coombes); Purchase, Diana (née Fulton); Rosa, Peter; Riccitelli, Tina (née Sovich); Sovich, Maria; Sunde, Niels & Carol; Walton, Bridget (née Doenhoeff); Wilson, Tug & Lindy (née Northcote)

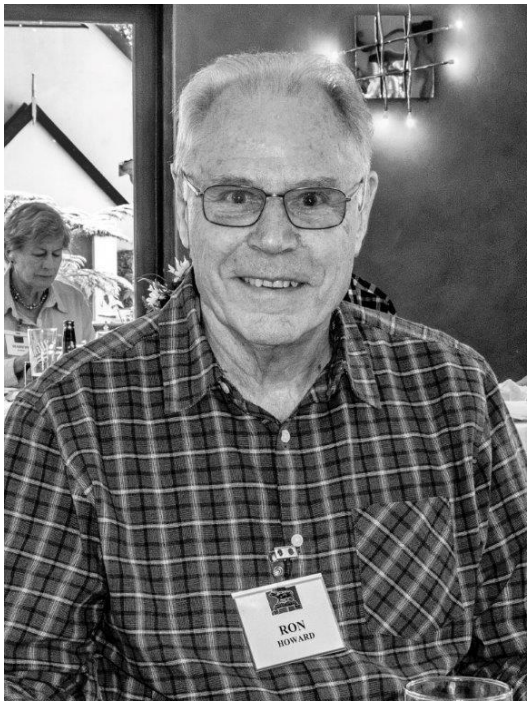
L/R: DON BROOKSBANK, DENNIS LEETE, JOHN FIELD, TUG WILSON

[ABOVE: VIPINGO BEACH]

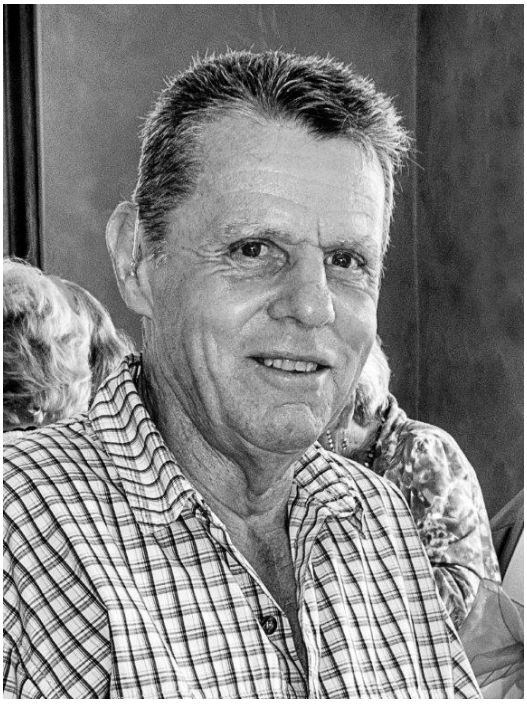
KRA LUNCH - SUNDAY 18th MARCH 2018

Attendance: Crampton, John [KR6083] & 'Lena, and son Dennis Kavalenka; Davidson, Heather (née Munro); Harris, Angel (née Dawson-Curry); Higginson, Mabel (née Croxford); Holyoak, Eric [KR4230] & Shirley (née Brown); Howard, Ron [KR6747]; Jacob, Val (née Arnold); Johnson, Sue (née White); Letcher, Ray [KR7118] & Sally (née Randall); Long, Pat [KR6691] & Marion; Manger, Peter [KR4540] and Margaret Lead (née McKenzie); Moore, Celia (née Falck); Moore, John & Ros; Moerdyk, Linda; Norman, Chris & Karin (née Falck); Northmore, Marilyn (née Hickman); Pembridge, John [KR7429] & Gill (née Salmon); Plenderleith, Gary [KR6462] & Audrie Ryan; Rooken-Smith, Jenny & Bruce [KR6956]; Tory, Terry [KR6339] & Angie; and Ward, Lydia (née Royston).

Apologies: Derek Pavely [KR4636]; Mary Bohmer (née Cade); Tony Bowers [KR6961]; Bales, Graham [KR6563] & Betty (née Jenkins) [Ed: *Photos by John Crampton*]



RON HOWARD
(MARION LONG IN THE BACKGROUND)



JOHN PEMBRIDGE

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THE ITALIANS REACH BERBERA

[Extract from The Abyssinian Campaigns – The Official Story of the Conquest of Italian East Africa]

On 4th August 1940, powerful Italian forces launched a full-scale invasion of British Somaliland with the object of achieving an easy, spectacular, and, from the defensive point of view, a strategically useful victory. Both military and propaganda considerations prompted them to undertake the conquest of this colony.

Though few Europeans visit British Somaliland, those who have travelled by ship through the Red Sea have formed for themselves no inaccurate picture from their glimpses· of its red, grim, blistering coastline. It is at once the smallest and the most desolate of our East African possessions.

As areas go in this part of the world, the colony is small. It is only 400 miles at its greatest length, while opposite Berbera it is no more than 120 miles in breadth. Its soil is sandy and barren in the extreme, and it is swept by the hot *kharif* wind, which renders the coastline dangerous to ships and increases the discomfort of life in the coastal districts.

Before the War, the European population numbered less than 100, nearly all of them officials engaged in administering the affairs of the Somalis. These tall, rather fine-looking nomads graze their flocks on the scanty pasturage of the interior, or drive their caravans to trade over great distances. The traveller, camped at evening near a water-hole, may hear the tinkle of bells and see the great, ghostly shapes of the camels pass endlessly through the limits of the light cast by his camp fire.

With the outbreak of war, British Somaliland became a grave threat to the Italians. It adjoined French Somaliland and the Jibuti port and railway, which offered the easiest route to Addis Ababa. The collapse of France, however, turned the tables. All military plans had been based on close collaboration with the strong French forces just across the border; and so the colony found itself isolated. Berbera was a week by sea from Mombasa. It was farther from Nairobi in a straight line than was Addis Ababa. It could·not be quickly or even adequately reinforced. And all except 60 miles of its 600-mile inland frontier was bounded·by Italy's East African Empire.

Three courses were open to us. We could reinforce Somaliland at the cost of depleting our scanty Kenya forces, we could evacuate the colony without a fight, or finally, with the small forces at our disposal, we could offer the maximum resistance to the enemy, inflict·the greatest possible losses, and then attempt to withdraw. The last, was the plan·decided upon, and the short campaign should be considered in this light.

The Italians invaded Somaliland with an army of 25,000 men. They advanced in three columns, but their main attack was directed from Jijiga along the road to Berbera. They swept across the mountainous backbone of the colony and on towards the government hill station of Hargeisa. An occasional road block, or a demolition, or a bombing, held them up for a few hours, but no serious attempt was made to delay them at this stage. They crossed the border on 4th August.

[LEFT. AN ENEMY PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THEIR MOTORISED COLUMNS, ODDS OF 15 TO 1, CROSSING THE COASTAL PLAIN TO BERBERA]

On 6th August, Hargeisa fell; by 11th August, an army of five colonial brigades, three Blackshirt battalions, three Banda groups, 100 armoured fighting vehicles, including 27 tanks,· and at least 20 guns, was pouring down the escarpment towards the plain some 60 miles from Berbera. There, at the Tug Argan gap, our men waited for them.

Our little force was outnumbered, certainly by ten to one, possibly by fifteen to one. It consisted only of the 1st Northern Rhodesia Regiment, 2nd King's African Rifles, the Black Watch, two companies of 3/15 Punjab Regiment, the Somaliland Camel Corps, and the 1st East African Light

Battery. These men held a number of hills which rose steeply from the light bush beside the wide sandy river-bed that is known as the Tug Argan. They were few to cover a front of 8,000 yards, and most of them had never been in action before; but European, Asiatic and African alike were determined that no Italian should force his way unchallenged through the pass between their hills, and the fight they put up was a lesson in determination which the Italians signally failed to emulate when, seven months later, their time of trial came.

There is no space to describe in detail the days of desperate fighting that followed. The Italian army surged forward like the sea, as though it hoped, by its very weight, to wash our men away. The rifle fire of our infantry threw them back, and the artillery fire of the light battery mowed them down. The very first shot this battery fired killed a general, on a white horse, at 2,000 yards; and during the next few days the guns were firing continually, sometimes at point-blank range. In face of heavy losses the Italian army came on; some of their Colonial troops,·according to eye-witnesses, showing a high degree of courage. A Northern Rhodesian, who was in the thick of the fighting, wrote of this grim battle:

'From 11th to 15th August, every day and once or twice at night, they used all they had to try and break through the gap and get their mechanised column along the road to Berbera. There were at least ten thousand Italians, and they seldom attacked a company position with less than a brigade of three battalions, complete with tanks and artillery, while we were no more than 700 or 800 strong in the actual gap. It seems incredible, when I think of it now, that in spite of the number of things that were fired at, or and dropped on us, our casualties were so light, and certainly negligible in comparison with the Italian casualties. We must have killed thousands.'

Inevitably, numbers told. Positions which the Italian waves could not carry away, were slowly encircled. As day followed day, our men were compelled to· withdraw, first from one hill and then from another, including Barkasan Hill, where, with the Black Watch, they again held up the Italians.

These days were packed with excitement and marked by many deeds of individual gallantry. There was 2nd Lieut. David McCalman [KR81] 1/2 (Ny) Battalion King's African Rifles, the son of a Kenya farmer, who led a party by nightfall through the Italian lines to rescue his mortars which had been buried during the day.

[Ed: *Extract from brother KR178 Alistair McCalman's diaries: David, had a very narrow shave, a burst of machine gun fire wounded him in the leg, grazed his thumb and a third bullet passing through the pocket of his bush shirt. He had been ordered to abandon his mortars and bury them in the sand. However, late at night he took a small party and recovered them. For this he was 'Mentioned in Dispatches'*.]

There was 2nd Lieut. Peter Smith [Peter Grey Allison KR274?], son of another Kenya farmer, who was twice cut off with his platoon, but each time broke through the enemy and brought his men to' safety. On the second occasion, by personally manning a Bren gun, he silenced two enemy machine-gun posts and prevented the Italians from flooding down the pass.

There was 2nd Lieut. Palmer [Edward KR266?], whose Lewis gun broke down, when he and Captain Watson were covering a withdrawal. Undaunted, though the advancing enemy were only 100 yards away, he squatted down and repaired it in the text-book manner.

It was here, too, that Captain Eric. T. C. Wilson, of the Somaliland Camel Corps, earned the twelfth Victoria Cross of the war. Though badly wounded in both arms, he carried on for three days at his machine-gun posts until they were finally overrun by the enemy.

There were occasional humorous incidents.

A private, after continuous shelling, rummaged in his haversack for something to eat and pulled out a tin of meat. "Picnic Ham, indeed," he read in an injured tone; "Gawd, do they call this a ruddy picnic?"

One askari dispensed with sleep for the five nights of the battle, and would not stop firing his rifle by day or night. Nothing rattled him, till a burst of machine-gun fire cut off the side of his gas cape, which he had folded up as an elbow pad. Unconcerned at his escape from death, but furiously indignant, he picked up his tattered cape and took it to his officer. "Look, Bwana," he said, "look what they have done to my coat!"

The spirit of the native troops was magnificent. An eye-witness writes: “The African soldier was fighting during these five days and five nights under the most unfavourable conditions for him. He is in his natural element when fighting out in the bush, but here he was given a position to hold and, however much stuff the Italians showered on him, he had no opportunity of using his bush tactics. He just had to stay put and take it, and he certainly did this well”.

One of the guns of the light battery was in a desperate position. It had been moved right round till it was facing the rear, firing downhill over open sights at less than 900 yards, while all the spare men were blazing away with rifle fire as hard as they could go.

"The African ranks," an officer says, "had reached their peak. As soon as they actually saw the enemy their excitement knew no bounds. They thought it was grand. They were absolutely amazing that day."

Meanwhile at Berbera, the Royal Navy had rigged up an all-tide jetty, and the evacuation was in process. Hundreds of Abyssinians, Arabs, Indians, even many Somalis themselves, with their wives and families, preferred to leave for unknown lands rather than change their rulers. The civilians and administrative officials left first, then the base personnel, in order to make room for the troops arriving from the interior.

The troop embarkation began at 1 p.m. on 16th August. It continued through the night into the following afternoon, unhindered by the Italians, who were licking their wounds and failed utterly to take advantage of the opportunity to harass our forces at the last. They had been dealt with especially roughly at the fight at Barkasan, where the Black Watch, left behind to cover the final stages of our withdrawal, had charged with the bayonet to chase for at least a mile, first the native levies and then their Blackshirt masters.

Everything was carried out in an orderly manner, and those Somalis who remained behind, amid the smoke of burning equipment in Berbera, watched the convoys sail away and remembered the promise that the British would soon return.

Seven months later, to a day, that promise was redeemed.

[RIGHT: BRIEF AUTHORITY – FASCIST FLAGS UNFURLED, FOR SEVEN MONTHS, OVER BRITISH SOMALILAND]

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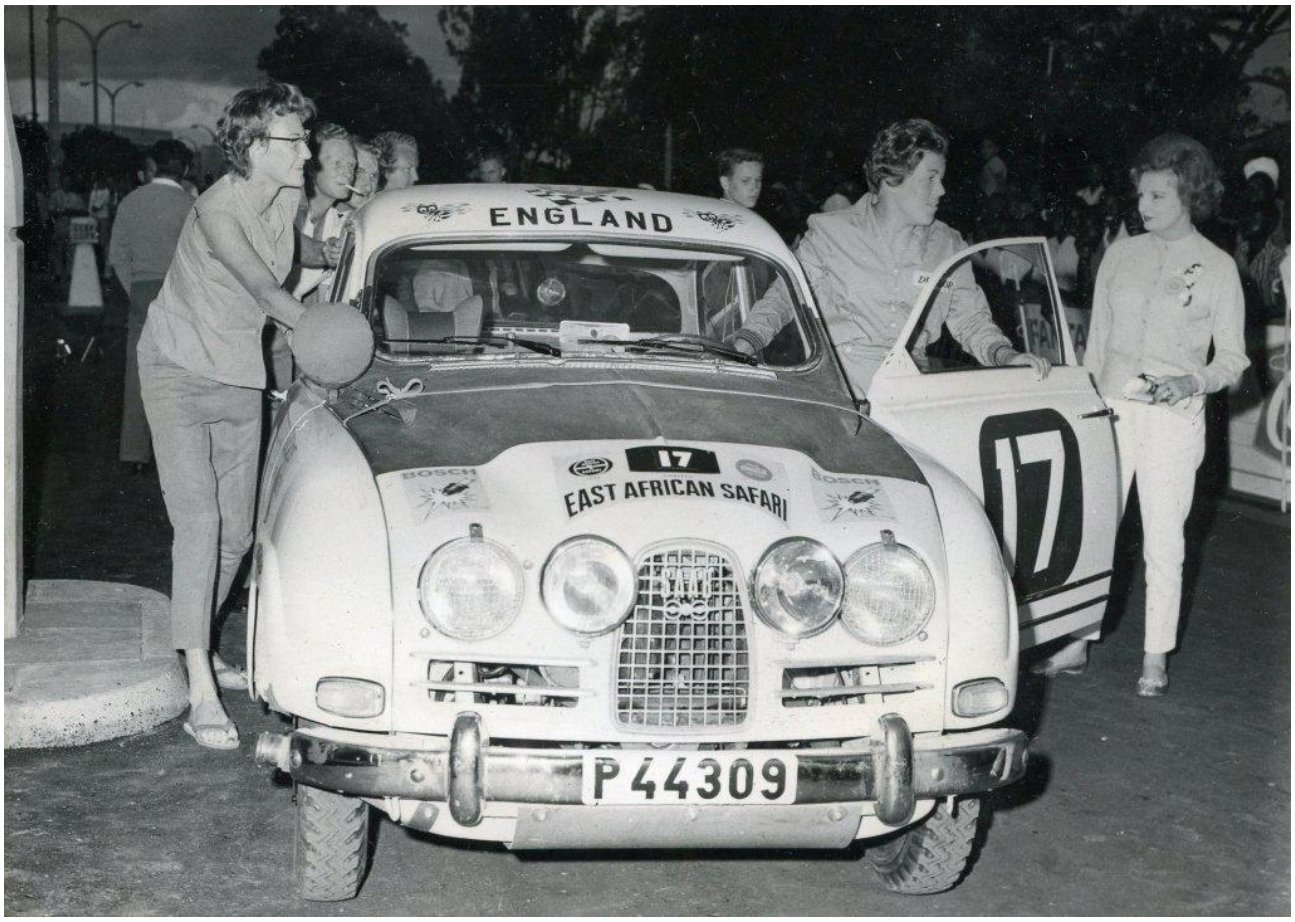
Mike Norris <norris.mikeh@gmail.com> 05/07/2017: For your records. I was advised yesterday that Joy Mayers (née Outram) passed away on Sunday 2nd July in Australia after a long battle with cancer.

Joy was well-known (as was her husband Keith who died in Kenya fourteen years ago) in rally circles, partnering Keith in two East African Safaris ('65 and '67) and numerous national rallies, and with the legendary Pat Moss-Carlsson in 1964. Keith and Joy were tea farmers in Nandi Hills for many years, and were our nearest non-staff neighbours and good friends in the early sixties before we moved to Mombasa.



[L/R: JOY, HUSBAND KEITH WITH CIGARETTE, AND PAT MOSS-CARLSSON TALKING TO THE EVER GLAMOROUS SAFARI PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER, DI HOWARD WILLIAMS]

Joy and I had lots of interesting correspondence right up to her last letter on 7th June titled "Going off air!" apologising to her friends that she would be unable to write again. Sue and Alan Johnson knew Keith and Joy well too, as did Margaret Lead.

Joy was a heavy smoker, as was Pat Moss-Carlsson (who also died of cancer number of year ago). Pat's husband, Erik said once that he could follow them around the route by the trail of *stompies* thrown out! A wonderful couple, Keith and Joy, and the inspiration for the cover painting on my book! [Ed: *'Artist Round the Bend' - see mini-SITREP XLVIII (June 2016) pp 37-41*]

The Mayers have a son Alan who is on a farm in Tanzania, and I think daughter, Heather is in Australia.

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[Ed: Further to Mike Norris's note in SITREP LI on page 2, about the smallest car to complete the EA Safari - a Fiat 600 **[LEFT]** - we recently had the pleasure of meeting Livio Tessaro, who lives in Howick.

Livio mentioned that he and his adopted brother-in-law, Elio Mansutti, entered the Tanganyika '1000' in 1961, and the EA Safari in 1962 and 1963, in the little Fiat; it is Livio leaning out of the car window.

In 1963, Livio married David Read's niece Felicity – they had two children, Dino and Tania. In 1964, Livio, and brothers Elio and Vico Mansutti, bought Ndareda Estate; later sequestrated by the Tanzania Government in 1978.]

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KENYA REGIMENT BUFFALO

Dennis Leete to Dr Anne Samson 27/03/2018: Here are some photos taken by Billy Coulson, and *Stew* Henderson, of the Nairobi Club buffalo. I was completely up the creek as to the origins of the statue, and the sculptor; and it had nothing to do with the East African Mounted Rifles at all, or J.G. Millais, for that matter.

And I have no idea why it was presented to Nairobi Club, by the African Big Game Club of America. I assume Frederick Selous must have been a member of the former? But it is a magnificent work of art for all that, and I understand why it was chosen as the model for the Kenya Regiment Badge in 1937.

It was sculpted in 1913 by Jas Clark, but not presented until 1917, so I presume it was not unique, but a limited edition of ten, which is the standard number for bronze sculptures?

From another mounted, framed selection of signatures of famous visitors, on the lounge wall I noted that the Duc Aosta (the Viceroy of Abyssinia) was a guest at Nairobi Club in 1936; wonder whether Lord Erroll was his host?

Why Nairobi Club, and not Muthaiga Club - more questions, and not enough answers

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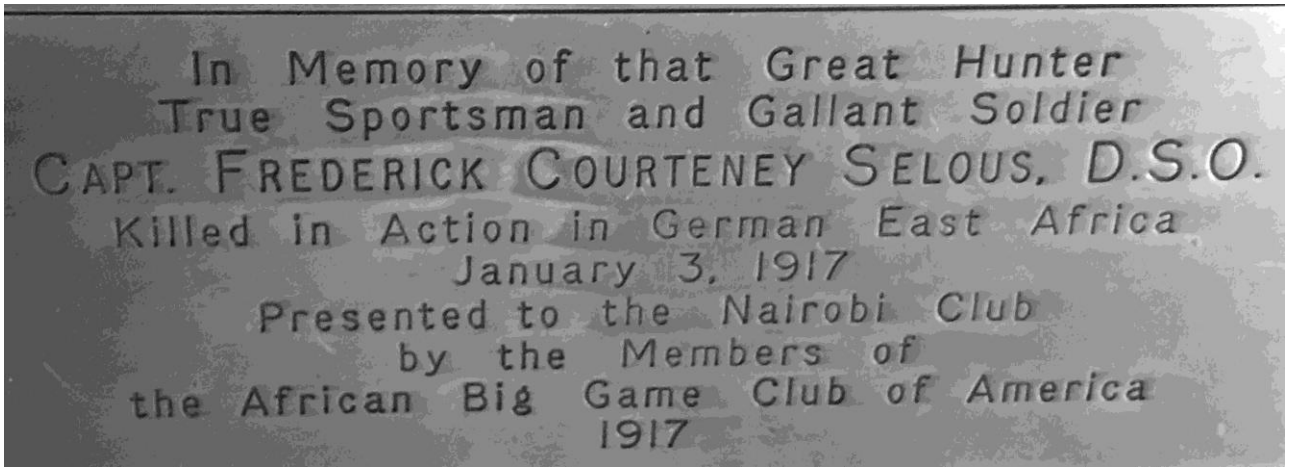
Dr Anne Samson 04/04/2018, to Dennis Leete *et al*. Some more digging and statue of a buffalo which stands in the Nairobi Club, is clearly linked with the Roosevelt Safari - James Clark confirms that, as does the reason Roosevelt undertook the expedition - he was collecting specimens for the American Museum of Natural history - https://archive.org/stream/africangametrail01roos

James L. Clark **[LEFT: SIGNATURE ON THE BRONZE]** initially trained at the Rhode Island School of Design and the Gorham Silver Company. In 1902 he joined the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, there learning the art of taxidermy from the innovative Carl Akeley. Travelling worldwide in search of specimens as early as 1908, Clark was exposed to all forms of exotic wildlife first-hand. Realistic sculptures such as the African Cape Buffalo were the result of Clark's extensive field and studio experience. Casts of this work reside in the National Museum of Wildlife Art, Jackson, Wyoming and in the Explorers Club, New York City.



[ABOVE: PLAQUE ON THE BASE OF THE SCULPTURE]. In 1917, the African Big Game Club of America presented an African Cape Buffalo bronze to the Nairobi Club of Kenya in memory of Captain Frederick Courtney Selous DSO, a friend of fellow outdoorsman, Theodore Roosevelt. (https://www.invaluable.com/auction-lot/james-lippett-clark-american-1883-1969-i-afr-443-c-4df4c65b3d)

Why the statue was presented to the Nairobi Club and not Muthaiga CC (MCC), I would surmise is that the latter was a field hospital at the time whilst the former was still in use as a club in 1917?

Construction of MCC was financed by James Archibald Morrison in 1912 (a cheque for £60,000!). Land was bought at Muthaiga (so named after the Kikuyu greenheart tree - MUTHIGA) and the architect was Harold Henderson. Stone came from Kiambu. The Club opened on 31st December1913. Then the 1st world war started on 4th August 1914, and in 1916, the Club was used as a field hospital.

In 1918, Karen Blixen met Denys Finch Hatton at the Club. Dr S.S. Nagi review on Amazon - https://www.amazon.co.uk/History-Muthaiga-Country-Club-1913-1963/dp/9966709401.

But why 1917? Again, I can only surmise that it was done after Selous's death and possibly then because of it. Had he not been killed, Roosevelt might have waited to the end of the war to give it to his friend personally.

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KENYA REGIMENT COLOURS

Extract from notes by Lt Col John Garvey MBE, ED [KR49].

59. Here I wish to digress for a moment to deal with some matters which, I am sure quite unwittingly, have been misrepresented and where my knowledge (or memory?) of the facts seems to differ from what I have read in "Sitreps" or "The Charging Buffalo".

60. The Regimental Colours, which were finally laid up in the Garrison Church, Winchester, on 24th October 1965, consist of the Queen's Colour and the Regimental Colour. The former consists of the Union Jack, embroidered with the Regiment's name and the Battalion cypher. The Regimental Colour is a St George's Cross on a white background, upon which is imposed the Regimental Crest of a charging buffalo in gold thread surrounded by a garland of roses, thistles and shamrocks.

61. The story of its origins begins just before the outbreak of war in 1939 when an appeal was launched by the then President of the East African Women's League (EAWL), the late Mrs Ailsa Turner. A sum of £140 was raised towards the cost of the Colours and the balance of the money required was met by the Officers of the Regiment.

62. The original designs were drawn by Captain C.H. Redhead, the art master at the Prince of Wales School. As a matter of interest he was completely ambidextrous and on a blackboard he could simultaneously draw a map of England with his right hand and an elephant, or anything else, with his left

63. The design was approved by Garter King-at-Arms, HM King George VI approved the presentation of Colours to the Regiment (and thereby hangs a tale) and the Royal School of Needlework then did the intricate tapestry to complete them.

64. Unfortunately, the Colours arrived in Kenya when most of the Officers and members of the Regiment had been posted away to units throughout the length and breadth of East Africa, and it was impossible to consecrate and present them until after the war ended. They, therefore, remained in the vaults of Barclays Bank (DC & O) until 1950 when they were presented to the Regiment on behalf of H.M. King George VI by the Governor of Kenya, H.E. Sir Philip Mitchell.

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MAJOR GENERAL MICHAEL PETER BRUCE GRANT WILSON

[Ed: *This brief history is about our third Old Yorkist who made his mark in the British Army and continues to put 'lessons learnt' to good use in civvy street in the security industry*]

Born 19th August 1943 on the West Coast of Scotland, Mike was educated in Uganda and Kenya (Duke of York). He returned to Glasgow with the intention of attending university, but ended up enrolling at the Paisley College of Technology to read marine biology. A strange choice? "Yes, it was," laughs Mike. "I swiftly realised there had to be more to life than shuffling test tubes around a laboratory."

In 1964, Mike **[LEFT]** was commissioned into the Royal Engineers, and wouldn't leave the military until 1996. by which time he'd attained the rank of major general within the defence intelligence staff and served in not just the UK but also the US. Germany and Africa. His basic training included instruction on bridge building, road construction, minefield laying and explosives demolition.

At that time, the Royal Engineers had an important role in support of the Royal Air Force, repairing damaged runways. "You learned how to work with people and equipment, and how to plan and deliver projects. Those skills are appropriate for any business in today's environment."

Qualifications: Dip. Photogrammetry, UCL; FRICS 1995 (ARICS 1988); FRGS 1990.

Career:

1966. Royal Engineers (RE) - UK, Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria, British Army on the Rhine (BAOR), Ministry of Defence (MoD;
1978. UK Exchange Officer, US Defense Mapping Agency;
1981. Senior Instructor in Air Survey and Cartography, School of Military Survey;
1983. Assistant Director, Military Survey Systems and Techniques Unit;
1986. Commanding Officer, 512 Special Team RE, and Commander, Geographic Staff, Washington;
1987. Commander, 42 Survey Engineer Group;
1990. Director, Geographic Operations, MoD;
1993. Director-General, Military Survey and Chief Executive, Military Survey Defence Agency;
1995-96. Director-General, Intelligence and Geographic Resources, MoD;
1995-2004. Chief Executive: Defence Vetting Agency;
1997-2002: Colonel Commandant RE.

2005-2007. Gangmasters Licensing Authority;
Mole catcher to the Vicar of Old Malton. FCMI
Security Industry Authority (SIA)

Recreations: Mountaineering, rock climbing, shooting, stalking, fishing, golf, cricket

[Ed: *Mike's father, Ian Henry Wilson was a civil engineer whose military connections came courtesy of being called up to help build the Mulberry Harbours (temporary. pre-fabricated structures developed during World War II to offload cargo on the beaches as part of the D-Day Allied invasion of Normandy). Mike himself would follow in his father's engineering footsteps, but his route to the military was a tad more circuitous than you'd have imagined.*]

ARROMANCHE – 2017 – REMAINS OF THE MULBERRY HARBOUR

LOOKING BACK

On 3rd May 1992, Michael Innes Walker [KR4426] wrote to Sid Moscoff [KR4130] then co-editor of SITREP 1-3.

'In an attempt to contribute something to 'Buffalo Bull' I am submitting the following. We were not in the Kenya Regiment at the time; we were all cadets and wore the 'Buffalo'. [Ed: *Numbers shown are those allocated when the school cadets enlisted into the Regiment*.] Anyway, all the names will be familiar.

'I had recently joined the POW cadet band, having practised for many long hours on my side drum. Accompanied by Hammy O'Hara [KR3918], Doug Carnie [KR4394], Mike Tremlett [KR4379] and Jack Krause the big day finally arrived for my first parade. Proudly I marched into the quadrangle and then two unforgettable incidents occurred. Firstly, Drum Major Eric Balson tossed the mace over the telephone wires leading out of the main building, and instead of falling correctly for Eric to catch, it dropped like an arrow and stuck, quivering in the ground. Without missing a beat Eric marched on, did a small detour and plucked it up as if it were part of the drill!

'Having survived that we were then completing an about-turn, and as we counter-marched, the bass drummer, none other than one Sid Moscoff, hit the underside of my drum, knocked it off its hook and away rolled my drum in front of me! To this day I don't know whether it was accidental, but I don't think so, particularly as all I could hear as we marched off (me without my drum) was that inimitable Moscoff laugh!

'Of interest, other members of the band were:

'Drummers - S. Sargent, Allen G. Francis [KR4060], and J.S. White, and 'Buglers - Stiffy Mercier [KR4211], Andy Brooks [KR4106], Ken Catchpole, Peter Owen-Thomas [KR4451], Dave Hardy [KR4065], P.M. Woodford, P. Fox, F.C. Daniel, Ronnie Frank [KR4095], L.S. Langmead and Brendon Dansie [KR4915].'

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WAY BACK WHEN?

BACK ROW: GWEN & RUBY RANDALL, LOFTY REYNOLDS. FRONT: JANE REYNOLDS