

SITREP LIV



December 2019

DIARY OF EVENTS: 2020

AUSTRALIA

Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Punjab Curry Club, Jindalee 26 Jul
Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Punjab Curry Club, Jindalee 29 Nov
Sunshine Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Caloundra Boat Club 29 Mar
Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al_bax@bigpond.com>

EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney 25 Oct
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

Perth: Bayswater Hotel – KRA and EA Schools curry lunch 25 Feb
Contacts: KRA – Aylwin Halligan-Jolly <kisigulu@hotmail.com>
DOY Richard Tredget <richpam.1@bigpond.com>
KHS Patricia Dunn <dun1822@gmail.com>

ENGLAND

The KenReg Rafikis 2019 Curry Lunch at The Victory Services Club, 15 Jul
63-79 Seymour St, London, W2 2HF.
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 8 Nov
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland: Soljans Winery & Restaurant, Kumeu, Auckland mid/late Mar
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town: ‘Sweetwell’ restaurant, Stellenbosch off R44 to Somerset West July
Contact: Geoff Trollope. Tel: 021-855 2734 <geoffandjoy@mweb.co.za>

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

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carveries: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam Mar 15; 14 Jun, 13 Sep,
15 Nov
Contact: Jenny/Bruce Rooken-Smith. <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>; or
Ray/Sally Letcher. <sallyletcher@fmail.com>

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

SITREP Editor: Bruce Rooken-Smith, Merrivale, 3291, RSA. My thanks to Anthony Allen [sKR3513] and Terry Griffin [sKR3151] for their assistance in the proofing process

Front cover: A different view of Mount Elgon

Back cover: 70 (East African) Brigade Officers’ Mess, Nyeri [Ed: *Before Independence?*]

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

Sunday 17th November 2019 - Fern Hill Hotel nr Howick. Thirty nine members and their guests attended: Graham [KR6563] & Betty Bales (née Jenkins); Christine Bourne; Clare Collinge, (née Cook); Heather Davidson, (née Munro); John Elliot [KR7069], Angela Harris (née Dawson-Curry), Mabel Higginson (née Croxford); Eric [KR4230] & Shirley Holyoak (née Brown); Ron Howard [KR6747] and guests Ms. Des Peter and Vance Crow; Helen Jansen (née Woodruffe); Margaret Lead (née McKenzie) and Angela Scott (née Jolley); Neville Leete; Ray [KR7118] and Sally Letcher (née Randall); Pat [KR6691] & Marion Long; Isobel MacGregor (née Smith); Celia Moore (née Falck); Chris & Karin Norman (née Falck); Marilyn Northmore (née Hickman); Derek Pavely [KR4636]; John [KR7429] & Gill Pembridge (née Salmon); Gary Plenderleith [KR4642] & Audrie Ryan; Jeremy Randall & Yvonne Osthuizen; Morris Temple-Boreham [KR680]; Terry [KR6339] & Angie Tory; Robin & Bridget Walton (née Doenoff); Ros Watson (née Platt).

Outstanding venue, superb fare and great ambience! We haven't seen Clare and Helen for some time, but they made up for their absence by bringing 98 year-old Morris Temple-Boreham, who surely must be the oldest member to have attended our lunches, ever? [*Photos: Sally Letcher*]



MABEL HIGGINSON AND JOHN PEMBRIDGE



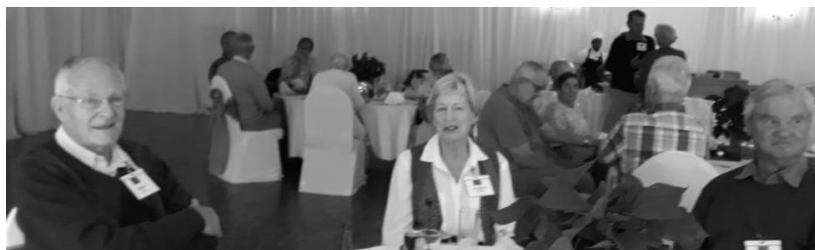
RAY LETCHER AND MORRIS TEMPLE-BOREHAM



GRAHAM BALES, JEREMY RANDALL, YVONNE OOSTHUIZEDN



SHIRLEY HOLYOAK



JOHN ELLIOT, MARION AND PAT LONG

[Ed: Our thanks to Ray and Sally Letcher for 'running' the function.]



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EDITORIAL NOTE

In SITREP LIII (June 2019), enclosed on pages 14/15 was a copy of the Kenya Gazette dated 20th September 2016, repealing the Kenya Regiment (Territorial Force) Act (53 years after the Regiment was 'suspended'), with comments by Ian Parker [KR4602].

Many years ago, Rod Phillipson [KR4925] loaned me copies of the 'Special Order of the Day' dated 12th May 1963, in which the Regiment was officially 'suspended', the letter to all members of the Regiment from the CO, the Regimental Staff List dated 1st March 1963, and Part I Order serial 14 dated 10th May 1963.

The Part I Order included a message from General Sir George Erskine, the programme for the Final Parade and Laying-up of the Colours for Saturday 11th May 1963, and other administrative duties.

For members who may have never seen them, they are included in this edition (pp10-14), less the Parade Programme, but with two photographs taken inside Nairobi Cathedral.

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN – KG VI BARRACKS, SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA

[Rusty Russell KR4147]

I never really joined the Regiment, they just came and took me away; that was back in July 1952. They sent me to a sort of health farm at a place on the Causeway in Salisbury down in Southern Rhodesia, where I found myself in the company of 99 other equally bemused chaps. They called it King George VI Barracks.

We were transported from Kenya in two aircraft a couple of days apart. I was among the first load which comprised mainly men from Nairobi and environs. Most of us consequently knew each other so that helped and we enjoyed the flight south in a happy and companionable atmosphere.

On arrival in Salisbury we disembarked from the aircraft and stood around on the tarmac waiting for some nice person to come and guide us to the baggage collection area and hopefully a bar. Suddenly there was an enormous bellow from a portly gentleman standing at the edge of the runway, dressed in khaki and wearing a peculiar chequered cap with an impossible peak, which must have obscured at least seventy five percent of his vision.

At first I thought that someone must have stolen his wallet but apparently the bellow was directed at us and he was suggesting that we report to him on the double. So we trotted across and in a further staccato of bellows, he said some unkind things about us and introduced himself. His name was Company Sergeant Major (CSM) J.G. Cameron of the Scots Guards and we were to call him "Sir". Which we did.....amongst other things!

Together with our modest baggage, we were herded into two trucks and driven to KG VI Barracks which was to be our home for the next six months. There we were allocated accommodation in the barrack rooms, of which there were four, each housing twenty five men. I was particularly lucky because whilst the barrack to which I was assigned was perhaps not 5-Star, it being a little overcrowded with the twenty five of us and also, I regret to say, the maid service was non-existent, but never-the-less the company was top class. Obviously all of them came from good families and the cultural contribution each made, was most pleasing.

Following the arrival of our colleagues in the second aircraft, who turned out to be mostly up country chaps, we were introduced to our hosts.

The General Manager was a certain Major A.D. Lewis, DSO from the Dorset Regiment who was a soldier of considerable military standing. He was ably assisted by Captain A.C.K. Barkas of the Durham Light Infantry and Captain H. Bell of the York and Lancaster Regiment who were to be our two platoon commanders and finally Captain K.C. Coutts of the Royal Army Education Corps who was to look after our educational needs. All were men of very fine calibre.

Lower down there was a generous sprinkling of Sergeants, three of whom had ramrod figures and who wore those same incredible peaked caps which I am sure did permanent damage to their eyesight. By now we had learned to recognise them as gentlemen from the Brigade of Guards and we also soon learned that their job was to teach us how to march around a tar-sealed area which, when it was not being used for hockey matches, was called a drill square. I must confess that I preferred it when it was being used for sport.

Anyway, they in turn, were again assisted in this task (and I am assured that in teaching us they needed all the assistance they could get) by numerous other Sergeants who came from a broad cross-section of famous British Army Regiments. The latter were also primarily responsible for training us in the use of a wide range of murderous weapons, all of which made very loud noises and some of which were as dangerous to the user as they were to the target.

We also met another CSM by the name of H.V. Ward of the Army PT School. He was a pleasant mild mannered man who was incredibly fit and it was his intention to bring us all to that same condition. At that particular point in time, I decided that he faced an impossible task but in the end he was able to claim a commendable measure of success.



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

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

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

Last but not least, there was that gentleman who had welcomed us at Salisbury Airport! He was to feature prominently in our lives during our stay and he had already made his presence felt around the barracks in no uncertain manner. We had all come to regard him as the devil himself, or at least a close relative, whilst he, without doubt regarded himself as God and when it came to dispensing God's wrath, he never gave short change!!

We learned very quickly that the previous intake of 100 men who were the first to undergo the trials and tribulations which we now faced, had nicknamed him 'Rumble-guts', a name which was to stick, although, as previously mentioned, sometimes, when we referred to him, we would use other more descriptive and expressive names which somehow we found more satisfying.

The only person they didn't introduce us to was the cook which we regarded as an inexcusable error of the first order. He surely had to be the most important individual on the establishment.

Our barrack room soon developed an excellent *esprit de corps* which was to stand us in good stead in the months that lay ahead. We were the usual mixed bunch but with several very interesting characters and fortunately a few comedians who always saw the funny side of army life, even when it wasn't there, and kept us in good spirits most of the time.

Two chaps immediately come to mind: Charles Hummer [KR4115] and Neville (Spike) Powell [KR4158]. Charles was a senior executive in the East African Railways who nevertheless adapted very well to his new environment and even enjoyed it, despite the fact that 'Rumbleguts' often singled him out and harangued him in a most unfriendly manner. For example, during our daily pre-breakfast drill sessions around the square, he often took exception to Charles and his distinctive, though admittedly rather unusual, style of walking and likened him to a pregnant nun. This didn't bother Charles in the least, but I often wondered whether any members of the clergy who might be within hearing range, which was quite possible, would be offended, because 'Rumbleguts' had an impressive bellow. However, as no nuns, pregnant or otherwise, ever visited us, I never found out.

Charles' style of walking was really highlighted when the day came for us to learn slow marching. Although it was cunningly hidden, lurking deep down somewhere in 'Rumbleguts' character there must have been a sense of humour, for on that particular day he allowed, or perhaps even organised, a film crew to record the event.

With drill sergeants chanting out the step, the four squads lurched around the drill square in an incredible motion which could have been much more gracefully performed as a Viennese waltz on any dance floor. The photographers, whose presence was unknown to us, didn't take long to home in on Charles with their movie cameras and many weeks later, when we were highly proficient at slow marching (or thought we were), that film was released to us in the drill hall as an evening's entertainment. Suffice to say it received several encores as soldiers rolled around in their seats in helpless mirth.

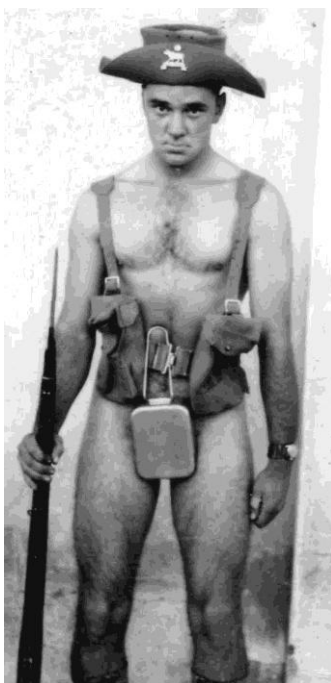
Rumour has it that the film was eventually released at the Cannes Film Festival and won the award for 'Comedy of the year'. Charles was certainly the star and should have been awarded an Oscar for his truly 'staggering' performance.

Spike also regarded KG VI barracks as a rather pleasant place to spend a few months away from work and made no secret of his intention to enjoy it to the full. By nature he was a casual dresser and saw no reason to change his ways. On orders from above that we should all have haircuts, he shaved off all his hair, which of course saved him the bother of combing it. This startled our hosts. They were also rather worried when he allowed his casual style to extend to Saturday morning kit inspections when we were required to spread out all our belongings in neatly arranged heaps all

over our beds. Somehow Spike always managed to make his bed resemble an Indian *duka* which enraged the inspectors.

To him, army life was a huge joke never to be taken seriously. But Spike fooled us all, management and men alike, for in the end, he proved to be the only real professional among us. When we went into active service on our return to Kenya, he distinguished himself in action and was awarded an MBE. Then, after that war was over, he went off, I think as a mercenary, to fight in the Belgian Congo, following which he headed north to the Middle East and I am told rose to a senior rank in the army of one of the Sultans, and was highly decorated. Eventually he joined the Rhodesian Army at the time of their troubles. Following a weekend break at Kariba, Spike died when the Viscount in which he was a passenger *en route* to Salisbury crashed, killing all on board. He lived life in the manner he wished and lived it to full. I'm sure that he died without a single regret.

[Ed: *This was the second Viscount ('Umniati' Flight RH827) to be brought down (12/02/1979) by a Strela shoulder-operated missile, fired by Nkomo's ZIPRA. The pilot of the first downed Viscount ('Hunyani' Flight RH825 – 03/09/1978), managed an emergency landing – there were eighteen survivors, ten of whom were shot dead at the crash-site by the gang. The eight survivors were either in hiding or had gone to look for water - Wikipedia.*]



Neighbouring accommodation also had their share of characters. In the barrack room immediately adjacent to ours there was a gentleman by the name of Sid Moscoff [KR4130] who I think, in private life, had been a fashion designer.

Anyway I do recall that he demonstrated his artistic talents by designing a nifty little outfit for desert warfare [LEFT]. This comprised a hat, rifle, belt and webbing with pouches, boots, a mess tin strategically placed and nothing else.

At a fashion parade, arranged especially for him, he personally displayed this chic little creation which was very well received. A professional photographer named George Henry of Porno-Prints Ltd., attended and I am informed that one of the pictures taken later featured as a centrefold in *Playgirl* magazine!

Punishments were awarded for the most miniscule of misdemeanours both on and off the drill square. These usually took the form of additional physical exertion and quite often were given collectively involving the whole platoon. This seldom bothered us, but sometimes an individual would be singled out to be chastised in a manner totally different. A favourite of 'Rumbleguts' was to present the unfortunate offender with an object he called a 'cookhouse tin'.

The cook obviously kept a special store of these tins for just this purpose. They were in fact roasting dishes, enormous in size and totally evil in condition. They were black, both inside and outside, with ingrained grease, grime and other indescribable forms of filth. The recipient was required to take this foul, disease ridden object and return it the next morning shining like a new penny.

I forget the circumstances, but someone in our barrack room found himself presented with one of these and he wandered off in the direction of the wash house to tackle what looked like an impossible task. It took him six hours during which time the rest of us had rallied around and cleaned his boots, belt and brasses so that when he finished, he could just retire to bed. This he gratefully did, sliding the clean tin under his bunk.

Next day after first parade, he collected the tin and set off for the cookhouse, where of course 'Rumbleguts' was waiting for him. Unfortunately, our man failed to notice that, during the course of the night, a very light film of rust had formed on parts of the tin; obviously it had been slightly damp when he put it under his bed. 'Rumbleguts' spotted it straight away, described the tin as filthy and totally unacceptable, went into the cookhouse and brought out another one, equally as vile and dirty as the first one had been the day before. Stunned, our friend brought it back to the barrack room where we all stood and gasped in utter disbelief.

Our shocked silence did not last very long; there was an outcry followed by rowdy discussion, at the end of which, there was no doubt, that all of us agreed that what had just happened was a declaration of war to which we would reply in the best Churchillian tradition. We would never surrender.

As opportunities arose during the day, so the problem was discussed and when the last parade was dismissed a plan of attack had been decided for 'Operation Cookhouse Tin'.

Peter Barton-Eckett [KR4129] was the smallest man in our platoon, very likeable and cheerful, strongly built, but a bit short in stature; just the right size to fit into a cookhouse tin. He was to play a very responsible role in our planned operation. Each barrack room was surrounded by a perimeter path, neatly bordered with flowers and whitewashed stones. It was also covered with coarse white sand, containing excellent abrasive properties. Giving the inside of the tin a cursory scrub to get rid of the worst dirt, we sat Peter in it, gave him the end of a piece of rope to hold and splitting the squad into teams, with some pulling on the other end of the rope and others pushing Peter and the tin from behind, we set off round and round the barrack room dragging the tin across the sand.

With twenty five men to share the task there was no shortage of manpower and enthusiasm and we were soon setting a cracking pace with Peter performing incredible balancing feats in the cookhouse tin. By standing on one leg with his foot on the inner side of the tin, the outer side was brought into full contact with the sand. This was repeated with the other three sides so that in a very short time, the entire outer surface of the tin was gleaming silver. But we still didn't stop, we went round and round, as fast as we could go. Then we attacked the inside of the tin with the same sand and, with many hands making light work, it wasn't long before it too was spotlessly clean. Then carefully ensuring that there was not a drop of moisture on its surface, we tucked the gleaming masterpiece away in a locker for the night. What had taken our friend six hours to accomplish the evening before, we achieved in less than one hour.

Next morning the previous day's ceremony was repeated and the cookhouse tin was duly delivered to Rumbleguts at the cookhouse door. He accepted it without comment and took it inside to the cook, whose expression we would all dearly have loved to have witnessed, because, not only had we given him the cleanest cookhouse tin in the world, but also the most, delicate and totally useless one! It was wafer thin and could never be used as a roasting dish again. And that was the last we ever saw of a cookhouse tin.

So we scored a point against the establishment and whilst we were not yet too optimistic about winning the final contest, because the score still only stood at Lions: 17 and Christians: 1, at least the battle was not as one sided as it used to be, and we Christians were feeling more cheerful. We also felt that we might have one or two other cards up our sleeves.

In fact, although we were slow to realise it, we commanded a position of considerable strength. The white, population of Kenya in 1952 was approximately 80,000 and we, mostly the sons and grandsons of early settlers, being about the same age group, had at the same time, attended one or other of the three boys' secondary schools which existed in Kenya at that time. Most of us had gone

to the Prince of Wales School and some of us had even shared the same class rooms. So we were a very close knit group, added to which we had enjoyed a good standard of education; a lot had reached university entrance level and the rest weren't too far behind.

Whilst therefore, our mentors were very experienced in training national service recruits, without being disparaging I think that in taking on the Kenya contingents, they were for the first time, meeting a product which, across the board, was much better educated than anything that they had trained in the UK.

As I said, we were slow to grasp the fact but when we did, we took full advantage and the sergeants were prime targets.

I can remember one hot afternoon when we were sitting out of doors being instructed in the Mills 36 hand grenade. Our conscientious sergeant had stripped down a dummy grenade and was busy explaining the merits of this long established weapon. "Right" he said "This 'ere grenade is segmented to aid fragmentation." He paused and asked "Now is there anyone who doesn't understand what that means?"

Half a dozen hands went up, so he painstakingly set about explaining how the criss-crossed lines helped the bomb do terrible things when it exploded. We all sat there nodding wisely and then, when the long explanation reached its end, someone asked:

"Excuse me Sergeant, what was that you said about flagellation?" "I did not say flagellation" he patiently replied. "I said fragmentation, which means that these lines weaken the outer casing so that when it explodes....." And then the penny dropped and he realised that we were taking the mickey. "Orright you rotten lot. On your feet. Round the drill square. Double!"

Our suppressed laughter was quickly extinguished as we huffed and puffed round and round that drill square but we still felt a glow of satisfaction at having scored another little point against the establishment.

Mid-Course Break - Victoria Falls

In the interests of sanity, the management allowed us a mid-course break. This was after ten weeks of square bashing, following which we were to be introduced to the mysteries of leadership.

Some fifty or so of us decided that not only would we take a break from the barracks, but that we would also endeavour to travel beyond the limits of the city of Salisbury and see something of that vast and beautiful country, Rhodesia.

So, after passing around the hat at £10 sterling per head, we nominated one of our more intelligent colleagues to act as travel agent and organise a charter flight to the Victoria Falls. A truck was also to be organised to provide us with transport to and from the airports. This he did.

When the big day arrived we happily filled our kit bags with blankets, civilian clothes and a few other necessities of life and set off to enjoy our three day adventure.

Our first sight of the aircraft made us realise why the charter fee was so reasonable. It was an elderly DC3 with bits of wire where there should have been door handles. However, the crew were very cheerful and looked capable, so we scrambled aboard and optimistically looked around for the air hostess. Here we were disappointed; apparently she was an optional extra and only available to charters which were in a rather higher price bracket than ours.

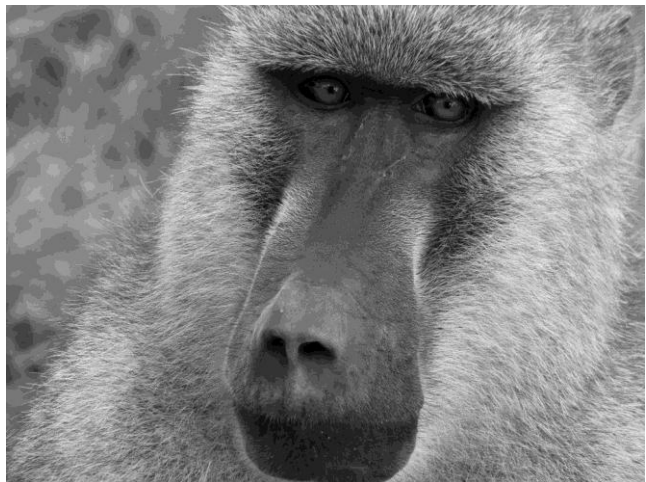
It was a fairly short flight but we thoroughly enjoyed it, flying low over the Rhodesian countryside. After touchdown, all our arrangements continued to run smoothly and it wasn't long before we arrived at the place which was to be our home for two nights and three days. On our soldiers' pay of seven shillings a day, paid accommodation was out of the question; we were going to have to sleep out in the open at an authorised camping site situated a safe distance away from the Zambezi River and its crocodiles, and within walking distance of the Victoria Falls Hotel. We just hoped that it wouldn't rain.

The days were happily spent walking the area in groups and viewing the falls from every possible angle. One of nature's greatest wonders, it was an awe inspiring spectacle which we never tired admiring. The constant spray that was created by the enormous fall of water was filled with ever changing rainbows, adding breathtaking colour to the whole scene.

Ray McCabe [KR4122], a keen photographer, had brought along his cine camera, so he was in his element panning away, with the rest of us posing in front of the lens and generally spoiling the picture. It was only on the last day that he shamefacedly admitted that he had loaded the camera incorrectly, the film hadn't rolled, so not a single frame had been taken.

The walks around the falls went through bush areas which were occupied by packs of baboons; some of them quite aggressive. They had learned that walkers usually carried food and they could be quite threatening in their endeavours to get a share of it.

One very big baboon attached himself to our group, following us at a disconcertingly close distance. He had his eye on the loaf of bread we had in our knapsack but that was for the sandwich lunch we intended to have, so we had nothing but bad news for him in that respect. However, he appeared quite friendly and we began to discuss the possibilities of enticing him to come back with us to Salisbury! It would be interesting to take him on parade with us on Monday morning just to see if 'Rumbleguts' would notice. He was definitely the same build as Charles Hummer but as Charles wasn't with us, we weren't able to ask him if he would be prepared to lend a uniform. So we gave up the idea. Probably just as well, because the baboon was a tough looking character who would likely have resented our proposal.



Probably just as well, because the baboon was a tough looking character who would likely have resented our proposal.

On the evening of our first night we all donned our sports coats, flannels and ties and looking very smart, we strolled across to the Victoria Falls Hotel. This was, and no doubt still is, a luxurious establishment which was another world to barrack life in Salisbury. We gazed at it with wonder and revelled in all the services and luxury it provided.

Bar prices were considerably higher than our other-ranks' mess and we had to very carefully count our shillings to see which portions of the mouth-watering dinner menu we could afford. But we managed, had a wonderful time and vowed to return the next evening, which was our last, to do it all again.

That evening I was again sitting on the hotel verandah absorbing and enjoying the wonderful atmosphere. I was in the company of a fellow platoon colleague, namely Bobby Randall [KR4148], and we were in turn joined by another friend and colleague from the next door barrack room.

For reasons which will soon become-obvious, I will not mention his name except perhaps to say that he came from Mombasa, stood six foot seven and one quarter inches tall in his socks, and was the company's right marker. He was even more enraptured by his surroundings than the rest of us and as the evening wore on and the liquid flowed, he became lyrical in his praises. We insisted that he must have a souvenir from the wonderful place to take home to show Mum and Dad.

Anything to shut him up, Bobby and I agreed to accompany him on a search for something appropriate. We started in the dining room, which by then, was deserted with the tables set for breakfast. I made the suggestion: "What about a tea-spoon Lanky?" "No, too small" "An ashtray then?" "Nope, got plenty of those," "That teacup looks nice." "Don't be silly, you know that I never drink the stuff. I want something else."

So we continued our quest for something special, going in and out of the public rooms trying to be unobtrusive which, with our tall friend in tow was very difficult especially with the way he was behaving. By this time I was getting worried because by 'special', I knew he also meant 'big' and I thought that he might have one of the hotel coaches in mind. Thankfully this proved not to be the case.

We eventually ended up in one of the bathrooms and there, spread on the floor was the largest, woolliest pinkest bath mat in the world; and emblazoned across it in even brighter colours, were the bold words: 'VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL'; the long fellows eyes lit up, "That' it" he exclaimed "That's exactly what I want. That's what I call special". "How are you going to get it out of here?" I asked. "I'll wrap it around me." he replied, looking at me as if I had asked a silly question.

Without further ado, he stripped off his sports coat and carefully wrapped the bath mat around his chest, meticulously arranging the Regiment tie on top of it. He then put his sports coat back on and in buttoning it up, performed yet another miracle. From a hitherto beanpole type figure he was transformed into something totally ridiculous. His shape was impossible - "You'll never get away with it." I protested. "Of course I will," said he, full of beer and confidence.

By now I was really worried. I didn't care much for those barracks back in Salisbury but they were infinitely preferable to a prison cell. A felony had been committed and I was an accessory both before and after the fact; so was Bobby. We had a little chat and quickly agreed that we should quietly remove ourselves from the situation and leave our irresponsible friend to his own devices.

So when the three of us left the bathroom, Bobby and I dragged our feet and let the walking bath mat forge ahead. Now that he had got what he wanted, he completely forgot about us anyway and strode down the corridor without a backward glance. We didn't complain but still watched anxiously as the grotesque figure reached the main lobby of the hotel. The confidence was still there but he was weaving slightly and when he lurched suddenly in the general direction of the bar, we both held our breaths thinking he was going to order another drink. However, for the first time in his life, he resisted temptation and continued on his way walking out through the front door into the darkness beyond. It was unbelievable with his towering height and incredible shape, he could not have been more conspicuous, yet he crossed that relatively crowded lobby without anyone noticing him.

Obviously the providence that looks after Kenya Regiment drunks and little children had once again performed its miracle.

Bobby and I did not resist the temptation of the bar, we nearly ran to it to get a drink to steady our nerves. Then gathering our courage we sauntered towards the door, feeling that everyone was watching us, and we walked out into the night breathing huge sighs of relief.

The next day the plane took us back to Salisbury, the long fellow sat there happily hugging his bath mat. When the course ended, he took it with him to Nairobi and many years later when he emigrated to Western Australia, I expect he took it there too. If so, as it is so obviously stolen property, I don't doubt that his caring wife will have hidden it in the deepest and darkest corner of the linen cupboard.

Back to Barracks and Inkomo

Having been informed that for the next ten weeks we were to be instructed in the arts and crafts of leadership, we had convinced ourselves that square bashing was a thing of the past and that henceforth we could relax with pencils and notebooks listening to lectures and watching movies. No such luck of course, 06h00 drill parades were still a daily event and our boots and brasses still had to be given never ending attention.

However, just to ensure that we didn't get bored, the management did introduce us to some new games one of which was called a compass march. They would take us out in trucks into the middle of nowhere and drop us off in small groups at different places armed with a compass and tell us to find our way wherever. Inevitably during the course of the day we got ourselves hopelessly lost but somehow somebody would have a vague idea of the whereabouts of wherever, so we usually found each other before nightfall. As initiative was also on the syllabus of our leadership course, we were able to practice by hitching lifts from friendly locals, especially pretty girls, in passing cars, so that sometimes, when we arrived at our destination, we were in reasonably fresh condition. Strangely this never seemed to please the sergeants; who expected us to be totally exhausted on arrival.

Frequent visits were also made to the range where we created a lot of noise demonstrating our ability or inability to hit targets with a selection of weapons at varying distances. At the end of the day all the weapons had to be cleaned of course, and this was done with boiling water which got sloshed around so that at least one person got scalded.

Then came the day for us to go to a place called Inkomo, on the plains over thirty miles away from Salisbury. There we were expected to behave like real soldiers by building camps, digging trenches and undertaking day and night manoeuvres. We were also told that we were going to march to the destination at night with full packs, and 'Rumbleguts' was happy to announce that for the first part of the march, through the city, we were going to be accompanied by a Scottish pipe band.

I have always been convinced that the only reason for that pipe band was to drive the local population indoors so that they didn't have to witness our misfortune.

However, we did reach Inkomo that night and in the two following weeks we underwent all the things that they promised us, digging trenches in rock hard ground, throwing live grenades and generally behaving very dangerously.

The highlight of the occasion was when on a night exercise, a burst of Bren gun fire set the plains alight; every fifth round in a Bren gun magazine is, by tradition, tracer and in the tinder dry conditions of a Rhodesian hot season, that spelt disaster.

Charles Hummer was later to go on written record, describing it as "setting half of Rhodesia alight" and even accused me of being party to it, something which I categorically deny, but he was right, it was a very big fire. Manoeuvres were forgotten and the whole company spent the rest of the night trying to contain the blaze to a limited area so that it eventually burned itself out. This we finally achieved at a very late hour and as a reward we were allowed to sleep-in the following morning till 07h00.

Further generosity was bestowed on us at the end of the two weeks when we were taken back to the barracks in trucks. I think they decided that our boots wouldn't stand up to another thirty mile tramp and there were insufficient funds to provide us with more.

Anyway, the management kept its word and at last the long awaited day which marked the end of our twenty four week sentence, arrived. We marched round the square for the last time, drank the mess dry and headed home for Christmas.

However, our Rhodesian hosts got the last laugh, for on arrival in Nairobi, we were informed that somebody had recently declared a war and three years down the track found most of us still in uniform, or seconded as District Officers.

[Ed: *A number of amusing articles of Rusty's operational experiences were included in earlier editions of mini-SITREP.*]



Kenya Regiment (TF),
P.O. Box 2216,
Nairobi.

Ref: KR/Sec.
Tel: 21487

21 March, 1963

To ALL Volunteers of the Kenya Regiment

You will all have seen the recommendation of the Economy Commission that the Regiment be disbanded. I am writing this letter to tell you the sad news that Government is following the Commission's advice, and whilst not disbanding it, the Regiment is to be suspended with effect from 1 July 1963. This means that the Regiment, as at present constituted, will cease to exist from that date. The door is, however, open for the Regiment to be brought back into existence in later years, if the Government wishes to do this. I hope that you will get this letter before you hear the news over the radio or from the press.

The Government has taken this decision solely on economic grounds, and not through any failure on the part of the Regiment, either in efficiency or to adapt itself to changing conditions. On the contrary, I am convinced that we have already gone a long way towards building up a multi-racial volunteer Regiment which would have been of great value to Kenya. However, the Government has decided, for reasons beyond both our control and theirs, that we cannot do this at the present time. We must accept this order loyally, as we have accepted all other orders in the past.

During the weekend 10/12 May, I am planning that the Regiment should say its farewell. Provisional plans are that there should be a parade in Nairobi, at which the Colours will be laid up; the Regimental Ball should be held; and, if possible, there will be a Rugger Match against Richmond [Ed: *See page 54*]. Details for this weekend will be circulated separately. I hope that you and all past and present members of the Regiment will give the maximum possible support to these

events. We owe it both to our predecessors and to ourselves to mark the end of the present life of the Regiment in a fitting manner.

Apart from preparations for the parade (including some rehearsals), the handing in of stores and some relatively minor activities, all training and major regimental activities will cease with immediate effect.

In conclusion, I must thank you for your staunch support of the Regiment during your service and in particular recently during the time that we have changed onto a voluntary basis. Personally my time with the Kenya Regiment has been one of the most enjoyable periods of my Army life. This has been because of the quality and attitude of the Kenya territorial. I know that all members of the Permanent Staff will want me to thank you for having made their job so pleasant. All of us have benefited greatly from our service in the Regiment, by the friendships that we have made, and the training and social activities that we have shared. These things we shall always remember.

D. R. L. Bright Lt-Col,
Commanding, Kenya Regiment (TF)
(D.R.L. BRIGHT)



KR/371

1st March, 1963

STAFF LIST

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

Commanding Officer	Lt. Col. DRL Bright OBE	1 Green Jackets
Second-in-Command	Maj. LJ Deacon MBE, MC	KR5831
Adjutant	Capt. CJ Adami	2 Green Jackets
Training Officer	Capt. JRE Nelson	2 Green Jackets
Assistant Adjutant	Capt. MTH Lawrence-Brown	KR5647
Quartermaster	Capt. (QM) JA Lane	3 Green Jackets
Finance & Establishment Officer	TW Browning, Esq	
Assistant Finance & Establishment Officer	AFB Pereira, Esq	
Executive Officer	LE Eveson, Esq MBE	
Medical Officer	Surg/Capt. JD McCaldin	KR5864
Chaplain	Reverend JE D'Aeth	KR5843
Chaplain (RC)	Father TP Sullivan	
RSM (Permanent Staff)	WOI D Hornblower	1 Green Jackets
RSM (TF)	WOI H Thomas	KR4404
RQMS	WOII G Arthurs	1 Green Jackets

ORQMS	WOII VFJ Sullivan	2 Green Jackets
MTWO	WOII J Fee	2 Green Jackets
Armourer	J Dikes, Esq	
Admin. Sgt.	Sgt W Ward	2 Green Jackets
Signals Sgt.	Sgt P Pope	2 Green Jackets

HEADQUARTER COMPANY (NAIROBI)

Officer Commanding	Maj. RFF Owles	KR5880
Second-in-Command	Capt. CFN Hollyoak	KR5853
Signals Officer	Capt. CJ Yonge	KR5872
Mortar Platoon Officer	Capt. DG Hamill	KR5879
Weapons Training Officer	Capt. GStG Catchpole	KR5847
Recce Platoon Officer	2/Lieut. DB Jordan	KR5886
Assault Pioneer Platoon Officer	2/Lieut. WRM Spence	KR5884
CSM	WOII TA Tory	KR6339
Intelligence Section Sgt.	Sgt. AT Ennew	KR7205
Weapons Training WO	WOII BH Hawkins	KR3926
Permanent Staff Instructor (PSI)	WOII J McGrady	3 Green Jackets

'O' COMPANY (NAIROBI AREA)

Officer Commanding	Maj. EHJM O'Hara	KR5686
Second-in-Command	Capt. GB Brooks	KR5800
Platoon Commander	2/Lieut. CDG Brown	KR5878
Platoon Commander	2/Lieut. BR Granville-Ross	KR5883
CSM	WOII EWC Watson	KR6065
Permanent Staff Instructor (PSI)	WOII J Bailey	1 Green Jackets

'C' COMPANY (KITALE)

Officer Commanding	Maj. JA Rutherford	KR5659
Platoon Commander	Lieut. D MacAdam	KR5870
Platoon Commander	2/Lieut. D Dewar	KR5881
CSM	WOII JH Anderson	KR4781
Permanent Staff Instructor (PSI)	WOII J Selby	3 Green Jackets

'D' COMPANY (NANYUKI)

Officer Commanding	Maj. ACK Barkas	KR5866
Second-in-Command	Capt. HS Lloyd	KR5858
Platoon Commander	Lieut. CP Overdyck	KR5855
Platoon Commander	Lieut. G Herbert	KR5876
CSM	WOII BS MacIntosh	KR6213
Permanent Staff Instructor (PSI)	WOII P Lawless	1 Green Jackets
Coast Platoon Comander	2/Lieut. JGL Powys	KR5885
Medical Officer	Surg/Lieut. GAB Cunningham	KR5868

'I' COMPANY (NAKURU)

Officer Commanding	Maj. JDF Howard	KR5867
Second-in-Command	Capt. CJA Tyler	KR5860

Platoon Commander	Lieut. RWN Phillipson	KR5875
Platoon Commander	2/Lieut. N Pearson	KR5877
CSM	WOII DW De La Hay	KR4721
Permanent Staff Instructor (PSI)	WOII S Solomon	2 Green Jackets

CONTINUATION TRAINING

Officer Commanding	Maj. TJ Wormald	KR5869
Instructor	Sgt MJ O'Hara	'O' Coy KR7245
Instructor	Sgt. RL Vincent	'I' Coy KR6713
Instructor	Sgt. RD Dewar	'O' Coy KR7132
Instructor	Sgt. JG Stemp	'D' Coy KR7173

Phillipson

Lieut-Colonel.
Commanding Kenya Regiment (TF).



PART ONE ORDERS
BY
Lt. Col. D.R.L. Bright, OBE.
Commanding, The Kenya Regiment (TF)

NAIROBI

Serial No.14

10th May, 1963

MESSAGE FROM COLONEL COMMANDANT 2nd GREEN JACKETS, THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS (THE REGIMENT)

The following message has been handed to the Regiment by Colonel H.R.W. Vernon, MBE., who was asked by General Sir George Erskine GCB, KBE, DSO to deliver it:-

"General Sir George Erskine, Colonel Commandant 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, has asked me to convey to you, both on his own behalf and on behalf of the Regiment, his regret that it has become necessary to suspend the Kenya Regiment. Nobody is more aware of the great Service rendered to Kenya by the Kenya Regiment than General Erskine and he has asked to be remembered to all those who served under him while he was Commander-in-Chief.

The Regiment will never forget their alliance with the Kenya Regiment, and many Officers, warrant officers and NCOs have the happiest recollection of Service with you in Kenya."



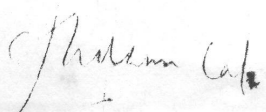
Special Order of the Day
by
His Excellency Sir Eric Newton Griffith-Jones KBE., CMC., QC.,
Acting Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya

NAIROBI

12th May, 1963.

It is with great reluctance that the Government has taken the step of suspending the Kenya Regiment (TF). To-day, the Regiment is laying up its Colours in the Cathedral of All Saints, Nairobi and is on parade for the last time in its present form.

On this occasion, I would like to place on record the high regard in which the Regiment is held by the Government of Kenya, and our deep appreciation of the services given by all members of the Regiment during the last 26 years.



Lieut-Colonel.
Commanding Kenya Regiment (TF).



[LEFT: COL ALFRED DUNSTAN ADAMS (DA) ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE COLOURS FROM LT COL DOUGLAS BRIGHT AND MAJ PADDY DEACON IN NAIROBI CATHEDRAL.]

Colonel DA then handed over the colours to the Reverend John D'Eath who is seen laying them over the altar - [BELOW]



CORRESPONDENCE

June Lester (née Poupard) <jpoupard@absamail.co.za>. I was interested to read the extract from John Steed's book 'Cowboys Don't Fly' [Ed: *Book reviews - SITREP LIII – pp35-49*], wherein he mentioned the Tank Hill Party that took place in Uganda, where my husband (Roy Hall), I and our three young children were then living. At the time we received the invitation we thought it amusing, especially where it said 'Reply to be returned by bearer with cleft stick' and 'we were to wear Victorian clothing'.

It was a great party and as John said 'went on to the early hours of the morning and a good time was had by all', never ever imagining the repercussions that followed. The toilet bowl punch was lethal. We certainly did not trample on the Ugandan flag. Next morning we took the children to Entebbe as we usually did at weekends for them to swim, when we heard that the house where the party took place had been burnt down.

We then knew that there was going to be trouble. My husband phoned me at work and told me that the police were going to search our house, and that he would go with them. What a mess - they turned everything upside down; fortunately they didn't find the invitation.

I had two full Akai tapes onto which a friend had spent hours transferring all of my Dad's and my LPs. The tapes were confiscated because the police said they contained subversive material; despite my husband repeatedly telling them it was just taped music, they just wouldn't listen, so I lost my tapes, never to be returned.

The harassment continued and we were advised that the children and I should go to Nairobi for a while until things cooled down. We eventually returned to Uganda and started packing for SA. The aftermath of the party was one of the reasons we came here. I'm afraid it altered the lives of many.

NONDIES 100TH ANNIVERSARY BOOK

William (Bill) Cherry <wcherry62@hotmail.com> 08/10/2019, writes:

Dear Nondies Opposition,

Nondies' 100th anniversary approaches and I am writing a book to celebrate our centenary. The publication will be a coffee-table book with many photos of teams, matches, memorabilia, etc., as well as biographies of well known players, and of course stories of on-and-off the pitch antics.

To add a little more colour and humour to the book, I would like to include input from our opposition about on-and-off the pitch antics, how you got one over on us during a game or in the bar. Your perspective would add value to the book, and be of interest to all who played club rugby.

Therefore, by this e-mail, I invite you to contribute.

Mike Imbert [KR4288] writes in Rhino Link No.: 31: 'Brief Encounter'. The three years with the KAR during the Kenya Emergency was a very busy time for me, where, happily I was able to begin my time coaching the platoon on the rifle range until each one reached a satisfactory standard of marksmanship.

Later, busy days on patrol were often followed by night ambushes. On one of those many sweeps in the Reserve, I was working my platoon along the ridge towards the Sagana power station when we came under fire at close range.

Fire came from a patchy scrub, ideal for our 2" mortar into which I had the mortar-man fire six rounds of HE, whilst deploying our askari in open order. We advanced firing from the hip - round after round after round – when there came a desperate shout, "*Hapan piga sisi, sisi 'A' Company*" (Don't shoot us, we are 'A' Company).

The advance halted to the sound of bare feet scampering down into the valley. Wordlessly and shame-facedly the platoon continued to the end of the sweep.

I later left the battalion but heard that our shottists were runners-up at the EA Command Rifle Meeting; I was pleased to see that four of the KAR team were men who I had trained during my brief attachment.

OBITUARIES

Since the distribution of SITREP LIII (June 2019), we have been advised of the deaths of the following members. In () the name of the member/source whence the information came:

Bell, John Gordon [KR4550]. 07/08/2019. Nairobi (Peter Scott KR6769)
Bennett, Michael John [KR4270]. 14/10/2019. Queensland. (Heather Davidson)
Stephenson, Corrine (w/o the late Tom KR2412). 08/06/2019. KZ-N (Sue Johnson)

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

[Laurence Binyon]

[Ed: *Recently, whilst looking for materiel, I came across at the back of one of the filing cabinets, an un-named photo album and two large envelopes of correspondence and photos, marked SITREP Mk3, and addressed to the late Sid Moscoff [KR4130]. Some may recall that Sid and Stiffy Mercier [KR4211] had just completed editing SITREPMk3 at the latter's home in Johannesburg, and that Sid was killed in a MVA on his way home [August 1993].*

It was then left to Stiffy to print and distribute the magazine. Apparently, the envelopes were in the boot of Sid's car and eventually were handed to the KRA(Transvaal) Secretary, Doug Dewar [KR3537]. Some years later, Doug and Sally moved to Hilton (Natal) and as I had agreed to take over the editing of Sitrep, passed them on to me. Assuming the contents had been used in SITREP Mk3, I filed the envelopes! However, I'm busy sifting through the correspondence, some of which is included in this edition. A plea to readers – Please send me articles and photos for future editions.

I think it fair to say that the fore-runner of the SITREP series - SITREP MK1&2 edited by RAG Jones [KR4607], SITREP Mk3, and mini-SITREP4-48 & SITREP49-54 edited by me) - was The

Kenya Regiment (T.F.) Magazine Newsletter, a 40-72 pager, containing Regimental, Company, KRTC and family news (hatches, matches, despatches), and many articles by serving members. The final edition of which (No. 16) included write-ups and photos of our final parade. I am missing editions 1-6 and 8, copies of which I would appreciate. KRA(UK), the Association's HQ, published newsletters from 1998, and eventually the Buffalo Barua magazine from 2005-2012.]

David Nicholls [KR6021] <dajillnic@btinternet.com> 23/05/2008, writes: Many thanks for mini-SITREP XXXI received recently. What an excellent publication this continues to be, full of fascinating articles, reminiscences and nostalgia and I do congratulate you and your team for this great production.

I was particularly interested to read [KR5863] Don Rookan-Smith's piece on page 35. The 'O' Company 'showing the flag' tour also visited Kericho. Following a detachment with the King's Shropshire Light Infantry (KSLI) spent at Mahar's Farm on the North Kinangop, I rejoined the Company upon being commissioned [KR5835].

We were accommodated in an African school in the valley below the Tea Hotel, but the rugby and the social side of the visit were centred on the Kericho Club. At Eldoret, I think the events took place on the van Riebeek School grounds with demonstrations of drill and tactics, sports and the locals reciprocating with South African dancing.

Don, Tony Dams [KR5837] and I were the three 'O' Company platoon commanders with Lt. Edwin Bristow [KR5830] as 2IC to Major Ray Nightingale [KR5713]. After a final operation on Mount Kenya, 'O' Company returned to the KRTC to prepare for the Guard of Honour which was to be mounted at Mitchell Park, Nairobi for the visit of HRH Princess Margaret in October 1956. I had the honour to be Queen's Colour Ensign, with Sgts Conway Plough [KR4911] and Bob Meintjies [KR6435] as Escorts to the Colour. As security operations were shortly to be handed back to the civil power, the Guard of Honour was made up partly from 'O' Company, and partly from previously demobbed Kenya Regiment members, who arrived in typical Kenya Regiment fashion, in a fleet of cars, and for whom the event counted as their first compulsory fortnight's Territorial Annual Camp.

At the initial meeting in the Lecture Hall at the KRTC, Ray Nightingale welcomed the Territorials, warning them that a very high standard of turnout and drill would be expected and that they could look forward to much polishing, blancoing and drill parades, and could even find themselves doubling around the square with their rifles above their heads. He finished with "Any questions?" One of the Territorials raised his hand and said: "Please, sir, how do we claim mileage?" to which Ray replied: "What! Around the square?" [Ed: *Interesting to note that Conway was a Sgt, yet his commissioned number was KR5833, indicating he was commissioned before the aforementioned platoon commanders?*]

MEMORIES

[John Curran KR644]

Dear Sid, thank you for Sitrep Mk2 (1991). It provided enjoyable and nostalgic reading. It was during a visit by Jenny Paterson (née Franklin-Adams w/o the late John KR6422) to Australia in

early 1989 that I learned of the growing strength of the Kenya Regiment Association and decided that I would like to be a part of it.

Apart from reading the articles and reports in both Sitreps, I have now spent some enjoyable hours going through the Rolls of Honour and the Long Roll (First 1100). It prompted me to read diaries that I kept of that early part of the 39-45 War. This, combined with your editorial request for contributions from Australia and New Zealand branch members, inspired me to try my hand.

Briefly, we have been in South Australia for 26 years. Our family of a daughter, two sons and five grandchildren are all in this State or Victoria. Frank Venville [KR1830], who was in the Kenya Regiment during 1940 at Eldoret, died in New Zealand some years ago. Since then his widow, Ronnie, her married daughters and grandchildren moved to Western Australia and we had the pleasure of meeting them again in September 1989 when we visited that State.

While there we also again met Roger [KR6116] and Marlene Lutkens, who travelled to Australia on the same ship as us in 1965. We had met them previously on their visits east. Other than these friends we have not had much contact with ex-Regiment *watu* but recall Dot and Nick Stephen [KR4073] in 1981 at the National Hockey Championships in Adelaide, also Toto Plenderleith [KR3583] at the same time and Dudley Coulson [KR3632] (about 20 years ago) and Don Paterson in Adelaide.

I have yet to read 'The Charging Buffalo' and look forward to doing so when I get a copy. I enlisted in the Kenya Regiment in late August '39, a fairly short time after leaving the Prince of Wales' School, the last formal connection with which was the annual O.T.C. camp below the Ngong Hills. Not being martially inclined I had decided to avoid any further military involvement unless necessary. The feeling changed as the potential war-threat worsened.

Hence the enlistment, immediately behind an ex-school colleague Doug (Mac) Mackrell [KR643]. In the queue slightly further back was John (Stephe) Stephenson [KR663]

Call-up was prompt - 3rd. September - and the first night was spent in a classroom of the Nairobi Primary School. Until mid-September we were in tents on the upper part of the school grounds, opposite Government House. A number of us were enrolled in an NCO's accelerated-training course to replace the shortfall created by transfers to the KAR and other EA units to bring them up to war establishment. A friendship that I will not forget grew between Mac, Stephe and me. Mac was posted to 5th K.A.R. sometime after February 1940, but Stephe remained in the Regiment and we left at the same time in February 1941.

The NCO Training Course was taken mainly by C.S.M. Allen (Scots Guards) who was a pretty hard nut with an expressive vocabulary and a good knowledge of his main subjects such as parade and bayonet drill, the Bren gun etc, and he ensured that we earned our keep.

In mid-September, the Regiment moved to the Kabete showground, where our course ended and most of CSM Allen's erstwhile charges were promoted, ranging from Lance Corporal to CSM (1). I recall MacPherson was the CSM, Humphrey Slade [KR656] a sergeant; we three became Lance Corporals, as I think did Brian Newmark [KR620]. There were others, but memory and records fail me.

The Regiment left for Kampala on the 6th. October by rail; we travelled in new, third class coaches, seats as yet not installed, so were able to put up our own camp beds. At Nakuru the ladies of the town gave us a dinner at the station, and at Eldoret next morning we were provided breakfast in relays at the old Eldoret Hotel.

We were in Kampala next morning and provided with tea and ham sandwiches at the station, then transported to our new barracks opposite the station, with low-lying ground in between. The barracks had been built for, but had as then not been occupied by the Uganda Police.

On our last Sunday in Nairobi there was a church parade for most of the Regiment, preceded by a march from the MacMillan Library to All Saints Cathedral with the Prince of Wales School band marching in front. The band's Drum Major was Phil Abrams [KR1030], subsequently in the Regiment himself. There were of course regular church parades, but one other I remember was in December in Kampala when about 80 of us marched from the barracks to Namirembe Cathedral.

We were in Kampala until 20th December when most of the Regiment went on leave, with a base party left to clean up and move to our next location at Eldoret.

Kampala was an interesting experience but few, if any, were sorry to leave it. For one thing we had a high incidence of malaria; I note from a diary entry that at one stage it was 43. From the military point of view training seemed repetitive and boring and for Lance Corporals it was a continuing round of Orderly duties, whether guard, sergeant, corporal or canteen.

It was while in Kampala that Major Johnny Hewick was posted to the Regiment and he had quite an influence on subsequent training. On the plus side, we did have some good outings on days off (mainly Sundays). I recall with pleasure a day out to Jinja, visits to Mengo and Entebbe.

At one time Stephe and I were put under close arrest by CSM Carter for missing a lecture, released to open arrest by RSM Bobbett, and finally acquitted by Capt. Valentine [KR5] on the grounds that the lecture advice did not state that attendance was compulsory. Lt. Geoffrey Branston [KR18] was a considerate and likeable officer; of the officers at Kampala I recall him most clearly.

Other ranks whom I remember from this period were Frank Marshall [KR619] - a good soccer player and with whom I came into contact again during the war and afterwards as a work colleague and friend, Brian Newmark [KR620 - a droll humorist], Alex Leuchars [KR495], Haynes, Walter Gain, John Marsham [KR734] *et al.*

After an excellent break we reassembled at Eldoret on the 4th January 1940, and found our new home to be the town racecourse, about three miles out. Initially, I shared a horsebox with Ray Archer [KR474]. Stephe and Mac were next door. Was not cheered up by having an immediate Orderly Sergeant duty, noting that the men's toilet was full of bees! Must have been sorted out because there is no further reference to them, though I dimly recall there was the odd casualty.

Training for an exercise in the Northern Frontier District, in which most of the able-bodied members of the Regiment would serve as a Company with the KAR, intensified during January. At the point of entraining at Eldoret station, a posting to the Pay Corps in Nairobi in early February prevented/saved me from having this experience.

While in Nairobi I met Mac and having learnt that he was with 5th KAR decided I did not want to remain an office worker, although it had brought elevation to temporary (paid) sergeant. I was advised that the only avenue to the KAR was via the Kenya Regiment, that I should revert to Lance Corporal, and that transfer should then follow soon!

I returned to the Regiment at Eldoret in late June 1940. Recruits were then arriving steadily. I think conscription was introduced about that time. In short, I found myself on another cadre course for junior NCOs, under instruction by Lt. Alan Knight [KR409]. After completion, I was promoted

Corporal, and others not already NCOs, became Lance Corporals. So it was back to training the steady stream of raw, and some not so raw, newcomers.

On return I was billeted in a horse box with Sgt. Dick Percival [KR847]. Stephe was also a sergeant by this time. Others who trained men during the period from then to February 1941 included Phil Abrams, Tom Abraham [KR944], Geoffrey Metcalfe [KR857], Rolfe Luck [KR869], Chris Pedley [KR852], George Ramsay [KR862], Jack Swift [KR855] and CSM David Gillett [KR769]. CSM Davo Davidson was there for a lengthy period. Capt. Jack (Bush) Forrest [KR3] and Lts. Eddie Luckham [KR873] and Ginger Gledhill, all three of whom had had the arduous task of teaching a number of us at school not long before, were there too.

'Bush' gave a number of lectures that I recall and was a good company commander. Mr. B.A. Astley, headmaster of Prince of Wales School was a recruit there for a while and his squad NCO was L/Cpl. George Moulton [KR853]. At school Mr. Astley had chastised George on a number of occasions for smoking.

This long period in Eldoret seemed to see various changes in direction, or so it seemed to us who were moved several times from one specialty job to another. Latterly the Recruit Basic Training course did settle into twelve-week periods, followed by a ten-day march-cum-exercise. Numerous applications for transfer were made and rejected.

The main source of discontent probably was that as part-time service-men, we felt we should get out of the training ambit and into a more active type unit as soon as reasonably possible after our own training was completed - if such is ever possible. Fundamentally we thought that we could not continue to be adequate instructors without having some personal experience of what we were preaching. This is not as criticism of the Kenya Regiment but of the fact that part-timers, unless they want the part-time job full-time, want to get on with life, even if it means accepting consequences.

My last assignment in the Regiment was as sergeant training a squad of Ashanti soldiers from its sixth week of training. Another officer I liked, respected and met briefly again later, was the Squad officer, Lt. B.A. Young, an Imperial War-timer who was *inter alia*, a writer for Punch magazine pre-war. Maurice Mathias [KR1123] was a most conscientious squad corporal and had been with the Ashanti from the start. I believe he left when the squad went to Nairobi after its ten day finale; later he joined the R.A.F. The period with the Ashanti was one of the most fulfilling of later months and the identification with our charges and their training was very real.

Eldoret was a good location. There were the known hotels and a cinema. A troops' canteen was opened and a bus service to the camp inaugurated in August 1940. We had access to tennis in town and other sports were organised. Among the relaxation highlights was a weekend visit to Kakamega with tennis, golf and dance at Rosterman's Club, several breaks in Nairobi of one to three days after handing over our drafts for posting etc, a weekend at a farm near Kitale with true Kenyan hospitality.

The build-up of regular sergeants had increased and most of the local chaps were released in February '41. Rolfe Luck, Chris Pedley, Dick Percival, George Ramsay and Jack Swift left for - I remember not where. Phil Abrams, Geoff Metcalfe, Stephe and I were granted a few days leave before reporting to the O.C.T.U. to be trained as prospective officers.

I guess the official history gives all details of COs, Adjutants etc. during the period I have rambled on about? But a Commanding Officer I remember well was Colonel Alfred Dunstan Adams [KR1], popularly known as 'DA', a most humane, accessible commander who was respected and liked by

all. He generated loyalty by his own loyalty to, and consideration of 'his men'. We also had Colonels Barkas, then Stitt; whilst I remember clearly Captains Jimmy Cummins and then Reg Eastbrook as adjutants. Successive RSMs were, I believe, Bobbett, Broomfield and Maugham.

I was saddened to read of Charlie Broomfield's death in Sitrep. He was one of the three PSIs who trained the Prince of Wales O.T.C. and was doing the same job when we joined Regiment. He was RSM when he left the Regiment at the end of December 1940 at the same time as CSM Carter. Always respected, but not feared, I began to know him better when qualified to enter the sergeant's mess on October '40. He was a man of great integrity and proved able to tackle the really difficult decisions. I never met him again but heard of him some years later when we were overseas in 11th E.A. Division.

To conclude I will mention some of the many who also served at Eldoret: Peter Shillitoe [KR1236], John Dunkley [KR704] and Bill Allen [KR6] taught Swahili successfully, in addition to other duties. Chris, Bill's charming wife, was also at Eldoret. Nattie de Haaff [KR1086], Bill Norbury [KR1088] [Ed: *See footnote*], Malvin Katzler [KR1089], Myles Turner [KR884], Tony Chivers [KR856] and others known from school days were some of the motley, as also were Don Bousfield [KR848], brother Jack [KR1822], now in Botswana according to December '90 National Geographic, Doug Skerratt, [KR687], Carel (Kopje) Eksteen [KR879], Henry Brentnall [KR1211], Coetzee (Canteen Corporal) Dick Edmonson [KR1411], John Genower [KR1444], Jimmy Muir [KR89] (Orderly Room), Somerville and others. Many of these were N.C.O.'s before they left. Some died in the war, some later.

Footnote: Members may remember the Billy Norbury Case? The late John Nunnerley wrote: "In 1942, Lieutenant Billy Norbury and I served as platoon commanders in 'D' Company, 11 (Kenya) Battalion, King's African Rifles. He was a 'Colonial' born in Kenya, and I was an 'Imperial', although born in Australia!

"Norbury was awarded an immediate Military Cross on 18 August 1944 [LG36796 dd 16.11.1944 page 5254], the first of the campaign, when "whilst commanding 16 Platoon, led his askaris against a heavily defended, strongly wired and well entrenched Japanese position, codenamed 'Jambo Hill'.

"Displaying great courage and leadership, Lt Norbury, launched the attack up a very steep hill, in thick jungle country. When, about 50 yards from the top of the position, at the steepest part, he was wounded in the leg whilst crossing the enemy wire. His platoon paused, and for a moment looked as though they were pinned down. Lt Norbury dashed up to the front of his men, who immediately followed him. At the top, he was again wounded, but inspired by his example and courage, his platoon swept on and took the position".

His wounds, to both legs and his stomach, were very serious and he was evacuated, first to Kenya and then to hospitals in Britain. Bill was transferred into the British Army and awarded a disability pension. Still suffering from his wounds, Bill and his wife Gillian, later retired to Cape Town, where Bill died in November 1998, in penury.

Why? When Kenya became independent the new Government undertook to pay all colonial pensions but soon reneged, quoting 'lack of funds'. Gillian eventually retired to UK where she contacted John Nunnerley. After five years of campaigning to get Gillian a War Widow's pension – read on!

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John Nunneley gives an update on the Gillian Norbury Campaign...

THE NORBURY CASE

'I ACCUSE'

By way of introduction, two definitions from the Oxford English Dictionary:

CASUISTRY: A quibbling or evasive way of dealing with difficult cases of duty;

SOPHISTRY: Specious but fallacious reasoning; employment of arguments which are intentionally deceptive. Cunning; trickery.

Members need no reminding that the one-man 'JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' campaign opened in March 2003. Now, more than three years later, it is a national campaign whose many hundreds of supporters deluge the Veterans Minister and his boss, Des Browne, Defence Secretary, with a demand for an honourable resolution of the Case. Constituency MPs in great numbers, angered by the continuing injustice seemingly without end, have thrown their weight behind the Early Day Motion tabled by Richard Benyon, Gillian Norbury's constituency MP.

Throughout 2003, 2004, 2005, and 2006 to date, the Veterans Agency's standard reply to supporters' letters has been a positive assurance that officials are examining the case carefully and sympathetically. How can this period be credible?

As one brought up to share the nation's pride in the integrity of our Civil Service, I now accuse successive Veterans Ministers and officials of casuistry and sophistry in their dishonest handling of 'The Norbury Case'. This most serious charge I make publicly and challenge the Defence Secretary to answer it.

On May 23, Richard Benyon and I met Tom Watson; this followed our meeting on February 16 with his predecessor, Don Touhig, when we were given very positive reassurances that the case was being considered 'carefully and sympathetically'. Touhig did not honour his promise to respond 'within two weeks'.

Watson merely repeated Touhig's reassurances; we did not hear from him again; he has since resigned and his place has been taken by Derek Twigg, MP. In my letter to Watson of May 31, I reminded him of the ever-lengthening chronology. I concluded, 'Such is supporters' frustration and anger at the continuing delays in resolving 'THE NORBURY CASE' that there is a very real possibility of this first Veterans Day (June 27) being marred by a spectacular public protest.'

From out of the blue came a unique opportunity! Mike Tetley invited me to act as his carer at the 10 Downing Street reception on Veterans Day given by 'Tony and Cherie Blair to celebrate the contribution of veterans of all ages, and as an opportunity to highlight the help and assistance available to those veterans and their families who may need it'. Help? Assistance? Reader, try not to choke!

On the day, Mike and I were admitted to No 10 and joined about 100 other guests. I was dressed in blazer, pale khaki shirt and trousers, and medals on shirt. A smallish poster was concealed beneath my shirt. Unobtrusively, I hinted to the photographers present that something unusual may occur. I was most anxious not to compromise Mike in any way at all, and did not tell him of my intention.



As the Prime Minister moved through the room I swiftly removed my blazer and took out the 'DEMAND JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' poster. Standing before him I displayed the poster and declared, 'Prime Minister, I must protest most strongly against the injustice suffered by Lieutenant William Norbury, Military Cross, King's African Rifles, and his widow, at the hands of the Veterans Minister.' [LEFT: JOHN NUNNELEY (RIGHT) TACKLES PRIME MINISTER TONY BLAIR AT NO 10 DOWNING STREET].

Although taken aback, Mr Blair was most courteous, and invited me to write to him. I replied, 'Here is my letter!'

I received a reply, dated July 10, telling me that Watson was to discuss the Case with his opposite number at the Department for International Development, and that officials were examining ways in which Mrs Norbury might receive an award.

Watson's resignation and the Summer Recess may, just may, be the reason I have heard nothing further. Minutes before I made the Protest, the Defence Secretary, addressing me by my Christian name, invited me to have a chat with him a few days later. Committed to my plan, I gave an evasive answer.

In yet another drive to bring 'The Norbury Case' to a satisfactory conclusion I wrote a personal letter to Des Browne on September 14, accepting his invitation. A date has now been agreed (18th October 2006) for me to meet the new Veterans Minister, Derek Twigg.

STOP PRESS The King's African Rifles & East African Forces Association John Nunneley Report-March 2008

The 'JUSTICE FOR GILLIAN' Campaign "GILLIAN NORBURY AWARDED A WAR WIDOW'S PENSION "

THE NORBURY CASE

THE LATE LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ('Billy') NORBURY MC
11 (Kenya) Battalion, King's African Rifles

The 'Justice for Gillian' campaign was launched in March 2003.

Five years later to the month, the Veteran's Minister, Derek Twigg, MP, has conceded that 'Billy Norbury's death in November 1998 was caused by his war injuries'.

The Minister has therefore awarded Gillian Norbury a War Widow's Pension and a sum of money in compensation from the Veterans Agency's

Because Gillian existed on State Benefits, any improvement in her income created a situation where The Veterans' Minister giveth, and the Pensions' Minister taketh away.

So negotiations are proceeding, therefore, to establish the period that her 'Widow's Pension will be backdated' without financial disadvantage to her, and for the same reason the amount of 'compensation for maladministration'. 'Administrative Failures'. (offialese for "maladministration")

John Nunneley writes: "A degree of justice has been done. It has been a long, relentless struggle to extract this admission, and Gillian and I have been fortified by the sustained support given by the KAR & EAF Association and its individual members. Please accept our grateful thanks."

To: EDITOR RHINO LINK, KAR & EAF Association.

Dear Mr Catton,

The Veterans Minister's decision to award me a War Widow's Pension came when, at long last, he accepted medical evidence proving beyond any doubt that Billy died of his wounds sustained at the Battle of Jambo Hill in Burma's Kabaw Valley on 18 August 1944.

Of the four, successive Veterans Ministers whom John Nunneley and Richard Benyon, my indefatigable constituency MP, have dealt with since the 'Justice for Gillian Campaign' was launched in March 2003, only the present one, Derek Twigg, has shown that he is his own man, not a marionette obedient to the strings pulled by his officials.

What a campaign for justice and redress it has been! Your members' hundreds of letters to Members of Parliament; two Protests at Field Marshal Slim's statue in Whitehall by members and their wives coming from far and wide; letters to the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, handed in with three supportive MPs in person: Richard Benyon, Mark Harper, Shadow Minister for the Disabled, and Dr Julian Lewis, Shadow Defence.

John Nunneley's Protest inside No. 10 Downing Street in June 2006, with the moral support of Mike Tetley, MBE, must surely be the first in its history; and Mark Harper's Norbury Case at Prime Minister's Question the following day was reported in Hansard.

I cannot begin to express adequately the depth of my gratitude to the Association and the huge number of members who have supported me since my circumstances became known five years ago. I am immensely grateful also for similar, strong support given me by the Kenya Regiment Association and its members.

The enduring spirit of comradeship which inspired your sympathy and practical support is a wonderful memorial to Billy, which I and my family will treasure.

Yours sincerely, Gillian Norbury.

EXTRACT FROM THE ABERDARE COUNTRY HERALD – 13th June 1955

Captain Maurice Randall of Nanyuki, who shot the Mau Mau gang leader 'Brigadier' Simba with three of his gang and re-enacted the scene for the film 'Kenya and the Mau Mau, has received a letter from Mr. Charles Knight, the producer, saying that the film, which had been widely shown in the United States and Canada has gone down extremely well, and that he had received some really eulogistic comments from the National Geographic Society downwards.

Mr. King also said that the film was good propaganda and. shows the keenness of the African Home Guard and the Police to come to grips with the Mau Mau, thus dispelling the idea that it is the white man fighting his black brethren.

The film 'Kenya and the Mau Mau' is now being shown in London for the Voice of Kenya.

Captain Randall is a member of a well-known settler family in Nanyuki and the sequel to his successful disposal of the 'Simba' gang, was that when the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg heard of the action, she conferred upon Capt. Randall the 'Order of the House of Luxembourg'. However, the committee in London who decides on these things refused Capt. Randall permission to accept the honour.

**

[Ed: BELOW – PHOTO OF MAURICE RANDALL [KR630] - TAKEN MUCH LATER]

The Editor
The London Daily Telegraph
Fleet Street
LONDON



Dear Sir,

I refer to a comment in the review of- the Television programme "End of Empire" in which I participated. The review was published in Time Out 20 - 26 June 1985 and has just reached me: "a white settler - talks enthusiastically of potting Mau Mau members, including a sixteen year old girl, as if he were on a grouse moor".

As the "white settler" referred to, I would suggest that the wording of the comment and its use out of any real context presents a picture which is not only misleading but unpleasantly erroneous.

Those who were not in Kenya at the time of the Mau Mau activity can have no conception of the danger and insecurity which existed in the minds and lives of white settlers in that country. May I offer just one comment and then provide the facts relative to that particular incident?

The comment. In the conditions of the struggle against Mau Mau operating on their own ground and intent on killing and mutilation there was no time for such luxuries as "potting" Mau Mau; you shot them before they shot you; nor was the fight against the then current and horrible form of terrorism like being on a grouse moor. The words quoted are those of one who can have little idea of the grim reality which prevailed at all times or, of one who - knowing the facts - chooses deliberately to distort or ignore them.

The facts. The Mau Mau members concerned were a Brigadier Simba, his Staff Officer, food carrier and to express it politely - concubine - all in Mau Mau dress. Simba was in command of Mau Mau terrorists in the Mount Kenya area and directly responsible for the death of whites and many blacks in the area.

To put the Simba menace in its true perspective I give factual information about his last daring attacks prior to his death. While not proven, it is said that following a crossing of the Aberdare Mountains, he took part in the raid on the Naivasha Police Station, killing several policemen and escaping with a quantity of weapons and ammunition. [Ed: *Simba? I wonder whether any of the fourteen Lancaster SMGs and 31 rifles were ever recovered?*]

He then returned to the Mt. Kenya area. On another occasion I learned from one of my Kikuyu labourers that when shopping in the village of Nanyuki, he heard two young Kikuyu saying that Simba had moved into the Lol Diga Hills. The writer notified the Police HQ in Nanyuki and accompanied by another farmer, a Police Reservist and two of his loyal Kikuyu dressed as Mau

Mau left at dark for the farms in the Lol Diga Hills to try and ascertain the whereabouts of Simba and his gang. That same night Simba attacked the Ngarendari Police Post and killed several policemen. A follow-up operation was mounted by regular police and police reservists but without success.

Three weeks later, Simba attacked a Somali kraal on a farm in the area of the Lol Diga Hills at night. The Somalis in the kraal fought an unsuccessful rearguard action with their wives and children, several of them being killed. The head of one of them was severed, put on a motor car and burned.

On the following Sunday morning the manager of Impala Ranch belonging to Prince Schwartzberg was ambushed on a road near the farmhouse but he was not injured. A small force of Police Reservists and Regular Police left for the farm. While waiting for further reinforcements we learned from an Ndorobo tribesman that during the night he had seen the reflection from a fire on a hill some six miles from the homestead.

I explained to the Regular Police Officer in charge of the operation that during the war, three Abyssinian Generals, Fiturari Terdami, Fiturari Grabaris and Fiturari Tarnasgi, had often said to me when driving the Italian Banda (Irregular) troops back across the border on the East side of Lake Rudolph before the advance into Abyssinia commenced, that the black man in desert areas is less alert during the afternoon and consequently more vulnerable.

We attacked the hill at 15h00 with complete success thus bringing to an end Simba's reign of particularly grisly terror. To anyone who had to fight in that struggle, "potting the Mau Mau members" as though on a "grouse moor" are expressions that are ill-informed as they are contemptible.

The Mau Mau intelligence was very good. On the morning the then Princess and her husband the Duke, flew out from the aerodrome on the writer's mother's farm at Nanyuki, and probably saw the fires burning around the airstrip to interfere no doubt with their departure (?), and the farmers fighting the fires to save the grazing for the livestock.

To conclude, it is both remarkable and tragic that the British politicians of the early sixties could not or would not, realise that by handing over loyal subjects to the control by insurgents they were conferring on terrorism an importance and authority which it has never since been lost - the world over.

Yours faithfully,

M. B. RANDAIL
14th September 1986

FROM PIGEON-CARRIER TO A PARADE CAR FIT FOR A PRINCESS

THE STORY OF C 3977

[Nigel Hall]

When Mrs Holden of Hale, Cheshire, took delivery of a new Rolls-Royce in 1913, little could she have imagined the life that lay ahead for her Silver Ghost. The trail is undocumented at this stage

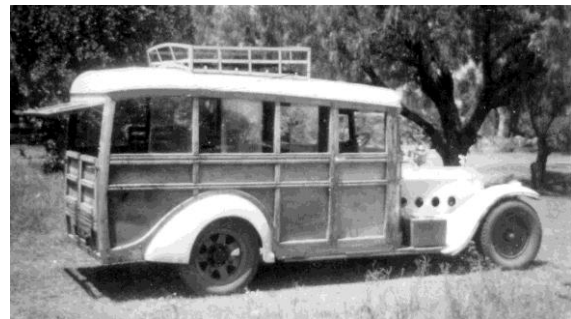
but it is well known that similar cars were converted into ambulances and even armoured cars. The sturdy nature of the wheels and bumpers in its Kenya life would support the thought of some military existence and if the car served in the Middle East, there might be logic in its transfer to the flourishing Kenya when hostilities ceased. At some stage the roomy box-body was fitted and the car was used to transport the Prince of Wales who visited Kenya for a long safari.



After the Holdens' ownership, the car lost its landaulette body by Cockshoot of Manchester in favour of a station wagon-style with truck wheels - perfect for the rough roads of Kenya. It took the Prince of Wales on an African safari and remained in the royal fleet until being privately registered C 3977 in the early 1930s. [LEFT]

In 1949, its then owner, a Mr. Stevens of Nakuru, found himself in debt to Mr. CM Hazard, Headmaster of Pembroke House Preparatory School in the nearby Rift Valley. The Ghost duly changed hands and became the new school bus.

“The Rolls trundled off to away-matches with a cage of carrier pigeons to relay the score back to school,” recalls Pembroke old boy Nigel Hall. "Starting was a gamble, with no starter motor and just a handle to turn-over its seven litre engine, and some hills had to be attacked in reverse because it was the lowest gear. Matches against Kenton College, near Nairobi, meant a long haul up the escarpment, out of the valley, causing the 40-year-old engine to overheat. Solution? Cut four holes in each side of the bonnet to increase airflow!" [ABOVE]



In 1958, Hazard capitulated to practicality, the old box body was removed, and the chassis auctioned off to raise money for the school; the winner was Colonel Courtney Curtis.

After serving time as a farm utility [BELOW - LEFT], including tow-launching gliders at Nakuru airstrip, she was re-bodied with a tourer by Casini and Tonolo of Nairobi [BELOW - RIGHT]. The Rolls returned to the UK. We believe Colonel Curtis first drove it to South Africa to sell it?



In 2001, a small group of old boys from Pembroke House [Still flourishing in 2019], organised the first London reunion with many attendees dating from the fifties.

One common question was: "What happened to the Rolls?"

For most of the fifties, implausibly, the school bus which ferried teams to the away matches as far distant as Nairobi, was indeed a 1913 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost.

One old boy, Jitze Couperus had moved to California and very fortunately for us was working in I.T., and quite at home with the burgeoning internet. He designed a website and included several Box Brownie photos from his album, one of which, luckily, was a head-on shot. He asked if anyone knew what had become of the old school bus.



A couple of weeks later Jitze received an e-mail from a Frenchman who wrote that he had found the car. He turned out to be a Silver Ghost enthusiast, who kept a library of cuttings and references. The catalyst had been the head-on shot, which showed the number plate – C 3977. He remembered having seen this in a cutting and tracked it down to one showing another head-on shot of the beautifully refurbished Rolls ferrying Princess Margaret to a function in South Wales. Number plate C-3977! [LEFT]

After service in Kenya, the car eventually returned to England to be registered to Mr RNE Prosser in 1972. He commissioned the ‘Roi des Belges’ body by Wilkinsons of Derby and kept the car until 1974.

A complete refurbishment by marque specialist, Jonathan Harley was under way when the then owner ran out of money and the current owner, Mr. Layton Roberts, stepped in and enabled completion of the refurbishment.



The fifties generation Pembrokian old boys, relieved of work and raising families, took up the quest to re-visit the old school bus.

“The Rolls Royce Enthusiasts' Club kindly established contact and we were thrilled to be invited to see it. We were given a fabulous welcome by Mr. Roberts and his family and were taken aback at the sight of the car’s regal presence; fantastic period detail like the wicker umbrella tube, exquisitely painted with complex coach-line patterns.

Unlike in our day, the ninety-eight year old engine started first time and drove straight out to be photographed in the sun. The low steady rumble of the engine took us back fifty years and for a brief moment we were speechless!” [Ed: *Thomas Layton Roberts died 14th June 2017*]

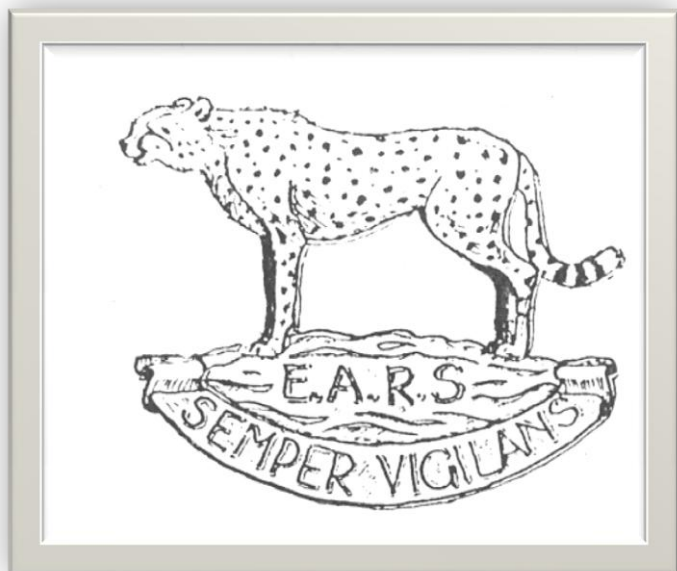
[ABOVE: LEFT TO RIGHT IN NOSTALGIC SEVENTH HEAVEN ARE OLD BOYS: STREATFEILD, O'HAGAN, MORRALL, FRANKS, HALL, BROWN, ANDERSON, WITH LAYTON ROBERTS IN THE DRIVING SEAT AND HIS WIFE, CAROL STANDING]

Having started in the aristocracy, C 3977 had a long period as a utility but has now returned to the top level of automotive history and can justifiably stand next to the other iconic cars in Layton Roberts's collection. [Ed: Article and photos submitted by John Pembridge KR7429.]

THE KENYA INDEPENDENT SQUADRON

(Also known as Drought's Scouts)

[Ed: Interest in this short-lived, but little-known Squadron has again surfaced; so far three of us - medal-collector and researcher Anthony Allen, son of John Allen [KR3513] <antjen.allen@gmail.com> who has two Kenya Independent Squadron (KIS) cap badges, researcher Tom Lawrence <atomlaw50@gmail.com> who has provided a KIS nominal roll which I have double-checked against the abbreviated Regimental records, and come up with some interesting notes/transfers, which, to me, indicates that the KIS never really got off the ground, and was disbanded within a few months?



Before the KIS was formed, a group of about sixteen, amongst them farmers Aubrey Aggett [KR222] and Maurice Randall, Noel (Shorty) King [KR228] now Kenya Police, and big game hunter Sid Downey [KR573], all familiar with the NFD, formed the nucleus of a reconnaissance unit which became the East African Reconnaissance Squadron (E.A.R.S), [LEFT: CAP BADGE], later to become the East African Armoured Car Regiment. According to Kenya Regiment abbreviated records, Randall and Aggett, both from Nanyuki, were 'temporarily seconded to the 'Intelligence Department' on 29th August 1939; both were to serve with 2nd Ethiopian Irregulars?

In m-S XXXX (should have been XL!) (June 2012), there were a number of combined articles about Major JJ Drought (pp32-41) and one about Neville Griffin [KR264] (pp52/53) whose first posting was to the KIS. I include the following extract from correspondence between Ray Nightingale and Eric Lanning, where mention is made of the KIS and its badge.]

**

Of the many units to which Kenya Regiment men were posted, these Scouts must be the least known. They have never been mentioned in any document that I have seen. Surely, somewhere out there in the wide world, there must be someone who joined Droughts Scouts on that day in July 1940 who can tell us about their adventures and that Kenya pioneer, Major Drought, who founded them? I believe, but I may be wrong, that the Scouts had rescued a South African Air Force pilot who had force landed. Does anyone know what operations the Scouts undertook? We should not allow the unit and those who served in it to be forgotten. [Ed: Extracts from KIS War Diaries will be included in SITREP LV.]



Their dress consisted of slouch hats, khaki bush shirts and shorts or slacks.

The unit had a badge [LEFT] of which only one hundred were struck. It was made up of a laurel wreath surmounted by the letter "D" - for 'Drought' - enclosing a diagrammatic representation of the cardinal points of the compass, and below the motto of the unit, "*Quod Age Agis*" - "Do what has to be done".

The badge was not worn whilst on patrol, and due to the small number of badges that were struck, this is surely a great prize for collectors of regimental insignia. If anyone has such a badge they do not want I would appreciate it for

the small collection of badges of the East African Forces I am assembling. When complete I will mount and pass the collection to the archives.

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

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

Yes, they did operate too far back when the advance into Abyssinia started. There was no possibility that they could keep up with the speed of the attack. I did meet some mule pack units but they were working off the roads and with the Irregulars. As you say the Ethiopian Irregulars did a fine job under their British Officers.

Alastair McCalman [KR174] wrote an admirable article about their operations for our archives. He was with them from early in the campaign until the Gold Coast battle at Uaddara, north of Neghelli, in which he was awarded an immediate MC. The Irregulars were used to search out the Italian flanks and push in outposts. Alastair was then transferred to other operations. His brother, David [KR81] was with the same unit for a while until he was transferred.

Other well known East Africans also served with the Irregulars were Karl Nurk, Kametz, Aubrey Aggett and Maurice Randall. Alastair writes that their Intelligence Officer was an old man of seventy years of age who served without pay.

He referred to him as Captain 'S' as he could not recall his name. During the attack on El Yibo he was hit in the knee by a stray bullet. He turned to Nurk who was beside him and said, "You know Karl, this is my ninth war wound, two in the Boer War, six in the Great War and now". Men are not made like that anymore.

[Ed: *Could this have been Major J.J. Drought DSO, MC, who handed over command of KIS to Capt McK. Nicholls, OBE before 01/01/1941.*]

DROUGHT'S SCOUTS

[Ray Nightingale KR1342]

[Ed: *Whilst a combined article about Major JJ Drought appeared in earlier editions of m-S, I include this edited version to tie-in with the above article about the KIS, and to remind readers to pass historical material to archives instead of adding them to the bonfire.*]

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

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

Derrick Green [KR1352 - brother of Ken KR3620] was standing next to me and said, "This is for me". I could shoot well but could not ride or speak any of the required languages, but with arrogance of youth decided that it would not take me long to learn these skills so joined the queue behind Derek. When it was my turn to be interviewed I don't think that I was longer than ten seconds in the office before I found myself back on parade. To my disgust Derek was accepted and disappeared later that day. The nature of this hazardous duty remained a mystery for the time being.

Some months later I passed through Isiolo on my way to Wajir and there, in the sparse shade of an acacia, I saw Derek. He was grooming a sad looking mule and dispersed among the trees were other horses and mules being groomed by sad looking soldiers. Convoys on their way to Wajir passed on one side of the Scouts and convoys on their way to Marsabet passed on the other. Dust covered man and beast in never-ending clouds which made grooming a never-ending task. Derek told me that Drought's Scouts, for that was the name of the Major, had been formed to rescue any pilots who might be shot down near or over the Abyssinia border and at the same time they were to keep an eye out for any enemy incursions. He had been on several patrols but had no idea what would be their next operation.

The next time I saw Derek was on Nairobi station. He was dressed in the spotless white uniform of a sailor. "Funny uniform for a Scout" I said. "Stuff the army, I'm off to join the Navy", was Derek's reply. He was eventually commissioned and reached high naval rank.

Later I learned that soon after I had seen Derek at Isiolo the Scouts were disbanded as the advance into Abyssinia had started, and the role for which they were raised no longer existed. Major Drought had previously raised a scout unit in the Great War from Masai tribesmen. This was known as the 'Skin Corps' because their uniforms were those with which they were issued by the Almighty on the day of their birth, easy for the Quartermaster too. Major Drought was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross in that war.

During the Anglo-Boer War my father served in Montmorency's Scouts which was one hundred strong. I see from his Service papers that the qualifications to join were almost word for word those required for Droughts Scouts forty years later. Only the languages were different. Trooper Roberts was awarded the DCM for saving Winston Churchill's life when his horse bolted during one sharp action against the Boers.

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THE KENYA INDEPENDENT SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL

[Formed 26 June 1940 – Disbanded 31st December 1940?]

[Submitted by Tom Lawrence *et al*]

Abbreviations:

Apnt	Appointment	KIA	Killed in Action
Comm.	Commissioned	KIS	Kenya Independent Squadron;
DoW	Died of Wounds	LF	Land Forces
EAAMC	East African Army Medical Corps	TOS	Taken on Strength
EAACR	East African Armoured Car Regiment	RFMS	Released From Military Service
EAASC	East African Army Service Corps	RMP	Royal Military Police
EAP&T	East African Post & Telegraph?	RNVR	Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve
EARS	East African Reconnaissance Squadron	Tp Ldr	Troop Leader
EC	Emergency Commission duration of war;		

Note: Only after 21 days in an acting appointments, were officers and NCOs paid for that rank

Officers [6]

<u>Surname</u>	<u>Awards</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Date 1940</u>	<u>Appnt</u>	<u>Note</u>
Drought, J.J, EC	DSO, MC	2/Lt, A/Maj	26/06	OC	EC
Beckingsale, W.D.		2/Lt, A/Capt		2 I/C	EC
King-Magee, A.F.		Lt	11/07	QM	EC
Nicholl, McK E,	OBE.	2/Lt	17/07	Tp Ldr	EC
Bankart, A.H.		2/Lt	18/07	Tp Ldr	EC LF1216
Hawkins, L.	MC	2/Lt	23/07	Tp Ldr	Fm EA Pioneers

Other Ranks [56]

<u>Name</u>	<u>LF Number</u>	<u>TOS</u>	<u>Promotion/Date</u>	<u>Transfer/Notes</u>
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Sergeants

Arnoldi, E.A.	1545	16/07	A/Sgt 24/07	
Turnbull, J.E.	1307	12/07	A/Sgt 17/07	To EAASC 23/10

Corporals

Bennett, P.S.	1511	22/07	A/Cpl 24/07	Comm. 01/11/1940
Cook, J.	1055	12/07	Cpl	To RNVR 04/11/1940
Cushney, A.	1371	12/07	A/Cpl 24/07	RFMS 17/11/1940
Konstant, A.	1356	12/07	A/Cpl 24/07	Comm. 01/02/1941
Spooner R.W.		18/09	A/Cpl 24/07	To EARS

Troopers

<u>Name</u>	<u>LF Number</u>	<u>TOS</u> <u>1940</u>	<u>Transfer/Notes</u>
Afford, H.F.	1661	12/07	RFMS 11/01/1941
Allan, N.A.	1344	03/08	Comm. 11/07/1940
Allen, C.E.	1251	12/07	To EAAMC 04/10/1940
Allen, N.A.	1344		Comm. 11/07/1940
Allison, H.W.S.	1488	18/08	
Amnesley, R.M.G.			On KIS Roll 31/08
Bailey, W.A.	1163	10/08	To RNVR 04/11/1940
Bompas, C.H.M.	925	12/07	Comm. 05/12/1940
Boshoff, J.N.	1006	12/07	RFMS 14/10/1940
Brent, T.M.	1426	18/08	To RAFVR 09/10/1941
Campbell, A.F.	1044	12/07	To RNVR 44/44/1940
Carrel, P.	1750		Comm. 14/03/1941
Cathles, G.K.	1227	04/08	Comm. 29/09/1941
Clark, R.G.	1269	12/07	
Cobb, R.W.	544	18/08	On KIS Roll 31/08
Craig, D.B.	866	12/07	To RNVR 29/10/1940
Cullen, P.J.C.	1213	10/08	Comm. 01/04/1941
Daley, J.	942	12/07	
de Villiers, P.A.	1542	12/07	RFMS 10/11/1940
Donnelly, P.S.	371	03/08	
Dugand, A.			To Irregulars 30/11/1940
Enderby, L.H.	1269	12/07	On KIS Roll 31/08
Fowler, H.A.B.	1252	12/07	EAAMC 04/10/1940
Gaffikin, S.W.	1286	12/07	
Green, D.G.	1352	12/07	To RNVR 04/11/1940
Griffin, N.A.	264 (B779)	09/08.	To EAASC. Comm. 25/10/1941
Grove-Annesley, R.F.M.	1350	12/07	Comm. 01/02/1941
Gunn-Browne, A.	1164	12/07	Comm. 25/10/1941
Hill, C.J.	1783		On KIS Roll 31/08
Hindmarsh, H.K.			On KIS Roll 31/08
Howitt, F.H.	591	09/08	To EAASC 04/10/1940
Jackson, R.H.	1259	12/07	Comm. 25/10/1941
Johansson, I.E.	1701	09/08	To RNVR 30/10/1940
Kells, J.J.	1038	12/07	To EA Pioneers 04/10/1940
Ker, R.D.P.	217	12/07	
Kirkpatrick, D.	1728	27/08	
Lawrence, M.J	666		On KIS Roll 31/08
Lewis, J.G.L.	1509	12/07	To RNVR 30/10/1940
MacHattie, W.A.	1264	12/07	To RNVR 30/10/1940
Moody, C.A.R.	880	12/07	
Nash, A.V.	1543	12/07	Comm. 03/03/1941
Nelson, R.B.		03/08	From RMP. RB9621
O'Riordan, P.K.	1257	12/07	
Pascoe, A.K.	1418	18/08	
Phillips, C.M.			On KIS Roll 31/08
Pickering, J.T.	1773	27/08	
Porte, E.L.	1532		DFMS 07/02/1941

<u>Name</u>	<u>LF Number</u>	<u>TOS</u> <u>1940</u>	<u>Transfer/Notes</u>
Raffin, D.C.S.	1507	27/08	
Raper, S.E.	1298	12/07	To RNVR 25/02/1941
Richards, J.G.	1425	18/08	To RNVR 30/10/1940
Russell W.I.	442	12/07	To RNVR 04/11/1940
Scott, F.I.	1525	04/09	Comm. 25/10/1941
Stanley D.H.	1502	12/07	
Steenkamp, P.F.J.	1544	12/07	
Steenkamp, R.C.M.	1147	12/07	To EAACR. DoW 06/05/1941
Steyn, I.P.A.	893	12/07	
Swanepoel, H.S.J.	1510	12/07	To EAP&T Coy. 04/10/1940
Townsley, G.	1074	12/07	To EAACR. KIA 04/05/1941
Voight, H.H.	1268	10/08	
von Haartman, Baron B.G.E. (B764)		09/08	To EAASC
Welmans, S.G.	1575	12/07	
Williams, H.W.	1553	12/07	To EAASC 05/10/1940
Williams-Meyrick, A.J.S.	1174	12/07	Comm. 30/11/1940

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[Ed: As mention has been made of Drought's 'Skin Corps', have included the following extract from "The East African Force 1915-1919" by Brig-Gen C.P. Fendall, p. 217, plus a list of those who served with Drought's 'Skin Corps' during the GEA campaign.]

"Drought was a man of character, and his corps was one of the strangest raised in any theatre of war. Wild inhabitants of the country east of Lake Victoria, they considered they had a grievance against the Germans for taking their cattle; they also desired to be even with them and get their cattle back. The corps was raised by voluntary enrolment. "The qualification was the possession of a rifle and a bandolier, which were obtained by knocking a German askari on the head in the bush.

"When a man obtained a rifle etc., he joined up accompanied by a brother, or other near relative, who followed him on all occasions, and had the reversion of the equipment should the original owner be incapacitated. They asked no pay, only to be allowed to get their own back. They desired no uniform: they were not in the habit of wearing clothes: the rifle and bandolier were sufficient uniform for them; hence the designation of the corps.

"The 'Skin Corps' had the most honourable record. On more than one occasion they completely foiled German raiding parties, practically destroying one strong party which attacked a post they were holding: and when the Belgians came to grief in their attack on Naumann's party at Ikoma, it was the 'Skin Corps' who covered their retirement. Drought was god of these wild savages; a man of great character, great shrewdness and great courage."

SOME OF THE MEN WHO SERVED IN THE 'SKIN CORPS'

<u>Name</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Apptmnt</u>	<u>Where from</u>	<u>Awards</u>
Drought, James J	Capt	OC	Mau Summit	DSO. MC
Allen, William John	IA		Johannesburg	
Boardman, Philip Dixie	IA		Bloemfontein	
Botha, Louis Erasmus	IA		Bethlehem, OFS	

<u>Name</u>	<u>Rank</u>	<u>Apptmnt</u>	<u>Where from</u>	<u>Awards</u>
Dooner, Hugh Brandon	Lt		Isle of Wight	DSO, MC
De Villiers, James Human	IA		Eldoret	
Elliott, Frank Morris	IA	QMS	Lancashire	
Killian, J.G	IA		Nairobi	
Logan, James	IA		Londiani	MC
McClelland,	IA		New York	
Postma, Floris Venter	Lt		Middleburg, Tvl	
Sharpe, Charles Edwin	Lt		Vryheid, Tvl	
Steyn, Abraham Johannes	IA		Ermelo, Tvl	
Story, B.C	IA		Naivasha	
Sutherland, Jock Alexander	Lt		Bedford, Cape	
Thorne, H	IA		Also signed himself as W.M. Thorne	
Van Rooyen, A.J	IA		Pietersburg, Tvl	
Makhetta Muhena	Sultan	RSM	Hereditary Chief of Busetta	DCM, KM

Attached

Coote, John Methuen	Capt	Political Officer		
Hammond	Lt	Acting/Asst Surgeon (EAAMS)		
Richmond, R		Signaller (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment - LNLR)		
Sullivan, Michael		Signaller (LNLR)		DCM, Order of St Stanilas

[Ed: IA – *Intelligence Agent?*]

DAVID CHARLES STANLEY [KR4810] 09/12/1936 – 12/07/2018

[Dave Betts]

In the third decade of the last century two young people from South Africa travelled north to Kenya, Robin Stanley to seek his fortune in the Kakamega gold rush, and Mona Forsyth to take up a nursing appointment at the new Eldoret Hospital. They met in Eldoret, married and David, their first and only child was born in Eldoret on 9 December 1936.

Robin, who came from a solid farming background at Graaf Reinet in the Eastern Cape, after failing to make his fortune at Kakamega, took up an appointment as general manager of Kilima Kiu, the great estate of Captain (later Sir) Frank O'Brien Wilson, RN, that straddled the Mombasa Road at Kiu.

In 1947, a few miles further along that road Robin was eventually able to purchase 5,000 acres of rough dry scrub land at Yoani. He exhausted his remaining reserves on drilling boreholes that yielded insufficient water for a ranching enterprise to succeed. So, Robin returned to employment, running the Subukia estate of Lord Waterpark. With replenished funds he recommenced drilling and struck the copious aquifer that enabled the Yoani enterprise to take off.

Meantime, David had been sent as a boarder to Woodlands, a small primary school at Lower Kabete. Then at the age of seven he was moved to become a boarder at the Nairobi Primary School. He scored well in the 1948 KPE, and in 1949 started at to the Prince of Wales School at Kabete

where he did well academically, getting excellent results in the 1954 Cambridge Overseas Higher School Certificate examination. He was a stalwart of Rhodes House and the Young Farmers' Club. His love of music and rhythm soon showed and he became the senior bugler in the CCF band. David also excelled at shooting, cricket and rugby, and continued playing both these sports for Machakos Club for many years.

After leaving school David was called up for military training with the Kenya Regiment at Lanet, during which time he was offered a place at Roseworthy Agricultural College in South Australia. He sought exemption from further military service to attend Roseworthy, grudgingly granted by the Director of Manpower after a tough interview.

In 1956, David left Kenya to spend the next three years in Australia – a country he grew to love and where he made many lasting friendships. At Roseworthy he was an active sportsman and was particularly successful at rifle shooting, representing his College at the inter-collegiate meetings of 1956, 1957 and as Captain in 1958. He was the top “Dux” student of his year and was awarded the College’s gold medal.

In 1959, David returned to Yoani, and worked with his father to develop their dairy and beef enterprise.

In 1963, Jack Hopcraft, a farmer from Njoro purchased Kenplains, a ranching property stretching along the Mombasa Road from Athi River. In 1968, his daughter Jane who had enjoyed a very successful career in music, teaching and performing in many different countries returned to Kenplains. In David she found the man of her dreams and they were married at Kenplains in a chapel Jack built from sisal poles, papyrus matting and makuti thatch, with straw bales for pews on 12 October 1968.

David and Jane built their hospitable home at Yoani and together progressively took over full responsibility for the running the business of Stanley & Son.

A great marksman, David was a leading member of the Kenya Regiment Rifle Club for many years, and represented Kenya as a full-bore rifleman at the Commonwealth Games in Kingston, Jamaica in 1966 and in Auckland, New Zealand in 1990. He was the top scorer with 146 in the victorious Kenya team that set a new record score of 581 in the Junior Kolapore competition at the Imperial Match at Bisley in 1977. He won the Uganda championship in 1964 and the Kenya championship in 1985. [Ed: *SITREP LI page 40 - photo of David and the Kenya Team*]

David made the first of his five appearances at Bisley’s Imperial Meeting in 1965 and achieved great distinction, coming fourth in the Grand Aggregate, against many of the world’s top marksmen.

During that same year David was travelling around the United Kingdom (in a car loaned by the Milk Marketing Board) as Kenya’s Nuffield Agricultural Scholar. David became truly imbued with the Nuffield ethos and every year for the last five years of his life, with great dedication, passion and precision he planned and led a ten-day tour showcasing the best of Kenya’s very diverse agricultural industry for the benefit of the dozen Nuffield Scholars who came each year from across the world, from Brazil to New Zealand.

Eventually the time came for David and Jane to move from Yoani to Karen and leave the running of Yoani in the very capable hands of son Robin and his wife, Anita. This was not to allow him to lead an idle retirement of fun and games. David quickly took up some new reins and became a highly respected consultant. He served as Visiting Agent of the International Laboratory for Livestock

Research on their property at Kapiti Plains. He advised the multi-faceted Kakuzi Ltd on cattle policy and was a director of Kisima Farms. He was a trusted friend and adviser to the late Gilfrid Powys [KR6263] on his Suyian ranch.

David had previously served as a short-term consultant to the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations, in their attempts to improve the standards of livestock husbandry on Zanzibar and in Lesotho

He rendered valuable public service to his country, holding office in two capacities. He was appointed to the Kenya Meat Commission in 2004 and was very active in the restoration to full production of the derelict meat processing plant at Athi River, and also the modernisation of the Kenya Meat Commission facility at Mombasa. He served the Kenya Wildlife Service as an Honorary Game Warden from 1996 for the remainder of his long life.

David and Jane were energetic founder members of the Machakos & Makueni Ranching Association and gave their generous help and advice to newer members. He served on the Boran Cattle Society committee and did much to promote the reputation of the breed throughout Africa, and further afield.

At the end of 2017, David and I undertook a six-week tour of Australia, to visit old friends, relatives and Nuffield Scholars.

Suffering great pain from cancer, Dave finally succumbed, aged 81, in Nairobi Hospital on 12 July 2018. He is survived by his sons William in Zimbabwe and Robin at Yoani; and grandchildren Joy, Jack, Aidan and Mariella.

A great gentleman, an outstanding sportsman and farmer, David served his family, friends and country with intense loyalty, dedication and affection.

John (Sep) Mayer [KR3097] writes from Kitale 12/02/1992. In July 1991, I was delighted to receive copies of Sitrep I and Sitrep II; I do not know how I missed out for so long on such an entertaining magazine. So many familiar names were mentioned, it is good to know that so many are still around. Here in the Trans Nzoia, we have John Robinson [LF2055] and an oldie Pat Cullen [LF1213]. The latter says he joined the gang in Eldoret having travelled from Kisumu where he was employed. He walked most of the way to Mogadishu and stayed there for years running Intelligence and surviving Gioffi gin etc.

I have often wondered whether I was really entitled to being a member of the Association. When I was conscripted in '42 I was issued the number LF 3097 but our batch was always told that we could not assume we were part of the territorial Kenya Regiment! All the same we always attempted to wear KR buttons and badges etc and very proudly, but this was frowned upon. I retained LF3097 until I was commissioned and given a seven figure 'telephone' number. In 1950, I volunteered for the Regiment but the powers that be would not allow me to retain my old number. I was given another, but now have no idea what that was. [Ed: KR3782]

I helped train the Kitale platoon of youngsters with help from Dick Josselyn [KR358] and Gerald Wigram [KR221], and then accepted a farm manager's job in Molo, so got to know a whole new lot of *kijana*, and some my own age, in the Nakuru Company under Nev Cooper MC [KR385] and Ray Mayers [KR488].

I was in Malindi on holiday when the Emergency was declared and so got to the assembly area a few days late. I took part in a few half-hearted raids, fully armed with a baton, and then was transferred to Sagana to keep John Laing [ex-navy – KR3765] company, manning a wireless post and supposedly giving moral support to the local home-guards.

Five days later I was felled with chicken pox and ferried home to Molo in the back of a 15cwt pickup. This was the closest I ever got to dying.

On recovery, and all blemishes banished, my boss, John Henley [KR775], decided I was more use to him than to the forces of law and order. He obtained my release from active duty in the Regiment, and ‘Manpower’ seconded me to the KPR. For the next four years it was farming by day, patrols and duties in the police station at nights, ambushes in the early dark hours, tracking gangs in the forest, making sure other farmers were putting their Kikuyu, Embu, Meru (KEM) labour into protected camps etc.

Some of the people provided for these tasks were often incapable, unfit and dangerous. Five regular policemen fired their rifles at two members of a gang, but managed only to hit my tracker who had taken them to the hideout. The gang escaped but the tracker lost three of his fingers, because he held up his arms trying to identify himself! Very raw recruits to the KP from *Ulaya* could not survive two hours tracking in the forest and had to be helped back and revived with tea and elastoplast!

The Sisters' Mess of the Nakuru War Memorial Hospital (WMH) was the tops; Helen (née Grene) and I were married in 1955 [Ed: *I assume Helen nursed at the WMH?*]. We left Molo in Jan '63, and have been here, in Kitale, ever since. Unfortunately all our friends, bar three, have left the country, but we have a good life managing to educate our four children and keeping our heads above water. Son, Jonathan has now taken over the farm and I potter around and try to keep out of the way. Since 1963, every now and again we heard “You can give this country five years and no more. It’s now nearly 30 years since we first heard and ignored it!”

The farm has improved in production and fertility. We have been given protection by the government which is no more officious and demanding than any other on this earth - in fact less in some respects. We hope that our faith in its continued smooth running will not be in vain.

Anybody reading this is welcome to call into our little corner of the woods; Kimini - 20km from Kitale on the Webuyie (Broderick Falls) road. We are mainly a dairy farm, delivering on average 300 gallons of milk a day which is processed in a modern factory, into butter and powdered skim milk. We also grow sunflower, maize and produce grass seed and hybrid seed maize. The farm supports a regular labour force of 50 men, some of whom have been employed for over 25 years.

Hi tuu ni lipoti langu la kikao (Sounds good but I can’t vouch for the grammar)

MICHAEL PETER ARMSTRONG [KR4026]

[28th November 1929 - 29th June 2019]

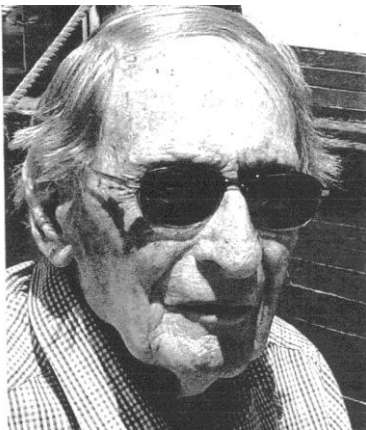
[Rev. Father Luigi Benigni]

Michael Peter Armstrong was born in Letchworth, England, on 28 November 1929. He travelled with his mother as a toddler by ship to Mombasa, Kenya, and was raised on the family farm at Soy, between Eldoret and Kitale. He attended Nairobi School until the death of his parents at the age of

thirteen when he returned to work on the farm. At sixteen he enrolled in an apprenticeship with the East African Power & Lighting Company (EAP&L) to become a 'linesman'. He progressed through to Construction Manager in the 1970's.

He did National Service with the Kenya Regiment, training in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, with active service in the Mau Mau campaign in Kenya. In 1949, he married Babette Shirliff in Nairobi, and they had one son, Peter, born in Nairobi in 1961.

Mike gained a keen interest in motor sport, initially racing motor bikes and sports cars. This led onto rallying with success, winning the Coronation Rally (East African Safari) in 1958 in a DKW Auto-Union 1000 (the predecessor to the Audi Quattro). This gained the attention of Ford and he drove for the Ford works team from 1960 to 1966, including some European rallies in 1964. He joined the Peugeot works team from 1967 to 1970, until a serious crash in Uganda ended his rallying career.



In 1970, he married Cherien Twiggs in Nairobi. In the mid 70's he trained his EAP&L successor before leaving Kenya in 1977 to take up a new position with South West Africa Water and Electricity Corporation (SWAWEK). Mike [LEFT] became a permanent resident of South Africa in 1977, but lived in Windhoek for some 20 years before retiring to Cape Town in 1996. Initially he and Cherien lived in a small apartment in Seaview before moving to Ituri.

Their application for an apartment in Larmenier Village was accepted in 2002 and they moved into 'P' Block soon after the building was completed. They had many happy years with the Larmenier community, and undertook a number of caravan trips within South Africa. Mike had successful heart bypass surgery in 2009. Sadly, Cherien contracted cancer in 2014, entering frail care until her passing in January 2015. Mike fell seriously ill in March 2017 and the Sisters of Nazareth House cared for him through his recovery. Now living alone and very frail, he took up the offer of residence in Nazareth House and was part of the Nazareth House community until his recent sudden illness from which he never recovered.

LAKE ALBERT.....SALVAGE OF A DRY-DOCK

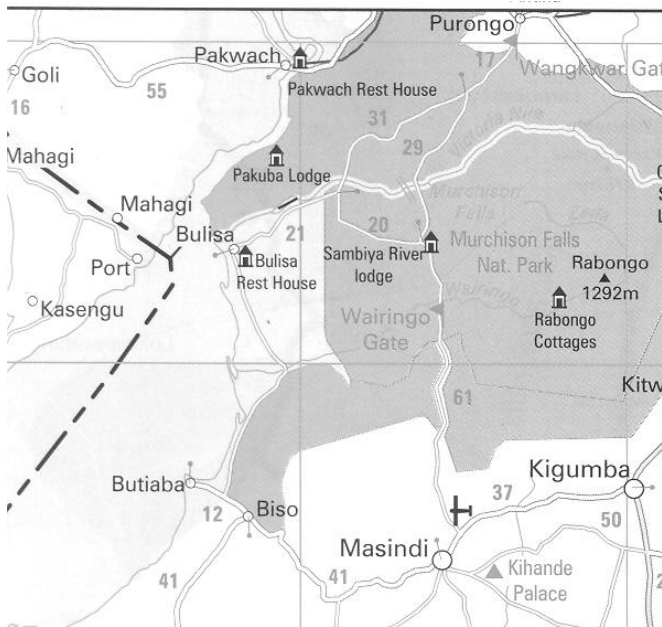
Lowie Potgieter [KR6459]

My wife and I had returned to Kenya in 1964 and I started a business called East African Diving Services having specialised in underwater blasting, welding and general salvage principles in Dartmouth, UK. Having told me that he was 'unaware of any diving work in East Africa', I was somewhat surprised when the harbour master in Mombasa approached me, mentioning that a 10,000 ton dry dock had sunk at Butiaba on Lake Albert [Ed: 255km NW of Kampala] and asked whether I would be interested in the salvage. I was broke and this was providence indeed.

Arriving in Uganda I was met in Kampala by Tony Walker who was the Railways and Harbours engineer in charge of the Marine Division. Tony sported a grey beard and truly looked like the seafarer on the Players Navy Cut cigarettes. He had been the chief engineer on the Queen Mary during the war ferrying men from Australia to UK. He had a wonderful dry sense of humour and when asked by immigration in Australia whether he had any criminal record, he responded, "Oh, is that still a prerequisite?" This naturally endeared him to the officer who nearly kicked him out!

For the next six months Tony and I were to become close associates and good friends in our somewhat daunting endeavour.

For those of you who might remember the lake steamers, I mention some of the vessels that operated on Victoria and Albert. The SS Rusinga and the SS Usoga plied between the ports on Lake Victoria and the Murchison launch and SS Robert Coryndon, a large ship, were the vessels that operated mainly between Butiaba and Pakwach.



In those good old colonial days trade was brisk on both lakes and Lake Albert was a port of call for the old flying boats. Tours were offered around the lake trips on paddle steamers and though they were no longer in commission, I saw them berthed at Pakwach in moth balls. The lake trip from Butiaba to Pakwach was every bit as good and beautiful as any trip in the Mediterranean. All the ships had been built in the Glasgow docks, disassembled, plates numbered and shipped out to Mombasa and railed to Uganda. There they were riveted together again and became proud ships on the lakes. With independence, EAR&H came to a grinding halt and all three countries squabbled and latched on to whatever they could grab.

Uganda in those years was for the most part under-populated and I am now astounded to see the vastness of East African settlements on Google Earth. It is an under-statement to say that they have bred themselves into abject poverty.

I also found photos of the remains of SS Robert Coryndon and the Murchison launch at Butiaba; nothing but a heap of scrap, well in keeping with 'Uhuru'. It was such a fertile country but now some of its countrymen scrape a living as parking attendants in South Africa. I spoke to a 70 year old Ugandan in Cape Town - "*Maskini kabisa Mzee!*" - I felt sorry for him.

The dry dock had sunk as a result of a drunken attendant who had fallen asleep in the wheelhouse and left the flood valves open. He awoke in his drunken stupor with the water lapping his nostrils and only just abandoned ship before the entire dock sank. Railways HQ were not impressed but I was rather grateful for the misconduct of this miscreant. The dock was made up of numerous independent tanks with hatch covers on each tank so that it made for a fairly simple salvage, we thought!

However, as some of the flood valves were only half open when she sank, the dock twisted and most of the riveted seams were stressed and had to be re-sealed. Railways workshop in Nairobi searched in vain for underwater welding gear; somehow we had to make our own arrangements. We tried caulking, cementing and various ideas but nothing worked.

Our initial attempts were made with tractor power-take-off driven compressors which were useless. Then we got six large high volume Hollman compressors loaded on lighters with Coventry Climax engines, with pumps to run venturi water-ejectors which we put through new timber hatch covers. They ejected high volumes of water and often I would position myself so that I tumbled away in the

jet stream...a high pressure massage and good fun. The dock was often visited by Nile perch and they were speared and cooked freshly.

I had to remove the huge timber shores which were fitted with steel racks of parallel teeth which meshed with a pinion and turned by a crank handle. Their frames were then unbolted mainly with chisel and ten pound hammer. It is amazing how efficient this is underwater especially to undo such gigantic bolts.

And all the time we were scratching our heads about how the devil we would seal the joints. At that time the United Nations peace keepers were over the other side in the Congo and the local entrepreneurs from there would come across and sell us beer and cigarettes and cigars for Tony pinched from the UN's adequate supply. We didn't think much of that UN mob. Each bottle of beer was said to contain a headache and a fight.

We were always thirsty and on our way back to Masindi one evening we had a major break-through after consuming a few bottles of UN beer. As we were having a leak stop, I leaked up against an ant heap and was surprised to notice that the stream did nothing to melt the ant material. I drew Tony's attention to that and on our way back to Butiaba we collected a large sample of the material.

Eureka, we had the answer! We made up a mixture of ant heap and cement with very little water. These clay balls did not dissipate in the water and spread and stuck like plaster to the steel. We would evacuate each tank in turn and mark where the air was leaking. By doing this we also found the best ratio of expelling the water and pumping in air. We used hundreds of clay balls which were lowered to me in a stretched canvas carrier as needed. That process took months to complete and was exhausting work.

My air supply was via a hose attached to a reserve tank and filled constantly by compressor. My diving attendant was a Makisu with sharpened teeth called Paulu Walka, not quite related to Tony Walker. His people were renowned cannibals and I once asked Paulu if he had ever resorted to that practise. "No bwana, but my bladder he did eat and say welli nice." I looked at those teeth and thought I would prefer not to meet him down a dark alley before his suppertime. He was a jovial fellow with a scarred body from a crocodile attack from which he was lucky to escape.

Days stretched into weeks then months and our numerous salvage attempts were foiled by vicious storms. The Rift valley lakes are renowned for the intensity of their storms and to add to the problem we had massive floating islands that came through and ripped air hoses off. We actually became the laughing stock of Masindi and there was hardly a soul who believed we could do the job. I was known as a playboy having a wonderful holiday at the tax payers' expense. This really riled me and with my short fuse it once came close to a punch up with a real "cor-blimey" from Liverpool.

We were given one more chance as the allocation for funds was running out and Railway HQ was fed-up with us. Those "cream puffs" sat in their air conditioned offices and had no idea of the challenges we faced, not to mention all the hard work already completed. On the final attempt Tony went back to the Coryndon for an early supper and I followed afterwards. Everything went smoothly that night and the following day.

Next evening when Tony was below decks having supper all hell broke loose on the lake, and on his return to the site he could not bring the Murchison in close. I had my diving tender moored safely to the dock but decided to ride out the storm though Tony was shouting to let go of everything. This meant going onto the lighters and disconnecting all the air hoses so that they could

drift freely. It was a poor option for me as the lighters were heaving and clashing together and one could easily loose a limb if caught between them.

At about midnight there was a panic on the Murchison, Tony had a floating island illuminated by his spotlight and it was heading for us. Again he shouted for Paulu and I to let everything go. I cupped my ears and shook my head as if I could not hear. If this was our last chance, I was willing to take the risk of damaging the Railway assets. Sure enough the floating island came down upon us, passing just past the wheel house which was now above water. I could not tell how deep the thing went down, but it was massive and I thought that surely it was going to rip off the air lines.

After it had passed by I went down following each line and what a feeling of exhilaration and joy to find all intact. At about 03h00 the wind dropped and there was a dead calm, with the lighters no longer hitting one another.....peace at last.

Early morning sunrise on the lake is in itself spectacular, but to see part of the dock above water really made the occasion. Tony and I sat on the Murchison and he insisted that I have a UN brandy with my coffee.....we toasted our success in style and imagined and laughed at what the sceptics were going to say when they got the news back in Masindi.

The following day the dock was high out of the water and Tony cleared the engines of water and got them started. I had sealed all the control spindles that went down through the engine room deck and we were both surprised at the strength of our ant-heap mix that was removed with difficulty using hammers and chisels.

I heard that the dock was taken to Pakwach for the construction of a bridge. Over the years we met Tony and his wife, Lynn who had taken such good care of us. They both passed away in England several years ago, both at a ripe old age and within a few weeks of each other.

BRIEF VISIT TO ENGLAND AFTER 55 YEARS

Don Rookan-Smith [KR4969] <donrookensmith@verizon.net> writes-09/09/2019-from Florida:

British Airways has a direct flight Tampa/US to Gatwick, which I took mid-July. The incentives were the annual Kenya Regiment *Rafikis* curry lunch and the Duke of York/Lenana School's 70th reunion, and as I had not been back to England since playing polo for Lord Cowdray in 1964, it was time for a return. Amazingly, the country was hot and dry...very unlike the England I knew!

While this is a personal account, it may be of interest to some for whom it might stir the same memories. Mary was unable to accompany me due to an ongoing medical issue. However, my younger brother, Robert [KR7427] who lives in Cape Town, had suggested we meet up, and travel to functions together...considering I had not seen Rob for some time, this was an ideal time for a catch-up.

Being the tourist season, meant that accommodation in London was scarce, and we have John [KR7227] and Carol Harman to thank for 'beds' at the Earls Court Premier Inn.

The Kenya Regiment *Rafikis* reunion curry Lunch on July 17th at London's Victoria Services Club, was most enjoyable and well attended. Dougie Outram from Nakuru School days and David Macadam [KR6567] were two pleasant surprises; also Kirkites Iain Ross, Robin Crosher [KR6869]

and John Harman *et al*, whilst the two Saints' men of Jack Simonian [KR6054] and Jean Boule [KR6193] recalled the schoolboy boxing days.

Whilst in London we met up with cousin Ken Molyneux-Carter, for the first time ever, and discussed family history at length. We also visited the truly historic Westminster Abbey, which was full to the brim with tourists, seemingly from all over the world.

We took the excellent coach service to Chichester, where our hostess Caroline Smith (née Begg from Kaptagat) met us. Getting out of greater London took forever, as we appeared to stop every hundred yards for traffic lights. I was very impressed with the English driving, despite constant heavy traffic...it was professional, courteous and very good...and as for those coach drivers in those narrow streets, very impressive. Caroline lives at Stedham, which is conveniently close to Midhurst where we were able to watch the final of the Polo Gold Cup at Cowdray Park. There were 6,000 spectators on that day, most of whom never watched the polo, but plied their trades from umpteen booths, selling everything from beaded belts to 'hot dogs', under a carnival-like atmosphere!

In the evening we had dinner at a very much improved and bigger 'Park House' than the one we stayed at in 1964. Another evening spent listening to an Opera/Cabaret in the Stedham Church was a bit out of our scope, and we quietly exited at half time!

Whilst in the area, we arranged to meet up at the 'rail Terminal' town of Hazelmere, with brother Bruce's son Peter and his three children, and Rob's son Grant who Rob hadn't seen for 48 year, so there was some trepidation on our part to say the least...but we need not have worried. Grant, a T/Supt in the Metropolitan Police is a delightful person, and bore no ill for the past lack of comms. We took over one of the local restaurants, and had a great day catching up on everything under the sun.

The old town of Cirencester in the Cotwolds was our next destination, and we took the tube to London's Victoria Station - a veritable Zoo - where acquiring bus tickets and finding the correct departure terminal, was one heck of a feat.

Again we ran into the difficulty of finding accommodation, this time due to the graduation ceremony at the Royal Agricultural University. However, the well known 'Kings Head' put us up, at a price, although we had to change rooms twice, and even share a bed! The brothers three - Don, Bruce and Rob - had all attended this austere bastion of British agricultural learning, known in our day as the Royal Agricultural College, but since upgraded to University status!

Former member of the teaching staff, Ron Coaten MRAC, gave us an inspiring tour of the greatly increased establishment, which still accommodates 400 students, but can teach another 1,200 living-out. In our day it was 'Men Only', and we lined up for bathrooms five deep... today it is bi-sexual and each university room is *en-suite*!

The increased facilities and a curriculum to include Equine Science, and International Research Scholarships has vastly increased the scope of the RAU. This time, and during the off-season, the College was accommodating a horde of Italian children, learning English.

Petronella Knaggs, widow of the late George [KR3695), lives in Cirencester, which is really Bathurst country. She and daughter Anthea came for drinks, and we later wheeled 90 year old Petronella home in her push chair, to her cottage at Cecily Hill. Whilst walking the ancient cobbled streets of Cirencester, the sole of one of my perfectly good but aged shoes, started to come adrift! Upon entering a shoe shop to purchase another pair, the lady attendant very decently informed me that the cobbler down the street could easily repair mine...and this he did while I waited, ripping

both soles off, and re-gluing them to the shoes. It appears that unless bespoke, no longer are soles stitched to the uppers!

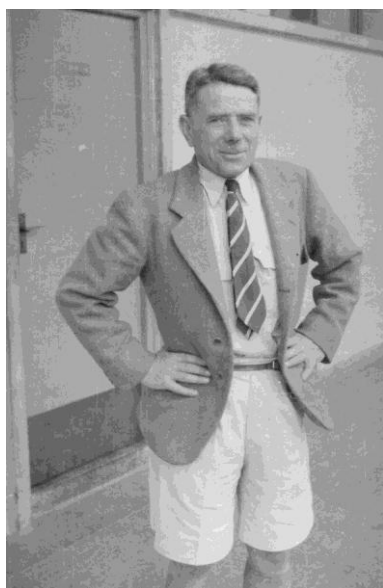
One night there was a violent storm, the first and only time we encountered bad weather. Peter Hays [KR4948], we were at KRTC together, and wife Moyra joined us for lunch. We met Peter again at the Cheltenham bus station the next day, where we took a coach via Cheltenham and Bristol, to Taunton, where we were met by Jilly Skinner (née Armstrong - ex-Turbo).

As we had arrived a day earlier, the Holiday Inn, where the DOY reunion was to take place, could not accommodate me. Again a problem finding a bed, but eventually I ended up at a Travel Lodge and dining at the local Handbridge Arms. On July 26th I took the train to Newton Abbot, where Jill (née Venning) met me and took me to her home in nearby Bovey Tracy; we lunched at the 'Mill'... Jill's daughter Joanna also lives nearby. Jill basically grew up with the Kaptagat Fosters, and knew Mary well as a child. Zoe Foster used to have a performing Chimp named 'Stephen' in years gone by, which Jill remembers very well, assisting with. [Ed: See Don's article about 'Stephen' – m-S XXXIX, pp36/39]

Saturday July 27th was the day of the DOY/Lenana School's 70th dinner reunion, at Taunton in Somerset. The Holiday Inn was the venue, and as I was already in the area, I arrived early, to find Ken/Carole Doig and John Tucker already there organizing tables, issuing name tags and smoothing the 'hotel reception' ruffled feathers! These three are to be highly commended on the success of this event, as they put in a tremendous amount of work.

I freely admit to surreptitiously glancing at name tags, before greeting an 'old' acquaintance with genuine pleasure. There is no way that I can recall all those who I met, but 182 souls sat down to dinner that night, amongst whom were six '49'ers' - Mike Behr, Jimmy Cruikshank [KPR], Peter Kenyon [KR4970], Oliver Long [KR6146], Tilman McRoberts [KR4799] and me, and we never even had a photo of this group.

Maths teacher Ken Higson's son was introduced, and I recall when he was born, and later being pushed in a pram by his diminutive mother, accompanied by a large Alsatian dog called 'Fellow'.



Euan Anderson [KR6069] and I go back to Nakuru School, and a number of Kirkites of my tenure were well met... Peter Goodwin [KR4952], Iain Ross, Robin Crosher, Haggis Evans *et al*...including the well-travelled David Lichtenstein, in full voice, and a completely unrecognizable James Nolde. Then there was 'Bulldog' Harris's granddaughter Anita Murphy, whose mother Virginia, who we all knew as a school girl, lives in Spain [LEFT: FRANK HARRIS OBE, EX-POW; FIRST VICE-PRINCIPAL OF THE DOY].

Also attending were the Manji brothers, whose father ran a hardware store in Eldoret, where we first purchased our Toxephene cattle dip, the introduction of which really made a huge difference to our tick-borne disease control. I got to bed rather late that night!

On Sunday, Alan May (whose grandfather owned May's Sports House in Nairobi) had organized a Golf competition of four teams at a local club, playing only fourteen holes because of space. Our team was Nikkie & Mark Milbank [KR6162], Iain Ross and myself. I have often regretted not playing golf as a teen, having started in my 50's. It is also a game of intense discipline and control, which I could have done with in my youth! However, Mark and Nikkie carried our team, and kept

score... whilst Iain and I occasionally contributed. The weather was even on the hot side, the *camaraderie* enjoyable, and the 'carvery' lunch later was excellent...a good time was had by all.

Later that afternoon I met up finally with brother Rob, as our ways were now parting. It was a great pleasure travelling with and getting to know him again, and since we live on two different continents, I sincerely hope this is not the last time.

Carole Doig greatly helped by arranging my flight to Jersey, plus organizing a taxi to collect me at 05h45 and drop me off at Exeter Airport. I had doubts about the taxi, but he was ten minutes early! On the Monday I took the hour flight to Jersey and was met by Jannett Spence [Ed: *née Croxford, and widow of the late 'Mac'KR4640*], who lives on the esplanade at St.Hellier.

My mission here was to visit the Standard Bank Trustee Dept, and voice the displeasure of a number of my family beneficiaries to Francis Foster's Trust [KR3734], at the way it was handled. I expected a certain amount of opposition from the Bank, and was prepared to sit there until attended to...the opposite in fact occurred.

After reviewing all my affidavits and the purpose of my visit, I was granted an appointment next day...at which we spent a good couple of hours, covering all our misgivings, and left feeling this trip to the Bank was worthwhile...however, Banks are famously none committal, which I fear was the bulk of the case here.

The Island of Jersey was occupied by the Germans in WW2, and the defensive gun emplacements around the island are still very much in evidence. It is not only well known as an offshore Financial Centre, but also for its huge tide surges and ever-present winds. It is a British Crown dependency, though much closer to mainland France than Britain. It also had an ancient Pearl industry, and you can still buy pearls...nowadays, actually imported from the east.

Jannett knows the island well, and we toured the huge beaches and had the traditional Fish & Chips, with the rest of the tourists. Due to booking a flight at such short notice, I had to fly out on the 'dawn patrol', and spent a wasted day/night at Gatwick Airport. After much delay and organized chaos, I eventually flew back to the States on August 1st.

Some impressions of my trip...the weather was sunshine all the way...due to having to fit in with the very good and efficient public transport, most of my trip had to be around those timetables, and a lot of time was spent hanging around. The British airports are very disorganized, mainly due to the lack of service personal; the unending waiting in line is no doubt mainly due to the security checks...

It seemed that all the staff in every hotel/restaurant are from continental Europe...the English women were certainly dressed a lot more feminine-like than here...the driving was very good indeed...and I got quite *choka* at times, lugging my luggage back and forth!

Much to the chagrin of my family/friends over the years, I have always had to arrive for any departure, well before time, sometimes ridiculously early...a habit no doubt imbedded from my school days. It was no help to develop an irritating sun spot on the end of my nose, which only eventually succumbed to a shot of dermalogist's liquid nitrogen!

I greatly enjoyed the social side of my trip, and have no regrets to having gone. It which would have been even better, had Mary also been along.

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN

[Charles Chenevix Trench]

No district had such a variety of safari as mine. A few weeks after freezing on top of the Ndotos, I was broiling by the shore of Lake Rudolph. The District Commissioner Samburu was a riparian power, controlling about twenty miles of the south-east shore, though the Provincial Commissioner jealously denied my jurisdiction over the actual waters of the lake. Our boundary with Turkana followed a quite unidentifiable line from the southern end of the lake through the half-legendary Teleki's Volcano. The alleged necessity to plot this boundary, and to find a possible alignment for a jeep track round the lake to Lodwar, gave me the excuse for what was simply a walk through almost unexplored country; I doubt if a dozen Europeans have been to Teleki's Volcano [Ed: see footnote]

Camels carried our baggage down to the lake shore by a desperate route over leg-breaking boulders. Then we trekked south for about twelve miles. It was not very nice; the bright blue water gave a wholly misleading impression of tranquillity. There was no shade; the shore was composed of slippery pebbles, about the size of tennis balls, most uncomfortable to walk over.

A howling wind blew dismally down from the dark grey and brown cliffs inland. In the evening we made camp in a little cove where there was some shelter. Casting off the rocks, into deep calm water, with a light rod and thread line, I caught a small Nile perch, six or seven pounds, which I fried for supper; it was excellent.

Next day, the camp stayed in situ while I set off with a Turkana elder, Ekinyuk, and a Turkana Dubas (tribal policeman) Labaale, to find the volcano. It was a vile walk, some ten miles across old lava ridges, reddish brown and jagged. But at the extreme tip of the lake there was a creek and a well of sweet fresh water, and round the well, a couple of acres of grass and some dom-palms. The creek crawled with crocodiles. It was easy to recognise one of Count Teleki's camp sites depicted in von Höhnel's book, of which more anon.

From here the volcano [RIGHT] was an hour's walk. It was simply a big slag heap, three or four hundred feet high, a smooth cone of little bits of sharp cinder which got into our sandals and slid down with every upward step. From the top the steep slope, the smoothness of the hill incongruously reminded me of a skiing slope, though it was a dull black, like a negative photo of a Swiss *piste*. *Piste d'enfer*, I thought and wished someone was there capable of appreciating my culture. From the foot of the *piste*, streams of black lava had flowed down to the lake; it was as though some giant had tipped out a bucket of pitch which flowed more and more sluggishly until it came to a halt, fifteen or twenty feet thick; then hardened; then, over the millenniums, split into deep fissures.



"Once upon a time," I told Labaale, "there used to be a fire on this mountain, which spewed out molten rocks." He did not disbelieve me. "During the rains," he said, "the mountain sometimes smokes even now." I suppose that the rain seeps down through the slag and, far below, is turned to steam.



The safari ended, three days later, at Baragoi. I visited the hospital, presided over by the redoubtable Sister Julietta, five foot nothing, super-organiser, ferocious disciplinarian, afraid of nothing and nobody, but with the tenderest love and care for her patients. She gave me a glass of her homemade cordiale, concocted from surgical alcohol, vanilla essence, egg and yatta milk.

"One of your horses has been so seeck," she said. "What was wrong?" "I do not know," she replied with a beaming, gold-toothed smile. "I just geeve him an injection; five or seex million units of penicillin. Now he is not seeck." Slightly muzzy from her formidable liqueur, I walked over to the Consolata Catholic Mission (CCM), for seven courses of ambrosial Italian food, cooked by Sister Restituta, with Father Stallone. He, Chief Leakono, and the Kikuyu clerk, David Adams, were accomplices in my colleague Robert's rain-making experiments. They made rain all right; but it proved impossible to calculate the winds at cloud height, so their balloons were blown off course and rain fell, not on the El Barta Plains, but

along the barren Turkana border where grass never had and never could grow.

There were in Samburu two missions, the CCM and the Bible Churchmen's Mission Society (BCMS), lowest of Anglicans, recruited largely in Ulster, which just, but only just, took off its hat to a bishop. It was interesting to compare their methods.

The CCM, provided apparently with ample funds, built fine missions, schools, a trade school and a rural tannery; these they staffed lavishly with highly qualified Italians, devoted priests, nuns and lay-brothers, who themselves lived in utter poverty, save when they did honour to a guest. There they waited for the Samburu and Turkana to come to them, never venturing out to look for converts.

The BCMS, on the other hand, were always in penury. Equally devoted, they gave the impression of being somewhat less efficient. But their head, a gay and good young man called Bob Beak, recently out of the RAF, made a great impression on the Samburu by tramping up and down the district carrying all his kit in a heavy pack, sleeping and holding services at distant manyattas, sharing as far as possible in the life of the people. Neither mission made many converts; both did an enormous amount of good, and the people knew it. On the occasion of a BCMS wedding, the church was packed with Samburu elders; and the moran in all their pagan finery, left their spears outside the porch and crammed into the back pews.

It could hardly be expected that the two missions, Catholic and Low Church, Italian and Northern Irish, could view one another's activities with favour; nor did they! Each longed to muscle in on the other's territory, while it was my constant endeavour to keep them apart, in their own spheres of influence.

In this policy I was supported by the Samburu elders, pagans to a man. "Let the Catholicis," said Chief Leakono, at a District Council Meeting, "work in the Baragoi area, we all like them there. Let the BCMS have Wamba; we like them just as much. But don't let them overlap except at Maralal, where you can settle their squabbles without us being bothered." Occasionally they could be persuaded to co-operate; and during our first Christmas in Maralal they actually ran a combined multi-racial children's party.

But a year later their relations were such that I had, with respect, to refer them to Philippians, Chapter II, Verses 2-3: 'Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.' I awaited their reactions in some anxiety, fearful of hurt feelings.

From Father Rossano came a good humoured reply; but from the BCMS there was an ominous silence. Then Bob Beak came to lunch and remarked on the mitres engraved on our silver. "My great grandfather," I said, "was Archbishop of Dublin." "Ah," he replied with a twinkle. "Of course.... That explains something which has been puzzling me for some time." Only over the school sports did an uneasy truce prevail, when priest and parson amicably shared the duties of starters, judges and referees.

One year, by a singularly injudicious inspiration, we put on a sack race, open not only to schoolgirls but the girls from the manyattas. Bare to the waist, their nether limbs swathed in gunny bags, these well developed, nubile lassies presented an unseemly spectacle as they hopped, bounced, leaped and stumbled down the course. Bob Beak, himself convulsed with unclerical laughter, maintained that Father Rossano devoted two hundred feet of cine film to this indecorous performance. But at the subsequent committee meeting he proposed austerely that in future there be no sack races for big girls. The committee, without debate, agreed.

The BCMS girls' school was, alas, bedevilled by sex. The moran approved of the school, which they thought was established solely for their benefit, collecting together thirty or forty girls of an interesting age, far from parental control but conveniently accessible to local Lotharios. The ladies of the Mission had to do night patrols of the dormitories; and when I offered some Dubas for that duty, Bob asked sadly, '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*' [Who can watch the watchman]

To the distress of all the missionaries, our local lunatic, Lesiamitu, a harmless individual with a wide brimmed hat, spectacles, a venerable beard and a holy smile, was known to the Samburu as 'Padre Lesiamitu'. He himself, however, insisted that he was a layman, indeed the premier layman, and liked being called 'Bwana Adam'. Someone gave him an old army great coat with a stripe on the sleeve, and he then became 'Corporal Adam'. When he added to this badge two more stripes, a star and a crown, on which he often rang the changes, it was difficult to know how to greet him; but he loaded with fearful Samburu curses anyone who failed to address him by his rank of the day.

My wife was generally confined to Maralal by daughter Lucy, but some of our many visitors were competent and willing baby-watchers, enabling Mary to go out for evening rides and escape from domesticity. Others, amongst whom must be numbered my mother, were not. Mother, who was on a visit, was far less frightened of a herd of charging elephant than of a little girl. "I might," she said plaintively, "have to change a nappie." One evening I took her for a ride up the Legas Valley. We saw an enormous warthog in a clearing; it waddled slowly into the forest, and I suggested that we follow and have a closer look. The forest was very still, unnaturally still. The ponies seemed nervous. Suddenly I realised why - a tail flickering at some flies, a lump of steaming dung - we were in the middle of a herd of elephants.

Their dead silence showed they were nervous; calm and contented elephants make continual belly-rumbles. I signed to my mother to get out, quietly. I was terrified lest the ponies bolt; for my mother, though a good rider was over seventy. But they seemed to realise the danger, and walked out of the shadows as though on tiptoe. Once in the clearing, with room if necessary to gallop, we turned to watch. Sixty three elephants - bulls, cows, calves - strode in single file out of the forest, across the grass and up the hill on the far side.

When Mary could dump the child and escape on safari we travelled light, with a minimum of kit, a tiny tent, and only my orderly, Lewarten, to help and to look after the camp when we were not there. Setting out in a Land Rover after luncheon, we made our first halt at a shop belonging to a comely Somali widow, Halima, who was reputed to keep the local male populace in home comforts.

Her late husband had been very jealous of his honour. Suspicious of her absence one evening, he crept up to the hut of a notorious Casanova, but found neither the lover nor the lady at home. His full vengeance frustrated, but determined nevertheless to relieve his feelings by shooting someone, he shot the lover's donkey.

I often stopped on safari to have tea with Halima. Perched on the edge of a huge four-poster bed while she plied with me with tea, Canada Dry, biscuits and hard boiled eggs, I was never quite confident of escaping with my virtue intact.

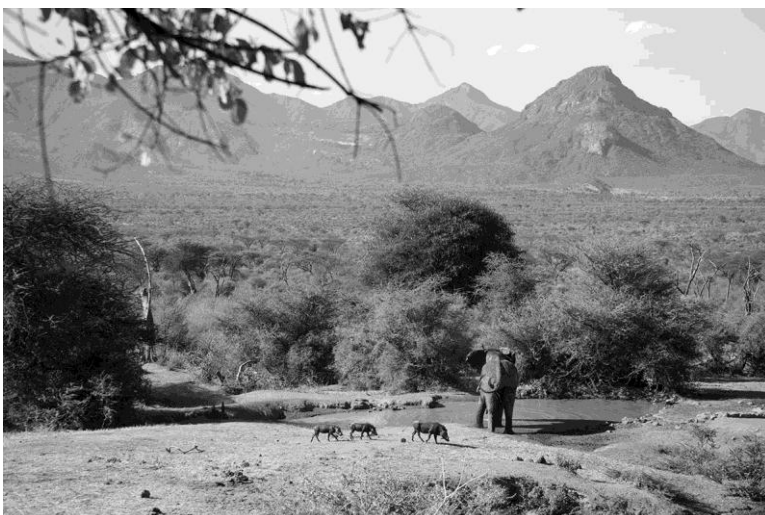
Mary and I were reclining on a Dunlopillo mattress in the back of the Land Rover, an agreeable mode of travel. "Why are we stopping?" she asked, as the driver halted at Halima's. "We have to wash our shoes in disinfectant," I said. "We're moving out of a foot and mouth quarantine area." "Oh dear! Does that mean we have to get out?"

Halima was approaching, greeting me with a smile which combined affection, respect and a touch of intimate conspiracy which I could have done without. "You do," I replied. "I don't think I need to."

Ignoring my wife, who heaved herself off the mattress and over the side of the car to paddle in the disinfectant, observing that I must be tired from my sixteen mile drive, Halima massaged first my arm, then my shoulder, finally my ankles, and tenderly removed my sandals to disinfect them with her own hands.

Her ablutions completed, Mary stood beside the car. "If you and your girl friend have quite finished," she said coldly, "I suggest we move on." We moved on.

About midnight, Mary shook me awake. "Darling, I think there is something on top of the tent." I switched on the torch. Sure enough, the roof bulged down as though with the weight of a heavy body. I sat up in bed, punched the middle of the bulge, "B..... off!" The bulge took no notice. I punched again, harder, and repeated my previous remark, louder. The bulge slid slowly down. Suspecting a baboon, I went out with a torch.



Beside the tent, her head between the tent pegs, lay a lioness. The torch was shining full in her eyes, five and a half feet away. Mildly grumbling, she got up and slouched off. "Why are you sweating?" asked Mary when I got back into bed. I was glad that the tent had been properly pitched.

We went to Kichich, a valley deep in the Matthews Mountains [LEFT - TAKEN FROM SARARA CAMP SITE HIDE] and camped beside a brawling, peat-coloured mountain stream. There were rock pools six feet deep where we

swam in icy water and where fish nibbled at our toes if we stood still for long. The surrounding forest was dense, unmapped. At the very end of the Mau Mau emergency, the intelligence experts had deduced that the most notorious surviving gang leader was hiding in the Matthews. A pseudo gang was dispatched to search for him, without the local authorities being consulted or even informed. The first the DC heard of this force was when it was delivered, disgusted, disarmed and trussed up like chickens by Chief Lepuyapuyi and his elated moran. "Look what we've caught!" they exulted. "Mau Mau!" [Ed: *See mini- SITREP XXX pp32/35 - Dave Drummond's 'Hunt for Mathenge'; a somewhat different version of that operation.*]

It was a great area for honey, the local bees producing a peculiarly clear, sweet comb with none of that bitterness which sometimes spoils wild honey. Each Nderobo had his own honey ground in which he suspended, high up in carefully chosen trees, two or three dozen hives, hollow tree trunks four to five feet long, which looked like cannon barrels. "Doesn't honey ever get stolen?" I asked Chief Lepuyapuyi. "A hive may not be visited for weeks at a time." Lepuyapuyi was shocked. "No one would steal honey," he said, "unless he was actually starving." Yet the local moran included some of the worst cattle thieves in the country.

One of these came striding down a forest path carrying a tubular wood-and-leather honey container. "Good day, old man!" he addressed me cheerfully. "Do you remember me?" "Yes, I acquitted you of stock theft six months ago. There wasn't quite enough evidence." He smiled broadly. "You'll be seeing me in dock again soon." "I don't doubt it. What for?" "I killed a rhino, and the Game Scouts are running me. Do you want to hear about it?"

It was very wrong of me, I suppose, to listen to his story out of court; but I sat down and said, "Tell us." "Well," he said, "I was coming down this path, just as I am now, and suddenly I heard a snort, turned and saw a rhino charging down after me. I ran; oh, how I ran! But I could not dodge to one side, the bush was too thick, and he was gaining on me. Below us the path divided, on each side of a young tree." The moran demonstrated how, racing past it, he had grabbed the tree with his left hand, and, using it as a pivot, swung round and up again, chopping with his short sword at the neck of the rhino thundering past him. The cut severed the animal's vertebrae. "He collapsed into the bush down there," concluded the moran. "Come, I'll show you his skull. . . . Old man, will you put me in prison for that?" "I don't think you need worry," I replied.

"Good. Now I'll get you some honey." He climbed like a monkey to the swaying, dizzy heights of a tall tree, scraped some honey from the hive and returned to us. "Here, eat this." He gave Mary a lump of pale golden comb. "Goodbye, old man!"

The District Council ran a honey refinery at Wamba, turning out small quantities of high quality beeswax in smooth, sweet smelling cakes the size of pudding basins. But the Nderobo generally preferred to keep their honey for making a stimulating brew resembling in taste and strength rough Devonshire cider. I suppose it was mead.

On the way back to Maralal, a moran stopped us for a lift. He had been half-scalped; his coiffure, face and shoulders were caked with dried blood. "A leopard," he said, "sprang on a calf, so I fought and killed it." He had cut off the leopard's tail; it was black. "Where is the skin?" I asked. "You could sell it for a lot of money." "Miles away. I was too badly hurt to skin it, so I just took the tail. Take me to hospital, old man."

A Rajput Prince, an old friend of my father and of Mary, wrote that he had always wanted to do an African hunting safari but, now that his state and his revenues had been taken from him, he could not afford the £1,000 a month which the cheapest safari firm would charge. Could we help him? Once the keenest of *shikaris*, I had given up shooting except for the pot or to dispose of animals

which had become dangerous. But the Maharawal of Dungarpur had, in the heyday of the Indian Princes, given our parents such sport and such hospitality that to rebuff him was unthinkable. We invited him to stay with us and do his shooting in Samburu. He wanted rhino, lion and buffalo, in that order. I could guarantee the buffalo; he would probably get a rhino, though good horns were now very rare; he would be lucky if he saw a lion; for, although there were plenty in Samburu, they were very wary, and seldom moved in daytime.

The Chief Game Warden gave me a professional hunter's licence; I took some leave, and, lest we be accused of using government transport, hired a Land Rover from a Somali trader. Mary got hold of a temporary nanny to stay at Maralal with Lucy; and a girl friend, Lorna Scott, to join us in camp. In the event, the nanny fell ill and could not come, so we had to take Lucy with us. I must be the first white hunter to take his client *en famille*; but the Maharawal entered into the spirit of it, and Kishore Singh, his gun-bearer, *shikari* and personal servant, proved a reliable baby-watcher.

Our very first evening, before we even set out on safari, we saw from the verandah a herd of elephant. The Maharawal did not want to shoot one, but could not wait to film them. Kishore Singh would not be left behind. Nor would Mary, so Lucy had to come too, carried pick-aback.

Rodney Elliott, the Game Warden, an uncompromising bachelor, passing us on our way down towards the herd, was outraged by such a family outing; this, as was evident from his look of frozen disapproval, was not at all the way to approach big game.



[RIGHT: RODNEY INSPECTING GAME RANGERS]

With Mary and Lucy close behind, we stalked up to the herd, cameras ready. Kishore Singh, a fine stalker, pressed forward with more zeal than discretion. "*Bahut takra jawan hai,*" whispered his sovereign master. "He is a very tough young man." An old cow elephant, fidgety with a calf between her legs, lifted an inquiring trunk, turned, spread her ears like sails and, screaming angrily, strode towards us. His Highness and I did a hundred yards in ten seconds; the *takra jawan* shot past us like a rocket.

We set off next day; Mary, Lorna and Lucy in our elderly Vanguard; H.H., Kishore Singh, Lewarton and I in the Land Rover; both vehicles piled high with safari kit topped by the cot, pot, playpen, pram, doll's pram and Lucy's other impedimenta. Fortunately, Rodney was not a witness of our departure.

It was soon apparent that H.H. knew far more about big-game hunting than I did. He was a first class shot, a tireless walker, and accustomed to getting his trophies the hard way. All he wanted of me was a guide, an interpreter, a safari manager, and someone who could tell him whether or not a particular head was a good one. He got buffalo quite soon, but after a lot of hard work. That he shot two, a right and left, was my fault; he only wanted one, but as the first dropped, I saw among the bulls a better head, which he took with the left barrel - two neck shots in three seconds, a performance which impressed our tracker, who was not used to such shooting by clients.

"Rhino now, Charles," said H.H. "I won't shoot anything else till I get a rhino." For this we first went to a ranch belonging to Hugh Collinson, a Canadian of amiable eccentricity and Mary's favourite man. He was just back from a holiday in Canada, and the numerous Turkana on his ranch were wearing blue-and-white baseball caps. "But they've got to work for them," said Hugh. "I'm not like Government; I can't afford idlers on my pay roll." "And may I ask," said H.H., "precisely what that urchin's job is?" He pointed to a small Turkana who, stark naked except for his splendid

headgear, dogged Hugh's footsteps. The beef baron looked slightly embarrassed. "Well, as a matter of fact, Maharawal Sahib, his job is to carry my plug tobacco and cut off a slice whenever I want a smoke." Kenya, I felt, was living up to its reputation.

At the farm school, twenty more small boys were learning English, sitting in front of a blackboard and chanting as the teacher pointed to each word in turn, "The cow ate the dog." "Are they on the pay roll too?" "Oh, yes. They help to bring in the cattle in the evening." We did not get a rhino there. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Maharawal, trying a neck-shot at too long a range, missed. "You should have aimed at the shoulder," I said. "A far bigger target." "No, I always aim at the neck; then it's a clean kill or a clean miss, no wounded animals."

So off we went, down to the Low Country, the limestone hills and thorn scrub where I had been frightened by rhino the year before. For two days we drew blank.

Leaving Kishore Singh to look after the girls in camp, H.H. and I slept out every night so as not to miss a minute of the best hunting time, which is early morning and late evening. My mother had remarked, when we were planning the jaunt, "But this is sheer madness! You can't lay on a camp for an Indian Prince - just think what he's accustomed to in luxury and elegance!" Luxury was beyond our means, but Mary attempted elegance by buying a red-and-white check tablecloth which we occasionally remembered to use.

I apologised for the inadequacy of our camp. H.H. was much amused. "My dear Charles! We only laid on that sort of nonsense for you people. When I go out on *shikar* myself, I just take Kishore Singh, a rifle, a few *chuppattis* and onions. What more does a man want? The V.I.P. treatment was for your benefit.

"And we only laid on that sort of thing for you," I replied rather stuffily. "We both seem to have wasted a great deal of money." "Never mind, Mary shall use her table cloth. Send your servants off one evening and Kishore Singh will cook a good curry and wait at table." The *takra jawan* did so, gorgeous in spotless white jodhpurs, a grey-and-silver coat reaching to his knees, red-and-gold turban tied small in neat and complicated style.

The Samburus' eyes fairly popped out of their heads at this splendour; if he had a servant like this, H.H. must indeed be a king! [Author's note: *The Sisodia to which H.H. and Kishore Singh belonged, are the proudest and most aristocratic of the Rajput clans, descended from the Sun.*]

There were plenty of rhinos about, but they were either females, or young males with horns like bananas. One after another was inspected, and rejected. Then Lewarton heard of an old bull, with a long horn, who resided in a cluster of hills some ten miles away. So out we went, and soon found his big trefoil foot prints, and the scrapings where he had scattered his dung like a cat. We drove off next morning while it was still dark, and were in position by first light and saw the rhino, a heavy bull with a long horn, meandering slowly across the hillside.

There he was, in full view, three or four hundred yards away; we took our eyes off him for a second, to plan our approach, and he was not! The huge animal, on a bare hillside had totally disappeared. Could he, at this distance, have seen or heard us? Had a sudden change of wind carried to him our scent? Had he bolted; in which direction? Or was he lying down behind a rock?

I was frantic, but my client, though cruelly disappointed, said, "Charles, he must have made for cover. The thickest cover, that is where we must look for him." So to the thickest cover we went; and there we intercepted him, striding purposefully away. A workmanlike neck-shot dropped him. There remained only lion, and twelve days left to get one.

I had no exact and recent information, so, after drawing a couple of areas blank, I asked Rodney Elliott. "Try Garnet Seed's place," he said. "There's a bit of lion trouble there, and Garnet wants me to poison them. I'd hate to do that; see what your Maharaja can do first."

Garnet Seed was manager of a big ranch some thirty miles from Maralal. It was infested with game; buffalo, oryx and eland which infected his cattle with Rinderpest and Foot-and-Mouth disease; elephants that broke his fences, demolished his dam walls and trampled his crops; lions which, once they had acquired a taste for beef, pork or horse-flesh, saw no reason to revert to the laborious pursuit of wild game. Most Kenya farmers are ardent game preservers. Garnet was unusual in that he believed in game preservation on his own farm, not merely on other people's.

There were, however, limits to his tolerance; and he was obliged, in order to keep the wild animals under some sort of control, to employ as hunter the father of one of my Dubas remount riders.

I once asked old Lebaniyo, "How many elephant have you shot in your time?" He grinned, took snuff and said, "How should I know? I don't count them... perhaps three or four hundred... it's quite easy, just like shooting cattle." A month later, carelessly following a honey guide-bird to find some wild honey, he came suddenly upon a cow elephant with a young calf. She smashed and trampled him until there was nothing left recognisable as a human being.

We camped on the ranch and hunted hard for a week. We shot and hung up zebra as baits, stalked them carefully each morning in the hope of finding the lions feeding. We heard lion roaring till late in the morning, saw the tracks all over the place, but never had a glimpse of them. Garnet gave us all the help he could; they had killed a dozen of his cattle and a horse in two months, and no ranch can stand such losses. But with a dozen expert trackers and hunters, we still never made contact with the lions.

On our last morning, we heard a donkey giving a vigorous eee-yaw! Lebaniyo laughed. "He wants to tell us he is alive and well." Without seeing the donkey, we returned sadly to Maralal and packed for my client's drive next day to Nairobi, where he had to catch a plane for India.

He was greasing his rifles, at about three in the afternoon, when Garnet's Land Rover arrived at speed. The driver handed me a note. 'What you thought was the donkey's greeting was his death-rattle. When the syce went to untie him half an hour later, he had been killed. Bring H.H. back at once.' While Mary and I stayed to finish packing, the Maharawal hastened back to the ranch. When, next day, we called to collect him on our way to Nairobi, one look at his jubilant face told us all we wanted to know. Two lions lay stretched on the floor of the tractor shed; he had got a right and left, in broad daylight, within ten minutes of settling into his hide.

So I retired from hunting with an unblemished record, having got my first and last client every trophy he wanted. A few weeks later Mary went to Nairobi on a shopping spree. First she had her face done; the woman in the beauty parlour, taking one look at her safari complexion, said with a forced cheerfulness, "Well, we must just do the best we can, mustn't we?" This unorthodox sales promotion put Mary on her mettle; she bought up half the shop, and then, with what was left of our overdraft she went looking for a birthday present for me.

She first called on our taxidermist friend, to whom our client had brought a lot of business. The book I had long coveted, von Höhnel's 'Count Teleki's Discovery of Lake Rudolph', caught her eye among the hunting and safari books in the shop. "How much is it, Johnny?" she asked. "Five pounds to you, my dear," he replied, deleting the original price. That seemed fair enough. It is the only commission I have ever made.

[Ed: I for one couldn't remember the location of some of the places mentioned, so took the liberty of adding the map, and a few photos. Count Samuel Teleki [RIGHT] was a Hungarian explorer who led the first expedition to northern Kenya. In 1888, he was the first European to see and name Lake Rudolf (now Lake Turkana), though the existence of the lake was well known in Europe.]



[Blackwood's Magazine : Number 1778 : December 1963]

KENYA REGIMENT v RICHMOND XV – 12th MAY 1963



Back Row. L to R. N. Kruger, D. Froud, J. Andrews, E. Lipscombe, H. Klynsmith, G. Powys, M. Pope, D. Dewar, D. Hawkes, R. Peet, 2nd Row. K. Fyfe, C. Judd, N. Paterson, P. Cheesman, B. Shorter, E. Preece, C. Wheeler, A. Vyryan, D. McFarnel, B. Stoneman, J. Lynch, F. Butler, P. Comerford, Sitting. S. Smith, W. Munks, S. Meintjes, G. Windsor-Lewis, B. Granville-Ross, Lt.-Col D. Bright, C. Hopwood, C. D. Brown, I. Palmer-Lewis, M. Andrews, Ground. P. Charteris, P. Cook.

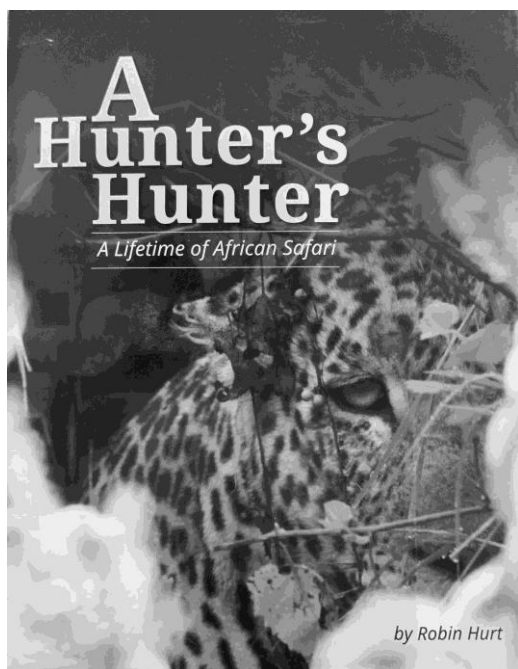
Daily Nation: 'Kenya Regiment made their last stand against overwhelming odds on the rugby ground at Ngong Road, and in accordance with classical historical precedent won great honour while being annihilated! Result: Richmond 21, Kenya Regiment 0.' [Ed: Apologies for poor quality photo.]

BOOK REVIEWS

A HUNTER'S HUNTER - A LIFETIME OF AFRICAN SAFARI by Robin Hurt

Robin Hurt grew up in Kenya and shot his first buffalo and leopard before he was in high school. He was a licensed professional hunter (PH) in Tanzania and Kenya by age eighteen. Once he started hunting professionally, he did not shy from taking risks. He guided clients to where the largest heads were, and that included Zaire when it was wild and dangerous and the Sudan when rival tribal

factions were at war. He hunted during the 'golden era' of the African safari when Kenya was in its heyday, Zambia was renowned for its hunting fields, and the entire Big Five could be shot in Tanzania in a few days.



And wherever he went, he got exceptional trophies for his clients. The late Tony Dyer, the doyen of East African professional hunters, called Robin Hurt "The Hunter's Hunter," hence the title of this book.

Many years ago a prominent member of the safari scene came to our Safari Press booth and said he really wanted a forest Situnga (one of Africa's hardest and most elusive trophies). He went on to say, "I have spent forty days hunting, have seen nothing, and have failed twice. I am through messing around; I am going with Robin Hurt to Sudan. The one time I hunted with him he brought an intensity and focus to the hunt, the likes of which I have never seen in any of my more than three dozen African safaris." Such is the well-deserved reputation of Robin Hurt; a PH *par excellence* and, as important, a fair-chase-only professional who always keeps wildlife conservation in the forefront of whatever he's doing.

Robin Hurt has been indefatigable with his community wildlife conservation work, which has turned poachers into anti-poachers and has helped previously disadvantaged communities, ensuring healthy game populations and hunting opportunities for the future. This new book includes a chapter by Robin's wife, Pauline, on her efforts in protecting rhinos in Namibia so these magnificent animals will be preserved for future generations.

Some professional hunters in Africa are known as "buffalo PHs," having guided their clients to buffaloes with 45- to 47-inch spreads; some PHs have specialized in elephants and, if they are old enough, have taken very heavy tuskers, some possibly approaching 100 pounds. Then there are the cat specialists who have guided for heavy leopards and large lions with heavy manes. There is only one PH who can genuinely say he has done it all - Robin Hurt. He has taken 50-inch-spread buffaloes, 100-pound tuskers, 200-pound leopards, 10-foot lions with heavy manes, and 30 inch+ rhinos back in the day. His clients have shot numerous, superlative free-range trophies of the entire Big Five with dozens of those heads qualifying for 'Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game'. Robin's record is an unsurpassed accomplishment in the history of African hunting.

Having been in the field for a lifetime Robin still hunts today from his home in Namibia and has enough stories to fill up five books. In his 'Hunting the Big Five', which we published, he gave us highlights of his hunts for the 'Fabled Five of Africa'. In this book, he rounds out the rest of his career: being savagely and horrifically attacked by a wounded leopard; shooting the world-record bongo; operating in Zaire when it was wild and lawless; hunting a Kenya bongo in an area so remote that it required a fifteen-mile walk in by foot while hacking a trail with pangas. When a client got injured on this hunt, the crew spent a day cutting a clearing in the forest with axes so a helicopter could land.

A significant portion of the book is devoted to the trackers and other camp staff without whom an African safari is impossible. He tells the tale of his Kenyan tracker, Joseph Sitiene, who while hunting in the Central African Republic was forced by a local chieftain to marry a young girl. Then there is the story of a PH who tied the bed of a sleeping, drunken associate to a zebra carcass, and

hyenas dragged the bed out of the tent while fighting over the meat. Read the tragic and gripping tale of another PH who was burned in a grass fire during the filming of the famous 'In the Blood' movie.

In addition, sons Derek and Roger Hurt contributed chapters on near-fatal leopard and buffalo attacks they encountered while hunting. Robin has always been a passionate international hunter himself and he tells us of his own hunts for Marco Polo and Asian Ibex, as well as birds and stags in the British Isles.

A superb book deserves a superb production, and this one has it all: The book is printed in an extra-large format, 12x15 inches (30x38 cm), on the highest quality paper, with 400-plus pictures in colour and black and white over a whopping 524 pages. The outstanding cache of historical photos of giant trophies the Dark Continent has yielded in the last 100-plus years with Robin's insightful comments, are, alone worth the price of the book.

Foreword written by Ross Perot Jnr and Dr. Knut Bellinger both recognised hunters and conservationists.

26 copies, leather bound @ US\$1,750 [<https://www.safaripress.co/new/ahuntershunter.html>]

500 numbered copies @ US\$250 [<https://www.safaripress.co/new/ahuntershunter-492.html>]

A BEAT AROUND THE BUSH by Alastair Tompkin

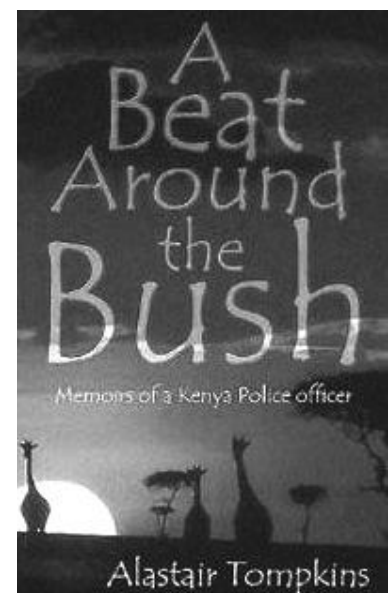
[Review by a former Kenya Policeman]

In the Foreword, the author rightly states that "in these days of so-called 'political correctness', the term 'colonial' has taken on connotations of oppression and even racism". The many stories contained in this book will clearly illustrate that the rule of law during these difficult times was applied and upheld irrespective of race, colour or creed. Sadly the same cannot now be said of several former African colonies.

As a raconteur, the author succeeds in entertaining and informing the reader. His recollections of his Police service are described modestly, humorously and in an easy-to-read style. It was because of a promise made to his terminally ill cousin, who always enjoyed and never tired of his stories, that the book was written. I thought the tribute to his wife, Pauline, for her dedication to his effort was particularly fitting. Sadly, this is often overlooked.

Kenya was home to a multi-ethnic population boasting the most spectacular scenery and wildlife.

The author does justice to Police work that was varied, dangerous and ever challenging and his activities in combating the Mau Mau insurrection makes compelling reading. Most of the book is taken up with accounts of the many extraordinary situations he and his former colleagues found themselves in, and these are presented with enthusiasm, wit, interest and with very little self-indulgence.



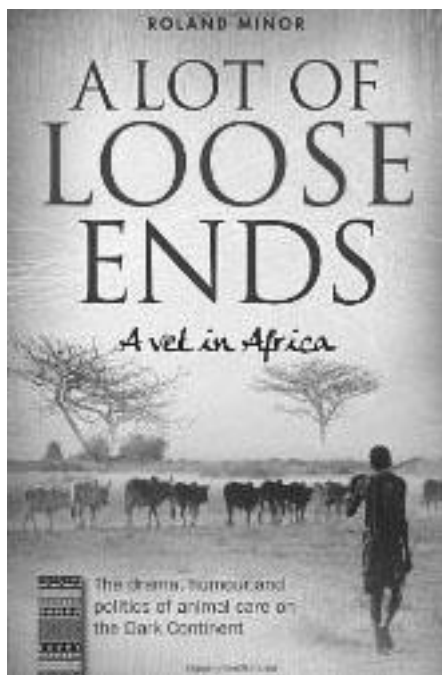
I have read many books on colonial service, and this is one to be recommended. It may not be remarkable but it is entertaining; a very good read, full of insights and vivid memories that will raise many a laugh, as it did for me.

The author has managed to write an eminently readable book. It is enjoyable and absorbing; a book to savour and difficult to put down. [OP 89, April 2005 pg 63]

[Published 2003 by Woodfield Publishing, Bognor Regis. ISBN 1 873203 94 2. ±£10]

A LOT OF LOOSE ENDS – A VET IN AFRICA by Roland Minor

[Reviewed by Old Africa staff]



‘A Lot of Loose Ends – A Vet in Africa’ is a memoir written by Roland Minor from Lamu. Having worked in Uganda, Ethiopia, Kenya, Nigeria, Southern Sudan and Botswana, primarily in the control and eradication of livestock diseases, the author has a large store of experiences to draw from. He begins at the beginning, his birth in Argentina as an unexpected identical twin born ten minutes after his brother. Roland’s father was not too pleased on finding he was the father of twins, and he left his wife to choose a name for the second son. She chose Raymond to please her father. But when Roland’s father arrived at the Registry Offices, he could only remember that the name started with R and wrote down Roland.

In a self-deprecating style that continues throughout the book, Roland says his father’s error over his name has been a benefit as he can blame his inability to remember names on a possible genetic disorder acquired from his father. At the age of twelve

Roland’s father took the family to an estancia, a cattle ranch managed by a distant relative. Roland was fascinated by the details of cattle breeding and knew from that day that he wanted to be a vet.

After boarding school in the UK and a University education at Cambridge, where he took the veterinary course, Roland qualified as a vet. But the cold wet weather of the British Isles in the winter discouraged Roland from staying in the UK. He considered returning to Argentina, but didn’t want to spend compulsory time in the military, so when an opportunity came to work in Uganda, Roland boarded a ship in 1963 and headed for Africa.

One of Roland’s early assignments was controlling cattle diseases in Karamoja district, a wild area of northeast Uganda. He gives a detailed account of the daunting task he faced in covering vast distances with a small but dedicated staff. Roland gives wonderful descriptions of the land and its people. He goes on from Uganda to Ethiopia and later starts a private practice in Mombasa, and plays an instrumental role in diagnosing and helping control Mombasa’s first outbreak of rabies.

Roland also worked for and observed first hand a number of veterinary projects run by large NGOs in Africa and his book contains hard-hitting criticisms on the practices and failures of some of those projects.

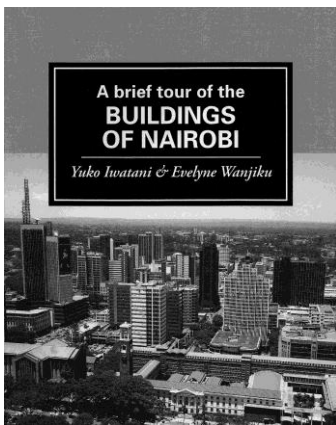
After Roland retired to a home he bought and restored in Lamu, his friend Barry Mitchell of Mombasa kept pressing him to write down his experiences. Roland did and then had the good fortune of having Cynthia Salvadori as a neighbour in Lamu. Cynthia read the manuscript as each chapter was finished and made comments and encouraged Roland to finish the project.

Now that we've had a chance to read Roland's completed book, we're glad he recorded his story. Roland's respect for Africa's pastoralist communities is evident throughout his book. In his preface he writes: "Life is precarious for many of the pastoralist and agropastoralist groups which live in the marginal, low-rainfall areas which cover a great part of the African continent...the prevention of animal diseases removes one hazard from their insecure lives."

This 368-page book was published by Memoirs, Cirencester, UK in January 2013, and can be ordered at online at www.memoirspublishing.com or Barnes and Noble, Amazon.co.uk, Waterstones, Amazon.com, WH Smiths, Google Books. Price ranges from £12.99 to £13.49. It's also available on Amazon as a kindle book at £4.64.

A BRIEF TOUR OF THE BUILDINGS OF NAIROBI

[Reviewed by Old Africa staff]



A Brief Tour of the Buildings of Nairobi by Yuko Iwatani and Evelyne Wanjiku invites us on a historical and architectural tour of Nairobi, from its beginning as a railway camp to the modern city with modern buildings piercing the African skyline.

Not many of us know the stories behind the buildings, monuments, parks and streets we walk past every day. Not many of us are aware they are historical artefacts representing the ideas of pioneers who created Nairobi. Indeed many continue to treat Nairobi with a sense of indifference. This has led to pulling down of several historical buildings and complacency in preserving the remaining ones.

A compilation of Nairobi's architectural history, it is for anyone interested in learning the history of Nairobi's architecture. It provides a great overview of the city's most prominent buildings, parks, streets and monuments, whose history spans from the British occupation to the modern era. It gives information on the architects and personalities behind Nairobi's buildings, the dates of construction as well as reasons for construction.

Yuko Iwatani has lived in many countries as a child and also with her husband. She has a love for architecture and enjoys visiting different cities and towns. She took architecture history courses at the University of Hawaii, and when her husband became the Japanese ambassador in Kenya, she met Evelyne Wanjiku who studied History at Kenyatta University. They realized their similar interest in the buildings of Nairobi. Evelyne initially helped Mrs. Iwatani to collect information on the buildings of Nairobi for a booklet for a charity tea. With encouragement from enthusiasts of Nairobi architecture, they both agreed to turn it into a small book that could be available to everyone.

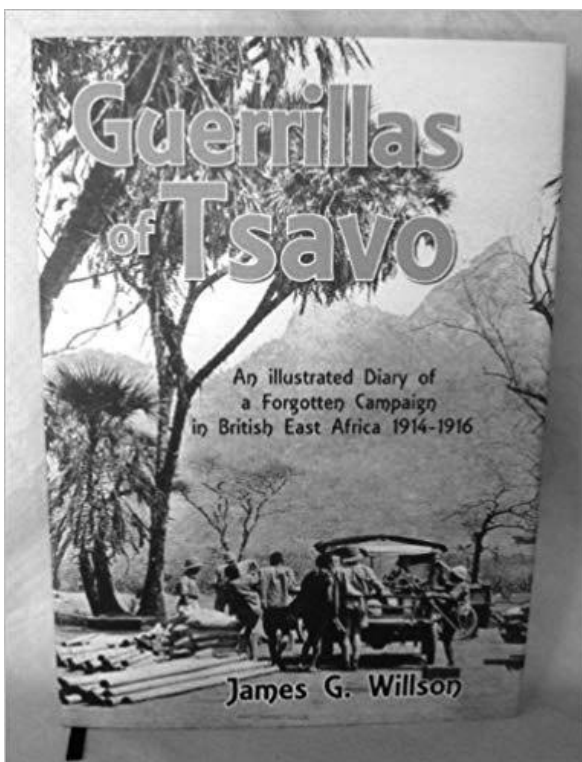
They were surprised at the eagerness of people to support this project: The Japanese photographer, Yasuyoshi Chiba of the 'Kenya Burning' fame, volunteered to take the photos used in the book and

Nerea De Aymerich volunteered to do the graphic design. A host of other Kenyans volunteered the information they had on Nairobi and endlessly supported the production of the book to the end.

The foreword is written by the late Professor Wangari Maathai, who was also greatly concerned with the architectural preservation of the city. The authors hope the book will spark an interest to protect and enhance city's architectural landmarks, which represent distinctive elements of Nairobi's historic, architectural, and cultural heritage and foster civic pride in architectural accomplishments of the past and present.

Available in bookshops around Nairobi and online at Amazon.com for \$19.95.

GUERRILLAS OF TSAVO by JAMES G. WILLSON



Germans Attack Taveta - World War I Starts in East Africa – 1914.

When Britain and Germany went to war on 4 August 1914, British East Africa and German East Africa, though far from Europe, became involved in the hostilities. Governor Belfield proclaimed martial law in British East Africa on 5 August 1914 at 10 am. British military planners in Nairobi had identified four possible access routes that could be used by German attackers – Lake Victoria lakeside route to Kisumu from Mwanza, the Indian Ocean coast to Mombasa, the Tsavo Valley to hit the railway and Voi, and the Longido-Kajiado route with Nairobi as the target.

Arrangements were now in hand, just eight days into the conflict, for volunteer units to patrol along the entire length of the Anglo-German frontier and sections of the railway line which were now under threat...

An immediate flashpoint was the border township of Taveta. The District Commissioner, Mr Hugh La Fontaine, was ordered to organise scouts to gather information about the enemy activity taking place across the border and to dispatch the information to his counterpart in Voi.

As instructed, one of the first things La Fontaine did was to dispatch his own trusted runner to reconnoitre and monitor activities in the nearby town of Moshi. The news came back that there was tremendous activity in progress, with many of the 400 or so German settlers called up from the district to Moshi Town Hall, where arms and ammunition were being distributed and the volunteers organized into troops. There were also signs of stockpiling of food supplies, with obvious preparation in progress for a military campaign.

Another runner dispatched this information to Mr CW Woodhouse at Bura, some 30 miles to the east of Taveta, for onward transmission to Voi. Woodhouse, an erstwhile assistant game warden, was now an intelligence officer attached to the KAR platoon at Bura. For the next few days, La Fontaine spent his time training and drilling his Taveta police force. He also organized a last-minute

evacuation from Taveta of non-essential personnel who were directed to head off to the east over the Tsavo Serengeti Plains across thirty miles of waterless country. This well-marked route was in use by traders on the ancient caravan and slave route through Bura to Voi. The main problem would be water and supplies; to overcome this La Fontaine placed several water dumps in strategic locations for the travellers to use on their way across. This proved to be prudent thinking and saved many lives...

The Moshi area commander of the *Schutztruppe* was now Hauptmann von Prince. He was a well-known, colourful character in German East Africa. Born a British subject with a German mother, he had settled near Moshi close to the border after serving for many years as a professional soldier in the German colony. Known locally as 'Sakarani,' a name derived from a Sudanese word meaning 'bad tempered,' he had been actively preparing for war.

He informed his commander-in-chief (Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck) that he now had 220 armed and mobile Europeans, 80 men from the local police gendarmerie under Hauptmann Lincke (later to be designated 19/FK) and 200 askaris ready for action. Lettow-Vorbeck sent back orders to take the offensive immediately and make a surprise attack to capture Taveta. Von Prince arranged a runner to take a letter across the border to La Fontaine, ordering him to evacuate the town and leave with his detachment of armed police by the following day. La Fontaine apparently never received the note.

That night a native spy was caught trying to infiltrate the lines by an alert guard in the British camp at Taveta, but he managed to escape before being fully interrogated; from remarks made it was apparent he was checking on the state of readiness in the station. La Fontaine concluded that an attack was now imminent.

14 August. In the early morning, a column of about 300 soldiers of the *Schutztruppe* crossed over the border and attacked the administration centre of Taveta. The German troops assembled for this 'invasion and occupation' of British territory were mostly local farmer volunteers and consisted of 1/FK, commanded by Oberleutnant Boell, assisted by Leutnant Korbling, and a mounted troop under the elderly Oberst von Bock, who headed the invading force.

Von Bock, a cavalry officer and keen equestrian, was long past retirement age and had been happily running his small farm in the nearby Rombo area. He would, therefore, have been very familiar with the layout of the Taveta Township and its environs, as were many of his cohorts. His experience and local knowledge were important to the German Scout commander, Hauptmann Steinhauser, who was responsible for keeping von Prince informed of the developments as they occurred.

The Germans advanced initially in close order, and from information received later, are believed to have intended sending forward, under a white flag of truce, a demand for the surrender of the police contingent, their first letter having apparently had no effect as the police were still in position. As they advanced deeper into British territory, the British police border detachment soon fired on them.

In the ensuing gunfight, the sergeant in charge of the police was killed before any flag was displayed and the Germans at once deployed in open order for the attack. As the invading force continued their advance through the village and came into La Fontaine's view, he fired one of the first opening shots in anger of the war in East Africa. Thereafter several volleys were fired towards the advancing invaders.

La Fontaine describes the situation: "*I went to bed fully dressed, putting what Government cash remained (all that had not been sent to Voi previously) in my cartridge bag on my dressing table.*"

“The police who were not guarding the tracks leading to the station and were now 12 in number had instructions, immediately the alarm was sounded to fall in around my house. At 3 am, I was awaked by the sound of the alarm on the bugle. Going outside I was informed by the sergeant of the police that the sentry had heard several shots from the direction of the frontier. Fifteen minutes later this was confirmed by a runner from the outpost that had two askari on guard; they had resisted the incursion as instructed...”

“At 5.30 we were all in our positions awaiting first light to see what this day would bring; I saw advancing in open order towards the Boma (referring to the administration compound) about 40 enemy troops; when they were about 200 yards away one German was seen on a mule on whom I levelled my rifle (.375 Webley and Scot sporting rifle) and fired the first shot; at the same time my police escort fired a volley at them too. Having done as we were ordered, we retired from the Boma in good order, and were over the rise before the Germans had recovered from their confusion. We then marched at the double 20 miles to Maktau, where the party that were on picket duty, who had retired earlier than we had, joined us. The following day the whole unit less the one sergeant killed reported at Voi”.

La Fontaine went on to become a scout with the East African Mounted Rifles and was later awarded the DSO (Distinguished Service Order) and MC (Military Cross) for his outstanding work in the Taita-Taveta area.



[LEFT: OX-WAGONS AT TAVETA RAILWAY STATION?]

Herr Freidrich Broecker, the Moshi forest officer, was shot off his mule in the Taveta gunfight by Hugh La Fontaine, the British District Commissioner in Taveta. Broecker died of his wounds the next day [15th August 1914], becoming the first German victim of the land campaign in East Africa. His grave is in the Commonwealth Graves Commission

cemetery in Taveta [Plot 8, Row A, Grave 9]. The enemy force accompanying him actually numbered about 200 askari.

Heralded as a great victory in the local German Press, the action was commemorated by the opening of the first post office in Taveta with its own postal ‘cancellation stamp.’ With a limited number of German East Africa stamps available in the country – they had not been received from the printers in Germany – it was common to use just the postmark to frank a letter. Stamps throughout the territory were in short supply but mail from German East Africa still found its way back to Germany through the Portuguese East African postal system as Portugal maintained its neutrality for several more months.

With Taveta lost and quite a substantial area of British territory occupied by the Germans, a King’s African Rifles (KAR) section was sent forward to set up an observation post on the hill feature known as Maktau.

[Ed: *This well researched book with superb photographs is a must, especially for readers with relatives who served with the East African Mounted Rifles during the German East African campaign. Contact James <james@guerillaoftsavo.com>*]

ASSOCIATION REUNIONS – 2019

THE KENREG RAFIKIS UK CURRY LUNCH 2019

[John Harman]

2019 saw a change in venue for the annual KenReg Rafikis UK Reunion curry lunch, after several years holding it at the Officers Mess, Royal Logistics Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. They say ‘a change is as good as a rest’, but in this case the new venue, The Victory Services Club, 63 Seymour Street, London, W2 2HF, appears to have pleased those who attended, which certainly allowed the organiser to rest a little easy!!

Feedback has stimulated the enthusiasm to keep the function alive – so a reservation has been made for next year at the same venue on Wednesday, 15th. July, 2020. Hopefully this will allow plenty of time for people to plan to attend.

The Victory Services Club certainly acquitted itself well by serving good curries and service in comfortable surroundings. The added benefit of offering accommodation, good restaurant and bar facilities, provides the opportunity for continuing conversations with *rafikis* and/or taking in a London show.

Every year seems to be special by the numbers still making it to the reunion, in some cases involving very long journeys. This year was no exception by virtue of welcoming several ex-KR colleagues from as far away as USA, South Africa, Kenya, France, Spain. Those from the UK made up the number attending to 65 and again, some travelling considerable distances which these days can be rather tedious. It is also encouraging to see several ‘new’ faces from the UK attending. This only goes to prove how strong friendships have prevailed - long may this continue, despite the passing of time which brings its own challenges.

May I extend my thanks to Eugene Armour for his help in getting the *barua* circulated, John Davis and Iain Morrison for their continued support... not forgetting all those who attend. We must not forget to mention our thanks to Graeme Morrison who keeps the website ticking over.

Apologies for this belated write-up. I would like to take this opportunity, joined by all the UK members, I am sure, of thanking you most sincerely, for your continuing hard work and dedication in keeping SITREP going, which also acts as a great medium for passing on details of the KRA function date, details etc.

Those in attendance: [Ed: *Unless otherwise indicated, members from UK*]. Charles Anderson [KR7482]; Mike [KR6508] & Jean Andrews; Gerald Angel [KR6066]; Eugene [KR4446] & Eileen Armour; Freda Bamford; Gill Bamford; John Bind [KR6875] (*Johannesburg*); Jean Boule [KR6193]; Derek Breed; Rod Bridle [KR7299]; Robin Crosher [KR6869]; Norman [KR4776] & Christine Cuthbert; John [KR7457] & Jan Davis; David de Bromhead [KR6687]; Graham Dowey [KR7301] (*France*); Petter [KR7128] & Lesley Finne (*Spain*); Pamela Francombe (w/o the late Ian [KR6812]); Richard [KRRC] & Jenny Frost; Peter Gerrard [KR6847]; Peter [KR4852] & Maggie Goodwin (*France*); Brigid Hamill (w/o the late Des [KR5878]); John [KR7227] & Carol Harman; Christine Hart; Marianne Heme; Brian [KPR] & Jennifer Jeffries; Dave Lichenstein; David Macadam [KR6567]; Val Male; Chris & Mitzi [daughter of the late Mervyn Cowie [KR399]] Marley; George McKnight [KR4246] (*Kenya*); Iain Morrison [KR6111]; Chris Noon [KR7278]; Doug & Sally Outram; Julian Pelissier [KR7220]; Anthony Perkins [KR7029]; Christopher Perkins; Don Rookan-Smith [KR4969] (*Florida*); Robert Rookan-Smith [KR7427] (*Cape Town*); Iain Ross; Gillian Ryan; Michael (son of the late Wally [KR1840] & Monika Schuster; Jack Simonian

[KR6054]; Jannette Spence (née Croxford, w/o the late Mac [KR4640] (*Jersey*)); John Tucker; Mike Tetley [KR4277]; John Thorne [KR6160]; Stephen Thornton [KR7537]; Tony Thornton; Annie Waddell; David Waugh [KR6204]; Ian Weaver; Brian [KR7285] & Anita Wood.

Apologies: Norman Adams [KR4254]; Mike & Anne Bates; Bev Chester (née Bigg, w/o the late David KR7093); Hugh [KR4786] & Valentine Clarke; John Clemence [KR6215]; James Colyer, Jimmy Cruickshank [KPR]; Sam Fripp [KR3722]; Neil Gordon [KR3951]; Carol [PSI] & Elizabeth Gurney; Tilman McRoberts [KR4799]; Pam Nightingale (née Pike, w/o the late Ray [KR1342]; Ann Schermbrucker (w/o the late Chris CCF); David Stanley [KR4810]; Hugh Stott [KR6866]; Joy Wakefield; Fred Wakeford [KR6767]; Mick Wenden [KR4999].



ABOVE: GENERAL VIEW OF THE DINING ROOM. IN THE FOREGROUND L/R: MIKE & JEAN ANDREWS, MIKE TETLEY (HEAD DOWN) AND GEORGE McKNIGHT



ABOVE: JOHN HARMAN, STEPHEN & TONY THORNTON



CHRISTINE CUTHBERT and CHRISTINE HART



ABOVE: MAGGIE & PETER GOODWIN



JACK SIMONIAN & BRIAN JEFFERIES

KRA (GAUTENG) - CURRY LUNCH – 27th MAY 2019

[Keith Elliot" <online2727004@telkomsa.net>]

Bruce, the last Sitrep was something else! Almost a history of the Regiment in 76 pages. The accounts of training at Lanet are quite horrendous compared with my experiences in Rhodesia, strange!

The following attended yet another outstanding luncheon at the German Club in Sandton: John Bind [KR6875]; Eric [KR6727] and Pam Bridge; Kathy Cromer-Wilson, (née McDonald); James [KR4848] and Val Daniel; Boet de Bruin [KR4296] and Lynette Koekemoer; Keith Elliot [KR4289]; Kosie [KR4292] and Eileen Kleynhans; Danie Steyn and daughter Louise (Danie is Chairman of the East African Friends in Pretoria); Diana van Rensburg (w/o of the late Boet [KR3586] and daughter Annette;



ABOVE: KOSIE KLEYNHANS; JAMES DANIEL, DANIE STEYN AND KEITH ELLIOT



ABOVE: PAM & ERIC BRIDGE



DIANA VAN RENSBURGH

KRA (WESTERN CAPE) – LUNCH - 11th JULY 2019

[Geoff Trollope KR6987]

This year's lunch was held at 'Sweetwell Farm' restaurant, Stellenbosch off the R44 to Somerset West. It is a popular venue and the service was really good, so much so, that all being well, same venue, same month in 2020.

Attending were: Roy Alison [KR7225], Felix Baddeley [KR4030] and daughter Claire; Shannon Charlton (sister of the late Tony [KR6964] who died in a hang-gliding accident in Rhodesia in the late '80s), Rose Jaffaray (w/o the late Ian KR6353); Barry & Jacky Powell; Denys [KR6542] & Gilly Roberts, Rob Rookan-Smith [KR7427]; Mike Smith [KR7084]; Geoff & Joy Trollope.



ABOVE: DENYS ROBERTS, SHANNON CHARLTON, ROSE JAFFARAY



ABOVE: GILLY ROBERTS, MIKE SMITH, BARRY POWELL



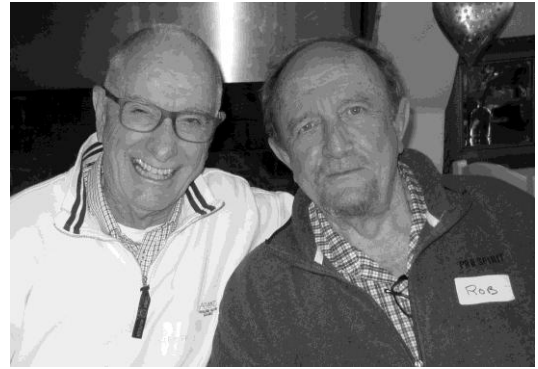
ABOVE: JACKY POWELL and ROY ALLISON



ABOVE: BARRY POWELL and FELIX BADDELEY



ABOVE: JOY TROLLOPE and CLAIRE BADDELEY



ABOVE: GEOFF TROLLOPE and ROB ROOKEN-SMITH

OLD YORKIST 70TH DINNER REUNION - TAUNTON 27TH JULY 2019

[Al May - Posted on OY website 28th September 2019]



Thanks to another huge effort by John Tucker and Ken Doig, the 70th dinner reunion of Old Yorkists was held at the Holiday Inn, Taunton on 27th July, followed by a golf competition the next day organised by Al May.

Some 190 Yorkists and their wives came from all over the world to attend what is likely to be the last event of its kind as age and infirmity erodes the numbers of that fraternity. Despite that, six of those present were 49ers, part of a unique cohort who had joined the school when it started in 1949 at Government House, Nairobi. [Ed: *The 49ers: Mike (Jake) Behr, Jim Cruickshanks, Peter Kenyon, Peter Long, Tilman McRoberts, Don Rookan-Smit.....unfortunately, no photo of the six.*]

Amongst those who arrived before formalities commenced was David Lichtenstein, resplendent in his *kikoi*, having travelled from his home in Sydney, Australia, via Kenya on safari, before going on to Europe the following week.

As we were all ushered into the dining room, we were entertained by a video of the Moipei Quartet singing a beautiful rendition of 'Country Roads' produced by Mike Andrews. It was a perfect start to a memorable evening. They were followed on three large screens by a rolling succession of old school photographs, featuring many of those present, including the 1952 School Boxing Team!

Following an excellent meal, as coffee was served, Ken Doig having gained the attention of an increasingly animated audience, kicked off the speeches with a very amusing presentation which was roundly applauded. He was followed by John O'Grady who spoke about the Optimum Kenya Trust, which raises funds to sponsor students and improve the infra-structure of Lenana School.

Al May then spoke briefly about the Golf Day and, finally, John Tucker eloquently thanked those who had helped organise the event and especially all those in attendance, from far and wide. Warwick Davis whose father, some may remember, taught woodwork at school, was also there, as was Maths teacher Ken Higson's son, Geoffrey.

Anita Murphy, granddaughter of the first deputy head, *Bulldog* Harris, then spoke of her father and his love of the school and her memories of Kenya. It was a most enjoyable occasion which, inevitably, was rounded off by a rendition of 'Suave Rosam' ably led by David de Bromhead and Simon Williamson, the only ones who could remember all the words! Attending were (in brackets House and duration at the Duke of York):

Addison, Tony (G/E 65/69)	Dhala, Karam (S 66/69)
Anderson, Charles & Jennifer (M 57/61)	Doenhoff, Mike & Judy (S 58/63)
Anderson, Euan & Anthea (S 50/55)	Doig, Ken & Carole (K 61/64)
Andrews, Mike & Jean (S 52/55)	Drysdale, Alasdair (S 59/64)
Armstrong, Peter & Marsha (S/T 52/56)	Drysdale, Euan (S 64/69)
Atkins, Robert & Patricia (D 55/59)	Evans, Haggis & Betty (K 52/56)
Atkinson, Ian (D 64/67)	Fawcus, Richard & Jane (D 55/60)
Atkinson, Mike (D 64/69)	Fitz-john, Brian & Irene (D/G 59/63)
Ballard, Russ & Pip (D 57/62)	Fowler, Brian (K 61/64)
Behr, Michael & Patricia (D 49/52)	Fowler, John (S 52/55)
Bell, Simon (E 64/67)	Garrood, David (J 67/69)
Bloomfield, Barrie & Pam (L 55/59)	Garrood, Paul & Stella Monks (J 63/69)
Bowers, Chris (L 55/60)	Garsia, Richard (E 65/70)
Bradshaw, Rob & Maura (L 57/62)	Gaymer, Nigel & Liz (L 57/62)
Brent, Brian (S/T 53/58)	Gerrard, Peter (M 53/58)
Brent, Mervyn (T 56/59)	Goodwin, Peter & Maggie (K 50/55)
Bridle, Rodney & Wendy (K 55/60)	Grandcourt, Ken & Liz (K 57/60)
Brooks, Colin (T 54/60)	Hamill, Brigid
Brooksbank, Brandon & Penny (M 56/62)	Harman, John & Carol (K 54/58)
Burleigh, Rick & Kerry (G 58/61)	Harrington, Michael (K 56/60)
Callow, Chris (D 54/59)	Haym, Paul (E 57/62)
Carey, Chris (M 51/56)	Higson, Geoffrey (51/69)
Carter, John & Susan (L 57/60)	Humphrey, David (E 66/70)
Chester, Beverley	Jiwa, Nasru (D 66/71)
Chubb, Gordon & Annie (M 57/62)	Johansson, Christer & Sally (T 60/64)
Clark, Tim (S 58/63)	Johnson, Mike & Carol (D 55/60)
Conlon, Carl & Jan (T 60/66)	Johnston, Stuart & Margie (L 61/62)
Crosher, John (K 54/60)	Keates, Carey (D 61/64)
Crosher, Robin (K 52/58)	Kenyon, Peter & Bridget (L 49/52)
Cruickshank, Jimmy & Diana (M 49)	Kinghorn, Hamish (G 64/67)
Daniels, Grant & Elly (S 59/63)	Kinnell, Peter (T 58/61)
Davis, Warwick (E 60/64)	Knight, Michael (E 60/64)
Day, Nigel (E 61/66)	Knight, Olly & Anne (M 51/56)
De Boer, Jan & Irma Lit (L 62/65)	Koch (was Nolde), James (S 50/55)
De Bromhead, David (M 53/57)	Laljee, Firoz (M 66/68)

Laljee, Mustapha (M 64/70)
 Lalji, Zauher (K 68/72)
 Lea, Jerry & Diana (E/S 61/66)
 Lea, Russell (S 64/70)
 Lichtenstein, Dave (D 57/60)
 Llewellyn-Jones, Mark (T 964/68)
 Lock, Geoff (L 55/60)
 Long, Peter (D 49/54)
 Macpherson, Duncan & Maggie (K 66/70)
 Manji, Hadi (M 68/72)
 Manji, Mahmoud (M 64/70)
 Maxwell, Gavin (J 66/69)
 May, Alan & Maureen (K 56/61)
 McRoberts, Tilman (K 49/54)
 Metcalfe, Shaun (S/G 58/63)
 Milbank, Mark & Nikki (L 50/55)
 Moineaux (Sparrow), Richard (D/T 51/57)
 Monkhouse, Keith & Clare (M 51/56)
 Moore, David (T 60/65)
 Morison, Neil & Jane (K 53/58)
 Murphy, Anita
 Nicholson, Ralph (M 56/62)
 O'Grady, John & Rita (K/G 57/62)
 Olive, John (Ted) (D 57/62)
 Paget-Wilkes, Giles (M 60/64)
 Paterson, Peter (E 58/62)
 Pelling, Geoffrey (G 63/67)
 Porter, Ben & Diana (L/T 52/57)
 Proctor, John (D 53/57)
 Rahim, Naid (G 66/71)
 Ramsden, Graham (E 65/70)
 Robson, Mike (D 62/65)
 Rooker-Smith, Don (K 49/53)
 Rooker-Smith, Rob (K 58/61)
 Roselli-Cecconi, Nick (K 62/68)
 Rosenkranz, Peter & Susan (K 54/57)
 Ross, Iain (K 50/55)
 Saunders, Anthony & Mary (M/J 57/62)
 Smyth, Kerry (T 55/59)
 Steeden, Roger & Renee (T 60/63)
 Streatfeild, George (L 58/61)
 Tanner-Tremaine, Chris (S 57/61)
 Tanner-Tremaine, Paul & Janet (S 60/63)
 Tucker, John (S/T 53/57)
 Twohey, Anthony (K 54/57)
 Vaincourt-Strallen, Nicholas & Heather
 (D 57/60)
 Vaincourt-Strallen, Anthony & Caroline
 (D 58/60)
 Vaughan, Mike & Lesley (S 62/68)
 Von Kaufmann, Mike (J/TM 65/71)
 Von Lany, Peter & Hirut (M 63/69)

Williamson, S (L 57/61)
 Willis, Fiona & Lester Wilson
 Wilson, Keith & Diana (D 55/59)
 Wilson, Michael (D 57/62)
 Whyte, Adrian (E 61/64)

Notes: Houses: D-Delamare; E-Eliot; G-Grogan;
 J-James; K-Kirk; L-Lugard; M-Mitchell; S-Speke;
 T-Thomson; TM-Tom Mboya.

Brigid Hamill is Robin Lloyd's twin sister; Rob
 was in Speke (1953/57). Bev Chester is the widow
 of David (K/T 55/59). Fiona Willis is the widow
 of Doug Willis who was in Eliot (64/69); Lester
 Wilson is her partner.

Below: Organisers John Tucker and Ken Doig





ABOVE: 49ERS JIM CRUICKSHANKS & MIKE BEHR and PHOTOGRAPHER PAUL, & JANET TANNER-TREMAINE

Ed: *Unfortunately, I received the lists of 'names to photos' too late for this edition, but will include more photos in SITREP LV.]*

KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS ASSOCIATION DELHI DAY REUNION LUNCH

[John Davis]

Only three of us attended the King's Royal Rifle Corps Association Delhi Day reunion lunch at the Victory Services Club, London on Saturday 14 September 2019. It was another excellent function where we were joined on our table by former members of the KRRC. It is hoped that a few more Kenya Regiment folk who are members of the Association will attend next year.



L/R: JOHN BOULLE [KR6193], JOHN DAVIS [KR7457] AND GERALD ANGEL [KR6066]

OUT WITH THE OLD



ABOVE: DERAILED BY THE MAU MAU. [Photo Kevin Patience]

**

IN WITH THE NEW



[ABOVE: THE PRESIDENT AT THE NAIROBI TERMINUS FLAGS OFF A NAIVASHA-BOUND TRAIN – OCT 2019]

Kenya is the beneficiary of the 485km Standard Gauge Railway (SGR), the largest infrastructure project undertaken since Independence, that shortens the journey time to Nairobi to just five hours.

Opened on 1st June 2017, the ‘Madaraka Express’ passenger service is clean, tidy, runs on time and there are apparently enough security and other checks for it to be considered safe. A masterpiece of engineering, built by the Chinese contractor eighteen months ahead of schedule in just three years, sweeping across 98 bridges and through nine passenger stations, each one built according to a wacky theme: Miasenyi the stripes of a zebra, Emali the closed fist of unity, and so on. [Ed: *Madaraka* - Swahili word for ‘Freedom/Independence’. The nine passenger stations are: Mombasa; Mariakani; Miasenyi; Voi; Mtito Andei; Kibwezi; Emali; Athi River; Nairobi]

Of the 2,500 staff, 89% are now Kenyan, though key jobs including most station masters and drivers remain Chinese. Four passenger trains flow to and fro on the Mombasa to Nairobi line daily.



In theory, the upgrading of the railway to SGR, which no longer blends in with the country-side [ABOVE], seemed a good idea. The narrow (Cape) gauge colonial-era Rift Valley Railway (RVR), known as the ‘Lunatic Express’, had deteriorated as a result of a complete absence of post-independence funding and thus maintenance, and an ill-conceived privatisation process. Annual rail freight from Mombasa port had fallen from 4.8million to 1.5million tonnes as RVR's shareholders fought with the elements, the failing century-old inheritance and with each other.

In practice, however, there have been problems with this new infrastructure. Foremost has been the shattering short-term effect of the SGR on business in Mombasa itself. Governor Joho says the SGR has in this regard brought ‘disruption’ to the economy and not all of it good for his constituents. The SGR model hinges less on the four passenger trains a day than the 30 carrying freight. This required not only doubling Mombasa's annual throughput from the 2012 figure to 32million tonnes, but increasing the percentage of rail freight to 50% of the total.

With the opening of a new berth in 2013, also built by China, adding another 200,000 containers to its capacity, Mombasa looks set to achieve record traffic flows in 2019. But getting them on to rail and off the road has involved heavy government intervention, mixing incentives on price with punitive measures. In March 2018, just three months after the commencement of freight services, the government forced, without any legal structure to do so, all container traffic off the roads and on to rail, until December that year, encouraged by a discounted tariff.

The rail carried 1.7million passengers and 5million tonnes of freight in 2018. The blanket ban on trucks has taken away nearly all the transport business from the Container Freight Services (CFS) depots that were set up in Mombasa in 2005 to reduce port congestion, by allowing containers to move to holding facilities outside the port where they were cleared by customs prior to forwarding up the road to Nairobi. [Ed: *Trucks back on the road!*]

The absence of industry to soak up the numbers of unemployed can be seen in the import versus export figures. While some 1,600 containers arrive in Mombasa each day, of which 400 are in

transit for regions outside Kenya, exports account for just 100. [Ed: *A container depot has recently been opened near the new Maai Mahiu station; located below the escarpment, off the old Narok road, the terminus is for containers between Uganda, Rwanda, Burundi, S Sudan, DRC et al.*]

Apparently, Ethiopia built a similar length of higher specification railway at much less cost, as has Tanzania. The Kenya line was one-third more expensive than the Ethiopian government paid the Chinese for a 50% longer, electric railway from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, rather than the less-expensive diesel-engine option. Since Kenya's SGR was a government-to-government loan deal, funded 90% by the Chinese government, it could be wrapped with project financing and a constructor and delivered quickly with no public tender and little scrutiny.

In 1903, Britain's colonial administrator, Sir Charles Norton Edgecumbe Eliot, boldly stated of the 'Lunatic Express', that "it is not uncommon for a country to create a railway, but it is uncommon for a railway to create a country."

GENERAL SIR NICHOLAS PATRICK CARTER, GCB, CBE, DSO, ADC

(Wikipedia)

Born in Nairobi, Kenya on 11th February 1959, the son of Gerald and Elspeth Carter, Nicholas Carter was educated at Winchester College and the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, nr Camberly, Berksire. He was commissioned on 8th April 1978. In 1998, he was appointed CO 2nd Royal Green Jackets in which role he was deployed to Bosnia in 1998, and Kosovo in 1999. After service in Afghanistan he took over command of 20th Armoured Brigade in 2004 and commanded British Forces in Basra (Iraq).



He was subsequently appointed GOC 6th Division which was deployed to Afghanistan, with Carter as Commander International Security Assistance Force (ISAF) Regional Command South, before becoming Director-General Land Warfare. After which he became Deputy Commander Land Forces and was the main architect of the Army 2020 concept. Following a tour as Deputy Commander ISAF, he assumed the position of Commander Land Forces in November 2013.

In September 2014, he became head of the British Army as Chief of the General Staff. In 2018, he was appointed Chief of the Defence Staff.

[Ed: *Finally, the last KRA Membership Directory (2018), distributed to all subscribers in South Africa and copied to sister associations, is hopelessly out of date. Before re-printing I would appreciate input from readers and am quite happy to e-mail .pdf copies to anyone who will assist me in an update.*

To all our readers 'a Merry Festive Season'; please remember to toast 'Absent Friends', and spare a thought for our comrades-in-arms and their families beset by raging fires, floods and drought.]