DIARY OF EVENTS: 2017

AUSTRALIA
Gold Coast: Sunday Curry Lunch, Krish Indian Restaurant, Robina 23/07
Brisbane: Sunday Curry Lunch, Tandoori Mahal, Forest Lake 19/11
Sunshine Coast: Venue to be advised 19/03
Contact: Alastair Napier Bax. Tel: 07-3372 7278 <al_bax@bigpond.com>

Perth: Bayswater Hotel 17/02
Contact: Aylwin Halligan-Jolly <kisugulu@hotmail.com>

EA Schools: Picnic, Lane Cove River National Park, Sydney 28/10
Contact: Dave Lichtenstein. 041-259 9939 <lichtend@ozemail.com.au>

ENGLAND
Officers’ Mess, Royal Logistic Corps, Deepcut, Surrey. Curry lunch Wed 19/07 (TBC)
Contact: John Harman <J_Harman@msn.com> Tel: (0044) 1635 551182.
Mob: 078-032 81357. 47 Enborne Road, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6AG

KENYA
Nairobi Clubhouse: Remembrance Sunday and Curry Lunch 12/11
Contact: Dennis Leete <dleeete2@gmail.com>

NEW ZEALAND
Auckland: Dar Bar Indian Restaurant, Bucklands Beach, Auckland 09/04
Contact: Mike Innes-Walker <minnes-walker@xtra.co.nz>

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

Johannesburg: Sunday Curry lunch, German Club, Paulshof (Joburg) 26/02, 28/05, 22/10
Contact: Keith Elliot. Tel: 011-802 6054 <kje@telkomza.net>

KwaZulu-Natal: Sunday Carvers: Fern Hill Hotel, nr Midmar Dam 19/03, 18/06, 17/09, 19/11
Contact: Jenny/Bruce Rookien-Smith. Tel: 033-330 4012 <rookenjb@mweb.co.za>

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Editor: Bruce Rookien-Smith, Box 48 Merrivale, 3291, RSA. [My thanks to members who continue to send in articles, and to my Jenny for a cursory proofread; time, unfortunately, is against us.]

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

Front cover: Full Moon over Watamu? – November 2016 (Photo submitted by Iain Morrison)

Back cover: Yamanyani – Nov 1958. Taken from close to the entrance to Manyani Detention Camp, about six miles south of Tsavo on the road to Voi. (Photo by Bill Jackson)

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

This letter was allegedly written at the turn of the 20th century by the local station master asking for compassionate leave. This historical account appeared in Major Foran’s book “A Cuckoo in Kenya”:–

To The Traffic Manager
Station Master’s Office
Uganda Railway
Londiani
Nairobi
April 4th 1905

Most Honoured and Respected Sir

I have the honour to humbly and urgently require your Honour’s permission to relieve me of my onerous duties at Londiani, so as to enable me to visit the land of my nativity, to wit India forsooth.

This in order that I may take unto wife a damsel of many charms who has long been cherished in the heart-beats of my soul. She is of superfluous beauty and enamoured of the thought of becoming my wife. Said beauteous damsel has long been goal of my manly breast and now I am fearful of other miscreant deposing me from her lofty affections. Delay in consummation may be ruination most damnable to romance of both damsel and your humble servant.

Therefore, I pray your Honour, allow me to hasten India and contract marriage forthwith with said beauteous damsel. This being done happily, I will return to Londiani to resume my fruitful official duties and perform also my natural, matrimonial functions. It is dead loneliness here without this charmer to solace my empty heart.

If your Honour will so far rejoice my soul to this extent, and also as goes equally without saying that of said wife-to-, I shall ever pray, as in duty bound, for your Honour’s lifelong prosperity, everlasting happiness, the promotion of most startling rapidity, and without the fatherhood of many God-like and lusty children to gambol and playfully about your Honour’s paternal knees to heart’s contentment.

If, however, for reasons of State or other extreme urgency, the Presence cannot suitably comply with terms of this humble petition, then I pray your most excellent Superiority to grant me the benign favour for Jesus Christ’s sake, a gentleman whom your Honour very much resembles.

I have the honour, to be Sir,

Your Honour’s most humble and dutiful servant, but terribly lovesick mortal withal.

(sg) Gokal Chand

(B.A. (failed by God’s misfortune) Bombay University and now Station Manager, Londiani).

[Ed: My grandmother, Daisy Griffin (née Aggett) gave my mother a file containing other such amusing letters. A visiting officer from the Lancashire Fusiliers, then based at the Ol Kalou Club at the start of the Emergency, borrowed the letters; sadly, he forgot to return them! So, if you have any such gems (not the officer), please share them with those who read mini-SITREP.]
EDITORIAL

Of late, readers will have noticed articles in m-S now cover a multitude of subjects, a few totally unrelated to the Regiment, but each with an East African context. The main reason for this change is that I rely mainly on readers supplying me with material which is becoming increasingly hard to come by. That said, many are tired of war stories from the Emergency, but still keen to read about WW incidents and post-emergency articles about life away from East Africa. Some criticise the inclusion of so many eulogies, but I consider each to be a brief account of an individual’s life and therefore of historical interest.

Many of our ‘younger’ readers did not complete national service training but did wear the Buffalo in the CCF, and I would like to think that this military ‘service’ resulted in a number of school leavers opting to serve in one of Britain’s armed services. Kenya, as we knew it, existed for less than 70 years pre-independence and in that relatively brief period our Kenya schools produced some exceptional achievers. In the next few editions of m-S I will include brief pen-pictures of their careers and as m-S is primarily a Kenya Regiment-orientated magazine, I will start with military achievers.

I’m sure the Prince of Wales School and St. Mary’s which produced the bulk of the national servicemen during the Emergency, had some great achievers but my approaches to the two webmasters for more detail, were in vain. So, for the time being I’m concentrating on the Duke of York School, using extracts from John Tucker’s very impressive Old Yorkist half-centenary magazine, published in 1999. In his Foreword, John pays tribute to our webmaster, Andrew Hillier whence most of the data came. Much has occurred since 1999, so will check the internet and also request individuals to update their details.

Many of us knew or may have heard of General Sir Roly Guy GCB, DSO, MBE and Major General Peter Welsh CBE, MC, both commissioned into the King’s Royal Rifle Corps (KRRC) and past adjutants of the Regiment in the 50s.

But how many of us know of Kenya-born (Nairobi) and schooled (Duke of York), General Sir Jeremy MacKenzie GCB, OBE, DL, who was commissioned from Sandhurst in 1961 and commanded at every level, and in many of the most prestigious posts in the British Military, including GOC 1st British Corps (1991), forming and commanding the Allied Command Europe Rapid Reaction Corps (1992), and culminating with his appointment as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Europe (1994), where he served three different SACEUR combatant commanders.

Or, other Old Yorkists - the Dunt brothers, John and Peter, who retired as Vice Admirals; Chris Callow (RAMC) and Mike Wilson (RE) who retired as Major Generals, and Keith Monkhouse (RAF) who retired as an Air Commodore; Kenya-born Chris Deverrell, educated in UK, is now General Sir Christopher Deverrell KCB, MBE, ADC, and currently Commander Joint Forces Command.

I will continue to edit mini-SITREP biannually and the Membership Directory biennially for the foreseeable future, and would appreciate articles from readers, not only about their days in East Africa but also their lives in their adopted countries

I would like to take this opportunity to wish you, your family and friends a happy festive season and a great 2017, for, whether we like it or not, with the unexpected Brexit and US election results, it is going to be an interesting year!

Bruce Rookoen-Smith – 11th November 2016
THE ‘TWO MINUTES’ SILENCE

I wonder whether readers realise that the ‘two minutes silence’ and its association to Armistice Day Remembrance (or 11/11), has a South African origin?

This is why South Africans should stand proud of what they have given the world “and on Remembrance Sunday and on Armistice day in November - when the Western world stands silent in remembrance for two minutes”, remember also that the entire ceremony has South African roots.

At 05.30 in the morning of 11 November 1918, the Germans signed the Armistice Agreement, also known as the Armistice of Compiègne, in a railway carriage in a remote siding in the heart of the Forest of Compiègne, 60 km north of Paris. Soon wires were humming with the message:

‘Hostilities will cease at 11.00 today, November 11th. Troops will stand fast on the line reached at that hour.’

Thus, at 11.00 on 11 November 1918 the guns on the Western Front in France and Flanders fell silent after more than four years of continuous warfare, warfare that had witnessed the most horrific casualties. World War One (then known as the Great War) had ended.

The time and date attained an important significance in post-war years and the moment that hostilities ceased became universally associated with the remembrance of those that died in that, and subsequent wars and conflicts. The ‘Two Minutes’ silence to remember all who paid the supreme sacrifice was a result of this expression, and it all began in Cape Town, South Africa.

When the first casualty lists recording the horrific loss of life in the Battles of the Somme were announced in Cape Town, Mr J.A. Eagar, a Cape Town businessman, suggested that the congregation of the church he attended, observe a special silent pause to remember those in the South African casualty list. It was the church also attended by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. In May 1918, the Mayor of Cape Town, Councillor H. Hands (later Sir Harry Hands), at the suggestion made by Mr. R.R. Brydon, a city councillor, in a letter to the Cape Times, initiated a period of silence to remember the events unfolding on the battlefields of Europe and the sacrifices being made there. Mr. Brydon’s son, Major Walter Brydon, three times wounded and once gassed, was killed on 12 April 1918.

The pause would follow the firing of the Noon Gun, the most audible signal with which to co-ordinate the event across the city of Cape Town. The boom of the gun for the midday pause of three minutes for the first time on 14 May 1918, became the signal for all activity in the Mother City to come to a halt. Everything came to a dead stop while everyone bowed their heads in silent prayer for those in the trenches in Flanders.

As soon as the city fell silent, a trumpeter on the balcony of the Fletcher and Cartwright's Building on the corner of Adderley and Darling Streets, sounded the Last Post, the melancholy strains of which reverberated through the city. Reveille was played at the end of the midday pause.

Articles in the newspapers described how trams, taxis and private vehicles stopped, pedestrians came to a halt and most men bared their heads. People stopped what they were doing at their places of work and sat or stood silently. The result of the Mayor’s appeal exceeded all expectations. One journalist described a young woman dressed in black, who came to a halt on the pavement and furtively dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. ‘One could not but wonder what personal interest she had in the act of remembrance’, he wrote.
A few days later, Sir Harry, whose son, Captain Richard Hands, a member of Brydon’s Battery, had been mortally wounded in the same battle in which Major Brydon had been killed, decided to shorten the duration of the pause to two minutes, in order to better retain its hold on the people.

In terms of the meaning of ‘two minutes’ it was also argued that the first minute is for ‘thanksgiving for those that survived’, and the second is to ‘remember the fallen’.

The midday pause continued daily in Cape Town and was last observed on 17 January 1919, but was revived in Cape Town during the Second World War. It had, however, become a pause throughout the British Commonwealth from 11 November 1919.

Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, author of the book ‘Jock of the Bushveld’, had been impressed by the period of silence kept in his local church after the horrific loss of life at Delville Wood became known and the casualty lists read out. He had a personal interest in the daily remembrance as his son, Major Nugent Fitzpatrick, battery commander of 71st Siege Battery, was killed on 14 December 1917 by a chance shell fired at long range. Sir Percy was understandably deeply affected by the loss of his favourite son and was also so moved by the dignity and effectiveness of the two minute pause in Cape Town, that the date and time of the Armistice inspired him to an annual commemoration on an Imperial basis.

On 27 October 1919, a suggestion from Fitzpatrick for a moment of silence to be observed annually on 11 November, in honour of the dead of World War I, was forwarded to George V, then King of the United Kingdom, who on 7 November 1919, proclaimed "that at the hour when the Armistice came into force, the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, there may be for the brief space of two minutes, a complete suspension of all our normal activities, so that in perfect stillness, the thoughts of everyone may be concentrated on reverent remembrance of the glorious dead."

11 November was the date in 1918 that the formal end of combat occurred to end WWI. Fitzpatrick was thanked for his suggestion of the two minute silence by Lord Stamfordham, the King’s Private Secretary who wrote:

Dear Sir Percy,

The King, who learns that you are shortly to leave for South Africa, desires me to assure you that he ever gratefully remembers that the idea of the Two Minute Pause on Armistice Day was due to your initiation, a suggestion readily adopted and carried out with heartfelt sympathy throughout the Empire.

Signed Stamfordham

[Ed: This article was written for the South African Legion, by Peter Dickens, and sent to me by Stewart Laird Henderson MMM, JCD, an associate member of KRA East Africa.]


Incidentally, it was in the same carriage that Hitler, Goering et al demanded and received the surrender armistice from France on 22nd June 1940. A week later the carriage was removed to Germany; it was destroyed by the SS in March 1945, as allied troops approached Berlin.
Adrian Walsh [son of Sheila and the late Nigel KR3836]: I have just read Kevin Patience’s article about armoured Rolls Royce's used in the East African campaign in the 1st World War [Ed: m-S XLVII pp65-68] and thought you might be interested to know that as a schoolboy at Manor House (Kitale) from 1962-4, I have vivid memories of the old man who arrived in a 1st World War vintage Rolls to invigilate exams, and would keep us enthralled with his stories of driving the car into battle against the Germans with machine guns lying on the running boards; I even remember that the bodywork still bore the scars of battles.

You might also be interested to hear that I am currently transcribing grandfather's diary of 1918, first describing the three month sea journey from Southampton to Zanzibar, eventually spending months outside Nairobi training KAR troops in the use of Lewis Guns, before being sent to catch up with Von Lettow, arriving in time to see the surrender! Once I have finished the transcript, would you be interested in reading it? [Ed: I advised Adrian that I would like a copy because, courtesy of Richard Corkran, I now have the original ‘Memories of the War in East Africa’ by Swedish Baron Eric von Otter MC, Captain 3KAR; he was with the East African Mounted Rifles from 1914-15, and I would like to cross reference with grandfather Walsh’s diaries. Unfortunately, only one third of Capt von Otter’s memoirs has been translated; hopefully, I will locate a translator fairly soon!]

Ed: I forwarded Adrian’s letter to John Pembridge for comment. He replied: Unfortunately I have no knowledge of anybody from the Kitale area with a WWI Rolls. I seem to remember that Manor House was started by the ex-head master of Kaptagat, was his name Richardson?

While at Pembroke House in the early fifties, our school bus was a 1913 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost which was rumoured to have been used as an armoured car in WWI but I think in the Middle East, not GEA. The story goes that it was decommissioned in about 1927 and a 'shooting brake' body built prior to being shipped out to Kenya for use by the Prince of Wales. Jitze Couperus did a lot of research and fairly convincingly disproved this story by comparing photos of the two vehicles, so the mystery remains as to the real history of the Pembroke Rolls.

The only other Kenya Rolls that I know of is one found in a shed on a farm at Elburgon and purchased by Charles Bush. He stripped it and shipped it to Australia when he left, and now retired has restored it. The coach work was rotten so he shipped the chassis, engine etc. It was a 1928 Rolls Phantom and five or six years ago he and wife Di drove it from Perth to Canberra (2,310 miles or 3,719km) for a pre-WW2 Rolls club meet, where there were some 400 Rolls Royces.

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David Duncan [KR6813] <davidrita.duncan@btinternet.com> enquires: I'm hoping you may be able to help us. Peter Russell [KR6782] and I would like trace a friend - Colin Tucker [KR6795] - who we believe lives in Queensland. Peter and I both live in UK; the three of us worked for EAR&H back in 1958. [Ed: Neither Ian Parker nor I could assist; if you know the whereabouts of Colin, please advise David.]

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Tony Bond <ynot99@iafrica.com> [10/07/2016]: In SITREP XLVII – pp35-36, there is a tribute to Geoffrey Etherinton by his daughter Fey Cottar. In 1947, I was working for J.F. Lipscomb on the farm Mtrakwa on the South Kinangop, not far from John Etherinton's farm Ndiara, and was invited
to a ball at the farm. It was a formal affair, black tie and tails, and dance cards! My father, then in Uganda, sent me his 'tails' for the occasion.

I think the ball was a celebration for John’s daughter having been presented at Buckingham Palace to the Queen. I can remember being very conscious of my two left feet that night!

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Hugh Stott [KR6866] <HughStott@btinternet.com>: I thoroughly enjoy reading the excellent mini-SITREPS. Thank you for doing such a great job in keeping us all up to date with what is going on.

I was extremely interested in the 156 Battery article [m-S XLVIII pp 49-52], as I returned to Kenya in October 1966, with a group of other Royal Artillery personnel, to set up 1 Battery Kenya Army Artillery in Gilgil Camp [Ed: see Hugh’s article pp33-38], where I found another old Kenya friend Simon Combes [KR6826], then Commanding the Parachute Company. We had been on the same course (KMTC 12 – 19/01-27/06/1959) and in the same Squad (3) at Lanet, and were together at Sandhurst. I last saw him in the Café Royale in London before he returned to Kenya, where sadly he was to die.

However, that is not why I write to you. I was also amazed to see an article submitted by Kevin Patience on the Handley Page H.P.42 [m-S XLVIII pp 52-59].

Since retirement I have been researching and writing up our family history. As part of that exercise I discovered that my grandfather [Ed: Lieut. Colonel (later Col) H. Stott, OBE, OStJ, MD, FRCP, DPH, Indian Medical Services] had been a passenger in an (HP 42E) - the ‘Horsa’, which forced landed in the desert North of Bahrein in August 1932. I believe the problem was as a result of a decision taken to fly overnight as the plane had been delayed by the Imperial Airways seaplane Scipio crashing in the Mediterranean Sea.

A combination of errors in navigation and radio failure was responsible for the ‘Horsa’ running out of fuel and landing somewhere in the desert. There was no suggestion of mechanical or pilot error. I attach a newspaper article on the incident and a couple of photographs of the ‘Horsa’ in the desert.

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TWO DAYS IN DESERT

Statesman – Thursday 3 September 1936

PASSENGERS' PLIGHT

TIMELY RESCUE BY R.A.F. PLANE

KARACHI, Sept. 1.

A GRAPHIC story of the forced descent of the Imperial Airways' liner ‘Horsa’ in a desert tract south of Bahrein and of the passengers' discomfort and lucky escape from privation was related to the Associated Press by one of the passengers today. The airliner carried eight passengers and they presented a dishevelled appearance.
The passengers said that the plane drifted 140 miles south of Bahrein and 40 to 50 miles inland, petrol was running out fast and the night was dark. It was a race against time on one hand and fuel on the other, ultimately, the pilot landed in a desert area at 04.30 in the morning.

UNDERCARRIAGE DAMAGED

The landing was perfect but while taxiing the plane fouled a hillock and the undercarriage was slightly damaged [BELOW].

The passengers realised they were marooned at some out-of-the-way spot devoid of almost all vegetation. They decided to conserve provisions on the supposition of having to stay there for four days. They allotted themselves one and a half glassfuls of water twice daily and a few biscuits per head. There was a little water, some bottles of mineral water, a piece of ice and a dash of whisky.

From nine in the morning till five in the evening the sun was unbearably hot and the passengers spent the day under the wings of the plane. They also tried to repair the wireless equipment, but the belt drive they contrived was unsatisfactory so that they could transmit only at short intervals and the signals were so weak that evidently they were not picked up by anyone.

When the plane landed, an SOS was transmitted and may have been picked up by Sharjah station which presumably gave the R.A.F. their approximate bearing! The pilot collapsed due to exhaustion and overwork, but Lieut. Colonel H. Stott, I.M.S., who was a passenger, rendered him first aid. A little later the second officer fainted and was also given complete rest, which was the only thing that could be done.

SCORPION DANGER

The night was pleasantly cool and the passengers spread out mackintoshes, air-cushions etc, but no one had any idea of sleep. Someone noticed scorpions on the sand and one was killed.

There was a heavy fall of dew early the next morning but the water turned out to be brackish. “Our apprehensions” said the passengers “were whether we would be located sufficiently quickly for us to revive, for if we had been discovered the same evening, instead of at noon, most of us would have collapsed and some perhaps died.” If the relief plane had not arrived at 1 o'clock they wondered if they could have walked across the desert to the plane.
Narain Jashanmal, the ninth passenger from Basra, shared their troubles, but landed at Bahrein. By an extraordinary stroke of luck two ladies with two babies landed at Basra.

All the passengers joined in a tribute to the R.A.F.’s timely assistance. The passengers stressed the fact that if the plane had not landed safely or if somebody had been injured while landing they could not have had the energy to withstand the trials they had been exposed to.

Salwawas is a desolate desert region devoid of vegetation, water, or life, where the passengers were marooned for 34 hour before the R.A.F. plane spotted them and brought them rations.

**TERrible Experience**

‘It was a terrible experience and I hope no aeroplane ever again misses an aerodrome’ declared a passenger of the ‘Horsa’ when interviewed by the Statesman on his arrival at Delhi on Wednesday.

‘The plane drifted 140 miles south of Bahrein’ he said, ‘and it was a race between time and fuel. Ultimately the pilot landed at 4-30 in the morning and while taxiing the plane its under-carriage was slightly damaged.’

With twenty-five years experience of India and Mesopotamia, where he served during the Great War, this passenger thought that the heat in neither place was anything compared with what they experienced in the desert where they were marooned. He thought the temperature was about 125 degrees. No praise was enough for Lieut. Col. Stott, who although exhausted kept the passengers cheerful and also rendered first aid in cases of people who fainted owing to the heat.

**THE ONLY WOMAN**

The only woman passenger, Mrs. Wallace Smith, also kept up her spirits and with her plentiful supply of Eau-de-Cologne which she kept dabbing on the foreheads of the passengers and crew, helped in this ordeal.

On the following morning at seven o'clock three R.A.F. planes spotted them, and after circling round the marooned plane for about 20 minutes found a suitable place to land about a mile from ‘Horsa’.

[LEFT] Desert Ordeal - passengers of the Imperial Airways liner ‘Horsa’ sheltering from the scorching sun in the shade provided by the plane. In the foreground is Mrs. Wallace Smith of Brisbane who on arrival at Karachi airport, stated that ‘had another day passed I doubt if any of us would have been found alive.’ Water supply was so short that it has to be supplemented with dew collected from the wings.
The passengers and the crew, however, could not see the planes land and thought they had gone away. They had a welcome surprise when about half an hour later the personnel of the R.A.F. plane appeared with canvas water bags and emergency rations. The rations included tinned fruit which was extremely welcome.

After distributing water and rations the R.A.F. people left, saying that they would send a troop-carrying machine for them. The machine duly arrived at 1-15 p.m. and they had to walk a mile to reach it.

He paid tribute to the R.A.F.’s timely help and said that there was no doubt in his mind, that if they had not been spotted, in a few more hours there would have been some casualties among them owing to the heat!

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Ed: Hugh also attached the above photograph, obtained from the British airways Museum, of ‘Horsa’ flying over Kisumu in the 1930s.]

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OBITUARIES

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

Aggett, George Edward [40 Cdo RM], 14/09/2016. aged 50, son of Gill (née Brennand) and the late Clive Aggett (5KAR), grandson of the late George & Preto Aggett., of injuries sustained when his Cessna 210 crashed on take-off from Pat Neylan’s old airstrip, near Lake Naivasha


Boyd, Thomas Robert Mcluckie (Jock) [KR6075]. 29/08/2016. Cape Town (daughter Heather)

Brownhill, Noel OBE [KR4154]. 02/10/2016. UK. (John Davis)


Frank, David Hugh [KR4433]13/09/2016. UK (Di Nineham (née Ulyate))


Todd, Tony (☻) 23/05/2016. Hastings, New Zealand (Arthur Schofield)


After over a year-long battle against Myelodysplastic Syndrome (MDS) Jock passed away on August 29th.

He is survived by his wife Jean, their son David (London), and daughter Heather and husband Adrian Melck and granddaughters Jessica (19) and Kimberley (17) Melck (USA).

One thing I can say about my dad - he had an interesting life and an interesting outlook on life. He also had a great sense of humour. He was passionate about a lot of things, but the main thing that will always stand out for me was his interest in people. He found something in common with everyone he spoke to. His family meant a lot to him – this is something that became more obvious as I got to know him as an adult and see him as a grandparent. He followed every step of his granddaughters’ lives, even down to keeping track of their school lunch accounts and grades online and watching every video of their dance recitals. Skype must be the best invention of recent times which allowed him to still be a part of their everyday activities even though they lived so far away.

Friends were just as important, and as the stories go, my dad was always willing to help anyone in need and somehow he knew when someone needed his help.

Jock was born and raised in Scotland. He moved to Kenya when he was around seventeen. This part of his life is probably where you will all have better stories than me. He always spoke fondly of his time in the Regiment and around 2003 he returned to Kenya to visit. He remained a Scot at heart, even though he left there at a young age; he had very strong opinions and he kept up to date on all current events affecting Scotland.

Jock was also obsessed with history. An easy gift for any occasion was a book. From the civil war to the World wars, I think he read everything available. I even set him up with an online library account so he could download library books and I would get e-mails on a regular basis to let him know the books were available. The library couldn’t keep up with him. If there weren’t any history books that he liked, 2nd choice was biographies.

Another passion he had was restoring vintage cars. He always had something different he was working on; over the years he restored a Model T, a Model A, a Riley, a Talbot and he had almost finished a 1932 Sunbeam when he passed away.

My parents enjoyed travelling and visited probably every place that was on their wish list. They met on the Warwick Castle in 1961, my mother was returning from a year’s backpacking through Europe with her sister, my dad got on the boat in Kenya and was meeting his parents in Durban. By the time my mother arrived in Cape Town, my dad was there to meet the boat.
Jock worked as a civil engineer in Cape Town until his retirement. After retiring, he was still involved in the industry as a consultant. His career started in Uganda with Douglas Smith - we are still in contact with Douglas’s family in Cape Town.

[LEFT L/R: JOCK, HEATHER, DAVID AND JEAN - 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. 1st FEB 2014]

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THE BOTTOM BUNK

[Iain Gallantry]

The station master at Kigoma was whacking a snake to death with great energy on the main platform. He thrashed it efficiently behind the head with a heavy riding crop, and when its body was still he hacked it into three pieces with the cutting edge of a spade. "A very dangerous snake; very dangerous," he said in a Bombay accent. "Green mamba is among the most fatal of serpents."

It was a common, non-poisonous, grass snake, but it would have been unkind to correct him. He had enjoyed the slaughter, and disillusion might spoil his day. He was sweating happily in a white nylon shirt and white linen trousers tucked into black rubber boots that reached to his knees. Like many Indians living in the centre of Africa, he preferred to suffer from hot feet rather than have his trousers stained by the orange mud which lay all over the country in the rainy season. He carried the riding crop as a sign of authority, sometimes lashing with it casually at the African porters who slept on sacks of mail and heaps of luggage.

The February weather was no hardship to him. It was Thursday, for him the most important day of the week - the train for Dar es Salaam was waiting to start its 900 mile journey across Tanganyika. Although the temperature was 108 degrees in the shade and the humidity well over the 90 mark, he trotted officiously along the platform shouting in Kiswahili at the Africans, making sure that the train would be ready to start on time. I wondered at his insistence on punctuality. The train had a long way to travel, and would probably be delayed several times on the journey by tribesmen sleeping on the track, accidents with animals, and trucks abandoned on road crossings. According to the published schedule it was due to arrive in Dar es Salaam forty two hours later, and that, I calculated, gave it an average speed of approximately twenty two miles an hour.

I asked him to reserve me a compartment, but he refused, laughed in the high Indian way, cut a rapid pas-de-chat in his rubber boots, and said, "No necessity. Pick your own compartment. Only two bunk compartments on this train. Sleep in top bunk or bottom bunk. Sleep in both bunks. If a train is not being crowded there is no necessity to be reserving." He giggled and trotted away, slapping a boot with his riding crop.

I found a two berth compartment, opened the windows, drew down the blinds, spread luggage on the top bunk which I knew from experience to be stiflingly hot, undressed, wrapped myself in a towel, and dozed in the relative coolness of the bottom bunk.
When the train started its journey at seven o'clock, the initial strain of movement made the old wooden carriages creak and sway like a yacht in a gale. Fireflies glittered in the grass at the end of the platform, cicadas clicked, frogs croaked and boomed, and a flutter of moths blew into the compartment on the soft, moist wind that came across Lake Tanganyika from the Congo. The train drew out of the station then stopped to allow the guard, a gaunt Sikh, to catch up with his van. He had been left on the platform, arguing with the station master, after flagging the driver to start.

A high pitched squeaking came from the compartment next to mine. It rose above the creaking of the carriage, and competed with the frogs and cicadas outside. It was recognisable as the sound of two Indians quarrelling in their native tongue. In their shrill Gujerati they sounded like two male parakeets squabbling over a hen.

The noise stopped, feet shuffled in the corridor, and my door opened suddenly. In the doorway stood a young Indian man, about twenty five years old, dressed in a dark grey flannel suit that had been cut in Saville Row. His shirt was hand made from creamy, heavy silk, and his tie was of silk, modestly patterned and of expensive make. He wore a wrist watch with a solid gold strap, and his shoes were hand-made. He fell into a known category: the Anglicised son of a rich Hindu tradesman. His English, unlike his Gujerati, was deep and pleasing.

"I'm very sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I would like you to come next door immediately."
"What's wrong?" "Something terrible," he said gravely.

I put on a bathing robe and followed him to the next compartment. An enormous Indian sat roundly on the bottom bunk. A vast cathedral of a man, weighing at least twenty stone, he was dressed in a white dhoti and a dirty tennis shirt, and on his feet he wore those oriental sandals that are held to the foot by a single thong over the big toe. He had a large, solid face like a ham that had been cured in molasses, impressive jowls, and big sad eyes. He was weeping silently. The tears shone on the sides of his nose, but there was no sobbing.

"What's wrong?" I asked again. The fat Indian sighed, licked a tear from his upper lip, and said in a high soprano voice, "It is a business of the bunks. This train should have four berths in a compartment, but all the compartments are two bunkers." "But how can I help?" I asked.

"It is a business of the bunks," he repeated as the tears poured down his face. "We are both of us wanting to sleep in the bottom bunk. I am too large a man to be climbing the ladder to the top bunk, and if the train is having an accident my fall will be a killer for me.

I turned to the well dressed young Indian, "And you?" "My doctor has expressly forbidden me to sleep in upper berths in railway trains," he said smoothly. "I have an unfortunate heart complaint, you see. Even the strain of climbing a ladder could be too much for me."
"I can't see what this has to do with me," I said. "Why don't you ask the conductor?"

They looked at the floor. The young man shuffled his feet in their lizard skin shoes; the fat one snuffled and wiped tears from his nose with a plump knuckle. "Well?" They remained silent, looking at the floor as if ashamed.

"Why don't you ask the conductor?" The young man cleared his throat, and said, "He's a Pakistani." "Yes, a Muslim," the fat man added. "He wouldn't do anything for us," the young man said. "He might be rude to us." "So from you we must be having an independent decisive," squeaked the fat man. "You must be making a judgment for us."

I did not want to be making a judgment for them. It is foolish to become an arbiter in an Asiatic dispute. The one whom you favour might insist on giving you embarrassing gifts; the one whom you oppose could devote his whole energy for the following few weeks to ruining your reputation by recounting tales, real and imagined, of your ineffable stupidity.

The Indians would have to settle their own differences. "I'm afraid I can't help you," I said. "But be making an advice!" squealed the fat man. He grasped my sleeve with a huge, wet hand, and stroked my arm. "Make an advice and your advice we shall be sticking by." He began to sob noisily. He held my sleeve tightly and pulled me towards him. "Not letting you go until you are making an advice," he sobbed.

The night was hot and damp; I was thirsty and tired. "The only advice I can give you," I told the fat man, "is to eat less and to lose some weight so that trouble of this kind will not occur again." He freed my arm, looked at me sadly, then put his huge face in his hands.

I returned to my compartment, feeling better for having insulted someone; washed, changed for dinner into the usual train evening wear - slacks and a sports shirt - and went to the dining car.

Within a few minutes the young Indian entered. He had changed into a white shark-skin dinner jacket and heavy black silk trousers. He looked like a model in a fashion advertisement for tropical evening wear. He even wore tight, hand-made, patent leather shoes. He stood for a moment at the door of the dining car, a moment long enough for him to be seen by all, short enough to pass as the moment in which he chose his table. I expected him to be followed by the fat man, but he did not appear at dinner.

The next day's journey was as dull as the country through which the train travelled. It throbbed eastwards on the narrow gauge at a stately twenty five miles an hour, and was occasionally overtaken by flocks of mouse birds, and sometimes by flying beetles. There was no scenery to watch, only dense banks of thorn bush and mopani on either side of the track, and infrequent small stations where the train stopped while goats and sheep were chased from the line.

The monotony was broken at noon when an African leaned from a window to roar and wave at some half naked black girls who were hoeing millet in a yellow patch that had been cleared from the bush. He waved too energetically, and fell out. The gaunt Sikh guard emerged from his van, hit the African scientifically on the elbow with the wooden handle of his green flag, prodded him back into the train, then waved the driver to move on, and returned to his van. The train started again as the black girls leaned on their jembes and laughed.

I walked up and down the corridor for the sake of exercise, and noticed that seven compartments in the carriage were empty, but that my neighbours were still together. They were sitting side by side on the bottom bunk of their compartment. They stared solemnly at the wall opposite to them, unspeaking, the fat man quivering in his tennis shirt with each lurch of the train, the young one...
looking more exquisite and fashionable than before in a suit of light Irish linen. I wondered how they had resolved the problem of the bunks.

The young man joined me in the corridor. He smelt as if he had been dipped in a vat of toilet water, and he eased back the sleeves of his jacket to display diamond links in his shirt cuffs. He said in his deep, English voice, "You see? That fat one persists. He thinks that he can win by his stolidity. You were quite right to be rude to him last night. It is a disgrace for a man to be so repulsive."

"I'm sorry that I was rude to him," I said, "but I was tired."

"Don't excuse yourself! He deserved it, the slug. Now he thinks that he can wear down my patience by silence and immobility; passive resistance. A poor man's Gandhi."

"A fat man's Gandhi?"

"The physical shape is unimportant," he said coldly. Clearly he had no sense of humour.

"Inside every fat man," I said, quoting Mr Connolly, "is a thin man squeaking to get out." "A poor man's Gandhi," he repeated firmly. "Now when I was up at Emmanuel..." "If you were at Cambridge," I said, "you had a good, liberal education, and you should have learnt the difference between tolerance and toleration. Why don't you move into an empty compartment? There are seven vacant in this carriage alone."

"What?" He looked indignant. "And give in to that revolting mass of blubber? In India he would be a servant in my father's house; a very large servant". "Yes," he said; and added, inconsequentially, "I have just been reading a book by Dom Moraes. Have you read his stuff?" "No," I lied. I did not want to talk with a humourless man.

"Have you read the works of V.S. Naipaul?" "No," I lied again. "You're very unfortunate," he said. "Most of the world's great English language writers have been Indian." "I know," I said. "I've read them all - Lawrence, Joyce, Eliot, Conrad, Miller, Durrell."

He looked at me as if I were a fool. "You're joking." "Not I. I never joke about literature." He edged into his compartment with a puzzled and pained expression on his face. He could not understand what mistake he had made in our conversation that had brought a satirical reply. He returned to sit silently beside his fat enemy, and I continued to walk.

At dinner that night he appeared again in his shark-skin, and cursed an African waiter with tremendous venom when the waiter splashed him with drinking water as the train rattled over some points. Again the fat man did not appear for dinner.

Next morning, before breakfast, the train stopped to take on water at Morogoro, the station that marks the beginning of the long, slow descent to the coastal plain. Beside our carriage some ragged African children with stick-like limbs were fighting on the platform for the possession of a pole. After a ten minute struggle the strongest child won the pole, and with it knocked two mangoes from the branch of a tree about fifteen feet above his head. He dropped the pole, and picked up the mangoes.

He had taken a single bite from the first fruit when an adult African, in the uniform of a railway man, walked up to him, punched his head, took his mangoes, picked up the pole, and walked away. The child sat in the dust, watching, as the railwayman ate the mangoes and used the pole to prod a hatch on the roof of the dining car. Evidently the pole was essential to the efficient running of the train; Obviously the child had transgressed by using railway equipment to help to relieve his hunger.
While leaning from the window I noticed that the two Indians were also watching this incident. The young one shook his fist at the ceiling, and said, "Gross injustice; gross injustice." The fat one took a shilling from the pocket of his dirty shirt and pitched it through the window to the child.

The two still sat side by side, looking at the wall in front of them. The younger was frowning slightly as if tired by his struggle with a member of an inferior class. A crinkled lip showed that the fat man was beginning to feel pleased with himself. He raised a meaty hand to me in greeting. I smiled at him. I felt sorry for them both as they sat there, hating each other, yet tied together by a stubborn refusal to surrender. I wondered if they had sat there all night.

The train reached Dar es Salaam an hour after lunch. Beyond the station the water of the harbour shone deeply blue between the green heads of the palm trees. Two brown-sailed dhows beat in from the sea against a stifling off-shore breeze, and a white Lloyd Triestino liner gleamed at its berth.

The young Indian, now wearing a dove grey silk suit and smelling strongly of a musky scent, was met by a black chauffeur in a white uniform who summoned a pair of ragged children to carry the baggage. I was stopped in the corridor by the fat Indian. Sweat was running down his forehead, soaking his shirt, running down his calves, oozing between his toes.

"You will be excusing me for speaking to you, I presume," he squeaked, "but I must be thanking you for your very, very kind helpfulness, and be praising you for the profound wisdom. You must be a most wise man with a vast, vast knowledge of human habits. You are very intelligent."

"I know," I said, "but why do you mention it?" "I want to thank you for your very good hint, you see. It was highly clever of you to know that young fellow could not resist showing off his fine clothes.

So I took the hint to eat less by missing my dinners, and when he was showing off his fine feathers at the dinner table I was taking the bottom bunk. He was forced to sleeping in the top. Your hint was very clever."

"I hope you slept well," I said. "You Europeans are very clever," he said. "You talk about the wily mind of the Indian, but it is very, very subtle the mind of the European. I am thanking you again - and here is my card."

He produced the card from the top of his dhoti. I thanked him, left the train, walked up the platform to the barrier. The sunlight came down like an avalanche of fire; I was soaked with sweat after twenty paces, and, absent-mindedly, gave the card to the Sikh ticket collector. He did not notice. It was very, very hot.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE: NUMBER 1774 - AUGUST 1963]

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ANTHONY JOHN MELHUISH EVE [KR4097]

[15 December 1932 – 14 September 2016]

[Daughter Sharan]

It is with great sadness in writing to tell you that my father, Tony Eve, passed away at 4.30 in the afternoon of Wednesday 14th of September, I believe ultimately of an heart attack.
Last year, in or around a similar time, Tony developed a lump just below his left armpit which gradually grew and when we visited a consultant in the Velez-Malaga hospital on 5th January 2016, he sent us to Accident & Emergency where we spent ten hours with Tony having scans, x-rays and consultants examining him.

Eventually a cancer expert said that he needed to be admitted to hospital for further exploration. It was established he had cancer in the lymph nodes and the morning of the first operation, the cyst that had grown around the node burst. Having thought the malignant tumour had been removed, it was with some shock that another tumour was growing in the same area, so on 15th March this was removed together with the lymph nodes in the surrounding area. This operation lesion never healed so every day Tony was taken to the local medical centre for a fresh dressing.

At the beginning of May the radiotherapy commenced and this proved to be very painful, especially as the lesion was still open, so Tony stayed in Malaga opposite the hospital where he was undergoing radiotherapy to help ease the pain suffered from travelling, and it was about this time that he began to, through choice, not eat.

He came home at end of June having lost half his body weight, in a lot of pain with the tumours still growing.

On 1st September I found him collapsed on the floor of his home and he was rushed in to hospital where it was discovered he was very dehydrated; subsequently they also discovered he had pneumonia that, with hindsight, I think had started before his collapse.

Tony’s last move to Spain was not a success and I just wish he had listened to me and at least stayed one more year in England before making a decision to move.

[LEFT: TONY AND DIANA CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY – MENORCA-2003]

Having been born in Hong Kong, brought up in India and moved to Kenya at the age of twelve, married on the 16 December 1953, lived in Brisbane, Australia 1959-1963, moved to England 1984, lived in Menorca 1997-2005 & 2008, Canada 2006-2008, my father had a very good and exciting life. He met some wonderful people, was successful in business, and thoroughly enjoyed his sport, camping trips to the game parks and fishing on the rivers and dams.

Since losing my Mother, Di [Ed: Diana Erica Shadforth Eve (née Watts Williams), born in Nakuru 15/04/1930], on 16th February 2005, his life was not quite as enjoyable as he would have wished for.
In remembrance of both my parents, they had a fantastic life and were very fortunate to have had good health and happiness, together with some wealth, for the majority of their lives, and to have had great friendships with family and rafikis.

I certainly was extremely lucky to have had such great parents.

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George McKnight: I well remember Tony arriving at the Prince of Wales School, Nairobi, perhaps in mid 1946, from India. Perhaps that was where his talent for hockey was instilled. Tony was then small for his age, but a natural sportsman and good at the demanding cross country race. And, he was well liked - an engaging personality with a good sense of humour.

Post school we met up in ‘B’ Coy of the Kenya Regiment, based at Ragati on the edge of the Mount Kenya forest. I was later transferred to other duties.

Post Emergency I worked in London and Nigeria - I think we did not meet up again until I heard of him starting up the Data Centre; that was a ground breaker.

Our contacts were few and far between after Tony and Diana left Kenya but we did meet occasionally in Devon, through mutual friends. I learned of Diana’s passing a few years ago.

I am sorry indeed to learn of Tony’s serious and painful difficulties in his final years. He would surely have faced up to them manfully.

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BLUE ON BLUE

[Dr. Arthur C. Williamson - Police Officer]

[Ed: This article appeared in John Newton’s ‘The Kenya Police, a Living History’, volume 2, and is followed by comments by Ian Parker [KR4602]

The phrase ‘Blue on Blue’ is probably a great deal more familiar to the general public today than at the time of the Kenya Emergency. Today there is awareness that the accidental shooting of one's own people in wartime situations occurs more often than believed.

In my case, my very experienced askaris, although part of a stop line in a forest sweep against the Mau Mau, were to become observers and then directly involved in treating the resulting victims of this unfortunate episode.

The incident occurred largely due to the use of relatively inexperienced Kenya Regiment soldiers being placed in a situation for which they were not really prepared. Under these kinds of circumstances there is generally nervousness and a natural tendency to be trigger happy, thus an accident waiting to happen.

The Regiment were carrying out a sweep in the Kiambu Aberdare forest using their own Kikuyu trackers with a stop line formed by a company of the Regiment's young soldiers positioned along the length of an old but fairly straight forest logging track. The Kikuyu trackers were to sweep through the forest up to the track and were identified by a coloured band worn around either their heads or hats, they did not have uniforms.
With a platoon of some fifteen askaris I had the task of reinforcing the stop line and we duly took up our position. Silence being the order of the day, nervousness, and the expectation of action obviously led to a high level amongst the young soldiers.

My askaris being experienced enough by now to expect little to occur, knowing that terrorist gangs were very aware of anything unusual happening in their areas of the forest and unlikely to be caught out.

Laying along a forest track for over an hour or so at mid-day, it is difficult to stay completely alert, but the noises of people approaching the stop line certainly caused concern.

Quite suddenly several armed Kikuyu burst through the undergrowth, all wearing, I seem to remember, yellow headbands, the recognition colour of the day. To me they were clearly the Regiment's trackers and had not made any contact with any Mau Mau, a result we partially expected.

However, this seemed not to be so for all the Kenya Regiment soldiers manning the stop line. Possibly only two or three, without waiting to identify these men, made the wrong assumption, assumed they were Mau Mau, so opened fire. Naturally the rest followed suit.

This is commonly the sort of reaction that one should generally expect from fairly inexperienced soldiers such as these particular Kenya Regiment lads. Shouting, 'Cease Fire' took only seconds, but even that short time resulted in casualties to half-a-dozen trackers, visibly laying badly wounded on the track.

Fortunately, none had been killed outright and needless, to say my experienced askaris did not open fire. With quite an amount of blood around, some of the trackers were badly hurt and the Kenya Regiment guys were not unreasonably, considerably shaken and unsure what to do next. It seemed clear to me we had two swift actions to take.

First we needed to assess those most needing immediate attention and to administer some form of first aid. This meant stopping any bleeding by tightly binding up the wounds with Army issue field dressings. Although we had morphine available, most of the wounded had differing degrees of stomach wounds, making morphine a bad option.

Fortunately, I and most of my askaris had received First Aid training, so I set them about collecting the soldiers’ field dressings whilst I started to bind up the two most seriously injured. With the assistance of my askaris, the soldiers did the same with other injured.

Secondly, we needed to work out how to evacuate the wounded and get them to hospital. At this point a minor miracle occurred. Along the disused logging track appeared Superintendent Akker in his brand-new long-wheelbase Land Rover. I believe that he had been visiting a somewhat distant sawmill on the edge of the Forest when he heard the firing and drove along a very overgrown track to see if he could offer assistance.

I asked him if he could transport the casualties and indeed he could. The Land Rover turned out to be ideal for accommodating the worst cases by laying them in the back with the remainder, not so badly wounded, sitting on the sides; not very elegant, but it worked and they were all successfully transported to the nearest hospital.

Those of us who had been rendering First Aid were, needless to say, covered in blood, but we had done our best for those poor trackers.
Naturally I could hear shouted recriminations amongst the Kenya Regiment men, all of whom seemed badly shaken. The question of their poor discipline occurred to me, but hopefully they'd learnt a severe lesson about recognition during war in the Forest.

But their problems were none of my business so I moved my platoon off along the track to the Sawmills to arrange our transport back to Githunguri.

I received a message of congratulations from the doctor at the hospital, informing me that all casualties had survived. It had been a momentous day and my askaris had performed extremely well.

I should add that I mostly wore my blue Police cap in the forest as a safety measure, to precisely avoid this kind of incident.

Not surprisingly I heard no more of the final military outcome, apart from being aware that the Army always, if possible, keeps such errors in the family.

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Ian Parker responds:

To John Newton
Compiler of *THE KENYA POLICE: A LIVING HISTORY Vol 2*

Dear John,

As one amateur historian to another, I congratulate you on your endeavours to assemble a history of the Kenya Police. As author of the Kenya Regiment’s history (*The Last Colonial Regiment: the History of the Kenya Regiment (T.F.)*) I know how difficult it is to get accurate recall some six decades after events – such as the MM Emergency. So varied were my peers’ memories of events at which I was personally present, that I eventually discarded recollections unless they could be verified, preferably in written records made at the time.

Yet, notwithstanding my admiration for what you have done and are doing, I must protest over one entry in your Vol 2 by a Dr Arthur C. Williamson - sometime police officer. Because it is now in the public record I am copying this letter to Bruce Rooken-Smith, Editor and compiler of SITREP that circulates widely among ex-members of the Kenya Regiment, both because Williamson has misstated fact, and cast the Kenya Regiment in a pejorative light.

His article “*Blue on Blue*” concerns an incident that took place on a track demarcating the northern edge of the Nyamweru Forest above Uplands on 8th February 1955. It is in the record as a daily Sitrep from ‘O’ Coy to Kenya Regt HQ, CO The Inniskillings and HQ 49 Brigade of that date (a photostat is in my history of the Regiment and an original probably in the Imperial War Musuem). I was present at the incident and thus can add to the official record from personal memory.

Dr Williamson states that the incident occurred because of “relatively inexperienced Kenya Regiment soldiers being placed in a situation for which they were not really prepared.”

For the record then, the unit present at the time was a platoon (not Company as he states) of the KR based at the old Escarpment Railway Station commanded by Lt Mike Higgins (KR4279/5736). Both Officer and NCOs were at the end of two years Emergency Service and while some privates were recently joined after six months national service training, all had active experience patrolling
after Mau Mau in the Aberdare forests. By all normal definitions, this was not an inexperienced unit. The operation started early on the 8th February with the platoon split into sections along the south edge of the small Nyamweru Forest, and advanced in parallel toward the northern edge. One section had a contact, secured a kill and home-made gun and followed their contact’s tracks to the northern edge of the forest. Here the gang unexpectedly doubled back into the Nyamweru, instead of proceeding across the track and into the larger forest to the north. The pursuers did not follow the gang back into the Nyamweru but were deployed as a stop line along the track marking the forest northern edge. As the other platoon sections emerged out of the forest, they too, extended the stop line. However, 30 men evenly spaced in extended line over several km is hardly an effective stop line.

Believing that the gang would be lying low back in the Nyamweru, reinforcements were called for and through the morning they arrived as men from the Inniskillings, 26 KAR, four other Kenya Regt platoons (three black and one white), many Home guards and askaris from the Police.

Where initially I had been perhaps 100 yards from my nearest KR man, I now had policemen on either side of me, sufficiently close for me to talk to. With the forest roughly encircled, the southern edge imploded moving through the forest in the hope of driving the gang before them into the stop line on the northern edge.

Missing from Williamson’s account, is that while the track was generally straight, it bulged northward in a large U bend, perhaps 100 yards in depth and 50 yards in breadth. I was at the eastern base of this U, while out of my sight and knowledge, at the time, the man at the U’s deepest extent was a young subaltern newly out from the UK who had been sent to ‘O’ Coy KR for experience.

Between him and me there were policemen. I don’t know who was manning the line down the opposite side of the U.

As fate had it, a section of one of the KR’s black platoons under (then) Sergeant Henny Willemse (KR4717/5815) was heading down into the U directly towards the British Subaltern. He heard them and, without seeing them, let rip with his Patchett towards the noise. Taking the patrol enfilade and by a fluke, it killed the point man (Negandi Newara TKR135) and wounded three others (Musioka Mwatha TKR427, Abono Longula TKR678 and Leterini Lichongoro TKR1072). None of them were Kikuyu. The rest of the patrol went to ground and (some) returned fire in the general direction of the subaltern’s fire.

Several people on the far side of the U opposite where I and the policemen were, in return fired blind into the U, their bullets passing through and over our stop line. All shooting was stopped by Willemse identifying his section. It was all over in a few seconds.

Williamson says that the casualties were all KR’s Kikuyu trackers and with no uniform other than a yellow head band. Not true - all were uniformed in the Kenya Regiment’s jungle gear (see p.228 of the Regt’s history). None were Kikuyu. He said that no one died, but one did, instantly, with a bullet through his forehead.

He wrote “Quite suddenly several armed Kikuyu burst through the undergrowth ... all wearing yellow headbands ...” and noted “they did not have uniforms.” Further, his words “To me they were clearly the Regiment’s trackers ... “ imputes he personally saw these Kikuyu emerge onto the road.

Again all untrue, as the casualties were inflicted upon the patrol while it was still in dense cover. Nor did he see “half-a-dozen trackers ... visibly laying badly wounded on the track.” They were
only brought out onto the track later. He says that there were half-a-dozen casualties (i.e. six) when in fact there were four. He says he and his policemen attended the wounded as young inexperienced members of the KR were too shocked to do so. That is untrue. They were attended in the first instance by the surviving members of their section before being brought out onto the road.

He said that he had to collect wound dressings from the shaken and unsure KR soldiers, but given how far apart they were spaced, it would have involved sending his men up and down the road to find the very widely spaced KR men (I was one of the closest to the incident and no one approached me), by-passing all the men from different units who were now interspersed between us.

He did not arrange transport to take the wounded to hospital. The wounded were delivered in KR transport first to Tigoni Hospital for further first aid and then on to the British Military Hospital (to which the dead man had been sent directly).

Finally the incident was not caused by a Kenya Regiment man, but a national service subaltern new out from the UK on his first experience in the field.

Memories fade with time. I, personally, and wrongly believed that three men died in this incident until I found the Sitrep of the day. However, Dr Williamson’s memory is wrong on so many points except that such an incident happened, that it reads like a bar story than the recall of someone putatively at the centre of the action.

Acknowledging that my own memory is imperfect, I have no recollection at all of seeing a white officer in charge of the police askaries on either side of me. The tenor of his tale is one of unfounded Kenya Regiment ineptitude, a regrettable blot in an otherwise important historical work.

John, I return to my starting point of admiration for what you are doing. The Williamson tale is published and water under the public realm bridge. Verifying old memories may now be largely beyond reach, but if there is any way that I can help via such of my network is left, I am at your service.

Ian Parker, Queensland – 3rd September 2016

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ALAN GRAY

[10th October 1933-13th July 2016]

[daughter Janet Channing]

Alan died during the early hours of Wednesday morning, 13th July 2016. It was a good innings.

He lived a simple and honest life: if it wasn’t black or white it was Gray! Alan was the kind of man one rarely meets nowadays. He was a representative of the tough, sturdy, down to earth, honest generation of the past century. One always knew where one stood with Alan. No beating around the bush – whereas today’s business crowd and above all, those involved in politics never do, nor say what their intention really is.

Alan was born to Vera and Richard Gray on 10th October 1933, Nairobi, Kenya. He was an only child in an era when children were seen and not heard. In fact he was referred to as the ‘African pest’ and dispatched to England for a proper education. He attended Kenton in Kenya and then was sent away to Claysmore, a school for boys in Dorset, England (Alan was mortified to hear that the
school now accepted girls!). Alan went onto Cirencester’s Royal Agricultural College [Ed: Now a university] in Gloucestershire.

He was born to farm and despite that fact that his father was a banker, Alan pursued his dreams. He managed various farms in Kenya, very well. Eventually he moved to a farm in Molo, where he was when the Mau Mau broke out.

This is also where he met Dorothy, an RAF nurse based in Nakuru. They were married on 7th September 1962 [LEFT]. Their farm was expropriated for re-settlement soon afterwards and they travelled down to South Africa in a Landrover, pulling an enormous caravan, all their worldly goods and two border collies. It sounded like a less than perfect road trip, but it was the first of many.

Alan bought a dairy farm in Riversonderend, Western Cape where their two daughters, Janet and Alison, were born.

The Grays were the only English-speaking people in the neighbourhood and Dorothy had to beg for English books to be added to the library stock. When the family moved to Natal, Alan was determined that he would get to know the farming districts before buying another farm, it was about asking the right questions.

The Grays lived in the Dargle, initially at Hopedale and then down District 17. Alan started a successful agricultural contracting business and was gone for months at a time, either driving combines or servicing the machines.

He eventually concluded that Greytown was the ‘promised land’ and we lived there for the next fifteen years. Alan also owned a farm in Ladysmith, a magnificent property called Woodlands which now forms part of the EmNambithi Game Reserve.

Alan’s first love was the bushveld where he found real peace. His most favourite place on earth was Jwala, a special place in Northern Botswana’s Tuli Block. He bought his share after seeing a small advertisement in the Farmers Weekly. Alan was a real ‘hands on’ shareholder.

His early retirement had purpose: fixing pumps, building roads, servicing generators, working with the team on the farms.

He and Dorothy spent many months, and had their happiest times, on the farms. Alan once spent six weeks collecting data about elephants. Did you know that each elephant has a unique shape to the edge of their ears?
Next to the elephants Alan loved his cattle. He was a purist. Initially it was Aberdeen Angus and more recently his beautiful Boran stud cattle, a Kenyan breed branded as ‘God’s gift to cattlemen’.

Alan was a good farmer and a fair man – his motto ‘If it was right then it was fine, if it wasn’t then fix it.

Janet describes herself and her sister as ‘tomboys’. Alan taught the girls to drive, better than most guys. Janet recalls him teaching her to perfect handbrake turns on the gravel roads. His reasoning was simple; if he didn’t then one of her boyfriends might and that may not end well.

Alan just couldn’t understand his daughters’ love for horses, he maintained that the front end bit, the back end kicked and the middle was bloody uncomfortable. Despite this position he entertained their various steeds over the years, caring for them at a safe distance.

Alan was a private person, six people was his dinner limit when Dorothy was alive, anymore constituted a crowd and he didn’t ‘do’ crowds.

More recently, Sally March (née D’Olier) persuaded him to relax this threshold and he enjoyed socialising, demonstrating a sometimes very wicked sense of humour. He was capable of taking the ‘mickey’ out of people. You all have your own memories of Alan.

In the last few weeks Alan had been reading ‘Circling the Sun’; for those who haven’t read it, it is the story about a remarkable Kenyan woman, Beryl Markham, who flew solo, west into the night from England back to New York to be met by 5,000 cheering people.

If Alan had any life regrets it was that he didn’t learn to fly. He often spoke about it and loved our flying adventures. There are a number of fixed wing and chopper pilots in the family. Janet’s wish for her father as we celebrate his remarkable life is for a “glorious flight”. Here’s to the last of the old guard.

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JOHN INNES BRADISH [KR4747]

[Ed: I mentioned John’s demise in m-S XLVIII page 12, but delayed printing a, eulogy, albeit brief, in the hope that more information would be forthcoming; sadly not the case. I never met John and would appreciate any information about his days in Kenya. He was born on 7th January 1936 and was on the first ten-week KR national service course at Lane, from 5th January to 11th March 1955]
Historian and botanical tour-guide, John Bradish, 80, was found dead in Lady Grey home.

3 Feb 2016: Translation from Afrikaans: The body of an elderly man was found Tuesday afternoon in his house in Lady Grey after he had not been seen for two days.

John Bradish, a resident who had lived in Lady Grey for many years, still visited his neighbour and friend Arthur Cross about two houses away on Sunday. that's the last time he was seen alive. His body was discovered at around 14h10 by the local police. They confirmed that they have opened a murder docket.

A friend in Lady Grey, Dalene Swanepoel Oertel writes: "Today I received the sad news that a very dear friend of mine was brutally murdered. He was one of those people who never grew old and had friends across all age categories. He had not lived in Lady Grey that long but made it his business to know its history and he shared his knowledge in a very professional manner .with all who were interested; one could listen to him for hours - so fascinating. He shared his knowledge with me and I shared my knowledge with him and in the process we became great friends.

He also arranged botanical tours, one of which I had the privilege to attend. What a great person and I will surely miss him.

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THE EAST AFRICAN RAILWAYS ‘30 CLASS’ 2-8-4 STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

[Kevin Patience]

[Ed: Following on from the article Bottom Bunk, I thought it appropriate to include Kevin’s article and a photo of ‘3020’ before renovation by UK steam train enthusiasts]

The 30-class locomotives were specially designed by the North British Locomotive Works in Glasgow in the early 1950s, for service with East African Railways in Tanganyika formerly German East Africa. They were derived from the earlier 29 Class 2-8-2 tender locomotives but with the addition of a much larger tender and a four wheel trailing bogie under the firebox. However, in order to see where the engines worked it is necessary to go back to the building and operation of the railway by the Germans in the early 1900s.

The two main railway lines in Tanganyika had been built prior to the First World War. The first line started from the port of Tanga in 1893 towards the town of Moshi in the lee of Mount Kilimanjaro, but due to financial troubles and bad planning it was not completed until 1912.

The second or Central Line ran from the capital Dar es Salaam to the port of Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika, a distance of 700 miles. Construction started in February 1905 with heavier track, and the town of Morogoro was reached in October 1907. Five years later the track reached Tabora and finally Kigoma on Lake Tanganyika on 1 February 1914. Motive power on the line began with 0-4-0 Henschell tank engines that were primarily for construction but proved useful in other tasks with the last being scrapped in the 1930s.
With an increase in traffic, the OAEG (Ost Africanische Eisenbahn Gesellschaft) (East African Railway Company) ordered 0-4-4-0 Mallets from Henschell which proved troublesome having no leading pony truck. New locomotives with the addition of a front pony were ordered but later replaced by 0-8-2 and 2-8-0 tank engines also from Henschell. The ultimate general passenger and freight locomotives delivered just before the war were the Hanomag 2-8-0 tender engines capable of hauling a 250 ton train on the existing gradients of 1 in 55. There had been some sixty four engines supplied to the Central Line but by 1918 a number had been withdrawn and the remainder destroyed by the retreating Germans during the land campaign between 1916 and 1918.

After the allied invasion in 1916, a number of locomotives were brought in from India and a few damaged German ones were repaired to supplement the existing motive power. In 1919 German East Africa became the Protectorate of Tanganyika.

During the next thirty years the German units were gradually scrapped and British built engines replaced the earlier ageing Indian imports. The track was straightened, eliminating the original tight curves and the new Tanganyika Railways concentrated on 4-8-0 and 2-8-2 engines from Bagnall, Nasmyth Wilson, Stephenson, Vulcan and Beyer Peacock who also supplied two 4-8-2+2-8-4 Garratts in 1930. The end of the Second World War found the railway in need of additional motive power and a number of war-time WD Garratts, as well as McArthur Austerity class were also imported.

In 1948, Kenya Uganda Railways and Tanganyika Railways amalgamated to become East African Railways and Harbours with its headquarters in Nairobi. At the same time a major oil-firing conversion program was instated to modify all the existing locomotives from coal and wood to black fuel oil.

New tender locomotives were ordered from North British and Vulcan and these became the last steam engines ordered for the railways. The 29 Class built by North British had been based on the Nigerian 2-8-2 River Class, twenty of which were built in 1951/52. An additional eleven were built in 1955 and one of these 2927 was one of the last locomotives in steam on Tanzanian Railways in 1985. They were used all over East Africa on freight and passenger trains.

The first two 30 Class locomotives arrived in Dar es Salaam on board the S.S. Governor from Glasgow on 23 June 1955 and three weeks later the first, 3001 had been assembled despite having no erection drawings. They arrived in parts consisting of frame, boiler and tender while the remaining items were in packing cases.

Steam tests and trials were completed shortly afterwards and the loco dead legged to Morogoro from where full trials were carried out. The results proved the design and showed that they could run from Morogoro to Tabora consuming around 40 gallons of water and just over 4 gallons of oil per mile.

Twenty six were delivered, the last in 1956. The outsize tender ran on two six wheel bogies and carried 7,000 gallons of water and 1,950 gallons of fuel oil. Maintenance was improved with the fitting of Timken roller bearings and riding improved with fully compensated spring gear. A major difference between the 29 and 30 Class was the new design of driving wheels fitted to the latter. These were the SCOA-P design, where not only were the spokes U-shaped but the wheel was stronger and lighter.

The 29, 30 and the later 31 Class engines were all named after tribes in the region. 3006 had the distinction of carrying the shortest name on a steam locomotive in East Africa, ‘Ha’ named after a tribe in the Kigoma region near Lake Tanganyika, while one of the 29s had the longest ‘Masai of Tanganyika’. In the late 1950s trials were conducted with two 60 Class Garratts, one fitted with a
Giesl ejector. The results showed an improvement in water and fuel consumption while increasing the power. The result was all the existing Garratt and later steam locomotives were fitted with this distinctive looking elongated funnel. 3018 ‘Nyakyusa’ being the first of the class to be fitted with the new chimney.

For many years the 30s were based at Tabora but in the 1970s some were transferred to the Tanga-Moshi line.

The first recorded instance of a 30 Class running in Kenya was 3013 ‘Makua’ that had completed heavy repairs in the Nairobi workshops in 1972 and was returned after a

500 mile test run. The class continued in service until 1988 when the last two were reported still in steam on the Central Line.

In 1985, Tanzania issued four commemorative steam locomotive postage stamps one of which was a five shilling stamp of 3022 hauling a passenger train on the Central Line. Back in Britain a souvenir company issued a gilt five shilling replica stamp depicting a poorly executed drawing of 3022 but of no philatelic value.

In 2003, 3001 ‘Tanganyika’ was taken to Dar es Salaam workshops with the intention of returning it to steam but the project was cancelled and during the next five years all the remaining steam locomotives were scrapped.

In 1975, 3020 ‘Nyaturu’ was severely damaged in a head-on collision on the Central Line and brought to Nairobi for repair. On completion in 1976, the East African Community broke up and the locomotive remained in Kenya. Later that year it made its first safari excursion to Mombasa with a party of Americans. It continued in service on branch and mainline work and was one of the last in service in 1980 when steam was withdrawn in Kenya. It was transferred to the Nairobi Railway Museum and at some point in the 1990s was repainted green with yellow wheels as part of an advertising campaign for a tea company.

Following the overhaul of the Beyer Garratt 5918 back into steam in 2001, 3020 was also taken to the workshops in 2003 and stripped of its green paint, overhauled and steamed. In 2005, three steam locomotives were chartered by the Railway Touring Company of Kings Lynn as part of their two week East African safari that also utilised 2927, the last steam engine in Tanzania based in Dar es Salaam to run to Soga and back. The tour then moved on to Mombasa to run on Kenya rails with
the Garratt 5918 ‘Mount Gelai’ to Nairobi before 3020 continued down the Rift Valley and over the summit of the railway at 9,000 feet to Kisumu on Lake Victoria.

3020s most unusual role was as the star of a wedding in Nairobi where a bench seat was mounted on the front of the loco and the happy couple were transported from the station to the Railway Museum for their reception. This was reminiscent of the early days of the railway when seats were placed in front of the smoke box where visiting dignitaries could view the big game while travelling from Mombasa to Nairobi. For a short period 3020 was used to run weekend steam safaris to Naivasha but this came to an end and the engine joined 5918 and 2409 in the workshops under twenty-four hour guard.

In 2011, the three engines were steamed once more for a photographic safari that included taking 3020 to Naivasha and back as well as running 2409 on local trips around Nairobi and 5918 on a trip to Athi River. Unfortunately a superheater element failure brought the Garratt to a standstill and it is currently awaiting repair. Later that year 3020 hauled a packed day safari trip to Athi River and back.

The following year saw the injectors, water valves and linkages in the tender overhauled and in October 2013 the loco was fired up to check the boiler operation in preparation for a planned trip to Athi River. That unfortunately had to be cancelled at the last minute. Over the May bank holiday weekend 3020 was steam and run to Naivasha with a coach and guards van for a forthcoming TV series about railways in Africa. This successful operation will hopefully pave the way for the planned major steam safari in November this year.

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TIMOTHY HEAP HUTCHINSON [KR6321]

[10/08/1930 to 16/11/2015]

[son Simeon]

Tim was born in Londiani, Kenya, the youngest of Arthur and Madge’s four children. When he was six months old the family moved to England, leaving a manager on the farm at Fort Ternan.

After the war the family returned to Kenya, Tim having completed his secondary education at Charterhouse in Surrey. In 1949 and 1950, he attended refresher courses at Egerton (Agricultural) College, near Njoro. When his father died unexpectedly in 1950, Tim, aged 20, took over the running of the farm (Tunnel Estate) - coffee and cattle.

Tim had many components to his life all of which he coordinated and managed superbly in his own special way. He was a successful farmer in a particularly difficult area. He was an inventor who led the world in developing Biogas technology, from its concept into a practical, effective and cheap source of power.

He constructed a flourishing workshop where he produced bio-gas plants, solar water heaters and latterly Kuni boosters. There was great interest in bio-gas (methane) plants and he sold many to farmers until independence. He was later to present a paper on bio-gas at the UN DP conference in Montreal.

In 1950, he purchased a 1923 Hupmobile [Ed: see m-S XLII – pp68/69] which was still running at the time of his death. This vehicle took part in many vintage rallies, was used in the film ‘Out of Africa’ and featured on the Kenya 10/- commemorative (Vintage Motor Cars) stamp, issued 24th June 1992. [NEXT PAGE]
Tim met Rosemary Williams at Horsham Cricket Club whilst on holiday in UK. They were married in 1961 and had three children, Alison (married Giles Prettejohn - children Cara & Nick), Simeon (married Bronwen Parry - children Robert & Laura) and Philippa (married Chris Gowar - children Guy & Joss)

Tim also had a passion for sport, particularly cricket at which he excelled but he also played passable tennis – his style was dreadful but he was very successful, partially aided by his relentless commentary, which eventually defeated the opposition.

It was whilst at Charterhouse that he became interested in his life-long involvement in amateur radios, building a valve set run by a 90volt dry battery; he eventually became a ‘radio-ham’.

His enthusiasm for motorsport should also be mentioned and this was connected to his hobby as a radio ham. Even in the face of modern technology it can be said with confidence that during the
East African Safari Rallies, information and results were probably never received faster than when organised by Tim and his team of radio hams.

A member of the Soil Association in England, Tim grew coffee with no artificial fertilizer, using sludge from the bio-gas plant which resulted in excellent crops of healthy beans.

In 1983, the Fort Ternan farm was sold and the family moved to a rented property in Koru, where Tim set up his workshop; they remained there for nineteen years, before moving to Ridgemount Estate in Gilgil in 2002, where he again set up a workshop. This time his Kuni booster was in great demand due to the high cost of electricity. His grandson, Nick has taken over the workshop

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Dennis Leete [dleete2@gmail.com]: Tim was a notable character who farmed in Lumbwa for many years, before moving to Gilgil where he started his engineering works.

As an active Radio Ham, Tim operated a radio security network for the Gilgil community.

He will probably be best remembered for his passion as a historian and indexer. His Upcountry Directory (now the definitive reference work for authors and students researching East African history) containing some 20,000 names of men and women who lived in Kenya outside of Nairobi and Mombasa, from the earliest part of the 20th century until today, together with their families, up to the 4th generation, have supplied a fascinating and intriguing window into the lives of so many people who contributed to the development and history of Kenya.

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Dave Lichtenstein: I probably was only a recent acquaintance of Tim's since I acquired a copy of his Up-Country Directory. From there we were in regular correspondence as I updated him with snippets of info for his later editions. I was also privileged to catch up with Tim when I visited Gilgil on my return trips to Kenya in 2004 and 2009.

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John Elliot [KR7069]: I was very saddened to hear of Tim’s death. Jill and I were good friends with Tim and Rosemary and saw a lot of them when we lived in Kericho and they lived in Fort Ternan. Tim and I were keen members of the Vintage Car Club - Tim owned the Hupmobile and I, a 1930 Chevrolet. Tim also got David Taylor and me involved in radios. David became a radio ham and I moved to Malawi before reaching the stage of radio ham licencing.

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Mike Harries [KR7363]: I was able to catch up with Tim a few months ago, which was great. What an incredible guy, and his Up Country Directory must have taken thousands of hours, and is such an incredible research source.

[Ed: Tim also compiled ‘BEADOC & Beyond’, about the British East African Disabled Officers’ Colony Soldier Settlement Scheme in the Lumbwa District in the early 1920s. 141 pages, including three maps and the names of the Kericho white residents, past & present; a valuable research document.]

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BOOK REVIEW

WAMUGE – THE WISE ONE by Rob Ryan

By the time he turned sixteen Bill Ryan was running the family farm in Kenya, had saved the life of a policeman who was being attacked by a lion \(\text{[Ed: m-S XLVI pp49-54]}\), and was taking hunting safaris in Kenya. Born in South Africa, Bill counted the first British settlers in that country among his antecedents, migrating to Kenya with his sister and widowed father at the age of eleven.

A much-loved and admired character, Bill counted among his friends people from all Kenya’s communities. The nickname Wamuge (The Wise One) was bestowed on him by the Kikuyu people, whose language he spoke as well as they did. His Indian shopkeeper friend described him as ‘The only honest man I know’. He was fluent in Afrikaans, and in Italian having been a member of the occupying forces in Somalia during World War Two, and competent in several other African languages.

In his mid forties, having managed a sawmill and many farms to pay for the education of his two children, Bill returned to professional hunting, building up a career that lasted until he decided that his age demanded a stop.

He counted among his clients, and friends, Bing Crosby, the Mayor of Atlanta City Ivan Allen and several film stars. Authors Robert Ruark and Ernest Hemingway sought his views and stories of East Africa.

Bill was a superb ballroom dancer, loved life, good company, and a song. His story-telling skills were legend and much appreciated by clients as they sat around campfires in East Africa’s savannah.

With help from Bill’s many friends around the world, this story of his life, was compiled by his son Rob who was born and grew up in Kenya,

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Rob also mentions the book ‘An African Epic’ - if you have not come across it, try to get hold of a copy of ‘Cape to Cairo’ by Stella Court Treatt, published by George Harrap & Company, 1927.

South African-born Stella (née Hinds) and her husband Maj Chaplin Court Treatt [LEFT], who led the expedition, with three other wazungu and Julius the cook, drove two Crossley light trucks from Capetown to Cairo in 1925 – 1926; much of the way with the local work-force clearing the scrub in front of the cars when there were no roads. If it wasn't for the photos you would swear it was a fake.

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DAISY’S DAUGHTER  by Heather Rook-en-Smith (née Griffin)]

Throughout these pages, one realises just how much Daisy ‘shaped’ Heather’s life. Whenever faced with a tough decision, be it planning ahead, contemplating the layout of a home, veggie patch, orchard or garden, one can imagine Heather, as a wife and mother, asking herself, “I wonder what Mum would do?”

Heather’s journey through life epitomises the true East African pioneer spirit. She has endured all manner of hardship, lived off the land, brought up a family and created a number of lovely homes. She never lost her love for Africa and nature and along the way, found time to rear orphan animals and birds which, wherever she lived, became part of her extended family.

Born in 1933 and educated in Kenya, she started training at the Nakuru War Memorial Hospital where, starting in the early 1930s, many family members were born. Her nursing training, which ended just before she married Ian to become a farmer’s wife; a tough but idyllic life, interrupted by the Kenya Emergency. To be alone whilst one’s husband is chasing terrorists in the forests is one thing, to be on one’s own on a farm bordering Mau-Mau territory, must have been terrifying.

‘Daisy’s Daughter,’ is an informative and entertaining read, and throughout, Heather comes across as a caring person, one who empathised with all living things. She respected her staff, their customs and their beliefs; their problems became hers and she was quite prepared to take on any professional who she felt was not providing the correct care.

The move from Laikipia to Hoey’s Bridge saw Heather blossom from a young girl into a mother, supportive partner and true friend. Subsequent relocations from Westlands to Malindi, and on to Angola and South West Africa (now Namibia) are covered in great detail.

Less than eighteen months after their arrival in Angola, the Portuguese Government, with little warning, decided to cede control of their African colonies, and Ian, Heather and family, and many others, with the break-down of the local administration, looting of banks and shops, were left to fend for themselves.

After a tortuous journey they reached SWA with few possessions and almost penniless. Ian stated that he ‘would never again own land in Africa,’ and accepted an offer to manage a 45,000 acre Ranch at Omitara, some 180 kilometres inland from Windhoek. Heather created yet another home, this time in an area where German & Herero were the main languages and these nineteen years were to be the longest they had lived in one place and perhaps their best.

Heather covers the good, the bad and the ugly that one finds in Africa. In my opinion, by virtue of its diversity, it is the best ‘book of life’ to be written by a Kenya-born; a pioneer in the true spirit of her grandparents who provided a solid foundation for others to follow.
To have lost so much, including her beloved father for reasons she only recently became aware, a son and a daughter, and her husband to cancer, and to still ‘pen’ her trip through life at the age of 82, with such depth, passion and clarity, is a lesson to all of us who have yet to write or complete our memoirs.

Printed & bound by Print On Demand, Cape Town. www.printondemand.co.za
492 pages, including 48 colour and black/white photographs
Cover - watercolour by Kenya world-renowned wildlife artist, Karen Laurence-Rowe
Price: R275.00
Readers from anywhere in the world can order Heather’s book online directly from the Printer’s website http://printondemand.co.za/shop/product/true-life/daisys-daughter/
Author’s website: www.daisysdaughterbook.com

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TWILIGHT OF THE BWANAS by Gordon Dyus

[British Empire Book Review by Hubert Allen - Uganda 1955-62]

Second World War, rather than (as happened to many of our contemporaries) leaving him in what was expected to be the temporary care of relatives in Britain, only to be separated altogether for five formative years. Gordon Dyus' father worked successively for the port authorities of Mombasa and Dar es Salaam, and from a very young age Gordon shared your reviewer's experience of being sent off to attend boarding school in Nairobi.

Although informed and animated by numerous personal memories, ‘Twilight of the Bwanas’ is not so much a biographical memoir as an individual's observation of colonial life at that time and during the post-war period. In this, it is inevitably restricted to some extent by the direct observations of the writer: but there are many perceptive comments and observations -- not least about the colonial memsahibs to whom so very many bwanas and their children owed so much.

Dyus notes, for example, that apart from some sections of the Kenya settlers there was in East Africa very little racism, as it is understood today. Each group - Europeans, Asians and Africans - tended to accord full respect to the others, whilst not seeking to intrude upon them, nor to interfere with their habits and customs. Rivalries and class distinctions, as he points out, were very much more apparent within the various groups. My own father recalled a civil service dinner party at which the host barked: "Seat yourselves according to your salaries!" and relished the fact that it was the wives of the various officers who all knew exactly where to go!

This first half of the book, describing colonial life during and after the war, is evocative and rewarding, even though the author tends occasionally to assume too readily that his readers will share his familiarity with what he is describing: the layout of streets in Mombasa or Dar es Salaam, for example. Moreover, the vivid descriptions in the book cry out for illustrations; and it is odd that someone who became a surveyor with Tanganyika's admirable Department of Lands and Surveys should not have helped his readers by including a few simple maps and plans.
The book's sub-title claims to describe life in East Africa before independence. And, as remarked, the first half does that admirably - principally as regards Tanganyika. The ensuing chapter about the actual attainment of self-rule is likewise well observed. But sadly in most of the rest of the book, besides describing excellently several more episodes of expatriate life, Dyus devotes too many pages to bewailing what he believes might have taken place if the process of transition had been less rushed.

Many of us who were there would agree that these countries suffered - and continue to suffer - as a consequence of the unexpectedly abrupt termination of British rule. But any belief that this could have been avoided suggests a failure to understand what was going on at the time in the rest of the world, where Macmillan and McLeod were constrained both by domestic economic pressures and by the knee-jerk hostility to imperialism of their most powerful Cold War ally. What is more, Tanganyika in particular was not a colony, but a former German territory entrusted to Britain by the League of Nations to be prepared for eventual independence. Once the majority of members of the United Nations, the League's successor body, had come to the conclusion - however unrealistic - that the time for that independence had come, it became very difficult for Britain to argue convincingly that the country should nevertheless continue as a Trust Territory.

Some of us would also challenge Gordon Dyus' portrait of Julius Nyerere. Certainly Mwalimu felt constrained to posture from time to time as a power-hungry demagogue; but the monster described in these pages is very different from the soft-spoken scholar who occasionally took refuge from politics in my parents' home to discuss how best to recast Shakespeare in traditional classical Swahili verse forms.

Again, it is easy with hindsight to ridicule Nyerere's socialist economics. But this was the era of Harold Wilson's Britain and Francois Mitterand's France, when various forms of socialism were all the rage; and very many European and American scholars applauded ujamaa as a model for the entire African continent. Similarly, it is easy to mock the follies of the TanZam railway. But, again with hindsight, perhaps it may prove to have been quite a shrewd move to be the first African nation to make friends with the superpower that will almost certainly dominate the 21st century.

Last but not least, Nyerere set a precedent, sadly rare in Africa, by stepping down from power before he was pushed.

‘Twilight of the Bwanas’, then, is a book of two halves - one impressively and vividly evocative of the period of colonial rule, the other disappointingly prejudiced about the post-colonial period.


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NEIL STUART RUTHERFORD McCormick [KR6981]

[04/03/1041-09/06/2016]

John Tucker <pukkatuck@gmail.com> [18/06/2016]: It is with deep regret that I advise that Neil McCormick died in Nelspruit on 9 June 2016 following a short illness.

I had the good fortune to stay with him last November when travelling from Swaziland to Johannesburg. No hint of any problems then, and we had a great catch-up not having seen each other since we were across-the-road neighbours in Kampala in 1968.
Neil’s parents owned a sizeable stake in Shanzu Beach Hotel which they sold before emigrating to South Africa following Kenya's independence. After leaving the Duke of York, Neil qualified as a CA in 1967, worked for Coopers & Lybrand in Kampala for a year and then emigrated to South Africa where he worked for many years at Wits University. Following retirement in 2001, he repaired to the lowveld near Nelspruit, where he and a couple of friends owned a farm from which they ran a plant business, growing and selling indigenous trees, bushes, etc. There Neil lived with his two chums in great style, immersing himself in wild orchids and ornithology whilst also completing tax returns and providing investment advice for those in need.

Through his interests Neil personally knew many renowned botanists and ornithologists, and was for 21 years Hon. Treasurer of the S.A. Ornithological Society (now Birdlife S.A.).

He felt he had had a very privileged life and seemed very contented with his lot.

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FORMATION OF THE KENYA ARMY ARTILLERY

[Hugh Stott KR6866]

Historical Background to Artillery in Kenya

The formation of the 1st Battery Kenya Army Artillery can be considered in an overall historical context, as the revival of the discipline of artillery in Kenya. It would, therefore, be appropriate to recognise the dedication and sacrifice of those East African ‘Gunners’ who preceded it.

The first Artillery unit in Kenya was a Coast Defence Unit set up in 1936 to man the coast defences at Kilindini. In the Second World War, East Africa provided five Artillery Regiments of which four were to constitute the Divisional Artillery of 11 (EA) Division. On the 12th February 1944 the troopship Khedive Ismail, in convoy to Ceylon, was torpedoed by the Japanese submarine 127. Tragically 1297 persons lost their lives including 856 members of 301st (EA) Field Regiment and 82 servicewomen. The greatest loss of allied servicewomen in any single incident and the third largest merchant shipping tragedy recorded during World War Two. [Ed: Other m-S articles about the sinking of the SS Khedive Ismail can be found in XIV pp 19/20 by Capt Yeoman, XXII pp1/6– survivor Gloria West's story, XXII – comments by Bob Finnimore, Dennis Leete and Simon Templer, XLII p10 – photo of the plaque dedicated to the FANYS who lost their lives and XLII pp70/72 – 70th Anniversary of the incident by Capt Yeoman, and Brian James Crabb author of the book ‘Passage to Destiny – The Sinking of the S.S. KHEDIVE Ismail in the Sea War against Japan ISBN 1 900289 105.]

The history of these wartime regiments is inexorably linked to overseas service with 11 (EA) Division and the KAR. By the end of 1947 only one regiment remained and this was further reduced in 1949 to 156 (East Africa) Independent Heavy Anti Aircraft (HAA) Battery, East Africa Artillery, generally known as 156 Battery, East Africa Artillery. The Battery was stationed near Nanyuki and was equipped with 8 x 3-7 HAA Guns with their associated radars, fire control equipment and radios, SLR rifles, Patchett submachine guns and several EY Rifles which launched a Mills bomb with a seven second delay fuse, from a cup fitted to the muzzle.
The sophistication of the HAA equipment ensured that the Battery received the better educated askaris. Prior to the start of the Emergency the Battery was proactive in supporting isolated and vulnerable communities. With the declaration of the Emergency on 20th October 1952, the Battery was ordered to detach ‘A’ troop to the Ethiopian border to protect Boundary Commission staff; the remainder of the Battery was tasked to support the Nanyuki Police Division with their Internal Security (IS) operations. To do this the Battery formed eight infantry sections, each mounted in 4x4 one-ton trucks. They operated as part of Mobile Column A based on 1 (East African) Independent Armoured Car Regiment.

Having adapted quickly to their infantry role, their resourcefulness and dash was quickly recognised with Sergeant Samwire being awarded a C-in-C’s Commendation and the Battery being ordered to form their own Column under Command of 70 (EA) Infantry Brigade.

In April 1954, ‘A’ Troop reverted to its gunner role and deployed two guns on the edge of the Aberdares; these were later augmented by a further two guns. Considerable ingenuity was required to successfully adapt the 3.7” HAA guns in the field role. Targets were engaged during the day; and at night the gunners reverted to carrying out patrols and ambushes; ‘B’ Troop meanwhile continued in their infantry role.

In June, ‘B’ Troop rejoined ‘A’ Troop at Nanyuki for conversion to the Guns, and in July 1955 the Battery deployed, for the first and only time, on a one-gun position in support of 49 Infantry Brigade.

From 1952 to 1955, the Battery had been on IS duties, taking part in most of the major operations. However, the versatility of the askaris was such that with equanimity they also undertook the traditional ‘gunner’ ceremonial role of firing a gun salute for the Sultan of Zanzibar on his visit to Nairobi in February 1954.

On 3rd November 1955, the Battery disbandment parade was taken by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Gerald Lathbury in Nanyuki. The esteem in which the Battery, and its stout hearted askaris, was held was recognised in the 1955 New Years Honours List where Battery personnel were awarded an MBE for bravery, two MIDs, and Sergeant Samwire added an MM to his C-in-C’s Commendation.

1st Battery Kenya Army Artillery

1st Battery Kenya Army Artillery was to be formed from officers and men taken from the three regular infantry battalions of the Kenya Army. It was to be equipped with 6 x Tampella 120mm mortars with conventional and rocket assisted mortar bombs, and with mils directors for survey and artillery boards for fire control. The mortars were secured on wheeled bogies for travelling and towed by long wheel based Land Rovers. First line ammunition was carried in 3-ton vehicles which travelled with each troop.

The unit establishment, and modus operandi, was to be based on that of a regular 105mm towed field battery of the Royal Artillery. The Battery was located in the hütte barracks in Gilgil and I believe occupied the same accommodation used by Gloucestershire Regiment and 3rd Regiment Royal Horse Artillery (3 RHA) during the Emergency. The huts and surrounds required a considerable amount of work to bring them up to standard as they had had the minimum amount of maintenance since the last unit left.

Also sharing the barracks was the recently formed engineer squadron. The 2IC was Captain B Kurutu, who as a Colonel would subsequently become the Defence Attaché in London.
The Parachute Company, in a nearby barracks, was commanded by Major Simon Combes [KR 68263]. We had been together in the same Kenya Regiment Intake (CMTC 12) at KRTC Lanet and Squad (Squad 3, Sergeant Jones Scots Guards). We were also at Sandhurst together in the same College but different Companies. He was subsequently commissioned into the KAR and transferred to the Kenya Rifles.

The British Army Training Team Kenya (BATTKEN) provided an executive element (Seconded Officers) to the Battery, consisting of:

- Battery Commander, Major G.W. Langford RA,
- Quartermaster, Captain R. Panton MM RA
- Troop Commander, Acting Captain H. Stott RA
- Battery Sergeant Major WO2 (BSM) D. Aldridge

and a training element comprising:

- Instructor in Gunnery, Captain J.M.C. Blunt RA
- Assistant Instructor in Gunnery, WO2 (AIG) E. Bex
- Sergeant G. Thompson RSIGS.

A few of the team had previous connections with Kenya, in that George Langford was the brother of Pat Langford, a very active character, who was well known in the social circles of Kenya; and who had been a previous commander of 156 Battery, East Africa Artillery.

Hugh Stott who had been at school in Kenya and completed his compulsory military training in the Kenya Regiment, and WO2 (AIG) Ted Bex who had been a member of 3 RHA whilst they were stationed in Gilgil.

Captain Blunt and WO2 Bex spent some time in Larkhill before deploying to Kenya, trialling 2 mortars from Hotchkiss-Brandt and the 120mm Tampella which was eventually selected to equip the Kenya Battery.

The Battery was to be officially formed on 1st March 1967. The Battery Commander (BC), the Quartermaster (QM) and the Battery Sergeant Major (BSM) departed the UK at the end of September 1966 and the remainder departed at the end of October 1966. As there were no Army quarters in Gilgil all BATTKEN personnel had to find their own accommodation in Nakuru, the nearest town to Gilgil where suitable accommodation was available.

During November, key personnel of the Battery started to be posted in from the various units of the Kenya Rifles. These included the putative Battery Commander, initially Major W Shigoli, who left early on promotion, and then Major D.R.C. Tonje from 5 KR, who Army Headquarters had originally nominated as the Battery Captain, but the Commanding Officer not wanting to lose him gave him command of a company and approved his promotion to Major thus making him ineligible.

However, when the Battery Commander’s position became vacant he was once more nominated for the Artillery and on this occasion the Commanding Officer acquiesced. After a short spell at the School of Artillery Larkhill he was transferred to the Corps of Artillery and joined the Battery and the young officers who were to become troop commanders and forward observation officers (FOOs), gun position officers (GPOs) and section commanders, together with senior NCOs and Corporals (to be re-designated Bombardiers) who were considered suitable as Nos. 1 on the mortars. Some of the last had been in the mortar platoons of their Regiment whilst the others were considered to have potential leadership skills.
Finally, there were the junior NCOs and privates (gunners) who had basic knowledge of the English language and elementary mathematical skills and were selected to be trained as technical assistants (TARAs). These individuals were to be the nucleus of the Battery; and training under the Instructor of Gunnery (IG) and his Assistant Instructor in Gunnery (AIG) started immediately.

Initially, invaluable handling lessons were learnt on the unpackaging and assembling of the mortars and technical stores. Subsequent to this, the servicing and calibration of the instruments gave the gunners a measure of confidence prior to training with the equipment on the Gun Park and on the numerous dry training exercises that were held.

By February, a final establishment had been agreed and mortar detachments commanders selected. The officers had been allocated to their troops. The QM had issued to the troop commanders a vast number of stores and these in turn were signed out to the GPOs and mortar Nos1.

By the end of February the Battery was sufficiently up to strength; and gunnery training, including deployment drills could begin in earnest. We were fortunate that David Begg who farmed the adjacent land to the camp allowed us to use his farm for dry training so that realistic training could be carried out.

One of the immediate issues was the lack of survey data, although fortunately WO (AIG) Bex had retained a complete list of survey points, from his time with 3 RHA, some of which had survived in the potential training and live firing areas.

Whilst the Survey Department of Kenya had established trig points throughout much of the Country these did not cover the main areas used as firing ranges. To resolve this problem a Sperry Navigator was issued. This was fitted to the BATTKEN Land Rover and was used by the IG and AIG to put in temporary survey points on the training areas and the ranges for live firing. This equipment was very demanding on time and required infinite driver patience as it needed to be calibrated at frequent intervals on cardinal point headings at a known grid reference.

It also required the driver not to spin the wheels as that would instantly start to give false readings. This caused much angst and swearing from the gunnery staff as they always seemed to be in a hurry! However, the system was considered to be sufficiently accurate for the team to be sent to the NFD to establish co-ordinates which were marked by oil drums filled with ballast and painted white for use by aircraft searching for Shifita (bandits) on the Kenya/Somali border.

By February 1967, the Battery was ready for its first live firing camp. This took place in the Ithanga Hills near Thika. As expected there was a large audience from the staff at Army Headquarters and COs and selected officers from the Infantry Battalions. The Press were also invited. Targets were carefully selected so that they could be seen easily from the observation post. The impact of the rounds and the vapour trails left by the rocket assisted ammunition made a great impression on the reporters.
On the 1st March 1967, 1st Battery Kenya Army Artillery was officially recognised as being operational and became part of the Kenya Army ORBAT. This by coincidence was almost exactly eleven years since the disbandment of 156 Battery, East African Artillery.

Training continued throughout the year, with more soldiers being posted in to make up the strength. Camps were held in Rumuruti on Begg’s farm. The farm had been used extensively by 3 RHA and was well served with survey data and thus emergency moves and crash action procedures could be practiced. Dol Dol, in the North, was an excellent area for live firing as there were no fences and few made up roads. Map reading was a real challenge for everyone, as was the re-supply of rations, ammunition and water.

[LEFT: CAPTAIN KIENDI AT AN OP IN DOL DOL]

The area was populated and used by nomadic herdsmen; and although the authorities published prohibited areas and dates, well in advance of any firing taking place, the locals were mostly illiterate and did not care to be moved from their pastures. There was, however, at least a moral obligation to ensure that the designated impact area was free from the herdsmen, their families and livestock. Early morning deployments by the OP parties and a swan around the area by the Gunnery Staff ensured we had no accidents or incidents. The FOOs struggling with locating targets on sketchy mapping had the additional task of continuing to watch for extraneous movement in the area whilst engaging them.

Lake Baringo was another favourite training area as it was a long drive over diverse road surfaces which tested vehicles, drivers, and convoy commanders. However, once the Battery arrived sites were good and general conditions for training excellent. There were also dukas within an acceptable distance to obtain fresh rations. Water, however, was at a premium and the bowser was a critical vehicle!

I handed over my appointment of battery captain to Captain Matu on the 19th April 1968. The remainder of the seconded personnel departed in 1969 after handing over their appointments to their Kenyan colleagues. The gunnery staff element remained for a further tour, Captain Blunt being replaced by Major David Wright.

Whilst the mortars have been retained, the Kenya Army Artillery has expanded and they now have three gunner battalions, the mortars being supplemented by the 105mm Light Gun.

The calibre of the Kenyan officers, NCOs and soldiers posted to the Battery can be judged by the fact that a number of the original members achieved high rank, or attended prestigious professional courses in the UK. The Battery Commander, Major D.R.C. Tonje went on to Command the Kenya Army and then the Kenya Defence Force for several years. Captain A.K. Arap Cheruiyot Commanded the Kenya Army and at least three others became Brigadiers.
Captain F. Butt attended the Gunnery Staff Officers’ course in 1972, and WO2 Ngugi the NCOs Gunnery Staff Courses (Field) at the Royal School of Artillery Larkhill.

Equipment: 6 X 120 mm Tampella mortars

Kenya Army gunnery officers: Maj W.M. Shigoli (posted early to a more senior appointment), Maj D.R.C. Tonje, Capt G. Kiendi, Capt A.K. Arap Cheruiyot, Lt D Masai (posted out early), Lt D Magonga, 2Lt F. Butt, 2Lt ? Singh.

Acknowledgements: My thanks go to Lieutenant Colonel Pat Stacpoole for use of his paper on 156 (East African) Independent Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery, East Africa Artillery - Operations in Kenya from 1952 – 1955 [Ed: see m-S XLVIII pp 49-52], and for his advice and recollections whilst serving with the Battery. Also to Bill Blunt for correcting inaccuracies, the provision of additional technical information and for use of his photographs, to Ian Ferguson-Sharpe and Christopher Hill for their help in tracing General Tonje; and finally to General Daudi Tonje himself for taking the time to read through the script and correct spelling mistakes and further inaccuracies!

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THE DITCHES

Ian Parker <ipap@activ8.net.au> 13/11/2016: I am trying to gather historical facts on what was referred to as the Ditch, during the Emergency. Wherever the Kikuyu Reserve abutted onto the Aberdare and Mount Kenya Forests, a mile-wide zone was declared a ‘Prohibited Area’ and anyone therein not of the Security Forces, could be shot on sight.

On the outer edge of the mile strip (that is the Reserve side) a deep ditch was dug (in Embu this was six metres wide, three metres deep and with the spoil thrown up along the Reserve side.) I do not recall the ditch being quite so big in Fort Hall where I was, or in Nyeri.

Its purpose was to complicate MM in the forest, getting to and from supplies in the reserve. I think its main purpose was as psywar, with a psychological effect rather than as an effective barrier. Militarily it was quite useful as a place to ‘pick up’ crossings and follow or to lay ambushes.

I would like to know about the ditch in Kiambu District. Was it ditched like Fort Hall, Nyeri & Embu? Denis Kearney is someone who should know. So, too, might Eric Holyoak.

If you have contact with them, could you pose the question: where and how long was the ditch in Kiambu? [Ed: Neither Denis nor Eric are on-line, the former is not IT interested and the latter, and Shirley, because of the continual disappearance of their landline! Telkom have given up trying to restore their phone, so the Holyoaks rely on their mobiles.]

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HOW KENYA REFUGEE REGIMENT MADE ETHIOPIAN HISTORY

AMAZING COURAGE IN ILL-STARRED EXPLOIT

SUBSEQUENT SUCCESS

[From our Special Correspondent with the East Africa Force]

38
“Those who are here are anxious to go again. We have forgotten the past. Now we think only of the future.”

An Abyssinian used those words to me five months ago. We were standing in the shade of tall trees somewhere in the Northern Frontier District of Kenya and for more than an hour on a hot morning I had watched Abyssinians being trained in the handling of the rifle and in disciplined response to the word of command. The men who were training them were past masters at their work, though till that time they had never trained Abyssinians. One of them, a sergeant told me that the Ethiopians were not only eager to learn but astonishingly quick and sharp, even though many of them hardly understood a word of English and their instructors certainly couldn’t speak Amharic. I watched the Abyssinian soldiers-in-the making. They were lithe as leopards and on their pointed oval faces, so unlike the heavy features of the African, there were no smiles. While they were at work they were serious. And when they were dismissed they merely walked quietly away.

Spirit of Ethiopia

That scene took me back to July 13 last year. At that time most of the people were concerned about the fate of Moyale. But at a remote spot on the other side of Lake Rudolf, Namaraputh, the spirit of Ethiopia was being reborn. The 1st Battalion Ethiopian Refugee Regiment, eager to revenge themselves and their country, pathetically, anxious to be given a chance to fight, were making up in spirit what they lacked in training. They were not soldiers within the proper meaning of the term; the Battalion had only been raised a month before and the training had been scanty.

Most of them came from southern Abyssinia, Borana, Sidamu, Maji, Gamu and Gardulla; every man a volunteer. With them was the Boran Chief Aftari Tadama Abdullah Zalaka, who had fought with Ras Desta and when general resistance to the Italians ceased he had been leader of a guerrilla band. He could tell a story of how fifteen of his men once attacked a convoy and killed 62 Italians. He it was who was largely responsible for the organisation of the remarkable flight of thousands of his countrymen to Kenya and shared the dangers and hardships of that strange march.

At Namaraputh

The purpose of the 1st Battalion at Namaraputh was to cross the border and then make contact with their friends. They were well armed and each man had two month’s pay in the currency of his country. To facilitate the crossing a force of the King’s African Rifles caused a diversion by attacking Italian Namaraputh. At eight o’clock at night a flashing light signal told the officer-in-charge of the Ethiopians – a well known Kenya settler – that Namaraputh had been taken. He hurried forward not expecting opposition. But the Merille and Somali garrison having been driven out [by the KAR?] had seen the lights of the advancing transport and tried to ambush the party. Little could be seen through the ground mist. A machine gun was brought into action and all the Ethiopians could do was lie down and return the enemy fire every time rifle flashes were spotted a few score yards away. Happily there were no casualties and eventually the machine gun silenced the rifles of the hidden garrison. [Ed: This article is copied from a newspaper cutting passed to me by the late Maurice Randall [KR630], so assume he was the OI/C? He, Aubrey Aggett [KR222] and others were amongst those ‘Recces’ attached to the Ethiopian Irregulars.]

Raised the Flag

But the unexpected attack had caused a check which was to have far-reaching results. The Ethiopians were waiting with the KAR transport about a mile in the rear and as they came into Namaraputh they were fired on and replied. One of their number was killed – the Battalion’s first casualty; the buried him later in Abyssinia.
The original plan had been for the KAR to press their attack as far as the next Italian post about 20 miles away, while the Ethiopians slipped over the border at a selected spot. The delay caused a change in plan, the projected advance was abandoned owing to the late hour, and it was decided that the Ethiopians should cross the frontier where they were and work along the River Omo till they came to a place where they could ford.

The leaders were called together and on the soil of their own country there was a short and impressive ceremony. Desmach Walde Miriam, one-time Governor of Gamu – now old and somewhat infirm but with unquenchable spirit – hoisted the flag of Ethiopia (given to his countrymen by the Englishwoman, Miss Steadman) on the flagstaff of the captured Italian post. As the flag was hoisted in the darkness the small British force saluted it in the presence of the Abyssinian leaders of the four companies.

A Strange Story

Nearly a month later the Ethiopians arrived back at a British post in Northern Turkana exhausted and starving with many sick and some wounded, five hundred men with a strange tale. Fitaurari Tadama, guerrilla leader and veteran of Ras Desta’s army, told me the story. “We found,” he began, that we could not cross the River Omo so after a conference we decided to go into the Sudan and make for Maji in Abyssinia. After walking for three days our food was finished and we could not get any because the country was empty of people. Everyone had gone or been driven away by the Italians. There were no animals in that part of the country.” So the Ethiopians carried on till they came to tracks leading to Maji after walking for thirteen days without seeing man or beast except a few Dik Dik. They shot and devoured a buffalo.

Living on Roots

Eventually they came to a small Italian post called Shatatbai where Italian askaris fired on them, killing one of their number. They fired back, the enemy fled and left one dead, having first set fire to the four huts forming the post. “But at Shatatbai,” went on Tadama, “we found three cows and thirty sheep which we ate that day and felt better for we had been weak for lack of food and could not pursue the enemy. We had been living on edible trees and had sent out men to shoot meat, and one man was lost or died of starvation or was captured. His companions thought he might betray them to the Italians so they definitely decided to come back. But many of us were too weak to walk and had to be carried by stages by the stronger men, who brought them some way and then went back for others in relays.”

The party split up and some decided to return by way of the Sudan, and Tadama explained how the only way to have obtained food would have been to attack their own people and steal from them. On the contrary, their instructions and their desire had been to make friends. In actual fact they saw very few people except those at Shatatbai. There they shouted to the Italian askaris that it was a senseless thing to shed the blood of their own countrymen and they asked the garrison to join them. The garrison asked the Ethiopians to send one man forward and they would send over one of their party. They did not appear anxious to continue the fight. But unfortunately, in their eagerness the Ethiopians went forward to the post in a body and the enemy, suspecting a trap, opened fire a second time and the negotiations failed. But, as I mentioned earlier, one of the enemy force was killed in the encounter. He proved to be the important Donyiroi chief Tucha of Bumi. The Ethiopians brought in his robes as proof of his death.

And so the 1st. Battalion Ethiopian Refugee Regiment straggled back, two having been killed, one lost and fifty were ill. After nearly a month the strongest of them reached the belt of trees known as the 'Camp of the Birds' on the road to Kamathia where they made contact with some Turkana after
crossing’ the Donyiro hills and the plain that leads to Lokitaung. They were brought in by KAR transport - their ill-fated mission had ended.

**Want Leadership**

"God has been kind to us and after much suffering we have returned," continued Tadama, "We will not go back again by ourselves. We need food and we want British officers. We must have lorries and camels, and we should like to fight side by side with the King’s African Rifles. But we appreciate very much the help given to us. We want to assist the British Government in every way."

Five months ago, that was. An unexpected check by a handful of banda at Namaraputh altered the whole course of a hopeful experiment. The Ethiopians entered Abyssinia at a point different from that planned for them, with the result that they had to wander through a depopulated countryside and never saw the friends they hoped to meet.

**And Now, Success**

But the story has a happy sequel. Since then, spirits revived, they have been trained. More important still, I they have been in action against enemy irregulars half a dozen times I and these successful encounters have cleared over 3,000 square miles of North-West Kenya of banda, and enabled local tribes to return to their grazing grounds. The experiment which began so tragically at Namaraputh has succeeded. The undisciplined body of men who crossed the frontier and returned shaken have developed into a splendid unit, full of confidence and spirit.

Contrast the story of Dukana with that I have related. On October 19 the last part of the Battalion left the North Horr district en route for Dukana, accompanied by a detachment of KAR with two Lewis guns.

It was raining and the journey north was difficult. In the spongy mud lorries were frequently bogged. The lava-strewn countryside is open and barren, one of the most desolate parts of all Kenya. After the force had travelled about twenty-five miles some Banda were observed going down a lugga about a mile away, apparently not having seen the advancing British force.

The KAR moved out in the direction taken by the banda and the Ethiopian troops remained in support. The banda, who had camped on entering the lugga, were taken by surprise but they succeeded in getting away in the bush. One young boy was captured, together with some ammunition and equipment and three camels.

**Dukana**

Then the KAR and the Abyssinian troops continued their journey and reached Dukana, the far north frontier outpost, at about five o’clock in the evening. The leading lorry with the KAR and a Lewis gun aboard drove right to the wells, followed immediately by the Ethiopians. Some banda were at the water and action was joined at once. As the enemy fled the Abyssinians extended on the right flank, advancing with careless daring, firing as they ran. They soon cleared the ground up to the nearest ridge and were then recalled. In fact the Abyssinian troops did the job so quickly that the Lewis gun never came into action.

The Commanding Officer of the KAR detachment - by curious coincidence the same one who had been with the KAR and Ethiopians at Namaraputh - withdrew his men from Dukana and camped about two miles away in the bush and lava rock. It was a wakeful but uneventful night.

Next morning, October 20, the force entered Dukana again and found the position empty. Then the KAR returned south and at 11 o’clock that day an Ethiopian patrol was in a hot engagement with
thirty-five Somali banda half a mile to the north. Though the Somalis used hand grenades at close quarters the Ethiopians lost only one killed and one wounded. Five Somalis were known to be killed and some wounded, four of whom died on the way back to Mega. The Ethiopians captured several rifles and some ammunition and grenades.

On October 21, a scouting patrol engaged the enemy again about a mile north of Dukana. The enemy was about fifteen strong and saw the patrol before the latter could get to close quarters. A running fight followed for a time and the banda withdrew north.

Then on the following morning, October 22, the boma at Dukana, was bombed and machine-gunned by an Italian aircraft. Although fifteen bombs were dropped there were no casualties among the Abyssinian force.

At the same time, a report came in that ten banda with rifles and four Somalis armed with spears, were driving a herd of cattle, numbering 380, across country in the direction of Gorai. An officer with a patrol went in search of the party but when he heard the noise of the air raid he returned.

From all of which it may be gathered that last October Dukana was a lively spot and that the 1st Battalion Ethiopian Refugee Regiment, after a few months hard training was proving its worth.

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ROBERT (BOB) KINGTOM FINNIMORE CBE [KR3528]

[22/01/1927-01/08/2016]

Bob died in Port Shepstone, KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa on 1st August 2016. [LEFT: BOB HAVING RECEIVED HIS CBE.]

Born in Cape Town, he moved with his parents to Kenya. He attended St Mary’s in Nairobi, and enlisted into the Kenya Regiment on 31/03/1945, promoted A/Sergeant 23/08/1945; released 13/08/1947.

Bob attended Queen’s College, Cambridge (captained the College badminton team) before joining the Her Majesty's Overseas Civil Service (HMOCS), but commonly still called at that time the Colonial Service.

[LEFT: BOB HAVING RECEIVED HIS CBE.]

Details of his service in Kenya, according to various Kenya Gazettes, are:

DO Embu Guard, Embu wef 04/11/1954
DO Taita District wef 13/01/1958
DO Turkana District wef 04/01/1959
DC Northern Frontier District wef 11/05/1959
PA to PC Nyanza District wef 15/07/1961
Promoted Deputy Civil Secretary, Western Region wef 24/11/1963

After Kenya, Bob served in the Western Pacific – Solomon Islands
His CBE was gazetted 31st December 1985 (LG 50368 (Solomon Islands) 30 December 1985).

His father, Arthur George Finnimore died in Honiora, Solomon Islands 26/02/1979 and Bob was the sole beneficiary. So assume he was living with Bob or had lived with Bob?

He never married, and retired to South Africa and bought in Anerley on the Natal south coast.

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A LOG FROM EAST AFRICA

[Peter Stanford]

Nineteen years after the Korean experience, and from three rungs up the ladder of promotion, the task of naval blockade in the twentieth century looks very much the same. The task off Beira differs of course in aim, concept and execution from the Korean. Here we have no war, but only a continuing requirement for presence. In the purely naval sense, the similarities are in the enduring lesson of blockade as an instrument of sea power, and in the mechanics of the business of blockade, its effect on men and the life of ships. While the long days of inaction off an unfriendly shore prompt memories of 1951, the Beira patrol, as an occupation, has many advantages over the Korean. "Vive la difference!" as some Frenchman is reputed to have said.

Beira is a commercial port of about forty-three thousand inhabitants in Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa. It lies roughly opposite the middle of Madagascar. One hundred and twenty miles to the north, the Zambezi River ends its journey from the Kariba Dam which separates Zambia from Rhodesia; and to the south, four hundred miles away, flows out ‘the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees’. Beira itself is on the Pungwe River, which winds out through banks of mud into the Mozambique Channel.

The low coastline is barely visible from the anchorage near the pilot vessel, where laden merchantmen wait for favourable tides to allow them over the bar. Only the tallest lighthouse structures, the tops of houses or mangrove trees dancing in the haze, or by night the lights themselves and the occasional flare from a fire, can be seen from the distance at which the patrolling frigates usually cruise.

The task of the British ships off Beira is to prevent the arrival of tankers carrying crude oil for the only pipeline into Rhodesia. The ships maintain their vigil for varying periods, establishing the identity of shipping approaching the port, ready to act in enforcement of a United Nations Security Council resolution should the need arise. In the meantime, there is little to do but just be there.

When we arrived for our first patrol, eager and pink and hot-foot from Britain, the weather was probably our main concern. The East Coast of Africa Pilot contains dire warnings of tropical revolving storms; instructions on what you must do to your barometer to find out if there is one on its way; and some depressing statistical tables concerning winds and rain and cloud formations. But to us (and especially to one who had spent over half the previous twelve years bleakly furrowing the murky waters round the British Isles), the long days of bright sunshine were as manna; and even the shallow sea off Beira seemed inspired by the clear skies above it, to remain a very reasonable blue.

As the monsoon changed and the southern summer approached, the temperatures rose. In the air conditioned interior of the ship it was hard to recall the not-so-distant past, when warm air merely recirculated in draughts impelled by rotary fans. On deck, there was nearly always a breeze. Only when the ship was going with it, and at the same speed, could the ‘first class passengers’, basking in carefully contrived attitudes on the flat roof of the bridge, be heard to complain bitterly to their
colleague, the officer of the watch, that it must surely be time to alter course into the wind. Those who worked on the upper deck acquired hues that would not have shamed a Riviera starlet. Of those who worked below, some burned themselves furiously in their spare time, while others proudly retained their pallor as a mark of independence.

There is always plenty of work to do in a warship. Off Korea, the emphasis had been on the gun armament, for there was frequent occasion to use our weapons. In the absence of either action or practice facilities off Beira, work was mostly a question of house-maiding. The captain's part is inspection, and long periods at sea permit the regular exercise of ritual 'rounds'. Mess deck rounds, with the mess gear gleaming on the tables; storeroom rounds, with the long descents into airless holds where bearings and buckets, punches and peppercorns, radio valves and vegetables and a host of other necessities await their call to duty; electrical department rounds, where clever young men in charge of costly racks of gleaming equipment meet your innocent questions with stares that only thinly disguise their amazement at your ignorance; machinery space rounds, guaranteed to take off a pound or two of surplus flesh in the hot damp darkness behind the boilers or under the steering motors, despite the break for iced 'limers' in the engineer's office en route.

Then there are magazine rounds, and the inevitable, carefully primed questions from the young seaman gunner at the top of the ladder: "Matches or lighter, sir? Non-ferrous soles on your shoes, sir? Thank you, sir." And upper deck rounds, where paint mixtures and colour schemes and the recent ravages of salt and spray are discussed with the captains of tops, while the first lieutenant and the chief boatswain's mate listen anxiously in the background lest a heresy be suborned.

Soon, however, we rediscovered the ancient truth that the occupation of leisure hours is more of a problem than finding work. The sun was the first and most popular recreation; but more active amusement was clearly desirable, and in any case sunset at about six thirty left four hours till 'Pipe down'. After dark, film shows were staple diet; and a nightly show in different messes - or on deck - allowed two or three films to be shown a week.

The inter mess quiz competition resulted in a clear win for one of the chief petty officers' messes, the home of a natural genius who was swiftly chartered by the entertainments officer to run the business from then on. From a wide choice of long playing records and tapes, a series of 'request' programmes was played round the ship by a number of amateur disc jockeys. Reputations, in the best 'showbiz' tradition, rose and fell. The inane jargon of the pop specialist was bandied lavishly about, and a star was finally born. Able Seaman 'Swingin' Dave' certainly outlasted his rivals in the favour of the ship's company, which grew firmly committed to his wares.

Only occasionally did one hear a disconsolate admirer of some earlier constellation - of Sinatra or Crosby - seek the favour of a half hour of what is contemptuously known as 'square' music. 'Où sont les refrains d'autres temps. Que l'on a chanté tant et tant?'

Facilities for physical recreation in a ship of frigate size are severely limited. The ship's rugger and soccer teams, which had been building enviable reputations for invincibility, were keen enough; but racing round the fo'c'sle with any movement on the ship is a poor substitute for a games field, and there are the additional hazards of ring-bolts, studs and many other projections to trap the unwary. In addition, enthusiasts who spring up and down can barely avoid doing it directly over somebody else's head, which is unpopular. Deck hockey demands more open deck space than could be found. We finally devised a deck quoits court which attracted ferocious competition. Whether or not the after superstructure, flanking one side of the court, could be used to play the quoit, as in squash, remained the subject of keen discussion.

We even produced a concert party. The quarterdeck was fitted with a low stage; awning and side curtains were rigged, and as much coloured bunting as the cautious yeoman of signals would release
was used to complete the effect. The roar of applause which greeted the appearance of the first turn, a musical trio, was drowned by the burst of electronic music which their guitars produced. As the artists warmed, unsmiling, to their task, the enthusiasm of the audience swelled.

There were singing stokers and clowning cooks; sketches bawdy (including a spirited and novel interpretation of Cinderella by the petty officers) and not so bawdy; a virtuoso performance on a clarinet by a young radio electrical mechanic; and a final rousing chorus finishing with a neatly placed custard pie in the face of the captain’s leading steward, who had been the compère. The show was voted a huge success, and the critic of the Bulge, the ship’s newspaper, waxed so enthusiastic that thoughts soon turned to a fresh production in the future.

All these things we organised during our first patrol; but it was rather a dull fortnight nevertheless. It had lacked any hint of activity, apart from the self-generated; and although life had been much more comfortable than blockading West Korea, it had been very tame. Korea never offered the chance of getting away into the interior, which in any case was largely hostile; and in Japan time was too short and too busy, and the country never seemed very inviting.

Africa, on the other hand, promised both time and opportunity, possibly the chance of a naval lifetime. As we hurried back towards Mombasa in the long slow swell of the south west monsoon's last blow, we planned our three week stay in Kenya. Very few of us had ever been there before, and it was with keen anticipation that we steamed in through the narrow coral-bound entrance to Port Kilindini on the first day of October and berthed alongside the maintenance ship. Africa, I thought, must be able to do better than Japan.

A week later I stepped ashore to be met by my hostess and two small sons, returning from the coast to their upland farm with another mother and her children. In a large fast workmanlike German car we left Mombasa and followed the Kipevu Causeway, with its last view of the harbour, on to the winding road over the coastal hills towards Nairobi. My companions had already driven eighty miles from Malindi and breakfasted in Mombasa. 'Distance,' my brother had written to me, 'means little to a Kenyan.' Steeped in the cautious view of road travel which the clogged arteries of the British system encourage, I mentally totted up the stages of the journey before us and arrived at an awesome total of some five hundred and forty miles in the day.

It was a long and weary journey, my impressions of which remain kaleidoscopically uneven. The children, in pairs, alternately slept and fought, so that but for rare intervals of peace there was a form of constant background noise until after sunset, when they all mercifully fell asleep.

I remember the lush coastal vegetation giving way to the dry bush country as, still on good tarmac road, we sped through the Tsavo area, getting a first and somewhat disappointing view of some elephants, red with dust, moving in a desultory way towards leafy shade. The mottled, untidy looking giraffes of the Athi Plain were dismissed contemptuously by my northern companions as not worth looking at; and on the thorn trees and telegraph wires bright, unknown birds flashed past, leaving in me that anticipatory thrill of discovery which haunts one’s mind in a strange land.

Short of Mtito Andei we stopped and picnicked in the regular shade of a flat-topped thorn tree, expressly designed, so it seems, by a careful providence for the protection of the warm blooded creation from the greater heat of a merciless sun. The further tactical significance of the halt was made clear when, immediately after lunch and not five minutes away, the children were chivvied into a restaurant swimming pool, which removed the more adhesive remains of the cold chicken, sausages, tangerines and lemon squash on which they had fed.

In the afternoon the tarmac gave way to dirt. The countryside changed little, until we approached the range of rounded hills over which passes the road to Nairobi. We dropped to the city at a time
which the children clearly recognised as suitable for tea, and my principal impression of Nairobi is a paradoxical synthesis of brightly coloured dual avenues centred with bougainvillaea and flanked by stately jacarandas in full bloom, set against a tea table scene of loud devastation, in which lay seeds of anarchy, as first a milk shake glass and then a plate of cakes went crashing to the concrete floor.

The final stage of the route lay northward through the early dusk, which robbed me of more than a first incredulous glimpse of Mount Kenya's jagged peak, at a most unlikely elevation, looking like a spike of distant cumulo nimbus; through darkening sisal and coffee plantations into a night colder than anything I had known since winter in England; and finally through the thinly peopled streets of Nanyuki and Timau, over several miles of wild rough road to a farmhouse lit by oil lanterns and a roaring open fire of dried cedar logs.

There can surely be few delights more keen than a first dawn glimpse of view, from a strange house, following one's arrival late at night. I was woken by an almost golden light through my window. Below the rose bed and a narrow lawn glittering with dew, the ground fell to a shallow valley before rising to a curve of down on my left. To the right the valley gave on to sloping ground which fell away some three or four miles to a ridge. Beyond the ridge, blue and misty still, a plain stretched distantly northwards for perhaps thirty or forty miles, I could not say. But the pale mountains beyond, floating on wreaths of mist and backed by the pink of dawn itself, were proved by the map to be eighty and more miles off.

Breathing in the freshness of that morning, I recalled the words of Elspeth Huxley. 'I think,' she wrote, 'there is a smell of open plain and wind and distance.....' But it was the sense of spaciousness perceived that day, renewed the following three, and reinforced from minute to minute, that is my strongest memory of those splendid uplands. There is spaciousness at sea; there are uninterrupted horizons and empty vaults of sky. But a ship is essentially an urban society; you can never get away from people. Even in the seclusion of the 'cuddy' totally (you hope) insulated from the sea, or occupying your favourite vantage point on the wing of the bridge, you are tied by an invisible telephone line to every one of your ship's company.

And though no captain would have it otherwise, it is not possible at sea to savour the vastness of space, the awful magnificence of nature compared with individual existence, in the same way as it is ten thousand feet up on the slopes of Mount Kenya, with the dim Aberdares in the west, the Loldaikas before you, and the plain of the Ewaso Nyiro stretching north and west to the far hills of the northern frontier. Nature defeats even nature by its distances in this wide land, for the Ewaso Nyiro itself, a river of respectable dimensions, sinks ignominiously into the Lorian Swamp long before it can reach the sea.

Time, or at any rate the marking of it by the irritating ticking of a clock, had no place in the life of my hosts. Anthony was up at first light, seeing to the affairs of ten thousand sheep and a thousand cattle, numbering among them some highly distinguished prize winning beasts of Scottish stock. Breakfast was when he returned. Lunch took place between the excursions of the morning and the afternoon; and after the children had been disposed of for the night, dinner soon followed, and early bed. It was a simple routine of infinite elasticity, allowing for early morning ornithological sorties, or flights to neighbouring farms, sudden acceptance of a meal thirty miles away, or an evening over a leopard kill.

When I, engrossed in a book on the distinction between *Francolinus sephoena Grantii and Rendeli*, was unforgivably late down to dinner with three guests from some distance away, I honestly felt my solecism was barely noticed; and my apologetic explanation appeared to be accepted as wholly reasonable.
Luxury is a dangerous word, applied loosely in many contexts of wide variance, signifying to somewhat others regard as the tyranny of our materialistic age. But carelessness of time, the ability to be spendthrift with the unforgiving minute, must be one of the greatest, and least attainable, luxuries remaining within the grasp of man.

For the four short days I spent in northern Kenya there was so much to fill the time. My host had been a hunter, and his knowledge of animals must be second to none in his country. 'In that word, "unting", wot a ramification of knowledge is compressed,' quoth Mr Jorrocks, and he would have marvelled at Anthony's.

We covered a wide expanse of territory in search of game and birds, and everywhere was new to me. We drove by the grass and corn lands of his farm, past little herds of Thomson's gazelles; up the mountain through upland bush to wilder moorlands and saw some eland; in his light aeroplane we flew over the thicker, lower forest of cedar and podocarpus and a tree described as "bryeri something-or-other", and saw buffalo by the score in the clearings, and elephant moving ponderously about as if on wheels.

At one moment Anthony muttered "Rhino!" and the aeroplane stood obediently on its port wing while we circled tightly at about two hundred feet. To my shame we had to circle several times before I became aware of two pale grey rumps partly hidden by a dead tree stump. We flew over herds of reticulated giraffe on the lowlands - so much smarter than their dowdy cousins of the Athi Plain - and were observed coolly by a Grevy's zebra which appeared totally unmoved.

We saw reed buck by the river and dikdik in the bush, gerenuk and oryx; three colobus monkeys at breakfast in a tall tree in the forest; and a potted leopard in a game reserve, somnolently resting on the limb of a tree above his kill, one leg hanging in an abandoned way. From high over Lake Ol Bolossat we saw hippo basking in the mud like great black slugs.

Driving with my hostess to lunch at a small farm set in the sheltered wooded valley of the Ngare Ndare, I exhausted half a reel of colour film on a herd of impala as they bounded across the road. Three very smart bucks with enviable heads chased each other in a furious circle close beside the car; then stopped as one, suspicious, before racing out of sight.

One night Anthony took me off to sit up over a leopard kill. Near his sheep two jackals, though quickly executed, delayed us and we saw nothing. For an hour we sat in a blind of bales. Straining every sense I peered down the barrel of the rifle into the gathering night, while my host, utterly relaxed, sat back with his eyes shut. I could not flatter myself that he expected any alertness from me. But there came no movement, no warning from other animals or birds, and the leopard lived another three weeks. We returned in the dark across the airstrip, with the startled eyes of stein buck, caught momentarily in the headlights, scattering like shooting stars round us.

From watching birds in those few days I acquired ornithological indigestion, self-inflicted, in an acute form. I have watched birds in many parts of the world, but such is the nature of the sea service - our soldier brothers are more fortunate - that never outside Europe had I had so long to devote to virtually nothing else. East African birds differ from the European perhaps less than those of North America; but there are nevertheless enough differences and variety, to bring the binoculars of the uninitiated constantly to his eyes, and send him racing through pages of unfamiliar families in the book.

And in that vast country, carefully studied as its fauna and avifauna have been for a hundred years, there is still the chance of a rarity. "You can never tell," said Anthony, "when you are going to see something which is new to this part of the world." He himself has added a number of skins to the list for Kenya. As we puzzled over one of many utterly indistinguishable cisticolas one early
morning, I was reminded of Gilbert White, carefully feeling his way two centuries ago in Hampshire towards the distinction between the chiffchaff, the willow warbler and the wood warbler.

Later, comparing descriptions of song in my book, I recalled his neighbour, 'said to have a nice ear' who noted the keys in which hooted the local owls, and who heard two cuckoos 'sing together, the one in D, the other in D sharp, who made a disagreeable concert'. I got no help from my prosaic book, and the mystery remained unsolved.

There must be much work still to do. Sometimes the very books differ. Even the game birds, probably better described and classified than any other Kenya group, have been variously named by successive authorities. We drove one dawn up the mountain - "not many places in the world you can take a car to ten thousand feet," said Anthony pointing to the altimeter on his jeep's dashboard - where some years before my brother had collected a francolin variety new to the area.

But despite having been late for dinner the previous night, I was still uncertain what to call it even if we saw it. We did not; but we pursued a pale coloured hawk for some time before gathering enough information to be able to classify it as a kite, described variously as black winged or black shouldered, but firmly latinised as *Elanus caeruleus caeruleus*. With a shock I found myself using Latin names - I who gave up Latin gratefully on going to Dartmouth from prep school. As an antidote to undue solemnity, I muttered "Dissimulatrix spuria" - the bird on the lawn of my aunt" after Professor Meiklejohn. However, even the Latin names did not always appear, from different books, to be describing the same bird. At such times, the most enthusiastic must accept defeat.

In any case, the variety was such as to forbid detailed notation of species in such a short time. I have seen a distinguished person described in print as 'not a species hunter'. I suppose I must be. I regard each new species as a new experience, and greedily collected them while I could still keep up.

But one afternoon on the plain of the Ewaso Nyiro, I knew I was beaten when we saw several varieties of brightly coloured rollers and bee-eaters, and more of doves (including the beautiful little emerald spotted); hordes of weavers social, buffalo and sparrow; starlings and ox-peckers, francolins, waders and sunbirds and barbets; and finally two white bellied go-away birds. If my host, binoculars raised, had said "cocky-olly bird" I would have blindly followed his gaze and unquestionably believed him.

Amid such new riches, my experience elsewhere was of little help; but once, thumbing the book for a bird I thought I recognised from summer lawns in Suffolk, I was rewarded. 'To the European observer,' ran a description of the red tailed chat, 'the bird resembles a female redstart.' And on the last morning sortie to the forest, a bright warm morning of tantalising new bird song, I felt I would never identify, with the curious bell-like duet of tropical boubous ringing round us, and flashes of scarlet above us from Hartlaub's touracos flopping from tree to tree, I saw a European wryneck flying beside the path. It alighted on a low branch as we passed and we watched it closely. As Anthony had said, you can never tell; and indeed I subsequently heard that the species had not before been noted in Kenya.

Later that morning we took off to fly to Nakuru before landing me at Nairobi at the end of my leave. We skirted the Loldaikas, flew low over Nanyuki, and headed south and west for the Aberdares. A Masai ostrich flashed past, and herds of 'Tommy, as we chased our shadow over the long plain. Then we were climbing, as before us rose the steep eastern slopes of the Aberdares, cleft with deep dark gullies. On top there were lush pastures which nevertheless conveyed, by the lack of stock on them and the haphazard arrangement of the scattered shambas on their fringe, the sad decline in husbandry since the eviction of the European farmers.
Gliding into the Rift Valley over Lake Ol Bolossat we could only marvel at this massive geological fault, stretching over a thousand miles from Lake Nyasa, across our view to Lake Rudolf away to the north of us - that curious lake, wholly separated from the source of the great Nile by mountains but nevertheless said to support the same species of fish. We landed in a meadow by a farmhouse outside Nakuru, and in a few minutes were driving a borrowed car towards the lake side.

The day remains in memory as a series of coloured frames, photographic in clarity, depicting hills and lake and miles of pink flamingos, cormorants and waders, and sacred ibis pensively crouched of the stark branches of dying trees. It was a climactic finale to my upland visit, a day never to be forgotten of impressions unlikely ever to be experienced again. We lingered late, and the day was fading as we flew south to Nairobi, leaving behind us the bulk of mountain and cloud over the great wide spaces as the flickering lights on the plain drew us down to the clamour and hustle of civilisation.

To Anthony, of course, this was a routine affair. He would escape, the next day, back to the wildness of the north. To me it was like going back to school, when on the last day of the holidays you grasped at every passing impression, trying to fix it in the mind for use as a key to later memory. It was with the inevitability of the school train that we taxied to a halt, to climb stiffly out in our bush clothes among the bright overalls, uniforms and city suits of those on the airfield.

The night train from Nairobi to Mombasa has a certain decrepit distinction. The carriages are elderly, and constructed in a somewhat pioneer style which differs from that of the modern all steel look in much the same way as do the timeless wagons of the Train Bleu. The service is good; and the train moved cautiously through the night, with much hooting across the broad expanses of the plains, to clatter into Mombasa station in the warm, wet early morning.

Two days later, we sailed for the Beira patrol again; for the same plot of water and pattern of activity, the same routine, the same rounds, the same sun and sea and starlit nights. A number of us had managed to get away for a few days, to leave camps or game parks or just to stay with friends in Mombasa. But even under the wide skies of the Indian Ocean, the urban ways and urban values of a ship's tightly communal life closed quickly round us once again.

We reverted to routine by the clock: to punctuality, to punctilio, to all the formalities of an orderly Service existence. The sailor accepts these cheerfully, and the Navy could not work without them. But the man who accepts them just because they are there, who has no concept of the world elsewhere, no desire, perhaps no opportunity to experience it, can be terribly dull.

Ships’ companies in the Korean War, cooped up in their ships for long patrols and confined at other times to the limits of the 'liberty port' of Sasebo in Japan, with up to ten thousand American sailors to share it, knew none of the advantages we had in Kenya, and suffered for it.

'Take leave, for the good of the Service,' wrote Ralph Hopwood.

We returned to our task refreshed, and more: wiser for the chance to get away from the sailor's usual lot, 'the confines of the port'; exhilarated by the sense of space and grandeur which East Africa imparts to the most casual traveller.

Like men who return to their city offices after a week on the hill or by a river, we did our job better, and were thankful.

[Blackwood's Magazine : Number 1866 : April 1971]
HUNT FOR Z-7763


Briefly, in 2002, a logger came across what looked like the remains of an aircraft, deep in the bamboo forest on the southern slopes of Mount Kenya. His report to the Kenya Wildlife Service warden responsible for the area (Bongo Woodley), was passed to the British Army Training Liaison Staff in Kenya (BATLSK). A group of British soldiers, guided by the logger, climbed the mountain to carry out their own recce of the crash site. They sent photographs of wreckage and rubbings of serial numbers visible on parts of the aircraft to the RAF's Personal Management Agency in the UK.

It was thought to be a British Blenheim bomber, so John Romain, managing director of the Aircraft Restoration Company in Duxford, and a world authority on old aircraft, was sought for his expert opinion. He confirmed that not only were the remains that of a Blenheim, but by cross-referencing serial numbers with data from war records, he traced the actual aircraft back to 1941 and the Rootes car factory in Birmingham where it was built. Z-7763 had been sent to Kenya to join the operational training unit for Commonwealth pilots based in Nanyuki. More research by John Romain, this time in the Public Record Office in London, revealed more of Z-7763's secrets.

Four airmen, he discovered, had been reported missing in action on 23rd July 1942. On the same day, bomber Z-7763, flying out of Nanyuki, had gone missing on a navigational exercise with a young South African crew on board. The wreckage had never been found and the names of the crew had been added to the El Alamein memorial. The file was closed and that appeared to be the end of the story.

So much for dusty archives. Attention turned back to the actual pieces of metal high up on Mount Kenya. Formal identification was necessary so Romain flew to Kenya to join a party of British soldiers led by WO2 Bobby Gillespie, 2nd Royal Irish, on the mountain. The others in the group included WO2 Graham Elstob (late Royal Engineers), WO1 (Conductor) Rex Smith and Sgt Brian Elliston (Royal Logistics Corps), LCpl Simon Carter (Royal Army Medical Corps) and LSgt Adrian Doyle (Welsh Guards).

What they found, revealed why Z-7763's fate remained a mystery for more than half a century. Its remnants lie at 10,000ft, deep in virgin forest and shrouded in cloud. The climb to the site was gruelling, taking nine hours to cut a narrow track through 4,7km of dense bamboo forest. Even with the help of GPS and grid references, it was one of the most difficult navigational exercises WO2 Gillespie had ever attempted. Landmarks disappeared in seconds in swirls of cloud.

A combination of altitude and its location astride the equator, produces forms of vegetation unique to the East African mountains. Lobelias grow to 10ft and giant groundsel reaches 19ft, but it was mostly through dense bamboo that the climbers had to make their way. Thin air and intermittent freezing rain added to their problems. The group finally reached the crash site an hour before darkness, just enough time to find a patch of level ground in between the elephant tracks and trees to pitch tents, build a fire and cook up rations. Throughout the night, the soldiers took turns on stag to guard against elephant.

At daybreak, the team excavated the wreck. It was undramatic, even unremarkable, but no one forgot that it was the grave of four airmen virtually forgotten for more than 60 years. Their resting place is sad and desolate. The soldiers dug and pulled at the wreckage, trying to find unequivocal proof that they had found Z-7763. There was plenty of it and evidence that the aircraft had flown...
into the mountainside, its pilot misjudging the altitude in the darkness and cloud, the same conditions that now confronted the climbers.

Much of the wreckage was too rusted or damaged to be immediately recognisable to anyone other than John, but the party was able to salvage a pair of Browning machine-guns, rounds of ammunition in belts, parachute clasps and the flare gun still in its holster - evidence pointing to the fact that the crew had no time to save themselves.

The impact of the crash was enormous. The searchers found a rudder pedal moulded to the shape of the pilot's foot and the starboard engine was buried in vegetation 30m from the main bulk of the wreckage. They also found shoes, buttons, parachute silk and some bones, which they bagged up for the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. It will be the job of the SAAF's Personal Management Agency to trace any next-of-kin. John reckoned the position of the bones indicated they were most likely the remains of one or both of the rear gunners. DNA testing may confirm this, but at least the fate of Bomber Z-7763 had finally been resolved, and the names of 2Lt C.H. Allen, 2Lt H.J.P. Lemmer, Sgt S. Eliastam and Sgt L. Murray can now be removed from the El Alamein War Memorial for airmen listed as 'missing in action, whereabouts unknown.'

After a punishing three days on the mountain the team returned to their base, the Blenheim mystery solved.

[Ed: Recently, Janssen Davies and Danie Steyn, both members of KRA(Gauteng) forwarded an appeal from Maj. Genl (retd) Opperman requesting contact details of the four SAAF crew:

2Lt Charles Herbert Allen [205413], born 21/04/1915, single, son of Mr T.F. Allen, last known address 11 High Avenue, Bez Valley, Johannesburg

2Lt Hendrick Jacobus Petrus (Bokkie) Lemmer [84626], born 21/05/1919, single, son of Mr P.J Lemmer, last known address Box 15, Coligny. One NOK has been located.

Air/Sgt Simon Eliastam [208765], born 22/07/1921 in Latvia, single, son of Mr B. Eliastam, last known address 22 Garth Mansions, Twist St, Hillbrow, Johannesburg, and

Air/Sgt Lloyd Murray [97793], born 06/03.1917, single, son of Mrs. A.E Murray, last known address 11 Maude St, Kimberley.

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Z-7763 – FULL CIRCLE

Tom Lawrence <Tom@equinoxflowers.com> [31/10/2016]: I have been in a bit of a whirlwind since getting off the mountain late Tuesday night. I am now in the UK and about to go to the flower show in Holland (all farm stuff), but am hoping to meeting John Romain tomorrow. Sadly I have not been able to contact Sergt. Bobby Gillespie over here (he was part of the crew that went up with John Romain in 2002).

I hope that Gert Opperman would have been in touch with you to say that it was a case of second time lucky and we did find the plane. There were more people this time, with Gert, his cameraman Danie Hefers from SABC Fokus, a young lassie Monet Eliastam (great niece of one of Z-7763’s crew), Tomo Thompson, Will Moore and a medic from BATUK, a couple of KWS rangers and Tom Gregory and some porters – Tom, of ‘African Ascents’, came to help out professionally.
We eventually got to some new coordinates that emerged from a report that John Romain gave us (the BATUK file is still conspicuous by its absence) and we searched an area and couldn’t find anything. It was 10h00 and we concluded that we needed to get back off the mountain and so we set off down an elephant trail, and after about 30 meters we started tripping over bits of aluminium, and sure enough there she was. The crew were certainly unlucky, had they been 20-30ft higher they would have skimmed over some bamboo and may have survived, as it was, the plane ploughed, full speed into the side of a valley.

To answer your question about the Browning machine guns (MG), we found two more which we brought out. I am not 100% clear at the moment, but believe that the rear gun turret had a pair, and what was brought the first time was (I believe) a single MG from the turret. We found and extracted one MG from under the starboard wing; this appears to be the second of the pair from the gun turret. We then managed to extract the second one, from the port wing. It was amazing that the loading brackets for the box and the whole feed mechanism with rubber rollers were all still there, and intact. Both MG appeared to have been loaded, albeit I am not sure what with.

So we now have three of the four MGs. Gert is hoping to be allowed to get these two off to the SAAF museum in Cape Town. There is the question, technically, as to who they belong to! The only remaining MG is the one in the starboard wing.

We dug like hell all over the place looking for the mortal remains that were buried by Bobby Gillespie and John Romain but could not find them. Everybody’s immediate reaction was that they were buried under the port tail plane. We went down about two feet, and found nothing. The remains of all four apparently would have fitted in a shoe box, and they had bound them up with mine tape, so that the remains from each position could be identified as pilot, navigator, wireless operator and so on.

It was a monumental walk out - twelve hours walking and by then we had run out of food. I must say my tether was getting rather short towards the end, as the British Army guys had this obsession on following a bearing, rather than using game trails and we went through some hellishly thick bush.

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THE BLENHEIM PROJECT: THE ROAD AHEAD TOWARDS CONCLUSION

Gert Opperman (Chairman, Ebo Trust) 16/11/2016: We have now received a formal reply from the CWGC which is prepared to erect four special memorial headstones in Nanyuki War Cemetery, with appropriate inscriptions as supplied by the relatives, including a general remark that their grave is on Mount Kenya.

The names of the four victims will be removed from the Memorial to the Missing in El Alamein, as they are no longer considered to be "missing". The CWGC has already started this process.

The CWGC will support a dedication/memorial service at the Nanyuki War Cemetery for the relatives, not a reburial as no identified remains have been found. (The CWGC only permits the burial of casualty remains so there is no confusion over who or what is in the grave.)

Given the time required by the CWGC to procure, inscribe, deliver and install the four headstones at Nanyuki, it is recommended that the dedication/memorial service be delayed to early March 2017.

In the meantime, the Ebo Trust will investigate the possibility of a daytrip, the day after the service at Nanyuki, to the accident site of another Blenheim aircraft with a SAAF crew that perished in the
Aberdares nineteen days before Z-7763 crashed into the slopes of Mt Kenya. In this case the wreck, of which little is left, was located in 1943, but the remains of the crew were never found.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE KENYA REGIMENT

[Dennis Leete]

I wrote this piece hurriedly last week, for the attention of the new British High Commissioner, at the request of Stewart Henderson; who was approached by the Defence Attaché for some background, before H.E. attended the Remembrance Service at our Memorial last Sunday.

It occurs to me that many of your readers may not have purchased Ian Parker's definitive book ‘The Last Colonial Regiment - The History of the Kenya Regiment’ (TLCR), and have no idea of the Regiment's surprisingly contentious history, even though they might have served in it. I own that I myself did not, until I re-read TLCR for this article. Therefore you might like to include it in one of your forthcoming SITREP's. [Ed: Dennis – many thanks.]

The article draws heavily on TLCR and if you publish it, Ian Parker should be acknowledged at the foot. He will in any case come back, I am sure, and dispute other parts of the article, where I have added my own interpretation.

It is a very roughly and quickly written, so please feel free to correct any mistakes.

The Kenya Regiment (TF) arose from the Ashes of The East African Mounted Rifles (EAMR), a volunteer force of some 400 European settlers, founded in late 1914, to fight the German Forces in German East Africa (Tanganyika), under Col.von Lettow Vorbeck. It fought several actions along the common border, but its members were seconded to other organisations, such as the Kings African Rifles, the Scouts, and the Administration, where they were of more use, due to their knowledge of the local languages, and conditions.

By 1916, the EAMR was almost inoperative, but it was not disbanded. After the War had ended, the idea that a peacetime Defence Force should be established, was mooted, for the protection of the Colony, and in 1921, Governor Northey, presented a Bill to the Legislative Council, to raise such a Force, to be known as the Kenya Defence Force (KDF).

This proposal was not met with any enthusiasm by a Labour Government in Whitehall, who vetoed the Bill; (perhaps with the 1789 American experience in mind!). This in itself, raised much resentment among the fractious settler community, with Lord Delamere objecting strongly. In 1926 with a Conservative Government back in power and Imperialist Sir Edward Grigg as Governor of Kenya, a new Defence Force Bill was reintroduced and passed into law in 1928.

When the labour Government returned to power in 1929, the KDF was already established. Faced with this fait accompli it sought to render the KDF ineffective by commanding that the Governor Sir Joseph Byrne cut its budget by £9000 pounds, thereby strangling it. White settlers were so incensed that, coupled to the worsening situation in Europe, that the Governor thought better of such tactics and, instead, appointed a committee to review the defence of the Colony, which then submitted its proposals in June 1936 which included the clause:

"We recommend that the KDF be disbanded and replaced by a volunteer force of up to the strength of a battalion, to be known as the Kenya Regiment (TF), and be drawn from men between the age of 18 and 35".
The committee added, (based on the experience of the EAMR in 1914) that its primary role was to supply officers, non-commissioned officers and instructors for the expansion of the Kings African Rifles, and that it be provided with a permanent staff of British officers and instructors, drawn from the Brigade of Guards, at one PSI per Company, including the Adjutant. (Slyly, Sir Joseph intended that these Officers would be able to keep an eye on any potential insurrection, among the unruly settler volunteers).

His Majesty gave his assent to the Kenya Regiment Ordinance (1937), and the Notice was gazetted on June 1st 1937 establishing the Force, which incidentally, remains on the Statute Book in Kenya, to this day!. By this time, Sir Joseph Byrne had been replaced by Air Chief Marshall Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. Ironically, it was Sir Joseph Byrne, who was so against a settler militia in the form of the KDF, who instigated the founding of the Kenya Regiment TF as an alternative. The recommendation that the KDF be disbanded was never carried out, so instead of one military institution when he retired there were two, the Kenya Regiment (TF) and the KDF.

The Kenya Regiment came into being on that day, with a local Commanding Officer, Col. Dunstan Adams, a WWI veteran and local businessman, and Col Cecil Valentine, a coffee broker as his 2IC. The first Staff Officer appointed was Captain the Lord Stratheden and Campbell of the Coldstream Guards, who can best be described as its ‘midwife’. Local farmers, professional hunters, and businessmen, as well as school leavers, joined the Kenya Regiment (TF) and by 1939 its numbers had reached the target of battalion strength.

Apart from the gazetted Staff Officers and permanent instructors, all further Commissions, with very few exceptions, were awarded by promotion from the ranks; in many cases, through the recommendation of the their fellow soldiers, leading to a close relationship between officers and men.

The Regiment was extremely fortunate in the careful selection of its three Warrant Officer instructors, from the Brigade of Guards, CSM Cummins, CSM Broomfield, and CSM Bobbit, who instilled discipline, and esprit de corps at the same time, among the mostly young and boisterous volunteers.

Mobilisation began in late August 1939, a few days before the outbreak of War in Europe, and men were assigned to varying units, in accordance with the Kenya Regiment (KR) mandate, to provide officers and NCO's for the KAR and other forces, (including 200 men who joined the RAF, under the encouragement of Governor Air Chief Marshall Brooke Popham. The KR never fought as a unit, though its members retained their status as Kenya Regiment soldiers, and wore their own insignia, within their adopted units.

Many were decorated for gallantry, including a posthumous Victoria Cross awarded to Sergeant Nigel Leakey, attached to the 6th Bn (TT) KAR in Southern Ethiopia in April 1941, after singlehandedly thwarting an attack by an Italian armoured car squadron on his platoon of African riflemen, during which he was killed.

The KAR fought in Italian Somaliland, British Somaliland, Abyssinia, Sudan (2/6th (TT) KAR), and in Madagascar against Vichy France forces, before embarking to Burma in 1942 to fight the Japanese. As part of the 11th East African Division, in the 14th Army commanded by General Sir William Slim, they led the way across the Chindwin River, and to the eventual defeat of the Japanese army. General Slim praised the African soldiers saying, "Let me tell you, there are very few Divisions in the World who could have done what you did. Every man in the 11th African Division can be very proud of the 14th Army's victory, and I want personally to say ‘thank you’ for your contribution to our success".

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The KR officers who led those men, have recorded their pride in their askaris, saying they had shown loyalty, courage, endurance and cheerfulness and ‘guts’ beyond any other troops, under the worst possible conditions, against a ruthless and determined enemy.

Of note, are the dairies of Captain Neville Cooper, MC, Kenya Regiment, attached to a KAR, Company, written in Burma in 1944, "To me, the black men I knew as a boy. were now people, real people, with ideas and minds of their own, and though different from me, we could communicate with each other. This realisation has stood me in good stead through the ensuing years of my life". [Ed: War diaries by the McCalman brothers, Alastair (11 EA Div Scouts and 4th Bn (U) KAR) and David (2nd Bn (Ny) KAR, both of whom served in Burma and were awarded the MC; and by Johnnie Start 4th (U) Bn KAR, make very interesting reading. Copies of these diaries are now in the KR archives stored with the Imperial War Museum.]

Such sentiments have stood the test of time, and may have contributed to the presence of our Memorial and Clubhouse in Nairobi, to this day.

In August 1945, the War ended, and the 11th Division returned to East Africa and was disbanded in early 1946. Its members were demobbed back into civilian life and to all intents and purposes, the Kenya Regiment ceased to exist. While the Regiment existed in law, and it had a membership on paper, moves to resolve this unsatisfactory situation were being voiced as far back as 1947. The reasons for having a territorial military unit were as valid then as they had been in 1937. By 1949 the decision to re-form the Regiment had been accepted in official policy and the event took place in 1950

At the same time, to give the re-formed Regiment trained muscle, the Legislative Council, introduced compulsory conscription for national service lines of British National Service then in force. It applied to all white men between the ages of 18 and 35 and would involve a six-month officers’ military training course, followed by four years on the reserve attending annual training camps.

In January 1952, the first batch of 100 of 18 year-olds was sent to Rhodesia for six months basic training at the King George VI Barracks in Salisbury, under British Army Instructors, and in the tender care of CSM Joe Cameron, of the Scots Guards; fondly known as ‘Rumbleguts’, but never to his face!.

On their return they were integrated into the four KR Companies based at strategic locations within upcountry-Kenya - ‘A’ Coy - Nairobi region, ‘B’ Coy - Nakuru & Rift Valley, ‘C’ Coy - Eldoret and Western Kenya, and ‘D’ Coy at the Coast.

With the Mau Mau rebellion now rampant, a State of Emergency was declared by the new Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, on 20th October 1952 and arrests of leading African figures took place, including Jomo Kenyatta who was accused of master minded the Mau Mau movement. At his trial held at Kapenguria in far western Kenya, it was guarded by a detachment of ‘C’ Coy. Eventually convicted and sentenced to seven years of prison, though today, it is generally thought that he was not guilty.

Elsewhere, the Kenya Regiment followed its mandate as a source of manpower to other units, and members were seconded to KAR Battalions from Uganda and Tanganyika. The Regiment also supplied the Kenya Police with 100 men who were quickly trained to perform police duties under Emergency regulations, and the appointed as Assistant Inspectors until replaced by professional Police Officers recruited in England.
Many more were seconded to the Police as Field Intelligence Officers (FIOs), whilst others were recruited as District Officers (Kikuyu Guard) and seconded to the Administration to serve under District Commissioners. These brave men, aged between 19 and 24, lived in grass huts in isolated localities in Mau Mau controlled areas, guarded by a local force of Loyalists who were armed only with spears and some of them were murdered. Many others were seconded to British Regiments as trackers and interpreters. In addition to these disparate services, for the first time in its history the Regiment operated under its own officers in combat, on jungle patrols in the highland forests.

In addition to its founding Companies, the Regiment formed a special motorised Support Coy, equipped with Land Rovers, three inch mortars and Bren guns. With so many members detached to the other security forces engaged against Mau Mau, the Regiment’s field strength was inadequate to sustain a central HQ in Nairobi and four Companies in the field. Even when a police unit called ‘I’ (for Intelligence) Force became ‘I’ Company of the Kenya Regiment, there was no option but to combine manpower and reduce the number of Companies. ‘D’ Coy was the first to disappear, followed by Support Coy; ‘B’, ‘C’ & ‘I’ Coys were combined into a single, very large Coy known as ‘O’ (Operations) Coy.

Critical to maintaining the Kenya Regiment in the field against Mau Mau, was its recruitment of African soldiers. Although it was putatively a force made up of white men only, this was never true once the State of Emergency in 1952 was declared. From the outset Africans from many tribes were recruited as special constables in the Kenya Police Reserve (KPR) to give them legitimacy.

They came initially as trackers, but in due course they were converted to soldiers under the Military Units’ Ordinance. They thus were soldiers with ranks from private to CSM, and so completely integrated into the Kenya Regiment, that of ‘O’ Coy’s seven platoons, no less than four were black.

While the Regiment’s forest patrolling was more successful than other army units, by far the most successful of all the military strategies employed against Mau Mau, were the pseudo-gangs, deployed and managed by the Police Special Branch. They used captured Mau Mau members to turn against their former comrades in the forests. The majority of FIOs who operated these pseudo-gangs were men seconded from the Kenya Regiment.

From 1952 to 1954, the main campaign took place in the forests of Mt Kenya, and the Aberdare mountains. By end of 1955, the Mau Mau activity was all but spent, surrender talks were initiated and only isolated incidents occurred. At the end of 1956, the Regiment returned to its territorial role with a six-month national service training course at KRTC, Lanet, and annual camps of two weeks until Independence approached in 1963.

By then the Regiment conscription policy had included all races in Kenya, and many Africans and Asians passed through its ranks; some of whom then joined the KAR and rose rapidly in the Service, and even became senior commanders in the Kenya Rifles after Independence.

Shortly before Independence, and through the good offices of Mr Humphrey Slade, the Speaker in the Parliament, Col Dunstan Adams was granted an audience with Mr Jomo Kenyatta, the new Prime Minister, to propose the retention of the now multi-racial Kenya Regiment, as a territorial unit of Kenya’s Armed Forces. The Prime Minister’s Cabinet considered the idea, but turned it down. The Regiment was then stood down, and its Colours were laid up on 12th May 1963 in a Military ceremony in All Saints Cathedral.

But as a result of this proposal, The Kenya Regiment Ordinance 1937 Act was not removed from the Statutes, and an association of old comrades (Kenya Regiment Association) was registered and still functions, with a multiracial membership in its own Clubhouse on Hospital Road Nairobi, where it holds regular functions, including a Memorial Service of Remembrance for its Fallen on Armistice
Day, in November every year. [Ed: KRAs in Australia (3), NZ and South Africa (3) are still well supported and their committees arrange anything from one to four annual lunches]

In its short life of 37 years, some 7560 men passed through its ranks. It still produces its own bi-annual in-house magazine - ‘mini-SITREP’ – in South Africa, where many surviving members live, and a world-wide Membership Directory, which allows members to keep in touch with one other.

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REUNION LUNCHES

UK’S RAFIKI CURRY LUNCH


Another year passing does not seem to have deterred the enthusiasm amongst 84 members who were able to attend the UK Curry Lunch, held on 27th July 2016 at The Officers Mess, Royal Logistics Corps, Deepcut, Surry.

Eugene Armour, Iain Morrison, John Davis and Chris Schermbrucker continue to provide support and assistance. Iain’s son, Graeme helped by keeping the website updated.

The venue again played a large part in providing the right atmosphere for relaxing with, and enjoying the company of, long standing rafikis. The food as usual was excellent and appreciated; rumour has it that bar was well supported! [Ed: Photographs by Iain Morrison & John Chesterman.]

We enjoyed meeting up with members from Europe, Canada, Kenya and South Africa and hope more overseas visitors will diarise this annual event. Unfortunately, John and Jan Davis were unable to make it this year, the first reunion they have missed since 1980.

Although the date for next year’s curry lunch has yet to be confirmed, the 19th July 2017 has been booked – same venue and timings.

L-R: ANTHEA ANDERSON, PETER ARMSTRONG, BRIDG HAMILL, IAIN ROSS
L-R: EUGENE ARMOUR, IAIN MORRISON, ANNE BATES

LEFT: GAY (DAUGHTER OF THE LATE-LT COL (LATER BRIG) AND MRS. HAZEL VERNON AND HER HUSBAND COLIN KAYE

ABOVE: JACK SIMONIAN AND ARTHUR SCHOFIELD

L-R: JOHN HARMAN, RALPH AND PAUL BURNS
L-R: PETER GERRARD, HUGH STOTT, RICHARD BAGEHOT, KEVIN PATIENCE

L-R: MITZI MARLAY, GILLIAN RYAN, EUAN ANDERSON

JUNE AND GORDON WAKEFORD

SHIRLEY AND FRANCIS LIPSCOMBE
Keith Elliot has located a new and ideal location in Johannesburg for their annual lunches – the German Club in Paulshof - which provides good fare, and like the drinks, reasonably priced. Below are some photos from the July and October lunches.
CAPE TOWN

Geoff Trollope continues to arrange the annual lunch, this year at the Foresters’ Arms in Newlands; much more relaxed and less formal than previous venues. Unfortunately, my elderly Photoshop program wouldn’t allow me, to edit the photographs of those attending.

KWAZULU (NATAL)

Our quarterly lunches at Fern Hill Hotel (close to Midmar Dam, just outside Howick) continue to be well supported locally, and by coastal dwellers Tony & Elspeth Bond, Terry Tory, Gary Plenderleith, Derek Pavely, Sue Johnson, Mabel Higginson et al.

The following attended the 13th November 2016 lunch: Mary Bohmer, (née Cade), Colin Bompas, Elva Bowles, Clare Collinge (née Cook), Heather Davidson (née Munro), John Elliot, Angela Harris (née Dawson-Curry); Eric & Shirley (née Brown) Holyoak, Ron Howard, Val Jacob (née Arnold), Helen Jansen, (née Woodruffe), Margaret Lead, (née McKenzie), June Lester (née Matthews), Ray & Sally (née Randall) Letcher, Pat & Marion Long, Carol MacDougall (née Odendaal), Isobel MacGregor (née Smith), Celia Moore (née Falck), John & Ros Moore, Irene Moredecai-Jones (née Dawson-Curry), Mike Norris (our photographer), Derek Pavely, John & Gill (née Salmon) Pembridge, Gary Plenderleith & Audrie Ryan, Bernard & Sheila (née Cook) Prior, Jeremy Randall & Yvonne Oosthuizen, Cathy Rayner, Jenny & Bruce Rooker-Smith, Rod & Zandi Sachs, Terry Tory, and Ros Watson (née Platt).

Apologies: Elaine Dugmore (Botswana); Peter Manger (Botswana); Graham & Betty (née Jenkins) Bales (Kruger); Rita Dwen (Eye op); Denis Kearney (cranky pace-maker); Corinne Stephenson (ill health), Temple-Morris Boreham (unwell), Sue Johnson (née White)

L-R: CATHY RAYNER, PAT & MARION LONG
L-R: DEREK PAVELY, ZANDI & ROD SACHS

SALLY & RAY LETCHER

HELEN JANSEN AND CLARE COLLINGE

LEFT: JOHN ELLIOT

RIGHT: VAL JACOB
Another successful luncheon was held in October at Soljans Estate Winery in Kumeu. Once again the meal was excellent and those attending happy to catch up and chat to good friends. We were pleased to welcome three new ex-Kenya guests, Anne & Iain Le Poer Trench and Bunty Condon, who have been added to our email database and we hope they will be able to attend future get-togethers. In addition to our guests those at the lunch were: Michael Innes-Walker & Joy Jensen, Brian Roper, Ken & Marion Elliott, Arthur & Christine Schofield, Jill Graf, Mary Henry, Jo Trent, Anne Frances, Don & June Elliott, Jimmy Bruce & Joyce Heijboer.
Tom Lawrence mentions [02/10/2016] that his mother Julia was reading mini-SITREP XLIV, and noticed on page 70 - William de Villier’s article ‘European Civilians killed during the Emergency: 1952-1956’ that Neville Judge’s name appeared on the list of civilian deaths about which William had no information. Julia first met Neville in 1956 when he was a DO in what was then Gichugu Division in Embu District. He was later transferred somewhere near to or in the Kisii District ±1960 where Julia’s husband was posted.

Neville was killed in 1961 or 1962 in the NFD, by what were then known as Shifta, who were again beginning to make their presence known; their aim, to try and annex the NFD for Somalia. Thus, Neville was not a victim of Mau Mau.

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[Ed: In the article about Grev Gunson (m-S XLVII) mention is made on page 39 of the Kenya Minister of Agriculture, Bruce Mackenzie, so have included his write-up from Wikipedia, the free encyclopaedia.]

Bruce Roy Douglas Mackenzie was a South African-born Kenyan politician. He was the Minister of Agriculture during the presidency of Jomo Kenyatta, to whom he was an adviser. For many years he was the only white minister in post-independent Kenya. He is widely believed to have been an agent for British and Israeli intelligence.

Mackenzie was born in 1919 in Richmond in South Africa's Natal Province. He joined the South African Air Force in 1939, and was seconded to the Royal Air Force during World War II with which he saw action in North Africa, the Mediterranean and European theatres, and was awarded the DSO and DFC. Following his air force service, he emigrated to Kenya in 1946 and became a prominent dairy farmer in Nakuru.

In January 1976, Mackenzie was involved in the capture of two German and three Arab suspected terrorists wanted by Israel for an attempted missile attack on an El Al airliner taking off from the airport of Nairobi. The five were secretly transported to Israel and later sentenced to long prison terms.

In late June 1976, during Operation Entebbe Mackenzie persuaded President Kenyatta to permit Israeli Mossad agents to gather information prior to the hostage rescue operation in Uganda, and to allow Israeli Air Force aircraft to land and refuel at a Nairobi airport after the rescue. Before the operation, Mackenzie flew his private plane to Entebbe to enable Mossad agents to take aerial photographs of the airport installations and parked fighter jets which were soon destroyed by the Israeli troops.

In retaliation, Ugandan President Idi Amin ordered Ugandan agents to assassinate Mackenzie, who was killed on 24 May 1978, when a time bomb exploded on his plane as it flew above Ngong Hills, Kenya, in a flight from Entebbe, Uganda. The bomb was reportedly concealed inside either a mounted antelope head or a carved wooden statue in the form of a lion's head presented as a gift from Idi Amin to Mackenzie, just prior to the flight.

Later, Mossad Chief Director Meir Amit had a forest planted in Israel in Mackenzie's name.

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