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KENYA CHRONICLES



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KENYA CHRONICLES

BY
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AUTHOR OF
"PROFIT AND STORGE IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA"

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TO
MY WIFE

PREFACE

IN presenting these reminiscences, dating back to over thirty years ago, I would stress the fact that they make no claim to anything of an educative or erudite value. They have been dotted down at intervals over a period of several years, and the main object of so doing has been to please myself in recalling many happy memories of the past. Owing to the time occupied in their compilation they contain of necessity certain anticipations which in some cases have been fulfilled and in others falsified. For the same reason there are, I fear, several repetitions, wrong dates and even, possibly, contradictions. Again, I am certain that many names have temporarily escaped me which not only meant much to my happiness, but were connected with services to the Colony in its early days which caused me to feel the greatest admiration. While I owe my thanks to nearly everyone mentioned herein whether they be still with us or have passed on their way, I must extend a special word to Colonel Robert Sturdy, whose very carefully kept diary on our expedition through Abyssinia has formed the basis of two chapters. Finally, it has been my fervent desire to cause no pain to anyone whose name has been mentioned, and I shall be bitterly disappointed if I have in fact done so.

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apparently the same as that accorded by the other. With natives I know no royal road to success, yet I would venture to believe that a merry heart goes half the way.

My brother-in-law luckily has always had the priceless gift. Short though his stay in the country had been, he had already his native nickname and a high standing among the local tribes, and while he was there we always had a glut of applicants for work. For gang leaders, or *neoparas*, there is naturally always an embarrassment of riches. Not only do they get more pay and do less work, but the job of bossing their fellows is by nature most congenial. We speedily got together the nucleus of a staff, most of whom stayed with us for years, and indeed I believe that one or two remain even to this day.

We obtained from the Agricultural Department our first consignment of sisal bulbils, as the embryo plants which appear when the mature plants throw up flowers or "pole" are named. There may have been a couple of hundred of the little fellows some three inches high. We planted them out and watched their growth with affectionate concern. I wonder how many million of their descendants have since rendered their service to mankind. Meanwhile, since it must be at least five or six years before we could expect this, our ultimate crop, to pay, we had to lessen the financial burden by the growing of catch-crops, which were at first beans, ground-nuts, and the ubiquitous maize. Our cost of living was at all events small. It was years before we were troubled at Makuyu with a butcher's bill. There were buck in variety and abundance, indeed, at the roughest of estimates, I put the number on our estate in the region of 14,000; and duck, guinea-fowl, francolin, pigeons and sandgrouse were always

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obtainable ; and seasonally quail and an especially succulent brand of snipe. The garden soon supplied fruit and vegetables. So the long furrows grew, and slowly change came to the countryside.

It was, if my memory serves me right, during this tour that famine, followed by disease, overtook large portions of the Kikuyu tribe, and in spite of the utmost efforts of the Government thousands, especially of the oldest and the youngest, perished. I myself saw the sad sight of their emaciated bodies, in more than one case, lying heaped beneath trees under whose shade they had crawled to die, and from whose branches the filthy vultures flopped lazily away at my approach. Yet this famine was as nothing to that experienced some twenty-odd years later when those twin scourges, drought and locusts, ravaged the land. But, and one may surely note it with legitimate pride, in the latter visitation, such were the increased resources and organizing power of our Administration that not one single native is believed to have died of starvation. There are some, indeed I fear not a few, who say that our rule has done nothing for the native population of East Africa, that their interests have been neglected and indeed that they have been "exploited" — blessed word — for the benefit of the white population, and more especially of the white settler. I wonder if they would still so contend had they seen such sights and realized that this was a periodical occurrence from time immemorial, but a horror that will never reappear so long as our flag floats from Government House. I fear that there are at all events some who would be prepared to cast the memory behind them.

All our time was not spent on the farm. I had one or two short shooting trips and we had more than one pleasant week-end in Nairobi. Moreover we made

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our second visit to Uganda, and there acquired our first financial interest in that fascinating country, when Michael Moses persuaded me to join him in a trading and transport venture. The essence of this project was to trade for ivory up to and across the boundary of the Belgian Congo. Here there were at that time not only an incredible number of live elephants but also large stores of tusks, buried or otherwise. On the other hand, there was a marked shortage of such desirable articles as mouth accordions, opera hats and discarded military tunics. It was Moses' project to relieve this surplus and supply this demand, and, as I now think curiously, we were reasonably successful. Ivory was fetching somewhere about twenty-five shillings a pound, opera hats somewhat less. There were, however, unexpected contingencies to face. We did, I think, during the three or four years we operated, make a few hundred pounds profit. It would, in fact, have been something quite substantial had not one of our agents, a half-caste Portuguese, cleared off with about 5000 pounds of ivory. I was given to understand that he had struck right across the continent and into Portuguese West Africa or Angola, and I was very angry. The reflection of my mature years is that if he really accomplished this amazing feat he deserved the money more than I did. I am afraid that in this instance I might with justice be accused of exploiting the native. Perhaps therefore it was only right that the Portuguese should exploit me. I wish, however, that the exploiter hadn't been a Portuguese!

In Uganda we met also for the first time that remarkable character Jimmy Martin. Jimmy was a Maltese with a leonine head and a twinkling eye. He had been a caravan leader in the very earliest days

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of the old trade route up to Uganda. I have never been able to travel up the Uganda Railway without being consumed with admiration for these men. It was indeed no light task to set out on this safari of perhaps nine or ten months' duration. First came the hot waterless marches through the Taru desert, then the passage of the Masai country with its need, at the best, for constant vigilance, then the crossing of the Mau divide with its rain and icy winds and the descent into the heat and fever of the lake-side. The men who made the journey had themselves to depend on and no one else. If they ran short of food or water, there was no telephone. If they were beset by plague, pestilence or wounds, there was no doctor. If they were attacked by hostile tribes, there were no reinforcements, though, indeed, there might come later an angry column to provide a decent burial. On themselves alone they depended, and it was seldom indeed that they were let down.

Like others of his companions, James Martin entered the Uganda Civil Service when the railway superseded the ancient trade route, and they were right glad to get his services even if he were completely illiterate. His career therein was somewhat chequered. He was entirely and absolutely honest according to his lights, but those lights did not include ivory. Being attached as a sort of A.D.C. to Mr. Frederick Jackson, it was his duty when they were touring the country to go ahead and arrange not only the camp but the ensuing interview with the local chiefs and elders. Jimmy's habit was to explain to each chief that the Great Master was coming and was expecting the customary present of one or two tusks. They were to be given to him, Martin, because the Great One was peculiar in this, that he desired no

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mention made of the customary offering. This lucrative business went on for some considerable time, and might have gone on longer but for an unfortunate event. A chief, delayed by flood, arrived late at the rendezvous and ventured to bring his offering direct to Mr. Jackson. He said that he did indeed appreciate the Great One's peculiarity, but under the special circumstances of the flood he trusted that he might be allowed to pay his homage for once in person. The fat was in the fire, and Jimmy was relegated to banishment for two years in the Sese Islands. In spite of this regrettable incident there was no change in the feelings of mutual esteem between the two principals. Sir Frederick Jackson indeed, as well as Jimmy, bore witness to it till the day of his death. At the time of our arrival Martin had left Government service and had recently been appointed manager of the Mabira rubber forest at a salary well into four figures, surely almost a record for one who could neither read nor write, and he earned every penny of it. His virtues were great and many, his failings few. When he died, tributes were paid to him by black and white, rich and poor. I for one felt that a great and lovable man had passed.

We naturally during these months broadened our circle of acquaintance in British East. None of them made more impression on me than Ewart Grogan, a romantic figure to any young man. He had but comparatively recently completed his historic two years' walk from Cape to Cairo, and his personality loomed large among the settlers. Grogan was gifted by nature far beyond the ordinary, and those gifts I am glad to say he retains to the present day. Good-looking, with a fine physique and an impelling eye, he had a presence in full keeping with his reputation. Well read and

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with a gifted pen, he possessed, and still no doubt possesses, the power of oratory to a degree unequalled in Kenya, and unexcelled in my experience elsewhere. As an instance of this power, he once made an after-dinner speech in Nairobi which lasted no less than two hours. Not only was he not killed, which must surely seem in itself remarkable, but he held his audience spell-bound till the end, and they would have had him go on. Politically minded, he had already taken the lead of the more politically progressive of the settlers and had but lately headed a somewhat riotous demonstration outside Government House. I believe that the whole affair arose from a misconception, but Grogan was made a martyr, which rôle he may not have particularly disliked. Since then Ewart Grogan has consistently devoted his great talents to the service of Kenya, and right well he has served her. Intermittently, but indeed whenever the spirit moved him or he felt deeply on any subject, he has held office as a Legislative Councillor, and has served on innumerable committees and boards. Most notably was his patriotic influence felt during the War, when at a very dark period he rallied the Colony, black and white, to throw every ounce of its man-power and of its resources into the Empire's struggle. It may well be that in his young days at all events he was prone to precipitancy, but a ginger group is no bad thing in a young country, or even for that matter in an old. Certainly much of the progress achieved by Kenya owes its inspiration to Ewart Grogan. It was, moreover, not only in politics that he rendered service to the Colony, for he has had no mean part in the development of her latent resources. His name has been and is a byword in connection with timber development and forestry. The opening up of Kilindini harbour and the land

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adjoining owes much to his initiative. So also does the sisal industry, and, perhaps most of all, the town of Nairobi itself. Far though he has gone, however, it must remain a matter of surprise to his many admirers that he has not gone further still. But, as one of them, I venture to prophesy that the tale of his triumphs is far from complete yet, and that Kenya has still to obtain much more from Ewart Grogan and he much more from Kenya.

That winter we sailed south for Rhodesia, yet more deeply bitten with the glamour of British East and still more convinced of the golden future that awaited her.

CHAPTER II

BRITISH EAST AFRICA BEFORE THE WAR

WHEN we next returned from home after a very few months it was in much greater force. Our party included our son aged five and our daughter, who had not yet reached the mature age of two months, and I venture to think that this constitutes a pretty high testimonial to the courage and enterprise of their mother. To minister to their wants we took with us the nurse who had made only nineteen years before such an admirable job of bringing up my wife, and to assist her a nursery maid. Though splendid in other ways, these two were indifferent when the sea was anything but dead smooth, and much of the work attaching to children devolved on the shoulders of their mother. One morning she rushed into my cabin in an obvious state of alarm crying, "Come quickly, your daughter is bubbling all over!" Needless to say at such strange news I rushed into their cabin quickly, and sure enough bubbles were rising freely on the naked child, though otherwise it seemed quite normal. "What on earth have you been doing to it?" I asked. "Nothing but wash it and then powder it as usual from that bottle," pointing to a darkish corner. In horror I lifted the bottle to the light and saw to my considerable relief that it was marked Eno's Fruit Salts, so naturally nothing but good can have been done by the application.

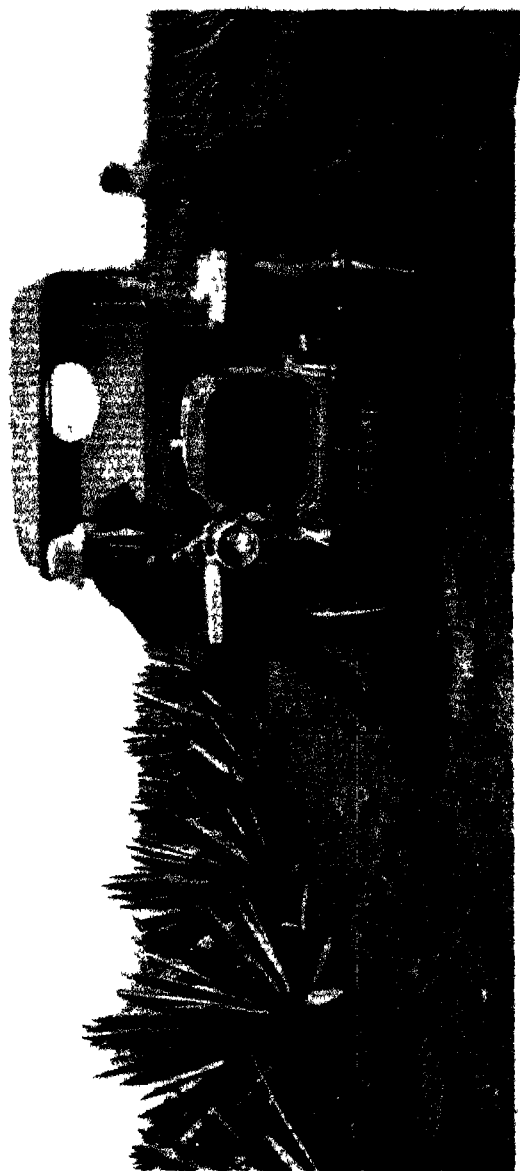
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On arrival at Nairobi we moved into a pretty, if somewhat mosquito-infested bungalow just outside the town, prior to acquiring a lease of Major Grogan's charming house, "Chiromo", which later for many years was owned and occupied by Sir Northrup MacMillan, and where I'm glad to say that Lady MacMillan still dispenses her gracious hospitality. I remember vividly today how attractive our new home looked as we drove up, with bougainvillea a purple mass over the verandah and the cannas and wattle blazing in the garden. However, all our nurse said with a sniff was, "And where's the upstairs, please?"

Then followed what were for me the five most delightful and interesting years of my life. Kenya was just starting her first boom period. Let us hope that a second of a less temporary nature is not far distant. Settlers were coming in with a steadily increasing flow. New, beautiful and undeveloped territories were being discovered and occupied. New crops were being tried out and new possibilities became probabilities almost monthly. Land values improved with great rapidity and the native population became more prosperous and infinitely happier and safer. No stigma rested at that time on the white settlers for the work that they were doing. On the contrary, public opinion at home praised them for their initiative and the obvious progress in course of achievement. They were told, *mirabile dictu*, that they were adding another jewel to the Empire's crown. I for one felt proud that I might have some small share in this great task. I am not in the least ashamed to say that that pride is with me yet.

After considerable heartburnings we had brought out a motor car, a 15-h.p. Napier with a special body

and a high clearance. It was not the first car in the country. That was, I think, a small runabout owned by Mr. Barton Wright, the popular Land Officer. I can claim, however, that ours was the first car to leave the outskirts of Nairobi. *The aforesaid heartburnings* were caused by the fact that among the many disabilities from which I suffer is a complete lack of any mechanical sense. If a nut or screw has to be turned one way, I invariably turn it the other. If I dismantle anything, such as a carburettor, it resolutely refuses to come together again. My wife is a little better, but not much. Accordingly, although I spent a month in Messrs. Mann & Egerton's works in Norwich acquiring such rudiments of mechanical knowledge as I found possible in that time, I felt considerable and well-justified doubts as to how long the laboriously acquired technique would remain at my disposal. However, the wind is usually tempered for the shorn lamb, and so it was in our case. A very delightful and most capable, though unfortunately debilitated, engineer mechanic named Algar hitched his star to our wagon, or rather car. He had no previous knowledge whatever of motor vehicles, but instinctively their mysteries became known to him. Nuts and bolts and pins fell over each other to obey his bidding, and our troubles were immediately over. He remained with us till his premature death, and with his passing we lost a very real friend. In addition to his work on our cars, private and public, Algar used to conduct a bean-buying business on my behalf. We used to purchase native-grown beans for spot cash and ship them home. Although there was of course some delay in receiving payment, it was a safe and sweet little fish. In our best year our account showed well over £300 profit, and what is more we never sustained a loss. We also



OUR CAR IN MAKUYU SISAL, 1911

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collected a Kamba native called Thumbi (dust). His job was to clean the car, fill its radiator with water as required, and sit guarding it when I had driven it into the town ; the latter being the task at which he was the most expert. Later he was promoted to the task of filling the tank with petrol, but at this he was not so successful, since on more than one occasion he poured petrol into the radiator and water into the petrol tank. The first time that he did so I remember that the result caused even that expert mechanic Algar to think quite a lot. Thumbi's end, as far as we were concerned, was rather tragic. He filled up the car with petrol in the dark, and then poked down a lighted candle to see how full the tank was. He was last seen rushing down the road screaming horribly. We had some trouble in putting out the flames. I do not believe, however, that Thumbi was seriously injured, and I fancy that if we had not just paid him his wages in full that morning we should have seen him again quite soon. I well recall how proud and excited we were when first we set out for our farm, forty-two miles distant. We made the journey in four hours, which we felt a wonderful feat. Indeed I never accomplished it in that car in less than three hours. Today Europeans, Indians and natives roar down the Fort Hall road by day and night, and the journey to Makuyu has often been completed in under the hour. This Napier was a real good car and had a long and honourable career. I sold it after three years to Berkeley Cole, who never pampered it. One late evening he drove it with a load of about ten convivial friends, including myself, down the grass hill in front of the old Nairobi Club, where it naturally turned turtle. No one was hurt and the engine was still running sweetly when the passengers had recovered their

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equilibrium. I last saw it ten years later operating most efficaciously as a taxi in Mombasa.

We were so encouraged by the success of this pioneering venture that we readily acceded to the suggestion of an old friend in England to start a motor transport service in East Africa. We bought two 5-ton Commer car lorries fitted to carry both passengers and luggage, and opened a regular service between Nairobi and Fort Hall, a distance of about sixty miles. Our first trip received wide publicity from the local Press and I can still see the scene as, with a full load and fearful noise, we left the Norfolk Hotel. This was euphemistically described in the next day's paper as: "then the great car stole silently away". We had acquired in England the services of an excellent mechanic and driver named Sexton, and all that could be done to keep the lorries going he did. We got more passengers and freight than we could deal with, and that at remunerative rates, but two things killed us: the roads and bad debts. When the rains came there were certain stretches of black clay soil in which the wheels, however voluminously chained and roped, simply churned round and round, and some very unpleasant days and nights recur to me. There was one in which our passengers included a Bishop, a General and an M.P. We were marooned in a black morass, and had to sleep in the car as well as the mosquitoes would permit. I was awakened at about 5.30 A.M. by Sexton's muddy face peering through a slit in the canvas at our distinguished freight, while in a sepulchral voice he said, "When shall we three meet again?" The bad debts came as a surprise. Once the passengers were on board they could hardly be thrown out — in many cases it was a physical impossibility — and one lived in hope of future

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settlement. At the end of a year, however, we found a small but sufficient paper profit, but bad debts amounting to close on £2000. We decided to close down; but things were not so bad as one might suppose, and entirely owing to the sapience of Alan Tompson. When we started our venture he said: "Now this being a work of National Importance, you must put in for a grant of a town plot near the railway to keep your cars in". We did so, and to my amazement got it. I sold the plot for £5000. So the result of a year's working was a certain amount of useful disillusionment and a net gain of something over £3000.

After closing down the service, I took the cars down to Voi and used them for two purposes. One was to take out shooting parties between our railway line and the Government station at Taveta, and the other was to take freight of coffee from the German plantations round Moschi. The country between Voi and Taveta is dry and healthy, and later, during the War, I was to know it only too well. The road after the first few miles was good, in fact almost an all-weather one. I made an inspection trip myself and found plenty of game, which had experienced very little shooting, since the water question in that dry area presented a difficulty. The car solved that, and two or three parties had most admirable sport at a cost satisfactory to them while to me quite remunerative. This was without doubt the first shooting safari by car in British East Africa. With the second car we crossed the border into German East Africa. Here on the slopes of Kilimanjaro there were a considerable number of planters engaged in growing coffee. This they transported to Tanga on the German Government line at a remarkably high rate. We offered to transport their

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crop to Kilindini via Voi at a considerable reduction, money down. There seemed no patriotic reluctance on their part in accepting the offer and I was besieged with orders. We made about three trips, each of which brought me in about £12 profit, and the transport future looked rosy. On our next trip, however, when we stopped at Moschi for a spot of lunch, I received a peremptory order to report immediately to the Military Headquarters. I had a friend with me and on arrival we were marched up under a native escort with fixed bayonets to a verandah on which the Commandant sat writing. He kept us standing in the sun for half an hour while he smoked and continued his leisurely correspondence. He then had a glass of beer and summoned us under our guard to the foot of the verandah. From that eminence he proceeded, in English, guttural but adequate, to give us ten minutes of abuse. He concluded by announcing that . " If you blankey blanks ever dare to come here again to steal our transport I'll have the blank bridge blown up behind you." On reflection I think that the German Administration had some reasonable cause of complaint. At the time, however, the treatment accorded caused two Englishmen to look forward to Der Tag with less abhorrence than they would normally have felt.

Meanwhile work at our farm at Makuyu had been proceeding apace. Already the bluish green of the growing sisal covered hundreds of acres, and the question of installing machinery was looming nastily on our financial horizon. We had had for some time in operation a Fowler's steam digging plant. It did most excellent work but was an expensive instrument both to buy and run ; but tractors were not in those days invented. In truth it was nearly all pay-out, and miser-

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ably little pay-in. Certainly the banks were accommodating at a price. Eight per cent was their normal rate of interest, and Alan Thompson and I pledged every conceivable asset we could think of, while our two managers, Mervyn Ridley and Donald Seth-Smith, worked for the salary of agricultural labourers. We continually sought for expedients to hold the fort until such time as we should be in production. Thus we erected a hut in the Ithanga Hills which we termed a shooting-box and let to sportsmen from England, we of course providing cooks, shikaris and expert assistance. We had no lack of clients of various kinds including both personal friends and "honeymoon" couples. Generally speaking they enjoyed excellent sport, and could be assured of rhino and buffalo, with an excellent chance of a lion. We did not advertise the fact that nine-tenths of the bag was made on Government land, which was of course open to anyone with a licence. For several years our net profits from this venture averaged over £300 and it was a very pleasant help in time of trouble. Today the old shooting-box is buried in miles of flourishing coffee, and far beyond it twinkle the electric lights of comfortable bungalows.

Another expedient to drive away the wolf was the taking in of paying pupils. Young men from home were by this time all agog to come out and try their luck in this new country, and though no doubt most of these would have been ready enough to start in straight away on their own and learn by experience as they went, their parents in many cases thought it advisable that their sons should learn a little, if only the language, before they parted with the parental capital. We built some small round huts and later a mess-room, and never were without one, two or three budding settlers. They

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paid a fixed sum, we fed them and they learnt their job. Generally speaking it was a good arrangement for both parties, even if sometimes a bit of a tax on the patience of our managers. As a whole we were lucky in the material we obtained ; especially was this so in the case of Ronald Munro and Bernard Cazenove, who soon became and remained very real friends. Among them also was an old Cambridge friend of mine, Alan Hunter, the great Cambridge miler, who came to us suffering from incipient T.B. and who, alas, went home to die while he should have been in his early prime. There were of course misfits but they were few and far between. We were lucky.

After a few months in Roberts's bungalow we moved into Chiromo, the charming house built and then owned by Ewart Grogan. Although it had by no means attained the size and splendour it reached when later it was bought by Sir Northrup MacMillan, it was nevertheless by local standards most luxurious. After amply accommodating ourselves and family, there were two or three spare bedrooms, an excellent kitchen, servants' quarters and ample stables ; while, best of all, there were two baths in which one could count on the water being really hot. From our deep stone verandah we looked down on the corrugated-iron roofs of Nairobi and beyond them right across the Athi plains. At night after dinner in the dry season one could usually hear the deep grunts of a hunting lion in the distance. The site backed on to a patch of forest already largely parcelled out into plots, but from which duiker and bushbuck made frequent and voracious visitations on our roses and vegetables, and which even at that time still harboured a few leopards. A quaint inhabitant of our desmesne was an aardvark which had

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the impudence to dig an enormous burrow next to our stables. My wife soon got busy on the garden, for which there was an ideal setting with clumps of bamboo and fine trees through which flitted flocks of bright birds, while the evening and early morning were rendered sweet by the cooing of doves. One type of visitor only was not welcome, and that was snakes, which at certain seasons were not uncommon. One day returning to lunch I was horrified to see our son, aged six, dancing round the motor pit throwing stones therein and peering down to see the result. Inside was an extra-size black spitting cobra, which with hood up was spitting up at him whenever he stooped down. I distinctly saw the venom falling short by only a few inches. Had it struck his eyes he must have fallen in, and without doubt his number would have been up. We spent some of the happiest years of our lives at Chiromo, and never before or since have I been so rich. We had the best car in the Protectorate, the best civilian house, three ponies and a goat carriage, a first-class Goan cook (almost faultless indeed except when once a month he courteously craved his customary leave to be drunk at our convenience), a spacious and most beautiful garden, and syces, domestic servants and gardeners without stint. Our total personal expenditure on these was about £1200 a year. Verily there is something to be said for being first man in Tibur in preference to being the ten-thousandth in Rome!

I was a consistent visitor to Uganda, and always enjoyed the journey by train to Kisumu, looking forward for days to the glorious view over the Rift Valley. To be honest, railway travel was much more comfortable before the War than it is today. For two tickets always, and generally for one, one could get a

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long carriage reserved, and it was then up to oneself and one's "boy" to see that the various comforts of travel were at hand. If the exchequer was completely denuded, a kindly guard could be relied on to provide accommodation in the dog-box at a nominal cost. Further, there was at that time strict segregation between colours, which I cannot but think must have been equally satisfactory to both European and Indian. The last time I was in Kenya my wife, my daughter and I myself shared one lavatory, as we travelled from the Coast, with one Indian man, two Indian women and four Indian children. I am prepared to take it on trust that their intellectual and moral qualities were of the highest; on the other hand, we had ample ocular and nasal evidence that their habits were filthy. Small wonder at the present-day preference for travelling by car. The voyage across the Lake to Entebbe did not cause such pleasurable anticipation. There was little fault to be found with the boat or the food, but it was apt to be extremely hot, and one could confidently expect to meet Lake flies and out-size cockroaches, both equally unpleasant. There was a reasonable chance too that it might be sufficiently rough to confine me to my berth. Arrived at Entebbe, one seemed to come into a different world. However dry and burnt it might be around Nairobi, it was always green and lush in Uganda, and the rich crops, interspersed with clumps of forest and the feathery heads of papyrus swamps backed by the deep blue of the Lake, always filled me with delight. The natives too seemed in accordance with the scene. Colourful — more especially in the towns — intelligent and essentially soft, they have always formed ideal material for the missionary. There was not then, there is not now, any settler problem, because there were, and are still

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for all intents and purposes, no settlers. The small white civilian population consists mainly of those engaged in trade and commerce, and they have few political ambitions. It was, and I think still is, the fashion in Uganda to affect a somewhat supercilious disdain for their more politically minded neighbours in Kenya. Neither was there a native problem. Intelligent and soft, the Baganda realize that they cannot stand alone. I imagine that the more you educate them, and the more they enjoy the advantages of bicycles, gramophones and motors, the more will they appreciate the advantages of the Pax Britannica. Apart from its somewhat enervating climate, Uganda would appear the Civil Servants' paradise. Certainly, were I one, it would be my choice.

At the landing-stage Michael Moses would meet me with a ricksha and a picked team. In lazy luxury, well in keeping with the scenery and the country, we would jog down the long road to Kampala to the monotonous drowsy chant of the ricksha boys and, arrived, would discuss the progress of our projects. Our trading company pursued its somewhat tawdry course, here with substantial profits, there with unfortunate reverses. But I was always more interested in agriculture than commerce, and was anxious to make some profitable use of the magnificent soil I saw all around me. Coffee had been already started in British East, and had made most promising progress, more especially where the soil was richest and the rainfall sufficient. Here I saw soil which appeared even richer than that at Kiambu, and a rainfall that never failed. With the optimism of youth I said, "A fortune lies within our grasp." Mr. Moses readily agreed. He was on the best of terms with the Baganda chiefs and also with the Government. No difficulties were

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put in our way in purchasing from native chiefs three separate estates. The ease of the operation indeed amazed me, since in British East such an action would have been regarded as a crime against God and man. In two of these estates there was divided capital but one small and most attractive one I kept entirely to myself, as it turned out, luckily. We got to work very rapidly, receiving the maximum of help not only from the chiefs but also from the Government Agricultural Department, who were naturally most anxious to see our experiments successful. Labour was abundant, cheap, and, judged by East African standards, efficient. The land was cleared of bush, drained where drainage was required, the necessary buildings erected and large nurseries established in a few months. At every visit the progress seemed amazing. There was never a setback, and one might have known it was too good to last. Nearly everything was done by manual labour. After a little while we instituted task work and the "shambas" were empty by nine o'clock in the morning with all tasks completed. We went on from task to piece work, and as soon as the system was understood the pace was accelerated by 100 per cent, wages of course going up in the same ratio. Next came the setting out of the coffee from the nurseries interplanted with rubber, both Ceara and Para. By a stroke of fortune I grew nothing but Para on my own particular plantation, mainly owing, I think, to its being the more handsome tree. In all we had upwards of 1000 acres under coffee ere ever there were 100 acres in one plantation in all British East. And how they grew! Trees of two years old were as well grown as three-year-olds round Nairobi and their beautiful green was not marred by a trace of disease or even a withered leaf. We studied the markets and, rubbing our hands

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again and again, estimated our profits, always of course on the most conservative basis. Then the oldest block flowered freely and we became busy erecting cheap but efficient factories. Next the bean ripened and picking commenced. In all off that first block we sent home 80 tons, a first picking off roughly 100 acres. The price was all that we had hoped. We made enough off that one block to pay for all the work done on that plantation up to date.

Everything shone in the brightest rose colour when one day I landed at Entebbe. Michael Moses did not seem so bursting with enthusiasm as usual. I asked if anything were amiss. He replied nothing much, but that the leaves were falling off the branches of some of the older coffee trees and that their tips were turning black. *Nothing to be alarmed at, but he had got the Government expert going out to see them.* It was diagnosed as Die-back and the disease spread like lightning. I do not think that we got more than another twenty tons off the whole thousand acres, and coffee-growing in that region of Uganda was finished. I but once experienced a more bitter disappointment, and that was years later over the cultivation of flax. It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event and caution comes with age. Had I had the latter precociously developed, I would have realized that, in such splendid rich soil with ample rainfall and warm sun, you may look for abnormal growth in any newly imported crop, and that round the corner disease is certainly waiting to pounce. We ought to have planted various small blocks and waited to see how to deal with the inevitable attacks. Much money would have eluded the drain. Bad as it was for me, it was much worse for my partner. No one could have worked harder or taken more careful pains, and his resources were even less

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than mine. I am indeed glad to know that the passing years have treated him not unkindly. For myself there remained a crumb, a substantial crumb, of comfort. My own especial small plantation was, as I have said, interplanted with Para rubber. As with the coffee, its growth was phenomenal. The great rubber boom was close at hand. A visitor scented it in advance and offered me a price which I accepted. Doubtless had I waited I might have got more, but it was at all events more than sufficient to recoup me for the whole of my expenditure. I emerged from the experience therefore a sadder, wiser, but not, mercifully, a poorer man.

In 1910 an old friend of mine, Major Gerard Buxton, who had been touring and shooting in the country, became anxious to have a stake in what he rightly considered to be a territory with a potentially prosperous future. He took up shares in Sisal Ltd., and very glad indeed we were of the new capital at a time when we were faced with the erection of our factory. Further than that, he asked me if I would join him in the purchase of an estate for which he would provide the purchase money. I only wish that I had had, and had earlier, more offers of that sort! I searched high and low for what I wanted, but I may say that I never found it, and, without doubt, missed my chance. Land values were soaring. New settlers were pouring in by every boat, and those who had got the pick of the country were holding on at all cost. The land agents' books were certainly full of most attractive propositions, but a personal investigation always found some defect. One had not sufficient water, another no timber; here the grazing was poor, there the soil was shallow. Finally I got the choice down to two: a block of about 4000 acres between

Nairobi and Ngong, and about 14,000 at Londiani. After long deliberation I chose the latter, and no doubt I made a mistake, since the former turned out to be excellent coffee land and quadrupled in value in the next three or four years. I think what swayed my judgement was land hunger and the not uncommon urge for broad acres. There were also less foolish considerations. The house stood on a hill about a mile from the station, and having felt the great difficulties of transport at Makuyu, it gave me a thrill of pleasure to watch the little trains crawling slowly below me and to hear their comforting whistle. Again from Londiani branched off the road to the newly opened Uasin Guishu plateau, already recognized as likely to be one of the principal centres of colonization. I thought it inevitable that the railway must follow the alignment of the road. I proved wrong, but there are still many who consider that it should rightly have been the chosen route. It further occurred to me that many of the beautiful glades in the forest land adjoining were likely to be thrown open for occupation shortly, and I felt that, being on the spot, we should be in a good position to make a successful application : and in this expectation I proved right.

Most of our land at Londiani lay between 7000 and 8000 feet. It was well watered, having at least two permanent streams, and there was abundance of timber. What I thought was a considerable proportion of the area consisted of a deep chocolate loam of obvious fertility, while other stretches were of lighter red covered with ant-hills. After we had been in occupation I found that I had overestimated the area of the best land, and that much of what had appeared in the dry weather to be admirable grazing was, in fact, sour land, which got badly waterlogged after the

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rains. The whole of it as I saw it first was very lovely, with the young grass springing up on the plain after the first showers and the deeper green of the forest-clad hills encircling us on three sides. Certainly I was highly delighted with our purchase and, having signed on the dotted line, straightway recruited a headman and a gang of " boys " with the necessary tools to clear up around the little timbered house and start our shamba. Very shortly my wife joined me to get to work on the garden and it soon began to look like a home.

My original idea was to concentrate on black wattle, the cultivation of which, for the sake of the tannin in the bark, was considered at the time to be one of the shorter roads to fortune. Our position would also enable us to sell the timber when the bark had been removed for fuel to the railway. While the wattle grew we hoped to help make both ends meet through the medium of cattle and pigs. Though we had many happy days there, Londiani brought more disappointment than cash, though we probably put more work in there than in any venture elsewhere in Kenya. Black wattle turned out a frost, the price falling almost as fast as our trees grew, and they grew remarkably well. Our cattle certainly did well, but that is a slow business at best, and we had little luck with our pigs, though from an English point of view the situation where we kept them, with its shade and water, would have appeared ideal. We rather concentrated on Scotchmen in the managing line, as I had an obsession in their efficiency which still persists. Indeed, my considered view is that you want to be born a Scotchman and become a Freemason at the earliest opportunity to ensure in this world the maximum of success. Our various managers worked hard, and it was no

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fault of theirs that they failed to deliver the goods. The last one had many merits and but one drawback: he was completely deaf. The only place he could hear at all was in the engine-room of the flax factory when it was running. As I, who am also deaf, could hear nothing whatever there, it was our custom for me to make remarks therein and then to proceed outside for his replies. In fine, though it represented perhaps my most strenuous personal effort, "Lovely" Londiani turned out a partial failure. Added to which, after the War, it supplied me with the greatest financial disappointment of my life.

Major Grogan was, and I expect still is, the Lumber King of Kenya. The country still possesses magnificent forests, though hundreds of thousands of acres have been wantonly and ignorantly squandered by the Kikuyu tribe during the last fifty years. The best commercial timber is that of the podocarpus and the so-called cedar. The former is an admirable "soft" wood, appreciably superior to pine, the latter a charmingly scented wood suitable, among other things, for furniture, roofing and cedar pencils. With the influx of settlers and the rapid development of the country, there was a great demand for building material of all kinds, and it could be produced from the local timber at quite a reasonable profit. We were anxious not to be left out of anything that looked good and didn't involve any great amount of capital, and we embarked on two ventures in the timber world. The first was situated some ten miles from Londiani on the Plateau road, and conducted as an offshoot of our Londiani farm, while the other was held in partnership with Berkeley Cole, some twenty miles beyond Nyeri. I found the timber business a most interesting one, though I'm bound to say I'd always rather plant a

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tree than cut one down. Even a small concession of 3000 acres, which was about the extent of each of ours, takes a lot of knowing. It is extremely difficult for a Babe in the Wood such as myself to make a fair estimate of the cubic contents of an area, and even more so to decide the best site for a sawmill, let alone the best avenues along which to lay one's wooden rails. We were well served at Londiani, and looking back I don't think did too badly. Forest has always fascinated me, and especially such as these in Kenya which held a fine variety of animals from elephants downwards. There was never the least difficulty in selling our timber, though collecting the cash was not quite so easy. Our troubles at Londiani were mainly floods and haulage, but, on the whole, we had not a great deal to complain of and did quite reasonably well. The forest on Kenya was hardly so well timbered, but, on the other hand, Cole knew much more about the business than ever I did. He was a natural mechanic, and saws, circular or band, represented no mystery to him. Furthermore he was the big noise in the district, and our bad debts among the settlers there were consequently comparatively few. We had in our concession a bunch of magnificent camphor trees, 200 feet high and many feet in diameter. My partner was most anxious to convert these to profit, though, indeed, they were too big for our plant. I am glad that I was able to persuade him from the attempt, which seemed to me, most illogically, like a crime. I had many happy days at Berkeley Cole's delightful farm on the Narro Meru, a lovely, clear natural trout stream fed from Kenya's snows, and from which we explored the forest right up to and beyond the Bamboo Belt. He was indeed a royal companion and a loyal, generous partner to me, much though he liked doing down the Forest Depart-

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ment wherever possible. Both these enterprises paid their way and a bit over, since we could at that time easily compete with imported timber, which was killed by the freight. Today I think that can hardly be said to be the case. We got out of each venture, I am glad to say, while the going was good, and I fear that our successors had a less profitable time.

The next proposition to which we turned was the hotel business, admittedly a tricky one. Indeed, I have often pondered over my temerity and the good fortune of a rising tide which submerged the most elementary miscalculations and mistakes. The first hotel we erected with our own timber at Londiani fairly adjacent to the railway station. As I have said, it was from here that the caravan road up to the Uasin Guishu started, and there was a considerable and ever-increasing traffic over it. During the dry weather it was a reasonable road as roads went at that time, but there were frequent periods when, after a heavy storm, it was quite impassable. At such times it seemed to us that there could be little for would-be passengers to do save to sit and drink while they waited for the roads to dry, and in that direction we proposed to give our help. Naturally the bar was our most prominent feature and we had an extremely attractive one, at all events when newly erected; also a dining- and sitting-room and perhaps a dozen bedrooms, some in the main building and some in separate huts. The latter were the more to be recommended. The worst feature of a wooden house is that sounds travel readily through the walls, and one must be careful not to discuss topics best kept secret. We had one bitter complaint from a lady who apparently spent most of the night listening to the two occupants of the adjoining room discussing herself, her clothes, her family

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and probable morals. She had not apparently sufficient initiative to retaliate in kind. Of course, if you were anywhere near the bar you couldn't reasonably expect to get any sleep till a late hour. Later some of the less seasoned wood warped, which made privacy even more precarious. Nevertheless it was a good hotel according to its lights, and clean, and certainly had plenty of patronage. Indeed our bar takings became so good that they invited competition, which was readily forthcoming. I stood the first two new licences granted to small stores, but at the next application I decided to make a protest and for that purpose appeared before the Licensing Magistrate. I was asked to state the ground of my objection and replied : " In the township of Londiani there are at present resident three Europeans only and there are already three licences. I respectfully submit that there should be a rule of one man one licence." " Objection overruled ; next application please." Faced with all this competition and the inevitable price war it entailed, we decided to get out while it was reasonably probable that we could do so. We were able to show good figures, and effected a sale at a price satisfactory both to ourselves and to the purchaser. I am a great believer in the financial maxim which says " always leave something for the other fellow ". I fear, however, that in this case he didn't get all that he and I had hoped for.

Our hotel at Nyeri was christened the White Rhino. Why, I can't say, but recall the great pleasure that my wife took in purchasing the linen, plates and cutlery all marked with the crest designed to depict that distinguished animal. Nyeri was much more of a township than Londiani. There must have been fully a score of white residents. There was a Government

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Boma, Nyeri being the *Provincial Headquarters*. There were police, certain stores, and it was at that time a railhead. There was the beginning of an attractive golf course, and below the hill on which the station was situated flowed two beautiful embryo trout streams. We hoped for strong support across our bar from the local element, and also anticipated tapping all the numerous shooting parties that kicked off here for Archer's Post, Marsabit and the Lorian Swamp. On the whole we suffered disappointment. With a wooden house one is faced with two conflicting interests: the bar and the residents. If your bar is really successful, such a tumult is made till a late hour that those who wish to sleep find the greatest difficulty in so doing. The bar is certainly the most paying side on paper, but you have to take into consideration the question of breakages and bad debts. The chit system, whereby no one ever dreams of paying for liquid refreshment on the spot, was of course universal in East Africa, and naturally lends itself to procrastination and all too often to non-payment. We suffered cruelly at the White Rhino, far more so than at Londiani. The main reason for this was, I think, that at Londiani our customers had almost invariably to return the same way, and we had a second chance of extracting payment by refusing to serve them until they had paid their previous bill, but at Nyeri the Central Line might be reached via Rumuruti; in fact it was a very usual round journey. Anyway, there it was: handsome paper profits reduced to a vanishing point. After valiantly battling for two years we decided to give it best, and to sell out if we could find someone to take it on the turnover, which was considerable. We did so at a price which just got us out. I made a mental decision not to enter this line of commercial

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territory again, which resolution I am glad to say that I have stuck to faithfully.

Shortly before the War I joined the board of Newland & Tarlton, the well-known safari outfitters. The original partners were V. M. Newland, Leslie Tarlton and Claude Tritton, and they became my fellow directors. The first two ran the Nairobi end, and Tritton, who had arrived in Nairobi some two years before us, now had an office in Pall Mall, over Rowland Ward's the taxidermist. I had always held an admiration for Newland and Tarlton, who had come out as young men with some ludicrously small capital, I think about £200, and had built up what was till the War about the biggest business in the country. Claude Tritton, who had been running a seed store in Nairobi, joined them soon after their arrival. With the expansion of business and the sudden boom in big-game hunting his place was clearly in London, where his outstanding charm and many friends made him quite invaluable.

The original business of N. & T. had extended with great rapidity, and to it had been grafted on two most admirable side-lines in land agency and auctioneering, in both of which Newland had acquired some previous experience in Australia. Land was booming, town plots were booming; cattle, sheep and horses went like hot cakes. N. & T. hadn't a monopoly in any of their main enterprises. The Boma Trading Co. competed in the outfitting, and H. F. Ward in the land agency, but it is safe to say that 75 per cent of the business in each direction was retained, and that was enough to produce a very handsome profit indeed. Tarlton was the principal in the shooting department. He was himself a noted hunter and a remarkable rifle-shot, with a big bag of lions to his

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credit. Newland was the prime mover in everything else, and even found time to be a Legislative Councillor, and a most efficient one, withal. He was about the hardest-working man I've known and earned every iota of the success he achieved. But cobblers should stick to their last, and an ambition which refrained from doing so was the primary cause of N. & T.'s downfall, though ill luck and Newland's absence throughout the greater part of the War were undoubtedly contributory factors. Tarlton knew about big game, Newland knew about land agency and auctioneering, but neither knew, except by hearsay, anything whatever about store-keeping and importing. Into this to them uncharted sea N. & T. burst, and finally it destroyed them. During the War, of course, everything was possible and nothing was allowed to fail. It was a grand season for incompetents, and those who ran our trading department considered, and not without some justification on paper, that they were Heaven-sent merchandizers. When the War ended, the board, and we were not alone, thought that a new great wave of prosperity was setting in. There was to be, we knew, a new allotment of Government land, 1000 farms being set aside for ex-soldiers. We anticipated a new influx of capital to equip and stock those farms. We did not anticipate the very large proportion of them that would be allotted to men who already owned far more acres than they could possibly develop. In anticipation of this millennium we increased our capital in order to cope with the anticipated rush of business. For the new issue there was a quick rush of applicants, including, I regret to say, more than one friend of my own. That rush of business never came, nor yet the millennium. Instead arrived a decline at an ever-increasing velocity. It

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was soon pretty obvious to the board that we were making a loss, but there are none so blind as those who will not see, and of such we employed at least one in a highly important capacity. It seemed an impossible task to get the full tale of our overheads, always an elusive figure. Examination, however, disclosed that we were employing 37 Europeans at an average salary of approximately £500 a year. Now at that time in Kenya it was far more difficult to get rid of an employee than it was at home. Many of them were personal friends, others had fought through the War, and on a falling tide in a small community there was the ever-present fear that they might find it impossible to get another job. Still Newland and I felt that our duty to our shareholders was paramount. We drew up a drastic scheme of curtailment and reconstruction, which was agreed to only after the fullest consideration. Then came the inevitable chorus of expostulation, coupled with threats of legal action from the axed. It proved too heavy a storm for the majority of our board, and an alternative plan was accepted which, if it held out no possibility of recovery, at least ensured that all should founder in one ship, which we very rapidly did. It may have been the best and kindest event, and I have no fault to find with those who bent beneath the storm. I had, however, and still retain, the deepest sympathy for those others who had so recently invested their money in what appeared a fair venture, and still more for the original partners who saw the work of years swept away in a relentless flood.

Not content with what would appear on reflection to be a full-time series of jobs, we even ventured ever so slightly into the newspaper world — and when I say “we” it is in no editorial sense. The leading paper

was then, as indeed it is today, the *East African Standard*. Its editor and big noise was a Mr. Anderson, with whom was associated a Mr. Meyer who subsequently succeeded him. Mr. Anderson was of a somewhat mercurial disposition, but undoubtedly combined ability and independence with a very genuine love of the country of his adoption. For at least two years I was *persona grata* with the *Standard*; my contributions were well received, and further, Mr. Anderson and I worked hard at the formation of a Settlers' Parliament, or Convention as it was, and indeed is still called. Our pleasant relations broke through no fault of mine, though I must admit that Mr. Anderson had every reason to think otherwise. The *Standard* had thought right, and surely it was within their province, to write a leading article severely criticizing Lord Delamere, then at the very height of his popularity. This article aroused great indignation among the settlers. We happened the night after its appearance to have a considerable dinner party from that element at Chiromo. After the wine had flowed and the article in question had received ever more vehement abuse, the suggestion was put forward of going to Mr. Anderson's house, taking him out and ducking him in the muddy river that flows through the outskirts of Nairobi. I thought it a poor scheme, and said so, and pointed out that Mrs. Anderson was almost certain to be present, which would render the situation undignified and unpleasant. However, wine would have its way and off they went, though I did not accompany the party. The avengers accomplished their fell purpose, though the victim, ably seconded by his wife, put up a gallant defence. Next morning Nemesis waited on the doorstep of each delinquent in the form of a lawyer's letter. In the end the case was

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settled in the usual way by an ample apology and a cash indemnity paid, if I remember right, to the hospital. Mr. Anderson inevitably very soon found out whose dinner party it was from whom the raiding party had sallied, and quite naturally suspected my complicity. From that date he lost no opportunity of attacking me in his paper, finishing up with an article so scurrilous that I brought a libel action which I won, and also the appeal. It was a most foolish action on my part, as I should imagine that it never pays to quarrel with a leading newspaper, and least of all in a small new country. Moreover, I should have realized that there were reasonable grounds for this venting of wrath on the part of the editor. However, at the time my friends and I were furious, and our anger was flamed by further acid criticisms of Lord Delamere. We determined that we would run a rival daily, and found the editor of the only other paper, the weekly *Leader*, quite ready to oblige us provided we found all the necessary cash. We had the greatest fun with the *Daily Leader*, beginning with the night before our first issue, which Freddie Ward, a very close friend and eager coadjutor, spent in pasting our posters on the top of those advertising the *Standard*; even though most of them were in turn torn down before the purchasing public emerged. We wrote stately leaders on local topics, alternating with condescending patronage and advice to the Government at home. The primary producer was the man on whose behalf we took up the cudgels, and his embodiment was naturally, and indeed rightly, Lord Delamere. While we diffused wisdom with such lavish hands, we painfully acquired certain knowledge ourselves. We learnt, for instance, what a lot of time it takes to fill, with any decency, four pages of reading matter six times a week. Also

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what a job it is to obtain enough paid advertisements to cover the humblest scale of upkeep. We discovered also, what we should have known, that in the newspaper world, as in other business, Profit comes before Pal. We carried on with a slowly improving proposition. By the time our original tit-up was exhausted the paper just about broke even. The editor agreed to carry it on : " Of course along the lines which you have so admirably initiated, and indeed I trust that you will always give us your advice and criticism." This offer we accepted, so that the net result of our journalistic effort was to supply a proprietor with a daily paper at no expense to himself. With regard to the *Standard*, we doubtless helped it more than we hurt. Healthy competition in the newspaper business is an admirable tonic. The *Standard* has in fact never looked back, but has steadily increased its circulation and the influence it sways, till today I imagine that it stands alone among the papers on the East Coast of Africa. Kenya, on the whole, has been well served by its Press, and that holds good more today than ever, since that admirable and enterprising paper *East Africa and Rhodesia* supports her cause and that of her neighbours along the East Coast of Africa in London. There had indeed for long been need for such a publication, if only to erect a permanent and stable barrier against the curious flow of anti-British propaganda directed more especially against the colonists of Kenya.

Somewhere about 1911 I thought I would write a book about British East Africa. I suppose that at some time or another most people have an urge to see their name on the outside of a printed tome. Apart from that urge I had two ulterior motives. The higher one was to augment the flow of what I thought then

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was the right type of colonist, namely the Public Schoolboy ; the lower motive was once again to put a spot of cash into the family till. I really believe that I can claim to have effected both objects. The book was no doubt immaturely written and superficial, the best feature of it being the name *A Colony in the Making*, which still strikes me as a remarkably good title. On the other hand, those for whom it was intended did not want anything erudite, nor indeed did grammar or split infinitives mean anything to them, but mostly preferred something which they could understand to the higher flights of English prose. For my first-born I think that I can claim also that it raised no extravagant expectations of fortune. When I've said that, however, I've made all the claims for the poor thing that are possible. Nevertheless *The Times*, always a firm friend of Kenya and of those who have worked on her behalf, gave my book a wonderful send-off and the first edition went like hot cakes. I suspect that every youthful settler and official who had an aunt received at least one copy. I trust that it did none of them any harm ! While, of course, I hope that there were several who derived pleasure from its perusal, I only know of one to whom it gave supreme, unadulterated bliss. That was the editor of the *East African Standard*, who leapt on it with the alacrity of a dog on a meaty bone. Taking as his motif, "O that mine adversary had written a book", he fairly let himself go and lashed me till I was naked to the winds of Heaven. I expect that his leading article sold for me quite a lot of copies. I had a feeling that he felt that scores were now levelled up. Anyway I noticed that afterwards till I left the Colony I never received other than courtesy and consideration from the *East African Standard*. There have been many

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books since then written about Kenya, and until recently it has always appeared to me a regrettable fact that the better writing has been among those whose object has been damnation than among those who have desired to praise. I admit that it is a regrettable but undeniable fact that human nature prefers the uncharitable view, and that the best sellers are those that pander to this predilection. Nevertheless I believe my uneasy suspicion to be correct, and I have indeed been pleased recently to see something done to reverse that balance in the delightful work of Mrs. Huxley entitled *White Man's Country*. Not only does the author show a remarkable gift of collating and assimilating second-hand information and expressing it in classical English, but, far more important, she has caught the very spirit of the Colony, as indeed was natural from her long residence therein. No student or lover of Kenya past, present or future should fail to read this most attractive work.

While these various enterprises and efforts occupied their allotted share of time, one went on steadily towards completion, and that was our sisal plantation at Makuyu. It was indeed remarkable that this, the very first project we undertook, should eventually turn out to be the pick of the bunch, though admittedly we had the War largely to thank for our success. And not only was it the first, but it was undoubtedly the most experimental and much the most expensive of all our efforts to acquire fortune. I cannot believe that, had we realized at the start the extent of the capital which must necessarily be involved, we should ever have possessed the audacity to embark upon the project. Alan Thompson was undoubtedly the driving force of our company and more especially the defeater of financial stringency. But we must, I feel, have been

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buoyed up with incurable optimism, since we were not satisfied with one plantation, but must needs start another some thirteen miles further along the Fort Hall road on the Maragua river. We had acquired some 4000 acres there, and it had certain distinct advantages over the Makuyu site. It was on the very edge of the Native Reserve, thus ensuring a plentiful supply of labour, and was bordered by a fine river on which was situated a fall capable of generating a very considerable horse-power. How we ever paid for the two I don't know. The amount of ready cash we put up for both plantations certainly did not exceed £10,000 and I should be very sorry to bring *one* into production today under £50,000. Coffee proved a help to us. We planted several hundred acres, of which we retain the main block to the present day; but others we sold for spot cash, to the vociferous satisfaction of the bank.

When the time came to erect our first factory we fell on our feet, because we acquired the services of a Consulting Engineer of outstanding merit in Mr. E. W. Cowan, a man moreover who bore such a love for Kenya that his charges were altogether disproportionate to the services he rendered. Our motive power at Makuyu consisted originally of engines run on charcoal, and as timber was not too plentiful in the neighbourhood of the factory, the collection of a supply was in itself a considerable task. Neither had we realised in the least how much water we should require, and this again involved the building of a substantial dam which later we augmented by boreholes. It is but fair to repeat that we had next door to us the original pioneers of the sisal industry, Messrs. Swift and Rutherford, who were always a year ahead of us and whose experience was freely at our disposal.

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Kindlier neighbours no one ever had. Later we harnessed the falls at Maragua, a truly grand bit of work by Mr. Cowan. This plant not only supplied power to both factories, but gave light as well as power to neighbouring bungalows and coffee factories. When, after the War, the great slump set in and sisal actually touched bottom at £12 a ton, we sold our electric plant at Maragua to the local power company for far more than it cost to erect. Thus we were able to stave off, and only just, the disaster that at that time overwhelmed so many good men and true. Assuredly Sisal Ltd. was lucky, and indeed is still lucky in the men who have worked for her.

The amazing rubber boom struck Kenya as well as Uganda, and many an embryo plantation changed hands at figures ludicrously in excess of present or potential value. Even the shrewdest men fell victims to the prevailing madness. Thus Mr. Hugh Barclay, a very eminent banker, bought a plantation some ten miles from the coast and asked me to supervise it for him. I went down and found it a most unlikely proposition, there being but a few inches of soil on the top of shale which I refused to believe would ever grow tapable trees. Moreover it was exceedingly unhealthy, two previous managers having died of black-water within a very short space of time. It struck me as a most curious purchase to be effected by a business man of experience and repute.

The foregoing constituted the principal avenues along which we struggled for wealth. Some were moderately, and one notably, successful ; others were partial or entire failures. There was not, however, one which did not at some moment or other give us the thrill of anticipation. In them I had sundry partners and employed many managers and assistants. I can

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say with very great happiness that I was never let down by a partner, and of employees there were few indeed who did not give 100 per cent in loyalty and hard work. I regret none of these years and none of these enterprises, and only would that I were at the beginning of this period once again.

CHAPTER III

PERSONS, POLITICS AND PASTIMES

IT was shortly prior to our third visit to British East Africa that the reins of Government were taken over by Sir Percy Girouard. Sir Percy came to us with a high reputation, acquired both in peace and war. A French-Canadian by birth and a sapper by profession, he first came into prominence as Lord Kitchener's right-hand man in railway construction in South Africa, and the reputation he had acquired then he had enhanced with each succeeding year. Kenya, or rather British East Africa as it was then, was lucky indeed in the appointment. From the commencement of our Administration to the present day she has had among her Governors men of the highest distinction, but in my judgement Sir Percy reigns supreme amongst those I have known in the services rendered to the embryo Colony. Not only was he a man of vision and of boundless energy, but he had not the slightest fear of giving offence to the Colonial Office and of the dreadful consequences that might follow his delinquency. He had a very proper and worthy conceit of himself, and his view was that if he lost employment in one direction, he would very speedily build up an equally good position in some other sphere of action. I haven't the slightest doubt that he was correct. As a consequence, if he considered a certain line of action was right, that line he would take, and criticism or even

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official rebuke would not deter him. To cite one instance : early in his reign he took the view that the time was ripe for further railway development, and, as a start, he proposed a branch line from Nairobi to Fort Hall to tap the recent large agricultural development in that area. He worked out the cost, and applied to the Colonial Office for funds to carry out the project. A peremptory refusal came back to the effect that such an extension was premature and that no funds were available. *I venture to think that that would have been enough for any other Governor* All, however, that Sir Percy did was to reply, after some considerable delay, that he regretted the decision of the Colonial Secretary, but that he had decided to proceed with a tramway along the suggested route with such resources as the Protectorate itself had available, and that by the time his despatch reached home, the earthworks would be considerably advanced. He omitted to mention that the gauge of the tram-line was exactly the same as that of the main line ! And so the Fort Hall Branch came into existence.

My wife and I achieved a very happy friendship both with Sir Percy and with his charming wife, and many a delightful evening was spent by us under their hospitable roof. Lady Girouard was very much younger than Sir Percy, and perhaps was not always quite as tactful as she might have been. We had a little rift on one occasion when she wrote down and accused my wife of keeping a *salon* at Chiromo which detracted from the prestige of Government House. We were somewhat taken aback, but my wife replied expressing her concern, and saying that she did not quite appreciate what a *salon* was, but that guests staying with us almost invariably dined in their pyjamas ! The subject was allowed to drop, and

soon we were once again as happy together as dicky-birds.

The Girouards were very fortunate in the staff they brought out from England in the persons of Captains John Murray and Pat O'Brien, who alternated the rôles of Secretary and A.D.C. While faithfully administering their jobs, they entered into the varied life of the country from big-game shooting to polo with the greatest zest and were an asset of the highest value. Like Sir Percy and Lady Girouard, they have, alas, departed this world.

Sir Percy's régime was marked by the greatest progress of any period of Kenya's history, and no one can doubt that she owed much of it to his sympathetic and progressive policy. Nevertheless, as in the case of all men of personality, he was not without his critics, or allowed to feel that his job was a bed of roses. Two especial events brought him trouble. One was when he united the two sections of the Masai tribe, bringing them into one Reserve, and at the same time freeing the Likipia Area for White Settlement. This move was naturally seized on by those who hated White Settlement in Africa, a body then just starting its precocious growth, who found an admirable opportunity for asserting that the native was being bereft of the heritage of centuries to make room for the white interloper. I can only say that I studied the negotiations at the time with the greatest care and that certain facts seemed to emerge. The Masai got a bigger, more convenient, and, as improved by Government money which provided new facilities for water storage, a better territory than that which they gave up in exchange. Further, that a large majority of the chiefs concerned were in favour of the amalgamation, otherwise it most certainly would not have taken place.

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The Governor handled a very difficult problem with tact, firmness and strict fairness, though, needless to say, that made little difference with those whose minds were made up in advance of evidence.

The second case was over the deportation of Mr. Galbraith Cole, and here Sir Percy incurred temporarily the criticism, not to say the enmity, of a large proportion of the white settlers. Galbraith Cole was one of the earliest pioneers, a brother-in-law of Lord Delamere, and deservedly one of the most popular inhabitants both with black and white. He had suffered repeatedly from thefts of cattle and sheep from his farm on Lake Elmenteita, abutting the Masai Reserve. One day he caught a party of Masai red-handed driving off his sheep, and, having a rifle, fired a shot to frighten the delinquents. By an unfortunate *mischance the shot struck one of the party, who subsequently died*. The Government were placed in a position of difficulty. No local jury would, or indeed could, convict Cole of any major crime, and the tribe in question, with whom the punishment for cattle-stealing from time immemorial had been death, saw no justifiable grounds for complaint. On the other hand, a considerable opinion at home said that in the interest of our own rule and good name an example must be made. And again it is hard to dissent from that view. The Governor decided that it was a case for deportation, unpopular though the course might be. I feel sure that present opinion must concur with his decision, bitterly though I resented it at the time. It is pleasant to record that in two years Galbraith Cole returned to his farm, welcomed by his many white friends, and perhaps even more by the natives among whom he had lived. He remained in Kenya many more years, loved and respected by all, till a

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wasting and painful illness carried him off in what should have been his prime. The last months of Sir Percy's Administration were rather clouded with domestic trouble, but when, to the universal regret of the Colony, he retired, *it was with the knowledge that the territory he had controlled had made an advance beyond all expectation. Many realized then, and still more have done so since, how much of this advance was due to his clear-sighted courage.*

In these years, as indeed throughout their short history, there was great political activity among the settler element. The Legislative Council consisted at first of a large majority of official members, almost invariably heads of departments, who had of course to vote according to orders. A small minority consisted of non-officials nominated by the Governor. In early days the procedure worked well. Successive Governors took the greatest care to select representative Councillors. Indeed I do not remember ever hearing a single complaint on this score. In fact there could hardly have been better choices than such men as Lord Delamere, Wilson ("Lord John") from the Coast, Newland, Wilfred Hunter, T. A. Wood, Randall Swift and others who filled the rôle in those days. Nevertheless, as White Settlement grew, the elective principle was bound to come in, as it did in fact almost immediately after the War.

While, however, there was little disposition to quarrel with the Governor's choice of representatives, the free-born Britisher likes to express his opinion in his own way and at his own time. This predilection led to the formation of the Planters and Farmers' Association in 1903, which shortly afterwards was reborn as the Colonists' Association. Though this body was, considering its size, quite sufficiently vocal,

it was not authoritative enough for the aspirations of the youthful politicians of the day, who conceived the idea of a Settlers' Parliament, or Convention as it was to be called. The originator of the idea was undoubtedly Mr. Anderson, editor of the *East African Standard*, who roped me in early with the flattering suggestion that I should be the first chairman. The constituent bodies who would elect delegates were left a bit vague at the start, but we hoped eventually to establish some sort of a territorial basis. Lord Delamere gave the project his blessing and all was ready for the inaugural meeting. Unfortunately Mr. Anderson and I had a tiff, as before mentioned, shortly before our Convention was fully fledged. Naturally he could not be expected to put forward my name as chairman, but substituted that of a great friend of ours, the particularly charming Dr. Atkinson, who had accompanied Lord Delamere in his sensational entrance from the North. This proposal I had the greatest pleasure in seconding. That motion having been accepted with acclamation, Mr. Anderson rose with a second proposition which came somewhat as a surprise. He referred to the constituent bodies, and moved that only those with a territorial standing should have the right to send delegates. This ruled out Freddie Ward, myself and one other, who represented associations rather than districts. Mr. Anderson made an impassioned speech and was really in my view quite logical, and certainly the meeting was impressed by his arguments. After the motion was seconded, the chairman called for further speakers. While I was groping for suitable reasoning to prevent my ejection, our third delegate rose slowly to his feet. He was about 6 feet 4 inches in height, and broad and deep in proportion. Moreover, he had the well-earned reputa-

tion of being the toughest all-in scrapper in the Colony. His speech was short. " Mr. Chairman, I only wish to say this. Anyone who votes against our election, I will deal with after the meeting is over. Anyone who attempts to turn us out now, I will deal with now ! " He sat down and I cannot recall so convincing a speech elsewhere. We were elected unanimously, or perhaps more accurately *nem. con.* Our initial meeting lasted two days and was voted a great success, especially by ourselves. The Convention has remained in existence ever since, and has served the Colony well. Not only has it focused public opinion on urgent and vital matters, but it has impressed that public opinion not only on Government and Colonial Office circles, but on occasion on non-official Legislative Councillors. Up till the War, and for a few years after, the Colony had a parallel committee functioning in London under the title of " The East African Producers ". This body was of very considerable value in impressing, by interview or otherwise, the opinion obtaining in Kenya both on the British public and on the Government at home. It was useful also in bringing to the notice of the Convention actual or impending attacks on various aspects of White Settlement. With the advent of Imperial Airways and consequent shortening of communications, the need for such a liaison no longer existed and the body naturally ceased to function. There was a time during the worst period of the post-War slump when the Convention fell on difficult times, some of the constituent branches finding a difficulty in maintaining their subscriptions. Its officers succeeded in carrying on, however, and it is once again today in a thoroughly flourishing condition.

Besides the Convention there were started during

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this period almost innumerable associations to protect various sectarian interests. Kenya has always been prone to multiplicity and change in this direction. Nor has this been confined to those bodies functioning in the Colony itself. I shudder to think of all the committees and sub-committees that from time to time have attended to the interests of the sisal industry in London. The same people invariably functioned in each new formation, but there has been an invincible disposition to believe that a rose must smell the sweeter if you change its name. Nevertheless this desire to band together to protect the interests of one's industry, or one's district, seems to me both desirable and commendable. Doubtless an amazing amount of hot air has been blown off, but the blowing of hot air remains the privilege and pleasure of the British race. It is a privilege which we see continually curtailed elsewhere, and I for one trust that it will be valued and retained for ever in the British Empire. It certainly won't grow rusty from disuse in Kenya.

When we first came to the country it cannot be denied that there was both distrust and tension between the settler and official elements. This was a very natural feeling as far as both were concerned. The settler influx was so recent that the officials generally found it difficult to believe that their existence would be permanent, and it was easy to realize that it presented new problems and introduced more work into lives that were already fully occupied with both. The settlers equally naturally resented even the suspicion of such an attitude. Their view was that they had been invited to colonize the unpopulated stretches of the Highlands, and they ought to have been welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm and given one hundred per cent help. One can surely sympathize

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with both points of view. It is pleasing to record that during the years which followed our arrival up to the War we saw the entire disappearance of any hostility and friction. While many conciliatory influences, including the Governor, were at work, probably the main factor producing this satisfactory result was that the whole country was moving forward on a wave of prosperity, and prosperity breeds kindly feelings. It is for instance very difficult for a Governor in Kenya to be really popular at any time, but during a depression it is pretty nearly impossible. Yet how little in fact can he do to stave it off! World conditions, most imperfectly understood even by the most plausible of economists, sweep aside the calculations of the most far-seeing and patriotic of Governors, while the most complete dud is carried forward with acclamation when every month sees conditions bettered and more wealth incoming.

I imagine that the Civil Servants in Kenya have always been good, but I know that during our period of residence they were first-rate, and, generally speaking, as hospitable as they were hard-working. It is pleasant to recall a few with whom we became more particularly acquainted. Mr. Jackson, who until he was promoted to Uganda was our second in command, was perhaps our greatest friend, but of this wonderful character more elsewhere. Charles Bowring,¹ the Treasurer, was universally popular, genial and capable, and moreover a pillar of the Turf Club. His promotion took him to a most successful reign in Nyassaland. I was one of many who hoped that it was but a temporary estrangement, and that in the fullness of time we should see his return. The P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer), "Father" Milne, was, I have no

¹ Afterwards Sir Charles Bowring, K.C.M.G.

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hesitation in saying, the most beloved man in the Protectorate. It would have been impossible for him to have had an enemy. I wonder how many meals we partook of with him and his equally delightful wife in a bungalow which I never remember save as crammed to capacity with exuberant settlers, headed by Berkeley Cole and Tich Miles, who looked on it as their town house. Dr. Milne was one of the pioneers, a contemporary of Jackson, with whom he had served in the Uganda mutiny. He was a man of great attainments, which his almost criminal modesty led him to depreciate, and his administrative ability stood the Colony in good stead during the War. It is not, however, for his attainments or ability that he will be chiefly remembered, but for a character and outlook on life that would seem to me almost perfect. With the highest of ideals he was always ready for a jest, and nothing shocked him unless it was underhand or mean. Hard work and privation in the earlier and tougher days of the country had undermined his constitution, and I have little doubt that the strain of his office during the War accelerated the end. He will never be forgotten while one of his friends still lives.

Robert Stordy was then head of the Veterinary Department, and he and his wife were very frequent visitors to our house and we to theirs. His office was one of the most important in the Colony equally to the settler and to the native, more so perhaps than was realized at first, and certainly it was a full-time one and he never spared himself. The Game Rangers Department had naturally great attractions for us, and we saw a lot of such of its officers as might be in Nairobi. This department has been for the most part fortunate in its choice of those who served it, and never more so than in this period in the persons of A. Blayney

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Percival and Captain R. B. Woosnam. The latter brought, in addition to his administrative ability, scientific knowledge embracing that of insect-borne disease, of which at that time comparatively little was known, and a sound appreciation of the position of big game in a progressive country. It was, I think, he who largely introduced the present satisfactory feeling towards game preservation in the Colony. He laid it down, and always stressed, that such preservation must never interfere with the legitimate agricultural or pastoral interests of either native or settler, but that apart from that we owed a debt to posterity to retain for future generations the glorious forms of animal life which Nature had given with so lavish a hand. Captain Woosnam was a terror to those who committed indiscriminate slaughter, either through sheer brutality and blood-lust or for the sake of profit. The two men formed an ideal combination and were, moreover, the very best of friends and of company.

The Secretariat was always the department to which the brains of the Civil Service flocked, since by tradition it offered, possibly wrongly, the speedier road to promotion. This period was no exception. There were at that time in this office Mr. Hollis,¹ W. J. Monson, T. S. Thomas² and E. P. Evans. I wonder if any department has contained at one time four more popular and capable Civil Servants. While all these were most able as well as delightful men, I think that for sheer brain-power "Monsoon" came first. An Old Etonian and a contemporary of mine, he naturally became a great friend, and during the many times we stayed or dined with him it was seldom indeed that we did not find other settlers present and generally in

¹ Now Sir Claud Hollis, K C M G

² Now Sir Shenton Thomas, K C M G, etc

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*force. All prophesied a brilliant career for one so talented, and of course it might have been his for the asking, but when the fairy godparents endowed him so liberally they forgot to add the final and necessary quality: ambition. He preferred, most likely with true wisdom, books and friends to honours and responsibilities, and I believe that he has been well content. Hard work held no terrors for "Tommy" Thomas. In addition to drive, charm and capability, he had a large measure of that even rarer quality -- sound common sense. What wonder, then, that he has gone steadily from strength to strength, and each succeeding post has enhanced his reputation. For years I held the hope that some day he might become Kenya's Governor. He seemed to me to have all the qualities to make a success of that incredibly difficult Administration. The fourth member of the Secretariat was Mr. E. P. Evans, a past president of the Oxford Eight. There is no doubt that he had all the gifts to take him as far as any of his colleagues. In this case health alone stood in the way, and it was a sad day for Kenya and for the Colonial Civil Service when he was forced to abandon a career which he had begun so brilliantly. Into the Secretariat too at a slightly later date came Geoffrey Northcote,¹ having served his apprenticeship as a District Officer. He was another *persona grata* with the settler element and, aided by his no less popular wife, kept open house. A happy memory is of those nights when, glass in hand, we clustered round the piano and in raucous voices solved the mystery of what happens to the flies in winter-time or again lasciviously intoned, "once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine!"* Geoffrey Northcote's distinguished career has come as no sur-

Now Sir Geoffrey Northcote, K C M G , etc

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prise to those of us who recognized, even thus early, and we were many, his sympathy, tact, insight and capacity for hard work. I can imagine no man more capable of cheerfully grappling with the many difficult and dangerous problems which must be assailing him at Hongkong.

There were many more on the official side with whom we had happy times ; indeed I do not believe that in all this period there were half a dozen against whom I could put a black, or even a dirty-white mark. I have mentioned the Hobleys, than whom there were no greater friends of Kenya or of its white settlers. Then there was John Ainsworth, who was Provincial Commissioner at Nairobi when we first arrived. Mr. Ainsworth was not a settlers' man, he was a natives' man pure and simple. His view, unless I am wrong, was that our sole justification for being in East Africa at all was that our temporary sojourn might tend to improve the condition of the indigenous population. All else must give place to that end. It can readily be imagined that he was not *persona grata* with the settlers, the more so in that he had a delightfully ironic wit. None the less he was a splendid companion, and I think without doubt a great man. That he was a hundred per cent patriot he showed during the War. When things were at their worst during the latter stages and all mule, motor or ox transport had broken down, rendered useless by either mud or tsetse-fly, the sole means of supplying the troops in the field was by porter transport. Mr. Ainsworth undertook the vast organization required to recruit and maintain such a body, which numbered at one time upwards of 200,000 men. He was not ignorant of the privations and casualties which must inevitably be suffered by those he loved, but he came reluctantly to the

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conclusion that the end justified the means. Having reached that conclusion, he spared no effort to fulfil his task. I doubt if without him the successful conclusion of the campaign would ever have been reached, but I believe that the task nearly broke his heart.

The head of the railway when we arrived was Mr. Currie, not only an efficient Administrator but a great gentleman of the old school. He was a great friend of all those of the earlier pre-settler régime, such as "Lord" John Wilson, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Ainsworth. He found it, I think, a little difficult to mix freely with the young newcomers, but his invariable courtesy and hospitality rendered him both respected and popular. Moreover, his efficiency and honesty of purpose were recognized by all.

Mr. A. C. Macdonald was Director of Agriculture. If I am right he was brought up from South Africa by Sir Percy Girouard; and indeed South Africa has done more than her share for Kenya in this direction, since at a later date she added to her benefactions in the person of another great Director, Mr. Alexander Holm, whose name will also always be gratefully remembered. Mr. Macdonald was keenness personified, a strong friend of White Settlement and a convivial companion. We personally made the fullest use of his assistance and owe him the deepest debt of gratitude.

Mr. Barton Wright was the overworked head of the newly formed Land Department. Conducting his administration in the miserable tin hovel which did duty for a Land Office, he dealt with the utmost cheerfulness with the flood of applications for grants of land. Some applicants had the means and the will to work their holdings. Some had the one and not the other. Others had neither, but merely the intention

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of passing the holding on at a profit at the earliest opportunity. All brought their vociferous demands to him, and his was the task of separating the sheep from the goats, and I never heard anyone deny that he made a rare good attempt to achieve the obviously impossible. As he came from our own good county of Suffolk we naturally saw a lot of him.

Colonel G. E. Smith, R.E., was head of the Survey. He, too, was fond of any form of sport, especially shooting, polo and golf, and managed to get his fair share of them. I remember asking him how a head of so busy a department could secure so large a measure of recreation, and he replied, "My dear boy, no department is being properly administered unless the head can take a week's leave at any time without interfering with its proper running." I have always thought that there was a lot of truth in this remark, and certainly no one had a criticism to make against his department.

These, and many more like them, formed the official class with whom the settlers were brought in contact, and it can well be imagined that there could be no lasting enmity between the two. Truly, with every year up to the War friction got less. Every year more officials would spend their week-ends upon the farms and indulge their bent in shooting and fishing, and learning the difficulties and trials that beset those who embark in agriculture in a new country. And again when business or pleasure brought the farmer into town, more and more often did he seek the generous hospitality which was proffered him so freely in return. For this happy state of affairs there were two great reasons. One that times were good and expansion everywhere; and when times are good, tempers are not on edge and friendliness is easy. The other

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was that Sir Percy Girouard was not only a naturally friendly man, but he was a settlers' man. Accordingly it was not enough that he personally believed wholeheartedly in White Settlement himself, but he made it clear to his officials that it was his belief and the determined policy of the Government. With mutual co-operation and esteem progress was easy.

The King's African Rifles were a very potent factor in Nairobi life, and, indeed, throughout the Protectorate. There were two battalions when we first arrived. Sir Percy disbanded one, and this was one of his few mistakes. It is easy to be wise after the event, but the loss of that battalion was bitterly felt in 1914. It is even possible that, had they been there, there would have been no invasion of British territory, and that the whole of the East African campaign with its hideous waste of life and money might have been avoided. However, war at that time, save with insurgent tribes, was unbelievable. Guest nights at the K.A.R. mess were events eagerly looked forward to and very greatly appreciated, and I enjoyed many a one that left convivial memories. They had a first-rate band, an even better cook and an excellent cellar. We generally played bridge, and almost invariably finished with cock-fighting and similar sports. I can't recall that anyone ever left the worse for our generous entertainment and the overwhelming hospitality proffered. I gathered, however, that this had not always been the case in a previous era. Colonel Kirkpatrick was commanding during the greater part of the pre-War years that we knew. He was an outstanding soldier, most popular with all ranks, and did an immense amount to bring up to date and even improve the efficiency of his command. He had seen considerable active service in Africa, and told me of

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one unfortunate occurrence which excited my heartfelt sympathy. He was in command of a company proceeding by boat to Somaliland. The ship was small and rolled horribly. He thought it safest to lie down, and so undressed, placed his false teeth in the basin and turned in. He awoke to a full gale and a horrid feeling of nausea. He staggered up, threw all before him into the basin, which in disgust he hurled through the porthole. As a result he had to campaign for four months on a diet consisting of stringy goat and hard biscuits with nothing suitable to attack it with! He went through the experience, however, none the worse. His splendid administration was carried on with equal efficiency by Colonel Llewellyn; but, indeed, I never knew a battalion of the K.A.R. that was not admirably commanded

While we had many friends in the K.A.R., there were two especial ones who will always shine brightly in our memories — Captain Soames and John Fraser. They were inseparable companions and the keenest of sportsmen, especially where anything connected with a horse was concerned. Captain Soames was an outstanding polo player, with a handicap in South Africa of 7, if not 8, unquestionably the best we had in Kenya, just as he was the nicest and the most helpful to a novice to play with or against. He was equally keen on shooting and pig-sticking. John Fraser was an Irishman, with all of the charm of his race. He was also a fine horseman and polo player, but was perhaps even keener on big-game shooting. When Sir Frederick Jackson went as Governor to Uganda, John Fraser was most anxious to go as A.D.C., almost entirely, I am afraid, for the sake of the elephants and lesser quarry which the country harboured. I was induced to recommend him for the post, which I did with a

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certain amount of apprehension. I need not have feared. He was an outstanding success. The only criticism of the conduct of his official duties that I ever heard was one from Lady Jackson, in that he could not refrain from addressing any lady of over forty as "old dear", which address he applied no matter how distinguished their social position. However, she was forced to admit that her guests appeared to like it! The War dealt hardly with these two great friends. John Fraser, rejoining his regiment the Connaught Rangers, was one of the very first to fall. Captain Soames saw, with the loss of an arm which he suffered in Mafia Island also soon after the outbreak, all hopes of future polo vanish. He served throughout the War, but died on his tobacco farm in Nyassaland soon after the conclusion of peace. I doubt if any regiment was ever better officered than was the K.A.R. in pre-War days, and the work which they did then meant not only the saving of the Colony in the dark days to come but the ultimate conquest of German East Africa.

These represented some, but by no means all, of our official friends. Time, of course, throws roseate hues on facts and personalities in the past; still, I do believe that the general level of ability was exceptionally high, and I am quite sure that this was the case with regard to the spirit of *camaraderie* and friendship. Nor did the settler element lag behind. When we first made our appearance they were comparatively few. In fact, we knew them all either personally or by reputation, and they were made up of all sorts and conditions of men. Later, of course, the tide increased, but up to the War I really believe that I could count on the fingers of one hand those who were not, taken by and large, a credit to the land of their adoption.

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Many of our friends are mentioned elsewhere, and others have passed temporarily from memory. Among those of whom we saw most were two most enthusiastic newcomers, Archie Lambert and Frank Wilson. They were both fine athletes, Lambert having kept the Field and been in the Eleven at Eton, while Wilson had played Rugby for the Navy and cricket for the Yorkshire Gentlemen. They had joined forces and found the country exceedingly good. At this time they were engaged in ostrich-farming at Kiu, an occupation which they hoped would eventually be profitable, and which meanwhile they found most exciting since it involved one long battle with lions, which were exceptionally numerous round their farm and found young ostriches a succulent diet. Archie Lambert enjoyed the same popularity in the Colony as he had acquired at Eton. His untimely death from typhoid was deeply felt by all his friends and by none more than ourselves. Frank Wilson, better known for thirty years as F.O.B., has rendered the Colony countless services. He has served on innumerable committees, on the Legislative Council as deputy for Lord Francis Scott, and finally gave up time which he could ill afford for more than a year on the Land Commission which issued so exhaustive and unbiased a report on the claims of tribes and individuals to the readjustment and extension of the boundaries of the native Reserves. In the War, and especially during the first two troublous years when the country was invaded, being, in fact, the only part of our Empire to suffer this indignity, he rendered invaluable help with a troop of Scouts whom he trained and led. After the War, when a change of fashion among the fair sex caused the extinction of ostrich-farming, he went in for dairying, of which he has made a great success,

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and is today, I believe, the biggest producer of milk in the Colony.

H. F. Ward, formerly of the Irish Guards and seconded to the K.A.R., was a most congenial collaborator in many enterprises. Freddie, attracted to the Protectorate first by the promise of sport, took a more and more prominent part in its political and economic development as the years went by. He became a Legislative Councillor, representing Nairobi in more than one Parliament, and right well he served her. He married a daughter of Sir Henry Belfield, who soon became as enthusiastic a Colonist as himself. It is good to know that they still reside in their charming house at Muthaiga, near the Club which he did so much to create.

Guy Lushington, who with his partner Mr. Claude Watson was amongst the pioneers of Kenya's coffee industry, was a very welcome guest, and many was the good day's sport I had with him around his farm after spurfowl and quail before the former became a saleable proposition for the native and so speedily came to its extinction in the neighbourhood of any town. Lushington had come out originally with his lungs in a bad state. It says something for the healthiness of the country that before many years he became her champion at lawn tennis, besides being a consistent scorer of centuries in the cricket field. There was Bob Carnegie¹ too, whose caricatures were a constant source of joy, and who still remains an enthusiastic and constant Colonist; and among others who left their mark were Hugh Bamfylde, L. M. Gibbs ("the Giblet"), Harry Penton and many more. Then there were all those who had their businesses in the town itself: the manager of the Bank, for we had

¹ Major the Hon Robert Carnegie.

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only one then ; John Gailey, the esteemed head of Gailey & Roberts ; Tommy Wood, for so long a Legislative Councillor, both nominated and later elected. May he continue long to so serve, since time fails to wither his sagacity and the pertinence of his remarks. Again, there were the Town Clerk and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson ; he, after a most successful régime in Nairobi, left to become the popular Headmaster of Elstree School.

Among our friends too was Wilfred Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, sister of Major Grogan. When we first arrived he was managing the affairs of his brother-in-law. Later he set up his own office, and later still joined the firm of Dalgettys. He enjoyed a continually increasing measure of success, mainly, I think, for two reasons. He was, and is, a man whom everyone felt that they could instinctively trust, and he possessed a large fund of shrewd common sense, a quality somewhat rare in the Protectorate. These two qualities and others not only elevated him to the position of a Legislative Councillor, but caused him to render services in that position far more real and lasting than those of some at least of his more flamboyant colleagues.

All these and many like them used to meet on the platform, in the Club and round the dining-table, and during this period it is safe to say that, though there were naturally many differences of opinion, there was very seldom any lasting ill-feeling.

African colonies are great places for clubs, and it has to be a small town indeed which does not boast one. Nairobi has had her full share, and I must confess that, in spite of its luxurious successors, my happiest memories are connected with the ramshackle old building which stood on the Hill. It contained a large billiard-room, the walls decorated with the usual

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collection of horns and deeply pitted with the marks of errant billiard balls. There was also a freely patronized card-room, but naturally the centre of the Club was, as it should be, the bar. Here, as the sun went down, assembled the *élite* from farm and office, from store and counter. Plates of potato chips and monkey nuts garnished the mahogany, and behind it an autocratic Indian marshalled his troupe of smiling natives in their white kanzas. Drinks flowed freely and so did the conversation, of which one could take one's choice of almost any brand. Here the high official would be laying down the lines of some deep Government policy; next a party of shooters in from safari would be describing, with ever more lurid details as the evening advanced, the charge of some tremendous lion or buffalo. Every minute fresh arrivals would pour in — golfers, tennis players, and cricketers; lastly, perhaps, a party of heated and somewhat noisome polo players. If it was a Saturday there would be late arrivals from the neighbouring farms, and the "shop" would skip to coffee, sisal, sheep and cattle. There was an ever-growing babble and everyone knew everyone else, even if for the moment they had ceased to be on speaking terms. For cheer and good-fellowship it seemed to compare not unfavourably with, say, the Carlton Club! During this period of the day there was certainly no cleavage between settler and official; they would be indiscriminately mixed up, exchanging chaff and standing each other drinks. Certainly as the dinner hour approached the babel became louder and the stories taller and even thicker, but unless it was a big night, perhaps six times a year, it was extremely rare to see anyone the worse. And even on those nights intoxication was of that jovial variety which inspires an overwhelming urge to throw a billiard ball or other

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handy missile at a stuffed and staring kongoni head, and the damage was almost invariably made good. Assuredly I had some good times in the old Club, and never ceased regretting when the process of evolution demanded something grander and more dignified.

Contemporary with the latter days of the old Club was started the Cads Club in the town, of which I was an original member. Its ostensible object was to serve the needs of those who worked in the town and had not the time to get up to the Hill at lunch, and but rarely at sundown. The Club started with the usual flourish of trumpets and a satisfactory membership, but didn't long survive. I fear that we lived up to our name as far as the paying of bills was concerned.

The original Nairobi Club was succeeded by two palatial buildings which hold the clubland field to the present day: the new Nairobi Club near the polo ground on the Ngong road, and the much-paragraphed Muthaiga Country Club near the old racecourse. Muthaiga owed its initiation to Berkeley Cole, who in an unusual outburst of respectability said that he was sick of being treated like a pig and that he yearned for a club of a refined nature where, when you wanted a drink, you rang the bell and it was brought you on a spotless tray. He received a considerable measure of support, the more so since the old Club buildings showed ominous signs of falling down. I do not think, however, that it would have been more than an airy aspiration had it not been for the practical initiative of Major Freddie Ward and the generous enterprise of Major J. A. Morrison. The latter found the money and the former did the work, and Muthaiga rose from its foundations. D. was of course the first president and Charles Bowring and I had the honour of being the first vice-presidents. The original clubhouse,

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added to since over and over again, was very charming. It did not carry out all Cole's aspirations, in that a very attractive bar was one of its main features, nor did Berkeley show any particular disposition to avoid it ; but admirable and spotlessly clean meals were a feature from the start. Election was by the committee, and Freddie Ward as the original secretary presided over the ballot-box. His interest therein was naturally partly governed by a desire to see the Club a financial success. I recall being at one committee meeting when a certain candidate came up for election. Though belonging to a distinguished regiment he had not made himself exactly popular with the local residents. However, when the balls were duly deposited and our genial secretary opened the box, he announced with an ingenuous smile, " Three black balls, the candidate is elected." On which came a roar from one of our most distinguished members, " My God, that's a good one, Freddie ; I put in five myself ! " The box was seized and investigation showed a pile averaging over two to each member of the committee. Truly the path of a club secretary wasn't always easy, and it says wonders for Ward that he steered his charge successfully through its early and difficult times. Thus I recall a misfortune which happened to a successor in that office. After repeated applications for an outstanding and swollen account, he approached the delinquent and sternly said that, unless a settlement were made by the week-end, the matter would be placed in the hands of the committee, which would undoubtedly mean that he would be posted. " I will pay at once as I've had a bit of luck," said the member, " if you will make out a receipt." And he duly wrote out a cheque. " And please reserve me a table tonight for twenty, as I'm having a dinner to celebrate it."



BERKELI Y COLE AND THE AUTHOR, 1913

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Alas, next day the cheque was returned R.D., and the Club lost a member and, I'm afraid, a bit of cash. It is but fair to add that this was almost, if not quite, a unique occurrence. Muthaiga has been the delight of the paragraphist and even novelist, gaining a notoriety which it has done little or nothing to deserve. It is true that a certain number of people who have been in the limelight in England, a limelight which has not been in all cases too savoury, though generally speaking their peccadilloes have been vastly exaggerated, have made a temporary residence in Kenya. They have never been particularly popular there, and, indeed, their existence has meant nothing to the real life of the Colony. Such people have naturally gravitated from time to time to the Muthaiga Club, where their behaviour has, generally speaking, left nothing to be desired. If, therefore, anyone visits the Club in the hope or fear of seeing a series of wild orgies they will be entirely disappointed or, alternatively, relieved. Muthaiga is in fact a Country Club admirably run on the lines so common in America, where sport of all kinds is at your door, and the food, drink and accommodation are quite admirable. It gives pleasure and relaxation to a large number of most respectable citizens, and long may it flourish.

The Nairobi Club, which was started about the same time, boasts perhaps an even more imposing building, and is in a situation more convenient to the bulk of those who work in Nairobi. I should say that its tone would approximate to that of the Oxford and Cambridge if you compared Muthaiga to White's. Solid comfort and respectability is its motto, and not a bad one either. Its membership is mainly, but of course not entirely, from among the Civil Servants, bankers and city merchants. It is not only more

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accessible to the town, but is also slightly cheaper than Muthaiga, and both considerations have naturally their weight. There is ample room for the two clubs, and my only regret is that I think that they have done something to reintroduce the segregation of settler and official which in my time had almost entirely disappeared.

During the period when we had our home on the outskirts of Nairobi games formed a very real part of the social life, as they invariably do where the British are assembled together. While there was some football of both codes, that game had not the popularity that it has since achieved, neither had the native population been educated to participation. The principal sports were lawn tennis, golf and, somewhat later, polo, and it was more or less an established rule that one indulged in one or other from five o'clock till dark. The tennis courts were always good, made from red anthills, and so was the standard of play, much too good for me, though both are now considerably improved. The same could not at that time be said of the golf. The course was contiguous to the Game Reserve, and one could be assured at least of a good welt from the tee. It was desirable to get as far as possible with this, because it was almost invariably followed with a series of painful shots with mashie or, more usually, niblick from between the wiry tussocks of native grass. It was advisable to keep to the so-called "pretty", since not only was one's ball unplayable in the rough, but that territory harboured, until such times as it was burnt, large quantities of ticks to whom the player was in turn the "pretty". If, and when, you arrived on the green your troubles were far from over, since they were composed of sand,

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and an art unto themselves. There were in addition further excitements possible. Game up to an occasional rhino wandered in from the adjoining Reserve, and it was several years later that a sportsman was actually mauled by a lion upon the fairway. Now there are two admirable courses, with a professional and grass greens, and lions are strictly forbidden on the links whether under control or otherwise. Cricket flourished thirty years ago, being played with perhaps even greater keenness than it is today. Matting wickets were of course in general use, and there are many, of whom I am one, who hold that such wickets give the ideal surface, since, while they are fast, they always take spin and the ball rarely rises much above the stumps. The great match of the year was that between Settlers and Officials, when both sides endeavoured to whip up their very best sides. I think, for the former, that it was the year before the War that I had secured what I thought was a team of all the talents. We had three County players, a Blue, and bristled with the stars of Public Schools. The inevitable massacre of the Officials seemed hardly fair. Unfortunately there had been a very big and very wet night preceding the match, and I didn't like the look of my side when they tardily assembled. I won the toss and our premier champion, determined but pallid-looking, went out to bat. He staggered from the pavilion, but gathered way as he went to pass the further wicket at an amble. He rounded the far screen, where he was violently sick, and returned slowly and shakily to the centre, where he played a brief inglorious innings. His failure appeared to depress the remainder of our side and we achieved a most unworthy total. Their innings was a nightmare; never have I seen so many catches dropped, and the total was well over 400. We did better next

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day, but it was too late, and the team of all the talents was beaten by eight wickets. Very sad and discreditable, but the big night in question, as indeed the match, was only an annual affair.

The introduction of regular polo and the establishment of a polo club was again due to Berkeley Cole. He had secured through Somali traders a considerable bunch of most indifferent ponies from the Abyssinian border. These purchases hung somewhat heavy on his hands, and he conceived the idea of shifting some at least on to his lukewarm customers by the introduction of the game. It was a happy conception and caught on at once, being fostered by Captains Murray and O'Brien, the Governor's A D C s, and strongly supported by the K.A.R. with Colonel Llewellyn, Captains Gepp and Soames, John Fraser, Loder Symonds and Geoffrey Phillips prominent. Most of the early games were admittedly somewhat ragtime, and prostrate figures and runaway steeds were accepted commonplaces, but the game had come to stay and things gradually took shape. The ground was put in order, which required little doing as it was a natural one with a level and fast surface ; a pavilion was built, regular days instituted and cups presented. I was an early convert and no one keener, battling early and late with a marked disposition to leave the saddle and a striking inability to hit the ball. I still recall my joy at my first goal and my thrill at my first genuine run down the ground. That I ever achieved even the minimum of success was due to the advice, patience and good-temper of Captains Soames and John Fraser. Out of such humble beginnings was polo launched in Kenya. Today it holds sway throughout the settled area. Nearly everyone with a pony plays somewhere or other. The locally bred ponies are of a

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size and quality that would have filled most of us with awe and apprehension, and the general standard of play has correspondingly improved.

It is hardly necessary to say that horse-racing has always gone strong in Kenya. I was introduced to it early. About two days after our first arrival I was invited up to the Club to attend the selling sweep, invariably held prior to the races on the following afternoon. I took the precaution of getting the odds anticipated next day, and, being a fairly ready reckoner, did not anticipate going far wrong. I bid steadily without success until the last race. In this I had been reliably informed that a horse, let us call him Old Tom, was a certainty, and would start at least five to two on. I acquired him for £80, far more than I meant to go, but as there was £160 in the pool, I got even money, which seemed a good bet. Next day came. Old Tom won the first race — no pony at that time thought anything of two races in a day — comfortably beating another called, let us say, Flyaway. In the last race he met him again — there were only two starters — but on seven pounds better terms, and I felt when the numbers went up that the money was already in my pocket. To my surprise, however, he made no showing either in the ring or on the tote. Seeing one of the few acquaintances I had, I said: "What's up with Old Tom? Has he broken down?" "Lord, no," he answered, "but some silly young fool from home gave £80 for him in the Club last night. He's not likely to get away with that, poor b—— fool." "Poor b—— fool indeed!" I echoed, as I hastened to the ring to try and snatch what I could from the burning, which wasn't very much. So I learnt that in racing mathematics aren't everything.

At that time there were really only two training

stables in the country : one just outside Nairobi presided over by Jim Elkington, assisted for some time by Harry Penton, and one at Njoro where Captain Clutterbuck trained the horses of Lord Delamere, the Coles and one or two others. Henry Tarlton was the first jockey for Elkington's Masara stable, while "Clut" rode his own whenever possible and they were by far the best race riders in the country. Naturally there was the keenest rivalry between the two stables. On the whole the Njoro establishment had the best of it. Clutterbuck was a good and astute trainer — he has since had very considerable success in Johannesburg — and he had, I think, rather the better stuff to deal with. In particular, D. had imported two beautiful little mares, Gladys and Kathleen, on whom the changes were successfully rung with what must have seemed to rival stables maddening consistency. I don't think that Delamere was ever really very keen on racing, but, needless to say, he was President of the Turf Club, which position he retained until his death. In due course I rose to the position of a steward, and even acquired for a short space of time the vacant post of handicapper. This involved an invidious task for which few were ambitious. Competitors in handicaps ranged from English thoroughbreds to Somali rats whom it was quite impossible to bring together. On one occasion Jim Elkington upbraided me bitterly, and I think with some justification, for putting sixteen stone on a horse of his and making it give upwards of eight stone to a Somali. As, however, it started a hot favourite, and he won pulling up, riding it himself in a hunting saddle, it was difficult to see what else the poor handicapper could do.

After the War, horse-breeding and racing went right ahead, and were conducted on the best and

strictest lines, for which Lord Francis Scott and Geoffrey Phillips, Secretary of the Turf Club, were largely responsible. The Kenya Derby was instituted, and races were for a time well worth winning. Then came the slump and money for amusement got painfully thin. It was, in fact, only owing to a lot of public spirit that the sport was enabled to continue. Now that better times are clearly coming, one can assume with confidence that the post-War glories will speedily return. After all, Kenya has both the horses and the courses.

The Masara hounds were, up to 1914, a great feature of Nairobi life. Elkington and Captain "Jack" Riddell were joint Masters. They and the whips used to hunt in pink, and their arrival with the hounds at the meet as the sun rose used to bring poignant memories of the covert side at home to many. For in British East Africa thirty years ago England seemed a very distant place. At first the jackal was almost universally hunted, and there was a good supply. It is surprising, however, how soon they got either killed or driven off, and comparatively soon their place had to be taken by small buck, either duiker or steinbuck. These provide equally good sport and there seemed an almost inexhaustible supply. The buck are, however, much harder to kill than jackal and blood became a comparative rarity. Later the growth of Nairobi and the settlement of the neighbourhood, and more especially the cultivation of coffee with its necessary multiplication of wire fences, ruined the country from a hunting point of view and the Masara hunt came to an end. The pack was very much missed, since for years they had afforded pleasure to large fields and been a cause of neither damage nor complaint.

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Sir Henry Belfield succeeded Sir Percy Girouard as Governor in 1912. The holding of this appointment constituted his last tour of duty in a long and *distinguished career*. He was a very different character and personality to his predecessor, and was described by Lord Delamere, who didn't like him, as a "typically loyal servant of the Crown". While it was easy to see what D. meant, such a description, and it was a true one, was very far from being without its meed of praise. With Sir Henry came Lady Belfield and their two good-looking daughters, who all three at once achieved the greatest popularity with all those with whom they came in contact. The elder daughter, Violet, later married Major H. F. Ward, and settled down as a hundred per cent settler, and lives in and still loves the country of her adoption. It cannot be denied that the pleasant relations between the Administration and the resident white population were somewhat strained during the next two years. Sir Henry was not a good mixer, though his family played up nobly on his behalf, and to be a good mixer as Governor in Kenya is one of the first essentials of the post. Moreover, he had had little experience of the peculiar problems with which he was now faced. Delamere complained that he could no longer ever get a straight answer, and I have no doubt that the Governor for his part resented an attitude from D. that he described as putting a pistol to his head. There were considerable differences of opinion, to put it mildly, during this period. These culminated in the dismissal from the Council of a Mr. Bailey and of Delamere himself, an extreme step which might, I think, have been avoided. For ourselves we found him friendly, reasonable and hospitable, though he could not be in any sense the personal friend we had

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found in Sir Percy Girouard. Lady Belfield, on the other hand, found it easy to be personal friends with everyone. She suffered from deafness, and at a dinner party had to make use of an ear-trumpet. This affliction in no way impaired her enjoyment of life or sense of humour, and she was always ready to receive chaff and invariably gave as good as she got. Nothing disturbed her, and I even remember her perfect equanimity when Berkeley Cole inserted a banana in the trumpet. I need scarcely say that H E. was not present on this disreputable occasion. If, however, we found cause to criticize and grumble at our Governor in times of peace, it was different when war broke out, and we learnt to appreciate the advantage of possessing a very loyal servant of the Crown. Never once through those long and difficult years did he fail either in service to the Colony or in rendering to the military authorities the maximum of aid. All personal feeling was put aside; he sought, and received abundantly, the full co-operation of all classes. It may be also that he got less detailed instruction from the Colonial Office and was free to carry on as he thought right. Certainly few were found to find fault with Sir Henry's administration during this period. When he left at the end of his extended reign there was actually the suggestion of a public presentation, which was indeed a staggering change from pre-War years. Certainly it never materialized, but the fact that the suggestion was made remains implanted in my mind, since it was the only case in my recollection that appreciation of any Governor reached even as far as a suggestion of this description.

I have mentioned some few of the friends and acquaintances with whom we made contact during these eight years; many others, through no lack of

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appreciation, I have omitted. All their personalities, were, however, overshadowed by one figure, Lord Delamere. Whether one liked him or did not, and he had of course both enemies and detractors, no one could gainsay the position he held with European, Indian and native, in agriculture, politics or sport. If one could give the reason in a sentence it was because he stood, right or wrong, first and last and all the time for Kenya Colony and the prosperity of all its inhabitants irrespective of their race or colour.

CHAPTER IV

SPORTING MEMORIES

As I have said, when we first came out to East Africa in 1906 there were two prime objects impressed in my mind: sport and the adding to a most exiguous income, and I pursued the former just as far as the demands of the latter would permit. Our arrival in the country approximated with the commencement of the fashionable period of big-game hunting. The railway to Lake Victoria Nyanza was by then well established, and the tales and photographs of celebrated big-game hunters, as apart from pioneers and explorers, were getting their first publicity. Such "mighty hunters before the Lord" as Sir Robert Harvey, Edward North Buxton, Sir John Willoughby and others had succeeded the elephant hunters, traders and explorers like Selous, Arthur Neuman and John Boyes, and had brought back tales and photographs that thrilled the heart of many a young man. Moreover, it was beginning to be realized that there remained here a tract of country, and maybe it was the last that did remain, apparently of vast extent and largely uninhabited, teeming with wild animals, and where, moreover, the climate was ideal, with a hot sun by day, and yet where there was every need for that most desirable adjunct of a hunting-camp, namely a roaring wood fire to sit around at night. We had saved up or realized enough money for one safari in the grand style, such

indeed as I was never able to afford again, and, though it was not perhaps entirely successful in its results and the first part was spoiled by a bad go of dysentery contracted by myself, the experience fully came up to all the high expectations that I had formed. After all it should have done so, for was it not undertaken in the best of company a man might desire — that of my wife and my next best and oldest friend, Hugh Gladstone?

This safari was in the days before the advent of the white hunter and the ease and convenience that he has provided. The preliminary arrangements were prepared for us by that young and enterprising firm Newland & Tarlton, and one had to do one's best with the personnel which they provided. In this respect, as indeed in all others, they had done us well. The three important people in a shooting expedition are, or rather I should say were, lest I forget the present-day white hunter and chauffeur, the headman, who was in charge of the transport, the march and the camp, the gunbearer and the cook. For the first we had a Nyamwezi named Chandi. He was somewhat of a veteran, having been a headman in the days of the great caravans which made the long and terrible journey from the Coast to Uganda, but was still a magnificent figure of a man, and easily the strongest in the safari. Like most veterans he was struggling against the advent of new ideas and methods and comparing them with those of an earlier generation, to the great advantage of the latter. He insisted on the march discipline of the old days, to the carefully concealed disapproval of the younger porters. Tents came down on a bugle note and loads were laid out in exact order. At another blast they were raised and the march started, and woe betide anyone who straggled or fell

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out. The camp reached, the porters lined up and lowered their loads together at a signal. Not a moment was allowed for rest, however long the march. Immediately they set about their detailed duties. Some erected the tents, while others cleared away the bush and grass around. Water parties fetched water, wood parties cut and stacked firewood, and latrine parties dug and screened latrines. If the halt was for more than one night, a grass hut was erected. Truly the early pioneers studied their comforts and had reduced the attainment of them to a fine art. Chandi was unpopular. The new generation of porters disliked discipline; moreover their notion of what constituted a load and Chandi's differed by at least 20 lb. I never met a headman of similar type again, nor indeed Chandi himself. This was his last safari, and he retired on his savings into German East Africa. Our cook, Tanganyiko, or "Tangi" for short, was a very different character. It must be admitted that he was a definitely bad cook and that he kept his kitchen in a filthy state. On the other hand he had two great merits. He was a born buffoon, always in good spirits and chaffing his fellows. Again, he appeared impervious to discomforts and fatigue. The harder the march or the wetter the night, the better the food. His home life, we gathered, was not exactly happy. He had two wives, one of whom he could and indeed used frequently to beat, but the other he admitted sadly was very strong and could beat him, and took full advantage of the fact. Later he followed the fortunes of my brother-in-law Mervyn Ridley, and his presence on the farm at Makuyu contributed greatly to its hilarity, though the state of his kitchen remained always a thorn in the side of my wife. The third personage was my gunbearer Kiriboto (the Flea), who

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became my very devoted henchman till his death during the War in 1917. He was somewhat dour and perhaps not over-intelligent. But he was a hundred per cent honest, trustworthy and loyal, and a hundred and twenty per cent brave. As a gunbearer he knew as much about the ways of animals as an East African native knows (which is not perhaps an awful lot), was a fair tracker, couldn't have run away if he had tried, and was the best and most reliable skinner that I have met. When he was not gunbearing he became my personal "boy" and to me invaluable, though I admit he may have been occasionally somewhat of a nuisance to my hosts and friends. He had a habit of advancing noiselessly into a room, and snatching it might be a book from the hands of a reader or a cushion from beneath the head of one who slept, saying in a deep voice "The Lord wants", which useful phrase was almost his only English. He was in absolute charge of all my money and valuables and I never lost a cent. A marked exception to the rule about the hero and the valet, I fear that I shall never look upon his like again. Thus it will be seen that we were lucky in our staff, none of whom, however, spoke more than a word or two of English.

We decided first to make a little trial trip along the Athi and Stony Athi, and it was as well perhaps that we did so, because we were as babes crying in the wilderness. It was designed only to be of two or three weeks' duration and to cover about a hundred miles. Weather was kind, game was plentiful and we loved the life. The only thing that we found to worry us were the ticks. At this time of year, the conclusion of an exceptionally heavy "Long" rainy season, they were very numerous, and the tiny red ones, which nothing can keep out, proved trying to all of us, and

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more especially to my wife. De-ticking, carried out in the bath, was a most necessary prelude to dinner. Sport was good, and we bagged quite reasonable specimens of all the common varieties of game, besides enjoying amusing fishing in the Athi river. Then disaster overtook us. Hugh Gladstone went down with a go of quinsy to start with, and I followed with an extremely bad attack of persistent dysentery. My poor wife, who alone had stood up to the novel conditions, was naturally more than worried. Gladstone was not only in considerable pain, but was totally unable to eat or speak, my dysentery got worse and my temperature higher; no one of our attendants could speak more than a word of English and the country seemed very wild and lonely. Luckily she was full of determination and never inclined to easy panic. From the language of signs, coupled with her few words of Swahili, she discovered that a white man was farming about a day's march off across the Athi. To him she despatched a letter by our most reliable Askari, who went, indeed, somewhat reluctantly since the Athi was full high and was noted for crocodiles of a particularly voracious character. In two days' time our unknown rescuer rose to the occasion, sending carrying hammocks, bearers and medicines. The quinsy by this time had broken, and Gladstone could gasp out a few words, but my dysentery persisted and I was feeling pretty cheap. My wife wasted not a moment and we set off. I can remember nothing of the journey, but it must have been an anxious one for my wife, and both she, and indeed all the safari, were considerably relieved to be over the ford, which was breast-high and in which we learnt later that two oxen and a horse had been taken by crocodiles during the last fortnight. It was a disastrous start to our hunting, and I owed my life

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without a doubt to the courage, devotion and practical common sense of my wife. Curiously enough, I cannot remember ever again being laid up on safari, though always somewhat prone to dysentery.

Our good Samaritan turned out to be no less a person than Northrup Macmillan, who afterwards received the K.C.M.G. for his great services during the War. He was convalescing, having himself been seriously ill, at his farm, or perhaps more accurately estate, of Juja. His kindness and hospitality were what all who ever knew him can readily imagine, and a friendship was inaugurated between all of us which continued till the day of his death. Macmillan had for years been a mighty big-game hunter and had, usually in company with that gallant character Charles Bulpett¹ (so widely known and loved as "Uncle Charles"), made many sporting and scientific expeditions into the heart of Africa. He had here at Juja a unique estate of some 40,000 acres, kept partially for farming purposes, but mainly as a private game sanctuary wherein to preserve and study the habits of game, at that time little understood. From that time onwards, like Lord Delamere and others, he was to devote his wealth and his energies to the development of Kenya, for which country and its inhabitants, black and white, he had acquired and retained to the end a passionate affection.

Under his kindly attention and with all the luxuries of Juja to help me, I speedily shook off the dysentery, and, Hugh Gladstone having completely recovered his voice and health, we set off for Nairobi to refit our safari and to start out on our longer expedition. This, on the advice of Sir Robert Harvey, was to be up through

¹ Charles Bulpett, to the abiding sorrow of his many friends, passed away in July 1939.

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Likipia, beyond Rumuruti, along the Northern Guaso Nyero, thence to Nyeri and Fort Hall and then along and down the Tana to its junction with the Thika. Today every inch of this country is known ; much of it is taken up for white settlement, and by far the greater proportion of the game is gone, never to return. At that time it could hardly have been improved on for an all-round shooting trip. The climate was for the most part healthy, the surroundings lovely, and it was possible to obtain perhaps thirty varieties of game varying from an elephant to a dik-dik. Moreover, it was sufficiently unsophisticated, I doubt if this is the right word, to warrant the carrying of cowries as well as trade goods. Cowries, purchased at so much a thousand from the Bank, had been the recognized *coinage of the interior for centuries*. I think that this was, in fact, the last year of their recognition. In addition to our porters we took some forty donkeys, since during all the first portion of our journey there was certainly no fear of tsetse-fly. They looked nice and sleek and were refreshingly tractable. Very soon, however, they commenced going off in condition and gradually pining away — I do not think that more than six survived the trip. They must have been bitten by tsetse at some time shortly prior to our purchase, and certainly someone had the laugh of us.

There would appear no point in describing this safari in detail, although the memory of every camp is still firmly fixed in my mind. One such shooting trip is largely like another and very many have been described *ad nauseam* elsewhere. We had all the usual adventures and surprises. There was the inevitable rhino which charged our caravan. There was the crisis in the kitchen and the rows among the porters. There were the usual attacks by Siafu ants and by

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jiggers or burrowing fleas. There was the lion which walked round our camp all night. There was the hyæna which stole the headskin from the fly of the tent. Some of us got lost both by night and by day. There were disappointments and achievements, and in every march and every hunt occurred something delightful and something new. As regards the sport itself we did fairly well, bearing in mind our ignorance, though, of course, not nearly as well as we should have done considering our opportunities. The greatest quantity of game we saw was along the Tana, since no one had been allowed along it for two or three years owing to native troubles. In one day I counted over sixty rhinos, old and young, and it seems sad to think that in the same spot one would not today see one. Perhaps our most interesting trophy was a nice young bull buffalo. Rinderpest had played havoc with the great herds that used to roam the plain, and the game ranger had told us ere we started that although one was allowed on our list we should certainly not secure it since they were thought to be extinct, unless a few were left along the fringes of the forests. There were, however, in fact several small herds which have multiplied rapidly, and today there are once more thousands, though never again have they become plain-dwellers. Indeed, among the game animals of the Colony this is the only species that has not only not diminished but substantially increased during the last thirty years. They owe their increase solely to their natural pugnacity, which causes natives, and indeed inadequately armed Europeans, to think twice before attacking them. In fine, the safari may be said to have been a successful as well as an eminently happy one, and it was in a very different frame of mind that we made our second return to Nairobi.



BIG GAME TROPHIES 30 YEARS AGO
C and Lord Wodehouse

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Our purse never allowed us to safari on this princely scale again, though I had very many others travelling in a lighter fashion. Thus I had two or three grand shoots with that fine sportsman Jack Wodehouse¹ and also with Sir Frederick Jackson, Major G. C. Buxton, that unsurpassable companion Neville Flower and others. Also I made time for many a flying trip alone after some special animal such as lesser kudu, gerenuk, bongo and sitatunga. Moreover we were fortunate in having only two or three miles from our farm the Ithanga Hills, which held amidst their bushes and gullies a splendid variety of game, including lion, rhino and roan antelope as well as some splendid buffalo. When we were out there it was few Sundays which did not see one or other of Mervyn Ridley, Donald Seth-Smith or myself hunting therein. Future generations will, I feel sure, call us butchers and we may find it hard to defend ourselves. Yet I can say that, save when shooting solely for meat, a necessary but boring task which I shirked whenever possible, my total bag of all African big game has been less than 200 shot in Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Abyssinia and Rhodesia, and this total included specimens of over fifty species. So that if I have some day before a higher Court to plead guilty to being a butcher, I shall vigorously deny that I have been a bloody one.

Done in the way we did it, one's sport was very cheap. Never again did two of us ever have more than twenty-four porters, nor did our expenses ever exceed again £100 for a month. The cheapest shoot I ever had, and one on which I look back with as much pleasure as any, was in Southern Rhodesia in the Lo Magundi district. Owing to the good services of my

¹ The present Earl of Kimberley.

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wife's uncle, Sir Francis Newton, I was able to arrange with a young Dutchman who was setting out to make biltong for sale, to go with him on the terms that he kept all the meat and I kept the heads of such animals as I shot. We took no tents, and all our impedimenta, save of course the biltong, were carried by four porters whom we recruited from kraal to kraal and whose services were paid for in terms of meat. We had two bushmen trackers whose equals I have never seen. There are no trackers in East Africa worthy of the name save the Wa Ndorobo, and they operate only in certain defined forests. The skill of these bushmen was quite amazing. As an instance, I recall that one morning they followed the spoor of a duiker I had shot at for over a mile over hard stony ground. I couldn't see a single mark and thought their antics merely constituted a bad joke when, lo and behold! they broke into a run and there the duiker was lying dead! Our procedure each day was the same. We had a cup of coffee and set out with the first streaks of dawn in separate directions. Whether successful or not, we aimed to get back in time to have a wash and shave (that is for me) before darkness fell. Then we fell to on the one and only meal of the day and fairly gorged. We carried with us a large metal pot into which every day some new form of meat, either bird or beast, was thrown, and it was heated up and when it cooled a lovely jelly used to form on the top. I never saw the pot empty, let alone washed, but its contents were invariably quite delicious. We ate with it mealie-meal scones and washed it down with coffee. Immediately after a pipe we rolled into our blankets and went to sleep. I have never felt so fit in all my life and definitely concluded that the meals of civilized life are both too complicated and too

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numerous. There were only two drawbacks to this shoot. One was the smell of the biltong, which hung drying in the sun on strings stretched all around us. I never understood why it did not attract either lions or hyænas. Certainly it was whiffy enough! I can only presume that they were scarce in those parts, though I saw lion spoor on more than one occasion. This drawback one became used to, but not to the other. This was the treatment that my companion accorded to his black brother and more especially to the porters who carried our loads, which were naturally continually augmented as the biltong accumulated. This treatment differed pretty materially from that almost invariably and successfully accorded in British East Africa. I could not understand the language, but continual abuse was evident not infrequently accompanied by cuffs and blows. There was a complete absence of those smiles and chaff which I have always found make the wheels of a journey revolve the quicker. Remonstrances were of no avail, and indeed I was clearly thought slightly mad to make them. The culmination arrived one evening when on my return I heard loud shouting and found my companion being set on and indeed seriously maltreated. I had no difficulty in restoring calm, but a quite excessive gratitude caused him to offer me a kudu head which he had shot the day before and which measured 59 inches and was the finest that I have ever seen. I have always regretted not taking it, the more especially as he sold the trophy for £30 on the day of our return. Apart from this idiosyncrasy he was a most admirable companion, courteous, considerate and interesting. In something over a month we shot kudu, sable, roan, eland, besides lesser game, and my out-of-pocket expenses were £6 : 3s. I trust that the financial

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results were equally satisfactory to my partner. Biltong was then selling at about 3s. a pound, and he seemed to me to have about a ton.

The years from 1908 till the War were, as far as East Africa was concerned, the palmy days of big game shooting. Princes, Peers and American magnates poured out in one continual stream, and Newland & Tarlton, whose management later on I joined, waxed so fat that a rival firm entered the field in competition. If my memory is correct, we served from Newland & Tarlton over three hundred clients in our peak year and still the supply of game kept up. New shooting grounds were continually discovered, and even if the recognized camping grounds on some of the earlier and better-known routes became rather overstrewn with jam tins and other debris, they continued to yield fine and varied bags and especially was the stock of lions well maintained, as indeed it is today. This period marked the advent of the white hunter, whose essential job it was to smooth the path and minister to the comforts of his clients. His duties ranged over a wide field, and it must have been a matter of intense interest to him, not unmingled with apprehension, at the beginning of each safari to speculate what exactly would be required this time. If with an experienced, or even natural, sportsman, his duty would be limited to managing the caravan, arranging the camps and leading his employers into those districts frequented by the desired species of game. The stalking and shooting would then be the task of the sportsman and his gunbearer. The white hunter's worth would be judged by such clients in accordance with his success in the tasks that I have indicated, added to his knowledge of natural history and love of the ways of bird and beast. It is difficult to know where at the other

end of the scale the requirements would begin and finish. He would certainly be expected to be always at hand to stop the charge of any wounded animal. If the bag was inadequate for the Press he might and indeed often was called on to go out and supplement its numbers. His the task to delete or smooth over cases of animals shot in excess or contrary to licence. His perhaps to see that an ample supply of liquor and other luxuries never failed, and to do his share in disposing of the same. He has been called upon to perform the task of lady's maid, and it has been rumoured, I trust libellously, that even more intimate tasks have been required of him. Indeed, as has been said of woman, in some cases his work was never done. But if his task was hard, his pay was high. As much as £250 a month was occasionally paid, and in many cases at the end of the time there would be an added bonus in the way of unconsidered trifles such as surplus stores, ponies or even rifles. In my judgement in most cases the white hunter earned every penny he received. Newland & Tarlton had on their list a supply of hunters to suit all requirements and all purses. The difficulty, often an impossibility, was to make a correct fitting. For the requirements of the sportsman one name was held to stand supreme, that of R. J. Cunninghame. He had an unrivalled knowledge of bird and beast, "loved" indeed "the big game as a brother", was himself loved by natives and indeed by all with whom he came in contact, and was a companion in a thousand. As a lady's maid he might not have been quite so good. With his spare sinewy frame, his curling black beard, and his humorous blue eyes, he bore a marked resemblance to the portraits of Rider Haggard's character Alan Quatermain, of whom many thought he was the original. I fancy, however,

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that this was in fact that splendid hunter, Selous. We had other splendid sportsmen too, many of whose names I have forgotten. Among them ranked high, Cecil Hoey, Major Geoffrey Buxton, Major Jack Riddell, that temperamental but endearing character known as Fritz, Denys Finch-Hatton, Alan Black and Leslie Tarlton himself, the best rifle-shot in Kenya. There were of course other white hunters of high repute not on the list of Newland & Tarlton. Notably among them ranked Captain "Andy" Anderson, who had the honour, with Denys Finch-Hatton, of taking out, with great success, the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales. There was another who might well have been the equal of the best of them had he cared to undertake the work. That was one of my partners at Makuyu, Donald Seth-Smith, whom as a shooter I have always regarded as, in the best sense of the word, the complete sportsman.

Many and distinguished were N. & T.'s clients at this time. A list would have excited the jealousy of any climbing hostess in Mayfair. They ranged in their variations from princes and princesses of the blood royal to gentlemen with queer clothes and still queerer voices and manner who wished to exploit in the interests of publicity, and incidentally of their pockets, some novel method of exterminating game. I will but refer to one of our clients, in some respects the most interesting, that truly great man President Theodore Roosevelt, who came, saw and conquered, not only vast quantities of our fauna, but also the heart of everyone with whom he came in contact. He was criticized at the time, and by none so fiercely as by his own countrymen, for the slaughter which he and his party perpetrated, amounting in all to an approximate figure of 700 head, and indeed it can

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hardly be denied that some of the accounts do not make pleasant reading. But it must be remembered, first, that the public sense or conscience of his country in shooting matters was not at this time on all-fours with our own; and secondly, that he had been commissioned to write a book at some fabulous sum (rumour said a dollar a word, but that I suspect of being an exaggeration), and without a "record" bag his public would not have felt that they were getting their money's worth. This slight criticism apart, I do not think that Kenya ever had a visitor who so endeared himself. He was a "mixer" in the best sense of the word and, without making himself cheap, was at pains to find out the view-point of the occupants of every walk of life. In no grudging way did he express his admiration of the progress that had been made and the immense "improvement" that had been made in the lot of the native. We did not at the time feel that astonishment that we should today when a hundred pens dipped in ink and vitriol have taught us for the word "improvement" to substitute that grand alternative "exploitation". But he was no blind admirer only, rather a very shrewd observer. I recall that, after a lunch at our house at which he had been the life and soul of the party with inimitable stories of the wild and woolly West, he stayed on for a quiet chat with my wife and myself. During our conversation one question remains imprinted on my mind: "Cranworth, are you quite sure that your country is big enough?" It was the first time that I had heard, or indeed even dreamt of, that most pertinent question. A shrewd observer, a dynamic personality, and a great and courteous gentleman.

As I have said, Newland & Tarlton's clients ranged from one hundred per cent sportsmen to those who had

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no conception of what the word meant. They were of many and varying nationalities, and we formed of them this view. Americans varied from the very highest, such as Max Fleischman, to the very lowest, who must obviously be nameless. My countrymen reached the same heights, but seldom if ever plumbed quite the same depths. Most foreigners floated in a mean. One race only struck the top peak as sportsmen and never seemed to fall below it, and that was the Austrian and Hungarian. It is a matter of more than regret to me that, through little, if any, fault of their own, they should have fallen since the War upon such evil days.

To revert to my own particular lines of sport — and after all I am writing mainly for my own amusement — there were two particular trophies that especially intrigued me. These were the bongo, the giant and elusive bushbuck of the forest, and the sitatunga, that curious antelope that frequents every large papyrus swamp of Uganda and indeed of most of East Africa. They gave me many and many a day of delightful hunting, though I must confess the results to have been somewhat meagre. It may interest some others, and certainly will entertain me, to recount a modified disappointment with the one and a most fortunate triumph with the other. Fortune distributed her favours not unfairly.

The bongo is a beautiful antelope of the bushbuck species, standing as high at the shoulder as a greater kudu and weighing considerably more. It is of a beautiful rufous colour with white stripes, the female a lighter shade than the male. Both sexes are adorned with lyre-shaped horns tipped with white. It is an inhabitant of the forest depths, not like the bushbuck of its fringes, and lies up during the heat of the day

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in the dense bamboo thickets of the higher altitudes, coming down to browse during the night and early morning on the undergrowth, and more especially on a low-growing plant in appearance somewhat similar to a nettle. Occasionally it will cross a forest glade and has been known very rarely to enter and feed on growing crops. Its existence became known shortly before our advent by the appearance of occasional horns and body skins in possession of members of the Dorobo tribe, whose habitat is on the fringes of Kenya's three main forests. It was, however, a long time before a specimen was actually bagged by a European sportsman. Sir Frederick Jackson, that great shikari and naturalist, spent many of his spare days in its pursuit, wearing specially designed dark clothes, and even blacking his hands and face. Though he heard, and I think saw, more than one, he never got a shot. Later on their habits and habitat naturally became better known, a number have been shot, and I am afraid that many more have been destroyed by natives, who have learnt the art of baying them with dogs.

I think that two had been shot when I first went hunting them, and the beauty of the trophy roused my cupidity. I did not know about the dog method, and as far as I knew there were only three others: watching the glades at the higher elevation at early dawn on the very doubtful chance of seeing one moving across it, sitting up over a forest salt-lick, and picking up and following recent tracks. Clearly life was not long enough for the first. The second, however, I tried once or twice in a spot where the tracks indicated their occasional presence, but I did not ever see a bongo though a good deal of game, including buffalo and giant hog, made their appearance. This method

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did not appeal to me, and I greatly doubted my ability to hit my quarry in the moonlight — spot-lights were not then invented — even if it should make its appearance, so gave it up. There remained the third, and for this it was essential to obtain the services of guides, or rather trackers, from the Dorobo, that elusive little tribe that haunt the edge of the forest and are said by some to represent the remnant of the original, or, at all events, former inhabitants of Kenya. These I was enabled to obtain through the assistance of Berkeley Cole and Algy Cartwright, who had farms bounding the forest on the Mau Escarpment and who were on as intimate terms with the Wa Ndorobo as it was possible to be. The little men came at first, and indeed always, with the greatest trepidation, their reluctance only just overcome by the anticipation of receiving a cow or its equivalent in rupees. With them I must have had at least twenty days in all of the most intriguing but tantalizing sport. Bongo were much more numerous than I had anticipated, and I cannot recall an occasion when we failed to pick up fresh spoor by 6.30, usually half an hour earlier. This gave one but a short time, however, if one was to come up with them before they reached the bamboos, and once within their shelter the chances seemed a hundred to one in favour of the quarry. One day after hours of infinite patience, indeed well on into the afternoon, crawling foot by foot, streaming with sweat, moving gently by hand every rotting bamboo that strewn the track, we reached so close that we could actually hear the breathing of the great beast, and I thought I could distinguish a darker patch in the shadows. Inch by inch I pushed the barrel of my rifle through the thick bamboo stems. Suddenly there was a crash which sounded like an avalanche followed

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by a series of lesser ones, and all was over. The bull was lying at roughly 7 yards from me.

It was the morning of the last day I ever had. My little bivouac tent was pitched at the edge of a small glade at an elevation of between nine and ten thousand feet. I had with me old Kiriboto, my gunbearer, a cook and the two Dorobos (they never came except in pairs). I rose at five o'clock, having listened for an hour to the hyrax calling in the trees, the intermittent "sawing" of a leopard, and other forest sounds, well knowing that though the Dorobo would surely be awake nothing would induce them to call me, and that nothing but the dawn would rouse Kiriboto. At 5.20 we were under way, the two little guides in front, a short spear in the hand of each, naked save for a goatskin over the shoulder. The moon was still high and easily overpowered the first faint glow of the "false" dawn. We all felt the cold as we plunged into the long and soaking grass of the glade towards the farther bank of the encircling forest. Just as we got there we heard a bushbuck bark, while a big dark owl circling round uttered a querulous hoot. Arrived at the edge of the forest, our guides gave a glance round, hitched their goatskins tighter round their shoulders and then melted silently into the solid green wall. There was no melting about Kiriboto or myself. Brambles tore at us, malignant branches whipped our faces, twigs cracked, and streams of icy-cold water trickled down our necks. For 20 yards we struggled on and then the undergrowth cleared and we found the Dorobo reproachfully waiting, and once again off they stole up the hill. It was still dark, but the great boles of trees could by now be seen dimly rising from clumps of undergrowth somewhat like laurestinus. There were game tracks about and now and again

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some animal plunged off through the thicket, but our guides paid no attention, and glided along the game tracks always upwards at a pace which had us panting. After a stiff ascent I was forced to rest for a minute. When I looked up the little figures had vanished into thin air. I remember that the first time this had happened Kiriboto and I were seriously alarmed, since we well knew that without their aid it might be a couple of days before we found our way out and back to our camp. This time I merely sat down with a sigh of relief. In five minutes, like Cheshire cats, they simply materialized, their mouths smeared with honey, and off we set upwards again and in a few minutes plunged through another thicket into another glade. The sun was above the horizon now, but had not yet struck into this clearing, from which the mist was rising in ghostlike spirals. Through a gap in the encircling wall a glimpse was had of the glorious panorama of the great Rift Valley, 4000 feet below. I had no time for more than admiration, but noted the sun shining on a great eagle as below us he quartered the deep blue in lazy circles. At one end of the glade three or four dim black shapes looked enormous in the gloom. "Buffalo," breathed Kiriboto laconically. They took no notice as we crossed the hundred yards of tufty grass. It may well be that they had never seen a white man before. On and up again, and now we came to a swiftly running stream through which we waded. It was waist-deep and icy cold, but I was already dripping with sweat and it was a pleasant interlude. The character of the forest now began to change. The trees were further apart and more lichen clung to the boughs. The laurestinus had disappeared and its place was taken by small clumps of low bamboo. Out of one such clump there burst as we passed a huge dark

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animal, looking as big as a young rhino. It was a giant forest boar weighing perhaps 700 lb. Their tracks were numerous hereabouts. But time was slipping on and we saw here and there patches of the low vegetation that the bongo loves. Tracks and droppings were, too, apparent, and every now and then a Dorobo would pick up a handful of the latter and sniff it with the air of a connoisseur. Next, by a gesture, they made us stop while they made a wide cast, moving with silent and effortless speed. In ten minutes they returned and the leader thrust into my reluctant hand a lump of dung still warm and they beckoned us forward, a finger to lips. In a few minutes we came on the tracks quite fresh but not, as I had hoped to see, of a solitary bull but of a herd of at least half a dozen, including, however, one, if not two, bulls. After them we proceeded at a pace which seemed to me much too fast but to our guides much too slow. And they were right. It was now eight o'clock and the tracks moved upwards and the bamboo clumps grew closer together and were now in places 20 feet or more in height. Now and again we had to crawl, and once the muffled cracking of a twig earned for me an angry scowl. I had almost reconciled myself to another long day of bamboo crawling. Suddenly the leader froze in his stride and distinctly we heard a crackle not more than 300 yards away. Care was redoubled now and every step brought an agony of apprehension. Luckily noise was all we had to fear; not a breath of wind stirred in the forest. About 100 yards we advanced, hearing now and again the tell-tale crackle ever louder. Then the elder Dorobo went down on hands and knees and touched my rifle, and leaving the other two we crawled forward, 10, 20, 50 yards to where a fallen tree-trunk lay. After a cautious peep he silently

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pointed, and there, dimly among some sparse bamboos, I made out the form of a large beast which from its dark colour I took to be a bull. Now the distance was, I estimated, about 120 yards, the light was bad, and another fallen tree some 30 yards nearer and perhaps 10 feet below me interfered with my view. I refused the shot, most reluctantly, and halting the *Dorobo*, crawled round my log and down towards the next. The distance seemed quite interminable, but I got there without a sound, and now I could see my quarry plainly. Somehow it seemed a richer red and I had less confidence about its sex, though its horns looked good as it cropped the herbage. Anyhow I had no choice, so squeezed the trigger and down it went. I looked back at Kiriboto and the others, expecting to see them rushing forward, but instead I saw them pointing below me. I was squatting on my haunches and though I peered in the direction saw nothing, though I heard crashes all around me. At that moment the beast I had shot struggled to its feet and I had to give the second barrel of my .360. Then up came Kiriboto and explained that a huge bull, of course the biggest ever, had at the shot crossed my front at quite close range. Sure enough there were the tracks, huge in the soft earth, in a cutting of ground dead to me, but plainly visible from my first halt. It was, and is, for no time can soothe this, maddening to think that had I taken the first chance, I must, even if I had missed it, have got this splendid bull, passing a bare 50 yards from me, with my second barrel.

My beast, as will be guessed, was a very ancient cow with two-foot horns. It took the *Dorobos*, working with most inadequate tools, but a few minutes to remove the head and body skin. The carcase they then dismembered, eating greedily the while raw warm

delicacies from the entrails. They then bound the varied sections with creepers, and moving like monkeys, attached them to boughs 40 feet up, and safe from even the most agile leopard. We were back at camp by two o'clock, and so ended the shortest, most successful and most disappointing of my bongo hunts. I promised myself to revenge this disappointment on my next return. But when I did so I found that my heart and lungs had gone back on me. Climbing and crawling at 9000 to 12,000 feet were no longer within my powers and I was left with my memories, some sweet, some bitter.

The sitatunga (Speke's *Tragelaphus*) is a curious antelope weighing up to 250 lb. or perhaps 300 lb. It is of a mousy-brown colour with faint stripes in its thick coat and the males only bear handsome lyre-shaped horns with white tips which may in the case of a very old animal acquire a second curve. They are numerous in all the large papyrus swamps of Uganda, but as they seldom leave this refuge except at night, are comparatively seldom obtained by sportsmen. Their feet are curiously elongated, up to nine or ten inches, to enable them to walk on the water-lilies which cover deep portions of the swamps. Where, however, they take up another habitat, such as the Sese Islands, where they are numerous and easily obtainable now that these are once again open to sportsmen,¹ they lose this peculiarity. During my visits to Uganda I had made several attempts against their persons both at dawn and by moonlight, and also by driving corners of small swamps, but my success had been limited to one immature bull obtained through the latter process.

One evening I was sitting on the top verandah of

¹ The Sese Islands were closed for many years owing to the prevalence of sleeping sickness

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Government House in Entebbe with Sir Frederick Jackson, discussing game in varying aspects as we were all too prone to do, when he pointed out to me a clear green space amidst the papyrus of a large swamp about a mile and a half distant. There were some dark dots on it, and with a strong telescope I made out that they were sitatunga and included one especially fine one. "Yes," said Jackson, "that's the father of all the sitatunga. He is nearly always there, and is likely to remain. There is half a mile of papyrus round that clearing which I think is mostly water-lilies." That night I pondered over plans to disturb the old buck's serenity. The next day I obtained four narrow planks or splines about 5 feet long and reconnoitred the swamp. The day following Kiriboto and I set off at dawn. On reaching the edge of the papyrus we advanced into the water carrying our planks ready to put under each armpit should the depth of the water demand it. The rifle was slung round my neck, the muzzle and lock protected by oily rags. It was about eight o'clock and already getting hot. We proceeded along a narrow passage leading into the swamp approximately in the direction we had to go, which would leave us when it ended, we reckoned, not more than 200 yards of dense papyrus to traverse before we reached the clearing. The going, though it was a question of hugging the edge of the papyrus and feeling for each foothold, was less bad than I had anticipated. It was seldom more than waist-deep, and only, I think, twice was it out of our depth for a few yards, and then the planks came in useful, though I did, in fact, put them under my chest and not my armpits as I had intended. Kiriboto, who like most Swahilis swam like a fish, soon discarded his, though he was glad of mine on one occasion after I had decided, which I did soon,

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that it was his turn to carry the rifle. Progress was, however, naturally slow, and increasingly tiring as the sun rose in the heaven. We saw one large snake, half in, half out of the water, soon after we started. It was, I presume, a python. There was no sign of crocodiles, and indeed their presence in such a place was most unlikely. I had not in fact considered the possibility until after our return. Bird life there was in plenty : duck and teal in particular, while kingfishers and diving birds rose close at hand. When we had gone some way two huge bluish birds rose in a startling flurry. They were, I believe, though I am doubtful, whale-bellied storks, the species now so popular not only in aviaries but even on the films. It was two hours or more before we reached the end of the channel and were faced with the 200 yards of papyrus. I anticipated trouble here, as the stems were 15 feet high and we would have to advance perhaps by compass. We were most agreeably surprised. We found that we were now in the proximity of what must have been considerable numbers of sitatunga, and they had made more than one narrow path through the dense vegetation, and it seemed obvious that such paths must lead to the open space which we knew formed their feeding ground. This, then, was an easy stretch with the water seldom above one's knees. It was, however, by now blistering hot, and when we had finished it was hard to know what was sweat and what was water ! When we approached the edge of the open space we cleared the gun for action and I pushed forward to the edge. The clearing was about 300 yards across and the surface was mainly composed of the stems of water-lilies through which in places some rushlike grass appeared. On it were grazing maybe twenty sitatunga, although it was in the heat of the day;

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but, alas, the old man was not there. I was partially in the shadow but I doubt if they would have been alarmed if I had been in full view. Doubtless they had fed there for centuries in complete security. Having satisfied myself that the big buck was not present, I fired at what I took to be the best of the company and brought him down, while the rest made a speedy exit into the papyrus. We found, of course, the matted surface that bore the buck bore us equally well. It felt rather like a quaking bog. Kiriboto lost little time in removing the head and headskin, but of the carcase we could take nothing, which was a sacrifice to Kiriboto rather than to me, since I had previously found the meat rather rank and far from palatable. With our additional burden we retraced our steps and found the journey hotter and harder, and seemingly much longer. However, soon after three o'clock we emerged onto the grassy slope where we had left our lunch, and it wasn't very long before I had emptied my water-bottle. Food finished, we took off all our clothes and laid ourselves down in the shade of a small tree facing and perhaps 50 yards from the swamp, intending to rest for half an hour. In three minutes I was fast asleep. It was just about six o'clock when I woke with a start and sat up. The last rays of the setting sun illuminated the swamp in front of me, and to my amazement I saw, standing half clear of the reeds at the edge of the swamp about 150 yards off and staring straight at me, whom but old Father Sitatunga himself! My rifle lay by my side, and luckily, though no doubt wrongly, it was loaded. I cuddled it to my shoulder and in another second the great buck was mine. There can, I think, be no doubt that this was the same animal we had viewed from the verandah. No other had that very rare

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thing, the double twist that I had noted with my telescope, and such a one was never seen again. I can only conclude that from sheer curiosity he had followed us, and that amazement at my naked body had led him on! Kiriboto wasn't long in dismembering the body, and as we quickly obtained the services of a couple of Baganda, I have no doubt that his unsavoury carcase caused widespread rejoicing. I have never been happier in the realms of sport than I was that night, and my pleasure was doubled by Jackson's obvious delight. It was easily my best bit of shooting luck, and when my thoughts turn to the bull bongo I resolutely deflect them to this incident, and to the boast that in Rowland Ward's Record, as last seen by me, the trophy still tops the list. Nevertheless, a little demon, out on ticket of leave, persists in whispering, "You know that the bongo really had much the finer head".

The future of the unique wealth of big game in Kenya must be a source of great anxiety and thought both to sportsmen and naturalists. It forms the ground of deliberations by such bodies as the "Fauna"¹ Society, so ably guided by Lord Onslow and Mr. C. W. Hobley and of the Shikar Club. Still more is it the deep concern of successive Game Rangers. This post is one much sought after — at one time I made strenuous if unsuccessful efforts to obtain it myself — and Kenya has been as a whole notably fortunate in its occupants. The three whom I have known, A. Blayney Percival, Captain Woosnam and Captain Ritchie, have in their separate ways all equally adorned the office, and it is largely due to their efforts that the department has been not only profitable, but even popular. This must, I think, be mainly due to the

¹ Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire.

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application of one principle — the interests of game preservation must always take second place to the *genuine* and *permanent* interests of the human race, whether black or white. I stress the word *permanent*, so as not to include, for example, the extermination of the rhinoceros for the temporary pecuniary advantage of selling his horns. And again *genuine* so as not to include the wholesale slaughter of some succulent species on the ground of damage to crops perpetrated in fact by animals practically inedible, such as baboons and bush pigs. But, as the Government and indeed all save bigots realize, humanity comes first, and preservation can only take place in accordance with that axiom.

There remains, however, and must remain for many years, one difficulty. The hunting native tribes, and indeed all tribes according to their ability, have from time immemorial been accustomed to kill game. So long as their own numbers were kept low by disease and warfare, Nature maintained a balance between man, armed with his primitive weapons, and beast. Today this balance is destroyed. Tribes increase their populations; try as Governments will, firearms trickle in; the urge for pecuniary gain rather than for food has arrived. In the interests of the tribes themselves restriction of some sort must be placed upon native hunting, hard though it may seem to curtail an immemorial right. At some far-distant date the inhabitants themselves will realize the justification of such action as we now feel forced to take.

There are various factors that protect game. Such include the game laws, Game Reserves, private enterprise and inaccessibility such as is provided by the great forests and deserts. These factors have been to a great extent successful. There still remains an ample

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stock of game in Kenya. Indeed I can only recall three species which have been practically — perhaps entirely — obliterated : Thomas' cob, the roan antelope and the Kenya oribi. The first two, at all events, of these are moreover common elsewhere. But of these safeguards two are unfortunately becoming increasingly ineffective. Private enterprise, under the strain of economic stress, can obviously do less year by year. A reverse cause affects the Game Reserves. Their effectiveness is threatened by affluence rather than by poverty. British rule has brought to the Masai who occupy the main portion of the Southern Game Reserve peace instead of war, though I fear that it cannot be denied that they would still greatly prefer the latter. Peace has given a great increase not only to their population, but also to their material wealth in the shape of cattle, sheep and goats, and the surplus grazing grows less every year. In this connection it should be borne in mind that these vast flocks and herds do not exist mainly for consumption or even for sale or barter, but merely as currency tokens. It is to be hoped that in course of time some less bulky and voracious medium may prove acceptable. Although the same conditions do not apply with equal strength to the Northern Game Reserve, they are not entirely absent. Moreover, the desert game does not perhaps stand in quite the same need of protection. There is, however, a very general consensus of opinion that the crying need is for a National Park on the lines of the Kruger National Park in South Africa or the Yellowstone Park in the United States, or again that instituted comparatively recently in the Belgian Congo. After all civilized nations, in the intervals between the business of slaughtering each other's nationals, have come to the definite, and, I think, unanimous, view that humanity

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owes a debt both to the past and to the future in not permitting the extermination of any more of those glorious forms of animal life that they have inherited. In recognition of this principle it has been found possible to allocate areas in which game can exist in its primeval state, free not only from molestation from rifle and game-pit but from competition with commercially bred animals. Such parks, apart from sentimental reasons, provide infinite pleasure not only to the many thousands of sightseers who traverse them, but to the vastly greater public who see them portrayed in the magazines or on the films. Moreover, so far from being a debit to the State which administers them, they have been proved to be capable of producing an ever-increasing revenue. The difficulty is, of course, to find a really suitable area, which must comprise several essentials. It must contain a large and varied number of indigenous game animals, and if possible an attractive bird life. It must be sufficiently large to allow change of water and grazing during the dry seasons. It should be entirely empty, or, at all events, extremely sparsely inhabited by natives. It should have for as long a period of the year as possible an equable and healthy climate. And it should not be too inaccessible by road. Clearly every year such a variety of desiderata must be harder to obtain. It is believed, however, that all, or almost all, can be obtained in East Africa. I refer to the celebrated Serengeti plains on the borders of Kenya and Tanganyika. They are already largely known to the British public since it was here that Colonel Marcuswell Maxwell obtained the wonderful series of lion photographs which so delighted readers of *The Times* and which even today have never been equalled, let alone surpassed. Since when many more charming pictures have been



Photo Col Marcuswell Maxwell

BIG GAME TROPHIES OF TO-DAY

By kind permission of Mrs Llewellyn

published from the same area. I believe that the scheme and area has received a general consensus of approval and that it only remains for our Government to act. But in such matters the wheels of Governments move exceedingly slow.¹

Doubtless the other means of preservation through the Game Laws which the Game Department so energetically and tactfully pursue will be continued, always being modified as circumstances demand. I venture to hope that especial attention will be paid to the Government forests, which in some other countries have not only proved almost the sole bulwark against game extermination, but have given the last opportunity to the genuine sportsman. Ruthlessly though they have been destroyed during the last half-century, there is still a fine forest area left in Kenya which harbours a splendid stock of indigenous game most of which does no harm to any living soul, and all of which can be kept carefully in check. I hope that such forests with their glades and bamboo thickets will continue for many a generation to give legitimate pleasure to the naturalist, the photographer and to the genuine sportsman. Doubtless for future generations the camera will eventually supersede the rifle. It is fast doing so, and certainly the trophies to be attained have great advantages. They are more beautiful, less bulky and don't smell. But the old Adam dies hard, and even if I be counted a barbarian I must confess that my memories still cling affectionately to the thud of a bullet correctly placed.

¹ In 1929 a small area of 900 square miles was made a Game Sanctuary and a Game Rangers' station was opened at Banagi Hill. In 1930 partial protection was given to game animals in an adjacent Reserve. In 1935 a special Lion Reserve was formed. In 1937 H.M.'s Government announced their intention of instituting a National Game Park on the Serengeti.

CHAPTER V

JOURNEY THROUGH ABYSSINIA IN 1910

FOR several years I had been anxious to see something of Abyssinia, but opportunity and more especially the cash necessary to achieve my desire had been lacking. An expedition from our house near Nairobi to the capital, Addis Ababa, was of necessity an expensive affair. Not only did it involve a long trip of some 1500 miles, but owing to the terrain several varieties of transport were necessary. Furthermore, a fairly substantial escort was demanded since the Emperor's writ ran very feebly through the border regions of the so-called Empire, and one had to be prepared to meet armed bodies of filibustering ruffians from time to time.

It was therefore with no little delight that I seized on a chance that offered in August 1911. Robert J. Stordy¹ was at that time the Chief Veterinary Officer in Kenya. He was an old friend of ours, a deservedly popular character and, moreover, a man of high scientific qualifications. The services that he rendered to the Colony over a period of nearly twenty years were never in my opinion sufficiently appreciated. Both to the native and white population they were inestimable. It was at the end of one of his tours of duty, indeed his leave was considerably overdue, that the Governor was anxious that he should examine stock

¹ Now Colonel R. J. Stordy, C.B.E., D.S.O.

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conditions along the Northern Frontier, and furthermore investigate the possibility of opening up trade and improving our relations with the Abyssinian Government. His Majesty's Government in London approved the idea and an expedition was decided on. Then luckily for me there arose a snag. It was clearly not a journey which it would be pleasant, or indeed prudent, for one man to make alone and the Government (possibly a little jogged by myself) found themselves unable to spare another officer. It was a chance not to be missed, and I proffered my services, and left no stone unturned to get them accepted, which acceptance was, after considerable demur, finally effected

Many preparations had to be made. Our staff had to be arranged — a personal boy each and also a gunbearer, interpreters, a head man, most important of all perhaps, a cook. Then a nucleus of really reliable porters, from whom, when we got to the frontier, the escort would have to be provided. This question of escort raised considerable difficulties, and red tape by the reel had to be unwound. It was impressed on us, and especially on me since I was nominally in charge of the escort, again and again that we couldn't be too careful. If we were attacked and killed it would be a matter of the smallest importance, but if we wounded but one of the lowest of the Abyssinians, on our head be it, and we should, I gathered, languish in jail for the remainder of our lives. We accepted this in the spirit no doubt intended, and promised that we would turn the other cheek *ad infinitum*, and so at last succeeded in obtaining some thirty rifles and an adequate supply of ammunition, while we ourselves purchased the rudiments of uniform. This important point settled, stores and equipment had to be collected.

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This, however, was an easy task since we had between us been on many a safari, and it was therefore a matter of ordinary routine save that refilling stations were largely a matter of conjecture. Then came the question of trade goods, both for the purpose of obtaining food in those parts where barter was still the only medium of exchange, and also for the purpose of bribing our way into the good graces of perhaps the most bribable race in the world. It was finally decided to take beads, tobacco, brass wire and maraduf (bleached cloth) as the media of exchange, and Terai hats, sheath knives, pistols, watches and cigarette-lighters to present as tokens of respect and affection to such as it might prove desirable to placate. Nor did we forget 1000 Maria Theresa dollars for the more sophisticated.

We despatched our safari with the main loads and three or four riding mules on August 12th to Nyeri, about 90 miles distant from Nairobi, to await our arrival, and we ourselves with our luggage and personal boys, a bit heavy after a farewell dinner on the preceding night, left on the 25th in one of the Commercar lorries that I had recently introduced.

We departed to the usual vociferous send-off and the expression of good wishes and forebodings, many of the latter uttered in ominous falsetto tones! I recall that as Stordy and I on the roomy and comparatively comfortable box-seat saw the tin roofs of Nairobi slipping away, I could not but think of the changes that I had seen along the Fort Hall road in a few years. Five years previously there had been little more than a track, walking was the accepted mode of progression and four days was the normal time allotted, while from the three intermediate camps lions could almost invariably be heard, and usually in quite close proximity.

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Later ox transport began to supersede porters, and the mule or horse relieved Shanks's mare. Next came the bicycle, and now in fine weather and with infinite caution a motor car could reach Fort Hall in a single day. But you were dependent still on the weather, as we speedily discovered. We undertook a good deal of pushing ere we reached Fort Hall in time for an excellent dinner at the D.C.'s bungalow, and on the ensuing day broke down completely and irrevocably in the first five miles. Official assistance was speedily forthcoming, and in those days what the Kenya official did not know about safari work was not worth knowing. Porters were readily obtained, and the next day saw us once more walking through the Kikuyu Reserve towards the beautiful and healthy Nyeri station where our own safari were duly awaiting us, and by no means objecting to two more days of idleness.

As Nyeri was really our final jumping-off spot, certain final adjustments had to be made. The loads were carefully inspected and apportioned, and no less were the men who had to carry them, since much depended on their efficiency. Not only had they to carry our loads during the next stage of the journey, but from them had to be selected and drilled the escort which would accompany us throughout. The best of them, certainly as far as physique was concerned, were Wanyamwesi, the tribe which, coming originally from German East Africa, provided the main source of supply from which were recruited the personnel of the old caravans that had faced for a generation the long trek to Uganda. These porters, though their glory had already largely declined, still had a very definite pride in their calling, picked up their loads as one man, kept a regular formation, and had nothing but contempt for those who lagged behind or fell out.

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Moreover they were stout fighting stock, as we were to find to our cost during the Great War. It is undeniable that in some ways they are inclined to give trouble to their employers, especially over their rations, for they are stout trenchermen with strong ideas of their rights, of which rice came first and foremost. Stordy, however, who was both firm and just with natives, handled them admirably, and after the first day or two till the end of the journey we had no semblance of trouble. The last thing that was done prior to our start was to parade the whole body, 150 strong, explain to them that the safari would be long and arduous, and that both food and water would at times be short, and to press anyone who had any doubts now to fall out, when their journeys back to their homes would be paid for. They were, however, a carefully selected body and not a man moved. Nor had we told them that it was only the picked men who would be called on to complete the journey.

Early on August 31st we left the boma, the Union Jack borne by a strapping Nyamwezi in the van. We had two or three mules for riding purposes, but personally I always prefer walking on a march if possible, and indeed walked practically all the way, as also did Stordy. The first stage of the safari was six easy marches, good going and averaging about seventeen miles a day, skirting the forest on Mt. Kenya and gradually dropping towards the Northern Guaso Nyero river. This country had been, for the most part, but recently thrown open for white settlement, and I was again struck, as I had first been some five years previously, with the great possibilities of this stretch of country. On our right towered the grand mountain Kenya with its slopes and foothills covered with splendid trees, mainly cedar, podocarpus

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and camphor, sufficient to supply all the timber and firewood that an agricultural population could need. Away on our left rose the slopes of the lovely Aberdares. Every few miles a stream crystal-clear and cold, fed by the snows, provided sufficient water for innumerable stock and obvious possibilities of trout fishing, since realized to the full. Surely, I said to myself, here is a tract capable of holding and rearing a white race equal to any on the earth. And so I still hold it to be, but would that it had been twenty times the size.

Of settlement there was little sign at present, though Berkeley Cole and one or two more pioneers were already firmly established. Since the Masai had now removed their flocks and herds, the game had returned, and were a sight to gladden the eye of the naturalist and tickle the stomach of the porter. Every day we saw from our line of march in great profusion such species as oryx (beisa), two species of zebra, Grant's gazelle, wart-hog, eland and rhinoceros, cheetah, duiker, giraffe and gerenuk. While in my evening strolls I also came upon buffalo, lion, bushbuck, palla and leopard. and all this in a climate recalling a fine June day in England. A sportsman's Paradise indeed, and one which another generation will never see again. Beyond obtaining a little meat for our safari, I shot nothing. We couldn't burden our transport with trophies, and indeed I saw nothing new or better than I had shot before. Nevertheless it was a grand week, and I only wish I could do it once again.

Archer's Post marked another stage of our journey and a further change in our method of transport. We sent back 120 porters to Nyeri, and transferred our loads to ox-waggons in the charge of, and indeed owned by, a very enterprising Boer transport driver named

Botman. Archer's Post had been set up two years earlier by Geoffrey Archer,¹ at that time D.C. Northern Frontier, and later Governor of Uganda and Sirdar in the Sudan. Its purpose was to act as a clearing station between Meru and all the frontier stations. At this time there was nothing very imposing about the Post. A two-roomed office, and three or four police huts clustering on the north bank of the river, comprised the whole station; but it served its purpose.

The next stage to Marsabit, that very remarkable volcanic oasis in the northern desert, was of a much less pleasant and more strenuous character than the last. Once we left the Guaso Nyero, gone were all the clear running streams and the green grass. In their place only here and there a muddy pool, or a so-called well exuding a trickle of unattractive and often unsavoury liquid. The main characteristic of the landscape was sand with here and there a lava outcrop. No longer did herds of game inspect us curiously, only occasionally a few desert animals might be seen in the far distance. Some scattered giraffes (*reticulata*), a gerenuk, or a sub-species of Grant's gazelle. For inhabitants it boasted two nomad tribes, first the Samburu and further west the Rendile inhabiting, or rather wandering along, the watercourse of Merille. From the Guaso Nyero to Merille, Botman and his waggons wended their way of some 80 miles, and a weary way it was indeed. The oxen were none too good at the start, and the road was pretty bad. The heat necessitated trekking at night, and at times we attempted the seemingly impossible task of sleeping on the top of the loaded waggons as they jolted over the ruts and through the dry watercourses, and even

¹ Sir Geoffrey Archer, K C M.G.

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achieved some success, though it necessitated lying on our tummies, so that the occasional waitabit thorns under which we brushed should do their prehensile work on our posteriors rather than on our faces. The so-called wells afforded scant relief. They were surrounded by the carcasses of dead animals, both oxen and game — a very fruity rhino lay, I remember, within a few yards of the first. Indeed it was a relief to see on the fifth day the palm-lined watercourse of Merille. I believe that river occasionally flows hereabouts above-ground, but at this time of year the water, of a quite reasonable quality, was about 5 feet below the surface. There was a small Government store at Merille in charge of a Nubian, and all along the river-bed the Rendile with their camels, cattle, goats and flies were present in considerable numbers. That meant that when camp was pitched there was an influx towards it, slow and shy at first but growing quickly both in volume and boldness, of natives of both sexes. Curiosity was the leading motive of the inrush, coupled with a desire to accumulate some unconsidered trifle, and later to acquire medical assistance and advice for man and beast. During such camps my admiration for my companion was intensified. He had considerable medical, as well as great veterinary experience, and it was always at the disposal of those who sought it. He was also kept busy examining, collecting and photographing the various insects, many of them at that time unknown to science, that came our way. In his occasional absence, but not with any degree of authority, I did my best to carry on the good work with the grosser forms of medicine.

At Merille another change of transport took place. The next stretch of country was too dry even for Botan's oxen, and Archer had sent us camels to replace

CHAPTER I

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

WHY did we first decide to go to East Africa? My memory puts the answer in a twofold urge. Love of sport, more especially of big-game shooting, and shortage of cash. The former had been whetted by a trip to India the previous year, while the latter looked like being a permanent fixture. The only means I knew of adding to an income which was pretty steady on the zero line, with a tendency to drop below it, was by farming. There were indeed far fewer opportunities of acquiring wealth even thirty years ago for an impoverished landowner, handicapped by being a Peer, than there are today. And I realized, even though farming in England was not then so hopeless a proposition as it subsequently became, that it must be a long and weary road which, through that means alone, would get me out of the valley of despond. The potentialities of development in B.E.A. were just beginning to be talked of, while the splendid sport to be obtained therein was at all events a certainty. We made our decision in the winter of 1905 and set about our plans, the chief of which was naturally concerned with the question of finance.

It seems strange now to think of all our preparations and all our heartburning. Today I hear people say: "Here's an attack of foot-and-mouth and we shall be into frost after it's over. I find I can get a

them. Camels undoubtedly have their uses — our journey would have been impossible without them — but as a beast to inspire affection they are distinctly a minus quantity. Their habit of running away is annoying, their nightly abdominal rumblings are irritating, and the row that they make, from 3 A.M. onwards, when being loaded is just damnable.

The next four days proved somewhat unpleasant : very hot, very dusty and with a continual wind that occasionally reached such a strength that we were unable to pitch our tents. We could, however, see before us, and daily growing in size, the green wooded slopes of Marsabit, a refreshing sight indeed. For the next two days our way descended till we reached an altitude of no more than 1800 feet, and from thence the ascent is gradual. The only water of any substance was at Lasamis, where rest the remains of one Blyth, and we recalled the somewhat unsavoury story of his end, which a year or two ago had created something of a three-days' sensation. The water here was sufficiently abundant to attract large quantities of sand grouse, which were of a species new to me and one whose habits surprised me, inasmuch as their main flight to water appeared to be at dusk rather than at dawn. But though there was an ample supply of water, the quality left everything to be desired. When boiled, as needless to say was our invariable custom, it stank abominably, and for the next day or two many of us, including myself, suffered severely from diarrhoea and dysentery. Chlorodyne, however, is a great healer, and we suffered only a temporary inconvenience.

We reached Marsabit on September 18th, and though Archer was away, received a right hearty welcome from the four resident officials (two Assistant D.C.'s, a doctor and a veterinary officer). Much has



Photo Col R J. Sturdy, C.B.E., D.S.O.

MARSABIT, THROUGH WHICH LORD DELAMERE
ORIGINALLY ENTERED BEAFRICA

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been written of Marsabit, which had at that time only been occupied for less than two years and which I had often longed to see. Indeed, from whichever side of the inhospitable waste one approaches the station, it seems little less than Paradise. Some vast volcanic disturbance must in the far past have thrown up this serried jumble of peaks rising to a height of 4500 feet, all clothed with trees and including a considerable quantity of heavy timber. A remarkable feature is the circular crater lake, of great depth and occupying an area of 120 acres. I had heard so much of the beauties of this sheet of water that my immediate reaction was one of disappointment, chiefly, I think, because of the colour, which, a dark olive green, invited the epithets mysterious and gloomy. Nor did the site of the station, close to the lake, appear particularly well chosen. There were plenty of mosquitoes in evidence, and Sturdy made a singularly choice collection of fleas, flies, ticks and other parasites. We found that the fresh camel transport to take us to the frontier had not arrived, and our own camels were neither numerous nor indeed strong enough to face the dread Dido Galgulla, as the 120-mile waterless stretch of volcanic lava and sand between the oasis and the Abyssinian frontier is called. This delay suited me well, as I was anxious to shoot a greater kudu here, a species which had, I knew, been fairly numerous along the foothills hereabouts not long previously. To go completely round the fringe of the mountain takes five or six days, and I could only be allowed three, which, however, enabled me to have a most interesting hunt. I saw a truly wonderful collection of game, indeed the sight of the herds drawing upwards to drink at nightfall from the slopes and plains below was quite amazing. I saw numerous elephant (but no shootable bull), two

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good herds of buffalo, several lions (of which I missed one rather badly), but search as I would, all the kudu I could see, and I covered the likely spots most assiduously with my glasses, consisted of three females. I do not think that another one was shot there again for years, and Geoffrey Archer told me subsequently that rinderpest had practically exterminated them. An unkind rumour said that where Archer was quartered there was usually a nasty game disease which affected the bearers of the best trophies of each species. An undoubted libel, but certainly he was a fine shikari. I did secure a fine specimen of lesser kudu, but even they were far from numerous. To my surprise I saw very few natives, what there were consisting of Samburu, a tribe somewhat akin to the Masai and speaking a similar language. The Samburu do not hunt game, and it may be that they feared the large quantity of lions.

On my return to our main camp I found news both good and bad. Our camels had arrived, which was good, but on the other hand it appeared that one Gerezmach Ghasi, who was *in situ* just across the border with a large body of armed men, had announced his intention of refusing to give us passage. The term Gerezmach is a military one, equivalent perhaps to a Colonel, but having also certain territorial associations. How he and his warriors were paid I never knew, but I was given to understand that they were given a certain territory to batten on, in return for which they made a cash payment to the central Government, a practice somewhat similar to that which used to prevail in Portuguese East Africa. The boundary meant little to such filibusters, and if the British or Italian Government made a serious protest, well, both paper and apologies were cheap. Archer, by letter,

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strongly advised us to turn back, but Stordy, a sturdy Scot, was not to be lightly deterred, and decided that we would at all events go and have a look at the redoubtable Gerezmach.

We had by now, with the assistance of a Nubian sergeant, got our escort into some sort of shape, had replenished our stores, obtained a minimum sufficiency of water tanks, and marched out all in order on September 27th. The first march was a simple and pleasant one sloping down, north-west, through the forest and bush-clad spurs to Delamere's Water, which is the last drop of water for 120 miles. It is sweet at the source, but soon forms an unsavoury-looking trickle draining into a noisome pool infested by leeches. Two or three days previously two Somalis had nearly lost their lives here by getting leeches affixed to their uvulas. We naturally strained every drop of drinking water to be used by man or beast. One could not help but think, as we sat smoking after our evening meal, of the arrival of Lord Delamere here out of the northern wilderness twelve years ago, and admire not for the first time the adventurous spirit of that great man.

The next three days marked a gradual increase of unpleasantness and heat. Sometimes the going was through sand, at other times over bare rocks, sometimes indeed we had to jump or clamber from rock to rock. The daily allowance of water was five mugs per man, say a gallon and a half in the twenty-four hours, and our natives found it ample, though it must be remembered that in their case not a drop was required for either washing or teeth-cleaning. The second morning a rhino charged the camp in the dark as we were setting out, and we lost two camels which bolted, and of whom one unfortunately carried half my tent

and both our chairs. They were never recovered. On the fourth day we entered on to the real Dido Galgulla, a twenty-hour march of some fifty miles. Till then we felt that we had never really known what desolation was. Indeed the words "abomination of desolation" were never absent from my mind during the next two days. The going was terrible, lava rocks, lava stones and lava dust alternately, with a hot stifling wind eternally blowing to make it worse. The toe-caps of our boots were cut through, but luckily our feet were by this time pretty hardened. Curiously the Wanyamwezi porters, though now unburdened save for their rifles, seemed to feel the march more than we did, and could only be kept up by special administrations of water carried by a camel detailed to march in the rear for that purpose. It may be that generations of load-carrying has enabled them to march at least as well with 70 lb. on their heads as with nothing. This part of the journey remains, however, in my mind stamped with the melancholy of nothingness: the sort of feeling that was contained in a letter from a young soldier brought to me for censorship in the bush country during the East African campaign. This ran: "Dear Mother, when I wake in the morning and look around north and south, east and west, what do I see, dear Mother? Bloody damn all." And this vivid sentiment was in fact the lasting impression that the Dido Galgulla left in my mind. We had to march all day, as there was no moon, and rested in the dust, for some half-dozen hours at night. It was here that we did the dirty on our mules. We had not washed, let alone shaved, though I admit to cleaning my teeth, for four days and, with the black lava caked on to the sweat, were a pretty noxious sight. That night we stole two gallons each of the mules' water and bathed

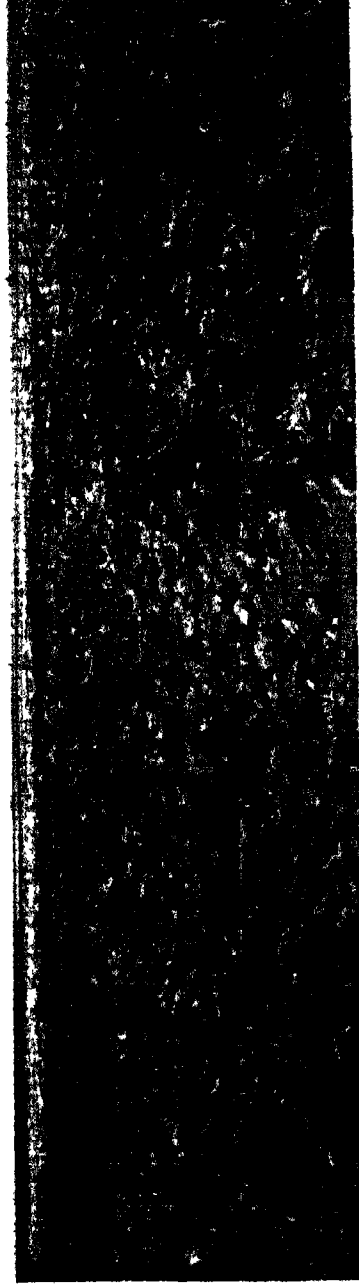


Photo Col R J Sturdy, CBE, D.S.O.

DIDO GALGULLA

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our necks and faces. The relief was enormous and the mules then sucked up the filthy liquid with apparent relish. A strangely non-fastidious animal is the mule. We struggled off early and walked or stumbled along for two hours by the aid of a hurricane lamp, when the sun rose, and after ten hours we reached Turbi and had left the worst behind ; unless, indeed, the Gerezmach were to force us to retrace our steps, which compulsion we firmly determined should take a lot of doing.

The next three-days' march lay through ever-improving conditions, showing occasional clumps of stunted acacia and sarsevieria fibre, while the presence of guinea-fowl and spurfowl in the dry river-bed at Lugga indicated that water could not be far off. At Remat we found the first permanent water since Delamere's, clear and sweet, in wells 6 to 12 feet deep, and a clump of trees of an authentic green. The country round these wells is sparsely inhabited by the Gubbra tribe, an offshoot of the Gallas. Their chief, Gallabras, had always been friendly to the British, and took the opportunity to present us with a nice fat sheep and an ox, which were remarkably welcome, though not so much so as was a thorough wash and the removal of our dust-encrusted hirsute growths. Needless to say, medical, legal and moral advice was again freely sought by the inhabitants and ungrudgingly given. The rest of our journey to the escarpment was easy with ample water. Under the escarpment, where there were numerous springs, guinea-fowl (vulturine) were more numerous than I had ever before seen them. In the evening we went out shooting, each our separate way. We had always a friendly rivalry with the gun, and I listened to Stordy's numerous shots. At dusk he returned with, "Well,

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berth on the plane, so I think that I'll fly over to Kenya for two or three weeks and have a look round the country." In 1905 it was still a real adventure. We sold some valuables to raise the wherewithal. We read all available literature purporting to describe our destination. We scoured the country to obtain first-hand and usually contradictory information. We practised rifle-shooting at a wooden lion in the park. We studied a Swahili dictionary in the home. And always anxious relatives and friends of over fifty said : " Those poor young Cranworths have gone mad ! "

However, preparations, long and exciting though they be, must eventually come to an end, and on May 25th, 1906, we duly started, seen off by all the relatives aforesaid, few of whom apparently ever expected us to return. With us went my old friend Hugh Gladstone,¹ and my brother-in-law Mervyn Ridley, then aged eighteen, who was destined to become one of the foremost and most genuine of Kenya settlers. We went via Paris and Venice, full of excitement and loaded with ignorance. These two ingredients brought our first misadventure. At the Italian frontier, reached in the middle of the night, the authorities came to examine our baggage, accompanied by a soldier with cock's feathers in his hat. Hugh and I were unable to understand their requirements and he was foolish enough, though I think that there was some little provocation, to answer a query with a strident " Cock-a-doodle-do ". In response they saluted and went out ; we laughed and went to sleep. But the last laugh was easily with them. When we arrived at Venice we found that the whole of our luggage had been detained at the frontier. Our boat

¹ H. S. Gladstone, author of *The Birds of Dumfriesshire, Birds during the War, Game Bird Records* and other works.

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I've got you beat this time, as I've got sixteen and you've only fired two shots."

"Don't be too sure," said I, and showed him exactly the same number laid out in front of the tent. As I had been sitting on a small anthill an enormous flock had approached me along a narrow game track through the bush, and lining up their heads at 25 yards, I got fourteen with the first barrel and two with the second. So we were able, after clambering up the escarpment tracks, which our camels particularly disliked, to arrive with a handsome present of game at Moyale Fort.

Moyale might be said at that time to be a fairly inaccessible post, 500 miles from the nearest railway station, and of that 500 miles quite half consisted of very real desert. The post comprised a small fort, with a tiny mess, and wattle and daub huts for the accommodation of officers and men. At that time the officer in charge of the station was an Assistant District Commissioner, Deck, one of the best of the devoted band of Civil Servants that Kenya then possessed. In spite of the intense loneliness and the grave responsibility, not to mention danger, which were his constant companions, he was cheerful and apparently happy, besides exuding the impression of the completest competence.

The great anxiety now was the attitude of Gerezmach Ghasi toward our further progress. Some of his soldiers, to the number of about 500, were encamped just across the border, but he himself was a day's march distant. Deck at once sent a messenger to his camp to announce our arrival and desire to proceed immediately, and pictured our importance in terms that made us blush. In due course a message was received back from Ghasi saying that he had the

necessary transport ready and that he would return in a day or two and examine our passports, and that if they were signed by Fitarauri Hapta Giorgis, the Commander-in-Chief, he would let us through, otherwise there was no passage. Now we had been provided with two passports, one signed by our own Governor, Sir Percy Girouard, and one obtained for us by the Colonial Office from the Abyssinian Government, but alas, signed by one Dejaz Katema, in his so-called capacity of Minister of the Interior. We were left, therefore, a day or two to ponder over this nasty problem. We well knew that there could be no question of force or even of evasion. The Gerezmach's troops might have no discipline, but they all had rifles and also either horses or mules, and we were still mindful of the hideous penalties that we should incur from our own Government if a hair from one of their evil-smelling heads should be injured.

We spent the interval profitably. Stordy inspected the native bugs as affecting cattle and camels over a wide range, and he examined certain diseases that had been rife among the latter. The result was that he obtained information that was of a most valuable nature to the indigenous tribes. He further sent down to Nairobi a series of careful suggestions for improving the transport to the border, the inadequacy of which was rendering the position of our officials almost intolerable. It must remain a satisfaction to him that many of these suggestions were subsequently adopted. For my part I passed the time very pleasantly with gun and rifle along the foothills below the escarpment. I found, and it appeared fairly common, a bushbuck of which an adult male weighed no more than 65 lb., whereas the ordinary adult specimen weighs seldom less than 120 lb. and occasionally

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exceeds 200 lb. I took home a head and body skin, and was subsequently given to understand that it was classed as a sub-species. Meanwhile our brains functioned busily on the problem of our advance. It was not in fact till October 15th that the Gerezmach Ghasi arrived at the station, a short spare figure with a straggling beard, accompanied by an escort of twelve ruffians, clad in dirty white shammas and armed to the teeth with rifle, bandolier and the curved Abyssinian sword. He was given a chair in the verandah of the mess hut, with two warriors squatting one on each side, and demanded to see our passports. That of Dejaz Katema was produced, examined and received a contemptuous shake of the head. That from our own Government was next examined, and received rather more attention, apparently because it had a nice red seal, but after a muttered conversation with his lieutenant, the head was shaken once again and a finger pointed down the path to the plain below and across the pitiless desert through which we had come. Then with a wink at me, Robert Stordy spoke through his interpreter. "I regret," he said, "that passports which should in my judgement be ample for a small man like yourself should meet with this reception. However, as it is our intention to proceed, I am reluctantly forced to show you our private and particular passport, which gives us free passage everywhere and which few men have been privileged even to see." We then rose and led the Gerezmach and his staff officer to the back of the inner room, the door of which we closed. An electric torch shone on a huge envelope marked secret and private and heavily bound with red tape. The wrapping was carefully undone and an enormous sheet was produced, a big seal in each of the four corners, while attached by more red tape was



Photo Col R J Sturdy CBE, D S

GEREZMACH GHASI

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a seal that really was a seal. Full six inches in diameter, and in the centre of its glossy surface a great lion (curiously similar to that on the buckle of a K.A.R. belt). Full and fair across the page were written in great characters, here black, here red, words to the effect that : " anyone interfering with our free passage anywhere, at any time, will incur our severe displeasure. (Signed) R. J. Stordy : Cranworth."

It was too much for the Gerezmach. Like that earlier Abyssinian, Queen Sheba, his spirit failed him. He said that he was a poor and humble man, and deeply sorry for all the trouble that he had given the great ones. Camels, the best that the country had to offer, would be at the station early in the morning, and he and a picked detachment of his troops would escort us to our first halting-place. He was presented with a drink, a wrist-watch and a Teraï hat, and left us with the deepest of obeisances. Which is surely proof of the old saying that the seal is mightier than the sword

On October 16th, we left the station, bidding farewell to Deck, than whom no man could have been more helpful, and in half an hour were at the frontier. Ghasi met us, as promised, with thirty extremely dirty and unprepossessing soldiers, and rode with us to our first camp about ten miles on. He left us with a further obeisance and we were by no means sorry to see the last of him. Though he might be for the moment impressed and chastened by our credentials, we learnt (and it was corroborated later at Addis Ababa) that only the week previously he had come on a party of nine men engaged in elephant-hunting, and had decapitated the lot instantly and without trial, only to discover round each severed neck the official permit, signed by the Emperor Menelik himself, to hunt

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elephants. It was, I think, at this camp that an incident that might have had serious consequences occurred. Stordy, among his other accomplishments, was a first-rate photographer, and as assiduous as he was skilled. He had photographed a local lady (a Sakuyu, an offshoot of the Borana tribe), and after developing the print he showed it to the husband. The latter gave a yell and, drawing his knife, rushed at Stordy, who was saved by the prompt intervention of his interpreter, who struck down the knife with a stick. The man then rushed off screaming to his village. It turned out that he thought that the whole person of his wife had been transferred to the paper and that he would never see her in the flesh again. The surprise to me was that he should be able to recognize a photograph, since more ostensibly educated natives failed entirely to do so later on in our journey.

For the next few days our way ran through the Boran country, mostly black cotton soil dotted with sparse bush and affording apparently poor grazing. Nevertheless the cattle looked sleek and fat, and for native stock were of a good type. The Boran are a considerable tribe, numbering at least 80,000. While cattle and camels are their main desiderata, they also hunt game, and judging by the number of giraffe tails seen in their possession, must have in the past effected a great slaughter. They have the reputation of hating Europeans and certainly didn't appear to like us. They refused to sell us either cattle or camels, even after receiving without thanks the medical attention they craved ; but luckily we were able to shoot enough buck and birds to supply food for ourselves and our men. The water problem in their country is solved in a peculiar way. There is no running water at all, but a large supply of water is found at a depth ranging

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from 120 to 160 feet. To obtain this channels or tunnels have been excavated to a depth averaging perhaps 70 feet. Here troughs are placed in position, and next a shaft has at some time been sunk vertically till water is reached, sometimes at least 80 feet further down. Foot and hand holes are made down the shaft, and on them stand a series of young men who pass up and down giraffe-hide buckets which are filled by a girl standing in the water. The water is passed up at a fine pace to the accompaniment of the inevitable monotonous native chant. The wells are obviously of great age, and it would be interesting to know who originally excavated them, since certainly the Borana would not have the skill and still less the energy. We were told in Addis Ababa that it was the Portuguese, but I think that it must be more than doubtful if they ever penetrated so far inland even in their great days.

The further we went now the scarcer became the game, and we had some long hot marches with little of interest, though there continued an abundance of flies, a plague to which I am consistently averse. At one camp a large snake approached our tents at a great speed and we despatched a green mamba (*Dendruspis viridis*), 13 feet long, I believe an unusual length and existing in an unusual habitat.

As we reached the confines of the Boran territory the country became greener with bushes and even trees, and we experienced the first rain to fall since we had left Nairobi. The paramount chief, Chief Geddu of the Borana, wisely made his headquarters in this, the best part of his domain. He made haste to come and see us with his retinue and brought the conventional present of an ox and sheep. Subsequently we spent a day in visit and counter-visit of ceremony. The chief was a man of medium height, with a puffy pock-

marked face, a moustache and a Newgate fringe, wearing the usual calico shorts with the white shamma thrown over his shoulder. He sported sundry bracelets, and one finger-nail an inch and more long, which represented a sign of chieftainship. He seemed much better disposed than we had anticipated, but this was doubtless in expectation of favours to come. We visited him at his "country seat" — a mud hut, nearly dark, about 20 feet square, where he received us in state supported by a large quantity of relatives, two mules and an immeasurable number of flies and other vermin. At the return visit he disclosed his principal desires, which turned out to be of a medical nature. He required three drugs, which he presumed that doubtless we had in stock, for the purpose of (1) ensuring the begetting of male children, (2) curing venereal diseases, and (3) preventing evil men from assuming the appearance of carnivora and eating their fellows, a phenomenon which he assured us was regrettably prevalent amongst his tribe. Stordy regretted that owing to the great demand we had run out of (1), supplied him with (2), but stated that the third disease being unknown among white men he had no medicine to cope with it. I feared, however, from the expression on our visitor's face that his pharmaceutical reputation suffered something of a set-back.

Chief Gettu had four Abyssinian soldiers attached to his person, but whether as spies, tax-collectors or as a mark of respect I do not know. Certainly they appeared very obsequious to him, and hung on his lightest word. It will be understood that there were very few Abyssinians, that is to say Amhara, in this portion of their so-called empire. We had passed one or two small trading caravans and that is all, but these

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made an unpleasant impression on us because of the shocking state of the mules and donkeys, in many of whom the actual bones of the vertebrae could be plainly seen through the raw flesh. When this revolting sight was pointed out they merely roared with laughter. I doubt whether there exists on the earth a more cruel and callous race than the Abyssinian proper.

At a village called Finchon we left the Boran country and entered that of the Jumm Jummtu. This tribe were apparently purely pastoral up to a recent date, when rinderpest swept away most of their stock and forced them to take to cultivation. They are industrious and peaceful and make, so we were told, good porters. The country now changed rapidly for the better, with hills, streams and some beautiful cedar and podocarpus forests. We passed through one patch of the latter which was certainly for its size the finest block of timber that I have seen in Africa. I reckoned that the bulk of this forest was fully 150 feet in height and the trees stood thick, clean-stemmed and apparently sound. They sheltered a vast number of colobus monkeys, and these formed an attractive sight chasing each other against the sky and peering down to scold at our caravan winding through. With the change of scene also changed the weather and we had lashings of rain, and with the rain came the realization of the limits of the camel. The camel is admittedly an unpleasant beast, but put him on sand or even rock and he delivers the goods. Once, however, on greasy mud, and especially on a slope, he begins to skid, and a skidding camel is as grotesque as it is ineffective. We had one march which completely fed us up. We left our camp at 5 A.M. and did not reach our destination (Chochola) till after 4 P.M., and that was only with a small proportion of our transport. Throughout the

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berth on the plane, so I think that I'll fly over to Kenya for two or three weeks and have a look round the country." In 1905 it was still a real adventure. We sold some valuables to raise the wherewithal. We read all available literature purporting to describe our destination. We scoured the country to obtain first-hand and usually contradictory information. We practised rifle-shooting at a wooden lion in the park. We studied a Swahili dictionary in the home. And always anxious relatives and friends of over fifty said : " Those poor young Cranworths have gone mad ! "

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route was dotted with camels that had foundered or slipped off the narrow greasy path, and loads and broken cases lined our route. We did not get our safari even approximately correct till the middle of the next day. Three days later, always ascending through country that was daily more wooded, more beautiful and more fertile, we reached the village of Gatelo towards the southern end of Lake Margherita.

We had anticipated finding Gatelo something of a substantial town, but it proved to be merely a collection of native huts and a market-place, where there were no stores where food could be bought, and indeed very little of anything. Stordy and I had walked on in front of our caravan, and since we were on foot and by ourselves, and by this time not too well-dressed, a detachment of Abyssinian soldiers were inclined to be insolent. The Abyssinian of all classes, and by Abyssinian I mean the ruling tribe, rates a man entirely in the ratio of the rifles he musters, and it wasn't till the arrival of our caravan and escort of thirty-odd that we were looked on as anything but "mean" whites. Stordy's camera, which during all this part of our journey was regarded with the gravest suspicion, nearly got us into serious trouble here. We had gone down to take a photograph of the village, when the focusing of the camera appeared to incense the natives and they surrounded us shaking their fists, shouting and brandishing their weapons. We had some difficulty in beating a more or less dignified retreat. We subsequently found that the story had gone round that the large camera was an instrument for inoculating their cattle with some unknown but dread disease. We had sent on previously a reliable Abyssinian to arrange to hire mule transport from the "Nagadis", the name for transport owners or traders, and we found them

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here awaiting our arrival. Then began a noisy and what seemed an interminable wrangle. Not only were their terms exorbitant but they wanted money down, and then proceeded to grumble and object to almost every single package, and to our annoyance we had to jettison a good many of our comforts. We found indeed one apparently insoluble problem: which was the more objectionable specimen, the Abyssinian "Nagadi" or the Abyssinian soldier? The only conclusion we arrived at was that it was undoubtedly the party with whom we were immediately engaged. Probably we, who had both knocked around Africa a good deal, found it hard to bear in mind that this was the only portion of that continent where, since the battle of Adowa, the native had no sense whatever of the superiority of the white man, and who shall blame him? After all, his race had definitely defeated a first-class European Power with great severity and great humiliation.

We left Gatelo with this our final change of transport on November 2nd, and crossed the Galana river, the first flowing water that we had seen since the Guaso Nyero, near 500 miles behind us. There was a hand bridge for foot passengers, but the mules had to ford the stream, which task they accomplished with some difficulty. At our camp here we received orders from a feudal chief or Ras, one Dejaz Balcha, to make a call at his headquarters at Abera four days distant, and this was our next objective. The road lay almost entirely through forest, with clearings of very rich fertile soil in which the natives grew maize, millet and other crops. It was certainly most beautiful, but the path was generally narrow, often precipitous and invariably greasy. We had at this time a lot of rain, which increased our difficulties, and as our mules were

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a poor and ill-fed lot, one or other of them crashed about every mile. The worst casualty from my point of view was when a suitcase containing my only respectable clothes fell into an extremely dirty and muddy stream and with it went my only chance of cutting an imposing figure before the Dejaz, let alone at Addis Ababa. Abera, H Q. of Dejaz Balcha, lay somewhat off our route and is situated around the summit of a hill 8500 feet in height, and necessitating a steep climb of over 2000 feet. Our exertions were, however, to some extent compensated for by the marvellous panorama that unfolded itself before us on all sides as we wound our way upward. Lake Margherita sparkled in the sun, and all around were vistas of hill and forest interspersed with numerous patches of cultivation. Especially fine are the evergreen podocarpus, of which there are magnificent specimens not only in the forest but in every village, where they are not allowed to be cut. All this part of Abyssinia, and indeed right onwards to Addis Ababa, is typically suitable for white settlement, cool, healthy and free from mosquitoes ; indeed I think better than anything that I have seen on the East coast of Africa. At the same time it must be borne in mind that it already supports a considerable native population apart from the Abyssinian soldiery and traders who batten thereon. I should have liked to have done some hunting in the numerous forests. I doubt, however, if they contain much beyond small buck. There are too many rifles about, and I saw the spoor of nothing bigger than pig.

As we approached the station we noticed much movement and many soldiers both mounted and dismounted. We therefore halted, got our caravan in some sort of order, and made what adjustments we

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could to our tattered garments. It was well that we did so, as we were met at the verge of the plateau by an escort of 100 mounted men under Balcha's chief Fitarauri (General). They escorted us through a fine archway lined with soldiers, and thence into the banqueting-hall, where we were most courteously received by the Dejaz himself, and his principal officers. The troops presented arms, and remained at the present till we left the courtyard! In all, the Dejaz was said to command upwards of 20,000 troops. The banqueting-hall was a barn-like structure in extent perhaps 100 feet by 50 with a grass roof supported by fine cedar poles. On the floor were skins and fresh-cut grass, and at the far end a dais on which stood two garden chairs and a divan. We were conducted to the chairs and the Dejaz reclined on the divan. Tedj, the palatable native beer, was brought, and the usual salutations passed and a state audience arranged for the morrow. Dejaz Balcha was a small, slimly made man with somewhat effeminate features and a high-pitched voice, much more elaborately dressed than anyone whom we had previously met. We were subsequently informed that he was a eunuch, having been emasculated many years before by Menelik for plotting against him. We had naturally no means of verifying this, but it is certain that he was at this time a man of great influence and authority, and the subject of very considerable regard by the Government in Addis Ababa.

Leaving the hall we were escorted to a series of large circular huts made of plaited bamboo. Fresh-cut grass lined the floor and a fire burned, most welcomely, in the centre. In the afternoon arrived the Dejaz's presents: 5 oxen, 4 sheep, 5 wineskins of tedj, and an abundance of chickens, eggs and minor

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luxuries. Very handsome indeed, I thought, but as the sheep and oxen were removed in the night while we slept, it wasn't so good as it seemed at first blush.

It was icy cold, well below freezing, that night, but we made an early breakfast and prepared as best we might for our audience. Owing to the accident to my only respectable suit, I could do little beyond polo breeches and a collar and tie, so had to fix my mind on the lilies of the field. Luckily Stordy, who of course was the big noise, was better placed, having a white helmet and an immaculate white drill suit, so really all was as it should be. Our Wanyamwezi escort, who by now could put up quite a soldierly appearance, preceded us, and we marched through several hundreds of Abyssinian soldiers to the audience chamber, a lofty round hut with a canopied dais. We had not been present more than a minute or two when Dejaz Balcha came in, welcomed us pleasantly and, in the presence of some of his staff, the audience commenced. Stordy commenced through our interpreter in a quiet and dignified manner by explaining that the object of our mission was to regulate such trading between our territories as now existed and to examine means for increasing its extent. He explained that there was a growing demand in Kenya for Abyssinian stock, horses and mules, which, indeed, were even now being smuggled across the frontier in considerable numbers. He suggested the formation of definite posts to control the trade where a small export duty could be imposed. The revenue to be obtained might be small at first but would undoubtedly grow and might be extended in other directions. I was struck once again by his tactful and yet firm manner, which seemed to me to find exactly the right note. The Dejaz was certainly impressed, and expressed himself as very favourably



Photo Col. R J Stordy, C.B.E., D.S.O.

DEJAZ BALCHA

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disposed to the suggestion, which he undertook to support, if we could obtain the approval of the Abyssinian Government. At the conclusion of the audience, it became our turn to present gifts, and I sacrificed with some reluctance a double-barrelled .303 rifle by Daniel Fraser, the feeling being intensified when I learnt later of the departure of our four-legged presents.

It was here that we saw for the first time slaves in actual existence, and appreciated that the infamous trade was rife in the territory through which we were passing. There seems today a tendency, extending into the strangest quarters, to turn a blind and almost friendly eye on this practice, just so long as it is carried on by Abyssinians¹. I dissent entirely from that feeling and say that it is a definite blot on civilization, from which our protest does not wipe out our share, that a slave-owning and slave-trading nation should ever have been allowed to become a member of the League of Nations.

It was here, too, I think, that we got our first example of the Queen of Sheba legend. There exists locally the very firmest belief that the Queen of Sheba came from Abyssinia, and that King Solomon's parting gift was to put her in child, and to this union every family that aspires to be anybody traces its origin. It is certain that we saw, and not once or twice, in substantial huts such as mark the man of substance, the interminable pedigree beginning with the words in large type Solomon-Sheba. It corresponds, in fact, to our Roll of Battle Abbey, and bears this further similarity : that just as you will find in Tompkins' library a roll on which is inscribed the name De Tompkins but not

¹ The Italians have, of course, abolished the practice, though it probably still exists in those areas where their writ does not run.

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De Simpkyms, and in Simpkins' roll you will find De Simpkyms but not De Tompkyms, in the same way in Abyssinia will you find very considerable alterations in the earlier vital links of neighbouring chiefs. Anyway, it seems hard to doubt that there was in fact some early admixture of Jewish blood. Certain of the elder men especially, with their light complexions and curly beards, might have come straight out of a church window. If you attempt a bargain with them you will get additional evidence !

We parted on most friendly terms from Dejaz Balcha, and left for the considerable market village — though not by half so important as it would appear to be from its marking on the only map we possessed — of Alatta, situated in most beautiful surroundings on the slopes of Abeka, and having as a very interesting feature a ring of huge stones very similar in design to Stonehenge, but said only to date back to the fifteenth century. Here we found two Greek merchants trading in rubber, coffee and hides, who remain unique in my memory as the only attractive Greeks that I have personally met in Africa. Obviously I've been unlucky ! Anyway, these were two friendly, hard-working and hospitable gentlemen who might have been Scotchmen. *Quid plura !* They entertained us royally, and all that we could do in return was to give them a letter of recommendation to our officers at the frontier, across which they wished to trade. I trust they prospered. They first introduced to us the prevalent rumour that the Emperor Menelik was in fact still alive but had had a stroke and was kept in careful seclusion. We found this a very common belief all along our route, and existing strongly in some of the best-informed circles in Addis Ababa itself. Our Foreign Office scouted the rumour with consider-

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able contempt, but nevertheless I believe that it may well have been true and was certainly founded on a substratum of fact. Here we received a visit from Dejaz Balcha's brother, who was naturally in a position of high military authority and drawing corresponding pay. Nepotism is perhaps another Jewish trait.

The next day we had trouble, first with our porters, who had eaten and drunk too much the night before with bad effects on stomach and temper alike; secondly, with the Abyssinians in charge of our mules, with whom we felt forced to remonstrate once again on account of their horrible cruelty. Backs and withers were in a disgusting condition, and the sole remedy of which they made use was to fire them nightly with a curved piece of iron heated white-hot. About here were numerous donkey caravans, numbering in some cases hundreds of animals, bringing coffee from the Sidamu regions. The merchants appeared, moreover, in considerable trepidation, in view of rumours of the presence of marauding bands of Tigrean robbers. Such bands were at that time common in these parts, but would not, I think, have ventured to attack a force of our size.

We reached the Balatta river on November 13th, a beautiful clear stream in places 60 yards wide, with some quite toothsome fish therein. All along the stream and its tributaries is magnificent grazing, and the cattle were more numerous and in better condition than either of us had seen, outside white settlement, in Africa. We hardly saw a sick or flagging animal, and we reckoned that we had seen over 10,000 in our march. We remarked that ticks were unusually scarce.

Two or three days later we entered the great cultivated area of Urbarak, where, as far as the eye can

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

sailed the next morning and we were faced with the alternative of returning ignominiously or with undertaking a seventeen-days voyage with what we stood up in and a dressing-case each. Venice proved singularly unsuited to supplement our wardrobes. My wife acquired a dress, which we assured her, untruthfully, to be most becoming. With that, and the underclothes of the stewardess, she faced the voyage. We three men each purchased a suit which my diary tells me, I feel sure incorrectly, was labelled "Vestito completo". I remember that they had broad black-and-white stripes and that the waistcoat and trousers were all in one piece. The latter peculiarity at all events has something to commend it

Our ship was an Austrian Lloyd, the *Koerber*, and this was the last voyage undertaken to Mombasa by this line. Nor was this surprising, since we found only two other first-class passengers besides ourselves and very little cargo. She was an admirable boat, and the food was excellent. One of our fellow passengers was an ex-chef of His Majesty King Edward. My birthday happened to fall on the voyage, and he announced his intention of preparing us an epicurean repast in honour of the occasion. We were grateful for an excellent meal, but I was less so when a heavy bill for his services was rendered.

I well recollect my first view of Kilindini harbour. Disgruntled inhabitants, both settler and official, have declared that it is the finest view in all East Africa when regarded from the stern of a departing ship. But for myself I retain an almost hallowed memory of gliding in through the narrow entrance, its banks a wonderful green after the recent rains. Giant baobabs, mango trees and palms fringed the shore, and through them peeped the red roofs of the few

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reach, stretch thousands and thousands of acres of crops, mainly teff, oats, millet and bearded wheat. It was an amazing sight to me, who had been brought up to think of Abyssinia in terms of barren deserts, mountains and rocks. The soil was all a heavy clay, akin to what we call in Kenya "black cotton soil". Such soil has, probably, the greatest potential productivity of any, with the proviso that it requires intensive cultivation to keep it clear of weeds. If time had allowed I would have liked to examine the methods of agriculture employed, but as it was we could do no more than collect samples of the various cereals and grasses, which Stordy brought home, and which created very considerable interest. There were included what are quite probably varieties of the oldest pure seed in the world. Judging by the crops, which at the most can have the assistance of nothing but green manure, they must be remarkable strains. We found here quantities of a large and handsome francolin which turned out to be an unclassified variety.

At Lake Tuffa, about 70 miles from Addis Ababa, I had a very good evening's duck flight. It is a lovely little sheet of water lying at the foot of a wooded range of hills, and was at this time crowded with wildfowl of many varieties. I knew that they must flight out to feed on the stubbles at nightfall and had an hour's grand sport, getting about thirty and finishing my cartridges, and my word, they were good to eat! By now the road to the capital was very full of traffic and for the first time it consisted largely of the ruling tribe, the Amhara. Our last march in was 27 miles, and for that purpose we started at 4 A.M. We had not, however, covered more than ten miles when we saw four beautiful ponies with European saddles approaching, and to our delight we found that they had been sent

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to bring us in to the Legation. We mounted and cantered in, enjoying the cool mountain air, and all the varied things to interest us in the scenery and traffic. Not having been on horseback, however, since we had left Nairobi, I found myself stiffer than after any march. We were received by Major and Mrs. Doughty-Wylie in the heartiest manner and accommodated in the old Legation, which had originally been built and occupied by Sir John Harrington. The Doughty-Wylies were neighbours of mine in Suffolk, though I had not previously met them. They became very close friends of ours during the next few years, and I have always thought him one of the finest, as well as most attractive characters that I have ever known. It was an irreparable calamity to our nation when he fell, dying in the most glorious fashion, on the beach at Gallipoli, earning the V.C. and a niche in history for all time. But what a help his counsel and advice would have been through all the years of crisis which the Italian conquest of Abyssinia produced! In Addis Ababa his name was one to conjure with, in such high estimation was he held.

CHAPTER VI

ADDIS ABABA IN 1910

ADDIS ABABA (the New Flower) was at the time of our arrival a most interesting town, containing normally ¹ about 50,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the slopes of the Entotto Mountains at a height of about 8000 feet, and is, or I suppose I must say was, as everyone knows, the capital of the Negus Negusti (the King of Kings). Moreover if it be the permanent capital of Abyssinia, it is the first one, since it was the immemorial custom for each new Emperor to form a new capital city during his reign. But when one has used the adjective interesting, one has about finished with its charms. We didn't expect to see a Borough Council carrying into effect a Town Planning Act, but I, at all events, had anticipated seeing something more than rows of squalid mud huts, with no attempt at decent roads, let alone sanitary arrangements of any description. A rough causeway of unhewn stones had been laid in the centre of each main thoroughfare. This was for use in the rainy weather, since otherwise the streets would merely consist of muddy and almost impassable quagmires. As it was, even in the dry season, they were frequently intersected by deep gullies, caused by the wash from the surrounding hills. The only redeeming features were the avenues of blue gum trees,

¹ The population was always liable to be swollen, as during our visit, by the arrival of an itinerant army.

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planted under the direct supervision of the Emperor Menelik, probably the first Abyssinian ever to plant a tree. In the prime of Menelik's ambitious life he had purchased for the purpose of improving his capital half a dozen or more of John Fowler's steam rollers. These lying scattered, rusty and disused, throughout the main streets did little to add to the amenities of transport. A few of the chiefs had built themselves edifices which might be euphemistically described as bungalows, but for the most part the residential portion of the town consisted of round huts of wattle and daub each surrounded by a compound or stockade. There were numerous open spaces throughout, provided for the purpose of giving camping space for the detachments of soldiery which were always passing through the town. The shops and stores were similar to those of a low-class Indian bazaar. Almost the only reasonably respectable building was the Bank, a substantial stone building. Two streams, which in the rains must be roaring torrents, run through the town, and from them a certain number of irrigation channels had been cut. The scattered ramshackle buildings were dominated by a smallish hill in a central position on which was situated the Emperor's Palace, known as the Ghebbi. At the time of our visit the Palace merely consisted of a number of barn-like wooden huts surrounded by a stockade patrolled by sentries. A large stone building was, however, in the early stages of erection. Such was the squalid town, but around it, on the slopes of the adjacent hills, lay the beautiful Legations of the Great Powers. The British one, commodious and admirably planned, had cost over £20,000, but was easily out-topped in the race to impress the local inhabitants and more especially their rulers. The German building had, it was said, cost £80,000, and

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both the Russian and Italian Legations considerably more than our own, the French and American about the same. The Abyssinian, however, is impressed, curiously enough, more by personality than by bricks and mortar, and here we had the advantage. We satisfied ourselves during our visit that British prestige and influence stood in the opinion of the Abyssinians the highest of any nation at that time, followed closely by the Italian. This latter may seem strange in view of the crushing Italian defeat at Adowa fifteen years previously. But one must remember that, then as today, the first characteristic of the Abyssinian is vanity. And believing in his military prowess and invincibility he has always held, and with some justice, not contempt that the Italian force was defeated, but amazement that it did so well.

There was one practice which can hardly have added to the pleasure of living in Addis Ababa at this time. Every man had a rifle; anyone who was anyone had a great many more than one, and if you were a high-class personage you might even have 5000. As far as I could judge, no task was too trivial to dispense with one's total retinue. If one went to buy a pot of marmalade one took the whole lot. Moreover, whether it was the high spirits produced by the altitude or from any other cause, it was considered the right thing for most of them to fire shots in the air from time to time during the itinerary. The business hours sounded therefore like some considerable minor engagement, though I'm bound to say that during our stay I never heard of any serious casualties.

The day after our arrival coincided with a big review of the troops of Dejaz Demissie, who had recently quelled a rebellion in the North. This was most fortunate for us and, in company with Colonel



Photo Col R J Sturdy, CBF, DSO

PRINCE LIJI YAS U
Heir to the Abyssinian Throne

ADDIS ABABA IN 1910

Doughty-Wylie, we rode down to the racecourse in eager anticipation of the spectacle. Here we found tens of thousands of people, indeed practically the total population, assembled, including the representatives of all the Legations in full uniform. A large marquee was set up at the west end of the course. This represented the royal enclosure and in it were several eminent men to whom we were presented. First there was the young heir to the throne, Prince Lij Yasu (Jesus Christ). He was an unpleasant Jewish-looking youth of about sixteen. He wore a finely woven undershirt and pantaloons, with a white cravat about his neck, and over these was thrown a fine mantle. On one hand he wore a large diamond ring, but elastic-sided boots somewhat detracted from the *tout ensemble*. He looked both sly and sulky and his hand was moistly flabby. Fate held for him a sad career. During the Great War he was led astray by German influence and staged a rebellion against the Government — for he had not been crowned — which was pro-Mohammedan and pro-German but anti-Christian and anti-British. He was defeated in a bloody battle outside Addis Ababa in 1917, and captured shortly afterwards. He has been imprisoned and handcuffed from that day to this,¹ though with cynical contempt his handcuffs have been fashioned of pure gold. Truly a race without mercy. On his right sat his father Ras Michael, a brother-in-law of Menelik, and a General who had taken a conspicuous part in the battle of Adowa, which formed an additional cause of his great influence. On the Prince's left sat Fitarauri Hapta Giorgis, at this time and for many years before and after the most influential man in Abyssinia. It was he who subsequently led the troops who crushed Lij

¹ Written before the Italian conquest

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Yasu, and struck an oblique blow on the side of the Allies. Hapta Giorgis was rumoured to be incorruptible, and I am well convinced that he would never have accepted any small bribe. With native caution *I shouldn't have cared to try him on a very high scale.* Standing behind were Dejaz Katema, Minister of the Interior, and the Ministers of Commerce and Agriculture. Altogether we might be justified in considering that we were among the nobs !

Prior to the arrival of the troops the King's Jester entertained us. He was mounted on a fine grey stallion, and, armed with a spear, pranced up and down while he sang and intoned various jests, as to the nature and meaning of which we could make a pretty shrewd guess. From the far end of the course the Army commenced to approach, alternatively a section of cavalry and of infantry, in rapid succession. Many banners of the national colours, green, yellow and red, were carried, and the Generals who rode in the centre of each section, were gorgeously caparisoned both as to themselves and their horses. Each carried a spear and gold-studded shield, and many of them and of the lesser officers wore a headdress of lion skin. There was nothing of that rigid formality and discipline which render a similar spectacle at home so boring. Shouting was the order of the day, led by one especial warrior detailed in each regiment. There was little or no attempt at formation, and ubiquitous small boys ran in and out among the marching mobs and were ever ready to carry a rifle for a weary warrior. Many of the chiefs who claimed to have killed lions with their own hands dragged the skins mounted on a wickerwork frame complete with legs and presented them from time to time to the Prince. Meanwhile all over the place horsemen with free use of bit and spur

caused their steeds, often magnificent ones, to rear and caracole. As the last body of troops passed, its herald or chorus leader rode out of the press, I cannot call it ranks, and drew his horse almost on to its haunches immediately opposite the royal tent and proceeded to harangue the Prince in stentorian tones. Naturally we surmised that the speech was in praise of the Prince and in glorification of the victory. Doughty-Wylie, who sat between us and who knew the language, speedily disabused us of that idea! It was, in fact, a tirade of abuse against Europeans generally, and a plea couched in ever stronger language that they might be allowed to sack the Legations and kill the inhabitants. It was not until he passed into personal abuse of the young Prince and the Government for pro-European sympathies that he was even asked to move along!

After the review was concluded we went and had lunch at the Bank, which was a stone building, and as I have said, at that time the only substantial one in the town. The manager, D. R. Brodie, was a contemporary of mine at Eton, where he "kept the Field".¹ He had succeeded in his present position a very old friend of mine, Miles (now Colonel) Backhouse, and it far from surprised me to find, under their direction, the enormous influence that the Bank wielded. He gave us an excellent lunch and much interesting local information. Afterwards he showed us the Bank horses, a fine stud. Since there was no golf-course, and practically no shooting or fishing (this being before the advent of the motor as far as Ethiopia was concerned), almost the only sport obtainable was that connected with the horse. The Abyssinians have always been horsemen, though in times of peace they preferably ride a mule, which indeed fetch on an average

¹ Was Captain of the Football XI

existing buildings. The water was a glorious blue dotted with numerous native craft. No one coming to a new country could desire a more attractive welcome.

We were rowed ashore in a small boat and came to land on the shoulders of sturdy Swahili natives. From the beach we proceeded to the hospitable home of John Wilson, head of the firm of Smith, Mackenzie. His house stood on a bluff over the harbour, a real tropical bungalow with wide-open passages through which the sea-breezes blew, rustling among the palms to the landward amidst the fronds of which hundreds of little weaver birds made their nests. We had a splendid meal therein — the fresh fish still lingers in my memory — while a great punkah, hand-pulled, waved slowly to and fro above our heads. The walls were lined with trophies of the chase, and all indeed seemed good.

Mr. Wilson, Lord John as he was invariably called, was a great character, and undisputed monarch of Mombasa and the coast, whose representative on the Legislative Council he was for many years. He was a fine business man, a keen sportsman and the staunchest and most generous of friends. He had been in residence before the arrival of the first settlers, and, not unnaturally, looked on their advent as a very mixed blessing, upsetting indeed, an order of things to which he was used and which indeed was very pleasant. One must remember that thirty-three years ago the whole knowledge of the country and its inhabitants lay in the hands of the official class and the representatives of a few big firms, while the first settlers were slowly acquiring it by rude experience. Today the reverse is the case. There are now many settlers who have longer practical experience and more

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the higher price, and the basis of their horse studs had been the small, wiry and hard-mouthed Somali and Abyssinian pony. That amazing half-breed, the *Emperor Menelik*, among his innumerable enterprises had imported Arab, Waler and even pure-bred English stallions, and the improvement they had effected was at this time remarkable, though I fancy that it has fallen back again today. Lord Wodehouse,¹ who spent some time at Addis Ababa a year or two later, told me that he had played ponies at polo here which he would have been only too pleased to play at Ranelagh. Two race meetings were held a year and there was the keenest rivalry between the different Legations. A most salutary agreement had, however, been arrived at, that no one should give more than £5 for a pony. I couldn't but wonder if they all observed it, since the temptation offered by a breach was strong. While I was there I picked up four ponies in the market at an average of £2 each and one of them won the Somali or Abyssinian steeplechase in Nairobi. Three years later I had a great disappointment. Doughty-Wylie's term of office had come to an end, and he agreed to sell me his stud of fourteen ponies for £100. The worst of these was at least a stone better than my winner, and I saw myself springing surprise after surprise at our various meetings in Kenya. They arrived at Djibouti *en route* for Kilindini on August 4th, 1914, and naturally that was the last I ever heard of them.

The horse market was held every Saturday just outside the town and was a most interesting sight. There were many hundreds of apparent sellers, and the main method of pushing their wares was for some twenty, fifty or one hundred horsemen to line up at one

¹ Now the Earl of Kimberley, M C



Photo Col R J Stordy, C.B.E., D.S.O.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

ADDIS ABABA IN 1910

end of the market-place and race yelling wildly to the other. The leaders then extolled their mounts and the losers moved back dejectedly for another course. I never saw an intending purchaser examine teeth, legs or feet, though very wisely they invariably inspected the withers. The Abyssinian rides on a rough saddle with circular iron stirrups, and his bit is a ghastly contraption which may be the cause or effect of their ponies' iron mouths. They are, however, what may be termed strong horsemen and are rarely seen upon the floor.

The feast of St. Michael, the patron saint of Addis Ababa, fell during our stay, and we had therefore the opportunity to see the spectacle. The State religion of Abyssinia proper is Coptic Christianity, though even among the Amhara there are a good many Mohammedans, and, as I understand it, the essence of Coptic Christianity is the Ark of the Covenant. Every church has a patron saint, and on its feast day the surrounding populace, and more especially the great chiefs, are supposed to make a point of attending. Naturally, that at the capital is of unusual importance. The Church of St. Michael was close to the Legation, and was not an imposing building. Like all the other Abyssinian churches it is circular in shape with a thatched roof. The central and enclosed portion is the Holy of Holies containing the Ark, and may be some 15 feet in diameter. Around it is a verandah of about 12 feet in width supported by cedar posts. The ceremony took place in the morning, and when we arrived soon after breakfast many thousands of worshippers were already assembled. Shortly afterwards we saw the gates of the Palace courtyard open and the Prince, his retinue and some thousands of soldiers approached. On their arrival the ceremony,

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an extremely simple one, began. The Ark of the Covenant, which contains a wooden tablet on which the Commandments are inscribed, emerged from the interior followed by the Abouna or Archbishop and the local priests, and commenced to walk round the verandah three times, while a so-called band played an excruciating so-called tune. On the ground below the Prince and nobles close to the church walked in time with the Ark, and further out all the soldiery and everyone who had a rifle, including ourselves, did the same. Since there were many thousands taking part, and the further from the centre the faster the participants had naturally to go, it will be realized that those on the outside of the circumference were going at a smart trot. There seemed little reverence, though the women spectators kept up a low wailing, and the onlookers shouted and screamed throughout. Following the circumambulation the Prince and suite were accommodated with seats on the verandah itself and the dance of the priests followed. The priests were dressed in red and white robes and bore silver and brass rods (symbolic of the rod of Moses), and their dance, which lasted about twenty minutes, was divided into two parts. It was accompanied by drums and cymbals and was not undignified. At its conclusion the Abouna delivered a sermon in Arabic, which was interpreted into Amharic. The two main points of the address, as we were told, were firstly a warning against Roman Catholicism on the ground that the European Powers only left them undisturbed because they were Christians (!), and secondly, denunciation of the practice of having more than one wife. We were informed afterwards that the latter part had not been too well received. At the conclusion of a most interesting service we were introduced to the Abouna.



Photo Col R. J Stordy, C.B.E., D.S.O

THE ABOUNA
Archbishop of Abyssinia

ADDIS ABABA IN 1910

During the next two or three mornings, and indeed all day, Stordy was busy examining horses, mules, donkeys and stock and making exhaustive enquiries as to the diseases with which they were apt to be affected. While these veterinary inspections were proceeding Doughty-Wylie used to take me round riding, and one incident impressed itself ineradicably on my mind. We met three wretched figures hobbling along and I saw that each had lost his right hand and his left foot. Doughty-Wylie pointed to them with his whip and said, "Adowa". These were survivors of the grisly mutilations that followed that epic battle. It will be recalled that the Italian army of 14,000 men, consisting of both white and black troops, were caught in a defile and surrounded by a force that outnumbered them by more than seven to one, and was at least equally well armed. Indeed, the Abyssinians had by far the superior artillery. How they fought with magnificent courage until the whole of the advance guard and main body were destroyed, when the remnant surrendered. Then how, not in hot blood, but some days later, hundreds of disarmed white troops were shot down, and the whole of the surviving native troops, over 2000 in number, were driven together, and their right hands and left feet were hacked off. Afterwards the stumps were plunged in boiling grease and the wretched victims were left in the blazing sun to drag themselves to the nearest water. A large proportion died, but many survived and a considerable number were alive at this time. Some few exist, indeed, at the present day.¹ The Abyssinians still celebrate the glorious anniversary of Adowa. In my view they should recognize it as a day of humiliation and atonement for the foulest international crime of the last century. I have

¹ Written in 1934.

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heard people express surprise that the Italians should have desired revenge for this hideous deed. I wonder if it had been, say, the King's African Rifles who had been so mutilated and tortured how long it would have been before the British nation endeavoured to wipe the slate as clean as ever it could be. Let us cast our memory back to Magdala when we sent an expedition 400 miles into Abyssinia to release *two* of our nationals who were wrongfully imprisoned. With that memory, I suggest not forty years nor yet forty days would have seen the limit of our patience; though most certainly gas would have formed no part of the weapons we employed

Every evening we played polo, as there were plenty of excellent ponies and no great number of players, since none of the Abyssinians played. The Legations possessed an excellent ground and our fun was only marred by the fact that at any time a chief with a cavalcade of warriors might ride across the sward without the least consideration while a chukka was in actual progress. We had one most exciting match, which indeed created more feeling than was perhaps desirable, between the British Legation (Doughty-Wylie, his A.D.C., myself, and one of the Sikh Bodyguard) and the Italian Legation (three officers and an Eritrean orderly). I remember that we drew the game at six goals all.

An interesting function that we attended was the feasting of Dejaz Demissie's army in the banqueting-hall, near the Palace. The banqueting-hall was a huge grass-roofed building, approximately 180 feet long by 100 feet broad. At one end stood a dais screened off by curtains. On this the Prince and his household consumed their meal sitting on couches and cushions. When they had finished — Abyssinia was

no country for democrats — the curtains were drawn back and the soldiery trooped in in a more orderly fashion than one would have expected. Long tables about 18 inches high were arranged throughout the hall and were covered with tankards of tedj, teff bread and vessels of red pepper, all the floor around them being strewn with fresh-cut grass. The men seemed to know where to go, the officers occupying the tables directly under the dais. When all were seated, slaves entered, carrying over their arms steaming strips of freshly killed raw meat. As they passed along each man cut for himself a wad of meat and the revels began. We were given to understand that an Abyssinian soldier is to a great extent esteemed in accordance with the amount that he can eat. If that be so, this particular army must have been highly thought of. The meat was beef, and as the local animals are highly infected with measles anyone who is anyone in the eating line suffers severely from tapeworms. Indeed I gathered that the possession of such a parasite was held to be a source of legitimate pride.

Some spadework having been now done, and a considerable amount of local atmosphere absorbed, Stordy thought that the time was come to get on with the main object of our journey. Accordingly we called together on Nagadras Haili Giorgis, Minister of Commerce, an extremely good-looking and comparatively intelligent man. From him we proceeded to the young Prince and thence to the Commander-in-Chief, Hapta Giorgis, and to each Stordy put succinctly and well the objects of the mission. We received a mildly sympathetic hearing, and at its conclusion our hosts sat for their portraits in full robes, garments of great gorgeousness, which were slightly spoiled by the addition of huge and gaudy carpet slippers. Comfort

rather than elegance about their footwear appeals to the Abyssinian nobleman, as indeed it does to me. At the conclusion of the final interview the Fitarauri, who was Prime Minister, or its equivalent, as well as Commander-in-Chief, informed us that he was summoning a full meeting of the Cabinet at two o'clock the next morning to discuss with us in detail the proposals that Stordy had outlined.

This was naturally an event of extreme importance to our mission, and I believe the first time that such an opportunity had been given to a European outside the Legations. The next day, after some little delay, we were shown into the council chamber, a large square apartment, its walls decorated with a smart gold paper and embellished by Abyssinian flags. A large table covered by a cloth stood in the centre, and round it were large chairs upholstered in leather (a present from our Government) while a throne for the Emperor stood at one end.

When the Cabinet arrived we were introduced to each in turn. They consisted of the Ministers of War, Finance, Post and Telegraph, Agriculture, Interior, Trade and Foreign Affairs and the Privy Seal. There was also present a French legal adviser and Dejaz Kasa, who had just returned from the Coronation celebrations in England, where he had received the G.C.V.O. A wonderful and high-sounding collection of notabilities indeed; perhaps the more wonderful when one appreciates that the majority of the Cabinet could neither read nor write! Nagasdras Haili Giorgis, whose real pidgin it was, was late and, pending his arrival, Stordy produced the proof of the photograph of Hapta Giorgis taken the previous day. The Prime Minister examined it with care, and then said that it made him much too black. Probably the colour



Photo Col R J. Sturdy, CBE, DSO

FITARAURI HAPTA GIORGIS
Commander-in-Chief of Abyssinian Army

question was a sore point with him as he was said not to be a pure-bred Amhara, and was certainly much the blackest person in the room. The photograph then went round the table, and was pronounced a perfect likeness by more than one Cabinet Minister who held it upside down. The Minister of Education, who sat next me, stared vacantly at it held sideways, but much preferred it when I turned it head downwards for him !

On the arrival of the Minister of Commerce, the President of Council opened the discussion with a few words of welcome, to be followed by Doughty-Wylie, who explained the objects we wished to attain shortly and clearly. He pointed out the advantages to be gained by the Abyssinians in the way of revenue and the cessation of gun-running and border friction. It did not strike me that the latter aim was received with much enthusiasm. Stordy followed in a way which once again compelled my admiration. He stressed, it seemed to me, every point that would, or at all events should, weigh most strongly. It was hard to understand the impression being made. The only points which appeared to cause overt satisfaction were his offers made on behalf of our Government to present three pedigree merino rams, and also to provide free veterinary service along the border. The Abyssinian dearly loves something for nothing, but after all he is not alone in that ! A long discussion in which we all took part then ensued. But the most that we could get was a promise that the chiefs of the border tribes should be sent for to talk it over in Addis Ababa. The Cabinet also expressed their willingness to send a reciprocal mission to Nairobi. Stordy was disappointed with the result, but Doughty-Wylie later said that he was surprised that it had gone so well, and heartily congratulated him on what he had achieved.

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At all events, we finished the Conference with hearty handshakes all round. Doughty-Wylie sent a long despatch on the Conference to our Government in London, and Stordy did the same to Sir Percy Girouard in Nairobi, and could certainly rest content that he had left no stone unturned whereby he could render successful the mission with which he had been entrusted.

We had finished our task and had now to make our preparations for the homeward trip to Djibouti via Dirre Dawa, which at that time was railhead. Before doing so, Stordy obtained some good photographs of Abyssinian ladies of the nobility. As far as we could judge they occupied a higher status than any other African women with whom we were acquainted. They own and value large quantities of finery and jewels, possess their personal slaves, and exercise considerable sway not only in the home but even in outside spheres. They are frequently seen riding astride like the men and using the same round stirrup. Most of those we saw were very dark with hard features, but we noticed several with quite fair complexions and heard rumours (unsubstantiated) of others of surprising beauty. The almost universal habit of smearing not only their bodies but their clothes with rancid butter would, however, in any case have prevented most young men's fancy from turning to thoughts of love.

On November 28th, after the shouting, argument and delay which seemed inevitable with Abyssinian transport owners, we got our caravan of twenty-five pack mules together, with four spare mules and my four horses in addition, and all was ready for a start. We bade farewell to Doughty-Wylie, not only with a deep appreciation of his kindness and help, but with

the feeling, not as common as it should be, that we had made a real friend.

We left Addis Ababa at the end of November with the always happy feeling that our noses were set towards home. Though for years now a railway, such as it is, has reached the capital, at this time the journey to Dirre Dawa was no pleasant one, involving as it did the menace during one portion of the route of an attack by the Danakil warriors. How often such attacks actually took place I do not know. Doubtless their frequency lost little in the telling. It was, however, certain that they had performed a successful attack on a caravan the week before and had left their mark in no uncertain fashion. The Danakils persisted, and indeed I believe still persist, in those disgusting mutilations of wounded and prisoners with the perpetration of which all Abyssinian warriors have so often been quite wrongly accredited.

With us marched our Swahili escort, their cheery faces wreathed in smiles. And with our minds full of the horrid stories of the Danakils, which our parting hosts had rubbed in with quite unnecessary gusto, we were remarkably glad of their presence. They entertained by now a hearty dislike for Abyssinians generally, for Addis Ababa in particular, and their hearts were intent on Mombasa and their wives and families and the tales that they would tell, doubtless with some advantages, on their return.

The first two or three days of our march led across the Shoan downs at a height of about 8000 feet. The weather was bitterly cold, and since a driving rain had set in and the soil consisted of a heavy "black cotton" clay, our boots brought up about a stone of mud at each step, while our mules stumbled along sometimes sinking in almost up to their hocks. Our nightly

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camps were a miserable affair. There was no shelter, not even a bush, and dry smouldering dung alone sufficed, with some difficulty, to provide enough heat to boil a cup of tea. On the third day we reached the Balchi escarpment, down which a bad and exceedingly rocky path wound for a descent of 800 or 900 feet. At this time this long escarpment formed a natural, and indeed almost impregnable, line of defence to an advance on the town from the east, and may still prove a nasty obstacle for someone. Aeroplanes and improved methods of offence have, however, made a vast difference, even in a generation, to such natural defences.

At the foot of the escarpment we reached the Minja Province, and to our delight had left both the cold and the rain behind. The country now became again intensively cultivated, and the road the best that we had seen for many a long day. It was not, of course, metalled, but was broad, and strongly fenced to prevent the caravan animals which proceeded along it from devouring the adjacent crops. The soil remained a black and very heavy clay, similar to much of the Athi plains towards Nairobi, and illustrated once again what can be done with intensive cultivation on this class of soil. Over this stretch there was still obtainable very little firewood, and, moreover, very little water, and we had to purchase both. It was the first time in the considerable African experience of both Stordy and myself that the latter had been regarded as a commercial commodity. There were, moreover, once again a vast collection of flies, fleas and ticks. These, however, were actually thrown in free !

We met a fair amount of traffic on the road which included one mob of mounted soldiery who claimed to have been successful in driving off the Danakil

invaders, which made good hearing. After some twenty miles through this cultivated plain, we made a further descent of perhaps 1000 feet at a place called Choba and reached Tadechamalka on the banks of the Kassam river. This was a place of some considerable size with a Greek store, containing among its goods a case of drinkable beer at 3s. a bottle, which we did not neglect. The river is clear, and we had a most refreshing bathe while our tents were being pitched under some fine mimosa trees. Though there were an inordinate number of mosquitoes, and we also discovered *Spirillum* ticks, there was no grazing, and we had again to buy bundles of coarse rushlike hay for our animals, all of whom we smeared with paraffin, as it looked an extremely likely place for horse sickness, from which, however, we suffered no casualties.

Our next stretch took us through a three-days march of desert country forming the territory in which the dreaded Danakils operated. Two or three caravans of varying sizes here attached themselves to us for protection, doubtless impressed by the appearance and comparative discipline of our escort. The road as far as the Hawash river was bad, much of it rocky and running through nullahs and watercourses and defiles which would give marauders ideal opportunities for an ambush. We were not, however, worried either by night or day, though of course we posted sentries and even dug shallow trenches; so apparently the late foray had satisfied honour on both sides. The Hawash itself here runs through a deep narrow gorge spanned by an insecure iron bridge, the sides being masked with brushwood to still the fears of transport animals and those who, like myself, object to looking down from heights. After the Hawash river water was again very scant, one stretch of 36 miles necessitating a night

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march, and owing to the rocky going to which they were unaccustomed since the *Dido Galgulla*, our escort's feet suffered a good deal. The country and journey was dull in the extreme. Of animal and bird life there was practically none, and such Abyssinians and local natives as we encountered along the caravan route greeted us with scowls very different from the cheery greeting which is the almost invariable rule in those parts of Africa where the British flag flies. The Gallas here, for we understood that the inhabitants were an offshoot of this tribe, appeared particularly truculent with regard to water, which surprised me, since in even drier stretches of country it is generally recognized that the bona-fide traveller is entitled to his share.

Sixty miles from Dirre Dawa we reached the earth-works of the railway groping its way towards Addis Ababa, and considerable numbers of Somalis under the supervision of French engineers were at work and much *matériel* of various kinds was being brought forward by camel transport. There were considerable natural obstacles hereabouts to be overcome, involving the erection of many culverts, viaducts and at least one substantial bridge. The last sixteen miles was accomplished in the truck of a construction train, and it was indeed a motley and cosmopolitan mob that was slowly jolted to their destination. We noted English, Italians, Frenchmen, Greeks, Indians, Somalis, Swahilis, Arabs, Waganda, Wakamba, Wanyamwezi, Abyssinians and several varieties of the local tribes. In the heat of the day we formed none too savoury a load !

We found Dirre Dawa a dirty and dusty little town which contained some 600 Frenchmen, 2000 of the ubiquitous Greeks, a certain number of Indians,

and perhaps some 10,000 natives of various descriptions. The Bank of Abyssinia had a branch here and there were one or two dirty and squalid hotels and the usual stores. We put up at the reputedly least bad hotel, and from it spent the next two days in struggling with the Abyssinian Customs authorities. These officials were incredibly slow, suspicious and difficult, and indeed we might have been there now had not two Australians, whom we found stranded, indicated the silver key which opens everything Abyssinian and which somewhat foolishly we had temporarily forgotten! Within the Customs yard were stacked many cases of Japanese rifles purchased by the Abyssinian Government.

Two days later we boarded the "Coast Express" It consisted of one first-, one second- and one third-class carriage, a large bogie containing coffee, and a guard's van. The first-class fare was at the rate of tenpence a mile. After traversing many miles of waterless desert and lava rock we reached the last Abyssinian custom-house 80 miles from Djibouti and exchanged with a sigh of relief the red, green and yellow flag of Abyssinia for the Tricolour of France. We were in the country of friends and Allies and our journey was over.

Of our four-months trip, with its great variety of scene and climate, I carried away two predominant and lasting impressions. The first was an intense dislike for Abyssinians. Not, be it understood, for the large number of subject tribes who go to make up the so-called Ethiopian Empire, many of whom seemed a pleasing and friendly folk, but for the ruling race who hold them subject, in many cases most unwillingly. It may be said, and no doubt with a great measure of truth, that I come of a generation and tradition that believes in the innate superiority of the



COMING ASHORE AT MOMBASA, 1906

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white races and more especially of the Anglo-Saxon, and who have an immense inherited pride in all that the British nation has done to elevate the position of the backward races for whom Destiny has rendered her responsible. Accordingly, therefore, I dislike making contact with a black race which emphatically dissents from the superiority I claim for my race and colour. While I freely admit this spirit of resentment on my part, I cannot agree that it is the whole tale. There are today in India, America, New Zealand and elsewhere a large and increasing number of "coloured" people who are received on terms of absolute equality by the highest in the land. But why? I suggest because these individuals esteem and emulate those qualities which we believe to adorn civilization, such as chivalry, honesty, good faith, loyalty, charity, not to mention cleanliness, cultivation and education. Again, because such men abhor and refrain from those taints and vices which we hold to be blots on civilization such as cruelty, dishonesty, corruption and treachery. Judged by this standard, no one could have conceded any measure of equality to the Amhara twenty-five years ago, nor, indeed, do I think they could do so now. They were brutally cruel, treacherous, dishonest and corrupt, with no yearnings after education and cultivation whatever. Their sole merit — I admit no mean one — is their undoubted courage and military prowess. This had enabled them to conquer and hold down a territory and population far greater than their own and to resist the spasmodic efforts at conquest of a white Power. Finally, this one quality alone had secured for Abyssinia her admission to the League of Nations and rendered of a glorious ideal nothing less than a hollow mockery. It is good, at all events, to know that our nation's hands are

ADDIS ABABA IN 1910

clean, or comparatively so, in such a travesty of the original conception.

The other lasting impression, a happier one, is the admiration I acquired for my friend and companion Colonel R. J. Stordy. There is no suggestion that this expedition was any epoch-making one involving any great danger or demanding constant calls on courage and resource. On the other hand, it did demand scientific knowledge, cheerfulness, carefulness in handling unknown native tribes, and especially tact in dealing with highly armed, arrogant, not to say truculent, Abyssinian chiefs and warriors. All these qualities Stordy produced in full measure, and I think it is not too much to say that he did not leave one native village without a higher conception of the Englishman than before he came. It may be doubted whether much immediate trade with Kenya across our northern frontier could be anticipated. It seemed to me doubtful if the Abyssinian rulers really desired it, but certainly I believe that a better atmosphere was introduced, which, after all, forms the first essential step. Kenya during this decade was singularly fortunate in its type of Civil Servant, but she was never served more loyally or in his own sphere by a better man than Robert Stordy.

CHAPTER VII

THE WAR IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

It is believed that the Official History of the Campaign in German East Africa is shortly about to be published. I have little doubt that it will be an interesting work, and none whatever that it will be an inaccurate one. I have some reason for this prophecy. For several months at the end of the war I worked in the Official War History's office in London, where two or three of us made an attempt to sort out and classify the available information relating to the East African Campaign, and I know, therefore, how sketchy and how contradictory such information is. This unreliability was inevitable when one considers the nature of the campaign and of the combatants. The former precluded the carrying of any other than the scantiest of office materials and staff when every pound of baggage and every hungry mouth was a consideration. With regard to the latter we had many combatant units, and notably those from South Africa, who refused to believe that the pen was mightier than the sword, whose written orders were of the scantiest and whose War diaries were largely non-existent. Other such documents would appear to have been written mainly from memory supplemented by imagination, and we found accounts of battles which differed not only as to the hour, day and even week when they occurred, but also in every other possible detail. I propose to make

no effort to add to the confusion, but merely to relate some incidents that fell within my personal experience. There are, however, one or two general observations which I think should be borne in mind in considering a campaign which from first to last cost, I believe, more money and three times as many lives, if deaths from disease involving porters as well as combatants are included, than did the whole South African War.

The question has often been asked, and doubtless posterity will repeat it : How was it that the Germans with their limited resources were able to carry on such a protracted resistance and inflict such casualties on such a numerically superior foe ? I submit that the following are some of the chief reasons.

They had in Colonel Von Lettow a leader of outstanding skill, courage and personality.

When war broke out the Germans possessed an overwhelming military superiority. They had probably at least 3000 white men trained to arms, 8000 high-class native troops, 70 machine-guns and 40 guns. Against these British East Africa could muster about 700 native troops (admittedly of the highest quality) and two machine-guns, one of which was out of action. We had perhaps available an equal force in Nyassaland.

There were an immeasurably greater number of potential native troops in German East than in either Kenya, Uganda or Nyassaland, where indeed the vast bulk of the native population are of a peaceable, which is not to say of a cowardly, nature. A large army of first-rate fighting men could be raised and trained in what is now Tanganyika. Probably at one time Von Lettow, even with his limited resources, had 30,000 rifles in the field. I commend this thought to those who in the sacred cause of peace now glibly talk of handing back in its entirety this territory so hardly won.

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Again, unity of command was a vast advantage to the Germans. Possibly no more heterogeneous forces ever took the field than that of their opponents, drawn from all quarters of the globe, speaking different languages, eating different food, fighting in different fashions and under different commands. Here are just a few of the nationalities that our troops consisted of : British regulars and irregulars ; African troops from Kenya, Uganda, Nyassaland, the Gold Coast, Nigeria and the Belgian Congo ; British, Dutch and Cape " boys " from South Africa ; Rhodesians, Belgians, Indians of many tribes and races, regular and irregular, West Indians and Portuguese

Nor should it be forgotten that once the invasion of their territory had begun, our opponents worked throughout the campaign on interior lines, choosing always, with conspicuous skill, the situations where the terrain, and more especially the climate, would give them the greatest advantage.

To turn from the general to the particular. I had joined the Norfolk Yeomanry at the outbreak of war, and spent the autumn of 1914 trying to re-acquire some rudimentary military knowledge, varied by day and night alarms of German landings reported as imminent, or as actually occurring, on the coast of Suffolk. Shortly before Christmas I received instructions from the War Office to abandon these duties and to proceed to East Africa in company with Colonel Kitchener, elder brother of the great Lord Kitchener and now Lord Kitchener¹ himself. Our job was to advise on, and, if possible, to proceed with the formation of a large native force, though any detailed instructions, or indeed suggestions, as to from whom it was to be recruited or how it was to be officered were carefully withheld.

¹ The second Earl Kitchener died March 27th, 1937

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I joined Colonel Kitchener on a troop-ship proceeding to India. He had himself been a distinguished soldier, and at one time an instructor at the Staff College, but was getting on in years, though still full of energy. On a smaller scale, he had a considerable resemblance to the great K. We were in due course decanted at Aden, where we spent a week, a feat that I had never expected to perform. On arrival we proceeded to pay our respects at Government House, and I recall that on our introduction an ingenuous flapper gushed at the Colonel, "Oh, and are you any relation to 'the' Kitchener?" To which he replied, "Young lady, in my family I am 'the' Kitchener." On his return a year later following the calamitous death of the Commander-in-Chief, and on his succession to the title, he was reported to have been less fortunate. Again he came to pay his respects and on his way up stopped to examine some out-of-date guns drawn up near Government House, in which occupation he was found by the Governor's A.D.C., who asked him who he was and what he was doing. Now the Colonel was not remarkable for the spruceness of his get-up, and was, among other eccentricities, wearing a pair of sand-shoes with his uniform. When therefore he stated, "I am Lord Kitchener," the A.D.C. countered, "Well met. I'm the Duke of Wellington. But buzz off anyway." The unfortunate young man suffered an uncomfortable moment when Lord Kitchener was announced at lunch. The Colonel, however, a fine gentleman, speedily put him at his ease.

To my surprise the week at Aden passed most agreeably. We were pleasantly accommodated at the excellent Gunners' Mess and passed the days bathing and playing Sticky, which is a most admirable game, golf and polo. Over three years later I had the

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privilege of witnessing a considerable battle against the Turks being waged across the same golf and polo grounds. At the end of the week a passage was secured for us in a 1200-ton Italian coasting steamer. This boat called at every port and took eleven days to reach Mombasa. Accommodation was somewhat limited, but we did finally succeed in emptying the bathroom of the various impedimenta which it was used to store. We passed the days, which admittedly hung somewhat heavy, largely in playing chess. The Colonel was an expert and used to concede me a Queen, which is, I understand, a substantial start. He conducted a war of tactics, I one of attrition, and the results, if I remember aright, were fairly equal.

When we arrived in Mombasa in the latter part of January we found things at a low ebb and the situation somewhat depressing. An attack had just been made in November on Tanga by an Expeditionary Force sent from India which had been heavily repulsed. In the light of later events, and indeed with the knowledge available at the time, it would appear that the War Office were singularly ill-informed as to the forces to be encountered. They appear to have thought that German East Africa could be conquered by a force of two Indian brigades consisting largely of Imperial Service troops, stiffened by one first-rate British regular battalion, the Loyal North Lancers, and supported by two mountain batteries. There had been a certain lack of liaison between the naval and military forces which prevented even an initial success. If, however, any such success had been attained, it could with little doubt only have led to a much greater disaster in the immediate future. The troops, and the General who commanded them, had been asked to do the impossible. The remnants of this defeated force remained in

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British East Africa, and the command of them and also of the local forces had devolved on General Wapshire and his staff, with headquarters at Nairobi. At that place we found that there was, generally speaking, an unpleasant atmosphere. The Indian troops were feeling sore and disgruntled after their repulse. The local forces and inhabitants, who previously had really done remarkably well on the defensive, disliked the military command being taken over by forces which, through no fault of their own, had suffered a somewhat ignominious defeat. Furthermore, at that time the word Indian was not one which commanded any great measure of enthusiasm in British East Africa. Without doubt there were faults on both sides, but the result was the existence of a very considerable amount of unpleasant friction between two very gallant bodies of men who at a later date achieved the utmost harmony and mutual appreciation.

I am bound to say that our own reception was not especially friendly. Colonel Kitchener was, of course, senior to nearly every officer in the country, and this fact the H Q Staff appeared to resent, while he on his part was very far from appreciating their attitude towards himself. An unfortunate incident quickly brought things to a head. The Colonel and I had two bedrooms in a wooden building adjoining the Muthaiga Club. One evening as I was going to bed the Colonel came into my room and let himself go on the subject of the local H Q Staff. He had, unfortunately, a somewhat penetrating voice and wooden walls are thin. An officer next door recorded the conversation in detail and next day reported it in full to the G O.C. with unfortunate results. Since that officer must have realized that the conversation was private and confidential to myself alone, and had only to tap on the wall

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to disclose his presence, I can only say that I hope that under no circumstances should I follow the example of this gentleman, whose name I am glad to say I have forgotten.

Meanwhile I had been consulting with such people as I considered best qualified to advise, and more especially with Colonel Graham, commanding the K.A.R., as to the possibility of raising a large native force and in due course submitted a report through Colonel Kitchener. I pointed out what appeared to me to be the almost insuperable difficulties of any speedy action. Such difficulties more especially included the officer shortage, the language question, and the fact that the natives of East Africa and Uganda were not in the main of fighting stock. The Masai were certainly an apparent exception, but they had proved, and did so to the end of the campaign, entirely intractable to discipline. Accordingly I recommended that while certain units should be immediately raised from Arabs, Swahilis, and Indians, the main line to pursue must lie in the most rapid expansion possible of the existing King's African Rifles. The report was accepted by the Colonel, forwarded and acknowledged in due course, but I imagine speedily found its way into the official waste-paper basket. Nevertheless, the course therein advised by us was the one which in the fullness of time came to be adopted.

The Colonel's unfortunate nocturnal outburst led to a prolonged use of the cable, which finally resulted in his relegation to the command of a stretch of the Uganda railway line, which was at that time subject to perpetual attacks by enemy raiding parties. He took up this somewhat humble task without grumbling or rancour, and carried out his duties therein in the most admirable and self-sacrificing manner. My

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report meanwhile having been finished, it was up to me to find some further employment, since an application to return Home failed to secure acceptance.

One of my great friends, Berkeley Cole, formerly of the 9th Lancers, but for many years a resident in British East Africa, had, at the outbreak of hostilities, raised a force of Somali Scouts, with which he used to patrol the German border, which ran along the southern boundary of the great Southern Game Reserve. There they had performed admirable work until, most regrettably, a considerable portion of the rank and file mutinied. I never rightly understood the reason of this mutiny. Doubtless the work was strenuous and food scanty, and the Somali is ever a difficult man to deal with — still Cole had under him some grand men to deal with native troops. Anyway, the fact that they had mutinied remained, and Cole was in process of being given another command of a company of M.I. drawn from the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. I made the proposal that I should take over the loyal remnant of the Somalis, who would consist of M.I. and a machine-gun section, and be attached to his command, the whole to be called Cole's Scouts. This proposal was accepted, and I joined up with my new unit.

I had as fellow officers some rather remarkable characters, of whom a few words may not be out of place. Berkeley Cole himself was one of the very earliest East African pioneers. For a short time he had, as I have said, served in the 9th Lancers, but his spirit was always an adventurous one which chafed unconsciously at discipline and indeed at civilization. In company with his elder brother Galbraith, then in the 10th Hussars, he decided to abandon his military profession and follow the fortunes of his brother-in-

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

erudite knowledge of the natives than the great bulk of officials. Both the local Administrative and the Colonial Office have been over-slow to appreciate this inevitable change.

After lunch we went down the two miles that separate Kilindini from Mombasa. At that time the only means of locomotion was along a little trolley line, down which one was pushed by chanting natives, running on the flat, walking up the hills and coasting down the declines. One's first journey was a fascinating one through great mango trees among which nestled little native dwellings. The general green was relieved by the flowers of golden mohur, hibiscus, frangipani and the coloured turbans and garments of the inhabitants. Strange bright-plumaged birds flitted from bough to bough ; kites, hawks and gulls wheeled overhead. New and varied smells greeted one from every side. Most of the island away from the road was still virgin bush in which lived many snakes, small buck and occasional leopards. The scent of flowers gave way to less pleasant human odours as we approached the curious old town, and on our right rose the grim walls of the old Portuguese Fort carrying its sad lesson of how quickly nations may rise and fall. And so we reached the hospitable Club looking out upon the sea, and little altered at the present day. There we drank cooling, if uniced, drinks, read the ancient papers and feasted our eyes upon the splendid collection of trophies that lined the walls. Old men forget, but I shall remember " with advantages " the thrills of that day and all the kindness of our host.

The train journey from Nairobi to the coast has been chronicled many times. Those who make it now, and there are alternate methods, do so far quicker than of yore, and find themselves accommodated on the

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law, Lord Delamere, then just on the threshold of his colonial career. Thenceforward the lives of the two brothers were devoted to the land of their adoption. Sheep and livestock were the love of their lives, they had little inclination towards arable farming. Galbraith became the acknowledged leader in sheep-breeding in Kenya. He was one of the first importers of merinos, and before his premature death was making a substantial and increasing income. Berkeley, on the other hand, preferred cattle to sheep, and horses to either. He first took up land in the Njoro district, but later changed to the slopes of Kenya where he owned a particularly lovely farm on the Narro Meru river about 20 miles north of Nyeri. He had sundry other enterprises. I was associated with him in two : a hotel called the White Rhino in Nyeri, and a timber concession and mill on Mt. Kenya. Both, I am glad to say, were financially successful. Berkeley was very far indeed from devoting his life to business. A fine horseman, he used to ride at one time at most of the Nairobi meetings with considerable success. He it was also who started polo as a regular institution and must be pleased indeed if, as I hope, he realizes the splendid way in which his original efforts have caught on. He was a man of the greatest charm and natural wit. Indeed I have only met one person blessed with a greater share, his sister Florence, the first Lady Delamere. When the two of them were in Nairobi for a week or a night there could hardly be a dull moment. In addition to his occupations and pleasures Berkeley Cole found time for public work, and represented his district on the Legislative Council for more than one session. Contrary, perhaps, to anticipation he proved a shrewd and moderate politician ; though perhaps Galbraith was even shrewder and certainly



By kind permission of Miss Dolly Miles

BERKELEY COLE AND TICH MILES
With Cole's Scouts

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had more influence among the native population. Thus Berkeley was one of the minority of the Council who at a later date protested most strongly against the iniquitous settlement over the rupee. His premature death in the spring of 1925 at the early age of forty-three left a grievous gap for all those who, like myself, could recall many and many a day and night of pleasant memory spent in his company, both at home and in Kenya. It was said that he was offered medically a retention of life as a more or less permanent invalid if he would adopt a certain course of living, but he would have none of it, and met his death with a smile and a jest on his lips. A monument above his farm preserves his memory, which, moreover, flourishes green in the hearts of all who knew him.

Colin Isaacson was second in command to Berkeley Cole, and a better one it would have been hard to find, since he was the complete soldier in every sense of the word, and most certainly the only one of us for whom that claim could be advanced. He, too, had thrown up a military career in his early days and had come out to settle in the Colony. He farmed in partnership with Captain Sandbach, who was killed in action in British East in the very early days of the War, and with A. T. Miles, of whom more anon. Unlike the rest of us, his heart was not really in farming but remained with his first love, soldiering, and probably he alone of us welcomed the chance of Active Service. When Cole's Scouts were disbanded and the real advance into German East Africa under General Smuts took place a year later, there was a very general call on Colin's services. He became Staff Officer to that lion-hearted fire-eater General O'Grady, received the M.C. early on and was killed leading an attack on a stockade and well in advance of his men. Had he

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been spared he must have gone far as a soldier, since he knew his job from A to Z and was beloved by all ranks with whom he came in contact. I do not think that Kenya suffered any greater military loss during the war in East Africa than she did in the untimely sacrifice of Colin Isaacson.

Denys Finch-Hatton was another of my new brother officers, and I think the man with about the most impressive personality I have ever known. He had had a very remarkable career at Eton. Having been two years in the XI and three years in the Field, as well as being President of Pop, he was naturally a hero in the eyes of his school contemporaries. What, however, was more astonishing was the unique, and I believe that this is for once the correct adjective, position he attained among the masters. The head master used to, and not infrequently did, consult him on matters concerning the conduct and well-being of the school, and it is even a fact that during his last summer he gave a supper party on a houseboat on the river, naturally contrary to every known rule, and that more than one master actually accepted and enjoyed his hospitality. At Oxford the same ascendancy over his fellows continued. He gave up serious cricket and football, but played golf more than once for the University with success, though his attitude to games may be sensed by the following incident. He gave his opponent in the Varsity match a yard putt, and when an ardent partizan remonstrated with the remark, "Remember you are playing not for yourself but for your University," he rejoined, "And perhaps you might remember that you are playing for neither." He acquired an equal measure of skill at shooting and riding, yet found time for a considerable amount of reading even if of a desultory kind. Undoubtedly

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when I knew him he was well read on many subjects. With his grand physique and slow, crooked smile he was enormously attractive to women. Indeed, Nature had presented him with more gifts than were the fair share of one man.

Denys came out to Kenya a year or two before the War and that country became his love until his death. While he naturally took up land, farming was not in his blood, and he infinitely preferred trading and shooting as a source of income. The very best of company, he was the life and soul of any convivial gathering at which he was present. Yet he was far from dependent on company, and, as an instance, had just previously to the War been entirely by himself on a six-months' cattle trading trip into Italian Somaliland, and he told me that he had never enjoyed six months more. He made no secret of the fact that warfare bored him to distraction, but, needless to say, made a success of it. After the disbandment of Cole's Scouts he became A.D.C. to General Hoskins,¹ who was then commanding a division under General Smuts and who later succeeded him as C.-in-C. Never in my experience did anyone in this comparatively lowly position achieve such influence, more perhaps than that of any other member of the staff. Yet such was his charm that I never heard a grumble at his ascendancy. He received an M.C. and later, when General Van Deventer became Commander-in-Chief, followed Sir Reginald to Mesopotamia.

After the War, Finch-Hatton resumed his old roving life and added flying to the thrills he got from living. Elephant-hunting, cinema and other photography of wild animal life, and the safari work of the

¹ Afterwards Sir Reginald Hoskins, K.C.B., D.S.O., the immensely popular presiding genius of Ashridge College.

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big game hunter occupied much of his time. In the latter capacity he took out the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales with conspicuous success. With his vast talents he might doubtless have made a success *of public life, but it just bored him*. Once I remonstrated with him in later years on his apparent lack of ambition and the more than partial burial of his great talents, but he was quite unrepentant and pointed out that one had but one life and that he reckoned that few people had had more out of it than he had. Nevertheless I believe that he would finally have yielded to pressure in this respect had not that grievous air crash in the spring of 1931 cut short his life in its prime. He left a host of admirers and friends and never an enemy. Like Berkeley Cole he lies buried on a lofty hill, near Ngong, gazing over a gorgeous panorama of the lands that he had loved so well.

My last comrade in Cole's Scouts was A. T. Miles,¹ and, though comparisons among one's friends are odious, I think that he was perhaps the finest of the lot. Tich, as he was known to a multitude of friends, since Nature had endowed him with a physique about ten sizes too small for the great heart it sheltered, came to British East Africa in August 1909, being then twenty years old. He was another of the inmates of Kedowa Farm at Londiani, which he shared with his great friends Colin Isaacson and Captain Sandbach. Later he became the bosom friend of Berkeley Cole and was his inseparable companion in many enterprises. I think that his principal interest at Kedowa lay not in the farm but in the garden. He loved flowers and had a more than considerable knowledge of their cultivation.

I shall always remember how I acquired my first

¹ Later Major A. T. Miles, D S O , M V O , M C

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acquaintanceship with Tich. It was in the early days, about 1910, and I had to go up to Uganda after one of the bi-annual race-meetings. Such meetings were invariably rather hectic affairs, being the only social relaxation the ordinary settler had to look forward to during the whole year. As a result of the night before I did not feel too good, and was rather annoyed to find that some other passenger had placed a suitcase and a bundle of rugs on the opposite seat in my carriage. However, to my satisfaction, he did not turn up and when we started I lay back in my corner and went to sleep for a couple of hours. The train stopped with a jerk and I woke up, and the first thing I saw was two large brown eyes regarding me from under the little heap of rugs. It was Tich coiled up in the smallest possible space. From that day began a friendship that continued till the day of his death. He was a fine horseman, a great lover of dogs, and cared nothing for shooting. There was no better companion or one who loved a joke more, and the thing he hated most was pomposity. The following tale is told of him. There had been a public dinner in Nairobi and an after-dinner speech was being made by a somewhat pompous local politician. After about ten minutes of the oration Tich's seat was vacant, and suddenly a flowing period was interrupted by a shriek! Tich had crept along under the table and run a fork into the orator's leg. Naturally, the speaker was furious; he had been asked to make a speech and had never been so insulted in his life. He demanded an apology. Never was a more abject one given. "Simply couldn't understand how it had happened. The impulse of a moment. Couldn't offer a sufficiently sincere apology for such an outrage, etc." The speaker was mollified, had accepted the apology "in the spirit in

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which it was given " and was in full blast again. Alas, in five minutes there was another yell, for Tich had stuck another fork into his other leg !

Miles was destined to have a career which, short as it was, was crowded with romantic adventure and achievement. When Cole's Scouts were disbanded he joined the King's African Rifles and was given command of their one company of M.I. There could have been no more appropriate appointment. He was loved and respected by even the most turbulent natives. He secured this regard partially by his innate and patent courage, by his justice, and perhaps most of all by his never-failing cheerfulness and sense of humour in the most depressing circumstances. He served all through the War with this command, both in German and Portuguese East Africa, with conspicuous success. Whenever there was a job which was difficult, arduous, unhealthy and required doing in a hurry, the cry was " Send for Tich ". And off he went with his company with the minimum of delay and with the minimum of fuss and never failed, whether it were to obtain information, to round up a marauding party, or to hold up an enemy advance. Long treks through waterless deserts, long nights alone racked by fever in the rain, were his portion. They played havoc with his health, they never touched his spirit. He received, as was his due, the D.S.O. and M.C. The war over, his spirit of adventure remained unquenched. He applied for and obtained the post of H M.'s Consul in South Ethiopia, a post for which he had certain qualifications, in that he had recruited into his M.I. a considerable quantity of Abyssinians and had acquired from them not only a certain amount of local knowledge but also a smattering of the language. Up in this dreary outpost he once again played a lone hand, and played



By kind permission of Miss Dolly Miles

MAJOR A T MILES, DSO, MC.
"Tich"

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train both with a restaurant and ice. I am bound to say that the only time that I have tried it since these innovations were installed I found it neither comfortable nor clean. Doubtless that is rectified by now. Then the journey was an adventure. It was raining when we started, and the roof leaked like a sieve, but we enjoyed every moment. We enjoyed winding upwards through the palms of Mazeras and into the bush beyond. It was a thrill to see the sun set in the Taru desert and watch the wood sparks turn to fireflies in the gathering gloom. It was even wonderful to turn out into a dirty tin hut and eat stringy goat and drink tepid beer. So it was to lie snoozing and listening to the noises of the night. We had one long halt, I remember, at some siding where the frogs were making loud chorus in some adjoining swamp and I wondered what herd of strange animal they might be. Long before dawn we were up and at the window to get the first sight of game. When we first actually saw it, what excitement, and how we rushed from window to window as its occupant proclaimed some new wonder : an eland, a giraffe, yes, even a rhino ! And then we saw natives, Masai and Wa-Kamba and Wa-Kikuyu, with real spears and real jam-tins in their ears. I would give a lot to be going to do it all again for the first time.

However, all good things come to an end and finally the tin roofs and blue gums of Nairobi crept into view, bringing a sense of disappointment to even our ardent spirits. Nairobi is now vastly improved and its suburbs are well laid out and indeed beautiful. But thirty-three years ago the town itself had little to boast of, and some people might be tempted to say the same today. This is accounted for by the fact that it had sprung up by chance where railhead had made a

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it well. His influence, purely personal, grew from month to month, and he was able, by this influence alone, more than once to prevent armed raids into our territory by the turbulent inhabitants of his vast district. Still more toll was taken of his health, and when Sir Edward Grigg became Governor of Kenya he was able to persuade Miles to take up the post of A.D.C. and Comptroller in Nairobi, where he carried out the attaching duties efficiently for two years. He never liked the work, however, and at the end of the period applied to be returned to his post in Abyssinia. Here he continued his fine work with an ever-weakening body. He received the offer of an excellent appointment in Canada, which others as well as myself implored him to accept. He would insist that his duty lay where he was. "Things will be better soon and then I'll take a rest," he wrote. His final break-down came from a four-days' ride absolutely alone and without any camp equipment, to endeavour to prevent a turbulent Abyssinian chief cutting off the water supply from certain Kenya natives in the plain below. He was successful in his task but bought that success with his final collapse. He was brought home broken down and but just alive, and died on April 10th, 1934. He was only forty-four; but, as Sir Edward Grigg so truly and eloquently wrote to *The Times*, if he had lived to have been a hundred he would have remained at heart a boy. Just as when I think of Denys the noun "personality" springs to my mind, so when I think of Tich does the adverb "gallant".

Such were my comrades, now, alas, all gone before. We had in addition an officer attached from the Loyal North Lancs. and also an excellent dispenser. We had also with us a somewhat remarkable character in our Intelligence Officer, known to us as the Baron

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Blanc, though I do not know his exact claim to the title. I recall him as an exceptionally charming, if somewhat excitable, foreigner. He gave us to understand that his people had sent him to East Africa as the result of a somewhat volatile youth, which I could well believe. He wouldn't ride, but would cover immense distances on foot, usually at a long loping trot. He was very proud of his prowess with a shotgun, which was in fact indifferent. On the other hand he pooh-poohed his rifle-shooting, which was certainly the most remarkable I have known. As an example, I noted in my diary that in one day he shot 73 gazelle to feed a column of troops, most of them killed at over 200 yards and many running. He was most popular with all of us.

We fitted and horsed our little force at Nairobi. Our mounts were mostly hard-mouthed Somalis and our transport donkeys. I had two greys, one a tireless and comfortable mount, a gift from my brother-in-law Mervyn Ridley, and the other a most tractable and lovable Indian country-bred named Polly. I painted them both zebra-fashion with iodine and it was astonishing how in that guise they merged into the bush country. As I had also a terrier bitch named Sally, I was well provided for. The authorities provided me with a remarkable machine-gun, which I think must have formed part of the movable armament of the Ark. It had no tripod and fired bullets of an enormous calibre, which I have since thought must have been quite contrary to the rules of civilized war, though at the time, I never heard its legality questioned. On the other hand, curiously enough, I never knew it to seriously jam. After great consultation we devised a tripod and fittings, of which necessities it was deficient, which the railway works carried out

admirably, though the time we took to get into action could never have been described as really rapid !

When our fitting was complete we received our orders. These were roughly to patrol the German border along the Game Reserve, and to keep off, and if possible capture or destroy, any enemy parties making attempts on the line. We were not to attack a concentration of the enemy in any strength without first reporting the same to H.Q. We entrained at Nairobi for Simba, from whence we marched out and made a standing camp some fifteen miles into the game reserve towards the German border. When we settled in, my first task was to get some discipline among my lately disaffected warriors. I had a dossier of each of the old-timers, and especially of one who was nicknamed "the Fighting Fury" and who Miles had told me was at the bottom of the previous trouble though somehow he had escaped the just punishment of his crimes. Further, I had a Somali sergeant-major named Esa whom I had known previously as a shikari and trader and whom I believed that I could reasonably trust. I had come to the conclusion that the root of the previous trouble had been a lack of training and still more of strict military discipline and etiquette. I was far from good at that sort of thing myself, but I did my best to see that everything was conducted in accordance with the Manual. Then I waited for the Fighting Fury to function. I hadn't long to wait. One morning he was a minute or two late on parade, and when taken to task by an N.C.O. he struck him, luckily just as I was coming on parade. I put him under arrest and kept him in the guard tent while our drill went on all the morning. After lunch I had him marched in with every bit of ceremonial I could think of, having rehearsed it more

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than once with my sergeant. The evidence of the assault was given and slowly written down, so was his own incoherent statement. I found him guilty on his own confession and asked him if he would receive my sentence or would go before the Commanding Officer. He chose mine. I ordered him twenty lashes. They were laid on with a will, indeed I think with brutality. At the end he jumped up, stood at attention and saluted. I had no more trouble with him, or indeed with any other of his comrades, and within a month, indeed at the first opportunity, I promoted him lance-corporal, in which position he was quite reliable even if somewhat overbearing to his subordinates. Yet doubtless I had rendered myself liable to being cashiered.

I found that the Somalis loved drill and ceremonial, and we spent long hours mounted and dismounted, and especially at machine-gun work, surely the dullerest of all human occupations. They finally got fairly smart and efficient, but fire discipline was the trouble. Once they began to shoot, and this applied especially to the M.G., their eyes lit up and they became almost unrestrainable. I early made up my mind that, in any serious action, I and I only was going to do the machine-gun shooting.

My recollection of the next three or four months is a vague one of a pleasant and not too unduly exciting existence. Days of drilling and marching, nights of patrolling and sleeping under the stars. Tich taught my Polly and a yellow Somali pony of his named Siagi¹ to lie down on command, and many a night we lay down together snuggling against their warm bodies. One distinct thrill, however, was constant. It was firmly believed that a certain German lady, known as

¹ Butter

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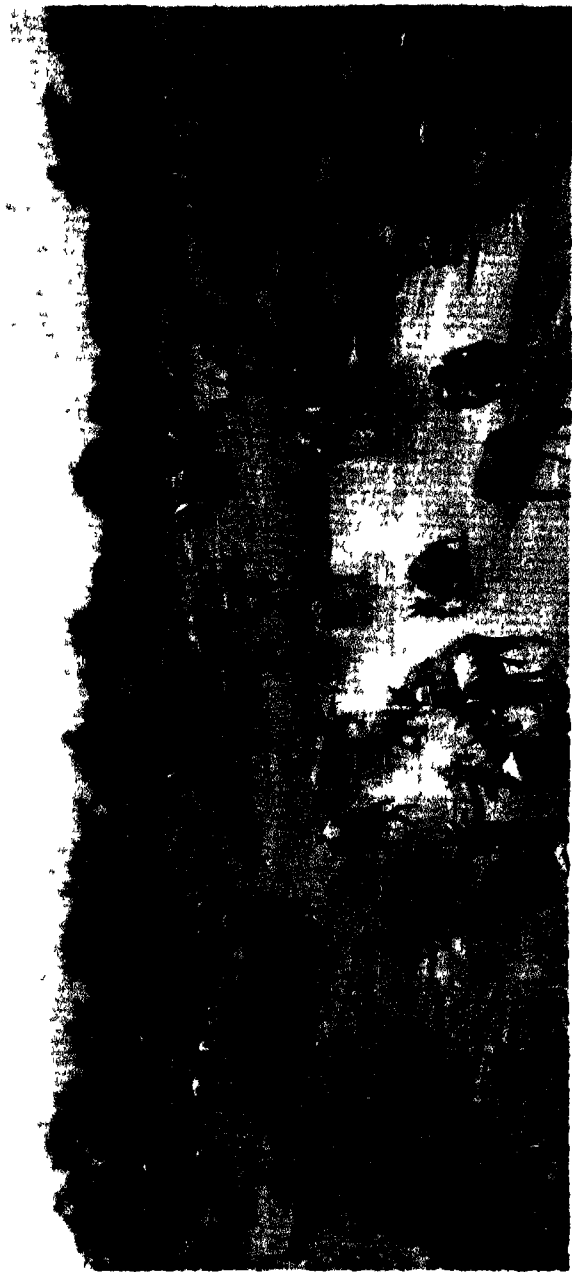
"the Bibi Sacharani," I think, was commanding a German Askari patrol. Her husband had been killed early in the War and she had determined to avenge him by taking no prisoners, and indeed by mutilating any white prisoners she took. Certainly in the early days bodies were found mutilated, and it was invariably whispered that small booted footprints were found in the vicinity of the outrage. The story was universally believed, though it was subsequently definitely established to be a myth based merely on the fact that certain native levies had got out of hand. A small patrol, however, was invariably reminded to "Look out for the Bibi" on its departure. We kept, I think, our hundred miles of line reasonably intact, but had nothing more than patrol actions. Once only did we locate an enemy post of any strength. We reckoned it at about sixty rifles entrenched on a small hill some twenty miles our side of the German border. Cole wired for leave to attack it forthwith. This was refused until we had been augmented with considerable reinforcements. The dust of these troops and their transport must have been only too apparent, and though we marched all night and surrounded the position at dawn the birds had flown, though from the debris in their trenches it would appear only the night before our arrival.

The Game Reserve was a very wonderful place in which to serve. From our side its privacy had been strictly respected even by the Game Rangers; though we found to our exceeding annoyance more than one semi-permanent shooting camp which the Germans had used well beyond their frontier. Consequently we found game present in huge numbers and tamer than any of us had ever known it. Two incidents remain imprinted in my memory. Once when, one moonlight

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night, I, in company with my most competent Somali, rode some sixty-odd miles from the Kilimanjaro slopes to our camp. About 3 A.M. we dismounted and unsaddled, as the moon was sinking, by a stream running through a sandy bed. As we prepared for a couple of hours' sleep a dozen monstrous shapes emerged from a belt of trees fringing the river-bank and filed majestically past us not 50 yards away with the moon behind them. They were elephants and contained one grand bull, whose tusks I felt would have done me financially a lot of good.

The other occasion was when our camp witnessed or rather heard, for the night was pitch-dark, the migration of a troop, or as I gather it is now fashionable to call it, a "pride" of lions. It was towards the end of the dry season, the grass where it was not burnt was yellow, and all but the permanent waters were dry, and on such waters the game was concentrating. Of course we heard lions every night, but this night at dinner they seemed especially numerous and to be gradually closing on our camp. As they approached the noise became most awe-inspiring and actually shook the glasses on the table. Denys Finch-Hatton insisted on taking me out and I insisted on taking a loaded rifle. He, of course, took nothing but a torch. Steadily the roars approached till they seemed all around us and I broke into a cold sweat. There came a minute's pause and then the awe-inspiring sound boomed off right against us and the hair rose on my head. Denys switched on his torch and focussed it full on a great tawny brute, certainly not ten yards away. "You can stay and be eaten if you like. I'm off to the mess," I said. Denys only laughed and came with me only with the utmost reluctance. Gradually the sounds receded. We reckoned that there were at



COLE'S SCOUTS WATERING

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least twenty separate animals roaring, and three walked through the small perimeter of the camp. We shot during these months about half a dozen lions and only such buck as were necessary for food. Our larder, however, was kept continuously supplied with birds, since quail, sandgrouse, guinea-fowl and francolin were innumerable.

The last and only substantial engagement in which Cole's Scouts took part was the battle of Mbuyuni on July 15th, a day which proved to me to be both busy and exciting. If I describe it at some length it is because I was never more frightened in my life than I was in its early stages and the memory remains unpleasantly vivid! We had been moved south-west to join the main advance camp at Maktau lying athwart the road between Voi and Taveta. On the march I lost, to my lasting sorrow, my two ponies from horse-sickness. Polly, I remember, was full of beans during the march, but grew sluggish towards the end of it and died on the same evening, coughing up masses of the usual horrid white discharge. On our arrival in camp I was offered my choice from a small draft of ponies just arrived. There was not, however, a decent animal among them, and I said that I would wait for the next lot due in a couple of days, meanwhile riding a great big brown mule. In the evening we received sudden orders for a surprise attack, which was unfortunate for me. The enemy lay at Mbuyuni on both sides of the road to Taveta about 15 miles distant from Maktau, and were variously reported in strength from 600 to 1000. It had been decided to surprise them at dawn, encircle and destroy them. Presumably there was some reason for the enterprise, but it was never disclosed to us before or after. Certainly had we been successful we must have re-

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temporary but considerable halt, and long before town-planning Acts were even thought of. Situated on the edge of the Athi plains, abutting a swamp and yet without sufficient water, it had to make the best of what it could, and it is very creditable to those who came after that they have done so well with such poor material.

We were met at the station by Victor Newland, the big-game outfitter, who later became a great personal friend. Our arrival coincided more or less with the beginning of British East Africa's period of prosperity. There were resident in the Protectorate something short of 600 whites, most of whom were of course officials. But the settlers were beginning to trickle in, headed by Lord Delamere and his two brothers-in-law Galbraith and Berkeley Cole, while of this same early influx were Lord Cardross, John Van der Weyer, Ewart Grogan and Robert Chamberlain. Included among them also were some notable characters who were of "the grey Company before the Pioneers". Such a one was John Boyes, "King of the Kikuyu". Emerging as little more than a boy from a merchant steamer in which he had served, with no funds or assets save his indomitable nature, he had made his way up-country and lived a life of the highest adventure, spent in trading and hunting. His prowess was a byword and at one time he held the position of Honorary Paramount Chief of the Kikuyu tribe, whom by the force of his example, aided by a rifle or two, he raised to a position of respect among their neighbours entirely alien to their previous history, and even possibly to their deserts. I have often sat spell-bound before his small spare frame and twinkling humorous eyes while he related the tight places he had been in. There would be a pause, and someone would say, "And what

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turned to our starting-place. The attack was to be made with about 300 rifles of the K.A.R., the Rhodesian Regiment and an Indian battalion. Our own task was to march all night and occupy a slight eminence covering the road in the immediate rear of the enemy's position. We marched immediately night fell guided by two Masai, halting every two or three hours. I recollect thinking that however unpleasant the morning might be it couldn't be worse than riding along on the top of this monstrous charger. With the first streaks of dawn we were proceeding through open bush and reported to be near our objective. I was riding at the head of our little column with Tich Miles immediately behind the guides, my Somalis of course behind me. The bush cleared, and in front the white road to Taveta showed clearly. I could see no little hill, so we halted and Tich cantered back to Cole to get orders. Cole came up and looked through his glasses. The sun was just rising and we saw movement where the road entered a long line of thickish bush which extended along our left front. Cole ordered us to trot straight towards this line of bush. We were barely inside when we were met by a burst of fire at about 40 yards. A bullet hit my mule and the rotten brute with a mouth of iron bolted straight for the firing. My hat was knocked off and the first thing I knew was when my "charger" jumped clean over a one-man trench fully occupied. I saw one Askari, lying right under me and if possible as frightened as I was, aim a shaking rifle, but he missed me by yards. In about 30 yards I got my mule's head round and charged the line again from the rear. Again we jumped the trench, this time shot at from both sides, and in less time than it takes to write I found myself back, though without my helmet, with my warriors

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who were lining out about 200 yards distant. I made a vow never under any circumstance to ride a mule again, and kept it.

The attack was now developing both frontally about half a mile distant and on our immediate left where the K.A.R. right found touch with our left, they being supported by the two mountain guns. The enemy trenches in our immediate front, which had caused me such unpleasantness, seemed to have been abandoned, so I crawled forward through the bush with my machine-gun, which I was able to esconce athwart a fallen tree with quite a reasonable field of fire. Indeed I could see the road on my right front about 400 yards distant, I being on the fringe of the bush. The enemy were quite unaware of my position, and shortly three white men strolled into an opening in the bush about 150 yards distant. I gave them a burst of fire and they fell flat. More than a year later I found, or rather was shown, a captured German War diary of this engagement, which *inter alia* recorded the death of three officers in rear of the position from a concealed machine-gun. Reading it gave me an unholy pleasure at the time, but every year I recall it with more repugnance. Our attack now developed frontally and our two guns opened fire from the flank. I could see from my slight eminence considerable concentrations of men along the road, some indeed beginning to stream back towards Taveta, and I emptied several belts. I kept expecting the flank attack to develop as I heard the order to fix bayonets given, and the deep-chested grunting of the K.A.R. that prefaces a charge. I felt from my small experience that they should have little difficulty in carrying the position. But no advance came and the frontal attack seemed to die down. Shortly a Somali

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crawled up with orders from Cole for me to fall back and resume touch with the main body of M.I., and we crawled back unseen by the way we had come. I found Cole's Scouts lying extended in the bush, our horses well sheltered in the rear. We could see nothing to our front, visibility being at most 50 yards; desultory shelling continued from our side, and on both intermittent fire, punctuated by occasional volleys. I had by now secured a K.A.R. Askari's cap, he, poor fellow, having no further use for it, while I most emphatically had. We waited with increasing bewilderment for orders to advance. The only casualties now occasioned were from a concealed sniper at close range whom we failed to locate. Next year when we occupied the position we found it, the interior of an anthill which had been scooped out. Luckily the inmate had a very small field of fire. I cannot but hope he was both hot and uncomfortable. The hours went by, Denys went to sleep. About two o'clock we got the order to retire, and the movement was conducted in good order. The enemy followed us up for half a mile or so, but probably they were as mystified by our manœuvres as we were and soon drew off. My last remembrance was seeing Colin Isaacson canter back to bring in a wounded man. He would!

Our casualties were reported as 155 out of about 1000, mostly incurred in a frontal attack over a completely open plain against a prepared position. The only explanation vouchsafed by the higher command as to why the flank attack was not pushed after the position was so admirably occupied, was that the attacking troops might have come under the fire of our own artillery (two 7-pounder screw guns). The official communiqué, however, concluded with these words: "The success we attained is not out of pro-

portion to the casualties inflicted upon us: total 35 killed and about 120 wounded". It was consoling therefore to know that someone besides the enemy was satisfied.

The end of Cole's Scouts was a somewhat unfortunate one. Just before we moved to Maktau, I returned from a patrol about sundown, and after seeing the horses watered and fed, went into the grass hut which served as a mess to get myself a cup of tea. In it I found Denys Finch-Hatton absolutely white with rage standing in front of the I. N. L. officer who had been attached to us and who was cowering in a corner. "Good," he said, "I'm glad that you've come. I want you to see what this ——— has been doing for us ever since he's been attached" And he threw me across a notebook with many closely written sheets. It appeared that the officer, who was incidentally an excellent one, both efficient and brave, had been in the habit of keeping a diary reporting not only everything appertaining to the men, but also everything that occurred or was spoken in the mess, and sent copies of it weekly to his battalion H Q. The diary certainly wasn't very flattering to us, but the only thing that I can recall is a sentence which ran to this effect: "There seems no sense of decency or deference among these officers. Thus Lt Miles alluded to our revered Colonel (Jourdain) as the Banks of the River Jordan, while Lt. Cranworth actually referred to our 2nd in Command Major Robinson as Old Robin-beggar" I couldn't see very much in the business even if it were a little peculiar, and said that doubtless he had been told to report everything about the men who had been seconded to us and that this document merely represented an excess of zeal. Later Major Robinson, a particularly gallant and efficient officer,

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confirmed my view. He had known nothing about it, and was particularly tickled about my alleged name for him, about which he always afterwards used to chaff me. I told him that while I was quite ready to plead guilty over the lack of decency and reverence, I really thought that Tich and I would have had a lighter touch than this! However, Cole, perhaps not unnaturally, agreed with Finch-Hatton, and sent in a fiery despatch to H.Q. After subsequent interviews following on the engagement at Mbuyuni it was decided to disband the Scouts, and the Loyal North Lancs. returned to their own unit. I, for one, was particularly sorry for this ending, and not least because of my admiration for the men whom we had had the privilege to command. The Loyal North Lancs., whether in East Africa or in France, had a record which will bear comparison with any regiment in the British Army. Since it was quite clear after Mbuyuni that any offensive movements must come to an end, I applied for leave to return to Europe, which was granted.

I hope that when the history of the East African Campaign is at length written, justice will be done to the efforts of the inhabitants of Kenya, whether black or white. This was the only part of the British Empire to know invasion, and, partially no doubt from this cause, the response of her white population and the casualties they suffered were in proportion to her numbers greater than those of any other Colony. Again with regard to the native population: it was not their quarrel nor were they of fighting stock, yet they made overwhelming sacrifices in the common cause. It is not known, I think the truth would be staggering, how many natives in the humble yet essential rôle of porter laid down their lives. I have

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always thought that a more generous recognition of their immense services might have been forthcoming.

It was in the latter half of 1915 that, first of all the colonies, Kenya adopted conscription. The inspiration came not from the Governor or the Government but from the white settlers themselves. Led by Major Ewart Grogan, who once again showed himself a patriot in the highest sense, they demanded that, in this time of emergency, every available resource, both in men and in money, should be placed at the disposal of the Colony and the Empire. In all cases the offer was not accepted in the spirit in which it was given. I will quote an instance with which I was personally acquainted and which remains mysterious to me to this day. With the War the price of sisal fibre rose, and early in 1915 the Kenya sisal growers, feeling a reluctance, peculiar, but surely not uncommendable, to become War profiteers, met together and after a discussion offered to produce sisal "for the duration" at £40 a ton. The response to this gesture after some considerable delay was to stabilize the price in two successive jumps up to £96 a ton. As Kenya sisal supplied practically the whole of the binder twine used in the U.K. during the War, which was, of course, an essential for harvesting operations, amounting in its latter stages to 20,000 tons a year, the extra and totally unnecessary cost to the Treasury was over £2,000,000 sterling! The only explanation that I can conceive is that some clerk lost the Kenya offer, and vaguely said to some overworked senior, "I've had a communication from the Kenya sisal growers saying that they want more money." And he replied, "Well, we must have the stuff. Give the blighters a rise." Curiously, it is probable that the growers themselves lost in the end. With such easy money managers got

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careless about the costs of production, which rose in some cases to as much as £50 a ton, and their subsequent reduction at the tail of a falling price was an arduous and painful task. Today the all-in cost of a ton of sisal delivered in London does not exceed £20, the price unfortunately being considerably less.¹

Generally speaking, the spirit of self-sacrifice and determination remained magnificent during the trying period that ensued in British East Africa. Equal credit is due to men and to women, to settler and to official, to those who fought and to those who were reluctantly forced to carry on behind the lines with insufficient staff and tools, each one doing the work of three. Memory is short, yet I believe that the memory of this unconquerable spirit will endure beyond our day.

¹ This was, of course, written before the outbreak of the present war and the heavy increase of shipping and other charges

CHAPTER VIII

THE WAR IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

AFTER returning home from Kenya I, hastily but with much pain and grief, acquired some rudimentary knowledge of modern gunnery and made my way to France, where I found the mud and snow a considerable and unpleasant change from Kenya's Game Reserve. After three or four months, however, there came a change of policy in the higher command. Since there was a deadlock on the Western Front, side-shows became more popular, and among them it was decided to make a job of conquering German East Africa. To accomplish that purpose there was selected Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whose name speaks for itself as a guarantee of the intention to succeed, and there was promised assistance on a grand scale from South Africa, which country had just concluded her spectacular success in German West Africa. Sir Horace selected his staff with great care, choosing, as far as he was able, those with some knowledge of local conditions. He asked for my services on his Intelligence, not that I knew very much about the country but because hardly anyone knew anything at all. I had, at all events, spent some little time both shooting and trading along the German border and more especially around the spot where the initial advance must inevitably take place. It took some little time to extract even the humblest individual from France, and

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accordingly I missed the boat which took the main body of the staff out via Cape Town, and followed a fortnight later with one or two other laggards. On arrival at Cape Town I was sent for by Sir Horace's chief of staff, General Simpson-Baikie, whom I knew by repute as a magnificent soldier, and who impressed me in that capacity more, I think, during our interview, than any man I had ever met; though that isn't saying much since my acquaintanceship with Brass Hats was strictly limited. He informed me that the C-in-C. was rather seriously ill and that it would be some weeks before he could proceed. He went on to produce maps and discuss in full detail the plan of campaign as it then stood, and I was amazed at his grasp of detail and appreciation of the especial difficulties to be anticipated in a country which he had never seen. The initial plan was in the main that drawn up by General Tighe, and which was eventually so brilliantly carried out by General Smuts. When he had explained the encircling movements, the feints and frontal attacks with full particulars of the forces to be employed, he said: "Now I want your considered opinion. You know something of the country round Taveta and Moshi; do you think that these operations will prove decisive?" Naturally I thought long and hard. Finally I replied that it would seem that two factors would have a big say in a country so difficult and so unmapped. One was the absolute synchronizing of movements, which called for the most elaborate staff work, and the other was luck. On the whole, however, I ventured the opinion that it seemed likely that Von Lettow would succeed in extricating the bulk of his force and would be able to retire on the Central Line. He replied: "Thank you. That also is our opinion, and it is our further intention at the same time to land a force

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and seize the Central Line in his rear. What then ? ” I replied that I had little doubt that that must prove decisive. In the light of subsequent events I am still of that opinion.

General Simpson-Baikie ordered me to report on arrival in East Africa to General Tighe, and collect any personnel who I thought would be useful to the Intelligence, and I went rejoicing, though with some misgivings, on my slow way to Mombasa. When, however, I reached that port my worst fears were fulfilled. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien had been forced by his illness to relinquish his command, which had been offered to and been accepted by General Smuts. Further, the latter had dispensed with the services of General Simpson-Baikie and appointed his own chief of staff, General J. S. Collyer. These changes had effects both good and bad. They were, of course, enormously popular in South Africa, where recruiting was greatly stimulated. The population, and especially the Dutch, believed that now everything was all right and that they were in for another sweeping and easy victory, such as they had just enjoyed in South-west Africa. Moreover against “ Kaffir ” troops there would be no great need for overmuch discipline or red tape. On the other hand, while I yield to no man in my admiration for General Smuts, or in appreciation of his immense services to the Empire, it seemed to me that this was essentially the time for a professional soldier. With forces composed of so many and so varied nationalities, it was obvious that there was need of the most expert and experienced staff work, and I regretted that General Simpson-Baikie would not be there in its direction.

On arrival at Nairobi I found considerable confusion and dismay in high circles. Some of the

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happened then, John ? ” “ Well, then I had to blot some of them out ! ” was a not unusual answer. John Boyes was no exaggerator, but I am well assured that no “ blotting-out ” ever took place save to protect his own life or that of his native friends. Had it been otherwise he would never have acquired the respect and affection of white and native which was his. The aforesaid trickle of incomers grew steadily and already the settler element, small as it was, was showing signs of political consciousness. The senior officials, as fine a body of men as ever did the pioneer work of Empire-building, were not too well-disposed to these first settlers and still less to their political aspirations. Nor was this surprising. For many years they had ruled the roost, dealt with the problems of their vast provinces in which they were to the natives little less than demigods. They had enough to do and to spare in the work of administration, and the last thing that they wanted was a new set of problems. Moreover these new settlers had all to learn, and their ignorance of native customs and native languages was distressing to those who had spent the best of their lives studying the one and learning the other. However, settlement of the fertile, healthy and unpopulated Highlands had got to come, as that great Administrator Sir Charles Eliot had recognized years before. So far from being surprised that there did indeed exist some antagonism in the minds of some officials and of some settlers, one should indeed recognize it as remarkable that there was so little.

The Governor or Commissioner, as he was then called in 1906, was Colonel Hayes Sadler,¹ a courteous and kindly English gentleman, but not perhaps of sufficiently tough fibre to deal efficiently with what was,

¹ Afterwards Sir James Hayes Sadler, K.C M G.

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freshly arrived staff had already lost their jobs and others were ignorant as to whether they had or whether they had not. I was not left long in doubt as to which category I belonged to, since I was at once informed that my position was being filled elsewhere. Being thus stranded, but by no means unduly depressed, I reported to the B.G.R.A., General Crowe,¹ and asked for employment. He received me most affably, declared that I was just the boy he wanted, appointed me Staff Captain to the 1st Artillery Group and ordered me to report to its C.O., Colonel Tancock. My knowledge of staff duties was nil, but I rightly conceived that I should not be alone in this, so I bought a red flannel band for my cap and reported to my H.Q. This purchase was an unnecessary expense, as the following Gazette to that which appointed me S.C.R.A. reduced me to Adjutant and, to effect further economy, to Lieutenant. As I had left France as a Captain I couldn't quite understand this, but then I was never a soldier and was fully aware that my military attainments entitled me to the lowest rank possible.

Colonel Tancock was a splendid man, who had commanded a first-class mountain battery in India for years and had an absolutely complete knowledge of every detail connected therewith, and indeed of all artillery work. Long service in India had given him something of a liver; he didn't suffer fools gladly, and he had the finest vocabulary of any man I've known. With complete ignorance of my duties I soon learnt most of the latter; and most deservedly, since he had to do or undo nine-tenths of my work himself. I imagined that it wouldn't be long ere I lost this job too, though I worked my hardest to acquire the tech-

¹ Brigadier-General J. H. V. Crowe, C.B. Author of *General Smuts' Campaign in East Africa*.

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nique. It was, I suppose, after a month that I committed yet another frightful error. I think that in writing to a Colonel commanding a depot I signed myself as " Lt. and Adjutant " instead of " for O.C. 1st Artillery Group ". The recipient was highly offended, and not only wrote but announced his intention of coming to make his complaint in person. Colonel Tancock told me off properly, and I awaited the arrival of the offended one in considerable trepidation. He duly arrived, and I was ready with an abject apology. It was unnecessary. He made his complaint in a peculiarly pompous fashion and waited. On which my C O. turned on him like a tiger. He started easily: " I want to know what you mean coming and wasting my time in this way. My Adjutant is a first-rate Adjutant, a better one than you are ever likely to have, and I won't have him bullied by a jack-in-office ! " He soon warmed up, however, and in a couple of minutes the insulted one left without a word, and apparently thinking himself lucky not to suffer personal violence. Then he turned to me and said, " And now, young fellow, never put me to all that trouble again. " I felt constrained to say that he had appeared to have enjoyed the interview. His reply was, " Oh, that was all right, the interfering old ——, but I had to spend hours looking up Army Lists to make sure I was his senior ! " Colonel Tancock was the most competent of C O.s with the kindest of hearts. I served under him with growing appreciation, and indeed affection, till we reached the Central Line, when he succumbed, having done three men's work, to the rigours of the campaign and the climate and returned home invalided. My memory and vocabulary remain the richer for our association.

I cannot recall with exactitude the units of the 1st

Artillery Group. The available artillery was altogether a scratch lot of the most divergent types. At the commencement of the offensive they included, *inter alia*, two regular Indian mounted batteries (10-pounder screw guns), a brigade of quite excellent S.A.F.A., a Calcutta Volunteer battery of 12-pounders, 4" guns from H.M.S. *Pegasus*, a section of naval 12-pounders, a section of R.G.A. 5" howitzers, and four 15-pounders (pre-War Field Artillery) — a motley lot. At one time or another I think I was associated with all of these, but my strongest recollection remains of the 27th M.B. in connection with whom I served throughout the campaign. I wonder if there was ever a battery rendered better service in a campaign than did the 27th M.B. during their three years' service in East Africa. They were commanded at the time of my arrival by Major Farfan,¹ one of the most distinguished soldiers the campaign produced, and their Captain, R. L. Landon, was equally competent, and I have always thought the best Junior Staff officer that I have known in my limited experience. During the long-drawn-out struggle it seemed to me that the 27th M.B. were hardly ever out of action, and their name must have been anathema to the enemy. I do not think that either in advance or retreat did they ever abandon as much as a fuse. Again and again their ranks were depleted by casualties and disease, again and again they turned up smiling. The full complement of the battery was, I think, 156, and if my memory serves there had passed through them, when the conquest of the Colony was complete, over 2100 names. I shall never forget their kindness to me, an ignorant amateur, and their invariable cheery welcome and hospitality both in action and in camp.

¹ Later promoted Brevet-Colonel Farfan, D.S.O.

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From all accounts their sister, the 28th M.B., could bear full comparison, but I never served in their company.

General Smuts's plan of campaign, elaborated, as of course it had to be, from that prepared by General Tighe, was a frontal attack on the enemy's main positions, coupled with two long turning movements on either flank, with the object of encircling them, and cutting their communications with Tanga well in the rear. The artillery to which I was attached supported the frontal attack, while the flanking movements were carried out by the South African mounted troops supported by their infantry. The operations were complicated by a waterless stretch of about thirty-five miles in the line of each advance, but presented the best, and indeed the only, chance of an early conclusion to the campaign. The cavalry moved off at dusk on the evening of March 5th, 1916, and our advance commenced at dawn on the 8th, when we shelled the enemy's advanced position on Salaita, an immensely strongly fortified hill, which had heavily repulsed a South African attack a month earlier. In the afternoon of the 9th the infantry attack took place. My chief recollection is of Colonel Graham leading the 3rd K.A.R. to the assault. I knew him well and he stopped for a word. I thought he seemed depressed, and commented on it. He admitted it, and said that he had a conviction amounting to a certainty that he was to be killed that afternoon. I told him that I was fairly confident that the position had been abandoned. He passed on and found it so. Two days later the same thing happened. We were shelling the enemy positions on Latema-Reata and about the same time of day as before he led his men forward to attack the position. His face was wreathed in smiles, and I said

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"No trouble today, sir!" He replied, "No. Every thing is O.K. today and we are going to give them hell." The 3rd K.A.R. most certainly did so, but Colonel Graham fell riddled by machine-gun bullets within the hour. So much for premonitions. His death was a terrible loss to our force. Not only was he a most accomplished and gallant soldier, but he was regarded with an almost unique devotion by the K.A.R.

The Germans had retired before us, and we crossed the Lumi and occupied Taveta with slight resistance, to find them holding a neck in a line of hills some two or three miles further on, and this it was decided to attack in the morning of the 11th. The artillery came into action early, and about 11 30 the 130th Baluchis and 3rd K.A.R. moved forward. There ensued a bitter fight, the first engagement on at all a major scale in the campaign, and both sides fought with the greatest determination. About 4.30 P.M. Colonel Capel¹ led his splendid 2nd Rhodesians forward in support, and about 8 P.M. South African infantry also arrived. The Germans were strongly entrenched with several machine-guns and cunningly placed snipers, and were, moreover, in superior numbers, at all events in the initial stages of the battle. Attack and counter-attack continued, and in the dark there was naturally much confusion. When the moon rose, about 3 A.M., two S.A.I. battalions most gallantly assaulted the main position with the bayonet, but suffered heavy casualties and were ordered to retire and dig in. With the first streaks of dawn a fresh advance was made. It was then found that the enemy had vacated the position, and, further, that two parties, one of Rhodesians and one of K.A.R., had penetrated the enemy's

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Essex Capel, D.S.O

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position in the earlier part of the night, and had remained dug in throughout. It was a splendid performance on the part of all the troops employed, the more so as to us the enemy seemed to have shown the greatest determination. Their Commander, however, was not apparently of the same opinion, since it was definitely ascertained later that he had committed suicide immediately after the action.

The net, alas, did not close. One of the turning movements was late, days late, and hard things were spoken, and indeed written. In my judgement injustice was done. In a country unknown and unmapped, with forests and rivers where you least expect them, and further, with inexperienced staff work, operations carried out at the greatest speed, where surprise was essential for success, cannot work like clockwork. Indeed I venture to doubt whether, if they had so worked, the result would have been all that the critics so definitely emphasized. Von Lettow was determined to hold us up, and contain as many of our troops for as long a time as he conceivably could. He was far too astute to allow himself to be surrounded and captured in a vast broken country known intimately to him, but quite unknown to his opponents. Smuts's immediate objective therefore became changed. There were obviously but a few more days before the rains would break, and they had to be occupied in clearing the country up to the Ruwu river, which could be easily held by us when, on the advent of the rains, it became a swollen torrent. The next ten days were full of confused fighting in bush and forest, with both sides trying to inflict as much damage as possible by surprise and ambush before hostilities were perforce suspended. In ten days the line of the Ruwu was occupied and down came the rain.

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It is difficult for those who only know more temperate climes to appreciate the effect of heavy rains in East Africa. Not only do dry watercourses become in twenty-four hours huge and menacing rivers, but the tracks and even the soil itself become profoundly changed. Animal transport can indeed make some attempt at progress over the red soil, but vast areas where the soil is known as "black cotton" become neither more nor less than quagmires. I can cite an instance which I myself saw during the latter stages of the campaign. A mule waggon had taken forward ammunition to a column, travelling easily down a perfectly good and dusty track. The rains came down and two days later I came on the same waggon returning half empty on the same road. It was stuck, the wheels embedded above the axles and the mules above their hocks. No efforts could move the waggon, and the traces were cut. But it was too late to save the mules; they were too deeply embedded, could not be extricated and were finally shot and then completely engulfed. Today I suppose that in the dry weather the dust rises from motor wheels above their bones.

The result of these initial operations was to drive the enemy completely out of British territory and to occupy 4500 square miles of his. Unfortunately this success was offset, and more than offset, by a most unfortunate occurrence. An enemy ship, the *Maria*, ran our blockade and anchored in Sudi Bay. She brought not only millions of rounds of ammunition and a plentiful supply of shells, but two new batteries of mountain guns and one of 4.1 howitzers as well as certain technical staff. She got off unscathed, and it was a fine feat and cost our country very dear.

On March 21st, the line of the Ruwu being firmly held, the forces to which I was attached were moved

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back to Mbuyuni, a comparatively dry and healthy camp, to be reorganized and brought up to strength to resume active operations at the end of the rains. Major-General A. R. Hoskins was brought in to command the 1st Division, which was our official name, and I made his acquaintance in an unfortunate fashion in which I very rightly incurred his severe displeasure. My friend Colin Isaacson was acting as D.A.Q.M.G. and I had occasion to go down to his office. He was not in and I took the opportunity for ill-placed facetiousness. This was the time when nearly all civilians were presented with military titles, and among others the head of the Y M.C.A. store had been gazetted a Major. The only other store in the camp was run by a large Goan with long yellow Dundreary whiskers named Nazareth. I took a sheet of official paper and wrote to Colin in official terms. I stated that in the Major's store I had found neither soap nor toilet paper but proceeding had found ample supplies provided by the Goan. Under the circumstances I put forward the suggestion that Nazareth should be promoted Brigadier-General, which I further pointed out would be a graceful compliment to our oldest ally. This I left in an official envelope and went my way. Shortly the newly arrived General visited his H.Q. office and opened the envelope addressed to his D.A.Q.M.G. The fat was in the fire. I was sent for, properly told off, and told that he would take twenty-four hours to consider whether or not to send me back to the base. I spent a miserable day and night, and the following afternoon an orderly brought an official envelope. I tore it open in fear and trembling to read: "I have seen Nazareth. You are forgiven. He should be a General. Come to dinner tonight." I have never been facetious on office paper

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again. *General Hoskins was perhaps the most gifted soldier of the campaign and was certainly the most popular. He has since been equally successful and popular as the head of the Bonar Law Conservative College at Ashridge.*

At this camp also I made the acquaintance of that almost equally famous soldier Brigadier-General Sheppard,¹ who had come out with the original Indian Expeditionary Force and who finished the campaign as chief of staff to General Van Deventer. General Sheppard was a man who prided himself, and I am glad to think still does, on his physical fitness. He had won both the Army and Amateur Racket Championships, and would probably have done so more often but for the calls of foreign service. Without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his sinewy frame, no march and no day was too long for him. He got the very best out of his men and held their respect and admiration by the fact that, though he demanded much from them, they knew that he shared to the full every danger and privation. He was, I think, one of the very few men I have met who really enjoyed fighting, and was very generally known by the sobriquet of "Ha Ha Splendid" from his almost invariable habit of turning up at a crisis and remarking, "Ha, ha, splendid! Lots of fighting and lots of fun!" His services were inestimable.

There was plenty of work during this period. Reinforcements came forward and new drafts had to go through intensive training. The artillery, in particular, were strengthened by the arrival of a first-rate Territorial brigade. One job was incidentally thrust on me which supported my firmly held theory that it was an established principle in the Army that one should be

¹ Afterwards Major-General S. H. Sheppard, K.C.B., D.S.O.

at pains to discover what task a man was least suited for and then set him at it. All my life I have been a subject of derision among my family and friends as far as the telephone was concerned, since I am not only deaf but have an unholy terror of the instrument. It was therefore no surprise to find my duties supplemented by an order to reorganize the Division's telephonic communications. I was occupied over this task about a month and can only trust that I left them in no worse state than that in which I found them. H Q. of the Air Force were stationed here too, and a most efficient personnel they had. Actually, however, this particular arm proved less effective than had been hoped. The country was so full of bush and forest and was, moreover, so immense that aerial reconnaissance was extremely difficult. Further, it had been anticipated that the moral effect of this novel weapon would be immense. Generally speaking, however, the African soldier has no nerves and is quite unaffected by either noise or novelty. The only way to frighten him is by killing or hurting him. As soon as he appreciated that the "birds", as he called them, rarely did either, their appearance left him quite unimpressed.

It wasn't all work meanwhile. There was quite a bit of bird-shooting done, and when the rains began to abate we played a certain amount of polo and even held a gymkhana, naturally for the purpose of trying our new remounts. All things, however, including the Long Rains, come to an end. About the middle of May we moved forward again, crossed the Ruwu almost unopposed on May 21st, and drove straight down the Pangani with the object of clearing the Usumbara and Pare hills, causing the evacuation of Tanga, and forcing the Germans back on the Central

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at all events in those early days, a fairly tough country. There had indeed but recently occurred what was the first clash between the settlers and Government authority, forming an episode which brought no particular credit on anyone concerned.

The Commissioner most kindly asked us to lunch, and I sought the opportunity to obtain some intimate knowledge of agricultural possibilities. I asked Colonel Hayes Sadler what in his view was the most likely line for a young settler to exploit. He drew me on one side and in a low tone gave utterance to the remark, "Cranworth, pigs will pay." It was a long while before they paid me or indeed anyone else. Agriculture was not the Governor's strong point, unless indeed he was a long-distance prophet.

We made the acquaintance during these few days of preparation of several distinguished people. First and foremost was one destined to become a real friend, Mr. F. J. Jackson, the great naturalist, sportsman and Administrator, of whom more anon. We had a letter to him from his old friend and shooting companion Sir Robert Harvey, and he always told me in latter days how reluctantly he responded to the introduction. Then there was Mr. C. W. Hobley, for many years a distinguished Provincial Commissioner as well as an excellent field naturalist. After his retirement from the Service, he undertook among his many activities the post of Secretary to the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire. His invaluable work there only ended in 1936 and he still keeps a close touch with the country which he served so long and faithfully. We made, too, our first acquaintance with James Elkington, that genial Old Etonian who had a charming homestead some three miles outside Nairobi. He was the first Master of Hounds in

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Line. My C.O. and I were with the main column, which advanced down the left bank of the river. We moved fast since the going was quite good, though there were large patches of dense bush in most of which the Germans put up a rearguard action, though they made no determined stand. The country was beautiful, with large open glades dotted with palm trees. There was plenty of game, and one of my clearest recollections is of a fine herd of buffalo disturbed by our advance guard by the river-side at dawn. They galloped across the short grass towards the bush, and a S.A. battalion turned two machine-guns on them. There was no shortage of meat that day, but it was a rare exception. Generally speaking, the continuous firing caused all game to give us a wide berth, though the spoor showed it to be very numerous hereabouts in our vicinity.

At Mombo, about 60 miles from Tanga, we turned south along the road to Handeni and the Central Line, following along the only comparatively decent road I struck in the colony. The enemy's resistance now stiffened. He had large food depots along this road, which had been his main L. of C. from the Central Railway. A stout fight was put up outside Handeni, but his greatest effort was made on the Lukigora river. I retain a vivid recollection of this engagement, since I went forward in an armoured car with Sir John Willoughby to reconnoitre the position and we received a shell in our radiator at short range which didn't do us a mite of good. Sir John was a splendid character and showed a great example of patriotism to all. With a spirit that thirsted for adventure he had spent much of his life in Africa. He had taken a prominent share in the ill-fated and perhaps ill-conceived Jameson Raid, and later had taken part in



By kind permission of Margareta, Countess of Winchelsea

THE HONBLE DENYS FINCH HATTON, M C

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one of the very earliest big game expeditions in British East Africa. Chafing at his inability, on account of age, to get to France, he fitted out an armoured car unit at his own expense and succeeded in obtaining their acceptance in Kenya under his own command. Here he did splendid work till the rigours of the climate and the campaign proved too much for him. The 4th of June fell for us this year in a time and place ill-suited for festivity. Nevertheless four Old Etonians — Sir John, Colonel Lyell, Denys Finch-Hatton and myself — forgathered over a few sticks in the bush. Each brought a tin of something and Denys had collected from God-knows-where a bottle of champagne, and never did Floreat Etona go down better.

Another memory of this phase was being ordered to command a small mounted escort to accompany General Smuts on a personal reconnaissance. This was the only occasion on which I was brought into personal contact with the C-in-C., and most certainly he put the wind up me. We rode through our outpost lines at dawn and right into the blue for several miles, and on a distant hill-top dismounted and examined the features of a panorama of hill, bush and plain. Our presence was discovered and a body of the enemy, luckily on foot, advanced rapidly towards us. The General observed them with a nonchalance which I was very far from sharing, and allowed them to come within a very few hundred yards before remarking, "Well, there doesn't seem much more to be seen, so we may as well be off." We cantered down the reverse slope as the first scattered shots fell, and I was remarkably glad to do so. The General was a firm believer in studying the line of advance for himself, and his eye, trained in many scores, perhaps hundreds, of engagements against ourselves, was almost infallible.

I also about this time renewed the acquaintance of another outstanding character, Colonel Driscoll, to whose Scouts I had been attached for a short time in the South African War. Though he again was nearing the veteran stage, there was no question of his being left out where fighting was concerned. This campaign found him very suitably placed in command of that very tough and remarkable unit the 25th Fusiliers, otherwise the Legion of Frontiersmen, or familiarly "the Old and Bold". Colonel Driscoll was a man of the greatest gallantry, shown in a hundred fights, but he had no especial love for authority in general or the staff in particular. Unless there was fighting to do in that capacity he particularly disliked the duties of rearguard and the dust that was thereby entailed. On this particular occasion he was thus employed, and at a halt he marched his men to a flank and rested them in the shade of some convenient trees. The G.O.C. sent off a staff officer to order him to resume his position, who shortly cantered back with a flea in his ear and carrying a blunt refusal. The G.O.C. was somewhat nonplussed. I had heard the reply and ventured to suggest that I thought I could move the Colonel. "Well, go and have a try. The last thing I want is to have to put him under arrest." So I rode off and came up to the Colonel seated smoking on the ground, and saluted. He greeted me, as I had hoped, with, "Well, and what bloody push might you belong to?" I replied, "Driscoll's Scouts, sir." "What the hell do you mean?" "Well, sir, I served with you in South Africa," and gave him my name. "By God, so you are. You're the young blighter who tried to steal my horse. I'm delighted to see you." And he wrung my hand. I then put to him colloquially what the G.O.C. wanted. "Of course,

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my boy, and tell the General if he'd sent you before instead of that brass-hatted young swab, I'd have done it at once." So the march discipline of the column was resumed. In justice to myself I should say that the accusation about the horse was grossly exaggerated. I had, anyway, no idea that it belonged to him.

All through May and the greater part of June the various columns marched and fought, counter-marched and fought again, and memory retains little but confusion. The artillery were continually in action, and, though the nature of the country militated against them, invariably did good and effective work. The principal engagements that I recall were a success obtained by General Hannington at Korogwe and later a splendid effort by the 25th Fusiliers and the Kashmir Rifles at Lukegura, where they crowned a 25-mile march with a bayonet charge. There remains too the memory of snipings and ambushes from which none were immune. Thus General Hoskins's car was ambushed and his A.D.C., Captain Macmillan, killed. Had the attackers not been seized with a fit of nerves, the whole party must have been for it, since they had no escort. On another occasion General Smuts's H.Q. car containing his Military Secretary, Major McCalmont, and his chief Intelligence officer suffered a similar fate. This was the period of the whole campaign when the troops suffered most severely from a shortage of rations. They were being fed from a depot at Kahe over two hundred miles away along a single track passing alternately through sandy desert and thick scrub and forest, vulnerable to the enemy attack along most of the route. There was a period of some days, or even weeks, when the troops with whom I was associated existed on hippo meat and mealie meal, which without sugar, tea or salt is in-

different food on which to fight. I recall being summoned by General Sheppard and finding him examining a pallid and evil-looking collection of roots and bulbs. He asked me if I thought they were nutritious provender. I opined not. On taking samples away for native investigation, I found that two at least were definitely poisonous. It was during this period that I discovered my sole recommendation as a staff officer (temporary): the ability to devour cold tinned sausages and even hippo with gusto at 4 A.M.

For some considerable part of this advance I acted as staff officer to my chief, Colonel Tancock, who was in command of a column. I don't recall a great deal of fighting, but I vividly remember an unpleasant amount of work, often of an unusual kind, such as how to distribute rations for 1000 men from one dead hippo. At the same time we had to maintain some sort of touch with our artillery units elsewhere. The 25th Fusiliers formed part of the column and I conceived a great admiration for them. Both officers and men were drawn from every rank of life, but the large bulk of them deserved and had earned their title of Legion of Frontiersmen in some outlying corner of our Empire. Best known among them was perhaps that justly famous elephant hunter, trader and explorer, Captain F. C. Selous, the original of Rider Haggard's Quatermain. One of those great-hearted souls who would not be denied where he felt that duty called, he joined up at the age of sixty-two and fell as a Captain early in January 1917, at the head of his own company, which he led in an attack on Beho-Beho. It was an end after his own heart, in the country and among the men he loved so well. His memory will not lightly perish. Among them also I recall, among many, two others of the early celebrated

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big game hunters, George Outram and Martin Ryan ; also Cherry Kearton, that great naturalist whose photographs and films have delighted so many thousands. Not the least noted was Captain Angus Buchanan, explorer, naturalist, artist and film producer. His modest and entrancing book ¹ of the exploits of his regiment should be read by all those interested in the campaign. The battalion was essentially a tough one and not altogether easy to handle, excepting always in action. I remember that their Adjutant at this time occasionally found this trait somewhat trying. He was an admirable, conscientious and painstaking soldier but not of quite such rough fibre as most of his command. Some of his problems he brought to me. One of them was, what was the appropriate action to take with an officer to whom he had issued an order, and who had responded by telling him to go to hell and commit a peculiar and indecent offence with spiders ! " As if I could," he pathetically added. I only trust that I advised him aright. The last stages of all became impossible for white troops. Apart from the fighting, fever, dysentery, sun and privation emptied the ranks quicker than they could be filled. Yet the 25th Fusiliers went far to achieve the impossible. They were the last white unit left, and again and again I have seen their remnants marching forward to the attack, in rags, shaking with fever, emaciated and white beneath the tan, yet full of an invincible determination which never let themselves or their Commander down. No body of men have done, or could have done, more to keep up the prestige of the white man in East Africa. Their end was worthy of them. They covered a retirement against over-

¹ *Three Years of War in East Africa*, by Captain Angus Buchanan, M C

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whelming odds and fought until they were cut to pieces. All honour to "the Old and Bold".

At the end of June, after an advance of 250 miles in six weeks, it became imperative to call a halt. The scattered detachments of the enemy all along the coast on our flank had to be mopped up or cleared off, and our communications improved so that both rations, ammunition and reinforcements could be brought up. Most units were by then below 50 per cent of strength, and the position as regards horses was considerably worse. The advanced troops therefore fortified a camp in a woody hollow at a place called Msiha, and there we remained for three or four weeks. It was, however, not so restful as one could have wished, since we were well within range of the German naval guns and they shelled us with uncanny accuracy, usually reserving their major hate till two or three in the morning. We suffered some 70 casualties among our small force, besides many more among our animals. Some, at all events, of these could have been avoided, had the higher command, few of whom had had much experience of shell fire, not at first thought it rather *infra dig.* to use the spade. Personally I have always preferred a live ass to a dead lion, and I dug my little body of signallers, etc., into a snug funk-hole behind an enormous baobab. We did not regret it when a shell pitched within six feet of us one night and did little more than temporarily disturb our slumber. Long before we left the camp every unit had followed our example. It was very marked how the drawn-out shelling without opportunity of reply told on everyone's nerves to a far greater extent than an engagement. Even our gallant Commander suffered in a minor degree. The evening before we were to assault the enemy's position he assembled all

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C.O.s and Adjutants and prefaced his remarks by telling us that few of us would be alive this time next day. This we thought cold comfort. That greatest of all Boer soldiers and statesmen, General Louis Botha, visited us in this camp, but I only saw him from afar.

The next stage was the advance on and capture of Morogoro, the old German capital, which fell on August 27th, our operations lasting twenty days. This is no War history but merely a few personal recollections, but it must not be forgotten that pressure at this time was being exerted and fierce fighting taking place on a wide front or rather on several fronts. General Northey had made splendid progress from Nyassaland, the fine Belgian troops had cleared the Lake district and were pressing hard at Tabora. West of them our own Lake detachments were advancing in support, and on our own right after much fighting the South Africans were closing on the Central Line at Kilossa. It was, in fact, a concerted drive of great magnitude. Our own initial advance on August 7th happily proved much less exciting than anticipated. We broke camp an hour before dawn and deployed for the attack. I went forward to obtain artillery observation, and most repulsive the enemy position looked as viewed from a tree-top. All my spying, however, failed to reveal any movement and I gave it as my view that it had been abandoned, which eventually proved to be correct. This was the most elaborately fortified of any position I saw during the campaign. A field of fire of 150 yards depth was cleared throughout its entire length, game-pits and rows upon rows of sharp stakes took the place of barbed wire. Trenches, parapets and emplacements were linked behind them, with a liberal allowance of

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the Colony and one of the two first trainers of horses. He had, I recall, a tame lion of very formidable dimensions with which he had concocted a successful joke. Lions were then the staple topic of conversation with the newcomer. When such were invited to Jim Elkington's homestead, the conversation was certain to revert to lions as the guests sat after lunch beneath a shady tree. "I suppose that you no longer get lions round here?" some eager sportsman would remark. "Well, hardly ever, but as a matter of fact the boys saw the spoor of one only last night in the gully just below those bamboos." At that moment the bamboos would part and the head and mane of a full-grown lion would appear. It was invariably a most successful entrance. This lion went the way of all tame lions, and the occasion of his going was as follows, or so I was credibly informed. Some visitors had come up by ricksha, and the boys who had propelled it, slumbered, as was their wont, face downwards on the lawn. The lion strolled up to the first recumbent figure, sniffed and then bit off in one enormous bite the most prominent portion of anatomy apparent. The boy recovered, though a poor sitter thereafter, but the lion never left his cage again.

Of the shooting side of our first visit I shall have more to say. We rode and walked through what appeared to us a vast extent of country, though today one could motor over the whole journey in two comfortable days, and always I was most fascinated. Gradually the determination crystallized to take up land, but the question was where. The surveys of farms had not proceeded very far, and though great tracts of fertile country were obviously bare of inhabitants they were not yet available for occupation. Likipia was certainly most attractive and splendid

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concealed machine-gun and snipers' posts. It was, I think, impregnable with the artillery at our command. This was, however, just one of those positions which meant less than nothing to General Smuts. He was the last soldier in the world to run his head against a brick wall. He was round it in a flash, and the defending force had to retire in a hurry if they were not to have their communications cut. Indeed there were some who suggested that, with a little more stubbornness on the part of the mounted troops, who had duly established themselves in the Germans' rear, we might have here achieved a crippling success. I think that there are always such suggestions

The next two or three weeks leave another memory of confused fighting, in which an attack by General Sheppard at Dakawa was perhaps the fiercest. His force of 500 rifles suffered some 80 casualties, but he achieved his objective. The fifth S.A.F.A., commanded by Major Adler, did some splendid work here, as indeed was their invariable custom. A clearer and more personal recollection is the approach to Morogoro, when we lay through the night in pouring rain about six miles from the line and heard the crashes and saw the flames as the Germans ran their engines and rolling stock from both sides of a destroyed bridge over a deep gorge, and I had my first bad bout of fever.

Morogoro was really an insignificant little town, but it was the first we had seen for three hundred miles and so most exciting. There were quite a few decent bungalows, a barracks and the old Government house. The latter exhibited to us a curious side of German mentality, local, I trust. The troops had left under pressure in a great hurry, but they had had time to issue their evacuation orders and on every piece of

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furniture was laid an exhibit of human excreta. This example of frightfulness apparently pleased them and certainly didn't hurt us, but struck me as a curious example of Kultur.

As my fever persisted I took the opportunity to slip into a hospital which was at once formed in one of the bungalows, and it was well worth while as I got for breakfast a real egg and cup of tea. The next day my temperature was down and I was quite all right and said I must be off. The Major in charge said, "That's all right. The car is starting in an hour and you'll be in Nairobi in two days!" I thought the procedure odd, but, not knowing the authority of a Major I.M.S., said I'd go and put my things together. I then sneaked out the back way and onto a box Ford driven by a friend, and in an hour or so was safely deposited at my H.Q. Alas, I found that my grand old C.O. Colonel Tancock had succumbed, as indeed I had feared was likely, and took no further part in the campaign. He had been succeeded by another fine soldier, Colonel Forestier-Walker, who was now C.R.A., and who professed himself delighted and indeed relieved to see me.

The next section of the campaign consisted of the long and complicated manœuvres and fighting which by the end of the year drove Von Lettow and all his remaining forces back across the Rufiji river and planted a hostile force based on Kilwa on his flank. It was a period full of ever-increasing engineering difficulties, and was waged in even more pestilentially unhealthy country, and its conclusion marked the departure of General Smuts. The first part of it I spent advancing under General Sheppard through the Uluguru Hills, with continually decreasing rations and further calls on the ubiquitous hippopotamus.

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The artillery played a *greater part, I think, in this* advance than previously. We obtained certain reinforcements in the form of *matériel* including not only Stokes mortars, but a vast quantity of Mills grenades. It shows what a backwater this campaign was, that in our sector there was no one who had ever seen a Mills bomb. Under such circumstances, if there was available a Gunner officer who had ever been in France he was clearly the one to give instruction. It was in vain that I protested that I had been there but a short time and that the only grenades that I'd seen were the bootbrush variety. "Orders are orders. Get on with it." I opined that we ought to have some sort of parapet for our experiments. "Stuff and nonsense," said the Staff. So I collected some N.C.O.s from each unit, and explained to them the mechanism, got behind a tree, placed them well in the rear, and took out the pin. The Brass Hats surged forward. I made a fine throw, luckily. Even so the fragments whizzed through the Staff and one or two small splinters got home. There were no bouquets for me that day! When I got back an urgent cipher wire was waiting for me: "No practice with Mills grenades except behind cover." Someone else must have had some! During this particular stage the principal use made of these bombs was in providing fish, for which purpose they were quite effective. In the later and more intense fighting they were invaluable. The damage, however, was not all on one side. A know-all native private came on a box of Mills bombs lying in the grass. Calling nine of his comrades, he explained that this was the white man's latest magic and he would show them how it worked. He then took one out of the box, removed the pin and returned it to the box. That unit were nine O.R.

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short that night, one of the ten, curiously enough, being hardly hurt. The Stokes mortars proved an even more effective weapon.

For some reason the weeks spent among the Ulu-guru Hills seemed to many of us the most depressing of the whole campaign. Food was scarce and fever rife. The fighting seemed desultory and disjointed, and we got little or no news of what was happening in other sectors. It was accordingly with immense enthusiasm that we learnt that we were to return to the Central Line, embark at Dar-es-Salaam and land south of the Rufiji. I remember being bitterly disappointed at being given the job of entraining all troops, ammunition and transport, which meant that I was the very last man to get away and enjoy the imagined flesh-pots at the coast. As a matter of fact though I was the last to get away I wasn't the last to arrive, since I met a naval friend, Captain Bob Wilson,¹ at Dar-es-Salaam, and he took me down to Kilwa in his monitor which was plentifully supplied with food and drink, passing the rearmost of the transports. This was one of the two monitors that effected the destruction of the German cruiser *Königsberg*.

We landed at Kilwa Kivenje, which has a very fine landlocked harbour, unfortunately surrounded by some of the most unhealthy country in Africa, which necessitated our making our actual base at Kilwa Kiswani some 15 miles to the south, which, though no health resort, had been the official H.Q. of the district. Here I first made the acquaintance of that brilliant soldier General Hannington,² who was one of the outstanding figures of the War, and whose

¹ Captain R. A. Wilson, D.S.O., R.N.

² Brigadier-General J. A. Hannington, C.M.G., D.S.O.

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operations during the concluding stages had so much to do with our final success. His premature death shortly after the conclusion of hostilities meant a tragic loss to the army, and to me the passing of a great personal friend. The General wasted no time before pushing out patrols and reconnoitring routes for the advance of our guns and transport. One of my strongest recollections is of finding myself here, strangely as I thought, at sea. While our transports were lying crowded close together in the harbour at Kilwa Kivenje, the Germans with great enterprise succeeded in establishing a battery of mountain guns amid the wooded slopes on the south side of the bay and opened a long-range fire which had the effect of holing several ships without luckily doing much damage. I received orders to go and direct the fire from a whaler and put the battery out of action or cause them to withdraw. I found the whaler waiting with steam up and sundry naval ratings grinning with delight at the prospect of letting off their newly acquired weapons, the principal one of which was an ancient 12-pounder. We steamed off and a spirited action ensued, marked by incredibly bad shooting on both sides. Once when I was shortening range our T sight stuck, and our method of loosening it was by the sturdy application of a huge wooden mallet which one "Bill" propelled from the hold! Eventually by steaming very close inshore we made it too hot for them, or perhaps they had finished their ammunition; at all events they disappeared and did not come into action again. This episode enables me to start confidently after the port has circulated with, "Once when I was commanding one of H.M.'s ships of war in action!"

I think that the country due west of Lindi harboured more and worse examples of Nature's

obstacles to man than any other district that I have traversed. In the first place, it contains a large proportion of "black cotton" soil which, after half an inch of rain, is impassable by any wheeled transport (it was here that I saw a mule-cart and six mules completely engulfed on the track itself). Next there were more and fiercer tsetse than I have ever known. The very troops and porters used to drip with blood from their attentions, and I take from a diary the fact that we received a draft of 660 mules and ponies and the very last survivor departed five weeks later, the great majority having died within a fortnight. We suffered here too the only losses from lions that came to my personal knowledge, though I heard vaguely of others in different sectors. An old man-eater took thirteen Indians, sentries and followers before being destroyed by a machine-gun. At a place called Mission there was a plague of rats innumerable. We had a minor engagement there and some of the wounded on both sides were horribly attacked by these vermin. An extremely unpleasant plague which I have not met elsewhere attacked one usually in the region of the chest or stomach. There arose great irritation, and in due course a considerable swelling from which a grub somewhat similar to a wasp grub was removable with a razor or lancet. I had to have one of these horrors removed from a certain portion of my anatomy, an operation which was not only most painful to myself but caused unholy merriment to my fellow officers. None laughed louder than General Hannington. A day or two later he came quietly to me and said: "Cranworth, what steps did you take about that grub the other day? Because, as a matter of fact, but you won't tell anyone, I've got one in the same place!" I am afraid that this command of

secrecy was one that I did not obey ! Worst of all, of course, were the mosquitoes, in countless swarms and every one an anopheles. Fever hereabouts inflicted casualties greater than at any time before or afterwards. Thus towards the end of this period three K.A.R. battalions had but eight officers between them, and in the whole force, a full two brigades strong, there were fit for duty less than sixty white officers, including medical services, staff and transport.

The fighting in this sector culminated in an action at Kabata, where the enemy supported by guns made an attack of the utmost determination for two nights and days on our advanced position. It was here, I think, that I made my first acquaintance with that splendid and delightful battalion the Gold Coast Regiment. Their most deservedly popular C.O. was Colonel Rose, and a finer body of officers and men it would be hard to find. The men were of splendid physique with perpetually grinning mouths that were a pleasant sight to see. They spoke a species of pidgin English which was a joy in itself. Thus I remember at this particular battle I reached an enormous sergeant where the regiment were lying extended in the bush, and asked how it went. With a cavernous grin he answered : " Going splendid, sar ! All Gold Coast lib for die today ! " It wasn't as bad as that, but their casualties in the engagement were unfortunately very heavy. The story had been circulated by the Germans that they were cannibals, and this they much resented since it was entirely untrue. At a later date I came back to camp one evening, and hearing some commotion, went towards their lines. We had recently captured a small party of German whites, and these I found in the centre of a ring of Gold Coast soldiers. They were dancing round the unfortunate captives

holding the huge knives which they use for wood-cutting. From time to time they drew these across their throats and then went through the pantomime of eating chunks of flesh, champing their jaws in blood-curdling fashion! I need scarcely say that their officers speedily stopped this awe-inspiring frightfulness. While neither the Gold Coast Regiment nor the Nigerians were, I think, ever recruited from cannibal tribes, some of the Belgian Askaris undoubtedly were, as indeed were some of the German troops. It was commonly believed that on one occasion the former did eat some of the enemy captured on a boat on Lake Victoria Nyanza. Whether that rumour was true or not I don't know, but certainly another was incorrect. This was that the Belgian Command had solved the problem of both pay and rations by first eating the rations and then the porters who carried them. Certainly both the Gold Coast Regiment and the Nigerians or W A F.F.s were grand troops splendidly officered. If sometimes their shooting was inferior to that of the German Askaris, they more than made up for it by their superiority with the bayonet. No troops took a greater share in the final stages, when the fighting was far fiercer than any that preceded it.

This fighting round Kabata represented the last effort of General Smuts to finish the campaign before the Long Rains. He had done all that was humanly possible, but in a country of such size and difficulty the opportunities of withdrawal by a skilful and resolute Commander were too great. His accomplishment as it stands was a great one. In ten months he had not only ejected the enemy from all British soil but had occupied more than three-quarters of his own vast colony. It may be the case, indeed I think it was, that if he had utilized the services of more regular officers

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on his staff more definite results *might have been* achieved. At all events he had one, Colonel Geoffrey Phillipps, who as a G.S.O. did three men's work in co-ordinating the splendid vigour and dash of the S.A. and other troops. General Smuts owed an immense debt to Colonel Phillipps and thoroughly appreciated the fact. Our C.-in-C. left on January 20th to continue with intensified vigour at home the vast services he had already rendered to the Empire and to humanity.

But, as far as we were concerned, Von Lettow was still full of fight. No longer having to meet the pressure on his immediate front, he made a determined effort to cut us off from our base at Kilwa, and indeed was only thwarted by General Hannington's prescience and tactical skill. We actually got back to Kilwa Kiswani just as the heavy rains broke, and in that remarkably insalubrious spot spent the next three months while General Hoskins reorganized our forces. Few people have ever realized or appreciated the remarkable work that our new C.-in-C. accomplished during this period. Indeed, the vast majority of the British public believed that when General Smuts departed, the conquest of German East Africa was practically complete — a misapprehension which unfortunately some, at all events, of the former Commander-in-Chief's public utterances did little to dispel. In all probability it was in fact the case that the task that faced General Hoskins was at least as difficult as that which had confronted General Smuts fifteen months previously. *The white troops, including the whole of the South Africans, were by now completely exhausted with quite half of their effectives in hospital. Moreover, it should be recognized that the country in which we must now fight was too unhealthy for even*

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the toughest of white units to operate in. They were all accordingly withdrawn, and General Hoskins found himself faced with by far the most difficult portion of the campaign, at a time when he was temporarily in a numerical inferiority, though probably the Germans were unaware of their advantage. Our new chief tackled the problem with his accustomed energy. He saw that the only way to conclude the campaign was to exploit the internal resources of our own East African territories to the utmost; with, of course, such invaluable aid as he could conjure from India and from other portions of Africa. To that end he sought the co-operation of General Northey in Nyassaland and of our gallant Belgian Allies, and he called on Kenya and Uganda for a supreme effort. The response was in every case 100 per cent. Old K.A.R. units were brought up to strength and the formation of new ones was accelerated. To officer them the Civil Service, the farms, the plantations, the banks, the business houses and the shops were shorn of every available man. Not the least achievement was the formation of a huge Carrier Corps of which the numbers at one time approximated to 200,000 men, a feat for which Mr. Ainsworth, the well-known East African Administrator, was mainly responsible. It was an effort of which the territories concerned have every reason to be proud, and in it all the chief driving force was General Hoskins.

I took advantage of the few weeks' lull to go to Nairobi. I had been getting fever at ten-day intervals in spite of taking up to 60 grains of quinine daily, and when that interval shortens to a week malaria is apt to turn to blackwater, which is more unpleasant. So I thought I would try a numerical injection, i.e. 606 or 909, the exact figures escape my memory, which was

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cattle land, but at that time was in the occupation of one section of the Masai, which later elected to exchange this block of country for another in juxtaposition to the other and larger portion of the tribe. On our way back from our safari, however, and on the old road between Fort Hall and Nairobi, we stayed with two remarkable young settlers, Messrs. Swift and Rutherford, at their farm at Pundamilia. They were pioneers in the truest and best sense. Leaving snug jobs at home, they had raked up what little capital they could, had chosen a farm and for two years had been experimenting as to what was the most likely line in which to make good. Meanwhile they kept the pot boiling, and only just. They lived rough — though all they had was thrust upon us — the local game, bird and beast, for the most part supplied their larder, and by Jove they worked! Up before dawn every day, teaching and supervising the native labour that flocked in, their sole relaxation the pursuit of lions and buffaloes, the former of which were at that time very numerous round about. It is good to think that the War spared them and that they still carry on, happy and respected. These two struck us as the right sort of neighbours to have. Moreover the country where they lived was beautiful, the elevation not too high, the soil obviously fertile, and we were not unattracted by the vast concourse of game that could be seen from any hill. We sat up late each night discussing various possibilities and crops, and chiefly were we intrigued with the possibilities of sisal. Swift and Rutherford had then about a dozen plants, and there were a few more in Nairobi. German East Africa already had an established industry, but not unnaturally were not disposed to export either the suckers or bulbils from which the plants were propagated.

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said to be effective and of which the Germans made much use. I had always thought that my veins were full of blood, and it was a great surprise therefore when the rather nauseous contents of a full champagne bottle were without undue inconvenience inserted into them by an extremely competent and equally amusing Irish doctor. The injection was most successful, even if unpleasant for the first twenty-four hours, and I had no return of fever nor yet of dysentery for three months.

General Hoskins's preparations were complete by the end of April, and General Van Deventer, no doubt in accordance with previous arrangement, arrived to take over command. Many of us thought it very hard that General Hoskins should not be given the task of using the weapons he had so splendidly forged, but it cannot be gainsaid that General Van Deventer was an exceptionally able and determined soldier. He was no politician and had served in the old Staats Artillery in the Cape, and was much more a believer in strict discipline than some of his late colleagues. The following story was circulated soon after his arrival. A Dutch sergeant appealed direct to him with regard to a court-martial sentence (he having been found in possession of some dozen pairs of riding-breeches). The General read the evidence and heard his statement. "You appeal against the sentence imposed by the English officers and will accept my decision?" "Ja, General" — in happy recollection of former successful appeals. "The English officers gave you one month. I give you two. March the prisoner out." He was not much troubled with such appeals in future. He was a man of fine presence but suffered from an injury in the throat that made his speech difficult to understand. Soon after his arrival I was sent to see him on certain artillery aspects.

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I failed to comprehend his first sentences. "You do not understand me, Captain?" I replied that I was afraid I had not quite grasped his meaning. "Ah, but you should, as it's your fault." I looked blank. He stretched out a colossal finger to my tunic and touched the S.A. ribbon. "You shot me in the throat in this war, and therefore I cannot speak clear!" He made the fine choice of General Sheppard as his chief of staff and they worked in splendid unity. Van Splosh, as he was sometimes irreverently called, won the esteem, confidence and even affection of all ranks to an unusual degree, and his name will be long and honourably remembered among all those who served under his command.

We had now reached the final stages of the campaign with the enemy contained in a block of territory some two hundred miles square, perhaps the most unhealthy on the East Coast, and where Von Lettow had always intended to make his last stand. This period contained by far the fiercest fighting of any, as is evidenced by the fact that in it our own casualties totalled double those of the preceding year, while the enemy's known losses were actually three times as many as all those which he had previously incurred. The first portion of the operations consisted in the still further curtailment of German territory by the advance southward of Hanforce, now increased to 5500 rifles, as far as the Mvudje river, and the establishment at Lindi of another column known as Linforce to operate on the German flank and rear.

Hanforce, to which I was still attached, were unfortunately deprived for a time of the leadership of General Hannington through illness. But we could have asked for no better substitute than his successor, General P. S. Beves, an ex-Regular cavalry soldier

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settled in South Africa. He was certainly one of the most popular and efficient of all the soldiers who came up from the south, and worked in perfect collaboration with General Hannington's staff, which was in itself an admirable one. Indeed, writing as a civilian, I doubt if many Generals had better service than was given by his G.S.O.1 Colonel Marshall, and by his A.A. and Q.M.G. Colonel Jones, while transport arrangements were in the most efficient hands of my old friend Major Newland. The head of his Intelligence, that most important department in this campaign, was Captain La Fontaine, and there could have been no better man. At the outbreak of war "Brains", as we knew him, was nearly captured at Taveta, where he was serving as Assistant District Commissioner. Fortunately for us he escaped, and not without leaving his mark on his assailants, and for the whole duration of the War rendered invaluable services to our cause. At its conclusion he took his talents and his well-won decorations back to the Civil Service in Kenya, in whose service he has risen high. As A.P.M., a post involving a variety of strange duties, we had a most competent and popular Kenya settler, Captain Gorringe, while we were fortunate that the care of our ammunition, a vital and exceptionally exacting task, fell on the cheery shoulders of Captain Galloway, a pillar of the Stock Exchange.

Even if I had sufficient data and my memory served me, I should not propose to describe the operations, which will presumably have their official record in the fullness of time. There was continuous fighting and two major engagements, in the latter of which the issue was touch and go. The Germans charged behind a grass fire which swept from their lines, and was doubtless lit by them, as the wind was

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very constant and reliable, and drove our troops back some way, but the 1/3 K.A.R. and the Gold Coast Regiment counter-attacked in magnificent fashion, and established themselves by nightfall in a portion of the enemy's trenches, with the result that he evacuated his position during the night. By the latter part of July General Beves's immediate task was accomplished, but at no small cost, since his effectives had now been reduced to 2500 rifles. He accordingly consolidated his position on the Mvudje, while General O'Grady from Lindi, and General Northey and the Belgians steadily constricted the area controlled by Von Lettow.

Our artillery was by now reduced to its lowest dimensions owing to the immense difficulties of transport, and the services of a C.R.A. were dispensed with. We had left with us two 6-gun Indian mounted batteries (including the ubiquitous 27th M.B.), now equipped with 2.75 Q.F. guns, which change-over effected in the field struck me as a fine achievement, a territorial Howitzer battery commanded by a quite exceptionally fine soldier, Major Floyd, and a Field battery commanded by an old Horse gunner, Major Symes-Thompson, who made up by his efficiency and resource what he lacked in hearing. The Gold Coast Regiment also had a section of mountain guns. Though the difficulties of transport were at times immense, these batteries operated with Hanforce till the end, and it was largely owing to their skilful handling that our casualties in comparison with those we inflicted were reasonably light.

In September we received very welcome reinforcements both from India and Africa, by no means the least of which was General Hannington himself, now completely recovered, who resumed command of

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Hanforce, while General Beves took over the command of Linforce from General O'Grady. The final advance now took place, and ever closer became the grip of the pincers on Von Lettow's gallant but dwindling forces. General Von Lettow himself commanded against Hanforce, General Wahle against Linforce, but as the net constricted, the former with his picked troops seemed to be in both positions at once. There was fighting every day, often continued far into the night. Among confused memories is one of the magnificent stand of two weak Nigerian battalions attacked all day by twice their numbers. But indeed neither the W.A.F.F.s nor the Gold Coast Regiment ever failed. In this action the superior shooting of the German Askaris could be plainly discerned after the battle was over. Our trenches were pockmarked with bullets, but from our side at 80 yards distant boughs at 8 and even 10 feet high were shot away. But around our position the bodies of the bayoneted enemy lay thick upon the ground. I recall also the capture of Lukiledi Fort; indeed I am daily reminded of it, since I was up in time to acquire from a K.A.R. Askari, price one rupee, the flag that floated over it, and I have no intention of restoring it to its former owners. The next morning, too, remains vivid, when as we moved out from camp at dawn we were attacked by Von Lettow's picked troops flushed with a temporary success near Lindi. They were led by Von Lettow in person, and the first fury of their attack fell, luckily, on that veteran battalion the 1/3rd K.A.R., who met them with equal determination. Our guns were quickly in action at short range, and after a few hours' fighting we drove them back. But now the end was near. General Cunliffe with his magnificent Nigerians had joined

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Linforce, of whom he had taken over the command, and pressed vigorously forward, as did General Hannington. Fighting took place daily, but our men seeing the end in sight would not be denied, and closer and closer drew the net. Finally Von Lettow realized that all was up and, collecting the scanty remnants of his forces, decided to make a dash for Portuguese Territory.

Meanwhile westwards the indefatigable efforts of General Northey and of the Belgian troops had rendered the position of General Von Tafel, who commanded the opposing German forces, impossible. Drawing his surviving troops into one column of approximately 2000 rifles, he struck straight across the Makonde plateau in an effort to make contact with Von Lettow. Two small detachments of K.A.R. under Colonel Shorthose and Major Hawkins respectively succeeded in intercepting them and put up a splendid defence against overwhelming odds. The delay they caused gave General Hannington just sufficient time to get his men up and across the line of advance, and he compelled their surrender — they were short of food and ammunition — on November 28th. The same thing should have happened to Von Lettow on the 25th. With our troops hard on his heels he reached the Rovuma river bordering Portuguese Territory. The river at that time of year is about the size of the Thames at Windsor, and the one ford was breast-deep. On the other side was the Portuguese Army with guns and machine-guns galore. It is kinder to draw the veil, but Von Lettow passed on. The colony was now completely clear, but much fighting remained, and many lives were yet to be sacrificed. It has always seemed incongruous to me that of all the nations who helped in the conquest of

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German East Africa the only one to receive an unconditional share of the conquered territory was Portugal. I have little doubt, however, that our ancient ally would put up a very different show today.

The last few days of the campaign were filled with the excitement of Berlin's last throw to assist their gallant forces in East Africa. This consisted of the despatch of a Zeppelin carrying war material and technical experts. We had been advised of the intention, and more than once I was aroused during the night to decode immensely long cypher despatches as to the necessary steps to take on its approach. The airship duly came, but failed to make contact with Von Lettow, which was certainly at that time no easy task. It therefore returned with its cargo undischarged. Even in the event of success it must have been too late to have affected the issue.

There are two final tributes that I should wish to pay. The first is to the King's African Rifles. Many soldiers differed in their views as to which was the best of our battalions in the field, some extolling one of the splendid S.A. regiments, others an Indian one, such as the 130th Baluchis or the Kashmiris, or again the Loyal North Lancers, the Rhodesians, the 25th Fusiliers, the Gold Coast Regiment or some special battalion of K.A.R. or W.A.F.F., each one to his own choice. But I never heard anyone, at all events in the latter stages, dispute the statement that the greatest share in the conquest of the colony was that belonging to the King's African Rifles as a whole. When the War broke out they numbered less than 1500 rifles, when it ended they had close on 30,000 names upon their rolls. Nor was this increase an easy task. There was a shortage of trained officers. I do not suppose that at the end of the campaign each battalion averaged more than two

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regular soldiers. Worse than this, the native tribes available for recruiting were seldom of natural fighting stock, in which possession the Germans were enormously better off. This fact should never be lost sight of. There was a time when I considered that the handing-back of a portion of the colony was a reasonable proposition. Today I strongly doubt, and more than doubt, whether we can ever dare allow the German nation the opportunity to train and arm a great black army from the magnificent material that Tanganyika has to offer. Terribly difficult as the task was it was done, and to the end the K.A.R. battalions fought man for man on level terms with veteran German troops. In the last and fiercest stages of the fighting it proved desirable to introduce a sprinkling of British N.C.O.s, and none but the very best type were so introduced. Even so, the proportion of whites to natives was probably never so high as it was in the German formations. All honour to General Llewellyn, their Commandant, and his staff, all honour to the original C.O.s such as Colonels Graham and Fitzgerald, also to all those officers who trained first themselves and then their men. Surely, too, not the least honour to the rank and file. A glorious record indeed have the King's African Rifles. I trust that those to whom that record is entrusted will never dare allow it to be tarnished.

My second tribute must be to the German Commander-in-Chief, who conducted his campaign not only with infinite skill and infinite courage (he was, I believe, wounded seven times), but with, I am convinced, absolutely clean hands. The following story received general credence. Von Lettow was said to have returned from one of the fronts to Tabora where a considerable number of our prisoners were held.

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They were in charge of a German Major, who ill-used them and actually forced *British officers to clean out the native latrines*. Von Lettow heard of it, summoned the Major into his presence and asked him if it were the case. "Yes, sir. I presume that you approve." The answer came: "You foul swine! You have defiled the name of German officers and gentlemen throughout the whole colony." And he shot him with his own hand. I do not suppose that the story as it stands is true, but the fact that it was almost universally accepted does prove the respect in which the General was held. Two years after the War we, the remnants of the forces who had fought against him, entertained General Von Lettow at a banquet in London under the presidency of General Smuts. I have always thought that more was done at that dinner towards the peace of the world in three hours than the League of Nations has done since its inception.

My fever had returned two months before the end, and had got to a weekly visitation, and no amount of quinine had any effect other than to increase my natural deafness. I had worked up to 80 grains a day, which they told me when I got home was quite inconceivable, but I suspect that the tablets from long practice slipped through my stomach largely without being dissolved. Anyway, I wasn't feeling too good and was glad to slip off home. General Hannington and I went to Suez in a transport containing some 1500 German prisoners. Chief among them was General Von Tafel, whom we found a cultured and attractive gentleman. As, however, they contained in addition among their numbers most of the navigating staff of the German cruiser the *Königsberg* and we had a most inadequate escort, we were quite pleased when we had seen them safely handed over. The last stage of our

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journey was from Alexandria, and on it I had a novel, and indeed humiliating, experience. Our transport contained, besides some 60 invalided officers, about 1500 somewhat undisciplined Australians under one of their own colonels. I was put in charge of one of the ship's boats, in which I took some natural interest. A big transport had been torpedoed only the day before just outside Alexandria, and I was pointed out one or two corpses bobbing about outside the harbour as we steamed out. My orders were to draw rations and water and to pack them in the boat. I "fell in" my command of about forty men, read out the orders to the sergeant and told him to detail a party for the first job. When that was completed without any undue alacrity, I ordered him to detail another for the rations. On which the sergeant, a magnificent specimen of humanity, took a pace to the front, turned round and in a voice of thunder bawled, "And now, boys, let's count out the bloody Lord!" Led by him they roared: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten and OUT". They then walked off, leaving me wondering what A did now. It was, however, getting rather rough and I found no difficulty in deciding that the necessary action was to go to my cabin and be decently sick. From my bunk I listened to similar counting-out going on all over the deck, the most stentorian shout being when they counted out the ship herself. On arriving at Taranto a party was detailed to carry the officers' luggage from the ship to the camp, but they roared with laughter at the order and walked off. So we had to carry our own kits about half a mile with a heavy fall of snow on the ground. The next day I was going from the camp into the town by train. In my carriage were two nice young Australian officers and they began discussing

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From such small beginnings was the sisal industry in British East Africa built up ; an industry which for a time became so important that it actually supplied practically the whole of the binder twine used in the United Kingdom during the latter stages of the War. The Colony, and indeed the Empire, therefore owes a real debt to these two gentlemen and no less to their third partner, Campbell B. Hausburg, who also remains a tower of strength to the sisal industry at the present day.

Before we left their farm the die was cast and we had put in an application for land adjoining Pundamilia (zebra), the home of Swift and Rutherford. Furthermore, we had arranged with them to take my brother-in-law, Mervyn Ridley, temporarily as a pupil. British East Africa acquired thereby a settler of the finest type and in the very real sense of the word. For thirty-odd years he has made the Colony his actual home, and if she has given him much, he has made to her a more than adequate return.

After completing our safari, paying off its component parts, distributing the inevitable baksheesh and disposing of our surplus stores and equipment, we set off for a brief visit to Uganda. The main impressions of this first visit that I retain were of the beauty and fertility of the district around Entebbe and Kampala and of the hospitality of its inhabitants. We were royally entertained by the Acting Commissioner, Mr. Wilson, a splendid type of the old-time official and Administrator. His native name was Bwana Tiari, the latter word meaning "ready". I asked him why he was so named and he said, "Because they think I am 'ready, aye ready' for any emergency." Mr. Jackson, later to be a successor of his, however, told me that it was really due to a habit of

yesterday's events. Said one: "I think the boys were quite right to refuse to carry up those kits, don't you?" Answered the other: "Yes, of course, the English ones, but I thought it rather hard making our old man hump his grip." "Nonsense. Don't be soft. One man's as good as another. I don't believe in all this saluting and rot." I leant forward and said: "You're going to France, aren't you? I've been there and may I tell you one thing about it? In three weeks' time your boys will be saluting not only their own officers and British officers, but Allied officers of every nationality as well." They were politely incredulous. I wrote my name and address on a bit of paper and said, "Well, if by chance I happen to be right, be a sport and drop me a p.c." He promised, and to my great surprise and indeed pleasure some three weeks later I got a Field Postcard on which was inscribed, "You were right, Cap."

CHAPTER IX

LORD DELAMERE AS I KNEW HIM

I HAVE sometimes been asked who among those who lived in Kenya and shaped her destinies in the decade I knew were the most outstanding. It is an embarrassing choice, since I hold an admiration for many, among whom rank high the names of Alan Tompson, Sir Percy Girouard and Major Ewart Grogan. After deep consideration I would select the names of the two men who, I think, have left the greatest impression on my memory, men of vastly different characters and of dissimilar ambitions. They were Lord Delamere and Sir Frederick Jackson. Of them I append a few inadequate and largely personal notes.

Hugh Cholmondeley was born April 28th, 1870, at Vale Royal in Cheshire, and succeeded to the peerage and title of Lord Delamere in his seventeenth year. His schooldays and early life were, as in the case of many other great men, undistinguished. He showed no aptitude for study or for games, and his earliest devotion was to the sport of hunting, whereat he was a fearless but not, I have been told, a particularly skilful performer. At an early age the spirit of adventure took him in a firm grip and led him into the pursuit of big game hunting, and through it to Somaliland at the age of twenty-one. In all he made five trips to that country and, as evidenced by the trophies at Vale Royal, they were remarkably successful. Somaliland

was in those days a wild spot, seldom visited by Europeans and to a large extent unexplored. It contained plenty of game and a good stock of lions. The almost invariable method of lion-hunting followed there was to strike fresh tracks at dawn and to follow the spoor to where the beast had retired to lie up during the heat of the day. This, to my mind, is the highest form of lion-hunting, necessitating much skill, endurance and courage. Delamere was remarkably successful. He was badly mauled by a lioness on his third trip, and he told me that this, for he killed her, was his forty-ninth lion. It is safe to say then that he killed well over fifty lions *single-handed*. I do not believe that this feat can be paralleled, though big claims are made, and other hunters have doubtless been in at the death of a greater number, as, for example, Paul J. Rainey, who hunted in Kenya on horseback with a pack of dogs and with their aid accounted for seventy in one year. He suffered during these early trips a great deal from malaria, which took heavy toll of a naturally strong constitution. From what I knew of him, I strongly suspect that he looked on quinine in those days with a certain amount of disdain.

In 1895 he planned a far more ambitious expedition into the hinterland behind Somaliland. Unfortunately that autumn he had a very severe hunting accident and fractured some of the vertebrae of his spine. The effects of this accident remained with him for life, and would have deterred a lesser man from further adventure. The accident, however, had one eminently satisfactory result. He had in attendance during the long period in which he was confined to bed a young budding doctor, Atkinson by name. Dr. Atkinson was not only naturally intelligent but exceedingly well read, and during the months that Delamere lay on his

back he implanted the seeds not only of erudition but of an ambition beyond mere sport. The flowering of these seeds meant everything to Kenya, and they were not the only debt she was to owe to "the Doctor" in future years.

When he was sufficiently recovered from his accident, in the autumn of 1896, Delamere started off on his fifth and greatest expedition, having sent on Atkinson, who had agreed to accompany him, in advance to make the initial preparations. Theirs was a long and arduous, indeed an almost epic trek, undertaken through all of its first stages with the aid of that objectionable but indispensable means of desert transport, the camel. It gave full rein to the spirit of adventure of these two young men, though the sport of shooting had already largely palled on Delamere. It is no part, however, of my task to describe the journey, even had I the data for such a narrative. Suffice it to say that they arrived at the curious crater lake of Marsabit in August 1897, some nine months after they had left Berbera, thus entering for the first time what is now known as Kenya from an entirely different angle to that of any previous white man. It was no wonder that, as they finally struggled into the cool green beauty of the Highland Plateau, these two adventurers fell in love with the country, and that the Doctor at once definitely abandoned a career for which he had been educating himself for years. Delamere proceeded home along the slopes of Mt. Kenya, through Kikuyu and Machakos, reaching railhead at Tsavo, and so home to England after fifteen months.

In the autumn of 1898 Delamere had a second bad hunting accident and again dislocated his spine. Serious though this second accident was for him, since

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he never really recovered from its effects, it proved Kenya's gain, since he was forbidden to hunt again, and this was probably the decisive influence which caused him finally and irrevocably to link his fortunes with British East Africa. In the summer of 1899 he married Lady Florence Cole, the charming and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen. In the autumn of the same year the two Delameres journeyed again to B.E.A., this time landing at Mombasa. He had lost interest in shooting, indeed I doubt whether he could have again endured the hard work of a safari. Nor was he yet ripe for settling down to farm. His immediate interest, a very passing one, was birds, and he took out a taxidermist to collect skins for the Natural History Museum. The expedition was marred by another very bad go of malaria which laid him up for some time, and he returned home in the spring of the following year.

About this time the suggestion of white settlement in East Africa was being considered seriously for the first time by our Government. There were apparent large stretches — to the eye they appeared almost limitless — of healthy Highlands absolutely unoccupied. Periodic famines and the Masai tribe saw to it that the native population did not increase. Moreover, something had to be done to justify the expense of the Uganda railway. Sir Charles Eliot was appointed Commissioner in 1900, and he may justly be entitled to be called the Father of the Colony, since he first definitely invited settlers to take up land on reasonable terms. The prospect opened out something new to Delamere, who, without his hunting, was profoundly bored by English life. In December 1902, accompanied by his wife, he once again sailed for East Africa. Once there he found that a handful of men had already

taken up land in the Protectorate, including his old friend Dr. Atkinson. He called at once on Sir Charles Eliot to investigate possibilities, and it is somewhat surprising to know that he received an offer to enter Government service as an Assistant District Commissioner. It is hard for me to imagine the Delamere I knew in that capacity. Whether the offer was in the nature of a joke I don't know, but it was at once countered by another suggestion. Delamere asked for a grant of an area 100,000 acres in extent. After prolonged negotiations in which his two first choices of land were vetoed, he ultimately got his grant, the terms being a 99-year lease at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. an acre, with a guarantee that £5000 should be spent in five years. I have heard much criticism and many spiteful things said about this grant both in England and even in the Colony itself, generally by jealous or ignorant people. The only sound criticism to my mind lies in the insufficiency of the money guarantee, since, in fact, Delamere must have spent on his concession at least ten times the amount agreed. Be that as it may, no young country ever made a better bargain. It leased 100,000 acres of unproved land worth literally nothing and in exchange got the vast energy, the total available fortune and the lifelong service of a great man.

Lord Delamere reached his new possession early in 1904, while still a cripple from yet another fall. It lay on the railway line between Njoro and Equator stations and he christened it Equator Ranch, though in my time it was almost invariably referred to as Njoro. Once there he got to work with characteristic energy, not to say precipitancy. His earliest agricultural love, and I think his last, was sheep, and big orders for importation went rapidly to his Cheshire agent. The best of his imports, and by far the longest

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lived, however, was a sheep and stock manager, Sammy McCall, who right well served his employer and the country too. Merinos from New Zealand followed in a short while. The way of the pioneer in all parts of Africa has always been a hard one and this was no exception. Disease ravaged Delamere's imported sheep and he turned to cattle, but here again disease, and more especially East Coast fever, took dreadful toll and he found himself in a poor way, since his English fortune was never a large one. Nearby at Elburgon his old friend Dr. Atkinson was doing very nicely with a small sawmill operating in the virgin forest on the Mau. Not only was there a big and growing demand for sawn timber, but the Uganda railway, which ran solely on wood fuel, was an insatiable and lucrative customer. Anxious, more than anxious, to find some steady source of income to buttress his experiments, Delamere installed a bigger and better plant than Atkinson's and with it did uncommonly well. I always felt, however, and indeed am sure, that this was a line he much disliked, necessary though he knew the cash to be. He aspired to be, and was, a creator, and a penny made by some new development was more to him than a hundred pounds made by the destruction of an asset.

We made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Delamere on our first visit in 1906, and on our return in the following year he became D. to us as to the rest of the country. From that time until the War we knew him very intimately. Probably, next to his two brothers-in-law, Galbraith and Berkeley Cole, the Doctor, and Clutterbuck who ran his sawmill and trained his horses, better than anyone in the country during that period. He was, I would say, never a man of many personal friends, as opposed to acquaint-



Lord Delamere

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LORD DELAMERE IN 1906
From a caricature by H S Gladstone

ances and admirers. Thus I never knew anyone outside his relatives either call him or refer to him by his Christian name. I think that during the time we lived at Chiromo ours was the only private house at Nairobi at which he ever stayed, and we, in turn, were often at his wattle-and-daub huts at Njoro. D. was at that time, as always, an entrancing companion when he was in the mood, but he differed somewhat from the man into which he developed after the death of his first wife. He still read at that time a good deal and was far from talkative, but when he did it was talk worth listening to. Sometimes when he felt like it he would sit up far into the night conversing, and by no means always of East African affairs. History and politics made a strong appeal to him, and he was well read in both. Gradually, however, B.E.A. took more and more a hold of him to the exclusion of all else. First, I think it was the farm and its development and the experiments that he was making on his own account, in the face of the greatest difficulties and repeated disappointments, on which he thought the most. As the years went on, however, the personal element and the idea of profit became submerged in an ever-growing passion for the country itself, which intensified with every year of his life. Certainly in his latter years he gave ten hours at least to fighting for Kenya's future to one in connection with his own affairs. He forgot his history and his erudition, and to that extent, perhaps, became a less engrossing companion for a stranger. Luckily for himself he had a very keen sense of humour, but of rather a Puck-like and peculiar type, though no one could appreciate a joke against himself better than he. D. liked a rough-house to the end of his days, and he would love to egg people on to start one, though it was an entertainment in which he himself most reluctantly

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his of running up and down the porters of a safari prior to its start saying, "Ready there, ready everybody; why aren't you ready?" Not a few people in Kenya have been ignorant of the reason of their nickname. Thus the Swahili for elephant and strong drink is the same, and it is a common title. I wonder how many people have thought that their cognomen was due to their size, strength and sagacity, whereas they have really earned it by their notable consumption of alcohol. *Tumbo* means stomach, and President Theodore Roosevelt's name was Bwana Tumbo, which the American Press somewhat flatteringly translated as "the Portly Master", which, after all, does sound better than Mr Stomach.

Here also we made the acquaintance of Mr. Michael Moses, with whom I had later many business relations. He had been one of the very earliest Government servants in Uganda. Indeed, in one of the early despatches from Uganda to Lord Elgin when Colonial Secretary, occur the words: "Mr. Michael Moses, who, *as your Lordship is doubtless aware*, is now stationed at Gondokero". The italicized words prove to me that parochialism is not always confined to Kenya. He had, however, when we met him recently, left the Civil Service for the intriguing tasks of planting, trading and other ventures. I am glad to say that, generally speaking, he has prospered, for he has deserved well of Uganda.

On our way back we stopped at Njoro, famous then and now as the first East African home of Lord Delamere and his equally wonderful and most lovable wife. Lord Delamere, of whom I shall have much more to say, was not present on our arrival, but Lady Delamere was a more than adequate hostess, and a friendship between her and my wife started which

could take but little part. He rather enjoyed being an *enfant terrible*, especially when there was anything of a social function taking place. Thus I recall that a lady dairy farmer gave a distinguished lunch at which the Governor sat on one side of the hostess and D. on the other. She explained to H E. that two streams which ran through her farm were of different colours and said, "One we call the Blue Nile and the other the White Nile". D leant across and said, "I take it that it is the latter you use for watering your milk, is it not?" Unfortunately the lady had no sense of humour and took it as a deadly insult, to his intense delight. D. enjoyed a free-and-easy evening round a bar, and the more mixed the company the more he liked it. He was an abstemious drinker, and the only time I ever saw him the worse, or better, for indulgence was one evening after we had hunted lions on his land with Paul Ramey's hounds. The exhilaration showed itself in a very harmless fashion. There was a lady there who bred dogs and at dinner waxed enthusiastic about her success in that particular hobby. This seemed to upset D. and I heard him at every pause in the conversation saying distinctly and monotonously, "I can't stand women who breed dogs. It oughtn't to be allowed." It was the last remark that he made to me as I saw him off to bed.

If D. was a remarkable character, no less remarkable was his wife Florence. I do not think that I have ever met a more delightful companion or a more devoted wife. She loved hunting, dancing, every form of society and every joy of life. Yet she shared an existence of the utmost discomfort without any one of these amenities with the utmost cheeriness. At this time D. had not, I imagine, the intention of bleeding his English property white and, being very far

from a rich man, found it hard otherwise to raise the money for his many experiments. On their personal expenditure, therefore, the very closest watch was kept. Two poor mud huts, which would have been condemned instantly by any Housing Authority in England, served them for years, and there was no garden nor indeed any other amenity whatever. Clearly the lack of these told doubly on the woman, yet no one ever heard a single grumble. D. was away nearly all day and every day on the farm and about his various enterprises, and until the coming of the Clutterbucks she had a very lonely life, though for one year Lord and Lady Hindlip lived within a few miles. Life became, however, much better with the arrival of the horses, in which she was keenly interested, and she used to look forward to the bi-annual race-meeting as a break in a life which was not only rather squalid, but must, I fear, have been at times exceedingly monotonous, though I never heard her complain, and all that she was allowed to do by way of helping, and that was not half enough, she did magnificently. Lady Delamere had, I think, the keenest wit of anyone that I have ever met, and her brothers Galbraith and Berkeley were hard to beat. On two or three occasions she and I produced together a somewhat scurrilous rag which we sold at the race-meetings for the benefit of local charities. It was called *The Advance Flag*, the local papers at the time being the *Leader* and the *Standard*, and would have undoubtedly rendered us liable to heavy damages for libel were it not for the fact that charity covers and excuses a multitude of sins. As it was, the financial results were eminently satisfactory. I doubt if my wife ever had a dearer friend than Florence Delamere. She became the god-mother of our younger daughter, and it was a genuine

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pleasure when their son Thomas¹ many years later called on the services of our son in a similar capacity. Her premature death at the zenith of her intelligence and charm was a tragedy to her many friends, and a grievous loss to the country of her adoption.

As a farmer myself since an early age, I was intensely interested in all D's experiments first at Njoro on his grant of 100,000 acres and later at Soysambu, the beautiful farm that he bought later on Lake Elmenteita. The outstanding characteristic of his operations was courage. Having made up his mind, sometimes on somewhat scanty evidence, that a certain line was likely to prove successful, he went full speed ahead. Caution was unknown to him, and the only limit set to him was the limit of his purse or power of borrowing. Set-backs, however serious, did not deter him. Weighing the causes of his failure he would try again. Indeed, I really believe that if he had ever found an easy way to fortune, the success would have bored him stiff. Certainly he found no easy success. I doubt whether, if a just balance could be struck, he made a profit out of any of his enterprises save his sawmill, in which he took little personal interest. I should say that the only big money that he made at any time was by subdividing and reselling the major portion of his original grant, for much of which he got up to £3 and £4 an acre. This subdivision he effected, and even his detractors never disputed this, not with the object of acquiring a fortune, but with the twofold purpose of importing new settlers, and of obtaining ready cash for new experiments which might benefit the Colony.

D. brought little or no practical experience of farming with him. This, however, was not the handicap

¹ The present Lord Delamere.

one might imagine, since the conditions on the tropical Highlands are so different from those in England that what is sound practice in the one would more often than not be fatal in the other. His agricultural knowledge was derived from reading, and more especially such matter as related to farming in South Africa and Australia, where he judged conditions to be more akin to those in his own habitat. To that he added his own great powers of observation and deduction with regard to the practice and experience of the natives. Sheep, as I have said, were his first, and, indeed, his abiding love. In spite of some heartrending experiences he probably broke nearer level in this direction than in any other. Certainly he had two or three good years, and, I think, one outstanding year. As an arable farmer wheat was his great adventure. Again he experimented on a large scale. Accordingly when rust, that scourge of African wheat, descended on him, his loss was very heavy. Nevertheless he did not despair, as many a lesser man would, and it was due to his courageous experiments that a comparatively rustproof wheat was eventually bred, and the industry saved for Kenya. When he started at Soysambu he went in for cattle, importing pedigree bulls of various breeds, more especially Hereford and Frisian, and with them grading up the native stock. It was here that he built his first real house, and this was the place of all his possessions that he loved the most. And a lovely spot it truly was, looking over the beautiful lake teeming with hippos and innumerable birds, while around its shores great varieties of game animals abounded, which till the War were little molested, with the exception, of course, of lions and leopards. He had here as his neighbour his brother-in-law Galbraith Cole. Galbraith was not only a tremendous admirer of D., but I

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should say his greatest friend. He probably knew more about sheep than anyone in Kenya. Certainly he was the most consistently successful sheep farmer. D. continually sought and valued his advice, and almost invariably profited when he followed it.

D.'s favourite weakness, and we all have at least one, was the Masai tribe who were his immediate neighbours. He had a growing affection for them, and not to put too fine a point on it, he consistently spoilt them. In return, they stole his sheep and cattle equally consistently and comprehensively ; but as long as it was the Masai he cared very little. I am bound to say that their presence detracted considerably from the pleasure of a visit. At all hours of the day, and especially before and after dinner, they would be in his sitting-room, squatting on the floor, and smelling most offensively. Doubtless from living for unknown centuries in a dry waterless country the Masai have little use for soap and water. In its place they anoint their bodies with rancid butter, the smell of which is less unwelcome outdoors than in one's sitting-room. But such a weakness never troubled D. Later when he had his first car, the ubiquitous Ford, one was met at the station by it driven by a Masai warrior, clad again mainly in butter with a yard-long spear at his side, and remarkably badly he drove too. However, everyone has his weakness — mine is dogs — and D.'s was very amiable.

One small but very pleasant memory of Soysambu remains to me. That lies in the kindness shown by D., and of course by his wife, to our small son. Robin was aged from five to nine during this period and D. had no reputation for being fond of children. Yet Robin's happiest memories of Kenya are those of when he was taken " boor " hunting on the plains round

Elmenteita. This consisted of D. taking him out in his ramshackle Ford and therein pursuing warthogs, which if they could be run down before they reached their holes were despatched with a rifle. Probably they were the last animals he ever shot.

D. had only, in my recollection, one complete fiasco in his farming experiments, and that was tobacco. It would seem that he hardly made sufficient study of its potentialities and difficulties, but he could claim that the Government made the same mistake. They had a tobacco department and a tobacco expert on the same flimsy evidence, which were both closed down about the same time as D's own enterprise. As was invariable with D, he started on a big scale, and must have lost a substantial sum of money. However, money meant nothing to him personally, and certainly no one heard him grumble or bemoan his luck. In such matters he was a real philosopher.

D. was, I should judge, a difficult man to work for. When things went wrong he was very far from patient, and his factotum might expect to get the rough side of his tongue, and it was very rough, sometimes reasonably and sometimes unreasonably. His anger, however, soon wore off, and when it did he was never unjust, and often generous. He paid well, but expected one hundred per cent service, no bad rule. But if he was a difficult man to serve, as was generally believed, there can be little doubt that on the whole he had devoted service. This was partly due to the fact that he trusted his assistants and never nagged, but mainly to the universal recognition that his sole motive was not personal gain but the advancement of Kenya. He would appear to have chosen his staff at random, though no doubt with considerable acumen. Thus his original stock and sheep manager was the hard-

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headed and most capable Scotchman sent out by his Cheshire agent. For many years Sam McCall worked devotedly for him, and I doubt whether a better man agriculturally ever came to the country. On the other hand, Mr. E. C. Long, better known to his innumerable friends and admirers as Boy Long, who for many years managed D.'s estates, blew in in quite another way. He was selected by Lady Delamere as tutor to their son Thomas, and arrived in the country with his school cricket colours barely dry upon him. When Thomas Cholmondeley returned to England in a year or so, Long, who had developed a great love for the country, was absorbed into the farm. He had the keenness, the intelligence and the youth to learn, and right well he did learn. In a few years there was no better man in the Colony with natives, cattle and sheep. He was as hard as nails and untiring, and the whole of these assets were wholeheartedly and ungrudgingly devoted to the service of D., for whom he had an unstinted admiration. The one man to whose advice D. paid some attention as far as his personal affairs were concerned was Wilfred Hunter, and it would have been better for him financially if he had paid much more. Hunter had an enviable reputation for shrewdness and integrity. He was more than once a Member of the Legislative Council, and a tower of strength to the many who, like myself, leaned on his judgement. But over the matter of finance neither Wilfred Hunter nor anyone else could do anything with Delamere. As far as his own money went he had no financial sense whatever, though he was careful enough about other people's, and especially so with public funds. On the rare occasions that there was money to his account it must be spent. On the far more numerous ones when there was none, well, then, it must be raised.

I will give one small instance. Soon after the War I stayed with him in his new Nairobi house. He kept then a small fleet of cars mainly for the use of his guests, and he lent me one. When I came in to dinner he asked me how I had liked it. I said very much, but I didn't think it quite as good a car for the country as another make I had just ridden in (a rather expensive American type). He said, "Do you really think so?" I said, "Yes, but I am no car expert". The next day at dinner he quietly stated, "I thought over what you said about those cars last night and I've ordered six!" Whether he ever got them I don't know. I hope that for once the bank put down its foot. Save for the brief period when his original grant was being subdivided and sold, D. was always short of cash, and he raised money from every source and on every asset. I have often thought how much kinder and wiser the banks would have been if they had put some curb on the advances that they made in such reckless fashion. I fear that they have thought the same many times since. I suspect that they were carried away by a dynamic personality against their better judgement.

As I have said, when we first went out I think that D. was far more interested in farming than politics, even though he was the senior Member of the Legislative Council, nominated without question owing to his position and personality. Events connected with the first labour shortage in 1908 first drew him into the political limelight. The Governor, Sir Hayes Sadler, showed a lack of initiative, and perhaps of tact, at the morning meeting with a deputation of settlers sent to discuss the whole labour situation, and after lunch discussion of his attitude had caused indignation to blaze up. D. led a rather boisterously

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protesting party up to Government House to demand a second interview. It was not exactly a dignified affair, but tempers were high and I doubt if it need have been taken very seriously. However, it was so regarded by H. E., and D. and one of his colleagues were suspended from the Council. This event naturally increased his popularity with the settlers, and, I have always felt, set his feet firmly on the course he was to follow. When Sir Percy Girouard succeeded Hayes Sadler some eighteen months later D. found a very different character and the two became good friends with a firm mutual respect. So far from there being any state of mutual recrimination and antagonism D. was a frequent dinner guest at Government House and it took a good deal to get him out to a dinner where you had to dress in those days. Certainly a Royal Command meant remarkably little to him. I do not say that the two men always saw eye to eye. This was far from the case. But they had mutual respect, and it is true to say of D. that he ever had the great quality of tolerance, a virtue none too common in Kenya. He would always in my experience listen to an opposing point of view and weigh it carefully. If he disagreed he said so, and he was generally right. But he never disputed the right of the other fellow to hold his opinion. Still less did he attribute mean motives to him for so holding it. The years of Girouard's reign seem to me to mark the zenith of D.'s constructive powers, and the amount of work, both public and private, in which he engaged was tremendous. This was the period when prospects looked rosier for the future of Kenya than they ever looked before or since. Settlers were flocking out from England and so was capital. New enterprises, agricultural and otherwise, looked increasingly good ;

land values rose and limitations were not apparent. Settlers and officials basked in the sunshine of prosperity and felt, if only temporarily, a mutual admiration and esteem. As far as this happy state of affairs could be owed to any two men it was owed to D. and Sir Percy Girouard. The latter's premature translation from Kenya to take up a highly paid post with Armstrong-Vickers was generally attributed to disagreement with the C.O. over the move of the Masai. I doubt it, save as contributory, and think that there were other causes, but, in any event, it was a real disaster for the Colony. The Masai move itself, which received excessive but not unworthy attention in the English Press, concerned the bringing into one reserve of the two separate sections of the tribe. It was effected partly in order to obtain better administration of the tribe itself, partially to bring white settlement into a relatively compact block. No one, I think, denies that the new area allotted to the Masai was bigger and, as improved by the provision of additional water supplies, better than that given up. As to the true feelings of the tribe towards the move there will always be a doubt. Probably those who were not disturbed — by far the larger section — favoured it, while the portion moved would perhaps mainly have voted against it. Those, however, who talked harrowingly of uprooting defenceless natives from their ancestral homes were for the most part oblivious of the fact that the Masai had always been an essentially nomad race. For myself I was convinced that it was a far-seeing and statesmanlike decision, and certainly no native tribe in Africa has been better treated generally. I have no doubt, however, that this attitude of mine was largely based on that of D. He, as I have said, was almost childishly attached to the tribe, and only a

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never flagged, but grew in strength from year to year till her premature death. The only incident of note that occurred during our stay in the little mud hovel that formed their home was the accidental shooting of a native boy through the head. Her coolness, kindness and efficiency in the emergency remain impressed upon my mind.

There were one or two others whose acquaintance we made on this our first visit to the country of whom we were to see much more and who have left fragrant memories behind. There was Colonel Harrison, who had just completed his most successful K.A.R. command and had taken up land. It will be an indication of the manner of man he was, and is, when I record that he had completed his E.A. service early in 1906, yet when the War broke out more than eight years later, he joined up as a subaltern, went out to France and reattained the rank of captain in the trenches. Perhaps I may be excused for thinking that there were giants in those days. Colonel Harrison was most anxious that I should join him in a scheme for making a private game reserve in the triangle formed by the Thika and the Tana. Naturally he found little difficulty in persuading me of the merits of the proposition and we duly made our application to Government. Not surprisingly, it was turned down on the just grounds that the area was suitable for white occupation. Indeed it is surprising that so much consideration was given to the proposal, for it did, in fact, achieve a file of stout dimensions. Since then many thousand tons of first-class coffee as well as maize and sisal have come from this area. Two others were a truly delightful pair of quite young men, Bob Hancock and Alan Tompson, who occupied a farm, Karura, about four miles from Nairobi on the road to Fort Hall. They

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sincere conviction that it was in the best interests, not only of the whole country but of the Masai themselves, would have made him so strong an advocate of the policy.

Through these years D.'s political activities grew, his creed stabilized and his hold on the Colony intensified. In one respect I have always thought this rather remarkable. He was no natural orator, and Kenya, like most other places, has often tended to rate that facile art above its true worth. Furthermore, he never became even an artificial orator, such as nearly every Member of our Parliament becomes after contesting a single election. I attribute this deficiency largely to lack of practice, for, in fact, the number of set speeches he made throughout his whole career was very small. He was never opposed in his own constituency, and seldom, if ever, intervened in another. I myself heard him make but one or two in the country and they were not impressive. On the other hand, there was no better debater or Committee man. He seized on the essential points of any Bill or Memorandum with lightning rapidity, and was the keenest and quickest of critics. After the War I heard him make the two speeches that he made in the House of Lords. There was keen excitement when he made the first one, for he was at the height of his fame, and I recall that there was disappointment expressed at his conventional dress. Something very wild and woolly had been expected. This speech was full of admirable stuff, but, unfortunately, he read it all, and there is an unwritten rule in the House, at that time seldom broken, that you do not read speeches. Moreover, I must confess he read it very badly. This speech was on some minor Kenya problem, the retention or otherwise of the Voi-Taveta Railway, I think, but the

second was on a much more vital matter : the setting up of the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Closer Union. A day or two before the debate he asked me to come to lunch and talk over his speech. I impressed on him the necessity of taking trouble, having full headings and speaking from them. He said he would do so, but I am afraid that he did not. He arrived with only a few pencilled words, spoke haltingly for a few minutes, lost the thread of his discourse and sat down. He was, in fact, very far from well at the time.

Sir Henry Belfield succeeded Sir Percy Girouard in the autumn of 1912. He was an excellent and patriotic Governor, but essentially an official with an official mind and as such had not the same affinity with D. as had his predecessor. D.'s mind was now set, and logically set, on what he regarded as the next step to self-government, the election instead of the nomination of the non-official members of the Legislative Council. It was hardly to be expected that he was likely to get much practical sympathy in this ambition from a man of the new Governor's upbringing. D. frankly grew to dislike Sir Henry, to whom he used to allude disparagingly as "that very admirable servant of the Crown", though I always felt, and Sir Henry proved it later to the full, that there might be less honourable titles than that! Personal relations between the two were undoubtedly strained, when, in the autumn of 1914, the outbreak of war caused all such differences to dissolve.

When the War broke out D.'s immediate reaction to it was one of disgust. He saw no sense in it and was clear-sighted enough to foresee more of the ghastly consequences than did most of his contemporaries, and, from a personal point of view, he loathed the disturbance to his life's work and all his absorbing ambitions. Nevertheless he was ready to give one hundred

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per cent service in such sphere as he felt he could render the most useful assistance. I don't think that anyone who knew him could imagine D. as a soldier. The discipline would have killed him, or led direct to a court-martial, and I imagine that he knew it. At the outset he concluded that the best service he could render would be to police the German frontier with his Masai and keep our forces informed of any hostile movements. This he did for some months, until his health and strength gave way. His early privations had weakened his constitution, and the repeated injuries to his spine necessitated continual care if he were not to have a permanent breakdown. He accordingly very wisely gave up his patrol work and resumed his activities as the head of the unofficial population. In this position he was able to be of infinitely greater service to his country than in the field. He worked ceaselessly and quite unselfishly, subordinating all his personal business and all his personal ideals to the service of the Colony at war. I doubt if any one of Kenya's sons had a greater share in a record that is so proud.

During the four years of war I lost sight of Lord Delamere, and we were never to know him so well again. For one thing Lady Delamere died, to our intense grief, thereby severing a great link between us. For another we ourselves became, after the War, birds of passage instead of residents. Our own family had reached the age when their education seemed to us of paramount importance. In a word D was a real settler, we were dabblers. Still for the first years after the War we remained in fairly close touch. I paid several visits to Kenya, and stayed with him each time, as he did with us on the rare occasions he came home, and we carried on a pretty regular correspondence.

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His son Thomas, the present Lord Delamere, used to spend some considerable part of his holidays with us, and that formed another bond, even if with D. it was Kenya first, last and all the time, with family ties a bad second. It was, I knew and appreciated, a disappointment that we to an extent deserted the country. He made one personal appeal to me to rescind my decision, but when I gave him my reasons and told him my mind was made up, all he said was, "Well, that's that, and at all events it's nice to feel that Kenya has one friend at home on whom she can count". I think that that was a generous remark and typical of the man.

General Sir Edward Northey succeeded Sir Henry Belfield in 1919, full of honours won in the East African Campaign. He was a first-rate, far-seeing and energetic Governor, but I don't think that D. really liked him very much. He should have done so by rights, because Northey straight away initiated two steps which D. had been urging on the Government for years. First, the system of popular election for the non-official Legislative Councillors; second, the increase of the white population by means of the Soldier Settlement Scheme. D. had a great deal to do with the framing of the two measures, of which the former worked quite successfully. At D.'s request I co-operated in London over the Soldier Settlement, but, as I describe elsewhere, it was to a great extent a failure, a failure which might possibly have been foreseen and even avoided.

Over the Exchange ramp when the rupee, valued at one and fourpence, was stabilized at 2s., and a staggering and almost a knock-out blow was delivered against a struggling and heavily indebted Colony, D. was not at his best. It is true that he was not at the

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me actually a Member of the Legislative Council, but his authority was outstanding, and had he thrown his influence into the scale on the side of Sir Edward Northey and of those of us who were fighting so fiercely in London against the settlement, I have little doubt that the disaster would have been averted. However, no one would contend that finance was his strong point, and I suspect that the fact that he had then, as always, a large overdraft, and therefore everything to lose personally by the decision reached, actually biased him in its favour.

The next contact I had with D. was over the labour shortage, which was acute for at least two years round about 1920. Both Sir Edward Northey and D. were sound and moderate in their views, believing that it was right and proper that both district officers and chiefs should give every encouragement to the native population under their control to leave their reserves and work in the settled area, provided always that the conditions of employment were good and just. A report known as the Ainsworth Report was issued to that effect, but somewhat surprisingly, in view of Mr. Ainsworth's personal record, received a bad Press at home, and the old political cry of forced labour reared its head. D. wrote to me asking me to do my best to counteract it, and I was only too glad to do so, being entirely convinced that the recommendations were at least as much in the interest of the native as of the settler. The clamour died quickly, overpowered by some new Press stunt, but I fear that there remained a political section in England which never forgave Sir Edward Northey for the part which he had played.

The labour troubles over for the time being, a new and perhaps more sinister crisis arose. The Indian element in Kenya, which considerably outnumbered

the white population, conceived the idea of political dominance by demanding election to the Legislature on a Common Roll with the Europeans, and in that aspiration obtained the support of the Indian Government. The Europeans bitterly opposed the demand on the grounds that they must inevitably be swamped, and that such a consummation would be a tragic disaster for the natives as well as for themselves. On no question has there been so strong or so unanimous a feeling among the white settlers, and there is no doubt that any attempt to enforce such a policy would have involved bloodshed on an extensive scale. Indeed, the settlers were fully organized to defend, with arms if need be, what they, in my opinion, rightly regarded as their very existence. D., who was by this time a far more moderate man than in his earlier days, and whose views were largely shared by the Governor, took the statesmanlike course of bringing a small deputation to England to explain the settlers' point of view not only to the Colonial Office but also to the British public. He was not over in England long, but returned with the hope that he had converted the Colonial Secretary, Mr Winston Churchill, to his own point of view. It was a vain hope. A few months later Sir Edward Northey, who had shown quite clearly that his sympathies were with the settlers in this matter, was recalled, and Sir Robert Coryndon from Uganda was appointed to take his place. Immediately after came the Wood-Winterton Report which recommended the concession of almost the whole of the Indian demands. On its publication the fat was fairly in the fire. Detailed plans for armed resistance were drawn up and were all ready to be put in effect. Luckily the new Governor's views were as sane and sympathetic as those of his predecessor, and largely

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as a result of his written representations he was asked to come home and confer with the Colonial Office. At the same time two official deputations, one from the Europeans and one from the Indians, were despatched for the same purpose. D. naturally led the former and spared no effort, nor indeed his own money, to win a fight which he emphatically considered vital to the future of white colonization in Kenya. I saw him frequently both in London and at our own home in Suffolk, and at no period was I more struck by his energy and shrewdness. It was an uphill battle that he and his colleagues fought, not only against the rival deputation supported by the declared, even if somewhat lukewarm, representations of the Indian Government, but also against that curious and intangible entity, the Nonconformist conscience. Overwhelming though, in my view, his case was, I doubt if anyone else would have won it. But win it he did, for the idea of the Common Roll was abandoned, a decision which was later confirmed by the Joint Parliamentary Committee.

D. and Coryndon worked together in perfect amity till the latter's untimely death. But indeed that was easy. Sir Robert was an outstanding success as a Governor, and apart from his natural ability he owed that success largely to the personal touch, and the belief that much business could be done and many misunderstandings removed by a quiet talk over a whisky and soda. It was during his reign that D. built his Nairobi house near Kabete and therein entertained lavishly. He was not only by nature a hospitable man, but became a firm believer in the value of political hospitality. During the latter years of his life not only did his mode of living change, but even to some degree his nature. When I first knew

him he was shy, reserved and never talkative. In his latter years he loved company and was the life and soul of it. He took up golf and dancing and loved them both, which would have astonished those who knew him earlier, and most of all his first wife, but there can be no doubt that he required and most certainly deserved the relaxation.

Sir Robert Coryndon died in harness early in 1925 and was succeeded by that brilliant soldier and fine statesman Sir Edward Grigg. Although each had the greatest respect for the abilities of the other, I doubt if D. had the same personal affinity for the new Governor as he had for his predecessor or for Sir Percy Girouard. But in this I may be wrong, as I was by that time getting more and more immersed in home affairs, and my knowledge of Kenya happenings was increasingly a matter of hearsay. D.'s ambitions at this time took a broader and more Imperialistic turn. He envisaged a far closer union between our East African territories, the building together of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyassaland and Northern Rhodesia in one great confederacy, with its capital at Nairobi. With that fine conception in view he encouraged, if he did not initiate, the expenditure of a huge sum on Government House, Nairobi. Sir Edward Grigg has received much blame for this extravagance, which certainly the finances of the Colony did not warrant. The only justification lay in such a confederation as D. envisaged, and if there be just blame he is entitled to his share. In pursuit of his new ideal D. did a thing that no other man in the whole of East Africa would have dared attempt. He summoned an unofficial conference of all the white representatives of this vast area. The invitation was unanimously accepted, and they met in the small out-

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station of Tukuyu in Southern Tanganyika and there enjoyed D.'s unbounded hospitality. The exchange of ideas was all to the good, and even if the ideal is never to be accomplished, and it still may be, was at all events the direct cause of the present Governors' Conference and the closer association between the territories which has already resulted, in itself no small achievement.

In May 1928 Lord Delamere married again, his second wife being Lady Markham, daughter of the Hon. Rupert Beckett. This again was a marriage of the greatest happiness. Lady Delamere was his right hand in all his later work, and her assistance to him was invaluable. It is good indeed for the Colony that she still carries on that great tradition. I cannot, however, write with any personal note of these last years. Those who would learn of them, and it is well worth while, should read Mrs. Huxley's great work *White Man's Country*, a book no Kenya-lover should be without.

The last time I saw D. was when he came over prior to the formation of the Joint Parliamentary Committee which sat in 1930. He had been ill before his departure, and I was sad to find him so much below his own high standard. He had abandoned the idea of a great federation. Indeed it had been killed by the various Commissions and White Papers which had largely sought to make of it a means to fetter and destroy white settlement in Kenya. A Labour Government was in power, and they were unfriendly, though in the kindest way, to every white aspiration in Kenya. He and his fellow delegates were struggling for their very existence, and it was sad indeed not to find him in full fighting trim. If I felt it deeply, he himself felt it much more, as he made plain to me ere

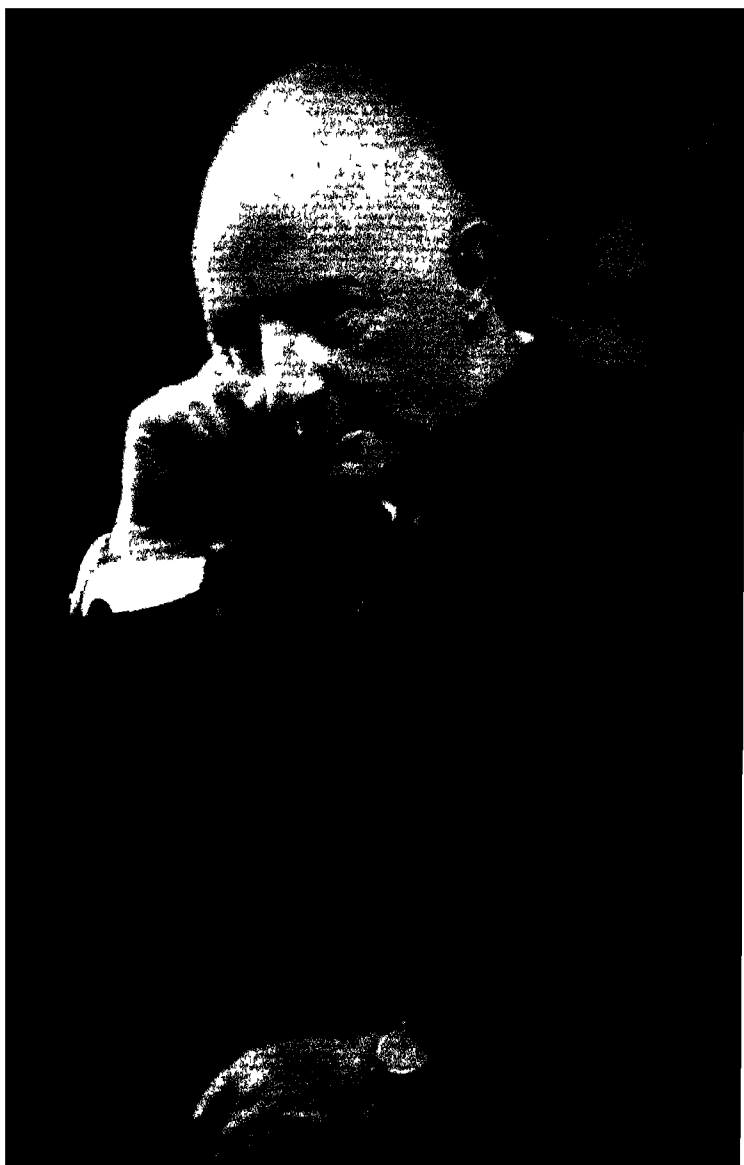


Photo Bassano

LORD DELAMERE IN 1930

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

were a splendid combination, the closest of friends and the best of companions. It would be fair to say that Alan Thompson supplied the greater share of their initiative, and he was a remarkable character. He had been a very fine schoolboy athlete, and indeed made 150 in the freshmen's match at the University, but then deserted the game and the certainty of a Blue to work for a high degree, in which he succeeded, taking a first-class in Honours, showing thereby a combination of brain and grit none too common. This combination brought him out to Kenya, and great use he made of the opportunities it afforded. Up till the outbreak of the War he was in the van of every new industry started, and he spared neither time nor thought in their prosecution. Those who can recall him will remember, moreover, that he wasted no money on either clothes or travel. No safari was too rough for Alan, and his normal mode of train travel was in the dog-box, which cheap and yet comfortable accommodation I shared with him not once or twice. I would indeed that I could meet him in that old torn shooting coat and ragged khaki trousers once again, and that, sitting on our canvas chairs, we could pass the journey all too quickly discoursing over projects, prospects and happy visions of the future. At the beginning of the War he served as a trooper of the E.A.M.R. in the Protectorate with his great friend Mervyn Ridley. When the inaction chafed their ardent spirits they obtained together commissions in the Grenadier Guards, and he lost his life at Loos within a few weeks of landing. I have often thought over the irreparable loss that Kenya suffered on that day and have wondered whether, had he lived, things might not have been altogether different in the dark days that followed so quickly for the Colony after the

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he left from his last, and he realized it was his last, visit to the land of his birth. He did not expect to live much longer, as he told me in the last intimate talk we ever had.

Lord Delamere died aged sixty-one on November 13th, 1931. He was buried at Soysambu, the spot he loved best in Kenya, amid deeply impressive scenes and a vast concourse of mourners both native and European. His body lies overlooking the glorious Lake and spreading vista. His work lives on.

I have very often been asked how I account for Lord Delamere's long-continued and never-questioned supremacy over the unofficial white population of Kenya. It has been pointed out to me that while it is undeniable that he had great gifts and qualities, he was deficient in some of those that make for permanent success or popularity. Thus he was no orator, least of all in a democratic sense. He suffered from ill-health and was seldom capable of long-sustained effort on any one day. His personality, though immensely attractive to many like myself, was not, I think, impressive to the generality of acquaintances. Certainly he was wayward, quick-tempered and, most unpopular of characteristics, sarcastic. Furthermore, Kenya has been a country of no steady devotion to its would-be leaders, whether they be official or non-official. The hero of today has been, far more often than not, the rejected of the morrow. Yet the allegiance of the Colony to Delamere never wavered for near thirty years. Sometimes he did an unpopular thing, for he never pandered to the masses. Sometimes, owing to health or private affairs, he temporarily withdrew from politics. But he had only to come back from his seclusion and state a line of action, and the undisputed leadership was his to hold. During the

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years that I knew him intimately and those in which I was less closely in touch, I can recall no challenge to his supremacy. And this was not because of lack of willing supplanters, nor yet of those who are always ready to belittle the achievements of greater men. However hard such men might try to encompass his downfall they never had even a temporary success, and their complete failure was speedy and inevitable. What was the secret of this apparent mystery? I think that I can tell it. Lord Delamere was the only man of my acquaintance who was one hundred per cent for Kenya, and everyone recognized this fact. All others have wanted something else as well. Some wanted profit, some wanted sport, some fame, some popularity, some honour. To him such considerations meant nothing. Delamere was completely selfless in these respects. He looked forward passionately to the future of Kenya and his ideals therein, and nothing else to him was worth a row of pins. Everyone accepted this — they couldn't help it — and when someone in envy of his position suggested that his action in any land transaction, or again in the route to be pursued by any new branch railway, was due to some consideration of personal gain, it was so manifestly ludicrous that it merely served to consolidate his position. Lord Delamere cannot, I think, be held to have been generally loved. He never sought to inspire such a feeling. But he was admired, trusted and respected to a degree miraculous in its time and place. That he was a great man I do not doubt, and Kenya will indeed be lucky if she sees his like again.

Ditchingham House close by. The two men struck up a firm friendship, though Jackson was much the younger, and probably something of a hero-worship entered into it on his side. Rider Haggard had a brother who was Consul at Lamu on the East African coast, and made the suggestion that the three of them, Jackson, Rider Haggard and his wife, should pay a long visit to that little-known part. There Jackson, who I fancy was to provide most of the funds, could indulge in his dreams of big game hunting and bird collecting, while the novelist acquired local colour for his series of African novels. Needless to say, Jackson jumped at the suggestion — in that era most young men similarly placed would have done the same — and made the most elaborate preparations. At the last moment Rider Haggard, yielding to the importunities of relatives, who not unnaturally feared the dangers and privations to be faced by so eminent a bread-winner, cried off, thenceforward relying on second-hand information for his local colour. As, however, much of such information came to be supplied by Jackson, a most talented observer, little fault can be found in this direction. In return he made some repayment by founding one of his three famous characters in his most justly popular works *Allan Quatermain* and *King Solomon's Mines* on my friend. This was in the person of the ex-naval officer Good, though the only real likeness that I have ever been able to discover between the two lay in the eyeglass and a certain nattiness in dress and love of personal cleanliness affected by both, traits which were not perhaps at that time so common as they are today. I venture to think that a good many young men would have thought twice when the older and more experienced traveller — Rider Haggard had been in Africa before — cried off.

SIR FREDERICK JACKSON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

The Dark Continent was really dark in 1884, and nowhere darker than on the East Coast. Jackson, however, was made of sterner stuff than the ordinary man, and never thought for a moment of giving up his life's ambition, though it now became a vastly different proposition in which all the inevitable difficulties and dangers had to be faced alone. Indeed, solitariness was to be for him the dominant feature of the next few years. However, few men were better equipped, certainly mentally, for dispensing with white companionship than he was, and he has often told me that it caused him no worry whatever.

So Jackson with his varied equipment, including a whole battery of rifles and a whale-boat, sailed for Lamu, arriving soon after Christmas 1884, and, though returning twice, he spent most of the next four years in its unsavoury vicinity. If anyone desires to peruse a most fascinating narrative of conditions on the East Coast of Africa fifty years ago, they will do well to read Sir Frederick's own account, *Early Days in East Africa*, which suffers from one defect only and that a rare one, the excessive modesty of its author. One can gain from its pages some idea of how few years separate the present state of Eastern Africa from savagery and cruelty unspeakable, and can realize to some extent the wonderful improvements brought about by a decade of our administration. I would that some of the more violent critics of our rule would read and digest every word of it. In its early chapters, too, will be found some sidelights on the determined and not too scrupulous efforts of German fibluusters, as well as reputable agents, for admittedly there were other Germans of this stamp, to establish a hold on the country, while if we were apparently — I naturally speak with prejudice — more above-board,

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we were equally persistent and, on the whole, rather more successful.

Jackson's sport during these years was enjoyed, and few but he would have enjoyed it, along the swampy malaria-ridden coast. Game was scarce and shy, and what he obtained was well earned. On the other hand, bird life was plentiful, and he made here the beginning of his unique collection and started to acquire his unrivalled knowledge. Unfortunately he was inevitably attacked by repeated bouts of malaria and dysentery. Tropical medical science was not then what it is today, and the repeated attacks and privations made inroads even on his fine physique, from which he never entirely recovered. Herein it will be noticed that he was a close parallel to Lord Delamere. It was during this period that he laid the foundations of his reputation among the native population which was afterwards to stand both him and them in such good stead.

In 1886 Jackson embarked on his first big safari inland, and shot and collected from a standing camp on the Lumi river, near Taveta, on the foothills of Kilimanjaro, which attractive spot he must have found a delightful change from the fever-stricken district in which he had previously hunted. There was to be obtained in the vicinity ample game of numerous varieties, though, of course, there were nothing like the teeming herds which at that time filled the Athi plains further inland. Here he made his first acquaintance with one who was to prove a lifelong friend, Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) Harvey, who with two other mighty hunters, John Willoughby¹ and H. C. V. Hunter, was shooting in the same parts. On this expedition too he met the dreaded Masai for the first

¹ Sir John Willoughby, Bart., D.S.O.

time, but though he found them more than once a confounded nuisance — their main rôle in existence — they never attempted any actual molestation of his camp or caravan. After this expedition, which must have cost a lot of money, he returned to England for a brief space, having already acquired a considerable reputation among the native tribes.

1888 saw the formation of a chartered company, the British East African Company, by Sir William Mackinnon. Its main object was to forestall the Germans and to take over the administration of a huge block of territory inland of the ten-mile strip assigned to the Sultan of Zanzibar. The essence of the proposal was to counter the forceful methods of the Germans by the more peaceful ones of flattery, persuasion and bribery. Sir Frederick, however, often told me in later years that we went just as far wrong in one direction as the Germans went in the other, and that a reasonable show of armed authority early on would have saved much trouble, much money, not to mention considerable bloodshed in later years.

Jackson being in England, and having already acquired some considerable reputation among the very few who knew anything about the country and the native tribes whom it was proposed to administer, Sir William Mackinnon was extremely anxious to acquire his services on the initial expedition of our "peaceful penetration". Jackson was ready enough for any expedition which promised sport and adventure, but, on the other hand, had ample private means and was loath to lose his personal liberty. He was eventually persuaded to accept the appointment of second in command to Captain Swayne, R.E., at a ludicrously inadequate salary which, however, meant nothing to him. Thus it was that Jackson first entered

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what was in fact an embryo Government Service, which Service he was destined not to leave till he retired, honoured, respected and loved, as Governor of Uganda.

The next eight years were crowded ones indeed, and a vast change from the untrammelled life of a big game shooter and ornithologist. Though doubtless, when he had time, he may have sometimes regretted his lost freedom, he had nevertheless made a fortunate choice, since a year or two later, through no fault of his own, the bulk of his personal fortune vanished and he was left to provide his own living.

For the next five years Jackson served the British East Africa Company, or I.B.E.A., and very strenuous and exciting years they must have been, since they took him inland right into the heart of Uganda, then seething with intrigue and unrest. It is no part of my task, nor indeed am I qualified, to follow the exploits and adventures of the gallant little band of whom he was one and which included such men as Gedge, Lugard, Ainsworth, Wilson and Tomkins. Suffice it to say that a difficult, dangerous and underpaid task was magnificently tackled, and that the courteous but firm methods adopted by Jackson proved a more than efficient counterblast to what may be euphemistically described as the more robust efforts of Dr. Karl Peters on Germany's behalf. By 1903 the resources of the I.B.E.A. were pretty well exhausted. After all £500,000, their total capital, is not a very large sum to explore, peacefully penetrate and administer a territory of this vast size, and long ere this period was finished the shareholders must have said good-bye to any possibility of profit. The political pendulum at this time had swung again, and there had sprung up considerable opposition to any

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further colonial expansion. The most that the Government of the day were prepared to do was to take over the administration as a temporary measure, and to sanction the survey of a railway into the interior. Undeterred by the temporary nature of their appointments, Jackson and the bulk of his colleagues transferred their allegiance to their new masters, and thenceforward had their dinners beneath the Union Jack instead of the Company's flag. Their confidence was not misplaced, for that new flag has not yet been hauled down and I hope will never be.

In 1894 when Colonel Colville, the first Commissioner of Uganda, was invalided after a brief period of office, Jackson took his place as Acting Commissioner, a just tribute both to his services and his constitution

As a direct servant of the Crown my friend found little change in the scope of his work or the perils and adventures in which it abounded. He was fairly soon moved back into British East Africa and put in charge of the post of Eldama Ravine and the district that surrounded it. This district, though healthy climatically, was a fairly turbulent one, containing as it did a considerable portion of the notorious Masai tribe. Among numerous problems that fell his way was the investigation of the terrible massacre in the Kedong valley in 1895. A caravan of 1100 natives, 100 Wakikuyu and 100 Swahilis were despatched from Fort Smith to Eldama Ravine carrying food for the Government post. They should certainly have had a white man in charge, but unfortunately had not been able to obtain one, since reliable white men were not too plentiful in those days. Without authoritative leadership some of the men got out of hand during the march, and were alleged to have interfered with some

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Masai women. The Masai saw red at once, attacked the almost defenceless caravan and speared all the Swahilis and about half the Wa-Kikuyu. To my mind somewhat curiously, Jackson was strongly impressed with the Masai side of the embroilment and admits that he came down strongly in their favour. I say "curiously" because, as I often argued with him, the spearing of 550 defenceless men was a totally unwarranted revenge for an insult to their pride, however great the provocation. But then I have never seen anything to like or even admire in the Masai, whose much advertised courage has even seemed to me to be somewhat mythical. However, John Ainsworth, than whom no more knowledgeable or fair-minded man existed, upheld Jackson's view. Anyway the Masai got off lightly, which was not the case a little later with the Kamassia tribe, who in their lesser way were a thorn in the side of the Government and were very properly brought to book.

This period of our early administration was noteworthy also in that it contained one of those terrible famines which had periodically scourged the land from time immemorial. The Government relief that Jackson was able to administer represents the first concerted effort in alleviation of these horrors that any rulers had attempted.

The next really outstanding event in Jackson's life was his share in the early days of the Sudanese mutiny in 1897, a share which was within a hair's-breadth of terminating his career. One finds it hard to excuse a mutiny against one's own race, but it is impossible to deny that the Sudanese troops had the very greatest cause to feel aggrieved. Their pay was 5 rupees a month and that frequently in arrear, while other and no better troops in their immediate vicinity

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close of hostilities. Alan Tompson had not only a splendid brain, but he had common sense as well, and that all too rare gift in the tropics — tolerance. He never spoke an unkind word. I doubt if he ever had an unkind thought. He would have been the obvious successor to Lord Delamere had fates been kinder. His wife, it is a happiness to record, still carries on his great tradition.

The next autumn we returned. As the Austrian Lloyd had ceased to function to East Africa, we sailed on a German boat and found it a very sorry exchange. If the collection on board were typical specimens of the planters and traders of German East Africa of that era, they must have been a most unpleasant lot. They played no games, took no exercise, and showed a complete disregard for the convenience, or indeed feelings, of their fellow passengers. One outstanding instance will suffice. An English lady was lying sick with fever in her cabin and running a high temperature. A party of German men were congregated after dinner on the deck immediately outside that cabin drinking beer and roaring choruses. I went up to them and explained the circumstances and politely asked them if they would mind moving to the other side or further along the deck. They merely roared with laughter and broke into a still more raucous chant. Their own Governor was on board, and I asked him if he could induce them to move. He at once most courteously complied, but they received him with equal discourtesy. I then approached the captain, who, accompanied by his officers, at length succeeded in moving them, protesting loudly and blasphemously.

Beer-drinking was their main relaxation, and I was privileged to attend the swagger beer-drinking contest

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were receiving three times as much. On this pay they had just endured considerable fighting and more than considerable privations in Uganda. Moreover, their officers, few of whom could speak their language, were continually being changed, and anyone who knows the Sudanese will realize what a fatal mistake this is. The Sudanese are exceptionally faithful to officers they know and trust, and their confidence is not difficult to obtain. But the personal touch is essential, and they will not follow any leader, however smart and efficient he may be, unless they have learnt to know him. Striking proof of this was given shortly after the mutiny, when a company of Sudanese, hearing that their commanding officer¹ was leaving, offered him a month of their scanty pay if he would remain. The mutiny actually broke out immediately after arrears of pay had been fully paid up and the scale of pay increased from Rs. 5 to Rs. 7, and the immediate cause was an order to return for further fighting in Uganda. It was Jackson himself who gave the order under instructions received from Headquarters, and the troops broke at once into open revolt, refused to give up their arms, and marched off towards Uganda to link up with similarly disaffected garrisons on the way.

Collecting some Swahili levies and a score of Sikh soldiers and such few white officials as were available, Jackson started in pursuit, as I understand in the full expectation that the mutineers would ere long see the folly of their ways. Macdonald, the senior soldier present, was in command of the little force, which luckily included a Maxim, a rare and not too reliable weapon in those days. The pursuing troops reached

¹ Captain John Ponsonby, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir John Ponsonby, K C B , D S.O. See *Early Days*

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Luba's Fort, which they found in the possession of the mutineers, who had been joined by the garrison, which had made prisoners of their three white officers, who were subsequently murdered in cold blood. They had a further accession of strength in the form of some 200 Baganda Mohammedans and so were by now quite a formidable body. Macdonald took up a position on Luba's Hill in the evening, and waited for a parley on the following morning in which the mutineers expressed their willingness to take part. Their real intention, however, was very different, as was evident at sunrise when they were seen advancing to the attack in vastly superior numbers, and immediately a fierce engagement took place. Outnumbered as they were, the loyalists had several advantages. They held a strategic position, they had the prestige of the white man, they boasted a machine-gun, and perhaps most valuable of all was the presence of three or four fine marksmen, of whom Jackson was the most noted. Firing was fast and furious, and the mutineers, attacking up-hill, lost heavily. Then, unfortunately, ammunition began to run out. Jackson volunteered to crawl forward and try and pick off a few of the leaders. This he did, but his position was shortly discovered by a sniper concealed behind a tree at a range of about 40 yards. His first shot just missed Jackson, but the second got him through the lungs, and it was a .450 soft-nose bullet which perforated him, being found against his shirt on the far side. He lost consciousness, his last sensation being the cheer of a counter-attack which drove the enemy from the hill on which they had made eight successive attacks. Naturally it was touch and go with Jackson, and only a healthy man of the strongest constitution could have survived. But survive he did, though he himself told me that the wound had twice

to be opened up, once more than a year later. On the first occasion there was extracted a piece of shirt that had been left behind, on the second the inch-long tallow wad, which indicates at what close range the shot had been fired. Though of course he took no further part in suppressing the mutiny, a matter of many months, he returned sooner than could ever have been expected to the service of the Government, and his efforts, though less adventurous in the more settled circumstances of his next administrative post, were none the less conspicuous and quite invaluable.

My wife and I first met Jackson in the summer of 1906. He had married in 1904 Miss Aline Cooper, and I imagine that few marriages were more ideally perfect. His old shooting friend Bob Harvey, whom we knew, had given us a letter of introduction. Jackson was then second in command in Kenya, or, as it was called in those days, Lieutenant-Governor, a position which I gathered involved too little work when the Governor was present in Nairobi and too much when he was away on safari. We sent up the letter expecting little, and in due course the Jacksons called on us at the Norfolk Hotel, in which we were staying. He subsequently told us with what reluctance he had come to see "these infernal globe-trotters", and indeed only did so at the insistent urge of Mrs. Jackson, anxious to see new faces, which at that time were not too common. When they did come, it was but a few minutes before we succumbed to their personal charm, and a friendship started that grew the stronger as the years went by. Doubtless the first attraction to me lay in my enthusiasm for big game shooting and love of natural history. I realized in that first talk that I had made the acquaintance of the perfect sportsman and an almost unique field naturalist.

With regard to the first attribute : it was not the size of his bags or even the excellence of the trophies that he had obtained that caused the impression, though his collection was certainly a very fine one. It lay rather in his attitude to the sport. His first object was to know the animal and its habits, the second to obtain a fine specimen, and he would always be ready to sacrifice the second for the first. He loved pitting his skill and patience against that of his quarry, but always wished for that quarry to have a fair chance. Thus it was that stalking appealed to him, and he had no use for either telescopic sights nor yet for long shots. He did not consider that he had made a fair stalk unless he had approached within 100 yards. Those who have shot the game of the open plains will realize the skill, the patience and the pains involved in such a feat. Again, he would never, save for purposes of observation, indulge in the practice of sitting up over a kill, though that is by far the easiest way of obtaining lions, and many a hunter's reputation has been established on the practice. One thing caused him more grief than anything, and that was to wound an animal and not obtain it. It was a rare occurrence indeed with him, and I am sure that he would gladly have sentenced to lifelong imprisonment those so-called sportsmen who brown a herd, whether from a motor car or otherwise. I never had a chance, worse luck, of going on a long safari with him, but on more than one occasion, both in the Ngong Forest or on the Ithanga Hills beyond Makuyu, my wife and I accompanied him on a long week-end, camping in two small tents. The joy of those expeditions I shall never forget. The life of the plain or forest was an open book to Jackson. To be with him on a river bed was an education in itself. He knew the spoor of every buck and of every mammal,

numerous though they were, and would explain their habits with infinite detail and exactitude. We never shot much — we didn't want to — but I recall his delight on two occasions. One when he secured a Kenya oribi, a sub-species now, I fear, extinct, but then locally not uncommon. The other when we got two klipspringers and discovered that the female carried horns, therein differing from its prototype in the south. Apart from that a bushbuck or two, the pursuit of which always intrigued him, once a buffalo and once a leopard, is as much as I remember, and the recollection of them is clouded out by the memory of the lesser but more intimate joys which so deeply touched us both.

As an African naturalist, and more especially as regards ornithology, Jackson's name stands supreme. He was studying and collecting birds and butterflies from the first day that he landed at Lamu till the day that he left Uganda for the last time, nor had Lady Jackson much less interest than had he. I do not know how many new species he discovered, but I do know that it ran into hundreds, and that the Natural History Museum is the richer for their presence. His *Game Birds of East Africa* is the standard work on that subject, and a far more important work on all the birds of Kenya and Uganda is in process of publication, an event which I for one eagerly await.¹ This love of birds was a lifelong occupation with him and thrilled him wherever he might be. It was an equal joy to see the first spring migrants in an English lane as it was to sit beneath a fig tree in Uganda and watch the antics of perhaps twenty varieties of birds, large and small, which fed, loved and quarrelled in its branches.

¹ This work, *The Birds of Kenya Colony and the Uganda Protectorate*, has now been most successfully produced.

It must not be thought that Jackson allowed either sport or natural history to interfere with his work. That came first, and he was punctilious in its completion. Admittedly it was made easy for him by reason of the intense affection in which he was held by his subordinates, who would gladly work overtime on his behalf to save him worry. Jackson might, I think, be described as a natives' man in the sense that he was at his best and happiest in settling native difficulties and righting native wrongs. He was, however, very far from being against white settlement, though I suspect that he would have wished it to have arrived after his time. His happiest days were, I feel sure, when white men were few and the country largely unexplored, and possibly he looked, at all events in his earlier days, on each new European resident, whether settler or official, as doing something to spoil the romance of his youth. On the other hand, he was very far indeed from believing in the "paramountcy" of native interests. His view was that all sections of the population should have a fair deal, though I doubt if he thought that European settlement would ever go beyond a certain stage, careful though he was to make no such prophecy in public. He liked the old-time Indians of the better class, and was on the best of personal terms with them, as he was with the leading Arabs on the coast, for he well realized from personal experience all that they had done for the country. On the other hand, he particularly disliked the lower-class, to use a much-abused term, Indian, who had arrived for the most part as an indentured man during the construction of the railway, and whose influence on the native he held to have been almost entirely bad. Jackson may not have had any long-time policy or objective in his Administrative life. He



A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, UGANDA, 1914

Lady C Sir Frederick Jackson, K C M G "Puppy J."

C.

was not of those who have assured themselves that there is only one right goal to reach and only one possible road to reach it by — their own, of course. He always said that Kenya was in an experimental stage, and no one could tell how the experiments would turn out. Two things remained supremely doubtful : first, whether the European could through succeeding generations adapt himself to living permanently, and without home leave, on the Equator ; second, whether the native could assimilate without deterioration the education which the white man was putting at an increasing acceleration within his reach. He thought, as I gathered in long hours of conversation, that time — and time alone — could answer these questions. Meanwhile his own course was clear : to tackle the problems that came before him each on its own merits, not weighting the dice on any preconceived theory, either of paramountcy of native interests, or yet of the predominance of European civilization. A fair deal on each separate problem was for the time being sufficient. I cannot myself but feel that at the time this attitude had everything to commend it ; indeed I doubt whether the road which should be trodden is even yet so clearly discernible as many enthusiasts, mostly young, would have us believe.

When we first went to Nairobi the Jacksons lived in what was known as the Gin Palace, a somewhat ramshackle bungalow looking towards the “ black cotton ” morass through which now runs Sixth Avenue ; and many an admirable drink and meal have I enjoyed under its hospitable roof. Later we watched their accession to increasingly superior mansions, culminating in the temporary occupation of Government House on its present site but before it achieved its present possibly somewhat bloated proportions.

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With each successive move it became increasingly apparent to our apprehensive minds that it could not be long before promotion in some form or other would take our very dear friends, as they had by now become, away from us and into some higher sphere. We had feared that it might prove to be some distant land such as Nigeria or Nyassaland, but luck was with us. Uganda fell vacant, and Jackson was a choice so obvious that even the Colonial Office could hardly refuse to make it. Jackson, as we have seen, knew the country intimately from its earliest days under our administration. What was even more to the point Uganda knew him, and his name there was one with which to conjure. Not only were there still living there Civil Servants with whom he had served, and traders whose security he had guarded, but there were chiefs and headmen who had known him of old, and the glad tidings spread like wildfire: "Bwana" Jackson is coming to us and all will be well. And if his welcome was assured, so too was he delighted. He was a modest, diffident character and would have doubted his powers in novel surroundings. Here he had no such fear, and I learnt from him that the position had been his great ambition ever since he had entered the Civil Service. So he accepted the post, duly received the customary K.C.M.G., and in 1912 Sir Frederick and Lady Jackson assumed their new responsibilities.

From the outset their régime was a real success. It could hardly have been otherwise. The one problem that would certainly have worried, and indeed might have baffled him as it has done so many others, White Settlement, was to all intents and purposes non-existent. With native questions he was familiar and quite at ease. Famines, pestilences, quarrels and disputes he had dealt with successfully before and

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

which was held one afternoon on deck. The conditions of the competition were that each entrant had to drink a large glass, holding something slightly less than a pint, of admirable Munich beer every two minutes. The winner was naturally he who survived the longest. The finish of this long-drawn-out fight was thrilling. Gradually the rabbits, including a few ambitious and over-optimistic Britons, were eliminated and at sixty glasses the competitors were reduced to two. With grim determination they drank on. One, however, was clearly weakening. Each succeeding glass increased his pallor and his hiccups, while his brow became increasingly beaded with perspiration. The seventieth glass proved too much for him and he staggered below. Amidst frantic applause the victor swallowed three more pints straight off as a libation to the Kaiser and, to the cheers of his compatriots of both sexes, received the prize from the captain after a laudatory speech. Then, bowing right and left, he strode purposefully to the side and gracefully inserted a finger in his throat, and behold it was just as if one had removed a bung from a barrel! Immensely impressed, I asked a German acquaintance if the champion was right in the first flight at this national sport and was indignantly told: "Oh dear no! Not more than half-way up the second class!" There were, however, some very nice fellow passengers, mainly shooters, among them being some charming Spaniards, including the Duke of Peñaranda. It was well that they could not foresee the tragedy that was in store both for their country and themselves.

The main object that we had before us on this trip was the inauguration of our farming efforts. Our grants of land, of roughly 15,000 acres, had been sanctioned running along and into the Ithanga Hills,



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After retirement

knew that he could deal with again. Moreover, he had the full confidence of all sections of the population, and could set about his policy of accelerated progress and native education in the happiest circumstances. Not that he had inherited a bed of roses. He was the last person to have wished for that. The growing cotton industry was a problem in itself. The disappointing results of the experiments in the cultivation of coffee and rubber were another. Far worse was the terrible epidemic of sleeping sickness, then being so splendidly and energetically fought by the brothers Cook, whose names will live for ever in the annals of Uganda, but the success of whose campaign was at that time far from being definitely assured. The greatest of all African problems, the education of the native, was constantly in his mind. But in this he was fortunate in being able to work in complete harmony with the Missionaries, and was the strongest supporter of one of their main tenets: the first step must be to develop character, on that, and on that alone, can higher education be firmly founded.

My wife and I were very regular visitors at the curious but most comfortable suburban villa which, in its glorious garden overlooking the Lake, did duty as Government House. They were visits eagerly looked forward to and intensely enjoyed. There are so many misfits in this world that it is in itself a pleasure to see a round peg in a round hole. Moreover it wasn't all work. Sir Frederick had time and ample opportunity to continue his study of bird life and add to his swiftly growing collection. Again, during his tours through the length and breadth of his territory opportunities of sport were not neglected, indeed his admirable A.D.C., John Fraser, took good care of that. In all his work he had the closest and most

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happy co-operation with Lady Jackson, and her obvious and instantaneous success as Governor's wife was not the least of his pleasures. I should reckon, nor should I be alone in that opinion, that the five years of Sir Frederick's rule showed the most steady, untroubled and satisfactory progress that Uganda had known, achieved without ostentation and self-advertisement, but in a way which must surely have been appreciated not only locally but by our Government at home.

When Sir Frederick's term of duty came to an end at the end of the war he was not an old man either in years or energy. At the same time he had undergone privations over a long and arduous career. Moreover, he was never quite the same man again after his ghastly wound in the Uganda mutiny. Accordingly he was very ready to retire on pension and spend his declining years in tabulating his acquired knowledge and indulging in such sport as his damaged lungs would permit. Fishing became a great delight which he indulged in with some of his old friends such as "Lord" John Wilson. His last years were, I am sure, happy. I only wish that there had been many more of them; but his lungs eventually failed him, and he passed away after a brief illness in 1929.

As with all other men of mark, opinions will vary as to the exact niche in history that should be held by Sir Frederick Jackson. Perhaps my friendship and admiration make me a biased critic, but I should place that niche right at the top of Administrators of a purely native territory. I am especially swayed by two facts. One, that his record is marred by no single conspicuous failure in any direction, but on the other hand is marked by steady and harmonious progress. The second, that he did not know the meaning of self-

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advertisement. A job well done was for him sufficient reward. Accordingly he never saw that the Press was behind him to sing paeans on his achievements as has been the case with many a lesser but more illustrious man. Had he so stooped, who can gauge the measure of his reputation? There will not, at any rate, indeed there cannot, be two opinions as to his character, as it is still revered by everyone who knew him, high or low, black or white. Courageous and modest, straightforward and honest, with the highest ideals and a hatred of both cruelty and deceit, a firm friend and an honourable opponent, governed always by a deep sense of justice with an inherent sympathy for the under dog, there might well be inscribed over his tomb, "Here lies a very perfect gentle Knight". May he sleep sound and may his memory and example never fade.

CHAPTER XI

POST-WAR CONTACTS WITH KENYA

AFTER the War we returned to Kenya periodically ; but the education of our children had now first claim on us, and such visits became more and more fleeting. It often seems strange to me how little it is comprehended who are the really important people in Kenya or indeed in any other colony. Those, and they are many, who like myself strut across her stage for a few brief years, are in fact of very little account. While they are resident there their influence may be good or it may be bad, and for a brief space afterwards they may do something to help or something to mar the fortunes of the country. But that is all. The people who really matter are those who have come to live out their lives and rear children, who in their turn will be educated in the country and to whom it will be, first and foremost, home. They may be of British, colonial, Dutch or foreign stock. They may be farmers, shopkeepers, engineers or have one or another of a hundred varied occupations. But so long as they come and settle with a view to *permanency* they are the people who matter, and it is on their quality, prosperity, progress and *increase* that the whole future of any colony depends. Yet how little of the lime-light comes their way. That commodity is mainly reserved, for what it is worth, for the trivial adventures or misadventures, the marriages and remarriages,

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the triumphs and disasters of those who are merely passers-by.

Immediately after the War things in Kenya, as elsewhere, were booming, and Kenya, with, I venture to think, more justification than those at home, was as confident that such prosperity was permanent as were their kinsmen overseas. I was at least as optimistic as anyone, and thought that I had found in flax, a new product for the Colony, the easiest road to affluence that I had ever struck. Prior to the War something like four-fifths of the world's supply came from Russia, and Russia had crashed, flax and all. Linen I thought, not unreasonably, was a prime necessity and the price was soaring every day. Flax we had proved to grow splendidly in extensive areas on the Highlands and what more could one want? I secured the co-operation and financial help of Major G. J. Buxton, a first-rate practical agriculturist, and of the brothers Wigglesworth, perhaps as knowledgeable experts on fibres as existed, and off we started. We erected three first-class up-to-date factories in three separate localities. No question for us of all the eggs being in one basket! We got managers and experts in farming and factory. At each factory we cleaned, cultivated and sowed 400 acres. We taught the natives to ret and scutch, naturally not as well as the Irish expert from years of practice, but to the full satisfaction of our Ulster manager. The crop came up long and thick. There was hardly a weed in it. Meanwhile the price soared and soared. We actually sold one ton, prepared from our first experimental plot, for £800. This I have been told to be the highest price a ton of this fibre has ever realized. We reckoned our f.o.b. costs to be in the region of £150 a ton. We watched the main crop grow; with luck there would be a good 60

tons from each factory. We spent in fancy the money we should make in a hundred ways. Grouse moors, motors and bricks and mortar skimmed through our imagination. Then with amazing rapidity our fairy castle crumbled before our eyes. The price had been forced up so high that customers simply could not afford linen. Cotton and the new-fangled artificial silk were increasingly substituted. The demand decreased weekly and down, down, down went the price of flax even quicker than it had risen. Soon it sunk below our costs of production and went on falling till it finally found some sort of stabilization around £80. Had we possessed the necessary reserves of cash we might have fought down our costs of production to meet the fall. Sisal saw a drop from £96 a ton to £12 : 10s. and yet survives, albeit with something of a struggle. But we had no reserves ; we had gambled, as did others, in the one throw every penny that we could raise. So we saw our beautiful factories go the same way as the castle of our dreams. Nevertheless I doubt if the last has been heard of flax in Kenya. New and cheaper processes of decortication have been invented, and it seems to me that if it is today conceived of as a paying proposition in England it *must* be one in Kenya. Certainly if I were a young man I would have another shot.

In 1921-22 came an event which was to prove nothing short of disastrous to the Colony. I refer to what is sometimes still known locally as the great currency ramp. Kenya had received her currency as a legacy from the past, when B.E.A. was under the administration of the India Office, in the shape of rupees. Such rupees were of course worth one shilling and fourpence in English money. The idea that they might vary in this value never entered the head of

either merchant or farmer. Why should it ? After all, if a settler from England is invited to enter a British colony he is surely entitled to assume that the value of his currency will be maintained. One morning to his amazement he learnt that for some occult reason his rupee was worth one shilling and fivepence and that every obligation, including the repayment of his inevitable overdraft, which he had to meet was up accordingly. While he sat back staggered at this dark miracle, the rupee rose again and yet again till it reached the stupendous figure of three shillings. By this time it was abundantly clear even to the Government that something must be done if Kenya as a colony were to continue to survive. Every new colony exists and must exist on credit ; and here was no exception. Ninety per cent of settlers and nearly all new enterprises had obligations and overdrafts, and the doubling of them meant nothing more or less than sheer ruin. But alas, in this crisis not all the Colony spoke with one voice. The sane portion, led by Major Grogan, Berkeley Cole and, to his eternal credit, the Governor, General Sir Edward Northey, demanded with incontrovertible argument that the old value of the rupee must be restored. This was strenuously opposed by all the Banking interests, and not unnaturally by some of those with fixed salaries. The utmost that could be offered, it appeared, and that as a favour to a beggar, was stabilization at two shillings. It may be, indeed I strongly believe it would have been the case, that if Kenya had to a man stood behind her Governor he would have won the day, but they did not. Certain, in fact a majority, of the unofficial Members of the Legislative Council threw in their weight on the other side and the day was lost. A new currency was instituted replacing the old rupee with a

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two-shilling piece linked with sterling supported by a Currency Board at home.

Some of us felt very bitter over this division of opinion in the Colony, and terms like "ratting" and betrayal were freely used. Time, however, brings a juster view. These men, in many cases, saw themselves at the current rate of exchange irretrievably ruined, and all their life-work thrown away. They had been told that it was 2s. or nothing, and they hoped that maybe at that figure they might pull through. In retrospect I find it hard to blame them. With regard to the attitude of the banks I fear I find forgiveness or even an excusable explanation harder. It fell to my lot to lead a deputation to interview in London representatives of the banks concerned, and it remains imprinted on my memory as the only deputation of the hundreds on which I have served which was received with deliberate discourtesy. We put our case, I thought, moderately and clearly. Our arguments appeared to us irrefutable, and have, at all events, since proved abundantly right. While we put them, and admittedly we spoke at length, the Banking representatives yawned in our faces, and when we had finished we were dismissed in two sentences to the effect that we could take it or leave it, since their minds were made up. Anything more foreign to the courteous attitude invariably adopted by the great banks today it is impossible to conceive. It may be that they thought that the high prices of primary products would be maintained, contrary to all precedent though that was, and that therefore Kenya would be well able to afford the new standard. I hope it may be so, but the impression of their attitude that we formed, and it certainly seemed were intended to form, was that they saw a chance of receiving back

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and I still think that we were most fortunate in our choice. It is true that we came early and could largely pick and choose, but our ignorance was complete, and nothing but luck saved us from applying for land far more beautiful but equally less fertile. We were lucky also, though here perhaps we may claim a little credit, in our initial dispositions. We decided to form a little company which we christened by the somewhat grandiloquent name of Sisal Ltd. The original members were, besides myself : Alan Tompson and his cousin Ronald Tompson, who both fell in France, my brother-in-law Mervyn Ridley, and Donald Seth-Smith who had just left Oxford where he had been a distinguished athlete. Mervyn and Seth-Smith were to be joint managers, and rare good ones they were to prove. The former had already had six months of most valuable pupilage at the hands of our early friends Swift and Rutherford, and Seth-Smith was well acquainted with local conditions, and was a born farmer and sportsman. When I think of all the long and difficult processes which the formation of a company at home, however small, involves, I feel that we got through these preliminaries with remarkable cheapness and expedition. We owed this mainly to the clear head of Alan Tompson.

Once the company was formed, the real work commenced with little delay. The first thing was to select a site for our house. We owned between us some 25,000 acres, and that's nearly 40 square miles and takes quite a lot of exploring. A considerable proportion of the area was plain, but there were thousands of acres among the foothills and it was cut up by a number of wooded gullies. Permanent water was, and is, none too abundant, though we did not at first realize how much is required to run a sisal factory.

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50 per cent more than they had lent and had no intention of missing such an opportunity.

In addition to smaller repercussions from this decision there were obviously two main consequences. First that the cost of every form of production was increased 50 per cent by a stroke of the pen. Second that the cost of the administration of the country was raised in the same ratio. At the same time prices of our primary products began to fall with startling rapidity. So was a deadly blow struck at the prosperity of the young Colony, the effects of which are still being felt by white and black alike. It speaks volumes both for the natural wealth of the country and for the courage and determination of its inhabitants that the blow was not a knock-out. With cruel irony within a few months the rupee resumed its former level.

Now followed a bad period for Kenya. Prices of all her products sagged. The most spectacular was the case of flax, of which such high hopes had been entertained, but her three main crops — coffee, sisal and maize — at different times and in varying degrees suffered in the same way. Our own plantation at Makuyu was naturally not immune. Sisal sunk from its high-water mark of £96 a ton till it actually touched £12 : 10s., a price far below the cost of production. Coffee maintained a remunerative level longer but eventually followed suit. We hung on with our teeth by selling land and other assets, including a small but most effective electrical plant which in our palmy days we had erected to serve the district as well as ourselves. Even so we must have fallen but for the super-sacrifice, energy and initiation of our manager, Captain Evans, one of the pre-War settlers. Others alas, with even less resources, fell in increasing numbers by the way, and real poverty reared its ugly face.

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During this decade Nature as well as circumstance seemed to conspire against the Colony. First came drought with a severity unprecedented in Kenya's short history. The Long Rains, on which it was thought from experience that absolute reliance could be placed, failed very generally throughout the country for three years in succession. And only those who have personally known it can appreciate the long-prolonged bitterness of seeing a crop that promised to do well, and perhaps represented the last shot in the locker for the sower, wither slowly into nothingness. As if this were not enough, huge swarms of locusts bred in the far recesses of the Sudan, ravaged the land in a fashion again altogether outside the experience of the oldest inhabitants. I recall about 1908 seeing a puny swarm, at most a quarter of a mile long. As it was novel to me, I asked an intelligent native in my employ whether in the traditions of his tribe such visitations were of frequent occurrence. His reply was most emphatic in its negative. And indeed no individual, let alone a Government Department, ever envisaged or could have envisaged such an invasion as in fact took place. Clouds of locusts twenty miles long and two or three broad, and of a density to obscure the midday sun, swept the land. Each of these swarms dropped their eggs to be transformed into countless millions of "hoppers" during the few days before they in turn took wing. They cleared the grass, the maize, the wheat. Where they rested for the night the weight of their millions broke huge branches from the trees. Coffee and sisal withstood their ravages best, though even in their case damage was done in the shape of damaged bushes and eaten bulbils. The Government, aided by all that science knew, waged vigorous war, but with scant success. Early attempts at poisoning

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killed myriads of the pests but also destroyed many of their natural enemies. For the birds, indeed, and especially the storks, proved the farmers' best friends. One great feather, however, rests on the Government's head. I do not think that in the midst of all this vast destruction of food one single native perished of starvation. I shudder to think of what the consequences would have been had such a visitation taken place even thirty years ago. I commend this thought to captious critics of British rule in Kenya. The main swarms seem now to have receded, and it is to be prayed indeed that a period of immunity,¹ as long as the last, may be once again enjoyed.

Nor was man, if he could help it, to be outdone by Nature. There descended upon the land at this period an almost unbroken series of Government Commissions and Committees. Of course these were all well-intentioned and by no means all served no useful purpose. Especially can it be said of that led by that far-sighted statesman, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, when Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the work of the Commission was productive of real good. While, however, there is much to be said for the acquisition of local colour, there also remains truth in the ancient adage which points out that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. There is always a certain danger when a Minister or highly placed Committee come to get a "true perspective" on the spot in a few weeks. They are apt to receive a number of *ex parte* statements, and other expressions of opinion proffered mainly for the purpose of giving pleasure to the seekers for knowledge. Nor can the menace of Pagett, M.P., be said to have entirely disappeared!

¹ It is to be recorded with regret that so far this has proved a vain hope

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Be that as it may, it is certain that the accumulation of these visits caused a considerable amount of irritation. Indeed there was some justification for the current saying, "Kenya is like the land of Egypt, cursed with plagues : of which the three major are drought, locusts and Government Commissions".

Of the various financial crashes that took place during this period one was an especial grief to me. I refer to the failure of that old-established firm of Newland & Tarlton of which I had joined the Board. Not only were all the original partners personal friends of mine, but I had seen its rise from the humblest beginnings to a company with wide ramifications and returning a handsome annual profit. Further, it seemed particularly hard on Major Newland. He had from its inception been the driving force of the business, and while he drove it had never looked back. That driving force he transferred in its entirety to the prosecution of the War and in his absence the rot set in. The main cause of disaster was the old one of a cobbler failing to stick to his last. The fortunes of the firm had been built up on safari outfitting, stock and land sales, all of which had been and to the end remained profitable. To this at the end of the War was added the sale of various kinds of stores and merchandise, with regard to which the management had a somewhat hazy knowledge. The business became top-heavy, overheads increased beyond all reasonable bounds, and, with a falling market, nothing but the most drastic pruning could have saved the company. Though that pruning was considered, and the details worked out and approved by some of the Board, there were weaker knees among the others, and the chance, perhaps a slender one, was lost. Newland himself left the Colony, broken-hearted, for Australia, the country

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of his birth. It was good to see him again recently in Adelaide flourishing financially, and once again serving his fellow-citizens as a Member of Parliament.

As a result of the various Committees and Commissions already alluded to, considerable attention in England began to be focussed on East Africa fairly soon after the War. Much of it was, alas, unfavourable, or even definitely hostile. Possibly in some sense owing to the reaction from the War, the Little Englander and the detractor of his native country came into his own. Books, articles and speeches criticizing the local Administration, and more especially abusing White Settlement in general and Kenya settlers in particular, were in great request. Many, probably most, of the authors were genuine in their views, even if somewhat eager to believe the worst, and as such entitled to all respect. At the same time there were disgruntled ex-inhabitants suffering from imagined grievances and a strong inferiority complex who were delighted to find a ready market for their criticisms. Again, the situation was complicated by the creation of the Mandated Territory of Kenya. Comparatively few people had grasped the exact status conferred by the Mandate. Thus witness Mr. Amery's authoritative statement that Tanganyika was as much a part of the British Empire as any other colony. I wish indeed that that great patriot and Imperialist had proved right. A fairly large and extremely vocal demand arose in both Houses of Parliament for the setting up of a Joint Committee to examine the various aspects of the situation, and to make recommendations for the future administration of the territories concerned. In the House of Lords I did my utmost to get the suggestion turned down. My opinion was, of course, in favour of White Settlement in particular, and for the general

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advancement of all the mutually dependent races which inhabit East Africa. Moreover, I thought, and still think as firmly as ever, that the best way to achieve the latter object is by giving the white civilian population a greater share in its furtherance. I looked quite candidly on the desirability of such a Committee just so far as it was likely to support my views, and I had come to an adverse conclusion. Certainly Kenya had nothing to fear from the fullest investigation before an impartial body. But such a Committee as was proposed cannot from the nature of its composition be impartial. Rather will it consist of opposing groups whose long-stabilized opinions are not likely to be shaken. Under the guidance of a skilled Chairman and spurred by stress of time, they will endeavour to reach conclusions as little repugnant to both sides as is possible, and that is as much as can be expected. However, setting up a Committee in times of political trouble always offers the line of least resistance and so my arguments were brushed aside, and Lord Passfield, Colonial Secretary, announced the decision of the Government to set up a Joint Committee of both Houses with the following terms of reference: "To consider the Reports on Closer Union in East Africa, together with the statement of the conclusions of His Majesty's Government, and to report thereon".

When the decision was made I had no intention of submitting my name for inclusion among the Members. My main reasons for such abstention were four. Firstly, I was obviously partizan on all the main issues, and indeed opponents might reasonably claim that I was a bigot. Secondly, I foresaw that participation would involve the giving up of a great deal of time. Thirdly, that since any report must almost of necessity be a compromise, a partizan of either

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point of view was certain of acquiring considerable unpopularity from those who shared those views. Fourthly, and this was my strongest point, I felt that I could better serve my friends' cause as a witness. Lord Delamere took very strongly the opposite point of view, brushing aside my first three points as trivial, and bringing reasoned argument to bear upon the fourth. When argument had failed, he made a personal appeal couched in such terms as made it impossible for me to give a definite refusal. I made the proviso, however, that I should state my first point fairly to Lord Passfield. On retrospection after the event, I must confess that I believe Lord Delamere to have been right. I think that I was in fact able to serve Kenya better on the Committee than as a witness. Points two and three went in accordance with anticipation. The Committee sat for fifty-five whole days, apart from the writing and discussion involved in addition. The cry of "letting us down" arose, and no doubt not on one side only, and was not the less vocal since there was an overwhelming proportion of the critics who were unaware that a minority report was not admissible.

After yielding to Lord Delamere's importunity I went to see the Colonial Secretary. I told him that my name had been suggested as a member of the Committee but that in my own opinion I was quite unsuitable. My personal views were well known. I had aired them in print, in the House of Lords and on the platform. Those views had been formed as the result of years of experience, and I could not conceive that they would be reversed or even radically modified by any evidence that was likely to be brought before the Committee. Lord Passfield was most courteous and kind. He stated that he much appreciated my

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coming to him, but he could not agree with me. He affirmed that it was impossible to keep out partizan views among those who had special knowledge, and already partizans on the other side had been approached and had consented to serve. For his part he offered me a very cordial invitation to join the Committee and hoped that I would accept it. I shall always remember Lord Passfield's generous reception with appreciation. However, it seemed that my last plank was pulled from under me, and my summer was largely ruined.

The Committee when formed consisted of the following members: Lord Stanley of Alderley (L.), Sir John Sandeman Allen, M.P. (C.), Viscount Mersey (L.), The Rt. Hon. L. Amery, M.P. (C.), Earl of Onslow (C.), Mr. C. R. Buxton, M.P. (S.), Lord Lamington (C.), Sir Robert Hamilton, M.P. (L.), Lord Phillimore (C.), Mr. J. H. Hudson, M.P. (S.), Lord Lugard (C.), The Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P. (C.), Lord Passfield (S.), Mr. J. A. Parkinson, M.P. (S.), Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede (S.), Dr. D. Shiels, M.P. (S.), Lord Dickinson (L.), Lord Stanley, M.P. (C.), Lord Cranworth (C.), Mr. W. Wellock, M.P. (S.). The Committee thus contained the names of three men who at one time or another had held the office of Colonial Secretary as well as two Under-Secretaries. In addition there were several members who had very considerable personal experience of the territories concerned, as well as the Chairman of the Joint East African Board. It must, I think, be admitted that it represented considerable knowledge of its subject, and carried the weight of much service to the State. Possibly by reason of its numbers it was somewhat cumbrous for the task in hand. The Committee elected its own

OUR INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

We made a standing camp with grass huts in a central position, and from it explored our territory on horse-back and on foot in every direction. In the evening we would meet and weigh with the fiercest argument the merits of various house and factory sites. The latter was the easier problem. We knew enough to appreciate that the sisal leaves must, as far as possible, come downhill to the decorticator, that there should be available as much water as possible in the vicinity of the latter, and we rightly conjectured that the rich red loam rather than the black clay soil would give the better results in cultivation. There was, in fact, only one site which really fulfilled these conditions ; but for the homestead it was different. We all of us wanted a view, we mostly wanted shade, good drinking water was essential, and my wife was insistent on the best of soil for the garden. All these desiderata could be obtained in a greater or lesser degree in various places, and it appeared unlikely that we should ever make our decision. However, one day two of our party saw a nice eminence with a large fig tree standing imposingly thereon. They rode up to investigate, passing a nice little spring on the way up. On the top they found seated under the tree five beautiful lions who rose and trotted off into the long grass in dignified fashion. That settled it. It was unanimously felt that what was good enough for five lions should be good enough for us five. The next day we started erecting a grass hut, and my wife laid her first plans for the garden. Rightly eschewing the obvious name of Simba (lion), we christened our new home Makuyu, the native name for fig tree. The site faced a long undulating vista over the Kikuyu Reserve to Mt. Kenya, its peak usually wreathed in clouds save at dawn or nightfall during the rainy season. Behind us rolled plains on which herds

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Chairman in the person of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and a most admirable one he proved until, alas, a sudden illness caused his death, and brought a deep sense of personal loss to his many friends, and indeed to all who had known him either in public or private life. He was succeeded by Lord Onslow, now Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. It was mainly due to the latter's experience, business-like method, good-humour and ever-ready tact that we ever finished labours that at one time appeared likely to be interminable.

The Committee examined nearly one hundred witnesses, apart from written evidence sent in from numerous other individuals and bodies. Such evidence was of diverse character, being obtained from every section of the community held to be directly or even indirectly interested. Thus there gave evidence the Civil Service, in the shape of ex-Governors and other Civil Servants, representatives of the white settlers, who sent over a special deputation under the most able leadership of Lord Francis Scott. The so-called native tribes¹ of the three territories, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, were most adequately represented by their own delegates, as well as by officers administering native affairs, and Europeans, such as doctors and missionaries who by long and special association were considered best qualified to express their points of view. The Indian community were vocal in evidence, and a sometimes neglected section, namely the Arabs, were not forgotten. As is usually the case, it was not the most vociferous who were the most effective witnesses. There was a

¹ "So-called", since, if native is used as the antithesis of immigrant, it should be borne in mind that the main existing native tribes are almost certainly comparatively recent immigrants themselves.

consensus of opinion on the Committee against extreme and virulent partizans, and it was agreed that a grudge or grievance against the local Government did not in itself give a title for the submission of evidence.

The Committee, as will be gathered from its components, ranged between two totally different points of view. There were those lifelong Imperialists who believed wholeheartedly in the British race and the British Empire, who looked with pride on what that Empire had accomplished for the backward races and believed that its task was far from yet fulfilled. There were those to whom the word Empire was as a red rag to a bull, who would wholeheartedly substitute Internationalism for Nationalism and whose rallying cry was "exploitation". Between the two extremes were the "open minded", generally speaking, however, inclining to one side more than to the other. There was, moreover, in the person of that great colonial statesman, Lord Lugard, the protagonist of the ingenious White Island proposal, a plan which, while at first sight seeming to solve many problems, failed for various reasons to obtain any great measure of support. There was one thing, however, in which all shared: a common and genuine belief in his own convictions and an honest respect for the convictions of others. It was the existence of this spirit that led to harmonious and happy work. I trust that I give no secret away when I say that, though argument was often long and stubborn, I never heard a word of bitterness still less of discourtesy. This friendly and happy atmosphere enabled the Committee to reach **certain** conclusions which, if possibly somewhat colourless and failing to give full satisfaction to anyone, were, at all events, not definitely offensive and contained many useful and common-sense features.

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The report was completed just in time for the autumn holidays, the approach of which happy period had indeed some little to do with its completion. It was published in a Blue Book of 110 paragraphs and voluminous appendices, and duly presented to both Houses, where it was given on the whole a favourable reception. Since I do not suppose that any human eye will ever again read it from cover to cover — I wonder indeed how many ever really did complete the task? — I will summarize what I consider to be its main conclusions :

Para. 38.—The Committee found themselves unable to agree with the proposal that the three territories should be administered under one High Commissioner. They recommended, however, that the greatest possible measure of co-ordination should be obtained

Para. 40 — They recommended that the recently formed Governor's Conference should be strengthened and should form one of the chief means of securing such co-ordination.

Paras 44-46 — Recommended an enquiry into railway rates throughout East Africa and the appointment of an Adviser on Transport and a Central Road Board.

Para 47.—Proposed a Unification of the Customs Departments of Kenya and Tanganyika.

Para. 61 —“ The Committee wish to affirm their belief in the value of white settlement as an important element in the progress of East Africa, and their hopes for its future success ” Surely a notable instance of the value of a round-table talk.

Para 67.—“ The Committee are of opinion that the trusteeship of natives must remain the function of H.M.'s Government, but that the assistance of the non-native communities in carrying out this obligation should be encouraged to an increasing extent.”

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Para. 71.—The Committee summed up the much disputed dictum of the Paramountcy of Native Interests in these words: "The doctrine of paramountcy means no more than that the interests of the overwhelming majority of the indigenous population should not be subordinated to those of a minority belonging to another race, however important in itself." Possibly indifferent English, but abundantly clear.

Para. 81.—They advocated the eventual formation of a Central Native Council.

Para. 86.—They turned down, at all events for the time being, the idea of a "White Island".

Para. 98.—They turned down the idea of an Unofficial Majority in the Kenya, or any other, Legislative Council in the territories concerned.

Para. 100.—They turned down, subject to future consideration, the often urged (especially by the Indian population) suggestion of a Common Electoral Roll.

Para. 105.—They urged an immediate "full and authoritative" enquiry into the needs of the native population, present and prospective, with respect to land.

Para. 107.—They stressed the desirability of encouraging a gradual change from Kiswahili to English as the *lingua franca*.

Para. 109.—They stressed the need for increased educational facilities among the native population.

I must regret to record that, much though I admire the hard work and honesty of purpose exhibited by the Committee, I cannot think that it was, or ever could be, justified by results. If another in similar circumstances is ever again proposed, with the light of experience I shall oppose it with even greater conviction than I did before.

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The last time that we visited Kenya was in 1933, though most certainly I shall hope to do so again, and it will always remain associated in my mind with two things : the income-tax fiasco and the recently discovered goldfields. With regard to the former it should be most definitely understood that the proposals for the institution of income tax in the Colony originated with H.M.'s Government in England, or, in other words, the Colonial Office. They were undeterred by the fact of a previous failure a few years previously when the cost of collection had proved altogether out of proportion to the revenue collected. When we arrived in the Colony we found that the decision of the Government had already been communicated and was being hotly debated ; indeed it formed almost the sole topic of conversation. Since the War I had had the honour of acting as the representative of the Convention of Associations, the settlers' unofficial Parliament, in London, and thereby was kept in touch with local opinion, which in this matter I understood to be considerably divided. For myself I had been, was then, and am still an advocate of income tax for the following reasons :

First, I consider that while all taxation is of its very nature abhorrent, a properly conceived measure of income tax designed to throw the burden on those shoulders which can best support it, is the most tolerable.

Second, that income tax should be, and can be, so designed as to encourage primary production, and more especially agriculture. This is admittedly today the case in England, where the farmer pays income tax up to a definite maximum only and can deduct any farming loss from any additional income he may possess. Thus the production of proper accounts

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showing, as is, alas, only too common, an actual loss on his year's farming operations, will not only relieve him of this maximum and of all taxation on his farm, but will also enable him to set off further losses against income tax due from him on other sources of revenue. But for this relief it is common knowledge that agriculture at home would have been dead long ago.

Thirdly, I saw in it what seemed to me by far the best method of mitigating one of the two great evils that the " rupee ramp " had inflicted on the country. The burden which that remarkable settlement had imposed in the cost of colonial administration pressed heavily in these times of stress ; perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that it had become almost intolerable. No one would wish to deny to our splendid Civil Servants the very highest remuneration that the finances of any territory can afford, but, in the opinion of many, and on the evidence of the Budget itself, this limit in Kenya had been long passed. I could not but think it right that they should make a contribution to the cost of administration in a form preferable to a direct cut in their emoluments.

Fourthly, it seemed just to me that profits that were produced in the Colony and spent at home or abroad should pay their tax in the country where the profit originated. In the past many companies registered in Kenya, such as my own company, Sisal Ltd., had distributed large sums in dividends, most of which had gone to England, where, of course, they had had to contribute their share to the revenues of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This appeared to me inequitable. Moreover, it made no difference to the taxpayers financially since they would be able to deduct from their home income tax the amount paid in the Colony.

These arguments seemed to me to be overwhelming,

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and as far as I know have never received a reasoned or adequate answer. They were not without weight at the time, and the tide began to flow with natural reluctance in favour of the institution of the tax. Then happened an unfortunate event. The actual Bill was produced. I do not know who the author or authors were, but I do say that no more miserable piece of legislation was ever put before a country. It ignored the lessons so hardly learned at home, it scorned equity, and made no attempt to distribute the burden where it could best be borne. This Bill killed income tax in the Colony for the time being. I have sometimes wondered if that was in fact the intention of its author.

On the production of the Bill an immediate and overwhelming revulsion against the whole idea of income tax set in. Lord Francis Scott, the honoured leader of non-official opinion, had always been a sincere opponent of the institution of income tax in Kenya. He very wisely took time and opportunity by the forelock. He flew straight home and personally interviewed the Colonial Secretary, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister.¹ Lord Francis, a man of the highest character and the greatest charm, found no difficulty in overruling the former opinion and decision of the Colonial Secretary. It is said that it takes a good man to revise a judgement in the face of argument. This may be so, and I know that in the case of Sir Philip it was so, but I cannot refrain from saying that in my opinion the Governor, Sir Joseph Byrne, was given a "raw deal". I hold no special brief for Sir Joseph or for any other Governor. I only knew him slightly as a courteous and kindly host, and it may well be that he did not possess all those elusive qualities which make a popular let alone a successful Governor. But this I do *know*.

¹ Now Lord Swinton

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He endeavoured with the utmost loyalty to carry out a policy initiated at home and forced on him. Yet the idea was allowed to grow unchecked that he was the sinister originator, and the Colonial Office the popular saviour, and the odium was borne, and is, I fear, still borne by the former. I would here point out that Sir Joseph had announced his intention of bearing his share of the tax — from which the Bill exempted him — which meant a personal sacrifice of some £1000 a year. I am glad to be able to add that was the only case in all my recollection in which H.M.'s representative on the spot has not received from home that full measure of support to which surely he is justly entitled.

As one small personal result of these troubles I tendered my resignation as the London representative of the Convention, which position I had held for a number of years. For the first time I had differed with those I represented on a fundamental matter of principle, so, although they were more than generous, there seemed to me no alternative. We parted, I trust and believe, with mutual feelings of regret and respect. In any case it had seemed to us both that there was no longer any need for such liaison. Air mails and air travel had to a great extent eliminated distance, as was shown by the success of Lord Francis' dramatic flight. So ended the second abortive attempt to establish income tax. That it will finally come in a reasonable and accepted form I believe to be quite inevitable.¹

¹ Since these paragraphs were written a third and successful attempt has been made to introduce income tax. The Bill, a considerable improvement on its predecessor, received the backing of a majority of the Legislative Council and of Lord Francis Scott himself. It would be going to unreasonable lengths to call it popular, indeed that would hardly be an appropriate adjective to apply to income tax at home, but it appears to

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The discovery of payable gold in the Colony is to me a pleasanter topic, since I believe that it marked the beginning of a return to that prosperity which surely Kenya must inevitably attain. Gold had been long suspected; often prospected for and occasionally found in unpaying quantities in the alluvial soil. It was not, however, until 1932 that anything of real or prospective value was discovered. The first main discovery lay in the Kakemega district, a hot fertile country lying beyond the Eldoret plains and about thirty-five miles from Kisumu, well watered by the Yala river and other streams. No discovery could have come at a more acceptable time. The Colony had been passing through a period of very real financial distress and many a man who had staked his all in a farming venture in Kenya found himself at the end of his resources just at the time when he might reasonably have been expecting to be reaping the reward of his labours. Here and there throughout the land were deserted fields and shambas overgrown with weeds. There were thus men and women practically destitute through no fault of their own, and the threat of that colonial menace, the formation of a "poor white" class, was very real. To many such men the reports of the prospectors brought a real gleam of hope, and realizing their few remaining assets, they set off to peg their claims.

Except for the natives themselves, it was unfortunate that the Kakemega finds should have taken place in native territory, though to be sure it was not surprising when one considers the vast preponderance of that area. The fact gave an opportunity, golden in have worked fairly smoothly and to have given a considerably better financial result than was anticipated. It seems anomalous that the adjacent territories of Tanganyika and Uganda have not yet fallen into line. The day can hardly be far distant when they do so.

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another sense, to those who seek with such ghoulis energy to disparage their fellow countrymen overseas. The banner of "exploitation" was reared anew and tales for the gullible spread apace. This worthy man had heard that the natives were being dispossessed of their land. That earnest woman feared the rumour must be true that drunken, roystering miners were pillaging the crops, the chickens and the sheep of industrious and peaceful native inhabitants. "And though I have no direct proof, my dear, you know what roystering miners are where women are concerned." Since I knew the sort of men and women concerned, and was well aware of the high record of the local Government in matters of Native Administration, such charges appeared both inconceivable and ludicrous. Nevertheless I was anxious to be able to refute them from personal experience on our return home, and so took an opportunity of going round the goldfields and prospecting area with one who knew it intimately.

I found Kakemega very different to what I had anticipated, and I imagine different from any previous gold-mining area in the world. It proved a hot, damp and beautiful country, containing woods, streams and little hills. Here and there were small collections of round native huts mostly perched on slight eminences, while around them in the richer patches of soil the inhabitants grew their crops. The so-called miners were scattered over a large area. Their camps usually consisted of a Ford car, a small tent and perhaps a round grass-roofed hut, though there were two or three larger and more pretentious erections where the proprietors had reached a somewhat more advanced stage. The white miners, of whom there were about a thousand, including women, were for the most part

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of game fed, the zebras barked and the lions grunted, till in the distance rose the square mass of El Donya Sabok. On our right sloped the bush-clad Ithanga Hills. It was a pleasing spot in 1907. Today the house is surrounded by tens of thousands of acres of blue-green sisal and dark-green coffee, not a buck or zebra is left upon the remnant of the plain, and from the verandah of the house the electric lights of some forty bungalows can be seen twinkling in the night. Magnificent progress indeed, but it contains, as always, its elements of sadness. We, who are in part responsible, cannot fail to appreciate the latter.

The next months were mainly occupied with farming operations and planning the future on a grand scale, and were as busy as they were interesting. There were ploughs and oxen to be bought, and areas selected for their use involving the stubbing of much bush. More important still was the recruitment of labour, and the selection from among them of those who were to be one's N.C.O.s. No people are quicker to sum up their employers than the East African native, though it is not easy to know always on what popularity or its reverse is based. Naturally an even-handed justice is appreciated and is probably indeed the main essential. In theory a hard taskmaster should be unpopular, but in practice this is far from being universal. I have known employers who were well known as severe, or *kali*, who administered beatings at frequent intervals, yet who had to turn labour away. Others again easy-going, who expected less work and who on no occasion countenanced the *kiboko*, have had continual difficulty in recruiting. It is, I suspect, as with dogs. Some masters can gain their respect and love, some love only, some respect only and some neither. Yet one finds the treatment of the one to be

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engaged in prospecting and panning alluvial deposits. Here and there, however, tunnels were being run into a hillside, diamond drills were at work, and in one or two places quartz was being crushed. So far, results had been more than promising, indeed actual wealth had already accrued to some. Such a case was that of two ladies. They were working together on one claim, their husbands on another. Both families had been at the very end of their tether. These two ladies, working with a small gang of natives, had washed out some £14,000 worth of gold in a little over six months. I suggest that success has seldom been more worthily achieved.

But I was less concerned with the achievements of the miners than with the good name of the colonists. I have never been bitten with the lure of gold. It has always seemed to me that too great a proportion of that desirable substance sucks to the fingers of the man who provides the capital and too little to those who make the discoveries and do the work. Moreover, I hope that I have been unlucky with the particular specimens of this kind of magnate whom I have come across. On the other hand I have been, and remain, proud of the record of the Kenya colonists. With few exceptions I hold that record to stand above reproach, which isn't to say that it hasn't received plenty of that commodity. I sought therefore for what evidence there might be to justify the calumnies of which I had heard and read. To my delight, but not to my surprise, I found of such evidence neither jot nor tittle. Not an acre of land, not a load of firewood, not a sheep, a chicken, or an egg had been taken. All had been paid for, not at market rates but at prices greatly in excess. Thus I found that for every yard of cultivation occupied the native owner received not only ample

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monetary compensation for the crops that he might have harvested, but also an annual rent at the rate of £9:13:6 per acre. And here it should be pointed out that the average *selling* price of virgin land in white occupation did not at this time exceed £1 an acre. Nor was this all. Every single hut and every single building erected by the intruder paid an annual rent of thirty-six shillings; and since the cost of erection in the majority of cases was from twelve to fifteen shillings, and the resulting yearly damage to the owners of the soil might perhaps have amounted to sixpence, this also would appear to have been on no ungenerous scale. It is true that under the Kenya Mining Ordinance, which of course applies impartially throughout the Colony to white and black alike, land has been appropriated at Kakemega for the working of minerals. I computed it to have been less than 500 acres all told, and I did not see included an acre of cultivated land, though of course there may well have been such in parts which I did not visit. In any case, compensation beyond the owner's wildest dreams was being paid by Government. Where were the sullen faces of the persecuted and homeless natives? I saw nothing but smiles as they reaped their golden harvest. Stay, one should be strictly accurate, and it is true that there was one complaint, and that a bitter one. It had been handed in a day or two before my arrival by a neighbouring chief. His grievance was that no gold-seekers had come to his territory, and who were the Kakemega that they alone should have all this prosperity! Then I looked for the roystering and drunken miners, but once again drew blank. It was told me—I certainly don't vouch for it—that there was not a bottle of whisky in the whole area and that roystering had to be conducted almost entirely on

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tea ! The nearest approach to an orgy that I could personally achieve was a party we collected to drink our own two bottles of whisky. Even this was disappointing. There were no pistol-shots, no gambling for gold-dust. Indeed the nearest thing to a riot was a somewhat heated argument as to the credibility and future of the British Israelites ! I left the mining district a happy man. It is always a pleasant feeling to be able to say " I told you so ". Nor is it, I feel, an unworthy source of satisfaction to find that the honour of one's friends and countrymen remains unsmirched. The Governor spared no pains to spread the truth, and received the heartiest support from the Colonial Secretary, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. But a lie once started is hard to scotch entirely and doubtless today it lingers on in dark places and ignorant minds.

I cannot prophesy what the future of gold in Kenya will be. Probably even now it remains somewhat in the lap of the gods. But, at all events, its discovery did much to save Kenya during the darkest period of her history.

One innovation or discovery I found exceedingly pleasant during this visit. I refer to the trout-fishing, which together with polo had so largely supplanted the big-game shooting, which for all its earlier years had been the sport of the Colony *par excellence*. The origin of trout introduction to Kenya would appear open to dispute, and I have read divers claimants for themselves and others. As far as a somewhat hazy recollection on this subject goes, I believe that it was Dr. S. L. Hinde who should have the credit of the first attempt. The first successful importation was, I think, the result of £10 subscribed by each of Sir Frederick Jackson, Major Grogan and myself. Certainly the real credit is that of the Forestry Department

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who did all the pioneer work, which in the earlier days was naturally of an arduous nature. From their first efforts, and it was years before the trout spread from the original stream on the Mau Escarpment, have been stocked all the most suitable of the many glorious streams of the Highlands; and today the fishing is by far the best in any part of Africa. I have seen it indeed described with pardonable enthusiasm on the films as the best in the world, but that can never be while New Zealand is on the map. From the start both rainbow and brown trout flourished, and have been taken up to a weight exceeding 10 lb., but undoubtedly the former have so far proved the best, growing quicker, rising more freely and proving better fighters. The tendency of the fish to run upstream into the cooler waters of the forest is somewhat of a drawback. Certainly it enables the angler on his return to claim that he has caught a whacker while standing in an elephant's footmark. At the same time neither elephants nor rhino are happy incidentals to the peaceful sport of angling, while continual fallen tree-trunks are much worse. I had one or two most delightful days on one of the smaller streams and should have liked to have sampled many more. Certainly an asset of the greatest value has been added to Kenya's attractions. It is likely that every year will see more visitors come out for this sport alone. Furthermore, the fact that there is first-class fishing to be obtained at one's door at a nominal cost should conduce to the advent of an increasing number of settlers, especially of the retired officer class.

No memoir of post-War Kenya, however piecemeal and discursive, could be compiled without a mention of Colonel Lord Francis Scott, whose services to the Colony have been so outstanding. After a most

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distinguished career in the Army and more especially during the Great War, Lord Francis came out to Kenya in 1920 still suffering from a grievous wound, which years afterwards caused the amputation of a leg. From the day of his arrival he showed a determination to place all his ability and all his energy at the disposal of the Colony, and needless to say he quickly made his mark. His novitiate was served under Lord Delamere, and at once there sprang up between these two men, brought together by their love of Kenya, a deep feeling of confidence and respect. I have often seen an easy parallel in their relationship to that between the great Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson. Moreover, much though I admire the latter, it may be that history will say that Lord Francis had little to fear in the comparison. In one attribute only perhaps had the genial Doctor the advantage — that priceless gift of suffering fools gladly. It was not many years before Lord Francis became Delamere's right-hand man and trusted lieutenant, taking year by year more work off the latter's shoulders, and on his premature and deeply regretted death he was the obvious successor. This position, that of the leader of white unofficial opinion and of the opposition in the Legislative Council, he holds today and would appear likely to hold for many a long day.

In many ways it can hardly be denied that Lord Francis has had to face, and is still facing, a more difficult position than did his predecessor. During much of the long period of Delamere's leadership the Colony was going forward from success to success. New settlers were pouring out, new crops were being proved, new lands were being opened and the future appeared roseate indeed. Moreover, in such times of optimism relations between settlers and officials were

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inevitably better ; and again Delamere found in the person of at least two of the Governors with whom he served, men who shared his breadth of view and his confidence in the future of the Colony and of white settlement therein. For Lord Francis, on the other hand, times have been uniformly difficult. He has seen depression growing to its peak, now happily in the past, and he has had to deal with the bitterness of impoverished men groping for a remedy and seeking hungrily for a scapegoat. It must also be remembered that as a comparative new-comer he has not had the unquestioned ascendancy of his predecessor, and extreme policies have found ready followers. And again he has had his own continual battle with pain and lameness. In all these difficult circumstances he has hoed his row with cool courage. He has never been led away to forsake a policy of sound moderation even at the risk of incurring temporary unpopularity. At the same time, where a Government policy has appeared to him short-sighted or wrong, he has proved a doughty fighter and inspiring leader, continually adding to the respect in which he is held alike by both political friends and opponents. In all his many struggles and difficulties he has had, until her lamented death in 1938, the support and advice of Lady Francis, which I feel well assured he would acknowledge to have been invaluable. It was indeed a fortunate day for Kenya when Lord Francis decided to throw in his lot with her. I venture to hope that all his ambitions and aspirations in his belief may be eventually fulfilled. It is indeed a happy thing to record that he has found in the person of the present Governor ¹ a man after his own heart. Close friends and equally determined believers in Kenya's future, they work together in a

¹ Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, G C V O , K C B , C.M G

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harmony as pleasant as it has been in the past unusual.

Since the War Kenya has made, both through her Agricultural Department and through private enterprise, many efforts to find means of making profitable use of her splendid soil in new directions. Naturally there have been disappointments in the majority of experiments. One, however, has been an outstanding success : that is the cultivation of pyrethrum. Grown mainly at an elevation of over 7000 feet, the crop is of a quality which commands a price of about 50 per cent in advance of that produced in Japan, which has been till recently the principal source of the world's supply. The present price is undeniably profitable, and there appears room for considerable expansion. Another interesting experiment lies in the cultivation of New Zealand flax. This has been undertaken on a large scale by Sir John Ramsden, one of the most zealous and unassuming of the men who have been assisting Kenya since the War. The financial success of this experiment will comparatively soon be proved or disproved, and the result may well be of considerable importance to the Colony. Yet another success has been the cultivation of tea. Not only is the quality excellent but the cost of production compares most favourably with that of competitors. Unfortunately, quota restrictions for the present prevent expansion. Those growers, however, who got in before the door was closed are doing remarkably well.

CHAPTER XII

THE FUTURE OF KENYA COLONY

To speculate on the future of Kenya is a difficult task indeed. Prophecy is proverbially dangerous, and only comparatively safe when the prophet will presumably be dead ere his prophecies can be confirmed or falsified. This was an elementary precaution almost invariably taken by the numerous witches and wise men who flourished two or three centuries ago and who were always ready on these lines to predict anything from the end of the world downwards. Kenya would appear to present unusual difficulties even in this uncertain science and I shall certainly endeavour to avoid anything that might savour of the didactic, with one exception. I shall venture to prophesy with the greatest confidence that Kenya will sooner or later confound the prophets, prophesy they never so shrewdly

In looking into the future it is first essential to study the past, and the first thing that must occur to one is how remarkably limited is our knowledge in that direction. It is true that we have some sketchy history, extending over two or three centuries, of the coastal belt, but when we come to the hinterland and its high and healthy plateaus our ignorance is abysmal. Two German missionaries, Redmann and Krapf, discovered Mt. Kilimanjaro in 1848 and Mt. Kenya in 1849, which landmarks are, after all, mountains visible

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for at least 100 miles during some portion of most days of the year. Sir Richard Burton and his companion Speke went further, and the latter discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza in 1860, little more than two generations ago. Prior to that we know nothing. We may surmise something of the shifting elements in these great territories, but it is but surmise. We don't even know which section of what we are pleased to call the "native" inhabitants are really the oldest, let alone the original. I believe that it is considered by some scientists to be established that there have in the last few centuries been great irruptions of races and vast slaughters and migrations in the interior of Eastern Africa. But the evidence I have not seen, and doubt if it is of a character to convince a court of law, which is perhaps slower than are scientists to convert an inherent probability into an actual certainty. Our real knowledge is actually limited to little more than fifty years, and it is worth remembering that the first earthworks of the Uganda railway were commenced in 1896, a bare forty-three years ago.

These fifty years have seen some pretty astounding changes, and if a halt in progress could be called today, would show an achievement of which the British race has every reason to be proud and for which the native inhabitants have equal reason to be grateful. At the beginning of that period the slave trade was flourishing and was carried on by the Arabs with impunity and profit. It was but a short time after our advent that this infamous traffic disappeared in its entirety. When our Administration commenced, the whole of the plateau now known as the Highlands was under the domination of the Masai tribe, who from their headquarters, approximating to their present Reserve, ravaged the country from Lake Victoria down to the

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coast. The other tribes, both pastoral and agricultural, led an exciting and precarious existence. One morning there might be what was, according to their standards, a prosperous and peaceful village. The women would be working with their primitive tools on the little pieces of tillage, the men tending in a leisurely fashion the flocks and herds. Without warning arrived the Masai raiders and when night fell the men for the most part would be dead, the cattle gone, the crops trampled and ruined, and the women and children cowering in the depths of bush or forest. How long this state of things had been going on we do not know and never shall know. Our job as a nation was to stop it, and this we did under the leadership of that great Administrator Sir Charles Eliot, who at a trifling cost destroyed the power for evil of a tribe with a prestige akin to that of the Zulus under Chaka. It is but fair to say, however, that this tribe remains the one element in Kenya who would gladly take in exchange the old days of rapine and warfare for the security and wealth which they now enjoy under British rule. While the Masai may have been the greatest scourge of the more peaceful, or it is perhaps fairer to say less martial tribes, they formed by no means the only one. Famine was probably the next greatest. Periodically the rains failed, though possibly not so often as they do now, and with their failure failed the crops. All African natives are naturally improvident and the storing of food is alien to their nature and traditions. Accordingly when the harvest never matured famine stalked abroad and the weaker of the natives simply died. Today the rains may fail and a new scourge, locusts, may come, but no native dies of starvation. The British Government sees to that. Differing from famine, disease was ever present. Yaws, venereal and

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malaria were constant, and more virulent types of disease were epidemic. I do not say that they are gone today, but British doctors and hygiene have reduced their ravages enormously and will continue progressively so to do. Even the most anti-British and anti-Imperialist critic would find it hard to deny that these are benefits impossible to overestimate which our rule has conferred on the native population whom we found existent.

We next come to the settler influx. It is, I suggest, quite impossible to gainsay the fact that, when we undertook the administration of what is now called Kenya, there were huge stretches of territory completely devoid of human habitation and given over to the sole occupation of vast quantities of game. Much of this land appeared suitable to white colonization, capable of growing crops and maintaining flocks and herds. But, lying as it did on the Equator, it was clearly a gamble both for man and beast. When, therefore, under the Governorship of Sir Charles Eliot and with the connivance of the Colonial Office, British settlers were invited to take up land, they were asked to take a chance at least as risky, commercially speaking, as our countrymen have ever accepted. The spirit of adventure, perhaps one should say in this direction since the conquest of the air has absorbed much of it, was doubtless stronger at that time than it is today. At all events the chance was taken, and taken as a whole the gamble was successful. New crops were the subject of experiment, and many of them failed. Improved breeds of cattle and sheep were introduced and most of them died. New diseases for man and beast were continually found and gallantly tackled. Gradually the small population fought their way to some measure of security. Certain crops were definitely proved and

many diseases were definitely conquered or controlled. White settlement had come to stay, but who can deny that the fight was hard and the victory in many cases dearly won? For that victory one man in the main was responsible, and that was Lord Delamere. When some doubted and others weakened by the way, D. never faltered and his confidence remained bright to the end.

Now the essence of Lord Delamere's ambition, as he told it to me again and again, was the establishment of a self-governing white colony on the lines of South Africa but with a British rather than a Dutch basis. He thought that this self-government might be attained when the white population exceeded 20,000, but his ambition aimed at a far higher figure ultimately. Those who doubted the feasibility of this ambition prior to the War, and they were of course many, based their doubts almost entirely on one factor, that of health. They did not believe that elevation could ever offset latitude, and consequently affirmed that a European, and more certainly a British, population could never live permanently on the Equator. That was the invariable and interminable argument thirty years ago, and few indeed realized that there was a much more serious obstacle: lack of space. We knew the extent of the huge area embraced within the Protectorate, having read it in any guide-book. The Uganda railway with its little trains crawling round and round each declivity in its winding course did little to dispel the idea of an almost limitless area. Even Delamere failed to realize how limited in fact was the actual area on which it was proposed to found the Colony. We never fully realized the extent of the desert country, such as all that great stretch from the Northern Guaso Nyero to the Abyssinian border, or again the Taru desert stretching from the line to the Tana river. We failed again to grasp the proportion of

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the areas of the best land which were already and very rightly allocated for Native Reserves. Had we done so earlier, it would have been possible perhaps to reserve for white occupation a further tract of the rich, fertile and healthy country around Simba and Sultan Hamoud, which was at that time entirely uninhabited except by game. It was not done, however, and the land available for white settlement is now not only definitely limited but almost entirely allocated. No doubt in time farms will tend to become smaller and settlement to be closer, though plantations may well be bigger, but I doubt very much if in the next decade we are likely to see 10,000 actual farmers, including managers and assistants, domiciled in Kenya. The mining population is an even more uncertain proposition, since at any moment some definite find might lead to a large influx. Yet if one may judge by other parts of Africa where it is easier for Europeans to undertake continuous manual labour, it seems safe to assume that by far the greater increase in mining must be in native rather than in white labour. It would appear certain that secondary industries will spring up, some have already started, and this again will give a stimulus to population. Yet when all is said and done, it must be a long while before the European population can reach 30,000. The fact must, I think, be faced that the average European cannot undertake continuous manual work on the Equator, at all events out of doors. It has been suggested that it might be possible for the Latin races to compete with native labour, and at the time of one of the periodical shortages of that commodity Major Grogan once seriously suggested the importation and settlement of a large number of Italians. Although undoubtedly they would have felt the sun less than the more Northern

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racess, I cannot believe for many reasons that the experiment would have been a success.

Kenya had one more chance to acquire a greater area for white colonization, and that was after the conquest of German East Africa. Those of us who took part in that unpleasant and excessively costly campaign, used during our leisure moments to discuss freely and frequently the future of the territory when we had finished our job. Though naturally most of us thought it would be a grand thing if we could keep the lot, it was not in my recollection generally thought likely or even feasible. Germany was, of course, then very far indeed from being beaten to her knees. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that the German Administration was inefficient according to standards of mere efficiency, or even universally unpopular with the native population. Clearly, if it had been the latter we should have had a very much easier task in its conquest than was in fact the case. The balance of our expectation, at all events as it came my way, was that a new boundary of Kenya would be formed further south, running as it left the coast along the Pangani river. This would have given Kenya Tanga and its railway line, the Usambara hills including the fine experimental station at Amani, and the whole of Mt. Kilimanjaro with its slopes and foothills. From our point of view the suggestion had great advantages. Thus we should have included in our Colony all the territory that was originally in our sphere of influence. It would have given us a boundary considerably less vulnerable than we possessed at the outbreak of war. It would have brought the whole of the Masai tribe under one Administration. Best of all, from the point of view of Lord Delamere and those who like myself

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supported him, it would have approximately doubled the area available for white colonization and have given to Kenya the control of the vital industries of coffee and sisal. With regard to the remaining and far greater portion of German East Africa, we imagined that this would be a matter for negotiation and bargain. Such a *dénouement* was perhaps too good to be true and the event was very different. The only territory actually given without condition to any nation was a portion of extremely fertile land, the Kionga triangle, which looks small on the map but I have been given to understand approximates nearly to the size of Wales. This was presented to Portugal, but whether in acknowledgement of her contribution to the conquest or in admiration of the efficiency of her past Administration I have been unable to ascertain. For the remainder of the territory, won with the blood and money of the Empire and her allies, a novel fate was in store. Bright brains were at work and they evolved the system of Mandation. Under the new system Tanganyika, as it was now to be called, was divided up and given for administration to two countries: the very rich province of Ruanda to Belgium, the remainder to Great Britain. The essence of the Mandatory System appears to be threefold. First, the main object to be achieved is to fit the native population for self-government as soon as is reasonably possible. Secondly, on no account is the Mandatory Power to give any preferential help to its nationals, present or prospective, in the territory itself. Thirdly, no protective help may be given by the Mandatory Power to its workmen and manufacturers at home. It will be seen, therefore, that the only benefit¹

¹ That is, as far as the British race is concerned. It need hardly be pointed out that our traditional policy has always been to give self

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to be derived—I admit, a benefit of substantial value—is to provide employment for some six or seven hundred members of our excellent Civil Service. I have sometimes wondered whether, had the future of the country been anticipated, it would ever have been conquered at all. Further, so delighted were the begetters of the Mandate with their experimental offspring, that as far as they could contrive they determined to prevent all possibility of its demise or alteration. It seems to me difficult to imagine a system more provocative of international ill-feeling and friction or one that is likely to offer a more perpetual incentive for war.

I must confess that I felt so bitterly about the Mandatory System as applied to Tanganyika that for years I thought, and most certainly never concealed it, that every effort should be made to get included in Kenya the area which I have indicated, even if it involved the restoration to Germany of the remainder. I have changed my opinion reluctantly but quite definitely, and two circumstances have caused that alteration. One is that it has been forced on the consciousness of the civilized world that Germany has not abandoned her worship of the sword. She has re-armed, for which indeed it is hard to blame her, and with each new battleship and battery she has acclaimed with growing confidence that doctrine which we had all hoped to be outworn, that Might is Right. The other is the conquest by Italy of Abyssinia, an event of supreme importance to those whose livelihood and interests lie on the East Coast of Africa. Now Abyssinia contains, at all events among the Amhara, the recent ruling tribe, a large potential source of government to our Colonies. Such government, however, has been by and for the whole population irrespective of colour or race, and has taken no account of the priority of their immigration. This appears the essential difference of the Mandatory System

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natural fighters. Moreover, they can appreciate discipline. We had quite a few Abyssinians enlisted in the K.A.R. and fighting for us in the German East African Campaign and very excellent service they rendered. Once they acquire the good will of the inhabitants, it will be easy for the Italians to raise a force of 50,000 men or even more, and I think that we can count on their taking steps in that direction. Probably they have already done so. In Tanganyika also, as we found to our cost, there is an ample supply of first-class fighting material. The Germans during the War raised and trained a force of over 30,000 men. They could have raised many more if they had possessed more arms and white personnel. Between Abyssinia and Tanganyika lie our colonies of Kenya and Uganda. The natives who inhabit those colonies are for the most part agricultural and pastoral tribes with no martial inclination whatever. There is, of course, the obvious exception of the Masai, but all attempts to discipline and train these turbulent warriors have so far proved a hopeless failure. Even if we so desired we should find it quite impossible to raise and maintain any considerable native force recruited within the colonies themselves. The Swahilis, of course, are excellent material but their numbers are limited. If, therefore, we became embroiled with the Fascist Powers our colonies would be in a position of the gravest danger, to put it mildly. There are also the consideration of air and submarine bases and of our absolutely vital trade routes, moreover, the attitude of the Union of South Africa, which is very distinctly opposed to any surrender in this direction at all events. I have therefore come to the conclusion that, though at one time it might not only have been statesmanlike, and even have entirely altered the present régime and

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attitude of Germany, there can now be no question of the return of any portion of Tanganyika. Nor do I think that such a time will ever come. Naturally it is with the greatest reluctance that I abandon an aspiration that I have cherished so long and fervently, and even yet I hope that some day my Naboth's vineyard, admittedly a pretty big one, may be rescued from the horrid grasp of the Mandate and restored to Kenya. Until this happens I fear that the hope and dream of Delamere must remain a dream.

I believe that it can now be said with some confidence that the fears as to the health of a permanent white population on the Equator were largely groundless. Experience alone can teach the truth in such matters. Today we have the second and third generations and they seem to be establishing themselves without a doubt. The children are born sound and healthy in every way, and grow vigorously, exceeding in height and weight those in the Mother Country. A glance at the European schools scattered throughout the Highlands gives the happiest reassurance in this respect. Malaria is being mastered, and assuredly can be entirely conquered with concerted effort. While, however, there is every reason for happiness with regard to physical health, there still remains some little cause for uneasiness over the mental aspect. This is not to say that there is any tendency to insanity or mental deficiency, but merely that the elevation, possibly coupled with the direct rays of the sun, does seem to foster a spirit of intolerance which is rather disturbing. Comparatively minor grievances become exaggerated, fancied slights become insults, and even lifelong friendships are sometimes broken from trifling differences. I know on looking back how much this was the case with

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me. I think that I sometimes even realized it at the time. Not only did white rage occasionally consume me, but I could even lie awake into the night nursing my anger, neither of which reactions ever worries me, I am glad to say, at home. Here, when one has a definite conflict of opinion with someone over matters either public or private, one's personal feeling probably runs: "'A' disagreed with me today. Poor misguided fool. He'll know better some day." In Kenya it more likely ran: "'A' deliberately spoke against me today, malicious swine. I wonder what he thinks he is going to get out of it?" I don't suggest that this spirit of intolerance is universal, but it is certainly prevalent, nor as far as I can judge from afar does it appear to be appreciably diminishing. While intolerance is locally a healthy plant, that homely virtue, common sense, is somewhat stunted. This gift, so invaluable, is among other things that which causes a man to know what he wants for his country, his industry or himself, and to set himself to get it by the best means in his power. Another without this blessing may prefer the publicity of defiant and abusive speeches and the popular rôle of martyr, while the object to be achieved is by his very attitude and action definitely postponed. It must not be supposed that I attribute the constantly recurring friction in the past between Government and Opposition to this spirit of intolerance whether from one side or the other. That friction comes, in my view, mainly from another cause. I venture to suggest it is because the unofficial Legislative Councillors are always in opposition, and an impotent opposition at that. We know how in our own House of Commons when a Party has been several years "in the wilderness" they get irritable and unreasonable. How much more marked must this state be when the "wilderness" is not only eternal but exceeding

barren. I refer to this later. The spirit of intolerance is, however, I suggest, in some sense accountable for the attitude adopted to successive Governors in my time, sometimes even rising to personal hostility. Now I have known personally some dozen of Governors and acting Governors. Of none of them could it be contended, on retrospection, that they were other than friends to the country and insistent to do what they thought was to its benefit, consistently with what were their instructions from the Colonial Office. Nor could it be denied that they were generous in entertainment. I doubt if any one of them made any substantial saving out of the very considerable emoluments which they received. Again, if one regards the ability of the actual Governors during the last thirty years it is hard to deny that they set a pretty high standard. Two certainly would have graced any Cabinet of recent years, and two more were men of quite exceptional administrative ability. Yet among these men, and I think that it is hard to deny this, there was only one¹ of whom it could have been claimed that he was a really popular holder of his office *during the term of his reign*, though others have certainly been canonized after their retirement. And in his case death cut short his career at its highest peak. I have wondered, as doubtless have others, as to what the reaction of the Colony would have been to a superman, a rarity in this or any other generation. The Colony at one time most earnestly desired a superman, more especially did Lord Delamere. The man on whom they fixed was Lord Lloyd, whom I for one regard as, in many ways, the greatest proconsul of our generation. I was deputed by Lord Delamere in

¹ I left prior to the reign of the present Governor, whose great and well-earned popularity I most gladly admit does much to upset my theory

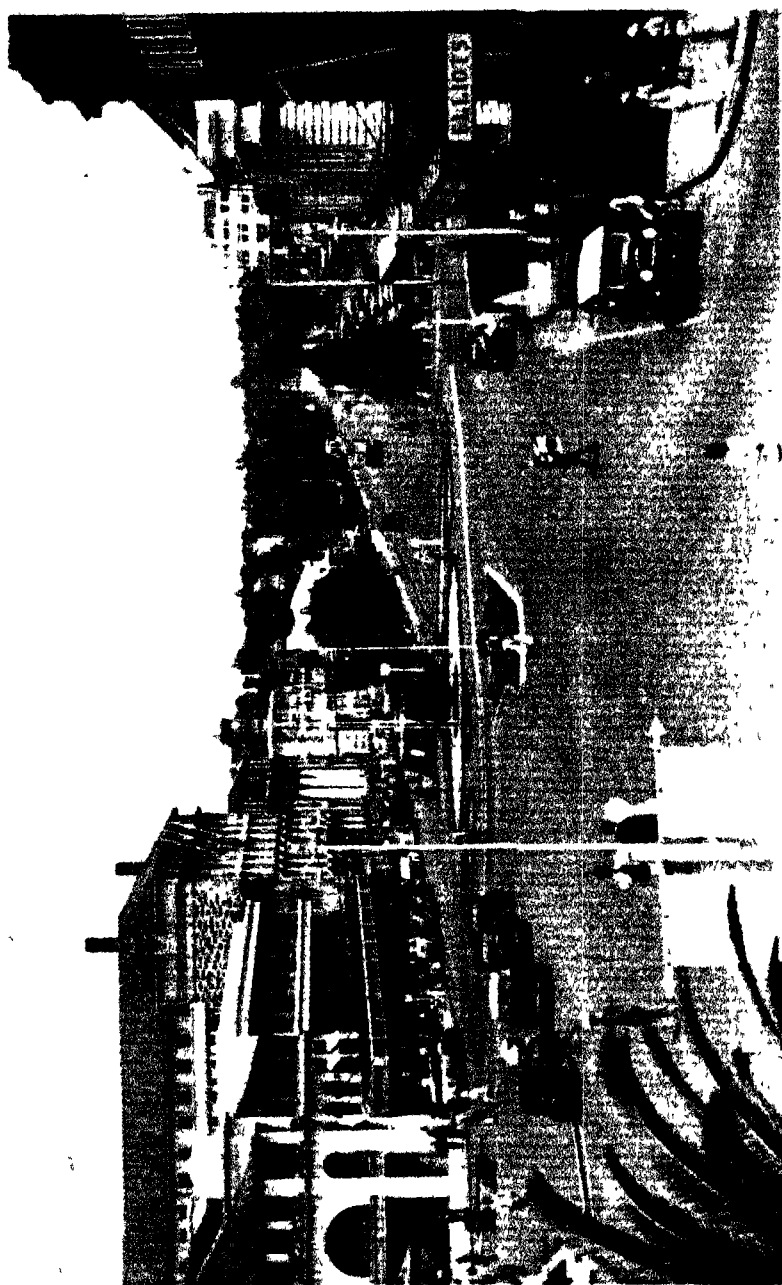


Photo. A. H. Wardell

NAIROBI

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company with Ewart Grogan to sound him as to whether the proposition would be acceptable. It was not, since he was actually on the point of taking up a more important appointment, but I have often wondered whether or not the future of the Colony would have been profoundly changed had it been possible to secure the appointment for five years of Lord Lloyd as Governor of Kenya. If, however, I still view with a certain amount of perturbation the mental effect of the altitude on a considerable proportion of the population, I doubt, and that more and more as the years go by, if really there is any serious cause for apprehension. For one thing, it is far from universal. There are plenty of the earlier colonists who have possessed stacks of imperturbable common sense and level-headedness. What better examples could be found in this respect than Mr. Wilfred Hunter and Mr. Cecil Hoey? For another, I believe that future generations will acquire resistance. This I understand is the experience in Johannesburg, and after all it would be harder to find mentally a more stolid or physically a finer race than the Boers on the High Veldt, though admittedly they live further from the Equator. Still, until this hopeful anticipation is definitely proved, it must remain a cause of some slight anxiety.

The native problem is naturally the most difficult and uncertain of any that Kenya has to face. We found a population of various tribes, who had existed for aeons of time, though not necessarily in Kenya, in a state of primitive and unchanging savagery. We introduce them as we hoped gradually, but in comparison to their past history enormously quickly, to the wonders and horrors of civilization. What is to be the result? Already great changes have taken

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place. *The first, and an important one, is this, we have pushed back death and changed the age-long balance of Nature. No longer do intertribal wars and raids decimate the native tribes; medicine and hygiene keep disease in check, slave trading is but a fading memory. Most important of all, famine, which used periodically to wipe out whole districts, is definitely banished. We have certainly introduced some new causes of demise: death by rifle-fire, possibly death by some new disease such as influenza, certainly death by motor car. Nevertheless the balance is enormously in favour of life, and accordingly the native population increases by leaps and bounds. Here comes an immediate problem. The Native Reserves, which were ample and more than ample for all needs present and prospective thirty years ago, are in some cases getting filled up, and the inhabitants are overflowing their borders and demanding additional accommodation. Kind-hearted ladies from peaceful vicarages and philanthropic intelligentsia from urban homes proclaim insistently that the interests of the indigenous inhabitants must have preference to those of the immigrant races, oblivious to the fact that most of those on whose behalf they wax so righteously warm are themselves immigrant races of probably comparatively recent date. I understand that it is generally accepted that the Wa Ndorobo, an extremely primitive tribe inhabiting the fringes of the greater forests, are, as far as we have evidence, the indigenous, or at all events the oldest, of the present inhabitants of Kenya. Yet I cannot think that it would be suggested that they would have any inherent right to reoccupy lands now in the occupation of later "immigrant" native tribes. Clearly the problem is terribly difficult, but I believe that the local Government may be trusted*

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to see that all legitimate expansion is assisted without inflicting injustice on the white immigrants, who, it must always be remembered, were asked to colonize the lands which not only were uninhabited but would have remained uninhabited but for the arrival of our rule.

Another problem in this connection is that afforded by soil erosion caused mainly by overstocking on the part of natives, and more especially overstocking with the useless goat. There is, however, I think, a tendency to exaggerate this admittedly serious evil. Except in rare cases it cannot be compared to the erosion in America. There the soil is of no great depth, and when excessive cultivation without restoration of fertility has destroyed the humus which holds it together, it disintegrates in its entirety into dust and in a strong wind blows away, and its replacement must be a matter of many years, if indeed it is ever to be accomplished. In Kenya there is, generally speaking, a depth of several feet of good soil at least. Much of the ruined land would return to grass of itself if left alone for two or three years, and further areas would do so if cultivated and sown, an admittedly expensive but not impossible proposition. Nevertheless the problem exists, but it is one on which there should be, I suggest, little difference of opinion. Many of the native tribes, and notably the Masai and Wa Kamba, keep, and always have kept, cattle, sheep and goats almost entirely as currency tokens. Not only is a man's social position largely based on the number of head in his possession, but they are the medium through which he effects the main purchases he requires, and notably his wives, who are priced at so many sheep, cattle or goats paid to the lucky father. The animals are hardly ever killed for food, and death

only comes to them from wild beasts, disease or old age. Before our coming their numbers were kept in reasonable numbers by marauding tribes, and notably by the Masai. The Pax Britannica has changed all that, and today the flocks and herds have increased and are increasing by leaps and bounds. The cattle crop down the lush grass, and the goats follow on and tear what remains out by the roots. Then come the sun and hot winds and the surface soil is blown away. The next step is that the chief comes to the nearest representative of the British Government and demands new pastures to feed his ravening bank balance. Now I should have thought it beyond dispute that no one has any inherent right to create a wilderness, still less to be given on demand more land to add to his destruction. I submit that the Government have been very remiss in not tackling this serious matter before. It will be recalled that Mr. Jorrocks remarked, "Confound all presents wot eat!" The Government might well paraphrase him and say, "Confound all money tokens wot eat!" Their procrastination in this respect has been on all-fours with their attitude with regard to Kenya's great natural forests. During our tenure of Administration we have allowed their area to diminish by at least a third, the great bulk of the destruction being the work of natives, though the white man is not entirely guiltless. It may well be that this neglect is one at least of the causes of the diminished rainfall which has been so serious a symptom during the same period. It is satisfactory to be able to admit that at the present time the Government, largely moved by unofficial pressure, have at length awakened to the seriousness of both these problems. It is to be prayed that they may not be too late.

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The next great change that we have effected for the native is to introduce to him new luxuries and desirable commodities. Until our coming his wants were necessarily few. A modest shamba, supplemented by meat when he could snare or trap some species of game, filled his stomach. When there was a sufficiently long famine he simply died and his burial expenses were non-existent. His other wants were confined to a wife or wives, his bow and spear, metal and feather ornaments for himself and his womenfolk, and that was about all. Gradually we introduced him to other luxuries and sensations. Clothes, hats and boots, musical instruments, tobacco, cigarettes and all the strange unwholesome things the white men ate. He even learnt the taste of whisky, however sternly it might be prohibited. Then came the appreciation for quicker and easier methods of transport — the donkey, the horse, the bicycle, the train, the motor car and no doubt shortly the aeroplane. Then came the novel amusements of the town — horse racing, football matches and finally the cinema. All these he sampled and found good. They had but one drawback — they all cost money. Meanwhile the Government had instituted hut tax, a small sum indeed but one that had to be found somewhere. There were only two legitimate ways in which these all-desirable tokens could be obtained. They might be acquired in exchange for crops grown surplus to his needs, or they might be given in return for his labour, and at first the latter seemed by far the preferable method. So the male natives went out to work, an entirely novel proceeding. The first work they did was the carrying of loads for incoming caravans; then came work on the railway works in emulation of the indentured Indian coolies. Then came the settlers with their demand for men to

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work either in their homes or with their flocks and herds, or on their plantations and fields — sisal and coffee, wheat or maize. This method of earning money they found infinitely preferable to carrying loads. It is true that unskilled labour has never been highly paid by our English standards, but it must be borne in mind that they receive in addition all their food, and that of a higher quality than they have ever been accustomed to from time immemorial. Furthermore, on many estates they have been privileged to receive free doctoring and even free education from their employers. Again, even the worst-paid can usually earn enough in four to six months to supply their needs throughout the year, which after all is not so bad. As they become more efficient they earn more and the path to promotion is quick. In some ways many of the natives are amazingly adaptable, and this seems particularly the case with regard to machinery. Today natives drive cars efficiently and no more recklessly than many of our gilded youth of either sex at home and can do all necessary running repairs. They are, I am glad to say, ousting Indians in many of the lower rungs of engineering. Their advance, in fact, in all technical matters seems to me amazing. Again, it is permeating into the brains of many of the more enlightened chiefs, and to our everlasting credit this realization is being sedulously fostered by our Administration, that by far the most valuable pastoral and agricultural soil of the Colony is included in the Native Reserves. What the white man has taught them to do for his profit they should in time be able to do for their own. Already chiefs, and less than chiefs, own motor cars, tractors, pedigree stock and sheep. Yet not more than forty years ago the only method of turning up the soil was through the medium of pointed

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sticks hardened in the fire. With regard to those crops which require not only mechanical skill but agricultural knowledge and intensive organization, such as coffee and sisal, they have made little progress up to date. I think that it will probably be some very considerable time before they do, since not only have they so far shown little or no organizing ability but they would appear to dislike being organized except under white authority. Further, the control of pests and diseases is far from appreciated, and is, moreover, contrary to their natural instincts and tradition. Nevertheless the European employer must be prepared, and doubtless is, for native labour to be progressively more difficult to obtain and more expensive, though on the other hand he can reasonably hope for it to be more efficient. Many influences are at work on the native - some like the Government officials and Missionaries with the highest motives, others emanating from foreign sources with more sinister objects in view. But from whatever source it comes, the flood of propaganda cannot fail to be cumulative, and the minds of the more intelligent natives must be in a state of whirl. Personally I hope that we shall endeavour to see that progress is carried on by steady, orderly degrees. We must remember that the native is being urged to rush through a period of evolution that has taken our own countrymen more than twenty centuries. It is rash to assume because certain individuals have been quick to assimilate technical details that the centuries are going to be as easily bridged. Indeed it seems to me cruel to attempt to force the pace. The full future mental development of the native is still obviously problematical. Professor Leakey, the great anthropologist, claims that one tribe at all events, the Kikuyu, are inherently capable of being

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fully equal mentally to the European. But the Professor was brought up with Kikuyu children and stated before the East African Commission that he considered himself more Kikuyu than British, so perhaps it is *not unfair to suggest that the statement may be somewhat biased.* It is at any rate certainly obvious that we shall see, and surprisingly soon, a very general development which may probably have remarkable, but possibly disappointing and even dangerous results.

Far less satisfactory progress has been made in the development of character and the generally accepted moral virtues. Indeed I fear that it may well be doubted if there has been any progress in this direction at all. Certainly the Kikuyu, the largest tribe in Kenya, were never noted among their fellows for honesty or for their regard for truth, and it may be that it is merely opportunity that has accentuated these propensities. Certain it is that increase of crime has come by leaps and bounds. It is no longer safe to leave anything in an empty car for the briefest space, while house-breaking is extremely common. I found these evil manifestations most marked on my last visit to Kenya, and I felt it the more distressing when I remembered the implicit trust that I had placed in my personal "boys" up till the War; a trust which as far as I know was on hardly a single occasion abused. It is true to say that they did not include Kikuyu. One cannot but look on it as little less than a tragedy that one of the most notable results of our education and Christian teaching is the increase of crime and vice. It is fashionable to describe such deplorable manifestations as growing pains, which will pass as the educational standard gets higher. We can only hope that this will be the case. Quite clearly the problems which we have to face with

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regard to the native population in Kenya are only just beginning, and will require the ungrudging and sympathetic attention of our race, *official and settler* together. It is a great responsibility that we have to face, but we can surely have some confidence when we bear in mind the incalculable benefits which our advent has so far accorded. One especial word of caution is, I believe, most necessary. I refer to the obvious danger of instilling a high standard of education and learning into a privileged class unless at the same time you ensure a reasonable opportunity of making a legitimate use of the acquirements. It seems to me that a reasonable balance between the two is quite essential. It would be fatal if the only outlet for many were political agitation or crime.

The problem as regards the Indian population will not, I venture to think, prove so difficult, though, as I have said elsewhere, it has caused much heart-burning in the past. There exists today in the Colony a very considerable Indian population, totalling perhaps half as many again as that of the Europeans. There has been resident such a population for many years, certainly under the Arab domination, possibly even under Portuguese rule, and it was swelled by the indentured Indian labour used for the construction of the Uganda railway, many of whom elected to remain when the main body returned, but essentially it is a floating community. They consist largely of shopkeepers, especially those running small "dukas", or stores, not only in the principal bazaars in the townships but in nearly all the outlying districts. There remain also a considerable number of semi-skilled engineers and fitters, "fundis" as they are called. Their places, however, are to an increasing extent being taken by natives, who threaten eventually

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to oust them in this capacity altogether. The Babu clerk too has been as indispensable as he has been amusing, and is still a useful adjunct. In these capacities Indians have rendered the greatest service to the country in the past, and indeed in the present, which should always be remembered with ungrudging gratitude. In the vast majority of cases, however, it is safe to say that the Indian in Kenya has no abiding love of the country of his domicile. He came there to make money, and when he has made enough, as he usually does in one generation or another, he takes the plunder back to India. No greater proof of this statement is required than his attitude during the War. With a population half as big again as that of the Europeans, I believe that I am literally right in saying no local Indian lost his life by enemy action. Indeed it is regrettable to state that in several instances individuals were found guilty of divulging information to the enemy, not, I think, from any real sympathy with the German cause but merely to add something to the family coffers and decrease the period of their exile. Certainly the attitude of the Indian population generally throughout the campaign caused the deepest resentment among the magnificent Indian troops who fought so gallantly in a strange land on our behalf. But of course between the fighting races of India and the Hindu there remains a gap so immeasurable that we cannot see a period of time in which it will be bridged. I suggest, therefore, with some confidence that the Indian community is likely to decrease rather than increase, and that their influence on the future of the Colony is not likely to be decisive or even important, though naturally their just and fair treatment must always be our care.

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The Arab population never seem to me to have had all the sympathy or even justice which they deserve. For a century and a half they were complete masters of the coastal belt and of Zanzibar, representing at the time the whole explored territory of East Africa. Their rule was broken by no conquest of arms but by peaceful penetration followed by consent. Indeed, they must be one of the comparatively few alien races who have actually asked for our protection and administration of their territory. Since that administration has been undertaken they have remained model citizens, and when the War broke out they rendered brave and distinguished service on our behalf under Captain Wavell, who was himself killed in the course of severe fighting. Their numbers are estimated at from six to seven thousand, but it must be a difficult estimation since they have intermarried very freely with the coastal natives. Every Swahili claims with pride to have Arab blood in his or her veins; it is in fact the essence of the tribe, but in many cases it must have run very thin. Politically the Arabs have caused no trouble whatever, and would appear to be infertile soil for the political agitator. With sympathetic treatment, such as they well deserve, I hope that they will be a bulwark to British rule in Kenya for as long as the Union Jack flies over Government House.

Perhaps the problem of most immediate interest is that of the present system of Government. Is it the best method possible under present circumstances, or can modifications be made that will render it more generally acceptable to the governed, and less wearisome to those who govern? Let us examine the broad outline of the principle. The home Government, nominally in the shape of the Colonial Office, though

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that itself is of course subject to the control of the Cabinet, retains supreme control. This power is exercised in a very real fashion, not consisting merely in the right of vetoing legislation, but of actually instigating and controlling the whole policy as far as major issues are concerned. The power of the Governor and his Legislative Council depends largely on his personality, and to the extent to which he is swayed by the sense of favours to come. In this respect Kenya has been, and is today, lucky in that, generally speaking, she represents the crowning point of a distinguished career. Not only in such a case must his personal opinion of itself carry great weight with the Government of the day, but he has really little to fear or gain by an outspoken statement of his views. H.M.'s Government would think very seriously before recalling a Governor soon to retire after a brilliant period of service to the State because he differed from them on a question of policy. No such crisis has happily yet occurred, with one carefully veiled exception, but that is very far from saying that it is outside the bounds of possibility or even of probability.

To carry out the policy loosely decided on at home, His Excellency is provided with a Legislative Council. On that Council there has still to be an official majority to ensure that the policy of H.M.'s Government at home shall be carried out whatever may be the wishes or opinions of the people on the spot. Now this *modus operandi* of Government may have, and doubtless has, much to recommend it, but it also has its defects. For instance, it involves an almost incredible waste of time and no inconsiderable expense. There are a large number of Bills to be put through in the course of a year. Many of them are most contentious,

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and as verbosity is at least as marked in the Colony as it is in the home country, a very considerable part of the year is spent in Parliamentary discussion. The heads of Government departments have to be present as Councillors the whole time, whether they have any definite knowledge on the subject or not, or even the desire to express an opinion. Quite obviously in the majority of cases their time would be infinitely better employed in conducting the administration of their respective departments. Equally certain is it that that administration has got to be done, and is accordingly done during their absence by their next senior officer, thus duplicating the work and presumably having the effect of its not being done quite so efficiently. Again heads of departments, and even more certainly senior Provincial and District Commissioners, have attained their high positions through their efficiency and knowledge of their work. They have not risen to their heights through their ability to deliver an electioneering or even a debating speech. It seems hardly fair to expect them to contend in an oratorical contest with opponents who have not uncommonly acquired their Parliamentary position largely if not solely through the gift of the gab. It is in fact very generally acknowledged, and must surely be inevitable, that the Government spokesman has at times cut a very sorry figure in comparison with a far better equipped, oratorically at least, unofficial opponent. There is also at times, quite naturally, a feeling of humiliation in having to record an automaton vote, which is quite often against the convictions of the voter. At the present time, owing to the increased press of work, considerable use is made of a small Executive Council, functioning somewhat as a Cabinet. But though this leads to some shortening of debate

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the principle of Government control remains the same. It has sometimes struck me as remarkable how often one may hear, and more especially in our Houses of Parliament, the remark "trust the man on the spot", and how little that trust is extended unless the views of the man on the spot coincide entirely with the preconceived opinions of the speaker. The settler in Kenya has never been regarded as being the man on the spot in comparison with the official, in spite of the fact that the settler has an abiding habitation, while the other is after all a bird of passage. This distrust has doubtless its origin, and admittedly a praiseworthy origin, in the fear that the settler will keep down the native for purposes of gain, or, in more fashionable language, "exploit" him. It is sometimes forgotten that the settler lives among the native population and is largely dependent on their favour. He knows native wants and difficulties and has most certainly in many cases proved more sympathetic to them than has Government itself. To me it seems reasonable that far more use should be made of that knowledge and that sympathy than is even now the case, greatly though I have seen it increased since my first advent.

What, in fact, is the non-official opposition? It is not so compactly knit as the Government, and owing to its composition, is bound from time to time to speak with a discordant voice. There are first and foremost the European members, elected by European votes in constituencies which have varied since their inception but which are now fixed at eleven, representing districts rather than numbers. Thus while the Nairobi members may represent thousands, members in outlying constituencies may be returned by the suffrages of scores. Though this may seem incongruous, it is probably right since each constituency represents

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separate interests and separate points of view. Though this bloc may differ on certain points, as for instance when Town and Country, or the Coast and the Highlands, have conflicting interests, they are a pretty compact unit, having their own leader, who is in fact the leader of the Opposition, and himself has occasionally those difficulties with his followers which are far from unknown in this country. The remainder of the Opposition is made up of the Indian representatives and one for the Arab community. These are elected on a communal vote, that is to say only Indians are entitled to vote for the Indian candidates. This practice, as I mention elsewhere, has been a cause of political disagreement in the past, but for the present at all events does not seem unfair. Certainly it takes considerably more Indians to elect their member than it takes Europeans to elect theirs, but, on the other hand, the standard of education and sense of responsibility is as a whole immensely lower among the former. The native population is represented by Members nominated by the Governor. At present these are Europeans and probably will be for some considerable time, though the progress of native education is so fast that none can say this with any approach to certainty. All these remaining members of the Opposition are a doubtful quantity. They naturally vote in favour of their own interests or of those that they represent, but otherwise sometimes support the Government and sometimes the settler element. Such is the structure of the Government, and though it may be said to have worked fairly satisfactorily since the War, it can hardly be denied that sometimes the machine creaks ominously. Much depends on the personality, tact and consequent popularity of the Governor, though at times tasks are placed in his hands for which no amount

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of tact is sufficient. It has been in the past too readily assumed at home that the settlers are for some reason a particularly turbulent and unreasonable collection. This is very far from being the case. As a body they are neither better nor worse than any similar number of Britishers living in any other quarter of the British Empire, and it is at least doubtful if the general standard of intelligence and education is surpassed elsewhere in any other portion of that area. Certainly from time to time they have done provocative and foolish things, but this has been nearly always when they have been stirred by a feeling of impotence in matters over which their convictions have been deep and sincere. Have we not known regrettable outbreaks on the part of H.M.'s Opposition in Parliament, occurring the more frequently when the Opposition has been long in the wilderness? How much more likely to occur when full power and responsibility have never been known, and as far as they can see never will be. It is safe, I think, to prophesy, that is as safe as it ever can be, that the present system will not go on much longer without severe modification. The first and immediate step will probably be to give to the white settler element a greater share in the real responsibility of Government. It has been readily admitted, as was the case at the Joint Parliamentary Committee, that as a whole they have acquitted themselves well in such share as they have already had, and have not used it, subject of course to human frailty, for selfish purposes but with a constant realization of the good of the many races resident in the Colony. They have proved worthy of trust, and that trust should be progressively more generously given. It may be that the next advance may be in the direction of handing over one or more portfolios into un-

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official hands. It may be, again, that the powers and duties of the Executive Council may be enlarged, and that on it voting may be by personal conviction and with no Government majority.¹ This would free many able men from uncongenial tasks, and tend to diminish enormously the present waste of time. Maybe it will be both. The Home Government's power of veto must undoubtedly remain so long as the great majority of the governed are unfitted to exercise direct political power, but I am convinced that seldom, if ever, will there be need to exercise that final safeguard. Deeper and graver problems in the administration of the Colony lie ahead. The native question will require every ounce of brain, foresight and courage our race possesses. We shall be foolish indeed if we do not encourage to the fullest degree the co-operation in that mighty task of those who have the greatest knowledge of all that is involved.

There are, of course, innumerable lesser problems with which Kenya is or will be faced, many of them complicated by the existence of a Mandated Territory under our Administration on her borders. Such a present one is the very important question of transport, and the part that can most effectively be carried out by the road and railway systems, so that both forms may act in co-operation and not be mutually destructive as they so often are in England. Difficult though this problem is, it is luckily far less complicated than is the case at home, since the railway as well as the roads is State-owned and the cost of the upkeep of each falls on the same shoulders. Moreover, it is not yet too late to lay down a definite policy, and it was a wise move

¹ Since writing these words this change has to a considerable extent been adopted and seems to be working well.

indeed to obtain the services of so great an authority as General Sir Osborne Mance to report on the whole question of co-ordination, even if his report appeared to deal somewhat sketchily, and that probably inevitably, with some of the major issues. The railways present their own particular difficulty. In many ways an amalgamation under one administration of the systems in Kenya and Tanganyika would be beneficial. But there is an obvious complication. The Uganda railway has a rich hinterland on which to draw, more especially as regards Uganda cotton. This long-range freight is augmented all the way down to Kilindini, and the system finds little difficulty in normal times in returning a handsome profit at reasonable rates. It is very different in the huge territory of Tanganyika. Here a very large proportion of the freight comes in the first hundred miles towards the coast, and the difficulty of making the system as a whole pay without exorbitant charges is very great indeed. It is obvious therefore that any amalgamation would mean a complicated financial adjustment which would not only be difficult to put into operation but would present an ever-possible opportunity for friction.

What must be a cause of a long-time apprehension is the almost undoubted fact that Africa has for countless centuries been gradually drying up, and would appear, let us hope temporarily, to have accelerated the process. Deserts like the Sahara and Kalahari have steadily increased their extent, and even in comparatively recent times have engulfed districts that were agriculturally flourishing in the memory of living man. Kenya is not immune. Her great lakes would appear to have sunk appreciably even during the last few centuries, and though it is probably only a spasm,

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even in the last half-century the rainfall would seem to be tending to diminish. Doubtless the present and immediately succeeding generations have little to fear, but the threat does call for the serious consideration and forethought of the government, especially as regards the whole question of the destruction of the present forest area and of its most essential reafforestation.

I hope that I have not indulged in too much futile prophecy. No one can do more than blindly guess, according to his personal predilection, in what direction progress will make its next step forward. Kenya is a rich and fertile land, and her possibilities for development have as yet been barely scratched. It is the habit nowadays in certain quarters, and not excluding the Houses of Parliament, to apologize for our Empire on the grounds that it is so large and so rich. Those seem to me poor grounds for apology, but rather just cause for pride in and gratitude to our ancestors who poured out their money and their blood to win for us our colonies. But there would indeed be full ground for apology were it true that we administered that heritage ignobly ; if we failed to give even justice to all sections of the population that it embraces, and retarded the natural advance of the more backward. Even if we failed to accelerate its development at a rate right and proper, or even less fast than another alien Administration might make progress in similar circumstances, then surely we would be justified in standing in a white sheet. Our record in the past seems to me beyond reproach, but I must confess that I am doubtful, nay, more than doubtful, whether our present rate of progress is sufficient. When we look around the world, and more especially Africa, we see vast strides made in colonial

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developments by nations whom we have been accustomed to regard as our inferiors in that art. If only in appreciative memory of our ancestors and the heritage that they have bequeathed, it behoves us to be stern critics of ourselves. I trust that once again ere long funds and inclination alike will enable us to resume our place in the van of progress, and that that progress will bring that happiness which is not always a corollary.

In conclusion, may I say that in the days gone by I have known Kenya in peace and war, at the height of prosperity and in the depths of despondency. Some illusions have been shattered and some fears have proved groundless. There is no reason to doubt that the future of so naturally rich a country can ultimately be other than bright, even though it may not run along quite those lines which some of us have so earnestly desired. At all events, I am truly assured of this: that all the efforts of Lord Delamere, Alan Tompson, Lord Francis Scott, of Sir Percy Girouard, and Sir Edward Grigg, of Dr. Arthur and Archdeacon Owen, and of all those great men who have laboured so manfully for Kenya along the lines that their convictions taught them, will not be wasted. They have sowed good seed, and in due season it will be returned, if not to them at all events to their successors, a hundredfold.

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