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DER - 19
St. George and
The Dagnet

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c/o Barclays Bank
Queensway
Nairobi, Kenya

Mr. Walter S. Rogers
Institute of Current World Affairs
522 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, New York

Dear Mr. Rogers:

On the night of Friday, April 23, a hundred of Nairobi's leading citizens and their guests gathered in the main dining room of the New Stanley Hotel. It was a stag affair and one of the events of the year. Everyone was there and everyone looked quite correct and quite alike in black dinner jackets, black ties and lapel roses. Some of them knew that in a few hours a gigantic dragnet operation would be carried out in the city. All adult male Kikuyu, and those of the related Meru and Embu tribes, would be seized for screening as Mau Mau members. Several thousand would be detained.

But that Friday was St. George's Day, England's Day, and the Nairobi Branch of The Royal Society of St. George was holding its annual feast. As the Nairobi equivalent of a string ensemble lackadaisically plucked out some dinner music, the diners ate their way through courses of pate de foie gras in aspic, cream of tomato soup and Kenya lake fish meuniere. Then they pushed their chairs back for the big ritual of the evening.

Drum and fife music came from the kitchen. The swinging doors swung open and five African askaris of the Kenya police marched in, tooting their fifes and pounding out a right smart tribal rhythm. The drummers were wearing leopard skin aprons over their uniforms.

Behind the askaris marched two distinguished European citizens, wearing cooks' aprons and caps over their tuxedos and lugging a stretcher-like tray on which there lay a huge chunk of roast beef. They marched to the head of the table as the African hotel waiters crowded back against the wall. One of the roast beef bearers then said to Sir Charles Markham, president of the Nairobi Branch:

"Mr. President! The Baron awaits your pleasure!"

"Take these tankards, Mr. Carvers, for you will need them," Sir Charles replied.

The carvers downed the contents in man-sized gulps.

"This is a right noble Baron," Sir Charles declared. "Let him be served forthwith."

The askaris struck up a rhythm again and all marched back to the kitchen, where the Baron of Beef would be carved up. Everyone cheered and clapped. "Those African waiters must think we're crazy," said my host, J. H. E. ("Jimmy") Smart, Deputy Town Clerk of Nairobi.

Smart, who is in his late 30s, is a practical man with little time for sentiment. He talks fast and he talks frankly. In the best fashion of a U. S. executive, he slams his telephone down when he is finished with a conversation. He works hard all day at the complicated business of running a city and then he goes home and writes. He has turned out a history of Nairobi and now is working on a novel about Kenya. But though practical and hurried, he is still an Englishman and though he scoffs at the Baron, he would never miss a St. George's Day dinner. In fact, he had been on the arrangements committee.

St. George's Day is a sort of Fourth of July, minus the rootin' tootin' shootin' aspects. St. George is the patron Saint of England, just as St. Andrew is of Scotland, St. David of Wales and St. Patrick of that other place. And on St. George's Day all good Englishmen get together, wherever they may be, eat and drink heartily and dip down for another invigorating draught of English tradition.

Libations were plentiful at the New Stanley dinner that evening and toasts and good cheer flowed free. Some of the men had not been in England for years; some had never been there. But they would never forget they were Englishmen. There were slick Nairobi lawyers and businessmen, Colonial Service officers, ex-Army officers from India, judges, policemen and sunburned upcountry farmers.

Toasts were proposed to the Queen, to the Duke of Edinburgh, to England and to "The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare and Other Illustrious Englishmen and Englishwomen." And there were songs such as:

"Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men.
We always are ready; steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again."

General Sir George Erskine, Commander-in-Chief, East Africa, made a speech paying customary banquet tribute to each branch of the Security Forces fighting Mau Mau. He even found room for congratulations to the Royal East African Navy, whose contribution consists of providing some guards for the Athi River Mau Mau detention camp.

The Acting Governor* of Kenya, Sir Frederick Crawford,

* The Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, has gone home to England for treatment of what is described as a tropical ailment and will be there indefinitely.

had some words for Kenya and for England and then he cleared his throat and got onto the Mau Mau situation.

"My solution for the future, based on administrative experience of the past, is more District Officers, more Police Officers and more Agricultural Officers; and a closer, tighter, firmer system of administration---and eventually of development---in the troubled areas," he told the group.

"I see a far greater prospect of success this way than merely in shutting up for the time being thousands of suspects---although the worst must be cleared out of the way and kept out of the way while peace and law and order are being restored."

Harry Bridger, Nairobi's City Engineer, soon got the gathering around to a merrier mood. In proposing a toast to the guests, he pointed out some Irishmen, Scotsmen and Welshmen and said: "Quite a few ex-warring tribes here tonight. That's one thing about the English: instead of annihilation, we use education; instead of warfare, we try welfare." Then, looking around at the African waiters, many of whom were Kikuyu, he said: "Who knows what warring tribes around here might be with us here in a couple of years?" When the laughter had died down, Bridger spotted a couple of Americans and said: "I see some of our trans-Atlantic friends here tonight. Another ex-warring tribe." He scratched his head and looked bewildered. "Only trouble was, they won!" Then, brightening: "But just look at what depths of misery and poverty they have sunk because they were deprived of the benefits of British rule."

Finally, many bottles and hours from the pate de foie gras in aspic, everyone sung "Londonderry Air" (for the Irish guests), "Sarie Marais" (for the South Africans), "Loch Lomond" (for the Scots) and "Men of Harlech" (for the Welsh). Then everyone stood at rigid attention, hands at trouser seams and, frequently, eyes glistening, for "God Save The Queen."

It was just before dawn when my party finally pushed off from a night club and started home. Along Kingsway, just off Princess Elizabeth Highway, were the first indications that the Kenya Government was getting ready for a new attempt at slaying its own tenacious dragon. Dozens of heavy Army trucks were drawn up in the darkness. African and British soldiers, bayonets fixed to their rifles, had been roused up and were waiting for the trucks to move. Operation Anvil, as it was called, was about to begin.

All of the estimated 71,000 adult male Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribesmen in Nairobi were to be seized and "screened." Those regarded as suspicious and those with forged or irregular identity cards would be shipped off, without trial, to newly-built detention camps. At the start of Anvil, a government spokesman said 5,000 would probably be sent to the camps. When the dust was beginning to settle two weeks later, 24,000 men had disappeared in Nairobi and were in these camps. The days that followed St. George's Day 1954 were ones that the Kikuyu would not forget.

More than 4,000 British and African troops were poised around the city in the early morning hours that Saturday. All police, police reservists and loyal African guards had been mobilized as well. Even the Royal Air Force lent a hand by providing guards and transport.

The troops and police struck quickly. First they cordoned off the Kikuyu locations of Bahati and Pumwani. The sleeping inhabitants of Bahati were roused and told to line up. Identity papers and faces were scrutinized by screening teams each consisting of three District Officers, three Labor Officers and nine police reservists. A total of 3,265 men passed in front of the Bahati screeners. Of these 2,196 or two out of three were judged "F.A." ("Failed Anvil").

The foreheads of the "F.A.s" were daubed with paint for identification. Then they were taken in trucks to a reception camp at Langata, just west of Nairobi. Road signs directing the steady flow of trucks over the proper routes had already sprung up. The detainees had to leave all their possessions behind. These were packed into gunny sacks, marked with the owners' names and put into storage by the city.

How did the screeners decide who would fail and who would pass Anvil?

An official said many were failed because they had forged or irregular identity cards. "There were many other factors as well," he said. "To give you an idea, I will mention only two. For instance if the Kikuyu History of Employment Card showed that a man was in irregular employment---that he had four or five jobs in as many months---then that was an indication that he was not stable. Another example: the Kikuyu-owned tea houses in Nairobi were hot-beds of Mau Mau intrigue. Naturally their employees came under suspicion." And, he said, "the headmen and tribal police were on the spot and they know when a man is a bad one or not."

While Anvil was in progress in Bahati, other forces cordoned off the Grogan Road area of Nairobi and grabbed 2,638 men. To Langata went 1,483.

Pumwani remained cordoned off all Saturday. The screeners got to it the next day. Before them came 4,297 men. To Langata went 2,616. Tea and food were served to the location. So much tea was brewed that the water ran out and a fire engine was called to provide more.

In searching Pumwani, two Kikuyu were found hiding in a water tank. They had been standing in the water for more than 24 hours. Reports came in of employers hiding Kikuyu in their shops and homes. One Kikuyu was found sewn in a sack under other sacks in an Asian shop. Proceedings will be taken against the Asian, the authorities said. Anvil had been rumored for a long time, but Kenya security precautions are so lax that a lot of Europeans and Asians knew exactly when it was coming.

Meanwhile, back at Bahati, the screeners were still at work Sunday. They checked over a final 1,934 men. To Langata went 1,261.

At the start of Anvil, a tight cordon had been thrown around Nairobi. All roads were blocked and troops and police patrolled the perimeters. During the next two weeks more than 2,000 men, caught at the cordon, were sent to Langata. Another 10,000 Kikuyu, who had been coming to the city each day for work, were denied entrance.

Police spotter planes patrolled back and forth over the city watching for men escaping across the fields. Meanwhile in town, all Kikuyu, Meru and Embu were forbidden to ride bicycles--- a move aimed at cutting down their mobility. Throughout all of Anvil, there was no interference by troops and police with the comings and goings of Africans of other tribes. Only the Kikuyu and their Meru and Embu relatives were wanted.

Approximately 1,700 Kikuyu women and 3,500 children---- dependents of the detained men---were sent back to the Kikuyu Reserve on trains Sunday. They were guarded by tribal elders and tribal policemen. Whereas the men had submitted more or less meekly to Anvil, the women sang and danced defiantly and whenever they were given food, they hurled it out the train windows.

Langata was built to hold 10,000 men and it was designed as a reception center. The camp was full on Sunday. Screening operations on Saturday and Sunday had produced a total of 7,500 men. Another 5,000 men, it was revealed, had been picked up in smaller police operations before the start of Anvil and had been taken to Langata. That made a total of 12,500, but by Sunday 2,000 men had already been sent on to camps at Mackinnon Road and Manyani.

R. G. Turnbull, Minister of Security and Defense, made a public statement saying:

"There is no question of picking up all Kikuyu, Meru and Embu and removing them from the city. What we propose to do is to select from among them those whose presence in Nairobi is enabling the gangsters to intimidate the African public and to defy the ordinary processes of the law.

"If they prove to have been harmless but misguided, they will be released. If however, it is considered that for the purpose of maintaining law and order it is necessary to detain them, they will be detained under the Emergency Regulations.

"The people we are after are the ne'er do wells, the pick-pockets, the corner boys and the Nairobi equivalents of Al Capone and Dillinger."

Then he said the ones who would be detained were those "suspected of assisting terrorists or who were withholding assistance from the police."

General Erskine spoke on the radio Sunday, saying:

"The public is bound to suffer some inconvenience as a result of this large-scale screening operation, but you may be assured that unless there is strong suspicion against any Kikuyu, Embu or Meru, he will not be arrested but will be back at his work within a few days..."

"If any of your employees fail to return to work on Monday, you may assume that the investigations that are being made have shown him to be implicated in the Mau Mau movement. If that is so, he will have been removed for further investigations which may take some time to complete."

"Few employers are prepared to admit even to themselves that there is any possible doubt as to the loyalty of their servants. I respect them for standing up for those in their employment, but experience has taught us over and over again that many Kikuyu, Meru and Embu in respected, well-salaried posts have been in active cooperation with the terrorist movement."

Other Government spokesmen cited certain indisputable facts: The Kikuyu had been terrorizing the other tribes to go along with Mau Mau plans. The bus boycott, imposed last September and backed up by fear of Mau Mau vengeance, was one example. Kikuyu gangsters held sway over the African locations. Nairobi had become a rich and convenient source of recruits, arms, ammunition and money for Mau Mau. It provided an opportunity for Mau Mau to proselytize among the other tribes.

Anvil continued, but at that point public attention was diverted by what threatened to become an international incident. On Saturday, it was publicly disclosed, a captain in the Kenya Regiment and his soldiers had raided the office of the Commissioner of the Government of India. The Commissioner is India's diplomatic representative to British East and Central Africa and his office has all the usual diplomatic immunity. Prime Minister Nehru said in Delhi that the affair was of "a very grave nature," and for a while a blizzard of cables flew back and forth between London, Delhi and Nairobi.

The Kenya Government's official explanation was that the captain was searching the alley behind the Commissioner's Duke Street office and had entered the office through a back-door, not knowing what it was. The Government allowed as how the Kenya Regiment men had been a bit unruly, but wrote it all off as the "stupidity" of the captain. General Erskine went personally to the home of the Acting Commissioner, Raj Krishna Tandon,* the

* His predecessor, Apa Pant, was recalled recently. The Indian Government said he had been here 5 1/2 years and that a home assignment was long overdue. There was a strong suggestion---denied officially---that he was recalled at the request of London because of what was considered his "anti-British" attitude.

next day and apologized. Acting Governor Crawford also apologized.

An official high in the Commissioner's office---not Tandon---gave me this account of the raid:

About 20 men and the captain entered the offices and spread out through the rooms. An Indian official told them it was a diplomatic office. They used "foul language" to him. He told them they should wait for the return of Tandon, who was home making arrangements to go to Uganda and participate in the official reception for the Queen. The soldiers instead went ahead searching the rooms. They broke open two locked doors---one of them to the cipher room---and scattered papers around.

"What are you looking for?" an Indian asked. "We are looking for the Mau Mau and we know you are behind the Mau Mau," the captain replied. One Indian official was threatened with a bayonet; others were threatened with being shot, and one was pushed roughly aside. An Indian telephoned the Defense Minister's office and told them what was happening. They told him to put the captain on the phone. The captain told the Indian to tell them he was too busy.

Tandon arrived and tried to talk with the captain, but the captain would not listen. So Tandon telephoned Government House, Crawford's residence, and told Crawford's private secretary what was happening. The secretary said Crawford could not come to the phone and suggested that Tandon contact him in the evening. Tandon, in a classic exercise of polite, diplomatic huff, told the secretary that since this incident had happened, he would not be able to attend the Queen's functions in Uganda. Crawford came on the line then and agreed to see Tandon immediately. Tandon went to Government House, Crawford apologized for the raid and high military and civil officials were sent to Tandon's office. The Kenya Regiment retreated, taking with them 11 Africans employed in the office. Thus went my informant's account.

In London, Henry Hopkinson, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, told Commons: "I should like to take this opportunity to express the British Government's deep regret at this unfortunate incident."

Tandon did go to Uganda to welcome his Queen. Pandit Nehru in Delhi, meanwhile, reported the incident to the lower house of the Indian Parliament. He told the house that Crawford had offered "most humble apologies" and that Crawford had promised an inquiry.

Back in Nairobi, the Kenya Regiment, who can at best be described as "high spirited lads," chuckled over the exploit. They said they found six Africans locked in various rooms of the Commissioner's office and that this proved that the Indians were hiding Mau Mau. (My informant did admit that two were locked in one washroom and it would appear that at least one of them was not there for the usual purpose.)

Kenya Europeans in general chuckled over the raid, too.

Behind their glee lay two factors: (1) a deep-seated fear and mistrust of India, which they think wants to dump its excess millions into Africa to the ruination of their own economic and political position, and (2) a belief, bolstered by these fears, that local and overseas Indians are scheming with Mau Mau to drive out the Europeans. Hate, fear and/or dislike is an overriding feeling among Europeans here. They saw the raid as something like the Boston Tea Party.

The Kenya Government seems to have taken the affair in a rather light fashion. One official told me that plans for the inquiry into the incident have been dropped in view of Nehru's acceptance of Crawford's apology. No action has been taken against the captain other than a verbal reprimand. It was simply a matter of the captain's "stupidity," the official said.

Crawford's reluctance to come to the telephone when Tandon called was a bit strange. The official mentioned above confirmed Crawford's reluctance, but wrote it off by saying that Crawford was all set to play golf. "The Governor said, 'I'll see you this evening,' but the Indian Commissioner insisted that he see him at once and the Governor did," my official said. Yet it seems unusual that a Governor would be more interested in a game of golf than in a breach of diplomatic immunity in his colony.

However, all in all, it appears that the raid was deliberate only in so far as the captain was concerned. He apparently was motivated by a desire to flex some Kenya muscles in front of the menacing Indians. Or perhaps he thought naively that he would find evidence of Indian complicity in Mau Mau and thus establish himself as a hero.

The Government then set about to locate the Africans who had been taken away from the Commissioner's office. Two non-Kikuyu were located and released. Then five Kikuyu were found at Langata, screened and released. That left four at Langata and the Government couldn't find them. With nearly 11,500 men in the camp at the time, they were lost. Camp commanders made repeated loudspeaker appeals for them to step forward. But no one came forward. The hunt continues.

Tandon has dropped the whole matter. Interviews were refused to the press by his office---the account furnished to me has been the only one to date.

Anvil, meanwhile, continued to grind out the dross from the gold. The Nairobi peri-urban areas were dragnetted on Tuesday and 2,012 went to Langata. Another 1,000 followed on Thursday, when the Nairobi industrial area was combed. Then on Friday the target was the forest and residential areas of Karen and Ngong, 10 miles from Nairobi.

I had a house at Ngong at the time and I was just leaving to drive to town when a dozen heavily-armed British soldiers and Kenya Regiment men came up the road. "What tribe are your boys (servants)?" an officer asked. I told him that Joseph, the cook, and Oriko, the houseboy, were Kakamegas and that Samueli, the shamba boy (gardener) was a Kikuyu. "We'll take him in," the officer said.

When I had moved into the house, a lot of people urged me to fire Samueli. "I wouldn't have a Kuke around---you never know when they're going to sneak up on you with a panga," they said. But I kept him.

Samueli (many Africans put a vowel at the end of their Christian names) was about 18 and had worked for successive tenants in the house for three years. It was the only job he had ever had. Like most Kikuyu, he was industrious and by seven o'clock each morning he would always be out trimming hedges, cutting grass, pruning trees, planting flowers and waging war on encroaching white ants. He did a good job.

Again like most Kikuyu, he saved every cent he made. His only possessions were a ragged raincoat, a couple of pairs of shorts, some ragged shirts and a pair of shoes (which he lent to the cook for a few days while the cook's shoes were being repaired). Samueli seemed to be afraid of the Mau Mau and/or the askaris, as he never left the grounds. The other servants would buy his food for him when they went to town.

Samueli's great ambition was to become a houseboy. He would spend many hours helping the cook and houseboy so as to learn those jobs. But his appearance was against him as far as Kenya employers are concerned. He had a bad cast to one eye and that gave him a villainous look. And, although industrious, he did not have a great share of the intelligence of his tribe. He did not know any English and he did not know how to carry on a Swahili conversation with Europeans. He tried to make up for this with ox-like respect. Whenever I went into the kitchen when the servants were eating, he and he alone would always bolt to attention.

I told the officer all these things. I said while I agreed that no one could say with certainty who is Mau Mau and who isn't, I thought Samueli was a safe risk. "If he's all right, he'll be back by noon," the officer said. "Come on, tell him to get his coat."

I told Samueli he would have to go. He nodded, an expression of dumb fear spread out over his face. I told him in Swahili that it was not my affair, but an affair of the Government. "It is not, it's an affair of the Kikuyu," the officer broke in angrily.

Samueli put his tattered coat on. It consisted of strips of what had once been a European's raincoat. Samueli forgot to take his shoes. The officer walked off down the road in the lightly falling rain. Samueli padded along behind him.

At 1 p.m., I telephoned the house from Nairobi. The cook said Samueli had not returned. He added that after I left, the soldiers returned and searched the servants' quarters.

Late that afternoon I drove to the police station where they had taken him, to make inquiries. The barbed wire compound was empty. A bright young African constable said 904 men had been brought there. Of these 355 had failed and were sent to Langata. No, the constable said, he hadn't noticed Samueli in particular. There were too many others there. Samueli must have gone to Langata. I had brought with me Samueli's shoes, one of my jackets and 40 shillings (\$5.60) that I owed Samueli for the last two weeks' work. I took them home. Later I asked a European official if I could send them to him. "No," he said.

The dragnet moved into the Kabete and Spring Valley areas Saturday. The screeners checked 1,534 Kikuyu; 720 went to Langata. On Sunday the Asian residential areas were checked. The screeners got 2,119 men; 1,410 went to Langata.

That Sunday I moved out of the house and returned to the Norfolk Hotel. The lobby was deserted. Everyone had gone down the hill behind the hotel on hearing bursts of gunfire. Three askaris had shot and killed a Kikuyu who broke through a cordon. The askaris found a small quantity of ammunition in his pockets. It was the first casualty of Anvil and the only one to date.

Quite a few Kikuyu faces were missing among the hotel servants. Katoto, the room boy I had always had, who had worked at the hotel 10 years, was gone. "Ni kamata, Bwana," the others said. ("He is caught.") Kamau, the dining room waiter, was gone. "Ni kamata, Bwana." And others were gone whose names I did not know.

Some were still there, among them Tumbo ("Stomach"), the fat bartender who is one of the highest paid Africans in the hotel--- he receives 600 shillings (\$84.00) a month plus tips. "They didn't get you?" I asked. "Bado kidogo," ("A little later") he said with a flourish of the buffoonery he puts on to delight the white men.

This week I went out to see Langata, which is situated on the plains next to the Royal Nairobi National Park. It was a sunny day and the purple Ngong Hills stood out very sharply against the cloudless sky. A few giraffe were nibbling at upper tree branches near the road as I passed the game reserve. The camp adjutant, a police reservist, met me near the gate. He was kind of sullen as he described the camp.

There were 11,400 men there that day, he said. Another 7,300 had been sent to Mackinnon Road and Manyani. The purpose of the camp, he said, was to sort out the very bad ones from the just bad ones. I asked him how many men had been released from Langata. "Twenty," he said. "Twenty per cent?" "No, 20 men." They were Home Guards who had been nabbed by mistake.

"Well, how do they separate the really bad ones from the just bad ones?"

The adjutant said some wanted men were identified by fingerprints. And then all the prisoners are paraded in front of screening teams and in front of three Africans wearing Klu Klux Klan hoods to conceal their identity. The hooded ones picked out the hard-core Mau Mau, the adjutant said. If only one of the three hooded ones put a finger on a particular prisoner, that was not enough. There were safeguards. Two fingers were required. Out of 8,800 men so screened, 670 were identified as Mau Mau activists.

I asked how the hooded men knew. The adjutant wouldn't say, but he hinted that they might have been planted in the Mau Mau movement earlier as police undercover agents. (A few days earlier, I was told that one visitor asked one of the hooded men how he knew. "Oh, I don't know. They just told me that if I picked out some Mau Mau, they would let me go," the visitor quoted the hooded man as saying.)

Be it as it may, those selected by the hooded men are then detained under a Governor's Order. That means they can be held for any period, up to the rest of their lives. The others are sent to Mackinnon Road and Manyani for further screening.

The adjutant and I drove around the camp standing in the back of a jeep and hanging on precariously to a swinging Bren machine gun mounted there. The adjutant pointed out the reception pens where incoming prisoners are searched. Then we bounced over to the screening pen.

A group of Africans were squatting in the pen, hands atop their heads, waiting to be viewed by the masked men. "Don't go near the masked men---it makes them nervous to have strange Europeans around," the adjutant said. The squatting Africans were heavily guarded by askaris with rifles and clubs. Outside the pen, a company of askaris, some wearing boots, some sandals, some barefooted, marched past as an African sergeant ran alongside them bellowing commands in Swahili. The loudspeaker system in the camp was blaring out musical selections. Among them was the French "La Ronde."

Then we went to a series of small barbed-wire pens, each holding four tents and 16 men. "They've been identified as oath administrators, Mau Mau executioners, treasurers and other hard-core types," the adjutant said. Some of the prisoners glared at us. Others were laughing and joking among themselves. I looked around the camp for Samueli, but I didn't see him.

Next we went to some larger pens, which contained hundreds of tents and thousands of men. The men were sitting around, some sullen, some laughing and talking, some washing clothes. "They're going to Mackinnon Road and Manyani," the adjutant said.

Our last stop was the embarkation pens. There several hundred

men were being loaded into trucks to be taken to a nearby waiting train and then to Mackinnon Road and Manyani. The prisoners were being driven into the trucks on the double. A European stood near the tailgate of each truck as it was being loaded. He had a snarling, lunging Doberman pinscher dog on a leash to make sure that the prisoners didn't dally. It was one of those dogs one sees frequently in Kenya---trained to attack Africans. When each truck was full, two British soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets would climb in back and one would station himself atop the cab. Then the truck would be off in a cloud of dust and the next one would move up for loading.

Near the trucks four Kikuyu were sitting on the ground holding small children. "Those men were picked up in Anvil," I was told. "They had their children with them. No women around. We couldn't leave the children on the street so we had to bring them along." A portly European woman was bustling around, tying tags to the children's clothes. "She's from the welfare department. She's going to take the children back to their mothers."

The Africans carried the children to her car. She drove off with them. Then the four men were herded back into the pens. "Yes," the adjutant was saying, "we've cut the head off Mau Mau with this operation." His camp is run by 70 Europeans. One of them, the commandant, is a regular police officer. The other 69 are reservists. "They're farmers, lawyers, merchants, businessmen, journalists---everything you could think of," I was told.

Back in Nairobi, I asked a high official how many men were being released from Langata. "Fifteen per cent," he said. "Do you mean 15 men?" I asked. "No, I mean 15 per cent," he said. (This wasn't necessarily an attempt to pull the wool over my eyes. The left hand often does not know what the right one is doing out here.)

I asked him what would happen to the men sent to Mackinnon Road and Langata. He said under a decree just issued by the Government, they could be held there for six months. They would be screened further in those camps and they would be divided into "whites," "grays" and "blacks."

The whites, he said, will be those found to be perfectly all right. They will be released and returned to Nairobi. If they have no Nairobi employment, they will be sent back to the Reserves. He estimated that 20 per cent would fall into this group.

The grays will be those who played minor roles in Mau Mau. They will be sent to work camps in the Kikuyu Reserve. This will be compulsory, but they will be paid at the prevailing local rates. Gangs will build roads and schools, do countour terracing and perform other work of benefit to the tribe.

The blacks will be those judged to be hard-core Mau Mau and they will receive Governor's detention orders. They will join several thousand men already held on such orders. Privileges

such as mail, better food and wages for their labor will be given to those who show a desire to cooperate, the official said.

He wound up our talk by saying that he had spoken with the commandant of Manyani the day before and that the commandant had told him that morale among the detainees was very good and that they seemed cooperative.

With the screening this week of the Kariokor location (1,096 sent to Langata) and the Makadara location (339 to Langata), the large-scale phase of Anvil is over. Nineteen thousand Kikuyu, Meru and Embu had been sent to Langata during the operation. With the 5,000 who preceded them as a result of police operations before April 24, the total stood at 24,000. The adult male population of these tribes in Nairobi had been reduced by one-third. Six thousand children and three thousand women had been sent back to the reserves.

But though the large-scale phase is over, Anvil itself will continue. "Many thousands more will be picked up over a long period," an official said. Four thousand troops cannot be kept in Nairobi too long when there is a war to be fought upcountry, he said.

One effect of Anvil has been that wages have risen. With 24,000 men gone, there is a shortage of labor. Employers have had to pay higher wages to attract replacements. House servants have been demanding more money. Cases have been reported where small concerns have raided each other's staffs offering higher pay. But if---as may happen---Africans of other tribes pour into the city to take advantage of the bonanza, these wages are likely to go down again, or at least part of the way.

Because of the loss of Kikuyu employees, normal business and governmental operations and services in Nairobi have been affected, but it appears that few if any have been crippled. However, as any organization can always scrape along for a while on a short labor force, the full effects will not become apparent for some time.

With Anvil, the city's crime rate fell to one of the lowest levels in the history of Nairobi. For instance, whereas seven murders and two attempts occurred from April 1 to April 23, only one has been discovered since. Africans of other tribes say they are glad the Kikuyu are gone. Tribalism is still very strong in Kenya. The bus boycott has not let up appreciably, but it may in the near future. In general, Europeans and Africans of other tribes are breathing easier.

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Anvil was a policeman's dream. Plenty of cops in Chicago would be delighted to be able to solve their crime problem by locking up a large segment of the lowest class. But in Chicago, things like the Constitution, civil liberties and Magna Carta tie a good man's hands. Civil rights do not extend to this colony, though and even if they did, such things are often set aside in war.

Nairobi had a very high crime rate for its size and it certainly was a hangout for Mau Mau thugs, ordinary hoodlums and other degraded types. Setting aside the question of justice and protecting the innocent, the Anvil dragnet was a tempting solution.

There is no doubt that a good many Mau Mau terrorists were caught in the dragnet and are now where they belong. But there is no doubt either that a good many other Kikuyu---and they probably are the big majority---are staring out from behind the barbed wire as well.

Few of this latter group can be said to be completely innocent of any connection with Mau Mau. Most, perhaps 90 per cent, of the Kikuyu have taken at least one Mau Mau oath. But for future planning, this is not too important.

Many took the oath or oaths because they were forced to do so. Death was the alternative. Others probably did so half-heartedly, or because it presented a new, fashionable and intriguing form of devilment. The hard-core probably consists of not more than a few thousand. Those of the outer-fringe are legion.

The outer- fringe should be considered redeemable, if only because of a realistic appreciation that they make up a staggering one-fifth of the colony's total population. This does not mean that the destruction of the hard-core would result in the outer-fringe becoming "pro-white." Nationalist and anti-white feelings are deeply ingrained in almost every Kikuyu.

But with the hard-core leadership gone, the outer-fringe would in all likelihood lapse back, at least for the time being, into the bitter but non-violent mood of the pre-Mau Mau years. Mau Mau has not gained its objective---the ouster of the Europeans---and it has cost the tribe much misery. There are indications that many Kikuyu would like to give it up as a bad try. But they dare not because the Mau Mau executioner is always just around the corner. If the hard-core were removed, skilled and patient administration, plus a redress of legitimate Kikuyu grievances, might in time bring the masses around to a better mood.

Now, though, large numbers of this outer-fringe have been locked up, without trial, without having committed any crime except to be born a Kikuyu. It is difficult to see how their imprisonment will produce anything but deeper bitterness, exacerbated anti-white feelings and desires for revenge--- in short, ripe material for the hard core of this and/or future Mau Maus.

Government officials, in their public statements, seem to underestimate this. One hears, for example, such talk as "morale" being "good" at Manyani. Publicly the matter is treated almost as if it were one big cricket match---"Really chaps, it wouldn't be cricket to get mad. After all, it was your fault you lost the game."

Public statements are one thing. One gets the impression, though, that the Government has decided to wash its hands of the Kikuyu. The settlers have been demanding "drastic action" for a long time, but officials as well seem to share the feeling of frustration and uncertainty because Mau Mau has lasted so long.

The fact that 4,297 men were screened in one day at Pumwani, plus the fact that practically no one was released from Langata, shows that the Government did not intend to make a careful check of each man's case. Rather the aim was to try to strike a strong blow at Mau Mau by drastically reducing the Kikuyu population of Nairobi. Possibly a desire to teach 'em a lesson figured into it. Collective punishment is often used here. "Our orders would be: 'Get 2,000 men,'" an Army officer said.

While many Europeans hollered that their servants had been taken, not one voice was raised against the principle of Anvil. (One woman even asked at a public meeting: "What have the multitude of Africans now lounging behind barbed wire contributed financially toward the cost of the Emergency? There must be several thousands who owned cattle, bicycles, shops and lorries. Has this property been confiscated or put up for sale?")

Most Europeans still think that the only way to solve Mau Mau is to get tough like the Germans and South Africans did. But even if that would work here, public opinion and the high officials in the United Kingdom would never tolerate such methods. Yet the Europeans here still refuse an alternative approach.

Anvil certainly was beneficial in the short run. But the Government may well find that it has become a recruiting sergeant for Mau Mau in the long run. The Kikuyu tribe is the giant of the Kenya scene and you can't wash your hands of pesty giants, particularly if you have to live with them.

What else could have been done? The Government could have attacked some of the social problems that played roles in the rise of Mau Mau. Efforts have always been made to deal with these problems, but more energy and money could have been put into them.

In Nairobi, housing programs could have been speeded up. Wages could have been raised higher---the statutory minimum recently was raised from 52 1/2 shillings (\$7.35) to 62 1/2 (\$8.75). Some means for political expression could have been provided for Africans, if only a Soap Box Square. Recreational facilities could have been expanded. Good police work could have been substituted for dragnets and communal punishment. And more police protection could have been afforded to the African locations.

These might or might not have helped. In the Reserves, there are other problems that could have been tackled, too. Thought could have been given to the political sore spot of Kenya---the White Highlands. Perhaps Africans could have been allowed to buy farms there---to be worked under rigid standards.

The statement is always made that huge housing programs cost too much money. But so do Emergencies. Kenya, which started with £250,000 (\$700,000) a month in Emergency expenditure, now is shelling it out at the rate of £853,000 (\$2,388,400) a month and Treasury officials have warned that the figure may climb still higher. That might not be much in a U. S. budget, but it represents a considerable sum in a country of this size. The pre-Emergency surplus now is gone. Despite aid from Britain and tax increases here, Kenya still is faced with a £2 million (\$5,660,000) deficit for the coming fiscal year.

Harry Bridger's joke was facetious, but even assuming that color and cultural differences were set aside, it seems unlikely that any of this warring tribe will ever want to come to a St. George's Day dinner. The gulf is tremendous and it is widening. There is too much warfare; too little welfare. Crawford's plan for closer administration might solve one problem: the last time the Government was caught off its guard by Mau Mau and with more officials in the Reserves they might do better should there be a next time. But that does not touch on the basic problem.

Jimmy Smart says, "I know it sounds corny to say it, but it's true: what we need more of if we're going to stay here is love for the African instead of indifference and hate."

But his is a rare voice here.

Sincerely,

David E Reed
David E. Reed

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