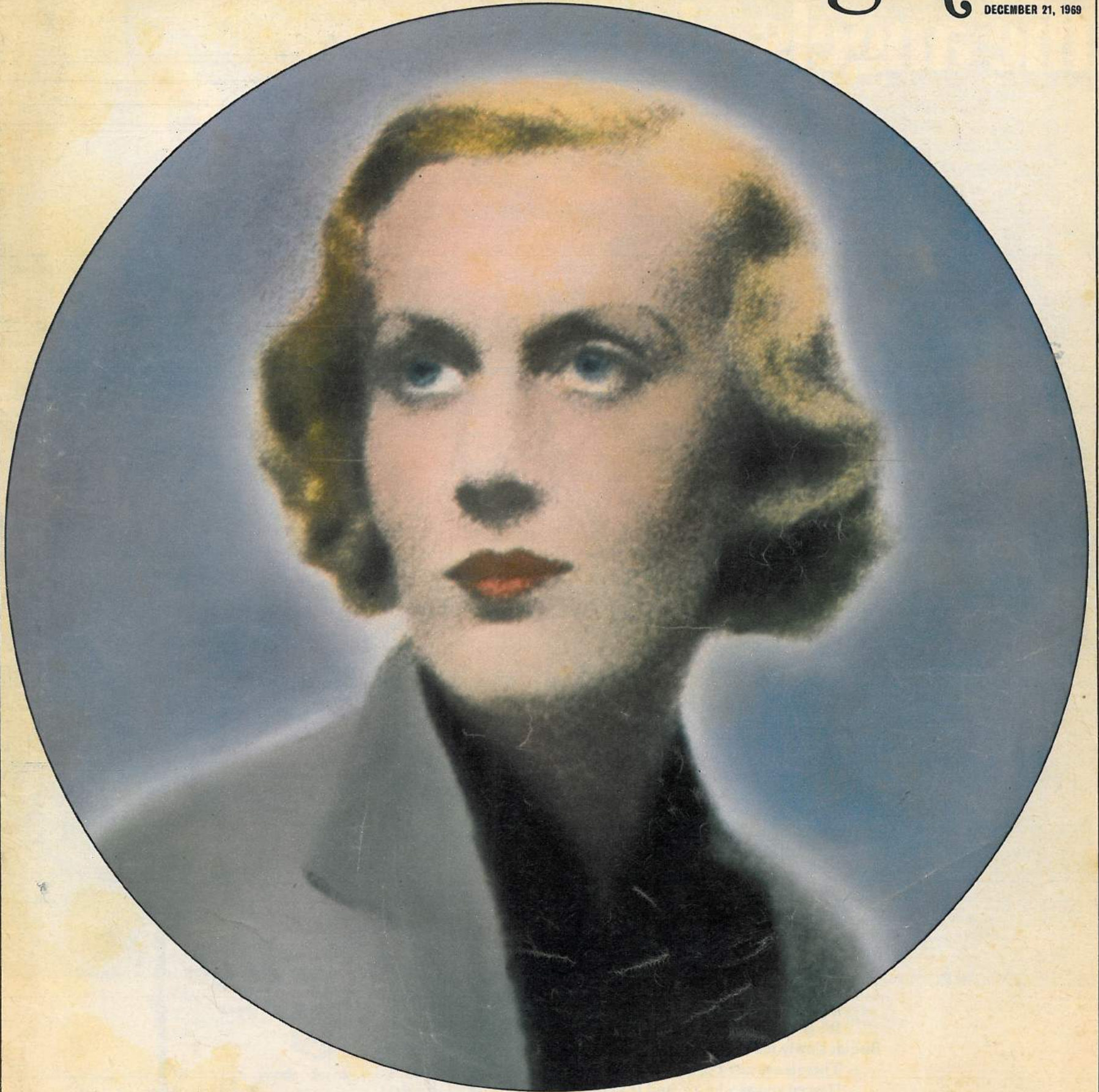
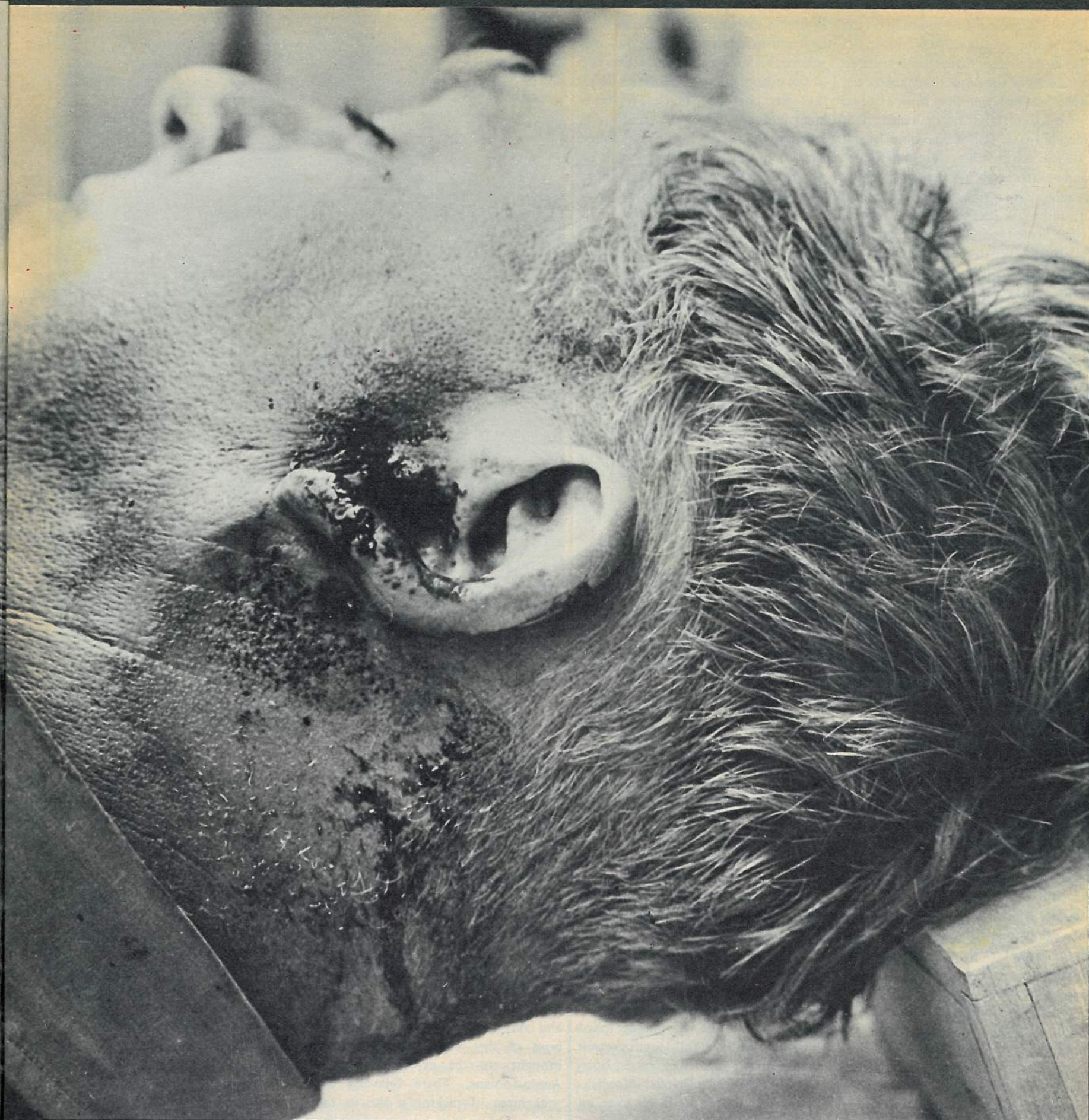


# THE SUNDAY TIMES *magazine*

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“One day in 1935 he met his fate, his Green Hat, his Blue Angel, the woman who would renew his youth, bring him back into the world of feeling and set the death-wish ticking on a six-year fuse . . .” **Cyril Connolly** traces an obsession with a classic unsolved murder mystery



# CHRISTMAS AT KAREN



In the small hours of January 24, 1941, the dead body of Lord Erroll (above) was discovered by two African milk-boys near the junction of the Ngong and Karen roads in Kenya. He had been shot through the neck while driving a Buick 8 saloon (above left) which, still in gear, had come to a halt in a gravel pit. Sir 'Jock' Delves Broughton (left) was tried for the murder; and though he was acquitted, the sensational trial focused indignant attention on the incongruously hedonistic life of the 'Happy Valley set' while Britain was at war. How jealous was Delves Broughton of his beautiful young wife (cover)? The case has remained one of the most baffling of unsolved mysteries. **Cyril Connolly** and **James Fox** investigate

**Cyril Connolly:** One morning, in the last summer of peace, I was lying in the sun at Eden Roc. I used to swim out to the rocks of the Villa Eilen across the water and back and then recuperate on my mattress, hired for the season with its coffin-sized slab of limestone. Round the corner, invisible, were other slabs and mattresses each with their *locataire*, regulars from the villas of the Cap d'Antibes or the hotel. A woman's voice floated over the escarpment, one of those never-to-be-forgotten voices, husky yet metallic, almost strident, a voice of the period, a touch of Tallulah, or, if anyone remembers her, of Brenda Dean Paul. "My God I hate men," she was saying. "I'd trust my dog more than any man, I'd tell my dog things I'd never tell a man." I was so impressed by this outburst which came, I discovered, from a small and wiry dark-haired woman (since described as a blonde but there are blondes and blondes) that, as she left, I asked the beach captain her name. "That is Madame Carberry but she is really Milady Carberry: they come from Nairobi" - was it every year? I thought of "Carberry's hundred isles", Swift's poem, Somerville and Ross's stories, that lovely corner of southern Ireland where Castle Freke, the old home of the family, stands in its woods.

That was in 1938. I was not to hear the name again till 1941 when the English papers reported the trial of Sir Jock Delves Broughton for the murder of the Earl of Erroll. June Carberry was the principal witness. I put the case from my mind (Sir Jock was acquitted) until, 20 years later, I found in my bedroom in the house near Malaga where I was staying Rupert Furneaux's book *The Murder of Lord Erroll* (Stevens, 1961), which carried me through the small hours. The obsession was now formed: the poisons of curiosity and speculation united to form a morbid mental growth. I was hooked.

★ ★ ★ ★

I arrived in College at Eton in 1918; oddly enough my earliest friend was another new boy, Randall Delves Broughton, a cousin of the baronet's family. Eton publishes a list of all the boys with their home addresses and the names of their parents or guardians, and these we used to study with fascination. Although we were supposed not to be snobs except about those who were good at games, some of these addresses were unforgettable: "c/o H.M. King of the Belgians"; "Duke of Hamilton, The Palace, Hamilton"; "Sirdar Charanjit, Singh of Kapurthala, Charanjit Castle, Jullundur City, India" . . . and several of the people in our story. "Hay, Hon. J. V., absent", "Cholmondeley, Hon. T.P.H.", "Portman, G.W.B." - the future Lords Erroll, Delamere and

Portman. 'Absent' was, perhaps, a euphemism for Hay's fate. He was considered by far the most attractive boy in the school and was followed down the street by half 'Pop'. The best-known of our rugged charmers was asked, years later, on a quiz programme who, if he had been homosexual, he would most like to have had an affair with. He rasped back, "Josslyn Hay." Hay must be distinguished, this spoilt faun, from Bwana Hay, as his servants called him, his much larger and stouter older self, weighing 15 stone, and somewhat coarsened by good living. His family was of immense antiquity; he was the 22nd earl, hereditary High Constable of Scotland, second to none at coronations, with seats at Slains Castle, Aberdeen, and Rosenglass, Cumberland. The Jacobite Lord Kilmarnock dominated the family strain, but his great-grandmother was a natural daughter of William IV, and perhaps introduced Hanoverian stamina to Highland gallantry. Born in 1901, he had one job after leaving Eton, as honorary attaché in Berlin (1920-22) where his father was then chargé d'affaires, and by 1923 he had come out to Kenya. The same year he had married Lady Idina Gordon (b. Sackville) who was to live on in Kenya for many years, dying in 1955 after seven changes of name.

Lord Erroll's second wife (his father had died in 1928), whom he married in 1930, was older than himself, a Mrs Ramsay Hill; her husband is said to have horsewhipped Erroll on Nairobi station in the rush-hour; he also cited Erroll and won £3000 damages to pay the debts they had run up there in his name.

The judge called him "a very bad blackguard" and said she was no better. She died, of drugs and drink, in 1939, "while her husband was out philandering". By then the High Constable was down to the family pearls (property of the estate) and his *droit de seigneur*. In 1934 he had joined the British Union but paid his dues only for one month. He was photographed in his Blackshirt. A full-length portrait of him, in his coronation robes, however, hung in the Errolls' Moorish-style house on Lake Naivasha, Oserian, nicknamed "the gin-palace" but of haunting beauty compared to the bungalows or baronial halls or Sunningdale Tudor of other settlers' houses. He was an intelligent playboy, a wonderful horseman, extravagant, living on credit, unable to pay for his coronet or his gallon of petrol, despising money, "a bit of a bounder" yet irresistible to women and a welcome companion to many men. He made enemies despite his charm and friendliness because of his scathing tongue, because arrogance would break through. Such men, conscious of their overwhelming sexual



attraction, driven by their desires, fight their duels with a smile or an intonation. The enemy is the husband. "To hell with husbands," I have heard one say. Erroll's innumerable women had one thing in common: they were married, and to cuckold the husband implicitly or carelessly, while being slapped on the back or borrowing a fiver, was his revenge. Revenge for what? Ask Don Juan, Rochester, Richelieu, Casanova, Brummell, and other men after whom nightclubs have been christened.

For such a man Kenya was a paradise. The Great War had left a great many ex-officers with a taste for adventure and nowhere to go. The great Lord Delamere with his flowing hair and foul temper, his vast estates and bodyguard of Masai was the spearhead of the settler schemes which brought out the ex-officers or the Anglo-Indians. There followed the excitement of picking a site in the White Highlands or buying a farm for a thousand or two and then the settling down to the immensely difficult task of farming while Nairobi changed from tin to stone. The great social events were the race-weeks at Christmas and mid-summer when the up-country farmers foregathered for a week at Torr's Hotel or the Norfolk or the Muthaiga Club with its golf, tennis, croquet and chintzy sitting rooms like Ranelagh or Hurlingham. The vintage settlers like Denis Finch-Hatton or Berkeley Cole, Delamere's brother-in-law, are immortalised in Baroness

Blixen's classic, *Out of Africa*.

The suburb of Karen, out beyond Muthaiga at the foot of the Ngong hills, was named after Baroness Blixen. There were also others: Lord Francis Scott of Rongai, Greswold Williams, Oliver Wallop (Lord Portsmouth), Captain Ritchie, Jack Riddell, Raymond de Trafford, Frédéric de Janzé and his wife, Alice 'Boy' Long and the fabulous Grogan who had walked from Cape to Cairo to prove his courage to his fiancée and stayed on to develop his land. The Masai were the favoured tribe from the days when Grogan met them cracking skulls with their long clubs and laughing with pleasure. Only the feudal sector could make servants of them. One of the most Africanised of Masai lovers was Gilbert Colville (only son of Major-General Sir Henry Colville of Lullington Hall, Derby "and patron of one living"). He was one of the biggest cattle ranchers (Gilgil), and he too like Lord Francis Scott had been at Eton with Jock Delves Broughton. He was a miser and a hermit who knew as much as a Masai about animals.

The settlers did not see eye-to-eye with Government House, and many wished to preserve the way of life of the English county families, substituting the lion for the fox and the pyjama for the dinner jacket. They brought their silver and family portraits and many succumbed to the three 'A's' - alcohol, altitude and adultery. Their attitude to the Africans was



strictly paternal. Evelyn Waugh calls them a "community of English squires established on the Equator". They cannot have been very popular however with the humbler settlers, the Indian tradesmen, the natives who were not Masai or the civil servants who were allergic to aristocratic exhibitionism. 'Happy Valley', running up into the Aberdares from Gilgil, became a byword for this way of life: orgies of wife-swapping, drinking, and stripping were attributed to it. The Wanjoki river was supposed to run with cocktails. "Are you married or do you live in Kenya?"

Another element was the visiting British or Americans who came on safaris which Denis Finch-Hatton was among the first to organise. They mingled with the settlers and many of them stayed on and bought farms; such were the Delves Broughtons who began coming soon after the Armistice. Delves Broughton's first wife Vera was a mighty huntress. Sir Jock had been told by a doctor on the hunting field that a spell in the Masai country was the cure for all his ills. In 1920 he bought a coffee plantation.

One of the characteristics of the

Twenties and Thirties, now on its way out, was the extraordinary reverence for and fascination of old families; every legend and ghost story was accepted about them and gossip writers devoted pages to such pseudo-Gothic myths. The Broughtons had fought at Poitiers, the de Traffords at Hastings. With the admiration for titles went the assumption that the Best People did no work.

The racing world was a sanctuary whose members could never be taunted with idleness or inefficiency. There is no room for guilt in the grandstand. This was the world into which Sir Jock Delves Broughton was born. Curiously enough he gives two dates of birth, 1888 in *Who's Who*, 1883 in the *Peerage*. His parents put him in the *Peerage*: he filled in himself for *Who's Who*. Was it a slip? There is no doubt about the day, September 10: the same birthday as myself and we Virgos are not men of blood. His mother died when he was two. His father remarried.

Broughton hated his father, who kept him always very short of money; there was rumour that at Eton he had



June Carberry, far left, in 1930. The most significant witness in the case, she provided Delves Broughton's alibi on the night of the murder. Lord Erroll, left, with his second wife, Edith Ramsay Hill, was "a very, very attractive man". Jock Delves Broughton, above, was variously described as "aristocratic, jealous, devious, urbane, a lavish entertainer"

been forced to steal, another that he had fits of ungovernable temper. After leaving he went to a crammers and joined the Irish Guards in 1902; in 1913 he married his first wife, Vera Boscawen, a tall blue-eyed hunter and explorer. In April 1914 his father died and he became the 11th Baronet and inherited a princely income, two houses, Doddington Park and Broughton Hall, and many, many acres. (In 1938 he described himself as owning about 15,200 acres, Doddington Park, Cheshire, Broughton Hall, Staffs, and 6 Hill Street.)

On August 12, 1914, the Irish Guards (including the future Field-Marshal Alexander) sailed for France. All except one. I quote from Kipling's history of the Irish Guards (with whom his son was killed). "Just before leaving Captain Sir Delves Broughton, Bart, was taken ill and had to be left behind."

A telegram went off to headquarters, asking for Captain Hamilton Berners to take his place, and the S.S. Novara cleared at 7 p.m. As dark fell, she passed H.M.S. Formidable off Ryde and exchanged signals with her. The battleship's last message to the Battalion was to hope that they would get "plenty of fighting".

They did. Within a month their Colonel, the Hon. J. Morris, had been

killed, with two other officers, and, on the Aisne, exactly a month after his arrival, the replacement, Captain Hamilton Berners. Lord Francis Scott became the new commanding officer of Delves Broughton's company. Two more of its wounded officers were invalidated home: Captain Vesey and 2nd Lt Viscount Castlerosse, who joined Delves Broughton at the depot at Warley.

What was the nature of his illness? It was described in the Trial as "sunstroke" brought on through long hours of loading. I consulted a survivor who wrote: "I merely heard he had gone sick (in fact he had been taken off by the tender). The day had not been over strenuous for a normal fit man and there can be no question of sunstroke . . . He was not a very bellicose gent and he was certainly never again in a service battalion." Virgos are under the protection of the Sun.

Now began the 20-year-long innings of the 30-year-old baronet, who found himself with an income of £80,000 a year. In 1915 his heir was born, the present Sir Evelyn (12th baronet), while he and Valentine Castlerosse became known as two of the most glamorous officers in the Irish Guards. He was rich, good-looking, amusing, impulsive. He would hire the band from Ciro's to play him



Diana Broughton, the young wife, above, at Karen before the murder and, above right, with Hugh Dickinson, the platonic friend. Jock Delves Broughton, right, snapped in Madeira before the war by Mrs Woodhouse, his companion in the last week of his life. He wrote to her from Nairobi jail before the murder trial: "I think wistfully of Madeira now"

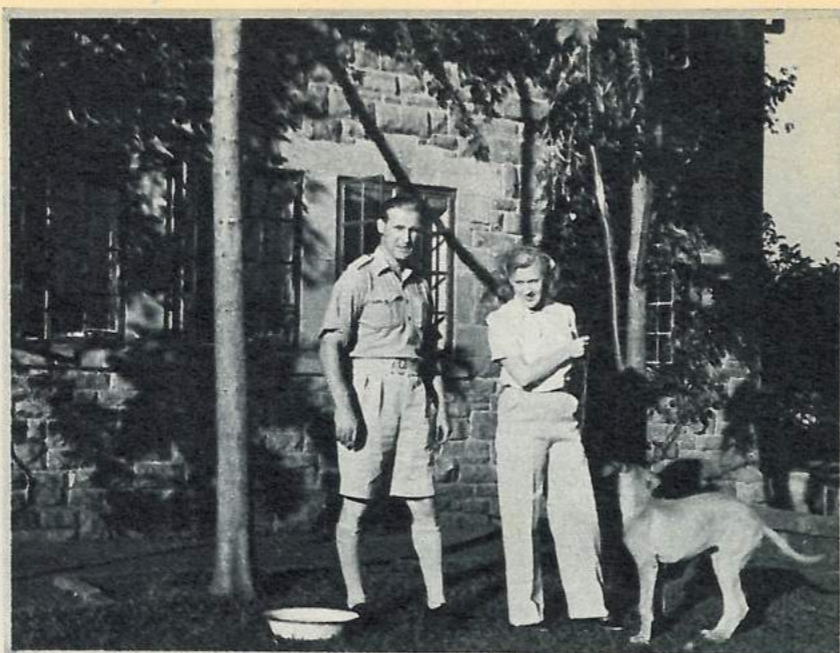
down to Cheshire or have the express at Crewe kept waiting for his guests, whose fares he always paid. He joined the Turf Club, he owned up to 30 horses for 25 years. His wife became a celebrated big game hunter and in 1919-1920 they visited Kenya and again in 1923 where they met an old school friend of his, Lt-Commander 'Jack' Soames, who had settled at Nanyuki. She, too, went racing with Lord Carnarvon, Lord Rosebery or Sir Brograve Beauchamp, but spent more and more time on safaris or cruises with her great friend Lord Moyne. In 1927, again in Kenya, he met Lord Erroll at Muthaiga. She stayed with the great Lord Delamere and his wife Gwladys at Soysambu.

At this point one should have some inkling of Sir Delves Broughton's character. He was not a popular man: he was, perhaps, two men, either because of a manic-depressive vein in his character or because great wealth makes people suspicious or because he could unbend only with women. Women certainly liked him. He was vain, of that there is no question, a name-dropper, yet he could sulk for a week on end without giving a reason.

"Sour!" The adjective, supplied by an Elder Statesman, resounded through

his painted hall. "You mean cynical?" "No - worse than cynical. Sour." "He looked always as if there was an unpleasant smell under his nose," said a Cheshire neighbour. "He liked scatological jokes," he went on. "Not a nice man," said the club servants. "Arrogant. None of us liked him."

But women took a kinder view. Pamela met him at Highclere in the late Thirties. She found him charming, cynical, devious and unscrupulous. At dinner she told him she'd like to spend a million pounds a year. "You couldn't," he said. "What's the most you've ever spent?" "In a good year - I think it was 1926 - I spent £120,000. The first 80 was quite easy, but unless you gamble it's uphill work with the rest." A friendship developed between Pamela, the life-loving young divorcée, and the weary man of pleasure with his houses and stables and rather exaggerated sense of position. He was lonely and his house-parties took on a Gatsbyish air. But such rich men with absentee wives can be revived only by a successful love-affair. They are too grand to work and too intelligent to play. Boredom stalks them, age and bitterness follow. They find themselves in a prison of the *déjà vu*, surrounded by good advice and grey



hair; within the spirit is as youthful as ever, protesting "Can this be all?" One day in 1935, in Lloyds Bank, St James's Street, he met his fate, his Green Hat, his Blue Angel, the woman who would renew his youth, bring him back into the world of feeling and set the death-wish ticking on a six-year fuse.

Diana Caldwell was the daughter of a retired surgeon in Hove. Her mother had been a beauty, one of her sisters was Lady Willingdon, she had been briefly married to a playboy pianist much in demand at parties called Vernon Motion. She was now 22, one of those creamy ash-blondes of the period with a passion for clothes and jewels, both worn to perfection, and for both enjoying herself and bringing out enjoyment in others; her large pale eyes would always be called cold by those on whom they had not smiled, her mouth hard by those who had not kissed it. She had gravitated naturally to the racing world, she drove her car, flew her plane, she adored dancing and half a dozen regular partners took her out every night; this period passion was considered harmless and Sir Delves showed no objection to it. The lonely middle-aged man has one wish, to be loved for himself, and failing that to

be allowed to love someone who is delightful to look at and not boring. The very hardness of Diana Caldwell, her implacable chic, was part of her attraction. As he said in his trial, "one likes one's possessions to be admired". Yet the situation led to increasing difficulties with his children, who were now grown up, and with Vera; and the house-parties at Doddington with its lake and park and retinue of servants began to dwindle. A great love, if extramarital, eats away at family, friends, position, and if it be for someone 30 years younger there are moments of loneliness almost more agonising than those which it is designed to cure. Couples with a big difference in ages cannot share all the same pleasures or even the same jokes; the younger carry a balloon of hope before them, the older trail a heavy kitbag of unpleasant memories. In addition Sir Delves limped, had an arthritic right hand "with only 40 per cent. grip, the result of a motor accident in 1915", and various mental difficulties, confusions and amnesias, in consequence of the mysterious sun-stroke. Yet there is no doubt they were happy together. In 1938 Vera and Sir Delves made a final public appearance at his daughter's wedding. Lord Moyne's house was used for the reception. In 1939 Sir Delves was divorced by Vera (Lady Moyne had died the same year) and he must have made over a large sum to her and his children as he sold his 15,000 acres and Doddington became a school. Broughton House had gone already and there were rumours that he was heavily in debt. Although he claimed that his racing had cost him nothing, there may have been betting losses. He had been married 27 years.

About this time two robberies took place. In the summer of 1939 the Broughton pearls, insured for £17,000, were stolen from the glove compartment of Miss Caldwell's car outside the Château de Madrid, near Nice. Sir Delves was not there but three of her

young swains were present and an American playboy as well. As one of them remarked, "it was a damn silly place to leave them". Then in October 1939 thieves broke into Doddington while Sir Delves was in London and removed his family pictures, also heavily insured. About this time he and Pamela consulted a famous fortune-teller together and walked away to look at a magnolia in flower. Both were upset. Pamela was told that she would never marry her current boyfriend and D.B. that he would marry his blonde. In 1940 he and Diana decided to move out to Kenya. It was Diana's idea and Sir Delves probably felt that the situation in England might soon prove very unpleasant; it was as bad a place to be in in 1940 as to be out of in 1914. Diana may have felt that a new life deserved a new background. Before they left, Diana, who had now presided over Doddington on and off for two years, gave final orders for the disposal of the animals. Sir Delves produced as his reason at the trial a desire to obtain some proper war work since there was nothing in England for someone over 40. They went out by boat to South Africa and were married in Durban on November 5. The fortune-teller was right. A persistent rumour that they could not enter Kenya except as man and wife was quashed at the trial, though it is still believed. Broughton made a pact with Diana that if she fell in love with somebody else he would retire gracefully. On the plane to Mombasa from Durban on November 12 they travelled with the eccentric 10th Lord Carberry (now Mr Carberry) who was met by his wife June, who quickly became Diana's closest friend. She had not changed since Eden Roc. "Deep bass voice, terrifyingly unnatural blonde, tough as boots, but a wonderful person."



Alone in the sun: after the murder and before her husband's arrest, Diana, above, went on a safari with her husband and Hugh Dickinson. January 16, a week before the murder: Diana and Joss Erroll, right, deeply in love, travelling back to Nairobi on the Kilifi ferry, Mombasa

ton had settled £5000 a year on his wife for seven years. After they arrived in Nairobi they had stayed at the Muthaiga Club, somewhat shorn of its grandeur but humming with activity through the presence of young officers shuttling between England and Cairo. The evenings were still given over to bridge and dancing with many private parties such as the joint birthday party for 44 people which Gwladys, Lady Delamere, wife of the Broughtons' old Cheshire neighbour and Mayor of Nairobi, gave on December 22 with Diana. One of the last soirées of the *ancien régime*.

The Broughtons visited some of his old friends from the days when he had his plantation and went on safaris with Vera. "We were dodging about a bit visiting such persons as Lord Francis Scott and Jack Soames, Mervyn Ridley and 'Boy' Brooks," as he told the police later. At Soames's place, Bergeret near Nanyuki, they had some revolver practice at their hosts' suggestion - a war-time necessity.

On December 5 they moved from the club and took a pleasant old world house in 22 acres of grounds at Karen, about 10 miles from Nairobi. Fifteen servants were engaged, half for inside, half for outside, together with Wilks, the most efficient South African lady's maid they had brought with them. Broughton approached Sir Ferdinand Cavendish Bentinck, another old acquaintance, for a job. They seemed all set for the duration.

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Lord Erroll's wife had died in 1939. He was now a very eligible 39. When the war started he had become Kenya's Director of Manpower with the rank of Captain.

Delves Broughton had met him when he first arrived in November and was delighted - he thought him "an out and outer" but amusing, and above

all he wanted to be amused. He stayed two days alone with him at his bungalow at Muthaiga, between December 18 and 22, the night of a joint birthday party when there was dancing "from sundowners to sunrise". (Diana meanwhile had acquired two swains, Major Richard Pembroke who had arrived in the course of duty, and Lt Hugh Dickinson, a crony of pre-war days, a visitor to Doddington who had got himself sent out in the RASC. Dickinson spent a night at Karen and a night at Muthaiga just before Christmas.) It was at this party that the romance flared up between Diana and Joss Erroll. His two unhappy marriages were in the past; he was free again; she had been married only six weeks, and may already have found it intolerable after the years of semi-freedom. When physical passions explode, when two bodies find each other supremely desirable, there is nothing to be done except give in or run away. It was wartime, there was nowhere to run to, "they danced as if they were glued together"; Broughton looked on with increasing dismay.

James Fox: Self-indulgence and a refined sensual thuggery lay on Lord Erroll's life-style like a thick layer of lard. He redeemed himself, put himself beyond the reproach of his friends by his brightness, with his jokes rather than his wit, with his ability to lead the herd, aimlessly wandering between *thés dansants*, croquet games, lunches, teas, sundowners, dinners or, in the words of Sir Charles Markham, the son of Gwladys Delamere by her first marriage, "living a life of make-believe in a remittance man's paradise". Phyllis Barkase, a one-time mistress of Erroll, evocatively described a

typical day when asked in the trial about her movements just before the murder. "We played croquet." And after that? "Bridge." And after that? "Backgammon." And after that, drinks. And then bridge.

But the life-style of Erroll, sexual conquistador, charmer, unpaid tradesmen's friend, Fascist, was well suited to his surroundings when he lived at Oserian, the gin palace, on the shore of Lake Naivasha. It was a huge, Moroccan-style castle, bedrooms facing on to an enormous inner courtyard, with a sunken marble bath in the main suite, to facilitate, so the story goes, the vomiting of over-indulgent guests. It was the scene of wild parties, of luxurious English weekends.

He had bought the gin palace while he was spending the fortune of his second wife, Mrs Edith Ramsay Hill. When she died in 1939, her body covered in heroin abscesses, she was being looked after by Dr Joseph Gregory, the Nairobi G.P. who had become doctor by appointment to the Happy Valley set. She had been ill and lonely for a long time. "When she died, the flowers came pouring into the house," said Gregory, "but when she was alive, not a daisy."

But they were good days for Erroll, and he looked after himself well. After the death he moved out of the gin palace and into the comparatively reduced circumstances of a bungalow at the Muthaiga Club. It had its compensations. He could change in the bungalow and walk a few steps across the lawn for dinner at the club, he was at the hub of social activity there. And after dinner there was the stroll back under the trees and no dusty car rides to cramp his seductive style. ➤ 9



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Before the war, working under Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, who lives in Nairobi now, a retired, distinguished colonial administrator, Erroll was secretary to the Production and Settlement Board. "He was rather a bouncer," says Bentinck, "had very quick repartee, quite intelligent, very superficial. He was bright, but not very profound. Too bright in that way, really. Attractive chap, he then got on to the Legislative Council." Legco, as it was abbreviated, was known colloquially as 'the gas chamber'.

That was another side to Erroll's life: he had a quiet measure of control, he worked hard and efficiently. Sir Wilfred Havelock, an ex-Kenya politician active during the transition to Independence, says: "I saw him as an executive; he was a demanding man, brilliant at his job. When he was working as Assistant Director of Manpower during the war, the records were destroyed by fire. Erroll built them up again completely out of his own head." Markham goes further: "He would have become the leader of the Kenya Europeans after the war."

But Erroll had many women, "listing them all is rather like cataloguing Woolworths," says Markham, and another side of his self-control, his relative abstinence, had a hint of self-preservation about it. It may have been the secret of his fatal attraction for women. Most of the Happy Valley set, according to Markham, were overly credited with sexual reputations. "Most of them were too drunk to fornicate."

Every Tuesday morning, Erroll would set two hours aside to go to Schouten's, the hairdressers who still do business in the arcade of the New Stanley Hotel, for a face massage. "He was tough," says an acquaintance, "but he was very attractive indeed. He was exploited by women, to whom he was irresistible."

"Erroll preferred the fleshpots," says Markham, "and there he lacked judgment. If he had fought in the war he would have come back a hero, he would have gone straight up. My father had a row with him about it once. Slapped him. Told him he was more interested in fornicating than fighting."

And one imagines him, waited on and attended to by African servants in his bungalow. Breakfast cooked for him, clothes pressed, shirts ironed, starting out for Nairobi under the clear blue East African sky, smelling, reportedly, of expensive bath salts, in his Buick hired from Gibbs Auto Transport. When he met Diana, she must have been his star conquest.

**Cyril Connolly:** From the night of December 22 everything accelerated. Erroll had just about a month to live, had he known, and during January 1-

25 Diana spent only five nights at Karen. In the first week in January Delves Broughton received his first anonymous letter. "You seemed like a cat on hot bricks at the club last night. What about the eternal triangle? What are you going to do about it?" He showed it to Erroll and Diana and they all had a laugh. There were two more to come, all left in his rack at Muthaiga. They are of great interest because if he wrote them himself to disarm suspicion then he must have made plans for murder or something like it at a very early date. Julian Symons in *A Reasonable Doubt* thinks one of the worst mistakes of the police was not to try and trace the typewriter.

January 5-12: Delves Broughton's awareness of the affair.

January 12, Sunday: The D.B.s gave a dinner party. Gwladys, Lady Delamere, Gerald Portman, Richard Pembroke, Miss Lampson, Erroll. The Mayor (née Beckett) was a formidable lady: blunt, autocratic, perceptive and just 43 at the birthday party, even as Diana was 27. She was an old friend and neighbour of Sir Delves (though she whittled this down to "acquaintance" at the trial) and a warm admirer of Lord Erroll. Her evidence against D.B. was strongly biased and no other witness gave such a bad impression of him.

I'm quite sure she wrote the anonymous letters.

H. H. Morris (Delves Broughton's counsel) to Lady Delamere: "You said to her [Diana], 'Do you know Joss is very much in love with you?' " "Yes." "And she said 'Yes.'" "Yes." "And you said, 'What are you going to do about it?' " "Yes." "Then you said to her, 'Does he want to marry you?' " "Yes." "And you said you were very fond of Erroll and he deserved some happiness." "I said I should like to see him happy." "And Lady Broughton said, 'I am fond of Jock, meaning her husband.'" "Yes." "And you said, 'He is an old man and has had his life.'" "I deny that." "Do you regard him as an old man?" "Yes." "You said to her, 'Take your happiness where you can find it. There is a war on.'"

The final anonymous letter read: "There's no fool like an old fool. What are you going to do about it?"

The evening had started with a flaming row between the Mayor and Gerald Portman about the relative contributions of Britain and the Colonies to the war effort, which went on all through dinner. The table was thumped and a glass candlestick got broken. Sir Delves had been acutely embarrassed. The Mayor went on to suggest that if Mr Portman felt like that, why had he come out here? Afterwards Erroll had confided in her that he was very fond of Lady Broughton, that he would do anything

for her and that he was determined to marry her. He had never been so happy. Unfortunately Lady Delamere admitted that Erroll often consulted her in these matters (in the plural) and she overdid "the hot bricks" as D.B. was watching his wife and his friend dancing.

"What did his countenance register?" "Many things. Anger, misery, rage, brooding, intense irritation and restlessness." "Restlessness on his face?" "Yes." She denied it was because she had said to him, "Joss is very much in love with your wife." Questions by jury: "When you described the accused's disposition as morose do you mean habitually so?" "Yes, I have always thought so." "It may be that he was only morose towards you?" "If so, he must have been morose for 20 years."

I sought in vain for an explanation of Lady Delamere's attitude.

At last I found out. An unkind remark she made about Broughton had been repeated to him and he had given her a dressing-down in public. After that she was always getting at him in front of Diana or anyone else. It makes her authorship of the anonymous letters even more likely, the future connections between the two families more ironical. Diana's fourth husband (to whom she is still married) is Lord Delamere - stepson of the Mayor.

**James Fox:** The timetable moves towards this confrontation between Broughton and Erroll on January 13. It was the morning after the dinner party. Joss had stayed at Karen overnight and went riding with Broughton. And then the parties split. Broughton went to stay with his old friend Jack Soames at Nanyuki and Diana took a train for Mombasa, and then on to Malindi to stay with June Carberry. Erroll joined the train at Athi. "Only a very few people knew officially that they were in love," says Hugh Dickinson, who liked to give out that he was Diana's half-brother. "I was stationed at Malindi at the time, but in pretty uncomfortable conditions. I was in charge of a small working party, so I had left the sergeant in charge and moved into the Carberrys' house. When Diana and Joss arrived, they told me they were in love. They actually told me they wanted me to be the first to know."

That was hardly likely after the traumas of the dinner two nights before. Broughton was smouldering, drinking, perhaps, said the prosecution, plotting the murder by that time.

Broughton had arrived at Soames's house in untypical condition. He had a high level of alcoholic content in his blood and Soames described the evening in his examination: "We had a whisky and soda at six o'clock; turned on the wireless at 6.45; had two more

small whiskies and sodas and he passed out completely." He was drunk, said Soames, and he had explained that his drinking had been caused by the threat to his marriage.

Soames gave Broughton advice. "Tell him to buzz off. Go and see Diana and ask her whether she's in love with him. If she says yes, I advise you to pack your bags, old boy, and get back to England pretty smartly." Soames and Broughton must have had four ponderous, depressed days together.

Perhaps Broughton knew where to go for sympathy about mistreatment at the hands of Lord Erroll. Soames had arrived in Kenya in 1920, three years before Erroll - Delves Broughton had met him again on his earlier trip to East Africa in 1932 - and Erroll may have crossed his path on more than once occasion.

On Saturday, January 18, Broughton and Erroll met, and it was the day, the prosecution argued, that Broughton decided on murder. The Broughtons had returned to Karen, there was a lunch at Muthaiga - the Broughtons, Erroll, June Carberry. Diana came back agitated and nervous to Karen house and Broughton heard what he was expecting to hear. Diana told him she was in love with Erroll. Broughton went to Muthaiga and rang Erroll at his office: "Don't you think you ought to see me, Joss?"

One account of the afternoon meeting comes from Broughton, who said that having decided to cut his losses and abide by the pact he had made with his wife, he was unperturbed by Erroll's refusal when he asked him to go away and leave Diana alone. The conversation started: "Diana tells me she is in love with you." Erroll replied, "Well, she has never told me that yet but I am frightfully in love with her." Another account, from an African witness, describes anger between the two men, and Broughton beating on the table with his fist. Erroll knew the drill; he was frightfully sorry, he said, he could not go away. There was a war on.

**Cyril Connolly:** The next day, the 19th, there was a lunch party at Karen and on the 20th Diana and June went off to the Carberrys' other house at Nyeri. Or so they said, but in fact they went to Erroll's house at Muthaiga and stayed there and Diana was seen dancing with him at Torr's Hotel by Mrs Barkase on the 21st.

Between the 17th and 19th the second anonymous letter arrived. "Do you know that your wife and Lord Erroll have been staying alone at the Carberrys' house at Nyeri?" This letter Broughton destroyed and did not show to anyone.

Events now moved to the climax. On January 21, while Diana was away, Broughton told his personal servants, Alfred and Mohammed, that two re-

volvers, a silver cigarette case and a small amount of money (a five-shilling note kept in the one book with which he had travelled for 37 years, his address book) had been taken from the living room. He repeated this to the police, who found no clues except a broken creeper.

He wrote to Soames about the 22nd admitting defeat, and he and Erroll both saw their lawyers to discuss divorce proceedings. While his wife was in fact at Erroll's on the 21st he had rung him up, perhaps to give him a last chance, and had been heard to say (by Mrs Barkase): "You understand, Joss, you quite understand."

On the 23rd the foursome reassembled at the Club for both luncheon and dinner - how remote it must have seemed from the happy meals before Christmas when Broughton could dazzle his new friend (one of the most amusing men he had met) with his stories of the Liverpool Cup, the London seasons, the peculiar cases he had heard as chairman on the Bench, or who kept whom, and sample in return Erroll's caustic wit and flashes of unashamed self-revelation.

Lunch had been a success, "an ordinary cheerful affair" (June), and that afternoon Erroll had told his friend Julian (Lizzie) Lezard, "Jock could not have been nicer. He has agreed to go away. As a matter of fact he has been so nice that it smells bad." That very morning he had told him, "Jock is being very difficult. He won't make up his mind"; but after the meal Broughton had told his wife that she had nothing to worry about because he was quite prepared to go away to Ceylon and he would give her the house at Karen. Two months later he would return to England. He also made a request to Erroll who repeated it to Lezard: "The old boy insists that I bring Diana back at 3 a.m. as she is very tired." One wonders how many others knew this before the night was over. Mrs Carberry went to the hairdresser. That evening the four met, in evening dress, for Broughton thought he would go dancing too, and were seen and heard at the Club by a variety of characters, Gerald Portman, who had known Broughton 15 years, among them.

**James Fox:** During the meal Broughton raised his champagne glass and proposed an incredible toast, all possession and jealousy apparently forgotten, all losses cut, beaming an indulgent smile towards Diana and Joss. "I wish them every happiness," he said, "and may their union be blessed with an heir. To Diana and Joss and their future heir." It was a bombshell. What was Broughton doing? Was he choking back his rage with a cool perversity (remember Dickinson's description of him: "Possessive and jealous as hell, but a bit too damn proud"), or was he



Wilks, the maid at Karen, the uncalled witness. This photograph was taken recently after she had been located in a Durban seafront flat

calmly and ironically savouring the thought of the murder he had planned for early that morning; or that there never could be a future heir for Diana and Joss? Only two days before he had tried to take his wife away, and tried to persuade Erroll to disappear. He had been drinking heavily for the first time in his life. What had made him so placid?

**Cyril Connolly:** After dinner, about 11 p.m., Diana and Erroll went off to dance at the Claremont Road House which they left about midnight to go to his house. Here they stayed an hour, between 1 and 2 a.m. - and finally, talking and laughing and, according to

the servants, "looking very happy" they drove away to Karen with her three suitcases, accumulation of her travels in the recent weeks.

She also had had custody for some days of Erroll's £30,000 pearl necklace, an inalienable heirloom for the next High Constable. The door was opened by Wilks, who took the cases up to her room. It was between 2.15 and 2.25 a.m. Meanwhile Broughton, left alone with June Carberry, grew bitter. He remarked, "To think I've only been married two months and this had to happen." (Overheard by Mrs Barkase, as usual.) And later he said: "I'm not going to give her £5000 a year or the

Karen house and she can bloody well go and live with Joss if she likes." At 11.30 June dragged him off to a supper party of Gerald Portman's for some brother officers in another part of the club to have bacon and eggs. He was probably drunk and certainly tired and begged to go home. Mrs Carberry, who had a slight attack of malaria, agreed and they were driven home by his chauffeur, arriving at Karen at 2 a.m. Wilks came up with them.

Thirty hours later Broughton made his first statement (25th, 4.10 p.m.): "He met Erroll at Muthaiga on the night of his arrival (in November). Leaves club 1.30, arrived home with June 2 a.m. Can't remember which car he came back in, his or Mrs Carberry's, both had chauffeurs." In fact Mrs Carberry's car and driver had left with her luggage for Karen earlier and they had driven in Broughton's car with his driver. Was he too drunk to remember or was this the first of his lapses of memory which, as the trial was to prove, recorded like a dial "only the sunny hours"? In a later statement (29th) he said the chauffeur put the car away. There is a rumour that he disappeared next day. Certainly he does not figure among the host of native witnesses.

According to Mrs Carberry, Broughton was so drunk that she had to help him up the stairs. At 2.10 he came into her room in his dressing gown to ask if she was all right. She had sent Wilks for some quinine, who brought it. In the meantime Joss and Diana had left for Karen. At (about) 2.25 a.m. both heard Diana and Erroll arrive, laughing and talking, but did not see them. Broughton and June heard the car door slam 10 minutes later and Erroll drive away. Diana went to talk to June (2.35) and Wilks was still up and about. About 3.30 Broughton paid a second call on June. She heard him shuffle down the passage. He asked once more if she was all right. In Diana's room she heard the dachshund barking. (In his evidence Broughton said he had no recollection of either call on Mrs Carberry.) At 7 a.m. he had some tea and went for a walk. (His usual practice.) At 9 a.m. Portman, from his office, rang up to say that Erroll had had a motor accident and broken his neck. "Good God," said Broughton. Diana became hysterical. Broughton drove in to the police station but was not allowed to see the body. He carried a handkerchief of Diana's she wanted to leave with it. At 9.30 Lady Delamere rang. D.B. was back by 10.30 and at lunch time he had a bonfire lit and put out when the petrol blazed too high. In this bonfire were found the remains of a 'golf-stocking' with bloodstains, not necessarily human. Broughton said he never wore them, though one neighbour claims to have a photograph of him in

them. The implication was that he had either worn them and got blood on them or pulled them over his hands to avoid fingerprints. His counsel hinted that they were some African's sanitary towel. The bonfire, Broughton said, was a habit of his from childhood days in the park at Doddington when they burnt the bracken. (Asked at the trial what enjoyment he got out of the bonfire: "You might just as well ask what pleasure there is in eating and drinking.")

On the 25th he made his first statement: the police fiction of the accident was dropped; he missed Erroll's funeral service: because his car broke down Lady Delamere said; because he thought it was half an hour later he told the police. This discrepancy was never noticed. He lunched at the club with Lady Delamere who was her usual morbid self. (Diana and June had gone back to Nyeri.) She described Broughton as "blowing hot and cold" about his wife, and as regretting bitterly his first wife and children. They talked much of Vera "whom she had known very well".

After the funeral Broughton had asked Lady Delamere to drop a note into the grave. She had refused, he had done so himself. It was a love message between Joss and Diana. On the 26th the police went to Nyeri and saw Diana and June Carberry. On 27th Broughton came over himself. On 29th he made a longer statement. This was when he described the fatal dinner party "as one of the better nights".

**James Fox:** What had happened to Erroll? There is the mystery of his drive through the blackout, with a light rain falling, down the S-shaped gravel drive and out of Broughton's estate. Was he alone at this point? He met his murderer two-and-a-half miles from Karen house, at the junction of the Ngong and Karen roads.

Two African milk boys discovered Erroll's Buick around 3 a.m., 40 minutes after he had left Karen house. It was lying in a shallow gravel pit 150 yards on the Nairobi side of the junction, the lights blazing, the engine switched off (not stalled), the car in fourth gear. Erroll had been shot at twice with a .32. One bullet had hit the upper part of the rear door frame on the driver's side and had ended up near the accelerator pedal. The other, fired from less than 18 inches, had hit him under the left ear, and travelling upwards through the medulla of his brain had lodged in his spinal column. On the first shot Erroll had apparently ducked and hit his head on the steering wheel. His body was lying on the floor under the front seat, head pointed towards the nearside, hands clasped in front of his head. There was blood on the passenger side of the front seat.

There were three theories as to

how the gunman had been in a position to shoot at Erroll. Either he was standing on the running board, or he was outside the car altogether, perhaps reaching inwards, or he was sitting in the seat next to Erroll when he pulled a gun on him. The third theory is interesting: in the police photographs the windows of the Buick are shut, which would have reduced the sound of the shot. The murderer could have shot Erroll much nearer to Karen house, and driven him to the pit.

The prosecution tried to show that Broughton was capable of pulling the body to the floor to free the pedals in order to drive. Dr Francis Vint, the Government Pathologist, said that the steering wheel would have prevented Erroll's body from falling naturally into that position if he was dead when the car hit the edge of the pit.

"The body sagged over to the left of the front seat," he said; "it was then pulled along the seat to get the hips clear of the steering wheel. It was tilted towards the floor, allowed to drop and then the feet were pushed underneath the hips from the right-hand side." It was a difficult operation, and it is doubtful whether Broughton had the strength in his arms.

The murderer had left no piece of evidence in the car, and there was no mud on Broughton's shoes, no blood on his clothes. The heavy rain that morning had washed away tyre marks and footprints.

**Cyril Connolly:** Early in February the police were visiting Soames at Nanyuki to try to get evidence of the revolver practice which Broughton's servants had mentioned when asked when he had last used the stolen Colts. Later in the month he and Diana, and Hugh Dickinson who had a poisoned foot at the time of the murder, went on a safari together with the famous white hunter, John Hunter, in the South Masai reserve. By that time their relations were very strained and without Dickinson's company might have been impossible. The police were taking a long time getting their expert's ballistic evidence, but on March 10 they arrested Broughton at 5.55 p.m. in the presence of Dickinson and Diana. "I'm sorry," said Sir Delves, "you have made a mistake." He was to remain four months in prison. The trial opened on May 26 and lasted till July 1.

One more major character remains to be described. Senior Assistant Commissioner of Police Arthur James Poppy, the officer in charge of the Criminal Investigation Department, was convinced of Broughton's guilt. He thought Broughton though overtly kind and considerate was basically vindictive. He was performing a part. Though a fair-minded and generous man, Poppy remained his implacable

enemy; while the Attorney General, Sir Walter Harragin, who prosecuted, displayed a quite untypical animosity and pettiness throughout the case.

This trial, whose proceedings occupy 600 closely typewritten pages, is a document of absorbing interest, far more so than any 'realistic' play or novel. The huge canvas is an anthology of human passion, a self-portrait of a confident and dissolute oligarchy in the last years of its reign. Besides the African servants and Askari policemen who pass through its pages and who are asked the routine question: "Can you tell the time? What time is it now?" there are the experts: doctors, chemists, ballistic scientists, some to be cut down to size by the brilliant questioning of Morris; the socialites including Jack Soames, June Carberry, Phyllis Barkase and Lady Delamere, and the group of young officers who remind one of a well-drilled male chorus. Portman, Pembroke, Dickinson, Llewellyn, Lezard (almost Erroll's only friend) and finally Delves Broughton himself who elected to give evidence and held the floor for several days; imperturbable, urbane, almost insouciant. An aristocrat before the guillotine could not have done better.

He was always on top. Harragin: "You realised that in 10 years' time you would be 67 and she 37?" "That is not very young for a woman." "It is rather old for a man." "It depends on the man." "But a man with 40 per cent. disability?" "From which he has completely recovered."

Sir Walter then fired his last piece of gossip: "Did you say at dinner that night to your wife, 'Shall I throw the champagne in your face or break the bottle over his head or would you rather I threw the bottle at your head?' And did she try and soothe you down by saying, 'There, there, try and eat something?'"

Broughton: "I think somebody has been pulling your leg." The mild, the unapproachable, the perfect reply.

In this connection it is worth quoting from Morris's memoirs, which are not of great interest relating to the trial but which include many other observations: "Women lie more easily, readily and frequently than men. Unlike men, they show no signs of uneasiness when doing so." And "No man who has taken part in any event can lie about it all the time. The conscious mind cannot mount guard over the subconscious indefinitely. The time comes when the conscious mind nods or falls asleep. Then the subconscious asserts itself."

Besides his four months in prison when he was observed by the governor, Allen, and his relentless cross-examination, Broughton had been questioned almost daily by the police, and yet never made any really damaging

admissions. On the other hand the only tribute Erroll received in the trial was from Broughton, who called him intelligent, witty and kind. Kindness is no attribute of Don Juans, and this is significant. Broughton wept on hearing of Erroll's death.

In his summary of the verdict in his autobiography, Morris makes the following points, which seem unanswerable.

(1) Erroll was shot with a 5-groove gun. No such weapon was traced to Broughton.

(2) There was nothing to show the bullets found at Soames's farm at Nanyuki were fired while he was there.

(3) The expert photographs were so bewildering that they had to be abandoned.

(4) There was no eye-witness. No one saw Broughton enter or leave the house.

(5) There were three women in the house and a number of native servants; none of them heard a shot.

(6) The motive was worthless. There were many others who had a motive for shooting Erroll.

(7) Broughton was not physically strong enough to have moved the body in the car.

(8) If he suffered from night-blindness he could not have driven the car, with its cut-down headlights, in the black-out - he was a notoriously bad driver. And he could never have found his way in the darkness over the bush back to his house.

(9) His right arm was injured, his foot dragged; he would not be able to let himself down a drain pipe or climb down - or up - a balcony. He would have to return to his room by a creaking staircase. No-one claims to have heard him.

Two key witnesses were not called: Lady Broughton and Wilks. Lady Broughton could not be compelled to give evidence against her husband. It had been her idea to have him represented in his absence at the preliminary inquiry; she had encouraged his solicitor to obtain the celebrated H. H. Morris from South Africa to represent him, the only counsel outside England to be a ballistics expert as well; she attended court every day among the clubmen and the South African troops.

She did of course make a statement to the police, and it was suggested that the barking of her dog was not because Broughton passed her door but because it had heard him re-enter the house at 3.30 a.m. But no-one had seen him.

The case of Wilks is more extraordinary; she surely held the casting vote. Yet the prosecution did not call her. They gave as their reason that being the Broughtons' servant she would not be believed. This

had not prevented their calling his other servants or Erroll's Leporello, the delightful Waiweru, or his Somali chauffeur.

It was different for the defence. They refused to call any women, and called only four witnesses in any case, including the loyal Major Pembroke, as against the prosecution's 30.

They did not need to: Morris had already turned several of the prosecution witnesses into his own, ready to testify to Broughton's general amiability and tolerance, or to the friendship, throughout everything, between Jock and Joss.

But Wilks . . . she adored Broughton, was jealous of Diana, made several conflicting statements.

**James Fox:** At the time he was arrested, Broughton said in a letter to Mrs Woodhouse, his confidante and companion towards the end of his life, that he was taken by surprise. In fact, we are told, his solicitor had been warning him about it for some time.

A description of Broughton in jail comes from Victor de Vere Allen, the chief warden of Nairobi prison, now living in Nairobi in retirement.

"He told me during one of our conversations that he would commit suicide if his people at home wouldn't accept him," said Allen.

"He got a bit depressed at times, a bit of claustrophobia, a man would feel the walls closing in. He used to look forward to a bit of a walk."

What Broughton hadn't revealed to Allen was that he had the means to commit suicide in his own jail cell. Dickinson said that Broughton had decided to take his life if the verdict went against him. He had asked Dickinson to get him morphine. "I smuggled it in, with a hypodermic needle, in the bottom of a chocolate box."

Broughton was unable to sweep out his cell for himself, said Allen, and was helped out by other European convicts. He was unable to do up his high collar and tie, probably because of the arthritis in his right wrist, and had to be assisted. He had food, cigars, chocolate and other delicacies sent up from Torr's Hotel. "Ten shillings to a warden earning 38 shillings a month was a lot of money," said Allen. "Diana and June Carberry came to see him two or three times a week. They were a pretty hard crowd."

A pathetic and anxious letter has come to light during our investigations, which Broughton wrote to Mrs Woodhouse from Nairobi jail on April 29, 1941, six weeks after his arrest. One point of great interest belongs to the ballistics evidence further on - one casual remark that does a great deal to prove his innocence.

He wrote: "I wish I had never come out to this . . . country. I seem to have paid it one visit too many. My



The courtyard at Oserian, top, 'The Gin Palace' on Lake Naivasha, in its present state of dilapidation. Erroll lived here with his second wife, and there were wild parties and long weekends. It was rented by Broughton after his acquittal. The Muthaiga Club, above, outside Nairobi, was the scene of the final dinner when Sir Jock Delves Broughton raised his glass and toasted the happiness of Diana and Joss

case comes up on May 26. I can tell you the old saying neck or nothing is very much brought home to me. I will give you a very brief outline of the case. If it is censored you will know what has happened." He gives a precis of the events of the night of January 23, and of the prosecution's intended case. He continues over the page: "I hope I have never looked like a murderer. I think all my friends know it is not exactly my line of country. However in a strange country God knows what will happen. There are no counsels out here - I haven't time to get one from England which is a great handicap.

"However my friends have been too extraordinarily nice and thoughtful to me. Wish me luck darling. I think wistfully of Madeira now."

When Broughton finally obtained the services of Harry Morris he was told in his first interview that Morris could defeat the Crown case on one simple point of ballistics alone. In the end the jury did base their verdict on that, according to Broughton, who said in another of the letters which we obtained that he had spoken to members of the jury after the case. But this was after seven weeks of argument, highly technical ballistics evidence, and an exhausting period in the witness

box for Broughton himself.

Morris missed the prosecution's opening address; he was on the way from Johannesburg. Its main premise was that Erroll had been killed by "bullets fired from the revolver which, at any rate two or three days before the murder, had been in the possession of the accused."

For Harragin it appeared to be a bull's-eye. Ballistics experts had found conclusive similarities, they insisted, between the bullets fired at the time of the murder and the bullets fired during revolver practice on Soames's farm.

But Morris was in control of the ballistics evidence all the way. Experts, he said in his autobiography, were the easiest prey for a good defence counsel, and Morris outplayed Harwich and Fox, the experts, by sheer courtroom skill and a dazzling knowledge of his own about guns and bullets.

He was trying to establish doubt as to whether the comparison between different bullets could be really conclusive without the firearm itself, which the Crown would never be able to produce. He had his simple question waiting for Harwich, but he set it between a mass of other technical questions. The bullets under examination were all marked with five grooves and

showed they came from a barrel with left-handed rifling. Morris then asked:

Q. Can you say what kind of a gun the bullets came from? A. I can say they came from a revolver. Q. But not a Colt? A. As far as my experience goes, all Colt revolvers have six grooves and a left-hand twist.

It was a triumph. The Crown's contention that it was Broughton's stolen .32 that had killed Erroll had been washed away.

But the Crown fought back. It was still possible, if the bullets had similarities, that Broughton had another gun. Soames gave evidence about the revolver practice. There was the crucial question of whether the cylinder of Broughton's revolver had swung out or whether the breech broke. In the second case, the revolver would not be a Colt.

Soames said: "It was an ordinary revolver. I think the breech broke, but I am not certain." Had he been certain it meant that Broughton had another gun, like a Smith and Wesson, which could have been the murder weapon. Morris took the weight out of the evidence with one astute question: "If Sir Delves tells his Lordship and the jury that his gun was not a gun that broke, but one in which the cylinder fell out you would not dispute that?"

Soames replied: "I would believe him." It was Soames's impression against Broughton's word. Soames withdrew and saved the day.

It is interesting that Broughton, believing apparently in the prosecution's deductions, told Mrs Woodhouse, in his letter from Nairobi jail, that "Erroll was killed by a bullet fired from one of the revolvers stolen from my house on January 20".

During the last two years of his life Broughton entrusted his battered emotions to, and placed what remained of his trust in, an old friend from Cheshire, Mrs Marie Woodhouse.

They were never lovers, they had different backgrounds in many ways, but Broughton showed in his letters a deep and genuine fondness for her, and they were together most of the last week of his life in England.

"You could call it an affinity," says Mrs Woodhouse. The letters Broughton wrote her reveal the brief happiness of his trip to India with Diana, where he was entertained in style, and then the return of depression, loneliness, boredom and misery after he got back to Kenya, abandoned by his friends and surrounded by suspicion.

"Well, all's well that ends well," he wrote, "but the fact remains that I was in jail for nearly four months which was a severe jolt to my well organised and happy life. It just shows how easy it is to get into trouble through no fault of your own . . ."

"The Foreman in a very



**Karen House, the Broughtons' Kenya home where Joss dropped Diana off after dancing at the Claremont. He was killed minutes later**

clear voice said 'Not Guilty' and a loud sob of relief came from all over the court and a good deal of clapping. One could almost feel the Angel of Death who had been hovering over me, flying out of that court disgruntled.

"When I got outside there was a great rush of about 200 people headed by most of the Police to shake me by the hand. People have been extraordinarily kind and I have had 146 cables of congratulations and countless letters from all over the world, lots of them from people I've never heard of."

Broughton describes Karen with a feeling of happiness and appears to be looking forward to going back. But by May 1942 Diana had left him for Gilbert Colville, the hermit cattle rancher, who later bought the gin palace and married Diana soon after Broughton's death. Broughton's mood had changed. He was unhappy and was planning to return. "What a rotten thing marriage is," he wrote. "Nowadays it always seems to end in disaster. I shall come home as quickly as possible, but I doubt whether it will be possible before the end of the war. I am very unhappy here thousands of miles from all my friends."

In September he wrote her a short letter telling of his plans to return to England by boat. After his signature are three words: "I return alone."

Some time in 1942 Broughton had had a mysterious fall which had severely injured his back. He told Dickinson he had fallen down a railway embankment in Mombasa, and told Mrs Woodhouse that he had fallen from a horse.

Dickinson saw Broughton for the last time in Nairobi a few weeks before Broughton sailed for England. "Herang me up at my army camp and asked me to meet him in Grogan's office. He told me he couldn't live without Diana. He said I had the most influence over her, and I knew her best and asked me to try and persuade her to come back to him. I told him nothing would induce Diana to go back to him, and I wouldn't

even think of trying. He was furious."

Broughton arrived at Liverpool in October 1942. He was to commit suicide within two weeks. On the quayside, the police were waiting for him. The thefts of the jewels at the Château de Madrid and the pictures from Doddington - he had collected the insurance money for both - had been stalking him since before the war, which had held up the investigations. Perhaps because they were unable to get a conviction in Nairobi, the police had sent information about Broughton's complicity in the thefts - information which had come out during the murder investigations - to Scotland Yard.

Broughton was questioned and released; the police still had a case to build up against him.

Mrs Woodhouse describes his last week as a happy and hopeful one, although Broughton had tried and failed to get back Vera, his first wife.

And the newspapers were on to the story. A memo written by a reporter to the news editor of a national newspaper in London, shortly after Broughton's death and before the inquest, shows how the news had travelled.

It reads: "The Manchester Office tell us that Sir Delves Broughton who died in Liverpool the other day and whose inquest will be held on Monday was concerned with the Doddington Park robbery a few years ago . . . It is now suggested that since the murder case someone in Nairobi has told the police that Sir Delves Broughton stole the pictures himself . . . It is also suggested that when Sir Delves Broughton returned to Liverpool recently Scotland Yard were interested about the picture robbery and were on his track."

One of the most interesting results of this re-investigation into the Erroll murder is the discovery that Broughton made three confessions before he died. The first was to his doctor, Joseph Gregory. He told him in Nairobi jail that he had driven to the

road junction to intercept Erroll and fired five shots into the car. His second and most startling confession was to Alan Horne.

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Horne, who now lives in Worthing, was a horse breeder who had known Delves Broughton in the Thirties. A week or so before Broughton's death, they had a chance meeting outside a pub near Doddington. "We stayed talking for about an hour," says Horne. "I said I was sorry to hear about the affair in Kenya. He unloaded the story to me, I could never understand why, but he seemed to want to get it off his chest."

Broughton told Horne that he had planned Erroll's murder with a friend, to whom he had given a gun. The friend had in turn hired the services of an African to carry it out, for a fee of £1000. Broughton had had remorse and told the friend to get hold of the African and stop it, but it had been too late. The African had hidden himself in the back of Erroll's car in the driveway of Karen house, shot him at the road junction and disappeared. The revolver robberies, Broughton said, had been genuine, and the accomplice was the man who had carried out the insurance thefts, and who had been a frequent guest at Doddington.

Broughton's third confession was to Mrs Woodhouse. "We had a good time together. We went for walks and talked a lot. We went through the trial transcript together two days before he went to Liverpool, and he said to me, 'You know I did it, Marie'."

"I was dumbfounded. I said, 'You didn't, Jock'. He said, 'I've never run so fast in my life.' We laughed about it. He said he thought he was doing everyone a service when he did it. But you know I think he was boasting a bit, he was trying to boost his morale."

"He went to the Adelphi without me," says Mrs Woodhouse. "We had booked two rooms and we were going to a show in Liverpool. Jock was waiting to go to hospital to have his plaster on his back changed to a lighter, more comfortable one. I couldn't go with him because my little son was ill. He rang me the night he went there. He said, 'Are you all right, Marie - financially, I mean?' I should have known then. I said, 'Of course, Jock'. I was always broke."

"I tried to ring him the next morning but the manager wouldn't let me speak to him. He said he had left instructions not to be disturbed."

The night after speaking to Mrs Woodhouse, Broughton had taken 14 injections of the same morphine that Dickinson had given him in Nairobi jail. It took him three days to die. The housemaids went in and out of his room as his coma became deeper. He died in the ambulance on his way to hospital, leaving two notes, one to his

solicitors in which he spoke about the strain of the trial, which he ended *Moriturus te Saluto*. The other was not read at the inquest but is reported to have said that he could not face further charges and had therefore decided to take his life.

We had one final and totally unexpected addition to this account, at the last moment before it was to go to press. The enigmatic, the uninter-viewable, the uncalled witness Dorothy Wilks was found in Durban.

This is what she said:

"After the murder, he tried to get me to kill him. He called up to me, and asked if I had a minute, and I said, 'Yes, Sir Delves', and he came upstairs, and he had this syringe all ready. He was holding it with the needle point up, and he asked me to stick it in his arm. But the needle was broken, and I couldn't do it."

"It was all so sad, really. I don't think anything would have happened if he hadn't married her. He should have just kept her, like he did before."

"Oh, you should have seen her," said Wilks of Diana, "she had those special kind of lips. Sensual lips. And those eyes! And her skin! The sun never touched it. I saw her in the bath once, stretched out, with £90,000-worth of pearls round her neck. I asked if I should take them off, but she just laughed and said, 'Leave them be, Wilkie'."

"Lord Joss Erroll was a 'smasher'. He just had to flick his fingers like that and the women would fall at his feet. He was a one, I can tell you. Diana wasn't the first, you know. Not by a long chalk. He was always taking wives away. But only the rich ones. He wasn't interested if they were poor. There were a lot of men who wanted to horsewhip him, I can tell you. He had it coming to him."

"People said at the time what a pity it was he was bumped off when he was, though. It was the first time anybody could remember his ever doing a job of work. He was in 'manpower' or something. Recruiting people. Hand-some he looked in his uniform, I can tell you."

Wilks described the murder night: at about 2 a.m., she said, Sir Delves returned with Mrs Carberry. They both went upstairs, followed by Miss Wilks. At the top of the stairs there is a long corridor. Sir Delves and Mrs Carberry stopped. Mrs Carberry thanked Sir Delves for a lovely party. Sir Delves said, "Goodnight, June darling." Then Sir Delves went one way down the corridor, to his room, and Mrs Carberry went the other. "And that was the last that anybody saw of Sir Delves that night," said Miss Wilks. Some time later, perhaps an hour, another car arrived, and there was a knock on the door. Wilks went

down to open it. Diana nearly fell into the room - "she must have been leaning on the door when I opened it."

"Diana had a face like thunder. Lord Erroll was with her." It was obvious there had been a fight. "There was none of the usual lovey-dovey stuff between them."

Miss Wilks pointed out a tray of bottles, and suggested Lord Erroll have a whisky. "Why, Wilkie," said Lord Erroll, "don't you know I never touch whisky?" Diana complained she was peckish. A tin of biscuits that was usually kept for her downstairs was up in Sir Delves's room.

"I said I would fetch them down. But she said not to worry. But I wish I had gone. I might have changed the whole trial if I had. I would have been able to tell the court definitely whether Sir Delves was in his room at that time, or not."

Diana spent a few minutes with June Carberry, then went downstairs again. Wilks went to Mrs Carberry's room, and sat talking with her.

After some time - "perhaps about half an hour" - Diana came upstairs again, and went to June Carberry's room. Miss Wilks went to her own room. She could hear June Carberry and Diana Broughton talking excitedly, and wondered when on earth they would stop.

In the end, they did stop. She said that Diana then went to her room, to sleep. She herself then turned in. It was very late. She heard nobody else stirring.

After the murder was discovered, the police questioned her, said Wilks, "but they didn't get much out of me. I told them I wasn't a clairvoyant."

One day after Sir Delves had been arrested, Wilks visited him in jail. "He looked happier than I had ever seen him before. He even told me: 'Wilkie, I'm much happier here than I ever was at Karen.'"

Erroll had stayed about half an hour, she added. She did not hear a car drive away.

**Cyril Connolly:** One of the difficulties of the case is Broughton's three confessions, all to different people.

In the second confession already described, he claimed to have delegated the task to a friend who also hated Erroll and produced an African killer for £1000. Who could the friend be? Someone fit yet intelligent enough to master-mind the whole scheme, to know a reliable native, to have a deep grudge against Erroll? "Someone whose name was in the visitors' book at Doddington," Broughton added. There may be something in it. In a charming but totally forgotten book about Kenya (*Vertical Land*, Duckworth, 1928) the young French settler, Comte Frédéric de Janzé, describes some of his neighbours, including his

beautiful American wife Alice, Idina Erroll, and others. Here is one portrait.

"As he sits over port, his slanting green eyes light when he sees one shiver to his tales of goring buffalo or tossing rhino. As he walks in the garden moonlight his sensuous mouth tightens when the girl at his side gasps at his tales of debauch and treason. His body, an athlete's, surges around a weird and lurid mind; diseased things attract him in the abstract; rape and murder would be his profession."

Above this vignette, in a presentation copy, the author has pencilled "Jack Soames".

True or untrue, the three confessions show a desperate desire to boost himself now that he could never be convicted. How different from the air of confident innocence which vibrates through his transcript evidence, or from his touching letters from prison or after his acquittal, when he circulated his friends with Morris's letter of congratulation. Perhaps he really was insane by now, and paranoid. He had lost his wife to Gilbert Colville, his first wife would not come back to him, his home was a school, his London friends had dropped him, his children were not there to meet him, only the police. Far from being popular, the murder was a source of acute embarrassment to all; it was not a true *crime passionel* but a disgrace which had given the colony a bad name at the worst moment of the war.

It spelt the doom of 'Happy Valley' and of the whole carefree society which took so much out of the world and put so little back. Perhaps Africa was to blame; it insinuates violence, it liberates unacted desires. Kenya had given Sir Delves some of his happiest days in the past, it was to provide Diana with her fullest years in the future. He "had paid it one visit too many"; she had been accepted.

And Erroll too had enjoyed the happiest eight weeks of his life after he met her that November 30 at the Caledonian ball at Muthaiga. It was not a bad moment to go.

In September 1941 Alice de Janzé, Erroll's oldest friend in the colony, wrote to Dicky Pembroke: "I went out to Joss' grave day before yesterday and was glad to see that someone has put new pots of growing flowers there. Since the middle of May there have been only odd bundles of dead flowers there and nothing kept up. You once said to me impatiently 'Life must go on'. Well, it need not - look at Joss, look at Minnie [her cat]. Life need not go on. In Joss' case someone decided that, in Minnie's case, I did - and the length of our own lives lies entirely within our own hands (unless someone else gets at us first)." ●