



Fort Wajir

# Policing the Northern Frontier of British East Africa

By CST. C. I. ADAM

---

*Moyali, Moyali, we're here for your sake,  
Tho' what the hell difference does the N.F.D. make,  
Mussolini can have it with three rousing cheers,  
Garissa, Mandera, El Wak and Wajir.*

---

THE above lines, the first verse of the old King's African Rifles song, relates to one of the many strange places in this small world of ours, places which are little known even to people who live near them, and often inconceivable in the minds of those inhabiting other parts of the globe, whose knowledge is governed by the literature they read.

It may be of interest to some that the Northern Frontier District (N.F.D.) of British East Africa experienced a type

of police work probably unique in its nature. But to start with, the reader should be told something about the geographical background of this territory, and given a description of the men whose job it was to maintain the law.

There is a vast arid stretch of land, approximately 2,000 miles long and 400 wide, extending from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to the Indian Ocean, along the northern extremities of British East Africa. For countless years it has formed an almost natural barrier between the