

VIEWPOINT

...the ... of men to the
**MEMORY OF
A KIND MAN**

I was very sorry to hear about the death of Leo Beck.

He helped teach my children how to swim at the old Mombasa Swimming Club at English Point — and when I returned to Mombasa after my husband's death dreadfully lonely and miserable it was always Leo who used to stop to chat and ask about the kids — and flatter my ego by saying how wonderful I had been in carrying on when no one else seemed to care.

Even though he had difficulty in hearing and moving around — he always had time to stop and chat, and I always received a cheery wave as our two cars passed on the road.

I shall miss Leo very much. Please tell his wife how sorry I was to hear of the death of such a nice person. I am sure my children would join be in saying this as they held Leo in high regard.

N.P.
MOMBASA.

LEO BECK

LEO BECK, driving around Mombasa in his small Fiat and checking his mail at the Post Office, was very much part of the Coast scene for more years than most people care to remember.

In fact, he had resided in the 'friendly town' since his arrival in Kenya from London in 1925. First he was manager of the Old East African Trading Company and from 1936-48, he had the same post with the United Africa Trading Com-

pany. For a while he was chairman of Mombasa Chamber of Commerce.

Leo was born 83 years ago in Moravia — which was then part of the Austro-Hungarian empire — and following higher education at the Academy of Commerce in Vienna, he became an officer during World War I.

Old Mombasa hands might remember Leo in charge of 'Picadilly Place' in the Mombasa Bazaar and also at the 'gun post' at the African Marine during World War II when he was with the Kenya Defence Force. He was a founder

member of the Mombasa Rowing Club and a pioneer of Coast Football.

He was an active Freemason, and in former times, when Mombasa had several Jewish families, he would turn his home into a synagogue on high days and holidays.

Always gentle and kind and with a great sense of fun, Leo will be missed by all who knew and loved him. Our heartfelt sympathies go to his charming widow, Hilda, and his sons, Tony and Peter.

- IVOR DAVIS