

the little town of Umtali in Mashonaland. It now numbers some 2,000 souls, but time was when 200 or 300 was all it boasted. As all these were men, it fell to the lot of the hospital to lead society, and by teas and social afternoons create a little spot of home to all. And there is even at the present time an immense amount to be done by English gentlewomen of a social nature, and nurses who at home think of nothing but the work, may be surprised to find how urgent such social claims can be. An immense amount more than has ever been done lies before practical nursing gentlewomen in these up-country towns, and the getting up of little concerts, debating societies, lectures, theatricals, may well employ many a half-day off. Dances exist already, and if you can eliminate the tragedy that always lurks in a fever-laden atmosphere, are very merry functions indeed. Dancing in Umtali some years back was a relaxation almost forbidden to any nice woman, as it was synonymous with drinking, but these bad times are over, and every nurse in her outfit should include some pretty light party frocks. But apart from the social life there is any amount to interest and amuse an intelligent woman. First of all, there is the possibility of watching the ways of primitive man in his own fastnesses; of finding out their ways of life, thought, and being. This will occupy an enormous amount of leisure, and take a great deal of care and endeavour to accomplish successfully. To walk into a kraal is only the threshold of knowledge. They are a shy folk, whether Mashonas or Matabele, and need a lot of coaxing to part with any of the secrets of their home life. Bit by bit, as they get to know the "Marcooro Mississie" (top high up one), better, they will unfold the little domestic secrets. How the bread is made, by rubbing the Oofoo meal between smooth stones, and mixing it into a hard paste, then burying it in a clay-lined oven beneath the fire. Or the rude methods of ornamentation, with beads and horns of small buck and ivory shell-like things that no consideration on earth would make them part with. Or fashioning the rude pianos which every native carries in company with the universal pillow made of wood, and the calabash of water made of gourds, the growth of these same gourds being most cleverly directed by means of string tied round them during growth, producing many curious shapes. There is no doubt curio-hunting is one of the great interests and amusements. And then photography. I am inclined to think that the best of all the relaxations is photographing. It is immensely difficult. It fills up the active hours and the passive one. It brings one into contact with scenes of absorbing interest, and it lives for ever, both on paper and in the mind's eye of the lucky photographer. It is essentially an outdoor amusement. It is a lasting regret with me that I did not, whilst there, pursue

the art more seriously. Never having learnt before need not be an insuperable bar, though, of course, a little knowledge makes it easier to contend with all the difficulties. Were I advising any outward-bound Pioneer nurse, I should undoubtedly council a Kodak 5in. by 4in. to be included in her kit, even if it were to the exclusion of the party frocks. The solitary drawback to it is the expense. It is an expensive hobby. Much of this could be minimised, however, by taking out a good stock of requisites, but even then so many of the things are spoilt by heat or damp. And innumerable plates get spoilt by the tremendous light. Printing is a matter of the nicest calculation. Just as a happy batch of photos has been obtained all the water goes and dries up, or the floods come and wash a pan full of washings right away. The moonlight is only too vivid, and penetrates the darkest room. But nevertheless it is a noble pastime, and time, trouble, and expense are scarcely regrettable at all. Then insect collecting!! The hours and hours it is possible to spend, collecting three specimens only. The insect life in Rhodesia is very prolific and glittering. Gorgeous-hued butterflies, uncanny mimetics of all sorts, that almost defy the most patient search. There is no expense at all attached to this diversion. An old wide-mouthed glass jam or pickle-jar; put into this enough powder of cyanide of potassium to cover the bottom thickly; then pour in a thick layer of plaster of Paris, and behold your instrument of death to some hundreds of insects.

Cyanide of potassium can be obtained from any gold mine, and there is sure to be one quite near in Mashonaland. Experience alone can teach how to keep the collection intact from inroads of white ants and many other predatory insects. Camphor will not do it.

Mere wandering in the veldt alone has its great instruction and amusement, but perhaps its dangerous side also. Memory recalls a certain walk where I had wandered in search of some lovely tree maiden-hair, which is a thing of beauty, and invaluable for table decoration. Marching gaily through some long grass, armed only with a hunting knife I always wore as a means of defence, I suddenly heard a rustling among the tall grass, which grew high above my head. Standing listening, not quite knowing what to expect, suddenly there came into view a most lovely spotted leopard, not twenty yards off. I simply stood still and shouted as one would to some angry cow, and waved my arms wildly. It turned and fled, much to my satisfaction, and I lost no time in getting away from the spot. But as this was some eight or nine miles away from the town, and I had been warned that such beasts were about, it was a little fool-hardy of me to be there at all. For those whose tastes are quieter and not so venturesome, gardening at home has many delights home gardening quite fails to produce. To begin with, it is virgin soil;

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