

general stores—besides several African stores—outside these African stores one very often sees, in fact, nearly always—Africans using sewing machines. They do a lot of tailoring and dressmaking for themselves and do it very well indeed . . . I think I am right in saying they make all the tunics and trousers for the police service.

To our great surprise when we returned for the car the mechanic showed us a handful of rubber bands which he had found in the petrol tank! How those rubber bands got there I shall never know, they must have been put there deliberately some time or other—no wonder the car objected. About 10 a.m. we set off for Abercorn, approximately 100 miles, and we were there by midday and booked our rooms at the picturesque Abercorn Arms. Abercorn is a pretty spot with a lake—Lake Chile about half-mile out, and there are yachting and fishing. Also Abercorn is the headquarters of the International Red Locust Centre. It is 4,500 feet above sea-level, very healthy and mosquito free.

After lunch we set off again, along a very bad road to the Kalambo Falls—23 miles—the river, the falls and the gorge mark the dividing line between Northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika. In some places the road was only a very bad cart-track, but eventually we were rewarded with a most wonderful view of a portion of Lake Tanganyika. We then descended a short distance, a very steep and treacherous road, to the head of the falls. Unfortunately by this time the evening was approaching and we were unable to explore far enough to get the best view. It must be a wonderful sight to see the fall of waters, 600 feet, the highest falls in Africa. The gorge is most awe-inspiring and sinuous. This is the home of the rare and beautiful Marabou Stork which makes its nest in the cliff sides—we saw several—most beautiful grey birds. It was quite dark by the time we had retraced our steps along the car track and we were glad to get a good hot meal—hot bath and an early night.

Sunday morning was fresh with a really stimulating air and bright sunshine. We set out about 9 a.m. to go to Lake Tanganyika, a distance of 28 miles and a descent of 3,000 feet to Mpulungu and the Lake. It was a wonderful drive, a wide spacious dirt road with lovely trees on either side and every now and again we caught a glimpse of the Lake. Mpulungu is the only port in Northern Rhodesia and we were most fortunate, for we arrived for a great occasion and festivities. The S.S. *Liemed* which plies up and down the lake, calling once in three weeks, was due to arrive and make her debut after having been under repair for two years. All people from the surrounding neighbourhood were on the quayside to welcome the little steamer—it was tremendous excitement and fun—Europeans and Africans jostling one another and shouting and singing, and “piccanins” jumping and diving for coins thrown into the water. Christmas and carol time also added to the enjoyment and singing. It was quite a “to-do” to get the ship anchored and tied up to the quayside, but once that was accomplished and the gangways fixed, we all swarmed on to the small steamer. We explored around and then had “drinks” on board! “Bass” I think was my drink (not obtainable in Northern Rhodesia), and we had to pay in *East African* money.

We were very fortunate also in acquiring a hut, furnished, by the lakeside, all utensils supplied even to cocktail glasses, and an African boy to cook and prepare our food. No washing-up to do! In the afternoon a storm blew up and we were unable to go for a trip on the lake, but our hut was situated marvellously and we had a fine picture of the white horses and choppy waters of a storm on Lake Tanganyika. These huts, they are almost like chalets, can be rented for holidays and would be most comfortable. There is a good deal of fishing done and it must make a most enjoyable holiday. The natives are most friendly, in fact, almost too much so, as they continually bring baskets of fruit—mangoes,

avacado pears, rush baskets—anything to earn a few pence, but if you buy from one then you get a dozen more appearing from nowhere and begging you to buy. The native village and huts are most picturesque—mud huts with grass thatched roofs, most inadequate as regards space, and situated on another slope overlooking the lake. About 5.30 p.m. we started back, the ascent was not at all difficult, in fact we just sailed up the 3,000 feet and seemed to be back in no time. As we had to make an early start next morning we were glad to get packed and ready for the morrow.

Monday morning we were ready to make an early start after a cup of tea at 5.30 a.m. We filled up with petrol as we had not been able to do that on Sunday, then we commenced our return journey. Owing to my limited leave we had to return by the same route. But this time we stayed for breakfast at the Government Rest House in Kasama, where the “boy” cooked us a most delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs. In these places there is no bakery, everyone bakes their own bread, which we found to our dismay when we tried to buy a loaf to make sandwiches for lunch.

We left Kasama about 9.30 a.m. as we wanted to make Fort Rosebery in good time. The roads were not quite as good as on the outward journey there had been rain and the roads were sticky and skiddy, but in spite of that we reached our destination by 9 p.m. We had booked our accommodation at the Rest House when we left on the Friday. It was with a little trepidation we asked the African in charge to cook our evening meal, as when we left this boy had come running after us, saying that “Dona” (Mrs. B.), who was O.C. food had taken a loaf of bread belonging to a resident! Mrs. B. with much dignity and assurance had pooh-poohed the idea and told the boy to “be off!” and it had been with horror that we had discovered an extra loaf in our food tin later. However we seemed to have been forgiven as nothing more was said and we had a very pleasant and restful evening and retired to bed early.

It was now three days before Christmas, there was one other guest staying there, more or less a resident, but lived in a caravan nearby. He was a surveyor who had spent the last 30 years in the district. In the early days he had brought his wife out from “home”—but although he had been divorced many years and his children must have been growing up, he told us he was now leaving the bush and his caravan and going back to his wife. His remarks on the subject were rather amusing. He said he knew they would not “get on together”—she had married and been divorced again. But all he wanted now was an armchair by the fire of an evening with the kettle singing on the hob and his children around him!

On the Tuesday morning we set off about 9 a.m. for the last lap which was most pleasant and uneventful. We had our picnic lunch by the roadside in the Congo “strip” amongst the trees. We arrived back at Kitwe about 3 p.m., having travelled 1,097 miles in those five days and had a most enjoyable time and seen something of the Northern Province of Northern Rhodesia. Miss Bryson, I have rambled on and on, I hope you will be able to read it. I must thank you for sending me the Journal which I enjoy, it keeps me in touch. In the last number I received I was amazed to read the editorial regarding the Registration of Fever Nurses, I do strongly advocate the Fever Nurses special training and special registration, it is a most important branch of nursing and I agree heartily with the editorial. I have left the Mine Hospital at N’ldano and I am travelling around and hope to find a suitable post in Southern Rhodesia. I still feel I want to see more of Africa before I finally return home.

All good wishes to you at 19, Queen’s Gate and the College.

Yours sincerely,
C. P.

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