

## NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE CAMP, 1932 MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA.

Once again some of the N.M.L. members have been having a delightful time by the sea, delightful in many ways.

We have enjoyed meeting old friends from our training schools perhaps and forming friendships with others whom we have not met before and exchanging views on many subjects. It has been a really representative gathering, including members from widely different spheres of nursing at home and three members from the mission field—one from Ceylon, one from Persia and the other from Uganda. We have all been thrilled and deeply impressed with the accounts given by our missionaries of the details of their work abroad. Some stories were humorous and some very sad, but all emphasised the great need for more offers of service for the foreign field. We wish that all our members at home who were unable to come to Camp could have heard them speak of their work and of their joy in the Master's service in these far off lands.

Bathing parties and picnics have afforded a great deal of fun and there have been visits to Sheringham Woods, where the rhododendrons were ablaze with marvellous colour, to Sandringham and the Broads, all of which were enjoyed in lovely weather.

Who shall tell of the large tea consumed by us at the Roman Camp or at Potter Heigham?

All campers feel that many thanks are due to those who must have worked very hard to organise this holiday by the sea and who have done so much all the time to promote good fellowship and to make it such a helpful time to all.

We have learnt from our study circles and from the "family prayer" time, more of our great privilege of membership in our Master's family and of our oneness with all His children of every colour and race.

May we not hope that in addition to the physical strength refreshed and renewed in Mundesley Camp that there may be left with us all a greater sense of fellowship with our Master and a more definite resolution to serve wherever and in whatever way He may call us to.

ONE OF THE CAMPERS.

## SOUTH AFRICA—MY FIRST VISIT "UP COUNTRY."

CAPE TOWN TO JOHANNESBURG *via* KIMBERLEY  
—ACROSS THE KARROO—1,000 MILES.

We look with critical eyes at our accommodation. It is a slow train and therefore nearly a three days' journey.

We wonder what travelling is going to be like?

The South African trains resemble corridor trains in England, closed compartments in which four beds can be made up, two lower and two upper berths. These open on to a corridor at one side only. The restaurant cars are spacious; food is simple and good. A book of tickets for 8s. 6d. entitles us to four meals at any time on the train or at a station.

From Cape Town we run through lands of orchards and vineyards, through straggling towns, well known at Covent Garden—the chief being Paarl and Worcester. Here there is plenty of water, which comes in cascades from the Hex River Mountains, through which we have to pass before getting into the Karroo. We are now climbing steadily upwards. There seems to be no break in the solid barrier ahead of us. But now we come to the beginning of the Pass. Looking back we see the dark trees, white houses, cultivated patches, and the river sparkling below

us. The scenery is Alpine. All around the mountains lie like grey monsters of fantastic shapes. We wriggle up the side of a deep cup till we reach the top of the Pass. Here, on the other side, the run down is rapid and the scenery becomes less varied, flatter and more barren, yet the air is wonderfully fresh and stimulating. We are now on the Karroo veld, a dry and barren plateau, which runs East and West across Africa. We go northwards for about 350 miles, jogging all day along through flat valleys between low hills. These are square, as they all appear to have had their tops sliced off, giving a table-like effect.

Here there is no continuous vegetation, but the scrub growing in clumps, and the light earth is covered with stones. At intervals are seen vast flocks of sheep and goats browsing. In places we are amazed to see plenteous vegetation arising out of this desert. This is due to the presence of water, and here often are found Dutch farms surrounded by trees.

There is much sameness of scenery through the Karroo—until towards sunset, when comes the delicious coolness of the evening. Then the shadows of the rocks stretch out on the yellow shade and the rose colour of the distant hills turns first to purple and later to a marvellous blue.

It is a pleasant change from the watching of the dust whirlwinds which are continually dancing in the stony desert under a fiery afternoon sun.

On arrival at De-Aar the first impression is dust and donkeys rolling in it. This African dust can be only understood by those who have tasted it, for it is extraordinarily gritty and penetrating. It gets into the eyes, mouth, teeth, throat, lungs, and even food and drink. The clothes are full of it, and the skin in consequence is dry and irritable. We are now near Kimberley—a town of past diamond-mining glories; but after ten minutes' wait we push on for the present wealthy Town of the Rand.

On approaching the area surrounding Johannesburg it seems to resemble one of the mining areas in England; but there is a vast difference, because vegetation and scrub exists on a rolling downland, varied by clumps of tall dark trees. Then the ground begins to be polluted by chimneys. There are villages, tin huts, and native compounds, surrounded by corrugated iron walls, which gives a terribly depressing air of squalor. Above these rise the vast dumps of powdered rock, flat topped, always increasing, yet gleaming like snow in the sun. And this approach to Johannesburg is decidedly depressing compared with the quiet charm of the down country beyond the limits of the Rand, with its tree sheltered farm-houses, making islands of green in the light veld. There is an indescribable charm in this scattered homely landscape.

But this sordidness of Johannesburg's outskirts changes, and cheerfulness returns when we run into the big handsome station of "Park," which is not yet completed. Here are seen broad arcaded streets with attractive shops and substantial buildings, and public offices. We feel once more in a City, but a very modern one, for it is only forty years old, and we stand amazed, confounded with the first sight of the "Golden City," with its even further possibilities for wealth and beauty of building, helped forward by the charming mind of Herbert Baker.

M. C.

## HERE IS A BIT OF GOOD NEWS.

Official intimations may be expected at a very early date of reductions in the North Atlantic passage rates, eastward and westward, by approximately 20 per cent. The reductions will apply to the Transatlantic services between ports in Europe north of the Mediterranean and the United States and Canada by all the lines represented in the North Atlantic Conference.

Just in time for our I.C.N. Congress next year.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)