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FANNY MOLLER'S DAIRY FROM MELBOURNE TO KENYA AFRICA.

Transcription from Diary of Fannie Moller on her way to Kenya as a Missionary with the Church Missionary Society of the Church of England in 1922.

S.S Ceramic  
April 5th 1922.

Midst the teeming rain, I was pushed and jostled on to this great ship that is to be my home for some weeks. The crowd was intense and the poor old porter whom Mr. Deuchar had got hold of to carry my luggage, got frantically excited and was so comical that I couldn't help laughing in spite of the feeling of strain after the good-byes had been said.

I was very sorry to see all my dear friends standing in the rain to see me off, I was hoping none of them would get bad head colds as the result. I have visions of my luggage porter running frantically up and down stairs calling my name and not waiting long enough in one place for me to get to him. The steward was highly amused. After seeing the last of my dear friends I went to my cabin to find my cabin mate there beginning to put her things straight. We introduced ourselves and I was glad to find that I was to have a congenial companion.

Miss Hilton is the name of my cabin mate. She is an English girl who has been out for a trip to see her brother in Melbourne, has been out with him for 7 months. Her brother is one of the heads of the Electric trams.

To continue- we set to work then and got our cabin fixed up and made it as homey and comfy as possible. Everything is very nice on board, stewards are attentive and kind. Morning tea early and afternoon tea is provided for anyone who likes it. We went out the heads about 7 p.m on Wednesday we had our dinner about that time, the boat was rolling pretty strongly, but I felt quite allright. I was sorry it was not light as we passed through the Heads so that I could see more.

Turned in pretty early but didn't sleep much it was very rough (6th) I woke in the early morning with a terrific headache, started to dress for breakfast, but didn't get there till next morning.

April 6th However I did finally finish dressing at about 11 a.m. and struggled up on to the deck leaving my poor cabin mate still in her berth. Let us draw a veil over the 6th April. While on deck I did notice to the right of us land, long sandy stretches and higher banks in the background. I wished I could have found out just where it was.

April 7th. Awoke early to the knowledge that the boat was steady and found we were just going up to Adelaide. I got up in time to have a turn on the deck before breakfast. which meal I felt very ready for, as it was my first since Wednesday night.

When I returned to my cabin after breakfast, I found that Miss Nicholls of the Adelaide C.M.S. depot had been to enquire for me. We soon got ready and Miss Nicholls took us off with her up to Adelaide to the depot where we were given morning tea and then we wrote letters until lunch time which we had there with Miss Nicholls.

Mr. Ebbs called in while I was at the depot, we had a little chat and he kindly took the small suitcase which Mrs. Deuchar lent me and said he would return it for me.

After lunch Miss Lee, one of the depot helpers, took us to the Post and Telegraph Office where we posted our letters and I sent the telegram home. We also went to Moore's shop which has a flat roof from which you can get a great view of Adelaide. I am greatly taken with Adelaide, it is a very pretty city. Miss Lee took us back to the depot for afternoon tea then escorted us around to St. Luke's Rectory where we had been asked for tea by the Rev D and Mrs Knox. They were very kind to us and Miss Young and Mrs Knox's sister saw us to the station and put us into the right train. We got back to the boat about 9 p.m after having a nice day. The boat was coaling so there was a terrific noise but I am glad to say I slept through it all.

April 8th. Awake feeling much better, got up in good time and did some writing before breakfast. Left the boat at 10.30 a.m for the City. Had a look around at the Picture Gallery at some Water Colour sketches by Denny Scott then we went to the Depot as had been arranged the day before. Miss Nicholls was there and we were joined by Miss Lee, a little friend of hers and Miss McKenzie. We had lunch together and then set off for a trip to Mt. Lofty. We took the train to Mt Lofty station and then we got into a cab which was waiting for us there. Dear Miss Nicholls had rung up the night before so that we would be able to drive up. These dear C.M.S. people have been so good.

We had a good driver and a nice pair of ponies and we had a glorious drive through the most beautiful scenery, 4 miles right up to the summit to the Obelisk which has names cut all over it. The view was lovely. We had some refreshments there, then had our return drive down the mountain, our driver kindly taking us a part of the way on another road so as to see a different view.

Instead of going all the way back by train we got out at Belair and walked across to Mitcham and caught a tram from there to the City where we had tea at Miss Lee's home. To finish up they all came with us to the station on our way back to the boat. So was spent, my last day in Australia. I enjoyed every bit of it. Really these dear Adelaide C.M.S people have been just lovely to us and it gave me a sort of homey feeling.

On arriving at the boat, I received 4 letters and a telegram from Father. It was a beautiful finish to a lovely day. Now I must turn in 10 p.m.

April 9th Sunday. My first Sunday on board ship, awoke early and got up in time to see the last of Adelaide. Punctually at 8 a.m. the great boat began to move silently from the dock. It was a glorious morning and everything looks so pretty. the sun shining over the waters and the hills with their gullies intensified by the deep shadows of the early morning.

We had a quiet day, sat on deck, writing and reading but still find the people a bit distracting. The afternoon was not so bright as time went on heavy clouds came up and it got rather windy and the boat began to rock a bit, but however it didn't get too bad.

Afternoon tea served on deck--very enjoyable. Service was held in the dining saloon at 8.30 p.m. conducted by Ch of Eng clergyman.

After having a turn on deck we turned in quite early, feeling quite ready for it.

April 10th Nothing striking We are travelling across the Bight and it is rather rough, although they say it is often rougher here if so I am glad I have not struck a rough trip. The boat heaves and rolls or rather I should say she dips more than rolls. The bow goes right down then up again. During the morning Mr. Beard took Miss Hilton and me right to the far end of the stern to see all the huge machinery of the steering gear, it is wonderful, one could hardly believe that that huge piece of machinery could answer to the slightest touch as it does. Then he took us right through to the other end on to the bow, saw all the huge anchors and we even leaned over the rail at the extreme end to see how she cuts through the water.

There was an impromptu dance on the deck at night, we watched for a little while but soon went off to bed.

Tuesday April 11th. Still very rough, worse rather than yesterday I think, nothing to see but the wild sea with its white crested waves sometimes piled up like hills and other times in deep valleys. Nothing exciting, no land in sight. Got rougher in afternoon. had to give up and go below to bed without dinner.

Wednesday 12th April Woke very early and looked out of the port-hole to see the most lovely sight, we were nearing Albany and were passing large rocks, and in the background the main cliffs with the tops hidden by a heavy fog or mist, it took quite a long while before we anchored, with high cliffs all around us, no one was allowed ashore. A small tug came to us with West Australian passengers, and a motor boat brought the Official who came to examine Passports. We had had notice that all Passports were to be examined. Of course it was a long job. and the morning was nearly over before the Officer went off and we got under way again. One man had no Passport so was taken off to Albany.

It is nearly dinner time now and in the dim light we can just discern the last streak of land. The moon has just risen and it is a glorious sight.

Thursday April 13th Nothing to see but the ocean. The wind was very strong, and as the day went on the sea got more and more rough, but I did not seem to feel it so much. There was a dance and impromptu concert at night. Not many seem to take part in the dance. It was held on the starboard side on deck.

Good Friday April 14th. Service to be held in the dining room at 10.30 a.m. Day passed very quietly. Service was very nice quite a large number there. During the afternoon saw the funnel and masts of another ship, that is as much as we could see of it. Quiet evening, and went to bed early.

April 15th Saturday Very rough and windy. windscreens down all day on portside of ship, then it was bitterly cold. Our chairs are on the starboard side and it has certainly been the best so far. It has never been really nice for a whole day yet and most people are getting very tired of the trip, a great many are sick.

They said it would be smooth from Albany to Durban. If this is smooth, I don't want it rough. I'll be glad to get on land again. concert at night in saloon. In general, very good. We have some star artists on board. The Russian Pianist disappointed us and didn't put in an appearance.

Sunday April 16th Not quite so rough, but very dull. R.C. Mass in Dining Saloon 7 a.m. Communion in Reading room 7.25 and 8.25 a.m. Service at 10.30 a.m. in Dining Saloon.

Miss Hilton and I attended the 8.25 a.m. Communion and also the 10.30 a.m. Service which was conducted by the Captain. He just used the Morning Prayer and also some special prayers for those at Sea and the Purser read the lesson, there was no address. We spent a very quiet day reading and writing with occasional walks round the deck. We had Evening Service at 8.30 Mr. Mulleneaux read the lesson, another clergyman lead the prayers and Mr. Ettman gave the address, based on the Resurrection of Christ, in two pictures. The walk to Emmaus and Paul's version of the Risen Christ.

Monday April 17th Yesterday was a quiet dull day. This morning it is raining almost incessantly. The curtain had to be let down on the starboard side, the deck is miserably wet. Deck sports were to begin properly today, tournaments of various kinds, but if this continues they will not be able to do much. They played a few of the tournaments off in the most sheltered parts of the boat, but couldn't attempt deck tennis. It was a most disagreeable depressing day, never once lifted, most of the time just like a thick Scotch mist, could hardly see any distance. Most people were glad to get to bed early.

Tuesday 18th A great relief, the clouds have gradually broken and dispersed and the beautiful blue sky is showing again and the sea is blue instead of grey. Sports are in full swing. Got a bit rough and showery in afternoon. Impromptu dance at night.

Wednesday April 19th Awoke very early after a very rough night and felt very tired all day. Lots of people were ill again. In the afternoon they had deck sports, racing etc. It was great fun watching them. It is so hard to run and they had all sorts of novelty races, potato race, bun race etc. I think we all laughed till we were nearly sick and I'm sure quite tired. At night they had a mock trial but there was such a crowd that a great number could not see or hear. They were good actors, those that took part in it, but part of it was too vulgar for my liking. I suppose some people would tell me I'm too fastidious. Had a talk to Mr. Conlin who has been a good deal in Africa. in the Zanzibar and Mombasa and other places. He is an old navy man and is just going home to resign. I think his wife is very nice and they have a dear little girl. He had a good deal to do in capturing the Slave Dhows and rescuing the slaves. Had another chat to Mrs. Masson.

Thursday April 20th Not quite so rough this morning and nice and bright, shower early. Not many more days to Durban. The children's carnival was held in the evening, it was very good indeed. Quite a number of kiddies were dressed up and some of them were so pretty. They were all dressed after dinner at night and they had a procession of the children up and down the deck starting at 7.40 headed by the Captain leading one of the tiniest girls, little Nancy Conlin, by the hand. After the procession they had all to stand up in a row and the costumes were judged, then they had games, the Captain joining in all the time.

Friday April 21st Lovely day, sea as smooth as glass, almost can hardly believe it could be so smooth. Made good mileage yesterday, will be more today. There is a possibility of arriving Monday night in Durban. Getting quite excited. Had afternoon tea with Mrs. Masson. Adults Fancy dress ball, some very good made ups. Some looked nice indeed. They had a good time. It was surprising how many costumes could be made up when they had so little to make them of.

Saturday 22nd April. Another glorious morning, a calm sea, Getting quite warm now, Concert and prize giving at night for sports and fancy dress.

Sunday 23rd April Another glorious morning, attended Service at 10.30 conducted by the Captain. Service in evening Rev Rycroft preached.

Monday April 24th Beautiful day, saw a lot of porpoises in afternoon. Never settled to anything today, got my packing done. Evening 8.30 Steward just been for our big trunks. Now for tomorrow. Went up on deck to see

that the lights of the City were showing. It seemed as tho' most of us were fascinated by them. We stayed on deck on the bow end and waited and watched till the lights got brighter and clearer and we got quite close to the Bluff, then just at 10p.m. the anchors were dropped and we came to a standstill. We were at Durban. The lights looked so lovely.

Tuesday 25th April. Up early Pilot came on board before 6 a.m. and we were at the pier by 7 a.m. soon the decks were swarming with natives getting ready for coaling. The boat is taking on a terrible lot of coal. Immigration Officers on board, we had to show passports and Papers. I was just anticipating a little difficulty when Mr. Laight came and took charge of me and my affairs so all difficulty was overcome. Got through the Customs at 9.30.

Rennie and Co came on board before breakfast. My passage is booked for Monday May 1st. Mr. Laight brought me here to Miss Hitchcock's Missionary Rest House.

Wednesday 26th April Have been a good deal around the City today, learning to find my way about. shopping this morning. Left my Kodak film to be developed. Sent a cable to Melbourne this afternoon "Taroba" may not leave till Monday. Saw several of my fellow passengers of the "Ceramic"

Thursday 27th Stayed in all morning, did some sewing etc. Went into town about 3 p.m. by tram. They are electric trams, double deckers as they are sometimes called. The insides are very like our electric cars but you go to the top up steps just like the old horse-drawn trams that used to be at Sandringham. They are awfully rough on top and the seats are just wooden, on this upper part the back seats are reserved for natives.

I am very interested in the natives, there are such a variety of them. I wish I could speak to them. I have seen several dear little black babies tied on to their mothers' backs in a shawl. You can pick out the Indians, not only by their dress but by looks, they are slighter in build and some of them have such a pathetic look in their faces that it makes me feel sad.

The real natives are strongly built and most of them look really jolly, you will see them laughing together all over the place. The native police look fine fellows and are very spruce in their uniforms navy blue and a little wee cap set on the side of their heads. Of course the rickshaw boys are another very interesting spectacle. Some of them are very fine looking men and others look haggard and strained, most of them have enormous legs. Their dress is most fantastic, some very becoming and others you could only describe as grotesque. Some have as many as 3 huge horns on their heads besides numerous other decorations, others who cannot be so vain have just a plain cap on and a plain dress something like the house boys.

Just a word about them, these boys are all dressed alike in white calico pants and loose straight coat affair edged with turkey red, generally look very clean and neat. They wait on the table nicely and move quickly, generally in a sort of jog trot. Their legs and feet are bare and they seem to keep them as well as their faces, well polished.

They are black even to their lips. They keep the house nice and clean, are of all nationalities in this house. At tea tonight there were 3 English, 3 or 4 American 2 African born 2 Norwegians. They are the old couple going home on furlough, one Irish lady and one Australian, that is myself and last night we had Miss Kreeel who is Dutch. She is the lady who has been making the appeal to the students, through the Christian Students Union Movement. for the relief of the starving people of Europe. I had no idea that it was still so bad there, the stories she tells are something awful. I have not seen Mr. Laight since he brought me here on Tuesday.

Friday 28th April. I did some shopping in the morning with Mrs. Gauden, had morning tea in town. Afternoon we went down to the beach with the intention of going in for a bathe, but when we got there the tide was high and the waves were so huge and rough that we decided not to go in. We watched other people get knocked about for a good while and then Mrs. Gaudin thought she would try it so went in but was sorry for it as she got her arms and legs terribly bruised with hanging on to the rope and getting up the steps when she wanted to get out, so I was glad I didn't go in.

Two missionaries C.E.Z.M.S returning to China after a stay in Africa came here and are staying until they can get a boat on to the East. A Miss Graham and Dr. from Foochow.

Saturday 29th Was in town in morning, found Taroba not going till Tuesday 10 a.m. There is another party going on the same boat to Mombasa. They belong to African Inland Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Probst and 3 children, they are going straight on to their station North of Nairobi, they know a lot of C.M.S. missionaries and they work a good deal together. Prayer meeting at Concord at 8.30 quite a number here.

Sunday 30th Went to 11 a.m. service at St. Paul's Durban with the two C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries.

At 3 p.m. went to Christ Church Addington Sunday School to address the children. Mr. Laight took me to the house afterwards for a cup of tea Mrs. Laight is very nice. Got back to Concord in time for 5.30 tea and went to Presbyterian Church for 7 p.m. Service with Mr. and Mrs. Feyling, they are dear old People. It was a nice service.

Monday May 1st.

Dull and quite cold. Mr. and Mrs. Gaudin in town at 10.15 went for a walk around the Esplanade but it was not pretty as there was no sunshine and it came on to rain. We passed the R.King monument where Einart and Vic had their photos taken. (Einart was her youngest brother who went to World War I) Got a rickshaw back to the Post Office first rickshaw ride I've had. Have not been out this afternoon, got packed up again and got my things away by the Agent Clark and Thistleton. They are very civil. I'll advise anyone coming over to engage them to see to luggage etc. Have to leave here about 7.30 in the morning.

Tuesday May 2nd. Got up early ready to start again. They had an early breakfast for the party who are leaving by the "Faroba" Mr and Mrs. Probst and their 3 children and myself. Mrs. Gaudin came to see me off. We got down to the Customs sheds at about 8.30. Had to go and see to my luggage, the big case and my chair had been put on but the stuff Clark and Thistleton took had still not arrived, they keep it in their own stores overnight.

I got all the things I was carrying on to the boat and found my cabin and then went back to the Customs sheds and had to identify my things and pay for them 2/- for the things left there all the time and 3d(3 pence) for each other packet that of course is apart from cartage from Concord. That was 7/- to Concord and 5/- back as there were less packages.

We didn't really get away till 10.30 The "Taroba" is rather different to the "Ceramic" Of course I didn't expect it to be as good. I am in a 4 berth cabin with only one other passenger. It is very roomy and has 2 port holes and a fan. But everything looks a bit dingy. And the meals, well they are not all one could wish, but could be worse. All the stewards are Indian Most of the Officers are English, but not all. I wouldn't like to be travelling alone on the "Taroba" I am deeply thankful for the companionship of the Probst family. There are a lot of Indian passengers on board most of them deck passengers, but some are travelling 2nd class, but we do not see anything of them they cook their own meals and eat in cabins. They are mostly Mohammedans. The number of Mohammedans are increasing very much in Durban as they have just started spreading propaganda in the form of Literature among the natives. There is a growing need of a greater supply of Christian literature in the native language so that we can better resist the spread of Mohammedanism amongst them.

Wednesday 3rd May We have been in sight of land all the time so far, sometimes quite near a point.

The "Taroba" rolls a good deal and as it was fairly rough I did not sleep much. I have heard of luggage being tossed or rocked from one side of the cabin to the other, but it has not been so bad as that yet. We are getting a good deal of rain it was raining hard when I got up this morning and has been several sharp showers since.

After breakfast we began to see signs of Lorenzo Marques. (now called Maputo) The Pilot came on board at about 7 a.m. there is only a very narrow channel where the big boats can come in, there are buoys on each side for quite a long way out. When we were nearly in, a tug came out to us and pushed us in the rest of the way, so we are lying in dock now and are not leaving until noon tomorrow.

Some passengers got off, my cabin mate for one, Miss Valentine. She is going as a nurse to the British Consul's children here. She has just come from England on the "Goorka" which ran on the rocks at Capetown a few weeks ago The passengers were brought to Durban on another boat and Miss Valentine and a few others going this way got berths on the Taroba.

Until some more passengers get on I will have the cabin to myself. The Probst family and I have the two best cabins in the 2nd class. they both open off the dining room, it seems so funny after the Ceramic.

After coming into Lorenzo Marques on the right side of us there is a fairly high cliff of red clay stretching along for some distance. On the furthest point of this cliff is a huge white building which looks as though it might be a big hotel and down on the beach straight down from this there are a number of bathing boxes. This place is quite detached from the town it must be quite a distance out.

Not far from this there is the wireless station evidently, and what looks like the ruins of an old lighthouse. We went on shore soon after we settled in dock. Mrs Probst and her little girl and I went together and Mr. Probst

took the boys. We had a good walk around, looked at the buildings etc and then went and sat down in a little park. We came back for lunch. There are plenty of rickshaws here but unlike Durban the rickshaw boys don't worry about decking themselves out in any gorgeous dress, they are just plain with nothing unnecessary on.

Everything is Portuguese here and it is very hard to understand and be understood. The names on the shops are nearly all in Portuguese. There are some very nice buildings but a great number look very old-fashioned and dingy. They have electric trams, but quite a different construction to anything I have seen before. Lying just across from us is the wreck of an old vessel. Just the funnel and two mast heads showing.

Mrs. Probst told me that the boat got on fire just after leaving dock here one time. All the crew were saved and the old boat just sank straight down.

We are in quite a narrow harbour here and on the opposite side to us from the dock. The beach is a low sandy stretch with a few houses scattered about in the background and behind again the land rises gradually and is quite thickly covered with trees.

Thursday May 4th. Had a better sleep as the boat was still, Before I was out this morning they were busy unloading cargo. Because of the holiday yesterday nothing was done at all. It was very interesting to watch them unloading with the huge cranes letting the things down in the big rope net and then the natives would unhook the ropes and pick up the things and carry them away. Most of the time they were singing, seemed to treat it all rather as amusement. Soon after breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Probst and I went on land again.

It was a nice morning, had been a shower immediately after breakfast, but it was soon hot again. We walked further than the day before, out of the main streets and we came to a nice park or Botanical garden and we came on a lot of birds and animals on old gorilla, ostrich, and several other kinds of big birds and animals of the deer species with a pretty little baby one.

It was a good long walk but it was very pretty and I quite enjoyed it.

They have avenues of Australian gum trees in some of the streets and they seem to have grown well. There are trees planted everywhere of various kinds, pepper trees, acacia and a lot of others I don't know.

We got back at about 10.30. I found another lady and her little boy in my cabin.

They are going to Mombasa so I won't be alone again. She is going back to Nairobi after being down here for a holiday. I don't think she has anything to do with missions. I have an idea she is Dutch and Mrs. Probst says there are a number of Dutch people up there.

There are a number of bullock carts in Lorenzo Marques, they have yokes on the same as they do in Australia, but there are usually only two bullocks in the cart. Some have 4 and instead of driving them they have a rope tied round their horns and a native leads them and another one will walk along with a stick and hit them. They are big animals with enormous horns. We began to move off again just as our lunch bell went at 12.30.

We are a long way out now and it is very hard to write. Every now and again the boat rolls down on the side till you think you are nearly going to tip off, it is not an altogether pleasant sensation.

Friday May 5th. Last night the boat rolled terribly, at dinner the things slid all about the table, the soup nearly tipped out of our plates. The old Taroba rolled like that all night and it wasn't very nice at all. I slept very little and didn't feel in the best of spirits in the morning, got dressed and up on deck but couldn't get down to breakfast or to lunch. The boat just rolled and rolled.

I managed to get to dinner at night, but didn't stay long, got back on deck. My poor cabin mate gave in a few hours after leaving Lorenzo Marques and never got up at all today.

We could see land most of the time but towards night we lost sight of it. We are travelling in the Mozambique Channel. Lorenzo Marques is counted as the beginning of the Channel. If you can't find Lorenzo Marques on the map it is on Delago Bay.

Saturday May 6th Not quite as rough during the night, had a much better night. We stopped out from Beira, about 6 a.m. We have to wait for the Pilot and the tide here as it is very shallow. It is 10.20 and we are still waiting. We can see Beira in the distance. I suppose the Pilot boat will soon be coming. We do not dock at this port. Passengers just go off on a tug.

It was after 11 a.m. when the Pilot got out to us, They had a great trouble getting on as it was rather rough for the small boats. We were soon moving after the Pilot got on board and we dropped anchor just about 12.30 while we were having lunch.

Then the excitement, rush and bustle, people getting off and people getting on. And all the loading and unloading of cargo and luggage. Quite a number of people got off, but as many got on, more perhaps. Dozens of Indians and Oh! their baggage! I think steerage must be pretty well packed by now. It has been raining such a lot, they must be very uncomfortable.

We did not dock at Beira, so everything had to go off on barges, all cargo and big luggage and the passengers all went in motor boats, such a number were going backwards and forwards, the natives do all the work of carrying etc and they do make a noise about it. They must be awfully strong, the loads they carry. Beira is not much of a place at all. Mr. Probst went to see if he could find out about an old missionary friend of his, and he couldn't find anyone who could speak English.

They are very antiquated, there are no trams, not even horse vehicles, the natives are the only beasts of burden. They have little 2 wheeled affairs, something like a rickshaw, these are run on lines like a tramline and a native pulls it. Mr. Probst says private people must own some as he saw some of them when they got back from a place, would lift the little cart from the rails and carry it in and put it on their verandah.

Sunday 7th May We took up anchor and started on our way again at 10 p.m. last night, Slept very little and it was very rough, the boat rolled back and forth. Nothing to write about. I got on deck, but was too sick even to read. rough and windy all day and quite a chill.

Monday 8th May Teeming with rain when I got up, a real tropical rain, it has stopped now. I slept better and feel better this morning.

We got in sight of land, at about 10.30. At first it was just a mountain here and there, gradually we could see the trees, mostly coconut palms, and then the long sandy stretches of beach, with the white breakers dashing up.

The first thing in the way of building that we got a near view of is an old ruined Fort, you can see green moss growing on the walls. Mrs. Probst told me that when they were there before they were still using it for some purpose. There is a date on it that shows it must have been built before Columbus discovered America and as Mrs. Probst says it appears as if they hadn't gone ahead much since then. The Portuguese are the limit in being behind the times, yet they are intolerably officious. There are a few rather new looking buildings but very few.

The sea is very shallow here and it shows in green streaks across the blue, it is very beautiful. We dropped anchor at 12.30 as at Beira the big boats cannot dock at Mozambique so we were soon surrounded by boats of various kinds, very few motor boats, and the rest were old fashioned things, some looked as though they might have been built just after Noah came out of the Ark. Some big ones with cargo on and they had great huge sails on them, which would have taken some managing to get unfurled. I wish I had my camera out to take some snaps, but I had it packed away. The natives swarmed around us with their little boats, many of them absolutely rotten and nearly falling to pieces. The natives just came swarming all over the deck with their wares, shells, fans, bananas, coconuts and limes, and they also had some lovely coral, but of course one couldn't carry that, it would all get broken.

The shells were really beautiful, we had a lively time, the natives all proclaiming the beauties of their particular shells. There were some great bargains made, it was most amusing. I got some shells, very pretty, I'd like to send some home.

I forgot to say this port is Mozambique, I am glad to say the last Portuguese port. There are quite a number of Portuguese on board now, to our sorrow.

We left Mozambique at about 7 p.m. the next port we stop at is Dar Es Salaam, after that Zanzibar, then Mombasa. We hope to reach that on Friday some time.

Tuesday 9th May Heavy rain again this morning about 7 o'clock now, quite fine and sunny, very hot and glaring. It has rained a part of nearly every day. Nothing exciting.

Wednesday 10th In sight of land again, it looked very pretty quite a lot of cultivated land. We passed a point with a lighthouse on it. Lost sight of land for a while again.

About 11.30 began to appear again and at 7 p.m. we were passing rocks and islands just outside the entrance to Dar Es Salaam. It was very pretty, just about 1.30 p.m. we dropped anchor and had to wait for the side and the Pilot.

The Pilot came on just before 3 p.m. then we proceeded on our way, it was very interesting. We drew in nearer and nearer the town and just close in we had to go through quite a narrow opening, could easily throw a stone onto the land and we nearly touched an old broken boat which the Germans sank during the War, to try and block the entrance to this little harbour. The British pulled the old wreck a little to one side just to leave room for boats to get in. There is no dock so of course the usual craft came out to us. We were much nearer the shore than at the other ports, Beira and Mozambique. Quite a number of passengers went on shore and they said it is very interesting and pretty and well laid out. Of course this is not Portuguese.

The unloading of cargo is going on now to an accompaniment of a dirge like song by one or more of the natives.

We are supposed to leave here by 9 a.m. tomorrow. I hope it's not later. It only takes a few hours to Zanzibar, our next stop-- the last before Mombasa.

Thursday 11th. Most glorious morning Dar es Salaam looked pretty when we entered the day before when all was grey and it was raining. We could hear the bugles going on the land evidently calling the men for drill. We did not leave till 10.30 instead of 9.00

We made good time after we started and got to Zanzibar at about 2.30. All Wednesday night the natives were loading and unloading and they didn't make any noise, not a bit. they yell and shout all the time.

Thursday 13th May Coming in to Zanzibar we went right around the head of the island and in to the town which is on the island, on the mainland side of it. Here, too, all was excitement, passengers and luggage going off on the small boats that came to the side of the ship. Men came on here as at Dar es Salaam with lovely ivory and ebony things, and all sorts of jewellery. The boat is crowded with Indians now. I don't know where they all sleep. Loading went on during the night again so we didn't get much sleep.

We were supposed to leave at 4 a.m. on Friday, but owing to the heavy rain during the day and night of Thursday the work was hindered and it quite 5 a.m. before we left. I had not slept much, as I heard signs of the boats moving off. I sat up and watched operations through the port hole, boat after boat pulled away, some just packed with Indians who had been on board just seeing their friends off. I heard the gangway hauled up, which was a joyful sound as it meant we were off for the last bit of our journey.

I got up early and finished up my packing. By that time the boat was rolling so terribly that I had quite enough of the cabin. I got onto my chair on deck and had to stay there some time. I couldn't face breakfast. It seemed as though we were to have it rougher than ever for the last little stretch.

We could hardly stand on the deck as wave after wave came over the steerage deck and one actually splashed right up over ours which is fairly high. The boat would roll till our side of the deck seemed almost level with the water then up again till the other side went down. It kept on like this all the way to Mombasa.

I went down to lunch, but didn't stay long, the things were sliding about the table and it wasn't very comfortable. When we went up from lunch we could see we were getting in nearer the land and gradually houses appeared and we knew we were nearly in to Mombasa.

Quite a long way out we were met by an outgoing tide of dirty horrible water. It was just as if you had taken a line and separated the dirty grey water from the beautiful blue and it smelt like a dust storm, it was very strange.

This was the result of the storm and rain that they had been having in Mombasa, so much mud and debris had been washed into the sea that the outgoing tide was carrying it out with it.

The harbour looked horrible, just a mass of floating rubbish. Here in the harbour it is just like stagnant water and it is that which make Mombasa the unhealthy place it is.

It was just about 2.30 when we anchored. The Immigration Officers soon came on board and we had to go and show our passports and Immigration Papers and get our permit to land. Mr. Crawford of C.M.S met me on board and made arrangements for everything for me. Said good-bye to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Probst and their children, but I hope to see them shortly again. They had to go to Freretown and stay there, poor things, they had meant to go straight on up country but some of the railway was impassable, so no trains were running.

Mr. Crawford brought me here to the Mission House to stay with Miss Wyatt till Tuesday if the line is open by then.

Saturday May 13th <sup>Went</sup> When with Mr. Crawford in the morning to see to my big baggage and get it through the customs. Had not much trouble and everything looks all right. Went out to the Good's for afternoon tea and tennis afterwards. Enjoyed it very much.

Sunday 14th Early communion Service at 8 a.m. which I attended. This is like the Mission Compound this house a big rambling old place, divided into two now Mr. Crawford has one half, and Miss Wyatt has the other. Of course they both have to entertain people like me coming through, not only C.M.S. but other Societies as well. Then there is the Cathedral in the Mombasa Native High School of which Mr. Good is the head.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur here for afternoon tea. Miss Wyatt and I went for a walk around the sea front afterwards. It is very pretty indeed. It is a very rocky and rugged shore where we went, not a bit like Kilindini where we landed. On our walk we passed the prison. It is a remnant of the Portuguese days here, a huge gloomy looking old place very high with a deep moat or ditch all around it. The walls are moss grown and look centuries old. It is still used as the prison.

Service in the evening here is at 6.30 I went with Miss Wyatt and we had the funny experience of having the electric light go off twice. The first time while we were singing a hymn "O God, how wonderful thou art" The organist bravely went on and the people sang on in the dark till they began mixing up the verses, so we stopped. The organist played a voluntary till the light was fixed again.

Mr. Crawford had just started his sermon and out went the lights again and as he used notes a little he was flabbergasted poor man but he went on as best he could till lights arrived.

Monday 15th Mr. Crawford took me to Freretown in afternoon, went across in a little rowing boat. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Binns and Mrs. Hamshire, also the Probst family who were staying in the A.I.M. house there.

Walked around to English point on the way home and saw Mrs. Kranft's grave. It is very pretty about Freretown, very tropical looking. Went through some of the native quarters in Mombasa on our way.

Tuesday 16th May The day I was supposed to go on by train but no sign of any train running. It is getting quite serious for some people

Spent part of the afternoon with Mrs. Good. She is a dear bright little thing. Went over again in evening to play a game called "Quits" with them. Mr. Crawford there too.

Wednesday 17th Heard this morning that train was going from here at 11 a.m. Lots of people were there at 8.30. They waited and waited and the train never went. It has been raining all day. The train was to go up to a certain point and the train from up country was to come down as far as it could and they would exchange passengers. It would mean some distance to walk between the two points where the trains could go to.

Mr. Crawford has really booked a place for me for tomorrow if there is a train, but now as the one did not go today I might not be able to go tomorrow.

Thursday 18th May Still no train. Rained all morning Mrs. Hamshire came over to Mombasa just before lunch. In the afternoon she took me back with her to Freretown. Thought there might be a train Friday. Mr. Crawford was to let me know in time.

Friday 19th Had a note from Mr. Crawford saying he wouldn't send me till things were more settled. Miss Hillier arrived from Nairobi at 8 a.m. She has come to the Good's. Went to see the Probst family, still waiting for train.

Saturday 20th. the Probst left here at 7.30 to catch a train from Mombasa at 9 a.m. so they are off at last. Mrs. Hamshire and I went to the beach to see them off. I went over at 9.30 to Mombasa to get some things. Stayed till 4 p.m. Miss Hillier, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Good came back with me for a little while.

Sunday 21st. Went to native service at 9 a.m. It is a nice little church, quite a nice congregation of natives, they behave very well in church. Mrs. Hamshire went to service in afternoon. I stayed with Billy, her little 3 year old boy. Went for a walk when it got cool. I have not felt it very hot yet. After tea we had some of the compound natives up to sing hymns for a while.

Monday 22nd. Went to tea at Binn's in afternoon, then went for a walk through some of the native market, saw their cultivation. During the week nothing very exciting occurred. Went for a walk every day after 4 p.m. It is very pretty around Freretown.

Tuesday 23rd a lady Miss Wilson from Zanzibar came to stay. She is on her way to England but meant to have a trip before going home.

Wednesday 24th May Miss Wilson down with fever temperature very high, sent for Doctor from Mombasa.

Thursday 25th Mr. Good came over to take Miss Wilson over to Hospital in Mombasa She was a little better

Friday 26th. Left Freretown at 8 a.m. to begin the last stage of my journey. Rained all the way to Mombasa. Mr. Crawford met me at the boat sheds. Still raining hard so got a motor to go up to the Mission House. Mr Crawford is a grand old man. I have had no bother about my things, he has done everything. I got to work and fixed up all my baggage. Just finished in time to have morning tea with Mr. Crawford. then while he went to the station to see if the train was going at the right time, I went to see Mrs. Good and the wee baby. Such a darling little chap. Miss Hillier will be following later when Mrs. Good is able to do without her.

Mr. Crawford came back to say all was well and train was leaving at 12, so he ordered a rickshaw for luggage and he and I walked to station it was fine for a while. He had booked my place before but I had to get my ticket. I am very comfortable in a 4 berth carriage by myself. We are at Samburu just now, I am writing this while stopped, rather hopeless writing while moving as you can see by the first part. Have passed 5 stations. Got out at Samburu and had proper tea, two boiled eggs and bread and butter and jam and tea. I will have some supper before going to bed. Mrs. Hamshire packed me a hamper of things. Loaf of bread, butter, tin of jam, cakes sausage which she had made for me and Mr. Crawford gave me a tin of sardines and I have got some of my own cake.

It is now 4 p.m. and as you may see we are going again. The scenery is constantly changing. We are getting very high now. It is fairly cool there is not much population just here. Just rough scrubby trees. The line winds in and out so that sometimes the sun is one side of the train and sometimes the other. Earlier we passed over some of the part with the washouts which were not far past Kilindine. They are still working at it, we just had to crawl over this part.

It is just 5 p.m. and we are stopped at another station, McKinnon Road. It is all nicely cleared for quite a big space. the station seems nicely kept and there are flowers growing in a garden. Cosmos of different colours and African marigolds and sunflowers. all about there are banana plantations.

Most of the station masters on this line are Indian. I don't know if the one here is. I take the opportunity to write while we are still. The engine is taking in water here.

Some time after we left Sambaru I saw two little wild animals. I don't know what they were, but they seemed very shy frightened little things, something like a kangaroo, only smaller. I can see two very high mountains in the distance, they came into view soon after Sambaru. I am wishing I knew the names of them, the tops of them are away up in the clouds. We may get closer to them.

Here we are at another station, Manungu and it is 6.15 p.m. It is almost dark now. We have passed by the two big mountains but not very near the very high one. It is all very interesting. I will not write any more tonight, will have my supper after a while, then I suppose I will turn in. Before I had my supper, we got to Voi that is another refreshment place and we stayed there a long time. They were taking in water and fuel, they burn nearly all wood on this railway. I had my supper while there and got my bed ready and as soon as we moved on, I turned in.

Saturday 27th May 7.30 a.m. We are now stopped at Sultan Hamud. I got up just after 6 so that I could see the country. It is lovely hills on each side, nearly all the way, hardly know which side to look. We are almost in the clouds, they are half-way down the hills. I wish I had some one here to tell me what they are. There is a map in the carriage and I keep studying that so I can guess a bit by the position we are in. As of course all the stations are marked clearly. I slept fairly well but woke at every station and they come at about 1 hour intervals.

We have gone through 7 stations between Voi and this one Sultan Hamud. The last one was just about 6 a.m. The next station is Kue and we can get breakfast there. Here we are at another station, Kima. This map must be a bit out of date as there are several stations which are not marked. There is always a little settlement about each station. The line winds between hills sometimes in a half circle.

Kue, 4861 ft. We arrived here at 9 a.m. I got out and had breakfast cost 3/- But it was a good breakfast, the best butter I've tasted since arriving in Africa. The coastal towns get their butter from up the country, nice bacon and eggs. I will have the rest of my meals I think, on the train today. It is too expensive to have many meals out.

We arrived at Ulu at 9.45 am. It is just a siding as we would call it. We are getting higher up now 5251 ft.

Magadi Junction 5426 ft. This is a junction station, nice garden, a mass of flowers, geraniums cosmos, petunias, roses and baby chrysanthemums. It does look so nice since leaving Voi. We have left the big hills behind, and we have been going through undulating grass country with a gradual rise all the time. Occasionally we get glimpses of the big hills in the distance. Just here a little way from the station, I saw an ostrich. I wish it had been closer.

I have not seen any big wild animals. I was hoping I would. Everywhere where there is a little village or Kraal there is mango cultivation, it seems to do well, they keep it well cultivated too. Of course the natives use a lot of maize for food, also rice which I saw growing at Freretown. This seems rather an important station but it is not marked on this map either. I am putting down all the names as I come to them so that you may be able to find them. I don't know if you will find them on an ordinary atlas. Most of the station masters are Indian, but it appears to be mostly natives that do the other work about, changing signals and so forth.

All along the way we pass gangs of native line repairers. At intervals along the line between the stations there are big iron buildings which I surmise are the quarters of these line repairers. There are generally some native huts as well as always the little plots of cultivated land around them. I saw some more ostriches, also some deer. I don't know if they call them deer.

11 a.m. another station Kapite Plains, 5352 ft. From the name you will know what sort of country lies around here, it is quite a large expanse of plain. There is even an Australian gum tree and a lot of trees like that pretty one with the flowers in Nell's yard.

12 a.m. We have just arrived at Athe River, it has been a long stretch since last stop. We passed one station Stoney Athe, without stopping. This is another station with English flowers, mostly petunias. I wish I could write as we go along, but I can't.

Three people got onto the station here I feel somehow as if they may be missionaries, two ladies and a man. Of course he would not be allowed to if it was for a night, but they are getting out at Nairobi.

It is wonderful, this journey. I wish I could write as I go along and describe it all. We got to Nairobi about 1 p.m. and it is now 3 p.m. and we have not left yet. I had my lunch before I got here.

The Secretary, Mr. Rogers was going to meet me here but he has never come. Mr. Crawford was going to send a telegram to him and also to Mr. Wright at Kisumu, as soon as he saw me off yesterday. I don't think Mr. Rogers could have got it but he ought to have done.

Of course it doesn't matter, as I do not have to do anything here. I'm booked right through to Kisumu.

I see by the board on the door that I'm to have some companions for some of the way but perhaps it is not till another station as they haven't come yet. I am rather sorry that I haven't seen Mr. Rogers. Nairobi is 5575 ft.

We left Nairobi at 4.30 p.m. after being there from 1 p.m. Mr. Rogers never came. One lady got in there. Her husband is in another carriage. We had rather a disturbed night as another passenger got in at 12.30 and got out again at 5 a.m. on Sunday morning.

It is wonderful scenery out from Nairobi and we go higher and higher till about 3 a.m. it was rather cold. I believe we were as high as 8000ft. Afterwards we descended gradually till at Kisumu it is only 3000 odd ft.

Sunday 28th May I arrived at Kisumu at 10 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Wright met me at the station and we came up to the house in a car with some other people who had come on the train. It is a wonderful journey and I consider the railway is a wonderful piece of engineering work. I wish I could describe it all but it would take too long.

After dinner and a rest I felt much better. Went to English service at 5 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are the only missionaries here in Kisumu. Mr. Wright does the European work as well as native. Of course he has some native teachers.

Monday 29th May I am not just sure yet when I go on to Maseno it may be today. I spent the day quietly. After 4 p.m. Mr. Wright took me to see the native church and then through the town and down to the lake. It is very pretty looking over the lake. (Lake Victoria) Kisumu is just on a Gulf of the lake. The main part is so large that when crossing it you can lose sight of land altogether, so you can realize a little the size of it. And that is the lake which separates Sister and me.

I think it is decided that I am not to go on to Maseno till Thursday. I am sorry in a way to be at my journey's end, but I must be patient a little longer. Maseno is 18 miles from Kisumu over the hills and it is 1000 ft higher.

Wednesday May 31st I am going to Maseno tomorrow morning by motor car, leaving here at 1. Mrs. Wright is coming with me for company and coming back with some other people who are on their way south

Mrs. Wright took me for a long walk by the Lake last evening where I had not been before. I saw a herd of antelope which live just about the lake, they are quite tame and let you get quite near to them. They are such pretty creatures. We sat on a seat right on the edge of the lake where I could look right across in the direction of Tors, just about where the sun was sinking. I was having my first language lesson from Mr. Wright and also receiving several valuable hints as to my future work.

Mr. Wright has gone to Maseno on his motor bike this morning to attend some meetings. After 4 p.m. Mrs. Wright took me through the native bazaar (that is shops)

Thursday June 1st. Left Kisumu at 7 a.m. by motor for Maseno we arrived there soon after 8 a.m. Some of the road is very rough For a while after leaving Kisumu the road goes along a flat at the foot of the hills, then it begins to wind in and out among the hills, gradually climbing all the time till we reach Maseno. The hills are broken and just a mass of huge boulders of granite rock. I must try and take a snap of one to show you what its like.

This is not like a town at all as Kisumu is. <sup>T</sup>Where are just the School buildings and church, small store and the European dwellings and the boys dormitories and native teachers' houses. There are quite a number of boys in the school. The boys learn to make their own school clothes, cutting out and all.

As I have now come to the end of my journey for the present I will close this diary. It is a pity I have used so little of it. I am really destined to go on to a place called Ng'iya. I am to stay here till I learn the language and get into the way of things, and then they want me to go to Ny'iya and take up women's work there.

It is not possible that I might have gone straight on there. For the present Mr. Pleydell is alone, his wife has not come back yet and of course it is not possible for me to live there till Mrs. Pleydell comes back probably in October.

I think I will like working with them very much more so than here. I have met Mr. Pleydell here. There have been meetings which he had to attend.

As I look out of my window here I have a very nice view. I look out over the garden, a little to the right is Mr. Wright's house, on the slope of the hill with Australian gum trees all about it. Below and straight ahead is a deep valley then it rises again and in the distance is the lake, not so very far off, and on the other side is a background of hills, it is a lovely view.

We get lots of thunder here, nearly every afternoon, the early mornings are lovely.