

Uncle Sam

Letter to me from Aunt D,
writing from the Zambesi

(KMF Scott's handwriting)

On the Zambezi
April 23rd 1925.

Dear Marjorie,

This is our seventh day on the river, and each day has been different, though in some ways the same. At first we were mostly not in the real riverbed at all, but on the overflowed land on the north bank, the men poling, not paddling. There were lovely flowers of all sorts within reach very often, but not much distant view, at least only in bits. The last days we have been in the river proper, so-day with rather overhanging banks, in parts rocky, and with fine woods sloping down to either bank. Yesterday we passed a very beautiful island with palms in between the other trees. Part of the land on south bank looked like a beautiful park.

There are lovely dragonflies and beautiful birds to be seen. In the evening the grey and white kingfishers come out & one sees them

darting over the water and diving for fish.

There are also red wasps or hornets in the Snees at the edge of the river. The men try to keep in among the trees to avoid the rush of the stream, and occasionally a few hornets fly out. You should see the men duck — they are far more afraid of hornets than of snakes. They killed a big watersnake in the shallows the other day with less fuss.

My writing paper does not keep very clean, it gets splashes from the paddles, and insects crawl over it, & bits of leaves fly on to it, when we row into bushes, on account of hugging the shore. The 'induna' keeps a spear in the boat for any such little occurrences.

Miss Pocock's collection of plants grows daily. I found white plumbago near yesterday's lunch place. There are wild plums of a sort growing on some trees. Goodbye, much love from Auntie D.