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Book I Read

"British Airways."

Probably

Knows something to  
Father's letters but

excellent

### A Journey to Cape Town

As my father really is in Africa, I am imagining what it would be like to go to Cape Town. I have tried to find out all about a journey there, and so am writing as if I had really flown there. Before leaving Malta, I went to the Passport Office and signed a form, and was eventually given a passport. On the inside cover, it was "requested and required in the name of his Britannic Majesty," that all those whom it might concern were to allow me to pass freely and without hindrance, and to afford me every assistance and protection of which I might stand in need of. This was signed by the Secretary to the Maltese Imperial Government. All this care taken for my safety is because I am a British Subject. It made me feel very glad to be one. I also wrote to the Lieutenant Governor's office for an exit permit, and it was sent to me two days later saying that I had permission to leave the Island. I then went to the B.O.G.C, and showed them my passport and said that I would like to leave the Island in a month's time. The clerk said "yes," so I went home very pleased.

The next things I thought of were my clothes. I ransacked the lumber room and got out a small valise and my big trunk. In the valise, I put soap, toothpaste, my sponge bag and all the other little necessities. In the trunk I put my clothes. In choosing these, I had to consider the climate. I took ten of each article of various underwear, because in the hot climate you need to change very often, ten pairs of stockings, a pair of stout brogues and two pairs of walking shoes. The clothes I took were mostly summer clothes, but I took some warm things as well in case they should be needed. I didn't forget to take some tablets for airsickness!

In another three weeks time, I received a letter from the B.O.A.C asking me to be at Luga aerodrome at 7 am. the next morning as the "Hannibal" I was flying in would leave at 7.45. The next morning I woke up at 5.30, snatched a hurried breakfast, and was ready at 6.15 when the car came for me. At exactly four minutes past seven, I was at the aerodrome. At 7.45 we were in the air. Malta looks just like a barren rock from the air, from which all vegetation has been burnt by the summer sun.

We arrived at Cairo about 3 hrs later. The next morning we got up at the early hour of 2 am, and at 3 a.m. we started on our flight down the Nile to Wadi Halfa. Looking down on the Nile reminded me of my history lessons when I was taught about Nelson and the Battle of the Nile.

We followed the course of the Nile all the time, when we passed <sup>over</sup> the Pyramids, I thought of all the famous people from their builders down to Napoleon.

We also saw the temple city of Luxor, and the

Assouan Dam. We stopped for a short time at Assuit as we wanted refreshments, and then we passed the Temple of Abu Simbel.

The desert over which we were flying was a dry and sandy plain. We spent the night at Khartoum. I thought of General Gordon's bravery when I passed Khartoum.

An interesting sight in Sudan was the Sudd, which is a swamp formed by the Nile. In it, there floated huge islands of papyrus plant, as big as counties. From plants like these, the early Egyptians made a kind of paper.

We left Khartoum at 6 am on Monday. We continued in the "Hannibal" till we reached Kisumu, where we changed into an "Atalanta". Our next stop was at Juba, but there were other stops made at Kosti and Malakal. All that time, we flew over the endless plains of the Sudan, but sometimes there was a patch of cultivated area. The Nile looked just like a blue ribbon, twisting & turning beneath the African sky. Then we arrived at Juba, where we spent the night in the night at the Imperial Airways' resthouse.

On Tuesday, we started at 5 am, and went on till Entebbe in Uganda. We saw Lake Victoria Nyanza, an enormous inland sea.

The scenery now became tropical. We saw dense jungles with an occasional herd of elephants or some graceful deer, and once, moving like a flash of snow, I glimpsed the flamingoes of Africa. It was still Tuesday, and we stopped at Nairobi, famous for big game hunting, where we slept for the last time in Kenya Colony.

On Wednesday morning we got up while it was

fresh, but it was fresher still when we were 7000 or 8000 feet high. Then we stopped at Mahi. We lunched at Dodoma in another resthouse & slept at Mibeya. We covered 650 miles that day. The next day we flew over Northern & Southern Rhodesia which are named after Cecil Rhodes, the Empire Pioneer. We reached Salisbury on Thursday evening having called at M'Pika & Broken Hill.

On Friday, we had an uneventful flight to the Transvaal, stopping at Bulawayo and Pietersburg, and we spent the night at Johannesburg.

The next day we called at Kimberley which is the centre of the diamond industry, which are embedded in the blue volcanic clay. Unless the selling & buying of diamonds was controlled, so many diamonds would be passed into the world that their value would decrease, and they would be in the second rank of gems.

The part of Africa we were now flying over was less wild. We saw railways & roads which spoke of civilization.

At Victoria West, the clouds were low, and "the tablecloth was on," so we missed seeing Table Mountain.

At last we reached Cape Town.

When I think of how we were able to circle round Malta in a few minutes, & the time it took to cross Africa, I am amazed at Malta's smallness.

Although <sup>Africa & Malta</sup> they are different in size they are both surrounded by water, though of course this has been so <sup>only</sup> since the Suez Canal was cut. How glad I was that I can speak not only Maltese but English as well, ~~as~~ even in this far off land I found that English is spoken.