

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

A VISIT TO CHAMBA.

BY MISS E. D. McDONALD.

"DALHOUSIE" is a delightful holiday, at least I found it so this October—quiet, only a few "boxwalas," but a rare time for picnics and walks! I should like to write a short account of one of our outings when we spent a couple of days at "Chamba," a *native* state. There were three of us in our party, so as it was an eighteen mile walk, we decided to have a dandy between us, so that we could enjoy occasional rides in it.

We started from "Kyber House" (our very comy and jolly holiday abode), at 9 o'clock. A few of the other members of the "family" coming with us a short distance to speed us on our way.

Such fun, and chatter, and messages for Chamba, and instructions as regards *where* to eat our tiffin, etc. The first three miles were somewhat a climb up as far as the "Wood Sheds", and there we entered into a gorgeous wood, and followed a path that led us to Kajear, ten miles from Chamba.

Such heights and depths of wonderful autumnal colourings and every now and again huge boulders of rocks, and then sometimes brisk little clashes of water over the rocks, but on the whole we were surprised how little water we saw. Two of us had cameras, so we made halts at the most picturesque spots and kodaked.

The "dandy walas" added greatly to the picturesqueness of things in their thick homespun clothes,—not seeming too poor, and so cheery, and the "tiffin coolie" who kept muttering *his* bojh was far too much, still enjoyed our joke when we said "*after* tiffin your *bojh* will be as nothing!" They were excited too, and quite keen about a "taswir." We marvelled at the great heights of the trees—all so majestic, and all so well petticoated with coloured creepers, which one is always told, take away the life of the tree, but these trees didn't look any the worse, just a bit more dignified and strong. In the most sunny parts we saw such beautiful maiden hair, so delicate and of such an exquisite green. After descending a great deal but still in the wood we found ourselves at beautiful Kajear where we had tiffin—a most remarkable spot, rather like a beautiful "Park" planted in the midst of the Himalayas, —a smooth green sward, all lights and shades, and in the centre a deep looking lake, with a small island of reeds in it, which *floats* about! Three or four bungalows are there—the Raja's—the Dak bungalow quite distinct. After tiffin we lazed a bit chatting with an occasional hill man or woman (conversation we find in these parts consists of "what's the time?", in our part of the world, Chota Nagpur, it is "where are you going?"). Then off we started again through more woods, still descending until we arrived at the "Saddle"

or "Biscuit Point," (one is supposed to eat biscuits here !!) five miles from Chamba. There we had a most wonderful view of Chamba, and the "Ravi" valley.

Chamba looked such a clean tidy little town, so well protected at its back by the high high Himalayas, and in front perhaps not quite so well protected, but very picturesque, the beautiful blue river Ravi. Down we went, and down and down, (the inside of the one in the dandy feeling *permanently* damaged but each inside righted itself again when in Chamba!) As we descended the contrast of town and mountain became sharper, and the snow heights disappeared. At a little toll gate a syce and a horse we found had come to meet us, for we needed to ascend again a little way to get into the town. *Who* was to first mount the fiery steed! To introduce himself to me, the horse gave me a friendly-kick because I stood at his *back*! Still in spite of this warm welcome, on I got (I *can't* ride!) and started off, but found we had to go up many steps!! the syce hanging on to the horse's tail!! I lived through it, and still live, but it was a sort of last moment feeling, with a dash of having—joined—a circus feeling! We arrived on a large maidan, and then were soon at the "Scotch Mission" bungalow where our kind friends lived who had invited us to Chamba.

Next morning we "did" the town, and visited some of the zenanas, but it happened to be the Raja's Birthday, so the town was *en fête* and all the ladies were visiting the Rani. We saw several of them going to the Feast in their quaint little boxes (like *small* Sedan chairs) with an inch to peep out of! The Rani very kindly sent us an invitation for tea in the afternoon, so we went to a real Purdah Party. Such gorgeous clothes, such jewellery! The Rani's cloak (of course it has its correct name) was made of 70 yards of silk—it stood out like a crinoline, for it was heavy with pearls and other jewels, then her "kurta" underneath was well, and overtrimmed, with jewels, then silk trousers tight at the ankles, and then more heavy ornaments of gold, and of course, hair and face and ears and nose and fingers were all very laden with jewels!—Such sweet refined faces, but sad. Think of living so narrowly, never going out except in the "wee boxes" with an inch of view!

There are very ancient temples in Chamba, and it seemed so strange to find them lit up by electric light—it is difficult to understand how a man's clever mind could fix up electric light and yet not grasp how senseless the worship of gods is—hideous figures, dirty priests—and yet beautiful jewels on the figures.

The Raja is most good to his people, good clean houses, a large Hospital, and he is very sympathetic with the Mission and has great admiration for the mission Doctor who is a greatly loved man by Christians and Non-Christians. The Raja's uncle gave the church to the Mission or rather the means to build the church. Chamba, being a *native* state, we were rather interested in buying stamps which are only of use to send from Chamba!

We visited the Raja's State rooms—very handsomely furnished, and quite English, yet all the furniture has been made in Chamba—most beautifully carved! And we visited the Rani's apartments, not *quite* so English! Then the Residency, where "Maud Diver" once lived! The zenanas all varied, but our welcome was always sure. The Scotch Missionaries seem so greatly loved, and the Indian ladies are always eager for their visits, and are delighted to be taught reading, sewing, knitting and so on! As for the children they love the little school which "Misahiba" arranges for them.

In the town there are only a few Christians. The Indian Padri, who was a convert from a very high Brahmin caste, has great influence for *good*, and one feels a foundation indeed is being laid for the coming of Christ's kingdom.

We left Chamba full of wonderful memories. As we mounted back to Dalhousie, up and up and up, seemingly so much nearer the now become familiar snows salaamed the "Bride" and "Bridegroom"—(the two biggest heights)—we discussed with great zest our so interesting visit to Chamba.

SECOND CONGRESS OF SCANDINAVIAN NURSES, KRISTIANIA—NORWAY.

(From September 6th to 10th, 1923.)

BY KATHERINE OLMSTED.

From *Red Cross Nursing Supplement*.

No one who has not attended a Nurses' meeting in a Scandinavian country can possibly imagine the thrill and the excitement which I felt as I stood on the platform at Gothenburg, Sweden, waiting for the train to Kristiania the day before the opening of "Den 2den Nordiske Sykepleiekongres" (the 2nd Congress of the Scandinavian Sick Nurses).

Nurses seemed everywhere about me, all talking in a most incomprehensible language, all in uniforms, some with long, black, tight fitting coats, small black bonnets with white ties under their chins, others in dark blue dresses with very full skirts and quaint little bonnets, many with Red Cross arm bands, others with varying and different hospital insignia. Many had very pretty soft mull or suisse bonnets, quite large and with fancy ruffles around the face. I soon discovered that these were deaconesses, and that almost all Swedish nurses wear an outside or street uniform, that in Sweden there is not a national nurses' uniform, but that the Deaconesses, Red Cross Nurses and the different hospital nurses wear the uniforms of their own schools.

When the train finally came in I saw it was already fairly bursting with nurses in straight, plain, dark blue suits and small close fitting blue crêpe bonnets with veils down the back. I recognized the national uniform of the Danish Nurses' Association. They all looked so very austere and terribly efficient that I quietly stole in and found a seat in a corner. Not being in