

EPISODE III.  
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Pending. Journeys in Majorca, England, France, Spain,  
Portugal and Morocco, while awaiting Medical  
Board Decisions.  
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After the sequence of experiences during my illness and recuperation as recorded in outline in my letters, March the 18th 1930 found me arriving at Palma-di-Mallorca, capital of Majorca, lovely little Spanish island in the Mediterranean. I spent en route about a week at Barcelona, where I met my dear friend Norman Lamplugh, who had gone there to visit, in particular, the exhibition of that year. He had with him his faithful secretary, and was, as usual travelling in some state. I became his guest, and experienced once again his charming hospitality. We spent very interesting days together, seeing the exhibition, motoring, and purchasing antiques objets d'art of which Norman is such a connoisseur, a taste which in those comparatively "spacious" days he was able freely to indulge. We also visited the famous local Bull Arena. None of us had seen Bull fighting before (except I myself who had seen the very modified form indulged in, in the south of France). Norman's choice of seats being of course in the most select position, all the most sanguinary as well as the most skillful episodes were manoeuvred into position immediately in front of us! In spite of the amazing skill and courage of the men, we certainly did not appreciate the performance, — a bloody and sadistic display it seemed to us for <sup>the</sup> most part, and the avid interest shown by the feminine part of the audience, so dainty and elegant in their lace Mantillas! seemed to us particularly revolting. I have in my time hunted in England and the thrill of the cross country horsemanship,

and the zest of the chase one cannot deny! Yet I always felt that the "kill" was an ugly spectacle, and the ceremony of "blooding" the new initiates, \_\_\_ including young women \_\_\_ a ceremony with hateful implications; even in such a "correct" setting as that of the Belvoir or Blankney Hunts, and in the gracious company of so charming a young woman as Nora P.; with whom I shared for a privileged while such happy experiences in the hunting field.

In this full evening

The following are extracts from a charming, gay, letter from Norah to me, \_\_\_ which arouses for me many happy yet nostalgic memories.

Barnby Manor  
Newark.

Dec 5th 1924

Jimmy my dear, \_\_\_ a thousand thanks for your letter \_\_\_ I do feel awful never having answered it before but I have been leading such a gay and hectic life of late and never seemed to have time to write a long enough one \_\_\_ don't expect this will be either ~~6~~ however. To start with, the wedding was a great show, seems simply years ago now, masses of people came to it and were all awfully cheery. Margaret looked simply topping and was not a bit nervous, in fact calmly told Jim, my uncle who gave her away, not to trip on the carpet going up the aisle ! I've seldom seem such a mess as there was after it, confetti and ries 6 inches deep all over the house. We had a dance afterwards which went quite well. The young couple seem very happy only to be expected of course. I go down there on Monday for 2 or 3 nights they are taking me to the varsity Rugger match on Tuesday which will be great fun and then they come back here for the "Blankey" Hunt Ball which is on the 12th, and Margaret is staying on for the Cadets dance, South Notts Hunt Ball and a huge one at Welbeck and then they come back again for Christmas; nothing but dashing backwards and forwards ! They have got a sweet little house.

My dear, terrific

thrills at Cranwell ! Sammy P. is engaged to Dorothy, and Sadie B. to a man called Shaw, not local ! I wonder how they'll both turn out don't you ? I have been frightfully busy just lately, hardly a night the last fortnight with nothing on - no big dances but just hops & rags. Mum has been away and Margery Slater and another girl have been staying with me & we've fairly

shaken the old place up ! 3.30 most nights and hunting or beagling in the day. I am feeling a complete wreck tonight having been to the Lincolnshire Regiments dance in Lincoln last night with Ralph and hunted today ! It was a jolly good dance and awfully cheery and we dined and went with Eddie Richards, do you know him ? a friend of Ralph's, and a party, and got home at 4.30 a.m. The meet was at Cranwell today and we had a topping hunt, frightfully fast for half an hour over the heath and killed , just like a steeplechase, and another this afternoon also on the heath. We have had so much rain the Vale is almost under water and really too heavy to hunt over, so they kept on top on purpose. Col. Willy had rotten luck the other day, ragging about trying to do a rodeo stunt round a bullock, his horse slipped up, and he broke his collar-bone. He will be off a horse for at least another week and comes out now in a pony trap. They have had a pretty good season up to date, hope it continues ! My old horse is going toppingly this year and awfully full of himself. We have nothing for Jock yet this season and are thinking of hiring when he is here. Jimmy, on looking at your letter again I see you are still looking for a home for Paddy,; May I consult Mum about it and then if the home is still wanting, I could find out from your brother as you say, Would you like us to keep him for you ? Sounds awfully generous of us -- I don't think \_\_\_ but if you would'nt mind Jock hunting him I thought it sounded rather a good idea \_\_\_ On reading, it sounds rather complicated but do say if you don't think it workable. Do hope you are getting on well with the natives or who ever you are prowling about amongst; I hope they are not fierce ! Do write again soon and let me know how you are getting on. By the way Christmas seems to be drawing nigh so I'd better wish you all the best now. I hope this will get there in time and that you will have a cheery one. Doesn't seem to be any more news and I must away to bed. Night Night and all good wishes for Christmas.

Yours ever  
Norah.

This letter reached me in the Middst of an Iraqian desert and was a particularly pleasant reminder of my home land; nevertheless for all mypleasant memories of the hunting field, yet in watching the Spanish bull fighting, I did realize again this subtle appeal

to blood lust, - but intensified to a sinister degree. We three more English men came away feeling rather sick, and very angry. Prior to my arrival in Barcelona, I had already spent a few days in Paris, as the guest of my friend Hugo Townshend, a charming young man, of intelligent outlook and artistic talent, who had an attractive flat in a (to me) rather exotic corner of the Latin Quarter. I met pleasant company and passed a gay and companionable visit, albeit of all too brief duration.

I crossed from Barcelona by night in one of the comfortable little ships which ply this route and joined my parents, who were staying at a small hotel, charmingly situated, upon a rocky eminence jutting into the sea at Calamayor, a few miles along a coast road near Palma.

Later on we moved into the Grand Hotel in the city of Palma itself, such a charming city, dominated by its handsome, even if rather ponderously built, cathedral, and full of fine colonaded mansions, picturesque cottages and winding streets. Of the cathedral I have a particularly unforgettable memory. During lent, it is the custom in many parts of Spain to carry out each evening great processions of "penitents" These people are garbed in strange apparel, - a monklike robe, with a heavy cowl over the head, rising to a high point, and and covering the whole

face except for small eye-holes. In some sections of the procession these robes were black in others dark brown, and a few white. I do not know what the differences signify. The whole effect of these long solemn processions carrying candles, and chanting mournfully, was most impressive; and rather sinister in its resemblance to ancient rites of the Inquisition! On Easter Eve, just before midnight, all these processions in Palma converge upon the Cathedral. The interior of this vast and solemn building is kept in total darkness except for the flicker of candles here and there. There is no music and no sound except for the soft rather frightening sound of hundreds of shuffling feet. At last the whole cathedral is filled to overflowing with a great shadowy crowd, kneeling in silent prayer for the forgiveness of their sins. Then, with an effect of almost nerve chattering drama, as midnight strikes, all lights in the cathedral suddenly blaze forth, and triumphant music bursts from the organ and the hidden choirs. There are cries of "Christ is risen" as with a surge the whole great congregation rises to its feet, in an united chant of praise, mixed with the sobbing of thankful people who believe their grievous charge of sin in the past year, to have been pardoned. One could not help being deeply moved by the faith and pathos of this profound human emotion.

My parents made Palma their base; but I myself took for sometime a small cottage at a little village at Soller Puerto, across on the opposite side of the island. This cottage I shared with Dick, a young American artist friend of mine. Dick had a considerable "flair" for colourful landscape painting, and in addition was himself a colourful personality; whimsical, a cheerful companion, and with a very individual outlook on life. Two youthful American pals of his shared another cottage not far from ours, and we made a happy quartet together.

Alas! with the passing of years and the confusion of wars, I have now lost touch with them all. However those are particularly happy days to look back upon; — rambling in the hills, bathing in little secluded bays, picnic suppers shared in one or other of our cottages, and congenial chats, far into the night, by the light of the moon, or the gentle glow of <sup>out</sup> one and only household lamp.

Once or twice my dear parents came over for the day and enjoyed it. The journey from Palma to Soller was in itself a delight, either by car, or by the little electric mountain railway. One passed in either case through lovely scenery; first the level fertile land behind Palma, then the rugged tree<sup>s</sup>covered mountain ridges of the interior, — by car passing close to the cottage where "George Sand" and Chopin had their strange romance — and then out by a gentle descent to the blues, and greens, and the sandy gold of peaceful Soller Bay.

It was while on one of these visits that my father was stricken by one of those sudden attacks of internal cramp, from which he occasionally suffered. He always made light of these attacks; and little did we then suspect their grave implications. Later I returned to Palma. There were luncheons out at the hotel Reina Victoria and often again long congenial talks with my father, and cosy occasions with my beloved Mother; and although unfortunately she was again frail and often far from well, we did some interesting shopping excursions including the purchase of some of the remarkably lovely "Majorcan Pearls". There was a special event also when an evening dress I had bought for her in London, as a surprise, duly arrived, was tried on, and greatly approved.

Time passed happily — but at last I was faced again with my orders to return to England for further medical examination.

Just before I left Hugo T., my host of Paris days came to pay us a visit at the Grand Hotel, and he was a welcome guest. On Sunday, April 27th 1930, I set off again for London, and a letter follows now which I wrote from Paris on my way to England.

Letter to H.R.J. & M.E.J. from Hotel Terminus Nord, Paris, dated 29.4.30.

" Behold me now well on my way back to my home country. Yet at the moment I feel that a certain island called Majorca is my home land, and so it will remain till Saturday next when you transfer my homing instincts with you elsewhere.

"I had a comfortable night last night in my second class sleeper. I woke soon after 7.30 with comfortable time to wash, shave, and dress before reaching Paris at 9.a.m.

"It is strange to think of you still carrying on the same routine at Palma. I think one would have to search far to find three people more sincerely well disposed to one another than we three! and this in spite of certain very ingrained differences in disposition and attitude to life. It is not surprising that with such divergences a little friction is recurrent from time to time! It is more surprising how unimportant these differences seem to the main fact of our attachment to one another. I am no judge of others, but for myself you must please forgive me for being,—myself! I shall never be anything different now, I am afraid dear people! In my mental processes I have always been rather an oddly isolated creature. I have lived very much alone in my mind, and that has led me to seek personal isolation also, and this I had achieved during <sup>the past</sup> few years rather happily. Don't please imagine that I am particularly fond of discomfort, or of loneliness as such, but it is far better than certain other ways of living. To live at any one else's disposal,

or to be in constant contact with an uncongenial crowd fills me with a desolating disquiet.

"Life has been a curious and at times a rather frightening experience, but it has also revealed to me moments of understanding which are worth all the rest. One seems always to be searching for something, and then there are just brief seconds in which one seems on the verge of realisation. Perhaps one cannot fully realise and remain living too.

"I know very well that I am in many ways "different". Partly it is the difference that affects all of us who have been through the War years — things one has seen, and heard, and had to do. One sometimes sees and hears it all again. That is what is the matter with so many of us at whom comfortable people are politely surprised and disapproving. It is no excuse, but it is just an inevitable fact of cause and effect, and it is quite silly of the comfortable people to be surprised; but with me as you know there is also my silly self to contend with. I can remember as a small boy crying for hours one night because I had discovered in a dictionary the meaning of the word harlot. I used to pray for hours as a small boy. Now I have no formalized religion; but I still have a deep reverence for that nameless power which urges one to seek that nobleness in living, which at moments one almost seems to find."

In England I again saw friends and relations and there was a kindly welcome for me from my uncle Leo and his good wife and family of five rapidly growing up children; the three boys and the twin girls. I had, and have, a deep affection for them all. Amongst my life's treasures is the memory of them all in the midst of the dear setting of "Moyses", and old world, truly English home, around them their garden,

the orchard, a few fields, and their tiny private forest in its quiet dell; and in the background, whatever other domestics came and went, always the faithful "nanny" and her equally faithful husband.

All that has gone now, and for me even the closeness of its memory seemed to go when my uncle, its center and inspiration, passed onwards as all must. England as I revisited it recently after fifteen years abroad, was a stranger — dear, and brave, and lovely still — but with a shadow of war, of disruption, and change upon her. Nor has this shadow left untouched the developing characters of those young people whom I used to know. There is a strangeness and uncertainty; though my sympathetic affections for them cannot in fact be altered at all.

All this change in outlook is understandable enough. Some of the changes indeed promise well if within them there is maintained some spirituality of inspiration. Long existing social injustice is faced with candid awareness, and drastic legislation for reform. Yet withal there seems a coldness of method, and an unmorality of mere man made law. In a fanatical urge for change the good things of tradition are being swept away together with the bad. The old accepted decencies, the "friendly" idealisms, self respect, kindness, sense of humour, integrity, and so on, are by too many — as it seems to me — regarded quite cynically. These ordinary human virtues are treated with contempt as being weak and unrealistic; which of course they are, if life is to be regarded from a materialistic standpoint only. Ruthlessness and egoism have a grim hold upon the mind of too many young "reformers". I do not think that the ordinary bodily moralities are less. Ideas are franker, relationships freer and less prudish, but that is to the good. No, it is not these warmer frailties of the body which have the main power to undermine human progress,

but it is the cold and bleak unspiritualities of the mind which can make abortive all that science and its terrific knowledge is making possible to man, and which if used merely egotistically must lead to disintegration. Into this perverse whirlpool are also drawn a number of decent yet befogged sentimentalists, misled by the unscrupulous arguments of so called reformers, thus helping, by a violent pendulum swing to replace one evil by another more extreme evil, the evil of communism.

In England, apart from personal contacts, it was again with R.A.F. Medical Boards that I was concerned, and again they postponed any definite decision, but gave me instead a further period of sick leave.

On Wednesday May 14th 1930, I arrived at Hendaye in France, just at the frontier with Spain. There is a bridge over a narrow river which marks the contact point of the two countries, and across the bridge is Fuentarobia, an old world very Spanish looking little town, contrasting markedly with French-Basque Hendaye.

My parents by then were already settled into the Continental Hotel where I joined them. The hotel though unpretentious was large with good rooms and solid comfort, an excellent base for a quiet sojourn. The country around was not notably beautiful and rather flat; but the beach was good, and we had pleasant outings to St. Jean-de-Luz (then still not too large a place) to Biarritz and to St. Sebastian in Spain. We came to know a pleasant French family, and I also made a pleasant friendship with a young Norwegian, Thorolf Haug. He proved an interesting conversationalist and companion. In appearance he was a typical "blond Viking" type, and of gentle disposition. For many years we

kept up a correspondence; and when last we exchanged letters he was in America and I had returned to Egypt. Then came the second World War — and I have not heard of him since. I still have hope perhaps we may meet again some day. The pleasant interlude at Hendaye soon reached its close, and I found myself back in London, and once more at the disposal of the medical authorities. While the latter were again contemplating their decision, I had an active time contacting friends. The most memorable of these episodes was a motor tour with Bobby Jope Slade in my native county of Cornwall. Bobby had rented a cottage at South Hæle, Hartland; and at Exeter station (July 26th) he met me to convey me thither. It was a lovely remote spot, where I spent ideal days with him, bathing, walking, or merely reposing, but always in the happy consciousness of our deep mutual friendship, already then dating back many years. Originally we met in R.A.F. Service conditions in early days in Egypt, and had been in and out of one another's life ever since. Our last holiday together, of any duration, had been when Bobby came to stay with us at Levanto in Italy; and now again as ever we rejoiced to be together, and as we toured in the car around the highways and byways of Cornwall we were very happy and very care-free. Now Bobby is dead; he gave his life in this last war; all his restless spiritual seeking, his impatience of all meanness, and his many talents, silenced and lost for ever, drowned in the sea in an aircraft lost at night. Dear friend of many shared years and adventures, may he rest in peace.

Other happy memories are of my further visits to the Old Court House, the lovely home at Hampton Court of my good friend Norman Lamplugh. Very appropriately it was widely known as the little palace of Hampton Court; for a palace it was indeed in the treasures of fine furniture, pictures, silver, and curious antiques, which it housed

within its stately interior; and over all presided the gracious and courtly personality of Norman himself, dignified, wise, and kind. That home also is now no more; but Norman himself after appalling experiences in the bombing of London still is with us to preside over a home in Kensington, smaller, but equally gracious in atmosphere. He is now not so young, for he is very many years my senior — but his spirit is as young as ever.

Yet again my doctors postponed their final decision; and so in August 1930 I found myself on my way to Argeles-Gazost in the Pyrenees, where my parents now had their pied-à-terre. Argeles was a great contrast from Hendaye, and of it I have a memory of wooded mountain slopes, cascading waterfalls, and of rocky heights, glistening with the snow drifts still upon them; and especially I recall a motor run over the Col de Tourmalet pass, with its magnificent outlook. Then there were daily strolls including my favourite ramble by way of the Arun Valley and up a steep wooded hill, to another vantage point for a gracious panorama. Amidst the trees, shepp and goats were often grazing, and there was a picturesque young shepherd lad who sometimes used to appear with the unexpectedness of a forest Faun, and then lie on the grass near me chatting amusingly in his rather difficult Patois of French.

My father was far my superior in energy, and there was hardly a place of interest or mountain pinnacle reachable on legs to which he did not attain! — setting off in an ancient but appropriate tweed suit of his, and carrying light refreshments, and always a note book, pencil, and some small volume either of poetry, — often Bridges "Testament of Beauty", or a Greek classic as companions. He was by then approaching his 68th birthday, young as years are counted in these days, and a gracious example of "mens sana in corpore sano".

In due course we decided to move on, with Madrid as our first objective. The rumblings and rumours of the coming revolution had already started, but we did not allow even the disconcerting report of an attack on the railway to dismay us unduly, and on September the 21st, we set off by train for Saragossa. The journey involved two early changes, at Lourdes and at Pau. Scenery was at first interesting and beautiful as far as Canfranc, where we changed trains again. After this the country altered very much, becoming marsh and parched. The town of Jarca — the reputed scene of a local uprising, proved quiet though unattractive. At Saragossa, we stayed a couple of days only at the Grand Hotel. Poor little Mother was tired by her journey, and a bit cross! But I myself wandered around the town a good deal; and of course saw the two main churches, El Seo, and the handsome El Pilar. Our journey on to Madrid was longish but not difficult. The scenery became remarkable though still bleak and arid, with stark looking hills and desert like spaces. We reached Madrid at 10.p.m., all rather tired, and one was rather concerned for my Mother after so long a day in the train. Our hotel, the Hotel National, was comfortable and central. Madrid weather was very hot — not that I minded that! My Memories of Madrid are of particular interest to me. I had introductions at our Embassy there and was kindly received by the Military Attaché, though our Ambassador himself was away. Through our Embassy's Courtesy, my parents and I were invited to see over the famous Royal Palace. The King was away from Madrid, but in a small party we were shown over the great building, including its vast Throne Room, and the peculiar "porcelain chamber" which is a great room with the walls and ceilings all encrusted with porcelain. I think it is unique of its sort.

The palace building was started, I am told, in 1738 by architect Juan Sachetti, and Charles III was the first king to take up residence there in 1764 .

On another occasion we motored out to the Escorial. It is some forty miles from Madrid, through an attractive country side. It is situated in a dominant position, and is hugely impressive in its size and majestic architecture. The Escorial is I think one of the world's largest historic buildings. It is a palace and also a great monastery and mausoleum; here almost all Spain's Kings and Queens have been entombed. Having been duly impressed by Escorial's magnificence, we then had tea at the nearby Hotel Victoria, and watched soldiers being drilled in a neighbouring regimental courtyard. On our homeward way, we halted for a while at the Molinero restaurant, and sipped an agreeable vermouth to the sound of gay music.

For me a most interesting occasion was my visit to the Spanish War Office, to call upon my good friend Aviation Colonel Franco. He was in fact a brother of the man who later, after the revolution, was to become Caudillo of Spain. My Colonel Franco had been my guest for about a fortnight some years previously when he, on a long distance flight, had forced-landed near Basra, where at the time I was stationed as S.S.O. His aircraft needed repair,, and while this was being done Franco lived in my house at Basra. At the War Office I was handsomely recieved and became guest at a friendly luncheon party.

Later on my father and I visited the Prado Picture Gallery, and were of course especially interested in the Goya pictures,— not that I altogether appreciated most of the pictures of this artist, often so weird and sinister — but because of the friendship which had existed between him and an ancestor of mine, my great great grandfather Templeton, who was himself an R.A. of distinction.

That same evening my parents and I had tea at the sumptuous Ritz Hotel and then a stroll in Madrid's Central Park. The buildings of the imposing University City we admired from afar, little realising that within so short a future time they would be utterly destroyed in the dreadful revolutionary fighting, which turned the Madrid streets into a shambles and was responsible for incredible cruelties on both sides. Our hotel was to be one of the many buildings badly damaged by shell fire; — and the resting place of Spain's Royal dead in the Escorial was to be desecrated, examples of grim coming events and a terrible indication of what the whole of our world was soon to experience in another war.

Our next journey was to Lisbon by train. It was mainly a night journey, and our coupe-lits were comfortable enough though a little cramped in space. I remember in the early morning looking out interestedly upon the town of Badajoz, and remembering the historic siege. In the latter part of the journey the railway follows the line of the Tagus river. On arriving in Lisbon we were disconcerted to hear that the hotel in which we had intended to stay had just been burnt down! However we found satisfactory alternative accommodation. We stayed in Lisbon only few nights and I saw only a little of the city, with its handsome old buildings, spacious squares, and fine ruined cathedral, magnificently desolate.

Then we went on to Mont Estoril where we settled into the Hotel Stella d'Italia. Mont Estoril is reached by a small railway along the coast and is on high ground beyond Estoril itself. At Estoril the new Casino and fine new hotel were still in course of construction, and actually opened during the latter weeks of our stay. Again I had letters of introduction to our Embassy, and as a result I was most hospitably welcomed by our Ambassador and Lady Lindley.

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\*Note: The following is a little note from Alice Lindley about some photos I took at Palmella.

British Embassy

Lisbon.

Tuesday.

Thank you so much for the photographs. They are splendid, especially the ones of the view. What a good lens you must have. If you are not busy, Daddy would so like you to lunch here on Thursday at 1 - 15. Just ring up, if you can. Thank you again for the photos.

Yours Sincerely.

Alice Lindley.

They were a charming couple, and I shall always remember them as outstanding for the graciousness of the diplomatic atmosphere which they created around them, without any of that rather cynical and pompous tendency which alas many of the diplomats whom one has met seem to affect. It happened that the Duchess of Norfolk was staying at the Embassy with her daughters, the Ladies Rachel and Catherine Howard, and Lady Angela Scott. Together with the Lindley daughters they made a very cheery party. Alice Lindley, I remember, as a particularly interesting young woman. We all went out together on various jaunts, including visits to our little casino at Mont Esteril after which they visited our hotel where we had as a fellow guest Major Keith Simmonds an Attaché from the Madrid Embassy.

On one occasion we all, including the Duchess, our Ambassador and his wife, went for the afternoon to Palmella Castle. We crossed the Tagus in the Embassy Launch and thence by car to Setubal. Palmella is a lovely old place of grey walls, turrets, and fine terraces with a splendid outlook over the sea and surrounding country. The castle is the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Palmella, <sup>of</sup> an ancient royalist family. We were shown round the castle, had tea at the terrace and spent a most agreeable time. Besides dining and lunching at our Embassy, several times, I also went to a Ball there which was a very handsome occasion. My host introduced me to a number of Portuguese personalities, including a much beribboned Air Force General. As a result of this I was later taken by two Portuguese Liaison Officers, — their names were I think St.'Ana, and Avila — to an aerodrome just outside Lisbon and was kindly entertained. There was also with us one of our Embassy Secretaries, named if I remember rightly Hamilton Gordon. He too was helpful — but always rather too assertively a "diplomat" for "ordinary" folk like myself to find him very congenial.

Next is an extract of a note to me from Hamilton Gordon about our visit to Alverca Aerodrome.

British Embassy  
Lisbon.

Oct. 23. 1930.

Dear James.

I have asked Sant' Ana and Avila to lunch with me (34. Rua Domingos Sequeira, 4th floor left) at 1.0 p.m. sharp tomorrow and we will all go out to Alverca in my car afterwards. You will lunch too? Good. If O.K. don't bother to acknowledge. Cheerch.

H.G.

Later on after the large new hotel at Estoril had been opened, Keith Simmonds and I gave a small party there; to which besides a man friend of Simmonds, our guests were the two elder Lindley girls, Rachel and Catherine Howard; and Angela Scott. We met other friends after dinner and the evening was all rather fun.

Of course I did not fail to visit Pêva Castle at Cintra more than once. It is the very picture of romance, and of what some "fairy Castle" might be expected to be like. Perched at the very topmost peak of a lofty mountain ridge, its towers enhancing the grandeur of its setting, its outlook is over gradual wooded slopes on one side, and on the other side over almost sheer precipices to the sea. It can be seen from far out by passing ships, and I myself have been thus thrilled by the castle several times both before and since these days of my visits to it. It was from Cintra that the Portuguese Royal Family made their dramatic escape by secret paths to the sea-shore, at the time of the great revolution. My father and I also walked along the coast to the light-house at Cascaes, and to the Bay of the Boca d'Inferno, a rather grim rocky place, where at intervals from a deep cavernous hole, situated at what seems a long distance from the sea, a great spurt of water arises with a roar. Actually there is a long underground cave to the sea, along which the huge Atlantic waves force masses of water from time to time. One day I went out fishing with a friend of mine. We went in a small sailing vessel, the property of two sturdy young fishermen, clad in their picturesque dress, close fitting trousers, brightly coloured shirts and gay fishermen's cap, jauntily worn with the tassel over one ear. I enjoyed the outing, but the large Atlantic seas were rather much for my friend, who felt far from well! I was also entertained by members of Lisbon's British Community, and at a Club near a place called I think Belem.

On Saturday November the 8th, to celebrate my father's 68th birthday, we all set off by car for Mafra Castle. We had lunch picnic-wise in a wood, and then on to the huge mass of Mafra. It is similar in appearance to the Escorial, and was built I am told to out do it in size. It covers an even greater area, but is less well proportioned, and the interior less stately. It was also showing sad signs of delapidation and decay. It was however a most impressive place.

An expedition my father and I did to Azenho-Do-Mar was also congenial, though the place when we reached it was rather gloomy of aspect; but the terrific Atlantic rollers breaking upon the coastline were magnificent to see.

My last outing in company with our Embassy folk was to visit the British Sloop, H.M.S. Scarborough, making a courtesy visit to Lisbon. Our Navy hosts extended their usual cordial and convivial hospitality. A cheering final episode!

On the whole our period in Portugal is pleasant to remember, though it lacked the peace and tranquility of mind and setting which had been the particular charm of Argeles-Gazost, and was to be afterwards of Algeceras.

Our journey on to Séville was a rather complicated affair. After a night in Lisbon we made an early start, crossing the Tagus in a ferry to Barricco, and then into a train which we found uncomfortably crowded even though our own seats had been duly reserved. At Villa Reale Di St. Antonio we crossed the river Guadiana by another ferry, and thereafter entered an autobus comfortable and roomy, at 5.30 p.m.; at 7.30 we paused for dinner at a nice little hotel at Huelva. Seville we reached at 10.15 p.m., quite a long day's journey.

Our hotel, the "Inglaterra" was comfortable and pleasantly welcoming. The town of Seville stirred me greatly with its fine old

buildings with strange narrow streets between them and jutting windows often decorated with elaborately fashioned iron bars. The famous Alcazar and its Moorish Arab history, of course stirred me very much; and the cathedral had all the sombre dignity of Spanish religious influence. It was perhaps our casual wanderings about the byways, and amongst quaint shops that charmed me most. Here in my Cairo flat today I still have Spanish fans, bought at that time for my Mother, and a walking stick bought for me in Seville by my father.

Unfortunately however I developed a bad cold and this made my visit a little less congenial; though we managed to see very much of interest including fine pictures in the Museo Di Bellas Artes.

We finelly left Seville in the early morning of Sunday December 7th. Again we travelled by motor-coach, but our start was a little gloomy for there was very cold wind and depressing rain. There was also a mist, and roads were greasy, so that we skidded somewhat, once rather alarmingly. However at Jerez — in the midst of the "Sherry country" things cheered up, and we stopped for a while to drink coffee, and some of the warming local wine! The countryside was interesting but rather desolate looking, and in one area we passed again through heavy fog. Some considerable time before reaching Algeciras, we could see ahead of us the looming shape of Gibraltar's great rock. This was quite a new aspect, for usually I had only seen it when approaching from the sea. We knew that the famous hotel the "Reina Christina" had been burned down some time previously, and we were booked in another local hotel, which we found a bleak and unattractive place. However, luckily, we chanced upon an Inn, small and picturesque which we ventured to try. It turned out to be clean and most congenial, and there we decided to remain. Algeciras weliked, and we had an introduction to

an English family, the Morrisons, who had a very nice Spanish type villa, and were most hospitably inclined. There were pleasing local walks, and sometimes we would cross the Bay in the ferry, and spend the day in Gibraltar. We were all in a happy mood. In due course my father and I after discussion first with my Mother, decided upon a little tête à tête outing together across to Tangier on the African Coast, and on wednesday December 17th we duly embarked upon the cross channel steamer, and in three hours arrived at Tangier where we stayed at the Hotel Continental. The aspect of Tangier, as one approached from the sea was fascinating, its tiers of white houses climbing strikingly up the hillside in the foreground, and behind them the great tree-covered mass of "The Mountain". We passed only two days in Tangier, exploring the Casbah, the Town, and a little of the inland suburbs, we liked <sup>it</sup> all very much. Thence we motored to Tetuan, in Spanish Morocco, by way of rather barren terrain and over a pass into a mountainous district. At Tetuan we stayed the night at the Hotel Alfonso XIII, since renamed. Being a Friday, the local Sultan made a formal progress through the streets to the Mosque, a picturesque ceremony. In Morocco I was struck by notable differences from Egypt in the Arab dress, in particular the sack like cloaks of the men, sometimes richly embroidered; and the strange large, rather Mexican looking straw hats which most women seem to wear atop their heavy veillings.

The weather in Tetuan was colder than in Tangier, with overcast sky and a cold wind. Our next day's drive to Ceuta was easy and pleasant after an early start. At 9.30 a.m. we went on board another little steamer, and after a rather stormy passage, arrived safely back at Algeciras at about 11.30 p.m. where we found my Mother awaiting us in happy mood, and with a cosy welcome for us at our small hotel; — and so the days passed to Christmas Eve of 1930; to be, though we little

realised it, our last Christmas tide together. I well remember how nostalgic church bells, and the chanting of groups of young people passing in the streets kept me awake most of that night, and though the sounds were not unhappy, yet I remember that they filled me with a strange uneasiness and an inexplicable forboding which I have never forgotten. Xmas day we spent happily together, the day starting with a cheerful event at 9.00 a.m. when we assembled the three of us together, for the opening of Xmas gifts. As for weather, that was not very cheery, as the rain poured down with ever increasing violence throughout the day; but we did not let that disconcert us!

On Sunday December 28th after crossing to Gibraltar, I embarked in the Oronsay for London, summoned to hear at last the final verdict of the R.A.F. Medical Authorities as to my future fate. My father came to see me off, and as usual his kindly efficient presence helped me much. Before embarking I had arranged a passage also for my young cousin Trevenen James to join my ship at Plymouth. He was still a lad, and had not before voyaged in any large vessel. He was much entertained by the experience, and made for me a congenial and cheering companion for the last lap of my journey from Plymouth to Tilbury.

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The letter which comes now is from Trevenen James this young cousin of mine ; it was written at a later date just before he took his commission in the R.A.F. Trev was flying bombers all through this last World War of ours. He did exceedingly well, and is , thank Goodness, one of the few of those gallant lads who have survived those long grim years. He has said that it was at my inspiration that he took to Service flying as a Career and the privilege of this generous tribute I deeply appreciate.

Moyses,  
Five Ashes  
Sussex.  
1st March 1935

Dear Old Huck.

Good news has been received from the Air Ministry. I shall be required to join up sometime in April at the earliest, and I am awaiting further particulars as to uniform, station etc. I should like you to know what a very real help your friendship has been to me during these recent rather discouraging years, and I shall never forget all you have done for me. I am off to Horsham till Sunday after which I shall hope to see you before you leave on your travels. All the very best to you Huck old thing.

Yours ever with affection.

Trev.