

Papers of Hugh Dalton:
Original Manuscript Diary

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Diary - Summer 1928.

Aug 1st.

R from London to Bruges. Handy
a journey at all! Leave Victoria
10 am. arrive Bruges, via
Ostend, at 5 pm. Uncle Arthur,
Aunt Lottie going through to
Brussels. Aunt sick on the
boat, the only sufferer.

That evening in London I see
Peacock, who wants me to go
to fatherhood, but is a little
doubtful & cautious.

Aug 2nd.

I follow R to Bruges by same
train. Very smooth crossing. Chaulet
with me. Fulton also on
the boat going through to Munich.
I have advised him to spend time
later in the Detrital.

At Bruges, R & I at Chaulet
stay at the Hotel St George. Cheap
& unexciting, but well placed, near
the Parade (justing the street (gilded
like Danzig) & the Chapel of the Holy
Blood.

Bruges is very full of English &
Americans. The shops are, therefore,
full of trash. But it is well
worth two days, though not
more. The views along the
canals, ~~and~~ especially in sunshine,
with very clear reflections of
green trees & painted gabled
houses, are quite attractive. But
it is not so good, by a long
chalk, as Danzig, & recently
Cambridge & the backs more
than Venice, to which it is
often compared.

The Caillon, every square of an hour, is a jolly feature of the town. ~~For~~ on Wednesdays & Saturdays there is a bell concert, lasting an hour.

Aug 3rd.

Chaleton goes onto Brussels. He has been very happy & gay here, has been initiated into the lodge, & sitting about like Lafer, chewing meals out of doors.

Aug 4th.

We go onto Brussels.

Aug 4th - 11th.

At Brussels (Hotel Wilton, Avenue Louise quite good value). My first international. Belgian organisation very good. Maison du Peuple is an admirable institution - Socialist, Paul Viseur & cooperative enterprise, jointly.

Strong British delegation, headed by Uncle. Foreign comment on absence of J.K.M. "Did no one tell him before he left Canada that there was an Int^l at Brussels?" Trenchard, Hodley & C.P. Vinton on Comm - I (world pol^l situation); myself, Brockway & Rennie Smith on II (Militarism & Disarmament); Olivia Paton & G.L. on III (Colonies); Henderson, Morrison & Carmichael on orgn; Susan Lawrence, Ken Dolan & his prisoner women Int^l; also in attendance Ammon, Snell, Dolan, Thorne, Haydon, Jack Jones, Gaul (S.D.F. from Toronto), Abbott & Moore (Lancs I.L.P.), Mrs Harrison Bell, American Militia, Ken Bell Richards (no sign of American anti-France), Zilly & Ganga, Mary Conlin,

Cynthia Mosley, hairdresser, (in a bright blue skirt) Mrs Henderson, Alf Short & wife, Stoccombe, Bob Williams, Mellor, Gillies, with Henderson, Mrs Monitor, (rather ingenue), Charleton, Silva (from Ceylon), a man from Trinidad, another from India, Fred Jovett (rather conscious of being out of it), Sam March & Mrs March (Very hot tippi against a Belgian background). I tell Sam not to bother about his centimes, she says to me, as I meet them outside a tea shop. "Very clean & respectable" she says. "I don't like things rough".) Camp for ^{two days etc} on Sunday, Aug 5, a great march part of International Treaty with athletes & silk banners, (the medical guilds still live), Quite

a clutch in the throat when the German youth marches past, with music playing. (The Belgian reactionary press raise a great howl at this, "only 14 years after the German entry into Brussels!" & "the same Russian music!") A Workers' Guard, with stout sticks, marches with the procession, originally a defence against fascists, who, I fancy, are really negligible, but who once threatened to destroy the Mouvement du Peuple. The whole procession takes nearly three hours to pass, contingents from all over Belgium, and also French, Czechs, Austrians & Germans. Very impressive. But where are the opposing faces of reaction? Invisible but terribly real. The

Belgium, & some other Continental socialists, can't understand how sport, & even gymnastics, can be non-political. They see the class struggle everywhere. They would, I suppose, regard Tottenham Hotspur as a bourgeois institution!

During the march past G.L. leads the clapping & cheering in our group, assisted by Pat Dolan & me. Ammen & others work rather inhibited & correct.

On Sunday, Aug 5th, Uncle made his inaugural speech as President of the International. The Hall is full. The British & American delegations on the platform, rather cut off, to facilitate translation. Uncle's speech is long & dull, but the substance is all right.

Lumps taken from notes supplied by Phil. Comiere, Tilly's chief, says that it might be in the Presidential address at the League Assembly. When this is reported to Uncle, he smiles & says "intelligent anticipation!" We must certainly run him for Foreign Secretary in the next Labour Govt. I am more & more convinced of this.

The conference consists, ^{largely,} mostly, of long, platitudinous, rhetorical speeches. The orators, Russian & Italian, are disproportionately in evidence, denouncing Bolshevism & Fascism in every breath. There are also two pathetic Lithuanian orators, who want at least a platitude in the Vilna area, but say that only 5 or 6% of the population of

the town is hit. They admit a little
 labor, but 25% of the population of
 Kovno is Polish. I fraternize
 with the Polish Socialists, - Niedzial-
 nowski, Posner, Diamond & Madame
 Kluczyńska. The Polish Independent
 Socialists, - Krask & Warszawski -
 are also here, though they have
 nothing behind them, I judge, in
 Poland. The Germans have
 Breitscheid, whom we have to dinner
 one night, a prima donna type of
 politician, rather like a younger
 Ramsay, said to be disliked by
 his colleagues. Scheidemann,
 a silent & discredited old fish,
 Crispian, a dull dog, once supposed
 to be left wing, but with much
 evidence of his new, & a number
 of women whom R meets.
 Mrs Hoelbe, a genial looking person,
 rather like a farmer.

The French have Renaudel, who
 speaks too often, a rather obvious
 type of rhetorician. Zyromski,
 left wing & rather crude &
 passionate. Longuet, slightly
 pathetic & out of it. Bracke, a
 jumpy old woman. Grumbach, a
 very loquacious and anti-German
 Alsatian. Auriant, said to be an
 authority on Finance, also rather
 left wing, & not least, their
 leader Leon Blum, a cultured
 Jew, who used to be a great boy
 friend of Prus. (Susan is
 very excited about him, but quite
 fails to understand what it means!)

The Dutch provide chairmen
 for all the commissions. The
 Belgians have, naturally, a
 large delegation, led by Vandervelde.

whose orations are very stirring at a first hearing, but always much the same. Le Bronckère, who is in great favor on the Disarmament Commission, & also speaks well in the full conference on political prisoners. The Swiss, a left wing Party, have just reaffiliated. Very theoretical & Marxist. One Austrian has Bauer, who is reputed to be the ~~biggest~~ best brain after conference, a Jew with a wide outlook, but slightly academic, I thought. Mrs Deutsch, who commands their workers defence corps, & many women. The Czech delegation is not very distinguished, but several have read my book & like it. Winter, who lives in Paris & does

journalistic propaganda, is very aff. Mrs a woman Karpiskova(?) whom we have to lunch. The Swedes & Danes don't show up much, & the Norwegians aren't affiliated, being too left wing. None of our Dominion Labor Parties are affiliated, & S. America has only one Argentine, named Bravo. No Japs, & one quite unrepresentative Chilean, who denounces the Komincom. It is essentially a European gathering, & one is conscious of a lot of passengers. I tell Comrade that I notice many similarities between with the Assembly at Geneva. He replies that he notices many differences. This man is amazingly indiscreet. We have a conversation on the roof of the Maison du Peuple. He has never had more than two words with me before.

I say a few mild pro-Polish things & he, an international official, begins an Anti-German tirade. He had hoped for an Anglo-French-German understanding, on which the Peace of Europe might rest securely. That it is clear now that the Germans would play the same. They have a most peculiar psychology. Whenever they get one thing, they ask for more. One piece of cake after another. Now they concentrate on the evacuation of the Rhineland. Next it will be the Anschluss & then the Polish Corridor. He doubts whether there is really any popular demand on either side, by the Poles. Now the Czechs could never agree to it. They would be encircled on three sides, by the Great Germany

around her. Hungary also to the south of them. 70% of their exports go to Germany & Austria, etc. The Polish corridor question will bring the gravest European political crisis since the war within a few years. The French would be quite willing that Poland should cede the Corridor to Germany, on terms, but the Poles will never agree. The present state of affairs in Poland is very remarkable. An Anglo-French understanding on all these matters is, therefore, the only hope for peace. Progress could be brought to bear on Lithuania by the withdrawal of British, French & German diplomatic representatives from Kovno. He regrets Chamberlain's ^{illness & hospital} absence from

Geneva last September, for he could have acted as a bridge between France & Germany. Historic Stressemann has always given Valdemar just enough support to prevent him from feeling quite isolated in the Council.

Tilly is amazed at this conversation, when I report it. You never know he says, what Comminé will do, whether he will be merely a French nationalist or an advanced internationalist.

Tilly & Sengha make themselves very popular, with the aid of their camp, in which Uncle & Aunt & others are taken for joy rides.

For me the chief personal interest of the conference is the work of Commission II (Military & Disarmament). I aim at accepting

as much of the I.L.P. stuff as possible, through firmly drawing the line at the proposal to vote against all War credits. I offer to take a piece out of the I.L.P. Resolⁿ & tack it on as a preamble to the Exec Resolⁿ, & to take another piece & tack it on as a peroration. Reunio Smith is rather frightened. He has become very Right, since he visited Geneva & saw the League. Hochway, I think, is a little disconcerted at not having the usual Minority of One position of the I.L.P. - easily won by an usual.

Commⁿ II is presided over by Albeda (Dutch.) In our first discussion in British meetings, including the embodiment of two

Councils of I.L.V. Karolⁿ, seemed to
 favour most of the Commⁿ, was
 an distinctly right & to experience
 de Bronckère, who makes a
 fast speed. Several want to
 vote the I.L.V. Karolⁿ down at
 once in full Commⁿ, but I
 urge that all amendments should
 be sent to a drafting ^{committee} Ctee. This
 is agreed to, on the ^{understanding} that
 the Exec Karolⁿ is the basis of
 discussion.

I represent Kvitkvi on the drafting
 Ctee, with Albarda, de Bronckère,
 Zyromski, Crispian, Czech (Sema
 S.P. of Czechoslovakia), Andersson
 (Denmark), Reinhardt, Deutsch,
 & Posner (Poland.) One letter
 is added by a vote of 9 to 8
 in the full Commⁿ. He is a speech

& haughty. The only time, during
 all our long sitting, when I saw
 him stirred up in protest
 against the word "democratisation",
 on being barbarous & not French.

Our drafting Ctee sits in the
 afternoon for three hours, & again, after
 a break of dinner, from 8.30 pm
 till 1 am. Hours over the
 first para, & then we move
 much faster. I sit myself
 down next to de B., who is
 the strong & expert man of the
 Ctee & we work things
 pretty well. Most of the Exec
 Karolⁿ is technical stuff of
~~partial dist~~ preparatory Commⁿ
 type, though there is one para
 (which causes much trouble later)
 saying that, if a Govt goes to war

without having recourse to arbit^{ry} it shall
 be the duty of all Lab & Soc parties
 "to oppose it by all means, even
 including violence." This being in
 the final draft, we accept without
 discussion. I note that my
 left colleagues on the Ctee, Tyronski
 & Reinhardt, are chiefly desirous of
 inserting long theoretical declamations
 in the Resolⁿ. There better no
 parsnips.

Finally we are done. The full
 Comm^{tee} is again called together. The
 drafting Ctee is unanimous in
 support of the text interpreted. Hillquit
 moved to omit "violence", but is in
 a minority of one. Through the
 German delegⁿ refrains from voting.
 When we seem at last to be
 through, Reinhardt rises to speak.

I intervene to say that if he speaks,
 I shall also claim the right to
 speak & so will many others. He
 sits down in silence. Afterward
 I am congratulated by several
 of my colleagues for having
 "terrorised Reinhardt", a thing which
 apparently has seldom been done
 before. Anyhow I have saved
 some time. R & I subsequently
 became very friendly.

When our Resolⁿ is circulated,
 Uncle takes fright at "violence",
 investigates, I think, by Herbert
 Morrison. All the British delegⁿ
 begin fussing. The presentation
 of the Resolⁿ has to be postponed.
 Uncle & Albion show at one
 another. The Comm^{tee} has to be
 summoned again at short notice &

I have to explain that the British
 Delegation, having considered the
 matter, cannot subscribe to violence
 & I move the omission of the
 phrase. Various forms of
 word are suggested & finally ^{one}
 "reservations" is accepted by all,
 (including Uncle!) substituting "even
 by revolutionary means". But I
 have to say that we cannot
 vote for it, though we shall not
 vote against it, & that our delegⁿ
 reserves the right to make a
 declaration on this point in the
 full conference. I am infuriated
 at all this. I had succeeded in
 moving the motion to the left
 even though admitting that it
 has been improved even more
 than he could have the confer

possible. I had just drawn my
 name to speak in the full conf^{er}
 & had planned a hefty speech.
 And now I may, if I speak, have
 to be the mouthpiece of a ~~reservat~~
 reservation, putting the British
 on the extreme right of the conf^{er}!
 And everyone, individually, wants to
 tell me exactly what to do &
 say!

But, after reflection, Uncle sees
 that the disputed clause is really
 only the Protocol and the Appendix,
 & becomes willing that we should
 support it without making reserves.
 So I speak, fairly happily, after
 all.

My speech is a success. If I
 had stood in front of the amplifier
 & so put it out of action, it would

have been a greater success still.

One Continental listens & applauds. I speak too loud, but this, at any rate, attracts attention.

A Belgian tells Marion that I am the first British speaker he has ever heard now show passion!

~~In that~~ Others also are congratulatory. I take most of the wind out of Brochwaj's sails, though he adds something on War Resistance.

So much for the Conference proper. Few big men & few new ideas, but all quite interesting.

Evening entertainments include

(1) a banquet, over which De Weert, De Weert, Kreisler & Blum make speeches, - the last two much too long.

(2) an evening party out of doors at the Workers' College at Uccle.

National groups sing in the dusk & we all come back by special train, singing the Internationale. This was a very jolly evening.

(3) an expedition to the Moulin Rouge, organized by Dolan. Went a party!

R & I, ^{with} Dolans, Carmichael & Moore of the I.L.P., Miss Carter, Meisen.

Mr Harrison Bell, the two Morrisons, Mr Bell Richards. Joined

later by Jim Hillier & Lord Oswald

of the Captains. Also by

Brochwaj & the two independent

poets! ~~Delta~~ ^{Delta} & better!

Bob Williams bets a dancing girl she will kiss Brochwaj, P.S. a tale of J.K.H., premium & ~~for the~~ ^{just} ~~the~~ ^{she does!}

Miss W. ~~was~~ ^{was} receiving a message from

Vandervelde, but the latter would come

over specially to see him on urgent business.

"Send it through the British Ambassador in Brussels!"

Notes on foreign women.

1) Senator Dorota Kluszyńska (Pole).
Wife of a doctor & charming. Tho' an old friend & fellow-conspirator of Pilsudski, she fights him now. I

imagine that she is a good speaker & a genuine Socialist. Very keen on B.C. & cannot understand official English attitude. Many Socialist municipalities have B.C. Clinics. The priests curse, but the mothers come!

2) Frau Tuchacz. (Reichstag)
An upstanding, stiff Prussian, who throws at our 2nd meeting.

Clearly an able woman. She says the women are ^{slowly} educating the Party to demand the raising of the school age. Breitscheid told

me before that this was not an issue, as the existing continuation schools were enough! Several municipal B.C. clinics in Germany.

3) Frau Hanna (Prussian Landtag). Elderly woman with a nice face, but I didn't have the chance of talking to her.

4) Frau Kautsky, wife of old Kautsky. Very beautiful & charming. I wish I could have talked to her more.

5) Frau Karpiskova (Czech deputy)

Stolid at first, but lighted up at mention of 'B.C.' A self-educated working woman. Competent & a little self-important but quite nice. No clinics there.

b) Frau Proft. (Austrian deputy)
 A real pet - lovable & enthusiastic
 Used to be the Secretary of the
 Women's Movement in Austria.
 Probably a working woman.
 Of course very proud of Vienna.
 See her when we go there.

They all hate Marion! They are
 all glad to meet English
 comrades & regret the barrier of
 language.

The Englishwomen's dinner, to
 which we each invite one guest,
 is a great success, & must be
 repeated elsewhere.

Aug 11th (Sat) leave Brussel by
 car in the afternoon, with R &
 the Tillies. Along the valley of the
 Meuse. The river very glossy, like
 a lake. Banks well wooded
 often cliffs, as at Dinant. We
 stop for drinks & cakes at
 Waulsort, just beyond Dinant.
 Gay, sunny, riverside scene. On
 through the Ardennes, first Belgian
 & then French. High bare
 uplands in the half-dark. Very
 deserted & remote. After 10 pm.
 reach Charleville-Mezieres,
 where we sleep after a meal
 including good still Champagne at
 15 francs a bottle. Also plates
 of ^{vegetables} lettuce, chicken & ecrevisses.
 Walk round the town afterwards.
 Champagne is drunk by everyone

here, including the workers who enjoy "dejustation de Champagne et vins mousseux" in the smallest cafes!

Aug 12th.

On to Dijon by car. Undulating fertile country, with a good deal of woods. Many were devastated villages, mostly pretty well rebuilt. Entering the Arjoune we come about noon to Varennes en Arjoune. This village has hardly been rebuilt at all. A heap of ruins with children looking out of them. But the whole landscape is dominated by an immense stone memorial, ^(classical columns, etc.) erected by the City of Pennsylvania to the Americans who were killed here at the tail end of the war. These

foreign dead are better housed than the native living, - a millionaire's palace, ^{with for example,} overshadowing a desolate slum of broken stones. But the natives in their slum must pay War Debts for 80 years to the millionaires across the Atlantic!

Just after leaving this ironic & disgraceful scene, we have a Motor Accident to relieve our minds! Tilly, bothered by a bee, for the first time in his driver's life, takes his eye off the road, & the car follows his eye down a bank & into a rough field. Fortunately not very serious. We are all shaken up, including the car, & I bump my head against

the roof & get two abrasions. But we set up on to the road again ~~and~~ - sic Menehourd, whose my "wounds" are most competently dressed by the wife of the HOTEL Proprietor, who is a very amusing fellow, much travelled by sea & land. Here we drink some Champagne roses, including an older bottle which has turned, after 10 years, almost white.

on after lunch through flatter, less picturesque & more densely cultivated country & along a dead straight road towards Dijon, which we reach ~~at~~ after 9 pm. (Hardly any vines visible since in Champagne & Burgundy.) Dine Aux Trois Vaisants in the Mace d'Armes. Here a bloody good dinner & a bloody good lunch next day. The menu

card is a wish of ~~cut~~ ^{by the} ~~table d'ivoire~~ ^{table d'ivoire} evening we eat ~~a la carte~~ & drink good burgundy, (thilly very reverential.) At lunch next day we two men eat snails, frogs, fungi à la crème & fruit. The two women eat pâté de foie gras, fritture & fruit. Fruit means immense luscious peaches. I preferred the snails, which were excellent, to the frogs, which were uninteresting. It says I sautéed the snails & the dressing for days. At lunch we had a bottle of ~~white~~ white, sparkling burgundy, followed by a bottle of red, sparkling burgundy. I prefer the former which was awfully good, half way from Champ of the

to Muscat. The red was too sweet,
but interesting.

Dijon is a very civilized town.
Parks, old Benjamins building, a
church turned into a Bourse, good
restaurants, cafes & shops, & a
University. We stay ^{cheaply} at the Hotel
du Bourgogne, an unexciting but
refined Hotel de la Cloche. No
meals at the Bourgogne but
clean & adequate.

Here on Aug 13th the ticket is
only car to Geneva & we stay
in Dijon another day. It has
been an awfully jolty trip from
Brussels, including the motor
accident.

Aug 14th.

Train to Marseille. Rather slow.
As it turns out, we need not have

gone beyond Tarascon in order to reach
the Pyrenees & could have saved
about 4 hours travelling & an
early start next day.

But the ^{railway} Hotel at Marseille
is wonderfully efficient. Darned
hot night though!

Aug 15th.

Catch 5.40 am. from Marseille,
changing at Tarascon, Narbonne
(like a coach part of the train),
Perpignan & Villefranche to
arrive at Fort Romen at
5.15 pm.

The palace of the Roussillon
is wonderful sight, an endless
vineyard ^{& beautiful garden}. At Perpignan the
train becomes electric & very
clean. From Villefranche we
mount & grow cooler & cooler.

The valley is less striking than the Alps and, at a first view, this part of the Pyrenees is rather disappointing.

Aug 15th - 24th.

At Font Romeu. Hotel Bellevue.

Pension 60 fr each per day, ^{in campis} (= 10/-). Kept by peasants. Ma Ricard in French equivalent of the Tyrolean Ma Jünger. First two days dull rooms with no view. Third move into room with fine mountain views in two directions, - ~~several~~ wide over brown valley & mountains behind. Not sharp peaks, but good shapes & forests of pine on lower level which look like cloud effects. Only there are no clouds most days, - only a blue southern sky.

From second day, which was misty, (saw) blue sky & steady sunshine all the time. The weather is certainly warmer & ^{steadier here than} ~~warmer~~ in the Alps. It is indeed distinctly hot in the afternoon. Quite worth a siesta. So I found it when we walked to Mont Louis, - a little picturesque town hidden within Vauban's fortifying walls. Here we buy espadrilles, to walk up the mountain in. An odd contrast to heavy nailed boots! Other trips to Les Baignasses, to which we return later, & up the Carenca gorge from Thues. The latter are quite magnificent. I doubt whether the grand Canyon of Colorado can really be much better!

Mont Louis gives quite the impression
of a hot little Southern town, -
an amazing phenomenon at nearly
6000 feet.

Font Roman is 1600 metres,
(say 5700 feet.) Les Buvilliers is
2020 metres (say 6400 feet.) At F.R.

there are grassy lawns ringed
round with pines, - perfect for
sunbathing. The visitors are about
half French & half Spanish. Hardly
any English, though we met two young
Irishmen & Dr Stevenson of Cambridge.

One place is growing rapidly, in an
ugly, haphazard way. No sun
plains in streets or in drains.

We eat lots of muscat grapes,
some provided by the hotel & some
brought from a young Spanish
greenhouse ^{in a shed} opposite.

The Bellevue is a little primitive &
sunbathing, though quite tolerable &
possessing hot & cold water in each
room. The Grand Hotel is ridiculously
pompous & expensive. Probably
the best would be the Villa St Paul,
which is well built, ^{with} a good
view, a little back from the road, &
with a French court. Pension at
50 fr.

Aug 24th.

At lunch at F.R. sit at same table
with ^{a jolly} Belgian official at Ministry of
Finance, - a Liberal, but more
anti-clerical than anti-socialist.
Thought the influence of the "Vermeine
noire" (how close to our "slugs"!)
was the one great danger to the
future of Belgium. Huge sums
had been spent on rebuilding churches

& convents regardless of expense. Jesuits had great influence on education among the families of the rich.

After lunch walk with a Rucksack on my back with R up to the Besinlenges, over the Col del Pam d'Arcey to the Bois aux Esquits.

(Where woodcutting has made a shocking noise), along the lac de Pradeille & so to the Chalet Refuge of the T. T. beside the handsome & solid stone barrage which holds up the ~~water~~ headwaters of the Têt. north, far down below, water in plain of the Reassillon.

It is a very jolly position & we both fall in love with it. Our impression which the earlier part of the approach made upon R was that of a wild & large edition of

Ribblehead. In the Chalet itself we find a queer mixture of guests, - & a queer lot of savitors! The latter include a chef like a chimpanzee, who has however, a benign smile; a waiter who breathes the way his mouth and shows signs of feeble-mindedness; a small boy, with pet & unshaven, whom R compares to much dirtier than usual beagan boy out of a Murillo picture; a wild man of the woods, also pretty dirty & with a tangle of unbrushed hair, who appears late in the evening from the kitchen & whose functions are obscure; a Parisian Concessionnaire & his wife, M. & Mme de Haut. The guests include a great of

"sportsmen", one of whom precisely resemble the caricatures of the petit bourgeois in the French papers; a group of better class young men in colored jumpers, & two with tortoiseshell spectacles, & two other people - a small boy; two women with staring eyes now look like witches & make us feel uneasy; a group of four now look like peasants, & tie napkins round their bottles - a great joke this; several odd couples & ourselves.

Aug 25th

Walk round Bonillousos lake. Beautiful views of Carlitte, etc with blue lake in foreground. At further end full of little promontories & islands, skeletons of trees now dead as a result

of the intrusion of their roots. Above the lake a park like effect. wide grassy sides and lawns, surrounded by pines, & one or two perfect little dells, where all flowers grow - gentians, alpine rhododendrons, acornycas - beside little streams. One would never imagine, at the chalet, that there was such beauty so close.

Aug 26th

~~to~~ change from 40 to 41 years of age. Mr nearly so spare as changing from 39 to 40, or from 29 to 30. As a concession to my fate, R expects ~~to~~ to come back to lunch at the chalet, where I am trying in turn the local wines - Rancio & Muscat both very sweet. Really dessert wines.

We come back to a lake lunch,
 having lost our way on the high
 side of the lake, & swerved backwards
 & forwards through the woods like
 two drunks, at one moment
 overlooking the road down to
 Montlouis at the bottom of the valley,
 at the next being half way
 back along the lake. We
 found some high pastures,
 green & full of converging streams
 & meadows & foats, & we searched
 long for the Lac d'Ande &
 having quite given it up, suddenly
 found it by accident, & then lost
 it again.

In the afternoon we slept & in
 the evening lost our way once
 more - a common trick of the
 P.C. here - beside the stream

following out the marsh below
 the chalet. Lots of raspberries
 here & round about.

Pension was 45 francs (7/6 a day
 each.) Vin was compris. The
 point about Brailles is that it
 a very jolly centre for walks &
 ascensions. Far better than
 Font Roman.

Aug 27th.

Start at 5.30 am. with François
 Gräeff, brother in law of de Haut,
 the manager of the chalet & Paul
 Laranga, aged 16, though he
 looks more Catalan than
 Perpignan, son of a cobbler,
 training at the Ecole Normale P
 to be a teacher. We aim
 at the Carrière, & then out
 to Lake Lanzae & back to Brailles.

& we came to Porté. All this is
 accomplished, but only after
 a much stiffer climb & longer
 walk than either R or I had
 expected. F.g. is in business
 in Paris, but has been used to
 the mountains all his life.
 P.L. is a spare, tall young man,
 who spends his summer vacations
 here, & in very good condition,
 a first-class guide & quite
 self-possessed. Particularly
 proud of a trick of pouring liquid
 down his throat without letting it
 touch the roof of his mouth. He
 is obviously a clever lad, having
 been top of his class this year -
 rather a contrast of the South, but
 with ^{just} that difference in his favour
 which separates Perpignan at

the foot of the Pyrenees from Leythuan
 close to Wainstead. P. Cabré the local church
 (By the way I forgot to say that
 last night R went into the place
 at Chalet & found that a visitor
 had written on the wall

Bien à plat sur son amant,
 Plus on pousse, plus ça rentre.
 Mais ici on risque tout,
 Plus on pousse, plus ça sort.

This doesn't rhyme & hardly
 scans, but it is rather funny!
 We have, in any case, two
 excellent companions on our
 ascent of the Coulette. The sunrise
 is fine as we go up to the
 tangle of little lakes above the
 Breillouses. There is an effect
 of golden purple dust all along
 the Eastward ranges.

We were on the top at 10.30. So it
 took us 5 hours. (De Hunt, who
 has never been up there in his
 life, talked a lot of h'st air about
 getting up in 3 1/2 & about the ease
 of getting up & getting down again
 to Porte. 3 1/2 would be very
 good going, & there is no really
 easy way ^{up} or down, though no difficulty
 for practised mountaineers. But
 still scrambling & a walk along
 an arête to the summit, (which
 I disliked), but we left cans in
 a bottle at the top,). One
 way down was a ^{more} scramble in the
 way up, but we slid & slipped
 down to ^{the} desert of stones at the
 bottom, & lunched at 1 pm. by
 a pool of half melted snow.
 Men on the Lamas, just before

which we hunted from our very
 admirable companions & stayed
 beside a paddy pool, & had a
 little siesta, & started on the
 track down the valley to Porte
 just after 4. We got to Porte
 just after 6, - 12 1/2 hours
 from the morning start. We
 allow not more than 2 1/2 hours for
 stops, so have been 10 hours in
 movement. R is amazingly
 good condition, though naturally hot
 & tired, & inclined to pant going up
 hill. But this is the equivalent
 of a vigorous 35 miles. I did the
 walk & the climb in espadrilles,
 with very great comfort except
 on occasional dry or rather wet grass,
 which I found slippery. There are
 a great ^{number} of ^{invertebrates} of the Pyrenean

mountainees. They make one both
swiftly & sure fasted & they stand
a tremendous lot of cutting with
rock edges.

Arrived at Porti we found in
Hotel Michette at the extreme
end of a little mountain village,
full of the smell of hay & beasts.
One valley has a more Alpine
look. In every house in the village,
including the Hotel, the ground floor
is reserved for the beasts.

Madame Michette, of whom Belle
wrote, ~~is~~ is a senile, wrinkled,
bearded, peasant woman with a
black shawl over her head. We
are put to lodge with her sister,
very old & deaf, with swollen legs,
& her face covered with sores,
but otherwise extremely clean.

There is an immense Michette
family, at least three generations
of them, mostly living on each
other it seems & doing little for
themselves. We all dine at one
long table, as described by Belle,
but Madame Michette no longer
sits at the head of it. She doesn't
even come in with the others. There
are a few guests - mostly Spaniards -
but the family are a majority of
those present. We eat an
isard (chambers) roasted on the spit &
a mass of mountain raspberries.
Also, in addition to red wine
compulsory, two glasses each to
celebrate the feast of St Augusta of
Muscato & Vienna Fison.
Though rich we sleep not too well,
for the bed is short & narrow.

I said nothing of the view from the top of the Carlitte. It was a great panorama. All the world seemed mountain tops, with the valleys between. We saw from the Western Pyrenees, the Pic du Midi, to the Cevennes. Lots of snow round the Pic du Midi, but not much close to us.

Our original timetable had provided for an early start next morning from Porté to Andorra. Your taxi was announcing that it was only to be a stroll up the Carlitte & down to Porté. So we decide to stay another day at the Hotel Michelle.

Aug 28th.

A lazy day at Porté, the chief feature of which is an immense lunch, lasting for hours. Timed to begin at noon, it doesn't start

till nearly one, & then we eat some uninteresting soup
 Tinned pate de foie gras
 potatoes & onions cooked with oil & vinegar & served in a separate dish.
 civet d'ail (jugged chickens)
 artichoke, smothered with tomato, garlic & oil, smelling a mile away but rather good.
 Veal (by itself)
 Caramel pudding.
 peaches.

~~The last day~~

and the celebration of St Augustin in Mascat Luni.

The whole business, with long intervals of waiting, lasted till nearly 3! At the evening meal we become just a little conscious of sympathy. Ma Michelle is

good fun for one day, but not for much more.

Aug 29th.

A very memorable day! We leave Port^o at 6 am. & walk by the old road up the Col de Puymoreus. A fine view from the top of jagged mountains towards Andorra. Then by a side road, alleged to be a short cut, to an iron mine & down over grass (R at this stage feeling rather numb owing to a cold wind & no sun) to rejoin the main road up to the Port d'Envalira. The day is perfect, so far, for a long walk, the sun being continually blocked by clouds. We cross the French-Andorran frontier at the foot of the pass about 10 am. & reach

the top, coming up very slowly, about 11.15. Wonderful all round view of mountains. Carlitte looks very dominating. Source of the Arriege in a jolly little lake on the French side. On the Spanish side of great complications of crags, the Cirque de Pessons, said to be second only to that of Gavarnie, & the Massif de Valira. Lunch in view of this a little way down from the top, out of the wind, at 11.30. A view before us down the valley of the Valira ~~and into~~ towards Soldeu. Starting again about 12, we make good progress and just reach the first buildings in Andorra, a few cowsheds & cottages, when there is a heavy thunderstorm. The thunder had been rolling round

and round the mountain tops, with lightning
flashes & darkening clouds for some
time. We shelter in the first
cave, while the rain comes down
& mists blot out the view. The
weather clears ^{suddenly} & we go on about
1.30 & reach Sorden, the first
Andorran village at 2.15. The
main road, such as it is, from the
French side stops here, & only a
rough track goes on. We stop
at a little inn, where I drink
some white wine more like Vin de
& R has some coffee & we eat
some dried off apricots served with
spirituous juice & meet three
Americans, father, mother & son, who
have come up from the Riviera
with a Marseilles taxi-driver.
Quite a jolly trio, with more

sense of humor & adventure than
most of their compatriots ^{abroad.} ~~at home~~
The two men rode on horses
down to Andorra yesterday & found
it filthy, - all chickens' feathers
& flies. But they report that
the little inn at Sorden is clean
& tolerable. It has a little
wooden balcony looking out
across the valley. The Marseilles
taxi-driver seems also to be
entering into the spirit of the
thing. What tales he will
have to tell in the cafes of the
Vienna Post!
We leave Sorden at 3.15,
expecting to be in Escaldes in
four hours. The valley becomes
very attractive. Intense cultivation,
good irrigation channels, quite

like the Alps, the Varied Trees,
 Conifers, & birches, & poplars a
 little lower down, fine mountain
 walls, at least one good
 waterfall, & the Valira a very
 jolly mountain stream. A
 smiling mountain valley, not at all
 like bleak & barren Andorra
 of which some travellers speak.
 We are the inhabitants surely,
 as is sometimes said, on the
 contrary, they are appreciable
 & good looking. This little state
 has no armaments, no conscription,
 no national debt. Surely it must
 be a happy land! Full of the smell of
 Camille is a picturesque little
 village, nestled against steep rocks,
 & on down the character of
 the valley changes, widening out

with the Valira flowing smoothly
 & clear & no large wearing down
 over boulders, with deep occasional
 blue pools.

We are nearing Encamp when
 another terrific thunderstorm bursts
 on us. This time there is no
 cover, not even porous shelter.
 We are both drenched, feebly
 huddling for a few minutes under
 a tree & then deciding to
 push on. The path has become
 a swift torrent. Everything is
 sopping wet. We first think
 of trying to get things dried at
 Encamp, but decide instead
 to push straight onto
 Escaldas. It is supposed to be $1\frac{1}{4}$
 hours from Encamp to Escaldas,
 but we do it in just $\frac{3}{4}$ of

an hour, half the scheduled time, sprinting grimly down the "motor road" which begins again at Encamp.

We enter Escaldas just after 7. A charming situation on the Valira. From a few hotels, quite tolerable looking, of which we select the Pla, recommended in Newman's book. Here we find a brother & sister who speak excellent English, learned at Barcelona. ~~They~~ They are very competent & attentive & find us a bedroom, very clean, in a neighboring house, - the hotel being full. Here our clothes are dried. Dinner well, with a touch of Spanish, at the Pla.

[We hear several days later that

the state tobacco factory, a large white building on high ground just outside the town, is being turned into a hotel by a French company, ^{which is} also to build a casino here, a new hotel at Salden & a new motor road between Salden & Encamp. The renovation of Andorra is nearly bridged, its romance nearly at an end. We have come here only just in time.]

Aug 30th.

At Escaldas - heavy day, ^{stop water from hot springs just outside} ~~stop water from hot springs just outside~~ the Hotel. Walk down to Andorra-la-Vieille. This is, with an exception, the filthiest & smelliest little hole I have ever seen, - a great contrast to Escaldas only 15 minutes away. At night wonderful effect of moon rising among clouds over mountains

ridge visible from car bedroom window.

Aug 31st.

By bus from Escaldes to Sen
d'Orge, across Spanish frontier.
Valley of Valira widens & becomes

less interesting. Sen is very
well worth seeing. Very fine
Norman-style Cathedral, - bone stone,
decorated only with stone bosses. No
fanciful decoration. Narrow

arcaded streets. Animated market
place where we buy figs &
others carry away chickens &
rabbits. Here at Hotel
Mundial. Distinctly good food.

The wine is quite red wine. We are
here only 700 metres above sea
level & feel the authentic
Southern Sun & glow again.
Notice on the bus to Puigcerda.

arriving 7-45 after following up
the gorge, which is joined by the
Valira at Sen. To the south of
us & parallel with the road which
runs nearly due East, is a
magnificent calcareous range,
the Sierra de Cadí.

Puigcerda sits up well on a
hill encircled, at some distance,
by the mountain of the Cerdagne.
Not a good centre, ∴ for mountain
walks. But good views & plenty
of trees & an artificial lake,
& a good place. We stay at
Hotel Tixaire, uninteresting. Food
conventionally French, but at
Spanish prices which are markedly
higher.

Sept 1st.

Walk across the Spanish-French

presentation to Bourg Madame. Lunch
at Hotel Sabvat - good food &
Very good Vin Blanc ordinaire. A
little Hostellerie. Very gay & clean.
Train back to Front Women. The
end of the valley is very inferior
to the country round F.R.

Found letters from Bishop Auckland
& Gateshead & plunge back into
politics! Must speak at B.A.
today week but 3 pm! We
have timed our walking from
just right. Walked 65
miles (at least) on three
successive days. R has been

wonderfully recuperated & untired.
Sept 2nd.

Lazy Day. What a hot day
& fresh the air of F.R. is
after the comparatively

low levels we have been down
to, and the sun is still
quite hot, shining from the
unchanging blue.

Write a lot of letters.

Sept 3rd.

Another lazy day, physically. But
really get going on revision of
P.F. It is a damned nuisance,
from this point of view, that I have
to go back to England. Another
week here would have let me
make a real hole in this job.
Now it will have to wait till good
times when.

In the afternoon we walk to
imberbois and visit the Hotel
des Kamiers. It is a great
contrast to Front Women. It is
still deep in the forest, & it

is to develop according to a plan & not in Squalid, precipitate manner like F.R. A Company has acquired all the relevant land & in the end, there is even to be an artificial Lake.

The houses' prices are about the same as at the Bellevue, but there is much more sense of style & comfort. In addition to being quiet & right in the forest, most expeditions ^{would} make making would be at least an accommo-

tion in the valley beyond Epe, a trip I think he will be able to do now, would even be closer.

A very perfect afternoon & a jolly ending to our time here.

The sun is still shining on it -

shine almost unbrokenly for three weeks. What food would you like to have for sunshine?

Sept 4th.

From Font Romeu to Toulouse, changing at Villefranche, Perpignan & Narbonne, but the connections are good & we get to Toulouse at 3.45, having started from F.R. at 8.14. It seems very hot in the lowlands after living in the heights. The vendange is just beginning in the Roussillon. At 10.15, the land becomes less vineous & cereals begin to intervene.

Toulouse strikes me, at first sight, as slightly b.g., compared with, say, Marseilles or Dijon. But this maybe :: I am alone!

But it lives more for itself & less
for visitors. 67

There is some central patch of
music & gaiety when the
Allee Jean Jaurès crosses the
Rue de Strasbourg. We dine,
tolerably but not outstandingly,
at the Aubergin.

Sleep at Hotel de la Compagnie
du Midi. Considerably nearer
than the Station Hotel at Marseille,
but not in my opinion better.

Sept 5th.

Admire with the the Church of St
Sernin, - some inside & a little
like the Cathedral at Sen d'Uypt.

Lunch, awfully well, at the Caf
d'Or. Pate de Foie Gras, Truite de
l'Arriege, Omelette Savillane,
Fraisier des Bois, Graves Sec &
Armagnac (1884). At the next
table a really handsome &

attractive Senegalese officer - the
first I have ever seen - with a
French Naval officer & a young
woman. (Nécessaire du Toucheur
has a double meaning now!) Just
outside a ^{public} pissoir, "le train bleu"
I saw full of good inventions &
plans of making liaison with the
Ecole des Sciences Politiques à
Paris.

Sleep & write letters in the
afternoon. Leave for London (&
Bishop Auckland) by the evening
train.

6.9.28.

- Sightseeing in rain. Go again
to St Sernin, which is greyish
pink brick outside & stone inside.
Owing to the fact that brick is less
strong than stone, the structure

looks rather squat, but it is very beautiful, & distinctly Byzantine in parts. I see two fine Renaissance Courtyards in palaces -
Museum uninteresting

7.9.28.

Leave for Paris 10.20 a.m.

8-12/9/28.

At Hotel Venetia. 159 B^d Montparnasse, which I like as much as ever.

My room on 5^c floor, with balcony, overlooks boulevard. Perfect weather. Paris looks delicious.

Trees a rusty brown, Luxembourg garden blazing with red dahlias & Cannes. I potter & shop gaze & learn my way about.

A morning at the Louvre where I look at Rubens & Rembrandt

& Van Eyck. Thrilled by the Van Eyck, by Rubens' "Marriage of Catherine de Medicis" & by Rembrandt's "Philosopher".

At the Luxembourg I found a huge party of Senegalese troops being taken round by a black officer. Perhaps they liked the many pictures & statues of naked ladies!

I often dine at the admirable Nègre de Toulouse, which is frequented by a jolly crowd of art students etc (many American). One evening an incredibly impassive small Chinese boy doted conjured with knives for sous.

I explore the "Primavera" Dept. of the

Printemps, which is the Paris
Heal's, & buy a decorative
plate there. The centre of
Paris swarms with Americans
10 to 1 English.

13.9.28.

Return to London, to be ready for
Bishop Auckland next day.

En effectuant le 4 juillet la première traversée motocycliste de l'Andorre je fus à la fois saisi par l'horreur de ces sentiers pavés de roches, tracés en dépit des lois routières, et j'éprouvais une admiration sans bornes pour les sauvages beautés des vallées andorranes. Rochers en lames aiguës où s'accrochent les villages noirs, frustes, aux toits en cascades, aux maisons étrangement primitives avec leurs balcons de bois rouge et leurs salles pavées de bizarres carreaux gris, leurs toits sombres hardiment hérissés contre les neiges. Partout une abondance de torrents limpides qui propagent dans les « valls » leur chanson continue et, avant toutes choses, la lugubre solitude touristique de ces bords merveilleux du Valra del Orien.

De rares muets balancent au bord des précipices quelques touristes. M. Wray, un trépidé marcheur, parcourt les vallées, puis j'atteins la route espagnole de Seo de Vigel sans rencontrer l'ombre d'un touriste français. Ce contraste est explicable. La route, la route vivante source de richesses n'est pas née. Le touriste français en villégiature à Ax-les-Thermes et qui est dépourvu de voiture, recule devant une excursion en Andorre qui devient véritablement une expédition, si l'on songe que 500 francs de frais doivent être prévus au départ. Pour l'automobiliste qui gagne Puymaurens, qui n'hésite pas à s'engager sur la route de Soldeu où pousse en toute liberté l'herbe de la montagne, le problème est aussi aigu. Après des virages savants qui l'élèvent jusqu'au port d'Embalire (2.500 m.), le voyageur atteint la frontière de l'Andorre. Mais il faut considérer que l'Embalire n'est libre que trois mois et seulement par temps exempt de brume ou d'orage. Le 1er juillet, il faut ouvrir les « amas » qui ferment la route et quand vient octobre, les premières neiges ferment la voie des « valls » d'Andorre.

Vertigineuse descente sur Soldeu où s'arrête tout chemin praticable. Mais Soldeu c'est à peine l'Andorre, nous sommes encore loin des riches et majestueuses vallées de Encamp et de Andorra... Et le voyageur s'engage sur le sentier de Canillo, l'automobile, bien

entendu, ne saurait y progresser de 50 mètres et l'on sait au prix de quelles difficultés une motocyclette réussit à atteindre Encamp. Comme la plupart des voyageurs viennent en Andorre pour le plaisir des yeux, il ne s'agit pas d'effectuer un raid. Il continue donc sa route à pied ou à dos de mulet qui reste le « véhicule » de montagne malgré les progrès accomplis par la motocyclette dans cette voie.

À Encamp, le touriste retrouve la route praticable et... l'autobus de Seo de Vigel. Mais il lui est impossible de pénétrer en Espagne et de visiter les célèbres gorges d'Isobal et la curieuse Puigcerda, car sa voiture est restée à Soldeu. Au lieu d'accomplir un périple d'un pittoresque achevé qu'il ramènerait à Ax par Bourg-Madame et le versant oriental de Puymaurens, il doit retraverser l'Andorre et aborder la difficile descente de l'Embalire sur la France.

L'excursion en Andorre est donc toujours inachevée par suite de la présence de 16 kilomètres de sentiers impraticables.

Nous ne pouvons ignorer que l'Andorre est un pays riche, non par ses cultures qui se ramènent à quelques céréales et une honnête production de tabac ou par son industrie qui est inexistante, mais par son élevage. Chaque village, et ils sont nombreux, en dépit de l'aspect désertique de l'Andorre, possède plusieurs milliers de têtes de bétail. Ils exportent donc forcément beaucoup, de même qu'ils importent également des objets manufacturés. Or, à l'heure actuelle, la presque totalité du trafic a lieu avec l'Espagne par la voie de Seo de Vigel. Il apparaît, en effet, nettement, que l'intéressé trouve son bénéfice à charger pour l'Espagne, alors que l'entreprise serait déficitaire s'il fallait opérer du colportage entre Encamp et Soldeu et un long voyage Soldeu-Hospitalet.

L'Espagne ayant tout à perdre dans cette aventure ne peut naturellement pas s'intéresser à ce projet. Les Andorrans ne pouvant supporter la totalité des frais, il faut donc que le second protecteur de l'Andorre, c'est-à-dire la France, mette au point la création de la route Soldeu-Encamp.

L'Andorre dépend actuellement de l'organisme des Pyrénées-Orientales qui objectent : Nous ne pouvons consacrer de crédit à construire une route dans un pays pour ainsi dire « étranger ». Le département, en effet, n'a rien à gagner dans une amélioration des relations franco-andorranes. Mais il en va tout autrement de l'Ariège. Protecteur primitif de l'Andorre, il aurait bénéficié de tout le trafic descendant de Puymaurens, et, je crois que c'est de là que viendra la solution.

L'Andorran sympathise beaucoup avec la France par ses mœurs, sa compréhension des affaires, son histoire même. Il est certain qu'en prenant l'initiative de la route de Soldeu, nous gagnerons des amitiés fidèles.

Mais alors, ce pays au mystère traditionnel perdra son prestige et la première traversée motocycliste de l'Andorre ira rejoindre dans l'oubli les légendes de contrebandiers, de têtes costumées, d'exploits de chasseurs que l'on raconte le soir chez Bénito Mas, notre meilleur ami dans toute l'Andorre.

Marc AUGIER.

La Dépêche
3. 9. 28.