

**Papers of Hugh Dalton:**  
**Original Manuscript Diary**

**Volume 7:**  
**12 August 1924 - 30 September 1924**  
**(88pp)**

**Reduction Ratio:**

**8 x**

Photographs.

1. 15/8/24. Terranova park sea.
2. 17/8/24. Cagliari. Terrazzo Umberti piano  
Mura n. 1. Torvaia Stagno.
3. } Toward Calicut. Castle Walls.
4. } Through arch. SS Cosma & Damiano.

✓ Dalton Dairy no 7



F. J. RYMAN LTD.  
885-7-9, OXFORD ST., W.1

Money brought away from Albut Bridge Road

	£	s	d
12/8/24.			
English	2	14	7
French 160 francs =	2	0	0
Italian 2000 lire =	20	0	0
<del>For</del> total	<u>24</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>7</u>

Drawn on letter of credit.

Cagliari 21/8/24.	20	0	0
Palermo. 21/9/24.	20	0	0
Catania 10/9/24	20	0	0
Siracusa 19/9/24	20	0	0
Napoli 25/9/24	25	0	0
	<u>129</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>7</u>
Spent on rickets before starting	13	3	4
	<u>142</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>

Less money brought back to A.B.R. on

30/9/24.

English.		14	11
French 100 francs =	1	3	0
Italian 620 lire =	<u>6</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>0</u>
	8	1	11

Net cost of holiday 134 16 0

3 August - September 1924.

Aug 12<sup>E</sup>. Leave Victoria 10.45, travelling very light with only 4 small portable bits of baggage.

Dover Calais good crossing. Lunched on boat. From Calais to Paris travel with 4 young Englishmen going out to Alexandria, - probably as clerks or engineers. At Paris go round the Centre to P.L.M. near which we dine, having 3 hours to wait.

Rains pale children.

Leave 10 pm. R & I in separate compartments. Train crowded.

13<sup>E</sup>. Raining in Savoy. On through carriage to Rome at the front of the train is occupied by 22 young ladies from Paris, in charge of an old hag, who R suggests has been recruiting in Paris for the Roman case di T. This has been a

4

a great sensation throughout the journey, especially among the Italian waiters in the restaurant car & some of the male Italian travellers. Boys round a honey pot! Railway electrified from Modane, through Mont Cenis, Turin, Susa. Squalor tunnels.

~~Two~~ hours in Turin. 3-6.

still raining! This ~~is~~ not what we paid for!

Raining at Genoa, a train an hour late. Then rain & thunder storms all through the night.

14<sup>E</sup>. Result of a breakdown in front of us & a long delay at Spezia in the small hours, is that we get to Civita Vecchia more than 3 hours late just before 10.

Take a room for the day at Alghero

Italia, bathe & have lunch <sup>in the</sup> ~~at~~  
 stabilimento Balneare with waves  
 washing up against the rocks a few  
 feet in front of us. There was a  
 great thunderstorm last night &  
 part of the restaurant at the stabilimento  
 has been washed away!

C.V. is not much of a place, if  
 Italy's ~~per~~ Trains belching smoke  
 run between the sea front &  
 the sea, & the bathing place is  
 restricted. But we begin to  
 feel the South.

The boat leaves for Sardinia at  
 8 pm. More than usually  
 luxurious, we have reserved  
 a first class cabin, & it appears  
 to be a good crossing, but some  
 of our fellow passengers subsequently  
 say they were sick. ~~Hot coffee~~

at 5.30.

15<sup>th</sup>. Have coffee at 5.30 & get  
 a fine view of the rocky island  
 of Tavolara, which at first  
 sight we thought might be  
 Capraia.

A full hour before we <sup>reach</sup> ~~get~~  
 the land we get strong scents  
 of stone pines & aromatic plants  
 warmed by the sun.

Arrive Teorandova 7. Familiar  
 tipi at the little landing stage. Buy  
 grapes & bread.

The train runs slowly down to  
 Cagliari. At first the scenery is  
 rather fine, climbing upwards with  
 the Gallura mountains on the  
 right. Masses of dry scrub.

Cistus. Fichi d'India. Gum trees.

A very dry land. Little low villages

built of small broken bricks made on the spot out of straw and the local mud & dried in the sun. No mortar. No <sup>camp</sup> ~~camp~~ <sup>mills</sup> ~~mill~~, but a number of domed churches.

Later the train runs along low ground to the west of the island, in sight of the sea at Oristano & beside the stagno as we near Cagliari. Arrive about 2 pm. Having lunched on mortadella & grapes & the train, go straight to Hotel Scala di Ferro, wash, change & unpack. A comfortable & cheap hotel, & practically the only one in the town. Fair restaurant attached, waiters rather solemn. This is inclined to be a sad characteristic. Cagliari stands on the side of a hill, sloping up from the sea.

While we are here, there is always a breeze, though it is reputed very hot.

Glorious view to the west of mountains toward Iglesias beyond the Gulf & the Stagno.

Fine spiaggia at Poetto, on the other side of Capo S. Elia.

This evening we walk on the Terrazzo Umberto Primo, above the Hotel, where a one gets a glorious ~~view~~ panorama, three quarters of a circle, the town of Cagliari below & mountains, - Iglesias & the Sarrabus, - & sea, & the old Castle & part of the town above. This terrace is a wonderful possession for any town. But the Cagliari <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ of the sea, are small & not

Lead looking & dirt dress well.

The jugs of split & even of  
Dubrovnik could give them  
many points.

Earlier in the evening we ran  
into a procession in honor of  
Santa Rita, carried on a dais  
up doll on a gilded couch,  
supported by gilt amorini.

They marched in the procession,  
carrying banners & crucifixes,  
a number of shabby old men,  
picked up, I should think, for a few  
soldi in the ~~slum~~ poorest  
streets, wearing for the occasion  
colored beads; children of all  
ages & both sexes, drilled by nuns  
to murmur "Ave Maria"; & some  
~~of the~~ most unprepossessing  
slugs. The worst of all is

the Bishop, described by R in a  
letter, as "unshaven, with a  
pendulous paunch & looking like  
a fly pig." He slumps  
along distributing blessings to a  
crowd who are not much  
impressed.

16<sup>th</sup>.

R has caught a chill &  
stays in bed in the afternoon  
& stays herself.

But in the morning we go  
up on the terrace & take  
photographs. A lovely wind, hot  
sun & authentic blue sea &  
sky. Over to the Archaeological  
Museum. Interesting place  
of Numismatics & contemporary remains.  
Also a good picnic collection  
& a fine lot of slugs.

Then we go up to the terrace of S. Pancrazio at the top of the hill. The Roman amphitheatre & the public gardens.

In the afternoon I leave R in our bedroom & go to the Poetto to bathe. ~~It is~~ <sup>Very</sup> sand but too much wind. "Caltiro

venfo per i bagni" on the way. That evening I dine (alone) at the Ristorante Firenze described on books in the Touring Club guide, but it isn't!

~~R has been spending~~  
17<sup>5</sup>.

R is better. We sit on the terrace in the morning & in the afternoon I go to the Poetto leaving her reading.

When I come back she has

thought out a new scheme for our trip into the interior of Barren Spina. 18<sup>th</sup>.

Leave Cagliari 7.20 am by train to Macomer. There lunch & sit under pine trees. ~~at~~ leave at 2.30 pm for Nuoro by "secondaria". Very slow. In the train make the acquaintance of Cristoforo Chialtu, Sindaco of Lanusei, who advises us to go up B.S. from Fonni & down to Pira de Senni. He is motoring to Fonni tonight & will arrange for a guide & horses for us tomorrow.

Arrive at Nuoro about 6 pm. A fine situation among mountains. ~~but~~ but not much accommodation for visitors.



we finally manage to sleep at a  
~~very~~ primitive little place entitled  
 "Atopsy Nord America" where the  
 dining room looks out on a cowshed,  
 but has no windows. We  
 are led within by a youth who  
 first takes us to two stoves  
 Atlaghi which are full up.  
 He amuses us, as a great  
 joke, in "Eco due inglesi!"  
 The Nord America is kept by  
 two returned Americans. One  
 padrona gives us some  
 very heavy macaroni, some  
 melanzane stuffed with some  
 ill-tasting meat & some wine  
 that tastes of turpentine. This  
 meal causes me to sleep  
 badly & to wake next morning  
 with a headache & a sick feeling,

troubles which seem to disappear,  
 however, as the day goes on.  
 Before eating this unpleasant  
 meal, we walk round Nord  
 America just as from a man whom  
 we met in the train, admire  
 the fine setting of the town,  
 especially the white perpendicular  
 calcareous rocks of Monte  
 Olena, & the costumes of  
 the people.  
 Most of the old men look like  
 Garibaldi.  
 We walk up in the dusk to a  
 high spur of land to the south  
 of the town, with the cross of  
 S. Onofrio on the summit.  
 As we sit here, looking down  
 a deep valley & across at  
 mountains beyond, we see

the lights of Nuoro come out  
 one by one, I feel very happy  
 & uplifted & far away from  
 all familiar things  
 195.

Leave Nuoro about 6-20 am.  
 by car & arrive at Fonni  
 about 8 am. A jolly drive  
 in the fresh morning air.

Fonni is the highest village  
 in Sardinia & will one day  
 be a famous health resort.

At present it is a squalid  
 little village high among the  
 hills. We meet Dr. Cualla,  
 who introduces us to our guide

Salvatore Cuglisi,  
 who has obtained 2 horses  
 for us. While these are  
 being got ready, the photographs

Some women in costume & some of  
 whom are fairly young. The  
 women wear costumes younger  
 than the men here.

We promise to send photographs  
 to

Deiana Sedda Antoninella  
 Fonni.

They love the process.

We leave with Salvatore about  
 8.30. Our mounts are sturdy  
 & surefooted, but the saddles are  
 small & the stirrup leathers too  
 short, even at their longest.

S has taken Sin E. Geddes up  
 here two years ago. He came,  
 while a Minister, from a  
 conference at Rome. He  
 came from the caccia and brought  
 with him his two sons, and a

Valet, a cook & a chamberlain. They all camped out in the Gornagata, with a band of beater, commanded by Salvatore. He said that (Lodovico was a bad shot & felt the heat, lying awake at night, naked & sleepless. (Peak of his pipe.) But he was generous & genial & told Scotch stories in bad French & told of the Canabini, who hang round, to go to Hell, to Salvatore's great delight. He had taken <sup>charge of</sup> other British sportsmen, who came also for the caccia. We only make one halt on the way up, & reach the summit of Brevenn spine about 1. It is not in any way difficult

Dwarf pine, high Mediterranean 18  
(healthy, oak, & some pines on the way up).

to reach, or outstanding when reached. It just happens to be the highest point of a leapridge. A fine wind on the summit, & grass & shrub burning vigorously in patches on the way up, ignited by the sun. The view is rather clouded by distant heat haze, but we see both seas & so many ranges of mountains, of which the white rocks of Orlena stand out brightest.

We walk down a piedi, the horses being rather too jolted for comfort on the downward journey. We leave the top about 2.15 & arrive at the Cantiniera of Piana de Orni about 5.30, stopping once for about a quarter of an hour. \* on the

Departure of Salvatore & his two  
horses, delighted to receive 50  
lire in addition to the 150 agreed,  
we wait for the bus to Lannusei.  
We are entertained with  
great charm & courtesy by the  
family living in the Cantarana  
& given some very good coffee.  
The bus appears at 6.30 &  
in an hour takes us to Lannusei.  
Good views out to sea in the  
direction of Tortona & Alghero.

The only inn at Lannusei is the  
Albergo Tripoli. Rather primitive,  
but good fresh water fish for  
supper. We sleep in a  
room near by, which is approached  
through a ~~passage~~<sup>shop</sup> full of stuffed  
animals, or the stuffed heads of  
animals. It has been a jolly

day, but R's rail has been rather  
bumped by the saddle.  
20<sup>th</sup>.

leave Lannusei by train about  
7 am. Fertile country a  
large part of the way. Back at  
Castellani in the afternoon.  
21<sup>st</sup>.

leave Castellani by the 12 noon  
boat for Trapani. First class  
fare for two people, including a  
cabin to ourselves & food during  
the trip of 20 hours, is only  
170 lire (34/-)! And the  
boat is quite comfortable.  
Watching the sands, I remark that  
they are small, clean, hospitable  
& monkeyish in appearance. Some  
like Spanish <sup>and also</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>one of</sup> are not very strong. There  
are complaints about heavy boxes.

There are far too many Carabinieri.  
At Fonis, a little town of a few  
hundred inhabitants, there are 15.  
At Cagliari hundreds.

In addition one sees a militia  
constantly. Swanking in Cafes,  
collecting tickets at railway stations,  
etc.

There is considerable room here for  
economies.-----

The sea voyage from Cagliari to  
Trapani is delightful. The sea is  
smooth. The ship is clean. The  
passengers are few. The only other  
first class are two young Argentinians -  
~~the~~ cousins, one of whom is the son  
of a Buenos Aires film King. & the  
Italian major & his family, & a solitary  
little middle aged Italian with a  
guide book. There is a score of Gent

peace & removals & health. &  
We share a table with the Argentinians.  
The Latin American resembles the  
North American in his love of  
modernized travel. That he has  
taken out with him the charm of  
the South. Food on board is good, as  
usual.  
22<sup>nd</sup>.

Arrive at Trapani at 8 am. The  
approach past the Isle Egadi in the  
early morning is attractive. There  
no land smells greet us as  
when approaching Sandonia.  
I am annoyed by the number of  
porters & boatmen who levy  
tribute when we land, & also  
by finding that we can't get  
up to Monte S. Giuliano by the 9 am  
bus. But must wait till 5.  
But the Grand Hotel at Trapani is

clean, comfortable & friendly, & the team itself attractive & better than we have been led to believe. We have a very jolly bath & sunbath before lunch. In our stables we have a little wooden house with its own flight of steps down into the water, its own little window, mat & mirror.

We catch the bus to S. Giuliano at 5.30. Very dusty & rattly. Rather a disappointing excursion. For we don't get to the top till 7 & the evening is cloudy with no sunset, no colour & no view.

S. Giuliano is a little hill town, - all hill towns are somewhat alike - with this very sensible

special feature, a jolly garden with winding paths at its highest point. Full of villegianti.

It is dark when we start to walk down, & we have to keep to the rough & winding road. In the daylight we could have come down a mule track in an hour. In the dark we take just over two hours to the town Verminia at Trapani and pick up a train just as we are beginning to feel frost-bite in shoes not meant for rough walking. Coming down we have a jolly view of the distant lights of Trapani.

23<sup>rd</sup>.

leave Trapani at 10 am. for Segesta. The train makes a tour of Western Sicily, - Marsala, Mazzara, Alcamo - &

stops for a few seconds at the  
 Fermata Seggsta about 2.30. But,  
 before we can get our winter  
 luggage, it goes on again!  
 Fortunately we get a train  
 coming back in the opposite direction  
 from Castellana, so that our  
 lunch time is lost.

It would have been better to  
 motor to the Temple at Seggsta  
 from some larger place. For at  
 Seggsta itself there is no  
 comfort. After some delay  
 we arrange to sleep in a farm  
 house close by, & to hire a  
 carretto to drive us to the  
 Temple. We start about 3.30,  
 R sitting up on a chair perched  
 at the back of the cart, I sitting  
 on a cushion in front & a small

boy of 12, who understood no Italian,  
 driving a thin mule with a sore  
 place on one flank.

We progress very slowly & there is  
 a continual conflict of wills  
 between the small boy who wants  
 to beat the donkey on its sore  
 place & myself, acting on the  
 interference of R's humanity,  
 preventing, or limiting, his  
 barbarity.

The road is thick with dust &  
 leads up a valley for some 5  
 miles to a stony river  
 crossing, beyond which is a  
 rough track up which we go on  
 past to the Temple, which bursts  
 on us suddenly. It is magnificent  
 & lonely, well worth the labour  
 of reaching. We spend about

Three quarters of an hour here in the  
pulling light. It would have  
been better to arrive in the early  
morning. This, like most S-Sicians  
we have seen, is too much.

We walk back along the dusty  
road, the caretino & the rippet  
being delayed at the start by a  
break in the harness. Then we walk  
right on, fearing malaria.

On our return to the farm, we  
eat by the light of an oil lamp  
in a large courtyard, with the  
family & the animals, quite  
like the Hoby Manor.

The woman of the place is of a  
disagreeable temperament, dirty  
& grasping, & continually  
scratching herself.

The man is fat & more jovial.

He asks how we can live in England if we  
can grow neither grapes nor olives. The word  
is said in Sulland of the Matteotti affair. "We are  
no longer Italian, but an uninteresting people."  
There are several daughters, the  
rippet & a baby, perhaps 28  
illegitimate, which makes messes  
on the dinner table.

They eat enormous quantities  
of macaroni. We some, &  
2 eggs each. No fruit &  
almond. The woman cracks  
them with her teeth & presents  
them to R. The wine is thick.  
The night is hot.

We are put to sleep on a bed,  
not narrow but apparently  
clean, set in a passage way  
opening out of the courtyard. There  
is no other furniture, <sup>except a stool</sup> & no windows.  
Only a chink above a double  
door. Nice, no mosquitos & heat,  
but nothing more.  
R is sick & has diarrhoea.  
We sweat through the night.



sleeping little ~~foot~~ & not  
opening the door for fear of  
letting in more mosquitos.

A very unpleasant night!  
24<sup>th</sup>.

I get up fairly early & get a  
wash & some coffee.

R still rather sick. We get off,  
all the family begging separately,  
an unpleasant scene about 7 am  
& catch the train to Palermo.

Arrive about 9.30 after a  
very interesting run along the  
coast & through the Conca  
d'oro, rich red land, highly  
cultivated with orange & lemon  
& olive & vine, well irrigated.  
The mountains stand up splendid  
& bare.

Between the Ferme di Segesta &

Castellammare we caught one  
stimpse, for half a minute, of  
the Temple of Segesta high &  
distant in the morning light.

At Palermo we stay at the  
Hotel Savoy; kept by one Fricker,  
a Swiss. Very clean, good  
service, good, though not very  
Italian, food. Full of Sicilians  
in the season, but now practically  
empty.

San Cusso, compared with what  
we have just experienced, & very  
restful.

I leave R in bed recovering from  
her adventures, till evening.

25<sup>th</sup>.

To La Matorana & S. Cataldo &  
liked them both very much.

A custode who loves the place. Outside

in the little garden date palms & plants in pots, ~~giving~~ carrying on some of the designs on the mosaic inside.

In the evening we sit out at the cafe Teatro Massimo. Vendors are selling balls of jasmine & tube roses giving <sup>off</sup> great whiffs of fragrance & suggesting the East - Oman Khayyan.

26<sup>th</sup>. (My birthday.)

To Palazzo Reale, Palattina & S. Giovanni degli Eremiti in the morning. The two last are the two gems of Palermo. The mosaic in the Palattina are wonderful, as good as St Mark's.

The little cloister at the Eremiti is full of tropical trees & flowers. The old custode here ~~was~~ born

at Monreale & lived there till 15 years ago, when he came here. A life full, I think, of good states of mind.

In the afternoon we seek bathing at L'Acqua Santa, but ~~at~~ the water is the only thing that is clean & even if it odd things are floating. The trouble of a tidelass sea is that smells are never washed away.

Coming back without much dallying we walk along the Foro Umberto Primo, where there is ~~is~~ a fine view from the water's edge out to sea & to the surrounding hills, but no good cafe.

We get ices at a gelateria, however. In Palermo they always show you a list of ices.

People eat more ices here than anywhere else where I have ever been. Other specialities are preserved fruit & very sweet cakes.

In the evening sit on our bedroom balcony.

27<sup>th</sup>.

To Mondello. Really good bathing. I could live here all the summer.

But it is an hour in the train from the centre of Palermo.

In the afternoon drive in one of the little cars, which are another feature of Palermo, to the Trisa (Diapponing), the Convento dei Cappuccini (where in the catacombs eight thousand skeletons & mummies are preserved, the rich of Palermo up to 1881, a queer sight), & the Villa Tasca.

In the evening to "Pensaci Giacomini" by Pirandello, acted by a Sicilian company led by Angelo Musco, one of their comic actors who has made a great reputation in the last few years. Pirandello's familiar motif of a pathetic & pathetic old man buffeted by fate.

28<sup>th</sup>.

To the Cathedral in the morning. I don't think much of it.

In the afternoon take the train to Monreale. The mosaics here produce a magnificent effect, which, however, is a little spoiled by the brighter colours (very jolly in themselves) of the restored roof & by light & uniform coloured marble below.

The chancel is much larger than

the one at the summit, with a  
 great variety of decoration. But  
 on the further side a lot of the  
 mosaic has ~~gone~~ <sup>fallen</sup> out of the pillars  
 & hasn't been repaired. The windows  
 are in fact are very varied &  
 decorative. But the vegetation  
 is poor compared with the summit.  
 We then climb a mule track  
 up to Castellaccio above Monreale.  
 The sun is setting & we get near  
 the top, & lighting the clouds with  
 a golden glory. Monreale &  
 Palermo lie at our feet as though  
 cut out of stone, & we see the  
 whole sweep of the bay & the  
 Conca D'oro.

The Club Alpino Siciliano (A.S.)  
 have reafforested the summit with  
 stone pines & cypresses, which are

growing very well.

29<sup>th</sup>.

To Mondello again. The sea is more  
 beautiful than ever, a mass of  
 blues & greens.

R puts her knee out while  
 swimming &, though it doesn't  
 hurt but is only stiff, has to  
 keep it up on bed or a couch  
 for the afternoon.

30<sup>th</sup>.

R recumbent owing to her knee.  
 I go alone to Mondello. A superb  
 bath & sunbake. Hardly any waves  
 or clouds.

After siesta we drive to the Foro  
 Umberto... <sup>ponci. alle Kananua</sup> ~~pinus~~ & eat a peach &  
 orange ice. We notice here a new  
 social custom. People drive up in  
 cars & even in hired carrozzas &

They are order ices for their  
drivers

stop in the road & eat ices without  
alighting. They do not even look  
at the <sup>sunset</sup> view, which is ~~for~~ full of  
changing colors & shadows on the hills.

We remark on this novel habit to  
the waiter who says "Molto fano,  
niente arrosto." They are pescicani,  
who give no tips. He goes on, as  
they all do, to abuse the P's &  
to speak of Matteotti. What a  
brutta figura ~~was~~ Italy is cutting  
abroad. They have done nothing for  
the working people. M was murdered  
because of the revelations he was  
going to make. Someday a revolution  
will break out & then we shall see.

Every member of the working class to  
whom we speak takes the same line.  
Matteotti has lighted a torch that  
will not be put out, - just as at

any rate. They are shocked at the  
deed, & its details. It appears to them  
some of the sensational & the pitiful.  
They are shocked at the treatment of  
the corpse. They smell great scandals  
in the air. They are ashamed,  
thinking what foreign opinion  
must be thinking.

31<sup>st</sup>

A touch of the sun after yesterday.  
"Il fant scaffin poun etre bean." I eat  
no breakfast. R can hobble. We  
go to the Museum in the morning.  
The remains of metopes & statuary  
from Selinunte, some with original  
coloring still visible, are very  
striking. There are also Etruscan  
tombs & an interesting tomb near,  
with "close ups" of ceiling decoration  
of the Palatina.

In the afternoon drive to S. Maria di Gesù up  
up to Belvedere. A lovely foreground of stone pines  
& cypresses & a campo santo now full. A  
monk gives R a handful of jasmine  
September. Blossom. one of the most beautiful views  
of Palermo, seen just at the station.  
1st. To Palatino in the morning & sit  
there a long while.

In the afternoon go up M. Pellegrino  
in a bus. As this is an hour late  
in starting, we only get up in time  
to see the afternoon at 7. Coming  
down, a hefty great fellow with  
huge hands & a huge Rambler in boots  
& slugs, who are also going down in the  
bus, by banging his instrument close  
to their ears & singing "Vieni al letto  
d'amor, etc. A hideous din. one  
persecuted slug shifts his seat. A  
young man collapses with laughter  
in a corner.

2nd.

Here for 200 lire a car which takes  
us up to Piana dei Greci & to the  
artificial lake just beyond it, only 3

39

40

year old, which now supplies Palermo  
with its electric light. We talk  
to the engineer in charge, a <sup>highly</sup> skilled  
man who receives 25/- a week, is  
on duty practically all day & night, &  
has no proper house, only a room  
adjoining the engine house. He & our  
driver both anti-F. "A critical  
epoch," etc.

In Piana we go to a mass. Great  
church: they are Albanian by race. The  
women wear shirts of crimson or  
magenta with silver or gold embroidery  
& white headresses. <sup>at the elevation of the</sup>  
All the way up <sup>hill, a bell rings, marked on the church</sup> people drying figs  
& tomatoes.

A Garibaldiian delirium above Piana.  
Here he sent down a spy, before  
making his last detour & his  
downward plunge into Palermo.

In the afternoon we sit in the Massimo  
with a <sup>cool</sup> wind blowing & at night sit  
on the "Rov Umberto Primo. R's ~~face~~  
has made a good recovery & she  
now walks quite comfortably.  
3<sup>rd</sup>

Take a bus of Monte Pellegrino at  
8.30 & walk up from the summit way  
of S. Rosalia, where the bus stops to the  
Scamporrè station on the highest point.  
A view over into the next bay to  
the eastward, where Solunto lies. A  
healthy drip in the noontime sun. Then  
we walk down the pilgrim's path &  
arrive at the Hotel, hot, dusty &  
sweaty.

In the afternoon clouds gather &  
a thunder storm threatens, but doesn't  
come.

We go out to Mondello, but in

the shade & sit in the pavilion listening  
to music & watching dances till 7.30.

Having dined at the Savoy, we are sitting  
on our bedroom balcony, looking  
out at the dim outline of the  
mountain hills above Monreale,  
when we hear screams down the  
street, the clatter of a cab  
driven furiously & then, after an  
interval of thirty seconds, two  
revolver shots from a house  
nearly opposite. A crowd  
collects at the double. I go  
down to see what has happened.  
(At first I thought the screams  
were not human, but a dog  
run over.) It appears that  
a young woman has been carried  
off against her will in a  
cab, & her parents have fired

Two shots from their flat to try to stop the abductors! Everything settles down again very quickly. One man says to me "only a woman being carried off. This ~~stress~~ happens in Palermo!" An amused group of young men listens to a cabby's account of what he saw. The incident is not sufficiently important to be mentioned in the local paper!

44

To a Pontifical Mass in the Palatine, conducted by a Papal legate. Most of his performance seemed to consist of dressing & undressing the latter. The scene is very beautiful. Electric lighting in the main body of the church & masses of candles round the altar. The legate, as

he comes in, is clothed in crimson. He has the inscrutable look of the Cardinals whose portraits one knows. The Roman ecclesiastic, when he gets high enough & old enough, has an impassive & effortless dignity. The Cardinal's crimson shows up against the purple & magenta of the lower steps, & lava, when they change their clothes, against their white & gold. Behind all the heavily faded gold of the mosaic, & the tragic, potted face of the Pale Jubilean ~~above them all~~, looking down from above.

At each pillar stand a Carabinieri in full dress uniform, with a tall red & blue



plume in his hat.

The Gregorian plain song is effective & the tenors in particular have fine voices. In contrast to all this is the "fidgeting chattering" "congregation" or audience, chiefly women, with a few old men.

At the Cardinals & Bishops' table there is a rush to kiss their hands, with loud resounding smacks.

In the evening Palermo is illuminated to the great public delight, in honour of S. Rosalia & the Eucharistic Congress.

R & I go to fireworks with Franco Umberto Primo. Great fun & an immense crowd. A battalion of ~~Carabinieri~~ Carabinieri, together with

R militia & Carabinieri controlling the crowd. Numbers of boats packed with spectators in the harbour, lit up by occasional rockets. We have good seats high up on the terrace.

5<sup>th</sup>.

From Palermo to Siracusa 10 am to 3 pm by train.

Accompanied most of the way by a delightful young Acquist, who is coming to London in April. Spoke of the horrors of war, the destruction of La Bella Gioventù. On my J.K.P. was like other British politicians, secret & like other Socialists when in office stuck here regardless of his past speeches.

We pass through a country of sulphur mines & of land which only

utterly parched now, but which in  
the spring is one great cornfield.  
From ~~Stazanti~~ R drinks an  
aranciata & doesn't think it as bad as  
she expected!

Arrived at Siracusa station we  
drive, after a scuffle between  
cabbies & officials, to Hotel  
Belvedere. A little dingy, but a  
marvellous pan <sup>view</sup> from a <sup>viewed</sup> ~~view~~  
outside on window, over olive groves,  
& the line of Greek temples, & the  
sea beyond, looking towards Africa.

After coffee latte we drive  
round the temples. The most complete  
is the Temple of Concord, the interior of  
which was used as a 12th century church, but  
the exterior of which is in a state  
of perfect preservation. The Temple  
of Juno is less perfect, but has a

wonderful position and one sees the  
red stain on the stones, from the ~~the~~ <sup>melting</sup>  
of the coloured stucco when the  
Carthaginians sacked & burned the place  
in 406 B.C. The Temple of Hercules  
has been restored in the last few  
years by at the joint expense of the  
Italian Govt & Capt Handcastle, an  
Englishman who lives in the villa  
Kurea next door to the Temple. The  
restoration has been most  
successful. A row of 7 or 8 large  
pillars have been set up again, of  
enormous size & beautiful proportions.  
Much more could be done here &  
elsewhere e.g. at Selinunte, <sup>at</sup> ~~with~~  
<sup>comparatively</sup> ~~small~~ small expense by public  
spirited men. ~~with~~ Next is the  
Temple of Jove, with a huge fallen  
column, the largest Temple in the

World after that of Diana at Effross.  
 More temples at Siracusa stand in a  
 long row along the seaward walls  
 of Akragas, a city which loved  
 peace than war & gave birth to  
 Empedocles who committed suicide by  
 jumping down Etna.

A long dinner & a bottle of good  
 Sicilian wine in the sitting room of  
 De Angelis, the proprietor of the Hotel  
 Melvedere. Write in a ~~the~~ visitors'  
 book, where impressions of the

restoration of the Temple are invited.

6. De A is the nation's greatest enemy of  
 Valentin when she was here.  
 From Siracusa to Catania by train.

A very hot journey through the  
 heart of Sicily. Asphyxiating tunnels,  
 especially between Villa Rosa &  
 Castro Giovanni, where I thought we  
 should be stifled & baked alive. A

breakfast on our Venace. 36 sailing  
 boats visible, like little white swallows, outside  
 Porto Empedocle.

50  
 Great drought, water being taken by  
 trains. At Caltanissetta, a large  
 town, water is sometimes only  
 pumped on for an hour a day; sometimes  
 not at all for a whole day.

R has a granite at Castrolibero &  
 discovers that this is the drink she  
 has been looking for for years.

Arrive Catania soon after 5 pm.  
 Stay at Hotel Bristol, very clean &  
 efficient & good cooking, bedroom  
 window looking on to charming  
 building of University.

7<sup>th</sup>.

Very hot. Bathe in the morning at la  
 Plaia, very good sand. In afternoon  
 take bus to Nicolosi. Rough road,  
 inches deep in lava dust. Having  
 written from Palermo to the Capo  
 Suida we are expected, & meet

in the Piazza by Salvatore Mazzaglia, who is to be our guide up Etna. We are introduced by him to the Capoguidi, Barbagallo, a charming old man. There is only one primitive little Abbejo at Nicolosi, - half an Abbejo & half a draper's shop. Good food & nice people. We dine outside in a garden at the back, <sup>full of</sup> ~~with~~ jasmine & clipped rosemary bushes, with a cisterna in the middle & the moon overhead. The family, & affini, dine at another table beside us. The electric light goes out at intervals. A village band plays in the piazza & after feeding, we listen to it from our bedroom balcony.

8<sup>5</sup>.

Up Etna. Start, after some delay, at 7-30 am. Our guide, three mules,

two mulateers, & ourselves. First stage, outside the village, over lava ~~beds~~ <sup>endless</sup> streams. Then we walk up into a strip where among the lava dust grow vines & brush & apple & pear trees & even chestnut woods. The mules are more comfortable than the horses on Brunca spine. We ride on <sup>soft</sup> packs, instead of hard saddles & without stirrups.

About 12-30 arrive at the Cantiniera, where I broke in & slept in 1918. It has been burned down since. We stop here for lunch.

Leaving about 1-30 we reach the osservatorio at 3. Here the mules stop. We go on at 4 on foot up to the Cima, & reach the rim of the crater at 4-45.

An amazing sight & an exceptionally

good day for seeing it. Not much wind. We look sheer down into the central crater (I with some discomfort) & then make a circular tour round the edge. Clouds of smoke, steam & sulphur fumes are coming up, but no rumbling, such as I heard from Taormina in 1918, & in the crater of Vesuvius. Part of the interior are stained <sup>bright</sup> green & yellow, & so is a large part of the ~~whole~~ ground we walk round. It is soft & warm & wet. Below us ~~and~~ down the sides of the main cone are hundreds of little smoke holes (fumaroli) giving forth hot steam. One cannot bear to hold one's hand very close to them. There is an exceptionally large one within 200 yards of the Observatory itself. From the rim of the

main

crater we also see a number of other smaller ones, including that of 1910, still active, a miniature of the large one, with its fumes & coloured stains. At one point, as we go round, we crouch at the sulphur fumes & at another there is a spout of asphyxiating gas with a filthy smell. Deep down inside are weird colours such as one has never seen before, curious jumpy colours. The distant view is not very clear, but we see all the little towns at the foot of Etna - Linguagrossa, Randazzo, etc. - & Taormina - & Catania & Siracusa, & <sup>looking</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>remote</sup> <sup>Nicòsi</sup> Sicily looks like a relief map. Coming down we see the shadow of Etna, cast by the striking sun, like another

huge mountain shrouded in mist. Now,  
at the fumaroles near the Observatory,  
we see our own shadows in the  
steam.

From the Observatory we see the  
sunset, - not much of one - & later  
all the lights of the town far  
below. S.M. boils water & we  
drink tea & eat some supper, &  
sitting round a charcoal fire in  
the Rifugio. Soon after 8 pm. we  
go to bed, each with three or four  
blankets!

(Meanwhile at Catania it is the  
hottest day & night they have ever  
had. Temperature =  $108.5$  Fahrenheit  
&  $53$   $\frac{128}{\text{in the sun}}$  Fahrenheit in the shade.  
We have picked  
our day well!)  
qk.

S.M. wakes us at 4 am. The sky

is beginning to lighten & it is cold.  
(In the night we were disturbed, -  
through owing to the altitude, 9000  
feet, we did not sleep till the  
small hours, - by four cazzieri  
who arrived about 11.30 pm.  
Demanding food & shelter. S.M.  
rushed them away, since they  
had come without a guide & were  
unwilling to pay the regular fee  
for sleeping in the Rifugio. But  
they came back at intervals,  
knocking on the door, asking for  
wine, or firewood, etc. & passed  
the night, or part of it, in the stable  
with the mules & muleteers.)  
The sun rises, climbing slowly  
up the steep cloudbanks, about 5.30.  
We drink more strong tea &  
start down about 6.30. We

make a detour by the top of the Val di Kove & by a snow dump, whence men, boys & mules draw snow daily in tin shovels. They pay 2 lire a month per head as royalty to the land owner, for each tin shovels between brown leaves & green stuff & sell it in Catania & elsewhere as a substitute for ice. They make, S.M. says, about 30 lire a day per male. I walk all the way down, except the last half hour into Nicolosi, but R. rides on her mule after about 8.30. It gets rapidly hotter. We have some difficulty in finding more water, but finally succeed close to S.M.'s own little property, where we stop about 11.30 & have a

meal, including some of his own grapes. We get back to Nicolosi about 1 pm.

The afternoon & evening are stiflingly hot. No doubt they seem hotter by contrast with the air on Etna.

The Capogrida takes us under his wing until the Catania bus starts at 6.30 & we jolt, suffocating, through the lava dust. (The cost of the whole trip from Nicolosi to Nicolosi was 245 lire + 90 lire tips. This includes guide, mule & accommodation on top, but not, of course, food or railway or ~~bus~~ bus fares.) The Capogrida told us that German students came, some walking on foot all the way from

Germany, to see Stna. Some were so poor that, arrived at Nicolosi, they could not afford to pay for mules, guides or sleeping accommodation on the summit. One, who had no money, went & prayed in the church at Nicolosi, (his three companions having gone up on mules) & a priest hearing him arranged for a mule for him next morning so that he joined his companions, <sup>at last</sup> full of joy, ~~believing~~ <sup>in</sup> a miracle.

One C.G. also while staying at the Observatory on duty, found one who had managed to get up by himself, but had no food or money. He took him in & gave him a good meal & lodging, & since his ~~staying~~ wandering became so common since the war, he has always had his

stable at the top left unlocked, so that there shall be some shelter available.

One C.G. also told us that during the last eruption she could sit outside the Cantiniera (3/4 hour from the top) at night & read a paper by the light of the flames & burning projectiles from the crater.

10<sup>5</sup>.

Baths at the Plain. Still tremendous hot. Wooden boards burn one's feet & floating on one's back in the sea one feels the sun baking one's face, an unprecedented feeling.

In view of the heat, we decided to go to Taormina before Siracusa.



We leave Catania at 4.25 pm & get to Giardini soon after 6. We wait for the departure of the bus till after 7 & eat (or drink) granite. Stay at Hotel Victoria service & cooking distinctly second rate & one meal quite uneatable, but pension rate only 35 lire a day & a magnificent <sup>panoramic</sup> view from many terraces, <sup>facings in full daylight</sup> chiefly frequented by Germans during the season, but now nearly empty.

An American woman, whom I call Angelina, aged about 30 living with a young Taorminese whom she calls Salva Tony. He only in the early twenties. A rather common young man. No concealment attempted. They sleep together, sit out together &

are only separated at the two main meals, which she takes privately at a table by herself. But they breakfast together on the terrace. For her the relation is important for being an episode. She leaves <sup>leaving</sup> <sup>very brokenhearted</sup> <sup>two</sup> days before we do & we hear from the Swiss waitress that her broken "dog" not like the young Sicilian & has wired to her seven times already to come home.

We have a lovely balcony outside our bedroom, where we sleep when it is too hot inside.

On this first night we take turns on the balcony, & have a wonderful view of a great full moon.

11<sup>15</sup>

R's knee rather grossly again. So we

walk in the house & drink tea with enormous quantities of lemon. One heat is still terrific & R is rather washed out.

In the afternoon I walk down the cliffs to Marrass & back, but it is shingly & rather a swot going to & fro.

R sleeps out on two chairs on the balcony & I on a mattress just inside the window. A wonderful view of the moon sinking behind the rock & cypresses & outlining stone in a silvery glory here. As soon as the moon had gone down, the light of the dawn began to appear in the sky.

12<sup>5</sup>.

We discover a garden all our own, full of cypresses, & olives,

& almonds, & stone pines, & pepper trees, & canubas, - with glorious views all round, & garden houses built of dark brown stone & lava. One Belvedere, in particular, we appreciate. It is open all round & the only place with a breeze.

This garden lies between the theatre & the cliff. We make our way out by opening a side gate.

In the evening we walk up to the Castello. Coming down it is dark before we reach the bottom. The castle looks absurdly melodramatic against the sunset & then the moon. A canoeable road is being made up to the castle & on to Melay which will add to the amenities & varieties of tourism.

13<sup>th</sup>.

The heat wave begins to subside in the morning to the theatre. of no special interest in itself, but a subject for views. A new view to the north, leading across to Calabria & Aspromonte.

In the afternoon to Mola; making an unnecessary but interesting detour along the canozzabile. on the top we fail to enter the castle, which is locked, & are baulked of a good all round view, but I find some good vegetation. P.C.P.N. for the first time since leaving England!

14<sup>th</sup>.

Start at 8 am. for Monte Venere, carrying lunch in a knapsack. we sit under a thick olive tree some way up. Higher still a pet little caffè. kept by an old couple

This is the first day of real deep blue sea & sky. Ethna is very clean from our talking in the morning.

with beautiful manners. Here we lunch, & I drink a bottle of Vin di Monte Venere, (good), & then we sit, before going on to the top, from which we get a new view of the mountains towards Messina.

on the saddle between Mola & M. Venere we watch the sunset behind the cypresses of the Campo Santo. High on a hill to the left of M. Venere an Englishwoman has planted cypresses against the sky line.

In the evening the usual Sunday band in the Piazza were walking up & down than usual. Most of the visitors are still Italian.

15<sup>th</sup>.

A lazy day. Angelina departs. French unattractive. we sit about on the Hotel Venere & see the

sun set from the theatre.

16<sup>th</sup>.

Spend the morning in our enchanted garden, creeping in by stealth and breaking out by violence.

Walk down below the medieval tower & later sit out on our balcony.

17<sup>th</sup>.

From Taormina to Syracuse by train, arriving about 3 pm, having lunched on the train, a pleasant change after the bad cooking at the Vittoria.

We stay at Grand Hotel, the Hotel de Strangers as well as the Villa Politi being shut. Food good but position uninteresting.

Start at 4 & drive to Castle of Euclatus. The roads, & the trees

within reach of them, are drenched with dust. The Castle stands at the extreme limit of the city of Syracuse, where the two walls meet on Epipolai. It is the most complete, & indeed practically the only Greek fortress still to any great extent intact. Built in 400 B.C., just after the Athenian defeat, large blocks of wall still stand above ground & the underground passages & magazines, wonderfully preserved, still show the pick marks of the slavers & the rings where horses were tethered. The side walls are also very well preserved & a recent excavation has disclosed one of the ancient gates into the city.

A view from here right back over the Great Harbour & all the site of the

ancient city & up to the Hybla Hills where  
the honey still comes from, tasting of  
thyme & burnt sugar.

Driving back a very wonderful sunset,  
looking a full beam among the  
Septentrion cloud banks. Because of the  
clouds, Septentrion gives better effects than  
Anquet in Italy.

In the evening walk along the  
Riva to Triton's fountain, among the  
papii.  
18th.

Drive out, with lunch, to Latomia. Too  
many custodi among the antichità.  
The Villa Politi has been very big  
since Valentine was here 3 years  
ago, but the Latomia dei  
Cappuccini is very beautiful. We  
set out of the custodi & wander  
there for a while alone, imagining

of Athens  
how the bella gioventù suffered & died  
in the glaring sun against white  
stone.

Then onto the Greek theatre, the Roman  
amphitheatre (Lancia from Politi) & the  
Latomia del Paradiso, where we  
lunch. Very beautiful than the  
Cappuccini & more spirit, for it is  
now mostly a private lemon garden.  
After a siesta, we discover a cafe  
in this somewhat dingy & lifeless  
house & have a good ice.

(I had forgotten to mention a  
conversation in the train between  
Taormina & Syracuse. One  
man, friendly but obviously F,  
started praising the fecundity of  
Italians. I have noticed  
before how many of them  
take a sort of pride in it.

"Che raccolta di carne!" he said.

Men women, as we drove, hardly  
ever appear in cafes. They are  
kept in a semi-brat seclusion.  
The State already sells genuine  
TV should also deal in cocoa  
butter!

Another man, middle class in  
Vine, complained of the P's, saying  
that the Matteotti business had  
done them harm & that Italians  
disliked people being "prepotenti".  
Another, Corchia, (who had said  
he had only one child & that the  
French were rich, because they  
had few children) said that in  
Naples he had not had a great  
reception. There were only  
a few heavy loads of P's brought  
in from outside.)

19<sup>th</sup>.

To the Museum. Fine collection of  
Greek vases, but we were unable  
to see the Greek coins, which had  
been locked up since the war!  
About to start on the excursion  
"up the Anapo", as it is falsely called.  
In fact, one found the Ciame  
to its source. It took<sup>ed</sup> about 4  
hours, but the boat was too  
heavy & one of the boatmen a  
doddering old fool. The papyrus  
one the upper reaches is very  
thick & feathery, a grey green  
column. Masses of dragon flies,  
black, silver blue, brown,  
red & other variations. The  
water high up beautifully clear,  
& clearest of all at the spring  
bubbling up from a great depth.

the rocks at the bottom a shining  
silver & great submarine shrubs  
reaching up almost to the surface.  
Bright green grass floating down  
the stream & being picked up  
on the shores of the great stream  
by naked boys, who pack it into  
donkey carts.

After a late lunch, by train to  
Noto. Arrive at half past four  
after passing <sup>through</sup> endless almond  
groves with olive & vine subsidiary.  
A building land.

We drove up to the "Hotel" Roma,  
which looks like a cinema. on  
the wall is a tablet

Giordano Bruno

Nel 300° anniversario del tuo martirio

I tuoi Pensatori di Noto

ti auspice te confidano

che

La Kestia Triumfante

si caccerà di rido.

I approve of Noto. It is a città civile,  
as the waiter at the Roma tells us. The  
modern inhabitants keep up the tradition.  
It has several secondary schools, a  
public garden, which is carefully  
watered, a new public garden just  
outside the gates in process of construction,  
a strong smell of wine at the station.  
Walk every where of the Vendemmia, &  
an amazing wealth of 18<sup>th</sup> century  
buildings, great flights of steps,  
Bombaj Palace, rather severe, beside  
the Duomo, a great convent, a  
fine municipio or theatre, beaten  
iron balconies, supported in some  
cases by grotesque & charming  
descent with ova orange groves & olive,

rich, fertile land. We walk round with two small bags, one a great container for soap & sponges. In the evening squibs are let off near the Ducos on part of the religious observance of the day. We dine on fried eggs & capretto in a large, dingy dining room. The bedrooms are dirty but the actual beds are clean. It is very stuffy & I sleep badly. At 5 am, a bell rings as children are wakened for the Vendemmia.

20<sup>th</sup>

At 7 am a boat will take us on to a cafe (the cafe for coffee) where the goats have all (see!!) We go by train to Modica, arriving about 12.

A large, but dirty & neglected town

We overheard people in the train saying that the Municipality was bankrupt & that there was no life or enterprise there, not even a cinema. Fine palaces and two splendid churches with great flights of steps, falling out of repair. S. Giorgio Grande, in particular, very impressive with a baroque half facade, half campanile, towering up in a fine natural position. A good but hurried lunch at the Hotel Kristof & a scamper round the town.

We just catch the 2-30 pm train back to Syracuse, arriving at 6.

In the evening music & a great crowd on the marina



Sylacru tonight seems less  
dingy.  
21<sup>st</sup>

Leave Siracusa Maritima  
at 11 am. A jolly little  
station beside a very blue sea.  
Thrive Messina about 5. Cross  
on the ferry boat, a pleasant  
interval between hot train  
journeys.

On the continent it grows  
rapidly darker. We pass through  
scilla & through many  
long smoky Calabrian  
tunnels. Electrification will  
be a boon to travellers here.  
One carriage is packed  
pretty tight & not much  
sleep is possible. But we  
manage to keep the window

open.  
22<sup>nd</sup>.

Pass through Salemi about 5 am.  
The harbour lights in the beginning  
of the dawn are very beautiful.  
Thence onto Naples. This  
journey should be accomplished  
by daylight. Some of the  
mountain scenery is very fine  
& the railway hugs the coast all  
the way. <sup>When the tops of hills rise out of  
the mist, Vesuvius smoking</sup>  
At Naples at Hotel Riviera (a pink  
smoke in the dawn.)

Adequate & good position on Villa  
Nazionale. Food rather international  
likewise clientele.

Walk about Naples & lunch on the  
top floor of La Minascante, (the  
Neapolitan Hamod's. Good food &  
cocktail free!) A long siesta.

reaportan singer at dinner in Hotel  
Kiviana. The folk man was singing  
a good laughing chorus. It is  
amusing to watch the representatives  
of the various nations wondering  
whether it is good form to laugh too.  
23<sup>rd</sup>.

Morning in the Museo Nazionale.  
One could spend many mornings  
here. One classical sculpture,  
the Pompeian wall painting, Titian's  
Dance & Fandango Popo, Velasquez's  
Nervioni.

Wanda a little unbecomely  
in the afternoon & early evening.  
But go into the Fifth Island  
Restaurant & have  
a Zuppa da Vongole & mista  
mare among the osterie,  
one of which is attached to each

~~Hotel Restaurant~~ & stands by his  
stall laden with things like  
black hedgehogs & other curious  
shell fish. Most of these things  
I suspect have only a faint,  
fishing taste. But they smell  
of rock pools.

In the afternoon we had been  
up to the Vomero, where only a  
few hotels have a view & there  
is no public place with any  
~~view~~ open sweep. But in the  
Cattedrale di San Marcellino there  
is gorgeous baroque decoration  
in the church & a belvedere,  
whence one sees all Naples  
& Vesuvius & all round the Bay  
24<sup>th</sup>.

To Ischia by the morning boat.  
September mists hang long &

there is a town here all along the coast. Procida is a fairly coloured little town & Ischia (Island) has a fine castle standing up on a rock detached from the mainland.

But Casamicciola is better than either, in a little bay of its own, right under the rising slopes of Epomeo. Here we have decided to stay & on inspection from the post, we choose the Hotel Pithecusa.

A good view all round, a fine terrace over looking the sea & jolly friendly people. Considering that Ischia is not an international tourist centre like Capri, the company in the Hotel is surprisingly mixed, - French, German, (but

not offensive ones), Danes, Italian, & ourselves.

Walk to Lacco Luce & up a steep, narrow, stony lane stained by a smelling of spirit wine. Some of the little villages here look like war wrecks, heaps of stones lying about since the earthquake of 1883, which destroyed Casamicciola. In the evening sit out on the terrace & watch the lights of the little town.

15th

Go up Monte Epomeo. Start about 7.30. It is about three hours to the top, without halts. But, in fact, we halt several times, & get up about 11.30.

The lower slopes are rich

a green. Mostly vineyards.  
Ischia is an exceptionally  
green & fertile island, but  
seems to have no cypress.  
One vendemmia is in full  
swing here, two men go by  
carrying on their heads large  
baskets of black figs.

Higher up one gets into  
chestnuts, large stacks of cut  
wood, ~~near~~ stacks of cut  
wood, shaggy rising ground &  
picturesque views of sea, suddenly  
through the trees.

on top, though we don't climb  
to quite the highest visible  
point (the path having broken  
away) we have a wonderful  
all round view. cloud effects  
are very fine. Capri strands

up mysteriously. But of the mist,  
when I prepared to photograph  
it, vanishes again.

We come down on the other,  
smoother, side of the mountain, &  
pick grapes & figs as we go.  
Further down, as we are getting  
rather thirsty, we stop and  
drink some newly pressed  
grape juice, (& I ~~also~~ some of  
last year's wine as well, - extremely  
good!) I decide to have  
a villa & a vineyard here  
on Ischia & to press my  
grapes myself, as these men  
are doing!

Further down I abandon my  
old Panama hat for the benefit  
of an unknown peasant.  
We then pick up a mother boy,

which takes us down to Ischia (train).  
 Hence walk, rather heavily at the  
 end, to Cannicciola.

~~26<sup>th</sup>~~ 26<sup>th</sup>.

To Naples by an early boat.

R goes back to the Museum, &  
 I deal with banks, steamer bookings,  
 permit offices, etc.

~~27<sup>th</sup>~~ 27<sup>th</sup>.

To Pompeii, with a special permit  
 to see the new scavi. These are  
 very remarkable, the technique  
 of excavation having been greatly  
 improved. One sees whole streets  
 intact, with wall inscriptions & signs  
 including one recommending wine  
 for venereal horses, intact to  
 the second floor, & wall decorations  
 in many cases practically perfect.  
 No garden, with water courses,

tree stumps & garden vines!

I would love to come & help  
 personally in the excavation.

A man offers to sell R a  
 bit of lava, the best intact!

She has some still in one of her  
 skirts, & I in my trousers!

Coming back in the evening by  
 electric railway I catch a  
 cold which develops later.

28<sup>th</sup>.

Leave Naples on the Esperia.

Travelling first class (400 lire  
 each, including <sup>carry</sup> port) Naples -  
 (Naples) & feeling like Fabian  
 Hearsh. Very luxurious,

rather empty & enormous  
 exhibition of food. We pass  
 quite close to Ischia, & then within  
 sight of the coast all the way. Quite

calm.

29<sup>th</sup>

Arrive at Genoa about 9 am.  
Everything here is highly organized.  
~~Port~~ Pedestrians & vehicles are  
herded on the proper side of the  
road by a special uniformed  
staff, & luggage is conveyed  
from boat to railway station  
without one's looking after it at  
all! Porters & officials are  
calm & physically fit. Contrast  
by comparison with Sizely & Naples.  
Train leaves about 11. We get  
into a through carriage & train.  
Pretty good journey, though  
carriage pretty full.

30<sup>th</sup>

Cross the Channel without  
being seasick & arrive in

London about 3 pm.

I have a cold, which is a  
nuisance, caught returning from  
Naples, but it has been a  
great holiday, full of good  
memories to store.

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Plunge back into <sup>the</sup> school &  
~~soon~~ a few days later, in  
vital in the autumn after  
our return from abroad, into a  
General Election!

## **Special Note**

**All of the pages between  
the two shown here are  
blank and have not been  
filmed**

