

Papers of Hugh Dalton:
Original Manuscript Diary

Volume 8:
9 August 1925 - 26 September 1925
: (63pp)

Reduction Ratio:

8 x

(Stew up to Aug 31st 1925,
 including sums paid of tickets in
 England, 45.10.0, very
 provisionally.)

90. 9. 8
 45. 10. 0

 44. 19. 8

Money taken from Albert Knipe Road
 9/8/25.

	£	s	d
English.	9	18	6
French	10	0	0
Swiss	5	0	0
Italian.	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	34	18	6
Aix-en-Provence.	20	0	0
Nîmes	20	0	0
Geneva.	20	0	0
Geneva	35	0	0
Paris.	20	0	0
	<hr/>		
	149	18	6
Subtract. Clothes etc.	44	4	8
	<hr/>		
	105	13	10
	<hr/>		
^{the money brought home} Subtract 26/9/25			
English.	3	12	6
France	11	11	8
	<hr/>		
	15	4	2
	<hr/>		
Net cont'd holiday	90.	9.	8.

9.8.25.

Victoria 11 am. Very weary. So is
 wide but shows it less. Very smooth
 crossing, Dover-Calais, in a new boat.
 Stuffy in Paris. Train 55 minutes
 late at P.L.M. Centre. One sweats
 & could drop with fatigue. Train
 southward not too crowded & heat
 abates.

10.8.25.

Arrive Geneva 8.5 am. 3 hours to
 wait. Get a shave and some coffee
 & leave a trunk containing our
 more respectable clothes in the
 depot. ~~to~~ Sunny & slightly
 southern. The people are all
 painfully clean, shaven, tidy &
 virtuous. A sort of Webbville.
 Men bobbing pollarded planes &
 fragments swept up within five minutes.

Likewise the remains of a fruit market.
 Leave 11.55. Train along northern
 side of lake. Pretty, but no
 wilderness here. Homes for
 consumptives & hotels for the
 game rich, (bourgeois sort.) In
 our carriage one young man
 & three young women ^(English) clerks
 on bicycles, going to the
 Simplon to Milan and Venice.
 Very happy & adventurous. R
 tells them there is good bathing
 at Venice. They are delighted,
 thinking of the canals.

Arrive Martigny 2.10. Stay
 at a simple little hotel by the
 station. A busy little place.
 Electric trains & tram in all
 directions. Many walkers.
 chiefly French & Swiss. Sleep

5

2 Wash. Good Salmon trout & dark
beer (Cardinal, Friberg.)

11.8.25

leave by electric train at 11.30.
Up to Orsieres, the rail head through
a jolly wooded valley, our only
companion a youngish English colonel.

Orsieres 12.40. Lunch & walk
round. A less hygienic village than
is usual with the Swiss. one child
piddling in the street! A bearded
man in a frock coat & Khaki
puttees trying to propel a motorbike,
with a small iron jack on it, up
a steep, cobble cul-de-sac. He
turns out to be English &
trying to get up the Great St
Bernard. Picturesque jumble of
brown roofs & primitive chalets.

Motor bus leaves 2.10. Fine

Our bus has a trumpet with three
~~notes~~ to clean the way. 6
views, & a good scene from train to
time, the France. Many chalet
chiefs from Montreux. Reach
Great St Bernard soon after 4.
One Hospice, part of which is now
let off as a Hotel, very hideous.
Authentic monks ^(but in black cassocks!) & St Bernard
dogs. R 2 1 walk out to
a point where we get a
fine view, toward Italy & France,
including Mont Blanc. Jolly
crags pop in & out of clouds. At
night rain & lightning & wind
among the mists. The world
seems far off down below, London
has fallen away like a ^{for gotten} garment!

12.8.25.

The buses from Aosta don't
run according to the time table, &

We don't get away till after 4. "Les Italiens ne sont pas réguliers comme les Suisses," says the waitress. A very boring wait. Very cold outside & very hot & stuffy by the stove inside. We can't go for a walk because we don't know when the bus will come. Lots of people come & go all day, chiefly car loads from Montreux. Alfred Walker, L.C.C., with his wife & daughter appear - in the morning we walked a little way down the road to Italy & have a wonderful view, as the mists shift, of black crags in the foreground, Mount Blanc in the distance, & the blue sky over Italy, suggesting warmth while we shiver. Cow bells sound jolly from meadows

below.

We reach Aosta at 6, & stay at the Hotel de la Couronne. Cooking continental & international. French spoken more than ~~English~~ Italian. Even the War Memorial 1915-18 is in French! We hear later that many young soldiers from this part of the country were found not to understand Italian - only French was taught in the schools. Now Mussolini has ordered that Italian shall be taught also. We walk before ^{dinner} ~~supper~~ ~~about~~ the town. Mountains all round, & many snow peaks. Green gardens close up. An attractive little town. A Roman arch, & a swift stream, & an old Roman bridge over its old dry course. Views over

2 spinsters from Newcastle
in com. Hotel. Found the
place too hot for walking &
orchards. can't get a daily mail.

13.8.25.

Find a charming little Piazza.
5-0-50., with Priorato, 15th century,
with terra cotta windows & mouldings,
& many brass Spinster on coats of
arms. Church has striking
pointed terra cotta arch. It is
said that there is too much
intermarriage in the Val d'Aosta.
Many look like monkeys &
have crooked legs.

Bus for Cogne leaves at 1.30.

A lovely, warm drive, Arrive
about 4. Middle about rooms.

Finally put up among ^{the} relatively
b.g. in two little wooden rooms,
recently fashioned out of a haystack.
~~was not~~ This is a dependance of
the Hotel de Londres, where we

have plain Italian cooking.

Cogne has a lovely setting. A little
huddle of cottages & improvised
hotels, on the flat ~~at~~ green
meadows, very bright green, fed
by little irrigating streams,
a complicated network directed
by stones, which the peasants
insert or remove according to which
channel it is desired to fill.

From the back pines climbing up
mountain sides. The shapes of
the nearer hills are good &
in the distance one can see
both Mont Blanc back down
the valley towards Aosta, & the
Gran Paradiso at the end of
the Valchautay. The peasant
women wear a black costume
with a white lace collar. Villeggiant

are nearly all Italians. We pay 36 lire a day (2 guineas a week) pension. This would have been reasonably cheap for the corresponding accommodation in England before the war.

In the evening we go for a short, but pretty little walk through the larch woods. After dinner we sit outside a wooden café, ~~in~~ in an open field, listening to the village band (filarmónica cognese). We travelled up in the bus from Aosta with an engaged couple from Turin, Aldo Santorio, who ~~is~~ sells metals, & Ernestina Castino, a tailor. ~~They~~ They are cheerful & vital, independent &

friendly, & not un-intelligent. We meet them again at the café & arrange to go a walk with them tomorrow.

~~The~~ One shape of the mountain side - there is no ^{of} forest, - the band squeaks, & in the intervals drinks wine, small boys in woolly jumpers, ~~with~~ ^{with} red & green, sell lottery tickets for the band, in which indeed they form a majority of the performers. A crowd, largely composed of more small boys, forms in the background. A jolly evening!
14.8.25.

With our Torinesi up the Val di Vaillette, wide & rugged, reached through pasture & larch & pine

woods. Up all these valleys run
 strade di caccia. We have
 a meal up a rocky hillside
 beside a cascade. The Tomiesi
 produce innumerable aluminium
 vessels, containing wine, coffee etc.
 All his is Alpine equipment & suits
 to indicate his expert. It appears
 from her conversation with R
 that she diverted him from
 night clubs to Alpinism, ~~from~~ ^{to reduce}
~~the~~ risks of his catching
 venereal. (R says this is a "cure"
 "chinois" "mishralement.")
 We have some difficulty in
 finding a crossing over the glacier
 stream which flows down our
 valley, & have a good deal of
 scrambling over stones. One
 afternoon we move much quicker
 along a strada di caccia.

A good joke about Farinacci.
 "spedizioni notturne". He
 talks of his heroism in the war,
 but in fact he was a
 railway official, exempted from
 military service. 95% of Fiat
 works were Communist.
 15.8.25.

Sun cure in the woods, & eat
 mintilli. Say goodbye to Tomiesi.
 16.8.25.

Up the Vallooney to the Alp
 (2366 metres) where one has a
 superb view of a panorama
 of glaciers & snow peaks, the
 best, I think, that we have
 ever seen. Steep, zigzag but
 quite easy climb. An
 amphitheatrical peaks &
 ice slopes gradually widens
 as one climbs, against a

cloudless blue sky. This is the
best of all the valleys, wooded
far up & not too wide. Very
tiringly climbing & a long while
to wait for a stream. Then we see
new ^{stone} glaciers above us, & soon after
we hear falling water.

3 young women, who have been
climbing up behind us, have to
be helped over the stream.

Out 10 hours on this expedition,
& walking 9 hours. We both
feel very fit.

17.8.25.

giorno di riposo. ^{5 pm} silhouette
Alpini, crossing
18.8.25 palatone, with band & number.

Start 7.30 up Vafnontey, & turn
up to the right from the village,
following the straw track of
yesterday's Alpini. Hot. Millions

of Gritti, one of whom rides on
R's hat for several miles &
is photographed. It eats visibly
into her hat. Many Gritti
have red wings. Drank & rested
in the shade of a wall beside
a cascade, & after much
sweating & panting & the dashing
of false hopes, reach the
Rifugio Vittorio Sella about 11.30.
Good milk in bowls. As
we sit in the "sala da pranzo"
drinking hot milk & eating
out of our haversack, I
recognize ^{in very few words} the back of Julian
Huxley arriving with his little
doorman wife Juliette. He
left his razor in England &
has been growing a beard for
a fortnight. (R much
shocked!)

They are walking over to the
 Val d'Ixière, & then next stage,
 over the Col de Lawson into
 Valsaranche corresponds with our
 He is, we think, a little bored
 with Juliette & glad to have
 other company. We leave
 the Rifugio ~~Willet~~ about 1.15 &
 get up to the Col about 4. The
 last part is steep & rough &
 at one point, though only for
 about 15 yards, I dislike the
 path extremely owing to the drop.
 From the top, more than 10,000
 feet up, we have a wonderful
 view. In the foreground rocks
 with sharp precipices, a bright
 yellow snow, other rocks dead
 black, a vertical ice wall, looking
 like crystal one on left or we

climbed, in the distance the great
 mass of Monte Rosa, with the
 sun shining on the snow & a
 thin veil of cloud between us
 & the mountain. Monte Rosa
 is a most beautiful shape.
 Near us is the whole Paradiso
 mass & suddenly in view, for
 the first time at the Col,
 the French Alps of the Tarentaise
 in Savoy.

Monte Rosa, as it said afterwards,
 looked like a great white
 water lily & very "fey."
 Down steeply & scrambling to the
 Val Sarananche. Here the
 Pines Nationale is at its best.
 Wonderful trees, bunches of many
 sorts of pine. In some parts
 of the descent nearly all

win prizes as specimens. We pass
 also a mannot, which runs
 up hill speaking to us behind
 a rock, & the Huxleys a little
 ahead of us, meet a chamois
 dashing up ^{always} from the valley. The
 Park keepers wear a grey uniform
 with green facings & bayonet blades.
 And so at last, about 7.30, to
 Courmayeur, a little hamlet
 so called from two ~~flat~~ ^{broad} red
 belts ~~of~~ in the rock
 overhanging it, which run up
 to a point like the terracotta
 archway of S. Orso at Aosta.
 Here is the Hotel du Col Lanson,
 kept by a brother of the proprietor
 of the London at Lognon. We
 are put up, I in a fine suite
 the other in bedroom, & have

a meal. Good soup &
admirable Moscato, from Chivasso,
 called Moscato di Nocapaglia
 & only 8 lire (1/3) a bottle!
 We drink two bottles & make
 so merry with some very
 big & solemn visitors who
 are playing cards being too
 dull on us. Two old men
 also fly in horror from
 the room.

It has been a fine day. I
 have forgotten to mention
 the Alpine flowers, amazingly
 brilliant colors, gentians,
 campanulas, etc. dwarf varieties,
 many only found above the
 snowline. J.S.H. finds in
 the Italians an élan vital,
 which the French lack. My

and perhaps on the threshold of a new great Age. But the hotel service is often slow. One might substitute for "Glorinera" a new national song "Patrienza! Patrienza!" J.S.H. is a little too keen on climbing. It is, perhaps, his fruit in the Italian climate "discovering their own country" that has led him to based his hopes on them.

19.8.25.

Raining & misty. I am awakened in my friend's of R. It has been quite comfortable, founded like the church upon a rock which protrudes halfway in. The Huskys contemplate some incredible Alpine effort back to Val d'Illere. We walk through

continual rain down the Val Saravache to Aymavilles. A much narrower valley & less opened up than before. Degioz rather a jolly little place with small wrought-iron hotels. As one descends it becomes rapidly warmer. Fortsore by Aymavilles, having lost the path on a cultivated hillside, & misty. Drink some demouade & eat the remains of our food at a primitive restaurant & ride up to Cognes on a lorry. 20.8.25

Giorno di riposo. I snore the snorest snore. Lie out by the chalet at the entrance to Valmontay & eat wild asparagus. Sit in the cafe & read, R. Munn

Roumetan 21 km Corvire della
Sera, containing an article on jag
railways.

21.8.25.

Walk up towards the head of the
Cogne valley. Quite "pretty-pretty"
or different from all other
other valleys have astonishing
variety. Mount Blanc looking
like Fujiyama with clouds
below the peak. Little green
spaces spoiled by immediate
ants. Pay our last visit in the
evening to Cogné's excellent
café.

22.8.25.

Leave Cogné by bus soon after 10.
Both of us very healthy on
compared with our state ten
days ago. Cogné is wonderfully

situated for mountain walks. It
has much more variety than any
other mountain place I have
ever seen. We have been rather
hor primitive to be comfortable
at the London. The Grivola
is clearly the best Hotel. ~~in~~
a few years Cogné will have
grown a lot, but it will
still be a glorious centre &
easy escape into remote
valleys & up silent peaks.
Lunch at Aosta. Then on in
heavy rain by international
bus over the little St Bernard
to the French frontier to
Bourg St Maurice. The rain
prevents us from seeing much,
our bus is clouded in, &
soaks our luggage when it's

very well covered by a Ranunculus
 on top. But on the Italian side
 we can see enough, especially
 of a view of Mont Blanc towards
 Courmayeur and of a very deep
 wooded gorge beside the road, to
 cause the rain. The little St
 Bernard is not high, only 2,100 metres.
 There is an office, but no monks
 visible. On the French side the
 scenery is unsensational. The
 houses are better built. By train
 to Albertville, arriving about 8.
 Put up at the Hotel de la Gare,
 where commercial travellers stay
 and where, therefore, the cooking
 is very good. A jolly good meal
 including a saffron au foie de
 volaille and framboises de
 bois.

3-8-28

our bill for a large bedroom,
 best night's food meal, ^{with} and
 cafe's complet is only 67.60,
 including tip! only just over
 10/-.

A tedious day in the train,
 starting at 9.29 and arriving
 at Aix Les Bains after
 two changes at a quarter to
 ten at night. A good lunch
 in the station at Grenoble. How
 civilized these French are!
 We travel first on second
 class tickets from Grenoble to
 Aix and no ticket collector
 disturbs our rest. The
 manifestation Grande Chartreuse
 is a notable feature of the
 country & there are many shows

very well covered by a Parpaulin
 on top. But on the Italian side
 we can see enough, especially
 of the view of Mont Blanc towards
 Courmayeur and of a very deep
 wooded gorge beside the road, to
 cause the rain. The little St
 Bernard pit looks only 2,000 met
 there is an office, but no more
 visible. On the French side the
 scenery is unsensational. The
 houses are better built. By 12
 to Albertville, arriving about 8.
 Put up at the Hotel de la Gare
 where commercial travellers
 and where, therefore, the cooking
 is very good. A jolly good meal
 including a soufflé au foie
 volaille and framboises de
 bois.

23.8.28.

our bill for a large bedroom,
 best night's food meal, ^{with wine} and
 cafe' complet is only 67.60,
 including tip! Only just over
 10/-.

A tedious day in the train,
 starting at 9.29 and arriving
 at the Piazza Provenca after
 two changes at a quarter to
 ten at night. A good lunch
 in the station at Grenoble. How
 civilized these French are!
 We travel first on second
 class tickets from Grenoble to
 Aix and no ticket collector
 disturbs our rest. The
 manifestation Grande Chartreuse
 is a notable feature of the
 country & there are many shows

peaks in Dauphiné. Some French
men in an carriage say that on
the Marseilles line there are
fleas & vermin in the carriage
brought back from Morocco
by the French troops.

At 11 it is raining. No hotel
porters & no cabs! I finally
dig out a portia from the Hotel
de France where we stay.
Rather big, but much less
so than Cologne!

24.8.25.

NOT happy in my stomach. Drink
chlorodyne & brandy. Walk
about with R. Air rather like
Noto. "Molto civile" & very
silent. A very aristocratic
town in the best sense. Palace
elegant & not at all flamboyant.

an even Noto way, sparing in
ornamentation even heavy brick
in the days of Louis XIV & XV.
The Corso Mirabeau has 4 lines
of plane trees, a dark tunnel
of shade, & many of these
palaces. Besides palace &
plane trees, palm-trees &
fountains abound. It has a
little the atmosphere of the
Oxford & Cambridge colleges or
of the Temple. A slightly more
gracious & Southern variant of
Noto. Two faculties of a
University are here, Droit and
Letters, the rest being at
Marseilles. At the hall of
the Faculté de Droit is
advertised a piece for a poem
on "La famille, la famille

nombreuse, ses joies, sa necessite' sociale, etc". This piece is offered by the Societe' Nationale pour l'Accroissement de la Population. How many children will the judges have? Mr de Pacault's 8th letter is advertised a course of lectures at Geneva by Paul Yaker & various foreign under the direction of Zimmern!

The first food at the restaurant Provencal five courses including fruit & wine for 9 francs (1/9!) Provencal cooking is generally admirable, with occasional bad lapses.

Many of the buildings are of a Tawney stone. So are the cobble when wet. Other buildings are washed over the same colour.

25.8.25.

Drive out to the wonderful aqueduct of Roquefuron, - I am sure in good order. Mont du Sand - which carries the water of Marseille. Walk up a rocky hillside of stone pines & aromatic plants to the top. Just before the aqueduct begins, the water is tunnelled through natural rock.

26.8.25.

Celebrate my birthday by a very good lunch at the Provencal, including an excellent bottle of white wine.

A drive to the Chateau de Vanvengy (beautiful specimen leather & old leather) & a walk up Mont Saint Victoire.

We miss the orwood track & scramble up & down steep hill sides, wonderfully aromatic & painfully stony. To the cross at * Rosemary, Lavender, thyme.

in top. Itazy.

27.8.25

From Aix to Arles. A smaller, shabbier train, though more full of tourists, including Oswald Gore, in Undersecretary of the Interior. Stop for an hour & a half on the way at Roynac on the Etang de Baux. At Arles put up at the Hotel du Midi, rather big, but rather grand (via the comparison) and with good art in the place. Roman arena - St Trophime. Musee Lepidaine, etc. Here too many pleasure trees. Weather better - sky blue, though the wind blows more after time.

28.8.25

I take the luggage by train to Tarascon, put it in the carriage

& take the train back to Arles, where I find wife waiting with knapsack.

Train to Paradon by a little departmental line. Then walk up to Les Baux (or Aux Baux). By the road (not the best approach, but from S. Remy being much finer) Les Baux lies hidden till the end, & even then doesn't emerge dramatically, & one misses the stone quarries. But we pick almonds off the trees as we go, & have great difficulty in dodging them over against stones. Extraordinary patches of bright coloured earth, sometimes crimson, sometimes brick red.

Walk into Les Baux just about

7 o'clock. Put up at the
 Hôtellerie de la Reine Jeanne,
 (good cooking, ^{well run} clean & glorious
 situation.) ~~W~~ Wonderful
 sunset view from high ground
 by the ruins of the castle. After
 dinner we walk through the
 ruins in the moonlight & a
 little distance down the Meussane
 road, below great rocks
 taking fantastic shapes, like
^{monstrous} monsters or ^{distorted} baroque
 caricatures. We have a
 Montepulciano feeling in the
 stillness. Later in the night
 a tremendous wind gets up,
 whistling a great gust and
 whistling shrilly. Our
 bedroom is called Vincent.
 Next door is Magali, & the

Mireille. The mesquite on
 sale is called Mistraline.
 There are some pretty little
 gong plates on sale too, but
 perhaps we buy half a dozen.
 But I don't know what their
 name is.

29.8.25.

Explore the ruins further.
 Decide to stay another night.
 Sinks on the dallas, where
 rain water was caught for
 the cistern. Climb up among
 the castle ruins. High wind
 prevents our getting to the top.
 In the early evening explore the
 Val d'Enfer, where, according to
 Mistrat, Dénubé got the name &
 the idea. Balze = Les Beaux, etc.
 Fanciful, I think. Up among stone

quarries, like entrances to Great
 Aztecian tombs. These fascinate
 me even more than the rocks of
 the Val d'Enfer. They should
 certainly be recorded among the sights
 of Les Beaux. There are a lot of
 them, & the stone when first cut is
 a lovely creamy white. Later it
 weathers to a rough grey. They
 cut it out in upright cubes and
 rectangular shapes & some workings
 run deep into the rock. In one
 there are phallic drawings, perhaps
 by Italian workmen, of whose presence
 there is other evidence.

After dinner we walk out in the
 moonlight to the open ground by
 the castle ruins. Wonderful view
 from a dilapidated statue of the
 Virgin.

30.8.25.

Walk from Les Beaux to St Remy.
 Les Beaux will live high up among
 our memories. NOT a hill town, as
 in Tuscany, but the ghost of a
 rock town.

Over the Acilles, still amazingly
 aromatic. Bees can't fail to
 make splendid honey here. Then
 down into a flat green plain, with
 innumerable thick cypress hedges
 against the mistral, & ^{bright} strips of
 cultivated flowers. One, which
 stands out, contains two parallel
 bands of chrysanthemums, purple
 & magenta.

Close to St Remy are two
 notable Roman remains, a
 mausoleum & a triumphal
 arch. The former is unique of its

Rind, belonging to a good period, tall
 & thin with the figure of the person
 commemorated slightly restored

To Tarascon by train from St. Remy,
 in time for lunch & a bull
 exhibition, which R has seen
 advertised at Beaucaire. The
 little train crowded with men
 bound for the same destination. But
 they leave their women behind.
 They chatter to us about England.

Lunch at a little restaurant,
 full of fat men with enormous
 buttocks protruding over small
 chairs. Very jovial & interested
 in their food & drink. One says
 "Il y a le midi et il y a le
 midi et demi. Nous sommes
 le midi et demi!"

The waitress is a kindly veiled

institute & the proprietor says
 that he has just had a letter
 this morning from an English
 clergyman who is coming to stay
 for 3 weeks. (The obvious lie!)
 Great crowds streaming across
 the bridge over the Rhone
 into Beaucaire for the "bull
 fight." We have great
 difficulty in getting in, & still
 greater in getting a view
 of what is going on. The
 confusion is quite Italian. The
 "bull ring" is a charming open-
 air theatre shaded by planes.
 The "bulls" are mostly poor,
 bewildered creatures, which are
 floundered about among a crowd
 of some twenty men, whose chief
 exercise is jumping out of the ring

as the animals approach. No blood!
 After a while, we get bored
 of it. By train to Nîmes.
 Stay at Hotel Cheval Blanc,
 with a bedroom looking onto
 the amphitheatre from the third
 floor. Hotels in Nîmes are
 bad, but it is a jolly town,
 the next best after Aix.

~~31.8.25.~~ on the platform at
 Tarascon R heard a postka
 singing

"Je suis du midi

"du pays de l'ailoie."

They are all Tartars at
 Tarascon still! "No one ^{ever} slips
 'Je suis du Nord'," says R.

31.8.25.

I stay in bed with a disordered
 humming & a slight fever. Not to

be interested in food is a sad business
 in Provence. Poor R has to trot
 round by herself, looking at museums.
 N is a cheerful modern town with
 good cafés.

1.9.25.

Both much impressed by the amphitheatre.
 The best we have seen anywhere.
 Wonderfully preserved, & not much
 restored. Makes it more living
 but it is fitted up with wooden
 seats & chairs & is still used for
 bull fights (real, à l'espagnole.)

Take evening train to Arles, mostly
 well appointed little Hotel St Louis.
 After dinner, which included some
 good fish, we walked all round
 the outside the Walls in the
 moonlight. The walls are perfect
 and one sees no houses as one

walks round, (because they are
built low, only 2 storeys. Cf
Lithadella.)

2.9.25.

Finish our tour of Aigues Mortes
by daylight, going up the Ten de
Constance & along part of the
ramparts. { Saunde Rue Jean Jaurès
Ave Emile Zola, Ave Anatole France
Back to Nîmes by train & then
by hired car to La Baume, a
few houses on the river Gardon.
No hotel (the guide book misled
us here) but a rough restaurant
in a very pretty position above
a green pool, frequented by
fishermen.

We aim at walking to the Pont
du Gard along the bank of the Gardon.
Our chauffeur from Nîmes, who
was horrified at the sharp downward

beads in the road, & said "he had
never been here in a car before."
(And certainly never on his feet"
said R.) will tell a gesticulating
tale of Tartarin in a café tonight.
Our walk begins very well. The
Gardon here passes through a
mild cañon. We walk partly
on sand, partly on shingle,
partly on rocks, quite near the
stream. Later we are driven
away from it by a vine, ~~by~~ after
passing Collias, by tributary stream
& cultivated land, & within about
2 kilometres of the Pont, as it
approaches Nîmes out, we go off
onto the road.

We see the Pont in the falling
light, prepared for it by Rognepaum,
& I hungry for a meal. There

is a "Grand Hotel" Pont du Gard,
 where we sleep, longer than the
 demand on it would seem to justify.
 3.9.25.

The Hotel is in a jolly position, &
 we decide to stay a second night.
 Walk up to the top of the Pont & along
 the aqueduct. As compared with the
 more elegant aqueduct at Roquefournon,
 we have, in the sculpturally remarks,
 Roman solidity & Gallic elegance.
 The Mamez writes & keenly observes,
 including that of water wells in the
 fountains, have lunch at our Hotel,
 motoring through from Antibes to
 Paris. We talk of his conversion
 politics, of the life of Antibes, of little
 Arthur Henderson who talks to
 young girls about Anatoly Ponomov
 & Georgie Eliot, of the crowd

44 - "Where is yourself?" This
 sexualizing of the ^{with the} ^{handling} ^{sexual} ^{idea}
 of the Herald correspondent in Central
 Europe, etc. "Like a lemon squash, each
 she has less of a nervous tache but
 not less of a sex complex than of
 old."

4.9.25.

Walk to Lafona. La-Bains. Min
 own connection at Nîmes for
 Avignon. So lunch again at the
 demand (Nîmes) & eat
 Mousse Grandade. (cf. Mousse
 Roumestan) an uninteresting
 cod cream.

Arrive at Avignon about 7. The
 town is very full; a number of
 English & American cars among the
 houses. Hotel Cillon is full
 & we finally land at Hotel de la
 Paix, which turns out to be a

Hotel, disjunct, & partly functioning,
a Hotel & Tavern.

5.9.25

move from our hotel to the grille,
second rate but cleaner. Spend
the rest of the morning in the Palais
des Papes. Very talkative Cicerone
& many Americans in the party. Lunch
at the Hilly, good but not thrilling.

In the afternoon by PLM bus to
Vaucluse. Very bootifying
experience & a stupid lot of
fellow passengers. Visit Grotto of
Ponsaz on the way. Stalactites
like spaghetti. Vaucluse is terribly
spoiled, not so much by paper factories
as by tourists' bottles, cheap & nasty
restaurants, souvenir sellers, etc.
But the source of Sorgue, a river
which is an exquisite treatment

green, is very striking. A real
Val Chiusa, with rocks towering up
round a still pool, (like the some of
the Ormba) Then the water goes
underground & emerges in a wonderful
little stream coming out lower
down among the rocks.

Pass dinner at the grille. Then
walk through back streets & see
a funny little festa, with dancing
in the street & a very slight &
ragged torch light & band procession.

6.9.25. (Came up on Noyon Des, Derm.)
~~with view of Vaucluse.~~

Walk round the town looking at
palaces & churches. Lunch at
the house (good) & dinner
Bouillabaisse. Interesting &
filling, rather than attractive. A
little reminiscent of Naples
Vongole & ostracine. To Villeneuve

in the afternoon. See the sunset from Fort St André. A beautiful, delicate view, almost Tuscan. Aromatic herbs warm in the sun. Walk back in dusk & dine at the Lance.

7.9.25.

R thinks we are getting too 'fat & elderly', so we catch a 6 am train to Carpentras, en route for Mont Ventoux, & ~~to see the~~ see the sunrise from the train. C is a nice little town with an air of prosperity & good shops. Arrive just after 7, rather chilly. Catch a bus to Bedoin at 8.15, having drunk some coffee & bought ~~bread~~ ^{croissants}. See Berlingots de Carpentras, which turn out to be pepperminis which only R can eat. At Bedoin buy some saucissons de Mirabelle, which

has an excellent flavour, & a knife to cut it with & start on our walk with R. Turn out to be long & at times very wearisome over loose stones, awkwardly laid.

A remarkable scheme of reafforestation has been accomplished on the Montan side, altho deciduous oak, & ilex predominating. One can see it in stages, with shelter from the wind gradually coming, & vegetation & grass spreading beneath the trees. Wonderful lavender, richer & stronger scented than any in England.

After much tribulation we reach the summit at sunset & put up at the Hotel Vendran. No wind, a very unusual condition. I drink a bottle of Asti sparkling, much

less good & less muscato & more
 expensive than that fabulous wine
 I drank with the Huxleys at Eaux
 Russes. Truffled Omelette is a
 little disappointing. The stars are
 8.9-25. ^{radiant, clean &}
^{the lights of the towers in the plain}
 The patron calls us all at 5.30
 for the sunrise, which is well worth
 seeing. An amazing panorama
 from Mont Blanc, very clear to the
 sea & almost to the Pyrenees. All
 the cities of Provence lie clear
 in the morning light, & range beyond
 range of mountains to the north.
 A little like the view from Genoa, but
 in Sardinia but finer. Over bill,
 though the charge for dinner is
 excessive, comes to less than £1
 (98 francs). ^{"The best thing I've}
^{the little Provencal by the}
^{the sun rose on the vegetation.}
 Walk down to Malancène, with

going over stones, with, contrary
 to yesterday, R dislikes & I rather
 enjoy. The effects of the
 SW reforestation (60 years ago)
 are admirable. Blech also on
 west side & sycamores. Narbonne is
 Pick ^{walnuts} ^{the best here} grapes, apples, &
 more at Malancène at 12.45
 having left the trip at 8.
 share a Camionette with the
 hotel proprietor into Carpentras.
 Very fertile soil, vines, olives,
 apricots, asparagus etc.
 Train back to Arles. Carriage
 full of Africans with ash the
 juice of R's unit.
 Dine at the Lance.

9.9.25

By train to Geneva, via Lyon.
 where we have a magnificent

lunch / 13 francs at the Maison
Doree. The best Roggenbrot sandwiches
I have ever tasted!

Read Tarkain de Tarkon in the
train. The effect of the southern sun
is creating a mirage.

At Geneva put up at Hotel de
Savoie. Clean, but water not hot
in the morning & cooking very
moderate.

10.9.25.

Got Assembly Hall & see a mob
of journalists & delegates in the
entrance room, jabbering & putting call
stems in ears. A queer looking
lot. Predominantly Latins.

Phil Baker & Webster. Former
Supt. Austria had ^{now} made his worst
speech ever made at Geneva.
He a ~~st~~ historical glorification

the British Empire & an attack on
logic. Webster more kindly. "Just
what Cottle says said ^{4-7 Jan} ~~4-7 Jan~~ ^{6-7 Jan} ~~6-7 Jan~~
more than a 100 years ago, only
said openly instead of privately!"
How we progress!

A Cambridge lunch at the Hotel
Maison Kirage. Chamberlain in the
chair. A large number, several
at 12.0. & many undergraduates.

Mr. lunch to the Secretariat
of the R. to second Commission,
Hungarian Reconstruction & Health
Sub-Commission. Mr. Samuel representing
the British Empire. Flat footed
& a proper old. Many Ann. There
very common & ~~not~~ in competent
Secretary. A mouse in his
bedroom. Overworked. Perhaps the
League is too good & spends too

much money. Maudslayi &
 Galloway intervention in debate.
 Doesn't understand French.

11.9.25.

Two sessions of the Assembly. Galloway
 predominantly young & more
 British & American than anywhere
 else. Dutch & Norwegians
 speak also. Paul Bonebrake in
 stone room, but too long. Cheers
 in gallery & on floor when he
 finishes at Chamberlain. We
 have a very bad press here,
 putting a damper on high hopes.
 Cecil an unhappy figure, but
 very creditable. Chamberlain
 a rumour, though with superficial
 good manners. I see him standing
 afterwards above entrance pavement
 in a bowler hat, waiting for his
 car. ^{Shakes Bonebrake's}
 hands before his speech.

car. British in motion! Compunctive
 crowd pressing round Bonebrake &
 shaking him by the hand after his
 speech. France dominant here,
 & as last year, has a magnificently
 efficient & impressive delegation.
 Bonebrake like a Satiya, or
 The League is chiefly ^{arbitration} ^{settling} ^{the} ^{disputes} ^{between} ^{nations}
 for the future, with all real
 work done behind the scenes. But
 there is no doubt, great value
 in personal contacts. Desire
 for peace & disarmament seems
 genuine & widespread. Tremendous
 opportunity being lost machine
 to create a new world.
 Even Chamberlain talks of
 "moral disarmament".
 Geneva is so clean & pretty!
 Rien de sauvage! What they

can't cook for toffee & liquor are
high.

I suggest to Philip that what act
would be much less unacceptable
if it were made conditional on
disarmament within a fixed
term of years. He thinks this a
good suggestion.

12/9/25.

Chief incident a lunch with A.M.
Samuel. Very nervous about his job
as Rapporteur. Tells me entirely
about himself, not a financial
expert but a Norwich hat manufacturer.
Loves his wife & 3 children. Hates
being away from them. Would
die gladly, but for them. "Show
me a man's wife, & I will tell
you what manner of man he is."
What is he doing for his high rank?

Many things that can't be stated
publicly, e.g. protesting against
British commercial law which
allows payment of sterling
debts in 20% of gold. Also it
may be stated, trying to arrange
to sell the British firm at
Geneva & Milan. The League
of Nations may do a great
deal of harm. Very much
hurt at way P-B's poked
fun at Chamberlain over
illogicality of his criticism. (Sciabola
said that he understood Newton was
an Englishman, even though he
displayed ^{great} logical qualities.)
Mrs. has never seen a "coffee
factory" & is very unwilling to
an adequate tip ^{can't get his}
Dunbar, the Scotch boy ^{to spend his} who has ^{eyes on}

wife & 2 D.E. sons here. It was
~~them~~ we met on the Great St
 Bernard, in one I didn't recognize
 him.

13/9/25. - K

Lunch ^{with} at a rich American villa.
 Present a mixed party, Phil &
 Irene, various Americans, Zimmerman

& his famous wife. (fancy going
 through adultery & social hell
 work! "Wasn't he free that
 - launched a thousand ships

& burned the tops of towers of
 Moby Dick?"), Wilson Harris,
 & R. Lange, the Norwegian Secretary of the
 Intra-Parliamentary Union. I am
 plinked between the Zimmermans!

He says that everyone in the Monthly
 is saying less than they think.
 Journal de Genève has a striking

article on the loss of British prestige.
~~Says~~ The situation of Germany - Polish
 difficulties will come when Germany
 ceases to despise Slavs.

Summed on the Health Commission &
 a long word. Left at the hospital
 at 7:30 on a train, London National
 History Museum at 5. Kensington
 yet Professor has lost his head
 over it!

R rightly points out that we must
 hustle more for reconciliation this
 coming week.

14/9/25 - 18/9/25.

Daily hustle. It is hard work if
 one is outside the cage.

But we entertain at successive
 luncheons a member of the Chinese
 Delegation, Niedzialkowski a
 Polish socialist & Abramovitch

a pug delegate. In the evenings we dine out, with Richardson, Sanders & the Reichmanns. Now address a gathering, following lunch, at one of Zimmern's soirées at the Kléber. Have talks with Salta on the possibility of an intern' economic confere & the econ causes of war, (good research subjects,) with Swicker on giving American interest in & sympathy in League. British blocking everything on Commission & French dominating the whole show.

Meet at Rajchman's Ziliakos, intelligent & a friend of Goldie's, with a beautiful Russian wife.

Attend Commission with assiduity, particularly on disarmaments. Good speech by Engberg, Sweden

socialist delegate, who proposed a general strike against a Govt declared to be an aggressor by the League. Chamberlain has

refused compulsory arbitration treaties with Switzerland &

Sweden. ^{Samuel's indignation at N. 16} ^{front at all these points} ^{leave Geneva without regret, but}

having learned a good ~~deal~~

& having realized the whole League atmosphere far more clearly than is possible at a

distance. Geneva looking bad & expensive. ^{19/9/25.} Good trip at saline to Paris.

20/9/25.

Move from uncomfortable hotel to Hotel Venetia 140 West Palace

169. Jolly little grey w/ reason. Great sense of civilization.

W.D. boulevard, trees, views, good
 cooking. Cost of living surprisingly
 cheap. Can lunch for 25
 (10⁰) upwards. Taxis cheap,
 which is important since we are
 some way out. Spend an
 evening in the Bois du Boulogne
 today at Versailles, in addition
 to picture galleries, shopping
 & libraries, etc.

Lost night at Montmartre. Dine
 at "Rat qui n'est pas mort" &
 go on to "Fusy et Maurice" at
 the Moulin de la Chanson. Quite
 French & very gay. No ^{other} foreigners
 present

26/9/25.

An easy journey back. Wind
 on the channel, but all
 pitch & no roll. Neither

us sick. Back at Albert
 Bridge Road in the late afternoon.
 A very jolly holiday & one of
 the cheapest we have ever had!

