



Countries passed through.

Austria  
Germany  
Austria  
(Soviet Zone)  
Hungary  
Romania  
Bulgaria  
Turkey  
Greece

heb wäise nit wa lang  
Und stürz wäiss nit waum  
Muess fahren, wäiss nit wohin  
Nich wundert obs ich  
so fröhlich bin.

— Emperor Max

# LEIGH FERMOR JOURNAL

Patrick Michael  
Michael

Leigh Fermor

4<sup>th</sup> Oct

MICHAEL

LEIGH FERMOR



МИХАИЛ НИ-ФЕРНДОРФ  
АНГЛИСКИ КОНСУЛАТЪ  
СОФИЯ  
БЪЛГАРСКА

Mikhail Ni-Fernow  
to Prosvetniku ty's Mayakov  
Bratislavas  
Slovakia  
Bulgaria.  
ΕΙΛΑΣ

Mikhail Ni-Fernow  
Legation of Great Britain  
in Bucharest  
Romania

continued from page 20 in volume 3.

JOURNAL

London

to

4.

IV

?

From volume

Pozsony  
(Bratislava) Czechoslovakia  
18<sup>th</sup> March, 1934.

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Michael Leigh - Fernow  
28 Market Street  
London, W.1

Mayfair 0228.

(If lost, please give to nearest  
British Consul).

Journal ContinuedNagy-Hagyan  
Bratislava,  
SlovakiaMarch 18,  
1924.

This morning I got up earlier than usual, but Hans was already at the office, and as my rucksack was already packed, I had one last ~~longing~~ luxuriant bath, and dressed once more in my walking kit, that I had clotted for a fortnight, and now seemed to me none the point that I was leaving so much pleasure and happiness behind me.

I said good bye to Bratislava, walking through

## PRESSBURG.

The squalid and fascinating ghetto for the last time. I went to the office in Trenčianske, and said goodbye to Hans, with promises of returning to stay at his place at Prague in the summer. It was hardly saying goodbye, and leaving after the fortnight I had spent with him, we have really become great friends, and have made all arrangements about writing, so as to keep in touch about the summer.

I really did feel vulnerable as I left Pressburg, but the only cheerful thought was that in two days more I would arrive at Bam Scheij's

## PRESSBURG.

place;

The weather has been perfect, all day, the sky a perfectly lovely blue with big white clouds, and I walked along a twisting avenue of squat elm trees. The grass is a lovely emerald green, which really shows that spring is here; looking back, I could see the chimney-pots of Bratislava, and the grey castle on the Schlossberg. I wandered along smoking quiet contentedly, and at noon sat down on a log of wood, and watched the sun shining off the little Carpathian mountains.

924 CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Roads.  
to the left of the road, or I  
ate my luncheon of Boeckcher,  
peck, and a Pandua. In a  
field nearby, a troop of Czecho-  
Slovakian cavalry were exerci-  
sing their horses, and they  
were the most lovely creatures,  
with glittering black planks,  
long legs, and sweeping  
uncloaked manes and tails.  
They rode very well, and  
in their bronzed bullet heads  
and narrow eyes, they looked  
very fierce and Kossocks like,  
and their little ears accentuated  
the brutality of their type.  
I felt very drowsy sitting in  
the sun like this, and it was

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Roads 925  
at cliff; I cubly that I forced  
myself to continue on my  
way.

I don't know what I  
was thinking about all the  
afternoon, but I must have  
wandered along in a completely  
absent-minded state, as  
by four o'clock I had no idea  
where I was, and when I  
stopped a peasant or two, and  
asked the way to Baron Selyi  
at Bozovce Pusta, they just  
gesticulated wildly, and said,  
"Slovenski" or "Magyar"  
and I realised for the first  
time the difficulty I was  
going to have over languages

apparently I had gone miles off my way, and was not far off a little town called

Senec, about as far from Kovočes as Kováčes was

from Bratislava. I managed, with a country postman, who knew a word or two of german, to make out that my right way was to go across the road to Samovin, about twenty kilometers off so I set out down a dismal track ~~rough~~<sup>rough</sup> and absolutely flat plain, with white farm houses, and occasional old, bent women gathering peat and peatkins. They must be frightfully poor people.

I have never seen anything like the ravine, with which they built down on the ground before every side crucifixes, crossing themselves, and laying perhaps, a sprig of peat on the ledge before it.

In a little while I came to see a narrow river, a tributary of the Danube, called the Kleine Donau, or in magyar, the Kis Duna. I could not see how I was going to get across this so I walked along till I came to a ferry, and shunted across the river for about two minutes

## 928 TO LITTLE DANUBE

before the old man stepped up; he got into the little boat, and standing up in the bows, pulled the boat across, by tugging at a taught rope that stretched wonder high across the river.

When I was the other side, I found myself again walking through absolutely flat fields, and as the sun was setting in a soft red sky, it was really lovely. Everything was quiet andainless, and high above the green fields, larks fluttered,

## NAGY-HAGYAR 929

<sup>35</sup>  
<sup>34</sup>

singing as if from wings  
would break. I watched  
them, as with ~~one~~ scanned  
about the air, sinking and  
ascending with dizzy speed,  
and it made me think of  
springs in England.

Soon the

twilight began to fade and  
at last I arrived at a town  
called Nagy-Hagyár, consisting  
almost entirely of thatched  
thatched ~~books~~, houses, in  
the rutted and muddy roads  
touching the walls without  
pavement or garden fences,  
and I was ~~so~~ surprised  
to see hundreds of swarthy

black-haired children in  
coloured blankets, and old  
brown-skinned hags, with  
strands of greasy hair stuck  
to their headclothes, and tall  
dark shifty-eyed, loose-limbed  
young men, and realized that  
these were the gypsies.  
The Hungarian gypsies I  
had heard so much about  
— they are the most amoral  
people and completely eastern  
— Metternich said "east of Vienna,  
the Orient begins" and he was  
right. At last I managed  
to find the Hungarian  
house; and he was a typical  
man, a typical Hungarian

with a handsome hatchet face  
<sup>35</sup> and blue eyes, and friendliness  
<sup>by</sup> itself. He looked at my  
passport, and said he would  
put me up, and all the  
evening we talked, ~~about~~  
by his fire, smoking his  
very strong Hungarian tobacco.  
There were no boards to  
the floor, only earth stamped  
so flat and hard, that  
it seems to do just as well;  
the house is thatched, too.

At last I went to bed  
in his spare room, and  
pulling the eiderdown over  
me, was soon asleep.

+ + +

I have just had breakfast  
and as the day is lovely  
I must say good bye to  
the King-mistress, leave Nagy-  
Magyar, and set out for  
Kőváros & Pusztá. The day  
is perfect, with just enough  
wind to make it pleasant.

Kőváros & Pusztá

March 20

Just as I got outside Nagy-  
Magyar this morning,  
I saw the most amazing  
gypsy women walking towards  
me along the very dusty  
roads, and they were com-  
pletely oriental, with draperies  
of the brightest scarlet green,

and purple, of silk and  
cotton, and I don't think  
I have ever seen any-  
thing so picturesque; one  
had a very brown baby  
shiny round nose like  
a squaw's peacock,  
but the other two were young  
and really amazingly beaut-  
iful; quite completely dressed  
in black as black as a  
raven's wing, and very  
dark large eyes. At first  
we passed each other  
on the road, they all shouted  
out greeting very merrily  
in Rumanian, and I made  
equally hearty noises back

35

24

934

## SAMORIN

back again, and learned a bit. They were quite without any bashfulness or modesty of any sort; I must say, I understand ~~some~~ these chaps who take some swot by bridle to rear their dusky race.

It won't long before I arrived at Samorin, and here, to my disgust and extreme surprise I was told that I was going the completely wrong way for Soponya, and that it was ~~as~~ about 30 miles off. It was getting late, and

## SLOVAKIAN BOSS

935

I had promised Baron Lekay to be at Konecser by five or six, so I enquired how to get there by train, and learned that the only way was to go back to Bratislava by bus and to take the train from there.

In the bus, there were the most motley collection of people; two men with bulging umbrellas, several peasants in fur caps and top-boots, a country gentleman, sweating under his thick paubobby, his belt, bearing sword, ruyshen and mace.

Starting from the racks  
above his head. I took  
in about an hour to  
get to Piesburg, and  
luckily there was a train  
going to Serec, the nearest  
station I could get to.  
However, there was a train  
to Novicees Pista, I passed  
through Serec again, then  
Galanta and Droroh.  
From here I started. I  
had to walk about ten  
kilometres to Novicees. They  
had no Popoma, in which case I  
would be about a couple  
of hours late, so I went  
to the Serec post office,  
and tried to phone, but found

that the post office was not  
to Novicees closed at 8:00  
and so it couldn't be done.  
The boy at the post office,  
however, was frightfully  
helpful, and, as he didn't  
speak a word of German,  
he got me one ticket for  
the groceries who did. This  
cheap took me along to  
the shop, and his son  
a grand man, very big  
and healthy, said he  
would send me along  
in his car. He was a  
very good boy, and  
the only man who had  
brought me there helped me

## KÖVECSÉS PUSZTA

along to Kovacs's through Szombathely. It was quite dark, and the headlights lit up the bushes and trees at the roadside. The roads got fearfully bad after a while, and the little car jolted about like a ship at sea. We at last reached a cheerful little village, and finding the baron's house. Only a few windows were lit up, and the baron's house-keeper, a sweet old thing in a neckerchief tied Hungarian fashion, never her head with the instrument.

## KÖVECSÉSI PUSZTA

We dined. I found Baron Schrey in his library, reading Marcel Proust in one easy chair and Baron Elphège. He greeted me warmly and we were soon sitting down to eat dinner in a little table in the corner of the room. He told me he had lived here quite alone all the winter, reading all the works of Marcel Proust volume by volume, and said that he was the most wonderful author. The house, there, as he said a large shooting box than a chateau, was

low and rambling, and as he was quite a bore, we only used this room and his bedroom. The library, his living room, was one of the pleasantest rooms I have ever seen with a thick crust of gold lining over everything; the walls, where they were not covered hidden by book cases, were panelled and hung with oak boughs. The chairs were deep and easy, and the lighting pleasant. I must say I envied him. His English was absolutely perfect, and of

the Edwardian type. We got on marvelously, and our tastes of humor were practically the same. We spent the evening talking about books and pictures, and he had endless anecdotes of King and in the Edwardian period - of the King himself, the Duchess of Battenberg, Margot Asquith, the Bessos, Frank Schuster, and Anthony Hope - his stories about Franz Josef, too were endless; and lots of Prince Rudolf and Princess Rudolinda. The Empress Elizabeth, of

the German Royal family whom he knew well (Bavaria, the Kaiser and the Wilhelms seem to be rather awful monarchs). His stories about his old Princess Meliavich, Prince Bulleberg, and von Moltke were most interesting too. We sat very late over coffee, kvass and excellent cigars, and I went to bed with him - feeling that I had made a real friend.

Kovecses Pusztá <sup>Nature</sup> ~~27~~

It is already a week that has slipped by at Kovecses, and I have been so leading such a

leisurely and pleasant time here that the days have flicked past without my noticing them, so that I have completely forgotten to write in my diary. So I must try to make up for lost time now.

The weather has been perfect, spring is well on its way, and the Baron and I have spent most of the time basking in it like the lizards that hide in the crevices of the walls. In the morning we go for long walks all over the estate, — endless woods, all feathered breathlessly with that softest of green, and the sky a pale watercolor blue.

the song of the birds is incessant,  
and everything is too perfect  
that it isn't true.

Each day Diane said I  
must go the next day, and so it  
has gone on. I am just living  
in a pre-war world, and if I  
really think we get on so well  
that he has been Barnabé  
has been as keen for me  
to stay as I have been  
myself. These long walks are  
wonderful, and we talk about  
every possible thing, and  
there are frequently the  
easy silences of perfect company.  
The ground is everywhere covered  
with violet, and many times we

have lain by the Waag,  
talking for hours at a time,  
smoking cigars, and one  
evening, just after sunset,  
walking along the River  
banks on our way home to  
dinner, we saw six or seven  
huge log-rafts sailing  
slowly downstream laden with  
timber from the Slovakian  
forests; each had a little hut  
on it, and the fires which  
cooked the rafters evening  
meals flashed merrily in the  
water. The sturdy timbermen  
in their leather breeches  
and fur caps, raised their  
caps as they passed, wishing

KÖVESES PASTA

In a good evening, to which  
the Baron replied with his  
greeting to a stranger.  
"God has brought you".  
Tomorrow I am really going  
to make his effort, and  
continue on my way once more.

Noré Zantay

March 28

When I left Kőveses this  
morning, it was horrible  
hidding farewell to Baron  
Schay, and also to his  
winekeeper, Laci, and the  
old maid, Anna. They had  
both made me a marvellous  
luncheon, and the Baron  
picked up an old pipe and

KÖVESES PASTA

took care of this with Regali's  
Medicas, to smoke on my  
way, and also gave me a  
small tin of Capstan pipe  
tobacco. He walked with me as  
far as Komjáth, across the  
flat fields, where many  
teams were plowing, the air  
being full of their hickling  
bells, and all the tasks' singing.  
As I said goodbye to him,  
I wondered when I should  
return to Cseko-Székely,  
and when I would come and  
stay at Kőveses again. It  
was, for me, a sad parting,  
and at such times, one remembers  
the saying that parting is

during a little ~~at the NOVE ZAMKY~~

The country after Kossafalu was flat and uninteresting, and I was thoroughly bored. Still, at nightfall, I patched up at a town called Nove Zamky, late at night, and came to their coffee house where I am now sitting. All the young men of this village are sitting round tables, shooting, talking, playing skat, billiards, and every now and then some greybeard attempting to bend the papers, shunts out for them to drink with their beer; for a moment a tho-

They speak in an undistinct, hoarse voice gradually increasing to its former timbre, when the greybeards remonstrates again, regular as clockwork.

There is a very pretty very painted up girl, who sits behind a table on which are chocolates and strange Hungarian iced confections of delicate coloring. Her face is slightly mongolian in type her high cheeks pushing up the corners of her huge black eyes. Her mouth, soft and moist glazed, is painted a bright crimson, and her black velvet dress

950

NOVEMBER

looks as if it would break,  
so tight does it cling to  
her. Her hair is blue black,  
falling in a fringe over  
her forehead. She has  
cast some very come-meeting  
glances over her, and I  
can't quite place her. If  
she was a pro, surely  
she would sit at one of  
the tables. When I look up,  
she stares <sup>me</sup> full in eyes, turning  
easily away after a moment.  
I am going to sit down;  
here a bit before finding a  
bed.

NOVEMBER

Kibölkut March 09.

I had not sat up long last night,  
before a waiter brought a slip of  
paper which had the one word  
"Hans" written on it, and an  
address in a street not far from the  
coffee house. I was very mystified  
at first, but the waiter, seeing  
my expression told me that Hans  
was very safe, very good, and  
very reasonable, and would I  
like an interview tomorrow. I said  
what it was all about, I agreed,  
and thanked him very much, and  
said I didn't think I did.  
would. I saw him talking  
to the girl a minute later,

both of them glancing in my direction, and how beat the rest of the evening she assisted us more my way, but displayed her charms disgruntedly in the little I could see playing billiards.

There was a man who played the violin, whose wife accompanied him on the piano, and as he spoke some English, he found his way over to my table, and over a thumbful of cognac, advised me to leave nothing to do with Marie, as she was a proper wrong 'un, and had been had by every one in town.

Zamky. But, he told me, if I was going to Budapest, he advised me to call at the ~~resort~~ <sup>the</sup> Hotel Maria Theresia in Regno utca, where, as he fluently expressed it, each man can be safely, for fine pengő, a Cavalier. The Czechs and Hungarians are single minded peoples. This sort of advice has been very frequent, even since the poly-got beckonings from the waiters on the salors being, said the head waiter in the Astoria's dining room and I which of the two ladies we would like.

Eventually, I found that

In the equivalent of a larder,  
I could sleep in a stone room  
stone like a coffee house, which  
I did, getting on the road  
again early this morning,  
and walking with a party  
of peasants through Bere  
and Perbete, resting with  
them under a hedge at  
noon to eat the remains of  
Barm Schey's & Supplies,  
and to smoke a cigar in  
the shade.

One of them spoke  
a little German, and for a long  
time we talked about the suffer-  
ings of the Hungarian people. I  
must say, I do feel for them.

an especially patriotic race,  
having their country chopped  
up like a leg of mutton, by  
a gathering of politicians who  
had no idea of the political  
issues involved. Trianon seems  
to have been a great mistake.  
All the people in this part of  
the Greeks - Slovaks are  
Hungarians, militarily so, but  
at school the children learn  
Slovakian, and I suppose,  
if all goes according to  
Government plan, they will  
be indistinguishable in  
two generations. But the  
Hungarians hate the Greeks  
and Romanians, who have annexed

The greater part of them thinking  
Hungary does not seem to be a  
very strong feeling about the  
Lands, I don't know why. Hungary  
means to get every inch of  
its lost territory back, and  
for this reason, it is preserved  
as a Kingdom, though the  
throne is now vacant, and  
Horthy, a regent, goes lines  
up in his barge. When a King  
in Hungary is crowned on horse-  
back w/ the Baldwin's Old crown  
of St Stephen, he has to  
swear a most sacred oath  
that during his reign Hungary  
shall retain her agelong  
boundaries. Therefore, the return

of the monarchy to Hungary  
is looked upon with distrust  
by other countries. The crown  
itself is thought to be a danger,  
and many attempts have been  
made to steal it. Now, when  
it rests gilded in two bronze  
knobs, it is impossible to touch  
it without, by an arrangement  
of wires, immediate electro-  
-detection. The Habsburgs, however,  
are not very popular in Hungary  
because they always regarded  
them as rebels. It is all a  
frightful problem.

We talked about  
all these things, and the old  
man, his face tanned and wrinkled

The scoured wood, the skin stretched tight over his high cheekbones, wrinkling at the corners of his eyes, was a fine sight. His long black mustache jutted over his chin, brown bound pipe, which he puffed philosophically, he wore shiny ~~red~~ knee boots, creased softly round the ankles, and so did the women, looking like something out of the Russian ballet. The old man, whose wife adored him as Ferenc, had on two, a broad brimmed, flat crowned felt hat, at a jaunty angle. The young girl, was really lovely, with

soft blue eyes, and plaited fair hair under the red silk head cloth which was knotted under her chin, and her blouse sleeves, ~~the~~ skirt, and apron were all of different bright colors; her name was Trinka, one of the loveliest I have heard, affectionate for Irene I disliked leaving her, but our ways parted here, and so with an exchange of "jo estet Rivnok," and "ceret chokolom" we each followed our separate ways.

The sun was broiling all the afternoon, and I walked in my shirt sleeves; the dust was

RHODEKUT.

tricks and plentiful, but  
soon my boots were white  
as if with snow. The tanks were  
despairing all day, and just  
about nightfall I reached  
this little whitewashed village  
of Kibölkut, consisting of  
a narrow street of thatched  
houses; here I was casting  
round for a barn or some such  
place to spend the night  
in, when a little Jewish chap  
with red hair asked me what  
was looking for; when I  
told he, he said he was a baker,  
and if I would come to, I could  
sleep in his bakery, where  
it would be nice and warm.

KÖBÖLKÜT

and clean. I thanked him  
very much, and in his dark  
little bakery we made a  
bed on the stone floor of straw  
and blankets, and here I  
am now writing my candlelight  
Cenkó Hancú

<sup>29.</sup>  
Kibölkut

This morning I left Kibölkut and the  
little Jewish baker quite late,  
as it was very rainy, and  
we sat basking for some time  
on a wooden bench, smoking  
and talking. When at last I  
set out, it was about one  
o'clock, and my host had insisted  
on my staying to luncheon.  
My aim that night was to reach

KARWAN

Karwa where I had an audience  
with Thurody. It is a sort of country  
square, ~~city~~ from there you  
can see the road lead over  
gentle hills, and plains, all  
covered with plough land and  
now and then parts  
white water Preston, low lying  
and rambling like a reach.  
In the hollows, the green  
was very green, and the  
interspersed with huge golden  
king cups. There were frequent  
sheaves and ponds, fringed  
with reeds, and without trees,  
on whose water big raft-like  
lily leaves floated. The  
frogs made a high pitched

RARWA

booming ~~noise~~, and went with  
the myriad larks in making  
the greatest noise. The sun  
was so shining all day, and  
I walked only in my shirt  
 sleeves, becoming browner  
every moment.

About four o'clock  
I arrived at Karwa, which  
I was surprised to find on  
the banks of the Damuse, a  
village of factories and one  
or two shops. On the opposite  
bank I saw Hangang for the  
first time.

I had tea with  
Thurody's friend, who informed  
me he was going back to

870

CENKET 11.1.

Pogony that night, he told me, so was unable to put me up. It was getting dark by the time I left him and I started walking briskly along the Danube's bank. It was a glorious evening pitch dark but the air had a wonderful softness about it that seemed to cover my skin as I past, and it was warm. The weather was warm and sultry. I had walked not many <sup>part</sup> <sub>whoo</sub> miles along this path <sup>when</sup> <sub>came</sub> <sup>out</sup> <sub>to</sub> <sup>the</sup> <sub>city</sub> I decided to risk it and sleep in the open. There were no houses for a in sight.

CENKET 11.1. 871

and under the trees directly by the river's brink. There was a soft carpet of leaves that I thought would make wonderful sleeping. I arranged myself, wrapped in my heavy coat, in a little <sup>ouch</sup> like a bed, with my nose <sup>for</sup> <sub>under</sub> my head, and was soon fast asleep.

I woke up with a start aware that <sup>had</sup> something was shaking my head about by the collar, and as soon as I was fully awake, I saw two men in uniform, one of them shining a bulb-eyed torch on his belt at me, and

DANUBE BANKS

keeping me covered with his rifle, the fixed bayonet pointed at my chest. I was amazed at this, not understanding what was happening, so I asked him in German what it was all about. They spoke in German, only Czech and a little Hungarian, so we didn't get very far. They made me get up, and marched me along the bank one holding my arm in a judo grip, the other, having ~~stabs~~ <sup>stabbed</sup> ~~stabbed~~ <sup>stabbed</sup> his rifle, keeping me covered with an enormous automatic. It was really rather a comic scene. I

DANUBE BANKS

couldn't ~~safely~~ understand what on earth was happening. ~~so~~ but realizing that there was a mistake somewhere. When I started talking I was told in Czech to hold my noise. So I did. After a while, our little procession reached a wooden hut, and there I was made to sit down on a chair which covered by one of the men who had a frightening mustache and ~~hollow red~~<sup>bloodshot</sup> eyes, which did not look to good the other side of the ridiculously large pleasure in his hand. The skin

974

## SMUGGLING.

me, meanwhile, I crawled me from top to toe, emptying every pocket except that into which we take my boots and puttees off. (All this may surprise me enormously, but the height of the hut, I had no cognizance of the grey uniform they were wearing as that of the Grenzwache - the Frontier Guards.) When he had finished with me, he undid the string of my rucksack, and turned it up sideways so that the contents tumbled out onto the floor in a disordered heap; then he proceeded to examine, open,

SMUGGLING

975

and unfasten every single thing in it, looking down the backs of books, and feeling in his pockets of my pyjamas. This went on for some time till at last he seemed to realize that there was nothing of interest here, and knelt back in the middle of the floor, littered with my disintegrated belongings, scratching his head in a mystified ~~and~~ and baffled manner. The man with the pistol too had grown a little less militant, and the two talked together ~~and~~ sadly, casting dubious glances

## SMUGGLING

at me from time to time. One of them picked up my passport from the floor, of which no particular notice had been taken in the search. The fact that I was English seemed to make a great difference, and though conversation was limited, the man with the moustache put his revolver down, and I was offered a cigarette. We had been smoking a minute or two, when another frontier-watchman turned up, a big fat man who spoke German. He asked me what I was up to, and when I told him I was

GERMANY

on a walking tour through Europe and an enquiry found my age to be eighteen nineteen, he roared with laughter, and explained that I had been mistaken for a notorious ~~sackmesser~~ smuggler who plied his trade from Czerny across the Danube into Hungary, where the takes were so high that it was an easy income. This smuggler apparently used to hide among his trees, till a rowing boat from the other side came across the Danube in his darkness to pick him up. We all laughed at his mistake, and the two men apologized for their

978

CENKE

longue treatment of me. In the end, they arranged for me to sleep in the stable of a nearby farm where I now am, lying on a soft heap of straw, and lighting by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Rétságom, Miskolc  
Hungary, S.B.C.

The people who owned the farm where I slept last night were splendid, as I found in the morning, as they invited me to eating a massive breakfast with them another. Packing up a ~~huge~~<sup>large</sup> lunch

CENKE

979

-eon for me. They came both from Silesia, north of Czechoslovakia. He was very heavy big, and she was very handsome indeed, with jet black hair. They were a good couple.

The way towards Rétságom lay along the Danube Banks, along the top of a grassy ridge, which had obviously been built against the river's flooding. There were trees all the way which made it wonderfully shady. It was the hottest day ~~heat~~ this year so far, and the sweat poured off me. I passed hardly anybody all day, except Gypsy boys.

2 Pages

Found of  
grey  
dry  
mistake

979

ZIGGYNAYOLK

They spend their time hunting  
wearable & tools, rats and mice  
in and such small deer. The  
way they go about it is most  
unpleasant. They find their  
holes in the bank, and pour  
a bucket full of water into  
the highest one, so that the  
creatures come out, half drowned,  
by the other exits usually only  
a yard or two off; whereupon  
the gypsies catch them and  
strangle. When ~~they~~ are passed  
them, they wave dragged bunches  
of the creatures at you, asking  
you to buy them. Apparently  
entirely the gypsies eat them  
and expect you to do the

ZIGEUNER

980

same; a weasel is for them a  
great delicacy. Barn Schey  
told me that, in the estate  
at Kovacs, if they had  
killed a horse that died of  
old age, or of some disease,  
the gypsies were sure to dig  
it up in the night, and  
eat it. The begging is  
awful. The English Derby  
Day stuff of "You've got  
a lucky face" and "Penny  
for the baby" is nothing  
compared to it; they tack  
on to you, and follow you  
perhaps 100 yards down  
the road, whining and rocking  
their eyes, running now and

ZIGUNER

on side, now on the other even prostrating themselves on the ground before you, as if they were dying of want. At the tree end one is practically forced to give them something. Then they spit on the coin, and either thank you profusely and go on their way, or grumble that it is not enough and start all over again with an expectant look in their eyes. It is fatal to give anything to one of them when any others are nearby, as else a crowd of them immediately collects and hounds to be treated likewise. The children are the

ZIGUNER

finest, worst, but they are very funny, as they scuttle along side squeaking in their treble voices and the innocent little brown faces are so ~~so~~ comic, that it is very hard not to laugh. Once you laugh you're done for. You must quiet them something then, or else you appear a dreadful churl, I don't know why. They mothers know this, and train the brats carefully. They are a mysterious people, never doing a stroke of work living by theft and begging. No can't do anything about them; one of the great mysteries is where they are buried; nobody

983

ZIGGUNER

has ever been hem buried, or  
 find a gypsy grave I suppose  
 they just bury their fellows  
<sup>that is</sup> ~~with~~ by the roadside like  
 dead dogs, and drive on in  
 their caravans. The shifting  
 population to is impossible  
 to include in any census  
 and some years ago, in these  
 countries, where there was conscription  
 for a certain period for all  
 young men, the authorities were  
 quite unable to do anything  
 about the gypsies. They  
 are all the most marvellous  
 musicians, and often go  
 around in troupes, playing  
 for money. They are especially

ZIGGUNER

984

proficient on the Violin, the  
 Zither, and that strange Hungarian  
 instrument of strings and hammers  
~~and~~ the Cymbol. The songs  
 they play are wild and  
 intoxicating, the dances  
 an especial favorite, and  
 some of the <sup>they play</sup> air's are so  
 melodiously and touchingly that  
~~they~~ it is hard to ~~feel~~ —

Keep the tears from ones eyes  
 while hearing them. The  
 Hungarian love it, and go  
 into a sort of ecstasy when  
 they hear it; In his gypsy  
 restaurants, there are great  
 stories of the effect of ~~of~~ deeds  
 of the guests under the influence

ZIGEUNER

gypsy music and to Ray. The tears roll down their face, they embrace one another, kissing the musicians, and presenting them with his stack diamond and platinum sticks. And links out of their evening shirts, & stuffing bank notes into the gypsies ears, no hands, mouths, and down their neck. Often they are wrought up to such a state, that they break every single wineglass, window and mirror within reach. As they payed for every thing royalty, the waiters d' hotel were only too pleased when the young gentlemen en-

KLÁSSIKUS

joyed themselves. There is a story of a young prince on his birthday, who having broken every glass in his building, he brought, sat down, and began to mop his brow with his handkerchief; his master d' hotel however approached him, and making a deep bow, said "Highness, here is still one broken glass in my office, if you would honour me by breaking it."

The Hungarian word for all this is "molachag" and can be roughly translated by his word "Whoopsee". It has been a little limited since the war.

as the aristocracy, once fabulously rich, is now in less good circumstances; "the money" so white-haired counts tell me after a few glasses of wine "is in quite the wrong hands nowadays;" and looking ~~wistfully~~<sup>wistfully</sup> at the minor covered walks, they wipe a manly tear from their eyes.

So much for gypsies and "mulathag."

The day was so hot, that at noon, when the sun was at its hottest, I had to lay down under a tree, by the river, and lay in a doze the whole

afternoon, smoking the last of my cigars, when I had eaten my luncheon, and I ~~seldom~~ think I have seldom enjoyed a烟燭 more. The cigars were first class, and might have come from Grindelwald or Freiburg and Treysa. In this and I fell asleep, and must have slept for about two hours, as I found from a passing peasant that it was three o'clock. This was a bit of a business, as neither of us spoke the other's language. I achieved it in this way, by summoning his attention, and scrutinising my wrist watch.

puckered brows, I at last managed to make him understand that I wanted to know his name. His face lit up and he said "Három" which I replied to by ~~saying~~ signalling with my right hand, and saying "ninc magyar" which is something like "no Hungarian" in his vernacular. So he held up three fingers, and all was well.

This is the sort of way that I have been getting on for the last few days. If I want to know the way to Estangom, I say "Estangom?" in an enquiring voice, pointing straight ahead; if I want a

match, I go through a pantomime of pipe lighting.

When I continued on my way it was still broiling hot, and soon I left the trees behind me, and the road climbed up along the top of a big cliff overlooking the river, which soon began to twist eastwards. On the opposite bank, on top of a rock, I saw a huge domed church, which in distance looked mysterious and oriental. A peasant told me that it was the Basilica of Estangom. It looked magnificent.

At about five o'clock, I reached Parkán, and soon crossed

ESTRÉSÉG (Hungary.)

the iron bridge into Hungary. It was rather a trich reading in Hungary still for the first time I remembered that this was the fifth country I have walked through on my travels, Holland, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia.

It was Easter Saturday, and the bells were ringing for the evening service. The streets were full of people in their best clothes, and there was a marvellous softness about the air, like last night, and altogether my first impression of Hungary was good. I looked back across the

ESTERGOM. - 11 -

Danube, and wondered when, if ever, I should return here in my life. I hope I do, to see my friends Hans Ziegler and Baron Schrey, both of whom have asked me back for as long as I care to stay.

I had a card from Frau von Thunotzky, for the mayor of the town, a Dr Gyula Glatz, and a policeman told me in cowed tones that he was the burgomaster, and led me along to the town hall, where he asked me to wait while he found him. The hon. Dr Glatz, when he saw my card, made us very welcome, and said that most

unfortunately I couldn't stay the night in his house, as it was crowded out for Easter, but he would see that I was made comfortable so at the little hotel, where he insisted that I should stay as his guest. He was a tall man, with an eyeglass and very well dressed. The policeman told me he had married a baroness. He said he was just going to church, and asked me if I would care to come, as I had never been to Easter Saturday ceremony, and it might interest me; so I went to church with him just as the church was closing. We went

in a party of about ten, and all the rest, except two boys. Alexander and I were wearing the most wonderful uniforms that I couldn't take my eyes off; a sort of hereditary uniform that all country gentlemen were entitled to wear. They were not all the same. It looked, somehow, eastern, consisting of a fur ~~cosack~~<sup>mussay</sup> busby like those the ~~cosacks~~ wear, with a big eagle feather five plume, a glowing clock, a red frogged and embroidered coat with lace at the cuffs and sleeves, ~~and~~ white embroidered breeches, and glittering blue green leather

ESTARSON.

Messianic boots, band with gold working, and with silver spursutting from his heels. Best of all, were the curved sabres  
heavy hilted, more like scimitars,  
with silver hilts, the scabbard  
of black covered with black velvet  
and the silverwork all along  
studded with gems. They looked  
surprisingly magnificent, and  
my companions wore them  
well. Father.

In the church, we  
had a special red-draped  
pew, being the big boys of the  
town (I must have looked a bit  
baud, in my dusty khaki) and  
I sat beneath the boughs and

ESTARSON.

to a very tall count in uniform,  
his all black, but his  
some of his other, wearing a  
heavy silver chain about  
his neck.

The service was fine,  
a blaze of candles and incense,  
and in the end, we passed  
out of the church into the twilight  
town, in a brilliant procession  
headed by a huge golden  
canopy, under which a priest  
in a golden cope, carried a  
glittering the Sacrement in  
a glittering monstrance. ~~and~~  
Numerous acolytes carried candles,  
and rang bells, and swung  
censers. The bugle master, and the

most of us, had a special place just behind the Host, and behind it a band was playing strenuously.

In the streets, none of the lights were lit, but in every window were set many candles, and by their light, (it was quite dark) I saw the faces of the hundreds of peasants who had come in to see the Blessed Sacrament pass through the streets. As the canopy passed, everyone knelt down reverently on the ground, and crossed themselves. The procession passed at mid the

town, and afterwards, the Burgomaster asked me back to dinner at his house. They were quite a lot of people there, and some, including his wife, spoke English. ~~The man~~ Most of the men still wore their ~~costumes~~ ~~the~~ ~~use~~ ~~for~~ costumes, and all together, it was an amazing evening. The burgomaster walked back to his hotel with me, to see I was properly looked after, and ~~as~~ I have got a dressing room, while I am now in bed. It has been a long day, and I am feeling very

999

ETIARHOMYIA.

tried. The Hungarians certainly seem to be grand people, and very hospitable. The girls are very nice and very good cooks. The young ladies are not unfriendly, very nice, some are of the type with a little yellow hair, also kindly.

1000.

## GAP OF FOUR MONTHS

(HUNGARY AND ROMANIA).

WRITTEN ELSEWHERE

Continued, Aug 14, crossing the  
Romanio-Bulgarian frontier,

in note form.

1001

Bulgaria LOM  
Bulgaria

Low Palenkovo, Aug. 16<sup>th</sup>.

On ship. Mrs Floyd. Palestiniens  
gentleman. Singing gypsies  
Shakespear, W. C. W. Helms. Heva.  
P. Kursk papers. Mrs Floyd's plain  
arrangements. ham minaret. Turke.  
veiled women. Supper in a little  
pubs under trees in the ~~garden~~  
degenerating town. The <sup>cyrillic characters</sup> Dr.  
Stephansoff. Envelope. (S. A. T. - )  
Talk. Bed in Pubs.

Aug. 15

Low. Peasants Kalpaks. Uniforms.  
(Rumanian) Dr. Stephansoff leaving  
Low. Gypsy village. Stone waggon,  
yes and no. Long road. Street.  
peasant. Rain, covered by

TZAROVINE FERDINAND. 052

rugs. melon. The peasant who  
had been in America, and spoke  
English. his history (Australia, etc).  
Darkness. Rain. Tzaroline. his pub  
types: Turkish and Bulgarian gypsy  
bed. Pick. Pop. Little room.

Aug. 16.

The German deserter. his waggon.  
left Tzaroline II. Rain. woods.  
the German's story. The forester hut.  
(Rein!) water bottles, melons, paprika.  
Turkish (esci), his salary. knife.  
Road <sup>Pubs</sup> again. Road sloping down to  
Ferchimel. The German slept in  
Ferchimel. Risotto, sweetmeats, salad.  
talk. Doctor Tzareff. Evening  
in Cafe; the draper, finger  
nails. Sweetmeats. jam. Doctor

1003

BERKOVIZA

Todur Ate Alexandroff, Reel at  
Doctor Tsanoff.

Aug. 17,

Goodbye to Doctor Tsanoff, rendezvous  
with his wife's brother, to the  
fair. Lions in cages, impudent.  
Leaving Pechinov, riding mad,  
The Balkans in the distance. Sleep  
by the way-side, smoking Bulgarian  
cigarettes. Pleasant way, lined with  
shady acacias. To Berkovize,  
watchmaker away. Italian sculptor;  
descriptions of town. Romantic,  
Restaurant, Labsa, Svetunka  
Ikonostase, invitation. Her name;  
evening, while two old women  
readed Paprika, read in bed.

BERKOVIZA

1004

Aug. 18,

Say late in bed today, reading  
Pickswick Papers. Svetunka and  
I to lunch in his "Balkan" Restaurant,  
talking all the afternoon in his  
public Park, every band, every  
body about drunk, dancing in  
the street, late home to bed.

Aug. 19.

Up early, packed up my kit,  
said Good Bye to Svetunka, and  
away. Road curving out of  
Berkovize, into a valley, and  
then starting to climb. Bulging  
on over-loaded asses, passing,  
and passing in a black cloth  
hat shrilly to church, visiting  
Klisoma. lonely village, Reel

Bulgarian type, one leaning houses, etc. Khan, gate of the capped Bulgarians where I draw a Spritz, talk in French with an ex-priester from France, description of costumes girls in the street in their country clothes. Bread and white cheese (Sarine) and paprika.

Away from Klinawa, the road winding hukwia by turns the forest - black trees. Late afternoon I come through the branches the stream dashingly under wooden bridges. Dorset River, beauty of the scenery, after sun and the batman riding by. Talk in French about Ruth.

on top of hill etc. French type, sitting down under trees or at stone bushes - caravan of some bullocks waggers - weather beaten peasants, such peasant women with plait down the necks, (each tied with string) leather cloths. Supper by a camp fire in the trees. I invited to accompany them to Petrochan, buying the oxen, then putting them back into the yokes, loading up and then, Hadi! cracking whips, and carts creaked forward, winding through the forest, sunset. Glorious scenery road steep and steep, buying fish length as thick bridges.

Sleep - Hunt; we gypsies bring  
tricks cigarettes of contrabanded  
tobacco. Morris. Thought,  
Midnight arrival at Petrochan.  
Doris d'dine' like Nash! Dorcas  
Chas! Dorcas Putt etc. Wildness  
of his pens, fast a little  
bits. Walking (walled up office  
had told) Bed, and - Sleep!

Aug. 22.

Up late today. - So tired  
from the long day yesterday.  
First excellent man - great  
huntsman, called Arziboff. Knew  
M. de Rudnay, eating my lunch  
etc., and couple of gypsies  
came and played the violin. Gave  
them a little of the excellent

red wine. German wife Polen  
wife - 'you'. Then were Nakne,  
very nice. Left Petrochan. Seeing  
amazing Road like a gypsies  
village. Balkans rising along  
on all sides. Little villages among  
prospects. herdsmen playing  
the flute, herds - black and  
white sheep or goat, tickly  
pens. At last to Buchin Dervent,  
nearly outside Potsch, <sup>villages near</sup> German and  
Pole came by. Left to Sofia.  
dark by this time, thrill  
of entering a new capital.  
Hotel Stare Plavina, left goods  
here. Good bye, German & Pole.  
Found the British Leg. The servant  
got Miss Floyd's cabin. Luncheon

108.

SOFIA.

date for the morrow at the  
couple. Heard there were  
bitter at Hungarian legation.  
Wandered round Sofia. sighted  
8 streets. chic women, pecked  
shoulders. Boulevard Des Ossob-  
ochits. Promenading inhabitants.  
Palace. Café to Café. Mosque  
& Russian Refugee in café. Sudden  
fit of the blues; looking  
forward to the morrow. Back  
also to my hotel, slept head  
myself to sleep with Pickwick  
Papers.

Aug 21.

Up. had shave, manicure, boots  
cleaned in the street, bought  
Trines. read in café till luncheon.

SOFIA.

109

Trines. luncheon date at the  
Tolmato. My host George,<sup>typically English</sup> Rugby School - new wings, immediate  
go down well, coffee on balcony.  
invitation to stay in Sofia with  
them. Mrs Floyd and I to a coffee  
(MESTAHKB) when collecting my kit  
from the Hotel Nové Rudného, and  
back dinner party - borrowed  
kit from Tolmato. Van der Waal  
Racka. talk about Budapest  
dancing in Bulgaria, then in  
night clubs with cabaret. Carnation  
Newnes girl. Home, bed & slept  
on camp bed on balcony.

Aug 22.

Morning on balcony, after late  
breakfast (English, thank god)

1010

SOFIA Hagia Sophia  
~~new & old~~ new

read songs of Hafiz, here he is all together, Satir in old his Tchintchi room, talked all afternoon. After dinner, everyone felt tired, except Rachel and I, and went to bed. We went wandering about the town, coffee in Café Schmidl. Sofia dead and depressing us at night. Back home, I to bed on balcony.

Aug 23.

Rachel and I wandered round the town; underground Turkish Orthodox church lights, icons, statues, women, priests, I am kissing and dances. Went to Alexander Newsby, back to luncheon. Read back numbers of Times in afternoon.

SOFIA

1011

and we read pamphlet from Lawrence's of Revolt in the Desert - Graschi, <sup>Balkans</sup> English Tea. Came to bed. I prowled round town again talked half the night to German in soft. Smoked a long time smoking on balcony. Marvelous moonlight, Sofia by Moon light.

Aug 24.

Woken up by several squadrons of cavalry passing by, band and singing, fire - description. After breakfast and Boyd going off to Constantine, I went to the Market description. Amazing, peasants, Oriental Bozacs, Boza, Melons, Paprika, fruit flowers, knives scythes blades, saddles, <sup>women</sup> clothe.

1012

Sofia.

every morning. I bought dagger and  
few Kel paks, by help of madame  
Petkova. When I met accidentally,  
who spoke French. Home, tried  
on dagger with broad Sash Countess  
Tukce gave me. Read in Park  
all his of German, Rilkes Poems.  
All talked on Balcony ~~at afternoon~~ <sup>the dinner</sup>

Aug. 25.

Read all morning, delight of  
a little barren and civilization.  
hockey, cricket ground, description  
I made 5. out middle stump,  
amazing in congruousness of scene,  
disestry of nation. Bulgarian  
onlookers realizing that it is  
true that his English are  
not quite right in his head.

Sofia.

1013

Admiral back home with us for  
drink on balcony. The Tolintan  
and I to cafe. chat on balcony.  
back home.

Aug. 26.

Old Mr Tolintan and I to service  
in Russian church. Prince Liven.  
service. vestments, incense, etc  
crammed. Ray mending my shirt  
all afternoon. I finally had  
tailored maps together. Went  
for walk before dinner. Encountered  
behind on Vitosha, and we all  
read on balcony, talking from  
time to time, drinking coffee  
and smoking. My idea about  
going to Rila, after hearing  
what the Petkova said about it.  
Sleep late.

Aug. 27.

Days of the day by Bath, Dressed today in travelling kit, determining to go to Rila monastery for a few days. Once more to Bulgaria legation, got lot of letters from Romania one from Barron Brags. Met Duffy on way back home to drink with him. Talked about Constantinople and Near East, and about Mount Athos. I determined to go there sometime. Lent me Sakis novels which I had read before, but which would be good for the trip to Rila. home and changed after lunch. ~~He~~ said goodbye to everyone, wore my fur cap.

broad socks and dagger for first time, effect excellent. Left Sofia at dusk, walked along the road in the darkness. After several miles, was stopped at wayside pub at Kasichane, eat my eggs, and drank Turkish coffee and water there. Slept in little room where I got bitten to pieces by bugs, and didn't sleep a wink.

Aug. 28.

Left stayed in bed late this morning, unwilling to get a little sleep by putting on overcoat, and binding at neck and wrists, preventing bugs getting in. The landlord did

1016

DOLNI PASAREL.

not change anything for his bed  
decent of him. breakfast of bread  
and cheese and haidi! Rilly dusty  
way; sneaked like a pos, all his  
way to town; Uncle in little  
pub. French speaking Bulgar.  
talked a long time. Lots of people  
about today. Same red-letter day.

Road running to a steep gorge,  
wooded hill side very beautiful  
dark trees, crossed river, through  
valleys to little village of Dolni  
Pasarel; Khan Gul. man played  
on wooden pipe. description:  
Prisoner of Salnikov. Little English.  
drunks with the peasants & he late  
slept here.

SAMAKOFF1017<sup>50</sup>

Aug 29

got up late again, packed  
up. sat in front of Khan in  
the sun and drunk 3 Turkish  
Coffees. Good scene. Willow trees,  
stream, wooden saddled horses  
children playing in the sun.  
continued my way through the  
gorge, the mountain getting  
steeper and steeper to both sides.  
Wagons passing by. lovely day.  
Rope in his wagon. Pup in kalkov.  
Wringing up his entrails. amazing  
process. Towards sunset, bearded  
man in his wagon fine type.

tryng to say something. Not under  
stand. Found a German speaking  
man in Samakoff. Translated

1018

OSPEJ MACHA

invitation. Splendid. Nikolai, Mikhail,  
Dankers Bead Sleepin wagon,  
arrived late at Ospej-Machala.  
Perfect type of Bulgarian house,  
overleaving story, outside ladder  
by chegate yard. living room. large  
fire place hearth. ~~two~~ cradles,  
turkish grecers on walls, turkish  
cows on Mothers carvings, Icons,  
all board and white wash. Dinner  
<sup>round</sup> table stools. ~~salad~~ grape  
and grapes, out of the same  
dish with forks. Peppikid Stew,  
mead cheese, sour milk and  
Sugar, turkish coffee in hand-  
less cups, long pipe, cherry  
wood stem, earthenware bowl,  
his wife attending all our wants.

RILA MOUNTAINS.

1019

Sleep on floor in spite of sheepskin  
he ate father in boxlike bed.  
not undressed. Wore himself  
many times, kinned them,  
before which hung lamp.  
Sleep.

Aug 30.

Up good early with family. Said  
Good bye to Nikolai and family,  
and started off. Glorious day.  
Road winding through fields of  
rapese. A fine road goes up  
steeply winding through pine  
trees; goes long, passed nobody  
and had the mountains to my  
self. About midday, got out  
of the trees gone, only bracken  
and brush and higher, just

## 1020 HUSSALA and RUPITÉ

roasted. Eat and ate his luncheon  
Nikola packed for me. Smoked  
a long time. Amazing views.  
mountains just like a relief map.  
Hussala, Rupité, highest peak  
of the Balkans, and the ridge  
of Dzhala. view down into the  
valley, not a sign of habitation.  
Balkans rising for miles and  
miles, mountain pools. Monkey  
man. Rocky way, feeling of  
distance from habitation. Road  
winding downward through trees,  
down, down, down marshy meadows.  
Later to stony valley; with two  
Rilskas dashing ~~through~~ serpents.  
Dashed me with knife, horrible  
sight. Pool and supper good.

## RILSKA VALLEY

1021

Through the pine woods to his dark  
hutings all the way. sudden  
arrival at Rila, in the heat of  
the mountain impressions, walls  
rising sheer, loopholed like a  
fortress. Somakoff gate, <sup>guards</sup>, <sup>passes</sup>  
and Pomaks left kit at Janits  
and went in search of supper  
at little Khan on Edge of  
rock, outside monastery. Wild  
party consisting of Abbot and student  
friend from S. Petersburg, officers  
и ГУНЕНЬ, hand waving. One woman  
wanted to American. Sang and  
merrymaking. Cry for English songs  
Sea chanties, great success. After-  
wards walking woods, flowers behind  
ears, dancing the Horo. Reclining

## 1022 RILA MONASTERY

Old Peasant handkerchief ground, damadganin. Quite drunk. About life and soul of pony back to Monastery. And slept in big dormitory on two wooden bunks.

Tired enough for him shirt and pants.  
Bosseis  
Grave: Aug. 31 Brigand Country.

Wandered round Monastery. Magnificent Byzantine church amazing. Orthodox a mass of gold. Service candle glittering. Flashing gilt held of the stone walls masses of painting, not a square inch uncovered. One Russian cross extra bar leaning in own stalk. Peasants entering with candles and lighting ground & tries placing candle before icons. Kissing

## RILA MONASTERY

every icon in church Plain song splendid - unaccompanied, deep pagan and oriental. American friend again, all to Turkish coffee in <sup>Mark</sup> Roberts' chambers. The room. Then beds,

Rikia, good fun. my friends at last night learning, invitation to come to Radonit, Panewells, kitchen under the plane trees or wooden terrace. Long afternoon, smoking drinking up after cup of Turkish coffee, and back in the sun-shine, and deciding that his world wasnt such a bad place. Stiansoff, opposite French, said I could sleep on spare bed in his cell; cell white-washed and sunny. Walking outside fruit trees, herding

and Rilka's valley, and mountains.  
evening service incense plam song  
marvellous. Gospoda, Gospoda!  
walk. Supper in Stoyanoff's cel.  
many students here. Singing  
two whole evenings. everything very  
jolly. Sleep.

Sept 1st,

Read Le Ki a long time in bed  
- When William came, second time.  
Grand. Suitable for Balkans. Stoyanoff  
returned from early Mass with news  
of Rilka Dimitri's murder. Details  
very exciting. Mass again. Lunched  
on terrace. After lunched swimming  
water. Lighting matches. Sheepherd  
of everything grapes, wine, etc.  
present to the hermits came

The Russian Monk Proties Serge.  
delightful. sat and drank tea at  
the ~~end~~<sup>of</sup> evening talking very  
well red, the most civilized person  
I have met since Bulgaria.  
Zola, Balzac, Flaubert, Anatole  
France charming cheap. common  
friends from Russia Pre-war  
Petersburg. Proties Meloddy. Good  
night, ~~and bed~~ Panegy at  
the cloisters at night. Walked  
round smoking last pipe. Silence,  
warm night. Cloisters outside numbered  
monks cel. bed.

Sept 2nd.

Up early. walking mountains. mar-  
vellous birds singing. freshness  
of everything. back to monastery

surround of thousands of olives.  
Before path of trees. All birds,  
many from Serbia. Fathers service  
Archibishops - Vladic - of Rila  
Zagora. These crozier and epa-  
trons such of Vladics. Metropolitits  
- Episcops etc. Vestments. Hats by  
hats. Romanian. Several having  
hand of St John. I missed  
in my mistake. <sup>missed the crosses</sup> Soffred went  
for walk at footway from  
monastery. Lay on the grass  
under trees all afternoon. Smoking  
and reading 'Saki' lovely  
weather. Broke evenig at  
Khan. ate soup all evening.  
to bed in new wooden dormitory  
descriptin of inmates. walk round

upper stories with stoic stuff. /  
secret (he is a Romanian). Fire  
on roof. Priest cries Organ! Organ  
with policeman to hose up  
on roof. Hurrah. dangerous. Flames  
Quadrangle full. little now.  
great. Devos sleep at last.  
Lept. Bed.

Walked in mountain all morning.  
Lunch, walk down hill, through  
valley to Rila Sels. There wandered  
in woods a bit. The little kitchen.  
The men out the landlord, the  
drunken official his frenzied  
smashing the glass, beastly  
go. Haile. The two Spanish  
Devos living in Lin. Moise and  
Injith Mikuni. very hospitable

1028 RILA MONASTERY

Vegetarian.  
invited me to stay with them  
all the evening. Refugee from  
Hitler, he & son problem less  
room. delightful people. Good late.

Sept. 4<sup>th</sup>

Slept late. Host and hostess  
out when I got up. The old  
Domka made the breakfast, wrote  
note to my hostess, and walked  
back along the winding road to  
the monastery, and arrived here  
about noon. Penka Kratchanska.  
Beautiful. Studentka introduced  
myself, studied in Vienna much  
more sensible than most Bulgarian  
girls. talked went for walk in mountains  
got, talked, sang, and smoked  
for long time nice cheerful

RILA MONASTERY

1029

tree birds-eye view of monastic  
Advent me. Sweet. Dined together  
grapes all evening together then  
her.

5

Sept. 5<sup>th</sup>

Whole day with Penka; packed  
up luncheon from Klara, borrowed  
Bathing dress from Ivan, walked  
miles. Picnic by river. Swam,  
lay in each other's arms for hours  
after lunches, talking desultorily  
walked home in the sunset.  
one of the happiest days of  
my life. Back to the monastery  
two Archbishops of Stara Zagora.  
my last night in the monastery  
Snow at 8 am. Good night,  
Penka. What a day!

1030

RILA MOUNTAINS.Sept. 6<sup>th</sup>.

Set out from the monastery today after having said good-byes to all my friends, and the Abbott. Penka walked after miles with me, and said goodbye, just before we got to Rila village. Then onward to the little town whence the road struck up hill over the upper end the tail of the Musala ridge man with donkey and axe.

Wind-swept upland. Little village poor, bleak. Kelpak's peasants plowing wooden, ox-drawn plow, dry ravine and river. dried up river bed next little village. Tobacco

DUPNITZA

1034

leaves hung up by turns and to dry road again. He Dapnica arrived here late, ate in coffee. Long fat moustache, he let me curl up and sleep on bench at end woken up at 4 by lorry man going to Sofia. Famed him. Glorious, unimaginable ride through his sunrise to Sofia — Rodomir, flashing name of Alexander Nevsky.

Sept. 7<sup>th</sup>.

Turned up at Beydž at about 8 in time for breakfast, had briefly long breakfast, washed bathed, clean again, thank god. Judith and Ray at Lydia

looking at monasteries. After  
lunch alone, the Tolmatova and  
I went for a walk, talked,  
then to Savoy Café where self  
conscious Bulgarians. Picture of  
King and Queen. Mr. Christoff,  
the bar, odd English people.  
Back dinner, read, and read  
again.

Sept 8<sup>th</sup> <sup>Wrote to England</sup>  
<sup>for money</sup>

Went out to buy tobacco, went  
out to see Professor Feher from  
the Hungarian legation, again.  
Talked about Mont Alba & the  
Byzantine congress. Wenceslao  
lunched changed for criket,  
went along to ground with Boyd  
at first ball. See. Horne's drawing

type. Mistake of Oxford and Han-  
chester accent, waiting for money  
Back to Stanley Point. Andrew  
drank and argued for ages about  
war. Duffy, was amazed American  
watching 3 different pts of view  
But Andrews, Colonial, Leo Morris's  
modern Oxford pacifist, and mine  
for the sake of argument, trying  
the feasibility of high armament.  
Running discussions. Back with  
Duffy to dinner. Chilling  
evening. All smoked our  
pipes and talked till very  
late, when we all went out  
together to see each other home  
extinguishing in sleeping room  
from door to door, like in Trilby.

1934

SOPHIA  
1934

Spent latish the Tolstoy and I to Alexander Nevsky, where his Metropolitan of Sofia took his service, placeless singing.  
 Spent afternoon <sup>and</sup> in the Tolstoy, sitting down, tea and coffee (in English!) and looking at this boy of the first Bulgarians Duyosse. Miss Darling came, smoky-type, saw her home. Went to dinner with the Bent-Andreas Duffys and the Morris' there. Angry dinner. Afterwards to cinema, Eddie Cantor in Roman Scandals. Laughed the whole time, afterwards all back to Duffys flat, and talked till late.

I, and Ray came back

SOPHIA

1935

from Phillips spots today. In bed when I came back. Read a balcony. Sleep

Sept. 10<sup>th</sup>.

Ray and I did crossword puzzle the whole morning, and after luncheon we went and prowled round the back streets of Sofia. Fun. Ray is a grand companion for this sort of work, and I think their grand. off tea in little cafe Schmidt. No civilized cafes in Sofia. After dinner, we all sat on the balcony, and read Boyd and I read out stories from Sekki alone, which we all loved. To bazaar room Tolstoy. Dusk, the balcony-

1935

Sept 14

Habsburgs Metros to Sredni Vashtov discussed about this. everyone to had Duckit and I to Savoy, talked and shouted Shakespeare, Marlowe, Sheridan, and everyone possible at each other till very late. Bulgarians watching these English. Home to bed.

Sept 11<sup>th</sup>.

Ray packed all today. I wrote her out letter of introduction to Barnes Berg in Budapest, where she promised to collect my second volume of diary and post it to Germany when she arrived in England. Sad day. George

Oct 1A.

1936

morning we all went to the station Duckit and Ray eat.

Bayd and I saw to luggage. Turkish girls amonging goodbye to Ray. Bayd and I back to gettin' early to bed.

Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>.

Read Saki all morning. Grandpa and Grandmother. My money arrived at the Consulate from England. Gott sei dank! I went to consulate to help Bayd with report. Statistics about imports from Britain among colonial fall. Dashed in Germany, talk about politics. Afternoon again. Mrs Tolnitsch and I for walk. Bulgarians couldn't come to dinner, we invited for cocktails.

1037

SOPHIA

next day I went out after dinner, bought a train and took it into the bar of the Bulgaria to read. Met old man in evening. Very obvious Englishman. Mr. Whitmore, talked for ages. Fascinatingly interesting man, know so many quiet manner. Monasteries of Greece and Anatolia, putted up by a King, Montenegro, prince of Necker von in contact - people. Back to bed.

Sept 13<sup>th</sup>.

Terrifically busy day. Helped Boyd again w/ report, gave money to Stanley Bent & Andrew to change. Statistics of money

SOPHIA

1038

Afternoon to tea with Mr. Whitmore. talk again. Amazed to learn he was an American, no accent. Always heard this about Bent and New England states see it is true. Drinks like Ether & Balfour, Cocktails w/ his Balfours, stopping people. Nice to meet someone of our own class again. The Boyd agreed (English a bright girl scratch lot in Serbia. Tolka Bentwick, Balfour and Boyd-Tolka only really nice ones) later met Mr. Whitmore again also Savay, Balfour and Runciman came too all in Prince jackets. Bulgarians amazed. Talked awhile, then bed.

1039

Sofia

Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>.

Helped with report again at morning. Luncheon. Afternoon with me Tolmison long walk to his Russian ladies. delicious neck. saw the Christening most amazing ceremony in Orthodox Church. later back home had a bath before dinner. McAdie, from the American legation came to dinner. Talked a lot about Prague. Both common friends in Johnny's etc. from Vienna legation. Amazing evening smoking cigars out on balcony. Bed.

Sofia

1040

Sept 15<sup>th</sup>.

All day at Consulate, working on report with Boyd, got it finished at last think good. Got my money back changed from Stanley Bent-Andrews. Bucheon. Then I went with Dmitri to the Police H. Q. and got, after a photo, my identification card - my ЖИЧАЯ КАРТА. Went to Cricket made fine runs. Rotten back home. Boyd out to dinner at Bryant - we congen. Dulek and I reach Saki. Hoy An annoying word that has had hold of me for 3 days now, suddenly went just like that! God be thanked

1041

SOPHIA.

Then I left Grand-Duchess and I went and drank coffee in Savoy, and talked about London, Oxford, and friends, and book almost over we got so homesick. Bloody Bulgaria brought on balcony last night in Sophia. Cypress etc. Height!

Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>.

Everyone went off early to save Racket. Judith stayed to see me off. We had tea in little place, and then off I went, along the Semakoff Rd. Take as to Rita. Simeonova on a high shoulder of hill. Friends very pleased to see me.

SOPHIA.

1042

Upstairs grand hotel in the evening funny American candlelights on the Bulgarian character from foreign school-masters point of view. Very interesting. Late to bed.

Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>.

Late up, as I lay in bed all morning reading Autic they again, baccara in Hall. Golf in afternoon with Donald Fowley and his pal. Good fun. Morning cycling in Hall late that again, been bed.

Sept. 18<sup>th</sup>.

Set off in the afternoon, and eat meal by the way-side road & night and sweaty.

Up stage car stopped. Spoke to woman. Seemed surprised my talking French. Later caught up with team of wagons. Picturesque kit of his men. Bone rolling hills. lovely bleak sunset. peasants sang all the way. Arrival at Non Khan. Decent stop description. Puts. Sweet peasants, eat and slept here. Read Arabic Harry by candlelight till I dropped asleep.

Sept. 19<sup>th</sup>.

Weary day along winding road, baking sun. Wine wagon, full of fermenting wine, passed long bark in

Sun. Sun set when I was in rather desolate country. Came to peasants round a fire. sat down. had chat. grand men, sheepskins long pipes, etc. Car stops. Two gypsies join us. long chat - talk about robbers, rasbiniks Mitre Gennoff - like Alexanderoff. grand gift to Plovdiv. Supper together at Hotel. has road of Philipopolis

~~The boy~~ Sept 20<sup>th</sup>

Wandered round coffee houses all day. got in with drunken gang all the evening, and oh boy! did we drink! At museum Egyptian and Roman of course. Picturesque etc.

god knows what,  
Sept 30<sup>th</sup>. letter to  
Mummers.

Went and looked up Peukai  
Pratchanova, my little friend from  
Rila Monastery — little house  
in the Bulgarian Tzara. Costola  
Hotel. She really is sweet.  
went to dinner together then  
census-taking. Then long afternoon  
together at my hotel. ~~and~~ They  
then walked home with her,  
through the public gardens  
which are very pretty. kissed  
her goodnight. & then really  
a rather a poet. Spent evening  
talking to English speaking  
chemist. Awful bus late so  
not feeling flagged out. Found  
later that my rucksack had been stolen  
in ~~new made~~

Sept 22.

Walked round all day about my  
rucksack. People in here a good  
very decent hotel, promised  
to pay for everything if un-  
retrievable. Spent afternoon  
at Peukai - dancing and amus-  
ing ground - She's a great girl.  
In the evening we eat together  
in little pub, then had lovely  
walk up the hill, saw the  
fam boy Starlight. Run am of  
back streets, steep and  
climbed. Child with hen and  
knife, pathetic. Back with  
Peukai to my hotel. Grand.  
When she went, couldn't sleep  
got up, wrote long letter to Mum.

Sept 28

Woken up in the morning by the hotel porter, who had heard from the Police that my suitcase had been received. Go to Police. Return of my case complete, so a white cordial story. Went to Beerghen to thank manager. Peuke being all afternoon so I went into the garden, & had Ova Klics - you. Evening we both went up to the same place above the town, dined till late, then back to my hotel, rather sentimental tonight as I have decided to quit tomorrow.

Sept 24<sup>b</sup>

Packed up kit this morning. Peuke came round and helped me. When all is ready, went and bid farewell to Peuke together, then go home at two to Peuke. Then back to Hotel for a bit, and "Huidé", over his bridge into his Turkish quarter, (Platz) off its into the flat dusty courtyards and courts. Old houses cheap, along comes wagon. Gravel peasant, with hot from market, funny little cart. I go to sleep in it. wake up low lying peasant house with balcony on ground, Peuke's wife. Supper crooked on rug.

(oon) round table, some milk,  
nasse bed of colored waresings  
on balcony. Woken up by his  
peasant's wife rattling away  
at the loom. "Bang! bang!"  
marvelous pictures! Peasant comes  
along. Breakfast, away we go

to Sept 25<sup>th</sup>.

Unbelievably hot day  
what dust!道路 clogged  
with it, but flooded on screen  
that grilling plain, lies.  
roaring Balkas delicious in the  
distance. "I will turn my eggs  
unto the hills!" Dohi Nalba  
pouts. Lively and cool, eats  
bits of grapes, and dances about

a little afroie, met man on  
way to Karlovo with Dokhey.  
incredible chap. talked all  
the time about the old Bulg-  
arian heroes. Sweet, amoral  
by moonlight in Karlovo, tired  
fit to die. Slept in little hotel  
Babenberg.

Sept 26<sup>th</sup>.

Got up late. Exploration of  
town. Fascinating, sleep; whitewashed  
streets, old shops, cobblestones  
lining up. Saddlemakers, horses  
worked. Tailorworkers. Deserbs.  
belts etc. clang. clang! 3 mosques  
old one with broken minaret, and  
open garden. Arabic characters.  
Partico and well school. Down

1051

KARTOVO

My life river, lovely day. Old  
Turkish bazaar, mosque, minaret,  
boulders and rushing stream.  
determination to drown it. coffee  
by the unique Turks in  
amazing kit, Fez, turbans,  
brown embroidered trousers and  
sandals, embroidered waists at  
blue shirt, scarlet sash, types,  
mountaineers back to market place  
English speaking Turk. Luckless.  
Turk entering shop, coffee under  
his trees before cafe. Down  
to river, chess all afternoon,  
Turkish wedding. Procession.  
Flute, bagpipe and tambourine.  
veils. Rabat turban. Turkish  
house. Bride unveiled. Petty

KARTOVO.

1052

Park. Flower stuck in cheek  
burning the old man's hand. sweet.  
Scramble, caught one. Then all  
driven out. I to mosque little  
coffee house attached. The man  
old. shallow broad seat all  
round. Turks sitting soon begin-  
ning smoking cigarettes or pipes.  
Turkish coffee. Very friendly  
with me. 5 o'clock, ~~noon~~ into  
mosque. God unto Muslim.  
Allah akbar, Allah akbar!

etc. went into the mosque  
with his Turks all squatting  
in no before tea which where  
the man was intoning liturgy.  
sensuous, standing, squatting,  
touching floor with foreheads

Working at first right, then left, fingers keeping soft, reciting from Roman. I recited it all fascinated. Peanies. Then hoop out, put on shoes, and back to cafe. I soon hit to my English speaking Turk, sat drinking coffee under two linden trees.

Old gentleman next table, imperial beard, sympathetic type. Engaged in conversation. Extremely cultured, unusual in Bulgaria spoke M. perfect French. Diplomat in Pateff St Petersburg before the war. talked about the Imperial Court, and Count Stenbock-Fermor charming him and a half's conversation. Invited me to luncheon

next day. Then to Hissar, full of Bulgarian officers and their girls. With military band playing. Funny in this little town. lots of saluting and sabre clashing and sword-fighting. Large party at next table. Very pretty girl. looked as if she liked Michael! They invited me over, and we chatted and even danced a bit. Learned he addressed half French and asked me to come over to Hissar where they all were. I declined very reluctantly. She was some eyeful! late that night they all went off to Hissar, mostly roaming drunk or sentiment.

- they squiffed. I neared home.  
Sadly thinking about Marie.  
Sleeps in Khan Battenberg.

Sept 27<sup>th</sup>.

Slept late, and when dressed,  
went to K. Pateff, early as he  
had said. Greeted me warmly,  
and gave me some excellent  
brandy, and joy of joys, a cigar,  
the first I had smoked since  
Sofia. Then we went a long  
walk to see the waterfall,  
lonely road, walnut trees, cow-ole  
marollers, then back chattering  
away in French about the last  
days of Imperial Retrograd.  
Then we looked at the Vasil  
Levsky monument.

Excellent Turkish coffee and  
brandy and cigar an Yemace.

Delightful interlude. Afterwards  
we set out along Kazanlik  
Road, walked and walked and  
walked. Got dark, not a trace  
of a village, road climbed and  
climbed in the moonlight, higher  
and higher, in amazing loops  
and turns. View of valley behind.  
At last, when I thought I  
was dead, road began to descend  
and soon saw the lights of  
Kalofer twinkling. Little mountain  
village, everybody shuttered and  
boned. Barking dogs, just  
barking among the cottages  
for a Khan, when I heard the

105

## SHIPKA MONASTERY.

Woke up in a face car, soon headlights through darkness. Harry stopped it and asked for lift along valley to Rokzantik going to Shipka O.K. Jumped in, gave me some bread to eat. I tried fell asleep, only woke up when we were approaching Shipka. Looked like a fairy village in moonlight, with the gold Russian-esque domes of Gomel's silver in the moonlight. Got out back goodbye, went up to monastery. And couldn't sleep there. So wandered round in Gomel's lovely moonlight, eventually curled up in my coat under oak tree and went to sleep.

## SHIPKA MONASTERY.

105

Sept 28<sup>th</sup>

Woke up feeling like death. Cold and stiff, aching in every joint, with a coating of dust on my clothes. Walked down hill to hospital part of monastery. Asked if anything had come? Waited in the sun smoking pipe. All Russian Refugees. Peaked caps white & Russian shirts, high boots sweeping monasteries Resignation Fatalistic. Engaging childlike office. Did I speak English? Yes. Wait. Captain Yannoff, former captain of Kossacks, spoke English, better French, military type, charming. Had been to America, London, talked in French. Arranged for me to have lunch in the monastery. Delightful sleep.

clothes in rags, but well-groomed, and obviously a gentleman. After his dinner, I decided to walk to Blagovitka to see Mr Barnaby Kane, of whom Boyd had spoken. Yenoff came some of the way with me, discussing about the Battle of Shipka most learnedly, - very interesting. Passed out Turkish headquarters, a file down which his Russians had come, where the Bulgarians, run out of ammunition, resisted the Turks with boulders, sticks and rifle-butts. Where the country was frozen to death in the snow. At LUNKE BOO CIOKONHO went rather out of our way through Shenvo. Yenoff told me he coached

the young people of the neighbouring villages in French, and, as General refused to take a penny for it. He is adored in neighbourhood. Stopped and talked to all the peasants, shook them by the hand. The anti-cleric of his opposing Russian aristocrat in one house they were pressing the wine, - peasants stamping barefoot in a shallow wooden trough full of a purple mass of crushed grapes, running out from a spout into barrels. Women of the house invited us into the yard, under a tall, heavy vine with purple grapes, shaded by vine leaves.

She deftly plucked a heavy cluster with a long pruned stick, picked up

a bucket of water from the well, washed them, and giving them us on a plate, also two glasses of fiery Raki but burned like blazes. Set off to Kazanlik feeling a bit up. Way lay through Walnut forests; thousands of Gypsies bearing live branches with poles, live hawks climbing after the hawks, all stopped when I came, and followed in a whining, begging procession. Seeing nothing doing, they started cursing and calling their names. On which I turned round and waving my stick, gave them a string of the filthiest language in the gash, which shut them up like a box. Very effective. Soon came

to high road, straight as a die past silk factories to Kazanlik. Dampening little town, in valley of Roses, centre of Rose oil industry, half civilized. Streets in a disgusting state, full of Turks and Gypsies, and Bulgarians at the boiled cocker stage of civilization—an awful type. Found Mr Cane's office — name over the door in cyrillic script. Very nice chap, elderly Lancashire type, cheery Lanc accent, and a hearty laugh. invited me to dine with him in Restaurant Balkan, and his wife's nephew + son who has married a Bulgarian. He is almost Bulgarian himself.

now. His kids speak scarcely a word of English. He feels no homesickness, and says he will never lose his lost in Bulgaria. Distracted me awfully, as I have awful fits of homesickness. Eat thick-kibabs and potato and Rastrika salad, and drank some beer. His nephews - a nice chap, a bit wet - said I could park at his house for the night. On the way home, we met some of his cronies - padded shoulder'd and waist'd lads - who suggested a drink, which we went and had. They were good chaps though, and sang Bulgarian songs in amazing

harmony. In the end we needed home, passed his ghetto, his Turkish and his gypsy quarters, and arrived here. Nice little house. He went to sleep. I read a book of English One-Act plays he had, then I fell asleep too.

Sept 29<sup>th</sup>

Got up lateish, read in bed then to office good by to Mr Cane, (who insisted on presenting me with 250 levas, to my confusion, but subconscious jubilation, as Does brightly now; I supposed I looked pretty ragabund and as if I needed it!) gave his nephews an introductory letter to Bill Patterson, as he is going

1064 PLAIN OF KAZAN

to England in new year. Then  
left back to Shipka again.  
Past several Turks on way, driving  
wagons with three or four wives  
in, wearing flowing tunics,  
and veiled to the eyes in colored  
woolen cloths. Polygamy not a  
bad idea. Several Turks, too  
an overbaded donkeys, looking  
elsewhere, like big dogs, very  
petrified creatures. The Turks beat  
them, like carpets, to whistling.  
A Shipka peasant coming by in  
a wagon stopped to pick me up;  
he was pretty drunk, and insisted  
on trying to speak German of  
which he knew a word or two,  
from the war. Bloody nuisance.

SHIPKA

1065

Turned up at Shipka, which looked  
marvellous in the evening sun.  
The peasant suggested that I should  
sleep in his cottage for 20 leva,  
and I said I would think it over.  
Then up to Monastery where I  
soon met Yanoff. We dined together  
in the monastery, and then went  
down to his little inn in his village,  
and over our wine and grapes,  
under his hanging vines, talked  
pleasantly enough, watching the  
sun go down. We went to the  
peasants and left my kit there  
having decided to spend the night  
there. He was nursing drunk by  
the time, and talked on to us,  
and insisted on accompanying us

1058 SHIPKA

back to the inn, which was an absolute Scourge, as neither of us were in the mood for it, and he wasn't amazingly drunk, his conversation consisting in maddening repetition and professions of friendship. We did our best to give him the ship - no avail. At eventually, after three or four attempts, we went away quietly while he was arguing with his pubkeeper, and spent a pleasant evening together talking about London and Paris, and Vienna, all of which I saw he knew well. Especially about London. Was the food still so good at the Hyde Park Hotel? Was his Empire

SHIPKA.

1067

Promenade still going? It made me feel very sad to think how ab of it he was now, looking at his tattered kit, and realising that for the rest of his life he would be marooned in this primitive little Bulgarian village. We separated late, he to the monas'ey, I to the cottage. There the peasant was rousing with his wife. Had a miserable night, bitten to pieces by bugs.

Sept 30<sup>th</sup>.

Yanoff came down about nine this morning being Sunday, to take us to High Kam in the Russian church, where the singing was simply glorious. Afterwards

Savoff introduced me to everyone. The Priest was a splendid chap, tall with flowing white beard and hair a tall, heavy, conical hat <sup>at</sup> velvet and huge silver Russian cross & round his neck; he who specially impressed me was an old general, who had served many years in Poland, and spoke excellent German. After bidding good bye to all, including Savoff (I promised to enquire after his mother and sister in Athens, if I went there, from whom he had not heard for ages at the Russian church) I set off along the old Turkish way that climbed up the Balkan to the pass of Shipka. Way immediately

steep and tortuous; soon comes and spires of Shipka far below, flitting gold in his sun. climbed all day getting very tired. Wonderful wildness of Pennsylvania. Fold a Fold of the Stara Planina, covered with golden Beeches, looking feathery and soft with distance. Here and here a grey crag, ringed with cloud, appearing above his rest. about fine, mist gathered, soon so thick, that way was only visible for about ten yards took cane bars I walked, in nose of truckling down the numerous glass sheer for hundreds of feet on his left of his way.

1070

SHTYRA PASS

on his right the mountain side disappeared in the mist. Then the blazes of a thunder storm, forked lightning, and the thunder echoing through the mountains. Then rain, buckets full, till I was soaked to the skin, and it splashed from my boots at every step. This went on for about 3/4 of an hour, getting worse and worse; At last, when I felt like pretty well done, saw a light, and god be thanked! Little Khan. Extended dripping, from a fine shepherds sitting round drinking before a roaring stove, the Publican in circles on my taking off all my kit, which he hung up on a line.

SVITI NIKOLA

1071

Beside the stove, Good Man. Sat in front of the fire, in pyjamas, and Publicans sheep skin coat, and he made splendid drink of hot brandy and water. Eat an enormous hot meal of boiled mutton and mashed potatoes, Best I've ever had, the enemy sat yawning with the peasants, the rain beating on the windows and the wind rattling them and the thunder crashing outside. What a jolly scene it was! all faces lit up by the open stove and the soft oil lamp light. Fine peasant types, rugged faces under their heavy fur hats, with bristling beards.

and eyebrows, a network of wrinkles at his corners of his eyes. I won't ever forget it; it was one of the jolliest evenings I have ever spent. Went to bed late, and slept like a log.

Oct. 1st.

Early morning clear blue sky all colors looking fresh and new after last night's rain. Down, down, down all day, past the Shipka memorial with a wonderful vista of rolling, tree clad mountains and the road winding lazily down hill in front of me. Mountain air invigorating; Sat under tree by road side, and spent 1 easy hour over chicken (meat & cheese)

and pipe (delicious Bulgarian tobacco), and after another couple of hours walk saw the chimney of Karlovo in the distance; stopped at little pubs in village, where the landlord sat with a cigarette in his mouth, practising on the Balalaika, which he had learned to play in Russia as a prisoner during the war. had a glass of wine with him bien sûr! and in two hours I was in Gabrovo, - 'the Bulgarian Manchester' it is a little town, with a few factories, about the size of Danvers. Here I had a cord from Plovdiv, for a Miss Rojterman an Englishwoman who had married a Bulgarian. After the help of

1074

GABROVO

lot of difficulty, I found it, on the outskirts of the town. Trouble rewarded however, as she was a charming little woman, terribly kind, but as I saw very ill. She immediately invited me to stay there for night. Later her husband came back, who spoke perfect German, better than his English, having studied here for Chemistry. He was very decent, not a Bulgarian type a bit, very intellectual and Western, very sensitive and cultured. I got an impression that they were rather miserable in Bulgaria, after Germany and England. They had lots of English books in

1075

GABROVO

Tauschitz editions, and they gave me one or two old ones to take away - Androcles and Pygmalion, which I was pleased to re-read, and a yellow backed copy of the Contes Drolatiques, which we always fun. We talked a lot, and H. Bojarkoff played the violin, which he did beautifully. They were a sweet couple, obviously very in love, and disarmed me by a complete lack of pretension. I read very late, ~~there~~ in old copies a Philo Spectator, then turned in. Felt sad about Bojarkoffs.

Oct. 2nd.

Read late in bed. Shakespeare.

Went after breakfast, and grateful  
Farewell to Pojarkieffs, off along  
the Timurov road. Way lay all  
day in sweltering valley between  
low, rolling hills. Hot, hot, hot.

Sweated like a pig. All the bullock  
wagons and buffalo wagons seemed  
to be going the wrong way, at  
noon. Lay for a long time under  
a tree and slept. Went off again,  
such a horrid day. After dark  
arrived at Tarevalivoda; couldn't  
be fagged to walk the extra  
mile or so to Drijanovo, so  
put up in little ~~shop~~, where I  
supposed of bread, <sup>Sheep's</sup> milk  
cheese, and grapes, and wine,  
and very nice too.

sat up late in lousy little bed  
bed reading Fauny Hirst's Back  
Street! Very good writing, but  
get on woman!

Oct. 3rd.

Lay ages in bed reading Backs  
Street! I like it awfully, and  
yet find it terribly irritating.  
Drogged myself out appled by  
degrees, dressed, then started  
out again. Came to Drijanovo  
after luncheon, found it pretty,  
cobbled, tea breathing upper storied  
little ~~house~~ town basking lazily  
in afternoon sun. Fat little men  
in horn-rimmed spectacles, siltily +  
outside grocers shop on Burnett  
shouted out 'At Kade iditt, gospol'

1078

## PRIANOVO

"in?" "When do you come from America?" A question I've got so used to that his reply "As sum Anglitcharin" was mechanical. He said this in American English, you're an Englishman eh? Come along and have a cup of tea", so in I went, and before long was sitting on a sugar box in front of tea, grapes, bread cheese, etc., arranged in another bowl, while my host, his eyes dancing with delight at talking to someone from the other world, chattered away, telling me how he had been for twenty years in America, at a dry

## PRIANOVO

1079

cleaner, but business had got so bad, that a year ago he had come back, and lived in this little home town, his father having died. When I asked him how he liked Bulgaria he said gloomily "Too quiet - real bum!" I was glad to talk to him, as I was feeling a bit dejected, and when I went away promised to drop him a card later on a nice chap. I have often met peasants here who have been a year or two in America, doing some jobs or another, whose English is very limited and pidgin. But this chap was intelligent, and a quite different type.

He had for the rest of his way led through gently undulating country, and I went along singing a taste full selection from Noel Coward. Came in the evening to Ganchovets, where I put up in a little Khan; some of the lads of the village turned up and we had a jolly evening singing.

TIRNOVO, 4 Oct 56

~~What~~ What a long, hot day, the eternally winding long white road, up hill, down dale, the only people a peasant with a flock of goats and sheep, squatting at the roadside, their wrinkled faces blinking at the sunlight, like blazes. At last our host approached

Tirnovo through a pass in the rocks scenery magnificent here, crags, rivers etc. Quite dark on entering Tirnovo, a solid bank of twinkling lights in the dark. Soon came to a little Khan, went in and asked for supper, got a sort of Hungarian goulash, full of peasants who bristles for market day. Son of the Publican a good man spoke German, & said I could sleep there because he good friends. Slept there.

Oct. 5.

Very long asleep, then went to Post office, to see if money arrived, as directed. Not but a letter from Judith Thornton. Baking hot day, the heat seemed to pierce through the roof of

one's shoes. Tirnovo is an astonishing town, built like an amphitheatre, short like a winding Maatra, sloping steeply down to St., so that some of the houses have been propped from beneath, a prodigy of a town. Old capital of the 2nd Bulgarian Empire under Peter Asten, at about 8<sup>th</sup> o'clock as in all Balkan towns, laundry are promenades stalky up and down the main street. Irritating custom, however inimicous to the local seller, George, the publican says, with me. Back with the girls. Introduces me to strings of people. George grand chap. To female at Tsar Boris, where grandview of the

winding Maatra. Then to pub in the street, and drink with George and his coachman the late.

Oct 6.

Up late, to the post, where there was nothing. Can't make it out. Wandered round with George all the afternoon, in the evening to the cinema where we saw a token film with Ross Macmillan, he's really awful. Back to bed. George really is a good man.

Oct 7.

Sent wire to England today, for money - nothing doing at the post. George and I spent the evening together in a pub, drinking red wine and soda water. He tried to smoke my pipe, and nearly got sick poor

1084

## TIRNOVO

I ad. He seems to have formed a great attachment to me, which is rather flattering, as he's a real tough Balkan type, and a good chap right through. we sang some very jolly Bulgarian songs together, of which I learnt one or two. He kept on asking me for English and German Songs.

October 8<sup>th</sup>

I wandered round by myself all day, exploring the back streets, then strayed up onto the hillside forest, having a quiet pipe on a fallen tree. Ideal weather, hot, hot, hot. The ground cracked and thirsty for rain. In the evening George and I to the balcony of the Tsar Boris, overlooking the winding Maritsa, sunset. Beer. (NEWS of ASSASSINATION — GE)

## TIRNOVO

1085

Next twelve young Germans, obvious gentlemen (most, Michael) we made friends, and this evening we had many friends in common. Hans Frankheim, very good Hamburzer family, he was half English, uncle headmaster of Tonbridge. We all went over to the bridge, by Baldwin's tower, where his beauty and fashion of Tirnovo gathered round dancing place. George introduced us to English speaking girls from Simeonova. Danced jolly English waltz, not the bloody Tango, stayed ages. Hans, George and I absolutely sozzled finally, needed home singing. Hans good chap.

Oct 9<sup>th</sup>

Hans and I met at San Boris this MORNING REJOICING

## TIRNOVO

morning, wandered down to Yantra, had a long bathe there, and then barked smoking in the sun. Hans delighted to talk to luncheon together under trees at Tsar Boris, and another lazy afternoon in and out of the water. promenade with Georges, all Balkan, in street, another polo, though less vigorous, evening.

Oct 10<sup>th</sup>

Hans and I met for luncheon, then wandered out along Rostchouk road, and up shabby lane, with old Turkish well, to Presbajensky Monastery. Very exotic, mural paintings, over head vines, hallowed ground, much filthy dirty works, too smelly lovely, Brid Mexican background, like Pima Arizona on back lands, by monastery, Mogilev

## TIRNOVO

forest, clusters of grapes, green woods, cobbled uneven courtyards. walked back downtown in sunset. Pencos work as a duckey, quiet evening in little pubs.

Oct 11<sup>th</sup>

wrote all morning. No money yet. After luncheon, Hans and I to Turkish house corner, to the mosque. Knezzin. his service - Turks grand, a Mufti. later dinner at wandered about by Turkish cemetery. Doleful oriental, Dinner at T. B. - Regimental. Hanging friends from Rose. bed.

Oct 12<sup>th</sup>

Awful time tackled on to us today, as we went mad men, but got interesting about Bulgarian history. What a bloody one! Wandering out to Albanevi, old Bilyan

centre, wonderful old church. Rosevitch  
of Donbass, his semi-castle. Marvellous  
however, poor French Reg., perhaps etc.  
back late. Hans & I dinner at Balkan,  
dinner wise - not, wrote him introduction to  
Bamboo Berg, he goes tomorrow, worst luck!

Oct. 13<sup>th</sup>

After luncheon, saw Hans off on Russo train,  
felt sad his going! George and I dinner  
at Frost Restaurant, two girls (g. isolated!)  
danced flirtete, back late.

Oct 14<sup>th</sup>

Decided to quit, as money left here. George  
volunteered 300 leva, which I greatly  
took, to pay back from Russo. Don't want  
his pals, got roaring again, saw George  
two woods. Sorry to leave dear old man.  
See him in Vienna.

Oct 15<sup>th</sup>

Said goodbye to George, and off along  
the av'd Rostchork road. Got lift from  
a truck and Fed'd truck. Lost my dagger,  
watched ceiling till after sunset, to  
cheery little village of Kutschina. Supper abn  
in little khan, wrote, and back lonely!

Oct 16<sup>th</sup>

Started betimes, long, mildly undulating  
way, came about luncheon time to  
Trambekht fair, Kutzo Mack mit  
Dancing bear, gathulka etc. accompanied  
me to Polsko Rossava, evening time.  
Here lots of wine, everybody ran riot,  
Gypsy played we all danced, Horo  
Ratchwitz etc. Bear danced.  
Bulgarians got quite naked, shouting  
and whooping. Lonely peasant

1090

## POLSKO KOSZNO

Songs. My money running perils  
short. landlord a good man let  
me sleep for nothing on balcony,  
on blankets, like his tree sare.  
The black mare, too, slept with  
his arms round his bear, which snorted  
and grunted all night. Strange  
bedfellow!

Oct. 17<sup>F</sup>

Up early along his path road  
between Rostkow & gentry up  
and down, up and down arrived  
midday at afternoon. Little  
town of Bjala; very tall minaret.  
Wheeled off bread, grapes and Sam  
will, - KICORO MIZRO - very good  
item of any climbing road, gentle  
stays, rolling fruitful valleys.

DNE MORILI

1091

horses grazing, and big stone  
shepherds riding with bees to  
their flock. Party of stone breakers.  
Later started to rain, road all  
wet mudding along, felt in with  
Gypsy, we chatted, passed water.  
good clicys. quite dark. soon at  
about 8 o'clock, to ~~D~~ Dne  
Mogili, horrid little town. Dne  
should be KPBYHA, hospitable  
host, seeing he brought bread and  
KALIKABAIS that I ordered, brought  
camp and goulash, and wine, and  
offered me free quarters for the night.

Oct 18<sup>F</sup>.

Raining cats and dogs. So dangerous  
road a mass of slippery road, and  
country becoming more hilly, towns

1092

## ROUSTCROOK

Typical, needles N-Bulgarian  
landscape. Trees drooping, bare and  
bare; little Ponak village of Thobrik  
in neighboring hollow. Turk game and  
lift in wagon some way. Not a  
word to who to him. bare deserts  
road; up, up, up. Blend car, just  
as I was looking. lift me Spokane  
German, lifted me into Roustcrook.  
Saw his grey sweep of the Danube  
again, and then the chimneys of  
Roustcrook. dropped meat at Post office.  
god be thanked letters and money!  
Gravel. felt so bucked. Mane, haircut,  
changed in little hotel. tea to coffee  
house and get houses of papers,  
Beneath, English and German, read  
all about annihilation. got some

## ROUSTCROOK 1093

tokens again. grand. life good  
once more. tried, so home early to  
bed. Hotel girl.

Oct 195

<sup>Sept 24</sup> Read paper in bed all morning.  
<sup>Sept 25</sup> Went to coffee house, after buckled. Met  
friend from Truro, art germanus  
from school. Supper together. Great  
Nazis, saluting etc. Rather bad  
memories, considering Jews. to Casino,  
where dancing, and Hungarian  
athletes. Cardos danced. I too,  
which went down well. Friends with  
Boggs from French school. Charming  
talk all evening in pub of Vasoff,  
Botoff, Neveky, etc. Poetry.  
Chubachik, Verrodes, Kanduk,  
Rasborincki, elated with friend.

1094

## ROUSTCHOK.

from Brineova. Sweet date tomorrow.

Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>.

Looked round German bookshop. Made Austrian friend. Home and coffee with him. Splendid howling Vienna dialect again. Pleasantable and genial after his Nogis. luncheon with Anna Popova bien mal, and home with her, long visiting Party. rather sweet family came home, coffee etc., and some Bulgarian peasant songs all creamy.

Oct. 21<sup>st</sup>.

Walk with Müller all morning, then Beer in Casino. Evening Chap, great Catholic and pro-Habsburg luncheon with Anna, and then walk to

## GIORGIO

1095

Renton and puts, where sweet Russian girl and fair-haired typical every Russian boy. Quite mad, we leave and dress, and in the middle a Servo and a Slave came in. Ochi Chanya! With Anna and Servo to Wandering Fair. Servo a baro and a jingorist. Bed.

Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup>.

wrote all day, evening again with Anna dined, then home.

Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup>.

luncheon with Müller, he arranged about my exit, with his police. Packed up my kit, and down to the Danube quay. Müller accompanied me so, slipped across the Danube, in the dusk — Russian feeling, kindly sent in the Danube. My letter from

1096

GIURGIU

Toncay de Moelmygi in my parrot worked like magic. Walking him to Hotel Tavaria, then to cafe, eating, smoking and reading papers. What a change from Bulgaria. All the women dressed and made up, some of the prettiest, beautiful, mondaines. What a contrast from Bulgaria. all enormous girls, clicked with one hand, and had a long chat in French. Rather sweet. She was married. Her husband came in, not a bit surprised, talking to strange men. She invited me to dinner with him. Good dinner. He played violin, and he and she sang Romanian songs. Very sweet, especially compared with some of the semi-Turkish Bulgarian ones. Back late to hotel.

BUKAREST

1097

Oct. 24<sup>a</sup>

He suggested lifting me into Bucarest so I came by car, that evening arriving, through Caligranei at a station, her seeing peasants in hats and a little Romanian from Transylvania useful. Bucarest compares Paris, almost like London or Paris, not like Sofia, a huge village. Wounded round eyes, soaking it in, light, but all night, briefly then. Went to cinema, where was a cabaret, extraordinarily improper, very young, gay people. Poeh-Daco, friends back, coffee at his place, here after long chat, asked me to stay, all night. Slept in Divan.

Oct 25<sup>a</sup>

Got up fairly early, Poeh-Daco

and had breakfast, then I went to Post. a few letters, but not from O'Reilly. Walked round about, down Calea Victoriei past his Royal Palace (two Gracians standing here). At his offices in Calea I paddled around, Ishing. In restaurant Terminus phoned Count O'Reilly, could not get through, so wrote him a note, took it round to Palai Filipescu, and left it with the master, luncheon. Café Terminus. Then to Doucas' Bagy not there, but Stephan. He took me to her dressmaker. She looked so sweet, all chick and pawish. She seemed pleased to see us (ravie - mais ravie, je vous vois!) In evening promuted around, felt in with among cynical Ising, who took me to see the Hostel quarter, Romania's pride. The

never seen anything so sordid; Presburg couldn't compare, very little to be said little hotel.

Oct 25<sup>th</sup>

found a note from Count O'Reilly at the Alte' Pension, inviting me to luncheon and the weekend at Linic's. So went along at 1, had lunch, very grand, and after that piled in G cruises (linosius), selected his amazing Mrs. Mitilirean to sit I met at Mocsonyi's, and drove out of Bucharest in G lovely country, stopped at Goff Amb, and here was Marcelle (atangi). We seemed pleased to meet, she said J. von Rauten had been asking after us, so promised to telephone on return. She is really sweet, and it was nice of her to remember me.

1200  
1100

## SINAIA

We arrived at Sinaia about 60  
A.M.; what a lovely little mountain  
town! We were given a room at Villa Premera, so  
stayed at Villa Penni, eating at  
Villa Premera. Met O'Kelly's kids at tea.  
Sweet, Hans and Herta. O'Kelly very tall,  
knig of Malta etc. Osten O'Kelly is  
really beautiful; his eyes are  
brown, two most expressive eyes. At supper  
O'Kelly, Captain O'H., Hans Kettler, the  
Dolmetscher, and I talked. Peace at last.  
O'Kelly is rather a pompous little man,  
and a large scale sort of the man  
and Polignac type, but Captain O'H.  
is sweet. O'H. and Hans hit it. Played  
tic-tac all evening, while Captain O'H.  
and I chatted. The Julie was star twinkler  
all through great war. Total of romantic!

## SINAIA

1101

Night to Paris via Rumia, Poland, Scandinavia.  
She has a wretched lousy voice.  
back to Villa Penni late.

Oct 26<sup>a</sup>

Up late this morning, tried into Prag  
(Braunschweig) with O'Kelly he had some  
time to do, and I wandered around just  
like a lost German town, Heidelberg  
Angstrum, Ulm full of Saxons and Hung.  
arisen. Wacky town. Luck with O'Kelly  
at Coroana, good news ends talk. Anc-  
estors, arms etc. I gave him as good  
as I got however! (leg off). Drove back  
to Sinaia, where he tried to golf clubs,  
where O'Kelly had a game with a  
Burm Sonnenberger, a nice Swiss, super  
-ke personality, sense of humor, as op-  
posed to O'Kelly. I left, walked back

To Vilea, and had Nursing tea with the King. Playing checkers, played heads, bodies and legs. They dinner repast in French pattern by Mrs. McElroy and I. after dinner, Mrs. O'Reilly & I. played kid games, (Twenty twigs, etc). home to bed.

375 Oct.

Went for walk with Marie, the queen rather attached to us. is only 12, and has diabetes, poor kid. Talked reasonably about B. Crown Prince Michael, saying he was a selfish little beast, and horribly fat. rather a playmate of hers. formerly she is a nice kid.

After supper counted off, and I played kid-games all evening, O.K., and Mrs. McElroy (husband)

former ambassador) played tric trac and drew revolting Mastica. Said good bye to ladies, a start for Bucavu early tomorrow.

18th Oct.

Drove through Bucavu, lovely sunlight to Bucavu, where O'Reilly dropped me in boyau guava. I went to Remire, phoned German Legation for Foley v. Rutherford he sounded delighted, asked me to dinner, and to stay with him. Popping chaps. Went round Jolley, & many flat in Legation, overlooking trees of Strela Victoria Durianus. Perfect taste, not a bit pomposa, we had jolley chat and banter in afternoon, and in the evening to Pinocchi restaurant, with English

girl. Finoschi a character, best dinner  
for ages, splendid wines, tobacco, cigars-  
felt grand. Chat. Home to Rautjärv's,  
look Miss? home (a beauty), then  
back, sat me whisky and pipes,  
talking politics and books w/ the  
small ones.

29. October.

Joey and I rang up Hencelle this morning.  
She was in bed, and we talked in French,  
English and German for fun, made a date  
for the evening, etc. Then I  
rang up Madame Deneos, one invites  
me to his son, so along I went, and  
very nice too. Señor like Deneos taught;  
think he suspects Dio designs on  
his wife (his right too) got on greatly  
with Augy. Deneos is a wily Greek.

Understandings growing between Augy  
and I. stayed for tea too. Sweet  
Promethean type - such blue eyes,  
long lashes, sultry, very red mouth, perfect  
figure, very chick position.

Joey and Hencelle and I  
decided to have a little party at  
home; we all bought cameras and wine  
in car, and we got lots of stuff ready,  
and cooked sausages, great fun. Hencelle  
less like being terribly pretty, has a  
grand sense of humor, and we were  
laughing the whole time. I feel we shall  
all become good friends. Drank whisky  
late into night, say pleasant days  
click among Joey, and Hencelle and  
I danced Cossack dance, in khalats.  
Not home been decent, Hencelle  
back late.

1106

## BUKAREST

30<sup>th</sup> Oct.

Slept long time in bed, reading Mrobras Public Races - what a book, what an author to luncheon. Danco again, à deux w/ Andy. Laughed his wife tired. She's healthy & sweet, his Princess Bohemian. Gung, while Marcelle definitely Socialist are. To tea with Marcelles. Popping home, we had a most amusing time, a Prince Cantacuzene came in later, very nice; rather a bore. We all roared w/ Laughe, however. I had supper in a little restaurant over a book, as Percy was unwell. Then he came back, we talked over again, whisky (his real Andy, Black & White) and & Baileys the small home. His title was Chancellor to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg (Some

BUKAREST 1107

relation to that and Governor  
Mecklenburg at Budeşti)

First Afternoon.

Invited to luncheon at British legation today, company consisting of Jack Greenway, Joey, Prince Bibescu, Lentzow, Venk, Gosselain & his wife, Mr & Mrs Palimbert; both grand, terribly pink, and not a bit formal. The P. had (called 'Mony' by the whole company) had heard about me from Count Teleki and to O'Kellys, and we made great friends Mr Palimbert amazingly cheap, cheery, (nicknamed 'Mickey de la lung' by Legation) Gosselain (Belgian Ambassador) came in also, talked all luncheon in French to Gosselain, a diplomatic about that thing, he said I was 'complément'

1108

## BURREST

for. Had dinner with the Danco's,  
quite fun.

Nov. 2nd.

Spent the whole day at the Doncos's, buchen, borrowed some of Augy's steps from his, had a little, walked round town, and later to open, 'la Bohème' very good. Bon Augy in blackem black frock, male mesh in her autumn hair; most beautiful woman is Roche, which is singing a lot, as Romanian standard of feminine beauty being high. Some amazing cavalry officers among them. After la Bohème to Mars. Patisson, where all the artists came, granda donna etc., soprano and alto, dancing, a 'kiff' great fun. Had friends of

BUKAREST 1109

pistols. Ambassadored by many kinds  
in both cheeks by his male guests on  
leaving. odd American custom. Slept  
at Danvers.

Nov. 3rd

1110.

## BUKAREST.

evening we whiskey and prises.

Nov. 5th.

Up very early to Wachaw, I Keen, and Dittmar. Two car loads to carry by Danube for shooting. Lovely day, biting autumn wind and sun. Sat all morning at that unsuccess, had great luncheon, Wm's Wachaw and I looking over camp fire. Joey, Elsa, Havelle and I told impossible stories most of afternoon. Dittmar a grand man. his reminiscence of King George of Greece told as peasant bawd talk to tea in shooting box. talked about Count Schlesienberg, former German Minister. How very clear in ear, quiet ending at home.

## BUKAREST

1111

Nov. 5th

Had luncheon and tea at the Prince quite fine, but awful music and somewhat tame; later cock tail date at Havelles, Joey and I went together, very grand + expensive here. 3 princesses Spitzky look rather dull, very tall, odd Russians.

Nicky Chirovaloni - grand. Greenway <sup>(dame)</sup> here, and Tadeusz v. Kotlyrowsky, made date. met Augry's sister, Maria Jeanne

Bucciana, beauty of Bkarest, she is too, a sort of golden version of Augry. Made great pals with Pauline and she was Loulou de Grancy, Howard do G.'s wife. Sweet, very amusing. Speaks good English. When others went Havelle asked Kóta do G. Joey and I to stop, so we had a little bacon and egg party

## BURARIST

Troy had to go, and we three sat till late, till 11 deg. and I pointed toward the town, in and out of odd parts. She asked me to stay at Cannes with her.

Nov 5<sup>th</sup>

Went to luncheon with Jack Green Greenway, an English people from Hungary here Ali Bey and French wife (Penultimate Ali Bey) Egyptian attacke, George de Raout-Savat, French Embassy. Troy chat. Greenway a complete cynic. Turned up at Marcelle's later for walk, took out her tennis, jolly walk, cut away scenery, out to Country Club, went Chivresolais (Econos, Paleki, Poughkeepsie) Home Costandachi home, and awful Name Hesauitt. Lifted me back to tennis at Joeys. But late after talk. Read Seaton-Watson on Rumania.

## BUKAREST

Nov. 7<sup>th</sup>

Finally I'd left Joeys' wine 'kondor' & so walked out to Country Club and got it from waiter. Troy and I walked about home (near Rumanian使臣の宿)

I. very smart in Paris, as was Georges Minet, van Den Schmit, comes to say, I to go at time Belcozans, the Romani here. Maria seems lonely - she does! We talked books the whole time, and then Romani lifted me back, inviting me to luncheon tomorrow. Troy and I did very well at Finischie, drunk whisky all evening and talked.

Nov 8<sup>th</sup>

This morning Troy, Marcelle and I took several little cupboard-cellar in market, he took us to his little place,

## BUKAREST

and Joey bought 4 grand Bessarabian carpets very cheap. Supper time we sat & killed two notes. I went to his room at Romulus - great Anglophiles, sons at Eton, Powell every week, etc. Excellent wine,烟 and cigar, promised letters of introduction for Albania. Had tea at Danco's. Have come here, accompanied her home, painful scene at door step, to dear old dear. She sweet. Dined with Joey a dear, very congenial, at Finschis.

Nov. 8<sup>a</sup>

Met Madame Suvorina (from Tisza's) in the Calea Victoriei, short chat hundred with Roszgonyi. It was the prince Michael Brückner, and we had just left his palace, writing in the book,

## BUKAREST

as Joey had. We had a drink, and motored out through the autumn trees to Snagov, where we had a, long luncheon à deux, then over to lake by boat to little voivod's chapel, and ~~coffee~~ went part in his sunset. He's really charming like most Poles obviously a bit homo-sexual, but it doesn't obtrude itself. Tea at the Danco's, sweet scene with Joey shifted my bit to greenways for week end, as Joey is so busy with his noble (Danco rather alone). Went home. Vaux was there, a most amusing chap, and we all three had a bathe down dinner, gave him introduction to Brückner in Budapest where he was going to shoot with Esterhazy's. All sat up late over brandy and cigars.

## BARRETT

Nov. 10

Rang up M<sup>me</sup> de Grouchy, and we had a drink and chat in a 666 mts. and entendez vous aller. Très gendre and so lonely to work. Then to Luchon Pont des Fontaines - Muze Suisse (very né Primers Grise today) Cocktails, Greenway, P<sup>te</sup> du val Lour (Hug a leg) and I rather gay. After Luchon Mrs. Polcast (Mr. P. is in London) suggested going by car to Béziers palace at Mognac, so off we drove. Through the vine, the dining (Pheasants a sport, not at all the Env. Extra's wife) to lovely Hospodar Palace at Mognac, where Mikolae Grise and wife, Béziers de Brancas. What knees! I climbed tree in pink

## BARRETT

to get some Autumn leaves for us. Back late, said goodbye to her, then off to Nicky & Chris walrus for cocktails, where rendez vous with M<sup>me</sup> de G. Great. Nicky good food, all got so tight - he, Helene Havard - cordials and 4 clink French Melocello, Cambridge good. Then off to dance place. Saw Philip Vanuxme. Danced a lot, lonely! Then Nicky and I on mont. late back.

Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>.

Hauselle, Ivonne and I long walks to country clubs - saw M<sup>me</sup> on links; I landed here with but a Custer & K. Sat next to Prince Stirckley, promised to let me have horse to ride tomorrow. & K. fearful bone. Went back to

BORNEST

tea at Mita de Grancy & Francaos.  
Then second tea at Polish Legation  
wit' von Rabyansky, delightful - says  
he may be minister in Athens soon.  
Sorry to leave him. Grand dinner  
at Wackens, just Marcelle, Joey,  
Nino, Francaos and I, sat to kids'  
party. Roasted with laughter whole  
time, (Sweet flat) very fat home.  
Marcelle, I. a I, oh being very  
amusing.

12<sup>th</sup> Nov.

Rained to Germ Leg., had amusing  
chat wit' Joey and bet about his attractive  
parlourmaid, then off to luncheon  
at Mrs. Catangis, just us and Marcelle  
very witty and French. Mrs. nice,  
talked about Prince de Wied.

BORNEST

Slept all afternoon at Joey's, woke  
drowsy, with 'Autumn Blues' leaves  
falling into bed, with evening, so  
rang up Marcelle, and we had Joey  
together at Nestoria. She massaged me up  
then her. Could not face anyone this  
evening, so back to old green waygt.  
Supper alone, and read Noël Lanner  
in psychoses before going to evening  
'The Vortex' late to bed.

13<sup>th</sup> Nov.

Packed up, telephoned Goodbyes  
to everyone, collected Albanian bells  
at Ronalos, luncheon at Joey's wit'  
von Rabyansky - Wickramay, and party  
little Princess office, hot lati  
& Marcelles rather tight, got women  
there, then to Francaos, qui C. today

1120

## BUKAREST

We produced whisky, decided not to go that night, so good-bye & all, then said good-bye, and we started back, and back to hotel. Bad business. Dear old Bukarest, everyone's been so kind here.

14th November.

Took set off early this morning to Varna, had to get new visa at frontier, arrived Varna late at night after long and dirty day. Varna a depressing place in winter, like all seaside towns. Found George's address, Ulita Chirico Dauft. Up-  
-to-no-where welcome here, and got to sleep late. Really touched at George's friendliness for me.

VARNA ~~BUKAREST~~

1121

15th November.

Having a letter from the Consul from Tchitch Tolinten, went down, re-entered myself. Consul charming, bald, grey hair and moustache, twinkling eyes. Invited me to luncheon, and lent me piles of books, and told me to come whenever I liked. Read ~~about~~  
T.E. Lawrence in café all afternoon,  
having supper with George, and  
then buy with his pals. Late to bed.

16th November.

Ran in bed all the morning, and finding money running low, old George arranged credit at Post Office, good last. Read a in T.E. Lawrence's life all afternoon. Amazing stuff. In the evening went aboard an English ship in the

1122

## VARNA

her house, and had a chat w/ Capt. Chard.  
bed early, and read

17<sup>th</sup> November.

Wrote the Prides, sent money, had lunch  
w/ G. and YEPHO BÖBÖPAPNHS, and  
we all went for a walk to Be at  
Bakery (Concili) he was here, but his  
Russian servant came we saw, and  
soon he turned up w/ Com. Pot's and  
charming, son's wife, our Naval Attaché  
from Greece, Italy, Turkey, Bulgaria,  
Albania, Romania & Jugoslavia. Grand  
man, and wife too. We ate dinner at 19<sup>th</sup>  
and chatted away v. gaily. Saw  
him to his hotel, they asked us to  
call on him in Rome.

18<sup>th</sup>

Lunch at Restaurant ØBBORN

## VARNA

1123

w/ George and Y. BÖBÖPAPNHS,  
walk again, then road in café - Pali  
Pleming's 'Variety' (?) tried to charm a  
deux Consul, who reminisced fascin-  
atingly about pre-war Russia,  
Turkestan, Caucasus etc - Bakar,  
Tiflis, Tashkent. Most rancorous. Late  
home, as we sat over his open fire  
late, w/ olivovitza.

19<sup>th</sup>

Did nothing all day but eat and  
read. Visited Lawrence, and began  
Rotic wind - grand, early to bed, and  
read him.

20<sup>th</sup>

Went running, hunting, and afternoon  
in the evening to go to Bakery,  
the Bakar arrived back from Sofia

charming Irish women. We got on well, talked books, very intelligently, and then sang some Irish songs together. Went home late, felt I'd made a friend.

## 21st November

Read Nicholson's 'Same People' all morning, great book, and did ~~so~~  
after luncheon, in a <sup>songbook or two more</sup> cafe, going  
for a short walk, driving, and  
then home to Same People again.

## 22nd November

Walked along cliff towards King's palace at Euxinograd this morning with Genghis, and again after luncheon going to tea at Bakers. Unbelievable Englishman, Mr. Coffey. Dinegong. Mrs. Baker and I planned her pageant

murders and sketched designs for dresses.

## 23rd November

All the morning wrote to dear Rita whom I haven't written for ages, and she's so sweet. Visited Some People after luncheon, and later to Bakers where a party, very gay, some amusing Bulgarians, one of whom, a doctor, spoke French German, from Vienna. Side lights off Bulgarian doctor - age. I was rather tight, and kicked up a row coming in at Genghis, he flew in a temper, and taking some cheap wine to boot, lied off my dagger of taste, and went for me, grasping shoulder, luckily I got him down, then however fished

1126

VARNA

with remorse, and begged my  
pawder again and again. Poor old  
George, it was my fault really, they  
I was surprised about the dagger.  
It was a pity, as we're such good  
friends.

24<sup>th</sup> November.

Ran church early yester afternoon  
coming, quite friends with George again.  
I met Baker in the afternoon, in  
the car, who invited me to come out  
to have a look at his Bungalow.  
Lovely, right outside town, on hill.  
Cut down lots of Grapes and apples,  
and came back, I drawing all  
the evening. Hans Geelvinken,  
(school in England) came to supper,  
he's a nice chap. I enjoyed

VARNA

1127

my books to, and took his and  
by Madame Stencioff, and talked  
about her with Mrs Baker, had she  
been to luncheon that very day.

25<sup>th</sup> November.

Went for a walk with George,  
lunches, and then again, as it  
is lovely day, his son dancing on  
the Black Sea. We had a quiet  
evening at Baker's, swapping news  
about different countries. Baker talks  
of Gillette-Suit, former consul in  
Varna, great gypsy specialist, and  
poet. He sounds amazing. Is  
in Moscow, now perhaps I'll see  
him one day.

26<sup>th</sup> November

Ran to Tchitch Tolstyan at the Bakers

1128

## VARNA

grand meeting her again, now  
became great friends in Sozopol. We  
chatted all the evening, and after supper  
I saw her home, but we sat till after  
midnight in cafe, deep psychological  
chat. Re. Rock Balfour etc.

27<sup>th</sup> November

Friedrich and I went a long walk  
along the cliffs towards Eskiograd  
today; it was breezy, his strong  
shoulders, and the sea a deep blue  
green; we climbed about among the  
rocks. late back to Bakes for tea  
(Friedl Steinling his American friend  
here, grand, great pal of H.R.H. the  
Duke! Prince as the Bulgars say,  
gave me an introduction for Steinlind.  
We all had a joyful dinner, talked

about the ~~St. Petersburg~~<sup>St. Petersburg</sup> yacht, seen  
a bit of a white elephant.

28<sup>th</sup> November.

My money came today, got 300 crowns.  
Hans plans for going to Bulgaria by Saturday  
boat. Payed off bill at Restaurant.  
Friedl and I went another jolly walk,  
all along cliffs, and back to Bakes.  
Lots of people there, old General Savoff,  
former Chamberlain to King Ferdinand, funny  
old boy. They played bridge, and I  
read my book, chatting with them. After  
wards Friedl and I had another long  
chat in cafe.

29<sup>th</sup> November.

This morning Gleagle and I went out in  
Vara boat in a boat and thought it  
a nearly frozen December, too much

1130

~~VARNA~~

was so lonely, I couldn't resist stripping  
and climbing overboard into the sea.  
Cold as hell, but felt grand afterwards.  
We looked over the striking yacht,  
lonely & grand. Tired & all went  
walk again, decided it was time too,  
and Sat in cafe talking. George  
came in and borrowed my stick. After  
dinner at Bakers, we ate, Bakers, the B,  
I. and I played billiards. Great.  
P. and I walked along the front hours  
in the dark, singing Noel Coward  
old ragtime songs.

## To Nuremberg.

Last night, so we had quite a party,  
and lots of toasting farewells. The  
Bakers really have been perfectly  
sweet, I must say, to a who's who.

## BLACK SEA COAST 1131

Tonight I went walk, and downed,  
policemen, drunk, stopped and  
was examined us, saw our identity  
cards, and kept us waiting 1/2 hrs  
in cold, to last min. Bloody Balkans  
when I got home, Paul George and  
his pals having drunken Bulgarian party,  
drinking and fighting, so joined in  
t' h small hours, and slept where I  
fell.

## 81st December.

This morning, when we set out, Paul George  
had lost my stick, he one bays Wackher  
gave me. Povitatsky, slips not leaving that  
morning, so decided to walk it. Hoots  
(2 Bulgarians, organised by George,  
decided to come too, so Schottmann  
buy in boats, all singing, and walked

All day along beautiful, forested, rocky Black Sea coast. Lively blue green. Heard George's views on life at two times, like sunset, and Bulgars lit torches and sang long woods. Hearing at Fisherman's hut, about all evening, played peasant instruments, singing. dances, Gaculka Caval, kachak-chuk, ratchchinga, horo, kitchek. Grapes, first light, cool, peasant Bulgars. wine. Slept a mile off from a fort.

Hadjikoo, Dec. 2nd.

Started before today, after a short meal, and after two or three along scattered hoodlumps, and autumnal frost, came to coast gravel station, where two sailors welcomed us. There came to marsh land, where men in boats with a

musket loaded was shooting duck from a boat. Walked up Shiam, saw wild boar, and saw sheepherds. All I observed were G., and YEPHO БЪЛГАРНІЕ. Dragged on in dusty sun to Karablik, good supper in sun of again, long thick beech forest carpeted with leaves. Passed Arantlaw, Byala road, arrived long after dark, in grim Turkish village. Found good cafe' & sleep in mosque.

Messervia, 4 to December.

Went back here two days now, his first, starting out from Hadjikoo, over the rocky mountain, coming into higher headwaters, only seeing sheepherds all day; at evening, on peak above the curving bay of Messervia, lights beginning to twinkle. George's dove, walking phone, old plums laying. 4.5 does not stop

1134

## MESSEMVRIA

arrive at little market-place of Mesemvria.  
 Remained crammed with Byzantine churches.  
 I wrote all the evening, George and  
 G. S. went in coach off town. The  
 next day, I wrote all morning, wandered  
 round Mesemvria all afternoon, looking  
 at Byzantine churches, with a few  
 more about town. We had a long drink  
 in the evening, so we put off goot tomorrow,  
 G. and G. S. sailing back by boat to Varna  
 lonely night. Got late, looking over  
 Aegean.

Burgas 5<sup>th</sup> December.

(This is intermittent in very brief intervals,  
 and it is the continuous reason stay in a town,  
 and doesn't make particularly interesting leading.)  
 Walked across town, mostly country, arriving  
 evening Burgas, called on Count, Mr.

## BURGAS

1135

Kendall, w/ introduction, had dinner in  
 him, he insisted on my staying. Played  
 cards all evening, sleep downstairs, by  
 myself. The Kendall's are grand, v. kind  
 and hospitable like all English in outposts,  
 and like at home.

*Overdue  
with  
Scout*

6<sup>th</sup> December.

Lay in bed late, reading P. B. Woolhouse,  
 we also had luncheon, then Kendall and  
 I to see Cossacks, in boat with bad sea. Awful  
 -ing chaps, ex-army major, militiamen  
 type, amusing, prone to move woods.

The room full of servants, talking hard, and hot  
 air. When they went, Kendall took 6<sup>th</sup>  
 temperature, then we all chatted a  
 bit, I went out for walk, and being  
 called 'Michael' across street, saw tailor  
 had drunk w/ at Keyavlik, overland

1136

~~TATAR KOES~~  
~~PATRIOTS~~

holl chat, boy & boot. lie back  
to colors. amusing. Supper with Tony,  
and 2 Bulgarian Pogazieffs, grand,  
chatted all evening.

7 December

After usual running and luncheon, Tony  
and I went to see Gica, he feeling better and  
very perky. Talked about Prince Karlo  
and Royalty in general, and Parliament,  
both raised against later. His City Stories  
then turned towards. 10 by supper.  
Pogazieffs, and 2 Bulgar cavalry officers.  
Plans for hunting bear at Holka Mts.,  
changed to Tatarköe expedition.

8 December

We started off to Tatarköe, among  
bis. peasants and sheep in lots,  
Squash unbeschreibl. and deadaful,

~~TATAR KOES~~  
~~PATRIOTS~~

1137

stopped at inn and had bread  
(potato!) and bread and cheese.  
Then later another talk, owing to  
awful roads. half in mud, drink holl chat  
with BHORA agent. at last to Tatarköe.  
Huge Supper - talkative women in genera  
- ein augenbluse überreischung - drunk  
deep, Tony & I weedled (I snipped twigs about  
cinches tapping R. Viney) late to bed drunk.  
9th

Up early, cut into the brazen hillside  
shooting: lovely sunny, cold weather.  
He dug up and clean leafy holes on  
valleys. Not much shot. dinner will  
free. Tony and I talk all day, few  
peasants, from the new village of. Back  
to pots. Australian trees full of tanks,  
hence to four houses. drunk sleep again.

1138

## BURGAS

18 December.

Up in the am, to catch bus back to Burgas. We left at morning and afternoon, owing to an early rising. Then to see Tito, who seemed chirpy. Tony left us, and we chatted awhile, he telling how he arrested Oliver Goldsmith speaking to the streets of Tiflis. His Caucasian reminiscences were amusing, though not very remarkable. We had (Tony & I) supper at a place in parts, talked Wag-new pipes. Tony is too bent up though.

11<sup>th</sup> December

It is rather touching to see Tony's attitude over Tolstoy's son. Looks after him like a brother. We had supper with Leo Pagan, etc. Talked to Aviato, and was amused by his cynical and

## BURGAS

1139

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P

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H

:

practical outlook almost wanen.

'Only go with facts' is his motto, being terrified of sentimentalism. Wonder if his motto. He's a good chap.

12<sup>th</sup> December.

Felt awfully sleepy all day. So stayed indoors, reading P. P. Woodhouse, and playing w/ Tanya & you old daughter, Cecilia. She's a very pretty child, and very amusing now in Oliver. Shall be fascinating in ten years time lots of it! Went to bed early feeling rotten.

13<sup>th</sup> December.

Felt still worse all today, and spent most of the time writing to Blaine on Rostovskiy all day, a long letter, telling him all my news since Sept.

1140

BURGAS

ain't able to get me, I'm feeling  
unwell.

14<sup>th</sup> December

Tony advised me stay in bed  
today, as I felt worse than ever,  
sweating off my pyjamas and the sheets  
were suddenly rags, my teeth chattering  
and my temperature high. However,  
Tony and his Kendals are wonderful  
angels. I could stand anything except  
this sweating.

15<sup>th</sup> December

I felt a bit better today, must have  
sweated most of it out. Trembled  
a bit intermittently. Temperature  
down. Now said his Kendals were. Tony  
sat by my bed all the evening and made  
himself useful, talking about the Gypsy war

3

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BURGAS

1141

Giliot Smit did up previously having  
imitations, - he's got a talent just like  
Hans von Zelevsky. I road with Tony till 7.6.  
his team ran down my face. dear old Tony,  
he's a good'un.

16<sup>th</sup> December

In bed all day, reading Foreign Office  
reports about Comitadjis, 1902-3, great  
reading, and set me wise about the  
Balkans a good deal. Tony came and  
chatted in the evening.

17<sup>th</sup> December

Thought I felt much better today. Tony  
told me not to get up, to make sure, so  
I read up Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania,  
Yugo Slavia, Greece and Albania in his  
L. my old speech Balkanica. learnt lots  
but I ought to have been born before.

## 1142 BURGAS

Tony talked about his War, and his experiences in it; Fancay, straight from his Seminary to Catholic priesthood, to trust, beh. In spite of his long rugges, good fellow exterior, he's Bentley, earnest and finely strong interesting.

18

Much better, got up, though I stayed indoors all day, playing with Cecilia, she's a sweet kid. In the evening the Paparietts came in, and a long chat about his Macedonians started, his Revolution in way, his OTHOBA, General Zaboff etc. fascinatingly interesting for me. We hunted in very late, having drunk quantities of wine,

19 December

My and I went for walk this afternoon.

## 1143 BURGAS

w/ Tony, feeling as fit as a fiddle. When we sat at luncheon, in some Headley, from Sofia, what a man! He is a type, cut out of England by family, fought with Bulgarians all through 2nd Balkan War, his great war, known Balkans as his home, amazing tales of Albania and Dr. Joeelyn Percy, invited us to luncheon tomorrow.

20  
W/ Headley  
hunted ~~& tennis~~ today. W/ eas off to Sternthal, over England, re his car. Showing off too, his lancecase being his tool. Drove w/ Headley in evening, taught us able wine.

21

I wrote to Bhammy all day today, as yesterday, a young book, sketches etc., too late for Christmas, but I sent

1144

BURGAS

Left off with about 200 leva. Had drinks with Bradley again in evening, talked about London and Romania. Then we took train back to Sofia.

22nd. December.

wrote some Christmas letters all day, visited St. Tony's and the reminiscences also screening. Terrifically interesting.

23rd December.

Through my money turned up yesterday, Tony invited me to stay over Christmas, which was terribly nice of him, wrote most of the day, and in the evening his war reminiscences, and about the behaviour of Rosta Parker and Tim Morrison.

24th Christmas Eve.

Great excitement today. Buying presents, and making big Christmas gifts for Cecilia

1145

BURGAS

without her knowing it. I bought her a big mechanical beetle, which ran along and flapped its wings fascinatingly, felt loathe to part with it. Two of the misses from Cecilia's school came, and a Catholic priest, who came in the evening, and Tony, Mrs O'Leary, Mr H. and Cec. went to midnight Mass.

Christmas Day.

Cecilia was terribly excited today, so was everyone. It was great fun seeing her, and presents. Uncle Leslie gave me a Bulgaria cigarette case. Sweet of him. Then various countries dinner at 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Anglia, felt as if I weighed a ton afterwards. When we drove to Atherton Park, I thought back of Henry V, Jack Daddy, etc. Well, after luncheon the Ridge

78

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1146 ~~ADRIANOPLIE - STAMBOUL~~

Broad cast. Spoken of. Salt Dispensary.

Slept all afternoon, in evening crowds came, supper, wine, v. jolly. Sang a bit, got off with Russian girl. 82 deg!

26<sup>th</sup> Saturday.

Capt Koenen boat came in, and we ate back Supper with him, talked about Hungary, he was at Peshikum with Klema. Good man.

27<sup>th</sup>

Very drunk on board ship with Koenen, talked and smoked English tobacco. Very cool I talked all evening.

28<sup>th</sup>

Went and saw Koenen after dinner altogether, I desire to leave by sea tomorrow. I have to see Czerni, a his story, my Vienna friend. A whisky

## NOVA ZAGORI - SVILENGRADE 1147

~~ADRIANOPLIE~~

here. Jolly farewell dinner with all, Pozzetti left etc. have become like me of the family ready to go. Height 24°.

No boats going so left by train, so sad to go, leaving salt factory. This is home like's course. Hitko saw me off, left Tony playing Picnic. Arrived at Nova Zagora, road Edgar welcome in Buffet all night, train at 6. p.m. of soldiers, arrived Svilengrad, from time to junction in long file of Bulg. Soldiers singing, so to station, where, 116 like in evening sat chatting in French with Station master, 2 miles from Greek frontier. Good bye to Bulgaria, getting on train.

discovered fresh fine luminous shells

1148

## ISTANBUL

bet, passing Adriaapple in truck  
house. Woke early. Black Turkish  
landscape passing, in fog, soldiers  
in odd uniforms at last, towns  
squallid, once bustling, to  
Karsova, and many uninvited  
Constantinesque in distance. So here  
we are. (1<sup>st</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup> December now.)  
Towd guide in station, took me to  
Sakici Hotel, Karsova, dinner close up.  
Romance of Istanbul. In evening.

After greeting I wrote of letters of  
consulate, changing money, etc.,  
printed and back street, etc, and  
up to Tuman Agy Bey in Vienna Cafe,  
made friends with Karsova Pans,  
Greek - or beautiful! we drank  
in the New Year together, and say in

## ISTANBUL

1149

his street. Kissed her goodnight  
with resolutions tomorrow. New year!

Pm. 1<sup>st</sup>. Constantinople

Slept after journey and awoke  
on New Years Eve, slept till six o'clock  
in evening, then, waking up, thought  
it was only two o'clock, having just slept  
12 hours, so turned over and slept again.  
At Jan 2<sup>nd</sup> morning, thus New Years day  
1935 will always be a black for me.

Pm 2<sup>nd</sup>. Constantinople

To consult, and collected schools of  
aliens. The one that pleased me most  
was from Geoffrey Gant - it brought the  
smell and feel of landscapes. Among my  
answering one from Robert Flory too. A  
bustly day, bus in the mud on the Golden Horn,  
and the Taxis full of a bunch.

## ISTANBUL

Spent the morning office, police, cafés, market, shopping, Galata tower, the canals, Venedig street, the mosques and minarets. had lunch in a little Armenian restaurant, and after French breakfasts proprieur making his dances and with tales of Turkish revolutions, like wauwau wind again, by docks; met quite lots of cats!

Late at night, late with Maria, and we went and I must have been together in a little restaurant. She is very kindly, ideally lovely, and we sat and chatted in perfect happiness. Dear Maria! Saw her home along Galata to Tarihi, Beyoglu, and I wanted home in the Turkish moonlight, I must not let myself go being unloved. Hedges!

## ISTANBUL

See Bed.

Phoned up Djhevad Pasha, for whom Count Peter gave me an introduction at Budapest, so I took the midget bus to visit him that day, so I took boat fromule Galata bridge to Haydar Pasha, and thence by bus to Göztese, just Pasha's house, his a.d.o. etc. visited us. Pasha splendid, kindly, now taking sleep, very English casting, good French (wouldn't he if he might have manacled a few Armenians in his day) Talked of Armenia, Balkans, Greek and Turkish Revolution, visiting my hair dresser and, eat nothing, as Remagan it is Rogers, I drink coffee etc. After a pleasant few hours, I left, and took down Bozcaus again, many views; went to tea with Miss Kent. My bearing has confused him.

QUAKE!

Then back to hotel, where Niggen took kids in drawing. Had a chat with him. Read all his evening, then drawing supper with Maria.

Tue 4<sup>th</sup>

Went to luncheon at Fischer's, German restaurant. Fischer among his crew Trott, one who has Schwanenbraten, "was friend of Brahm's Mother, and we took bus up to Gedikulu, his old home, and castle of Seven Towers.

Left description of all back in desk, then high tea in German School Frau'lein Korten. Went to cinema in evening.

Tue 5<sup>th</sup>

After wandering round Istanbul all day, hunting at Yorgis, to Greek Court, Dowd's, Cipratis, presented Kervelles letter, they invited me to Qs, and were

charming. The great Bayram fair, the terrible intelligent, amusing street.

After leaving them, went up to mosque, Bayram in process, beldjacs, volkets and must be hunting to packed crowds of the faithful. Had a hit with Maria, probably early. I sat drinking with Armenian above the spotless fountains, listening to her want a life.

Tue 5<sup>th</sup>.

Visited bazaar of leather at Cankali, here to leather in Yorgis' just & good, top-quality leather from Bosphorus Begs. Then to Cipratis, he and I went by car to carpet museum, home to tea, and we drank beer together in Pidevi's. We will become good friends, I see. Talked about everything in the

1154

## ISTANBUL

would. Constantine is a good back-ground to Remme, is sending off with Flavia, ripened to Quarrel, and I went to bed in a rage.

Jan 7<sup>th</sup>

Went to dinner with his Cypsalis at Greek Consulate. Grand, charming company. Greek girl (representative of Kitte Bahce) Hugo has her name; we chatted about Bulgaria and Greece. Then, when Greek girl went, Mrs. Cypsalis, Dimitri and I went to Therapia, and he and I walked along, to meet Lazaris' friend's home! lovely. Saw Symelegalle in his clinkers. Had coffee in little place where Armenian girls dressed in fat Greeks. Then back by car to Therapia, where Mrs. Cypsalis was, and had tea with two ladies at writing to the old Greek Queen; one

1155

## ISTANBUL

spoke Russian from Retiring Nice old times. Then we drove back in dark and separated. I after supper at hotel, took train to Turkish bath in Galata Sevai, where I had amazing experience. Time to bed, feeling very close.

Jan 8<sup>th</sup>

Felt so sleepy after Turkish bath, that I lay in bed nearly all day, one book of Mrs. Cypsalis. In the evening to little Jewish place stuffed with Spanioli, who sang or to guitar in Spanish. Rather fun.

Jan 9<sup>th</sup>

Rained all day all morning. Went to bazaar in Yenidz. Dimitri rained me up, and came and picked me up in car. Then we went to Standard Bazaar, furnishing, looked

## ISTANBUL

at thousands of cups, swords, yataghans etc. Tonight + cigarettes while we + other won't piece, then we went back to get tea, and looked at his album of Macedonia. I went to cinema alone in evening saw 'captain's' Leslie Howard.

10<sup>th</sup> January -

I walked round all morning, down by docks, golden horn beauty in the sun, Siles of the Princes' invisible, then to Muslim city (mosques & hair-mussing chat (good cigar, by Jane). Then to the cemetery of the yats, I visiting about Kemal Pasha, and finally coming with me very pathetically talked about Pierre Loti, in cafe on top. view of Bosporus, all the minarets lighted up for

## ISTANBUL

1157

Bayram. Had dinner in Fischer's, chatting with old Fischer, in the evening went on sled and proust in good quarters of Istanbul, the small buns, kebabs,

11<sup>th</sup> January.

Very late in bed, then got up and went to luncheon with Bob and from American Embassy i John Fox-Strange - ways was there, grand luncheon, good white wine and good cigars. Long talk too. Poor F-Strange says is in a fearful state, a rash all over, and spending most of his time at American Hospital. Poor devil. We go on the funicular overlooking the Bosporus, perfect

1158

## ISTANBUL

Very beautiful, the tangles rolling up  
and down. Spacious & clean, if new.  
Went all by car to American Embassy  
and I to my hotel, where friends  
are Fred Gernan, who have decided  
at a submarine from Barcelona, to  
sell to the Turks. All most full of  
wild tales of Bull fights - "men  
laugh side by side." The nigger was  
here too.

## ISTANBUL

1159

1160

ISTANBUL

ISTANBUL

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ISTANBUL

ISTANBUL-SALONIKA 1163

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1164 STANOU SALONIKA

SALONIKA (from ISTANBUL) 1165

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61

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1166 SALONIKA 16<sup>th</sup> Jan.

SALONIKA

1167

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1168 SALONKA

SALONIKA

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1170

SALONIKA

(NOTE FOR CEASES HERE, REST  
WRITTEN OUT IN FULL, FROM  
PAN 245, SALONIKA-MONASTHOS  
GREECE.)

Outline boat from Salonic to Mt Athos.  
Dear 2 Sept. 1918 G. 1171

I left Patras last night; Patella and  
~~Elphinstone~~<sup>the boat</sup> came along with me, and  
we bought some bread, and Salami  
and cheese by the hawk's gale. I  
was glad they came, as it was already  
sunset, and it's very lonely starting  
off en pénitance alone. The ship was  
surprisingly small <sup>and top</sup> very dirty, and  
overloaded with every kind of cargo,  
all of which was hauled on board  
in a surprisingly unworkmanlike  
way. The boat was a shambles in-  
side too, with enormous banks of  
coal in the passages, and peasants  
lying in their blankets ~~on~~ in  
despondent groups everywhere. We  
stood in the bow and smoked, and

2

1172

SALOMONKA - M. ATHOS

chatted, waiting for the bell to ring to announce departure, so they could get off, but the boat was nearly 2 hours late, and they ~~had~~ nearly came away with me, which would have been a later service for Patullo, as he has to join a trooper for Hong Kong in a day or two at Port Said.

It was quite dark when we eventually pushed off, and P. and Elphinstone scuttled over the gangway at the last moment and we shouted above the din to bid through his darkened at each other, till our voices were inaudible. I hope I meet them again sometime.

Although I was Third Class, one of the 8 tiers of berths being kindly saw light of Salomonka during 80 miles

SALOMONKA - M. ATHOS

told me I could go second, as the third people have nowhere to sit down, so except on his decks, where they sleep and eat two, huddled like cattle, trying to keep the cold out. I was glad I didn't have to too.

I had some coffee and eat some of my provisions, and here for a few hours read smoked and read through Da Tuau - I bought Byron's verse yesterday very cheap in a little bookshop. I think its French stuff, though not poetry; but ~~obviously written full of humor~~ and wit, truly I got a few hours sleep on his cushioned bench, w/ my coat over me,

1074 SALONIKA - MT ATHOS  
feeling rather excited, as one  
always does starting a new  
journey.

This morning, I woke up  
just after dawn, and ran up onto  
the upper deck. One of the  
most glorious days, sky and  
sea postcard blue, plenty  
of waves, and clouds, and, off  
to starboard, just a ~~hail~~<sup>hail</sup> of  
a mile off, the mountainous  
pink clad slopes of the Kassandra  
Peninsula. I keep trying to  
visualise it all as it must  
have been in ancient Greece,  
hardly any different, except  
that our vessel would have  
been a long galley, with

SAONIKA - MT ATHOS 1075 2  
painted sails and sweeping  
oars. Walking round and round  
the deck, I thought of the  
glories of all the empires  
which have sailed across this  
same Aegean and called to mind  
all the tales about Perseus,  
Theseus and Odysseus, his Tyrants  
of the Archipelago, his piracy  
of the Troad, later, his Roman  
galleys packed with legions  
for Thrace or Paphlagonia; all  
the Genoese and Venetian galleys  
of the time of Marco Polo, Sicily  
to his furthest cruises of the  
Levant, and his Moorish and  
Arabian pirates who plundered  
them. The ships of the Ottoman  
the lately ships of the Eastern Empires  
at Byzantium

1875 SALONIKA TO MEGALITHOS

Empire, trading from the Latium  
Port, down to modern times, I  
wonder just how much has  
changed; one thing however is  
surprising; these pine-clad  
mountains and golden strands  
are the same as those on which  
the heavy bearded Hippocrates  
stood looking seawards, the  
same Hippocrates of Philipp  
and Alexander.

We called at  
one little village on the western  
shore of the Kanavala, try an  
island, and the houses were so  
small and white they looked  
like children's toys; the fisher-  
men rowed out in boats, and

KASSANDRA

1875 12

bags of sacks of flour, loading  
it skilfully amidships. They  
were all fine, tall boys,  
some fat. They have to bring  
all their corn, as the tongues  
of the Chalcidice are so rocky  
and barren, that cultivation  
is impossible. Rounding the  
Peninsula was magnificent as  
it was steep and rocky,  
with ledges and jagged  
cliffs looking sheer into the  
water, with many coves, islets  
and arches; two eagles were  
soaring lazily about half  
way down, their shadows  
falling upon the cliffs  
face. The water was very

1977

SITHONIA

rough here, and a little fishermen's sailing vessel was tossing wildly to and fro in it.

Rounding the cape, I suddenly saw the goal of my pilgrimage, Mount Athos, a huge, ghastly white peak, as pale and death-like as the skeleton moon in the blue sunlit sky; the lower slopes were entirely hidden by a heavy shawl of white cloud; the Greek name for it is Ayios Oros—the Holy Mountain, and as I now see it across the glancing waves it does not look as if it belonged to this world but ~~is~~ austere.

SITHONIA

1978

2

lofty and aloof. I had no idea it was so enormous. Of the mountainous peninsula of which it is the highest peak, is quite invisible in the clouds.

We are now sailing along the western eastern side of the Longos or Sithonia peninsula, quite ~~of~~ which is absolutely wild, rocky, and uninhabited, except for an occasional cluster of huts in ~~too~~ little a ~~small~~ crag-sheltered cove. All day is now turning to evening and the sun is sinking to the horizon. We seem miles from the ordinary world, and there is a softness in the air

1078. SITHONIANA DEPT.

as the sunsets. We have yet to sail to the most inland point of this slender gulf, where we turn about for the little port of Daphni, on the holy mountain. I will always remember this evening. The clouds have floated away from the rocky slopes of the Attic Peninsula, but we are still too few off to distinguish any of the mountains.

2 hours later

It is quite dark now, and from the quarter deck I watched the sunsetting, and the glow fading from the white peaks of Attica; the rest sank into

SITHONIANA GULF

1079

2

the general obscurity, so that finally the sunken crest seemed but a detached cloud in the deepening sky.

Seven dolphin

joined the ship, swimming just before his bows under the cutlass bone-plate. They are the most beautiful fishes, so like and active and swift, sometimes leaping right out of the water and back again with the utmost grace and continuity of movement. Their speed is really amazing, and to see them cutting their way through the green water is unforgettable. I hope very long luck as he

1080

SITHOMIAN BULR.

selves say. They remind me  
of the Orion story.

It is quite dark  
now, but the sky is ably  
with stars, the only constellations  
I can distinguish being  
the great bear. It seems  
to have completely changed  
places since I noticed it in  
Bulgaria, and is standing  
oddly at its end.

I have been reading  
the part of 'Don Juan' where he  
is shipwrecked on an isle in  
the Aegean archipelago, eventually  
being sold as a slave in  
Constantinople, which is very  
appropriate at the time.

MANUFACTURE OF XEROPOTATOES 1081

I suppose I'll reach Daphni  
in another hour or two now.

Xeropotamus January 25.

I fell into an uneasy sleep  
leaving on the table in the cabin,  
despairing of reaching Daphni, but  
at one o'clock the steward came  
and shook me, and told me we  
were home, so I got together  
my kit, paid for my fares,  
and went down the little ladder  
over his side, into a dingy boat  
was dancing up and down on the  
waves. It was pitch dark and  
cold, and the old whiskered fisherman,  
no too sweet the author looked  
very chilled in the寒寒  
light. Daphni is ~~for~~ a little

fishing village, rather like a  
Beromünster, with low stone massive  
stone buildings, thick walls, and  
massive external ladders and steps  
to the houses. I was the only person  
who disembarked here, and had  
to wake up the inn, who made  
up my bed in a bare little  
room overlooking the sea. They  
gave me some bread and cheese  
and red wine, before I turned in.  
and when I did, I slept soundly.

I lay long after his country  
the ~~bridge~~<sup>bridge</sup> outside the window was  
glorious, - little fishing boats putting  
out to sea, one or two fishermen  
sitting on the low sea wall smoking  
and the sea of a glorious glow.

The mountain slopes steeply down  
on all sides, so that his two score  
houses cluster in a little semicircle  
facing on the sea. To the left, his  
rocky coast receded as far as  
we could see, with here and there  
a wonderful perched like an eagles  
rest among the rocks; in the  
distance the blue coast of  
Sithonia was just visible.

I went to his tiny  
little police station on the quay -  
one of two policemen had taken  
my passport last night - and  
one of them wrote my name down in  
the book, and told me I could  
collect my passport again before  
I left.

1084

MONT ATHOS

the road to Xeropotamou lay along the coast, climbing along the hillside, though it was all arable, with a low, steep wall facing the sea, and a luxuriant growth of ~~bushes~~<sup>lunel</sup> and scandent trees, making it shady and pleasant. The whole atmosphere is exotic, — trees are smooth, glazed leaves were names I don't know, inland bushes covered slopes like steps steeply upwards, and the road skirted many little coves and inlets; later it went in, and over a high arched bridge which crossed a little mountain stream which tumbled

MONT ATHOS

1185

2

down the mountain's side half a mile off in a long white plume of water. It is a dry, rather sleepy land, with lizards basking in the sun warmed stones, and with grateful shade under gnarled cork trees; half way up the mountain, I sat on the brink of a little stone spring, and looked at a sailing vessel putting out from the little bay of Daphni, now small in the distance.

A monk passed me, leading two laden mules; he had a sweeping beard, and his hair was band in a knot under his black cylindrical hat. The horses were both

geldings of course, as is also  
 only are no women allowed or  
 permitted on the Holy Mountain,  
 but as far as his works are able,  
 all female creatures are excluded  
 too; for centaurs, no mares, sheep,  
 she goats, hitches, etc etc, have  
 lived here, and all the flocks  
 that I saw hopping too. What  
 grows they could among the rocks,  
 watched by a shepherd boy with  
 a flute, were of rams and ho-  
 goats.

After another half hour's  
 climb, the ~~taller~~<sup>higher</sup> light, sunny  
 walls of Xeropotamos (named  
 from the stream that runs by  
 its gates) come into view.

with its jutting, beam propped  
 upper stories, tall chimneys, and  
 gleaming cupolas of the claper.

A tall, grey bearded monk  
 was talking to a deacon in his  
 courtyard. Then I entered, and  
 seeing me, approached, shook  
 hands, and said some words of  
 welcome in Greek; he led me  
 to a little junior's lodge, insisted  
 on my taking off my rucksack,  
 and several of the monks came  
 in and sat round his fire. They  
 seemed very interested, and the  
 conversation went on through an  
 Albanian monk, who spoke  
 Russian, and could translate  
 from my Bulgarian into Greek.

One of them pushed a little tray scuppern of Turkish coffee among the growing circles of his big fingers, and, while gay when prepared, gave it me in a little, round handled cup.

They pushed out their spectacles and examined the Patriarchal introductory letter with interest, and so and also H. Dampis's for the Abbot. One of them had took my hat, and led me up along through several flagged courtyards, and up several flights of stairs, into a sumptuous and obviously reserved for guests.

One of his masters, with a clever & sunburnt face, gold teeth, and

straggly black beard, and same how unimpressive air, joined us, and ~~good~~ spoke in told me in perfect French that my letters had been taken to his Abbot who would come himself in a moment. He came a little later, an elderly man, with reverable white beard and hair and splendid presence.

He was very kind indeed, and sat down, and he asked me through the interpreter all about myself; a brother brought a tray, with the usual spoonful of preserved fruit, Turkish coffee, and glass of fruit-spirit the ratification of welcome all over S. E. Europe.

We all three got on very well together, and he seemed very interested also in hearing I was writing a journal about it all, and produced a book, with illustrations, that he had written himself about Mount Athos. I was very interested, and he suddenly stopped and delighted me by presenting me with it. I thanked him profusely, and meant it, though it was limited to a repetition of 'evcharisto poli', but it seemed to get across. He wrote something in the front of each, and then produced his red book for me to write in.

There were several other English names in it - his Lord Prince of Sweden was there directly before him - and I was pleased to see Christopher White whom I had such a long chat about Mount Athos at the Palais des lanches in Bosphorost

The French-speaking monk and I had a long chat sitting on the ~~wind~~<sup>the</sup> windowsill, ~~over~~<sup>over</sup> looking the Egrean, and he told me he had been many years in Paris studying music, but had finally abandoned it, owing to Poverty. He is an extraordinary nice chap, and he seems to have been detailed to look

1192

XEROPOTAMOS

after me; as we had supper together, straight by fire of the monks, an old looking one, with a huge young, with a huge jet black beard and moustache, and large dark eyes under curved black brows, and smooth pale olive skin. An extraordinary chap. The face was very simple. beans, fried potatoes, bread and red wine - MavroKremi, hot very good.

The black-haired monk had taken my kit into one of the cells reserved for guests, a nice light one, with whitewashed walls, a big

XEROPOTAMOS

1193

2

luxurious bed /and with clean sheets, a sofa, table and chairs. The monk was just putting some more logs into the blue-painted stove, and the lighted oil lamp on the table made the room look very cosy. The room measure after round is long deep, owing to the thickness of the walls, and looks down on to a deep well of about, across whose mouth a monk occasionally walks by in his sweeping black robes.

It is very late now, as the French-speaking monks and I sat by the fire chattering

1193

XEROPATHEA

In quite a while after supper, since when I've been sitting and waiting, by lamp-light. My first day at Monte Alago has been splendid, and I am surprised by the real solicitude and kindness of the pitiable monks, whom seem to be really delighted to have guests, and to take less trouble for their happiness.

Jan. 26<sup>th</sup>

Monastic of Ruttonkew:

- Sims

I read Don Juan pretty late last night, and so woke up about often this morning, having slept gloriously.

1194

XEROPATHEA

The black-headed monk soon turned up, with some coffee and bread which he put on my table, after washing me 'Kalle epope'. Brother George, the Frenchman's brother, came just as I was finishing dressing, and we had a chat together over a cigarette, and in the end I decided to make my way to Rangoon, that day, in order to report to the Chapter.

21st Monte Alago, and get an official letter to all the monasteries.

The big monk, after lunch, can't wished me farewell and I set off up the Bailey <sup>steps</sup> road, following through winding paths

1895) MOUNT ATHOS

Father said wood of ilex and  
again, looking rather like  
Bible woodcuts of the Monks of  
Olives.

The road climbed steadily  
upwards, past many streamlets  
and pools; and, with increasing  
height, the trees all became  
fir, still with traces of oak (?)  
upon them branched. The sun  
gleamed on the roofs and painted  
walls of Xeropotamou, a few  
sheep among its terraced  
vineyards and coffee trees.

A monk on a mule  
soon overtook us, and after  
fixing my rucksack and  
over and into the wooden

MOUNT ATHOS?

(1896) 1196

saddle, the dismounted several  
times, to tidy and make more take  
his place in the saddle, and  
was very sorry that I would  
take it. The monks highly value  
models of castellated houses.

After about an hour and  
a half's climb, we reached  
the crest of the slender peni-  
sula, with the blue Aegean  
on both sides. Directly below  
lay the little town of Karyai.  
This is the centre of the Holy  
Penitentiary government; as we  
descended the cobbled streets,  
which seemed surprisingly full  
of people, not heavily all monks.  
I could not help wondering at

1197 " KARYAI

the population. owing to the exclusion of women, more off them  
can have been here, and  
have wives here, and yet they  
had all the appearance of  
a settled population. — Do  
they go away to the mainland,  
and return with their men-child-  
ren, or do just confirmed bachelors  
and misogynists come to work,  
tired of an evil world? It is  
a mystery to me.

I found the Pollo-  
-the Chrysophylakes - up a rickety  
flight of wooden stairs, and the  
sergeant there, bade me a civil  
good day and gave me a  
chair and a cigarette, while

KARYAI

1198

he was writing out my form  
to send to the Council of  
Monasteries. Everyone seems  
to ~~be~~ be imbued with the  
same spirit of kindness and  
a blunt Arthur, and in his  
completely immaterialistic at-  
mosphere, his innate good-  
ness of human nature is given  
a chance to breathe; it  
is reminiscent of the Vale  
of Avalon in the Morte d'Arthur.  
Time ~~seems~~ to have stood still,  
and the old Sacred Mountain  
seems a relic of some era, long  
ago, when men lived in the  
sweet air of peace and good-  
will.

1199

KARYAT

One of the Phytakes led me along a few cobblest lanes, till we arrived at his chapter house, where we were admitted by a heavily whiskered Kavas in a flowing plint, black velvet kilt and waistcoat, embroidered belt, tasseled cap with the silver badge of St. Ives, white stockings and pom-pom'd shoes. He looked splendid. All the monastic servants are similarly clad.

I was led into his council chamber, where an obviously important elder sat at a desk writing. He took off his spectacles to look at me.

1200

KARYAT

2

He took me by the hand, and cordially asked me to sit down. He gave my paper to a young monk, including my beautiful letter from the Patriarch of Constantinople, with its elegant calligraphy and handsome seals. We had a chat in French, and a kavas brought me the usual coffee, liqueur, and jam. The room was of stone throughout, as it was obviously the official council chamber. A deep seat ran all round three walls, and above each place was a little iron plate, bearing the name of a monastery and here the representative sits the two twice-weekly

1201

KARMA

parliment of his little community  
 Laura was in his middle, as  
 his senior amanuensis, and  
 his others were all carefully  
 dressed according to precedence.  
 On his front side stood an  
 impious throne on a chair,  
 and a tall ebony staff, tipped  
 with silver, a set of emblems  
 of office being present.

Elders began to come  
 in one by one, taking their  
 places after crossing the needles  
 three times before the ikon at  
 the end of the room (They cross  
 themselves differently to the cat-  
 chies, making the cross box  
 crooked from right to left)

1202

IRAPRATA

2

they all had flowing white  
 beards and hair, which they  
 are forbidden to cut. The surpris-  
 ing thing about them all is the  
 complete integrity of their faces,  
 speaking of a simple and happy  
 life.

They made a fine picture,  
 sitting round in groups, talking  
 together, in their deep coats, with  
 the back-ground, outside the  
 windows, of the descending  
 mountain-side, and the blue  
 sea.

My friend read out his  
 Petribelis letter savorously,  
 and they all laughed at his  
 adjective "other day's" which

1203

KARNAI

His Holiness had applied to me in his letter. The Abbot read it well, ending off with his responding.

Ἡ δὲ τοῦ Θρονού χάρις, καὶ τὸ  
ἀπειπόντες εἴδεντος εἰς μέτρα τῆς  
οἰκοδομής θηρίου.

When my papers were all ready, they all shook hands with me and wished me Godspeed.

+ + +

I first went to the little post office, and posted my letter to the capsule, and then, as evening was drawing on, betook me of Brother George's advice to spend the night at the hermitery of Koutloumousios,

KARNAI

1204

whose walls I could see not far down the hill.

Koutloumousios is one of the smaller monasteries, and not so rich as some others, but the monks received me very kindly, and led me to a guest chamber, where the luxury of whose apartment was in striking contrast to the austerity of the stone cloisters and cliff pences outside. It is a relic of the time when Constantinople was under the Turkish yoke, and Constantinople was its centre of culture. The long windows are curtained with rich stuff, and all round

2

1205 KOUTLOUVOUZOS

the walls runs a broad wide  
shallow low seat, varnished  
brilliantly with cloths down to the floor,  
and richly cushioned and  
spread with bright tapestry. The  
effect is exotic, ~~making the~~  
~~florilegium as if built at~~  
~~two levels.~~

They immediately  
lit the stone, and made  
up a bed on the platform, and  
glayed the table for an evening  
feast. Of this I could hardly  
eat a mouthful, as it consisted  
entirely of vegetables, cooked  
and soaked in oil, so I  
made out lots of bread and  
sugar, and several oranges.

KOUTLOUVOUZOS. 1206

Not wishing to offend the monks,  
I wrapped most of it up  
in paper, and clandestinely  
disposed of it later.

The room is very  
cool and warm now, and I  
am sitting writing this before  
the open stone; it ~~was~~ a  
hot ~~but~~ laundry sitting in  
the slowly deepening room as  
the sunset, watching the monks  
walk across to the nuptials in  
the cloisters, their black habs  
ring out the sweeping veils  
they always set off a few church.  
Later I could hear the deep  
pleasing chants, and the  
strange ~~Orthodox~~ antiphony,

1207 Kontromousis

and, with his hair streaked  
of day light fading behind  
the Byzantine cupolas, and  
red and white marble of his  
churches, I felt suddenly terribly  
sad. It was quite dark soon,  
with just the sentence on this  
of the mountain distinguished.  
At such times one always  
remembers England, and London  
and the hooting of crows in  
Piccadilly, or the soft English  
country-side which he comes to  
bleed in memory, (after a  
~~long~~ absence?)

MONT ALEXANDRE

1208 2

The Flora of Luron. Part 2

I left Kontromousis early yes-  
terday, and started off down hill,  
the road running beside a rushing  
mountain torrent, breaking over  
great boulders, and dashing on in  
a batter of white foam. The  
peppered here is entirely flooded  
with evergreens, so that it is diffi-  
cult to believe its only Paeonia;  
among the ilexes and oaks there  
are many willows, aspens, cypres-  
ses and cedar. The higher  
slopes are almost entirely fir.

Coming round a corner,  
I saw a funny little man  
with grey hair sitting on the

edge of an old stone well, with some big brown paper parcels beside him. He wished me good day in French, and giving me a cigarette began to tell me all about himself. He was from Kansas, and had lived on his H.H.Y. Mountain for 6 years, making maps of it, and copying the ikons on wood. He showed me a few of these, and they were good. He was a funny little man.

The Soo soon came into sight round a bend, and his large monasteries off river, the high walls appearing above the trees. These are very

batty, and have the effect of his being much higher than they are long, as they are divided into sort of rectangular sections, rising sheer to quite a height without a single window, then suddenly flanking out into an overhanging balcony, with undulating tiled roofs, and the plaster painted bright colours - red like grecet, in crude designs. Several works were sitting on benches in his big, sunny, cobbled courtyard, half asleep, stroking their beards. A young deacon, with scarcely a beard yet, took charge of me, and

1211

IVIRON

led me to two reception rooms, where the faded portraits of many kings hung on the walls, George and Constantine of Greece, Peter the Great Tsar Nicholas, Edward VII, and several Russian Grand dukes in breast plates and helmets topped with the two headed Russian eagle.

After coffee and the rest, I was taken to a big sunny guest room, whitewashed, with a deep low yellow window seat running cushioned before the grand deep window embrasure. Outside, were the tree clad mountain side (it is called Golgotha here) ~~now~~ <sup>but</sup>, below, among the

IVIRON

1212

upheus, neat plots of his amboise gavellies, and orange trees, with spiked, glass sword shaped, glazed leaves, and heavy with golden fruit; in the twys he mountains and the tops, ~~which~~ spr. whose <sup>highest</sup> ~~spines~~ wings spread beneath the windows, a glittering triangle of the sea.

The whole scene is so full of detail, it reminds one of the unfaded backgrounds to Italian primitives.

I read Don Juan all the afternoon, lying in the sunny window seat; later on I levered the long, song band up the wooden beam, which

123

IVIRON

candles round the monasteries, beating it to call the brothers to chapel; I went too.

The church was typically Byzantine, with heavily worked gold altar screen, the walls all man of frescoes, all the figures having golden halos, sickly shining through the fading paint and plaster. Candles twinkled in two tall dark ~~left~~<sup>by</sup> gold and silver ikons, before which the monks, prostrated themselves, crossed and kissed, on entering the church. It was vesper, and so I leaned in my corner. I sat among the black

and white

IVIRON

124

2

black bearded and naked monks, all with their ~~arms~~<sup>elbows</sup> crooked on the armrest high arms of their misshapen seats. The office was all in plain song, booming, mystical chanting, interspersed with the clang of censers, and the blue smoke curling up to rogn the diagonal beams of coloured sunlight; All the churches here have the same reek of old incense, of burnt oil, and stale tallow, hundreds of little iron sanctuaries, hangings draped and twinkling from the scarcely discernable vaults over head, and huge elaborate candle

1215

IVIRON

about 76 we here is something  
absolutely mystical and same  
- less visible and disturbing  
short as Orthodox liturgy.

After masses, an  
old monk took me round the  
library, - masses of old  
Byzantine manuscripts, the  
parchment hoary with gold  
and multi-colored allegories,  
of devils, saints, virgins  
and martyrs, all wonderfully  
graphic. Psalters and Bibles  
bound entirely in gold, clasped  
with rubies and diamonds, the  
gift of some emperors of  
Byzantium, painted figures  
on half legendary veranda.

IVIRON

1216

2

the vestments too were of  
unimaginable splendor, cloth  
of gold stiff with precious  
stones, stoles studded with  
pearls, chest after chest full  
of them, chalices and bibly  
vessels, barbarically encrusted  
with amethysts and emeralds.

I spent a quiet afternoon,  
evening in my room with Byzant  
very appropriate in Greece. About  
supper time, the deacon came  
to summon me to table; we  
sat down there in the kitchen.

There were two Greeks here,  
brothers, who spoke French, and  
several works and one  
Bulgarian. We had a very

1217

IVIRON.

well done Toul, and as there  
was lots of tea wine, Mann  
Krauss, it was a very jolly  
party; the works were all  
excellent though, especially  
one called Ritter Symphonies, and  
before the long we were all  
Singing. They sang some  
splendid Greek peasant songs

Later we adjourned to my  
room, and pulled our chairs  
up to the fire, and opened  
and the Demitasse while.  
Thus we spent a very  
happy evening, singing, smoking  
and drinking, and looking  
now at my comrades faces  
in the camp light, & outlet

1218

IVIRON

not help thinking how ~~the~~  
they looked, in strict with the  
two greatest qualities of sweet  
reasonableness and appropriate  
seriousness. Goodby to moderation,  
+ + +

Stavna Nikita. Jan. 28

I left Iviron after an early breakfast  
on yesterday, the road running  
always along the coast. Sometimes  
over the high rocks, sometimes  
near the pebbles and sand of the  
seashore, and sometimes winding  
away inland, a little footpath  
between the trees. It was really  
a succession of combees, as in  
Devonshire, full of luxuriant  
vegetation, all evergreen, with no

1219

MANTATHOS

and here a squat little stone  
hermitage standing on a ledge  
of the mountain side, surrounded  
by sombre cypresses.

The coast is  
sooley wild here, jagged rocks  
and corners and inlets, and canons,  
with little islands, with the sea  
beating magnificently. I passed  
a tower built on a rock in the sea,  
the dwelling of some anchorite,  
and I have never seen a place  
that looked more desolate.

Sometimes the wooded inlets  
take the form of amphitheatres  
of vineyards sloping gradually  
and gracefully in terraces, down  
to a concourse of sand.

STAVRANOKITA.

1220

2

At last the monastery of  
Hanna Nikita came into view,  
wild, feral, and mediaeval in  
aspect, built on the crest of  
a crag directly over hanging the  
sea; massive walls ~~run~~  
running up in lofty windows  
and bastions to the little arched  
and jutting balconies above.  
The rough, macicolated keep of  
the Chapel, just skewed about  
the walls.

A sailing vessel lay  
among the rocks, and some of  
the fishing boats, their hulls  
just about their knees, were  
drowning in their nets and  
grounding their boats. They

1221 STAVRA MIRKITA.

Then the scene was wild and  
of the Dark Ages, and emphasi-  
-zed how time has stood still.  
In that Atmos, impervious to  
the growing civilization of the  
ordinary world, which has  
failed to penetrate the Holy  
Mountain.

I gained the gates by  
a winding cobbled way, leading  
under gloomy arches to flagged,  
uneven courtyard, the stoil from  
cloistered walls of the monastery  
leaving up on all sides like  
two sides of a well.

A shaggy monk, who  
surprised me by knowing a  
word or two of French, led me

STAVRA MIRKITA.

1222

2

up endless winding stone stairs  
and along interminable colonnades  
flagged Pansas, to a little  
white walled room at the highest  
point of the monastery, and looking  
out of the window, it ~~were~~ was  
a dizzy void, right down to the  
frozen turbulent jagged rocks, and  
the white foam, slow and heavy  
with distance. The wild coast  
receded away to the north, in  
a succession of rugged promontories  
and inlets, to the monastery of  
Panocrator, perched on a little  
all but island.

For supper I was given  
some fishes such as inspects  
one quite raw, scalded and

## 1223 STAVRONIKITA.

Looked in all; how I managed to set them I don't know, but I was so hungry I got them somehow.

The shaggy unk who seems to be looking after me is a good chap, although he looks like a brigand.

It was marvellous, after the sun set, with the wind blowing round the burning walls, and the sea beating wildly on the rocks below; the most complete feeling of isolation and aloofness, as if the ordinary world were something remote but in a Median existence.

I lay a long time in

## STAVRONIKITA.

1224

bed, after turning down his lamp, listening to the wind and the waves outside.

Pantocrator. 29

The road from Stavronikita to Pantocrator was very rocky and wild, running through a thick scrub-growth of broom and bracken, growing so thick at times, that it was difficult to make a way through. When the way began to descend, there was a fast stream entirely covering the track. So that descent was by going rapidly from stone to stone, carried on by impetus, so that it was impossible to stop.

1225 PANTOCRATOR

When reached the bottom, Pantocrator, which I soon reached, is it is only about one and a half hours from Stavrovitsa, and like it stands fortress like on a rocky headland, reached by a winding, climbing cobblest pathway, over crumbling bridges, and under wooden vine frames.

One of the monks, after looking at my papers, led me upstairs into a den where I may guess room over looking the sea, and brought in coffee, raki, and some Rakhat Lakum, instead of the customary tobacco. The country is delightful just here, and as it was early, I

PANTOCRATOR

1226 2

wandered about in the forested valley under his trees, smoking and feeling very content with life up on this hillside island perched like Russian monastery of Costamonitis, with its green pointed, muscovite domes, so different from the squat Byzantine apses of the Greek monasteries.

It is a delicious valley here, with a broad shallow, pebbly, boulder filled river, shaded and overhanging by willows and poplars, wallowing home wood in the gathering darkness. I frightened some of the belled monastic horses, who scampered away across the hillside.

1227

PANTOKRATOR

In his little, flagged, uneven space before his deep monastic gates, above his jagged rocks, and just fifty yards from his breaking waves below, stands a little ~~the~~ tiled shelter, like a by-tan-gate, with steep wooden seats, looking seawards. Several of the monks were sitting here, silently, or muttering their rosaries. I joined them, watching the red streaks of sunset over the blue Aegean, the foam breaking along the rocky coast, the tumultuous waves of Stavra nikitia away to the south, and in the distance the outlines of Thasos and Imbros - and further still

PANTOKRATOR

1228 12

Saint Vitale. To landward robes the coastal mountains of Macedonia. A wonderful peace seemed to possess every thing, and we sat here in complete silence till the janitor called to us that it was time to close the gates, as they are finally shut for the day at sundown, not to be opened till dawn.

In his little courtyard were a couple of orange trees, whose boughs reached to the second strata of arches, forming the cloisters of his passages which in all the monasteries run round the ~~garden~~ court yard sometimes three layers.

## 1229 PANTOKRATOR

I sat awhile in the room of  
one of the governors of  
the monastery, with several  
other monks, drinking Turkish  
coffee, and talking to one who  
spoke limited French.

Later, I returned to my  
room, where the fire and lamp  
had been lit, and after a  
simple supper, spent a happy  
evening before the fire in't  
Byron! Browsing through "Childe  
Hawthorne's Pilgrimage," I came  
across a stanza which first  
captured the feeling when  
I was standing before the  
monastery gate at sunset, as  
he must have done a thousand yrs.

## PANTOKRATOR

1230 2

"How blest the life of godly creatures,  
Such as on lonely thos may be seen  
Watching at eve upon his giant height,  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies  
So serene,

That he who dwelt at such a height,  
With wistful binger on that hollowed spot,  
Then slowly tear him from the circling sea,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been  
his lot,

Next morn to hate a world he had  
almost forgot."

+ + +  
Vatopedi, Jan 31 31.

What a day yesterday— one of  
those ones when everything goes  
wrong. When I had packed up  
my kit, and said goodbye to

1281 MONT ATHOS

The mists of Paucanata,  
a depressing drizzle was falling,  
and the mists ended warningly  
"Avro, avro." Tomorrow, tomorrow,  
but I paid no heed, and  
started off on the up hill road  
over looking the sea. It soon  
degenerated into a narrow footpath,  
no going made difficult by  
the close growing bushes and  
the hanging branches. This  
followed a water course up the  
wooded slope for a while,  
and after a little leveling,  
began to descend rapidly toward  
the beach down hill, so swiftly  
that it was difficult to keep  
mes balances, and we had

MONT ATHOS 1282

to catch hold of the shrubs, to  
break the impetus. This got  
worse and worse, till I was  
eventually all but sliding  
on my backside down a rocky  
serpentine track, which eventually  
ended up in a landslide of  
boulders and pebbles onto the  
beach. Scrambling down this, I  
started jumping from rock to  
rock, hit the incoming tide  
lapping round them. Some time  
climbing along the cliff face  
in the bushes and flat. I definitely  
realized that I must have  
taken a wrong turning somewhere,  
but carried despondently on,  
hoping to find another cliff.

1283 MONTAGUE

path to take me back uphill again. The rock climbing went on for quite awhile, but suddenly, fearing a crux, I saw it was quite hopeless, as it was a sheer bank of overhanging rock, curiously high, with the water beating toward it. So I had to turn back. Then I saw a piece of the black cliff sloping a little bit steeply up, so tried to climb up, slipping on the rain-soaked rocks, and hanging onto tufts of grass and shrubs. This also had to be given up, however, as the cliff closed up precipitously after, which I hadn't been

MONTAGUE

1254

able to see from below, without a crevass or crack of foothold anywhere. Just now to bottom, I slipped on a bit of wet rock, and skidded down the last twenty yards or so, getting bumped and bruised and battered, my wrist deeply cut, and finally ending up in a foot of water where the tide had come in, soaking one leg to the waist. I got up my bleeding wrist, and, retching in every limb, retraced my path over the rocks, and then, willing of miseries, clambering up the cliff path again, with the strap of my rucksack

12

## 1235 MONT ATHOS

broke, and I sweating like a pig. At last I found where I thought I'd gone wrong, and started off on the right track, feeling more optimistic; but went happily on a mile or two, then owing to a clearing full of white piles of chopped wood. The only path out of this led rather down hill for a while, and then more and more steeply and clinging, too much sometimes blocked ~~up~~ for several yards by overgrown bushes, and bunches of creepers, so thicker than a bottle, but still as nine; after forcing a down-

## MONT ATHOS

1236

2

ward path some distance, I had a horrible feeling I'd missed my way again, as this path was so overgrown, that it could not have been used for several years. So, wearily and miserably, I decided I'd have to turn back to Pantocrator, as the light was beginning to fail. After about a hundred yards back wards I came to a dead end, so thought I must have taken a false turn, so turned about again, looking through the bushes for the pathway, but found absolutely none. Doubtless it led to the mouth of an overhanging cliff above a leader, ought

1237

## MONT A THOS

sea, up which went an insuperable tricket. Then the cuts, the bovines, the hedges and hedges, all seemed to concentrate in denunciating me, so, tot, putting down my leather moccas - I started running up and down his path, looking for an egress, all worse you can't - cally, and the rain and twilight filling me with a horrible despair, added to an awful hunger, as I had been able to eat scarcely any of the monastery luncheon. The misery of being lost in a thick forest in the rain and half darkness is unimaginable, drawing my dagger luckily from its scabbard, I started to

MONT A THOS

1238

try and back a way up hill through the thicket, in hopes of coming to a path, but after a few yards, it became so impenetrable, and my face and hands torn and bleeding, I had to go back to the moccas hit was my moccas was. I started to try at each possible signs, so as not to try the same place twice, but gash I found up is right in the dark, the gradient to right and left of his path was about me in all, hell!

Then my guts seemed to have quite cut off me, and a fit of pain came, thoughts in

1239 MONTATHAS

of passing the night there, without  
food or warmth... Up the  
hill, I had descended, with a  
spark of humor, telling myself  
how I'd laugh about it later,  
and that, though one needn't think  
such things in his papers, they  
just didn't happen to me. Then  
the hunger and ~~fatigue~~ fatigue  
began to seize me, weighing  
me down and I sank onto my  
rucksack, and began to yell  
for help - a long hallo! at 6 seconds  
intervals. It was echoed back  
by the mountains, so only  
after some time did the chirping  
ravens and the sea below.

Then I gave up. Thinking

MONTATHAS

1240

that nobody came that way in  
years, and just sat awhile, dead  
beat, and, as a last resort said  
a short (but less sincere) prayer,  
feeling every kind of sinning,  
as such times, real trouble, are  
the only times I do; after all  
it was God's mountain, so I left it  
as he had commanded after his pacificing.

There was one tricket I  
hadn't tried, as it looked really  
hopeless, but I decided to try  
it; this entailed crawling on  
my belly under some fallen pine  
trees, slapping at the caymans  
with my knife; it took about  
half a minute to get through,  
when I stood up on the other

1241

MONT ATHOS

side, I started to walk, and finding now opposing trees and boulders, struck a match, and holding up its sputtering, hand-shaken flame in the darkness, saw (the thrill of relief was scarcely bearable) the pathway winding up hill in front of me. Getting my rucksack, I started running up hill, shouting and singing at the tops of my voice, anything, as an outlet. If I'd had my revolver with me, I'd have emptied ~~up~~ the magazine into the air as lens de jazz; however I stopped smugly at the bushes and trees, striking my dagger in here and <sup>willingly</sup> there. A

MONT ATHOS

1242

52

stranger meeting me there would have thought I was a dangerous lunatic.

I passed through the clearing, with his wood piles again, and so along the road; but his blessed lights of his monasteries glittered below, at the peak of rock.

Running on until I find the door gates were locked, and after hammering and shouting for a few minutes, gave up the attempt as the waves are several yards thick, and the wind, rain and waves were making such a din, that it was hopeless.

There was a heat a little down the hill with some lights in

1243

MANTOKPATER

the window, so I walked down, and tapped at the door.

It was opened by a little black bearded woodman, who hearing my trouble, immediately invited me in, gave me a stool by the fire, produced a glass of raki, and a cup of Turkish coffee, and, with his three companions, helped me strip off my trailing muckrags, squeezing boots and stockings, putting my feet in front of the fire, which were so stiff and cold I could hardly move them. Soon all my wet things were hung up to dry, and, warm and dry, I was sitting in front of the blazing coffee.

PANTOCRATOR

1244 2

eating a meal which his woodmen made me, and drinking some splendid hot tea. They really were splendid men, those Greeks.

One of them sat on a block of wood, having the blade of his axe, no other smoking, the blessed one brewing several cups of tea or coffee, in a little bran canard which he stood amid the glowing ashes, striking the ashes outside almost up to the brim, stirring and sweetening and tasting like a witch over a cauldron. It was ~~so~~ good to drink to, of a fine rich flavor, though too sweet for European taste. The master, a tall man with a long mustache,

1245 - PANTOKPATOP

got down a Turkish baglamash  
the walls, and started to play.  
This is sort of like, with a very  
small, deep bowl, but with a very  
long shaft to it, and three or four  
thin strings, sometimes painted,  
and with a tunnel or hole opening  
from the end. Although it is not  
played with a bow, it is not unlike  
a Bulgarian Gaculka or Gûzle,  
with a deeper bowl and very much  
longer shaft. It has a queer, broken,  
note, and the tones played on it  
are the oriental ones in a scale  
of about five notes, melancholy,  
monotonic and insistent, but  
not without its charm; It is to  
this that the tree kitharas

PANTOKPATOP

1246

is denied.

The olive woodmen joined  
in that strange, aiming claret, clap-  
ping their hands together, and  
twirling their heads about like dogs  
barking the full moon.

So we spent a joyful evening,  
drinking alternate cups always  
of Red Greek wine, Turkish coffee  
and sweet tea, till we were all  
tired, our eyes blushing in  
front of the blazing logs. In  
spirit of spirit but never strange  
on my part, one of the woodmen,  
he bearded one, invited a  
giving up his bed to us, and  
covered me up with a blanket on  
the padded boards, he self lying

1247. PAINTOCKATOR

on his floor in front of his fire.  
A crieret arrived in the Slivnitsa village  
+ + + +

(Continued Reb 1st.)

After breaking an fast sumptuously  
this morning with bread and tea,  
I put on my warm dry kit, and  
saw to at how it had been snowing  
all night, and the mountain side  
was deep white. One of the woodmen  
had told his works of my mishap  
the night before, testifying to my  
the state of my face and hands,  
and they had provided me with  
a horse — one of the kind described  
in Cleveland as a pacer with a palomino  
with a padded wooden saddle. A  
docile, patient beast.

The headed the woodcutter

MONT ATHOS

1248

accompained me same way up  
his hill to set me on the right track.  
I thanked him sincerely on parting,  
and knowing that it would be an  
insult to offer him money, as his  
potability in the Balkans is a very  
real tradition, I gave him my  
Bulgarian dagger, which he admired  
so much. He seemed delighted  
with it, though he told me  
of so beautiful a weapon.

Clip-clomping up the  
whitened road which curved far  
inland, I saw by what mistake  
I had gone wrong yesterday,  
and how hopeless it had been  
right from the start. In looking  
at the snow, which covered my

## 1249 MONT ATHOS

horse fetlocks, I realised how  
toxophilous it had been, to stay in  
the forest all night; it was a  
bright to shudder at.

It was a cheeful job  
traversing through the bosques of  
beeches, all weighed down with  
snow, and I got down down my  
seats, up my sleeves, and in every  
possible in caprice. Then we got  
up higher, the snow was so deep that  
I dismounted, and plodded along  
beside my horse. After what  
seemed ages (the snow had begun  
to fall by this time, so that every-  
thing was muffled in a sinking  
white hope) I came to some  
crossroads, where two men were

## MONT ATHOS

1250

standing to a horse. I addressed  
them in Greek, but soon got out  
of my depth, so tried Bulgarian,  
which was much better, as they  
told me they were Macedonians  
from Demirhisar (Didymocastrum).  
On enquiring the way to Vatopedi,  
I descended I'd passed it about  
five Kilometres back; I'd seen the  
horses, blocked up with snow  
and bushes, and had thought  
it would lead directly to the  
sea, like my two blind sheep  
yesterday. As there are no finger-  
boards anywhere, one has just  
got to know the roads, or else get  
lost.

They told me they were off

1257

MOKT ATHAS

to Vatopedi too, and told me if I waited there ten minutes he would be back with another horse in about ten. After waiting in the falling snow, walking round in circles, for nearly 20.

I decided it wasn't good enough. So wrote deep in the snow with my stick MHOHO OTYAEHO TYKA. XAKA SA BATOTEAH! (very cold here, off to Vatopedi!) I began to shun my steps. After about half an hour I found the track leading downwards, winding endlessly down hill. At last the snow stopped, and we soon managed to break through, sloping a wide bay, the blue sea meeting <sup>in the</sup> shore

VATOPEDI

1257

breakers among the rocks. Rounding a corner, Vatopedi, with its high walls, jutting balconies and many stones and towers, came into sight, standing among the green big trees and hills. Up the hill was the cluttered ruin of some former monastery.

Vatopedi is a village in itself and the flagged courtyards resound continually to a bee with the clip of horses' miles and donkeys, and from my window as I write, I can hear the cries of the fishermen drawing in their boats, and the woodsmen are meeting ~~and~~ a falling. The choicest country and roads to another

BATODIMAH

all at different levels,  
with many pillars, arches, stair  
cases and jutting stories, giving  
the impression of a little heretical  
town.

A busy little grey bearded monk in the little sacristy hung  
down under his entrance. Monk took  
charge of my papers, and appeared  
very impressed with his Patriarch's  
letter, and the personal introduc-  
tion from the Dauphin to  
the Epiphope Adrian. (Epiphope  
are the small groups of monks  
who govern a monastery in place  
of an abbot) First he led  
me to a little refectory, and  
coffee, raki, and baklal was

VATOMADIT

Tonight, when I was given an  
extraordinarily good meal,  
with the first meat I have eaten  
in Nest Athens. It is the richest  
honeyeday and makes a point  
of entertaining guests as well  
as possible. It is the same spirit  
as finds in all the monasteries  
but here they have better means to  
indulge them.

I learnt the busy little  
monk was an Albanian, which  
interested me, an Albanian for me  
is a land fought with Romans, espe-  
cially since having about Banar  
Nesca from the Teleki's and  
Couten Rouas.

After I had got out of

1255 VATOPEDIOSKI

my wet and snowy kit, and his  
cook (who was in rather a chevaux)  
had hung it up to dry, his little  
monk told me he had taken  
my letter to Adrianos Epitropo,  
and asked me to follow him. This  
part of his monastery is magnificent  
brickly carpeted, with rich curtains  
over his doorway, and the Turkish  
rug in his Holy of Holies where his  
epitropo sat - was adorned with  
the two headed eagle and crown  
of the old Byzantine Eagle.

The Epitropo was a splendid  
old man, with a huge flowing  
beard, and grandiose, prince-  
of-the-church manners, some of  
your stammering priests. He

VATOPEDIOSKI 1256

greeted me warmly, invited me  
to an armchair with a gracious  
~~but~~ 'KALYPSO - be seated',  
and over the ceremonial coffee  
raki and 'YUKUW', we got on  
extremely well (considering my  
weak old Greek). He asked  
after the Demopis, and showed  
some interest in my wanderings.  
Eventually he put me into his  
hands of another venerable monk,  
the librarians, who led me to  
the tower, where all the thousand  
old literary treasures of  
Vatopedi were stored.

The manuscripts were  
priceless - old monastic charts  
and geographies, before his coming,

1257

KATOPRUDI

were in double figures. Gold and black Byzantine Psalters, each initial a work of art, the gift of some almost mystical singer of an voivode; wonderful caligraphies of his Sultans, and lastly as wonderful sketches, his gift of one of the Commissars.

As I was ~~going~~ coming along to my room I saw this pleasant half lion, his coat bedzoned me into his little refectory for some tea, which was not made with leaves, but some berries in a sieve, a green color, but quite drinkable if one was cold. This coat had heavy moustaches and a little white cap, and his bling

KATOPRUDI?

1258

eyes. Catching my attention he said something I'd never seen before; squatting on his haunches he took a big black tomcat in his hands and started to rub it head up and down over his shoulders, talking to it all the time; then he set it down on the ground, and held up his arms in a whoop. The cat cracked a moment, then caught neatly shot a yewl into the air, through his loops, and down to earth again. I could hardly believe my eyes, and he did it several times for my benefit, and also made the cat turn somersaults, how he taught him I don't know, but

1759

VATOPEDI

the cat seemed to like it too.  
 I wrote all this evening  
 in my warm little room, till  
 Supper time, when the cook  
 summoned me to his refectory,  
 where about 8 of us, 4 nuns,  
 the cook, a <sup>stranger</sup> ~~stranger~~ myself  
 and a novice; it was rather  
 gay, as the red wine was good,  
 and we seemed to be laughing  
 the whole time. I managed to  
 amuse him by giving an imitation  
 of a Norwegian calling from the  
 innkeeper, and then a Russelman  
 at prayer, — obscenities, prostitutes,  
 etc. I must have been a little  
 drunk, looking back, but it  
 was quite a success. They applauded

VATEPHIDI

1260

in Turkish — "Eyi, eyi! Pashakim  
 ederim! Chök gilel, Bey effendi!"  
 (Naturally, nearly all the macedonians  
 speak Turkish, as the Bulgars  
 do; it is not to be wondered at,  
 how same as most Englishmen  
 would here spoken French after  
 half a centuries' occupation  
 following <sup>an</sup> ~~several~~ Norman occupation  
 of <sup>several</sup> centuries. Especially  
 here speaks it also are refugees  
 from Asia Minor, after the Greco-  
 Turkish war of 1922. There was  
 one of those who came in later,  
 a Smyrna man, who had a  
 fantastic tale of being shot  
 at by ~~the~~ Kemal's troops at the  
 Asiatic bank of the Hellespont

1261

VATOPALI

and swimming out to where some English and French warships lay anchored. Coming to his Frenchman, he shouted out to be hauled aboard, but they pointed revolvers at him and told him to close off; so summing up his last breath (he did it so graphically) he swam alongside his British destroyer the crew of whom welcomed him aboard, fed him, gave him 'vodka' and lots of English tobacco, and arranged for him to be safely repatriated. I don't know if a word of it is true, but it's a good story. He can't speak highly (his only English was a string of profanities). Many had language, etc., and I'm told

VATOPALI

1262

enough of the English and England clicking his tongue and holding up his fingers and thumbs knuckled together (his Greek gesture of enthusiastic approval) and exclaiming 'Odupoia!' 'Opio!'

After supper, there was a short office of communion in a chapel, and his congregation consisted of two eight feters clerics; It was very small, and lit by one taper, held by his Albanian monk and chaplain. One could just catch a glimpse of his haloed warriors and elders in his frescoes, his skins of his lions, and his beauty Queen

1263

VATOPANDI

Spoke with the others; the  
service was soon finished, all  
crossing themselves, touching  
the floor, and kissing the ikon.  
Good night. We all bade each  
other a good night - KdAII  
VATOPANDI - and walked out  
with candles to our cells, where  
I for my part, wrote in front  
of the light until long past  
far into the night.

+ + +

(Continued Next Day)

On waking up, a young monk brought  
me a grand breakfast of tea, ravi,  
bread and cheese and yolkov. After  
this I got up and shaved, and  
ate all the morning till luncheon.

VATOPANDI

1263

Nine. At luncheon here were two  
more Albanians, crossators of the little  
Police Knights, and fine chaps they  
looked, tall, well built, with open  
faces, and rather fierce eyes, and  
thick black mustaches. One spoke  
a word or two of French, and appears  
to be run a pub together in Karyai.  
These Albanians impress me enormous-  
ly, and am trying to see him in  
his own country.

I have made friends with  
two young monks here called Efraim  
and Zachary, splendid chaps, we  
talk and trickily bawled, rather like  
Rasputin, the other small and fair,  
with a hand that scarcely is one.

About four o'clock they announced

1264

VATOPAIDI

time to come to mass in the big church.  
The sun was shining in the big  
courtyard, and we could see the monk  
up in the bellry working the bells,  
which had a sweet tone, and blearily  
peal.

All was gold, a twilit of gold.  
I know, rich cloth, marble and mosaic  
within his chapel. The alter screen  
is a mass of gilding, and forest  
of little wrought metal lamps  
swung over head, like tropical creepers.  
I went in a few feet from the Patri-  
arch, a reverently bony of men,  
shaking his long white beard, sheltered  
by his black veil worn over his  
lychnical hair in church. Achim  
sat among the rusticated,

VATOPAIDI

1265

the deacon Ephraim seemed to  
do most in the service, moving a wavy-cliff  
vestment of gold and blue, a stole  
looped twice round him, once under  
the right arm, then after he left  
Monaster again, down to the ground.  
He looked fine, with his golden  
hair unclad, swinging a huge  
brass censer, and holding in his  
other hand a sort of model silver  
church, a white lace cloth draped  
over his forearm. I did not  
stand the service at all - lots of  
candles being carried round,  
censers burning, incense-laden  
into his tabernacle, and the  
incessant, agitating Byzantine  
paintings. The monk seems to do

all his hair, ten scissars snippes  
on the corners of his stakles.

When all was done, and  
the monks were gathered before  
his Name, to his sake of the  
little penitent faces turned in  
silence, before leaving the church,  
a monk asked us if I would like  
to see his treasures, and took me  
along behind the altar, and  
displayed his most wonderful  
gold encrusted tribbles, chalices,  
vessels, and ikons. A peasant  
was with the fingers of a saint  
succised in silver. A peasant  
was with us, and as each was  
displayed, he knelt on the ground  
and knocked his fore head on the

worke. At last the two greatest  
treasures were produced, a piece  
of his True Cross, and his Holy  
Virgin's belt, given by Emperor  
Dionyses Constantinus (prefect  
of the people) built in Brabant  
Included with jewels and precious  
metals. I thought the peasant  
would never have done with his  
kissing and prostration.

After this Efrain and  
Patchodoff and I went for a walk  
in his monastic grounds, pleasant  
wellwatered gardens, full of olive  
and fig trees, and delightful  
to walk in. We saw the sun  
set over the Agathon, and  
in the twilight walked back

to Zachary's cell, ~~and~~<sup>were we</sup> at most his time, knowing much with color like sunset time.

After supper, we had our lonely little complio in the chapel, and after that I wrote a little, warning my physician's helpers to strive, two weak ages in bed - the Bride of Abyss dove and the Lava.

+ + +

(continued Feb 3rd).

I worked here all yesterday, writing by his fire, and only making a break at kitchen time, and for the holy office in his cell. After Mass, I went for awhile with him to garden with Brothers Ephraim

and Zachary; Zachary was officiating in the afternoon, and had a lonely voice, looking magnificent in his silvery vestment, and a kindly contrast to the dozing Ephraim & mit him white faces, snowy beards, and long thin heads like skeleton bones.

We had tea in Ephraim's cell, and also a jolly time, tasting little sausages in front of his stone, and toasting bread. It was all great fun, very genitilissi, and we are so enchanted to find such charming, kind and simple people.

At supper time we ate a wpt of canaries, and from

1270

VATOPEDI

Fifis, and one often spoke a little German, so we had quite a ~~good~~<sup>fine</sup> time. They were amazing looking chaps, black, with tight wavy black hair, and a general wild look about them, rather like the Georgian from Dagestan that Dimitri and I met last night in the Bazaar at Constantinople.

After leaving them, and attending Compline, I went to my room, and wrote further to my mother.

+ + +

Today I finally quitted Vatopedi, and the forewheels with Father Kyrikos, Porphyrios & Phraim and Zackary were turning. My two Caucasians left at the same time, on horseback, and I hung my coat and neck-sack on to the belt of Vatopedi, downed neatly with an up valley

VATOPEDI

1271

the saddle, and walked alongside, talking with the one who knew German, and meeting myself understood with the other, he speaking Russian, and I Bulgarian. We met nobody on the road except an old mendicant monk who begged for alms, a common type on the holy mountain, his hose all in rags, his cylindrical hat, never should be so stiff, in balanced and shape unpracticing.

We took a completely different road to the coast at one, which I had taken from Diron to Vatopedi. We started early and Pausolow, he went several miles inland, and climbed up the central spinal ridge of the peninsula, near to the

1272?

## MONT ATHOS

actual watered. The air was fresh and nicely dry here, and pleasant to walk in, jumping from stone to stone and I didn't envy my Caucasian friends or their old associations of snows. One of them met with a mishap when we were about half way, his horse slipping on a loose, wet stone, stumbling, and finally throwing a complete overcast on the ground, casting off its rider, who cut his cheek on a ~~too~~ pointed rock, and got a bad "shaking up! That was the darkest and most dolorous of the two, this, he told me, was it as fit as he should be in his middle age, during having led an such life as no great sins. He questioned me

## MONT ATHOS

1273

about his respective bedroom merits of his women in his different countries I had named to day, and made up for my lack of communicativeness by regaling me w/ long and very amusing anecdotes of his wild past. He said he was sorry for it - "but we Georgians are made like it - Wir von Grusien sind so von Natur gemacht." As soon as we came in sight of his steeples and domes of Karyan, he took off his cap, and crooned himself repeatedly, his lips moving in prayer.

We soon arrived in the narrow winding streets of that celebrated little town, and found an way into a little church, where Plan

1273

KARYĀN H?

was just finishing. The melody of my friend was so touching, his forehead knocked and skin kissing unutterable. They got one of his works to take us into the altar tabernacle (in Orthodox church the chancel is separated and invisible from the body of the church, owing to a huge carved screen). There was a special icon to the Virgin, and they spent a long time with it in observances and reverence, and I felt an awful pagan and primitive, steady by in infinite immobility, but what can one do? They asked his abundant work for some of his oil from his little lamp that burned before it, to take home to tick

KARYĀN H?

1274

friends and relatives, so he stuck two bits of cotton wool in it, which he wrapped up and carefully deposited in his wallet.

I had decided to go down hill to the coast to Dvira again, and spend the night there before setting out for Lava, and as they were going to visit Dvira too, we set out together. They had to leave their steeds at Karyai, and set off with started with me on foot. The road is a stony and a stony one, with many ups and downs and twists, and my trousers pants and grants and sweating right at the start, I saw him off without going to take to it kindly.

1275

MONTAGUE

This bad training probably being the result of his evil times of which Maximilian had spoken. In the end, after talking about this as long as we should, we arrived at L'uron in a dreadful state of fatigue, my carrying most of both their kit, besides my own coat and rucksack. They are both chewing tobacco however, and with Russian one smokes everything, I don't quite know why.

At supper, they  
met Clark University, getting very  
rowdy and noisy chewing, until we  
all sang St. Now sang together.  
They are both sleeping like a corpse  
now, in the same room I am writing.

MONTAGUE

1276

in, snoring in 'ПРОБУДИТЬСЯ'  
CHOMIK, as he says describes it.  
Russians really are amazing.  
~~that~~ Father Spathonias was terribly  
pleased to see me again, and  
we talked about Byzan all the  
evening. It is very touching to  
see how his memory is recovered in  
Greece — they here all learn about  
'Αριστος Βεροενος' at school, and  
exclaim proudly that he was  
a 'μεγαλος Θιλέδηγος.'

+ + + +

Recalls, Feb 4th.

My two Caucasian friends got up  
before me, wrote of their positions  
last night, and going down for  
coffee when I was dozing. I found

1277

~~ASHAD~~ IVIRON

been chatting with Father Sophronios, and some of his other monks. They greeted me warmly at good morning, Mister Mich-a-el! the only words being mere of Cypriote (this type are always bare, close vocabulary consists of 'Alright' and 'How are you?') relation being pronounced as a statement, not a question) we had a jolly luncheon together, a very good one, too, of macaroni, tomato sauce, and rissoles, with the usual Greek red wine that flows like water. Quite a wacky meat. Rously, Father Sophronios is one of the best, and all the monks here improve on acquaintance. We have become ~~good~~ quite good friends. One of the monks, a Brother Modestus,

1278

IVIRON

took us up to his cell after luncheon, and showed us a wonderful ship he had made of wood, w't masts, sails, guns, everything, even to the little mannae living the deck a scaling rigging. It really was a work of art, and had taken him a year.

This cell was very small, and everything spick and span, his little pallet and sheepskin rug rolled up in the corner, and a lit woodcarving desk, an Icon of the Holy Virgin half finished, the chips neatly knocked together. He himself was a delightful type, shy and retiring, absorbed in his work, and one of his simple Marching Christians of which one sees so many on his holy mountain, and so few else.

1279 DIVRON MORNING

He had lived in his little cell for fifteen years.

I left the monastery soon afterwards, southwards along the rocky coast. It has been a lovely day, the sky and sea an unbelievable blue, the snowy peaks of Lemnos and Thassos gleaming in the sun, the huge white mists of the two rays above, and the ridge of Mardon in the distance. The road skirted many wild deserted bays and coves, the limestone and evergreens curving almost to the seas edge, shaded all the way by the interlacing boughs above, splashes of jutting sunlight falling on the flagged all stepped path way. I came

MONTAGUE MORNING

1280

on a group of fishermen smoking in the sun. He has been squat, massive built, who told me the way, along a little rock footpath, passing the Philotes monastery far up hill. Soon the road split at a ruined wall situated between jutting at the sea (they are common on Rhodes) and running up to the island to the monastery of Karakalo, whose high, stoned walls, and rugged topography were just visible. The road wound up and up, and a long paved one stretching down hill, with half a dozen arses piled with wood. The road was the usual sort, of big flat stones, with a narrow bar of stone running right across every

1281

MONIATHES

yard, to give pleasure to climbing  
feet, and, approaching the monastery  
under the ~~sun~~ sun's ever-vive flames,  
with a horse riding down to a  
chasm in the middle, to drain  
it after rainfall and melting  
snows. The pavita work was slumbering  
half asleep in the shade  
the seat outside the then topless  
monastery gates. The arched  
always reverently covered and  
over themselves over passing ways.

I was given the best room,  
high up in the cloisters, over looking  
the old stone courtyard, and the  
heavy domed chapter, over the  
hurled helmets this rocky  
toge glaci hibicle.

(K) KARAKAACH

1282

After putting down my kit,  
I went for a walk coming to  
newtown, at the embankment  
so bright, that it were a crime  
to stay indoors. Soon I came  
to a little monastery, and saw  
it was a Russian one, by its cloister  
crosses and domes, and his discourses  
below, typically Muscovite.

A little Russian monk greeted  
me merrily when I entered the  
arbyrd, and said in Russian that  
that was just as true for Georgia (I can  
understand a great deal, owing to its  
kinship with Bulgarian) he was  
a funny little creature, with a  
hump, very small, his frock  
discreased for chopping wood,

1283 RUSSIAN ~~RUSSIAN~~  
as his ~~battle~~ <sup>or</sup> Russian, his arms  
tucked in to heavy knee-boots,  
wearing his Russian jerkin,  
buttoned at the side under the chin,  
bound at the waist w/ a cord, and  
spacious down below & but like,  
his tall hat was balanced about,  
and with his slow face, wrinkly  
eyes, and straggling ~~grey~~ <sup>thin</sup> beard,  
he looked ~~to~~ like a gnome,  
one of the little people in woodcut  
illustrations to Grimm's fairy tales.  
He put a block of wood to sit  
on, and soon brought me a splendid  
glean of tea and some bread. What  
mess lies about his Russians is  
him graceful and natural goodman-  
ness. This one was clevering, and

1284 RUSSIAN ~~RUSSIAN~~  
told me all about himself; I learnt  
he had been at his little university  
since two years of his battle  
of Pwt At this (what changes since  
then — yet for him in mind the  
outside world is still one of crinches  
about, and big colons and tiny  
cock hats) another, tall white bearded  
unk joined us; the talk turned  
to Stalin, and the new one quietly  
announced in his Afkey voice  
СТАЛИНЪ АНАБИТЪ, СТАЛЪ!  
Russians are mysterious to me, but  
I desire their company, such  
gentlemen, even the Black, such  
odd bright manners, such lucky  
sense of humor! They have an  
amazing charm for me.

1245

## IVIRON KARAKANO

I had to run most of the way back to Rakkabalo, to be back before the doors closed, as the sun was starting to set; I got home just as he was closing the gates, sending me off riding the bell to clonan at school.

The abbot received me a visit as I was having supper, and seemed a drowsy old thing, as we talked away at conversation consisting of no English or his part, and I speak Greek or mine. Later a greek servant came, who had been in America, and said he would show me once the holy mountain and would 'guard me like a mother' his way was nily

## IVIRON KARAKANO

and this last G Tel, and then said I was a poor man like himself, his fraternal feeling seemed to wane somewhat, and he took his leave later soon after.

The wind is howling round his cemetery article, and I can hear all his trees in the forest creaking and groaning. The fire is almost dead.

+ + +

## Megashawa, Feb 6<sup>th</sup>

The abbot came along to my cell before I was up he is unwining and saw to it that I had a good break fast. Later, when I was dressed, he ~~had~~ presented me to the American, who took me up the stone stairs to

the library; He showed me the usual collection of band and tree Evangel, each with a little picture, or made of interlocking serpents. He had two, a long parchment scroll of the liturgy, stretching miles when unrolled, and all the work of one man. I have looked at these things.

When my things were all collected into my rucksack, and I asked to bid farewell to the abbot, his monk led me along to the chapter room, and the abbot was on his throne, surrounded by his epitaphes, elegantly smoking his bowls. He wished me a good journey, and hoped he would see me here again soon, and all the rest (it was a little embarrassing).

joined in wishing me good luck.

The way from Rama-kaloo to Karakaloo is one of the longest journeys in the Peninsula, as there are no interesting landmarks, except the rocky nature of the coast; the great suns capsize! At first it is nearly ~~sandy~~, all the way, stirring in the sun, and the road climbs up and down again and again, over cliffs and headlands, down into bays and coves, leaping valleys, and dark gorges, down thick mountain streambeds, so deep and narrow, that one wonders if the sun ever penetrates them. I walked all day in the bright sun, only passing two people all day, one a woodman off to a ladder on, the

1289

MONT AITOOS.

After a walk on a little horse, on his way to Tiflou, I asked him the time, and got perfectly incomprehensible answers, as on his Ugly Mountain they are so out of touch with the world, that the old Byzantine time is still in use, though it has died out everywhere else; this work told me it was nine o'clock, always it was mid-a/noon; he can sets at twelve, apparently; one gets used to it after a few days.

I came across a saddled horse, with fully cropping the leaves of a little bush, quite by himself, and on seeing me, trotted off down the road, looking back often his shoulder. Nobody was within miles, I don't know what he could be doing there, but for times at

MONT AITOOS

1290

miles, despite my efforts to get him to stop and return, he trotted on a few feet in front, of breaking into a nervous gallop when I tried to catch his bridle. In this end, I managed to outwit him by cutting of a corner in a descending perspective, so that, thinking me behind him, he suddenly saw me in front. He turned about, and after a fierce bellow came speed my a heavy kick on his hindquarters.

The trudging was glorious all day, as, of course, it is forbidden to kill wild animals on the Peninsula, and they are again free over the mountain. I saw a hawk, hovering up in the sunny haze over head; saw a large eagle

two, sailing on its broad wings over  
the peaks of Athos. A couple of white  
sailed fisher boats sped nimbly over  
the waves of the sparkling blue sea,  
so far below.

The track seemed suddenly  
and had degenerated into a rocky  
path of tan blooded, earthy stone,  
colored with bright green moss, and  
shaded from the sun by the dense  
leaves of rhododendron and ilex; at  
last towards sunset, the gray walls  
of Laura appeared above the trees,  
perched above a rocky, surf-beaten  
bay. It is the oldest of the monasteries  
of Mount Athos, and the cliff faces, and  
in drawing high, its crumblng venerable  
walls, ramshackle tiled rooves, and

peeling frescoes seemed to speak  
of a foundation in the dawn of Christian-  
ity. It has a fine atmosphere of  
antiquity and holiness, right  
under the white flag, and above the  
stormy sea; perched like an eagle's  
nest.

One of the Fathers came out to  
welcome me, as I approached the door,  
taking my russoe and coat, and  
soon I was sitting before <sup>photograph</sup> a fire  
in my room, having ~~served~~<sup>photographed</sup> the usual  
guests' coffee, raki, and yuflikov, the  
bread and salt of the Balkans. I  
went for a walk along the terrace  
counting of the monastery, where  
the monks, their hair braided up  
under their cylindrical hats, and their

1298

LAURA

hands hidden in her flowing sleeves, had come out for a breath of air before the sun set. They nodded gravely on passing, and gave me good evening (καλή γεύσης)

Laura has a great air of severity, near the tip of the wild Peninsula, and only approaches it by the rockiest and difficult roads. It has the air of survival from another era than any of his other monasteries I visited.

A young brother, whose beard was scarcely grown, brought me my supper, and coffee afterwards, and told me that the roads from here are quite insipable owing to snow, and said so, at this time of year, there was great danger from the wolves — he

LAURA

ΑΙΓΑΙΟΙ

1294

said his word — ~~τορράς~~ — several times, his eyes popping out of his head, bearing his teeth, and making rapacious passes with his hands, and appeared delighted at my comprehension. He took great trouble for my comfort, piling his stone high with logs, and asking me if there was any thing I wanted, before bidding me good night! It is touching to see his solicitude which his monks display towards their guests.

My growing proficiency in Greek day by day, is a great delight, and I think there is no pleasure to compare with that of learning a new language. I have written enough for today, and am

1295

LAVRA

I can scarcely keep my eyes open, after my long day's march, so I'll turn in now.

LAVRA. Feb 5.

I woke very late this morning, having worked mostly till last night. On asking to see the library, I was asked to wait a couple of hours, as the librarian had been to Karysi for a few days, and was expected back that morning. It was a glorious day, and as one of the monks told me that the Rumanian monastery, Skit, was only 3<sup>4</sup> of an hour from Lavra, I walked over through the pleasant wooden bridge, and soon came to the monastery, where a porter greeted me in Greek with "Good-

LAVRA

1296

morning, Kopis", and was taken aback and delighted when I gave him "Buna Diminiata, Domnul!" He had started chattering away in Rumanian, which can be a most languid language to listen to. He led me upstairs, and produced a few of the brethren, who seemed delighted at my knowing a few words of Rumanian, too, and questioned me exhaustively about my wandering in Rumania. There were two of them from the part of Transylvania I know, one from Temešvar, the other from Turda-Szegedin, and they all asked me what Rumania was like, as none of them had been back there for so many years.

1297

## ? RUMANIAN MONASTERY,

before too way, and they remembered  
only the recent two states of Moldavia  
and Wallachia, recently elevated to  
a Kingdom, and would be surprised  
at the curiously swollen place it  
is now, with the annexations of Transylvania,  
Banat, Baffino, Bessarabia, and the  
Dobrudja. They were nice people,  
very friendly and hospitable,  
with quick Rumanian faces, eyes  
that missed nothing, though very  
different from those Russians I saw  
the other day. They have a character  
quite their own.

I enquired after a  
young monk from Hugo, whom  
Baciu, the grocer son of  
Krasovets, near Orsova, told me

## RUMANIAN MONASTERY

1298

of as a friend of his, but  
unfortunately I could not hear much  
of him. It was great fun talking  
some Rumanian again. I like the  
language, and with I knew it best.  
But, as I am soon out of my depth,  
though I can take it up pretty well.

I ran most of the way back, as  
it was down hill, and it is great  
fun jumping from stone to stone, with  
one's heart continually in one's mouth.

I discovered it was quite late,  
and I was just in time for them,  
abandoning the idea of leaving  
Lauria today. The singing was splendid;  
the epiphores who ~~sang~~ did it  
rocking themselves rhythmically in  
their stalls, on their elbows, in perfect

129

time. How they sing it also accurately I don't know, as the melodies are extraordianrily elaborate and irregular without any system at all, and if several didn't sometimes sing it together in perfect unison, one would say it was impromptu. The score in his books is quite extraordinary, looking like arabic, with little squiggles and swirls, and nothing like any other musical notation. They are mostly returning continually, returning to one deep note, the backbone of it, with amazing half-tones, ascending all descending slawards, in the deep unaccompanied voices, <sup>making a most effective</sup> and destroying impression. The

LAVADA:

1300

ceremony is already becoming familiar, and I know almost definitely, at which point the calculations will be based from their obscurity above to be followed by a sacrifice, when the officiating priest will cease his community, and when his epitope, begins to bear his staves, and go through his long ceremony of <sup>crossing</sup> <sup>93</sup> confessions, then kissing and bowing, preparatory to going out.

The library, the largest  
and oldest in the Holy Mountain, as  
is the monastery, is in a little building  
dry itself, and full of manuscripts  
of great interest, one of the last  
century, two treatises of the  
Bible also, of the same century.

1301

LAVRA

of the Codex Sinaiticus. The piles  
of gold and embroidered vestments  
are unnumbered, and here are not  
cases full of archiepiscopal crosses,  
topped like corn, orthodox fashion,  
and two intertwining serpents; white  
rows, too, of Patriarchs' mitres, glorious  
gold and jeweled headresses, in  
shape & colouring like the old Hebrews'  
& high priests' hat. The man who showed  
me them was rather a character,  
bright, sparkling eye, and burning  
a word or two of ~~Greek~~<sup>French</sup>. He proudly  
showed me a card from Sir Reginald  
Hib, director of <sup>at Kew</sup> R. R. & M. G.,  
with a picture of his Codex. Brother  
Paul, a doctor, accompanied us  
round, and invited me to tea, then

LAVRA

1302

it was through. He had been a doctor,  
and had been at Trebizond, and  
fleeing Turkey <sup>under?</sup> to <sup>Konstantinopolis?</sup> Pasho's persec-  
ution of the Greeks. He weighed  
so feebly against the Young Turks,  
and the treatment of his brethren,  
as well as the Greeks. He was  
rather a sunburned man, obviously  
of a superior culture to most of  
the monks, as his French showed,  
very Levantine, with olive skin,  
oriental nose and soft eyes, with  
a long silky beard; he seemed  
quite abstracted from worldly  
things, however, and his time  
was spent in writing an enormous  
journal, 80 of 100 pages a day,  
and kept up for five years; he

1303

LAMBA

painted to them, row on row of uniform and neatly written volumes, all carefully numbered and catalogued, on his pages already in five figures. He told me he would have been to the monastery, as it was a review of his times, as well as his misfortunes in his own life; he said his greatest ideal was the reunion of all Christians in one church, and a great deal of his work was devoted to it. He spoke in a very soft voice, as if he wasn't quite <sup>sure</sup> aware of my presence, and might be talking to himself, as he pattered with his deeply stooping back among his papers. His walls were covered with copies of old ikons,

LAMBA

1304

manuscripts and few prints of his monastery, all copied neatly and accurately by himself. He really surprised me when I left, by giving me a long rosary of glass beads. I will always remember him, in his odd, hunched room over looking the rocky Aegean coast.

I sat all the evening in his little shelter outside his rock monastery gates, watching the sunset over the ocean, and breathing the green mountain air.

The young monk who is looking after me, brought me a plate of limpets for supper, to my amazement. Apparently they are a usual dish here. They tasted like nothing

on earth, and I had to eat him, to  
save his feelings, as he stood  
and chatted while I supped. He  
is so very kind and thoughtful  
about looking after me, that I  
should hate to offend him. Afterwards,  
I spent his whole evening over  
Byron in front of his fire. Good time,  
heigho! Outside my door is the  
gallery of the cloisters, all looking  
the court-yard, its chapels, and  
rambling cloisters, walls and  
balconies impregnated with yew and  
cypress trees. So I'll just walk round  
and smoke a cigarette before sleeping.

+ + +

7th February.  
I was woken up this morning by a

my friend, one of the two laymen with  
whom I drink so deep at Divan.  
He is an amusing type, a great cynic,  
and speaks excellent ~~some~~ French;  
he asked me where I had been  
since our last meeting, and hearing  
that I was setting out that day  
for St Paul's Monastery, he invited  
me to accompany him by boat,  
as he was sailing to Daghestan. He  
is an extraordinarily amusing  
chap, and we laughed a good  
deal to gether. As soon as I was  
dressed, we set out down the hill,  
to his little dwelling by his pirate  
water tower, that I saw yesterday.  
He invited me to lunch, and his  
quarters in his little house among

1305

MOUNT ATHOS

the rocks of his tiny harbour of his monastery were very ~~steep~~<sup>steep</sup> and craggy, with a blazing fire, many chains, and a gramophone. We had an excellent luncheon, served by a servant who does everything for him. His home is Krassos, and he is a sort of general broker for the monasteries in that and so forth.

The boat was a puny little wooden one, sailed by a heavily bearded & ~~seawise~~<sup>man</sup>, and when we were out of the bay it began to pitch like a log in a mill race.

The scenery we passed was perfectly amazing for its wildness, great masses of rugged stone, round which the waves

MOUNT ATHOS

1306

threw themselves into a white foam. These rugged, grey and red cliffs are much higher than elsewhere in the peninsula, and as we rounded the cape, the most astonishing hermitages came into view, perched on precipitous ledges of rock, which looked scarcely big enough for a knut's nest. They are the wildest, newest and saddest looking habitations I've ever seen, and the thought that people spend their whole lives in them baffles me completely. They are not even pathways leading to them, but ranges and ranges of plants or ladders like unto the rock, and food is sent up to

brown every week or so, in baskets, on his end of long cords. Each little cypress appeared more fantastic than the next, at an enormous height on the mountain sides, and overlooking his sheerest and most jagged of crags.

Reaching the Cape in the Litochoro Gulf, I decided to spend the night at Dionysios, not at Hora's Pasha, and when we drew near to it, the boat made a curve inland, dropping and I jumped onto the little quay as we sailed past. The road to Dionysios winds up and up, behind the Monastery, for some minutes, as in the front, it is built, further

like on an overhanging crag, and indeed, with its huge windows, walls, gables battlements and machicolated tower, it <sup>belongs to</sup> looked of Rome and the Dark Ages.

I passed through a narrow-like crock way, into the courtyard of the monastery, and saw, to my consternation, that the huge iron-bound doors were closed; looking over the parapet, I saw my little boat rounding a headland, already small in the distance; so I <sup>started</sup> knocking and shouting at the gate, and after awhile, a black capped, bearded figure appeared at one of the window slits, and popped back again

1309

MONT ATHOS.

and after a long time, probably involving a conference with his abbot, I saw a light appear through the cracks under the doors, candle in hand, after unbelovably clanking and shooting of bolts, a little square of light wood swing back, and a monk peered at me with a lantern through it. It was scarcely big enough to get through, and when I was on the other side, all was locked and barred again, and the monk, his swinging lantern casting fantastic shadows on the walls, led me up some stone stairs, and into a lamplit room, where several monks sat at meat. I was welcomed

MONT ATHOS.

1310

warmly, and given a seat, and after coffee, & yolkos, and raki, they told me a special exception had been made in opening the gates for me after dark, as I was a foreigner. I produced a letter of introduction from Demostis, and it was for one of the monks present, a joyful, heavily bearded, Friar ~~Father~~ Tuck-like monk, who spoke Rumanian, and kept the table in a constant roar of laugh. He saw that every dish was arranged for me, and after supper, doffed his cap, and left me to my work. My window over looks his ~~the~~ gem, gleaming by the light of the new moon, going up

in his sky so frail and slender,  
surrounded w<sup>t</sup> fainting Stars,

+ + +

Simonspeha, 8<sup>th</sup> February.

The road from Diangshiu was the  
roughest and steepest I have seen  
yet on his holy mountain, going up  
and down like a switchback over  
bleak rocky headlands, and down  
into green, leafshaded gulches and  
canyons. The east faces lie after  
noon sun, and the cactus growing  
among the rocks gives it a tropical  
air.

I came across a group of men  
equating among the rocks over a  
little fire of wood, bringing in  
the morning sun like up-roots,

Exchanging greetings, they gave  
me a place away & away; two were  
an odd even, two of them, elderly  
silent men, with stiff black beards  
sprouting from beneath their cheek-  
bones. Two other two young and volatile.  
They told me they were communists,  
saying that all the poor were so  
in Greece, destroying their teachers'  
clothes. One of them had a lovely  
voice, and sang some pretty  
Greek songs. He had one of  
those deep, easy,喉咙 voices  
which are such a delight to listen  
to. They were a nice lot of chaps,  
and their poverty depressed me  
beyond words. There certainly  
seems to be something amiss with

1313

~~MOST AT LOSS~~

the world. A little later I fell in with a Macedonian from Strumiza, who didn't seem quite certain whether he was Greek or Bulgarian. He spoke Bulgarian with a strong Macedonian accent, his first time tho, really noticed it.

He pronounced 'răbătă' (work) as 'răbōtă' with the stress on the second syllable. ~~He was~~ A melancholy bearded chap, and grunted and wheezed at every step, just like his hardsy Bulgarian mountaineers I met away the Rila, Rodope and Stara Planina mountains. He soon dropped far behind.

Proceeding, I could see over his roof, on to the outyang of St. George's amphitheatre,

SIGARSKY OR WINTER 1314

where the ~~foreigners~~<sup>foreigners</sup> were moving too and fro; I went in, and had a chat with some of them workmen, who gave me a cup of tea, and seemed surprised that I was going on further that day. One rather embarrasing thing, was a man who insisted on holding my hand and pressing it affectionately; I didn't want to seem <sup>hurden</sup> unkind by shateling it away, so I pretended to slip on the cobbled pavement, disengaged myself, and as heavily buried my hands deep in my pocket. This is the first time I have had the slightest inkling on Most At Loss that abnormality exists, though, in a permanently celibate community,

it is obvious that it must.

The first glimpse of Simonetta  
Petrini <sup>surprised</sup> us all, as it is pebbled  
high up on the mountain, looking  
as if it grows straight from the  
rocky peak beneath it, the  
brick blending as imperceptibly  
with the rock as a mermaid with her  
tail; it is the most unlikely looking  
affair, shooting up sheer above  
the rock, to as dizzy height, ~~and~~  
~~now~~ with a magnificent sweep,  
but tier after tier of wooden  
balconies running round the upper  
parts, ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> hanging above  
the drop of blank wall and rugged  
rocky boulders, by diagonal ways,  
seeming to sprawl from the water

face like the branches of a tree. The  
climb is a long and weary one, rocks  
all the way, the steep pathway twisting  
again and again up the mountain sides,  
till it leads under the low archway,  
built of the walls thickened, opening  
out into the unclean flagged courtyard.

People were not quite fresh when  
I arrived, sweating and exhausted,  
and so I put in an appearance for the  
last few minutes. Many of the broches  
seemed very poor, bowed with age, their  
romantic robes in tatters, and their  
black caps collapsed out of all semblance  
to their pristine <sup>glorious</sup> stiffness. Poor cheap  
I think their sole income is something  
like £3 per annum.

In the evening I attended to

13/6

SIMONE TETRA

I went, I found on the wooden balcony,  
looking out to sea, there the sky  
sea, and the dim outlines of St. Thomas  
and Cassandra <sup>melted</sup> melted into a soft  
water colour blue. The sunrises and  
sunsets are of a wonderful quick-  
ness, and of unimaginable velvety.

To look down brought sad  
news that one went, and twice was  
a complete chop ~~steep~~ for several  
hundred feet, cuts its jagged rocks  
and borders <sup>below</sup> below; the tops of  
trees waved like water too, and  
a ~~fall~~ <sup>falling</sup> heave ~~out~~, which from  
dashing among the rocks, seemed  
to ~~wave~~ <sup>wave</sup> slightly at the distance.  
I might have been in another  
sphere, looking down upon it.

SIMONE PERIA

and I mentioned Rosetta's lines  
about 'the flood after it, as a  
bridge' ... were two such spans  
like a fatal bridge' — it was  
just such a feeling.

A few days ago, at this  
time, within ~~the~~<sup>of</sup> day, I was standing  
on the ruined keep of Drusstein,  
the castle of Richard Coeur de Lion,  
looking at the rugged mountains  
of the Vosges, the blue gloomy  
sweep of the Danube far below,  
and the just discernable spires  
of Gottweig monastery in the distance.  
It seems so long ago — that  
a lot I have seen, <sup>since</sup> been, and what  
different surroundings. — the mountains  
of Greece, and the sunset over the

Again!

Yielding to a childish instinct, I got a piece of paper from my pack, and made a ~~schoolboy's~~<sup>boy's</sup> dart, throwing it from the balcony; it soon got into a tailspin, ~~up~~<sup>up</sup>, and plunged down head first over corners, so, like tree tops. The second, however, floated out slowly, and began to descend gradually, in sweeping circles, hemming in the breeze, and sometimes seeming to stop in mid air altogether together, it was delightful to watch it, descending the void so leisurely, down, down, down, till at last, tiny with distance, it disappeared among the leaves too.

The whole monasticity is hushed and asleep now; the monks retire early, as, long before dawn, the hammering strikes the boom of wood, which usually replaces the church bell here, with noise free from their loads, & leaves silver in the deepest stillness for an hour or two, while I am still asleep. Sometimes I hear the signal, half asleep, and am never sure next day whether that, and the awakenings of movement near me, were a dream or not

+ + +

Monastery of St Panteleimon, Feb 10.  
I slept very late that morning, and lay a long while in the sunlight in that delicious state of semi-

concession that over all too rarely.  
The winding road over the cliffs was  
a pleasant walking, shaded from  
the sun by the olive trees, among  
which occasional flocks cropped  
the grass to the piping of their  
shepherds. After an hour, the roofs  
of Daphni, <sup>below</sup> appeared, and beyond,  
each smokes in the distance, the  
summitaries of Xeropotamia and  
Pantokrator.

Daphni, that sunny,  
dead little village, was quiet asleep,  
with only the lapping of the waves  
on the pebbles to break the silence,  
& the few members of the scanty  
population visible were all sleeping  
in the sun, their caps over their

eyes. I found my way to Vrotas'  
abode, just such another whitewashed  
room, with two windows facing sea-  
ward as at Loura, and he was  
lying on his back in his shirt sleeves,  
smoking, and reading a Greek satyrus  
weekly. He seemed pleased to  
see me, and I lay on the <sup>sofa</sup> ~~bed~~  
~~bed~~, and so we chatted and read  
all the evening afternoon, towards ~~sunset~~  
walking down to the diminutive quay,  
where we watched the sunset, here in ~~to~~  
~~to see you and hotel of Daphni~~, and, by the  
side of the chief of police and his two  
customs officers - La Fluer de la  
Societe de Daphni - so as Vrotas  
severely but dubiously dubbed it - drank  
glen after glen of raki, with cheese

and olives — but such olives. We all got very amusing, especially Vrettas and I, who were feeling definitely slightly tiger by this time his servant came along to tell us dinner was ready. This was a big meal, & Mr. Vrettas, I and another son of the Daphnis élite. It was a gay meal, and we were all at the top of our form, and laughed a good deal, and drank lots of some excellent sweet black-olive wine which reminded me very much of Tokay. In the end, we all sang, and I gave a ~~song~~ a few short ones, with apparent success, and closed up late, and the room was full of smoke, and a good fire had been had by all. We made

"Be a dragon, DAPHNÉ, be a dragon!" up my bed, and, to the tune of I talked far into the night; he is a real cynic, and sneers at everything. He says his religion is that Atheism is a fact. On hearing I was off to Panta Limon on the morrow, he told me of its present poverty compared with its affluence in the days of Imperial Burma — Champagne and Caviare every night he said, when I take with a huge pinch of salt. He referred to Father Basil the Governor of the Caucasus' son, of whom I had heard so much, and he said he was astonished how such a man could become a monk. He told me he spoke perfect English, Greek, German & French, and a was very intelligent. Athenis' he

1324

## DAPHNE

finished! The deviant mystique,  
et type-la, et grand en Rumeur  
est ~~comme aussi~~, je vous avoue,  
est trop pour moi!

We both slept very late this morning and when I got up, I wrote two letters, one to the Stakatos, enclosing the Capsabe's introduction along, and one to the Rideaus & told him where to send my money. Then Vrettas and his pal and I had another in the open behind his inn, under a bellis of brown leaves. Afterwards, chairs were set on the ground, by the low, broad sea wall, and there we sat chattering with a few of the village cronies over Turkish coffee

## DAPHNE

1325

and cigarettes, so lapsing into frequent silences, the only sound beyond that of the waves being his ceaseless rattling of beads, or one in other, following the <sup>annual</sup> ~~annual~~ trick of the Balkans and beyond, picked the amber beads of his 'komboloi' between his fingers.

I got his impression that all the inhabitants of Paphos are forced to extinction, the same faces and countenance every day, being passed by this same things continually; with a choice of twenty or 25 inhabitants of whom not seen sold in some way blockheads or halfwits. I don't know what Vrettas does, being an intelligent chap, with such company you in your act. Then

I left, the horses still contemplating the sea in silence, plodding out over the beach.

My track, some of the way followed that <sup>front of the</sup> road taken on my first day on Syunik, branching off toward Kevopotamos about half way. From hence the road got more desolate and melancholy in character with every step, till the very streams among the rocks seemed to murmur dolefully. The arid dryness of the trees, and the bruised leaves of the evergreen under-forest fibred as thin as a rich aromatic flower. It was just such scenery as in my mind's eye. There always pictured the Mount of Olives as

the Garden of Gethsemane. On the wind came the music of the tinkling bells of Pantaleon, and soon I saw its rambling walls by the seashore, the green Muscovite domes, and their glistening Russian crosses appearing above the tree tops.

I soon saw the workmen, clad, unlike all the others I have seen, in blue frocks and wearing heavy top-boots, and underneath their black hats and wild hair, pale slow faces, childlike and simple, and many with the slightly starting eyes and high cheekbones that mark the Robertsonian horde of straggling Caucasians-like. They all bowed their heads

1328 S. PANTALEONI

in greeting as I passed, and one  
led me to his bedroom, who has  
no strangers in his care. He is also  
such an inexplicable Russian type,  
with that touch of guilelessness  
~~and quiet~~  
~~and wisdom~~ in his face that ~~is~~  
~~would~~ gives him such a charm.  
He led me to my little <sup>green</sup> Russian  
room, and brought me some tea, good  
Russian tea, with a slice of lemon  
floating in it.

After I had drunk it, he led me across his huge courtyard, to see the father Basil of whom I had heard from Vrattas. We went up flight after flight of wooden stairs, and eventually my guide tapped on the wooden door of the

~~ST. FRANCIS MON~~

1329

all talked a few moments in Russian.  
He was almost invisible, owing to his  
darkness of the cloister in the  
falling day-light, but when he  
addressed me quietly in perfect  
English, my heart bounded with  
joy, as to my ear, tormented with  
the jerky cacophanies of return'd  
scillons and Greek-cum-icelus, it  
was as balas to a wazel, for it  
was such English as is only  
acquired under after years of  
generous and reaching of the  
best in English literature. Each  
word of his soft measured voice  
was music to me.

We went for a walk down by the sea, and in

the fading light, saw; at what Vanya meant when he described him as a mystic, his light, unhealthily pale forehead, his high bridged, formally classical nose, and sculptured, sensitive mouth, just visible through the monk's beard and moustaches of dark, curling autumn. The sadness and mystery which his presence affected me is inexpressible, and his surprising thing about him was his youth, that wan face without a wrinkle yet fraught with the eloquent sorrow of St Sebastian; my presence seemed to have brought him from those out-of-the-way groves and dusky forests of meditation.

His English, like that

of all the White Russians of his upper class, was perfect, and his German and French too. He spoke of the different capitals of Europe, and many friends in America which we found - his charming Mr Whittemore, and Mark Ogilvie-Grant, who came some years ago with Robert Browne, before writing a book later, on the Holy Land. His society was delightful to me, furnished after an uninterrupted series of peasant company for some of the subtler shades of mind in converse than saying I came from London, and giving the number of inhabitants, and informing

1333 ST PATRICK'S CHURCH.

been about five years my father  
mother, sister (they seemed  
sorry I had no brothers) and as  
to whether I had done my willing  
service.

It was a drawing evening and  
after returning home, we had a  
second tea, in my room, then going  
over to the chapel where  
vespers were ending, two monks  
singing in a ring, amid a forest  
of candles and ~~gilding~~, the  
singing of a deep, mellifluous,  
harmonious, Slavonic type, as  
welcome change from the hoarse  
Greek bellowing and wailing,  
of which I'm momentarily  
surfeited. I saw my two

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

1334

Grecian (or eastern) monks  
who spoke with a self conscious  
devotion that was very noticeable  
and very Greek amid this  
slow moving, abstracted company.  
When it was finished, I was  
introduced to his deputy abbot,  
(the abbot was ill in bed), and  
then ran across his flagged  
courtyard, bidding goodnight  
to Father Basil, to a good supper  
of soup, butter, boiled eggs (he  
hadn't for ages) oranges, and  
black currants. This late now,  
and my window is directly  
above the advancing and woe-begone  
sea, which will continue its  
subdued iteration all night.

1335

ST. PETERSBURG

A few minutes ago, I heard a noise in the passage, and opening the door, saw an old Russian monk, bowed with age, and dragging his heavy knee boots, shouting in cryptic condemnation of ~~sinners~~<sup>some</sup>, waving his hairy stick at thin air, his blue ~~blazing~~<sup>like</sup> eyes ~~blazing~~<sup>like</sup>, and his mouth working under his wisps of beard and mustache; soon several monks turned up, and laughing softly and ~~childish~~<sup>like</sup>, persuaded their little brother back to his cell.

115 Feb, my 20<sup>th</sup> Birthday, St. Pater:

Woke up this morning, the weight of my twenty years very heavy upon

SE. PANTALEON

1336

me, wondering how many people at home were wishing me many happy returns, and whether the waves of snow which within would make contact with my mental apparatus. The Atchondavi, with whom I have made good friends, brought no tea, and jam and bread. He seems to have taken me under his wing being his only guest, and in his sheltered way, does his utmost for my comfort.

After dressing, I was just setting out in quest of Father Boril, when I met him on his threshold, coming to visit me. So we sat in my room talking awhile, and then we set off to look round his chapel, where the ikons and frescoes are all new, and though not unpleasant, ~~too~~<sup>too</sup> ~~nothing~~<sup>nothing</sup>

1937 87 PANTALEON

Not many interesting. The gilding in  
the upper chapel is all recent and  
some of his stenciling on the wall  
awful, and luckily not very obvious.  
The library is enormous, packed  
full of books, all in expensive cases,  
and the building is of two stories,  
long, pleasant looking rooms. It  
is very poor in manuscripts however,  
except for one book, containing his  
gospels for each day of the year,  
which has some lovely illumination,  
a splendid Nativity, where his look  
of interest and adoration in his eyes  
~~is~~ is really splendid.  
One of his baptism of Christ too,  
naked in Jordan, with the devil,  
or some evil water spirit, in an

87 PANTALEON

1888

attitude of submarine treacherous.

The librarian was a pleasant soft  
voiced monk, who spoke affectionately of  
Mr Whitmore, and consented to my  
taking Robert Bryns 'The Station'  
which Father Boni had presented, back  
to my cell. Then I bid Boni good  
bye, and he returned to his cell  
I to mine; dragging his grotesque  
books behind him, his great game  
his impression rather of a school-  
boy dressed up, full in top flowing  
beard and hair, tall cap and  
long stockings.

The rest of his morning  
I read 'No Station'; it's a splendid  
book (his fly-page has no words);  
"A Pale Bank," with best wishes from

1339 ST PANTALEON

Louis Davidson, 64 Canyon Street, London  
W.1.) I soared with laughter, making  
the clerestorey with solitary birds,  
and it was somehow amusing to  
read a description of Father Chavatampi,  
as he laid my hands before my  
eyes. The description of Basil's uncle  
as Uncle of Patriarch Valentine is a  
masterpiece, and his type and  
his spirit of thine is caught per-  
fectly throughout the book.

I brought me after luncheon  
of Father Giorgis and the Abbot of  
Keropotamus, who had been so  
nice in presenting me with his books.  
So, taking my staff and his  
woodman gave me at Paulscroft,  
start off over the rocks and stones,

ST PANTALEON.

1340

and up the steep path to Keropotamus,  
but this is now distant from Russia.  
The wind was the strongest I have  
felt for ages, and it was a hard  
struggle up the slopes against  
it. The Albanian painter was  
pleased to see me again, and  
addressed me as before in Russian,  
knowing I knew Bulgaria better  
than Greek; he led me inside and  
gave me a raki and coffee, not  
the official welcoming one, but  
a personal hospitality. Asking if  
he remembered Mr Byron he shook  
his head, but his face lit up with  
recognition at the second, "Mark Ogriv-  
yanet 'Hapko'!" and he held  
forth what a nice young gentleman

1341 STEREOFONIC: 77  
he was, and how well he does. Then I asked after Father Giorgios, he led me to his cell, and from the window down the passage, I could hear he was practicing. He greeted me warmly, in Greek intoning over & over enthusiasm, his gold teeth flashing, and his invisible great eyes dancing. His cell was small and bare, every available table and chair cluttered with sheet music, and his devoured bed unmade since leaving it for early mass, and many croases ranged in the window to ripen.

He said he had had a very entertaining time, reading the Greek Orthodox!

TO ATION GROS

Haut Koton





Father Kallistratos,  
Lauria.

1340  
1170  
17000

1935

1470  
470  
30

2600  
20400

New Years Eve - 15<sup>th</sup> December in Constant.  
16<sup>th</sup> Jan. Salnikov - 22nd Jan.  
23rd in Kent Alters, Dapuni, 25<sup>th</sup>  
in Xeropotamou, 26<sup>th</sup> in KOUTLOUMOUG.  
12<sup>th</sup> in IVIRON, 28<sup>th</sup> in STAVRA NIKITA, 29<sup>th</sup> in  
Pantikatos, 30<sup>th</sup>, 31st in Vatopeki - 2<sup>nd</sup>  
3<sup>rd</sup> Feb. Lala, 6<sup>th</sup> Kukakou, 5, 6, Lauria, 7<sup>th</sup> Dia-  
yia, 8, Sini in Petros, 9 Dapuni, - 10<sup>th</sup> Pantelimon  
11, 12, 13, 14<sup>th</sup>

- 170  
---  
77000  
10400  
22400  
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+

Copy of the Patriarch of Constantinople's  
letter to the government of the  
Sacred Mountain, recommending  
me to their kindness.

ΟΤΤΩΝΕΝΙΚΟΝ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΡΧΕΙΟΝ.

Θριάτοις ἐπιστάται καὶ ἀντίπρόσ-  
ωποι τῆς Κοινότης τοῦ Ἅγιου Ὁρού,  
τεκνα ἐν Κυρίῳ ἀγαπητά της ὑμῶν Μετρί-  
τυτος, Χέρις εἰς τῷ ὑμῶν δούτηρι  
καὶ εἰρήνη πύρα Θεοῦ.

Ο της ἐπιστάτης ὑμῶν  
ταῦτα ἐπιδότης ἄγγελος σπουδαστῆς  
κυρίου Michael Leigh-Fermor, ἔρχομενος  
εἰς Ἑλλάδα χάριν λαογραφικῶν  
μελετῶν, προτίθεται επι τούτῳ οὐα-  
λέσθη καὶ παρακαλεῖ καὶ εὐλαύνει  
Ὀρεὶ επι ζεν μῆνα.

Ἄστρανος σὺν κύτον συνιστῶντας, τῇ  
ὑμετέρᾳ δοιατῇ, προφρεπομένῳ  
διστος ὑμετέρᾳ πρόφρονι φροντίδι,  
παρασχεθῆ αὐτῷ παντάχου φιλόφ-  
ρων δεξιώσις καὶ πέτρα περιπόλος  
· γοσις καὶ εὐκοδία ἐν τοῖς μελετῶις  
αὕτου κατα τῷ διαστύρῳ της αὐτόβι  
διαμονῆς αὐτοῦ.

Ἡ δὲ τοῦ Θεοῦ Χάρις  
καὶ τοῦ ἅπειρου ἔλεος εἴη μετὰ  
της δεσμού δοιότυτος Εμῶν

αφοῦτε Ιανουαρίου

18.

Διατίρος πρὸς Θεὸν εὐχεις/

πόσο; how much? σίγαρ  
 πόσα δραχμές; how much money?  
 σενάριον = hotel  
 ρύπο = sleep.  
 που; = where  
 που είναι; = where is it?  
 = or



Εις οἰλαν τοῦ λαον λο  
 παλός και φίζω. Λαππούρ  
 γιβουρού —

λερώτης λαππαρής  
 λαγονογήλαγη

Σεγανίδη  
 Capitaine du port Dafni

Monte Athos

Couvent Sivron

27/1/35

## GREEK.

- ΣΤΙΡΤΧ = fire  
 μολιν = pencil  
 Ευχαριστο = thanks  
 καλη μερα = good day.  
 αδιαβος = goodbye.  
 καλη γοτερα = good evening  
 καλη νικτασ = good night  
 παρε καλλο = please  
 καφε = coffee  
 τσιου = tea  
 νερο = water  
 πραπεζη = table  
 καρεκδα = chain  
 κραδι (οινος) = wine  
 ρακι = olive  
~~Δ~~ Δο σει με = give me

S

- Τι όπα εχετε; = what the time  
 εις = to  
 απο = from  
 ποσα χιλιομετρα; = how many km.  
 μακαριστα = yes  
 οχι = no  
~~η~~ = not  
 μεγας = big  
 μικρος = small  
 ορετο καλλος = good  
 κακος = bad  
 ποδι κακος = very bad  
 ιαταλαβενο = I understand  
 Αγγλιαδος = English.  
 Αγγελος ειμι = I am English  
 εσο = here  
 εκι = there.

yitmiş = seventy 20  
 sekzen = eighty 30  
 otuzan = ninety 40  
 yüz = 100 50  
 bin = 1000  
 bir million = 1000,000  
 burda = here  
 tisharö = there  
 yahot = or = yahot  
 ve = and

Sporades, Syros, Sarpulos, Sciatias, Peristeri,  
 Scamara, Pelagonesi, Gura, Piperi, Baturna.  
Thracian Sporades, Thasos, Samotracia, Imbros,  
 Lemnos, St Eustratios.  
Cyclades, Andros, Tinos, Mykonos, Delos, Reiva,  
 Cees, Utros, Seriphos, Siphnos, Paros, Naxos  
 Melos, Iimilos, Potriegos, Pholegandros  
 Sikinos, Ios, Anargos, ~~Thera~~ Thera (Santorini)

<del>on</del>	Iadüm = I understand
bir	= one
ikki	= two
üçle	= three
dört	= four
besh	= five
altı	= six
yeddi	= seven
Segiz	= eight
dokuz	= nine
on	= ten
onbir	= eleven
onikki	= twelve etc.
yirmi	= twenty
ottus	= thirty
käirk	= forty
elli	= fifty
altmış	= sixty

## Turkish

ben İngiliz = I am English

Ridja ederim = Please

Teskekür ederim = Thanks

Saad kātch? = What's the time

eyi = good

fenna (kötü) = bad

ekmek = bread

suo = water

sharap = wine

peynish = cheese

gisel = beautiful

dušk = very

(eg. chōk gisel = very beautiful)

Yok = no, not

Evet = yes

atesh = fire

varmi? = have you?

Küçük - Turkish Dame

Ratchitza - Bulgarian Dame

Horo - Bulgarian Princ Dame

Tchakmaka = Flint and steel.  
(Turkish origin)

Trike = Zadruge  
(Ottoman)

adam = man

hari = woman

chujuk = child

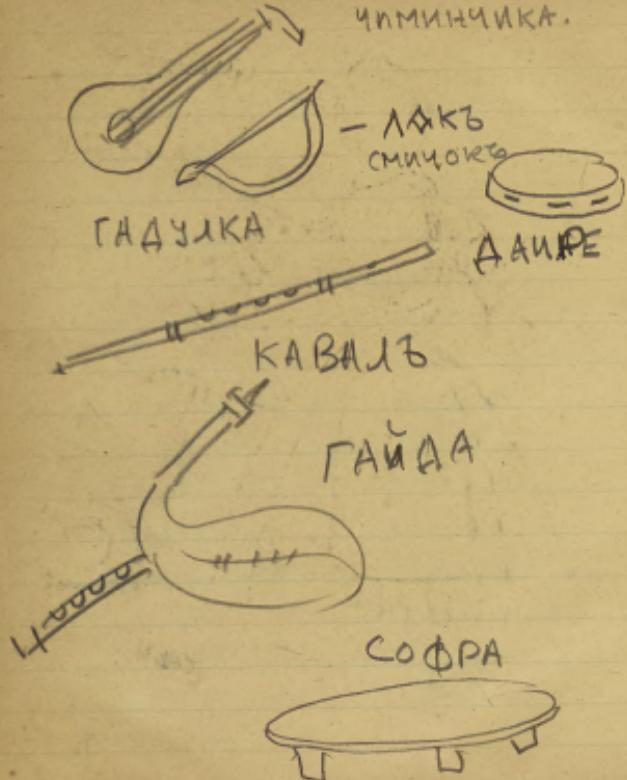
katch? = how much?

Katch para? = how much money?

buyuk = big

ufak = small

Effendi = Monseñor.





## Bulgarian Folk Walking

Village of Vulguri

Nikinari

Ikeus

Dance

Nikinari is a sect. Born in free families. Biggest only village. Great team - own shippers. Hysteria.

Dancers all women. Tradition handed down from Father to Son. Literate

Feast of SS. Helena & Constantine

- 21st May.

Buganikui = Bulgaria, here we are.

(Dual system of  
federal state)



Plan of MESSAMBRIA  
Churches in Mæssamoria



- 1 The Old Metropolitan Church
- 2 The New Metropolitan Church
- 3 St Paraskeva
- 4 St John Aleitourgetos
- 5 St Pentocrator
- 6 Ss. Michael & Gabriel
- 7 St John
- 8 St Theodor.

- {Georgi Storckoff}

hekkis tra Rennung.

1. Cologne 4
2. Ulm. 2
3. Rosenheim 7
- 4 St Martin 10
- 5 Vienna 30
- 6 Prague 1
7. Kereszcs 14
- 8 O'Riggyos 4
9. Apatelek 20
10. Tovicegykúja 6
11. Capothas 10
12. Guracada 14
- 14 Phillipopolis 7
15. Bucharest 24
16. Burgas 24
17. Constantiopolis 1

Kara Katerius = Hellende of Shepherds  
(Wanda, Swane Pasture)  
'Blank Sheepheads' Balkan Plan, inc. Gv, Thrace, on plain

(mushamedans)

Elenki Tziguni = Gypsies religious, poor.  
(Elen) Smiles etc., charcoalmen,  
Vlaski Tziguni = Gypsies of Robber type,  
Katorazi (not fortune teller, beggar) (Vlach)  
Cherguni S quack doctors, etc.

Haiduk = (i) Patriotic Komitadiis against  
the Turks.

(ii) Robbers, bunglers, etc.

Rasboinik = Robber, bandit, bandit,  
in mountain preying on travellers.

Voirodi = Captain of Komitadiis.

Komitadii = Insurrectionists against oppression.

Hadji = One who has made pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Bolyar = Aristocrats of 2nd Bulgarian empire

Chumadji = Bulgarian friend of Ottoman <sup>rich noblemen</sup> empire  
Romanian titles.

Voivod = Prince. Bozi = prince, Hopalar = governor.

Bogay = aristocrat of old family.

Chozoi =

Boulgarian tribes, races, etc.

Gagouzi = Bulgarians speaking Turkish. Ottos

Pomaks = Hoh. Bulgars, Turkishnames. Speak

worn Bulgarian.

Kutzo Vlach = Romanian Nomads, gypsies

Tzintzar = " " " "

Shopi = Peasants of mid west Bulgaria

(Sofia, Kustendil, Dupnitsa, Tryn)

Threkierzi = Thracians (Haskovo S.E. Bulg.)

Panduri = Wild Peasant from S. Rodope,

by Greek frontier. Inter-village finds  
& raids.

Grékomani = Greeks remaining from the

Byzantine Empire intermarried

with Bulgars. Speak Greek.

Mizézi = Bulgars N. from Stara Planina

Tziguni = Gypsies.

Trenenki Tziguni = Greek orthodox Gypsies

(Trenen) horse speak Bulgarian,

deafness sometimes Roma, not wandering..

Sus lanoi pequasta' mudjă? 2  
Ye o fată frumoasa }  
~~bi~~ Déye~~s~~ seraka  
Déye tziganka  
Dar mye me dragă  
Déye elave  
Déye bogata  
Dar mye me dragă  
Hawă, tata, numalossa? 2  
Să fac quia cassă,  
peșteri le mănu

2 { Giam Ghym săiyes nălumer mare  
Küya la plimbări  
Retrăie.

Treasca Regale  
~~Te~~ regale ~~te~~  
În pace cu omul  
De bala iubitor  
Si apărător de țara  
Tie Domn glorios, peste noi  
Tie îu Vrei norocos  
În răbăi. — Rusbă! Poate  
O! Doamne Sfinte, Cereșc Pașințe  
Sustine cu atâta mâna  
Coroana română.

Cashewal.

Зашо ми се сърдичъ либе  
Сърдичъ не дохвейсава  
Дали конче нѣмашъ либе } 2.  
Или другъ не знаешъ?

Конче имашъ, ишо либе  
Доръ три друга знашъ  
Монъ ли е съзанъ либе } 2.  
За съншната бегръ

Ако Родна песен

Zašto mi se - surdich lübe?  
Surdich ne dokhodjash? }  
Dülli konche nyamash lübe? } 2.  
Illi drum ne gnai-eshi }  
Konche imam millo lübe  
Dor tri druga znaia  
Toku mye djelno lübe  
Za snashnata (bach) vetcher.

Why are you brok with me, my darling?  
Why don't you come to me?  
Have you no horse - ?  
Or dont you know two ways?

I have a horse, my darling  
And I even knew three ways,  
But I am sorry, my darling  
For what has last night.

Zašto mi se (-.-)

1st line. - - - - ) - - | 1st line  
2nd line. - - - - - - - - | 2nd begin  
on same note  
3rd line. - - - - - - - - | 3rd begin  
on same note  
full meas.  
4th. - - - - - - - - | 3rd end  
in first half  
note  
4th start  
ditto.



Ний <sup>т</sup>

Диринъ, диринъ,  
диринъ, приста франка  
Да запишиши загадено  
стопанка

Ний але велена компакнъ  
Ний але велена компакнъ

Ний, Ний, Пумчиши  
Деврагнану сушишъ  
Да сувѣтъ тарикамъ



Городишко

T-kr.

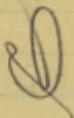
T-aca

T-ya.

D

D

D



Дагестана

Дагестана

Даг

да

Trans. 15. Mon. 14<sup>h</sup>. Sun. 13<sup>h</sup>

Sat 12<sup>h</sup>, Fri 11<sup>h</sup> Thurs. 10<sup>h</sup>, Wed 9<sup>h</sup>

Trans. 8<sup>h</sup> Mon 7<sup>h</sup>, Sun. 6<sup>h</sup>

Hor.

Horos

Прославис.

10

11

Прославие

10

11

Миссансиа Ми-Фернандо

Маргарита Гарсия

Тенова

Моумила

и и и

и и и

и и и

Миссансиа Ми-Фернандо

Ванеса Фернандо

11

Фернандо

11

Фернандо.

Фернандо.

11

Фернандо

11

A - a	ɛ̄ - m
B - ɔ	ɛ̄ - y
B - ɔ	ɸ - φ
T - ɔ	χ - α
D - ɔ	γ - y
E - e	
H - ɔc	χ - r
Z - ɔ̄ - ɔ̄	ɯ̄ - ɯ̄
U - u [ü - ü]	ǖ - ry
K - k	θ̄
L - l	t̄
M - m	t̄
N - n	ʃ̄ - ŋ̄
O - o	ə̄ - a
P - p	f̄ - f̄
C - c	

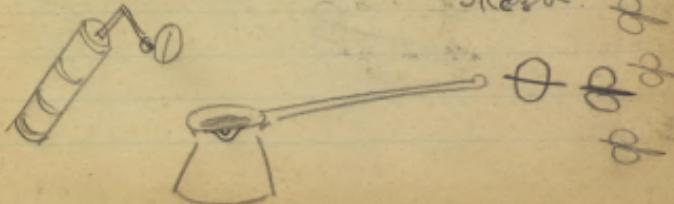
g k t̄ φ

### Recipe for Turkish Coffee.

For 1 cup → 1 cup of water  
is spoonfuls of sugar in the  
'djasneh' (ΤΕΣΒΕ). Boil it 1 spoon-  
ful very finely ground coffee powder.  
on the heat put 'tiefjasseli' containing  
this mixture into the hot coffee  
for another half minute or so  
Boils 20-30 sec.  
till it is sufficiently hot,  
drink it while it begins to bubble  
coffee gruel, in Bulgaria they drink it.

Boguturka za Kafe.  
coffee Samopan = ΤΕΣΒΕ

Τεσβε





3) Ayputría

fr Baril le grand, s<sup>i</sup> Grégoire théologus

st Den Clément

tu m m m<sub>5</sub>x<sub>2</sub>

## ~~POEMS RECOMMENDED~~

## Почта Рентаком

Рыб

→ Вань Потас Ресторан  
Михаил Руслан  
Ин-Фермер бу  
Dр. Толстоголов —

Пращаюъ въ Ви  
20 лева да плащатъ за  
ноща \* които азъ преспахъ,  
въ вашия ханъ. Благодаря  
въ Ви за гондамата любезно-  
насъ по коя ~~ко~~ които  
~~се~~ ми оказахте. Задърж-  
~~ава~~ - всичъ ~~по~~ пулата  
и цигаретите си във всичъ  
мощта страда. Бъдете  
~~въ~~ така ~~по~~ любезенъ  
и ми ~~и~~ пратете отъ ~~въ~~  
10-мѣсъ. лева които Ви  
пращаюъ прещащъ  
и иного благодарности

*E. Bok* <sup>and</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>10</sup>

$m$   $n$

Mar 1st 1968. 4000' Y  
30 6 u. u. 8 1/2 m T  
u. 8 1/2 m

I am enclosing 20 levas to  
pay for the night I spent in  
your Khan, with very many  
thanks for your kindness to  
me. I left in my bedroom by  
mistake my pipe and cigarette  
holder. Could you please send them  
by post with the ~~the~~ extra ten levas  
enclosed? Very many thanks.  
Yrs. P.H.L.-P

A.	ا
B.	ب
P.	پ
T.	ت
di	دی
tch	تچ
ch(h)	چ
are guttural ch(h)	خ
d	ڈ
Z.	ڏ
R	ڙ
Z.	ڙ
Freunde	ی
S	س
Sh	ش
(stronger) S	ص
3	ض

T	ط
Z	ظ
ö	ع
g	غ
p	ق
k	ک
k	ل
k	ل
L	ل
M	م
N	ن
v	و
ch(h)	خ
ch(u)	و
i(ee)	ی

محايل ليفرم سونا

محايل لفوجرو

اسنان بنه پاٹا

لکھ مار  
کال

اب پتے ۲۲۲

پوسٹ



Admirers (continued)

- Frank Baker, British Consulate, Varna.  
Tony Kendall u u Burgas.  
Dimitrios Kapodistrias, Greek Consulate, Constantinople.  
Bob Lee, American Embassy, Constantinople.  
John Fox-Strangways, Holland House, London.  
Mrs. Pangiri, Appst. Gözani, Matulka, Istanbul.  
Ferid Djerdat Bey, 8 Rue Sina Selvi, Taksim,  
Istanbul.  
Court Alexander Hochberg, Ismaningerstr. 93,  
Munich.  
Baron Sticker, Banesdrane 18, Munich.  
Mme. Shemseddin Arif, Hardin, Turkish Emb., Moscow.  
Pavlovna Fomicie Godin, Rindemarkt 3, Munich.  
Daiva Ratis Paska, 17 Saida Ibrahim Pasha, Cairo.  
W. H. Coulson, Linzford Road, Parkside Gdns, Durban.  
Paul Pavloff, 140 Rue Tariq Basi, Istanbul.  
Maria Parso, Sina Selvi, Chirrisonorge Appt  
36 Rue Calixtine, Constantinople.  
Festus Sophronius, Ivinos, Thessaloniki.

Sir Arthur G. Royal Senator. King Surrey  
inc. R. E.

H. G. A. Elphinstone, Lt Air Defence Rat.  
Blackdown, Nr. Aldershot.

Eritrean Police, Addis. Vatopedi Monastery, Mount Athos

H. C. Lewis, British Consulate, Salonicco, Greece

F. Kyriakas, Minister of Vatopedi, Mt Athos.

Petros Stavatos, Hodi, Stavros, Macedonia, Greece.

Peter Basil, Master of Pantaleimon, Mount Athos

Mr Whittemore, 712 Yeate bldge, Boston, Mass.

Father Kavvouni, (Dr. Kawaguchi) Zografhos, Mount Athos.

Peter Christ Velasaris, Ayios Ioannis, Esphigmenos

Lamia. British Consulate, Salonicco.

Payne, Comm. Slenius, Glenn, Tol. Co. Sennes

Griffith Peck " ", Xanthi, Thrace

Levissi, Austrian Consulate, Salonicco

Ghicaici. A.D.C to the King of Albania.

St. & Henri Melis, Dr. Nat. Bank of Albania

Andrea Rrasipi, Tirana.



## ШУИН МАРИЦА.

I

Shumi Marița!  
Okaravena  
Plătche veloritza  
Luto Râmenă  
Marș! Marș!

REFRAIN:

S'generala nash!  
Vbei dălet letim; (letim)  
Vrăg da pōbedim!

II

Bulgarski Chado,  
Tzat svet nivledo  
Ai kum\* pobeda?  
Slavna da yopruim  
Marș! Marș!

(Mergulem)

Lăvit Balkanski  
S'ordi dusmanski  
Vbei velikanski

nosegumz

Vodî nii krîkât! (Marș! etc.)

Ivan Vasoff.

P Simeon Simeonoff.  
Selo Polako Kosovo  
Belenksko Okolea.  
(Bunevki) Bulgaria

16<sup>th</sup> October, 1934.

Cume 5706

Mukacevo Mu.-Repmgr.

Шуин Марциа

Okababena

Mare bogomuia

Leumo Râmena

Marci. Marci!

Q Q Q Teupara uauz!

B'sorū & ga temuris

B'pazga nosegumz

nosegumz.

България

България

Мисания и-Ферноръ

Nagy-ság

Leigh-Ferrier Mihai

M. Michel Leigh-Ferrier.

Городничъ Мисания  
и-Ферноръ

Христо Бомбъ

Тодоръ Александровъ

Бойбоге Нана

КОСТИА СИМЕОННОВЪ

~~Коста Атанасовъ~~

Мисания и-Ферноръ-

на Мисания

Баша Манка

Братъ Йоанъ Манка

Симра

ТОРДАНЪ

ВЕ

ВЪЛЕВЪ

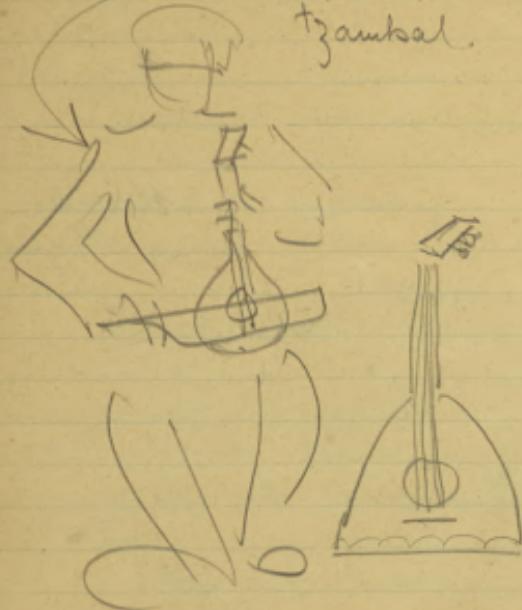
Мисания и-Ферноръ

Йоанъ

Мария

София

Tsigulka.  
Kaval.  
+zambal.



Bulgaria.

Kom palanka, Rantovo  
Tsvetrie, Slepka,  
Plevengrad, Razdoljnik,  
Berovitsa, Slepka,  
Sofia, Saint Nikolai.  
Kosicene,  
Dolni Pasarel,  
Doljni - Melnitsa,  
Rila Monastery,  
Rila Village,  
Dupnica,  
Sofia,  
Simeonova,  
Nari Khan,  
Philippopolis,  
Uzun Karovo.

easy = АСЕНТЬ, АО,  
difficult, = МЪМЕНН МЪЧЕНЬ.  
language = ЕЗИКЪ

### БУЧНИ МАРИЦА.

Shumi Maritza  
O Karvarena,  
Platchi Vdovitza  
Luto Raneva  
March! March!  
S'generala nashi  
V'boi deletim da letim  
Vrag da Popedim

muchno, trudo.

БУЧНИ МАРИЦА

Allah is great, Allah is great,  
I know and everyone must  
know that he is great.  
Allah eger, Allah eger,  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{2 fiani} \\ \text{Feschedü elha a-ilah-e} \end{array} \right\}$   
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{2 allah-i-willat} \\ \text{2 ilallah} \end{array} \right\}$   
2 Mohammed is his prophet.  
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Feschedü inné mohammedén} \\ \text{2 rasüllah} \end{array} \right\}$   $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{2 allah-i-willat} \\ \text{2 ilallah} \end{array} \right\}$

Hayye-aléssalah - 2 - 9 иллюстрировано  
Come to prayer. - 2

Hayye-alélfélah 2 иллюстрировано  
Come to salat or. 2

Allah is great,  $\frac{\text{Allah}}{\text{He is the greatest,}}$  2 иллюстрировано  
allah-ekber allah-ekber  
la-ilah illallah.

A	a	Y	u	ə
B	b	Φ	ph, f	ɸ
В	v	X	h, ch.	
Г	g	Ц	ts	
Д	d	Ђ	tch	
Е	e	Ш	sh,	
Ж	(dj)	҂	sht	
З	z (soft)	Ѡ	ew	
И	i	Я	ya	
К	k	ќ		
Л	l	Ӆ	ew (fr) betweenbukker	
М	m	Ӎ	ergulem (er)	
Н	n	ӎ	ermalab (er)	
О	o	ӫ	edroygyo eh, ya.	
П	p			
Р	r		Xay	
С	s		Xagsuu	
T	t		Zuu	

D ~~ан~~ Димитровъ

А а	У у	І
Б б	Ф ф	Василь
В в	Х х	
Г г	Ц ч ѿ	Нонова
Д д	Ч ч Ѱ	Нонова
Е е	Ш ш Ѣ	Георгі
Ж ж	Щ щ є	
З з	Ю ю ѿ	Михаїл
И и	Я я Ѵ	Іи-Фернанд
К к	Ѳ Ѳ Ѹ	
Л л	Ђ ђ Ѧ	Александровъ
М м	Ђ ђ Ѫ	Петръ
Н н	Ђ ђ Ѭ	Ка
О о		Караска
И и		Михаїл Іи-Фернанд
Р р		Михаїл Іи-Фернанд
С с		
Т т	Ѳ ѻ ѩ Ѫ	Бомбъ

good morning = ДОБРО УТРО

good day = ДОБВРДЕНЬ

good evening = ДОБВРДЕНЕЧЕРЬ

good night = ЛЕКА НОЧЬ

thank you = БЛАГОДАРЯ

Please = МОЛЯ

good = ДОБРЕ

bad = ПЛОШО

bread = ХЛЕБЪ

butter

tomato

peperika

cheese

milk

wine

beer

schnappa = РАКИЯ

I am English = АЗЪ СЪМЪ

АНГЛИЧАНИНЪ

I don't speak  
Bulgarian

АЗЪ НЕ ГОВОРЯ  
БЪЛГАРСКИ

I am walking on

foot from

London to

Constantinople

и тъй като

и така

АЗЪ ХОДЯ

ПЕШЪ ОТЪ

ЛОНДОНЪ ЗА

ЦАРИГРАДЪ

= З СБОГОМЪ

= ДОВИЖДАНЕ

Cyrillic (cont)

Anapki - small little Islands - Бурес  
Nikaria.

Cat	mocska
horse	ló,
dog	kutya
terrible	rettenetes
wonderful	szégyönyörű gyönyörű
hospitality	vendégcszeretet
Freedom	szabadság
youth	fiafolság
age, young	öregsgég
old	fiaföl
King	örég, pp. véu
queen	király
prince, count	Királynő
baron	herceg,
sleepy	gróf
thirsty	báró
hungry	álmos
	szomjas
	éhes

Books to get at home, 9  
 Letan-Watson's 'History of Roumania'.  
 Steva Remetea's 'History of 1st Balkan War' (book)  
 Hobhouse's 'Albania' (book)  
 'Macedonia'



Greek Man at  
Daphni.

ОЧИ ЧОРНІЕ

ochi chornya	Black eyes
ochi dzhutlye	hot eyes
ochi strasnia	Passionate eyes
ochi gutchie	Shy and strong
Kak te bluyavas	how I love you
Kak bayusyavas	how I fear you
(fancy)	
Shto uviduvas	That I believed
V <del>z</del> me zayatchni chas	not in the paper
Skatsiertz belyaya	On the table cloth
Zaletz vinoem	Is covered with wine
Vse gusare spiat	all as sleeping
Ni probudzenim snom	In sleep
No odcine nye spnt	Put one sleep not
Piot Champanuskoye	Champagne
Za zdorovie	For his health
Za Fzigan'skoye	of his gypsy

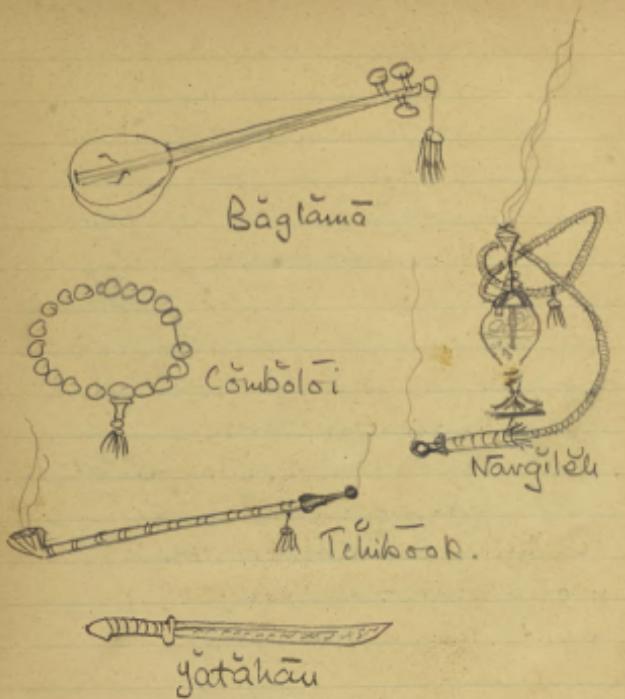
H. Pawel Gatteff - Korlowo

Б Б Борз

My Drage spaxnus Saro  
Sachmags.

Pour souvenir de mon  
très bon ami M<sup>e</sup> Michael qui était  
chez moi à Lomovo et à Varna  
Gatteff

Mit seinen  
(Schwany Bulgarien)  
(Student  
in Stadt  
Varna)



+

Τρωική ηρόεσσαχτ.  
ειπούσ ορδοδόξους  
ἘΙΣ Τῷ αρισταράντι  
ἘΙΣ τῷ θυρα του Πατρός, καὶ του  
Ἴησου καὶ του Ἅγιου Πνευμάτος,  
νῦν μέχι αὐτοῦ σε πλει καὶ εἰς τους  
αἰώνας των αἰώνων, Ἀμήν.

Βασιλεὺς οὐρανίς παράκλητε  
τοπνεύματι ἀληθείας σφραγάκου  
παρένται τὰ γάρ τα πληντῶν οὐ  
πισταρός τινας αγαθῶνται ξεῖνος  
οχριγέλας ἔχειται γένην γορ  
εν τοιν μετανοθήσιν τον ιησιαν  
από γάστρας κεντίδος μετεγορ  
ἀγαθετὰς φυκες μηνῶν.

Illes de Skaros  
Bp illes nr 17.

Lieber Michael, wenn du dieses Blatt  
umwenden, erinnerst du dich von mir  
dass wir so gute freudliche Tage ge-  
wohnt haben sind immer intim ge-  
wesen waren. Schade dass wir so  
schnell geteilt <sup>seien</sup> werden aber ich werde  
immer diese Tage erinnern!

TA ~~H~~ ~~B~~

2

Τα οιτερημον ἐκ Μονίου Πάτρας  
καὶ παθοτα καὶ ταθεντα καὶ ανα-  
τατα, καὶ τη τρίτη διμέρα κατά<sup>της</sup>  
τα γραφάς, καὶ ανεδθοτα ἐις  
οὔρανους, καὶ καθεδονεν εἰκ σέξιων  
του Πάτρος, καὶ Πίλατον ἑρχομενου μετα  
δογής κρινει ζωτασι καὶ θευρους  
ου της βασιλικης της ου και συγκεδο

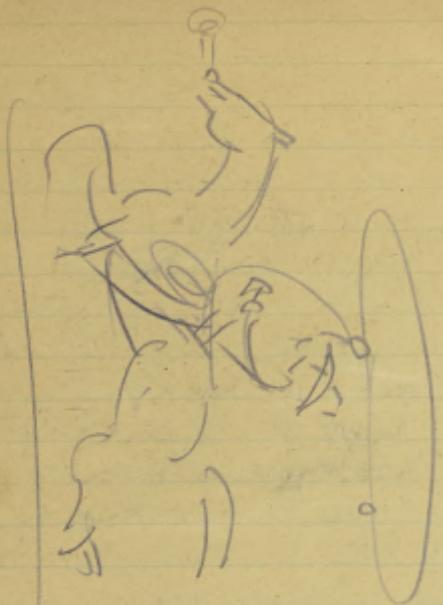
## ΤΗΣ Νίκαια Σύνοδος

Πιστευω εις ένα Θεον, Πάτρα  
Παντοκρατορα, πληγήν εύρανου  
καὶ υμης, ~~καὶ~~ ορατου, καὶ παντο  
αθρατου, καὶ εις ένα Κύριον Ιησούν  
Χριστόν, τον Φιόντου Θεον, την  
μονογενη τον εἰκ του Πάτρος γεγο  
ντα προπαντου τους αιωνιους, φασ  
εἰκ φωτος Θεον αληθινον, εἰκ  
Θεον αληθινον γενεθεντια, ου  
ιτοιθεντια, ο μοαυδιου τη Πατρι,  
σιώ τα πάντα συγένετο. Των  
δέκανος, τους ανθρωπους, καὶ διά  
την η Ημισηραν Σωτηριαν, καὶ  
τελθοτα εικ τους εύρανους και ερ-  
ικοθεντια εικ Πνεύματος Άγιου  
καὶ Μαριας της Παρθενου, καὶ  
ένα θρωπηθεντια, Σταυροθεντια



"IZA" Arad,  
May 6.  
1984.

3.  
καὶ εἰς τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον  
τὸ Κυρίου, τὸ Ζωοποόν, τὸ εἰκ  
τού πατρὸς ἐκ πορειῶντος τοῦ  
Συνάντητος, καὶ τὸν συνπροθεσμού  
-μενον, καὶ συνδοξούσωμενον τῶν  
λαλήσαν διὰ τῶν Προφυτῶν.  
Εἰς μάν συιστον καθοδικού  
καὶ αποστολικού Ἑκκλησίαν,  
ώμοιοικων τοῦ Βαπτισματοῦ εἰς αφεσίν  
δημόσιων καὶ χώρην τῆς Αιωνίου  
-ζητούσαν Εορτὴν Σερβιάνων  
τον πατρορινόν.





On quiet Athos, high above the fall  
Of the Aegean's wave now all is  
well.

O'er dome and monastery the South  
wind blowing,

Where sun gleams on the peak,  
and sea birds call,  
O'er opening sprays of pallid  
aspodel

The olive and the oleander  
growing

B

And so the gunfires' echo dies away,  
leaving these valleys and these timbered  
hills

One more in peace; and now the silence  
steals

O'er canyon peak, and winding  
mountain way,

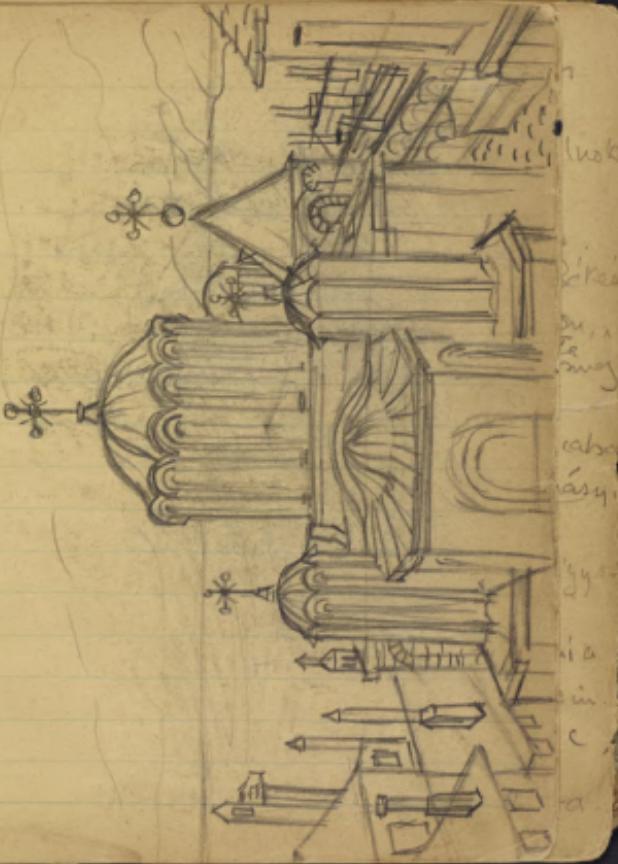
For Macedonia sleeps again - and  
see!

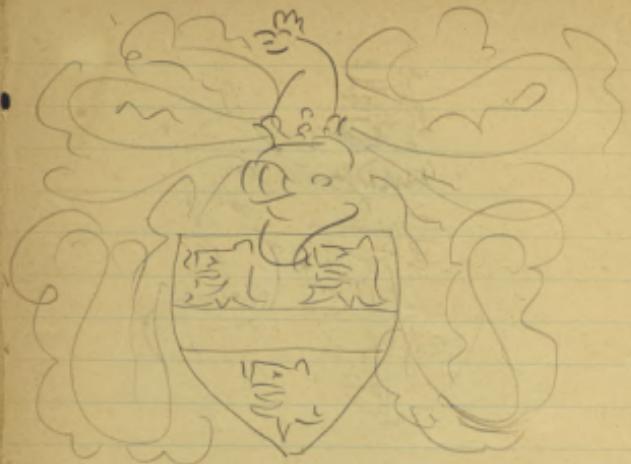
The goodwife spins before her  
humble cot his scant robes  
and glows ~~one more toward the acre of his~~  
~~the more toward the acre of his~~  
plot,

the peasant bends his rugged  
husbandry.

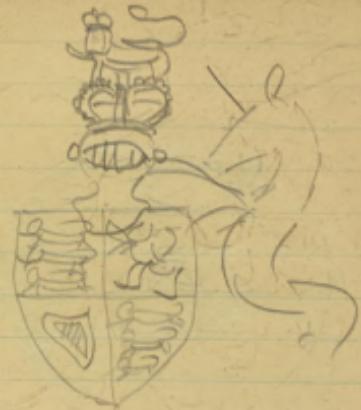
B

COUNTESS TELEKI,  
("RIVER")  
Capothias,  
June '34





Z HORA E SEMPRE



Rejse ~~Hamburg~~ Wenzheim



Food	ételek
Fire	tűz
Light	világos
Dark	sötét
Heavy	nehéz
Light	könnyű
Beautiful	szép
Ugly	csúnya
Possible	lehetőséges
Impossible	nem lehet
Nice	csinos
Tobacco	dohány
Woman	feleség(wife)
Man	ember(husband)
Child	gyermek
Girl	lány
Boy	fia
Big	nagy
Small	kis(ricsi)

Vesztő, 22 April, 1984



PoL-P

Lojós Wenckheim



luok

1. Kész

M. X  
le mag.

absz  
sz.

4. Sz

a  
in

Holland 5 days.  
Germany, 38 days  
Austria 41 days.  
Greece 31, 25 days

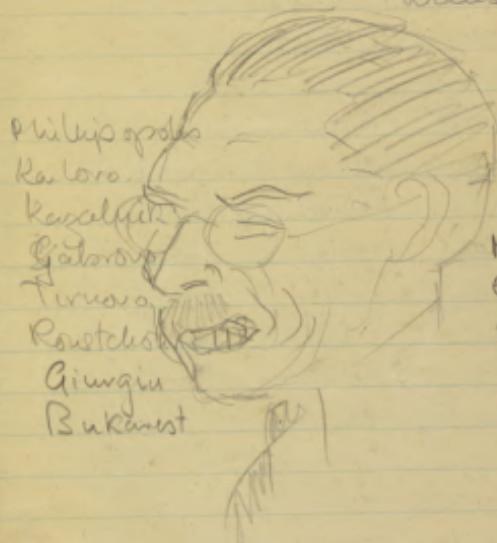
Hungary:

Rotterdam	München.	Bolisk
Gorickiem.	Salzburg	Szigliget
Rosfeld.	Erfelding	Herzögh.
Düsseldorff	Linz	Bécsújháza
Köln,	Mett	Arad
Bonn	Krems	Dura
Coblenz	S. Pölten	Koraszées
Mainz	Wien	Orşova
Würzburg	Pilsburg	Berkenr.
Kamphen	Prague	Sofia.
Stuttgart.	Norw. Zawky.	Szabadkoff
Ulm.	Eszagom	Dunajce
Augsburg	Budapest.	Pargodvár

Judit

Louis Baté,  
37 Chester Road,  
Wanstead,

E. C.



Philipsopulos

Karloro.

Kazalpuk.

Gáborov.

Turavas.

Rostchow.

Giuvgiu

Bukarest

István

Henning

Geoffrey.

Pawlett.

Dmitri

Bari.

Vitvins.

Mr Whitmore

Klava, Elsie, in

Hac.

## Adresses

Baron Rheinhardt, Haupt-Ratholt,  
Stilestrasse, Gräfelfing, München.  
Count Ferdinand Arco auf Valley  
Schloss St. Martin, im Innkreis, OÖstereich.  
Ritter, Count Arco Schloss Hocheggen,  
Wagna Rieden, Upper Austria.  
Josef ~~Pötzl~~, Telegraph bausektion, H-Post, Linz  
Friedrich Spangl, Pernitzsey,  
Baron Tinti, Schloss Tinti, Pöchlarn  
Fr. von Hagen So. Hauptkr. Melk,  
Capoldina Branch zu Weisse Rose, M-Annsd.  
Count Trauttmansdorff, Schloss Pottendorf  
Richard Stedt Kal-Pau, Grazen I, Klein  
Count Oskar v. Staudinger, Floridsdorf, SI  
Franz, Baron Löwenthal, zu Pringsheimstr. 2  
Molly Sherman No. IV, Theessaligense)

Countess Charlotte Szapary, Schloss  
Alberti, Insa, Hungary;  
Dr Hunyadi Imre, 3 Hippichter, Szolnok,  
Hodlerer Miklos, Pestalonyó,  
Vitez Havas Gyula de Gyöma, Békes  
Count Janos Horan, Körösladány, Békes  
Count Lajos Weckheim, Veszö, Szeghalom,  
Baron Magr. Melhusz <sup>Hartog, russische</sup> Glaregg, Esztergom  
Count Lajos Weckheim, Békes  
Grafen Deince Weckheim, O'Rigyo, Bokszab  
Countess Christine Estekhegy & Countess Almásy  
c/o Gräfin Ilona Heren, Körösladány  
Countess Bressingen, c/o Weckheim, O'Rigyo  
Count Hunyadi Somosvár  
Count Kendeffy, Hosszeg, Romania  
Count Ede Teleki, Capoldina, Siborsz  
His. Exc. Mr Antonie de Kocsonyi, Bülc  
Imre Engelhardt, Cimadappollo,  
Pestkota

Count Gyula Dessewffy, Kiraly-Teleki-Bl., a  
 Ervin Rainer, and a. Harbadi, K, A, W.  
 J. von Toll-Obergfell, Austria leg. Bekes  
 Count Ladomir Zichy, Neuzett Kasino  
 Count Pallfy-Wurmbrand, Pozsony  
 Count Czerninove-Kallergi, Prague  
 Baron Schey v. Kemeny, Renesz Pista, Sz. V.  
 Baron Hatvany, & Zita Kiralyut, I. Palau  
 Baron Berg, 15 Uri utca, Budapest, Beza  
 Count Zichy Verboag utra, 24.  
 Count Paul Teleki, v. Jesdfer, 7.  
 Count Tisza v. Pallavicini Androssy ut 98  
 Baron Solyomov <sup>Apatelek</sup> Mó kca, Iren, Arad  
 Countess Nako 34, Wilma Kiralyneut  
 Ma. Princess Adelheidhe Ilona ut 9.  
 Baron Piret-Bihari Üllöi ut 8.  
 Countess Szapary, Alberti - Issoi  
 Baroness Ilona Ektvöss. c/o Countess Nako

Countess Louise Szapary, Schloss  
 Alberti-Dosa, Hungary.  
 Dr Hunyadi Imre, Blippich ten, Szolnok,  
 Heledvar Miklos, Fustatenyö.  
 Vitez Havas Gyula, dr. Gyöma, Békes  
 Count Janos Hervai, Körösladány, Békes  
 Count Lajos Wenckheim, Vésztő, Szeghalom,  
 Baron Haigr-Helukof <sup>Kertmeg, Passerfa</sup> Glaneegg, k. Salzburg  
 Count Laslo Wenckheim, Békes  
 Gruber Denise Wenckheim, O'Kigyo Békescsaba  
 Countess Christine Estekhozy & Countess Almásy  
 c/o Gräfin Ilona Hervai, Körösladány  
 Countess Bissinger, c/o Wenckheim, O'Kigyo  
 Count Hunyadi Soborsin  
 Count Kendeffy, Hosszeg, Romania  
 Count Fagan Teleki, Capolnas Soborsin  
 His. Exc. Mr. Antonie de Macsonyi, Bülc  
 Irene Engelhardt, Cinema Apollo,  
 Panikota

София

- Книга 99

Countess Georgette Wahrachuszky, Otueniș, Arad 2.  
Countess Clara Zelensky - Zayd Tóvácegghegy  
Comtesse Iris v. Büdingen-Solymosy, Veithgasse 6, Wien III.  
Baron Béla Liptai, Lovrin, Banat, Romania  
30 Captain Eugene von Takabovits, Villagos, Arad Megye  
Countess Paula Bethlen Klárauszky  
Baron Kémeny Klárauszky  
Bo. ~~Herr~~ Iosias von Rautzau, German Legation, Bucharest  
W Baron Hrváth  
Jose Marcelle Catargi, 1. Strada Cuga Voda, Bucharest  
Fr. T. v. Kobylansky 12 str. Eliza Filipescu, Bucharest  
Baroness v. Klobusicszky, Giurgiada  
Fr. Xenia de Belegy, Csernely, Csernely-Kastely, Zam.  
Capt. László von Lagárd, Lapushnic, Hunedoara.  
Count Robert von Winkler, Tomesti.  
Rich Count Steven de Petrichevitch-Hunrath-Toldy, Neumarkt  
Czern Princess Eugénie Odascalchi, Lovrin, Banat  
Franz Marquise Karla de Paillavici, Uz-Arad  
Hol

София just

Georg David, Obreja, (Notaire) Sevren  
Valentin Bidiviu, Crasovet, Oficiu  
Cornea, Joch Sevren, m. Cornea,  
Dr. Ivan Stoyanoff, Lom-palchitsa Bulgaria  
Tsvetanka Tsvetanova, Radovis, Bulgaria  
Byrd Tolinton, 28, бул. цар Йозеф Освободител  
София, България

Mr Bentwick, British Legation Sofia  
Dock Balfour, " Sophia  
Duffy, American Legation, Sofia  
Noelia Setcoff, Sofia  
Penka Rostchinska, Boultbee, Ourif, Philippopolis  
Stanley Pont-Andrea, Brit Cons, Sofia  
Capt. Vladimiro Tschirkoff, Philippopolis  
Donald Ewing, Symeona, Sofia  
Osman Fethi Bey, Turkish Leg., Sofia  
H. Georgi Pojartieff, Gabrovo, Padalo 100.  
Greta Genova, Tzarevetz 2, Roustchuk.

George Hatchett XAHLO BASKAH, Rep. of Persia.

Mosya Petcoff, Sofia.

The Honeston - Bowles, Brit. Legation, Pers.

Mr. Michael Paharet, English Legation, Bucharest

Angy Daco, 2 Str. Ghenea Orasului, Bucharest

~~Antoine~~ Deluy, ~~Philippe~~ Philippe, Bucharest

and Villa Eremia, Suceava.

Gaston Metz de Grancy, les Jardins, St. Francois près

Graue, Route de St. Cézanne.

Jose. Bruniere Lethamne Stirkey, Palais Stirkey,

Calea Victoria, Bucharest.

Bo Princess Ribesco ~~██████████~~, Mogosoaia

Pr. Bo. Bucharest, also Prince Nicolai Ghika.

George Raoul-Duval, French Legation, Buch.

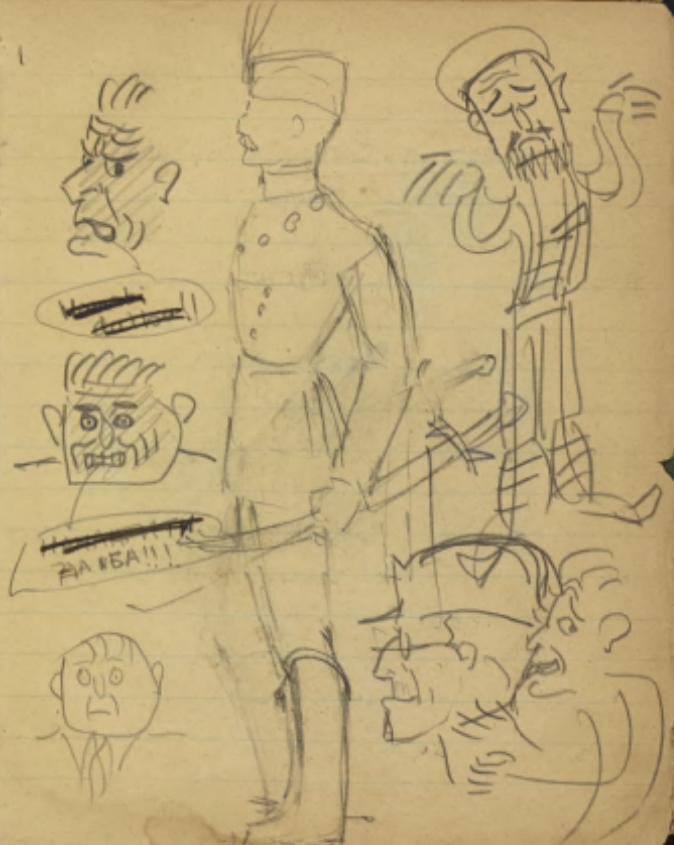
Count Jack Greenway, and Coulson. Brit. Leg.

Rid Ali Bey, Egyptian Legation.

Conc. Nickay, Amisakalay, Gen. Laborant

Fran Visconde de l'Heremite, French Legation

Mol



Ho Fv Co R Cm Tn



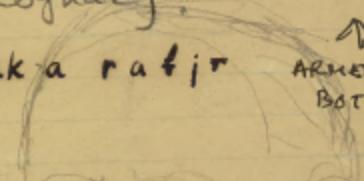
Czecho-Slovak  
Peasant girl



ԳՈՐԾԱԳ  
ՄԵՐԿԱՆԻ ՊՐԵՎՏՐԻՒԹԻՒ  
(cognac).

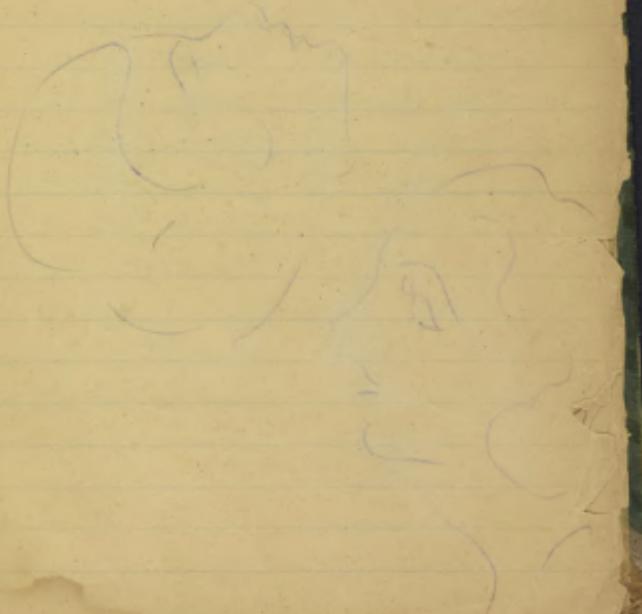
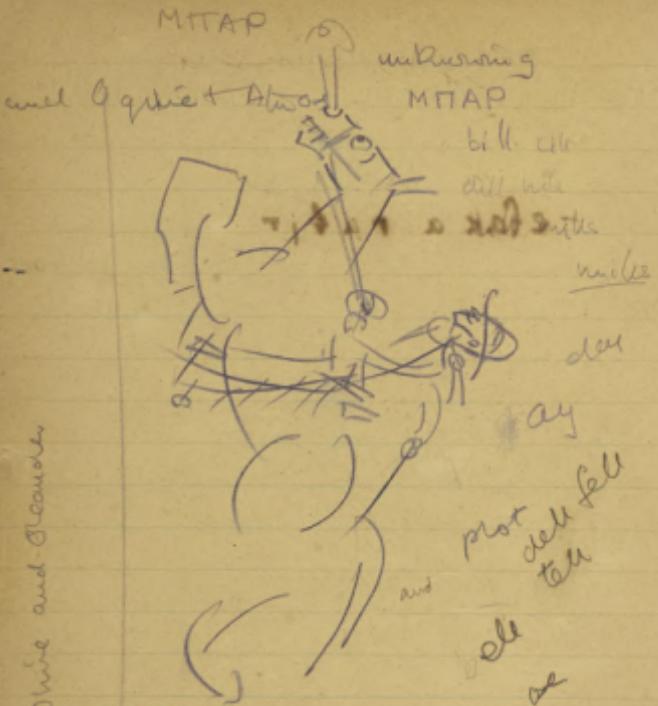
-efak a ratir

ARMENIAN  
BOTTLE LABEL



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Owl and Dromos



## Holland

Dec 11 London  
Dec 12 Rotterdam

Dec 12 Eindhoven

Dec 13 Gorinchem

Dec 14 Tiel

Dec 15 Nijmegen

Dec 16 Goch, Germany

Dec 17 Krefeld/Kevelaer

Dec 18 Düsseldorf

Dec 19 Cöln

Dec 20 " "

Dec 21 Bonn

Dec 22 Coblenz

Dec 23 Brüssel

Dec 24 Boppard

Dec 25 Bingen am Rhein

Dec 26 Mainz + am

Dec 27 Oppenheim

Dec 28 Worms

## Germany

Dec 29 Mannheim Fri

Dec 30 Heidelberg Sat

Dec 31 " " Mon

Jan 1 " " Tues

Jan 2 Bruchsal Wed

Jan 3 " " Thu

Jan 4 Pforzheim Fri

Jan 5 Münster Sat

Jan 6 Stuttgart Sun

Jan 7 " " Mon

Jan 8 Göppingen Tues

Jan 9 Ulm Wed

Jan 10 Augsburg Thurs

Jan 11 München Fri

Jan 12 " " Sat

Jan 13 " " Sun

Jan 14 " " Mon

Jan 15 " " Tues

Jan 16 " " Tues

## Austria

Jan 17 München Wed Feb 4 Peng Sun

Jan 18 Hohenkirchen Th Feb 5 Green Mon

Jan 19 Rosenheim Fri Feb 6 Persenbeug Sun

Jan 20 Riedenburg Sat Feb 7 Melk Wed

Jan 21 Söllnukken Sun Feb 8 Hilversum

Jan 22 Röthau Mon Feb 9 Roems

Jan 23 Traunstein Tues Feb 10 Heidings-in-Tal Sun

Jan 24 Salzburg Austria Feb 11 Pottenbrunn Sun

Jan 25 Eggenburg Tues Feb 12 Vienna Mon

Jan 26 Frankenmarkt Fri Feb 13 " "

Jan 27 Ried Sat Feb 14 " "

Jan 28 Sankt Martin im Innkreis Feb 15 Sun

Jan 29 Riedau Tues Feb 16 " "

Jan 30 Grieskirchen Tues Feb 17 " "

Jan 31 Riedenburg Wed Feb 18 " "

Feb 1 Linz Thurs Feb 19 " "

Feb 2 Linz Fri Feb 20 " "

Feb 3 Hartkhausen Sat Feb 21 " "

Schwanen Tues  
Ach West

Austria

Feb 22	Vienna
Fri	Thu
Feb 23	"
Sat	Fri
Feb 24	"
Sun	Sat
<u>Feb 25</u>	"
Mon	Sun
Feb 26	"
Tue	Mon
Feb 27	"
Wed	Tue
Feb 28	"
Thu	Wed
<u>March 1</u>	"
Fri	Thu
March 2	"
Sat	Fri
March 3	"
Sun	Sat
<u>March 4</u>	"
Mon	Sun
March 5	Deutsch-Altenburg
Tue	Mon
March 6	Bratislava
Sat	Fri
(March)	"
Fri	Thu
March 8	"
Sat	Fri
March 9	"
Sun	Sat
March 10	"
Fri	Thu
March 11	"
Sun	Sat

Czechoslovakia

March 12	Prag
Fri	Thu
March 13	"
Sat	Fri
March 14	"
Sun	Sat
March 15	"
Fri	Thu
March 16	"
Fri	Thu
March 17	"
Sat	Fri
March 18	"
Sun	Sat
March 19	Nagy-Hungary
Fri	Thu
March 20	Kővércecs-Pusta
Sat	Fri
March 21	"
W	Th
March 22	"
Fri	Thu
March 23	Deutsch-Altenburg
Mon	Sun
March 24	Bratislava
Sat	Fri
March 25	"
Sun	Sat
March 26	"
M	Th
March 27	"
M	Th
March 28	Worl-Zentrum
W	Th
March 29	Köbölkút

Hungary

March 30	Cenké
Fri	Thu
March 31	Esztergom
Saturday	Friday
April 1	Budapest
Sun	Sat
April 2	"
Fri	Thu
April 3	"
Fri	Thu
April 4	"
Fri	Thu
April 5	"
Fri	Thu
April 6	"
Fri	Thu
April 7	"
Fri	Thu
April 8	"
Fri	Thu
April 9	"
Fri	Thu
April 10	"
Fri	Thu
April 11	"
Fri	Thu
April 12	"
Fri	Thu
April 13	Alba-Iulia
Fri	Thu
April 14	Szolnok
Fri	Thu
April 15	"
Fri	Thu
April 16	Tatony
Fri	Thu

Romania

April 17	Pustata
Fri	Thu
April 18	Megye
Fri	Thu
April 19	Gyoma
Fri	Thu
April 20	Körösldád
Fri	Thu
April 21	Vesztő
Fri	Thu
April 22	Dákia
Fri	Thu
April 23	"
Fri	Thu
April 24	"
Fri	Thu
April 25	O'Kigyo
Fri	Thu
April 26	Decebal
Fri	Thu
April 27	Pankota
Fri	Thu
April 28	Mohréa
Fri	Thu
April 29	"
Fri	Thu
April 30	"
Fri	Thu

Czegea

Alba-Iulia

Szolnok

Tatony

Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> of Romania (Нѣнѣзіанъ)  
 Feb 26<sup>th</sup> of Yugoslavia Karageorgewitsch  
 Feb 27<sup>th</sup> Bulgaria (Сѣвърн.)  
 Feb 28<sup>th</sup> Ahmed Zogu of Albania. (Zogu).

Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> Ivan Dujashevich-Ostapovich  
 Пушкинъ и Лермонтовъ  
 ДОБРЕ АЕНЧА, АТЕЧЪ.

Xeropotamos	St Pantaleimon
Koutloumousio,	Xenophantos
Iviron,	Dochesimou.
Saint Nikita,	Kostamonti,
Pantocrator.	Zographos
Vatopedi	Chimoundari
Karatzello.	Israfilios
Lavra	

Fredrik II Dimutiu.  
 Holzschule "шпрета"

1 Köböll

СЕРГЕЙ ГАЛИЦИНЪ

ПОНОЧЕВЪ 400  
 26  
 НАЧИНОВЪ 1040

СЕРАЖЪНКЪ

САНА

ЖЕЛМІСКІ АЕ

ЖЕЛАНКА

СВІТЛІ ПРИОБЛАДНЕНСІ

КАМІЛЛ

КРАСНИЙ

КУСЧПОВЪ

БЕБУТОВЪ  
НЕЛІКОВЪ

ЛЕРМОНТОВЪ

ПУШКИНЪ

16th

8/20  
book

VITAL

DIARY

KEEP IN  
2ND LEFT HAND  
DRAWER

I  KARDAMILY

