

steps and rail. No room at all for the congregation, who had to kneel in the forest. In Vizzavona there was a large house marked in big letters "Poste." Here I went to buy a stamp, only to find that stamps were not sold there, but only sausages and sandals. For stamps I had to cross a yard, ankle deep in rubbish and climb a rickety ladder to a kind of loft. Inside was the postmaster, who looked more like a brigand than anything, and appeared very fierce, too. However, he sold me a stamp without any fuss. Next day I went for three; also needed change. Alas! this was beyond him, so he had to get his wife to help. They gave me change and the stamps, but seemed very worried and asked me not to go away. They covered a large sheet of paper with sums, then called in the help of a schoolgirl. Still the sum did not come right; they asked me for more money, but did not know how much. Finally, I went round the counter and worked the sum for them, at which they were delighted. After that, whenever I needed more than one stamp, I took pencil and paper to write it all down.

There came a day when the postmaster sadly told me I must now go away from Vizzavona. Rather startled, I asked for a reason. "Because there are now no more stamps," he replied, and as I seemed to have a great desire for stamps it would be better for me to go. The idea that he should send for more before his usual time simply did not seem to have occurred to him. I therefore had to take the rest of my letters and cards with me to Ajaccio, my next place of call.

In this, the Capitotown, I spent only one night. Getting there at about 4.0 p.m., I visited the cathedral and one or two churches, a statue to Napoleon, and the house where he was born. Here I was lucky; a large party had just been round, so there was no one waiting, and I had the caretaker to myself. I could therefore ask him to speak very slowly in order that I could understand. He was very good and I think I was able to grasp most of his story.

Ajaccio must be a delightful spot for an early spring holiday, the bathing is excellent and there are good walks and excursions. At the time I was there it was dusty and full of flies, so that I was not sorry to leave by coach at 8.0 a.m. the following morning.

We went in a P.L.M. coach along the coast and over mountain passes. The roads were appalling, but some attempt was being made to repair them. When we came to a bridge we had to leave the coach and walk over in case of accident. From time to time we met parties of road-menders with tall black hats from which hung white frills to keep the sun from their necks. Donkeys, too, seem to make the roads their bed, sometimes two or three together lying right across the road, so that the driver had to get down and remove them before he could get past.

And so we came to Bonifacio. We drew up at a restaurant which was the official lunching place for the P.L.M. Tours and where the agent had booked me for all meals while I stayed, the idea being that I should sleep in an empty house near where the manager of the restaurant had arranged with the caretaker to keep one or two rooms, more or less clean, in order than anyone arriving at his place for a meal and being unable to get to the next town, where there are hotels, might be able to get a bed. We all descended from the coach, but the driver would not give me my luggage, as he said that no one could stay at Bonifacio. All the passengers joined in and tried to persuade me that as no one ever did stay there I was mistaken in thinking that I was doing so. Happily, I was rescued by the young niece of the manager, who saw the coach stop, and so came to see why the lunchers did not arrive. She assured the driver that I really was remaining there for five days, and so must have my luggage. At that he gave in and unlocked the carrier.

The restaurant consisted of a chalet, containing kitchen-bar and a large verandah, where all meals were served; it stood high above a small garden in which the manager grew his own vegetables and fruit and where bull frogs sang in the evening. The manager was French and the place clean and food good. They catered for large parties for lunch, but few at any other time, except the French officers stationed at the fort, who came in the evening for drinks and music (gramophone).

Mam'selle helped me with my luggage up the slope, led me through an open-air scullery, up some stone stairs into a large bedroom, very full of furniture, etc. Here she left me to wash my hands and then down to the verandah to lunch. After my travelling companions had departed the manager came to explain that his wife was very upset at the idea of a woman walking up to the empty house every evening alone, and that he might not always be free to escort me; therefore they had given me their own room and would themselves sleep in the hotel; wasn't it kind of them? The bed was huge, and the room had two nice windows, but there were mosquitoes, so I used to sleep under the sheet with an open umbrella in bed to form a kind of tent and very well it worked, too.

The one and only serving maid was a kind little girl; when I wanted breakfast all I had to do was to lean out of the window and shout "Cafee" and up she came with a large jug of black coffee and lots of butter. There was milk for any who wished, but goats' milk of the very strongest. The maid wore only a chemise in the morning and ran about with bare feet, in the afternoon she wore high-heeled shoes and a lemon-coloured dress. I explored this very interesting town and the country round for miles, visited a cave where a noted bandit lived about 100 years ago. The caves where the rocks look like beautiful jewels, the steps to the Citté, supposed to have been cut by an invading army in one night, and even the fortress. The people seem to bury their dead in their own gardens, and in plots by the wayside. The living members frequently take their mid-day meals beside the graves of their family.

At 4.0 p.m. on the fifth day I started on the two-day coach journey to the port at Bastia, where the next boat was expected.

At Bastia the manager of the hotel had one of the finest moustaches that I have ever seen. It must have been at least three-quarters of a yard in length, and was waxed to two very long points. He was fat, dressed in white linen with a lovely sash of gold coloured silk; he was also very good tempered and cheery when awake, but hardly ever was awake, so when one wanted him the only thing to do was to go into his office and poke him in the ribs.

At Bastia I thought that I would change a pound note at the bank. I went in and asked for francs in exchange. After studying the note for some time the clerk told me it was English. I said that I knew that was so and would he please change it for me. He then showed it all round the bank and again came to tell me that it was English, at least they thought so. Having politely assured them that it was English and quite good, they next said that I would have to wait till they could get in touch with France as they did not know how much to give me. Pointing out that I had to catch a boat in half an hour, I then suggested that the morning paper might help. So when the whole staff had looked up yesterday's rate of exchange at last they changed the thing (and this is the largest town in Corsica and a trading centre).

The voyage back was delightful, I reached Nice at 8.0 p.m., drove to a hotel, supper and a walk.

Next day, Sunday, after church, I had a swim, lunch, caught the 4.0 p.m. train for home and work. M. G. A.

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