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Title: Trip to Tunisia in 1926 by Allen Tanner

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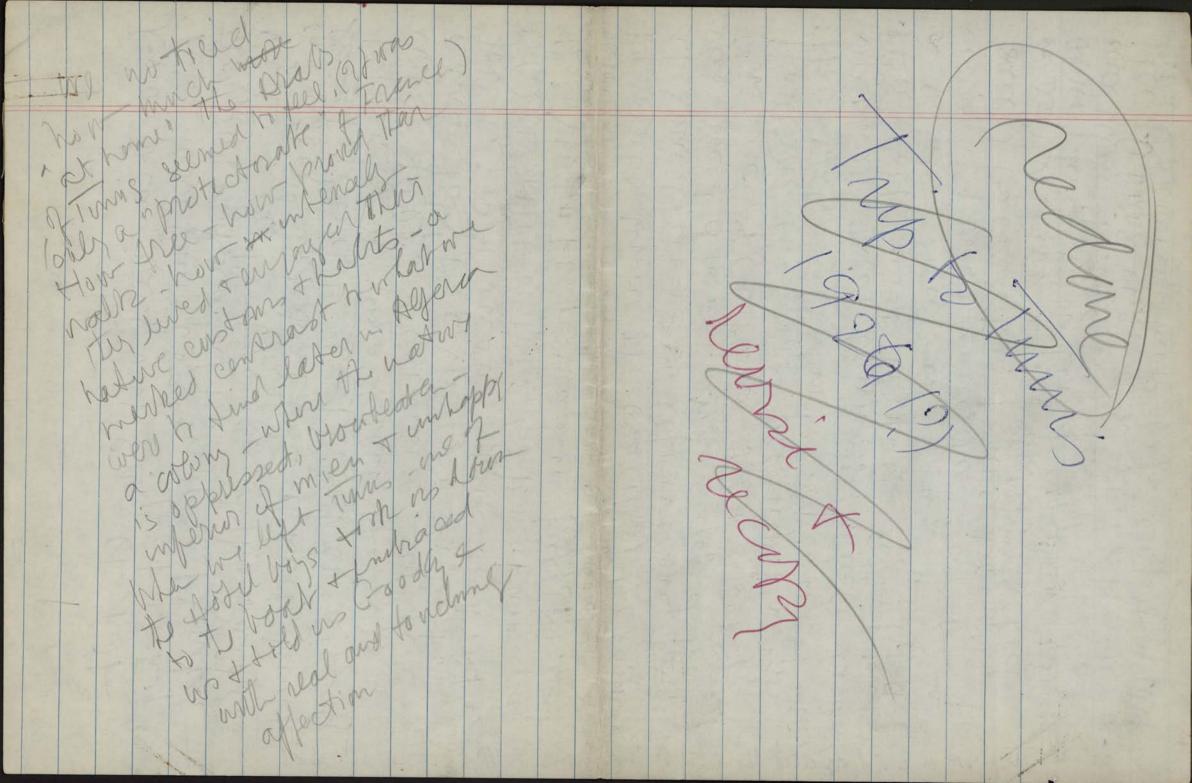
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Lave been very, very small-not like our fun-boats & that kenhaps the port Rad-afterall Skrimber with age!! We saw the Palace of the Bey - at Bardo - which Paulin theel-turn were already befring to be a Cill "Fed up" with fells & ceramics - which came to its clima, in a later journe, we made again to Withhama while will be told later. Ramadan the deals mit the crack of the cannon at Sundown - 80 life was in a fuze very timed donner. We enjoyed the Their veils wanter their bournooses while made to of Smaller tent-in the large out of the Sailed back - this time harsalle this they of any or in transculle the time of vice and white there much much who had us &



[Trip to Tunisia in 1926 by Allen Tanner]

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Early in 1926 [Shey-charring of Sympathety?]—a young [American?]—who just out of school who had been sent to us by Gertrude—came to see us—bought pictures and took us very much to heart. Alarmed at how tired & listless we seemed—from the hectic life struggle & worry of poverty—he hurried back to Gertrude—told her of his inquietude and proposed to her that he "present us" with a goodly sum of money he had & was not going to use—so that we could satisfy our long & ardent desire to go to North Africa— Tunisia in fact. Gertrude was delighted and touched—so were we naturally—and so it was all arranged. We left George [Keynes?] then presented himself again and timidly and hesitatingly look the magical sum out of his wallet—made a touching [illegible] little speech telling us how much he wanted us to have this marvellous vacation—and so—off we went. Get date of departure. We arrived in Marseille the following day—put up in a little Hotel and boarded a not too large ship that afternoon—for Tunis. The "blue Mediter" was a muddy olive green and very much in motion. This disappointed us a little, but we were handsomely repaid—for when the ship arrived at a spot a little more than halfway across—the sea suddenly became like smooth glass upon which the ship glided—motionless—everything into a [illegible] beatitude of sun-still air & the hum of nature at her most radiant. It was dawn and from the ship we could see the [illegible] thus motioning to us a welcome to us—in slow

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motion—the amber lights began to reach out one by one from the wonders of the white cubes that were the houses of the Arabs—and we prepared to enter Bizerte in a "state of shock" of joy. We could see the Arab gliding noiselessly down the streets.—and noticed for the first time their curious faculty of suddenly disappearing from one's sight into somewhere—while one's eye was yet upon them. This never ceased to fascinate us—all during our sojourn in Tunis. It happened often—as we watched the handsome Arab some beturbaned with the special bands that denoted a pilgrimage to Mecca—walking hand in hand—like innocent children—in their graceful slow swaying rythm—eyes like of dark mahogany hue-with a carnation behind the ear-when suddenly with our very eyes that were still upon them the would slip off into a side street like slight of hand—& disappear. We stopped at a "native" Hotel kept by an old Frenchman—a Count—whose family came from the South of France. Arab servants—waited upon us with interest and even affection it seemed. There were Chieftans from other parts of Africa—with their entourages. Spaniards—and the hotel of marble and ceramic was cool & fairly clean. We took long walks in the Arab quarter—fascinated by the elose narrow streets the charcoal

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braziers upon which had been dropped oil of amber & sandalwood. We loved the enormous sweet oranges as big as almost like melons—the smell of roasting lamb mixed with the charcoal & amber—the bazaars & the haggling we learned to do with the

obsequious and dishonest shopkeepers. We took long rides to the luxurious in "Victorias" which went at such a slow pace that Pavlik became greatly agitated & would yell to the Driver that he was about to "piquer me crise de [illegible]" & to please go faster. This of course had about as much effect as a 22 bullet shot at the Sun. We went were particularly charmed with "Sidi bou Said" a Village outside of the city—and with Carthage which we visited with great anticipation altho' Pavlik kept insisting that all "ruins" gave him a pain an unpleasant feeling of things finished and dead. But the Port of Carthage—of ancient glory—where "the [illegible] ships of the Fleets were massed' & the "heroic naval battles fought"—gave us the surprise of our lives—for it looked to be about 20 X 30 feet in size—a duck-pont. We decided that their ships must

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have been very very small—not like our gun-boats & that perhaps the port had—after all—shrunken with age!!! We saw the Palace of the Bey—at Bardo—which Pavlik loved liked—but we were already beginning to be a little "fed up" with tiles & ceramics—which came to its climax in a later journey we made again to N. Africa—which will be told later. Ramadan the "Arabian Lent" was in full progress while we were there—no substantial food for the Arabs until the crack of the cannon at Sundown—so life was in a sense very toned down. We enjoyed the Cinema & Circuses & the sight of the Arab women peeping through their veils—carefully lifting popcorn & candy up under their bournooses which made them look as if they were sitting under a smaller tent—in the large one of the Circus. Time came to leave & we sailed back—this time pausing for a day or two in Marseille—with its wicked atmosphere & undertones of crime & vice—and met there some friend who had been living in Toulon—who told us such glowing things of its delightfulness that we vowed we would spend the end of the summer there—and we did.

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[Written sideways:]

We noticed how much more "at home" the Arabs of Tunis seemed to feel. (It was only a "protectorate" of France.) How free—how proud their walk—how intensely they lived & enjoyed their native customs & habits—a marked contrast to what we were to find later in Algeria a colony—where the native is oppressed, browbeaten—inferior of mien & unhappy. When we left Tunis one of the Hotel boys took us down to the boat & embraced us & told us Goodbye with real and touching affection