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Title: Trip to Tunisia in 1926 by Allen Tanner

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motion - the amber lights began to
reach out ^{one by one} from the windows of the snowy
white cubes that were the houses of the
arab - 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 that 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 ^{then} as we watched
the handsome Arabs - some beturbaned
with the special bands that denoted
a pilgrimage to Mecca - walking hand
in hand - like innocent children - in their
peaceful slow swaying rhythm - eyes ~~like~~
of dark mahogany hue - with a camata
behind the ear - when suddenly ~~watched~~
our very eyes ~~that were~~ still upon them
they would slip off into a side street
like a 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 every affection
or seemed. There were Chieftains
from other parts of Africa - with their
entourage. Spaniards - and the
hotel of marble and ceramic was cool
& fairly clean. We took long walks
in the Arab quarter - fascinated by
the ~~close~~ narrow streets - the charcoal

Cragiers upon ^{which} had been dropped oil of
amber & sandalwood. We loved the
~~earthy~~ sweet ~~flavors~~ ~~as if~~ 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
shop keepers. We took long rides
to the suburbs in "Victorias" which
went at such a slow pace ^{that} Parlik
became greatly agitated & would
yell to the driver that he was about
to "piquer une crise de nerfs" & so
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' Parlik kept insisting that all
"ruins" gave him ~~a~~ an unpleasant
feeling of things finished and dead.
But the Port of Carthage - of ancient
Gloze - where "the mighty ships of the
Fleets were massed" & the "heroic naval
battles fought" - gave us the surprise
of our lives - for it ~~was~~ ^{looked to be} about 20 x
30 feet in size - a deck - pont.
We decided that their ships must

have been very, very small - not
like our fun-boats & that perhaps
the port had - after all - Shamba
with age!! We saw the Palace
of the Bey - at Bardo - which Parton
~~was~~ liked - but we were already
beginning to be a little "fed up"
with pills & ceramics - which
came to its climax, in a later
journey we made again to N. Africa
which will be told later. Ramadan
the "Arab tent" was in full process
while we were there - no ^{saw} food for
the Arabs until the crack of the cannon
at sundown - so life was in a flash
very toned down. We enjoyed the
Amena & Circuses & the sight of
the Arab women peeping through
their veils - ^{carefully} lifting popcorn & candy
up under their boumoosh 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 - which
atmosphere & undertone of crime & vice -
and met there some friend who had
been ⁱⁿ ~~from~~ Tunisia - who told us
such glowing things of its delightfulness. we traveled we would spend the end of the summer there - and we did.

we no tried
at home much more
of Tunis seemed to be
How free - how proud of France
her lived & enjoyed their
native customs & habits - a
marked contrast to what we
were to find later in Algeria
a colony - where the water
is oppressed, & beaten -
inferior of men & unhappy
When we left Tunis - one of
the hotel boys took us down
to the boat & embraced
us & told us Goodby &
with real and touching
affection

W. W. W. W. W.

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[Trip to Tunisia in 1926 by Allen Tanner]

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Early in 1926 [Shey-charring of Sympathy?]-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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Trip to Tunis
1926 (?)

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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