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#### *About the Institute*

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

On April 6 Loretta and I boarded the 4:10 p.m. train for Milan. The countryside from Geneva along Lac Lemman was showing the first signs of spring - fruit trees were beginning to blossom and spring plowing was being done on many of the hillside farms. We reached Milan around midnight, went straight to a hotel, and did not stir until 6:00 the following morning when we were awakened by the hotel in order to catch the 7:30 train to Verona. After leaving the outskirts of Milan - a section of factories and modern apartment buildings - we soon reached the open countryside, which in the early morning light was a symphony of pale greens and golds with an occasional field of bright, yellow mustard to give a dash of bolder color. The fields were divided into symmetrical patterns by rows of poplar trees. At the first stop, Treviglio, we were amused by the sight of rows of salami skins hanging out to dry in the open air. Flowering fruit trees were everywhere in evidence. The lyrical quality of the Italian landscape provided a marked contrast to the rugged grandeur of the Swiss scenery. The only note which broke the serenity of the countryside was an occasional bomb crater. There was still much evidence of war damage in many of the small towns, although reconstruction was being carried on with much energy. At Brescia the vendors swarmed around the train selling mineral water, orangeade, etc. After Brescia, we noticed wisteria, lilac, cypress trees, and suddenly the beautiful Lago di Garda burst into view. At Desenzano we were impressed with the neat rows of pansies so carefully cultivated in the station. At Verona we stopped long enough to take a tour of the city by horse and carriage. We saw the well-preserved arena which seats 20,000 people; the balconies with the iron grillwork, the open doorways giving glimpses of interesting interiors, and the surprising blending of antiquity with modernity. We saw the Church of San Zeno, a beautiful example of Romanesque architecture. We passed two homes which the guide pointed out as being the houses in which Romeo and Juliet were supposed to have lived. The ~~town~~ town had nine bridges, all of which were destroyed during the last war. On the train once again, we ate an "Italian" picnic of salami, cheese, bread, wine, and oranges. The landscape lost its flatness and became more undulating. We passed field after field where branches had been strung up between trees as a means of support for the young grape vines. At Padua we once again got off the train and went first to see Giotto's Chapel, which was a real treat. The Chapel itself is simple and unpretentious in style so that nothing detracts from the enjoyment of the deep and moving humanity of Giotto's frescoes. After spending a considerable length

of time in the Chapel, we walked around the town and looked at St. Anthony's Church and the statue of Gattamelata by Donatello. Quite exhausted, we stopped at a small sidewalk cafe for tea. Then we took the bus and headed for Venice. The introductory entrance by road to Venice is disappointing; Venice should rightfully be approached by sea. After leaving our suitcases at the Hotel de la Gare, we decided to walk around the streets. We walked down a narrow street called the Merceria, which is lined on each side with small shops, vegetable and fruit stands, restaurants, bakeries, etc. The street was filled with Italians who seemed to be there more for gregarious than business reasons. What color and life, what strange smells and sounds - a fascinating, different world. We passed a small restaurant which displayed a large variety of seafood in the window. The sight piqued both curiosity and appetite, so we went in. We ate generous portions of shrimp and squid, which were prepared with olive oil and served cold. Later we returned to the hotel where we met Pat and Beth, who had arrived the day before. After dinner, we took a boat ride on the Grand Canal and Venice at night was a most impressive and romantic sight. The grand old palaces along the canal spoke of past splendor and the quietness of the traffic moving along the canals added to the feeling of mysterious enchantment. Early in the morning we headed out for some sightseeing and after a pleasant ride down the Grand Canal, which looked totally different by daylight, we reached the Piazza San Marco. There we enjoyed the magnificent view of the square bounded on one end by the imposing, if somewhat gaudy, facade of the Cathedral St. Marco, and the campanile and shops on the other three sides. We entered San Marco and enjoyed studying the exquisite mosaic work. As we left the church, a solemn procession entered announcing the end of Lent. After the service was over, the bells rang and the people thronged the Piazza. Next we entered the Ducal Palace and walked through enormous rooms decorated with paintings by Tintoretto, Tiepolo, Titian, and others of this period. Also went into the dungeons and across the Bridge of Sighs. In the afternoon we took a small boat and went to visit the islands of Murano to see the glass-blowing, Burano to see the lace-making, and Torcello where the first Venetians settled. Sunday morning we wandered around some of the narrow, winding streets and did a bit of shopping (many of the shops were open, much to our surprise), later followed by coffee and panetone (a type of bread which is traditionally eaten on Easter) at a cafe in the Piazza San Marco.

In the afternoon we hired a gondola and asked the gondolier to take us along some of the smaller, ~~more~~ less frequented canals. After riding down the Grand Canal for quite some time, we finally turned off and followed one of the quieter, smaller canals. We glided silently along past solid, stone buildings which looked as if they were growing out of the water, and under picturesque foot bridges. It was not long before we found ourselves in one of the poorer sections of Venice and we were quite appalled by the misery and poverty we saw there. We returned to the Piazza San Marco and decided to go our separate directions until dinnertime. After wandering down a couple of side streets and running into dead ends or canals as most of the streets seem to do, I decided to climb to the top of the campanile. It was a long climb but the view from the top was certainly worth it. I watched the sun set over the closely slustered rooftops of Venice, and returned to the hotel. The following morning Pat and I reluctantly boarded the train after a last-minute shopping trip; Loretta had decided to take a later train; and Beth was going to Florence. We shared the compartment with three other people and soon found ourselves engrossed in a four-way conversation - English, Spanish, French, Italian - confusing but interesting. We arrived in Geneva around 11 p.m. feeling that in the course of just a few days we had gathered many new and stimulating impressions.

## TWO WEEKS IN SPAIN

April 17 - May 1, 1950

On Friday, April 17, at 7:00 p.m. Loretta and I boarded the train for Barcelona carrying a small suitcase each, several guidebooks, and our cameras. Pat was at the station to see us off and waved goodbye as the train pulled out of the station.

Loretta and I settled ourselves comfortably in the train compartment and watched the passing landscape until it became obscured by darkness. Then our thoughts turned to more mundane matters - food. I questioned the porter about a diner and when he replied that there was none, Loretta and I congratulated ourselves for having brought a picnic with us. At a small station somewhere in France I hopped out and tried to buy a bottle of wine, which proved to be a lengthier process than I had anticipated. While I was waiting for the man to count out the change (a slow and involved transaction), Loretta stood on the train and urged me to get aboard as she thought the train was leaving at any moment. I had visions of being left in France while Loretta went on to Spain, so I dashed back to the train followed by the little Frenchman clutching the change in his hand which he quickly thrust at me as the train began moving out of the station. We returned to our compartment, opened the bottle of wine, and ate the picnic lunch with much relish. We turned in early in anticipation of the next day's events.

The next morning we got off the train at Peripagnan (the town in Provence which M. Challons had described with such enthusiasm at the pension) and walked past the line of freight cars between our car and the diner. We noticed immediately that people on all sides were speaking Spanish and we realized that we would soon be reaching the border. While eating a large breakfast of fruit, rolls, eggs and ham, and coffee, we enjoyed the beauty of the Provence landscape rolling past the train window. The brick red earth, tile roofs, deep gray-green of the olive trees, and occasional glimpses of a vividly blue sea gave an impression of a warm, sunny landscape.

At 10:00 a.m. we reached the border and waited in long lines while passports were checked, suitcases inspected, and money declaration forms signed and sealed. After all the stories we had heard about the severity of the Spanish customs officials, we were more than apprehensive. It

was necessary to cash a certain amount of money at the border, so I cashed a ten-dollar traveler's check and declared my Swiss francs and traveler's checks. (The rate of exchange in Switzerland is 50 pesetas to the dollar and in Spain 25 to the dollar - you are not allowed to take pesetas into Spain!) Finally, we had passed through all the lines and boarded another train for Barcelona. We decided that the customs officials had not been bad at all and we were beginning to think that we would like the Spanish people very much.

Our train compartment was occupied by four Spanish men who talked loudly and constantly until we reached Barcelona. From time to time they exchanged a few words with us and then became engrossed in their own conversation again. They spoke quite rapidly and the language sounded almost guttural at times. I felt increasingly that my Spanish was not only rusty but completely non-functioning. I later learned that they had been speaking the Catalunian dialect, which is quite different from the Spanish I had been accustomed to hearing.

We arrived at Barcelona at 4:00 p.m. and decided immediately that, if at all possible, we would leave for Madrid that very night. After asking many questions, we found the line for train tickets to Madrid and after a long wait, reached the ticket window only to be told that there were no more tickets and we must try again the following day. Quite discouraged, we took a taxi and went to the Hotel Regina, a hotel we had selected at random from the American Express hotel list. The hotel had a room at 90 pesetas a night, which seemed surprisingly expensive, but we decided to take it for the one night. The hotel was clean but of the gilt and red plush era. We freshened up a bit, and then headed for a travel agency to see what luck we might have in obtaining transportation through them. Again, the answer was no. However, the travel agent (a shrewd, talkative, lean Spaniard by the name of Jaime) asked us to meet him after work for an aperitif which we finally agreed to do.

We walked around Barcelona a bit. Tried an airplane company for transportation but no luck. The weather was cold and rainy and Barcelona looked not so very different from many other large cities. It was attractive, yes, but there seemed to be nothing distinctively Spanish about it. Large, industrial, with a modern touch.

We met Jaime at the hotel and then went to a nearby café. Over glasses of some good Spanish sherry, Jaime told us a great deal about Spain and himself. Jaime was not reticent to discuss present conditions in Spain and, of course, we fired many questions at him. There seemed

little doubt about which side of the fence he was on, for he expressed his anti-Franco, anti-clerical feelings in no uncertain terms. He was particularly vehement against the clergy, as he felt that their control of wealth and power was out of all proportion. He then went on to explain how difficult it is for the large majority of people in Spain to earn an adequate living, as salaries are low and cost of living high. Most people find it necessary to play the black market or to hold down two jobs (an 8-hour one during the day and another one at night) in order to have enough to eat. Then we talked about Switzerland and Jaime told of his impressions of a group of Swiss-Germans he had guided on a tour. There had been a man in charge of the group who had insisted upon complete regimentation, so that every move in the trip was ordered and planned. When the group arrived at their hotel, they were told to line up and as each name was called out, the person stepped out of line and collected his luggage. This process took about an hour and a half, whereas if each person had been responsible for collecting his own baggage, it probably would have required but a few minutes time. This was an example, Jaime said, of the authoritarian German mentality versus Spanish individualism.

After saying goodbye to Jaime, we went to a small restaurant for dinner which had murals on the walls painted by some of the local artists, who often came there to eat. The food was good and cooked with olive oil, of course.

Barcelona, as we saw it through the mist and rain at night, had a sophisticated, cosmopolitan look to it and the women we saw were attractive and well-dressed. As a rule in Spain, we didn't see many women around in the evenings and we were told that they usually stay home.

Sunday morning we went to the Cathedral in Barcelona, which has a lovely, quiet, dark interior lit only by the candlelight at the shrines. We were impressed with the sincerity of religious feeling as contrasted to that of the Italian churches, which often give one the impression of public meeting halls filled with milling, conversing people. Almost as soon as we entered, a little, wizened woman dressed all in black approached Loretta and reminded her to cover her head. Near the entrance to the church was a large sign warning people to hang onto their purses; the church would not take the responsibility for any losses.

Strolling back to the main plaza, we passed the flower market - picturesque but not nearly as lovely as some I've seen in Switzerland. When we reached the main square, Loretta suddenly thought she saw someone she knew - and sure enough, they turned out to be three of her friends from

Reed College. We sat in the park and listened to them talk about their experiences as theology students (Anglican church) at Oxford and their more recent experiences at Mallorca, where they had been spending the holidays. They plan to return in the summer and will rent a villa complete with maid for a sum something like eleven dollars a month! They were captivated by Mallorca and the people and urged us to go there. After guiding us to a small, inexpensive restaurant for lunch, they left to catch the afternoon train for Paris.

After lunch, we headed for what turned out to be a two-hour wait at the station for train tickets. We took turns waiting in line while the other one wrote postcards. Finally the window opened and because we were the first in line, we were successful. We had tickets for the train leaving that night for Madrid! A sleeper was out of the question, but we did have seats.

From Barcelona we took the 6:47 train for Madrid. All the seats in the second class compartment were filled and we were glad that ours were reserved. We went to the diner almost immediately and as we ate, we watched the seascape fade from view and the stars appearing in the sky. Later we returned to our smoke-filled compartment in which we were the only women. There were two Spanish businessmen smoking long, black cigars and studying a manual on Diesel engines with complete absorption; there was a nice-looking Spanish priest who showed great concern for us; and three other working-class Spaniards who slept most of the time. For a time, a small, rather elderly and helpless woman dressed all in black sat on a suitcase outside our compartment. She looked as if she were coming from some small village and this was her first trip to Madrid, and the prospect seemed to frighten her. Later, one of the men in our compartment left and she took the seat. The train was rather jerky and slow and sleep did not come easily. We were not due in Madrid until 10:00 the following morning, so we decided to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and hoped the night would not seem too long. There was plenty of time in which to think and I began to run through the varied impressions and ideas of the past two days. The necessity to work in addition to the regular 8-hour a day job in order to stave off starvation came to mind first. Some people try to work at night; others play the black market, which seems to be openly recognized by all. On the part of some there is much reminiscent longing for the days before the civil war and others admit that conditions, while not greatly improved, are at least no worse. An average wage for a white-collar worker is 1,000 pesetas (25 to the dollar) per month. Clothing is almost expensive as it is in the United States. Food is rationed in accordance with a weekly list published in the newspapers and usually consists of the staples such as olive oil, sugar, bread, etc.



Many say that they want Franco to remain in power as they feel he is the strongest bulwark against the Communist menace, and for this reason the people feel that the U.S. sees no reason to offer Spain monetary aid as we have in France and Italy, where the Communist threat is more eminent. On the other hand, they look to the U.S. as the only answer to their problems and hope that eventually we shall decide to come to their aid. The people say that, since Franco's entrance into power, improvements have been few. Roads are generally bad; railways are worse. Military control is very much in evidence everywhere and, of course, government controls all. One of the most striking aspects of Spain is the contrast between wealth and poverty. Nowhere have I seen it presented more forcefully. Rags, misery, hunger, begging on the one hand and on the other, beautiful mansions, extravagant spending, the idàà rich.

Gradually the compartment became quiet; lights were turned off; we drew our coats around us as the air became very chilly; and we dozed between stations. About 4:00 a.m. the train stopped and a little boy came on the train selling beer. Loretta decided to buy a bottle and was going to pay the amount asked for when the priest intervened and said that the price was outrageously high. After a good deal of arguing, a price was finally decided upon. Loretta paid the price, and the boy departed, muttering angrily to himself.

We reached Madrid around 11:00 and after leaving our bags at the hotel, we rushed out to see the Prado.

After spending several hours in the Prado, Loretta and I wandered back to the hotel, discussing our many and often differing impressions of the paintings we had seen. We were quite thrilled by the collection of El Greco, Goya, Velasquez, Ribera, Coello, Zugara, and painters of the French and Flemish schools. We lunched at our hotel, the Hotel Mora, for which we paid 75 pesetas a day for full pension - the food was good, the rooms were clean and comfortable, and the hotel was located near the center of the city. In general, we were a little disappointed in Madrid - at least by what we saw in an afternoon's walk.

The following morning we were off on an all-day bus trip to Toledo. The countryside through which we passed was quite flat. We were struck by the poverty of the small towns, of which we caught fleeting glimpses as we drove through them on the bus, and the primitive farming methods still in use. At frequent intervals we noticed a blinded horse hitched to a pole which pulled water out of a well as he walked around it -- real horse-power. Toledo is situated on a hill and the approach to it is very lovely. In Toledo we were taken on a guided tour to the El Greco house, which I enjoyed very much as it reminded me of some of the houses I had seen in Guatemala, saw the El Greco museum with many of his paintings, the Cathedral, and the Alcazar, to which the tour devoted too much time. The guide proudly pointed out the various rooms in the Alcazar in which notable incidents had occurred during the 72-day siege of the war. In one room there was a large fresco on the wall commemorating a heroic action. The son of one of the generals was being held as hostage by the Loyalists and in an endeavor to make Franco's forces surrender, the Loyalists allowed the son to talk to his father on the telephone. The father is told that the son is to be shot unless the Alcazar is surrendered in ten minutes and then the son is brought to the telephone. The father says, "Qué hay hijo?" to which the son replies, "Nada, padre". The son then explains that he is going to be shot to which the father replies, "Give your soul to God, say 'Viva España', and die like a patriot." We stopped at one small shop to watch a group of young boys doing the gold thread inlaid work on metal for which Toledo is known. The group was then taken to the Casa Toledano where we had lunch. Most of the group consisted of Americans who had come to Europe for Holy Year, several priests being among the group. In the afternoon we boarded the bus and left the narrow, winding, cobble-stone streets and the Moorish portal of Toledo behind us and returned to Madrid. We arrived in Madrid in time for late tea, so we decided to go to Molinero's for churros, but we were disappointed to find out that they no longer have them there.

That same evening we took the sleeper for <sup>Granada</sup> Sevilla. We awakened the next morning to look out of the window at a dreary, rain-drenched landscape with poor, sandy soil growing mostly scrub brush and an occasional rather scraggly olive tree. At Moreda some of the passengers got off the train for a ten-minute breakfast of a glass of café con leche and a couple of tasteless wafers. The rain continued to pour down. One barefoot, ragged woman stood in the rain and held out a loaf of bread which she tried to sell to each passenger as he dashed back to the train.

At Granada we got off the train and wondered whether Maria Luisa Garzon (Mom's friend) might possibly be there to meet us. Because of the difficulty in obtaining transportation throughout the trip, we were arriving in Granada a little behind schedule and wondered whether Maria Luisa had received our last hurried note telling her of our plans. As we were just leaving the station, an attractive young woman and her daughter of about age 12 stopped us and asked if I were Nancy. We were delighted to see her and she explained that Maria Luisa was unable to come because of her work but that she was a relative and she would be happy to take us to their home where we would be staying. After a short streetcar ride, we arrived at their home. It was on a narrow, cobblestone street and the house, although small and dark inside was spotlessly clean. We were given a very pretty little room and we were quite touched by the vase of flowers on the night table. We were very impressed with the warm hospitality shown us and appreciated their many kindnesses. The family was a large one - four children (Maruchka, the 12-year old, being the oldest), the young woman and her husband, an older woman, and I don't know how many others. We had some difficulty at first in figuring out the relationships - due, for the most part I suppose, to my halting Spanish. After a good lunch, we were conducted on a tour and it wasn't until later in the afternoon that we met Maria Luisa, who had been busy guiding some people around Granada. She is a most interesting person with a forceful personality and a keen sense of humour. We thoroughly enjoyed her company. She, of course, was much interested in all the family and especially asked many questions about Mom. She has started a small mantilla business and says she hopes to be able to develop it in time. The mantillas are made by young girls who come to the house to learn the trade and are paid a small salary while learning. She showed us the mantillas she had on hand and Loretta and I each bought several. Maria Luisa said that the mantillas they are making now don't begin to compare in quality to the pre-war ones because it is impossible to get good thread. We watched one of the little girls making mantillas. She had a lovely voice and sang all the while she worked.

Granada was full of life and color. On many of the street corners we saw vendors selling water from large, earthenware jugs; people with large baskets of flowers - all colors and varieties - to sell; young girls sitting on the curbstones selling blackmarket bread while the policeman stood near by. Everyone announced in loud voices what he had to sell, and some even sang songs about their wares.

Maria Luisa took us to see the Cathedral, and afterwards had coffee at a small café where there were no seats and everyone stands around the bar. The coffee had an unusual flavor which we soon discovered was due to the goat's milk which is generally used everywhere.

The following day we visited the Alhambra and the Generalife, which were every bit as lovely as we had anticipated. We particularly enjoyed walking through the gardens of the Generalife. It was all an entirely different world - the world of Moorish architecture with its fragility and beauty. Later we rode by the caves in which the gypsies live but unfortunately, we did not have time to see them dance.

We left Granada at 4:55 p.m. and waved goodbye to Maria Luisa and Maruchka as the blue and white, ~~WHIXX~~ one-car train pulled out of the station. At the first stop people milled around the station selling an amazing variety of food -- bread, water, white sugar-coated cookies, yellow and pink drinks, etc. We bought two sugar-coated buns which tasted strongly of olive oil. The vendor offered us our money back if we didn't like them. He returned in a few minutes and tried to sell us some more buns, at which point a red-headed American in the seat in front of us turned around and joined the discussion. Hearing the conversation in English, an American woman descended upon us, delighted to find some companions with whom she could converse. "It has been so long since I have been able to speak English with anyone", she explained. She immediately began to tell us all about herself, her impressions of Spain. She was horrified at the misery and poverty she had encountered in Spain; she couldn't wait to return to San Francisco; she had no desire to return to Europe; she had been ill from the food; etc. etc. Finally, she left, and the red-headed man turned around again and said, "Couldn't help overhearing the conversation" and we were into a discussion of Spain again. On the whole, he was favorably impressed by Spain and he liked the Spanish people better than any other Europeans. He found them warm, generous, kind, and helpful. We finally learned that his name was Bryan Gigan and he was a Fulbright student at Bordeaux working on a study of the history of slavery.

(No k continued)