

Dear BCA'37 UK

In Spring 1988 I cycled from Santander to St Malo. Just east of Bilbao en route to Guernica I was checking the route in a small hamlet not far from Plentzia. A smartly dressed guy, mid seventies I guess, approached and in very good English asked if all was well.

We had a little conversation and on finding out I was from Southampton he propelled me into an adjacent bar and over a few glasses of *fino* and *serrano* ham told me about his experiences as one of those refugee children.

He did not return to Spain until after WW2.

From memory he had a career in the Auto industry, tyres maybe, but a long time ago I cannot remember much else except some of the politics he told me about.

I have always been very fond of Northern Spain and Pais Vasco in particular, with over 40 years in the merchant navy, it feels like home!!

Kind regards

Steve Hammond