

# THE LADY WRITES THOSE WERE DAYS OF FRANCO

I first went to Spain hitch-hiking as a university student. That was \_\_\_\_\_ Franco, before the great tourism explosion, when it was considered quite risky for a foreigner to go to Spain - people \_\_\_\_\_ into prison for wearing bikinis or behaving in a manner that General considered lewd (eg. kissing in public, walking arm in arm with a person of the opposite sex). The police at that time were quite alarming, ignorant peasants carrying machine guns and looking \_\_\_\_\_ use them at any time. \_\_\_\_\_ quite careful.

At that time I had very long hair, \_\_\_\_\_ most suspicious (this was about 1957-8, before the Swinging Sixties had started to swing), and wore jeans, then unknown in Spain. Both of these were worthy of arrest in themselves. Fortunately my boyfriend and I managed to \_\_\_\_\_ prison and get back home alive, but we \_\_\_\_\_ Barcelona and Tarragona. Some years later I went to the very south of Spain near Gibraltar, but never got to Madrid.

Did you stay only in Madrid, or did you go elsewhere? And what did you think of it? How did you like it compared to Italy? And then, by now you \_\_\_\_\_ your skiing in Austria and had your English and Dutch students to stay. What a cultural feast of nationalities, your head \_\_\_\_\_ with all those languages and stumbling accented English. Seriously though, I expect you enjoyed it all, or at least most of it and you didn't have to work too hard: I hope some of your colleagues \_\_\_\_\_ a little of the wrestling.

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**as if they might » got thrown » have finally been doing » in the days of » keep out of » must be spinning » one had to be » only got as far as » which was considered » will have also done**