BOOK EXTRACT

The Wind of Morning
Author: Col. Sir John Edmund Hugh Boustead (1895-1980)
Published by: Chatto & Windus Ltd., London, 1971
THE WIND OF MORNING

The autobiography of HUGH BOUSTEAD

Once in the wind of morning
I ranged the thymy wold;
The world-wide air was azure
And all the brooks ran gold.

A SHROPShIRE LAD

Craven Street Books
Fresno, California
It was in the middle of July 1965 that I reached England on retirement from the Abu Dhabi. I had served for twenty-five years in the Sudan and sixteen years in Arabia. I had no particular place to settle, for I had sold my house in Effingham, which looked over farm land to the Surrey hills. It had been my mother's home since 1934; while I was abroad a building like an aeroplane hangar had been put up at the foot of the garden, ruining the view. It was clear that life at home on a small pension would be very restricted, and that the capital which formed my private means would soon disappear.
The Wind of Morning book. Read reviews from world’s largest community for readers. Much more than a record of an extraordinary military career, the life ... Â He then embarked on a diplomatic career until his 1965 retirement and published an autobiography, The Wind of Morning, in 1971, nine years prior to his death in Dubai. ...more. Related Articles. 7 Great Books Hitting Shelves This Week. Need another excuse to treat yourself to new book this week? We've got you covered with the buzziest new releases of the day. To create our list, Read more 29 likes · 20 comments. Trivia About The Wind of Morning No trivia or quizzes yet. Add some now Â». Archives|Romantic Islanders; THE WIND OF MORNING. By Thomas Camborne. 295 pp.Â TimesMachine is an exclusive benefit for home delivery and digital subscribers. Full text is unavailable for this digitized archive article. Subscribers may view the full text of this article in its original form through TimesMachine. THERE is something peculiarly romantic about owning an island, even a humble island in home waters with nothing but its isolation to distinguish it in any way. Haot, however -- presumably an invention of Mr. Camborne's - was such an island as most of us only dream of. View Full Article in Timesmachine Â». Advertisement.