

Yorkshire.  
Nov 23<sup>rd</sup> 1932.

Dear Mother & Father.

I did have an amusing time at Marsie/elles, my Australian friend Mr Clayton asked me if I would join him in a good long walk, the ship got in about 9 in the morning & didn't leave until noon the following day - so soon after 10 o'clock we went ashore, caught a tram from the docks that took us to the main street, we walked up this, looking for Thos Cook's place to make a few inquiries<sup>sic</sup>, but came first to one of the Italian travel ~~bureau~~ offices, so went in there to see if we could get a map. A very charming girl who could speak English gave us lots of information as well as a map of the district, she said there was a charming old world place where artists go in the summer on the edge of a lake about 25 miles out of Marseilles & there was a motor coach that went there at 12 o'clock & returned 4-30. we thought it sounded most exciting, especially as she said we could get lunch there if we didn't mind it being a little provincial, so we found out where the coach started, got tickets, & amused ourselves looking at shops until it was time to take our seats. The French coaches are not half as luxurious & smart as our Green Lines, they are noisy<sup>sic</sup> & shabby. but my word they do go. as soon as we were clear of the town we had the road pretty well to ourselves. it ran - with many

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
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
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twists & sharp S bends through rocky mountainous country, there were a few trees, cyprus & fir variety, & some stunted olives & in parts attempts at agriculture, but on the whole it was very barren, we passed two little villages on the way, they had little white houses with green doors & shutters with lots of roof covered with pinkish red tiles like this . there looked to be much more roof than house. when the road approached a village it was planted with trees on either side & as these were in full autumn colouring the effect was lovely. We arrived at - I think "Martique" was the name about 1 o'clock, it was a quaint little fishing village on the edge of a great somber lake, there were several bridges & lots of nets & gay fishing boats. the coach driver told us how to find the place where we could get lunch. M<sup>r</sup> Clayton's French isn't much better than mine, in fact I think I understood the people better than he did, but he was less shy of speaking, so we go on famously. we found the place, it was a little cafe overlooking the lake, the little waitress took me up a funny winding staircase to "levé les mains" all very clean & rather primitive. The room we lunched in was amazing, it was like a glassed in veranda there was a vine growing inside, the floor was sanded & there were ring doves walking about among the tables, in the centre was a large water tank with oysters & live ealls swimming about & the roof was like a forest of wine bottles

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slung up in their straw or bass covers. we were advised by mine host to try the famous dish of Marseilles "bouille-basse" we were provided each with soup plate, spoon, knife & fork & the usual bread by the yard. then a large casserole was placed before us, it contained a thick oily looking soup with lumps of bread all a most violent yellow. just as we were plucking up courage to tackle it another dish arrived piled up with assorted fishes & bits of fishes topped up with a cray fish - we were a little uncertain how to tackle all this, whether to eat soup & fish together or separately, I started with soup & sopped bread. at the first taste my eyes nearly jumped out, it was amazing. it was very fishy - highly seasoned & seaweedy & flavoured with saffron!!! never have I tasted the like. I hardly dared risk a second mouthful.

I then added a piece of the fish pile this certainly helped to tone down the amazing flavour. & after the first shock had worn off I found it fairly palatable, We choose white wine to drink with it, a Sauterne which seemed to cause mine host considerable surprise, it evidently wasn't the right thing to do, however it came & was very nice.

After demolishing a good half of our pile of fishes we felt we dare not attempt another attack on the menu so finished up with a dish of fruit & nuts & coffee.

We had a good mike round the little town & saw the people making & mending their nets, they live chiefly by fishing, & then set out for a good sharp walk along

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the road to Marseilles & stopped the afternoon coach on its return journey. we got back to the town about 5:30 & went to a very nice place for coffee & cakes & got back to our boat in time to dress for dinner.

Amice arrived breakfast time the next day. she was as usual very weary after a great rush to get off. unfortunately we have had very bad weather since leaving Marseilles & she has been most unhappy. however it is better today & she is taking it easy to be ready to disembark to-morrow.

My next letter will be from Cairo, I will call at Cooks office to see if there is a letter for me.

Much love to you both from  
your loving daughter  
Myrtle.

Amice sends love.

P.S. The chocolates were lovely.

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