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\text { Yours }=1930
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Dian Mothin o Father.
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"Aventione" should have boron ausocting, wo (a sundry then sorts' of cargo of lessen inporianee) lot she hadint ansived, There was a sin ic young man dressed up in a sort of Robin trod hat, cloak in gay brim with phes-Jous. I breton he was one of ruessotionss soldicts, he was veiny politic, he sand the lat would be in by 1.30, but of we litued ts four ruin finggage or the quay he would sue that it was safch put on toned. so as ur did'nt want to waste cion pricievins Time on a mouldy quay, or dumped all

Dear Mother \& Father.
We had such a jolly day yesterday we spent the morning making a few odd purchases ${ }^{\text {sic }}$, stamps etc. then we went to the hotel \& had all our baggage put on a gondola \& were taken along many fascinating back or side canals, under strange bridges \& past strange smells to the quay. where the "Aventine $/<\mathrm{n}>\mathrm{o}$ " should have been awaiting us (\& sundry other sorts of cargo of lesser importance) but she had'nt ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ arrived, there was a nice young man dressed up in a sort of Robin Hood hat \& cloak in grey blue with plus-fours - I believe he was one of Mussolini's sic soldiers, he was very polite, he said the boat would be in by $1 \cdot 30$, but if we liked to leave our luggage on the quay he would see that it was safely put on board, so as we did'nt ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ want to waste our precious time on a mouldy quay, we dumped all

our goods \& left them in his charge, \& went off in our gondola to a funny little resturant ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ where we eat ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ strange little bags of the stuff maccoroni ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ is made of. (they were filled with minced meat \& spice) with tomato sauce, then we had some red fish with spinach cooked in butter, then a dish of pears.

After lunch we went to $S^{t}$ Mark's square $\&$ fed the pigeons, they came all over us, one perched on my hat, we loved the feel of their little pink toes clutching our hands, \& did'nt ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ they gobble up the corn quickly.

Of course we went in to $\mathrm{S}^{\mathrm{t}}$ Marks ${ }^{\text {sic }}$, its interior beauty is spoilt just now by the scaffold they have had to erect to keep the dome up as the whole building is sinking. the tiled pavement is like this [ $\widetilde{\mathbb{K}}$ ] it is very sad.

At 5 o'clock we went along to the quay found the boat in \& our luggage on board. Amice \& I are at present the only $1^{\text {st }}$ Class passeng-
so we foch as if we wac on om prieraki yachts. we sit one rack side of the Captain at table. he is a jumpy old loo y with a nasty bald head but cony pleasant, his ingkisk is diclightfols, to night, as ur one in port ho came int $10^{-}$the manses norm. Rad one of the strands pray the qramophonc fin us, ' when wee sand quod night of 10 aclock the shote hands in a
most affecticinalé mansion, Amice stake
Fucked 65 death witt hims. Lush Pat woe hack 6- shout the fum. during the warning we happerace 10 acmarde on the nun len of child ice is the off torn hic the said. "Of coursethat is because Ahab is the land of love." Wa loft venice about $80^{\circ}$ chuck
last riant a ansurd hue by none this manningit is a lovely place. T thank it is mane beantife than the Bay of reprise, thepropte ane a mas tine of utahans, Yuço Shavians, the old Tours is very quaint, they an quilting the shops wade for knows, Amice bought lots
so we feel as if we were on our private yacht. we sit one each side of the Captain at table, he is a funny old boy with a nearly bald head but very pleasant, his English is delightful, tonight, as we are in port he came up to the music room \& had one of the stewards play the gramophone for us, \& when we said "good night at 10 clock $^{\text {sic }}$ he shook hands in a most affectionate manner, Amice \& I are tickled to death with him. I wish Pat were here to share the fun. during the evening we happened to remark on the number of children in the old town here $\&$ he said, "Of course that is because Italy is the land of love -"

We left Venice about 8 o'clock last night $\&$ arrived here by nine this morning. it is a lovely place. I think it is more beautiful than the Bay of Naples, the people are a mixture of Italians \& Yugo Slavians, the old town is very quaint, they are getting the shops ready for Xmas, Amice bought lots

of funny little toys to send to Hugh for the children's Xmas trees. there were the most weird animals, \& monkey's ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ on sticks \& bears with rings in their noses, \& black devils \& red devils \& Father Christmas \& the Pope \& many other strange \& wonderful things -

Then we went on a motor boat for a trip across the bay \& saw the sun set on our return - \& so back to our own boat for dinner \& now to bed.

Amice joins me in sending love to you both \& all sorts of messages for every one.

## Your affectionate daughter Myrtle.

