

Fiume.
Nov 15th 1930.

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Dear Mother & Father.

We had such a jolly day yesterday we spent the morning making a few odd purchases, stamps etc. then went to the hotel & had all our baggage put on a gondola & were taken along many fascinating back & side canals, under strange bridges & past strange smells to the quay. where the "Aventina" should have been awaiting us (& sundry other sorts of cargo of lesser importance) but she hadnt 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 soldiers, he was very polite, he said the boat would be in by 1.30, but if we liked to leave our luggage on the quay he would see that it was safely put on board, so as we didnt want to waste our precious time on a mouldy quay, we dumped all


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our goods & left them in his charge, & went off in our gondola to a funny little restaurant where we eat strange little bags of the stuff maccaroni 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 St 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 they gobble up the corn quickly.

Of course we went on to St Marks, 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  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 1st class passengers

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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, to night, 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 o'clock" 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

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of funny little toys to send to Hugh for the children's Xmas trees. There were the most weird animals, & monkey's 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 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.

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