

Criaova
Roumania
? June 1937.

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Dear Mother.

This is the first opportunity I have had of writing a letter since I left Egypt. we have been vagabonding all the time.

The voyage from Alex to Piraeus took two days, we had a deck passage on a Greek boat, that is. we provided our own food & slept in Joey. this cost us for our fares 12/- each. Joey cost £E.4. When we had completed the port & landing formalities we went on to Athens. we had visited the Acropolis & the Museum together on a former jaunt while in port for two days, so we went to another museum that had a collection of the ~~Ancient~~ ^{old} Greek national costumes & all the peasant embroideries which were very lovely. then we continued to Elusis which is on the sea shore where we had a lovely fish supper at a little restaurant there & swam in the sea. & camped for the night. In the morning we had another swim & bought a supply of provisions for the journey & set off. after this our way led through the wildest mountains inhabited only by the shepherds & goat herds, & every where one heard the musical tinkling of the goat bells, the peasant people were most friendly & pleased to see us & very full of curiosity. we only had a few words of Greek such as bread. water. road. right. left etc but we got on very well. there were of course no inns or hotels & for that reason tourists are rare birds, but it is ideal for camping & there are always mountain streams to wash in. one day Amice & I had a laundry beside a fast running stream & washed all our dirty clothes & dried them on the rocks while we had our lunch. we folded them before they

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were quite dry & they looked as if they had been ironed & smelt of flowers. there were bushes of pink oleanders all along the banks of the stream, so you can imagine how lovely it was. Poor Joey had very hard work to get up the mountains, he chugged & puffed & boiled, & on very steep parts I had to jump out & walk behind him with a large stone to block his wheels, but he always managed to get to the top before his last gasp, & then it was quite as difficult to restrain his enthusiasm for rushing down the other side. He had been advised by a friend of Amices^{sic} to make a little detour to visit the Monastery of St Luke. we were directed by some goatherds who indicated that the distance was 7 kilos. the way was rather like the track on the headland at Kynance where we watched the lorry come up from the little cafe, after we had bumped along about twice the indicated distance we came to a tiny village & there all form of road ceased. & no sign of any monastery. we again inquired for the Monastery of St Luke & the peasants pointed over the mountains & held up 5 fingers. As we were wondering what we did next two mules were produced, so we made Joey as theft proof as possible & left him & mounted the mules & proceeded accompanied by two sturdy peasants, it was a lovely ride along little ledges on the mountain sides, & the Monastery was very interesting when we arrived, though actually we both enjoyed the ride there best of all. Our next excursion was to Delphi, the ruins of the temple & the theatre & the place of the oracle are on the slope of a glorious mountain with great crags crowning it & the view of a winding valley leading to the sea, there were no guides. no one to bother us & we were able to wander about on our own & examine every thing. I have lost count of time but I think we crossed the frontier into

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into Jugoslavia the 6th day after landing in Greece. the road was all grass grown & we found we were the third car that had been through in a month. Once we were in Jugo Slavia we were in a different world & a different time. In Greece one still can believe in the old gods, & expect to see Pan peeping out of every grove & one hears his pipes on the hills, & one knows that Zeus is enthroned in the clouds on Mount Olympus. but in Jugoslavia one steps into the middle ages, the people wear the costume of their class & trade, they spin & weave in the old way. nearly every woman has her distaff handy as she herds the cattle who graze on the plains & her dress is beautifully embroidered. the men wear shoes of hide with turned up toes & cross lacings. the villages contain mosques & minarets as there are still a number of muslims. you can imagine how we enjoyed nosing round & we had the most gorgeous meals for a few pence, we saw some bits of meat being cooked over an open grill & lovely beans & peas & potatoes, so we went in & pointed to what we wanted & we each had a big plate full & more bread than we could eat & honey cake afterwards for about 5^d each. We continued camping in Joey until we came to a little town that had a hotel & as we felt in the need of a good clean up we stayed the night there & got ourselves tidy to arrive in Belgrade the next day. Amice was expecting the answer to a letter at the post office there, & asked the way & the gentleman who directed her could speak English & curiously enough he was the editor of an Automobile paper. he gave one glance at Joey with his weird bundles & strange equipment & Egyptian number plate & sensed a story, & when he heard that he had only two cylinders & 7 horse power & had crossed the Eastern Desert, & come up the

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Red Sea coast, & all across Greece & Jugo Slavia he fairly foamed at the mouth & asked if he might put an article about us in his paper. He took us to the best service garage in Belgrade & Joey had his oil changed, his points greased, & every mechanic in the place gazed under his bonnet & more or less said "Garn there aint^{sic} such things." Then the photographer came round & took Joey's photo & our photo & also a picture of Joey's innards. & our journalist friend selected two of our snaps to illustrate the story. He is going to send us a copy when it comes out. but as it will be in Jugo Slavonian we will not be able to read it - but I hope we will recognise the pictures.

We are now in Roumania, Amice has gone to Bucarest to collect some luggage she left there on her way to Egypt this last time. it would have taken so long to drive there, so she has taken the train & I am waiting for her here, she will be back this afternoon & we will continue our journey. we hope to be back in England before the end of the month.

I hope I shall find letters at the addresses I gave you. I seem to have been so long without news from home, it is impossible to know how long a journey such as ours will take, in parts, roads as we know them are non existant^{sic} & are bumps along cart ruts, in one case the road ceased entirely & became a railway line & we had to get Joey between the rails & bump along the sleepers. I hope the P.C I sent reached you safely, I do not think any one in the village where I posted it could read English. Jugo Slavic is a strange script has things like this in it [R].

Lots of love to you both from us both.
Your affectionate daughter - Myrtle -

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