

DALMATIA

1952



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Miss Jackson

32 A

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Elizabeth Jackson

32A Hurlingham Court

SW. 6.

Aboard the Šipan
en route for Dubrovnik
29 August 1952

Dearest Nanna,

I take the opportunity of a little comparative leisure to write you a line though these days have been so packed with interest & event that I shan't attempt to tell you very much. To-day we are luxuriating in deck-chairs & watching the islands slide by. The Adriatic is as smooth as silk & of a wonderful blue, as is the sky, only our bow wave breaking the surface. There is a heat haze half hiding the islands & making them look very mysterious & magical. The mainland is a towering mass of bare limestone mountains. There is an awning over the deck that keeps most of the sun off me, but Toldred is on the edge & is wearing my funny hat, which is a great success, very cool & comfortable and becoming!

The trip from Rijeka to Split was

Imperial Hotel
Dubrovnik
Tuesday I think

Sq 2nd?
Darling Nanna.

This comes to you by courtesy of Mrs. Greensmith, though we are a little doubtful as to whether it will arrive before we do, posts being what they are around here.

I received yesterday a parcel of newspapers from you, but neither of us has a had a letter. I hope you have not written here & that it will be wasted. Not right grammar. Too hot. It is proper blagging. I stick to pen, paper & floor! This is a lovely place & a

1. Dugi Otok - very nice
2. Dubrovnik - sea
3. Dubrovnik - castle
(each castle - 1 castle
surrounded by traps -
Vegetation -
2. Dubrovnik - sea
(offensive noise) - set
3. Dubrovnik - identity dull

2. Dubrovnik - lovely
3. Dubrovnik - ruins
Zadar - must be
Sibenik - see Cathedral
Split - see Statue of
Marjan - see
Please look for
in Dubrovnik

Raymond

Saturday, 23rd August 1952

V. very kindly came to Victoria with me and insisted on carrying my luggage. As usual, I have far too much and far too heavy and, as usual, I can't account for it at all! M. appeared just as we got to the barrier. The train was full of the heartiest imaginable young people in the most peculiar get-ups and all encumbered with enormous rucksacks, surely the most unwieldy and anti-social form of luggage ever devised. It was a lovely day - as M. said, just the day for going somewhere.



It was interesting to go to Newhaven which I had not seen since I was stationed there in 1944. It is all very painted up now and looks so

different that I could not identify the Torpedo Shed and the Naafi and other features of the once familiar landscape.

We had to stand in a great queue or rather huddle for a very long time for the most cursory formalities. I understand that the boat was an extra or relief and still it was quite full. There were no deckchairs left and we thought ourselves

collect the luggage and the "pranzo in sacco" and go to the station.



Here for good measure are the rest of the photographs out of the packet. This one and the one below are the church of S. Anastasia, said to be very fine though it looks rather a mess, too little outside and too much inside. However, we shall have to wait for our next visit to see the

truth of this.



These are the tombs of the Scaligeri.

It was one of those trains that go in all directions and we started in a coach for Trieste. At first we could not get a seat at all, then some solicitous man found room for us and we stayed there as far as Venice.

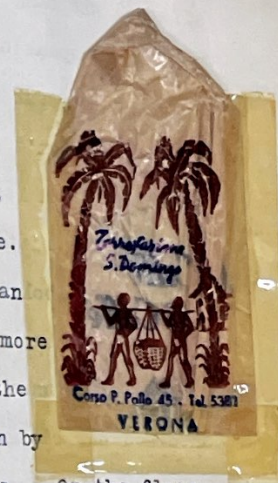
On first sight of the Adriatic - a long bridge joining Venice to the mainland - several gondola-type vessels propelled by a single man each. We saw nothing of Venice as the railway only touches the outskirts on the land side. We changed into another coach, where we were joined by a young woman with an incredible amount of luggage, stacked precariously up to the roof.

We had our lunch, which was excellent and very large. Here, by way of a memento, is an item thoughtfully inserted at the hotel, but which we had no occasion to use.

Later on we were joined by an elderly woman and a boy with even more luggage. We were now occupying the window seats, completely hemmed in by suitcases, boxes, bags and cartons. On the floor between us and occupying all the space between the seats was a cardboard carton about three feet high, which particularly fascinated us.

The three of them entered into earnest conversation.

Having ascertained who we were and where we



Up



... and up ...

... and up ...





This was
rather tan-
talising, but
the bus was
tooting at us
and we were
rather lost.
The municipal
loud-speaker

was still hard at it and we had just to follow the
sound to find the bus.

Me under a tree
with a Serbian
inscription
behind. Some-
thing seems to
have slipped
and the tree is
lost.



Typical
children.
They all
look under-
nourished.

