

D. Julia

14. 8. 27

My dear Douglas -

Good luck & blessings to

you!

Details as to journey. (I will add details of

the place you mention at the end of this letter.

I can't at the moment see anyone to ask.)

The Wayfarers are a set of dud details. They

have muddled dates, prices, distances, everything &

let us in for endless trouble & expense.

Once you are over the German frontier, you find

very little. Be careful that the hands car which

is hitched on at the frontier is not unbraked while

you are peacefully eating so that you suppose

goes one way & you the other. That happened to

us. You'll have a four hours wait at Frankfurt.

Opposite the station, between the theatre & the Hotel Bristol

is a magnificent pub, called I think the 'Hotel of the

English'. The left-boy is a ^{dream of classic beauty,}

we nearly lost us our hair. ^(and's criticism) Between this hotel & the

theatre there is a large street, & about 100 yards

down on the right a lovely little dancing

cabaret. It says Amer. drinks, in its window,

& has a jolly band & pretty boys & girls, very

simple & merry & cheap!

You might do worse than put in an hour or so
there if left - boys aren't your fancy.

Try & reserve a place in the Munich train - we
had to sit up ~~all~~ half the night & stand the other
half.

The train were late. We arrived 8. Antai
about 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, found
the party stuffing chicken & champagne - Bowser

gleils radiant. Gladys - in a very subtle way -
'again life? Again good luck & blessings - I
advise Gladys & want this put straight.

The place is glorious. So is the whole valley. We
shall probably not stay in 8. Antai but move
two or three miles down the valley to Petreus

where there is a jolly, simple Gasthaus. The
hotel here is frankly profiteering without being
really comfortable, let alone chic.

We may be a bit weary - 8. Antai champion
& we're always hungry & we drink Tokay at
a shilling the bottle & hamp all day & get hot but
never dirty, & in the intervals I read Jung's

Psycho-analysis of the Sub-conscious & draw a
young English lesson. Here is a specimen -
(Quite a formal little dinner, you know, in
South Kensington - at Watson's - the President of the Gas

Light & Coke? Not Cecil's Scots anogance

nor Gower's Oxford snobbery can quell it.
Sheila sets her cap admirably & goes off with
her tongue in her cheek & we've all bought
broad leather sandals at 5/6 the pair & in
the whole hotel is no enjoys themselves but
us.

Kufstein is not between here & Innsbruck.

You must go to Innsbruck first & it takes
about 4 hours from S. Julia to Kufstein,

changing at Innsbruck. Is this clear?
Train at 2.30 from here.

My dear Douglas - how I hope the
publishing will go - I have a feeling that your
luck has turned at least your individual
luck - I know that meeting you has been
co-incident with my luck turning. It has been
more than incidental - you have done so
much for my shaky belief in myself.

Could I ask you to bring letters from
43 with you? They could be reposted from

Kufstein. Also Cecil wants a bottle of
strychnine pills - Poston's syrup pills is the
family brand - but he says that you
know of another. Either would do. It is not
easy to order them from England - We will

Send kronen directly we know your address.

Forgive this scratch, but I'm unsettled
with heat & drink.

Our love to you.

Jan,
