

# GRAND HÔTEL CONTINENTAL



SIMONINI FRÈRES  
PROPR.

PORT-SAÏD  
(EGYPTE)

4702

le 3<sup>rd</sup> October 1911

My dearest Pippa

We arrived here last night and go on again tomorrow morning at 4 A.M. The Adriatic and Mediterranean were like duck ponds for smoothness and we have had a very comfortable voyage so far, but it is going to be tedious, the passengers are a dull set, mostly Germans. The only adventure so far was the one on the Continoung - On Monday afternoon when we were half across Germany, I went

out of my compartment in the corridor carriage to go to the "OO", and finding the one in my carriage occupied, I stepped across the passway into the one in the next. While I was there the carriage train stopped at a station, and on my emerging a few minutes later what was my horror to find myself in the midst of a vast station yard and my carriage and the rest of the train vanishing on its way to Munich with all my goods. The story of the gentleman with his father's ashes at once flashed across my mind, and I knew I should never see them again. However by good luck I found a German who knew a little English to whom I told my sad story - He was extraordinarily kind, sent a telegram to the Station master at Munich found out a route by which I could get there the same night, wrote out a summary of the case in German for me to show to officials in case of need and waited for about half an hour to put me into the right train - The result was that I got to

Munich about an hour and a half  
after my luggage which I found safely  
reposing in the Station Master's Office.

Hoch der Englisch-deutsche Geist!  
Munich is a charming place, &  
went to the Altepinakothek in the  
morning and saw the pictures - I should  
think the best are the Rubens of which  
they have a great many - several of those  
wreck tumbling ones of wicked people  
being dragged down by devils into the  
pit - horrible they are.

I have sent a letter to Maggie  
addressed to Belize, which I hope you  
will be able to pass on to her - I  
wish I knew what was going on about  
her and about the boys but I shan't  
hear before we get to Aden, if then,  
as I told her to write to me here, and  
now I find that the mail doesn't arrive  
until we have left, and although I it

will catch us up before we get to Aden,  
I don't know whether there will be time  
to repost the letter in the mail steamer  
before it leaves here.

Goodbye dearest Pippa - Keep an  
eye on my poor little Dicky and  
Johnny babas. With fondest love  
your loving  
Ralph