

Arabah.
April 4th 1933.

Dear Mother.

Amice has started on her homeward journey. exactly how she is going she does not know having a new idea each day.

I saw her off at Baliana surrounded by luggage & then drove back with my Soudani soldier in front with me & three of the men in the back We have had rather bad news of our Little Un, he has been very ill in the hospital, it was fortunate he was sent there in time, & he will not be able to return to work this season ~~now~~. Amice wanted me to leave the work & return with her she imagines I get depressed alone

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here. but I thought it was absurd
to leave my painting half finished
& do Nannie & the men out of a
months wages & have to give away
all the perishable provisions
& as for being alone here. to tell you
the truth. I thoroughly enjoy it.
in spite of accounts & letters etc.
I might get fed up for a long stay
but a month passes only too quickly
when one is as busy as I am here

I have been writing a
long letter in Arabic for my lesson
this week & am sending it to the
schoolmaster to be corrected. I have
told him all about the P.C of Charing
Cross that you sent for him. I do
not know what he will make of
my description of the Underground
possibly he may think people have

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to go to London on the way to Hell -

I expect you will find Amice walking into Avalon one day soon -

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

P.S This letter may be delayed. there is a big feast & holiday for 3 days. so expect the post will be erratic.

