

Arabah-el-Madfunah
Dec 29 1929.

Dear Mother.

The flour paper has arrived in splendid
for putting the fine point on our pencils.

I have looked through the paper about the Essence
of Peace & think it would be a good plan to try it
if you could get it sent out. I should like to have
one of the little carriers, there is no hurry as
the mosquitoes do not trouble us here until
the end of Feb or early March. (I am returning the
paper as you may not have another.)

I had to write my account of the
Xmas festivities by fits & starts, I hope it was
fairly coherent. It is very nice of you to think
of sending ~~Xmas~~ New Year cards to the men. but
I do not think it would be easy to explain them
to them. a written document is to them rather
what a Telegram is to you, rather alarming!
they always send greetings by word of mouth
personally or by messenger. also their New Year
is different to our's. I think it would please
them most if I were to give them a message of
greeting ^{from you} at the great feast at the end of Ramadan

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I will try to continue the account of our festivities. Boxing Day was devoted to another picnic in honour of Miss Jonas. We went to the wady with the best sand slide. Had our lunch there, cold turkey & salad, mince pies, sweets, mandarins etc. While we were resting our men had great sport on the sand slope, racing each other up & coming down in the most spectacular manner. They entertained us ~~immensely~~ immensely. Then we made our own attempt, choosing a longer, but less steep way up. Of course they all came with us, including Abdullah. We started down in great style, of course the men were down first & of course turned to watch our descent, to our consternation they were consumed with unseemly mirth, & we wondered what on earth could be the matter with us to make our respectful servants lose their respectful attitude towards us, but as we came lower they signalled to us to look back. We did so, & there was poor little Abdullah spread-eagled on the slope, too terrified to come down except on his tummy. Of course we couldnt help laughing too, Sardic

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 indulged in a fine flow of Arabian sarcasm which was quite beyond our linguistic powers. Abdullah came down safely, doing the less steep part in the more approved manner. We had tea & biscuits before starting our trek home.

The next day we did our usual round of work; the following one was rather a state occasion. we had ~~had~~ invited the Mudir to lunch. this gentleman is a very high official in charge of all military & police in this province. We had a very fine turkey, stuffed with chestnuts one end & rice, nuts & rasins^{sic} the other. Then Christmas pudding, fruit & sweets & coffee. they all did justice to this fare. The Mudir had two of his officers with him, of course they all spoke English. & we really had a very nice time, during desert Sheikh Abdu Wahid came & sang the Koran to us. this sumptuous^{sic} meal was served in the temple since the Mudir is too fat to walk the necessary distance to our house & his car cannot go over desert, so a primus was sent & the cook carried the cooked turkey over & kept it hot until ready to be served at table. Of course we had to conduct our guests

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 over the Temple & the Osirion. This took up the greater part of the afternoon so when they had departed, it was too late to start work again, so we collected our things & saw everything packed up, & set off home, intending to get some letters written before dinner. To our great surprise as we reached the top of the last sand hill we saw 3 desert cars arriving, of course we hurried to meet them, they proved to be Princess Fouad, & her sister, cousins to King Fouad, who had been travelling from the Red Sea in company with Mrs Phillips (a Cairo Society Lady) & her daughter & a gentleman whose name I do not remember, of course we had to offer hospitality to these people & their servants, fortunately they had camp beds etc with them as they had had to put up in rest houses part of the way, they also had odds & ends of provisions which we handed over to our cook, & we managed somehow to feed & sleep them all, it certainly was rather a strain on our little community without a moments warning. Sandic remarked "it was like a house full of worms." Mrs P. is well known in Egypt as the "Worlds worst cadger -" & I think she well deserves the title. The two Princesses (of uncertain age)

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were very pleasant. but rather mouldy examples of royalty, they are of course Mohamedans, but they like to demonstrate their free mindedness by eating huge quantities of bacon, of which they had brought a good supply, to the great disgust of our own servants. They stayed two nights & started their journey to Cairo the morning of the second day.

Will father please give the enclosed to the Andersons I am not sure of their full address. I know it is a Bridge Road, but not certain if Albert or Battersea.

Love to you both
your affectionate daughter
Myrtle.

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