

Our Tomb  
Near Tema.Our Tomb  
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Dear Mother &amp; Father.

I have arrived safely as you see by the above. so will now continue my adventures from where I left off.

Our missionary friends gave us an excellent breakfast, (short service beforehand).

They would not charge anything, so Miss T & I left equivalent to 5/- each in an envelope on the dressing table for the Mission.

They took us & our luggage down to the station, bought stamps for us, posted our letters, got our tickets & put us onto the train.

Tema was 6 stations further on & you can imagine how anxiously we looked out for Harding on the station, not a single European in sight, our luggage was seized by a wild crowd of porters & we walked

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round looking for him. finally  
we went to consult the station master  
who fortunately spoke a little English,  
& from him discovered that they only  
sent in to Tema Sundays & Wednes-  
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must have gone astray. the station  
master said he could get us donkeys  
& a couple of guides who would take  
us to the camp. & as that seemed  
the only thing to do. we agreed to  
a fixed price & started. the two of  
us on donkeys. our luggage on  
another, out into the desert with  
two strange Arabs who could not  
speak a word of English. we just  
had to pass through the village  
past flocks of goats, laden camels  
curious mud houses, palms, etc  
& then the desert road. just a  
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the Nile. When we reached the river we dismounted & the donkeys were turned loose & we sat down & waited. I cannot tell you how beautiful it was. The blue Nile with the curious native boats the shimmering desert, with the pink cliffs beyond & behind us the desert road, with occasional herds of goats & sheep passing along herded by native women & children, many of the women carrying the water jars on their heads. strings of camels meandered by at intervals & a few buffaloes, or plough oxen making for the cultivation.

After what seemed a very long wait, & much shouting by our guides, one of the native boats came to the shore & we scrambled aboard our luggage followed & then the donkeys. it was the most primitive

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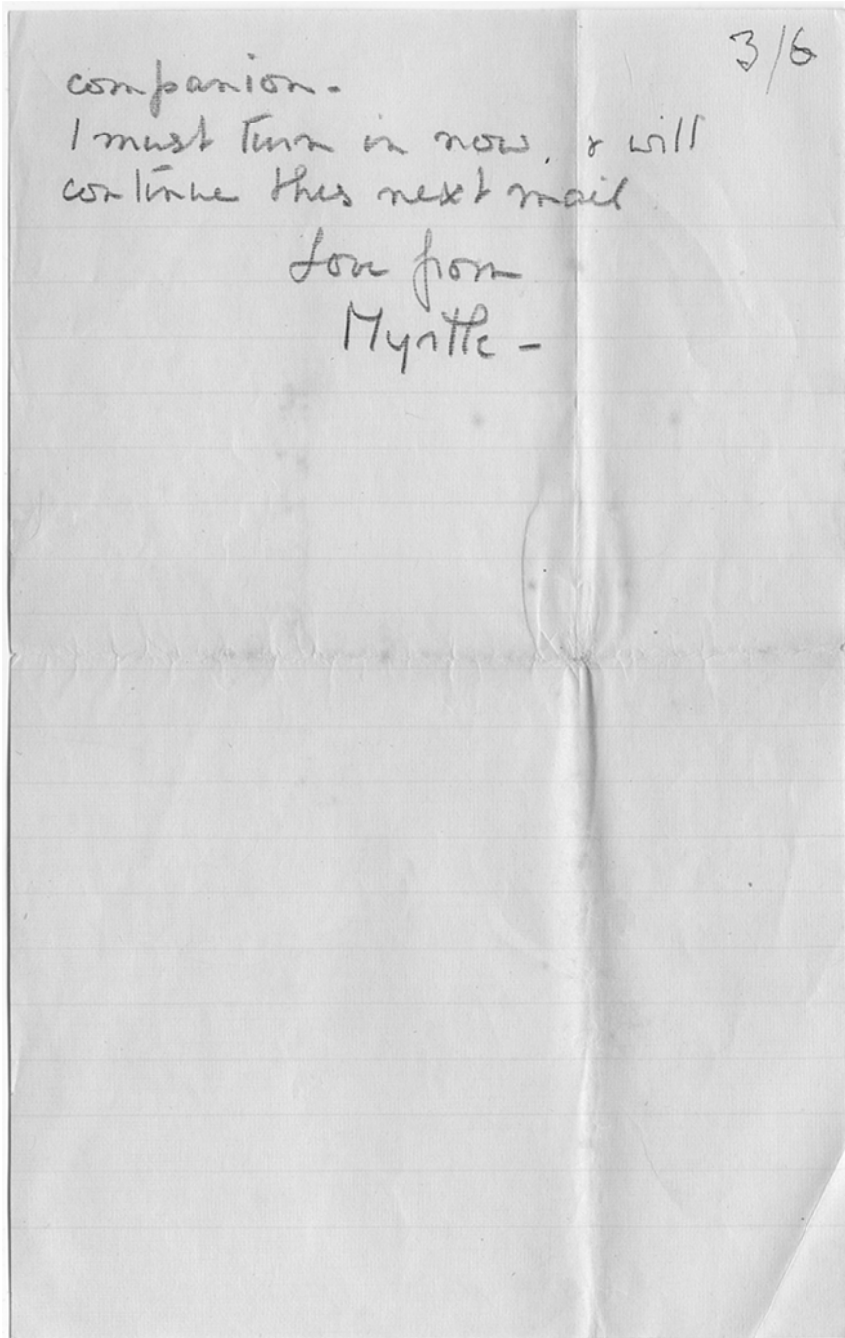
boat I have ever seen. The triangular sail was full of holes & patches, we just drifted across, our mariner was simply wonderful, a real Sinbad, there were several Arabs besides our guides, & half way across they all gathered round us & jabbered to us in Arabic, I gather they were asking for money. but we simply shook our heads & pointed to the shore & they left us alone. when we had disembarked we paid Sinbad his 5 piastres, & got a lovely smile & a bow. we mounted our donkeys again & continued our journey. The desert is not flat by any means we went up & down slopes that would have stumped an English horse, but our little donkeys took them without turning a hair. After four hours

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we reached camp. Mahomed was the only one at home as the others were at the Tombs we are copying 2 miles from the Tombs we sleep in. but Mahomed was a ~~host~~ in himself & although he does not speak English he made us understand that Efendi Harding would be back at 5 o'clock. he got us a meal & showed us where we were to sleep. Harding & the Risdens arrived about 5 & were amazed to see us. & it seems it was entirely Miss T's fault we were not met, she had written so vaguely that they did not expect us until after Wednesday. Their usual day for sending in. I am afraid she is very haphazard & we should have been in several messes if I had not thought ahead. she never thought about having small change, & things like that. but otherwise she is a very nice

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companion.

3/6

I must turn in now, & will  
continue this next mail.

Love from  
Myrtle -

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