

Arabah el Madfunah
Feb 9th 1937.

Dear Father

Mother says that you are laid up with a bad cold, so I am writing^{sic} this week's letter to you though I hope by the time it reaches you your cold will be a thing of the past.

Our Police Officer sent us a special Egyptian dish at lunch time, he was very anxious for us to try it. I enjoyed it very much but Amice was a little dubious about it, it was a dish of lots of tiny rissoles, they were made of very young beans, like our broad beans they were pounded up with herbs & spices & mixed with egg & then fried, & one eat them with a squeeze^{sic} of lemon juice,

Did I tell Mother that our two pentioner^{sic} {pensioner} dogs are back in their old place, the guardship has been given to a younger brother of the former guard & he has brought the dogs with him I believe for our special benefit, anyway we

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appreciate the daily welcome from our old friends
 & they spend their whole day in eager anticipation
 of the moment when we appear & give them
 the scraps from our lunch.

Our sparrows cause us a lot of amusement now.
 They are busy nesting & are apt to regard the
 strangest things as suitable building material
 they try to pull bits off the ropes that Sardic
 uses to tie the ladders firmly to our scaffolds
 & tug away at bits of sacking that we use to
 protect the walls

I went down to the village to make a few sketches
 on Tuesday, I did one of the entrance to Sardic's
 house, he has a vine forming a porch to
 his front door. Then I went along & did the
 potter working away at his wheel he made
 a dear little pot while I sat & drew him,
 he told me how he filled his oven full
 of sun dried pots piled one on top of each
 other like this  then builds the oven
 up & lights the fire & sits & feeds it for half

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a day & then they are ready. the sort of pot I have sketched are the sort they use for milk.

I also made a little sketch of a house with a pretty arched brick door way. Of course the people were very interested in what I was doing.

I had one of Sardic's nephews with me to carry my things & brush the flies off.

The bees are building over the door of our "Here it is" they buzz round our heads when we go in & out & we have to be careful we do not sit on one, but they also provide us with entertainment so we dont really object to their activities.

Nannie has been picking sweet peas & night scented stock out of the garden, she is very worried by a grub that she calls the cut worm it eats through the stems of plants so that they die, they have destroyed a lot of our eating peas just as the pods are forming, she had to pull down several promising plants today & she made a delicious soup with the young pea pods.

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We had a visit from our minstrel friends they came to say how grateful they were to us for arranging for them to perform during the Kings visit. of course as they were here we had a little music. they were all dressed in new galabias, they had evidently been spending the Kings bounty the old fiddler had made his eyes up with black eye paint like a naughty lady & looked very dashing he regards himself as a very great personage now, Amice managed to write down the tune of the song they made up in our honour, she will play it for you when we come home.

Amice joins me in lots of love to you both, she says I am to tell you that she is buying Arab locks for the new house & when she goes out the weight of her keys will weigh her down.

Lots of love to you both
your affectionate daughter
Myrtle

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