


Arabah el Madfuna.
Jan 4th 1935.

Dear Father.

Thank you so much for the silk handkerchief, it will suit my complexion beautifully when I am feeling bilious^{sic}, have a red nose & am blue with cold. I am glad to say that at present it is a cheery contrast as I match the desert in colouring rather than the mandril^{sic}.

My latest interest is watching the bees at work during the half hours^{sic} rest after lunch, they are amusing. I have seen one building his nest of mud on one of the blocks of sandstone, he makes it like this.

[] then he goes in head foremost

like this [] while he (or she) was in this position I could

not resist the temptation to softly stroke his (or hers/~~r~~) little fluffy behind. bee promptly squeaked^{sic}. it was such a funny unexpected noise for a bee to make, rather like a guinea pig.

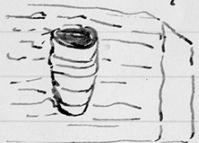
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(very difficult to draw)




these bees are rather like our bumble bees & are beautifully velvety black & golden brown. This morning when I went to look, the nest was three quarters full of brown liquid, honey I suppose. but what I want to know is. is she making honey & laying eggs all together?

Happy New Year to you & Mother & all kind friends. & Please thank Mrs Anderson for her letter, but alas. the sample packet has not arrived & I do so want to know what was in it, it was very kind of her to think of me. I know they get all my news from you so ask her to forgive me for not writing a separate letter, as time is rather limited here.

Lots of love to all

Your affectionate daughter
Myrtle.

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