

Arabah el Madfuna  
Nov 13/5<sup>th</sup> 1933.

243  
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Dear Mother.

We had such a lovely day yesterday we went to visit Sheikh Ali, Little 'Un & I rode lady camels, & I had a donkey for our Soudani soldier & most of our men procured donkeys & joined in the procession. Sheikh Ali was very pleased to see us & we all removed our boots & walked round the holy tomb & I hope got a lot of blessing. Of course we were regaled with coffee, & we had charms written specially for us. On our way back we went to the orange garden for lunch & the nice Omdah Faiz Abu State came & talked to us, & gave us gorgeous coffee & mint tea. We had one little exciting incident on our way back. Two men in a field by the road were having an altercation & one drew a knife & was going to attack the other when our Soudani jumped off his donkey

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243

2

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My gyroscope has been a huge success. Mahommed Kheir our favourite Soudani was specially intrigued with it & soon learnt to spin it himself, his delight when he succeeded in balancing it on the point of a cartridge from his belt did one good to see. As a special favour I let him take it with him to the tent to demonstrate to the Ombashi & the other soldiers. & came back with the news that they all

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243<sup>3</sup>

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for Soudani's next year it seems -

Little Un' & I started asking him about how  
the Soudanese leather work is done, & that  
started him off, we produced various odds  
& ends of leather & a variety of tools & he  
showed us how to bind whips & sticks in  
different patterns, how to plait round lashes  
how to stamp, sew & decorate the leather for  
bags cushions etc, how they coloured it  
& how they softened the ~~things~~ hide for  
the whip thongs. it was so interesting  
that we stayed up long past our usual  
bed time listening, it was wonderful  
how neat handed Mahommed Kheir is.  
we noted that teeth & spit often came  
into use as well as needles bodkings  
knitting pins, knives & the other various  
implements that we provided.

I am sorry to have a very sad piece of news

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243<sup>4</sup>

to tell you in this letter, our darling dog has been poisoned. The police were throwing poisoned meat in the market place, & he happened to be loose & had run to see us in the temple & then joined the other dog & got a piece. This indiscriminate poisoning of dogs is awful, Abdullah's dog is dead now, & there is a ~~carcas~~ dead cow in the village & they have put poison on it & the dogs are tearing at it & dying by dozens & the children drag them out in to the desert & we are beginning to notice a bit of a whiff. I am going to write to our Omdah about it, & if he cannot do anything I shall go to the police head quarters in Baliana, it is going to be a very difficult letter to put in Arabic, so must bring this to a close & get busy with it.

Lots of love from  
your affectionate daughter  
Myrtle

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