> Analat ce Madjunat
> April 18 ". 1930 .

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This festival Takes place at night. So wa had supper canty o then the thee of us mounted on camels, sch ort with a longe sctunue including om very holy woke. Iwo of one party canted lamps. At was a gionious stan hat night. hd as a summus day un England. What wind thu was cams in kith warn pret's. At was lovell siting pucted up on own rall shiding beasts. of course tad mylthange camel, nu old Mahomed Abode Tachman. wold be chasdfly injured of I che not have his camel. This name means "Savant of the Borngassionalt: chat is one of the names $($ Sod) When we god near orin destenalion we weld see the pions the lamps o the sound of huncheds of wees chanting in unison. We wended cu- way among the lessen Torals To the longe mosque lite buildings sound whet the great mullilide were gathers. Thus were thousands. it was a see of Tinbaind heads. from orin camels we cold see cruything beautifully. I was nathan a Tenifying

## Arabah el Madfunah <br> April 18 ${ }^{\text {th }} 1930$.

Dear Mother.

We had another adventure last night. there was a very big religious festival taking place in a Moslem cemetary ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ about 4 miles from here. people come from many miles round $\&$ they gather round a certain holy sheikhs ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ tombs \& chant parts of the Kor' an \& go through various fanatical exercises.

This festival takes place at night. so we had supper early $\&$ then the three of us mounted on camels $\&$ set out with a large retinue including our very holy cook. two of our party carried lamps. it was a glorious star light night. hot as a summers ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ day in England, what wind there was came in little warm puffs. it was lovely sitting perched up on our tall striding beasts, of course I had my Kharga camel, nice old Mahomed Abdu Rachman. would be dreadfully injured if I did not have his camel. (his name means 'Servant of the Compassionate, which is one of the names of God)

When we got near our destination we could see the glow of the lamps \& the sound of hundreds of voices chanting in unison. we wended our way among the lesser tombs to the large mosque like buildings round which the great multitude were gathered. there were thousands. it was a sea of turbaned heads. from our camels we could see everything beautifully. it was rather a terrifying
sight rathe lite the armosptued of the $Z$ ans om feels thess plop ane swayed by emotions oinsincts with by beyond our compuriension. We withed one converse group in form Time. Them cen squatimp famines cooncan a space quake Tic the sue of om garden. In them midst slid a files man. chanting. The Kerian. at the end of coach vase the colin company could upecol th names of Sud. At was seraphs dicejering. Pound anoint tobit en the entice o another hang coos venue a live of men standing in font of a they man. he kat fume int t his hands. Thy all should fleet dicast beat. + wit act rupclition thy trowed them Read's. There the pace quickened, they hawed form the wast sossenis
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sight, rather like the atmosphere at the Wars one feels these people are swayed by emotions and instincts utterly beyond our comprehension. we watched one immense group for some time. there were squatting figures covering a space quite twice the size of our garden. in their midsts $/<$ st $>$ stood a holy man, chanting the Kor'an, at the end of each $v i /<\mathrm{e}>$ re the entire company would repeat the names of God, it was simply deafening. Round another tomb in the centre of another huge crowd were a line of men standing in front of a holy man, he beat time with his hands. \& they all shouted Allah at each beat, $\&$ with each repetition they bowed their heads. then the pace quickened $\&$ they bowed from the waist, tossing $\&$ twisting their bodys ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ to the rythmic ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ beat of the priests ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ hands the name of Allah was no longer distinguishable, only a sharp hiss as they took in breath, it was like the sound of a huge saw ripping through hard wood. \& I cannot attempt to describe the weirdness of these tall swaying figures in the flickering lamplight with the background of the curious domed tombs, it was like a scene from Dante's Inferno. We did not stay long - needless to say we were the only Europeans. \& we felt we were intruders, \& the temper of a fanatical crowd is a very brittle thing, \& it would have been unwise to show too much curiosity. so we just passed through, pausing for a few minutes here $\&$ there $\&$ then came away.

An experience such as this makes one realize how utterly different these people are. one can be friendly with them, but one can not get to the bottom of their minds, their actions
are controlled by a form of reasoning utterly different to ours. It was half past twelve when we arrived home. we were dead tired. so had an extra hour \& a half in bed this morning. It has been a very hot day. a south wind, it is like the breath of a furnace. the temperature midday registered over 100 in the shade

I have bought still more amber. I have spent over 10/- for the lot. I wonder if you would like some of the nicest pieces polished for a necklace. they are rather rough shaped lumps like the necklaces one sees in Libertys ${ }^{\text {sic }}$ for which they ask huge sums

The last large glove you sent I have given to the man who had the boil between his fingers. his hand is naturally very tender now it is healing. but I think he can use it if he has it protected. he is a very big burly man with large hands, so the huge gloves do very well; our beautiful Mahomed has small delicate hands. so the other pair do him splendidly

I think this is all my news for to-day
Lots of love to you both your affectionate daughter Myrtle.

