

Arabah. el Madfunah.
[probably 19 January 1932]

Dear Mother.

Nancy tells me her little girl Joan is at school at St Margarets Bushey. & the boy at Watford. so I have told her that when she comes to England in the spring she must come & stay with us for a week end & have the children for the Sunday. she was so pleased with the idea, she is such a dear & hates any fuss & formality, I am sure you will like her.

That was a very interesting cutting about Akhenaten's coffin. of course Nancy had told us all about it.

We took Nancy to catch the night train to Cairo, & had Balal. one of our Soudani guards in the car with us as it was so late. he caused us much amusement by shouting in a deep bass voice every time we passed a man on the road, it was rather like a dog saying wuff-wuff. we call him our blush rose friend. the reason being that though he is coal black, one must not say his face is black

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because that would mean he was a bad evil man. The correct thing when referring to his complexion is to say he is slightly red. so we are even more polite & call him our blush rose.

We had to put off our last Arabic lesson as Nancy was here, so I wrote the schoolmaster (whose name I have discovered is Sheikh Sarbit) a polite note (with Nannie's help) asking him to come Monday instead. that was yesterday. he was very pleased with the letter & only found one mistake in it, we had a very exciting lesson. he now threatens to give us dictation in Arabic - we are shivering in our shoes at the thought. Sandie tells me he is very proud of us as pupils.

The night scented stock is in bloom. Nannie has just picked a little bunch & it has scented the room. we had some of the carrots today they were ever so sweet & tender. & we have had the first English tomato^{sic}. it was good. so firm & sharp flavoured. there are bunches & bunches coming on.

What a dreadful experience poor Miss West

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So glad you are enjoying Henry VIII. it is
a book worth having isn't it. what times those
must have been to live in -

Sorry Pat has had such a bad cold.
give her my love, I expect by the time you get
this she will have forgotten all about it

Love to you & father
your affectionate daughter
Myrtle.

The Arabic on the envelopes is - England -

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