

Arabah.  
Feb 21<sup>st</sup> 1933.

Dear Mother.

Did you send me the motorists  
Birthday Card.? it amused us all very  
much & every one remarked about  
the gay envelope.

I have had a real good day  
at Arabic to-day. I have written the  
story of the Wooden Horse of Troy, & the  
story of Queen Eleanor. it is the first  
opportunity I have had since Amice has  
been back to really settle down to it  
it is very difficult to work when other  
people are talking & constantly asking  
one's opinion about something. & it  
seems unsociable to shut ones' self<sup>sic</sup>  
in ones<sup>sic</sup> own room after dinner.  
Last Sunday the schoolmaster brought

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the schoolmaster he fairly gasped  
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Sheikh Sabit told me how he has  
to beat the boys to make them attend  
to their lessons. I gather that he  
wacks them on the back, raps their  
knuckles, smacks their faces & pulls  
their ears - I asked him what he  
did to the girls, & he chuckled & said  
he beat them too only very gently.

I do not know if he has designs on me!  
he certainly brings his stick along with  
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I went for a walk with  
Little Un before bath time this evening  
& we found a bit of inscribed stone  
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Lots of love to you & father  
from your affectionate  
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Myrtle.

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