British School in Egypt. Qau el Kebir Tima Girgawieh Upper Egypt – Tima Camp. Dec 1st 1927 –

Dear Mother & Father,

Still more exciting things have been happening. The morning after our dinner party I awoke to hear goble^{sic} gobble going on out side, & on investigation saw an Arab boy on a beautiful white donkey with a great big live turkey. a present from El Gerzawy. (our guest of the night before). he had also sent his photo & a letter in which he said, "I will be very much obliged if you accept my photo to replace me as I could not accompany you where ever you go; as my own wish -" he starts the letter My dear friends all. Of course we were tremendously excited about Thomas as we called the Turkey.

This morning Gerzawy sent an

escort to conduct us to Qau to see the parade.

After the drill we were taken to see the mens^{sic} quarters, on the threshold Gerzawy had written in the dust WELCOME a pretty compliment that we very much appreciated. Then he conducted us to his house or rather the house of the Omdah of the village that he has commandeered for the time that he is stationed here, he is a little tin god in his own way & seems to have unlimited power over the people.

We were given very sweet tea, sandwiches & Turkish delight. then the elders of the village were presented to us, also the tallest man in Egypt, a splendid fellow. 7ft 1inch tall who had come from a distant village by Gerzawy's special command. We were entertained by a display of horsemanship by an old arab^{sic} of 70, on a grey arab^{sic} horse, with trappings of blue & white. After a long wait that we filled in by an

exchange of complements. a native 5/3 band arrived. I we all adjourned to the hig parade ground, where we saw som worderful forsomans hip the band played & dasced about all over the place, I round them I in t out among them. danced two supert anat forsis. Juzawy's black & the old anal's gray. The way they lives led & Imaed, pranced a reared tossed then glorious manes otacls, knell Just or one knee ther on the other I all a papet time to the nuice. sweat lines during the payonance gues were fined, but the toises look not the shallest rotter. I liked the notive music very much. It was chiefly drums & pipes . I very twelful, I riede you want to dance. We had a most comonious have taking & have promised to visit another village or our neet rest day.

exchange of compliments, a native band arrived, & we all adjourned to the big parade ground, where we saw some wonderful horsemanship the band played & danced about all over the place, & round them & in & out among them. danced two superb arabsic horses. Gerzawy's black & the old arab's grey. The way they twisted & turned, pranced & reared, tossed their glorious manes & tails, knelt just on one knee then on the other & all in perfect time to the music. several times during the performance guns were fired, but the horses took not the slightest notice.

I liked the native music very much. it was chiefly drums & pipes, & very tuneful, it made you want to dance.

We had a most ceremonious leave taking & have promised to visit another village on our next rest day.

Guzawy is very Junny. he says.

Of you English people you think nothing

Gerzawy has promised me a ride on his wonderful arab^{sic} horse. I wonder if I shall really go, it sounds too good to be true.

Dec 2nd

We had Thomas the turkey for dinner last night, how Mahomed managed to cook him with only a primus stove passes all understanding but he was done to a turn, & stuffed too. we shall miss his cheerful gobble, but we thought it best to hurry up & eat him before we got too fond of him.

This morning at work we had a visit from Gerzawy to invite us to visit his uncle one evening when we have finished our drawing for the day. we are going the day after to-morrow, & he is sending an escort to fetch us. it is really too thrilling.

Gerzawy is very funny. he says Oh you English people you think nothing

all the but work work. We gave him all the magazines we had with us time including Punch. & when we visited him he asked the meaning of some of the pictures, he was convinced everything must have to do with politics because English people do not seem to have an other kind of joke. from his remarks it seems the whole village had been pouring over Punch trying to make out what it was all about. their conclusions were very amusing.

I am writing to Uncle J. this mail so must close now

All my love your affectionate daughter Myrtle.

Tell Pat that Mahomed Hassan el Gerzawy is really a lov½/<e>ly sheik. so if she wants one, she had better come out here. he's awfully keen on English people.