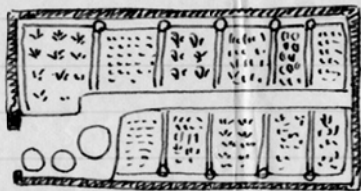


Arabah el Madfunah.  
Oct 27<sup>th</sup> 1929. 35

Dear Father.

I hope this will reach you in time to wish you many Happy Returns of your Birthday. I wish I could enclose you a picture of our beautiful carpenter but the prints of the snaps I took have not come back from Cairo.

You ought to see our desert gardens. There are two. one about the size of the Pip & the other a little larger. The earth for them has had to be carried in baskets about a mile & it takes a man several hours a day to bring the water for them. They are laid out with a perfect irrigation system like this




one enclosed in mud walls about 14" high to keep out the sand. at the

end of each little channel is a bit of pottery, the water is poured on this & flows all along the edges of the little beds. These gardens are the joy of Nannie's heart. (N. is the funny old Syrian woman who looks after us)

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We are having beans & water melons & a sort of salad, some of your mustard & cress is coming up & she intends to sow more seeds when the present crop is finished, just now we have no flowers & she was in a dreadful state of sorrow about it yesterday as we were giving a dinner party to the police officer, however she was equal to the occasion, & when we sat down there was a center piece of one of our fruit bowls filled with dried moss & stuck in the moss were pressed pansies & rose leaves & fern !!! we managed to contain our mirth & complemented her upon the arrangement.

My clock wakes me up every morning at 10 past 5. we have to start as early as possible as we cannot draw after 12 o'clock. the heat makes the pencils go all greasy & the paper gets smudged. Tomorrow we shall have the engine going & shall do some work in the temple at night by the electric light.

Lots of love To you both  
your affectionate daughter  
Myrtle.

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