

In the Temple  
April 1<sup>st</sup> [1932]

In the Temple 185  
April 1<sup>st</sup>

Dear Mother.

Our sparrows have been giving us such a lot of fun lately. They are getting so tame. Today M<sup>rs</sup> S came & hopped about on the little table that holds my painting materials & is close up by my side. The day before yesterday I forgot to put the usual piece of bread in my pocket at breakfast. As soon as I got up on my scaffold & settled to work M<sup>rs</sup> S came & looked all round for crumbs. She was dreadfully upset when she could not find any & she gave me such a look of reproach that I felt I ought to creep away & hide. She then went to see if M<sup>r</sup> S had had any better luck with Amice - but alas. Amice also was crumbless. We felt so badly about it that we sent Sandie to see if he could buy a loaf of bread from someone. He came back with a fine loaf, but as its owner refused to take money for it we felt a little embarrassed. Not so the sparrows they were overjoyed & had a feast.

We feel quite sure M<sup>rs</sup> S is the M<sup>rs</sup> Goodhead who

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was so friendly last year, the one who was so annoyed with the Minx. she & M<sup>r</sup> S live in the same hole just above the broken figure of the little god. & when she puffs herself her breast feathers part down the centre, we had noticed that peculiarly last year so feel it must be our same little friend.

I had my last lesson on Wednesday. Sheikh Sarbit was very entertained by my efforts to write English proverbs in Arabic, as I expected he was rather stumped by the one about people in glass houses. I had to explain by the aid of a little pantomime as my Arabic could not cope with it. Nannie deserts me at lesson time now which is perhaps just as well, as she & the schoolmaster had the most violent arguments & it only wasted time & did not help me much. however, I think Sheikh Sarbit grasped the point, & the others did not present any great difficulty that I could not tackle with the aid of my nice new dictionary. One of the proverbs pleased him very much, it was

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"The labourer is worthy of his hire" I had pulled that off splendidly, & curiously enough I had done it specially for the school masters benefit intending to point out the moral when I offered him the envelope in which I had discretely placed the money for my last lot of lessons. - but unfortunately when the embarrassing moment came his refusals to accept it were even more profuse & involved than before & I got so bewildered that my beautifully prepared proverb went right out of my head, however I had a beautiful inspiration that won the day. I said that since the good Egyptian government gave him so much money, & provided him with so many things that there was nothing left that he could possibly need (Lord how the world is given to lying) (I didnt include that in my speech) then would he kindly take the money & buy sweets for the school children, this form of argument was so entirely novel to him that he hadnt a suitable answer ready. he burst out laughing & pocketed the envelope & said May the Lord increase

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your prosperity". I suppose there are all the proper answers for the polite refusals, but as I don't know them, I find the situation a little difficult however I think he so appreciated the delicate manner in which I pressed my point, that probably he will accept "sweets for the school children" without further argument, another time, I hope he will not be transferred to another village next year. In the meantime he is going to correct any arabic I send to him by post, & is, I think looking forward to receiving letters from England with great pride

I dreamt last night that I was getting in an awful muddle over Lady Godiva's insurance. I shall soon have to be thinking about that now.

Lots of love to you both.  
your affectionate daughter  
Myrtle.

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