

Arabah.
Dec 12th 1933.

Dear Mother.

I have just been using the two transfers you sent me some time ago. I made a paper cover for the arabic^{sic} reading book, that the sheikh lent me, to keep it clean, & I could never remember which way to open it, as Arabic books start from what would be the end of an English book. so I used one of the transfers with great success. the other I used on the cover of a book that I mended for Nannie.

This sūk day we did not go for a picnic as there were so many odd jobs to do. I had some letters to write to the Service des Antiquites^{sic} that took up half the morning

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& this afternoon there were some odd jobs of ironing & mending to do & in between times I tried to prepare my lessons. but so far have not done very much.

Little Mahmud is a great chatterer. if I give an order to one of the men he always will repeat it, so one day I got exasperated & called him the Father of a long tongue. the men were delighted, they love an apt nickname. They have such strange terms of abuse. one of them is "Oh you son of a grave digger" we call the cat that now, when he will persist in meowing.

We are having fine Tomatoes out of the garden now, also lettuce & beans & marrows. there is a fine show of zinnias of all colours & the

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big ~~dais~~ margarietes^{sic} {marguerites} are showing
buds

There does not seem to
be anything to tell you in this
letter we are having a very quiet
time, next week it will be the
month of Ramadan. & all the men
will be very sleepy during the day.

Love to you & Father
Your affectionate
daughter
Myrtle.

Do my letters reach you on separate
days or both on the same day?
I have been getting two letters by
the same post from you, they must
come by the same boat as they
each have the same Cairo post mark
although the English post marks show
different dates. I have been getting
the two together every Thursday since I have
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