


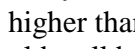
Sahel Selim. March 10<sup>th</sup> 1930

Dear Mother.

Sahel Selim. March 10<sup>th</sup> 1930  
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Here I am in the Bruntons camp at last. I arrived the day before yesterday. had such a rush round the morning I came. I will tell you all about it. You will remember in one of my last letters I told you how Mahomed's hand was getting on so well. The evening before I came here I was dressing it & I noticed it was looking rather swollen & felt hot & after much questioning him he admitted it hurt him just a little bit as far as the arm. so I kept him till Miss C came. & she didn't like the look of it any more than I did so we thought it would be best for me to take him with me to Bahiana the next morning & let the doctor see it again. You should have seen poor Mahomed's face at the mention of the doctor. he quite thought we could not bother with him any more & that seeing the doctor was the preliminary to going to hospital to have his hand cut off. however he bucked up when he heard I was going to talk to the doctor myself. So next morning I was ready in good time. Sandu & Mahomed squashed into the front seat by the driver of the car & I sat in state behind. when we were going by the police outpost in Arabah someone waved to us to stop, so we pulled up & a man said the Omdah wanted to go to Bahiana ~~to~~ & could we give him a lift? so I said 'Certainly if he was ready to come at once. so the Omdah joined me & we exchanged a few polite remarks. they were making up the road in parts ready for the next inundation. one half was about 3 ft of earth higher than the other like this  we were able to go along the old well beaten down part for some way but at last it was too narrow & we had to get up on the new part to continue our journey. The Omdah

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got out of the car & began shouting at the work men, & they all  
 rushed & began tearing down the new made high part to form  
 a slope for the car to go up. Then the driver made a rush at  
 it, all the men shoved behind & we bounced up on to a road  
 a little worse than a newly ploughed field. I was glad the Omdah  
 was there as probably we should have been delayed some time  
 otherwise. we got to Bahane without further adventures. The  
 Omdah got down & we proceeded to the doctors. I had to wait a little  
 time as he had not arrived at the surgery, but his servant served me  
 with coffee. when he did come he saw Mahomed at once, he said  
 the hand was going on very well. the symptoms that had alarmed us  
 were most likely to do with the tendon tightening. he promised  
 to write out directions for continuing the treatment & send them  
 back to Miss C by Mahomet. he spoke quite good English & was  
 of course very polite to me. but the natives are terrified of him, I saw  
 Mahomed safely disposed of & then rushed off with Sardic to catch my  
 train.

When I got to Abu Tig, I got out, & looked round the platform. I saw a large  
 stout Arab, clutching a note, also eagerly looking round, so I went & asked  
 him if he was from M<sup>r</sup> Brunton. he gave me the note & took charge of  
 my small bundle, & we set off. the river is near the station, so  
 we walked to the bank where a dahabiah with a mixed crowd of natives  
 & animals was waiting. he tucked up his garments, lifted me up  
 like a doll & carried me & put me on board; there was a fair wind,  
 & we did not take long sailing across. here I was carried ashore, with my  
 belongings. the natives & animals scrambling as best they could through the  
 water & up the bank. lots of donkeys were waiting on this side.  
 M<sup>r</sup> Brunton's man selected one, & I prepared to mount, expecting he  
 would give me a "leg up" as Sardic does. but he had other ideas.  
 I was seized by my middle & plumped onto the donk. my bundle  
 was taken over by a small boy on another donk & off we set. It was  
 a very pretty ride, part across stretches of sand along the river bank,  
 part along by the canal & part by the cultivation & finally to the  
 desert itself where the camp is situated. It was about 3 o'clock

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ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY. TEMPLE OF SETI I. ABYDOS  
EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY  
AND  
THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY'S CAMP  
ARABAH EL MADFUNAH  
BALIANA. UPPER EGYPT.

When I arrived. Mrs Brunton & her sister in law  
Mrs Newberry were in the house & made me  
very welcome & showed me my room.  
The camp is not so big & compact as ours,  
being only intended for a season or two.  
The house is mud brick with sand floors &  
roofed with palm branches & furnished with  
camp furniture helped out with packing cases  
all very nice & quite comfortable (but I very  
much prefer ours). At tea time Mr Brunton &  
his assistant Mr ~~Bach~~<sup>Bach</sup> came back from the  
"dig". Of course I was shown all the finds,  
nothing very exciting, as this cemetery was  
for poor people, & therefore has remained  
untouched. but interesting as it is possible  
to date the types of beads & amulets fairly  
accurately.

In the morning I went with Mr Brunton  
& Mr Bach to visit the dig. The workmen  
were carrying the loose sand in baskets out  
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deep. when they got down to the coffin they  
 scraped the sand away from all round &  
 waited for one of the staff to come & examine  
 it. Mr Brunton got down into one & began to  
 remove the rotten remains of the coffin cover  
 it crumbled into dust at a touch. then he  
 carefully scraped where the wrists would be  
 & had all the earth & sand round about  
 sifted to find beads, scarabs amulets etc.  
 he did the same at neck & feet. then  
 examined the pelvis & skull to sex the  
 skeleton. made notes on the position of the  
 body etc. then when the loose sand had  
 all been sifted, the bones were replaced  
 & the grave filled in. About 9 scarabs  
 & <sup>a good</sup> many beads & amulets came to light while  
 I was watching. but some burials contained  
 nothing of archeological<sup>sic</sup> value whatever, only  
 bones & wrappings.

I am going back on March 12<sup>th</sup> & Mrs Newberry is  
 coming with me for a short visit to Abydos  
 it is her first time in Egypt & she may not  
 be able to come another year, so Mrs Brunton  
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Lots of love to you both  
 Your affectionate daughter  
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