

Thebes Hotel. 10.¹
Luxor.
19-12-27

Dear Mother & Father.

I am all on my own, & doing wonderfully well, the people who own this hotel are very friendly. & know the Imp. they are a young married couple - rather haphazard like the Barnards but very nice to me, so I don't worry if meals are not absolutely on time or my hot water a little late. one learns patience in the East. Tell Pat that if she wants a husband she had better come out here, for I am spending my spare time dodging them. There is a Bey. (rich merchant) staying in this hotel. he has had tummy trouble & is here for his health & he has made a dead set at me. he told me he should not stay here except for me, & each evening at dinner he says he has been very sad because I have been away all day. he keeps offering to send me presents, & when I say I could not accept. he says why? it is why. why. why to everything. when I told him in answer to his question that I was not married - he said why - he now says he is going to accompany me on my daily excursions & has sent to Cairo for an Antiquities ticket. I don't know how I shall dodge him, I have told him that I have seen all the sights & am not going only for painting. again he asks why? I shall have to ask Gerzawy to come & arrest him, only I am afraid it would be a case

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of out of the frying pan into the fire - except that
 Gerzawy is a perfect gentleman - whereas the Bey
 only thinks he is - anyhow. I am not going to
 let him bother me.

I have an adorable donkey boy. (young
 man really though they are all boys even if they are
 doddering) he knows a few words of English -
 I engage him through the hotel & the hall porter
 comes with me across the river in a dahabia
 to the West bank where all the donkey boys are
 waiting. ^{& gives the boy instructions.} As we go along, if I am not galloping
 & he running, we exchange conversation - he
 points to something. & says. his name Arabia swnt.
 & I say his name Inglisia Tree. only I find that
 he remembers the English better than I do the
 Arabic. I give him 2 piasters above his field
 hire for carrying my lunch & he tries to get more
 out of me. he starts by bowing & asking in a very
 pathetic pleading voice. & I say la la mafish.
 No. No. I have nothing for you. & when I have repeated
 it very loudly & determindly ^{sic} he draws himself
 up & folds his arms & frowns & looks very ferocious,
 then I just laugh at him, & he breaks into a
 broad grin makes a polite bow & says "tomorrow
 lady" & goes off quite satisfied.
 They had given me more lunch than I could
 eat, so I put aside half a white loaf some butter
 & a bit of cream cheese & gave it to him - it was
 a treat to him. he did not know what butter
 was, but he said it was very good, & licked it

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out of the paper. & made an awful mess of
 his face - it was all butter & grin. ^{10/2}
 I visited the valley of the Tombs of the Kings again
 as there were some I had not seen on a
 previous visit. The scenery is glorious wild &
 desolate just a winding valley strewn with
 boulders with high limestone cliffs worn into
 rugged crags. & only just the donkey & the
 donkey boy & a few vultures circling round - all
 the rest solitude until one comes to the guards
 tents. The guide who took me down into the
 Tombs was amusing too, he started telling
 me. "this snake. this mummy, this Horus
 this King sitting (not on eggs) - this cobra. etc. so
 I began to tell him a few things & was able to
 convey quite a bit with the English he knew, & my
 few Arabic words. & he patted me on the back
 & said "Good lady. very good lady." he gave
 me a cup of their wonderful coffee afterwards
 which I drank with great gusto. to his delight.
 After lunch I went to the temple of Sety I.
 & created a good impression on the guard there.
 Then returned to the west bank where my boat
 man was waiting & sailed across the Nile to
 the East bank where the village of Luxor is -
 I was surprised to find Luxor so small & countrified
 a car is a rare sight, one goes about in two
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I am sending some more snaps. they are from my Brownie & are better than the Kodak ones I sent a few days ago. I had them developed & printed at a different place, so perhaps that is why - The foreground in the picture of Qau el Kebir shows you what the ground was like that I galloped over on the Arab horse.

20-12-27.

Spent today in Luxor. an English gentleman who is staying here asked me if I would like to see the native market & I very much enjoyed walking round with him. I saw a cobbler at work exactly as in Chh. Chh. Chh. I have taken several snap shots.

This afternoon I spent sketching in Luxor Temple. I also visited Cooks & find out that the P & O & Orient leave Port Said on Sundays so shall probably book for Jan 8th he says there is no need to hurry. so shall write to Mr Jackson in a few days.

This Bey is a weird person. he waylaid me in a passage to day & asked me how he ought to take Eno's Fruit Salt. I told him to follow the instructions on the bottle. then he begged me not to be unkind to him because he was so sad if I was angry. & insisted on kissing my hand. I got rid of him by going into my room & shutting the door in his face. The English gentleman told me later that when

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he passed down the passage a few minutes^{.10/3}
 afterwards there was the Bey leaning against
 my closed door in a most disconsolate
 way.

21-12-27.

Here are some snaps from the Kodak. These
 are better printed than the others -

My donkey boy is coming on - he started
 by calling me Sitt or Lady - then he got
 hold of my name & it was Sitt Broome.

Today it was Countessa & Sultana -

he sings as we go along sometimes -
 I don't know if it is an Arabic love song
 but it sounds very like the record.

I received two letters from you forwarded
 on from Tema - Glad to get news of
 home - I wish you both could come out
 here one winter it would do father no
 end of good. The eastern scenes do not
 seem a bit strange to me now.

I have had two letters from Suzawy
 he wants me to visit him again at Qau-el
 Kebir & ride the Arab horse - I don't quite
 see how I can fix it. as trains are not
 convenient - Heaps of love to you both
 also Pat & Jack. Your affectionate daughter
 - Myrtle -

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