

(Do not read here until directly by not further on in letter ^{misapp} world. The two days difference in arrival time is somewhat remarkable when one considers the distance they travelled. I have always felt uneasy about keeping these pictorial memories with me because of the hazard of fire and theft. I would think so much about the loss of a camera or anything of a material nature but the loss of notes or pictures would become less bearable. Not so long ago one adjoining basha burned to the ground with a total loss of all personal equipment. So I say I am glad to know that some of these possessions so dear to me have arrived in a country ^{which is} blessed with a greater degree of security than this place. Incidentally did I ever tell you that I lost my binoculars on the way over at the City of the Pyramids. Just a case of putting too much confidence in the trustworthiness of these native fellowmen. Those glasses will probably put him on easy street with enough left over to retire for life. I will have at least made one man happy in this new world. Theft, here, is just as honorable a profession as selling Bibles in America and is not considered dishonorable act unless caught. With the disappearance of these glasses I lost my best friend. Rather would I have lost my left arm than be without that pair of second eyes. One never realizes how utterly dependent he is upon the aid of binoculars (Go to page 7)