

My address: Catholic School, Port Said Street, Akhmin, Upper Egypt, U.A.R.

Cairo, August 5, 1960

Dear Bill and Mary,

It is just a week now that we are back in Egypt. We crossed the Mediterranean on a Greek ship, the Achilles, "on deck", a unique way of travelling that is fairly common in this part of the world - Instead of having a cabin, you choose for yourself a little corner of the deck, mark off its limits with your suitcases, and use it for living room, dining room, kitchen and bedroom, sometimes alternately, sometimes simultaneously (when one is sleeping and the others are living) - The bathroom, shared with a few hundred fellow deck passengers, is on another deck - but you limit excursions to it to the strict minimum because it is unspeakably dirty. - We ~~were~~ three, traveling together, so we enjoyed this chance to live for two short days between sea and sky.

Here in Cairo the days are blazing hot, damp in the bargain (August is the month when the Nile overflows), but an unbelievable

vitality and intensity pervade everything. The streets are full of people, buying, selling, quarreling, praying, begging - all as loud as possible, ^{competing} with the clanging of the trams, hooting cars, and squeaking carts dragged slowly along by patient little donkeys through all this maze of nervous traffic. It is a noisy, dusty, hot life - but it's wonderful to be back.

In about a week we'll be leaving for Akhmin - we'll be a team of five in the beginning - an Egyptian home economist, a German pedagogist (is it a word in English?!) and myself, plus the two Cairo Qnail members, who will leave after the first couple of months, once the program is underway. It will be so good to pass finally from planning to action! I will write from there to let you know how things are -

If you have time to drop a postcard, I would love to have news of you - but don't have a bad conscience if you don't get around to it - I know you are busy, and I am such a bad letter writer myself that I am not allowed to complain -

Love to you and the children,
Yours, Gail