

Joseph Lindon Smith diary 1

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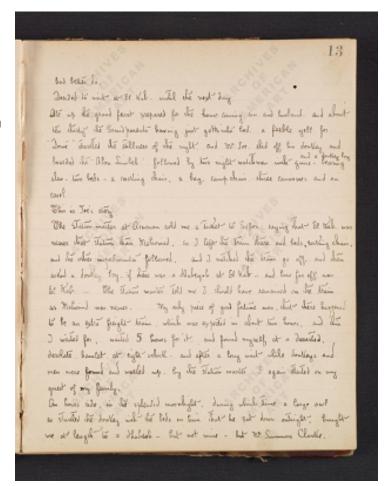
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had better do.
Decided to wait at El Kab. until the next day.
Ate up the grand feast prepared for the home coming son. and husband.
and about ten thirty the Grandparents having just gotten into bed. a
feeble yell for "Dowé" startled the stillness of the night. and Mr. Joe. slid
off his donkey and boarded the "Abou Simbel" followed by two night
watchmen with guns - [[insertion]] and a donkey boy [[/insertion]] bearing
also - two beds - a rocking chair, a bag, camp chair. three canvasses
and an easel.

This is Joe's story.

The station master at Assouan sold me a ticket to Edfou. saying that El Kab. was nearer that station than Mahomed, so I left the train there and beds, rocking chair, and the other impedimenta followed. and I watched the train go off. and then asked a donkey boy. if there was a dhabeyah at El Kab. and how far off was El Kab. - The station master told me I should have remained on the train as Mahomed was nearer. My only piece of good fortune was. that there happened to be an extra freight train. which was expected in about two hours. and this I waited for. waited 5 hours for it. and found myself at a deserted, desolate. hamlet. at eight oclock - and after a long wait while donkeys and men were found and walked up. by the station master. I again started on my quest of my family.

An hours ride. in the splendid moonlight, during which time a large owl so startled the donkey with the beds on him that he sat down outright, brought me at length to a dhabeah - but not mine - but Mr. Summers Clarke.



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