

### Egypt and Cairo Prove of Unusual Interest To Ensign John Harwood, USNR, Serving As Armed Guard Crew Commander on Freighter

(Editor's Note: The following is the second part of a highly interesting letter from Ensign John Harwood, USNR, commander of a guard crew aboard a big American liberty ship, taking supplies overseas to the American armed forces. In this part of the letter Ensign Harwood tells of sights and events in Egypt. Another part of the letter will appear in this paper next week.)

Egypt owes everything to the Nile. A system of canals carries fresh water all over the delta, and also provides irrigation for barges. This large work, I made a mental note, is something to be avoided as a vacation. What a pitiful way to procure a paltry pitiful of pleasure! To move these boats, with their broad beam and great, flat upturned ends—shows they are called—one boatman tagging along the bank with a line over his shoulder, while others on deck strained against long poles thrust into the canal bottom. Some secured to the short mast at a rakish angle. You have seen pictures of this, probably. Anyhow, it looked like a rough racket, even with the sail.

My heart also went out to the donkeys in Egypt. Everywhere we saw these patient little creatures stepping along with a ponderous passenger—or passengers—for sometimes Junior hung on behind. How these donkeys avoid some horsey version of fallen arches I beyond me.

As we rode along toward Cairo, I was greatly interested to see my fifth grade geography book come to life, remembering a chapter on Egypt, and a picture of the way farmers lifted water from the canals to the higher levels of their fields, using the power of a donkey or water buffalo. We saw both the blindfolded animals hitched to a beam, and as they walked around and around the force was transmitted by primitive wooden gears to a vertical water wheel which lifted water from below and poured it into a sluice at the top. I also noted use of the famous Archimedes' screw invented by that ancient scientist back in B.C. real times. To operate this contraption, resembling the inside of a meat grinder pushed in a long hollow log, boys turned a crank at the top, lifting the water inside by successive upward motions of the "worm" gear. What a boon, I thought, would be cheap electric power and a centrifugal pump. No doubt in time, these things will, for the Egyptian people, like millions of others around the world, are anxiously planning for the future. In this account I may make a little fun at the natives and their nightshirts, but seriously,

this and trying that before we finally agreed on a price of 50 piastres (\$32) for a pair of sturdy slippers.

The shadows were getting longer and the streets darker and spookier, so we hailed another gharry. It was the eve of the Prophet's birthday, comparable to our Christmas, and the streets were crowded and everybody was in a gay mood.

"Big feast tonight," the driver grinned, with wild grin, as we watched people waiting to buy sweets from a roadside vendor.

The gaiety was similar to that which we saw later in Port Said when the Egyptians, popular king, Farouk I, came to dedicate a new hospital and mosque at once. We "dressed" our ship with signal flags and hoisted the Egyptian flag with its crescent and three stars on a green field, and on shore (I was able to leave the ship when on business) we saw the people patiently waiting for the king to drive by in his bullet-proof car. That afternoon the crowd surged this way and that through the streets, waving fronds of palm trees, carrying banners which were inscribed with the equivalent of "Welcome, King, Farouk!" or "Vote the Straight Republican Ticket" or something and dancing and singing as though drunk as so many hoof owls. I believe they were sober, however. But we were most surprised to see six impressive worthies go by, dressed in white, not in American Indian headdresses, carrying tomahawks and wearing G-strings! They were the only costumed actors in the parade.

Back in our gharry—to return to Cairo again—we jolted along back to Shepherd's hotel—that famous hostelry where East meets West—and buys him a drink, or treats him to a pot of tea and cake. Shepherd's is an institution known to travelers around the world, with its unusual architecture and its rare service and cuisine. It is said that the German Marshal Rommel had it all planned, which suite of rooms he and his staff would occupy—but the management had canceled his reservation, as we all know. However, Rommel would have been small fry at Shepherd's, for they have entertained such personages as Theodore Roosevelt, Rudyard Kipling, Stanley after he found Livy in London, when the campaign was going badly complained that the war was being fought from Shepherd's terrace!

It is always interesting to me to note that no matter how far you are from home—and in this case it was about 6,000 miles—you always meet a friend or someone with whom you have a mutual acquaintance. At Shepherd's I talked with a war correspondent who knew some of my old journalistic friends in Detroit; there was an army captain who was a neighbor in New Orleans; and I also met a young pilot who once was stationed at Selfridge Field. So we spent an interesting evening strolling the breeze, talking mainly

### D-Day Dreadnaughts



A tremendous supply of materiel is stored in England for the impending invasion. This field of tanks at one of the supply depots is just a small contingent of one type of weapon waiting to be launched at Hitler's Festung Europa.



And bombs too! You can bet your bottom dollar there are plenty more where these came from, and they'll go where their predecessors went—right down on Germany, et al. Shown checking the supply are a couple of RAF armorer.

Turkish coffee in little cups, soaking up the warm sun, while the colorful procession of Cairo goes by. In fact, it is such a popular spot with the military, coming in from the desert, that people in London, when the campaign was going badly complained that the war was being fought from Shepherd's terrace!

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about the one subject dearest to everyone's heart—home. It was a cosmopolitan assemblage, I with my army, air force, and naval personnel from many Allied countries. One Australian officer gave forth with a "Goodie" when he approved of something. That brings to mind a New Zealander, commander of one of his Britannic Majesty's warships, whom we met one afternoon at Port Said. It seemed that the night before, in a moment of exhilaration over meeting a fellow New Zealander, he had tossed his glass in the air to be broken on the floor. Unfortunately, it crashed into a very large expensive mirror, and forthwith, the club's management bent upon relieving him of the oppressive burden of wealth to the extent of 100 pounds sterling. So, next day he was engaged in the unpleasant business of making amends, and he invited us to the wardroom of his vessel where we proceeded to

TRAIN LIBRARY WORKERS  
First of four library workshops designed to coach untrained library staff members, opened Monday at Waldenwoods, near Hartland, and will continue through tomorrow. Sponsored by the State Board of Libraries and State Board of Control for Vocational Education, workshops also will be held at Muskegon June 12-16, Higgins Lake Camp of the Conservation Department June 18-23, and at Chatham July 31-Aug. 4.

### Public Is Invited To Wander Through The "Yet-To-Be-Land" with the Many New Books And Magazines Ready At Baldwin Library

Most delightful of the minor minor sports you know is day-dreaming of the world of the future, or the world after the war. With magazine articles and "articles" one can get a glimpse of the fine to ponder in that "yet-to-be-land" where the houses are delivered in the war, the furniture, clothes are made of nylon, the vegetables are dehydrated or frozen and the dishes wash themselves (or you throw them out with the steak croquet).

Your home is kept in the heart of your net state, but the Baldwin is only half an hour or so away. By helicopter. Of course you'll have to buy a ticket.

Sounds like a pipe dream, but Baldwin Library has a number of new books and magazines ready to be read. The Baldwin Library is only half an hour or so away. By helicopter. Of course you'll have to buy a ticket.

### Birmingham Boys Could Adopt This Bit of War Advice

Birmingham school boys will be interested in what Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower recently told a Virginia sixth grade class after this class had solicited Gen. Eisenhower for advice on how they could help win the war.

If his own boy was still a youngster, he wrote, he would suggest he do the following:

- "A—Request his teacher to have his whole class repeat in unison the 'Pledge to the Flag' every Monday morning.
- "B—Immediately after the 'salute' I would want him and his class to say a short prayer for the fighting men of the United Nations throughout the world.
- "C—Outside of school hours I would want him to find every job he could, by home or elsewhere so as to buy war saving stamps with every cent he could earn.
- "D—I would want him to keep reminding me and his mother that we should buy all the war bonds we possibly could and should keep the Red Cross whenever it asked for funds to help our fighting men.
- "E—I would want him to write to every friend he had in the armed forces at least once a month and assure that friend that everyone at home is working and sacrificing all the time in order to help him win this war in the shortest possible time.
- "F—Finally, I would want him to study the history of the United States that he could appreciate thoroughly the 'privileges' and rights that our country has given us and that he would always be ready to meet his own obligations to our country whether in war or in peace."

### War Prisoners Given New Book Allowance

Each American prisoner of war or civilian interned here by Germany can receive 60 pounds of books a year, or five pounds a month, the American Red Cross reported Sunday.

Books may be sent direct from the bookseller and shall conform with restrictions imposed by German authorities.

Books containing political matter, references to the war, information on radio, espionage, and technical or military or naval matters are barred.



# We Are Swamped With Work

and regret to announce that we will be unable to accept any more clothing for cleaning for the period of

## June 1 to June 12

This is necessary in order that we may be able to complete the work already on hand in our dry cleaning and pressing departments.

Our offices will be open as usual during this period for persons calling for their finished garments and our trucks will be making deliveries as usual as rapidly as the work can be turned out.

We will reopen our receiving department on JUNE 12 when we hope to be caught up with our rush work and in readiness to handle all work brought us in an acceptable manner.

# Beck Cleaners and Dyers

332 N. WOODWARD M. RAY COOK, manager PHONE 2200