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again & we went on for another block when it stopped again. This time it refused to restart. While the driver tried to get the engine running, we sat on top of our gear & watched the traffic & people go by. We were pestered with the usual collection of "wogs", all with something to sell. One woggin, a boy of about 9 years of age, was naked except for a dirty piece of rag the size of my handkerchief which he had tied round his waist. There are thousands of these woggin in Cairo, & they are a problem to the civil authorities. Besides being a damn nuisance, they receive no education & their future is pretty hopeless. You see them every where you go, hanging on to tram cars, usually with a shoe shining outfit, or a box of some junk to sell. They are pretty sharp, believe me.

Well, we were eventually towed by a passing truck as far as the Base P.O. in Cairo where we had afternoon tea while another truck was sent for. In the meantime, the driver had coaxed the engine of our truck into life again, so we piled