

LETTER FROM BILL.

ON A TRIP TO LUXOR.

Dear Liz,

'Ow stiff's a man. Jist back from a 'ummer trip on wich I took wot yer'd corl woluminous notes, and nah blah me if I arnt lorst 'em. 'Owsomever, it was like this 'ere. Larst Toosday me an' 'Erbert—yer know, the bloke I told yer abaht, wots got 'oller legs, an' can eat as much as an 'orse. Well! we 'ad jist settled our stoowed bully wen the sarjint poked is' ead in an' ses—"Oos next on the list fer leave. 'Erbert yells aht "Me an' Bill." "Righto," ses Mac (I mean, the sarjint), "Rrrreporrrt at Orderly Rrrroom and get yer passes. "Were shall we go?" ses I. "Ahv only got eleven disasters, and that wouldnt take a cove as fer as Zagizig and that place aint no good to me, becos after abaht two spots yer wouldn't be able to get yer tongue rahnd it, besides Zagizig sahnds as if yer lookin' fer trouble. Funny thing some of the boys was only sayin' at dinner wot a fine place Luxor was. Nah, I ad'nt never heard of Luxor before, and thought it must be the place w'ere they made "Lux" soap, but I didn't care a 'ang w'ere we went as long as we got a spell from slingin' beds abaht, and away from the darned flies wot nearly kicks a bloke to death. So we agrees to give Luxor a go any'ow. We 'its up the Adj' fer an advance on our prospects, an' 'e corfs up like a gent. I wakes up ter find meself on the train wiv a change of putties and anell of a thirst. 'Erbert borrered a Kamerer so we was orlrite. We hits Cairo abaht 5 g.m., an' 'as a three hour pipe at the tarts and ices at Groppy's, then gets a ghari. (wot we calls a kerridge), and pushes off fer the train. Lumme! we did do things in style. We blew into the feedin' car, an' orders a feed de lux, wich we thort was the rite thing seein' 'as 'ow we was goin' to "Luxor". No one would a dreamt that in private life I was a chimibly sweeper wiv 'a wife an' two kids. Lor! Ow I did envy 'Erbert's 'oller legs. I frew in

the towl afterabaht thirteen rahnds and a swig of water out of a brass dish, but 'Erbert, lumme! 'e 'ad'nt 'ardly started. Wot 'urt me was, 'e did'nt 'ave to pay no more than me. I could write anell of a Preskripshun of shine scenery of the Valley of the Nile. I'am on dooty in 'arf an hour, so serfice ter say I shuts me eyes, and thinks I'm livin' back in the days of Moses and Julier Seeser. There was green fields and yeller fields, camels, gyppos, donkeys, goats, kids, mud 'uts, chickens, kows, parm trees and orl—the stuff wot yer sees in biblikel pickchers. I fergot to mention that durin' the night 'Erbert 'ad a bloomin' night mare—'e thort 'e was a airyplane chasin' a zep, but 'e eventually got tangled up in the luggage rack, so I leaves 'im to it. A cove on the train told us they did'nt make no soap at Luxor—'e ses orl they made was *baksheesh* from the mugs wot goes sight-seein'. E said that we would see ruins of grate temples bilt 'undreds and thousands of years B.C. (By Crikey). This bird told us the proper fing to do to was engage a draggerman. Wen we gets to the stashun we could'nt see nothin' else but draggerblokes—'undreds of them. I spots a genial lookin' rooster wot reminded me of a bloke I used ter know wot collected bottles. He wore the usual gippo night dress, wiv a rag turbin—I think yer calls it—round 'is 'ead, and abaht four days wisker on 'is chin. I tips 'im the wink. "'Orl rite," 'e ses, "if yer please this way kernel?" E if-yer-pleased-us three times per minate the ole darn time'e was with us—terrible perlite. A barf and a brush up at a pub, 'an there was Abdul somethin' 'Assin with three mokes awaitin' fer us. 'E intredooiced me to a donkey wot 'ad the cognomen of "Boneypart." I could see that was 'is name wiv 'arf an eye. Liz, straight, it made me feel quite 'omesick ter see that little moke. I got a lump in me eye, and a tear in me—oh! you know wot I mean—it reminded me of you and the little uns. Nah don't get the 'uff an' think the donkey was like you,—taint likely, ole thing. Boney was a goer an' 'e took a fancy ter me rite away. 'Avin-lorst me notes I 'asa very 'azy recollekshun of wot I did see—orl I knows is I saw 'uge pillers, statoos and droring's of kinks, queenses,

gords and gordesses, birds, fishes and kattle wot 'ad orl got tangled up so much that ardlly one chap or gal 'ad 'is right 'ead on. I only saw one tart wiv a feaver in 'er 'at—they evidently was'nt the rage then. Any'ow I can jist tell yer that wot I don't know abaht Egypterpology (I thinks its called) is certingly worth knowin'. Abdil would squat us dahn an' tell us the most 'orrible, 'arrowin' yarns about these 'ere blokes knifing each other. One kink bloke 'e called "Sat"—'e was a fair terror, and wen 'e passed in 'is checks they 'ad 'arf a 'oliday,—'ence "Sat-erday" arf day we gets nah. Then there was a queen called Hatansomethink. 'E ses she was real 'ot stuff—blew round in 'er brothers togs, she did. Any'ow she 'ad a decent 'ouse painted with 'orl queer pickshers, like she 'ad been teachin' kids ter dror. In some of these 'ere 'aunted dens I really thort I'd get 'em, for talk abaht snakes—they looked arf a mile long an' walked on legs. Struth! they was real uncanny. Some of the yarns was a bit tall, but ole Abdil was so perlite abaht it that I did'nt like to corl

'im a blanky liar. Some of the tombes was burred rite into the mountings—Snorter dugouts they they would 'ave made. Well, we donkeyed this side and that side of the Nile, and talk abaht it bein' ot—I'm sure it must 'ave been one of the gods said to one of the kings that famous motter—"Its anell of a long time between drinks" (and my oaf it was). Oh! I a-most forgot to tell yer abaht a king we saw wot looked like Faro—Moses cobber—wot 'ad been pickled or mummied—(thats wot Abdil ses),—with his missus and kids. 'E did look dry, poor bloke, an' he's been a long time dead too. 'Fraid I aint give yer much of an account of this 'ere Febies, but I bort yer a shorl, a mummy necklace, and a scarab—wot the gippos wear for luck an' internal life or somethink. I got a couple of blue dolls fer the kids. Anythink I aint told yer yer can get out of a guyed book. I can't write no more.

Yours loverly

BILL.

THE MORNING PARADE.



"Yeh-hey-ho-ho," "Show a leg," and "Get on to it."