

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 1 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

Sunday, 1918.

DEAR HORACE,

Ive got a good job to-day on air rade piket. After church parade there aint nothing else to do but just hang round till parade to-morow. Of corse I cant let you in on our duties because thats sekret and conferdenshul (its so conferdenshul that every time the piket perades the officers have to hold a counsul of war to see whos in on the sekret of what to do in case Fritz ever came over). Its all a lot of camerflage I think which is what they say over here insted of well you know what old Buggy Webb used to giv us back in Ottawa. If you want to reely insult a friend and still be a perfect gentulman just tell him he's a creeping baraje of Camerflage. Of corse if you dont have no asperashuns of being a gentulman the other words is just as good.

We got to England in December with Leftenant Pengelley as the boss. it was awful ruff coming over and I didnt see no food hording being done. Gee the first nite out I was sitting down sters beside the Enjun room (you know what a nice smel that is when the ship is looping the loop) well I was sitting down sters and wundering if Id live throo the nite when along came Leftenant Gilley. "Hello Kid" says he, but I pade no attenshun I wouldnt have salooted Tommy Powers himself that nite. I had trubbles of my own. "Had any supper" says he.

SUPPER! gosh Horace some officers don't have no tack. say Horace the girls over heer are some queer janess. Either theys queens like

we used to see on Sparks st or else they look like Bertha the little Boiler Maker after she become a Presbiterannean. Most of them have feet like Cinderella Hodgers used to have when he was on stabels with me at Lansdown Park, but Gee when they are jake they are sure jakaloo old thing (thats english for old scout).

England is awful small and is sure backwards. they call the sidewalk a pavement and a hardwere store is a ironmongrels and candy is called sweets. gee no wonder we aint won the war yet. england is so small that a yankee in London woodnt go out at nite because he sed he might fall off the island. HA HA.

Our camp is in Seaford which was intendid for a determent camp for Germans but Lord Gorge sed it was inhuman to put them in so they give it to the Canadians. the idea of these canadian camps over heer is that after a fellow gos to france hes so sore he kills evry German he finds. the only plase neer heer is the town of seaford which aint a town at all its a punishmint. theres another plase called Alferstown wher King Alfred the Grate after loosing the battle of Hastings ran awy and burnt some buns but Alferstown is out of bounds.

i gess they's afrade we might get a bun on HA HA but traveling around sertainly teechees a fellow histrey. when a draft arives here you hav to learn all over agen in B company. thay call it B company becuz a fellow thinks hes going to the war when he leevs Ottawa but when gets into B company he finds that hes STUNG. gee thats a good joke i think ill send it to THE CANADIAN SAPPER next month. all the nco's and