

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 5 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

Seaford Dec. 10/1918

Deer Horace,

I no its sumtime since I rote but I've sure been bizzy wot with being took with floo and saying gud bye to Ivan the Terribul and keeping up my corrispon (male I meen) with Mary Smith who sure handed that guy Bill Simmonds one.

You will see by my lettur that I am wunce more enjoying Seaford and visiting the Engineers for the wintur (ha ha) gee this is sum joint and I wuz sure glad to see it again I don't think as Hamlick's goste sed to MacBeth when he shot him in the bagpipes. If you notis any improovmint in my edukashun blame it on the Khaki College. I went there for to days and then did like the rest of the guys but the Sarjint-Major cot me and now I am in the ordurly room but more anong as Mister Brown sez when they close the bar at to thirty.

I was sorry to cum away frum France becuz I wuz beginning to like a lot of the guys and sum of the officers to—but sum of the uthur kind of officers Bill was a sort of ackuired taist like sertun kinds of chees and I aint having any kiddo.

Officers Bill is a big subjack. If you reely want to no what an officer is like ask his men after lights out. they no—beleeve me Percy they no.

Now thers Ivan the Terribul and hees bawled me out so ofn I used to think that sumtimes he wuz almost personal, but looking back I think hees the best officer I seen during the hole gerr (thats germin for war).

He didnt go in for the soft pedil much and he didnt sit up at nite thinking what he cud do to maik us happy but he was a man—I meen it Horace—a reel man and as Hamlick says unce more “a man's a man for all those.”

Gee Horace dont eddication count a heluva lot.

When I cum back I went in to see Ivan the Terribul and salooted reel smart.

“For Gawd's sake” sez he “who have we heer?”

I told him.

“Say” sez he “Wot the xx!xx!xx! brot you back?”

“Incompatybily of tempamong” I sez.

“With wot” he sez obviusly impresd “With your officers?”

“No” I sez “with the climut.”

“How did you get back” he sez.

“Flu” sez I.

“B—— pity you didnt wash” sez he. Now I call that reel frendly of him and there was Agnes still going strong with the aggytato stuf and Leftenant Brown looking anxiously at the clock and gee it felt kind of gud to see them familiur old dials wunce more.

“Sarjunt-Major” says Ivan in a sort of modyfide fortissymo “Sarjunt-Major!”

In comes the esses emmer and saloots.

“Sir” sez he.

“Sarjunt-Major” sez the skipper “here's this d—— bag of wind back again wot can you use him for?”

“What about putting him on demobilizashun work?” sez S.M.

“The very thing” sez Ivan so I wuz put in charge of catery men for return to Canada and it sure wuz gory belev me.

It was Leftenant Baxter who told me what to do and you no how loosid he is like a Sweed explaining the incum tax to a Jew.

“Married men” sez Leftenant B “for purposes of facylitee is dividud into groops, divishuns. carter-garees, complexshuns and moruls—is that cleer?”

“Everything but the facylitee” see I.

“That cums last” sez he.

“I belev you” sez I.

“Dont be clever” sez he.

“I'll try not” sez I.

“So will I” sez he.

But I refrayned from the obvius retort Horace which shows the effeck of Army trayning. One of the first things you hav to lurn in the army is not to improov on the brains of yor officers but Horace belev me it is difficult sumtimes.

Well about to oclock (I meen 1400 p.m.) I wuz alone in the orderly room and in cums a guy with a sort of worreed luk and I knew he wuz a married man.

“Say” sez he “Wat about returning to Canada?”

“Sure” I sez “rank?”

“Very” sez he.

“Married?”

“Yez.”

“Wat sex is your wife?”

“Scotch.”

“Any children?”

“Six.”

“Sex?”

“Yes six.”

“Don't be fasheeshus” sez I “What sex is they?”

“Mine” sez he.

“For Gawd's sake” I sez sturnly “wot sex is they?”

“Mine” sez he.

I breethed hard.

“I'll put 'em down as seven” I sez.

“Right” sez he “I'll arrange that when I get back.”

“Wot” sez I “aint they heer?”

“No—in Canada.”

“Then you ain't married?”

“I'll xx!xx!x! show you whether I am” sez he.

“Now keep yor savvy fair” I sez “as far as the Governmint is concerned you are not married.”

“The Governmint” sez he “can go to ——”

And Horace he has the rite idea belev me.

“You” I sez “are in cateryory XR243 which sez ‘All married men with dependints in Canada are single men and will be treated as such.’”

That beet him. He caim back fore times but hees losing his punch and soon we'll send him to Canada convinsed he aint married at all.