

## The Letters of a Dry Land Sailor

DEAR JOHN:

November 10, 1918.

That little shrimp army loot was drilling our platoon today and he was sure laying the drill on good and thick. I wish I would be shipped to Hong Kong, Timbuctoo, or any old place. We sure have our hands full with these want-to-be hard-boiled petty officers and these misfit S. A. T. C. sergeants. It's a good thing the pros know what we are up against and treat us like humans.

Then after the beastly drill we marched over to the mess hall and guess what we got? **TRIPE!** That makes twice in one week. From the meat they feed us here I am beginning to think that all there is to a cow is liver, kidneys, hearts, lungs, brains, and **TRIPE.** We can stand the other stuff once in a blue moon, but there is no soap at all with tripe. As long as they have bread and water we can live, I suppose.

This is some life. If we don't ship out of here "muy pronto" as the old hot tamale Mexicans would say, I hope that Kaiser Bill cashes in and calls it quits. This false report about peace sort of stirred things up about town, eh?

Well it's about time for that bugler of ours to sound off taps. I will write soon again.  
BILL.

DEAR JOHN:

November 11, 1918.

I guess you must have been pretty excited at this real peace stuff. We had a wild day out here.

This morning after drill we were all up in the "Y" and everyone was about as sore as a cub bear with a persistent flea behind its ear. We all wanted to get down town and see the big doings. The only way to do this was to jump ship, and none of us were game enough to do that. We all had pet raspberries, when about nine o'clock we were ordered to fall in. We marched to headquarters and were told that we had liberty until retreat at five o'clock that afternoon. Maybe you think we didn't feel pretty spiffy then? My bunkies and I hit the high spots to the city, and we sure cut a mean figure when we got there. We were about the only "jack tars" in the loop and we were lionized something ferocious by the wild women. Well, we pushed and shoved along Boul. Mich. all day and got back to stand at attention while the buglers tried to see how close they could come to playing "Retreat" and "Call to Colors" without a discord. Those buglers come close to doing that very trick about once a week, and the rest of the time not even the man who wrote those calls could recognize them.

We have to study as usual tonight. Some of the fellows are going to jump ship and go down to the loop, but I guess I needs must have a "shuteye" tonight as that gallavantiing around has made me as tired as a fiddler's cur.

I got your note today. Remember me to the old bunch and tell them I guess I will be with them soon again. Till then, so long.  
BILL.

DEAR JOHN:

November 12, 1918.

Maybe you think this bird ain't tired but, by golly, I never was so dished as I am today. Remember yesterday I wrote you that I was not going out last night? Well, last night after the petty officer in charge of quarters had made his rounds, two of my bunkmates jumped out and dressed. After much persuasion they finally got the other three fellows in my room to go out with them.