

A ROOKIE WRITES HOME

(2)

Goat Island,
Thursday.

Derist,

you remember that litter wot i sends you last week well you wont get it becos it didnt go becos a sargint guy name beetie found it in the bottle wot i told you about and put it in his paper wot he calls the grone for everyone to reed and no about it.

i thort it was a durty trick but gunar boid sed no it was in the grone so all gunars could see how to rite a nice letter home so i dont mind and i am goin to show him this one so as they can orl see it.

this dump gits worser as it goes on and i dont seem to not do nothing rite. some guy named wattie a sargint grabs us early this mornin and pulls us outer bed and sends us up to peel taters crool guy he is too - made us go even when we said we didnt like peeling taters.

well i was peelin slow like when a big guy in white named ellyit sez ter me ter git a move on so i ups an tees him i didnt come here to peel spuds and i wants some akshun so e says ter me go an arsk bomberdear billing for a kidey punch wot i did and the crool cow when i found him at breakfast punches me in the bak like i was a maverick and him a boxer to sos i coodn hit him back

wel i has a nice breker and gits told to wash owt the hutt wot was easy after the cow shed only they try to keep the wals clean hear did you ever here of a cow shed wiv cleen wals anyhow i has just finish this and wattie coms down and tels me to report to the ellyit guy again sos i can peel some mor spuds so i thinks its time to disapere so i hops behind the reck hut to hyde and finds a bomberdear golewatter their and he tels me not to tel dickson he is their so i gows over into a big concrete shed were they keeps all the rubish to hid an i fines a won striper name of kissin hidin their so i looks four somwear else

but i runs into the eleyit guy and he gos crook at me cos i hav gottm billing exited cos billing is very rumatiky and shoodnt goe faster than a wark cos he mite brake down an then they wood poot him in the ole mans hoam a nice concrete playce down by the beech were all the worn owt guys live

i ses i am sorrie and seein as how he is rumatiky i will hit him furst nex time so he ses alrite take this tukker to leftent darbie up at the beeopee this guy darbie is another bad temperd bloke cos i goes up to him and ses oi you and he ses sir to you and i ses to him dont bother calling me sir cos i am only startin yet an ar you leftent darbie and he ses oo the hell do you think i am genral booth and i ses o no hes a big shot and you are only small change whitch he didnt like at orl and i cood see his seven a side mostach twitching so i beets irt mitey smart

as is gos owt a litel wee guy naim urine ses in a horse wisper that i orter call him mager barbra so ill remember that wel dere wen i gets down the hill that ----- dickson stopps me and sez dont you mo you saloot officers in this mans show and i sez ow do i no them and he sez o they were a coller an ty an i sez so do i on sonday as soon as i had sed that he narows his eyes stiks his chin at me an sez all fearce like o no you dont now you ar workin four mister frazer

so i gos down the rode a bit an i sees a little guy with a wiskey flushed compleckson name of gifkin an so i gives him a reel good saloot but nocks me hat of and everywon larfs just becos i nocks me hat of

wel dere its time fo go and dig hols for som guy leftent mason wot gunner boid sez all the bois call dismal desmon

so i must close dere

yor boy

john

ps ted sez we wil hav some leave in sick weeks time