

## What is a Sailor By Hoppy Hopkins, a Canadian Submariner

Girls this is a short guide, to Sailors. So that if you should you meet one, you will know what to expect of them.

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of the male second childhood, anthropologists find a fascinating group of creatures called Sailors.

They come in assorted sizes, weights and states of sobriety and are most commonly found on leave, in love and in bars, but most always in debt.

Sometimes they can be seen on ships, but they are more in their element when on leave and ashore. Girls always love them, taverns tolerate them and the tax payer supports them.

When a sailor puts his energy to work, it is usually because he really wants something connected with a request form.

A sailor is only verbally abusive to an opponent at Uckers, is laziness with a pack of cards, bravery with a gun and a protector of the seas with tattooed arms and often has a copy of playboy in his locker.

He is a member of the only group of non-swimmers, alive, who ventures on the stormy seas in fragile craft.

He has a consistent desire for shore leave, the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the tales of a Sea Captain, and the inspiration and inventiveness of Casanova.

He is adept at swinging the lantern, extending the virtues of black cats, slinging his hammock or getting his head down.

Some of his likes are Women, Girls, Females, Parties (The female type) and the opposite sex.

His body smells of the wind, is spiced by the tang of the ocean and he has a twinkle in the eye, which promises more than you can imagine.

He dislikes answering letters, his uniform, superior officers, very short haircuts, getting out of bed (pit) and divisions.

No one can get the same amount of things into one pocket as well as he can. A little black book, pack of cards, a packet of fags, a piece of string, a Zippo lighter, a can opener, a pencil, a photo of his girlfriend, a comb, an old station card and what is left of last weeks pay.

He likes to spend his money on girls, women, drink, and tickler. What is left will be carefully invested on horse racing and what remains is freely given or foolishly squandered.

Yes a sailor is a magical creature! You can shut him out of your home, you can scratch him off your mailing list but you will never be able to lock him out of your heart. For he is everything women dream about, some of what Captains curse about, and is always an underestimated gentleman.

Girls a sailor is your one and only bleary eyed, good for nothing bundle of worries, but all your shattered dreams become insignificant when his ship comes into port, and he says to you 'Hi Sweetheart, I'm Home' smiles slightly and looks at you with those wonderful bloodshot eyes. Then girls, you know all your dreams and desires will come true.

So young women, if you meet a sailor, there is no doubt you will fall in love with the rascal. But remember though he tries hard to be good, his job is a lonely one, and he spends long periods of time at sea, without your charm. Maybe never seeing another women for many a long month, so no wonder when he gets home your days will be filled with affection and your nights with passion.

So if you fall in love with him, do it properly, and you will become his life blood, He will cherish you and love you like no other man could, but remember, if you let him down it will break his heart, ***for when a sailor falls in love it means every thing to him and he gives his all.***

But if you can't stand being away from your loved one, stay away from sailors, the sea and ships if only for his sake.