

SINBAD THE SAPPER.

No. 4 of a Series of Letters to his friend, Horace, in Canada.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are inclined to believe this is not the real Sinbad—but a spurious imitation.]

France, July, 1918.

DEAR HORACE—

It has been some time since i had a chanct to rite, as i have had the Spanish Flue. Gee, Horace, i thought i was a "has been," but the A.D.M.S. told me that Owing to my strong constitution i would be alrite in 3 days.

The last time i rote we was out in rest but we are in the line now. Holy cats Horace but you would give about i6/6 of your hard earned cash to see a bunch of airypplanes scraping up about a 1,000,000 feet. The other nite i was up near the front line burring cable and of course we had to go up early to get everything doped out for the infantry, they do the digging and the cursing, they are pretty slick at both. Well we was laying out the tape wen some guy blows a whistle 3 times, just as if he was sure hurt. All the rest of our bunch layed down flat as hell, just as if they was trying to dodge the skipper. Well i didnt know just what they was trying to pull on me, but i was taking no chances so down i goes, just as if jess willard threw his paw around my ration trap. After i was down doing the pancake stunt i hallored to one of the bunch and asked him wat the comedy was. He said you boob dont be so ignorant and watch the scrape, what scrape says i. And he said there is a scrape on rite over your head. Of course i takes a glimmer up and gee wizz Horace there Was a canadian Plane sailing along and up away over fritzes line there was about seven little fast fritzes coming for our guy just as hard as they could shove on there joy sticks and the thing that fooled me most was that our old slow guy stuck around just as if he were Waiting for the Trumpeter to sound the pay parade call. then i thought that perhaps he might not be wise to the bunch of huns coming for him. Gee i wanted to shout at him and put him wise but as i had pulled 1 bone already i thought I would just stick around and see what he was going to do. You see it might have been Maj. Bishop V.C. or some guy like that and if i was to shout out at him he would most likely heave a bom at me.

Well by this time the huns was rite behind him And all at once the first fritz takes a header at our fellow and opens up with his "emma gee." Well our fellow just kind of pulled hisself together and all of a sudden he makes a sudden kind of flip and befor i knew what was happening our fellow was going after those fritzes just as if they had pinched his best girl, or his iron rations. I'm dead sure that those fritzes are going yet cause they sure had a fine start, and after our fellow chased them about 1½ miles he sails back to where he was before and i bet he was saying to hisself "i wish some people would mind there own biz—they should know by this time that the canadians dont let no huns stick around on their side of the hun front line."

Just then our bunch began to argue about whether a certain tree we could see in front of us was in no mans land or not, and some of the bunch was getting kind of sore when suddenly a guy comes out of a dug-out and says to us what in hell are you fellows making all the noise about and we starts to tell him about the tree we was scraping about. And he kind of snickered and said you poor boobs you are all wrong and we said well if you know so much about it would you be to much put out to let us fellows know if that tree is behind Fritz's line. And he said "Dont get so peaved, but that there tree isnt behind the hun front line at all."

Well, we says, "it must be in no mans land," but he says "no it aint, dont you fellows know yet there is no such thing as no mans land on the canadian front." well Horace we sure was selling cheaply just then, about 13 cents per dozen I guess.

Holy cats I nearly forgot to tell you what our company did to the corps signals a little while back in baseball. You see we wanted to have a game with those guys down there and they would always say that they were booked up but they would give us a date in a couple of weeks or so. finally one morning they rang us up on the phone and says "We will play you poor boobs today, and beat you, so that you will keep quiet."

Well one of our fellows went around the lines and said to every fellow he met "Can you play ball" and one fellow says yes but i got to go and get a bath and so other fellow says Alrite there is lots of fellows around that can play ball and you sure dont want to miss a chance to have a bath. Other fellow says "thats good cause I kind of got into the habit of having a bath once a year whether I need it or not."

So we managed to scare a team together and the fellow who was going to pitch for us went down to A.D.M.S. and was inoculated.

Well that afternoon about 2.00 p.m. they arrive in lorries and cars. We started out for the field and chewed the rag with them all the way down. They brought down a bunch of officers with them and they was very anxious to get some money up on the game but our officers had a kind of a hunch we was something like our football team which was some expensive for them. And so they would not put up any of the cash they got off the paymaster in bridge.

Well when they got down on the field they started to put on there uniforms which was old Frenchmens pajamas tucked in at the knees. Our fellows sure got there goat about them uniforms. But they soon got tired of that when they discovered that the corps catcher had a voice just like a girl,—kind of away up in "q" sharp.

The game went along pretty good our fellows got a good lead in the first few innings and then just kind of kidded them along. Sure it was a picnic to see them shifting there pitchers around but our fellows had the drop on them and they was getting kind of sore