

Dear Old Buck,—

Here I am tucked away in the hay enjoying all the privileges of a single stall in Lady Billicoo's hospital in dear old Lunnon, with what they call a blighty. How I came to connect with it was like this. My O.C. saw me heaving baseball in the company's nine and doped it out that I could deliver the goods as a bombthrower, and right there and then I joined up as a brand new member of the Suicide Club, but now I'd be about as much good on a ball team as a wooden legged man in a tango class as my left wing is chopped off just below the elbow.

It's a long time since I handed you any first hand information about the war game, but I've told you before how Fritz had the home team locoed and had stuff on the ball all the time. He had everything, speed and curves till further orders and he mixed 'em well, but that was his innings and it's a long lane that ain't got no tomato cans in it. I can't sav just where we was when I got mine, but it sure was SOMME place, and one thing about it we sure had the Bosches' Angora all the time. Livin' so long on the prairie I suppose you don't know nothin' about waves, but that's the way we went to it, and the bombers were the real white caps on the first wave. We got to a trench, and I sees a big fat Hun; he throws his gun down on me, but he's wild and I heaves a little old Mill's grenade with my trusty south paw, a nice in-shoot cuts the pan and he's out; then I sees a big dub with his hands up shouting "Kamarade", and he hands me his ticker (which I still have), so I gives him a pass. Up to here my control is good and I starts minin' 'em and soon we has the diamond to ourselves. I guess the Hun was raisin' a row with the Umps somewhere; he always squeals when the decision ain't his way. Then we waits about ten minutes awatchin' this barrage business, and say, Buck, it beats any bunch of rooters at a ball game you ever heard for noise. Soon the O.C. says "play ball" and we breaks into the wave stunt again—over we goes tickled to death with ourselves. I figgered I fanned two of 'em and was winding up for a strike-out—then krump, in lands a coal box and when I come to they was getting me out on a stretcher, and so I made the plate damaged, but as they says here, "Cheery, O." They must have known I was a ball player cos they gives me a try out in it seemed like every hospital in France, and I

## MAPLE CREEK JOE

He gets a "Blighty" and writes to his old pal, Buck Jones

days 'fore it came over me and the O.C. Doc. must have given 'em the say so and they whiffs her, but it's about two that I'd really lost my little old south paw.

I'll be stopping this yap right now, Buck, as Nursey is slippin' along and wants to have a look at the baby. Here's how for the present, I'll be seeing you in the land of the sage brush dinged soon, and as for ball games—well, I'll look jake on the bleachers, alright, alright.

F.B.B. in *The Garland*.



### MORE FRIGHTFULNESS

There was a fat Hun at the Somme  
Whose pants were "na-pood" by a bomb,  
In a fit of the blues  
He discarded his trows;  
But where did his kilt come from?

—R.M.E.

"Iron Horse" I am more happily situated than many, 'cos I get his triplicates. Some poor fellows here have been compelled to wear their own clothes all the while, notwithstanding the busy times in the "Sister Susie" and Last Chance Circles. Another friend, in a quiet manner, at barracks tells me he managed to make two mats from

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### A Sailor's Uncensored Letter

H.M.S. "Bumpalong."

Dear Madam,—

I am in receipt of a pair of garments of great warmth, many inches, and of considerable utility. Attached thereunto was a card bearing your name and address, so I take this opportunity of thanking you for same, which you may expect me to do. Having been in the war zone a matter of two years without much luck in the way of spare mines, gash torpedoes, or superfluous shells, I ain't seen much of the land, which provides me with damp board, bleak lodgings, and 1s. 10d. per diem. It was therefore surprising to receive your woolly hint that twenty-four months had not dimmed the country's memory of their only piece of ail British, the Grand Fleet in general, this ship accidentally, and your humble in particular. Me having been a choir boy once at the little Tin Church, I suppose I caught up the last boat. The method of delivery, however, puts even that hope out of mess however, for I observe these comforts have come through service channels, and not the Local Whatnames. How these lovely hand-knitted wearabouts reached a ship decorated with a common mast-head pennant I am at a loss to understand, dear madam. Having a friend in the