

## MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT

told him what had happened, and he asked me if I knew where we could find some more horses.

I said I did, and that it was right on our way back, so we walked about a half-mile until we came to the transport camp, and there we got two other horses and proceeded to the place where we had left the car.

Here the officer decided we would have some tea, so I went into a tent where there were some fellows I knew, and begged some grub. I had just commenced to eat when a shell screamed over and went into the ground about twenty or thirty feet from the corner of the tent. It didn't explode, so we were all right, but I decided that right here was where I quit, and I went out and sat in the car until the officer was ready.

But my troubles were not over yet! On the way back to camp one of the back wheels came off the car and nearly dumped us into the ditch. The officer got a lift down in another car, and I set to work to try and put back