

**MY FOURTEEN MONTHS
AT THE FRONT**
Continued from first page

had been so constantly shelled that it was feared his body had been obliterated. English royalty was anxious to know if his remains were still marked. We went up to the Porte de Menin, in Ypres, in the car and decided to leave it there, as it was not advisable to let a car stand very long on the Menin road. As we went up the road I warned the officer to be careful, for there were plenty of snipers about.

He was such an old man he had not been out to the front before in this war, but from the colors he was wearing on his breast I would be willing to wager that this was the first one he hadn't been in for a good many years.

We reached the churchyard without anything exciting happening, but I was not at all fussy about poking around among those graves. The place had been all shelled to pieces and the bodies blown out of the graves. After about fifteen minutes' search we found the grave we were looking for by the inscription at the base of a crude monument and marked it so we would be sure to find it again. The body of the prince will probably be reburied elsewhere in more peaceful times.

When we left the graveyard the officer asked how far it was to our trenches. I told him that it was less than a mile, but that it was mighty risky business going up in the daytime. When the colonel found that it was such a short distance he wanted to go up and see what they were like. I was under his orders, so there was nothing for me to do but take him there. I spoke of the snipers again, but he didn't seem to care for all the snipers in the German army, so we started up the road.

We hadn't gone 200 yards before a bullet pinged by close enough to give a wooden man heart failure. Of course I ducked, and the old man noticed it. You can imagine how I felt when he said: "If you hear any snipers you might let me know. I'm getting rather deaf lately."

Well, I admit that I swore.

**CHAPTER VII.
The Attack on Hill No. 65.**

At last we came to the place where the communication trench began, and I explained it to him. The trench lay about 100 yards off the road, running parallel to it. It was awfully muddy and one of the dirtiest holes to get to that I ever saw. He noted this and wanted to stick to the road, so I shut up and said no more for a few minutes.

Pretty soon a few shells began to come over, and I could see them bursting farther up the road. I spoke again and pointed out the danger we were running into. He had to consent then, so we slipped and slid through the mud and finally got into the trench. It was easy after that, and we reached the trenches just in time to have some lunch.

In the afternoon he was shown all through the trenches there and then came back and asked to see some bombs thrown. They threw some bombs for him and then started firing rifle grenades. Everything was lovely until about 4 o'clock. Suddenly something whizzed over and landed in a trench not a dozen feet from where we were standing. I didn't wait to see what it was. I didn't even hesitate. My feet just acted automatically, and I think I broke the world's record for the standing broad jump right then and there. As it happened, the thing didn't explode, and it's a good thing it didn't, for the colonel just stood and watched it.

Soon after this he decided to go back, so we returned the same way we had come, and all the way back he had me picking up shell noses and pieces of shell until, when we reached the car again, I resembled a junk wagon.

To put the finishing touches on it all they were shelling Vlamertinghe when we returned, and we passed through that place as fast as that car could travel, while the houses were tumbling down on either side of us. Taken all in all, it was about as exciting a day as I wanted.

But my troubles were not over yet, for I was informed that I was to take him to the Ploegsteert trenches the next day. I did not mind that so much, for the Saxons were holding the trenches opposite us on that part of the line, and they did not bother us very much. Sometimes days would pass with hardly a shot being fired. Of course the German artillery gave it to us just the same as everywhere else, but the Saxons themselves are pretty decent chaps.

The village of Ploegsteert is a very interesting place, as there had been a great deal of hand to hand fighting there in the earlier days of the war and the houses and trees left standing were all scratched and cut by bullet marks.

We started out about 10 o'clock the next morning, and by 11 we were on our way up to the trenches. In going to the trenches one passes through a big wood, and this place, too, was alive with snipers. We arrived without mishap, however, but things were warmer than usual, for it seems that there were some Bavarians in against us at this

time. While the colonel was mousing around I picked up one of the new periscopic rifles that had just come out and started potting at a chap who was digging a sniping trench out in front of the German parapet. I could only see the flash of his intrenching tool as he threw the dirt out, and once in awhile his head would show for a fraction of a second. But I kept potting away more to kill time than anything else.

He soon knew that I was after him, for every once in awhile he would wave his little shovel at me just after I had taken a shot. All afternoon I kept this up, and about 4:30 I was beginning to get rather tired of the game. I just happened to glance into the glass of the periscope, and there was his whole head and shoulders showing above the little parapet.

I pulled the trigger, and he seemed to disappear almost at the same instant. It sounds rather long to tell about, but it all happened in the fraction of a second. I didn't know whether I had hit him or not, and I was beginning to doubt it when some one threw his body out and went on digging in his place. I had fired nearly 400 rounds of ammunition to get one German, but I felt rather sick at having finally been successful.

Around 5 o'clock we started back to the car, and as we were going through the wood we saw one of our poor fellows sniped. We had several batteries of artillery in the vicinity, and this chap was an artilleryman. He was walking up a path which joined the one we were on, the junction of the paths being about 100 yards ahead of us. We could hear the poor devil whistling as he came along, but his whistle was cut short by the crack of a rifle. We rushed to the spot where he had gone down, and we found that he had a bullet through his right lung.

I got out my field dressing bandages, and we bound him up, tying the pad on the bandage tight over the bullet hole. We carried him down until we



He Picked It Up and Came Dashing Into Camp With It.

came to the artillery quarters, and there we gave him over to his comrades, who rushed him to the nearest field ambulance. I do not know whether he recovered or not; I have often wondered about it.

We found our car where we had left it, and we were back at headquarters

before dark. On the way back the old colonel made a remark that I believe he really meant. He said: "I've enjoyed these two days immensely, and it brought back the days of my youth. Fate has decreed that my body shall remain in England, but God knows that my heart lies with you boys out here in the trenches."

A rather funny thing happened soon after this which shows what a man who doesn't know the ropes will do when he gets excited. There was a very strict order to the effect that no man other than one detailed for the work should touch or in any way disturb an unexploded enemy's shell. A heavy penalty was imposed for disobeying this order, and no one but a man who didn't know any better would think of doing it.

A new regiment came up and went straight into rest camp before going into action. A private in this regiment happened to run across an unexploded shell one day, and, being the first he had ever seen, he was greatly excited. He picked it up and came dashing into camp with it. Before showing it to any one else who knew any better he went straight to his commanding officer to exhibit his find.

"Oh, look what I found sir," he said. "It's a German shell that hasn't exploded."

"Is it really?" said the officer. "Well, I'll tell you what you can do with it. You will take it into that field, and you will dig a hole five feet deep, and you will bury your find there, providing, of course, it doesn't explode in your hands before you have time to carry out this order. Corporal, fall in two men and see that this man obeys the order."

You may be sure that that man never so much as looked at an unexploded shell after that.

Continued Next Week.

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