August 16th.—Usual convoy work during the day. No excitement. Our company played Head-quarters at football in evening. We were beaten 2-1.

Me were beaten 2-1.

August 17th.—Out all day; a little gun-fire took place, but the souvenirs fell well to our right. On guard at night, 10.30 to 12.30, when tremendous rifle-fire took place, preceded by a short bombardment. On duty again at 4.20 to 6 a.m. "During the "off" period "found" a nice rasher near the cook's corner, so it soon was frying. Also "found" some apples on a tree! During first turn—it was about midnight—something came sneaking up a hedge to me. I challenged, then quickly lay down, ready. No response! Got interesting, so crept cautiously nearer! It was a cow!!!!!! For spite I sent it away with a good clout on the hindquarters.

August 18th.—Out in morning, when I met Mr. Stowell, now Lance-Corporal. In evening I made a bed, sacks nailed across a frame and fixed to prope eight inches from ground. I was fed up with getting wet through dew. (I don't mean to suggest that I had been in the habit of plucking the flower of the dandelion as the cause of me, on waking, feeling wet.) The night dew is very heavy here.

August 19th.—The bed was a great success. (Wish it was bedtime again). Up to Head-quarters on convoy—the nearest I get to trenches at present. One of my old pals was wounded in head the previous night when up at trenches with engineers. I was always lucky.

August 20th.—Another day nearer the end of the war! On convoy all day. The 75's were busy at night.

August 21st.—Saturday; my great day at home. Am quite ready for another of those good old days. Got a pass to visit a town in our rear to attend an entertainment provided by troops. It was tres bon.

August 22nd.—A grand day. Aeroplanes very active over us, but our flying men chased them off. Church parade at night, the first I've been able to attend out here. It was all right. On piquet after—730 to 9.30 and 1.30 to 3.15. Enemy searchlights were sweeping the sky all night.

August 23rd .- On convoy, with no excite-

August 24th.—Had a fresh pair of horses; absolutely b—s! Landed me twice in a ditch during day. How I brayed them! (More language!)

August 25th.—Beautiful day. Would not entertain horses I had yesterday. Had my pick, so got a good pair. At night I did my washing; funds were too low to pay for it. Boiled the garments, and added a disinfectant. Have had a few chats about me lately.

August 26th.—Out from 3.30 until 3.30. august 26th.—Out from 8.30 until 3.30. accouple of shells landed in a field where I put up for mid-day watering and feeding of horses. They ploughed the ground up; don't thick anyone was hit by splinters. Anyway, I wasn't. 'Lucky Peter!' A heavy bombardment took place at night, wherein we did well

August 27th.—Very warm during day. At night I walked to the A.C. to see Stowell. He is champion. Had an hour's chat.

August 28th.—The heat continues Best weather we have had all summer. On piquet at night, 7.30 to 9.30, and 1.30 to 3 o'clock. Got two hours' "doss" in harness.

August 29th.—Roads simply like a desert, so thick with dust. Was about choked. However, it simply poured down in afternoon. Rain is much needed, so we didn't grumble at the wetting. Got new clothes on return. Patched up my "bivi" where raim was coming through! Rained heavy 111 night. all night.

August 30th.—Reveille at 6 a.m. Up like the lark. (Perhaps.) On convoy from 8.45 to 3 p.m. On return was warned to pack up and be in readiness to proceed to Brigade Head-quarters on the morrow. That is my old job; consequently that means more night work. Not over-pleased at change, as I was extremely comfortable here. However, all sorts happen in a soldier's life. Got paid after tea. Bed at 9.15.

August 31st.—Proceeded to Brigade Head-quarters, where I arrived in time for dinner. Took over my horses and trappings in after-noon. "Queenie" and "Darkie" are my new pals. The former has been shot in breast, but has now recovered. Saw Arnold's brother in evening. Had a sing-song before going to "bed."

September 1st.—Camp duties in morning. Reading in afternoon. It rained heavily. Turned out at 6 p.m. Reported at engineers' place, and went to trenches with them. On arrival at destination (by a famous waterway), 300 yards from trenches, the "75's" gave the enemy fifteen minutes' rapid fireand they can rapid fire, too. In return a few shrappel came over, one bursting on the road fifty yards from us. How the bits whistled! A little rifle fire came our way. Just missed a shell hole by a hair's breadth on return ride, but got back to camp all tright. Affter stabling, it rained in torrents. September 2nd.—Up to the book tops in

September 2nd .- Up to the boot tops in mud. Dodging about camp in morning. In afternoon a brisk bombardment took place. We were ordered to "stand by." Firing renewed about 7 p.m. Rained in torrents most of the time.

september 3rd.—All night it simply poured down. Blankets and greatcoat wet. Turned out at 6.30 in a downpour. Mud up to knees. Horses shivering. Took them for half-hour's exercise. Curse the rain! At certain parts the horses had areas to cover up to the knees in water. Was out in it up to dinnertime. Was in our tent most of the afternoon trying to find a dry spot. Left at six p.m. for trenches. The fields were in an awful state. However, I got there; but things were quiet, only a little rifle fire taking place. On return I was on piquet. Got a couple of hours "doss."

September 4th.—Turned out a fine morning. Almost required a hammer and chisel to break through the crust of mud on horses! Was on the road by nine a.m., getting back at 1.30. Camp duties in afternoon. Evening in camp.

September 5th.—Rained heavily during the night. Out exercising by 6.15. At noon Capt. Cameron came to our camp, and I was ordered to pack up and return to the company. The scrgeant in charge of us, however, wanted me to stay with him, so he got the captain's permission to retain me. I wasn't particular where I went. Took over a new pair of horses in afternoon—nice tits, too. Attended sick horse at night. Was fine during afternoon.

during afternoon.

September 6th.—Nice morning. On road by nine o'clock, returning at 1.30. Left camp at six o'clock. Called at Headquarters, bombers' (had to take some there!). dug-outs, then our sergeant and I set out on a trench trip. Had a map to guide us across fields. It was a rotten job; got lost, and into an area full of shell-holes. Then followed a little steeplechasing. Nearly got my head cut off by colliding with a wire. Bullets were fairly numerous, and on arrival at reserve (renches they were too thick for my taste. Got instructions to "stand by" at a corner, but I thought it was extra hot there, and was considering what to do, when someone shouted that I was on a "marked corner," and if I didn't want to go "home" to hop it b—quick. I broke the world's record for speed! We were both glad to get out of it. We then set out to find another point, but again got lost, and in the end had to make the most of our way home, where we got at 2 a.m., plastered in mud. A little rum and milds did us no harm!

## ENEMY REPLY FEEBLE.

Sept. 7th.—Got pirmission to have an extra hour in bed. Tres bon! In camp all day. Aeroplanes numerous. Had a ride out in evening, Bombarding about 8 p.m. Of late the enemy artillery have replied very teebly to the hammering they have been getting. No objection!

Sept. 8th.—Very warm day. Bare-back rids before breakfast. At breakfast got stang on upper lip by a wasp. Was christened "Massa Johnson" at once! Talk about having a lot of lip! At trenches at night. Fairly quiet while I was there, but business got very brisk just as I got nicely away.

away.

Sept. 9th —Inspected by Major in afternoon. Engaged on a new job later. Very frequently the making of a noise draws fire in your direction.

A Difficult Journey.

September 10th.—Warm weather continues. Head-quarters at night. From there to tremches on my own. Not a nice job alone. Had to find the bombers, as I had beaults for them. Eithes fire very hot. Went with a few bembers into a corn field to dug-outs by reserve trenches. Had to hack a path through: very difficult work, low wires continually cutuhing the head, for more bombe on limber. Finding my way out—and a few whizzed over—I had the bad luck to trample over several newly-dug graves, knocking down the crosses. This harr me very much, but owing to the open hature of the spot—and the machine gutte ratiling up and down that area—I couldn't stop to repair them. A voice from a dayout promised to put things right. Had a stiff task getting over fields to bomb head-quarters, shell-holes and low sines causing a let of trouble. The blanking flashes of our urtillers about blinded me; the expleding challs on ettemy trenches could easily lessen. The artiflery riply was weak. Had a little excliment at bomb head-quarters, having a bomb in my hand, which I mistock for a pairs of a trench pump. Could not get the head grew to turn, as I tred, and that was fortunate, otherwise.

It was about 18in, long, for throwing into trenches at short range. When I was hold——I

EASIER DAYS.

September 19th.—Had a cross-country ride before breakfast. The luxury of a bath in internoon was greatly enjoyed. Trenches at night, but things were not too brisk. Back at twelve o'clock.

September 19th.—An easy day in camp wasn't amiss, followed by a stout or three in the evening; then early to "bed," but not before doing a litble sewing.

September 19th.—Up at 5 a.m. Inspection by a famous general took place after breakfast. Left camp after, returning at 1.30. Left for trenches at night, but the engineers did not require my services, so before they could change their mind I galloped off like——! Tros bon!

September 19th.—Ride out before breakfast, afterwards taking horse to be shed. Had to travel three miles each way. Remained in camp at night.

September 15th.-Out for an hour's ride before breakfast. Was ready to go to trenches at 6 p.m., but was recalled, and was engaged on courier work instead up to 10 p.m., when I took up the duties of piquet until midnight; then "bed," feeling work inset. very tired.

September 16th.—Dull all day. Did my washing in forenoon. Don't like washing-day! Trenches at night, and while there a silly devil in front of me banged into a pile of sheet iron, upsetting the lot. What a moise! Of course it was heard "over the way," and soon a machine gun played on us. The horses were as still as statues—behaved grand. I lay flat in front of them, behind a fallen tree. One or two "bumps" on the ground very near to me did not sound comfortable. After quietness came on I was not long in clearing off. Back to camp at midnight.

September 17th.—As usual, had a ride before breakfast. Was out from 3 to 6.30. Met in with a chap—a cellarman—who supplied me with a glass or three of whee which was tres bon! Didn't trouble a damn for anyhody afterwards! Had a "chat" in evening, but had a poor time, only carche. 3 two; but they were "real" ones.

September 18th.—Fine weather continues, but there is a sharp nip in the mornings, Trenches at night; business rather brisk, artillery especially. Glad to get out of the zone.—Amaious to return? Not at all, but I wall, simply because I've got to. Evidently I'm not so heroic as Fred. Luff, who, I understand, is "anxious to return"—I don't bhimk. If not so heroic, I claim to be more trutingul than I'reddy. Artillery continued a heavy bombardment throughout the night. (Nice way to spend a Saturday night, ch?) September 18th.—Fine weather continues,

September 19th. Aerophanes very active at daybreak. Camp dutties throughout the day. Had a cross-country rule in evening.

September 20th.—Left camp at 10 a.m. with another chap Jack Banbadge. Had to thavel on by-roads to reach our destination in order to dodge shell-live. However, while passing through the bases of a famous Highland regiment we can right into a terrific shell-live. Noise was awful, the screaming of the shells grating on the nerves—then would follow the terrific bang! We had already best a lot of time, so decaded to gallop through and risk it. The "Scotties" regarded us as mad. One coal-box bursting tharty yards from us caused a sickly shiver to run down the back. We really thought it was all up. To turn back was out of the question, so we pushed forward. The road was in a bad state, being out up by the heavy shelling. We ultimately arrived at destination, a certain wood. Here we habted, and here I had the nanrowest escape I've had. While standing by horse's head a splinter from bursting shell just missed my head, smashing into a door of a "shack" a few yards off. The wind from this flying fragment about turned me sick. We cleared off to a spot indicated by an officer. Here it absolutely rained splinters, but we had good cover. From one o clock till two o'clock not a shell came over. Had our dinner in peace—bully beef and biscuits.

but we had good cover. From one o clock till two o'clock not a shell came over. Had our dinner in peace—bully beef and biscuits. Had no sooner mounted to get off, however, when they started shelling again. Waited a few minutes for a lull, which never came, so set off. We got it worse than ever, but we covered the ground quickly. Another narrow one; a splinter whizzed between me and horses' ears, throwing up the earth a few yards to the left. I lay flat on the mare's back, and urged her to greater speed. At length we got clear of the zone, when a fat Q.M.S. who was with us discovered he had dropped his equipment. How I cursed! After some argument, I set off back, on foot, to seek it, leaving him with the horses. Walked about two miles, when I again got into the "hell" area. Was making for a farmyard to inquire if anyone had picked up equipment, when one burst by a tree twent down. I was almost blinded by dirt. An officer of the "Scotties," running past, spotted me lying down behind a tree. Thinking I was hurt he came to me, but I was all right. He said: "Thank God." The two of us made for his regiment's dug-outs, taking the cover of trees, and making short rushes. The dug-out had no roof, but as there were tools in it I started digging like the very devil and filling sand bags. These we covered our bodies with. You can never imagine what a heavy shell fire is like. It is simply terrible. The earth did tremble. It certainly would have meant sudden death to put your head above that dug-out; the pieces continually whitzed over. Was a prisoner here for 45 minutes. The suspense of waiting and expecting is absolutely rotten. Things quietened down, so I ran for where the horses were. Damn that fat Q.M.S.'s equipment, he can get another. Got horses, then made for destination, where we arrived without further incident. Met Percy Longfield and his lot on their way to trenches. Arrived at our camp at 9 pm. Tea, bread, buttor, and jam, bully, and toast-and a tot of rum—did me a lot of good, the rum especially. You can take

September 21st.—On the road by 8 a.m., returning at 1.30. Had a quiet afternoon in camp. Out again at 5.30 to new Headquarters. Our lads came out of twenches last night for twelve days' rest, so I don't anticipate trench work during that period. Got to camp at 9.30, then took up piquet duty until midnight. Turned in, feeling "fed up," very tired, and it was cold, too.

Sept. 22nd.—In camp all day. Rigged a bed in our tent for two, raised 12 inches off the ground. It is bon. Had a "chat" at night, but had another poor catch, only bagging three!

Sept. 23rd.—As is usually the case, had a ride before breakfast. Left for a "trip" round the units of our brigade at ten o'clock. Met a lot of old pads from trenches, infantry lads, who had been in twenty-four days. Many of them had German skulls as souvenirs! I declined one with thanks, I inquired how they could truthfully say they were Hun skulls, and was told that skeletons were unearthed during operations, the uniforms settling the nationality of the bones. One skull was painted and stuck by cookbouse! A good appetiser. In camp at night.

Sept. 23th.—Dull day. Out in afternoom at a neighbouring town, but cleared out as shelling operations commenced. On our right heavy bombarding was in progress, which continued throughout the night.

which continued throughout the night.

Sept. 25th.—Phil's wedding day.—A very rainy time here. Left camp at 2 p.m. in a downpour for our headquarters. Fields in a bad state. Had a habt while passing through an encampment of Engineers. One fook pity on me and brought me a mess-tin of hot tea, and here I drank the health and happiness of Phil and Charlie, pouring of rain the while. I thought of the little, happy party at dear, old \$1; then got on with my journey, getting back to camp at \$ p.m. After tea—bread, butter, and jam—we had a band practice—paper-and-combinstruments, the others having gone west.

Sept. 26th.—Had. a hair-cut. convict

Sept. 26th.—Had. a hair-cut, convict fashion, not the slightest brace of "frings" left. The verdict was that I looked a ——I In camp all day. Bombarding at night.

Sept. 27th.—Improvement in weather. On road by 8 a.m., back by 12.30. In afternoon was on a tree-felling job, and getting wood from neighbouring shelled cottages. The timber will be used for building stables. In evening our little party was engaged in discussing plans for stables.

Sept. 28th.—Cleaned bits, stirrups, and saddle in morning. In afternoon we commenced our stable-building, contiuning until dark.

September 29th.—Rained all night, simply pouring down on turning out about 6 a.m. Very cold. too, ugh! Could hardly find horses for mud. On road at 2 p.m., calling at engineers, then advance Head-quarters. Rained most of time. Back to camp at 7.15, and had boiled ham for tea—tres bon—also toast, bread, butter, and jam. Turned out again at 9 o'clock—no bon—to go to a place one dare not visit in daylight. Here we were engaged in smashing up already damaged houses, taking stones, wood, etc. with us to our camp, to be used for our building purpose. The wee drappie frachame absolutely saved my life!!! Back to our corner at 1 a.m. Raining.

September 30th.—Nice morning. On road by 8 a.m. for Advanced Head-quarters, returning about 1.30. Cleaning harness in afternoon. What a mess everywhere; nothing but mud. In camp at night.

October 1st.—Drained our lines in morning best we could. Harness-cleaning in as best v

October 2nd.—Fine morning. On road by 10 a.m. Returned to camp at two o'clock, and got an unexpected "afternoon in." Met a pall in evening, and as we raised 5d. between us we visited an estaminet near by. On road by

October 3rd.—Weather improving. Left for trenches at 5 p.m., first time for a fort-night. On arrival was nearly killed by stench; it was rotten. Very quiet, no more than a dozen shots being fired while there.

October 4th.—Camp in morning. Had a trot round in afternoon, returning at 5.30. While having tea three shells landed in next field, damaging a farmhouse. A brick bombardment followed.

October 5th.—Raining in torrents. Old "General Mud" causes a lot of trouble! Trenches at night, but, fortunately, the rain kept off during my visit. A little shelling took place. Back at 10.15, then bed. (By the way, we have beds erected in our tent-sacks nailed across a frame, raised off the ground. Bon! There are seven in the tent—all Leeds lads.) ground. Bon! Til tent—ail Leeds lads.)

October 6th.—Had a little sunshine. Enjoyed a hot bath in morning, and a little "blackberrying" reminded as of better days. Trenches at night. Very toggy and cold. Maxim fire brisk. Rum and tea on seture. petum!

October 7th. Aeroplanes active most of day. Trenches at night where artiflery was active, which was followed by rifle and machine-gun fire. Very dark night. A tot o' rum on return brightened my ideas a

October 8th.—Out before breakfast. Was Fields Darly at old head-quarters in afternoon, very bad state. In camp at night.

October 9th.—Saturday once more—once less. Wish I could have a "Saturday-before-the-War" day out. Instead of calling at Fenton I called at trenches, just to see how things are going on. Bombardments of late are brisk. These bombardments, from a spectacular point of view. are very pretty, although noisy; but they do "dirty work." Another day nearer the end of war! Think the last four or five years of it will be worst!

October 10th.—Out in morning, and got stuck in the mud. Had to dig horses out. Trenches at night, sorry I couldn't get to church. Where I was it wasn't quite so peaceful. Extra heavy bombardment at night, so was not slow in getting away quick as possible.

October 11th.—Trip round before breakflast. Had a day of cleaning harness, and
it was in need of it. Turned out in evening
with sergeant on a "brick spotting" expedition. Collared our waggons at turning
from trenches, and loaded up with cobbles
for our stable building. Rained a little.
Pitch dark night.

October 12th.—Out most of day. On picquet at night. "tot" was very welcome.

welcome.

October 13th.—On road at 8.30, returning at dinner time. Rested in afternoon. Left at five o'clock for trenches; and what a shelling we received! Worst experienced whilst going to trenches. Held up on a road for over two hours, getting it hot all the time. A shrapnel burst over where I was, wounding a horse in front of me, which died afterwards, badly wounded a fellow between the shoulder blades, hit my mars on near fore leg, and two horses at my back were hit. That's as far as I could see, but I heard later that several casualties occurred further down the column, which would probably be two miles in length. My mare bled considerably, but we got out of what was a tight and very warm position all right. A shell can be heard coming, and one can tell when it is near bursting point. I heard the extra "hiss" of the devil which did us damage, and dived under a limber in front of me. No doubt that saved me, as the contents of the limber were hit, several cans of water being burst. While lying under the cover of imber I got a lot of muck thrown in my face, caused by shrapnel striking the road near to me. Very thankful to get horses and myself safely to camp. Had a "straffing" competition before retiring! Gott straff everything German. Straff the lot.

Oct. 14th.—Attended mare's wound in early morning. She had bled considerably. Camp duties during day. Rode out with corporal in evening to what was once a willage, to "spet out" a place for our fatigue party to commence stone-getting operations, to be used for stables. Campagain at 10.30.

October 15th.—My mare's wound occupied my attention most of morning. Wound looks bad; afraid of poison. Trenches at night. Not a shell came over, only a little-rifle-fire taking place. Foggy and cold.

Ot. 16th.—Attending my wounded pal in morning. Lot of artillery fire during day. Our infantry lads got it hot. Slipped out of camp at night with two others; tramped to town near by, dodging several guards. We were out for a "fling." Been boxed up too long. Got back to camp all right, then took a piquet duty until 2 a.m.

october 17th.—Typical autumn day Mare a little better. Very glad about that. Her wound has worried me. Left for trenches at 5.30. Did not feel very well. Bombarding all day, but quietened down towards evening. Rifle fire heavy on arrival at destination. Got into a shell hole—horses and all, with limber! No joke, I can tell you, on a cold, foggy night, and a few whizzes to cheer you up, to be in a shell hole. A little difficulty experienced in getting out and away.

October 18th.—Spent a lot of time with mare. She looks bad, but I'm hopeful of her pulling round. Poor Nellie. Cold at night. In camp all day. From trenches can be