

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cousins."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII.

Rations.

Just dozing off, Mr. Lance Corporal butted in.

In Tommy's eyes a lance corporal is one degree below a private. In the corporal's eyes he is one degree above a general.

He ordered me to go with him and help him draw the next day's rations, also told me to take my waterproof.

Every evening, from each platoon or machine-gun section, a lance corporal and private go to the quartermaster sergeant at the company stores and draw rations for the following day.

The "quarter," as the quartermaster sergeant is called, receives daily from the orderly room (captain's office) a slip showing the number of men entitled to rations, so there is no chance of putting anything over on him. Many arguments take place between the "quarter" and the platoon noncom, but the former always wins out. Tommy says the "quarter" got his job because he was a burglar in civil life.

Then I spread the waterproof sheet on the ground, while the quartermaster's batman dumped the rations on it. The corporal was smoking a fag. I carried the rations back to the billet. The corporal was still smoking a fag. How I envied him. But when the issue commenced my envy died, and I realized that the first requisite of a non-commissioned officer on active service is diplomacy. There were 19 men in our section, and they soon formed a semicircle around us after the corporal had called out, "Rations up."

The quartermaster sergeant had given a slip to the corporal on which was written a list of the rations. Sitting on the floor, using a wooden box as a table, the issue commenced. On the left of the corporal the rations were piled. They consisted of the following:

Six loaves of fresh bread, each loaf of a different size, perhaps one out of the six being as flat as a pancake, the result of an army service corps man placing a box of bully beef on it during transportation.

Three tins of jam, one apple and the other two plum.

Seventeen Bermuda onions, all different sizes.

A piece of cheese in the shape of a wedge.

Two one-pound tins of butter.

A handful of raisins.

A tin of biscuits, or as Tommy calls them "jaw breakers."

A bottle of mustard pickles.

The "bully beef," spuds, condensed milk, fresh meat, bacon and "Maconochie rations" (a can filled with meat, vegetables and greasy water), had been turned over to the company cook to make a stew for next day's dinner. He also received the tea, sugar, salt, pepper and flour.

Scratching his head, the corporal studied the slip issued to him by the quarter. Then in a slow, mystified voice he read out, "No. 1 section, 19 men. Bread, loaves, six." He looked puzzled and soliloquized in a musing voice:

"Six loaves, nineteen men. Let's see, that's three in a loaf for fifteen men—well, to make it even, four of you'll have to muck in on one loaf."

The four that got stuck made a howl, but to no avail. The bread was doled out. Pretty soon from a far corner of the billet, three indignant Tommies accosted the corporal with:

"What do you call this, a loaf of bread? Looks more like a sniping plate."

The corporal answered:

"Well, don't blame me, I didn't bake it; somebody's got to get it, so shut up until I dish out these blinkin' rations."

Then the corporal started on the jam.

"Jam, three tins—apple one, plum two. Nineteen men, three tins. Six in a tin makes twelve men for two tins, seven in the remaining tin."

He passed around the jam, and there was another riot. Some didn't like apple, while others who received plum were partial to apple. After a while differences were adjusted and the issue went on.

"Bermuda onions, seventeen."

The corporal avoided a row by saying that he did not want an onion, and I said they make your breath smell, so I guessed I would do without one too. The corporal looked his gratitude.

"Cheese, pounds, two."

The corporal borrowed a jackknife (corporals are always borrowing), and sliced the cheese—each slicing bringing forth a pert remark from the on-lookers as to the corporal's eyesight.

"Raisins, ounces, eight."

By this time the corporal's nerves had gone west, and in despair he said that the raisins were to be turned over to the cook for "fluff" (plum pudding). This decision elicited a little "grous-

ing," but quiet was finally restored.

"Biscuits, tins, one."

With his borrowed jackknife, the corporal opened the tin of biscuits, and told everyone to help themselves—nobody responded to this invitation. Tommy is "fed up" with biscuits.

"Butter, tins, two."

"Nine in one, ten in the other."

Another rummage.

"Pickles, mustard, bottles, one."

Nineteen names were put in a steel helmet, the last one out winning the pickles. On the next issue there were only 18 names, as the winner is eliminated until every man in the section has won a bottle.

The raffle is closely watched, because Tommy is suspicious when it comes to gambling with his rations.

When the issue is finished the corporal sits down and writes a letter home asking them if they cannot get some M. P. (member of parliament) to have him transferred to the Royal Flying corps where he won't have to issue rations.

At the different French estaminets in the village and at the canteens Tommy buys fresh eggs, milk, bread and pastry. Occasionally when he is flush, he invests in a tin of peaches or apricots. His pay is only a shilling a day, 24 cents, or a cent an hour. Just imagine, a cent an hour for being under fire—no much chance of getting rich out there.

When he goes into the fire trench (front line), Tommy's menu takes a tumble. He carries in his haversack what the government calls emergency or iron rations. They are not supposed to be opened until Tommy dies of starvation. They consist of one tin of bully beef, four biscuits, a little tin which contains tea, sugar and Oxo cubes (concentrated beef tablets). These are only to be used when the enemy establishes a curtain of shell fire on the communication trenches, thus preventing the "carrying in" of rations, or when in an attack a body of troops has been cut off from its base of supplies.

The rations are brought up at night by the company transport. This is a section of the company in charge of the quartermaster sergeant, composed of men, mules and limbers (two-wheeled wagons), which supplies Tommy's wants while in the front line. They are constantly under shell fire. The rations are unloaded at the entrance to the communication trenches and are "carried in" by men detailed for that purpose. The quartermaster sergeant never goes into the front-line trench. He doesn't have to, and I have never heard of one volunteering to do so.

The company sergeant major sorts the rations and sends them in.

Tommy's trench rations consist of all the bully beef he can eat, biscuits, cheese, tinned butter (sometimes 17 men to a tin), jam or marmalade, and occasionally fresh bread (ten to a loaf). When it is possible he gets ten and stew.

When things are quiet, and Fritz is behaving like a gentleman, which seldom happens, Tommy has the opportunity of making dessert. This is "trench pudding." It is made from broken biscuits, condensed milk, jam—a little water added, slightly flavored with mud—put into a canteen and cooked over a little spirit stove known as "Tommy's cooker."

(A firm in Blighty widely advertises these cookers as a necessity for the men in the trenches. Gullible people buy them—ship them to the Tommies, who, immediately upon receipt of same throw them over the parapet. Sometimes a Tommy falls for the ad, and uses the cooker in a dugout to the disgust and discomfort of the other occupants.)

This mess is stirred up in a tin and allowed to simmer over the flames from the cooker until Tommy decides that it has reached sufficient (glue-like) consistency. He takes his bayonet and by means of the handle carries the mess up in the front trench to cool. After it has cooled off he tries to eat it. Generally one or two Tommies in a section have cast-iron stomachs and the tin is soon emptied. Once I tasted trench pudding, but only once.

In addition to the regular ration issue Tommy uses another channel to enlarge his menu.

In the English papers a "Lonely Soldier" column is run. This is for the soldiers at the front who are supposed to be without friends or relatives. They write to the papers and their names are published. Girls and women in England answer them, and send out parcels of foodstuffs, cigarettes, candy, etc. I have known a "lonely" soldier to receive as many as five parcels and eleven letters in one week.

Our Kodak line is full in every particular and we are developing and printing pictures promptly—you will find our work most satisfactory. At Silverthorn's. 3-19 if

A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Mustrule.

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Mustrule is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, radium, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten, sores of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). Nothing like Mustrule for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



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Union County Live Stock

(By Paul H. Spillman, County Agent.)

Blockland Bros.' fine Hereford cattle came through the winter in good shape and they are the topic of conversation whenever they are near the railroad track when the train is passing through the Blockland farm. In fact parties have asked me who these cattle belonged to, they having noticed them in passing. To the breeder of good livestock proximity to a railroad may have more than one advantage.

A few days ago five yearling heifers and a bull were sold to a Wallawa county stock man that is planning on building up a pure bred herd of beef cattle. This certainly bears out the statement made by Prof. E. L. Potter, of O. A. C., in a letter I received this morning in which he states that it is a mistake for our people to go east for pure bred stuff of any kind either cattle, sheep, hogs or horses excepting in cases where extra fine specimens are to be purchased at figures that most of our breeders

do not contemplate spending for a single individual animal.

Blockland Bros. have been breeding with the idea of filling the requirements of our ranchmen and as they have a ready sale for all their surplus they undoubtedly have been breeding the type that are desirable for our conditions.

Archie Conley and White Hogs.

Union county has had a reputation for black hogs, Poland-Chinas, largely and Berkshires, "Red hogs" or Durocs, have broken the black hog landscape somewhat, but black seems to have been the proper color for a Union county hog. Archie Conley seems to think that the hog outlook should not be quite so "black" and he has proceeded to "lighten it" somewhat with his white hogs, Chester Whites. In various parts of the county you will note numbers of white hogs and when you inquire where the original stock comes from they tell you from Archie Conley. In fact Archie is pretty well sold out of older stock as he has had a heavy demand for all that he could spare. During the past month he has sold several head around Union and shipped some to Idaho, while some have been shipped to Washington state and to other counties in Oregon. The hog situation will not be

quite so "dark" in Union county as in the past since Archie Conley arrived on the scene with his Chester Whites.

Almost a Young Man Again.

When a man awakes in the morning with back so stiff he can hardly stoop over, with shooting twinges in his sides and groins, dark and puffed patches under eyes—when his movements seem slowed up and he lacks vim and energy—instead of saying, "I'm getting old," he should be on guard against kidney trouble. E. R. Whitehurst, R. F. D. 1, Norfolk, Va., writes: "I had been suffering for more than a year, but since taking Foley Kidney Pills I feel almost a young man again." Sold Everywhere.—Adv.

Hospital Notes.

Andrew Flesherman returned to his home in Enterprise after being in the hospital for some time. Miss Linnea Johnson, of the Grande Ronde hospital, is visiting her parents at Allice and will remain over Easter.

Miss Emma Gregory, nurse at the hospital, is visiting at the home of Lee Childs in the valley.

Money on easy monthly payments on improved city property. Also money for farm loans at 6 1/2 per cent.

See J. R. Oliver, 3-21-3m

Fined for Speeding.
Jesse Towery was fined \$5 for speeding late yesterday afternoon.

Heal Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. A little zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching, torture. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress. The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

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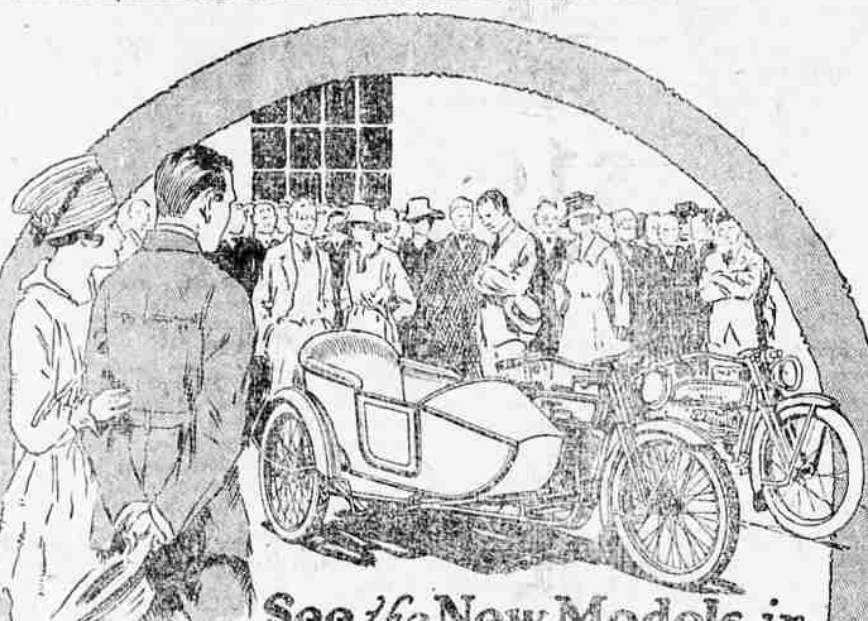
FORDS

YOU HAD BETTER COME EARLY IF YOU
WANT ONE, THEY ARE GOING FAST.

I also have a Shipment of Electric Starters for Ford Cars that weigh only 20 lbs. and come with a guarantee to give perfect satisfaction. Those not wanting to crank a car can have one installed. They are worthy of your investigation.

Hilton Garage

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See the New Models in "Harley-Davidson Week" (Apr. 1-7)

THEY'RE here! The new Harley-Davidson models, with all the latest improvements for 1918.

Interested? Of course you are. You want to see what this famous mount offers for 1918. You want to see how still more refinements have been built into its wonderful twin motor—holder of so many records on track and road; how still more power and quietness have been given it.

Later on you'll want to try these new machines—to test for yourself the 1918

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"For 17 Years the Master Mount"

Whether you own a motorcycle or only think you'd like to own one, come in during "Harley-Davidson Week".

The new models will be here, your friends will be here—it is going to be a real "get-together" and motorcycle show combined.

Before you come just let us give you one tip. These new Harley-Davidsons are remarkably economical. Balance these figures against any other form of transportation:

40 to 75 miles per gallon of gasoline.
600 to 1200 miles per gallon of cylinder oil.
2000 to 3000 miles per set of tires.

Be sure and pay us a visit during "Harley-Davidson Week". We will be glad to demonstrate any of the new models—will be glad to see you—talk to you—show you the new machines—whether you expect to buy or not. Don't forget—April 1st to 7th.

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