



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

FOREWORD

"Over the Top" is a true story of trench warfare on the French front, written by an American soldier who got into the great war two years ahead of his country. Sergeant Empey tells what the fighting men have done and how they have done it. He knows because he was one of them. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and they are lightened by a delightful touch of humor.

CHAPTER I

From Mufti to Khaki.

It was in an office in Jersey City. I was sitting at my desk talking to a lieutenant of the Jersey National Guard. On the wall was a big war map decorated with variously colored little flags showing the position of the opposing armies on the western front in France. In front of me on the desk lay a New York paper with big flaring headlines:

LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN LIVES LOST!

The windows were open and a feeling of spring pervaded the air. Through the open windows came the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!"—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." To us these did not seem to jibe.

The lieutenant in silence opened one of the lower drawers of his desk and took from it an American flag which he solemnly draped over the war map on the wall. Then, turning to me with a grim face, said:

"How about it, sergeant? You had better get out the muster roll of the Mounted Scouts, as I think they will be needed in the course of a few days."

We bustled ourselves till late in the evening writing out emergency telegrams for the men to report when the call should come from Washington. Then we went home.

I crossed over to New York, and as I went up Fulton street to take the subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the tall buildings of New York seemed to be burning brighter than usual, as if they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wigwagged the message, "Repay!"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one momentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the flag from the war map and returned to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was squirming in his chair and I felt depressed and uneasy.

The telephone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-of-town assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After listening to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank astonishment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. I landed at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six—fire extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtains was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the telephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see scenes of awful devastation and a cowering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceeding to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobbie with:

"Can you direct me to the place of damage?" He asked me. "What damage?" In surprise, I answered, "Why, the damage caused by the Zeps."

With a wink he replied: "There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries of the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the accusing finger followed me. I was an American, in mufti, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my coat. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and ill at ease. I got off the bus to try to dissipate this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks.

Presently I came to a recruiting office. Inside, sitting at a desk was a lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?" I looked at him and answered, "Well, whatever that is, I'll take a chance at it."

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know if I cared to join the British army. He asked me: "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fusiliers?" Well, in London, you know, Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure." After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain. He asked my nationality. I immediately pulled out my American passport and showed it to him. It was signed



Guy Empey.

by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me.

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a block when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a 'leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training Corps) and does not know what neutrality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army." He looked at me in a nonchalant manner, and answered, "That's all right; we take anything over here."

I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over his head.

He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, "Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintype." "I beg your pardon?"

Then I explained to him that I would not sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of war. Some of the recruits were lucky. They signed for seven years only!

Then he asked me my birthplace. I answered, "Ogden, Utah."

He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of New York?"

With a smile, I replied, "Well, it's up the state a little."

Then I was taken before the doctor and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported back to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on recruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into joining the army.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see a young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you know that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not enlisted. Why don't you join? Now is the time.'"

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out and see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was to be worn on the left side of the cap.

Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette, I went out into Tottenham Court road in quest of cannon fodder.

Two or three poorly dressed civilians passed me, and although they appeared physically fit, I said to myself, "They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not accost them.

Coming down the street I saw a young dandy, top hat and all, with a fashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick, saying:

"You would look fine in khaki; why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform; come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles, no one asked you to," and he walked on. The girl gave me a sneering look; I was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest stunt in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmaid, who helped kill time—I was not as serious in those days as I was a little later when I reached the front)—well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket—barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks—so I looked around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets a "bob" or shilling for every recruit he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar was a young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic—he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand, two fingers were missing, but I said that did not matter as "we take anything over here." The left hand is the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England is "by the left," even general traffic keeps to the port side.

I took the applicant over to headquarters, where he was hurriedly examined. Recruiting surgeons were busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as "fit" by the doctor and turned over to a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'aif you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

The doctor came over and exploded, "What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

Looking out of the corner of my eye I noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and I could not help answering, "Well, str, I was told that you took anything over here."

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruiting.

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communication with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all eagerness for the news from home. On the occasion of one, it may have been the first, of a certain Captain Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news." Hence the name, now shortened to its present form.

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

More than 140 indictments, charging violations of the espionage law, have been returned by the Federal grand jury at Milwaukee, Wis., involving prominent men.

Captain Archie Roosevelt, who was wounded in action in March, is making excellent progress. His arm has been removed from the sling and he walks several miles daily.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland issued a proclamation Tuesday night asking for 50,000 voluntary recruits and thereafter 2000 to 3000 monthly to maintain the Irish divisions.

Naval officers at Norfolk, Va., said Tuesday their reports indicated five German submarines had been operating along the Atlantic coast and that two had been sighted off the Virginia capes.

Loss of the naval motor launch Ozark, with one member of her crew, Charles E. Richards, fireman of Chipley, Fla., in a heavy sea off the coast May 12, is announced by the Navy department.

Federal courts have no jurisdiction over the selective draft boards, the Supreme court in effect decided Monday, in denying mandamus proceedings to have an order of a local board in Milwaukee, Wis., reviewed.

War risk rates took an abrupt jump upon receipt of the news of submarine warfare on this side of the Atlantic. Marine underwriters advanced insurance from one to two per cent to all ports, coastwise as well as trans-Atlantic.

Woman suffrage for Hawaii is authorized in a senate bill passed Tuesday by the house and sent to President Wilson for approval. It empowers the Hawaiian legislature to provide that women may vote in all territorial and municipal elections.

The Austrian Social Democrats, according to the Socialist Arbeiter Zeitung, of Vienna, have decided that the time is inopportune for strikes. The conference warned against rash acts which would lead to disaster and "deprive labor of power in the future."

Twelve of a fleet of 30 or more fishing vessels were sunk by a German submarine, says a Belfast dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph. The submarine ordered the fishermen to take to the boats and row ashore. It then sank the vessels by shelling them.

Validity of Federal statutes prohibiting sale of alcoholic liquors to soldiers was in effect sustained by the Supreme court, which Tuesday declined to review proceedings convicting Cornelius O'Sullivan, a hotel proprietor, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., of violating the law.

Representatives of 500,000 railway shopmen have asked the railroad administration not to put into effect the new wage scale without an upward revision for their crafts, saying great dissatisfaction would be created and intimating that it might be impossible to avoid many strikes.

One hundred men enlisted in the Naval Militia between the hour when news of the U-boat campaign off the New Jersey coast first became known on the street and the closing of the recruiting office in New York Monday night, according to an announcement made by the enrollment officer for this branch of the service.

Tobacco has been classed by the government as a necessity and producers will be given preferential fuel supplies. Senator Swanson, of Virginia, was informed by the War Industries board in response to an inquiry that the board was working out with the Fuel administration a plan for supplying the industry with coal.

Two hundred thousand men of draft age, who, because of minor defects, have been held by examining surgeons over the country for limited service, are to be employed in producing or handling equipment for the army.

German airmen Wednesday night deliberately dropped bombs on hospitals in which there were scores of American and hundreds of French sick and wounded. The hospital is in a town many miles in the rear of the front.

Francis S. Nash, a medical director of the navy, and his wife were indicted by a grand jury in Washington, D. C., Thursday on a charge of hoarding foodstuffs. Investigators found among other foodstuffs more than a ton and a half of sugar stored in the Nash home.

Twenty-two thousand men of the army, engaged in the spruce forests of Oregon and Washington, have been transferred from the control of the chief signal officer at Washington, D. C., to the Western department of the army according to orders received at headquarters at San Francisco.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS DIES

Ex-Vice President Departs After Brilliant Political Career.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Charles Warren Fairbanks, ex-Vice President of the United States and former United States senator from Indiana, died at his home here at 8:55 o'clock Tuesday night.

Death was due to interstitial nephritis, which had been a chronic ailment with him but not regarded as particularly serious until recently.

All members of the former Vice President's family, except Major Richard Fairbanks, who is in France, were at his bedside.

The distinction of birth in a log cabin, which illustrious Americans of an earlier day commonly had, was also that for former Vice President Fairbanks. It is probable that he was the last of American statesmen to have been born in one of these humble cabins.

The one where he was born on May 11, 1852, was at Unionville Center, Ohio.

Mr. Fairbanks traced his ancestors to the days of Oliver Cromwell, who counted "Fayerbanks" among his supporters. Jonathan Fayerbanks, the first member of the family to come to America, landed at Boston in 1636. Mr. Fairbanks' father was Loriston Monroe Fairbanks, a wagon maker of Vermont, who emigrated to Union county, Ohio. His mother was a sister of the late William Henry Smith, once general manager of the Associated Press.

The Fairbanks home frequently was the hiding place of runaway slaves, and no black man was ever turned away from the door. Fairbanks was 8 years old when Abraham Lincoln was elected President. Then followed the Civil War, the stirring scenes of which the future Vice-President followed with keen interest.

Soon after he was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan College at Delaware, O., Mr. Fairbanks was appointed agent of the Associated Press at Pittsburg, Pa., holding that position for one year. His most important assignment was the rally of the Democrats and liberal Republicans in 1872. This was one of the largest meetings of the campaign and was addressed by Horace Greeley. Later in life he frequently referred with delight to his work as a newspaper man.

U-BOAT TOLL 58 IN MISSING AND DEAD

New York—The toll of dead and missing from the raid of German submarines against shipping off the American coast apparently stood Tuesday night at 58, all from the steamship Carolina, of the New York and Porto Rico line.

Sixteen of this number are known to have perished when one of the ship's boats capsized in a storm Sunday night after the vessel had been sunk. The fate of the others is not known, but it is hoped they have been picked up by a passing ship and will yet reach shore safely.

Officials of the company have placed the number of passengers aboard the Carolina when she was attacked 125 miles off Sandy Hook at 220 and the crew at 130, making 350 in all.

Captain Barbour, of the Carolina, reported to the company that he was on board the schooner Evan B. Douglas with 150 passengers and 94 of the crew. The schooner is being towed to this port by a tug and is expected to arrive soon.

A boat containing 28 survivors, 21 passengers and 7 of the crew arrived at Atlantic City Tuesday afternoon.

Another lifeboat with 10 passengers and nine members of the crew arrived at Lewis, Del., with the report that 16 of the 35 who had started from the ship had lost their lives in the storm Sunday night.

If the company's figures as to the number aboard the ill-starred liner are correct, this leaves 42 unaccounted for. That number might have been crowded into one lifeboat.

The only possible clue to their fate was found in the fact that an empty boat, marked with the name of the Carolina, was picked up at sea by a British steamship which arrived here Tuesday. It had every evidence of having been riddled by gunfire. It may have carried the passengers and sailors who still are missing. Another ship was added to the list of victims of the U-boats when the American schooner Edward R. Baird, Jr., was found in a sinking condition off the Maryland coast, after having been bombed.

Spain Exonerates Allies.

Madrid—German newspapers having asserted that British and French hospital ships are being used for the transportation of munitions of war, the Spanish ministry of foreign affairs has issued an official note declaring that an inquiry made by the government enables it to affirm that British, French and Italian vessels employed as hospital ships, on board of which are Spanish naval delegates, are being employed in a perfectly correct manner and for the exclusive transport of sick and wounded.

Thirteen Iowa Soldiers Slain.

Des Moines, Ia.—Thirteen Iowa soldiers, including five from Dubuque, three from Mason City, two from Des Moines, two from Winterset and one from Red Oak, were killed in action in France May 27, according to official notices received by relatives Wednesday night.

Captain E. O. Fluor, Des Moines, and Lieutenant C. R. Green, Winterset, are among the number. All are of the Rainbow division.

YOUTH REGISTRANTS NUMBER 1 MILLION

Men Enroll for War Upon Becoming 21 Years of Age.

200,000 ARE CALLED

Provost Marshal's Latest Order to Mobilize is Simultaneous With Registration of 1918.

Washington, D. C.—While a million young Americans just turned 21 were registered Wednesday for service in the war for world freedom, orders went out from the office of Provost Marshal General Crowder to the governors of all states except Arizona, for mobilization between June 24 and 28 of 200,000 more registrants.

This was in addition to the 1,000,000 men requisitioned from the first registration which brought the total number of men in service men called to arms to 1,200,000. The nation's army now has 2,600,000 men.

The registration order issued Tuesday marked the enrolling a year ago of 10,000,000 men.

The men who registered have become of age since the first registration day, June 5, 1917. Military authorities estimate that from their number there will be had 750,000 men fit for active duty.

While an act of congress requires that the new registrants be placed at the bottom of the class to which they are assigned, many of them may now be called to the colors, as requisitions upon governors probably will exhaust the first class in some states. While no formal explanation was made, this is believed to have been the reason why Arizona was not included in the call.

Registration days for men become 21 years of age probably will be fixed every three months hereafter. It is estimated that 1,000,000 men become of age yearly, and the new registrants are expected to go far toward keeping up the first class in each state from which thus far all men for the National army have been drawn.

Assignments for the men called to the colors under Wednesday's order indicate the rapidity with which troops now are moving overseas. In nearly every instance the registrants under requisition are assigned to National army cantonments, whereas recently when calls were made it was necessary to send the men to National guard, regular army and other camps because the cantonments were filled.

The house military committee has reported a resolution by Chairman Dent, making retroactive the bill basing the draft quotas on the number of men in class 1 so as to legalize any exceeding of authority as to the number of quota which may have been made in the first drafting of men.

RED CROSS FOUND OVER TOP

Over-Subscription of Seventy Millions Reported in Latest Drive.

Washington, D. C.—The American Red Cross second war mercy fund now totals \$166,439,291, with indications that when all reports from the drive of a week ago are tabulated, a \$70,000,000 over-subscription of the \$100,000,000 goal will be shown.

In announcing these figures, Henry P. Davidson, chairman of the Red Cross war council, said the returns show that more than 47,000,000 Americans—nearly half the total population of the country—contributed. Those giving to the first fund last year numbered only about 5,000,000.

Not only did every Red Cross division in the country over-subscribe, but one, the Gulf, turned in more than three times the amount of its quota, while five others, the Atlantic, Mountain, Northwestern, Southern and Southwestern, more than doubled their allotments. The insular and foreign division quadrupled its \$300,000 quota. Every state attained its goal, five more than tripled it, and 16 others and the District of Columbia more than doubled their allotments.

Stargazer Finds Nugget.

Baker, Or.—While on a trip to the mountains with other astronomers, W. M. Conrad, of the naval observatory party here for the eclipse, in crossing the old Nelson placers, north of town, picked up a gold nugget which was later found to be worth \$3.20. The party spent some time in further search, but found nothing more. The accidental find inspired them for a time with the enthusiasm of the faithful old-time prospectors, a few of whom are still hunting for rich pockets supposed to exist in the foothills nearby.

Shriners Elect Jacoby.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Elias Jacoby, for 17 years law partner of former Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, was Wednesday elected imperial potentate of the Imperial Council, Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Other officers elected include: Deputy imperial potentate, William Freeland Kendrick, Philadelphia; imperial chief rabban, Elias Garretson, Tacoma, and high priest and prophet, James McCandless, Honolulu.