



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPY

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 "Old Pepper."

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 get it."

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

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches "go West."

CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

CHAPTER XII—Empey joins the "suicide" squad as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

CHAPTER XIV—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

CHAPTER XV—On "listening post" in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVI—Two artillerymen "put one over" on Old Pepper, their regimental commander.

ATTEMPTING at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared. The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions were once again fed. The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the droop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted:

"Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your heels together when I speak! Come in here!"

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir.'"

"But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!'"

"Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his tongue into his cheek and winked, then, turning to the closed door, he stuck his thumb to his nose and left.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him.

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against each other.

"My interview was very short.

"Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose.

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers—by gad, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish. Spit it out."

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing.'"

"That's easy to see,' he roared; 'that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery.'"

"I saluted and made my exit.

"That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called up back and said:

"Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, there are two tins of them on my table. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understand?"

"We understood.

"For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Bilme me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that chucked us Goldflakes in his dugout and here I have been chucking me weight about in his hearing."

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion. Quite a contrast to Wilson was another character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his age. He was fifty-seven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle as if it were a baby. In his spare moments you could always see him cleaning it or polishing the stock. Woe betide the man who by mistake happened to get hold of this rifle; he soon found out his error. Scott was as deaf as a mule, and it was amusing at parade to watch him in the manual of arms, slyly glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man next to him to see what the order was. How he passed the doctor was a mystery to us; he must have bluffed his way through, because he certainly was independent. Beside him the Fourth of July looked like Good Friday. He wore at the time a large sombrero, had a Mexican stock saddle over his shoulder, a lariat on his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging from his hip. Dumping this paraphernalia on the floor he went up to the recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm from America, west of the Rockies, and want to join your d—d army. I've got no use for a German and can shoot some. At Scotland Yard they turned me down; said I was deaf and so I am. I don't hanker to ship in with a d—d mud-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than none, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fags.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spin some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more. Ananias was a rookie compared with him.

The ex-plainman and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sigh of relief went up from the officers' mess.

Old Scotty had the freedom of the brigade. He used to draw two or three days' rations and disappear with his glass, range finder and rifle, and we would see or hear no more of him until suddenly he would reappear with a couple of notches added to those already on the butt of his rifle. Every time he got a German it meant another notch. He was proud of these notches.

But after a few months Father Rheumatism got him and he was sent to Blighty; the air in the wake of his stretcher was blue with curses. Old Scotty surely could swear; some of his outbursts actually burned you.

No doubt, at this writing, he is "somewhere in Blighty" dussing footling

it on a bridge or along the wall of some munition plant with the "G. R." or Home Defense corps.

CHAPTER XVII.

Out in Front.

After ten Lieutenant Stores of our section came into the dugout and informed me that I was "for" a reconnoitering patrol and would carry six Mills bombs.

At 11:30 that night twelve men, our lieutenant and myself went out in front on a patrol in No Man's Land.

We cruised around in the dark for about two hours, just knocking about looking for trouble, on the lookout for Boche working parties to see what they were doing.

Around two in the morning we were carefully picking our way about thirty yards in front of the German barbed wire, when we walked into a Boche covering party nearly thirty strong. Then the music started, the fiddler rendered his bill, and we paid.

Fighting in the dark with a bayonet is not very pleasant. The Germans took it on the run, but our officer was no novice at the game and didn't follow them. He gave the order "down on the ground, hug it close."

Just in time, too, because a volley skimmed over our heads. Then in low tones we were told to separate and crawl back to our trenches, each man on his own.

We could see the flashes of their rifles in the darkness, but the bullets were going over our heads.

We lost three men killed and one wounded in the arm. If it hadn't been for our officer's quick thinking the whole patrol would have probably been wiped out.

After about twenty minutes' wait we went out again and discovered that the Germans had a wiring party working on their barbed wire. We returned to our trenches unobserved with the information and our machine guns immediately got busy.

The next night four men were sent out to go over and examine the German barbed wire and see if they had



A Hidden Gun.

cut lanes through it; if so, this pre-arranged an early morning attack on our trenches.

Of course I had to be one of the four selected for the job. It was just like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin.

At ten o'clock we started out, armed with three bombs, a bayonet and revolver. After getting into No Man's Land we separated. Crawling four or five feet at a time, ducking star shells, with strays cracking overhead, I reached their wire. I scouted along this inch by inch, scarcely breathing. I could hear them talking in their trench, my heart was pounding against my ribs. One false move or the least noise from me meant discovery and almost certain death.

After covering my sector I quietly crawled back. I had gotten about half way when I noticed that my revolver was missing. It was pitch dark. I turned about to see if I could find it; it couldn't be far away, because about three or four minutes previously I had felt the butt in the holster. I crawled around in circles and at last found it, then started on my way back to our trenches, as I thought.

Pretty soon I reached barbed wire, and was just going to give the password when something told me not to. I put out my hand and touched one of the barbed wire stakes. It was iron. The British are of wood, while the German are iron. My heart stopped beating; by mistake I had crawled back to the German lines.

I turned slowly about and my tunic caught on the wire and made a loud rattling noise.

Continued next week

Trains into Monmouth			
L've Portland 7:15, a m,	Gerlinger 10:20,	Independ'ce 10:32,	Monm'th 10:50
" Salem 9:35, "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
" " 1:40, p m,	Dallas 2:45	" " " " " "	" 3:10
" " 3:45, "	Gerlinger 4:24,	Independence 4:37,	Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00, "	" " 6:45,	" " 6:57,	" 7:10
" Portland 3:30,	Connects with above		
" Corvallis 6:45, a m	Independence 7:36	Arrive Monmouth 7:45	
" " 1:15, p m	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" 2:30
" Dallas 7:00, a m,	Arrive Monmouth 7:25		
" Airline 8:30, a m and 3:45, p m,	Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a m and 4:13 p m		
Leave Independence, 6:50 a m,	7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:20, 1:30, p m,	2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:00	

Trains out of Monmouth			
L've Monmouth 7:05 a m,	Independence 7:35,	Gerlinger 7:49,	Ar Salem 8:30
" Same as above	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p m,	" " 2:14,	" " 2:27,	Salem 3:10
" Same as above	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05,	" " 4:40,	" " 4:55,	Salem 5:30
" " 9:05, a m	Dallas 10:00	" " " " " "	" 11:00
" " 4:30, p m	" " 4:45,	" " " " " "	" 5:25
" " 9:05, a m,	Independence 10:32,	Corvallis 11:20	
" " 4:55, p m,	" " 6:57,	" " 7:45	
" " 7:25 a m and 3:10 p m,	Arrives Airline 8 a m and 3:40 pm		
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a m,	8:15 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M, 1:45, p m,	2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:13	

THE WAR, THE FARM AND THE FARMER

By Herbert Quick
Member Federal Farm Loan Board

The farms of this country could carry the war to a victorious conclusion even if all the rest of the nations should quit. The rest will not quit; but we could win it without them if we had to do it. The farmers of the United States can whip Germany. We can whip them with guns. We can whip them with our products. We can whip them with our money.

Every farmer in the United States must remember that the war has a first mortgage on every cent he has. The last spare cent in the pockets of every farmer in America should be devoted to the war.

The Kaiser began foreclosing his mortgage on our farms when he declared ruthless submarine warfare. The war is our answer to his bill of foreclosure.

Our contribution is, first, our sons and brothers for the trenches; second, the last pound of food products which we can grow by mobilizing our scanty labor supply, utilizing the men, women and children and the townspeople about us; and third, money for Liberty Bonds.

This is the crucial year of the war. Our soldiers are at the front, hundreds of thousands of them in the trenches, and a million more ready to go. The whole burden of carrying on our own part in the war, and of aiding our sister nations in arms, rests on the United States Treasury.

If the treasury falls or falters or finds itself unable to respond to every call upon it, the war is lost. Do you realize that?

Your son, and all the nation's sons are relying on the United States Treasury to furnish things with which they may fight.

Their lives are lost if the treasury falls. Our country is lost if the treasury fails.

Germany wins if the treasury fails. Therefore every cent you can rake and scrape together belongs to the treasury, that our soldiers may come back to us alive and victorious. This is literally true. We can whip the Germans with our money; but not with the money in our pockets or bank accounts. It must go into the United States Treasury in subscriptions to Liberty Bonds.

(This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Quick.)

While Gerard was our ambassador in Berlin, the Kaiser said to him one day that he would stand no nonsense from America after the war.

Do you know what that means? It means that the Germans intend to subjugate this country if they come out of this war victorious.

The German Imperial government has preached the superiority of Germany to all the rest of the world until the German nation is drunk with megalomania. One of their great writers expressed the prevailing official view in 1902, when he wrote:

"The Teutonic race is called upon to circle the earth with its rule, to exploit the treasures of nature and of human power, and to make the passive races servient elements in its cultural development . . . Whoever has the characteristics of the Teutonic race is superior. All the dark peoples are mentally inferior, because they belong to the passive races. The cultural value of a nation is measured by the quantity of Teutonism it contains."

Are you one of the darker races? Are you willing to be rated as one of the "servient elements" in Germany's cultural development?

You began to be one of the "servient elements" when peaceful people were slaughtered as they carried your produce to market. Was it because you belonged to a "passive race?"

This war is for the purpose of saying to that insane claim, with the roar of a hundred thousand cannons—"NO!"

Never since the Turks threatened to overwhelm Europe was the world in such danger as now. Germany must be defeated this year. Unless we win, our place in the world is lost, and our history as one of the "servient elements" begins. We must withhold nothing from the support of the war. We must give our sons. We must bring forth food in abundance. We must give into the treasury of the United States every cent we can spare.

This summer the support of the war is up to the farmers; and Uncle Sam has never called upon the farmers in vain!

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