EIGHT PAGES

THE INDEPENDENCE ENTERPRISE, INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

PAGE

2



EMPEY TAKES HIS FIRST TURN ON THE FIRING STEP OF THE TRENCH WHILE BULLETS WHIZ OVERHEAD.

Synopsis .- Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches.

CHAPTER V.

Mud, Rats and Shells. I must have slept for two or three hours, not the refreshing kind that results from clean sheets and soft pillows, but the sleep that comes from

cold, wet and sheer exhaustion. Suddenly, the earth seemed to shake and a thunderclap burst in my ears. I opened my eyes-I was splashed all over with sticky mud, and men were picking themselves up from the bottom of the trench. The parapet on my left had toppled into the trench, completely blocking it with a wall of tossed-up earth. The man on my left lay still. I rubbed the mud from my face, and an awful sight met my gaze-his head was smashed to a pulp, and his steel helmet was full of brains and blood. A German "Minnie" (trench mortar) had exploded in the next traverse. Men were digging into the soft mass of mud in a frenzy of haste, Stretcher-bearers came up the trench on the double. After a few minutes of digging, three still, muddy forms on stretchers were carried down the communication trench to the rear. Soon they would be resting "somewhere in France," with a little wooden cross over their heads. They had done their bit for king and country, had died without firing a shot, but their services were appreciated, nevertheless.

Later on, I found out their fames. They belonged to our draft.

I was dazed and motionless. Suddenly a shovel was pushed into my hands, and a rough but kindly voice said:

"Here, my lad, lend a hand clearing the trench, but keep your head down, and look out for snipers. One of the

my senses, and I feebly asked, "For heaven's sake, what was that?" He answered. "Only a rat taking a promenade along the sandbags." felt very sheepish.

chuckle from my mate brought me to

About every twenty minutes the sentry in the next traverse would fire a star shell from his flare pistol. The I never got used to this noise during my service in the trenches.

I would watch the arc described by the star shell, and then stare into No Man's Land waiting for it to burst. In its lurid light the barbed wire and light like a latticed window. Then darkness.

Once, out in front of our wire, I heard a noise and saw dark forms and lighted it. moving. My rifle was lying across the sandbagged parapet. I reached for it, and was taking aim to fire, when my mate grasped my arm, and whispered, "Don't fire." He challenged in a low voice. The reply came back instantly from the dark forms:

"Shut your blinkin' mouth, you bloomin' idiot; do you want us to click it from the Boches?"

Later we learned that the word, "No challenging or firing, wiring party out in front," had been given to the sentry on our right, but he had failed to pass It down the trench. An officer had overheard our challenge and the reply, and immediately put the offending sentry under arrest. The sentry clicked twenty-one days on the wheel, that is, he received twenty-one days' field punishment No. 1, or "crucifixion," as Tommy terms it.

This consists of being spread-eagled

It was not long after this that I was one of the "20 lying."

I soon hit the hny and was fast asleep, even my friends the "cooties" failed to disturb me.

The next morning at about six o'clock I was awakened by the lance corporal of our section, informing me that I had been detailed as mess orderly, and to report to the cook and give him a hand. I helped him make the fire, carry water from an old well, and fry the bacon. Lids of dixies are used to cook the bacon in. After breakfast was cooked, I carried a dixle of hot tea and the lid full of bacon to our section, and told the corporal that breakfast was ready. He looked at me in contempt, and then shouted, "Breakfast up, come and get it !" I immediately got wise to the trench parlance, and never again informed that "Breakfast was served."

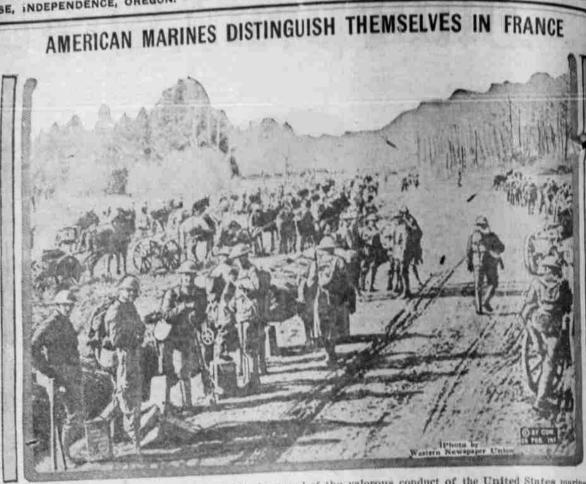
It didn't take long for the Tommies to answer this call. Half dressed, they lined up with their canteens and I dished out the ten. Each Tommy carried in his hand a thick slice of bread which had been issued with the rations the night before. Then I had the pleasure of seeing them dig into the bacon with their dirty fingers. The allowance was one slice per man. The late ones received very small slices. As each Tommy got his share he immediately disappeared into the blilet. Pretty soon about fifteen of them made a rush to the cookhouse, each carrying a huge slice of bread. These slices they dipped into the bacon grease which was stewing over the fire. The last man invariably lost out. I was the last man.

After breakfast our section carried their equipment into a field adjoining the billet and got busy removing the

trench mud therefrom, because at 8:45 a, m., they had to fall in for inspection and parade, and woe betide the man "plop" would give me a start of fright. who was unshaven, or had mud on his uniform. Cleanliness is next to godilness in the British army, and Old Pepper must have been personally ac-

quainted with St. Peter. Our drill consisted of close-order formation, which lasted until noon. stakes would be silhouetted against its | During this time we had two ten-minute breaks for rest, and no sooner the word, "Fall out for ten minutes," was given than each Tommy got out a fag

> Fags are issued every Sunday morning, and you generally get between twenty and forty. The brand gen-erally issued is the "Woodbine," Sometimes we are lucky and get "Goldflakes," "Players" or "Red Hussars." Occasionally an issue of "Life Rays" comes along. Then the older Tommles immediately get busy on the recruits and trade these for "Woodbines" or "Goldflakes," A recruit only has to be stuck once in this manner, and then he ceases to be a recruit. There is a



With great satisfaction the American public has read of the valorous conduct of the United States marine the fighting in France. A large detachment of the men of the corps is here shown on its way to the fighting f



This photograph shows a field battalion detachment of the signal corps installing telephone lines to the line trenches by way of an old culvert. Note the camouflage,

Fritz's is a daisy, and he'll get you if on the wheel of a limber two hours a you're not careful."

Lying on my belly on the bottom of sticky mud, they were dragged to my rear by the other men, and the work of rebuilding the parapet was on. The harder I worked, the better I felt. Although the weather was cold, I was soaked with sweat.

Occasionally a bullet would crack overhead, and a machine gun would kick up the mud on the bashed-in parapet. At each crack I would duck and shield my face with my arm. One of the older men noticed this action of mine, and whispered:

"Don't duck at the crack of a bullet, Yank; the danger has passed-you never hear the one that wings you. Always remember that if you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

This made a great impression on me at the time, and from then on, I adopted his motto, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

It helped me wonderfully. I used it so often afterwards that some of my mates dubbed me, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it."

After an hour's hard work, all my nervousness left me, and I was laughing and joking with the rest.

At one o'clock, dinner came up in the form of a dixle of hot stew.

I looked for my canteen. It had fallen off the fire step, and was half buried in the mud. The man on my left noticed this, and told the corporal, dishing out the rations, to put my share in his mess tin. Then he whispered to me, "Always take care of your mess tin, mate."

I had learned another maxim of the trenches.

That stew tasted fine. I was as hungry as a bear. We had "seconds," or another helping, because three of the men had "gone West," killed by the explosion of the German trench mortar, and we ate their share, but still I was hungry, so I filled in with bully beef and biscults. Then I drained my water bottle. Later on I learned another maxim of the front line, "Go sparingly with your water." The bully beef made me thirsty, and by tea time I was dying for a drink, but my pride would not allow me to ask my mates for water. I was fast learning the ethics of the trenches.

That night I was put on guard with an older man. We stood on the fire step with our hands over the top, peering out into No Man's Land. It was nervous work for me, but the other fellow seemed to take it as part of the night's routine.

Then something shot past my face. My heart stopped beating, and I ducked my head below the parapet. A soft cases."

day for twenty-one days, regardless of the weather. During this period, your the trench, I filled sandbags with the rations consist of bully beef, biscuits and water.

A few months later I met this sentry and he confided to me that since being "crucified," he had never failed to pass the word down the trench when so ordered. In view of the offense, the above punishment was very light, in that failing to pass the word down a trench may mean the loss of many lives, and the spoiling of some important enterprise in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VI.

"Back of the Line."

Our tour in the front-line trench lasted four days, and then we were relieved by the . - brigade.

A.

Going down the communication trench we were in a merry mood, although we were cold and wet, and every bone in our bodies ached. It makes a lot of difference whether you are "going in" or "going out."

At the end of the communication trench, limbers were waiting on the road for us. I thought we were going to ride back to rest billets, but soon found out that the only time an infantryman rides is when he is wounded and is bound for the base or Blighty. These limbers carried our reserve ammunition and rations. Our march to rest billets was thoroughly enjoyed by me. It seemed as if I hind everything that was disagreeable and horrible. Every recruit feels this way after being relieved from the trenches.

We marched eight kilos and then halted in front of a French estaminet. The captain gave the order to turn out on each side of the road and wait his return. Pretty soon he came back and told B company to occupy billets 117, 118 and 119. Billet 117 was an old stable which had previously been occupied by cows. About four feet in front of the entrance was a huge manure pile, and the odor from it was anything but pleasant. Using my flashlight I stumbled through the door. Just before entering I observed a white sign reading: "Sitting 50, lying 20," but, at the time, its significance

did not strike me. Next morning I asked the sergeant major what it meant. He nonchalantly answered:

"That's some of the work of the R. A. M. C. (Royal Army Medical corps). It simply means that in case of an attack, this billet will accommodate fifty wounded who are able to sit up and take notice, or twenty stretcher



Resting Back of the Lines.

reason. Tommy is a great cigarette smoker. He smokes under all conditions, except when unconscious or when he is reconnoitering in No Man's Land at night. Then, for obvious reasons, he does not care to have a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

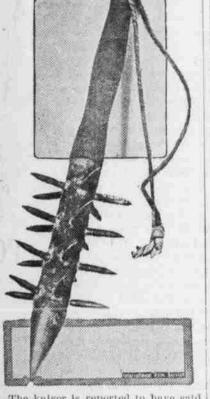
Stretcher bearers carry fags for wounded Tommies. When a stretcher bearer arrives alongside of a Tommy who has been hit the following conversation usually takes place: Stretcher bearer-"Want a fag? Where are you hit?" Tommy looks up and answers, "Yes. In the leg."

After dismissal from parade, we returned to our billets and I had to get busy immediately with the dinner issue. Dinner consisted of stew made from fresh beef, a couple of spuds, were on furlough, and was leaving be- bully beef, Maconochie rations and water-plenty of water. There is great competition among the men to spear with their forks the two lonely potatoes.

> Back on the front line, after a stay in rest billets, Empey gets a shock when a German bullet cuts down his first friend of the trenches. He tells the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Make Light of Heavy Loads. The streets of Jerusalem within the walls are as narrow and crowded that it is impossible to drive a wagon through them, and many of them are built of a series of steps upon the hillside, so that it is a task to lead camels or donkeys through them after sunrise. Therefore most of the carrying and portering is done by men. They carry the most surprising loads. I am told that they will step along briskly with 600 pounds on their backs, with stout ropes holding the bundles to their fore heads,-Exchange,



ONE WEAPON OF THE HUN

The kalser is reported to have said. recently that the Germans had taken enough prisoners, the inference being that all the wounded should be killed. This weapon, one of many thousands captured, is a sample of those used by the Huns to murder soldiers taken in their trench raids.

Why Ships Are Sunk.

Torpedoed merchant vessels are not sunk by extensive damage of the ship structure, is the view of a committee of the British Institution of Naval Architects, but because watertight compartments are not watertight. Plating and riveting are not disturbed over large areas, while bulkheads are not burst in by water pressure. Three causes explain many losses-bulkhead doors too low down to be closed after explosion, flooding of closed compartments through fractured suction pipes, and penetrating of bulkheads by flying rivets and other fragments of steel.

What Solomon Said.

The teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom, "When the queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?" McClary Wireless,



"DEVIL DOG" AND "BLUE DEVIL" TOGETHER

The American on the left is a United States marine. Fritz, after his for clash with him, dubbed him a "tenfel hund," which is perfectly good form for "devil dog." The soldier on the right is a member of the Chasseurs Alpha whom the Germans have called "blue devils." Both marine and chasseur have willingly accepted the appellations,

ITEMS OF INTEREST

.....

The present congress has 17 union labor members,

Virginia's workmen's compensation bill was vetoed.

Female munition workers in France are limited to ten hours' work a day.

The amount of land above sea level In the world would make a crust 600 feet thick if evenly distributed all over the globe.

About 90 per cent of Norway's dentists are graduates of American dental colleges or have taken postgraduate courses in the United States. Abyssinia is the original home of the coffee tree, and in the southern and western highlands of that country | per cent in August, 1914, and in there are still immediate the southern | per cent in August, 1914, and in there are still immense forests of it many months recently has been path that have never been touched.

CONDENSATIONS

Since 1906 trade union membersh in Australia has increased 211 pa

cent. The London & Northwestern raised of England has offered space and M the side of its line for food plots

Lizards are being raised in This dad, British West Indies, to prote the sugar crop from froghoppers. Bread for the British soldier is mail "near the front" by members at ba

British Woman's army auxiliary corp Post cards were first used in Am tria. They became part of that count

try's postal service in 1869. The ratio of unemployment and British trade union members was i tically zero.