

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 90 per cent of which were surgical cases. At the head of each bed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "G. S. W." or "S. W.," the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter shell wound. The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field artillery and Royal engineers. About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and, perhaps, a Canadian intrude themselves and the argument waxed loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle their dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routs the doughty warriors and again silence reigns supreme. Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor, he was generally kept well

supplied with these delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many word wars ensue after the visitors leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over his steady visitor to the man in the next bed.

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same. Several Tommies try to duck this unpleasant job by telling the visitors that they cannot write, but this never phases the owner of the album; he or she, generally she, offers to write it for them and Tommy is stung into telling his experiences.

The questions asked Tommy by visitors would make a clever joke book to a military man.

Some kindly looking old lady will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans. You must be suffering frightful pain. A bullet, did you say? Well, tell me, I have always wanted to know, did it hurt worse going in or coming out?"

Tommy generally replies that he did not stop to figure it out when he was hit.

One very nice-looking, overenthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle bullet."

With a look of disdain she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh! Only a bullet? I thought it was a shell!" Why she should think a shell wound was more of a distinction beats me. I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of par-

liament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all, and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs staring him in the face, "Out of bounds for patients." Generally the nurses were looking the other way when one of these night raids started. I hope this information will get none of them into trouble, but I cannot resist the temptation to let the commandant know that occasionally we put it over on him.

One afternoon I received a note, through our underground channel, from my female visitor, asking me to attend a party at her house that night. I answered that she could expect me and to meet me at a certain place on the road well known by all patients, and some visitors, as "over the wall." I told her I would be on hand at seven-thirty.

About seven-thirty I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes. Then I told the nurse, a particular friend of mine, that I was going for a walk in the rose garden. She winked and I knew that everything was all right on her end.

Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly. I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well.

I struck a match. In its faint glare I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard came from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shinny up the pipe. I could not yell for help, because the rescuer would want to know how the accident happened, and I would be haled before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the forlorn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass

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Since the day of the caveman, who liked his meat raw, civilization has learned a lot about the scientific treatment of the things we eat.

Naturally none of us would now prefer to have our meat raw, our potatoes as they come from the ground, our coffee unroasted.

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This wonderful new idea—simple like all great inventions—was first used in producing the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette—made of toasted Burley tobacco.

Burley has a mellow flavor, entirely different from the tobacco usually used for cigarettes. It is a pipe tobacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes taste like a pipe.

and I could give him our usual signal of "sis-s-s-s," which would bring him to the rescue.

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the well.

After two hours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "sis-s-s-s" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertinent remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished out.

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "Op it, Yank, 'ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fellow."

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time and place.

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

(To Be Continued)

REMOVAL NOTICE

On May 6th the assay office will be moved from the Hall building to the Schmidt building on southwest corner Sixth and I streets.
E. R. CROUCH, assayer.

Political Cards.
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Showing Oregon and California Homestead Lands, open to filing April 29, 1918, \$1 per township.

Please give township and range.

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O. & C. GRANT LANDS—Blue print plats showing lands in Josephine county, \$1.50. Address A. E. Voorhies, Grants Pass. 47

FOR SALE—Good modern house, close in, north side. Inquire No. 2323, care Courier. 287f

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FOR SALE—Young black team weighing about 1800. Address Andrew Johnson, Merlin, Ore. 46

FOR SALE—My entire herd of dairy and stock cattle, 20 head Holstein cows and helpers, some fresh, others soon, one pure bred roan Durham bull. Phone 601-7-3. Address W. L. Hayes, Murphy, Ore. 451f

FOR SALE—Slab wood, \$2 per tier. Phone 338-L. 47

FOR SALE—Team, wagon and harness, \$150, 241 West G street. Inquire Pastime Cigar store. 47

FOR SALE—One kitchen range in good shape, \$20; one heating stove, cost \$20, will sell for \$10, excellent condition. Call at 317 E or phone No. 216J. 51

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FOR RENT—Eight acre apple and peach orchard, one acre Tokays, good 5-room house partly furnished, good cow (for sale), few Black Minorca hens. All plowed. See Heath & Herman or Isaac Best. 49

WANTED

EXPERIENCED mill men wanted year around work. Excellent cook-house, electric lights, men's club, good wages, write to Modoc Lumber Company, Chiloquin, Oregon. 52

WANTED—One section steel frame narrow, with lever. W. H. Leonard, Rd. No. 2, Box 11-A. 46

SHOE department of eastern Oregon department store requires the services of a first class shoe salesman. Salary \$100 per month. Married man preferred. Permanent position. In answering state length of service, where obtained and name references. Address answer No. 702 care Courier. 48

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WANTED—Teams for county road work, \$7.50 per eight hour day. Board of men \$1 per day and feed for horses furnished at wholesale prices. For further information address Moon and Gidley, Marshfield, Ore. 50

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\$2.50 CASH will be paid (and no questions asked) for return of agate scarf pin taken from my home on Monday, or \$10 reward for arrest and conviction of party responsible for its removal. A. E. Voorhies. 53

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