PAGE TEN



CHAPTER II.

Blighty to Rest Billets.

for me and informed me : "Empey, as

a recruiting sergeant you are a wash-

out," and sent me to a training depot.

hustled to the guartermaster stores

and received an awful shock. The

quartermaster sergeant spread a wa-

terproof sheet on the ground and com-

menced throwing a miscellaneous as-

sortment of straps, buckles and other

paraphernalia into it. I thought he

would never stop, but when the pile

reached to my knees he paused long

enough to say, "Next, No. 5217, 'Arris,

B company." I gazed in bewilderment

at the plie of junk in front of me, and

then my eyes wandered around looking

for the wagon which was to carry it

to barracks. I was rudely brought to

earth by the "quarter" exclaiming,

"'Ere, you, 'op it; tyke it aw'y; blind

my eyes, 'e's looking for 'is batman to

Struggling under the load, with fre-

quent pauses for rest, I reached our

barracks (large car barns), and my

platoon leader came to the rescue. It

was a marvel to me how quickly he

assembled the equipment. After he

had completed the task, he showed me

how to adjust it on my person. Pretty

my Atkins in heavy marching order,

On my feet were heavy-soled boots,

studded with hobnails, the toes and

heels of which were re-enforced by

steel half-moons. My legs were in-

tunic, under which was a bluish gray

woolen shirt, minus a collar; beneath

this shirt a woolen belly band about

six inches wide, held in place by the

strings of white tape. On my head

was a heavy woolen trench cap, with

huge earlaps buttoned over the top.

Then the equipment: A canvas belt,

ammunition pockets, and two

with

feeling like an overloaded camel.

'elp 'im carry it."

After arriving at this place, I was

The next morning the captain sent

OVER THE TOP 60 AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT \$ MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE DIST BY ARTHUR SUY EMPEY

> business, but it did not work. They immediately put me as batman in their mess. Many a greasy dish of stew was accidentally spilled over them.

> I would sooner fight than be a waiter, so when the order came through from headquarters calling for a draft of 250 re-enforcements for France, I volunteered.

Then we went before the M. O. (medical officer) for another physical examination. This was very brief. He asked our names and numbers and said "Fit," and we went out to fight.

We were put into troop trains and sent to Southampton, where we detrained, and had our trench rifles issued to us. Then in columns of twos we went up the gangplank of a little steamer lying alongside the dock.

At the head of the gangplank there was an old sergeant, who directed that we line ourselves along both ralls of the ship. Then he ordered us to take life belts from the racks overhead and put them on. I have crossed the ocean several times and knew I was not sensick, but when I buckled on that life belt I had a sensation of sickness.

After we got out into the stream all could think of was that there were a million German submarines with a torpedo on each, across the warhead of which was inscribed my name and address.

soon I stood before him a proper Tom-After five hours we came alongside pler and disembarked. I had attained another one of my ambitions. I was "somewhere in France," We slept in the open that night on the side of the road. About six the next morning we were ordered to entrain. I cased in woolen puttees, olive drab in looked around for the passenger color, with my trousers overlapping conches, but all I could see on the stdthem at the top. Then a woolen khaki ing were cattle cars. We climbed into these. On the side of each car was sign reading "Hommes 40, Cheveaux When we got inside of the cars, we thought that perhaps the sign painter had reversed the order of things. After 48 hours in these trucks we detrained at Rouen. At this place we went through an intensive training for ten days,

wide canvas straps like suspenders, The training consisted of the rudicalled "D" straps, fastened to the belt ments of trench warfare. Trenches in front, passing over each shoulder. had been dug, with barbed wire encrossing in the middle of my back, and tanglements, bombing saps, dugouts, attached by buckles to the rear of the observation posts and machine gun embelt. On the right side of the belt placements. We were given a smathung a water bottle, covered with felt: tering of trench cooking, sanitation, on the left side was my bayonet and bomb throwing, reconnoitering, listenscabbard, and intrenching tool handle, ing posts, constructing and repairing The older men of our battalion were this handle strapped to the bayonet barbed wire, "carrying in" parties, wiser and made scratchers out of

Then we started our march up to the the address on the envelope. It was line in ten-kilo treks. After the first day's march we arrived at our rest billets. In France they call them rest billets, because while in them Tommy works seven days a week and on the eighth day of the week he is given twenty-four hours "on his own."

Our billet was a spacious affair, a large barn on the left side of the road. which had one hundred entrances. ninety-nine for shells, rats, wind and rain, and the hundredth one for Tommy. I was tired out, and using my until a piece of shrapnel hits it), or tin hat, for a pillow, lay down in the straw, and was soon fast asleep, 1 must have slept about two hours, when I awoke with a prickling sensation all over me. As I thought, the straw had worked through my uniform. I woke been up the line before, and asked him:

"Does the straw bother you, mate? It's worked through my uniform and I can't sleep."

In a sleepy voice he answered, "That ain't straw, them's cooties." From that time on my friends the "cootles" were constantly with me,

"Cooties," or body lice, are the bane of Tommy's existence.

The aristocracy of the trenches, very seldom call them "cooties," they speak of them as fleas,

To an American flea means a small insect armed with a bayonet, who is wont to jab it into you and then hopskip and jump to the next place to be attacked. There is an advantage in having fleas on you instead of "cooties" in that in one of his extended jumps said flea is liable to hand on the fellow next to you; he has the typical energy and push of the American. while the "cootie" has the buildog tenacity of the Englishman; he holds on and consolidates or digs in until his meal is finished.

There is no way to get rid of them permanently. No matter how often you bathe, and that is not very often, or how many times you change your underwear, your friends the "cooties" are always in evidence. The billets are infested with them, especially so if there is straw on the floor.

I have taken a bath and put on brand-new underwear; in fact, a complete change of uniform, and then turned in for the night. The next morning my shirt would be full of them. It is a common sight to see eight or ten soldiers sitting under a tree with their shirts over their knees engaging in a "shirt hunt."

At night about half an hour before "lights out," you can see the Tommles grouped around a candle, trying, in Its dim light, to rid their underwear of the vermin. A popular and very quick method is to take your shirt and drawers, and run the seams back and forward in the flame from a candle and burn them out. This practice is dangerous, because you are liable to burn holes in the garments if you are not careful.

Recruits generally sent to Blighty for a brand of insect powder advertised as "Good for body lice." The advertisement is quite right; the powder is good for "cootles;" they simply thrive on lt.

addressed to Miss Alice Somebody, in London. The "runner" informed me that Miss Somebody was the major's sweetheart and that he wrote to her every day. Just imagine it, writing a love letter during a "cootie" hunt; but such is the creed of the trenches,

## CHAPTER III.

I Go to Church.

Upon enlistment we had identity pressed it, "It must be an Allemand bedisks issued to us. These were small shrapnel-proof helmet (shrapnel proof disks of red fiber worn around the neck I know our batteries are not off their by means of a string. Most of the Tombally nappers and are certainly not mles also used a little metal disk which strafeing our own planes, and another they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previous ly figured it out that if their heads line and learnt something." were blown off, the disk on the left wrist would identify them. If they lost up the fellow lying on my left, who had their left arm the disk around the neck would serve the purpose, but if their head and left arm were blown off, no

singing one of Tommy's trench ditties : one would care who they were, so it COMMUNICATION TRAVERSE 3 TO SFT. IN WIDTH SANDBACCED PARAD 60 PARAPET FIRE STEP

Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches.

did not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the other was stamped your religion.

C. of E., meaning Church of England; R. C., Roman Catholic; W., Wesleyan; P., Presbyterian; but if you happened to be an atheist they left it blank, and just handed you a pick and when overhead came a "swish" through shovel. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, any old thing," and he promptly put down C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religions I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday, I was sitting in the billet writing home to my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire-all recruits do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and shouted: "C. of E. outside for church parade !"

I kept on writing. Turning to me, in. a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you C, of E.?"

traverse back and forth with his "typewriter" or machine gun. The builets informed us that it was a German airmade a sharp cracking noise overhead. plane and I wondered how he could tell The boy in front of me named Pren-

tice crumpled up without a word. A plece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak.

In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch Every now and then a German stat shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates."

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "macks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rum issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dixies or iron pots, filled with steaming ten, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

(To Be Continued.)

#### WORK IN Y. W. C. A. FUND IS PRAISED

(From Monday's Daily.)

Mrs. C. P. Niswonger, local chairman of the National Y. W. C. A. drive was the recipient of a letter of congratulation this morning from Mrs. Carrio McMaster, chairman of the state division of the women's section of the National War Work Council. The letter is as follows:

'My Dear Mrs. Niswonger:

I have been away from home and am sorry that I have not been ableto write before to congratulate you on the splendid success that you for the Y. W. C. A. reported. On behalf of the War Work Council, I wish to thank you all and express my

Respectfully yours.

I want to go home. I want to go home don't want to go to the trenches no more Where sausages and whils bangs are ga-

from such a distance because the plane

seemed like a little black speck in the

sky. I expressed my doubt as to

whether it was English, French or Ger-

man. With a look of contempt he fur-

ther informed us that the allied anti-

aircraft shells when exploding emitted

white smoke while the German shells

gave forth black smoke, and, as he ex-

cause our pom-poms are shelling, and

plece of advice-don't chuck your

weight about until you've been up the

I immediately quit "chucking my

Just before reaching reserve billets

we were marching along, laughing, and

weight about" from that thue on.

lore Take me over the sea, Where the Allemand can't get at ms,

Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home-

the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report-the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "coalboxes," A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the and the ladies that worked with you waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into columns of fours, and proceeded on our deep appreciation for your effort. way.

rear was my in trenching tool, carried in a canvas case. This tool was a combination pick and spade. A canvas haversack was strapped to the left side of the belt. while on my back was the pack, also of canvas, held in place by two canvas straps over the shoulders; suspended on the bottom of the pack was my mess tin or canteen in a neat little canvas case. My waterproof sheet, looking like a jelly roll, was strapped on top of the pack, with a wooden stick for cleaning the breach of the rifle projecting from each end. On a lanyard around my waist hung a huge jackknife with a can-opener attachment. The pack contained my overcoat, an extra pair of socks, change of underwear, hold all (containing knife, fork, spoon, comb, toothbrush, lather brush, shaving soap, and a razor made of tin, with "Made in England" stamped on the blade; when trying to shave with this it made you wish that you were at war with Patagonia, so that you could have a "hollow ground" stamped "Made in Germany") ; then your housewife, button-cleaning outfit, consisting of a brass button stick, two stiff brushes, and a box of "Soldiers' Friend" paste; then a shoe brush and a box of dubbin, a writing pad, indelible pencil, envelopes, and pay book, and personal belongings, such as a small mirror, a decent razor and a sheaf of unanswered letters, and fags. In your haversack you carry your iron rations, meaning a tin of bully beef, four biscuits and a can containing tea. sugar and Oxo cubes; a couple of pipes and a pack of shag, a tin of rifle oll, and a pull-through. Tommy generally carries the oil with his rations; it gives the cheese a sort of sardine taste.

Add to this a first-aid pouch and a long, ungainly rifle patterned after the Daniel Boone period, and you have an idea of a British soldier in Bilghty. Before leaving for France, this rifle is taken from him and he is issued with a Lee-Enfield short trench rifle and a ration bag.

In France he receives two gas helmets, a sheepskin coat, rubber mackintosh, steel helmet, two blankets, tearshell goggies, a balaclava helmet, gloves and tin of antifrostbite grease which is excellent for greasing the boots. Add to this the weight of his rations can you blame Tommy for growling at a twenty-kilo route march? Having served as a sergeant in the U.S. Cavalry, I tried to tell the English drill sergeants their



The Author's Identification Disk.

methods used in attack and defense, wiring parties, mass formation, and the procedure for polson-gas attacks. On the tenth day we again met our friends "Hommes 40, Chevenux 8." Thirty-six hours more of misery, and we arrived at the town of F-After unloading our rations and equipment, we lined up on the road in columns of fours waiting for the order

to march. A dull rumbling could be heard. The sun was shining. I turned to the man on my left and asked, "What's the noise, Bill?" He did not know, but his face was of a pen-green color. Jim, on my right, also did not know, but suggested that I "awsk" the sergeant. Coming towards us was an old griz-

zled sergeant, properly fed up with the war, so I "awsked" him.

"Think it's going to rain, sergeant?" He looked at me in contempt, and grunted, "'Ow's it a-goin' ter rain with the bloomin' sun a-shinin'?" I looked guilty.

"Them's the guns up the line, me lad, and you'll get enough of 'em be-"re you gets back to Blighty."

ly knees seemed to wilt, and aked out a weak "Oh !"

wood. These were rubbed smooth with a bit of stone or sand to prevent splinters. They were about eighteen inches long, and Tommy guarantees that a scratcher of this length will reach any part of the body which may be attacked. Some of the fellows were lazy and only made their scratchers twelve inches, but many a night when on guard, looking over the top from the fire step of the front-line trench, they would have given a thousand "quid" for the other six inches.

Once while we were in rest billets an Irish Hussar regiment camped in an open field opposite our billet. After they had picketed and fed their horses, a general shirt hunt took place. The troopers ignored the call "Dinner up." and kept on with their search for big game. They had a curious method of procedure. They hung their shirts over a hedge and beat them with their entrenching tool handles.

I asked one of them why they didn't pick them off by hand, and he answered, "We haven't had a bath for nine weeks or a change of clabber. If I tried to pick the 'cooties' off my shirt, I would be here for duration of war.' After taking a close look at his shirt, I agreed with him; it was alive,

The greatest shock a recruit gets when he arrives at his battallou in France is to see the men engaging in a "cootie" hunt. With an air of contempt and disgust he avoids the company of the older men, until a couple of days later, in a torment of itching. he also has to resort to a shirt hunt. or spend many a sleepless night of misery. During these hunts there are lots of pertinent remarks bandled back and forth among the explorers, such as, "Say, Bill, I'll swap you two little ones for a big one," or, "I've got a black one here that looks like Kaiser

Bill." One sunny day in the front-line trench, I saw three officers sitting outside of their dugout ("cootles" are no respecters of rank ; I have even noticed a suspicious uneasiness about a certain well-known general), one of them was

a major, two of them were exploring their shirts paying no attention to the occasional shells which passed overhead. The major was writing a letter; every now and then he would lay aside his writing-pad, search his shirt for a

few minutes, get an inspiration, and then resume writing. At last he finished and gave it to his "runner." was curious to see whether he was

runner passed me I engaged him in conversation and got a glimpse at "plan." The sercent of my platoon right and left. Then a Fritz would

I answered, "Yep."

In an angry tone, he commanded, "Don't you 'yep' me, Say, 'Yes, ser-geant major.'" "I did so. Somewhat mollified, he

ordered, "Outside for church parade." I looked up and answered, "I am not going to church this morning." He said, "Oh, yes, you are !"

I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not !"-But I went.

We lined up outside with rifles and bayonets, 120 rounds of ammunition, wearing our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about five kilos, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field the chaplain was standing in a limber. We formed a semicircle around him. Overhead there was a black speck cireling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain had a book in his left hand-left eye on the book-right eye on the airplane. We Tommies were lucky, we had no books, so had both eyes on the airplane.

After church parade we were marched back to our billets, and played football all afternoon.

CHAPTER IV.

"Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inspected by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. The boys in the brigade had nicknamed this general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart,

For the next ten days we "rested." repairing roads for the Frenchies, drilling, and digging bombing trenches. One morning we were informed that

we were going up the line, and our march began.

It took us three days to reach reserve billets-each day's march bringing the sound of the guns nearer and nearcr. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which lighted up the sky with a red glare.

Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane being.shelled. A thrill ran through me and I gazed in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while little puffs of white smoke were bursting all around it. These puffs appeared writing to an insect firm, so when the like tiny balls of cotton while after

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H----, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell), Shells



A Bomb Proof.

were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large ratsbig black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcost, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wended our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called "Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments

Mrs. Carrie McMaster."

#### RAYMOND MARTIN IS TAKEN TO PORTLAND

(From Friday's Daily.) Raymond Martin, the I. W. W. whoarrived in Bend Tuesday night and was arrested by Chief of Police Nixon. was taken to Portland last night to appear before federal authorities. Mike Kitzie, his companion, has gone back to Prineville.

Something to sell? Advertise in The Bulletin's classified column.

# **MAKE YOUR HOME COMFORTABLE**

Spring and Housecleaning Time is Here.

Brighten up your home with a new piece of furniture here and there to aid to its cheerfulness and to add to its comfort.

### We Have Just What You Need on Easy Payments

We have everything that you might need for this housekeeping season, in New and Second Hand Furniture that can be secured at the right price and on very easy payments.

**Buy Now and Pay** as Convenient

**Standard Furniture** Company