



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

CHAPTER VII.

Rations.

Just dozing off; Mr. Lance Corporal butted in.

In Tommy's eyes a lance corporal is one degree below a private. In the corporal's eyes he is one degree above a general.

He ordered me to go with him and help him draw the next day's rations, also told me to take my waterproof.

Every evening, from each platoon or machine-gun section, a lance corporal and private go to the quartermaster sergeant at the company stores and draw rations for the following day.

The "quarter," as the quartermaster sergeant is called, receives daily from the orderly room (captain's office) a slip showing the number of men entitled to rations, so there is no chance of putting anything over on him. Many arguments take place between the "quarter" and the platoon noncom, but the former always wins out. Tommy says the "quarter" got his job because he was a burglar in civil life.

Then I spread the waterproof sheet on the ground, while the quartermaster's batman dumped the rations on it. The corporal was smoking a fag. I carried the rations back to the billet. The corporal was still smoking a fag. How I envied him. But when the issue commenced my envy died, and I realized that the first requisite of a non-commissioned officer on active service is diplomacy. There were 19 men in our section, and they soon formed a semicircle around us after the corporal had called out, "Rations up."

The quartermaster sergeant had given a slip to the corporal on which was written a list of the rations. Sitting on the floor, using a wooden box as a table, the issue commenced. On the left of the corporal the rations were piled. They consisted of the following:

Six loaves of fresh bread, each loaf of a different size, perhaps one out of the six being as flat as a pancake, the result of an army service corps man placing a box of bully beef on it during transportation.

Three tins of jam, one apple and the other two plum.

Seventeen Bermuda onions, all different sizes.

A piece of cheese in the shape of a wedge.

Two one-pound tins of butter.

A handful of raisins.

A tin of biscuits, or as Tommy calls them "jaw breakers."

A bottle of mustard pickles.

The "bully beef," spuds, condensed milk, fresh meat, bacon and "Macconochie rations" (a can filled with meat, vegetables and greasy water), had been turned over to the company cook to make a stew for next day's dinner. He also received the tea, sugar, salt, pepper and flour.

Scratching his head, the corporal studied the slip issued to him by the quarter. Then in a slow, mystified voice he read out, "No. 1 section, 19 men. Bread, loaves, six." He looked puzzled and soliloquized in a musing voice:

"Six loaves, nineteen men. Let's see, that's three in a loaf for fifteen men—well, to make it even, four of you'll have to muck in on one loaf."

The four that got stuck made a howl, but to no avail. The bread was dished out. Pretty soon from a far corner of the billet, three indignant Tommies accosted the corporal with:

"What do you call this, a loaf of bread? Looks more like a sniping plate."

The corporal answered:

"Well, don't blame me, I didn't bake it; somebody's got to get it, so shut up until I dish out these blinkin' rations."

Then the corporal started on the jam.

"Jam, three tins—apple one, plum two. Nineteen men, three tins. Six in a tin makes twelve men for two tins, seven in the remaining tin."

He passed around the jam, and there was another riot. Some didn't like apple, while others who received plum were partial to apple. After a while differences were adjusted and the issue went on.

"Bermuda onions, seventeen."

The corporal avoided a row by saying that he did not want an onion, and I said they make your breath smell, so I guessed I would do without one too. The corporal looked his gratitude.

"Cheese, pounds, two."

The corporal borrowed a jackknife (corporals are always borrowing), and sliced the cheese—each slicing bringing forth a pert remark from the on-lookers as to the corporal's eyesight.

"Raisins, ounces, eight."

By this time the corporal's nerves had gone west, and in despair he said that the raisins were to be turned over to the cook for "duff" (plum pudding). This decision elicited a little "grousing," but quiet was finally restored.

"Biscuits, tins, one."

With his borrowed jackknife, the corporal opened the tin of biscuits, and told everyone to help themselves—no body responded to this invitation. Tommy is "fed up" with biscuits.

"Butter, tins, two."

"Nine in one, ten in the other."

Another rumpus.

"Pickles, mustard, bottles, one."

Nineteen names were put in a steel helmet, the last one out winning the pickles. On the next issue there were only 18 names, as the winner is eliminated until every man in the section has won a bottle.

The raffle is closely watched, because Tommy is suspicious when it comes to gambling with his rations.

When the issue is finished the corporal sits down and writes a letter home, asking them if they cannot get some M. P. (member of parliament) to have him transferred to the Royal Flying corps where he won't have to issue rations.

At the different French estaminets in the village and at the canteens Tommy buys fresh eggs, milk, bread and pastry. Occasionally when he is flush, he invests in a tin of pears or apricots. His pay is only a shilling a day, 24 cents, or a cent an hour. Just imagine, a cent an hour for being under fire—not much chance of getting rich out there.

When he goes into the fire trench (front line), Tommy's menu takes a tumble. He carries in his haversack what the government calls emergency or iron rations. They are not supposed to be opened until Tommy dies of starvation. They consist of one tin of bully beef, four biscuits, a little tin which contains tea, sugar and Oxo cubes (concentrated beef tablets). These are only to be used when the enemy establishes a curtain of shell fire on the communication trenches, thus preventing the "carrying in" of rations, or when in an attack a body of troops has been cut off from its base of supplies.

The rations are brought up at night by the company transport. This is a section of the company in charge of the quartermaster sergeant, composed of men, mules and limbers (two-wheeled wagons), which supplies Tommy's wants while in the front line. They are constantly under shell fire. The rations are unloaded at the entrance to the communication trenches and are "carried in" by men detailed for that purpose. The quartermaster sergeant never goes into the front-line trench. He doesn't have to, and I have never heard of one volunteering to do so.

The company sergeant major sorts the rations and sends them in.

Tommy's trench rations consist of all the bully beef he can eat, biscuits, cheese, tinned butter (sometimes 17 men to a tin), jam or marmalade, and occasionally fresh bread (ten to a loaf). When it is possible he gets tea and stew.

When things are quiet, and Fritz is behaving like a gentleman, which seldom happens, Tommy has the opportunity of making dessert. This is "trench pudding." It is made from broken biscuits, condensed milk, jam—a little water added, slightly flavored with mud—put into a canteen and cooked over a little spirit stove known as "Tommy's cooker."

(A firm in Blighty widely advertises these cookers as a necessity for the men in the trenches. Gullible people buy them—ship them to the Tommies, who, immediately upon receipt of same throw them over the parapet. Sometimes a Tommy falls for the ad, and uses the cooker in a dugout to the disgust and discomfort of the other occupants.)

This mess is stirred up in a tin and allowed to simmer over the flames from the cooker until Tommy decides that it has reached sufficient (gluelike) consistency. He takes his bayonet and by means of the handle carries the mess up in the front trench to cool. After it has cooled off he tries to eat it. Generally one or two Tommies in a section have cast-iron stomachs and the tin is soon emptied. Once I tasted trench pudding, but only once.

In addition to the regular ration issue Tommy uses another channel to enlarge his menu.

In the English papers a "Lonely Soldier" column is run. This is for the soldiers at the front who are supposed to be without friends or relatives. They write to the papers and their names are published. Girls and women in England answer them, and send out parcels of foodstuffs, cigarettes, candy, etc. I have known a "lonely" soldier to receive as many as five parcels and eleven letters in one week.

(To Be Continued.)

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

RYE SHORTAGE HURTS SETTLERS

MANY HOMESTEADERS FORCED TO SECURE LEAVE OF ABSENCE BECAUSE THEY CANNOT SECURE SEED FOR THIS YEAR.

(From Saturday's Daily)

Owing to the shortage of rye seed approximately 90 per cent. of the dry land homesteads in this section are being abandoned for the season, say officials actively connected with the land office work. Leave of absence has been granted the majority of those who have not yet proved up on their claims, while the others, who have made final proof, are selling out their holdings and going to work in the spruce and fir woods and shipyards on the coast.

Rye is practically the only grain which can be grown on dry land, and many of the homesteaders depend upon it alone for their living. Last year's crop was a failure, but many of the settlers stayed on through the winter, hoping this year's planting would be better. Their expectations, however, have been blighted by the scarcity of seed, it being a physical impossibility to procure more than a handful of rye. That which has been obtained is selling at five cents per pound, about 400 per cent. over the ordinary price.

So great has been the exodus on the High Desert that it has been found advisable to discontinue the post office at Imperial. Where there were formerly 125 residents in the vicinity, about five remain. Conditions are not as bad in some other places, but the greater number of settlers' shacks have been closed up. This has brought on hard times and big sacrifices for many, who have had to dispose of their teams and goods because they could not be taken away to other sections, where there would be no use for them.

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Who is Piercy & Sons, Tumalo? Adv. 49p

See J. Ryan & Co., for farm land loans.—Adv.

"It Sure Does the Work" Mrs. W. H. Thornton, 3523 W 10th St., Little Rock, Ark., writes: "My little boy had a severe attack of croup

and I honestly believe he would have died if it had not been for Foley's Honey and Tar. I would not be without it at any price, as it sure does the work." Best remedy known for coughs, colds, whooping cough, Sord everywhere. Adv.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SALE OF ESTRAY
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to an order made and entered in the Justice Court of Bend, Oregon, on the 23rd day of February, 1918, the following described estray will be sold to the highest bidder for cash, to-wit:
One Bay Mare, weight about 1200 pounds, branded with G on left shoulder, to satisfy costs of keeping cost of advertising, cost of sale and all cost in connection with this proceeding, said sale to be held at my said ranch at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 29th day of March, 1918.
Dated this 23rd day of February, 1918.
L. C. Young.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, February 15, 1918.
Notice is hereby given that Charles F. Brennan, of Millican, Oregon, who, on September 11, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 0132849, for lots 3, 4, 8 1/4 NW 1/4, N 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 2, Tp. 29 S. R. 16, E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 28th day of March, 1918.
Claimant names as witnesses: Herbert E. Moore, Frank Percival, and John H. Israel, all of Millican, Oregon, and Ernest R. Edmonds, of Bend, Oregon.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.
51.5p

Notice of Publication
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, March 1, 1918.
Notice is hereby given that William Spencer, of Millican, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1912, made H. E. 011108, and February 2, 1914, made additional entry No. 012489, for SE 1/4 NE 1/4, E 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 12, NE 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 13, Township 29, S. Range 14, E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, U. S. Commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 25th day of April, 1918.
Claimant names as witnesses: Aaron D. Norton, Fred G. Kiger, Louis H. Gless all of Millican, Oregon and Burton E. Davis of Bend, Oregon.
1-5p

014743.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, March 11, 1918.
Notice is hereby given that Alva Kirkpatrick, of Bend, Oregon, who, on April 26, 1915, made Homestead Entry No. 014743, for E 1/4, section 21, township 19 south, range 14 east, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year

proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. C. Ellis, United States commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 7th day of May, 1918. Claimant names as witnesses: 3-7p H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.
David C. Rogers, of Millican, Oregon; Howard F. Dyer, of Millican, Oregon; William A. Golden, of Millican, Oregon; Jackson C. Clingan, of Millican, Oregon.

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