



# "OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPHEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Little Wooden Cross.

After remaining in rest billets for eight days, we received the unwelcome tidings that the next morning we would "go in" to "take over." At six in the morning our march started and, after a long march down the dusty road, we again arrived at reserve billets.

I was No. 1 in the leading set of fours. The man on my left was named "Pete Walling," a cheery sort of fellow. He laughed and joked all the way on the march, buoying up my drooping spirits. I could not figure out anything attractive in again occupying the front line, but Pete did not seem to mind, said it was all in a lifetime. My left heel was blistered from the rubbing of my heavy marching boot. Pete noticed that I was limping and offered to carry my rifle, but by this time I had learned the ethics of the march in the British army and courteously refused his offer.

We had gotten half-way through the communication trench, Pete in my immediate rear. He had his hand on my shoulder, as men in a communication trench have to do to keep in touch with each other. We had just climbed over a bashed-in part of the trench when in our rear a man tripped over a loose signal wire, and let out an oath. As usual, Pete rushed to his help. To reach the fallen man he had to cross this bashed-in part. A bullet cracked in the air and I ducked. Then a moan from the rear. My heart stood still. I went back and Pete was lying on the ground. By the aid of my flashlight I saw that he had his hand pressed to his right breast. The fingers were covered with blood. I flashed the light on his face and in its glow a grayish-blue color was stealing over his countenance. Pete looked up at me and said: "Well, Yank, they've done me in. I can feel myself going West." His voice was getting fainter and I had to kneel down to get his words. Then he gave me a message to write home to his mother and his sweetheart, and I, like a great big boob, cried like a baby. I was losing my first friend of the trenches.

Word was passed to the rear for a stretcher. He died before it arrived. Two of us put the body on the stretcher and carried it to the nearest first-aid post, where the doctor took an official record of Pete's name, number, rank and regiment from his identity disk, this to be used in the casualty lists and notification to his family.

We left Pete there, but it broke our hearts to do so. The doctor informed us that we could bury him the next morning. That afternoon five of the boys of our section, myself included, went to the little ruined village in the rear and from the deserted gardens of the French chateaux gathered grass and flowers. From these we made a wreath.

While the boys were making this wreath, I sat under a shot-scarred apple tree and carved out the following verses on a little wooden shield which we nailed on Pete's cross.

True to his God; true to Britain,  
Doing his duty to the last,  
Just one more name to be written  
On the Roll of Honor of heroes passed—

Passed to their God, enshrined in glory,  
Entering life of eternal rest,  
One more chapter in England's story  
Of her sons doing their best.

Rest, you soldier, mate so true,  
Never forgotten by us below;  
Know that we are thinking of you,  
Ere to our rest we are bidden to go.

Next morning the whole section went over to say good-by to Pete, and laid him away to rest.

After each one had a look at the face of the dead, a corporal of the R. A. M. C. sewed up the remains in a blanket. Then placing two heavy ropes across the stretcher (to be used in lowering the body into the grave), we lifted Pete onto the stretcher, and reverently covered him with a large union jack, the flag he had died for.

The chaplain led the way, then came the officers of the section, followed by two of the men carrying a wreath. Immediately after came poor Pete on the flag-draped stretcher, carried by four soldiers. I was one of the four. Behind the stretcher, in column of fours, came the remainder of the section.

To get to the cemetery, we had to pass through the little shell-destroyed village, where troops were hurrying to and fro.

As the funeral procession passed these troops came to the "attention" and smartly saluted the dead.

Poor Pete was receiving the only salute a private is entitled to "somewhere in France."

Now and again a shell from the German lines would go whistling over the village to burst in our artillery lines in the rear.

When we reached the cemetery we halted in front of an open grave, and laid the stretcher beside it. Forming

a hollow square around the opening of the grave, the chaplain read the burial service.

German machine-gun bullets were "cracking" in the air above us, but Pete didn't mind, and neither did we.

When the body was lowered into the grave the flag having been removed, we clicked our heels together and came to the salute.

I left before the grave was filled in. I could not bear to see the dirt thrown on the blanket-covered face of my comrade. On the western front there are no coffins, and you are lucky to get a blanket to protect you from the wet and the worms. Several of the section stayed and decorated the grave with white stones.

That night, in the light of a lonely candle in the machine gunner's dugout of the front-line trench I wrote two letters. One to Pete's mother, the other to his sweetheart. While doing this I cursed the Prussian war god with all my heart, and I think that St. Peter noted same.

The machine gunners in the dugout were laughing and joking. To them Pete was unknown. Pretty soon, in the warmth of their merriment, my blues disappeared. One soon forgets on the western front.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Suicide Annex.

I was in my first dugout and looked around curiously. Over the door of same was a little sign reading "Suicide Annex." One of the boys told me that this particular front trench was called "Suicide Ditch." Later on I learned that machine gunners and bombers are known as the "Suicide Club."

That dugout was muddy. The mow slept in mud, washed in mud, ate mud, and dreamed mud. I had never before realized that so much discomfort and misery could be contained in those three little letters, M U D. The floor of the dugout was an inch deep in water. Outside it was raining cats and dogs, and thin rivulets were trickling down the steps. From the air shaft immediately above me came a drip, drip, drip. Suicide Annex was a hole eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet high. It was about twenty feet below the fire trench; at least there were twenty steps leading down to it. These steps were cut into the earth, but at that time were muddy and slippery. A man had to be very careful or else he would "shoot the chutes." The air was foul, and you could cut the smoke from Tommy's fags with a knife. It was cold. The walls and roof were supported with heavy square-cut timbers, while the entrance was strengthened with sandbags. Nails had been driven into these timbers. On each nail hung a miscellaneous assortment of equipment. The lighting arrangements were superb—one candle in a reflector made from an ammunition tin. My teeth were chattering from the cold, and the drip from the shaft did not help matters much. While I was sitting bemoaning my fate and wishing for the fireside at home, the fellow next to me, who was writing a letter, looked up and innocently asked, "Say, Yank, how do you spell 'confagration'?"

I looked at him in contempt and answered that I did not know. From the darkness in one of the corners came a thin, piping voice singing one of the popular trench ditties entitled: "Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." Every now and then the singer would stop to cough, cough, cough, but it was a good illustration of Tommy's cheerfulness under such conditions.

A machine-gun officer entered the dugout and gave me a hard look. I sneaked past him, sliding and slipping, and reached my section of the front-line trench, where I was greeted by the sergeant, who asked me, "Where in—ave you been?"

I made no answer, but sat on the muddy fire step, shivering with the cold and with the rain beating in my face. About half an hour later I teamed up with another fellow and went on guard with my head sticking over the top. At ten o'clock I was relieved and resumed my sitting position on the fire step. The rain suddenly stopped and we all breathed a sigh of relief. We prayed for the morning and the rum issue.

(To Be Continued.)

### Take Children Out of Danger

If you saw a child on a railroad track you would endeavor to remove the little one from danger. When a child is "snuffling" or coughing, isn't it your duty to get him out of danger of severe consequences? Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates. Sold everywhere. Adv.

# COUNTY COURT PROCEEDINGS

Bend, Oregon, March 12, 1918.

The County Court of Deschutes County, Oregon, met in the county judge's office this date, pursuant to adjournment, Judge Barnes and Commissioner C. H. Miller of Redmond being present.

The meeting was called to order by the county judge.

**Terrebonne Mutual Telephone Assn.**  
This matter coming up for consideration at this time, petitioning for right of way privileges along certain highways in Deschutes county, Oregon. Same is continued until the route is described more definitely, so order relative thereto, may be made.

**Vacation Bk. 152, Hillman.**  
A petition was presented at this time by R. O. Riegel and wife, asking for the vacation of block 152, Hillman. Same was continued awaiting a reply from the mortgagee, who claims an interest in said property.

**The Dalles-California Highway.**  
At this time was presented a petition relative to the repair of certain portion of the State highway. Repair of same was ordered, as soon as practicable.

**Stenographer for Food Administrator.**

A petition was presented by H. C. Hartranft, county food administrator, asking for the services of a stenographer for three days a week. Request was granted until further notice is given by the county court.

**Alcohol Bond.**  
The bond for \$250 for the sale of ethyl alcohol by Reed & Horton was presented and approved by the court.

**Cleaning Highway Through Redmond.**

A petition was presented by the City of Redmond asking for the repair of certain streets in Redmond. This matter was continued until a later date.

**Readjusting Taxes, Melrose Park Addition, Redmond.**

This matter being presented at this time, after due consideration, the sheriff was ordered to collect taxes for the years 1913 and 1914 based on a valuation of \$1,600, and also to collect penalties and interest allowed by law on such valuation.

No further business coming up for consideration at this time, on motion duly made and seconded, court adjourned to meet March 13, 1918.

## LEGAL NOTICES

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, February 18, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Charles F. Brennan, of Millican, Oregon, who, on September 11, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 0122849, for lots 3, 4, S 1/4 NW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 1, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 2, Tp. 20 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. Edmunds, of Bend, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, 51.5p Register.

**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 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 12, NE 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 13, Township 20, 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. Gloss all of Millican, Oregon, and Burton E. Davis of Bend, Oregon. 1-5-p

**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 1/2, 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: David C. Rogers, of Millican, Oregon; Howard F. Dyer, of Millican, Oregon; William A. Golden, of Millican, Oregon; Jackson C. Clingan, of Millican, Oregon. 2-7p

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

**Serial No. 010048**  
**Contest No. 1803**

**NOTICE OF CONTEST.**

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, March 22, 1918.

To Robert Du Bois, of Whitaker, Oregon, contestee:

You are hereby notified that Clyde M. Shaffer, who gives Millican, Oregon, as his postoffice address, did on March 21, 1918, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry, serial No. 010048, made March 11, 1912, for NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, sec. 33; NW 1/4 SW 1/4 and SW 1/4, NW 1/4, sec. 34, township 16 south, range 19 east, Willamette meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Robert Du Bois has never established his residence or resided upon said claim; that he has wholly abandoned said claim for more than six months last past; that he has never made any improvements upon said land, nor cultivated the same nor any part thereof; that said entryman's alleged absence from and failure to cultivate said land was not due to his employ-

ment in military service rendered in connection with operations in Mexico, section with operations in Mexico, or along the borders thereof, or in mobilization camps elsewhere in the military or naval organizations of the United States, or the National Guard of any of the several states; that said entryman's alleged absence from and failure to cultivate said land was not due to his employment in the army, navy or Marine Corps, or other organization described in the Act of July 28, 1917, or elsewhere.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be cancelled without further right to be heard, either before

this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

L. A. BOOTH, Receiver.

Date of first publication, March 28, 1918.

Date of last publication, April 15, 1918.

4-5-6-7

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