

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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CHAPTER XVII.

Out in Front.

After tea Lieutenant Stores of our section came into the dugout and informed me that I was "for" a reconnoitering patrol and would carry six Mills bombs.

At 11:30 that night twelve men, our lieutenant and myself went out in front on a patrol in No Man's Land.

We cruised around in the dark for about two hours, just knocking about looking for trouble, on the lookout for Boche working parties to see what they were doing.

Around two in the morning we were carefully picking our way about thirty yards in front of the German barbed wire, when we walked into a Boche covering party nearly thirty strong. Then the music started, the fiddler rendered his bill, and we paid.

Fighting in the dark with a bayonet is not very pleasant. The Germans took it on the run, but our officer was no novice at the game and didn't follow them. He gave the order "down on the ground, hug it close."

Just in time, too, because a volley skimmed over our heads. Then in low tones we were told to separate and crawl back to our trenches, each man on his own.

We could see the flashes of their rifles in the darkness, but the bullets were going over our heads.

We lost three men killed and one wounded in the arm. If it hadn't been for our officer's quick thinking the whole patrol would have probably been wiped out.

After about twenty minutes' wait we sent out again and discovered that the Germans had a wiring party working on their barbed wire. We returned to our trenches unobserved with the information and our machine guns immediately got busy.

The next night four men were sent out to go over and examine the German barbed wire and see if they had



A Hidden Gun.

cut lanes through it; if so, this presaged an early morning attack on our trenches.

Of course I had to be one of the four selected for the job. It was just like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin.

At ten o'clock we started out, armed with three bombs, a bayonet and revolver. After getting into No Man's Land we separated. Crawling four or five feet at a time, ducking star shells, with strays cracking overhead, I reached their wire. I scouted along this inch by inch, scarcely breathing. I could hear them talking in their trench, my heart was pounding against my ribs. One false move or the least noise from me meant discovery and almost certain death.

After covering my sector I quietly crawled back. I had gotten about half way when I noticed that my revolver was missing. It was pitch dark. I turned about to see if I could find it; it couldn't be far away, because about three or four minutes previously I had felt the butt in the holster. I crawled around in circles and at last found it, then started on my way back to our trenches, as I thought.

Pretty soon I reached barbed wire, and was just going to give the password when something told me not to. I put out my hand and touched one of the barbed wire stakes. It was iron. The British are of wood, while the German are iron. My heart stopped beating; by mistake I had crawled back to the German lines.

I turned slowly about and my tunic caught on the wire and made a loud ripping noise.

A sharp challenge rang out. I sprang to my feet, ducking low, and ran madly back toward our lines. The Germans started firing. The bullets were hitting all around me, when bang! I ran smash into our wire, and a sharp

CHAPTER XVIII.

Staged Under Fire.

Three days after the incident just related our company was relieved from the front line and carried. We stayed in reserve billets for about two weeks when we received the welcome news that our division would go back of the line "to rest billets." We would remain in these billets for at least two months, this in order to be restored to our full strength by drafts of recruits from Blighty.

Everyone was happy and contented at these tidings; all you could hear around the billets was whistling and singing. The day after the receipt of the order we hiked for five days, making an average of about twelve miles per day until we arrived at the small town of O—.

It took us about three days to get settled, and from then on our cushy time started. We would parade from 8:45 in the morning until 12 noon. Then except for an occasional billet or brigade guard we were on our own. For the first four or five afternoons I spent my time in bringing up to date my neglected correspondence.

Tommy loves to be amused, and being a Yank, they turned to me for something new in this line. I taught them how to pitch horseshoes, and this game made a great hit for about ten days. Then Tommy turned to America for a new diversion. I was up in the air until a happy thought came to me. Why not write a sketch and break Tommy in as an actor?

One evening after "lights out," when you are not supposed to talk, I imparted my scheme in whispers to the section. They eagerly accepted the idea of forming a stock company and



Preparing the "Chow."

could hardly wait until the morning for further details.

After parade, the next afternoon I was almost mobbed. Everyone in the section wanted a part in the proposed sketch. When I informed them that it would take at least ten days of hard work to write the plot, they were bitterly disappointed. I immediately got busy, made a desk out of biscuit tins in the corner of the billet, and put up a sign "Empey & Wallace Theatrical Co." About twenty of the section, upon reading this sign, immediately applied for the position of office boy. I accepted the twenty applicants, and sent them on scouting parties throughout the deserted French village. These parties were to search all the attics for discarded civilian clothes, and anything that we could use in the props of our proposed company.

About five that night they returned covered with grime and dust, but loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of everything under the sun. They must have thought that I was going to start a department store, judging from the different things they brought back from their pillage.

After eight days' constant writing I completed a two-act farce comedy which I called "The Diamond Palace Saloon." Upon the suggestion of one of the boys in the section I sent a proof of the program to a printing house in London. Then I assigned the different parts and started rehearsing. David Belasco would have thrown up his hands in despair at the material which I had to use. Just imagine trying to teach a Tommy, with a strong cockney accent, to impersonate a Bowery tough or a Southern negro.

Adjacent to our billet was an open field. We got busy at one end of it and constructed a stage. We secured the lumber for the stage by demolishing an old wooden shack in the rear of our billet.

The first scene was supposed to represent a street on the Bowery in New York, while the scene of the second act was the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, also on the Bowery.

In the play I took the part of Abe Switch, a farmer, who had come from Pumpkinville Center, Tenn., to make his first visit to New York.

In the first scene Abe Switch meets the proprietor of the Diamond Palace saloon, a ramshackle affair which to the owner was a financial loss.

The proprietor's name was Tom Twinstem, his bartender being named Fillem Up.

After meeting Abe, Tom and Fillem Up persuaded him to buy the place, praising it to the skies and telling wondrous tales of the money taken over the bar.

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ikey Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cashier. After engaging Ikey they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ikey he is engaged as porter. Then the three of

them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$6,000 for. (Curtain.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pigpen, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ikey, and the fun commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called

SAVINGS STAMP DRIVE JUNE 28

PRESIDENT WILL ASK PEOPLE OF OREGON TO PLEDGE THEIR \$17,000,000 QUOTA IN HALF AN HOUR.

(From Monday's Daily.)

President Wilson is going to ask the people of Oregon to pledge their \$17,000,000 war savings stamp quota in half an hour on the afternoon of Friday, June 28.

Plans for the most intensive "push" of all the war financing efforts to date, the campaign to be national in its scope, are now in the hands of the Oregon war savings stamp committee. These plans will be outlined to the county chairmen, their committeemen and all war savings stamp workers in the state at an all-day convention to be held at the Elks' temple, Portland, next Wednesday, May 29.—It is expected that 250 or 300 volunteer war stamp workers from all parts of the state will be present, and it is likely that Governor Withycombe will make the addresses of welcome. At this convention plans for national "pledge" day, June 28, to be set aside as such by presidential proclamation, will be outlined and work of organization throughout the state will be launched.

The idea of pledging all the people of the state to purchase enough war savings stamps during the rest of the year to assure the state's quota has been carried out successfully in Nebraska, and it was at the recent meeting at Omaha attended by state war stamp workers from all western states and by Frank Vanderlip, chairman of the national war savings stamps committee, that it was decided to make the Nebraska plan the model for the rest of the states.

Briefly, the plan is to hold meetings in every school district in the city and state on the afternoon of June 28. Pledge cards, of a form approved at Washington, will be distributed for signatures, and the citizens of each and every district will be expected to pledge that district's quota, which will be predetermined on the basis of \$20 per capita necessary to put the state's obligation "over."

In the meantime and subsequently the campaign of education along lines of thrift and the sale of war stamps as now established will be carried on. The idea of "pledge day" is to drive home to the men and women of the state the realization that the war savings stamp cause is just as vital and essential as the Liberty bond efforts, and so to stimulate their interest as to make sure of Oregon's share of the \$2,000,000,000 expected by the country.

was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ikey this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Behind the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would hit one of the bottles with his entrenching tool handle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles on the wrong end. The boxholders turned loose; but outside of this little fiasco the performance was a huge success, and we decided to run it for a week.

New troops were constantly coming through, and for six performances we had the "S. R. O." sign suspended outside.

(To Be Continued.)

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Bend Hardware Company

DRAFT MEMBERS MAY SHIPMENT LEAVE FRIDAY OF DRESSINGS

ARE CALLED TO APPEAR BEFORE LOCAL WAR BOARD IN THIS CITY ON THURSDAY, MAY 30.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Members of the May draft from Deschutes county are to be mobilized here on Thursday, May 30, Decoration day, and will leave for Fort McDowell, California, on the morning following, the draft board announced this morning, following an order from the adjutant general to this effect. The men had been summoned to appear before the board tomorrow, May 28, and were scheduled to have left the following day. Plans for a send-off for the boys were started at the regular meeting of the Commercial club last Wednesday and it is expected that the committee will have an announcement of their plans by tomorrow.

The members of the draft who leave on Friday morning are as follows: Ernest B. Fuller, Alvin S. Christenson, Gus N. Nystrom, Magnus Elnen, Moses Vlau, Chas. N. Kotzman, Oscar S. Larson, John A. Webber, Bend; William Spencer, Millican; Iver, Hendrickson, Seattle; Oscar J. Johnson; Wm. E. Forman, The Dalles; Ingwold A. Johnson, Portland; Chas. F. Fisher, Knapah, Wash.; Fred E. Fetty, Seattle; Vernon M. Plend, Portland; Vincenzo Borgogni, Portland; Garama Tozzi, Portland.

MAY SHIPMENT OF DRESSINGS

SURGICAL DRESSING DEPARTMENT OF BEND CHAPTER SENDS OUT TWO BOXES FOR THE MONTH.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

The monthly shipment for May of work from the surgical dressings department of Bend chapter, including work done by Sisters and Redmond auxiliaries, was made the 23rd and included the following dressings:

One box containing 210 absorbent pads of cotton, size 12x24 inches.

One box containing 810 absorbent pads of cotton, 8x12 inches.

In addition to this monthly allotment a large case of miscellaneous dressings was shipped at the same time and were as follows:

Thirty gauze rolls, three yards by four and a half inches, 360 sponges, 180 gauze compresses, 9x9; 580 gauze compresses, 4x4; 160 folded gauze strips, 6x3; 56 abdominal bandages of muslin, 129 head bandages of muslin, 100 scultetuc bandages of muslin, 54 T bandages of muslin, 29 triangular bandages of muslin, 12 substitute handkerchiefs, 45 rest pillows.

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

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

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