

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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CHAPTER XIX.

On His Own.

Of course Tommy cannot always be producing plays under fire but while in rest billets he has numerous other ways of amusing himself. He is a great gambler, but never plays for large stakes. Generally, in each company, you will find a regular Canfield. This man banks nearly all the games of chance and is an undisputed authority on the rules of gambling. Whenever there is an argument among the Tommies about some uncertain point as to whether Houghton is entitled to Watkins' sixpence, the matter is taken to the recognized authority and his decision is final.

The two most popular games are "Crown and Anchor" and "House."

The paraphernalia used in "Crown and Anchor" consists of a piece of canvas two feet by three feet. This is divided into six equal squares. In these squares are painted a club, diamond, heart, spade, crown, and an anchor, one device to a square. There are three dice used, each dice marked the same as the canvas. The banker sets up his gambling outfit in the corner of a billet and starts bally-hoing until a crowd of Tommies gathers around; then the game starts.

The Tommies place bets on the squares, the crown or anchor being played the most. The banker then rolls his three dice and collects or pays out as the case may be. If you play the crown and one shows up on the dice, you get even money, if two show up, you receive two to one, and if three, three to one. If the crown does not appear and you have bet on it, you lose, and so on. The percentage for the banker is large if every square is played, but if the crowd is partial to, say two squares, he has to trust to luck. The banker generally wins.

The game of "House" is very popular also. It takes two men to run it. This game consists of numerous squares of cardboard containing three rows of numbers, five numbers to a row. The numbers run from one to ninety. Each card has a different combination.

The French "estaminets" in the villages are open from eleven in the morning until one in the afternoon in accordance with army orders.

After dinner the Tommies congregate at these places to drink French beer at a penny a glass and play "House."

As soon as the estaminet is sufficiently crowded the proprietors of the "House" game get busy and, as they term it, "forts a school." This consists of going around and selling cards at a franc each. If they have ten in the school, the backers of the game deduct two francs for their trouble and the winner gets eight francs.

Then the game starts. Each buyer places his card before him on the table, first breaking up matches into fifteen pieces.

One of the backers of the game has a small cloth bag in which are ninety cardboard squares, each with a number printed thereon, from one to ninety. He raps on the table and cries out: "Eyes down, my lucky lads."

All noise ceases and every one is attention.

The croupier places his hand in the bag and draws forth a numbered square and immediately calls out the number. The man who owns the card with that particular number on it, covers the square with a match. The one who covers the fifteen numbers on his card first shouts "House." The other backer immediately comes over to him and verifies the card by calling out the numbers thereon to the man with the bag. As each number is called he picks it out of the ones picked from the bag and says, "Right." If the count is right he shouts, "House correct, pay the lucky gentleman, and sell him a card for the next school." The "lucky gentleman" generally buys one unless he has a miser trace in his veins.

Then another collection is made, a school formed, and they carry on with the game.

The caller-out has many nicknames for the numbers such as "Kelly's Eye" for one, "Leg's Eleven" for eleven, "Clickety-click" for sixty-six, or "Top of the house" meaning ninety.

The game is honest and quite enjoyable. Sometimes you have fourteen numbers on your card covered and you are waiting for the fifteenth to be called. In an imploring voice you call out, "Come on, Watkins, chum, I'm sweating on 'Kelly's Eye.'"

Watkins generally replies, "Well, keep out of a draft, you'll catch cold."

Another game is "Pontoon," played with cards; it is the same as our "Black Jack," or "Twenty-one."

A card game called "Brag" is also popular. Using a casino deck, the dealer deals each player three cards. It is similar to our poker, except for the fact that you only use three cards and cannot draw. The deck is never shuffled until a man shows three of a kind or a "prize" as it is called. The value of the hands are, high card, a pair, a run, a flush or three of a kind or "prize." The limit is generally a penny, so it is hard to win a fortune.

The next in popularity is a card game called "Nap." It is well named. Every time I played it I went to sleep.

Whist and solo whist are played by the highbrows of the company.

When the gamblers tire of all other games they try "Banker and Broker."

I spent a week trying to teach some of the Tommies how to play poker, but because I won thirty-five francs they declared that they didn't "fawney" the game.

Tommy plays few card games; the general run never heard of poker, euchre, seven up, or pinochle. They have a game similar to pinochle called "Royal Bezique," but few know how to play it.

Generally there are two decks of cards in a section, and in a short time they are so dog-eared and greasy, you can hardly tell the ace of spades from the ace of hearts. The owners of these decks sometimes condescend to lend them after much coaxing.

So you see, Mr. Atkins has his fun mixed in with his hardships and, contrary to popular belief, the rank and file of the British army in the trenches is one big happy family. Now in Virginia, at school, I was fed on old McGuffey's primary reader, which gave me an opinion of an Englishman about equal to a "73 Minute Man's" backed up by a Sinn Feiner's. But I found Tommy to be the best of mates and a gentleman through and through. He never thinks of knocking his officers. If one makes a costly mistake and Tommy pays with his blood, there is no general condemnation of the officer. He is just pitied. It is exactly the same as it was with the Light Brigade at Balaklava, to say nothing of Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle and Loos. Personally I remember a little incident where twenty of us were sent on a trench raid, only two of us returning, but I will tell this story later on.

I said it was a big happy family, and so it is, but as in all happy families, there are servants, so in the British army there are also servants, officers' servants, or "O. S." as they are termed. In the American army the common name for them is "dog robbers." From a controversy in the English papers, Winston Churchill made the statement, as far as I can remember, that the officers' servants in the British forces totaled nearly two hundred thousand. He claimed that this removed two hundred thousand exceptionally good and well-trained fighters from the actual firing line, claiming that the officers, when selecting a man for servant's duty, generally picked the man who had been on the longest and knew the ropes.

But from my observation I find that a large percentage of the servants do go over the top, but behind the lines they very seldom engage in digging parties, fatigues, parades or drills. This work is as necessary as actually engaging in an attack, therefore I think it would be safe to say that the all-around work of the two hundred thousand is about equal to fifty thousand men who are on straight military duties. In numerous instances, officers' servants hold the rank of lance-corporal and they assume the same duties and authority of a butler, the one stripe giving him precedence over the other servants.

There are lots of amusing stories told of "O. S."

One day one of our majors went into the servants' billet and commenced "blinding" at them, saying that his horse had no straw and that he personally knew that straw had been issued for this purpose. He called the lance-corporal to account. The corporal answered, "Blime me, sir, the straw was issued, but there wasn't enough left over from the servants' beds; in fact, we had to use some of the 'ay' to 'elp out, sir.'"

It is needless to say that the servants dispensed with their soft beds that particular night.

Nevertheless it is not the fault of the individual officer, it is just the survival of a quaint old English custom. You know an Englishman cannot be changed in a day.

But the average English officer is a good sport. He will sit on a fire step and listen respectfully to Private Jones' theory of the way the war should be conducted. This war is gradually crumbling the once insurmountable wall of caste.

You would be convinced of this if you could see King George go among his men on an inspecting tour under fire, or pause before a little wooden cross in some shell-tossed field with tears in his eyes as he reads the inscription. And a little later perhaps bend over a wounded man on a stretcher, patting him on the head.

More than once in a hospital I have seen a titled Red Cross nurse fetching and carrying for a wounded soldier, perhaps the one who in civil life delivered the coal at his back door. Today she does not shrink from lighting his cigar or even washing his grimy body.

Tommy admires Albert of Belgium because he is not a pusher of men; he leads them. With him it's not a case of "take that trench," it is "come on and we will take it."

It is amusing to notice the different characteristics of the Irish, Scotch and English soldiers. The Irish and Scotch are very impetuous, especially when it comes to bayonet fighting, while the Englishman, though a trifle slower, thoroughly does his bit; he is more methodical and has the grip of a bulldog on a captured position. He is slower to think; that is the reason why he never knows when he is licked.

Twenty minutes before going over the top the English Tommy will sit on the fire step and thoroughly examine the mechanism of his rifle to see that it is in working order and will fire properly. After this examination he is satisfied and ready to meet the Boches.

But the Irishman or Scotchman sits on the fire step, his rifle with bayonet fixed between his knees, the butt of which perhaps is slaking into the mud—the bolt couldn't be opened with a team of horses it is so rusty—but he splits on his sleeve and slowly polishes his bayonet; when this is done he also is ready to argue with Fritz.

It is not necessary to mention the colonials (the Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders), the whole world knows what they have done for England.

The Australian and New Zealander is termed the "Anzac," taking the name from the first letters of their official designation, Australian and New Zealand army corps.

Tommy divides the German army into three classes according to their fighting abilities. They rank as follows: Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons.

When up against a Prussian regiment it is a case of keep your napper below the parapet and duck. A bang-bang all the time and a war is on. The Bavarians are little better, but the Saxons are fairly good sports and are willing occasionally to behave as gentlemen and take it easy, but you cannot trust any of them overlong.

At one point of the line the trenches were about thirty-two yards apart. This sounds horrible, but in fact it was easy, because neither side could shell the enemy's front-line trench for fear shells would drop into their own. This eliminated artillery fire.

In these trenches when up against the Prussians and Bavarians, Tommy had a hot time of it, but when the Saxons "took over" it was a picnic; they would yell across that they were Saxons and would not fire. Both sides would sit on the parapet and carry on a conversation. This generally consisted of Tommy telling them how much he loved the Kaiser, while the Saxons informed Tommy that King George was a particular friend of theirs and hoped that he was doing nicely.

When the Saxons were to be relieved by Prussians or Bavarians, they would yell this information across No Man's Land and Tommy would immediately tumble into his trench and keep his head down.

If an English regiment was to be relieved by the wild Irish, Tommy would tell the Saxons, and immediately a volley of "Donner und Blitzen" could be heard and it was Fritz's turn to get a crick in his back from stooping, and the people in Berlin would close their windows.

Usually when an Irishman takes over a trench, just before "stand down" in the morning, he sticks his rifle over the top, aimed in the direction of Berlin, and engages in what is known as the "mad minute." This consists of firing fifteen shots in a minute. He is not aiming at anything in particular—just sends over each shot with a prayer, hoping that one of his strays will get some poor unsuspecting Fritz in the napper hundreds of yards behind the lines. It generally does; that's the reason the Boches hate the man from Erin's Isle.

The Saxons, though better than the Prussians and Bavarians, have a nasty trait of treachery in their makeup.

At one point of the line where the trenches were very close, a stake was driven into the ground midway between the hostile lines. At night when it was his turn, Tommy would crawl to this stake and attach some London papers to it, while at the foot he would place tins of bully beef, fags, sweets, and other delicacies that he had received from Blighty in the ever looked-for parcel. Later on Fritz would come out and get these luxuries.

The next night Tommy would go out to see what Fritz put into his stocking. The donation generally consisted of a paper from Berlin, telling who was winning the war, some tinned sausages, cigars, and occasionally a little beer, but a funny thing, Tommy never returned with the beer unless it was inside of him. His platoon got a whiff of his breath one night and the offending Tommy lost his job.

One night a young English sergeant crawled to the stake and as he tried to detach the German paper a bomb exploded and mangled him horribly. Fritz had set a trap and gained another victim which was only one more black mark against him in the book of this war. From that time on diplomatic relations were severed.

Returning to Tommy, I think his spirit is best shown in the questions he asks. It is never "who is going to win" but always "how long will it take?"

(To Be Continued.)

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O. D. O. CLUB PLANNING QUILT

PLAINVIEW, June 3.—A large gathering of ladies attended the regular meeting of the O. D. O. club held with Mrs. J. A. W. Scoggin Thursday afternoon, May 30. Two quilts for Mrs. Scoggin were tied in a short time and after a lively business meeting the ladies enjoyed a light lunch served by the hostess. Mrs. Pulliam was made chairman of a committee to direct the efforts of

the ladies toward making a club quilt and as many as possibly can are asked to donate a block for the quilt. At this meeting knitting materials for five pairs of socks and one sweater for the Red Cross was distributed. A larger quota will be knitting in the near future. One new member, Miss Constance Knickerbocker, was received into the club. Mrs. M. W. Knickerbocker spent the first part of the week in Bend attending the graduating exercises of the Bend high school. Her daughter, Miss Rachel, is a member of the graduating class.

F. W. Leverenz returned from The Dalles Tuesday, but was called back with his family and Mrs. Alex. Leverenz Wednesday to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Lucy Weaver. Max, the only child of the late Mrs. Weaver, came to make his home with the F. W. Leverenz family.

Mrs. John Stahle was ill several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ward and Grace Riggs of Redmond spent the week-end at the Chalfan ranch.

C. F. Chalfan and party and A. E. Hoss and family enjoyed a fine fishing trip to the Metolius river Sunday. Enough fish were caught to make a good fry.

Paul Armstrong Scoggin was quietly married to Miss Doris Skeel of Portland last Saturday evening, June 1, in Bend at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Louis Bennett.

H. T. Hertley and family attended the 5th circus in Bend last Saturday. A. W. Armstrong and family, Paul Scoggin, James Pulliam, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Knickerbocker and Miss Constance, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Scoggin and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Tartley made a large representation from Plainview at the Red Cross dance in Tumslo last Friday evening.

Emmett Knickerbocker spent last week in Bend with his sister, Miss Rachel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Scoggin spent last Saturday in Bend, returning to their home Sunday morning with Louis Bennett.

A. W. Armstrong and family and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Scoggin found splendid fishing on Suttle lake Sunday. A big catch of fine, large trout was made.

Regular preaching services will be held at the school house next Sunday afternoon, June 9, at 3 o'clock. Rev. McVicker is the pastor in charge.

LEGAL NOTICES

FOUND NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the City of Bend has taken up the following described live stock, to-wit: One red and white cow, dehorned, brands, lazy E right side, JAN connected left shoulder, both ears cropped and split in left; one red heifer about one year old, earmarks same as cow, brands if any undecipherable. The cost of redeeming said live stock will be \$1.00 per day in addition to the actual expense of keeping and the cost of advertising and all other necessary expenses. In case of failure to redeem on part of owner, said live stock will be sold as provided by the charter of the City of Bend on the 3rd day of June at 3 p. m. at the city pound. L. A. W. NIXON, Chief of Police and ex-Officio Poundmaster.

NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Deschutes County. In the Matter of the Application of Gus E. Stadig, Geo. F. Cyrus and John W. Gotter, the Board of Directors of the Squaw Creek Irrigation District, for a judicial examination and judgment of the court as to the regularity and legality of the organization of said Squaw Creek Irrigation District, and the regularity and legality of the proceedings and acts of the Board of Directors of said Squaw Creek Irrigation District, and of the proceedings of the Board of Directors of said Squaw Creek Irrigation District pertaining to the election authorizing the issue and sale of bonds, and of the regularity and legality of said bond election in the sum of \$125,000.00.

To the Squaw Creek Irrigation District and to all freeholders, legal voters and assessment payers within said district, and owners of title to land within said district, and to any person or persons interested in the proceedings of said district or in the issue and sale of bonds and any other indebtedness incurred by said district, and to each of you:

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby commanded and required to appear and answer the petition of the petitioners, the Board of Directors of the Squaw Creek Irrigation District, filed herein against you, and each of you, in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 12th day of July, 1918, in the court room of the above entitled court in Bend, Deschutes county, Oregon, and if you fail so to appear and demur or answer, or otherwise plead within said time, said petitioners or plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the petition on file herein, to-wit:

For a decree of this court to the effect that the said district is duly and legally organized under and pursuant to the laws of the State of Oregon; that all elections held in said district, both for the formation and organization of the district and for the issuance of bonds, have been held in the manner provided by law and are valid, and that the acts and proceedings of the Board of Directors in connection with said district have been regularly and legally performed and are valid, and that all indebtedness incurred and all warrants issued and obligations entered into by said district are legal and binding upon said district, and that the authorization by said district of the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$125,000.00 for the purpose of acquiring control and ownership of the Squaw Creek Irrigation system, including all lands and water rights necessary to be acquired in connection therewith is in all things legal and regular, and for

any other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable in the premises. (Seal.) J. H. HANER, 13-15c County Clerk of Deschutes County, Oregon. H. H. DE ARMOND, Attorney for Petitioners, Bend, Ore.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Deschutes County. In the Matter of the Estate of Mrs. Bertha Stowell, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 8th day of May, 1918, appointed administrator of the estate of the above named deceased by the county judge of Deschutes county, Oregon.

Therefore, all persons holding claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same duly verified according to law at the office of H. H. DeArmond in the O'Kane building, Bend, Oregon, attorney for the administrator, within six months from the date of the first publication hereof.

Date of first publication, May 16, 1918.

R. D. STOWELL, Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Bertha Stowell, Deceased. 11-15c

012490 014775

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 3, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that George S. Roberts of Millican, Oregon, who, on February 2, 1914, made Home-

stead Entry 012490 and April 23, 1915, made Additional Entry No. 014775, for SE 1/4, Sec. 8, NE 1/4, Sec. 17, Township 20 South, Range 15, 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 25th day of June, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Vernon Clevenger of Millican, Oregon.

Peter B. Johnson of Millican, Oregon.

Ivan L. Owen of Millican, Oregon. Frank Spencer of Millican, Oregon. 11-15p H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

015222

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 3, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas W. Vandeventer of Bend, Oregon, who, on March 13th, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 015222, for W 1/2 NE 1/4 Section 19, Township 20, South, Range 11 East Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described before H. C. Ellis, United States commissioner, at Bend, Oregon, on the 26th day of June, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: M. J. Main of Bend, Oregon. Peter Seggling of Prineville, Oregon.

Joseph Hoffman of Bend, Oregon. Ralph Caldwell of Bend, Oregon. 11-15c H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

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