

OVER THE TOP

B. Arthur Guy Ensey, an American soldier  
From page 3

man sitting next to you on the fire step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four word was passed down. "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders."

These were small wooden ladders which we had placed against the parapet to enable us to go over the top on the lifting of the barrage. "Ladders of death" we called them, and veritably they were.

Before a charge Tommy is the politest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was puffing away at an unlighted cigar. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the top with the best of luck and give them hell.'" The famous phrase of the western front. The Jonah phrase of the western front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back you will be minus an arm or a leg. Tommy hates to be wished the best of luck; so, when peace is declared, if it ever is, and you meet a Tommy on the street, just wish him the best of luck and duck the brick that

follows.

I glanced again at my wrist watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were cracking overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sandbag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet out in front was agony. Then we passed through lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right front turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he coughed, stumbled, pitched forward and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little spurts of dirt would rise into the air and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a



KAISER - ACH VOT PIKERS.

blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bushy trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mud turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then rolled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in midair, then pitched head down into the German trench. I laughed out loud in my delirium. Upon sighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a rifle which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blighty. He had said, "whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in his equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and tugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was the logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me this was the paramount issue. I closed my eyes and lunged forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left front was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him.

They looked like pigmies alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over



Lewis Gun in Action.

his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain—just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

CHAPTER XII.

Bombing.

The boys in the section welcomed me back, but there were many strange faces. Several of our men had gone West in that charge, and were lying "somewhere in France" with a little wooden cross at their heads. We were



Throwing Hand Grenades.

in rest billets. The next day our captain asked for volunteers for bombers' school. I gave my name and was accepted. I had joined the Suicide club, and my troubles commenced. Thirty-two men of the battalion, including myself, were sent to L—, where we went through a course in bombing. Here we were instructed in the uses of various kinds of hand grenades, from the old "jam tin," now obsolete, to the present Mills bomb, the standard of the British army.

It all depends where you are as to what you are called. In France they call you a "bomber" and give you medals, while in neutral countries they call you an anarchist and give you "life."

From the very start the Germans were well equipped with effective bombs and trained bomb throwers, but the English army was as little prepared in this important department of fighting as in many others. At bombing school an old sergeant of the Grenadier guards, whom I had the good fortune to meet, told me of the discouragements this branch of the service suffered before they could meet the Germans on an equal footing. (Pacifists and small army people in the U. S. please read with care.) The first English expeditionary forces had no bombs at all, but had elicited a lot of casualties from those thrown by the Boches. One bright morning someone higher up had an idea and issued an order detailing two men from each platoon to go to bombing school to learn the duties of a bomber and how to manufacture bombs. Noncommissioned officers were generally selected for this course. After about two weeks at school they returned to their units in rest billets or in the fire trench, as the case might be, and got busy teaching their platoons how to make "jam tins."

Previously an order had been issued for all ranks to save empty jam tins for the manufacture of bombs. A professor of bombing would sit on the fire step in the front trench with the remainder of his section crowding around to see him work.

On his left would be a pile of empty and rusty jam tins, while beside him on the fire step would be a miscellaneous assortment of material used in the manufacture of the "jam tin."

Tommy would stoop down, get an empty "jam tin," take a handful of clayey mud from the parapet, and line the inside of the tin with this substance. Then he would reach over, pick up his detonator and explosive, and insert them in the tin, fuse protruding. On the fire step would be a pile of fragments of shell, shrapnel balls, bits of iron, nails, etc.—anything that was hard enough to send over to Fritz; he would scoop up a handful of this junk and put it in the bomb. Perhaps one of the platoon would ask him what he did this for, and he would explain that when the bomb exploded these bits would fly about and kill or wound any German hit by same; the questioner would immediately pull a button off his tunic and hand it to the bomb maker with, "Well, blaine me, send this over as a souvenir," or another Tommy would volunteer an old rusty and broken jackknife; both would be accepted and inserted.

Continued on next page

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY

In the matter of Estate of Grant Wade, Deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Under authority of an order granted by the County Court of Gilliam County, Oregon, dated April 1, 1918, I, the undersigned administrator, will sell at PRIVATE SALE the following described real estate, to-wit: Northwest quarter Section 14, the East half of the East half of Section 15, all of that part of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, east quarter of Section 10, and a portion decided away which is described as follows: Beginning at a point on the subdivision line 4.5 chains West of the Northeast corner of Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, running thence West 15.5 chains to the Northwest corner of Southeast quarter of Section 10, thence South 19.875 chains to the Southwest corner of the said Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 10, thence East on the Section line between sections 10 and 15, a distance of 5.5 chains to the center of the canyon, thence in a Northeasterly direction on a direct line to the place of beginning, leaving remaining in said quarter section to be sold herein, 19.12 acres more or less; also West half of Southwest quarter of Section Eleven, except 36 square rods conveyed to the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church as shown by the deed recorded in book "H" page 370, deed records of Gilliam county, Oregon, and also excepting the land described in that deed recorded in book "P" page 280, deed records Gilliam county, Oregon, all in Township One South of Range Twenty One, E. W. M. Gilliam county, Oregon, together with the water rights appurtenant thereto, and all the ditches, canals, reservoirs, and the whole of the irrigation plant or plants, if any, that are now on the said premises or which right of use of water right may be vested in the heirs of said estate.

The sale will be made on or after the first day of May, 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and sealed bids in writing will be received by the undersigned at Condon National Bank, Condon, Oregon.

The terms of sale will be cash, subject to confirmation by the County Court of Gilliam county, Oregon.

Dated this 2nd day of April, 1918.  
GEO. B. DUKE,  
Administrator of  
Grant Wade Estate.

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Our Hats Are in the Ring

Announcement

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Gilliam county, Oregon, on the Democratic ticket.

It had not been my intention to again become a candidate for the office, but since nearly all of the sheriffs throughout the United States have for over a year made themselves familiar with the draft law, and are now the chairmen of the local draft boards, the War Department of the United States Government has recommended that the present sheriffs of the United States be retained in office, so as not to interfere with the draft machinery which is so essential at this time to help bring victory to us in this great war. Many persons who have the best interests of our government at heart in this crisis, have informed me that it is my duty to retain the office for another term. And since true Americanism requires that every one do not alone his bit but his all in a time like this, I have concluded to again become a candidate. If I am nominated and elected I shall accord to the public the same courteous treatment in the future as in the past.

J. W. LILLIE.

Announcement

To the Republican voters of Gilliam county: I will be a candidate for the republican nomination for the office of County Clerk of Gilliam county at the coming primary election. I promise that if I am nominated and

elected I will conduct the affairs of the office in a business like manner, and it will be my earnest endeavor to co-operate with all the departments of the United States Government in regard to all war work, in connection with the office.

BRUCE H. HULL.

Announcement

To the Republican voters of Gilliam county, I hereby beg to announce my candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Clerk of Gilliam county, subject to the will of the voters at the primaries to be held on May 17th, 1918

JAKE E. SCHROEDER

For Representative

I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative for Gilliam, Sherman and Wheeler counties.

JAS. S. STEWART.

For Representative

I would deem it an honor to represent so loyal and patriotic a people as those of the 28th Representative district in the following platform:

I will use my best endeavor to advance the interests of the state; to be economical, but not to the extent of retarding development or hampering efficiency; and to aid and support a vigorous prosecution of the war to a successful conclusion; and will do my duty to the very best of my understanding and ability.

A. M. WRIGHT.