

OVER THE TOP

By Arthur Gay Emper, an American soldier
From page 4

The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and snipped out our future sections. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least stumble, he would turn the air blue.

A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For

several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

"We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry

buried in with:

"None o' that gassin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. It is not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came

across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman tied to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Firing Squad.

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with:

"Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief.

We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and

restless. I know I was. During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:25 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority."

Continued on next page

The Farmers' Union will hold an important business meeting Saturday, May 25, in Condon and every member is expected to attend. Dinner will be served by the ladies. The Union has ordered 500 cords of 16 inch pine and fir wood which will be here before August. The government has asked us to order fuel early so let us have your order and we will fill them as the cars arrive. The Union expects to handle fruit this season.

C. R. Peugh

Dr. Turner, eye specialist of Portland, will be in Condon again Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 30 and 31 and June 1 at the Summit Hotel. Don't forget to consult him about your eyes and glasses.

Globe Want Ads Get Results

FOR SALE:

1917 model Deering harvester in first class running order. Call or address J. Z. Weimar, Clém, Oregon. 8tf

WOOD FOR SALE:

I will sell 16-inch wood at my place in Lost Valley for \$4 per cord. This wood is full 16 inches and will be sold only for cash. See J. J. HETZLER. 1tf

FOR SALE:

Water pipe, dump wagons gas oline engines, and other material and equipment. WARREN CONSTRUCTION CO. See A. B. Robertson or Sidney Smyth. 46tf

FOR SALE:

Late 1917 model Ford 5-passenger touring car. Run 3000 miles. A-1 condition. Equipped with accelerator, genuine Duplex tireholder, Stewart cowl board speedometer, shock absorbers and other accessories. Inquire at Globe office. 5tf

LOST:

Brown mare weight about 1300 pounds branded JB (connected) on left shoulder. Suitable reward for her recovery. A. B. Smith, Hotel Oregon, Condon. 6tf

STRAYED:

One grey mare, branded NH (connected) on right shoulder. Has roached mane. Suitable reward offered for information leading to her recovery. Notify N. Howland, Olex, Ore. 6tf

FOR SALE:

6 good fresh milch cows from 3 to 5 years old. Apply Doc Brown, Condon. 8pd12

Housekeeper Wanted:

One capable of taking care of children. Wages \$30 per month. Write or see Mrs. Gross at Barker's Store. 6tf

FOR SALE:

Purebred Barred Plymouth Rocks of quality aud from heavy laying strains, eggs \$2. per 15. Also Mammoth Bronze turkey eggs 20 cents each. E. H. Hartman, Fossil, Oregon.

FOR SALE:

International traction engine. For full particulars apply to D. N. MACKRAY. 3tf

FOUND:

Bundle of clothes and sundry other articles. Owner can get same by paying charges on this notice. Inquire of David Hardie, Condon. 1tf

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

Parties wanting trees, shrubs, vines or anything in that line for spring planting should make arrangements for them now by seeing F. W. Burns.

FOR SALE:

Two milch cows. See H. H. Fletcher, Condon. 9d12

NOTICE:

After Monday, May 20, all laundry parcels will be C.O.D. All laundry will be raised 20 per cent. 9tf

NOTICE

The local barber shops have raised the price of hair-cutting to 50 cents. This new price conforms to the prices charged elsewhere.

The O. K. Barber Shop. The White Corner Barber Shop.

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

G. P. Giles has re-opened the Condon Restaurant on lower Main street and assures his patrons courteous treatment and good, clean food. Give him a trial.

Let the Service Shop do your printing. It gives satisfaction.

Notice for Publication

013925
014125

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at
The Dalles, Oregon,
April 24th, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that James S. Smith, of Condon, Oregon, who, on October 9th, 1914, made H. E. 013925 and December 19, 1914, made Additional Entry, No. 014125, for Lots 1, 2, S1-2-NE 1-4, N 1-2-SE 1-4, SE 1-4-SE 1-4, Sec. 1, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Section 12, Township 2, South, Range 19, East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. N. Laughrigh, Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Condon, Oregon, on the 22nd day of June, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. S. Burres, of Condon, Oregon. William Underwood, of Condon, Oregon. A. B. Robertson, of Condon, Oregon. Earl Smith, of Condon, Oregon.
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.

Chas. H. Horner

ABSTRACTER

Abstracts of Title to
Gilliam County Lands

Office in Court House

O. K. SHOP

**UP-TO-DATE
TONSorial
PARLORS**

**Randall & Seale
PROPRIETORS**

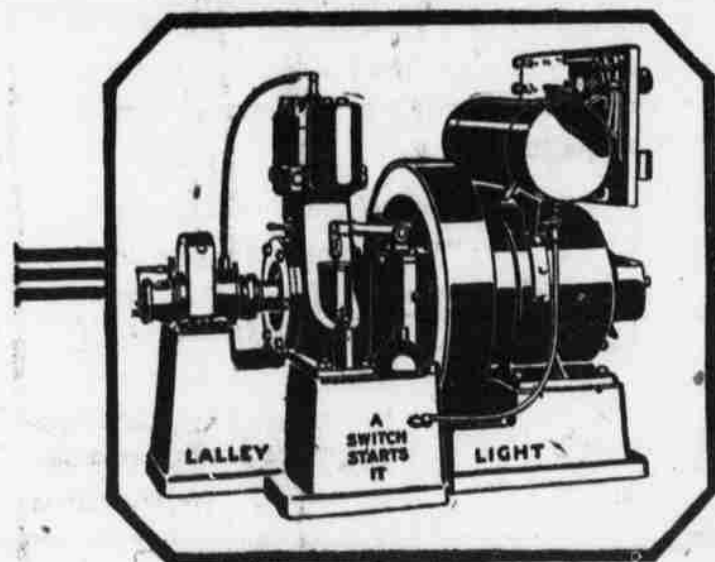
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First Class Work on Cleaning,
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Phone 48B
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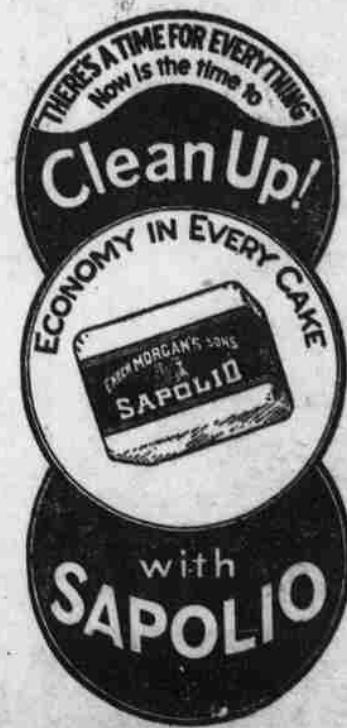
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