

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Maching Gunner Serving in France CHAPTER XX.

"Chats With Fritz." We were swimming in money, from the receipts of our theatrical venture, and had forgotten all about the war...

vised him to keep it out of sight, or some Tommy would be sending it home to his girl in Blighty as a souvenir. One dark and rainy night while on guard...

rubbed it into them, because they all do it, and now that it was my turn, I took pains to get my own back. At nine I reported to the captain, receiving my travel order and pass...

lar morgue. Some were mangled horribly from our shell fire, while others were wholly or partly buried in the mud, the result of shell explosions caving in the walls of the trench...

fact, from my enlistment, I had found that in the British army discipline is very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path of government virtue. There are about seven million ways of breaking the king's regulations...

group of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt. If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun...



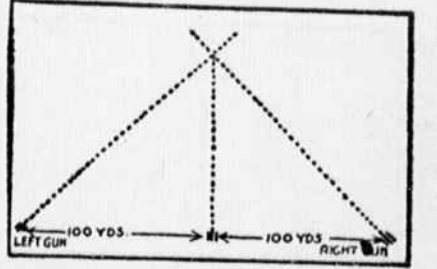
Dead Bodies Everywhere.

"Boys, I'm sorry, but orders have just been received cancelling all leave. If you had been three hours earlier you would have gotten away. Just stay in that train, as it is going back. Rations will be issued to you for your return journey to your respective stations. Bestly rotten, I know." Then he left.

I told this to the man who had used it for a hatrack just before I lay down for a little nap, as things were quiet, and I needed a rest pretty badly. When I woke up the foot was gone. He had cut it off with our chain saw out of the spare parts' box, and had plastered the stump over with mud.

CHAPTER XXI.

About Turn. The next evening we were relieved by the 4th brigade, and once again returned to rest billets. Upon arriving at these billets we were given twenty-four hours in which to clean up. I had just finished getting the mud from my uniform when the orderly sergeant informed me that my name was in orders to leave, and that I was to report to the orderly room in the morning for orders, transportation and rations.



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

CHAPTER XXII.

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts. Soon after my arrival in France; in

(To Be Continued.)