



# "OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

## ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

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#### SYNOPSIS.

I—Fired by the news of the Lusitania by a German Arthur Guy Empey, an American office in Jersey City and land where he enlists in the

II—After a period of training for immediate service finds himself in rest billets in France, where he first acquaintance of the ever-present

III—Empey attends his first mess at the front while a German circles over the congregation.

IV—Empey's command goes to-line trenches and is under first time.

V—Empey learns to adopt the British Tommy, "If you get it, you'll get it, so never

VI—Back in rest billets, Empey first experience as a mess

VII—Empey learns how the mess are fed.

VIII—Back in the front, Empey sees his first friend of the West.

IX—Empey makes his first charge in "Suicide Ditch."

X—Empey learns what "connoisseur's work" in the front-line

XI—Empey goes "over the top" first time in a charge on the trench and is wounded by a

XII—Empey joins the "suicide" bombing squad is called.

XIII—Each Tommy gets an

XIV—Empey helps dig an trench under German fire.

XV—On "listening post" in the trench

"If a company or battalion should give way a few yards against a superior force of Boches, Old Pepper would send for the commanding officer. In about half an hour the officer would come back with his face the color of a brick, and in a few hours what was left of his command would be holding their original position.

"I have seen an officer who wouldn't say a word for a thousand quid spend

five minutes with the old boy, and when he returned the flow of language from his lips would make a navy blush for shame.

"What I am going to tell you is how two of us put it over on the old scamp, and got away with it. It was a risky thing, too, because Old Pepper wouldn't have been exactly mild with us if he had got next to the game.

"Me and my mate, a lad named Harry Cassell, a bombardier in D 288 bat-

tery, or lance corporal, as you call it in the infantry, went to relieve the telephonists. We would do two hours on and four off. I would be on duty in the advanced observation post, while he would be at the other end of the wire in the battery dugout signaling station. We were supposed to send through orders for the battery to fire when ordered to do so by the observation officer in the advanced post. But very few messages were sent. It was only in case of an actual attack that we would get a chance to earn our 'two and six' a day. You see, Old Pepper had issued orders not to fire except when the orders came from him. And with Old Pepper orders is orders, and made to obey.

"The Germans must have known about these orders, for even in the day their transports and troops used to expose themselves as if they were on parade. This sure got up our nose, sitting there day after day, with fine targets in front of us but unable to send over a shell. We heartily cursed Old Pepper, his orders, the government, the people at home, and everything in general. But the Boches didn't mind cussing, and got very careless. Blime me, they were bally insulting. Used to, when using a certain road, throw their caps into the air as a taunt at our helplessness.

"Cassell had been a telegrapher in civil life and joined up when war was declared. As for me, I knew Morse, learned it at the signalers' school back in 1910. With an officer in the observation post, we could not carry on the kind of conversation that's usual between two mates, so we used the Morse code. To send, one of us would tap the transmitter with his finger balls, and the one on the other end would get it through the receiver. Many an hour was whizzed away in this manner passing compliments back and forth.

"In the observation post the officer used to sit for hours with a powerful pair of field glasses to his eyes. Through a cleverly concealed loophole he would scan the ground behind the German trenches, looking for targets and finding many. This officer, Captain A. by name, had a habit of talking out loud to himself. Sometimes he would vent his opinion, same as a common private does when he's wrought up. Once upon a time the captain had been on Old Pepper's staff, so he could cuss and, blind in the most approved style. Got to be sort of a habit with him.

"About six thousand yards from us, behind the German lines, was a road in plain view of our post. For the last three days Fritz had brought companies of troops down this road in broad daylight. They were never shelled. Whenever this happened the captain would froth at the mouth and let out a volume of Old Pepper's religion which used to make me love him.

"Every battery has a range chart on which distinctive landmarks are noted, with the range for each. These landmarks are called targets, and are numbered. On our battery's chart, that road was called 'Target 17, Range 6000, 3 degrees 30 minutes left.' D 288 battery consisted of four 4.5 inch howitzers, and fired a 35-pound H. B. shell. As you know, H. B. means 'high explosive.' I don't like bummung up my own battery, but we had a retort in the division for direct hits, and our boys were just pining away for a chance to exhibit their skill in the eyes of Fritz.

"On the afternoon of the fourth day of Fritz' contemptuous use of the road mentioned by the captain and I were at our posts as usual. Fritz was strafing us pretty rough, just like he's doing now. The shells were playing leapfrog all through that orchard.

"I was carrying on a conversation in our 'tap' code with Cassell at the other end. It ran something like this: "Say, Cassell, how would you like to be in the saloon bar of the King's

Arms down Rye lane with a bottle of Bass in front of you, and that blonde barmaid waiting to fill 'em up again?"

"Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of cusses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road.

"Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S., and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose.

"You blankety blank dud, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) 'Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen.'

"Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one?"

"I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name.

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rumbering it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.'

"Under these condition I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by 'phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued by him. The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his meat.

"Then I waited with beating heart and watched the captain like a hawk.

"He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me, he said:

"Wilson, this army is a blankety blank washout. What's the use of having artillery if it is not allowed to fire? The government at home ought to be hanged with some of their red tape. It's through them that we have no shells."

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with:

"Keep those infernal fingers still. What's the matter, getting the nerves? When I'm talking to you, pay attention."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of Abbeville Savings and Investment Company is called to meet in the office of the National Bank of Abbeville, at Abbeville, South Carolina, at 5:30 P. M., on April 19th, A. D. 1918, for the purpose of considering a resolution that the corporation go into liquidation and wind up its affairs and dissolve in accordance with Sections 2812 and 2813 of Volume I of the Civil Code of South Carolina.

The Stockholders are urged to be present at the said meeting, or to be presented at the said meeting by proxy.

F. E. HARRISON,  
President.

#### STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

County of Abbeville.

Probate Court.

Citation for Letters of Administration.

By J. F. MILLER, Esq., Judge of Probate:

#### LIBERTY AND LABOR.

The hope of labor lies in the opportunities for freedom; military

# EVEREADY

## Service Station

We have bought a regular outfit for tearing down, rebuilding and recharging storage batteries. One of our men has gone to Atlanta to specialize in this kind of work and in a few weeks we will be prepared to attend to your wants electrically.

CALL ON US!

# City Garage

Phone 58

Whereas, Dr. J. R. Power hath made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of A. S. J. Cassidy, late of Abbeville County, deceased.

These are therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said A. S. J. Cassidy, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Abbeville Court House, on April 8th, 1918, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Court, this 25th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen and in the 142nd year of American Independence.

Published on the 26th day of March, 1918, in The Press and Banner, and on the Court House door for the time required by law.

J. F. MILLER,  
Judge of Probate.

#### \$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.—Adv.

#### DEMOCRATIC CLUBS MEET.

The members of the various Democratic Clubs of Abbeville County are called to meet at their respective places of meeting, on the 4th Saturday of April, 1918, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of reorganizing and of electing delegates to the County Convention. The members of all clubs are urged to attend this meeting and take an interest in the se-

lection of delegates, to the Convention to the end that delegates representing the views of the various clubs may be in attendance on the County Convention.

M. J. ASHLEY,  
County Chairman.

#### AT FORT SILL.

Lieut. Roddy Devlin has been sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for two months special training and he writes as follows to the Associate Reformed Presbyterian:

"The schools run continuously. They teach everything from flying to trench digging. The aviation school is about a mile from us and we can see 8 or 10 ships flying at any time of the day. They are as common as birds and look like huge hawks.

Uncle Sam is doing things on a large scale out here. Camp Conphan is here, a N. A. camp like Camp Jackson, so there are thousands of soldiers here. I don't know how many officers attend the schools, as I arrived only yesterday.

This is a wonderful country. Thousands of oil wells and millions of cattle, not to mention the picturesque blanketed Indians riding about in their six or eight cylinder cars. Many of them own oil lands which they lease to oil companies for fabulous sums, and some of them are millionaires."

J. R., Devlin.  
Inf. School of Arms, M. G. Section, Fort Sill, Okla.

#### STAND BY OUR FIGHTING MEN.

From hundreds of thousands of American farms, in answer to the call of their country and in obedience to the law of their country, American boys have gone and to-day are fighting side by side with hundreds of thousands of American boys from the cities and towns of the country, confronting danger and death.

The duty of us who remain at home in safety to afford the means to make these boys powerful and victorious is a most imperative one. Buy Liberty Bonds.

domination, supervision, checks, bondage, lie in Prussian rule.

It is not through a German regime but through democracy that labor is to receive adequate recognition and its realization of its rightful place in the world.

#### THE PRICE OF SHAMEFUL PEACE

More than a billion dollars of American agricultural exports were sold to the European nations at war with Germany during 1917. Had this Nation maintained peace at the price of obedience to the German war zone decree, this European market would have been closed and this billion dollars worth of agricultural products would, most of them, have rotted on farms and in warehouses or been used in unprofitable ways with consequent stagnation and ruin to the American farmers.

Interest as well as duty urges the American farmer to give financial support to his Government in this war.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

#### NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION.

The regular City Election for the City of Abbeville, will be held at the Council Chambers, Abbeville, South Carolina, on the 9th day of April 1918, from 8 A. M. until 4 P. M. for the election of Six Aldermen, a Mayor and three Commissioners of Public Works for the City of Abbeville.

Managers of Election—J. L. Clark, F. W. R. Nance, T. C. Seal.

C. C. GAMBRELL,  
Mayor.

T. G. PERRIN,  
City Clerk.

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