

OVER THE TOP.

(Continued from page 3, column 3.)

be holding their original position.

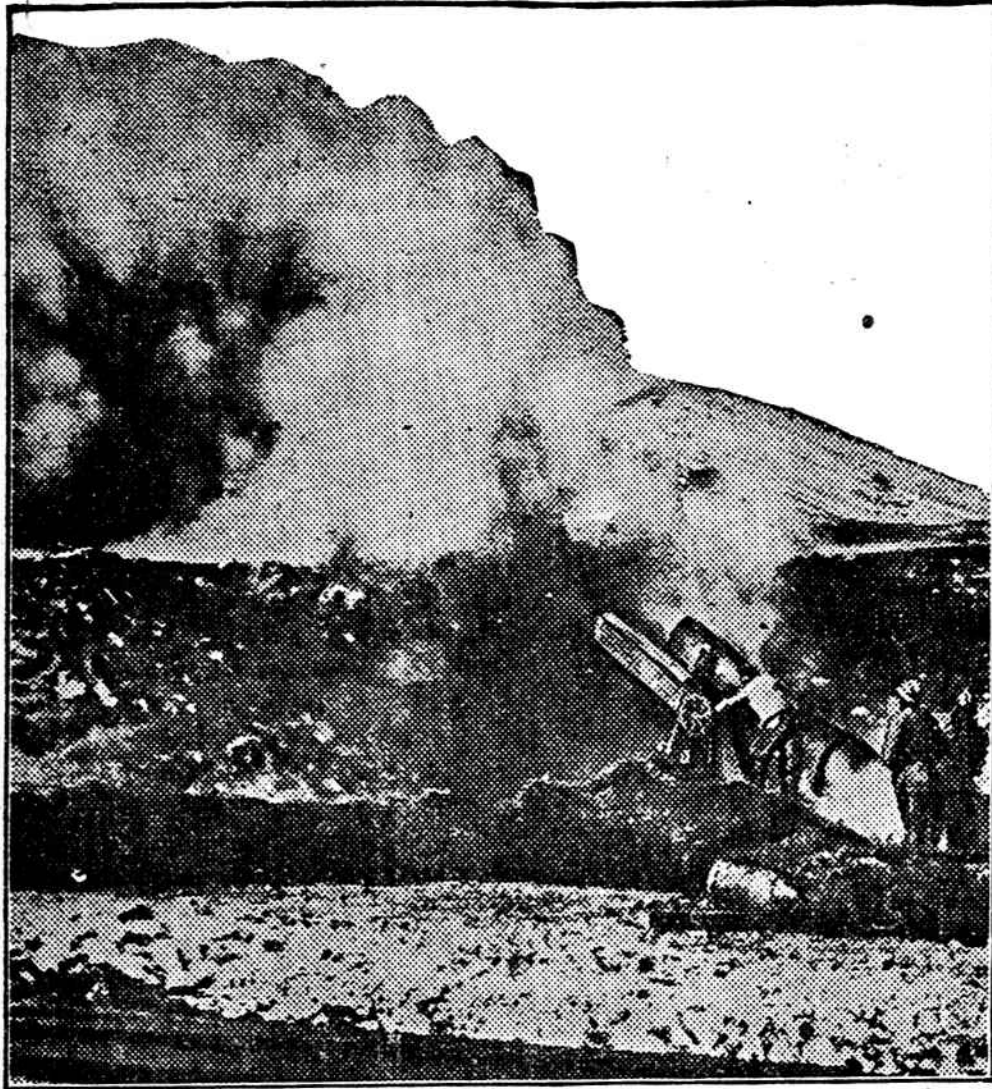
"I have seen an officer who wouldn't say d—n for a thousand quid spend five minutes with the old boy, and when he returned the flow of language from his lips would make a navy blush for shame.

"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 238 bat-

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



One of the Big Guns Barking.

tery, or lance corporal, as you call it in the infantry, used 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 nails, and the one on the other end would get it through the receiver. Many an hour was whiled 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 238 battery consisted of four '4.5' howitzers, and fired a 35-pound H. E. shell. As you know, H. E. means 'high explosive.' I don't like bummung up my own battery, but we had a record 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 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 leap frog all through that orchard.

"I was carrying on a conversation

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 next week.)

Peace Talk

PEACE TO YOUR FEET. DON'T
LET YOUR FEET BE COLD.

WEAR SHOES

WEAR SHOES THAT WEAR
WHILE ALL OTHERS ARE WORN
OUT.

GET STYLES THAT ARE STYL-
ISH AND THAT LOOK AND FEEL
AND WEAR LIKE SHOES OUGHT
TO.

BUY



Buy Them And
Help Win The War
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
AND PATRONIZE

RENTZ & FELDER

BAMBERG, S. C.

WRIGLEY'S

Keep WRIGLEY'S in
mind as the longest-
lasting confection you
can buy. Send it to
the boys at the front.

War Time Economy
In Sweetmeats—

a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S
will give you several days' enjoy-
ment: it's an investment in benefit
as well as pleasure, for it helps
teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

Chew It After Every Meal

The Flavor Lasts!



MY "EUREKA" LIME

HAS NO EQUAL WHERE A
PURE WHITE LIME IS
WANTED. THIS IS THE
BEST LIME FOR ALL PUR-
POSES.

L. B. FOWLER

BAMBERG, S. C.

Patching Up a Break

on the road will not be neces-
sary if you have us overhaul
your bicycle before you start
out. We have an eagle eye for
detecting weak spots and parts.
We prevent breakdowns by re-
pairing just the things which
you would probably overlook.
Don't you think it wiser to pay
our moderate charges now than
to have to walk home and have
to pay anyway?



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Telephone No. 14J

Bamberg, S. C.

Get-Rich Quick
got his money. He
was not a
Careful
Man



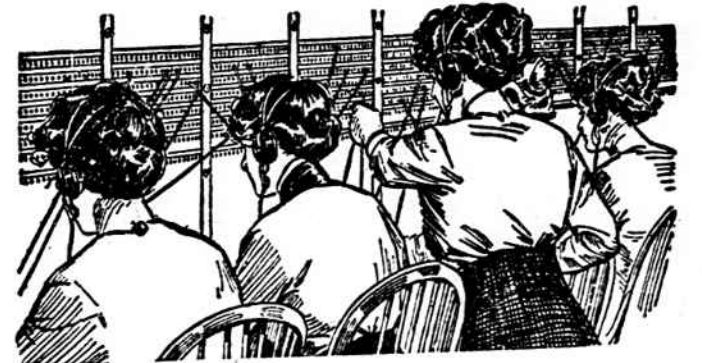
FEW MEN "GET-RICH-QUICK" AT ALL.
FEWER MEN "GET-RICH-QUICK" AND KEEP THEIR
MONEY. IT GOES LIKE IT CAME.
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT IF THE SCHEME WAS SUCH A
GOOD ONE, IT WOULDN'T BE PEDDLED TO YOU? THOSE
SMOOTH STRANGERS ARE NOT INTERESTED IN YOU—IT IS
YOUR MONEY THEY WANT. YOUR BANK IS INTERESTED IN
YOU AND YOUR SUCCESS. BANK YOUR MONEY.

BANK WITH US

WE PAY FOUR (4) PER CENT. INTEREST, COM-
POUNDED QUARTERLY, ON SAVING DEPOSITS
BUY U. S. WAR SAVING AND THRIFT STAMPS.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

EHRHARDT, S. C.

Help the Operators Serve
You Better

Telephone subscribers are urged to call by
number and not by name. In a community
of this size the operators cannot possibly re-
member the names of all subscribers; when
you call by name you delay your service and
hamper its efficiency.

All telephones are known to the operators
by numbers which are on the switchboard di-
rectly in front of them. The directory is your
index to the switchboard and should be con-
sulted before making a call.

Call by number and help the operator
serve you better.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE
AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THE PLACE TO PUT IT

so that you'll know where your
money is when you want it—is
in our reliable savings bank. It
is also earning money for you.
You are well protected against
any kind of loss here. We en-
joy the confidence of the com-
munity and carry the accounts
of the best citizens and their
families.



Enterprise Bank

5 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Savings Deposits.

Bamberg, S. C.