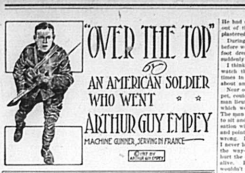
THE CARLISLE MERCURY



"OVER THE TOP"

By AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

Author of "Tommy Atkins"

EMPEY AND HIS COMPANY GO "OVER THE TOP" IN COSTLY BUT SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, enlists in the British army and is sent to France. After a period of short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "rookies." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chappie distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in the front line. He learns the meaning of "sniper" and "periscope." Describing work on observation post duty. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play.

CHAPTER XXI.

Afloat.

The next morning we were relieved by the —th 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 was informed that my name was in orders to proceed to the base. I was glad to get the orders even as the cursing for orders, transportation and rations.

I nearly had a fit, hustled about packing up, filling my pack with souvenirs such as shell fuses, bullets, a bone rose, shrapnel balls, and a Prussian guardsman's helmet. In fact, before I turned in that night, I had everything packed except my mess kit, which I swore at since the next morning.

I was the envy of the whole section, swearing around, telling of the good time I was going to have, the places I would visit, and the real, old English beer I intended to guzzle. Sort of rubbed it into them, because they all got to do it, and now that it was my turn, I was the one who was getting it.

At nine I reported to the captain, receiving my travel order and pass. He asked me how much money I wanted to draw. I gladly answered, "Three hundred francs, sir." he just as gladly handed me one hundred.

After getting a couple of headquarters with me to see the last of me. I left my section standing in a body, I started, with full equipment, to the railroad station, a distance of about a mile, but the train, which was resting on its chest, was not there. Instead I found a long line of Tommies waiting for the train, which was due in about an hour.

Two tiny motor lorries came along and we piled in, laughing, joking, and in the best of spirits. We even kidded the Germans, we were having so happy, the journey to seven days' kiss in blighty had commenced.

The ride in the lorries lasted about two hours; by this time we were cramped, tired, and hungry. Some of the men had drifted away, even if we were not nearly choking.

At the railroad station at P—— we reported to an officer, who had a white band on his sleeve, and who read "R. T. O." (Royal Transportation Officer). To us this officer was known as the "Red Cap."

The sergeant in charge showed him our papers, and then disappeared with them and said: "Make yourselves comfortable on the platform and don't leave; the train is liable to be backing in five minutes—or five hours."

It came in five hours, a string of eleven south bound cars on big, high wheels, drawn by little engine coupled with the "cow." Three south bound trains passed us by, and then another one was pointed out and hastily shouted out, "Hossons et, Cheaux-k."

The R. T. O. stuck out his arm, and cut me. We didn't care; it was as good as a Furlough to us.

Two days we spent on that train, detraining, stopping, getting coffee at the sometimes eating hash. At three stations we were allowed to get out and stretch our legs, but were warned to keep within sight of the train, with head resting on its chest, for fear the other streetcars [illegible] seemed to be alive, the posture was so natural—and, sure, but when I got closer I could see a large, jagged hole in the boiler, which, of course, would not only have killed the same shell-burst.

Two days we spent on that train, and the hardest part, but equally as welcome, was the detraining at the end. Here we were ordered to form fours, and were marched off in the direction of the village. Here we were billeted in a large building, which was a former factory, but which had been converted into a rest camp for the troops coming from the front line trenches.

Here we were allowed to get a wash, and then we were marched to the mess hall, where we were served with a hot meal. Then we were marched to our billets, which were in the form of huts, and were told that we could remain there for a week, if we wished, but that we could not leave the camp.

The next morning we were marched to the parade ground, and were told that we were to be inspected by the general of the division. We were told that we were to be inspected by the general of the division. We were told that we were to be inspected by the general of the division.

I have to tell you how I was kidded by the boys when I got back, but it was all in fun.

Our battalion sergeant-major took over their part of the line at seven o'clock, the night after I returned from my four leave.

At 7:30 the following morning three waves went over and captured the first and second German trenches. The machine gunners went over with the infantry, and I was left behind to look after the "dig in," as Tommy calls it.

Crossing No Man's Land without drawing any casualties, we came to the German trench and mounted our guns on the parados of same.

Our section was in charge in my life —branches of twisted barbed wire lying in front of the trench, and also a few dead soldiers, gunners among the dead bodies, who, that dirty was full of them, theirs and ours. It was a regular morgue. Some were mangled horribly from our shell fire, while others were wholly or partly buried in the mud, the result of shell explosions, lying in the walls of the trench. One poor fellow was sitting on the fire step with a rifle sticking straight up in the air, the bayonet of which was buried to the hilt in his chest. Across his feet lay a dead English soldier with a bullet hole in his forehead. The Tommy must have been killed just as he ran his bayonet through the German.

Rifles and equipment were scattered all over the trench, and I wondered how we could be ever sticking out of the mud.

At one point, just in the entrance to a communication trench, was a crowd of us. On this stretcher a German was lying with a white bandage around his knee, near to him lay one of the stretcher-bearers, the red cross on his arm covered with mud and his helmet lying beside him. Another was sitting with his back against the wall of the trench, with head resting on his chest, was the other stretcher-bearer. He seemed to be alive, the posture was so natural—and, sure, but when I got closer I could see a large, jagged hole in the boiler, which, of course, would not only have killed the same shell-burst.

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DESPONDENT TONE IN PRESS

Germans Newspapers Are Beginning to Admit There Is No Possibility of Military Defeat.

The despondent tone of the latest German press comments is emphasized daily in neutral dispatches from Berlin. The following extract from a dispatch filed from The Hague includes a quotation by the Dusseldorf Nachrichten, which says that nobody besides knows the future can see an end to the war. "For though it is true that the end might come quickly," it adds, "it could also last for an end of terror as in Europe's history."

The Vorwaerts of Berlin says that the German people at last realize the enormous gravity of the situation, and that they understand that an ending as the war is not entire it is not won and can be lost."

He had cut it off with our share saw out of the spare parts' box, and had plastered the stump over with mud.

During the next two or three days, before we were relieved, I learned that fatal drastically; seemed as if I had suddenly lost a chum.

I think the worst thing of 'til was to see the rats. They were there in countless times in the day, run over and play about among the dead.

Near our pos, right across the parapet, could be seen the body of a German lieutenant, the head and shoulders of which were hanging into our trench. Every morning when I looked out I used to sit and carry on a one-sided conversation with this officer, used to argue and point out why Germany was in the wrong. During all of this monologue I never heard him say anything and of the way—ascribing that would have hurt the officer's feelings. But he was silent. He was square all right, couldn't help admiring the courage of a dead man in an argument.

To civilians this must seem drawback, but out here one gets so used to awful sights that it makes no impression. In passing a butcher shop you are not shocked by seeing a dead bullock, and it is the same with us. We are used to it.

After the attack we went into reserve billets for six days, and on the seventh once again went to the front lets.

CHAPTER XXII.

Punishments and Machine-Gun Stunts.

Soon after my arrival in France, in the British army discipline is very strict. One has to be very careful in order to stay on the narrow path and avoid Scylla and Charybdis.

There are about seven million ways in which you can get into trouble, and there are about seven million ways to get out of it.

The worst punishment is death by a firing squad, which is known as "field punishment No. 1," or, as it is known to Tommy calls it.

This is for desertion, cowardice, mutiny, giving information to the enemy, looting, rape, sleeping on sentry-go, being a safeguard, acting a spectator, etc.

Then there is field punishment No. 2, which is the trench punishment for dead drunk and disorderly conduct, and for neglect of duty.

Either of these punishments is given for each offense, and is carried out in the following manner: The prisoner is tied to the wheel of a gun carriage, with his arms outstretched, and his wrists lashed to the spokes of the wheel. In this position he remains for two hours a day for a period of from three days to twenty-one days, according to the seriousness of the offense.

Either punishment is a severe one, and is not given for a trivial offense.

Another punishment is that of "crucifixion," which is given for a serious offense. The prisoner is tied to a wheel, with his arms outstretched, and his wrists lashed to the spokes of the wheel. In this position he remains for two hours a day for a period of from three days to twenty-one days, according to the seriousness of the