

# "Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY  
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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## CHAPTER XII.

### Bombing.

The boys in the section welcomed me back, but there were many strange faces. Several of our men had gone West in that charge, and were lying "somewhere in France" with a little wooden cross at their heads. We were



Throwing Hand Grenades.

In rest billets. The next day our captain asked for volunteers for bombers' school. I gave my name and was accepted. I had joined the Suicide club, and my troubles commenced. Thirty-two men of the battalion, including myself, were sent to L—, where we

went through a course in bombing. Here we were instructed in the uses, methods of throwing and manufacture of various kinds of hand grenades, from the old "jam tin," now obsolete, to the present Mills bomb, the standard of the British army.

It all depends where you are as to what you are called. In France they call you a "bomber" and give you medals, while in neutral countries they call you an anarchist and give you "life."

From the very start the Germans were well equipped with effective bombs and trained bomb throwers, but the English army was as little prepared in this important department of fighting as in many others. At bombing school an old sergeant of the Grenadier guards, whom I had the good fortune to meet, told me of the discouragements this branch of the service suffered before they could meet the Germans on an equal footing. (Pacifists and small army people in the U. S. please read with care.) The first English expeditionary forces had no bombs at all, but had clicked a lot of casualties from those thrown by the Boches. One bright morning someone higher up had an idea and issued an order detaching two men from each platoon to go to bombing school to learn the duties of a bomber and how to manufacture bombs. Noncommissioned officers were generally selected for this course. After about two weeks at school they returned to their units in rest billets or in the fire trench, as the case might be, and got busy teaching their platoons how to make "jam tins."

Previously an order had been issued for all ranks to save empty jam tins for the manufacture of bombs. A professor of bombing would sit on the fire step in the front trench with the remainder of his section crowding around to see him work.

On his left would be a pile of empty and rusty jam tins, while beside him on the fire step would be a miscellaneous assortment of material used in the manufacture of the "jam tins."

Tommy would stoop down, get an empty "jam tin," take a handful of clay mud from the parapet, and line the inside of the tin with this substance. Then he would reach over, pick up his detonator and explosive, and insert them in the tin, fuse protruding. On the fire step would be a pile of fragments of shell, shrapnel balls, bits of iron, nails, etc.—anything that was hard enough to send over to Fritz; he would scoop up a handful of this junk and put it in the bomb. Perhaps one of the platoon would ask him what he did this for, and he would explain that when the bomb exploded these bits would fly about and kill or wound any German hit by same; the questioner would immediately pull a button off his tunic and hand it to the bomb maker with, "Well, blame me, send this over as a souvenir," or another Tommy would volunteer an old rusty and broken jackknife; both would be accepted and inserted.

Then the professor would take another handful of mud and fill the tin, after which he would punch a hole in the lid of the tin and put it over the top of the bomb, the fuse sticking out. Then perhaps he would tightly wrap wire around the outside of the tin, and the bomb was ready to send over to Fritz with Tommy's compliments.

A piece of wood about four inches wide had been issued. This was to be strapped on the left forearm by means of two leather straps and was like the side of a match box; it was called a

"striker." There was a tip like the head of a match on the fuse of the bomb. To ignite the fuse, you had to rub it on the "striker," just the same as striking a match. The fuse was timed to five seconds or longer. Some of the fuses issued in those days would burn down in a second or two, while others would "sizz" for a week before exploding. Back in Blighty the munition workers weren't quite up to snuff, the way they are now. If the fuse took a notion to burn too quickly they generally buried the bomb maker next day. So making bombs could not be called a "cushy" or safe job.

After making several bombs the professor instructs the platoon in throwing them. He takes a "jam tin" from the fire step, trembling a little, because it is nervous work, especially when new at it, lights the fuse on his striker. The fuse begins to "sizz" and sputter and a spiral of smoke, like that from a smoldering rag, rises from it. The platoon splits in two and ducks around the traverse nearest to them. They don't like the looks and sound of the burning fuse. When that fuse begins to smoke and "sizz" you want to say good-by to it as soon as possible, so Tommy with all his might chucks it over the top and crouches against the parapet, waiting for the explosion.

Lots of times in bombing the "jam tin" would be picked up by the Germans, before it exploded, and thrown back at Tommy with dire results.

After a lot of men went West in this manner an order was issued, reading something like this:

"To all ranks in the British army: After igniting the fuse and before throwing the jam-tin bomb, count slowly one! two! three!"

This in order to give the fuse time enough to burn down, so that the bomb would explode before the Germans could throw it back.

Tommy read the order—he reads them all, but after he ignited the fuse and it began to smoke—orders were forgotten, and away she went in record time and back she came to the further discomfort of the thrower.

Then another order was issued to count, "one hundred! two hundred! three hundred!" But Tommy didn't care if the order read to count up to a thousand by quarters, he was going

to get rid of that "jam tin," because from experience he had learned not to trust it.

When the powers that be realized that they could not change Tommy they decided to change the type of bomb and did so—substituting the "hair brush," the "cricket ball," and later the Mills bomb.

The standard bomb used in the British army is the "Mills." It is about the shape and size of a large lemon. Although not actually a lemon, Fritz insists that it is; perhaps he judges it by the havoc caused by its explosion. The Mills bomb is made of steel, the outside of which is corrugated into 48 small squares, which, upon the explosion of the bomb, scatter in a wide area, wounding or killing any Fritz who is unfortunate enough to be hit by one of the flying fragments.

Although a very destructive and efficient bomb the "Mills" has the confidence of the thrower, in that he knows it will not explode until released from his grip.

It is a mechanical device, with a lever, fitted into a slot at the top, which extends half way around the circumference and is held in place at the bottom by a fixing pin. In this pin there is a small metal ring, for the purpose of extracting the pin when ready to throw.

You do not throw a bomb the way a baseball is thrown, because, when in a narrow trench, your hand is liable to strike against the parapets, traverse or parapet, and then 'down goes the bomb, and, in a couple of seconds or so, up goes Tommy.

In throwing the bomb and lever are grasped in the right hand, the left foot is advanced, knee stiff, about one and a half its length to the front, while the right leg, knee bent, is carried slightly to the right. The left arm is extended at an angle of 45 degrees, pointing in the direction the bomb is to be thrown. This position is similar to that of shot putting, only that the right arm is extended downward. Then you hurl the bomb from you with an overhead bowling motion, the same as in cricket, throwing it fairly high in the air, this in order to give the fuse a chance to burn down so that when the bomb lands, it immediately explodes and gives the Germans no time to scamper out of its range or to return it.

As the bomb leaves your hand, the lever, by means of a spring, is projected into the air and falls harmlessly to the ground a few feet in front of the bomber.

When the lever flies off it releases a strong spring, which forces the firing pin into a percussion cap. This ignites the fuse, which burns down and sets off the detonator, charged with fulminate of mercury, which explodes the main charge of ammonal.

The average British soldier is not an expert at throwing; it is a new game to him, therefore the Canadians and Americans, who have played baseball from the kindergarten up, take naturally to bomb throwing and excel in this act. A six-foot English bomber will stand in awed silence when he sees a little five-foot-nothing Canadian outdistance his throw by several yards. I have read a few war stories of bombing, where baseball pitchers curved their bombs when throwing them, but a pitcher who can do this would make "Christy" Mathewson look like a piker, and is losing valuable time playing in the European War bush league, when he would be able to set the "big leaguer" on fire.

We had a cushy time while at this

school. In fact, to us it was a regular vacation, and we were very sorry when one morning the adjutant ordered us to report at headquarters for transportation and rations to return to our units up the line.

Arriving at our section, the boys once again tendered us the glad mitt, but looked askance at us out of the corners of their eyes. They could not conceive, as they expressed it, how a man could be such a blinking idiot as to join the Suicide club. I was beginning to feel sorry that I had become a member of said club, and my life to me appeared doubly precious.

Now that I was a sure-enough bomber I was praying for peace and hoping that my services as such would not be required.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### My First Official Bath.

Right behind our rest billet was a large creek about ten feet deep and twenty feet across, and it was a habit of the company to avail themselves of an opportunity to take a swim and at the same time thoroughly wash themselves and their underwear when on their own. We were having a spell of hot weather, and these baths to us were a luxury. The Tommies would splash around in the water and then come out and sit in the sun and have what they termed a "shirt hunt." At first we tried to drown the "cooties," but they also seemed to enjoy the bath.

One Sunday morning the whole section was in the creek and we were having a gay time, when the sergeant major appeared on the scene. He came to the edge of the creek and ordered: "Come out of it. Get your equipment on, 'drill order,' and fall in for bath parade. Look lively, my hearties. You have only got fifteen minutes." A howl of indignation from the creek greeted this order, but out we came. Discipline is discipline. We lined up in front of our billet with rifles and bayonets (why you need rifles and bayonets to take a bath gets me), a full quota of ammunition, and our tin hats. Each man had a piece of soap and a towel. After an eight-kilo march along a dusty road, with an occasional shell whistling overhead, we arrived at a little squat frame building upon the bank of a creek. Nalled over the door

of this building was a large sign which read "Divisional Baths." In a wooden shed in the rear we could hear a wheezy old engine pumping water. We lined up in front of the baths, soaked with perspiration, and piled our rifles into stacks. A sergeant of the R. A. M. C. with a yellow band around his left arm on which was "S. P." (sanitary police) in black letters, took charge, ordering us to take off our equipment, unroll our puttees and unlace boots. Then, starting from the right of the line, he divided us into squads of fifteen. I happened to be in the first squad.

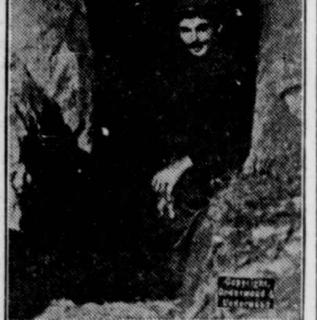
We entered a small room, where we were given five minutes to undress, then filed into the bathroom. In here

there were fifteen tubs (barrels sawed in two) half full of water. Each tub contained a piece of laundry soap. The sergeant informed us that we had just twelve minutes in which to take our baths. Soaping ourselves all over, we took turns in rubbing each other's backs, then by means of a garden hose, washed the soap off. The water was ice cold, but felt fine.

Pretty soon a bell rang and the water was turned off. Some of the slower ones were covered with soap, but this made no difference to the sergeant, who chased us into another room, where we lined up in front of a little window, resembling the box office in a theater, and received clean underwear and towels. From here we went into the room where we had first undressed. Ten minutes were allowed in which to get into our "clabber."

My pair of drawers came up to my chin and the shirt barely reached my diaphragm, but they were clean—no strangers on them, so I was satisfied. At the expiration of the time allotted we were turned out and finished our dressing on the grass.

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A Bathroom at the Front.

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one imagined, just cussing and blinding all the way. We were covered with white dust and felt greasy from sweat. The woolen underwear issued was itching like the mischief.

After eating our dinner of stew, which had been kept for us—it was now four o'clock—we went into the creek and had another bath.

If "Holy Joe" could have heard our remarks about the divisional baths and army red tape he would have fainted at our wickedness. But Tommy is only human after all.

I just mentioned "Holy Joe" or the chaplain in an irreverent sort of way, but no offense was meant, as there were some very brave men among them.

There are so many instances of heroic deeds performed under fire in rescuing the wounded that it would take several books to chronicle them, but I have to mention one instance performed by a chaplain, Captain Hall by name, in the brigade on our left, because it particularly appealed to me.

A chaplain is not a fighting man; he is recognized as a noncombatant and carries no arms. In a charge or trench raid the soldier gets a feeling of confidence from contact with his rifle, revolver, or bomb he is carrying. He has something to protect himself with, something with which he can inflict harm on the enemy—in other words, he is able to get his own back.

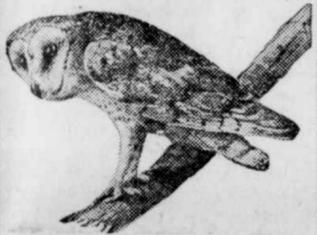
But the chaplain is empty-handed, and is at the mercy of the enemy if he encounters them, so it is doubly brave for him to go over the top, under fire, and bring in wounded. Also a chaplain is not required by the king's regulations to go over in a charge, but this one did, made three trips under the hottest kind of fire, each time returning with a wounded man on his back. On the third trip he received a bullet through his left arm, but never reported the matter to the doctor until late that night—just spent his time administering to the wants of the wounded lying on stretchers.

The chaplains of the British army are a fine, manly set of men, and are greatly respected by Tommy.

(To Be Continued.)

## BARN OWL

(Aluco pratincola)



Length, about seventeen inches. Facial disk not circular as in our other owls; plumage above, pale yellow; beneath, varying from silky white to pale bright tawny.

Range: Resident in Mexico, in the southern United States, and north to New York, Ohio, Nebraska, and California.

Habits and economic status: The barn owl, often called monkey-faced owl, is one of the most beneficial of the birds of prey, since it feeds almost exclusively on small mammals that injure farm produce, nursery, and orchard stock. It hunts principally in the open and consequently secures such mammals as pocket gophers, field mice, common rats, house mice, harvest mice, kangaroo rats, and cotton rats. It occasionally captures a few birds and insects. At least a half bushel of the remains of pocket gophers have been found in the nesting cavity of a pair of these birds. Remembering that a gopher has been known in a short time to girdle seven apricot trees worth \$100 it is hard to overestimate the value of the service of a pair of barn owls. One thousand two hundred and forty-seven pellets of the barn owl collected from the Smithsonian towers contained 3,100 skulls, of which 3,004, or 97 per cent, were mammals; 92, or 3 per cent, of birds; and 4 were of frogs. The bulk consisted of 1,987 field mice, 656 house mice, and 210 common rats. The birds eaten were mainly sparrows and black-birds. This valuable owl should be rigidly protected throughout the entire range.

## Minute Men and Limit Men.

"In 1776 they were Minute Men. That is, they were ready, at a minute's notice to shoulder their muskets and go out to fight for the preservation of their liberties. They fired the shot heard round the world which is still reverberating in the utmost parts of the world wherever men crave liberty for themselves and are willing to grant it to their fellows.

"In 1918 they are Limit Men. That is, they are ready now to pledge themselves during 1918 to go to the limit fixed by their Government in the purchase of War-Savings Stamps in order that a War may be won which will achieve and guarantee the liberty of all people the world over.

"The blood of the Minute Men of Seventy-Six flows in the veins of the Limit-Men of Nineteen-Eighteen."—G. T. Stephenson.

## Japs Are Safe.

Japan in Siberia is safer than Germany in Siberia. Ruthlessness should be permitted no more power.—Buffalo Enquirer.

# Thin, Frail People Should Take Tanlac

Thousands Report Astonishing Gain in Weight in Remarkably Short Time.

One of the most noteworthy features in connection with the introduction of Tanlac, and the one that stands out more prominently than any other, perhaps, is the very large number of well-known men and women from all parts of the south who have recently reported an astonishing and rapid increase in weight as a result of its use.

When so many well-known people of unquestioned integrity make statement after statement, each corroborating the other, the truth of such statements can no longer be doubted.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of Mrs. Charles Peden, of Huntsville, Ala. Mrs. Peden according to her own signed statement gained twenty-seven (27) pounds in only a few weeks' time, and her case has created widespread interest over the entire country. She is reported to have received over eight hundred (800) letters regarding her statements since its publication.

Another remarkable case was that of Mrs. O. C. Cason, of Acworth, Ga., who according to her statement was recently brought in an automobile to Atlanta, propped up on pillows, to visit her sister, with no hope of ever returning home alive. Mrs. Cason at that time only weighed 60 pounds, and after taking Tanlac six weeks was on her feet again and weighed 95 pounds—a gain of 35 pounds.

Mrs. Welhelmina Joiner, wife of a well-known engineer for the M. D. & S. R. R., whose address is 115 Third street, Macon, Ga., recently said: "I have finished my third bottle of Tanlac and have gained 35 pounds." She further stated that she had suffered nearly two years with nervous indigestion, and that Tanlac has entirely relieved her of the trouble.

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Prof. Elmer Morris, a teacher in the public schools of Fayetteville county, Tennessee, recently said that, after suffering over a year with serious stomach trouble, during which time he was treated by doctors and went to Dawson Springs, Ky., without getting any relief, he took three bottles of Tanlac, gained 20 pounds and was entirely well. Prof. Morris' address is R. F. D. No. 1, Dover, Tenn.

Dr. J. T. Edwards, a well-known physician of Fayetteville, Ga., recently wrote of the remarkably recovery of T. M. McGough, of that place. Dr. Edwards stated that Mr. McGough, who was one of his patients, has not only been relieved of serious stomach trouble by Tanlac, but that he has gained 17 pounds on the medicine.

One of the most remarkable indorsements ever given was that of Mrs. G. W. Williams, of Gadsden, Ala. Mrs. Williams stated that she had suffered with serious kidney and stomach trouble nearly 15 years, and that her condition became such that it was necessary for her physician to call three times a day. Finally she was told that there was no hope for her recovery, and, thinking that she would die, she had her children, who were residing in other cities; summoned to her bedside. Her daughter, Mrs. R. C. Nelson, of Atlanta, arrived and begged her mother to take Tanlac, which she did. She was soon on the road to recovery. Her own words were: "Tanlac as made me feel almost as well as I ever felt in my life. I went from 90 pounds to 138—a gain of 48 pounds. I'm doing most all my own householding now, milk the cow and churn the milk. Sold and recommended by Hood Brothers, Smithfield, and Peacock Drug Co., Bensen.—(Adv.)

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TAKEN UP MARCH 26th ONE stock hog, swallow fork in right ear and half moon under left ear. Owner can get same by paying for this notice and trouble. Herbert Hartley, Princeton, N. C., R. 2.

I HAVE A GOOD STOCK WHITE granulated sugar. W. M. Sanders.

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