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looked like a snowman.

the glow of the cargo lights.

ard.

sickness.

did not wonder long.

Mr. Empey's ExperiencesDuringHisSeventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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In New York Public School No. 78 I had three chums, "Bill" Meek, "Jim" Fleming, and "Charlie" Unger.

Bill was full of wild ideas and let of second cook. schemes. He had the "get-rich-quick" mania. About every two weeks he would call us aside and in a mysterious and important manner carefully unfold some daring scheme to get rick quick, giving his personal guarantee that it could not fail. At first we were very enthusiastic over his scheme and wanted to go in "with both feet," and would carefully work out the details of how to proceed, when, bang! Bill would introduce another project absolutely different from the port hole. Reaching for the electhe preceding one. When we asked tric button I turned on the switch. him what became of his wonderful An awful mess met my eyes. The proposition of two weeks ago, he undeck of my room was awash. The blushingly told us that unforeseen circumstances which no one could prevent had interfered. Then he would unroll another wild dream of fortune. And so it went on; one scheme after The ship was rolling like a log in another vanishing in smoke, until we became very skeptical. Personally, I had no faith in any of Bill's day the sides of my bunk in terror. A dreams, but I admired, and perhaps and water would pour in through the envied, his spirit of adventure; so at last I decided that I would take a chance, success or no success.

One night Bill came around to the house with four tickets for a blood and thunder war play entitled "Cuba's Vow." His brother was playing the villain. This play greatly impressed me; in fact, from the first act to the last the footlights were gushing blood, love and adventure-and rotten acting. Bill's brother was awfyl.

Bill was a pretty good judge of bridge for mate, damn quick." I was human nature. He had taken us to bewildered. The door slammed and this play to get us worked up to a once again I was alone. Fifteen minpitch of enthusiasm, and thus getting utes must have passed when the door us in the proper frame of mind, he opened again and in rushed the could unroll his latest scheme.

to zero. I could not take my eyes and lurching. In that galley it sound- port the men believed in woman suf- were towed into Punta Arenas, and the pelican's skin down my back, and, away from the clock. It was an ed like a bombardment. Pots and frage. Long lines of half-naked black after two weeks the ship was again with my face smeared with black, agony of intense waiting, similar to pans were rattling in their racks; a that when, later in the trenches, I few of them had fallen out, and were kept looking at my wrist watch wait- chasing each other around the deck. ing for four o'clock in the morning Cold and miserable, I crouched in when we were to go "over the top" the corner, keeping myself from fallin a charge. Oh, how I wished that ing by holding on to the rail in front Bill would change his mind! of the stove. About five minutes to ten, crack!

The sailor took compassion on me, crack! came a couple of pebbles and made the toast and tea. How against the window pane, sounding he did it was a marvel to me, but like the crack of bullets on the west- later on I became very expert myern front. With my shoes in one self.

smoking cigarettes.

jelly, bay rum and alligator pears.

If the steward or cook had caught me

I would never be writing this story.

The women threw the pork into their

dirty coal baskets, and upon reaching

the dock gave it to their husbands or

kids, averaging from seven to fifteen

diving off the dock for pennies which

fell in with the plan, Bill objecting.

se threw overboard.

hand and my grip in the other, I soft-Following the "life lines" on the ly tiptoed downstairs, put on my upper deck, I at last managed to reach shoes and heavy overcoat, and opened the bridge with my pot of tea and the front door. I was greeted by a two slices of toasted bread. There rush of wind, snow and sleet. Bill were two men at the wheel. In the darkness I went up to them and asked We plowed through the blizzard, for the mate. They did not answer. got on a trolley car, and reached Erie Just then I received a resounding basin at a quarter to 12, went up the smack on the back which made my gangplank and reported to the stew- teeth rattle, and that dreaded, gruff voice of the mate reached my ears The ship looked like an ice palace. through the wind: "Damn you, you You could hear the creaking of hell's spawn, keep away from the men winches and the straining of cables, at the wheel or I'll throw you over and could see dark forms sliding and the side."

cursing on the slippery decks under I mumbled my apologies, and followed the mate into the chart house. The steward greeted us very cor-He greedily drank the tea, and in dially and I thought him the finest about four bites disposed of the pieces of toast. The toast was soaked in man I had ever met. Bill was shipped as second steward, and I got the bilsalt water and I inwardly wished that it would poison him; in fact I prayed My "glory hole" was aft on the that the ship would sink with all on main deck, while Bill slept amidships.

board. Such is seasickness. I managed, somehow or other, to make my way back to the galley, and I met my "superior officer" for the trip, the "cookie." He was about five feet nothing in height; a shriveled-up Welshman about forty-five years old. He reminded me of a mummy in the Museum of Natural History in Central park. If he had ever smiled I am sure that his face would have cracked. It seemed frozen into one perpetual scowl. He gave one look at me and let out a howl.

with every movement of the ship.

cracks. I felt deathly sick and I had a deadly fear of the cook. As thought I was going to die. I was soon as he found out that I could not

> butcher knife in his belt. Between meals he would sit down on a bench and constantly feel the edge, at the

> > We cleared St. Lucia and were soon at sea. The islands of Martinique, St. Lucia and Barbados were tiny gray dots on the horizon when an Italian sailor. Louis Maranto, went aft to ship the veptilators. In a few minutes he came rushing forward with terror in

women, with huge baskets of coal on made seaworthy.

At Talcahuana we shipped 28 Spantheir heads, passed up the forward gang plank, dumped their load of coal iards, or "hombres," as we called them, to work the cargo. This doubled into the open bunkers, and left the ship by the after gangway. Before my work, and I prayed that I would leaving the ship the fourth engineer gave each one a little brass check, which later on she would turn in to the coaling company for an English penny. While the women were working the men would sit around the dock After touching at 13 ports on the

west coast, discharging our cargo, we The natives at St. Lucia had a great left for a little island called Lobas, appetite for salt pork. I soon got where we were to take on a cargo of half a barrel of pork for limes, guava was misery for everyone on board; the our eyes red and watery, and we could chiefs around our noses and mouths. The wind was constantly blowing, and guano was even in our food.

sweethearts, who would immediately, Then, coming back, we touched at without washing it, devour it. They Valparaiso, Chile. To me death seemed spoke in a jibbering patois which I easier than the homeward-bound voycould not understand. Some of them age, so one night Bill and I slid down could speak pretty good English. The the anchor chain and swam to a "bumboat" lying near us. We gave the years, were running around naked, or Chileno \$4 to row us ashore. He did so. Dripping wet we crawled up onto the stone quay and made tracks for About two hours before sailing from the town. We found that the dock was St. Lucia, a little fellow about fifteen enclosed by a tall iron fence. At the years of age came to the entrance of gate were two customs officers, who the galley and in fair English told immediately put us under arrest. Bill Bill and me a pathetic story of in- and I had \$20 in gold between us, human treatment which would have and, as is usual in South America. it melted hearts of stone. He wanted us was a simple matter to bribe the custo stow him away on the ship. I was toms officials to let us through. This cost us half of our fortune, but we did not care. Freedom was worth all of it. We were well into the town and feeling secure when we were held up by a Chilean gendarme, who looked like a walking arsenal. This cost us \$2 more for our freedom. He left us in young negro, explaining to him the a hurry and went around the block. penalty of the board of trade laws. We had walked about five minutes Upon hearing this, a cunning look, when, bang! another gendarme. This which at the time did not appear sigcost us \$4. After leaving him we were nificant to me, came into his eyes, and more cautious, hiding our remaining he told me that if I would stow him money in my shoe. Again we were away, "see how easy it will be for arrested. We said we had no money you." He would do all of my work, and were haled into the presence of and all I would have to do would be the "commandante of police." He to sit on the superstructure and let had one hundred and seventy; eight my feet hang. I thought this was medals on his chest and four thouworth risking fourteen years for, so sand yards of gold braid on his collar and cuffs. He had us searched, but did not find the money. Very much The ventilators had been unshipped disappointed, in broken English he informed us that our ship was to sail

Watching our chance, we sneaked aft at four o'clock the next morning, and that if he found us in Valparaiso we would be sent to the mines.

> Shivering and trembling we wended our way back to the dock and hunted around for a boatman. Bribing him with our remaining money he at last brought us alongside, just before the gangplank was lifted. The black smoke was pouring from the single funnel of the Cushko. Then we went before the captain, and he "logged" us ten pounds (\$50) each.

his eyes. As he passed the galley I On our homeward-bound passage him and asked what was the we went around the Horn and ran into a gale. The bos'n mutinied. Old "One-eyed Gibson" came behind him and laid him low with a marlinspike. Then, carrying him amidships, he chained him to the iron steps leading to the bridge. He remained this way for a day and a half, exposed to cold and icy wind. Strict orders were wireless message. Luckily for me the passed through the ship 'that no one was to approach him. That night, under cover of darkness, Bill and I sneaked him a steaming pot of stew, and some hot coffee. If he had lived, we would, through this one action. have gained a true friend for life. From exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. He was buried at sea. The carpenter sewed him in a sack, and tying an old iron wheel to his feet, placed him on a plank, and while the captain read a rough burial service the plank was tilted, and the body of the bos'n went down to rest in Davy Jones' locker. The first port we touched at, the consul's flag was hoisted at the foremast, and a bleary-eyed, half-drunken little old man came on board and was closeted with the captain for about an hour. When he came out he was staggering, and his eyes, if possible, were more bleary. The captain lined the crew up, and the consul, in a thick and stuttering voice, asked the crew if the bos'n had died from natural causes. Ninety per cent of the men could not understand what he said, and a silence prevailed. At sea silence means consent. I butted in and said "No." I was standing next to the mate. I felt that gorilla-like hand of his pinching the back of my neck, and I nearly fainted. Then the consul went over the side into his boat, and was soon pulling for the shore. We lifted anchor and the port was left behind.

would do a mystic dance. He was to

take Monday and hide behind the ventilator, and while I was doing my war dance, he would explain to Monday that I was in communication with my die. It was nothing but misery to me. father, the great American medicine I must have peeled eleven million bar- man. He did this and it made quite rels of spuds; in fact, I never turned a hit. The next morning Monday in before six bells at night, and had came to me, and, bowing low, requestto turn out at six bells in the morning. ed a token, as he called it; a message from my father. I promised to give him one, but we were sure up against it. Then I thought of the little black bird in my glory hole, and the solution wise to this fact and traded about a guano. While working this cargo it was at hand. I very solemnly informed Monday that at eight o'clock that strong ammonia from the guano made night my father would send a message to me in the form of a little land bird, only breathe by wrapping big handker- All day Monday kept away from me, adoration and awe in his eyes. Bill and I immediately repaired to the glory hole, and certainly took tender care of that bird, praying that it would live until eight o'clock. About ten minutes to eight I put on my feathers and sneaked aft with the little bird, placed it on the steering gear, and commenced my mystic dance. I chanted a little song: "Oh, father, greatest of medicine men, a token is desired for the esteemed friend of your son. Oh, father, send me this token." Then, with a few mystic grunts, I beseeched Bill and Monday to come and receive the token. Monday came trembling aft and I pointed to the little black bird which was weakly gasping its last, but it saved the day for us. How we honored and respected that little bunch of black feathers. Curious to see what Monday would do, we left him. He sat by the bird for over an hour, chanting in that weird, sing-song patols of the

> British West Indies. From that time on Monday was our slave. Two days before reaching St. Lucia, the captain sent for us, and said that he knew that Bill and I had stowed away Monday. We, like a couple of fish, fell for this and admitted it, whereupon the captain coolly informed us that we had forfeited all pay and allowances due us for the entire voyage. The joke of it was that under the board of trade laws, the Cushko had to go two hundred miles out of her way to get to St. Lucia and put Monday ashore.

We dressed him in a long pair of white pants; the carpenter gave him a red vest; Bill placed a derby hat

on his head and he went ashore in a small boat. When the boat returned we lifted anchor, and as St. Lucia again faded into the distance we could see a solitary little figure on the dock waving his white pants around his head. He had removed them upon reaching port. We felt a pang of regret as he faded out of sight.

After an uneventful trip we went into quarantine in New York harbor. At the first sight of the statue of liberty a rush of independence and patriotism surged through me, and I sat down on the hatchway and abso-

"You bane get tea and toast on toughest looking seaman I have ever

I piled into the little two-by-four bunk and was soon fast asleep. I had a horrible dream; a giant had me by the heels and was swinging me around his head, trying to dash my brains out against the side of the ship. I awoke in terror. The "glory hole" seemed to be looping the loop, and I could hear heavy thuds as immense waves broke Mainst the side of the ship, the water hissing and rushing around

grip and all my belongings, which I had unpacked before turning in, were swishing and swashing on the deck, now in this corner, now in that.

the trough of the sea. I held on to wave would swash against my door

experiencing my first touch of sec. even boil water without burning it he started in to make my life a misery. About six bells in the morning He had a habit of carrying a huge (three o'clock) the door opened, and

agreeable, but Bill warned me that this was a very grave offense against the English board of trade laws, the maximum penalty being fourteen years' imprisonment. I did not wish to incur this risk, therefore would not listen to the entreaties of the

"Blawst my deadlights, an' this 'ere (pointing to me) is what I'm to work with on this bloomin' passage. I'm lucky, I am, not 'arf, I ain't." He looked like some gorilla. The rolling of the ship affected him not in the least. He seemed to sway and bend

The next two or three days were a horrible nightmare to me. How I lived through them I do not know. I

while the coaling was going on, and were lying aft on the poop deck.

and hid the little fellow in one of the ventilators, warning him, upon pain of death, not to make a sound until the ship was well under way. To say that I was nervous is putting it mildly.

That night, after the show, he pro- seen. He had only one eye. Later posed a trip to South America, which on I found that he was out first mate, vow to stick. The scheme especially troduction to him. appealed to me because here was my chance to follow Dana in his "Two There's no fire in the galley, and I Years Before the Mast." The next day, after sleeping it over, Charlie and Jim decided that there was more money in New York, and refused to go. I admit I had a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I viewed the proposition in the sunlight, but I stuck. Then Bill and I made a tour of the docks in New York, trying to find the ship we wanted. We fell in with several "boarding masters." These men infest the water fronts of large cities and are nothing but bloodsuckers preying on sailors. One of these parasites took us on board an old tramp steamer, lying in Erie basin, called the Cushko. Here we met the steward, a "lime juicer," John Royal-Minns, with the emphasis on the hyphen. The wonderful tale of ease, luxury and "getting paid for seeing the world" stuff that the steward and the boarding master unrolled before our eager eyes carried us into the seventh heaven of expectation. This was five o'clock in the afternoon. The ship was to sail at three-ten the following morning, but they did not tell us this. The steward said that we were just the two that he wanted, there being vacancies on the ship for second steward and second cook. He lights." suggested that we sleep on the ship that night, and then in the morning, after seeing what it was like, we could go home and decide whether we want-

longings.

took our breaths away. We were to "One-eyed Gibson," a "Blue-Noser" run away and ship on a tramp steam- from Nova Scotia, and a man whom it er, for a passage of about nine was not safe to trifle with. Without months. With the money thus earned a word he stepped into the glory hole, we were to equip ourselves and start grabbed my shoulder in a grip of out for Port Limon, Costa Rica, and steel, and yanked me out of my bunk go into the coffee plantation business. into the icy water which was awash We all fell for this and took a solemn on the deck. This was my first in-

there standing in the opening was a

icy blast sent a cold shiver through

me. I wondered what he wanted, but

huge Swede, encased in oilskins. The

"Get out o' that, you landlubber.



"Get Out o' That, You Landlubber."

want my tea on the bridge, and I want it now, or I'll put out your dead

I meekly answered, "Yes, sir," and started to put on my wet socks. Seeing this action, he shouted, "Never mind that damned rigging. Get into ed to ship or not. I demurred at the galley and get that fire alight." this, because I had to go home first. My feet were blue with the cold so he gave Bill and me permission to and my teeth were chattering. I timgo, but said we had to get back at idly asked, "Where are we, sir?" With midnight. We hurried home and on a look of contempt he answered. the sly I packed my grip with my be-"We're outside o' Sandy Hook, bound south for the Horn, and she's blowing

That night I exploded a bombshell big guns." Then he left. in the family. After dessert had been I stepped out of my glory hole onto served, puffed up with importance, I declared: "Well, I'm going to South the deck. We were dipping our scup-America." A barrage of laughter pers, and huge seas were breaking rippled around the table. This got over the weather side. One minute me sore, and I shut up like a clam. the after deck would appear like a

It was February, and very cold. steep hill in front of me, and a hor-About seven o'clock that night a great | Tible churning sound would come from storm came up and the streets were the racing propeller. Then the deck soon covered with sleety ice. I turned would slant away from me and a loud into bed with my clothes on. Bill was chug! and a shiver through the ship to notify me at ten o'clock by throw- as the propeller sank again into the ing pebbles against the window pane | water.

in my room. Every time I looked Benumbed and wet from the icy out into the street and saw that howl- spray, I managed to steer a course ing blizzard, a picture of a ship wal- to the companionway, and dragged lowing in a trough of the sea con- myself to the upper deck. A sailor stantly came before my mind and I was in the galley and had started a shivered, and my enthusiasm dropped fire. The ship was rolling, pitching



This Knife.

same time telling me what an expert there was a reason for his carrying this knife. He and the crew were at dag- ing a month for the passage. For two ger points, he never daring to go forward except in case of necessity, and the galley, and I lived the life of a then he was careful always to carry, prince. We nicknamed him "Monday," his butcher knife. Down in my heart I realized that if the occasion should real name was Charles Tasima Benn. arise he would not be backward in demonstrating his art of carving on his opponent. That Welshman was no better cook than I was, and the his knife and, with a cunning leer, in crew soon became aware of this fact; hence their hostility.

The Cushko was a "lime juicer," sailing under the English flag. The skipper was a "lime juicer," the first hand in my direction, fingers extended, mate a "blue noser," the first engineer and in a majestic voice informed me: a Scotsman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Italians, Squareheads, Finns, Swedes and Russians. American Monday stowed away. Mees-The bos'n was Irish, and a firm believer in Home Rule. A worse gang years British government." I nearly of cutthroats could hardly be conceived; a nice, polite bunch they were. Believe me, Bill and I had our troubles. Bill and I were the only two Ameri- article in my possession that Monday cans on board. The engineer's mess- desired was his for the asking. The man was a Prussian, Karl Tatzner by name. I nicknamed him "Fritz." He Monday, and I was also his slave. Bill was only twenty years old, but was and I spent a life of hell on board. clumsy, strong as an ox and about six feet tall.

After weathering the gale we at last keep away scurvy. The food was horcame into the Gulf stream, and off the rible. The pork was rotten; in fact, coast of Florida it was warm and pleasant.

I found that my duties were to peel The crew were on the verge of mutiny. spuds, wash pots and pans and be a regular "fetch and carry" for the cook. My office hours were from six bells in "he morning (three o'clock) until four bells at night (ten o'clock). I was greasy and filthy at all times, having nothing but salt water to wash in, and this would not cut the grease. Bill had it much easier than I. I had murder in my heart and vowed to "jump and crew saved us from sinking. They bird fell on the deck, and I picked it ship" at the first port we put into.

stopped matter. All he could gasp out was "Mary of God, a devil ees on da ship." "One-eyed Gibson," seeing his terror, went aft with him and soon we could see him coming forward, leading our little stowaway by the ear. The little negro was howling blue murder, and the curses of the mate snapped like a mate stopped at the galley and said, "Keep your eye on this black skunk until I can take him before the 'old man." For five minutes I put all my power of entreatveinto my voice and prayed the stowaway to stick by me: to swear that he came aboard of his own volition. He promised to do so. Then the mate came after him and took him before the captain. During this fifteen minutes of interview I lived in an agony of torment and suspense. The little fellow came back with a smile on his face and I knew he was at carving. Later on I found that things were all right. He told me that the captain had shipped him at a shill-

days he was detailed to help me in the day that he came on board. His On the fourth day, Monday, after peeling a bucket of spuds, while I was reading and smoking, threw down

a commanding tone told me to get busy and complete the task; that he wished to rest. I started in to "bulldoze" him, but he simply held his "From now on, work for the American I will not. I tell Meester Captain ter American to preeson go fourteen fainted. From that time Bill and I

were Monday's abject slaves. We even waited on him personally. Any steward wormed the secret out of

After getting into the tropics lime juice was issued daily to the crew to on the head of one of the salt pork

casks was stamped "Inspected 1883." Then we reached the eastern entrance of the Straits and it was blustery and cold. The captain attempted and that I was gifted with magic.

to negotiate the Straits one bright moonlight night. After about three ours the moon disappeared and we went on the rocks, knocking a big hole and efficient work by the carpenter dropped a huge sail over the side, cov-

Half way up the coast we ran out of fresh water, and had to drink condensed water from an old squeaky condensing engine. It was brackish and sickening. I would have sold my soul for one drink of clear, cold water. Monday became tyrannical and un-

bearable, and it was up to Bill and me to devise some scheme to keep him in check.

Through listening to Monday's stories, I knew that he was very superstitious and believed in magic, or "zobi," as he called it.

Bill told him that my father in America was a great medicine man

While loading guano at Lobas, the fourth engineer had gone on a shootig trip and killed several huge pelians. He skinned these and gave me in the side of the ship, and only quick one of the skins. Bill and I worked a scheme. That morning a little black up and took it to my glory hole. It After nine or ten days we came ering the hole. The boats were put was in a gving condition. I told Bill alongside at Custries, St. Lucia, Brit- over the side and we expected the ship that that night, about ten o'clock, I "And I owe you one," said Pat, "so would go aft on the poop deck with we are quits."-Passing Show.

lutely reused to work. The captain threatened to put me in double irons. I told him to go to hell, and do it; that I was a free American in a free American port, and I claimed the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and in accordance with my rights as a sailor. I demanded the consul's flag to be hoisted at the foremast. The captain gave me a hard look but wilted.

The next afternoon at eight bells I landed in New York, free again. I was dressed in a pair of blue overalls barefooted, a Panama hat on my head, black as a negro from sunburn, a red handkerchief around my neck, and wearing a white negligee shirt. On my left shoulder I had a small monkey, and in my right hand a wooden cage with a parrot in it. In my pocket was \$8.40 in silver, but I did not care. I was again on terra firma with the Stars and Stripes floating above me. I received a wonderful welcome at home, and was of the opinion that the hardships of my cruise were well worth enduring, in view of the recep-

tion I was receiving. But of course all wonders die out in nine days, and mine sizzled out like a wet firecracker on the Fourth of July, and it was up to me to get busy and find something to do.

Thus ended my first real adventure.

Movies in Jerusalem.

It is entirely fitting and in complete accord with the progress of civ-ilization that the movies finally have reached the Holy City of Jerusalem. Since the British drove out the Turks and Germans several motion picture houses have been opened in that ancient city, which plays so important Part in the world's history. Just think what a magnet the new marvel must be to the natives, and what a picture in themselves they must present as they crowd the entrance ways. In this and other more favored countries motion pictures have come to be an educational influence of no mean degree. It is obvious, therefore, that if the proper means are employed and care exercised they can be made to instruct those long-benighted people as to what the allies actually fought for. At any rate the effort is well worth a trial. One can readily imagine the proud Arab stalking his way into a movie playhouse, and then going back to his family and comrades in the hills and telling the story of true freedom .- Savannah News.

He Stood Pat.

An Irishman who had walked a long distance, feeling very thirsty and see-ing a milkman, asked the price of a quart of milk. ing a 1

"Threepence," replied the milkman. "Then give me a quart in pints," said Pat.

Pat on drinking one pint asked. "How do we stand?"

The milkman replied, "I owe you a pint."