

GUNNER DEPEW

Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

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CHAPTER I.

In the American Navy. My father was a seaman, so, naturally, all my life I heard a great deal about ships and the sea. Even when I was a little boy, in Walston, Pa., I thought about them a whole lot and wanted to be a sailor—especially a sailor in the U. S. navy.

When I was twelve years old I went to sea as cabin boy on the whaler Therfus, out of Boston. She was an old square-rigged sailing ship, built more for work than for speed. We were out four months on my first cruise, and got knocked around a lot, especially in a storm on the Newfoundland Banks, where we lost our instruments, and had a hard time navigating the ship. Whaling crews work on shares and during the two years I was on the Therfus my shares amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

Then I shipped as first-class helmsman on the British tramp Southerndown, a twin-screw steamer out of Liverpool. Many people who should be helmsmen on an ocean-going craft, but all over the world you will see young lads doing their trick at the wheel. I was on the Southerndown two years and in that time visited most of the important ports of Europe. There is nothing like a tramp steamer if you want to see the world. The Southerndown is the vessel that, in the fall of 1917, sighted a German U-boat rigged up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the Southerndown after a while and at the end of a voyage which landed me in New York I decided to get into the United States navy. After laying around for a week or two I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

People have said they thought I was pretty small to be a fireman; they have the idea that firemen must be big men. Well, I am 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and when I was sixteen I was just as tall as I am now and weighed 165 pounds. I was a whole lot husk-

ier than, too, for that was before my instruction to kutler in German prison camps, and life there is not exactly fattening—not exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the navy firemen—the lads with the red stripes around their left shoulders—you will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a husky lot.

Now, in the navy, they always have a newcomer into it, they always have a new comrade into it, and I got mine very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sailor) who came along would give me a bucket a kick, and spill one or the both of us. Each time I would move to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Finally I saw a marine coming. I was nowhere near him, but he hauled out of his course to come up to me and gave me a bucket a boot that sent it twenty feet away, at the same time handling me a clout on the ear that just about knocked me down. Now, I did not exactly know what a marine was, and this fellow had so many stripes on his sleeves that I thought he must be some sort of officer, so I just stood by. There was a gold stripe (commissioned officer) on the bridge and I knew that if anything was wrong he would cut in, so I kept looking up at him, but he stayed where he was, looking on, and never saying a

word. And all the time the marine kept shaming me about and, telling me to get the hell out of the deck. Finally I said to myself, "I'll get this guy if it's the last for a month." So I planted him in the kidneys and another in the mouth, and he went clean up against the rail. But he came back so strong, and we were at it for some time.

But when it was over the gold stripe came down from the bridge and shook hands with me! After this they did not hassle me much. This was the beginning of a certain reputation that I had in the navy for fist-work. Later on I had a reputation for swimming, too. That first day they began calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname in the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbics and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbics never have a word for them, nor they for us. On shore leave abroad we pal up with foreign garbics, even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course they are with us strong in case we have a scrap with a liberty party off some foreign ship—they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can—but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot figure out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things in the navy because the navy always has done them.

I kept strictly on the job as a fireman, but I wanted to get into the gun turret. It was slow work for a long time. I had to serve as second-class fireman for four months, first-class for eight months and in the engine room as water-tender for a year.

Then, after serving on the U. S. S. Des Moines as a gun-loader, I was transferred to the Iowa and finally worked up to a gun-punter. After a time I got my C. P. O. rating—chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

The various navies differ in many ways, but most of the differences would not be noticed by any one but a sailor. Every sailor has a great deal of respect for the Swedes and Norwegians and Danes; they are born sailors and are very daring, but, of course, their navies are small. The Germans were always known as clean sailors; that is, as in our navy and the British, their vessels were ship-shape all the time, and were run as sweet as a check.

mixed up in such dirty work as they did there was in Belgium. I figured the soldiers were like the sailors. But I found out I was wrong about both.

One thing that opened my eyes a bit was the trouble my mother had in getting out of Hanover, where she was when the war started, and back to France. She always wore a little American flag and this both saved and endangered her. Without it, the Germans would have interned her as a Frenchwoman, and with it, she was sneered at and insulted time and again before she finally managed to get over the border. She died about two months after she reached St. Nazaire.

Moreover, I heard the fate of my older brother, who had made his home in France with my grandmother. He had gone to the front at the outbreak of the war with the infantry from St. Nazaire and had been killed two or three weeks afterwards. This made it a sort of personal matter.

But what put the finishing touches to me were the stories a wounded Canadian lieutenant told me some months later in New York. He had been there and he knew. You could not help believing what you can always tell if a man has been there and knows.

There was one such racket around New York, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some for myself. Believe me, I got enough racket before I was through. Most of the really important things I have done have happened like that: I did them on the jump, you might say. Many other Americans wanted a look, too; there were five thousand Americans in the Canadian army at one time they say.

I would not claim that I went over there to save democracy, or anything like that. I never did like Germans, and I never met a Frenchman who was not kind to me, and what I heard about the way the Huns treated the Belgians made me sick. I used to get out of bed to go to an all-night picture show. I thought about it so much. But there was not much excitement about New York, and I figured the U. S. would not get into it for a while, anyway, so I just wanted to go over and see what it was like. That is why lots of us went, I think.

There were five of us who went to Boston to ship for the other side: Sam Murray, Ed Brown, Tim Flynn, Mitchell and myself. Murray was an ex-garby—two hitchees (enlistments), gun-punter rating, and about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty-six years old, who had served two enlistments in the U. S. army and had quit with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a noted boxer. Of the five of us, I am the only one who went in, got through and came out. Flynn and Mitchell did not go in; Murray and Brown never came back.

The five of us shipped on the steamship Virginian of the American-Hawaiian line, under American flag and registry, but chartered by the French government. I signed on as water-tender—an engine room job—but the others were on deck—that is, seamen.

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with a cargo of ammunition, bully beef, etc., and made the first trip without anything of interest happening.

As we were tying to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I went down into the oiler's mess and got two slices of bread with a thick piece of beefsteak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid to, but by using several languages and signs he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry—had too much to eat, in fact.

I used to think of this fellow occasionally when I was in a German prison camp, and a piece of moldy bread the size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, once every forty-eight hours. I would not exactly have refused a beefsteak sandwich, I am afraid. But then I was not a heaven-born German. I was only a common American grub; I was full of kultur and grab; I was not full of anything.

There was a large prison camp at St. Nazaire, and at one time or another I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the French army and consisted of well-made, comfortable two-story stone buildings, floored with concrete, with auxiliary barracks of logs. The German prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside, the houses were divided into long rooms with whitewashed walls. There was a gymnasium for the prisoners, a canteen where they might buy most of the things they could buy anywhere else in the country, and a studio for the painters among the prisoners. Officers were separated from privates—which was a good thing for the privates—and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades. Officers and privates received the same treatment, however, and all were given exactly the same rations and equipment as the regular French army before it went to the front. Their food consisted of bread, soup, and wine, as wine is called almost everywhere in the world. In the morning they received half a loaf of Vienna bread and coffee. At noon they each had a large dish of thick soup, and at three in the afternoon more bread and a bottle of vino. The soup was more like a stew—very

thick with meat and vegetables. At one of the officers' barracks there was a cook who had been chef in the largest hotel in Paris before the war.

All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every week the barracks and equipment were fumigated. They were given the best of medical attention.

Besides all this, they were allowed to work at their trades, if they had any. All the carpenters, cobblers, tailors and painters were kept busy, and some of them picked up more change there than they ever did in Germany, they told me. The musicians formed bands and played almost every night at restaurants and theaters in the town. Those who had no trade were allowed to work on the roads, parks, docks and work on the boats in the town.

Talk about democracy! You could not have driven an average prisoner away from the average prisoner. I used to have a .38 Smith & Wesson .45 when our boys were rushing the beaches in the hope of being buy-splatted out of their misery.

While our cargo was being unloaded I spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the cruelty of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Brown being assigned to the infantry and Murray to the French man-of-war Cassard. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother cried so much that I promised her I would not enlist—that time, anyway—and made the return voyage in the Virginian. We were no sooner landed in Boston than back to St. Nazaire we went.

CHAPTER III.
In the Foreign Legion.

This time I was determined to enlist. So, when we landed at St. Nazaire, I drew my pay from the Virginian and, after spending a week with my grandmother, I went out and asked the first gendarme I met where

the enlistment station was. I had to argue with him some time before he would even direct me to it. Of course I had no passport and this made him suspicious of me.

The officer in charge of the station was no warmer in his welcome than the gendarme, and this surprised me, because Murray and Brown had no trouble at all in joining. The French, of course, often speak of the Foreign Legion as "the convicts," because so many legionnaires are wanted by the police of their respective countries, but a criminal record never had been a bar to service with the legion, and I did not see why it should be now—if they suspected me of having one. I had heard there were not a few Germans in the legion—later on I became acquainted with some—and believe me, no Austrian ever fought harder against the Huns than these former Deutschlanders did. It occurred to me then that if they thought I was a German, because I had no passport, I might have to prove I had been in trouble with the Kaiser's crew before they would accept me. I do not know what the real trouble was, but I solved the problem by showing them my discharge papers from the American navy. Even then, they were suspicious because they thought I was too young to have been a C. P. O. When they challenged me on this point, I said I would prove it to them by taking an examination.

They examined me very carefully, in English, although I know enough French to get by on a subject like gunnery. But foreign officers are very proud of their knowledge of English—and most of them can speak it—and I think this one wanted to show off, as you might say. Anyway, I passed my examination without any trouble, was accepted for service in the Foreign Legion as gunner, dated Friday, January 1, 1915.

(To be continued.)

GASSED AT THE FRONT

Several Y. M. C. A. war work secretaries are suffering in French hospitals from gas poisoning during the present offensive.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Home in a Long Beach, Cal., good residential section. Would consider a good income property in Grants Pass. Also an 80-acre tract ranch two miles north of Grants Pass. Mrs. O. W. May, Grants Pass, Ore. 12

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address H. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 374f

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BARNES & CO. Cash Store—Fresh groceries; dry goods, general stock merchandise; second hand goods of all descriptions. 406 South Sixth street. A square deal to all. 33

FOR SALE CHEAP while they last—Beautiful French poodles or will exchange for anything of value. Also stock and pet rabbits, White Giants, Angoras, Belgians, Rufus Reds, Black Giants, also mixed breeds. Thoroughbred White Leghorn and Brown Leghorn hens, large Buff Orpingtons. Ducks, Parrot, and good furniture. Poultry wire. Corrugated iron, etc. Address Box 53, R. 3, Grants Pass, Ore., or call at McKibbin house, Tokay heights. 11

FOR SALE CHEAP—120 acres of land on Grave creek. Would consider an automobile or a team of horses. Inquire of S. L. Brock, Leland, Ore. 15

FOR SALE—Classy purebred Silver Campine cockerels, 3 months old \$2.50 each. Address John Huntington, Merlin, Ore. 21

FOR SALE—Second cutting alfalfa hay in field at Rio Lado ranch. Will be ready to haul Tuesday or Wednesday. Two miles west of town, lower river road. Phone Geo. Seebach, 686-F-13. 11

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FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 209 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Mess renting agency.

FOR RENT—Furnished modern 5-room cottage, gas, inquir at Best Fuller Realty. 601f

FOR RENT—4-room house, almost furnished, modern. Large yard for chickens. Steeple at room out side for three beds. Rent, \$8.50. Inquire Mr. Day, corner Fifth and Evelyn. 27

Water Brooch

There was a pool by which we stopped one day to look at a great dragon fly in golden mail lighting on a lily pad, I suppose that he did not live the way he was through, but his race has not lost a scintilla of his radiance, and there is a curious comfort in thinking that even in days like these, when mankind seems to have gone mad, and when but to think is to be "fall of sorrow," I have only to go to the same pool to see a creature as beautiful, lighting on a lily pad as green, floating on water as pure. Nor is this mere sentimentality. To become aware of the fleeting permanency of all these bright short-lived things, their incessant change with essential changelessness, their passing beauties but persistent, beauty, brings health to the spirit of man. After his wars and revolutions he always returns to the brooks, and is surprised but happy to find them still dancing and singing.—Robert H. Gray in the Atlantic Monthly.

Origin Claimed by Turks

According to the Osmanli historians, the original Turk was a grandson of Noah. Though there were only eight people in the ark when it was first floated, there were nine, it is asserted, when it landed at Mount Ararat. The additional one was the eldest son of Japhet, born during the flood. His name was Turk. A descendant in the fourth generation, one Alndje Khan, had two sons (twins) who were named Turtar-Khan and Mogul-Khan. Turtar was the father of the Turks; Mogul was the father of the Mongols. Turks and Mongols were thus closely related by birth, and the wars which at once broke out between them, and the reconciliations that speedily ensued, had much of the nature of family quarrels. The Turks were the more frequently triumphant, one Mongol throne after another yielding to their arms. Not till the Christian era was well advanced did the ethnological name of these children of Japhet appear in history.

WANTED

WANTED—Four timber fallers at once, best of wages. Apply A. L. Edgerton or C. W. Amant. 614f

TWO HIGH school girls wish employment. Will do office or general house work or will work in orchards. Phone 211-J or address box 392. 14

WANTED—4-foot wood near city. Buyer has teams for hauling. Address No. 1118, care Courier. 11

MISCELLANEOUS

TETHEROW Plumbing and Sheet Metal Works, 610 F street. 23

STEADY JOB for printer in coast town. Address Courier, Crescent City, Cal. 651f

LOST

LOST—A roll of bedding, lost between Wilderville and Waters Creek. Finder please leave at the Temple Market. 11

ATTORNEYS

H. D. NORTON, Attorney-at-law. Practices in all State and Federal Courts. First National Bank Bldg.

GOLVIG & WILLIAMS, Attorneys-at-law, Grants Pass Banking Co. Bldg., Grants Pass, Oregon. 4

E. S. VAN DYNE, Attorney Practice in all courts. First National Bank Bldg.

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney-at-law. Golden Rule Building. Phone 276. Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys. Albert Bldg. Phone 236-J. Practice in all courts, bank and board attorneys.

C. A. SIDLER, Attorney-at-law, residence in bankruptcy. Masonic temple, Grants Pass, Ore.

VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BES" M. D., Veterinarian. Office, resider at. Phone 265-B.

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L. O. CLY" M. D., Practice limited to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Office hours 9-12, 2-5, or on at home. Office phone, 63; home phone 359-J.

LOUGHBRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country called attended day or night. Residence phone 348; office phone 183 Sixth and H, Tufts Bldg.

A. A. WITKAM, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office, Hall Bldg., corner Sixth and I streets. Phones: Office, 116; residence, 293-J. Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. J. O. NIMBLEY, Physician, had surgeon. Lundberg Bldg. Health officer. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 210-J.

DRYISTS

H. C. MACY, D. M. S. First-class dentist. 169 1/2 South Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon.

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PICTURE MILL—Will close for vacation; open about August 1. Watch for announcement. 622f

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J. S. MACMURRAY, teacher of voice culture and singing. Lessons given at home of pupil if requested. Address 716 Lee street.

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COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. All kinds of drayage and transfer work carefully and promptly done. Phone 151-J. Staged at freight depot. A. Shads, Prop.

THE WORLD MOVING; we do it. Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 387-R.

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The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company TIME CARD

Daily except Sunday Effective May 1, 1918

Train 1 lv. Grants Pass. 1:00 p. m.
Train 2 lv. Waters Creek 3:00 p. m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and Eighth streets, opposite the Southern Pacific depot. For all information regarding freight and passenger service call at the office of the company, Lundberg building, or phone 181 for same.



Gunner Depew.