GUNNER DEPEW

by 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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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, enlists in the United States navy, serving four years and attaining the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

CHAPTER II—The great war starts soon after he is honorably discharged from the navy and he sails for France with a determination to enlist.

CHAPTER III—He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard where his marksmanship wins him high honors.

CHAPTER IV—Depew is detached from his ship and sent with a regiment of the Legion to Flanders where he soon finds himself in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER V—He is detailed to the artillery and makes the acquaintance of the "75's", the wonderful French guns that have saved the day for the allies on many a battlefield. Before seeing any action, he is ordered back to his regiment in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER VI.

Fritz Does a Little "Strafeing."

My outfit was one of those that saw the Germans place women and children in front of them as shields against our fire. More than a third of our men, I should say, had been pretty tough criminals in their own countries. They always traded their pay against a handful of cards or a roll of the bones whenever they got a chance. They had been in most of the dirty parts of the world. This war was not such a much to them; just one more job in the list. They could call God and the saints and the human body more things than any boss stevedore that ever lived.

Yet they were religious in a way. Some of them were always reading religious books or saying prayers in different ways and between them they believed in every religion and superstition under the sun, I guess. Yet they were the toughest bunch I ever saw.

After they saw the Germans using the Belgian women the way they did, almost every man in my company took some kind of a vow or other, and most of them kept their vows, too, I believe. And those that were religious got more so after that.

Our chaplain had always been very friendly with the men, and while I think they liked him they were so tough they would never admit it, and some of them claimed he was a Jonah, or jinx, or bad luck of some kind. But they all told him their vows as soon as they made them and he was supposed to be a sort of referee as to whether they kept them or not.

During my second stunt in the front lines things got pretty bad. The Germans were five to our one and they kept pushing back parts of the line and cleaning out others. And the weather was as bad as it could be and the food did not always come regularly. Now, before they took their vows, every last man in the bunch would have been kicking and growling all the time, but, as it was, the only time they growled was when the Germans pushed us back.

Things kept getting worse and you could see that the men talked to the chaplain more and quite a few of them got real chummy with him.

One morning Fritz started in bright and early to begin his strafe. The lieutenant was walking up and down the trench to see that the sentries were properly posted and were on the job. A shell whizzed over his head and landed just behind the parados and the dirt spouted up like I imagine a Yellowstone geyser looks.

Another officer came up to the lieutenant—a new one who had only joined the company about a week before. They had walked about ten yards when another shell whizzed over them. They laid to and a third one came. There were three in less than five minutes, directly over their heads.

Then a shell landed on the left side of the trench and a poilu yelled that four men had got it. They were all wounded and three died later. The lieutenant went over to them and just after he passed me a lad got it square not far from me and was knocked over to where I was lying.

The lieutenant came back and helped me with the first-aid roll and then the Germans began using shrapnel. The lieutenant was swearing hard about the shrapnel and the Germans and everything else.

Farther to the right a shell had just struck near the parados and made a big crater and across from it, against the parapet, was a young chap with a deep gash in his head, sitting on the fire step and next to him a fellow nursing the place where his arm had been blown off. One bread ration lay all about the trench and some of the poilus were fishing it out of the mud and water and wiping the biscuits off on their sleeves or eating as fast as they could. Only some of the biscuits had fallen in bloody water and they did not eat these.

A young fellow, hardly more than a boy, stumbled over the parados and fell into the trench right near the lieutenant and the lieutenant dressed his wounds himself. I think he was some relation of the boy.

The lieutenant asked him how he felt, but the boy only asked for water and smiled. But you could see he was in great pain. Then the boy said: "Oh, the pain is awful. I am going to die."

"You are all right, old man," the lieutenant said. "You will be home soon. The stretcher bearers are coming." So we passed the word for the stretcher bearers.

Then he took the water bottle from the boy's side and sat him up and gave him some water. He left the water bottle with the chap and went to hurry the stretcher bearers along. When he got around the corner of the trench the boy was slipping back and the water bottle had fallen down. So I went over to him and propped him up again and gave him some more water.

The lieutenant came back with the stretcher bearers and he asked one of them, so the boy could not hear him, if the boy would live.

The stretcher bearer said: "I don't think so. One through his chest and right leg broken."

The boy had kept quiet for a while, but all of a sudden he yelled, "Give me a cigarette!" I handed him a cigarette butt that I had found in the dugout. We were all out of cigarettes.

So they lit it for him and he kept quiet. As soon as they could they got around the corner of the fire bay with him and through a communication

How We Give 'Em the Butt.

trench to a field hospital. The lieutenant and I walked a little way with him and he began to thank us, and he told the lieutenant, "Old man, you have been a father and a mother to me."

And the lieutenant said to him: "You have done well, old boy. You have done more than your share."

When they started into the communication trench the boy began to scream again. And the lieutenant acted like a wild man. He took out his cigarette case, but there were no cigarettes in it, and then he swore and put it back again. But in a few minutes he had the case out again and was swearing worse than ever and talking to himself.

"The boy isn't dying like a gentleman," he said. "Why couldn't he keep quiet." I do not think he meant it. He was all nervous and excited and kept taking out his cigarette case and putting it back again.

The other officer had gone on to inspect the sentries when the boy rolled into the trench and a poilu came up to tell us that the officer had been hit. We walked back to where I had been and there was the officer. If I had been there I would have got it too, I guess. He was an awful mess. The veins were sticking out of his neck and one side of him was blown off. Also, his foot was wounded. That is what shrapnel does to you. As I crawled past him I happened to touch his foot and he cursed me all over the place. But when I tried to say I was sorry I could not, for then he apologized and died a moment later.

There was a silver cigarette case sticking out of the rags where his side had been blown away and the lieutenant crossed himself and reached in and took out the case. But when he pried open the case he found that it had been bent and cracked and all the cigarettes were soaked with blood. He swore worse than ever, then, and threw his own case away, putting the other officer's case in his pocket.

At this point our own artillery began shelling and we received the order to stand to with fixed bayonets. When we got the order to advance some of the men were already over the parapet and the whole bunch after them, and, believe me, I was as pale as a sheet, just scared to death. I think every man is when he goes over for the first time—every time for that matter. But I was glad we were going to get some action, because it is hard to sit around in a trench under fire and have nothing to do. I had all I could do to hold my rifle.

We ran across No Man's Land. I cannot remember much about it. But when we got to the German trench I fell on top of a young fellow and my bayonet went right through him. It was a crime to get him, at that. He was as delicate as a pencil.

When I got back to our trenches after my first charge I could not sleep for a long time afterward, for remembering what that fellow looked like and how my bayonet slipped into him and how he screamed when he fell. He had his legs and his neck twisted under him after he got it. I thought about it a lot and it got to be almost a habit that whenever I was going to sleep I would think about him and then all hope of sleeping was gone.

Our company took a German trench that time and along with another company four hundred prisoners. We had to retire because the men on our sides did not get through and we were being flanked. But we lost a lot of men doing it.

When we returned to our trenches our outfit was simply all in and we were lying around in the front line, like a bunch of old rags in a narrow alley. None of us showed any signs of life except a working party that was digging with picks and shovels at some bodies that had been frozen into the mud of the trench.

I used to think all the Germans were big and fat and strong, and, of course, some of the grenadier regiments are, but lots of the Boches I saw were little and weak like this fellow I "got" in my first charge.

It was a good piece of work to take the prisoners and a novelty for me to look them in the face—the fellows I had been fighting. Because, when you look a Hun in the face, you can see the yellow streak. Even if you are their prisoner you can tell that the Huns are yellow.

Maybe you have heard pigs being butchered. It sounded like that when we got to them. When they attacked us they yelled to beat the band. I guess they thought they could scare us. But you cannot scare machine guns nor the foreign legion either. So when they could not scare us they were up against it and had to fight. I will admit, though, that the first time Fritz came over and began yelling I thought the whole German army was after me, at that, and Kaiser Bill playing the drum. And how they hate a bayonet! They would much rather sit in a ditch and pot you.

I admit I am not crazy about bayonet fighting myself, as a general proposition, but I will say that there have been times when I was serving a gun behind the front lines when I wished for a rifle and a bayonet in my hands and a chance at Fritz man to man.

It was in this charge that our chaplain was put out of commission. As we were lined up, waiting to climb on to the fire step and then over the parapet, this chaplain came down the line speaking to each man as he went. He would not say much, but just a few words, and then make the sign of the cross. He was in a black cassock.

(To be continued.)

TO INCREASE SUGAR SUPPLY

Recommendations Given for Maintenance and Extension of Domestic Cane-Sugar Output.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The growers of cane and sugar beets can materially increase the nation's supply of sugar by giving better care to their crops so that the yields will be increased. Following are recommendations for the maintenance and extension of the domestic cane-sugar supply:

Extend the cane-growing areas; use better cultural methods; adopt a crop-rotation system; improve cane varieties; control diseases and insects; utilize more by-products; feed tops and leaves to live stock; substitute cane sirup for sugar; improve the grade of sirup; produce raw sugar to conserve the refined sugar.

To maintain and increase the domestic beet-sugar output the following recommendations are given:

Improve cultural methods; practice proper methods of crop rotation and cultivation; feed by-products to live stock; work for maximum mill runs; cultivate new areas; drain wet areas and cultivate them; develop new irrigation systems and extend the old ones; induce more farmers to grow beets; harvest the beets more carefully; develop labor-saving machinery; produce an adequate supply of high-grade sugar-beet seed, and develop better strains of sugar beets.

The philosophy of the W. S. S. is save, cave, save.

LIVE STOCK

GOOD HOG FEED FROM WASTE

Utilization of Garbage Possible in Production of Pork and Fats During War Period.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Feeding garbage to hogs is in keeping with the national movement for the utilization of waste products and for increasing the production of pork and fats, at least during the war. There is reason to believe, however, that many of these emergency enterprises will prove to be sufficiently remunerative to remain permanent after the war, especially if hogs are fed on garbage from cities of 10,000 or more, from which, doubtless, the garbage will be disposed of and utilized in this manner. Already this method of feeding has produced good results, and many who have entered the field probably would not have engaged in the production of pork under any other conditions, owing to the

A Good, Heavy Pig Such as Nation Wants.

amount of capital necessary and the small probability of getting satisfactory returns on the money invested.

So far as can be ascertained in cases in which failure has been met with the trouble has been mostly due to the fact that hog cholera was allowed to claim a large portion of the animals; in other words, the owners failed to immunize their stock in a proper manner. The belief that hogs fed on garbage are exposed daily to the danger of cholera infection is well founded. There is always the possibility that garbage contains scraps of pork, such as rinds and trimmings from hams and bacon, or products of cholera carcasses that have been prepared for markets at small local slaughtering houses where no inspection is maintained. These pieces of choleraic pork, without doubt, will reproduce the disease if consumed in the raw state by susceptible animals, besides creating a source of infection which may be retained on the premises under garbage-feeding conditions.

The hog raiser who feeds garbage in a limited way only to supplement in part other classes of feed can readily arrange to cook the garbage thoroughly before feeding and in this way eliminate, to a large degree, the danger of cholera infection. If, however, large herds are fed on garbage entirely, cooking is not practicable and from the feeder's point of view it is not advisable. Therefore, in all such cases it is of the utmost importance that the animals be immunized and thus protected from hog cholera; in fact, owners of such enterprises should be sure that hogs are permanently immune before they are placed on such feed.

Pigs farrowed from immune sows have a natural resistance to hog cholera during their suckling period. When they are about to lose this degree of immunity, about weaning time, they should be given the simultaneous inoculation (serum and virus). Even with this method of treatment a few individuals may become again susceptible; therefore the herd should be observed closely at all times and treated again if any of the animals show signs of infection.

Considering the income derived from hogs and the reasonable rates at which garbage has been obtained, the extra expense of treating the animals must be viewed as part of a business proposition, such as insuring against destruction by fire or against accidents of any kind; and feeders of garbage cannot consider their business as safe unless they protect it against all possible reverses, of which the most serious is hog cholera.

ADAPTED TO SOIL BUILDING

Sheep Peculiarly Beneficial to Land Losing Its Productiveness—Droppings Are Rich.

A great many farms that have been cropped year after year are rapidly losing their productiveness, and there is no class of live stock so well adapted to building up of the soil as sheep. Their droppings are extremely rich and are scattered over the fields in a manner which neither man nor machine can duplicate.

Butter Wrappers printed to comply with the law at the Courier.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 89tf

FOR SALE—Tent, 28x50, and a 6-foot wall, for sale cheap. Joe. Fetzner, 655 North Eighth street, phone 286-R. 02tf

FOR SALE— 1917 model 5-passenger Ford in Good condition. Clyde E. Niles. 05tf

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—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—Two good pack burros and saddles at Red Front barn. 16

FOR SALE—Tent house, surrey, 1-H. P. gas engine with Meyers pump, riding orchard cultivator, bone grinder, incubator, hand cider press, farm implements, kitchen ranger. Cheap. Mrs. C. E. Selleck, Murphy, Ore. 15

FOR SALE—All kinds of mining machinery, including mills, concentrators, crushers, steam pumps, 60-h. p. boiler, electrical equipments, motors and generators, air drills and stopers, machine steel, blowers, water wheels, redwood tanks and pulleys, wood and iron; miscellaneous assortment, including turn tables, shaft bucket and large platform scale, classifiers and zinc shavings. This machinery can be seen at the warehouse of the Grants Pass Hardware Co., or can communicate with Mark Whipple, Takilma, Ore. 23

TO RENT

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 309 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moss renting agency. 86tf

FOR RENT—Furnished modern 5-room cottage, gas. Inquire Best Fuller Realty. 00tf

FOR RENT—6-room house, almost furnished, modern. Large yard for chickens. Sleeping room out side for three beds. Rent, $8.50. Inquire Mr. Day, corner Fifth and Evelyn. 27

NOTICE

NOTICE—Dance and amusements July 27, 8:30 p. m., Leland, hotel dining room (something different). For benefit of American Red Cross. Tags 25 cents, includes dance and supper. Amusement Committee. 18

WARFARE ON WEED ENEMIES

Rocking-Chair Methods Are Unavailing—Hard Work Is Necessary to Eradicate Them.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In a sense, farming might be called a warfare against weeds. Some farmers emerge from the struggle victorious, while others go down to defeat. So powerful are weed enemies in reducing crop yields, while at the same time multiplying labor, that the farmer should at every turn strengthen his position against them. He should bear these invaders in mind in planning the crops he will grow and in deciding on the fields where he will grow these crops, in choosing the implements he will use, in buying his seed, and in many other farm activities. Lack of careful planning with reference to weeds is apparent in nearly every community. Here a man planted more corn than he could properly care for. There a man has left his field in meadow too many years. Here a man did not thoroughly prepare his land for alfalfa. There a man has seeded clover that was full of weed seeds. And for just such causes weeds not only make serious inroads on the current crop yields, but at the same time thoroughly infest the land and fortify themselves against future attacks.

Some men do not attack weeds with enough vigor; they look for rocking-chair methods of work. There is no royal road to weed control. In the main, the old doctrine of "hard work and plenty of it" must be observed, but unless this work is applied intelligently a vast amount of labor may be expended and but little accomplished beyond a temporary abatement of the evil.

Advantages of Sheep.

Sheep will live and thrive where a cow would starve to death. They will clean out the weeds in the fences and corners, but if you expect to make money with them they must be given a certain amount of care.

WANTED

MIDDLE AGED lady would like position as cook, in logging camp or mines preferred. Address No. 1125 care Courier. 15

MISCELLANEOUS

TETHEROW Plumbing and Sheet Metal Works, 610 F street. 28

STEADY JOB for printer in coast town. Address Courier, Crescent City, Cal. 05tf

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E. S. VAN DYKE, Attorney. Practice in all court. First National Bank Bldg.

O. S. BLANCHARD, ttorney at Law. Golden Rule Building Phone 270. Grants Pass, Oregon.

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

C. A. SIDLER, Attorney-at-Law, referee in bankruptcy. Masonic temple, Grants Pass, Ore.

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A. A. WITHAM, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office, Hall Bldg., corner Sixth and I streets. Phones: Office, 116; residence, 288-J. Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. J. O. NISLEY, Physician and surgeon. Lundburg Bldg. Health officer. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 310-J.

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PICTURE MILL—Will close for vacation: open about August 1. Watch for announcement. 02tf

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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 181-J. Stand at freight depot. A. Shade, Prop.

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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, 2:05 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, Lundburg building, or phone 131 for same.

Invents Flying Torpedo.

Thomas G. Aultman, a mechanical genius of Fairmont, W. Va., has perfected a flying torpedo which may be the answer to the German 75-mile gun. The torpedo, the inventor claims, can be sent any distance and dropped at any desired point. It is controlled by wireless. The torpedo is propelled by a small gasoline engine and has a lifting capacity of 1,200 pounds.