

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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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 "Boches," 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.

If you went into a dugout the men already in there would shout, "Don't stick in a bunch—spread out!" While you were in a dugout you kept expecting to be buried alive and when you went outside you thought the Boches were aiming at you direct—and there was no place at all where you felt safe.

But the fire bay looked better than the other places to me. I had not been there more than a few minutes when a big one dropped in and that bay was just one mess. Out of the 24 men in the bay only eight escaped.

When the stretcher bearers got there they did not have much to do in the way of rescue—it was more pallbearer's work.

A stretcher bearer was picking up one of the boys, when a grenade landed alongside of him and you could not find a fragment of either of them. That made two that landed within twelve feet of me; yet I was not even scratched.

When I got so that I could move I went over to where the captain was standing, looking through a periscope over the parapet. I was very nervous and excited and was afraid to speak to him, but somehow I thought I ought to ask for orders. But I could not say a word. Finally a shell whizzed over our heads—just missed us, it seemed like, and I broke out: "What did you see? What's all of the news?" and so on. I guess I chattered like a monkey.

Then he yelled: "You're the gunner officer. You're just in time—I've located their mortar batteries."

I surely wished I was the gunner officer. I would have enjoyed it more if I could have got back at Fritz somehow. But I was not the gunner officer and I told him so. I had to shout at him quite a while before he would believe me. Then he wanted me to find the gunner officer, but I did not know where to find him. If I could have got to our guns I guess I would have had another medal for working overtime, but I missed the chance there.

About this time another bomb came over and clouted out the best friend I had in my company. Before the war he had been one of the finest singers in the Paris opera houses. When he was with us he used to say that the only difference between him and Caruso was \$2,500 a night.

A polli and I dragged him into a dugout, but it was too late. One side of his face was blown off; the whole right side of him was stripped off and four fingers of the right hand were gone.

I stuck my head out of the dugout and there was the captain discussing the matter with himself, cursing the Germans from here to Heligoland and putting in a word for the bombs every once in a while. All up and down the trenches you could hear our men cursing the Germans in all kinds of languages. Believe me, I did my bit and I could hear somebody else using good old United States cuss words, too. It certainly did not make me feel any better, but it gave me something to do. I think that was why all of us cursed so much then, though we were pretty handy with language at any time. But when you are under heavy fire like that and cannot get it back as good as you get, you go crazy unless you have something to do. Cussing is the best thing we could think of.

Up the trench the third bay was simply smashed in and the Germans were placing bomb after bomb right in it and in ours. The captain yelled out that he was going up to the next bay to examine it, but no more had he got there than he had his head taken clean off his shoulders.

At daybreak our trenches were all

were filled up. Then Fritz opened up with his artillery fire right on us. We thought they were going to charge and we figured their barrage would lift and we could see them come over.

We received orders to stand to with fixed bayonets. Then the man at the periscope shouted, "They come!"

A battery directly behind us went into action first and then they all joined in and inside of five minutes about eight hundred guns were raising Cain with Fritz. The Boches were caught square in No Man's Land and our rifles and machine guns simply mowed them down. Many of them came half way across, then dropped their guns and ran for our trenches to give themselves up. They could not have got back to their own trenches. It was a shame to waste a shell on these poor fish. If they had been civies the law would prevent you from hitting them—you know the kind. They could hardly drag themselves along.

That is the way they look when you have got them. But when they have got you—kicks, cuffs, bayonet jobs—there is nothing they will not do to add to your misery. They seem to think that it boosts their own courage.

An artillery fire like ours was great fun for the gunners, but it was not much fun for Fritz or for us in the trenches. We got under cover almost as much as Fritz and held thumbs for the gunners to get through in a hurry. Then the fire died down and it was so quiet it made you jump.

We thought our parapet was busted up a good deal, but when we looked through the periscope we saw what had happened to Fritz' trenches and, believe me, they were practically ruined.

Out in No Man's Land it looked like Woolworth's five-and-ten; everywhere were gray uniforms, with tin cups and accoutrements that belonged to the Germans before our artillery and machine guns got to them.

Our stretcher bearers were busy, carrying the wounded back to first-aid dressing station, for, of course, we had suffered too. From there the blesses were shipped to the clearing station.

The dead lay in the trenches all day and at night they were carried out by working parties to "Stiff park," as I called it.

A man with anything on his mind ought not to go to the front-line trenches. He will be crazy inside of a month. The best way is not to care whether it rains or snows; there are plenty of important things to worry about.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Runner Service.

One night a man named Bartel and I were detailed for runner service and were instructed to go to Dixmude and deliver certain dispatches to a man whom I will call the burgomaster and report to the branch staff headquarters that had been secretly located in another part of town. We were to travel in an automobile and keep a sharp watch as we went, for Dixmude was being contested hotly at that time and German patrols were in the neighborhood. No one knew exactly where they would break out next.

So we started out from the third-line trenches, but very shortly one of our outposts stopped us. Bartel carried the dispatches and drove the car too, so it was up to me to explain things to the sentries. They were convinced after a bit of arguing. Just as we were leaving a message came over the phone from our commander, telling them to hold us when we came. It was lucky they stopped us, for otherwise we would have been out of reach by the time his message came. The commander told me, over the telephone, that if a French flag flew over the town the coast would be clear; if a Belgian, that our forces were either in control or were about to take over the place but that German patrols were near. After this we started again.

When we had passed the last post we kept a sharp lookout for the flag on the pole of the old fish market, for by this we would get our bearings—and perhaps, if it should be a German flag, a timely warning. But after we were down the road a bit and had got clear we saw a Belgian flag whipping around in a good, strong breeze. But while that showed that our troops or the British were about to take over the place it also indicated that the Germans were somewhere near by. Which was not so cheerful.

As we went through the suburbs

along the canal which runs on the edge of the town we found that all the houses were battered up. We tried to hail several heads that stuck themselves out of the spaces between buildings and stuck themselves back just as quickly, but we could not get an answer. Finally we got hold of a man who came out from a little cafe.

He told us that the Germans had been through the town and had shot it up considerably, killing and wounding a few inhabitants, but that shortly afterward a small force of Belgian



The Bombers Were Fishing in Their Bag and Throwing.

cavalry had arrived and driven the Boches out. The Germans were expected either to return or begin a bombardment at any moment and all the inhabitants who sported cellars were hiding in them. The rest were trying to get out of town with their belongings as best they could.

On reaching our objective we made straight for the Hotel de Ville, where we were admitted and after a short wait taken to the burgomaster. We questioned him as to news, for we had been instructed to pick up any information he might have as to conditions. But we did not get much, for he could not get about because of the Germans, who had made it a policy to terrorize the people of the town.

We had just got into the car and were about to start when the burgomaster himself came running out. He ordered us to leave the car there and said he would direct us where to go. He insisted that we go on foot, but I could not understand when he tried to explain why.

We soon saw the probable reason for the burgomaster's refusal to ride in the car. All around for about a mile the roads were heavily mined and small red flags on iron staves were stuck between the cobblestones, as warnings not to put in much time around those places. Also, there were notices stuck up all around warning people of the mines and forbidding heavy carts to pass. When we got off the road I breathed again!

After a great deal of questioning we finally reached our destination and made our report to the local commandant. We told him all we could and in turn received various information from him. We were then taken over to the hotel. Here we read a few Paris newspapers, that were several weeks old, until about eight, when we had dinner, and a fine dinner it was, too.

After we had eaten all we could, and wished for more room in the hold, we went out into the garden and yanked a while with some gendarmes, and then went to bed. We had a big room on the third floor front. We had just turned in, and were all set for a good night's rest, when there was an explosion of a different kind from any I had heard before, and we and the bed rocked about, like a canoe in the wake of a stern-wheeler.

There were seven more explosions, and then they stopped, though we could hear the rattle of a machine gun at some distance away. Bartel said it must be the forts, and after some argument I agreed with him. He said that the Germans must have tried an advance under cover of a bombardment, and that as soon as the forts got into action the Germans breezed. We were not worried much, so we did not get out of bed.

A few minutes later we heard footsteps on the roof, and then a woman in a window across the street, asking a gendarme whether it was safe to go back to bed. Then I got up and took a look into the street. There were a lot of people standing around talking, but it was not interesting enough to keep a tired man up, so I went to bed.

It seemed about the middle of the night when Bartel called me, but he said it was time to get out and get to work. We found he had made a poor guess, for when we were half dressed he looked at his watch and it was only a quarter past seven, but we decided to stay up, since we were that far along, and then go down and cruise for a breakfast.

(To be continued.)

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

HIDES IN SHELL HOLE 7 WEEKS

British Soldier Survives Most Thrilling War Experience.

IS DECORATED FOR VALOR

Subsists on Tins of Bully Beef Collected at Night From Dead Bodies—Feigns Death to Avoid Capture When Huns Visit Shell Hole and Finally Succeeds in Crawling Back to His Own Lines.

If you have been thinking that "distinguished service" on the battlefield means one grand dash and then a quiet room, an attentive nurse and pleasant recuperation, consider the case of Private J. Taylor, whose valor is briefly recited in a late issue of the official supplement to the London Gazette.

This official list of soldiers cited for decorations always carries a short description of the act of valor for which the citation is made.

These two paragraphs accompany announcement of the award of the distinguished conduct medal to Private Taylor.

"Having been cut off with his company, he received a bullet in the thigh, causing a compound fracture. To avoid capture he crawled into a shell hole, where he remained for a period of over seven weeks, during the whole of which time the surrounding district was subjected to a severe bombardment by our artillery. He subsisted on tins of bully beef collected at night from dead bodies, and water which he obtained in a waterproof cistern."

"After some weeks three of the enemy visited his shell hole, but by feigning death he avoided capture and eventually succeeded in crawling back to our lines—a distance of some 900 yards."

In a hospital near London, where he is recuperating, Taylor diffidently amplified the story of his terrible experiences.

Robbed Dead for Food.

"It was during one of our attacks upon the Hindenburg line," he said. "We had gone over the top, two companies of us. We were met by a terrific enemy fire and the fellows were dropping like ninepins. I was knocked out. It must have been a couple of days before I recovered consciousness. I found myself in a shell hole with another man who was wounded but could move freely. During the days and part of the nights the bombardment kept up. Shells fell all around, but none happened to drop in our shell hole. At night Peters crept out and foraged among the dead for scraps of beef, line rations and their water bottles. After two or three days it rained. We collected water in our caps."

"That sort of existence lasted for over five weeks. I was getting weaker and weaker. One night Peters crawled out and did not come back. That left me without aid."

Plays Possum; Feigns Huns.

"Next day a party of Germans came into my shell hole. One lifted my leg—luckily not the broken one or I'd have yelled—but they thought I was dead. I was covered with mud and looked like the other bodies covering the ground. During the next fortnight I managed to live on the reserve beef Peters had collected. Then, feeling that nothing worse could happen, I resolved to try to get into our lines. It was an lanky night. First I crawled by mistake right into a German line. They didn't hear me, so I turned back and inched along for an hour. Then I got into some barbed wire. I was a mass of cuts, blood and rags before I got through. Just then a Verrey light shot up. I saw a man peering over a trench. He was about to shoot when I shouted. Three of them came out and dragged me into our own trenches."

Before the war Taylor was a factory hand. He is recovering rapidly and looking forward to his return to the trenches.

Remove Teutonic Eagles.

Because they too nearly resemble the German eagle sometimes used as a Teutonic military emblematic figure, four eagle ornaments at the foot of two grand stairways in the State Capitol at Salt Lake City have been removed.

As soon as his attention was called to the resemblance of the ornaments to the emblem of Prussianism, Governor Bamberg ordered their removal and their substitution with figures of real American eagles.

Indian Goat Valuable.

A curio dealer at Steubenville, O., has a coat covered with 3,300 elk teeth which he values at \$10,000. The coat was made by an Indian in Manitoba, Canada, and is strewed with 28 pounds. The owner of the coat is a member of the Order of Elks and wears the coat at all conventions. With the coat the owner wears an ordinary necktie made of the largest of the elk teeth in his collection.

All kinds of Commercial Printing at the Courier Office.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

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

FOR SALE—1917 model 5-passenger Ford in good condition. Clyde E. Niles. 95tf

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—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

FOR SALE—One 9x10 donkey, one 9x11 donkey, one 5x8 donkey. Cheap. A. B. Loud, Eugene, Ore. 20

FOR SALE—Good second hand Ford in first class condition. Inquire of A. Gligler, Rt. 4. 17

FOR SALE—Chevrolet that has been run only 4,700 miles. Inquire Ford office. 17

FOR SALE—91 Angora goats; also 1 burro; 1 sorrel horse, eight years old, weight 1,000 lbs. Call at 506 South Sixth street. R. Timmons. 21

TO RENT

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 209 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moss renting agency. 86tf

FOR RENT—Furnished modern 5-room cottage, gas. Inquire Best Fuller Realty. 99tf

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

FOR RENT—Furnished house. Inquire of Mrs. L. L. Jewell, 420 A street. 21

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

WANTED

RANCH WORK WANTED—Or will lease ranch. Cook for camp or mill. Address C. G. Voorhies, Grants Pass. 21

TWO HIGH SCHOOL girls want work. Will do general housework. Phone 269-R. 17

WANTED—A small furnished house near the hospital. Mrs. Oscar Wilkins. Call 177-J. 17

LOST

LOST—Within two blocks of the postoffice, a war savings stamp. Reward. Finder notify Rodney Britten, 669 North Second. Phone No. 198-R. 17

BURIED BARREL OF PORK

Found in Good Condition After Being Hidden Five Years.

A barrel of fresh pork, government inspected, was unearthed on the farm of former County Commissioner Henry Bergman, in Rice township, near Fremont, O., by Mr. Bergman, as he was plowing in the field. The pork was found to be in good condition.

It is believed the barrel containing the pork has been buried in the ground since the flood of March, 1913. It was discovered in a low spot, along the Sandusky river, and covered with several feet of dirt. The barrel contained 500 pounds.

Empyema Cure Found.

Medicine has found a cure for empyema cases, or pulmonary troubles which usually are an aftermath of pneumonia. The Carrel-Denklin method, which has been found so successful in the treatment of wounds, is the new cure. It has been tried out among National army soldiers at Camp Meade, Md., and cures have been effected in a few days in cases deemed almost hopeless under old methods of treatment.

Our classified ads bring results.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

ATTORNEYS

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

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

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

O. S. BLANCHARD, attorney 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.

VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian. Office, residence. Phone 305-R.

PHYSICIANS

L. O. CLEMENT, M. D., Practice limited to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Office hours 9-12, 2-5, or on appointment. Office phone 62, residence phone 359-J.

S. LOUGHBIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 192. Sixth and H. Tufts Bldg.

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. NIBLEY, Physician and surgeon. Lundberg Bldg. Health office. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 310-J.

DENTISTS

E. C. MACY, D. M. D., First-class dentistry. 109 1/2 South Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon.

PHOTO STUDIO

PICTURE MILL—Will close for vacation; open about August 1. Watch for announcement. 030

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

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

DRAYAGE AND TRANSFER

COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. All kinds of drayage and transfer work carefully and promptly done. Phone 181-J. Stand at freight depot. A. Shade, Prop.

THE WORLD MOVES; so do we. Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 397-R.

F. G. ISHAM, drayage and transfer. Sales, pianos and furniture moved, packed, shipped and stored. Phone Clark & Holman, No. 50. Residence phone 124-R.

The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company THIS CARD

Daily except Sunday Effective May 1, 1918

Train 1 Lv. Grants Pass. 1:00 p. m. Train 2 Lv. Grants Pass. 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 131 for same.

Quick Sentence for Fritz.

"To hell with Uncle Sam. He never did anything for me, and I am for the Kaiser, anyway!" Fred Ewer, a German of Sedalia, Mo., is alleged to have said. Fifteen minutes later Fred began serving a 16-months' sentence in the county jail for his unpatriotic remarks. He is married and has a family.

Daily Thought.

No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself, dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, a vivifying influence in man's life.—Caryl.