

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 Casard—
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 Casard 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 "Boys," the wonderful French gunners who 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—Depew goes "over the top" and "gets" his first German in a bayonet fight.

CHAPTER VII—His company takes part in another battle on the German trenches and shortly afterward assists in stopping a fierce charge of the Hunns, who are moved down as they cross No Man's Land.

When we got downstairs and found some of the hotel people it took them a long time to get it through our heads that there had been some real excitement during the night. The explosions were those of bombs dropped by a Zeppelin, which had sailed over the city.

The first bomb had fallen less than two hundred yards from where we slept. No wonder the bed rocked! It had struck a narrow three-story house around the corner from the hotel, and had blown it to bits. Ten people had been killed outright, and a number died later. The bomb tore a fine hole and buried places of itself several hundred yards. The street itself was filled with rocks, and a number of houses were down, and others wrecked. When we got out into the street and talked with some army men we found that even they were surprised by the force of the explosion.

We learned that the Zepp had sailed not more than five hundred feet above the town. Its motor had been stopped just before the first bomb was let go, and it had slid along perfectly silent and with all lights out. The purr that we had thought was machine guns, after the eighth explosion, was the starting of the motor, as the Zepp got out of range of the guns that were being set for the attack.

The last bomb had struck in a large square. It tore a hole in the cobblestone pavement about thirty feet square and five feet deep. Every window on the square was smashed. The fronts of the houses were riddled with various sized holes. All the crockery and china and mirrors in the house were in fragments.

Not much more than an hour before the Zepp came, we had been sitting in a room at the house of the local military commandant, right under a big glass-dome skylight. This house was now a very pretty ruin, and it was just as well that we left when we did. You could not even find a splinter of the big round table. The next time I sit under a glass skylight in Dixmude, I want a lad with a live eye for Zeppelins on guard outside.

Something about the branch headquarters ruins made us think of breakfast, which we had forgotten, so back to the hotel. Then we started back to our lines. We were ordered to keep to the main road all the way back, or we would be shot on sight, and to report to headquarters immediately on our return. I thought if the sight of me was so distasteful to anybody, I would not take the chance of offending, being anxious to be polite in such cases. So we stuck to the main road.

Fritz did not give us any trouble and we were back by five, with all hands out to greet us when we have in sight, and a regular prodigal son welcome on tap, for we were later than they had expected us, and they had made up their minds that some accident had happened.

While I was around Dixmude, I saw many living men and women and children who had been mutilated by the Germans, but most of them were women and children. Almost every one of the mutilated men was too old for military service. The others had been killed, I guess.

But the Belgians were not the only ones who had suffered from German torture. Many French wounded were tortured by the Hunns, and we were constantly finding the mutilated bodies

of our troops. It was thought that the Germans often mutilated a dead body as an example to the living.

The Germans had absolutely no respect whatever for the Red Cross. For instance, they captured a wagon loaded with forty French wounded, and shot every one of them. I saw the dead bodies.

When the Germans came to Dixmude they got all the men and women and children and made them march before them with their hands in the air. Those who did not were knocked down. After a while some of them saw what they were going to get, and being as game sports as I ever heard of, tried to fight. They were finished off at once, of course.

The former burgomaster had been shot and finished off with an ax, though he had not resisted, because he wanted to save the lives of his citizens. They told me of one case, in Dixmude, where a man came out of his house, trying to carry his father, a man of eighty, to the square, where they were ordered to report. The old man could not raise his hands, so they dragged his son away from him, knocked the old man in the head with an ax, and left him there to die. Those who were spared were made to dig the graves for the others.

There was a doctor there in Dixmude, who certainly deserves a military cross if any man ever did. He was called from his house by the Germans at 5:30 one morning. He left his wife, who had had a baby two days before, in the house. He was taken to the square, lined up against a wall with three other big men of the town.

Then he saw his wife and baby being carried to the square on a mattress by four Germans. He begged to be allowed to kiss his wife good-by, and they granted him permission. As he stepped away, there was a rattle and the other men went West. They shot him, too, but though he was riddled with bullets he lived, somehow, and begged the German officer to let him accompany his wife to the prison where they were taking her. This was granted, too, but on the way, they heard the sound of firing. The soldiers yelled, "Die Franzen!" and dropped the mattress and ran. But it was only some of their own butchers at work.

Doctor Laurent carried his wife and baby to an old aqueduct that was being rebuilt by the creek. There they lived for three days and three nights, on the few herbs and the water that Doctor Laurent sneaked out and got at night. Doctor Laurent says that when the Germans killed and crucified the civilians at Dixmude, they first robbed them of their watches, pocketbooks, rings and other things. There was a Madame Timmans there, who had had three thousand francs stolen from her and was misused besides.

These were just a very few of the things that happened at just one place where the Germans got to work with their "kultur." So you can picture the Belgians agreeing on a German peace, while there is a Belgian alive to argue about it. They will remember the Germans a long time, I think. But they need not worry; there are a lot of us who will not forget, either.

CHAPTER IX.

Laid Up for Repairs.

One night, after I had been at Dixmude for about three weeks, we made a charge in the face of a very heavy fire. Our captain always stood at the parapet when we were going over, and made the sign of the cross and shouted, "For God and France." Then we would



For God and France.

go over. Our officers always led us, but I have never seen a German officer lead a charge. They always were behind their men, driving instead of leading. I do not believe they are as brave as they are said to be.

Well, we went over this time, and the machine guns were certainly going it strong. We were pretty sore about the chaplain and the Swiss and all that, and we put up an awful fight, but we could not make it and had to come back. Only one company reached the Boche trenches and not a man of it came back who had not been wounded on the way and did not reach the trench. They were just wiped out.

The captain was missing, too. We thought he was done for, but about

two o'clock in the morning, he came back. He simply fell over into the trench, all in. He had been wounded four times, and had lain in a shell crater full of water for several hours. He would not go back for treatment then, and when daylight came, it was too late, because we were practically cut off by artillery fire behind the front line trenches.

When daylight came, the artillery fire opened up right on us, and the Germans had advanced their lines into some trenches formerly held by us and hardly forty-five yards away. We received bombs and shells right in our faces. A Tunisian in our company got crazy, and ran back over the parapet. He ran a few yards, then stopped and looked back at us. I think he was coming to his senses, and would have started back to us. Then the spot where he had been was empty, and a second later his body from the chest down fell not three yards from the parapet. I do not know where the top part went. That same shell cut a groove in the low hilltop before it exploded. He had been hit by a big shell, and absolutely cut in two. I have seen this happen to four men, but this was the only one in France.

About seven o'clock, we received reinforcements, and poured fresh troops over and retook the trench. No sooner had we entered it, however, than the Germans turned their artillery on us, not even waiting for their own troops to retire safely. They killed numbers of their own men in this way. But the fire was so heavy that, when they counter-attacked, we had to retire again, and this time they kept after us and drove us beyond the trench we had originally occupied.

We left them there, with our artillery taking care of them, and our machine guns trying to enfilade them, and moved to the right. There was a bunch of trees there, about like a small woods, and as we passed the Germans concealed in it opened fire on us, and we retired to some reserve trenches. We were pretty much scattered by this time, and badly cut up. We reformed there, and were joined by other of our troops, in small groups—what was left of squads and platoons and singly. Our captain had got it a fifth time, meanwhile, but he would not leave us, as he was the ranking officer. He had a scalp wound, but the others were in his arms and shoulders. He could not move his hands at all.

But he led our charge when we ran for the woods. We carried some machine guns with us as we went, and the gunners would run a piece, set up, fire while we opened up for them, and run on again. Some troops came out of a trench still farther to the right and helped us, and we drove the Germans out of the woods and occupied it ourselves.

From there, we had the Germans in our old trench almost directly from the rear, and we simply cleaned them out. I think all the boys were kept that day, or else the men who made them died first.

I was shot through the thigh some time or other after the captain got back. It felt just like a needle-prick at first, and then for a while my leg was numb. A couple of hours after we took our trench back, I started out for the rear and hospital. The wound had been hurting for some time. They carried the captain out on a stretcher about the same time, but he died on the way from loss of blood. Fresh troops came up to relieve us, but our men refused to go, and though officially they were not there in the trench, they stayed until they took the captain away. Then, back to billets—not bullets, this time. I believe that we received an army citation for that piece of work, but I do not know, as I was



We Were Constantly Finding the Mutilated Bodies of Our Troops.

In the hospital for a short time afterward. I do not remember much about going to the hospital except that the ambulance made an awful racket going over the stone-paved streets of Staps, and that the bearer who picked up one end of my stretcher, had eyes like dead fish floating on water; also, that there were some civies standing around the entrance as we were being carried in.

(To be continued.)

Butter Wrappers Piled to Comply with the Law at the Courthouse.

FARM ANIMALS

RATIONS FOR FARM ANIMALS

More Effective Use of By-Products of Crops Offers Opportunity for Meat Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The misuse of the by-products of farm crops is causing American farmers to lose millions of dollars annually. Nothing offers greater opportunity for increased and more economical production of farm meats and dairy products than by the more effective use of such products. To bring our farming operations up to the highest possible state of efficiency, all farm by-products must be used in an economical manner. Nearly all managers of the great industries of this country have learned that by-products constitute a very large source of their income and about all the profits. Farming is the greatest industry in this country to-day, but farm by-products have received very little attention from the average farmer. Now, however, conditions are such as to urge the conservation of every available farm resource and every American farmer must make a study of conditions existing on his own farm with the idea of utilizing such products as are now being wasted.

It is estimated that the total amount of corn stover and straw burned, plowed under, allowed to rot in stacks, and wasted in other ways is worth over \$100,000,000. This is an appalling loss, and if these feedstuffs were used in the feeding of cattle, sheep, and horses it would result in greatly increased profits to individual farmers as well as tend to increase the supply of meat and dairy products.

The burning of straw, even though the ashes leave a small quantity of additional mineral matter in the soil, results in an almost total loss. It is practiced most largely in the west, mainly because of custom rather than inability to purchase, feed, or market meat-producing animals. The people there have come to believe that straw is of no value because in that section it has never been used for anything. In some of the western states a campaign has been made by the colleges of agriculture and institute workers to get farmers to use a portion of their waste straw for spreading over their grain fields.

It is needless to say that burning the stover is a great waste, although it seems to offer a quick and easy



Here of Good Quality Hereford.
The method of cleaning the ground preparatory to plowing. This system is most largely practiced where the corn is snapped, or husked, in the field, leaving the stalks standing.

Another great waste that can well be stopped is the failure to utilize the large area of grass along our roads, lanes, and fence rows. Sheep would utilize this waste and remove one of the greatest breeding places of injurious farm insects. The lower leaves of the corn plant, which usually go to waste, as well as the cut-over grain and hay fields, also offer considerable feed to farm stock.

Practical experience as well as experimental work has taught that straw and stover can be used very economically in the rations of almost all kinds of live stock. These roughages are and should be used in the fattening rations of all farm animals except hogs, and should compose the larger part of all wintering or keeping rations for cattle, sheep, and horses. Breeding herds of beef cattle or dry dairy cows can be successfully kept on rations composed largely of these materials. Flocks of breeding ewes do well with such feeds, when some grain is added. Horses doing very light or no work need little grain if given a plentiful allowance of clean, bright straw or stover. Under certain conditions, of course, grain should be added to the ration, but now it should be conserved as largely as possible for human consumption.

Tilling the Soil.

No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunity.—Booker T. Washington.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 891f

FOR SALE—1917 model 5-passenger Ford in good condition. Clyde E. Niles. 651f

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

FOR SALE—10 head of choice dairy cows—Jerseys, high grade. E. C. Neely, Rt. No. 2. 22

TO RENT

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 209 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moss realty agency. 861f

FOR RENT—Furnished modern 5-room cottage, gas. Inquire Best Fuller Realty. 901f

FOR RENT—4-room house, almost furnished, modern. Large yard for chickens. Sleeping room out side for three beds. Rent, \$3.50. 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

WANTED—Man with experience to work in garage. Address 1150 care Courier. 19

WANTED at once—Two men to cut 4-foot wood. Long job at \$2 per cord. Good house and water on the place. Call or address L. A. Eldridge, 216 Burgess street, Grants Pass. 22

LOST

LOST—Auto crank lost, possibly two or three weeks ago. Finder rewarded if left at Fashion Garage, 221 Broadway at 10th. 18

FOUND

FOUND—A piece of money at the depot. Owner can have same by describing and paying for this ad. Call at 1055 North Ninth St. 18

CONTROL PASTURE WEEDS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Such weeds as wild onion, bitterweed, and the ragweed cause great annoyance to dairymen and milk dealers. These weeds, when eaten by milk cows, give a very disagreeable odor and flavor to the milk, and consequently to all other dairy products. When cows eat such weeds in large quantities, the milk is not marketable. The control of pasture weeds is a big problem to dairymen in certain areas.

First and Last Thoughts.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Robert Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

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 234-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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DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian. Office, residence. Phone 395-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 259-J.

S. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 183 Sixth and H. Tufts Bldg.

A. A. WITHAM, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office, Hall Bldg., corner Sixth and I streets. Phone: Office, 114; residence, 288-J. Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. J. O. NIDLEY, Physician and surgeon. Lundberg Bldg. Health office. 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. 1828

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

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

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 name.

NO DIFFICULTY WITH SHEEP

All That is Needed in Care and Management is Patience, Perseverance and Judgment.

Many persons have the idea that sheep are hard to care for and handle, and while it is true that sheep have peculiarities, there are no secrets nor anything difficult in the care and management of a flock of sheep. All that is needed is an exercise of patience, perseverance and good judgment. Any country with dry, open winters, abundance of roughage and splendid markets has a decided advantage in this business.