

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 "Reds," 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—Depew goes "over the top" and "gets" his first German in a bayonet fight.

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

CHAPTER VIII—Sent to Dixmude with dispatches, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid, but escapes unhurt.

CHAPTER IX—He is shot through the thigh in a brush with the Germans and is sent to a hospital, where he quickly recovers.

CHAPTER X—Ordered back to sea duty, Depew rejoins the Cassard, which makes several trips to the Dardanelles as a coast voy. The Cassard is almost battered to pieces by the Turkish batteries.

Then come the trench cleaners, or moppers-up, as we call them. They were some gang, believe me. Imagine a team of rugby players spread out in two lines—only with hundreds of men on the team instead of eleven, and each man a husky, capable of handling a baby grand piano single-handed. These fellows were armed with everything you could think of and a whole lot more that you could not dream about in a nightmare. I used to remind me of a trial I saw in New York once, where the police had raided a yeggmen's den and had all their weapons in the courtroom as exhibits.

The moppers-up were heeled with sticks, clubs, shillelaha, black-jacks, two-handed cleavers, axes, trench knives, poniards, up-to-date tomahawks, brass knuckles, slung shots—anything that was ever invented for crushing a man with, I guess, except firearms. These knock-down, drag-out artists follow the riflemen very closely. Their job was to take care of all the Turks who could not escape and would not surrender.

There are lots of men in any army who will not surrender, but I think probably there were more Turks of that gameness than men in most other armies. I have heard that it is a part of their religion that a man, if he dies fighting, goes to a very specially fancy heaven, with plenty to eat and smoke. And I suppose if he surrenders they believe he will be put in the black gang, stoking for eternity down below. It was awfully hot at the Dardanelles and I guess the Turks did not want it any hotter, for very few of them ever surrendered, and the trench cleaners had a lot to do. Their job is really important, for it is dangerous to have groups of the enemy alive and kicking around in their trenches after you have passed. Almost every prisoner we took was wounded.

The one thing I do not like to have people ask me is, "How does it feel to kill a man?" and I think the other boys feel the same way about it. It is not a thing you like to talk about or think about either. But this time, at "V" beach, when we got past the first and second Turk trenches and were at work on the third, I do not mind saying that I was glad whenever I slipped my bayonet into a Turk and more glad when I saw another one coming. I guess I saw red all right. Each time I thought, "Maybe you are the one who did poor old Murray." And I could see Murray as he looked when they took him down from the storehouse wall. Then I would stick another one.

The others from the Cassard were red-hot, too, and they went at the Turks in great style. There was nothing to complain about in the way they fought, but I wished that we had had a few more boys from the Foreign Legion with us. I think we would have gone clear on through to Constantinople.

But the Turks were not as bad as Fritz. They were just as good or better as fighters, and a whole lot whiter. Often, when we were trying in the

trenches and not a drop of water was to be had, something would land on the ground near us and there would be a water bottle, full. Sometimes they almost bombarded us with bottles. Then, too, they would not fire on the Red Cross, as the Germans do; they would hold their fire many times when we were out picking up our wounded. Several times they dragged our wounded as close as they could to the barbed wire that we might find them easier.

After Murray died I got to thinking a lot more than I used to, and though I did not have any hunch exactly, still I felt as though I might get it, too, which was something I had never thought much about before. I used to think about my grandmother, too, when I had time, and about Brown. I used to wonder what Brown was doing and wish we were together. But I could remember my grandmother smiling, and that helped some. I guess I was lonely, to tell the truth. I did not know the other garbys very well, and the only one left that I was really very friendly with got his soon afterward, though not as bad as Murray. And then there was no one that I was really chummy with. That would not have bothered me at all before Murray died.

The other lad I spoke of as having been chummy with was Philippe Pierre. He was about eighteen and came from Bordeaux. He was a very cheerful fellow and he and Murray and I used to be together a lot. He felt almost as bad about Murray as I did, and you could see that it changed him a great deal, too. But he was still cheerful most of the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

Limeys, Anzacs and Poles.

One night, while we were expecting an attack, the word was passed down the line to have the wire cutters ready and to use bayonets only for the first part of the attack, for we were to try



Then I Would Stick Another One.

and take the first enemy trench by surprise. The first trench was only about eighty yards away. Our big guns opened up and at zero we climbed out and followed the curtain of fire too closely, it seemed to me.

But the barrage stopped too soon, as it does sometimes, and there were plenty of Turks left. We were half way across when they saw us, and they began banging away at us very hard. They pounded at us as we came on until we were given the order to retire, almost as we were on them—what was left of us.

As we turned and started back the Turks rushed out to counter-attack us, the first of them busy with bombs. Then I tripped over something and rolled around a while and then saw it was Philippe Pierre. His left leg was dangling, cloth and flesh and all shot away and the leg hanging to the rest of him by a shred. Two or three of our men who were on their way back to our trenches tripped over me as I tried to get up, and then a shell exploded near by and I thought I had got it sure, but it was only the rocks thrown up by the explosion.

Finally I was able to stand up. So I slung my rifle over one shoulder and got Philippe Pierre up on the other, with his body from the waist up hanging over my back, so that I could hold his wounded leg on, and

started back. There was only one or two of our men left between the trenches. Our machine guns were at it hard and the Turks were firing and bombing at full speed.

I had not gone more than two or three paces when I came across another of our men, wounded in several places and groaning away at a great rate. Philippe Pierre was not saying a word, but the other chap did enough for the two of them. One wounded man was all I could manage, with my rifle and pack, over the rough ground and the barbed wire I had to go through. So I told this fellow, whose name I cannot remember—I never did know him very well—that I would come back for him, and went on. I almost fell several times, but managed to get through safely and rolled over our parapet with Philippe Pierre. They started the lad back in a stretcher right away. When I saw him again he gave me a little box as a souvenir, but I have lost it.

The Turks had not got very far with their counter-attack, because we were able to get our barrage going in time to check them. But they were still out in front of their trenches when I started back after the other garby. I was not exactly afraid as I crawled along searching for the other man, but I was very thirsty and nervous for fear our barrage would begin again or the machine guns cut loose. After what seemed a long time I came upon a wounded man, but he was not the one I was after. I thought about "a bird in the hand," etc., and was just starting to pick this chap up when a shell burst almost on us and knocked me two or three feet away. It is a wonder it did not kill both of us, but neither of us was hurt. I thought the fire would get heavier then, so I dragged the other chap into one of two holes made by the shell. Some pieces of the shell had stuck into the dirt in the hole and they were still hot. Also, there was a sort of gas there that hung around for several minutes, but it was not very bad.

The man began talking to me, and he said it was an honor to lie on the field of battle with a leg shot off and dead men piled all about you, and some not dead but groaning. He told me I would soon be able to hear the groaning, though I had not said I minded it, or anything about it. Then he said again what an honor it was, and asked if I had a drink for him. I had not had any water all day, and I told him so, but he kept on asking for it all the same. Some of the Turkish bombers must have sneaked up pretty close to our lines, for when I looked out of the hole toward our lines, and a shell burst near them. I could see a Turk coming toward us. We played dead then, but I had my bayonet ready for him in case he had seen us and decided to come up to the hole. Evidently he had not, for when he got near the hole he steered to the side and went around.

The other garby was cheerful when he was not asking for water, but you could see he was going fast. So we sat



I Picked Him Up and Started Back.

there in the hole and he died. Shortly afterward the fire slackened a little and I got out and started toward our lines. But I remembered about the other wounded man I had passed when I was carrying Philippe Pierre, so I began hunting for him, and after a long time I found him. He was still alive. His chest was all smashed in and he was badly cut up around the neck and shoulders. I picked him up and started back, but ran into some barbed wire and had to go around. I was pretty tired by this time and awfully thirsty, and I thought if I did not rest a little bit I could never make it. I was so tired and nervous that I did not care much whether I did get back or not, and the wounded garby was groaning all the time.

(To be continued.)

Curious Wooden Clock.

Seattle, Wash., boasts a curious wooden clock, three and a half feet in diameter, with a minute hand over four feet long. The case is not guaranteed, but it is supposed to be over 225 years old and is expected to last for some years to come. The works are placed in a section of Douglas fir log, one end of which is ornamented with the face numerals.

LITTLE CAST ASIDE

How Military Stores on Mexican Border Are Salvaged.

Nothing That It Is Possible to Repair, or in Any Way Make Useful, Is Ever Thrown Away as Worthless.

The most extensive dealer in junk on the Mexican border wears an olive drab uniform, two bars on his shoulders and a serious look, for business is always rushing with Capt. Fred Felix, Uncle Sam's junk man in the cavalry division here, writes the Fort Bliss (Tex.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

As head of the salvage and reclamation department of the general quartermaster depot here, Captain Felix and his force of enlisted men are repairing and salvaging supplies which have been discarded by the United States army in the border district. Three warehouses, a part of the fort machine shops, and 1½ yard downtown, are used for this work.

Tents which have been torn by the winds are repaired by men who have been sailors or who have experience in repairing canvas. Canvas cot covers which have been torn are cut up into small pieces and made into clothing bags. These cot covers were formerly discarded. A tailor shop has been established where worn and torn uniforms are repaired, buttons sewn on, the uniforms steam cleaned and pressed and returned to the owners.

Army shoes which have been worn by many marches over the desert sands near the fort are half-soled by machinery, ripped places stitched, new laces inserted and the shoes sent back for further wear. Not a scrap of leather is permitted to be wasted by the reclamation and salvage department. Shoes too badly worn to be repaired, and cavalry boots, are ripped to pieces and the leather used for repairing other boots and shoes. The scraps are then sent to market for use in the manufacture of composition belting.

Recently 15 meat grinders for preparing meat for cooking were condemned and sent to the reclamation department to be sold for junk. Instead, the parts were separated, reassembled and five good grinders obtained, while the remaining parts were stored for repairing other grinders. Broken parts were sold for junk.

Wagons, automobiles, tank wagons, soup kitchens and every other kind of field equipment is received by this department. Wagonmakers replace worn parts of transport and ammunition wagons with new ones. All automobile parts are classified and a crew of garage men repair the cars as they come to the shops. Even trucks for caterpillar trucks are kept for repairing those big trucks which haul supplies over the desert.

Broken spurs, ragged guidons and flags, eyelets from worn-out puttees, harness, saddles, the ropes and even "bull whips" used by the army mule drivers are salvaged in Uncle Sam's big junk shop here, and the government is saved thousands of dollars by repairing army property which otherwise would have to be replaced with new.

Potash From Cement Dust.

Extraction of potash from dust is claimed as a possibility. James D. Rhodes, a Pittsburgh manufacturer, claims to have made the discovery, and at his own expense has arranged to erect a large experimental plant adjoining the plant of a cement company at Castalia, O., for the purpose of experimenting for 120 days.

The Castalia plant is in the hands of a receiver and it was necessary to get permission of the United States district court before Mr. Rhodes could enter into any agreement with the receiver. This was granted.

Mr. Rhodes said he could extract large quantities of potash for fertilizer from the dust and waste of cement mills that will be of great benefit to the country in increasing the supply. It is understood that the United States government is watching the experiment with interest.

Dogs on the Battlefield.

Experiments made in the training of dogs as messengers with the armies in the field have, it is stated, given satisfactory results. The dogs which have proved most receptive under instruction are chiefly half-breed collies and retrievers. A rather poor breed of bob-tailed sheep dogs has also done well. All have been trained to perform their errands during heavy firing, both rifles and guns. They can be fired over as easily as the ordinary sporting dog, and, what is quite another thing, they will face fire at close range. Many have shown amazing skill in getting over, under and through all sorts of obstacles, including wire.

Discovered Baldwin Apple.

The other day the people of Woburn, Mass., unveiled a granite shaft and bronze figure of a colonial soldier. Col. Loammi Baldwin, who was at the battle of Lexington, and who had a notable war and peace record, but who is best remembered as the discoverer of the Baldwin apple. The apple rather than his war record has made Col. Loammi Baldwin famous.

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

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WANTED—Housekeepers for two places. Inquire 300 Foundry St., corner of Booth. 25

WANTED—Cook for hotel. Write or telephone Hotel Clark, Glendale, Ore. 24

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LOST

LOST—One bag of automobile tools. Finder please return to 610 South Fifth street and receive reward. 24

Yanks Always Happy.

A regiment of American soldiers, brigaded with an English regiment that had seen much service and acting under the immediate orders of an English brigadier general, recently marched for six hours under a broiling sun to a point where a German attack was expected, although it failed to materialize, and, while the English sat down and "looked glum" the Americans gathered in groups and sang, "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here!"

The British officer commanding told the newspaper correspondent, says the Louisville Post, that he had never seen such troops. They never seemed to get tired and were always in a good humor and could see amusing things in situations which appealed to the soldiers of other nations as anything but funny.

"Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here" may seem to some somewhat of a comedown from the stirring music of "The Campbell's Are Coming" but we imagine before the war is over it will be almost as popular an air with our allies of the French and English.

Boat Leisure Reported.

On several occasions, says Popular Science Monthly, when an executive's assistant desired to converse with his superior the former was busy on the telephone, so he had to wait.

To open the door every few minutes for the purpose of looking in or to have the operator notify you when the receiver has been hung up is both annoying and time-consuming. A private concern has installed an inexpensive device which eliminates the embarrassment.

The executive's telephone has an extra connection which automatically lights a small blue light at the assistant's office when the former is using his phone. As soon as the executive hangs up the receiver the light goes out and the assistant knows that his superior is accessible.

This device, which is very inexpensive, consists of two pieces connected with wires which run through the cord to the assistant's office.

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U. S. Food Administration.
Just as de buckwheat cake got flop over on his face, Br'er Bacon-rin' dance 'roun' en say, sence—"One good tu'n desaves en nuth-er." sence—Meanin' dat ef de sence boys go on de fightin' fer us, de leas' we alla kin do is ter sent 'em all de wheat en eat buckwheat instid. Co'n meal, rye en barley flour fer us will he's a lot too.