

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 "75s," 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 Hunns, who are moved across 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 convoy. The Cassard is almost battered to pieces by the Turkish batteries.

CHAPTER XI—The Cassard takes part in many hot engagements in the memorable Gallipoli campaign.

CHAPTER XII—Depew is a member of a landing party which sees fierce fighting in the trenches at Gallipoli.

CHAPTER XIII—After an unsuccessful trench raid, Depew tries to rescue two wounded men in No Man's Land, but both die before he can reach the trenches.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were standing the awful fire, but we felt sure they were not having any worse time than we were. In a few minutes we heard the good old "75s" start pounding, and it was like hearing an old friend's voice over the telephone, and everybody in our shell hole cheered, though to one could hear us and we could barely hear each other. Still we knew that if the "75s" got going in their usual style they would do for an enemy battery or two, and that looked good to us. The "75s" made the noise worse, but it was already about as bad as it could be, and a thousand guns more or less would not have made it any harder to stand.

One of our men shouted in the sergeant's ear that the men in line ahead of us and to the right were trying to give us a message of some kind. The sergeant stuck his head above the parapet and had a look. But I stayed where I was—the sergeant could see for himself and me, too, as far as I was concerned.

He shouted at us that the men in the other trench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the words. So he laid down again in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving their trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pieces, and the lad who followed him got his, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and screech and growl all at once, like turning the whole dog pound loose on a piece of meat.

The concussions felt like one long string of boxes on the ear, and our throats were so dry that it hurt to swallow, which always makes your ears feel better after a strong concussion. One after another of our boys was slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapet fire step with their hands wrapped around their heads.

Our sergeant came to me after a while and began acting just like people do at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show is, and that was the way with the sergeant.

"You should see what they did to

us at St. Elol," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to kid us or are you, mon vieux?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, roads pushed all over the map, guns wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the parapet and stared at us and began to shake all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we were not reinforced, and what was happening, and whether the Turks would attack us. It was easy to see why we were not reinforced—no body of men could have got to us from the reserve trenches. The communication trenches were quite a distance from us and were battered up at that. Some of the men said we had been forgotten and that the rest of our troops had either retired or advanced and that we and the men in the trench who had tried to signal us were the only detachments left there.

Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as we went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted to us that he thought the Turks were afraid to attack. He also ordered one of us to keep a live eye toward our rear in case any of our troops should try to signal us. When I looked through a little gully at the top of the hole, toward the other trench, all



All I Could See Was Barbed Wire and Smoke.

I could see was barbed wire and smoke and two or three corpses. I began to shiver a little, and I was afraid I would get shell shock, too. So I began to think about Murray and how he looked when they took him off the wall. But that did not stop the shivering, so I thought about my grandmother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and almost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was just about as near shell shock as I had been—by this time I was shivering only once in a while, when I did not watch myself. He said four men had been sliced up trying to get to us before he came; that they had lost 11 men out of their 32, including the sergeant-major in command and two corporals; that they were almost out of ammunition; that the trenches on both sides of them had been blown in

and that they were likely to go to pieces at any moment. He said they all thought the Turks would attack behind their barrage, for he said the curtains of fire did not extend more than a hundred yards in front of their trench. What they wanted us to do was to relay a man back with the news and either get the word to advance or retire or await reinforcements, they did not care which—only to be ordered to do something. There was not a commissioned officer left with either of the detachments, you see, and you might say we were up in the air—only we were really as far in the ground as we could get.

The man thought there were other of our lines not far behind us, but he knew better; so then he said he did not see how any one could get back from there to our nearest news. I did not see either. Then he all figured we were forgotten and would not come out of there alive—and you can believe me or not, but I did not much care. Anything would be better than



His Head Taken Clean Off His Shoulders.

just staying there in that awful noise with nothing to do, and no water.

Our sergeant said he would not ask any man to attempt to carry the message, because he said it was not only certain death, but absolutely useless. And he began to show that he was near shell shock himself.

Then I began to shiver again, and I thought to myself that anything would be better than sitting in this hole waiting to go "cafard," so I decided to volunteer. I did not think there was any chance to get through, but it seemed as if I just had to do something, no matter what. I had never felt that way before, and had never been anxious to "go west" with a shell for company, but I have felt that way since then several times, I can tell you.

The man was telling us that some time before they had seen the Turks bringing up ammunition from some storehouses, but they did not come anywhere near. He said their sergeant wanted our messenger to tell them that, too. He would say a few words very fast, then he would shiver again, and his jaws would clasp together and he would try to raise his hand, but could not.

Then our sergeant asked the name of the other sergeant, and when the man told him he said the man was senior to himself and therefore in command and would have to be obeyed. He seemed to cheer up a lot after he said this and did not shiver any more, so I thought I would volunteer then, so I said to him, "Well, mon vieux, do you think we are seeing real shelling now?" And then I was going to say I would go, but he looked at me in a funny way for a second and then said, "Well, my son, suppose you go and find out."

I thought he was kidding me at first, but then I saw he meant it. I thought two things about it—one was that anything was better than staying there, and the other was that the old dugout was a pretty fair place after all. But I did not say anything to the sergeant or the other men—just went out of the dugout. The sergeant and another man went with me and boosted me over the back wall of the hole. I lay flat on the ground for a minute to get my bearings, and then started off. I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick and it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each time thought I was hit, because when I got it in the thigh at Dixmude it felt a good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I fell a shell exploded near me and I began to shiver again, and I could not go on for a long time. All this time I did not think I would get through, but finally, when I reached what had been the communication trench I felt I had done the worst part of it, and I began to wish very hard that I would get through—I was not at all crazy about going west.

(To be continued.)

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

SHARK FIT FOR HUMAN FOOD

Flesh of Man-Eater Tastes Like Shad—Skin Makes Leather and Liver Furnishes Oil.

Russel J. Coles of Danville, Va., who is co-operating with the department of fishes of the American Museum of Natural History in popularizing unutilized food fishes, has established at Cape Lookout, N. C., a plant for fringing sharks to food, leather and oil.

Mr. Coles is a well-known hunter of big fish. He has hunted devilfish with Colonel Roosevelt, and caught the splendid specimen of devilfish from which was cast the life-size model now to be seen in the American museum. He has just sent to the museum an interesting report of his work in the shark industry in North Carolina:

"You are delaying a surprising treat by not soaking the salt out of that whiplash and eating it. I have found 'whiplash' one of the best that I have eaten, and monkfish excellent. 'But the very finest shark, or in fact fish of any kind that I have ever eaten was a young man-eater. Its flavor is quite similar to that of a big fat white shad. I made an entire meal off of the man-eater shark."

"The same day I had made a breakfast of monkfish and porpoise milk, as I had just caught a cow porpoise with a very small calf. Porpoise milk may be all right for those who like it, but I did not much care for it."

In describing the flesh of the man-eating shark on which he dined as noted above, Mr. Coles said:

"In color the flesh was a distinct rich light pink salmon. There was an almost round strip of nearly black extending along in the pink flesh on each side of the back. I ate both the pink and black flesh and found both excellent."

"I got the shark from the net while it was still alive. A native fisherman and his mate reported to me that as they hauled up their sink net while I was taking the sharks from my big shark net near them, and about the moment that the younger one was caught, they brought up a monstrous shark having a similar tail, which was as long as their 25-foot launch, and that it fought so violently that they quickly cut loose a large piece of their net in which it was entangled and let it escape."

"Although these two fishermen are men of good standing and well known to me, I hesitate to accept statements of this kind, which involve the size of a fighting shark, from any but a few of the best-trained observers."

"I have prepared the meat of the man-eater for smoking, its hide for the tanner and have made oil of its liver." Although at first shark meat for food was viewed with prejudice by the general public, it has sold in no small quantities, even in New York city, where the price a short time ago was 14 cents per pound. As leather, shark has been fairly tested, and found to be satisfactory in all points, and especially durable.

Telephone Message Cost \$12.

"Hello, is this Camp Dick? Chicago is calling."

This message came to Lieut. W. H. Hine, adjutant of the camp, late the other afternoon. Answering the telephone, Lieutenant Hine found that he was connected with Lieut. Jack Leonard of Chicago, who is at home on furlough on account of the illness of his wife.

"I wired you for an extension of my furlough today because complications have set in," Lieutenant Leonard said, "but I am calling you to make sure that you received the telegram. I didn't want to take any chances and I must stay here a while longer."

Lieutenant Hine told him that an extension of five days had been granted him and that a telegram to this effect had been sent the day previous.

"That message cost him \$12," Lieutenant Hine said after ringing off.—Dallas News.

A Near Miss.

A British airman was flying alone over the Bulgarian lines, busily using his camera. A whistle of machine-gun bullets disturbed him. He just saw an Albatross swooping down upon him from above and then he knew no more. When he recovered consciousness he found that he had dropped all the way from 6,000 feet to 2,000 feet, and that a bullet had passed through his neck—fortunately missing his vertebrae. He regained control of his machine and looked about for the Albatross. She was nowhere in sight, and evidently had prematurely decided that she had finally polished off the Englishman.

Saved From Deadly Cobra.

A seven-foot cobra interrupted a game of golf between two military officers at Nungaladon, India, a few days ago.

The big snake attacked Maj. Williams of the Rangoon battalion military police, its fangs entering the leg of his trousers but fortunately not touching his skin.

Lieutenant Colonel Obbard, commissioner of Pegu, ran to his friend's assistance, and before the snake could strike again he killed it with his masher.

Slightly Mixed.

Mrs. Mix—There was a time when you minded what I said, but now it's like water on a duck's back—in at one ear and out at the other.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—178 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 55tf

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

WOOD—Have 200 tiers of pine slabs evenly cut. Good wood will be very high this winter. No men to cut. Phone your order now, it won't last long. \$2.50 per tier. How many tiers do you want? Phone 154. L. A. Launer. 34

FOR SALE—About 40 tons first class wild oat hay. \$25 f. o. b. Talent. Phone or write S. A. Nye, Medford. 27

GOOD ASSAY OUTFIT—For sale at reasonable price. Address 703 North Sixth street. W. G. Mercer. 27

BERKSHIRE sow, 9 months, weight, 200 pounds, will pig soon, subject to registry; also Duroc Jersey boar, 8 months, for sale. Apply 315 Rogue River Ave., at noon or after 6. 29

FOR SALE—One registered Poland China sow. Farrowed at Dimick stock farm. Further information at C. P. McFarlane, Rt. 4, Box 10, Grants Pass, Ore. 30

FOR SALE—Red clover hay in the field at Rio Lado ranch, 2 miles west of town on lower river road. Ready to haul now. Phone Geo. Seebach, 696-F-13. 26

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. 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

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

WANTED

WANTED—Miners \$4 per day; laborers, \$3.50 per day; eight hours; board \$1. Sixteen miles on auto stage from Cottage Grove, Black Butte Quicksilver Mine, Black Butte, Oregon. 30

STRAWBERRIES—Two strawberry pickers wanted. Pick twice a week. Inquire H. M. Webb. Phone 29-J. 26

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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 TAXI SERVICE—Call 183-J; country of city calls; stand at Stag. A. J. Powers. 46

SEE THE NEW grocery store, first door north of Oxford hotel. New, neat stock, courteous treatment, fair prices, honest weights. Try me. J. B. D. Brown, Propt. 29

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All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and E 1/2 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.



U. S. Food Administration.
Arter de wils ol' owl spit on de bait he say, sez ee—"I gwine ter sprize you all wid a moss er fishes 'cause you alle mur' sava de meat en eat sumpin' else insid en jes git out dat ol' game bag en make it work, too," sez ee. Den he ketch a big fish and say, sez ee, "I-loot-t-hoot-t-hoot-t-sub-ett-toot," sez ee. Wen he say dat he means dat when you alle make ris bleucits jes don't make 'em—use corn meal ter save wheat flour fer de solers?