

GUNNER DEDEW

or
Albert N. Dewey

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

Copyright, 1918, by Ruby and Brian Co., Through Special Arrangement With the George H. Rorer Adam Service.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Albert N. Dewey, 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—Dewey 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 "Bess," the wonderful French gun that has 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—Dewey 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, Dewey 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, Dewey 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—Dewey is a member of a landing party which sees fierce fighting in the trenches at Gallipoli.

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

CHAPTER XIV—Dewey wins the Croix de Guerre for bravery in passing through a terrific artillery fire to summon aid to his comrades in an advanced post.

While I was still in bed in the hospital I received the Croix de Guerre,



I Received the Croix de Guerre.

which I had won at the Dardanelles. The presentation was made by Lieutenant Barbey. He pinned an American flag on my breast, a French flag beneath it and beneath that the war cross. He kissed me on both cheeks, of course, which was taking advantage of a cripple. But it is the usual thing with the French, as you know—I mean the kissing, not the meanness to cripples.

When he had pinned the medal on he said he thanked me from the bottom of his heart for the French people, and also thanked all the Americans who had come over from their own land to help a country with which most of them were not connected. He said it was a war in which many nations were taking part, but in which there were just two ideas, freedom and despotism, and a lot more things that I cannot remember. He finished by saying that he wished he could decorate all of us.

Of course it was great stuff for me and I thought I was the real thing sure enough, but I could not help thinking of the remark I have heard here in the States—"I thank you and the whole family thanks you." And it was hard not to laugh. Also it seemed funny to me, because I did not rightly know just what they were giving me the medal for—though it was for one of two things—and I do not know to this day. But I thought it would not be polite to ask, so I let it go at that.

There were twelve other naval officers who were present and they and all the other people did a lot of cheering and vived me to a fare-you-well. It was great stuff, altogether, and I should have liked to get a medal every day.

One day I received a letter from a man who had been in my company in the Foreign Legion and with whom I had been pretty chummy. His letter was partly in French and partly in English. It was all about who had been killed and who had been wounded. He also mentioned Murray's death, which he had heard about, and about my receiving the Croix de Guerre. I was wishing he had said something about Brown, whom I had not heard from and who I knew would visit me if he had the chance.

But two or three days later I got another letter from the same man and when I opened it out tumbled a photograph. At first all I saw was that it was the photograph of a man crucified with bayonets, but when I looked at it closely I saw it was Brown. I fainted then, just like a girl.

When I came to I could hardly make myself think about it. Two of my pals gone! It hurt me so much to think of it that I crushed the letter up in my hand, but later on I could read parts of it. It said they had found Brown this way near Dixmude about two days after he had been reported missing. So three of us went over and two stayed there. It seems very strange to me that both of my pals should be crucified and if I were superstitious I do not know what I would think about it. It made me sick and kept me from recovering as fast as I would have done otherwise. Both Brown and Murray were good pals and very good men in a fight. I often think of them both and about the things we did together, but lately I have tried not to think about them much because it is very sad to think what torture they must have had to stand. They were both of great credit to this country.

The American consul visited me quite often and I got to calling him Sherlock because he asked so many questions. We played lots of games together, mostly with dice, and had a great time generally. After I became convalescent he argued with me that I had seen enough, and though I really did think so—however much I disliked what I had seen—he got my discharge from the service on account of physical inability to discharge the usual duties. After I had been at the hospital for a little over a month I was discharged from it, after a little party in my ward with everyone taking part and all the horns blowing and all the records except my favorite dirge played one after another.

Sherlock arranged everything for me—my passage to New York, clothing, etc. I ran up to St. Nazaire and saw my grandmother, loafed around a while and also visited Lyons.

After a short time I returned to Brest and got my passage on the Georgic for New York. I had three trunks with me full of things I had picked up around Europe and had been keeping with my grandmother. Among my belongings were several things I should like to show by photographs in this book, but no one but mermaids can see them now, for down to the locker of Davy Jones they went.

CHAPTER XVI.
Captured by the Moews.

When the tugs had cast off and after a while we had dropped our pilot, I said to myself: "Now we are off, and it's the States for me—end of the line—far as we go—IF—" But the "if" did not look very big to me, though I could see it with the naked eye all right.

I got up about four o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, December 10, 1916—a date I do not think I will ever forget.

As soon as I was dressed I went down to the forecastle peak and from there into the paint locker, where I found some rope. Then back again on deck, and made myself a hammock, which I rigged up on the boat deck, figuring that I would have a nice sun bath, as the weather had at last turned clear.

As soon as I had the hammock strung I went down to the baker and had a nice chat with him—and stole a few hot buns, which was what I was really after—and away to the galley for breakfast. I was almost exactly amidships, sitting on an old orange

box. I had not been there long when Old Chips, the ship's carpenter, stuck his head in the door and sang out, "Ship on the starboard bow." I did not pay any attention to him, because ships on the starboard bow were no novelty to me, or on the port either. Chips was not crazy about looking at her, either, for he came in and sat on another box and began scoffing. He said he thought she was a tramp and that she flew the British flag astern.

I ate all I could get hold of and went out on deck. I stepped out of the galley just in time to see the fun. The ship was just opposite us when away went our wireless and some of the boats on the starboard side, and then boom! boom! and we heard the report of the guns. I heard the shrapnel whizzing around us just as I had many a time before. I jumped back in the galley and Chips and the cook were shaking so hard they made the pans rattle.

When the firing stopped I went up to the boat deck. I had on all of my clothing, but instead of shoes I was wearing a pair of wooden clogs. The men and boys were crazy—rushing around the deck and knocking each other down, and everybody getting in everybody else's way. We lowered our Jacob's ladders, but some of the men and boys were already in the water. Why they jumped I do not know.

Then the German raider Moewe headed right in toward us and I thought she was going to ram us, but she backed water about thirty yards away. She lowered a lifeboat and it made for the Georgic, passing our men in the water as they came and crushing them on the head with boat-

They Crashed Them on the Head With Boat Hooks.



They Crashed Them on the Head With Boat Hooks.

hooks when they could reach them. I noticed that there were red flags in the German boat.

When the lifeboat reached the Jacob's ladders I went over to the port side of the Georgic and then the Germans came over the side and hoisted up the kegs. The Germans were armed with bayonets and revolvers. Some of them went down into the engine room and opened the sea cocks. About this time some of the Limeys came up from the poop deck and I told them to stay where I was and that the Germans would take us over in lifeboats. Another squad of Germans hoisted eight of the dynamite kegs on their shoulders and down into No. 5 hold with them.

Mean time the Germans saw us up on the boat deck and came up after us. And over went the Limeys. But I waited and one or two more waited with me. When the Germans came up to us they had their revolvers out and were waving them around and yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and talking about "schweinhunde." Then the first thing I knew, I was kicked off into the sea. I slipped off my trousers and coat and clogs, and, believe me, it was not a case of all dressed up and no place to go!

Then I swam hard and caught up to the Limeys who had jumped first. They were asking each other if they were downhearted and answering, "Not a bit of it, me lads," and trying to sing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," only they could not do much singing on account of the waves that slipped into their mouths every time they opened them. That was just like Limeys, though.

Some of the boys were just climbing up the Jacob's ladder on the Moewe when the old Georgic let out an awful roar and up went the deck and the hatches high in the air in splinters. One fellow let go his hold on the ladder and went down and he never came up. The Germans were making for the Moewe in the lifeboat and we reached it just before they did. Up the ladder we went and over the side and the first thing we caught sight of was the German revolvers in our faces drilling us all into line.

The lifeboat brought back the ship's papers from the Georgic and we had roll call. They kept us up on deck if our wet underwear and it was very cold indeed. Then the first mate and the old man and one of the German officers called off the names and we found we had fifty missing.

(To be continued.)

HOMING INSTINCT OF TOADS

Like Pigeons, They May Yet Be Made Useful Bearers of Messages, Says Naturalist.

Armies may yet use toads as message bearers in place of carrier pigeons if this incident related in a letter to the editor of Every Week is found to have general application:

"Dallas Lore Sharp, the naturalist and writer of nature books, told me that hoploids possess the homing instinct. 'Take one away from the spot where it has always lived and he will return, even though you have carried him ten miles,' said Mr. Sharp.

"I resolved, then, to try an experiment with Teddy, the big toad who has made his home in my garden in Wakefield for the past five years. Writing my name on a tag, I tied it to Teddy's hind leg and took a train to Boston. Then I transferred to an elevated train which carried me to Charlestown, on the outskirts of the city. At the corner of Perkins and Haverhill streets, Charlestown, near the B. and M. signal tower where I am employed on night duty, I let Teddy out of the box. He blinked at the arc lights a second or so, darted out his tongue and gobbled a few Charlestown mosquitoes, and began straightway to hop along the side of the street to Mystic avenue. When he reached the corner he made a bee line for Wakefield, hopping off in the darkness at a lively pace.

"It was just 11:15 p. m. when I went on duty at the tower and 8:20 when I reached home the next morning. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when, on entering the yard, I discovered Teddy in his accustomed place, under the sill cock, against the side of the house, taking a bath—I presume—after his long, dry and dusty hop of nine miles. The tag with my name was still tied to his leg."

SOMETHING MORE THAN "TOY"
Quaint Old Legend Having to Do With Plow Is Peculiarly Appropriate Just Now.

There is a quaint old legend of Alsace, recalls the Christian Science Monitor, concerning a family of giants who, once upon a time, lived in a certain castle in the old country. The moral of the story seems appropriate at a time when the French minister of agriculture is making special effort to encourage the cultivation of land.

The giants lived, says the legend, far from the peasants of the plain and one day the daughter of the house, who though quite a child, was already thirty feet high, strolled toward a plain and saw a laborer peacefully plowing his fields. She picked up the peasant, the horse and the plow and put them in her planifore and returned to the castle to show what she had found to her father.

"What you think is but a toy," said the giant, "is what produces the food which enables us to live. Put back the laborer and his horse where you found them." From that time onward, adds the tale, the peasants were never molested by the giants.

Women Soldiers.
Advertisements of Molly Pitcher of Revolutionary fame as the first female soldier in the United States have appeared. Perhaps she was the first, but certainly she wasn't the only one or the last.

There was Nancy Hart of Georgia, who took ten Tories prisoners; Deborah Sampson of Massachusetts, who enlisted in the Continental army, fought in battle after battle, her sex unsuspected, and headed military expeditions; Frances Hook of Illinois, who served in the Union army during the Civil war; Frances Wilson of New Jersey; Mary Owens of Pennsylvania, Major Belle Reynolds of Illinois.

Most famous of our Joans of Arc were Major Pauline Cushman, a Federal scout, and Capt. Belle Boyd, a Confederate spy, who saved Stonewall Jackson's army from destruction.

All the women who won reputations as soldiers proved themselves as brave, efficient and hardy as any man could be. Here's wishing more power to their elbow—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Primitive Submarine.
In the early part of the seventeenth century a submarine was successfully navigated in England from Westminster to Greenwich.

The inventor and navigator—Cornelius Drebel, a Dutchman—enjoyed the patronage of James I, and the credulous king was only prevented from taking part in a submarine trip by the assurance of some of his courtiers that Drebel was "in league with Old Nick."

The boat was so constructed that "a person could see under the surface of the water, and without candle light, as much as he needed to read in the Bible or any other book." It was also propelled by oars.

High Society.
Miss Richen-Friscky—My parents' wedding was very exclusive, doncha know. They were married in the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York.

Miss Pooren-Sassy—Pooh, that's nothin'. Mine went up in a balloon at the state fair and took the preacher with 'em.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wain, Kirby, Ore. 384f

FOR SALE—1917 model 5-passenger Ford in good condition. Clyde E. Niles. 051f

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

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 Dimlock stock farm. Further information at C. P. McFarlane, Rt. 4, Box 10, Grants Pass, Ore. 30

FOR SALE—One Crescent plainer. Address A. C. Manning, Rogue River, Ore. 47

FOR SALE—I have some real sacrifices to offer in stock ranches, at owner's price. Adjacent to best range in Josephine county. L. S. Morrison, Leland, Ore. 33

FOR SALE—Premier touring car, 6-cylinder. Cheap for cash. Address C. F. Collyer, Gen. Del. 33

BARGAIN—Touring car used one season, run less than 3,000 miles, electric lights, starter, horn, storage battery, tires nearly new, cash or would consider exchange for first class beef stock. Telephone 611-F-12 any evening between 7 and 9. 29

FOR SALE—One Buick 5-passenger auto, 30 h. p., \$200. Olding's garage. 30

TO RENT

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 309 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moas resting agency. 361f

FOR RENT—Furnished modern 5-room cottage, gas. Inquire Best Fuller Realty. 091f

WANTED

WANTED—Miners \$4 per day; laborers, \$2.50 per day; eight hours; board \$1. Sixteen miles on auto stage from Cottage Grove, Black Butte Quicksilver Mine, Black Butte, Oregon. 30

WANTED—Ten cords of fir. Address M. Box 445, Grants Pass, Oregon. 30

COOK wanted, also dining room girl, good wages. Telephone or write Mrs. McPherson, Monumental, Cal. 30

WANTED—Small modern house completely furnished for the winter; close in; south side preferred. See Young, Kinne, & Truax shoe department. 29

WANTED TO BUY—Two or three good snatch-blocks. S. J. Taylor, Rt. 3. 29

MISCELLANEOUS

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, Proprietor. 29

PEARS READY—Pears are now ready. We will commence packing Monday, August 5th. We have an attractive cash price. Come and see us at Kinney & Truax warehouse. Elsmann & Hunt. Phone 257. 29

LOST

LOST—Lavallere, sometime within last three weeks. Probably in store. Finder please leave at Courier, care of No. 1230. 29

LOST—On Friday an amethyst lavallere, between the Golden Rule store and upper Sixth street. Reward for return to No. 1231, care Courier. 29

Cold weather will be on us in less than 90 days. Have you got your fuel yet?

ATTORNEYS

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

GOLVIO & WILLIAMS, Attorneys-at-Law, Grants Pass Banking Co. Bldg., Grants Pass, Oregon.

M. E. VAN DYKE, Attorney. Practices in all courts. First National Bank Bldg.

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney at Law. Golden Rule Building Phone 170. Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys, Albert Bldg. Phone 184-J. Practices in all courts; law board attorneys.

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

VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian. Office, residence. Phone 195-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. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 181 Sixth and H. Tufts Bldg.

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

A. A. WITHAM, M. D., Internal medicine and nervous diseases; 903 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore. Hours 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

DENTISTS

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

PHOTO STUDIO

THE PICTURE MILL makes fine photographs. Open daily except Sunday from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday sittings by appointment. Call, M.H., 283-R or residence 140-J.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR

J. S. MACHURRAY, teacher of voice culture and staging. Lessons given at home of pupil if requested. Address 715 Led 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 BROS. MOVES; so do we. Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 397-R.

F. G. ISHAM, drayage and transfer. Safes, pianos 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 2:00 p. m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and E'gath 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.

All kinds of Commercial Printing at the Courier Office.

Destination—Berlin.

H. T. Bennett, a Seymour traveling man, was standing on a depot platform in a Kentucky town while a group of colored men were waiting to entrain, and overheard the following conversation between one of the conscripts and a colored girl who was bidding him goodbye:

"Well, Sam, are you goin' with this bunch? I suppose you are goin' to France right soon, ain't you?" the girl asked.

"Not exactly," replied the soldier candidate. "I suppose I'll go through France, but you see, I'm on my way to Berlin."—Indianapolis News.