

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 "Boche," the wonderful French gunners 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 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 in 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.

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

CHAPTER XV—On his twelfth trip to the Dardanelles, he is wounded in a naval engagement and, after recovering in a hospital at Brest, he is discharged from service and sails for New York on the steamer George.

CHAPTER XVI—The George is captured by the German raider Moewe. Depew, with other survivors, is taken aboard the Moewe.

The Boche commander had gall enough to say that he was not there to kill men but to sink all ships that were supplying the allies! He said England was trying to starve Germany, but that they would never succeed and that Germany would starve the allies very soon.

After roll call some of us asked the Germans for clothes, or at least a place to dry ourselves in, but Fritz could not see us for the dust on the ocean and we just had to stand there and shiver till we shook the deck, almost. Then I went and sat down on the pipes that feed the deck winches. They had quite a head of steam in them and I was beginning to feel more comfortable when I got a good clout from the head of sitting there and trying to keep warm. It was a German garby and he started calling me all the various kinds of schwein-hunde he could think of and he could think of a lot.

Finally they mustered us all on another part of the deck, then drifted us down into the forecabin and read the martial law of Germany to us. At least I guess that is what it was. It might have been the "Help Wanted—Dog Catchers" column from the Berlin Lokal Tagblatt for all most of us knew or cared. It shows what cards the Germans are—reading all those four-to-the-pound words to us shivering garbies, who did not give a dime a dozen whether we heard them or not. Fritz is like some other hot sketches—he is funniest when he does not mean to be. Every German is a vaudeville skit when he acts natural.

There were hammocks there and we jumped into them to get warm, but the Germans came down with their revolvers and bayonets and took the hammocks away and poured water on the decks and told us to sleep there. They could not have done a worse trick than that.

Then they put locks on the portholes and told us that anyone caught fiddling with the locks would be shot at once. This was because we might sight a British or French man-of-war at any time and as the Moewe was sailing under the British flag and trying to keep out of trouble they did not want us at the ports signaling our own warships for help. If they had heeded any of the allied ships and had a fight we would have died down there like rats.

The Moewe had already captured

the Voltaire, Mount Temple, Cambrian Range and the King George and had the crews of these vessels between decks with us. These men told us how the Germans were treating them and it looked to me as though the evening would be spent in playing games and a pleasant time would be had by all—not.

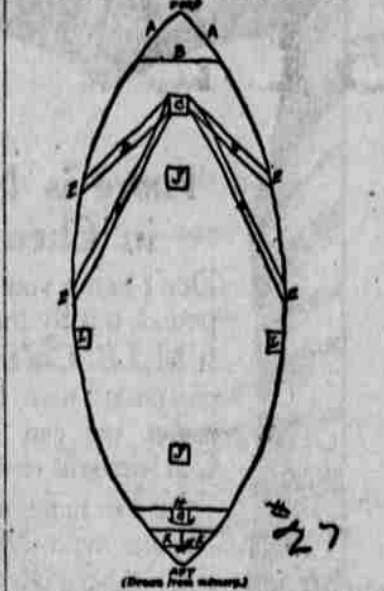
The crew of the Mount Temple were on deck working when the raider suddenly opened fire on them. Two or three men jumped into the water and the Germans turned a gun on them while they were swimming and killed them. That was just a sample of what had happened to them.

The men now began running up and down in a line to keep warm, but I took a little run on my own hook and treated myself to a much of a once-over of the ship as I could. I do not believe the Moewe had more than a three-fourths-inch armor plate, but behind that she had three rows of pig iron, which made about a foot in thickness. There was nothing but cable strung along the deck and when I saw that I would have given anything to have had a crack at her with a 14-inch naval. And I sure wished hard enough that one of our ships would slip up on us, whether we were caught between decks or not. I went aft as far as the sentry would let me and I saw that she had three spare six-inch guns under the poop deck and two six-inch pieces mounted astern. The guns were mounted on an elevator and when the time came they ran the elevator up until the guns were on a level with the poop deck, but otherwise they were out of sight from other ships.

For our first meal they slung a big feed bag half full of ship biscuit—hardtack—to us and some dices of tea. After this festival we began roaming up and down the deck again, because it was the only way to keep warm. I guess we looked like some of the advertisements in magazines, where they show a whole family sitting around a Christmas tree in their underwear and telling each other that Whosis Unions—the Roomey Kind—were just what they wanted from Santa. Only we did not have any Christmas tree to sit around. We must have had a good laugh if I had not been so cold.

We could not go to sleep because the decks were wet, nor could we sit down with any comfort for the same reason. Besides, we thought we might

check plan of the "Moewe"



A—Armor plate drops, placing 6-in. guns
B—Forecabin peak
C—Ammunition hold
D—Torpedo tube rails
E—Torpedo tubes
F—Poop deck
G—Aft wheelhouse
H—Deck house
I—Holds
K—Disappearing guns aft, mounted on elevator
L—Sea gates

hunk up against a British or a French cruiser at any minute and most of us thought we would stay up and get an eye full before we started for Davy's well-known locker.

About two bells the following morning the Moewe's engines began to groan and shake her up a bit and we could hear the blades jump out of the water every once in a while and tear away. She went ahead in this way for some time and we were hoping she was trying to get away from a cruiser and some of us were pulling for the cruiser to win and others hoping the Moewe would get her heels clear and keep us from getting ours.

The Huns were running up and down the deck yelling like wild men and

one of our men began to yell too. He was delicious and after he yelled a bit he jumped up and made a pass at the sentry, who shot at him but missed. The shot missed me too, but not very much. Then they dragged the delicious man up on deck and Lord knows what they did with him, because we never saw him again. But we did not hear any sound that they might have made in shooting him.

Then the Huns began shelling and they kept it up for some time. Then they ordered us up on deck to see the ship they had been firing at and when we came up the companion



The Huns Were Running Up and Down the Deck.

way they were just bringing the other ship's skipper aboard. It was the French collier St. Theodore, hove to off the starboard side with a prize crew from the Moewe aboard and wiggling to the raider.

Then the Huns began shouting and they roused us below deck again. The place where we had been was filled with smoke, from what or why I do not know, but it was almost impossible to breathe in it. When the smoke cleared up a bit the Marathon started again, for we were still in our underwear only. One of the boys had asked Fritz for clothing and Fritz said the English had tough enough skins and they did not need clothing. Then he said: "Wait until you see what our German winters are like."

The following morning the engines began to tear away again and the guns started firing. After a while the firing stopped and the engines too, and after an hour they had the old man of the Yarrowdale aboard. She was a British ship chartered by the French and bound for Brest and Liverpool with a very valuable cargo aboard—airplanes, ammunition, food and automobiles.

When they roused us on deck again the St. Theodore was still in sight, but she had the Yarrowdale for company. Both were trailing behind us and keeping pretty close on. While we were on deck we saw the German sailors at work on the main deck making about ten rafts and when they began to place tins of hardtack on the rafts, a tin to each, we imagined they were going to heave us over the side and let us go on the rafts. But instead they began telling us we would land in the States and then they roused us between decks again.

We had only been there a short time when some of the German officers came down and asked if any of the men would volunteer to go firing on the Yarrowdale and we almost mobbed them to take us. They began putting down the names of the men who were to go and I talked them into putting mine down too. Then I felt about five hundred pounds lighter.

Five o'clock came and by that time I had forgotten to do any worrying. We received our usual rations and most of us who had volunteered figured that we would receive clothes and shoes. In the morning an officer came down below and read out the names of those who were to go and I felt even lighter when he called mine. We were each given a life belt and mustered on deck.

The sea was pretty nasty and some of the men had narrow escapes from falling between the Moewe and the lifeboats when the swells rocked us. One man fell from the ladder and broke his neck on the gunwale of the lifeboat. They took over board after about the Yarrowdale until finally we were all there. Then they mustered us on deck and warned us not to start anything, because they had a time bomb in the engine room and two on the bridge. Meantime they had brought over several boatloads of hardtack and we threw it into No. 3 hold. This was to be our food for some time.

(To be continued.)

Best Method of Memorizing.
In committing a text to memory by consecutive readings better results can be obtained by allowing a fair period of time between readings. If a text be read a number of times on a given day, and another the same number of times on consecutive days, much more of the latter will have been memorized.

DIRECT ANCESTOR OF HEN

From the Jungle Fowl Are Descended the Feathered Creatures of the Barnyard of Today.

Although there were no houses with in half a mile of the camp, we were surprised on our first night to hear cocks crowing in the jungle (Yunnan province, tropical China). Roy Chapman Andrews writes in Harper's Magazine. The note was like that of the ordinary barnyard fowl, except that it ended somewhat more abruptly. The next morning we discovered Chanticleer and all his harem in a deserted rice field, and he flew toward the jungle in a flash of red and gold.

I dropped him and one of his hens with a right and left of "slices" and found that they were jungle fowl (Gallus gallus) in full plumage. The cock was a splendid bird. The long neck feathers (hackles) spread over his back and wings like a shimmering golden mantle but were hardly more beautiful than the black of his under parts and green glossed tail. Picture to yourself a "black-breasted red game cock," and you will have him in all his glory except that his tail is drooping and he is more pheasantlike in his general bearing. The female was a trim little bird, with a lilac sheen to her brown feathers, and looked exactly like a well-kept "game bantam" hen.

The jungle fowl is the direct ancestor of our barnyard hens and roosters, which were probably first domesticated in Burma and adjacent countries long before the dawn of authentic history. According to tradition, the Chinese received their poultry from the West about 1400 B. C., and they are figured in Babylon cylinders between the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. Although they were probably introduced in Greece through Persia, there is no direct evidence as to how and when they reached Europe.

BUILT FOR SHALLOW WATER

Peculiar Marine Institution on New England Coast Was Known in 1842 as the Camel.

In the year 1842 a queer marine institution made its appearance in Nantucket and bore the name of camel. These camels were really huge floating dry docks for carrying ships over the bar, where the depth of water had been gradually decreasing since 1830. Being flat-bottomed the camels could float in water very much shallower than a loaded ship required. They were like two long, large boxes floating side by side and held together at the ends by large iron chains.

The outer sides were almost straight up and down, but the inner sides were curved, making when the two sections were drawn together, an interior basin just the shape of the bottom of a ship.

The plan was for the camels to be separated far enough to allow the ships to be hauled into the basin between the two sections, then to be drawn and held fastened together by the chains, holding the ship between them, so that the camels and the ship could then be towed over the shallow places in the channel to the wharf.

Cherish Your Friends.

Have you a good friend? Of course you have, every one has friends, but every one does not hold the friendships they make. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away. And yet many people are not careful to retain their friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights or neglects and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friendships. Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship like birds from bough to bough, but make no nest for their hearts in any. There are a great many ways of losing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives we should cherish them as rarest jewels. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set right.

How Language Grows.

"Cad" and "fad" were at first only localisms, struggling for existence and getting slowly into use sporadically in England, until at last they achieved a peaceful penetration into the United States; then they ceased to be mere Britishisms; they won recognition into standard English. A like fate has befallen "boss" and "boom," the first a localism of New York (descended from the days when the Empire city was New Amsterdam), and the second spontaneous creation of the lumber camps of Michigan. In time these two words were in common use all over the United States; they were no longer merely Americanisms; and after a while they made their way into the British empire, until now they are fair to be lifted into standard English.

Workless Day Popular.

"Dar's a few men," said Uncle Eben, "dat took to de workless-day idea so strong dat dey jes' natchelly won't give it up."

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Concerning Fasting.

It is impossible to stop eating and not feel the pangs of hunger, according to the Popular Science Monthly. If you have been led to believe differently by the stories of men who have undergone fasting tests, listen to the words of a professor of the University of Chicago. He found as a result of observation on man during prolonged intentional starvation that the view that hunger mechanism falls early does not hold as a general rule. The professional faster, he points out, may ignore the pangs of hunger in a spirit of bravado.

Indian fakirs who have been practicing the trick of fasting until the normal cravings of the body have submitted to will power are said to be able to go without food for incredible periods of time. But probably the real truth of the matter is known only to them.

The Quarrel.

Mrs. Willis—What did Mr. and Mrs. Bump quarrel about?
Mrs. Willis—Religion.
Mrs. Willis—You don't say!
Mrs. Willis—Yes; she wanted to attend a church that has an unmarried preacher and he wanted to attend one that has a lot of pretty girls in the choir.—Judge.

Various Kinds of Food.

A bulletin issued by the New York Museum of Natural History stated that one tribe of North American Indians regarded a mixture of pulverized ants, grasshoppers, and locusts, dried in the sun, as a relish. Another tribe preferred grasshoppers and crickets with roasted ants as a relish. Moths, the bulletin added, are a favorite dish in Africa, and lumbermen in Maine are said to enjoy an occasional meal of large black wood ants. The beetle is eaten in Turkey, the Nile valley, Lombardy, Moldavia, Java, Peru, and Valachia, and is said to be very nutritious and fattening. In Central America the eggs of three aquatic bugs are served as "cakes." In Nyasaland a paste of mayflies and mosquitoes is considered a delicacy. The Mexicans manufacture a drink as strong as their pulque by infusing a tiger beetle in alcohol.

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Iceland and America.

Although Iceland lies far out of the beaten track of the American tourist, yet she is an island that possesses many interesting associations with this country. It was from Iceland that came the first European discoverers of America, who a thousand years ago had their prosperous settlements all along the New England coast, as far south as Long Island. It was to Iceland that Christopher Columbus went for information about the new world before starting off on the first of his epoch-making voyages across the Atlantic.