

# GUNNER DEDEW

## 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 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 Hun, who are moved 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 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 Mowe, and Depew, with other survivors, is taken aboard the Mowe.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Transferred to the Yarrowdale, which was captured later by the Mowe, Depew and other prisoners suffer terrible hardships until they arrive in Germany.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—At Schweinmunde, they are placed in a prison camp where they suffer terribly from cold, hunger and mistreatment at the hands of the guards.

The following morning we nearly dropped dead when the Huns pulled in a large wagon full of clothing. We thought we never would have anything to wear but our underclothes. They issued to each man a pair of trousers, thin model, a thin coat about like the seersucker coats some people wear in the summer, an overcoat about as warm as if it had been made of cigarette papers, a skull cap and a pair of shoes, which were a day's labor to carry around. Not one of us received socks, shirts or underwear.

The toe was cut from the right shoe of the pair I received, and as my wounds were in the right thigh and my leg had stiffened up considerably and got very sore, I got pretty anxious, because there was nothing but slush underfoot, and I was afraid I might lose my leg. So I thought that if I went to the commander and made a kick I might get a good shoe. I hesitated about it at first, but finally made up my mind and went to see him.

I told him that it was slushy outside, and that the water ran through the hole in my shoe and made it bad for my whole leg, which was wounded. He examined the shoe, and looked at the open toe for some time, and I thought he was going to put up an argument, but would give in finally.

Then he asked me what I wanted. I thought that was plain enough to see, but I said just as easily as I could that I wanted a shoe without a hole in the toe.

"So the water runs into it, does it?" he said. "Well, my advice to you is to get a knife, cut a hole in the heel and let the water out." All the other swine in the room laughed very loud at this, and I guess this Fritz thought he was a great comedian. But somehow or other, it did not strike me so funny that I just had to laugh, and I was able, after quite a struggle, to keep from even sneezing. It was a harder struggle than that to keep from doing something else, though!

Our meals were just about the same as at Schweinmunde—the bread was just as muddy, the barley coffee just as rank, and the soup just as cub-

bageless. The second morning after we had had our barley coffee, one of the sentries came to our barracks, which was number 7-B, and gave each of us an envelope and a sheet of writing paper. Then he told us to write



He Chalked on the Door.

to anybody we wanted to, after which he chalked on the door in big letters: KRIGSGEFANGENENLAGER

and told us it was the return address. We were all surprised, and asked each other where we were, because we had thought we were in Neustrelitz. After a while, we learned that it means "Prisoner-of-War Camp." At first, though, many of us thought it was the name of the town, and we got to calling it the Brewery, because the name ended in lager. Whatever beer was brewed there was not for us though.

I noticed that all the time he was writing the word and giving us the stationery, the sentry was laughing and having a great time with his own little self, but I figured he was just acting German, and that nothing was important about it.

We were all tickled to death to get a chance to let our people know where we were, and each man thought a long time about what he would say, and who he would write to, before he ever started to write. Each man wanted to say all he could in the small space he had, and we wanted to let our friends know how badly they were treating us without saying it in so many words, because we knew the Huns would censor the letters, and it would go hard with anyone who complained much. So most of the men said they were having a great time and were treated very well, and spread it on so thick that their friends would figure they were lying because they had to.

One fellow had an idea that was better than that, though. He had been in jail in Portsmouth, England, for three months, for beating up a constable, and he had had a pretty rough time. So he wrote a pal of his that he had been captured by the Germans, but that everything was going along pretty well. In fact, he said, the only other trip he had ever been on, where he had a better time, was the three months' vacation he had spent in Portsmouth two years before, which he thought the friend would remember. He said that trip was better than this one, so the friend could figure out for himself how pleasant this one was. Everybody thought this was a great idea, but unfortunately not all of us had been in jail, so we could not all use it. Which was just as well, we thought, because the Germans would be suspicious if all of us compared this vacation with others.

A few of the men did not have anybody they could write to, and some did not know their friends' addresses, so they would write letters to friends of the other men, and sign it with the friend's nickname.

As soon as a man had finished his letter, he had to go out to the center of the camp, where they had built a raised platform. There the sentries took the letters, and the men formed around the square. There were officers on the platform reading the letters. We thought they read them there in the open, before us, so that we would know they were not tampering with the letters, and we thought the heaven would fall if they were

getting so unchattered as that.

Finally, all the men had finished their letters and turned them over to the officers, who read them. And then we saw why the sentry laughed.

The officers tore up every one of the letters. They were anxious that we would see them do it, so none of us would have any hope that our friends would get word.

But we said to ourselves that, if it was information they wanted, they had as much as was good for them, which was none at all, because I do not think one letter in the bunch had a single word of truth in it. But we were all very angry and pretty low after that, because it showed the Huns still had plenty of kultur left, after all, and we knew there was rough sledding ahead of us. Also, some of the men were sore because they had wasted their time thinking up different ways of tipping their friends off to the real state of affairs, and all for nothing. Why they should worry about time, I could not see. Time was the only thing we had plenty of, and I for one, thought we were going to have still more of it.

Going back to the barracks we tried to sing "Pack Up Your Troubles," but there was not much pep in it. We were not downhearted, though; at least, we said we were not.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### Kultur—the Real Stuff.

Neustrelitz was mainly for Russian prisoners, and there were neither British nor French soldiers interned there—only sailors of the merchant marine such as the men I was with. The Russians were given far worse treatment than any other prisoners. This was for two reasons, as near as I could make out. One was that the Russian would stand most anything, whereas the British and French could only be goaded to a certain point, and beyond that lay trouble. The other reason was that the Russians sent German prisoners to Siberia, or at least, so the Huns thought, and Fritz hates the cold. So, hating the Russians, and realizing that they were used to being under-dogs, Fritz picked on them and bullied them in a way that the rest of us would not have stood. We would have rushed them and gone west with bayonets first.

The barracks were made of spruce, and were about ninety feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and you can take it from me that as carpenters, whoever made them were fine farmers. There were cracks in them that you could drive an automobile through. When we were there, each barracks had a stove in the center, a good stove and a big one, but at first it was of no use to us, because the Germans would not give us coal or wood for it. But after shivering for a while, we began ripping the boards out of the barracks, and taking the dividing boards from the benches that we used for beds.

Later, they gave each of us a mattress filled with wood shavings, and a blanket that was about as warm as a pane of glass. The mattresses were placed on the ground in the barracks, which were very damp, and after three or four days, the shavings would begin to rot and the mattresses to smell. In order to keep warm we slept as close together as we could, which caused our various diseases to spread rapidly.

When we were receiving our rations, the sentries would offer us an extra ration if we would take a lash from their belts. We were so hungry that many and many a man would go up and take a swat in any part of his body from the heavy leather belts with brass tongue and buckle, just to get a little more "shadow" upon or under coffee or mud bread.

One morning the sentries picked out ten men from our barracks, of which I was one, and drilled us over a hole near the kuche. There was a large tank in the field and we had to pump water into it. It was very cold, and we were weak and sick, so we would fall one after another, not caring whether we ever got up or not. Fritz would smash those who fell with his rifle butt. We asked for gloves, because our hands were freezing, but all we got was "Nichts."

After we had been there for about an hour and a half, one of our men became very sick, so that I thought he was going to die, and when he fell over, I reported it to a sentry. The sentry came over, saw him lying in the snow, yelled, "Schwein, nicht krank!" grabbed him by the shoulder, and pulled him all the way across the field to the office of the camp commander. Then he was placed in the guard house, where he remained for two days. The next thing we knew, the Russians had been ordered to make a box, and were being marched to the guard house to put him in it and bury him.

(To be continued.)

#### Barrel the Only Rolling Container.

A barrel can be rolled. This is its greatest merit. Every other shape of container which weighs over 100 pounds when filled must be lifted bodily and carried on a hand truck or by hoisting machinery. One man can unload a carload of sugar—200 barrels of it—in less than an hour.

#### Horse's Musical Sense.

The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet calls.

## FREE IN CRITICISM

### Marginal Notes Upon Books Are Sometimes Severe.

Readers' Estimates of the Works in a Circulating Library Apt to Be Irritating to Author, if He Saw Them.

Not only is the battered condition of certain works of fiction in circulating libraries a sure proof of their popularity, but one may even gather details from the marginal notes made by feminine readers. It is not sufficient for the commendative pencil to underscore admired passages, observes a writer in the New Orleans Times-Picayune; adjectives of praise also are freely if not always discriminatingly bestowed.

On the closing page of some favorite novel may often be read: "Fine!" "Splendid!" "Lovely!" or—highest commendation of all—"Grand!" One notemaker undertook the large order, "I would read every single word she writes," and another avowed, with more justice than she knew, "You don't often find a book like this."

On the other hand, these unprofessional critics can be terribly severe. A novel which takes them out of their depth is denounced as "A great big bore," or, with rude terseness, "Rot!" or even, in one case of evident exasperation, "You think you know it all."

A vigorous commentator on one of Mary Cholmondeley's novels did not wait for the last, but on the first page warned away possible readers with the word, "Punk," and three exclamatory points. The sprawling, unformed hand pursued the author with invective scorn throughout the book, manifesting that strange sense of superiority which frequently characterizes ignorance.

A verse of French poetry evoked the impatient query, "Why not write Greek?" while above another was scribbled, "Aw, piffle! We are not all French, you know." Observe that no intellectual curiosity was kindled in that thick brain to know what the French words meant, nor any realization awakened that we enrich ourselves by knowledge of another language.

The author's humorous touches were clearly taken as serious by this outraged reader who, after one passage, wrote mockingly, "My hero!" When a masculine character says something "housely" it is asked with biting sarcasm, "Did he have a cold?"

The hero conducts the heroine through a dark room, "knocking her carefully against pieces of furniture," as usually happens when one person tries to pilot another through obscurity, but this merciless critic demands, "Wasn't he chivalrous?"

Of a tastelessly arranged room the author said, "The furniture was not of the kind that expresses only one idea, and that a bad one," which calls forth the comment, "Like this book." The sun is not permitted to shine "bravely" without the jeer, "The sun ought to have a medal."

Finally the cup of the author's iniquities, so far as the captious reader is concerned, quite overflows, and on the last page we find the verdict, "This book is the bugliest ever."

#### Gunner's Mate Wins Praise.

Frederick Peterson Yost, chief gunner's mate, United States navy, has received a letter commending him for the excellent work of the armed guard of which he was in charge on a cargo ship attacked by a submarine. The promptness with which the submarine was picked up and fired upon and the accuracy of aim proved the efficiency of the gun crew. Yost enlisted in the navy at Philadelphia, Pa., October 3, 1907, and gave as his next of kin his father, Albert John Yost, Centerville, R. I. Here is a characteristic report from this gunner: "Night and fog when a sub was sighted, port bow. Ship started to swing when enemy crossed port bow, giving the appearance of craft from 200 to 300 feet. Showed one gun astern. We fired three shots, one striking conning tower and exploding, while the third shot, fired as the sub got broad off the ship's beam, hit abaft conning tower. Crew of sub taken by surprise, as there were no return shots. We fired still another shot while sub was going under, striking rear conning tower. Firing was heard following this attack from a distance, it being learned later that another ship had been attacked and sunk."

#### They Don't Have to See the Flag.

When one is as patriotic and respectful to the flag as a Great Lakes bluejacket is the colors can be heard even when not seen.

Facing the station on the sidewalk in front of her home in North Chicago a woman noticed several jackies abruptly stop in their walk, come to attention and salute, standing thus for a couple of minutes. On several occasions she noticed this and finally her curiosity made her ask the reason thereof.

"Colors," replied a sailor. "But where do you see the flag?" "I can't see it," was the reply, "but I hear the sound of bugle and drums in 'To the Colors,' and I know this is the time of day."—Chicago News.

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## Classified Advertising

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**WANTED**—Bids for transportation of pupils of school district No. 19, to and from Grants Pass, during the ensuing school year. For particulars address H. T. Hull, R. F. D. No. 2, or phone 609-F-23. 36

**WANTED**—Mill and yard men. Government scale. Good camp conditions. Seattle-Portland Logging & Milling Co., Glendale, Ore. 37

### MISCELLANEOUS

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

A soldier with cold feet can never win our war. Rally to the colors and enlist in the corps armed with knitting needles.

### NEW YORK'S MANY MINERALS

Astonishing Variety is Known to Exist Beneath the Streets of American Metropolis.

Everyone knows that Boston is a great center of copper mining, and that New York is the center of all other mining industries of the country, but few realize that either of these cities have opportunities to mine for anything except subways at home. It seems, however, that New York's extraordinary activities in the mining business must have received their first impetus not from Wall street, but from a varied experience gained in dealing with the rock of Manhattan.

More than 118 varieties of minerals and several kinds of gems have been found on the island, according to Electrical Experimenter. Aquamarines weighing 1½ karats have been found at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. The mining possibilities at Broadway and One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street are almost unlimited. Green tourmaline gems, magnetite and iron ore, chalcopyrite, malachite, pyrrhotite and a crystal form of nickel have been found there.

Other minerals to be had on the island are zirconite, used in the manufacture of perikon detector, roebingite, agate, amazon-stone, amber, amethyst, chrysoberyl, fire opal, garnet, peristerite, prehnite, rock crystal, rose quartz, smoky quartz, precious serpentine, tourmaline and willemite, silver, lead, zinc, copper, iron, topaz, moylebentite—which is used in the molybdenum detector—grafite, asbestos, mica, beryl, torbernite and uraninite.

### Good General Rule.

A New York magistrate, warning chauffeurs to avoid accident, told them not to confuse a small child in the roadway by loud blasts of the horn, but to slow down and give the child a chance to get out of the way. Fewer accidents would happen to pedestrians of any age were other methods of prevention used by motorists, save the single one of blowing a horn and leaving the rest to chance or providence.—Baltimore American.

### Clemenceau's Compromise.

Here is a bon-mot of Clemenceau which is making the rounds of Paris: The usual number of rifles used in a French firing party at the death of a traitor is twelve. Many persons went to Clemenceau trying to influence him not to impose the death penalty on Bolo. "Anyway, he was only half a traitor," said one influential man to the Tiger. "That being so, it is easily arranged," said Clemenceau. "We will give him only six rifles."

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All kinds of Commercial Printing at the Courier Office.

### Daily Thought.

Polliteness appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out, to live together in peace.