

GUNNER DEPEW

or
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 "Boys," 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 Huns, 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. 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 Swinemunde, they are placed in a prison camp where they suffer terribly from cold, hunger and mistreatment at the hands of the guards.

Another thing at Neustrelitz, that was pretty hard to stand, was the pretty habit the Huns had of coming up to the barbed wire and teasing us as though we were wild animals in a cage. Sometimes there would be crowds of people lined along the wire throwing things at us, and spitting, and having a great time generally. It was harder than ever when a family party would arrive, with water and mutter, and maybe grossvater and grossmutter, and all the little Boche kinder, because, as you probably know, the Germans take food with them whenever they go on a party, no matter what kind, and they would stand there and stare at us like the boobs they were, eating all the time—and we so hungry that we could have eaten ourselves, almost. After they had stared a while, they would begin to feel more at home, and then would start the throwing and spitting and the "schweinhund" sangerfest, and they would have a great time generally. Probably, when they got home, they would strike off a medal for themselves in honor of the visit.

Then, too, there were always Hun soldiers on leave or off duty, who made it a point to pay us a visit, and though I do not think they were as bad as the civvies, especially the women, they were bad enough.

We had one bucket in each barracks, and as these buckets were used for both washing and drinking, they were always dirty. We boiled the water when we washed the clothes, to get rid of the coolies, and that left a settling in it that looked just like red lead. We had to get the water from a hydrant outside of the barracks, and for a while we drank it. But after several of the boys had gone west and we could not figure out why, a man told us he thought the water was poisoned, and a Russian doctor, who was a prisoner, slipped us word about it also. So, after that, very few of us drank water from the hydrant. I was scared stiff at first, because I had had some of the water, but after that I did not touch hydrant water.

It was a good thing for us that

there was always plenty of snow in Germany, and even luckier that the Huns did not shoot us for eating it. It was about the only thing they did not deprive us of—it was not verboten.

I thought I knew what tough coolies were. In the trenches, but they were regular mollycoddles compared to the pets we had in the prison camps. After we boiled our clothes we would be free from them for not more than two hours, and then they would come back, with re-enforcements, thirsting for vengeance.

The camp at Neustrelitz was surrounded by big dogs, which were kept just outside the barbed wire. We had them going all the time. Every once in a while, some fellow would make an awful racket, and the next thing we knew, there was Fritz coming like a shot, with musket at his hip, just as they carry them in a charge, and blowing whistles at each other until they were blue in the face. Whenever they thought some one was escaping, they ran twice as fast as I



We Had Our Choice of Standing Up and Dying, or Falling Down and Being Killed.

ever saw them run, except when the Foreign Legion was on their heels at Dixmude.

When they got up to the dogs, they would first talk to them and then kick them, and after that, they would rest their rifles on the wire and yell "Zuruck!" at us. We all enjoyed this innocent pastime very much, and we were glad they had the dogs.

There were some things the Huns did that you just could not explain. For instance, one of the Russians walked out of the kuche, as we were passing, and we heard a bang! and the Russian keeled over and went west. Now, we had not done anything and the other Russians said he had behaved himself, worked hard and had never had any trouble. They just killed him, and that is all there was to it. But not one of us could figure out why.

After we had been at Neustrelitz for three weeks, they drilled us out of the camp to a railway station, and stood us in the snow for four hours waiting for the train. We were exhausted and began falling, one by one, and each time one of us fell, the sentries would yell, "Nicht krank!" and give us the rifle butt. We had our choice of standing up and dying or falling down and being killed, and it was a fine choice to have to make.

The cars finally pulled in, and as usual, the windows were smashed, the doors open, and the compartments just packed with snow. When we saw this, we knew we were going to get worse treatment, even, than we had been getting, and many of us wanted to die. It had not been unusual for some of the men to tell the Germans to shoot them too, and it seems as though it was always a man who wanted to live who did get it and went west.

However, all of us nearly got killed when we reached Wittenberg. When the train stopped there, we saw a big wagonload of sliced bread on the station platform and we all stared at it. We stood it as long as we could, and then we made a rush for it. But when we got nearer, we saw that there were four sentries guarding it and four women issuing it out to the German soldiers. They would not give us any, of course.

So we stood around and watched the

Huns eat it, while they and the women laughed at us, and pretended that they were starving and would groan and rub their stomachs and say, "Nichts zu essen," to each other, and then grab a big hunk of bread and eat it. What we did not say to them was very little indeed. We were certainly wild if any men ever were.

Then some of us said we were going to get some of that bread if we went west for it. So we started a fight, and while they were attending to some of us, the others grabbed and hid all the bread they could. They rousted us back into the cars and we were just starting to divide up the bread when they caught us with it and took it away. We were wilder than ever then, but we could do nothing.

It got colder after we left Wittenberg, and the snow blew into the cars through the windows and doors until we were afraid to sleep for fear of freezing. It was the worst night I have ever seen, and the coal bunkers on the Yarrowdale seemed like a palace compared to the compartments, because we could at least move around in the ship, while in the train we could not move at all, and were packed so close that we could not even stretch our legs and arms. Some of the men did die, but not in my compartment, though most of us were frost-bitten about the face.

We thought that night would never end, but day came finally, and though it seemed to get colder and colder, we did not mind it so much. At about eleven that morning, we arrived at a place called Minden and saw a prison camp there—just a stockade near the tracks with the boys out in the open. We waved to them, and they waved back and gave a cheer-oh or two. We felt sorry for them, because we knew we were not going to that camp, and from what little we saw, we knew we could not be going to a worse place than they were in. I shall never forget Minden, because it was here that I received the only cigarette I had while I was in Germany.

Minden is quite a railway center, I guess, and when we pulled into the depot, we saw many troops going to the front or coming back. As at all important German railway stations, there was a Red Cross booth on the platform, with German girls handing out barley coffee and other things to the German soldiers. I saw a large shanty on the platform, with a Red Cross painted over the door. I saw the girls giving barley coffee to the soldiers, and I thought I would have a try at it and at least be polite enough to give the girls a chance of refusing me. I was refused all right, but they were so nasty about it that I put down my head and let something slip. I do not remember just what it was, but it was not very complimentary, I guess. Anyhow, I did not think anyone near there understood English, but evidently some one heard me who did, for I got an awful boot that landed me ten or twelve feet away. I fell on my hands and knees, and about a yard away I saw a cigarette stub. I dived for it like a man falling on a football, and when I came up that stub was safely in my pocket.

And it stayed there until I reached Duxmude and had a chance to light it behind the barracks. If any of the other men had smelled real tobacco, they would probably have murdered me, and I could not have blamed them for it. That was the first and last cigarette I got in Germany, and you can believe me when I say that I enjoyed it. There was not much to it, but I smoked it until there was not enough left to hold in my mouth, and then I used what was left and mixed it with the bark that we made cigarettes out of. Incidentally, this bark was green stuff. I do not know what kind of tree it was from, but it served the purpose. Whenever a fellow wanted to smoke and lit one of these bark cigarettes, a few puffs were enough.

When they got up to the dogs, they would first talk to them and then kick them, and after that, they would rest their rifles on the wire and yell "Zuruck!" at us. We all enjoyed this innocent pastime very much, and we were glad they had the dogs.



The First and Last Cigarette.

He did not want to smoke again for some time afterward, and like as not, he did not want to eat either. They were therefore very valuable.

To Keep Awake in Church. Some men wouldn't get so sleepy in church if the rostrum had footlights in front of it and the minister was a female garbed in a rag, a dab of red paint and a smile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE HOW TO CANNING

STRING BEANS

String beans for canning should be tender and fresh. When the beans within the pod have grown to any size canning is more difficult and the finished product is of poorer quality. The Refugee is a good variety for canning. Use only well-sorted, small, tender beans. Wash and pick over the beans. String the beans and cut them into two-inch lengths. Cutting diagonally or "on the bias" gives a pretty product. If desired they can be canned whole and packed log-cabin fashion in square jars.

After the beans are prepared, blanch by placing in a cheesecloth bag in boiling water for from three to eight minutes, according to the age and size of the beans. Blanch only until the pods will bend without breaking, then plunge the hot beans into cold salt water (one tablespoonful of salt to one quart of water) for an instant. Drain well, pack quickly and cover with hot brine (2 1/2 ounces of salt to one gallon of boiling water). Partially seal jars.

Processing with steam under pressure is recommended. Process points 45 minutes under pressure of 10 pounds. Seal immediately, cool in a draft-free place. When cold, test for leaks, and store in a cool, dark, dry place.

If the intermittent boiling process is used, boil for 90 minutes on the first day, and 60 minutes on the second and third days. Before each subsequent boiling the covers must be loosened, and after each boiling the covers must be securely tightened to make sealing complete. Cool, test and store.

If a single-period boiling process is used, place jars in the canner and boil for at least three hours. Seal, cool, test and store.

Limn beans are treated the same as string beans, except that a seasoning (one-third level teaspoonful salt and two-thirds level teaspoonful sugar) is added after the jar is packed with beans. When the jar is filled with beans, cover them with clear hot water. Paddle with a wooden paddle to remove air bubbles and partially seal lids. Process as with string beans.—United States Department of Agriculture.

U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE HOW TO CANNING

CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE SOUP

Any desired mixture of vegetables may be canned for home use. A good combination consists of one quart concentrated tomato pulp, one pint corn or tiny lima beans, one pint okra, four teaspoonfuls salt and sugar seasoning, one small onion chopped, and half cupful of chopped sweet red pepper. Cook the tomatoes, pepper and onion; put through a sieve to remove seeds and skins. Return strained pulp to kettle and cook down to about the consistency of ketchup. Measure, add the corn or beans and okra, which have been prepared as for canning, add seasoning, and cook all together for ten minutes. Pack hot into previously boiled jars. Partially seal jars.

Processing with steam under pressure is recommended. Process quart jars 30 minutes under pressure of ten pounds. Seal immediately, cool in a draft-free place, and when cold test for leaks. Store in a cool, dark, dry place.

If the intermittent boiling process is used, boil for one hour on each of three successive days. Before each subsequent boiling the covers must be loosened, and after each boiling the covers must be securely tightened again to make sealing complete. Cool, test for leaks, and store.

If the single-period continuous method is followed, place the jars in the water bath and boil for at least two hours. Seal completely, cool and test for leaks, and store.—United States Department of Agriculture.

No Romance.

After Cinderella left, the court chamberlain reported the finding of a slipper.

The prince yawned. "This a marvelously small one." "Yes, they buy 'em too small and then they have to slip 'em off to rest their feet." And that's all there was to the episode.

Lonesome.

A soldier was on duty as night sentry for the first time, and his post was at a lonely place in the camp. He saw a figure advancing and asked, "Who goes there?"

The answer came, "The officer of the day." The sentry, forgetting the proper military reply in his relief at hearing a human voice, called out, "Good-night. I'm glad to see you."

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U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE HOW TO CANNING

APPLES
Apples shrink more in canning than most fruits, and for this reason should be blanched for one minute. Plunge them into a cold bath, then pack. Cover with a sirup made of 14 ounces of sugar to one gallon of water and process quart jars 12 minutes. Other sirups can be used in place of a part of the sugar usually required.

This method of canning apples is not economical, because the apple is juicy and needs no water added. A better method, perhaps, is to make a sauce out of the apples. This may be done by steaming them until tender and passing them through the sieve. Allow one cupful of sugar to each gallon of pulp. Reheat until the sugar is dissolved, pack hot in sterilized jars and process quart jars 12 minutes.—United States Department of Agriculture.

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"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "regards givin' good advice as a form of amusement, same as tellin' funny stories."