

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 "Swatts," the wonderful French gunners who 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 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 meets 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 Athens, is discharged from service and sails for New York on the steamer Georgia.

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

CHAPTER XVII—Transferred to the Yarrowdale, which was captured later by the Moewe, 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.

CHAPTER XIX—The prisoners are transferred to Neustrelitz, but get no better treatment there than at Swinemunde.

CHAPTER XX—After several weeks at Neustrelitz, they are transferred once more to Dinnert, Westphalia, experiencing more of the same brand of German Kultur while making the journey.

So I just kept staggering around, and the sentry came up to me and looked me over pretty hard. Then I thought for the first time that things might go hard on me, but I figured that if I quit the play acting it would be all over. So I staggered right up to the sentry and looked at him drunkenly, expecting every moment to get one from the bayonet.

But he was so surprised that all he could do was stare. So I stared back, pretending that I saw two of him, and otherwise acting foolish. Then I guess he realized for the first time that the chances of anybody being drunk in that camp were small—at least for the prisoners. He was rubbing his ear all the time, but finally he thought he had heard through the ivory and he began to laugh. I laughed, too, and the first thing you know he had me doing it again—that is, the imitation. One snowball was enough, I figured.

I used to talk to him quite often after that. We had no particular love for each other, but he was gamier than the other sentries, and he did not call me Schweinhund every time he saw me, so we got on very well together. His name must have been Schwartz, I guess, but it sounded like "Swatts" to me, so Swatts he was, and I was "Chink" to him, as everybody else called me that.

One day he asked me if I could speak French, and I said yes. Italian; yes. Russian; yes. No matter what language he might have mentioned I would have said yes, because I could smell something in the wind, and I was curious. Then he told me that if I went to the hospital and worked there, I might get better meals and would not have to go so far for them, and that my knowing all the languages I said I did would help me a great ways toward getting the job.

Evidently he had been told to get a man for the place, because he ap-

One day a German doctor came to the hospital barracks. He would not touch anything while he was there—not even open the door. All of the patients had little cards attached to their beds—charts of their condition. When the German wanted to see these charts the Russian doctors had to hold them for him.

I was having a great time at the hospital, wrecking the barracks next door each day for wood, along with Kate, and getting a little more food sometimes, and was always nice and warm. I thought myself quite a pet. Compared to what I had been up against, it seemed like real comfort. But the more food I got, the more I wanted. And it was food that brought me down, after all.

Across from us was a barracks in which there were English officers, and somehow it seemed to me that they must have had a drag. Every once in a while I saw what looked like vegetables and bags of something that was a dead finger for brown flour. So I told Slim, or Kate, as I was calling him by then, and with him on guard, I sneaked out.

After two or three false starts, I got over our barbed wire and their barbed wire, and in through a window.

There I saw carrots! And Graham flour!

I took all I could carry, to divide up with Kate, and then started eating, so as not to waste anything. It was certainly some feast—the only thing besides mud bread and barley coffee and "shadow" soup that I had to eat in Germany. Then I started back to the hospital. I got over their barbed wire all right, and Kate gave me the go-ahead for our entanglements, but just as I was going over them a sentry nabbed me. At first I thought Kate had turned traitor, because we had had a little argument a short time before.

But later on I figured that he would not have done a trick like that, and besides, he knew I was bringing him something to eat. So the sentry must have sneaked up without Kate seeing him. Who got the carrots and Graham flour that I was carrying I do not know. The sentries booted me all the way back to my old barracks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Despair—and Freedom.

While I was working at the hospital conditions at my old barracks had been getting worse and worse. Very few of the men were absolutely right in the head, I guess, and almost all had given up hope of ever getting out alive. Though they put up a good front to the Huns, they really did not care a great deal what happened to them. The only thing to think about was the minute they were living in.

The day I came back two Englishmen, who had suddenly gone mad, commenced to fight each other. It was the most terrible fight I have ever seen. It was some time before the rest of us could make them quit, because at first we did not know they were crazy. When we had them down, however, they were scratched and bitten and pounded from head to foot. Both of them bled from the nose all that night, and toward morning one of them became sane for a few minutes and then died. The other was taken away by the Germans, still crazy.

Another time an Australian came into our barracks and very seriously told us that he had a drag with the German officers and that he had been to dinner with them, and had had turkey, potatoes, coffee, butter, eggs, sugar in his coffee, and all the luxuries you could think of. We just sat and stared at him. It seemed impossible that any of our own men would have the gall to torture us like that, and yet we could not possibly believe that it had really happened. Finally, one fellow could not stand it any longer. He was nothing but skin and bones, but he grabbed a dividing board and there were just two wallpots: the board hit the Australian's head and the head hit the floor. Then half a dozen more pounced onto him and gave him a real licking. When he came to he had forgotten all about the wonderful dinner he did not have.

Not long after this the Russian doctors proved to the Germans that there was no black typhus in our barracks and we were allowed the freedom of the camp except that we could not visit the Russian barracks. That was no hardship to me nor to the rest of us, except one chap from the Cambrian Range, who had a special pal among the Russians that he wanted to see. And, of course, when it was verboten, he wanted to see him all the more.

(To be continued.)

Easy Way to Measure Distances.

Boy scouts who are interested in emulating deeds of their older friends are practicing many engineering stunts. One of the most interesting is to measure distances without instruments and where the travel from point to point is impracticable. The method followed is one employed by Napoleon when his engineers sought to learn the distance across an unfordable river.

The little corporal took a position on the bank at the water edge, gazed across the stream until the opposite shore line was just discernible below the vision of his cap, then turned on his heel and spotted a point at the same level up stream. After this he paced off the distance and had it approximately correct.

All kinds of legal blanks at th-

AT THE MOVIES

"Nan of Music Mountain," the star of which is handsome Wallace Reid of Paramount fame, will be shown at the Joy on Friday and Saturday. It is a western story, full of thrills from start to whirlwind finish, but has many entirely new angles and contains a love story of the most romantic interest.

OBITUARY

Jasper Darnelle

Jasper Darnelle was born somewhere in eastern Oregon, September 1, 1853, while his parents were traveling from Missouri to the Pacific coast. They settled near Eugene, taking up a donation land claim, and lived there until 1863, when they moved to Missouri Flat, where they lived for a few years, later on taking up a homestead on Thompson creek. When Jasper Darnelle was 21 years old he took up a homestead near his father's place, and was married in the same year, September 23, 1874, to Ellen Custer. After 14 years on the homestead he sold out and moved to Murphy, where he engaged in farming and mining until his death.

Mr. Darnelle is survived by his widow and eight children, all of whom were present, except Mrs. Archie Virtue and Mrs. Roy McFee, who lived in Alberta, and Lester Darnelle, who was recently drafted, and is now at Camp Mills, Long Island. The funeral was held at the Missouri Flat cemetery, Wednesday, August 14. Rev. L. Myron Booser of this city conducting the service.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the neighbors and friends for help and sympathy extended during our recent bereavement in the death of our husband and father, Jasper Darnelle.

MRS. ELLEN DARNELLE and FAMILY.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to our friends and neighbors for their kind sympathy and beautiful floral offerings in our recent bereavement in the loss of our dear son and brother, MR. and MRS. E. F. FRIDAY and daughter, VESTA.

3,500-TON STEAMER IS COMPLETED IN 30 DAYS

Detroit, Aug. 16.—A record in ship construction is claimed by the Great Lakes Engineering Works in delivering today to the Emergency Fleet Corporation, complete in every detail, the 3,500-ton steel freighter, "Crawf Keys" 30 days after its keel was laid in the yards at Ecorse, Michigan.

THREE HUNS IN FIVE MINUTES—SOME RECORD

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 16.—Lieutenant Hudson, formerly of this city, and now with the American aerial forces in France, recently brought down three German airplanes in five minutes, according to an announcement today by Mrs. Mary Wear, assistant state librarian, and Hudson's aunt. The aviator's father, Paul Hudson, now in Washington, received news of the feat from the commander, Mrs. Wear said.

COMING EVENTS

Aug. 19-Sept. 6—Josephine county teachers training school.
August 24, Saturday—Pomona grange will meet at Fruitdale.
Sept. 9—Opening of city schools.

U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

HOW TO CAN

TOMATO SAUCE OR PUREE

If a more economical utilization of space within the jar is desired, a more concentrated mixture of tomatoes can be packed. This also provides for the use of small or broken tomatoes and large tomatoes unsuited for canning.

Cut the tomatoes and add one large-sized onion chopped and one cupful of chopped sweet red pepper to each gallon of cut tomatoes. Cook until tender, put through a sieve and add a third teaspoonful of salt and two-thirds teaspoonful of sugar (mixed) to each quart of pulp. Cook to the consistency of ketchup, stirring constantly. Pack hot in boiled jars and process as for tomatoes.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—179 Angora goats and kids. For particulars address E. H. Wise, Kerby, Ore. 89tf

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

FOR SALE—160 acres timber land near Kerby. Inquire Frank Floyd, Kerby, Ore. 58

FOR SALE—Six-inch centrifugal pump. Nine-horse power gas engine, new, or will trade for 12-inch pump. Address C. P. Collypy, General Delivery. 49

FOR SALE—Five good Jersey cows, 2 extra good Guernseys, 4 months old Herford bull, 1 riding mare, 1 colt, 1 heavy team. Inquire Dr. Nerbus, Grave Creek ranch. 35tf

FOR SALE—25 white Leghorn hens and one O. A. C. cockerel for \$26. Hens laid 191 eggs each in pullet year. Geo. P. Cramer. 41

FOR SALE—First class oat and vetch hay in stack. Geo. J. Fox, 900 North Tenth street. 42

LEAVING CITY, will sell Smith & Barnes piano, almost as good as new—mahogany case, price \$175. Address No. 1301 care Courier. 43

FOR SALE—A span of horses, weight, 1400 each. \$200. Inquire 1002 Oak street. 43

TO RENT

FOR RENT—6-room house with bath and large garden planted. 209 Foundry street. Inquire opposite, or Moss renting agency. 86tf

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, furnished complete, for rent—232 West 1 street. Mrs. J. S. Smith. 39

WANTED

WANTED—To buy medium sized stump puller. Address No. 1292, care of Rogue River Courier. 38

WANTED—A cook at the Good Samaritan hospital. 38

WANTED—By teacher, rooms furnished for light housekeeping within walking distance of Grants Pass High school. Address Box 279, Gold Hill, Ore. 39

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.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



National Mazda Lamps

HAVING too little light puts a strain on children's vision that they may never outgrow! Why not have plenty of light? National MAZDA Lamps give three times the light of old-fashioned carbon lamps without adding a penny to your light bill.

Rogue River Hardware
Geo. R. Riddle, Mgr.

ATTORNEYS

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

COLVIG & WILLIAMS, Attorneys-at-law, Grants Pass Banking Co. Bldg., Grants Pass, Oregon.

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

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney at Law. Golden Rule Building. Phone 270. Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys, Albert Bldg. Phone 236-J. Practices in all courts; land board attorneys.

C. A. SIDLER, Attorney-at-law, referee in bankruptcy. Masonic temple, Grants Pass, Ore.

VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian. Office, residence. Phone 305-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.

LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 182 Sixth and H. Tufts Bldg.

DR. J. O. NIDLEY, 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.

A. BURSELL, M. D. D. C.—All drugless and surgical methods. 215 North Sixth street, phone 7. In Dr. Ingram's office. 53

DENTISTS

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

PHOTO STUDIO

THE BEST TIME—The softest and most beautiful lighting effects for fine pictures are secured by the operator at The Picture Mill between the hours of 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. and believing that you desire the very best work, we would respectfully suggest that you arrange for sittings between the above hours. After 2 p. m. the light becomes intense and harsh and the results are not as satisfactory as earlier in the day. Call 283-R for time. 60

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

J. S. MACMURRAY, teacher of voice culture and singing. Lessons given at home of pupil if requested. Address 716 Lee 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 WORLD 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. Grants Pass. 2:00 p. m.

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.

Under Control.

Willis—"Bump says he lost control of his car yesterday." Gillis—"That's right. The sheriff has it now."—Judge.