

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 "Reds," the wonderful French guns 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 pushed down as they cross No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VIII—Sent to Dinanville 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 supply 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 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 Dulmen, Westphalia, experiencing more of the same brand of German Kultur while making the journey.

A day or two after the order I was standing outside the barracks door when I saw this fellow come out with a dividing board in his hand. I thought he was going to smash somebody with it, so I stood by. But he stooped over and jammed one end of the board against the threshold of the door, scratched the ground with the farther end of the board and measured again. He kept this up, length by length, in the direction of the Russian barracks. The sentry in the yard stopped and stared at him, but the fellow kept right on, paying no attention to anybody. Pretty soon he was right by the sentry's feet and I thought any minute the sentry would give him the butt, but he just stared a while and let him pass. That lad measured the whole distance to the Russian barracks, went inside, stayed a while and calmly strolled back with the board under his arm. When he reached our barracks again he told us he had found a vino mine. What he had found was something not so unusual—a boneheaded German.

There was a lot of bamboo near the Russian barracks and the Russians made baskets out of it and turned them in to the Germans. For this they got all the good jobs in the kitchen and had a fine chance to get more to eat. But they were treated like dogs—that is, all except the few Cossacks that were in the bunch. The Hunns knew that a Cossack never forgets and will get revenge for the slightest mistreatment, even if it means his death. I have seen sentries turn aside from the beat they were walking and get out of the way when they saw a Cossack coming. There were very few Cossacks there, however. I do not think they let themselves get captured very often.

We had roll call every morning, of course, and were always mustered in front of our barracks, the middle of

the line being right at the barracks door. Sometimes when the cold got too much for them, the men nearest the door would duck into the barracks. As they left the ranks the other men would close up and this kept the line even, with the center still opposite the barracks door. Finally almost all of the men would be in the barracks and by the time the roll was over not one remained outside. This seemed to peeve the German officers a great deal, but they did not punish us for it until we had been doing it for some time.

For several days I had noticed that someone else answered for two men who had disappeared; at least I had not seen them for some time. I did not think much about it, or ask any questions, and I did not hear anyone else talk about it, but I was pretty sure the two men, a Russian and a Britisher, had escaped. But they were marked present at roll call and all accounted for. Everything went along very well until one day when the name "Fontaine" got by without being answered. Fontaine was a French fireman from the Cambrian Range and that was the first time he had not been present. We saw what was coming and we began to get pretty sore at Fontaine for not telling us, so we could answer for him and keep the escape covered.

The minute they found our count one short they blew the whistles and a squad of sentries came up as an extra guard. They counted us again, but by sneaking back of the line and closing up again we made the count all right except for one man—Fontaine. We would have tried to cover up for him, except that they had already discovered his absence. Now, we thought, they will nab Fontaine but will not discover the escape of the others.

But evidently they suspected something, for soon they brought over a petty officer from H. M. S. Nomad, who had not been with us before, and forced him to call the roll from the mustering papers, while they watched the men as they answered. Then they discovered that two more besides Fontaine were missing and began to search for them.

The other two spoke German and had been missing for at least three days and, I think, had escaped by this time. They were not returned while I was at Brandenburg.

This was about 7 a. m. They drilled us down to the little lake, where the cold was much greater, and kept us there until 5 p. m., without food or drink. At about eight that morning they found Fontaine in a French barracks and kicked him all the way to the lake where we were.

All day long we stood there, falling one by one and getting kicked or beaten each time until we dragged ourselves up again. Two or three died—I do not know the exact number. But we had enough strength, when ordered back to the barracks, to kick Fontaine ahead of us all the way. We did not get anything to eat until seven the next morning—twenty-four hours without food and water, ten of which were spent in the snow without any protection from the cold and wind. No wonder we kicked Fontaine for bringing this punishment on us and endangering the two who had escaped—he had simply strolled over to the French barracks and forgot to return.

Now, the food received was just about enough to keep us alive. I suppose, with true kultur, the Hunns had figured out just how much it would take to keep a man on this side of the starvation line and gave us that much and no more. So we were always famished—always hungrier than you probably ever have been. But sometimes when we were ravenously hungry and could not hold out any longer we would trade rations.

One man would trade his whole ration for the next day for a half ration today. That is, if you were so hungry that you thought you could not last out the day on your regular share, you would tell someone else that if he gave you half his share today you would give him all of yours tomorrow. If he was a gambler he would take you up. That is, he would gamble on his being alive tomorrow, not on your keeping your word. He knew you would come across with your ration the next day, and like as not, if you tried to keep it from him, he would kill you, and nobody would blame him.

To be continued
All kinds of home repairs at 40
Courier.

WILLIAMS

Jim McFadden and family have moved up on Williams creek. They are living in the Methodist parsonage for the present.

Summer Davidson is hauling lumber to Grants Pass from the Cogge mill.

Perry McGee is visiting relatives and friends on the creek.

Bert Johnson purchased a Ford car recently.

Bill Lemmon, Bert Johnson and Bob Sparlin went to work at the chrome mine this week.

Dave Vinyard and family spent the day at John Sparlin's last Sunday.

Harry Sorrell is visiting in the vicinity.

Mrs. Mollie Dale and daughter are visiting at the home of Mrs. Dale's mother, Mrs. Mary John.

Misses Minnie and Ethel Whipple, of Medford, are visiting with friends on the creek.

FERRYDALE

E. C. Neely lost a valuable horse while out with the thrasher. Its leg was broken by a kick from its mate while in the stable.

A. C. Ford is harvesting the last of his early crawford peaches this week. It has been reported that the birds were very destructive this year.

Mrs. J. Zimmerman was visiting Mrs. Steve Smith Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Green, Mrs. Paterson and daughter, Hazel, were visiting Mrs. A. C. Ford and Mrs. M. L. Griffin Friday.

Miss Mary Wertz is visiting G. H. Griffin's this week.

A. I. Hussey and family left Wednesday expecting to camp on Williams creek and visit the Josephine caves.

Thos. Overton, Mrs. E. C. Neely and sons, Ray and Paul, were in Grants Pass Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm. Crow and two grandsons and daughter visited Mrs. Laura Carr Wednesday.

D. G. and Dan Robertson have commenced baling this week.

FRUITDALE

I. J. Hagen has a very sore hand. Delbert Wardrip and family, of Tokay Heights, spent Sunday with Prof. Wardrip and family.

Mable Bauman, of Wilderville, and Nola Lindsay, of Murphy, are spending the week with the G. W. Potts children.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Roper entertained Mrs. Davis, of Weed, Cal., Mrs. Morris, of Ashland, and Mrs. Wellington, of Medford, Friday. Mrs. Roper's brother, Mr. Williams, wife and three children, of Medford, and her sister, Mrs. Childers, of Clatskanie were entertained Sunday and Mr. Roper's cousin, Mrs. I. A. Louse, of Marshfield, is spending the week with them.

The William Williams family spent Sunday with their Kerby relatives.

The G. W. Potts family spent Sunday with the Bauman family at Wilderville.

Charlie Peterson and family went over to their ranch on Jump-off-Joe Monday, returning Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stanbrough and son, George, Mrs. S. R. Green and J. H. Harris, were dinner guests of E. E. Blanchard and wife of Grants Pass Sunday, and on Monday they all motored out to Mr. Blanchard's ranch on Williams creek and had a picnic dinner.

G. A. Hamilton and William Williams are each harvesting a fine crop of Bartlett pears and better still receiving \$1.20 per box.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Smith, two Grout brothers and their sisters, Miss

Grout and Mrs. Prettyman, motored over from New Hope and spent a musical evening with the Nelson family Tuesday.

Alonso Jones, wife and daughter, Leona, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knox, of Murphy, Sunday.

Mrs. Nelson spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Mary Hoare.

Miss Margaret Rathbone, of Grants Pass, will conduct our school the coming year, which will open September 12.

LELAND

Mrs. H. O. Williams and daughters, Mrs. Percy Williams and Mrs. Inez Reeves, were in Grants Pass one day last week visiting and on business.

Frank Foss, of Grants Pass, visited his sister, Mrs. H. K. Miller, last Friday.

John DeVail, wife and daughter, Dortha, spent the past week in the Klamath Falls country, returning home Monday. They report a very enjoyable time.

Lela Walker left for North Bend one day last week.

Mrs. Henry Miller spent Monday in Grants Pass on business.

The Grave creek people are rejoicing over the opening up of the new chrome mine found recently by Crook Epperly. There is already a crew of men working the mine.

E. L. Ellis made a business trip to Glendale Tuesday.

Brownie Hampton left for Grants Pass Thursday on business.

Ed. Peisel and family returned from the north, where they spent a week or so visiting friends.

The Leland Red Cross branch will have finished all their hospital garments. Also several pairs of socks, by the 20th of the month, and sent in to the Grants Pass chapter.

Mrs. Wm. McMichael was called home by the recent sickness and death of her father, John Worthan, who formerly was a resident of Grave creek for a good many years.

Butter Wrappers printed to comply with the law at the Courier.



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