

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 "Boys," 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 Huns, 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 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 Dardanelles campaign.

CHAPTER XII—Depew is a member of a 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 sent 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.

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.

It certainly was hard, when the next day came, to give up your whole ration and go without that day. But I never saw a man hedge, or even speak of it. And we did not have any food pirates among us either: we were not captives of industry by any means.

There were times when some of us could not eat certain of our rations. For instance, many and many a time I was as hungry as anybody could be, and I wanted to eat my bread, but it seemed as if I could not get it into my mouth. Then I would trade it with someone else for his "shadow soup" or his barley coffee.

We were dying every day in Brandenburg and after each death the senior men of that barracks would detail twelve of their number to go out for half an hour and dig the grave, while others made little crosses, on which they wrote or carved the man's name, when he was captured, and his regiment or ship. In the middle of the cross were always the letters, R. I. P.—Rest in Peace.

One time we were ordered to report to the German doctors for a serum treatment of some kind—to receive an injection, in other words. There was no choice about it this time, as we were simply herded together to the hospital barracks. Now, I knew what these things were like and how brutal the German doctors were in giving an injection, so I wanted to be the very first man and not have to witness the other men getting theirs.

So I pushed up to the head of the line, with the crew of H. M. S. Nomad, who had been captured in the Jutland battle, and by the time we got to the hospital was the very first man in line. But the sentry threw me back and there were several men ahead of me.

Each of them bared his chest and the doctors slashed them across the breast with a very thin knife, so you can see

I did not wait to hear any more, but rushed into the barracks again, singing and whistling and yelling as loud as I could. The boys told me my face was very red and I guess what little blood I had in my body had rushed to my head, because I could hardly walk for a few minutes.

Then the men began to think I was crazy, and none of them believed I would really be released, but that I was going to be sent to the mines, as so many were. But I believed it, and I just sat there on my bunk and began to dream of the food I would get and what I would eat first, and so on.

I did not sleep that night—just walked from barracks to barracks until they chased me away, and then walked up and down in my own barracks the rest of the night. When I got to the Russian barracks and told the two doctors my news, they would not believe me at all, although they knew there had been some important visitor at the camp.

But when I walked out of their door I said, "Dobra vecher," which means "Good night!" Then they must have believed me, for they called me back, and all the men gave me addresses of people to write to in case I should get away.

They were all talking at once, and one of the doctors got very excited and got down on his knees with his hands in the air. "Albert," he said, "if you have the God-given luck to get out of Germany—not for my sake, but for the sake of us who are here in this hell-hole, promise me you will tell all the people wherever you go what they are doing to us here. Tell them not to send money, for we can't eat money, and not meat—just bread, bread, bread."

And when I looked around all the men were sitting on their beds crying and tearing their hair and saying, "bread, bread, bread," over and over again. Then each tried to give me something, as if to say that even if they did not get out, perhaps their button or belt or skull cap would get back to civilization.

When I left their barracks I began to cry, because it did not seem possible that I was going away, and already I could see them starving slowly, just as I had been starving.

The next morning a sentry came to my barracks, called out my name and took me to the commander of the camp. They searched me, and then drilled me back to barracks again. Then the men all thought they were just playing a joke on me, and they said so.

The same thing happened the next day, and when one of the men said that probably I would be slammed up against a wall and shot, I began to feel shaky. I can tell you.

But the third morning, after they had searched me, the commander said, "Well, you'll have to have a bath before you leave the country," and I was so glad that I did not mind about the bath, although I remembered the last one I had, and it did not agree very well with me. After the bath, they drilled me out into the road.



They Slashed Me Three Times.

There were four sentries with me, but not Swatts, nor did I see him anywhere around, for which I was sorry. But all the boys came down to the barbed wire, or to the gate, and some were crying, and others were cheering, and all of them were very much excited. But after a minute or two they got together again and the last thing I heard was the song about packing up your old kit bag, and then, "Are we downhearted?—No!" They were certainly game lads.

They did not take me straight to the station, but took me through all the streets they could find, and as usual, the women were there with the bricks and spit. But I did not mind: I was used to it, and besides, it was the last time. So I just grinned at them, and thought that I was better off than they, because they had to stay in the hole called Germany.

I was still half naked, but I did not mind the two-hour wait on the station platform. I noticed a little sign that said, "Berlin 25 miles north," and that was the first time I had much of a sense where Brandenburg was.

(To be continued.)

All kinds of legal blanks at the Courier.

MONSTROUS IDEA IN GERMAN MIND

Treachery, Murder, Barbarity, Anything, Praiseworthy if for Prussia's Gain.

Abominable System That Must Be Overthrown if the World is to Be Worth Living in, Regardless of the Cost.

This I have seen. I could not believe it unless I had seen it through and through. For several weeks I lived with it; I went all about it and back of it; inside and out of it was shown to me—until finally I came to realize that the incredible was true. It is monstrous, it is unthinkable, but it exists. It is the Prussian system.—F. C. Walcott.

At a conference of field men of the United States food administration held in Washington, F. C. Walcott pictured conditions as he had found them in the countries invaded by German arms. Mr. Walcott served with Mr. Hoover on the Belgium relief commission when this nation was attempting to feed the starving civilian population of Belgium, Poland and northern France. In his address he had pictured such conditions as he said he could not believe unless he had seen the situation through and through, and had lived with it for weeks. He showed these terrible conditions to be the result of deliberate plans on the part of official Germany, and in summing up he said:

"Such is the German mind as it was disclosed to me in several weeks' contact with officers of the staff. Treaties are scraps of paper, if they hinder German aims. Treachery is condoned and praised, if it falls in with German interest. Men, lands, countries are German prizes. Populations are to be destroyed or enslaved so Germany may gain. Women are Germany's prey, children are spoils of war. God gave Germany the Hohenzollern and together they are destined to rule Europe and, eventually, the world—thus reasons the Kaiser.

"Coolly, deliberately, officers of the German staff, as depicted by this monstrous philosophy, discuss the denationalization of peoples, the destruction of nations, the undoing of other civilizations, for Germany's account.

"In all the world such a thing has never been. The human mind has never conceived the like. Even among barbarians, the thing would be incredible. The mind can scarcely grasp the fact that these things are proposed and done by a modern government professedly a Christian government in the family of civilized nations.

"This system has got to be rooted out. If it takes everything in the world, if it takes everyone of us, this abomination must be overthrown. It must be ended or the world is not worth living in. No matter how long it takes, no matter how much it costs, we must endure to the end with agonized France, with imperiled Britain, with shattered Belgium, with shaken Russia.

"We must hope that Germany will have a new birth as Russia is being reborn. We must pray, as we fight against the evil that is in Germany, that the good which is in Germany may somehow prevail. We must trust that in the end Germany really great with the strength of a wonderful race may find its place as one of the brotherhood of nations in the new world that is to be.

"The responsibility of success or failure rests now upon our shoulders; the eyes of the world are anxiously watching us. Are we going to be able to rise to the emergency, throw off our inefficiency, and prove that democracy is safe for the world?"

In the above statement Mr. Walcott has described a condition that must be changed if America, if the world, is to remain a "fit place to live in." And the only way by which this change can be effected is the defeat of German arms in this war. Nothing good, nothing but evil, can come out of Germany, so long as the German people are controlled by a military autocracy, and the German people cannot be made to realize this until this autocracy is crushed. The spirit of militarism that has made of the Germans a robber and a murderer nation must be utterly crushed if the world is to remain free, and to accomplish this those of us who cannot fight in France must lend our support to our men who are fighting for us.

A Puzzled Reporter.

If I happen to marry a woman with whom I naturally agree, I will turn out a good husband; if not, I'll turn out a bad husband. Find a man and wife who are compelled to "study" each other in order to get along, and who "talk things over" a good deal, and say mean things to each other, and they'd separate if it wasn't for the children, or the name of it.—Ed Howe's Weekly.

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Rev. James Holburn, of Altyth, Perthshire, England, a Y. M. C. A. war work secretary, was dangerously wounded at the front during the recent drive. He lost his right eye.	