

# 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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## CHAPTER III.

### In the Foreign Legion.

This time I was determined to enlist. So, when we landed at St. Nazaire, I drew my pay from the Virginian and, after spending a week with my grandmother, I went out and asked the first gendarme I met where



"I Went Out and Asked the First Gendarme Where to Enlist."

the enlistment station was. I had to argue with him some time before he would even direct me to it. Of course I had no passport and this made him suspicious of me.

The officer in charge of the station was no warmer in his welcome than the gendarme, and this surprised me, because Murray and Brown had no trouble at all in joining. The French, of course, often speak of the Foreign Legion as "the convicts," because so many legionaries are wanted by the police of their respective countries, but a criminal record never had been a bar to service with the legion, and I did not see why it should be now—I felt I suspected me of having one. I had heard there were not a few Germans in the legion—later on I became acquainted with some—and believe me, no Alsatian ever fought harder against the Huns than these former Deutschlanders did. It occurred to me then that if they thought I was a German, because I had no passport, I might have to prove I had been in trouble with the Kaiser's crew before they would accept me. I do not know what the real trouble was, but I solved the problem by showing them my discharge papers from the American navy. Even then, they were suspicious because they thought I was too young to have been a C. P. O. When they challenged me on this point, I said I would prove it to them by taking an examination.

They examined me very carefully, in English, although I know enough French to get by on a subject like gunnery. But foreign officers are very proud of their knowledge of English—and most of them can speak it—and I think this one wanted to show off, as you might say. Anyway, I passed my examination without any trouble, was accepted for service in the Foreign Legion and received my commission as gunner, dated Friday, January 1, 1915.

There is no use in my describing the Foreign Legion. It is one of the most famous fighting organizations in the world, and has made a wonderful record during the war. When I joined La Legion, it numbered about 60,000 men. Today it has less than 8,000. They say that since August, 1914, the legion has been wiped out three times, and that there are only a few men still in service who belonged to the original

legion. I believe it to be true. In January of this year the French government decided to let the legion die. I was sorry to hear it. The legionnaires were a fine body of men, and wonderful fighters. But the whole civilized world is now fighting the Huns, and Americans do not have to enlist with the French or the Limeys any longer.

But one thing about the legion, that I find many people do not know, is that the legionnaires are used for either land or sea service. They are sent wherever they can be used. I do not know whether this was the case before the present war—I think not—but in my time, many of the men were put on ships. Most people, however, have the

idea that they are only used in the infantry.

With my commission as gunner, I received orders to go to Brest and join the dreadnaught Cassard. This assignment tickled me, for my pal Murray was aboard, and I had expected trouble in transferring to his ship in case I was assigned elsewhere. We had framed it up to stick together as long as we could. We did, too.

Murray was as glad as I was when I came aboard, and he told me he had heard Brown, our other pal, had been made a sergeant in another regiment of the legion.

We were both surprised at some of the differences between the French navy and ours, but after we got used to it, we thought many of their customs improvements over ours. But we could not get used to it, at first. For instance, on an American ship, when you are pounding your ear in a nice warm hammock and it is time to relieve the watch on deck, like as not you will be awakened gently by a burly garby armed with a fairly wand about the size of a bed slat, whereas in French ships, when they call the watch, you would think you were in a swell hotel and had left word at the desk. It was hard to turn out at first, without the aid of a club, and harder still to break ourselves of the habit of calling our relief in the gay and festive American manner, but, as I say, we got to like it after a while.

Then, too, they do not do any hazing in the French navy, and this surprised us. We had expected to go through the mill just as we did when we joined the American service, but nobody slung a hand at us. On the contrary, every garby aboard was kind and decent and extremely courteous, and the fact that we were from the States counted a lot with them. They used to brag about it to the crews of other ships that were not so honored.

But this kindness we might have expected. It is just like Frenchmen in any walk of life. With hardly an exception, I have never met one of this nationality who was not anxious to help you in every way he could; extremely generous, though not reckless with small change, and almost always cheery and there with a smile in any weather. A fellow asked me once why it was that almost the whole world loves the French, and I told him it was because the French love almost the whole world, and show it. And I think that is the reason, too.

About the only way you can describe the Poilus, on land or sea, is that they are gentle. That is, you always think that word when you see one and talk to him—unless you happen to see him within bayonet distance of Fritz.

The French sailors sleep between decks in bunks, instead of hammocks, and as I had not slept in a bunk since my Southerndown days, it was pretty hard on me. So I got hold of some heaving line, which is one-quarter-inch rope, and rigged up a hammock. In my spare time I taught the others how to make them, and pretty soon everybody was doing it.

When I taught the sailors to make hammocks, I figured, of course, that

they would use them as we did—that is, sleep in them. They were greatly pleased at first, but after they had tried the stunt of getting in and staying in, it was another story. A hammock is like some other things—it works while you sleep—and if you are not on to it, you spend most of your sleeping time hitting the floor. Our gun captain thought I had put over a trick hammock on him, but I did not need to; every hammock is a trick hammock.

Also, I taught them the way we make mats out of rope, to use while sleeping on the steel gratings near the entrance to stoke holes. In cold weather this part of the ship is more comfortable than the ordinary sleeping quarters, but without a mat it gets too hot.

American soldiers and sailors get the best food in the world, but while the French navy chow was not fancy, it was clean and hearty, as they say down East. For breakfast we had bread and coffee and sardines; at noon a boiled dinner, mostly beans, which were old friends of mine, and of the well-named navy variety; at four in the afternoon, a pint of vino, and at six, a supper of soup, coffee, bread and beans.

Although the French "seventy-five" is the best gun in the world, their naval guns are not as good as ours, and their gunners are mostly older men. But they will give a youngster a gun rating if he shows the stuff.

Shortly after I went aboard the Cassard, we received instructions to proceed to Spezia, Italy, the large Italian naval base. The voyage was without incident, but when we dropped anchor in Spezia, the Italian port officials quarantined us for fourteen days on account of smallpox. During this period our food was pretty bad; in fact, the meat became rotten. This could hardly have happened on an American ship, because they are provisioned with canned stuff and preserved meats, but the French ships, like the Italian, depend on live stock, fresh vegetables, etc., which they carry on board, and we had expected to get a large supply of such stuff at Spezia. Long before the fourteen days were up we were out of these things, and had to live on anything we could get hold of—mostly hardtack, coffee and cocoa.

We loaded a cargo of airplanes for the Italian aviators at the French flying schools, and started back to Brest. On the way back we had target practice. In fact, at most times on the open sea, it was a regular part of the routine.

It was during one of these practices that the French officers wanted to find out what the Yankee gunner knew about gunnery. At a range of eight miles, while the ship was making eight knots an hour, with a fourteen-inch gun I scored three d's—that is, three direct hits out of five trials. After that there was no question about it. As a result, I was awarded three bars.



"With a Fourteen-inch Gun I Scored Three D's."

These bars, which are strips of red braid, are worn on the left sleeve, and signify extra marksmanship. I also received two hundred and fifty francs, or about fifty dollars in American money, and fourteen days' shore leave.

All this made me very angry, oh, very much wrought up indeed—not! I saw a merry life for myself on the French rolling wave if they felt that way about gunnery.

I spent most of my leave with my grandmother in St. Nazaire, except for a short trip I made to a star-shell factory. This factory was just about like one I saw later somewhere in Amer-

## FOLLOW BEND-HEPPNER LEAD

### FIRE OFFICE ADOPTS NEW SLOGAN.

Appeals to the State to Take Pattern After This Town in Equipping City with Proper Protection.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
(Special to The Bulletin.)

SALEM, Oct. 25.—Under the caption, "Follow Bend-Heppner Lead," State Fire Marshal Wells, in his latest Fire Marshal's Bulletin, just issued, praises Bend for its prompt action in securing fire protection to guard against poorly protected hazards and urges other Oregon towns to take an example from the spirited action of the citizens of the Central Oregon metropolis.

In his editorial on the activities of the two Eastern Oregon towns, he says:

"The thriving town of Heppner has set an example in the organization and equipment of a fire department that could be followed by other towns that are lacking in equipment but are abundant in fire hazards. During the past summer a survey of Heppner was made and conditions were found so hazardous that it was strongly recommended that an organized fire department be perfected without delay. The deputies' report on conditions found was filed with the state fire marshal on June 29th, and on July 4th Heppner suffered a fire loss of \$100,000.

In their report the deputies state: 'Heppner, in its present condition, by lack of an organized fire department, is facing a crisis and may at any moment be called upon to pay a heavy price.'

"Within three weeks after the fire Heppner had organized a volunteer department of 70 members, Mike Curran, an experienced fireman, being selected chief. A Broadway combination auto and considerable minor equipment was purchased, and a siren alarm system was installed.

"Inspections of buildings are to be regularly maintained, and ordinances eliminating fire hazards will be strictly enforced. The city is now united on a policy that will prevent such a calamity recurring in the future.

"The city of Bend has seen the light as to the great need of an efficient and well equipped fire department. On September 25th, at a special election, a bond issue of \$20,000 was voted to purchase a modern auto combination pumper of 1909 gallons capacity, besides much minor equipment, an electric siren alarm system and 1000 feet of two and a half inch standard hose. Tom Carlson, an ex-Portland fireman, has been selected as chief, and is now perfecting his organization, using the Home Guard as a nucleus.

ica, only in the French works, all the hands were women. Only the guards were men, and they were "blessed" (wounded).

When my leave was up and I said good-bye to my grandmother, she managed a smile for me, though I could see that it was pretty stiff work. And without getting soft, or anything like that, I can tell you that smile stayed with me and it did me more good than you would believe, because it gave me something good to think about when I was up against the real thing.

I hope a lot of you people who read this book are women, because I have had it in mind for some time to tell all the women I could a little thing they can do that will help a lot. I am not trying to be fancy about it, and I hope you will take it from me the way I mean it.

When you say good-bye to your son or your husband or your sweetheart, work up a smile for him. What you want to do is to give him something he can think about over there, and something he will like to think about. There is so much dirt, and blood, and hunger, and cold, and all that around you, that you have just got to quit thinking about it, or you will go crazy. And so, when you can think about something nice, you can pretty nearly forget all the rest for a while. The nicest things you can think about are the things you liked back home.

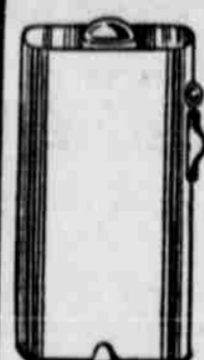
Now, you can take it from me that what your boy will like to remember the best of all is your face with a smile on it. He has got enough hell on his hands without a lot of weeps to remember, if you will excuse the word. But don't forget that the chances are on his side that he gets back to you; the figures prove it. That will help you some. At that, it will be hard work; you will feel more like crying, and so will he, maybe. But smile for him. That smile is your bit.

I will back a smile against the weeps in a race to Berlin any time. So I am telling you, and I cannot make it strong enough—send him away with a smile.

(To Be Continued.)



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## Bend Hardware Co. BEND

"It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when other Oregon towns not at present so equipped will be able to report a well organized and efficient fire department.

## NAMES TO GO TO HONOR COLUMN

FEATURE OF UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN WILL BE LISTING OF ALL THOSE EXPECTED TO GIVE BEFORE DRIVE STARTS.

(From Friday's Daily.)

The publication of a list of the names of all the citizens of Bend, except mill employes, who are expected to subscribe toward the United War Work fund, and as fast as the subscriptions are made the transfer of the subscribers' names to an honor column, leaving the non-subscribers in a separate list, will be the main feature of the campaign for funds which will open in Bend shortly, according to plans made at a meeting of the executive board last night. Employees of the two-mills will be listed and solicited separately through organizations perfected at the plants.

According to present plans, the first publication of the list will be made toward the end of next week. In the following week voluntary subscriptions will be received at the Liberty temple and on the 8th or 9th of November the list will be published again, with the honor roll made up of those who have subscribed.

In charge of the Liberty temple during the week of voluntary subscriptions will be Mrs. C. P. Niswonger, who represents the Y. W. C. A. on the executive committee. Mrs. Niswonger is now selecting her

assistants for the work, the plan being to have one or two members of the committee on duty in the temple at all times during the week for the purpose of receiving subscriptions.

It is the expectation of Manager T. H. Foley to be able to report to Portland headquarters on the open day that the Deschutes county quota has been subscribed and he will later appoint soliciting squads who will be expected to "hop up" the town for involuntary subscriptions on the morning of November 11, seeing all who have not volunteered in the preceding week.

Posters announcing the drive are to be distributed at once and other literature put in circulation.

## JOHN C. NICHOLSEN IS NOW IN SIBERIA

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Private John C. Nicholson, a Bend boy who left here for Camp Fremont, California, early in April, is now with the American forces in Siberia, according to his father. This is the second Bend boy to be reported in that theatre of the war, R. G. Gosney having already been heard from. Private Nicholson's brother, Russell, is being mobilized with three others today for entrainment tomorrow for Portland, where he will go into special training at the Benson Polytechnique.

A cordial invitation is extended to the people of Bend and vicinity to visit our photograph studio in the O'Kane Bldg. Opened Saturday, September 28th. We are equipped to make sittings day or night.—Adv 31-3c

## TOOK OUT DREADFUL SORENESS.

When the kidneys are weakened and fall to throw impurities out of the blood, the poison remains in the system and backache, soreness and rheumatic pains develop. Mrs. David Henry, 65 S. Lincoln Ave., Washington, N. J., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills took the dreadful soreness out of my limbs and I walk good." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Helps keep down living expenses

Crescent 99 Coffee is a mighty good coffee—any time—any place.

It's fine flavor is not surpassed by many coffees much higher in price.

Every pound of '99' means a saving—it sells at just 25c a pound.



Ask your grocer

(N-64)

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VALUE ABOUT  
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FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS  
NONE

OTHER BUILDINGS---  
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\$2,000,000  
FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS OVER  
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