

Gunner Depew

By 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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My clothes were a mess, as I have said, and I was so tired I thought I could sleep for a week, but I could not stand it in my clothes any longer. It was absolutely against regulations, but I took off all my clothes—the blood had soaked into the skin—and wrapped myself in nothing but air and went right to sleep. I did not sleep very well, but woke up every once in a while and thought I was in the hole again.

During the night they brought up water, but I was asleep and did not know it. They did not wake me, but two men saved by share, though usually in a case like that it was everybody for himself and let the last man go dry. You could not blame them, either, so I thought it was pretty decent of these two to save my share for me. I believe they must have had a hard time keeping the others off of it, to say nothing of themselves, for there really was not more than enough for one good drink all around. It tasted better than anything I have ever drunk. Go dry for 24 hours in the hottest weather you can find, do a night's work like that, and come in the morning with a tin cup full of muddy water being handed to you, and you will know what I mean.

At Gaba Tepe there were steep little hills with quarries in between them, and most of the prisoners we took were caught in the quarries. We found lots of dead Turks under piles of rock, where our guns had battered the walls of the quarries down on them.

We were fighting about this part of the country one time when we saw three motor trucks disappear over the side of a hill going across country. The detachment from the Cassard was sent over on the run and we came upon the Turks from those trucks and several others just after they had got out and were starting ahead on foot. We captured that whole bunch—I do not know how many in all. They were reinforcements on their way to a part of their line that we were battering very hard, and by capturing them we helped the Anzacs a great deal, for they were able to get through for a big gain.

We held that position, though they rained shells on us so hard all that day and night that we thought they were placing a barrage for a raid, and stood to arms until almost noon the next day. But our guns gave back shell for shell, and pounded the Turkish trenches and broke shrapnel over them until they had all they could do to stay in them.

Finally, our guns placed shell after shell on the enemy's communication trenches, and they could neither bring up reinforcements nor retire. So we went over and cleaned them out and took the trench. But then our guns had to stop because we were in range, and the Turks brought up reinforcements from other parts of the line and we were driven back after holding their trench all afternoon. It was about fifty-fifty, though, for when they reinforced one part of the line some of our troops would break through in another part.

That night there was a terrible rain-storm. I guess it was really a cloudburst. We had all the water we wanted then, and more, too. A great many men and mules were drowned, both of our troops and the Turkish. Trenches were washed in and most of the works ruined. There were several Turkish bodies washed into our trench, and two mules came over together, though whether they were Turkish or French or British I do not know.

A few days after the rain stopped I was going along the road to the docks at "V" beach when I saw some examples of the freakishness of shells. There was a long string of mules going back to the trenches with water and supplies of various kinds. We drew up to one side to let them pass.

Two or three mules away from us was an old-timer with only one ear, and that very gray, loaded to the gunwales with bags of water. He had had his troubles, that old boy, but they were just about over, for there was a flash and the next instant you could not see a thing left of Old Missouri. He just vanished. But two of the water bags were not even touched, and another one had only a little hole in it. There they lay on the ground, just as though you had taken the mule out from under them. The mules next him, fore and aft, were knocked down by the concussion but unharmed; but the third mule behind had one ear cut to shreds, and the man behind him was badly shot up and stunned.

A little farther on a shell had struck the road and plowed a furrow two or three feet wide, and just as straight as an arrow for three or four yards; it then turned off at almost a right angle and continued for a yard or two more before it burst and made a big hole. That Turk gunner must have put a lot of English on that shell when he fired it. He got somebody's number with that shot, too, and the lad paid pretty high, for there was blood around the hole, not quite dry when we got to it.

Coming back along the same road we halted to let another convoy of mules go past, and an officer of the Royal naval division came up and began talking to our officers. He was telling them how he and his men had landed at "X" beach, and how they had to wade ashore through barbed wire. "And, you know," he said in a surprised way, as if he himself could hardly believe it, "the beggars were actually firing on us!" That is just like the Limeys, though. Their idea is not to appear excited about anything at any time, but to act as though they were playing cricket—standing around on a lawn with paddles in their hands, half asleep. The Limeys are certainly cool under fire, though, and I think that because the Anzacs did so well at Gallipoli people have not given enough credit to the British regulars and R. N. D.'s, who were there too, and did their share of the work, and did it as well as any men could.

After a while this officer started on his way again, and as he cut across the road a French officer came up. The Limey wore a monocle, which caused the French officer to stare at him a minute before he saluted. After the Englishman had passed him the Frenchman took a large French penny out of his pocket, screwed it into his eye and turned toward us so that we could see it, but the Limey could not. That was not the right thing to do, especially before enlisted men, so our officers did not laugh, but the men did, and so loud that Limey turned around and caught sight of the Frenchman. He started sure toward him and I thought sure there would be a fight, or that, more likely, the Limey would report him. Our officers should have placed the Frenchman under arrest, at that.

The Frenchman expected trouble, too, for he pulled up very straight and stiff, but he left the penny in his eye. The Limey came up to him, halted a few paces off and, without saying a word, took the monocle out of his eye, twiddled it three or four feet in the air and caught it in his other eye when it came down.

"Do that, you blighter," he said and faced about and was on his way down the road. They had it on the Frenchman after that.

This Philippe Pierre, of whom I have spoken, told me a story about two Limey officers that I hardly believed, yet Philippe swore it was the truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey officers going along the road arguing about the German shells which the Turks were using. One of the officers said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that time a shell came along and they picked themselves up quite a distance from where they had been standing. Another shell whizzed by and landed flat on the side of the road. The officer walked over, dug it out of the ground, and took away the detonator and fuse—to prove that they did not explode!

The only thing that would make me believe that story is that Philippe Pierre said they were Limey officers. No one but a Limey would remember such an argument after being knocked gallely west by a shell concussion. I do not doubt that a Limey would do it if it could be done, though.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Croix de Guerre.

When we had been on the shore

for about three weeks we found ourselves one morning somewhere near Sed-el-Bahr under the heaviest fire I ever experienced. Our guns and the Turks' were at it full blast, and the noise was worse than deafening.

A section of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication trench with nothing to do but wait for a shell to find them. We were stiff and thirsty and uncomfortable, and had not slept for two nights. In that time we had been under constant fire and had stood off several raiding parties and small attacks from enemy trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the shell hole and were making ourselves as comfortable as possible in it when along came a shell of what must have been the Jack Johnson size, and we were swamped. We had to dig three of the men out, and though one of them was badly wounded we could not send him back to the hospital, in fact, the shelling was so heavy that none of us ever expected to come out of it alive.

So, it was like keeping your own death watch, with the shells tuning up for the dirge. It was impossible to listen to the shells. If you kept your mind on the noise for any length of time it would split your eardrums, I am sure. So all we could do was to lay low in the shell hole and wait for something to happen.

Then they began using shrapnel on us, and one of our machine gunners who got up from his knees to change



His Head Taken Clean Off His Shoulders.

position, had his head taken clean off his shoulders, and the rest of him landed near my feet and squirmed a little, like a chicken that had just been killed. It was awful to see the body without any head move around that way, and we could hardly make ourselves touch it for some time. Then we rolled it to the other side of the hole.

Then, to one side of us, there was a more violent explosion than any yet. The earth spouted up and fell on us, and big clouds of black smoke, sliding along the ground, covered our shell hole and hung there for some time. One of our sergeants, from the regular French infantry, said it was a shell from a Turkish 155-mm. howitzer. That was only the first one. The worst thing about them was the smoke—people who think Pittsburgh is smoky ought to see about fifty of those big howitzer shells bursting, one after another.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were standing the awful fire, but we felt sure they were not having any worse time than we were. In a few minutes we heard the good old "75s" start pounding, and it was like hearing an old friend's voice over the telephone, and everybody in our shell hole cheered, though no one could hear us and we could barely hear each other. Still we knew that if the "75s" got going in their usual style they would do for an enemy battery or two, and that looked good to us. The "75s" made the noise worse, but it was already about as bad as it could be, and a thousand guns more or less would not have made it any harder to stand.

One of our men shouted in the sergeant's ear that the men in line ahead of us and to the right were trying to give us a message of some kind. The sergeant stuck his head above the parapet and had a look. But I stayed where I was—the sergeant could see for himself and me, too, as far as I was concerned.

He shouted at us that the men in

GUSTAVO WINS WITH TOE HOLD

JU-JITSU GRIP WINS FIRST FALL AND FRANK GOTCH SPECIAL THE SECOND IN FINISH MATCH WITH CHARLIE OLSON.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

The toe hold, with variations, proved fatal to Charlie Olson's hopes for victory at the smoker at the gymnasium last night, and whatever claim the blonde wrestler had to the Pacific coast middleweight championship were transferred to Ad Gustavo of Bend when the local man took two straight falls. Ad used a ju-jitsu toe hold for the first at the end of 37 minutes, and a Frank Gotch foot breaker for the second after 14 minutes more. Jack Garcke gave complete satisfaction as referee.

At the beginning of the match, Olson had the advantage over the Bend middleweight. Blockily built and possessing unusual strength, he allowed Gustavo to assume the aggressive, and easily frustrated attempts on neck and arms. Twice Ad tried a shoulder swing to his own disadvantage, and a head scissor which he clamped on the visiting grappler was broken almost as soon as the hold was gained. Olson chafed Gustavo rooters in the audience and appeared absolutely certain of the result.

Shortly after the first half hour Ad gained possession of Olson's left foot and with a backward pull and a grip which could not be broken he forced his opponent to give up. Olson limped off the mat for a 16 minute rest.

In the second frame Ad worked unceasingly for another foot grip and finally secured the hold which made Gotch famous. Just in time to avoid injury, Olson yielded the fall, and Referee Garcke announced Gustavo as winner of the bout.

Preliminaries were unusually good. Kid Taylor and "Zero" Frost wrestled 15 minutes to a draw, and a few minutes later Taylor donned the gloves against Billy Marsh of Seattle. He scored a technical knockout in the third round when Marsh fell to the ground unconscious, apparently the indirect result of telling solar plexus punches received early in the bout. Both boys are clever and willing, and Marsh, with proper training, may have a rosy future in the ring.

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN OREGON GAINS

Increase of More Than 2,000,000 Bushels for 1918 Is Shown by Crop Estimate.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Estimates of acreage, crop production and total values to the producer of crops grown in Oregon in 1918, compiled by the bureau of crop estimates, department of agriculture, show 10,795,000 bushels, valued at \$21,698,000, as compared with 8,225,000 bushels worth \$14,970,000 in 1917.

Spring wheat for the year just past yielded 4,433,000 bushels, worth \$8,910,000, as against 4,223,000 bushels valued at \$7,858,000 for the year previous.

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the other trench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the words. So he laid down again in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving their trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pieces, and the lad who followed him got his, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and screech and howl all at once, like turning the whole dog pound loose on a piece of meat.

(To Be Continued.)

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TUMALO LAND IS PRODUCTIVE

NEW SETTLER, WITHOUT EXPERIENCE AS A FARMER, TAKES CROP WORTH OVER \$2200 FROM 40-ACRE TRACT.

(From Monday's Daily.)

While irrigationists of Central Oregon are working for legislation to provide for the completion of the Tumalo project, the agricultural possibilities of land already under the ditch are shown in the experience of Carl Steffens, one of the new settlers in that section. With only 40 acres under cultivation, Mr. Steffens raised crops during the past season to the value of over \$2200.

Mr. Steffens came to the Tumalo section last March from Monroe, Washington, where he was engaged in the cigar business. He purchased the D. G. Mack place, cleared a 40-acre tract, constructed flumes for watering the land and sowed the entire 40 to alfalfa and clover. On 30 acres, in addition, he planted a nurse crop of oats and barley. When harvest time came he had 500 bushels of oats, 147 bushels of barley and 50 tons of grain hay. Prevailing quotations were \$70 a ton for barley and \$68 for oats, while the hay was worth \$20 a ton in the stack.

Apparently disproving a popular theory that the first year stand of alfalfa and clover needs a grain crop to shelter it from the too ardent rays of the sun, the 10 acre tract on which no nurse crop was planted showed a fine yield.

Mr. Steffens is clearing another 40 acres in preparation for the coming season, and plans to make hog raising his specialty. His entire property is 120 acres.

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SNOW COMES DURING NIGHT

FIRST REAL PRECIPITATION IN MONTHS GLADDENS HEARTS OF RANCHERS—RAIN FALLS IN FORT ROCK SECTION.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

After an intermittent rain which registered two-tenths of an inch, the first real snow fall of the year came to Bend last night, and this morning the ground was hidden under seven inches of soft white flakes. The water content of the snow measured three-tenths of an inch.

Motoring on country roads was made somewhat difficult, but the ranchers were elated over the prospect of a little stored up moisture for the coming season. The snow failed to effect railroad schedules to any noticeable extent.

Although the reports indicated that the storm was general, it was not invariably snow that fell, a long-distance message from the Ft. Rock ranger station to forestry headquarters here this morning stating that precipitation in that section had taken the form of rain.

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