

# 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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The concussions felt like one long string of boxes on the ear, and our throats were so dry that it hurt to swallow, which always makes your ears feel better after a strong concussion. One after another of our boys were slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapet fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their heads.

Our sergeant came to me after a while and began acting just like people do at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show is, and that was the way with the sergeant.

"You should see what they did to us at St. Eloi," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to kid us or are you, mon vieux?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, roads pushed all over the map, guns wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the parapet and stared at us and began to shake all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we were not reinforced, and what was happening, and whether the Turks would attack us. It was easy to see why we were not reinforced—no body of men could have got to us from the reserve trenches. The communication trenches were quite a distance from us and were battered up at that. Some of the men said we had been forgotten and that the rest of our troops had either retired or advanced and that we and the men in the trench who had tried to signal us were the only detachments left there.

Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as he went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted to us that he thought the Turks were afraid to attack. He also ordered one of us to keep a live eye toward our rear in case any of our troops should try to signal us. When I looked through a little gully at the top of the hole, toward the other trench, all I could see was barbed wire and smoke and two or three corpses. I began to shiver a little, and I was afraid I would get shell shock, too.

So I began to think about Murray and how he looked when they took him off the wall. But that did not stop the shivering, so I thought about my grandmother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and almost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was just about as near shell shock as I had been—by this time I was shivering only once in a while, when I did not watch myself. He said four men had been sliced up trying to get to us before he came; that they had lost 11 men out of their 32, including the sergeant-major in command and two corporals; that they were almost out of ammunition; that the trenches on both sides of them had been blown in and that they were likely to go to pieces at any moment. He said they all thought the Turks would attack behind their barrage, for he said the curtain of fire did not extend more than a hundred yards in front of their trench. What they wanted us to do was to relay a man back with the news and either get the word to advance or retire or await reinforcements, they did not care which—only to be ordered to do something. There was not a commissioned officer left with either of the detachments, you see, and you might say we were up in the air—only we were really as far in the ground as we could get.

The man thought there were other of our lines not far behind us, but we knew better; so then he said he did not see how any one could get back from there to our nearest line. I did not see either. Then we all figured we were forgotten and would not come out of there alive, and you can believe me or not, but I did not much care. Anything would be better than just staying there in that awful noise with nothing to do, and no water.

Our sergeant said he would not ask any man to attempt to carry the message, because he said it was not only certain death, but absolutely useless. And he began to show that he was near shell shock himself.

Then I began to shiver again, and I thought to myself that anything would be better than sitting in this hole waiting to go "cafar'd," so I decided to volunteer. I did not think there was any chance to get through, but it seemed as if I just had to do something, no matter what. I had never felt that way before, and had never been anxious to "go west" with a shell for company, but I have felt that way since then several times, I can tell you.

The man was telling us that some time before they had seen the Turks bringing up ammunition from some storehouses, but they did not come anywhere near. He said their sergeant wanted our messenger to tell them that, too. He would say a few words very fast, then he would shiver again, and his jaws would clip together and he would try to raise his hand, but could not.

Then our sergeant asked the name of the other sergeant, and when the man told him he said the man was senior to himself and therefore in command and would have to be obeyed. He seemed to cheer up a lot after he said this and did not shiver any more, so I thought I would volunteer then, so I said to him, "Well, mon vieux, do you think we are seeing real shelling now?" And then I was going to say I would go, but he looked at me in a funny way for a second and then said, "Well, my son, suppose you go and find out."

I thought he was kidding me at first, but then I saw he meant it. I thought two things about it—one was that anything was better than staying there, and the other was that the old dugout was a pretty fair place after all. But I did not say anything to the sergeant or the other men—just went out of the dugout. The sergeant and another man went with me and boosted me over the back wall of the hole. I lay flat on the ground for a minute to get my bearings, and then started off.

I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick and it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each time thought I was hit, because when I got it in the thigh at Dixmude it felt a good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I fell a shell exploded near me and I began to shiver again, and I could not go on for a long time. All this time I did not think I would get through, but finally, when I reached what had been the communication trench I felt I had done the worst part of it, and I began to wish very hard that I would get through—I was not at all crazy about going west.

The mouth of the communication trench had been battered in and the trenches it joined with were all filled up. There were rifles sticking out of them in several places, and I thought probably the men had been buried alive in them. But it was too late then, if they had been caught, so I climbed over the blocked entrance to the communication trench and started back along it. It led up through a sort of gully, and I thought it was a bad place to dig a communication trench in because it gave the Turks some-

thing like the side of a hill to shoot at. Every once in a while I would have to climb in and out of a shell hole, and parts of them were blocked where a shell had caved in the walls. In one place I saw corpses all torn to pieces, so I knew the Turks had found the range and had got to this trench in great shape. At another place I found lots of blood and equipment but no bodies, and I figured that reinforcements had been caught at this spot and that they had retired, taking their casualties with them.

The Turks still had the range, and they were sending a shell into the trench every once in a while, and I was knocked down again, though the shell was so far away that it knocked me down with force of habit more than anything else. I felt dizzy and shivered a lot, and kept trying to think of Murray or anything else but myself.

So finally I got to the top of the little hill over which the gully ran, and on the other side I felt almost safe. Just down from the crest of the hill was one of our artillery positions, with the good old "75s" giving it to the Turks as fast as they could. I told the artillery officers what had happened, had a drink of water and thought I would take a nap. But when they telephoned the message back to division headquarters the man at the receiver said something to the officer and he told me to stay there and be ready. I thought sure he would send me back to where I came from and I knew I never could make it again, but I did not say anything.

When I looked around I saw that our real position was to the right of where the artillery was, and that there were three lines of trenches with French Infantry in them. So the trenches I had come from were more like outposts than anything else, and were cut off. I felt pretty sure, then, that the boys in them would never come back alive, because as soon as their fire let up the Turks would advance, and to keep them back our guns would have to wipe out our men, and if they did not, the Turks would. At first I was glad I had come out, but then I remembered what the artillery officer had said and I figured I would have to go back and stay with them or bring them back. Either way there was not one chance in a hundred that any of us would make it. Because when I got through it was really just a miracle and nobody would have thought it could happen.

Then the officer told me to go back to the beach, where our naval guns were, and that I was detailed to them. Maybe you do not think I was glad? But there was rough work still ahead of me, because when I got behind the third line I saw a wide open field that was light gray from the shell smoke hanging over it, and I could see the flashes where the big ones were doing their work, and I had to go through that field.

I fell time and again, sometimes when I thought a shell was near, and sometimes when I had no reason for it—only I was thirsty again, and was shivering all the time, and was so weak I could not have choked a goldfish. I do not remember hardly anything about going through that field, and you might say the next thing I knew was when I was overtaken by a dispatch runner, and got in a tin tub at the side of a motorcycle and was taken to the guns.

I felt ready for a Rip Van Winkle nap then, but the officer in command would not let me. He said they were short of gunners—the terrific shelling had killed off dozens of them—and as he knew I could point a gun he had ordered them over the telephone to get me to the beach as fast as possible. He spotted the two warehouses I have spoken of for me and said it was up to us to put them out of commission. The gun was a 14-inch naval, and that looked good to me, so I bucked up a lot. The warehouses were about 10 or 11 miles away, I should judge, and about 30 or 40 yards apart.

I felt very weak, as I have said, and shivered every once in a while, so I did not think I could do much gunning worth whistling at. But they loaded the old 14-inch and made ready, and we got the range and all was set. The officer told me to let her ride. So I said to myself, "This is one for you, Murray, old boy. Let's go from here."

So I sent that one along and she landed direct and the warehouse went up in fire and smoke. I felt good then, and I laid the wires on the other warehouse and let her go. But she was too high and I made a clean miss. Then I was mad, because I had sent that one over for myself. So I got the cross wires on the warehouse again and, I said to myself, "This is not for anybody, just for luck, because I sure have had plenty of it today."

Then the juice came through the wires and into the charge, and away she went, and up went the second warehouse. That made two direct out of three, and I guess it hurt the Turks some to lose all their ammunition. The officer kissed me before I could duck and slapped me on the back and I keeled over. I was just all in.

They brought me to with rum, and they said I was singing when I came to. When they tried to sing, to show me what song it was, I figured it was "Sweet Adeline" they meant. But I do not believe I came to, singing, because I never sang "Sweet Adeline" before, that I know of, or any other song when anybody was in range. But I heard it lots of times, so maybe I did sing it at that.

Then I went to sleep feeling fine. The next morning the detachment from the Cassard was withdrawn, and I saw some of the men who had been in the two trenches, but I was not near enough to speak to them. So I do not know how they got out.

You never saw a happier bunch in your life than we were when we piled into the lifeboats and started for the Cassard. The old ship looked pretty good to us, you can bet, and we said if we never put our hoofs on that place again it would be soon enough.

We were shelled on our way out to the Cassard, and one boat was overturned, but the men were rescued. Two men in the launch I was in were wounded. But we did not pay any attention to that shelling—the Turks might just as well have been blowing peas at us through a soda straw for all we cared.

I noticed that when we came near the Cassard the other boats held up and let our launch get into the lead, and that we circled around the Cassard's bows and came up on the starboard side, which was unusual. But I did not think anything of it until I came over the side. There were the side boys lined up, and the Old Man was there, with the ship's steward beside him.

He took the log book from the steward and showed it to me, and there was my name on it. Now when you are punished for anything you are logged, but I could not figure out what I had done to get punished for, so I was very much surprised. But the Old Man slapped me on the back and everybody cheered, and then I saw it was not punishment, but just the opposite.

When people ask me what I have received my decoration for (Croix de Guerre), I tell them I do not rightly know, and that is a fact. I do not know whether it was for going back from those trenches or for destroying the storehouses. So I always tell them I got it for working overtime. That is what the Limeys say, or if they have the Victoria cross they say they got it for being very careless. Ask one of them and see.

All of us were certainly glad to be aboard the Cassard again, and if any place ever looked like home to me it was the old ship. Our casualties were very high and we were therefore ordered to put back to Brest. We had a great little celebration that night, and next morning weighed anchor and started back, after clearing for action.

I was still pretty blue about Murray, but very much relieved as to the safety of my own skin, and I figured that after the Dardanelles and my last day there they had not made the right bullet for me yet. The rest of us felt about the same way and we were singing all the time.

(To Be Continued.)

## GOVERNMENT GIVES RULES USEFUL IN INFLUENZA FIGHT

The intelligent treatment and prevention of Spanish influenza is outlined in a pamphlet issued by the war department of the United States, a copy of which has just been received here. Chief among the suggestions made are the following:

When taken ill consult a medical officer without delay and follow his directions.

Gargle throat every two or three hours with warm salt water (small teaspoonful to the glass) or any mild antiseptic solution.

Use carbolated vaseline in nostrils at bedtime.

Breathe through nose always, and when sneezing or coughing hold handkerchief, gauze or cloth to nose and mouth, to be destroyed or disinfected (by boiling) after using.

Avoid crowds or assemblages of people indoors as much as possible during prevalence of any disease in epidemic form. You might be a

"carrier" and thus infect others at a time when you might not feel very sick yourself.

Ventilate well, day and night, the room you occupy, but avoid drafts at all times.

Remove wraps on entering a room comfortably heated when required to remain there for a while.

When hoarse or troubled with sore throat or an acute cold, talk as little as possible outdoors, especially at night.

Don't forget that the so-called "Spanish influenza" now prevailing in an epidemic form in certain parts of the country is exactly the same type of disease which first came to the United States from Russia in 1888, and has recurred at irregular intervals epidemically since that time, but that the physicians of today understand it better and treat it more successfully now than then, if you will but consult them early and obey them implicitly.

## BEND HIGH TO FOSTER THRIFT

SPECIAL PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN AT AUDITORIUM ON FEBRUARY 3—PRIZE CONTEST IS BEING PLANNED.

(From Friday's Daily.) As a feature of the observance of Thrift Day in Bend the students of the high school will give a special thrift program at 2:30 o'clock, Monday, February 3, it was announced today. It is planned to have addresses on various aspects of the main subject and tentative arrangements are being made for a prize composition contest with thrift as the subject for the writers. A definite program will be ready within a few days, Principal Johnson expects.

## HIGH SCHOOL HONORS ROOSEVELT'S MEMORY

Former President One of the Great Men of All Time Declares Speaker at Special Exercises.

Lauding Theodore Roosevelt as one of the great men of all time, City School Superintendent Moore spoke yesterday afternoon at the high school auditorium at the exercises held in memory of the former American president. To the students Mr. Moore pointed out that Roosevelt's natural ability had been reinforced by education.

Each of the classes of the high school was represented by a speaker, the following addresses being given by members of the student body:

- "The Early Life and Education of Roosevelt," Ervin McNeil.
- "Roosevelt's Early Public Life," Margaret Inabnit.
- "Roosevelt the Builder," Bruce McGregor.
- "The Later Years of Roosevelt," Romaine Nicholson.
- "Roosevelt's Contributions to Literature," Devere Heifrich.

In the musical part of the program a vocal solo by Joyce Wood was given, and selections were given by the high school double quartet. The audience joined in singing "America" as the concluding number.

## WOOLEN MILL SITE OFFERED

GIFT OF 24-LOT TRACT IN LYTLE ACRES IS MADE AVAILABLE FOR LOCATION OF NEW INDUSTRY IN BEND.

(From Saturday's Daily.) If the Wilbur Woolen Mill plant is moved here from Stayton, as is proposed in negotiations now being carried on between the company and the Bend Commercial club, there will be no difficulty in securing a proper location for the new industry for a 24-lot site has been already tendered as an out and out gift by John Steidl. The offer made by Mr. Steidl was disclosed today by T. H. Foley, president of the Commercial club.

The tract which Mr. Steidl would donate is in Lytle acres, close to the cinder road with power, water and sewer connections within easy reach. In addition the main railroad line could easily be tapped by the construction of a short spur.

Mr. Steidl's offer will probably not be acted upon definitely until final action on the proposed mill is taken by the club directors.

## MRS. J. C. CARTER DIES DURING NIGHT

Husband and Eight Children Left to Mourn—Funeral Services to Be Held Tomorrow.

(From Saturday's Daily.) After a brief attack of influenza, following a protracted illness of several months, Mrs. Charlotte R. Carter, wife of Joseph C. Carter of this city, died at the family residence at 11:45 o'clock last night, aged 58 years. Funeral services will be held tomorrow from the Niswonger chapel, Rev. H. C. Hartranft of the Presbyterian church officiating.

In addition to her husband, Mrs. Carter is survived by eight sons and daughters, as follows: James, Henry and Frank Carter of Bend, Mrs. Ethel Carnine of Bend, Mrs. Susie Anderson, Colfax, Washington; Mrs. Anna Bouery of Vale, and Mary and Daisy Carter of Bend.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS OFFICIALS FOR 1919

The Sunday school board of the Methodist Sunday school met last night and elected the following officers to serve this year:

- Superintendent, J. O. Gilson;
- assistant superintendent, Orville Brown;
- cradle roll superintendent, Mrs. M. P. Reynolds;
- home department superintendent, Mrs. Charles Niswonger;
- missionary superintendent, Mrs. W. C. Stewart;
- secretary, Miss Hazel Hazleton;
- treasurer, E. G. Snyder;
- organist, Miss Neita Hazleton;
- chorister, Mrs. J. W. McDon-

ald. Teachers: Men's bible class, J. O. Hawkins; women's bible class, Mrs. J. W. McDonald; young peoples bible class, N. S. Olson; boy's intermediate, Floyd Reynolds; girls' intermediate class, Mrs. E. G. Snyder; girls' junior, Mrs. B. Howard and Mrs. Reynolds; boys' junior, Mrs. J. Alton Thompson; primary class, Miss M. A. Thompson; beginner's class, Mrs. Miles and Miss Mildred Hoover.

## NEEDLECRAFT CLUB AIDING RED CROSS

(From Saturday's Daily.) The Needlecraft club met with Mrs. V. C. Cleveland Friday afternoon and resumed their work for the Red Cross. The club will meet with Mrs. George Sellars next Friday, January 24.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money. DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2335 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## \$60 DAMAGES GIVEN TO H. E. BAKER BY COURT

Justice of the Peace J. A. Eastes handed down a decision for the plaintiff today in the case of H. E. Baker vs. John Ryan, awarding \$60 damages alleged to have been caused to Mr. Baker's residence property by stock belonging to the defendant. The case was heard yesterday. A similar complaint, lodged by K. E. Sawyer, is still pending.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

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