

# 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.

Copyright, 1918, by Healy and Weston Co., Through  
Special Arrangement With the George  
Matthew Adams Service.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Je Suis Blessé.

As usual, when we got to Brest there was rush work day and night on the Cassard to get her out and supplies of all kinds were loaded for our next visit to the Turks. The French garbles were always keen for the trip back to Brest—they were sure of loading up on tobacco and other things they needed.

My twelfth trip to the Dardanelles was different from the others. The Cassard was doing patrol work at the time in the neighborhood of Cape Helles. Those of us who had served on the Peninsula before were thinking our stars for the snap we were having—just cruising around waiting for something to happen.

We had not been there very long before something unexpected did happen, for we ran into two enemy cruisers—which I afterwards heard were the Werft and Kaiserliche Marine—one on the starboard and one on the port. How they had managed to sneak up so near us I do not know. They opened up on us at not much more than a thousand yards and gave us a hot time from the start, though with any kind of gunnery they should have done for us thoroughly.

We came right back at them and were getting in some pretty good shots. I was in the 14-inch gun turret, starboard bow—my old hangout—and we were letting them have it about four shots every five minutes and scoring heavily.

I do not know how long we had been fighting when part of our range finder was carried away. It was so hot, though, and we were so hard at it that such a little thing like that did not bother us. It is hot in any gun turret, but I have always noticed that it is hotter there in the Dardanelles than in any other place. The sweat would simply take up on us, until our faces were just covered with a film of powder stuff.

But the range finder was carried away, and although it looked bad for us I was feeling so good that I volunteered to go on deck and get another one. I got outside the turret door and across the deck, got the necessary parts and was coming back with them when I received two machine-gun bullets in the right thigh. One went clear through bone and all and drilled a hole on the other side, while the other came within an inch of going through. The peculiar thing is that these two were in a line above the wound I got at Dixmude. The line is almost as straight as you could draw it with a ruler.

Of course it knocked me down and I hit my head a pretty hard crack on



I Was Able to Crawl on to the Turret Door.

the steel deck, but I was able to crawl on to the turret door. Just as I was about to enter the gun was fired. That particular charge happened to be defective. The shell split and caused a back fire and the cordite, fire and gas came through the breech, which the explosion had opened.

It must have been a piece of cordite which did it, but whatever it was, it hit me in the right eye and blinded it. The ball of the eye was saved by the French surgeons and looks normal, but it pains me greatly sometimes and they tell me it will always be sightless.

I was unconscious immediately from the blow and from the quantity of gas which I must have swallowed. This gas did me a great deal of damage and gives me dizzy spells often to this day. I do not know what happened during the rest of the engagement, as I did not regain consciousness until three days later at sea. But I heard in the hospital that the French super-dreadnaught Jeanne d'Arc and the light cruiser Normandy were in it as well as ourselves, though not at the time I was wounded, and that we had all been pretty well battered. The Cassard lost 96 men in the engagement and had 48 wounded. Some of our turrets were twisted into all manner of shapes and part of our bow was carried away. One of our lieutenants was killed in the engagement.

I was told that both the Werft and the Kaiserliche Marine were sunk in this engagement. I have seen pictures of sailors from the Werft who were prisoners at internment camps.

When we arrived at Brest the wounded were taken from the ship in stretchers and after we had been rested for about fifteen minutes on the dock put into ambulances and rushed to the hospital. On the way those who could leaped out of the ambulance and had a great time with the people along the streets, many of whom they knew, for the Cassard was a Brest ship. And of course the women and children yelled, "Vive la France!" and were glad to see the boys again, even though they were badly done up.

Some of our men were bandaged all over the face and head and it was funny when they had to tell their names to old friends of theirs, who did not recognize them. As soon as one of the Brest people recognized a friend of he would go to get cigarettes and other things for him and some of them almost beat us to the hospital.

I do not know, of course, just what the surgeons did to me, but I heard that they had my eyeball out on my cheek for almost two hours. At any rate they saved it. The thigh wounds were not dangerous in themselves and if it had not been for the rough treatment they got later on they would be quite healed by this time, I am sure. I really think I got a little extra attention in the hospital in many ways, for the French were at all times anxious to show their friendliness to America. Every time my meals were served there was a little American flag on the platter and always a large American flag draped over the bed. I had everything I wanted given to me at once and when I was able to, all the cigarettes I could smoke, which were not many.

While I was still in bed in the hospital I received the Croix de Guerre,



I Received the Croix de Guerre.

which I had won at the Dardanelles. The presentation was made by Lieutenant Barbey. He pinned an American flag on my breast, a French flag beneath it and beneath that the war cross. He kissed me on both cheeks, of course, which was taking advantage of a cripple. But it is the usual thing with the French, as you know—I mean

the kissing, not the meanness to cripples.

When he had pinned the medal on he said he thanked me from the bottom of his heart for the French people, and also thanked all the Americans who had come over from their own land to help a country with which most of them were not connected. He said it was a war in which many nations were taking part, but in which there were just two ideas, freedom and despotism, and a lot more things that I cannot remember. He finished by saying that he wished he could decorate all of us.

Of course it was great stuff for me and I thought I was the real thing sure enough, but I could not help thinking of the remark I have heard here in the States—"I thank you and the whole family thanks you." And it was hard not to laugh. Also it seemed funny to me, because I did not rightly know just what they were giving me the medal for—though it was for one of two things—and I do not know to this day. But I thought it would not be polite to ask, so I let it go at that.

There were twelve other naval officers who were present and they and all the other people did a lot of cheering and vived me to a fare-you-well. It was great stuff, altogether, and I should have liked to get a medal every day.

One day I received a letter from a man who had been in my company in the Foreign Legion and with whom I had been pretty chummy. His letter was partly in French and partly in English. It was all about who had been killed and who had been wounded. He also mentioned Murray's death, which he had heard about, and about my receiving the Croix de Guerre. I was wishing he had said something about Brown, whom I had not heard from and who I knew would visit me if he had the chance.

But two or three days later I got another letter from the same man and when I opened it out tumbled a photograph. At first all I saw was that it was the photograph of a man crucified with bayonets, but when I looked at it closely I saw it was Brown. I fainted then, just like a girl.

When I came to I could hardly make myself think about it. Two of my pals gone! It hurt me so much to think of it that I crushed the letter up in my hand, but later on I could read parts of it. It said they had found Brown this way near Dixmude about two days after he had been reported missing. So three of us went over and two stayed there. It seems very strange to me that both of my pals should be crucified and if I were superstitious I do not know what I would think about it. It made me sick and kept me from recovering as fast as I would have done otherwise. Both Brown and Murray were good pals and very good men in a fight. I often think of them both and about the things we did together, but lately I have tried not to think about them much because it is very sad to think what torture they must have had to stand. They were both of great credit to this country.

The American consul visited me quite often and I got to calling him Sherlock because he asked so many questions. We played lots of games together, mostly with dice, and had a great time generally. After I became convalescent he argued with me that I had seen enough, and though I really did think so—however much I disliked what I had seen—he got my discharge from the service on account of physical inability to discharge the usual duties. After I had been at the hospital for a little over a month I was discharged from it, after a little party in my ward with everyone taking part and all the horns blowing and all the records except my favorite dirge played one after another.

Sherlock arranged everything for me—my passage to New York, clothing, etc. I ran up to St. Nazaire and saw my grandmother, loafed around a while and also visited Lyons.

After a short time I returned to Brest and got my passage on the George for New York. I had three trunks with me full of things I had picked up around Europe and had been keeping with my grandmother. Among my belongings were several things I should like to show by photographs in this book, but no one but mermaids can see them now, for down to the locker of Davy Jones they went.

(To Be Continued.)

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 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



BEND'S FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE.

All orders received on Thrift Day will receive a 20 per cent DISCOUNT. This will include duplicate orders from previous work.

O'KANE BUILDING. **THE HOGANS** O'KANE BUILDING

# Photographs

## THRIFT DAY OFFER

# HERE'S WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT TANLAC

"I just feel like going from house to house and telling the people about Tanlac."—A. J. Livingston, Ashland City, Tenn.

"This is really the best medicine I have ever taken that does what they say it will do."—J. F. Holley, Lexington, Ky.

"I would not take one thousand dollars for what this wonderful medicine, Tanlac, has done for me."—Mrs. Mattie Lutes, Lexington, Ky.

"We have sold 1,180 bottles of Tanlac and have never had a dissatisfied customer."—Smiser Drug Co., Columbia, Tenn.

"For two years before taking Tanlac I had rheumatism so bad I couldn't raise my left hand to my head. I now feel like a new man."—J. B. Woodward, Lexington, Ky.

"I feel so good after taking Tanlac that I told my hands the other day I believed I could beat any of them shucking corn. I meant it and believe I could have beat 'em all!"—J. A. White, R. F. D., Lexington, Ky.

"This medicine is worth its weight in gold, and if the price was fifty dollars a bottle instead of one dollar I would buy it just the same if I had the money."—Robt. Young, Knoxville, Tenn.

"In my thirty years of active practice as a physician I have never seen anything to equal Tanlac as a medicine to produce results."—Dr. J. T. Edwards, Fayetteville, Ga.

"Four bottles of Tanlac helped me more than fifteen years of medical treatment that cost me an average of \$100 a year."—E. B. Hall, Fountain City, Tenn.

"Money couldn't buy the good this Tanlac has done for me."—Ex-Sheriff Archie Anderson, Houston, Tex.

"Tanlac has certainly helped me and I recommend it to others for the good it has done me."—Ex-Sheriff C. W. Mangum, Atlanta, Ga.

"I would spend the last dollar I had on earth for Tanlac; I have gained nine and a half pounds on one bottle and feel just like a new man."—J. T. Andrews.

"If the people of this town only knew the good Tanlac did me you wouldn't be able to make it fast enough to supply the demand."—Mrs. Mattie C. Bond, Memphis, Tenn.

"Yes sir, I gained twenty-five pounds by taking Tanlac, and it has been a long time since I felt as well as I do now."—Capt. Jeff D. Riggs, Vicksburg, Miss.

Twelve Million Bottles Sold in Four Years

This is the Advertisement of The Day Candy Company  
824 Wall Street, Bend, Oregon

# World's Greatest Candy Artist

Scholar of Pash Pasa, of Turkey and of Candy George, for 50 years San Francisco's leading candy man. Spent two years with Louie Yee, Canton, China. Have worked with men from France, Russia, and the best men in the United States.

Will Open for Business January 31, 1919,  
Both Wholesale and Retail, with a line of  
Sweets that will amaze the entire population  
Central Oregon.

## Special on Opening Day

Ling Choo Peanut Brittle, 40c a Pound

Don't look for an advertisement in the paper every day, but call in and meet the manager of Central Oregon's New Industry.

J. W. DAY, Manager

# BRICK vs. OTHER BUILDINGS

BRICK BUILDINGS IN BEND---

VALUE ABOUT  
\$500,000

FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS  
NONE

OTHER BUILDINGS---

VALUE ABOUT  
\$2,000,000

FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS OVER  
\$100,000

Build With BRICK! BEND BRICK & LUMBER CO.