

# Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### Captured by the Moewe.

When the tugs had cast off and after a while we had dropped our pilot, I said to myself: "Now we are off, and it's the States for me—end of the line—far as we go—IF—" But the "if" did not look very big to me, though I could see it with the naked eye all right.

I got up about four o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, December 10, 1918—a date I do not think I will ever forget.

As soon as I was dressed I went down to the fore-castle peak and from there into the paint locker, where I found some rope. Then back again on deck, and made myself a hammock, which I rigged up on the boat deck, figuring that I would have a nice sun bath, as the weather had at last turned clear.

As soon as I had the hammock strung I went down to the baker and had a nice chat with him—and stole a few hot buns, which was what I was really after—and away to the galley for breakfast. I was almost exactly amidships, sitting on an old orange box. I had not been there long when Old Chips, the ship's carpenter, stuck his head in the door and sang out, "Ship on the starboard bow." I did not pay any attention to him, because ships on the starboard bow were no novelty to me, or on the port either. Chips was not crazy about looking at her, either, for he came in and sat on another box and began scoffing. He said he thought she was a tramp and that she flew the British flag astern.

I ate all I could get hold of and went out on deck. I stepped out of the galley just in time to see the fun. The ship was just opposite us when away went our wireless and some of the boats on the starboard side, and then, boom! boom! and we heard the report of the guns. I heard the shrapnel whizzing around us just as I had many a time before. I jumped back in the galley and Chips and the cook were shaking so hard they made the pans rattle.

When the firing stopped I went up to the boat deck. I had on all of my clothing, but instead of shoes I was wearing a pair of wooden clogs. The men and boys were crazy—rushing around the deck and knocking each other down, and everybody getting in everybody else's way. We lowered our Jacob's ladders, but some of the men and boys were already in the water. Why they jumped I do not know.

Then the German raider Moewe headed right in toward us and I thought she was going to ram us, but she backed water about thirty yards away. She lowered a lifeboat and it made for the Georgic, passing our men in the water as they came and crashing them on the head with boat-

hooks when they could reach them. I noticed that there were red kegs in the German boat.

When the lifeboat reached the Jacob's ladders I went over to the port side of the Georgic and then the Germans came over the side and hoisted up the kegs. The Germans were armed with bayonets and revolvers. Some of them went down into the engine room and opened the sea cocks. About this time some of the Limeys came up from the poop deck and I told them to stay where I was and that the Germans would take us over in lifeboats. Another squad of Germans hoisted eight of the dynamite kegs on their shoulders and down into No. 5 hold with them.

Mean time the Germans saw us up on the boat deck and came up after us. And over went the Limeys. But I waited and one or two more waited with me. When the Germans came up to us they had their revolvers out and were waving them around and yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and talking about "schweibunde." Then,



They Crashed Them on the Head With Boat Hooks.

The first thing I knew, I was kicked off into the sea. I slipped off my trousers and coat and clogs, and, believe me, it was not a case of all dressed up and no place to go!

Then I swam hard and caught up to the Limeys who had jumped first. They were asking each other if they were downhearted and answering, "Not a bit of it, me lads," and trying to sing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," only they could not do much singing on account of the waves that slipped into their mouths every time they opened their mouths. That was just like Limeys, though.

Some of the boys were just climbing up the Jacob's ladder on the Moewe when the old Georgic let out an awful roar and up went the deck and the hatches high in the air in splinters. One fellow let go his hold on the ladder and went down and he never came up. The Germans were making for the Moewe in the lifeboat and we reached it just before they did. Up the ladder we went and over the side and the first thing we caught sight of was the German revolvers in our faces drilling us all into line.

The lifeboat brought back the ship's papers from the Georgic and we had roll call. They kept us up on deck in our wet underwear and it was very cold indeed. Then the first mate and the old man and one of the German officers called off the names and we found we had fifty missing.

The Boche commander had gall enough to say that he was not there to kill men but to sink all ships that were supplying the allies! He said England was trying to starve Germany, but that they would never succeed and that Germany would starve the allies very soon.

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Finally they mustered us all on another part of the deck, then drilled us down into the fore-castle and read the martial law of Germany to us. At least I guess that is what it was. It might have been the "Help Wanted—Dog Catchers" column from the Berlin Lokal Taggabelle for all most of us knew or cared. It shows what cards the Germans are—reading all those four-to-the-pound words to us shivering garbles, who did not give a dime a dozen whether we heard them or not.

Fritz is like some other hot sketches—he is funniest when he does not mean to be. Every German is a vaudeville skit when he acts natural.

There were hammocks there and we jumped into them to get warm, but the Germans came down with their revolvers and bayonets and took the hammocks away and poured water over the decks and told us to sleep there. They could not have done a worse trick than that.

Then they put locks on the portholes and told us that anyone caught fiddling with the locks would be shot at once. This was because we might sight a British or French man-of-war at any time and as the Moewe was sailing under the British flag and trying to keep

out of trouble they did not want us at the ports signaling our own warships for help. If they had bucked any of the allied ships and had a fight we would have died down there like rats.

The Moewe had already captured the Voltaire, Mount Temple, Cambrian Range and the King George and had the crews of these vessels between decks with us. These men told us how the Germans were treating them and it looked to me as though the evening would be spent in playing games and a pleasant time would be had by all—not.

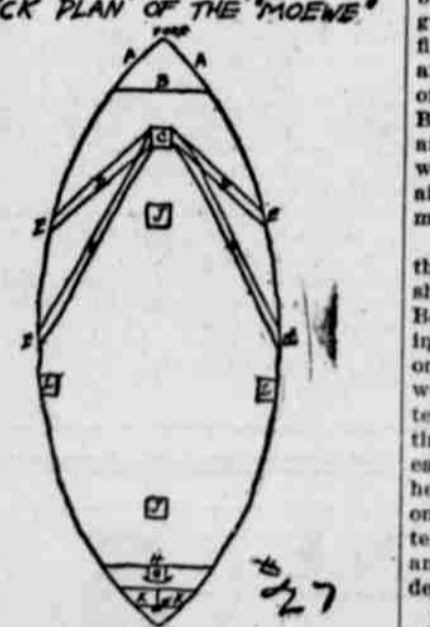
The crew of the Mount Temple were on deck working when the raider suddenly opened fire on them. Two or three men jumped into the water and the Germans turned a gun on them while they were swimming and killed them. That was just a sample of what had happened to them.

The men now began running up and down in a line to keep warm, but I took a little run on my own hook and treated myself to as much of a once-over of the ship as I could. I do not believe the Moewe had more than a three-fourths-inch armor plate, but behind that she had three rows of pig iron, which made about a foot in thickness. There was nothing but cable strung along the deck and when I saw that I would have given anything to have had a crack at her with a 14-inch naval. And I sure wished hard enough that one of our ships would slip up on us, whether we were caught between decks or not. I went aft as far as the sentry would let me and I saw that she had three spare six-inch guns under the poop deck and two six-inch pieces mounted astern. The guns were mounted on an elevator and when the time came they ran the elevator up until the guns were on a level with the poop deck, but otherwise they were out of sight from other ships.

For our first meal they slung a big feed bag half full of ship biscuit—hardack—to us and some dixies of tea. After this festival we began roaming up and down the deck again, because it was the only way to keep warm. I guess we looked like some of the advertisements in magazines, where they show a whole family sitting around a Christmas tree in their underwear and telling each other that Whosis Unions—the Roomy Kind—were just what they wanted from Santy. Only we did not have any Christmas tree to sit around. We must have had a good laugh if I had not been so cold.

We could not go to sleep because the decks were wet, nor could we sit down with any comfort for the same reason. Besides, we thought we might

### DECK PLAN OF THE "MOEWE"



- A—Armor plate drops, placing 6-in. guns.
- B—Fore-castle peak.
- C—Ammunition hold.
- D—Torpedo tube rails.
- E—Torpedo tubes.
- F—Poop deck.
- G—Aft wheelhouse.
- H—Deck house.
- J—Holds.
- K—Disappearing guns aft, mounted on elevator.
- L—Sea gates.

buck up against a British or a French cruiser at any minute and most of us thought we would stay up and get an eye full before we started for Davy's well-known locker.

About two bells the following morning the Moewe's engines began to groan and shake her up a bit and we could hear the blades jump out of the water every once in a while and tear away. She went ahead in this way for some time and we were hoping she was trying to get away from a cruiser and some of us were pulling for the cruiser to win and others hoping the Moewe would get her heels clear and keep us from getting ours.

The Huns were running up and down the deck yelling like wild men and one of our men began to yell too. He war delirious and after he yelled a

bit he jumped up and made a pass at the sentry, who shot at him but missed. The shot missed me too, but not very much. Then they dragged the delirious man up on deck and Lord knows what they did with him, because we never saw him again. But we did not hear any sound that they might have made in shooting him.

Then the Huns began shelling and they kept it up for some time.

Then they ordered us up on deck to see the ship they had been firing at and when we came up the companion

way they were just bringing the other ship's skipper aboard. It was the French collier St. Theodore, hove to off the starboard side with a prize crew from the Moewe aboard and wigwagging to the raider.

Then the Huns began shouting and they roused us below deck again. The place where we had been was filled



The Huns Were Running Up and Down the Deck.

with smoke, from what or why I do not know, but it was almost impossible to breathe in it. When the smoke cleared up a bit the Marathon started again, for we were still in our underwear only. One of the boys had asked Fritz for clothing and Fritz said the English had tough enough skins and they did not need clothing. Then he said: "Wait until you see what our German winters are like."

The following morning the engines began to tear away again and the guns started firing. After a while the firing stopped and the engines too, and after an hour they had the old man of the Yarrowdale aboard. She was a British ship chartered by the French and bound for Brest and Liverpool with a very valuable cargo aboard—airplanes, ammunition, food and automobiles.

When they roused us on deck again the St. Theodore was still in sight, but she had the Yarrowdale for company. Both were trailing behind us and keeping pretty close on. While we were on deck we saw the German sailors at work on the main deck making about ten rafts and when they began to place tins of hardtack on the rafts, a tin to each, we imagined they were going to heave us over the side and let us go on the rafts. But instead they began telling us we would land in the States and then they roused us between decks again.

We had only been there a short time when some of the German officers came down and asked if any of the men would volunteer to go firing on the Yarrowdale and we almost mobbed them to take us. They began putting down the names of the men who were to go and I talked them into putting mine down too. Then I felt about five hundred pounds lighter.

Five o'clock came and by that time I had forgotten to do any worrying. We received our usual rations and most of us who had volunteered figured that we would receive clothes and shoes. In the morning an officer came down below and read out the names of those who were to go and I felt even lighter when he called mine. We were each given a life belt and mustered on deck.

The sea was pretty nasty and some of the men had narrow escapes from falling between the Moewe and the lifeboats when the swells rocked us. One man fell from the ladder and broke his neck on the gunwale of the lifeboat. They took over boat after boat to the Yarrowdale until finally we were all there. Then they mustered us on deck and warned us not to start anything, because they had a time bomb in the engine room and two on the bridge. Meantime they had brought over several boatloads of hardtack and we threw it into No. 3 hold. This was to be our food for some time.

(To Be Continued.)

### SEATING PLANS FOR COBB LECTURE MADE

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Preparations have been completed for the sale of seats for the Irvin S. Cobb lecture at the Bend Amateur Athletic club on the evening of Monday, February 10, it was announced today. Prices will range from \$1.25 to 75 cents, and every seat is reserved. Plans are being made to accommodate a crowd of 1000.

## HORSE'S KICK STOPS SOLDIER

GORDON THOMSON OF BEND HAS JUST SIX DAYS AT FRONT WITH REMOUNT OUTFIT—RETURNS FROM OVERSEAS SERVICE.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

After a brief but exciting service on the western front, during which he was put out of action by the kick of a horse, Gordon Thomson, recently discharged from the Canadian army, returned to Bend last night and was back at his old job as clerk at the Pilot Butte Inn this morning. Mr. Thomson landed in France on September 30, was assigned to a remount outfit bringing up fresh horses for the artillery at Cambrai, and on his third trip to the artillery positions a vicious blow from a horse's hoof landed on his knee. On October 6 he was sent back to England, and was still in the hospital with water on the knee when the war ended.

Mr. Thomson told enthusiastically of the surgical miracles performed in the army hospitals. "One man near me had his nose torn off by a shell fragment, but that was nothing to the surgeon; a new nose was carved out of a bone taken from some animal, and the man's face was made perfectly normal again," he said. "That was just typical of the kind of work being done all the time by the Canadian army surgeons."

### F. E. DICK PLEADS GUILTY; FINED \$100

Guns Are Confiscated After Game Warden Finds Quantity of Venison in House.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Pleading guilty to a charge of having venison killed out of season in his possession, F. E. Dick of Bend was fined \$100 Saturday by Justice of the Peace J. A. Eastes, and a number of guns found in his home confiscated. The defendant did not admit having killed the deer himself.

The case followed a raid made the day before by District Game Warden George Tonkin, when the bones of deer and several jars of canned deer meat were found in the Dick home.

Mr. Dick refused today to pay his fine and was confined in the county jail.

## C. B. SWIFT IS BEND VISITOR

INDUSTRIES IN EAST RAPIDLY BECOMING STABILIZED, HE DECLARES—OUTLINES POLICIES FOR CENTRAL OREGON BANK.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Returning from a trip of several months' duration in the east, Carlton B. Swift, vice president of the Central Oregon bank, arrived in Bend today to outline the policy of the institution for the coming year. A keen interest will be taken in the development of Central Oregon industries, he intimated.

Mr. Swift stated that business conditions in the east, following the ending of the war, are steadying down in an encouraging manner, but that industries are running on a close margin, in readiness for either an increase or a slump in business. "Bend looks better than ever," was his comment on local conditions.

### BARNETT LOWELL TO FACE LIQUOR CHARGE

Jeff Kelly, Arrested After Fight, Is Complaining Witness—Trial to Be Held Monday Morning.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Charged with violating the state prohibition law by selling intoxicating liquor, Barnett Lowell of Bend was arrested this morning on information furnished by Jeff Kelly, a government trapper from near Prineville, who asserts that he was one of Lowell's customers. Lowell was arraigned before City Judge D. H. Peoples, entered a plea of not guilty and was allowed to go under \$200 bail. Hearing of the case was set for 10 o'clock Monday morning.

Kelly, in an intoxicated condition, was arrested last night by Chief of Police Nixon. He bore marks of recent combat and carried a partially filled whiskey bottle, which he said had been sold him by Lowell.

### 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

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