

GUNNER DEPEW

By

ALBERT N. DEPEW

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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

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR JULY 21

PRAYING TO GOD.

LESSON TEXT—Psalms 145:1, 2; Luke 11:1-4.
GOLDEN TEXT—Let us therefore come boldly into the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Hebrews 4:16.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Luke 11:1-4.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—FOR TEACHERS—Psalms 24:4; Matthew 7:7-12; II Corinthians 12:12; James 4:2-4.
PRIMARY MEMORY VERSE—Jehovah is high unto all them that call upon him. Psalms 145:3.
STORY MATERIAL—Matthew 14:22-33; Acts 16:1-7.
INTERMEDIATE, SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Why and how to pray and the results.

Prayer ought to be a matter of great concern to every believer (Psalms 145:1, 2).

Prayer is a matter but little understood by Christians; in fact, only as divine aid is given can we really pray. The name of prayer is from the depths of the soul to the very thoughts of God. There was something about the praying of Jesus that so impressed the disciples that they requested him to teach them to pray (Luke 11:1). We would more often than think asking him to teach them how to pray. Praying is more important than preaching. No one is fit to teach or preach who does not know how to pray. My each one enroll at once in the school of prayer with Christ as our teacher. He is a most willing and capable teacher. In response to the discipline required he outlines the following principles of prayer:

I. The Right Relationship of the One Praying (Luke 11:2).

1. Phila—"Father."
In order to pray to God, the suppliant must be a child of God. God is a father; his gifts and blessings are for his children. This relationship can only be entered into through regeneration. Not all men have a right to say, "Our Father" when addressing God. Only those who are children of God by faith in Jesus Christ can so address him. It is not only prayer for children but living like God's children. Children have rights and privileges which are denied to others.
2. Fraternal—"Our Father."
God has more than one child. His children are bound up together in nature and interests. Even in our secret prayer we should address him as Our Father, which is a recognition of the interests of others alongside of ours.

II. The Right Attitude in Prayer (Luke 11:2).

1. Reverent adoration.
"As children, yet not in certain knowledge, but in hope, we wait for the manifestation of the sons of God. We should hallow his name; we should adore him as the eternal God."
2. Earnest.
When praying to God we should come with the spirit of liberty which characterizes his kingdom (John 1:12).

3. Submission—"Thy will be done."
"We should have no will of our own regarding the rule of God. We should let him direct us in all things."

III. The Right Spirit (Luke 11:3-5).

1. Dependence—"Give us our daily bread" (v. 3).

We should realize that not only we have, but life itself is ours to enjoy because of him, and that he is able to do for us exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think.

2. Persistence—"Forgive us our debts" (v. 4).

We should come to him realizing that we have sinned, and cry unto him for forgiveness. Our hearts must be as his, and we must be ready to forgive those who sin against us; as God is willing to forgive us.

3. Boldness and Caution—"Lead us not into temptation" (v. 4).

Since we are God's children and realizing the depravity of our nature, and the consequent tendency to practice that which displeases him, we should abstain from that which is indulged in would dishonor him.

4. Intercessory (v. 5, 6).

The man who asked for bread did not ask for himself, but for his friend.

5. Perseverance (v. 7, 8).

Prayer which pleases God and gets results in answer to the petitioner's will should be achieved.

IV. Encouragement to Pray (Luke 11:9-13).

1. God's promise (v. 9, 10).

The promise is that if we ask, it shall be given us; if we seek, we shall find; if we knock, the door shall be opened unto us.

2. The example of the Father (v. 11).

No child will give a stone to his father, or a serpent to his father, or a scorpion to his father; so shall the Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

3. The gift of the Holy Spirit (v. 13).

This gift is himself in the person of the Holy Spirit. He who gives the gift of the Holy Spirit will also give the gift of the Holy Spirit.

WOMEN FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA

Success Has Followed All Their Efforts.

On the grain from Edmonton to Winnipeg the writer took a seat beside a soldier, who had returned from the front. On his breast he wore the beautiful distinguished service medal. One coat, sleeve was armless, and on his left cheek he bore a scar. He had served his country faithfully and well. At the first call for soldiers in August, 1914, he hastened to the recruiting office, leaving his 320-acre farm, with its crop ready for harvest, a full equipment of farm implements, plenty of horses, and a wife. The wife should not be last on the list for she proved the master of the situation, and loyally took hold of the question of production, while her husband was on his way to fight the Hun. And she succeeded. In 1915 she succeeded, and again in 1916, and when her husband returned in 1917 she was able to show some contemplated farm buildings completed, the indebtedness of the farm paid off, a considerable addition to the stock, and the land ready for a 1917 crop. This was the story told by the soldier, and wasn't he a proud man! He was now ready to show the world that he was a good farmer, and to provide food for the allies. The women of Canada have done nobly during the struggle.

Among the most successful farmers of the Oak Lake district, Manitoba, are the Misses Clara and Beatrice Forward, who for the past fourteen years, have farmed their own land, doing all the regular work on the farm, such as plowing and sowing, summer following and reaping. They have been especially successful with stock, and have a splendid herd of short-horns, both purebred and half-bred. At the recent Brandon sale they purchased a new purebred stock bull for \$700. Their herd was last year increased by 23 calves.

Miss R. M. Hillman of Keeler, Saskatchewan, is another successful woman farmer. She has gone in extensively for grain growing, and farms 1,120 acres. She also owns some of the best beef cattle herons in Saskatchewan.

The praise, now boasts of many women who have had more or less success, though few are farmers. The Misses Forward, these women have demonstrated, and are still demonstrating, that a versatile woman may be just as good and successful a farmer as her brother.

There are other women, too, on the Canadian prairies, who, though they have not had the same success, are nevertheless doing a good deal of good in making the farm a success. They assist their husbands in keeping the farm accounts, reducing the grocer's bills by the most judicious selection of goods, and in the management of the house, and, very often, proving good advisers in the economic management of the men and general conduct of the farm work.

With this summer the women of Canada carry with them a wonderful asset in a good, managing wife.—Advertisement.

HOW SNAKES HELP FARMER

Men Who Know Snakes Out How Valuable to the Tiller of the Soil Are Their Services.

Snakes are a valuable asset and there should be no war against them, writes Gayne T. K. Norton, in the American Forestry Magazine. The article goes on to show that the snake does for food on the farm what the killing rodent and insect, the greatest enemies to grain that man knows. The public has become acquainted with snakes as never before, writes Mr. Norton, because the thousands who have been engaged in the campaign for war gardens that have been conducted by the national emergency food garden commission.

"With this summer the millions of war gardens have given the snake popular interest. Tremendously increased tillage has brought people and snakes together."

"Unless killed education work is done the army of snakes that will be killed next year by the well-meaning but misinformed gardeners will be very large. Our snakes are a national asset worth many millions of dollars and should be conserved. The relation they bear to successful crops is important—more important than even the average farmer realizes."

War Relations.

It may be news to many people that there can be a nearer family relation than that of brother and sister, but a little miss gives this information to the world on the first day of her attendance at the school.

Accompanied by a small boy, she appeared in the schoolroom, and the teacher greeted her to take down the new pupils' names, which were given as Ralph and Edith Johnson.

"Brother and sister, I suppose," said the teacher pleasantly.

"Oh, no, no, no, we're twins," was the little girl's reply.

An automobile alarm whistle to be connected to the cylinders of the car can be made to utilize the full force of their explosions when desired.

Some folks go abroad to complete their education and some to begin it.

FOREWORD.

"Gunner Depew" is not a work of fiction, but it is more thrilling than any fiction you ever read. It is the true story of the experiences of an American boy who had a fighting career that is unique in the annals of the great war. It is a story crowded with fighting and adventure—big with human courage and endurance. It is the first war narrative that tells the true story of conditions in the German prison camps. It is a story that every American should and will read to the end.

CHAPTER I.

In the American Navy.

My father was a seaman, so, naturally, all my life I heard a great deal about ships and the sea. When I was a little boy, in Winton, Pa., I thought about them a whole lot and wanted to be a sailor—especially a sailor in the U. S. Navy.

You might say I was brought up on the water.

When I was twelve years old I went to see as cabin boy on the whaler *Therfish*, out of Boston. She was an old square-rigger, and she was a lot more for work than for speed. We were out for months on my first cruise, and got knocked around a lot, especially in a storm on the Newfound land banks, where we lost our instruments, and had a hard time navigating the ship. Whaling crews work on shores and during the two years I was on the *Therfish* my share amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

Then I shipped as first-class helmsman on the British tramp *Sunderdown*, a twin-screw steamer out of Liverpool. Many people are surprised that a fourteen-year-old boy should be helmsman on an ocean-going craft, but all over the world you will see young lads doing their trick at the wheel. I was on the *Sunderdown* for two years and in that time visited most of the important ports of Europe. There is nothing like a tramp steamer if you want to see the world. The *Sunderdown* was the vessel that in the fall of 1917, I met a German U-boat rigging up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the *Sunderdown* after a while and at the end of my voyage which landed me in New York I decided to get into the United States Navy. After laying around for a week or two I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

People have said they thought I was pretty small to be a fireman; they have the idea that firemen must be big men. Well, I am 5 feet 7 inches in height, and I was 145 pounds. I was tall as I am now and weighed 158 pounds. I was a whole lot huskier then, too, for that was before my introduction to kuller in German prison camps, and life there was not exactly fatening—not exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the navy fireman—the lads with the red stripes around their left shoulders—you will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a husky lot.

Now, in the navy, they always have a peacemaker until he shows that he can take care of himself, and I became very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sailor) who came along would give me one of the bucket's kick, and spill one or the both of us. Each time I would move to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Finally I saw a marine coming. I was nowhere near him, but he heeled out of his course to come up to me and gave the bucket a boot that sent it twenty feet away, at the same time handing me a clout on the ear that just about knocked me down. Now, I did not exactly know what a marine was, and this fellow had so many stripes on his sleeves that I thought he must be some sort of officer, so I just stood by. There was a gold stripe (commissioned officer) on the bridge and I knew that if anything went wrong he would cut in, so I kept looking up at him, but he stayed where he was, looking on, and never saying a word. And all the time the marine kept clapping me about the ears, telling me to get the hell out of there.

Finally I said to myself, "I'll get this guy if he's the brig for a month." So I planned him one in the kidneys and another in the nose, and he had to clean up against the rail. But he came back at me strong, and we were at it for some time.

But when it came the gold stripe

came down from the bridge and shook hands with me! After this they did not haze me much. This was the beginning of a certain reputation that I had in the navy for fast-work. Later on I had a reputation for swimming. That first day they began calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname to the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbles and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbles never have a word for them, nor they for us. On foreign garbles, even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course they are with us in close in case we have a scrap with a liberty party off some foreign ship—they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can—but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot figure out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things that we leave about we, but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

I kept strictly on the job as a fireman, but I wanted to get into the gun turret. It was slow work for a long time. I had to serve as second-class fireman for four months, first-class for eight months and in the engine room as water-tender for a year. Then, after serving on the U. S. S. *Die Moth* as a gunnery, I was transferred to the Iowa and finally worked up to a gun-point. After a time I got my C. P. O. rating—chief petty officer, first-class.

The navy was a jiffer in many ways, but most of the differences would not be noticed by any one but a sailor. Every sailor has a great deal of respect for the *Suites* and *Nazis*, and *Daners*; they are born sailors and are very daring, but of course, their navies are small. The Germans were always known as clean

There was not much racket around the *Yorks*, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some for myself. Believe me, I got enough racket before I was through. I was the only one who did it. I had done had happened like that: I did them on the jump, you might say. Many other Americans wanted a look, too; there were five thousand Americans in the Canadian army at one time they say.

I would not claim that I went over there to have democracy, or anything like that. I was just a kid, and I was not kind to me, and what I heard about the way the Huns treated the Belgians made me sick. I tried to get out of the war, but I could not. I thought about it so much. But there was not much excitement about New York, and I figured the U. S. would not get into it while I was away, so I just went to go over and see what it was like. That is why lots of us went. I think.

There were five of us who went to Boston to ship for the other side: Sam Murray, Ed Brown, Tim Flynn, and myself. Murray was an expert—two hitches (enlistments), gunnery rating, and about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty years old, who served in the U. S. army and had quit with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a noted swimmer. Of the five of us, I am the only one who went in, got through and came out. Flynn and Mitchell did not go in; Murray and Brown never came back.

The five of us shipped on the steamship *Virginian* of the American-Belgian line, under American flag and registry, but chartered by the French government. I signed on as water-tender, and ending room job—but the others were on deck—that is, seamen.

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with a cargo of ammunition, bulky beef, etc., and made the first trip without anything of interest having happened. As we were going to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I went down into the hold and got a piece of bread with a thick slice of beefsteak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid, but by using several languages and signs he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry, but too much to eat, in fact.

I used to think of the fellow occasionally when I was in a German prison camp, and a piece of molybdenum the size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, when I was in the German hospital. I would not exactly have refused a beefsteak sandwich, I am afraid. But then I was not a heaven-born American; I was only a common American boy.

I was only a common American boy, but I was full of kuller and grub; I was not full of anything.

There was a large prison camp at St. Nazaire, and at one time or another I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the French army and consisted of stone buildings, floored with concrete, with auxiliary barracks on the side. The German prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside the houses were divided into rooms, and the prisoners were kept in a gymnasium for the prisoners, a canteen where they might buy anything of the things you could buy anywhere else in the country, and a studio where the prisoners were kept in private—was a good thing for the prisoners, and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades.

Officers and privates received the same treatment, however, and all were given exactly

the same rations and equipment as the regular French army. Before it went to the front, their food consisted of bread, soup, and wine, as wine is called almost everywhere in the world. In the morning they received half a loaf of Vienna bread and coffee. At noon they each had a large slice of thick soup, and at three in the afternoon the soup was more like a stew—very thick with meat and vegetables. At one of the officers' barracks there was a cook who had been chef in the long est hotel in Paris before the war.

All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every man had his barracks and equipment were fumigated. They were given the best of medical attention.

Besides all this, they were allowed to work at their trades. If they had any. All the carpenters, cobblers, tailors and painters were kept busy, and some of them picked up some change here and there. The Austrians formed bands and played almost every night at restaurants and theaters in the town. Those who had no trade were allowed to work on the roads, make docks and at residences about the town.

Talk about dear old jail! You could not have driven the average prisoner away from there with a 14-inch gun.

I was in the prison for a long time in Brandenburg when our boys were rushing the Austrians; in the hope of being bayoneted out of their pursuers.

While our cargo was being unpacked I spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the equality of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the French army, and I was assigned to the infantry and sent to the French man-of-war *Cassard*. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother told me not to go. I thought about it so much. But there was not much excitement about New York, and I figured the U. S. would not get into it while I was away, so I just went to go over and see what it was like. That is why lots of us went. I think.

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All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every man had