

GUNNER DEPEW

By **ALBERT N. DEPEW**

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DEPEW FINDS HIS PAL, MURRAY, HAS BEEN MADE A VICTIM OF HUN FRIGHTFULNESS.

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. He received his honorable discharge from France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnought Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans he is wounded and sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the battleship Cassard. He recalls the wonderful work of the British and French in the Gallipoli campaign.

volunteers for french duty. I was not very keen about going, because I had been in trenches at Dixmude, and I knew how pleasant they were—not, but I volunteered, and so did Murray. We went ashore in our boats under a heavy fire. There were 42 men killed in the lifeboat in which I was. I escaped without a scratch.

We were mustered up on shore and volunteers were called for for sentry duty. Murray volunteered. If he had only gone on with the rest of us he might have come through. After a short wait we were given the order to advance. The firing became heavier and heavier. At last we went at the double. We had not got very far before we had a fine little surprise party handed us.

The front line was running over what appeared to be good, solid ground, when they broke through and fell into trenches 30 to 40 feet deep. These trenches had been dug, covered over with 14-inch boards and the top was made of a fine mesh of wire. Sharp stakes were sticking out of the parapet and parapets, and at the bottom were more stakes and rocks and barbed wire.

We were advancing with bayoneted fixed arms at the gully, so when the first line fell, and some of the second, the boys of the third line came running up, and in the scramble that followed I missed Murray. The first few lines were bayoneted by their comrades. I was in the third line, but I was lucky enough to pull up in time and did not fall in. You could not look down into the trench after you had seen once, it was too sickening. Our casualties were sent back to the ship. One boat was sunk by a shell and all the men lost.

I remained where we were, scratching out shallow trenches for ourselves, hiding what natural cover there was and otherwise getting ready for the night, which was near. It began to rain and we could hardly keep our feet going because we had to shelter them from the shore side, so the enemy could not spot us, and the wind was from the sea. It was certainly miserable that night.

After one or two days we would stand by to repel an attack, whether it was a real one or not, and we were under fire all the time. It seemed as if morning would never come. The same sort of things happened to the boys and I, they were as bad as any cooties I had ever had at Dixmude. The morning came at last, and I was detailed with a fatigue party to the beach where we had landed. We missed Murray and I asked where he was. They said he had been missing from his post not more than an hour from the time he had been ordered, and joined in the hunt for Murray. There were men searching all along the docks and on the shore to each side. Finally I saw a flash of man collect around a stone house on the farther end of the docks on the shore side. I ran up to them.

There was poor old Murray. They were just taking him down. He had been crucified against the wall of the trench. There was a bayonet through each arm, one through each foot and one through his stomach. One of the garbles, stained with blood, had pulled one of the bayonets out of the wrist and taken his identification disc. I lay this to the German officers more than the Turks.

I do not know what I did after that. I changed my mind and I was not like my usual self during the rest of the time. It was still raining when we started the food in the front line. Along with the food were masses of troops feeding and among them Indian troops on sentry duty. They looked like a bunch of frozen turkeys, cold and unresponsive. We kept close together and were not far from the commanding officer's tent. Intolerably loud and could see the bursting shells, particularly those from the British ships.

Then we came across some Turkish prisoners who were sheltering in an old barn. I guess it was, and we stopped for shelter and rest. They told us that their troops were very tired from long fighting, but they had plenty of food. They said a couple of shells had dropped about a hundred yards from the barn just before we came, so we knew the batteries did not get any longer. I had went away from there and on our road. About 500 yards farther on we came to ruins, and when we went inside we found 50 or 60 of our boys cooking and sleeping and getting a thought outside were hanging away at the bay, as though there never had been a war in the world. There was no shell that could have hit them away from that bay unless it hit them.

The word "Anzac," as you probably know, is made from the initials of the Australian and New Zealand army corps. They had a regular town, called Anzac, on the peninsula. It's Turkey and around Gaba Tepe the Anzacs got further into the Turkish lines than any other unit in the allied armies. They were wonderful fighters.

By this time the Turks were making an attack, and all you could see to the front was one long line of smoke and spouting shrap. Then our guns started and the noise was deafening. It was worse than in the trenches. My head rang for days after we left the Dardanelles.

The Turks were getting a better idea of our range now and the shells were falling pretty close to us, but finally we tore in with the 14-inch navals and ripped up three of their batteries. In the lull that followed we made good time and reached our front line positions at Sedd-el-Bahr during the afternoon.

The next morning we made our first attack. I had had a bad night of it, thinking about Murray, and when the



He Had Been Crucified.

time came there never was a chap more glad to charge and get a chance at the enemy with the bayonet than I was.

We attacked according to a program. Time cards were issued to the officers of each section, so that we would work exactly with the barrage. To be ahead of, or behind the time card, would mean walking into our own barrage. The time of the attack was called zero. That is, the minute when you leave the trench. Some of the Anzacs said I meant when your feet got the coldest, but I do not think they suffered very much, but I was instructed to copy that is, the minute when you leave the trench. Some of the Anzacs said I meant when your feet got the coldest, but I do not think they suffered very much, but I was instructed to copy that is, the minute when you leave the trench.

The time card might read something like this: First wave, zero, advance, rapid walk, barrage 20 in 10 seconds take first trench, 0:20; second wave same as the first, pass first trench 0:21; take second trench, 0:35. The third wave is ordered to take the third trench, and so on, for as many lines as the enemy is entrenched. The other waves might be instructed to occupy Hill 7, 12:05, or dig in behind rock 12:45. Here, zero is understood, the first figures standing for minutes and the others for seconds. It might take some time to get the barrage set up on an exact schedule.

I was in the sixth line of the third wave of attack and zero was 4:30 a. m. Whistles were to be the signal for zero, but everything is laid out in an exact schedule.

Depew goes over the top in an attack on the Turkish trenches. He gets back to his own lines. Don't miss reading about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

City Dweller and the Tin Can. "Here is an astonishing fact," writes Harry S. Stabler, in Everybody's, "which the proper authorities will verify for you." "Try per cent of the business of the wholesale grocers of the entire country is in canned goods. In the wholesale houses of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco, the food items up to 40 per cent of the business. "The fact is, that if you were to take the tin cans out of any city of the first or second class, the inhabitants would begin to starve almost at once. That means, of course, that those cities could not have grown so large without food conserved in tin."

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
MAKE CIDER VINEGAR AT HOME.



Apples for Vinegar May Be Run Through a Food Chopper.

MAKING VINEGAR ON SMALL SCALE

Important for Housewife to Prepare Her Own Supply for Use This Year.

USE SOUND AND RIPE FRUIT

Contain More Sugar Than When Green or Underripe and Consequently Produce Stronger Article—Kegs Should Be Clean.

Since war industries are using great quantities of acetic acid, the acid present in vinegar, in the manufacture of explosives and in many other ways in munitions of war, the demand on the commercial vinegar plants renders the making of vinegar in the home more important than ever before. One of the best ways of making vinegar on a small scale for household use. While the principle is the same in manufacturing on a commercial scale, different methods are employed in handling large quantities.

The fruit used for making vinegar should be sound and fully ripe. Partially decayed fruit is no better for vinegar making than for eating and should not be used. Fruits, when ripe, contain more sugar than when green or underripe and consequently produce a stronger vinegar.

Grind Mill or Food Chopper. For those possessing select sound, ripe fruit. Wash thoroughly and remove all decayed portions. Crush either in a machine made for this purpose, such as a cider mill, or, for small quantities, run through a food chopper.

Put the fruit in a press and run it into a clean barrel, keg or crock for fermentation. If press is not available, allow the mass to ferment for two or three days and then squeeze by hand through cheesecloth. More juice is obtained in this way. Great care should be taken to have all the utensils thoroughly clean and to handle the fruit in a cleanly manner. If green kegs or barrels, especially old vinegar barrels, are used, they should be cleaned thoroughly and all traces of the old vinegar removed. If this is not done, the old barrel will interfere with the action of the new vinegar and possibly spoil the product. After the juice has been squeezed out, add a fresh compressed yeast cake to every five gallons of the juice.

Work the yeast up thoroughly in about one-half cup of the juice and add to the expressed juice, stirring it thoroughly. Cover with a cloth to keep insects away and allow to ferment in a warm place. Fermentation is between 80 and 90 degrees F. Do not put in a cold cellar, as the fermentation will be too slow. At 80 to 90 degrees F. the product will mature in four days to a week. In other words, it will stop "working," as indicated by the cessation of bubbling. It is now ready for the acetic acid fermentation, during which the alcohol is changed into acetic acid.

Add Some Strong Vinegar. After the active alcoholic fermentation (bubbling) stops, it will be found advantageous to add some good, strong, fresh vinegar in the proportion of one gallon of vinegar to three gallons of fermented juice. Instead of the vinegar one can add an equal quantity of the so-called "mother." If "mother" is used, however, one should use only that growing on the surface of the vinegar, and not that which has fallen to the bottom. Vine-gar mother which has fallen to the bottom is no longer producing acetic acid. After adding the vinegar, cover with cloth and keep in a dark place be-

tween 70 and 80 degrees F., preferably at 80 to 85 degrees F. Do not disturb the film that forms, for this is the true mother, the acetic acid bacteria which turn the fermented juice to vinegar. Do not exclude the air. The acetic acid bacteria must have air for growth. Taste the juice every week, and when it is sour, as it will become—that is, doesn't increase in acid, or when it is as sour as desired—syphon off and store in kegs, jugs or bottles, filled full and stoppered tight. This is not done after reaching the maximum acidity; the acid will gradually disappear and the vinegar will "turn to water." If stored in well-stoppered, full receptacles, this cannot happen, for the absence of air prevents this change.

If the directions are followed, especially as regards temperature, the process will usually be completed in six weeks to two months, in cases where only a few gallons of juice are used.

Apple vinegar may clarify itself spontaneously, but if it should remain cloudy and turbid, it must be clarified by means of a clarifying product. A common method is to store the vinegar in barrels undisturbed for a considerable time, and then "rack off," that is, draw off carefully, so as not to disturb the sediment. This is repeated several times, and usually gives a fairly clear product.

VINEGAR DON'TS

1. Don't put the freshly expressed juice into old vinegar kegs or barrels without thoroughly cleansing and scalding.
2. Don't add "mother" to freshly pressed juice.
3. Don't add old "mother" from the bottom of an old vinegar barrel.
4. Don't put in a cold cellar.
5. Don't store in full barrels.
6. Don't expect to make vinegar.
7. Don't put in too warm a place or expose to sunlight in summer to hasten fermentation.
8. Don't expose to bright light.
9. Don't leave vinegar exposed to the air after it is made.

Tomato Vinegar.

In attempting to utilize the tomato in many ways it is possible, if it is not uncommon practice, especially with "tomato club" girls, to make what is termed "tomato vinegar." This product is not a vinegar, although it has a sour taste and to a certain extent, as in salads and for table purposes, can be used as a substitute for vinegar. It is really a lactic acid fermentation (souring) of tomatoes. Instead of acetic acid and for this reason is more like sour milk and sauerkraut juice. It spoils rapidly after fermentation unless it is put into bottles, filled as full as possible, and corked tight. After opening and pouring the juice the product will spoil unless kept very cold. In making this product the juice is collected and allowed to stand in a warm place for a few days. After it becomes sour it is sour but filtered or strained and stored in bottles filled full and corked tight. It is said that products of this type are being used as substitutes for vinegar in Austria. There appears to be no reason why such a product could not be used in salad and meat dressings with entire satisfaction.

Try washing the wristbands and collars of the men's shirts with a stiff scrubbing brush. Lay them flat on the board, wet the brush and rub it across the bar of soap, then scrub the cloth with short strokes of the brush. Two dishpans instead of one make dishwashing much easier. The second should be filled with hot water, and when the dishes are drained they need only a touch of the cloth to dry them.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

During our eighth trick off Cape Helles I was amidsthips in the galley when I heard our two 14-pounders go off almost at the same time. Everybody ran for his station. Going up the main deck to turn out a man told me it was a sub on the port bow, but I only caught a glimpse of the little whirpool where her periscope submerged. I do not know why she did not lose a torpedo, but the other officers said she was trying to make the entrance to the Dardanelles and came up blind among our slips and was scared off by our guns, but I thought we had just reached the skin of our teeth. Later on our destroyers claimed to have sighted her off Gaba Tepe.

At noon we were at mess when one of the boys yelled, "She's hit," and all rushed on deck. There was the British ship, Triumph, torpedoed and listing away over to starboard. She was ready to turn over in a few minutes. One battleship is not supposed to go to the assistance of another ship that has been torpedoed, because the chances are: the sub is still in the neighborhood laying for the second ship with another torpedo. But one of the British battleships sent the assistance of the Triumph to pick up the crew.

We could see the crew jumping into the water. Then we breezed out toward the horizon, full speed ahead, about the Triumph was a cloud of black smoke, but when we looked through the glass we could see she was going down. Then our guns began to bombard the Turkish positions and had to get busy. When I saw the Triumph again she was bottom up. She must have floated upside down for almost half an hour, then she went down as though there was somebody on the bottom pulling her.

When she went our Old Man banged his telephone on the bridge rail and swore at the Russ and Turks and broke his telescope lens to bits. About fifty from the Triumph were lost. It was decided that the place was not for us with that sub running loose, and when they reported that afternoon that she was making her way south from Gaba Tepe to Cape Helles and the fact that the Majestic was up under way, and the Majestic was the only ship left off the cape.

They said the Majestic was then the oldest of the ships in that campaign, but she was the pick of the British fleet just the same. She was torpedoed off Cape Helles later on, when there were a number of men-of-war off the cape. The sea was crowded with men swimming and drowning. I think, and when she went down like a rock. As she went down she turned over and a garby ran along her side to the ram at her bow and got on it without even being wet. A boat picked him up off the ram which stuck out of the water after the ship had ceased to settle.

She had torpedo nets on her sides, and many of the crew were unable to get clear of the nets and went down with her. Quite a lot were caught below decks and had no possible chance to escape. There was a big explosion as she went under—probably the boilers bursting. Thousands of troops on shore and thousands of sailors on the ships saw the final plunge, and it was a sight to remember. When the ship started to go, the Old Man rushed back to his cabin, got the signal book and destroyed it. Also, he saved the lives of two of his men. We gave dry clothes and brandy and coffee to the Limeys we rescued, and though they had just come through something pretty tough, they were

CHAPTER XII.

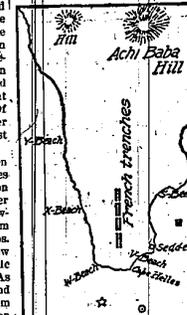
A Pal Crucified.

When we got to my perch on my side the weather was really fine, but I did not please us much, for as soon as we got in range the enemy opened up on us and the shell fire was heavier than any we had seen before, though not more effective. We drew in on a bright morning about half past five or six, with our convoy, the troopship Clamou, ahead of us and going slowly, sounding all the way.

At this part of the shore there is a dock about a mile and a half long, running back into the country and terminating in a road. The Champagne was making good time, and she was within 500 yards of the shore, I saw her swing around and steer in a crazy fashion. We began asking each other what was the matter with her, but we learned afterwards that her rudder had been torn off, though we never found out how, nor do I think anyone ever knew.

Then she went aground, with her stern toward the shore and listed over to starboard. You could see different articles rolling out and down the side. Then her back broke. The quarter-deck was crowded with men half dead, with life belts hanging over the edge of the climbing down. There was an explosion and a cloud of black smoke over us, and for a while I thought the ship was blown. All the time she was being rained on by us and on the Champagne. When I could see again I saw the men on the Champagne climbing down on the starboard or shore side. One chap was going down hand over hand along a station, when another fellow above the first man fell and slid right down on him. The first man fell about thirty feet, landing in the water with his neck doctored under him. Our lifeboats and launches were out picking up survivors.

Those who got safely over the side started to swim ashore, but when they had done only a little way they found they were up to their waists in water upon barbed wire entanglements and not a man got ashore that way, but was scratched and clawed and man-



Where the GOLIATH was wrecked. Where the CASARD engaged the TURK and the KASSELBERG MOORING.

gled horribly. Some of them that I saw afterwards were just straggling along the sides of the beach, though, were killed by shrapnel while they were in the water. On board the Cassard our guns had been busy all the time, but we were not ordered to commence. We had suffered a bit, too, but not about 3,000 men on the Champagne. I think, and the casualties must have been almost two-thirds. The ship was just a mass of wreckage. They called for a landing party from the Cassard, and others asked for