

GEORGE 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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DEPEW IS WOUNDED IN FIERCE FIGHT WITH GERMANS AND GOES TO HOSPITAL.

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. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught 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 front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience.

CHAPTER IX.

Laid Up for Repairs.

One night, after I had been at Dixmude for about three weeks, we made a charge in the face of a very heavy fire. Our captain always stood at the parapet when we were going over, and made the sign of the cross and shouted, "For God and France." Then we would go over. Our officers always led us, but I have never seen a German officer lead a charge. They always were behind their men, driving instead of leading. I do not believe they are as brave as they are said to be.

Well, we went over this time, and the machine guns were certainly going it strong. We were pretty sore about the chaplain and the Swiss and all that, and we put up an awful fight, but we could not make it and had to come back. Only one company reached the Boche trenches and not a man of it came back who had not been wounded on the way and did not reach the trench. They were just wiped out.

The captain was missing, too. We thought he was done for, but about two o'clock in the morning, he came back. He simply fell over into the trench, all in. He had been wounded four times, and had lain in a shell crater full of water for several hours. He would not go back for treatment then, and when daylight came, it was too late, because we were practically cut off by artillery fire behind the front line trenches.

When daylight came, the artillery fire opened up right on us, and the Germans had advanced their lines into some trenches formerly held by us and hardly forty-five yards away. We received bombs and shells right in our faces. A Tunisian in our company got crazy, and ran back over the parapets. He ran a few yards, then stopped and looked back at us. I think he was coming to his senses, and would have started back to us. Then he spotted where he had been and was empty, and a second later his body from the chest down fell not three yards from the parapets. I do not know where the top part went. That same shell cut a groove in the hilltop before it exploded. He had been hit by a big shell, and absolutely cut in two. I have seen this happen to four men, but this was the only one in France.

About seven o'clock, we received reinforcements, and poured fresh troops over and retook the trench. No sooner had we entered it, however, than the Germans turned their artillery on us, not even waiting for their own troops to retire safely. They killed numbers of their own men in this way. But the

troops in small groups—what was left of them and stragglers—were angry. Our captain had got it a fifth time, meanwhile, but he would not leave us, as he was the ranking officer. He had a scalp wound, but the others were in his arms and would die. He could not move his hands at all.

But he led our charge when we ran for the woods. We carried some machine guns with us as we went, and the runners would run a piece, set up, fire with us, and then go on for them, and run on again. Some troops came out of a trench still farther to the right and helped us, and we drove the Germans out of the woods and occupied it ourselves.

From there, we had the Germans in an old trench about directly from the rear, and we simply cleaned them out. I think all the boys were kept that day, or else the men who made them die first.

It was shot through the thigh some time or other after the captain got back. It felt just like a needle-prick at first, and then for a while my leg was numb. A couple of hours after we took our trench back, I started out for the rear and hospital. The wound had been hurting for some time. The captain led the hospital out on a stretcher about the same time, but he died on the way from loss of blood. Fresh troops came up to relieve us, but our men refused to accept the official line that they were not there in the trench, they stayed until they took the captain away. Then, back to bullets—no bullets, this time. I believe that we received an enemy citation for that piece of work, but I do not know, as I was in the hospital for a short time afterward. I do not remember much about going to the hospital except that the ambulance made an awful racket going over the stone-paved streets of Etaples, and that the bearer who picked up one end of my stretcher, had eyes like dead fish floating on water; also, that there were some civvies standing around the entrance at the hospital being carried in.

The first thing they do in the hospital is to take off your old dirty bandages and slide your stretcher under a big electric magnet. A doctor comes in and places his hand over your wound and they let down the magnet over his hand and burn off the jelly. If the shell fragment or bullet in you is more than seven centimeters deep, you cannot feel the pain. The first doctor reports to the chief how deep the wound is, and where it is situated, and then a nurse comes up to you, where you lie, with your clothes still on, and asks you to take the "pressure."

Then they lift you on a four-wheeled cart, and roll you over the operating theater. They take off your clothes there. I remember I liked to look at the nurses and surgeons; they looked so good in their clean white clothes.

Then they stick hollow needles into you, which hurt a good deal, and you take the pressure. After while, they begin cutting away the bruised and maybe rotten flesh, removing the old cloth pieces of dirt, and so forth, and scraping away the splinters of bone.

You think you are going to be killed to death. The blood rosiest through you like lightning, and if you get a sight of yourself, you can feel yourself turning pale. They they hurry you to your bed, and cover you over with blankets and hot-water bottles. They raise your bed on chairs, so the blood will run up toward your head, and after a while, your eyes open and the doctor says, "Oui, oui, il vivra," which means that you are some time to spend before finally going west.

The treatment we got in the hospital was great. We received cigarettes, tobacco, matches, magazines, and clean clothes. The men do not talk about their wounds, and an everybody tries to be happy and show it. The food was fine, and there was lots of it.

I do not think there are any doctors in the world better than ours, and they always try to make things easy for us. They did not strip the dressings off your wounds like some of the butchers do in some of our dispensaries that I know of, but took them off carefully. Everything was very clean and sanitary, and some of the hospitals had sun lamps, which were well used, you can be sure.

Some of the men made toys and fancy articles, such as button boxes and paper knives. They made the handles from empty shell cases, or shrapnel, or pieces of Zeppelin, or

anything else picked up along the front.

When they are getting well, the men learn harness making, mechanical drawing, telegraphy, gardening, poultry raising, typewriting, bookkeeping and the men teach the nurses how to make cases out of shell cases, and rings of aluminum, and slippers and gloves out of blankets.

The nurses certainly work hard. They always have more to do than they ought to, but they never complain, and are always cheerful and ready to play games when they have the time, or read to some polka. And their work is pretty dirty too: I would not like to have to do it. They say there were "loaves" of French working as nurses, but you never heard much about society, or any talk about Lord Helpus, or Count Whosis, or pink teas or anything like that from these nurses.

A few shells landed near our hospital, while I was there, but no patient was hit. They knocked a shrine of Our Lady to splinters, though, and bowled over a big crucifix. The kitchen was none by, and it was just the chef's luck that he had walked over the top to see a pal of his, when a shell landed plumb in the center of the kitchen, and all you could see all over the barracks was stew.

There was a regular eating day for us, until they fixed up bogies and got some more dioxes, and mixed up some cornmeal for us. The chef made up for it the next day, though. The chef was a great little guy. He was a "blessed" Frenchman, and I guess his stomach sympathized with ours.

There was a Frenchman in the bed next to me who had the whole side of his face torn off. He told me he had been next to a bomber, who had just got in a fuse and did not think it was burning fast enough, so he blew on it. It burned fast enough after that, and there he was.

There was a Belgian in one of the other wards, whom I got to know pretty well, and who would often come over and visit me. He asked many questions about Dixmude, for he had had relatives there, though he had lost track of them. He often tried to describe the house they had lived in, so that I might tell him whether it was still standing or not, but I could not remember the place he spoke of. During our talks, he told me about many atrocities. Some of the things he told me I had heard before, and some of them I heard of afterward. Here are some things that he either saw or heard of from victims:

He said that when the Germans entered the town of St. Quentin, they started firing into the windows as they passed along. First, they had occupied the town, they bayoneted every workman they could find. Then they took about half of the children that they could find, and killed them with their machine guns. They marched the remainder of the children and the women to the square, where they had lined up a row of male citizens against a wall. The women and children were told that if they moved, they would all be shot. And other file of men was brought up, and made to kneel in front of the other men against the wall.

The women and children began to beg for the lives of the men and many of them were knocked in the head with gun butts before they stopped.

Then the Germans fired at the double rank of men. After three volleys, there were eighty-four dead and twenty wounded. Most of the wounded were then killed with axes, but somehow three or four escaped by hiding under the bodies of others and playing dead, though the officers walked up and down firing their revolvers into the piles of bodies.

The next day the Germans went through the wine cellars, and shot all the inhabitants they found hiding there. A lot of people, who had taken refuge in a factory over night, decided to come out with a white flag. They were allowed to think that the white flag would be respected, but no sooner were they all out than they were seized and the women publicly violated in the square, after which the men were shot. A paralytic was shot as he sat in his arm-chair, and a boy of fourteen was taken by the legs and pulled apart.

At one place, a man was tied by the arms to the ceiling of his room and set afire. His trunk was completely carbonized, but his head and arms were unburned. At the same place, the body of a fifteen-year-old boy was found, pierced by more than twenty bayonet thrusts. Other dead were found with their hands still in the air, leaning up against walls.

At another place the Germans sheltered the town for a day, and then entered and sacked it. The women and children were taken loose, without being allowed to take anything with them, and forced to leave the town. Nearly five hundred men were deported to Germany. Three, who were almost exhausted by hunger, tried to escape. They were exposed and clubbed to death. Twelve men, who had taken refuge in a farm, were tied together and shot in a mass. Another group of six were tied together and

shot, after the Germans had put out their eyes and tortured them with bayonets. Three others were brought before their wives and children and sabred.

The Belgian told me he was at Namur when the Germans began shelling it. The bombardment lasted the whole of August 21 and 22, 1914. They centered their fire on the prison, the hospital, and the railway station. They entered the town at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 23. During the first twenty-four hours, they behaved themselves, but on the 24th they began firing at anyone they pleased, and set fire to different houses on five of the principal squares.

Then they ordered every one to leave his house, and those who did not were shot. The others, about four hundred in all, were drawn up in front of the church, close to the river bank. The Belgian said he could never forget how they all looked.

"I can remember just how it was," he knew very well, standing in a row with several priests. Next came two good friends of mine named Balbau

and Guillaume, with Balbau's seventeen-year-old son; then two men who had taken refuge in a barn and had been discovered and blinded; then two other men whom I had never seen before.

"It was awful to see the way the women were crying—'Shoot me too, shoot me with my husband.'"

"The men were lined up on the edge of the hollow, which runs from the high road to the bottom of the village. One of them was leaning on the shoulders of an old priest, and he was crying. 'I am too young—I can't face death bravely.'"

"I couldn't bear the sight any longer. I turned my back to the road, and covered my eyes. I heard the volley and the bodies falling. Then some one cried, 'Look, they're all down.' But a few escaped."

This Belgian had escaped by hiding in an old cart filled with manure and rubbish. He had chewed old rye for food, had swam across the river, and hid in a mud bank for almost a week longer, and finally got to France. He took it very hard when we talked about Dixmude, and I told him that the old church was just shot to pieces. He asked about a painting called the "Adoration of the Magd," and one of the other prisoners told us it had been saved and transported to Germany. If that is true, and they do not destroy it meanwhile, we will get it back, don't worry!

My wound was just a clean gunshot wound, but it was very hard when they let me go after three weeks. But before I went, I saw something that no man of us will ever forget. Some of our old boys just like the men of the legion I had told about.

One of the patients was a German doctor, who had been picked up in No Man's Land, very seriously wounded. He was given the same treatment as any of us, that is, the very best, but finally, the doctors gave him up. They thought he would die slowly, and that it might take several weeks.

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SAVING MINISTER WAS A FLIRT

Pastor Charged With Murder of Wife Had Many Love Affairs.

COURTS CHURCH GIRLS

Accused Divine Said to Have Planned Marriage With One Girl After Paying Ardent Suit to Another.

Wells Depot, Me.—A cloak of mystery surrounds the death of Mrs. Minnie Stevens Hall, wife of the Rev. Henry H. Hall, pastor of the Union Baptist church here, who declared that she fell from a high bridge to a pile of rocks in a dry creek on the night of June 11. The minister has been lodged in jail at Alfred, Me., charged with the murder of Mrs. Hall. Numerous stories of the minister's flirtations have been circulated and detectives are securing considerable evidence in the most sensational case that has been brought to light in Maine in many years.

The body of the woman has been "chained." The autopsy was made in the dimly lighted chapel of the little Baptist church where Mr. Hall had preached. Within three hours of the time that her body was disinterred and submitted to a critical official examination it was returned to its market and grave, and laid at rest forever.

Had Many Love Affairs. Developments of a startling nature have been made during the investigation. Among them was the fact that the accused preacher was in four impetuous love affairs at the same time and one of them was with a woman of mystery in whom the officers are deeply interested. She is a Portland woman known as "Mrs. Alexia," and the

Two Women Faced Each Other. The police of that city have been called upon for aid in locating her.

At the same time Hall was declared to have been engaged to marry "Katie" Gerow, of Wells, to whom he was paying attention to her twenty-one-year-old sister, Grace, and to have a living legal wife at the same time. Mrs. Hall learned of her husband's numerous infatuations, which ranged from flirtations to marriage engagements, it was alleged.

When Hall was a patient at the Marine hospital at Portland, he received daily visits from another woman. She is said to have carried him flowers, and it was thought that she was to marry him. Mrs. Hall went to the hospital one day to see her husband, and while she was at his bedside the woman appeared for her customary visit, but was informed that she could not go into the ward because at that time the patient's wife was with him. The visitor exclaimed that Hall had no wife, and insisting that he was engaged to be married to her, rushed into the ward where she demanded an explanation from Hall. Hospital attendants took a hand in the affair when the two women faced each other and realized the truth.

On the day of the funeral of his wife, Hall was still in his hospital. At the home of the wife's mother when the funeral cortege was being formed, he beckoned to a woman to ride in the carriage with him and in which were his wife's mother and his daughter, Frances. There has been a long gossip which linked the minister's name with the woman, and Mrs. Stephens was unable to withstand the added indignity of riding in the same carriage with the woman. She protested and her objectionable companion was removed.

Sentiment Is Divided. The people of the community are divided as to the guilt or innocence of the minister. The members of his congregation believe him innocent and declare the charges preferred are the work of enemies whose ill will be secured by conducting a vigorous campaign against gambling. The Gerow girls indignantly deny that their relations with the Rev. Mr. Hall were other than proper and that they were interested in him only because of his religious activities.

Sheridan, Wyo., has passed an ordinance closing all places of business on Sundays and legal holidays.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Perru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not get on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told who Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METZELMAN, 86 West 10th St., Perru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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The digestion of food entails the production of poisons that must be eliminated regularly and thoroughly.

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Cuticura Soap is the only soap that cleanses the hands and keeps them soft and smooth. It is made from the finest materials and is the most perfect soap ever made. It is sold everywhere.

After the War. "Mr. Brown, there's a man I'd like to have you see. He's a 'Passbook'." "I'm Mr. Passbook, glad I know you! Let's see—Passbook, Passbook? Name's awfully familiar. Weren't you down at Jones' in the spring of 1918?" "Yes."

"And weren't you third assistant deputy quartermaster down here?" "Yes; why? Were you there, too?"

"For a while. And I also remember some conversation with a young lieutenant who was trying to get off a ton of condemned hardware on his poor overworked and endless outfit." "He didn't know it was condemned at the time, sir, honestly, he didn't." "I remember I told that young squirt to go to hell!" "You did, sir, and with all the variations. But he hasn't gone yet!" "So I see. Well, let's forget it. What is it you want to sell me now?"—Stars and Stripes.

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Women and Children Begged for the Lives of the Men.

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