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

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, enlists in the United States navy, serving four years and attaining the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

CHAPTER II—The great war starts soon after he is honorably discharged from the navy and he sails for France with a determination to enlist.

CHAPTER III—He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard where his marksmanship wins him high honors.

CHAPTER IV—Depew is detached from his ship and sent with a regiment of the Legion to Flanders where he soon finds himself in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER V—He is detailed to the artillery and makes the acquaintance of the "75's", the wonderful French guns that have saved the day for the allies on many a battlefield. Before seeing any action, he is ordered back to his regiment in the front line trenches.

CHAPTER VI—Depew goes "over the top" and "gets" his first German in a bayonet fight.

CHAPTER VII—His company takes part in another raid on the German trenches and shortly afterward assists in stopping a fierce charge of the Huns, who are mowed down as they cross No Man's Land.

CHAPTER VIII—Sent to Dixmude with dispatches, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid, but escapes unhurt.

CHAPTER IX—He is shot through the thigh in a brush with the Germans and is sent to a hospital, where he quickly recovers.

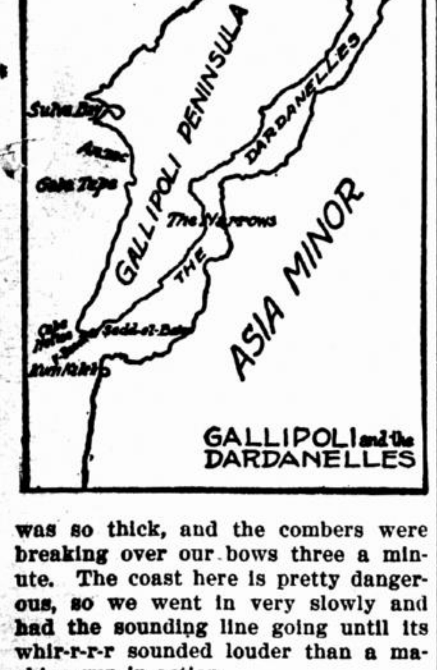
CHAPTER XI.

Action at the Dardanelles.

I made twelve trips to the Dardanelles in all, the Cassard acting generally as convoy to troop ships, but one trip was much like another, and I cannot remember all the details, so I will give only certain incidents of the voyages that you might find interesting. We never put into the Dardanelles without being under fire—but besides saying so, what is there to write about in that? It was interesting enough at the time, though, you can take it from me!

Coming up to "V" beach on our third trip to the Dardanelles, the weather was as nasty as any I have ever seen. The rain was sweeping along in sheets—great big drops, and driven by the wind in regular volleys. You could see the wind coming, by the line of white against a swell where the drops hit.

As we rounded the point, the seas got choppier, and there were cross currents bucking the ship from every angle, it seemed. You could not see two hundred yards away, the rain



was so thick, and the combers were breaking over our bows three a minute. The coast here is pretty dangerous, so we went in very slowly and had the sounding line going until its whir-r-r-r sounded louder than a machine gun in action.

I was on the starboard bow at the time and had turned to watch some garbies poking at the scuppers to drain the water off the deck. But the scuppers had been plugged and they were having a hard time of it. The officer on the bridge, in oilskins, was walking up and down, wiping off the business end of his telescope and trying to dodge the rain. All of the garbies but one left the scuppers on the starboard side and started across decks to port. The other chap kept on fooling around the scuppers. Then I saw a big wave coming for us, just was only up to their waists they came upon barbed wire entanglements and not a man got ashore that way but was scratched and clawed and mangled horribly. Some of them that I saw afterwards were just shredded along the sides of their bodies like coconuts. A great many of them, though, were killed by shrapnel while they were in the water.

On board the Cassard our guns had been busy all the time, and it was not long before we put one enemy battery out of commission. We had suffered a bit, too, but not enough to worry us. There were about 3,000 men on the Champagne, I think, and at least a third were killed or drowned, 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 officers asked for volunteers for trench 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 12 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 about this time, so 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 ¼-inch boards and then with dirt, and were regular man-traps. Sharp stakes were sticking out of the parapet and parados, and at the bottom were more stakes and rocks and barbed wire.

We were advancing with bayonets fixed and arms at the carry, 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 many of the chaps in 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 that trench after you had seen it 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.

We remained where we were, scratching out shallow trenches for ourselves, finding what natural cover there was and otherwise getting ready for the night, which was near. It began to rain and we could hardly keep any fires 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.

Every once in a while 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 sand was full of fleas—great big boys—and 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 stores. When we got down to the docks I missed Murray and asked where he was. They said he had been missing from his post not more than an hour from the time we left.

I left my fatigue party, without orders, 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 bunch of men collect around a storehouse at 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

He Had Been Crucified.

storehouse. There was a bayonet through each arm, one through each foot and one through his stomach. One of the garbies fainted when he had to pull one of the bayonets out. They had hacked off his right hand at the wrist and taken his identification disc. I lay this to the German officers more than the Turks.

I do not know just what I did after this. But it changed me all around and I was not like my usual self during the rest of the time.

It was still raining when we started on our way to the front line. Along the road were numbers of troops scoffing and among them Indian troops on sentry duty. They looked like a bunch of frozen turnips, cool and uncomfortable. We were close enough to make the roar of the cannonading seem 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 that they had plenty of men. They said a couple of shells had dropped about a hundred yards from the barn just before we came, so we knew the batteries were trying to get our range and we did not stay any longer, but 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 not giving a thought to the shells or shrapnel. The mules outside were banging away at the hay, as though there never had been a war in the world. There was no shell made that could budge them away from that hay unless it hit them.

Then along came a cart making a lot of racket. One of the fellows in it had half of his face shot away and was all bandaged up, but he was trying to sing and laugh just the same as the rest were doing. They were Anzacs, and were pretty badly shot up.

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. At Suvla bay 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 earth. Then our guns started and the noise was deafening. It was worse than in the turrets aboard ship during an engagement. 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 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 officer 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 attack is called zero—that is, the minute when you leave the trench. Some of the Anzacs said it meant when your feet got the coldest, but I do not think they suffered very much with trouble in the feet—not when they were advancing, anyway.

The time card might read something like this: First wave, zero, advance, rapid walk, barrage 25 in 10 seconds, take first trench, 0:20; second wave, same as the first, pass first trench, 0:23; 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, 12:08, 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 several hours to carry out the program, but everything is laid out to 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 and we were to walk to the first line Turkish trench. As we came out our barrage fire would be bursting 50 yards ahead of us and would lift 25 yards every 10 seconds. Our stunt was to take advantage of it without walking into it.

No one man can see all of an attack, which may extend over miles of ground, but during the three weeks I was in the trenches on the Gallipoli peninsula we made four grand attacks and many minor ones, so I know in a general way what they are like. Each wave is organized like the others. First come three lines of what you might call grenadiers, though they are not picked for size as the old king's grenadiers used to be. They are deployed in skirmish formation, which means that every man is three yards from the next. They were armed only with grenades, but, you can take it from me, that is enough! Behind them come two lines, also in skirmish formation, and armed with machine guns and grenade rifles. The first men on the left carry machine guns, then come three rifle grenadiers, and then another machine gun and so on down the length of the line. After these come two lines of riflemen with fixed bayonets.

Then come the trench cleaners, or moppers-up, as we call them. They were some gang, believe me. Imagine a team of rugby players spread out in two lines—only with hundreds of men on the team instead of eleven, and each man a husky, capable of handling a baby grand piano single-handed. These fellows were armed with everything you could think of, and a whole lot more that you could not dream about in a nightmare. It used to remind me of a trial I saw in New York once, where the police had raided a yeggmen's flop and had all their weapons in the courtroom as exhibits.

The moppers-up were heeled with sticks, clubs, shillelahs, black-jacks, two-handed cleavers, axes, trench knives, poniards, up-to-date tomahawks, brass knuckles, slung shots—anything that was ever invented for crashing a man with, I guess, except firearms. These knock-down, drag-out artists follow the riflemen very closely. Their job was to take care of all the Turks who could not escape and would not surrender.

There are lots of men in any army who will not surrender, but I think probably there were more Turks of that gameness than men in most other armies. I have heard that it is a part of their religion that a man, if he dies fighting, goes to a very specially fancy heaven, with plenty to eat and smoke. And I suppose if he surrenders they believe he will be put in the black gang, stoking for eternity down below. It was awfully hot at the Dardanelles and I guess the Turks did not want it any hotter, for very few of them ever surrendered, and the trench cleaners had a lot to do. Their job is really important, for it is dangerous to have groups of the enemy alive and kicking around in their trenches after you have passed. Almost every prisoner we took was wounded.

The one thing I do not like to have people ask me is, "How does it feel to kill a man?" and I think the other boys feel the same way about it. It is not a thing you like to talk about or think about either. But this time, at "V" beach, when we got past the first and second Turk trenches and were at work on the third, I do not mind saying that I was glad whenever I slipped my bayonet into a Turk and more glad when I saw another one coming. I guess I saw red all right. Each time I thought, "Maybe you are the one who did poor old Murray." And I could see Murray as he looked when they took him down from the storehouse wall. Then I would stick another one.

The others from the Cassard were red-hot, too, and they went at the Turks in great style. There was nothing to complain about in the way they fought, but I wished that we had had a few more boys from the Foreign Legion with us. I think we would have

Then I Would Stick Another One.

gone clear on through to Constantinople.

But the Turks were not as bad as Fritz. They were just as good or better as fighters, and a whole lot whiter. Often, when we were frying in the trenches and not a drop of water was to be had, something would land on the ground near us and there would be a water bottle, full. Sometimes they almost bombarded us with bottles. Then, too, they would not fire on the Red Cross, as the Germans do; they would hold their fire many times when we were out picking up our wounded. Several times they dragged our wounded as close as they could to the barbed wire that we might find them easier.

After Murray died I got to thinking a lot more than I used to, and though I did not have any hunch exactly, still I felt as though I might get it, too, which was something I had never thought much about before. I used to think about my grandmother, too, when I had time, and about Brown. I used to wonder what Brown was doing and wish we were together. But I could remember my grandmother smiling, and that helped some. I guess I was lonely, to tell the truth. I did not know the other garbies very well, and the only one left that I was really very friendly with got his soon afterward, though not as bad as Murray. And then there was no one that I was really chummy with. That would not have bothered me at all before Murray died.

The other lad I spoke of as having been chummy with was Phillippe Pierre. He was about eighteen and came from Bordeaux. He was a very cheerful fellow and he and Murray and I used to be together a lot. He felt almost as bad about Murray as I did, and you could see that it changed him a great deal, too. But he was still cheerful most of the time.

(To be continued).

LIST OF REGISTERED MEN

Continued from page 2.

2412 James Matson, Svea.
2413 Frank Otto Fransein, Svea.
2414 Thomas Albert Wheeler, R4 Willmar.
2415 John Henry Hanson, R3 Willmar.
2416 William Louis Olson, R3 Willmar.
2417 Hans Jens Johnson, R3 Raymond.
2418 John Gilbert Phiefer, R3 Raymond.
2419 Lafayette Zimmerman, R4 Willmar.
2420 John Joseph Swenson, R2 Svea.
2421 Alvin Roderick Swenson, R3 Svea.
2422 Carl Roger Mattson, R3 Willmar.
2423 Edward Otto Schlaak, R3 Raymond.
2424 Albert John Johnson, R4 Willmar.
2425 Nels B. Nelson, R2 Willmar.
2426 John Joal Anderson, R2 Willmar.
2427 Martin Dones Sanderson, R4 Willmar.
2428 Christian N. Gundershaug, R4, Willmar.
2429 Peter Anderson, R3 Willmar.
2430 Tormed Olson Fosso, R5 Willmar.
2431 Nels H. Anderson, R4 Willmar.
2432 Albert Lewis Fredeboe, R4 Willmar.
2433 Lewis Daniel Dahl, R2 Willmar.
2434 John Edward Murray, R5 Willmar.
2435 Henry James Harris, R2 Willmar.
2436 John Swenson, R1, Willmar.
2437 Thorwald O. Sletten, R1 Willmar.
2438 Peter Lindohl, R4 Willmar.
2439 Pete August Engwall, R5 Willmar.
2440 Earnest Theander Bergquist, R5, Willmar.
2441 Carl Larson, R3 Willmar.
2442 William Ferdinand Hoppenrath, Pouch A. Willmar.
2443 Edward Hoglund, R4 Willmar.
2444 Axel C. Berkness, R3 Willmar.
2445 George Earl Mayo, R3 Willmar.
2446 Theodore Joshua Sampson, Pouch A. Willmar.
2447 William Burk, R4, Willmar.
2448 Mayer Albert Stephenson, Willmar State Asylum.
2449 William Angustus Ballowe, Willmar State Asylum.
2450 Emil Peter Nelson, R3 Willmar.
2451 Olof Peterson, R1, Willmar.
2452 Daniel Lambert Benton, Pouch A. Willmar.
2453 Walter W. Andrew Wilson, R5, Willmar.
2454 Jorgen Paulson, R1, Willmar.
2455 Lawrence Hanson, R4 Willmar.
2456 Otto Carlson, R1 Willmar.
2457 Benjamin Alfred Larson, R4 Raymond.
2458 George Herman Freeman, Willmar State Asylum, Willmar.
2459 Alfred Mathias, R1 Willmar.
2460 Lee Alexander McKnight, R3, Willmar.
2461 Andrew Gable, R3, Willmar.
2462 Oscar Ernst Franzen, R4 Willmar.
2463 Ole Wold, R3 Willmar.
2464 Henry Conrad Herman, R1 Willmar.
2465 Patrick Joseph Person, R5 Willmar.
2466 Philip Oscar Thorson, R4 Willmar.
2467 Benhart Oluf Rasmusson, R4 Willmar.
2468 Lars Elinus Sardal, R5 Willmar.
2469 Herman Severine Tallakson, R5 Willmar.
2470 Sigfred Walter Nelson, R3 Willmar.
2471 Olaf Hegbert Salberg, R5 Willmar.
2472 Robert Theodore Larson, R1 Willmar.
2473 Norval Julius Gundershaug, R4 Willmar.
2474 Edward Kallevig, R1 Willmar.
2475 John Kallevig, R1 Willmar.
2476 Henry Christian Hanson, R1 Willmar.
2477 Alvin Clarence Ellingson, R3 Willmar.
2478 Albert Solberg, Pouch A. Willmar.
2479 Edward Richard Abbott, R3, Willmar.
2488 Anton Barney Larson, R4 Willmar.
2481 Clarence LeRoy Harris, R2 Willmar.
2482 Alfred Hagen, R1, Willmar.
2483 Carl Johan Hovey, Atwater.
2484 David Samson, Atwater.
2485 Adolph Jahr, Atwater.
2486 Olof Oscar Lindblom, Atwater.
2487 Thomas Arthur Tierney, Atwater.
2488 Paul Luther Covell, Atwater.
2489 Carl Gustaf Lundquist, Atwater.
2490 Lawrence Olof Reitan, Atwater.
2491 Irvin Lester Porter, Atwater.
2492 Summer Barnadotte Glader, Atwater.
2493 John Adolph Saloneck, Atwater.
2494 Frank Ervin Edwards, Atawter.
2495 Arthur Leonard Davidson, Atwater.
2496 Nels Blomberg, Atwater.
2497 Marvin Tufve Anderson, Atwater.
2498 Wellis Leroy Bomsta, Atwater.
2499 August Melin, Atwater.
2500 Roy Alger Wallin, Atwater.
2501 Honning Edgar Redin, Atwater.
2502 Carl Emil Apelgren, Atwater.
2503 Richard Christopher Johnson, Atwater.
2504 Ole Person, Atwater.
2505 Jospeh Walter Stark, Atwater.
2506 Alfred Henry Arnoson, Atwater.
2507 Arnold Ludvig Anderson, Atwater.
2508 Charles Holmberg, Atwater.
2509 Olof Foss, Atwater.
2510 Gustaf John Danielson, Atwater.
2511 Emil Joseph Edmund, Atwater.
2512 Frank Danielson, Atwater.
2513 Amalius Jorgensen, Atwater.
2514 Charles August Swenson, Atwater.
2515 William Joseph Wheeler, Atwater.
2516 Lloyd Isadore Peter Skoglund, Atwater.
2517 John Oscar Johnson, Atwater.
2518 Max Minskor, Atwater.
2519 George Roetzer, Atwater.
2520 George Johnopoulos, Atwater.
2521 Oliver Milton Porter, Atwater.
2522 Knute Arnold Anderson, Atwater.
2523 Andrew Wilhelm Johnson, Atwater.
2524 Carl Herbert Lundgren, Atwater.
2525 Howard Milton Kurtz, Atwater.
2526 John Earnest Kalmeyer, Atwater.
2527 Jonas Hyden, Atwater.
2528 William Ferdinand, Atwater.
2529 Claus Wilhelm Johnson, Atwater.
2530 Chester Roy Strong, Atwater.
2531 Arthur Arvid Swanson, Atwater.
2532 Carl Herbert Elstrom, Atwater.
2533 Anold Ferdinand Fuglem, Atwater.
2534 Ned Leroy Larson, Atawter.
2535 Adolph Frederick Stromberg, Atwater.
2536 Jonathan Roy Linnell, Atwater.
2537 Hurby Levi Quist, Atwater.
2538 Lewis Peter Larson, Atwater.
2539 Peter Magni LeVander, Atwater.
2540 Emil Richard Freedholm, Kandiyohi.
2541 Levi Victor Lund, Kandiyohi.
2542 John Victor Holmberg, Kandiyohi.
2543 Albert Frank Crossman, Kandiyohi.
2544 Oscar Erickson, Kandiyohi.
2545 Carl Arvid Anderson, Kandiyohi.
2546 John Randolph Winton Peterson, Ogilvie, Kanebec County.
2547 Adolph Warner Kroona, Kandiyohi.
2548 Otto Wilhelm Kroona, Kandiyohi.
2549 Joseph Theador Isaacson, Kandiyohi.
2550 Edward Lawrence Quam, Kandiyohi.
2551 Howard Arthur Leroy Larson, Kandiyohi.
2552 Andrew Jacobson, Kandiyohi.
2553 Andrew Albert Shosten, Kandiyohi
2554 Harold Emil Sorenson, Kandiyohi.
2555 Hans Lewis, Kandiyohi.
2556 Louis Levin, Kandiyohi.
2557 Erick John Dahlman, Pennock.
2558 Peter C. Christenson, Pennock.
2559 Lyman Ray Leslie, Pennock.
2560 John Oscar Edlund, Pennock.
2561 Albert Oliver Floren, Pennock.
2562 Guy Melvin Leslie, Pennock.
2563 Joseph Weidner, Pennock.
2564 Kenton Edward Bergstrom, Pennock.
2565 Edward Lawrence Thorpe, Pennock.
2566 Gunder Haug.
2567 Samuel Nathaniel Holmgren, Pennock.
2568 Arthur Clarence Greenfield, Pennock.
2569 John Peter Johnson, Pennock.
2570 Carl Otto Bergquist, Pennock.
2571 Eugene Ernest Jarrett, Pennock.
2572 Clarence Arnold Berglund, Pennock.
2573 Linnie Anderson, Pennock.
2574 Hilbert Gottfrid Florem, Pennock
2575 James Peter Jarrett, Pennock.
2576 Oscar Ephrom Bergstom, Pennock.
2577 George Edward Warren, Pennock
2578 Emil Ephrim Ecklund, Pennock.
2579 Bert Larson, Pennock.
2580 John Hedler, Pennock.
2581 Victor Emanuel Johnson, Pennock.
2582 Soren Sorenson, Pennock.
2583 Rudolph Ennenga, Raymond.
2584 Roy Lester Knott, Raymond.
2585 Wirt Leyon Potter, Raymond.
2586 Harry Nelson Ashley, Raymond.
2587 John Henry August Wenzel, Raymond.
2588 Arron Stob, Raymond.
2589 Max Hintz, Raymond.
2590 Ehme Bruns, Raymond.
2591 Roy Mason Rosmon, Raymond.
2592 Arthur Lund, Raymond.
2593 Francis Amangel Latterell, Raymond.
2594 Edd Frederick Johnson, Raymond.
2595 August Fred Gottlieb Gabbert, Raymond.
2596 Charles August Hubert, Raymond.
2597 John Elling Fahlstrom, Raymond.
2598 Marshall Emanuel Falhstrom, Raymond.
2599 Wiliam Ferdig, Raymond.
2600 Gustaf Gabbert, Raymnod.
2601 Earl Somerville, Raymond.
2602 Nels Martin Weberg, Raymond.
2603 Fred John Weibrauch, Raymond.
2604 August E. Wenzel, Raymond.
2605 Paul Henry Aldenburg, Raymond.
2605 Martin Anderson, Raymond.
2607 Paul Dhoore, Raymond.
2608 Cornelius Mouw, Raymond.
2609 John Gaasterland, Raymond.
26 10 Henry Charley Holtz, Raymond.
2611 William Van Buren, Raymond.
2612 Elbridge Ludlou Clyne, Raymond.
2613 Albert Edward Kleinhuizen, Raymond.
2614 Jay Earl Clough, Raymond.
2615 Frank Raymond Hier, Raymond.
2616 Henry Elworthy Day, Raymond.
2617 Ile Johnson Bjerke, Raymond.
2618 Willem Bos, Raymond.
2619 Louis Hirman, Raymond.
2620 William Lembke, Raymond.
2621 Julius George Berends, Raymond.
2622 Gust Savat, Raymond.
2623 Louis John Kropp, Raymond.
2624 Henry Luitjens, Raymond.
2625 Daniel Joseph Downs, Spicer.
2626 Edward Embertson, Spicer.
2627 Albert K. Anderson, Sgpicer.
2628 Elmer Richard Orred, Spicer.
2629 David William Nordeen, Spicer.
2630 Byon Vaughn Reamer, Spicer.
2631 Wallace Chester Hendrickson, Spicer.
2632 John Benhart Glarum, Spicer.
2633 Claud William Doty, Spicer.
2634 Ezekiel W. Soderlund, Spicer.
2635 Robert A. Aune, Spicer.
2636 Henry J. Thowig, Spicer.
2637 Oscar Arnold Orred, Spigcer.
2638 Carl Holt, Spicer.
2639 Claus Thorvig, Spicer.
2640 Peter William Ekblad, Spicer.
2641 Erwin Willard Nelson, Spicer.
2642 John Marcus Peterson, Spicer.
2643 Sigurd Sogge, Spicer.
2644 Arthur Olof Olson Melby, Spicer.
2645 John Casper Nelson, Spicer.
2646 Jacob Berteen Feeland, Spicer.
2647 Fred F. Fountain, Spicer.
2648 Axel Olson, Spicer.
2649 Albert J. Thorvig, Spicer.
2650 Victor Rudolph Ahlberg, Spicer.
2651 Carl William Olson Melby, Spicer.
2652 Peter Herman Anderson, Spicer.
2653 Theodore Henry Witte, Spicer.
2654 Edgar Griff Monson, Spicer.
2656 Henry O. Thorvig, Spicer.
2656 John Enock Lindholm, Spicer.
2657 John R. Hultgren, Spicer.
2658 Peter eGorge Stromme, Spicer.
2659 Albin Lawrence Dahl, Richmond, Saskatchewan, Can.
2661 Edgar Morris Dahl, Richmond, Saskatchewan, Can.
2661 Ole Christian Olson, 929 1st So. Willmar.
2662 Albin Benson, Willmar.
2663 Helmer Martin Hanson, Hawick.
2664 Henry Hayes, Gen Del. Willmar.
2665 Henry Oscar Olson, Spicer.
2666 Gustaf Adolph iLnd, Francis, Sask. Canada.
2667 James Samuel Smith, Atwater.
2668 Gilbert C. Berg, 324 12th St. So. Willmar.
2669 Alfred Westgaard, 101 Litchfield Ave., Willmar.
2670 Swan Johnson, Willmar.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell at public auction on what is known as the old Pete Johnson farm in section one, Town of Mamre, and one mile north of Lundby church, the following described property on

Monday, October 14, 1918.

HORSES: 1 white horse, 12 years; 1 bay horse, 15 years.

CATTLE: 2 milk cows coming fresh in fall; 1 heifer calf, 9 months; 1 steer calf, 9 month.

MACHINERY: 1 John Deere 14-in. walking plow, new; 1 16-in. walking plow; 1 disc harrow, new; 1 3-horse drag; 1 moline double disc corn planter, new; 1 riding cultivator; 1 single cultivator; 1 mower; 1 Planet Junior garden cultivator with set of knives and shovels, new; 1 hay rack; 1 double box; 2 wagons; 1 set work harness, new; 1 U. S. Cream separator; Fly covers, horse blankets, wire stretcher and other tools; **Ford Automobile** in good order; 7 acres of cob corn in shock; about 350 bushels clean oats; 1 stack clover hay.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS: Table, chairs, bed, cupboard, etc.; 1 cook stove; kerosene oil burner with oven, new.

Sale starts 1:00 P. M. Sharp.

TERMS:—All sums of $5.00 or less, cash; on sums over that amount, time will be given until November 1st, 1919 on approved notes bearing 8 per cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for.

JAMES ROBERTS, Owner.
W. N. Davis, Auctioneer.
C. W. Odell, Clerk.

MAMRE BOY WRITES INTERESTING LETTER

Sergeant David Swanson in France Enjoys His Work and is Charmed With Country.

Somewhere in France,
Aug. 4, 1918.

Dear Sister:

Peace.

I think perhaps it may be time that I write you a few lines so that you may know I am still on earth, and that I am feeling fine. I wrote to Anna a few days ago so I guess you know that I am in France, the land of Sunshine and vineyards. For military reasons, I cannot tell you in what part of the country we are but we are far from the battle line and I think we will be so for some time yet.

I think I mentioned in Anna's letter that our trip over the Atlantic was practically uneventful in regard to submarines and storms and I didn't even get seasick. Enjoyed the trip very much and found it interesting all the way even tho it took——— days to cross. I was kept busy most of the time in the ship's hospital so could not stay on deck as much as I would have liked to but it was my buisness to stay in the hospital so I have nothing to complain about.

We were in England only———and we were not sorry for we wanted to get to France. When we landed in France we stayed in a camp about 24 hours after which we got a two day and two night ride in a box car with planks for seats and the hard floor for beds and hard tack and corned beef to eat with coffee once a day. Believe me, it is great sport being a soldier over here but it is all in the game and if others have stood as much and more for four years, we Americans can do the same if necessary. We enjoyed even that journey for there were many things to see. The country is as beautiful as a park almost all over, certainly the most picturesque I have ever seen. All houses are built of stone and most of them are many centuries old. Saw a number of castles some as old as 800 years and perhaps more and still in good condition and habitable. One castle we saw is used for a hospital now.

Well, our French pullman stopped at last and we had the pleasure of a nine mile hike with a 50 lb. pack on backs in a very hot sun. We all stood it better than we expected and with the exception of a few we all pulled up to where we are still staying. Our regiment is spread over a radius of about five square miles with each Battery staying in a little village. There are numerous little towns of about a dozen and a half houses and perhaps a few more inhabitants. Consequently there is lots of room in the buildings and most of us live in them, altho a few sleep in tents. I am sleeping inside myself. There are plenty of forests and numerous cross roads so unless you are a little familiar with the country, it is easy to get lost. I tried to find some of the other batteries one day and got lost twice. Was lost for an hour and a half the first time.

When you notice the habits and costumes of the people in France you feel as if you have dropped back in history and civilization 200 years. I believe they are actually that far behind the times. Anyway in the rural districts. Perhaps in the big cities they are not quite so primitive. I cannot begin to mention the things that seem to the modern eye so quaint and odd, for if I should do the subject justice, I would have to write a book and not a letter, and I am afraid that would displease the censors too much. However, the French people are very glad to see the American soldiers come and they will not leave any stone unturned in doing what they can for us. Altho it is pretty hard to understand one another, they lose no opportunity in showing that we are welcome. It does not take long before we form a sort of a common language, consisting of broken words of both English and French mixed with gesticulations and signs by which we make ourselves fairly well understood. They are very anxious to teach us their language and anyone who has a mind to can soon pick up enough French to make his way anywhere in the country. By studying a French grammar and taking every opportunity to talk with the people I have picked up a fairly good vocabulary, and if I stay here a few months I think I will be able to speak the French language enough to get by in a pinch anywhere. This afternoon another fellow and myself were out walking and met five girls. We stopped and talked to them for about an hour but of course we used our grammars and dictionary and hands and arms to a great extent but we had quite a conversation with them. That is the best way to learn anything, to get to talking with the people. Of course they laughed at our mistakes but that don't bother us at all. We only laugh with them and keep at it. I am sorry now that I didn't take up French in the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Lewis where I had such good opportunities for it.

The money question is the biggest problem as there are so many different kinds of money in circulation here. We can make use of any kind of money here and I have had, besides American coins, English, French, Portuguese and Belgian coins. There are pennies, half pennies, sous, francs, centimes and what-not and the conglameration, at first, makes one almost dizzy. But we soon learn that too, for you have to keep changing and handling it constantly. They give you plenty of time to study it out for they don't wish to cheat us.

Aug. 5—Was interrupted too much last night to finish this letter so will proceed this morning. A baby in this village was pretty sick and I got hold of a bicycle and got the doctor and then had to ride for the medicine and by the time I got thru it was pretty late.

Judging by the outward appearances of most of the people around here, you would not think this country was at war, except that you will find no men around between the ages of 18 to 50 years. They all seem to be happy and carefree. Nothing seems to worry them and they let each day take care of itself. It is almost restful just to watch these people for there is nothing of this American hurry and worry spirit among them.

The women have to do all the work here for that is nearly all there is left of the people. Consequently things are not kept in such good condition as they should be, otherwise these places around here would look better than any millionaire's estate in America. I have seen many beautiful spots in America but France has it all beat. The whole country is this way as far as I have seen it. Altho things are quite delapidated now for want of care, you can easily notice that the French people have a good taste for beauty and art and the poorest of them take a pride in making their little piece of property look as beautiful as possible.

Have seen two gas victims, one gassed two years ago and one one and one-half years ago. It is certainly sad to see what havoc the stuff raises with its victims.

There are many things I wish I could tell you that would be of interest but I am afraid to step on forbidden ground. Conditions at the front are very interesting at present and we are watching the results closely.

Will have to close now. Have had no mail since I left America and will certainly be glad when I can get some again. I am in excellent health and think I shall enjoy myself in this country. There are hardships to contend with of course but I almost enjoy the novelty of them. They won't last long now.

With love and greetings to all.

Brother David,
Sergeant David E. Swanson,
Med. Det. 347th F. A.
A. E. F. Somewhere in France.

SEA GULLS HELP IN FIGHT AGAINST SUBS

Olof Roen, One of Our "Seadogs" Writes Interesting Letter from Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va.
Sept. 25, 1918.

As a pastime this evening, I will pen a few lines to the Willmar Tribune. It may interest the folks at home to know how we sailors are getting along. Can say I am well and like it fine out here. They don't call us "sailors" here but "Seadogs;" but if it were not for the seadogs, tell me how the soldiers would get across to help poor Belgium and bleeding France so whether they name us seadogs or sailors, we feel we are doing our bit in this great struggle.

About two weeks ago, I was transferred to the armed guard. Came near Norfolk, Va., after three months stay on a battle ship. It seems nice to be on shore again and this is better life than on a ship. We have plenty of fresh water to wash our clothes in and fresh water for a shower bath while on the ship we received five quarts of fresh water a day in which to wash our clothes and take a bath so you can see we did not have much water to waste. When out south we always used our white uniforms; except after dark in the evening, when on top decks we had to use the blue because the white could be seen for such long distance. A submarine might get the range and launch a torpedo at the ship. The periscope of a submarine is hard to see in the dark and especially when sea is rough. In the day time the sea gulls will follow the submarines, even through many miles out. Altho the submarines are under water, the sea gulls do not lose their trail and in this way many a ship has been saved from a torpedo. A sea gull is a white bird about the size of a crow and they are a great help in locating a sub.

This camp is a very nice place. We have barracks to sleep in; one for each gun crew; there are eight men to the crew. We get good chow. When I say "good chow" I do not mean that we get cake and pie and eats like we used to at home but we get along without all that sweet stuff and believe we are healthier too. When I enlisted, I weighed 132 lbs. and now I weigh 154 lbs, so if I gain that much every six months, I'll be a big boy by the time the war is over.

How long we will stay here, I cannot say but as our crew has had training on the three, five and six inch guns, we hope to get transferred to subchasers; go across and play hide and seek with the submarines.

Some time ago, while our ship was in the York river, I had the pleasure of visiting Yorktown; about a half mile from this little old village is the place where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington one hundred and thirty-five years ago. As I was sitting here, viewing the silent hills, the battle fields of my country's last great struggle for Liberty, I sensed the thrill that pulsed thru the hearts of the Americans who had fought and bled for my independence. Those Americans, my forefathers. I could see the masts of American warships lying in the York river where one hundred and thirty-five years ago, a great French fleet hammered in a British Squadron a little ways up the river. I could see a transport loaded with American soldiers steaming out to sea bound for France to repay the debt we owe that country thru which help our Freedom was won. How changed the conditions are since 1776. Now even England, our oppressor one hundred and thirty-five years ago, is America's brother in arms. The English, since the surrender of Cornwallis, have seen the light of Freedom for all humanity and today are fighting side by side with America to throw the yoke of the huns; the hun's yoke if fastened on the necks of humanity today, would make the English yoke on America before the revolution a mere framework of toothpicks in comparison.

I cannot fight with Washington; fate brot me into this world nearly a hundred years after he died; I cannot be president of my country; I cannot lead the armies or command our fleet but I can be an American or American sailor, I can give my all in my country's defense, I can help to make my ship the strongest of its type, I can learn more about the handling of my gun, I can be a better sailor and a better American than I have ever been before.

A gun pointer,
Olof E. Roen,
Armed Guard Crew 198,
c|o Receiving Ship,
Norfolk, Virginia.

FARM AND EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

The Olson farm at Eagle Lake which I am now running is for sale. I have decided to farm it on a smaller scale so will sell some of my personal property this fall: seven head of horses, 1 black mare 10 years old, 1 bay mare 6 years old, 1 bay mare, 5 years old, 1 black horse 4 years old, 1 two-year old black mare colt, 2 yearlings black mare and horse; 1 16-18 disc, 1 Osborn 10 ft. self dumping hay rake; 1 two-piece 500 bushel wire corn crib; 1 over-shot Dane hay stacker; 1 old hay rack; three plow harnesses and collars; 12 grind stones averaging 115 lbs. each, will sell at 1 cent per pound while they last; 2 walking plows, 14 and 18 inch, good as new; 1 flat bottom row boat; 1 three-horse wagon evener.

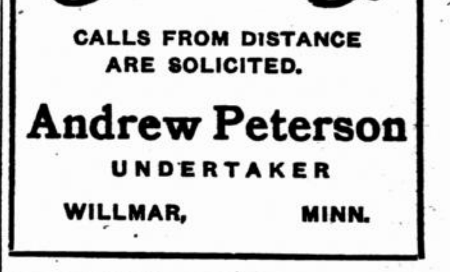
C. A. Olson,
Willmar, Minnesota,
Route 5.

McKibbin hats

New Fall Styles

WEUM-ELKJER OC.

AUTO HEARSE



CALLS FROM DISTANCE ARE SOLICITED.

Andrew Peterson

UNDERTAKER

WILLMAR, MINN.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a small bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

(First Publication, Oct. 2.—3t.)

IN DISTRICT COURT, TWELFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi,—ss.

Edgert A. Berg and William Falk,—Plaintiffs,

vs.

C. E. McGregor and E. M. McGregor, surviving partners of Clara City Lumber Company, the unknown heirs of J. R. Dresser, deceased, the unknown heirs of E. A. Dresser, deceased, the unknown heirs of E. L. Roberts, deceased, and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in or to the real estate described in the complaint herein.—Defendants.

SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota to the Above Named Defendants:

You and Each of You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs in the above entitled action, which complaint has been filed in the office of the Clerk of said District Court at the City of Willmar, County of Kandiyohi, and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the city of Renville in said county of Renville, state of Minnesota, within twenty (20) days after the service of said summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, together with plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein.

Dated this 30th day of September, A. D. 1918.

L. D. BARNARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Renville, Minnesota.

IN DISTRICT COURT, TWELFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

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NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

Notice is Hereby Given, That an action has been commenced in this Court by the above named plaintiffs against the above named defendants and each of them; that the object of said action is to determine the right, title, estate, lien and interest of said defendants and each of them in and to the real estate hereinafter described and to bar the said defendants and each of them, and all persons claiming under, by or thru them or either of them from any right, title, estate, lien and interest in, to or upon the said real estate, and to have the title of the plaintiff to said real estate and all thereof forever confirmed, determined and quieted.

That the premises affected by this action are situated in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, and are described as follows, to-wit: the fractional Northwest Quarter (NW¼) of Section Six (6), Township One Hundred Seventeen (117), Range Thirty-six (36).

L. D. BARNARD,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
Renville, Minnesota.