

Gunner Depew

There was not much doing around New York, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some excitement for myself. Believe me, I got enough business before I was through. Most of the really important things I have done have 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 to Europe to save democracy, or anything like that. I never did like Germans, and I never met a Frenchman who was not kind to me, and what I heard about the way the Huns treated the Belgians made me sick. I used to get out of bed to go to an all-night picture show, I thought about it so much. But there was not much excitement around New York, and I inferred that the United States would not get into it for a while, anyway, so I just wanted 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, Eli Brown, Tim Flynn, Mitchell and myself. Murray was an ex-garby—two hitches (enlistments), gun-pointer rating, about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty-six years old, who had served two enlistments in the United States Army and had quit with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a