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FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1917

TRENCH TALES

His shrapnel wounds in arm
and shoulder, though not dan-
gerous were somewhat exten-
sive, and he was newly back
from the hottest kind of fight-
ing; but it was not at all the
fighting that this particular
English officer was most con-
cerned to talk about.

"How are we getting on? Oh,
there's nothing to worry about
in that direction. The job just
now is getting rid of Boches;
and I can tell you it's going on
at a great rate. I fancy it would
startle even our people, let alone
the people of Germany, if they
knew the exact truth about the
rate at which the Huns are be-
ing laid out. Of course, I know
nothing about the figures, but
I do know what I've seen with
my own eyes: How thick their
dead lies on the ground. If
their people knew the truth of
it, they'd revolt and call off the
whole business. But instead of
the truth—Well, look at the of-
ficial German casualty lists, re-
published in our papers from
their side. For the month of April,
prisoners, 531. And we and the
French took forty thousand of
them during that month. Of
course, I know the list does
not say that it includes all the
casualties that occurred during
April; but only that it's the Ap-
ril list. But you can guess what
the people in Germany are
meant to think about it; 531
against 40,000. And the figures
in killed and wounded would
startle them a good deal more,
especially the killed.

AMERICA'S BOARD OF WAR DIRECTORS.

Julius Rosenwald
People visiting a certain
building in Washington are apt
to meet hustling through the
halls, a short, compact and well-
groomed man, with a penetrat-
ing eye and the habit of econ-
omy of speech. That's Julius
Rosenwald, chairman of the
Committee on Supplies of the
Council of National Defense, on
his daily walk through the cor-
ridors planning new stunts in
the government's behalf.
He is both unassuming and
impersonal in his methods, but
so well has he applied mail or-
der methods (he's president of
the Sears, Roebuck Co., of Chi-
cago) to buying the govern-
ment's clothing and food, that
most officials have ceased to
worry how the new army is to
be equipped. Rosenwald's prob-
lem was—where can we buy
this material, which dealers
should share in our orders and
what prices ought we pay. Be-
lieving that in the present crisis
there is little need for the mid-
dleman, he has co-ordinated the
buying of the army and navy
and assisted the departments to
deal directly with the producers.

Today's Thrift Thought.

Are you wondering how to
use that left-over fish, Madam
Housewife?
Scalloped Fish and Hominy.
Place in a baking dish alter-
nate layers of boiled or steamed
hominy (hulled corn) seasoned
to taste, and minced fish with
thickened milk sauce. Have a
layer of fish on top and sprinkle
over it bread crumbs. Place in
oven to heat thoroughly and
brown the top.
Rice, macaroni or potatoes
may be used in this recipe in the
place of hominy.



SERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of
the Trenches, Described
by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lex-
ington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has
Gripping Tale That Every American Will
Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorn-
ed. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct
Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home,
but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight
For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An In-
spiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative,
Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the
Trenches.

No. 1. In Training

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock,
D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt.,
Canadian Gren. Guards.

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dicate, Inc.

FOREWORD.

Here is a literary product which is at
once an admirable example of the force
of simple realism in the description of
things which are difficult of ordinary
comprehension, and a handbook and
guide for every prospective soldier of
our armies.

Sergeant McClintock has not written
stories about the war. He has written
the war itself, reducing it, one might
almost say, to words of one syllable,
yet bringing to the reader's view, clearly
and vividly, the various aspects of
the great struggle, hidden to all except
the man who is actually a part of it.
His contribution to the history of the
war must be classed as one which
shines with a new light.

It is fascinating in its simplicity, yet
thrilling in its convincing detail. It
leads one, with evergrowing and com-
pelling interest, from a casual conver-
sation in a hotel in New York through
scenes of strife and blood and thrilling
conflict to the moment when the king
and queen of England came to the
side of a Kentucky youth in a London
hospital to thank him in the name of
their nation for his services in the
cause which we have now come to re-
cognize as that of world humanity.

Sergeant McClintock received the Dis-
tinguished Conduct medal before leav-
ing England for home on leave. He is
returning to accept a commission in the
Canadian overseas forces. The story is
told in McClintock's own unadorned
way.

I DON'T lay claim to being much of
a writer, and up till now I have
never felt the call to write any-
thing about my experiences with the
Canadian troops in Belgium and
France, because I have realized that
a great many other men saw quite as
much as I did and could beat me tell-
ing about it. Of course I believed that
my experience was worth relating, and
I thought that the matter published in
the newspapers by professional writers
sort of missed the essentials and
lacked the spirit of the "ditchers" in a
good many ways in spite of its excel-
lent literary style, but I didn't see any
reason why it was up to me to make
an effort as a war historian until now.
Now there is a reason, as I look at it.
I believe I can show the two or three
millions of my fellow countrymen who
will be "out there" before this war is
over what they are going to be up
against and what they ought to pre-
pare for personally and individually.
That is as far as I am going to go in
the way of excuse, explanation or com-



"Boys, for God's sake don't call me
Harry. Here comes the general!"

ment, call it what you will. The rest
of my story is a simple relation of
facts and occurrences in the order in
which they came to my notice and hap-
pened to me. It may start off a little
slowly and jerkily, just as we did, not
knowing what was coming to us. I'd
like to add that it got quite hot enough
to suit me later several times. There-
fore, as my effort is going to be to
carry you right along with me in this
account of my experiences, don't be

impatient if nothing very important
seems to come off at first. I felt a
little ennuil myself at the getway. But
that was certainly one thing that didn't
annoy me later.

In the latter part of October, 1915, I
decided that the United States ought
to be fighting along with England and
France on account of the way Belgium
had been treated, if for no other reason:
As there seemed to be a considerable
division of opinion on this point among
the people at home, I came to the con-
clusion that any man who was free,
white and twenty-one and felt as I did
ought to go over and get into it single-
handed on the side where his convic-
tions led him. If there wasn't some par-
ticular reason why he couldn't. There-
fore I said goodby to my parents and
friends in Lexington and started for
New York with the idea of sailing for
France and joining the Foreign legion
of the French army.

Decides to Go to Canada.

A couple of nights after I got to New
York I fell into conversation in the
Knickerbocker bar with a chap who
was in the re-enforcement company of
Princess Pat's regiment of the Canadian
forces. After my talk with him
I decided to go up to Canada and look
things over. I arrived at the Windsor
hotel, in Montreal, at 8 o'clock in the
morning a couple of days later, and at
10 o'clock that morning I was sworn
in as a private in the Canadian Gren-
adier guards. Eighty-seventh overseas
battalion, Lieutenant Colonel F. S.
Meighen commanding. They were just
getting under way, making soldiers out
of the troops I enlisted with, and dis-
cipline was quite lax.

They at once gave me a week's leave
to come down to New York and settle
up some personal affairs, and I over-
stayed it five days. All that my com-
pany commander said to me when I
got back was that I seemed to have
picked up Canadian habits very quick-
ly. At a review one day in our train-
ing camp I heard a major say:

"Boys, for God's sake don't call me
Harry or spit in the ranks. Here comes
the general!"

We found out eventually that there
was a reason for the slackness of dis-
cipline. The trouble was that men
would enlist to get \$1.10 a day with-
out working for it and would desert
as soon as any one made it unpleasant
for them. Our officers knew what they
were about. Conditions changed in-
stantly we went on shipboard. Dis-
cipline tightened up on us like a tie rope
on a coil.

We trained in a sort of casual, easy
way in Canada from Nov. 4 to the fol-
lowing April. We had a good deal of
trouble keeping our battalion up to
strength, and I was sent out several
times with other "noncoms" on a re-
cruiting detail. While we were in the
training camp at St. John's I made the
acquaintance of a young Canadian who
became my "pal." He was Campbell
McFarland, nephew of George McFar-
land, the actor who is so well known
on the American musical stage. He
was a sergeant. When I first knew
him he was one of the most delightful
and amusing young fellows you could
imagine.

The war changed him entirely. He
became extremely quiet and seemed to
be borne down with the sense of the
terrible things which he saw. He never
lost the good fellowship which was
inherent in him and was always ready
to do anything to oblige me, but he
formed the habit of sitting, alone and
silent, for hours at a time, just think-
ing. It seemed as if he had a premoni-
tion about himself, though he never
showed fear and never spoke of the
dangers we were going into, as the
other fellows did. He was killed in the
Somme action in which I was
wounded.

I also had been made a sergeant on
account of the fact that I had been
at school in the Virginia Military In-
stitute—that is, I was an acting ser-
geant. It was explained to me that
my appointment would have to be
confirmed in England and then recon-
firmed after three months' service in
France. Under the regulations of the
Canadian forces—a noncommissioned
officer, after final confirmation in his
grade, can be reduced to the ranks
only by a general court martial, though
he can escape a court martial, when
confronted with charges, by reverting
to the ranks at his own request.

Forty-two hundred of us sailed for
England on the Empress of Britain,
sister ship to the Empress of Ireland,
which was sunk in the St. Lawrence
river. The steamer was, of course,
very crowded and uncomfortable, and
the eight day trip across was most un-
pleasant. We had tripe to eat until
we were sick of the sight of it. A
sergeant reported one morning, "Eight
men and twenty-two breakfasts ab-
sent." There were two other troop
ships in our convoy, the Baltic and the

Metagama. A British cruiser escorted
us until we were 400 miles off the coast
of Ireland. Then each ship picked up
a destroyer which had come out to
meet her. At that time a notice was
posted in the purser's office informing
us that we were in the war zone and
that the ship would not stop for any-
thing, even for a man overboard. That
day a soldier fell off the Metagama
with \$700 in his pocket, and the ship
never even hesitated. They left him
where he had no chance in the world
to spend his money.

"Make a Break!"

Through my training in the V. M.
I. I was able to read semaphore sig-
nals, and I caught the message from
the destroyer which escorted us. It
read:

"Each ship for herself now. Make
a break!"

We beat the other steamers of our
convoy eight hours in getting to the
dock in Liverpool, and, according to
what seemed to be the regular system
of our operations at that time, we
were the last to disembark.
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convoy eight hours in getting to the
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We beat the other steamers of our
convoy eight hours in getting to the
dock in Liverpool, and, according to
what seemed to be the regular system
of our operations at that time, we
were the last to disembark.

After that they really began to make
soldiers of us. We thought our train-
ing in Canada had amounted to some-
thing. We found out that we might
as well have been playing croquet.



After That They Really Began to Make
Soldiers of Us.

We learned more the first week of our
actual training in England than we
did from November to April in Cana-
da. I make this statement without
fear that any officer or man of the
Canadian forces alive today will dis-
agree with me, and I submit it for the
thoughtful consideration of the gen-
tlemen who believe that our own
armies can be prepared for service
here at home.

In this war every man has got to be
a specialist. He's got to know one
thing better than anybody else except
those who have had intensive instruc-
tion in the same branch. And, besides
that, he's got to have effective general
knowledge of all the specialties in
which his fellow soldiers have been
particularly trained. I can illustrate
this. Immediately upon our return
from first leave in England we were
divided into sections for training in
eight specialties. They were: Bombing,
sniping, scouting, machine gun fight-
ing, signalling, trench mortar operation,
bayonet fighting and stretcher bearing.
I was selected for special training in
bombing, probably because I was sup-
posed, as an American and a baseball
player, to be expert in throwing. With
the other men picked for training in
the same specialty, I was sent to Al-
dershot, and there for three weeks,
twelve hours a day, I threw bombs,
studied bombs, read about bombs, took
bombs to pieces to see what made
them tick and put them together again
and did practically everything else that
you could do with a bomb, except eat it.

Then I was ordered back along with
the other men who had gained this
intimate acquaintance with the entire
bomb family, and we were put to work
teaching the entire battalion all that
we had learned. When we were not
teaching we were under instruction
ourselves by the men who had taken
special training in other branches.
Also at certain periods of the day we
had physical training and rifle prac-
tice. Up to the time of our arrival in
England intensive training had been
merely a fine phrase with us. During
our stay there it was a definite and
overpowering fact. Day and night we
trained, and day and night it rained.
At 9 o'clock we would fall into our
bunks in huts which held from a half
to a whole platoon—from thirty to six-
(Continued on page 4.)

Receptions in Washington Bring Out New Style Ideas

By Margaret Mason,
(Written for the United Press.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13.—In
Washington it's just one reception to
foreign commissions after another.

Naturally these social functions
have brought out much in sartorial
frivolities. Two fripperies brought
out are fans and trains.

The first of these are well in hand
but the second are not so easily
handled.

Nevertheless trains have a large
following and fashion's stamp of ap-
proval. In the crush of the recep-
tion to the Russian commission at the
Pan-American Union building, most
of the trains present had many
other stamps besides fashion's.

It was most upsetting the way large
wives of senators and congressmen
left their trains around carelessly
underfoot to be stumbled over.
The perfect way in which the
"First Lady of the Land" managed
her train of silver grey chiffon and
tulle leaves no doubt as to her ab-
solute fitness for her position. Man-
aging a train gracefully and ade-
quately requires more finesse, savior
faire, and just plain muscular con-
trol, than managing a multitude. Mrs.
Wilson did it with one hand, too,
between handshakes, while she
rhythmically swayed a huge natural
ostrich fan in the other.

I shall never know whether Mar-
garet Wilson is an adept at train
management or not for she kept her's

of Nile green charmeuse, slung high
and dry out of any possible door-
matish contact over a well rounded
arm that fluttered a well spangled
fan.

Mrs. Tom Walsh's yellow tulle
gown with puffy puffed skirt and
tight pointed bodice with terra cotta
velvet ribbon garniture was trainless,
but her terra cotta feather fan in
size and coloring more than made up
for any such deficiency.

Dining at the Shorham, Alice
Roosevelt Longworth in black tulle
and silver with shadows under her
seductive eyes as dusky as her gown,
played with her food and a fan of
black ostrich.

At a nearby table a beautiful un-
known was an exquisite vision in a
lingerie frock of shell pink batiste
lavishly embroidered in garlands of
pink roses. Her drooping leghorn
hat had for sole trimming a garland
of the embroidered roses appliqued
across the front of the crown. More
pink roses adorned the lady's cheeks,
but not applied ones.

Another striking leghorn hat on a
lunching brunette at the New Will-
ard, had the top of its broad droopy
brim covered with pleated black ma-
line that fell over the edge for two
inches. A broad band of corn color
pleated ribbon around the crown with
a bow in front completed the trim-
ming.

On account of the customary Wash-
ington heat, white is a favored color-
less scheme.

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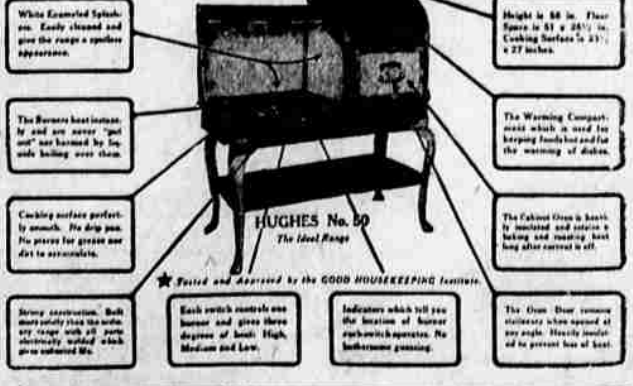
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