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MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1917

GOOD MOVIES.

No branch of production in the United States has increased more phenomenally during the last ten years than moving pictures. The rapidity of the industry's growth and its present magnitude have even outstripped that of the automobile, at are concerned. And without a doubt the movie directly reaches more people, and is therefore of more personal importance to them, than do automobiles.

For today everyone is a movie fan. battles. And it is foolish not to be, because the movies offer such a limitless field for pleasure and education at the most moderate prices.

For instance, take Bend. Today, through the movies, we have here the opportunity of enjoying the very finest screen spectacles which the fortunes and the ingenuity of the film corporations can produce. We enjoy on an equal footing with any metropolis the best moving picture attrac-tions available. We are in Class A when it comes to the movies.

And that means much to a com-munity. It means not only pleasure, but real education. It is good for all of us, and especially for the young folks, to have the chance to see the greatest actors, to learn the stories which are world-famous, to glimpse at: first hand, as it were, the four corners of the world and history as it has been made, and to view the inspiring spectacles which dramatists have prepared at infinite cost.

The world is grateful to the movie for what it has done, and hopeful for what it can do. And Bend is fortunate in being equipped with two splendid modern theatres where the best moving picture productions can be enjoyed with the utmost comfort and satisfaction.

PETTY LARCENY.

When Billy Sunday preached at Hood River he wore a shirt, on the front and on the sleeves of which were the initials, "J. D. R., Jr." The great evangelist claimed that when a highly nervous state. I'll admit cantico Hills he put the shirt into his it seemed almost certain death to be by mistake, but he did not exof returning it.



by an American Boy.

THE BEND BULLETIN, DAILY EDITION, BEND, OREGON, MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1917

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts-Unadorned. 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 Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Marrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

> After I had been hit I remember feeling relieved that I hadn't been hurt enough to keep me from going on with the men. I'm not trying to make myself out a hero, I'm just trying to tell you how an ordinary man's mind works under the stress of fighting and the danger of sudden death: There are some queer things in the psychology of battle. For instance, when we had got into the German trench and were holding it against the most vigorous counterattacks the thought which was persistently uppermost in my mind was that I had lost the address of a girl in London along with some papers which I had thrown away just before we started over and which should certainly never be able to find again.

Hold Regina Trench at Last. The Regina trench had been taken and lost three times by the British. We took it that day and held it. We went into action with 1,500 men of all ranks and came out with 600. I have said that because we were on

the extreme right of the line we had the hottest little spot in France to hold for awhile. You see, we had to institute a double defensive, as we had the Germans on our front and on our flank, the whole length of the trench to the right of us being still held by the Germans. There we had to form a "block." massing our bomb-ers behind a barricade which was only fifteen yards from the barricade be hind which the Germans were fighting. Our flank and the German flank were in contact as fiery as that of two live

wire ends. And meanwhile the Fritzes tried to rush us on our front with nine eparate counterattacks. Only one of them got up close to us, and we went out and stopped that with the bayonet. Behind our block barricade there was the nearest approach to an actual fightng hell that I had seen.

And yet a man who was in the midat of it from beginning to end came out without a scratch. He was a tall chap named Hunter. For twenty-four hours, without interruption, he threw German 'eggshell" bombs from a position at the center of our barricade. He never stopped except to light a cigarette or yell for some one to bring him more bombs from Fritz's captured store-house. He projected a regular curtain of fire of his own. I've no doubt the Germans reported he was a couple of intoons, working in alternate reliefs. He was awarded the D. C. M. for his services in that fight, and, though, as I said, he was unwounded, haif the men around him were killed, and his nerves finished in such condition that he had to be sent back to England.

The Big Blunder and What It Cost. One of the great tragedles of the war It Seemed Almost Certain Death to resulted from a bit of carelessness when a couple of days later the effort was made to extend our grip beyond they slways wish you the best of luck the spot which we took in that first fight. Plans had been made for the tough job. Forty-fourth battallon of the Tenth Canadian brigade to take by assault the trench section extending to the right from the point where we had established the "block" on our flank. The hour for the attack had been fixed Then headquarters sent out a countermanding order. Something wasn't quite ready. The orders were sent by runners, as all confidential orders must be. Telephones are of no avail any more, as both our people and the Germans have an apparatus which needs only to be attached to a metal spike in the ground to "pick up" every telephone message vithin a radius of three miles. When telephones are used for anything im-portant messages are sent in code. But for any vitally important communication which might cost serious losses, if misunderstood, old style runners are used, just as they were in the days when the field telephone was unbeard of. It is the rule to dispatch two or three runners by different routes so that one at least will be certain to arrive. In the case of the countermandng of the order for the Fourty-fourth battallon to assault the German post tion on our flank some officer at headquarters thought that one messenger to the lieutenant colonel commanding the Forty-fourth would be sufficient The messenger was killed by a chance shot, and his message was undelivered The Forty-fourth, in ignorance of the change of plan, "went over." There was no barrage fire to protect them. and their valiant effort was simply a wholesale suicide. Six hundred out of 800 men were on the ground in two and a half minutes. The battalion was simply wiped out. Several officers were court martialed as a result of this terrible blunder. We had gone into the German trenches at a little after noon on Saturday. On Sunday night at about 10 o'clock we were relieved. The relief Mun's Land I had my nerve back. force had to come in overland, and

they had a good many casualties en route. They found us as comfortable as bugs in a rug except for the infernal and continuous bombing at our fank barricade. The Germans had concluded that it was uscless to try to drive us ont. About one-fourth of the 000 of us who were still on their feet were holding the sentry posts, and the remainder of the 000 were having banquets in the German dugouts, which were stocked up like delicatessen shops with sausages, fine canned foods, cham-pagne and beer. If we had only had a few ladles with us we could have

had a real party. I got so happily interested in the spread in our particular dugout that I forgot about my wound until some one reminded me that orders required me to hunt up a dressing station and get an anti-tetanus injection. The Tommies like to take a German trench, because if the Fritzes have to move quickly, as they usually do, we always find sausage, beer and champagne, a welcome change from bully beef. 1 ould never learn to like their bread. bowever.

After this fight I was sent, with other slightly wounded men, for a week's rest at the casualty station at Contay. I rejoined my battalion at the end of the week. From Oct. 21 to Nov. 18 we were in and out of the front trenches several times for daty tours of forty-eight hours each, were in no important action. At 6:10 on the morning of Nov. 18, a bit-ter cold day, we "went over" to take the Desire and also the Desire support trenches. These were the names given these trenches. We started from the left of our old position, and our ad-Pozieres, opposite Grandecourt.

There was the usual artillery preparation and careful organization for the attack. I was again in charge of the "mopping up" wave, numbering 200 men and consisting mostly of bombers. It may seem strange to you that a noncommissioned officer should have so important an assignment, but sometimes in this war privates have been in charge of companies number-ing 250 men, and 1 know of a case where a lauce corporal was temporarily in command of an entire battallon. It happened on this day that, while I was in charge of the second wave. I did not go over with them. At the last moment I was given a special duty by Major John Lewis, formerly managing editor of the Montreat Star and one of the bravest soldiers I ever knew, as well as the best beloved man in our battalion.

The Troublesome Machine Gun.

"McClintock," said he, "I don't wish to send you to any special hazard, and, so far as that goes, we're all going to get more or less of a dusting, but I want to put that machine gun which has been giving us so much trouble out of action."

I knew very well the machine gun be meant. It was in a concrete em-placement, walled and roofed, and the deviis in charge of it seemed to be de-scendants of William Tell and the prophet isulah. They always knew what was coming and had their gun accurately trained on it before it came. "If you are willing." said Major Lewis, "I wish you to select twentyfive from the company and go after that gun the minute the order comes to advance. Use your own judgment about the men and the plan for taking the gun position, Will you go?" "I sure will," I answered. "I'll go

and pick out the men right away. think we can make those feilows shut up shop over there." "Good boy?" he said. "You'll try, all

right."

I started away. He called me back. "This is going to be a bit hot, Mc-Clintock." he said, taking my hand. "I wish you luck, old fellow-you and the rest of them.", in the trenches

Germans. Two only were left stand

ing when we got in. who were coming over at another point. I reached him before Godsall

When we saw the gun had been at lenced and the crew disabled Godsall and I worked round to the right about ten yards from the shell hole where we had sheltered ourselves while throwing bombs into the emplacement and scaled the German parapet. We rushed the gun position. The officer who had been in charge was standing with his back to us, firing with his re-

(Continued on Page 3.)

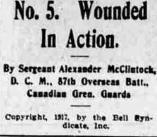
BIDS WANTED.

The school board of District No. 3, The school board of District No. 3, Tumalo, Oregon, will receive bids for transportation of pupils for the ensu-ing school year and by automobile from the territory 7 miles north and 7 miles west to the school in Tumalo. Information as to routes and spec-fications will be furnished by J. M. Griffin, Tumalo, Oregon. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids, and all pro-posals must be in the office of the District Clerk at Tumalo, by Septem-ber 1, 1917.

ber 1, 1917. J. L. COUCH, Chairman. FRED N. WALLACE, Clerk. 208-260







BERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

Sergeant McClintock, an American boy of Lexington Ky., has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded and invalided home. He is telling his story, a thrilling one, and least so far as comparative figures this is the fifth article of the series. In the preceding ones he described how he reached the front. Aghting in Belgium, and then the great preparations for the Somme battle. In this installment he tells of conditions and describes first hand the fighting in that greatest of all

OUR high command apparently meant to make a

the general assault upon the Regina trench, in which we were to participate. Three times the order to "go over the top" was countermanded. The assault was first planned for Oct. 19. Then the date was changed to the 20th. Finally, at 12:10 noon of Oct. 21, we went. It was the first general assault we had taken part in, and we were in

take the shirt to Oregon was carry-ing the joke too far. See?—Los Angeles Times. See?—Los

Also it may be remarked that the near joke is somewhat far-fetched .---Salem Statesman.

We always did maintain that B. S.

Thinking of the show Bill Stone Senator Reed and other Germanized M. C. have been making of themselves, the Ohio State Journal says, come, Missouri will be more famous forty yards ahead of us was so p for her mules than for her statesmen." Probably. Missouri raises splendid mules.

Colliers calls Michaelis, the new German chancellor, the Kalser's new window dresser. It's a harder task than ever before to dress the show window of the Hohenzollerns so it can meet the approval of the passerby. A sorry show it has become, at best.

The vandals who "shoot up" road signs ought to be forever left to wander on signless deserts, vainly seeking to decipher directions which "sportsmen" have peppered with shot into illegibility. Either that, or they ought to get a load of birdshot in a convenient portion of their architecture.

plain why he wore the shirt instead of returning it easily than in our night raids. Our

Start Over In Daylight.

A friend of Mr. Sunday's stated battalion was on the extreme right of that the shirt was taken as a joke. the line, and that added materially to But it will occur to people who have our difficulties, first by compelling us no fun in them that for Sunday to to advance through mud so deep that

I was in charge of the see 'waves" or assault line. This is called the "mopping up" wave, because the business of the men composing it is We always did maintain that B. S. thoroughly to bomb out a position classed up with John D., when it comes to getting the goods. or kill all of the enemy remaining and

to put the trench in a condition to be defended against a counterattack by reversing the fire steps and throwing up parapets.

Our artillery had given the German such a battering and the curtain fire "We suppose that for some years to which our guns dropped just thirty to erful that we lost comparatively few men going over-only those who were knocked down by shells which the Germans landed among us through our

barrage. They pever caught us with their machine gun sweeping until we neared their trenches. Then a good many of our men began to drop, but we were in their front trench before they could cut us up anywhere near completely. Going over I was struck by shell fragments on the hand and leg, but the wounds were not severe enough to stop me. In fact. I did not know that I had been wounded until I felt blood running into my shoe Then I discovered the cut in my leg.

but saw that it was quite shallow and that no artery of importance had been damaged. So I went on.

I had the familiar feeling of nervous ness and physical shrinking and nauses at the beginning of this fight, but by the time we were halfway across No

when they hand you a particularly

I thanked him and wished him the same. I never saw him again. He was killed in action within two hours



bayonet men and thirteen bombers. They agreed to my plan, which was to get within twenty-five yards of the gun emplacement before attacking, to place no dependence on rifle fire, but to bomb them out and take the post tion with the bayonet. We followed that plan and took the emplacement quicker than we had expected to do, but there were only two of us left when we got there-Private Godsall, No. 177,063, and myself. All the rest of the twenty-five were dead or down. The emplacement was held by eleven

Lowest Cooking Rate in Oregon

