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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 least so far as comparative figures are concerned.

For today everyone is a movie fan. 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.

And that means much to a community. 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 visiting John D. Rockefeller, at Pocantico Hills he put the shirt into his bag by mistake, but he did not explain why he wore the shirt instead of returning it.

A friend of Mr. Sunday's stated that the shirt was taken as a joke. But it will occur to people who have no fun in them that for Sunday to take the shirt to Oregon was carrying the joke too far. See?—Los Angeles Times.

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

We always did maintain that B. S. classed up with John D., when it comes to getting the goods.

Thinking of the show Bill Stone, Senator Reed and other Germanized M. C. have been making of themselves, the Ohio State Journal says, "We suppose that for some years to come, Missouri will be more famous for her mules than for her statesmen." Probably, Missouri raises splendid mules.

Colliers calls Michaelis, the new German chancellor, the Kaiser'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 passer-by. 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.



SERGEANT McCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

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

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Greeting 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 Narrative, 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.

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 defense, 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.

And yet a man who was in the midst 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 "eggshells" bombs from a position at the center of our barricade.

The Big Blunder and What It Cost.

One of the great tragedies of the war resulted from a bit of carelessness when a couple of days later the effort was made to extend our grip beyond the spot which we took in that first fight. Plans had been made for the Forty-fourth battalion 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 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 within a radius of three miles.

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 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 flank barricade. The Germans had concluded that it was useless to try to drive us out. About one-fourth of the 900 of us who were still on their feet were holding the sentry posts, and the remainder of the 900 were having banquets in the German dugouts, which were stocked up like delicatessen shops with sausages, fine canned foods, champagne and beer.

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 Fritzies have to move quickly, as they usually do, we always find sausage, beer and champagne, a welcome change from bully beef.

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 duty tours of forty-eight hours each, but were in no important action. At 6:10 on the morning of Nov. 18, a bitter 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 advance was between Thiepval and Pozieres, opposite Grandcourt.

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 numbering 250 men, and I know of a case where a lance corporal was temporarily in command of an entire 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 he meant. It was in a concrete emplacement, walled and roofed, and the devil in charge of it seemed to be descendants of William Tell and the prophet Isaiah. They always knew what was coming and had their gun accurately trained on it before it came.

"I started away. He called me back. 'This is going to be a bit hot, McClintock,' he said, taking my hand. 'I wish you luck, old fellow—you and the rest of them.' In the trenches they always wish you the best of luck when they hand you a particularly tough job.

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



"This is going to be a bit hot, McClintock."

after our conversation. Both he and my pal Macfarlane were shot down dead that morning.

When they called for volunteers to go with me in discharge of Major Lewis' order the entire company responded. I picked out twenty-five men, twelve 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 position 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 Godsell, No. 177,063, and myself. All the rest of the twenty-five were dead or down. The emplacement was held by eleven

Germans. Two only were left standing when we got in.

When we saw the gun had been silenced and the crew disabled Godsell 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 revolver down the trench at our men who were coming over at another point. I reached him before Godsell

(Continued on Page 3.)

BIDS WANTED.

The school board of District No. 3, Tumalo, Oregon, will receive bids for transportation of pupils for the ensuing school year and by automobile from the territory 7 miles north and 7 miles west to the school in Tumalo.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids, and all proposals must be in the office of the District Clerk at Tumalo, by September 1, 1917.

J. L. COUCH, Chairman. FRED N. WALLACE, Clerk. 208-266

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