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the best interests of Bend and Central Oregon.

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Bend Bulletin.



This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1918.

LABOR ENDORSES DRIVE.

Unanimously endorsing the United War Work campaign which is about to make a drive for funds to support the seven welfare organizations recognized by the government for work among the soldiers and sailors, the California State Federation of Labor at its annual convention in San Diego went on record as urging every trade unionist to contribute to the fund.

The resolution is as follows:

"Whereas, the United War Work campaign, as promoted by President Wilson, is to commence on November 11 and to continue for one week; and
"Whereas, the purpose of the campaign is to raise the sum of \$170,500,000 for the combined use of the American Library association, the Jewish Welfare Board of the United States Army and Navy, the National Catholic War Council, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the War Camp Community service, the Young Men's Christian association and Young Women's Christian association; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by the California State Federation of Labor in 19th annual convention assembled at San Diego on October 11, 1918, that we heartily endorse the United War Work campaign, to start on November 11, and urged upon each labor organization and every individual trade unionist to contribute to the best of their ability to this necessary and patriotic fund; further

"Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be submitted to each trade union and to the press."

A wood pile is a frosty thing to keep you warm these frosty mornings—if you have a buck saw and an ax.

The Huns who spent the summer on the sea shore are now going home for the winter.

Is the war which started over a scrap of paper going to turn into a paper scrap?

The Germans who are driven across the Holland frontier will get in Dutch.

What Wilson said was that a Wilhelm was a poor helm to steer with.

Wheat Not a Necessary Food.
Wheat is not necessary. We are accustomed to regard wheat as a more or less indispensable article of diet. It isn't. It is an article of luxury, and absolutely nothing else. Wheat possesses over oats, corn and rice absolutely no nutritional quality for man or beast. It has no more protein, and no better protein. It has no more fat, and no better fat. It has no mineral salt better or in larger amounts. It has no more fuel or better fuel. It is just one of the cereals, and there isn't the slightest evidence that it is the best one, because so far as comparative tests are concerned in animals, it isn't the best one; it is very far from the best one.—A. E. Taylor, M.D., U. S. Food Administrator.

Germany From the Clouds.
"Edith" Rickenbacker is quoted as saying:
"Germany looks rather peaceful from above and there seems to be little disturbing them back a ways from the lines. That is where an airman's point of view is defective. The German hills and fields look as soft as ours. Probably they are, which is not very soft. Any field covered with grass always looks soft and you think it would make a fine landing place. When you get down lower and are forced to land on any old field that happens to be under you, some time when you're enplaned you learn differently."

GUNNER DEPEW

or
Albert N. Depew
EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUNNER, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE
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CHAPTER I.

In the American Navy.

My father was a seaman, so, naturally, all my life I heard a great deal about ships and the sea. Even when I was a little boy, in Walston, Pa., I thought about them a whole lot and wanted to be a sailor—especially a sailor in the U. S. navy.

You might say I was brought up on the water.
When I was twelve years old I went to sea as cabin boy on the whaler Therifus, out of Boston. She was an old square-rigged sailing ship, built more for work than for speed. We were out four months on my first cruise, and got knocked around a lot, especially in a storm on the Newfoundland Banks, where we lost our instruments, and had a hard time navigating the ship. Whaling crews work on shares and during the two years I was on the Therifus my shares amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

Then I shipped as first-class helmsman on the British tramp Southerndown, a twin-screw steamer out of Liverpool. Many people are surprised that a fourteen-year-old boy should be helmsman on an ocean-going craft, but all over the world you will see young lads doing their trick at the wheel. I was on the Southerndown two years and in that time visited most of the important ports of Europe. There is nothing like a tramp steamer if you want to see the world. The Southerndown is the vessel that, in the fall of 1917, sighted a German U-boat rigged up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the Southerndown after a while and at the end of a voyage which landed me in New York I decided to get into the United States navy. After laying around for a week or two I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

People have said they thought I was pretty small to be a fireman; they have the idea that firemen must be big men. Well, I am 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and when I was sixteen I was just as tall as I am now and weighed 168 pounds. I was a whole lot husk-



Gunner Depew.

ier then, too, for that was before my introduction to kultur in German prison camps, and life there is not exactly fattening—not exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the navy firemen—the lads with the red stripes around their left shoulders—you will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a husky lot.

Now, in the navy, they always have a newcomer until he shows that he can take care of himself, and I got mine very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sailor) who came along would give me or the

bucket a kick, and spill one or the both of us. Each time I would move to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Finally I saw a marine coming. I was nowhere near him, but he hauled out of his course to come up to me and gave the bucket a boot that sent it twenty feet away, at the same time handing me a clout on the ear that just about knocked me down. Now, I did not exactly know what a marine was, and this fellow had so many stripes on his sleeves that I thought he must be some sort of officer, so I just stood by. There was a gold stripe (commissioned officer) on the bridge and I knew that if anything was wrong he would cut in, so I kept looking up at him, but he stayed where he was, looking on, and never saying a word. And all the time the marine kept slugging me about and telling me to get the hell out of there.

Finally I said to myself, "I'll get this guy if it's the brig for a month." So I planted him one in the kidneys and another in the mouth, and he went clean up against the rail. But he came back at me strong, and we were at it for some time.

But when it was over the gold stripe came down from the bridge and shook hands with me!

After this they did not haze me much. This was the beginning of a certain reputation that I had in the navy for fist-work. Later on I had a reputation for swimming, too. That first day they began calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname in the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbles and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbles never have a word for them, nor they for us. On shore leave abroad we pal up with foreign garbles, even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course they are with us strong in case we have a scrap with a liberty party off some foreign ship—they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can—but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot figure out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things in the navy because the navy always has done them.

I kept strictly on the job as a fireman, but I wanted to get into the gun turrets. It was slow work for a long time. I had to serve as second-class fireman for four months, first-class for eight months and in the engine room as water-tender for a year.

Then, after serving on the U. S. S. Des Moines as a gun-loader, I was transferred to the Iowa and finally worked up to a gun-pointer. After a time I got my C. P. O. rating—chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

The various navies differ in many ways, but not by the differences would not be noticed by any one but a sailor. Every sailor has a great deal of respect for the Swedes and Norwegians and Danes; they are born sailors and are very daring, but, of course, their navies are small. The Germans were always known as clean sailors; that is, as in our navy and the British, their vessels were ship-shape all the time, and were run as sweet as a clove.

There is no use comparing the various navies as to which is best; some are better at one thing and some at another. The British navy, of course, is the largest, and nobody will deny that at most things they are top-notch—least of all themselves; they admit it. But there is one place where the navy of the United States has it all over every other navy on the seven seas, and that is gunnery. The Amer-

ican navy has the best gunners in the world. And do not let anybody tell you different.

CHAPTER II.

The War Breaks.

After serving four years and three months in the U. S. navy, I received an honorable discharge on April 14, 1914. I held the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. It is not uncommon for garbles to lie around a while between enlistments—they like a vacation as much as anyone—and it was my intention to loaf for a few months before joining the navy again.

After the war started, of course, I had heard more or less about the German atrocities in Belgium, and while I was greatly interested, I was doubtful at first as to the truth of the reports, for I knew how news gets changed in passing from mouth to mouth, and I never was much of a hand to believe things until I saw them, anyway. Another thing that caused me to be interested in the war was the fact that my mother was born in Alsace. Her maiden name, Dier-vieux, is well known in Alsace. I had often visited my grandmother in St. Nazaire, France, and knew the country. So with France at war, it was not strange that I should be even more interested than many other garbles.

As I have said, I did not take much stock in the first reports of the Hun's exhibition of kultur, because Fritz is known as a clean sailor, and I figured that no real sailor would ever get mixed up in such dirty work as they said there was in Belgium. I figured the soldiers were like the sailors. But I found out I was wrong about both.

One thing that opened my eyes a bit was the trouble my mother had in getting out of Hanover, where she was when the war started, and back to France. She always wore a little American flag and this both saved and endangered her. Without it, the Germans would have interned her as a Frenchwoman, and with it, she was sneered at and insulted time and again before she finally managed to get over the border. She died about two months after she reached St. Nazaire.

Moreover, I heard the fate of my older brother, who had made his home in France with my grandmother. He had gone to the front at the outbreak of the war with the infantry from St. Nazaire and had been killed two or three weeks afterwards. This made it a sort of personal matter.

But what put the finishing touches to me were the stories a wounded Canadian lieutenant told me some months later in New York. He had been there and he knew; you could not help believing him; you can always tell it when a man has been there and knows.

There was not much racket around New York, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some for myself. Believe me, I got enough racket 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 over there 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 about New York, and I figured the U. S. 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, Ed Brown, Tim Flynn, Mitchell and myself. (Murray was an ex-garby—two hitches (enlistments), gun-pointer rating, and about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty-six years old, who had served two enlistments in the U. S. army and had quit with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a noted boxer. Of the five of us, I am the only one who went in, got through and came out. Flynn and Mitchell did not go in; Murray and Brown never came back.)

The five of us shipped on the steamship Virginian of the American-Hawaiian line, under American flag and registry, but chartered by the French government. I signed on as water-tender—an engine room job—but the others were on deck—that is, seamen.

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with a cargo of ammunition, bully beef, etc., and made the first trip without anything of interest happening.

As we were tying to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I went down into the oilers' mess and got two slices of bread with a thick piece of beefsteak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid to, but by using several languages and signs he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry—had too much to eat, in fact.

I used to think of this fellow occasionally when I was in a German prison camp, and a piece of moldy bread the size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, once every forty-eight hours. I would not exactly have refused a beefsteak sandwich, I am afraid. But then I was not a heaven-born German,

if was only a common American garby. He was full of kultur and grub; I was not full of anything.

There was a large prison camp at St. Nazaire, and at one time or another I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the French army and consisted of well-made, comfortable two-story stone buildings, floored with concrete, with auxiliary barracks of logs. The German prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside, the houses were divided into long rooms with whitewashed walls. There was a gymnasium for the prisoners, a canteen where they might buy most of the things you could buy anywhere else in the country, and a studio for the painters among the prisoners. Officers were separated from privates—which was a good thing for the privates—and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades. Officers and privates received the same treatment, however, and all were given exactly the same rations and equipment as the regular French army before it went to the front. Their food consisted of bread, soup, and vino, which is called almost everywhere in the world. In the morning they received half a loaf of Vienna bread and coffee. At noon they each had a large dixie of thick soup, and at three in the afternoon more bread and a bottle of vino. The soup was more like a stew—very thick with meat and vegetables. At one of the officers' barracks there was a cook who had been chef in the largest hotel in Paris before the war.

All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every week the barracks and equipment were fumigated. They were given the best of medical attention.

Besides all this, they were allowed to work at their trades, if they had any. All the carpenters, cobblers, tailors and painters were kept busy, and some of them picked up more change there than they ever did in Germany, they told me. The musicians formed bands and played almost every night at restaurants and theaters in the town. Those who had no trade were allowed to work on the roads, parks, docks and at residences about the town.

Talk about dear old jail! You could not have driven the average prisoner away from there with a 14-inch gun. I used to think about them in Brandenburg, when our boys were rushing the sentries in the hope of being bayoneted out of their misery.

While our cargo was being unloaded I spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the cruelty of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the Foreign Legion, Brown being assigned to the infantry and Murray to the French man-of-war Cassard. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother cried so much that I promised her I would not enlist—that time, anyway—and made the return voyage in the Virginian. We were no sooner landed in Boston than back to St. Nazaire we went.

(To Be Continued.)

Roll of Honor

- The following casualties are reported in the lists for today, sections 1 and 2:
- Killed in Action.**
B. W. Bertollet, Clallam Bay, Wash.
Elgin J. Haugen, Dufur, Ore.
- Missing in Action.**
Mike Botam, Spokane, Wash.
Earl C. Dunham, Adam, Wash.
Lester W. Embree, Sunnyside, Wash.
- Wounded, Degree Undetermined.**
Jacob Willgin, Ruff, Wash.
- Died of Disease.**
John Patrick Driscoll, Seattle, Wash.
- Ernest D. Stout, Tacoma, Wash.**
Alphonso Bon, Tulatip, Wash.
Walter G. Heid, Seattle, Wash.
- Wounded Severely.**
Geo. A. Burke, Unity, Ore.
Ralph E. Nelson, Tygh Valley, Ore.
George Aldridge, Ustick, Ida.
Ralph Cordor, North Bend, Ore.
Clarence B. Elliott, Seattle, Wash.
Cory A. Hullock, Caldwell, Ida.
Arthur R. Linck, Payette, Ida.
- Slightly Wounded.**
Nicholas Ward Hempel, Bow,

RIVER TERRACE

The River Terrace Addition has been turned over to me as Sales Agent. This Addition is the most beautiful residence property in the city.
All payments on farm and future contracts to be made through my office. Libers Bonds taken on payment.
J. A. EASTES, Agent
for River Terrace Company

IF
you are not satisfied with your grocery give us a trial.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

GILBERT'S GROCERY

Cor. Next to P. O.
Red 721

Wash.
S. Clevenger, Blackfoot, Ida.
Max Hoegh, Idaho Falls, Ida.
Died of Accident and Other Causes.
Leon Serbert Wheeler, Ellensburg, Wash.

ALL CASUALTIES NOW REPORTED

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin)
WASHINGTON, Oct. 21. — Commencing today, all casualties, both major and minor, are reported in the casualties to the war department by General Pershing. Heretofore only the major casualties were reported, these being sent daily by cable. The minor casualties reported in the lists released for publication today are sent by courier.

DAVIS WINS HONORS.
Leslie W. Davis, son of W. H. Davis of this city, who enlisted with the Marines several months ago, has received the medal as an expert marksman, with an additional \$5 per month pay added to his salary. Private Davis is the third man to join the Marines from Bend who has won this honor.

Something to sell? Advertise in The Bulletin's classified column.

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Finished Rough Dry Wet Wash Dry Cleaning

The BEND LAUNDRY

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Next is a Square Deal. Take your car to the **SQUARE DEAL AUTO REPAIR SHOP** WALL STREET For General Repairs

PORTLAND, ORE.
A good place to stay when in Portland
Rates from \$1.00
Check the map of Bend and Portland
of Bend and Portland

STOCK MARKET REPORT.

NORTH PORTLAND, Oct. 21.—Sixteen hundred and fifty cattle received. Market steady.
Prime steers, \$12@13; good to choice, \$11@12; medium to good, \$9.75@11; fair to medium, \$8.25@9.25; common to fat, \$6.75@8; choice cows and heifers, \$8@9; medium to good, \$6@7.25; fair to medium, \$5@6; canners, \$3@4; bulls, \$5@7.25; calves \$9@12; stockers and feeders, \$6@8.
SWINE MARKET.
Two thousand hogs received. Market steady.
Prime mixed, \$17.25@17.50; medium mixed, \$17@17.25; rough heavy, \$15.25@15.50; pigs, \$14.50@15.50; bulk, \$17.25.
SHEEP.
Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight sheep received. Market slow.
Prime lambs, \$11.50@12.50; fair to medium lambs, \$8@10; yearlings, \$10@11; wethers, \$9@10; ewes, \$6@9.

Central Oregon Bank