

The Bend Bulletin

DAILY EDITION

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MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919.

INFLUENZA AGAIN.

The renewed outbreak of Spanish
influenza in various parts of Oregon
has stirred the health authorities to
new measures for combatting the
spread of the disease. In reviewing
these it is interesting to observe that
the method relied on when the epi-
demic first reached the coast—that is,
of closing schools, theatres and for-
bidding public gatherings—is rather
generally abandoned, more weight
being placed on quarantine and per-
sonal care in avoiding exposure.

This would seem to be the proper
way to treat the situation. To shut
down on the normal, ordinary life
of a community is to create panic
and fear, to destroy morale, and so
to make easier the spread of the dis-
ease. In explaining his action in
not enforcing a "ban" in New York,
the city health commissioner said:

"I felt that one of my prime duties
was to keep this city from going mad
on the subject of influenza. My aim
was to prevent panic, hysteria, men-
tal disturbance, and thus to protect
the public from the condition of
mind that in itself predisposes to
physical ills. I attempted to main-
tain the morale of New York city. I
wanted people to be able to go about
their business without constant fear
and hysterical sense of calamity. Of
course the necessary warnings were
issued against crowds, etc., and the
necessary things were done."

Whether it was because of this
action or because of conditions pecu-
liar to New York alone, the city
death rate from influenza was lower
than that of any of the large cities
reached by the epidemic. If the dis-
ease is coming back to Bend we may
well consider this experience and the
new methods of control before we
plunge blindly into another shut-
down.

Central Oregon got what it wanted
at the irrigation and reconstruction
congresses last week—indorsement
of the Sinnot bill, of the Deschutes
project and of aid for the completion
of the Tumalo project. With the
whole section united on these meas-
ures, and the same activity shown to-
ward getting results that marked the
steps already taken, we ought to go
a long way toward the goal.

On each star on a service flag
representing a man in the army or
navy why not place a colored circle
when he has returned and been given
his old job? Then the whole story
will be told.

NOTICE.

Band rehearsals will be held Sun-
day at 2 o'clock and Thursdays at 7:30.
Adv. Feb 19 W. GLAZIER.

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

If

YOU KNOW OF

A Visitor—
A Departure—
A Birth—
A Death—
An Accident—
An Illness—
OR—
Any New Building—
Social Functions—
Meetings—
A Real Estate Transaction—
Any Improvements—
OR—
Anything that is of Interest
IT'S NEWS!
Phone it to

The Bulletin
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Gunner Depew

By
Albert N. Depew

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer,
U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign
Legion of France—Captain Gun-
ner, French battleship Cassard—
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

Copyright, 1918, by Kelly and Britton Co., Through
Special Arrangement With the George
Matthew Adams Service.

My clothes were a mess, as I have
said, and I was so tired I thought I
could sleep for a week, but I could
not stand it in my clothes any longer.
It was absolutely against regulations,
but I took off all my clothes—the
blood had soaked into the skin—and
wrapped myself in nothing but air
and went right to sleep. I did not
sleep very well, but woke up every
once in a while and thought I was in
the hole again.

During the night they brought up
water, but I was asleep and did not
know it. They did not wake me,
but two men saved by share,
though usually in a case like that it
was everybody for himself and let the
last man go dry. You could not blame
them, either, so I thought it was
pretty decent of these two to save my
share for me. I believe they must
have had a hard time keeping the
others off of it, to say nothing of them-
selves, for there really was not more
than enough for one good drink all
around. It tasted better than anything
I have ever drunk. Go dry for 24
hours in the hottest weather you can
find, do a night's work like that, and
come to in the morning with a tin
cup full of muddy water being handed
to you, and you will know what I
mean.

At Gabu Tepe there were steep little
hills with quarries in between them,
and most of the prisoners we took
were caught in the quarries. We
found lots of dead Turks under piles
of rock, where our guns had battered
the walls of the quarries down on them.

We were fighting about this part
of the country one time when we saw
three motor trucks disappear over the
side of a hill going across country.
The detachment from the Cassard was
sent over on the run and we came
upon the Turks from those trucks and
several others just after they had got
out and were starting ahead on foot.
We captured that whole bunch—I do
not know how many in all. They were
reinforcements on their way to a part
of their line that we were battering
very hard, and by capturing them we
helped the Anzacs a great deal, for
they were able to get through for a
big gain.

We held that position, though they
rained shells on us so hard all that
day and night that we thought they
were placing a barrage for a raid, and
stood to arms until almost noon the
next day. But our guns gave back
shell for shell, and pounded the Turk-
ish trenches and broke shrapnel over
them until they had all they could
do to stay in them.

Finally, our guns placed shell after
shell on the enemy's communication
trenches, and they could neither bring
up reinforcements nor retire. So we
went over and cleaned them out and
took the trench. But then our guns
had to stop because we were in range,
and the Turks brought up reinforce-
ments from other parts of the line and
we were driven back after holding
their trench all afternoon. It was
about fifty-fifty, though, for when they
reinforced one part of the line some
of our troops would break through in
another part.

That night there was a terrible rain-
storm. I guess it was really a cloud-
burst. We had all the water we
wanted then, and more, too. A great
many men and mules were drowned,
both of our troops and the Turkish.
Trenches were washed in and most of
the works ruined. There were several
Turkish bodies washed into our trench,
and two mules came over together,
though whether they were Turkish or
French or British I do not know.

A few days after the rain stopped
I was going along the road to the
docks at "V" beach when I saw some
examples of the freakishness of shells.
There was a long string of mules go-
ing back to the trenches with water
and supplies of various kinds. We
drew up to one side to let them pass.

Two or three mules away from us
was an old-timer with only one ear,
and that very gray, loaded to the gun-
wales with bags of water. He had had
his troubles, that old boy, but they
were just about over, for there was a
flash and the next instant you could
not see a thing left of Old Missouri.
He just vanished. But two of the
water bags were not even touched,
and another one had only a little hole
in it. There they lay on the ground,
just as though you had taken the mule
out from under them. The mules next
him, fore and aft, were knocked down
by the concussion but unharmed; but
the third mule behind had one ear
cut to shreds, and the man behind
him was badly shot up and stunned.

A little farther on a shell had struck
the road and plowed a furrow two or
three feet wide, and just as straight
as an arrow for three of four yards;
it then turned off at almost a
right angle and continued for a yard
or two more before it burst and made
a big hole. That Turk gunner must
have put a lot of English on that shell
when he fired it. He got somebody's
number with that shot, too, and the
lad paid pretty high, for there was
blood around the hole, not quite dry
when we got to it.

Coming back along the same road we
halted to let another convoy of mules
go past, and an officer of the Royal
naval division came up and began
talking to our officers. He was telling
them how he and his men had landed
at "X" beach, and how they had to
wade ashore through barbed wire.
"And, you know," he said in a sur-
prised way, as if he himself could
hardly believe it, "the beggars were
actually firing on us!" That is just
like the Limeys, though. Their idea
is not to appear excited about any-
thing at any time, but to act as though
they were playing cricket—standing
around on a lawn with paddles in their
hands, half asleep. The Limeys are
certainly cool under fire, though, and
I think that because the Anzacs did
so well at Gallipoli people have not
given enough credit to the British
regulars and R. N. D.'s, who were
there too, and did their share of the
work, and did it as well as any men
could.

After a while this officer started on
his way again, and as he cut across
the road a French officer came up.
The Limey wore a monocle, which
caused the French officer to stare at
him a minute before he saluted. After
the Englishman had passed him the
Frenchman took a large French penny
out of his pocket, screwed it into his
eye and turned toward us so that we
could see it, but the Limey could not.

That was not the right thing to do,
especially before enlisted men, so our
officers did not laugh, but the men did,
and so loud that Limey turned around
and caught sight of the Frenchman.
He started back toward him and I
thought sure there would be a fight,
or that, more likely, the Limey would
report him. Our officers should have
placed the Frenchman under arrest,
at that.

The Frenchman expected trouble,
too, for he pulled up very straight and
stiff, but he left the penny in his eye.
The Limey came up to him, halted a
few paces off and, without saying a
word, took the monocle out of his
eye, twiddled it three or four feet in
the air and caught it in his other eye
when it came down.

"Do that, you blighter," he said and
faced about and was on his way down
the road. They had it on the French-
man after that.

This Philippe Pierre, of whom I
have spoken, told me a story about
two Limey officers that I hardly be-
lieved, yet Philippe swore it was the
truth. He had been in America before
the war, and he said he had seen one
of the officers that the story is about
many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey offi-
cers going along the road arguing
about the German shells which the
Turks were using. One of the officers
said they were no good because they
did not burst. Just about that time
a shell came along and they picked
themselves up quite a distance from
where they had been standing. An-
other shell whizzed by and landed flat
on the side of the road. The officer
walked over, dug it out of the ground,
and took away the detonator and fuse
—to prove that they did not explode!

The only thing that would make
me believe that story is that Philippe
Pierre said they were Limey officers.
So one but a Limey would remem-
ber such an argument after being
knocked galley west by a shell con-
cussion. I do not doubt that a Limey
would do it if it could be done, though.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Croix de Guerre.
When we had been on the shore

for about three weeks we found our-
selves one morning somewhere near
Sedd-el-Bahr under the heaviest fire
I ever experienced. Our guns and the
Turks' were at it full blast, and the
noise was worse than deafening.

A section of my company was lying
out in a shell hole near the commu-
nication trench with nothing to do
but wait for a shell to find them. We
were stiff and thirsty and uncomfort-
able, and had not slept for two nights.
In that time we had been under con-
stant fire and had stood off several
raiding parties and small attacks from
enemy trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the
shell hole and were making ourselves
as comfortable as possible in it when
along came a shell of what must have
been the Jack Johnson size, and we
were swamped. We had to dig three
of the men out, and though one of
them was badly wounded we could not
send him back to the hospital. In
fact, the shelling was so heavy that
none of us ever expected to come out
of it alive.

So, it was like keeping your owl
death watch, with the shells tuning
up for the dirge. It was impossible to
listen to the shells. If you kept your
mind on the noise for any length of
time it would split your eardrums, I
am sure. So all we could do was to
lay low in the shell hole and wait for
something to happen.

Then they began using shrapnel on
us, and one of our machine gunners,
who got up from his knees to change



His Head Taken Clean Off His Shoulders.

position, had his head taken clean off
his shoulders, and the rest of him
laid near my feet and squirmed a
little, like a chicken that had just been
killed. It was awful to see the body
without any head move around that
way, and we could hardly make our-
selves touch it for some time. Then
we rolled it to the other side of the
hole.

Then, to one side of us, there was
a more violent explosion than any yet.
The earth spouted up and fell on us,
and big clouds of black smoke, sliding
along the ground, covered our shell
hole and hung there for some time.
One of our sergeants, from the regular
French infantry, said it was a shell
from a Turkish 155-mm. howitzer.
That was only the first one. The
worst thing about them was the smoke
—people who think Pittsburgh is
smoky ought to see about fifty of those
big howitzer shells bursting, one after
another.

We could not tell what the rest of
our line was doing or how we were
standing the awful fire, but we felt
sure they were not having any worse
time than we were. In a few minutes
we heard the good old "75s" start
pounding, and it was like hearing an
old friend's voice over the telephone,
and everybody in our shell hole
cheered, though no one could hear us
and we could barely hear each other.
Still we knew that if the "75s" got
going in their usual style they would
do for an enemy battery or two, and
that looked good to us. The "75s"
made the noise worse, but it was al-
ready about as bad as it could be,
and a thousand guns more or less
would not have made it any harder
to stand.

One of our men shouted in the ser-
geant's ear that the men in line ahead
of us and to the right were trying to
give us a message of some kind. The
sergeant stuck his head above the
parapet and had a look. But I stayed
where I was—the sergeant could see
for himself and me, too, as far as I
was concerned.

He shouted at us that the men in
the other trench were trying to signal
something, but he could not make it
out because the clouds of smoke would
roll between them and break up the
words. So he laid down again in the
bottom of the hole. But after a while
he looked over the parapet and saw
a man just leaving their trench, evi-
dently with a message for us, and he
had not gone five steps before he was
blown to pieces, and the lad who fol-
lowed him got his, too, so they stopped
trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were
sending theirs to the Turks not far
over our heads to 900 yards behind
us, and the howitzers were dropping
their 240-pound bits of iron in every
vacant space and some that were not
vacant. It was just one big roar and
screed and growl all at once, like
turning the whole dog pound loose
on a piece of meat.

(To Be Continued.)

CENTRAL OREGON AIMS ARE GAINED

(Continued from Page One.)

sites and other property of irrigation
and drainage districts be exempt
from taxation.

"That the procedure for the con-
firmation of the organization of irri-
gation districts be reduced to one
method of court procedure instead of
three; that the statute be so amended
as to abolish the fee of the secretary
of state for affixing the seal in cer-
tification of irrigation district bonds;
that fees heretofore collected by the
secretary of state be refunded to the
respective irrigation districts."

It also was recommended that the
present irrigation law be amended so
as to permit the secretary of the dis-
trict to sign warrants, instead of re-
quiring that county clerks sign such
warrants.

Resolutions adopted by the Oregon
State Drainage association were en-
dorsed and recommended.

Sentiment for the reclamation of
not only arid lands by irrigation, but
of logged-off, cut-over and swamp
lands, prominent throughout the ses-
sions in the deliberations of the con-
gress, took form in a strong recom-
mendation to the legislature for sub-
mission of a constitutional amend-
ment.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Muller's hairdressing parlor
has moved downstairs to Room 1, in
the O'Kane Bldg.—Adv.29p.

Read The Bulletin Class Ads.

We Are Making==

Tables and Kitchen Cabinets

Call on us and place
your order.

38 already sold.

Universal Carpenter Shop

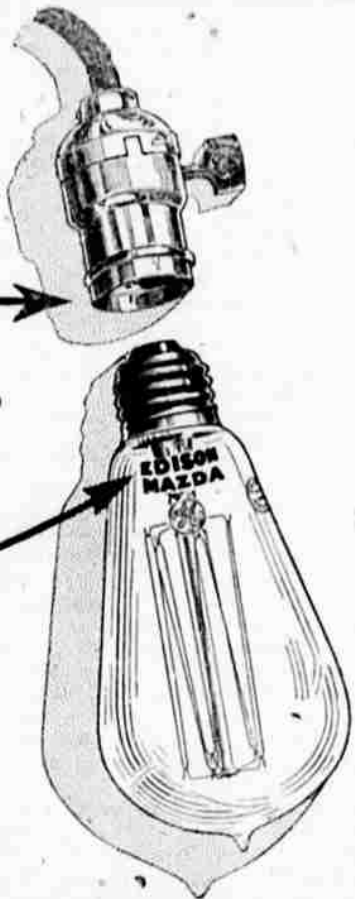
8 Doors South of the Pilot
Butte Inn, on Wall St.

Get your Tanlac at Horton's.

Fill every lamp socket

With a lamp like this

Get all the light your money can buy



Bend Water Light & Power Company

This Town Is Your Home

Help to make it a better home by co-oper-
ating with it's merchants and business men

Treat your industries fairly and they must
be fair to you

THE SHEVLIN-HIXON COMPANY

THE BACKBONE OF BEND IS LUMBER MANUFACTURING

OUR PAYROLLS MAKE YOUR PROFITS

BY BUYING LOCAL PRODUCTS
YOU ARE HELPING BEND.

The Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co.

Local Sales Agent
MILLER LUMBER CO.

Complete Stock of Lumber
Lath, Sash and Doors

AS A PART of our service to the people of
this section we have been giving in this
space daily stock market quotations
from the stock yards in Portland.

By arrangement with The Bulletin, this serv-
ice will hereafter be continued in the news col-
umns of the paper and this space devoted to
banking facts and service bulletins, the purpose
of which will be to give you a better knowledge
of your relation to a bank and its relation to
you, and, in particular, of the facilities we have
at your disposal.

Watch this space.

Central Oregon Bank