

The Bend Bulletin

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MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1919.

JOIN.

The campaign for members for the Bend Amateur Athletic club, which begins today and continues for one week, should result in a large increase in the membership of the club. No inducement by way of special rates of other preferences is being offered and none should be offered. The things provided for its members by the club are worth the full fee. Citizens of Bend should join, not to get rid of a solicitor, nor with any idea of merely giving a little financial aid to a local project, but for the great advantages to be gained by each one individually by a use of the club facilities.

In the gymnasium Bend has something unexcelled in any city of the state outside of Portland. It has been built and is maintained by the people for the benefit of the people. Let the people get the benefit by joining now. It's worth the price.

In a recent installment of his autobiography Henry Watterson, the famous journalist and editor, speaking of an acquaintance, says: "He had become a practical printer but had grown very rich." There's a place where the connective "and" would never be used.

Did you see the trophies? Whether you did or not, get ready to subscribe to the Victory loan.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The North River Ins. Co.

of New York, in the state of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the insurance commissioner of the state of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$ 600,000.00
Income.	
Net premiums received during the year	3,874,942.48
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	216,850.66
Income from other sources received during the year	22,785.84
Total income	\$4,114,578.98
Disbursements.	
Net losses paid during the year including adjustment expenses	\$1,967,705.02
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	59,977.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	1,179,256.00
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	126,863.83
Amount of all other expenditures	244,631.14
Total expenditures	\$3,178,397.11
Assets.	
Value of real estate owned (market value)	\$ 8,571.18
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	3,592,881.00
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	203,909.00
Cash in banks and on hand	563,153.99
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1918	616,514.76
Reinsurance during the year	15,919.13
Interest and rents due and accrued	19,822.73
Total assets admitted in Oregon	\$5,322,164.79
Liabilities.	
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$ 241,112.13
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	2,648,324.83
All other liabilities	125,249.00
Total liabilities, exclusive of capital stock	\$3,014,686.01
Business in Oregon for the Year.	
Gross premiums received during the year	\$ 74,425.04
Premiums returned during the year	24,719.21
Losses paid during the year	12,211.61
Losses incurred during the year	29,207.90

THE NORTH RIVER INSURANCE CO.
JOHN A. POSTER, Vice-Pres.
DAVID G. WAKELFIELD, Sec.
Statutory resident attorney for service: Frank E. Dooley, Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Or.
PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.
WILLIAM W. ALDERSON, Manager.
HAROLD J. JONES, Assistant Manager.
A. M. LOVELL, Agency Supt., San Francisco, 266 Bush St.
SPECIAL AGENTS.
W. E. HELFELICH & JACKSON, Lewis Bldg., Portland, Or.

Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

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

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When we got into the compartment and I found that the windows were not smashed I could not believe it at first until I remembered that this was not a prisoner train. We had a forty-eight hour ride to Lindau, which is on the Lake of Constance, and no food or water in that time. But still I did not mind it much. At Lindau they drilled me into a little house and took away all the addresses that I had, and then marched me over to the little boat which crosses the lake.

As I started up the gangway the last thing I received in Germany reached me—a crack across the back with a rifle!

The women and children on the dock had their fists up and were yelling, "American swine!" But I just laughed at them. And when I looked around the boat and saw no German soldiers—only Swiss civilians—I rubbed my eyes and could not believe it. When they gave me bread, which was what I had decided I wanted most of all back in the camp, I thought I was in heaven sure enough, and when, forty-five minutes later, we arrived at Rorschach in Switzerland, I finally knew I was free.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Back in the States.

After I arrived at Rorschach I was taken to a large hall, where I remained over night. There were three American flags on the walls, the first I had seen in a long time. I certainly did a fine job of sleeping that night. I think I slept twice as fast to make up for lost time.

In the morning I had a regular banquet for breakfast—eggs, coffee, bread and a small glass of wine. Even now, although I never pass up a meal, that breakfast is still easy to taste, and I sometimes wish I could enjoy another meal as much. But I guess I never shall have one that goes as good.

After breakfast they took me out on the steps of the hall and photographed me, after which I went to the railway station, with a young mob at my heels. It reminded me a bit of Germany—it was so different. Instead of bricks and bayonet jabs, the mob gave me cigarettes and chocolate and sandwiches. They also handed me questions—enough to keep me busy answering to this day if I could.

I got on the train to Zurich, and at every stop on the way there were more presents and more cameras and more questions. At St. Gallen they had cards ready for me to write on, and then they were going to send them to anybody I wished. The station at Zurich was packed with people, and I began to think I was a star for sure.

Francis B. Keene, the American consul general at Zurich, and his assistant, were there to meet me. We walked a few blocks to his office, and all the way the cameras were clicking and the chocolates and cigarettes piling up until I felt like Santa Claus on December 24th. After a little talk with Mr. Keene, he took me to the Stusselhof hotel, where my wounds were dressed—and believe me, they needed it.

The Swiss certainly treated me well. Every time I came out on the streets they followed me around, and they used to give me money. But the money might just as well have been leather

or lead—I could not spend it. Whenever I wanted to buy anything the shopkeeper would make me a present of it.

I also visited the Hotel Baur au Lac, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, who are doing such fine work with the Red Cross and are looking after the Belgian and



The Swiss Certainly Treated Me Well.

French refugees in Switzerland. It was a dinner, and much appreciated by one guest, at least. I need not mention his name, but he ate so much that he felt ashamed afterward.

I do not think he got in bad for it, though, for afterward Mr. and Mrs. McCormick each gave him a valuable present, which he needed badly. After the dinner Mrs. McCormick made a little patriotic speech, in which she said that the Huns would never trample on the United States flag, and some other things that made all the Americans there very proud, especially Mr. Keene and myself. So you see I was having a great time.

But I was having a little trouble, all the time, for this reason: there were quite a few Germans interned in Zurich, and they went about in uniform. Now, when I saw one of these birds and remembered what had been happening to me just a short time before my hands began to itch. Believe me, it was not "good morning" that I said to them. I enjoyed it all right; they were not in squads and had no arms, so it was hand to hand, and ple for me.

But Mr. Keene did not like it, I guess, for he called me to his office one morning and bawled me out for a while, and I promised to be good. "You're supposed to be neutral," he said. And I said, "Yes, and when I was torpedoed and taken prisoner, I was supposed to be neutral, too." But I said I would not look for trouble any more, and started back to the hotel.

But no sooner was I underway than a Hun private came along and began to laugh at me. My hands itched again, and I could not help but slam him a few. We went round and round for a while, and then the Hun reversed and went down instead. Mr. Keene saw us, or heard about it, so he told me I had better go to Berne.

So off I went, with my passport. But the same thing happened in Berne. I tried very hard, but I just could not keep my hands off the Germans. So I guess everybody thought it was a good thing to tell me good-by—anyway I was shipped into France, going direct to St. Nazaire and from there to Brest.

I made a short trip to Hull, England, with a letter from a man at Brandenburg to his wife. She was not at home, but I left the letter and returned to France. I was in France altogether about three weeks, and then went to Barcelona, Spain.

Then I took passage for the States on the C. Lopez y Lopez, a Spanish merchantman. We had mostly "Spigs" on board, which is navy slang for Spaniards. Almost every one of them had a large family of children and a raft of pets. We sailed down through

Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, Cadiz and Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. When we left Las Palmas we had a regular menagerie aboard—parrots, canary birds, dogs, monkeys and various beasts. The steering of that boat was some sight, believe me.

We had boat drill all the way across, of course, and from the way those Spigs rushed about I knew that if a submarine got us the only thing that would be saved would be monkeys. But we did not even have a false alarm all the way over.

I arrived in New York during the month of July, 1917—two years and a half from the time I decided to go abroad to the war zone to get some excitement. I got it, and no mistake. New York harbor and the old statue of Liberty looked mighty good to me, you can bet.

So here I am, and sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure of it. I certainly enjoy the food and warmth I get here, and except for an occasional pro-German I have no trouble with anybody. My wounds break open once in a while, and I am often bothered inside, on account of the gas I swallowed. They say I cannot get back into the service. It is tough to be knocked out before our own boys get into the scrap.

But I do not know. I am twenty-three year old, and probably have a lot to live for yet. I ought to settle down and be quiet for a while, but comfortable as I am, I think I will have to go to sea again. I think of it many times, and each time it is harder to stay ashore.

THE END.

AT THE HOTELS.

- Hotel Wright.
W. E. Price, Burns.
Carl Koll, Burns.
Mr. and Mrs. Ole Simonson, Brothers.
E. Hollander, Portland.
Thomas A. Larry, Bemidji, Minn.
Fred Nelson, Havre.
E. Melsor, Portland.
Sam Graham, Portland.
John White, Spokane.
Roy Skeen, Powell, Butte.
John Hanson, Brooks-Scanlon camp.
I. V. McAdoo, Salem.
Mrs. L. Nelson, The Dalles.
Charles Partin, Summer Lake.
A. Rapier, La Pine.
George P. Young, Portland.
Hotel Cozy.
Hugh Campbell, Wauna, Ore.
W. E. Bogue, La Pine.
C. H. Deming, La Pine.
F. C. Dibble, Riley.
J. E. McCullen and wife, Portland.
Mrs. H. Barclay, San Francisco.
Pilot Butte Inn.
G. H. Bolton, St. Louis.
George E. Fisk, Portland.
C. H. Hoeg, Spokane.
V. M. Shubach, Portland.
Harry Newton, Portland.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Parker, Portland.
J. C. Hurspool, Walla Walla.
H. C. Wilkes, Seattle.
C. O. Gildea, Kent.
C. H. Smith, Oregon Trunk.

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L. B. Lamar, Portland.
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Mrs. F. D. Robbins, Portland.
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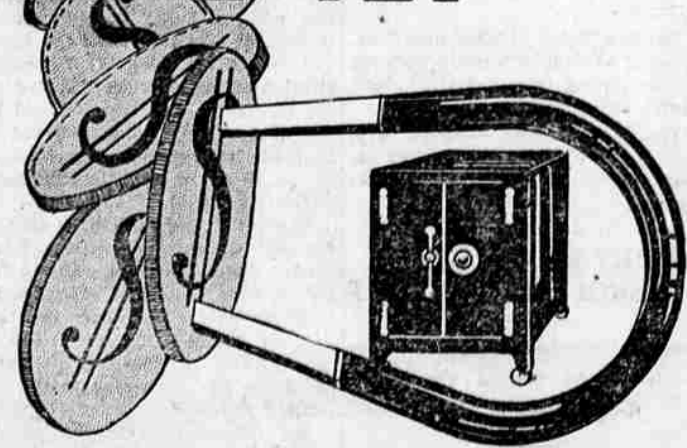
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