

Bend Women Make Schedule to Work for the Red Cross

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
At a recent meeting at which representatives from the different organizations of the city were present, the Red Cross chapter here made an outline of the work to be done.
It was decided that pajamas, shoulder-wraps and bed socks be made here, three days each week being set aside for this work which will be done at the Red Cross headquarters opposite the Pilot Hotel on Greenwood avenue.
The following is a schedule of the days set for the different organizations. Anyone not belonging to an organization will be gladly welcomed, as there are special days when different groups will be in charge:
Tuesday, Aug. 7, Mrs. H. K. Brooks; Wednesday, Aug. 8, Mrs. C. S. Hudson; Thursday, Aug. 9, Parent Teachers' Association; Tuesday, Aug. 14, Library club; Wednesday, Aug. 15, Presbyterian Guild; Thursday, Aug. 16, Baptist Guild; Tuesday, Aug. 21, Catholic Altar Society; Wednesday, Aug. 22, Eastern Star; Thursday, Aug. 23, Swedish Lutheran Aid; Tuesday, Aug. 28, Christian Science; Wednesday, Aug. 29, Rebekah Lodge; Thursday, Aug. 30, Methodist Aid.
This schedule will be followed in rotation each successive month. Those months having a fifth Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday will be in charge of Mrs. Harry Brooks, Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. J. C. Vandeventer, respectively.
Any having clean linen or cotton "suds and ends" are urged to save them for the Red Cross work here as they can be made into many useful articles for the soldier boys.

QUELL 300 ACRE FIRE IN FOREST

CALL FOR HELP SENT TO BEND, AND MEN WORK ALL NIGHT TO SAVE BROOKS-SCANLON TIMBER HOLDINGS.

(From Saturday's Daily.)
Burning over an area of more than 300 acres, fire starting presumably from the unextinguished stub of a tourist's cigarette, or by the rays of the sun brought to a focus by a bit of glass, was reported to be under control this morning near the Arnold ice caves, 21 miles out on the Bend-Burns road. Fire fighters worked against the flames from early yesterday afternoon until this morning when the progress of the fire was checked.
Just how great the damage would be, Forest Supervisor W. G. Hastings was unable to say, but stated that the fire had swept over a section forested by valuable pine timber, either the property of the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co., or adjoining timber owned by the company. The fire was chiefly kept to the ground, and reports which have been received have so far failed to show whether or not the heat was sufficient to kill off the trees.
The blaze was the first this season which the force of government men on the ground has been unable to cope with, and Harold Smith, in charge of the fire fighters, sent in a call to the local office for help shortly before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Six men were rushed to the scene in autos, and stayed through the night.
Four chairs at your service at the Metropolitan. No waiting—Adv.

HAMPTON BUTTE.
(Special to The Bulletin.)
HAMPTON BUTTE, July 13.—Mrs. Chas. James and children returned from Bend Wednesday, where they celebrated the Fourth.
Mrs. J. M. Brickey and son, Jimmie autoed to Bend Friday to meet Mrs. Brickey's daughter, Mrs. Samuel Marshall, and two children, of Forest Grove, who will visit with them several weeks.
Mr. Sullivan and family, of Bend.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITS DINE LUXURIOUSLY
Miss Nothing On Elaborate Menu, Writes Bob Innes, Who Enlisted as Yeoman From Bend.
(From Tuesday's Daily.)
How well Uncle Sam feeds the boys who have enlisted in his navy is shown by a card just received here from Bob Innes, of this city, now in the yeomanry service, by his father, Joseph S. Innes. Young Innes sends a copy of the dinner menu for Fourth of July at the San Francisco naval training station, and accompanies it with the assertion that the recruits ate everything listed, and that it was "some feed."
Here is what the Bend sailor boys, and hundreds of others from all sections of the country, managed to get away with:
Radishes Sweet Pickles Green Onions Iced Cantaloupes Cream of Tomato Soup Croquettes
Fricandeau of Lamb Green Garden Peas Baked Spiced Ham Roast Young Chicken Oyster Dressing Giblet Gravy Mashed Potatoes Asparagus on Buttered Toast Hearts of Lettuce Salad French Dressing Neapolitan Ice Cream Pumpkin Pie Apple Pie Full Cream Cheese Toasted Crackers Marble Cake Oranges Bananas Mixed Nuts and Raisins Cigars Coffee
Want Ads only ONE CENT a word.

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FORD—E. J. Veitch, Oakland—
"California asphalt-base oil forms an ideal lubricant for a Ford car."
STUDEBAKER—Studebaker Garage, Stockton—
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"have used Zerolene exclusively in all our Dodge Brothers cars."
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"Zerolene has proved a satisfactory lubricant in our Oakland cars."

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(California)

"OVER THERE"



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

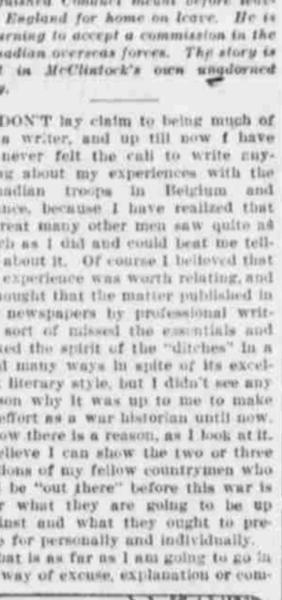
Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

No. 1. In Training
By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt., Canadian Gren. Guards.
Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

FOREWORD.
Here is a literary product which is at once an admirable example of the force of simple realism in the description of things which are difficult of ordinary comprehension, and a handbook and guide for every prospective soldier of our armics.
Sergeant McClintock has not written stories about the war. He has written the war itself, reducing it, one might almost say, to words of one syllable, yet bringing to the reader's view, clearly and vividly, the various aspects of the great struggle, hidden to all except the man who is actually a part of it. His contribution to the history of the war must be classed as one which shines with a new light.
It is fascinating in its simplicity, yet thrilling in its convincing detail. It leads one, with ever-growing and compelling interest, from a casual conversation in a hotel in New York through scenes of strife and blood and thrilling conflict to the moment when the king and queen of England came to the bedside of a Kentucky youth in a London hospital to thank him in the name of their nation for his services in the cause which we have now come to recognize as that of world humanity.
Sergeant McClintock received the Distinguished Conduct medal before leaving England for home on leave. He is returning to accept a commission in the Canadian overseas forces. The story is told in McClintock's own unadorned way.

I DON'T lay claim to being much of a writer, and up till now I have never felt the call to write anything about my experiences with the Canadian troops in Belgium and France, because I have realized that a great many other men saw quite as much as I did and could beat me telling about it. Of course I believed that my experience was worth relating, and I thought that the matter published in the newspapers by professional writers sort of infused the essentials and lacked the spirit of the "ditches" in a good many ways in spite of its excellent literary style, but I didn't see any reason why it was up to me to make an effort as a war historian until now.
Now there is a reason, as I look at it, I believe I can show the two or three millions of my fellow countrymen who will be "out there" before this war is over what they are going to be up against and what they ought to prepare for personally and individually.
That is as far as I am going to go in the way of excuse, explanation or com-

plaint if nothing very important seems to come off at first. I felt a little envious myself at the get-away. But that was certainly one thing that didn't annoy me later.
In the latter part of October, 1915, I decided that the United States ought to be fighting along with England and France on account of the way Belgium had been treated, if for no other reason. As there seemed to be a considerable division of opinion on this point among the people at home, I came to the conclusion that any man who was free, white and twenty-one and felt as I did ought to go over and get into it single handed on the side where his convictions led him. If there wasn't some particular reason why he couldn't. Therefore I said goodbye to my parents and friends in Lexington and started for New York with the idea of sailing for France and joining the Foreign legion of the French army.
Decides to Go to Canada.
A couple of nights after I got to New York I fell into conversation in the Knickerbocker bar with a chap who was in the re-enforcement company of Princess Pat's regiment of the Canadian forces. After my talk with him I decided to go up to Canada and look things over. I arrived at the Windsor hotel, in Montreal, at 8 o'clock in the morning a couple of days later, and at 10 o'clock that morning I was sworn in as a private in the Canadian Grenadier guards, Eighty-seventh overseas battalion, Lieutenant Colonel F. S. Meighen commanding. They were just getting under way, making soldiers out of the troops I enlisted with, and discipline was quite lax.
They at once gave me a week's leave to come down to New York and settle up some personal affairs, and I over-stayed it five days. All that my company commander said to me when I got back was that I seemed to have picked up Canadian habits very quickly. At a review one day in our training camp I heard a major say:
"Boys, for God's sake don't call me Harry or spit in the ranks. Here comes the general!"
We found out eventually that there was a reason for the slackness of discipline. The trouble was that men would enlist to get \$1.10 a day without working for it and would desert as soon as any one made it unpleasant for them. Our officers knew what they were about. Conditions changed instantly we went on shipboard. Discipline tightened up on us like a tie rope on a coil.
We trained in a sort of casual, easy way in Canada from Nov. 4 to the following April. We had a good deal of trouble keeping our battalion up to strength, and I was sent out several times with other "noncoms" on a recruiting detail. While we were in the training camp at St. John's I made the acquaintance of a young Canadian who became my "pal." He was Campbell McFarland, nephew of George McFarland, the actor who is so well known on the American musical stage. He was a sergeant. When I first knew him he was one of the most delightful and amusing young fellows you could imagine.
The war changed him entirely. He became extremely quiet and seemed to be borne down with the sense of the terrible things which he saw. He never lost the good fellowship which was inherent in him and was always ready to do anything to oblige me, but he formed the habit of sitting, alone and silent, for hours at a time, just thinking. It seemed as if he had a premonition about himself, though he never showed fear and never spoke of the dangers we were going into, as the other fellows did. He was killed in the Somme action in which I was wounded.
I also had been made a sergeant on account of the fact that I had been at school in the Virginia Military Institute—that is, I was an acting sergeant. It was explained to me that my appointment would have to be confirmed after three months' service in France. Under the regulations of the Canadian forces a noncommissioned officer, after final confirmation in his grade, can be reduced to the ranks only by a general court martial, though he can escape a court martial, when confronted with charges, by reverting to the ranks at his own request.
Forty-two hundred of us sailed for England on the Empress of Britain, sister ship to the Empress of Ireland, which was sunk in the St. Lawrence river. The steamer was, of course, very crowded and uncomfortable, and the eight day trip across was most unpleasant. We had to eat until we were sick of the sight of it. A sergeant reported one morning, "Eight men and twenty-two breakfasts absent." There were two other troop ships in our convoy, the Baltic and the



"Boys, for God's sake don't call me Harry. Here comes the general!"
ment, call it what you will. The rest of my story is a simple relation of facts and occurrences in the order in which they came to my notice and happened to me. It may start off a little slowly and jerkily, just as we did, not knowing what was coming to us. I'd like to add that it got quite hot and sultry me later several times. Therefore, as my effort is going to be to carry you right along with me in this account of my experiences, don't be

impatient if nothing very important seems to come off at first. I felt a little envious myself at the get-away. But that was certainly one thing that didn't annoy me later.
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GEORGES YOUNG Civil and Irrigation Engineer. U. S. Mineral Surveyor. Room 12, First National Bank Building	H. C. ELLIS Attorney-at-Law United States Commissioner First National Bank Building BEND, OREGON

WILL OPEN MARKET ON OREGON STREET
(From Tuesday's Daily.)
Within a week or 10 days, Ben Roseman, recently moved to Bend from Boston, Mass., will open on 145 Oregon street, an up-to-date meat and produce market. Carpenters are now at work remodeling the building which will house the new enterprise, which is to be known as the Union Market. Mr. Roseman comes to Bend after wide experience in the business in the east.

ARNOLD IRRIGATION MEETING POSTPONED
(From Tuesday's Daily.)
Because so many of the ranchers of the Arnold Irrigation project are busy with haying, the basket picnic and annual meeting of the water users and stockholders, planned to have been held on the L. D. West lawn in this city, was postponed yesterday to a later date this summer.

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