

"OVER THERE."

(Continued from Page 3.)

Metagama. A British cruiser escorted us until we were 400 miles off the coast of Ireland. Then each ship picked up a destroyer which had come out to meet her. At that time a notice was posted in the purser's office informing us that we were in the war zone and that the ship would not stop for anything, even for a man overboard. That day a soldier fell off the Metagama with \$700 in his pocket, and the ship never even hesitated. They left him where he had no chance in the world to spend his money.

"Make a Break!"

Through my training in the V. M. I. I was able to read semaphore signals, and I caught the message from the destroyer which escorted us. It read: "Back ship for herself now. Make a break!"

"Each ship for herself now. Make a break!" We bent the other steamers of our convoy eight hours in getting to the dock in Liverpool, and, according to what seemed to be the regular system of our operations at that time, we were the last to disembark.

The majority of our fellows had never been in England before, and they looked on our travels at that time as a fine lark. Everybody cheered and laughed when they dusted off one of those little toy trains and brought it up to take us away in it. After we were aboard of it we proceeded at the dizzy rate of about four miles an hour, and our regular company humorist—no company complete without one—suggested that they were afraid, if they went any faster, they might run off the island before they could stop. We were taken to Bramshott camp, in Hampshire, twelve miles from the Aldershot school of command. The next day we were given "king's leave"—eight days, with free transportation anywhere in the British Isles. It is the invariable custom to give this sort of leave to all colonial troops immediately upon their arrival in England. However, in our case Ireland was barred. Just at that time Ireland was no place for a newly arrived Canadian looking for sport.

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After That They Really Began to Make Soldiers of Us.

We learned more the first week of our actual training in England than we did from November to April in Canada. I make this statement without fear that any officer or man of the Canadian forces alive today will disagree with me, and I submit it for the thoughtful consideration of the gentlemen who believe that our own armies can be prepared for service here at home.

In this war every man has got to be a specialist. He's got to know one thing better than anybody else except those who have had intensive instruction in the same branch. And, besides that, he's got to have effective general knowledge of all the specialties in which his fellow soldiers have been particularly trained. I can illustrate this. Immediately upon our return from first leave in England we were divided into sections for training in eight specialties. They were: Bombing, sniping, scouting, machine gun fighting, signaling, trench mortar operation, bayonet fighting and stretcher bearing. I was selected for special training in bombing, probably because I was supposed, as an American and a baseball player, to be expert in throwing. With the other men picked for training in the same specialty, I was sent to Aldershot, and there for three weeks, twelve hours a day, I threw bombs, studded bombs, read about bombs, took bombs to pieces to see what made them tick and put them together again and did practically everything else that you could do with a bomb, except eat it.

Then I was ordered back along with the other men who had gained this intimate acquaintance with the entire bomb family, and we were put to work teaching the entire battalion all that we had learned. When we were not teaching we were under instruction ourselves by the men who had taken special training in other branches. Also at certain periods of the day we had physical training and rifle practice. Up to the time of our arrival in England intensive training had been merely a fine phrase with us. During our stay there it was a definite and overwhelming fact. Day and night we

trained, and day and night it rained. At 9 o'clock we would fall into our bunk beds which held from a half to a whole platoon—from thirty to sixty men—and drop into exhausted sleep, only to turn out at 5 a. m. to give a sudden and exact imitation of what we would do to the Germans if they sneaked up on us before breakfast in six inches of mud. Toward the last, when we thought we had been driven to the limit, they told us that we were to have a period of real, intensive training to harden us for actual fighting. They sent us four imperial drill sergeants from the British grenadier guards, the senior foot regiment of the British army and the one with which we were affiliated.

It would be quite unavailing for me to attempt to describe those drill sergeants. The British drill sergeant is an institution which can be understood only through personal and close contact and is about as cordial as loose electricity. If he thinks a major general is wrong he'll tell him so on the spot in the most emphatic way, but without ever violating a single sacred tradition of the service. The sergeants who took us in charge to put on the real polish to our training had all seen from twenty to twenty-five years of service. They had all been through the battles of Mons and the Marne, and they had all been wounded. They were perfect examples of a type. One of them ordered all of our commission officers, from the colonel down, to turn out for rifle drill one day and put them through the manual of arms while the soldiers of the battalion stood around looking on.

"Gentlemen," said he very politely in the midst of the drill, "when I see you handle your rifles I feel like falling on my knees and thanking God that we've got a navy."

A Call For Volunteers.

On June 2, after the third battle of Ypres, while McFarland and I were sitting wearily on our bunks during a strange hour in the afternoon when nobody had thought of anything for us to do, a soldier came in with a message from headquarters which put a sudden stop to the discussion we were having about the possibility of getting leave to go up to London. The message was that the First, Second and Third divisions of the Canadians had lost 40 per cent of their men in the third fight at Ypres and that 300 volunteers were wanted from each of our battalions to fill up the gaps.

"Forty per cent," said McFarland, getting up quickly. "My God, think of it! Well, I'm off to tell 'em I'll go." I told him I was with him, and we started for headquarters, expecting to be received with applause and pointed out as heroic examples. We couldn't even get up to give in our names. The whole battalion had gone up ahead of us. They heard about it first. That was the spirit of the Canadians. It was about this time that a story went round concerning an English colonel who had been called upon to furnish volunteers from his outfit to replace casualties. He backed his regiment up against a barrack wall and said:

"Now, all who don't want to volunteer step three paces to the rear."

In our battalion sergeants and even officers offered to go as privates. McFarland and I were not accepted; our volunteers went at once, and we were re-enforced up to strength by drafts from the Fifth Canadian division, which was then forming in England.

In July, when we were being kept on the rifle ranges most of the time, all leave was stopped, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go overseas. In the latter part of the month we started. We sailed from Southampton to Havre on a big transport, escorted all the way by destroyers. As we landed we got our first sight of the harvest of war. A big hospital on the quay was filled with wounded men. We had twenty-four hours in what they called a "rest camp." We slept on cobbles in shacks which were so utterly comfortable that it would be an insult to a Kentucky thoroughbred to call them stables. Then we were on the way to the Belgian town of Poperinghe, which is 150 miles from Havre and was at that time the rail head of the Ypres salient. We made the trip in box cars which were marked in French, "Eight horses or forty men," and we had to draw straws to decide who should be down.

In the Front Trenches.

We got into Poperinghe at 7 a. m., and the scouts had led us into the front trenches at 2 the next morning. Our position was to the left of St. Eloi and was known as "the island." Because it had no support on either flank. On the left was the Yser canal and the bluff which forms its bank. On the right were 300 yards of battered down trenches, which had been rebuilt twice and blown in again each time by the German guns. For some reason, which I never quite understood, the Germans were able to drop what seemed a tolerably large proportion of the output of the Krupp works on this particular spot whenever they wanted to. Our high command had concluded that it was untenable, so we, on one side of it, and the British, on the other, had to just keep it scouted and protect our separate flanks. Another name they had for that position was the "bird cage." That was because the first fellows who moved into it made themselves nice and comfy and put up wire nettings to prevent any one from tossing bombs in on them. Thus, when the Germans stirred up the spot with an accurate shower of "whiz bangs" and "coal boxes," the same being thirteen pounders and six inch shells, that wire netting presented a spectacle of utter inadequacy which hasn't been equaled in this war.

They called the position which we were assigned to defend "the graveyard of Canada." That was because

of the fearful losses of the Canadians here in the second battle of Ypres, from April 21 to June 1, 1915, when the first gas attack in the world's history was launched by the Germans, and, although the French on the left and the British on the right fell back, the Canadians stayed where they were put.

Right here I can mention something which will give you an idea why descriptions of this war don't describe it. During the first gas attack the Canadians, choking to death and falling over each other in a fight against a new and unheard of terror in warfare, found a way—the Lord only knows who first discovered it and how he happened to do it—to stay through a gas cloud and come out alive. It isn't pretty to think of, and it's like many other things in this war which you can't even tell of in print, because the simple description would violate the nice ethics about reading matter for the public eye which have grown up in long years of peace and traditional decency. But this thing which you can't describe meant just the difference between life and death to many of the Canadians that first day of the gas.



As Dawn Broke We Made Out a Big Painted Sign Above the German Front Trench.

Official orders now tell every soldier what he is to do with his handkerchief or a piece of his shirt if he is caught in a gas attack without his mask.

The nearest I can come in print to telling you what the soldier is ordered to do in this emergency is to remind you that ammonia fumes oppose chlorine gas as a neutralizing agent and that certain emanations of the body throw off ammonia fumes.

Now that I've told you how we got from the Knickerbocker bar and other places to a situation which was just 150 yards from the entrenched front of the German army in Belgium I might as well add a couple of details about things which straightway put a break of God in our hearts. At daybreak one of our Fourteenth platoon men, standing on the firing stop, pushed back his trench helmet and remarked that he thought it was about time for coffee. He didn't get any. A German sharpshooter, firing the first time that day, got him under the rim of his helmet, and his career with the Canadian forces was over right there. And then, as the dawn broke, we made out a big painted sign raised above the German front trench. I read:

WELCOME, EIGHTY-SEVENTH CANADIANS

We were a new battalion. We had been less than seventy-two hours on the continent of Europe, and the Germans were not supposed to know anything that was going on behind our lines!

We learned afterward that concealed telephones in the houses of the Belgian burgomasters of the villages of Dinkelsbusch and Renninghelst, near our position, gave communication with the German headquarters opposite us. One of the duties of a detail of our men soon after that was to stand these two burgomasters up against a wall and shoot them.

In concluding this first article I want to say frankly that any man who claims he is not afraid when for the first time he goes into that hell of fire on the western front is a liar, and I'll tell him so to his face. Later we became impervious, but that first day I prayed, and I would have bent down and prayed only my knees shook so.

The five remaining articles in this remarkable series will appear one each week. They are as follows:

No. 2.—The Bomb Raid.

The great preparations and rehearsing for this attack. Volunteers for the job taken behind the line where the German trenches are exactly reproduced. The days of preparation. Heretofore unwritten detail of modern trench raids. This article concludes with the men going out to their job.

No. 3.—"Over the Top and Give 'Em Hell."

The English Tommy's battle cry as he breaks from his trench. The bomb raid and what happened. Of sixty that started forty-six failed to return because the Germans had prepared and mined the trench. Graphic description of Sergeant McIntock's terrible experience.

No. 4.—Shifted to the Somme.

Sergeant McIntock takes part in the greatest of all battles and tells of the hell of it. The front in Belgium was really a rest sector in comparison with it," he says. The extensive preparations of the allies for open warfare afterward abandoned because of the failure of expected developments.

Advertisement for Gravely's Celebrated Chewing Plug. Includes text: 'DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT IS THE OLD GENUINE GRAVELLY TOBACCO?' and 'YES, AND IT'S HELD ITS REPUTATION FOR 85 YEARS'. Also features an illustration of a man with a bucket and a sign that says 'BELIEVE BILLY POSTER, THAT NEW POUCH IS A PEACH'.

No. 5.—Wounded In Action.

This article describes the terrible fight, the dead and dying, the loss of a pal and the final falling of Mcintosh in No Man's Land. Simply told, it is one of the most remarkable descriptions of a battle by a participant ever put together.

No. 6.—Decorated For Bravery: Home and Uncle Sam.

This concluding article of the series relates in detail how England cares for the wounded. How the king and queen came to the bed of an American boy and decorated him in a London hospital for gallantry. Interesting, intimate and amusing incidents told by and of the wounded Tommies. Trying to fight for Uncle Sam.

GREAT FISHING AT ELK LAKE IS FOUND

Resides of Good Size, Bite Voraciously, Reports W. H. Martin on Return From Trip.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Returning from a fishing trip to Elk Lake, approximately 70 miles southwest of Bend, W. H. Martin declared today that the members of the party which went on the three day outing had made one of the record catches of the season. Two hundred trout, mostly resides, ranging from 14 to 24 inches in length and weighing as high as six pounds, were hooked.

The members of the party, in addition to Mr. Martin were Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ludwig and Herbert Innes.

See J. Ryan & Co., for farm land loans.—Adv.

AID IS ASKED FOR RED CROSS WORK

Commercial Club Asked to Back Bill Exempting Official Mail Matter From Postage Rule.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Seeking to conserve the resources of the Red Cross, and to minimize the expense of each individual chapter in the United States, a letter was received today from the Insurance Economics Society of America, with headquarters at Detroit, asking the support of the Bend Commercial club in bringing influence to bear in congress for the passage of the bill introduced by Representative French having as its object the extending of the franking privilege to all official Red Cross mail. Means of advancing the movement are to be considered at an early date by the Commercial club directors.

The letter received here says in part:

"The people of the United States have recently been called on to finance the Red Cross to the extent of \$100,000,000, in addition to which every state and every city has been requested to organize thoroughly for further Red Cross service. Inasmuch as the government is the beneficiary of all Red Cross effort, and inasmuch as the handling of Red Cross mail can be carried on by the government without cost, there is every reason why this bill should become a law. Such a law will stop the drain on the treasuries of local chapters, and will expand possibilities of development work. And finally, such a law will conserve at least a quarter of a million dollars toward supplying the needs of the Red Cross."

KASPROWITZ IS HELD TO THE GRAND JURY

Boy Is Freed Under \$250 Bond, on Charge of Attempting to Commit a Crime.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

After a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace J. A. Eastes yesterday afternoon, Fred Kasprowitz was held to the grand jury under \$250 bonds on the charge of attempt to commit a crime. Security was promptly furnished, and he is now at liberty.

The state was represented in the hearing by District Attorney H. H. De Armond, while J. A. Moore appeared for the prisoner. The defense endeavored to establish an alibi to avoid an appearance before the grand jury.

For farm land loans see J. Ryan & Co.—Adv.

MUST KEEP UP LUMBER OUTPUT

T. A. McCANN RETURNS FROM SPOKANE MEETING WHICH DECLARED TIME NOT RIPE FOR CUTTING WORKING DAY.

(From Saturday's Daily)

After returning from a meeting of the Western Pine Manufacturers' association in Spokane, T. A. McCann, of the Shevlin-Hixon Company, told this morning of the decision which had been reached postponing action on the granting of an eight hour day in the white pine mills. It was the sense of the meeting, he said, that the time is not yet ripe for such an action, and that with government needs at their present high point and production conditions in their present status, paring the number of hours in the working day would result in the lowering of the output, just at the time when the greatest possible output is needed.

1500 HEAD OF SHEEP SHIPPED TO CHICAGO

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Fifteen hundred head of sheep, the property of R. N. Stanfield, were shipped from Bend yesterday for the Chicago markets, via the O.W. R. & N.

Advertisement for Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company. Text: 'Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Building Material, Kiln Dried Flooring and all kinds of Finish. SASH AND DOORS. COMPLETE STOCK of Standard Sizes. BROOKS-SCANLON LUMBER CO. Telephone Red 1431 or 701 City Sales Office Bend Company Building'

Advertisement for Manzanita and Aubrey Heights Addition. Text: 'Manzanita and Aubrey Heights Addition. Lots \$50, \$60, \$65, 10 per cent cash \$2.50 Monthly. LOTS \$75 to \$150.00. J. A. EASTES Real Estate-Insurance. MONEY TO LOAN'

Advertisement for CASTINGS. Text: 'CASTINGS IN GRAY IRON AND BRASS. HUFFSCHMIDT-DUGAN IRON WORKS. BEND, OREGON PHONE BLACK 741'

Advertisement for BEND HAULING CO. Text: 'BEND HAULING CO. R. N. PALMERTON. TRANSFER AND STORAGE. HOUSEHOLD GOODS MOVED. COAL AND WOOD. TELEPHONE RED 1501'

Advertisement for TRUE ECONOMY... THE WHITE. Text: 'TRUE ECONOMY... means the wise spending of one's money—making every dollar do full duty and getting in return an article that will satisfy you in every way. The WHITE. is a real bargain because it is sold at a popular price; because it gives you the kind of sewing you delight in; because it will turn out the work quickly and thoroughly and give you a life time of satisfactory service; because its improvements will enable you to do things which can't be done on any other machine; because it will please you with its fine finish and beauty of its furniture. In short you will find the White reliable and desirable from every point of view. Be sure to see the White dealer who will be glad to show you how good a machine the White is. If there is no White dealer handy, write us direct for catalogs. We do not sell to catalog houses. Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Machines. WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, O. FOR SALE BY BEND FURNITURE CO.'