

FIRES EXCEED TOTAL OF 1916

40 REPORTED IN WEEK ON FOREST.

Old Fires Thought Under Control Break Out Afresh, and are Most Serious—Smoke Hinders Men at Lookout Stations.

(From Saturday's Daily)
With the season only half gone, more fires have been reported and fought on the Deschutes National Forest than in the entire season of last year. Supervisor W. G. Hastings estimated today. So far the total has been 61, while last season's total was 59. Of this year's total, 40 have broken out in the last week, chiefly caused by lightning. The 21 preceding that time were scattered over several weeks, and were the result of carelessness on the part of campers.

In addition to new fires, several which had been deemed under control have burst out again in the last two days, and are now considered to be the most dangerous of any. Besides the regular summer forestry force of rangers, guards and lookouts, Mr. Hastings has 60 extra men working as fire fighters, and more could be used to advantage in the Pine Mountain and Crescent ranger districts, he says.

Smoke Is Hindrance.
So many conflagrations so close in have brought increasing difficulties, for the air is becoming so smoky that it is only with the utmost difficulty that lookouts stationed on the highest peaks in the forest limits can discern signs of new fires. In several instances lately, Mr. Hastings says, only one fire has been reported in a section where two or more might be burning at the same time.

Old Fires Break Out.
Three new fires east of Crescent were reported yesterday afternoon, but were extinguished with little difficulty, but two old fires in the Crescent section, which had been left when they were thought to be under control, burst out again, and 10 men were sent out from La Pine. Another fire in the Pine Mountain district burst out afresh, and 20 men are at work on it. All three are regarded as very serious. Five fires in the Sisters district, reported Thursday, were easily handled.

RUNS AWAY TO AVOID WEDDING

CHILD OF 13 TELLS JUDGE THAT PARENTS SOUGHT TO FORCE HER INTO MARCH WITH MAN DOUBLE HER AGE.

(From Monday's Daily.)
Declaring that her father and mother are trying to force her to marry a man practically twice her age, the 13 year old daughter of Mike Kasprowitz, of this city, appealed to District Attorney H. H. De Armond and Justice of the Peace J. A. Eastes today. The child said that constant pressure was being brought to bear to force her to marry Dan Dragich, laborer, and that her mother had whipped her repeatedly because she did not care for the man and steadfastly refused to marry him.

The girl said that she had run away from her parents Thursday, and had made her home with a married sister since that time, although her father had repeatedly endeavored to persuade her to return. Judge Eastes advised her to remain with the sister.

Kasprowitz himself appeared later before Judge Eastes, admitting that he desired the child to marry, but maintaining that she is 14 instead of 13 years of age.

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

"OVER THERE."

(Continued from Page 3.)

When the little prince came back I stood to salute him. He returned the salute with a grave smile and passed on. He was quite alone, and I was told afterward that he made these trips through the trenches just to show the men that he did not consider himself better than any other soldier. The heir of England was certainly taking nearly the same chance of losing his inheritance that we were.

After we had been on the front line fifteen days we received orders to make a bombing raid. Sixty volunteers were asked for, and the whole



When the Little Prince Came Back I Stood to Salute Him.

battalion offered. I was lucky—or unlucky—enough to be among the sixty who were chosen. I want to tell you in detail about this bombing raid, so that you can understand what a thing may really amount to that gets only three lines or perhaps nothing at all in the official dispatches and, besides that, it may help some of the young men who read this to know something a little later about bombing.

The sixty of us chosen to execute the raid were taken twenty miles to the rear for a week's instruction practice. Having only a slight idea of what we were going to try to do, we felt very jolly about the whole enterprise starting off. We were camped in an old barn, with several special instruction officers in charge. We had oral instruction the first day, while sappers dug and built an exact duplicate of the section of the German trenches which we were to raid—that is, it was exact except for a few details. Certain "skeleton trenches" in the practice section were dug simply to fool the German aviators. If a photograph taken back to German headquarters had shown an exact duplicate of a German trench section suspicion might have been aroused and our plans revealed. We were constantly warned about the skeleton trenches and told to remember that they did not exist in the German section where we were to operate. Meanwhile our practice section was changed a little several times, because aerial photographs showed that the Germans had been renovating and making some additions to the trenches in which we were to have our frolic with them.

We had oral instruction, mostly during the day, because we didn't dare let the German aviators see us practicing a bomb raid. All night long, sometimes until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, we rehearsed that raid, just as carefully as a company of star actors would rehearse a play. At first there was a disposition to have sport out of it.

"Well," some chap would say, rolling into the hay all tired out, "I got killed six times tonight. Suppose it'll be eight times tomorrow night."

One man insisted that he had discovered in one of our aerial photographs a German burying money, and he carefully examined each new picture, so that he could be sure of finding the dough and digging it up. The grave and serious manner of our officers, however, the exhaustive care with which we were drilled and, more than all, the approach of the time when we were to "go over the top" drove all sport out of our minds, and I can say for myself that the very thought of the undertaking as the fatal night drew near sent shivers up and down my spine.

A bombing raid, something originated in warfare by the Canadians, is not intended for the purpose of holding ground, but to gain information, to do as much damage as possible and to keep the enemy in a state of nervousness. In this particular raid the chief object was to gain information. Our high command wanted to know what troops were opposite us and what troops had been there. We were expected to get this information from prisoners and from buttons and papers off of the Germans we might kill. It was believed that troops were being



We Rehearsed That Raid as Carefully as a Company of Star Actors.

relieved from the big tent show up at the Somme and sent to our side show in Belgium for rest. Also it was suspected that artillery was being withdrawn for the Somme. Especially we were anxious to bring back prisoners.

In civilized war a prisoner can be compelled to tell only his name, rank and religion. But this is not a civilized war, and there are ways of making prisoners talk. One of the most effective ways—quite humane—is to tie a prisoner fast, head and foot, and then tickle his bare feet with a feather. More severe measures have frequently been used—the water cure, for instance—but I'm bound to say that nearly all the German prisoners I saw were quite loquacious and willing to talk, and the accuracy of their information, when later confirmed by raids, was surprising. The iron discipline which turns them into mere children in the presence of their officers seemed to make them subservient and obedient to the officers who commanded us. I mean, of course, the privates. In this way the system worked against the fatherland. Captured German officers, especially Prussians, were a nasty lot. We never tried to get information from them, for we knew they would lie, happily and very intelligently—well instructed in the art.

At last came the night when we were to go "over the top," across No Man's Land, and have a frolic with Fritz in his own happy home. I am endeavoring to be as accurate and truthful as possible in these stories of my soldiering, and I am therefore compelled to say that there wasn't a man in the sixty who didn't show the strain in his pallor and nervousness. Under orders, we discarded our trench helmets and substituted knitted skullcaps or empty mess tins. Then we blackened our hands and faces with ashes from a camp fire so as to avoid being seen as far as possible. After this they loaded us into motor trucks and took us up to "Shrapnel Corner," from which point we went in on foot. Just before we left a staff captain came along and gave us a little talk.

"This is the first time you men have been tested," he said. "You're Canadians. I needn't say anything more to you. They're going to be popping them

off at a great rate while you're on your way across. Remember that you'd better not stand up straight, because our shells will be going over just six and a half feet from the ground where it's level. If you stand up straight you're likely to be hit in the head, but don't let that worry you, because if you do get hit in the head you won't know it. So why in h— worry about it?" That was his farewell. He jumped on his horse and rode off.

The Bomb Raid.

The point we were to attack had been selected long before by our scouts. It was not, as you might suppose, the weakest point in the German line. It was, on the contrary, the strongest. It was considered that the moral effect of cleaning up a weak point would be comparatively small, whereas to break in at the strongest point would be something really worth while. And if we were to take a chance it really wouldn't pay to hesitate about degrees. The section we were to raid had a frontage of 150 yards and a depth of 200 yards. It had been explained to us that we were to be supported by a "box barrage," or curtain fire, from our artillery to last exactly twenty-six minutes—that is, for twenty-six minutes from the time when we started "over the top" our artillery, several miles back, would drop a "curtain" of shells all around the edges of that 150 yard by 200 yard section. We were to have fifteen minutes in which to do our work. Any man not out at the end of the fifteen minutes would necessarily be caught in our own fire, as our artillery would then change from a "box" to pour a straight curtain fire covering all of the spot of our operations.

Our officers set their watches very carefully with those of the artillery officers before we went forward to the front trenches. We reached the front at 11 p. m., and not until our arrival there were we informed of the "zero hour"—the time when the attack was to be made. The hour of 12:10 had been selected. The waiting from 11 o'clock until that time was simply an agony. Some of our men sat stupid and inert. Others kept talking constantly about the most inconsequential matters. One man undertook to tell a funny story. No one listened to it, and the laugh at the end was emaciated and ghastly. The inaction was driving us all into a state of funk. I could actually feel my nerve oozing out at my finger tips, and if we had had to wait fifteen minutes longer I wouldn't have been able to climb out of the trench.

About half an hour before we were to go over every man had his eye up the trench, for we knew "the rummies" were coming that way. The rum gang serves out a stiff shot of Jamaica just before an attack, and it would be a real test of temperance to see a man refuse. There were no prohibitionists in our set. Whether or not we got our full ration depended on whether the sergeant in charge was drunk or sober. After the shot began to work one man next me pounded my leg and hollered in my ear:

"I say, why all this red tape? Let's go over now."

That soggin' of rum is a life saver. When the hour approached for us to start the artillery fire was so heavy that orders had to be shouted into ears from man to man. The bombardment was, of course, along a couple of miles of front so that the Germans would not know where to expect us. At 12 o'clock exactly they began pulling down a section of the parapet so that we wouldn't have to climb over it and we would off.

There are six articles in this remark

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PETITION TO BE OUT THIS WEEK

WORK IS PUSHED VIGOROUSLY TO GIVE SETTLERS ON C. O. I. PROJECT BENEFITS OF DISTRICT ORGANIZATION.

(From Monday's Daily.)
To draw up petitions having as their object the organization of an irrigation district within the Central Oregon Irrigation Company project, Claude McColloch, of Portland, was in Bend today conferring in the matter with H. H. De Armond, of this

city, who will have charge of the organization work locally. It is expected to have the petitions out this week. Formal publications, hearing by the Deschutes county court, and an election on the question by the land holders on the project will be other steps in the organization.

As the district is planned, it is to include all lands sold by the company, meaning a total of 45,000 acres, and more than 1000 land holders. Three counties, Deschutes, Crook and Jefferson, will have portions in the district, but the majority of the land is in Deschutes county, and consequently the chief legal proceedings will be here.

The petitions which are to be circulated this week are the culmination of a series of meetings held this spring by settlers on the project. Engineering work in connection with the movement has been handled by George S. Young.

Four chairs at your service at the Metropolitan. No waiting.—Adv.

LULL IS ENJOYED IN FOREST FIRES

Only One Blaze Reported Yesterday—All Others in Deschutes Forest Now Under Control.

(From Friday's Daily.)
A distinct lull in the breaking out of forest fires was noted this morning, for only one new blaze was reported yesterday afternoon at the local headquarters of the Deschutes National forest, and no new conflagrations were reported today. As far as is known, all fires hitherto noted, are now under control.

Ranger Perry South was on his way this morning to the latest blaze, located to the south of Walker Mountain, one of the most inaccessible points within the forest boundaries. It is because of this feature that the fire must have been the result of lightning.

MILITIA RECEIVE ORDERS TO GATHER

Will Mobilize at Camp Clackamas and Fort Stevens Before Being Sent to California.

(By United Press to the Bend Bulletin.)
(From Monday's Daily.)
PORTLAND, July 23.—The Oregon militia will mobilize at Camp Clackamas, and go later to Palo Alto, according to telegraphic orders received today by Adjutant General White. The coast artillery companies will go to Fort Stevens as originally intended.

After several weeks at Clackamas the balance of the troops will proceed to the California camp.

200 SIGNATURES FOR THE HOME GUARD

(From Saturday's Daily.)
Excellent success in securing signatures for a petition for a company of Home Guards for Bend was reported by the committee in charge, headed by Frank R. Prince, captain of the Bend Rifles. More than 200 names have been affixed to the petition, and the field is still not completely covered.

HOO-HOO GATHERING TO BE IN PORTLAND

(From Friday's Daily.)
Because of serious conditions prevalent in the lumber industry in the northwest, the Hoo-Hoo convention scheduled to be held in Bend this year will be moved to Portland, where it will be cut down to one day, the lumbermen assembling for August 1 only.

SONS OF NORWAY TO GIVE A PICNIC SOON

(From Monday's Daily.)
Members of the Sons of Norway are planning for a picnic to be given August 12 at Pickett Island, near Tumalo. Music, entertainment, and refreshments will be provided. A general invitation is extended.

RECRUITS ARE DRILLED.

(From Monday's Daily.)
That the life of the recruits on Goat Island is pretty nearly one continuous drill is the message contained in a letter from Myron Powell to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Powell, received this morning. Myron is well and enjoying the life in spite of its strenuous nature. With the letter he has sent an interesting collection of photographs of recruits at drill and of other scenes.

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

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