

The Confessions of a German Deserter

Written by a Prussian Officer Who Participated in the Ravaging and Pillaging of Belgium.

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CHAPTER IX.

I must confess that most of us believed in this at the time, that we would soon be in Paris. Other bodies of troops arrived from all sides. We had marched several hours when news came to us that Vitry had been retaken by the French and that they had seized a tremendous amount of military stores, captured the hospitals, together with their medical units and patients, and that the sanitary companies also had been made prisoners. At about two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the heights which had been pointed out to us early in the march by our captain.

We now began to understand that something had gone wrong. Streets were filled with troops from all branches of service, trying to use the road along which we were marching. Being outnumbered, we were crowded backward. Empty munition columns raced by us in no order whatever. They were followed by canteen and other supply wagons. The greatest confusion reigned everywhere. Every minute added to the congestion until finally there was a dead halt. The drivers of some wagons left the road and tried to pass around the congested portions by traversing the fields, which had been soaked by heavy rains. Several wagons turned over and others became imbedded in the mud. The horses were unhitched from these and the wagons left behind. The wagoners mounted these horses and drove on, forgetting everything in one wild panic-stricken race for safety.

An officer rode up and handed an order to our captain. We were halted at a field close to the road. There we were permitted to stack our guns and rest. As we lay at this point we watched the passing columns, field kitchens, munition trains, sanitary columns and field postal wagons racing by in one grand carnival of confusion.

Every wagon carried wounded men. Their faces indicated clearly what tortures they were enduring as they were bumped along over the unspeakable roads upon heavy trucks. Still they were anxious to go ahead at whatever cost. They feared the fate which would befall them should they fall into the hands of their merciless enemy, which would show them the same consideration which they themselves had offered in previous encounters, in which they took no French wounded men prisoners.

Evening came on and with it torrential rain. We lay in the fields, weary and chilled through, yet no one of our unit moved, for we were utterly overcome by exhaustion. Artillery detachments now began to arrive, but few of them had their required number of six guns. Many had only three, others two, and a few proceeded with only one fieldpiece. At one time a whole row of about fifty gun carriages passed without any guns mounted upon them whatever. These batteries had managed to save their horses, but were compelled to abandon their guns to the French. Some carriages were drawn by only two to four horses instead of the required six.

There now passed before us some fifteen magnificent automobiles, the appearance of which won the admiration of everybody.

"Ah," exclaimed many of the soldiers, "the general staff—Duke Albrecht of Wurtemberg and his friends." Discontent and murmurs of rebellion went through our ranks. Everybody was mad and the accused torrential rain had no tendency to lighten our spirits. "They have directed the slaughter of thousands and now they motor away," said one man, while we lay here in a morass in the rain. "We are not considered."

What we were to be assigned to do had not yet been told us. We were left lying in our swamp until ten o'clock that night. The troops continued to flow back in great disorganized contingents. Machine gun companies passed with empty wagons, having lost

their guns. The thundering of the cannon gradually came nearer from the west. The noise along the highways became greater and a panic spread, adding to the horrors of the night. Fugitives wandered around in the darkness through the streaming rain, trying to lead their wives and children to safety, only to find death under the wheels of the wagons. The wounded were also mangled by scores; piteous cries for help were heard everywhere. Under the strain of the traffic the roads became badly broken up and all along their sides abandoned vehicles of every description lay.

We started forward at about three o'clock in the morning and soon we were with the rear guard. Infantry regiments, now merely fragments of their former strength, arrived in a fearful condition. The soldiers had thrown away their knapsacks and every unnecessary article which might be an impediment to speed.

Before long the first enemy shrapnel burst over our heads, which resulted in an even faster marching. The road used during the first march contained deep shell holes, which were filled with water. In the heavy darkness men fell into these water holes. Thoroughly drenched, we continued our march. No attention was paid to obstacles in the way over which we were constantly stumbling. Speed was the only aim. Dead men and horses lay in the middle of the road, but no one took pains to remove them.

At dawn we arrived at a little village, where we halted. We took possession and established as strong a temporary defense as possible in the time permitted. Our position was established behind a cemetery wall. New troops continued to arrive, but all were badly disorganized. Cavalry, mounted artillery and machine-gun detachments followed. These had some sort of formation and while there was some disorder the panic, which characterized the other units, was missing here. They also showed evidences of having suffered losses, but nothing in comparison to ours.

CHAPTER X.

The enemy's shelling to reduce our position gradually grew stronger, but without effect. Some houses caught fire. Enemy cavalry patrols in strong force appeared and disappeared again. Everything became quiet. Within ten minutes matters again became lively.



Enemy Cavalry Patrol.

as large hostile columns approached. We retired, some distance without firing a shot. The artillery took a position behind a village and began shelling the approaching enemy. A cavalry patrol galloped across an open field

the horses covered with foam. We heard the commander of the patrol tell a cavalry officer that the enemy were approaching from all sides. We quickly left the village. The artillery remained and the cavalry detachments occupied a position while the cannon were trained on the enemy. Toward noon shrapnel shells again began bursting over our heads, but they exploded too high in the air to do us any damage. Yet this served as a serious reminder to us that the enemy kept right on our heels, a realization of which caused our retreat to become a rout. The numbers who dropped exhausted constantly increased. It was impossible to render them any assistance, for there were no more wagons. Many soldiers used their last atom of strength to drag themselves to the side of the road. Others fell where they were marching to be crushed soon afterward under the horses' hoofs or the wheels of any vehicle that might pass. The road was strewn with equipment thrown away by the soldiers. Our detachments had long since cast aside all unnecessary impediments.

In this way we proceeded until we reached a forest which was filled with fugitives. Many of these had stretched some sort of cloth from tree to tree as a protection from the rain. There they lay, men, women and children and old men, some in unspeakable misery. This fugitives' camp was spread over the forests to the edge of the road and as we passed we could see the furrows woven into their faces by the terrible sufferings they had been through. They looked at us with weary and saddened eyes. The children begged for bread, but we had none for ourselves, even though we were tortured by hunger. The enemy's shrapnel continued to accompany us. Scarcely had we passed through the forest when shrapnel burst in it. As a consequence a camp of fugitives, now exposed to trench fire, was abandoned and its numbers sought safety in the open fields. Many tried to accompany us until the order came forbidding them the road, as their advance hindered troop movements. The fugitives, therefore, were forced into the rain-soaked fields.

Toward evening we reached a village which had previously been sacked and here we found some rest. The mayor and two citizens of this village had been seized by the Germans and taken away under cavalry escort. Just why this had been done we were unable to find out. We did know, however, that almost every town was obliged to give hostages. Most of the cattle were taken along and large herds were transported to the rear by cavalry.

We belonged to the rear guards, which explained why we were unable to find anything to eat. There was absolutely nothing to the village where we were now quartered. After half an hour with our hunger still unappeased we resumed our march. After we had marched about three kilometers we arrived at a spot which had formerly been a bivouac. Advancing armies had camped here perhaps eight days before. Bread, which had been plentiful then, lay strewn around on the ground. In spite of its water-soaked condition it had been gathered up and eaten with ravenous appetites. Nothing mattered how our stomachs were filled if only our hunger might be appeased.

Night now came, yet no sleep nor rest was in sight. No one knew how much farther we would have to retire before there would be a respite. The unfamiliar surroundings indicated to us that we were not returning over the road which we had traversed when, as victors, we marched to the Marne. With this and similar thoughts, hour after hour passed. Some of us ran along, others actually walked in their sleep. Our boots were filled with water, yet we had to keep on. Thus the night passed.

The next morning troops of the main army were placed in the rear guard. They formed long columns which they opened to let us pass through, after which they closed ranks. We gave a sigh of relief, for we were at last free of hostile artillery fire. After marching about five more hours, we joined a company of infantry which fortunately had saved its field kitchen. It was not quite dark when we reached the village.

Here we were billeted in order to get as much rest as possible. But we all knew that we could rest only as long as the rear guard was able to keep back the enemy. We were placed in the village school. Because of the shortage of provisions we were allowed to use our tinmed supplies, but none of us had any left. This consisted of some meat and hardtack. It had long since been eaten up and so we were compelled to lie down with our hunger still unsatisfied.

(To Be Continued.)

'OLD GLORY' FLIES ON GERMAN SOIL



Here is an American commander in Alsace accompanying a French general in his review of a Yankee contingent billeted in a town where the trench line in the Vosges has invaded territory under the German flag when the war began.

Fourth Liberty Loan bonds will help remove the Boche from Alsace and Lorraine as well as from ravished Belgium.

WHEN AN IRISH KAISER IS ON THE THRONE

From Alex. Livingston of Milltown, Montana, comes the following song, "When We Put an Irish Kaiser in the Palace Over There," to be sung to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green":
When the war is over, laddie, just take a tip from me,
There'll be no German submarines a-diving through the sea.
For the fatherland of Kaiser Bill, the guy we're going to lick,
Will have a brand new kaiser, and the same will be a Mick.
We'll change the song, "Die Wacht Am Rhine," into an Irish reel,
And make the Germans dance it, if so inclined we feel.
For the police force in Berlin will be Micks from County Claire,
When we put an Irish kaiser in the palace over there.

Sure, in every German parkway you will find a sweet Colleen,
And the fields of waving sauerkraut we will plant with shamrock green;
No liverwurst or sauerkraut when the German drinks his suds,
He will get corned beef and cabbage and good old Irish spuds;
The heathen guns and gas bombs, we'll throw them all away,
And make them use shillalahs or bricks of Irish clay.
They'll wear no iron crosses, sure, 'tis shamrocks they will wear,
When we put an Irish kaiser in the palace over there.

SWEDISH SLACKERS LEAVE THE CITY

(From Monday's Daily.)
Gus Kriegaman and Axel M. Johnson, the two Swedish subjects who several days ago made application for the return of their first citizenship papers to evade registration and entrance into the United States army, have resigned their positions at the Brooks-Scanlon plant and left the city. The attitude of their fellow workmen toward them is said to be responsible for their change of residence.

TWENTY-FOUR NOT AFTER EXEMPTION

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
Out of 34 questionnaires which have been returned to the local draft board, only 10 have asked deferred classification, according to members of the board this morning. This represents but a very small number of the documents which have been sent out, and it is expected that later returns will show a greater percentage in the deferred classes. Two-thirds of the questionnaires have been sent out in the registration, while practically all of those in the class of 19 to 36 have been mailed.

SHRINERS TO PICNIC

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
Central Oregon Shriners will meet for a picnic on Sunday, September 29, according to invitations just sent out. Tumalo creek, just below the brickyard road, will be the scene of the affair.

One cent a word is all a little Want Ad will cost you.

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Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
LADIES!
Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
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TASTE TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH

NIGHT SCHOOL TO BE OPENED

THIRTY NAMES REGISTERED AS STUDENTS AT MEETING HELD IN HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LAST NIGHT.

(From Thursday's Daily.)
The Bend night school, with four instructors, will commence Monday, September 30. This was the announcement made by Superintendent Moore this morning following a most successful meeting which was held at the high school auditorium last night, at which more than 60 people interested in the night school course were present, 39 signing the registration rolls to take up the work at that time.

The course of study, as previously printed in The Bulletin, will be followed out. Mr. Moore stated this morning that he had reason to believe that the registration might even be doubled before the first meeting night, and registration books will be kept open at the superintendent's office in the high school building for the convenience of those who wish to register.

The night school will be conducted three nights each week from 7 until 9:15; the meeting nights being Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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

SUBSCRIBER
HONOR EMBLEM
4th LIBERTY LOAN

This is a reproduction of the window poster to which subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan are entitled. No AMERICAN Home should be without it.

FOREST EMPLOYEES GO TO FORT ROCK

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
On business connected with the grazing department of the forest service, members of the Deschutes national forest, including N. G. Jacobsen, supervisor, H. E. Vincent and others, left this morning for the Fort Rock country. It is expected that they will return this evening.

A Woman's Heartly Recommendation.

Worry and overwork cause kidney trouble, and women suffer equally with men. Miss Sara Weston, Belvidere, Ill., writes: "I could not stoop and when down I had to crawl up by a chair. I was so lame I suffered agony. Now I feel like a new person, stronger and better in every way. I heartily recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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A Visitor—
A Departure—
A Bath—
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
561

THE BUGLE CALL
Summons all the forces and resources of the Republic to the defense of Freedom
THE OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
which the United States authorities have ranked as one of the fifteen distinguished institutions of the country for excellence in military training, has responded to the call. The College is distinguished not only for its military instruction, but
DISTINGUISHED ALSO FOR—
Its strong industrial courses for men and for women
In Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering, Forestry
Home Economics, Mining, Pharmacy, and Vocational Education.
Its wholesome, purposeful student life.
Its democratic college spirit.
Its successful graduates.
Students enrolled last year, 3453; stars on its service flags, 1258, over forty percent representing officers.
College opens September 23, 1918
For catalog, new Illustrated Booklet, and other information write to the Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon

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CALL OR WRITE FOR PARTICULARS
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TANLAC FOR SALE BY
The Owl Pharmacy
SOLE AGENTS

We will give you value for your money in what can be procured in the markets and we adhere strictly to all Food Administration Rules
Baker's Grocery

Men Called From Deschutes County to Report October 7
+ Paul Armstrong, Tumalo. +
+ Lavrits P. Mikkelsen, Bend. +
+ Elmer Leo Gist, Bend. +
+ Harry W. Johnson, Bend. +
+ Ernest F. Dick, Bend. +
+ Ralph McClain, Bend. +
+ Harvey Dayton, Tumalo. +
+ Harry M. Delterich, Tumalo. +
+ Wilbur Gardner, Bend. +
One cent a word is all a little Want Ad will cost you.