

# FINAL VOTES ARE RECEIVED

DEMOCRATS LEAD FOR HIGH OFFICES.

Both Pierce and West Hold Lead in the County—Republicans Gain All Other County Offices Except Commissioner.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
West for state senator, long term, and Walter Pierce for governor on the Democratic ticket carried Deschutes county in the final returns from all precincts, which continued to pour in Wednesday afternoon and yesterday. Both of the Republican candidates, McNary for senator and Withycombe for governor, maintained a good lead over their opponents in the city precincts and the first rural districts reporting, and it was then thought that the county would beyond doubt go Republican. It was not until the final yesterday morning when it was discovered West had a lead of 142 votes over McNary in the county, 865 votes being cast for the former and 723 for the latter.

Walter Pierce, the Democratic candidate for governor, led James Withycombe with 136 votes, receiving 833 ballots against 697.

The final returns made little difference in the standing of other candidates. Sinnott maintained his lead over Graham, the Democratic candidate for representative in congress, the same being true of Hoff, Republican nominee for state treasurer, and Charles A. Johns for justice of the supreme court.

The vote for justice of the supreme court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Moore cannot be determined at this time and will not be decided until the official announcement is made by the canvassing board. Many of the precinct officers placed the vote in the ballot boxes, while other precincts failed to make direct notation of the vote cast.

In the county offices the final returns made little difference, other than cutting down the lead maintained by some of the candidates. H. H. De Armond, for prosecuting attorney, has a final lead over his opponent, Ross Farnham, of 42 votes. De Armond receiving a total of 781 votes in the county against 739 for his opponent.

In the race for county sheriff S. E. Roberts' lead was cut from 146 votes to 78, Roberts' total for the county being 812 against 734.

Burdick and Dencer led heavily over the Klamath county candidate for state representative, the final vote being: Burdick, 904; Dencer, 752; Merriman, 469. Returns from other counties in the district have not yet been received, the final outcome not being known at this time.

Stokey increased his lead for county commissioner, short term, with last reports with 549 votes, Overturf second with 496 votes and Varco third with 481.

In the measures voted for, the normal school proposition in the county was defeated by one vote, 490 being in favor of the measure and 491 against. The result on other measures was as follows:

Dependent children's home, 491 for, 427 against; delinquent tax notice bill, 591 for, 298 against; fixing compensation for publication of legal notices, 533 for, 281 against; increase in state tax levy, 418 for, 482 against.

# BEND MARINE IS INSTRUCTOR

ARTHUR HARRIS OF THIS CITY HAS RECEIVED PROMOTION TO CHIEF RIFLE RANGE INSTRUCTOR AT MARE ISLAND.

(From Saturday's Daily.)  
Interesting information regarding Bend people now located at Oakland, California, is contained in a letter received from Dorothy Johnston, a former Bend resident.

Miss Hazel Johnson has just recovered from a severe attack of Spanish influenza.

Arthur Harris, a Bend boy who enlisted in the marines here, has been promoted to chief rifle range instructor at Mare Island navy yard. His mother, Mrs. P. A. Harris, who has been spending the past several months in Oakland in order to be near her son, will return to this city in the near future.

# GUNNER DEPEW

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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## CHAPTER V.

With the "75's."

My pal Brown, of whom I spoke before, had been put in the infantry when he enlisted in the Legion, because he had served in the United States Infantry. He soon became a sergeant, which had been his rating in the American service. I never saw him in the trenches, because our outfits were nowhere near each other, but whenever we were in billets at the same time, we were together as much as possible.

Brown was a funny card and I never saw anyone else much like him. A big, tall, red-headed, dopey-looking fellow, never saying much and slow in everything he did or said—you would never think he amounted to much or was worth his salt. The boys used to call him "Ginger" Brown, both on account of his red hair and his slow movements. But he would pull a surprise on you every once in a while, like this one that he fooled me with.

One morning about dawn we started out for a walk through what used to be Dixmude—piles of stone and brick and mortar. There were no civies to be seen; only mules and horses bringing up casks of water, bags of beans, chloride of lime, barbed wire, ammunition, etc. It was a good thing we were not superstitious. At that, the shadows along the walls made me feel shaky sometimes.

Finally Brown said: "Come on down; let's see the '75's.'" At this time I had not seen a "75," except on a train going to the front, so I took him up right away, but was surprised that he should know where they were.

After going half way around Dixmude Brown said, "Here we are," and started right into what was left of a



We Started Right into What Was Left of a Big House.

big house. I kept wondering how he would know so much about it, but followed him. Inside the house was a passageway under the ruins. It was about seven feet wide and fifty feet long, I should judge.

At the other end was the great old "75," poking its nose out of a hole in the wall. The gun captain and the crew were sitting around waiting the word for action, and they seemed to know Brown well. I was surprised at that, but still more so when he told me I could examine the gun if I wanted to, just as if he owned it.

So I sat in the seat and trained the cross wires on an object, opened and closed the breech and examined the recoil.

Then Brown said: "Well, Chink, you'll see some real gunnery now," and they passed the word and took stations. My eyes bulged out when I saw Brown take his station with them;

"Silence!" is about the first command a gun crew gets when it is going into action, but I forgot all about it, and shouted out and asked Brown how he got to be a gunner. But he only grinned and looked dopey, as usual. Then I came to and expected to get a call down from the officer, but he only grinned and so did the crew. It seems they had it all framed to spring on me, and they expected I would be surprised.

So we put cotton in our ears and the captain called the observation tower a short distance away and they gave him the range. Then the captain "called 4128 meters" to Brown. They placed the nose of a shell in a fuse adjuster and turned the handle until it reached scale 4128. This set the fuse to explode at the range given. Then they slammed the shell into the breech, locked it shut and Brown sent his best to Fritz.

The barrel slipped back, threw out the shell case at our feet and returned over a cushion of grease. Then we received the results by telephone from the observation tower. After he had fired twelve shots the captain said to Brown, "You should never waste yourself in infantry, son." And old dopey Brown just stood there and grinned.

That was Brown every time. He knew about more things than you could think of. He had read about gunnery and fooled around at Dixmude until they let him play with the "75's," and finally here he was, giving his kindest to old Fritz with the rest of them.

I never saw a battery better concealed than this one. Up on the ground you couldn't see the muzzle twenty yards away—and that was all there was to see at any distance. There was a ruined garden just outside the gun quarters, and while the gunners were there picking apples there would be a hiss and an explosion, and over would go some of the trees, or maybe a man or two, but never a shell struck nearer the guns than that. The poilus used to thank Fritz for helping them pick the apples, because the explosions would bring them down in great style. Shells from our heavy artillery passed just over the garden, too, making an awful racket. But they were not in it with the "75's."

They gave me a little practice with a "75" under the direction of expert French gunners before I went to my 14-inch naval gun, and, believe me, it was a fine little piece. Just picture to yourself a little beauty that can send a 38-pound shell every two seconds for five miles and more, if you want it to, and land on Fritz' vest button every time. There is nothing I like better than a gun, anyway, and I have never since been entirely satisfied with anything less than a "75."

As you probably know, the opposing artillery in this war is so widely separated that the gunners never see their targets unless these happen to be buildings, and even then it is rare. So, since an artillery officer never sees the enemy artillery or infantry, he must depend on others to give him the range and direction.

For this purpose there are balloons and airplanes attached to each artillery unit. The airplanes are equipped with wireless, but also signal by smoke and direction of flight, while the balloons use telephones. The observers have maps and powerful glasses and cameras. Their maps are marked off in zones to correspond with the maps used by the artillery officers.

The observations are signaled to a receiving station on the ground and are then telephoned to the batteries. All our troops were equipped with telephone signal corps detachments and this was a very important arm of the service. The enemy position is shelled before an attack, either on barrage or otherwise, and communication between the waves of attack and

the artillery is absolutely necessary. Bombardments are directed toward certain parts of the enemy position almost as accurately as you would use a searchlight. The field telephones are very light and are portable to the last degree. They can be rigged up or knocked down in a very short time. The wire is wound on drums or reels and you would be surprised to see how quickly our corps established communication from a newly won trench to headquarters, for instance. They were asking for our casualties before we had finished having them, almost.

Artillery fire was directed by men whose duty it was to dope out the range from the information sent them by the observers in the air. Two men were stationed at the switchboard, one man to receive the message and the other to operate the board. As soon as the range was plotted out it was telephoned to the gunners and they did the rest.

The naval guns at Dixmude were mounted on flat cars and these were drawn back and forth on the track by little Belgian engines.

After I had been at my gun for several days I was ordered back to my regiment, which was again in the front-line trenches. My course was past both the British and French lines but quite a distance behind the front lines.

Everywhere there were ambulances and wagons going backward and forward. I met one French ambulance that was a long wagon full of poilus from a field hospital near the firing line and was driven by a man whose left arm was bandaged to the shoulder. Two poilus who sat in the rear on guard had each been wounded in the leg and one had had a big strip of his scalp torn off. There was not a sound man in the bunch. You can imagine what their cargo was like, if the convoy was as used up as these chaps. But all who could were singing and talking and full of pep. That is the French for you; they used no more men than they could possibly spare to take care of the wounded, but they were all cheerful about it—always.

Just after I passed this ambulance the Germans began shelling a section of the road too near me to be comfortable, so I beat it to a shell crater about twenty yards off the road, to the rear. A shrapnel shell exploded pretty near me just as I jumped into this hole—I did not look around to see how close it was—and I remember now how the old minstrel joke I had heard on board ship came to my mind at the time—something about a feline feeling so small he climbed into a hole and pulled it after him—and I wished I might do the same. I flattened myself as close against the wall of the crater as I could and then I noticed that somebody had made a dugout in the other wall of the crater and I started for it.

The shells were exploding so fast by that time that you could not listen for each explosion separately, and just as I jumped into the dugout a regular



A Regular Hail of Shrapnel Fell.

hall of shrapnel fell on the spot I had just passed. It was pretty dark in the dugout and the first move I made I bumped into somebody else and he let out a yell that you could have heard a mile. It was a Tommy who had been wounded in the hand and between curses he told me I had sat right on his wound when I moved. I asked him why he did not yell sooner, but he only swore more. He surely was a great cussor.

The bombardment slackened up a bit about this time, and I thought I would have a look around. I did not get out of the crater entirely, but moved around out of the dugout until I could see the road I had been on. The first thing I saw was a broken-down wagon that had just been hit—in fact, it was toppling over when my eye caught it. The driver jumped from his seat and while he was in the air his head was torn completely from his shoulders by another shell—I do not know what kind. This was enough for me, so back to the dugout.

How the Germans did it I do not know, but they had found out about that road and opened fire at exactly the moment when the road was covered with wagons and men. Yet there had not been a balloon or airplane in the sky for some time.

After a while the bombardment moved away to the east, from which direction I had come, and I knew our batteries were getting it. The Tommy and I came out of the dugout. As I started climbing up the muddy sides I saw there was a man standing at the edge of it, and I could tell by his

puttees that he was a Limey. I was having a hard job of it, so without looking up I hailed him.

"That was sure some shelling, wasn't it?" I said. "There's a lad down here with a wounded fin; better give him a hand."

"What shelling do you mean," says the legs, without moving. "There's been none in this sector for some time, I think."

The Tommy was right at my heel by this time, and he let out a string of language. I was surprised, too, and still scrambling around in the mud.

Then the Tommy let a "Gawd 'elp us!" and I looked up and saw that the legs belonged to a Limey officer, a major, I think. And here we had been cussing the eyes off of him!

But he sized it up rightly and gave us a hand, and only laughed when we tried to explain. I got rattled and told him that all I saw was his legs and that they did not look like an officer's legs, which might have made it worse, only he was good-natured about it. Then he said that he had been asleep in a battalion headquarters dug-out, about a hundred yards away, and only waked up when part of the roof caved in on him. Yet he did not know he had been shelled!

I went on down the road a stretch, but soon found it was easier walking beside it, because the Huns had shelled it neatly right up and down the middle. Also, there were so many wrecked horses and wagons to climb over on the road—besides dead men.

After I had passed the area of the bombardment and got back on the road I sat down to rest and smoke. A couple of shells had burst so near the crater that they had thrown the dirt right into the dugout, and I was a little dizzy from the shock. While I was sitting there a squad of Tommies came up with about twice their number of German prisoners. The Tommies had been making Fritz do the goose step and they started them at it again when they saw me sitting there. It sure is good for a laugh any time, this goose step. I guess they call it that after the fellow who invented it.

One thing I had noticed about Fritz was the way his coat flared out at the bottom, so I took this chance to find out about it, while they halted for a rest just a little farther down the road. I found that they carried their emergency kits in their coats. These kits contained canned meat, tobacco, needles, thread and plaster—all this in addition to their regular pack.

Then I drilled down the road some more, but had to stop pretty soon to let a column of French infantry swing on to the road from a field. They were on their way to the trenches as reinforcements. After every two companies there would be a wagon. Pretty soon I saw the uniform of the Legion. Then a company of my regiment came up and I wheeled in with them. We were in the rear of the column that had passed. Our boys were going up for their regular stunt in the front lines, while the others had just arrived at that part of the front.

Then for the first time my feet began hurting me. Our boots were made of rough cowhide and fitted very well, but it was a day's labor to carry them on your feet. I began lagging behind. I would lag twenty or thirty yards behind and then try to catch up. But the thousands of men ahead of me kept up the steady pace and very few limped, though they had been on the march since 3 a. m. It was then about 11 a. m. Those who did limp were carried in the wagons. But I had seen very few men besides the drivers riding in the wagons, and I wanted to be as tough as the neck guy, so I kept on. But, believe me, I was sure glad when we halted for a rest along the road.

That is, the reinforcements did! Our company of the Legion had not come from so far, and when the front of the column had drawn out of the way along the road we kept on filing, as the saying is. I did not care about being tough then, and I was ready for the wagon.

Only now there were no wagons! They belonged with the other troops. So I had to ease along as best I could for what seemed like hours—to my feet—until we turned off onto another road and halted for a rest. I found out later that our officers had gone astray and were lost at this time, though, of course, they did not tell us so.

We arrived at our section of the trench about three o'clock that afternoon and I rejoined my company. I was all tired out after this trek and found myself longing for the Cassard and the rolling wave, where no Marathons and five-mile hikes were necessary. But this was not in store for me—yet.

(To Be Continued.)

# BEND PEOPLE ARE MARRIED

(From Thursday's Daily.)  
The marriage ceremony of Mrs. Bertha Reese to Mr. George Jones, both of this city, was performed at the Hotel Wright early this week. They will make their home in this city, Mr. Jones being employed as chef at the Wright.

# L. C. NICKERSON ANSWERS CALL

DIES AT EMERGENCY HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT AFTER AN ILLNESS OF ONE WEEK—WAS OLD RESIDENT HERE.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
Leland C. Nickerson of this city, 25 years of age, died at the emergency hospital last night at 8 o'clock from pneumonia following an attack of influenza.

Mr. Nickerson became ill on Thursday of last week and was taken to the hospital when it opened. He was ill just a week to the day.

The deceased had been a resident of Bend about seven years, coming here from Michigan in 1911 with his mother and other members of the family. He is well known here, having been employed at various places, three years ago accepting the position of manager of the ranch of H. J. Overturf near here, where he has since remained.

He was married in September, 1917, to Miss Gertrude Reynolds of this city, and besides his wife leaves a baby four months old, two sisters, Mrs. M. F. Latin and Mrs. Webb, both now residing in Michigan, and his mother, also a resident of Detroit. The latter three are well known in Bend, having at one time resided here.

No arrangements are to be made for the funeral services until word has been received from his mother and sisters.

# EXPENSES ARE ON INCREASE

ADDITION OF \$16,000 IS TO BE RAISED FOR CARRYING ON SCHOOLS OF CITY, ACCORDING TO PUBLISHED REPORT.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Increase in the cost of running the schools of District 1, amounting to about \$16,000, are estimated in the budget for the year's expense decided upon at a recent meeting of the directors of the district. The total to be raised by taxation, according to the budget, is \$70,951.80, as against \$54,210.01 raised last year.

Inasmuch as this total is more than 6 per cent. in excess of the amount raised last year, it is necessary for the voters of the district to pass upon the budget and vote the tax, and an election will be held on November 30 for the purpose. The budget items are shown in the notice appearing in this issue of The Bulletin.

# CASUALTY LIST HAS BEND NAME

W. W. GRIFFITH LISTED AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE DIED OF WOUNDS—LEFT BEND EARLY LAST SPRING.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Information given out by the local draft board and Charles L. Griffith this morning reveals the fact that another Bend man has answered the call for his country in France, the name of William W. Griffith appearing in the casualty lists of Saturday under the heading "Died of Wounds Received in Action."

Private Griffith had lived in Bend at the home of Charles L. Griffith, a nephew, for more than a year previous to his call to the colors, which came April 29. He left here at that time with 12 other Deschutes county men, and although it was known he was in France it was not determined until the word of his death was received that he had been on the fighting front.

In the casualty lists his address was given as Roselodge, Oregon, the home of his mother, Mrs. Emma E. Sliger.

Private Griffith was 27 years of age, and besides his mother leaves three brothers. He was well known both in Bend and Deschutes, having been employed by Roscoe Howard at the latter place for a number of months.

# HAPPY FARMER TRACTOR HERE

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

The "Happy Farmer" tractor, a coal oil burning machine, will be demonstrated at the Knott ranch, near this city, on Wednesday. This announcement was made by Mr. Goodale, factory representative, who is in the city for the purpose of delivering the first machine to be sold in this county. The demonstration is to be held in connection with that of the Fordson tractor.

Mr. Goodale states that more than 100 of his machines have been sold in Oregon, Washington and Idaho and all are giving good satisfaction.

# BRICK vs. OTHER BUILDINGS

BRICK BUILDINGS IN BEND---	OTHER BUILDINGS---
VALUE ABOUT \$500,000	VALUE ABOUT \$2,000,000
FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS NONE	FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS OVER \$100,000

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