

RED CROSS WILL AID SICK PEOPLE

CONVALESCENTS TO BE GIVEN CARE.

Food and Supplies Are to Be Furnished Homes—Money Will Be Necessary to Carry on the Work.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Plans for taking care of those convalescing from influenza were made today by the Bend chapter of the Red Cross when it was announced by the officials that a fund would be provided for this work, and as far as possible all those needing aid are to be given it by members of the chapter. It has been reported that there are many homes in the city where practically all members of the family have been afflicted with the disease, and if the physicians, neighbors or persons themselves will report these cases help will be given them, together with food and supplies.

The Red Cross motor corps will deliver the necessary provisions where a demand is made for them, or upon the order of the attending physicians. In this manner it is hoped to furnish milk, malted milk, soup, steaks, eggs and fruits to the patients.

There has been no fund provided for this work, and the expense will of necessity have to be raised through popular subscriptions. Those who are willing to donate to the fund may leave their subscriptions at The Bulletin office, with Mrs. H. K. Brooks or Mrs. W. C. Birdsall at the Pilot Butte Inn, or if notification is made to any one of the above donations will be called for.

It is a worthy cause and members of the Red Cross see in it a possibility to aid those who through sickness are unable to attend to their own wants. The names of those who are willing to donate their time, money or supplies are needed and should be turned over to either Mrs. Birdsall or Mrs. Brooks.

STRIDES ARE MADE IN PAST CENTURY

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin.)

LONDON, Oct. 29.—By Mail.—Should women be whipped?

Just a century ago wisecracks, politicians and noble lords of Great Britain were debating the point. It was quite a new idea to worry about what was happening to women, but after some discussion it was decided that they ought not to be whipped—that the best way to handle them was on the "gentle-but-firm" method—and in 1820 the wisecracks, politicians and noble lords passed a bill known as the whipping act, prohibiting the corporal punishment of women.

Having made this exertion on women's behalf they returned to the discussion of things which interested them.

Fifty years passed. The seed which had been planted in 1820 began to take root in 1870, and the question of special legislation for women again bobbed up. This time an act was passed allowing women to be possessors of their own property—a magnanimous document known as the married woman's property act.

Those two acts, small in themselves, were of great importance to women. They were the first admission that women had any rights or legal status.

In the last 50 years women have come to the foreground in leaps and bounds. By the interpretation act of 1889 the government went to far as to allow that "words in any act of parliament passed after 1859 imputing the masculine gender shall include females unless the contrary intention appears."

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

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 VII.

Stopping the Huns at Dixmude.

I was standing in a communication trench that connected one of our front-line trenches with a crater caused by the explosion of a mine. All around me men of the third line were coming up, climbing around, digging, hammering, shifting planks, moving sandbags up and down, bringing up new timbers, reels of barbed wire, ladders, cases of ammunition, machine guns, trench mortars—all the things that make an army look like a general store on legs.

The noise of the guns was just deafening. Our own shells passed not far above our heads, so close were the enemy trenches, and the explosions were so near and so violent that when you rested your rifle butt on something solid, like a rock, you could feel it shake and hum every time a shell landed.

Our first line was just on the outskirts of the town, in trenches that had been won and lost by both sides many times. Our second line was in the streets and the third line was almost at the south end of the town.

The Huns were hard at it, shelling the battered remains of Dixmude, and to the right stretcher bearers were working in lines so close that they looked like two parades passing each other. But the bearers from the company near me had not returned from the emergency dressing station and the wounded were piling up, waiting for them.

A company of the 2me Legion Etrangere had just come up to take their stations in the crater, under the parapet of sandbags. A shell landed among them just before they entered the crater and sent almost a whole squad west, besides wounding several others.

Almost before they occupied the crater the wires were laid and reached back to us, and the order came for us to remain where we were until further orders.

Then we got the complete orders. We were to make no noise but were all to be ready in ten minutes. We put on goggles and respirators. In ten minutes the bombers were to leave the trenches. Three mines were to explode and then we were to take and hold a certain portion of the enemy trenches not far off. We were all ready to start up the ladders when they moved Nig's section over to ours and he sneaked up to me and whispered behind his hand, "Be a sport, Doc; make it fifty-fifty and gimme a chance."

I did not have any idea what he meant and he had to get back to his squad. Then the bombers came up to the ladders, masked and with loaded sacks on their left arms. "One minute now," said the officers, getting on their own ladders and drawing their revolvers—though most of the officers of the Legion charged with rifle and bayonet like their men.

Then—Boom! Slam! Bang!—and the mines went off.

"Allez!" and then the parapet was filled with bayonets and men scrambling and crawling and falling and getting up again. The smoke drifted back on us, and then our own machine guns began ahead of us.

Up toward the front the bombers were fishing in their bags and throwing, just like boys after a rat along the docks. The black smoke from the "Jack Johnsons" rolled over us and probably there was gas, too, but you could not tell.

The front lines had taken their trenches and gone on and you could see them, when you stood on a parapet, running about like hounds through the enemy communication trenches, bombing out dugouts, disarming prisoners—very scary-looking in their masks and goggles. The wounded were coming back slowly. Then we got busy with our work in the dugouts

and communication trenches and fire bays, with bayonets and bombs, digging the Boches out and sending them "west." And every once in a while a Fritz on one side would step out and yell "Kamerad," while, like as not, on the other side, his pal would pot you with a revolver when you started to pick him up, thinking he was wounded.

Then we stood aside at the entrance to a dugout and some Boches came out in single file, shouting "Kamerad"



The Bombers Were Fishing in Their Bag and Throwing.

for all they were worth. One of them had his mask and face blown off; yet he was trying to talk, with the tears rolling down over the raw flesh. He died five minutes later.

One night, while I was lying back in the trench trying not to think of anything and go to sleep the bombs began to get pretty thick around there, and when I could not stand it any longer I rushed out into the bay of the fire trench and right up against the parapet, where it was safer.

Hundreds of star shells were being sent up by both sides and the field and the trenches were as bright as day. All up and down the trenches our men were dodging about, keeping out of the way of the bombs that were being thrown in our faces. It did not seem as if there was any place where it was possible to get cover. Most of the time I was picking dirt out of my eyes that explosions had driven into them.

If you went into a dugout the men already in there would shout, "Don't stick in a bunch—spread out!" While you were in a dugout you kept expecting to be buried alive and when you went outside you thought the Boches were aiming at you direct—and there was no place at all where you felt safe.

But the fire bay looked better than the other places to me. I had not been there more than a few minutes when a big one dropped in and that bay was just one mess. Out of the 24 men in the bay only eight escaped.

When the stretcher bearers got there they did not have much to do in the way of rescue—it was more palbearers' work.

A stretcher bearer was picking up one of the boys, when a grenade landed alongside of him and you could not find a fragment of either of them. That made two that landed within twelve feet of me; yet I was not even scratched.

When I got so that I could move I went over to where the captain was standing, looking through a periscope over the parapet. I was very nervous

and excited and was afraid to speak to him, but somehow I thought I ought to ask for orders. But I could not say a word. Finally a shell whizzed over our heads—just missed us, it seemed like, and I broke out: "What did you see? What's all of the news?" and so on. I guess I chattered like a monkey.

Then he yelled: "You're the gunner officer. You're just in time—I've located their mortar batteries."

I surely wished I was the gunner officer. I would have enjoyed it more if I could have got back at Fritz somehow. But I was not the gunner officer and I told him so. I had to shout at him quite a while before he would believe me. Then he wanted me to find the gunner officer, but I did not know where to find him. If I could have got to our guns I guess I would have had another medal for working overtime, but I missed the chance there.

About this time another bomb came over and clouted out the best friend I had in my company. Before the war he had been one of the finest singers in the Paris opera houses. When he was with us he used to say that the only difference between him and Caruso was \$2,500 a night.

A polli and I dragged him into a dugout, but it was too late. One side of his face was blown off; the whole right side of him was stripped off and four fingers of the right hand were gone.

I stuck my head out of the dugout and there was the captain discussing the matter with himself, cursing the Germans from here to Helgoland and putting in a word for the bombs every once in a while. All up and down the trenches you could hear our men cursing the Germans in all kinds of languages. Believe me, I did my bit and I could hear somebody else using good old United States cuss words, too. It certainly did not make me feel any better, but it gave me something to do. I think that was why all of us cursed so much then, though we were pretty handy with language at any time. But when you are under heavy fire like that and cannot give it back as good as you get, you go crazy unless you have something to do. Cussing is the best thing we could think of.

Up the trench the third bay was simply smashed in and the Germans were placing bomb after bomb right in it and in ours. The captain yelled out that he was going up to the next bay to examine it, but no more had he got there than he had his head taken clean off his shoulders.

At daybreak our trenches were all pounded in and most of our dugouts were filled up. Then Fritz opened up with his artillery fire right on us. We thought they were going to charge and we figured their barrage would lift and we could see them come over.

We received orders to stand to with fixed bayonets. Then the man at the periscope shouted, "They come!"

A battery directly behind us went into action first and then they all joined in and inside of five minutes about eight hundred guns were raising Cain with Fritz. The Boches were caught square in No Man's Land and our rifles and machine guns simply mowed them down. Many of them came half way across, then dropped their guns and ran for our trenches to give themselves up. They could not have got back to their own trenches.

It was a shame to waste a shell on these poor fish. If they had been civies the law would prevent you from hitting them—you know the kind. They could hardly drag themselves along.

That is the way they look when you have got them. But when they have got you—kicks, cuffs, bayonet jabs—there is nothing they will not do to add to your misery. They seem to think that it boosts their own courage.

An artillery fire like ours was great fun for the gunners, but it was not much fun for Fritz or for us in the trenches. We got under cover almost as much as Fritz and held thumbs for the gunners to get through in a hurry.

Then the fire died down and it was so quiet it made you jump.

We thought our parapet was busted up a good deal, but when we looked through the periscope we saw what had happened to Fritz' trenches and, believe me, they were practically ruined.

Out in No Man's Land it looked like Woolworth's five-and-ten; everywhere were gray uniforms, with tin cups and accoutrements that belonged to the Germans before our artillery and machine guns got to them.

Our stretcher bearers were busy, carrying the wounded back to first-aid dressing station, for, of course, we had suffered too. From there the blesses were shipped to the clearing station.

The dead lay in the trenches all day and at night they were carried out by working parties to "Stiff park," as I called it.

A man with anything on his mind ought not to go to the front-line trenches. He will be crazy inside of a month. The best way is not to care whether it rains or snows; there are plenty of important things to worry about.

(To Be Continued.)

COUNTY TURKEYS ARE TOO LARGE

With the present price of turkeys, butchers of the city are not loading up with the fowls. A greater portion of the birds grown in this county have been too large for the local market and growers have been compelled to ship their product to realize on it.

WELFARE DRIVE MONEY COMING

DONATIONS ARE STILL BEING SENT IN.

District No. 22 Reports with an Additional Amount of \$17.50—

Other Names Added to the List in Bend.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

In spite of the fact that the county standing in the United Welfare War drive is over 171 per cent., with a total amount received of over \$11,400 on an original quota of \$6500, contributions continue to come in to the office of Chairman Foley, an additional list of names being sent in this morning by R. E. Grimes of school district No. 22, \$17.50 in donations having been added to the former report from this district.

In the city district additional names have also been added.

Deschutes county is still in the lead in the state, it was announced today, although one other county had raised a total of 164 per cent. on its quota.

The following are the additional names to the roll of honor in Bend:

- L. C. Rudow.
- Gertrude Foley.
- Harry Riley.
- Margaret Hansen.
- J. L. Ivy.

Those whose names are listed on the second report sent in by Chairman Grimes from district 22 are as follows:

- P. K. L. Christofferson, S. H. Hayn, E. Wornstaff, A. Wornstaff, P. Nelson, H. J. Mersdorf, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. E. A. Griffin, J. L. Malosh, John Williams, J. B. Miner Malosh.

WAR TROPHIES ARE WANTED AT TEMPLE

(From Monday's Daily.)

An effort to secure war trophies to be placed on exhibition in the Liberty temple in this city is being made by the county war workers, the following notice appearing in the Oregon Journal:

"War trophies are wanted for the Liberty temple at Bend and Robert E. Smith, Liberty loan executive manager for Oregon, has joined with the Bend committee in asking for loans. It might be that some persons residing in Portland have in their possession war trophies which they would be willing to loan for a short time to the Bend committee. H. J. Overturf, the chairman of the Bend committee, will be personally responsible for their safe return. Any war relics can be left at this office, 222 Northwestern Bank building. We will receipt for them and attend to all transportation details."

LINCOLN LAMBS ARE DISTRIBUTED

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Pure bred Lincoln ram lambs which were brought into this county from Union and Walla Walla counties have been distributed among the sheepmen and farm flock owners of Central Oregon. Twenty were purchased by George Jones, while others are being taken by the farm flock owners of the county.

The Lincolns are heavy sheep, particularly adapted to Central Oregon range conditions.

Try a Want Ad. For Quick Results.

700,000 ARE TO BE RETURNED HOME

THIRTY DIVISIONS TO REMAIN OVERSEAS.

1,400,000 Men Are to Remain with Pershing as Army of Occupation—Certain Units to Be Sent Back.

By Carl D. Groat

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Nearly 50,000 American soldiers died during the war and nearly 180,000 were wounded, General March, chief of staff, told the correspondents today at the weekly conference. The soldiers killed in action or died of wounds number nearly 36,000, while 15,000 died of disease, with 2136 taken prisoners. The total casualties reached the number of 236,117.

Many divisions are slated for an early return to the United States. General Pershing is understood to have cabled the recommendation that 30 divisions be kept abroad for the present, leaving approximately 1,400,000 as America's portion for the occupation of enemy territory, and releasing 700,000 to be returned to the United States.

The first divisions to be returned to this country, according to General March will in all probability be the Thirty-first, the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Seventy-sixth, Eighty-fourth, Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh, together with nine regiments of coast artillery and two field artillery brigades, besides the aero squadron from England.

General March said General Pershing had been ordered to send home, as far as the available transportation facilities will permit, such units as are not needed for the present army of occupation. These branches are members of the railroad artillery and army artillery, the gas, tank and air services, besides skeletons of certain divisions used in replacement.

Forty-four thousand Germans fell prisoners to the Americans during the war, and 1400 guns were taken.

MISS SPAULDING BUYS ALTAMONT

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Announcement of the purchase of the Altamont hotel by Miss Alice Spaulding from Dr. E. R. Jackson of Los Angeles was made this afternoon by J. B. Miner, who negotiated the sale. Miss Spaulding has operated the Altamont during the past several years, having it under lease. Consideration in the transaction is being withheld.

WILSON WILL HAVE COMPANY

(By United Press to The Bend Bulletin.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—French Ambassador Jusserand will accompany President Wilson to France on the peace conference mission, it was learned early today.

WAR BOARD WORK STILL GOIN ON

Work of compiling a statement for the government giving the number of men to go from Deschutes county during the war is still being carried on at the war board office. It is expected that the work will be completed this week.

BRICK vs. OTHER BUILDINGS

BRICK BUILDINGS IN BEND---

VALUE ABOUT \$500,000

FIRE LOSS IN FIVE YEARS NONE

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A fine, full flavor coffee that sells for 25c a pound at all grocers.



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