

LOYAL LEGION NOT FAVORED

ITS CONTINUATION IS VOTED DOWN.

Members of the Organization at the Two Lumber Company Plants in This City Voted Down the Measure.

(From Friday's Daily.)
Members of the Loyal Legion, working in the plants and woods of the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber company and The Shevlin-Hixon Company are not in favor of retaining the Loyal Legion as a peace organization, according to the election held in this city Wednesday afternoon and night, the results of which have just been made public.

The result of all departments at the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber company gave 181 against the continuance of the organization and 104 in favor of it. This does not include Camp 1, which has not yet been heard from, but where the measure carried. The woods teams of this company were all in favor of maintaining the Loyal Legion, voting heavily in favor, but those working at the plants gave a heavy vote against, offsetting the woods vote. The night crews at the mill gave the measure an affirmative vote of 36 to 12.

At The Shevlin-Hixon Company plant the vote, including the day and night crews, was 256 against the measure and 138 in favor of it. The camps, the figures for which have not yet been received, are reported to have been in favor of a continuance, giving the measure nearly 100 per cent. vote.

FORESTLANDS ARE WITHDRAWN

46,062 ACRES OF PRIVATE LAND IN SOUTHWESTERN BOUNDARY OF THE DESCHUTES FOREST ARE ELIMINATED.

(From Friday's Daily.)
As a result of recommendations submitted by the secretary of agriculture on November 27 President Wilson signed a proclamation eliminating approximately 46,062 acres of land from the Deschutes national forest. The main area affected comprises a tract about seven miles square, situated near the present southwestern corner of the forest boundary.

This tract is practically a solid body of privately owned land, having become alienated as a result of consolidation of forest lands between the government and certain private landowners, and in the main is the property of the Hunter Land company, which holds title to more than 90 per cent. of the territory excluded.

These areas are shown to have but little value for national forest purposes, while at the same time obtain in agricultural possibilities.

GUILD OFFICERS MEET.
(From Thursday's Daily.)
Executive members of the Presbyterian guild met at the home of Mrs. A. G. Powell yesterday afternoon to discuss plans for the Presbyterian bazaar and food sale which is to be held in Dement's Grocery December 14.

BINOCULARS ARE RETURNED.
(From Thursday's Daily.)
Three sets of binoculars, loaned to the government for the United States army and navy during the time of war, have been returned to the forest office in this city, being received this morning.

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 IX.

Laid Up for Repairs.

One night, after I had been at Dixmude for about three weeks, we made a charge in the face of a very heavy fire. Our captain always stood at the

parapet when we were going over, and made the sign of the cross and shouted, "For God and France." Then we would



For God and France.

go over. Our officers always led us, but I have never seen a German officer lead a charge. They always were behind their men, driving instead of leading. I do not believe they are as brave as they are said to be.

Well, we went over this time, and the machine guns were certainly going it strong. We were pretty sore about the chaplain and the Swiss and all that, and we put up an awful fight, but we could not make it and had to come back. Only one company reached the Boche trenches and not a man of it came back who had not been wounded on the way and did not reach the trench. They were just wiped out.

The captain was missing, too. We thought he was done for, but about two o'clock in the morning, he came back. He simply fell over into the trench, all in. He had been wounded four times, and had lain in a shell crater full of water for several hours. He would not go back for treatment then, and when daylight came, it was too late, because we were practically cut off by artillery fire behind the front line trenches.

When daylight came, the artillery fire opened up right on us, and the Germans had advanced their lines into some trenches formerly held by us and hardly forty-five yards away. We received bombs and shells right in our faces. A Tunisian in our company got crazy, and ran back over the parapets. He ran a few yards, then stopped and looked back at us. I think he was coming to his senses, and would have started back to us. Then the spot where he had been was empty, and a second later his body from the chest down fell not three yards from the parapets. I do not know where the top part went. That same shell cut a groove in the low hilltop before it exploded. He had been hit by a big shell, and absolutely cut in two. I have seen this happen to four men, but this was the only one in France.

About seven o'clock, we received reinforcements, and poured fresh troops over and retook the trench. No sooner had we entered it, however, than the Germans turned their artillery on us, not even waiting for their own troops to retire safely. They killed numbers

of their own men in this way. But the fire was so heavy that, when they counter-attacked, we had to retire again, and this time they kept after us and drove us beyond the trench we had originally occupied.

We left them there, with our artillery taking care of them, and our machine guns trying to enfilade them, and moved to the right. There was a bunch of trees there, about like a small woods, and as we passed the Germans concealed in it opened fire on us, and we retired to some reserve trenches. We were pretty much scattered by this time, and badly cut up. We reformed there, and were joined by other of our troops, in small groups—what was left of squads and platoons and singly. Our captain had got it a fifth time, meanwhile, but he would not leave us, as he was the ranking officer. He had a scalp wound, but the others were in his arms and shoulders. He could not move his hands at all.

But he led our charge when we ran for the woods. We carried some machine guns with us as we went, and the gunners would run a piece, set up, fire while we opened up for them, and run on again. Some troops came out of a trench still farther to the right and helped us, and we drove the Germans out of the woods and occupied it ourselves.

From there, we had the Germans in our old trench almost directly from the rear, and we simply cleaned them out. I think all the boys were kept that day, or else the men who made them died first.

I was shot through the thigh some time or other after the captain got back. It felt just like a needle-prick at first, and then for a while my leg was numb. A couple of hours after we took our trench back, I started out for the rear and hospital. The wound had been hurting for some time. They carried the captain out on a stretcher about the same time, but he died on the way from loss of blood. Fresh troops came up to relieve us, but our men refused to go, and though officially they were not there in the trench, they stayed until they took the captain away. Then, back to billets—not bullets, this time. I believe that we received an army citation for that piece of work, but I do not know, as I was

in the hospital for a short time afterward. I do not remember much about going to the hospital except that the ambulance made an awful racket going over the stone-paved streets of Etaples, and that the bearer who picked up one end of my stretcher, had eyes like dead fish floating on water; also, that there were some civvies standing around the entrance as we were being carried in.

The first thing they do in the hospital is to take off your old dirty bandages and slide your stretcher under a big electric magnet. A doctor comes in and places his hand over your wound, and they let down the magnet over his hand and turn on the juice. If the shell fragment or bullet in you is more than seven centimeters deep, you cannot feel the pain. The first doctor reports to the chief how deep your wound is, and where it is situated, and then a nurse comes up to you, where you lie, with your clothes still on, and asks you to take the "pressure."

Then they lift you on a four-wheeled cart, and roll you to the operating theater. They take off your clothes there. I remember I liked to look at the nurses and surgeons; they looked so good in their clean white clothes.

Then they stick hollow needles into you, which hurt a good deal, and you take the pressure. After a while, they begin cutting away the bruised and maybe rotten flesh, removing the old cloth, pieces of dirt, and so forth, and scraping away the splinters of bone.

You think for sure you are going to bleed to death. The blood rushes through you like lightning, and if you

get a slight of yourself, you can feel yourself turning pale. Then they hurry you to your bed, and cover you over with blankets and hot-water bottles. They raise your bed on chairs, so the blood will run up toward your head, and after a while, your eyes open and the doctor says, "Oul, oul, il vivra," meaning that you still had some time to spend before finally going west.

The treatment we got in the hospital was great. We received cigarettes, tobacco, matches, magazines, and clean clothes. The men do not talk about their wounds much, and everybody tries to be happy and show it. The food was fine, and there was lots of it.

I do not think there were any doctors in the world better than ours, and they were always trying to make things easy for us. They did not rip the dressings off your wounds like some of the butchers do in some of our dispensaries that I know of, but took them off carefully. Everything was very clean and sanitary, and some of the hospitals had sun parlors, which were well used, you can be sure.

Some of the men made toys and fancy articles, such as button hooks and paper knives. They made the handles from empty shell cases, or shrapnel, or pieces of Zeppelins, or anything else picked up along the front.

When they are getting well, the men learn harness making, mechanical drawing, telegraphy, gardening, poultry raising, typewriting, bookkeeping and the men teach the nurses how to make canes out of shell cases, and rings of aluminum, and slippers and gloves out of blankets.

The nurses certainly work hard. They always have more to do than they ought to, but they never complain, and are always cheerful and ready to play games when they have the time, or read to some polli. And their work is pretty dirty too: I would not like to have to do it. They say there were lots of French society ladies working as nurses, but you never heard much about society, or any talk about Lord Helpus, or Count Whosis, or pink teas or anything like that from these nurses.

A few shells landed near our hospital, while I was there, but no patient was hit. They knocked a shrine of Our Lady to splinters, though, and bowled over a big crucifix. The kitchen was near by, and it was just the chef's luck that he had walked over to our ward to see a pal of his, when a shell landed plumb in the center of the kitchen, and all you could see all over the barracks was stew.

That was a regular endless day for us, until they rigged up bogies and got some more dixies, and mixed up some cornmeal for us. The chef made up for it the next day, though. The chef was a great little guy. He was a "blesse" himself, and I guess his stomach sympathized with ours.

There was a Frenchman in the bed next to me who had the whole side of his face torn off. He told me he had been next to a bomber, who had just lit a fuse and did not think it was burning fast enough, so he blew on it. It burned fast enough after that, and there he was.

There was a Belgian in one of the other wards, whom I got to know pretty well, and he would often come over and visit me. He asked many questions about Dixmude, for he had had relatives there, though he had lost track of them. He often tried to describe the house they had lived in, so that I might tell him whether it was still standing or not, but I could not remember the place he spoke of. During our talks, he told me about many atrocities. Some of the things he told me I had heard before, and some of them I heard of afterward. Here are some things that he either saw or heard of from victims:

He said that when the Germans entered the town of St. Quentin, they started firing into the windows as they passed along. First, after they had occupied the town, they bayoneted every workman they could find. Then they took about half of the children that they could find, and killed them with their musket butts. After this, they marched the remainder of the children and the women to the square, where they had lined up a row of male

citizens against a wall. The women and children were told that if they moved, they would all be shot. Another file of men was brought up, and made to kneel in front of the other men against the wall.

The women and children began to beg for the lives of the men, and many



Women and Children Begged for the Lives of the Men.

A Word About Christmas Shopping



Of course your'e buying practical gifts--that goes without saying. The kind of gifts that are most appreciated by women is a--

- Beautiful Warm Coat
- Stylish Suit
- Beautiful Silk Dress
- Smart Tailored Skirt
- Dainty Blouse

We are also offering very attractive values to Christmas shoppers in--

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- Crepe de Chine Gowners
- Wash Satin Bloomers
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On account of our town being closed up so long we have slashed every item to the core to clean up by the first of the year. Make the Parisian your Christmas Headquarters, where QUALITY is the BEST and price the LOWEST.

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of them were knocked in the head with gun butts before they stopped.

Then the Germans fired at the double rank of men. After three volleys, there were eighty-four dead and twenty wounded. Most of the wounded they then killed with axes, but somehow, three or four escaped by hiding under the bodies of others and playing dead, though the officers walked up and down firing their revolvers into the piles of bodies.

(To Be Continued.)

EXTENSION STARTED BY BEND POWER CO.

Ending of War Allows Copper Wire to Be Used—Preparations Made for Freeze.

(From Saturday's Daily.)
With the termination of hostilities in Europe, and the consequent lifting of the ban on domestic use of copper, the Bend Water, Light & Power company is beginning its first pole line construction since the United States entered the war. Although the price of copper is still sky high, extension work is being pushed in Bend to meet the requirements of the service.

The company is preparing for the coming of cold weather by building booms which will protect the water wheels by shooting ice over the spillway.

Pain Kept Him Awake Nights.
J. W. Peck, Coraopolis, Pa., writes: "I suffered terrible pain; unable to lie down at night. Tried three different doctors. Three weeks ago began taking Foley Kidney Pills; improvement in my condition is really wonderful." Use Foley Kidney Pills for kidneys, bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

TO SERVE 12 MONTHS FOR STEALING SPURS

Pleading guilty to the charge of stealing a pair of silver mounted spurs, the property of T. W. Vandeventer, 18-year-old Harry Cayton was sentenced by Judge J. A. Eastes to a 12-month confinement in justice court yesterday. Young Cayton had previously been convicted on a larceny charge in Prineville, and a short time ago had appeared in court in this city.

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