

FIRE SERVICE IS CRITICIZED

SLOW ANSWERING OF CALLS AND DISOBEDIENCE CHARGED BY NIXON—NO AGREEMENT WAS MADE, SAYS GARAGE MEN.

(From Friday's Daily.)
Heated criticism by Chief of Police L. A. W. Nixon as to the service given by the garage which has charge of the city fire equipment, was given today as the sequel to the fire which last night destroyed the home of James Bottrell in Park addition. The blaze started from unknown causes while Mr. Bottrell was attending the Shrine party at the Masonic temple. Insurance covered the building, but the furniture was a total loss.

According to Mr. Nixon, M. D. Enloe, proprietor of the Modern Garage, where the fire truck is kept, could not be reached by telephone calls sent in by people living near the Bottrell house, for thirty minutes after the fire broke out. After the truck finally arrived, Mr. Nixon says, the hose was found to be too short and the garage man was ordered to wait at the scene of the fire until more could be procured. Instead of this, however, the truck was driven back to the garage, the driver refusing to return to the fire after Mr. Nixon had procured 150 feet more hose. Another driver was found at last, the possible spread of the fire prevented and the truck was returned to the garage at 3 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Enloe was interviewed this morning and stated that he had made no agreement with the city to act as driver for the truck, having refused to renew the contract made with R. H. Deyardmond when the garage changed hands last spring. He declared that when he had gone out to the fire last night he had been instructed by Chief of Police Nixon to remain until Night Officer Frank Culp appeared, and that he had followed his instructions. Afterward, he said, he had been called up by Mr. Kulp, who ordered him to bring the truck back to the fire. His question as to the reason for the order was answered in an insulting manner by the officer, he said, and because of this he refused to make the second trip.

LIEUTENANT STOVER ARRIVES IN THE CITY

Artillery Officer Discharged After Overseas Service—Formerly with Local Bank.

(From Friday's Daily.)
B. A. Stover, first lieutenant of artillery, recently discharged from the service, arrived in Bend this morning and is visiting friends here. Lieutenant Stover was commissioned second lieutenant at the training camp at Presidio in the fall of 1917, was promoted and saw service overseas at Chateau Thierry and Verdun. He was formerly a member of the office force of the First National bank of this city.

SIX NEW FLU CASES REPORTED AT CAMP

Total of 22 Now Being Treated, Says J. D. Donovan—Disease Appears in No Other Part of County.

Six new cases of Spanish influenza were reported at Brooks-Scanlon logging camp, No. 1, by J. D. Donovan, director of the Lumbermen's Hospital association. The total at the camp is now 22 and most of those suffering from the disease have an excellent chance for recovery, Mr. Donovan states. No other outbreak of influenza in the city or county was reported.

Gunner Depew

By *Albert N. Depew*

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy—Member of the Foreign Legion of France—Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cascaud—Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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CHAPTER XVII.

Landed in Germany.

They had a coolie crew on the Yarrowdale and when they routed them on deck the coolies began to pray, and though it is nothing to laugh at I could not help but chuckle at the way some of them went about talking to their various gods. They were beginning to smell danger and were pretty nervous. Every one of the coolies had a cane and a pair of Palm Beach trousers. The Huns were loading them in the lifeboats to be taken back to the Moeve with their sea bags and one of them got too nervous and was slow about getting into the lifeboat, so the Germans shot him without saying a word.

Then the Germans called out the names of those who had volunteered to go stoking and this included me. We were drilled down the fiddle into the fire room. The fiddle is a shaft that runs from the main deck of a ship to the engine room. I looked around a bit and saw a German standing not very far from the fiddle, so I asked him if we would be given shoes. He said no. Then I asked him if we had to fire in our bare feet and he said yes—that we did not need shoes. Then he went into the engine room.

I looked at the narrow passage he went through and at the narrow passage of the fiddle to the main deck, and I talked to my feet like I used to



"Feet, Do Your Duty."

at Dixmude. I said: "Feet, do your duty." They did it and I flew up the fiddle. I never wanted to see that stoke hole again.

I sneaked up to where the rest of the fellows were and the guards drilled us into No. 4 hold. There was nothing but ammunition in it. They battened the hatches down on us, which made the hold waterproof. And as that made it practically airtight the only air the 580 of us got was through the ventilators. That hold was certainly foul.

They next day some of the men had got cigarettes somewhere. In a few minutes they as well as the rest had lit up and were puffing away in great style. I divided a cigarette with another fellow. Remember, we were sitting and standing on ammunition all this time. It shows how much we cared whether school kept or not.

The Germans saw the smoke coming out of the ventilators and they were crazy with fright. A gang of them laid below and roused us out with whips.

They lined us up on deck and read us the riot act. They drilled us down into the coal

bunkers. It was simply terrible there. Coal dust to breathe and eat and sleep on.

Also, by this time some of the men had lost their heads completely; in fact, had gone violently crazy, and the rest of us were afraid of them. We were all thinking of the fight that might occur any moment between the Yarrowdale and some other vessel and we knew we were in the likeliest place for the vessel to be struck. Even though we were not hit amidstships, if the ship were sinking we did not think the Germans would give us a chance to escape. We figured from what they had said that we would go down with the ship. And going down on a ship in which you are a prisoner is quite different from going down with one for which you have been fighting. You arrive at the same place, but the feeling is different.

Some of us thought of overpowering the crew and taking the vessel into our own hands, and we got the rest of the sane or nearly sane men together and tried to get up a scheme for doing it. I was strong for the plan and so were several others, but the Limey officers who were with us advised against it. They said the Germans were taking us to a neutral country, where we would be interned, which was just what the Germans had told us, but what few of us believed.

Then some others said that if we started anything the Germans would fire the time bombs. We replied that at least the Germans would go west with us, but they could not see that there was any glory in that. For myself, I thought the Germans would not fire the bombs until the last minute, and that we would have a chance at the boats before they got all of us anyway. There were only thirteen German sailors on board, besides their commander. This last Hun was named Badewitz.

So the pacifists ruled, because we could not do anything unless we were all together, and there was no mutiny. They said we were hotheads, the rest of us, but I still think we could have made a dash for it and overpowered our sentries, and either gone over the side with the lifeboats, or taken over the whole ship. It would have been better for us if we had tried, and if the pacifists had known what was coming to us they would have fired the time bombs themselves rather than go on into that future. However, that is spilt milk.

We were not allowed to open the portholes while we were in the bunkers, under penalty of death, and there in the dark, in that stinking air, it is no wonder many of us went crazy. Among us was a fellow named Harrington, about six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds. He seemed to be all right mentally, but some of us thought afterwards he was crazy. Anyway, I do not blame him for what he did. Harrington rushed up the fiddle and opened the door. There was a German sentry there, and Harrington made a swing at him and then

grabbed his bayonet. The sentry yelled and some others came down from the bridge and shot Harrington through the hand. After they had beaten Harrington pretty badly, the bull of the bunch, Badewitz himself, came over and hammered Harrington all around the deck. Then they put him in irons and took him to the chart room.

The next day we were sitting in the fiddle getting warm when the door opened and there was Badewitz. He yelled "Heraus!" and began firing at us with a revolver, so we beat it back onto the coal. Pretty soon the door opened again. But it was only a German sentry. He threw down a note. It was written in English and read, "Pick out eight men for cooks." So we picked out eight men from the various vessels and they went on deck and rigged up a galley aft.

But we did not receive any knives, forks, spoons or plates. The first meal we got was nothing but macaroni, piled up on pieces of cardboard boxes. Then we appointed four men to serve the macaroni, and they got four pieces of wood, the cleanest we could find, which was not very clean at that, and they dug around in the macaroni and divided it up and put it in our hands. We had to eat it after that from our grimy fingers. Those who were helped first had to go farthest back on the coal to eat it, and those who were helped last got less, because the dividers got more careful toward the end and gave smaller portions.

But we did not get macaroni very long. A cook from the Voltairre was cleaning a copper dixie that the macaroni had been cooked in, and he was holding it over the side when the vessel rolled heavily, and dropped the dixie into the briny. A sentry who saw him drop it forced him up to

Badewitz, who began mauling him before the sentry even had told his story. After a while Badewitz quit pounding the cook, and listened to the sentry. Then Badewitz said the cook had put a note in the dixie before he dropped it, so they beat him up again and put him in irons. After that they sent the rest of the cooks back, and would not let them on deck again. They had plenty of canned goods and meat aboard, but they would not give us any.

Five of the men were buried at sea that day. More men were going mad every minute, and it was a terrible place; pitch dark, grimy, loose coal underfoot, coal-dusty air to breathe, body-filth everywhere. Some of the crazy men howled like dogs. But we were not as much afraid of these as we were of the others who kept still, but slipped around in the dark with lumps of coal in their hands. We got so we would not go near each other for fear we were running into a crazy man. Those of us who were sane collected as near the fiddle as we could, and we would not let the others get near us, but shoved them back or shied lumps of coal at them. And every once in a while some one of us would begin to act queer. Maybe he would let out a howl suddenly, without any warning. Or he would just quit talking and begin to sneak around. Or he would squat down and begin to mumble. We could not tell



None of Us Was Much Better Than a Beast.

just when a man had begun to lose his mind. He would seem just like the rest of us, because none of us was much better than a beast.

We could not take turns sleeping and standing watch against the crazy men, because when we talked about it, we agreed that none of us could tell whether or not the sentries would go crazy while on watch and have the rest of us at their mercy. It was awful to talk about going crazy in this way, and to figure that you yourself might be the next, and that it was almost sure to happen if you did not get some sleep soon. But it was worse to find a man near you going, and have to boot him out with the other insane men.

The days passed like that, with nothing to do but suffer, and starve and freeze. It got colder and colder, and all we could wrap ourselves in was the coal. We began to speculate on where we were. It was not till later than an old skipper in our bunch told us that we had rounded the northern coast of Iceland.

Finally, one day, a lad yelled down "Land!" and we all dove for the fiddle like wild men, and those who could get near enough looked out, and sure enough! there was the coast of Norway, very rugged and rocky and covered with snow. We thought it was all over then, and that we would be landed at Bergen sure. Then there was the usual running around and yelling on deck, and we were not so sure we would be landed, and very suddenly it got colder than ever.

I was in the fiddle, aching to get out, and ready for anything that might happen, when the door opened suddenly and Badewitz grabbed me, and asked me in English if I was a quartermaster. I said yes, and he pulled me by the arm to a cabin. I did not know what was going to happen, but he took an oilskin from the wall and told me to put it on.

There were two sailors there also, and they put life belts on, and then I was more puzzled than ever, and

SEEDS ARE RECEIVED AT BULLETIN OFFICE

(From Monday's Daily.)
The Bulletin is in receipt of a consignment of garden seeds sent by Congressman N. J. Sfanott. A packet of beet, lettuce, musk melon, onion and tomato seed is included in each envelope. All adults desiring seeds may secure them as long as they last by applying at this office.

J. R. TODD BUYS OUT HIS FORMER PARTNER

(From Monday's Daily.)
Announcement was made today of the sale by C. K. Norcott of his share in the photograph gallery on Oregon near Wall to his partner, J. R. Todd. The consideration was not given. Mr. Todd plans to have a lady attendant shortly to assist in the work.

scared, too, because I thought maybe they were going to throw me overboard, though what that had to do with being a quartermaster I could not see.

But they drilled me up onto the bridge and told me to take the wheel. What their idea was I do not know. Possibly they wanted a noncombatant at the wheel in case they were overhauled by a neutral vessel. We were going full speed at the time, but as soon as I took the wheel she cut down to half speed, and stayed that way for half an hour. Then up to full speed again.

Pretty soon there was a tramp steamer on the starboard bow, and almost before I saw it, there were two more sentries on each side of me, prodding me with their revolvers and warning me to keep on the course. They had civilian clothes on.

Then we went through the Skager Rack and Cattegat, which are narrow strips of water leading to the Baltic, and we were only a mile from shore with vessels all about us. It would have been an easy thing for me to signal what our ship was and who were aboard, but they had six sentries on my neck all the time to keep me from it. I never wanted to do anything worse in my life than jump overboard or signal. But I would have been shot down before I had more than started to do either, so I just stayed with the wheel.

We were nearing one of the Danish islands in the Baltic when we sighted a tug. She began to smoke up and blow her siren. The sailors got very excited and ran around in crazy style, and Badewitz began shouting more orders than they could get away with. The sentries left me and ran with the rest of the Fritzies to the boat deck and started to lower one of the lifeboats. But Badewitz was right on their heels and skiked the whole bunch around in great shape, roaring like a bull all the time.

(To Be Continued.)

ATHLETIC CLUB TO GIVE MASQUERADE

Liberal Prizes Promised at Affair at Gymnasium on Evening of St. Valentine's Day.

(From Thursday's Daily.)
Announcement of a St. Valentine's day masquerade ball, to be given under the auspices of the Bend Amateur Athletic club at the gymnasium on the evening of February 14, was made today. During the latter part of the dance supper will be served.

Thirty dollars in prizes will be given, \$10 each to the gentleman and lady best sustaining the characters taken, and two \$5 second prizes. Free dancing and supper will be the reward of the funniest couple.

BEND WINNER IN EASY GAME

PRINEVILLE TAKEN INTO CAMP WITH SCORE OF 29 TO 21 BY LOCAL BASKETEERS — CONTEST IS CLEAN ONE.

(From Monday's Daily.)
In the easiest game so far this season, the Bend high school basketeers defeated the Prineville players Saturday night at the athletic club gymnasium here by a score of 29 to 21. The final tally, however, is not a true index as to the strength of the opposing teams, for during the latter part of the second half the local quintette, with a substantial lead piled up, took things easy up to the end of the period, and it was in this time that the greater part of the Prineville scores was made.

Brosterhouse, Bend center, was the star of the game, contributing six goals in spite of the fact that the Prineville center had at least five inches advantage in reach. Sanders chalked up seven points in goals and fouls, and Coyner found the basket four times, using the dribble effectively in working up to shooting distance. Helfrich made one goal.

For the visitors, O'Kelley netted the ball for six points, Rosenberg for eight and Lister, in goals and fouls, made seven.

Childs and Ellis were officials. The game was much more free from fouls than previous contests here.

The teams:

Bend.	Position.	Prineville.
Sanders.....	Forward	Mills
O'Kelley.....	Center	O'Kelley
Coyner.....	Forward	Rosenberg
Brosterhouse.....	Center	Lister
Helfrich.....	Guard	Hourigan
Curtis.....	Guard	Mills, Prine

FORMER BEND MAN KILLED BY CRANE

Al Yancey Loses Life in Logging Accident—Victim Chief of Police Here Years Ago.

(From Monday's Daily.)
Al Yancey, formerly chief of police at Bend, was instantly killed at Westwood, California, while operating a large logging crane, according to word received here by friends today. Few details were learned, but it is known that the crane upset, crushing Mr. Yancey under the tremendous weight.

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