

# MANY ATTEND CLUB SOCIAL

(From Saturday's Daily.)  
 Nearly 400 attended the social given by the Bend Amateur Athletic club last night, the first entertainment of the kind given at the club since the influenza epidemic. A varied program, followed by dancing, was thoroughly enjoyed, and increased interest in coming club socials is predicted. An orchestra under the direction of Mr. Eggleston furnished music for the evening.

Among the features of the program were a flag drill by junior girls, a demonstration on the parallel bars by Athletic Director Luckey and a vocal solo by Mrs. C. V. Silvia. Sketches entitled "Who's the Boss?" and "The Lady and the Boob" were given under the direction of Jay B. Noble.

# FARM MEETING HELD AT PLEASANT RIDGE

PLEASANT RIDGE, Feb. 26.—A meeting was held at the Pleasant Ridge school house Friday evening for the purpose of appointing committeemen to co-operate with the Deschutes County Farm bureau. The following committeemen were appointed: F. B. Baughman, live stock development; Rasmus Peterson, community shipments (buying and selling); Anton Ahlstrom, rodent control; J. H. Neal, irrigation; H. A. Garlock, better crops; O. E. Anderson, soils and fertilizers, rural organization. The meeting was well attended and 11 members were secured for the farm bureau. R. A. Ward, county agent, and L. A. Bell of Redmond, Mr. Gilbertson and Fred N. Wallace of Tumalo were present.

Friday night about 12 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray were awakened from their peaceful slumbers by a terrible crash. It proved to be one of Tumalo's prominent citizens, who having been out rather late, got off the road, not finding enough room to turn around in outdoors, backed his hind wheels into the bedroom. He finally extricated his machine and proceeded on his way, apparently none the worse for the experience, but leaving a hole in the side of Mr. Gray's house.

Hans Mikkelsen has sold his place near Deschutes.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson entertained at dinner Tuesday evening the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray, Dr. Petty, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mikkelsen, Alfred Mikkelsen, Rasmus Peterson and Mrs. Catharine Johansen.

W. H. Gray sawed wood for Don Slaughter, near Deschutes, Monday.

Mrs. Catharine Johansen entertained the following ladies Monday afternoon: Mrs. Ole Hanson, Mrs. J. W. Peterson, Mrs. Carrie Johnson, Miss Hilma Nelson, Mrs. O. E. Anderson and Mrs. Hans Mikkelsen. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

Hans Mikkelsen made a business trip to Redmond Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson, accompanied by Harry Davis, was in Bend Monday.

Mrs. John Edwards was in Redmond on business Monday.

P. C. Hardy, who lives near Bend, came down Tuesday after a load of hay at Anton Ahlstrom's.

Dr. Petty of Portland arrived here Monday to spend a few days looking after his property. He is a guest at the W. H. Gray home.

Con Breen of Alfalfa was out Tuesday evening to bring supplies to his herders.

O. E. Anderson made a business trip to Redmond Thursday.

Mrs. F. B. Baughman is reported to be on the sick list.

Dr. A. Petty returned to Portland Wednesday night.

Mrs. C. M. Redfield, Mrs. George Kanoff and Miss Hilga Holmgren were guests of Mrs. O. E. Anderson Thursday afternoon.

Harry Davis, who has been working for Con Breen the past month, returned to Bend Wednesday night. Ned Lane has taken his place.

Mrs. O. E. Anderson accompanied Mrs. C. M. Redfield to Bend Saturday to do some shopping.

J. W. Peterson and family and Mrs. Carrie Johnson were Bend visitors Saturday.

Fred Seeling came down from Bend Saturday evening and visited over Sunday at the Gray home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray attended the movies in Bend Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riehoff of Bend and Wilfred Hutchins of Oregon City, who is visiting them, were callers at the Anderson home Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Carrie Johnson is spending a few days visiting at the Emil Anderson home, near Tumalo.

# Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

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

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It was awful to see the men when we got back to the barracks. Some of the boys from the Georgic, not much over twelve years old, were almost crazy, but even the older men were crying, many of them. It was nothing but torture all the time. They opened all the windows and doors in the barracks, and then we could not heat the room with our bodies. When we started to move around, to keep warm, they fired a few shots at us. I do not know whether they hit anyone or not; we had got so that we did not pay any attention to things like that. But it stopped us, and we had to stand still. The Huns thought we would take the rifles from the sentries and use them, too.

I never saw a yellower bunch of people in my life. I do not mean people, I wish I could publish what I really mean.

We had stoves in the barracks, but no coal or wood to burn. There were many boxes piled up there, but they belonged to the Germans. We would have burned them if we could, but the Germans made us carry them across the road. They weighed about 150 pounds apiece, and we were so weak that it was all two men could do to budge them. And we had to carry them; they would not let us roll them. We were so cold and hungry that even that exercise did not warm us.

About 2:30 the whistle blew again, and the Huns picked out a few men and took them down the road. We could not figure out why, but they came back about three o'clock, all of them with bread in their arms. They were chewing away on it when they had a chance. Whenever the sentries were not looking they would bite at it like a fish going after a worm. Each man carried five loaves.

When they got in the barracks the sentries made them put the bread down on the floor, and then, with their bayonets, the sentries cut each loaf once down the center lengthwise and four times across, which meant ten men to a loaf about the size of an ordinary ten-cent loaf in this country now. They gave each of us a piece a little larger than a safety-match box.



They Tied Me, Face to the Fence.

The bread was hard and dark, and I really think they made it from trees. It had just exactly the same smell that the dirt around trees has.

We filed past the sentries single file to get our ration of this mud, and there was no chance of getting in line twice, for we had to keep on filing until we were out in the road, and stand there in the snow to eat it. We could not go back in the barracks until every man had been served.

Our meals were like this: A can of barley coffee in the morning; cabbage

soup, so called, at noon; a lenth of a loaf of bread at 3 p. m. That was our menu day in and day out, the kaiser's birthday, Lincoln's, May day, or any other time.

This cabbage soup was a great idea. We called it shadow soup, because the boys claimed they made it by hanging a cabbage over a barrel of water and letting the shadow fall on the water. We pretended, too, that if you found any cabbage in it, you could take your dish back for a second helping. But I never saw anybody get more than one dishful. All it was, was just spoiled water.

We tried to go to sleep that night, but there were so many sentries around us—and those of us who were not sick were wounded—that I do not think a man of us really slept. After a while I asked a sentry if I could go outside for a minute, but for some reason he would not let me. I had different ideas about it, so I stood around near the door, and when he turned his back out I went and around the corner of the barracks.

But one of the sentries there saw me and blew his whistle, and a guard of eight came up from somewhere and grabbed me. I tried to explain, but it was no use, because every time I said a word it meant another sweat over the ear, so finally I gave it up.

Then they drilled me across the road to the officers' quarters. There were three officers there, and each of them asked me questions about all kinds of things, but never once mentioned my running out of the barracks. Then they gave the sentries some commands, and four of the sentries took me out and over to the barbed wire fence. There they tied me, face to the fence, arms over my head, and hands and feet lashed to the wire, and with a rope around my waist, too. I thought, then, that my hunch had come true, and that I would be crucified, like Murray and Brown.

They posted a sentry there in addition to the regular guards, and every time he walked past me he would kick me or spit on me, or do both.

One time he kicked me so hard that a prong of the barbed wire gashed me over the left eye—the only one I can see with—and when the blood ran into my eye it blinded me. I thought both eyes were gone then, and I hoped they would shoot me. It seemed to me that I had got my share by this time without losing the other eye, and if it was gone, I wanted to go too.

I could not put up my hand to feel where the prong had jabbed me, and it kept on bleeding and smarting. I had on practically no clothing, you remember. The wounds in my thigh had opened, and it was bitter cold and windy. So you can picture to yourself how gay and carefree I was.

When I had been there for an hour and a half they untied me from the wire, and I keeled over on my back. They kicked me until I had to stand up, but I fell down again, and all the kicking in Germany could not have brought me to my feet. I was just all in. So they blew their whistles and the sentries in the barracks awakened two of the boys, who came and carried me in.

All the time the sentries were yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and "schweinhund!" until you would have thought they were in a battle. What their idea was I do not know.

The boys had a little water in a can, and one of them tore off part of the sleeve of his undershirt. So they washed the gash and bandaged it. Believe me, I was glad when I could see again. I was so tired and worn out that I went to sleep at once, and did not wake up until they were giving us our barley coffee next morning.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### German Prison Camps.

A few days after I had been lashed to the barbed wire fence some of the German officers came to the barracks, and one of them who spoke very good English said: "All of the neutrals who were on unarmed ships step out." Only a few stepped out.

Then he called for all the neutrals, and the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Brazilians and Spaniards stepped out. But when I did, he said, "No, not Americans. Americans are not neutral. America supplies our enemies with food and ammunition." He raised his fist, and I thought he was going to hit me, but instead he gave me a shove that caused me to fall and get a little cut on the head. Then the sentries pushed me over with the British and the French.

After that they took the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes to separate barracks, and gave them clothes and beds and the same rations as the German soldiers. When I saw this I made a kick and said I was a neutral,

too, and ought to get the same treatment as the Scandinavians. They took me to the officers again, kicked me about and swore at me, and the only answer I got was that America would suffer for all she had done for the allies. Then I was sent back to the barracks again.

The next day at about one o'clock they took us from the barracks and drilled us through the swamps. The men began to fall one by one, some crying or swearing, but most of them going along without a word. Those who went down were smashed in the head with rifle butts or belts.

Finally we arrived at a little railroad station, and had to stand in the snow for over an hour while the engine ran up and down the tracks hooking on cars. When we finally got in the cars we were frozen stiff. I could hardly walk, and some of the boys simply could not move without intense pain.

They loaded twelve men into each compartment, and detailed a guard of six men to each car. The windows in the cars were all smashed, and everything about the cars was dirty.

Finally the train stopped at a town named Alt-Damm, and there was a mob of women and children around, as usual, ready for us with bricks and spit. They stoned us through the car windows, and laughed and jeered at us, but by this time we were so used to it that we did not mind much. Only, every now and then some fellow would get all he could stand, and either talk back or make a pass at somebody. Then he would get his—either a bayonet through the arm or leg, or a crash on the head with a gun butt.

After an eighteen hour ride, without food or drink, we arrived at Neustrelitz. It was raining as we pulled in. As we went up the grade to the town we could see lights about a mile away, and we figured that that was the camp. The rain stopped and we remained in the cars for some time. Then, after a while, we knew our new guards were coming; long before we could see them, we could hear the racket they made. Somehow a German cannot do anything shipshape and neatly, but always has to have a lot of noise, and running around, and general confusion. Four-footed swine are more orderly in their habits than the Huns.

When they came up, we were roused from the cars and drilled up the road to the camp. When we got near the German barracks we were halted and counted again, and made to stand there for at least an hour after they had finished counting us, shivering like leaves. At last they placed us in barracks, and those who could went to sleep.

There were about forty barracks in the Limey group at Neustrelitz and two large Zeppelin sheds. The barracks were just about like those at Swinemunde—at least, they were no better. Along the sides of the rooms were long shelves or benches, and every three feet were boards set in grooves. The shelves were what we had to sleep on, and the boards in the grooves divided them up so that only a certain number of men could use each bench.

The following morning we nearly dropped dead when the Huns piled in a large wagon full of clothing. We thought we never would have anything to wear but our underclothes. They issued to each man a pair of trousers, thin model, a thin coat about like the seersucker coats some people wear in the summer, an overcoat about as warm as if it had been made of cigarette papers, a skull cap and a pair of shoes, which were a day's labor to carry around. Not one of us received socks, shirts or underwear.

The toe was cut from the right shoe of the pair I received, and as my wounds were in the right thigh and my leg had stiffened up considerably and got very sore, I got pretty anxious, because there was nothing but slush underfoot, and I was afraid I might lose my leg. So I thought that if I went to the commander and made a kick I might get a good shoe. I hesitated about it at first, but finally made up my mind and went to see him.

I told him that it was slushy outside, and that the water ran through the hole in my shoe and made it bad for my whole leg, which was wounded. He examined the shoe, and looked at the open toe for some time, and I thought he was going to put up an argument, but would give in finally.

Then he asked me what I wanted. I thought that was plain enough to see, but I said just as easily as I could that I wanted a shoe without a hole in the toe.

(To Be Continued.)

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## INDOOR BASEBALL SCHEDULE GIVEN

First Game of Series to Be Played Tonight at Bend Amateur Athletic Club Gymnasium.

(From Monday's Daily.)  
 The official schedule for the Bend Amateur Athletic club indoor baseball series was announced today by R. S. Hamilton, chairman of this department, and will be run off as follows:  
 February 24, Shevlin-Hixon vs.

Brooks-Scanlon; February 26, business men vs. professional men; March 3, Shevlin-Hixon vs. business men; March 5, Brooks-Scanlon vs. professional men; March 10, business men vs. Brooks-Scanlon; March 12, professional men vs. Shevlin-Hixon; March 17, Brooks-Scanlon vs. Shevlin-Hixon; March 19, professional men vs. business men; March 24, business men vs. Shevlin-Hixon; March 26, professional men vs. Brooks-Scanlon; March 31, Brooks-Scanlon vs. business men; April 2, Shevlin-Hixon vs. professional men.

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