

# FURNITURE IS HERE FOR CLUB

WILL BE INSTALLED AT ONCE IN  
WRITING AND LOUNGING  
ROOMS—GYM IS NOW COM-  
PLETE EXCEPTING LOCKERS.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)  
Fifteen hundred dollars' worth of furniture, purchased with money raised by popular subscription among the business men of Bend some time ago, arrived here yesterday and is to be installed at once in the lounging room and writing room of the Bend Amateur Athletic club. Other furnishings, including curtains and wall decorations, have been placed in charge of the ladies' committee of the club.

The outfitting of the two balcony rooms at the gymnasium will make the building complete, with the exception of the installation of lockers, and this matter is to be taken up in the near future by the directors.

## PURE BRED STOCK COMING TO COUNTY

Two Cars of Milking Shorthorns to  
Be Brought Here—Farmers Unan-  
imous in Favor of the Plan.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)  
The movement for the introduction of pure bred stock among the farmers of Deschutes county, led by E. P. Mahaffey of the Central Oregon bank, Fred N. Wallace, president of the farm bureau, and County Agent Ward, came to a focus at Tumalo a few days ago. The plan was started a year ago and has been favorably indorsed by the dairymen and stock raisers. A large representation from over the county was present, and the meeting showed that the farmers of Deschutes county are unanimously in favor of better and pure bred live stock.

Over 30 members joined the association at the Tumalo meeting, and the farmers at Terrebonne have asked for a meeting which will be held there March 4, when it is expected many more will join.

Of the various breeds under consideration the milking Shorthorn was agreed upon as the ideal type for this section, where diversified farming is practiced. The milking Shorthorn has made performances in milk production that compare favorably with the strictly dairy breeds, while as a beef animal its records are well known. Plans were laid for the importation of two carloads of registered cows and several high priced bulls will also be brought into the various communities.

The directors of the association are J. O. Skirving, Ray Armstrong, Frank V. Chapman, F. N. Wallace, W. R. Gerking, Olaf Anderson, E. P. Mahaffey, R. A. Ward and John Marsh. The officers are: President, John Marsh of Tumalo, who is live stock leader on the executive committee of the Deschutes County Farm bureau; vice president, Olaf Anderson of Deschutes; secretary-treasurer, F. N. Wallace of Tumalo.

## GOVERNMENT EXPERT ON LIVESTOCK IS HERE

Representative of Bureau of Animal  
Industry to Examine Herds for  
Evidence of Tuberculosis.

(From Thursday's Daily.)  
Representing the U. S. bureau of animal industry, Dr. Arthur H. Bernswiller, veterinarian, arrived in Bend this morning and will remain here for several days examining herds in this section for evidences of tuberculosis. All owners of pure bred stock are allowed the services of the government expert free of charge. Hereafter, Dr. Bernswiller will visit Central Oregon every six months.

He is making his headquarters while here at the Pilot Butte Inn.

# 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 Casard—  
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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"So the water runs into it, does it?" he said. "Well, my advice to you is to get a knife, cut a hole in the heel and let the water out." All the other swine in the room laughed very loud at this, and I guess this Fritz thought he was a great comedian. But somehow or other, it did not strike me so funny that I just had to laugh, and I was able, after quite a struggle, to keep from even snickering. It was a harder struggle than that to keep from doing something else, though!

Our meals were just about the same as at Swinemunde—the bread was just as muddy, the barley coffee just as rank, and the soup just as cabbageless. The second morning after we had had our barley coffee, one of the sentries came to our barracks, which was number 7-B, and gave each of us an envelope and a sheet of writing paper. Then he told us to write



He Chalked on the Door.

to anybody we wanted to, after which he chalked on the door in big letters: KRIEGSGEFANGENENLAGER and told us it was the return address. We were all surprised, and asked each other where we were, because we had thought we were in Neustrelitz. After a while, we learned that it means "Prisoner-of-War-Camp." At first, though, many of us thought it was the name of the town, and we got to calling it the Brewery, because the name ended in lager. Whatever beer was brewed there was not for us though.

I noticed that all the time he was writing the word and giving us the stationery, the sentry was laughing and having a great time with his own little self, but I figured he was just acting German, and that nothing was important about it. We were all tickled to death to get a chance to let our people know where we were, and each man thought a long time about what he would say, and who he would write to, before he ever started to write. Each man wanted to say all he could in the small space he had, and we wanted to let our friends know how badly they were treating us without saying it in so many words, because we knew the Huns would censor the letters, and it would go hard with anyone who complained much. So most of the men said they were having a great time and were treated very well, and spread it on so thick that their friends would figure they were lying because they had to.

One fellow had an idea that was better than that, though. He had been in jail in Portsmouth, England, for three months, for beating up a constable, and he had had a pretty rough time. So he wrote a pal of his that he had been captured by the Ger-

mans, but that everything was going along pretty well. In fact, he said, the only other trip he had ever been on, where he had a better time, was the three months' vacation he had spent in Portsmouth two years before, which he thought the friend would remember. He said that trip was better than this one, so the friend could figure out for himself how pleasant this one was. Everybody thought this was a great idea, but unfortunately not all of us had been in jail, so we could not all use it. Which was just as well, we thought, because the Germans would be suspicious if all of us compared this vacation with others.

A few of the men did not have anybody they could write to, and some did not know their friends' addresses, so they would write letters to friends of the other men, and sign it with the friend's nickname.

As soon as a man had finished his letter, he had to go out to the center of the camp, where they had built a raised platform. There the sentries took the letters, and the men formed around the square. There were officers on the platform reading the letters. We thought they read them there in the open, before us, so that we would know they were not tampering with the letters, and we thought the heaven would fall if they were getting so unskilled as that.

Finally, all the men had finished their letters and turned them over to the officers, who read them. And then we saw why the sentry laughed.

The officers tore up every one of the letters. They were anxious that we would see them do it, so none of us would have any hope that our friends would get word.

But we said to ourselves that, if it was information they wanted, they had as much as was good for them, which was none at all, because I do not think one letter in the bunch had a single word of truth in it. But we were all very angry and pretty low after that, because it showed the Huns still had plenty of kultur left, after all, and we knew there was rough sledding ahead of us. Also, some of the men were sore because they had wasted their time thinking up different ways of tipping their friends off to the real state of affairs, and all for nothing. Why they should worry about time, I could not see. Time was the only thing we had plenty of, and I for one, thought we were going to have still more of it.

Going back to the barracks we tried to sing "Pack Up Your Troubles," but there was not much pep in it. We were not downhearted, though; at least, we said we were not.

### CHAPTER XX.

Kultur—the Real Stuff.  
Neustrelitz was mainly for Russian prisoners, and there were neither British nor French soldiers interned there—only sailors of the merchant marine such as the men I was with. The Russians were given far worse treatment than any other prisoners. This was for two reasons, as near as I could make out. One was that the Russian would stand most anything, whereas the British and French could only be goaded to a certain point, and beyond that lay trouble. The other reason was that the Russians sent German prisoners to Siberia, or at least, so the Huns thought, and Fritz hates the cold. So, hating the Russians, and realizing that they were used to being under-dogs, Fritz picked on them and bullied them in a way that the rest of us would not have stood. We would have rushed them and gone west with bayonets first.

The barracks were made of spruce, and were about ninety feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and you can take it from me that as carpenters, whoever made them were fine farmers. There were cracks in them that you could drive an automobile through. When we were there, each barracks had a stove in the center, a good stove and a big one, but at first it was of no use to us, because the Germans would not give us coal or wood for it. But after shivering for a while, we began ripping the boards out of the barracks, and taking the dividing boards from the benches that we used for beds.

Later, they gave each of us a mattress filled with wood shavings, and a blanket that was about as warm as a pane of glass. The mattresses were placed on the ground in the barracks, which were very damp, and after three or four days, the shavings would begin to rot and the mattresses to smell. In order to keep warm we slept as close together as we could, which caused our various diseases to spread rapidly.

When we were receiving our rations, the sentries would offer us an extra ration if we would take a lash from their belts. We were so hungry that

many and many a man would go up and take a swat in any part of his body from the heavy leather belts with brass tongue and buckle, just to get a little more "shadow" soup or barley coffee or mud bread.

One morning the sentries picked out ten men from our barracks, of which I was one, and drilled us over a field near the kuche. There was a large tank in the field and we had to pump water into it. It was very cold, and we were weak and sick, so we would fall one after another, not caring whether we ever got up or not. Fritz would smash those who fell with his rifle butt. We asked for gloves, because our hands were freezing, but all we got was "Nichts."

After we had been there for about an hour and a half, one of our men became very sick, so that I thought he was going to die, and when he fell over, I reported it to a sentry. The sentry came over, saw him lying in the snow, yelled, "Schwein, nicht krank!" grabbed him by the shoulder, and pulled him all the way across the field to the office of the camp commander. Then he was placed in the guard house, where he remained for two days. The next thing we knew, the Russians had been ordered to make a box, and were being marched to the guard house to put him in it and bury him.

Another thing at Neustrelitz, that was pretty hard to stand, was the pretty habit the Huns had of coming up to the barbed wire and teasing us as though we were wild animals in a cage. Sometimes there would be crowds of people lined along the wire throwing things at us, and spitting, and having a great time generally. It was harder than ever when a family party would arrive, with vater and mutter, and maybe grosvater and grosmutter, and all the little Boche kinder, because, as you probably know, the Germans take food with them whenever they go on a party, no matter what kind, and they would stand there and stare at us like the boobs they were, eating all the time—and we so hungry that we could have eaten ourselves, almost. After they had stared a while, they would begin to feel more at home, and then would start the throwing and spitting and the "schweinhund" sangerfest, and they would have a great time generally. Probably, when they got home, they would strike off a medal for themselves in honor of the visit.

Then, too, there were always Hun soldiers on leave or off duty, who made it a point to pay us a visit, and though I do not think they were as bad as the civilians, especially the women, they were bad enough.

We had one bucket in each barracks, and as these buckets were used for both washing and drinking, they were always dirty. We boiled the water when we washed the clothes, to get rid of the cooties, and that left a settling in it that looked just like red lead. We had to get the water from a hydrant outside of the barracks, and for a while we drank it. But after several of the boys had gone west and we could not figure out why, a man told us he thought the water was poisoned, and a Russian doctor, who was a prisoner, slipped us word about it also. So, after that, very few of us drank water from the hydrant. I was scared stiff at first, because I had had some of the water, but after that I did not touch hydrant water.

It was a good thing for us that there was always plenty of snow in Germany, and even luckier that the Huns did not shoot us for eating it. It was about the only thing they did not deprive us of—it was not verboten. I thought I knew what tough cooties were, in the trenches, but they were regular mollycoddles compared to the pets we had in the prison camps. After we boiled our clothes we would be free from them for not more than two hours, and then they would come back, with re-enforcements, thirsting for vengeance.

The camp at Neustrelitz was surrounded by big dogs, which were kept just outside the barbed wire. We had them going all the time. Every once in a while, some fellow would make an awful racket, and the next thing we knew, there was Fritz coming like a shot, with musket at his hip, just as they carry them in a charge, and blowing whistles at each other until they were blue in the face. Whenever they thought some one was escaping, they ran twice as fast as I



We Had Our Choice of Standing Up and Dying, or Falling Down and Being Killed.

over saw them run, except when the

Foreign Legion was on their heels at Dixmude.

When they got up to the dogs, they would first talk to them and then kick them, and after that, they would rest their rifles on the wire and yell "Zuruck!" at us. We all enjoyed this innocent pastime very much, and we were glad they had the dogs.

There were some things the Huns did that you just could not explain. For instance, one of the Russians walked out of the kuche, as we were passing, and we heard a bang! and the Russian keeled over and went west. Now, we had not done anything and the other Russians said he had behaved himself, worked hard and had never had any trouble. They just killed him, and that is all there was to it. But not one of us could figure out why.

(To Be Continued.)

## WILD DUCKS SHOT IN BEND, COMPLAINT

Bodies Found Floating in River—  
Ducks Had Already Started Nest-  
ing, Says ex-Game Warden.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)  
That ducks swimming in the river just above the Bend Water, Light & Power Co. dam have been shot in the last two days by game law violators was the complaint made today by John Cunningham, formerly deputy game warden in this section. Mr. Cunningham found the bodies of several wild fowl floating in the river close to shore yesterday.

"It's not an ordinary game law violation, either," Mr. Cunningham said, "for the mating season has started and the ducks had started nesting in the very heart of the city. I have been watching them for the last week. It is no exaggeration to say that the killing of these few ducks really means about two dozen less wild fowl for the coming season."

## CANADIAN VETERAN RETURNS TO BEND

Twenty-One Months Spent in Service  
by T. M. Sharp—Saw Action at  
Vimy Ridge and Other Battles.

(From Monday's Daily.)  
After three years' absence from Bend, 21 months of which were spent in the Canadian army, T. M. Sharp returned to Bend this morning and will make his home in this vicinity. Mr. Sharp was formerly an employe of the Brooks-Seaton company.

Practically all of his service was spent overseas, and he saw action at Vimy Ridge and other big battles in the world war. At the time of his discharge he was in the Canadian engineers. During all his service he was uninjured in action.

## WHEN YOUR BATTERY IS THIRSTY.

When your battery is thirsty, give it a drink! Under the most extreme circumstances your battery can hardly be called a heavy drinker; but it does need to have its thirst quenched at regular intervals—every week in summer and every two weeks in winter.

A long-time thirst is just as disastrous with a battery as with a man, and will as inevitably bring on symptoms that will result in ruin.

And a battery's health also depends upon what it drinks—acid is as bad for it as alcohol is for a man. Pure water is all it needs.



## BEST & HARRIS

Greenwood Ave.  
HOME OF THE  
GATES HALF TIRES  
SOLE TIRES

## UNEARTHLY WAIL DISTURBS QUIET

Voice of New Fire Siren, Sent to  
Bend on Trial, Is Heard Through-  
out City This Afternoon.

(From Monday's Daily.)  
It might have been the wail of a lost soul. It might also have been the warning cry of the banshee—only it wasn't. It was merely the voice of a new siren that the fire committee of the Bend city council tried out this afternoon.

The machine, electrically operated, was installed at the top of the old Bend Water, Light & Power Co. water tower this morning, and as the power was turned on an unearthly shriek, varying in pitch and volume according to the strength of the current, made itself heard throughout the city.

A decision in regard to the purchase of the apparatus will probably be made at the meeting of the city council tomorrow night.

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