

# COUNTY QUOTA WILL BE MET

## \$195 PLEDGED TO STATE CHAMBER.

John L. Etheridge Tells Business Men of Aims of New Organization, and Is Assured De-schutes Will Raise \$800.

(From Saturday's Daily.)  
Declaring that the State Chamber of Commerce is in no sense a Portland organization, that a large majority of its officers are from the state at large and that the votes of clubs outside of Portland easily control the decisions of the chamber, John L. Etheridge, chairman of the state membership drive, spoke before a gathering of business men of Bend, Redmond and La Pine at the Pilot Butte Inn last night. Although the drive does not begin officially until Monday, \$145 toward the county's \$800 quota was pledged, and Guy L. Dobson of Redmond, E. L. Clark of La Pine and D. G. McPherson of Bend, county membership chairman, promised that the entire amount would be made up before next Saturday.

Immediately following the meeting, Mr. Etheridge and a number of those who had already signed up motored to the dance at Tumalo, where 10 memberships were picked up, just six more than had been estimated as the quota for that section, and making at total of \$195 for the evening's work.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

# CAP AND GOWN WILL BE WORN

## BEND HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS DECIDE ON UNIFORM GARB—COMMENCEMENT WEEK CALENDAR IS ARRANGED.

(From Friday's Daily.)  
The senior class of 1919 will wear gray caps and gowns this year instead of the customary garb worn by the previous graduating classes. This custom will probably be adopted by all of the future senior classes. Several plays are being considered for the class play of 1919, and work will soon be commenced in earnest. The calendar for the week beginning June 16 has been chosen and is as follows: Monday, class picnic; Tuesday, class play; Wednesday, class exercises; Friday, commencement.

The junior class won the right to keep the silver cup offered by the Central Oregon bank the remainder of this semester. The winner was Tressa Palmer, a junior. Stanley Bond, a senior, won second place, receiving the \$5 cash prize offered by the Miller Lumber company.

The baseball season will open in about three weeks. The boys are practicing each night, and a first team will be chosen next week. Games will be scheduled with the teams of the county schools and also with teams from Prineville, Redmond, Madras and The Dalles.

The mumps are still causing many absences, John Clapp, Florence McKay and Mildred Hoover being absent this week.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

**SPRING CLEANING TIME IS HERE.**  
If a house needs spring cleaning, how about the human body after a winter of indoor life and heavy food? Don't suffer from indigestion, biliousness, bad breath, bloating, gas or constipation; when relief can be so easily had. Foley Cathartic Tablets clean stomach and bowels and tone up the liver. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

# Gunner Depew

By Albert N. Depew

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

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Dulmen was very near the Dutch border and as it was quite easy to get out of the camp attempts at escape were frequent. Most of those who ran



Most of Those Who Ran Away Were Brought Back.

away were brought back, though. The Germans were so easy on those who tried to run away that I almost thought they were encouraging them. One chap was doing his ten days in the guardhouse for the sixth time while I was there—that is, he had just about completed his period of detention. He claimed that the sixth time he had really got across the border and was arrested in a little town by the Dutch authorities and turned over to the Germans. That is against the law in most countries, but he swore it was the truth. I am not so sure, myself. He got away for the seventh time while I was at Dulmen and was not returned.

Ten days in the guardhouse is not such a light punishment after all, because water three times a day is all the prisoner received during that time, but it is pretty mild compared to some of the things the Huns do.

One morning I thought for sure I was going afair. I was just fed up on the whole business and sick of doing nothing but suffer. So I strolled along, sticking my head into barracks doors, sometimes trying to have a talk, other times trying to pick a fight. It was all one to me: I just wanted something to do. I found what I wanted, all right.

I had quite a talk with a sentry in front of a barracks. It must have lasted three-quarters of an hour. He did not know what I was calling him, and I did not know what he was calling me. I could have handled him all right, but another sentry came up on my blind side and grabbed me and the talk was over.

They dragged me to the commander of the camp and he instructed them to give me a bath. So they took me to the bathhouse, where I was stripped and lashed. All the time they were whipping me I was thinking what a joke it was on me, because I had been looking for excitement and had got more than I wanted, so I laughed and the Huns thought I was crazy sure.

I was dumped into a vat of hot water and at the same time my clothes were given a boiling, which was good for them.

Then I was forced into my wet clothes and marched back to the barracks. This bath and the stroll through the snow in wet clothes just about did for me. Nowadays, when I sit in a draft for a second and catch cold, I wonder that I am still alive to catch it. Having gone through Dixmude and the Dardanelles and the sinking of the Georgic and four German prison camps and a few other things—I shall probably trip over a

hole in a church carpet and break my neck. That would be my luck.

There were all the diseases you can think of in this camp, including black cholera and typhus and somebody was always dying. We had to make coffins from any wood we could find. So it was not long before we were using the dividing boards from our bunks, pieces of flooring and, in fact, the walls of the barracks. The officers were quartered in corrugated iron barracks, so they had to borrow wood from us for their coffins. We would make the box and put the body in it, give it as much service as we could, in the way of prayers and hymns, and put it away in a hole near the barracks. There was so much of it that a single death passed unnoticed.

One morning the German sentries came to our barracks—they never came singly—and told us that an officer was going to review the prisoners and ordered us to muster up, which we did. I was the last man out of the barracks and on account of my wounds I was slower than the rest.

You understand I had had no medical treatment except crepe-paper bandages and water; my wounds had been opened by swimming from the Georgic to the Moewe and they had been put in terrible shape in the coal bunkers. On account of the poor food and lack of treatment they had not even started to heal. Incidentally, the only cloth bandages that any of us had were what we would tear from our clothes and I have seen men pick up an old dirty rag that someone else had had around his wound for a long time and bandage his own wounds with it.

So it was all I could do to drag myself along. The officer noticed that I was out of line and immediately asked my name and nationality. When he heard "American" he could not say enough things about us and called me all the swine names he could think of.

I was pretty thin at this time and getting thinner, so I figured I might just as well have it out before I starved. Besides, I thought, he ought to know that we are not used to being bawled out by German swine in this country.

So I told him so. And I said that he should not bawl Americans out, because America was neutral. He then said that as America supplied food and munitions to the allies she was no better than the rest.

Then I said: "Do you remember the Deutschland? When she entered Baltimore and New London she got all the cargo she wanted, didn't she?"

"Yes."  
"Well, if you send over your merchant marine they will get the same." For that answer he gave me ten days in the guardhouse. He did not like to be reminded that their merchant marine had to dive under to keep away from the Limeys.

I admit I was pretty flip to this officer, but who would not be when a slick German swine officer bawled him out?

It was while I was in the guardhouse that Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador, visited the camp. He came to this camp about every six months, as a rule. Even in the German prison camps the men had somehow got information about Mr. Gerard's efforts to improve the terrible surroundings in which the men lived. Some of the men at Dulmen had been confined in various other camps and they told me that when Mr. Gerard visited these camps all that the men did for a week or so afterward was to talk about his visit and what he had said to them. We knew Mr. Gerard had got the Germans to make conditions better in some of the worst hell-holes in Germany and the men were always glad when he came around. They felt they had something better to look forward to and some relief from the awful misery.

Mr. Gerard was passing through the French barracks and a man I knew there told him there was an American there. The Germans did not want him to see me, but he put up an argument with the commanding officer and they finally said he could interview me. I never was so glad to see anyone as I was to see him. The picture is still with me of him coming in the door. We talked for about an hour and a half, I guess, and then he got up to go and he said I would hear from him in about three weeks. Just think what good news that was to me!

They let me out of the guardhouse and I celebrated by doing all the damage to German sentries that I could do. The men in the camps went wild when they learned that Ambassador Gerard was there, for they said he was the only man in Germany they could tell their troubles to. The reason was that he was strong for the men, no matter what nationality, and put his heart into the work. I am one of those who cannot say enough good things about him. Like many others,

if it had not been for Mr. Gerard I would be kaput by now.

A few days after this I was slow again as we were marching to the bread house and the guard at the door tripped me. When I fell I hurt my wounds, which made me hot. Now I had decided, on thinking it over, that the best thing to do was to be good, since I was expecting to be released, and I thought it would be tough luck to be killed just before I was to be released. But I had been in the American navy and any garby of the U. S. A. would have done what I did. It must be the training we get, for when a dirty trick is pulled off on us we get very nervous around the hands and are not always able to control them.

So I went for the sentry and walked him in the jaw. Then I received my bayonet through the fleshy part of the forearm. Most bayonet wounds that we got were in the arm. But those arms were in front of our faces at the time. The sentries did not aim for our arms, you can bet on that. A wound of the kind I got would be nothing more than a white streak if properly attended to, but I received absolutely no attention for it and it was a long time in healing. At that, I was lucky; another bayonet stroke just grazed my stomach.

I had been at Dulmen for three weeks when we were transferred to Brandenburg, Havel, which is known as "the hell-hole of Germany" to the prisoners. It certainly is not too strong a name for it, either.

On the way we changed trains at Osnabruck and from the station platform I saw German soldiers open up with machine guns on the women and children who were rioting for food.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### "The Hell Hole of Germany."

On arriving at Brandenburg we were marched the three or four miles northwest to the camp. While we were being marched through the streets a woman walked alongside of us for quite a way, talking to the boys in English and asking them about the war. She said she did not believe anything the German papers printed. She said she was an Englishwoman from Liverpool and that at the outbreak of the war not being able to get out of Germany, she and her children had been put in prison and that every day for over a week they had put her through the third degree; that her children had been separated from her and that she did not know where they were.

She walked along with us for several blocks until a sentry heard her say something not very complimentary to the Germans and chased her away. When we arrived at the camp we were put into the receiving barracks and kept there six days. The condition of these barracks was not such that you could describe it. The floors were actually nothing but silt. Very few of the bunks remained; the rest had been torn down—for fuel, I suppose.

The day we were transferred to the regular prison barracks four hundred Russians and Belgians were buried. Most of them had died from cholera, typhoid and inoculations. We heard from the prisoners there before us that the Germans had come through the camps with word that there was an epidemic of black typhus and cholera and that the only thing for the men to do was to take the serum treatment to avoid catching these diseases. Most of the four hundred men had died from the inoculations. They had taken the Germans' word, had been inoculated and had died within nine hours. Which shows how foolish it is to believe a German. None of us had any doubt but what the serum was poisonous.

(To Be Continued.)

## BEND MAN IS GIVEN HONOR

(Continued from Page 1.)

organization be invited to Bend for their annual meeting next fall. He predicted good wool prices for the coming season in spite of the huge quantity of government owned wool which may be disposed of.

T. E. Fell of the Portland Wool Warehouse Co. spoke on grading and its importance to the sheepman in bringing about higher prices.

(From Monday's Daily.)

With more than 50 sheep men from all parts of the interior of the state in attendance, the annual convention of the Central Oregon Wool Growers' association began here this afternoon. Addresses on various phases of the sheep industry were given, ample opportunity being given for general discussion on all problems of interest. The convention will be formally closed this evening, when the visiting wool growers will be guests at a dinner given in their

## ALPHA INMAN DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

### Funeral Services for Bend Girl to Be Held from Niswonger Chapel Tomorrow.

(From Monday's Daily.)  
Alpha Inman, aged 16, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Inman of this city, died at 9 o'clock Saturday night at the Bend Surgical hospital, where she had undergone an operation a short time before. She had been ill for several months, and the operation was undertaken as the only possible chance of saving her life.

Funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning from the Niswonger undertaking parlors.

honor by the Bend Commercial club at the Pilot Butte Inn.

In the absence of the president of the organization, N. G. Jacobson, supervisor of the Deschutes national forest, temporarily filled the chair, introducing E. N. Kavanaugh, assistant district forester in charge of grazing, as the first speaker. Mr. Kavanaugh touched first on the subject of five-year grazing permits, from this turning to the question of prevention of disease among sheep and the prevention of loss from other causes.

#### Health Rules Important.

"The forest service is anxious to see all health rules carried out, and is ready to refuse grazing permits to all owners of infected stock," he declared. "Losses from scab in the northwest in the last few years have run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it is the duty of every owner, and particularly of each member of this association, to keep his eyes open for evidence of any disease of an infectious or contagious nature."

Mr. Kavanaugh emphasized the advantages of open herding, declaring that the sheep will get more from the range by this method, and that the range itself suffers less. Especially he urged that the association come to the forest service with its problems, and advised the wool growers to make the most of their organization as the best way of adding to the prosperity of the sheep industry.

Mr. Jacobson further developed the subject of the mutual interests of the forest service and the sheep men, relating the manner in which cattle raisers' associations, by co-operation, have increased the carrying capacity of the range. He advised the leasing of private range by the association rather than by individuals, and declared that special instructions for herders would be well worth the while of the employers.

The loss of stock through straying, and even through stealing, was brought up and was referred to the association as a matter which the Central Oregon wool growers, by the nature of their organization, could handle, in co-operation with the forest service, with considerable success.

## ROD AND GUN CLUB FORMED

### J. A. EASTES HEADS NEW BEND ORGANIZATION—COMMITTEES ARE APPOINTED AND NEXT MEETING SET FOR SUNDAY.

(From Monday's Daily.)  
Organization of a rod and gun club was effected yesterday afternoon when local sportsmen met at the Bend Amateur Athletic club. Judge J. A. Eastes was elected president and L. C. Carroll secretary. A committee on organization, composed of Carl A. Johnson, L. Douthitt and R. M. Smith, was appointed and later, on motion of N. G. Jacobson, a committee on education was named, composed of Mr. Jacobson, D. H. Peoples and Clyde M. McKay. It was decided that the club should be considered as a department of the B. A. C. The next meeting of the club will be held at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

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