

1000 RABBITS KILLED SUNDAY

DRIVES AT TERREBONNE AND CHASE RANCH WELL ATTENDED—DESCHUTES ANNOUNCES HUNT FOR APRIL 6.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Approximately 1000 rabbits were killed yesterday in Deschutes county in the course of two drives, one held from Terrebonne and the other from the Chase ranch on the Redmond road. Half a thousand were slaughtered by 60 hunters armed with shotguns at the event in the northern part of the county, while at least as many were transformed into coyote feed at the Chase drive. More than 90 hunters attended the latter drive.

Announcement was made this morning that the Deschutes community will stage a hunt next Sunday morning, and a general invitation to Bend sportsmen is extended. Hunters will meet at the hotel at Deschutes at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, will drive west and then north to the Peterson ranch, where a Swedish lunch will be served free. In the afternoon they will drive west to the river.

Ammunition will be furnished at cost. Sportsmen taking part in the drive are requested not to bring rifles.

BEND BOY REACHED FRANCE TOO LATE

William A. Hunnell of the Eighth Infantry Arrived at Brest Nov. 11—Regiment Still Held Overseas.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Just in time to hear the announcement of the signing of the armistice, William A. Hunnell of Bend arrived in France with the Eighth infantry, he states in a letter written to Sheriff S. E. Roberts. Hunnell went into the service last September, and after a brief period of training at Camp Lewis was sent to Fremont, where he was assigned to an old line regiment.

It was on the 9th day of November that the transport steamed into the harbor at Brest, so that the regiment had no opportunity of getting under fire. The Eighth is still retained in France for guard duty.

The letter made the entire trip from camp in France to Bend in 17 days.

OFFICIALS NAMED FOR SCHOOL MEET

Four From Bend Will Have Important Work at Central Oregon Competition at Madras.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Four Deschutes county instructors and district officials have been appointed as judges and managers of the Central Oregon School Day program, to be held in Madras on May 17, County Superintendent J. Alton Thompson announced today.

The appointments made include the following:

Carl A. Johnson, timekeeper; Principal R. C. Johnson, judge of high school field events; City Superintendent S. W. Moore, Deschutes county manager of preliminaries for high school declamation contest; Mrs. J. D. Davidson, Deschutes county manager of preliminaries for grammar school declamation contest.

BOY BOUND OVER TO GRAND JURY

(From Thursday's Daily.)

Admitting the truth of the charge against him 19 year old Sherman Douglas waived preliminary examination yesterday afternoon and was bound over to the grand jury under \$1,000 bonds. He is alleged to have cashed checks for which he knew there were no funds in the bank.

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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The other two spoke German and had been missing for at least three days and, I think, had escaped by this time. They were not returned while I was at Brandenburg.

This was about 7 a. m. They drilled us down to the little lake, where the cold was much greater, and kept us there until 5 p. m., without food or drink. At about eight that morning they found Fontaine in a French barracks and kicked him all the way to the lake where we were.

All day long we stood there, falling one by one and getting kicked or beaten each time until we dragged ourselves up again. Two or three died—I do not know the exact number. But we had enough strength, when ordered back to the barracks, to kick Fontaine ahead of us all the way. We did not get anything to eat until seven the next morning—twenty-four hours without food and water, ten of which were spent in the snow without any protection from the cold and wind.

No wonder we kicked Fontaine for bringing this punishment on us and endangering the two who had escaped—he had simply strolled over to the French barracks and forgot to return.

Now, the food received was just about enough to keep us alive. I suppose, with true kultur, the Hunns had figured out just how much it would take to keep a man on this side of the starvation line and gave us that much and no more. So we were always famished—always hungrier than you probably ever have been. But sometimes when we were ravenously hungry and could not hold out any longer we would trade rations.

One man would trade his whole ration for the next day for a half ration



One Man Would Trade His Whole Ration for the Next Day for Half a Ration Today.

today. That is, if you were so hungry that you thought you could not last out the day on your regular share, you would tell someone else that if he gave you half his share today you would give him all of yours tomorrow. If he was a gambler he would take you up. That is, he would gamble on his being alive tomorrow, not on your keeping your word. He knew you would come across with your ration the next day, and like as not, if you tried to keep it from him, he would kill you, and nobody would blame him.

It certainly was hard, when the next day came, to give up your whole ration and go without that day. But I never saw a man hedge, or even speak of it. And we did not have any food plates among us either: we were not captives of industry by any means.

There were times when some of us could not eat certain of our rations. For instance, many and many a time I was as hungry as anybody could be, and I wanted to eat my bread, but it

seemed as if I could not get it into my mouth. Then I would trade it with someone else for his "shadow soup" or his barley coffee.

We were dying every day in Brandenburg and after each death the senior men of that barracks would detail twelve of their number to go out for half an hour and dig the grave, while others made little crosses, on which they wrote or carved the man's name, when he was captured, and his regiment or ship. In the middle of the cross were always the letters, R. I. P.—Rest in Peace.

One time we were ordered to report to the German doctors for a serum treatment of some kind—to receive an injection, in other words. There was no choice about it this time, as we were simply herded together to the hospital barracks. Now, I knew what these things were like and how brutal the German doctors were in giving an injection, so I wanted to be the very first man and not have to witness the other men getting theirs.

So I pushed up to the head of the line, with the crew of H. M. S. Nomad, who had been captured in the Jutland battle, and by the time we got to the hospital was the very first man in line. But the sentry threw me back and there were several men ahead of me.

Each of them bared his chest and the doctors slashed them across the breast with a very thin knife, so you can see that it was very painful. When it came to my turn they slashed me three times in the shape of a triangle just to one side of the breast. And that was all there was to it—no injection, nothing on the knife that I could see.

Now, I do not know what the idea was. Every man of us was dizzy for the rest of the day and could not do anything but lay around the barracks. And hardly any of us bled a drop.

Just another German trick that no one could explain.

One day a war correspondent named Bennett, from a Chicago paper, came to the camp and went through all the barracks. When he came to our barracks I told him I was an American and asked for the news. Instead of answering he began to ask all sorts of questions. Finally, after I had told him I had been in the French service, I asked him if he could help me in any way. He answered that I had only myself to blame and that it served me right if I had been in one of the allied armies.

I did not like his looks much and he seemed unfriendly, but when he began smoking a cigarette it almost drove me crazy and I could not help asking for one. He refused me and said I should have stayed in my own country, where I could have had plenty of cigarettes.

After a while he threw away a cigarette stub and not only I but three or four others who were near made a dive for it. A man named Kelley got it—a crazy man who went around trying to eat wood and cloth and anything he could find.

When my three weeks were up and I had not heard from Mr. Gerard I was just about ready to go down to the lake and pick out a vacant spot and lay down in it. I really do not think I could have lasted two weeks longer. And just about that time, as I was walking back to barracks one day, a Frenchman showed me a German newspaper, and there in large type on the top of the first page it said that Mr. Gerard had left the country, or was getting ready to leave. They had to drag me the rest of the way to the barracks and throw snow on me before I came to.

(Gunner Depew's interview with Mr. Gerard took place at the Dulmen prison camp on or about February 1, 1917. On February 3, our state department demanded the release of sixty-two Americans captured on British vessels and held as prisoners in Germany. On the same day, President Wilson severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Ambassador Gerard left Germany exactly one week later. The newspaper that Gunner Depew saw must have been issued after February 10. It was not until March 2, 1917, however, that Gunner Depew was actually released from Brandenburg.—Editor's Note.)

I do not know what happened during the next few days.

But a week or so later the Spanish ambassador and four German officers and Swatts came to our barracks and the ambassador told me I would be released! It was all I could do to keep from fainting again. Then Swatts asked me in English if I had anything to say about the treatment in the camp, and I began to think maybe it was a frame-up of some kind, so all I said was, "When will I get out of here?" and he said, "Why, you will be released tomorrow."

I did not wait to hear any more, but rushed into the barracks again, singing and whistling and yelling as loud as I could. The boys told me my face was very red and I guess what little blood I had in my body had rushed to my head, because I could hardly walk for a few minutes.

Then the men began to think I was crazy, and none of them believed I would really be released, but that I was going to be sent to the mines, as so many were. But I believed it, and I just sat there on my bunk and began to dream of the food I would get and what I would eat first, and so on.

I did not sleep that night—just walked from barracks to barracks until they chased me away, and then walked up and down in my own barracks the rest of the night. When I got to the Russian barracks and told the two doctors my news, they would not believe me at all, although they knew there had been some important visitor at the camp.

But when I walked out of their door I said, "Dobra voshav," which means "Good night!" Then they must have believed me, for they called me back, and all the men gave me addresses of people to write to in case I should get away.

They were all talking at once, and one of the doctors got very excited and got down on his knees with his hands in the air. "Albert," he said, "if you have the God-given luck to get out of Germany—not for my sake, but for the sake of us who are here in this hell-hole, promise me you will tell all the people wherever you go what they are doing to us here. Tell them not to send money, for we can't eat money, and not meat—just bread, bread, bread—"

And when I looked around all the men were sitting on their beds crying and tearing their hair and saying, "bread, bread, bread," over and over again. Then each tried to give me something, as if to say that even if they did not get out, perhaps their button or belt or skull cap would get back to civilization.

When I left their barracks I began to cry, because it did not seem possible that I was going away, and already I could see them starving slowly, just as I had been starving.

The next morning a sentry came to my barracks, called out my name and took me to the commander of the camp. They searched me, and then drilled me back to barracks again. Then the men all thought they were just playing a joke on me, and they said so.

The same thing happened the next day, and when one of the men said that probably I would be slammed up against a wall and shot, I began to feel shaky, I can tell you.

But the third morning, after they had searched me, the commander said, "Well, you'll have to have a bath before you leave the country," and I was so glad that I did not mind about the bath, although I remembered the last one I had, and it did not agree very well with me. After the bath, they drilled me out into the road.

There were four sentries with me, but not Swatts, nor did I see him anywhere around, for which I was sorry. But all the boys came down to the barbed wire, or to the gate, and some were crying, and others were cheering, and all of them were very much excited. But after a minute or two they got together again and the last thing I heard was the song about packing up your old kit bag, and then, "Are you downhearted?—No!" They were certainly game lads.

They did not take me straight to the station, but took me through all the streets they could find, and as usual, the women were there with the bricks and spit. But I did not mind: I was used to it, and besides, it was the last time. So I just grinned at them, and thought that I was better off than they, because they had to stay in the hole called Germany.

I was still half naked, but I did not mind the two-hour wait on the station platform. I noticed a little sign that read, "Berlin 25 miles north," and that was the first time I had much of an idea where Brandenburg was.

(To Be Continued.)

BRIEF DROUTH IS EXPERIENCED TODAY

Faucets in City Run Dry When Flume Tapped by B. W. L. & P. Is Shut Off Without Warning.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Bend hydrants went suddenly dry this morning, and for several hours only comparatively few water users had their customary supply. Without the knowledge of the Bend Water, Light & Power Co., the water in the C. O. I. flume, which is tapped by the company's intake, had been shut off, it was found on investigation, and the trouble was quickly remedied.

BEND DEBATERS TO UPHOLD NEGATIVE

(From Friday's Daily.)

Word was received last night by Principal Johnson of the Bend high school that the flip of a coin has given the Bend debaters the negative of the question, "Resolved, that the United States should advocate an international police for the league of nations." The debate, which is with Franklin high school of Portland, will be either on April 18 or 19, but it has not yet been decided whether the contest is to be staged in Portland or Bend.

The winners of the debate will meet the winners of the Southern Oregon series to decide the championship of the state.

PHEASANTS TO BE SENT HERE

TWELVE DOZEN BIRDS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED NEAR BEND, SAYS W. C. BIRDSALL—NEED OF CARE EMPHASIZED.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

That 12 dozen Chinese pheasants will be sent to Bend for distribution in the near future was the announcement made last night at the meeting of the rod and gun section of the Bend Amateur Athletic club by W. C. Birdsall. He emphasized the need of placing the birds on farms where they will be properly taken care of until the natural increase has stocked the country. Any ranchers who are ready to protect and care for the pheasants are asked to communicate with Mr. Birdsall.

The constitution committee's report was referred back for revision before being passed upon by the club. Present members of the organization are anxious that membership in the athletic club should not be made a requisite for membership in the Rod and Gun club, and this change in the constitution was recommended.

CLUB PLAY TO BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK

Cast of "What Happened to Jones" Ready to Give Excellent Production of Popular Farce.

(From Friday's Daily.)

The presentation of the farce-comedy, "What Happened to Jones," will take place next Friday evening at the B. A. A. C., instead of tonight, as some have expected.

The cast is well up in the bill and a smooth but snappy performance is anticipated. This comedy cannot fail to please, as it has had long runs in all of the leading cities of the United States.

An attractive feature of the play will be an entirely new set of scenery, which is being painted by Edgar Abbott, who has been connected with some of the leading scenic studios of the country. An elaborate setting is being arranged, which will add materially to the enjoyment of the bill.

Reserved seats may be secured at the athletic club during the rest of the week.

STANDARD SLEEPER TO BE PUT ON SOON

(From Friday's Daily.)

Monday Wednesday and Friday nights of each week, beginning Monday, March 31, standard sleepers will be in operation again from Bend to Portland in addition to the regular daily tourist.



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MORSON DITCH CONTRACT LET

FORDHAM & McLAUGHLIN GET BIG JOB—WEST UNIT TO COST \$25,000, WHILE EXPENSE OF EAST UNIT WILL BE \$250,000.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Announcement of the letting of the contract for the completion of the Morson irrigation project above La Pine, at an estimated cost of \$25,000 for the west unit of 25,000 acres and \$250,000 for the east unit of 17,500 acres, was made yesterday afternoon by W. G. Fordham, who, with George W. McLaughlin, has been awarded the contract.

Work on the smaller unit, Mr. Fordham stated, will be started within the next 10 days. The necessary money is already available for this, and bonds issued with the first unit as security will finance the second division of the project. The east unit will probably be started about the first of August.

Special machinery for the work has been ordered from the east, and should arrive here in the near future, Mr. Fordham states.

NITROGEN FORMING BACTERIA ORDERED

Ranchers Advised to Inoculate Soil at Same Time That Acreage Is Sown to Alfalfa.

(From Friday's Daily.)

The biggest order for cultures of nitrogen forming bacteria ever placed with the Oregon Agricultural college has just been sent in from Bend, R. A. Ward, of the First National bank, stated this morning. The order is based on the acreage provided for in the bank's recent order of 25,000 pounds of Grimm alfalfa seed for 203 Central Oregon farms.

Mr. Ward advises that ranchers sowing alfalfa inoculate the soil with bacteria at the same time, to insure good stands of the forage plant. The bacteria will be furnished at cost by the agricultural college, so that the expense of inoculation per acre will be about 4 cents.

There will probably be a sufficient supply to take care of the wants of other farmers than those who ordered seed, and all desiring bacteria are requested to communicate with Mr. Ward.

LARGE ACREAGE IN ALFALFA ASSURED

27,000 Pounds of Seed Ordered, Sufficient for 3250 Acres—Klamath Requests Are Turned Down.

(From Monday's Daily.)

A final footing up of the alfalfa seed order placed by the First National Bank of Bend for the farmers of Central Oregon, showed today a total of 27,000 pounds, 20,000 pounds of which is certified Grimm, the largest amount of Grimm seed, by the way, which has ever been brought into any county in the state, and will result in the sowing of 3,250 acres of new land to alfalfa, making Deschutes the leading alfalfa county of the state.

Requests for seed which came in from Klamath Falls had to be turned down, R. A. Ward, who is handling the order, stated this morning.

Put it in "THE BULLETIN."

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