

# The Coquille Valley Sentinel

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THE PAPER THAT'S LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME

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## THE EARTHQUAKE

### Almost Everybody Felt the Tremor Here Early Tuesday Morning

Most of the people of this city got an early morning call a little after five Tuesday morning when the earth began to move like a field of grass or grain ripe for the harvest. Very few were alarmed at this mild reminder of the instability of the earth beneath, and some of those who slept through it were peeved because they missed a novel sensation.

E. J. Page, who, with his wife, was up with a sick child when the earthquake came at 5:18, says the first shock lasted about ten seconds, and after an interval of another ten, a second followed nearly twice as long. The first movement appeared to be from north to south; in the second the sensation was as if one was being rocked by invisible and unfelt hands. Not only did doors and windows rattle, but dishes did the same. At the same time the frost was shaken from the trees in the yard. At the residence of their next door neighbor they started to run out of the house for fear it would fall on them. Mr. Page had experienced earthquakes before and was not worried by the slight tremor of the solid earth.

One man who wasn't earthquake broke told us that both he and his wife accused each other of shaking the bed at the time it began to rock under them.

As to the direction of the waves some agree with Mr. Page in saying it was north and south while others say the rocking was east and west.

Here is what the editor has to say: With three timepieces, neither of which were on the dot, the Sentinel man had to do a little correcting Tuesday morning to arrive at the exact minute of the earthquake. He had noticed the day before what was the difference between one of the clocks and the mill whistle. That morning he looked at another clock, which was running on a variation from that. The two corrections needed, however, made him conclude that 5:18 must be very near the time; and he was rather surprised to learn that he had not missed it a hair.

It was interesting to learn from the reports from different seismographic observers at just what rate Tuesday morning's tremor travelled across the continent. At Denver it was felt at 5:20; at Chicago at 7:23 and at Washington, D. C., at 8:25. This in every case was local time. In terms of Pacific time the vibration at Denver occurred at 5:20, at Chicago at 5:23 and at Washington at 5:25.

So it took seven minutes for the earth waves to progress from tide-water on the Pacific to tide-water on the Atlantic.

It is worthy to note, too, that the severest shock at Washington was not felt until 5:35 ten minutes later and then the machine was thrown out of gear, and that this was at a time when everything here was quiet. At 10 o'clock the Washington instruments were still registering, and that was an hour and a half after the first tremor.

At Denver the experts said the center of the disturbance was 1600 miles away and that it "was the most severe in 15 years"—which, of course, would be understood "since the San Francisco upheaval of 1916," and added that it was "greater than registered at the San Francisco earthquake." At Washington it was thought the center of the disturbance was 2500 miles away, and one official pronounced it "monstrous."

The weather bureau officials at the capital believed the center of the disturbance was in Southern Mexico. The geologists of New York figured differently and located it on the west coast of South America, between Panama and Ecuador. The earthquake sharks at the Cambridge, Mass., observatory had still another opinion about it and said it occurred "under the Pacific ocean, off the coast of Oregon or Washington."

If the Massachusetts savants are right we shall probably never know it; neither will we if it was on the west coast of the southern hemisphere. The ones who located it on land will probably be checked up in course of time.

If you believe in occult power, see the picture, "ONE WITCHING HOUR" at the Liberty next Tuesday and Wednesday.

## Ground Hog Sees Nothing

Although the sun shone—none too brightly—at intervals yesterday we are confident that we are correct in stating that the ground hog did not see his shadow in Coos county that day. In the first place because there was no ground hog here to make a shadow, and in the second, because there was no ground hog here to see a shadow. Then again the rule that there will still be six more weeks of winter if the sun shines on the second of February, doesn't apply to Coos county, for after ten years' residence in Oregon the writer has never seen six weeks of winter in any twelvemonth. Occasionally there is a little near winter weather as there has been in the past two months; but the season called winter here is such as might prevail late in the fall or early in the spring in less favored climes. Of course, the writer is not yet sufficiently acclimated to call every day there is a shower here between September 1st and the first of the following July a "winter day." We will admit, however, that the rainy season on this coast is occasionally an unduly prolonged one and the dry season sometimes a much abbreviated one. The former hasn't been the case in 1921-22.

## BIG CHANGE IN TRAIN TIME

One week from Sunday—on Feb. 12—a new time card will go into effect on the Southern Pacific, which will make considerable changes in the schedule. The morning mail train north will leave Powers at 8:05 and arrive at Coquille at 9:35 and at Marshfield at 10:35 a. m. This is over an hour later than at present; at the time of arrival at Portland will be only one hour later, the running time being shortened thirteen minutes, the train arriving there at 8:20 instead of 8:20. One naturally wonders when the Coos Bay Line, which was opened six years ago, will have been sufficiently "settled" to permit a greater reduction in running time—the two hours say, that would make the average time about 25 miles an hour.

Business men in Coquille will certainly appreciate the change in the time of the morning train to Portland, however; for it will enable them to answer their afternoon mail in the evening and post their letters in the morning without difficulty. Indeed, everybody will be glad of the opportunity to mail letters in the morning that were written the evening before, without making a special trip down town for the purpose.

There is an important change in the time of the tri-weekly night train, too. It will leave Marshfield at 8:20 in the evening instead of 8:00 as at present. Then it will arrive at Eugene at 12:01 a. m. and make close connections with the restored No. 13 on the main line, which will go south at 12:10. The time of arrival of the Marshfield train at Portland will not be changed.

## Anniversary of Big Storm

Hark Dunham says that on the first of February, 1891, there began a rain here on the lower Coquille that lasted three days, without cessation day or night. The river reached Front street at the Busy Corner and lacked only two feet of going over it where the Baxter Hotel now stands. The river was so high that it was impossible to tie a boat to a pile reaching 52 feet above the ordinary high water mark. It was the biggest flood ever seen here by white men and Hark says where it ran out in the narrow pass between the hills just below, Lampa it was just like water running out of a funnel. When he struck this wall of water coming down, with the boat he was running, the grade up the incline was so steep that it was for a time a question whether he could make it.

An old Indian living here then, however, said, "one time, more water" and indicated the hills at Arago as the only place that wasn't covered with water at that time.

When Graham was building the Coos Bay Roseburg & Eastern Railroad (the present S. P. line) through here, and old settlers told of this flood, he was entirely incredulous and told them they had been drinking too freely and must have been seeing double. The time came later when Graham's road was under water from here to Myrtle Point, and he recalled the story he had heard, exclaiming, "By heck, they must have opened another barrel."

## CHARLES BAXTER TOOMUCHPAROLE

### His Stroke Proved Fatal and He Passed Away at 10:30 Sunday Night

Charles E. Baxter, who suffered a stroke of apoplexy ten days previous, passed away last Sunday evening at 10:30, after lying unconscious much of the intervening time. His death had been daily expected for it was evident from the hour of the stroke that he could not recover.

The funeral was held at the Ellingsen Chapel Tuesday afternoon at 2:30, with the B. P. O. Elks, of which, he was a member, in charge. About fifty lodge members from the bay, besides friends and brothers from Myrtle Point, Powers, Bandon, and elsewhere were in attendance, and the funeral was one of the most largely attended that ever took place in this city.

The services were conducted by Peter Bue, exalted ruler of the Marshfield lodge. Music was furnished by a quartet consisting of Aaron Wilson, A. A. Selander, F. G. Leslie and E. D. Webb.

Masses of beautiful floral pieces and sprays filled the front of the chapel testifying to the affection in which the departed was held by his friends.

The pall bearers were Alf Johnson, E. J. Page, J. W. Miller, Alton Grimes, and James Caughell of this city, and Chas. Harlocker, of Myrtle Point. The interment was in the Masonic cemetery, accompanied by the impressive burial ceremony of the B. P. O. E.

Chas. E. Baxter was born in Santa Cruz, Calif., June 8, 1870, being 51 years, 7 months and 21 days of age at the date of his death. In 1879 he came to Coos county and has since made his home here and at Marshfield.

August 25, 1904, he was married to Miss Ethel Shoop at Marshfield.

Besides his wife, he leaves his aged mother, Mrs. Linda Baxter, a brother, Hal, and a sister, Mrs. J. W. Laird, to mourn his untimely passing. His father, F. M. Baxter, a brother, George, and a sister, Pearl, preceded him to the great beyond.

But the number of those who mourn the passing of Chas. Baxter is not confined to a few. He was universally liked and respected all over Coos county and a more open hearted, generous friend to those in need is seldom met. He will be greatly missed by all.

He was greatly interested in athletic sports of all kinds, and in his younger days was quite a base ball player.

Since his return from Marshfield to Coquille six years ago he has conducted the hotel here, which bears his name. He has been a supporter of all civic improvements, and has done his part in the building up of this community. He was a good business man, whose word was never questioned, it being as good as his bond.

Hundreds of workers in the logging camps of Coos county will feel his passing as a personal loss, for none of them ever called on Chas. Baxter when hungry and broke, without being fed.

Chas. Baxter was an ideal hotel man, popular, courteous, unflinching in hospitality, and ever willing to go the limit in extending accommodations. He hoped at one time a few years ago to see a modern fireproof hotel building erected on the site of the present hotel; but after his health began to fail a couple of years ago he was warned of high blood pressure, he practically gave up the idea, leaving it to some one else to fulfill his dream of a modern hostelry in Coquille.

Now that the Oregon Dairymen's Co-operative League has been dissolved, the dairymen of northern Curry are anxious to unite with those of the Coquille section in some kind of a selling organization. In a letter to us A. P. Sweet, of Langlois, says the dairymen of his vicinity will be glad to send a delegation up here, if our dairymen will get together to decide on a plan of action.

Two check artists were busy on the Bay Saturday night, cashing six checks totalling \$50, which were signed by Tom Luak and Ed H. Simmons. From the description given of the men it is hoped to pick up one of them in the county soon, but the other is thought to have left by Sunday morning train.

## H. M. Goodrich Receives Entirely Too Much Clemency—Going Back to Pen

H. M. Goodrich, who has been around Coquille much of the time for the past three or four weeks, was arrested over at Marshfield Tuesday night for breaking into the telephone office and frightening the operators. He broke two glass doors. Back of this arrest is the story of a man who had innumerable chances to make good, but did not have the stamina to let booze alone.

Some ten years ago Goodrich was sentenced to serve sixteen years in San Quentin penitentiary in California for forgery. In some way he secured the sympathy of Fred Bunch, of San Francisco, a cousin of Dr. F. G. Bunch, of this city, who secured his parole from San Quentin after serving eight years of his sentence. Goodrich was paroled in Fred Bunch's care, and had his parole revoked once when he got drunk in Oakland and slipped a worthless check over on the chief of police there. However, Bunch secured a second parole for him, and Goodrich was still out on this parole when Mr. Bunch died in San Francisco last year.

Dr. Bunch, of Coquille, was then induced to assume charge of the man, who is about 40 years of age, and he came up here last fall.

Recently Goodrich received \$1,000 from a woman in California, who was going to send him more after she had sold a theatre in San Francisco. With the thousand Goodrich went on an extended debauch and showed up here with less than \$200. Dr. Bunch threatened then to give him up to the prison officials but on Goodrich's plea that it was the last time, the doctor gave him one more chance, assuring him that it would be the last.

A short time ago Goodrich was cold-decked in a poker game with Greeks at Marshfield and trimmed out of \$600. The next day he went back and in a crap game cleaned up \$1600 or \$1700. This he invested in the College Inn at Marshfield, with a partner who put up \$300. But not being able to use his own name for business purposes, Goodrich made the purchase in the name of Dr. F. G. Bunch, which the latter says was entirely without his consent or knowledge.

Goodrich was still drinking pretty heavily, using receipts from the business for his spree and when the creditors began to close in, they strated after the doctor. The latter secured counsel and convinced them that he was not responsible in any way, but when Goodrich pulled off his latest stunt at the telephone office, Dr. Bunch wired the officials at San Quentin and they wired back to arrest Goodrich and hold him for them. Accordingly the doctor went over to Marshfield Wednesday and went to Goodrich's room at the bay, where he found him with a woman. He then brought him back to Coquille and lodged him in jail. Goodrich has been begging like a good fellow to be released so he could skip to Canada but the doctor is unwilling to take a chance on him.

In two more years, had he kept straight, he would have been entitled to a pardon, and now he must go back to serve eight more years in the pen.

## Times and Sentinel Named

One of the matters taken up by the county court Wednesday was the deferred award of the county printing. The Coos Bay Times and Coquille Valley Sentinel, which showed the largest number of legal subscribers—that is, subscribers, who were not more than one year in arrears—on the first of October, 1921, were designated as the official papers for the current year. The Southwestern Oregon Daily News did not submit a counter list of subscribers for the October first date, and, indeed, could not very well have done so at that time in a comatose condition as it was, and did not awake until about Nov. 1.

## Postponed One Week

A bare quorum being present for the annual meeting of the Commercial Club Wednesday evening, and some of those likely to be elected to office, not being present, it was decided to postpone the election for one week, or until Feb. 8th, at which time a larger attendance is hoped for. Several other meetings last Wednesday prevented a number of members from attending.

## Smith's Sale Saturday, 16th

Saturday, February 16, is the date set for the community public sale, which will be held at Rogers' barn in Coquille, is the information given the Sentinel this morning by J. L. Smith, the sale manager. He has a good list of stug already offered for the sale, which promises to be a big one, and any one having any stock or farm machinery, chickens, etc., which he desires to sell should list it at once with Mr. Smith. Next week the Sentinel will publish the full list. The following shows what kind of a sale it will be:

Ten good cows, some fresh and some to be fresh this month or next; a few heifers; one registered yearling Jersey bull; one registered Jersey bull calf; brood sow and litter of pigs; 7 shoats weighing 100 pounds each and 8 smaller pigs; farm team, harness and wagon; one heavy farm horse; one saddle horse and saddle; chickens and other articles.

Mr. Smith also expects to have special sales by Coquille merchants arranged for in time to announce next week.

## DANCE IS RUN WILD

Carl C. Wilson, of Coaledo, pleaded guilty before Justice Stanley here yesterday to operating a dance hall without a license, and was fined \$20 and costs, which he paid. Sheriff Ellingsen says that a couple of weeks ago he and Deputy Sheriff Malehorn were coming through Coaledo about midnight and there was so much whooping and yelling and evidence of intoxication that they stopped and went in. Everything was quiet while they were there, but when Wilson kept the dance going until three o'clock in the morning Traffic Officer Williams ordered him to close down and charges were preferred for running without a license. In his court yesterday, Justice Stanley read Wilson a lecture in which he told of the drunken prostitutes and bootleggers who frequented the dance there and advised him to keep his dances a little cleaner.

Mr. Wilson's petition to the county court for a license to conduct a dance hall was not acted upon, as he asked permission to withdraw it after the court had signified its intention of refusing to grant one.

## Professional Gloom Killer

At the Liberty Theatre Saturday night, Feb. 11th.

The Coquille Kid Minstrels, an aggregation of local talent will present a program of song and dance lasting 30 minutes that will make you laugh until your sides ache.

The management believes that Coquille has talent worthy of exploitation, and will be glad to try out any and all in any act that any individual or individuals would like to present as it may be the beginning of a career. Let us hear from those who can sing, dance, play any instrument or do any turn that they may have.

Don't forget the date that the KID MINSTRELS will appear, Saturday night, Feb. 11, as they are brave boys and deserve the attention of the community. A "full house" is easier to play to and will encourage them to come again and possibly start them on the road to Broadway. You know Broadway is the goal of every beginner.

The admission will remain the same as if only the pictures were shown and it is hoped that everybody will be on hand to see the fun and incidentally lend a hand where it is deserving.

## Goes to Sacramento for Forger

Sheriff Ed. P. Ellingsen left this morning for Sacramento, where Lorenzo Bartlett is being held for him by the police of that place. Last December Bartlett wrote a number of checks over at the Bay to some of which he signed his own name and forged others, the largest being for \$45. He then skipped out. The sheriff located him recently in Sacramento and the police there picked him up. Mr. Ellingsen is going down armed with extradition papers so that there may be no delay. He expects to return in about a week, after visiting sisters in Oakland for a couple of days.

The new grand jury will convene Monday, Feb. 20, and Judge Coke will also hear the applicants for naturalization on that day. The regular February term of the circuit court will convene one week after on Feb. 27.

## AWFUL DISASTER

### Hundreds Crushed—Roof of Theatre Falls Beneath Weight of Snow

The story of last Saturday's awful tragedy at the Knickerbocker theatre in Washington, where a hundred people were killed and almost twice as many injured, will take a prominent place in history.

We quote as follows from the graphic account by John Gleasoner of the United Press, who calls it "a monument to the worst disaster Washington has experienced in 25 years":

After ceaseless labor, workers among the ruins of the motion picture palace, pride of the capital's movie fans, had recovered over 100 bodies late Sunday night. Others were fatally injured. Others were reported as missing and confusion in hospital reports rendered absolutely accurate listing of names impossible.

Shortly before midnight when the rescue snuff at the theatre was ended, all visible bodies in the ruins had been removed and all in the Christian Science church morgue had been claimed. Only great piles of clothing from the dead remained as mute evidence of the morgue's grim inhabitants for the preceding 24 hours. A new shift of a hundred marines, aided by firemen, continued the work of clearing away the wreckage.

Countless thousands trod in awe-struck testimonial of the freak storm through the traffic-blocked streets and along the snow-swept sidewalks from surrounding suburbs, to witness the tragic scenes of them—hundreds of abandoned autos and thousands of men plying with shovels and snowplows at the great drifts which smothered the city, still testified Sunday to the greatness of the storm.

But the heap of wreckage, which was once the beautiful theatre, more graphically portrayed what the storm had wrought.

Because of the storm and resultant confusion growing out of a complete tie-up in traffic, utter collapse of newspaper carrier service outside the heart of the city and the fact that dead and injured were distributed through many hospitals, thousands up till noon Sunday had heard nothing except rumors of the disaster which had come to friends or relatives.

As the death toll of the tragedy grew Sunday, and it was revealed that whole families had been wiped out, or that babes had been left without parents, and parents without children, the city itself first realized the full horror that had struck it.

As nightfall again dropped over the city Sunday, there were still a few bodies visible in the ruins. More were thought to be imbedded and the work of rescue went on unceasingly. None of those still buried, it was believed, could be alive.

Scores were injured, many of them frightfully. All hospitals in the city were crowded. Doctors, nurses, Red Cross workers and volunteers toiled without rest, caring for the injured, and extending help to the stricken families of the dead.

The full extent of the disaster did not become apparent until Sunday, after a night of confusion and terror. The death list increased hourly as mangled forms were carried out. Some of them could be identified only by the papers they carried.

Around the corner from the theatre the Christian Science church was an improvised morgue, where bodies were carried in and placed in rows in the concrete basement. All Saturday night and Sunday long files of men and women, anxious and tearful, came to seek for relatives and friends. Blankets covered the bodies. There were not enough stretchers nor coffins, and automobiles and ambulances made continuous trips to undertaking establishments. Streets leading to the theatre have been jammed with automobiles and pedestrians, visiting the scene.

Police roped off the square around the theatre, and soldiers, sailors and marines stood guard. Spectators were banded scores-deep behind the ropes. Every little while a stiff, blanket-covered form would be carried to the church by soldiers.

Within the walls, soldiers, volunteers and government workers labored without rest to move the piles of debris. Acetylene torches were used to cut the beams beneath which bodies were hidden. Ropes would be tied

(Continued on sixth page.)