

Happy New Year to the Happiest You have ever known

RING out, Bells! Ring out our New Year's greetings to the finest folks on earth, our patrons.

Wm. A. ZOSEL
MEN'S WEAR
Just as well have the best.

BLACKSMITH SHOP ADDED

A blacksmith shop has been added to the Coquille Machine Shop equipment and those needing that kind of work will find Fred Schaefer in charge of the department.

Let us figure with you on your requirements.

COQUILLE MACHINE SHOP
PHONE 46-J COQUILLE

WHITTLE FOR A PRIZE

\$1000.00 in cash prizes and one thousand other prizes are offered for examples of skill with a jackknife. Entries may be any kind of model, figure or special carving, requiring skill and ingenuity, made entirely of wood, and with no other tools than a jackknife.

Final Prize.....\$250
Second Prize.....\$100
Third Prize.....\$75
Fourth Prize.....\$50
Fifth Prize.....\$25

POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
200 East Chicago Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Wobbly Pitcher Saved
by Astute Band Leader

A band once won a world series baseball game, according to James J. Coughlin, of Boston, and Mr. Coughlin should know, for he was the band leader.

It was in the world series of 1915, between the Boston Red Sox and the Phillies. The home team took the first game in Philadelphia and the Boston band became worried because if the series ended in four games, the musicians would get no return trip to the Quaker city.

Foster of the Sox and Mayer of the Phillies had been pitching air-tight ball, with the score 2 to 1 in the sixth inning of the second contest. Mayer was working smoothly, but Foster was tired. He started to wobble and Philadelphia got two men on bases with none out. The pitcher needed a rest and he needed it badly.

He was taking his time and was just about to put the ball over when the umpire called time. The gates in the first-base bleachers opened and President Wilson and his party made a dramatic entrance. Coughlin signaled for "The Star-Spangled Banner." But what a rendition he directed.

The band took nine minutes to go through music that should not take more than two. It was a funeral dirge. When the piece had been played once the band started it a second time. Every one was at attention except Foster. He had his hat off but he was insouciantly relaxing. When the performance was over he went in and struck out two batters and made the other a pop fly. The funeral dirge was a life-saver for him.—Detroit News.

Safety First! Use Cow Bell Dairy's Pasteurized Milk and protect your health.

Now Using Rogue Bridge

High water on the Rogue put the ferry at Gold Beach out of commission last Thursday but the highway department had anticipated it and put gravel on the approaches to the bridge so that automobiles began using the new I. L. Patterson bridge on Christmas eve.

With ice and snow on the Pacific coast in northern California, the Coast road is much the safer route of travel now, and efforts to keep travelers off the winter road up the coast through Curry and Coos counties should stop. The following item from Jack Juzas's Del Norte Triplicate, at Crescent City, would have its readers believe that the bridge across the Rogue would not be open to travel for a month yet:

The form work has been removed from the new concrete bridge across the Rogue river between Wedderburn and Gold Beach and trucks are passing over the structure. Dirt which is being removed from the cuts at the north end of the bridge is being used to fill the southern approach preparatory to surfacing the road.

The bridge is to be formally opened to traffic May 16, 1932. Gold Beach is planning a celebration to commemorate the event, which means the opening of another link of the all-coast route through Oregon.

Recent rains have held up the construction of the bridge lately. It was expected that the bridge would be opened in January, but it is now unlikely traffic will pass over the span before February 1.

Tax Delinquencies in State

Tax delinquencies ranging from a minimum of 19 percent in Baker county to a maximum of 55.66 percent in Crook county are shown in reports filed by Sheriffs of every county in the state, with the exception of Union, with State Treasurer Rufus Holman. Except for Lake county the delinquencies this year show a material increase over those for 1930. Lake county's delinquency shows an improvement of 4.87 percent over those of 1930.

Coos county with a tax roll of \$1,735,958.72 had collected \$992,119.38 of this amount at the time the report was made, leaving a delinquency of 42.85 percent, representing an increase of 20.73 percent over the 1930 delinquency.

Sheriffs who commented on the condition were prone to blame the act of 1931 reducing interest on tax delinquencies from 12 to 8 percent a year and eliminating the penalty entirely, for most of the increase in delinquencies, although adverse business conditions admittedly had something to do with the failure of many to pay their taxes. Wheat and timber producing counties are shown to have been the hardest hit by tax delinquencies with Willamette Valley counties making the best showing except for Baker county in eastern Oregon.

Insure your car with Ned C. Kelley.

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF
By Lane Lenoire

I have interviewed several old-timers the past week and asked that they relate their most unusual experience in the hunting or fishing game. Most of them scratched their heads and remarked that they must have a little time to think the matter up. And right there is a mighty good sign that we are going to get some good yarns from them. Most of them have had so many different experiences during years and years of fishing and hunting that it is really a hard proposition for them to state which one was really the most interesting. But you may rest assured that we are going to have some mighty fine stories from them in the near future. Tonight M. J. Hartson has joined us. "Well, what have you to offer, Harts'?"

"Just a little fish story is all. When I was a boy I lived on the Fox river in Wisconsin. The river was full of muskies. Perhaps you know these fish bite most any sort of bait. They are also noted for attacking one of their kind, when the latter is caught on a fisherman's hook. They always strike for the stomach of the helpless fish, that being his most enter spot. One of our favorite methods of taking these fish in the Fox river was to stretch a cable across the river, having baited hooks attached to it several feet apart. It would not be long until a musky would strike. He would swallow the hook and bait. Another fish would spot him helpless upon the hook and would bite him in the stomach and immediately be caught upon the hook the first fish had swallowed. It did not take long to fill the entire cable with these big fish which were landed by the aid of a steam engine."

Now there's a foxy yarn from Fox river, related by a foxy fisherman. Thanks, Harts'. Once upon a time I received a membership diploma in "The All-Star American Fishing Club" for telling a whopper of a fish story. Got a notion to pass it along to you.

The Chinese pheasant question is forever bobbing up. Almost every week I hear of several suggestions how these birds could be propagated. One solution to the question, I believe, is to liberate these birds only on land where the owners refuse to have them hunted and will give them protection. If the sportsmen themselves would lay off shooting the birds for a year or so they would surely increase. But, of course, they refuse to do this. There is a continual cry for more birds to be shipped in from the game farm and they are usually shipped in a few days before open season and the majority of them placed on grounds where they may be hunted and fall an easy prey to the hunters the very first day of the season. To raise a "chink" to maturity costs in the neighborhood of \$4.00. Did you ever stop to consider the fact that if you bagged the limit of four birds in one day that you had \$16.00 worth of birds in the old huntin' coat? According to the actual cost of production, that is what you have.

But just as long as sportsmen hunt them down and bag practically every one each season and they are liberated where there is no protection, there will be a scarcity of these great game birds.

Lots of people get mighty careless in the handling of a 22 rifle. Many look upon it as a pop-gun. Few realize the fact that the long rifle cartridge in this little gun has an extreme range of 1400 yards and the bullet striking at that distance is capable of entering the human skull. There have been many a bear, deer and cougar slain with these little guns. I know of an instance down in Curry county where an old Shepherd dog treed a nine-foot cougar. There were three small lads along with the dog, one of them being armed with a small 22 rifle, shooting shorts only. As they reached the tree the cougar jumped out and fled, but the dog again put him up. By this time the father of two of the youngsters reached them. When told that the dog had a big cougar up a tree the man immediately forbade his two boys to go after it and sought to persuade the other little fellow, who was carrying the 22, to go home. But the boy refused and set out for the spot where the dog had treed the big cat the second time. He came out upon a bank almost level with the cougar and only about 30 feet from it. Drawing a bead on the cougar's ear, he pressed the trigger. The animal rolled out stone dead.

The 22 long rifle cartridge is claimed to be the most accurate cartridge in the world. The 38 Special is claimed to be the most accurate pistol cartridge manufactured. Good pistol shots are few and far between. Take the average man with the average revolver and a five gallon can is perfectly safe at 20 yards. It is very seldom that the combination of a good rifle and a good wing shot is found. Usually a good wing shot is a poor rifle shot, while on the other hand the man that can get a deer "on high" pretty regular, is usually a pretty bum shot with a scatter gun. And then again, take the game shot and

the target shot. The fellow who can register a bull's eye nine times out of ten at 60 yards, on a target range, can't hit a whole flock of deer out in the woods at the same distance, while on the other hand the man that can be depended upon to knock his buck over regularly, can't hit a flock of targets on the range.

Pusey willows in full bloom on Christmas day is rather unusual for this part of the country but they were bloomed out and plenty of them. A rare sight occurred last Thursday when two beautiful rainbows appeared at the same time in the northeast sky, one being immediately above the other. Speaking of seeing two of everything: a tourist after going through Yellowstone Park said that it was one trip that he got his money's worth out of. He drank a quart of liquor and saw everything twice.

It is claimed that the saliva from a human's mouth is deadly poison to a snake, be it rattler or garter. I have Bill Ferbrache's and "Butch" Elmer Briner's word for it that Butch spit in a garter snake's mouth, and that the snake was dead within a few seconds. I claim that "Butch" guy is just plum poison.

Grey foxes are said to be harmless when caught in a steel trap. One trapper in Utah states that he approaches the fox in his trap, picks it up by the back of the neck, releases it from the trap and then laying it upon the ground presses his foot hard down behind its shoulder and it passes on immediately. He claims that they shut their eyes as soon as you put your hand upon them and do not think of biting you. Somehow I couldn't get much of a kick out of trapping animals of that sort.

Sunday, Mrs. Annie Robinson, my lad, my wife and I drove down to Bandon to take a look at the ocean luring the storm. A wonderful sight greeted our eyes. The waves were breaking high. Like great, green, white-capped monsters they roared and dashed themselves upon the rocks where they were splintered into millions of particles of foam-flecked spray; but always another one to take the place of the vanquished one. Roaring its challenge, it would meet the same fate in another great spume of now-white spray. The rocks of ordinary height were completely submerged by the waves, while the largest rock in sight, north of the lookout station, presented an awe-inspiring picture with the giant waves crashing against it. One huge wave went completely over it at one point.

Watching the raging sea on such a day, it is hard to imagine it the same ocean that you so dreamily gazed upon a few weeks back, with just a slight swell upon its mighty bosom that sent tiny foam-flecked waves curling lazily upon the sand. But the sight of that green, white-capped monster, majestic in its roaring, dashing fury, last Sunday, was a sight to quicken the pulse beats of any person.

Tusko, Portland's big pet elephant went on a rampage Christmas day and almost paid with his life as a result. Picked men from the Portland police department were dispatched to the scene with high power rifles with orders to shoot if the big fellow broke entirely free of his shackles. However he was trapped without being killed. The chances are that every man, had he had to shoot Tusko, would have sought to pick a vital spot when he fired. A maddened elephant is mighty hard to stop with anything short of a cannon. It took volley after volley to kill poor old Black Diamond, one of the largest elephants in captivity and this beast was not maddened when shot. He paid with his life for taking the life of a human being. I doubt if any of the police force who were going to shoot Tusko, if he broke entirely free, would have known the most effective spot which to place a bullet in order to down the big beast with one direct hit.

So just in case any of you ever run up against a maddened elephant and are forced to shoot him, I am going to tell you the exact spot to pick to place your bullet. One well directed spot at the elephant's knee will do the business. Breaking the knee joint will let the big brute down like several tons of brick, and what's more he will stay down, for an elephant is one animal that cannot travel upon three legs on account of his tremendous weight. I assure you that I never gained this knowledge while in pursuit of tuskers but the information was given me by a hunter of African big game.

Port Orford Defeated at Home

Again the Coquille jinx struck Port Orford; this time on their home floor as the Pirates of Battle Rock tumbled from their lofty altitude, 28 to 17, last Tuesday night.

Coquille didn't perform as she did in downing the Pirates the first time this year, losing some of their smooth teamwork, thus having a harder time to win. The Alumni team, or Fortier's White Angels, lost 25 to 22, to the Port Orford All-Stars in a preliminary game. Only five players—Denton Ellingson, Eddie Lorenz, Ray Woodyard, Harold Stevens, and Everett Seeley—played for the alumni.



Well, at least Santa Claus is just around the corner. From now until Christmas those who can afford it will forget the past and think of nothing but the present.

A Happy New Year
is our wish for all of you.

We have just received a shipment of new currency for the holidays, and we always have gold coins for those who want them.

Farmers & Merchants Bank
Coquille, Oregon

Transfer and Delivery
Local and Long Distance Hauling

Agents for McLain Coal
Mill Wood
Two Phones—101-J and 224-L

Mansell Drayage & Delivery Co.

Cure Was Drastic, but Effective
By CHARLES SLOAN REID
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service.)

SEVEN men, with mattocks and shovels, stood waiting for an eighth man at the cross-roads on the south side of Little Hogback mountain. The morning sun was just peeping through the tree tops. Abe Lunsford strode into view from a trail that came in from the Toxiway side.

"Say, fellers," greeted Lunsford, "I think we got another job afore we start to ditchin' down the valley this mornin'."

"What's that?" inquired Bob Mauney, a big fellow from back on Fish-back ridge.

"I jes' learned whar 'Bull' Goggins is hidin' out," declared Abe; "an' I've figured out a scheme as I opine'll improve his ways. He lit out arter beatin' up the ol' man t'other night; an' thar ain't nobody as has hieard anything from him till last night. He mauled the ol' man somethin' turrible this time. A chap as will beat up his sick daddy is a scamp as ought to have attention, says I."

"Yuh're dead right, Abe!" agreed Mauney.

"Bull got skeered thet ol' Ben was goin' to take the law o' him this time; an' he's hid out. The low-down cuss ain't hit a lick o' work in more'n a year; an' the ol' man can't more'n make tongue an' buckle meet, a diggin' yards; 'ain't nothin' but right thet somethin' sh'd be done to Bull."

"Whar is he?" one of the men wanted to know.

"Dad hieard it from Crazy Mosey thet Bull's a hidin' in the ol' shaft thet Goddy sunk down the ridge thar above the Milk-Sick cove, four years ago, a lookin' for gold as warn't thar."

"What's yuhr idee, Abe?" asked Bob.

"Why, we'll stop on the way down the ridge, and fill up thet dinged o' shaft."

"Lord, yuh don't mean to bury the cuss alive, do yuh?"

"Hit ain't likely he'll git buried much deep; but I opine hit'll set him to thinkin'."

"I reckon."

"Let's go!"

The shaft in which Bull Goggins was presumed to have taken shelter was about twenty feet deep.

The men gathered about the top of the shaft. Some of them began to loosen the earth in a nearby area, while others prepared to shovel it in upon the man below. Abe Lunsford began to talk in a loud tone.

"Well, fellers," he declared; "yuh know, we ain't got but two hours to fill up this dinged hole; so I reckon we better git busy. Lead off, Bob, an' we'll sing 'The Rovin' Gambler.' Seems I allers could work faster to that tune."

Following this speech three or four shovelfuls of earth, not unmix'd with small stones, went crashing into the shaft. At the same time the voices of the men swung into the rousing song. At the bottom of the hole stood a man in sudden terror, partially sheltered by a jutting rock. He opened his mouth to scream, but refrained, at the same time flattening himself more closely against the wall.

Presently his head was pressed against the rock above. Another foot of earth beneath his feet, and he no longer might enjoy the protection of the crag.

Then in the stentorian tones of Abe Lunsford came the words:

"Say, fellers; as soon as we've shoveled in another yard or two, we'll git together an' roll in thet big rock up thar. Hit'll fill in about three feet, I opine."

A terrified cry now went up from the bottom of the shaft. Lunsford, after a smile toward some of his fellows, looked in over the edge. "Who's that?" he asked.

"Hit's Bull Goggins. What yuh tryin' to do—bury me alive?"

Abe turned about. "Fellers," he said, "Bull Goggins is down thar—le's hurry an' fill up the hole. Hit'll be a good riddance. He won't work a lick, an' he's allers a beatin' up the ol' man."

Upon this command there arose from the depths of the shaft such a series of pleadings as might have melted the heart of a gargoyle. Abe ordered the singing and the shoveling resumed. An avalanche of soil poured in upon Bull Goggins for the next ten minutes, without a moment's abatement. Meanwhile Bull was bellowing and begging with all of his lung power.

"Bout time to roll in the rock, fellers!" Lunsford shouted.

The earth shower ceased. Bull Goggins was now screaming for mercy. Presently Abe leaned over the shaft. "Ef we let yuh out," he asked; "would yuh take a turn for the better?"

"Lord, I'll do anything. I swear I'll go to work, an' I'll never do the ol' man another lick o' harm as long as I live!"

Abe turned about chuckling. "He's got his lesson, I reckon, fellers," he said.

The following morning, Bull Goggins was swinging a heavy mattock in the murkiest part of the big valley ditch. Abe Lunsford gave his fellows an occasional sly wink.

Oldest Greek Date

The oldest documentary evidence in Greek goes back to farther than the Eighth century B. C. The earliest historical date is that of the Olympian games, 776 B. C.

Original "Patent Law"

In very early times in England the reigning prince considered himself entitled to grant privileges of the nature of monopolies to anyone who had gained his favor. These grants became so numerous, oppressive and unjust that during the reign of James I (1605-1625) a statute was wrung from the king declaring all grievous and inconvenient monopolies to be void. There was a special exception from that enactment of all letters, patents, grants and privileges of the "sole working or making of any manner of new manufactures within the realm to the true and first inventor." Upon these words hangs the whole law of letters and patents for inventions.

Eastern Trumpets

Tibetan trumpets, made of conch shells, mounted in embossed brass and copper, or gilt bronze inlaid with stones, are on exhibition among the oriental collection at Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

In Tibet the conch shells in which the spirals wind from left to right, instead of the usual form from right to left, are very high priced. The trumpets made from them are used to summon the lamas to their daily prayer meetings.

Similar trumpets are used by boatmen in middle China and in India, where they are said to have been invented. They are employed to imitate the roar of celestial elephants.

Insure your car with Ned C. Kelley.