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OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leneve

It's usually the big one that gets away. Nine times out of ten the big trout or prize fish of the day that is hooked, escapes. "Why does the big one always get away?" This question is asked time and time again. Usually when an angler returns from a fishing trip and displays his catch and then launches into a dramatic recital of how one escaped that was twice as large as any he brought home with him, there are sly winks exchanged among his listeners. It is just another fishin' story. That's what they think. And the old question pops up again—why does the big one always get away. It does not. Every now and then the big one is netted and displayed to admiring nimrods. Perhaps I should say envious ones. It really is not hard to dope out the reason that the big one gets away. For

one thing, he is larger, stronger and a heavier fighter than his smaller brothers, which nestle in your creel. He puts up a much harder battle. He tests not only your tackle to the breaking point, but your skill as well. One look at a fighting warrior, attached to your hook, leaping high from the water and savagely shaking his head to dislodge the hook, sends many an angler into a state of actual fear, fear that the fish will escape. Some will reel in frantically, seeking to land the fish as soon as possible, with the result that some of their tackle gives beneath the strain and the fish is gone. Others will allow their lines to slacken in the struggle and again he is gone. Few anglers stand calmly in their tracks and battle a giant trout or fighting salmon to submission and drag it from the water in a nonchalant manner, just as though such an artful landing was an every day occurrence. Not much they

don't. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are fairly shaking from excitement and beads of perspiration stand upon their brow. Why, if a man didn't get a kick out of landing a fighting fish, he wouldn't be fishing. Very few persons catch the fish for the food value alone. It's for the thrill they derive from sinking a hook into the tough old jaw of a fighter of the river, lake or sea.

It's strange how people in general look upon fishermen as actual born liars. But believe it or not, there are many truthful fishermen, though I don't know where you'd find 'em. I heard of one fisherman who was somewhat religious and upon starting upon a fishing trip, dropped to his knees and prayed that the Lord would send him a fish upon this special trip, that he, the angler, would not have to lie about its size upon his return home.

Following is "The One that Gets Away." It's a little episode that happened to me and it's happened to a lot of other fellows, too—a common occurrence in the life of an angler:

Carefully the man approaches the big pool of the trout stream. He edges his way along the steep bank, careful lest his shadow falls upon the water. Like a savage stalking his foe, he sneaks upon the big rock, keeping it between himself and the pool. He reaches the rock, draws back his arm—his rod snaps forward and his line shoots forth in a long, graceful curve, hovers the fraction of a second in mid-air and—spat! The gaudy winged fly drops lightly upon the water. There is a mighty splash, the water swirls, the fly disappears beneath the surface. The line grows taut and begins a rapid journey across the pool. Yard after yard of line goes singing out into that dark pool. Now the fish starts back. Quickly the slack is taken in. Then follows another mad dash across the pool. Every muscle tense, eyes glued in the fighting fish, the man waits for its next trick. He has not long to wait. It clears the water and shakes its head, seeking in vain to loose the barb from its tough old jaw. The man's breath catches in his throat as he glimpses that fighting monster of the pool, as it comes to full view in its mad leap for freedom. The fish hits the water again with a crash, sending millions of drops of water high into the air, where, caught by the rays of the descending sun they resemble a shower of sparkling jewels. But the man has no time to ponder on the beauty of the scene, though it is graven on his mind, without his immediate knowledge of the fact, to be recalled many times in the years to come—a

true jewel of memory. He is fighting the fish to a standstill. The big fellow is growing weaker and weaker. The man's arms are fairly aching from the strain. Closer and closer he reels him in. Already he pictures himself displaying the beauty to his friends. Yes, this prize was a suitable entrant for the nation-wide, light tackle, fishing contest. He thinks of the sensation he will create when he comes into town with that fighting monarch of the stream in his possession. He un-hooks the landing net he carries at his belt and keeping a taut line on the fish, he draws it closer and closer to shore. It is now swimming very close to the surface, moving sluggishly, every now and then turning partly over on its side—a sure sign of surrender. A feeling akin to pity rises in the heart of the man as he slides his landing net toward the game old battler, a feeling born of respect for a worthy opponent. And now with skillful maneuvering, that shows long years of experience in the angling game, he draws it close enough for the net. His heart is thumping in his throat and great beads of perspiration are on his brow as slowly the net moves forward and then darts down upon the prize. It slips over the fish's tail and as it does so, a sigh of relief escapes the angler. And then—up into his very face leaps that fighting old demon! The rod slips from the man's fingers and he paws vainly with the net in an effort to not the escaping one, as with a savage shake of its head it dislodges the fly and darts away to the deep waters of the pool. The man stands staring for several moments at the spot where the fish disappeared, wipes the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand, says a few words that are known only to the fishing fraternity in general and then glares balefully at the riffles that are running over the smooth rocks just below and which now somehow seem to be laughing at him. Slowly he picks up his rod and wends his way homeward. Though a good mess of speckled beauties nestle in his creel, he is far from satisfied, for—it was the big one that got away.

"How's luck?" That old familiar greeting, exchanged by anglers, upon the banks of trout streams in every state of the union. What good fellowship is expressed in those simple words! Rich or poor alike; barefoot boy with bent pin hook, wealthy sportsman with a hundred dollar rod, the novice, the old-timer, they are all alike—"how's luck?" They all meet out there along the trout streams on an equal footing. Out there a man is not "classed." It is a love in common for the things out there that draws rich and poor alike. The music of the waterfall thrills a Nature lover far more than the strains of any music of civilization. It is memory pictures of laughing trout streams, tall old trees and winding paths through the big clean woods that lure us out there each year. Out there a sort of mutual understanding seems to exist between all followers of the streams. And when you happen upon a brother angler whipping the waters of a trout stream and are greeted with a cheery "how's luck?" and you stop and admire his catch and he yours or talk about and wonder why the fish aren't biting, or perhaps you bum a match or a smoke, yours being wet from an unexpected plunge; why, there's a feeling existing between the two of you, within a few short minutes, that couldn't be duplicated in any other walk of life any place on earth. It's a pity, indeed, that the feeling that exists among men of the woods and the streams cannot be transplanted into social life. If it only could, this old world would certainly be a much better place in which to live.

Ralph Taylor dragged home another big chinook Sunday. He and a party caught four on the Umpqua. Hundreds of fishermen were out last Sunday and along certain streams it was difficult to find a place to park a car. My dad and I dropped down on the North Fork that day and made a surprise catch of 18 beauties ten of them being up to and over a foot in length. As we went up the road this side of Lee a big silvery gray squirrel ran out in the road ahead of us and then turned back. I had to slow up to keep from hitting him. We discussed the fact that there used to be thousands of these beautiful squirrels in this country but that one seldom saw one any more. In about an hour we returned on the same road and there lay the squirrel, his life crushed out by some driver who evidently was in too big a hurry to slow down for him or else ran him down just for meanness. It's strange what small value some persons place on the life of our wild creatures. From present indications it appears that gray squirrels are about to go the way of our elk and beaver.

The fishing in the main river has not been so good the past week. The trout have not been biting to speak of, though a few catches have been reported. The catfish are a couple of months behind on their biting this season. They are very slow in getting started.

Wild pigeons are beginning to put in an appearance. This means that the farmers' crops of grain will suf-

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fer as well as young orchards. These birds do a great amount of damage each season. It is almost impossible to harvest cherry crops in certain sections owing to these birds taking the cherries before they have ripened. And still there is a federal law against shooting the pests.

Bridge Happenings

Miss Alice McLain, of Marshfield, who is enjoying a vacation from her duties at the postoffice there, is spending this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evernden.

The Parent-Teacher Association meeting Tuesday evening was well attended. After the business meeting, the new officers were installed: president, Mrs. Chas. Johnson; vice president, Mrs. Ray Beckett; secretary, Mrs. Elsie Lamp; treasurer, Harold J. Laswell. The following program was then given: vocal solo, by Marvel Brodie; piano solo by Marjorie Van Alstein; presentation of Washington's picture, to the 5th and 6th grade room; talk by W. A. Lett. The new president appointed the following committees: program, Alma Larkins, Mrs. Frank Culver, Mrs. Clarence Billings; refreshment and social, Mrs. Harold James, Mrs. Harold Laswell, Mrs. H. A. Hatfield; finance, Mrs. Albert Pancoast. A basket social, for the benefit of the high school, was held after the P. T. A. meeting.

Miss Margaret Luttrell spent the past week end with her home folks here. Miss Luttrell is a nurse at Wesley hospital in Marshfield.

The attendance at the Grange meeting Friday evening was rather small but nearly all of the officers were present. Several matters were disposed of during the business session. Drill work was practiced during part of the evening and refreshments were served. Mrs. Harold James, Mrs. J. T. Evernden and Mrs. Frank Culver will serve at the next meeting and Mrs. H. A. Hatfield was appointed to separate the hall.

Miss Myrtle Larkins is spending this week here with her sister, Alma, and they will return together to their home at Mulino the first of next week. Commencement exercises were held Thursday evening, May 12, in the high school auditorium. Those who received diplomas were Alma Sutherland, Esther Jennings, Vera Mae England, Charlotte Cribbins, Allene Kirkendall and Delos Appleton. The address was given by J. W. Barnett, of Arago.

The Octave club presented a very enjoyable program Thursday evening in observance of national music week. Mother's Day was observed at the Bridge community church with an appropriate program Sunday morning, which had been arranged by the Christian Endeavorers. There were about 150 present. There was a little exercise, "Our Mother," by a

group of boys and girls, a recitation by Billy Corpe, and the scripture lesson was quoted by Bonnie Jean Billings. The program of songs was followed by a sermon by Jesse Barnett. An offering was taken for the Children's Farm Home at Corvallis.

Mrs. Carrie Benham returned Saturday from New Pine creek where she had spent about ten days with her sister, Mrs. Stephen Benham.

The Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening was led by Alma Larkins. The subject was "Appreciating Our Parents." A solo, "Mother Machree," by Clarence Clayton, was much enjoyed. Mrs. Elsie Lamp will have charge of the meeting next Sunday evening.

Miss Maude Hooton visited Wednesday with her sister, Dorothy, who is in the Mast hospital at Myrtle Point, as the result of injuries received last week in an automobile accident. Dorothy is getting along nicely but will likely have to remain in the hospital for a month yet.

New Cases in Circuit Court

- April 29—Juel L. Hill vs. J. Roy Hill. Suit for divorce.
- April 29—C. W. and Altie Gardner vs. Dennis and Richard N. McCarthy, and M. O. Hawkins as receiver of Coquille Lumber Co.
- April 30—R. A. and I. M. Corthell vs. Minnie E. Wales et al.
- April 30—B. E. Andrews vs. Wm. and Nellie A. Dollar.
- May 4—Coos Bay Lumber Co. vs. Coos County.
- May 4—State of Oregon vs. W. E. Best.
- May 5—State Industrial Accident Commission vs. Thos. Flanagan.
- May 5—State Industrial Accident Commission vs. Wm. E. Best.
- May 5—Eva L. Meaker vs. Virgil Meaker. Suit for divorce.
- May 7—Portland Mortgage Co. vs. Wm. F. Dunbrack et al.
- May 9—Glynn M. Peery vs. Howard M. Peery. Suit for divorce.
- May 10—Ed Helms vs. Anna Helms. Suit for divorce.
- May 12—Hugh Barclay vs. Geo. W. Ferry, et al.
- May 12—Commercial Securities Inc. vs. Alva E. Harry.
- May 12—Helen Rose vs. Albert Guy Ross. Suit for divorce.

Marriage Licenses

- May 7—Norman Brashear, of Rogue River, and Ione Mills, of Grants Pass.
- May 7—Clyde M. Roberts and Viona M. Pyritz, both of Reedsport.
- May 9—Henry J. Thomas, of Marshfield, and Irene A. White, of Portland. They were married at the Foursquare parsonage, Monday, by Rev. T. R. Jackman.
- May 11—Jas. O. Perry and Lucille Kern, both of North Bend.

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1 1/2 lbs. unsweetened 8 cup sugar
chocolate 1 tablespoon
(1 1/2 squares) cornstarch
2 cups rich milk 1/2 teaspoon
1 cup cream vanilla
Few grains salt

Melt chocolate. Add scalded milk very slowly. Mix cornstarch with sugar, add to chocolate mixture. Cook ten minutes, stirring until thickened. Cool, add vanilla, turn into tray of Super-freezer, and freeze to mush. Fold in whipped cream and return to Super-freezer until proper consistency to serve. 6-Servings.



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