

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

Books could be written, dozens of them, dealing with the subject of our early roads, automobiles and their drivers. How well I remember the first automobile that chugged up our streets—a little buckboard not even boasting a steering wheel but controlled by a steering "stick". The pilot was the late Dr. Walter Culin. Great excitement prevailed as the little machine chugged gallantly over the old planking that we were wont to call streets in those days. Horses reared and snorted and people turned and stared in round eyed astonishment and admiration at the doctor as he sent the machine bumping along. Pupils in the public school were allowed to desert their books and crowd the windows for a glimpse at the bouncing little buckboard. Crowds gathered about it when it was parked on the street. I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when at the doctor's invitation I climbed proudly in the seat at his side for my first automobile ride. People came from far and near to view that little buckboard. And then came the introduction of two of the latest real automobiles with doors and, in those days, modern equipment—the very latest in up to date cars—two Ramblers. They were brought back from San Francisco by the late George A. Robinson and W. C. Rose, the latter still living and still piloting a car—a car vastly different from that little Rambler of that long past day. The experiences of these two drivers alone would fill a good sized book. The roads were nothing but good sized trails in those days. The first happening of importance occurred when the two drivers met head on, on the curve just above the Jim Jacobson place on the Myrtle Point-Coquille highway. It was the first automobile collision that ever occurred in Coos county and it was remarkable in the fact that it was the only two automobiles in the county that met head on. But both of the drivers were going very slowly and the damage was not great to either machine. A broken down automobile in those days was just about as complicated an affair to every one as the Akron would be to you or me today. Nobody in these parts knew of what they were composed and owing to the fact that the blacksmith shop was headquarters for the fixing of broken wagons, well, there's where the automobiles were towed when trouble developed. And believe me, a broken down automobile created more excitement those days than seven airplane wrecks in as many minutes would today. Every one was curious to see just what was in one of the contraptions.

Of course, in those days all the farmers as well as city folk travelled by horse teams. The roads were very narrow and there were mighty few places that an automobile could pass a team. W. C. Rose tells of taking an entire half day to make the trip to Myrtle Point with his old Rambler. What do some of you present day

speed demons think of that? On the hill just beyond the old Rohrer place there was no place he could pass a team. Several times he met one there and was forced to back for half a mile to let it pass. Finally he took an axe and an afternoon off, and about halfway up the hill he slashed out a spot in the brush that bordered the road large enough to run his car out into when he met a team. He would start for Myrtle Point and be sure to meet a team on the hill. When he did so, he would run out into the parking place which he had hewn out. The farmer would then drive by. But before he did so Mr. Rose would cover up the front of his car with brush so as not to frighten the horses. After driving by the farmer would unhitch his team and drive it up to the car. The brush was then removed and the horses were given a chance to take a good look and smell of their first automobile. Then that team would be on its way and Mr. Rose would start out, only to meet another team and have to back to his parking place and repeat the horse smelling performance. He met as many as half a dozen teams there on one trip. About every horse in Coos county took a smell of that old Rambler in the space of a year or so.

Mr. Rose tells of an amusing experience he had with an old farmer near Myrtle Point, over in "Stringtown" at one time. It is typical of the manner in which the first cars were looked upon by a great many people. Rose had driven Dr. Culin up there to see a patient, the doctor's car being broken down. While he was waiting a farmer with a long beard approached the car with the remark, "so this is one of them automobile is it?" He was assured that it was.

"Can that thing climb a hill?" he asked, looking it over.

"Guess it can," replied Rose, "it came up that hill coming into Myrtle Point and that is about the steepest one around the country."

"Indeed it is, indeed it is," said his questioner, combing his beard with his fingers. "Do you suppose you can go over any of the roads?"

"Well, I imagine I can. I got here all right, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did, indeed you did." Whereupon he advanced and put a hand upon the car and then jumped back a step or two and eyed it in a suspicious manner as though he were scared it would start up suddenly.

In those days the summer and early fall months were the only times a car could be operated on the roads with the possible exception of the Myrtle Point-Coquille highway. With the aid of chains this road could sometimes be travelled during the winter.

With the roads at their best the following time was considered good to the following different points: from Coquille to Bandon, one hour and thirty minutes; from Coquille to Marshfield the same as to Bandon; to Myrtle Point forty minutes; to Roseburg seven to eight hours and in the early spring as long as thirteen hours. To go to Port Orford usually

took all day, owing to the fact that the road led through green timber where it was slick and steep and at many points the sand was so deep that a person was fortunate if he did not get stuck for hours sometimes. Lots of drivers used to carry a large piece of canvas to place under their wheels in order to enable them to run out of sand holes when they were stuck.

The old highway to Roseburg used to wind hundreds of feet above the river. Rock Hill, near the Sheep Ranch, was the steepest and worst hill on the road. Many are the cars that stalled on that hill. And few were the places that cars could pass on that narrow canyon road. But there was one thing that a person was always assured of in those days and that was help from a fellow-driver. It was just like one big family on the highways. It mattered not where you were stalled or how you were stalled. A flat tire, a broken engine, a hot radiator, each and every one called for the same cheery inquiry, "need any help?" Yep, plenty of good fellowship was displayed in those days.

Today, drivers complain at a few bumps in the road and yowl to the heavens if forced to drive on a narrow country road. What would they have done in the old days faced with those trails that were called roads? The only smooth stretches of road on the whole highway from here to Camas Valley was a couple of hundred yards above the Rohrer place and a quarter of a mile on the Norway stretch. It took longer to go to Roseburg than it does now to travel to Portland. Just think those facts over when you imagine you are having a tough time on a road like the Seven Devils, between Empire and Bandon. Why that's a fine boulevard compared to the best roads we had in the old days.

As I have already stated, enough material could be gathered concerning the old automobile days to fill a book and I have no doubt it would prove interesting reading to most of us. Since the advent of the first automobile in this country many wonderful inventions have been perfected. But the first radio, airplane or talking picture never created one-tenth the excitement or interest in this neck of the woods as did the first appearance of the automobile.

It is interesting to get with some of the old time drivers and discuss events that happened in those days long past. Each of them will recall more than one laughable or thrilling adventure that happened on those old roads that were little more than trails as compared with our present highways.

In those days tires were expensive. A little 30 x 3 1/2 cost more for a single tire than four balloon tires and as many tubes cost today. And the old tires were very dependable. A thousand miles was good mileage on many of them. I have got no more than 500 miles on a lot of them. One brand new tire of a standard make lasted only from Roseburg to Camas Valley. A tire bargain, purchased at a second hand store for \$12.50 ran all the way from where the Gould build-

ing now stands to the Henry street bridge. A cost of something like \$3 a block was the mileage received.

Nine punctures between Coquille and Myrtle Point on a single trip was one record hung up. The largest percentage of tires on the road in those days were clincher types and a puncture always meant the changing of the tube in the casing and nine times out of ten the patching of it right there. Everybody carried plenty of patches and cement and usually a whole flock of wrenches, bolts, spark plugs, etc. and many carried extra cylinder oil as well as a can of gas, for service stations were unknown along the roads.

(To be continued.)

Sport Briefs
By Mark Seeley

Coquille High's Red Devil basketball team will make its first league appearance of the season in the community hall tonight, facing the Myrtle Point Bobcats in the opener.

In meeting the up-river team Coquille will be competing with the quintet favored to win the "A" division championship. On paper the Bobcats have a splendid-looking outfit, consisting of four lettermen, one of whom is an all-county performer of the first water. Not only has Coach Easman these players on hand, but he also has a fine-looking group of other basketeers.

Don't, however, think Myrtle Point will face an easy opponent in the local aggregation. Only two lettermen will be in the starting Red Devil lineup, but the other position will be filled with potentially fine players. Of the lettermen Linus Seeley will start at center and Alvin Shaver at guard, while Jack McCue, who is to be ineligible after the first semester, will be held back as a reserve. The other posts will be taken care of by Morris Stonecypher and Jack McCarthy, forwards, and Bob Collier, guard.

This will be Seeley's first start as the Red Devils' regular center. During his Freshman season, he was reserve center, but during the next two seasons the boy was a forward. Shaver played guard last season, making the team for the first time just as McCue also did as Seeley's alternate. McCarthy and Collier were "A" team reserves for a time last year and, when not, performed along with Stonecypher on the "B" squad. The latter was a center then, but has now been changed to a forward berth.

In reserve tonight Coach Hartley will have McCue, as mentioned, and Deloss Shinn, forwards; and Gus Gallas, and Earl Morris, guards, while there are other lads also fighting for a place on the first squad bench.

A "B" team game will precede the regular game, starting at 7:00 o'clock.

In the other league game North Bend and Marshfield are scheduled to meet at North Bend, while Bandon remains idle.

The kingdom of sports will receive new life after tonight; basketball, one of the subjects of old King Sport, coming forth to perk up the activities His majesty invades the local schools but three times during the year, first in football when classes are resumed after the summer vacation and then in basketball and track. And usually the old boy has a real lively time of it in the domains of Coos county.

In viewing the situation we observe that the class of the teams is not as high as it has been in some of the years just passed, but the competition is, nevertheless, just as hot, if not more so, than it has always been.

Football brought out some great contests, and basketball is expected to set a faster pace. Old King Sport is doing his part by instructing his subjects to speed things up more and more.

Now, at the outset of the season, we can't see so much difference between the teams. Myrtle Point is doped to have the likeliest looking five, but the others are not far behind. Bandon, doormat of the league for two years, has a nice looking lineup, led by Jack Breuer, center, who towers six feet, six inches, in the air. Marvin McCue is the only returning letterman in the Tigers' lair, but the addition of the lanky pivot man gives Coach Fasnacht a dangerous lineup. Both Marshfield and North Bend have but one letterman each for the entire season, while Coquille has two and Myrtle Point three.

Well, Ripley, how's this!

According to Frank Shriver, athletic director at Condon, wheat was used to mark the football field instead of lime. The grain was used instead of the usual means as an economy move, the over-abundance of wheat making it cheaper to use than lime. Shriver, incidentally, is an ex-North Bend High athlete, later attending Pacific University, where he continued his work in sports. He is another example of Coos county boys who are making good in the coaching profession.

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**THE TAX MENACE
A GROWING CRISIS**

By FRANCIS H. SISSON

President American Bankers Association

No danger, economic or social, more seriously menaces our life, happiness and prosperity than the rising tide of taxes which threaten to engulf us. This is not simply a problem of the depression. It has been developing for many years, growing more serious all the time. The depression merely brought it to a climax. Unless drastic steps are taken to reverse this trend the problem will not end with the depression. It will continue to weigh down and retard progress for an indefinite period.

In city, county, state and nation the orgy of spending has run on. It is estimated that in the United States the total cost of all government is nearly five times what it was before the World War. Many localities have been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by their expenditures, while many have saddled their citizens with a debt burden that will darken their lives and hamper their progress for years to come.

The total cost of Federal, state and local government in the United States is estimated at forty-six million dollars a day. Based on national income in 1930, this represents about one-fifth the total income of our people, or about \$110 for every individual in the nation. Total taxes in 1931 are estimated to have taken more than 22 per cent of the national income. It is occasion for serious thought on the part of everyone when one day's income out of every four or five must be contributed to the maintenance of government machinery.



F. H. SISSON

Reductions Possible

United States Government expenditures were reduced one hundred and forty million dollars during the first quarter of the current fiscal year. The recent action of bankers in calling a halt to unnecessary expenditures of New York City as prerequisite to loans will reduce the cost of government in the country's metropolis, which is second in its expenditures to only the Federal Government. No state in the Union, in fact, no other government on this hemisphere, spends half as much as this one city. These savings in Federal and municipal costs are only the beginning of a movement needed throughout the country, if we are to be led out of depression into prosperity.

Unless the people can be made to realize that money for governmental expenditure can come only from their own pockets as taxpayers, casting depressing effects on both individual effort and general business, there is an imminent threat that we may be forced to meet economic difficulties similar to those that have so seriously handicapped other countries. The question is not primarily one of merely paring government salaries or shaving budgets, but rather of curtailing government activities for which we cannot afford to pay.

The idea that money for these mounting extravagances can be raised by following the slogan "Soak the Rich" is utterly fallacious, for such a policy will simply exterminate "the rich" and eliminate sources of revenue. It is also important to realize that corporate business in this country is in no position to withstand the effects of indefinite advances in tax rates. Current earning reports reveal that fact beyond shadow of doubt. The tax base must be broadened, and it therefore seems likely that Congress will be called upon to reconsider the sales tax, at least as a temporary measure to help meet a critical condition in the nation's finance.

Deposit 'Guarantee' Fails of Purpose

LOS ANGELES.—While the idea of the guarantee of bank deposits by some legally enforced plan seems to appeal to many people who give it casual thought, the fact is that it has not only failed in every instance in the eight states where the experiment was tried, but actually produced unsound banking and increased the number of failures. It was declared by the recent convention of the American Bankers Association held here.

"Guaranty of bank deposits carries an idea that naturally appeals to people in general on casual consideration," the declaration said. "However, in principle it is unsound and in practice it is unworkable. It has been tried in eight States and it has not only failed in every case, but it has resulted in increasing the number of bank failures. Taxing property managed banks to make up losses of failed banks is not only unfair and unreasonable, but it weakens the whole banking structure. Again, guaranty of deposits places the incompetent and reckless banker on an equal footing with the able and conservative banker, which encourages bad banking at the expense of sound banking. We are therefore opposed to the passage of any law carrying a guaranty of bank deposits and believe that it is against the interest of the people of the United States to develop any such system."

Her Way of Escape

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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ELEANOR BROOKE went up to her room and sat down. She had told her family that she had broken her engagement to Mark Allen and her brother Roger had informed her that it was good luck. "He is a rotter," muttered Roger from his book.

The others all murmured something or other, and her mother had smiled sympathetically. None of them had liked Mark Allen.

That was not the reason she had broken her engagement. She had received a letter from a broken-hearted girl in another city who had told her of Mark's perfidy. Eleanor thought she was breaking her own heart when she decided to let him go; now, to her surprise, she did not care.

The next day she spoke to her mother about taking a trip West, to visit an uncle who had a ranch.

The ranch won Eleanor's heart. She learned to ride, and soon the wide-open plains were her own playground. "I wish, Uncle Alfred," said Eleanor, "that you had some hopeless bachelor cowboy who would ride around with me—it is pokey riding alone, and all of your cowboys are too gallant."

Uncle Alfred thought for a long time. Then, he removed his pipe from between his lips and smiled. "I believe I know just the man to go about with you, Eleanor," he said slowly. "Over on the next place to the south lives a man whom I have known for a long time—his name is Walter Jamieson—bachelor—sort of a recluse—lives there alone with a Chinese cook and one man of all work, reads and writes and rides all day the year around, excepting when he is traveling. I heard that he was disappointed in love once upon a time. Has lots of money. Is perfectly bullet-proof where women are concerned! He is your future escort!"

The next day when Eleanor came downstairs with the morning in her blue eyes, her uncle called across the table:

"Be ready at nine o'clock, Eleanor. Walter Jamieson is coming to ride with you—going to take you to his favorite canyon beyond the first hill. Don't be frivolous—Walter can't stand much of that, you know."

"Now, Alfred," protested Aunt Laura.

But Uncle Alfred only laughed and went out to join his men who were starting on a long ride.

Eleanor talked to her aunt about various matters, but they did not speak of Walter Jamieson again. Eleanor believed that he was probably some tired old bachelor and Uncle Alfred was really making fun of her, but presently when she was ready to go out she took a last look at herself in a trim khaki riding outfit, her soft hat on her ruddy hair framing her piquant face.

Aunt Laura sat on the veranda talking to a young man in riding things—very correct as to texture and cut, with a wide hat swinging from one shapely brown hand. The sun shone on the golden tan of his skin and pronounced him a handsome young man—perhaps thirty-three, with very nice brown eyes and hair to match.

"Eleanor, dear," said Aunt Laura, "may I present Mr. Jamieson, our very good friend and neighbor, and then Eleanor found herself shaking hands with Walter Jamieson. Soon the two of them were riding out of the yard. Eleanor was sure that her aunt enjoyed the joke as much as Uncle Alfred had done, but she soon found that there would be no time for retrospection with Mr. Jamieson. He wanted to talk and he wanted her to talk. He could ride well and he was the nicest, friendliest sort of a young man!

They were very good friends before the ride was over. They had confessed at being completely fooled by Uncle Alfred and Eleanor blamed herself for forgetting so soon that she would never love another man after Mark Allen. Her good sense told her that perhaps Mark Allen was not the perfect man.

She and Walter Jamieson agreed that they would not permit Uncle Alfred to believe his joke had succeeded, so when they came back to the ranch, each maintained a puzzling solemnity that quite devastated Uncle Alfred.

"Gosh, Eleanor," said her uncle frankly, "I just believed that you two would eat each other up! He's writing a book, you see, he sells a lot of them, too, so they say. But you're so young and pretty—gee whis—the young men of today have no pep at all!"

When Eleanor reached her own room she sat down and laughed and laughed, and then, after awhile, a tender little smile curled her lips.

As for Jamieson, he smoked three pipes one after the other that first night, and then he locked up all the sheets of his latest story, closed his typewriter, and spoke to the dancing flame on the hearth.

"I see all the attributes for my own love story—and I am going to write it, too—for the first time—she is the dearest, sweetest thing in the world!"

After two months of this, Eleanor came home one day with a dreamy smile on her lips and a large diamond on the third finger of her left hand.

When she told Uncle Alfred and his wife, they laughed right out. "We have known it since the first day," they told her, after congratulatory kisses.

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