

**OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF**

By Lane Leneve  
Continued from last week.

Tragedy seldom stalks the roads in those days as it does today. True, there are thousands of drivers today where there used to be but one, but nevertheless, in the old days every one was extremely careful. It stood them in good stead. Speed is responsible, I believe, for ninety percent of auto accidents today, and carelessness for the other ten percent. In the old days one could not afford to be careless. The roads were so narrow that just one little bobble and you were over the grade. In addition the roads were too rough for speeding. There were too many curves, and slick roadbeds and the roads were so rough that a forty-mile gait would have jolted a person's teeth out and shaken his car to pieces within a few miles—that is, if the driver had been able to hold the road at all.

Many amusing incidents occurred—several of them happening on our streets. The first one of importance was when "Doc" Culin cranked up his little buckboard (it cranked from the side) and it happened to be in gear. It was standing at the corner where the Farmers and Merchants Bank building now stands. Away it went up the street, "Doc" crank in hand, in close pursuit. The machine held straight on its course and chugged along over the rough old planking. But as it neared the summit of the incline near First street it began to slow down. Lustily it coughed away, but gradually its speed died and just as the doctor reached it, with a dying gasp it gave up just at the summit of the rise.

Gene Wickham purchased a car and after being taught to drive by the agent he started down the street for the Wickham Hotel. Gene was a lover of horses and had driven them for years. When he arrived in the car opposite the hotel entrance he called out "whoa", but the car didn't heed the command and kept on going.

Stewart Lyons installed a gasoline pump on Front Street. While the pump was being installed two men drove up—both local talent—names withheld. They stopped near the pump, crossed the street, bought a drink and returned to the car. The driver got in and his companion turned the crank. There was a sharp explosion and the smoke began pouring out from beneath the hood. The driver bounced from the car, staggered to the hood and raised it. Flames shot out! Whereat he sat down at the curb and began to moan in a chanting voice, "she's a goner". There was a sandpile nearby, used for the installation of the pump. His companion grabbed him by the shoulder, hoisted him to his feet and pointed to the sand pile. "Throw sand on the fire!" he shouted. The driver staggered to his feet, grabbed both hands

full of sand and threw them squarely in his companion's eyes, resumed his former seat and began shouting once again, "she's a goner!" By this time they had attracted the attention of several people farther down the street and they rushed up and with the sand saved the car.

A boy was accidentally shot at Myrtle Point and his father was being driven home as fast as possible from a point where he was working a few miles below Myrtle Point. The car came roaring up the old rough streets of Myrtle Point. It was by far the fastest a car had ever been driven through that town. It struck the crossings and bounced high in the air; it crashed over holes and ruts; loose planking flew in all directions. A group of men standing in front of the hotel viewed it in wide-eyed amazement. "What do you suppose has happened?" inquired one. "Why that darned thing is running away and the driver can't stop it," said another in all seriousness.

Fred Slagle, one time Ford agent, sold a car to a resident of Bandon. He delivered the car and the next morning received a telephone call from the purchaser stating that the car wouldn't start. Slagle went down to find the trouble. Upon arriving, he found the car surrounded by a group of men. Each of them had taken a turn at cranking it—that was the only thing anyone knew to do in those days. Fred took a look at the dashboard and said "where's the switch key?" "Well I'll be d---d," said the owner, "I've got it in my pocket."

A stalled engine nowadays excites very little interest, but in the old days it was different. A stalled engine on the street of any town in the county meant a turnout of at least a third of the population.

It seems impossible today as you glide along over the smooth surfaced highway through the canyon between Rock Creek and Camas Valley that it once took three hours to negotiate that 18-mile stretch with a car and that drivers were greeted by signs at certain deep mudholes that read, "Here's where Fords turn back", or "All Studebakers stop here". But such was the case. It was always necessary to crank a car as none boasted self-starters. I honestly believe that the car owned by my dad was the hardest car to start ever manufactured, regardless of kind or make. If we wished to go any place and wanted to start at 6 a. m. we would begin twisting the old crank along about 4:30. Hot water was poured on the manifold and in the radiator and the hind wheels jacked up to enable easier cranking. After both of us had tied ourselves into knots and were ready to drop from exhaustion, a few wheezy chugs that came from the engine would give us heart and, calling upon our reserve strength, we would finally coax the

engine to life. Sometimes though it was necessary to remove all the plugs and pour a tablespoonful of gasoline in each cylinder to get her started. It's funny how times change. Now, a car without a starter would not be tolerated a single day.

I once saw a driver coming down the street with a little chain driven Bush car. It was going put, put, put, putter! He started to turn in at the old Lyons garage. The car hesitated just for a fraction of a second and then—BOOM! What an explosion it was! The car fairly flew on into the garage and bolts, nuts and screws flew in all directions. The driver climbed from the car, and taking his hat, picked it half full of various small parts. It was the dying gasp of the poor little Bush. As far as I know, it was never run again.

A story was told concerning the late A. J. Sherwood. He was driving over one of the old rough country roads and a little pig started down the road ahead of him. He just kept behind the pig. Finally the animal turbed down the road and started through a field, and the attorney, his mind evidently upon the pig, left the road and started after it.

W. C. Rose with two passengers was returning from a fishing trip on the narrow grade around Sugar Loaf, skidded on a wet spot and his car started over the grade, a sheer drop of a hundred or more feet to the river. The car hung up on a rock, two wheels and half of the body just over the bank and balancing there. The passengers who were riding in the rear seat both made a frantic leap for safety. They didn't stop to open any door. The side curtains were up and they went right through them in their plunge to safety.

At one time my engine stalled in Myrtle Point. I worked for an hour or longer trying to start it. A crowd collected as usual and every one offered advice and cranked for me, but nothing doing. I was stalled right. A young, well dressed fellow shoved his way through the crowd and asked if he might have a look at it. He went right after the ignition and soon had the car started. He climbed in and took the wheel and said to me "get in and we will try her out." I got in. We got to moving and he put on speed. "We struck a crossing and all four wheels left the ground as we sailed through the air. We struck bumps and finally he took a corner on two wheels that left my heart in my throat.

"If it's all the same to you," I informed him, "I'll try her out from here on. He laughed, stopped the car, and taking a card from his pocket, presented it to me. "It read "Frank Irvine". That didn't mean a thing to me until he reached into another pocket and pulled out a newspaper clipping with his picture and headlines stating that Frank Irvine had beaten Barney Oldfield's record on a dirt track.

What would happen to the fellow that stopped squarely in the middle of the road to change tires nowadays? One time the late Sheriff Gage and I were returning from the Bay and the other side of Coaledo we came upon a large car sitting squarely in the middle of the road with a rear wheel jacked up and the driver calmly sitting on the running board patching a tube. There was no way to get around him either and we were forced to wait until he had finished fixing the tube and changed his tire before we could proceed. So you see there were road hogs even in those days.

Compare present fares with those of the first "for hire" cars in the county. A charter trip from Coquille to Marshfield cost from \$12 to \$15 and to Bandon was the same. To go to Myrtle Point cost from \$5 to \$7 and to Roseburg the fare was \$10 per passenger. During fair times at Myrtle Point there were only about three cars running for hire. I have seen dozens of people lined up extending up the road as far as the site of the gas company plant, waiting for a ride to Myrtle Point. The fare was \$1 each way during fair time and five-passenger cars carried all that could be piled on them. It meant constant running, day and night, as long as the fair lasted.

Repair costs are nothing at the present time compared with those of days past. The few mechanics that really understood cars sure got real money for their time. One Marshfield mechanic charged my dad \$34 for fixing a timer on a Ford. Can you imagine that? A fellow can buy a flock of new timers and an automobile for that much money today. Yep, the old days had their drawbacks as well as the present ones.

**Sport Briefs**

By Mark Seeley

What does the first week of basketball bring us. Upsets and unlooked for scores are on hand, and while there is not too much experience in the league the competition is overly hot. Before the season is far along we expect to see some real close basketball.

Coquille High has broken even, defeating Myrtle Point and losing to North Bend. Myrtle Point has lost her one game, while North Bend has copped her two. Bandon has been beaten in her game and Marshfield winner and loser in a pair. This puts North Bend on the top of the percentage column and, according to the dope, the Bulldogs are expected to stay there. However, don't think for one little moment that this is the true forecast—the race this season will be the closest in years.

Bandon's severe drubbing by Marshfield startled everyone. This overwhelming defeat can partially be laid to the fact that two of the Tigers' star men were out of the game, Jack Brauer, six foot, seven inch center, having been dropped from the squad and Helverstein lost due to illness. If these men are returned to the lineup the sea towners will pick up considerably.

This is the summary for the first week. Standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
North Bend	2	0	1.000
Coquille	1	1	.500
Marshfield	1	1	.500
Myrtle Point	1	1	.500
Bandon	0	1	.000

Results of games:  
Coquille, 24—Myrtle Point, 12.  
North Bend, 25—Marshfield, 14.  
North Bend, 28—Coquille, 20.  
Marshfield, 41—Bandon, 3.

The "B" League also swung into action during the past week and again the indications are toward another of those real honest-to-goodness tussles for the bunting in the smaller schools' circuit. Each year one or another of the "B" quintets knock over one of the "A" teams, and then enters the tournament to raise further havoc. Last season Arago and Riverton were the clubs that accomplished this, the two fives reaching the semi-finals in the big tourney and facing each other in the consolation game. "B" league standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Coos River	1	0	1.000
Riverton	1	0	1.000
Arago	1	0	1.000
Powers	0	1	.000
Lakeside	0	1	.000
Bridge	0	1	.000

"B" league results:  
Coos River, 23—Powers, 21.  
Riverton, 12—Lakeside, 11.  
Arago, 22—Bridge, 6.

Do you want to see the game of games? If you do, go to the gigantic of the ages between the Coquille Independents and the Coquille Christian Endeavor team. On these clubs are ex-Coquille Red Devil stars, who will oppose each other in this great game Tuesday night at the community hall. There is much rivalry existing between the teams, and though the boys have been rather hesitant about meeting each other they were finally forced into it.

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

**C. H. S. Won Opening Game from Myrtle Point**

Coquille High's Red Devil basketball team opened its 1933 "A" league schedule last Friday, defeating Myrtle Point, 24 to 12, in an exciting game played in the local community hall. The red and white commenced the scoring, and from the initial field goal by Collier, maintained a comfortable lead throughout.

Both teams, particularly Coquille, missed numerous shots, but at the same time played hard, fast ball, much to the surprise of the spectators. On the offensive, the local looked nice, while at other times their play was uncertain and slow. Defensively the boys were on the alert consistently, holding the Bobcats to few chances at the basket, and hurrying the starting moves.

Collier opened the scoring shortly after the first whistle, making up his lone two points of the evening. Coquille slowly added to the score from then on, leading 5 to 2 at the quarter and 15 to 7 by half time. Jack McCue entered the fray to partially start the fireworks as the entire club commenced to click more consistently during the second period.

At the start of the second half Coquille contracted a basket missing episode, and when Shaver was injured the cause seemed desperate. In turn, though, the visitors were unable to gain headway against the fighting Red Devils.

Coquille exhibited surprising ability in this opening fray and with necessary smoothing of rough spots the team may work into a dangerous championship contender before many games are passed. Summary:

Coquille (24)	Myrtle Point (12)
Stoneypher (2) F	(6) Shelton
McCarthy (4) F	(6) Hoover
Seeley (7) C	Hall
Collier (2) G	Woode
Shaver (3) G	Rackleff
Shinn	McConnell
Morris	Barklow
Gallas	Guerin
	Mullen
	Carver
	King

Referee: May, North Bend.

Myrtle Point's second team was more fortunate in its game, defeating the Red Devil "B" squad, 24 to 11.

Coquille "B" (11)	M. P. "B" (24)
Robinson	(2) Mast
Pearl	(19) Hunt
Barton	Carver
Swain (4)	(6) Barklow
Morris (2)	(4) Guerin
H. Hatcher	Bartell
Lickam (2)	McCulloch
Newton	Giles
Thrift (1)	Hoover
H. Hatcher (2)	(2) Wilson

Referee: Cliff Judd.

**Lost the Second to North Bend**

Coquille met defeat in her second game of the year, bowing to North Bend by a 28 to 20 count in a fast game at the bay, Tuesday night.

Packed with thrills from the start, the fray was much higher in caliber than was expected, and saw the margin of victory by North Bend rest in their ability to convert foul shots. The Bulldog basketekers made good most of their gift tries, while on the other hand the red and white missed nearly all of their free shots.

Davis, diminutive North Bender, potted the basket with great success and was able to score 12 points, which gave him the high honors for the evening. Linus Seeley, local pivot man, was next with nine markers.

Both clubs opened slowly, but North Bend, after gaining an 8 to 6 lead at the end of the first quarter, ran it to 14 to 8 by half time. Coquille tightened down in the next two periods and midway through the final quarter seriously threatened North Bend. Baskets by Collier and Seeley narrowed the margin, but in the end the Bulldogs' ability to drop in the foul attempts proved too much. Summary:

Coquille (20)	North Bend (28)
Stoneypher (1) F	(8) Gatzke
McCarthy (3) F	(12) Davis
Seeley (9) C	(6) Mullen
Shaver (1) G	(1) Nelson
Morris	Steiner
McCue (2) S	Neis
Shinn	Thompson

Referee—Rice, Bandon.

The second team also was set back in its game, falling before the North Bend "B" squad, 29 to 17. The bay lads were too fast for the local basketekers and rapidly scored points in quickly concluding the victory. One Red Devil player, Robinson, scored ten points to lead his team-mates in this department of the game.

**4-H Projects Over K.O.A.C.**

A program which will be instructive and of interest to members and leaders of 4-H club projects will be broadcast over radio station KOAC each Monday night between seven-thirty and eight o'clock, according to announcements received at the county agent's office from H. C. Seymour, state 4-H club leader.

It is announced that 4-H club members and leaders can hear discussions which will be of real value to them in their work between seven-thirty and eight o'clock each Monday evening.

**500,000 Tourists Spend Average \$36.90 Each**

Thousands upon thousands of Oregon folk who love their mountains, streams, lakes, woods, beaches and other gifts of nature that make this one of the nation's choicest spots, seldom stop to think that these allurements have a cash value running into millions of dollars every year. And Oregon has only begun to tell the world about its charms as a land in which to live.

Portland's On-To-Oregon backers, the chamber of commerce and others interested in building the state's tourist trade and its resultant population and business growth have long realized the cash value of the travel business. However, for the first time there are available accurate figures on just what the tourist means to Oregon in a cash way.

From some 32,000 inquiries received as a result of On-To-Oregon's advertising in national and California publications and direct by the Portland chamber of commerce this year, the advertising and promotion department of the chamber took 4,000 names at random last November. It addressed each a letter asking whether he had visited the state since writing for literature. If so how long did he remain? How much did he spend? Did he have suggestions for making the visitor's stay more pleasant? Was he disappointed? To date 400 answers have been returned. Of this number 206 persons reported that they had visited the state and brought with them 431 others. These 637 persons, representing a fair cross section from the standpoint of geographical location, wealth and other factors, reported that they had spent \$23,758. Their answers show an average stay of 10 days per person and an average expenditure of \$36.90 a day. The average of the length of stay will be shoved a notch higher as additional returns come in since one block of 150 persons here in a group remained but five days.

This means that the average visitor in Oregon during 1932—a year when folk were saving pennies and simultaneously when new money meant more than ever for Oregon—spent \$36.90. It is known that Oregon had a minimum of 500,000 visitors. It is probable that the total was nearer 600,000. Hence, the total in new money left by visitors in this year of low price levels, was not less than \$19,800,000 and probably more than \$23,760,000.

The Portland chamber's survey shows that every person who asked for information on Oregon and later visited brought an average of 2.4 persons with them. In addition to the 637 persons visiting Oregon and reporting their expenses, there were 70 who came but did not give their financial outlays. Thus, 206 persons inquiring for information represented a total of 707 coming.

Total of 190 answers were from persons stating that they had not made visits this year. Of this number 153 said they were planning trips in 1933 or the following year and asked for additional facts.

Many of those answering the questionnaire took the time to write lengthy letters telling exactly where they spent their time and money. "Sour notes" or disappointments were almost entirely lacking, only three letters being from persons who did not find Oregon meeting their expectations.

**Won Close One at Riverton**

In a non-conference game played last Saturday, Coquille defeated Riverton, 29 to 24, in the down-river school's gymnasium. Coach Hartley used nearly all his first squad in this fray, and in doing so also saw the tables turned against the Red Devils.

Summary:

Coquille (29)	Riverton (24)
Stoneypher (3) F	(6) McFarlane
McCarthy (11) F	(12) F. Hull
Seeley (9) C	Danielson
Shaver (1) G	(4) Watson
Collier	(2) Aber
McCue (3) S	H. Hull
Shinn	Nulf
Gallas	Sackett
Morris	S

**WOMAN LOST 20 POUNDS IN 4 WEEKS**

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 yrs. old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it's the SAFE, harmless way to reduce as tens of thousands of men and women know.

For your health's sake, ask for and get Kruschen at Fuhrman's Pharmacy, Inc., or any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.



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AVERAGE ELECTRIC RANGE BILL IS LESS THAN **\$3.69 PER MONTH**

Electricity is the cheapest service you can use for household tasks. Many housewives use electricity to cook, wash, iron, heat the water, sweep, dust, operate the electric refrigerator and light the entire home for five to ten dollars a month. The owner of an electric range also receives a greatly reduced rate on all other appliances. In addition electricity is as clean as sunshine and so convenient that it will save from one to four hours in the kitchen every day.

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