

Story of the Saving

of Steve Dubas' Life

(Continued from Page One)

back to camp for a pack horse as Steve probably had an attack of appendicitis and would have to be moved immediately.

In the meantime seeing that Steve was getting worse, Beyers ordered Charles Moran to the main camp to get some men and a stretcher as Steve could not ride a horse and would have to be carried out.

With two men out for help, Roald Bryntesen, the remaining member of the crew, and Beyers constructed a make-shift stretcher of blankets and tree limbs and proceeded to carry the 185 pound, six-foot Steve over a mile of strictly up and down grade, hiking through brush to the trail and then a half mile more to a shack known as "Scott's Cabin." They rested there while they repaired their crude stretcher.

Meanwhile, Spaulding, who had been sent for the horse, was doing double time and reached Camp Sitkum, making the thirteen miles through brush and over mountain trail in two hours and ten minutes! He was picked up by a forestry truck on the last four miles into camp.

Spaulding reported to Howard J. Derby, project superintendent, and within five minutes Lieut. Yotz and four picked men, Max E. Coffman, Phil Addis, Jacob L. Rabe and Stanley Mueller, were streaking up the mountain road.

When the road became impassable, they began an eight-mile trek from a level of 600 ft. to 2800 ft., where they met Beyers and Bryntesen just about to start out from Scott's Cabin. Inasmuch as Beyers and Bryntesen were nearly exhausted from carrying the delicious Dubas over a mile and a mile, two of the new arrivals placed Steve on the new stretcher and the second lap of the up and down trail to the road was begun. Every man took his turn and the grueling pace was kept up, each man realizing that a life depended on their getting him out. It began to grow dark and they were looking forward to real difficulty when Foreman Floyd Smith and Emil Galla with ten more men and lanterns came into sight.

Lieut. Yotz hurried on ahead with a couple of men and made the car ready by piling in two mattresses brought up on the truck that brought

the last crew out.

The party arrived in camp at 9:30 o'clock and Dr. J. B. Gillis, camp surgeon, having everything he needed ready, instructed the first sergeant to call the Coquille Hospital to have everything in readiness for an operation, and he and Lieut. Yotz were off to the hospital at 9:45. They arrived at the hospital at eleven o'clock and Dr. Gillis operated immediately. The appendix had ruptured and the chances for recovery were small.

For days Steve's life hung in the balance and then one day Dr. Gillis announced that Steve would be "okay" as he had begun to take nourishment.

The entire company is happy to hear that the popular, big Steve Dubas will be back in camp, happy and grateful to the men who made it possible for him to "come back."

Hitch-Hikers a Threat

State boundary patrols, now confined to one or two states, may be extended to many other parts of the country unless there is a drastic reduction in the practice of hitch-hiking, Dr. C. B. McDaniel, president of the Oregon State Motor association, warned recently.

"These boundary patrols," said McDaniel, "are unquestionably an annoyance to touring motorists, but they may be found necessary by those states harassed by a flood of unemployed coming across the line to beg, or go on relief."

"This is the hitch-hiking season. As the spring tide of touring gets underway reports indicate an unusually large group of 'thumbers' lining the nation's highways."

"Police records in many sections of the country show definitely there is a criminal content in the hitch-hiking army, and for his own protection the motorist should refuse even the most energetic type of thumb-waving. The list of robberies, and even murders, committed by the ride-beggers is mounting yearly and now presents an extremely serious crime prevention problem."

"To safeguard himself and to prevent danger of nation-wide adoption of the boundary patrol system with all its inconveniences and annoyances, drivers should pass on by all thumb-wavers. The best policy is to let the hitch-hikers hike."

Letter From Ben Lawrence

The following letter from Ben F. Lawrence, of Indianapolis, Ind., refers to the reprint article about himself, printed in the Sentinel a couple of weeks ago:

It is with deep gratitude these lines are written. It was kind indeed of you to publish the Champaign News-Gazette article. While many of the people I knew as a boy in Coos County have passed on, there are still a goodly number of acquaintances left, and I am vain enough to think they will read the article with some interest.

I was particularly happy that you mentioned Jack Lamb as my partner. But for Jack it is doubtful I would ever have been a country publisher. I always recall with greatest pleasure our brief business connection. Jack would have been a success as a newspaper man but he felt the hardware business offered a greater opportunity, and there was no question that it did at that time.

When The Sentinel arrives—and permit me to say that you are turning out a very newsy publication—The New York Times, The Chicago Tribune, or any big city paper that may be at hand, is pushed aside. While never a sportsman, you can't appreciate the pleasure I get out of Lans Leneve's column, and obituaries are intensely interesting to me.

Warning

My wife, Corinna, having left my bed and board, all persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by her after this date, June 26, 1936.

W. H. Detillan

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

G. T. COOK

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P. O. Box 62, Coquille

Beware the Stock Salesman

The Portland Better Business Bureau this week warns Oregon investors to be on the lookout for a pair of stock swindlers whose scheme is to attempt to secure a loan on stock certificates of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. It is reported that these individuals recently operated in sections of the middle west and negotiated a number of such loans from unsuspecting "investors" who later learned the stock left with them as collateral was counterfeit.

Reports from other sections of the country indicate that these fly-by-night operators attempt to complete their transaction with those who are inexperienced in the handling of securities, probably because the counterfeited stock is quickly detected by experienced dealers.

It was also reported to the Better Business Bureau during the last week that an unlicensed stock salesman has been calling upon veterans in some sections of the state urging them to put their bonus money in a gold mining venture. The Bureau urges caution in dealing with stock salesmen who have failed to conform to the Oregon Blue Sky laws and suggests that such offerings be promptly reported to either the Oregon Corporation Department at Salem or the Better Business Bureau.

BREWSTER VALLEY

J. D. Laird went to Roseburg Thursday to visit relatives. He returned Friday.

At the annual school meeting Monday evening, June 15, Mrs. Wm. Keller was elected director to serve for three years. Mrs. W. A. Nickerson has served as clerk for twenty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Minor Mead have moved into the house just vacated by the Ray Rookard family. Mr. Mead is working for Elmer Wilson. Mrs. Mead and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Durrell went to Marshfield Tuesday to buy furniture for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Christensen took Mrs. Christensen's mother, Mrs. P. A. Alford, to a doctor at Coquille Wednesday. She has high blood pressure and will be confined to her bed for some time.

The Myrtle Leaf club met with Mrs. Harold Shepherd Thursday, June 18. Mrs. Belle Shepherd, whose birthday was the following Saturday, was given a surprise shower of miscellaneous gifts. The following members and friends answered roll call by telling what their hobby was: Mesdames J. D. Laird, I. C. Laird, C. M. Wilson, Chas. Oberman, Elmer Wilson, W. A. Nickerson, Oscar Durrell, Perley Crowley, W. A. Keller, Anton Yotz, Ernest Krewson, Louis Laird, Belle Shepherd, Alice Anderson, and Misses Anna Johnson, Alice Oberman, Wilda Shepherd, Leta Grove and hostess. Delicious refreshments of cake, cookies, fruit salad and punch were served.

Eloise Crowley, who is attending school at College Place, Washington, came in Thursday to visit for a few days at home. Eloise's coming made it possible for the Crowley family to be together at home for the first time in two years. Genevieve, who teaches at Bandon; Esther, who is a nurse at Glendale, Calif., and visiting at home now, and James, who works at Coos River, could be there Sunday. Edwin and Harry live at home with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perley Crowley. Mrs. Phoebe Harry, Mrs. Crowley's mother, was also with them Sunday.

Lieut. and Mrs. Yotz and Nicky spent Saturday and Sunday at Gold Beach.

Anna Johnson went to Arago Tuesday to visit Joan Milani. She returned Wednesday.

There were 57 at Sunday school June 21. A Father's Day program was given.

The Kellers and other neighbors who knew about Jack Le Fevre being out in the timber at the head of Brummet Creek were certainly glad to see him coming down the path about 1:30 p. m. Monday. John and Walter Paulson had waited for him at the Keller place until five p. m. Saturday, leaving word with them to keep him overnight when he came. Sunday evening came with anxious phone calls from Mrs. Le Fevre but still no word from him. Then just after noon Monday Walter Paulson and McGilvery came out with the intention of going in to see if they could find Jack when he arrived, weak and weary but all there. He had been hung up between two ledges one whole day trying to attract help by building fires when he finally decided to trust his life to climb twenty feet of steep rock ledge. He made it and with nothing to eat since Sunday noon, arrived safely Monday noon.

Marie Clinton, of Gravel Ford, is staying at the Ivan Laird home and doing the bookkeeping for the L. D. L. camp.

Forest Supt. Derby and Mrs. Derby went to Sunset Bay for the week-end.

Ask for Cow Bell Dairy cream and milk, the only milk and cream made safe by pasteurization.

+ Motor Cruises of 1936 +

C. E. (Pop) Gates, Ex-Member of the State Highway Commission, Leads the Way to Magnificent Scenery Along the South Portion of the Highway by the Sea



This vista is encountered south of Port Orford

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor Association and the Oregonian in presenting a series of travel articles under the title, "Motor Cruises of 1936." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific Northwest.

The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian June 25. The guest on the trip described below was C. E. Gates, Medford, ex-member of the Oregon state highway commission.

BY ROBERT C. NOTSON

"FEAST your eyes on that!" exclaimed the genial rotund man at the wheel as he swung the car around a curve and topped a rise. "There is one of nature's flower gardens."

He pulled the purring machine to the side of the highway and drew to a stop. His cigar emitted the cloud of blue smoke that characteristically indicated approaching conversation.

A hand swept the cheroot from between his teeth and used it as a pointer to focus the gaze of the party upon a mountainside decorated with foxglove in contrasting pink and white.

Below, in a little ravine, this planting gave way to the delicate pastel shades of rhododendrons and azaleas bordered by purple lupine. Along other verdant stretches Indian paint brush added a scarlet touch.

Off to the left stretched rolling clumps of huckleberry brush, its foliage tipped with an autumnal-like flush. Beyond lay the mountains, clad with forests of almost incalculable wealth and grandeur.

Charm of Highway Never Dwindles Through the trunks of wind-blown firs, whose gnarled limbs long since had yielded to the blustering elements, could be glimpsed a piece of rugged shore line where the waters of the calm Pacific were lashed into sudden fury against jutting rocks. The pounding of the sea was wafted on the wings of a fresh breeze.

Thus from one scenic panorama to another along the southern Oregon coast highway this salesman of Oregon, C. E. (Pop) Gates of Medford, guided an Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association tour party.

Our trip was a journey into a land of perpetual springtime: Where the grass and foliage are always green.

Where the climate is as capricious as a day in April.

Where the air is laved and "conditioned" by the cool Pacific in summer and warmed in the same manner in winter.

Where flowers always bloom. Where the exotic myrtle and Madonnas grow and lend grace to the landscape.

Where the economically important Port Orford cedar has its only dwelling place.

Where the gargantuan redwoods rear their drooping branches into the clouds and proclaim the antiquity of life on the earth.

Where the surf batters rocky ledges or skims peacefully over long shore sands.

Where game abounds in the forest and fish in sea, lakes and streams.

The City Built on Stilts We came upon our guide in Marshfield attempting to wriggle his more than ample form between the frame of his car and the door,

which was lodged against a high curbing.

"Built on stilts," he was grumbling to his wife who stood nearby poking fun at his efforts to gain the inside of the machine, which was securely locked from the opposite side.

"Yeah, built on—." A sudden lurch catapulted him through the narrow entrance and he turned to discover that his audience had grown.

"What do you mean by 'built on stilts'?" A member of the party framed the question that was in the minds of all.

"Why, the whole town," averred

Port Orford, whose populace has clung tenaciously to their homesites through the adversity of the failure of the black sand mines and two disastrous fires, gave evidence of a new upward trend in its affairs.

The jetty, materials for which had been blasted from the face of the cliff at the right, extended a protective arm out to sea, although badly damaged by the storms of the past winter. Under the leadership of Gilbert E. Gables, six companies are engaged in an ambitious plan to build a real seaport and tap the untold wealth of timber which lies nearby with their "Gold Coast railroad."

Bowls and Trinkets Intrigue At Wedderburn, on the famous Rogue river, we paused for dinner. The men contemplated the waters of the Rogue, muddled, we were told, by placer mining upstream, which has put an end for the time being to fishing. The Rogue is world-renowned for its steelhead catches and its wild watershed.

The women of the party fluttered about over myrtle wood bowls and trinkets. Later the men folk were to pay for the engendered cupidry of their wives.

Our course still lay southward until, near Brookings, the storm renewed its fury and almost completely enveloped the scene with fog and rain. A council of war was called at Harris state park and the party divided, Mr. and Mrs. Gates pursuing their way toward Crescent City and thence to Medford and the rest heading back by the trail we had come, taking note of the alternate side of the many magnificent views.

We reached Marshfield at dusk and viewed the harbor, mills and business sections of that city and its Siamese twin, North Bend—queen metropolises of an economic empire of vast wealth.

Next day our party, reduced to two, headed up the coast over the architecturally elegant highway bridges, along the shores of inviting coastal lakes, past ever-changing coastline of the same thrill-producing sort as that seen further south.

"Pop," opening the doors on the opposite side and inviting his guests to join him. "This city is set on pillars—that is, the buildings are. But the sidewalks were built on mere fills across the marsh and they sank away from the buildings in places."

"What did they do? Well, you can see here. They built another sidewalk on top of the first to bring it up to the doorways. Strangers park too near the curbs and they can't get in or out of their cars. A dealer here tells me that he sells more hub caps than any other part, and I believe him."

"There is one piece of advice I'd like to give every motorist who travels this highway, if I could," remarked Mr. Gates when we were well on our way. "And that is: Don't take this trip fast."

"It may be all right to speed along the flat deserts of eastern Oregon, because the vistas are distant and the eye has long to study them. But here it is different. There is so much to see at every turn and one may easily dash by many things that are worth while."

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