

The Tough Hoosier Boy



Jack Lipscomb who wants to bring his own referee for the wrestling card at the Community Building here next Wednesday night, but Harry Elliott says Jack will have to accept the referee named by him (Elliott) and like it.

Lipscomb on Main Event at Next Wednesday's Card

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is a graduate of the Multnomah Club wrestling fraternity which has made a name for itself throughout the world. Ben was amateur champion of America in the middleweight class as an amateur and has since left his imprint in various professional centers here and abroad.

Sherman is the fastest and best conditioned wrestler in the northwest today and Promoter Elliott felt lucky in being able to secure him for a match against Lipscomb.

"Regardless of whether I or someone else does the refereeing, Lipscomb will be kept within bounds this time," declared Elliott.

In the one-hour semi-windup, canny Thor Jensen tackles a wild German who has such a love for Hitler that he calls himself Adolph Hitler Ludwig. The Ludwig person is a meanie of deepest dye, having defeated Sailor Dick Trout in straight falls recently in Portland. The German got the full brunt of the crowd's hatred for deliberately trying to knock Trout out rather than to pin him for a fall. Even after Trout was so weak that he could not get to his feet, the German kept punishing him until the referee interfered and gave it to him on a technicality.

It will require all of Jensen's cunning to keep his pins against the bull charges of the Hitlerite, but Thor has been known to upset the dope more than once.

In the thirty minute preliminary Don Sugai, the Japanese schoolboy,

will go against Dilly Davis, whose start in wrestling was given him by none other than Bulldog Jackson.

Both Serman and Ludwig are newcomers to Coquille but the fans undoubtedly know these men by reputation.

Fans are urged to come early in order to secure seats. Reserve seats may be obtained at Bill's Place. The first match begins at 8:30 sharp.

There are many excellent commercial mixed protein feeds on the market which have the advantage over single protein concentrates like linseed meal, cottonseed meal, gluten feed, etc.

The value of feeding dairy cows well during the summer cannot be measured entirely in the milk production at that time. The better care has a beneficial effect that lasts over into the winter following.

When prices of dairy products are low it is a good time to put the herd on a more efficient basis of production. Cutting down the feed is not considered good economy; cutting out inferior cows is a profitable practice.

A home-made calf meal can be made of equal parts by weight of hominy meal, red dog flour, linseed oil meal and blood flour.

Commercial calf meals give fair results, and vigorous calves result from their use without milk after the calves are four weeks old.

Dairywomen who feed liberally during July and August will largely avoid the decreased milk flow commonly ascribed to flies, since shortage of feed is really at the bottom of most of the trouble.

J. J. Stanley Was One of Coquille's Finest Citizens

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three had an ambition to start a business college in Coos county but soon decided the times were not propitious.

J. E. Norton, who as a boy worked in the old Coquille Herald office, remembers very distinctly the day the three arrived in Coquille and made the newspaper office their first calling place.

Mr. Stanley was soon engaged to teach the three months of public school—all that was possible under the system then in vogue of keeping the school open until the funds were exhausted, after which it was closed. His school room was in what is now the Baptist church, and after the school money was gone he conducted a private school in the same building for three months. Mr. Norton was a student in Mr. Stanley's school and says he was a good instructor, knew his subjects and was able to impart that knowledge.

Mr. Brinager conducted a private school where the Christian Science church now is located.

For two years after that Mr. Stanley taught school at old Randolph, now Bullards, making Coquille his home.

He was married to Carrie B. Goodman here on Sept. 4, 1892.

About the same time he was elected county clerk for Coos county, necessitating his removal to Empire. Ben F. Lawrence went with him as deputy, and when D. F. Dean was elected clerk to succeed him, Mr. Stanley continued in the office as deputy.

He was later employed in the sheriff's office and when the county seat was moved to Coquille he returned to the city of his choice and has since remained here.

For a time he was publisher of the Coquille Bulletin, one of the progenitors of the Sentinel, and this newspaper experience has on many occasions during the past quarter of a century been of benefit to the present Sentinel publishers.

In 1904 Mr. Stanley was admitted to the bar and has been a practicing attorney in Coquille since. He served as mayor of Coquille for two terms, was a member of the school board and councilman, was city attorney for 14 years and since 1912 has been justice of the peace for Coquille district No. 3, and so popular an official that usually he had no republican opposition. He was a lifelong democrat, although he strayed, as many democrats did in the 90's, into the Peoples party fold.

Besides his widow he is survived by four children, Mrs. Alice Perrott, of Coquille, Mrs. Alta Hansen and Mrs. Ruth Stone, of Marshfield, and John F. Stanley, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The latter had started west before his father's death and arrived in Portland Wednesday morning where a brother-in-law, Jens T. Hansen, met him and brought him to Coquille.

Other survivors are a brother, Charles Stanley, of Holtop, Kansas; a sister, Mrs. Ruth Hockett, of Des Moines, Iowa, and four grandchildren, Jean Ruth, Carolyn and Nancy Lee Perrott, of Coquille, and John Jervis Stanley, of Poughkeepsie.

Mr. Stanley was a public spirited citizen; he had a keen sense of humor and enjoyed a joke as well as the

next one. He enjoyed meeting his fellow man and no one can say J. J. Stanley ever gave him anything but a square deal. As a judge he was impartial and fearless, and with it all he was a kind and upstanding man.

Mr. Gill

By STANLEY CORDELL

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AT FIRST Mr. Otis Gill had seemed to take a liking to young Actor Forbes. But he changed his opinion when the Champion began to buck the choppy seas of the open Atlantic. She was not a large liner, and the waves were running high. Arthur Forbes turned away suddenly and clutching the deck rail for support, shaped an unsteady course for the companionway.

Mr. Gill burst into guffaws of laughter.

And from that point forward until dinner time, Mr. Otis Gill proceeded to make himself obnoxious to as many passengers as would listen to him. He went from one group to another, snickering whenever he found a man or woman bearing the telltale pallor in their cheeks, boasting of his own immunity to the well-known malady.

By 5 o'clock the seas increased to almost mountainous proportions. Mr. Gill rolled about the deck with a broad grin on his face, seeming to take a particular delight in recalling various banquets he had attended during the preceding winter.

The dining salon was located beneath the forward deck; Mr. Gill's table was at the extreme end, near that section where the vessel's bow began to narrow. He had hardly seated himself, when he saw that young Arthur Forbes was placed two tables away and slightly behind. There was a plate of food on the table before the youth, but it was untouched. Like one in a trance Mr. Forbes was sitting with eyes widened greatly beyond their normal size, cheeks as pale as death.

Mr. Gill roared with laughter, looking about him and nodding toward the unfortunate Mr. Forbes' direction.

After a time Mr. Gill saw that the youth at the other table was staring toward a port-hole, and his grin broadened. The port-hole was located far forward, and with each dip of the vessel one could see the entire slope of a wave, from trough to crest. Then for a space there would be nothing but open sky. It provided a sensation similar to riding on a roller coaster.

After a while Mr. Gill found it was easier to stare straight ahead than to sit half-turned in his chair in order to watch young Forbes, who, after all, wasn't the most pleasing sight in the world. And in staring straight ahead Mr. Gill found that he was looking directly through the port-hole at the swishing seas.

He watched idly for a few moments and then looked away, conscious of a feeling in his stomach not wholly normal. The sensation passed and he looked again at the port-hole, feeling more comfortable in this position. Instantly the same strange sensation attacked him again. Annoyed, Mr. Gill looked about on a pretext of locating his waiter. To his amazement the dining salon and the people in it were rolling up and down with a movement not unlike the rolling seas.

Mr. Gill was sober now; his face pale; his eyes glassy. Realization

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of what was happening to him came as a shock. He was seasick! Helplessly, miserably ill. Never in his life could Mr. Gill remember feeling so utterly at the mercy of anything.

With a mighty effort he stood up, clutching at the table. He hesitated a moment, then started for the door, reeling, gripping chairbacks for support, one hand holding his mouth. Dimly he knew that people were looking up at him and smiling, winking knowingly to each other. He felt enraged and humiliated and indignant.

Miraculously Mr. Gill reached the doorway and disappeared up the stairs. Instantly the dining salon was a bedlam of laughter. Up toward the bow young Arthur Forbes was wiping some white substance from his cheeks and grinning broadly. Several men came over and spoke to him. A steward came up beaming.

"I'll change your order, sir. Bring you some hot food."

Mr. Forbes smiled. "Thanks. And say, steward, that was a smart idea of yours—asking me to play the role of the helplessly seasick passenger and placing Gill at that table directly opposite the porthole."

The steward nodded, eyes a-twinkle. "We have a man like Mr. Gill on board every voyage, Sir. And we have that table placed there for just his type. No one else is asked to sit so far forward."



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