Sands change. These white dunes are a lifeless image Of mobile assters that they dwell beside. Whose grizzied has the fire back and forth forever Obedient to the hidding of the tide.

And sands have lifes. These smoothly curving billows Whose creats go blowing off in stinging foam. That eats the leafage from encrosching willows And draws the wire-grass thro a fine-tooth comb, Their tide crawls in, crawls in, upon the forest.

Their bitter drops are carried on the breath Of tireless winds, till all green things are beaten And bleached and scoured into the hue of death. Their tide flows in, but evermore the forest And bleached and scoured into the hue of death.

Their tide flows in, but evermore the forest
Sends soldier-roots that ask no wage for toil,
To spend their lives and give their dying bodies
To make a bulwark round the fertile soil.

Yet come the sands, whose ceasess pilling, pilling,
Flattens the shifting mountains with their weight,
Opens old graves, and bares forgotten specters
Again to air, half esten by their fate. Again to air, half eaten by their fate.

Here stands a roof that tons of stony water

Have not yet bowed or leveled to their will,

Silver of shingle, grizzly white of rafter,

A sand-built fungus on the window-sill,

High dunes to seaward, sand-hills on the porches,

Clapboards that beat and hammer in the storm,

And empty sash, like dead eyes seaward gazing

From rooms that once were lamplit, firelit, warm.

A fallen wharf, teredo-tunneled piling,

Ribs of a surf-boat fallen to decay,

A thin cold sunlight thro the fog-banks smiling

On this, the corpse of an unburied day.

The old stage station. Time and sands and bitter

Wind, wrap the place in a forgetful veil,

Yet here I find, among the ancient litter,

The bleaching bones of a peculiar tale.

In the years past, before the ocean sent its

Dun hordes of sand to overrun the spit,
This way a sweet cove, and the great dune lent its
Sliding white breast to be a shield to it.

Staying its weight, young fir-trees stood, enlacing
Their twisted boughs above the grasses thick,
Buttercup-starred, with round its edge a tracing.

Dark and red-berried, of the kinnikinnick.
Here came Bill Sturgis, from some place forgotten.

Lown the Coos say he steered his scoot, steep lines.

To his fit haven homed the pioneer.

Bill, and the woman, and the kids, together,
Single of heart, many and strong of hand.

For them there was no lonelines, no terror.

This was their cove, this was their promised land.

Under the dune he built a little cabin,
Strong of foundation, crude and poor and bare,
Yet beautiful, because it had within it
A thother-heart, whose light makes huts seem fair.

Over the sand-hills ranged the lads, barefooted.

Father was strong, and they themselves were stout,
And in the cabin there was always Mother

She was the charm that kept the bogies out.

Bill, with his cabin finished, started staging.

Aeroes the dunes, and down the wave-beat sand,
Over talt mines his wheel-track was the highway
Down to the Umpqua, where the steamboats land.

Daytine, or night-time, fog, or storm, or sunshine,
Thro the clouds thrust, behind the ebbing tide.

Up the web beaches tolled the heavy wagon,
A swift sandpiper legging at its side.

As waste of sand is waste of sea's own brother,
Twin to the schooner is the lumbering stage,
Whose captain reads, from notes upon the margin,
The stern delight of any right-made man
Who works for love, while true love labors for him,
Each for the other doing what it can.

One sullen dawn, while Bill made tight the curtains
That thro the onsisught of a distant storm

Coming to shore upon a cloud with fringes.

His passengers should ride in comfort, warm,
There came toward him, shiyering in the bitter
Wind, whose rude lips apar rain upon the beach,
A sking a favor in his mingled speech.

And this was it: the old man had no money:
Nothing at a

His smile, half scornful, was consenting answer.
"Go in the house, John, warm you while you wait."

"Go in the house, John, warm you while you wait."
Glanced at the offered slip of colored paper,
Thrust in his pocket and forgot it, straight.
Followed a winter harder than the common
In the small house between the sea and bay:
A crisis came, and left a child behind it,
Another came, and took a child away.
Then a great tide, that made the new barn driftwood.
Foodstuff was high, the ebb of travel low,
The wind was sharp, the teeth of worry sharper:
A man works hard, and why should things be so?
Put faithfully by night or day unswerving.

But faithfully, by night or day, unswerving.

The wind and wave might make the wagen reel,

True as the feam along the flood-mark curving.

Ran the clear line of William Sturgis' wheel,

Toward that moment waiting by the waters
As surely as the polyp or the shell,
When all the structure life has builded totters
Into the future's dark, abysmal well.
Toward the time, just after fording Ten-Mile, Toward the time, just after fording Ten-Mile,
Whose varying waters ran a furious tide,
When a newspaper, blown from none knew whether,
Wrapped round the wheel-spokes on the landward side.
That hour when the low tide lay still and listened
And breakers poised unbroken, to await
Spoken, the words where salty crystals glistened
Like cobwebs strung across the face of Fate,

For Bill, stooping to disengage the paper,
Found his eyes caught upon a single line:
LOTTERY PRIZE. THE HIGHEST ONE. AWARDED
Then came a number. "Gosh! That number's MINE!

Many the fogs that since that day have rifted,
Melted, and vanished, where the cabin stood.
Many the sand-grains that have sifted, sifted,
Over the pasture and its guarding wood. Over the pasture and its guarding wood.

Many the tide whose ebb and flow have taken
City and farm into their water-hold,
Many the heart that longs in vain to waken
Out of the nightmare misery of gold,
For wealth is a chain that drags, but never uplifts,
And hearts as clean once as a sea-gull's breast
Dream of the green cove where the needling sands sift
Across the ruins of an empty nest.
—Frances Holmstrom

The preceding tale was told me by out to the old Eva of remember my husband, the late Charles M. glory, the steamboat ride up to Scot Holmstrom, who had been employed burg, with a stopover at Gardiner as a locomotive engineer in the construction of the Coos Bay jetty, and bone-breaking miles of rut and corremembered many colorful incidents duroy from there to Drain, the near-

of early life on Coos Bay. The story is a true one except for I believe the hero's true name was Empire now are, and many old resi- family, honest, hard-working pe Winchester Bay, the long-booted to hear of them.

boatman who carried passengers to the rowboat which in turn he rowed years ago. —Frances Holmstrom and Mrs. Stockade, of Palo Alto, headed by George Murphy, Holly-

"the white city by the sea," and the est contact with the railroad.

details filled in by myself. The old Jarvis. The amount of the prize stage-station stood near where the won by the Chinaman's lottery ticket Coast Guard buildings across from was fifty thousand dollars. The dents will remember the journey by went to San Francisco to enjoy their launch across Coos Bay, the stop at the stage-station, the stage, which the stage-station, the stage, which with its side curtains firmly lashed down in stormy weather was so dark of the city, and the father was shot one passenger could not see the in a brawl in a gambling den—so the other's face, the long, cold ride across story was told me. If any reader the sand-spit and up the beach to knows of any errors I should be glad

Ledies Aid met Wednesday at the ome of Mrs. J. L. Burtis with the following attendance: Mesdames O. H. Guistrom, and the hostess, Mrs. J. L.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Root and John Paul drove to Myrtle Creek Wednes-day to meet Mr. Root's sister and children, Mrs. Wm. Stauff, Billy and aomi May, from California, who are isiting relatives and friends in Arago

for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Woodward and
Gerald left Friday for Eugene where
Mr. Woodward will be employed for

Mrs. O. H. Aasen, Mrs. Ward Evans, Mrs. Naomi Robison and S. C. Mc-Allister. They will meet again next

After the meeting was over the ladies surprised Miss La Vaun Aasen with a miscellaneous shower in honor of her coming marriage to Mr. Jesse Dunning, of Washington. The brideto-be received many lovely gifts, atter which the hostess. Mrs. Aasen, served her guests a lovely luncheon of cookies, punch, coffee and water-melon. Guests present were: Mesdames Ray Epperson, Etta Hoffman, Mabel Martin, Edna Nelson, Ben Reed, E. G. Lowe, Frazer Hoffman, Mrs. Vern Magill was honored. leed, E. G. Lowe, Frazer Hoffman, Hattle Hatcher, all of Myrtle Point; Mesdames J. W. Barnett, J. D. Root, Stanley Halter, Albert Lillie, O. H. Aasen, Ralph Cameron, Glenn Grif-fith, Robin and Buddy, C. A. Keltner, J. L. Burtis, J. D. Carl, Ward Evans, Lawrence Rackleff and Maxine, Jack orff and Annie, S. C. McAllister, Miss Leaths Munford, of Arago, and Mrs. Clair Keltner.

Presbyterian Ladies Aid at the home of Mrs. Lillie Dement in Myrtle Point day, at which time Mrs. Bruce

and Mrs. Sevy were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McAllister and Alice Jean spent the night with Miss

Jerene, of Allegany, were overnight guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Evans Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Barklow has returned

ome from her trip to Wyoming and Idaho. While gone she visited the Yellowstone National Park. The Root families held a picnic on

The Root families held a picnic on the Stauff ranch Sunday noon at which the tollowing were present: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Root and John Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munford and Leaths, Lynn Shrader, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carl, Herbert and Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McAllister and Mary Jean, Mrs. Naomi Robison, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Root and Evelyn, of Myrtle Point, Mrs. Wm. Stauff, William, Jr., and Naomi May, of California, Mrs. and Mrs. Sam Root and Merle Tomas, of Riverton, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Sevy and Alice Jean How-

ard, of Langlois. . Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boak and sons, Rupert and Harold, Mr. and Mrs. Ray McNair and Raymond, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore and Billy, all of Bandon, and Mrs. Ray Watkins and event of major magnitude. Most Dorothy, of California, enjoyed a recently India capitulated to the picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. charm of this young thespian when

daughter, Mary, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Damron at Bandon Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burbank viette d at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. B.

Sevy, of Langlois, last Friday. While there they enjoyed a trip to Port. Orford and Humbug mountain. Mrs. Burbank's sister and son, Mrs. Emily Hickam and Kent, of Corvallis, ac-

Rev. G. A. Gray, of Coquille, conducted the regular Sunday morning church service. Sunday school followed with an attendance of 47. Don't forget the anniversary dinner and program next Sunday, Aug. 21. Miss Helen Whitaker, missionary from China, will be with us to give

a talk at the afternoon program. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sabin, Clara

leve Ferris, also of Palo Alto, visite Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Assen and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McAllister Monday

en visiting in Arago the past week turned to her home in Camas Val-Sunday.

Mrs. Rosella Cline is clerking in the J. C. Penney store at Coquille. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hampton reurned home from their trip to eastern Oregon Wednesday. They left again Saturday for a trip to California. Their grandson, Allen Lafferty, accompanied them.

Harold Hayes and Miss Zeilner, Gaylord, were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hammack.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barklow left last Sunday for St. Helens where Mr. Barklow is employed.

The regular weekly bible study was held at the church Wednesday evening with J. D. Root and John Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munford and Leatha, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Watkins, liminaries, went to the J. L. Ellis liminaries, went to the J. L. Ellis home and serenaded Mr. Ellis, in honor of his 76th birthday anniver-sary, which had occurred the day Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Jim McCue, of Bandon, visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. A. Myers, Friday.

Myers, Friday. The Myrtle Point W. C. T. U. met on her to the grove where an hour of The Myrtle Point W. C. T. U. met on the lawn at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

L. M. Assen on Hall's creek Friday afternoon, with quite a large number of the Arrico ladies present at dispersions. The meeting was opened which the business was attended to After the meeting was over the ladies attended to Beckett Lynn Culver, Ruth Walker, Ruther Lake, Pauline Farmer, Gloria Thompson, Lillian After the meeting was over the ladies

Mrs. Vern Magill was honnesday afternoon of last week, the ver as a surprise for the honoree.
Those present were Mesdames Bessie Ocheltree, Robert Ocheltree, Dan Cribbins, Jason Jewett, Jimmy Jewlerman Koch, Dwight Culver, Elmer Magill, Lyle Hardman and Miss Mary Lou Culver. Refreshments of fruit saled, cookies and Koolaid were erved by Mrs. Culver and Mrs. Elmer

Henry was given a shower.

Magill.

Mrs. and Mrs. I. B. Sevy and Alice
Jean Howard, of Langlois, were Arago visitors Sunday and Monday. Mr. companied Mrs. Albert Reed and son, Gerald, on an overnight visit to the home Saturday.

Creek vicinity, a few miles east of Bridge, caused some apprehension Frank Culver made a business trip for a few hours among home owners to Albany last week, returning home living along the highway, some of them making preparation to move out, but fortunately that did not become Bergen's flower

The Pioneer Methodist Church Howard L. Graybeal, Pastor Morning Church Service at 11. ermon, "There's Something Wrong."

Sunday School at 10 a. m. Ernest urvance, superintendent. Epworth League at 7:00 p. m. Grant Hartwell, president.
Organ Concert at 7:50. Miss Margaret Purvance, Organist.

Emanuel Baptist Church Fourth and Elliott Sts.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. C. E Morning service at 11 a. m. Subect, "The Power of the Cross." Evening service, 7:30 p. m. ect, "David's Experience with Com-

Methodist Episcopal Church Evening preaching 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. Scriptural, spiritual preaching. Ev-

G. A. Gray, Pastor

First Church of Christ, Scientist Coquille, Oregon

unday Service at 11 a. m. Subject for next Sunday, "Mind." Wednesday evening meeting at 8 Free public Reading Room open in

Church Building every Tuesday and riday afternoons except holidays

The public is cordially invited to our services and to visit the

The Youth Rally held at Camp Myrtlewood Friday evening was attended by young people from Marshfield, Empire, Coquille and Bridge.
A program was presented by the
Bridge group, after which the crowd enjoyed an informal "sing" around the campfire. Marshmallows were toasted and the meeting closed with a short, but impressive, devotional service, conducted by Miss Ruth Towne of Coquille. The next rally will be held in Marshfield, the date to be announced later. It was erroneously stated in this column last week that Myrtle Christian Endeavor Union was sponsoring the rally but it is not connected with any organization and is wholly undenominational in char-

acter and the young people of all churches are urged to attend. Glen Hutton will have charge of Elmer Wilson home at Sitkum, re- the Christian Endeavor meeting next turning to Myrtle Point Friday and on Sunday evening. The topic is: "My Attitude Toward God." The eve-Mr. and Mrs. Sam Root and Merle

A forest fire, which started shortly ning church service will be conducted by F. H. Barr, of Myrtle Point. Ev-

Bergen's flowers cost no more.

St. James' Episcopal Church Cor. 3rd and Elitett Streets Revd. George R. Turney, Vicar

Aug. 21—8. a. m. Holy Communion. 9:30 a. m. Morning Service and Ser-Aug. 28—No Services this date. Sept. 4—8 a. m. Holy Communion 9:30 a. m. Holy Communion and Ser-

Sept. 11-Beginning of fall sched

Church of God

Corner Seventh and Henry Sts. Sunday school, 10 a.m. Young People's meeting Sunday

If you are not attending services we give you a hearty welcome to join us.
Our pastor, Rev. L. E. Neal, has gone into the evangelistic field.
There will be no preaching services until further notice.

Coquille Tabernacle

Second and Heath Streets Rev. R. D. E. Smith, minister Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Morning Worship at 11:00 a. m Young People's service at 6:45 p. m. Evangelistic service at 7:45 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Tuesday night at

miles Zindy Friday pight of 7:30

The Holy Name Catholic Church Coquille: 1st Sunday, 10:30 a. m.; 2nd and 3rd Sunday, 8:30 a. m. Myrtle Point: 2nd Sunday, 10:30 a. m; 4th Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

Bandon: 1st Sunday, 8:30 a. m.; 3rd unday, 10:30 a. m. Powers, 4th Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. M. Sheridan, Past



WE LOOK AFTER

EVERY DETAIL when we are called upon to serve We know exactly what is expected of us; and our personnel has been trained to handle any situation that is apt to arise. In a manner that is never ostentatious; yet always indicative of appropriate recog-nition of the sadness of the occa-

SCHROEDER BROS MORTUARIES, Inc.

Coquille 109R

1083

"Little Miss Broadway" at Roxy Sun. Mon. Tue. Gay, Surpriseful Shirley Temple in New Hit,

Six New Songs Score of Number One Star's Latest Show

"Little Miss Broadway, Shirley Temple's latest star-ring picture has been completed and is scheduled for its opening Sunday at the Roxy Theatre.

Already, those who have seen the production say that it demonstrates beyond a shadow of a doubt why this young lady is America's Number One star.

It is an acknowledged fact that to millions throughout the world, each new Shirley Temple picture is an H. E. Watkins Sunday. an age-old rule against feminine en-Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Watkins and tertainers dropped its barriers—and La Temple is now the box office

champion of the world. Better Than Ever Of "Little Miss Broadway," the preewers say that Shirley dances and sings with greater ease and talent than she has in any previous film, and her rare dramatic ability continues to amaze her audiences.

Part of the secret of her phenome nal success is credited to the fact that Darryl F. Zanuck, production chief at 20th Century-Fox consistently has indeered every facility within his control to assure the best in story, production material and cast. And "Little Miss Broadway" has been reported as a double order of every-

The original screen play was prepared by Harry Tugend and Jack



SHITELEY TEMPLE, the world's Number One star, brings a whole new world of fun in her latest 26th Century-Fox musical, "Little Miss Proadway," and she's never had a grander cast of troupers around here.

wood's ace acting-hoofer; Jimmy Du- lock and Harold Spins-ranging from rante, a droll comic who needs no ballads to sizzling swing lend them-introduction; Phyllis Brooks, the rapidly rising young blonde beauty the intricate steps which she and who appeared with Shirley in "Re-becca," and Edna Mae Oliver, who is Production has called known to myriads of fans as the autere old maid.

The cast also includes two dozen big names, notable among them George Barbier, Edward Ellis, Jane Darwell, Donald Meek Patricia Wild-er and Claude Gillingwater, Sr.

Sparkling Tunes Six sparkling tunes by Walter Bul- venture with Shirley.

the intricate steps which she and Production has called for ultramodern sets as well as dowdy old

theatrical hotel-room scenes. And as evidence of an assured Temple success the direction of the young star has been in the hands of Irving Cummings who makes "Little Miss Broadway" his third directorial