

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

Not long ago a couple of small lads brought to the store a very young grouse that had not been hatched long. They told of seeing its mother seeking to distract their attention from the little fellow by dragging her wing along the ground and acting as though she were crippled, in order to draw the boy's attention to herself, so that her young might escape.

The boys were taking the little grouse home to put with a "banty" hen. The chances are one in a million that the hen would not adopt the little stranger and even if she did, the chances would be one in a million again against it living. Throughout the whole United States there has only been one man—not a man, but a boy, who was ever able to raise young grouse to maturity.

A Boy Scout would never have taken the young bird from its mother, nor would a boy who was taught consideration of wild life, or who was versed in game laws, for it is unlawful to keep such a game bird in captivity without a permit from the State Game Commission.

Grouse are getting mighty scarce and if the little fellow that the thoughtless boys took home to die, happened to be a hen and reached maturity in its wild habitat it would mean more propagation of this fast disappearing bird.

If sportsmen would give more time to impressing upon their children and their friends' children just how vital it is to maintain our wildlife they would really be accomplishing something worthwhile. And too, as I have always maintained, the protection and the propagation of wildlife should be taught in our public schools, so that the coming generation would take an interest in the welfare of such things. Coaches are hired in public schools to develop bodies, to promote athletics, but it is seldom that you hear of conservation and protection being taught pupils regarding our wildlife—and our wildlife is one of the greatest assets that we have.

For a long time we had heard tales of white sea-lions frequenting the rocks along the beach south of Bandon. We never took much stock in the yarn until Mrs. Maryette Morse, who lives south of Queen Ann, told us that the report was true and if we would come out there sometime that she would prove it to us. So we armed ourselves with high powered binoculars and went out one afternoon. But the tide was high and the good lady informed us that a low tide was necessary before the white sea-lions could be seen. We promised to call again when the tide was at a low stage, but neglected doing so. Then, not long ago we received a message from Mrs. Morse stating that one of the sea-lions had been washed upon the beach—or rather the dead body of one. So we departed post-haste for the beach.

Mrs. Morse gave us directions as to where to find the animal's carcass and we made our way there. And sure enough, there was a practically white sea-lion. Only its flippers were of a dark color. The rest of the body was actually a dingy white. Mrs. Morse had verified her statement; and besides we are deeply grateful to her for sending us the message relative to the dead sea-lion.

Golf Tournament At Coos Country Club

Elaborate plans have been made for the southwestern Oregon championship tournament at the Coos Country Club, July 3, 4 and 5 when all plans were perfected at a meeting of the directors this week in Marshfield. U. S. G. A. rules will govern handicappings and pairings, with tournament play open to all players, including beginners, both men and women and juniors. Championship flight of 32 are to be on the grounds at nine o'clock Saturday, July 3, with only five minutes allowed, anyone arriving later to be disqualified.

William "Laddie" Selkirk will have charge of all events and act as starter and referee of finals.

Players in the championship flight will play without handicap. Those in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd flights will play with handicap, determined by the handicap committee, whose rulings will be absolutely final. Merchandise prizes will be given winner, runner up and third man in each flight in addition to trophies, which will be awarded the winners.

Qualifying and pairings for 18 holes will be made, July 2. The first round of all flights, 18 holes, and the championship flight of 32 to play 36 holes, will begin at 9:00 o'clock Saturday, July 3. At 6:00 o'clock the same evening a barbecue and dance will be held at the country club with J. Albert Matson preparing the barbecue. A breakfast will be held at 8:30 Sat-

Back In The 80's

By Bob Harrison

As we turn the hands of the clock back for about 56 years, it brings us down to around Sept. 9, 1887, where the scene was laid, in a little, far-western hamlet, known as Coquille City.

This day of our Lord, September 9, 1887, is a day long to be remembered by those who are still above the sod, that were here to witness the events of that day. As we pen these lines, our ear, in its vision, can still catch the strains of the Coquille City Trombone Band as it flung to the breeze the rhythm of the Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, Old Moringo, and many other old favorites, while along the planked streets flags and bunting hung out in profusion, and men in blue uniforms walked briskly about in their pleasant and good-natured way.

Across the street from the Hotel Coquille, about the vicinity of the auto sales lot, was a two story building, with a stairway going up on the outside, and in a room at the head of the stairs, General (Z. T.) Siglin and Capt. T. G. Owens, with their staff from Marshfield, was organizing Company H, 2nd Reg. O. N. G. To strengthen our memory in this matter, we have before us today a time-worn document which reads as follows:

"To all who shall see these presents, greetings. This is to certify, that Robert M. Harrison was elected a member of Co. H, 2nd Reg. O. N. G. on the 9th day of Sept., 1887, and he was mustered in as a member of said Co. on the 9th day of Sept. 1887, by Capt. T. G. Owens, AAG, for three years."

The organization of the Company was completed in the one day and the following evening the election of officers was completed at a banquet in the old Masonic Temple, given under the auspices of the G.A.R. and W.R.C., which proved to be a very brilliant affair.

The officers elected at that time were: Capt., Chas. W. Olive; 1st Lt., John S. Lawrence; 2nd Lt., P. E. Drane; Orderly, Geo. F. Bautele, and there was appointed a full staff of sergeants and corporals. The company soon got down to real work, with regular drill once a month, with a weekly drill whenever they could muster a squad. In a very short time the company was well equipped with uniforms and arms and when the major holidays rolled around they, along with the G.A.R. and W.R.C., were a great factor in making the events of the occasion very colorful, as well as entertaining, as a number of the enlisted men belonged to the local band.

During this time there was a company at Marshfield, Co. G; also there was a company at Bandon, Co. K, and there were some lively times when the three companies were putting on their competitive drills and target contests. Later on, after Companies G, H, and K, had disbanded, on account of the expiration of the three-year term of service, a company was organized at Myrtle Point, taking the name of Company G, separate Bn. O. N. G., with W. P. Kinsman as captain, he later resigning, and A. J. Walker was elected captain and commanded the company, until it disbanded three and a half years later. This company was organized in 1893, the writer being a member and serving as 2nd sergeant.

The organizing and drilling of raw recruits is rather a big undertaking and, while there are a lot of headaches that go with the enterprise, there are also a few mirth-provoking episodes that bob up.

Just take about 60 or 80 raw recruits, all dolled up in uniforms, each one lugging along an old "blunderbuss," with all the trappings, give them the command, "Fall in," and then take another look, and the lineup will resemble the profile of some old "sawtooth" mountain range, with the short and the tall all scrambled. Then you call, "right dress" and they all start looking two ways for Sunday, when you shout "order arms" and down they come with a rumble, and if they don't mash their own feet, they surely get the other fellow's foot. How well do we remember these things, because we have mashed a few of our comrades' feet, along with our own.

There were a few notable things in the military at that time, that are not in evidence today. First, we drilled under the Hardee tactics, commonly known as the Shanghai drill, which I suppose today would be called the Kangaroo hop, or leap frog, and besides the uniforms were surely cut to conserve the cloth, and when you got yourself wedged down into these trousers, you just had to stand up, no sitting down with any ease. In a voluntary organization like the State Militia, the rules were not too specific in regard to the build of the recruit, and in this the company would naturally have a few over, as well as a few underweight sizes, who, of

course, were all excellent troopers, regardless of size, but since the uniforms were all made to fit a certain size of men, some of the over-size lads would draw a very close fit, while the undersize chaps had plenty of room to sit down with ease, and the regular sizes all loomed up like a million.

Being in the infantry division, the company was armed with the 50-70 calibre Springfield rifles, with the old style long French bayonets. The barrels of these old "catapults" were not blued like the arms of today but were left bright and the regulations were very strict in the matter of keeping them polished up to the highest degree and when the boys went out for arms inspection, they were in mortal agony lest the old "pewter hat" would find a speck of rust on the old polished "joint of stove pipe," and if he did he would either execute a "lunge" at you, or else swing an overhead "head parry," besides laying a big loud verbal barrage, which would rattle the windows for five blocks. There are always a few headaches in military life, and one of the worst ones at that early day, was the head gear which somewhat resembled a cap, with a heavy sole leather visor. This semblance of a "dome cover" would hardly sit on top of a fence post, let alone stay put on a trooper when he was making a "flying switch" on some-cow pasture drill course. The thing always gave the boys a double duty, one was the regular manual, the other was to keep the thing balanced on his head.

Target practice was always a gala day for the boys, as they would all assemble at the barracks and at the command of "forward march," would romp out across the planked streets and out on the road that leads to the County Farm, where they would set up the target and thunder away like a real battle. Those old Springfield rifles were a deadly weapon, with an awful clout at the back end of the thing, and when you'd pull the trigger, it would jolt you clear back to your grandfather. What a sight it must have been to the casual bystander to see that host of Blueridge Tigers come thundering down over those old planked streets, like a big parade of tumble weeds, the front rank double quicking, while the rear rank oversizers could be glimpsed through the gaps in the dust, with their tongues out, like a mattress hanging out of a window.

Notwithstanding all of the attendant awkwardness which goes with the starting of a military organization, H Company developed into a splendid unit and became very skilled in the manual of arms, while a large number of the boys passed as "sharpshooters," first class.

We can recall the grand display of the boys in blue, at the celebrations on Independence Days, or other gala days, and how we would rest in the shade of over-spreading myrtle and maples, so gaily decorated with bunting and flags, and hear the July 4th program, and listen to some gentle feminine voice as it read these words—"We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal—And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortune, and our sacred honor."

These were the things that thrilled our hearts and made us what we are, Americans, and gave us that profound respect for the deeds and words of the founders of this Great Republic, and inspired us with love for our traditions. Most of my comrades at arms of that day have gone to that Great Beyond and what few of us remain above the sod are still in line, awaiting to answer "here" at the call of the grim harvester but wherever they be, we salute their ashes, for we know that they were all men of moral worth, they were Americans, they were diamonds in the rough.

After the lapse of these many years, it will be interesting to know how many of this little band of unsung heroes will be able to assemble at the forth-coming July 4th celebration to listen to the program.

Hugh Irvin In Training At Naval Station At Farragut

Hugh Irvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Irvin, of Coquille, and a C. H. S. graduate last month, arrived at the second largest U. S. Naval Training Station, the one at Farragut, Idaho, last week to begin his recruit training.

His time for the next few weeks will be occupied in learning the fundamentals of seamanship, military discipline, and undergoing a thorough physical training. He will also get his first contact with boats on beautiful Lake Pend Oreille, beside which Farragut is located.

At the conclusion of his recruit training, he will be given an opportunity to qualify for one of the Navy's service schools for additional specialized training in a field which he has chosen.

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

Maiden Is There For The Duration

Albert Maiden has received a letter which makes it appear very doubtful that his son George, who was employed by a contractor on Wake Island when it was captured by the Japs, will be able to come home, until after the war. A second exchange of civilians is being arranged by the United States and Japanese governments, through a non-belligerent nation, but as the Japs have classified all the men taken from the Philippines and from Wake as prisoners of war and not as civilian internees, it doesn't look as though the Japs would release this Coquille prisoner.

The letter which was from the Pacific Island Employees Foundation, said that the classification of civilian employees, as George was, is being strongly opposed by the U. S., but the Japs have the say about whom they will release.

Townsend Club No. 1

Townsend Club No. 1 opened its meeting this week with Mr. Buckner giving the prayer and with 40 members and visitors present. The meeting hour has been changed to 8:30 p. m. until September 1. Three new members were reported at this time. Caravan of clubs metes in W. O. W. hall Sunday, June 27.

Mr. Gilkey, a new member of this club, spoke briefly. On the program were readings by Mr. and Mrs. McCue, Mr. Tilghman, Mrs. Westbrook, Mrs. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Buckner; song by Velma Chapman and Betty J. Crim. Miss Inez Rover played several beautiful piano selections, which were enjoyed very much. Door prize was won by Mr. Idle. Rolls and jelly were enjoyed as refreshments.

Men to serve! Come out eat doughnuts next meeting and see the "males" do the serving.—Press Cor.

Townsend Club No. 2

Townsend Club, No. 2, met with Mrs. Mary F. Rocco on June 17. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mrs. Buckner and salute to the flag followed. A business meeting was held and it was voted to send five dollars to the Buy-a-Bond fund. After the business a very pleasant social time was enjoyed. The hostess served ice cream, cookies and coffee. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Elsie Hickam on July 1.

Those present were: Maud Brockman, Estella July, Alma Halter, Mildred Miller, Mary Keck, Eva Shepherd, Violet Roth, Grace Keck, Mettie Peterson, Maggie Buckner, Anna Smith and the hostess, Mary Rocco.

BABY CRIBS---

IVORY FINISH—SOLID PANEL ENDS

Special \$17.50

Also a complete selection of CRIB MATTRESSES

\$5.95 to \$11.95

Purkey Furniture

Dance

Saturday, June 26th

Gravel Ford Hall

NET PROCEEDS GO TO COQUILLE'S

4th of July Celebration

Sponsored by Coquille F. O. E.

Gentlemen 75c

Ladies 25c



The New Law

As Automobile Liability insurance is the best way to meet the requirements of the New Oregon Law, you should discuss this matter with us as we know insurance as well as the law.

If already insured, we'll check to see if you have the two kinds of insurance that you really need. Call or write.

J. S. BARTON

"INSURANCE THAT INSURES"

The Title Company, Phone 21J

Bldg. 355 S. Taylor St.

Coquille, Oregon

Representing THE TRAVELERS, Hartford

PENNEY'S

"Make it your Motto" to see us first for your July 4th outfit.



Crisply Cut! Rayon Blouses

2.98

Smooth, washable rayon crepe in long or short sleeved styles! New different touches!

Gored Or Pleated! Novelty Skirts

2.98 and 3.98

Smart wool-and-rayon plaids in bright color combinations. Solid colors too! Knife or bias pleats. Sizes 24 to 30.



Youthful Lingerie Trimmings! DOTTED DRESSES

4.98

- Slimming Tie-Back Styles!
- Button-Front Models!
- Classic Shirtwaist Types!

A spring classic you won't want to be without! Bright white touches on dark rayon make a smart variation of the conservative style for this season! Casual and dressy styles that you will find so suited to every activity of your busy life! Grand for under a coat or indoor wear right now, and for street wear later! In navy blue or black. Also in attractive pastel shades! Sizes 12-20.

They're Styled for Summer by Town-Clad

MEN'S SUITS

- Sturdy Gabardines!
- Bold Herringbones!
- Firm Finish Stripes!

29.75

Call it "bragging" or "boasting" if you want, but we at Penney's think our success in maintaining Town-Clad's supreme quality (they're STILL all wool worsteds!) is a major achievement in these times. And we take additional pride in being able to foretell spring fashion so accurately in this splendid grouping of Town-Clad! See them NOW!

MARATHON HATS

3.98

New 1943 models—including stitched crowns, mesh, bound edges!

