

### Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

There's a large fish pond on a neighbor's place near the store. For many moons, goldfish of various hues have darted about this pool, or lazily wagged their tails as they reposed beneath the surface in the direct rays of the warm sun, or lounged 'neath the lily pads that grow in profusion in the pool.

Recently the place was rented to an elderly couple and they moved their household belonging into the large ranch house. And with their belongings they brought along two ducks. A pen was constructed for the ducks and they were placed within it immediately.

Could the roving sharp eyes of the birds have caught a glimpse of the gold fish in their pool, as they were carried past in their crate, or was it instinct that prompted the "jail-break?" But be that as it may, the new tenants were awakened one morning by the loud and joyful quacking of the two ducks; their voices coming from the gold fish pool. The old couple hastened to the pool, routed the ducks and with grave forebodings waited for the water to clear. And when it did, their anticipation of the result of the ducks' visit was fully realized—the pool was practically devoid of goldfish. Just one lone, little black fellow lay hidden beneath a lily pad, while all his brethren lay in the tumblers of the waddling marauders. Just further proof of the fact that ducks are extremely fond of fish.

The new tenants wasted a couple of precious A tickets in touring about in search of goldfish to replenish the exhausted supply and, after an all day's search, returned home with a couple of dozen of them to liberate in the pool.

Our suggestion is that they place a ball and chain on the ducks if they wish to keep the new crop of goldfish intact, for the old broadbills are liable to make another "jail break"

and when they do, it is going to be just too bad for the new arrivals in the pool.

Several years ago a family residing in this district captured a fawn and made a pet of it. They kept it for about three years and after the first year it sported a pair of forked horns. It bummed about the yard, dug into the men's folks pockets after tobacco and followed the whole family about like a dog.

But finally, the buck took a distinct liking for fresh vegetables and he visited the dargen daily, trampling the vegetables under hoof and picking out the choicest for himself.

It was finally decided that the buck must die, but he was left to live until the deer hunting season was officially opened. And the morning the season opened, the farmer who had raised the buck from a very small fawn and watched it develop into a fine antlered buck, picked up his rifle and went in search of the big buck.

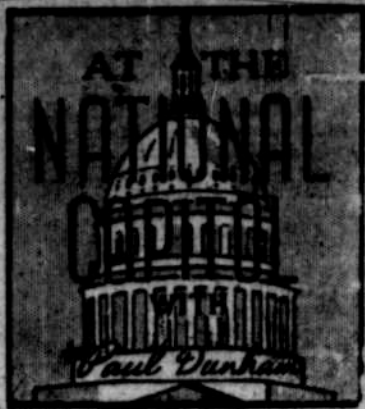
The buck was not hard to find. He was grazing along the hillside within sight of the farm house. The farmer lined him up through his sights, and right here we would like to state that he lowered his rifle and that the old buck was left to live, but such was not the case. The farmer squeezed the trigger, the buck staggered as the hot lead tore through his body. But he didn't go down on the spot. With his dying breath he ran. He ran not toward the shelter of the friendly woods near at hand, but straight toward the only home he had ever known. To the spot where he had been fondled as a small fawn and made over by his natural enemy—man. Straight for the farm house he went. The front gate stood open and, with his dying breath, he staggered blindly through it and fell sprawling in the yard near the doorstep. There he expired, no doubt with a look of utter wonderment in his soft brown eyes, that he had been wounded unto death by the once kindly hand that had fed him and stroked him when he was but a small spotted fawn.

Yes, he turned not toward the friendly trees on that last death sprint but ran with his last breath to the haven of shelter that to this wild creature had been home. Truly not a fitting end for a wild creature that looked upon man as a friend.

Best minds here believe the recent rumor, coming out of the national capital, that the five-cent Victory tax would be repealed is the bunk. They point to the fact that the government needs more taxes, not less, from any and all sources the treasury department may be able to tap. So any idea of reduced taxes while the war is on, at least, is but a dream.

The payroll withholding tax is now bringing in about \$125 million a week, and some of the tax experts believe the 20 per cent payroll tax should be upped at least another ten per cent or more. They point out that around \$45 billion is still in the jeans of John Q. Public even after paying stiff taxes and wrestling with the high cost of living. The tax experts argue this huge surplus of cash should be siphoned off in order to ward off inflation, either through still higher taxes (a part to be refunded after the war) or a compulsory war bond savings plan. If such a tax plan is not put into effect immediately, the tax men believe inflation will gain such headway it will be impossible to hold it in check.

Strenuous efforts are being made by the northwest delegations to persuade the Mexican government to change its mind from the recent decision which cut the number of farm hands they had agreed to import for northwest harvest fields. Approximately 8,000 Mexicans were supposed to work the fields in Washington, Oregon and Idaho during the fall



Washington, D. C., Sept. 23—The recent death of Judge Bert Haney of Oregon, one of the seven judges that comprise the ninth United States circuit court of appeals, in all probability means another Oregon appointment to the court which has jurisdiction over the western states. The late Judge Haney was the only member of the court from Oregon. California has three of its citizens on this high federal tribunal, Washington state, Idaho and Arizona one each; Montana and Nevada none. Letters and wires are being received here by the democratic high command urging the appointment of an Oregon man to the vacancy. No candidates from either Montana or Nevada have so far appeared on the horizon. Senator Wheeler is persona non grata with the administration and it is not thought that he will even take the trouble to suggest a candidate from his state, although his colleague, Senator James Murray, will do so. It is not thought Nevada will have any candidate seeking the post, so it may be this juicy lifetime job will go to an Oregon man again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ingram, parents of Mrs. E. V. Crim, came in earlier this month from West Slope, Colo., to spend the winter in Coquille.

Next Tuesday, Sept. 28, an examiner of applicants for drivers' licenses will be at the Coquille city hall between 9:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

### Another Contribution By Coquille's Bed-fast Poet

The following poem written by Velorous Call of this city was given honorable mention in a recent national poetry contest for "American Spirit" poems which was sponsored by a national poetry magazine. It fits in well with the Invasion Bond drive now on:

#### AMERICAN SPIRIT

All for one and one for all,  
Working hard from sun to sun;  
We have heard our country's call;  
Battles must be quickly won.  
Rhythmic songs of work and work,  
Fight and fight—no slackers now;  
Working, fighting, none will shirk;  
Peace hangs ripe on time's high bough.  
Work and work, and fight and fight;  
Feel the mighty pound and beat;  
Victory is now in sight;  
Work and fight—our foes defeat.

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harvest, but the Mexican government canceled the deal, claiming the men were needed at home to help relieve a manpower shortage. The fruit districts of the Yakima valley, Hood River and other sections of southeast Washington and eastern Oregon will be hard hit by the cancellation. Those districts were depending on the Mexicans to relieve their shortage of help. The army will be asked to make available immediately several thousand prisoners of war who are now camped in that area to take the place of the Mexicans in the fields.

If nothing comes out of the meeting to be held in the national capital September 28, when a whole flock of leading dairy farmers are scheduled to hold a big powwow on the milk situation, it means milk rationing will be with us in mighty short order. The milk producers of the nation have been at odds with OPA for many months. Northwest producers have been battling long and hard with OPA and getting no place fast. The universal cry of milk producers is, they need a higher price than the ceiling set by OPA. A big reduction in herds has already taken place and producers say a still further reduction is certain at the end of the pasture season unless a better price can be obtained. Milk producers say they can't feed hay and grain to cows all during the winter season at the prices they have to pay for feed and sell milk at any profit. If this situation continues it means a continued decrease in the supply of milk, and that in turn means rationing.

The wine industry of the Pacific coast, is booming. California, with its huge wine-grape acreage and flocks of wineries, is going to town in a big way. The shortage of whiskey has caused many "hooch" buyers to become connoisseurs of California

wines. Wine is not rationed and is sold in almost every corner grocery store. The whiskey supply will be further curtailed in the next few months, is the prediction of distillers. The distillers had hoped to greatly augment their dwindling stocks by obtaining permission from the government to distill whiskey again for the next two months instead of turning out nothing but government alcohol for war purposes. But Mr. Whiskers said No to any distilling of liquor.

A few new Rand McNally atlases at Norton's this week.

### "I LOST 52 Lbs.!

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Mrs. G. S. WELLS, FT. WORTH  
As Pictured Here—  
You may lose pounds and have more energy, grand old eyes, no wrinkles. No drugs. No laxatives. No diet. No starvation. No gray hair. The experience of Mrs. Wells may or may not be different than yours, but why not try the Ayds Plan? Look at these results.



In clinical tests under the direction of Dr. Van Haver, 100 persons lost 14 to 25 lbs. average in a few weeks with the Ayds Plan. Swear to before a Notary Public.  
With this Ayds Plan you don't cut out any meals, starches, potatoes, meats or butter, you simply cut them down. It's simple, and easier when you enjoy delicious (vitamin fortified) AYDS before each meal. Absolutely harmless. Try a large size box of AYDS now. 25 days supply only \$2.50. Money back GUARANTEED if you don't get results. Please  
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### From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

At Job Crowell's the other day, we were havin' a glass of beer or two and talkin' about the kind of world there'd be when Peace came.

"Hear they'll have trans-Atlantic airplanes flyin' regular as taxi service," says Ed Carey.

"Yep," says Will Frost, "and television and plastic cars and air-conditioned homes and super-duper highways."

Finally, Doc Mitchell chimes in. "You know," he says, "we're talkin' about the future in terms

of luxuries—like air-conditioned houses and television.

"But what really will shape tomorrow's world is what goes on in men's own hearts... like tolerance and understanding."

And from where I sit, Doc's right. Whether it's tolerance of another's politics or respect for a neighbor's right to enjoy a glass of beer occasionally, tolerance is a mighty good foundation for a peacetime world.

Joe Marsh

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## A True Conversation

BETWEEN GENERAL MARSHALL AND SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MORGENTHAU.



General George C. Marshall  
Chief of Staff, U. S. Army

"Mr. Secretary, can we military leaders plan to fight this war in an orderly way—in the surest and most effective manner—or must we take extraordinary risks for fear the money will not hold out?"



Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. Dept. of State

"General, the American people will take care of that. They will not let our fighters suffer from lack of support until we achieve complete victory, no matter how long that may take, nor how much it may cost!"

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LET'S GET THIS WAR OVER WITH AND WON!

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