

Pioneer Miners In Coos Black Sands

By R. M. Harrison

It was in the mid summer of 1830 that a small sailing vessel was skirting the shoreline of the broad Pacific, along up north of the Golden Gate, the present site of San Francisco, and at that time it was an old tumble-down and almost deserted Spanish military post, but owing to the splendid harbor and easy access to the great Western wilds, a great many sea rovers had made that port a rather favorite spot for adventure, both by land and sea.

The little sea rover "White Wings," with its venturesome Capt. Hans Berg, had been for some time scouting the coast line, both south and north of the Golden Gate, and it is quite likely that he had paid several visits to the Coquille and Coos Bay regions, in search of some land of legendary lore. At that time there were plenty of chances for such legendary stuff, as there had been a mission established at the Golden Gate in 1769, with a Spanish military post later, which would mean that there had been considerable exploring along the Pacific coast, before Capt. Berg's time.

It is quite likely, that Capt. Berg had explored most of the larger streams that flowed into the Pacific ocean, along the northern California, as well as those along the southern Oregon coast.

It was early in September 1830, that the "White Wings" lay at anchor in the Coquille river, while its crew of a dozen men or more were lounging on the deck, some of them casting line for fish, which were in abundance; others were resting from their long jaunt up along the coast, where they had enjoyed the pleasure of bagging a nice big elk, of which they had stored most of the carcass aboard ship to sweeten the tooth on the voyage that was soon to begin. Seated in their comfy quarters were Capt. Berg and the mate, Lieut. Cyril Wingate, both of whom were busy scanning some of their sea charts and planning on where their next move would be.

Neither of the men had spoken for some time, as they were very busy with the charts, but finally Lieut. Wingate broke the silence, when he spoke up and said, "Captain Berg, I have fallen in love with this wonderful country and I hate to think of leaving it, with these beautiful streams, the great forests, these fertile valleys, the great mountain region lying back of us to the east, where no doubt, vast treasures of wealth lie hidden and, above all, that ruby sand that we saw along the ocean front, to the north of us, where, too, may be buried vast treasures and I might mention, too, the extreme friendliness of these simple children of the forest."

"That is quite true," returned Capt. Berg, "and I no doubt feel as you do in this but I am possessed of a venturesome spirit and beauty or grandeur do not satisfy my longing for that something new just around the corner." It is quite true that my mission into this region is in quest of riches and since being here, I see as you do, that there is vast wealth here, but my restless soul, spurns all this and to gratify that soul, we must set our sail on the morrow for another unknown land."

While this conversation was going on between the captain and mate, a similar round table discussion was going on among the men before the mast. A big blonde from Stockholm, Sea Dog first class and known to the crew as Big Dan, held the center of the stage and he was painting a splendid picture of the general outlook of the new found land and for his very blunt but sincere remarks, he was getting a big hand.

"Vall, fellars, ay tank dis bane one vary mooch gude country, ay bane all over the whole vorld, an' py yemene, outside of my own dear old Sveden, ay never did see so mooch of everything, py yemene."

Big Dan did not have a single opponent to his argument but, instead, they were all very much with him, bore sufficient evidence of that great abundance and untaken opportunity.

As the evening drew on, the crew was setting everything in order for a dash seaward, on the outgoing early morning tide.

Sunrise the following morning found the little schooner, White Wings, out on the bounding billows, with her creaking masts and spars, bending to the breeze, as she was plowing her way toward the land of the midnight sun.

Captain Berg's restless and roving soul craved a more strenuous adventure, which he sought to pacify in the frozen waters of the far Northland. For about five years the little bark struggled through the icy waters of the Northland, until the trials and hardships finally subdued the ardor of Capt. Berg's adventurous spirit and with what remained of his former crew he sailed the little craft across the Golden Gate.

It was in November, 1835, that the brave little White Wings rested at

anchor in the bay of San Francisco, her strength, and prowess crushed out of her by her long and bitter fight in frozen seas.

It was on a beautiful Indian summer eve in 1835 that Capt. Berg and his mate, Lieut. Cyril Wingate, sat in their quarters, talking over their past adventure in the frigid north and how they had left some of their faithful fellow companions buried in that unknown frozen waste. The picture was not a very bright one to them for they knew that their gallant little ship had passed the days of her usefulness and from this they felt that their star of adventure was sinking very low on the western horizon.

The conversation between the two men had lagged into a fitful lull, when Capt. Berg braced himself up in an air of old time defiant spirit and said: "Now Lieutenant Wingate, for all that has been said and in spite of the seeming pall that hangs over the ship, there is still another voyage left in her and, although it will be a short one, it is worth the chance and, although it is late in the season and the storm period approaching, it may be that we can reach that port without mishap, so let us try to get back to that river of vast opportunity and its friendly natives, which was ruled by Chieftain Flying Whale and his lovely daughter Kokelha, where it may be that we can add a little romance to our waning spirit of adventure."

"Very well," said Lieut. Wingate, "this place is losing its charm for me as I see this tent town rising here, which means that all the thrill of adventure has already been done and, besides, I have had a constant yearning for that beautiful land ever since I left there."

It was late in November, 1835, when the gallant little bark, White Wings, once more slid out of the Golden Gate, onto the broad Pacific, on a voyage that was to gratify the ambitious, venturesome spirit of her master.

A gentle breeze from the southwest had filled the sails and, once more, the creaking spars and masts were singing in rhythm, with the splashing water from the prow of the speeding ship.

Capt. Berg was the pilot, setting the course and taking his bearings, and also was taking notice that the barometer was leaning toward uncertain weather but, owing to the fair sailing and very safe coast line, the captain was not much disturbed and felt that the voyage would be an easy one.

Ceiling Prices On Potatoes, Onions

Ceiling prices, established by the O. P. A. and handed the Sentinel by the local ration board office, sets the following for potatoes and onions for the rest of this year. The prices set are for 100 pounds of potatoes and 50 pounds of onions, in Coos county:

Potatoes—October, \$2.25; Nov., \$2.35; Dec., \$2.45.
Onions—Oct., \$1.30; Nov., \$1.50; Dec., \$1.60.

Sales of potatoes and onions by country shippers through a broker or grower's sales agent, base price plus: 5 cents per cwt. for potatoes; 3 cents per 50 pounds for onions.

Sales on a delivered basis shall be the base price plus the costs of transportation plus: 6 cents cwt. for potatoes; 4 cents per 50 pounds for onions.

For U. S. Extra No. 1 grade, or better, potatoes packed in bags, the country shipper may add 10 cents per cwt. For No. 2, or Size B, potatoes packed in bags, the country shipper shall subtract 30 cents per cwt. For six-ounce minimums packed in bags, the country shipper may add 15 cents per cwt. For 2 in. minimums, or U. S. Size A, potatoes packed in bags, the country shipper may add 10 cents per cwt.

For potatoes packed in paper bags add 20 cents per cwt. for 10-pound bags, 15 cents per cwt. for 15-pound bags, and 20 cents per cwt. for 20-pound bags.

For potatoes packed in cotton or mesh bags of 25 pounds, country shipper may add 30 cents per cwt. for 15-pound bags 30 cents per cwt., and 10-pound bags 40 cents per cwt.

The wholesaler's mark-up shall be 60 cents per cwt. on potatoes and 40 cents per 50 pounds on onions.

The retailer's mark-up shall be \$1.33 for Group 1 stores, \$1.30 for Group 2 stores, \$1.30 for Group 3 stores, and \$1.28 for Group 4 stores.

To Whom It May Concern

This is notice that from and after this date, Oct. 15, 1943, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by anyone other than myself. Ray Griggs, Coquille, Ore. 3912*

See Schroeder's Jewelry Store in Coquille for Diamonds and Watch Straps.

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

Another Coos county sportsman has passed into The Land of Shadows and it is with deepest sorrow and regret that we note his passing. Kenneth Hultin, ardent sportsman of the younger generation, met a tragic death at the Morris Ray logging camp on upper Bear Creek recently.

Ken Hultin was one of the most likeable sportsmen that it has ever been our pleasure to meet and, while it was never our good fortune to accompany him on a hunting or fishing trip, nevertheless our mutual love of the Great Out-of-Doors cemented a lasting friendship and Ken's daily stop at the store each evening on his way home from work strengthened it. To know him was a pleasure, indeed. He possessed a charming personality and his good nature was always apparent, making him popular throughout the community and he is going to be greatly missed. Yes, this community lost a splendid young man with his passing—a good, clean sportsman.

His tragic passing cast a shadow over all, a shadow hard to dispel. The old Coquille river flowing on its peaceful way to the sea won't seem the same without the presence of Ken floating his boat upon its surface and indulging in the sport of trolling for salmon. He will be missed from the woodland trails and the big timber, where he took keen delight in stalking the buck, as will his ready smile and hearty laughter be missed by his many friends in social life.

In thoughtless moments we still catch ourself awaiting his daily arrival at the store. But he has departed upon that long, last journey and we must content ourself by wishing you Bon Voyage, Ken—and happy landing.

October is our favorite month of all the seasons. To us it is the magic month—the month of many moods. It is the month that says goodbye to summer and girds itself in the fight to ward off the grim months of winter awaiting just around the corner.

Perhaps we are partial to October, owing to the fact that it is during that period that the deer, "Chink," and duck season opens and enable us to uncase our rifle and the old scatter gun. It is the month that we are wont to dream of months in advance and its advent is like the arrival of a very dear old friend.

Somehow the air seems fresher upon its arrival and the colorings with which Old Mother Nature paints the woodland foliage cannot be equaled in any other month of the entire year. The jungles seem to take on new life and the first rain lends strength to the sluggish low water streams, increases the tempo of their songs. Yes, to us it is truly the magic month. We regret that its days are not longer.

Rationing Calendar

(Clip and keep for handy reference)

Ration Book No. 1
Sugar, November 1—Expiration date for stamp No. 14, five pounds.
October 31—Expiration date for canning sugar stamps No. 15 and 16, each good for 5 pounds.

Shoes—Expiration date of stamp No. 18 for one pair of shoes extended indefinitely. November 1—"Airplane" stamp No. 1 in Book 3 good for one pair of shoes, expiration date indefinite.

Ration Book No. 2
October 30—Expiration date of blue stamps U, V and W (Processed foods). Blue stamps X, Y and Z valid from October 1 to November 30.

Ration Book No. 3
(Brown stamps) For purchase of meats, fats, butter, cheese, oils.

October 30—Expiration date of brown stamps C, D, E, and F. E becomes valid October 10; F on October 17. Each weekly series good for 16 points.

Ration Book No. 4
October 26-29—Registration for Book 4 in Portland OPA district. Applicants must present copies of Book 3 to obtain Book 4. Public school registration sites will be announced later.

Stoves
Purchasers must get certificates at ration boards for most new stoves.

Wood, Sawdust, Coal
Fuel dealers must deliver by priorities based on consumer needs.

Fuel Oil
Period 1 coupons in new fuel oil rations last through January 3, 1944.

Period 5 coupons (1942-43) valid through September 30. Coupons with gallonage printed on the face valid until expiration date shown on coupon sheet for gallonage indicated on coupon face.

Gasoline
November 21—Expiration date of No. 8 stamps in A Book, each good for three gallons.

Tires
Cars with C ration books must have tires inspected every three months; B books every four months; A books

every six months. Commercial motor vehicles—tire inspection every 6 months or every 5,000 miles, whichever occurs first.

GRATITUDE

There are many wartime heroes, whose names will long remain—Those who are fighting on distant shores—

I could read you the roll of the slain. They're giving their lives to save me; They're giving their time without end; They're meeting each days task bravely; They're proving themselves my true friends.

But there's a force just as friendly and faithful. Though they're not far across the sea; They have stuck to their jobs, though distasteful, And they mean just as much to me.

Their names may ne'er be recorded On memorials of high degree. But, brother, I'll always be grateful For the things they have done for me. To the crew of Belle Knife Hospital:

From "the Doc" though he gave me pain, To the nurses who always were thoughtful, And the cooks who revived me again. I bring you my highest tribute— You've been used of God for me— To preserve my life that I might Be used to set others free.

By R. V. K.

Calling cards, 50 for \$1.00.

Townsend Club No. 1

Coquille Townsend Club, No. 1, met Tuesday evening in regular session. The president, Mr. Tilghman, was in the chair and business was conducted as usual.

After the business session, the program consisted of music, duets, songs by the club and a very interesting skit put on by the president and two of the ladies which brought forth much laughter.

Tuesday night, Oct. 27, a Halloween party is planned, so come and enjoy yourselves. Lunch will be served.

Don't forget the Caravan meeting Sunday, Oct. 24, at the W. O. W. Hall with potluck dinner.—Press Cor.

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