

### Out-of-Doors Stuff

By LANS LENEVE

While fishing some streams in the state of Utah, the writer ran into rather crowded fishing conditions. We have encountered as high as twenty anglers on a single riffle. And the further east one goes, the more crowded the fishing becomes, it appears. Take one lake back in New Jersey, for instance. However, we are going to let our correspondent from there tell you about it in his own words and also description of the fishing contest, which we trust you will derive as big a kick from, as we did. Following is his letter:

Dear Lans:—Our trout season opens this Saturday but I'm not going. I've never been, although I've watched them once in a while. It's too tame a game for me, not that I like things wild and woolly, but catching fish five or six inches long that have just been released by the Commission isn't sport to me. Out where you are it's a lot different. When you catch one you really have a fish on. Then again, you have a larger variety of game fish in your streams not to mention more and better streams, and another important angle, your streams are not crowded. Here you have to wait until someone quits so room may be had for one who has been watching. Maybe it's not quite that bad, but in all truthfulness, that's what happened on opening day at Sylvan Lakes, near Mt. Holly, about 18 miles south of here.

Did I tell you about the time I was secretary for the Mercer County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs? It was a couple of years ago and while on the job their annual kiddies' fishing contest was held. Having heard so much about trout fishing, I was very much interested in carrying out all the details necessary to its success. That is, those details that were

part of my job. Almost all of the members of the Federation were willing workers so far as making this contest a good one was concerned. Some arranged transportation for the kiddies, some begged, borrowed the hot dogs, rolls, etc. Other begged prizes from the local stores which ranged from reels, rods, lines, sinkers, flies to a multitude of other things. There really was some array of prizes. I didn't have very much to do except publicize the thing. The fish and game commission stocked the stream 24 hours before the day set for the contest. Incidentally, the stream is open to the public but they were asked to refrain from fishing while the kids were having fun.

Well, when the day arrived cars, trucks, cabs and wagons were on hand at the designated place to transport the kids to the stream. There were more different kinds of outfits in that crowd than Sears Roebuck ever had. There were steel poles, cane ones, telescopic rods, some poles were 12 feet long, some were only four. Some kids had the old man's surf rod. Imagine it. I got my nephew interested and my sister bought him a rod. I supplied a new reel. Knowing that trout in tanks are fed liver among other foods, a pound of liver, which wasn't cheap, was the bait. (I learned later that trout fed on liver in tanks won't touch it when released in a stream.) At any rate the boy did not get a bite. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

As I said before, I had heard a lot about trout fishing and was just as thrilled about the thing as the kids were. When I arrived (I had picked up all the kids the car would hold), the stream was loaded on both banks and in the middle, too, with these followers of Walton, or was it someone else. Boy, was I disappointed in the size of the brook. Although it was only about three miles from where I lived, I had never seen it before. As a matter of fact, one could pass it and almost never see it. The water ranged in depth from two feet to four inches. At ten o'clock a police siren, yes, one of the Federation members was a cop, let out a blast similar to an air raid warning. Then the speakers did their stuff and at a given signal, the contest was on. The kids, who lined both sides of the bank, and who had poles up to a dozen feet long, were constantly getting their lines tangled, and it was part of the committee's job to straighten them out. We even had to put new hooks and sinkers on for those who lost theirs. Pretty soon I heard a loud yell and I expected to see either a carp or a salmon, but dangling on the end of one of the boy's lines was a little silver fish about four inches long that someone said was a trout. Jimmy Crickets, so that's a trout. He ran to beat hell to the judges' stand where the fish was duly registered. This sort of thing continued until the siren shrieked again announcing the end of the raid on the fishes.

This all clear signal also meant that the hot dogs and soda pop were ready for distribution. Then the prizes were awarded to the lucky fishermen—a beautiful rod and reel for a fish which measured exactly 12 inches for the largest catch. Even those who caught those little minnows (that's what I called them) got something as there were lots of gifts. Maybe some of the committee got some, too, but I didn't stay to see. I was disgusted with the stream or rather its size, and with trout fishing. I used to catch bigger fish when I was seven years old and I used to make my own lines. But fishing for game fish in a real man's stream is a lot different from that, I know.—Frank

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### Fairview News

Word has been received from Claire Meredith, who was severely injured in a car accident in Douglas, Ariz. He has been sent to a hospital at Fort Bliss, Texas, for a couple of weeks, after which he is to get a furlough home, at Lookingglass.

Mrs. Stafford, mother of Mrs. A. L. Lane, left for her home in Portland Saturday, after visiting the Lanes for several days. Mrs. Lane has returned home from the Mast Hospital with their new daughter.

Rev. Roy Parker, Harry Goertzen and David Sutton, of Eugene, were dinner guests at the Byerly home Sunday. The Sunday School attendance is still climbing, with 30 present last Sunday. Interesting classes for all ages.

Dr. J. D. Rankin, of Coquille, was called to the C. W. Kline home Saturday for Mrs. Kline's mother, who is ill there. On his way back to Coquille the front wheels of his car struck a loose gravel ridge formed by the road grader and it turned over the bank, landing upside down between road and river. The doctor went to the Lloyd Teagarden home where he was taken to a phone to call the wrecker. While waiting for the wrecker he was called to the T. H. Benham home, where Mrs. Benham was ill in bed. He escaped serious injury, although shaken up considerably.

A good crowd was reported at the pie-social Saturday night and \$41.35 was taken in, to be used to pipe water into the Grange kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Neal, of Marshfield, were out to the pie social Saturday night.

Tom Benham and Bill Northup fished on Cherry Creek Sunday and returned with their limits.

Mrs. L. A. Ryan spent part of last week in Coquille with her daughter, Mrs. Earl Adams, Jr.

The parcel of land owned by Oliver Enlund, formerly the Millard home, was transferred to T. H. Benham last week.

Miss Frances McCarthy went to the home of Mrs. McDonald near Coquille Monday to stay a week with Mrs. McDonald, who is ill.

Word has been received by relatives that Mrs. Harold Young (Lois Teeters), had arrived safely in San Francisco.

Dorene, daughter of Mrs. L. L. Buoy, ran a rusty nail in her foot while playing around the old vacant house on the Buoy property Monday afternoon. She was taken into Coquille to a physician, who said she must be off her feet for several days.

Visiting at the R. M. Noah home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller and family of Gravelford, Mr. and Mrs. Don Noah and family of Bangor. Mrs. Miller and Don Noah are daughter and son of the R. M. Noahs.

Genevieve Berry has started work at Parks Grocery since school ended. Rev. Roy Parker left Tuesday morning for Lodi, California, to visit his parents a few days on his way back east.

A group of Christians met at the church Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock for special prayer on Invasion Day. David Sutton and Harry Goertzen were in charge. They will have supervision of all church services while Mr. Parker is away.

### Arago News Items

The Annual Missionary Silver Tea will be held at the home of Mrs. Ward Evans at 2:00 p. m. Friday, with Mrs. O. H. Aasen and Mrs. Melden Carl assisting.

Rev. G. A. Gray, of Coquille, conducted the regular Sunday morning church service. Special music was furnished by the Arago ladies trio, assisted by the following ladies: Mesdames Albert Lillie, Albert Gustrom, Stanley Halter, Werner Plaep, Jake Moomaw and Miss Donna, S. C. McAllister, and Mrs. O. H. Aasen accompanist. Sunday School followed with an attendance of 38. There will be services again next Sunday, preaching at 10 a. m. and Sunday school at 11 a. m.

Mrs. Ward Evans, Pamela and Maureen and Miss Geraldine Holycross, accompanied by Mrs. Chester Willson and Chloe of Myrtle Point, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Felsher, of Myrtle Point, last Saturday.

Choir practice was held Friday evening at the home of Mrs. O. H. Aasen with the following ladies present: Mesdames Werner Plaep, Stanley Halter, Albert Lillie, Albert Gustrom, S. C. McAllister, Jake Moomaw and Donna and O. H. Aasen.

Miss Glenda Holycross spent about a week visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John McNair in Coquille.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dixon of Myrtle Point, and their son, Sgt. John Dix, who is home on a short furlough, from his camp in Georgia, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burtis last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Collier, Paul, Glen and Nancy, returned home the first of the week from a short visit

### Bare Facts From Bear Creek

"The Column That's Different" (By Lans Leneve)

Prosperity is great; everybody with a pocketful of money. But with restrictions placed upon a lot of personal liberties and the shadow of dictatorship in the offing, the blood of our boys soaking distant shores, Union slackers striking—all in all, it does not make a pretty picture, this thing called prosperity, even though there may be a chicken in every pot. Personally, we prefer peace, with our pot filled with freedom instead of chicken.

Bill Giffen, young school boy of Bear Creek, lost his dog last week. The dog was killed by the accidental discharge of a small bore rifle and Bill is about broken-hearted over the loss of his four-legged friend. Just a boy and his dog—inseparable companions; well, you know how it goes as well as we do. Bill has our sympathy, while at the same time we are wondering if any of your readers might not possibly have a puppy or a spare dog to slip to Bill—sort of ease the pain you know.

Mrs. Smith, who formerly operated the Half-Way Service Station between Coquille and Marshfield, was a Bear Creek visitor Sunday. Her husband recently passed away.

Mrs. Wava Chesley has received word that her husband, "Red," who is with the armed forces, recently landed in England.

Frank Culver sold one of his fine saddle horses last week. It was delivered by truck to a point outside the county. It was a horse that had been reserved for one of Frank's boys, but proved too high spirited for the lad.

With miles and miles of Irish thorn in full bloom and great patches of colorful laurel (or rhododendron), along the line, the coast highway from north of Bandon for many miles south down the coast is bordered by unsurpassed beauty. The sheer beauty of the great masses of Irish thorn softens it to one's vision to the extent of forgetting its knife like thorns hidden beneath the profusion of color.

A new "boss" arrived at the Jack Hultin home, via the Stork route, last week. We didn't get the dope on the poundage but the name is Carol Sue.

It's a mighty poor time for war—with relatives in Washington.

J. C. Haberly, of Aloha, near Portland, arrived last Sunday for a week's visit with his sisters, Mrs. O. H. Aasen and Mrs. S. C. McAllister. Mrs. George Hampton was a Marshfield visitor the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Paull, Charlene and Marilyn of Myrtle Point, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nile Miller last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Paull and family sold their place near Myrtle Point to Mr. and Mrs. Orin Lett and are moving out near Creswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Nile Miller were Saturday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fish.

Emmett Hammack and Jimmy, of Myrtle Point, and Mrs. Harold Fish were Monday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nile Miller.

Mrs. Melden Carl and Douglas accompanied Mrs. W. E. Cross of Coquille to Marshfield on business last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bishop and family moved out near Medford last Saturday.

Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Halter were: Mrs. Ida Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Myers of Myrtle Point, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barklow and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Woodward of North Bend. The dinner was in honor of the birthdays of Mr. Halter and Mr. Woodward and also in honor of the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barklow.

Mrs. Harold Summers and daughters, Sally and Patsy, of Bend, Ore., and Mrs. Wm. Earls and daughter, Bonnie, of Coquille, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Widmark last Wednesday.

Mrs. Ida Myers spent most of last week visiting at the homes of her daughters, Mrs. Wayne Woodward and Mrs. Lawrence Barklow in North Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Haberly, of Myrtle Point, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Aasen one day last week.

Mrs. S. C. McAllister accompanied Mrs. J. L. Burtis to Marshfield last Thursday on business. Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Aasen were also Marshfield business callers last Thursday.

Mrs. L. C. Persing and Mrs. Charles Byrd, of Coquille, were Friday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Widmark.

Mrs. Ward Evans attended the Royal Neighbors' Lodge in Myrtle Point Monday evening. Mrs. Stanley Halter, Mrs. Ida Myers and Mrs. S. C. McAllister drove to North Bend Tuesday on business. While there they visited with Mrs. Wayne Woodward, Mrs. Lawrence Barklow and Mrs. Tyrrell Woodward.

time strikers to be "going fishing," especially when it means that our brave boys at the front are being used as "the sucker bait."

Miss Kathryn "Sunshine" Devereux and brother, Junior, are home for their summer vacation, after attending exclusive schools in Portland. We are glad to have these fine youngsters back on "The Crick" again. The young brother, Emmet, who attended the local school, has been grooming "Old Dan" the past few weeks in preparation of Coquille's Fourth of July horse show.

Jimmy Jenkins, son of Roy Jenkins, will be one of the Bear Creek youngsters, who will fork a mount at the Coquille 4th celebration.

We predict that after the war is eventually ended that both Roosevelt and Churchill will have their right arms in slings. So much back-patting is bound to bring ill results.

Rex Chappell, one of those boys we are proud of here on Bear Creek, after spending a ten-day furlough home, returned to his duties last week.

"Porky" Thompson is spending a two weeks' vacation in California.

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