

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANS LENEVE

Thousands of duck hunters' dreams were shattered this season. Throughout the summer most hunters were on the lookout for shotgun shells, buying, trading, and many of them resorting to the black market for a supply and each and every one of us looking forward with eager anticipation to the coming season, for the coming season meant a longer season and an increased bag limit!

No doubt, each one of us conjured up mental pictures of our favorite marsh, lake or stubblefield, saw in mind's eye our blind erected there and the decoys strung out and the low circling birds coming in. We could vision all this, even as we felt the sharp slap of rain against our clothes and the sharp sting of the icy wind, bringing with it flock after flock of the web-feet and the v-formations of migrating geese.

It has been often stated that the anticipation of a hunt, the thoughts concerning it, the mental pictures, the plans made, are many times more joyous than the actual participation in the hunt itself. If this applies to the hunters of this district we should all be happy, but we doubt the logic of this conjured picture, etc., taking the place of the actual hunt, so far as enjoyment is concerned and it is our opinion that many a dream castle that was built by an expectant hunter went crashing in ruins, as day after day throughout the season dawned bright and clear with no ducks in evidence, the marshes devoid of water.

Occasionally, there came a flurry of rain drops, the wind shifted to the south and the hopes of the duck hunter zoomed with the pattering rain drops and the whip of the wind. But the rain ceased, the wind died and with it the hopes of the hunter also died and his hopes and his dreams of a fine duck season lay in ruins about his feet.

The shotgun was uncased, the shell vest filled, or partly so—all according to the hunter's luck in securing shells the past summer—and in desperation, in a sort of hopeless desperation, the gunner would wend his way to his favorite pot hole in the half light of approaching dawn. Eager eyes would search the skies for a chance duck, a foolish one that would prefer the sunshine of a clear, cool day to the driving blast of winter winds and rain. And occasionally, so we are told, a few chance shots were fired, by lucky hunters, but the average hunter wended his way homeward duckless, downhearted and disgusted, thinking perhaps that his spouse was at least partly right when she berated him for awakening her at an ungodly hour in preparation for such a silly hunt.

Perhaps this particular hunter owns a bird dog, one that has sat faithfully upon his haunches, his hair dusted by frost and every now and then gazing expectantly at his master, as though expecting him to fire at an approaching duck—a bird that never materialized. Perhaps the hunter seeks to impart to the dog the fact as to why ducks do not fly in "summer weather" like we had the past fall and early winter. Or mayhap he may be one of those surly individuals, who are wont to take a healthy kick at their poor, inoffensive dog, as though it were the dog's fault that birds do not fly across azure skies when the larks are making music from atop nearby fence posts.

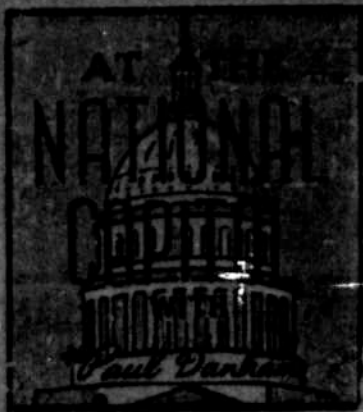
And still, on the other hand, the hunter may be one of those happy-go-lucky sort of guys who finds no fault in the scarcity of birds or the reproachful gaze of his bird dog. He may well be a fellow-who, though wending his way homeward, empty-handed, feels that his trip has not been in vain. He has enjoyed the song of the lark, the splendor of the sunrise and has inhaled deeply of the clean, crisp air. He has drummed up an appetite that can be obtained in no other manner by expending twice the amount of exertion. The feel of the old gun tucked beneath his arm and the dog frisking ahead of him has brought forth a flood of golden memories from out of the past. He has really enjoyed the early morning communion with Nature and, though the old shell vest pulls heavy about his shoulders with unfired shells and the pockets of the worn hunting coat are empty of game, there is a song of gladness in the heart of such a hunter. For after all, it is something to be alive!

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for all their kindness during our recent sorrow and for the beautiful floral offerings at the services held for our husband and father.

Mrs. Dorothy C. Mayse and Family.

Norton's still have a very fine assortment of gifts from which to choose—but don't wait too long!



Washington, D. C., Dec. 21—Confirming terse statements by army and navy officials on the enormity of the task faced in the Pacific, is the quarterly report of the West Coast Lumbermen's association as to the items urgently needed for Pacific naval installation, beachhead construction and lumber for boxes and crates. Lumbermen have received orders for full speed ahead on output for a prolonged war, and this fact ties in with general belief in army and navy circles that the conquest of Japan will not come soon or easily. It is frankly admitted that Japanese advances in China have vastly complicated the situation and may prolong the war in the Pacific for several years. The loss of American built airports in China is tragical in its implications and has created conditions distressingly disadvantageous to General MacArthur's plans. Many months have elapsed and many American lives have been lost since the landing on Guadalcanal, and a much longer road lies ahead before Tokyo is entered.

The supply problem in the Pacific is not a poor second to that which General Eisenhower faces in Europe. As an example, during the first two months on Saipan more cargo was moved than the port of San Francisco handled in the entire twelve months of 1940, and the distance from source of supply is so great that the task was more difficult than assuring an uninterrupted supply to American forces attacking the Siegfried line. Probably within a few days—a few weeks at most—there will be a call for increased production of war materials for use in the Pacific, and already plans are shaping for fullest utilization of Pacific coast ports to handle these supplies.

It is because of these facts the military deprecate public discussion of plans for reconversion by either the heads of private industry or member of war production board in charge of civilian supplies. Army men point out that even a victory in Europe will not permit of an immediate let-down in war production, and that talk of reconversion at this time may seriously disrupt the effort to provide Nimitz with the supplies they must have to press the battle against Japan. MacArthur's advance is so far ahead of schedule that ships and munitions which were on the "must" list for delivery next spring are urgently needed now, to shorten the war and to save American lives.

No formal action is to be expected by the newly created surplus property board until Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa retires from the senate in

January. Robert A. Hurley of Connecticut and Edward H. Heller of San Francisco, whose appointment to the board by President Roosevelt has been confirmed, will do no more than go through routine gestures until the third member is named and it is understood that Senator Gillette will receive the appointment, unless critical statements made in his swan-song in the senate a few days ago cause the president to change his mind. If Gillette is the man his appointment cannot be announced until after he has retired from the senate. As soon as the three members have qualified and policies have been agreed upon, the board will proceed to take over the disposition of government-owned properties as fast as surpluses are declared.

Another loss is to be borne by the government if plans now being considered for handling the 1945 wool crop receive final approval. It is proposed that the government shall buy the entire 1945 domestic production at ceiling prices for the protection of woolgrowers and then sell the wool on world markets, which are currently about ten cents a pound lower than the domestic prices. If this plan is followed, the handling of the 320,000,000 pounds of 1945-1946 wool now held by war food administration, plus the anticipated 1945 production, will mean an outright loss of \$87,000,000.

Back of the recent civil aviation conference held in Chicago was a clash between advocates of the private system and groups which favored increased international regulation of business, and it is significant that the private enterprise advocates (representatives of American air lines) won the battle. There will be no arbitrary international regulation along the lines proposed by the British and which followed the trend of British thought at the international business conference at Rye, N. Y. At both meetings the American idea prevailed, although some concessions were agreed to in the interest of harmony. It remains to be seen, however, whether the agreements reached will be acceptable to Russia and

whether the final treaties will be ratified by the United States senate?

Tollet Sets for Christmas gifts. Also Diamonds, unset or in Rings, at Schroeder Jewelry Store.

Keys made for all locks. Stevens Cash Hardware, Coquille, Ore.

Stearns, Flynn & Co. Open Branch Office in Roseburg

Stearns, Flynn & Company, certified public accountants with offices located in Portland and Salem, announce the opening of a branch office in Roseburg, Oregon, Room 201 Pacific Building. This office was established to serve Roseburg and the surrounding area in the installation

of accounting records, accounting problems, auditing and income tax work.

A considerable part of the firm's present business is with sawmills and logging operations. As the firm does all types of accounting and auditing work, it is anticipated that its services will be of value to the community.



ALL the good old fashioned spirit of the season is expressed in this hearty MERRY CHRISTMAS.

You've been the best of friends to us in 1944 and here's wishing for you the very best!

Folsom Grocery



Merry Christmas

"...and on earth peace, good will towards men."

And to each of you who read this message that enraptured happiness which comes only at CHRISTMASTIME

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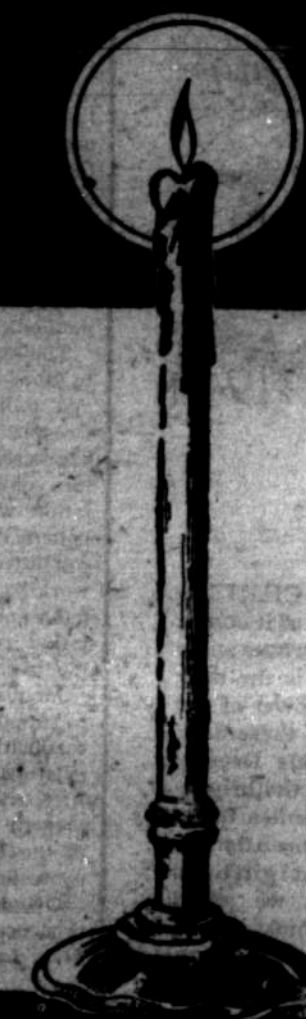
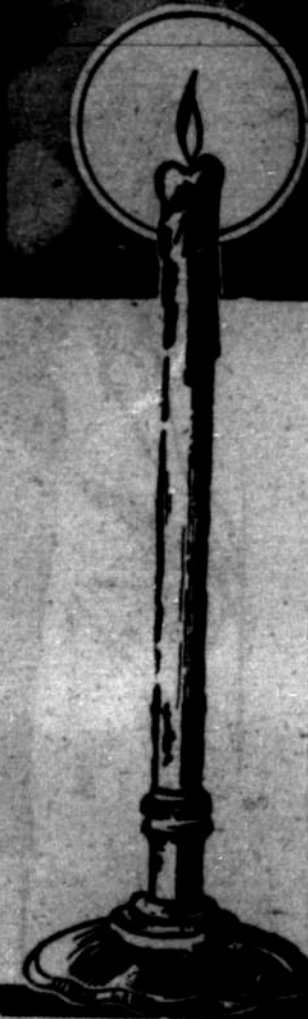
Christmas Greetings



"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Their ovens they with baked-meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow fly,
And if her cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

These 17th century verses typify the old-time Christmas spirit we wish for you this Yuletide season of 1944.

Schroeder's Jewelry Store



Season's Greetings

To all our good friends everywhere we send our deepest best wishes—for the health and safety of loved ones; for the welfare of our great nation; for a speedy Victory and a just peace.

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