

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANE LENEVE

Seven snow-white swans swung in stately flight along the Coquille river a short while back. The harsh croaking voices of the big birds seemed somewhat off key—did not seem to belong to a bird of such beauty.

The birds circled about the mud-flats near Bandon and alighted there at low tide. In stately fashion they strode about in search of food, the sun glistening upon their white plumage. It was truly a beautiful picture the birds presented, the sordid surroundings enhancing it, rather than detracting from it.

A car eased along the highway and stopped near the birds. Suddenly, the sharp crack of a 22 rifle was heard. Another and still another shot followed. The thick mud of the flats was splattered upon the white plumage of the birds, as the bullets struck closer and closer, as the gunner got the range. Presently a bird went down. The others rose with startled croaking, as the bullets continued beating a steady tattoo about them. The wounded bird sought in vain to follow, but it could not force its huge, snow-white wings to lift the wounded body above the flats.

Beating its wings frantically, the bird made off in the direction of the haven of the distant river. Occasionally it faltered, then spurred to frantic efforts by the steady splatter of bullets near it, it continued its tortuous way toward the river, drawing further and further from the range of the gunner. Its white breast was by now a mass of accumulated mud, the underside of its wings a muddy mess. Gone was its stately beauty of a few scant moments before; it was now but a muddy, bedraggled thing, seeking in frantic desperation and expending its fast-dwindling strength in this last mad spurt for life, stirred no doubt by that instinct of self-preservation of which every living thing is possessed.

The relentless gunner kept up a steady fire, a moment's pause now and then as he reloaded, but he was a poor marksman evidently and that one shot is the only one that registered and finally, and with faltering strength, the swan gained the bank of the friendly river and plunged upon its bosom, to be carried by the current. The soothing effect of the cold, salty water seemed to act as a tonic on the big bird, for presently it started paddling for the opposite shore. There it landed and, as it emerged from the water, it once more assumed an upright position as it walked toward the shelter of a nearby bit of driftwood. The sun once again picked up the snow-white sheen of its plumage, for it had been washed clean in the waters of the river.

A visit to that vicinity the next day showed us the big bird floating in majestic splendor upon the bosom of the river and the next day we were thrilled to see the bird leave the water and as it took to the air, on its giant wings, its harsh croaking voice reaching us as it flew to the southward, calling for its lost mates and, no doubt, guided by an instinct that would soon guide it once again to their midst.

Shooting or molesting swans is a Federal offense, as it should be. But if it were not it is hard, indeed, to understand the man who would wish to rob such a beautiful bird of life. It appears that the killing lust is never subdued in some persons and that they take delight in taking the lives of beautiful birds, of songsters and of innocents.

A week after the swan shooting, nine white pelicans flew along the river and alighted in the Bear Creek district. They were comical-looking birds, with those big bills and the pouch hanging beneath that "is said" contains enough for a week. Their shape and plumage is beautiful but their faces spoil the whole picture. In fact, they are like a lot of women in that respect. Theirs is truly the face that would stop a clock, if a clock could be stopped by a face. But they are so comical-appearing that, to us, they are downright cute.

The white pelican has disappeared to a rather alarming extent during the past several years and they are protected by law, as is also the swan.

The white pelican establishes rookeries in strange places. For instance, on Salt Lake, in Utah, there is one of the biggest pelican rookeries in the world. The water is so salty that it contains no fish, no life in fact, with the exception of a salt water shrimp. Just why the white pelican took up his abode at such a spot is one of the never-ending mysteries of Nature.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO

(Taken from The Sentinel of Friday, January 23, 1925)

Coquille is growing much more rapidly than its school facilities and the district school board has had to go outside and secure a room to accommodate the class of 24 beginners who presented themselves at the grade building last Monday. To handle this class, the basement of the M. E. Church South has been secured by the board.

Mayor Johnson, Councilmen Opperman, Farr, Fuhrman, Chaney and Ramsey were present Monday evening for a half hour session of the city council. Mayor Johnson announced that the water committee had been working on the theory of raising sufficient revenue to pay all operating expenses, pay interest on water bonds and provide a sinking fund for the bonds' retirement. A just and equitable schedule of rates is the aim of the council and Mayor Johnson does not think a charge of five cents a day for every family using city water is unjust. And that is what the minimum rate is at present—\$1.50 a month. Even though the whole city is to be metered, there will have to be a minimum charge adopted and a nickel a day would seem to be as low as the city could furnish any family with water—at least until the water bonds are paid.

There was a tinge of sadness at the Chamber of Commerce banquet at the hotel Wednesday evening for the occasion marked the formal demise of the Coquille Commercial Club—an organization which has inaugurated and fostered so many projects in the past for the upbuilding of Coquille and this section. This thought was expressed by J. A. Lamb, president of the expiring Club, who regretted the passing of the old, yet rejoiced at the birth of the new.

C. H. S. Honor Roll For First Semester

The following students have gained the distinction of completing the first semester of work at the High School with a scholastic average of 1 in all subjects in which they are enrolled, entitling them to a position on the High Honor Roll: Patricia Geaney, Lindy Lou Holverstott, Rose Marie Peart, Betty Jean Preussler, Joanne Savage, Laura Swanson, Preston Willis.

A 2 average was maintained by the following, placing them on the Honor Roll for the first semester: Roger Arnold, Vera Bishop, Sally Bonney, Melvin Borgard, William Brown, Venita Brockway, Emma May Chapin, Wayne Chetern, Ariel Crook, Wallace Cross, Floyd DeNoma, Leslie George, Carol Gray, Nell Haga, Charles Hanna, Lois Hansen, Walter Isler, Julius Jepson, Glen Knight, Georgia Knight, Cleo Knight, Phyllis Litzberger, Mildred McCarthy, Bonita Miller, Marion Moore, Jim Oden, Robert Oerding, Clinton Peart, Dorothy Poulignot, Jean Pileth, Virginia Pullen, Marianne Rackleff, Carmelita Reynolds, Laura Emily Ruble, Shirley Slater, Shirley Snyder, Florence Stoermer, Beatrice Taylor, Leatha Trout, Mary Ann Walker, Doris Willard, Dorothy Williams, Maurice Williams, Versie Willis, Susan Wasson, Pat Yarbrough, Bonnie Zwicker, Jeanne Griggs.

Junior High Honor Roll For The Past Semester

The following students have achieved a place on the semester honor roll of the Junior High School by receiving no grade lower than a "2" during that period:

6th Grade: Mae Dean Greene, Sandra McCurdy, Joan Peart, and Marilyn Purkey.

8th Grade: Robert Geaney, Patricia Shaw and Joyce Taylor.

Those receiving honorable mention by having no grade lower than "3" during the first semester are:

6th Grade: Robert Abell, Marilyn Atkinson, Julia Cotter, Carol Ann Creager, Charles Davis, Regina Foulton, Joanne Garnier, Carl Jacobson, Barbara Kuhnenn, Donna Mast, JoAnn Newton, Robert Pingelton, Donna Lee Richardson, Barbara Seeber, Phyllis Sharp, Claudie Liday, Richard Rankin, Donna Smith, Nonie Travis, Colleen Walsh, Larry Wilson.

7th Grade: Rosalie Arnett, Lora Bennett, Shirley Brown, Barbara Davidson, Charles Elliott, Nancy Godard, Joanna Gormley, Wallace Liechty, Billy Melton, Alma Jane Nelson, Barbara Sharp, Jack Sisk, Barbara Slater.

8th Grade: Warren Jenkins, Hulda Jones, LaDonna Neely, Eldon Chowning, Beverly Davis, Joann Mintonye, Perry Sharp, Judy Slack, Margery Smith, Clara May Stoneypher, Buford Swanson, Wayne Timmons, Bryce Tracy, Bill Vogt, Helen Willis.

Just before the final adjournment as a Commercial Club, A. J. Sherwood rose to extend encomiums to the retiring president and referred to the time when Jack Lamb, then a boy of eight or nine—this was 41 years ago—had attended the school which he (Sherwood) was teaching at Fishtrap. "I used to wonder what he would become," continued the speaker. "He was tardy nearly every morning and played hooky every other afternoon. I had the same thought regarding Jess Beyers, whom I used occasionally to see at Summer. Later I went to Empire to attend court and asked what had become of Jack. 'Oh, was the reply, he and Louie Hazard and Jimmy Watson are over there playing with the Indians.' And now I see what they have become—the efficient officers of the Commercial Club."

S. A. Malehorn, president of the Coos County Peace Officers Association, has made a suggestion for the placing of three or four colored lights in the business section of the town, connected with the telephone offices, so that when calls are made for either city or county officer, the central operator could flash the signal and the officers could quickly locate the place where they were desired.

The Coquille High School basketball quintet proved itself a strong contender for championship honors last Friday night when it easily defeated the fast Myrtle Point five, which had been counted on as one of the strongest in the county. The score was 28 to 15. Coquille fell before the Roseburg team at the local high school last Saturday evening and took the short end of a 12 to 7 score.

Several students have entered Coquille High school from other schools: Clyde Minard from Nebraska; Lois Kay from California; Hilda Fredenberg and Elton Aasen from Myrtle Point.

Coquille Unit Red Cross Notes

Coquille Red Cross will meet Friday, Jan. 26, from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. in Guild Hall.

The machine sewing this week will consist of bed jackets, regular kit bags and scuff slippers. A new supply of yarn has not yet been received but may show up by Friday.

At the general work table will be squares and wash cloths to finish; also buttons and buttonholes to take care of.

Mrs. Ralph Nosler and Mrs. C. L. Tuttle are thanked for donations of crochet thread, outing flannel and outions. The Unit can still use small or large pieces of colored or figured outing flannel but it must be unused material. Can also use wool or cotton yarn to complete wool squares on hand.

Visitors last week were Mesdames Clyde Overby, of Fossil, Ore.; Geo. Swartz, Coos Bay; P. Norton, Chapin and F. R. Hoehner.

Assisting the regular cutters were Mesdames Wm. Brown, J. R. Cope, S. A. Hardenbrook, K. P. Lawrence and J. A. Moore. Mrs. Frank Shaw presided.

The committee is pleased to report that a Red Cross sewing group in Kiverton has been organized by Mrs. C. M. Hartwell.

Please add up the hours you have worked on machine sewing, cutting, etc. during the month of January and report same on Friday, requests Mrs. D. B. Kesner, chairman of production.

Since the holidays, Red Cross attendance and response to the call for machine sewing and knitting has been very fine. During the coming week another large shipment of completed work will be sent to the Coos county headquarters, Coos Bay.

Says San Diego's Growth Is Almost Unbelievable

Writing to renew his subscription to the Sentinel from San Diego, Calif., Alva A. Nosler, who grew to manhood here and is a brother of Mrs. Birdie Skeels, Mrs. Mary Gage, S. M., Oscar and Gene Nosler here, says: "San Diego is sure a madhouse in every line of business. I never thought during the depression that I would ever live to see San Diego grow to such magnitude as it has. The city went several millions over its quota in the 6th War Loan drive and our Elks lodge sold over \$2,000,000 worth of bonds."

Mr. Nosler also sent a clipping from San Diego paper, showing a picture of his son, Harry W., exalted ruler of the Elks Lodge there, receiving a U. S. Treasury citation "for patriotic co-operation rendered in behalf of the war effort."

Townsend Club No. 2 News

Townsend Club, No. 2, met at the home of Mrs. Viola Liday on Jan. 18 and twelve members and one visitor were in attendance. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mrs. Ada Redfern and with salute to the flag. Business was transacted and nine new members were admitted.

Work for the coming year was outlined by the Auxiliary president, Mrs. Mae Curtis, and it will be started at the next meeting which will be held at the home of Mrs. Florence DeNoma on No. Hall street February 1. Luncheon was served by the hostess and a good time was had by all.

Caravan meeting will be held at Woodman Hall Jan. 28, with potluck dinner at 12:30 p. m.

Sunday School Class

Entertained by Mrs. Parrish

Mrs. Liston Parrish entertained her Sunday School class at a party in the Church of Christ basement Saturday afternoon. Many lively games were enjoyed, after which the hostess served refreshments. The party closed with a sing-fest.

Those attending were: Marjorie Martindale, Tammy O'Dell, Darlene Cooper, Marilyn Morton, Phyllis Danielson, Donna Schroeder, Donnie Taylor, Allan Dungey, Leon Embree, Gerry Barrow, David Morton, John Hubble, John and Paul Clayton, Gene Simpson, Henry Keck, and the hostess. Tammy O'Dell won the prize in the contest.

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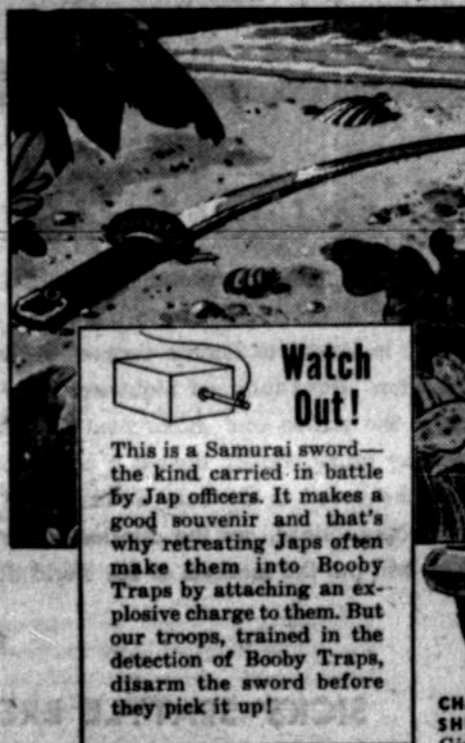
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