

Bare Facts From Bear Creek

"The Colman that's Different"
(By Lana Lenava)

"Weenie" was a favored, or perhaps we should state, a pampered cat of our household. He was yellow in color, with beautiful markings and tawny eyes to match his general makeup. Good natured to the extreme, nothing would arouse his ire to the extent of biting or scratching a tormentor. The least attention bestowed upon him always brought forth a soft, joyful purr and a look of downright appreciation from those amber eyes.

A driver, one evidently not fond of cats, crushed out the life of this faithful little pet, in front of our door last week. We laid the crushed little body of ruffled fur away beneath the branches of a tree in the backyard that he loved to play beneath. The little animated body is stilled forever, while such drivers as took away that life plow along the highways, a killer instinct in their hearts and with no respect for such animals as a family cat, a dog, chicken, etc. The only thing that prevents the killing of more stock, such as horses and cattle, is the fact that their size protects them from the wheels of the killers' cars.

It is with a feeling of relief and of gladness to all loyal persons of the allied nations to see the downfall of Germany. Yet that V-E day celebration held throughout America, we believe was ill-timed, inasmuch as it meant only partial victory. With millions of our boys fighting the Japs in the South Pacific, it means the cost of thousands and thousands of more lives before final victory is won. When Japan falls and each one of our remaining brave lads turns his face for that joyful journey back home is, we believe, the time for the real celebration of a final victory. But to stop in the middle of a fight and a tough fight at that, to celebrate what at the time lacks a long way of being a complete victory, is a rather foolish

gesture. The actual doubling of work on V-E day combined with a grim determination to plunge stronger into production, in the purchase of War Bonds, would we believe have been far more fitting to the occasion.

Last summer, Joe MacDonald of Bandon, proved himself a hero in the rescue of a truck driver at the Jog dump near here. And already this season, he has distinguished himself, so we have been informed, by coming through in a great emergency at the Harrington-Ray camp on upper Bear Creek. The episode deals with a pair of "boom-stretchers," but you'll have to get the story from Joe, as he is being very modest concerning his part in the affair.

There is on display at the Bear Creek Store a white fir cone that was picked up on the Bandon beach recently, by Virginia Corrie, of Prosser. The remarkable part of it is the fact that the cone comes from the white fir of the Cascades. It is presumed that it may have floated down the Rogue and out to sea and finally been cast upon the beach, although it is in a wonderful state of preservation to have undergone such a journey.

Another good resident of Bear Creek was called into The Great Beyond with the passing of Mrs. E. L. Thompson, last week. She leaves besides her immediate family, dozens of friends in this district to mourn her passing. It was not our pleasure to know this fine lady over a great period of time, but during our brief acquaintanceship we came to know her as an outstanding character, a wife and mother with the welfare of her family always first at heart, and a mother justly proud of her son Emery, wearing Uncle Sam's uniform.

Mrs. Al Morey who underwent a major operation at the McAuley hospital is recovering nicely, much to the gratification of her many friends in this district.

There's a lot of activity here on "The Crick" these days. Gardens are being planted, fences repaired, stock shifted to various new ranges. And there is the roar of the big trucks as loads of logs go by, they being hauled from the Harrington-Ray camp, which swung into full scale action during the first week of good weather this spring.

There is no disputing the decision of a fight that is won by a knockout punch. We still have Japan to whip. Keep swingin' with War Bonds. A good fighter never quits swinging, so don't be a piker—swing with War Bonds! Your dollars may sink a Jap ship; your dollars will help destroy Tokyo; your dollars will help win the war; your dollars will help bring the boys back home. Buy War Bonds!

Out-of-Doors Stuff

by LANA LENAWE

My wife and I were fishing in Pine View Lake, high in the Rockies, in Utah, a few years back. The lake was full of fresh water carp, herring, an occasional German brook trout and a trout of a silvery sheen. The latter greatly resembled the salmon trout that are taken in the Coquille river and in Utah streams they attained a length of around 18 inches, but the general run measured about a foot in length.

We had succeeded in catching a goodly mess of herring, a half a dozen of the silvery appearing trout and some 50 odd pounds of carp. The carp were in a gunny sack which I had slung across my back, while the herring and trout reposed in our creels.

As we made our way back to our car we met a fisherman and inquired as to his luck. He informed us proudly that he had caught a fine salmon. Our interest was aroused and we inquired as to what sort of bait he used, or the kind of lure. We had not heard of salmon frequenting the lake, as yet, so he conducted us to a spot down the lake shore, where in the shade of a bush he had left his catch. It was one of the silvery looking trout that we already had caught several of, and it was that fish that was known there as a salmon. Of course we had expected to see a real salmon of several pounds weight.

Since then we have seen several photos of fish displays in out of door magazines showing eastern fishermen with "salmon" catches—those ten and twelve inch ones.

When we would tell the anglers in Utah about the giant Chinook, the silversides and the steelhead fishing in Oregon, there was always a doubtful expression flitting across their faces. However, there are some giant trout in that state, both in lakes and streams. In fact, the largest trout ever taken on hook and line was taken there in 1938—weight 36 pounds and several ounces.

We have angled for many species of game fish, but the fresh water herring is by far the most mysterious fish we have ever encountered. It frequents both streams and lakes in many sections of the Rockies, but the peculiar thing concerning it, is the fact that grasshopper is the only bait it seems to prefer. It pays no heed to the choicest and fattest specimen of any worm. Dry flies and wet flies, spinners and various jures also come in for a smudging by this fish. But a sunken grasshopper, attached in the right manner to a number ten or twelve hook, is gobbled up at once. But the hopper must be totally submerged—never does a herring rise to the surface for a strike. They have a mouth shaped like that of a sucker, but much smaller; therefore the small-sized hooks are used in taking them. They run from 8 to 20 inches in length and when hooked in swift water put up quite a battle.

The hopper must be placed on the hook in a natural position, the hook passed through the body just back of the wings for the best results.

I was really intrigued by angling for these fish, it being different angling than I had ever before experienced. It was fun experimenting with various lures, in their pursuit. But we are firmly convinced that there is a certain bait or lure that they will take besides grasshoppers, owing to the fact that it is only during the summer months that grasshoppers are in evidence. We cannot convince ourselves of the fact that fresh water herring hibernates during the spring, fall and winter months and feeds only during the summer. That's too much to expect of any fish at anytime, so we are firmly convinced of the fact that this most discriminating fish may be taken on something besides hoppers. But what it may be, still remains a mystery so far as we are concerned.

One thing that makes it interesting fishing in most of the lakes and streams of Utah is the fact that their waters contain such a variety of fish. Giant trout, small trout, "salmon," chubs, herring and carp. All these frequent the same stream or body of water.

Angleworms and "minnies" (minnows) are the popular bait used by the anglers. There isn't one fly fisherman out of a hundred. Somehow we used to feel sort of guilty, as though we were infringing upon sacred water, when we resorted to a fly. Other anglers gazed at us as though we were violating either the law or an old tradition of casting feathers upon the waters that had received naught but worms and "minnies" for, lo!—all those long years.

Those Utah herring still bother us. Some day we hope to try for them again.

"It Pays To Insure In Sure Insurance." See Ernest R. Smith, office Roxy, Bldg. Phone 97.

Riverton Boys In U. S. Service

Pfc. Ronald Holbrook, sharpshooter with the 7th Marines, landed on Okinawa on Easter Sunday. He reports that the first time he was on guard duty there, a Jap plane came over low, and they had it bow down a little lower—to the ground to be exact. While Ronald was landing on Okinawa that Easter morning, C. Grant Hartwell S/2c, U. S. N. R., was crossing the International Date Line on his return to Hawaii from Iwo Jima, with a ship load of weary and battle-worn marines from Iwo. Grant writes he had two Easter Sundays—one on the west side of the line and another when he crossed back to this side the following day.

Sergeant Oran V. Holbrook has been moved from the hospital in the Philippines to some island in the Pacific. He was sent by airplane. He is not confined in any hospital now. We are very happy to know that his recovery from his recent injuries sustained on the battle front in the Philippines, is very satisfactory.

Mrs. William Church has two brothers serving in the South Pacific somewhere. At last reports they were well. Another brother is in Burma. He is in an army construction battalion and has helped to rebuild the great Ledo Road. While working on this, Courtland "Mickey" Smith also from here, travelled over that road to his station somewhere in Burma, but the two boys did not meet up with each other.

Word has come in that young George Albertson was with the invasion forces on Okinawa now. He was also in the Iwo Jima campaign. He was with the invasion forces on the Normandy beachhead last year.

George is seeing plenty of action. Sgt. Howard Hull (Pete) has been moved from the Philippines to somewhere in India. His brother, Fritz, also a sergeant who has been on one of the Kyushu group, has also been moved somewhere. The relatives here do not know his new location yet. Both brothers are Mess Sergeants and both have seen plenty of action in this war so far, but have been very fortunate in that they have not sustained injuries. Fritz wrote he had a little extra time to spare occasionally when on the Kyushu islands and when things were quiet enough there, he was allowed to go fishing for Tuna. He wrote it certainly was great sport to fish for those huge fighting fellows.

Miles M. Hartwell, M. M. M. 2/c,

U. S. N. R., together with 14 other officers and men from the Naval Air Base at Klamath Falls, were sent out some where on a special assignment a few weeks ago. His wife came over and visited part of the time with his mother here and her

mother, Mrs. S. C. Evans at Myrtle Point. A wire from Miles early this week advised they were returning to the base again for a short period, so Martha Lee left at once on the stage for there.

If it's Radio, See Ward's.

PENNEYS



DRESSES

for Iced-Tea Days

7.90

For those warm afternoons and evenings when you and your friends get together over tall, frosted glasses of iced-tea! Cool linens and rays in luscious fruit colors, some with fresh white appliques!



OUR MONUMENTS and markers are carved from stainless granite by the latest quarrying and fabricating processes. We now have the finest values we have ever been privileged to offer you. We welcome your call.

Gladys C. Gano
3rd & Coalter Phone 100
Coquille, Oregon



We feature
One-Day Service
on most Radios
All work guaranteed for
90 days
Ward's
Radio & Electric
Corner 1st & Taylor, Coquille

ARE YOU DRIVING A

Booby Trap



DANGER!

Booby Traps aren't confined to the battlefield. Your car's brakes, for instance, are potentially dangerous. If neglected, they can cause an accident as disastrous as a TNT explosion. That's why you should start Shelllubrication service today. It includes a check of vital parts all through your car.



"You're only a foot from trouble... Check your brakes!"

CHANGE TO GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL. Look at your oil bayonet. If the oil looks dirty, don't take a chance. Change to fresh, clean, safe Golden Shell Motor Oil.

SHELL OIL COMPANY, Incorporated
Make a date for SHELLUBRICATION Today!

Will you hold a FAT-SALVAGE BEE for your country?



HERE IN AMERICA, when a neighbor needs help, it has always been the custom for all the folks to pitch in and give him a hand. Many a harvest would have been lost without the help of a husking bee.



YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS a fat-salvage bee right now! Millions of tons of fat have been used up to supply the thousands of battlefield and home-front needs in this war. And there's still a lot of war ahead!

A PLEA TO EVERY WOMAN! Our country is calling on you, the women in small cities and towns and on the farms, to save every drop of used fat. Your used fats are desperately needed to meet our country's requirements.

So scrape all pans and roasters. Skim soups and gravies. Keep your used fats in a tin can—any kind will do. Save meat trimmings and plate scrapings in a bowl; melt them down and add the liquid fat to your can.

When the salvage can is full, take it to your butcher. He'll give you 2 red points and up to four cents for every pound. If you have any difficulty turning in your used fats, call your Home Demonstration or County Agent.

Needed this year: 100,000,000 more pounds of used fats

Approved by WFA and OPA. Paid for by Industry