

The Coquille Valley Sentinel

AND THE COQUILLE HERALD

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\$1.50 THE YEAR.

OUR CHAUTAUQUA

Fine Music, Splendid Addresses and Big Audiences Every Day.

The Chautauqua has come and gone, and the Sentinel thinks it voices the general sentiment of the people of Coquille when it says that it was better than we expected. Indeed, it proved so good, won such hearty applause and attracted such large audiences with only a meager advance sale of tickets, that it only took a few minutes at the close of the evening session on Wednesday to secure enough signatures to a guaranty for next year to insure that Coquille will be on the Radcliffe map in 1919.

Monday the Neapolitan male quartette and Colonel G. A. Gearhart held the platform both afternoon and evening, though the children's pageant at the opening of the evening entertainment had a local appeal and a histrionic interest that made it wonderfully successful.

The hearty applause and repeated encores testified to the hit the Quartette made with our music lovers, and the growing audiences for the remaining days were in no small degree due to the enjoyment with which our people listened to these excellent vocalists.

Colonel Gearhart's address and the vigor and spirit with which he delivered them were simply marvelous coming from a man 82 years of age.

In the afternoon seeing that the audience consisted mostly of ladies, he gave an address on woman's achievements and the more elevated position she has come to occupy in the life of the world during recent times. It was a splendid tribute to the gentler sex and a panegyric they have fully earned and richly deserved.

In the evening he spoke of the triumphs of our civilization and the heights humanity has been achieving during the past generation in words that were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was of the very best class of lectures we heard from the platform before the war era, and portrayed the best achievements of a civilization which is now fighting for its life on the blood-drenched and shell-torn fields of Europe, though little of that marred the idyllic beauty of the story.

Tuesday afternoon the ladies were out in force to hear the message of the Food Administration brought by the domestic science expert who gave many suggestions and recipes to show how much our housewives could do toward winning the war in their kitchens.

The Metropolitan Company filled the musical role on the second day and completely captivated the audience which, in the evening especially, uproariously applauded the singing and the recitations and licked their chops for more with repeated encores that were acknowledged only by bows. The lighter vein of the songs and the humorous skits were most heartily enjoyed.

To the writer's thinking this Chautauqua reached its high water mark in the patriotic address of the director, Dr. Wm. E. Adams, of Seattle, Tuesday evening. He was able to give us from official sources in Washington many inside facts in relation to the crookedness and perfidy of the German representatives in America prior to the beginning of the war, and those who heard him are not likely very soon to forget his account of the plan to blow up a New York hotel in which most of the higher officials of the Navy were quartered at the time of a great naval review, nor how shaky in the knees Von Bernstorff became when one of the attractive ladies of the American secret service detained him in that hotel five minutes longer than he thought safe—a little after midnight when the structure was scheduled to be destroyed at 12:20.

How the whole German plot to enroll us with Mexico and Japan when Zimmerman promised them Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, as Mexico's share of the spoils and these Pacific coast states were to be given to Japan after they had helped the Huns conquer us, was also disclosed. An American as a secretary in the German legation, put there by the publisher of the Providence Journal, and dictographs in the walls when the matter was discussed there in the utmost secrecy explained how that message to Mexico leaked. Then it was,

(Continued on eighth page.)

Machon Theatre Opening.

The "Machon Theatre" here will be opened tomorrow (Saturday) night. The opening will take place at 7:30 p. m. and the first thing on the program will be our national anthem "America," and the audience will be invited to arise and join in the singing. Next will come an address by Hon. Charles R. Barrow.

Then there will be a speech by Mayor E. E. Johnson and following him Mrs. Johnson will break a bottle of grape juice and christen the theatre. There will be a six-reel special, "The Bargain," featuring William S. Hart and a two-reel comedy. The admission for this occasion will be 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Open Fourth Drive Here.

Major Jack Hamilton, of the U. S. Army, veteran of the British, French and United States armies, and Hon. L. J. Simpson, of Shosacres, will begin a tour of Coos county in the interest of the Fourth Liberty Loan with a meeting at Coquille tomorrow night, Saturday evening, September 14. Where this meeting is to be held Mr. Cary, the Coquille chairman, says he cannot yet inform us.

THEY START FOR BERLIN

The war bulletin received here at noon today reads as follows:

With the American Armies in Lorraine—The Allied offensive on the western front is for the first time dominantly American, the French co-operating in a military sense.

London—General Pershing's men in attack on the southern end of St. Mihiel salient advanced for a distance of eight miles. The attack was on a fourteen mile front. The Americans have so far captured 9500 prisoners and taken 60 German guns. Panzer, energetically defended, was easily captured by the Americans who are reported to have captured Vignelles. American line captured Berry, Houdicourt and Bois-de-Thrancourt. If these places have actually been captured the neck of the St. Mihiel salient has been narrowed to less than six miles and if two German divisions reported last night to be in that salient are still there, it is decidedly improbable that they will be able to get away.

The Germans are burning up ammunition dumps at Hattenville and Domboux.

The School Enrollment.

The enrollment in our city schools during the first week of the session has reached a total of 407, distributed as follows:

- Mrs. Chase's room, First Primary, 35.
- Miss Kennedy's room, Second grade, 30.
- Mrs. Dungey's room, Third grade, 29.
- Miss Kaldor's room, First and Second grades, 35.
- Miss Fitzgerald's room, Fourth grade, 44.
- Mrs. Mulkey's room, Fifth grade, 43.
- Miss Spencer's room, Sixth grade, 51.
- Miss Treadgold and Miss Griffin, Seventh and Eighth grades, 33.
- The High School enrollment, Mr. Baker says, stands at about 75.

It Was a Close Call.

Sunday evening about 7 o'clock Austin Clinton had a narrow escape with his Oakland runabout on the T bridge. He was driving north and just before reaching the approach from the east on Fifth street, he saw a team and wagon drive on to the bridge from that approach. Immediately he applied the brakes and shut off the power but the car skidded into the railing and tore it out for a distance of about 30 feet and when the auto came to a trembling stop one wheel was hanging over a 14-foot drop to the ground below. He says he was not going faster than 15 miles an hour according to the speedometer.

John McNair was driving the team of horses which so narrowly escaped a collision with the car.

Old Sugar at Same Price.

According to a telegram from the Food Administration, the increase of one cent per pound on sugar yesterday applies only to the new crop. Dealers will have to sell their present stocks at the old price and the retailers will not be allowed any increased margin of profit on sugar.

FROM OUR BOYS OVER THERE

Letters From Matt Kerrigan, Theodore Easton, Harry Oerding, Earl Isensee, Frank Norris and Harry Miller.

Earl Isensee

Mrs. Carrie Isensee is in receipt of letters from her son, Earle, dated "France, August 5 and August 8, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:

This is the first letter I've written since the big drive commenced. We have been so busy. We were at the big battle of — where the Germans threw such a terrible barrage. I have much to tell you that I cannot write here, but some day I'll tell you all about it.

The last few days, at least before yesterday, it was just Hell. We were doing infantry work and always the Germans retreat and always we drive them on. Probably you have read something of the work of the Rainbow division. For three days it was impossible for any of us to sleep. We just kept advancing and fighting. Every time I dropped into a shell hole I'd just fall asleep until we moved on. One time an infantry boy came up, kicked me and thought I was dead, and took my gas mask. I did not know it at the time but one of the boys with me happened up just after he had gone on. So as I did not have any gas mask I went over to a dead German and got his. I'm not telling these things to you just to make you worry. On the contrary it's part of my life. And anyway it's all over now and I'm feeling fine, all but a little cold which I caught the last night we were out. My feet were wet and my clothes, too, and we had to stand out there freezing till our relief came next morning. Oh, what Sherman said was right, all right; only he owes us an apology for such a small expression.

In one town we took we found two Boche prisoners who were wounded. Both had their legs shattered by our big shells the night before. We entertained the town the next morning. The Germans, mind you, took everything they had away with them, even water and food, and then left them there in an old stone tower. They were so helpless they couldn't move off of a litter. When I walked up to the bed one of them was on he said, "amernd" as if I were going to kill them.

Yes, I guess the war news has been good. We have captured a lot of territory but it has cost a lot too. I mean in men. Of course, the Germans lost more men than we did, but our losses were enough. However, I suppose that's necessary to win.

The weather is getting a little chilly now but I believe that we still have a lot of warm weather ahead of us.

About where I am. Right where the fighting has been thickest in this last drive, but as soon as we go back, if we ever do, (I mean back of the lines), I'll let you know where I am. As yet we are still located in this place working on roads that the Germans blew up on their hasty departure.

Theodore Easton.

The following are extracts from a letter just received by Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Easton, of Brewster Valley, from their son, Theodore:

Somewhere in France, Aug. 6. There are men and lots of them, who receive money from home regularly. The most foolish man or woman in the United States is the one who sends money to a soldier in France. There is nothing more utterly useless than a large sum of money here. A man cannot spend it without absolutely throwing it away. A man came in tonight who told me he had gone to Romorantin with the intention of spending ten francs. He had over a hundred francs and seventy-five dollars with him and came back with his francs spent and his American money partly spent. He had a bundle of various articles that he may use a time or two but which he will never receive value from, and had spent an extravagant sum for supper and wine and various and sundry knickknacks. With clothing and food supplied, a man who cannot get by with \$33 a month, could not get by with \$3,300 a month. Most of the dachauched soldiers who return home will owe their condition to an over-supply of money. We have several

in the guard house now who might not have been there if their money had not been so plentiful. There are very few articles of food that can be bought at a reasonable price, and wines and other liquors are all high priced. Yet after pay day there is an awful flood of money in the French shops and joints. The only place where we can get food articles at a reasonable price is in the post commissary where canned fruits and stick candy, razors and soap and other articles can be bought.

Most of my money goes for chocolate, milk and cheese. (That is the money he has left after payment on Liberty Loan and allotment home are deducted from his wages). I can get milk at nearly any farm house and cheese at a good many. I like the French cheese. Most of them are little patties three or four inches across and an inch thick that sell for a franc a cheese. I like them either fresh or old. When fresh they are little different from our Dutch or cottage cheese, but when well ripened with a coat of mold on them a quarter of an inch thick they have an individual taste unlike that of any other kind of cheese I have ever eaten. I sat under a tree today and scraped the moss off a cheese with a sharp stick and made an enjoyable lunch on it. After I had followed it with a litre of milk I felt very comfortable, and started back to camp to be in time for the noon meal. There are a good many cows in Loir-et-Cher. At least some of the people, if not all, milk their cows three times a day, morning, at one after dinner, and in the evening at about 8. I tried to tell the old people that three times was too much. I was visiting a family about three miles from here where there is quite a herd of cows. The girls, who do most of the work, were ready to agree with me but the two old people could not see it that way. I suppose they think the cows would dry up if they were not milked the three times. I was told that these cows are Normans, Britagnes and Solognotes are two other common breeds.

There is great similarity between the trees of Central France and our own trees. Along the river and roads are planted poplars very like our own balm of Gilead, and another poplar resembling quaking aspens. There are small leaved alders and several kinds of willows. The ash is somewhat different from ours, the leaves are not just the same.

There are large groves of beech trees, and a great deal of oak. The chestnuts reminded me strongly of our chinquapin trees, although the leaf is much different. Many roads are lined with chestnuts. The horse chestnut which the French call "false chestnut" is in the spring one of the most beautiful shade trees I have ever seen. Recollections of my furlough will always recall the fragrance of the horse chestnut blossoms. In May they were in full bloom. The sycamores make splendid driveways when planted beside the road. One thing the French have us beat with is the beauty of their roadways. It is a pleasure simply to look down most of them. There are no fences to mar the scenery and the landscape resembles a vast park. The maples are not numerous and have very small leaves. T. S. E.

Harry A. Miller

A little story of camp life from the happy side would not hurt any one. I arrived here hale and hearty a little over two months ago. As I got off the train we marched to a tent 150 feet long. I felt sure this was where we would eat. Some thought it was the trenches. There were a tough bunch in charge of this place, yelling, "make it snappy," "you clowns cut that noise," "look at those ears," "where are you from?" etc. Later we found out this was the Receiving Tent, where we got our first examination. Here we were assigned to the 29th company, known as the Fighting 29th, and were advised it was a rare privilege to belong to this company, who had the finest latrines in the camp. We arrived at our respective company at 11:00 p. m., and had lunch. Here

(Continued on third page.)

Those Marshfield Valuations.

Having got by in the past with a low valuation on their real estate the Marshfield property owners are making a great howl over the work of the assessment board that revalued it—although all of its members were from the north end of the county. For years the valuations in this county have shown about \$2,000,000 more property paying taxes in the Coquille end of the county than in the Coos Bay section. There is not that difference in actual values and it was only by keeping Marshfield assessments at very low figures that the disproportion became so considerable. The Board of Equalization has set Saturday, Sept. 24, as the date for the hearing of the protest of the Marshfield property owners against the raise, and it is quite likely the members of the board will go over to the Bay and personally inspect the property. Twenty-seven of the property owners have filed sworn objections to the new assessment.

Today is the birthday of two well-known men, General J. J. Pershing, in command of the American Army in France, and our marrying Justice J. J. Stanley, of this city,—though the General is four years older than our fellow citizen.

CEDAR FOR AEROPLANES

E. W. Beckham, of the firm of Beckham & Hinkle, was in town Wednesday morning and told the Sentinel something about the work his firm is doing in riving Port Orford cedar for aeroplane material. They employ about 25 men and get out about 20 thousand feet of material a week, for which they are receiving \$130 per thousand from the government. They began in May on upper Fishtrap, but having about exhausted all available material there they are now working on Hall's-Creek four and a half miles west of the Coquille.

No cedar less than four feet in diameter is cut, and these in lengths from 18 feet up. Trees of the minimum diameter are split into four sections, and sometimes the larger ones into as many as eight.

After the cedar is rived by splitting the log into quarters, sixths or eighths, the heart wood which is full of knots from the branches that covered the tree when it was young is all split off, leaving mostly clear stuff. It is estimated that about 25 per cent of the lumber in trees of four feet in diameter is available for aeroplane material.

For some unexplained reason all the timber excepting cedar is of small size, like a second growth, in the patches where that is found. That it costs something to get out this material is evident when it is stated that Messrs. Beckham & Hinkle spent \$3,000 in building a road from the foothills three and a half miles up the creek to where their camp is located. They are paying their hands \$5 to \$6.50 per day and \$12.50 a day for teams. This one of our samilar war industries, and yet it puts in circulation about \$10,000 a month.

Has Been Running Donkey.

Our old friend, O. L. Smallwood, who has been running dairy ranches in this section for two or three years past, has concluded to go out of business in that line, and make his aged mother in Denver a visit. So he is advertising his stock and outfit in our want column today. For a month past Mr. S. has been running a donkey engine at Aasen's Camp, as active as a boy in spite of his 64 years. He learned that trade during the years he was foreman of the Rocky Mountain News at Denver; and he has many interesting incidents to relate of life in the newspaper offices of that state.

Old Resident Heard From.

Recorder J. S. Lawrence is in receipt of a letter from C. W. Waite, of Oakland, California, who was formerly a mill man here. He says his six sons are all in the service, so he and Mrs. White have moved down from his mill in the mountains and are now living at Oakland. Speaking of his son, Emmett, who was on the Tuscania when it went down, and was reported among the missing for fourteen days, he remarks, "I tell you it was the biggest two weeks I ever saw and it was a great relief to us when we got to hear from him."

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends

2934 REGISTER

The Total by Precincts for Yesterday's Enrollment for Uncle Sam's Service.

There were 201 men registered for military service in Coquille yesterday in the four precincts, as follows: Court House, 78; City Hall, 93; Academy, 22; Northwest, 8.

The registration of men from 18 to 21 and from 32 to 45 in Coos county yesterday was unexpectedly heavy. From Marshfield calls were twice made on the board here for additional cards and a thousand more than the original supply were sent over. East-side also sent over for 50 more and in many of the precincts making returns here this morning the supply ran out and more cards are being secured to fill out at the earliest possible moment.

The precincts which have made returns up to the hour of going to press are as follows:

- Coquille (4) 201; Hauser, 15; Burton, 18; Bullards, 62; Coaledo, 20; Delmar, 36; Four Mile, 31; Beaver Hill, 20; Norway, 72; Missouri, 21; Dora, 32; Sugar Loaf, 37; Catching Creek, 58; Myrtle Point south, 45; Cunningham, 16; Powers, 23; Myrtle Point, north, 75; Parksburg, 22; Lampa, 11; Fat Elk, 20; No. 12, North Bend, 101; No. 13, North Bend, 80; No. 8, North Bend, 34; No. 9, North Bend, 49; No. 10, North Bend, 67; No. 18, Marshfield, 149; No. 19, Marshfield, 149; No. 17, Marshfield, 101; No. 20, Marshfield, 94; No. 24, Marshfield, 35; No. 22, Marshfield, 80; No. 21, Marshfield, 152; No. 5, Allegany, 61; Bunker Hill, 183; No. 4, Haynes Inlet, 18; Pony Slough, 30; Cooston, 6; Eastside, 51; Sumner, 42; Catching Slough, 23; South Slough, 35; Coos River, 32; Willanch Slough, 4; Kantsuck Slough, 12; No. 44, Bandon, 51; No. 45, Bandon, 49; No. 46, Bandon, 57; No. 47, Bandon, 38; No. 48, Bandon, 39.

The aggregate of the figures above is about 2935, which is considerable more than the 2625 estimate made by the board here. And as several precincts are not yet in Mr. Beyers' news that the total will probably be something over 3,000—which ought to interest the Kaiser.

The Honor Guard Dance.

In the event of rain next Saturday evening, Sept. 21, the Honor Guard goat dance will be held in Anderson's Hall instead of on the street as now contemplated.

The girls are sparing no effort to furnish their guests on that occasion with one of the most pleasurable affairs ever held in Coquille. A gypsy fortune teller will vie with the goat as one of the prominent features.

The girls intend to have it managed strictly by the Honor Guard with young lady ticket sellers, floor managers and dance announcer.

The proceeds are to be used for patriotic purposes and it is predicted the attendance will be large. Tickets are 55c which includes the 5c war tax.

Lampa P. O. No More.

J. L. Bean has closed his store at Lampa and the postoffice there has been discontinued. Lampa is about midway between Coquille and Bandon and some of the people who have been getting mail there are now having it addressed to each of these towns. An effort is being made by A. P. Sweet and George Laird to have a star route established along the river with deliveries of mail by boat daily in each direction.

Sixteen Are There Now.

Four new boarders were enrolled at the County Infirmary yesterday Superintendent Lamlroth informs us. They were Mrs. D. O'Reilly, of Marshfield, who has been there before; Mr. Cole, of Templeton; Mrs. Buchanan, of North Bend; and Mr. Lee from Orry county. This brings the number at the infirmary now up to 16.

At the New Theatre.

Moving pictures will be the attraction tomorrow night at the new Liberty Theatre, as it has just been christened. It wouldn't have been opened for some time yet if those two big machines Clyde Gage had shipped up here from San Francisco had been in the other warehouse at Bandon when that fire occurred.

Call on us for Stationery.