

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

Capt. R. V. Dennison Says He Had the "Best Pair of Shoes in the Army," and They Were Made in Portland, in 1917.

Thanks His Friend, Theo. Bergmann, for Them—Used Them as a Pillow That They Might Not Be Stolen—Took Receipt for Them at Hospital—Says "You More Than Did Your Bit."

Unsolicited Testimonial as to Excellence of Bergmann Footwear

It is not likely that any other shoe factory in America has been so highly complimented for the quality of its product as has been the Bergmann company, 621 Thurman street, Portland, and not in a single instance has the management solicited these strongly worded testimonials. A great number of testimonials have been received by Mr. Bergmann, one of recent date from Roger MacVeigh, son-in-law of A. L. Mills, president of the First National bank of Portland, in which the Portland-made footwear was spoken of in the most flattering terms. And here is another written by Captain Richard V. Dennison, who has been in the thickest of the battles, to his good friend, Theodore Bergmann, head of the Bergmann Shoe Manufacturing company—and could any maker of footwear be more heartily praised than that which is spoken of in the following enthusiastic statement:

Paris, France, January 14, 1919.

Mr. Theo. Bergmann,
Bergmann Shoe Manufacturing Co.,
621 Thurman Street,
Portland, Oregon.

My dear Mr. Bergmann:

It gives me great pleasure, even at this late date, to write and try to tell you, in my own way, the great comfort the shoes you made for me in October, 1917, have given me during this war in France. I have been one of the few, during these many rainy months, who could boast of having dry feet, many thanks to your care in building them for me. They have been the envy of many, I can assure you—so much so that when I was wounded in October I had to use them as a pillow in my sleep, until I finally reached the base hospital, 262 at Orleans, France, where I carefully took a receipt for them and was able to wear them on my discharge. And they are even now as good as new, save that they will need a pair of new soles in the near future.

My Division has been waiting for several weeks to depart for the States, and the last word is that we will sail on January 17; and I can assure you we all will be very happy to see our native land again, as it has been a long pull and everyone is thoroughly tired out and fed up on war.

I write this feeling you will be interested in knowing you more than did your bit in starting me off to battle with the best pair of shoes in the Army, and for which please accept my thanks.

Gratefully yours,

RICHARD V. DENNISON.

Of course, we are pleased to receive such praise from those who wear our shoes, knowing they come from men whose hearts speak the things they write, but we hope it will be understood that the shoes we made for Captain Dennison were no better than every pair of the 12,000 we made for the government, not one of which was rejected or even received unfavorable criticism. Nor were they constructed of a whit better leather than those we are turning out every day for our commercial trade, or have been making for years. For example, H. S. Harcourt of The Oregon Journal, in November, 1916, bought a pair of our men's dress shoes, and has worn them constantly ever since. He is on the street every day, and few men in the city walk more miles in a year, yet he has had his shoes half soled but once. Like thousands of others, he swears by the Bergmann footwear.

We Buy No Inferior Leather. We Make No Inferior Shoes. We Produce Only the Best That Men Can Make From the Best Stock

Bergmann Shoe Manufacturing Company
621 THURMAN STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON

ABSTRACTS

For reliable Abstracts of Title and information about Coos County Real Estate see

TITLE GUARANTEE & ABSTRACT COMPANY
Marshfield and Coquille City, Ore.

Special attention paid to looking after assessments and payment of taxes. Phone Marshfield Office 14J Phone Coquille Office 191
HENRY SENGSTACKEN, Manager

Lack of Milk Stunts Boy

Never was the value of milk and butter fat in the child's diet brought out more forcefully than the story of the Rhoten twins as told by the father, E. A. Rhoten, during the recent hearing on Oleomargarine before the joint legislative committee appointed to investigate the dairy industry.

Mr. Rhoten, who is advertising manager for the Pacific Homestead of Salem and well known among the stockmen and farmers of the state told how their home was blessed six years ago with a pair of twin boys, how it became necessary to substitute cow's milk for mother's milk, and the difficulty in getting one of the boys to continue the use of milk as soon as he was old enough to take other food.

As a result of his refusal to drink milk and eat butter Rex failed to keep pace with his brother, Ray, who was at all times a glutton for milk and butter. Ray has grown into a rugged lad while Rex shows plainly the stunting effect of the absence of the vital element of nutrition found only in butter fat, fat of eggs and in the leafy vegetables.

At birth they were the same weight. Today, at a few days past six years, Ray weighs 58 pounds, while Rex tips the scales at 47, or 11 pounds less.

Up to the age of 5 years the general appearance of Rex showed plainly the effects of malnutrition and caused the parents no end of grief. It was then that they discovered that Rex could be induced to eat cottage cheese. This was supplied and was seasoned with cream which has resulted in a marked improvement in the boy's appearance and growth. This is in exact accord with the experiments of Dr. E. V. McCollum, the noted scientist on nutrition.—Oregon Dairymen's League.

Four artists furnish the music for dance at Anderson's Hall, Friday, Feb. 28. McCormick's Jazz Band will be there.

About Your Income Tax

The following circular letter just received by the Sentinel from Milton A. Miller, collector of internal revenue for the state of Oregon, indicates that those who have not yet begun figuring on their income tax returns will have to hustle:

Urgent requests having been made to this Department by taxpayers throughout the state, for assistance in preparing income tax returns, I am now authorized to assign income tax officers to such work. In making the assignments, every consideration has been given in arriving at the most advantageous locations with the result that your district will be served as follows:

Income Tax Officers Geo. G. Hewitt and E. E. Montague will be stationed at the Hotel Baxter at Coquille, Oregon, from and including March 10th to and including March 11th, 1919, inclusive.

Where forms have been sent out, the parties receiving same should produce the forms to the officer as a reference number is assigned, essential to the return of such party.

The Treasury Department has extended the time for filing Income Tax Returns to March 15th, 1919, and anyone not thoroughly familiar with the provisions of the Income Tax Law and their obligation thereunder, should at once make inquiry of the above mentioned officers or write this office direct, as this will be the last opportunity to do so in connection with the filing of returns of income for the year 1918 prior to the due date of filing.

As soon as possible after March 15th an extensive "drive" will be made taking in the entire state and heavy penalties will attach where persons liable to tax have failed to disclose their liability and make return on or before March 15th, 1919.—Milton A. Miller, Collector.

Real Jazz music by McCormick's Jazz Band next Friday, Feb. 28, at Anderson's Hall.

SIGHTS IN THE WAR AND SINCE

The following extracts from letters that Sergeant First Class Arthur R. Hodge, of Fishtrap, wrote to his father, J. M. Hodge, and his brothers, Walter and Harley, from France and Belgium under December and January dates, will be read with interest by the Sentinel family.

About September 3rd we started for the front, got to Sarcy on September 11th, where we were in reserve for the St. Mihiel drive of Sept. 11-13. That first night we heard a real barrage for the first time—lots of guns banging away. From here we beat it for the Argonne Forest, west of Verdun, where on Sept. 26 the 91st helped start the big drive, one of the greatest battles the Americans ever had. We chased the Germans nearly 10 kilometers that first day, about 6 miles. But the boys paid for it very heavily in streams of wounded men that came back.

That night before the drive we moved right up behind the trenches, upon a hill by some dugouts. As they were full we put our blankets down out in the open—pulling some of that brave stuff you know. I went peacefully to sleep, but in half an hour a shell landed about 40 feet from us with a great bang. I awoke very suddenly. We were debating whether to stay there or move when "Bang!" went one just over our head. The argument finished right there, we were ready for a dugout and didn't plan to have anyone beat us to it either. The door was crowded and we were trying to get in when another shell hit between our blankets and the door, throwing dirt all over us. We went inside then right through everybody. A solid door wouldn't have stopped us. The only place I could find inside was under the table where I curled up like a dog. And I wasn't feeling very brave about all this fighting stuff. It was very cold and I nearly froze. Later I plucked up courage to sneak out for my blankets. Then I curled up for the rest of the night.

About 2:30 a. m. our own barrage opened up. It sounded as if the whole face of the earth was being blown off. The woods were full of big guns and they were all busy all the time. The French had said that the hill just ahead of us couldn't be taken, but the Yank gunners deliberately blew the whole top off of it. We took it all right. There wasn't much left to take.

We recently had three days very bad marching. We left Denterghen, about 20 miles from Ghent and 40 from Brussels, last Friday. We went to Roulers that day where we were just before going into battle in Belgium. The next day we crossed back over "No Man's Land" where the Germans and British fought it out for four years. This is a stretch of land about 25 kilometers (15 miles) wide at that point. It surely is no man's land now. Not a soul, except the marching troops, in all that 15 miles; hardly a bird to be seen. All the trees cut down or torn down by high explosive. All the land torn up and pitted by great shell holes. Old, worn out trenches zig-zagging back and forth every place. The only thing left is the road which has been repaired by the troops. We passed numerous towns and villages where not even a pile of bricks is left standing to mark a town site. We crossed over Passendale Ridge where the Australians had their big fight early in the war. I hardly see how this land can ever be cultivated. It will take years to put it in shape. We missed Ypres (pronounced eeps) on this trip. I think I wrote of passing through it before. I bought some post cards showing scenes before and after the bombardment. Even these give no idea of what it is like today. For those were taken in 1914. Today there is scarcely a complete wall left standing in the whole city.

That night we reached Elverdinghe, where we detoured on first coming to Belgium, having made a great circle up through Belgium. The next day we came to this spot which is only a mile or so from the French line. In the three days we made about 70 kilometers, or 42 miles. This is very good hiking with packs over these roads. These rough cobble stone roads are awfully hard on the feet and legs.

As a rule we were around Division Headquarters, but on the first day in the Argonne we were right up front, just back of the infantry. It was a warm spot, too, believe me. All during the Argonne, division headquarters was very near the front, right in the center of heavy artillery fire. That made it nearly as dangerous as the front lines. At Epinonville one day I was sitting within 30 feet of where a big shell exploded in a room where a radio outfit were operating. There were nine men in the room and five of them were seriously wounded. I helped dress them. One man had about nine big wounds in his legs. I

don't know why it didn't kill him. He was dazed by the shock, and when he came to his senses, talked and jabbered like a crazy man.

Last Friday I went over to Dunkerque on an ambulance. It's about 15 miles. She is quite a city with all sorts of people from everywhere. It seemed good to get into a city with big stores, street cars, etc. They have quite a port there. One thing that looked peculiar was the number of canals. These are usually found in cities in this country. Dunkerque has been bombed by planes a great deal. The churches suffered a great deal, more so it seemed, than other buildings.

Today has been an Oregon day, raining hard all day, with a south wind blowing. We are comfortably located in a small shack with stoves and wood, and we have very little necessity to get out in the weather. I've been thinking how lucky we are. It would be awful to be out in this weather up in the Argonne in a "pup" tent, or a dugout half full of water. We were mighty fortunate that we didn't have to fight through this winter. That would have been misery to the nth degree.

Just returned from a seven day leave at St. Malo, a sea resort in Brittany, operated by the Y. M. C. A. I sure had a "beau coup" (French for big) time. There are a lot of places of historical interest to visit. And the Y. M. has a fine place with lots doing. They have a big casino leased. Here they have movies, concerts, vaudeville, dances, reading and writing rooms. Something doing all the time. Then they had sightseeing trips to various points of interest. One of the best things was the privilege of sleeping between sheets in a real bed and eating good meals at a real hotel, instead of sticking your mess out in line and getting stew and eating it in the rain. The whole trip was hard to take.

I was just talking to a man who works in headquarters of the 2nd army corps, which is composed of the 27, 30 and 91st divisions. He said we were scheduled to leave early in February. I hope it is very early. This is a monotonous life.

About Pig Club Work

By E. R. Peterson

That pig raising may be carried on by a girl as well as by a boy is shown by the experience of Miss Mary Esther Johnson of this city.

Mary Esther is accomplishing several objects in the one project: she is producing a food that the world so much needs; she is doing this at a profit to herself; she is getting real enjoyment out of her work; and she has learned more about pork production during these months than all her previous knowledge on the subject combined.

Brick is the name of her pig. From a little fellow of 25 pounds, Brick has grown to a 300 pounder. It has cost less than 12 cents a pound to produce him, not counting Mary Esther's work and fun. He is "worth 18 cents a pound."

Here is Mary Esther's own story of "Brick:"

The Story of My Pig Division II
When the teacher told us about the pig club and how it would help the Government in the war, I decided to become a member and bought the best pig I could find. We put a four sack around him and it would just reach. He weighed twenty-five pounds when I bought him. We built a nice little pen for it and fed it regular on scraps and middlings and plenty of grass, a lot of water which it enjoyed.

My pig's name is Brick. Do not think I called him that because he is a hard headed pig or hard to manage, but on account of his beautiful color. He is of Duroc Poland China stock, which we all know is the very best and makes him unusually good for racing. This I can prove by Avis Hartson, who was with me when he took a Marathon stunt up Spurgeon street one bright summer day when the sun registered something near 100 degrees. Avis and I did our best but he did better, and decided to inspect Mr. Mast's premises. We followed near by but he outdistanced us and not until Church's Dairy Farm was reached did he hesitate or falter in his dash for liberty. There he met a picket fence which proved to do more good at stopping him than the boys and girls, for by this time there were so many of us following Brick we looked very much like a movie picture.—Mary Esther Johnson, Coquille, Oregon.

Getting Rid of Colds.

The easiest and quickest way to get rid of a cold is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This preparation has been in use for many years and its value fully proven. No matter what remedy you use, however, care must be taken not to contract a second cold before you have recovered from the first one, and there is serious danger of this. A man of middle age or older should go to bed and stay in bed until fully recovered. It is better to stay in bed three days at the start than three weeks later on.

Farmers Attention

We are agents for the
AVERY FARM TRACTOR

in 5 sizes. The 5-10 horsepower is large enough for the average farm, and is equal to 3 1600-lb. horses at \$675.00. It weighs 2600 lbs. See us for price and terms.

We also handle the HEIDER FARM TRACTOR, 9-16 hp. for Coos & Curry Counties.

We also are general agents for the
EMPIRE MILKING MACHINE

which has created some stir with DAIRYMEN. We have 15 machines in stock. Are you one to get one? We install and operate free of charge.

Can make terms to meet all conditions.

We are headquarters for GASOLINE DRAG SAWS with or without clutch. Have some used ones at a bargain. Get Busy. Write us at once for price and terms. Will call, no obligation.

SCHROEDER & HILDENBRAND

PHONE 77

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

SEND
THE SENTINEL
TO YOUR
**FRIENDS IN THE
EAST**

ITS WEEKLY VISITS
ARE
BOUND TO INTEREST THEM
IN THIS COUNTRY

SHOW THE PAPER
TO YOUR FRIENDS WHO ARE NOT
TAKING IT.
THEY WILL BECOME
INTERESTED IN IT TOO. IT IS
THE PAPER THAT IS DIFFERENT.

ADDRESS
THE SENTINEL, COQUILLE, ORE.

THE COQUILLE VALLEY SENTINEL
and
THE OREGON FARMER
For one year in advance \$1.65

Rainfall Less at Bandon

The following report of the January rainfall by Capt. O. Wren, of the Bandon lighthouse, shows an inch or two less than was recorded over at the Bay and out at McKinley:

The rainfall for the month of January, according to Capt. O. Wren, co-operative observer of the Coquille River Light station, was 10.49 inches; days rainy, cloudy and partly cloudy, 18; days clear, 12. The rainfall for the corresponding month of 1918 was 8.71 inches, a difference of 1.78 inches more this year. The total rainfall from September 1st to February 1st was 33.12 inches.

Among the attorneys who came over here from the Bay Monday to attend court were C. F. McKnight, Tom T. Bennett, John D. Goss, John C. Kendall, A. K. Peck and N. C. McLeod.

Dance by McCormick's Jazz Band Friday, Feb. 28—Anderson's Hall. Be there.

Butter Wrappers and Trespass Signs at the Sentinel office.

McCormick's Jazz Band—Dance at Anderson's Hall—Friday, Feb. 28.

NOTICE OF COMPLETION OF CONTRACT

Notice is hereby given that Anderson-Klockars Company, Contractors, have completed their contract for the construction of the Isthmus Slough Bridge, in compliance with the Contract, Plans and Specifications and to the satisfaction of the Engineer, and that final estimate will be given said contractors and presented to the County Court for payment at the March term of Court.

That the Roadmaster has filed his certificate of the completion of said contract, and any person, firm or corporation having objections to file to the acceptance of said work, may file the same in the office of the County Clerk of Coos County, Oregon, within two weeks from the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit: February 21st, A. D., 1919.

L. W. Oddy,
County Clerk
By Myrtle Knowlton,
Deputy.