The Sentinel

And The Coquille Herald

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN

BY H. M. YOUNG

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OLCOTT'S STRENUOUS LIFE

The picture the September Sunset prints of Gov. Olcott we would never recognize. The chin cap makes him look like a Russian Bolshevist. It appears in connection with the story of the trip he made over the Siskiyous in an airplane when he went down and called on Gov. Stephens, of California. The daily papers mentioned this flight, but its story, which came so near being a tragedy, they did not tell, nor did we have any idea how near Oregon came to losing a second governor within a year until the article on this flight written by Milton R. Klepper, president of the Arco Club of Oregon, who was a companion passenger, appeared in print.

Gov. Olcott evidently told his wife the whole story, though, for he had been quoted as saying he had promised her to fly no more.

After he had taken that flight from Salem to Portland at the time of the Rose Festival he took a seat in the same army plane to ride back home, but "the thrill of flying" had got into his blood and he concluded he would go on to Albany, then to Corvallis and then to Roseburg, and by that time he was so much in love with the sport that he decided to go to Sacramento and drop in on Governor Stephens.

How near a catastrophe it proved and how perilous was the trip over the Siskiyous and Mt. Shasta is thus told by Mr. Klepper in Sunset:

Between Roseburg and Grants Pass, at an altitude of about six thousand feet, the squadron of planes drove into heavy clouds and fog. Suddenly, with the compass ship as pilot, we turned completely around and dove downward and backward through the blinding vapor banks. Breathless, filled with fearsome imaginings, Governor Olcott and I clung to our seats and waited. We concluded that the fliers were giving the Governor a "little party" in the clouds. But finally when we shot out into clear sunlight we learned that it had been merely a long detour to avoid fog.

The wind was strong and the ships swayed like birds. Far below lay a rugged wooded country with uncomfortable mountain peaks pointing sharply at us. We could see the companion ships dip and sway in the air currents; we could feel ours. And under us stretched that dark forbidding wilderness without one visible clearing to drop into. But the worst was yet to come!

The hop from Granada over Mr. Shasta to Redding was a seventy-eight minute period of chills and fever. Later, when Governor Olcott was asked if he had been cold, he confessed that there were times when his knees shook—and I was with him in that. Prhaps the actions of the engine had something to do with it, for as our craft was hurtling along at an altitude of eight thousand feet, just off Mt. Shasta, something happened to the power. The little Hispano Suiza motor began to spit and sputter; the propeller slowed, almost stopped. Engine trouble! Below us nothing but mountains, yawning canyons, jagged peaks and unbroken forests. Not a spot of open ground large enough for a forced landing. The Governor and I, who had for some time been advocating the establishment of a Pacific Coast air highway, never studied a map for landing locations as diligently as we studied that unpromising topography. We wanted a landing field, and we wanted it right away!

The pilot jumped to his pump; air was forced in; the ship, which had been steadily nosing downward, nosed steadily upward again. Eight times this occurred and eight times Governor Olcott and I strained our eyes frantically for the landing place that was not there. One of the magnetos was cut out, but we managed to "one-lung" the remaining distance of perhaps twenty miles over the mountains to Redding. After landing, the pilot congratulated us that we were alive, as we knew for certain when we had alighted safely that we had come quickly through by a narrow squeak. The ship was left at Redding for repairs which certainly dished in another machine.

The airplane is still a novelty in parts of the Pacific Northwest. At Roseburg, Grants Pass, in Oregon people flocked about the Governor to hear of his experiences. But when he flew over the Sacramento valley little notice was given us. At Marysville when we swooped down over a graveyard near the landing field we were met by a reception committee of one. He presented his card; he was an undertaker.

That the trip was an unusual one we knew, but later, when Colonel Watson, Commander at Mather Field and in charge of the Oregon-California flight, received a letter from Milton F. Davis, Colonel Air Service Aeronautics at Washington, we were sure of it. Colonel Davis wrote, in part: "I was much concerned and lost considerable sleep over the dangers which I knew intervened between Eugene, Oregon, and Redding, California. I have been all around Mt. Shasta, through the lava beds, and am fairly familiar with all the mountains of southern Oregon. I consider this flight one of the best pieces of flying work that has been done in America. . . . I am glad that you gave Governor Olcott and Mr. Klepper a chance to see what it means to fly from Portland to Sacramento. They know more about the flying game now than they did a week ago."

He is right, we do.

Here are a couple of more Olcott stories in lighter vein, indicating how entirely human and like other people our governor is. The writer heard the governor's talk to the National Editorial Association at Salem a few weeks ago, and came as far as Eugene on the editorial special to Crater Lake. How the governor behaved at that resort is thus narrated by Editor Ingalls, of the Corvallis Gazette Times:

"The hotel at the lake was crowded as I said before. Some of the party arrived late and dozens of men who had rooms had to give them up and go out doors. 'About midnight,' one of the editors from New York told me, 'I was awakened by somebdy tapping on my door. There were two beds in the room and I was one of the lucky four to get a place in one. A voice on the outside called, "Any room in there for another man?" I said we might crowd one in and told him to come in. As the felow climbed in over me I asked him what paper he was with and he said he wasn't with any paper. I asked him what I should call him and he said, "Call me Olcott. I'm the governor of Oregon." ' Ben had been routed out like the rest of us to make room for a lady, but it pretty nearly got the easterner's goat.' "

The next day, says Mr. Ingalls, "On a log at the edge of the lake sat the governor and Mayor Baker and myself. On a rock near by was a young lady from the east bathing her dainty feet in the cold waters of the blue, blue lake. Her shoes and stockings were on the bank. After she had finished her bathing proclivities she turned to get her shoes. They were ten or twelve feet away and she didn't want to walk over the sand to get them. Turning to the mayor, whom she didn't know, she said, 'Say Kid, hand me my shoes, will you?' The mayor saw the joke and turning to the governor he said, "Here boy, bring the lady her shoes.' And the governor brought them. Oh, the world seems to be safe enough for democracy all right!"

HELPS PROFITEERS

Ever since the war was over the national government has been playing into the hands of the profiteers by withholding from sale the immense amount of stores on hand in all lines in order not to "break the market." The consumer who is having to pay excessive prices for so many of the necessities of life, ought to have the first consideration, not the men who are making millions by marking up the prices of the goods they have for sale. We can imagine nothing more wholesome than the breaking of some of the prices which are making laboring men restless and turning their thoughts toward strikes for higher and higher wages as the cost of living increases. That would, of course, be no remedy, for the profiteers can mark their goods up much faster than labor can increase its earnings by the comparatively slow process of strikes for higher wages. At the same time the income of so many people remains practically the same as it was before the war, thus placing them under an enormous handicap. That the wages of labor should be higher in proportion than they were before the war, we believe, but that they should run a race with the prices on the necessities of life fixed by greed is undesirable from every point of view.

We are in receipt of the 1919-1920

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only to the [illegible] who made [illegible] by the Hon. W. Wilson to his secretary of commerce, Mr. Redfield, in his address to the board convention—a list of their county seats, with population, incorporated or not, number of schools, state institutions, etc., and information in regard to the work of the state governments and the various commissions, among [illegible] a summary of the state by Prof. Schmeer, of the statistical department of the University of Oregon; a paper in regard to the early provisional government at Champoeg by Secretary Geo. H. Himes of the Oregon Historical Association, and lists of the newspapers and postoffices in Oregon. A copy of this book of 206 pages will be sent free to anyone who writes to the secretary of state and asks for it.

We have sometimes wondered why the road between here and the Bay is always spoken of as the "Coquille-Marshfield" road and never—that is, hardly ever— as the "Marshfield-Coquille" road. It seems to be for the sake of euphony. For the same reason it is the "Coquille-Bandon" road and not the "Bandon-Coquille" road. So the road between New York and Philadelphia is always the "New York-Philadelphia" road and never under any circumstances the "Philadelphia-New York" road. The first words as they are used are softer and more easily spoken than the last. The labial and labial-dental consonants are not favorites in beginning a sentence, but such a word as "Coquille" comes caressingly and cooingly from the lips.

Referring to what we said a couple of weeks ago about raising money for roads by violations of the state law the Port Umpqua Courier at the end of an article which doesn't convey any distinct idea of what we did say, remarks:

"If giving prizes is a wrongful act, as pictured by the Sentinel, to raise money for essential public purposes such as road building, we will be damned if we don't go ahead with it, the Sentinel to the contrary."

What we objected to was the plan for a lottery. We can't see how any one who is interested in the rising generation can favor anything in the nature of gambling—and which is at the same time a direct violation of our state law.

In view of the frequent use of denatured alcohol as a beverage and the fatal results that often follow, the internal revenue department has just apprised Collector Miller of Portland, that in addition to the present matter on the labels of anything containing this kind of alcohol the following statement must be added in red ink:

"Completely Denatured Alcohol is a violent poison. It cannot be applied externally to human or animal tissue without seriously injurious results. It cannot be taken internally without inducing blindness and general physical decay, ultimately resulting in death."

Fifteen thousand quarts were shipped into Seattle in five months, it is said. Let us do a little figuring. That is 3000 a month and 750 a week or about 107 a day. Suffering Seattle! Is that all?—Oregonian.

Supposing that the Oregonian refers to booze, it is evident that the supply mentioned won't make a pint a day for one person in 1500 there or a restricted supply to one man in 375.

Coos county has nine mothers with fatherless babies in the Louise home at Portland. This is almost one-quarter as many as Multnomah, which has forty. Lane with 13 is the only county outside of Portland which has more than Coos.

In order to keep away the bibulously inclined visitors from this country who are considered undesirable citizens even in Mexico, the government there is going to establish a dry zone along the U. S. border.

Douglas has peaches enough to spare to supply all Coos' needs. Bridge is about the only place in this county which has summer days warm enough to make this fruit a success.

The editor of one of our exchanges very graciously acknowledges the receipt of "some fine plumbs." Perhaps he ate them with his "thums."

Under prohibition the number of convicts in our state prison at Salem, which was 300 four years ago, has been reduced to 238.

Coquille's present crop of bachelors is indeed a big one, but leap year is only a few months away.

Marshfield is still in the red $362.57 on her Fourth of July celebration this year.

The Sentinel and Sunset together now for $2.25 a year. This is a rate that can't last, however, and may be withdrawn at any time.

Calling Cards, 100 for $1.00.

The Thistle Pestile?

The people of western Oregon think it a terrible pest when it once gets started, is showing itself in the rural districts around Coos Bay more this year than ever before, says the Coos Bay Harbor. Many of these thistles are now in bloom. If they are allowed to go to seed in the next few weeks the seed will be scattered and the thistles so many will come up next year.

The thistle if left alone will ruin any farm, and it spreads with great rapidity. There is only one thing to do and that is for every farmer to begin fighting the thistle at once, and cut down every one he sees on his place and in the road. It is claimed that if all the farmers do not cut down all of the thistles that they see, the spread next year will be very great and when once started the thistle is hard to eradicate.

The matter has been reported to state officials and the advice is given that everyone fight the pest by cutting out the plants wherever they are found.

We have heard no reports yet as to this noxious weed appearing in the Coquille valley but as it has got started in the Bay section it will be certain to appear here. The term "purple" thistle is not distinctive, the commonest and least noxious of our thistles, which as we believe is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, being a purple one. So is the Canada thistle, which is also purple and a terrible pest. Thistle down is a nuisance at this season where painting is being done, there is so much of it carried in the air by the slightest breeze.

How Advertising Pays

A great department store in Portland is about to erect another 10-story building in order to take care of the largest business of its kind west of Chicago. There is an object lesson in such remarkable business successes as this one, since it may be traced directly to newspaper advertising, backed by good business judgment and methods. Profits made by such concerns are large in the aggregate though not necessarily because unduly high prices are charged for goods, but rather as the result of a small margin of profit on a great volume of business. Thus the public, instead of paying the advertising bill, actually gets its good cheaper than when it buys from the non-advertiser who does only a small amount of business and, therefore, has to mark his goods higher in order to make money enough to cover his operating expenses. That explains why non-advertising concerns in any town or city cannot compete in prices with those which advertise liberally and consequently do more business.—Salem Journal.

The Duck Hunting Season

The federal season for duck shooting will be followed by the state game authorities, according to an announcement made by Carl D. Shoemaker, state game warden. For all of Western Oregon, or Game District No. 1, which takes in all the counties west of the summit of the Cascade mountains, the season opens on October 1st and closes on January 15th, both days inclusive.

The courts have uniformly held that the federal law is supreme and if seasons are to be changed they must come through the federal government and not the state. Sportsmen throughout Oregon will, therefore, observe the federal laws and seasons with reference to the shooting of ducks. However, all other provisions of the state law, with the exception of the opening and closing dates, will be enforced, as there is no conflict with reference to bag limits, hours for shooting and methods of pursuit. The bag limit for migratory birds is twenty-five in any one day and not to exceed thirty in any seven consecutive days.

A 50 lb barrel of hydro-carbonite roof paint for sale at this office. It's just the time to paint your roof and just the kind of paint you need.

NO REASON FOR IT

You Are Shown a Way Out.

There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the word of a resident of this locality who has found relief. The following is convincing proof.

J. W. Stoops, 1347 Harvard Ave., Roseburg, Oreg., says: "I couldn't recommend anything equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for backache. At times, I am more or less bothered with a dull pain in the small of my back and often when I get down, I can hardly straighten up, my back gets so stiff and sore. As a rule, my kidneys are out of fix, when I have this misery with my back. It takes Doan's Kidney Pills to remove these troubles. A few doses of this medicine soon has me feeling fine again."

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills— the same that Mr. Stoops had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Farmers and Business Men Attention

NOW is the time for ALL to pull together to make permanent the unprecedented prosperity that has come to the people of the Coquille Valley, and to this end this bank has placed at your disposal an all-around special worker, who knows you and your needs, one who has been "tried and not found wanting" and who will co-operate with you to the end that you may receive timely counsel through which you will be enabled to gain such aid as your resources shall reasonably warrant and your needs demand.

Mr. J. L. Simth is the man and is at your service Command him.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK

COQUILLE - - - OREGON

When in need of any

Brake Lining

SEE

Gardner's Garage

They also have a complete stock of

Lamps

Both single and double contact

MODERN FACTORY LIGHTING PAY BIG DIVIDENDS

By improving working conditions it wins the good will of employes, and good will, combined with other advantages afforded by modern plant illumination, is bound to increase output 15 to 30 percent.

Give your workmen up-to-date lighting. Our engineers will be pleased to show you how little this improvement will cost you.

TELEPHONE 71

Mountain States Power Co.

Coquille - - Oregon

"Don't Cheat Yourself"

says the Good Judge

There's nothing saved by chewing ordinary tobacco. A little chew of that good rich-tasting tobacco goes a lot farther, and its good taste lasts all the way through.

Little chew—lasting—satisfying. That's why it's a real saving to buy this class of tobacco.

THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW

put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco

W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco