

# Traveling Is all Uphill When Cougar Hunters Take to Trail

## Douglas Wilds Provide Sport

Travelog Writer Reveals Things That Will Aid all Rash Nimrods

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title "Motor Cruising" to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest.

By HERBERT S. LAMPMAN  
There are certain things that every young man should know about cougar hunting. These facts—start, unvarnished and plain—are to be revealed herewith as the result of a recent Oregonian-Oregon State Motor association cruise into the Douglas county cougar country near Roseburg.

Characters in the ensuing tragedy included a motorist and a "hunting" hunter for the United States bureau of biological survey; George Vaughn, secretary of the North Umpqua Rod and Gun club; one reporter and one Oregonian. The motorist and two flat-seated "houn" dawgs.

We left civilization (and nobody warned us) at a point about 20 miles out of Roseburg. The good Ford sedan was parked at a rough rambling ranch where the paraphernalia was assembled.

The trail started immediately and ended five minutes sooner. We trekked upward through silent groves of fir and maple. Not a single hare spot indicated that shoes ever had scarred the ancient soil.

For perhaps half a mile we endured the climb in silence. Perspiration flowed from us like juice from a grapefruit. Our lungs belched out like tents in a high wind and we craved water.

Legs Under Armpits  
Both these hillbillies had legs geared up under their armpits. They didn't wind the limb at all and we envied them the four legs of a dog.

These hillmen must be made of buckskin, cast iron and vinegar. They ambled along at a steady gait, rifles in hand for a distance that seemed to be measured in miles. Occasionally one would expectorate a fathom of tobacco juice—otherwise there was no sound.

It was at this point that the hounds commenced to talk. Their voices—buglike and brilliant—shattered against the ridge into splintered echoes of sound.

"Guess I'd best be down thar," Ullam drawled, and forthwith slumped over the brink. I followed.

That was a canyon—what I mean, a real hole in the ground. "Rooted at Both Ends"

It was so steep that the trees were rooted at both ends to hang on. It was typical side-hill cougar country. Down we slid until we came to a thicket. Bear sign was obvious even to a city dweller who had not seen a bear in a few city park observations to aid him.

We listened for a moment. Far ahead came the long, golden wall of Pilot.

"He's lost the track agin'," opined Ullam. I nodded assent. By now I was a seasoned cougar hunter. We picked up and followed.

My legs were composed of equal parts of gelatin, fog and aches. They'd scarcely operated ahead I could see the long, pedal extremities navigating with peculiar ease the intricacies of another windfall.

Windfalls are composed of fallen logs. No tree that is taller than your wrist, and everyone is a full 30 feet off the continent. The idea is to jump lightly from matchstick to matchstick. Try it! You'll break your foot and fall into the second leap. Cougar hunters like it.

Cougar hounds like windfalls. They'll go three miles out of their way to prowl one. Following cougar hounds is a matter of particular interest when you have a jar-head like Pilot to follow.

His mate, Dixie, wasn't so bad. She minded her own business on a cold trail. Whenever she cut loose with a wall you could hear your last nickel that she had something.

Followed Two Hours  
For two hours we followed these hounds across Douglas county's most unreasonably terrain. For long periods the dogs were silent. Then we would hear the dolefully golden voice of Pilot.

You could almost see him—swapping ends on a log with his nose busier than a vacuum cleaner—and crying to the very heavens that "the track was lost."

"They're cold-trailin' a bobcat," explained the hunter. "I kin tell because the trail's so balled up."

The shadows sloped more swiftly. A night wind, soft and gentle, played in the tall pines. Ullam scanned the sky.

"Guess we'd better be ambled back," he drawled.

Not even a check from home sounded better than that laconic pronouncement.

So ended the cougar hunt. We started back along a fairish trail. Rain began to fall—softly at first and then with increasing enthusiasm.

The trail ran uphill. All hillmen walk uphill. They never go down. They walk uphill to go "down home." The rule applies at all times.

Let us pass lightly by the ordeal of the trail back, save to say that it was blessed by a margin of clear ground that indicated other feet had passed before. That helped a bit.

## Depicting the Ultimate in Enjoyment on a Cougar Hunt



OUR FURRY FRIEND, THE TRAVELING COUGAR, ENJOYS HIS HUNTING

columns we built a fire.

Water?  
Ullam scratched his chin and looked at George.

"Seems to me," replied George, "that there was a spring over thar when I was here in 1919." He indicated a black fringe of forest.

Bring Swamp Mush?  
The artist and the hunter set forth. They returned with five pounds of swampy mud, a gill of water and the information that the spring was a flat marsh at the present writing. We drank the alviva mixture anyhow—and it tasted mighty grateful. So did the coffee—and you could have made 'dobe bricks out of the residue.

It was at this point that Pilot illustrated his worth as a tracking gait. He found the grub sack with a nose as true as any arrow, guzzled onto the bacon and set forth into the hills. He was, fortunately, restrained.

If anybody ever rubs bacon on a cougar and turns him loose—Pilot (the jar-headed misfit) will find him without any trouble at all. That hound really likes his bacon.

We moved into the cabin and prepared for the night by tearing up a section of the floor, excavating a 40-year accumulation of packrat bedding and building a fire.

So hillmen sleep on fir boughs, do they? Don't kid yourself. They perch around all night telling of cougars they killed three years ago in the "so-and-so" country. They are nocturnal in habit and in their veins flows the blood of the owl. In other words they shut sleep as one would shut a plug.

How did we get out?  
Let's not go into that. Suffice it to say that six hellish hours were consumed on the trip back to civilization and that every step of the trip down was uphill.

That's the way hillbillies go home—uphill!

## Carnegie Scholarship Winner Visits Sister

SILVERTON, June 12—Miss Rosella Richardson is spending a few days here as guest of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Richardson, before leaving for Eugene where she will spend the summer at the University of Oregon.

Miss Richardson has been awarded the Carnegie Art scholarship, Miss Esther Wilcox, teacher in the Silvertown schools, received the scholarship last year. Only 26 of these scholarships have been awarded and two of them have gone to Oregon.

## Stork Partial to Girls in Woodburn Deliveries

WOODBURN, June 12—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark of Woodburn, at the Woodburn hospital, a girl, June 8; to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hunking of Broad-acre, June 6, at Woodburn hospital, a girl, Angeline Melinda; to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Gibby, June 2, at the Woodburn hospital, a girl, Marilyn Fay.

## Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

(Continued From Page 4)

Riskin, scenario writer, Frank Capra director. Superbly acted by a company consisting of Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton, John Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Margo, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, Sam Jaffe (the High Lama, centuries old.) Perfectly photographed. All in all, a notable achievement. Motion play versions of popular books have not been among the happiest of our experiences in the past. The majority of attempts to recreate scenes and places and people identical with those of our favorite books have had interesting points, but have imposed a tremendous strain on our imaginative resources. They have been more Hollywood than they have been real. The tales they were advertised to be.

## Statesman Book Nook

Reviews of New Books and Literary News Notes  
By CAROLINE C. JERGEN

Midnight on the Desert. By J. B. Priestly. Harper and Brothers, 1937. \$3.00.

A smoothly running commentary on America, her people, her customs as they appear in the thoughts of a visiting English author at one midnight in a small cabin he had used for work out on an Arizona desert, is this piece of prose that is poetry, music from a great symphony orchestra, and the color of an Arizona desert painting all rolled into one. While he is thinking these amazing, serious, interesting and wholly applicable thoughts, he is burning in an old sheet iron stove bits of things he has written, parts of a novel, parts of a play, material he no longer wants or has use for.

This book reflecting these thoughts which occurred in an Arizona desert early in 1936 were actually written somewhat later in the author's English home.

He explains as one of the delights of being an author: "when people tell you how lucky you are to be a professional writer, they enumerate advantages that you know very well are things not worth having; but they never mention this genuine bit of luck, that you can sit in Arizona and build for yourself a London that has just the people, streets, houses and weather you need, and can then, months afterwards, sit in Highgate on a dark wet Monday morning and write for yourself the bright and illuminable spaces of the Arizona desert."

There is so much within its pages a reviewer would like to quote, so many rare bits one would like to quote with these about him that it is almost dangerous to begin to quote at all for fear one would not know where to leave off. If one is reading it in a roomful of people, the temptations to break into whatever they are reading or doing or thinking, is almost overwhelming.

For instance, one is tempted to say that Mr. Priestly comes back at the Mary Ellen Chases, and scores of other Americans who visit England but to compare it unfavorably to the home country. Priestly, however, in his criticism, is kind and sincerely likes America and her people. He admits it freely. But those Americans who have written home about the English shabbiness and inconveniences in comparison to America's bright, clean, electrified and modern method of life might do well to reflect a little upon this picture seen by a visitor in our own country.

It was surprised all over again by the apparent appearance of poverty and the ugly sketches of so much of these states. Fifth avenue and Chicago's Lakeside seem in another world. They belong to the America of legend, the place of uncounted wealth. But where are the signs of wealth along this railway track? What disguised riches are there in these tumbledown wooden shacks passing for houses, these unpaved roads and streets, these piles of old tin cans and rusting skeletons of automobiles? Whole villages look as if they would be dearly bought at five hundred dollars, drug store and all. To the English it is a new world. Money has been poured out in Niagara cataracts in the big cities to build their towers. But if there is much money in between, then 1500 miles of it are inhabited by misers. And again "Mary Roberts Rinehart, who ought to know, declared with militant emphasis that American citizens had far more comfort than any other people in the world, past and present. I hope they have, for they deserve it."

Our natural scenery, Mr. Priestly admires and of the people who have said they were disappointed in the Grand Canyon he says, "The same people will be disappointed at the Day of Judgment."

"One Midnight on the Desert," is simply page after page of pure enchantment, enchantment such as is seldom found between two covers. Had it been written some rare creature kept in a few cages here and there in these states.

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## Peter Jenson at Home After Operation; Mrs. Tompkins Burns Hands

GRAND ISLAND, June 12.—Peter Jenson, son of Mrs. Helen Rorabough, returned to his home this week after having been confined for the past two months in the McMinnville hospital convalescing from a major operation.

Mrs. J. H. Tompkins received severe burns recently on both of her hands when she accidentally spilled burning grease on them.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Smith have moved their home from the Harold Tompkins place near the school house to the small tract of land near the head of the island. The house was moved on skids by means of Mr. Smith's tractor.

Mildred Will, who has been attending school at the University of Oregon in Eugene during the past year, has returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Will.

Muriel Stoutenburg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stoutenburg, and Barclay Tompkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Tompkins, were those from this district who were members of the graduating class of the Amity union high school.

## Mrs. Dora Goodman to Leave Wednesday For Extended Ohio Visit

MONMOUTH, June 12.—Mrs. Dora Goodman, Monmouth real estate agent, will leave Wednesday for a long visit in the east, the first trip to her old home at Akron, Ohio, in 22 years. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. William Seidel of Bull Run, and Miss Betty Ann Seidel. They plan to leave Portland by train on route for Flint, Michigan, with a two day stop in Chicago. At Flint, Mrs. Seidel will purchase a new car, and by motor they will go to go into Canada, visit Niagara Falls, see the Dionne quintuplets and thence into Ohio.

They will spend the summer motoring, with many stops in Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Ohio. They will return to Oregon by the southern route in September.

## Enrollment Hits 495

MONMOUTH, June 12.—Enrollment for the summer session at Oregon Normal school today reached 495. The lists will remain open till Monday, so the registration will reach 500. Among students here for the early part of the term are many graduates who were certified 15 or 20 years ago.

## Son Born to Allens

WOODBURN, June 12.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Allen, formerly of Woodburn, June 8, at the Eugene hospital, a son, William Lloyd, weight 7 1/2 pounds. Mrs. Allen will be remembered as Miss Katherine Garrison.

## Farmer's Union News

MONMOUTH, June 12.—The annual picnic of the Polk county Farmers Union will be held Sunday, June 13, at Helmeck state park. A basket lunch will be served at noon, followed by a program and sports. The Salt Creek band will furnish music. Everyone is invited to attend.

## Will Speak of Africa

SILVERTON, June 12.—M. C. Woodward will speak at his recent trip to Africa at the Rotary noon luncheon Monday.

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## Scio School Okeh Directorate Says

SCIO, June 12.—In an effort to crush current but unfounded rumors that the Scio school building has been condemned, the board of directors of district No. 25, Scio, has issued a statement that the structure, though old, complies with all requirements of the state bureau of labor and the high school supervisor of the state department of education.

Recommendations for improvements of Dr. V. D. Baine, state high school supervisor, were completed in full during last summer. The school board last year expended \$500 in rewiring the school building, enclosing all electric wires in metal casings. A fire extinguisher was installed back-stage in the high school assembly. Rubbish in the basement has been disposed of, new hose purchased, larger light globes and reflectors installed, and the fire alarm system effected to ring from any of the three floors. Globes and protectors have been installed in the gym.

## Grandmothers not Lacking for Child

DAYTON, June 12.—Dayton Ronald Penrose, two weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Penrose of Willamina, is not lacking in grandmothers. He has seven, all living.

His seven grandmothers, three are of the paternal line and four of the maternal.

Mrs. Tom Lawrence, 46, Grand Island, is his paternal grandmother. Her mother, Mrs. George Antrim, 66, Unionvale, is the boy's great-grandmother while Mrs. Carrie Penrose, 76, mother-in-law of Mrs. Lawrence, is also a great-grandmother.

Mrs. Penrose's mother, Mrs. Fred Bunn, 40, Dayton, is another grandmother while Mrs. Bunn's mother and her grandmother give the boy another pair of grandmothers. Mrs. Bunn's mother is Mrs. Adam Schweiger, 59, Lafayette. Her mother and the boy's great-grandmother is Mrs. Dora Kinney, 80, Lafayette.

Mrs. Bunn's mother, Mrs. Flora Crimmins, 67, Dayton, furnishes the final great-grandmother.

## Silvertown Hills Berry Dinner up For Chamber

SILVERTOWN HILLS, June 12.—The Silvertown Hills community club will serve the annual strawberry dinner to the Silvertown Hills chamber of commerce Wednesday night. In charge of arrangements are Mrs. Edith Eugli, Mrs. Gertrude Anderson and Mrs. Elizabeth Tolson.

Following the dinner a program will be given and dancing enjoyed.

## Teachers Go to School

BRUSH COLLEGE, June 12.—Miss Edith Ross, upper grade, and Miss Margaret Brad, primary teacher at Brush College school are intending to take the extension course of the University of Oregon at Portland, beginning June 21. The Brush College school was out Friday, June 4.

## Community Clubs

BRUSH COLLEGE, June 12.—The final meeting of Brush College community club for the season, was held at school house Friday night. Two new members were elected on the community board which is in charge of the picnic grounds and community motoring, with many stops in Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Ohio. They will return to Oregon by the southern route in September.

## Waldo Hills Community Club Held Its Last Meeting

WALDO HILLS, June 12.—The Waldo Hills community club held its last meeting of the year Friday night.

The matter of selling part of an acre of the grounds to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Morton was discussed at length and finally tabled until next year.

New officers are: President, Max Griffith Scriber; vice president, Dudley Morton; secretary, treasurer, Karl Haberly; director of finance, Frank Bowen; director of organization and membership, Miss Martha Goodknecht.

## How Does Your Garden Grow? Bugs of Various Kinds and Designs Bothering Flower and Garden Growers

By LILLIE L. MADSEN  
ALMOST every mail brings me a description of some brand of bug, beetle or worm which is destroying plants.

I don't believe I have ever heard so many complaints of pests in gardens as I have this season. And if I didn't hear about the pests I could just go into my own garden and see 'em.

There certainly are plenty of all varieties and considerable mildew and blackspot thrown in for good measure.

I hope I cover most of the requests for pest information in the following. If I miss covering something thoroughly enough to satisfy, don't hesitate to write again.

Dust for Spittle Bug  
Spittle bug is particularly fond of tender, it would seem. While searching for the spittle bug on the lavender should have been done a little earlier for better results it is still not too late to have some effect. Rotenone dust seems to be a most highly recommended spittle bug controller this season.

The dust must reach the foam surrounding the bugs. Suggestions are to spray gooseberry bushes as soon as the berries are picked with a Bordeaux arsenate spray.

Sulphur for Mildew  
Mildew or roses, phlox, delphiniums and grapes should be treated to frequent doses of sulphur dusts or Bordeaux. Black spot on roses should be given the same treatment. These diseases must be watched for closely. If they are permitted to gain headway, control is much more difficult.

Earwigs seem to have come out with whole armies this season. For a couple of seasons they have been lying rather low—probably mobilizing for a final strong attack. The strong attack should be met by a counter-one from the gardener. Poison baits there are several good prepared ones on the market—should be used. Care must also be taken not to leave the poison bait about where birds or bantam chicks can absorb it. Birds are very efficient earwig enemies.

Combating Earwigs  
However, there is one blessing connected with the earwigs. They show a tendency to work under cover—under old boards or boxes. These places are excellent in which to place the bait. Beneath porch boxes and in the edges of porch boxes are favored spots to catch them. They will completely destroy plants in boxes if they are not stopped. A lead arsenate spray will do much to catch them. But I still believe the bait habit is superior.

Leaves on some trees are entirely curled up with aphids this year. On small trees, such as spruce, the aphids are especially abundant. I would pick off the few leaves thus affected and burn them. If the aphids are crawling about like they do on rosebushes, spray with a cold-soap water solution. Directions for the amount of nicotine to use should be on the container. Otherwise a teaspoonful for a gallon is advised by some sprayers. Black-Leaf-40 is a handy way of getting the nicotine.

Control of Flea Gnats  
Any well-known vaporizing spray used for flies or moths will also control the little black gnats which sometimes invade the house after a fern has been repotted with woods soil which has not been sterilized.

Weak-necked roses are usually caused by too much nitrogen fertilizer. Also might be caused by too much shade. Work wood ashes into the soil, fertilize a little with fertilizer containing less nitrogen (if any at all) then potash and super-phosphate. Be sure drainage about roses is good. Some of the beetles which prey on roses almost have to be eradicated by hand, they are so difficult to poison. Knock them off the plants into a can of coal oil or water and destroy them. This is best done in the morning.

If roses are to be watered, do this in the morning. Night watering of roses tends to cause mildew.

Curl Leaf on Peaches  
Control of curl leaf on peaches can not be accomplished at this season of the year. Trees should be sprayed in autumn just as soon as the fruit is harvested—and if the trees are small without fruit spraying should be done in early September. All leaves should be raked up and burned and spraying should be done again in

December or by the middle of January. Bordeaux is said to be the most effective control. A 6-6-50 solution is advised.

If the rose bed is kept thoroughly cultivated throughout the season many of the roses, bugs and pests will be controlled.

Spray Lilac Bushes Now  
Some lilac growers are spraying their bushes this control of control oyster scale. A nicotine sulphate at the rate of one ounce to six gallons of water is advised by some growers. Be sure you spray up in the canopy of the bush so that all the branches and twigs receive a coating. Have you remembered to remove the seed pods from your lilacs and given them a feeding of bonemeal?

An arsenate solution, to which one quart of molasses is added for each gallon of spray, is said to be effective in the control of little bugs and worms which are making lace out of so many of our little tree leaves.

Those who report trouble with seeds decaying in cold frames or open ground should use a teaspoonful of copper oxide to a pound of seed, shaking the mixture thoroughly about in a fruit jar so that all seeds become coated. If you are using just a package of seed, put in a more pinch of the copper oxide and shake about in the package before taking the seeds out to plant.

Remove "Limp" Foliage  
The foliage of early-blooming bulbs should be left until it becomes limp and yellow. Then remove it by cutting and burn it so that no insect eggs are permitted to remain on the foliage dropped in the garden.

Dahlia tubers may yet be planted if done so at once. Be sure to set the stakes at the time the tubers are planted.

Lead arsenate at the rate of a quarter of a pound in five gallons of water to which a more pinch of seed oil has been added will control the caterpillars which have begun to invade trees and shrubs.

In reply to C. H. Salem: Why not plant bright geraniums in the space at the south side of the house? Geraniums like sunshine. You can purchase them in bloom and so do not have to wait until the season is nearly gone before you have a "bright spot," as you say, in your garden. When one moves, as you have done, to a new location at this time of the year, it is often difficult to have much in the way of a garden.

Geraniums Give Color  
But I would most certainly cut the grass which has grown rank, keep it well watered and add some of the bright blooming plants which you can purchase at florists. The Martha Washington geranium will also do well in the location to which you refer. They like sun just as well as the common geranium does. You might still be able to obtain some verbenas. They like sun and will come into bloom almost at once. They will give you considerable color.

Do not let your pansies dry out if you wish them to continue to bloom. If the soil is sour, dig in a little lime. Keep all blossoms picked. Give a tablespoonful of balanced fertilizer to each plant. Pinch back scraggy ones. You will be surprised how much pleasure pansies will give you for another month or so.

Word of Death Received  
WALDO HILLS, June 12.—William Smith received word Friday of the death of his oldest brother, Gale Smith, in Denver, Colorado.

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