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Coquille Takes It On the Chin at Crescent City

Again the Crescent City southpaw, Koskella, bettered the Coquille ball club, this time 6 to 3, on his own diamond in the California town down the coast. To do so he had to extend himself to the utmost as Endicott also hurled fine ball, but he did not receive the hitting support that his adversary did.

The closeness of this near pitching duel can be further realized when you find that not one base on balls was issued to a batter. This is quite unusual in such circles, as well as professional games, and more so because a left-hander was one of the choppers. This might not be a record but it is something to notice.

Up to the sixth inning the local athletes held a 3 to 1 advantage, but in that frame Crescent City tallied twice to knot the score. They lapsed over in the seventh, but in the eighth a three-run rally put the game on ice.

Coquille	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Pulford, lf	5	0	1	0	0	0
Woodward, 3b	4	0	1	2	1	0
Stewart, ss	4	1	0	1	1	1
Fortier, c	4	1	1	8	0	0
Fischer, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Roper, rf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Extra, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Stenson, 2b	3	1	2	0	3	0
Endicott, p	4	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	36	3	8	24	8	1
Crescent City	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Spann, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Johnston, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0
Kelly, lf	4	1	3	0	0	0
Whipple, c	4	2	3	11	0	0
Cleveland, 1b	4	2	2	12	0	2
Gorbet, 2b	3	0	0	1	5	0
Wells, ss	3	0	0	2	1	0
Yakovitch, rf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Koskella, p	3	0	1	0	3	1
Totals	33	6	12	27	11	4

Three-base hit, Whipple; two-base hits, Whipple, Koskella, Woodward; struck out, by Koskella 11, by Endicott 7; sacrifice hits, Gorbet, Wells, Stenson; stolen bases, Kelly, Koskella. Time of game, 2 hrs.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

Moose Notes by Its Secretary

Next Sunday, August 30th, the Le-gionnaires of Mooseheart, together with all Loyal Moose, will gather at the City Park in Bandon for a basket picnic in celebration of Mooseheart Day and also to commemorate the admission of Oscar Eugene Wickham, the orphaned son of Oscar Wickham a charter member of Ko-Keel Lodge 568, to Mooseheart. Dorothy, the next oldest, was found to be beyond the age limit for admission. The officers of the lodge worked long and faithfully to gain this admission, as it was found that county records of more than ten years ago, were not kept in regard to births, deaths and marriages, consequently the records of the estate at Salem had to be searched and a great deal of correspondence gone through before the boy left for Mooseheart, accompanied by a committee from the lodge. This committee at its own expense, went to Beaverton, where the boy was enrolled in the Catholic School, outfitted him, put him on the train in care of the Travelers Welfare League and he landed safely in Mooseheart July 1st. The Moose lodge of this city was the only moving spirit in this boy's entrance to Mooseheart, other claims to the contrary, as Mooseheart tolerates no outside interference. A letter from the boy expresses his delight at his surroundings and a letter to the secretary of Ko-Keel lodge from the Supreme Dictator L. O. O. M., says the boy has adapted himself to his surroundings and is happy. There he will stay until he graduates from high school and anyone of thirty-seven trades or occupations he may choose to follow. If he decides on a college course there is a revolving fund he may borrow from to continue his studies. Ko-Keel lodge has had one way graduate from Mooseheart and another is now on his way.

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Due to a special arrangement with the publishers of Sunset Magazine, the Sentinel is able to offer to new subscribers the magazine and this paper for \$2.25. The regular combined price for the two is \$3.00.

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OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

The weeks roll 'round just a trifle too fast to suit me. This week finds us without a sportsman to address you, from the circle about the old campfire.

I'll have to tell you about a little trip that we enjoyed last Sunday. The party consisted of J. W. Leneve, Mrs. Annie Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rose, my wife and self. Leaving home at 7 a. m. we drove up the North Fork. Fishing was tried but without success. Then Mr. Rose, my dad and I, started after digger squirrels.

I never obtained the official count of their kill. I accounted for 23 squirrels, a hawk and a kingfisher. I'll never forget the killing of the hawk. It is something that will live forever in my memory. I was walking through some logged off land when I heard the whistle of a covey of quail. Their calls were coming from many different directions and I knew that some enemy had scattered them. A chipmunk was raising a vigorous protest and a pine-squirrel was chattering in a nearby tree. I knew instantly that a hawk was somewhere about. The hovering Death of the air had either taken toll from some of the little forest creatures or was surely getting organized to do so.

I remained perfectly quiet and presently was rewarded by the sight of a sharp shinned hawk, darting like a shadow from a leafy tree and alighting upon the dead limb of a dead maple; a good point of vantage. It did not take long to line the sights of the little 22 Remington upon his breast and when I pressed the trigger he came down like a plummet. It is always with a feeling of satisfaction that I knock over a hawk. Despite the fact that supposedly famous naturalists claim that the hawk is not harmful to our wild life, I always get a kick out of shooting them. I know for a settled fact that the hawk is harmful to wildlife. I have shot hawks with Chinese pheasants in their talons and with ducks also. I have seen them catch quail and ducks many times. And in spite of the statements of these men, who are supposed to be authority on the subject, I know that they are "all wet."

Mr. Rose has a Marbles Game Getter which he has owned for over twenty years. This is a sort of three gun. It has two barrels, one beneath the other. The top barrel shoots 22 cartridges while the lower barrel is chambered for 44 rifle cartridges, round ball bullets or 410 shotgun shells. He has some of the first shells that he purchased with the gun. He let me try one of the rifle cartridges. It still had a real kick and shot accurately. This is one thing about black powder. A cartridge loaded with it for a hundred years is as dependable as one fresh from the factory. With smokeless powder it is different. Extreme heat or cold has its effect upon this powder. Cold weather causes it to lose its strength while hot weather causes it to increase to such an extent that it is liable to become dangerous to shoot.

Now is a mighty fine time to sight up, that deer gun that you intend to take hunting this Fall. Don't put it off until the last moment. Remember that you should have an accurate gun. You may obtain only one chance to bag that buck and you don't want to score a miss because your gun is not sighted. So sight it up now.

The subject of sea-otters was brought up recently at a little gathering and discussed at length. A lot of people are not familiar with this animal.

It frequents the waters of the ocean almost entirely. Many years ago there were millions of these animals all along the Pacific coast. The Russians first started hunting them for their pelts. It is written that one schooner accounted for 5000 of them on one cruise. They have a wonderful fur and when stretched measure around seven or eight feet in length. Their pelts have been known to bring as high as \$2,000. The general average was around \$900.

These animals are almost extinct at the present time and a Federal law prohibits the killing of them at any season.

They are a very playful animal and frisk about in the ocean playing with sea weed by the hours. They have their young upon the water and the mother lies upon her back while the young nurse and they float about for hours in this position. Alton Grimes and I once saw a couple of these animals at Point Blacklock, a few miles north of Cape Blanco. In the old days, around Cape Blanco it was a great place for these animals and many of them have been slain from the rocks at that point of the coast.

And now to harken back to the kingfisher that I killed. He was sitting on the branch of a tree overhanging the river when I first sighted him. He made a dive and came up with a fish about four inches in length. Just as he settled himself upon his limb I let him have it and down he came, fish and all.

I also sighted a flock of fish ducks up there. That is the answer to there being no fish in that fork of the

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shooting in the Coquille valley. It means that the old shotgun will hang upon the wall untouched and dozens of sportsmen who look eagerly forward to the shooting season will be disappointed. Duck shooting is never enjoyed in this valley until late in November and the season might as well be closed entirely as far as we are concerned.

This, however, would never do. It would work too great a hardship on the rich sportsmen, upon whose baited lakes thousands of ducks have now gathered and are ready for the slaughter. It is really pitiful to think that just one shot fired upon one of these baited ponds will account for more ducks than will be killed in the Coquille valley in the entire season of one month.

The rich sportsman has again been favored, as he always is. The hunters of this district have been ignored as they always have been. There will be plenty of violations of the duck law this winter in this district. It's going to be a tough winter and the birds, had the season been arranged properly would have supplied food for many families. It's an outrage the way the law has been arranged. It's enough to make an outlaw out of any duck hunter. It is such fool laws as the one just enacted that make outlaws out of real sportsmen.

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Enjoyed Getting Back

One of the items crowded out of last week's Sentinel was what Supt. W. V. Ferguson had to say about Stanford University and his pleasure at getting back to Oregon:

He is enthusiastic over the standing and usefulness of Stanford, declaring, "It is not over-advertised a particle." The co-operative spirit and loyalty shown by the professors and faculty at Stanford is remarkable. Mr. Ferguson declares, and when the Stanford endowment was whittled down to almost nothing after the earthquake in 1906, and there were no salaries paid, only a dole of \$15 or \$20 once in a while, the men who have made Stanford so outstanding an educational center stuck on the job, until its financial affairs returned to normal.

Mr. Ferguson says that Oregon's trees never seemed to tall to him before, or its grass so green, its rivers so large, as they did after spending two months in Palo Alto.

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