

There is ECONOMY in using INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCKS

An International Model "A-2" (4 cylinder) equipped with cab and 6.00-20 dual tires, standard gear ratio, with no special adjustments or equipment, was submitted to a mileage contest, open to anyone, held at Coquille for several days starting March 26, 1932.

The following list of entrants drove this Truck the miles per gallon shown opposite their names:

ASK

Billy Stewart, Coquille 29.72 miles per Gallon
Sam Arnold, Jr., Coquille 28.60 miles per Gallon
Walter Paulson, Coquille 28.56 miles per Gallon

Earl Stewart	28.40	Warren Fish	27.40	E. M. Briner	25.28
Fay Merdith	28.40	C. A. Baxter	27.28	Oliver Myers	25.20
E. A. Malloy	28.39	Shirley Hatcher	27.20	Spencer Ward	25.12
Elmer Hufford	28.38	E. R. Campbell	27.20	Elmer Shull	24.92
H. E. Hiedeman	28.36	Bob Blankenship	27.20	Frank D. Schram	24.84
Geo. Sturdivant	28.36	Jim Stinson	27.04	T. H. Snyder	24.81
Kenneth Kistner	28.36	Kenneth Laird	26.85	L. C. Williams	24.80
C. Church	28.35	C. C. Robison	26.80	Joe McKinney	24.64
Frank Miller	28.32	J. L. Cardwell	26.84	John Shull	24.64
Dorothy Wohlander	28.20	Geo. Gilman	26.76	A. E. Trotter	24.60
Frances Nosler	28.12	Orvil Haga	26.76	L. C. McGilvery	24.60
Lester Wilson	28.08	Bert Sanders	26.76	H. C. Welch	24.60
Everett Brinning	28.08	F. E. Nosler	26.75	Norman Clinton	24.56
H. A. Perry	28.00	J. Mattie	26.74	J. G. Pinkston	24.40
Loy Reed	28.00	Frank Brewster	26.72	Jack Rust	23.80
John Rhule	27.60	Lloyd Thurman	26.48	Claude Gerlach	22.40
Lyle Knox	27.56	D. James	25.56	Frank Gifford	22.20
K. G. Stockhoff	27.40	Robert Fish	25.40		

Ask Us for a Demonstration

GEO. F. BURR MOTOR CO.
COQUILLE, OREGON

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

G. G. Swan, an old timer, of the Dora section, passed to the Great Beyond last week. During the past six weeks he contributed several interesting experiences of his, to this column. And as I write now, a letter received from him recently, lies on my desk before me. The deceased was a sportsman of the old school and a fine example of clean, outdoor living. When almost eighty years of age he was still able to tramp the hills in pursuit of his favorite pastime. He was a man whose blood, no doubt, always responded joyfully to the call of The Red Gods of the forest and one who never tired of the beauties of Na-

ture. It is with a feeling of sorrow that we receive word that such a splendid old sportsman has shouldered his pack for the last time and departed on the trail that leads to the Land of Shadows.

A marten is a very inquisitive animal. Many stories concerning them are brought out of the jungles by trappers. Last week, a hunter from the Powers district told my dad an amusing tale of a marten's curiosity. This man claimed that he and a companion were trapping one winter and were living in a cabin far out in the hills. They were playing cards one night when their attention was attracted to a noise at the window. There sat a marten, on the window

sill, his eyes shining in the lamplight and his dark little nose flattened against the window pane. He appeared to be very much interested in the game in progress. He remained there for several long moments watching them. Finally, seeming to satisfy his curiosity, the little animal faded into the darkness.

A marten is fast as greased lightning in the branches of trees, as well as on the ground. They easily over-haul pine squirrels and woodrats in the big trees. At times they are very playful. One fall, while deer hunting, I was seated at the base of a large tree taking a rest, when my attention was attracted by a scraping noise in an adjoining tree. I remain-

ed perfectly quiet and was soon rewarded by the sight of two martens descending from the branches of a nearby tree. They both struck the ground at the same time and became engaged in, at what I first thought, was desperate battle. But I soon became acquainted with the fact that they were merely playing, not unlike a couple of kittens. There was an old hollow log lying close by and presently one dove into it, the other in close pursuit. For at least ten minutes they chased each other back and forth through that log. Finally, seeming tired from their play, they both climbed atop the log and stretched out in the warm rays of the sun. I sure wished for a camera. When I arose to depart, they both started up and regarded me in round-eyed astonishment for several seconds, then leaping lightly from the log, disappeared beneath a windfall. They had indulged in the play within fifteen feet of me. Probably at any time a movement on my part would have been detected. If a person remains perfectly quiet, providing the wind favors you, any wild animal will approach within a few feet of you. But the slightest movement on your part is generally detected at once. I have had deer approach to within ten feet of me, while sitting motionless, in plain view. Squirrels and birds are no exception to the rule; that is, most birds. But a wise old duck or goose is the hardest to fool of the lot. Practically all animals are curious, some more so than others. It is surprising how close a dog is able to approach ducks. I have had bird dogs swim up to within a dozen feet of a flock of canvas back ducks before they would take to the air. They would first try to outswim the dog, but when he began gaining on them they would take to wing.

A man from the Sumner district found a bear tree a short while back, over in that district. It contained an old mother bear and a couple of yearlings. All three were killed. It has always seemed a pity to me to take the lives of a poor old dormant bear and her little family. They do not stand a fighting chance, sleeping in an old hollow tree, or cave. Such slaughter, in my opinion, does not come under the head of sportsmanship. Sportsmen in many sections of the states have in the past made "strong medicine" toward getting the bear classed as a game animal in every county throughout the state. To date they have been defeated mostly through the efforts of stockmen and sheepmen. Now then an old bear goes on a rampage and knocks over a few sheep. Immediately war is started on the whole bruin tribe in that vicinity. I know of one district where 36 bears were killed within a short time, owing to the fact that one stock-killing bear was said to exist there. Many people remark, "What good are bears, why not kill them off?" Wild game is one of Oregon's greatest assets. Many a hopeful hunter from other states is lured here with the hopes of bagging wild game and catching fish. The poor old bear himself, is a big drawing card and it is sheer folly to seek to exterminate him from our woods. The old world renowned grizzly of California, which once abounded there, is gone forever. Only one of these animals is said to exist in that state today. In days past they furnish thrill upon thrills to the big game hunter. It was thought that they, like the buffalo, could never be exterminated. What wouldn't the sportsmen give, as well as the California game commission, to have that king of northwestern game beasts, exist there in large numbers today? When any species of game is slaughtered throughout the year and no closed season exists on it, it does not take many years for it to go the way of the buffalo and the grizzly. That's why thousands of sportsmen would like to see the bear protected at certain seasons.

We've never had a snake story appear before in this column by either an old or a young timer. Penny Sturdivant tells a good one: a man was driving an auto down the highway and got a puncture (not the man—the tire.) It happened that he had no spare tire along and nothing to mend the punctured tube. A hoop snake was lying in the road. The man removed the tire from the rim and ran the rim across the snake. The snake immediately looped himself about the rim and started rolling down the road. The result was that the car was eventually landed at a service station, near Battle Rock. Of course, this story must be true—Penny swears that it is, but nevertheless I questioned his veracity when he tried to lead me to believe that a hoop snake was used to roll the cannon upon Battle Rock, that was used so effectively against the Indians. But Penny actually believes that one also, and so, rather than shake the faith of such a trusting soul, I have published the above.

The recent high water means the destruction of thousands of chinners. Where the river has overflowed into fields and the creeks have gone over their banks these little fish may be found by the hundreds. Here they fall an easy prey to cranes and kingfishers. But thousands of them exist

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PAINT HEADQUARTERS

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until the water eventually dries up, when of course they perish.

Hugh Lawhorn, of McKinley, tells a good one on himself. He didn't tell it to me for publication, but it's too good to keep. He was cruising timber not long ago and had gone all day without a bite to eat. Late in the evening, he arrived at the camp of a varmint hunter, just about famished. The hunter told him that he could sure fix up his appetite for him. "Knocked over a nice little deer yesterday and have a big mulligan stew ready to serve," he informed Hugh. The stew was produced and Hugh was not backward about starting in on it. He fairly gorged himself. Finally he came upon a long joint of what appeared to be the tail bone of a deer. Presently another joint and still another was unearthed from the depths of the stew. Who ever heard of a deer tail stew? Instantly his suspicions became aroused and his eyes again sought out the big fresh cougar hide stretched on the cabin wall. His suspicions were soon confirmed by the hearty laugh of the hunter who inquired, "How do you like cougar tail soup?" Hugh's answer was a break for the cabin door. Hugh has skinned out many a cougar and his thoughts conjured immediately a mental picture of their long snakey tails. Those thoughts caused him to loze, right on the spot, what a few seconds before had proved such an appetizing meal.

Fifty-four thousand deer and forty-one hunters lost their lives during the past open season on deer, in Pennsylvania. All the killings were accomplished with shotguns. It is unlawful to use a rifle in the pursuit of game in that state on account of it being so densely populated. Most of the shooting is done at close range and the hunter who is mistaken for a deer does not stand much chance of dodging a flatful of buckshot. Even the rankest novice is almost certain to score a bullseye every shot. It is strange indeed, even while hunting with rifles, that a man mistaken for a deer is seldom missed. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is killed. It appears that marksmen who cannot hit a deer broadside at forty yards, will drop a fellow hunter dead in his tracks at 200 yards, every time.

Base Ball Season Will

Open Here April 24

The Southern Oregon Coast League, comprising eight teams of Douglas, Coos and Curry counties, is definitely organized and is to have its official start on April 24 when all of the clubs will swing into action in four of the towns.

Sutherlin and Reedsport are the Douglas teams. Coquille, Marshfield, Eastside, North Bend and Bandon will represent Coos county. Gold Beach is the lone Curry county aggregation. This circuit is the largest ever to be attempted in the Southwestern Oregon district, the distances between the cities being much further than before. Sutherlin, the farthest distant in the north, is 165 miles from Gold Beach, the most southerly team of the conference.

The league was organized at the meeting held at Bill's Place last Sunday afternoon. Delegates from Bandon and Gold Beach were unable to attend this assembly, but both sent

word that they would enter, with the understanding that they would comply with any business transacted.

By-laws were adopted and R. F. Stockwell was elected secretary-treasurer of the league. The Spalding ball was approved as the official ball to be used by the league, to be purchased through local business houses in each home town.

It was decided at the meeting that each club is to carry its own umpire throughout the season. This official is to be approved by the league president and the other managers of the various teams. William Tighman, president, in speaking on this, said that this plan would in the end be the least expensive to the clubs. Under this plan the home town official will be the umpire-in-chief.

Opening on April 24, the teams will continue in play until August 7, each club meeting every other one twice. Open dates are left on May 29 and July 3, allowing the home aggregations to schedule holiday games at their will. This schedule calls for each team to play fourteen games.

In general the enthusiasm at the meeting was very high. It has been some time since a league has been organized in this section and the return of organized ball will likely revive interest in the national pastime very much. An eight-club circuit will allow the fans to view different faces almost every Sunday, thus enlivening the competition.

Manager Fortier, of the local clan, is the one man who introduced the plans for the organizing of the Southern Oregon Coast League and too much credit cannot be given to him. Wednesday he announced that Luckey Bonney and Bill Zosel will likely share in the umpiring for the Coquille Loggers.

Reedsport has already made steps toward financing their team. A dance was staged which netted close to seventy dollars to go along with the fifty made last year. At North Bend the firemen are advancing the twenty-five guarantee money required of all clubs. Marshfield is planning a street dance.

C. H. S. Preparing for Track

Twenty men greeted Coach Hartley at the first track practice of the season Tuesday night as the C. H. S. men went through a short workout in preparation for the coming dual, district, county, and state meets. More men are expected out Monday and these along with the other men will give Hartley a good-sized team for the season. Among the men reporting the following are lettermen: Harold Williams, dashes; Mike Ireland, middle distance; Jack McCue and Donald Farr, distances; Harry Helmkin, high jump and weights; Harold Kolkhorst and Morris Stonecypher, weights.

Among other reporting who have had track or field experience were Gus Galias, Neil Peart, Bill Peart, Russell Martindale, Stanford Newton, and a few more. Newcomers are plentiful. Marshfield and North Bend have been rehearsing their events for some time, both schools being represented by two award men each. Myrtle Point and Bandon are commencing this week, while the "B" squads are also expected to get under way.

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