

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leneve

'Tis a drowsy day; a soft breeze from the north ripples the water of the blue lake and brings with it the tang of smoke from a distant forest fire. The smoke has gradually settled until it obscures the view of the big snow capped peak to the westward. The quacking of a lone mallard hen comes to my ears as she pilots her little brood of fuzzy ducklings about the shore of the lake. An old hen grouse sits in the dust of the trail nearby hovering her young, while an eagle wheels high overhead. Two chirping sparrows are busily engaged in teaching their young the art of finding choice bugs and worms. It is not a day of inspiration by a long shot; just a drowsy, sleepy day—a summer day in Washington. It takes me back in memory to just such days in Oregon. It is an ideal day to be seated upon an old wharf waiting for a bite and not really caring whether you get it or not. If you don't, why you will be saved the exertion of jerking. Somehow such a day reminds one of Rip Van Winkle—no hum! I suppose you are thinking by this time, "what's that guy trying to do; put us to sleep?" So I guess I had better branch out with something that smacks of action or you will be paying the editor a personal visit and asking him to publish an advertisement of Doctor So & So's kidney pills or something equally as interesting, instead of the Rip Van Winkle stuff.

Hey! Do you fellows know that there are real, honest-to-goodness blue channel catfish in the Coquille river? Great big sports, weighing up to 40 pounds. I was informed of this fact by no less authority than Doc Hudson. And Doc sure knows his fish. Yes, sir! A lady is reported to have caught a channel cat weighing thirteen pounds off of a down river wharf and another one was reported caught off a local wharf, while three were sighted near the surface of the water that were several feet in length and estimated to weigh in the neighborhood of forty pounds. It's a cinch that this species of catfish were liberated in the river several years ago by the state game commission. You will no doubt ask "why haven't more of them been caught?" The explanation is simple. The right kind of bait has not been used. The cats are there if you know how to get 'em. Doc Hudson is a past master at the art of catching channel cats and he says that some day he is going to step out and knock 'em loose. So keep your eye on Doc. He will perhaps even tell you what kind of bait

to use to snare these giant fish. It's a cinch you will need something besides your shiner rigging when you make connections with these big sports. If it were not for the depression I would be sorely tempted to offer a prize for the first blue channel cat taken on the Coquille with hook and line—not by the use of dynamite. But the only thing I am in a position to offer is a half column write up for the lucky bird that takes the first fish. This blue channel cat story is no myth. They really exist there. To any of you who desire trying your luck after cats, who will send me a self addressed stamped envelope, together with a ten dollar bill, check or money order, I will be glad to send by return mail full information relative to taking this elusive fish. Hold on a minute! I forgot the depression is on, so just eliminate the ten dollars and send your request and I will be glad to give you the dope on the subject. Just address: Lana Leneve, Associate Editor Pacific Northwest Features, Beausite Lodge, Port Ludlow, Wash. It will take a large envelope for that address. I am sorry, but it is the only Washington address I have.

There's a network of both large and small lakes throughout this district. Most of them contain trout, bass, carp, and catfish, while some only contain carp. It is claimed that carp have never been planted in any of the lakes, so the question naturally arises, "how did they get there in the first place?" They really were planted there, though not intentionally it seems, if the theory of some of the old timers is correct and it seems plausible enough. They claim that years ago small carp were used for bait for bass in most of the lakes. Fishermen would carry the live carp about in water containers to use for bait. When they had finished fishing they would throw the remaining live bait into the lakes. These small carp propagated until there are thousands and thousands of them in many of the lakes.

It is true that domestic cats running wild take toll from game and song birds. But at the same time they also take toll from digger squirrels, mice and rats. In fact, mice and rats are their principle diet. I am not seeking the protection of the cat at large by this statement, far from it, but wish to impress upon you the fact that a bird dog running at large in the fields and woods during this time of year will destroy more young birds in a day than an ordinary cat in the field will destroy in an entire season. This fact was brought to my attention here in Washington not long ago, when a bird dog belonging to a sportsman of this

district destroyed an entire covey of young grouse chicks within a period of five minutes. Each bird was tracked down and killed. It is indeed a crime for a covey of birds to be wiped out in this manner after the old mother bird has hatched them out, right in the haunts of natural enemies. Then after they are almost large enough to take care of themselves, to have a dog come along and murder the entire covey. If a sportsman takes his dog out for exercise in the early summer or during the spring, he should keep a watchful eye upon him at all times. For the poor mother birds face enough danger and hardships in raising their little broods as it is without having to face the peril of a keen nosed bird dog forever seeking her and her covey.

Did you know that muskrats are sold in restaurants in many large cities? They are usually served fried and sold under the name of "marsh-rabbit". Taking into consideration the fact that they are a species of mice, "marsh-rabbit" appears to be a rather flattering name for them. There are thousands and thousands of dollars worth of muskrat pelts sold every season. They are one fur-bearing animal that is holding its own, despite the advance of civilization. There are two reasons for this. One is the fact that they propagate so fast. A female gives birth to all the way from three to six litters a year, numbering all the way from three to twelve. The other is the fact that they are not meat eaters and do not take poison bait that is distributed in most districts where fur-bearing animals abound. These animals are usually rather shy, especially when in their natural haunts. Every now and then they migrate from one lake or a pond to another. It may surprise you to know that during this time they seem to fear nothing and have been known to attack man savagely when their progress was barred.

Thousands and thousands of poor old porcupines have been poisoned and trapped by the Biological Survey throughout the forests of the Northwest. The officials give their reasons for thus disposing of "porky", that he injures the trees. For hundreds of years, hundreds of thousands of porcupines have infested the forest of certain districts and the timber has continued to thrive. It appears that the Survey is following out its usual policy of killing. Poison grain is spread for chipmunks about ranger cabins, so I have been informed by an ex-ranger of this state. The squirrels after being killed have been eaten by foxes which were also killed by the poison in the squirrels' carcasses. Millions of

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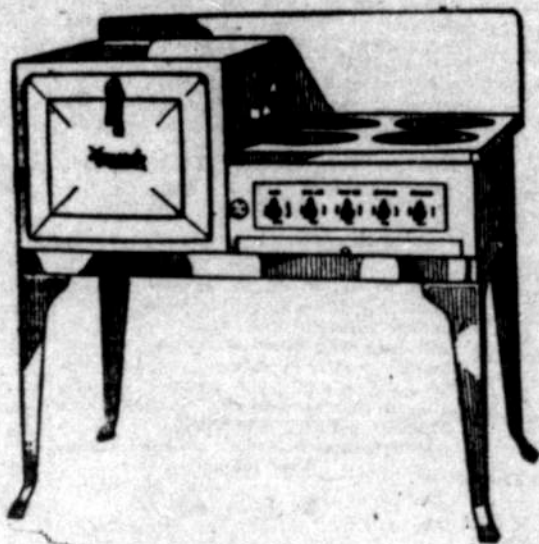
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MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY

How many of you have heard of a Savage 25, the most powerful big game rifle manufactured in America? You haven't heard of it? Well neither have I. That's why I got a kick out of reading about such a rifle. A popular author made mention of this gun in a short story appearing not long ago in a leading magazine. It was used as a death dealing weapon in a murder mystery story. The author knows his murder mysteries but his knowledge of guns appears to be some what limited.

The Remington Arms Company now have on the market an over-under gun. It is a 12 gauge shot gun with one barrel directly under the other. This sort of gun is preferred by a lot of shooters but few can afford it. In the past such guns have been of a foreign make and were purchased at from \$500 to \$1500. The one put out by the Remington company sells for a paltry \$1000. Just a mere trifle for a rich sportsman who owns baited lakes, hires guides and hunts in lazy luxury. But for hunters like myself, why we have to be content with looking at the illustration of such a gun and wondering how it would compare with our expensive \$50 grade.

Ray Long, formerly of Coquille and now residing at Port Angeles in this state, must have gone in strong for fishing and hunting up here. Practically every sportsman I have talked with in these parts has heard about Ray and his fishing and hunting episodes in this state. He is only forty-eight miles distant from here and I am going to take a run up and see him one of these days and worm a yarn or two out of him for this column.

North Bend Won, 7 to 6

Revenge in their grasp, the Coquille Logegrs failed to rally to the occasion, and as a result they went down to defeat, 7 to 6, as North Bend, nemesis of the Fortierites, won from the locals for the second time this season. Coming as an upset, the Loggers were not at their best for the fray, which, though loosely played at times, presented its thrills.

Each club gleaned a run in the opening inning, and in the third Coquille pulled ahead, adding three tallies to her ledger. One run was made on a four-base smash by Willie Steward. Pulford, who had singled beforehand, and Sturdivant, on base on an error, scored ahead of him.

North Bend made two in the fourth when a brace of hits, a wild pitch and a couple of boots put the tallies across. The following frame three runs rattled over for the Benders, four solid blows, including two

doubles, doing the duty. Coquille also added a point in this inning on Roper's homer.

T. Tyberg homed in the sixth canto to win the game, the ball sailing to distant center before the fielders could retrieve it. The final Coquille run also came in the sixth, Davis registering on Roper's double after he had tripled.

Bill Fortier added spice to the encounter by making a sensational circus catch in left field for the benefit of the largest crowd of the season.

Summary										
	North Bend	B	R	H	O	A	E			
McDaniels, 3	4	1	1	2	3	1				
Chapman, 2	5	0	1	4	5	0				
E. Tyberg, 2	5	0	1	2	0	0				
T. Tyberg, m	5	1	2	1	0	1				
Buzzard, c	4	0	0	3	0	0				
R. Tyberg, 1	5	1	1	1	1	0				
Adams, r	5	2	2	0	0	0				
Stanley, p	5	2	2	3	3	0				
Hosking, 1	3	0	1	1	0	1				

	Coquille	B	R	H	O	A	E
Pulford, 3	4	2	2	3	3	1	
Guptill, 2	3	0	0	2	2	2	
Stewart, 2	4	1	1	0	2	0	
Fischer, c	4	0	2	6	1	1	
Davis, 1	4	1	1	9	0	0	
Roper, r	4	1	2	3	0	0	
Schroeder, l, m	4	0	0	1	0	0	
Lorenz, m	2	0	0	0	0	0	
Sturdivant, p	2	1	0	0	0	1	
Fortier, 1	2	0	1	2	0	0	
Gilbert, p	2	0	0	0	0	0	

35 6 9*26 8 5
Chapman hit by batted ball in third.

Two-base hits, Roper, McDaniels, Stanley; three-base hits, Davis; home runs, R. Tyberg, Roper, Stewart; sacrifice hits, Guptill; stolen bases, Stanley, Hosking, Fischer 2.

The other league game last Sunday was won by Eastside, 11 to 1, over the Reedepoint team. Paul McHale, strong-armed Eastside hurler, pitched a great game, and backed by brilliant support, he allowed the losers but five hits.

Marshfield was to have played Gold Beach, but not wishing to take the long trip, she dropped from the league, forfeiting the game. Financial conditions were given as the reason for Marshfield's dropping from the circuit.

Coquille Juniors Lose

Unable to hit the curving, southpaw slants of Johnny Forrester, Marshfield ace, the Coquille Juniors lost their last opportunity for league championship honors, bowing to the bay team, 15 to 1, in a game played Wednesday afternoon at the local park. For seven innings Coquille was in the running but in the eighth Marshfield suddenly landed on Cooper, Coquille's thrower, to pound out

six hits, which accounted for seven runs, errors helping the Marshfield cause along.

A star performance was put on by Junior Bailey, swift fielder of Carl Gilbert's nine, who made two beautiful running catches on fly balls, catching another easy one, and dropping a hard chance in left center. His throwing was also up to the minute, while on the paths he performed like a big leaguer.

Marshfield will now compete with Roseburg, the winner to play in the district finals at Medford.

Coquille will play with Bandon on July 4th, and may also compete with some of the Range League teams.

In their game with North Bend last Sunday, Coquille won a 6 to 2, victory. Cooper struck out 14 men in this fray.

Sport Briefs

By Mark Seeley

Is the Southern Oregon Coast League to give up the ghost. Marshfield has already dropped from the circuit, while early this week President Bill Tighman wrote letters to each manager of the other clubs asking them what they wish to do about the matter. Financial conditions of the clubs are not as sound as they might be, and as attendance usually drops after the fourth of July, it is thought that disbandment is the best course, lessening the chances of complete financial failure. The embezzlement of the league funds by ex-secretary Stockwell has hastened this end to a great degree.

Though he admits the ending of the league is regrettable, Manager Fortier, of the local club, sees it as the best thing to do. However, if the other managers can't see it that way, Fortier will play till the end.

In normal times such a league as the Southern Oregon Coast would prosper, but as it is the entire matter is nip and tuck. Fast baseball has been played this season, but because of the small crowds the usual street corner gossip about the teams has been lacking. Compare the crowds of two and three years ago with the present attendance. During the 1929 season it was nothing for Coquille to draw five hundred dollars, while in play-off tilts with Eugene and Salem the gates hovered near the thousand sinker mark. Now the teams are lucky to draw enough to pay the traveling expenses.

No official action has been taken on the league disbandment, but the facts should be known the early part of next week.

In the event that the league does die, I will endeavor to present as many league statistics as possible, as I realize that the fans will be interested in finding out the individual leaders. This column may also present an all-league selection.