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Norway-Arago Team Has Perfect Record for the Year

Behind the steady pitching of Don Currie, Norway-Arago won the championship of the little baseball schedule by defeating McKinley Sunday 13-3. The outstanding players of the team were: Martin Gasner, s.s.; Don Currie, p., and Meldon Carl, c.f. The players of the team are Art Farrier and Ed Bender, catchers; Don Currie and Bud Griffin, pitchers; Ellis Lewis, first base; Wendell Robison, second base; Martin Gasner, short stop; Fred Schmidt, third base; Meldon Carl, Henry Gasner, Bert Gasner, Harvey Myers and Gus Bernclau, outfielders. Ray Lewis, former county league player, managed the team and played second base in two games. William Griffin and John Carl were the team's umpires.

The scores for the games were:
Norway-Arago..9 Lee8
Norway-Arago.10 Broadbent2

Norway-Arago.10 Gravel Ford7
Norway-Arago.22 Fairview8
Norway-Arago.12 McKinley10
Norway-Arago.13 Lee12
Norway-Arago.14 Broadbent8
Norway-Arago.18 Gravel Ford5
Norway-Arago.23 Fairview3
Norway-Arago.13 McKinley3

The teams of the league are having a picnic at Norway grove August 7th and two teams from all the players will be picked to play a double header.

Broadbent plays a postponed game at Gravel Ford July 31st.

Probate Court Items

The will of Mrs. Annie A. Blake, who died on north Coos river, June 1, 1932, was admitted to probate yesterday. Bennett Swanton has been appointed administrator of the estate which is estimated to be worth \$4830.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

A wonderful bird is the pelican;
He can hold enough in his beak
To do him a week, but we don't see
How the hellican;

—Author unknown.

That's what the Oregon State Game Commission doesn't seem to understand—just what the pelican holds in his beak, or rather in his stomach. From three to ten white pelicans are to be killed in the Klamath Falls district, by orders of the game commission, and their stomachs dissected to ascertain just what species of fish they are living upon. It's a cinch they are eating fish. But what kind? That's the question, and it appears that it must be answered by the killing off of several of the species of this big bird. It is found that game fish are included in the diet of the bird, warfare will no doubt be started upon them. The white pelican is fast dwindling in numbers. Few of them exist today, compared with the once thousands of this species. Suppose they do feed upon game fish? Should they be exterminated just to satisfy the whims of sportsmen who are crying for more game fish? These big birds are a source of wonder and entertainment to thousands of people who never fish; to people who enjoy watching Mother Nature's children at work and at play. The pelican, on great white wings sails majestically above the water; spirals down and alights with a splash in search of his dinner—a fish. Thus he lives. Fish are his natural food. But by taking that which rightfully belongs to him, he is committing a great crime in the eyes of game commissions and certain sportsmen. Many a person who would not pause at the sound of a leaping fish, striking the surface of the water, will stop and marvel at the sight of the big white bird, swinging through the air. Perhaps the fish are there, beneath the water, but they are not a source of wonder, such as the bird. Sportsmen are far in the minority to the masses who enjoy seeing such birds as the pelican. Why then should the pelican be sacrificed just to satisfy the craving of a select few who cry loudly for better fishing?

And while on the subject of fishing it might not be amiss to state that the Game Commission members are thinking strongly of issuing short period fishing licenses to tourists and non-residents at a small cost. If there are to be cheaper licenses issued, then why not give the natives of this state a little break? Issue them a cheaper license. The fish

rightfully belong to them in the first place. It won't look so hot to the native to have to stand on a bank of a stream and watch a stranger in our midst, casting for trout with a dollar license in his pocket, while he, the resident, is not allowed to fish for less than three dollars and the chances are, at the present time, the poor fellow can't begin to rake up the necessary three bucks. If this state figures on cashing in on our game fish then let's sell 'em to our own residents at a cheaper rate and not to visitors from other states.

Don Estes was telling me of a method by which he used to catch channel cats. A bunch of kids would get in a big hole where the cats were hanging out and muddy the water all up. The fish would come to the surface and then the kids would pounce upon them and drag them ashore. One day while engaged in this pleasant pastime, one of the party grabbed a big water moccasin that was swimming beneath the surface. When he emerged with it, he sure started a stampede and he let the snake go in a hurry. He thought that he had hooked onto a catfish until he caught sight of the snake. Don says that the channel cats are real he-fish in those parts. He says that one was captured that weighed either 108 or 208 pounds; he couldn't just remember which. Oh, well, what's a hundred pounds difference make in a fish story, any way?

Not long ago, Alton Grimes was trolling for salmon at the mouth of the Coquille. He caught no salmon but states that the perch were so thick that dozens of them were hooked. Some of them would strike the spinner but most of them were hooked. There were thousands of them in schools.

One of the biggest crab hangouts ever discovered on the Pacific is off Port Orford and has been discovered lately by fishermen of that district. It is stated that crabs are taken there which are a foot across the shell and that there are thousands of them.

Nick Lorenz has some mighty fine puppies on display at his home. They are some of the finest looking bird dogs it has been the writer's pleasure to see in a long time. The mother of the puppies was killed by poison before the youngsters were weaned and Nick raised them on a bottle. The mother dog was a wonderful pheasant dog. It was a delight to any sportsman to watch her field work. If she struck a covey of birds she would point each and every one of them for you, from one "set." This is a stunt seldom seen. I sincerely trust that all Nick's dogs are not stolen, poisoned, run down by cars or salmoned, as a result of my mentioning them. In the past, every dog I ever mentioned in this column had something happen to him within a short time. So you'd better keep your eye on those fine puppies, Nick.

We made a trip around The Seven Devils not long ago. The road is in fairly good shape and it is an interesting drive. To you who have never traveled it, if you should decide to do so, you must bear in mind the fact that below Empire a few miles there is an overhead crossing—railroad crossing. There is no sign up at the junction of the roads here. To one not familiar with the road he will go wrong, right there. The right hand road should be taken to Bandon. The left hand road has all the earmarks of being the correct one. It is nicely graveled and well traveled, but it leads to the head of South Slough. If ever a direction sign was needed on a road it is at that junction. At the bend in one of the "devils" an old wooden trough brings ice-cold water gushing from a spring to an old horse trough. There is no finer water to be found anywhere. The sight of the old horse trough brought back memories of the old horse and buggy days, the days when it would take a two days' drive to reach a place that is now clipped off in three or four hours with an auto. But those were the days! Talk about your fish and game! There is no question about it, good roads and automobiles are what's responsible for the decrease in game and fish. In those days it was uncharted wilderness, the roads were not much better than mountain trails and it was miles between habitations. How different today! Now there is a service station at about every bend of a highway, squatters' houses adorn what used to be wilderness retreats, logging camps have taken the choice camp sites upon most highways. The once beautiful scenery along our market roads has been reduced to desolation—logged-off land, burnt and rotten stubs of trees now standing, where once mighty giants of the forest reared their heads into the sky. Small streams are clogged and blocked by the debris of the logger, stagnant water lies where babbling streams once wended their way between fern-decked banks. The giant, relentless, ever-reaching hand of civilization has laid its grip upon the land. The trails that wound deep into the uncharted wilderness in those golden days of the past, trails that were scarcely ever marked by the foot of man but were trampled by cloven

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COQUILLE

Carl Gilbert Deserved a Shut-out Last Sunday

The "old warhorse" had to be denied. Pitching for Coquille in his 'tenth 'steenth, and again 'steenth game, Carl Gilbert came within an ace of shutting out the Eastside team last Sunday, the only run to be scored against him coming in the eighth inning when Davis threw wide to third base on an infield play.

As it was Gilly did a marvelous piece of mound work, and though being found for nine hits, he was stingy with the blows in the pinches, this along with fine support, gave the Loggers a nice 5 to 1 victory. The win put Fortier's clan in a fine position to win the championship if a play-off is necessary and Sutherland is able to win its next game with North Bend. In that event the two clubs will be tied with a .700 percentage.

Coquille won the game last Sunday in the opening frame, three runs rattling across the platter on two hits, a walk, and a few added misplays which aided the local cause. Pulford reached first on an error, Guptill singled, and Stewart got a life on a boot before Marlow struck out. Fischer singled to drive in the remaining tallies, and was then out trying to steal. Roper was walker, but Davis grounded out to end the frame.

The other scores came in the fourth. Hits by Schroeder and Pulford, Gilbert's sacrifice, a walk to Guptill, and Stewart's outfield fly being instrumental in the work. A sixth run was almost made in the eighth, but Stewart was out trying to stretch his long three bagger into a home run.

Aside from his wobbly first inning and the fourth, McHale, Eastside hurler, equalled Gilbert's mound performance. Only six blows were earned from his delivery, and while he struck out five, to six batters retired in this manner by Gilbert, he was not invincible in the pinches. Sharing with Gilbert's mound work as the feature of the day, was a long running catch made by Conrad, Eastside left fielder, on a terrific blow by Marlow in distant left center. The game also marked the first time in the last six frays played by Coquille that Art Pulford went with less than two blows, the local slugger getting but one in this fray. Score:

	R	H	E
Coquille	5	6	3
Eastside	1	9	3

Batteries—Gilbert and Fletcher; McHale and Smith. Umpires: Glenn and McHale.

The other league game saw Reedsport rise to a mighty height in defeating the strong Sutherland team, 4 to 3, the fray being played at Reedsport. Reedsport, though playing in and out ball throughout the season, has a strong club and behind the masterful pitching of "Bud" Sutherland, slow ball ace, has been causing trouble all the time. The Reedsport win allowed Coquille to replace Sutherland as league leader.

New Cases in Circuit Court

July 22—Portland Mortgage Co. vs. T. J. Halstead and wife et al.
July 22—E. T. Fisher vs. W. J. Conrad.

July 22—West Coast Savings & Loan Association vs. Lena Alice Isler and Adolph Isler, Ben F. Atkinson and wife.

July 23—Phileo Radio Distributors vs. B. D. Emery.

July 25—Vivian Grace Hogan vs. William Stanley Hogan. Suit for divorce.

July 26—A. E. Seaman vs. Frank R. Kirk and wife.

Three Divorces Granted

Judge Brand, in circuit court here Monday, granted divorces to the plaintiff in the following cases:

Hazel Greta Poppe vs. Chas. Alexander Poppe.

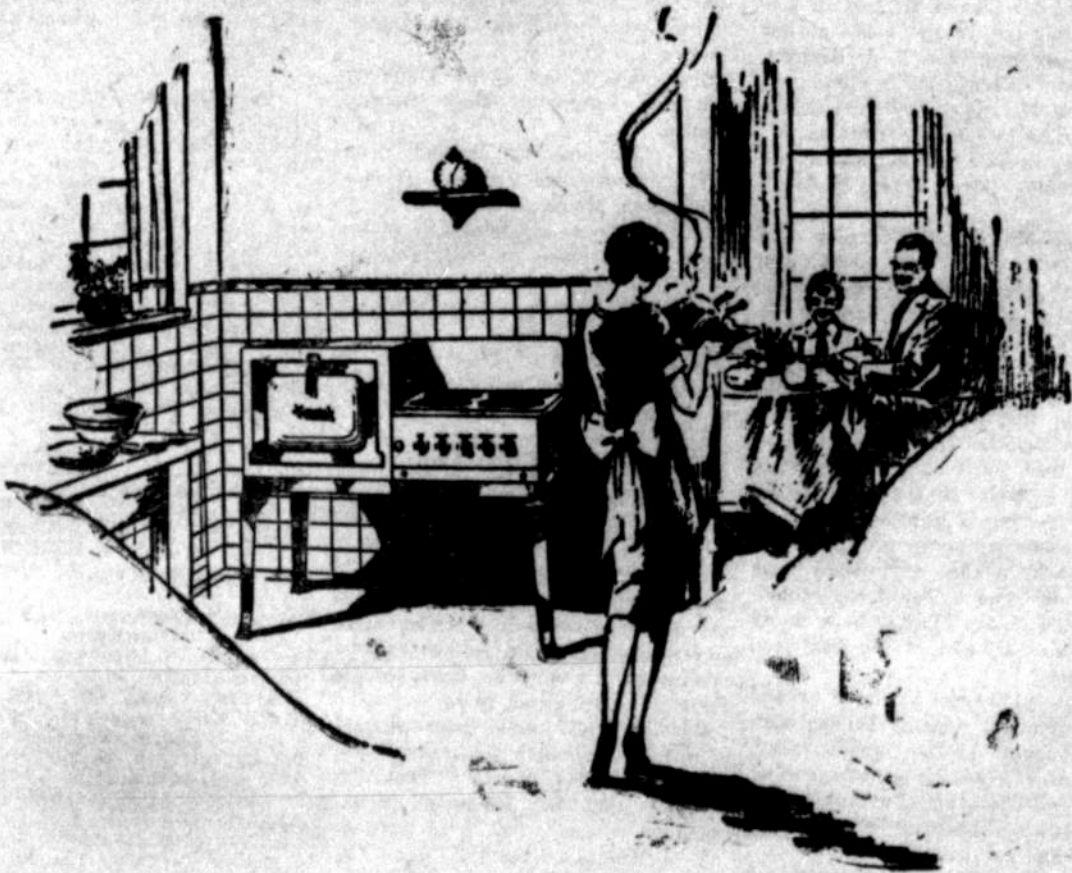
Katherine G. McBee vs. Delbert McBee.

Howard C. Getz vs. Beatrice I. Getz.

Symbol of Authority

The design on the reverse of our dime—the bundle of rods and ax of the Roman victors—symbolizes power over life and limb. The fasces, which is the Latin name for the bundle of rods and the ax sticking out, were originally the emblem of the king's absolute authority over life and limb, and as such, passed over to the high magistrates of the republic.

Offer Extended 30 DAYS



THIS is the greatest value we have ever been able to offer for an electric range of this quality. Do not be misled by this low price. The regular list price of this model is \$151.50 for the range alone. It is fully automatic, has a good-sized oven and four cooking top units. For a limited time only you may purchase this range for the extraordinary sale price of \$99.50 and all necessary wiring is included. Your choice of three attractive colors: green, cream or white. Easy terms if desired. See your dealer today.

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