

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lana Leneve

Out-of-Doors Stuff this week is being written under rather trying circumstances. The author is a shut-in. Propped up by pillows and trying to concentrate on subjects pertaining to the out-of-doors is quite a problem in itself. The first thing I wish to do is to thank my many friends for their thoughtful little acts of kindness while I was in the hospital. Their gifts of flowers and cigars were greatly appreciated and their visits were bright spots during my stay there; something to be looked forward to with anticipation each day. To lie almost two weeks flat upon one's back is hard enough for anybody, but for an out-of-doors man, it seems doubly hard. From my window I could see the top of a logged-off mountain; on it a couple of giant firs had been left standing. Like sentinels they stood there, now and then nodding their heads as a breeze struck their branches. Turning back the pages of Time it was not hard for me to vision that same old mountain covered with hundreds of big trees—an uncharted wilderness. It seemed but yesterday that I had strung a trap line through those jungles and stalked deer beneath the spreading limbs of those forest giants which have been felled by man. But now only two remain—pitiful reminders of a once vast and virgin forest.

The soft breeze, stealing in at the window, brought to my nostrils the sweet scent of the outdoors. The two lone sentinels on yonder hill nodded their heads gravely in the light breeze, as though in sympathy to one of their worshipers who was unable to answer the call of the Red Gods of the Forest. The daily visits of a pair of little Anne humming birds was one of the bright spots in my daily existence. Just outside my window they sipped the nectar from gorgeous flowers and paused for many a rest on the slender stock of a flower almost within arm's reach. I had a good chance to study them and they were a constant source of enjoyment. Speaking of humming birds, did any of you ever make a "sugar-tit" for one of these little fellows? You simply take a little sugar and dissolve it with water and pour into the petals of a flower. As soon as the bird discovers it he will prove a regular visitor to that particular flower, daily.

It does not take birds long to understand when you are seeking to help them. Feeding birds constantly through the winter brings its rewards. Two little chickadees that we fed here during the winter have never deserted us. They are here constantly and more than one harmful bug and worm has been destroyed by them about the garden.

I'd like to see this town's residents set an example for all other cities during the coming winter by building feeding racks in their yards and keeping our little feathered friends supplied with food throughout the winter days. The expense is almost nil and the birds are a source of wonder and enjoyment to the whole family. Any one interested in feeding the birds and who wishes to build feeding racks, is at liberty to ask all the questions pertaining to the racks, birds and feeding, that he may desire. I'll answer 'em all to the best of my ability at any and all times.

The Michigan Game Commission made a request that the Oregon Game Commission furnish them with 100 blue grouse from Wallowa county. The request was denied on the grounds that the grouse should be kept for Oregon residents. It appears to me that the request should have been granted. Michigan is a great game state and boasts wonderful fishing. It is not at all unlikely that Oregon officials may desire certain species of fish or game from the state of Michigan at some time in the future. There are thousands of grouse in Wallowa county. A mere hundred of them, given to the state of Michigan, would not have caused much shortage in the vast coverts. Co-operation between game commissions of various game states means more and better game. It means the introduction of new game birds and animals. In considering such a request as the Michigan game officials made, Oregon officials should have looked beyond their own noses—in fact, taken a good glance into the future. In the past Oregon has secured rare birds and fish from different states. Some day they may desire something from Michigan. In my opinion, the sporting thing to have done was to have given Michigan the small quota of grouse requested.

"One day last month a thoughtless person left a pretty little dog in front of an apartment house, in Eugene," writes Mrs. R. Southstone, addressing the writer of this column, "wishing to get rid of her because she was soon to have a litter of puppies—of course, we have many of these inhuman people who would rather do a mean act instead of a kind one—and it is not a surprise to me when these people get their punishment, for some time during their life it will come home to them; often things don't go right for them—and they wonder why. Well, to go on with the story, every one was beginning to take notice of the poor little dog that ran to each person coming out of the apartment, begging to be taken, but no one seemed to want her. People said she had the most human expression they had ever seen and one could just read her thoughts. After a few days a kind professor living across the street could stand it no longer and gave her a temporary home until he could find a permanent one. She had her litter of puppies and he found homes for all and now he hopes some kind person will take the mother and give her a good home. This professor surely should be given a lot of praise for his kindness to animals—and I feel that good deeds will always be returned to those who are kind to living creatures."

Many thanks, Mrs. Southstone. It is a pleasure to hear from one who loves dogs—man's greatest friend.

An invasion of mudhens in the rice fields of the Sacramento valley has been met in a drastic fashion. An airplane, armed with men with shot guns, are sweeping over the fields and killing hundreds of the birds. It is either a flagrant violation of the federal law—this shooting of the mudhens—or else a lot of red tape had to be unwound to get the government to sanction their killing. It is a breach of the federal law to shoot mudhens out of season. They are classed as migratory waterfowl. It

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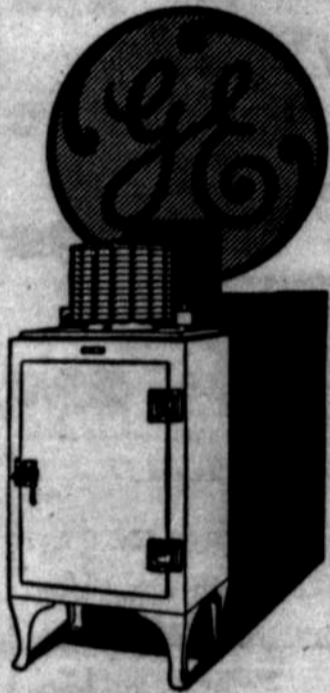
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Coquille, Oregon

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is also unlawful to pursue them with airplanes or to shoot them from an airplane.

As I have already stated, mudhens are a migratory bird. How many of you have ever witnessed a migration of these birds? All species of ducks and geese take the air and migrate from the far and frozen North. They are constantly observed during the fall months. They are seen flying high overhead, headed for the south or on wide-spread wings, sailing from the heavens into our local lakes and marshes. They are seen flying over the ocean. The skies are full of them. But how many mudhens do you see? As far as my own observation is concerned the answer is none. Never have I seen a flock of mudhens winging their way in from the North. It is true that I have seen them flying about the marshes, from one pond to another and even across the river, but never have I witnessed the sight of a flock of them coming from the high air-lanes of travel that the geese and ducks take in their migrations. There will not be a mudhen in the marshes, when, presto! over night, hundreds of them will appear. My guess is that these birds migrate during the night, just as the little humming bird does when he takes a notion that South America is the place for him. Setting his tiny wings he buzzes off into space—a non-stop flight across the great waters of the gulf. Yes, I believe that the mudhens migrate in the darkness. Any one with different opinions on the subject may have the floor.

It is not long to deer season. It is now time to get the old rifle out and be sure that it is in perfect working order. Be certain that the sights are not out of adjustment. Take it out, put up a target and sight it up right. You may only get one shot at a buck and so, therefore, you want your gun to be shooting straight. But above everything else, bear the fact in mind that you do not want to sight your gun up with one brand of cartridges and then take another brand along on that hunting trip. Today there are several different kinds of high speed and high velocity cartridges on the market. Many hunters become confused in their selection of different kinds of ammunition. Purchase one particular brand, sight your gun with it and stick to it and it alone. If you fail to do this you're liable to have hard luck on your quest for deer. Deer hunting is entirely different from duck hunting. Hunting ducks a fellow usually gets chance after chance to score, but hunting deer is a different proposition. You may only get one chance. The expense of a deer hunting trip amounts to something and besides there are many hardships to endure. Sleeping in the rain, long hard tramps, blistered heels and aching limbs. Then comes the big chance—the big buck stands before you. You glance through the sights—the gun cracks! You either score a hit or a miss. Everything depends upon your gun, sights and ammunition—be sure they are right before you go in pursuit of that big buck.

Carl Gilbert Shuts Out North Bend Club, 3-0

Scoring a run in each of the first three innings, the Coquille Loggers won from North Bend, 3 to 0, in last Sunday's championship game. Behind Gilbert's masterful shut-out hurling the locals took the fray, the white-washing being the big pitcher's second in all the year's of duty for Coquille.

After the first three frames, Stanley, the North Bend curve ball artist, equalled the pitching of Gilbert, but the damage had already been completed.

Run one was driven in by Guptill. Pulford, first up, tripled down the left field foul line, scoring immediately when Guptill singled. Number two came in the next inning in the same way, with Fischer tripling and Woodyard singling, while in the third Guptill got a life on an error and was advanced around on Stanley's single and Roper's outfield fly.

After this Stanley quelled the local clubbers, not a man advancing past second base in the last five innings. His performance did not equal Gilbert's, however, as only three men passed first base on Gilly. One of these reached third on a misjudged fly, while one of the runners reaching second did so on an outfield error.

Both of the hurriers had excellent control, neither walking nor hitting a batter. However, Gilbert struck out nine to Stanley's six.

Sharing with Gilbert in the star role was Bill Stewart, the nimble-footed short stop. Bill handled seven difficult ground balls without a bobble in the game, scampering everywhere during his exhibition. In speaking of this, Bill Fortier said, "In my years of baseball I have seen very few exhibitions like that put on by Bill Stewart last Sunday. He was everywhere, and not one of his chances could have been considered easy."

Score	B	R	H	O	A	E
Coquille	4	1	1	1	0	0
Pulford, 1	4	1	1	3	1	1
Guptill, 2	4	0	1	1	7	0
Stewart, s	3	0	2	0	0	0
Roper, r	4	1	1	1	0	0
Fischer, c	4	0	1	1	2	0
Woodyard, 3	3	0	1	1	0	0
Davis, 1	3	0	1	0	0	1
Schroeder, m	3	0	1	0	0	1
Gilbert, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Sturdivant, m	0	0	0	0	0	0
North Bend	B	R	H	O	A	E
McDaniel, 3	4	0	0	3	0	1
Chapman, 2	4	0	1	3	0	0
E. Tyberg, s	4	0	1	4	3	1
R. Tyberg, m	4	0	0	5	0	1
T. Tyberg, 1	4	0	1	0	1	0
Adams, r	3	0	1	0	3	0
Stanley, p	3	0	0	0	0	0
Buzzard, c	3	0	0	0	0	0
Hosking, 1	3	0	0	0	0	0

Summary—Three-base hits, Pulford, Fischer, E. Tyberg; sacrifice hit, Davis; stolen bases, Stewart 2, Schroeder; struck out by Gilbert 9, Stanley 6. Umpires, McLain and Allett.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

Sport Briefs

By Mark Seeley

Have you often wondered where many of our local professional and business men disappear to on a Sunday afternoon, as well as on occasional afternoons during the week? If you have, the question is at last solved, the detecting being done by yours truly last Sunday.

Sport-inclined, the men, and sometimes their wives if they have such, are repairing to the Westmost Golf Course in Bandon where Coquille has a big representation enjoying the pastime of driver and putter. I saw all this while carrying clubs for a friend on the course last Sunday, trying to pick up a few tricks of the game from watching the play. In particular I notice "Jiggs" Leehe and Bill Barrow battling away in good old Bobby Jones style, the local druggist being so emphatic about his game that he sometimes ran after the ball. "Jiggs" merely strode in long steps, at that, most of the time ahead of Bill. How the game ended I do not know, but both men were playing in nice style.

At the first hole, while returning to the club house, I was just in time to see F. S. Emery and Geo. A. Ulett, of the Smith Wood-Products Co., tee off, each sending nice drives down the long fairway. Jack Detlef and Dave Rackleff had already sent their first drives down the stretch and were at the time considering the use of irons.

These golfers are, however, not the only Coquillians enjoying the course at Bandon. Often seen on the fairways and greens are George Johnson, Cliff and LeRoy Rice, Deeb Abrams, "Dutch" Clinton, Ray Jeub,

Cy Gano and others.

Though I still don't trust him, Bill Fortier has absolutely promised to play against North Bend on Sunday. Many times previously the local mentor has stated that he would put himself in the lineup, but each time after I had written that he would, Bill has failed me. Now to prove that I write the truth occasionally, Fortier has made the steadfast promise to go into right field and send Roper to center in the second championship contest. In announcing this Bill stated, "Yes, 'Kid' Fortier will play Sunday. I may not be a fleet-footed outfield any more, but I believe that I can still hit 'em, and especially when Stanley of North Bend is playing." All the Coquille fans think that Bill "can still hit 'em," so let's see you get about three blows, Bill!

New Cases in Circuit Court

Aug. 12—May Mack vs. J. L. Hatfield and wife.
Aug. 12—A. E. Seaman vs. Jno. C. and Deesree Merchant.
Aug. 15—A. J. Radabaugh vs. Jas. D. Clinton and wife.
Aug. 17—Thos. G. Greene Jr. vs. A. E. Adelsperger.
Aug. 17—Alice Haynes vs. Elry Haynes. Suit for divorce.
Aug. 17—C. A. Gage vs. P. W. Walker.
Aug. 18—State of Oregon vs. Salmon Creek Land Co.

Height of Slave Trade

The period during which the greatest number of slaves were introduced into this country from Africa was 1801-08, the last four years before prohibition of the slave trade by congress.