

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lars Lanove

"The joy of the hunt lies in the pursuit—not the kill." Words of wisdom uttered by a sportsman many years ago, and what a truthful utterance it was. Who is there among us who does not love the woods, the streams, the fields and the swampy marshlands so well that he will devote hours in pursuit of his favorite past-times, and, though returning empty handed, does not feel unrewarded? It is the memories of these trips that we make that live with us forever. Whether these trips proved successful or not we derived a thrill out of them. Whenever we recall them a certain sense of pleasure stirs deep in our hearts and a glow of contentment pervades our souls. Memory carries us again back to a winding trout stream, singing merrily along through a rock-ribbed canyon; again we tread a leaf strewn mountain trail, far from the haunts of men; again we stand in a blind in the marshlands at the magic hour of dawn and hear again the south wind slapping the tops of the swaying willows and catch again the glimpse of flitting forms of birds, in the semi-darkness of the cloud swept heavens. Yes, there is a sort of after-glow to each pilgrimage one makes into the out-doors; a lingering memory of each little happening of a trip. True, hardships are encountered in our quest of game, but the passing of the years soften them to such an extent that even they are recalled with wistfulness as the years slip by.

Yes, memories linger forever with us—burning brightly, undimmed by the passing of time. Even when eyes are dimmed with age, the back bent, and faltering feet can no longer carry an old hunter to the familiar spots that he loves to tread he derives a thrill out of calling to memory trips from out of the past. Such memories are reflected on the face of an aged sportsman as he leans back in his easy chair and relates to you some hunting or fishing yarn from out of the past. He never forgets; those good times, the most enjoyable of his life, are as alive in his memory as are the happenings of yesterday. As he relates some experience you can see the dim eyes twinkle, the hands clench at some exciting part of the story, the heavy lines of care and old age seem to vanish for the moment that he relives again in memory the happenings he is relating. Steadily the spark of memory for each trip burns—down through the years, as long as life exists and always ready to flare up at the merest suggestion of a hunting or fishing trip or at the sight of an old familiar land mark, or an old favorite rod or gun. Most sportsmen go through life living and enjoying what pleasures they may snatch from brief or extended trips into the great outdoors and at the same time enshrining an image of every incident in their hearts to remain there until the old pack sack is swung upon their shoulders for the last trip—down the trail that leads into the Shadows of the Great Beyond.

A Texas sportsman gives the following simple method by which the

danger of contracting poison oak may be entirely eliminated. The gentleman from Texas swears by this method and says that it has never been known to fail. You simply take a lead bullet (a 22 caliber bullet will do), turn it endways and hammer it flat. This makes it round. Then punch a hole in the center large enough for a string to go through and wear it around your neck. If very subject to poison oak wear one around each wrist while in the woods. Get a new lead every once in awhile because if you wear the same one too long it becomes charged. The gentleman failed to state with just what the bullet became charged; whether with electricity, germs, or poison oak, but be that as it may, he swears it is a very efficient way of warding off poison oak. There is no expense attached to trying the method out and I would like to see how it works out on some of you people that are subject to the poison. Like to hear from some of you hat try it. But don't become confused and swallow the bullet instead of wearing it. One reader of this column several weeks ago read the little article that Epsom Salts applied to poison oak would often effect a cure. Upon meeting me not long ago he informed me that the remedy was no good; that he had taken at least a quart of salts and the poison oak was still bothering him. So get this business straight.

In their flights across the desert from Arabia-Felix toward Euphrates, or from Egypt toward the southern part of the Red Sea, it is not at times unusual for pigeons to alight in an exhausted condition, positively unable to go any further. Their flight is with the wind, and night or morning light finds them piled together in helpless bunches at the mercy of any enemy of their kind. At such times bands of Arabs make a great harvest of their tender meat, spreading them open on the warm sand for the sun to dry them into a state of preservation for future use. That is one way of securing plenty of game without wasting ammunition. It appears that pigeons are numerous in many other parts of the world beside North America. In this district there used to be what appeared to be millions of them. They were warred upon constantly because of their destructive habits. Thousands of them were poisoned and thousands of them fell beneath the guns of hunters. In years past, grain fields would be covered with these birds, resembling a great blue wave as they walked and flew about feeding on the grain. There are still a large number of pigeons left but nothing like in the past. They are as destructive as ever. They are forever taking the farmer's grain and raiding orchards of young fruits and, even invading strawberry patches.

There is a strange thing about our ruffled grouse. As far as I know, naturalists are still pondering the question. Different conclusions have been drawn, different theories advanced, but as far as I know no one has ever produced any positive proof as to what really happened to these birds. Sixty years ago, from the abundance of that period they practically disappeared within two years time. Three

years later they were back to their normal number. Since that time this bird has gone up and down again a number of times. There appears to be a natural and so far as known, uncontrollable enemy that causes this fluctuation in their ranks. But their comeback, after a disappearance in most states, shows a diminishing in their ranks.

A very misleading statement has been published in a county newspaper. The article states that the season on migratory birds opens on October 1 of this year. This is liable to get a lot of hunters in bad. The opening of the season is October 16 at 12 o'clock noon. It behooves every sportsman to remember that noon opening and not start out by the dawn's early light. A local nimrod tells of stalking one of the Chinese pheasants that were liberated by the state game commission not long ago and of actually catching it with his hands. I do not doubt his story in the least. The birds liberated are all hand fed, pen raised birds and have no fear of man. It is really a crime for them to be liberated within only a few short weeks of hunting season. It is a safe bet that over ninety per cent of them fall beneath the guns of the hunters. Birds such as these should be liberated after the season closes. Taking into consideration that they are facing a coming winter they never the less stand a far better chance of surviving the very hardest winter than they stand of getting by the guns of the hundreds of hunters who pursue them. It has really been pitiful to see the poor little helpless "chinks" that have had to face the guns in years past. Some of them being so young that it was hard to distinguish between male and female. When they rise from the grass at this age they do not take to the air with a whirl of wings like a matured bird. Their flight is not a third as fast and they present an easy target for the rankest novice. An old rooster goes up with a roar that startles many a veteran hunter and throws many a shooter off balance and it takes a mighty fast shot to throw many shots his way before he is completely out of range; but not so the young bird. The moment they take to the air their doom is sealed.

Is it possible to train a domestic cat so that it will not catch birds? "Yes," says Nevy Hatcher, "we own such a cat." I was very much interested to learn how the feat was accomplished and Nevy explained to me that from the time the cat was a small kitten that both he and his wife looked at a bird. Nevy claims that cats are broken not to catch chickens, so why can't they be trained not to molest birds. There is a lot of logic in that all right. Any way the Hatcher's have a cat that will not catch birds. It will feed within a few feet of them but pays no attention to them whatever. This is indeed a rare sight. A good cat is worth a lot about a farm and about a house that is infested with rats. It is natural for them to catch birds and that is why many bird lovers will not own a cat. But if they can be broken of the habit as easily as the Hatcher's broke their cat the bird catching habit may be eliminated.

Sport Briefs

By Mark Seeley

Changes must be made in a machine when it is not working properly, and if the machinist has the material to work with he usually can perform these alterations in handy form. This is somewhat the same problem that has been facing Coach Hartley of the Coquille High football team in his preparation for the coming gridiron season.

In all these years the local high school has taken but one county championship, this in 1924 when "Brick" Leslie coached his squad of huskies to the leading place in the standing. Various teams have done fairly well at times, but not with the success that the fans really want. Football fans desire every game to be won.

The Red Devils this year may or may not bring the rag to the local school. As the machinist needs material, so does a coach, and present indications point out that the local school has this, but it is relatively raw. For three weeks Hartley has been drilling this raw material for the opening game with Marshfield tomorrow. He has juggled his material in order to find the position where each player belongs, shifting ends and tackles to the backfield, moving backs to the line, and re-arranging the forward wall and the ball carriers in a more or less radical way. And as the machinist often meets success in his operations with tools, so is Hartley in his balancing of the C. H. S. football team.

In each rehearsal the team has been showing much improvement, working in a smooth, systematic manner with the new shift introduced by Hartley, but at the same time not forgetting the value of fundamental work.

Hartley has two teams which look very strong, besides almost enough players to make up a third eleven. On the first lineup there are lettermen at every post except at one tackle and half. The second team has two letter-

men ends and a letterman half, while another veteran, Morris Stonecypher, expected to see much duty, has just turned out, after an illness with poison oak.

In his experimenting, Hartley has shifted many players from their last year's positions. Linus Seeley has been moved from half to end where he played his Freshman and Sophomore years. Russell Martindale is now a tackle after playing a guard post. Craig Perrott, a full-back in 1931, is playing quarter, while Alvin Shaver has taken over Perrott's old duties, moving from the wings. Helmkin is a half after playing tackle before. The veterans not moving are Cooper, end; Ireland and Martindale, guards; and Plaepe, center. Burch, half, and Greenough, tackle, are the newcomers.

Coquille should be strong in reserve strength, with these players liable to replace a regular at the slightest let down. Hartley, however, likes players who can stand the full hour of football competition, but he is not backward at replacing a player who is not working up to expectations.

The prospects are promising, but only actual competition will bring out the good and the bad.

As expected, the high school and the Corn Show committee have agreed on a football game for part of the celebration. To bring this about it was necessary for the high school to change the Bandon games, bringing the latter school here on October 29, and Coquille playing there on October 1.

The plans are for a division of the profits derived from the game, the half which the Corn Show receives going in with the relief fund.

In viewing the football games this year don't forget the new rules. It is now necessary for five players on the receiving team to line up within fifteen yards of the ball, while flying tackles and blocks have been definitely eliminated. They were several years ago, but the rule was never strictly enforced. Or if you see a ball carrier stopped without being tackled, don't forget that if any part of the pellet lugger aside from his hands and feet touches the ground the ball is dead. And then a lineman, or a back for that matter, can't use his hands like a club. Instead of hitting, the lineman has to shove. It will be a real tug of war.

It is hard to realize that the chief financial worry of a high school is how the officials are going to be paid. The boys are always willing to play in any type of uniform, ragged or natty, while if necessary they would walk to a neighboring town to participate in a game. These matters are secondary. When it comes to paying the officials a snag is struck. Last year Coquille, for instance, played two or three games before crowds not large enough to look at. Perhaps fifteen cents was taken in, but the officials had to be paid anywhere from five to twelve dollars, and three of them at that.

Why can't the school men get together long enough to arrange for a satisfactory way of hiring officials without breaking a student body? One coach ought to be willing to cooperate with another coach, while the men teachers and principals could easily do the work gratis. Of course, traveling expenses would be paid.

As They Descend Trees

The opossum, like the bear, raccoon and most tree-climbing animals except squirrels, comes down a tree tail first by preference, although he may reverse the method when in a hurry. The coat, a relative of the raccoon found in Central and South America, is the only tree-climbing animal of any size which regularly comes down a tree head first.

In the Canadian Rockies

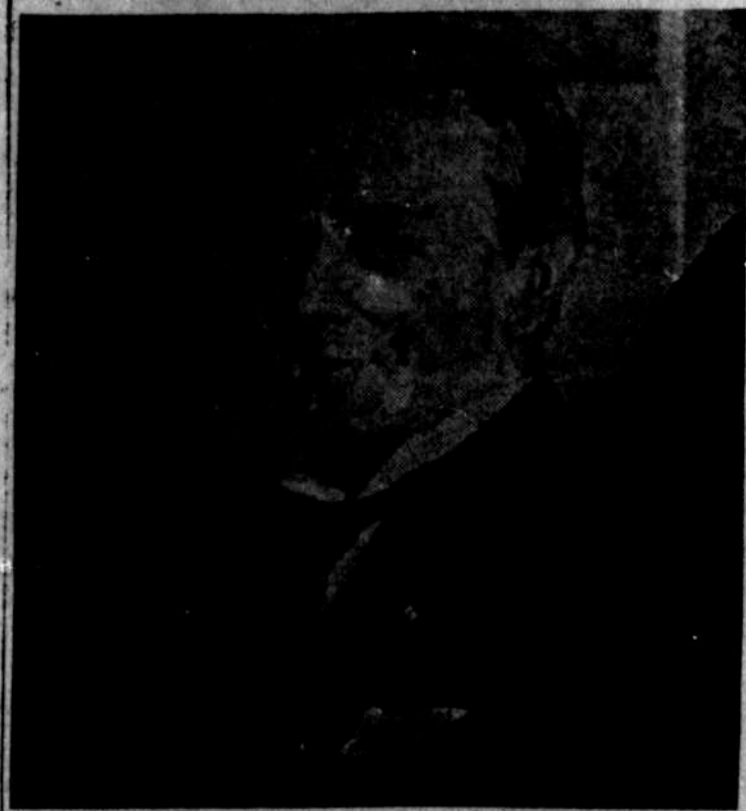
The largest glacial lake in the Canadian Rockies is Maligne, nearly 20 miles long. It is hemmed in by high mountains, few of them climbed, some not even named; great masses that geologists say are older than the Alps; tremendous peaks bearing a burden of snow and ice that never leaves them.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to the power of sale contained in the Last Will and Testament of T. E. Robb, deceased, I, L. A. Liljeqvist, the undersigned, as Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of said T. E. Robb, deceased, will, from and after October 22nd, 1932, sell at private sale, at the law offices of H. A. Slack in the First National Bank Building at Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, to the highest and best bidder for cash, payable 20 per cent at the time of making bid and the balance at time of confirmation of sale, the following described real property, to-wit:

The West half of the Northwest quarter, the Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter and the Northwest quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section 12 in Township 30, South of Range 10, West of the Willamette Meridian, in Coos County, Oregon; such sale to be subject to confirmation by the County Court of Coos County, Oregon, sitting for the transaction of probate business.

Dated this 23rd day of September, 1932. L. A. LILJEQVIST, Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of T. E. Robb, deceased. 3760

DEAN JOHN STRAUB



Dean John Straub, "grand old man" of Oregon, for 34 years friend and counselor of students, who gave practically all of his active life to the University of Oregon, died at his home in Eugene on September 18, taking from the University its staunchest friend and supporter, yet leaving a rich and powerful tradition that even his passing can not erase.

The death of Dean Straub came on the eve of the beginning of a new school year, at which time for more than half a century the veteran and beloved educator has proudly welcomed his "biggest and best freshman-class ever."

With the exception of one year when illness kept him from his familiar post at the doorway of registration headquarters, this year will be the only one of the past 34 that an entering freshman will be denied the privilege of personally receiving the greeting of the "grand old man" who knew each student by name and whose influence has been felt in all corners of the state—in fact wherever an Oregon student now resides, the death of Dean Straub will be genuinely mourned as the passing of one of the greatest personal influences of the state.

Dean Straub was born in Philadelphia, Penn., April 8, 1855. He attended Mercersburg college from which he received his B. A. degree in 1876 and later his M. A. degree. In 1878 he was married to Cora Miller in Philadelphia.

The same summer they came west, Dean Straub expecting to become a court reporter and to study law on the side. But a chain

of circumstances brought him to the University of Oregon, where the remainder of his life was spent.

The story of how he came to join the staff of the University has often been related by Dean Straub. Because of an injury to his ankle on the eve of the opening of school he was unable to accept a teaching position at Columbia City. After the ankle had healed Dean Straub decided to start a night school in Portland. While posting a circular announcing that his school would teach Latin, German, Greek, geometry and some six or seven other courses, a stranger watching him asked if he could really teach all those subjects. Dean Straub said he could. The stranger was Judge Deady, president of the board of regents of the University, and he offered Straub a teaching job with the University.

Thus was the beginning of Dean Straub's association with the University. He taught practically every course offered there at that time. In 1899 he became Dean of the School of Literature, Science and Arts. In 1924 he became Dean of Men; and in 1925 dean emeritus, although still continuing to teach Greek language and literature.

Two years ago, because of illness he was forced to give up his active teaching work. But he could not forget the University, for even up to a few days of his death he maintained an active interest in the present problems of the school, where even the stately fir trees on the campus are a result of his own labors.

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