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OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

The call of the woods gets into an outdoorsman's blood at this season of the year and the call is hard to resist. It has been raising havoc with me of late, so Sunday was spent in rambling over several miles of logged off land 'way up into the big timber. And signs of spring were on every hand! A coiled snake basking in the warm rays of the sun; the mating call of the mountain quail; the hooting of the scoty grouse; digger squirrels perched upon stumps; a frisking chipmunk; a brush thrush busily engaged in collecting dry grass with which to line its nest and its mate warbling encouragement from atop a nearby bush; lilies peeping forth from sun-kissed spots; a pair of humming birds buzzing about a cluster of wild currants; the lazy drone of bees and butterflies drifting about; the sullen roar of the mountain stream of a few scant weeks ago now just a purring stream, its once muddy water now clear as crystal; the splash of a leaping trout; a buzzard wheeling about on lazy wings far overhead. There is no doubt in my mind but that spring has finally arrived.

An article appeared recently in a Portland paper relative to a tame goose that had been saved from the pot owing to the fact that he honked each time a clock struck and this little trick had spared his life. We have an old goose that's got it over the other goose a mile. Each time the train or the mill whistle blows he honks, and moreover he is as good as a watch dog. The slightest sound out of the ordinary at night is greeted by a honk or two. He answers to the name of "Bummer" and comes from any part of the yard when he is called, talking goose language to you at every step.

I promised you last week the true facts regarding the trout limit for the coming season. The limit is 30 fish, regardless of size or length. It matters not whether the fish are one inch long or two feet, you are supposed to creel them all. This means the saving of thousands of fish that heretofore have been thrown back and died and it also means that the most delicious of all trout may be fried and enjoyed—those about four or five inches in length.

L. F. Minard strolled into the store the other day and told me the following bear story: Happy Crockett a while back shot and wounded a large bear. Mr. Minard, a man by the name of Rohrer and our old friend Jap Yoakam went out to help him trail the bear down. The animal was

finally located lying against the side of a fallen log. Minard told Crockett to shoot it and Crockett handed the gun to Minard and told him to shoot it. He also stated that he didn't want any more holes in the hide than could be helped. Whereupon Jap spoke up and said that he would finish Bruin with a club. He searched about and found a good stout club. Minard told him that he would keep the bear covered with the gun and for Jap to go ahead and do his stuff and that he, Minard, would protect him. Whereat Jap approached the bear and struck it a resounding crack on the head. And then the fireworks started! The bear charged Jap and Jap beat a retreat, but he managed to get the bear between himself and Minard and the latter could not shoot for fear of hitting Jap. But evidently Jap was making such excellent time that the bear decided he would pick on somebody else so he turned and charged Minard. Minard shot for his head and just burnt the side of it. The bear slapped at it and kept on coming. Hastily Minard fired again and missed and by this time Bruin was within striking distance and right here the gentleman with the gun took to his heels with the bear a few scant inches behind. After a close race the bear abandoned the chase and lit out down the hill. Recovering his breath, Minard fired and killed the bear. Then he set out looking for Jap. He found the club Jap had carried and a few yards farther he found that gentleman with both arms entwined about a slick myrtle which he had tried vainly to climb and Minard said that never in his life did he ever behold such a wobegone expression as that upon the face of Jap. And right here I want to make it plain that I am neutral on this and am not intending to get mixed up in any backwoods feud. I am telling the story as Mr. Minard told me, so you lay off me, Jap! If you don't, I'll tell how you "trained" a hound once by crawling inside a bear-hide.

I appreciate a little story, something like Mr. Minard told me. It helps the writer out a lot and gives the readers a variety. One subject, such as fishing is bound to grow monotonous, just as all football, all basketball and all golf does, day after day in the columns of our big dailies. So I am always looking for something new with which to entertain you, so naturally a contribution like Mr. Minard's is appreciated.

It is a pretty generally understood fact that Chinook salmon seldom bite fish eggs. Just now and then one is caught in this manner on such famous streams as the Rogue, but there is a river in Oregon where the mighty Chinook takes a gob of salmon eggs almost as readily as he does a spinner and that is in certain stretches of the North Umpqua. It is hard to understand just why this is, for I believe that it is the only stream in the northwest where they strike eggs except upon rare occasions. Chinooks do some funny stunts at times. It is seldom that they take a fly, but a couple of years ago four were caught on one riffle within a short length of time and they were all caught on a fly-hook.

The question often arises, "is game getting scarcer as the years go by?" and, "are there as many ducks as there were several years back?" There are many arguments both pro and con on the two subjects. I do not think there is the least doubt but what game animals and birds are scarcer and a great deal scarcer than they were a few years back. I know for a settled fact that buck deer are scarcer, owing to the fact that they are warred upon season upon season. It would be an almost impossible feat for hunters ever to exterminate the deer in Coos, Curry and Douglas counties owing to the excellent cover afforded the animals. If some disease does not become rampant among the ranks of the deer they should still be here a thousand years from now. But owing to the fact that all fields in the valley are now open and all the ducks in the valley may be glimpsed, it is pointed out that there are more birds here than in years past. When this valley was covered with willows there were, I believe, a thousand ducks to where there is one at the present time. The willows were simply alive with ducks and thousands upon thousands of them flew from the Fishtrap country and upper marshes to Coos Bay each evening. I have seen more ducks in a single day in years past than may be sighted in an entire season at the present time.

Navy Hatcher tells of talking to a prospector from the upper Sixes river country who tells a pitiful tale concerning the deer in that district. The man states that the heavy frosts killed practically all the deer's natural food and that they are now in a starving condition and dozens of them dying off. It is to be hoped that they have fared better in other districts.

A marked decrease is noted in the ranks of our mountain and valley quail.

A question this week is, "what is a 22 'Hornet'?" The 22 Hornet is a rifle, somewhat similar to the 22 high power Savage rifle. It is a powerful little rifle and is said to be extremely

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accurate and is used a great deal for target work. Mounted with a scope they sell as high as \$125. The 22 high power was never much of a success, owing to the fact that it was so hard to clean the barrel and that the tremendous velocity of the loads soon wrecked a gun barrel. As to how the Hornet is in this respect, I do not feel justified in stating though I imagine it would be rather hard to keep clean.

Some hunters take pride in their guns. A gun owned by them for years is as nice and bright inside as a new dollar. Other sportsmen treat their guns with no respect whatever and within a short time the gun is rusted, the barrel pitted and the stock scratched up. To a man who really loves guns it is almost heart-breaking to see a gun treated in this manner. Today, with the present brands of ammunition that are on the market, a gun with a little care given it should last any sportsman a life time.

Sport Briefs

By Mark W. Seeley

Fine, balmy days are bringing the best out of Coach Hartley's track and field men as they prepare for the coming quartet of meets which commence late in April and continue until May 20 when the state meet is held in Eugene. Probably on April 29, Coquille will tangle with Marshfield and North Bend in a three-way dual meet. The county meet is listed for May 6, these first two athletic shows taking place on Golden Field, and then on May 13 the district teams will assemble at Grants Pass for the state tryouts.

At present Hartley does not have all the possible talent in school out for track. Those not yet going through the paces may continue to stay away, but even without them, Hartley should develop a good enough squad. He has very few veterans on hand as most of his 1932 squad, including Harry Helmkin, who alone accounted for 20 points in the county events, are not available now. Besides Helmkin, such point gainers as Jack McCue, Harold Williams, Harold Kolkhorst, and Neil Peart have departed from this endeavor.

Mike Ireland, middle distance winner, is the highest hope of the 1933 team. Ireland, during his three previous years of competition, always gained points for the locals, capping his performances last season when he captured the half mile run and placed second in the 440. Again this season he is expected to be a pace setter in these events.

Stoneypher and Martindale, the other two letterman, should gather points in the weight events, as well as in others. Both men have been showing promising early season signs and have been getting some good distance out of the weights. Last spring Stoneypher improved quickly at the end of the season and this year he will likely be a steady performer. Martindale is at times erratic, but when he is in stride this husky might like as not heave some missive out of the lot.

Gallas in the weights and dashes; Cooper in the hurdles, middle distance and weights; Greenough in the weights and middle distance; and Bonniksen, Gould and B. Peart in the middle distance events are men of more or less promising ability. Added to these Hatcher, Swain, Burch, Bailey and Newton are unknown quantities who may develop later.

The biggest problem facing Hartley seems to be in developing a miler and a sprint man. Coquille has always been strong in these events and if the talent is on hand Hartley will find it.

Aside from Helmkin in the jumps and Everett Seeley in the hurdles, the red and white has never been strong in these under Hartley, so any points from them will be like a gift.

Yes, and not only have the balmy days brought out the tracksters, but the baseballers, as well. Sure enough! Last Sunday an advanced squad of the Loggers encamped to the Athletic Park for an afternoon of training camp activities.

In the regular shoots last Sunday the Coos County Gun Club was defeated in two events and won the other, while in the tie shoot-off the gunners again knotted with Portland, but overcame St. John's. The club was in seventh place prior to these results, having won ten events and lost four for a percentage of 214. Klamath was leading the pack with Pullman, Heppner-Pilot Rock, Corvallis, Bend, and Portland following before the Coos team. The shoot Sunday will conclude the telegraphic rounds.

Westmost Golf Notes From the Western World

The tombstone tournament at the Westmost Golf links at Bandon last Sunday was a huge success and provoked a great deal of good-natured rivalry. There were thirty entrants, men and women. The handicaps were so well set that the large majority of players died within a radius of a few strokes of the sixteenth hole. Winner for having reached the farthest distance with his allotted number of strokes was R. A. Gallier, who with an eight handicap for the 18 holes died in the cup on the 17th hole. He played a splendid game, making the second round in 35.

Mrs. Herbert Brown won the consolation prize for having died the quickest. She expired on the 14th green but it was almost a matter of inches between her and Mrs. L. T. Roselle, the latter also erecting her tombstone on the 14th green, but a little nearer the cup. Among the women Mrs. L. D. Felsheim reached the farthest on her allotted number of strokes, passing out on the 17th fairway.

George Ulett, of Coquille, received the prize for the best epitaph. His monument was inscribed with the following terse but expressive words: "He struggled hard but 'twas all in vain, he died on the seventh with a gasp of pain."

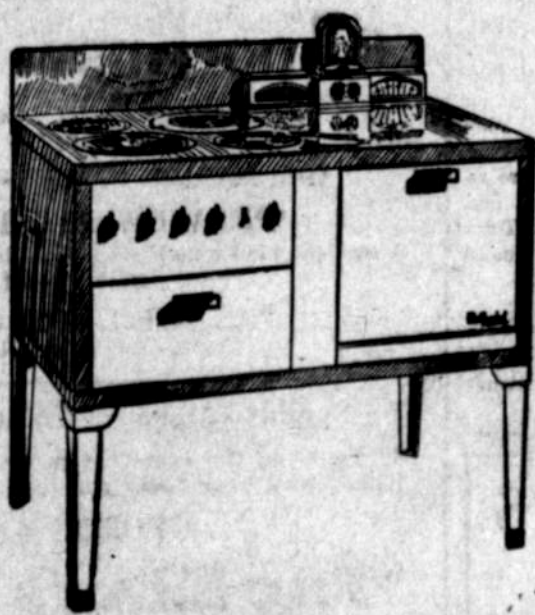
For next Sunday a Scotch Two-Ball foursome tournament has been arranged by the tournament committee. Handicaps will be employed and partners will be drawn from a hat. The average handicap of the two players will determine the handicap for the partners. Both men and women will participate. Prizes will be given for the couple making the low medal score and for the low net score, and a consolation prize for the high net score.

The entertainment committee has sent out cards announcing a social evening for Saturday at the club house. Cards, dancing and refreshments will be the diversion. All those interested in golf at Westmost, together with their ladies, are invited whether they receive cards or not as the list available is quite incomplete. A charge of 75 cents a couple is to be made. Net proceeds are to be used by the entertainment committee in caring for tournament visitors during the coming season.

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