

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

Add to top of Out-Doors
There's a place all apart here in my heart
From the life that I lead each day,
It takes me far back from the beaten track
To a place where I long to stay.
It's just an old shack but what it does lack
In the luxuries of city's ease,
Is made up to me ten thousand fold
Just to get out 'neath the trees.
There're many trees 'round that shack;
Majestic in their towering might—
Nodding their heads to the playful breeze
That comes whispering down day and night.
And the things that I see when the winds howl
And snow comes a-fluttering down
Puts to shame all things I have witnessed
In a busy and crowded town.
Give me again just once more
A glimpse of hills and trees
And the waterfall that sends its call
On the breath of a southern breeze.
Yes, I'll tell you again I've got the yen
For that shack and the things out there
Where Old Mother Nature's a-calling
And there's welcome in the air.

There! I've got that off my chest
and I feel better about it. Intended
to write more of it but the farther I
went the worse it got so I figured I'd
better stop. If I could put the things
I am thinking on this beautiful day
into real verse I would be able to convert
a statue into an outdoorsman.
Hold on! Most statues are outdoors-
men, aren't they? In fact they are
the greatest "outdoorsmen" that we
have. I should have said nomad instead
of outdoorsman. But without
any fooling this weather does give a
fellow the old wanderlust oompin'
fierce. Remember what the old poet
said, "What is so rare as a day in
June?" Along about this time of the
season when the trout are striking
good, flowers in full bloom and cloud-
less skies (be my usual luck to have
it rain the day this is published) a
fellow sometimes believes that poet
was right, but take it on the other
hand, after having passed through a
perfectly dry summer and with forest
fires on every hand—then a good rain
—good clear air once again and then
that magic month, October, comes.
Flowers have faded from the land-
scape but their beauty is replaced by
the golden leaf maple which in its
setting amidst the more somber for-
est trees stands out in majestic beau-
ty. Forest trails are painted brown
by fallen leaves; the sultriness of
summer has departed from the air
and in it is a tang that is eagerly
sniffed by the outdoorsman. There is
a certain allure in the air—the Red
Gods of the Forest beckon. It is the
time when the fishing rod is practi-
cally abandoned and the rifle and shot
gun replace it. It is the time when
keen nosed bird dogs come to point
in stubble fields; when the mighty
buck is stalked in his native haunts;
it is the time when great V-shaped
lines of geese wing their way to the
southward followed by the wistful
eyes of the nirod, who eagerly scans
the sky for the vanguard of the ducks
that frequent local marshes. Summer
is behind—it is forgotten—winter is
not far distant, and through the long
winter to follow how often do our
thoughts revert back over the differ-
ent seasons—and there October stands
forth distinctly, a jewel of memory.
Poets may rave in verse about the
month of June but give me dear old
October every time and just add a
few old mountains painted in Fall col-
ors by old Mother Nature, leaf strewn
trails, a gun, a good dog and—why,
I'm just a step from Heaven.

Saw a big horned owl the other day.
These birds are rare in this part of
the country and are supposed to be
very destructive to game birds, but
owing to the fact that they wage con-
stant warfare upon skunks I never
molest them, for skunks are one of
the greatest enemies of our nesting
birds that inhabit the woods and field.
The horned owl is really a beautiful
bird. He is among our largest predat-
ory birds, standing about two feet
in height and with a wing spread of
36 inches or more. His ears stick up
resembling great horns and he has
eyes that look as large as saucers.
Personally, I wouldn't have the heart
to shoot one of these big innocent
looking fellows if he had a game bird
in his talons. For one thing, they
are a rare bird, and in addition I do
not approve of the practice of killing
off every living bird and animal that
preys on game birds just for the sake
of saving the game birds to be
slaughtered by sportsmen in the open
season. Everything must eat to live
and since the beginning of time until
the end of time such will be the case.
Animals of different orders prey upon
each other. And so, just because a
bird such as the horned owl takes his
living from the ranks of game birds
I see no reason why he should be ex-
terminated for doing so. He is simply
taking his living as he was meant to
do. But sportsmen's organizations

throughout the land wage warfare
against him so that they may have
more birds to slaughter. And coming
down to the time point of the case,
man is the greatest predator of all
animals, for in his ranks you find
many who delight in wanton slaugh-
ter, something that the great horned
owl does not indulge in; he merely
eats that which he consumes. And it
is seldom indeed that animals of the
jungles prey upon their own kind, ou-
t the same cannot be said of man. In
the ethics and principles of our fore-
fathers were followed by humans
it is a cinch that this old world would
be a far better place in which to live.
Porcupines are protected in some
states owing to the fact that they are
considered harmless and that they are
the only animal that roams the woods
that a man may kill with a club. And
in these states a man being lost is as-
sured a food supply. A few years ago
the officials of the Biological Survey
made the startling discovery that a
poor old "porky" was wrecking our
forests; killing valuable trees by
stripping the bark from them. This
discovery was followed by warfare
waged upon them by hired poisoners
and trappers of the Survey with the
result that hundreds of thousands of
porcupines were killed throughout the
northwest. For hundreds, yes, per-
haps thousands of years this little ani-
mal roamed our great forests unmo-
lested. If he was such a destroyer
of our forests how many trees would
there be left. No doubt by the time
"porky" is exterminated some agency
of the Survey will discover that he
was really a useful little animal in
the forests; for instance like the re-
cent case where six million supposed
predatory animals and birds of cer-
tain species were poisoned and trap-
ped by the Survey before it was dis-
covered that most of them were bene-
ficial. No wonder the slogan has been
wished on this outfit "It's alive, kill it."

Sunday, while fishing, I had quite
an experience. Least into a deep hole
with a spinner and began reeling in.
A trout about ten inches in length
followed the spinner and presently
grabbed. I hooked him for just an
instant and he pulled loose. Usually
in such a case the fish will lose no
time in streaking it back to the depths
of the pool, but this trout never bud-
ged after the hook left his mouth. It
remained perfectly still for a second
or two and then began to shake its
head violently. Immediately the
thought occurred to me that maybe
I had hooked it in the head and in-
jured it to such an extent that it
would come to the surface. For per-
haps ten seconds the fish continued
shaking its head and presently a small
trout about four inches long flew
from its mouth and came floating to
the surface, while the trout I hooked
swam away into the depths of the
pool. The only solution I have to
his strange occurrence is that the
large trout attacked a school of small
ones, swallowed one and about this
time my spinner hit amongst the
school and he followed it up and
trunk; then when I hooked him he
figured that small trout were bad
medicine and proceeded to rid him-
self of the one he had just swallowed.

Sport Briefs

By Mark W. Seeley

Now that the nightmare is over,
the storms are settled, and the skies
are fairly clear, Manager Bill Fortier
and his hearties are quietly settled in
their local environs, waiting for Rose-
burg to invade their sector on Sunday
afternoon. The typhoon that hit the
ball field in Klamath Falls last Sun-
day overcame the boys just as they
were making for a storm port, but
his Sunday things are expected to be
different, notwithstanding the fact
that Red Ruppert may bring in Ed
Tomlin, the famous snake charmer,
soon fancier and prize raiser of
Riddle, ex-Portland ball player, and
whatnot, as well as Hal Turpin, of
Coast League experience, to subdue
the Loggers.

It is thought that Roseburg is not
luffing in stating that she is plan-
ning on using these stars who should
be playing pro-ball now. They have
outside interests which pay them more
than baseball in its present depression
state, but they still keep in condition
in hopes of a return to their first love.
Manager Fortier states that the game
is to be played at Coquille because he
thinks the fans of our city deserve the
chance to see this fray. Two pre-sea-
son tussles between the clubs ended
even up, the Vets of the prune grow-
ing country taking the first, 5 to 2,
and the Loggers the second, 2 to 1.
Glenn Murray, young speed ball right
hander, handcuffed the Roseburg club
in the winning game and it is expect-
ed that he may start against them in
the first league affair between the
aggregations.

Last Sunday Coquille was without
the services of Noble Brundage, slug-
ging outfielder, and "Chick" Hauser,
the classy receiver. This Sunday both
tossers will be among those present,
raring for a chance to blast Tomlin or
Turpin from the mound, and Inger-
bretsen and Beckly after them.

The Roseburg club tasted defeat
in her opening game at Medford, but
since then she has handed Klamath
Falls and Ashland defeats, and while

the result of her game with Eagle
Point is unknown, it is expected that
the Vets took the nod. Red Ruppert
teaches real baseball to his player,
insisting on the old-fashioned type of
wise work. He has his guns trained
for the loggers and thoroughly ex-
pects to knock them for a loop with
both barrels roaring. The league
standing, taking for granted that
Roseburg beat Eagle Point last Sun-
day, is:

	W	L	Pct
Coquille	3	1	.750
Roseburg	3	1	.750
Klamath Falls	3	1	.750
Medford	2	2	.500
Ashland	1	3	.250
Eagle Point	0	0	.000

In the other game last Sunday, Ash-
land beat Medford, 17 to 11.

Loggers Bow to Pelicans
In Aquatic Contest, 21-19

Before the terrific blasts and down-
pour of the dreaded typhoon, Skipper
Willie Fortier and his salts could not
stand, and much to their surprise as
seamen, they fell into the raging tor-
rent and were overcome by the ele-
ments. They stand as vanquished tars.
Skipper Fortier had taken his sailors
to Klamath Falls where he thought
the opposition in that sector would be
easily overturned, but in the end the
invaders were proven not to be the
best webfooters, 21 to 19.

Clear skies greeted the site of the
battle in the early morn but ere long
they were overcast and the downpour
started. It abated about noon, but
only to start again during the game
and to continue spasmodically through-
out the play.

At the start of the game Klamath
Falls jumped far into the lead, grab-
bing a margin of 11 runs in the first
two frames, before the Loggers were
well settled. Two hits produced the
opening tally in the first inning, and
in the second the most formidable
deluge of hits and runs occurred with
the Pelicans producing the goods. All
in all ten runs in that inning crossed
the rubber for the Falls team, nine
dingles and three free passes sending
them in.

In the third Coquille gained back
two runs on three hits, and for four
innings the Loggers scored. Four
runners checked in the fourth, five in
the fifth, and five again in the sixth
before the assault was halted in the
seventh.

This stand sent the Loggers into
the lead in their half of the sixth, 16
to 11, but in their turn the Pelicans
commenced to crawl up by bringing in
three more. The seventh saw them
regain the nod with four, and from
then on the locals were held at bay.
The lead changed again at 19 to 18
when Coquille came to bat in the
eighth, but this was short lived as
Klamath Falls decided the issue with
the three concluding markers in their
half.

Carl Gilbert lasted two innings be-
fore he retired to right field in fa-
vor of McHale in the third. McHale,
therefore, gets charged with the defeat.

Altogether there were forty-three
hits made by the two teams, Gilbert,
Coquille, and Floetke and Shipman, of
Klamath Falls, each getting four to
lead the assault. Only three errors
were made by the teams, these by
Klamath Falls, so it can easily be
seen that the affair was a real slug-
ging match.

Summary:

	R	H	E
Coquille	19	20	0
Klamath Falls	21	23	3

Batteries: Gilbert, McHale and
Fischer; Malatore, Sanders, Ridley,
Scroggin and Edwards.

General Petroleum Co.
Enters Coos Bay Field

Another of the big oil companies,
the General Petroleum Corporation,
has entered this territory, attesting
to the growing importance of this dis-
trict as a distributing center.

The Coos Bay Oil Company with
Lanning Strayer and Arthur Ramsay
as principals, has been designated as
wholesale agent of the company in
this territory with North Bend as
headquarters.

For the present, the area to be
served embraces Bandon, Reedsport,
North Bend, Marshfield, Coquille
and Myrtle Point, in each of which
cities independent dealers have been
designated as retail dealers.

Decision to enter the Coos Bay ter-
ritory was made after a careful sur-
vey by officials of the company, espe-
cially in regard to its importance as a
distributing center and its splendid
prospects for future development,
commercially and industrially.

New Cases in Circuit Court

June 23—Evelyn Gallagher vs. Coos
Bay Dredging Co., Chas. McCanna
and Tom Hull.
June 23—Marvin A. Ostby vs. Coos
Bay Dredging Co.
June 26—Phoenix Finance Co. vs.
CoCos Seed, Inc.
June 26—Phoenix Finance Co. vs.
Coos Loan Corporation.
June 27—Paul Stephan vs. J. F.
Kronenberg.
June 29—Kelley-Springfield Tire
Co. vs. Mast Motor Co.

Sauce for the
Goose

By JOHN HART

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WNU Service

FLORENCE DAVIDSON was one of
those persons that practice what
they preach. Only her preaching was
done through the columns of "The Eve-
ning Gazette" under the caption, "Ad-
vice to the Lovelorn, by Marion
Dixon." Every day, except Sunday,
Florence answered questions of young
women, and some young men, in re-
gard to love affairs, preceding the re-
plies with an article of general advice.
Only recently these articles written
by Florence had been accumulated and
published in pamphlet form under the
title "Keep Them Guessing."

Florence was a strong advocate of
"guessing" in love affairs. She argued
that a young man's interest became
stimulated when he found himself un-
able to fathom the depths of his idol's
nature.

Because Florence practiced what she
preached, Robert Harvey was kept
constantly on the anxious seat. She
never would admit definitely that she
would marry him, but whenever he be-
came convinced his case was hopeless
she would be sure to lend him fresh
encouragement by means of a few
choice words of sentiment. He was
"kept guessing."

Robert did not realize that he was
the constant subject of experiments
for Marion Dixon of the "Gazette."
Indeed, he was not aware that Flo-
rence acted in that capacity on the
newspaper, although he knew she held
some position there. Yes, Robert was
experimented upon shamefully in order
that the readers of the "Gazette" might
profit. But Florence really did love
him. Only she felt that she must fol-
low Marion Dixon's advice in order to
keep him on the matrimonial eligible
list.

One day Robert called for her at the
"Gazette" office and escorted her home.
"Shall I see you this evening?" he
inquired. She had been particularly
amiable, and he was confident she
would be glad to have him call.

"I think not, Robert. Really, I be-
lieve we should not see so much of
each other for a while. Besides, I
have another engagement."

"He'll call me up in a day or two
and beg me to relent," she confidently
told herself later that day, "and of
course I'll yield to his pleading. It's
all in the game."

Florence didn't get her chance to
relent, for Robert failed to fulfill her
expectations. He did not telephone to
her and she received no word from
him through the mails.

Then came the climax. Florence
went to the theater one evening with
her mother, and there she saw Robert
with another girl.

At first Florence was angry. What
right had Robert to pay attention to
another girl after the many protesta-
tions of love he had told her? But
her anger cooled and anxiety took its
place. She was ready to forgive if
only Robert would come back.

But Robert made no effort to see
Florence. He must be away on busi-
ness, she decided, but she discovered
he was not out of town one evening
when she went to a restaurant for
dinner and found him dining there
with the same girl who had accom-
panied him to the theater. This time
Florence shed tears.

Well, it was all over now. She had
lost Robert. And it was her own fault.
She wrote "Advice to the Lovelorn"
with little heart now, because she was
beginning to doubt the soundness of
the policies she advocated.

Then, one day, Florence met Robert
on the street, and stopped him.
"Why don't you ever come to see
me?" she asked him, pocketing her
pride.

Robert appeared his same old self.
"I'll see you tonight. That is, if
of course, if you haven't another en-
gagement," he answered.

Florence had no other engagement
and Robert called. He got right to
business at the start.

"In one emergency a telephone may be worth more to you than it
costs in an entire lifetime."

Being Without a Telephone Is
Such An Unnecessary Hardship

A Telephone is found in the
thrifty home, for it saves the
nickels, dimes and quarters of
constant errand running. In the
saving of money, time and steps,
it's a wage-earner for the whole
family and it costs but a few
cents a day.

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"I love you, Florence, and I want
you," he told her, "but I'm tired of
never knowing where I am at: If I
can't have you all to myself, I won't
have you at all."

"You mean—" she said, very sweet-
ly—and meekly.

"Yes, I mean that I am proposing
to you again, for the last time. If you
say yes, well and good. It will make
me happy. If your answer is no I'll
be unhappy, but I'll never bother you
again. But if you accept me this time,
all this tact and diplomacy stuff of
yours has got to stop. How about it?"

Florence was silent for a moment.
When she spoke there was a hint of
tears in her eyes.

"It suits me, Robert," she told him.
"I'll marry you and I'll never keep
you guessing. You can depend on me
all the time."

When Robert left her that night he
was far happier than he ever had been
before. He whistled a gay tune as he
walked home under stars gleaming in
a deep blue sky. He went to his room
and sat for a long time gazing at a
picture of Florence and smiling. It
was a smile of triumph as well as hap-
piness.

Before retiring he opened a drawer
of his dresser and brought forth a pa-
per-covered book.

"This Marion Dixon has the right
dope," he murmured. "Only she for-
got to mention that it works both
ways. Maybe she didn't know it when
she wrote this 'Keep Them Guessing'
volume."

See Mansell Drayage & Delivery
Co. for Alpine coal. Orders filled
promptly.

Protection for War Ballons
Observation balloons were protected
by airplanes which hovered several
thousand feet above them. Barrage
ballons were intended for use in pro-
tecting cities on important points
against attack from the enemy. Sev-
eral of these were in the air at one
time, the holding cables serving as
a possible means for the fouling of an
airplane propeller or otherwise pro-
ducing such damage as to bring a
plane down out of control and short
of its objective point.

Hoarding Ancient Habit

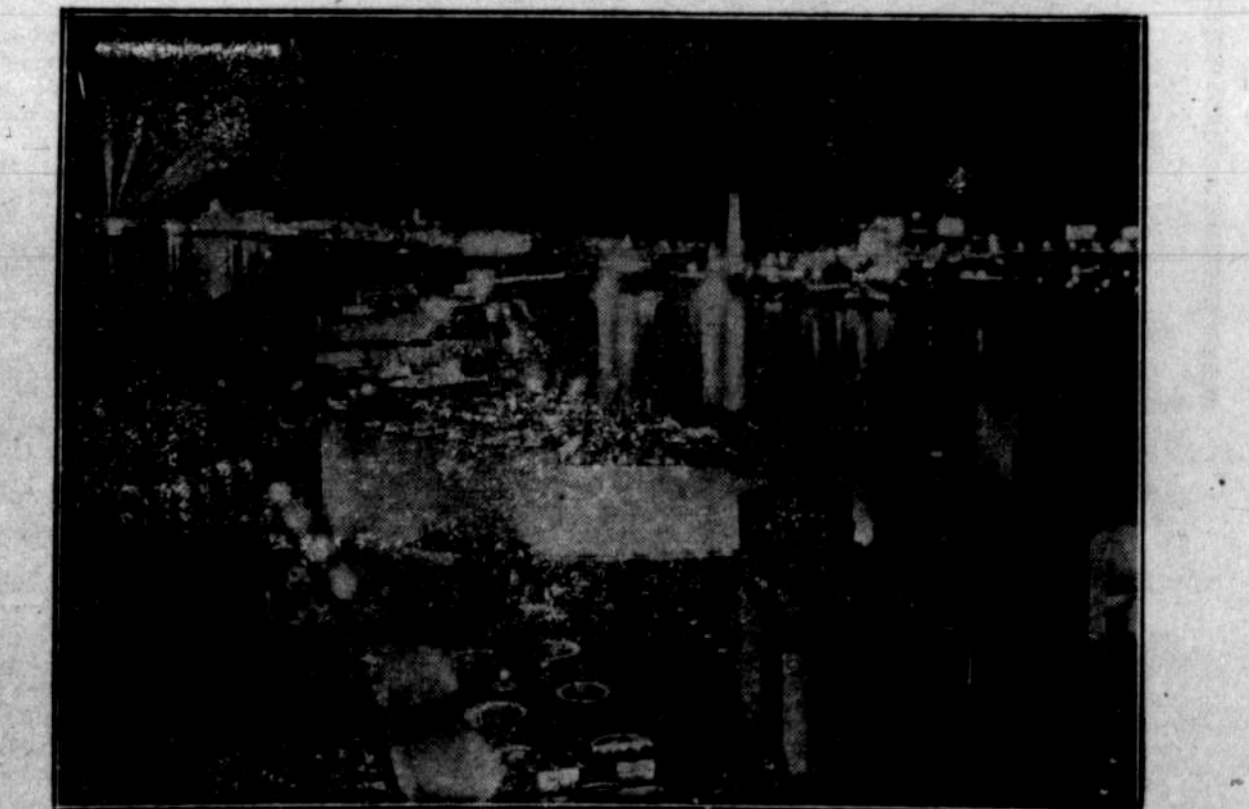
Hoarding is not a phenomenon o-
ccurrent times. It is as old as the his-
tory of property. Indeed, prior to the
rise of banking and capitalism in early
modern times, most specie owned by
individuals was preserved through
hoarding devices. In primitive times,
the natives hoarded all sorts of wealth.
As soon as material possessions be-
came a major source of social prestige,
hoarding was prompted by the desire
of display.

"Green With Envy"

The expression "green with envy"
refers not to the May birthday child
who wears the emerald birthstone but
to people born during the remaining
eleven months and who must content
themselves with birthstones of lesser
value and less romantic background.

Some Years, Maybe

A study by the American Medical
association shows that the average
annual income of medical doctors in
the United States is \$9,704.



Arceturus spoke and there was light. A view of Chicago's second World's Fair, A Century of Progress Exposition, looking south from the east tower of the skyline. In the foreground the towers of the Communications building, the Electrical building, the Horticultural building, the Midway, the transportation group, and the fan-like brilliance of the scintillator, with its many fingers sweeping the sky.