

OUT-OF-DOORS STUFF

By Lane Leneve

The deaths of many dogs have been chronicled in this column and with mighty good reasons. Most of them have been high class dogs such as M. J. Hartson's famous Lindy and Nick Lorenz's and Harry Slack's bird dogs—all dogs of well bred stock and long pedigrees. But being an ardent lover of dogs in general, with or without pedigrees, I figure that any dog's death is well worth recording whether it be a famous sire or a mere family pet of doubtful origin. But it is seldom indeed that a cat exists whose death is worthy of note.

Last week old "Meow-Meow", our family cat died. Her death was caused from old age and the continuous cares of motherhood. Meow-Meow died at the ripe old age of nine years which is a long span of age for the average cat. The name "Meow-Meow" was given on her down in Curry county, when as a wee kitten her mother brought her to my fire-warden camp. I had a young varmint dog and then cut off the Rich Mister part. From Coquille we moved to a forestry dispatching station in Douglas county and Meow-Meow went along. This made the third county she had lived in within a short space of time. From there we returned to Coquille.

Now, perhaps you readers are beginning to wonder what this is all about and can't see why Meow-Meow's death is worthy of recording, but here are the interesting facts concerning the old cat's life: She gave birth to 70 kittens during her hectic career, there being more females born than males and the former in turn have done their bit toward the propagation of the feline tribe. At least the many that we have given away about town have, as well as several that were given away in the country. So it is a safe bet that the 40 females born to Meow-Meow living their allotted span of four years would average the birth

of 25 kittens apiece over that period of time which would mean 1000 grandchildren for Meow-Meow! And think of the propagation from the females from the grandchildren and the great, great, great, great grandchildren. Phew! It's too much for me. Would take a college professor and the adding machine to figure it out and 40 sheets of paper to put down the total. One thing can truthfully be stated concerning Meow-Meow—she didn't believe in race suicide.

Meow-Meow was a fighter of no mean ability. When she was nursing a batch of kittens no dog ever invaded the yard very far. She would put them all to flight and also she trimmed all the tom cats in the neighborhood that came to inspect the kittens. That old cat had plenty of brains too! It made no difference how often we took the car down town or visiting she paid no attention to us on our return. But just let us put a fish basket and our rods in the car and leave on a fishing trip and she was right on hand at the front steps when we pulled up and if she didn't get her usual fish she would reach her paw into the basket and pull one out for herself. She was also a great provider for her families. It made no difference how far away we heard a chicken squawking that was about to be beheaded, she was off in an instant for that point. She has dragged in as many as seven chicken heads on Saturdays. When my dad would bring home a chicken and put it under a box the old cat would sit there for hours at a time waiting for the beheading process to take place. But the stunt of all stunts was one that she pulled last winter. As all you hunters know, duck shooting was about nil and up until the end of the season we had eaten no duck. The very last day there came a bumping at the door (Meow-Meow always climbed on and rattled the knob or thumped on the door to get in). We were seated at the table when she began thumping and my wife arose and opened the door. In walked the old cat with a nice duck, dragging it along by the head. It was nicely dressed and ready for the pot. Yep, Meow-Meow sure knew her onions.

A reader writes in the question: Is Smith river a good fishing stream, and adds that he has been informed that it is. The answer is yes. It is an excellent fishing stream during certain seasons. During the months when trout are rising to flies the fishing is fine up the river; however, the largest fish are taken on spinners baited with crawfish. The fishing starts at the first riffles and the far-

ther you go the better the fishing.

A man inquires the name of the hawk with the following description: slate colored back and long tail. Although the description is rather meager he is no doubt referring to the American Goshawk. This bird has a slate colored head and a bluish back, a long tail and short wings. It is a bird of prey and takes it all from all smaller bird life. The Goshawk is often confused with the Cooper hawk, commonly called chicken hawk. This bird has a dark crowned head and a grey back, rounded tail and like the Goshawk has a mottled breast. While the male bird or beast of most all species of animal and bird life are the larger specimens, it is not so with hawks. The female bird is the largest in the hawk family.

The dope on the elk situation is as follows. There will be a three day open season in three different counties, or rather in one county and parts of two others. The license fee in addition to your regular hunting license will be \$3 and \$60 for non-residents. That should keep a lot of hunters from neighboring states from killing our elk but it won't save the elk from the natives. The animals, having been practically unmolested for many years, roam about with the cattle in some of the open season areas and are said to be as tame as the old cows with whom they associate. Can't feature any sport in shooting down one of these poor old trusting fellows. But they have increased and blood-thirsty sportsmen are crying for their blood, or rather their heads and teeth, and they are to be given the opportunity to satisfy their desires. There are a lot of so-called sportsmen who seem to think that the game is merely for them to kill and that it belongs to them alone instead of being the property and concern of the whole people. With the power of wealth, leisure and position behind them they have just about cornered every living thing in the realm of wild life and have but to crook a finger and open seasons are declared on any species of game that has been figured out for the next slaughter. There are millions of people who enjoy watching animals and birds in their native haunts and who never lift a fire arm against them and these people are greatly in the majority and should be consulted in the matter when it comes to exterminating certain species of wild life but they are not and in the name of sport poor old half-domesticated elk are shot down.

I am not asking or advocating the abolishment of fire arms—far from

it, for no one enjoys a day afield or in the mountains in pursuit of game more than I do, but what I am "meowing" about is the fact that animals that have been slaughtered by the tens of thousands and have had a hard struggle to regain even a small part of their once great herds should be set upon and butchered by a lot of bloodthirsty men who masquerade under the name of sportsmen. The dictionary defines a sportsman thus: "Sportsman, one who in sports is kind and generous." So figure the elk question out for yourself.

A Californian and a man from Utah fished a certain stretch of water up the North Fork last week and told me that there were no fish in any of the deep pools or in fact elsewhere in this stream. Sunday Ralph Taylor fished through the same stretch of water and caught as fine a creel of fish as one would wish to see. It all goes to show that a fisherman must know his onions to catch trout. The two outsiders were in a strange country, they did not know how to angle for trout in Oregon streams, did not know what sort of water they frequent and if they did blunder on to the natural habitat of trout they probably scared the fish away by using the angling methods they used in their home streams. Several years ago when the limit on trout was 75 I was out fishing with a Californian. I caught the limit within a few hours fishing. When I arrived at camp I found my companion had just arrived and he astonished me by informing me that there were no fish in that particular stream—that he hadn't caught even one. He almost fell over when I opened my creel and disclosed my catch.

On the other hand I tried my luck fishing on a California stream several years ago with the result that I caught three trout. I figured that I didn't know my stuff in California until I interviewed the man in charge of the Shasta hatchery. This gentleman informed me that there was something like eight million trout in the hatchery, ranging from fingerlings up to 24 inches in length. So I have always maintained that all the trout in California were in that hatchery at the time I tried for them. Pretty good alibi, eh?

You folks keep shooting in the questions or hunting and fishing stories or what have you. Have to go out and teach a duck to quack—see you all again next week.

Coquille Golf Bugs

Under the heading of "Divots," the Westmost Golf Club column of the Bandwagon World, appeared the following about Coquille people in its last issue:

Dave Rackleff, Coquille druggist and disciple of Culbertson as a contract bridge fiend, has the distinction of being the hardest-headed golfer in the whole Westmost aggregation. During the tournament Sunday Mike Lavell of Marshfield sent a ball some 150 yards to the green and struck Dave squarely on the head. The ball bounced off for some 50 yards or more into the rough. Lavell almost fainted with fright, having visions of manslaughter charges against him. But it never fazed Dave. He looked up to see what kind of a bug that was bothering him. The fact is Dave hadn't made a rubber on that hole and wasn't vulnerable. After mastering Fly's famous Blue book a man's brain is impervious to such minor attacks.

The Smith Wood Products foursome while enjoying their Saturday afternoon game made an unusual record on the sixth hole, one that will likely stand for a long time. George Ulett made an eagle, Ray Jeub made a birdie, and Dutch Clinton and Ferb Emery each registered par.

This column tips its hat to Miss Rosanna Schroeder of Coquille who believes that golf is an excellent game but prefers to let the other girls play it while she stays in the kitchen and helps to dry the dishes and do such other menial tasks as are not only necessary but highly important when there are guests to be entertained. Rosanna is a welcome visitor at the club house. She adds life and personality to the social side of the great game and if she just keeps on hanging around it won't be long until the little golf bug will get her.

Knife Hospital Notes

J. H. Hawkins, of Bridge, underwent a second operation at the hospital Tuesday.

Mrs. H. S. Cadman is able to be up a part of the time now and will be taken home in a few days.

Monroe Spurgeon, Coaledo boy, who underwent an operation for ruptured appendix lately, submitted to a second operation Monday. He is doing nicely now.

J. P. Johnson, who lives just beyond the logging road crossing on the highway, underwent a facial operation Monday.

Mrs. E. Burnett, of this city, submitted to a major operation at the hands of Dr. Jas. Richmond last Monday morning.

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Loggers Lose to House of David in Ten Innings

For eight and one-third innings last Saturday Coquille fans, of whom there were nearly 700 in attendance, enjoyed the spectacle of the Loggers taking the fast House of David ball team into camp, in one of the best ball games seen here this year. And in the twinkling of an eye the hope of victory vanished.

Gilbert had two strikes on Lowrance, whiskered second baseman, with two out, in the first of the ninth and the crowd was ready to leave when the batter caught one squarely and drove a high fly to left center. Brundage made a good run, got the ball as it descended, only to have it bounce up and away. Fischer felled suit by musing up a not difficult chance and Wyckoff came through with a single sending two across the plate, and tying the score.

While it had nothing to do with Brundage's muff, the real reason for the Loggers' loss of the game was that a spectator refused to give up a ball batted into the left field parking space. Foortier threw out a new one; Gilbert couldn't get the proper curve on its shining new surface, the ball went farther than an old one would have, and instead of a 4 to 2 win over one of the strongest traveling aggregations in the country, the score was tied.

Switching to a bunting game in the tenth, with a dropped ball by Pulford and errors of judgment by the Loggers' infield the House team scored six runs and won 10 to 4.

Brundage, who lost the game in the ninth, had won it in the fifth, with a line drive to the left center fence, scoring Fischer and Stewart ahead of him.

Grover Alexander, who pitched the first inning only, did not have to extend himself, but he did give a demonstration which showed why he has one of the best pitching records in the major leagues. Bill Stewart secured the only safe hit off Old Pete's delivery, but he died on first.

Perry Roper batted 1,000 against Wyckoff, a double, a triple and a single being his contribution. Art Pulford also hit two nice singles, his first scoring Roper after the latter's double.

Gilbert pitched a nice game, holding the whiskered bunch to eight blows in nine innings; but that a game is not won until the last man is out was never more truly demonstrated. However, Lady Luck played a quite important part in the final decision. And the row over the lost ball did not help matters any.

House of David
B R H O A E
Hutson, m 4 0 1 2 0 0
Lowrance, 2 5 2 1 2 0 0
Tucker, 1 6 1 2 14 0 0
Alexander, p 1 0 0 0 0 0
Wyckoff, p 5 0 0 10 3 1
Diester, r 6 0 2 2 0 0
Tally, l 5 1 1 1 0 0
Atwell, s 4 2 1 0 5 0
Hill, c 4 3 2 7 0 0
Ambrose, 3 5 1 2 2 0 0

Total 45 10 13 30 13 1
Loggers
Woodyard, 3 5 0 0 1 3 0
Fischer, 2 5 1 1 5 4 1
Stewart, s 4 1 1 1 5 1
Brundage, m 5 1 1 1 0 1
Kolstad, 1 5 0 0 12 1 0
Roper, r 3 1 3 3 0 0
Murray 1 0 0 0 0 0
Smith, c 4 0 1 2 2 0
Pulford, l 4 0 2 4 0 1
Gilbert, p 4 0 1 1 0 0

Total 40 4 10 30 15 4
House of D. 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 6—10
Hits 1 1 0 3 1 0 1 1 6—13
Loggers 1 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 4
Hits 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 0—10
Summary—Earned runs, H. D. 9, Coquille 1; left on base, H. D. 9, Coquille 8; home run, Brundage; 3-base hit, Tucker, Roper; 2-base hit, Roper;

hit by pitcher, Stewart; first base on error, H. D. 4, Coquille 1; struck out, by Wyckoff 7, by Gilbert 3; base on balls, off Gilbert 5; runs batted in, by Huston 1, Lowrance 1, Tucker 2, Wyckoff 1, Ambrose 2, Brundage 3, Pulford 1; double plays, Stewart to Fischer to Kolstad 2; time, 1 hour, 68 minutes. Umpires, McLean and Lorenz.

Sport Briefs

(By Mark Seeley)

Though the game Sunday is not the one that will actually determine the Southern Oregon league baseball pennant, it is one in which Klamath Falls and Coquille will be battling for the leadership and a firm handhold on the honors to follow. The clubs are resting in a tie for first place, with six victories against two defeats for each, and Sunday one of the teams will sink to the second notch.

Klamath Falls already holds one victory, a 21 to 19 affair, in which the athletes splashed through nine innings of football weather with the Pelicans staying on the surface.

The Falls team is managed by Frisco Edwards, who will be remembered by Coquille fans as the skipper of the Salem nines which came here in 1929 and 1930. Edwards always has a club that plays real ball, and his Pelicans of this season are no different from the old Salem aggregations.

Klamath Falls has a team of real hitters, as can be indicated by the large scores which she had been running up against the opposition. Defensively she has been just as strong, the hurling and fielding measuring even with the hitting.

When Coquille was defeated by the Pelicans, the Loggers were without their full strength. For this game Bill Fortier will see that the strongest possible lineup is on the field. He realizes that the winner of Sunday's encounter might as well be conceded the championship, so he is acting accordingly. League standing:

	W	L	Pct.
Coquille	6	2	.750
Klamath Falls	6	2	.750
Roseburg	5	3	.625
Medford	4	4	.500
Eagle Point	2	6	.250
Ashland	1	7	.125

Last Sunday Coquille was defeated by Medford, 13 to 6. As no box score is available of the game a report of it cannot be given. Medford pounded Sturdivant, Gilbert and Murray for the win. In the other games Klamath Falls won from Eagle Point 17 to 6 and Roseburg from Ashland, 6 to 5.

State Fair Opens Labor Day

Oregon joins hands with seven other states this year in the selection of Labor Day as the opening day of its state fair. Six interesting days, from September 4 to 9, are planned. Holiday celebrations will find state fairs opening in Oregon, New York, California, Nebraska, Minnesota, Michigan, Maryland and Indiana. Other large fairs in different sections of the United States and Canada are also opening on Labor Day.

Without the usual \$75,000 appropriation for state fair premiums, the board of agriculture deemed it too great a financial risk to open the fair on the usual late dates. Experience in other states has proved that an early date for state fairs, during the warmer weather, has been a great boon to attendance. And attendance is what the Oregon state fair needs this year, since gate receipts will finance the great event.

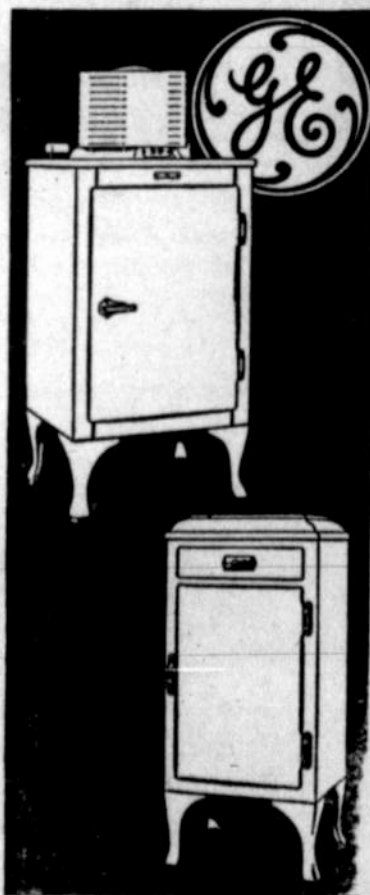
While September 4 may seem an early opening date to some, it is later than many states. Wisconsin, Ohio, North Dakota, Iowa and Illinois conclude their state fairs before Labor Day.

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